

Why Shirley Temple's Marriage Failed?

modern screen

DELL MAGAZINE •
DELL
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JAN.
15c



Lana Turner

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copy 1

Your skin has a fresher, clearer look with your First Cake of Camay!

MRS. JOSEPH JOHN LENZI, the former Ruth V. Sherwood of Washington, D. C.—bridal portrait painted by *Moore*



A lovely skin invites romance! And your skin will be smoother and clearer with your *first cake* of Camay, if you give up careless cleansing—use Camay and Camay alone. Let no lesser soap than Camay touch your skin! We call this "The Camay Mild-Soap Diet" and if you follow directions on the wrapper, you'll be lovelier! So begin today with fine, mild, free-lathering Camay!

Washington Girl becomes Camay Bride!

Best-Looking Couple prize at their first dance together went to Ruth and Joseph. Ruth's mask couldn't mask her Camay complexion! Washington born and bred—and beautiful—she'd met her husband-to-be through Theatre Guild work.



Jai Alai, they say, is the most exciting game in the world. But, on their Cuban honeymoon, Joseph couldn't take his eyes from his bride's breathtaking complexion. No wonder Ruth promises she'll stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



*"I had to watch a
Three-day Football game!"*

says SUSAN HAYWARD,
co-starred with DANA ANDREWS
in the SAMUEL GOLDWYN production,
"MY FOOLISH HEART"

Though it lasts only a few minutes on the screen, the football sequence in "My Foolish Heart" took days to film! I sat with chilled, icy hands through three days of the rawest, meanest weather I've ever seen before we got the final "take"...



I washed dishes for hours to satisfy director Mark Robson...



But Jergens Lotion kept my hands from looking rough...



Kept them soft and beautiful in tender, romantic scenes...



And close-ups with Dana Andrews. You'll find that...



Because it's liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin...

CAN YOUR HAND LOTION PASS THIS FILM TEST?

To soften, a lotion should be absorbed by the upper layers of the skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion (left hand). It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat skin with oily film (right hand).

Prove it by making the easy test described above...



You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret...

Jergens Lotion

used by more women
than any other hand care
in the world
still 10¢ to \$1 plus tax

And is used in Hollywood 7 to 1 over other hand cares!

**NOW! PROOF THAT BRUSHING TEETH
RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH**

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HELPS STOP TOOTH DECAY!



**Exhaustive Research By Eminent Dental
Authorities Proves How Using Colgate's
Helps Stop Tooth Decay Before It Starts!**

Now, the toothpaste you use to clean your breath while you clean your teeth, offers a *proved* way to help stop tooth decay before it starts! 2 years' continuous research at leading universities—hundreds of case histories—makes this the most *conclusive* proof in all dentifrice research on tooth decay! Colgate's contains all the necessary ingredients, including an exclusive *patented* ingredient, for effective daily dental care. No risk of irritation! And no change in flavor, foam or cleansing action!



**No Other Dentifrice
Offers Proof of These Results!**

Modern research shows tooth decay is caused by mouth acids which are at their worst after meals or snacks. Brushing teeth with Colgate's as directed, helps remove acids before they harm enamel. And Colgate's penetrating foam reaches crevices between teeth where food particles often lodge. No dentifrice can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth right after eating is the safe, *proved* way to help stop tooth decay with Colgate Dental Cream!



JANUARY, 1950

modern screen

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Come on, everybody, let's all go
ON THE TOWN!



Three gay gabs go on a 24-hour shore leave...and it's a musical frolic from the Bronx to the Battery! They get taken in tow by a female taxi-driver...make havoc with a dinosaur in the museum...rack Radio City with laughs...raise the roof of the Empire State with song...and steal kisses in Central Park! They land back in Brooklyn Navy Yard...busted, exhausted but happy! It's wonderful fun, so come along...EVERYONE!

M-G-M PRESENTS IN COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR

GENE KELLY · FRANK SINATRA
BETTY GARRETT · ANN MILLER
On The Town
JULES MUNSHIN · VERA-ELLEN

HEAR THESE TOP-HIT TUNES!

"New York, New York" • "Miss Turnstiles" • "Prehistoric Man" • "Come Up To My Place" • "Main Street" • "You're Awful" • "On The Town" • "Count On Me"

Song Hits from "On The Town" available on M-G-M Records

Screen Play by Adolph Green and Betty Comden • Based Upon The Musical Play • Directed by GENE KELLY and STANLEY DONEN • Produced by ARTHUR FREED
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

That
"Left-Out Feeling"
is no fun!



Don't sit out a party alone. Guard your daintiness against underarm odor. *Never trust your charm to anything but dependable Mum.* Creamy, flower-fragrant Mum contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Get Mum today.

Mum-Safer for Charm

Mum checks underarm perspiration odor all day or evening. Protects against risk of future odor after your bath.

Mum-Safer for Skin

Mum contains no harsh, irritating ingredients. Doesn't dry out in the jar to form scratchy crystals.

Mum-Safer for Clothes

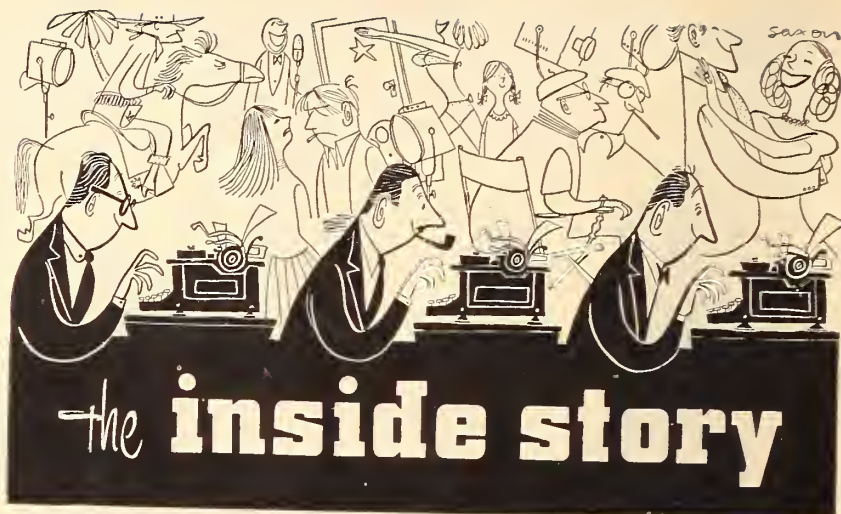
No damaging ingredients to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Thrifty, too—no waste, no shrinkage.

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



Product of
Bristol-Myers

keeps you nice to be near



ONE SUNDAY MORNING, attired in our ancient but serviceable shaggy fur coat, we went for our customary stroll in the park. No sooner had we set foot on the greensward when we were beset by several small urchins, all shouting, "Are you Lassie?" A thing like that can give one pause, we'd like to tell you—and after beating them off we got to thinking about Barbara Stanwyck and her problem. People *seldom* recognize her. When they do, they don't—they think she's Bette Davis or Jeanette MacDonald. What a problem! It's kicked around more thoroughly in *Anybody Here Seen Stanwyck?* on page 46.

WE ONCE HAD a beautiful relationship with Theda Bara. We'd write her torrid mash notes about our undying passion, and enclose locks of our hair. She treated us with a certain amount of coolness. Let us be frank—we never heard from her. Now that we are considerably older and slightly wiser, we're sure June Allyson has the right idea. She found out about a young lady who wanted to start a fan club for her and not only did she agree, but it was the beginning of a life-long friendship. You'll find *You Know Me, Allyson* on page 30.

IT SEEMS THE REASON Pat Neal is an accomplished actress today is that, not so long ago, she fell in love. Object of her 15-year-old affection was the leading man in a little-theater group, and her yen for him led her to ask for a job in the company. Why did he agree so readily? And what happened when he came to call one night? Turn to page 42 to read this and other revealing stories about *The Beautiful Rebel*.

IF YOU PRESS Burt Lancaster, he'll tell you he's a great believer in discipline for children. Does he practice this? Well, not quite yet. He expects to put his theory into practice when his three young'uns are old enough to understand. But we have a sneaking suspicion they're old enough *now*—they're just not letting on. See what you think when you read *The Private Life of Burt Lancaster* on page 28.

WELL. THE CHURCHILLS are at it again. Even though they and their friends know darn well they're all too old for electric trains and wetsy-betsies, they decided to get together for a pre-Christmas view of what makes the kiddies so happy. The occasion was a spectacular party at Uncle Bernie's, the Hollywood toy impresario. *You're Acting Like A Child* on page 38 is for youngsters of any age.

EXCUSE US for pointing, but we'd like you to take special notice of our new pictorial section on page 52. (We won't say more about it because we think the pictures speak for themselves.)

LANA TURNER'S little girl is growing up like anything. She's been to Europe, is crazy about cowboy songs and is just learning (from her ma) about charge accounts. Lana tells all in *My Little Girl* on page 48.

WE'LL BE BACK on the same corner next month with some fresh, new stories on people you keep asking us about. We're doing the younger crowd up proud—there'll be Kirk Douglas, Montgomery Clift, and John Derek—all in one issue. We know when our arm's been twisted.

"I know the devil that is in you
—you love as you live, without mercy
...without regret!"

Samuel Shellabarger's
**PRINCE
of FOXES**

*A Saga of Scoundrels
in a Century of Infamy!...
Three Years in
the Making!...
A Magnificent
Cast of 50,000!*

20th
CENTURY-FOX

TYRONE POWER ♦ ORSON WELLES ♦ WANDA HENDRIX

WITH MARINA BERTI ♦ EVERETT SLOANE ♦ KATINA PAXINOU ♦ FELIX AYLMER
DIRECTED BY HENRY KING ♦ PRODUCED BY SOL C. SIEGEL

SCREEN PLAY BY MILTON KRIMS ♦ FROM THE NOVEL BY SAMUEL SHELLABARGER

IT'S A GALA HOLIDAY OF ENTERTAINMENT!

**ASK THE MANAGER OF YOUR FAVORITE
THEATRE WHEN HE WILL PLAY IT!**

LOVELLA PARSONS'

Good news



Gary Cooper, his wife, Rocky, and daughter Maria are shown around the flat-top *U.S.S. Valley Forge*, before a preview of Gary's naval-aviation picture, *Task Force*, aboard the ship.



At a Toluca Lake Valley square dance, Ann Blyth is amused by an exchange between columnist Jimmy Fidler and Bob Hope, who helped entertain guests. Ann's honorary mayor of Toluca Lake.



British director Alfred Hitchcock points out the Statue of Liberty to Jane Wyman as they arrive in New York Harbor from England, where Jane starred in Hitchcock's new film, *Stage Fright*.



Dan Dailey III, aged two, sets off for a ride with his second-honeymooning parents on the Colorado location of *A Ticket to Tomahawk*, in which his father co-stars with Anne Baxter.



Object of Peter Lowford's ropt ottention at o dinner party in New York's Stork Club is society girl Melisso Weston, whom he gave o seriaus-looking rush on his recent personal-appeorance tour.



Robert Montgomery, in his real-life role as an ABC notional radio commentotor, is interviewed on world affairs and youth problems by college and high-school editors at a theater in New York.

■ What happened to Shirley Temple and John Agar to break up their "perfect" marriage? My MODERN SCREEN readers are asking that, I know. Was Hollywood to blame? Shirley says that John Agar did not understand the demands her career made upon her and that he was unhappy every time a lot of attention was paid her when they went out to night spots and to parties. He didn't want to be "Shirley Temple's husband." He wanted her to be strictly Mrs. Agar. Few men can stand playing second fiddle.

Shirley, the most publicized little girl in the world, could never, even with the best intentions in the world, be merely "Mrs." anybody. Living with Shirley—pampered and treated like a queen from the day she crept into the hearts of the whole movie-going world—wasn't at all easy.

I have, necessarily, written a lot of stories about break-ups of Hollywood marriages. But this seems to be the saddest. The young Agars started out with such high hopes for a successful marriage. John had a flourishing career, and money in his own right. Shirley stood for everything that was beautiful in the minds of her adoring public. She was the whole world's little-girl-grown-up. Linda Susan Agar was baby royalty, a child who belonged to the public, in the same way that Bonnie Prince Charlie of the British royal family belongs to all of us.

Remember when first John courted her? She was in school—17 years old and not in motion pictures. He was in uniform and it seemed they might have much the same normal life that any other young couple would. But then the whole picture changed. Shirley returned to work and

John started out on his own acting career.

How will this divorce affect Shirley's screen career? Well, only time can answer that question. I really don't know. I do know that she will get her way about playing sophisticated roles because this divorce gives us a new Shirley—a divorced woman.

Shirley's mother stayed completely out of her matrimonial troubles. The only time Mr. and Mrs. Temple mixed in was when there was a story going the rounds that Shirley was casting romantic eyes in the direction of a young Hollywood boy. Then, I understand, the Temples consulted attorneys, determined that their daughter's name should not suffer.

For further details, see "Why Shirley's Marriage Failed" on page 26.—Ed.

* * *

Another instance of young love lost is the case of Wanda Hendrix and Audie Murphy. This time everybody knows where to put the blame: Right on the war. Audie survived what killed most boys—but his health has never been strong since then and his nerves are plainly shaken.

The kids have had a lot of plain bad luck, too. They were no more than married when they both became ill. Before they had time to recuperate, they were sent on personal-appearance tours, which meant they had no chance to establish a home. Back again in Hollywood, their work separated them, Audie at Allied Artists, Wanda at Paramount. They parted and reconciled; parted and reconciled.

Now Wanda has taken a small, unfurnished apartment, high up in the Hollywood hills, while Audie has gone back to his native Texas. His present plans are to return to Hollywood

only when he's actively shooting a picture.

Interestingly enough, the first night she was alone, Wanda had a chance at three dates. And all for the première of *The Heiress*. Bob Sterling, Bob Stack and Anthony Curtis all called her. Wanda accepted none of them. Her reason? "I wouldn't want Audie to read about it and be unhappy," she said.

Do you make of that what I do? Most any girl whose man had delivered her such a blow by publicly announcing a separation, wouldn't care how much the man suffered.

But Wanda is different. She won't even let the rumors of Audie's dates with other girls influence her. Wanda tells me she isn't getting a divorce. My chapeau is off to this girl, who is making such a valiant and dignified effort.

* * *

The third matrimonial break-up happened to an older and more experienced actress, but it's just as sad. Bette Davis sued her husband, William Grant Sherry, for divorce.

In Bette's complaint, she charged she was afraid of Sherry, as she called her husband. He admitted he had a frightful temper and broke up the furniture when he was angry, so Bette felt he might do something to her or the baby.

Bette had been unhappy for a long time, but she kept her trouble to herself, because she adores their little daughter, Barbara. She, too, tried hard to keep her marriage together.

Bette is never one who likes to be bothered when she's working, and Sherry was constantly on the set.

There is, of course, his side to it. He was a comparatively unknown man who was suddenly thrust into the Hollywood whirl, which is different from any other place in the wide

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Gregory Peck gallantly assists Slip, his Alsatian, who recently became the mother of 13 pups. Hearing of Slip's problems, over 1,000 people sent letters offering to provide good homes for her overwhelming family.



Elizabeth Taylor fixes Montgomery Clift's tie at the Hollywood premiere of *The Heiress*, which they attended together. Liz looked stunning in a white dress and capelet while Monty looked alright in a tuxedo.

world, and is not very easy to get adjusted to.

There will be no money squabble. Sherry signed an agreement before their marriage and he will let Bette keep their baby. He says he wants only Bette.

(You'll find more about Bette Davis' divorce on page 20.—Ed.)

Guy Madison staged a battle with his boss, David Selznick, which brought a suspension to the young star.

Said Guy, "I'm a mature man. I'm grown up and I refuse to play baby-faced juveniles any longer."

Curiously enough, Guy's complaint on this score was the same as Shirley Temple's. (Just between us MODERN SCREEN readers, I don't think Shirley needs to worry—her teen-age days are over.)

Whether it was Olivia de Havilland, Montgomery Clift, the excellence of *The Heiress*, or all three that brought the top-flight stars to the most glamorous première of the year, I don't know. But certainly they were all there, done to the teeth.

Montgomery Clift doesn't own a tuxedo, so at the last minute the Paramount publicity department had to scurry around to rent one for him. But Monty walked in triumphantly with the prettiest girl in town on his arm—Elizabeth Taylor. Liz looked like a dream in a white ruffled dress, and judging by the applause from the sidewalk standees, you know how well she rates with the younger generation. She seems to have overcome her many attacks of the heart, and although I have to admit her appearance with Clift was a studio-arranged affair, she was obviously having a good time with him.

Olivia de Havilland at that period was taking care of her new baby. She confided to me a few days before the opening, "I'm just sick enough so that the doctor won't let me go. I feel up to it, but he says 'No'."

Shelley Winters is getting to be one of the actresses the fans go for in a big way, and when she and Farley Granger walked in together it was enough to set the crowd screaming.

But screams were frequent—the Gary Coopers came with the Van Johnsons. Alan and Sue Ladd sat next to me in the theater—and I am always conscious of what thoroughly nice people both of them are.

Lana Turner, with the most gorgeous emerald necklace and earrings, has never looked prettier in her life, and I mean it. She has kept her figure down beautifully. I had a chance to talk with her and Bob Topping because they sat next to us at dinner at Romanoff's before the première.

Romanoff's was like New Year's Eve, and everyone was running about greeting everyone else. David Selznick walked in with Margaret Sullivan, who looked as if she might be his young daughter. (Jenny, of course, was in Wales working on *Gone to Earth*.) David has aged so since all his troubles.

Lizabeth Scott, who had that very day changed her name from Emma Matzo to the one she uses on the screen, was in the throng.

Virginia Mayo, in a dress as blue as her eyes, and Mike O'Shea were among the ones who came early enough to say a word into the microphone.

Robert Mitchum, who always rates with the crowds these days because they seem to appreciate the effort he is making to do right things in the right way, received a greeting that must have warmed his heart and also that of his lovely wife, Dorothy.

Just think of every big name, and you will

**"I was
a nice
girl-
wasn't
I?"**

*Please wait
until you know
the Truth
about
"My Foolish
Heart"*

**SAMUEL
GOLDWYN**
PRESENTS

DANA ANDREWS · SUSAN HAYWARD

"MY FOOLISH HEART"

with Kent Smith · Lois Wheeler · Jesse Royce Landis · Robert Keith · Gigi Perreau
Screen Play by Julius J. Epstein and Philip G. Epstein · Based on a story
in the New Yorker by J. D. Salinger · Distributed by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.

Directed by
MARK ROBSON
who gave you
"Champion" and "Home of the Brave"





I dreamed
I went skating
in my

maidenform bra

A figure eight! Wonderful! But my Maidenform figure...
spectacular! I never knew how much a bra could do
'til I tried Maidenform. Improves my form, gives me a
lift I love. How wonderful if only I could skate so
dreamily! One dream, at least, is real... a bra with
perfect fit... my Maidenform.

Shown: Maidenform's Maidenette* Strapless in white satin
and lace designed for young uplift.

This is only a hint of a come-hither collection! For strapless,
hug-me-close support, for fuller figures, it's Maidenform's
Hold-Tite* Inter-lude* for classic roundness, deep-down cut.
And for deep, deep down necklines, your bra is Dec-la-tay*.

There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure
*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Anne Bogert, wearing the unladylike outfit she describes on page 74, has her hair dressed while on a location trip to Durango, Colorado.

get a picture of a premiere the likes of which I haven't seen since the old days when studios spent money like water to exploit stars and their pictures.

Right or wrong, Bogey is standing by his Baby. She said she would not do *Storm Center*, and so she got herself a suspension.

"I'm for Baby," said Bogey. "She doesn't have to work if she doesn't feel like it."

Confidentially, one reason Jack Warner was so burned up at Lauren Bacall is because she received a salary all the time she was in New York and he even gave her an extra week's vacation after Bogey's much-publicized incident with the pandas. Score one for Warner's.

Ginger Rogers took the job that Baby walked out on.

There just isn't any party the whole year through that surpasses the Hollywood Press Photographers' Ball for sheer fun. Maybe that's because everybody dresses up in the most elaborate costumes. Or maybe it's because the party serves no useful purpose at all but is simply for amusement. All I know is that going to an average of two or three parties a week, as I do, I never attend one where there's more laughter than at this annual event, hosted by the boys who snap our stars all year round.

This year it was held, as it has been for the past five years, at Ciro's, and, as always, it was jammed to the doors. The sensation among the costumes were those worn—in a manner of speaking—by Vera-Ellen and her very handsome escort, Rock Hudson, a new boy with a shiny new contract at Universal-International.

Vera and Rock came as Mr. and Mrs. Academy Oscar. They were covered with gold paint, from the tops of their wigs down to the soles of their shoes—and in between there was just as little as the law would allow. A gasp went up when they entered, and immediately every camera in the place was snapping their picture.

Actually, they had on bathing suits under their gold lacquer, but it sure didn't look that way at first glance—and when they danced together it was slightly sensational.

FUN



BOB HOPE, LOVER OF THE YEAR

The Profile...Women At His Feet...Men At His Heels...Laughs Everywhere!

In A Paramount Picture

"The Great Lover"

with Roland Roland Richard Gary
YOUNG • CULVER • LYON • GRAY

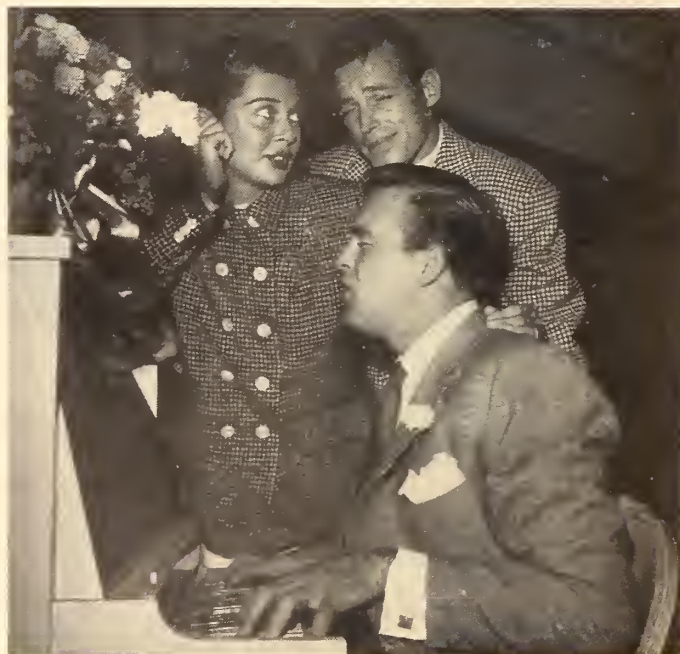
Produced by Edmund Beloin • Directed by ALEXANDER HALL

Written by Edmund Beloin, Melville Shavelson and Jack Rose





Getting conflicting advice from the chef and from husband Ben Gogge on how thick the slices should be, Esther Williams carves a roast beef at the gala opening of her and Ben's new Hollywood restaurant, The Trails.



The Palms, a former sandwich joint that worked its way up in the world, has a more informal first night. Scott Brady takes over the piano as Gail Russell and Guy Madison show sympathy—for the helpless guests.

The funny part of it came after the party, Vera-Ellen told me next day. Their "paint" had been designed for them by the MGM makeup department. They could safely wear it for several hours, but the only way to get it off was out in the open air, using cloth saturated in alcohol. They were warned that, in a closed room, the alcohol would knock them out. Imagine coming home from a party at two in the morning (when most of us did go home that evening) and standing out in the cold night breezes in little except your skin to rub off your guilt!

Diana Lynn, as Madame Butterfly, and her husband, John Lindsay, as Madame Butterfly's naval boyfriend, Lieutenant Pinkerton, sat at my table and applauded Roddy McDowall and Ann Blyth dancing by. Roddy was a mail bag, all puffed out with old fan letters and newspapers, and cute Ann was the helicopter that flies over Hollywood giving us "airmail" right in the various city zones.

Everybody kept spinning the silver propeller on top of Ann's head, but Roddy said he preferred the balancing propeller, which was attached to his girlfriend right where your mamma use to apply the hair brush. Roddy said it was very useful—giving them a lot of free space on the dance floor.

Joan Crawford was there in her carnival costume from *Flamingo Road* with Cesar Romero as her escort. But I didn't see her erstwhile boyfriend, Greg Bautzer, with Ginger Rogers—though goodness knows, I have seen these two together everywhere else this month. Ginger and Greg have seemed serious enough to be marriage-minded.

Dan Duryea, considering his screen roles, came most appropriately as a wolf. Handsome 12 young Scott Brady stalked in as Frankenstein's

monster, in a scary green make-up and red eyes. Dinah Shore turned up as a very curvaceous Sadie Thompson with George Montgomery as an Indian.

I'll conclude with one little word of criticism. It's this: I wish our glamor girls wouldn't destroy their charm on the off-chance of being amusing. Betty Hutton, for example, came to the Ball looking like a beat-up ranch hand, wearing a mustache and with a dirty face and uncombed hair. I know she meant to be funny—and she was. But her own bounciness, pretty self is so much more delightful. And this applies to all our other dolls who were present with snaggly teeth, black eyes and other curious get-up. I still don't believe that the way to fans' hearts is through looking ugly.

(For pictures of the stars at the Press Photographers' Ball, see page 52.—Ed.)

* * *

Jeanne Crain's and Paul Brinkman's housewarming to show off their beautiful new home—high on a mountain top with an enchanting view—was one of the important social events recently. Paul, who built practically every bit of the house by hand, proudly showed his friends his handiwork at this party, which was a buffet supper for almost 200 guests.

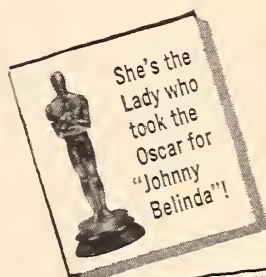
Earlier in the evening, the oldest son of the Brinkmans' was brought in to meet the guests. He is a darling little boy. He had already won my heart by saying to Jeanne at the time she was putting her footprints in the Grauman's Chinese Theater court, "Mommy is making mudpies." Well, "Mommy" can make mudpies or anything else she wants these days after her performance in *Pinky*, which made us all realize Jeanne is now one of our top dramatic actresses.

When Ingrid Bergman's personal representative, Joe Steele, returned to Hollywood from Europe, he went right over to see Dr. Peter Lindstrom—to give him some Italian dresses that Ingrid had sent for her 11-year-old daughter Pia. Joe said the doctor was cordial but Ingrid's divorce plans weren't mentioned.

* * *

Purely Parsons' Opinions: The sensation of New York is Janet Blair, who never had a real break in Hollywood. The best she ever got were "B" pictures. When will Hollywood learn to appreciate its real talent? . . . I don't know of a man in Hollywood who so completely enjoys life as Paul Douglas. . . . Maybe it's Greg Bautzer's influence, but it's a fact that Ginger Rogers is much better dressed since she has been going with him. She wears her hair combed back plainly from her face and all those geegaws she used to have on her clothes are now fortunately missing. . . . The young couple who live the simplest and seem to be the most contented with each other are Larry Parks and Betty Garrett. . . . Stars may come and go, but for sheer charm, I still nominate Gary Cooper. . . . Ever since I saw *The File on Thelma Jordan* I've had my money on Wendell Corey—he's not pretty, but my, how he can act! . . . I'm personally bored with that rumpled-shirt, unmade-bed routine of Montgomery Clift's. That boy is a great star and a superb actor, but why on earth does he have this affectation of being so deliberately untidy? . . . I believe it is high time they stopped wasting lovely Janis Carter in "B" pictures. There really is a siren, as you surely know if you saw her in *I Married a Communist*. . . . I'd like to see Clark Gable and Burt Lancaster together in a picture with Ava Gardner as the girl they scrap over.

**JANE
WYMAN**



**DENNIS
MORGAN**

MAN THE LAUGH-BOATS!!



**WHAT
MANEUVERS!
JANE'S GOT
THE NAVY
ALL AT SEA
OVER
THE MAN
SHE WANTS
TO LAND...**

*IT'S THE LAUGHIN'EST LOVIN'
EVER FROM WARNER BROS!*

*DEAR ADMIRAL,
PLEASE SEND
THE WHOLE FLEET!*



The Lady Takes A Sailor

WITH
EVE ARDEN

ROBERT DOUGLAS • ALLYN JOSLYN • TOM TULLY
DIRECTED BY
MICHAEL CURTIZ • HARRY KURNITZ

PRODUCED BY
SCREEN PLAY BY EVERETT FREEMAN
FROM A STORY BY JERRY GRUSKIN
MUSIC BY MAX STEINER





Olivio de Hovillond and husbond Marcus Goodrich beam on their new son, Benjamin.

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

We've got a little scheme to help you start the New Year right. All you have to do is read all the stories and features in this issue, fill out this questionnaire, and send it back to us—in a hurry. If you are one of the first 500 people who return it, you'll win a free three-month subscription to Modern Screen. Just let us know which stories you like best and which stories you'd like to read about in future issues. Remember—the February, March, and April issues will be yours, and for free!!

QUESTIONNAIRE

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

- | | |
|---|--|
| Is Bette Davis Afraid of Love? <input type="checkbox"/> | You're Acting Like A Child! (Williams, Parks, Vera-Ellen) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Valiant Lady (June Haver) <input type="checkbox"/> | This Love of Ours (Baxter-Hodiak) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Why Shirley's Marriage Failed! (Temple-Agar) <input type="checkbox"/> | The Beautiful Rebel (Pat Neal) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| The Private Life of Burt Lancaster <input type="checkbox"/> | Hollywood's Loveliest Christmas Story (Audie Murphy) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| You Know Me, Allyson! (June Allyson) <input type="checkbox"/> | Anybody Here Seen Stanwyck? (Barbara Stanwyck) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Mistakes They Never Confess (Hutton, Peck, Turner) by Hedda Hopper <input type="checkbox"/> | My Little Girl (Lana Turner) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| "... To Susie From Alan" (Alan Ladd) <input type="checkbox"/> | The Man Behind the Riddle (Lew Ayres) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| My Prayer Was Answered (Robert Stack) <input type="checkbox"/> | Hollywood Pictorial <input type="checkbox"/> |
| | Modern Screen Fashions <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.

Now, wouldn't that really be somethin' to see?

Ada to Hollywood's own peculiar distinctions: The fact that two of Hollywood's most attractive, unattached men have the custody of their sons, and spend most of their time bringing them up. Meaning Robert Walker and Kirk Douglas. Bob is a changed boy since he came back from the Menninger Clinic. His charm has deepened and his life obviously centers around his two sons. As for Kirk, while his most frequent date is Evelyn Keyes, he spends more evenings than you would believe with his two small boys, Joel and Michael. Jennifer Jones, of course, has married David Selznick, but Kirk's wife, Diana Douglas, is appearing in a play in the East and she and Kirk are still legally one.

By actual count, 1821 requests came to 20th Century-Fox for dog adoptions when the news broke that Gregory Peck's white Alsatian had presented the world with a litter of 13 pups. So I can't imagine what will happen when I tell you there are nine new pups at the John Derek residence in the San Fernando Valley! These are collie puppies—but don't start writing in for any. John would gladly give up eight of them—Patti Derek, his wife, feels differently. She loves the whole kit and kaboodle so intensely that John swears they have to get a dog-sitter in the evenings when they go out to see a movie. Incidentally, I don't know of any young couple that lives more sensibly than the Dereks. Patti does all her own housework and cooking. John does all their gardening. I hear from Columbia that the way John looks in Technicolor will send his stock zooming.

You may or may not believe it, but as we go to press, the beautiful British actress, Jean Simmons, is blushing over sweet nothings whispered in her ear by the dashing Orson Welles.

With similar chatter, several years ago, Orson persuaded Rita Hayworth to marry him. So don't be surprised if he and Jean elope. Maybe it will happen before you read this.

Betty Lynn is going along smartly at 20th Century-Fox, and you-all will see how persuasive her charm is when I tell you this story.

Betty was a candidate for the part of a Southern belle in *Cheaper by the Dozen*, but producer Walter Wanger just couldn't go for her accent. "If only you could catch the inflections Una Merkel has," he said.

That evening, Betty ran into Una in the ladies' room of a Santa Monica little theater. Betty introduced herself, told Una what Wanger had said and asked her if she'd have coffee with her afterwards. "If I could just listen to you talk for a while, maybe I could imitate you and get the job."

The happy ending is that Una is now coaching Betty—as a labor of love. Nice, isn't it?

The majority of your letters this month were from a shocked nation who just couldn't accept Shirley Temple's divorce from John Agar. It was as if a beloved child had met with disaster.

Your letters also indicate that you are interested in Robert Mitchum's plan to make a picture to try to improve prison conditions. Bob's radio interview with me seems to have given him a new stature in your eyes.

And there were hundreds of letters from fat ladies who, having heard that Spike Jones was looking for a buxom lass to sing with his band, wanted to get the job.

Keep the letters coming. I love to hear from you. Let me know what interests you most about Hollywood.

That's all for now. See you next month!

HARRY POPKIN • SAM STIEFEL • JACK DEMPSEY present

MICKEY ROONEY

...in his most exciting role!...

"THE BIG WHEEL"

co-starring

THOMAS MITCHELL



Actually filmed at the famous Indianapolis 500-mile race classic and the nation's top speedways!

with
MICHAEL O'SHEA • SPRING BYINGTON • MARY HATCHER • HATTIE McDANIEL
STEVE BRODIE • LINA ROMAY • ALLEN JENKINS • DICK LANE

HARRY M.
POPKIN
Executive Producer

Original
Screenplay
by

Robert Smith

Produced by
SAMUEL H.

STIEFEL

Directed by

EDWARD LUDWIG • Released thru
United Artists



Hedy Lamarr is the tempting Delilah and Victor Mature is Samson, her muscular victim, in Cecil B. De Mille's spectacular *Samson and Delilah*.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane



SAMSON AND DELILAH

■ The biggest, and I do mean biggest, attraction for the movie-goer this month is Paramount's *Samson and Delilah*. It's tremendous, impressive, and beautiful to look at. I thought it was a lot of fun.

Part Holy Bible, part C. B. De Mille, and Technicolored in the bargain, *Samson and Delilah* gives you a lot of show for your money. Victor Mature plays Samson, the reckless strong man who falls in love with a beautiful Philistine woman. Samson is a Danite (the Danites are cruelly taxed and oppressed by the Philistines) so when he breaks the news to his family, there are no cheers of joy. But love is love, and Samson so terrifies and impresses his future father-in-law, to say nothing of the Philistine leader (George Sanders) when he, Samson, breaks a lion into pieces with his bare hands, that he's promised the lady of his choice (Angela Lansbury). Still, there's many a slip. Angela marries another, is foully murdered, etc., etc., and Samson starts tearing up houses and setting fields on fire, in very colorful fashion. Well, the Philistines set another lady, Delilah (Hedy Lamarr), to find out the secret of Samson's strength, and she does just that. Everything he eats goes to his head. Without his hair, he's an average mortal. According to the Bible, Delilah had no special motive for betraying Samson. She was just a good Philistine. In C. B.'s version, she's Angela Lansbury's younger sister, and Samson's scorned her for love of Angela, and she's never forgotten it. A couple of times she almost forgets it, but then there's Samson's hometown girl,

Baby, you're
just what I want
for Christmas



Here's a romantic Yuletide treat that'll take your heart for a merry sleigh ride—Mitchum playing "Santa" to a lovely young widow! And wait'll he finds out the mistletoe's loaded!



ROBERT MITCHUM
JANET LEIGH • WENDELL COREY

in a **DON HARTMAN** Production

Holiday Affair

with **GORDON GEBERT**

Produced and Directed by **DON HARTMAN** • Screenplay by Isobel Lennart

"Aah, that Mitchum's a softie... always kissin' girls!"

"And it's my girl he's kissin'!"



Miriam (Olive Deering), who gets on her nerves (I think Miriam's a De Mille invention, too) and in the end, Delilah just doesn't trust the man to be faithful to her. So she turns him over to the authorities. She feels awful when Samson's blinded, though, and she helps him make the walls come tumbling down (once his hair's long again, his strength is restored) and all the Philistines are killed, killed, killed. So are Samson and Delilah. In case I sounded carping about C. B.'s inventing a bit of plot here and there, I didn't mean it that way. To make a full-length spectacle out of a couple of pages in the Bible requires some doing, and he did it.

THE FALLEN IDOL

Cast: Ralph Richardson, Michele Morgan, Bobby Henrey, Sonia Dresdel, Denis O'Dea, Selznick

Here's an excellent British thriller, based on a short story by Graham Greene. Ralph Richardson and Sonia Dresdel play Mr. and Mrs. Baines, butler and housekeeper for a foreign ambassador to England. The ambassador goes away for a while, leaving his small son and his large embassy in the care of the Baines'. Small son (Bobby Henrey) adores Mr. Baines, but hates Mrs. Baines. She's a cold woman, and autocratic. She kills the boy's pet snake because she thinks it's horrid and dirty. (She thinks almost everything is horrid and dirty.) Mr. Baines, who's fallen in love with a girl named Julie (Michele Morgan) is miserable, but he hasn't the heart to ask his wife for his freedom. He's such a gentle man he pities mean people because their meanness makes them unhappy. Mrs. Baines traps little Bobby into admitting Mr. Baines met a girl on a certain afternoon, and then she plans a revenge. She says she's going out of town for a few days, but she doesn't go. She allows enough time for Mr. Baines and Julie to get themselves in a compromising position, then she starts raising the roof. In the excitement which follows, she falls to the bottom of a flight of stairs, and is killed. Bobby, who's crept out of his room, sees only the body hurtling through the air, and Baines standing

at the top of the stairs. He believes Baines is the murderer, and that starts the real trouble. Bobby makes up fantastic lies to tell the police, in the belief that he's protecting Baines. The police assume the boy is hiding something. Then, when Julie and Baines insist that he tell the truth, you're scared half silly, because you know that what the child thinks is true isn't true at all. There's suspense the way only the British build suspense. There's a romance which is as sweet and as sad as springtime, and the cast is perfection, down to the smallest bit player. By all means go to see *The Fallen Idol*. It's one of the most gripping movies ever made.

A KISS FOR CORLISS

Cast: Shirley Temple, David Niven, Tom Tully, Virginia Welles, United Artists.

Adolescent Corliss Archer comes to life once more, with Shirley Temple playing her. Story begins with Corliss' father, Mr. Archer (Tom Tully) representing a gold-digging blonde in a divorce case. Blonde is divorcing rich, attractive David Niven, and Archer is making blonde out to be a regular little Red Riding Hood—so sweet, so young, so innocent. The divorce is granted, David is assessed a vast sum for alimony, and he's bitter. He wants to get even with Archer. Fate plays right into his hands because Corliss, in an effort to make her boyfriend Dexter (Darryl Hickman) jealous, phonies up a whole diary of passionate love-making between her and David. After all, David's the man of the hour—Dexter will be plenty impressed. Next thing that happens is that Corliss and Dexter get locked in the basement of a night-club where they're not supposed to be, and Corliss doesn't get home until six A. M. She decides she'd better have amnesia, and she reverts to the age of nine. Her parents study her torn clothes, her vacant look, with dismay. Corliss, delighted with the effect she's creating, continues to act like a halfwit. Her parents ask her questions, Corliss answers with baby-talk. When she's told to go up to bed, she turns wistfully.

"Daddy," she whimpers, "I want you to carry me—" "What do you think I am, a horse?" roars her father. (That's my favorite line in the picture: It's so tender and paternal.) The next day, the elder Archers read Corliss' diary, in the hopes of finding something to snap her back to herself, and of course they discover the mad romance between their daughter and Tommy Manville Niven. David gets dragged into the situation, and he's delighted. Intends to play up to Corliss, admit everything. What a lovely way to get even with Archer! This is worrisome to Corliss. She doesn't like her family thinking she's a fallen woman, but Niven refuses to back up her story that the diary's a parade of lies. Niven's running around calling Archer "Dad," and sending Corliss silk underwear. I won't tell what happens, but it's fun. Shirley is cute, and David is delightful. As for Tom Tully, he's on the scene so constantly, and he's so earnestly and loudly un-subtle, you could say his performance was as broad as it was long.

ADAM'S RIB

Cast: Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Judy Holliday, Tom Ewell, Jean Hagen, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

This must be MGM's year. *Adam's Rib* is delicious, delightful, delovely. Adam (Spencer Tracy) is assistant district attorney, his wife (Katharine Hepburn) is likewise a lawyer. They live an idyllic existence—apartment in the city, farm in Connecticut, pretty clothes, mixed drinks before dinner, lots of wit and affection between them. Until the day Katie reads about a lady (Judy Holliday) taking several shots at her husband and his girlfriend in their love nest. Men, Katie declares, are always getting away with things because of the "unwritten law." When they shoot somebody for destroying the "sanctity of the home," the world applauds. But let some poor female try to murder an errant spouse, and wham! Spencer tries to explain to her that she's crazy. Just because a man gets away with an oc-

(Continued on page 87)



The Fallen Idol: Ralph Richardson and his wife, Sonia Dresdel, came to blows when she discovers he's in love with another woman.



A Kiss for Corliss: Much-morried David Niven goes along with Shirley Temple's fib of torrid love between them to get even with her father.



Adam's Rib: District Attorney Spencer Tracy and lawyer Katharine Hepburn, find their ideal marriage flogging when they're rivals in court.

"Maybe I am just a 'dame' and didn't know it!"

"Thelma Jordon"



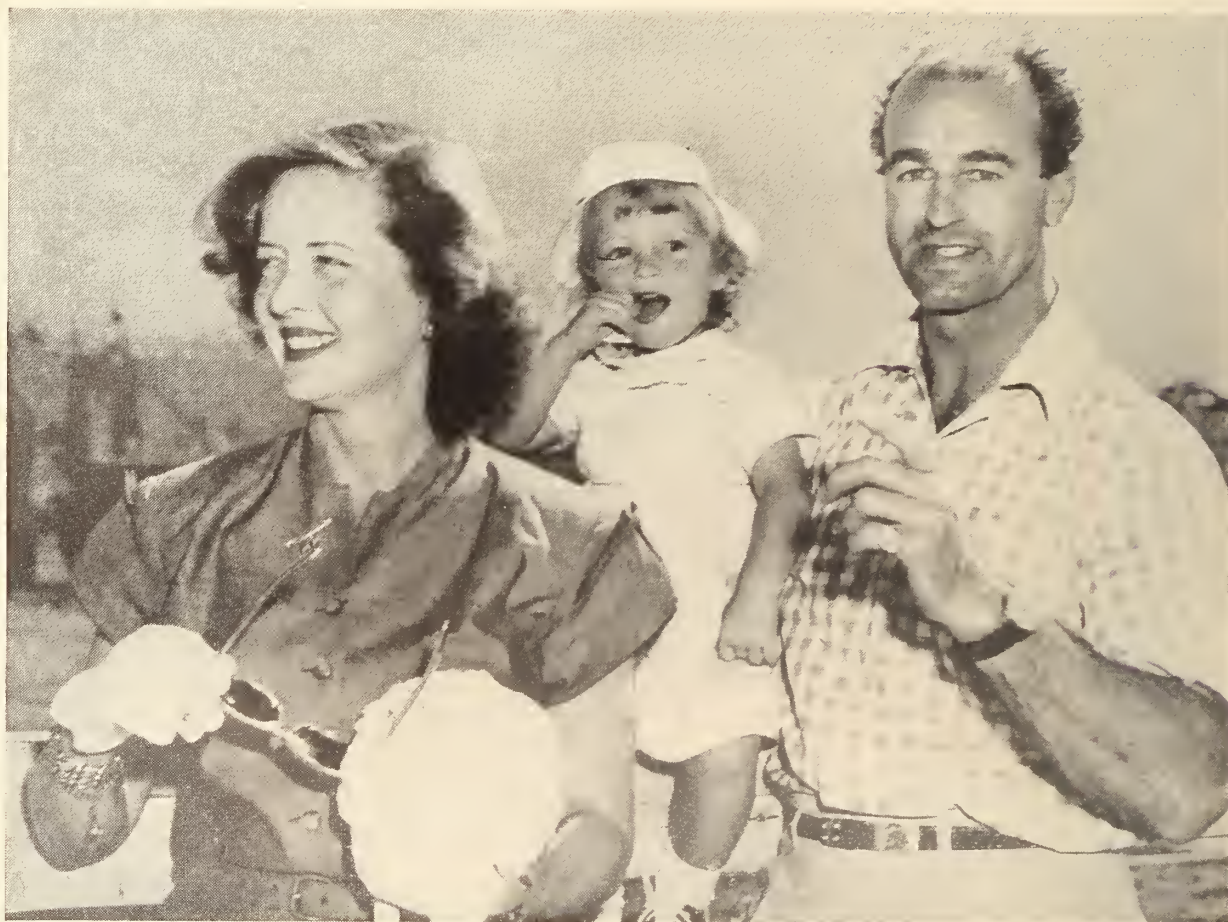
HAL WALLIS'
production starring

BARBARA STANWYCK · WENDELL COREY

with PAUL KELLY · JOAN TETZEL · Directed by Robert Siodmak

Screenplay by Ketti Frings · From a story by Marty Holland





Bette Davis and William Grant Sherry with their daughter, Borbora, a few months before Bette sued the artist for divorce.

is bette davis afraid of love?

Haunting
fear has been
the force
that has taken
a great star
to the heights.
Now, it may rob
her of happiness.

BY JAMES HATHAWAY

■ "My home at Laguna Beach is my castle," Bette Davis said. "I won't let down the drawbridge and allow the world to come in!"

But when, a few weeks ago, it was announced that Bette was filing suit for divorce from artist William Grant Sherry, her third husband, the world did come in—tramping printer's ink through the restful cliff dwelling which overlooks Wood Cove in a setting whose serenity is matched nowhere in the world.

In the necessary brevity of news dispatches, the factors which control a human being must be covered in a few short sentences. And when the front pages carried the story of Bette Davis' marital break-up, the impression was inevitably gathered by millions of hasty readers that here was just another case of a temperamental actress who had tired of marriage and wanted her freedom.

The story is a deeper and more tragic one than that. The key to it is perhaps to be found in a statement Bette made shortly after her divorce from Harmon Nelson, her first husband. Bette said: "I'm not happy. I'm absolutely frightened to be happy, afraid something might happen."

Later on, this fear seemed strangely justified, after she (Continued on page 86)

Man with a past
...meets woman
with no future
...in the last
port of call for
adventurer,
renegade, and
outcast!



"I could be a one man
woman...
if I could
find the
right man!"

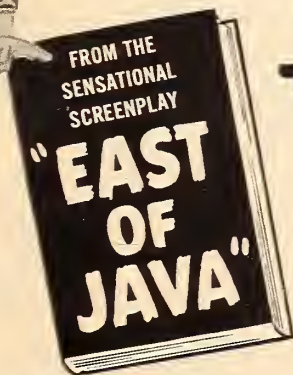
(It's Shelley, that wonderful bad girl at her...best!)

UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL presents

South Sea SINNER

Starring

SHELLEY WINTERS • MACDONALD CAREY
HELENA CARTER



with LUTHER ADLER • FRANK LOVEJOY and LIBERACE



new sensation
of the piano!

Screenplay by JOEL MALONE and OSCAR BRODNEY • Directed by BRUCE HUMBERSTONE • Produced by MICHEL KRAIKE

When tragic
illness struck the man
she dearly loved,
out of her
enduring faith
June Haver found
courage to go on.

BY STANLEY BLAKE

valiant lady



Radiantly happy a few months ago, June and Dr. Duzik hoped to marry

One of the most heartbreaking tragedies in Hollywood history was the recent death of Dr. John Duzik, fiancé of June Haver. The following story tells how June went through the final days.—THE EDITORS.

■ It was one of those tight little scenes that make everyone listless and nervous. Shifting around in the darkness of the big sound stage, the crew of *The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady* waited for Director David Butler to finish rehearsing the principals, June Haver and Gordon MacRae.

Someone snouted, "All right, let's shoot it!" The arcs snapped on with a hiss. Voices chased other voices around high up in the catwalks. The sound man buzzed for silence. Then the set went still, and the dialogue began, hardly a whisper to the people standing motionless out on the fringes of the set.

Director Butler said he liked the second take. That was the cue for a flood of noise. Grips and electricians began walking to their prearranged destinations to set up the next take. June Haver picked up her skirts and headed for her dressing room, oblivious to the noise. As she passed the camera crew, one of the men perched on the boom called down, "June, how's Doctor John today?"

She paused momentarily to acknowledge the question, shook her head vacantly, tightened her lips, and continued to her dressing room.

That was the morning after June's fiancé, Dr. John Duzik, had the first attack of internal hemorrhaging following a routine operation for stomach ulcers at St. John's Hospital. His condition was "critical and unchanged" when June called from her dressing room. . . .

(Continued on page 58)

**From a great book
to a greater picture...
the exciting love story
of a man a woman
... a wilderness!...**

DICK POWELL and EVELYN KEYES
in
"MRS. MIKE"

The strange triangle
of a woman who fought
a million miles of
northland for the
man she loved!...



an
open
letter
to
the
winners

men

1. ALAN LADD
2. CLARK GABLE
3. GLENN FORD
4. BING CROSBY
5. MONTGOMERY CLIFT

women

1. LANA TURNER
2. BETTY GRABLE
3. JUNE ALLYSON
4. ELIZABETH TAYLOR
5. SHIRLEY TEMPLE

still on top!

■ Dear Champions of 1949:

On this page are listed the final top standings on the MODERN SCREEN 1949 star-popularity poll—the most extensive survey of its kind conducted by any magazine.

It is a remarkable tribute to you, Lana Turner and Alan Ladd, that for the second straight year our more than 4,500,000 readers have voted you their favorite actress and actor. This is especially notable in your case, Lana, since you made no films during the past year. But your fans remained intensely loyal; the hold upon them of your honest, warmly human personality was as firm as ever. Perhaps an important factor has been the fine way your marriage to Bob Topping has worked out. You have proved how wrong were the cynics and gossip-mongers and how right were your millions of supporters in their unwavering faith in you.

You, Alan Ladd, have stayed at the top by continuing to deliver straightforward, forceful screen performances, by living a private life that's a model of wholesome

family devotion, and by treating the public with simple, unaffected friendliness.

Betty Grable, June Allyson and Shirley Temple also repeated their 1948 success by again coming very close to the top spot. In announcing the winners last year, Betty, MODERN SCREEN said of you then: "Betty Grable made little news—she just kept right on being the one-and-only wonderful Betty." And, Betty—that's exactly what we'll say about you this year . . . You, June Allyson, have long been one of the great pets of our readers. Your growing stature as an actress, and the courageous way you and Dick Powell fought down vicious and absurd separation rumors, have put you in even more solidly. . . . You, Shirley Temple, continued to be so strongly popular that MODERN SCREEN broke publishing tradition by devoting an entire section of its April issue to you in celebration of your 21st birthday.

There's a newcomer in the front rank this time. That's you, Elizabeth Taylor. The extraordinary beauty into which you

"Your Hair'll Shine and Glow— so Dandruff-free

—all you've got to do
is get ahold of me!"



Prel Shampoo removes dandruff
in as little as 3 minutes!
Doctors' examinations proved it!



Prel leaves your hair
gloriously **radiant!**
Light-meter tests prove it!



THERE'S NO
OTHER SHAMPOO LIKE
PREL
—IT'S
**EMERALD-
CLEAR!**

● Prel's exclusive formula with the patented cleansing ingredient is *amazing!* For Prel not only removes unsightly dandruff *fast* . . . Prel leaves hair beautifully, *shiningly* radiant. More radiant than with the most expensive soap shampoos . . . more radiant, in *hardest* water, than leading cream shampoos. Radiant and easy to manage, curl, do in any style. And, by actual tests in hundreds of homes, Prel goes farther than any other known shampoo, because it's more concentrated. Get Prel today!

have grown, your fresh charm, and the mixed-up romances into which your young heart has led you, have tremendously increased your already large following.

Among the close runners-up for first honor among the gentlemen, we find two repeaters: Clark Gable and Bing Crosby. Clark and Bing, you're very remarkable fellows. Wish we had something new to say about the magic you possess. Well, it's certainly more imperishable than any words we might find to describe it. . . . We're not a bit surprised to find two newcomers in the first five: Glenn Ford and Montgomery Clift. You, Glenn, have in the past few years been a man about whom our readers couldn't seem to hear enough. . . . And you, Montgomery Clift, are the most natural and vital young actor to come along in many a day. There's nothing flamboyant about you. You simply manage, somehow, to project your personality into third-dimensional reality.

To all of you, ladies and gentlemen, go our congratulations and best wishes.

William B. Hartley
EDITOR



What secret tensions brought the world's most cherished romance to a tragic end?

why shirley's marriage failed!

BY JACK WADE

Ever since Shirley Temple's announcement that she was seeking a divorce from Jack Agar, the shocked public has speculated on just what the real reasons were behind it. In the following story, MODERN SCREEN presents for the first time a complete and authoritative account of what wrecked a marriage that universally had been hailed as perfect—THE EDITORS.

■ A few weeks before Shirley Temple publicly decided that life with Jack Agar was both unlivable and unlovable, these two were playing golf at the Riviera Country Club.

Jack, tall and graceful, was hitting the ball far and straight. Trailing behind came Shirley, a little wisp of a girl barely five feet tall, churning up the turf with a golf club almost as large as she, trying mightily and fruitlessly to send the ball flying onto the green.

As the Agars finished the ninth hole, Jack, walking beside Shirley, slipped his arm around her waist. "Maybe, Shirl," he said, "you'd better quit. This can be rough. you know, if you're not used to it."

Shirley looked up at him and shook her head. "Let's go around again," she said.

So they shot nine more holes. When they had finished and were ambling towards the clubhouse, Shirley happened to make a gesture which fleetingly turned her hands palms upward. Only then did Jack see the cruel mass of broken blisters which dotted them.

Tenderly, he took the two little hands and placed them in his. "Shirl!" he muttered. "You've sure got guts."

Shirley Temple (Continued on page 56)



When three-months-old Linda Susan posed for this, her first picture, no one dreamed that 18 months later her parents would separate



Later on, maybe, he'll
keep those kids of his firmly
in line—but right
now, the little rascals
have Daddy where
they want him.

By ARTHUR L. CHARLES

the private



Billy and Jimmy Lancaster take off for a brisk trot on an amusement park carousel. At home, they delight in arousing their parents—at dawn.



Burt and Norma Lancaster skillfully execute a rhumba at Macamba on a rare nightclub appearance. Norma was a USO entertainer.

■ The way Burt Lancaster greets every new day, Saturdays and Sundays painfully included, is like this:

Much too soon after dawn breaks over his Bel Air home, two small conspirators in one-piece sleeping suits (usually with flaps down) will bounce to the floor from their bunks. Whispering to each other, they will scurry out into the hallway and down to the master bedroom where Burt and his wife, Norma, are sleeping.

Then, with a whooping, scrambling rush, the pair will burst into the bedroom and immediately commence noisy mischief. Burt will awaken and threaten reprisals. Norma will do the same—or perhaps try some desperate entreaties. But this will avail nothing against the hardened little hearts of the invaders. Jimmy, who is three, will be tugging at the bedclothes. Billy, who is two, will be snapping up window shades or trying to climb the front of the dresser after first jerking open the drawers.

Just about this time a new voice, a tiny one, will be heard in a questioning wail concerned with such things as food and an immediate change of surroundings. Susan Elizabeth, who is only two months old, has been awakened by the commotion. Burt and Norma will accept defeat and sleepily struggle out of bed while Jimmy and Billy will howl with delight. Mission accomplished!

Can't Burt handle things around his household with a firmer hand—as might be expected of a man who plays the stern sort of roles he does on the screen?

Well . . . uh . . . yes, says Burt, working up a stern look. He plans to do that very thing! Very soon now. But . . . uh . . . at present, what with the boys still babies, practically . . . well . . . And his voice trails off as foolishly and humanly as that of any young father still so new to parenthood that he can't even mention his children without a fond note creeping into his voice. So it looks as if Jimmy and Billy have nothing to worry about for awhile.

With order eventually restored after the early-morning invasion, events will progress towards breakfast with Burt, Norma and the boys being joined by Burt's father, James; Burt's sister-in-law, Ruth; and, usually, Burt's partner from the vaudeville days, Nick Cravat, who is often on the scene even though he has his own home in the San Fernando Valley. Susan Elizabeth, of course, (*Continued on page 84*)

life of burt lancaster





June Allyson plays with Leslie Powell, her one-and-a-half-year-old adopted daughter.

by GWEN LITTLEFIELD

former President, June Allyson Fan Club

You know me, Allyson!

This is about an unforgettable friendship between two girls—a star and a fan.

Gwen Littlefield, who wrote the following delightful account of her intimate friendship with June Allyson, started the June Allyson Fan Club in 1944 and was its president until 1947, when she went off to college. The organization then disbanded, but a new one was founded soon thereafter by Lois Carnahan of McKeesport, Pennsylvania. Under Miss Carnahan's outstanding leadership, the June Allyson Fan Club is again one of the best.—THE EDITORS.

■ “Don’t you have a home?” the manager of the Wilshire Theater in Los Angeles asked me.

I knew what he was thinking. He was thinking that I was one of those whacky, movie-struck fanatics. You see, for eight consecutive hours I’d been sitting in his theater watching June Allyson perform in four successive showings of *Two Girls and a Sailor*.

“I happen,” I told him with as much dignity as I could summon, “to be president of the June Allyson Fan Club.” I stressed the word, “president.”

The manager laughed. “Well, that explains everything,” he said. “Have a bag of popcorn—on the house.”

That’s how my exciting and unforgettable relationship with June Allyson began. I was 15 at the time, and to tell the truth, I wasn’t president of the June Allyson Fan Club at all. In fact, I was president of nothing. I was just a Los Angeles high-school girl.

That night, however, when I went home and looked back on the fib I had told the theater manager, I suddenly thought, “Why *don’t* I become president of June’s fan club?” The thought kept going through my mind. “Why *don’t* I?”

Well, I decided I would. I called a girl I knew at MGM and from her I got June’s phone number. June, at that period, was classified as a starlet.

It seems a little silly now (Continued on page 81)



June Allyson shared Gwen Littlefield's pride when Gwen accepted Modern Screen's 1945 trophy cup for the best fan club in the U. S. and Canada from Hedda Hopper.



June and Dick Powell have a little fun at their family piano. June's marriage, in August 1945, did not alter the warm friendship between Gwen Littlefield and herself.

mistakes they never confess

by heddla hopper

Why do the
great stars of
Hollywood, blessed
with so much,
so often choose
the high
road to disaster?

■ On a recent day in Rome, I listened to a Swedish beauty who had become an American idol pour out the story of her folly with an Italian director on a Mediterranean isle. But, although there was anguish in Ingrid Bergman's voice, what we talked about was obviously no folly at all to Ingrid.

On the contrary, she left me no doubt that she felt persecuted, hounded, unfairly treated—the victim of a vicious and cruel world. Ingrid could not, would not blame herself for the situation she was in.

How many times have I watched stars pay for their blunders with anguish and tears? How often have I watched indiscretion, impulsiveness, temper, bad judgment, lack of tact, fickleness and greed-for-glory grease the skids for Hollywood greats? Far more times, believe me, than I have fingers and toes.

Sometimes their boners only crimp a career, nick a nice bank account, tarnish a Hollywood tiara. But other times they bruise and blight.

Lawrence Tierney might well have turned into another Burt Lancaster if he'd joined Alcoholics Anonymous in time. Orson Welles could have rivalled the brilliant record of the Barrymores if he hadn't tried to make like a screwy one-man-band. The great Charlie Chaplin could still have the warming love of America if he hadn't made the mistake of angling his art towards Moscow.

When I consider the bulls and boners that dot the Hollywood landscape I sometimes wonder: How can stars go so wrong, act so blandly and (Continued on page 66)



BETTY HUTTON happily kisses her husband, Ted Briskin. Recently on the verge of divorcing him, Betty woke up to her responsibilities in time to prevent a tragedy.



GREGORY PECK and his family safely rode out rumors of trouble at home after he had left in a temporary huff. Greg's honest statement of the facts killed the gossip.



ROBERT MITCHUM joins his sons for a mid-afternoon snack. Mitchum is concentrating on his family with renewed devotion since his near-disastrous misstep—for which he won forgiveness by taking his punishment without trying to cover up.



JEANNE CRAIN gives an autograph while husband Poul Brinkmon smiles approval. His attempts to influence her career worry people who have seen the same thing work badly in other cases.



BETTY GRABLE, who gets a great thrill out of horses and horse races, settles down with Harry James for a day at the track. Friends are hoping that Betty's interest in racing will not get so intense that she'll let it interfere with work.



DICK HAYMES and the former Nora Eddington Flynn endogored his future by the publicity resulting from their marriage. More domoqing was his dismissal of the agent who had built him up.



In the living room of their new house, Alan and Sue Ladd talk over career matters—they're sometimes at it until 3 a.m. Alan stands under portraits



Alan catches up on current events as he relaxes on his special bedroom couch. He always wanted one so that he could stretch out during the day without having to rumple a neatly-made bed.



In their bedroom, which is decorated in the warm colors they both prefer, Sue (who doesn't mind sprawling on a bedspread) and Alan play with his pet boxer, Jezebel. The Ladds own four dogs, give them the run of the house.

by Ida Zeitlin

For Alan Ladd,
it was the day of
fulfillment—the
day he tied a ribbon
to the door of a
newly-built house and
wrote on a card . . .

“...to susie from alan”

■ Like all of us, Alan Ladd's a product of his early influences. He wanted a couch in the bedroom of the new house. He likes to flop down on something, and you don't flop down on a bed till the spread's been removed—that's one thing his mother was always strict about. She couldn't stand hearing doors slam, so Alan's kids are trained not to slam doors. She had a great tenderness for animals—even when food was scarce, she'd manage to feed any pup that needed a hand-out. So today there are four dogs at the Ladd house, and a baker's dozen up at the ranch.

When he's not working, Alan loves to sleep late, and does. But with a guilty conscience. His stepfather—who was generally in bed by nine o'clock—thought that sleeping past six was the badge of a sluggard. Right now there's some building going on at the ranch, and the carpenters start their hammering early. Sue wanted to stop them one morning, so Alan could sleep. He wouldn't let her. “They'll think I'm a lazy actor.”

He's an unobtrusive but consistent check-grabber. Once to a friend who protested, he replied: “I hate wrangling at the table. Seems a little juvenile. If you didn't have the money, you wouldn't be sitting there eating in the first place. Besides, I get a bang out of taking the check. There were so many years when I couldn't have picked it up for a blue-plate special.”

Yes, like everyone, Ladd's a product of his past. But people react differently to the same stimuli. In some, early hardships create lasting resentments. Others, having won the battle, soon learn to take the victory for granted. Alan belongs to neither group. Success finds him humble, grateful and incredulous. In spite of tangible evidence to the con-



the children, around whom the household revolves.



Alan confers with Jezebel on the patio. The Ladds had large windows put on rooms facing the patio “to bring the California outdoors inside.” Pool is in background.

"... to susie from alan" continued



Sue and Alan Ladd pose with daughter Alana, while son David "shoots" them with a toy camera. He can't get too close, because Alana's in bed with a cold.



Alan loads up his new projection machine to run off *Chicago Deadline* in the family playroom. He's uncomfortable watching himself in a regular theater.



In their home office, Alan goes right on reading his mail, and Sue answers the telephone. Alan hates to talk on the phone, will let it ring when he's alone.

trary, he can't rid himself of the feeling that he's in on a temporary pass.

"Still feel you're working from week to week?" asked someone who hadn't seen him in a couple of years.

"I always will."

He explains it this way: "When you've lived most of your life with insecurity, often not knowing where the rent and food's coming from, you can't suddenly crow, 'I've got X things and X dollars, therefore I'm secure.' The other feeling's too deep in your bones. You're scared to death you'll make a mistake tomorrow, and it's going to be your fault and you won't be able to rectify it. Gets to be kind of an instinct with you. How can you reason with an instinct?"

In their early days together, he told Sue a story. Long before *This Gun for Hire*, Dick Wallace gave him a small part in a play. The cast met at Wallace's house. There Alan saw a silver dresser-set. "Why that hit me harder than anything else, I can't say," Alan told Sue. "But it did. I thought, to own such a thing, you must really be in solid." He smiled at his own naivete.

In spite of the smile, Sue filed the story away in her mind for future reference. She didn't go dashing right out for a dresser set. That would have been both extravagant and obvious. But from time to time she'd give him a single piece. Carol Lee, the Ladds' older daughter, who wanted to be in on it too, saved up enough to buy the shoehorn. When they moved into the new house, Sue added the piece that completed the set. It shines softly on Alan's dressing table and still makes him smile—in memory of the awestruck kid of years ago, in appreciation of the love that gathered it piece by piece. The silver as such doesn't matter. The symbolism does . . .

The ranch he and Sue bought is another symbol. "Some people buy pieces of paper called stock," says Alan. "That's not for me. I don't want to be left high and dry with a bunch of papers. I'd rather have something I can understand. Like the little wristwatch I used to own and hock all the time. It cost \$25 to begin with, and they'd give me five for it. After a while they wouldn't give me more than two. But I knew I could always get two bucks on the watch. The watch was my security for a meal. Well, so's the ranch. When they put me out to pasture, the ranch'll be there."

And he'll know how to run it. He has a feeling for the land and for animals. What he doesn't already know, he sets out to learn from the ground up—through books, through people, through first-hand experience. Last year they spent Christmas at the ranch. Sue tied a tiny tractor to the tree, with a card that said, "Look out the window." Outside stood a real tractor, sporting a huge red bow. Alan rode it all over the place that day. Next day he had to go back to work. By the time he returned, the hired man had done everything about the place you could possibly do with a tractor. Alan stared gloomily over his well-ploughed fields—and then caught sight of a neighbor ploughing across the way. His face brightened. He approached the neighbor: "Say—could I go behind you with the tractor and help?"

Next to the tractor, the truck is his pride and joy. All the Ladds share his enthusiasm for it. (Continued on page 79)

FOURTH
in a series



Today, Robert Stack bears no noticeable scars from the injuries he received in an accident which could easily have been fatal.

As I lay there helpless, a life of disfigurement seemed worse than death itself.

■ It was a beautiful summer day about seven years ago, shortly before I was to go into the Navy. My friend Carey Loftin, the stunt man, and I were motorcycling to Lake Tahoe, where we expected to have a wonderful vacation.

I was winging along the road hitting about 60 miles an hour. Traffic was light that day, and I was experiencing that exhilaration which only speed can give. I was singing "Cow-cow Boogie" at the top of my lungs. I swung smoothly, confidently, into a curve. The motorcycle hit some loose gravel on the asphalt. I spun wildly and crashed into the cliff at the side of the road, with the motorcycle on top of me, pinning me down.

My back felt broken. My legs felt paralyzed. One side of my face felt crushed. The pain was excruciating, and under the weight of the motorcycle I was completely helpless.

Carey, riding just a short distance behind me, saw what had happened, braked his motorcycle sharply and ran to me. With his great strength, he lifted the motorcycle off my back.

"Try to bear it, Bob," he said. "I'll get help."

Then he stepped out into the center of the road, to flag down any approaching car. None would heed his frantic (*Continued on page 75*)

My prayer was answered

by Robert Stack



'Twas some nights
before Christmas, when
all through the
store, not a creature
was stirring—
except a gay party of
grown-up kids.

You're acting like a child!

by reba and bonnie churchill

■ A boisterous orangeade cascade is streaming down the side of a wall. Nearby, a thriving lollipop tree sprouts all-day suckers in six delicious flavors. Across the way, a pint-sized television set provides direct contact with Santa and the North Pole.

Well, there really is a place that has these wonderful things—and more! It's called "Uncle Bernie's Toy Menagerie" and it's in the heart of Beverly Hills.

The toy shop's entrance is guarded by two dancing blue elephants painted on a sunny yellow wall. Over the door there's a shingle which reads: "Through these portals pass little mortals with the finest toys in the world."

This particular evening, the sign referred to Esther Williams and Ben Gage, Larry Parks and Betty Garrett, John Ireland and Joanne Dru, Vera-Ellen and Johnny McKee, Candy and Mel Tormé, Barbara and Marshall Thompson, Nancy Davis and Peter Thompson, Glenn Denning, Phyllis and Don Taylor, and us Churchills.

We were all on hand to get a preview of the fabulous orangeade falls (it had just been installed that afternoon), do some Christmas shopping and—let's be frank—play with the toys. In this case, there'd be no sting in saying to a grown-up, "You're acting like a child!" Such behavior was expected.

Our host, Uncle Bernie, was holding the party after hours so his guests could have the run of the



In the course of an after-hours party at Uncle Bernie's, famous Beverly Hills toyshop, Don Taylor and Marsh Thompson finish a stirring horse-race. Opposite page: Uncle Bernie shows his wares to Vera-Ellen and Johnny McKee as Esther Williams and Ben Gage pause at the orangeade falls.



Fascinating though ramping with playthings has been, Uncle Bernie finds it an easy matter to get the gang to take time out for food. Here, Mel and Candy Tormé, Reba Churchill, Babs and Marsh Thompson gather round for dessert—a two-foot cake decorated with candy toys.

you're acting like a child continued



At Uncle Bernie's toy shop, Joanne Dru and John Ireland choose a doll for their little girl. Below: Larry Parks and Betty Garrett are fascinated by the trains.



Below: Esther Williams and Vera-Ellen invade the boys' province to give trucks and boats a whirl as Ben Gage and Johnny McKee have fun with dolls.



store. Uncle Bernie is a genial, joyous person with puppy-brown eyes, a booming laugh, and a mania for making people happy. "This way," he figured, "the real kids may have a fighting chance to try out their toys on Christmas morning."

Our neighbors, the Mel Tormés, had told us about the toy preview. "Come along," urged Candy, "you can help me keep Mel from buying out the store." We, who are always eager for an excuse to visit Uncle Bernie's, didn't need any coaxing. "Howdy, pardners," called early-arrivals Marshall Thompson and Don Taylor as we entered. They had already started their juvenile high jinks. Astride a pair of sturdy metal hobby horses, they were jockeying them across the store in a race to the finish. Barbara Thompson and Phyllis Taylor were cheering their husbands down the homestretch.

Soon as we could control ourselves at the spectacle of six-footers Don and Marsh crouched earnestly on the tiny ponies—Don wearing a feathered Indian headdress and waving a rubber tomahawk, and Marsh sporting a tot's-size 10-gallon hat and cap pistol—we judged Don the winner of the race. We presented him with a yo-yo. For consolation, we gave Marsh a water gun.

Betty Garrett and Larry Parks had just arrived, but were already knee-deep in small-fry paraphernalia. Beaming and excited, they were in constant huddles on whether to get various wonderful items. You see, they expect their first child in February. They've already ordered a crib—in the form of a theatrical trunk.

Larry was intently studying a roller-coaster gadget. He'd push a button that started a figure on a motorcycle whirling around the loops and turns. "For the baby?" we asked. "For Larry," Betty answered.

Joanne Dru and John Ireland were more interested in the Winter Wonderland display. They're renting a cabin in the mountains—"so our five youngsters can enjoy a white Christmas and have a real chance at snow fun."

Joanne had carefully prepared a holiday list. For every item she crossed off, John added two. We glanced at the growing list. "Mittens, pipe, hat and scarf for snowman . . ."

But Joanne's list was nothing to Esther Williams'. Esther and Ben Gage had a little book filled with gift reminders. Whenever Esther would check off one name, another would pop up. Esther gives presents annually to 80 relatives and girlhood friends. Peter Thompson brightly suggested, "Wouldn't it be easier just to own a department store?"

"Don't mention it!" said Ben. "We already own five enterprises—a gas station, property in Acapulco, Mexico, a building project in Twenty-Nine Palms, and a new restaurant."

Sooner or later it was bound to happen—two-gun-totin' Mel Tormé spied Uncle Bernie's display of cowboy guns. Mel and Glenn Denning soon had our heads spinning with their talk of carbines, .38 calibers, and Winchesters. Mel has a collection of 200 rifles, while Glenn is an expert on guns. Glenn became an expert because, he says, "I figured if I knew enough about them, my agent might become impressed and get me a role in a Western. But so far, no luck. They always cast me as a pilot. And I thought I'd put my parachute in mothballs for good when I came out of the Air (Continued on page 85)

This love of ours

by Anne Baxter



Because we're apart so much, we know that only our shared life has meaning.

■ Happily married? At the moment—no, we're not.

And what has come between the Hodiaks, John and Anne? One continent and one ocean. Remove those two small barriers, and we *are* happy—just about the happiest combination in the world.

"After all, Anne," people tell me, "John will be home in another week or two. Lots of Hollywood actors are in Europe on location. You've got to be adult about such things."

Well, my answer to all that sort of well-meant advice is a loud, unlady-like, "Go, jump in the lake!" I refuse to be "big" and/or adult about the whole business. If lots of Hollywood actors must be in Europe on location, let 'em go. But please leave my John at home. And I'd like to stay there, too.

Even with the most wonderful husband in creation, how can I be happy when all that's left of him around the house (*Continued on page 74*)



seventh
in a
series



Three things led
 Pat Neal to stardom—
 the looks of a goddess,
 the talent to go with them,
 and the nerve
 to make her own rules.

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

the Beautiful rebel

■ Patricia Neal, who was born in the South to be a small-town belle, and was reborn in the North to be a star, is a kind of rebel—the tall, beautiful kind. Her talent belongs to her studio, but everything else belongs to herself. A newcomer to pictures, an activity in which a girl is expected to throw herself into going places, meeting people, and soaking up a whole new curriculum of social and personal accomplishments, Patricia is happily doing nothing of the sort.

She swims little, plays tennis less and rides barely—"Barely ever, that is, I mean, honey," she says, in her musical Dixie drawl. As for sketching, painting, archery, soap-carving, or staggering around a dusty ballet floor on buckled-up toes—well, just the thought of it is too wearyin', thank you all.

And this goes also for most of Hollywood's standard leisure-time activities. Patricia has proven to be one of the staunchest non-joiners in the film colony's history. Not yet has she roasted as much as one weekend weenie with the Oh, So Young Set, worn a cellophane-grass skirt to any of the very chic parties thrown by the Smart Set, gotten pale from brain fag at a scotch-and-water seminar of the Intellectual Set, or even, despite her Broadway background, taken the usual blood-oath to sneer at the movies in general with members of the Theatrical Set.

"Then what *do* you do?" appealed a group of reporters who were interviewing her en masse one day and finding it puzzling to fill in her personal story with all the activities she wasn't active at. "With your evenings, we mean. And your weekends."

"Oh, I do right well," she assured them. "I let the evenings fall and the weekends just happen."

"And boys?" they asked pointedly.

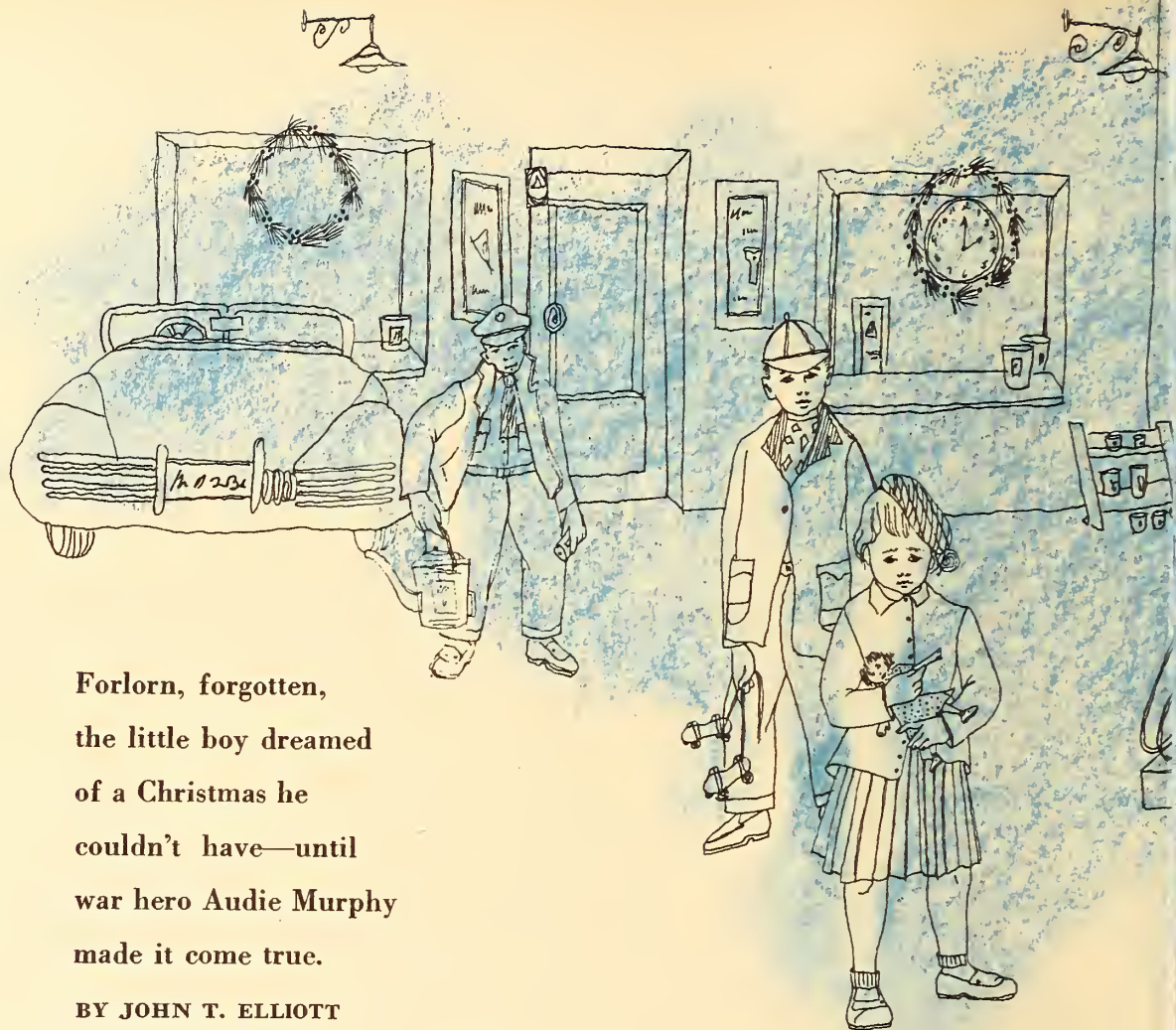
"I'm going to let that happen (*Continued on page 72*)

Pat Neal and her mother like to talk over the old Knoxville, Tennessee, days as they do the dishes together.



Pat at *The Fountainhead* première with Kirk Douglas. Toll dotes on a preference with Pat, who's five-feet-eight.





Forlorn, forgotten,
the little boy dreamed
of a Christmas he
couldn't have—until
war hero Audie Murphy
made it come true.

BY JOHN T. ELLIOTT

Hollywood's loveliest Christmas story

■ On Christmas Day of 1947, I was driving along Wilshire Boulevard, one of the main drags in Los Angeles. At the corner of La Brea, I stopped to pick up a thin young fellow who was bumming a ride.

He looked around 20 or 21, and he had brown hair, sad eyes, and a face that teased my memory. He was dressed in the kind of Army jacket General Eisenhower introduced in the last war, and a pair of unpressed grey flannels.

As he hopped into the car, he said softly—there was a trace of the South in his voice—"Thanks for picking me up." And then he smiled. But it wasn't a cheerful smile. It was the kind of telling smile with which a man turns the pockets of his soul inside out—and somehow I knew at once that

here was a young man who was very much alone in the world.

Well, no boy, no human being should feel alone and neglected and unhappy on Christmas; so, to be friendly, I began to talk about the holiday spirit and what kind of Christmases I used to enjoy as a kid. And as I talked, this young fellow beside me started to loosen up and talk some himself.

"I don't want you to think," he said, "that I'm complaining, but I don't reckon I've ever had what you'd call a real Christmas—you know, with a tree and all the trimmings."

"How come?" I asked.

"Well," he drawled on, "I come from a pretty poor family. Matter of fact, 'poor' is too rich a (Continued on page 83)





Unaware that vacationing Barbara Stanwyck is sitting among them, New Yorkers in Central Park pay her no attention. A hidden Modern

■ Recently in New York's Grand Central station, Barbara Stanwyck was struggling up a stairway, caught in a mass of impersonal humanity, when someone came down hard on her toe. Barbara immediately let out a colorful verbal reaction.

"Why," she heard a man up ahead say, "that's Barbara Stanwyck's voice."

She braced herself as the man turned his head, expecting the mass to become quite personal. He stared right past her. "Must have been hearing things," he muttered.

And the man behind her said impatiently,

"Look, lady, let's get going. I ain't got all day, you know."

While most Hollywood stars complain of getting writer's cramp signing autographs while traveling the highways and byways, Barbara Stanwyck declares with mock plainiveness, "People never recognize me unless Bob's along. In fact, sometimes they don't recognize *him* because I'm with him."

And, surprisingly enough, it's true. This has created situations which her friends tell about with great amusement—amusement in which Barbara joins, except on rare oc-

casions like one which caused her to make a radical change in her life.

That was when she went to the premiere of *Stella Dallas*, in which she gave a performance that made her an Academy Award nominee. When Producer Sam Goldwyn learned she was to be escorted by the fans' rave of the year, Robert Taylor, he gave the special police officers orders to see the young actor wasn't torn limb from limb.

A good thing it was, too. The fans broke through the ropes to surround Taylor. Police went to his rescue. One officer pulled

anybody here seen Stanwyck?

Sure—but they
never know it. She's
got a face that launches
a thousand raves on the screen,
and a thousand blank
stares on the street

BY SANDRA SUE DRESKER

On another Central Park bench, Barbara's neighbor displays no excitement.



Green photographer snapped these photos.

Barbara, resisting and sputtering, from Bob's good right arm. Taylor's fists went to action.

The nonplussed officer said ruefully, "I don't recognize her. She's not dressed like my star. I thought she was one of them rowdy kids."

Barbara pulled down her no-nonsense jacket, straightened her good tailored skirt, yanked her sensible felt hat firmly down onto her head and resumed her subtle stalk to the theater.

As a result, she (Continued on page 70)



by Lana Turner

my little girl

She travels in
a magic world of her
own imagination,
of cowboys and cookies
and distant lagoons—
and sometimes,
because she loves me,
she takes me along.

■ My little girl is growing up, and the other morning she acquainted me with that fact. She was standing before me as I explained to her why she mustn't do a certain thing. As on previous occasions, I talked to her without condescension, yet tried to bring the subject down to her level of reasoning. When I had finished she looked at me quietly, then smiled a gentle smile.

"Mommy," she said, "I'm not a baby any more. I'm six years old."

And it struck me suddenly how far she'd come since the days when she reached out her plump baby hands to catch the sunlight as it danced across her play pen. I told myself I must remember from now on to discuss things with her on a plane a little above, rather than beneath her understanding. I could see I'd insulted her for the first time, and the knowledge made me unhappy. . . .

The mind of my little girl has a singular doggedness about it which I try hard to understand. The day I told her we were going to Honolulu, she and Bob and Nana—her nurse—and I, she was consumed by curiosity about this new place. I told her about the white beaches and the cocoanuts and the people with their golden skin and white teeth. She could think of nothing else and spent hours looking for pictures of places in Hawaii, and boats that travel there.

Then Bob and I changed our minds and decided to go to Europe instead. Cheryl was five years old at that time and to her Europe was, of course, a strange and marvelous place. We went to London and Paris and saw all the wonderful things of the Old World, and my little girl digested all that her young eyes could devour. When, after five months, we returned to New York and entered our room in the hotel, she sprawled on the bed and looked at me expectantly. I could see that something was about to burst forth and I asked what was troubling her.

"Now are we going to Honolulu?" she said.

I couldn't keep from laughing—yet while I laughed, I knew that I had disappointed her and, even more important, had broken a promise to her that she would not forget.

One day months later in Hollywood, I saw her walking away from our house, toward the hills in the (Continued on page 76)



Lana's six-year-old daughter, Cheryl, who's getting to be a big girl, proudly reaches up to the mantel of the Topping living room.

Earthy and spiritual,
friendly and aloof,
idealistic and skeptical,
an intellectual who prefers
his women not to
be brainy . . . That's the
puzzling Lew Ayres.

the man
BEHIND
the **RIDDLE**
by sheilah graham



As soon as Lew's fondness for Jane Wyman became open gossip, the "romance" died.



South African Heather Walsh is one of the many beauties Lew has instructed in art.

■ "Lew Ayres wanted on the phone!" yelled the doorman on Stage 11 at Warner Brothers.

"He's busy!" yelled back the assistant director.

"Who is it?" asked Lew quietly.

"Who is it?" impatiently repeated the doorman into the telephone. They were ready for another take and wasted time meant wasted money. A few seconds later the doorman shouted, "It's ex-Marine ———. Says he's passing through town and he wants to thank Mr. Ayres again under nicer circumstances for saving his life during the war."

"O.K., I'll take it," said Lew.

I happened to be on the set at the time. As Lew walked toward the telephone, my thoughts rushed back to the dark days at the beginning of the war when Lew went through a private hell. He was publicly branded "coward," because he preferred to be catalogued "Conscientious Objector" rather than forego his principles and fight. Lew was no more a coward then than he is now. But he has always seemed the most contradictory character in Hollywood.

Take the steady stream of girls in Lew's life. The newest, as of this writing, is pretty redhead Arlene Dahl. Lew is seen all over town with her, at the Beverly Hills Tropics, the Lanai Room, the (Continued on page 77)





modern screen's hollywood pictorial

■ On these pages MODERN SCREEN presents the first in a series of pictorial features devoted to exclusive picture stories and outstanding news photos of the month. Here, month after month, MODERN SCREEN's readers will be able to see the best current work of our own staff photographers and that of photographers attached to all major film studios and to world-wide press services. This section will, we feel, provide our readers with the most unusual, dramatic and entertaining pictorial coverage of the varied Hollywood scene that has ever been presented in any national magazine.—THE EDITORS

AVA GARDNER TELLS A LITTLE DINNER-TABLE JOKE, ALMOST FAILS TO GET A LAUGH.



DINING WITH British star Stewart Granger, Ava is, as always, full of conversation.



SHE'S REMINDED suddenly of a perfectly terrific story, animatedly launches into it.



HER AUDIENCE doesn't forget his salad as Ava, working hard, delivers her story's punch line.



HE GETS IT! The English actor politely rewards Ava with a restrained but genuine laugh—and Ava relaxes. For a moment there, she suspected her joke wasn't exactly going over.

STARS ARE GUESTS AT A HOLLYWOOD PHOTOGRAPHERS' PARTY, GET LAUGHS BY THE DOZEN.



THE BIG SENSATION of the annual Press Photographers' Ball is Vera-Allen and Rock Hudson, covered with gilt as "Mr. and Mrs. Oscar."



PLAYING IT DEADPAN, Civil War soldier Red Skelton isn't fooling as he shoots away with a modern camera. Photography is his hobby.



EASTERN POTENTATE John Lund, known for the evening as the "Aga Salam," escorts an exotically-clad harem beauty—his wife, Marie.



HILARIOUS HELICOPTER Ann Blyth waxes merry with cover girl Joan Leslie. (MODERN SCREEN is on her skirt.) Roddy McDowall looks on.



GAY NINETIES bather Marshall Thompson finds it fun to make some rain over the umbrella of his wife Barbara's old-style beach outfit.

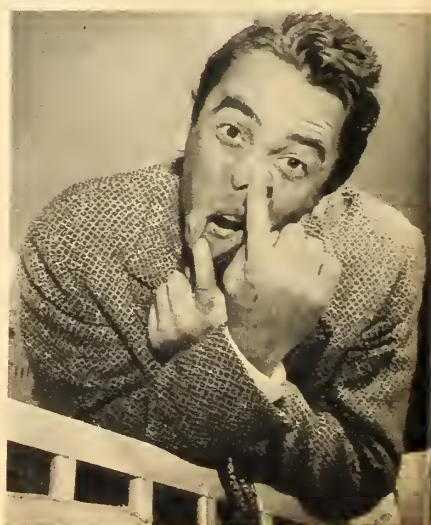


CARNIVAL QUEEN Joan Crawford in her *Flamingo Road* costume takes her gayety intensely. Her escort, Cesar Romero, is about to sneeze.



JAMES MASON'S DAUGHTER, Portland—named for Fred Allen's wife, Portland Hoffa—inspects an apple offered by her mother, Pam Kellino.

Hollywood babies discover a brand-new world . . . explore it,



HOW TO DIAPER A BABY WHO APPARENTLY DOESN'T LIKE IT. Macdonald Carey wonders how to get his daughter, Liza, into the happy mood he



ESTHER WILLIAMS' SON, "Benjy" Gage, is given his daily "swim" by his mother in the plastic pool on the second-story porch of the Gage house.

rotest it, delight it. Here are three charming new examples.



ves necessary before putting a diaper on her. He tries funny faces. They fail to amuse. So he goes ahead, anyway—and she doesn't mind a bit!

the end

WHY SHIRLEY'S MARRIAGE FAILED!

(Continued from page 26)

knew she was no golfer. She's never been much of any sort of an athlete. Some girls aren't. As a schoolgirl, Shirley accepted this lack of prowess philosophically. She had many other compensations. But when she married Jack Agar and discovered after three years that time and circumstance had made her a golf widow, she decided to do something about it.

Golf, she felt, would give her more hours with Jack, more common ground to share with him. She began to take lessons and to play. She trudged down the fairways even though she didn't like the game, even though it meant blisters and sore feet and weary muscles.

She tried, as part of her marriage, to make a success of the sport.

You see, she figured that if only she could make a go of the various parts which constituted the whole of her marriage, then it followed logically that the marriage would have to succeed. But despite all her efforts, despite all Jack's—despite the most sincere, heartfelt and determined combined effort, the most celebrated screen marriage of modern times was announced a failure on October 13, 1949—exactly four years, 23 days, 11 hours and seven minutes after it was established.

tried so hard . . .

Six months before her divorce announcement, Shirley got together with her lawyers, George Stahlman and Grant Cooper, in a series of conferences concerned with the state of her unhappiness with John Agar.

"She discussed the possibility of divorce," her lawyers said, "and we all decided that first, everything must be done to avoid it. If however, it became unavoidable, then the divorce was to be conducted as quickly, quietly and respectably as possible, and Shirley was to say nothing to anyone."

By October, Shirley became convinced that she and Jack would never be able to see eye-to-eye on the really basic, important points of marriage. It was a conclusion she reached sadly, because it implied that she had failed in a woman's major work in life—wifehood.

"I didn't want to break up my home and my marriage," she sobbed later. "I didn't want it to be this way. I start to cry every time I think about raising the baby without her father."

The basic truth in the Shirley Temple-Jack Agar marriage is that for more than 30 months before Shirley decided to call it quits, the marriage had not been happy.

During that time, these two sterling young people had been living a brave lie. In magazine layouts, in newspaper interviews, on the screen and on the radio they had played the perfect young couple, the blissful young-marrieds; and yet through it all, Shirley knew in her heart that this was a horrible mockery.

More than two years ago she went to David Selznick and said, "My marriage is going on the rocks. What shall I do?"

Selznick, who has both Shirley and Jack under contract, could help the bewildered little actress very little. "In a case like yours," he said paternally, "you must follow the dictates of your own heart and your own mind."

For almost two-and-a-half years, Shirley followed those dictates. She gave birth to her daughter, and Jack developed into a rising young star; but even these two milestones had no adhesive effect on the marriage, and gradually it began to rend apart at the seams.

By last October, Shirley was convinced that a thorough disintegration had set in, that whatever hope there had once been for re-building the marital structure had completely dissolved. After a conference with her parents and lawyers, she decided to file for divorce.

She and her little daughter, Linda Susan, went down to Palm Springs and there joined Shirley's parents. Despite the fact that the Desert Inn was then officially closed, the management saw to it that Shirley and her family occupied a cottage.

"For six days," Shirley says, "I tried to think out the best thing to do. I didn't want to break up my home and my marriage, but there was no other way."

Shirley came back to Los Angeles and spoke with her lawyers. "I'm going through with it," she told them.

She then phoned her husband—he was staying at his mother's house in Beverly Hills—and told him that she was filing for divorce.

Jack was stunned. He had no idea that for six months Shirley had been conferring with her lawyers. "When Shirley came home from Palm Springs," he says, "and told me that she wanted a divorce, I was shocked. It was the first news I had had about her intentions. I'm sorry it happened. I agree with Shirley that the divorce must be conducted in a dignified manner. But I don't have an attorney."

A day later, however, Jack hired legal counsel, because one afternoon after Shirley told him her fateful decision, he was presented with a copy of the formal legal complaint that had been filed one hour previously in the clerk's office at the California Superior Court.

By this time, of course, the news that Shirley Temple had filed a divorce complaint was emblazoned in headlines across the front pages.

Shirley, despite her lawyers' warnings, had also called many of the local journalists to explain her action. She told them, "I don't want to hurt Jack. He's a nice boy but he's a little mixed up. . . . We have been trying to make this marriage work. We both tried hard. We really did. But it just didn't work."

In Shirley's complaint, which was a legal masterpiece of brevity, she charged that Jack had "treated her with extreme cruelty and inflicted grievous mental suf-

fering." No particulars were mentioned. The complaint also stated that Jack and Shirley had no community property; that Shirley wanted no alimony, no support only the custody of the baby; and that Jack could have rights of "reasonable visitation"—which means he can visit his daughter almost any time he wants.

Now, once this complaint hit the press the news-hungry public realized that to all intents and purposes it was a whitewash that said nothing. And they demanded to know the true story behind the divorce. The Hollywood reporters were compelled therefore to give rational explanations.

Shirley had filed for divorce, newspaper reports then implied, because:

(1) Shirley was more than fond of Johnny Johnston, crooning husband of actress Kathryn Grayson.

(2) Shirley's husband was more than fond of a number of girls around town.

(3) Shirley and Jack had been involved in a violent in-law mess.

(4) Career rivalry came between Shirley and Jack.

All these stories are false. The true reason for the break-up is that Shirley and Jack were mis-mated from the very beginning. At 17, Shirley was too young to get married, and at 24, Jack was too young to marry an American institution.

mix-ups . . .

But first, let's get to the reasons ascribed to the divorce:

Johnny Johnston, a slim, curly-headed blond crooner from Kansas City, is the husband of Kathryn Grayson and the father of three children—one by Kathryn, and two by a previous wife. He married Kathryn in Carmel, California on August 21, 1947, and while she was pregnant, he began shooting a lot of golf. On the golf links, he met Jack Agar, the two began playing together, and this naturally led to a fairly close friendship.

It was a friendship, however, that Kathryn Grayson didn't particularly like. She felt that her husband was seeing too much of Mr. and Mrs. Agar at a time when she was at home awaiting a baby.

"I didn't feel very well," Kathryn was quoted as explaining, "and thought Shirley wasn't very kind to invite Johnny to go with them . . . when I was home all alone. Shirley had a baby and she should have known how I felt, and I told her so, too. And then there was one time when we had a spat, and Johnny took off and went to live at the Agar house."

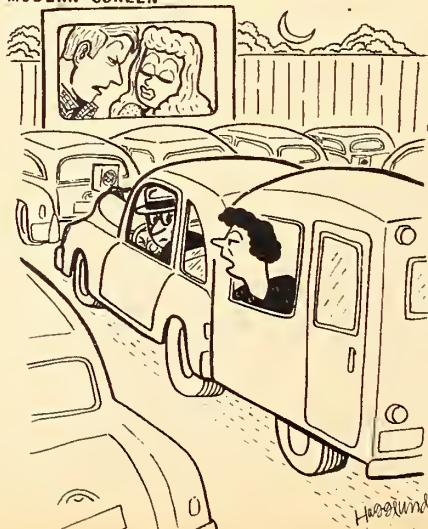
To this, Shirley is reported to have replied, "Kathryn is pretty silly to take such an attitude. John did ask my husband if he could come to our house and stay a few days when he was having trouble with his wife. But he stayed in the chauffeur's quarters, and Jack was always in the house as long as he stayed."

According to Kathryn, the man mainly responsible for the rumors about her and Johnny Johnston and the Agars is Joe Kirkwood, Jr., another golfing crony of Jack Agar, and the actor who plays Joe Palooka in pictures. Kirkwood recently married Cathy Downs.

"A few weeks ago," Kathryn explained, "I heard that Joe was telling different columnists about trouble between me and Johnny. I was so angry I went to see him to talk about it. When I left his place I slipped and sprained my arm."

"I wish she'd sprained her neck," Kirkwood was reported as saying. "I was just trying to help everybody out and persuade Kathryn that she was wrong in thinking

MODERN SCREEN



"You see the movie, dear—I'm staying home tonight."

that Shirley was too interested in Johnny. That's what you always get for trying to help out. . . . All I want is to be left alone."

When Johnny Johnston, who'd gone to New York one week before Shirley Temple announced her divorce plans, heard about Joe Kirkwood's statement, he was quoted as saying, "There's a certain fellow in Hollywood who is trying to make trouble for me with my wife and when I get back out there I'm going to punch him in the nose."

Shirley's reaction to Joe's statement, was reported in these words: "Just find out about Joe Kirkwood, just find out all about him."

Kirkwood, prior to his marriage, was involved in a paternity suit in Boston.

Now, what does all this mean, these charges and counter-charges and innuendoes and implications?

rumors are flying . . .

Actually, they mean nothing. The dialogue of recrimination is merely kid-stuff, verbal sparks set off by emotionally-immature youngsters. Shirley has not now nor has she ever entertained the slightest designs on Johnny Johnston. She has never been the cause of any of the tempestuous quarrels between him and Kathryn Grayson; and neither Johnny nor Kathryn has been responsible for her disagreements with Jack Agar. Shirley may have smiled and conversed with Johnny Johnston. In the course of two years and in the presence of her husband, she may have dined, danced, and sung with him. But as for supplanting Agar in her heart with Johnston—such eventuality seems far beyond the outposts of possibility. Kathryn and Johnny have settled their difficulties and are expecting another baby in April.

So much for the Johnny Johnston angle. Consider next the rumors that Shirley filed for divorce because her husband was spending too much of his spare time with other girls.

I've seen Jack Agar in a bar or two, maybe even tasting one drink too many, and so have dozens of other reporters, and I've also seen him talking to a girl or two who wasn't his wife. And, of course, the possibility exists that perhaps one of these girls, a non-professional, is genuinely in love with Jack. But that doesn't mean Agar has ever "cheated" on his wife.

Jack, today, is one of the most widely-admired actors in the screen colony. Girls fall for him the way coal shuttles into a cellar basement. But according to Shirley herself, disenchantment first reared its disillusioned head in her household more than two-and-a-half years ago—and back then, no one ever saw Jack Agar with any girl other than Shirley. So "the other woman" doesn't apply in this case.

Of course, now that he and Shirley have gone their differing ways, Jack will undoubtedly squire other girls around town; but this is not to say that any of these broke up his home or that his differences with Shirley centered about another woman who was less demanding, more subservient to his ego, more flattering to his vanity, more understanding to his aims, and more in tune with the tenor of his life.

No, Shirley didn't file her divorce complaint because she was jealous of another rival. Nor did she file it because in-law trouble had brought her and Jack to an impasse.

That in-law story is pure poppycock. Parents like Mr. and Mrs. George Temple, wise enough to rear Shirley in a normal, wholesome manner when she, as a child, was beset by all the temptations of the motion picture world, were surely prudent enough to stay out of her marriage.

It's true in a way that Shirley never left home after she became Mrs. Agar, for she and John moved into the guest cottage on the Temple property and in the past four years she's usually been within a hundred yards of her mother's beckoning. But stories to the effect that her folks sought to regulate the lives of the young couple are completely untrue.

As for the purported career trouble breaking up their marriage—in the sense of two picture careers in one household not mixing—that never applied to Shirley and Jack. There was never any career rivalry between these two. Who could possibly rival Shirley Temple's amazing career, anyway?

Jack was once asked how he felt about Shirley's continuing with her career. "I'm simply going along with her," he said flatly, "in anything she wants to do. She'll probably work as long as she gets pleasure from it. She can quit whenever she feels like it. I'm interested only in her happiness."

The failure of this marriage can never be attributed either to Shirley or to Jack. The

PLEASE NOTE

. . . that the MODERN

SCREEN FAN CLUB

ASSOCIATION has been

discontinued, due to

limitations of

editorial space. All

club presidents will

be notified by

letter.

THE EDITORS

responsibility for it belongs to them both.

They were both sadly unprepared for marriage.

They married during the heat and haste and passion of war.

They never really knew each other.

They didn't realize that marriage is the toughest kind of human relationship in the whole pattern of human behavior.

A lot of movie fans made the mistake of believing when Jack and Shirley got married that this was the typical, ideal American marriage. What is typical about a bride who is worth \$2,000,000 and a bridegroom who himself doesn't have to work for a living? No one back in those halcyon days ever asked that question.

Let us, however, just for the record and for the basic understanding of this marriage, take a look at Shirley Temple in 1945. This beautiful, apple-cheeked child, barely out of the Westlake School for Girls, had never gone around with boys very much. When Jack first met her she was 15. How Jack met Shirley is of course, old hat, and there's no point in re-hashing the story here, but the very vital point is that he first proposed to Shirley when she was 16.

Now, what sort of man wants a 16-year-old wife? Certainly not a mature, well-rounded man of the world. But certainly an immature, eager, infatuated soldier; and that's exactly what Jack Agar was back in those days of '44 and '45.

Moreover, he was a fatherless boy, quiet and well-bred, not too well-educated, without trade or occupation but heir to a considerable sum left by his father—who had been head of a Chicago meat-packing house, the Agar Packing and Provision Company.

Two months before Shirley was graduated from the Westlake School for Girls, she and Jack became engaged. Though prior to their engagement, he and Shirley had been together less than 20 times, both were sure they knew the other thoroughly. All young lovers feel that way, and doubtless they always will; but after a year or two of marriage, they discover moods and behavior patterns in their mates that they never thought existed.

Jack had never intended to become a motion-picture star. His plans called for him upon discharge to go to Cornell University and study business administration and learn the meat-packing business. But David Selznick had looked him over very carefully at the wedding, and he had decided that Jack might be developed into a young star after his discharge from the service.

For 18 months following his screen test, Jack Agar worked hard, learning how to walk, talk and act on the screen.

in the beginning . . .

Those 18 months, according to Shirley, were the best years of their married life. They moved into the little cottage on the Temple estate. They played cards and records at night. They ran all of Shirley's old pictures, only one of which Jack had ever seen before. The marriage was good, golden and glorious.

And then, Jack got his first job. John Ford signed him for a role in *Fort Apache*. Later, Shirley was signed for the same picture. During the shooting of this film, Jack learned what really tough work acting is.

When *Fort Apache* was released, Jack was billed on many theater marquees as "Shirley Temple's Husband."

More than anything, this kindled a fire in him to make good on his own. Not—let me repeat—that there was any career rivalry between him and Shirley. He simply wanted to be accepted by the public on his own merits.

In the past two years, he has been. *Fort Apache* was followed by *Adventure in Baltimore*, *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon*, *Iwo Jima*, and *I Married a Communist*. In all these, Jack has performed adequately and has captured the loyalty and interest of movie-goers everywhere.

Why is Jack Agar being divorced by Shirley Temple?

Perhaps he has not been as attentive to Shirley as he was when they were first married. Perhaps he has played too much golf in his spare time and made Shirley a golf widow.

Perhaps he has fallen out of love with Shirley and she with him.

Perhaps, despite his growing success, he is still beset with doubts about his acting ability and needs a wife who, rather than sometimes offering constructive criticism, will constantly build and maintain his ego.

Perhaps he needs a wife he can dominate, a wife who has not been accustomed to every luxury that money can buy and who will look up to him as her superior, as the family bread-winner.

Perhaps all this is why he and Shirley Temple no longer need each other.

As a matter of fact, it is. THE END 57

VALIANT LADY

(Continued from page 22)

That afternoon, June sat with a bright smile on her face while Gordon MacRae sang a sweet little song. Later, for her daily contribution as *The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady*, June danced a gay Irish jig which you are sure to like when you see it on the screen. When you do, remember that June Haver is an actress—a very great actress.

That night, Director Butler gathered the cast together and told them that the book—or dialogue—portion of the film had been completed. Next week the entire company would start rehearsals for the big winter production number which ends the film. June only half heard the call as she rushed to St. John's.

It was a silent group that spent the weekend in the tiny family waiting room just three doors away from John's room on the third floor at the hospital. June, John's mother and father, and his brother and sister. Down the hall, John's doctor worked to curb the hemorrhaging. It didn't stop, and an urgent call was sent out for positive-O blood. The Studio Club at 20th Century-Fox responded with 40 pints.

The transfusions seemed to be the answer, and on Sunday night, June went home to rest. She had hardly reached her front door when the hospital called her back with the news that John had taken a turn for the worse. She spent the night in the hospital chapel, praying.

The next morning at nine, June called dance director LeRoy Prinz and apologized for not coming in that day.

"I want to get the picture finished as badly as anyone," she said brokenly. "But I'd never forgive myself if . . . I weren't here."

When the man you love is close to death, it's hard to think that anything else matters. June stayed at the hospital through Wednesday, as Dr. Duzik's condition grew steadily worse from the added complications of uremic poisoning. On Thursday morning, however, June came in for rehearsal at eight. Everyone on the set sensed June's heartache, and tried to make it easier by curbing their own concern and curiosity.

"There's no change," June told them, as she methodically set about learning her dance routine.

On Friday, October 7th, the company began shooting the big finale number, a winter scene resplendent with singing and dancing. By noon they had finished with a number of close-ups, and June left the lot to have lunch at the Smokehouse with several members of the cast. She was just finishing a salad when a messenger from the studio rushed in and told her that the hospital was trying to reach her. June put through the call from the restaurant and got John's brother at the hospital.

"John is not expected to live beyond six o'clock this afternoon," he said. "You'd better get here if you possibly can."

silent prayer . . .

June moaned—and ran back to the studio. With Shirley Clark, her stand-in and close friend, she rode to the hospital in the car which the studio had waiting outside the set for her use. All the way cross-town to Santa Monica, the two girls sat in the back seat of the big black limousine, and prayed silently.

Somehow, John passed through that night's crisis. The next afternoon, he came out of coma and asked the doctor the score of the Ohio State-USC game. He smiled happily when he learned that his alma

mater had held the Buckeyes to a tie. By Sunday night, his condition had improved—and June felt she could go back to the studio next morning and finish the finale.

June was in the make-up department at Warner Brothers at 6:30 the next morning. After a slow start, the entire cast worked all day, and at 10:30 p.m., the last bit of gaiety was recorded on film. Each time June had called the hospital, Dr. Duzik's condition was the same. She told everyone: "No news is good news to me." Before she went home, a very weary June said to LeRoy Prinz, "I'm so glad we got it finished. Thank you and everyone again for being so very wonderful to me."

the greatest girl . . .

That night, Director Prinz, who has seen a lot of show business in his time, went home with an enlarged respect for the little blonde girl whose heart and courage were as big as she.

The assistant director, Eddie "Mecca" Graham, who has known June since they worked together on *Look for the Silver Lining*, said, in effect, what was on everyone's mind when the production broke up that night: "June is the greatest girl I've ever met in motion pictures. She's so young to have found the strength within herself to keep going through this experience. All of us are pulling hard for June and her Doctor John."

When June came back to Warners' to make *The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady*, everyone was delighted to see her. June seemed brighter and friendlier than ever; this was going to be a good picture to work on. On the first day, she buzzed around the set, saying hello to her old friends. To a few of them, she confided the reason for her special happiness . . . after she finished this picture, she hoped to be married. Her fiancé was entering the hospital for a routine operation, and in just a few months, she said, they might be honeymooning in the Grand Teton country in Wyoming. June talked about Wyoming as if she had discovered it—as, in a way, she had when she visited John's folks last summer at their ranch near Jackson Hole.

And when John first went into the hospital, June wasn't at all worried. "Doesn't he have the finest surgeon in town? You couldn't find a better man than Dr. Stevens," she told her friends. Every evening, after his operation, June would stop by to see John at the hospital and tell him all the entertaining things that had happened at the studio during the day.

That was before the hemorrhaging started. Before it happened, there wasn't a person on the set who hadn't been aware of June's happiness, and the reasons for it. Now, that knowledge helped them to understand just a little what her courage really meant. . . .

In the next two weeks after that last grueling Monday on the sound stage at Warner Brothers, June spent most of every day at the hospital with John. A strong, athletic man with an intense will to live, he was kept alive by the skill of his doctors through recurring crises.

But at 6:30 the morning of Sunday, October 30, with June at his bedside, holding his hand, death came to John Duzik. . . .

In three short years, Hollywood has seen June grow from a pretty but uncertain girl to an intelligent, mature woman, who has squarely faced her problems. And Hollywood is praying that, out of her enduring faith and courage, June Haver will find the strength to surmount her great tragedy.

THE END

salute to the daytime dress department

connie bartel, fashion editor

■ We want to devote this entire column to a fabulous spot for fashion finds: the daytime dress department of your favorite department store.

We think it's practically unequalled for terrific fashions at unbelievably low prices. We would like to make certain that you know about it, because we've found that while lots of girls practically live in the DDD, others have always passed it by, believing that it features nothing but house-dresses! And what a mistake *that* is!

First of all, the Daytime Dress Department has a very high level of style sense. The minute shawl collars, or big pockets, or low necklines turn up in expensive clothes—bang, the DDD has them ready for you, with tiny price tags.

But it's one thing to offer style at low prices, and another to offer style-plus-quality. And that's where the DDD really shines. The fabrics are downright good—sometimes the identical fabrics used in much more expensive clothes. The workmanship is excellent—buttons sewn on properly, hems deep and generous, seams nicely finished. The cut is good; the buttons, zippers, hooks are right. And all this, for prices usually under \$10.

It's wonderful—and it's a little amazing. The only thing that makes DDD fabulous fashions possible, of course, is mass production. You'll find that most of the fashions featured carry labels you recognize—the trademarks of manufacturers so well established and so big that they can afford to offer tremendous value for very little.

As you can tell, we're mad for the Daytime Dress Department. On pages 59 through 64, you'll see why.

Audrey Totter wears classic with T-square pockets

■ Audrey Totter, currently in MGM's *Tension*, wears the sort of smooth classic that's a must in every girl's wardrobe. The fly front conceals a long zipper for good fit; the stitched t-square pockets have pearl buttons for emphasis.

It's made of fine Sanforized vat-dyed broadcloth by Ameritex, in blue angel, sloe gin rose, creme de cocoa, mint green. Also pastel blue, pink, aqua. Sizes 12-20. Also 16½-24½. By Stefi—\$5.95.

In the Daytime Dress Department of Bloomingdale's, New York. Other stores, page 65.

Jewelry by Coro.

**modern
screen
fashions**



*the best buys
are likely to be in
the daytime dress
department*

7.95

Above: The bliss of silky dark cotton, ready and right anywhere, anytime. Sweetheart of a dress with tiny heart buttons, a heart dangling from a bright belt. Dan River broadcloth, in burnt orange, grey, grape or lime. Sizes 12-18. By Billy Marrow. Where to buy, page 65.



8.95

Below: Dress with an air of bravado. Bright plaid buttoned to the hem with smoky pearl buttons—styled in a high pitch with wing collar, jut pockets. Galey and Lord gingham, in rust, purple or green. Sizes 12-20. By Hope Reed. Where to buy, page 65.



8.95

Opposite: Jewel of a dress for the girl 5' 5" and under . . . superbly cut in superb combed chambray. Handsomely buttoned neckline, to wear open or not; dashing lapels; enormous triangle pockets. Aqua, copen, brown. Sizes 10-20. A Georgianna Petite. Where to buy, page 65.

a modern screen fashion





*the best buys
are likely to be in
the daytime dress
department*

5.95

Right: Fashion is mad for puckered fabrics—and here's dark glamour in combed (that means it's good) cotton matelasse. When you're through gasping at the price—look again at the rolled collar, the zipper to the waist, the full skirt and the shoestring ties. When and where couldn't you wear it? Navy blue, green, brown. Sizes 12-18. Styled by Ted Cohen. Where to buy, page 65.

8.95

Opposite: The dress with the side-drape fin, sophistication plus. The top is a pearl-buttoned classic, very smart, very simple. The skirt—ah! The skirt wraps and hooks to the left, ends in a wordly pleated fin on one hip! Divine colors: tangerine, maize, kelly, grey, powder, aqua, cocoa, Beford blue, pink, navy. In Pima cotton. Sizes 10-20 and 14½-24½. By Kay Windsor. Where to buy, page 65. *Coro Jewelry*



*the best buys
are likely to be in
the daytime dress
department*



12.95

Embroidered beauty—especially proportioned for the lucky girl with the 5' 4"-or-under figure. Romantic eyelet embroidery outlines the V-neck; tiny embroidered daisies are scattered over all. In Crown-Tested Soap 'n' Water linen-like rayon—washable, of course. Pink, blue, aqua, daffodil, beige. Sizes 10 S to 20 S. By Brief Measure. Where to buy, page 65.

WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices may vary throughout country)

FASHIONS pages 59-64 are in the **DAY-TIME DRESS DEPARTMENT** of these stores:

T-square pocket classic dress worn by Audrey Totter (page 59)

Baltimore, Md.—*The Gaxton Co.*, 214 N Charles St., Main Floor
Boston, Mass.—*R. H. White Co.*
Chicago, Ill.—*Mandel Brothers*, State & Madison Sts., Third Floor
Miami, Fla.—*Byron's*, Flagler St., Main Floor
New York, N.Y.—*Macy's*, Fourth Floor
Washington, D. C.—*The Hecht Co.*, 7th & F Sts., NW

Silky dark cotton dress (page 60)

New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's*, 59th St. & Lexington Ave., Second Floor
Washington, D. C.—*The Hecht Co.*, 7th & F Sts., NW

Bright plaid cotton dress (page 60)

Boston, Mass.—*Filene's*, Sixth Floor
Houston, Texas—*Levy's*, Third Floor
Indianapolis, Ind.—*Wm. H. Block Co.*, Illinois & Market Sts., Fourth Floor
Minneapolis, Minn.—*The Dayton Co.*, 7th St., & Nicollet Ave., Fourth Floor
New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's*, 59th St. & Lexington Ave., Second Floor
Portland, Ore.—*Lipman, Wolfe & Co.*, 521 SW 5th Ave.

Dress with big triangle pockets (page 61)

Boston, Mass.—*Filene's*, Sixth Floor
Chicago, Ill.—*Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.*, State, Madison & Monroe Sts., Second Floor
Houston, Texas—*Foley's*, Third Floor
New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's*, 59th St. & Lexington Ave., Second Floor
Philadelphia, Pa.—*Strawbridge & Clothier*, Market & 8th Sts., Third Floor

Sophisticated side-drape dress (page 62)

Boston, Mass.—*Jordan Marsh*, Washington & Avon Sts., Third Floor
Brooklyn, N.Y.—*Abraham & Straus*, 420 Fulton St., Second Floor
Cincinnati, Ohio—*H. & S. Pogue*, 4th & Race Sts., Third Floor
New Orleans, La.—*D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.*, 819 Canal St., Second Floor
New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's*, 59th St. & Lexington Ave., Second Floor
Washington, D. C.—*The Hecht Co.*

Dark glamour puckered dress (page 63)

New York, N. Y.—*Gimbels*, 33rd St. & Avenue of Americas, Third Floor
Washington, D. C.—*The Hecht Co.*, 7th & F Sts., NW

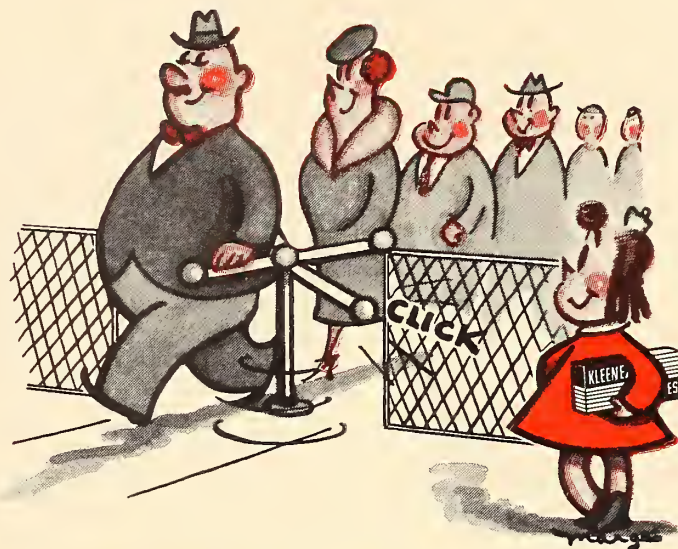
Embroidered beauty for 5'4" or under (page 64)

Boston, Mass.—*E. T. Slattery Co.*, 154 Tremont St., Second Floor
New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's*, 59th St. & Lexington Ave., Second Floor
San Antonio, Texas—*Frost Brothers*, 217 E. Houston St., Fourth Floor
Springfield, Mass.—*Albert Steiger Co.*, Main & Hillman Sts.
Topeka, Kans.—*Crosby Bros.*
Washington, D. C.—*The Hecht Co.*

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MISTAKES THEY NEVER CONFESS

(Continued from page 32)

and blindly stupid? Maybe it's a gift. Anyway, it's been going on for years in Movieville, and I suppose it always will.

If stars would only stop and think—and some of them do—so many fatal foolish missteps could be so easily avoided in both their professional and private lives. Betty Hutton came dangerously close not long ago to hurting the very people she loves most in this world—her children and her devoted husband, Ted Briskin. In the nick of time she saw what she was about to do and recoiled. A few steps along her mistaken path, though, and Betty might have been sorry the rest of her life.

Betty's made mistakes before—career mistakes, that is. She deserted her absolutely inimitable screen self to do *Dream Girl*, learned from the licking she took and ran right back to the high-voltage cut-ups she does best.

Betty was frightened when they teamed her with Fred Astaire in *Let's Dance*. She told me in terror, "I don't know how I'll ever be able to dance with Fred Astaire. He'll make me look awkward and clumsy and silly. I can't keep up with him." But she did—as I knew she would—and Fred praised her to the skies. The relief from that fear turned into a giddy wave of self-congratulation that made Betty's head spin dizzily. She lost her balance momentarily and forgot her family in the all-absorbing thrills and demands of her exciting job.

little reminder . . .

Her decision to split up with Ted was hasty, unfair, and unbefitting to Betty's good sense. Betty found the minute the news was out that the idea was very unpopular with her friends in Hollywood. They all love and respect Ted, a swell, attractive guy, successful in his own business and a model husband—which is a hard article to find in this town.

I was as distressed as anyone, and I remembered something Betty Hutton had told me one afternoon when I dropped in. Little Rebecca Welles, Rita's baby by Orson Welles, had just left. Her nurse had brought her over from across the street to play with Betty's kids. Finally the nurse said, "Come on, it's time to go home now, Rebecca." Whereupon Rebecca burst into anguished tears, crying, "I don't want to go home! I don't want to go home!" She ran to Ted, threw her arms around his neck and sobbed, "I wish you were my daddy! I wish I lived in a house like this!" With her mama away whizzing around the world with Aly Khan and Rebecca's irresponsible dad chasing his career in Italy, no wonder little Rebecca longed for the warmth and affection she found at Betty and Ted's.

That was the story Betty told me. So at that crucial juncture of her own home life, I reminded her of it and I said, "How would you like to have your babies as lonely, mixed up and pitiful as Rebecca?"

"Oh, my Lord," Betty answered, "I can't do it. I can't do it."

I have no idea whether my reminder had anything to do with Betty's reconciliation. I like to think so. In any event, Betty Hutton came quickly to her senses and saved her home, which she must know means the world not only to her, but to some other people who are her flesh and blood—and her responsibility.

Stars, who play so much fiction in their careers, can cherish delusions in their private lives to such an extent that sometimes you wonder if they refuse to see reality. For some reason, Joan Crawford told herself for months that Greg Bautzer was going to marry her. Greg told me he

was considering no such thing. Yet, until they finally parted a few weeks ago, Joan continued to stir up her own unhappiness with sighs for that handsome, cagey playboy.

And while I'm on the subject of Cupid's errors, there are a couple of romances usually placed in that category which I believe just don't belong there. I mean Ann Sheridan's long-distance romance with Steve Hannagan, now cooled, and Lana Turner's widely-lampooned marriage to Bob Topping. Both have been taken for rides time and again. But both couples knew what they wanted, and they got it, make no mistake. They made no mistake.

Ann and Steve were two people who saw eye-to-eye on all things—love, fun and the dangers of matrimony for two people like themselves. For five years they kept up a cross-country romance, built strictly for good times and companionship, and what both Ann and Steve always said about marriage was, "we never will." Yet Steve supplied the steady man in Ann's life that she needed. He backed her up in her Hollywood battles, gave her seasoned advice, got her free from Warners' to make *Good Sam* and get going in the career that had reached a belligerent stalemate.

They liked their easygoing, episodic relationship, that pair, with good times in New York and Hollywood, where one or the other was always flying. She was his girl; he her guy—but no more than that. That's the way both wanted it. As Annie once told me bluntly, "Steve and I will never be pushed into matrimony to make anybody a headline."

They had several years of happiness and now it's a case of "Thanks for the Memories"—and the line that goes, "no tears, no fuss, hurrah for us." When Annie went to make *I Was a Male War Bride* 6,000 miles away from Steve, their lives angled off in different directions, and the spark cooled. The daily letters they started writing dwindled . . . and that was that.

So I can't call that romance a mistake. I think for Annie and Steve it made very good sense. And about Lana Turner and Bob Topping, I feel exactly the same way.

Lana is a girl born to follow her heart—to make mistakes, to act impulsively and honestly, following the endearing human traits that make her Lana Turner, a girl who should act that way, a girl who draws sympathy and love from her public as honey draws bees. While columnists were taking her apart and bringing tears to Lana's eyes, while critics were shout-

ing "bad taste," Lana herself was swamped with thousands of sincere wishes for happiness from the people who count—her fans.

Yep, the sophisticates booed Lana raucously for marrying "playboy" Bob Topping. They pointed to his brief, broken marriages, and to Lana's. It wouldn't last six months, they said. Another mistake, another heartbreak—and the end of Lana's career.

So? Well, I wish you could see Lana Turner today as I see her. She's glowing and happy and more beautiful than ever. She's cemented to a family and a husband who loves her, for the anchor she needed. She's had a taste of real living—away from Hollywood frowns and studio trouble. She's had some of the fun she long ago deserved; she's developed a new, more confident personality. With Bob she's moved into a beautiful new Beverly Hills home. Bob wants her to keep on with her career, although there isn't the pressure of money anymore.

And about that career—who is tumbling all over itself, rolling out the red carpet, lining up stories to star her with its greatest stars, including Clark Gable? MGM, which only a few months ago was reading the riot act to Lana and making her do pictures she didn't want to do, disciplining her, making her tremble. It has a new respect for Lana, now—and so has the world.

A mistake? Finding love, happiness, security, contentment? I hope Lana makes more mistakes of that kind!

error, error, everywhere . . .

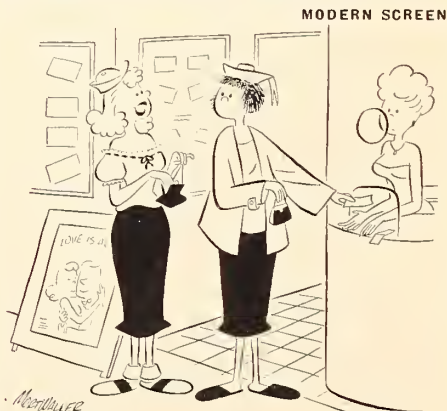
But I can point out plenty of Hollywood-star stumbles at the marriage altar and in the divorce courts. Deanna Durbin married an older man who promptly made Deanna grow up too fast, turn sexy on the screen, and kill a budding adult career.

Greer Garson helped her "first lady" prestige very little by marrying young Richard Ney, who'd played her son in *Mrs. Miniver*, and then treating him like a little boy around the house. Marrying Broadway producer Mike Todd and letting him take her away from Hollywood did Joan Blondell no good. I'm sure Virginia Field must be gnashing her pretty teeth for ever letting Paul Douglas get away from her too soon.

Virginia and Paul were married when Paul got his chance to show his terrific talent in Garson Kanin's Broadway hit, *Born Yesterday*. Up till then, Paul had been making only a comparatively modest living in radio. But when he was signed for the play, Hollywood studio scouts immediately swarmed him with movie offers. Paul turned them down. Hollywood had handed him the cold shoulder before; this time he thought he knew how to play his cards. But Virginia disagreed violently. "Are you crazy?" she asked him. "This is your big Hollywood chance."

"Uh, uh," said Paul, "that comes later." He was looking long-term this time. He knew he could come out to Hollywood the way he wanted, later on—with a Broadway hit under his belt. Virginia, I suspect, was too impatient. She couldn't wait for Paul's success. Anyway, she left him. Then Paul, in his own good time, came to Hollywood with a big-money contract and great expectations, well realized in *A Letter to Three Wives*.

He's still playing it long-term. Not long ago he turned down \$20,000 a week—\$10,000 at New York's Paramount Theater



"I came here last night with Bill, so I thought I'd come tonight and see what the picture was like."

Are you in the know?



What to do if Mom says you're too young for dating?

- ☐ Try crowd psychology ☐ Play Hannah the Hermit ☐ Stick to hen parties

Chances are, it's *solo* dates the family vetoes . . . they're not against your having friends. Why not get your schoolmates to rally at your homestead, now and then? Show Mom you can cope with a mixed crowd. Dating first on the "gang" plan is good practice for

solos later. And whatever the doings, whatever the day, remember—those *flat pressed ends* of Kotex prevent revealing outlines. Even when you're togged for a gala evening, you know you can brave the limelight with confidence . . . (and Kotex!).



Should you break a movie date with Bill—

- ☐ For a Big Man On Campus
☐ If you're asked to a formal fray
☐ To meet a blind find

You're booked for Saturday night at the cinema. Then the real Bikini comes along. Should you call Bill and beg off? Check *no* on all three counts above! Breaking dates is a rating-buster. And "calendar" time, too, is no excuse . . . for new Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it; gives softness that *holds its shape*. And your new Kotex Wonder-form Belt won't twist, won't curl, won't cut! Made with DuPont Nylon elastic: feather weight, fast drying!



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- ☐ Snags the prof
☐ Has the Tweedy Look
☐ Majors in poetry

Competition's keen when the prof's cute. True, you may not be a ball of fire at scanning. But your tweeds'll tell him you're on your toes, style-wise. For this year, tweed's terrific . . . new, inexpensive, with a "high fashion" look. In coats, suits or dresses, it's for you! And just for you on problem days, there's a Kotex absorbency you'll find exactly right. How to tell? By trying *all 3*: Regular, Junior, Super. Each has a special *safety center*—pledging *extra* protection!



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And right here's a thought that may never have occurred to you. Except for getting the family's permission, you don't have to ask anyone else. Certainly not Uncle Sam.

Now . . . which job? Baby sitting? Clerking part time at the corner drug, or at your town's department store? Which-ever job you choose, you find you can snag your heart's desire in time for the shindig!

It Only Happens Here

But—if you lived overseas, you'd learn things just don't happen that way. Because in one country across the Atlantic, it would take *twice* as long to earn the price of that dress . . . while in others it would take up to 10 times as long.

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and another \$10,000 at the Copacabana—and chose instead to go to Berlin to make *Two Corridors East*. Paul knows the terrific hike that this Air Lift epic will give his Hollywood career—and that comes first with him. Maybe Virginia Field could be sharing that fame and success of Paul's, if she hadn't been so hurry-up about it. But Marion Hutton's got him now.

Of course, Hollywood's marriage mistakes are a penny a sack—everywhere you look. I think a lot of unions which survive are headed for trouble when the husbands start telling their star wives how to handle themselves. That didn't work for Deanna Durbin, or Gene Tierney, or Ingrid Bergman, and it won't work for Jeanne Crain to listen to Paul Brinkman, too much, about her screen life. Kibitzing should be left to the experts—and by the way, some of the biggest professional mistakes stars have made came when they stopped bending an ear toward the Svengalis who made them.

Dick Haymes' troubles stem from just such a pilot-dropping. Dick made a Hollywood splash principally because of the help and brains of his agent, Bill Burton. Bill worked for Dick night and day, made him movie box-office, a radio Hooper hot-shot, a juke-box front-runner. Well, Dick got too big to take Bill's advice and Bill's no longer representing him. Dick needed that guiding hand. Without it, his career has plummeted. Bill himself is only sad, not bitter, about Dick's actions. "After all," he told me philosophically, "you can't take care of a star unless he has some judgment of his own. All I can say is I'm sorry about the whole thing."

Practically every star in Hollywood has career mistakes to be ruefully remembered—even Clark Gable, who still gags today when you mention his disastrous *Parnell*, and should at mention of *Adventure*, too. Jeanette MacDonald made a big error in refusing ever to sing with Nelson Eddy on the radio. They were a hugely popular, perfectly-matched duo that could have become an American institution except for singing jealousy, which destroyed them. I still get letters from all over asking when they're going to get together again. Jimmy Stewart let Frank Capra almost destroy him with the "cutes" in *Magic Town*.

Why should America's greatest war hero, Audie Murphy, let producer Paul Short present him as a criminal and a

killer? He began as *Bad Boy* and now, I understand, they want him to play Billy the Kid. If you can make a hero out of Billy the Kid, I give up! Sometimes the ways stars let themselves be mishandled is incredible.

More so than at playing ridiculous roles, stars should shudder to remember the times they've snubbed and insulted the public which makes them—and the press which obligingly ballyhoos them day in and out. Margaret Sullivan was and is a great actress who didn't last in Hollywood half as long as she should because she just couldn't be civil to her curious admirers. Maggie's just coming back to Hollywood after six years' absence for a second try and I hope she's mellowed enough to help instead of hinder herself.

The smarter stars don't bite the hands that feed their egos—and when they do they usually come to their senses fast. When Bette Davis was at the crest of her popularity she went on location in Arizona. The picture limped along with little or no publicity, so Warners sent a special exploitation man there in a hurry to beat the ballyhoo drums. He sized up the situation, went into deep thought, and then told Bette, "We'll toss you into a cactus bed—that'll hit the papers."

"Nothing doing!" flared Bette.

"Not real cactus, of course—it won't hurt," explained the p.a. But Bette still raged. "I'm no clown!"

He shrugged. "I couldn't care less whether you do or don't," he told her, "I'm just doing my job. But it'll get your picture in the papers." Bette snorted, "Ridiculous." But finally she let them toss her in anyway, and the picture that enraged her was plastered all over the land. She still wouldn't speak to the press agent who'd pincushioned her ingloriously with prop cactus spines. She stayed furious for—oh—maybe three months. By this time, the press again was being very silent about Bette Davis.

One day she buttonholed the exploitation man at Warners, gave him a load of her big blue eyes. "Don't you think it's about time you found another bed of cactus or something for me?" asked Bette sweetly.

Ah, well, to err is human. And stars are human, believe me—very. Only when they commit errors, they have, unlike ordinary mortals, a press agent—or a squad of 'em—standing by to make a misstep look like a strut to glory.

But it might just prove something or other that the erring stars who've admitted their boners have been coming off pretty well lately. Bob Walker and Bob Mitchum both were in pretty hot water but came out unscaled because they admitted their follies, faced up to facts, won sympathy instead of suspicion—suspicion that they were covering up or being covered up by some nimble press agent, lawyer, studio, or what have you.

Gregory Peck has made mighty few mistakes since he took over one of Hollywood's top star spots. But those he has made he's come right out with, like the Honest Abe he is. So they haven't bothered him a bit. His first picture was awful. Greg admitted it. "I'm not ready yet for Hollywood," he said. "I'm going back to the stage and learn some more about acting." He had his bags all packed, when Darryl Zanuck caught him, before Greg could catch his train, for *Keys to the Kingdom*. But that didn't steer Peck away from learning. He's still at it as I write. His La Jolla summer theater is just winding up, and the ambitious year-round legitimate theater he's sparkplugging for Beverly Hills is about to get started. Greg's never stopped improving his art. He told me, not long ago, he never will. "I don't know anything yet," he said. But he knows enough to keep from kidding himself—or his public.

away in a huff . . .

Not too long ago Greg made a slight mistake in his private life. He had an unimportant tiff with his wife, Greta, and roared away in his car to cool off without telling her where he was going. Then Greta had the bad luck to have a columnist call her the next day and ask where Greg was. "I don't know," she said simply. "He left and didn't say where." As a matter of fact, he'd driven to Del Mar, stayed overnight, then had flown to Mexico with a friend for a few days' fishing. So the Pecks had to fend off a flock of divorce rumors and all sorts of things which their happy home didn't deserve. Greg came back, kissed his wife, and they went on as if nothing had happened—even while all the calamity crows were cackling. But Peck's complete candor soon killed all that gossip.

Ginger Rogers is another dead-level lady who looks life straight in the eye. Yet, being a stubborn Irisher whose real name is McMath, she'll seldom admit she's wrong. And Ginger has been very wrong. But I want to pat her before I spank.

Ginger faced trouble with her marriage to Jack Briggs at an awkward time. For one thing, the very week the bad news broke—that Jack and Ginger were about to split—their picture showed up on the cover of a national magazine with Ginger giving Jack a loving kiss. It made everyone, including the Briggses, look pretty silly. What the public didn't know, of course, was that the shot had been taken one whole year before.

Ginger's career had just got into high gear again, after a dangerous dip. This was no time for unpleasant publicity, with *The Barkleys of Broadway* making her an American idol for a second time.

Ginger knew she'd get the blame for the bust-up, with whispers of "swelled head . . . too much success . . . no time for a husband now," and so forth. That didn't influence her actions for a second. Ginger has never cared a rap for what people said. First she pleaded with the reporters to give her a break so she and Jack could work out their trouble. They couldn't, so she came out with the separation news.

I went out to see Ginger before I left for Europe last summer. Sometimes I'm old Miss Fix-it and I did like that pair. I

MODERN SCREEN



"No, no, Griswold! You tear the ticket in half!"

thought Ginger was making a mistake because a happy marriage is a hard thing for a Hollywood star to find and hers had looked so happy. She convinced me it wasn't, and wouldn't be, and told me why.

Still, Ginger can muffle the duke. She did with her own career, but to this day she'll never confess it. Briefly, she insisted on running her show too much, forgot she was the All-American girl and tried to play grand ladies. She made some pretty poor pictures and was very close to closing out a classic Hollywood career. Luckily she snapped back into the old Ginger Rogers in the nick of time. But to this day that stubborn, tawny-topped harp has the nerve to tell me to my face about miscast things like *The Magnificent Doll*. "I don't care what people say—I liked it."

Many of the antics I observe on all sides of me today I can theme-song with the hop-scoth jingle we used to chant as kids, "a river and a lake—and a big mistake."

horses, horses . . .

I think Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine have long been wrong in letting career rivalry set up any kind of a silly feud in their personal lives, when they could mean so much more to each other as sisters without it. I think it's a mistake for a wonderful gal like Betty Grable to go in so earnestly for horses and horse races. I do hope Betty won't let it interfere with business. While it's scarcely an obsession with her, she has had written into her contract that production plans or no, she has a complete vacation when the ponies run at Del Mar each year.

And I think—surprise!—that what looks like the greatest good fortune ever to befall a Hollywood star might well wind up a blunder for "Princess" Rita, certainly as far as her happiness goes. There have been mistakes from the beginning of that glittering modern Scheherazade legend which don't spell happiness-ever-after to me. Rita was a queen in Hollywood before she fell for the Aly ballyhoo—despite the obvious differences in their backgrounds and interests. Now she's a very doubtful princess. Only the important months ahead will tell how great a mistake she's made.

Without being the seventh daughter of a seventh son, I think I can predict pretty certainly that bulls and boners and foolish fluffs—private and professional—will continue to muddle up the Hollywood heavens where the stars hang by the gossamer threads of their own frantic weavings. And I think I can safely say something else without being a seer: They'll darned seldom confess them.

In fact, about the only case I can remember of such shocking humility concerns an actress who could have been one of the greatest stars Hollywood ever had—if she hadn't taken an instant deep and determined dislike to the movies and all their works.

She made a picture years ago, and after one look at herself decided she'd committed something like murder. She tried to buy it back so her disgrace would never be seen by the public. For months she wouldn't speak to the people who'd talked her into her fiasco.

Well, it won an Academy Award and it's still pointed to as a milestone in Hollywood's artistic progress. The star sensibly concluded at last that everyone couldn't be wrong except herself. She swallowed her pride one night in public and her apology has become a Hollywood salute ever since. Helen Hayes came humbly up to the late Edgar Selwyn, who produced *The Sin of Madelon Claudet*, wearing an honestly sheepish smile.

LIZABETH SCOTT starring in "BITTER VICTORY"
a Hal Wallis Paramount Picture



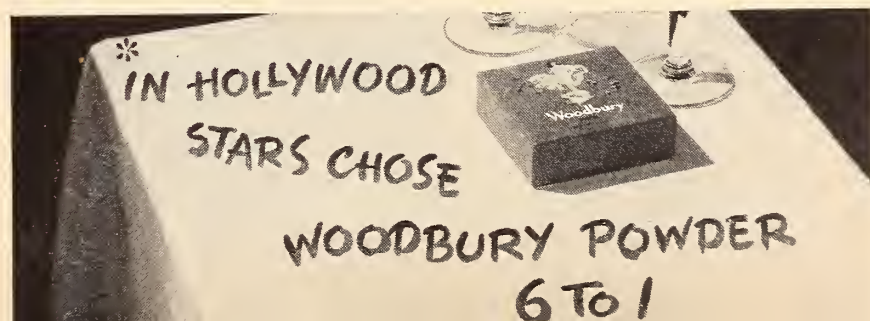
Don't look now...

You're at the Mocambo. Over at the next table is Elizabeth Scott. It's not polite to stare—but what do you do? You look up from your crepe suzette, steal a glance. Think she doesn't know it? Of course she does! She's a star . . . she expects it! That's why she wears Woodbury Powder (Fiesta for Elizabeth) on her radiant features . . . and carries it in her compact.



there's
Elizabeth Scott...

Lizabeth is one of the Hollywood stars who chose Woodbury Powder, 6 to 1, in response to a recent survey.* Something wonderful in Woodbury Powder—a new ingredient—gives your skin a smooth-as-satin look. The delicate fragrance clings as long as the powder. 7 heavenly shades glorify every skin type—no obvious "powdered" look. 15¢, 30¢, \$1.00, plus tax.



ANYBODY HERE SEEN STANWYCK?

(Continued from page 47)



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\$15
Sizes 9-15

Twinkling rhinestones on this dress of white wool jersey and swishing black taffeta.

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was quite receptive when Designer Edith Head made suggestions about her personal wardrobe. And since *Stella Dallas*, she has worn mink, gold lamé or other standard star-identification when attending premières, thereby managing to keep out of the clutches of the police.

Not that the lass doesn't look well enough in ordinary dress to be a star. And if producers in their hue-and-cry for new faces ever let Barbara go behind the scenery, she knows a fellow who can help her. He approached her not too long ago at Schwab's drug store in Beverly Hills and earnestly identified himself as a talent scout for a major studio. Then he said, "I'd like to arrange a screen test for you. We're always looking for interesting new faces, you know."

Barbara smiled. "I'm very flattered—but this face isn't new. I've had it a long, long time. Anyhow, I've got a job I wouldn't dream of giving up."

Several weeks later the scout was introduced to her at a Hollywood party. Bumping his forehead with the heel of his hand, he exclaimed, "And to think I missed recognizing you!"

"Doesn't everyone?" she grinned.

amazing resemblance . . .

She sometimes wonders now if the aura of anonymity that surrounds her is contagious. Recently she and Bob Taylor were playing golf on a public course in Westwood, without making any stir among the other players. Then she heard a voice say, "You'd never believe anyone could look as much like Robert Taylor as that man does, would you?"

After the Grand Central stairway incident, Barbara went, still unrecognized, to the Waldorf-Astoria, which she entered without fuss or furor. Wise to registrations, the fans soon became alert once she was there. Then, every time she left the hotel, she passed through an "honor guard" whose autograph books almost crossed in a frenzied arch.

But when she went to 21, having made reservations by telephone for herself and guests, she was told by the headwaiter, "Miss Stanwyck hasn't arrived yet."

"No fooling?" asked Barbara. And the headwaiter did a double take, gulped, bowed and led her to the table, apologizing elaborately.

Sounds unbelievable that he should have been fooled. But I myself once was welcomed by a headwaiter in an exclusive Beverly Hills restaurant who said to me, "Miss Stanwyck, right this way. Mr. Blank is waiting for you."

I told my host what had happened. "Sure," he smiled. "Somebody probably told him, 'You'll know her. She'll wear a tailored suit, sensible shoes and no hat.' Stanwyck wouldn't be caught dead dressed in the fussy clothes most of the women here are wearing. Wait till she arrives—I'll bet you and she will be the only ones here dressed to fit that description." He was right.

Then there was the driver who suddenly screeched her car to a halt just after passing Barbara and a friend out walking in Holmby Hills.

Jumping out, the woman dashed toward her, saying effusively, "Darling! How wonderful to run into you! It's been so long since I've seen you!"

Embarrassed because she didn't recognize the woman, Barbara listened patiently as the "old friend" chattered along until she asked, "And, Jeanette, how's your dear mother?"

"Jeanette?" Barbara asked blankly. "Uh—*I think you've made a little mistake.*"

"Why, Jeanette MacDonald, you tease, you!" the gushy one exclaimed reproachfully.

"Sorry, I'm not Jeanette MacDonald," Barbara said quickly and firmly.

"Why, Jeanette!" Bewilderment replaced assurance then.

"Really, she isn't Jeanette," Barbara's friend said helpfully. "She's Barbara Stanwyck."

"That's the silliest thing I ever heard of," the woman said vehemently. "Insisting she's not Jeanette, then trying to pass herself off as Barbara Stanwyck. I'm surprised!"

With that she indignantly departed, leaving Barbara and her friend to continue their walk, their shoulders shaking with laughter.

On another occasion when Barbara was out walking, this time alone, a car drew up beside her, filled with sight-seers and tagged Nebraska. The driver leaned out and asked, "Girlie, can you tell me how to get to Benedict Canyon?"

After she'd given the information, one of the passengers said, "I'll bet you're in the movies. Aren't you?"

"Yes," she answered.

"I knew it! You're Bette Davis!"

"No," she said and started to walk on.

"Aren't you Deanna Durbin?" another asked.

"Oh, no!" Barbara laughed.

"I've got it! It's Margaret Sullavan!" another voice declared firmly.

Barbara called back over her shoulder, "Be seeing you later, Quiz Kids."

Barbara also smilingly remembers the young bank clerk who occasionally cashed checks for her under the impression that she was her own secretary—a person who doesn't exist. After a few times, he suggested a date. When she explained her boss never gave her an evening or weekend off, he exclaimed, "What a slave-driver!"

Barbara herself is quick to recognize anyone whom she's known or whom she's admired from a distance. Not long ago she warmly greeted an actress whose fame and beauty were at their height when Barbara was little Ruby Stevens, trying to emulate Pearl White by leaping fearlessly around the rocks in Brooklyn's Prospect Park. The veteran actress, glowing over the encounter with a fan—an experience she hadn't had for some time—cooed to Barbara, "You know, you ought to be in pictures yourself!"

THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



One night at the Hollywood NBC parking lot, my girl friend and I saw Red Skelton sitting in one of the cars. We hurried over and asked for his autograph. He was so busy talking to his wife that he

didn't seem to notice us as he signed. However, the very next night we saw him again and as we smiled and walked by, he yelled, "Hey! Do you two girls board together?"

Dee Hicks
Montebello, Calif.

sweet and hot



by leonard feather

*** Highly Recommended
** Recommended
* No Stars:
Average

FROM THE MOVIES

ICHABOD AND MR. TOAD—"Katrina" by Bing Crosby* (Decca); Tex Beneke (Victor). "The Headless Horseman" by Bing Crosby (Decca). "Ichabod" by Tex Beneke (Victor).

JOLSON SINGS AGAIN—"Taot Toot Tootsie Goodbye" by Tony Martin* (Victor); Art Maaney (MGM); Marion Hutton (MGM). "I Only Have Eyes For You" by Kate Smith (MGM).

LOVE HAPPY—title song by Marion Hutton (MGM).

MY FRIEND IRMA—"Just For Fun" by Jane Harvey* (MGM).

SONG OF SURRENDER—title song by Dick Haymes* (Decca).

CHRISTMAS SPECIALS

GENE AUTRY—"Country Christmas Songs" (Columbia long playing).

BING CROSBY—"Christmas Greetings Album" (Decca).

DORIS DAY—"Here Comes Santa Claus" (Columbia).

BOB EBERLE—"Here Comes Santa Claus" (Coral).

ROY ROGERS & DALE EVANS—"Christmas On The Plains" (Victor).

ERNEST TUBB—"White Christmas" and "Blue Christmas" (Decca).

There's a bewildering assortment of other timely war fare, including Christmas albums by Como, Sinatra and the Three Suns, a fine Christmas song waxing by Eckstine on MGM, and the "Merry Christmas Polka" by the Andrews Sisters, Dinah Shore, Freddy Martin and others. And if you're a little late there's Gordon Jenkins' "Happy New Year" (Decca).

POPULAR

WOODY HERMAN—"Tenderly" (Capitol).

Here's something unique—a great jazz orchestra playing Walter Gross' beautiful waltz and making delightful modern music without spoiling the original mood.

FRANK SINATRA—"Frankly Sentimental" (Columbia).

You'll like everything about this collection—the eight tunes, which include "Laura," "One For My Baby," "Guess I'll Hang My Tears Out To Dry"; the way Frankie sings them; and the musical backgrounds. This is Grade A Sinatra.

BENNY GOODMAN—"Back in Your Own Backyard" (Capitol).

Benny deserts bop to go back in his own swing backyard in this unexciting release.

"BOPULAR"

SERGE CHALOFF—"The Most!" (Futurama)

ERROLL GARNER—"What Is This Thing Called Love?" (Apollo).

One of four sides recorded by Erroll in Paris. All are available now on Apollo, including his version of "Lover Man."

CHARLIE VENTURA—"Boptura" (Victor).

KAI WINDING—"A Night on Bop Mountain" (New Jazz).

Kai, Danish-born ex-Stan Kenton trombonist, heads a neat sextet featuring several leading bop soloists.



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THE BEAUTIFUL REBEL

(Continued from page 43)

too. But with one difference, maybe . . . "Yes?" they all urged.

"Happen that he's nice and tall, I might encourage things a bit," said Patricia—who wouldn't need more than four-inch heels to look a six-footer right in his (preferably blue) eyes with her own hazel ones.

This correctly indicates that Patricia is not unmindful of romance. As a matter of fact, she went on the stage because of a man. But outside of inspiring this move, the man was a terrible disappointment.

This occurred when she was 15 and going through the not-unusual phase of girlhood in which she was having difficulty maintaining poise in front of boys. With her family she attended the performance of an amateur theatrical group, the Tennessee Valley Players, in Knoxville, Tennessee—where her family had moved from her birthplace in Packard, Kentucky. She took one look at the leading man and fell hard.

She began planning furiously how she could meet him. By the end of the first act she had decided on her course of action. So—the next afternoon Patricia was a member of the company.

She has no recollection of how she managed it. But she does remember that the very first time she talked to her idol, he asked if he might call on her at her home that evening!

Whereupon Patricia concluded that she was now definitely grown into ladyhood and ought to do something about it. After the rehearsal she did two things. First she gathered up all the glasses, spoons, salt-shakers and other knick-knacks she had gathered as souvenirs from various high-school eating "joints," and set about returning them. She wanted to start her new life with a clear conscience. She felt wonderfully honest and clean as she went about downtown Knoxville from Miller's Grill to the Blue Circle, to Lane's Drug store to Todd and Armistead's, handing back cutlery and glassware long since written off as breakage and loss by the owners of those establishments.

Then she returned home and sat down at her make-up mirror—not to get up until the doorbell rang and she knew he had come.

disenchantment . . .

She let him in. He smiled. She swayed giddily, but somehow got the door closed. Then she introduced him to her parents, and promptly had her heart broken.

Her big moment gave her not another glance. He concentrated all attention on her father, launching into a vigorous sales-talk on insurance—which, it seemed, he was selling. A sickening realization that she had just been used to flush up a prospect came over Patricia. Numbly she crept away and left the two men alone.

The next day, knowing that she must get over this tragedy somehow, she decided to attend a rehearsal. There wasn't a part in the play for her, but she wanted to prove to herself that she could watch him and still put him right out of her mind. She was looking at him and suffering horribly (not having sold her father a policy, he was upstaging her) when someone asked her to read a few lines. Somehow she got them out and they seemed to be received favorably. A few minutes later she was told she could have a leading role in the company's next production.

She was so scared by the prospect that 72 she'd never have considered it had she

not sensed that her fright was beginning to overshadow the pangs of her broken heart. In view of this desirable development, she said "yes." Three weeks later, the 15-year-old Patricia stepped out on the stage to play a fallen woman.

"Miss Patricia Neal," reported a newspaper critic the next morning, "posed about the stage a great deal with a cigarette in her hand. It is doubtful that she knows anything about acting—or smoking either, for that matter."

Hardly more than five years later, she was a star on Broadway in *Another Part of the Forest*, playing a younger version of the same character Tallulah Bankhead had portrayed in *The Little Foxes*. Patricia played it so well that she won five awards for her performance.

hollywood cook book



by nancy craig,
american
broadcasting company
women's editor

■ When Jimmy Stewart married at last, his bride got not only a handsome guy but one who can cook. When a really

earnest cooking urge possesses him, he's likely to bustle around a hot stove creating the following delectable dish—chicken and wild rice. He swears it's easy to do—and, though at first glance it may seem elaborate, it's really quite simple.

- 4 pounds stewing chicken, cut in pieces
- 2 celery stalks, chopped
- 2 green peppers, chopped
- 1 medium-sized onion, chopped
- 2 teaspoons salt
- ½ teaspoon light pepper
- Hot water to barely cover chicken
- 1 cup washed wild rice, soaked in water while chicken cooks
- 1 small can mushrooms
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 cup chicken broth
- Pinch of savory
- Bread crumbs

Have chicken cut in serving size pieces. Cook with celery, green peppers, onion, salt, pepper and just enough water to barely cover chicken pieces. Cover and cook about 1½ hours, or until tender, over low heat. (Wild rice should be washed and soaked for an hour while chicken is being cooked). When chicken is tender, remove meat from bones and cut into small pieces. Cook wild rice in 1 quart boiling, salted water for 30 minutes, or until almost tender. Drain and add to chicken. Make a sauce of butter, flour and 1 cup of the chicken broth. Cook, stirring constantly until thickened. Add a pinch of savory and sliced mushrooms. Combine with chicken-rice mixture. Spread in buttered baking dish, 9x12 inches, and sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for 1 hour. Make gravy from remaining chicken stock and serve with chicken-rice casserole. Makes about 6 servings.

She got the part as a result of trying out and failing to get a part in another play. She did a reading for a Theater Guild production of Eugene O'Neill's *Moon for the Misbegotten*. They were not quite satisfied, but she met O'Neill and he was instrumental in her getting a part in a Guild summer stock production. Lillian Hellman, who wrote *Another Part of the Forest*, saw her in this and was sure that Patricia could handle the lead role in her play.

By this time Patricia could count among the great whom she had gotten to know, not only O'Neill and Hellman, but such other prominent theatrical folk as Richard Rodgers, Herman Shumlin, Alfred de Liagre and, of course, the great Tallulah.

"Darling," said Tallulah throatily to her at a party one night, "you were as good as I am—and if I said half as good it would still be a whale of a compliment."

With her success, Patricia soon began to add more names to the roster of her friends and acquaintances—and, it shouldn't surprise anyone, Hollywood names. They came bearing great gifts they were anxious to hand over in exchange for her signature on a contract.

There was Sam Goldwyn. She wore flat shoes to meet him, because someone said he didn't like tall girls. (Patricia says being tall gives a producer a good excuse for saying "no." But, once you get started, the height doesn't matter a bit.) There was David O. Selznick, with whom she was quite impressed because she heard him say that he doesn't get ulcers, he gives them. There was Dore Schary, who offered her a personally-guided tour of RKO (which he headed at the time, before going to MGM). There was Matty Fox of Universal-International, who picked up the telephone while she was sitting in his office and tried to buy *Another Part of the Forest* to offer her as her first picture if she would sign with his company. And then, last but not mightiest—because he saw eye-to-eye with her about her being allowed to return to the stage any time she wished—there was Jerry Wald of Warner Brothers. She signed with him and went to star in *John Loves Mary*, *The Fountainhead* and *The Hasty Heart*.

so in love . . .

From Knoxville and not knowing how to smoke a cigarette, to Broadway and London (where she made *The Hasty Heart*) and Hollywood, all while you are growing from 15 to 21, may seem like a magical transition—but don't forget that Patricia was in love. Oh, not still with that slick young insurance agent. That heartbreak was long gone. Patricia was in love with the stage.

She loved it so much that in this same period she hastened her pace of living and crowded in two years of college at Northwestern University to improve her general knowledge of English and classical literature and drama. She loved it so much, too, that instead of going home between summer stock in Colorado, Pennsylvania and Connecticut, she stayed near the producers' offices in New York—working at modeling, assisting a doctor, cashiering in a restaurant and clerking in a jewelry store. (She is one girl who is not overly impressed by a diamond. She has handled hundreds of them!)

The most distinguishing trait of any rebel is certainly individualism. It was during this string of busy years that Patricia learned to be quite individual. For instance, at Northwestern in Evanston,

Illinois, she conformed to the extent of accepting a bid to join a sorority. But this, she soon discovered, brought her under the jurisdiction of certain rules—most of them unwritten, but nevertheless effective—that were beginning to rubber-stamp her life. There was approval and disapproval of whom she went with and whom she brought to the house. There was comment on what she did and how she did it. It kept on until, in the finest tradition of the South, she revolted.

"I've seen mothers of some of the college girls weep because their daughters hadn't made a certain sorority," says Patricia. "How silly! It's fine if you want to be just a little old pawn being shoved around. But if you feel like you can be a somebody—and being *any* old somebody is better than being just a type—then you're so much better off skipping it!"

Patricia did. The break-up came more or less as the result of a weekend vacation during which Patricia planned to accompany a classmate on a trip to the latter's home in Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin, and announced they would travel by hitchhiking! Since sophistication was the keynote of the sorority attitude, this was greeted by the sisters with high horror. Just the same, Patricia and her girl friend went. And en route, Patricia learned that she wasn't sophisticated, anyway!

The first car to pick them up and take them part of their way was a jalopy in which rode a middle-aged couple who seemed enchanted about something. It soon came out. After nearly 20 years of marriage they were expecting their first child. It was like an impossible dream to them and they could talk of nothing but plans for the baby, the woman's eyes filling again and again with tears of joy. When it came time for the girls to get out, Patricia found that she had twisted her scarf into a shapeless string, so deeply touched had she been. That day she not only learned a little about the real values of life, but also that she was not the blasé kind.

Patricia loves acting so much that she knows now that she will not give it up when she marries. That is definite. And the way she tells it, it not only makes sense but explains the "rebel" in her:

"It just seems to me that if a man is attracted to a girl by the sort of person she is, and she's the sort of person who loves her career—then it's positively dangerous for her to wash out this strong background and give it up. She might be washing out part of herself."

Patricia hopes that some day she will make some man happy. Right now acting is making *her* happy. She thinks it is a good and simple bargain and she thinks she can keep it better without any distractions like taking fencing lessons, yachting to Honolulu, or studying Sanskrit.

So she lives in her little house in West Los Angeles with her mother and younger brother, Peter, and once in a while she will go out with a Kirk Douglas or a Farley Granger or a Joe Carpenter.

Joe Carpenter? Who's Joe Carpenter? "Oh . . . he just happens to be a tall boy," says Patricia.

THE END

You'll find the complete screen story of Patricia Neal's new picture, *The Hasty Heart*, as one of the many absorbing features in the January issue of Dell's SCREEN STORIES magazine.



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THIS LOVE OF OURS

(Continued from page 41)

is his picture on my dressing table, his favorite old beat-up smoking jacket hanging forlornly in the closet, and Shoo-fly.

Shoo-fly, an animated, furry black ball with shoe-button eyes, is a French poodle puppy—and she was John's latest birthday gift to me. I've never figured out where he hid her the night before, but that morning when I awoke, there was Shoo-fly, sitting demurely on the foot of my bed, wearing on a ribbon around her neck a large, heart-shaped sign which read, "I will love you, if you will love me."

But Shoo-fly is small consolation now. Especially when she keeps trotting into the living room with one of his slippers in her mouth, when she knows darned well he isn't home.

John and I have run up some mighty staggering long-distance telephone mileage since John arrived in London to make *The Miniver Story*. And the principal theme of our conversations could be entitled, "Never again!"

"No more roles for the Hodiaks that break up the home team for more than three weeks at a time," John vowed the other night, as we tried to figure out over the telephone the exact minute when we'd be together again. Like every lesson learned the hard way, this we know for sure: Life and work and play lose all their zip and sparkle when the one person in the world who puts meaning into these treasures isn't around to share them.

fate can be cruel . . .

Through her very uncooperative manipulation of picture schedules, Fate has dealt some decidedly crushing blows to life on the Hodiak home front. It all started last spring when John went to Gallup, New Mexico, for shooting on *Ambush*. "Goodbye," I waved, with a phony cheeriness and a distinct sniffle, as his train pulled out.

"Goodbye," we repeated, practically passing each other in Union Station weeks later when he returned and I lit out for a personal-appearance junket to Chicago—where *You're My Everything* had its Eastern premiere.

I was home in time for another "goodbye" as I joined the cast for *A Ticket To Tomahawk*, setting out for location in Durango, Colorado. And our running drama of farewells reached a ludicrous, if nonetheless disheartening, climax when John, New York-bound, got off the plane at Albuquerque and took a bus to Durango for a final farewell before sailing for London and *The Miniver Story*.

"It's a fine state of affairs, Annie," John said with a sad smile, "when a guy has to fly almost a thousand miles to kiss his wife goodbye before he goes to work."

And what an unromantic sight I was when John swung off the bus at Silverton, the little ghost-town 50 miles from Durango where we were shooting! I had a fleeting regret that I wasn't all dolled up in glamorous lace-and-ribbon frippery instead of that weatherbeaten old leather jacket and buckskin cowgirl skirt, with a murderous-looking knife strapped to my back and a trusty six-gun at my side.

"Honey," he grimaced, backing away after that first kiss, "this is just like making love to a well-stocked arsenal."

(For a picture of Anne in that get-up, see page 10.—Ed.)

That night after he had gone and I was sitting with the rest of the company around a big camp fire, listening to the cowboys' pleasant harmony, I decided that John would now have new respect for me as a

wife. At least, he should have after seeing some of the accomplishments I'd mastered in my role of a female U. S. Marshal of the Old West. Getting into the spirit of the story, I'd learned a whole new repertory of handy skills, conducive to maintaining domestic peace and discipline. Gregory Peck had taught me to shoot a pistol. Richard Sale, the director, had been tutoring me in the fine art of knife-throwing. And between scenes that day, John himself had taught me to "fan" a gun. I had hoped to become adept with a tomahawk, too, but when I approached my Navaio cronies on the matter of teaching me, they insisted they didn't know how to handle one themselves. Even so, I assured myself, after watching me wield all those other dangerously business-like gadgets. Mr. Hodiak would think twice before making fun of my infrequent biscuit attempts or my unskilled way with a Sunday breakfast omelet.

But John was a little doubtful about a new parlor trick I picked up in my spare Durango moments. I'd learned to play the Indian drums and by the time he arrived, had collected several fine specimens to bring home. One of these is an authentic Indian war drum, measuring three feet in diameter—a real beauty, fashioned from a burned-out log covered with deerskin. John was as enthusiastic as I about owning this interesting piece of Americana, but when I broke the news of my recently-acquired musical ability by almost breaking his eardrum with a masterful sample, he winced. "Darling," he said, "couldn't you take up a quieter hobby—like stamp collecting?"

Well, maybe after that day at Durango, John wished we had stuck to our rule about not visiting each other on the set. The arrangement works fine when we're on the home lots of Hollywood, reasonably certain of being together for dinner and spending a quiet evening. But last spring when John was on location in Gallup, New Mexico, I became the first to break our rule. With our third anniversary just a day away and the New Mexico weather apparently determined to delay shooting long enough to keep the company there past the big date, I broke down.

"It's been raining cats and dogs," John moaned over long distance. "We won't get

out of here on time, I know. Do you think you could . . . No, I guess it's silly."

That was enough for me. "Want me to come over there and get that sun out full blast?" I asked him. His answer was a roaring affirmative.

That night I took a plane to Gallup and arrived early the next morning—our anniversary. Luck was with me, too. The sun popped out like a big yellow ball of butter and stayed out all day. Shooting was finished late that afternoon, and John and I had a glorious third anniversary celebration, just the two of us, at El Rancho, Gallup's colorful old Western inn.

"Were you surprised when I brought the sun with me?" I joked as we sat before the great fireplace in the Inn's big lounge.

"Surprised?" John smiled, holding my hand in both of his. "No, I wasn't surprised. You always bring the sun for me, Annie, even though it keeps on raining."

John says the nicest things. And this is invariably a surprise to people who know him only through his roles. John, soft-spoken, gentle, the most considerate person I've even known, is usually knee-deep in hissing skulduggery on the screen.

that wonderful guy . . .

If you'll forgive a slight rave, the real John Hodiak is easygoing, never critical, never impatient, ever appreciative and understanding, with a wonderful disposition and a sense of humor to match. Tease me? He teases me a lot, but that's half the fun and I love it.

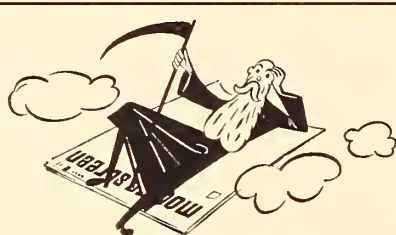
I know that when we celebrate our golden wedding, if we're that lucky, there will still be the spell of romance in life with John. Unlike most husbands, he isn't ashamed of being sentimental. He remembers anniversaries and my birthday, with no wifely prods from me. He sends me flowers on the slightest excuse—when I'm blue or have a cold or a bad day on the set, and for important occasions like the Hollywood premiere of *You're My Everything*.

In a way, that was the biggest moment of my career, I guess, and the most heart-breaking because he wasn't there to share it. That night I had to drive up to Grauman's Chinese Theater, where the premiere was held, in a 25-year-old jalopy reminiscent of the flapper era of the picture. It chugged and jerked like a bucking broncho, but I concentrated on pretending that John was sitting beside me and somehow I made it.

Scared to death as I always am in a crowd of people. I just took a good, deep breath of John's gardenias on my shoulder and clutched that beautiful lace scarf that was his Christmas gift. And that's how I managed that endless walk down the long foyer, without having my knees buckle as I feared they would. Afterward, there was a lovely party for the cast and their friends at Romanoff's. Everyone was wonderfully generous in their praise of the picture and because it was my first premiere, it was truly a thrilling evening. But let's face it: That night I'm sure I was the loneliest gal in Hollywood.

It was after two when I finally got home, opening the door to the tune of the telephone ringing insistently. When I answered, there was my favorite voice saying gaily from Gallup, "Hi, honey! How did it go?" Even with a five o'clock call for the following morning, John had waited up to make this really a night to remember.

When we're apart I worry about John. I'm not ashamed to admit. Not about



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ Dick Powell said wistfully: "If there's one thing I hate it's being known as a boy who is always ready to break into song, and I think audiences, after too much of it, will begin to hate it too. That's the thing I want to look out for. I love to sing, as every singer does. But I want to act, without singing, now and then. The only non-singing pictures I ever did was when I first came to the screen. I did one with George Arliss and another with Will Rogers. But people have already forgotten about those."—*From a 1938 issue of Modern Screen*

what he eats or wears, and certainly not about whether or not I can trust him. I don't think either of us has a jealous thought. But I worry because, like any wife worthy of the name, I feel that I have a certain special job to fulfill in my husband's life. With John, it's a job of morale boosting. An idealist, he is up in the clouds one moment, down in the dumps the next. He's a perfectionist in his work and impatient of any flaws in his own performance. He thrives on big dreams, great plans—plans for picture-making and dreams of the day when we can see faraway places together. . . . Well, it's my job to keep him up there on that cloud. When hundreds of miles separate us, I can't do that.

We have been very fortunate in avoiding the tragic and poisonous "rumors" that play havoc with so many career marriages. Only once has one of these stories, usually manufactured from whole cloth on a dull Hollywood news day, touched us. That happened when John was in Gallup.

I picked up a newspaper one morning to be startled and shocked by an item telling how John and I had agreed that we would both have dates with other people while our picture commitments kept us apart for such long intervals.

I was furious, because it was absolutely without foundation. We had never discussed such a thing. That night I called John and read him the "news." Man-like, he laughed at my sputtering anger. "What'll I do?" I wailed.

"Do? Why, I'd just forget about it," he counselled wisely. "And if anyone wants to know who the other man in your life is, just say, 'Hodiak—John Hodiak—H-o-d-i-a-k.' As for my love affairs on location—honey, the way I look under three layers of New Mexico dust and a stubble of genuine Western whiskers, I couldn't get a date with Li'l Abner's grandma!"

Bearded and dusty or spruced-up and handsome, John is . . . well, have you ever heard of a picture called *You're My Everything?* THE END

MY PRAYER WAS ANSWERED

(Continued from page 37)

signals. The rushing motorists must have thought, "He's another hitchhiker trying to get a free ride." They whizzed by, too fast to see me lying off to the side, bleeding profusely, my face badly gashed.

Finally a car did stop. The driver got out and came with Carey to where I lay. "Good Lord!" he said. "He's as good as dead. Look at the way he's bleeding! I won't have a corpse in my car!" Nothing Carey said would change his mind. He drove away.

Carey kept trying to flag down another car. Then a truck stopped. The driver took me about a mile down the road, to a service station. At the back of the station was a cot. Carey put me down on it as gently as possible and made for the telephone to call an ambulance.

In those days, it was difficult to get an ambulance in a hurry. I lay on that cot for two hours, in almost unbearable agony, bleeding, sweating—and scared.

Death has never seemed too frightening to me—I've been close to it many times. But I admit, without apology, to a dread of disfiguration. To be disfigured is an actor's nightmare. One of the most frightening things in any man's life is the prospect of having to start a career over again, when he hasn't qualified himself for anything else.

I've seen that fear many times among servicemen for whom death held no terror. The fear of being crippled to such an extent that they wouldn't be able to go on with their work after the war, lived with them. They didn't know what they would or could do with their lives if they couldn't go back to the work they knew.

With my whole heart I prayed it would not be impossible for me to make my living again as an actor. I had visions of myself with a grotesquely shattered face—visions that made me desperate.

And yet, as I prayed, those visions seemed to fade away. As I prayed, I began to feel a great spiritual relief, even though I continued to have great physical pain.

The ambulance took me to the hospital in Bishop. There I was given an anesthetic, X-ray photographs were taken, and the doctor removed, with a stiff brush, the dirt and gravel embedded deeply in the whole right side of my face—which was one big swollen mass of raw meat. I would wear bandages for a long time, the doctor said. My back was

broken. Both ankles were broken and I would be off my feet for several weeks.

"What about my face?" I asked. "Will—I will I be disfigured?"

He shrugged. "It's not as bad as it could be," he said and left the room. I lay in bed, my face covered with bandages, wondering exactly what he meant.

Eventually my brother arrived. He had driven from Tahoe, and now he took me to our family physician in Reno, Dr. Frank Muller, an old family friend. I knew that if I wished, Dr. Muller would be blunt and to the point with me.

"Frank," I begged, "tell me: Will I be scarred for life?"

"Well," he said, "you'll have a few marks, I guess." I turned away from the sympathy in his understanding eyes. My prayers started again. For weeks, until the bandages came off, I prayed constantly. By placing myself in the hands of God, I came to the end of my fear.

The day the bandages finally came off, a feeling of great confidence flowed over me. Dr. Frank Muller's smile as he looked at me confirmed that confidence. He handed me a mirror. The marks were almost imperceptible—in time would be entirely gone. My prayer was answered.

There may be some who will say that this was just a matter of luck, that my prayers made no difference. That I cannot accept.

I must admit that when I lay with my face in bandages, I didn't know for sure how my prayer would be answered. Say what you will about faith, one cannot know what God's will is. But I hoped that in my case the will of God would be that I would emerge unscarred. And I asked for strength to bear it if that was not to be.

Prayer is power—the greatest power in the world. It affects not only outward events, but puts strength deep into the heart and soul of the man who prays.

There was a time when the scientists thought that man could discover everything and solve all his problems through his own reasoning processes. Now most of the scientists realize that there are spiritual truths which science has never touched—but which are the only valid explanation of things that go beyond science and reason.

One of these truths is the power of prayer. Only fools today deny it.

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McKesson & Robbins

MY LITTLE GIRL

(Continued from page 49)

distance and the sea beyond them. She was wearing a hat that was much too large for her, perhaps borrowed from Nana, and she was carrying a large suitcase. I leaned out of the window and called to her, "Where are you going, Cheryl?"

"I'm going to Honolulu," she informed me.

She was back within a half hour, and Bob playfully rumbled her hair. "That was a short trip," he said.

She looked at him sorrowfully and then her eyes flashed for an instant. "No, it wasn't, Papa. It was a long trip, and I had a very good time." . . .

I try hard always to give my little girl a reason for things being right or wrong. It's often difficult for me, because I've lived in an adult world so long that I've lost the ability a child has to stop and reason about these things. When I tell her to put on the blue dress and she so desperately wants to wear the yellow, I realize that her wish is much bigger and more important to her than is my reason to me. Yet I must insist, for she has to learn discipline—but I try to avoid the time-worn reason that I so dislike—"You must do this because I'm your mother and I say so."

pinch of vengeance . . .

My little girl is far from a model child in many ways. She has lately developed a habit of pinching people. Since she always chooses as her victims Bob or Nana or myself, I'm convinced that in her own small way she's exacting vengeance on the grown-ups who are forever wielding their authority over her.

One evening after a pinching episode, she was reprimanded by my husband and grew defiant. I told her she must leave the room, and her small face immediately puckered into the grimace that tells of tears on the way.

"Cheryl, don't act like a baby," I told her. "If you're going to be defiant, like an adult, you must behave like an adult and leave the room when you're asked." With this, the tears stopped and I saw my chance to reason with her. "You know, dear, that if Papa and I had guests and someone became unpleasant, we'd ask them to leave, and because they're grown up, they'd go without arguing." Now she was all attention, because she had understood. "Why do you pinch people?" I asked her.

"Because I think it's fun."

"I don't. I think it's very dull."

"What does 'dull' mean?" Here was the stall, the quick ability of a child to dodge and miss the intended punch. "It means unattractive," I told her—and I changed the subject right back again. "You wouldn't want people to pinch you," I said.

She drew herself up with all the dignity of her six years and said, "They wouldn't dare!"

"They wouldn't try," I said. "It doesn't interest them."

Now she has stopped pinching people. . . .

I wish I had the power really to look into the mind of my little girl. So much goes on there, such fascinating things, and I'm unable to share them. She has a little game she plays all by herself. The game is to pretend she's someone else. Sometimes this someone is a fictitious Missy Murphy. My little girl seems to get great joy from the portrayal. More often she pretends she's Stephanie Wanger, the daughter of Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger and Cheryl's best friend. There's a great bond

between the two of them, and I'm not allowed within it. Every once in a while when I call my little girl by name she will look up at me with impatience in her face.

"I'm not Cheryl," she says. "I'm Stephanie now, and you must call me Steffie."

"I'm very sorry, Steffie. I didn't realize."

"Oh, Mommy," she says, "when will you learn to understand?"

And an hour or so later she'll come to me and put her head on my shoulder in that enchanting way she has, and tell me that she's my little girl again. . . .

My little girl was getting a glass of water one afternoon when we heard the crash of a glass dropped on the kitchen floor. Then we heard something that brought both my husband and me to the edge of our chairs: "God!" said my little girl.

We didn't say anything until she came to us in the living room. I didn't think it wise to show I was shocked, for then this word would become forbidden fruit and she'd delight in saying it. Instead I asked her casually what the word was she'd just used.

"I said 'God'."

"Oh," I said. "Were you speaking to Him?"

My voice must have betrayed my feelings for her eyes suddenly clouded over and she answered me in a small voice, "No, Mommy. I just—said it."

"Why did you say it, dear?"

She was puzzled by the importance attached to this word and said, almost apologetically, "I heard Papa say it once."

What was I to tell her? We make an effort to set a good example in all ways, but it's so easy to forget. And when she left the room without, I'm afraid, a proper answer from us, I looked at my husband. He grinned sheepishly and retired behind his paper. "It won't happen again," he said. . . .

Nana, my little girl's nurse, is from England and her heart is understandably with her people in their time of poverty and stress. I hadn't known it, but for months Nana had been telling Cheryl about the "poor, hungry, small ones in England" who would so love to live in this nice house and eat the good food and wear the lovely clothes that belong to my little girl.

I first learned of it the day Cheryl came to me a week or so before her birthday. "Mommy, you don't have to buy me anything for my birthday."

"I don't?" I said. "Why not, dear?"

"Well, you see, there are all those poor,

hungry, small ones in England, and I don't think I should have anything. I'd like you to send all my things to them and I'll just wear my cowboy clothes."

While I was very pleased about her generosity, I was sorry that she'd learned about unhappiness in the world so soon. It's true that she's very fortunate to have all the material things she has, and someday I want her to realize it and be thankful for it. But she's too young for this knowledge, and it serves only to make her feel as if she's being selfish.

I could see that she was greatly upset.

"That's very nice of you, dear," I said, "but you know that Papa and I send things to England and Europe all the time." I explained the CARE agency and told her of the things we send—but it didn't satisfy her and she left the room slowly, her eyes sad and thoughtful.

It's too late for me to spare her. It's so hard trying not to hurt these little people. . . .

A few days ago, my little girl had just come from school, a place which seems to raise her self-esteem to great heights, and she was saucy with me.

"You mustn't behave this way," I told her.

bad examples . . .

She looked down her nose at me. "The other kids do," she said.

I lost my temper and I told her, "I don't care what the other children do!"

"Mommy!" Her eyes were wide with reproach. "You should care—because I care what they do."

I was at a loss for a moment—and finally said, "We won't talk about it now."

And after thinking it over I called her back and took her hand in mine. "Mother was wrong," I said. "Of course we must care what the other children do. We'll watch them closely from now on, but if they do anything that's unattractive, you must not do it."

"Why? Am I different, Mommy?"

"No, dear, you're no different from anyone. But you're special to me, and I try to know what's best for you."

I don't think this has been sufficient, but I can hope that she'll trust me to be interested in the customs of her schoolmates. She has taught me to be. . . .

My little girl has an open heart and an open hand. She wants to give away her things to everyone, and when she's given candy or a cookie, she offers it to her friends before tasting it herself. I'm proud of her for it, but at the same time I'm sorry, for I know that this can lead to her being hurt.

I stood in the garden one day and watched her when the cook had given her a handful of her favorite cookies. She was playing with a friend at the time, and at once she went to this little boy and held out her hands to him. His eyes gleamed and he took the cookies, every one of them, and ran away. I saw Cheryl stand rooted to the spot. She looked down at her empty hands and a great sadness came into her face. She was stunned by this selfishness—she did not understand it because she has none herself. When she looked after the running boy, there were tears in her eyes. A lump came into my throat and I turned and went into the house. There was nothing I could do to help her. She must learn this lesson by herself. . . .

I've always wondered just how my little girl regards my being a motion picture actress. She has seemed to accept it without its meaning too much to her. Although

I SAW IT HAPPEN



One day I was lunching at the Brown Derby, when I walked a large, messy, dirty man in an old, plaid shirt and levis. I overheard a young woman seated at a table near me say, "I thought this was a respectable place—just look at that filthy man." She probably would have been quite surprised to learn that it was John Wayne just off the set of *Tall in the Saddle*.

Barbara Wooll
Los Angeles, Calif.

Have You Heard?



JOAN LANSING

PULL UP A PILLOW, pretty, and let me tell you about my dreamy F.M. That's my Favorite Man—and he answers to the familiar name of **JOHNNY OLSEN**, one of the great entertainers on the air. Of course, I have to share him with millions of admiring mademoiselles from 6 to 60, but he's still the lad who elicits "oh Johnny's" from me whenever I tune in on his "**LADIES BE SEATED**" program. Why, I'm just about glued to the chair while **JOHNNY** cavorts through a half-hour of fun with the females. And all those wonderful games and prizes! Incidentally, you'll find it most rewarding, too, participating in the "**LADIES BE SEATED**" Kindly Heart Award. **JOHNNY** tells all about this heart-warming listener feature on the program every week-day afternoon. You can join my generous **JOHNNY** (dear F.M. that he is) over your local ABC station at 3:30 P.M. (EST). When he says "**LADIES BE SEATED**" . . . kerplunk! . . . down I sit for a relaxing time, enhanced by pleasurable puffs on the F.M.'s (and my) favorite cigarette, Philip Morris, of course.

BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE, there's no place like home . . . especially when it houses **ART LINKLETTER'S** happy "**HOUSE PARTY**," one of the nicest places to visit come high noon any weekday. This jovial jamboree takes the cake for being one of the gayest sessions sparking the airwaves. Hear Pillsbury's "**HOUSE PARTY**" (better batter that cake with Pillsbury, pretty!) with **ART LINKLETTER**, than - whom - there - is - none - better, noon to 12:25 P.M. (EST) on ABC.

GIVE ME FIVE MINUTES MORE, (wasn't that a "pop" tune once?) 'cause there's five minutes more to complete the half-hour link with "**LINK**." In this gal's opinion **WALTER KIERNAN** can't be beat when it comes to humanizing the news and making complicated, worldwide events seem simple, even to me. He's really been around, too . . . and how I do envy the experiences he's had interviewing the outstanding personalities of the day. Catch **KIERNAN** keynoting the news with "**ONE MAN'S OPINION**" every Monday through Friday, at 12:25 P.M. (EST) over your local ABC station (yep, it's another wonderful Philip Morris program).

MY TUNING TIPS

Breakfast Club 9:00 A.M. EST
Don McNeill's wake-up-time.

Modern Romances 11:00 A.M. EST
Stories of human emotions.

Bride and Groom 2:30 P.M. EST
Boy meets girl—and weds.

Joan Lansing

he sees my picture in magazines and comes running to show me, she has never seen me on the screen and has shown no interest in doing so. But the other day she taught me a lesson.

She came into my bedroom after a walk in the hills with Nana. Her face was shining and there was a bit of the devil in her eyes. I wondered what was coming, when she tilted her head to one side and here was a scoffing tone in her voice. "Hello, Lana Turner," she said.

I smiled at her. "Hello, Cheryl."

There was sudden disbelief written on her face, and she burst into a storm of tears as she threw herself into my arms.

"What on earth is the trouble?" I said, still not understanding.

"Oh, Mommy—Mommy!" she choked between sobs. "You are my mother—my mommy!"

Only then did I realize what had happened. In her mind she had separated her mother and Lana Turner, the actress, into two different people, and when I answered her as Lana Turner she was frightened.

I held her and soothed her as best I could. When at last she was quieted and looked up at me with a tear-stained face I told her, "There's no difference, Cheryl. I'm your mother and always will be and I love you very much. . . ."

My little girl, as you may have guessed, is fond of cowboy clothes, cowboy movies, cowboy songs—anything that relates to the subject. One day she came to me and told me that she would like to have a horse.

"How much money do you have?" I asked her.

"A nickel and three pennies."

"I'm afraid that isn't enough to buy your horse. Haven't you saved any more than eight cents from your allowance?"

"Yes, but everything except my eight cents is for the poor hungry, small ones in England."

"Then you can't very well have your horse."

"I'll charge it," she announced.

Bob, who was in the room, made a face and muttered something about a chip off the old block. I made a face back at him and turned my attention to my little girl.

"I suppose you could do that," I told her, "but then, you see, you'd have to use your allowance for next week, and many weeks after that, to pay on your charge account. It isn't a very wise way to handle your money."

"I guess not," she said thoughtfully, when she straightened up, filled with resolve. "I'll charge it anyway," she said, and marched out of the room.

"Now, where do you suppose she learned about charge accounts?" I said absently.

"I can't imagine," said my husband. I threw a cushion at him. . . . The day my little girl hurt herself, she

came running to me holding one hand with the other, and I saw blood on the injured hand. The tears were ready to come as I took her arm and put it across my lap so that I might see the injury.

"This is very interesting," I said. "What happened?"

"Well, I put my hand in the puppy's dish."

"When he was eating?"

"Yes, Mommy."

I had told her repeatedly not to do this. Now, at last she had learned. Perhaps it wouldn't have happened if my husband had warned her, for she's more obedient to him. The male authority is good for Cheryl. Before, there was only myself, and I admit I say "no" too many times.

At any rate, my job now was to stop the tears before they started. "My goodness," I said, "how long do you suppose this scratch is?"

My little girl was interested. "A foot long?" she said.

"Well, I wouldn't say that long. Maybe an inch. Now we'll stop the blood. You see, this is how it's done."

I wish it could be that easy all her life to take her mind from pain. . . .

I'd been away from my little girl more than four months when I finally came home. She'd been sent home from New York with Nana when I had been ill, after our trip to Europe. Bob and I had been fishing while I recuperated, and though we were enjoying ourselves, I felt I couldn't stand to be away from Cheryl any longer. Bob, who's a better fisherman than I and therefore was having an even better time, was very understanding, and he said we'd go home. Our plane arrived in Los Angeles in the very early morning and dawn was just breaking as we arrived at the house. I ran up the stairs two at a time to Cheryl's room.

She was sleeping when I tip-toed in, and for a long moment I stood by her bed and looked at her. Her hair was tousled on the pillow, and on her face was that lovely, pure expression of a sleeping child. When I could stand it no longer, I sat on the bed and pulled her gently to me. She awakened slowly. At last she opened her eyes and looked at me through the sleep that was still in them. And when she realized it was I, her mind jumped in the peculiar way that children's minds do.

"Oh, Mommy, I went for a walk yesterday and saw the prettiest horses!" And then, as the sleep rolled away she hugged me to her and said, "Mommy—it is really you? Oh, you're really home! You won't go away any more, will you?"

I won't ever again. I don't think I'll ever separate from my little girl until the day she wants to go herself. When that day comes, I hope I have the strength and wisdom to let her travel alone.

She has given me so much, my little girl.

THE END

THE MAN BEHIND THE RIDDLE

(Continued from page 50)

nanteclair, etc. He seems devoted to her. Maybe Arlene is it. Until now, Lew has seemed almost too spiritual for affairs of the heart.

Frankly, I'm puzzled. Saint or sinner, mystic or man-about-town—which is the real Lew Ayres? He's ethereal and earthy, very kind, sensitive, but sometimes unaccountably cruel. A thinker, a dreamer, and a philosopher—and yet completely interested in matters of the flesh, like good food, good living—and girls. He's a man who is, the longer you know him, the harder to understand. But the longer I know him, the more I have to respect

him for, above all things, Lew Ayres is completely sincere.

He was sincere when, not long ago, he almost had a fist-fight with a photographer who snapped his picture with Jane Wyman at a night club. He loathes publicity. He was sincere when he told a friend of mine recently that the only movies he wanted to make were "helpful" movies.

Lew will talk as little about his war heroism as he will about the dozens of girls he dates. (But they come later in our story.)

Early in 1942 he was sent to an Oro-

your letters...

UPSET BY SHIRLEY

Dear Editor: When I heard that Shirley Temple and John Agar had split up, I was so mad I could have cried. Out of plain curiosity, I'd like to know what the mental cruelty is that Shirley is charging John with. If only movie people could learn that personal happiness is so much more important than having their faces splashed on a screen!

MARJORIE HANCOCK,
VINEYARD HAVEN, MASS.

Dear Editor: Although I'm only a few years older than Shirley, I've watched her grow from a darling little girl into a beautiful young woman. She always had a sweetness that most of the other stars seem to lack. And when she married, I was sure this marriage would last—even in Hollywood. There are always excuses made, and in Shirley's case I suppose it will be said that she married too young. Well, maybe, since 17 is pretty young. But I married at 18, and I've been married eight years.

VERDIA MARTIN, SO. HOUSTON, TEXAS

OLIVIA'S BABY

Dear Editor: I was really thrilled to learn the good news about Olivia de Havilland's baby boy. All through the long anxious months she spent in bed, my thoughts were with her. I'm sure that many of her admirers felt the same way and got a little lump in their throats, as I did, seeing the beautiful look of happiness on Olivia's face as she held her baby in her arms.

ANNE RINKEL, NEW YORK CITY

A MOTHER COMPLAINS

Dear Editor: I read your magazine from cover to cover each month—chiefly because the teen-agers at our house *will* bring it in, and I prefer to know what manner of material they are reading. Many of your articles are good, but I wish to protest the constant effusive eulogies on such persons as Lana Turner, Rita Hayworth and Jennifer Jones. I do not presume to judge the dramatic capabilities of these women, but they are *not* the proper sort to be so held up to the young people who, I think, form the larger part of your readers.

MRS. R. A. MAGGY, SAN FRANCISCO
(The movie personalities you find in our magazine are the ones requested by our readers in a very accurate month-to-month readership poll.)

AVA'S INTENTIONS

Dear Editor: It seems to me that someone who really has Ava Gardner's interests at heart should give her a piece of sisterly advice. Why does she continue to keep that wonderful guy, Howard Duff, on a string? Ava may be a stunning girl and a great star, but she's making a big mistake if she thinks those things are going to bring her happiness. Howard is sweet, handsome, successful, and he loves her. What more does she want?

CONSTANCE MILLER, CLEVELAND

DISILLUSIONED

Dear Editor: As a staunch defender of Hollywood, I've been having a hard time of it lately with more and more divorce and separation announcements hitting the headlines. What's wrong out there, anyway?

PHYLLIS DAVIDSON, BALTIMORE, MD.
(We've been wondering about it, ourselves, and have done some investigating. Next month's issue of MODERN SCREEN will have an article telling what we've found out. Title: "Divorce: The Shame of Hollywood.")

gon camp for conscientious objectors. But soon he was placed in the regular Army in a non-combatant status—as a medical corpsman and chaplain's assistant. After service in New Guinea forward areas, he went ashore in the first wave of our invasion forces on Leyte in the Philippines. He helped to set up the first hospital there—to treat not only the military wounded, but also the civilian population injured in air-raids before the landing.

But Lew wanted to do more in the war than just heal men's wounds. Then, as now, he wanted to help heal their minds. He was a familiar and beloved figure in the very front lines, giving first aid and mental comfort to men who were dangerously wounded.

Through an associate of Lew's I heard the story of the terribly sick soldier who opened his eyes and saw Lew bending over him. "Why, it's Doctor Kildare," the GI said with a faint smile of astonishment. "Yes, it's Doctor Kildare. And remember, he always cures his patients," said Lew in a voice he contrived to make as brisk and confident as his screen counterpart. "Well," said the soldier, grinning, "I feel better already."

And once while Lew was in the conscientious objectors' camp, another objector was chopping wood and accidentally cut himself badly. Lew rushed to his help and by his prompt attention saved the man from bleeding to death. This helping of people is a wonderful fixation with Lew. Even before the war he used to teach first aid with tremendous patience in his open-to-all classes on the Metro lot. He also taught two nights a week, every week, at the Beverly Hills chapter of the American Red Cross. His clear-thinking brain believed that war was inevitable and he wanted people to know how to help themselves.

lust for life...

Just before the war ended, Lew's friends in Hollywood heard that when it was over he would enter a monastery and devote the rest of his life to prayer and meditation. But Lew's lust for living was too vibrant to disappear behind the stone walls of any religious order.

When he returned to Hollywood he resumed his movie career—and, naturally, the pursuits of female companionship.

And on the subject of the latter, I have a bone to pick with Lew: He still refuses to accept women as intelligent companions or admit them as co-partners to the fascinating side of him that is intellectual and very adult. He just wants to love women as "mere" women. He's as clear as a sunny day in California on everything else, but in my opinion he's a bit mixed up about the ladies.

"I don't like intellectual women," he once told me. And he had an unhappy experience with one woman, Olivia de Havilland, because of his persistent segregation of mind and matter.

Lew was terrifically interested in Olivia in the years before she married Marcus Goodrich. He maneuvered a meeting with her, even though his pal and Olivia's, Billy Bakewell, warned him at the time, "She's very brainy." But Miss de Havilland was so round, so firm, so pretty, her eyes so soft and appealing and the overall picture so feminine, that Lew still reasoned it just wasn't possible that she could have a mind, too. He decided to risk it.

Brother! Was that an intellectual one-night stanza! Poetry, history, psychology and psychiatry spewed forth in endless streams from Olivia's rosebud lips. Lew never saw her socially again.

But don't get Lew wrong. He's always the gentleman. Whether it's a palpitating romance you've heard he's involved in,

or just a casual dinner date, he'll attempt to shield the girl's privacy by looking you straight in the face and saying he's never even heard of her.

I remember when I wrote in my column that Lew was feeling tender toward Jane Wyman. He called me and raised the roof and swore he'd never met her. Mine, you, that was after Lew had given the fine performance with Jane in *Johnny Belinda*!

It wasn't until the exciting night when Miss Wyman was given her Academy Award that Lew came into the open as her very proud escort, making no bones about his admiration for her. But strangely enough—and this follows the pattern of most of Lew's romances—once the cat was out of the bag, so to speak, the romance or friendship was at an end. To my knowledge Jane and Lew have never had a date since the Academy Award.

One of Lew's passions is painting. And I can usually tell which Hollywood girl is interested in Mr. Ayres, and vice versa, when she tells me, "I'm going to art classes three times a week." That's how I learned about Love and Lew from Audrey Totter, and Arlene Dahl. They both suddenly became madly enthusiastic about painting.

But don't get Audrey or Arlene wrong either. Or Heather Walsh, the South African beauty who learned how to pair under Lew's expert tutelage. I don't think any of them, except maybe Heather, was in love with Lew. They just found him an attractive and interesting escort. And whether they tired of Lew, or he of them, I'll never know because, as I said before, Lew is a Gent—and Arlene, Audrey and Heather are Ladies. All I do know is this, that as the publicity in each case grew, the friendship or whatever have you diminished.

Lew is never without a book or a girl, but never together. You can't blame him for loving both equally, but I do think he's making a mistake to separate them. I'm told he carries a mental notebook in his head with a list of all the available girls in town—the good-looking, the girls who are just amusing, the girls who are simply using his name to get their names in the columns. But none of them are fooling Lew. He has them mentally catalogued with the same precision and deep thought that he gives to helping people or to indexing his magnificent library of classics.

Well, it's no crime to love the ladies. (Where would we be if men didn't?) The thing is that with Lew, his adoration for the fair sex stands out sharply because of his almost saintly approach to the other aspects of living.

the spiritual approach...

There are weeks at a time, sometimes months, when he doesn't see girls. That's when he goes off secretly in his trailer to paint and ponder in the desert. No one has ever caught up with Lew on these trips. But he is probably camped somewhere on the huge tract of land he owns near Newhall. He takes along as many books and as few clothes as possible and there in the desert, I'm told, he communes with nature-in-the-raw. Maybe that's why he likes women so much when he comes back to our Hollywood civilization. We're such a change from nature-in-the-raw! (Or are we?)

Lew has a phenomenal memory. He can remember word for word whole chapters of terribly difficult-to-understand works on philosophy and religion. He can also remember the telephone number of every girl he calls, and every one he doesn't.

have found that men as intense as Lew Aldem have. But he has a quality that perhaps more attractive to a woman. When he talks to you, you and your problems are the most interesting subject in the world to him. His eyes never leave your face while you talk. I don't think it a pose. He is genuinely interested in people. He is very kind, always gentle—except when he's angry about something he doesn't like in some newspaper. He is worshipped by his butler, Joe Smith.

Joe came in when Ginger Rogers went out. Lew's interest in astrology went out about the same time. Always on the mystic side, Lew worked out from the planets the right day, hour and minute to marry Ginger. Perhaps his figuring was wrong, or perhaps he misread the astral signs that might have told him that he and Ginger had nothing in common. She liked to dance and go to parties. Lew liked to fish in solitude. The only parties, other than for two, that Lew has ever given on his mountain top have been for groups of scientists or writers. (Ironically, Ginger now prefers fishing to partying. And I think Jack Briggs, from whom she is getting divorced, would rather dance!)

When Ginger married Lew, her luck in Hollywood changed for the better. Lew's luck changed, but for the worse.

He had made a big success in *All Quiet on the Western Front*. Ginger was one of a hundred Hollywood ingenues. Then Fred Astaire latched onto her as his dancing partner. Lew, after the first good picture, remained static. And in Hollywood when you're static, you travel backward. It was too much for his ego. The divorce was friendly and Lew and Ginger are still friends.

Before Ginger, Lew had married Lola Lane. This mating can best be described as mutual combustion. Before Lola there was Lili Damita, who later became Mrs. Errol Flynn. Lew—or maybe Lili—was smart enough to know that marriage between them could only ruin a beautiful friendship.

Today there is no special girl in Lew's life. But I think that one day, and a day not too far off, he will realize that a book is incomplete in itself for happy living, and that a friendship with a girl could be so much better than casual if he would admit her to the secret and exciting life of his mind. Then, perhaps, he will find what all philosophers since the world began have been seeking—true happiness.

Lew Ayres deserves it—because few men in Hollywood, or anywhere else, have given so much to their fellow men.

THE END

“... TO SUSIE FROM ALAN”

(Continued from page 36)

One day the principal of the school attended by Carol Lee and Lonnie—as they call Alana—sent for the girls. “There’s a truck driver here, ready to take you two out to the ranch. But I’ll have to check with your mother before you can go.” Carol Lee laughed. “That’s no truck driver. That’s Pat Lane, Daddy’s best friend.”

Alan’s friends are the people he feels at home with. A few happen to be names. Most of them aren’t. He’s not a good mixer. You’ve got to be around quite a while before he’ll loosen up with you. Strangers leave him self-conscious and his tongue bumbles at small talk. “I wish we were the type who could walk into a room and have everybody love me. But I’m not, and there’s no use wishing.”

In people, what he most dislikes is pretense. In gadgets, what he most dislikes is the telephone. If there’s no one else around to answer, he’d as soon let it ring. To Sue, who leaps at the first tinkle, this is incomprehensible. “I’d die of curiosity,” she says.

“When you do,” he assures her gravely, “instead of a lily, I’ll put a phone in your hand.”

Perhaps because of his early acquaint-

ance with life’s seamy side, Ladd has that faculty for putting himself into the other fellow’s skin which makes for true gentleness. In his business, the star is king and often acts like one—but never Ladd. On the Paramount lot, his unfailing consideration of his co-workers is a byword. But any allusion to it embarrasses him. “We’re a team,” he says. “I’m lucky enough to be the guy who’s picked to carry the ball across the line.”

Outwardly, Alan very rarely loses control though he can tie himself into knots over scripts and stories. Sue is his safety-valve. Except when he has an early call sometimes he and she are up till three in the morning, batting ideas around. “Keeps me from arguing with a lot of people,” he says.

The heart of his personal life rests with Sue and the children. In the unsure world of his youth, his mother’s love was the one stable element. Therefore he knows how to value love when he finds it. One of his proudest days was the day he tied a bow to the door of the new house: “This is to Susie from Alan.”

They’d been wanting to build ever since they were married. At first they couldn’t afford it. Then came priorities and the shall-we-buy-now-or-wait-till-we-can-build routine. They looked at dozens of places that were either too expensive or didn’t meet the family needs. Finally they bought a lot in Holmby Hills. But not till last year did they take the bull by the horns and go to an architect.

“We’d like lots of windows,” they told him. “We’ve always felt that in California you can’t get too much of the outside inside.”

“Maybe modern’s what you want, then.” “Maybe,” said Sue, eyeing Alan a little dubiously.

“Okay by me.”

The plans were drawn. In September the ground was broken, the foundation laid, the cement poured. Sue and Alan watched. “I hope this is what you want,” said he.

She turned quickly. “Why? Don’t you?”



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"Now, wait a minute. You *did* want a modern house, didn't you?"

"No. If it had been left to me, I'd have had French provincial."

"That's what I wanted!"

"Oh Alan, why didn't you say so?"

"I thought you wanted modern!"

All was not yet lost. Using the same foundation and floor plan, they had the roof and exterior changed. Big windows facing the patio bring the outside inside. The rest is French provincial. Sue set her sights for a June house-warming, while friends laughed merrily over the notion that you could build a house and be settled in eight months. Alan bet on Susie and won, though her system did involve some minor discomforts. Coming home from work, ready to fling himself into a pet chair, he'd find it gone. Next day a sofa would join the vanishing act. Sue was having the stuff sneaked out to be re-upholstered. They wound up sitting on the floor. One night Alan got hungry, went down for a bowl of soup, and couldn't find any. "Exit the canned goods?" he inquired. Sue looked guilty. Thanks to her foresight, however, they moved in June and to a well-ordered home.

sentimental gentleman . . .

That was the day Alan pulled a gag that didn't come off. His timing was wrong. For both it had been a day of fulfillment, long in coming. Inside, Alan felt as elated as Sue. But being a woman, she had her feelings nearer the surface. In the bedroom she discovered a cherished picture of her father, re-framed by Alan as a surprise. This fresh evidence of his thoughtfulness sent her cup brimming over. "Oh, Alan!" was all she could quaver, when he returned from an errand to the hardware store.

"Like it, honey? Well, come on outside. I've got something else to show you."

At the store he'd picked up a For Rent sign, which was now tacked to their beautiful new front door. One gander, and Sue looked ready to burst into tears. Unprepared for this reaction, Alan could have kicked himself. "I'm a dope," he consoled her, ripping the sign away. "Might have known you're too tired for anything to be funny."

"I'm the dope," she conceded. "But let's go burn that thing."

He has the kind of male humor that's tickled by feminine inconsistencies. Every night after dinner Sue goes around turning off lights. "Get my wife!" he chuckles. "We've just built a new house. Every time I look around, we've got a new piece of furniture. But my wife turns out lights. That's her contribution toward saving the Ladd fortune."

Unperturbed, she continues to turn off lights. As for furniture, by adapting and recovering, she was able to use most of their old stuff. But of course in a new house, you always need some new pieces. Every now and then Alan feels he should put his foot down.

It's not a heavy foot. By temperament, he's generous to a fault and calls it self-indulgence—"like everything else you do for your own pleasure." Every year they go through the same routine. He gives Sue his Christmas list.

"Are you sure that's all, Alan? Because I want to get the shopping done early."

"That's all."

So through long experience she buys three dozen extra presents for him to give, knowing he'll need that many at the last minute.

He does his own shopping for his presents to Sue. Comes home laden, sneaks the loot into a closet, hauls it out the same night and planks it in front of her. The first time this happened, she promptly tested. "But I won't have anything to

open at Christmas! I like to open boxes at Christmas, even if they're empty."

"Open 'em now, I want to see if you like 'em."

On Christmas Day there were more boxes under the tree—half of them filled with presents, half of them empty except for a card: "Your wish is my law."

But now and then he feels he should take a stand. As when Sue decided they needed some plates for over the mantel in the dining room.

"We've got lots of plates," Alan objected.

"But they're not just the right kind."

"Better make 'em do."

"Okay," said the docile Mrs. Ladd.

A few nights later he said casually, "Guess you really want those plates, don't you, Susie? Might as well have 'em."

It was obviously a load off his chest. Denying Susie the plates bothered him a lot worse than it did her.

Jezebel, the boxer, sleeps beside his bed. If she wants out, she scratches gently at his hand or rattles the chain-collar round her neck. As above noted, Alan's a guy who loves to sleep. But let it be a dog who disturbs him, and he'll never say boo. Same way in other departments. He's a stickler for neatness. When the kids leave things in a mess, he really gets after them. The dogs can tear cushions to shreds or try out their teeth on the new porch furniture, and it's fine with Alan. "People have sense, dogs haven't," he explains.

Frank Freeman gave them Jezebel as a puppy. She was raised with Lonnie. Snoopy belongs to Laddie, Junior. Happy, the collie, is Carol Lee's dog. Each of the kids owned a dog but two-year-old David. Last Valentine's Day Alan appeared with a baby boxer, sired by Vic Mature's *Genius*. "This is David's dog," he announced.

"Look!" Carol Lee pointed to the puppy's chest, marked by an almost perfect A. "Let's call her Scarlet, after *The Scarlet Letter*."

Because people have sense and must sooner or later come to terms with reality, Alan believes in discipline for children. To him, discipline means character-building. "I want my kids to have nice things. They're entitled to that as long as I can afford it. But I also want them to earn it. Developing good qualities will make life easier on them. If they're courteous, they'll be better liked. If they learn the difference between honesty and sham, they'll like themselves better. If they take responsibility, they'll be stronger inside. If they know how to feel for others, they'll be happier people."

Dinner time is family time at the Ladds'. Sue and Alan like to listen to the kids' problems. The kids like to hear what goes

on at the studio. Every aspect of the business is freely discussed in their presence, every question answered. This is deliberate policy on the part of their parents. Neither Sue nor Alan has any close relatives. "If anything happened to us we'd want the children to understand our affairs."

When Alan took his suspension, Carol Lee was a sophomore at high school. The day the news broke, she appeared in the principal's office. "Please, if there are any extras from now on, I'd like to pay them out of my allowance. My daddy's not working and I'd rather not have any extra charged on the bill."

Then there's the other side of the medal. One Sunday night, Sue and Alan were invited to a birthday party. There were new servants in the house, and while they seemed entirely satisfactory, they were still new. So, because of the younger children, Carol Lee and Laddie were told to stay home that evening. Complication arose when Booboo Howell, son of the groceryman at Camarillo, dropped in and offered to take them to a movie. Carol Lee called her mother.

a job to finish . . .

"Lonnie and David are fast asleep, and the new people said they'd stay up till we got back. D'you think it would be all right for us to go?"

Sue gave her permission. A little later she mentioned the matter to Alan. It was one of the rare occasions when he blew his top. "Come on. We're going home."

"I'm sorry, Alan. But don't blame the children, it's my fault."

"It's their fault, too. When they're given a job, they should finish it."

To impress that fact on their minds, they were deprived of certain privileges, and though Sue insisted that the blame rested with her, they took their medicine cheerfully. For the most part, they measure up to standard and beyond. Since there's nothing arbitrary about the deal, since all the whys and wherefores are explained, they're proud of their place in the family set-up. When Alan goes on location, Sue goes along. Being together is part of their psychology for a happy marriage. So they've got to leave someone behind whom they know they can trust. That someone is Carol Lee.

While Sue and Alan were in Chicago she took charge of the kids up at the ranch. One day Lonnie tumbled from the swing and knocked out two teeth. His sister hustled her to the dentist—then, in case of a shock or something, to the pediatrician. Having handled the emergency as capably as Sue herself could have done, she polished things off by calling Chicago and putting Lonnie on the phone for added reassurance.

Alan thinks rewards are just as important as discipline. For a job well done Carol Lee was rewarded. But the kids seem to feel that the top award for merit is their father's approval.

For himself, he's got a silver dress set. His name ranks high on all popularity polls. His pictures roll up record. And he can't get rid of the sense that he is in on a temporary pass. He's incredulous—but grateful. Grateful to Sue, who stood shoulder-to-shoulder with him. But then, Susie loves him. Grateful to Paramount, who gave him his break. But Paramount doesn't love him so much that they'd pay him good money except for one reason.

"And that," says Alan, "is—people. People out there in the audience. They've been wonderful to me, I still can't figure why." He doesn't express emotion easily, but the quiet voice goes deep with feeling when he says, "I wish I could find some way to thank them."



"Cut!"

YOU KNOW ME, ALLYSON!

(Continued from page 31)

but back then when I was 15 and had never spoken to a screen star, I didn't at first even have the courage to try out the telephone number. Each time I approached the phone, a lump would come into my throat, butterflies would zoom up and down in my stomach, and I'd hang up.

But one Sunday I finally got up enough nerve. I grabbed the phone and quickly dialed the number. As soon as a voice answered, I leaped headlong into my prepared speech. "My name is Gwen Littlefield. I've been an admirer of yours for some time. I think a fan club would do you a world of good. It's a lot of work, I know, but I'm prepared and qualified to go through with it. I'm sure, Miss Allyson, you're going to be a big star. . . . And on and on I went, giving the voice at the opposite end of the wire no opportunity to say a word.

When at last I finished, the voice, patient and soft, said, "I'm very sorry, Miss Allyson isn't at home. This is the maid."

I almost died. But the next day I actually got June herself on the phone; and somehow, I immediately lost all my nervousness.

"Why, yes," said June, after I'd explained my purpose, "I'd just love to have a fan club. I think it's awfully sweet of you to volunteer. But what exactly do fan clubs do?"

"Oh," I said, "they make you a big star. I'll call you up again in a few days and give you all the particulars."

"You be sure and do that," June said. And I sat down and wrote MODERN SCREEN, asking for information on how to start a fan club.

The magazine told me that the first thing to do was to get the star's permission. When I wrote back and told them that I already had it, they printed my name and address. Readers wrote to me by the hundreds, and before I knew it, the club was under way. The dues were one dollar a year, and for that sum members received a membership card, four club journals a year, and a large photo autographed by June.

For about a month I phoned June regularly, and we talked about the club and our future plans for its development.

Near the end of October, June must have become a little curious about me and what I looked like, because she phoned me one night and said, "Gwen, I wonder if you could come up to my apartment right away."

Fortified with my "Allyson Scrapbook," to prove what a loyal fan I was, I rushed over to her Wilshire apartment.

My knees were actually shaking as I pressed the doorbell. I was positive June would be gracious and refreshing, I told myself, but my knees wouldn't listen.

June's maid showed me in. I sat down on a sofa. I waited for what seemed an eternity. I was on the verge of dashing out, scrapbook and all—when June came into the room. She wore a very tailored black suit, a white blouse and, over her tawny hair, a flaming red bandanna. She looked exactly as I had imagined.

The words I had planned to say tangled in my throat. June came to my rescue. "What beautiful red hair you have," she said. "I really envy you. Tell me, how's our club coming?"

I stammered a few words.

"Let's look at the scrapbook," June said. As we turned the pages, she became more expansive. "These pictures were taken in New York before I'd ever seen Hollywood. . . . This was my first magazine layout. . . . Don't I look silly in that one?"

June got up and left the room for a moment and then returned with two baby orchids. "A fellow in Hawaii," she said, "sent these to me yesterday. I want you to have them in honor of our meeting."

That night when I went home, bedecked in orchids, I felt like the screen's number one glamor-girl myself. To me, June Allyson was the most thoughtful, genuine, and wonderful actress in the world.

The following day she asked if I'd like to go to the studio with her and pick up a script. I sure didn't turn that opportunity down. For years I had stood outside the MGM gate wondering if ever I'd be able to get in—and now, here was June Allyson, asking me to go with her, asking me to walk in as if I'd done the same thing every day for years.

As I drove with her to the studio, little bubbles of excitement simmered inside of

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me. I tried to stay calm, but I couldn't. June didn't help, either. Her driving was terrible. She did things to her Ford convertible that were simply out of this world. She drives like a demon, and if they ever hold a speed classic in Indianapolis for women, I'm sure she'll win it hands down!

At MGM, we strode directly into the office of producer Joe Pasternak—at least, the outer office, anyway. June was escorted into Mr. Pasternak's inner sanctum, and I waited in the reception room. Within two minutes, Mr. Pasternak came out and asked me to join them inside. I was flattered no end.

The producer then began to tell June the story of her next picture. I sat on a long, low, leather couch, lost temporarily in the massiveness of all this luxury, while he flailed his hands, described all sorts of characters, explained bits of dialogue and, in general, carried on the way producers are supposed to carry on.

I tried to listen attentively, but I couldn't understand what Mr. Pasternak was talking about. He has, or at least had at that time, a thick German accent that couldn't be swept away by a tractor.

After narrating the story, Mr. Pasternak turned to me and asked a few questions. I couldn't understand him, but I didn't want to appear too stupid, so I just nodded yes, and smiled my most toothy smile. I was sure I was doing the correct thing, playing the sweet, agreeable young girl.

embarrassing moment . . .

En route to June's apartment, however, June burst forth with a typical gusty, lusty roll of Allyson laughter. I couldn't see what was so funny. "Gwen," she asked, "did you find it difficult to understand Mr. Pasternak?"

"Frankly," I admitted, "I did. Why?" June laughed some more. "Because," she explained, "when he asked you if you thought the story was very bad, you smiled and said, 'Yes.'"

I went home that day so embarrassed that I felt I could never face June again, let alone preside over her fan club. But the next day, she called me and said, "Gwen, I just wanted you to know that I had a lot of fun with you yesterday, and I just know you're going to be the best fan club president an actress ever had. You go ahead with all your plans and I'll cooperate as much as possible. In fact, you be sure and come up to my place some day this week."

I did, of course—and between us we made an arrangement whereby June personally signed all the membership cards and club photographs. We used to spend one night a week together while she signed and I blotted. On these nights, formality was forgotten. We just lay sprawled on the floor, wearing blue jeans and sloppy sweaters and comfortable loafers, and after the work was done, we'd talk or listen to records or just watch the fire.

June loves a fire, and even on the warmest nights, she'd start one going in the fireplace. And it's not because she's cold-natured, either!

As I look back on those many nights I spent with June, they seem so wonderful, and I remember with what strict and rapt attention I would listen to her every word and hang on to her every sentence. I got to know her ways and habits and moods, and I learned that it was best never to ask her any personal questions—especially about her love life. But like all girls, she betrayed the state of her heart in a dozen different little ways.

I remember one night when she seemed particularly moody and she looked as if she had been crying. I didn't have to be

a Sherlock Holmes to figure out that June and Dick Powell (with whom she was going at the time) had had a spat.

Sure enough, the story came out. In her characteristically frank manner, June had said to Dick, after seeing him regularly for five months, "What are your intentions?" Dick had replied with a smile, "Why? Have you had a couple of other offers?" And June had said, "Yes, I have."

Well, Dick went on to explain that his divorce from Joan Blondell wouldn't be final for months. And after two marriages, he thought he'd better go slow about a third. He had two children to look after and a lot of other responsibilities. The upshot of the whole thing was that June had said, "Please take me home."

The Allyson-Powell romance was apparently over that night, and June showed it. But a week later when I dropped by, June was all smiles and sparkle. Dick had thought the whole thing over and had raced to June's place 24 hours after their "falling out" and had taken her in his arms and said, "I love you, June. I love you." June had started to smile and cry, all at the same time, and mumbled into his chest, "Oh! I love you, too, Tommy. I love you so much." (Tommy was June's favorite name for Dick.)

Then Dick had proposed marriage, and June had accepted, saying, "I'll make you the most perfect wife in the world, honestly I will, darling. We'll share everything, our work, our play. It'll be heaven. I know it will."

June and Dick were married in August, 1945. But the marriage didn't alter the relationship between June and me. The fan club by this time was going great guns, and so was June's career. Despite the fact that she was only five years older than I, she seemed to take an almost maternal interest in me.

She began to teach me many things. For example, the first meal I ever had served by a maid, was with June. She noticed my little blunders. When the maid came around to me and paused at my right, I started to reach up and take my serving. Just as I did, the girl moved to the correct side, and I blushed with embarrassment. June said nothing at the time. We finished the meal, laughing and joking as usual, but after dinner, we settled down to a lengthy discussion of Emily Post and proper etiquette.

little white lie . . .

It wasn't that I didn't have good manners. At least, I hope I did! But June understood that my family and friends lived under circumstances far different from hers. Her method was never to reprimand, but always to explain. The only time she reprimanded me about anything was when she found out that I had lied to her about my age. I had made myself out to be one year older than I actually was. When June learned the truth, she got angry—the only time I ever saw her genuinely angry—and she let me have some verbal punishment. I deserved it.

All other times, however, she was gentle and kind and understanding. For example, there was a period in our early acquaintance when I would get flustered upon meeting her friends. The first time I was introduced to Peter Lawford, I mumbled a faint "How-do-you-do." was the same way with Gloria DeHaver and Frank Sinatra and Gene Kelly.

"You must never be frightened of these people," June explained. "When you're introduced, open your mouth and speak distinctly, and when you shake hands with anyone, make sure that your handclasp is firm."



that's hollywood!

"America really is the land of opportunity," Bing Crosby insists. "Look at us," he says pointing to Bob Hope and himself. "Where else could a piece of spaghetti and a meat ball both wind up with so much gravity?"

Irving Hoffman
The Hollywood Reporter

To be perfectly truthful, June's handshake is too firm. It leaves a cramp in our hand. But she's a stickler about it. The same way with grammar. One night, said, "It's me," instead of saying, "It's I." June carefully explained how the verb "to be" always takes the nominative case. And she should know! She was graduated from Roosevelt High School in New York with the highest average of any student in the school—something amazing like a 97.3%.

Our friendship, though, wasn't completely one-sided. I did a lot of things for June, too. For instance, when newspaper columnists started panning June or the way she dressed, I got my club members to swamp them with our combined opinion. We deluged them with letters and, on one occasion, with a 90-foot scroll that contained more than 19,000 signatures. That was too much for the critics. They retreated.

In one year, the club grew to 2,000 members, all active. We entered a contest run by MODERN SCREEN to determine the best fan club in the United States and Canada. We won, and Hedda Hopper presented us with a huge, beautiful silver trophy cup. June was as thrilled as I. She had the studio take pictures of us with the cup, and she ran around showing it to everyone she knew. I beamed

like a strip of newly-polished chromium.

June also took the cup home with her to show Dick, and one night she carried it with her to dinner at Ciro's. She promised to return it to me the next day. She never did. The last time I saw it, the cup was filled with roses and resting on the table next to her bed in her twelve-room Bel Air home. It's one of her most prized possessions, and I want her to keep it.

Christmas always posed a big problem to me, because I never knew what June wanted. The fan club members always sent donations for a gift, the sum usually amounting to more than \$100. Before I spent it, I'd always canvass June's friends as to what she really wanted or needed. One year, it was an antique sterling silver coffee-maker, more than 100 years old. Another year, it was two sets of beautifully-bound books. Another, a complete ski outfit. My personal Christmas gift to June was usually a book.

As for June, she gave me some wonderful treasures—but the one I value most is a miniature dual picture-frame made of sterling. It carries the engraving, "Gwenn from June."

June explained the misspelling of my name with, "I know you only use one 'n' but two 'n's' look much prettier."

When I went off to college, I couldn't continue with the June Allyson fan club, largely because I didn't have enough time, what with studies and dates and extra-curricular activities. One afternoon, I started to explain this to June. Before I could, she raised her hand. "Your education comes first," she insisted. "You must drop the club. That's an order."

Before I left June that afternoon, I made one last request. "I've blotted over 20,000 autographed pictures for you," I said, "but I've never had one of my own. May I?"

For a minute, June could hardly believe that. Then she smiled, excused herself, and walked over to her desk. She took out a large photograph and on it she wrote these words: "For Gwenn. Thanks for being so wonderful to me and I'll always be grateful. Fondly, Junie."

Then she took me to the door. As we said goodbye, I took her hand and we hugged—and then I ran out.

And tears were streaming down my face. THE END

HOLLYWOOD'S LOVELIEST CHRISTMAS STORY

(Continued from page 44)

word to describe us. My father was a sharecropper in Texas. He always had a tough time supplying us with food, never mind clothing, and more kids kept coming along through the years. And then one year, I guess it just got too much for the old man. He gave up and walked out on us, and we never heard from him again.

"There were nine of us kids by then, and my mother tried to look after us, but that's an awful lot of kids for one woman all alone. When Christmas Eve used to come around, all of us would hang up our socks, and if we were lucky, we'd find an apple or an orange in one of them the next morning. Sometimes, there weren't enough apples to go around, so only the youngest would get them. We used to go into the woods and cut down a birch branch and use that for a tree.

"I don't mean to bore you with a long story. But my ma died when I was 16. The young kids in the family were put into an orphanage and those of us who were a little older scattered over Texas. Well,

the birch branch for a Christmas tree."

Now, all of this was spoken matter-of-factly. There was no self-pity in this boy's voice. He wasn't feeling sorry for himself or mad at anyone. He wasn't leading up to a hand-out. I had reminisced about my youthful Christmases, and that had simply reminded him of his own.

I asked his name.

"Audie Murphy," he said.

I swallowed hard at that one. "Not the Audie Murphy?" But even as I asked the question, I knew the answer. Yes, this was Audie Murphy all right, the most-decorated foot soldier of World War II, the kid from Texas whose picture had been splashed across the cover of Life, the handsome young kid who'd been signed to a movie contract by Jimmy Cagney. No wonder his face looked so familiar!

"But what are you doing," I asked in astonishment, "dressed like this and bumming a ride? You're a national hero; you've got a screen contract; you should be having Christmas dinner with L. B. Mayer or

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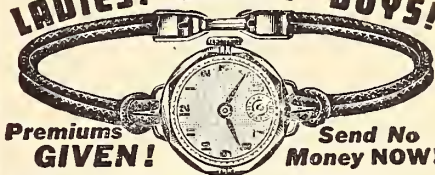
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Audie grinned. "You should've used the past tense," he said. And then he explained what had happened to him in Hollywood.

He had arrived a year before and Jimmy Cagney had signed him to a contract at \$75 a week. He'd been dined and wined by industry big shots, rushed by celebrity hunters, given the Grade A treatment. But then Cagney changed his plans and dropped him—and suddenly, Audie was just an ex-veteran like ten million others. He couldn't find any place to live unless he paid an exorbitant bonus. He had very little money, because he was using the \$59 per month he got on his disability pension to support his young brothers and sisters whom he'd taken out of the orphanage in Texas. "To be absolutely honest," he said, "I'm living on a cot in the back of Terry Hunt's gym and Terry is staking me to food money while I'm trying to write a book about my war experiences."

Well, when I heard this from one of the greatest war heroes of all times, my insides tangled into one big knot. "What a sweet way," I said to myself, "we have of showing gratitude to our war heroes. What a great way for this kid to spend Christmas." I reached into my pocket and took out a twenty. "Take this," I said.

Audie pushed my hand away. "No," he said. "I don't need it. I've got enough money. I've got 11 bucks. Terry gave it to me yesterday. It'll last the week."

I tried to get Audie to accept my money. I told him it wasn't a hand-out. It was a loan. He could pay it back any time. "Take it," I said, "and have a Merry Christmas." "Don't worry," Audie said. "I'll have

a Merry Christmas. Could you drop me at Earl McCaskell's filling station? It's near here."

I drove into Earl's filling station on Sunset Boulevard. As Audie got out, two little kids belonging to Al Foster, the mechanic, jumped all over Audie. "Hey, Audie, look what we got for Christmas!" they shouted. And they began to pull guns from holsters, puzzles from pockets, and all sorts of little toys from their persons. Audie joked with them, and in a minute their father came out and shooed the kids inside. As he did, one of the boys dropped a miniature plastic airplane on the sidewalk.

A freckle-faced urchin suddenly dashed from somewhere across the station, picked up the airplane, and started to sprint off.

In three strides, Audie caught and colared the kid. He brought him back and sat him down on the fender of my car. The kid couldn't have been more than eight or nine. "Why'd you take that plane?" Audie asked. "You know it doesn't belong to you."

The freckle-faced little redhead began to whimper.

"You know the penalty for stealing?" Audie asked with mock seriousness.

The kid began to cry. "I didn't mean to take it," he bawled. "It's just that all the other kids around here always get something for Christmas. And I don't never get nothin'."

"Where's your folks?" Audie asked.

"My ma works in a laundry on week days," the kid sobbed, "and in a drive-in on Sundays."

"Where's your old man?" Audie asked. "I don't know," the kid cried. "He just ran off last year and he never came back." And then tears started to cascade down that dirty little face and the little body shook with sobs.

Whereupon Audie slid his fingers into his cash pocket and came up with two bills, a 10 and a one—all the money he had in the world. He pressed the 10 into the kid's palm. "Here—go buy yourself some toys," he muttered.

The kid stared at the 10-dollar bill in disbelief. He wiped away his tears with a motion of his sleeve. "No, Mister," he said. "I don't need all this."

Audie looked down at the little fellow. I'm sure he saw in him the poor, deserted ragamuffin that he himself had been a dozen years ago. His eyes were misty, and he swallowed hard.

"Take it and spend it," Audie said gruffly. "Today's Christmas. Everyone should have a Merry Christmas."

THE END

You won't want to miss the complete screen story of Audie Murphy's newest movie, *The Kid from Texas*, in the entertainment-loaded January issue of SCREEN STORIES magazine.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF BURT LANCASTER

(Continued from page 28)

is still taking all her meals privately.

But that still counts up to seven sitting down to a meal—which will have been completely prepared by Norma herself. There is a maid in the house and a woman who comes in by the day to help out, but Norma does all the cooking. She loves to fix food, and so does Burt. Unless otherwise directed he will make the salad before dinner, with his favorite dressing consisting of olive oil, vinegar, grated Parmesan cheese, dash of lemon, a raw egg and a touch of Worcestershire sauce. However, his culinary art doesn't go much beyond salads.

Burt's last fling at making the more important ingredients of a meal happened just recently when Norma was in the hospital having Susan Elizabeth. Burt decided he'd feed Jimmy and Billy, though the maid stood ready to take over.

"Nothing to it," Burt told Nick Cravat, reaching for a box of cereal. "You just pour this stuff in water and boil it a while and it's all set."

"I dunno," said Nick, looking a little worried. "Isn't there more to it than that?"

"Nah," said Burt, pouring until the pot was almost full.

The water boiled. The cereal swelled and swelled. It began rising over the edge of the pot. Burt clapped the cover on and held it down tightly. It was no use. The stuff began to work its way out anyway.

"Where's it all coming from?" the astonished Burt wanted to know.

"I told you," said Nick. "There's more to it."

Eventually Burt got the stove more or less cleaned off, filled two dishes and called Jimmy and Billy to the table. Jimmy tasted his and said, "I don't like it." Then

find the two he wanted. "No good!" he pronounced.

Burt made way for the maid.

Following breakfast, Burt will leave for the studio if he's making a picture. Otherwise he may have an acrobatic work-out with Nick or else decide to fix up a few things around the house. In this last decision he never gets much encouragement. Because of his work with acrobatic gear earlier in his career Burt can splice a wire cable or a four-ply rope most expertly. But, he has found, there is remarkably little need for this sort of skill around a home. And Burt doesn't do too well at what is required—simple stuff like wielding a paint brush, repairing a light socket, or beating a nail with a hammer. He paints and he repairs and he hammers, but invariably the paint job is streaky, the fuses blow and the hammer mashes his thumb. This is where Nick has to come to the rescue.

Burt's last attempt at being handy saw him erecting a fence to keep the boys from wandering away or tumbling down the hill. After finishing the job and discovering that the fence sort of weaved around the house, instead of taking straight lines, and also that in places it gave like a springboard, he took the usual step necessary to save the day. He went to the phone and called Nick.

While he may not shine at carpentry, Burt has other duties around the house which he performs most proficiently. Norma, for instance, thinks his judgment about her clothes is infallible. And up to about a year ago Burt was most honest in his pronouncements of that kind. Then it came to him one day that whenever he said he didn't like something Norma had bought, say a hat, she would never wear it again. She'd go out and buy another one. From that point on, Burt has tam-

pered with the truth slightly. He almost always likes Norma's hats now. And whatever other purchases she comes home with.

It is also important that Burt be present when the children play their records. He is expected to sing along with them. Burt, in the opinion of experts, has a pleasant singing voice—but no more than that. There is one man though, who stands in open defiance of the experts. He is Burt's father.

James Lancaster thinks his son has an excellent voice. To quote him exactly: "Not bad, not bad at all. If Burt took up singing he would be better than any of them, Tibbett, John Charles Thomas, Crosby, any of them!"

Burt will wink to his friends at this exhibition of fatherly pride. But what confuses these same friends is Burt's opinion of his singing of his son, Jimmy. Jimmy's voice, according to impartial critics, is loud and clear and youthful—but no more than that.

Says Burt, however: "Listen to him! That's really good! I'll bet that if Jimmy takes up singing when he grows up he'll be better than . . ." et cetera and et cetera!

So father is proud of son, generally around the Lancaster home. But only lately have the younger sons been impressed with their father! Not that Burt hasn't tried to win a little standing with his boys. It was just that he didn't quite know how to accomplish it.

He learned some time ago that his picture work means nothing to Jimmy. (As for two-year-old Billy, very little means anything to him as he is still far too active physically to hold still for any contemplative moods.) Once Burt took Jimmy and Billy to a showing of his latest picture in a studio projection room

The picture had been on for a little while when Burt heard the boys buzzing to each other. He felt a surge of pride within him.

"You like Daddy in the picture?" he asked, as he turned to them. To his surprise he saw that they were not even watching the screen. They had their heads bent down, looking at the floor along the line of seats.

"What is it?" he asked. "Look, boys, Daddy is in the picture on the screen."

They raised their heads for only a fleeting second and then turned back again. "See, Daddy?" asked Jimmy, pointing and seemingly quite taken with something.

Burt looked. Jimmy was pointing at the little set-in lights strung at floor level along the rows of seats to guide people walking into the room in the dark. It was plain that both Jimmy and Billy were fascinated by this remarkable new method of interior illumination.

A number of times Burt has noticed the boys skipping through the pages of a magazine or newspaper and passing up a picture of him without comment to go on to more interesting possibilities—such as the comics or illustrations of trains.

Burt has understood. He's even begun to put himself in their places. "Why should they care about seeing a picture of me in the paper?" he has asked himself. "Don't they see me continually in real life? Naturally it means nothing to them."

Yet, when by accident one day he won that bright look of sheer adulation that will thrill any young father when he sees it in his child's eyes, it was a red-letter day for Burt. And he doesn't think he'll ever forget it.

No, no mighty deed was involved. As a matter of fact, he had no idea he had done anything special until he noticed the reaction.

He was shaving one afternoon when Jimmy and Billy wandered into the bathroom. They watched with no particular interest as he scraped away and were still hanging around when he had washed and was drying his face. Then, quite unconsciously, Burt flipped the towel up in the air so as to fall over the shower curtain rail. He has done this for so many years that it is an instinctive motion and he so practiced that the towel always lands just right to hang evenly over the rod.

"Gee!"

Jimmy had said that. His mouth hung open in admiration and so did Billy's.

"Do it again, Daddy," Jimmy begged. Wondering, Burt pulled the towel down and flipped it up again expertly.

"Gee! How do you do that?" asked Jimmy, who has heard dozens of times that a towel must always be hung up after using but never dreamed that it could be done so nonchalantly.

"Gee!" echoed Billy.

And that's how Burt Lancaster finally came to be quite a somebody in the eyes of his sons.

Recently, with the formation of his own production company, and the beginning of preparations by him and his production partner, Harold Hecht, for the group of pictures they will do together, starting with *The Hawk and the Arrow*, Burt has had to spend more time away from the house than is to his liking. He has had to take refresher courses in riding, tennis, archery and fencing with *The Hawk and the Arrow*. There are also long sessions with Hecht and the script writers on Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead* and on other properties they have in work. But there are certain activities at home that he tries not to miss.

Tossing that dinner salad together is one. But before that, there comes a walk with the boys to a nearby corral where they "feed" the horses the piece of carrot or apple each boy has saved for that purpose from his lunch. After dinner there is the record-playing and singing session, and then—then Burt clears his throat and launches into a sales talk.

Most parents will know this talk. It is an attempt to convince small fry that bedtime has come. Burt has hopes that some day he will achieve real salesmanship along this line, but up to the present, he admits, every talk has had to end with a demonstration—the boys are undressed and put to bed.

Now the evening belongs to Burt and Norma. Almost always it is spent at home. Almost always Burt will put on some of his favorite records, first having had to collect and put away the children's records.

If friends drop in, there will be bridge, with thorough analyses by Burt of each play after the hand is over—a bad habit he has not yet managed to overcome. If enough people gather there will be charades, a game he throws himself into with such enthusiasm that he has occasionally been known to blurt out the answer in the process of acting it out.

When the games are over and the guests are gone, quiet finally comes to the Lancaster home. But Burt and Norma know it is not for long. A new day is on the way, and just about the time it shows its first glimmer Jimmy and Billy will wake up and ride noisily right into their bedroom.

There is no time to lose. Burt and Norma hurry to bed. THE END

YOU'RE ACTING LIKE A CHILD

(Continued from page 40)

transport Command and the Marines!" While Mel and Glenn were whooping up downstairs, Larry led a contingent upstairs to view the electric trains. The second floor is devoted to games, nursery books, a party shop, and a mammoth train-track that weaves rails across a 20-foot miniature town.

"Trains always fascinate me," said Larry as he turned on the switch and watched the tiny engine start climbing up an incline. "When I was a kid I earned for an electric train. I didn't get it for a long time, and when I did I really kept that engine polished and shiny. I still have it in our garage—just as good as new. . . say, maybe I'd better get it oiled for Garrett."

Garrett is the name he and Betty have picked out in case the new addition is a boy—as Larry is confident it will be. But if it should be a she, then she'll be called Laurie.

Larry probably would have spent the entire evening up here if Betty hadn't come up from downstairs to join us. She was carrying a tiny figure wrapped in a blue blanket. Larry did a double-take when he saw the bundle.

This "baby" turned out to be a rubber doll. But Larry decided to sit down for awhile.

When Uncle Bernie announced it was time to eat, we all rushed downstairs.

The sandwiches were round, square, oblong and delectable. There were also



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dozens of hors d'oeuvres. For beverage we had either pink lemonade from the lemonade tree (you squeeze a lemon and the lemonade comes gurgling out) or orangeade from the falls.

This orangeade falls has been Uncle Bernie's pet scheme for some time. It covers half of one wall. An illuminated wall painting depicts a group of industrious elves sawing oranges in half, squeezing them in a press and pouring bucketsful of juice into the orangeade pool that supplies the falls. There's a little doo-dad in the forest-green rocks beneath which you press—and the orangeade comes spouting forth.

Vera-Ellen and her date, Johnny McKee, came late. The gang at once clamored for Vera to dance for her supper. An obliging gal, she did. Picking up a mammoth rag doll, Vera pirouetted gracefully about the shop. She twirled by the buffet table and in so doing picked up a sandwich. We all applauded and let her have a full-sized meal.

Peter Thompson and Nancy Davis sat down in front of Santa's Workshop to eat their dinner. Nancy was brought to Hollywood by MGM to play Glenn Ford's sister in *The Doctor and The Girl*, and since her arrival she's had to move three times. Peter pointed to Santa's castle and suggested, "Maybe you could rent this place."

Nancy wasn't interested. She thought a workshop might be a bit noisy to live in. Anyhow, she was moving to a fine new place the next day—and Peter had promised to bring over his jeep and help. "I've just had all my furniture shipped here from New York. There are so many boxes and items, I'd forgotten I even owned some of them."

Pete groaned. "How many boxes did you say?" Before she could break his spirit by telling him, her attention was diverted by Uncle Bernie. He was carrying in a two-foot-long cake.

Among its extensive decorations was a miniature waterfall which had a tiny angel skiing down it. There was also a truck loaded with lemon drops marooned in a winding road of chocolate icing. The sides of the cake were sprinkled with small pieces of peppermint candy, lemon drops,

chocolate drops and cherry Life Savers.

It was so large and beautiful that we found it hard to believe it was a real cake. But when Uncle Bernie cut it and gave us a light-as-a-feather slice, we believed.

Barbara Thompson suggested Marshall have a second slice—"he has to play Santa Claus this year and we only have two pillows to stuff the suit." At this Marshall, who will be Santa for his three-year-old nephew, Stevie Long, was given a few pointers from Glenn Denning, who has appeared as the whiskered gent several times on YMCA Yuletide programs.

We began reminiscing about Christmas experiences. The Don Taylors recalled the first Yuletide after their marriage. "We were in Chicago with the roadshow of *Winged Victory*," Don said. "We were staying at a hotel and it didn't seem too happy away from friends in a strange city."

"But Don fixed that," put in Phyllis. "He went out and bought a 10-foot Christmas tree and carted it right through the lobby up to our room. What with wartime shortages, you couldn't get ornaments at that time so we sat up most of the night cutting out cardboard decorations and hanging them on the tree."

This year is certainly different. The Taylors have a nice home and are busy fixing up the nursery for the expected baby. Don cornered Uncle Bernie and asked if he would give him copies of some of the storybook characters that line the walls of the store. Uncle Bernie said he'd be delighted. Don plans to trace them on wood and make four-foot figures gaily skipping along the border of the nursery.

Johnny McKee volunteered to help cut them out. He'd had lots of experience making toys. Besides chalking up 52 missions with the 8th Air Force, he also managed to fashion makeshift toys out of old plane parts which helped to brighten several British tots' holidays.

Betty Garrett and Larry Parks also had a Christmas they'll never forget. They were 3,000 miles apart. She was on Broadway in *Call Me Mister* and he in Hollywood making *The Jolson Story*. But they still managed to give each other a Merry Christmas. Larry received from Betty a

motorcycle all wrapped up in red cellophane. Larry air-expressed Betty her gift—an engagement ring. "We'd been married for two years," Larry explained, "but I had just got a raise and since she didn't have an engagement ring I splurged my salary on one."

Uncle Bernie too had his Christmas memories. It wasn't many Christmases ago that he was making toys and children's plaques in the basement of his home in Brooklyn. They were so unique and educational and so in demand that he soon expanded into a chain of toy-manufacturing companies on Long Island. Then he came to California to retire. "But once a toymen, always a toymen," says Uncle Bernie—and soon he had opened up the Toy Menagerie. That was two years ago, and it's been going strong ever since.

Everyone seemed to finish eating at the same time. We decided on an after-dinner concert. Each picked out some kind of a toy instrument, which we were assured would really play—and started on a different tune.

Mel Tormé was at the miniature piano, Candy and Nancy on the xylophone, Larry beating the drums, Betty squeezing the accordion, Marshall on the clarinet, Barbara thumping a ukulele, Reba on the slide trombone and Peter, Bonnie and Glen playing—well, they're still hunting for the names of their instruments. Glenn just blew into his nameless object, turned a handle, and it played, "I'm Popeye the Sailor Man"—which sounded great, since the rest of us had by this time gotten together on "Home Sweet Home."

With all this mad melody going on, Larry Parks seemed too content. "Must be tone deaf," suggested Peter Thompson. We finally learned that the helmet Peter was wearing was just another two-purpose toy: It contained a built-in radio, and Larry was listening intently to the prize fights.

Uncle Bernie suggested a little "real" music for a change. He slipped a carol onto one of the miniature phonographs.

And as the small, clear strains of "Silent Night" filled the toyshop, it was a stilled, and lovely place—a place waiting for Christmas. THE END

IS BETTE DAVIS AFRAID OF LOVE?

(Continued from page 20)

had achieved what appeared to be a pinnacle of happiness. This was her marriage to Arthur Farnsworth, an aeronautical engineer who seemed a perfect mate. He was handsome, considerate, strong enough to control her flashing moods, tender enough to make her a blissfully contented young wife.

In August 1943, barely two-and-a-half years after the wedding, Farnsworth was stricken suddenly while walking on Hollywood Boulevard. Three days later, he died. It was discovered that in an earlier fall he had suffered a skull fracture. For a time Bette blamed herself for not having realized he had been so dangerously hurt.

Undoubtedly, this tragedy deepened her haunting fear of relaxing herself in happiness—"something might happen. . ."

Actually, Bette Davis has been afraid since she first came to Hollywood. Striving to remain worthy of the critical opinion that brought her the title "Queen Bess," she has worked more strenuously on each succeeding picture. Scornful of failure, she has driven herself to that point of exhaustion which makes normal living with people—especially husbands—nearly an impossibility. Once, when told that she

must take things easy, she retorted, "I've never relaxed in my life. And I guess I'll never learn to."

At the time of the announcement that she was seeking a divorce from Sherry, Bette said that his violent fits of temper, during which he sometimes would break up furniture, had caused her to fear that if she remained with him she, and perhaps their baby daughter, Barbara, might suffer bodily harm. Sherry admitted his violent tendencies, but said, "It's just a matter of controlling my awful temper. We can patch this thing up if we can see each other again and talk it over." He then announced that he was going to consult a psychiatrist to see if something could be done toward helping his disposition.

Whatever temper Sherry has, it could hardly exceed in fireworks the explosive temperament of Bette, who has alternately shocked, amazed and delighted her friends in Hollywood for years with her beautifully-timed outbursts. When she is angry, she chooses the most important man in any conference and verbally lashes him unmercifully. But, until recently, she had never done battle except with those who could afford to fight back, never did anyone

hear of Bette becoming sarcastic or unreasonable with the average run of studio workers.

Yet, as a master of illusion in her profession, Bette has never kidded herself. She once told a writer, "I have one of the homeliest faces that I've ever seen. . . I loathe my mouth. It resembles, of all things, a small rosebud. It is ineffectual, meaningless, skumpy." And another time, she said, "My neck is long, like an ostrich's. . . If I could only look in the mirror one fine day and find something else reflected there!"

She might never have become world-famous if it hadn't been for her fear of being considered by others the way she

The complete screen story of Bette Davis' latest film, *Beyond the Forest*, is one of the many dramatic features you'll enjoy in the January issue of Dell's SCREEN STORIES magazine.

considered herself. "If I have anything to offer to the world," she said, "it's certainly not any raving beauty. It is, if anything, reality."

Yes, fear seems to have been the dominant driving force in Bette's life. It has driven her far, to great professional success and fortune. Can it be that now it is beginning to have a destructive power, to upset her to the extent of damaging her personal relations?

"I've never relaxed in my life," she has said. Perhaps if she could do so now, she could find her domestic difficulties not insurmountable, and come to an understanding with her husband that might banish her fears of herself and the future.

It might be wise for both Bette and William Sherry to read again what they said about each other on the pages of MODERN SCREEN not too long ago.

"Sometimes," Bette declared, "to see the two of us together you'd think we were having a fist fight."

Said husband Bill: "In one basic way we

differ. My theory is that most things work themselves out. You work, you eat, you sleep, you take the good or bad as it comes, and do the best you can with it. Bette does not feel this way; she worries about the universe. In worrying about others she hasn't time to solve her own problems... single-handed she'd like to mould the scheme of things closer to her heart's desire. But I am curing her of her brooding—she laughs more than she used to. The baby makes so much that used to be important seem unimportant. Barbara smiles one of her enchanting smiles and it's magic. Bette's face lights up, her troubles drop away. That's my favorite picture of Mrs. Sherry."

Perhaps he'll still be able to enjoy that picture again. He has said, "We were made for each other and I am not going to let her go."

But will one fundamental fear of his wife's make that impossible? Though she may not herself realize it, is Bette Davis afraid of love? THE END

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 18)

casual murder doesn't mean the law should be broadened to allow women the same privilege. Spencer's a serious believer in law; he thinks it should be more generally respected. Besides, he's supposed to prosecute this pot-shot-crazy woman, and he doesn't want his own wife defending her. ("We'll look like uncivilized nuts," he says.) Katie's got a cause, though, and there's no stopping her. But the bare outline can't convey the charm of the picture. Spencer and Katie are a marvelous married couple—warm and relaxed. Judy Holliday is the last word in injured wives (she got her gun in a hock shop, along with a free instruction book on how to use it); Tom Ewell is her equal as the luckless husband-target. "I want her put away," he cries in the hospital. "She's a fruitcake!"); and Jean Hagen, a homewrecker de luxe, completes the triangle in elegant style. David Wayne has a sizeable part as Katie's and Spencer's next-door neighbor, who loves Katie. "Lawyers shouldn't marry lawyers," he tells her severely. "It's inbreeding. Makes for idiot children, and more lawyers. Lawyers should marry song-writers and piano-players." That's because he's a song-writer and piano-player.) There's a magnificent parody of home-made movies; there are a million other parking tidbits, too.

THAT FORSYTE WOMAN

Cast: Errol Flynn, Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon, Robert Young, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Here we have a movie based on Book I of the monumental "The Forsyte Saga" by John Galsworthy, and I'm ashamed to admit I don't remember if the movie is faithful to the book. This being the case, I'll just talk about the movie. It's set in the 1800's. Greer Garson is a beautiful, impoverished music teacher, with the soul of a captive bird. She once loved a gay, useless young man, and he spoiled her for more solemn types. Like Soames Forsyte. Rich, hand-

some, stuffy, Soames (Errol Flynn) is a fine catch. He collects works of art, and he wants to add Greer to the collection. They marry, but it's not a good idea. Greer doesn't act as dignified as Soames thinks she should, the clannish, elderly Forsyte family appalls her, the only comfort she has is Soames' niece, June (Janet Leigh). June is young and high-spirited, and also Forsyte-smothered. Her father (Walter Pidgeon), Soames' brother, was cut off by the family when he ran away to Paris with a lady friend, shortly after the death of his wife. He'd left June with the Forsytes because they could give her advantages he—a struggling artist—could not. June meets a young man (Robert Young) and falls in love with him. When Robert meets Greer, he falls in love with her. Stark tragedy and several broken hearts result, and the Technicolor is something gorgeous. Myself, I like a period piece now and then, and this is one of them.

BEYOND THE FOREST

Cast: Bette Davis, Joseph Cotten, David Brian, Ruth Roman, Warners

Bette Davis goes to the dogs in a long black wig for Warner Brothers. She's married to a nice small-town doctor (Joseph Cotten) but he bores her. She wants to be rich, she wants to hang diamonds all over her bosom, and dance the black bottom in Chicago. (Or whatever they're dancing in Chicago when our story takes place.) To this end, she seduces a rich businessman (David Brian) who has a hunting lodge on the outskirts of town. He seduces easy, but marriage is something else again. "I could marry anybody," he says. Bette marches around town prying money loose from all the poor souls who owe her doctor husband, and then pursues her rich lover to Chicago. He tells her to run away and roll her hoop, he's engaged to a society lady, and Bette realizes all is lust (pun). She goes home. Joseph binds up her wounds, they're about

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Beyond the Forest: Bette Davis, married to small-town doctor Joseph Cotten, honkers after goy living, and takes up with a rich city mon.

to have a baby, when rich lover reappears. "It's you I really want," he mutters. "Fly with me—" Now there's the question of the baby. In order to keep David from finding out, Bette coolly murders a man, visits an abortionist, and rolls herself off a cliff. She doesn't die on any of these accounts, but justice catches up with her, never you fear. The best performance of the picture is given by Dona Drake, as an Indian servant in Joseph and Bette's house. She's sensational. Bette seemed a trifle hammy—like one of those imitations of Bette, in fact—and David Brian and Joseph Cotten appeared to be embarrassed by the proceedings. Not without reason.

THE RECKLESS MOMENT

Cast: James Mason, Joan Bennett, Geraldine Brooks, Henry O'Neill.
Columbia

Joan Bennett's husband is in Germany, building a bridge. Joan Bennett's daughter (Geraldine Brooks) is a problem. She loves an unsavory gambler (Shepperd Strudwick). With no husband to take care of such nasty matters, Joan herself goes to see the unsavory gambler. He offers to stay away from daughter—for a sum of money. He's so pleased with this idea he makes the mistake of repeating it to daughter, later that night, when he meets her by the boat house in her back yard. Daughter's shocked, offended, furious. She whops gambler over the head with her flashlight, and goes on home. Little does she dream he's going to walk out, fall off the dock, and decessate himself by running a motorboat anchor through his throat. Poor Joan finds the body in the morning, is afraid daughter killed the man, takes the corpse out in the boat and dumps it across the bay. When the police find the body, they call it murder. Now James Mason shows up. The dead man had borrowed some money from Mason and his racketeer partner, Nagle, on a group of letters written to him by Joan's daughter. Mason and Nagle want their money. Joan says it's blackmail, Mason says



The Reckless Moment: James Mason, a black-mailer gone soft, has just killed his portner to protect their intended victim, Joan Bennett.

he knows. But she doesn't want her child mixed up in a murder, does she? And the police might like to get those letters. While Joan's trying to raise the money, Mason's falling in love with her. In the end, there's a big blow-up between him and Nagle, he kills Nagle, and is himself fatally injured while disposing of Nagle's body. He manages to get daughter's letters back for Joan, before he dies, and also to tell police he killed the anchor-in-the-neck man, thus gallantly clearing up the matter. Mason's very appealing as the black sheep with the gentle manners and the soft heart. He raises the picture to a level it couldn't possibly have attained without him.

CHAIN LIGHTNING

Cast: Humphrey Bogart, Eleanor Parker, Raymond Massey, Richard Whorf.
Warners

During the war, Humphrey Bogart's a bomber pilot, Richard Whorf is a plane designer, Eleanor Parker's a Red Cross girl. Bogart and Parker fall in love, but nothing comes of it. Years later (postwar) they all meet again, at a party given by Raymond Massey, a flashy operator who's planning to make a pile of money by manufacturing a new jet plane for the Air Forces. Eleanor's currently working as Massey's secretary, Whorf is working as Massey's right arm. Naturally Bogart ends up working as Massey's test pilot. He's glad to have the job, he's been bumming around since the war without finding his proper niche; he's glad to see Eleanor, he's always loved her, he was just never sure he was the right type for a nice kid to get mixed up with. Bogart tests the new jet successfully, but Whorf begs him to wait another 60 days before telling Massey the plane's ready to fly. Whorf's perfecting a safety device—he calls it a "pod"—which ejects the pilot from the cockpit and brings him down with automatically released parachutes. Bogart isn't one to worry about safety, though, and when Massey offers him \$25,000 to make an over-the-Pole flight, Nome to Washington, he

accepts. Massey figures the publicity will bring Navy orders for the jet. Whorf and Eleanor disapprove heartily; they don't think it's ethical to sell planes before the life-saving pod is ready. Bogart makes the flight anyhow, and makes it successfully, but Whorf, who's off somewhere testing the pod, is killed. Eleanor's mad at Bogart now. Thinks he let Whorf down. So against everybody's wishes, advice and orders, Bogart himself tests the pod, vindicates old Whorf (the pod works dandy) and gets the girl.

THE BIG WHEEL

Cast: Mickey Rooney, Thomas Mitchell, Michael O'Shea, Mary Hatcher, Spring Byington
United Artists

A story about that grisly sport, auto racing. Somebody gets burned to death every 20 minutes, but it's all yours if you can take it. Mickey Rooney's father is the first victim, and him we don't see killed, we just hear about it. Father was known as "Cannonball," and he was quite a famous racer. Mickey's determined to go and do likewise, so Mom can come out of the kitchen. Mom (Spring Byington) is understandably hysterical about his choice of professions; auto racing took her husband, she has no illusions about its sparing her son. Old beau Thomas Mitchell, ex-racer, and present owner of racing cars, tries to calm her nerves and explain things. Racers have to race, is the gist of the explanation. Spring marries Mitchell (now she won't be alone in the world, after Mickey gets his) and Mickey races his fat little head off until the day he's blackballed. He's been acting terrible, anyhow—drinking, kissing women, staying out late—and then he tries to help a pal whose car is out of commission, he only succeeds in burning his pal to death, and nobody believes it's an accident. They think Mickey was trying to win the race by "driving over" the other man, and they call him "Killer." The only person who believes in him is young Mary Hatcher. Her faith is vindicated, so don't you worry. The dialogue in *The Big Wheel* is tough, fresh, and curiously realistic. The acting is also high-level, especially Spring Byington's, Richard Lane's (he's the track owner) and Michael O'Shea's (he's a racer). There's humor, too. Mary steals a super-charger out of father Richard Lane's car. O'Shea looks at Lane, and shakes his head. "I warned ya not to have them kind of children," he says dourly.

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

THE IMPORTANCE OF A SENSIBLE BEAUTY ROUTINE IN WINTER

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Barbara Brown

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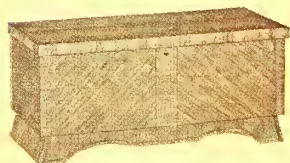
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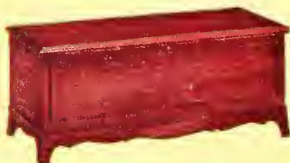
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