

VA GARDNER'S STARTLING ROMANCES!

MAR 13 1950

modern screen

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A DELL MAGAZINE • A DELL MAGAZINE •
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jeanne crain



ringing up Susan — by SHIRLEY TEMPLE

Your First Cake of Camay means a lovelier you!

A lovely complexion helps dreams come true! And you can have a smoother, softer skin with your very *first cake* of Camay. Just change to regular care—and use Camay. Let no lesser soap touch your skin—and you'll soon be lovelier!

Where in the world will you find a finer beauty soap than Camay? Camay is mildness itself. It caresses your cheek with its gentle, creamy lather and brings you that "beautifully cared-for" look. And no other soap has ever quite captured Camay's flattering fragrance. A finer soap than Camay does not exist. No wonder Camay is called "The Soap of Beautiful Women."

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Camay
The Soap of
Beautiful Women



MRS. WILLIAM W. TWIST
—nee Shirley Margaret Huycke—
lovely Camay Bride of Toronto, Canada
bridal portrait by *Sahoff*

Wonderful Deodorant News for You!

New finer Mum more effective longer!



NOW CONTAINS AMAZING
NEW INGREDIENT M-3—THAT
PROTECTS AGAINST
ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

New Protection! Let the magic of new Mum protect you—*better, longer*. For today's Mum, with wonder-working M-3, safely protects against bacteria that *cause* underarm perspiration odor. Mum never merely "masks" odor—simply doesn't give it a chance to start.

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Mum's protection grows and **GROWS!**
Thanks to its new ingredient, M-3, Mum not only stops growth of odor-causing bacteria instantly—but keeps down *future* growth. You actually *build up* protection with regular, exclusive use of new Mum!
Now at your cosmetic counter!

New **MUM**
cream deodorant

**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 Dental Cream 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 to tissues and gums! And no change in flavor, foam, or cleansing action!



No Other Dentifrice Offers Proof of Such Results!

Modern research shows tooth decay is caused by mouth acids which are at their worst right after eating. 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 with Colgate Dental Cream as directed is a safe, *proved* way to help stop tooth decay!



**ALWAYS USE
COLGATE'S TO CLEAN
YOUR BREATH WHILE
YOU CLEAN YOUR
TEETH - AND HELP
STOP TOOTH DECAY!**



Economy Size 59¢ ALSO 43¢ AND 25¢ SIZES

APRIL, 1950

modern screen

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... and you'll go wild over lovely, lyrical Jane Powell in her most joyous role ... more escapades than in "Three Daring Daughters"... more laughs than in "Luxury Liner"... more kisses than in "A Date With Judy"!



M.G.M.'s
Musical Spree
in Tropical Color By

TECHNICOLOR

STARRING

JANE POWELL ANN SOTHERN

BARRY SULLIVAN • CARMEN MIRANDA

LOUIS CALHERN • SCOTTY BECKETT

A ROBERT Z. LEONARD PRODUCTION

9
TOP TUNES

including:

"Ca-Room' Pa Pa"

"Love Is Like This"

"Time And Time Again"

"Yipsee-I-O"

AVAILABLE ON
M-G-M RECORDS

Screen Play by SIDNEY SHELDON
Based on a Story by JANE HALL,
FREDERICK KOHNER and RALPH BLOCK

Directed by
ROBERT Z. LEONARD

Produced by
JOE PASTERNAK

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

ONLY NEW ODO-RO-NO CREAM GIVES YOU ALL THESE ADVANTAGES!

- 1 Stops perspiration quickly and safely.
- 2 Banishes odor instantly.
- 3 The only cream deodorant that guarantees full protection for 24 hours.
- 4 Never irritates normal skin—use it daily. Can be used immediately after shaving.
- 5 Absolutely harmless to all fabrics.
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- 7 Double your money back if you aren't satisfied that this wonderful new Odo-Ro-No Cream is the safest, most effective, most delightful deodorant you've ever used. Just return unused portion to Northam Warren, New York.



Don't trust your charm to outdated, ineffective deodorants. Rely on the new Odo-Ro-No Cream, made by the leader in the deodorant field for more than 30 years.

new
ODO-RO-NO
CREAM

The deodorant without a doubt



**GUARANTEED
FULL 24-HOUR
PROTECTION!**

More cream for your money.
New 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax.

*Picture
of the
Month*



In 20th Century-Fox's fine comedy, *When Willie Comes Marching Home*, Don Dailey, flanked by dad William Demarest and girl Colleen Townsend, is hailed as a conquering hero.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane



WHEN WILLIE COMES MARCHING HOME

■ After Pearl Harbor, Bill Kluggs (Dan Dailey) is the first young man in his home town to enlist in the Army. The town is thrilled. He's their hero. They give him a gold identification bracelet for when he's lying on his stomach Somewhere in France. But Bill turns out to be such an excellent aerial gunnery instructor, he's stationed right outside his home town at a new field, and none of the officers in charge will let him be shipped overseas. He begs, they sneer. Gradually, everybody in town starts looking away when he walks down the street. His own father (William Demarest) begins to study him coldly. "Why should you come home every weekend, when other people's boys are fighting the war?" he says nastily. Dan's engaged to the girl next door (Colleen Townsend) but his frequent presence is embarrassing to her, too. Even the town dogs snap at his heels when he walks down the street. Every little breeze seems to whisper, "Goldbrick." Bill finally gets his orders, but nobody listens to him, he's said goodbye so many times. Over France, he has to bail out of a gasless plane, is captured by the French Underground, gets pictures of a German robot rocket, messes with Nazis, is picked up by a British boat and ferried across the Channel, is rushed to London, where officers study the rocket pictures and fly Bill to Washington to tell his amazing story. Since this all happens in four days, and since it's a top secret and Bill can't breathe a word of it, when he shows up in his home town, exhausted and bedraggled, everybody thinks he's a deserter. He's beginning to believe it's better to be a Jap spy than an American hero, when the government comes across with a commendation. Twentieth Century-Fox has turned out a very funny and unforgettable comedy in this. If you didn't know John Ford directed it, you'd swear Preston Sturges had. Corinne Calvet plays a French Underground leader (she doesn't look intellectual, but I guess she's the girl the French would most like to be underground with) and Evelyn Varden is marvelous as Bill's confused mother. (Reviews continued on page 109)



**CLIFTON
WEBB**

THAT BELVEDERE MAN
IS THE NEW FATHER
OF HIS COUNTRY!

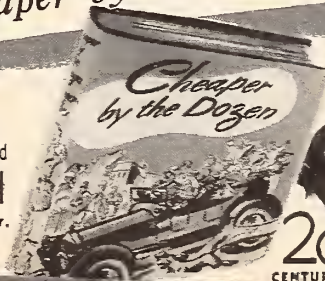
**JEANNE MYRNA
CRAIN·LOY**

*"In this, my greatest performance,
I was not entirely alone!" -Belvedere*

CHEAPER BY THE DOZEN
TECHNICOLOR

Reading from laugh to riot, it's the fabulous and numerous Gilbreth family—with that Belvedere man at the controls (all the time)! Their exploits in the best-beloved Book-of-the-Month proved that all that's best in life is much more wonderful—and cheaper by the dozen!

with
Betty Lynn · Edgar Buchanan · Barbara Bates · Mildred Natwick · Sara Allgood
Directed by **WALTER LANG** · Produced by **LAMAR TROTTI**
Screen Play by Lamar Trotti · Based on the Novel by Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr.
and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey



**20th
CENTURY-FOX**



BURT LANCASTER DEFIES DEATH while stunting spectacularly on the set of Warners' *The Hawk and the Arrow*. These remarkable shots show the former circus acrobat in the course of swinging along six parallel bars, set eight feet apart, on a castle wall 40 feet in the air. Burt performed the perilous trip five times so the cameras could catch him from all angles. Warners, no fools, insured him for \$750,000.



John Agar bats the breeze with cowboy star Rex Allen outside the Carhay Circle theater at the Hollywood premiere of *Sands of Iwo Jima*—in which Agar ducks as many bullets as any cowboy ever did.



Janet Leigh and Arthur Laew, Jr., an inevitable twosome at premieres, were no exception at the *Iwo Jima* opening—which, like all self-respecting premieres of war films, boasted a military guard.



LOVELLA PARSONS'

Good news

■ My "big" story this month is not another Hollywood broken marriage, another Hollywood love story, or news of an impending blessed event.

In many ways, it is one of the most unusual I have ever reported—I mean, Colleen Townsend's decision to give up her glamorous movie career to enter a Presbyterian theological seminary, in September, to prepare herself for a life devoted to religion.

The beautiful 20-year-old girl, who is Dan Dailey's leading lady in *When Willie Comes Marching Home* and one of the particularly bright starlets on the 20th Century-Fox lot, is giving up all the fame and attention of Hollywood stardom, plus a salary of \$1,000 weekly, to become a teacher or a missionary in her church.

I have known of older, less promising actresses giving up their careers for charitable

or religious work from time to time, but never a girl on the verge of a really brilliant career as Colleen is—or was.

When I broke the story of Colleen's amazing decision, it was front page news. Later on, I interviewed her for a longer and more detailed story.

"My decision is no reflection on motion pictures, Miss Parsons," this beautiful youngster said. "I like being an actress and I like the people in the studios. But my church and religious work mean much more to me. It is wonderful to entertain in this sad old world, but it is so much more wonderful to really help.

"I plan to dedicate my life to God, because I feel I have been called. Two years ago, I first felt I had the call to serve God. I am no different from any other girl—I mean, I am not a religious fanatic. But religion is my life.

"It isn't as though I were leaving those dependent on me without the financial help my studio contract gave me. My mother is now happily married to a wonderful man who is more than able to take care of her.

"I am not in love with anyone—although, of course, religious work in my faith does not rule out marriage."

I reminded her that she had just said she felt she had made her decision to devote herself to religious work as far back as two years ago. I asked her what she meant.

"I suppose I first had the idea after I enrolled in a baby care training course," she said. "This brought me in contact with the California Orphanage in Los Angeles. I began to love the care and training of these poor little things with no father and mother more than anything else in life. When I was away from them, I felt I was wasting my time.



Robert Taylor intently checks something or other highly technical on his plane as he prepares to take off on a recent 6,000-mile round trip from Hollywood to New York. Bob does his own expert piloting.



Bing Crosby, in a moment spared from making *Mr. Music*, drops in on another Paramount set to pass the time of day with Elizabeth Taylor while she waits to engage in a final scene for *A Place in the Sun*.

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



Not a soap,
not a cream—
Halo cannot leave
dulling, dirt-catching
soap film!

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



Removes
embarrassing
dandruff from both
hair and scalp!



Halo leaves hair
soft, manageable—
shining with colorful
natural highlights!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoos leaves dulling, dirt-catching film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils.

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

Ask for Halo—America's favorite shampoo—at any drug or cosmetic counter!



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!



Dorothy Lomour smiles broadly at her three-month-old son, Richard Thompson Howard, at third birthday party of brother Ridge (left).

"I want to say something else, too, Miss Parsons. I do not look on myself as an 'example'—but I do hope that it will mean that other young people may be influenced to take up a similar life.

"Many young people stay away from church because there are not enough young leaders. I have often talked about this with Virginia Mayo and Dennis Morgan, who are also members of my church. They feel the same way I do—and they, too, are working hard to make church work and activities interesting and gay, not just a 'Sunday duty' to other young people."

And some people dare to say that Hollywood does not have its good and unselfish side!

Clark Goble and his Sylvia are living at his Encino ranch very quietly and accepting very few social bids—which is rough on socially-ambitious hostesses.

They have attended just two parties that I know of—one at the home of the Louis B. Mayers and another at the Dore Scharys'.

I think it is pretty cute, however, that Clark has introduced Sylvia to all his old cronies—the gateman at MGM, for instance, and some of his pets in the MGM publicity department.

Sylvia says she is just getting herself used to the ranch house because she spent exactly one day there before they left on their Honolulu honeymoon. "I think you should know a place, really get the feel of it, before starting to redecorate," she told me.

She can't imagine where in the world some reporters got it into their heads that her nickname is "Silky." "I have never been called 'Silky' in my life," she says. "And certainly Clark does not call me that."

If you ask me—he calls her nothing but "darling" and, when referring to Sylvia, "my sweetheart."

Speaking of brides, wild horses couldn't make Betsy Drake have anything to do with redecorating Cary Grant's house.

"It's his house," says she. "He owned it and liked it before I came along. Any changes are up to him!"

She was asked—but how about the bedroom? Didn't she want to make that more feminine?

"Oh, we don't share the same room," said the new Mrs. Cary Grant. "Cary agrees with me that adults should have separate rooms."

JANE MARLENE MICHAEL RICHARD
WYMAN DIETRICH WILDING TODD

THE
STAGE
IS SET
FOR
WARNER
BROS'

MOST EXCITING
HIT YET...

ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S
**Stage
Fright**

WITH
ALISTAIR SIM • DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE

.. there she stood--
the actress in a role
she didn't dare play!

SCREEN PLAY BY WHITFIELD COOK
ADAPTATION BY ALMA REVILLE
ADDITIONAL DIALOGUE BY JAMES BRIDIE
BASED ON A NOVEL BY SELWYN JEPSON



ATTENTION, ALL MOVIEGOERS! Now is the time to kill that 20% U. S. Movie Tax! Wire or write your congressman!



Which Twin has the Toni?

Lucille and Lois Barnes of Los Angeles. The Toni Twin says. "Toni always gives me a wave that's soft and natural-looking." Can you tell which is the Toni Twin? See answer below.

Hair styles in this picture by Don Riso, famous Hollywood hair stylist.

Toni looks as lovely as a \$20 permanent
—feels as soft as naturally curly hair*

Now—any day, any time—for only one dollar you can get a wave that's caressably soft—like naturally curly hair . . . and guaranteed to look just as lovely, last just as long as a beauty shop permanent costing \$20. (*Including shampoo and set.)

What's Toni's secret? It's the lotion. Toni waving lotion is an exclusive creme formula developed through years of research. This gentle-action formula was especially created to give you a wave that's free of harsh frizziness from the very first day—a wave that *feels* and *behaves* like naturally curly hair. But remember, *only* with Toni Home Permanent do you get this superb waving lotion.

"I'm not a twin, but I am a Toni fan" says Carol Maurer, student at Northwestern University. "Toni is the only permanent that seems just right for my baby-fine hair . . . never leaves it frizzy, but always soft and natural-looking."



Wonderful results—again and again! What better proof of Toni quality? Toni is the only permanent that has given over 67 million lovely, long-lasting waves. Some women have used Toni ten times or more

and say their waves are always soft, natural-looking, easy to manage. Letters of praise come from women with every type of hair—even gray, bleached and baby-fine hair. So whether you are buying your first Toni or your tenth, you can be sure of getting a wave that looks as lovely as a \$20 permanent—

feels as soft as naturally curly hair. Lois, the twin on the right, has the Toni.

For complete hair care get Toni Creme Shampoo and Toni Creme Rinse, too.



TONI SPIN CURLERS
twice as easy - twice as fast

All plastic. No rubber bands.
They grip the hair . . . spin up the curls
. . . and lock with a flick of the finger.

Available in combination
with Toni Refill . . . only \$2.29



Jone Russell crowns Douglos S. Burns, 20, of Boston, "Dub of the Year" of a Boston party held by six young men to satirize debutantes.

Personal Opinions: Zachary Scott misses his daughter, Waverley, living in the East with her mother since the rift, so much it's sad. But he is going to take the 13-year-old on a fishing trip and perhaps to Europe . . . Douglas Dick should watch that he gets his hair cut often enough. Even when he doesn't need it for a movie, he's a little "long" over the collar. . . . Nominations for the two whackiest names for babies extant: Yasmin Khan and Tertius Wilcoxon (selected by the Henry Wilcoxons for their third child whether it is a boy or a girl!). . . . How silly are the technicalities which kept "Baby, It's Cold Outside" from being nominated for the best song of 1949 in the Academy voting!

After a 10-day separation, Gail Russell and Guy Madison reconciled—as everyone expected they should. But I guess those two will always be "explosive."

They live and love under such a high state of emotionalism that, as one of their pals said, "Everything is a production with them. They can't send out the laundry or do the marketing without making it a major event. Trouble is—they're both too tense about everything!"

That must be true because when they separated, Gail went to a sanitarium to recuperate. Guy went to live with friends.

There was a report that Gail was so mad at him that she moved out all the furniture when she left. But that is not true.

(For more details about Guy and Gail, see page 43.—Ed.)

Elizabeth Taylor just laughs off talk that Vic Damone, the singer, has it so bad for her that he wouldn't date any girl in New York.

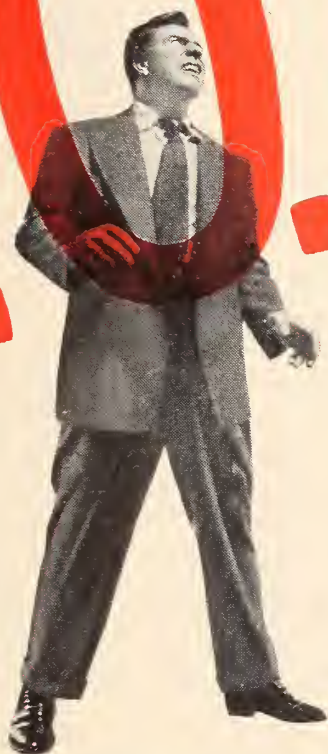
"That isn't true," says luscious Liz. "Things just aren't that serious between Vic and me and never were. I know he has taken out Toni Arden and other girls."

"I like Vic—but that's all."

Not in a long time has Hollywood had a visitor who attracted as much attention as glamorous Sharmen Douglas, blonde daughter of Ambassador Douglas.

She is blonde, slim, very well-mannered and plenty surprised about the excitement her friendship with Princess Margaret has aroused throughout the world.

D.O.A.



*...the strangest entry ever made on a police blotter...
the story of a man who sets out to avenge
his own murder...*

a **MOTION** picture!

Harry M. Popkin presents

D.O.A.

starring

EDMOND O'BRIEN
and
PAMELA BRITTON



with

LUTHER ADLER Beverly Campbell • Neville Brand • Lynn Baggett
William Ching • Henry Hart • Laurette Luez

Produced by Leo C. Popkin • Directed by Rudy Mate • Story and Screenplay by
Russell Rouse and Clarence Greene • Music Written and Directed by Dimitri Tiomkin
A Harry M. Popkin Production • Released thru United Artists



only **PERMA-LIFT** Bras

give you "The Lift that never lets you down"



Look for the
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Every girl a beauty queen—that's what your lovely "Perma-lift"* Bra is designed to do. Everything about it is wonderful—the Magic Insets that support your breasts from below—the misty sheer fabrics—the enchanting colors. Wash it, wear it—the lasting support is magically, permanently there. At

your favorite corsetiere—priced so low you can afford several—\$1.25 to \$5. Select your "Perma-lift" Bra today.

For a slim, trim figure and comfort beyond compare, wear a "Perma-lift" Magic Inset Girdle—No Bones About It—Stays Up Without Stays.

*"Perma-lift", a trade-mark of A. Stein & Company (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)



Joan Evans visits Forley Gronger on the Goldwyn set. Forley, picked by Modern Screen, is on the Kellogg Co.'s current variety cereal package.

I talked with Sharman at the cocktail party given in her honor by Peter Lawford and his parents. Surprisingly, very few young people were there. Lady Lawford had asked mostly older people, many staid Britishers. But if Sharman missed seeing some of the younger movie stars, she did not show it.

Later, however, Peter took Sharman to the tennis matches and out night-clubbing—and some of his friends were along. But, mostly, he kept the attractive Miss Douglas to himself. Pete seemed to like being in the lime-light with Sharman.

They went dancing every night—so he must have felt a bit flattened when a reporter asked her what she thought of his dancing.

"Oh, he isn't especially terrific," smiled Miss Douglas!

Even so—she didn't go dancing with anyone else!

* * *
Look for funny-man Jack Carson to marry Lola Albright when his divorce from Kay St. Germaine becomes final. She isn't the first girl Jack has dated since he separated from his wife three years ago. It was once thought he might marry Doris Day.

But that is long since on ice—and Lois is the every-night date in his life right now.

* * *
One of the fun parties of the season was the buffet supper party Nadia and Reginald Gardiner gave for Beatrice Lillie. What a turn-out!

The clothes were absolutely dreamy with most of the girls wearing very low necklines and the short dinner gowns.

Jennifer Jones, with a very short haircut, was really chic—but more important, she looks so much happier since she and David Selznick were married. During their engagement, they battled continually and usually staged their biggest tiffs at parties. One or the other of them would leave in a huff. But at Nadia and Reggie's, all was sweetness and light between the Selznicks.

Joan Crawford, who has played the field ever since she and Greg Bautzer broke up, arrived on the arm of a very attractive young man who was introduced as Dick Egan, her leading man.

The Darryl Zanucks and Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger had supper together for a very good reason. It happened to be their joint wedding anniversary. Joan was saying she

RAGING ISLAND...RAGING PASSIONS!



This is IT!
THE PLACE:
STROMBOLI
THE STAR:
BERGMAN
UNDER
THE INSPIRED DIRECTION OF
ROSSELLINI



*I dreamed
I went
sightseeing in my*

maidenform bra*

*"How dreamy! Me...trifling
with the Eiffel tower. Me...the
loveliest sight of all, beautifully
rounded by my Maidenform bra.
Haven't you dreamed of
a bra with fit like Maidenform's?"*

Shown: Allegro in white satin...
the bra that curves you so prettily.
For more accentuation, you'll
want Allo-ette*. Just two of a vast
collection of styles and fabrics.*

*There is a Maidenform
for every type of figure!*

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Alono and David Ladd perch on Louella Parsons' knee as she interviews them and parents Alon and Sue on one of her recent broadcasts.

spent a fortune educating her daughter—who is now using that education to raise grapes in Imperial Valley!

"She is happiest," said Joan, referring to Diana, her eldest, married daughter—"when dashing about in a red jeep seeing how the grapes are coming on."

Linda Christian Power, who dramatizes everything, gave us a blow-by-blow account of her robbery in Mexico City—and what a difficult time her brother's wife had when her baby was born. All the time the fascinating and volatile Linda was telling us these tidbits, she was also modeling her new Italian gown and showing us her French purse—the latter giving me an idea. I have a top just like the little jade mouse on her handbag that I could use as a clasp—only my top is composed of elephants.

I noticed the Louis Jourdans stayed as far apart as possible from the David Selznicks—which is ironic considering that Louis was David's best man when he married Jennifer. But Louis and his boss are having contract troubles and seem much happier apart these days.

Clifton Webb was very amusing—as always—particularly when he and Bea Lillie went into one of their own routines. They also have a little private joke in which he calls her "Doll" and she calls him "Dill"—but only Bea and Clifton know what it means—and they won't tell.

Almost everyone in Hollywood believes that Shirley Temple will have to do something different on the screen. Her latest pictures have not paid off at the box-office.

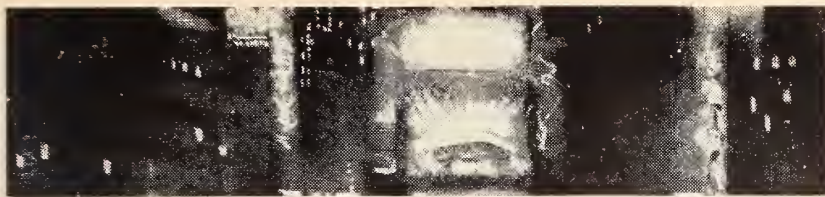
Personally, I believe the sensational testimony she gave against John Agar at the time of their divorce, may have a lot to do with it. At least, it did not do Shirley any good.

Probably, Shirley did what her lawyers told her to. But with all due respect to those legal minds, the advice wasn't very good.

There was something rather sad and dramatic and really sweet about Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan on either side of their daughter at the party Janie gave on the youngster's 13th birthday.

When the cake was brought in, Jane and Ronnie stepped up to the little girl's side and both put their arms around her. They said, almost in unison, "Make a wish, darling." Then they both kissed her.

I wondered if that wish might have been that her mother and father would one day



All the HEARTBEATS and HEARTACHES of a GREAT CITY!



Here is Damon Runyon at his exciting best . . . bringing you, as only he could, the wonderful characters, the thrilling drama and excitement that made him famous.



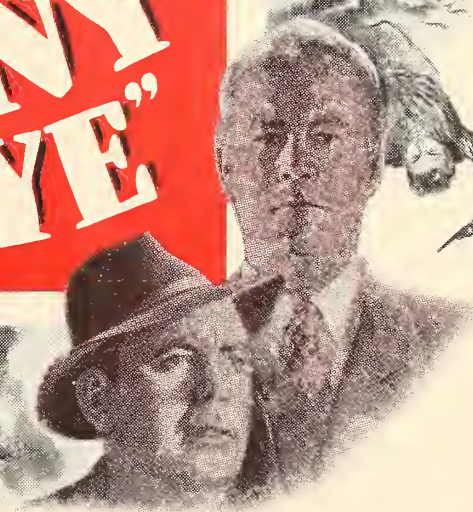
**KEEP
YOUR EYE
ON...**



**Damon Runyon's
"JOHNNY
ONE-EYE"**



THE MOST
DEVASTATING
"DOLL"
IN THE
RUNYON GALLERY



**Benedict Bogeaus presents Damon Runyon's
"JOHNNY ONE-EYE" starring PAT O'BRIEN**

WAYNE MORRIS • DOLORES MORAN and introducing **Gayle Reed**

Produced by **BENEDICT BOGEAUS** • Directed by **ROBERT FLOREY** • Screenplay by **RICHARD LANDAU**

Based on the story, "Johnny One-Eye" by Damon Runyon • Released Thru United Artists



JEEPERS! Buttercup Almost Forgot!

She's learned the Hard Way what it Costs to Forget, and Buttercup's Taking no Chances.

There was that Jolly Bachelor, Fresh from Kalamazoo, with plenty of Lettuce and "Object Matrimony" written all over him, whose First date was his Last.

Ditto for the big Glamour Boy at the Beach last summer, who Kissed her Once, then gave her the Deep Freeze.

Ditto for the quiet Casanova who took her to the Movies then Dropped her on her own Doorstep at nine-thirty.

That isn't going to happen this time. Buttercup's got a new Boy Friend and she intends to Keep Him. She isn't going to let Halitosis (unpleasant breath) Snap the String in Cupid's Bow. This time She'll be *Sweet Little Buttercup* because she's going back Right Now to let Listerine Antiseptic look after her breath.

She knows Listerine Antiseptic is the *Extra-Careful* precaution against offending. She knows that it freshens and sweetens the breath . . . not for mere minutes . . . but for hours, usually.

Moral: It's better to be sweet than side-tracked, so, before any date, never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.



Denise Dorcel, *Battleground* sensation, is covered with military glory by the 108th Airborne Division at the film's opening in Atlanta.

kiss and make up. Both the Reagan children love their parents so much.

Personally, I haven't much hope for the reconciliation. If they could have patched it up in the beginning—yes. But too much time has gone by—and I think that, for a little while anyway, Jane was really in love with Lew Ayres.

Lew was conspicuously not present at the party, which was right. He and Jane have been seeing each other from time to time, but I think any deep feeling between them is past now.

For such a quiet-spoken, deeply philosophical young man, Lew certainly has a way with the ladies. Few who have loved him ever forget him.

* * *

The most ambitious teen-ager I have ever known is Joan Evans, 15-year-old Goldwyn starlet. Not content with being a movie star with Farley Granger and Dana Andrews to make love to her, she is preparing herself for musical comedy on Broadway.

Her dancing coach is Nico Charisse, ex-husband of Cyd Charisse, and he says Joan has a terrific dancing career ahead of her if she wants it. "And I do," dimples the darling.

* * *

Took myself a little time off for a two-weeks whirl in New York—and I mean whirl. I always get a tremendous kick coming East and I never fail to get a new slant on movies and stars.

Even on the train, I can seldom resist asking my porter whom he likes among the stars. I love talking to fans—and even those who pretend to scorn Hollywood.

But most of all I enjoy watching our hard-working stars relax completely and just have a good time for themselves in New York.

I went East on the same train with Ethel Barrymore. Of course, I realize how beloved and popular she is everywhere—but I still got a kick out of the big crowd of reporters at the train to interview her when we pulled into Chicago.

Unfortunately, the one-and-only Ethel was ill, and could not leave her drawing room. All the scribes were disappointed. "We would rather talk with Miss Barrymore than a dozen Hollywood glamor girls," one of the interviewers told me.


Robert Taylor was the first person to call me when I stepped into my rooms at the Waldorf Towers. He had been on the Coast when I left—I had seen him with Barbara Stanwyck at Jane Wyman's party—and here he had beaten me to New York by two days!

"Just decided to fly East for a television

The most admired patterns...



New SPRING GARDEN

are Sterling Inlaid, the silverplate
with two blocks of sterling 
inlaid at backs of bowls and
handles of most used spoons and forks.

LOVELY LADY

Thus the exquisite beauty of
these four magnificently designed
Holmes & Edwards patterns
stays lovelier longer.

DANISH PRINCESS*

Particularly note Spring Garden,
the gay, new favorite. 52 piece
service for 8, chest included,
in all patterns, \$68.50.

YOUTH

HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID®
SILVERPLATE



*ALL PATTERNS MADE IN U. S. A.

Lovely lady... Lovely hair
 She's a "Rayving Beauty" now!

*"My first Rayve Home Permanent—
 and it's wonderful!"*

says **Elaine Stewart**

PROMISING NEW YORK MODEL

"Even the day after my Rayve wave, I faced the camera with confidence. My hair was sparkling and soft, with a really natural-looking wave. And now, months later, it's still lovely. I've never been so happy with a wave before!"

TRY YOUR HAIR MISS STEWART'S WAY! Write Janet Wakefield, Dept. D, Pepsodent, 80 Varick St., New York 13, N. Y. for free, do-it-yourself instructions.



Now much faster...
 yet the Dial-a-Wave
 makes it so sure!

Now wave your hair faster than ever! Yet be sure of success. Rayve's exclusive Dial-a-Wave shows you instantly the fastest waving time for your hair—to get exactly the right amount of curl. There's no guesswork!

Rayve lasts longer... yet looks lovelier from the start! Your Rayve wave will shimmer with highlights, and almost set itself! No frizzy ends ever... for Rayve's improved waving lotion is so much gentler, safer. And because it's timed individually for you, your Rayve wave stays lovely weeks longer!



Accepted by the Committee on Cosmetics of the American Medical Assn.



COMPLETE RAYVE KIT

\$2

RAYVE REFILL

\$1

WHAT ABOUT CURLERS?

Use any plastic curlers... for Rayve's lovelier results came from the gentler salutions and individual Dial-a-Wave timing.

Rayve Home Permanent

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY



P.S.

KEEP THAT "RAYVING BEAUTY" LOOK BETWEEN WAVES... with Rayve Creme Shampoo. Not o soap... gets hair cleaner!



Fred Astaire gives Vera-Ellen the whirl of her young life as they rehearse a dance scene for the new MGM musical, *Three Little Words*.

show—and a couple of days' sightseeing," laughed Bob. "I flew my plane in and we would have been here sooner except for a storm or two along the way!"

Ran into the Gordon MacRaes at 21, and I still say Mrs. MacRae is one of our prettiest. No wonder she sort of hankers after a screen career. The MacRaes were going on to Florida after his personal appearance stint at the Strand.

New York, I love you!

The Letter Box: For heaven's sake, let me straighten out you letter-writers (at least a dozen of you) who think Frankie Sinatra is the "married man" Dorothy Kirsten has fallen in love with! I couldn't be more surprised that so many of you think this—probably because they appear on the same radio show together.

Frankie and Nancy had a tiff last month. They will probably always have tiffs because they are hot tempered and quick to anger. But Dorothy had nothing to do with it. The man she is interested in is a doctor in Texas.

I've also noticed a couple of hammers out for Montgomery Clift because he is not prompt in answering his fan mail. Give the boy time. He's been working hard and is out touring the country just to make friends with all of you.

Shirley Temple's undying fans would love her no matter what she does—but there are some minor complaints about her too-short hair cut.

Well, I guess that's all for now. See you next month!

PHOTO CREDITS

Below are page by page credits for photographs appearing in this issue.

6 T. Lt., T. Rt., International News, B. Lt., B. Rt., Bert Parry—7 B. Lt., Keystone, B. Rt., Globe—8 T. Rt., Acme—10 T. Rt., Wide World—12 T. Rt., Goldwyn—14 T. Rt., Margaret Ettinger—16 T. Rt., Wide World—18 T. Rt., Bert Parry—20 Wide World—24 MGM—28, 29 Bob Beerman—30 MGM—31 T., Bert Parry, B., Bob Beerman—32, 33 Bob Beerman—34 M. S. Staff—35 T. Lt., Wide World, T. Rt., Schuyler Crail, Bot. Lt., M. S. Staff, Bot. Rt., Don Ornitz—36, 37 Bob Beerman—38 Bert Parry—39 Bunny Sexton—40, 41, 42 Bert Parry—43 M. S. Staff—44, 45 Bert Parry—46, 47 Bob Beerman—48 Bot. Lt., Kaderian, Bot. Cen., M. S. Staff, Bot. Rt., International News—49 T., CBS, Bot. Lt., Bert Parry, Bot. Rt., CBS—50 Bert Parry—51 T., Warners, Cen. and Bot., Bob Beerman—53 Bob Beerman—54 Lt., Bob Beerman, Rt., Bert Parry—55 Bert Parry—56 T. Lt., Bob Beerman, Bot. Lt., Art Carter, Rt., Bob Beerman—57 Bob Beerman—61 International News—63 20th Century-Fox. Abbreviations: Bot., Bottom; Cen., Center; Lt., Left; Rt., Right; T., Top.

No Sad Songs For Me

As fellow players in an industry of which we are proud, and to which we devote our talents and our efforts, we would like to make public our applause of the brave and tender story of *NO SAD SONGS FOR ME* and Margaret Sullivan for her amazing exposition of a woman's inner glory.

We are proud too of *PINKY*, *ALL THE KING'S MEN*, *SNAKE PIT*, *GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT* and certain other motion pictures, which like *NO SAD SONGS FOR ME*, dealt with unusual subject matter.

This is a story of courage and people . . . not special people, but ordinary every-day people . . . with a background of an average middle-sized town.

Mary Scott is one of these people, a woman of courage . . . of great courage and spirit. There are thousands and thousands of Mary Scotts . . . They live in small hamlets and big cities. Life gives them the same benefits and the same penalties . . . and the same sacrifices.

But in telling the story of this particular Mary Scott and her great love for her husband and child, there is as well within the confines of a screenplay, a theme that is world-wide in its interest . . . something that has gained momentum in newspaper headlines everywhere and will continue to cause panic and fear until the eventual hoped-for day of solution.

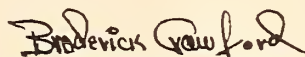
The consequences of this forthright presentation of *NO SAD SONGS FOR ME* will echo and re-echo.

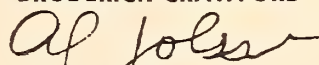

EDWARD ARNOLD

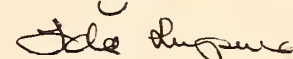

LUCILLE BALL

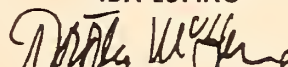

JOAN BENNETT



HUMPHREY BOGART

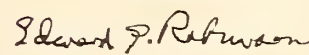

BRODERICK CRAWFORD


AL JOLSON



IDA LUPINO


DOROTHY MCGUIRE

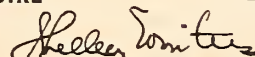

DICK POWELL


EDWARD G. ROBINSON


ROSALIND RUSSELL


LIZABETH SCOTT


CORNEL WILDE


SHELLEY WINTERS



A joyful Rita Hayworth cuddles her baby as daddy Aly Khan admires them both. Yasmin was born December 28 at Lausanne, Switzerland.

when a Princess is born

That Swiss city
was used to historic
events occurring
in its midst—
but it never
had known anything
like the birth
of Rita's baby!

BY ISRAEL SHENKER

■ The city of Lausanne, in Switzerland, is used to unusual happenings, and takes them pretty much in stride. It is especially used to celebrated births. Royalty has long chosen the tidy Swiss city as the birthplace for its heirs and heiresses. It was only natural, therefore, that Prince Aly Khan and Rita Hayworth should choose it for their first child.

After months of travel about Europe, Rita and Aly came to Lausanne and settled down in the large and palatial Lausanne-Palace Hotel, which has been the scene of important international conferences in the past. When Aly and Rita arrived, it became the scene of one of the most intensely-covered royal births in history.

Newspapermen started coming from all over the world. Soon you could hardly walk through the lobby of the Lausanne-Palace without tripping over a reporter, or kicking over photo equipment alongside the manager's desk. A permanent watch of five newsmen was established just in front of the entrance to the hotel, (Continued on page 83)

Somewhere...

somehow...

some time...

every man

learns

that

"DEAD"

starring

PEGGY CUMMINS
JOHN DALL



new faces

DAVID WAYNE has been an actor ever since his sixth birthday. At that time he starred in neighborhood productions, but later at Michigan State University where he was supposed to be studying business administration, David took an active part in college dramatics. He hit New York in *The American Way* with Fredric March, and stayed there until the outbreak of the war, which cast him as a lieutenant with the American forces in Italy. Now dividing his time between Hollywood and New York, David's latest is *Adam's Rib*. He's five-feet-nine-inches tall and has brown eyes and hair. He's married to Jane Gordon.



ANNE PEARCE got such good reviews for her performance in *The Vigil* when it ran on Broadway (for two weeks) that Universal-International hired her almost sight unseen. She'd been offered screen tests before but turned them down because she thought she wasn't ready. Anne was born in Saginaw, Michigan, on March 25, 1926 and graduated cum laude from USC in 1947. She made her movie debut in *Yes, Sir, That's My Baby* and you'll see her soon in *Outside the Wall*. Anne is five-feet-six-inches tall and weighs 120 lbs.



ANTHONY CURTIS blames the war for his recent Hollywood debut, but he's not complaining. After returning from submarine warfare in the Pacific, Tony took advantage of the GI Bill, studied drama and took part in amateur theatricals and borscht circuit offerings until a scout for Universal-International asked him to come to Hollywood. You saw him first in *City Across the River*; his next is *Sierra*. Tony was born in New York on June 3, 1925, has blue eyes, black hair, and is six feet tall.



PEGGIE CASTLE won a contract with Universal-International because of a hilariously funny scene in *Mr. Belvedere Goes To College* in which she appeared with Clifton Webb. All of her previous theatrical experience had been received in dramatic schools. Peggie was born in Appalachia, Va., on December 22, 1927 and with her family lived a nomadic life—her father, an industrial relations director, kept moving from city to city. She's five-feet-seven-inches, weighs 120 lbs. and is now in *Woman in Hiding*.



Are you in the know?



How to decide about a Spring suit?

- ☐ Buy it and diet
- ☐ Pick a pastel shade
- ☐ Take a stroll

You *adore* the suit! But how about *fit*? Does the new narrow skirt defy your figure? If in doubt, stroll around the store. Try sitting; then see the mirror. Budget-wise bunnies shun suits too large or small—or delicate shades that “live” at the cleaner’s. (Choose checks; navy; any smart medium tone.) Be perfectly suited, too, as to sanitary protection needs. Decide on the right-for-you Kotex absorbency. How? By trying *all 3*!

If you’d stop going steady—

- ☐ Start feudin’ and fightin’
- ☐ Send him his class ring
- ☐ Tell him your sentiments

Suddenly, your heart—or noggin—tells you the “one and only” deal is not your dish. Should you “sledge-hammer” the issue? Or just silently break away? Ixnay! Tell him your sentiments, *tactfully*. Then no-one’s bitter and your rating’s still tops. Beware of making enemies . . . and on “those” days be wary of that foe of poise: embarrassment. Kotex defends you, with a special *safety center* designed for your extra protection!

What’s the newest eye-catcher?

- ☐ The nape of her neck
- ☐ The dangling earrings
- ☐ The hiked hemline

Get you! Echoing your Mom’s prom get-ups (almost)! You’re daring the new “twenties trend.” But with that shingle—sister, the nape of your neck’s showing. So, when applying makeup base and dazzle-dust, don’t stop at the chin line. Give your *neck* a break—all around. Prom time need never hold problem-time “nightmares”; not if you’ve chosen Kotex. That’s because those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines!



If you were stepping into this taxi, should you sit—

- ☐ Beside the belle
- ☐ On the opposite side
- ☐ On your squire’s lap

Maybe you’ve heard that a gentleman’s place should always be on the outside. You guess that goes for all occasions. ‘Tain’t so, though, in wheelodom. Stepping into this taxi, you should choose the opposite side, so either squire can sit between you wimmin.

And when you step out—to a dance, or wherever—cancel calendar “woes” with Kotex. For Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. Gives dream-cloud softness that *holds its shape*. You’re at ease from the first rhumba to the goodnight waltz!



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



For extra comfort on “those” days, should you—

- ☐ Stay in bed
- ☐ Go square-dancing
- ☐ Buy a nylan belt

Comfort doesn’t call for cod-dling—or “square” fests. Your best bet’s a new Kotex Wonderform Belt. It’s made with DuPont nylon elastic—won’t twist, won’t curl, won’t cut! Gives 118% stretch, yet it’s *strong*, smooth-feeling; wispy-weight. Dries fast. Stays flat even after many tubbings. And see how much easier, quicker the new *firm-grip fastener* is to use! For extra comfort—buy the new nylon elastic Kotex Wonderform Belt.

2 TYPES:

Pin style
and with new
safety fastener



Kotex Wonderform* Belt
Buy two—for a change



She loves them—
she loves them not.
It's a strange
and puzzling game
for a girl
who's got marriage
on her mind.

BY BEATRICE BLANCHARD

A

*ava gardner's
startling
romances!*

■ "Now, look," said the director, "let's try it once more. Only this time, kiss him as if he were the last man on earth."

Ava Gardner nodded. She slid her tongue across her full, sensuous lips. Her curving bosom rose with the swell of a deep breath, and then she slinked toward Clark Gable. She came close against him, mouth caught mouth, eyes lowered in simulated passionate ecstasy, and Gable was kissed.

In fact, so thoroughly kissed that it took him a few minutes to recover from the pleasant shock. When he did, someone on the set came up and asked him, "How was it?"

Clark shook that handsome, leonine head of his, and grinned. "Zowie!" he said. That happened three years ago when Ava and Clark were making *The Hucksters*.

Three months ago when a Hollywood columnist announced on her radio program, "I'm very sorry to report that Frank Sinatra has left home . . . and is telling his troubles to Ava Gardner," that same zowie reaction came (*Continued on page 99*)

New Beauty Magic from the Westmores of Hollywood

THE MEN WHO MAKE THE STARS MORE BEAUTIFUL



JANE WYMAN
Starring In
"STAGE FRIGHT"
A Warner Bros. Production



59c*

"MY CHOICE WAS WESTMORE'S Over-Glo Cake Powder Make-Up for Jane Wyman. Every woman, with skin as delicate and subtly-tinted as Miss Wyman's, will marvel at this new alluring soft, natural finish that lasts for hours—yet needs no foundation. And it does not dry out the skin! It's Hollywood's complexion magic! It can be yours too!"
PERC WESTMORE,
Make-Up Director, Warner Bros. Studios



59c* and 29c*

"HIGHLIGHTS OF ROMANCE—that's what the stars call Westmore Rouge, Hollywood's own formula for glamour! It is truly a make-up secret leading stars of Hollywood rely on for sheer beauty witchery." Available Cream or Dry.

WALLY WESTMORE,
Famous Hollywood Make-Up Director



"SMART GIRLS follow the lead of Hollywood's most dazzling stars—by always insisting on Westmore Lipstick! Special Hollywood star tested creamy lipstick that stays on—creating a lasting illusion of radiance and beauty. It's a make-up must!"

BUD WESTMORE,
Famous Hollywood Make-Up Director

59c* and 29c*

Certified

COSMETICS OF THE STARS

We hereby certify that the cosmetics advertised and sold under our name are exactly the same cosmetics we use to make the stars more beautiful at Warner Brothers, Paramount and Universal-International Studios.

Bud Westmore
Wally Westmore



**Hollywood's Beauty Secrets
for Your Very Own**

The cosmetic secrets of Hollywood's most glamorous stars are now *yours* . . . in famous Westmore Cosmetics.

Westmore . . . and *only* Westmore . . . are the *certified* cosmetics of the stars, the same make-up they use on the screen. Why be satisfied with less? On sale at variety, chain and drug store cosmetic counters.



*plus tax

Certified Cosmetics of the Stars For You

Westmore Cosmetics . . . 59c* and 29c*

LIPSTICK
DRY ROUGE
CREAM ROUGE
FACE POWDER

CREAM MAKE-UP
CAKE MAKE-UP
CAKE POWDER MAKE-UP

TRU-GLO POWDER
FOUNDATION CREAM
EYE SHADOW

NIGHT CREAM
SKIN FRESHENER
EYEBROW PENCIL
COLD CREAM CLEANSING

Westmore Cosmetics available in Canada at slightly higher prices

**Westmore HOLLYWOOD
Cosmetics**



Doctors Prove Palmolive Soap Can Bring You A Lovelier Complexion in 14 Days !

No Matter What Your Age or Type of Skin!

Not just a promise—but actual proof from 36 leading skin specialists that Palmolive Soap facials can bring new complexion beauty to 2 out of 3 women

Never before these tests have there been such sensational beauty results! Yes, scientifically conducted tests on 1285 women—supervised by 36 leading skin specialists—have proved conclusively that *in just 14 days* a new method of cleansing with Palmolive . . . using nothing but Palmolive . . . brings lovelier complexions to 2 out of every 3 women.

Here is the easy method:

1. Just wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap, massaging Palmolive's remarkable beautifying lather onto your skin for 60 seconds each time . . . as you would a cream.
2. Now rinse and dry—that's all.

It's these 60-second facials with Palmolive's rich and gentle lather that work such wonders.

Here is the proof it works!

In 1285 tests on all types of skin—older and younger, dry and oily—2 out of every 3 women showed astonishing complexion improvement in just 14 days. Conclusive proof of what you have been seeking—a way to beautify your complexion that really works. Start this new Palmolive way to beauty tonight.



**You, Too, May Look For These
Complexion Improvements
in 14 days!**

- Fresher, Brighter Complexions!
- Less oiliness!
- Added softness, smoothness even for dry skin!
- Complexions clearer, more radiant!
- Fewer tiny blemishes—incipient blackheads!

For Tub
or Shower
Get Big
Bath Size Palmolive



DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

Dear Mr. and Mrs. James:

Hollywood has started 1950 with a sadly familiar story—a dismal series of divorces, suits for divorces and separations.

It can with some justice be pointed out that Hollywood in this respect is no worse than the rest of the country. But the fact can't be ducked that a Hollywood divorce always delivers a much bigger impact than occurs when Mr. and Mrs. Joe Jones of Anytown decide they can no longer stand the sight of each other.

Be that as it may, we're getting more than a little tired of seeing Hollywood separations and divorces every time we pick up a paper. So we find it refreshing to consider the happy marriage of two such sane Hollywood people as you, Mr. and Mrs. James. In all the years you've been married, there's been no rumor of trouble between you that hasn't turned out to be the wildest fantasy.

Recently, Betty, you summed up the state of your marriage very simply. You said: "Harry and I are happy. We love our children and we try to live as normal a life as two professional people can. I am in love with my husband and he is in love with me."

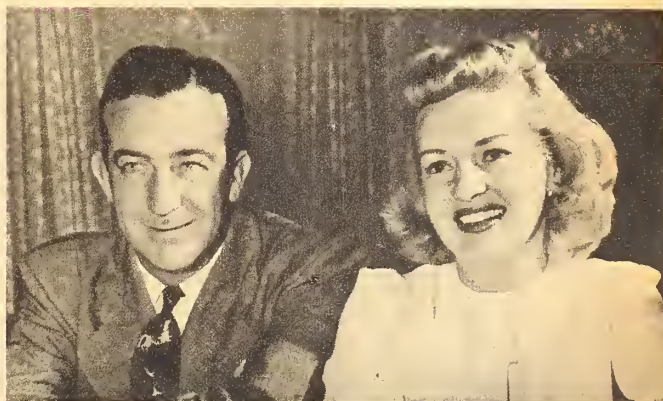
In that statement there is a key word. It is a small but powerful one. That word is *try*.

For there has never been a sound marriage that was accomplished without effort. To be successful in marriage requires the constant exercise of patience, faith, consideration and understanding. Obviously, your marriage has worked because you've worked at it.

There's another key word in your statement: *Normal*. Certainly there's no more wholesome, normal family life in Hollywood than yours. A clear proof of it lies in your children—healthy, well-balanced youngsters who reflect the common sense with which you're raising them.

And there's a third key word in your statement. That word is *love*.

three little words



an open
letter to
betty grable
and
harry james

William B. Hartley
EDITOR

Bringing up susan

by Shirley Temple

In the following exclusive story, the first of a MODERN SCREEN series, Shirley Temple gives in her own words a warm and charming picture of her tiny daughter—a delightful little girl whose counterpart is familiar to every reader. Yet we feel that, reading between the lines, you'll find the story is more than this. It is also the moving portrait of a young mother who, still emerging from a period of heartbreak, is doing her very best to fill an emptiness that tragic circumstances have created. It is, in brief, a story of simple courage.—THE EDITORS

■ Last week for the first time I had to spank Linda Susan.

The incident began when she toddled over to the bird cage in the living room and started to shake it vigorously. Inside the cage the two love birds quickly changed their usual gentle chirping to outraged squawks. I rushed to their rescue—and then explained to my two-year-old daughter that she'd made the birds very sad. "See," I said, pointing to the ruffled creatures, "they're so unhappy that they're crying."

Not impressed, Linda Susan wrinkled up her nose and giggled. I knew she didn't want to hurt the birds. But the shiny metal cage fascinated her. And when she'd swung it back and forth in the sunlight, it had sparkled and glittered even more.

When her little hand insisted on reaching again for the cage, I gave her a stern look. "I wouldn't, Linda Susan," I said. (Continued on page 104)

My baby
is growing up.
She pulls down
bird cages, dresses
in my clothes,
is learning how to
handle boy friends—
and even has
to be spanked
occasionally!



Like countless other two-year-olds, Linda Susan loves to dance to the radio.



Linda Susan, who delights in "dressing up," earnestly models an oversized sombrero.



She's particularly fond of arraying herself in Mother's furs. This cape is her favorite.



She's fascinated by the piano and
(right) by her pal Lannie, the collie.



Interested in the secret of a full life? Ask the girl who's got one—Esther Williams.

busiest girl in town

by Jane Morris

■ Guests at The Trails restaurant in Westchester used to be surprised when, on a busy night, their waitress was Esther Williams. Now they take it as a matter of course.

And some patrons who pull into the gas station at 18th and Montana in Santa Monica are startled if the gal on the other side of the windshield is—by gosh!—Esther Williams. But they are out-of-towners. The residents of Santa Monica are quite used to this.

They'll never forget that gas station's opening, complete with searchlights, Esther and Ben Gage and Hollywood guests in formal clothes, Keenan Wynn and his motorcycle gang all riding up in tails and top hats, Xavier Cugat arriving with his dog and his orchestra, Betty Garrett and Larry Parks driving up for their free tank of gas. It had all the glamor of a super-film premiere.

Then there's the television crew that worked on Ben Gage's "Rumpus Room" show and discovered that the girl in charge of props was Ben's movie actress wife.

And there are the home-owners at Twenty-Nine Palms who found that the lady selling them property was—yes—that same Esther Williams, the busiest girl in this town, or perhaps in anybody's town.

Success, rather than slowing Esther down, has acted as a stimulus; and happiness in her marriage to Ben and in their four-months-old son has added to her natural zest for life. To Esther's way of thinking, it's a pity for people in pictures to wall themselves in with their celebrity and put up iron gates to close out the rest of the world. "After a while," she says, "no one tries to get past those iron gates anymore and they miss all the wonderful experience and enrichment of knowing all (Continued on page 107)



A hilarious moment at the opening of Esther Williams' and Ben Gage's Santa Monica gas station, as stylish motorcyclist Keenan Wynn gets Ben's special attention.



Esther, Ben, Stewart Granger, and Chef Knez eagerly await Ava Gardner's reaction to a salad dressing at the "preview" of the Gages' Hollywood restaurant, The Trails.



Scott and brather Ed work up appetites for their mather's coaking with a little road-work on a Hollywood street. The bays and their brother Larry excel at athletics.



Scott spends many free hours at the YMCA vigorously hoisting dumbbells (*above*) and punching bags (*below*). When Scott was in the Navy, he won a boxing tourney.



They can't stop SCOTT

His brother Larry gave
him his start,
his mother prayed for him—
and Scott Brady never
will forget it
as he rises swiftly
toward stardom.

BY TOM CARLILE

■ The lady from the apartment next door watched with fascination as Mrs. Tierney carefully put eight plates around the dinner table. It was nearly seven o'clock, and the savory odor of baking ham filled the living room.

"My goodness!" the lady exclaimed. "Certainly you don't have to cook dinner for that many every night?"

"Not always," Mrs. Tierney replied cheerfully. "Sometimes one of my boys will forget to meet a friend on the way home. But I can't count on it."

Just then, a series of booming thumps shook the stairs outside, and Mrs. Tierney smiled at her visitor.

"That's my son Roddie," she explained. "He's the only one in the family who takes the stairs four at a time."



Scott Brady and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Tierney. The high-spirited Tierneys, including Scott's two brothers, now live together in Hollywood.

The front door burst open, and a young man wearing deep sun-tan make-up breezed through the living room. It was Roddie—or, as he is better known to movie-goers, Scott Brady. He shouted, "Hello, Mom" at the dining room and a plain but pleasant "Hello" to the neighbor lady, and headed straight for the bathroom. Immediately, there was the sound of hard-running water, punctuated by loud singing. A few minutes later, Roddie—or Scott—was shoving a shining clean face into the pots on the kitchen stove, sniffing hungrily at the cooking vegetables.

"Jim and Alex said they'd be over for dinner," he told his mother, as he sampled a cookie from the sideboard.

"I expected they would be," replied Mrs. Tierney. "I have a ham tonight. But I wish you would tell me these things earlier."

Scott gave his mother a quick hug and a smile.

"You know how it is," he said. "The boys are dying for some of your cooking. . . . By the way, I was great today. I had a speech with two pages of dialogue, and I only fluffed it once."

Leaning against the sink drainboard, Scott ate four more cookies as he told her all about his day. He was still talking when a slower, more methodical series of thumps sounded on the stairs—and his brother, Eddie, walked in with a sad face.

"Dames," he said, grumpily, reaching across Scott for a cookie. "I find I don't have a date tonight after all."

"It couldn't happen to a nicer guy," said Scott, walking into the living room and stretching out on the couch.

Half-an-hour later, when Mrs. (Continued on page 79)



she knew what she wanted

by hedda hopper

Is Olivia de Havilland
a girl with
no will of her own,
ruled by
an ogre husband?
Here's
the answer to
that foolish question.

■ I might as well tell you the scandal right off: As of this very minute, Olivia de Havilland is caught in a pretty terrific love triangle. There are two men in her life. One's named Ben and the other Marcus.

Ben has red hair—not much—and Marcus has brown, and a little more. Ben tips the scales around 17 pounds, and he's about four-and-a-half months old by now. Marcus is considerably heavier and considerably older. But both their last names are Goodrich.

Ben is Livvy's son, of course, and Marcus is her husband. I couldn't tell you whom she loves most—in different ways, of course. But I can tell you this: What she used to think was the most important thing in the world—her career—suddenly isn't at all. Those two wonderful guys come first, now.

I uncovered this startling scoop the other day when I twisted my hotrod up a winding drive at the tag end of a (Continued on page 74)



OLIVIA'S TWO MEN are both named Goodrich, and the younger one, Benjamin, was born in Hollywood last September 27. She'd been warned that having a baby would be difficult for her, and the last seven months of pregnancy she spent flat on her back. After the birth, Olivia soon was on her feet again—and serving lunch to her other man, Ben's dad, writer Marcus Goodrich.



WORK AND PLAY are carefully scheduled by the busy Olivia. Much of her morning time is taken up with reading the dozens of scripts sent hopefully to her each month by producers. She's still looking for the right one. Afternoon playtime often finds her at croquet with Marc on the spacious lawn of their rented home. It's a game the Goodriches take with the utmost seriousness.

The John Dereks haven't
got far to look
to find the bluebird of
happiness—
they've built him
a nest right in
their own home.

BY DUANE VALENTY

Bluebird on Their



In their playroom, Pati and John Derek discuss future plans—including a June blessed event. Annie, the shepherd dog, is already the mother of eight.

Window sill

■ "What'll we do with so much room?" Pati Behrs asked wonderingly, as she looked around the pretty house in Encino that first day. At the cheerful big living room and fireplace, the sunny breakfast nook, and long, comfortable playroom that opened out onto the colored stones of the flagstone patio . . .

"Well, I don't know," said her husband, John Derek. "But I think it's swell! Let's take it." And he turned to the agent with the look of a man who has found what he wants. Pati sighed and shrugged expressive shoulders.

"Nearly two acres," she murmured, gazing at the high hedges and picket fence round the patio, and the gardens beyond that. John turned to his wife with a wide smile. "Just think, honey, all that space for Annie—and the pups, when she has them—to run around in!"

"But we didn't want a swimming pool, darling," Pati remonstrated, sitting down on the striped bamboo couch. Then, as she looked over at the small piano, with the bronze plaque of a dog's head above it, at the bright colors of furniture and draperies, she suddenly sighed again—happily. She reached up for John's hand. "I like it, too," she said—and their house-hunt was over.

"Besides," said John a few moments later, turning from the desk where he was signing the lease, "it's only a tiny swimming pool."

Tiny pool or not, that first hot week in their new house in the San Fernando Valley, the kids swam every day. John, the perfectionist, showed Pati how to improve her strokes, how to float. Back and forth, round and round the little blue pool they splashed away the hours, stopping now and then to bask on the sun-baked flagstones, over which a small orange tree bent its fruit-heavy branches. Contentment, like sunshine, made the days dreamy. . . .

Being between pictures, John had time to put in a nail here or there, fix a window-latch, study the script of his forthcoming *Rogues of Sherwood Forest*. Do some painting, too. There was the drab old garden chair, rickety and useless. John hammered on a wedge or two, and enameled it blue. But the feel of a brush in his hand was too much for him: John Derek is a real artist when he sets himself to it, and painting has been a long-time hobby.

(Continued on next page)



John smiles with masculine superiority as Pati tries to figure why their checkbook shows 27 cents more than the bank statement. Annie, with no such problems, snoozes under the desk.



In their living room, Pati acts as John's leading lady while he goes over his next day's lines. She had screen ambitions before, but now has given them up in favor of the domestic life.



Pati pours herself a morning cup of coffee in the sunny breakfast room, while John—who doesn't drink coffee—gives her advance information on the doings of Popeye the Sailor man.

bluebird on their window sill continued



John and Pati Derek's new home, which came equipped with two acres of rolling lawn, gives them plenty of room to play with Annie, their prize German shepherd dog.



Four of Annie's pups (her other four were given to friends) show enthusiasm for John and Pati. The pups once fell into the pool, but Annie (right) rescued them.



Pati points out one he missed as John cleans leaves from their backyard swimming pool. The pool was an unexpected delight, for they didn't plan on a house with one.

From their cartons of belongings, out of which Pati was trying to assemble some sort of order, he dragged canvas and brushes. "I'll help you there in a minute," he told her, as he began to examine his painting tools.

The minute stretched into days. Now it was Pati who put in a nail here or there, fixed a window-latch, spread their own things about them. She didn't mind, though, as she looked at her happy husband, brooding over the canvas that was beginning to come to life in a wonderful way.

It hangs over their fireplace today. Pati looks at it often—as does everyone who enters the living room. A small painting of a Negro child, with hair blowing, it has a definite and wistful beauty that goes right to the heart.

John, who is climbing swiftly to major movie fame, doubtless could find fame in other fields if he chose. Whatever he does, he does well. An expert fencer, he learned the difficult skill for a film part, and keeps in practice with anyone who'll try it with him. Not many will, however. Pati used to, until she found John's dexterity and rushing enthusiasm a little crowding, and took a fine spill backwards. Occasionally John can persuade his good friend, Harry Lauter, who's also an actor and will have a part in *Sons of the Musketeers*, to work out with him. Usually, though, John gets in his fencing at the studio, where Columbia's fencing expert will give him a real workout.

No other young actor, with the possible exception of Montgomery Clift, has so completely captured public attention after his first picture. One day John Derek was an unknown. Short days later, after the release of *Knock On Any Door*, the letters began to pour in to the studio, and kept coming at such a rate that soon his fan mail equalled that of long-established stars. Now that his current movie, *All The King's Men*, has met with wide acclaim, it's small wonder that Columbia counts John a large asset and a future top star.

When John and Pati came onto their house, the long, low, attractive bungalow with its rambling grounds seemed an answer to prayer. They had decided that they were one pair of people in Hollywood who didn't care for living at the beach, with its small houses and sudden fogs. Not that the present house, with its two bedrooms, can be called big. But the Dereks reserve one of the bedrooms for a guest room, and feel they have all the space in the world—and the sunny, inland locale is definitely to their liking.

Complete opposites in temperament and disposition, John and Pati feel thankful that this very difference is helping them work out a stable foundation for their marriage.

"John takes everything calmly, in his stride—but I can't," says Pati, who talks fast and excitedly, and who is as volatile as a day in March. "Like the morning after we moved in, when I was fixing up our rumpus room and decided to fill the slot-machine, and went all over the place getting nickles and quarters and dimes. I had hardly put them in the thing, when accidentally, I hit the jackpot—and quarters came pouring out! I let out such a shriek, I guess they heard me all over Encino!"

"A couple of nights later, when Bill and Barbara Williams were over playing Monopoly with (Continued on page 102)



June brings vet Al Binder some Christmas cheer during the party held at Birmingham General Hospital—where she visits regularly.

the courage of june haver

Rebuilding her
life from shattered
pieces, she is
winning new peace
in her unselfish
devotion to others
BY CYNTHIA MILLER

■ "People have the habit of taking life for granted, as though they expected it to go on forever," said June Haver. "But usually they have to learn the hard way that they must also take death for granted. When we lose someone we love, the loss is necessarily great because we are deeply and emotionally involved. But that does not alter the real nature of life and death."

June was explaining the philosophy that has given her the strength to face the death of her fiancé, Dr. John Duzik. It is not a new philosophy. It has helped many people before her to live through moments of great tragedy in their lives. But because it is rooted in June's devout faith, it has for her as much personal meaning as if it were an inspired new concept of her own.

"When John first went to the hospital," she went on, "he took lightly the supposedly simple operation that lay ahead. Neither (Continued on page 91)

FRESH PAINT



by reba and bonnie churchill

Anybody can
do it, Betty Lynn said.
So we went artistic,
hustled up the gang for
this gay and daffy
painting party—and had
a very colorful time!

■ One day in her sunny Beverly Hills apartment, Betty Lynn showed us some of the paintings she'd done. We were impressed. We told her we wished *we* were geniuses. "Shucks," said Betty, "there's nothing to it. Almost everybody'd find out they could paint if they'd just try it."

"Oh, come now," we said.

"It's true!" said Betty. "I can prove it. Tell you what: Let's get a bunch of people together over here who've never done any art work—and set 'em loose with paint and brushes. The results will be amazing. You'll see!"

We saw. For a week later, on Betty's invitation, such a bunch invaded her premises and turned the place into a studio. The girl was right—the results were amazing. Very amazing.

The eager but unpracticed artists were Colleen Townsend, Bob Arthur, Rock Hudson, Randy Stuart, Lee MacGregor, Joyce MacKenzie, Dale Robertson and we Churchills. First on the scene was Bob Arthur, obviously ready for business—equipped with three easels, a canvas and an art kit. However, this business-like effect was slightly marred by the fact that one of the latches on the kit had come unhooked, and as he came up the walk he left behind him a trail of liberated tubes of paint.

These were picked up by Joyce MacKenzie and Rock Hudson, who arrived right after him. "Look what we found," said Joyce when Betty let them in. "A lot of little tubes of some kind of toothpaste."

"Ha!" said Bob Arthur. "They're mine—and it's *paint*! Fine artists you're going to be."

"Well, well," said Rock. "So *that's* the way the stuff comes. This should be a highly educational meeting." (Continued on next page)



While Rock Hudson, hostess Betty Lynn and Bonnie Churchill work doggedly on their paint jobs, Colleen Townsend and Lee MacGregor relax long enough to discuss the progress of their masterpieces.



Colleen bones up on a kid's paint book before tackling more serious art. Rock takes time off from his own assignment to offer his somewhat backwards criticism. "It's art," he says, "but is it pretty?"



Formerly unknown artist Bob Arthur, disdainful of Betty's and Colleen's irreverent jokes, poses by his painting—on which judge Reba has pinned first prize. (He didn't know what it was, either.)

Randy Stuart and Joyce MacKenzie searched for an unusual subject to paint—finally found it in Lee MacGregor. "I've been framed," he mutters wittily.



Lee MacGregor and Dale Robertson struggle with Joyce MacKenzie's easel at the paint party.



The would-be artists become quite intense as they see their efforts beginning to take shape.



Their art work finished, the hungry gang digs into salted almonds as a prelude to supper.

fresh paint continued

"I don't think you're kidding," said Bob.

At this point, the rest of us arrived. Our hostess had carefully covered her living-room rug with a large tarpaulin, and now the painters were all covered with artists' smocks that Lee MacGregor had borrowed from 20th Century-Fox's wardrobe department. Each smock had a tag inside the collar telling in what movie it had been used. Randy Stuart was delighted to find that hers had been worn by Joan Crawford in *Daisy Kenyon*. We Churchills both got something a bit less glamorous. Our smocks were marked, "1935—COMEDY." (Ah, well . . .)

All the rest of the painting gear had been rounded up by Betty—and by Bob Arthur, who'd borrowed his elaborate supplies from friends. Betty directed things while the boys set up easels and pushed back the baby-grand piano, the sofas and the tables to give the artists plenty of room.

To make sure no one would lack for inspiration, Betty had jotted down a series of subjects. Everyone drew a slip of paper listing his or her suggested assignment.

They were really stimulating. Randy Stuart was assigned "A Nightmare." Lee MacGregor, "Broadway at 42nd." Joyce MacKenzie, "The Big Eye."

Dale Robertson's slip suggested that he "paint an April Fool." He thought deeply for a moment. "This," he then announced, "will be a self-portrait."

We settled ourselves on chairs and on the floor, hands poised above painting pads and canvases, awaiting Betty's signal to begin. Then, "Go!" said Betty—and we feverishly set to work.

Lee MacGregor had secluded himself in a corner and, like a miser guarding a fortune, crouched low over his drawing board. Randy Stuart managed to peer over his shoulder for a moment, shuddered, and returned to her own work.

Colleen Townsend also chose to do her picture in the privacy of a corner. After 10 minutes of painstaking labor, she displayed a rough sketch and asked for a critical judgment. "It's very unique," said Rock Hudson. Colleen smiled proudly. "But," Rock added, "what is it?"

Colleen is a sweet young lady and a patient one. So she merely sighed, turned to a fresh sheet of paper and decided on a new subject—a portrait of Dale Robertson.

Being a model was nothing new to Dale. Before he appeared in films, he served a brief apprenticeship as a model. "A sculptor advertised for somebody to pose for a statue of 'Eternal Springtime,'" he told us. "The pay looked good to me so I applied and got the job. I was draped in a gold mantle, clutching a five-pound iron rod in one hand and shielding my eyes with the other. I looked as if I'd just sighted land, and was about to take off for it. Dunno what ever happened (Continued on page 58)

Meet the folks
next door—an old-
fashioned couple,
name of Gene and
Betsy Kelly . . . so
old-fashioned they're
still happy together
after eight years.

BY MARVA PETERSON

■ One afternoon several weeks ago, a veteran character actress, well-pickled in the vinegar of her own disillusion, was sitting in the MGM commissary. She was alternating between conversation and chicken noodle soup when Gene Kelly and his wife, Betsy Blair, strolled into the place.

The actress turned to her lunch companion, a visiting non-professional. "Now, there's a strange couple," she remarked.

"Strange?" said her friend. "What do you mean?"

"Why," said the actress, "everyone knows that the Kellys are the plainest, simplest, most unaffected couple in Hollywood. They don't even own a swimming pool!"

"Oh!" exclaimed the friend. "I didn't know that. And they look so *normal*!"

A few days later in Romanoff's, a gossip columnist suddenly observed to an Eastern dress designer, "You know, I can't understand that Gene Kelly. The way he lets his wife run around!"

The designer's eyes shone with neon-light eagerness. "You mean—with other men?"

"No," snapped the columnist. "I mean the way she dresses. She wears sweaters and skirts and flat-heeled shoes and never any make-up. It's really a disgrace! She's not only an actress herself but she's the wife of a famous movie star. She owes it to the public to dress like one."

The reason Betsy and Gene Kelly are the combined target for such verbal darts is a simple one: They are the happiest married couple in Hollywood today.

Human nature being what it (Continued on page 86)



Betsy and Gene Kelly have fun with their collie on a typical Sunday in their backyard. Fearing she'll be spoiled, they keep daughter Kerry, seven, out of photos.



The Kellys' house in an unpretentious Beverly Hills neighborhood is the same kind of simple, middle-class house that they would live in if Gene were not one of Hollywood's top stars.



how doris day won

by Jack Wade

She dreamed of making a home for him someday—where he'd come to her for love.

■ Terry was four years old, chubby and cute. Concealed from the dancers, he sat in the trombone section of Les Brown's band. His eyes were opened to wide roundness as he happily watched the reflections sparkle from the smoothly sliding slip horns; and when the instruments blared in harmony he laughed and clapped his hands as though the performance were for his benefit alone.

At the microphone, his mother, Doris Day, sang in her soft, intimate fashion, a smile on her lips and in her voice. But her heart was sad. . . .

Her boy, she felt, deserved a home, playmates, an established routine in which she could really play a mother's exacting part. But Terry could have none of these while she was traveling all over the United States as soloist with a big-name band.

When her number was finished, Doris took Terry quickly to the apartment where her mother waited to care for him. Kissing him, Doris hurried back to the taxi—to return to her job of singing to dancing couples while another woman helped Terry with his pajamas, listened to his prayers, and tucked the covers about his chin.

Doris could do none of these things for her boy, and keep her job. Her son's day was half finished when her own sleep was done. Then, to have a coveted extra hour with him, she must take him along with her in the early evening.

Riding in that taxi, Doris Day resolved once again to find a way of life that would give her the opportunity to be a full-time mother to her son. She knew that when this band engagement ended, Terry and his grandmother would return to Cincinnati until the schedule permitted another long stop—three weeks, possibly four—where she could again rent an apartment and have Terry with her for a brief visit. *Visit.* She smiled ruefully. Visits are for friends, not for sons. . . .

Nearly a year passed. Then Doris really clicked professionally. Almost overnight the jig-saw of her slowly-developed (Continued on page 96)



While Doris Day tries not to kibitz, son Terry triumphantly jumps one of his grandma's checkers. Grandma looks after the eight-year-old when Doris (now in *Young Man With a Horn*) is at the studio.



Smudgie, the educated French poodle, begs prettily for a peppermint stick from Terry and Doris. Terry looks upon himself as the man of the family, expects his mom to "retire" as soon as he gets a job.

her son

why stars can't take criticism

It's easy to say
stars are temperamental—
but people seldom
consider the reasons
behind their behavior.

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

■ It was in the South Pacific, during the late war. The setting was a sandy clearing, bulldozed out of the sweating jungle three days before by GI's still swinging their heads from looking for snipers. A rude but serviceable stage, erected by a sleepy but enthusiastic crew of soldier-craftsmen the previous night, stood at one end of the clearing, and the ground before it was blanketed completely with a mass of squirming, home-hungry guys who had been snatched from their soda fountains, and gas stations and dispatched to this paradise to trample the flowers on Hirohito's newly-acquired front lawn.

There was to be a show—that was a fact.

Presently, a brass-studded fog horn stepped to the center of the stage and announced that he was honored to be able to innerduce one of Hollywood's biggest stars, who had come a long way to see them, and he "expected you men to behave like gentlemen and soldiers of the United States Army."

There came, from the middle and safe fringes of the audience, the usual anonymous razzberries and, also, the usual eager applause.

Ray Milland, dressed in hasty, ill-fitting khaki, and wearing that familiar cloak of fatigue that stamped the weary celebrity ocean-flyer, stepped into prominence and bowed graciously to his audience. He began to speak—a rather ad-lib, pretty basic monologue suited to the grim and ribald humor of his listeners. It went pretty well.

Then the fearful incident, dreaded by all male entertainers on the circuit, happened. From deep in the heart of the assembly (Continued on page 94)



Judy Garland (here with Vince Minelli) has for years been criticized as too fat or too thin. Nowadays she sees red over gossip about her weight.



Paulette Goddard, who's said to find intolerable any suggestion she might have played a scene better, is famed for staging battles on the set.



Lana Turner is another who flares at "too fat" rumors. She did get buxom on vacation with husband Bob Topping, but is slender again.



Ray Milland, whose sense of humor once allowed Hedda Hopper to use him for a hat model, made a classic quip when a GI yelled, "Why aren't you in the Army?"—but the question almost made him quit his USO tour.

Bing Crosby (*below*) calmly puffs his pipe instead of blowing his wig when criticism comes his way. The amiable and undemanding Groaner is one star who never has to be handled with kid gloves.



Peter Lawford, whose mustache is now taken for granted by his friends—such as Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Lewis—was for a time so touchy to pals' cracks about the adornment that it became a major point of honor with him.





ROMAN CANDLE



Today, she's one
of the hottest
blazes in the
Hollywood fireworks.
But Ruth Roman was
once a dismal dud.

BY MARY HAWTHORNE

■ Ruth Roman? She had no chance at all.

She was so poor as a child in Boston's tough West End that she wore crêpe-paper hair ribbons that turned to soggy draggle-tails in the rain. She looked so anemic to school authorities that they gave her special feedings of vitamin-packed nutriment, most of which fodder she would hide in her handkerchief to ditch after class. She developed so oddly in her teens (too much out here and nothing else anywhere else) that the boys didn't know whether to laugh or whistle—and she wondered whether she would ever get so they could make up their minds. When she left home to make good on Broadway, she failed. When she had the audacity to follow this by invading Hollywood she failed again—for five long years.

Whereupon, last year, she amazed her friends and upset her enemies by bursting forth as one of the most brightly blazing features of the Hollywood fireworks. It doesn't make sense.

But that's all right. Little about Ruth does.

For instance, those who know her best are convinced she doesn't think she had a particularly hard time getting to where she is now. "She was too preoccupied with her main goal in life," they say, "to take special notice of the fact that every now and then she was missing a meal, or had been evicted from her room."

Ruth must have been preoccupied during her school days also—there are curious gaps in her education. She can give beautifully literate readings of Shakespeare, page after page of mellifluous cadence. Yet, in ordinary conversation, she is apt to break out with such upsetting Goldwyn-isms as "You're barking up the dead end," or, when walking in snake territory, "I don't want to get bitten by a side-saddler."

She was surprised a few months ago to find herself spending a day and a half on the train when she went to Sun Valley; she'd had a vague notion that it was just on the other side of the far end of the Hollywood Hills. She's still not sure just where Texas is. She has little sense of direction, will invariably turn the wrong way when leaving a store, or even her home.

But, on the other hand, directors rate her a whiz at judging the emotional content of a role; (Continued on next page)



Ruth Roman makes friends aboard the U. S. S. *Valley Forge*. Opposite page: She hangs her portrait in the house she recently bought in the San Fernando Valley.



Ruth receives a delicate token of affection from Sir Renfrew, her Siamese cat. Below: She romps with her beloved mongrel, Shawn—who's in the portrait with her.



ROMAN CANDLE

(Continued from preceding page)

and, for some reason, she has a strange sense of mechanics—she knows just what gadget has gone flooey, and why, when her car fails to perk.

Ruth is five feet, four inches of dark, creamy girl, with reddish-black hair and brown eyes. The most characteristic thing about her is speech and motion—the first is unceasing and so, practically, is the second. At home, coffee cup in one hand and pot in the other, she'll start a sentence in one room and finish it in another. At the studio she is a wanderer, poking around somewhere behind the set, stumbling over electrical equipment in some dark recess of the cavernous stages, or worming through a group of technicians and grips to reach some remote spot everyone knows she is going to leave the moment she gets there.

Joe Cotten spoke to her in exasperation one day when they were shooting *Beyond the Forest*, with Bette Davis. "The way you jitter about I thought sure that you were full of nerves," he said. "Yet, when you get in front of the camera you're as cool and poised as anyone I've ever seen. How do you do it?"

"I don't know," she replied. "I guess it's just my power of relapsation."

After some of her friends kept insisting that they thought she was nervous, Ruth went to her doctor and talked to him steadily for a half hour about it. When she got through he assured her she wasn't nervous. Wiping the perspiration from his forehead, he said, "You're just the mentally energetic type that makes other people nervous."

You'd think that anyone just crowding into place on Hollywood's gold-and-glam-or escalator would be quite willing to forget early poverty-stricken years. Not Ruth. She loves to talk about her youthful days in Boston—which she became old enough to investigate just about the time her father, a Revere Beach carnival barker, died.

Recalling tomboy escapades like hitchhiking truck-rides with the neighborhood gang, or afternoons listening to the "Pop" concerts along the Charles River when she got older and ladylike, she will become quickly homesick for both the Boston she grew up in and the girl she was—with, however, reservations.

She doesn't want to be reminded about all the broccoli and spinach and sliced apples and raw carrots and liver and gooey body-builders they plied her with in school, nor the tonics, syrups, nostrums, raw eggs and more liver that her mother always had waiting for her at home.

Bringing up two older daughters, Ann and Eve, besides Ruth, Mrs. Roman worried about her youngest for a long time until she finally realized there was apparently nothing weak about Ruth, except her appearance. The way she discovered this was that over the course of years everybody else in the family was normal enough to get sick occasionally, but never Ruth—not even with whooping cough. From that point on Mrs. Roman confined Ruth's health treatments to pinching her cheeks daily to combat her pallid look—and giving her advice.

Ruth needed advice. She grew funny-looking. At 13, she became sweater-girl-like. That is, she did in the most important sweater-girl place. Otherwise, her profile was pure toothpick. It was so dis-

concerting that she slumped into a compensatory sort of posture, caving in, so to speak, until Mrs. Roman put a stop to it and made her straighten up.

"Mother, what's wrong with me?" said Ruth desperately.

"Nothing," was the reply. "The rest of you just hasn't caught up yet, that's all."

But it did. The most welcome compliment ever paid her came a few years later and was in the form of a wolf whistle. This whistle didn't, as had all previous ones, waver undecidedly or end on a puzzled, interrogatory note. This whistle was 100% undiluted admiration, forthright, and loud, too.

Some time before this, some of Ruth's playmates had caught her walking down the street with her hair curiously fluffed up and out in front, and one of them got wise immediately. Pointing a finger at Ruth she cried, "I know what you're doing! You're imitating Katharine Hepburn like she looked in *Spitfire*!"

Ruth was delighted with the accusation. She thought that was pretty good recognition of her ability as an actress, because, not only was she wearing her hair like Katharine Hepburn, but for days after seeing that picture she had been Katharine Hepburn—feeling, talking, thinking like Katharine.

There followed other periods when she looked, or thought she looked, like other stars. But the point is that this was when Ruth first heard the theater calling. And she had already answered, "Oh, yes!"

At the William Blackstone School where she took her grade schooling, she got into little playlets. When all she could get was the part of one of the elves in *Bridget and the Elves* (it was always a blonde who played Bridget), she decided to enlarge her activities and got into plays staged by the settlement houses in her neighborhood. She branched out further and got into little theaters around Boston, finally winning a scholarship in the Bishop Lee Dramatic School.

One day another dramatic organization in town, the Elizabeth Peabody Playhouse, announced that it was casting E. J. Wolfson's play, *Excursion*. She wanted the part of Daisy and was permitted to try for it at a Sunday rehearsal. Afterward, every player except Ruth got a copy of the play to study. She felt bad since this indicated that she had failed—but she asked if she could rehearse again, anyway. Robert J. Delaney, the director, nodded. She attended three rehearsals and then could wait no longer.

"Is there a chance you'll let me play the part?" she asked him.

He looked doubtful. "I don't know if you'll do or not. I've got someone else in mind . . . but you *have* worked hard and have been very faithful." He took a dime from his pocket. "Tell you what. Heads you can have a chance—tails, it's no."

He flipped a coin in the air—but Ruth's hand flicked out and caught it. She held it tightly and said, "You'll never know what it was, Mr. Delaney. You'll have to decide for yourself."

"What!" he cried. Then, "Oh, very well. You can start. Give me back my dime."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Delaney!" she gasped. And still holding onto the dime, she ran all the way home to tell her mother and sisters.

Long before her (Continued on page 64)

modern screen's hollywood pictorial

■ In the emotional moment on the opposite page, Esther Williams and Janet Blair exchange joyful hugs and kisses on Janet's recent return to the Hollywood spotlight from the self-imposed exile into which she went in 1947. With this and other outstanding news photos and exclusive picture stories on the following pages, MODERN SCREEN presents the third in its series devoted to a pictorial coverage of Hollywood in action—that shifting and fascinating kaleidoscope of excitement, gaiety and pathos. Here you'll meet the stars in situations romantic and funny, public and intimate, relaxed and hectic. For this—including more about the ladies opposite—please turn the page.



continued >

JANET BLAIR, WHO QUIT FILMS, HAS NEW HOLLYWOOD TRIUMPH.



Ben Gage pins an orchid on Janet at Ciro's, where he and Esther Williams gave her an opening-night party.



Jane Powell and Geary Steffen take a night off from fixing up their new apartment to go to Janet's opening.



Janet's parents join in the congratulatory kisses at her party. After Ciro's, she tours in *South Pacific*.



Arrived in Hollywood, Richard Todd, sensation of *The Hasty Heart*, and his wife Kitty unpack in their hotel.

RICHARD TODD, WHO HAS STARRED

■ The Hollywood welcome mat was put out with a flourish recently—to receive a “homecoming” girl who’d been in Hollywood for years and had left in disgust, and a man who’d never been there before.

The girl, Janet Blair, had come to Hollywood eight years ago and had quickly landed a number of glamor-girl movie roles. But then she grew fed up with parts that, she says, made her a “poor man’s Rita Hayworth.” So Janet, who’d studied dancing and singing for years in her native Altoona, Pennsylvania, went East in 1947 to embark on a career as a dancer-singer-comedienne. After making smash hits in movie-palace stage shows and at swank night clubs in New York and Chicago, she’d established herself as a top-flight attraction when she returned to Hollywood recently to appear at Ciro’s. The town greeted her with cheers, and Esther Williams and Ben Gage threw a party for her at Ciro’s on her gala opening night. Soon she’ll leave Hollywood again, to star in the touring company of *South Pacific*.

The other arrival was husky, tweedy Richard Todd, the British actor who’s become a rave after his first film, *The Hasty Heart*—made in England by Warners. Accompanied by his wife, Kitty, he has come from England after finishing *Stage Fright* with Jane Wyman, to make *Lightning Strikes Twice*. Todd was born in Ireland of English parents in 1919. He saw much action with the British Army in the war, was wounded and hospitalized. In 1946, he joined a repertory theater in Scotland. He was there 18 months, becoming a sound actor and getting proficient in the brogue he uses in *The Hasty Heart*.

It was homecoming for one star. For the other, it was the first glimpse of an astonishing town that will doubtless be his address for many years to come.



The Todds take a wondering look at their new hometown. Dick likes a pipe but rarely poses with one (*below*). He thinks it looks affected.



A stroll down Hollywood Boulevard past Grauman's Chinese Theater is an adventure for Dick and Kitty. Hollywood hasn't ceased to amaze them.

IN HIS FIRST TWO FILMS, COMES TO HOLLYWOOD FROM ENGLAND FOR MORE TRIUMPHS.



ON WEEKLY FUN-FILLED TRIPS, A

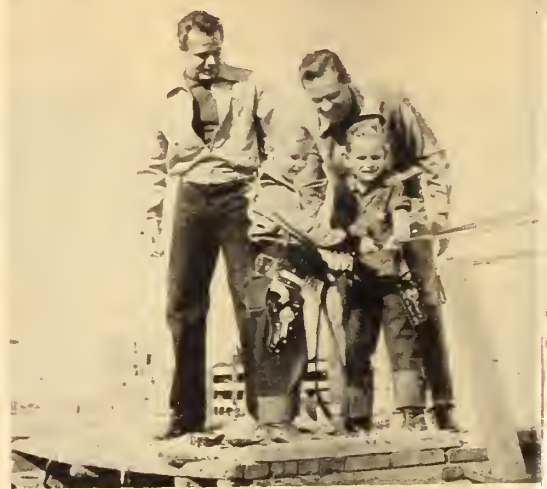


1. Bill Holden helps son West with a boot while, with Glenn Ford and his son, Peter, they wait to set forth on their weekly ride in the San Fernando Valley.



TWO EX-BACHELORS ARE GLAD THEY DID IT.

Jimmy Stewart is by now an old married man compared to another recent Hollywood bridegroom, Clark Gable. Jimmy (*top*), settling down to whack the ball as wife Gloria watches anxiously, had settled down to happy domesticity while Clark, here with his Sylvia at Honolulu, still honeymooned. Each, clearly, liked his new status.



4. West and Peter handle the haywagon's reins like experts—but of two schools of thought. While West keeps shouting, "Giddiup," Peter orders, "Whoa!"



7. Glenn gives Peter a pointer on the technique of holding the reins with one hand. Peter's been riding almost since he could stand and is a fine horseman.

PAIR OF LONG-TIME FRIENDS, BILL HOLDEN AND GLENN FORD, MAKE PALS OF THEIR SONS.



2. Six-year-old (Two-Gun) West Holden is a very brave cowboy but a mite shy when his dad introduces him to a strange bronco at the Hudkins stables. Old Paint, who's fond of cowboys, smiles encouragingly.

3. Completely at ease, four-and-a-half-year-old Peter Ford stops to talk to an old friend across a feeding trough. Visiting the stables, assorted livestock is always an exciting part of the day's outing for the youngsters.



5. You can lead a horse to water but, as the saying goes, you shouldn't even try with a-mule. Peter and West tug manfully, but the mule, despite all attempts of the men to reason with him, intends to sit this one out.

6. The preliminaries over with, the boys and their dads now start for the horses—as rain or shine, they do every week. Toting their small-fry saddles, the kids walk fast to keep up with long-striding Bill and Glenn.



8. The lads watch critically as Glenn, no slouch at horsemanship, handles his spirited Palomino with ease. Peter and West are ardent Western fans, discuss cowboys—especially Gene Autry and Roy Rogers—all week.

9. Headed for trails that once led to the hideouts of famous outlaws, the rollicking pardners hit leather for the hills. Glenn Ford and Bill Holden, firm friends themselves, are making firm friends of their sons.

fresh paint

(Continued from page 42) to the statue. It's probably in the Louvre."

"It's probably a radiator cap," said Rock Hudson.

Posing for Colleen was less demanding for Dale than his other modeling chore had been. He just kept right on painting while Colleen drew him.

Joyce MacKenzie decided that perhaps she could do better if she, too, had a model. She spied two rag dolls seated in a tiny wicker chair by the fireplace and took these for her subjects. The dolls, named Rainbow and Oggle, are Betty's good luck charms. A girl she roomed with in New York gave them to her one day—and that very afternoon Betty received her contract from 20th Century-Fox.

Everyone present except Rock Hudson—and, of course, us Churchills—was under contract to 20th Century-Fox. They see each other almost every day at the studio. Betty Lynn is in *Cheaper by the Dozen*, Colleen Townsend is in *When Willie Comes Marching Home*, Bob Arthur is in *12 O'Clock High*, Randy Stuart is in *Dancing in the Dark*, Dale Robertson is in *The Cariboo Trail*, and Lee MacGregor and Joyce MacKenzie are in *A Ticket to Tomahawk*.

Rock Hudson is at Universal-International and had just been given the romantic lead opposite Diana Lynn in *Peggy*. He met the others when he joined their little-theater group. This earnest organization meets once a week in the barn behind director Howard Hawks' Bel-Air house to read scripts and rehearse plays. The youthful members are so eager to learn all they can about acting that when they're talking about it the air is charged with enthusiasm.

Their eagerness for painting had started off with the same fire—but now was dwindling down to a sputter. Rock was constantly bobbing from one side of the room to the other. "Must paint in the north

light," he claimed, "if I'm to do my best." Betty took a squint at his sketch pad and suggested, "Maybe no light would be better."

Randy Stuart was the first to complete her assignment, "A Nightmare"—and then started sketching various ways Betty could rearrange the furniture in the living-room. "I was almost an interior decorator," Randy told us. "Then I became interested in radio work. When 20th heard me on a Jack Carson broadcast and offered me a contract, I put my decorating plans in mothballs."

Betty kept spurring us on to greater efforts. A perfect hostess, she bounced from one easel to the next, making sure we all had enough paint, clean water, and plenty of brushes.

Betty has a miniature warehouse of painting paraphernalia. "I'm a sentimental saver," she confessed, and showed us a battered tin, water-color box. "I used this in grammar school."

She has kept most of her early paintings. There's a self-portrait done at the age of eight which reveals a gingham-dressed youngster with carrot-red pigtails and huge brown eyes. There's also a fine landscape of some of the countryside around her native Kansas City.

Showing us one of her watercolors, Betty recalled, "This was supposed to be the picnic grounds after a rain. My sixth-grade teacher looked at it and said, 'Betty, there's always some item in each of your paintings I can't identify.' This time she was referring to that brown splotch on the right-hand corner. That got there when my dog turned over a bottle of brown paint on the sketch. I thought it looked like a mudhole—so I just let it stay there."

Betty also had a book of sketches she did on her wartime USO tour of Burma. There were pencil drawings of a tight-lipped Burmese woman holding a baby and of a missionary standing in the bombed-out archway of what had once been a church. We studied some of the

others and sighed dejectedly. Nothing we could paint could compare with these.

"We'll just see about that," said Betty. "Come on, everyone—turn in your paintings. We're going to have an exhibit and see who gets first prize."

The dining room was turned into an art gallery with each of us taping our work on the wall. Betty appointed us Churchills as judges—don't ask us why!

The pictures had all been hung at slightly different angles so it looked as if this side of the wall had been caught in a whirlwind.

It was a difficult decision—until we came to Bob Arthur's masterpiece. It had the word "top" printed on it so there'd be no question as to which way it should be hung. (A very necessary direction.)

Colleen eyed the vibrant blue paint with a small red circle in the middle and antennae stretching out in all directions. "Is it a caterpillar?" she asked.

"Certainly not!" boomed Bob indignantly.

"Well," said Colleen apologetically, "maybe if I back away I can get a better perspective."

"If you get far enough away," said Lee MacGregor, "it doesn't look half bad—just all bad, ha-ha-ha."

the winnah! . . .

Anything, we reasoned, that caused so much attention should be rewarded. We pinned first prize on Bob's drawing.

The booby prize went to Joyce and Randy. Having completed the assignments that Betty had suggested for them—"A Nightmare" and "The Big Eye"—they had stuck Lee MacGregor's head through an empty frame and had painted his face like a clown's. (See page 40.—Ed.) It was alive, all right, but—with no disrespect to Mr. MacGregor—it just wasn't Art.

The prizewinners were invited to make acceptance speeches.

"I can see the judges appreciate true art," said Bob. "Just look at those bold strokes, that vibrant hue, that magnificent balance, that—"

"Personally," interrupted Dale, "I'd rather study that delicate green lettuce salad over there, and try balancing a plateful of those beans."

Most of us, we must admit, belonged to the same earthy school as Dale. None of this starving-in-the-garret stuff for us!

The buffet, gleaming with green candles and shiny silver, was loaded with ham and tuna sandwiches, salad, beans, and king-sized hunks of delectable chocolate layer-cake.

After feasting, we returned to the living room and deposited some of our less creative attempts in the fireplace—and lighted them.

Dale, who had been bemoaning the fact that his "April Fool" self-portrait hadn't been given any acclaim, said, "That's the best picture I've ever seen."

"You mean your own one?" asked Joyce incredulously.

"Heck, no," drawled Dale in his Oklahoma-flavored accent. "I mean the sight of some of those paintings going up in smoke."

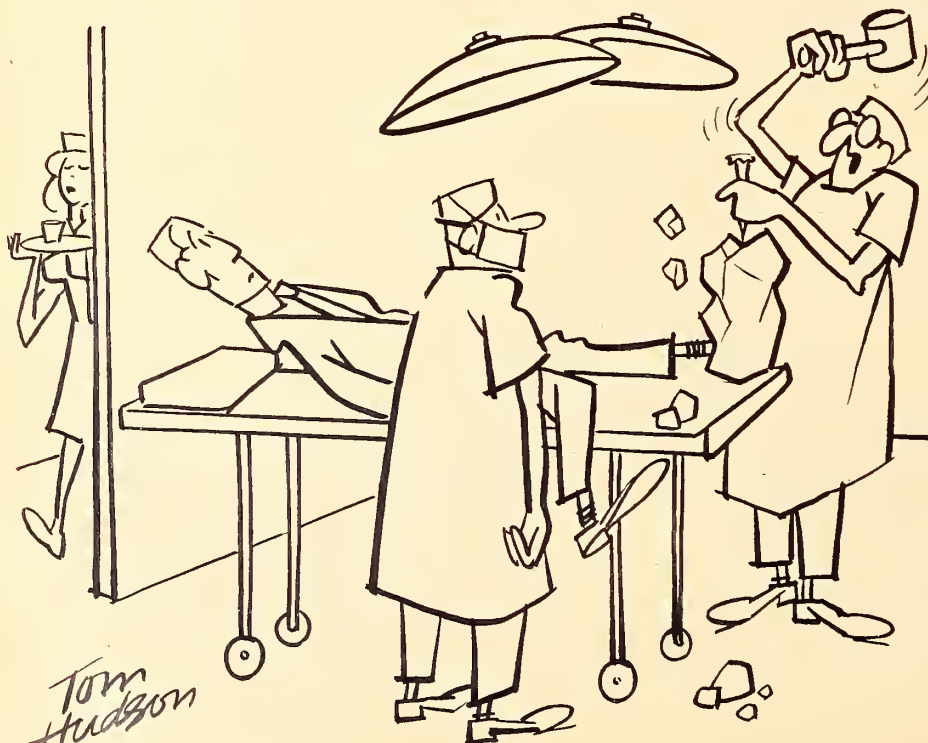
We felt a little indignant at this remark. Then, we began to wonder—could it be justified? Bonnie took another look at her charcoal study—which told in clean-cut strokes the plight of a cross-eyed owl. She took it down from the wall, being careful not to smear the charcoal, gazed at it tenderly for a second, and tossed it into the fireplace.

The others followed suit.

Then Betty came forward. She handed each of us another sketch pad. "Shall we start over again?" she suggested.

We all declined politely. THE END

MODERN SCREEN

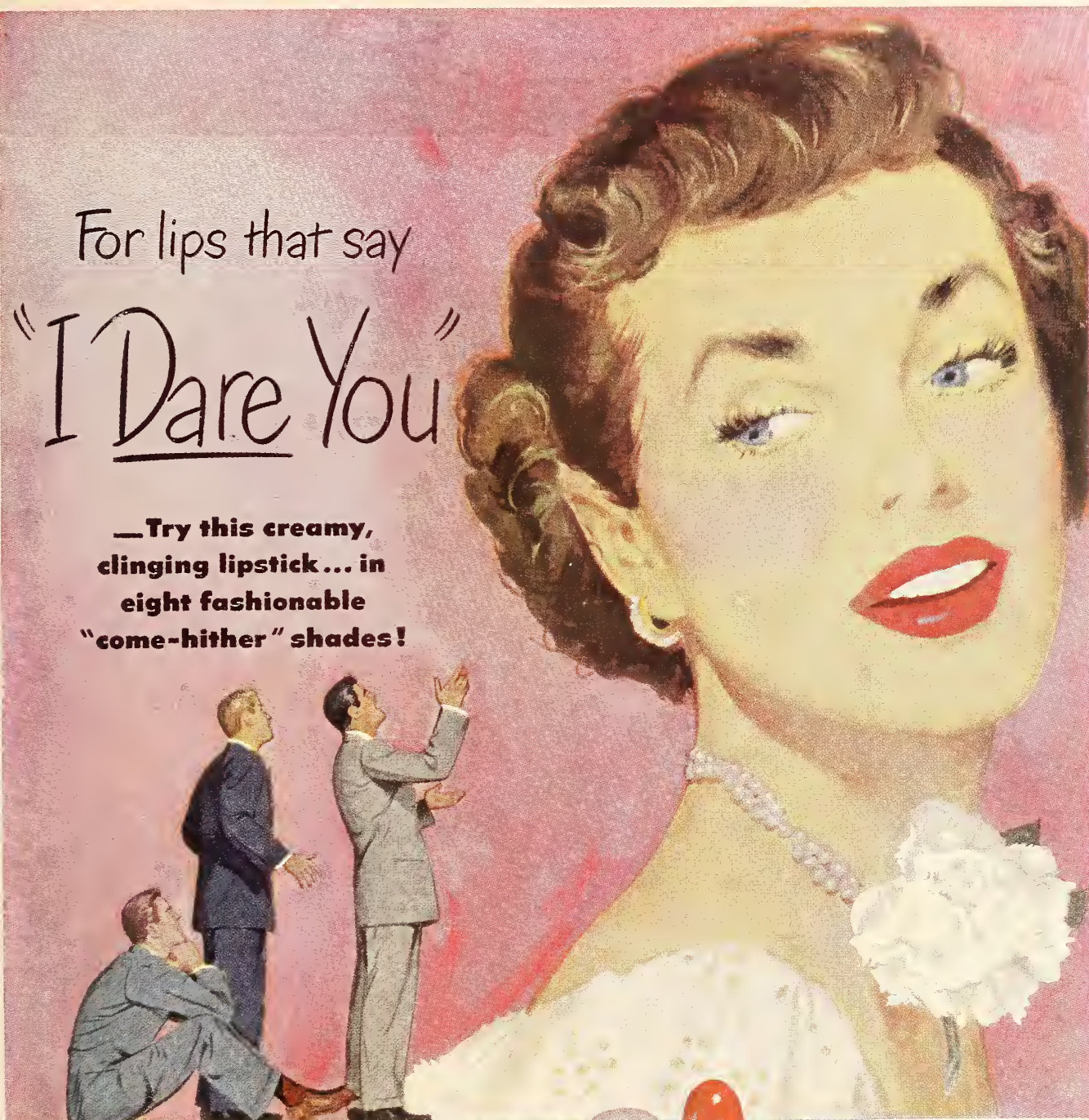


Tom Hudson

"He held it too long for photographers at Grauman's!"

For lips that say
"I Dare You"

—Try this creamy,
 clinging lipstick... in
 eight fashionable
 "come-hither" shades!



Smoothly, evenly does it with exciting
 Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick! So creamy,
 so caressing that you hardly know
 it's there until...

You look and see how vibrantly *alive* your
 lips have become! Vivid, eager, with a
 dewy-fresh air about them that seems
 to say "I dare you!"

Then Cashmere Bouquet clings... and
 clings... and clings. But seeing is
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Colors? No other lipstick,
 at any price, can better Cashmere
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**Cashmere
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JUST 25¢

(WITH POPULAR SWIVEL CASE)

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



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

ALL-PURPOSE CREAM
 For radiant, "date-time"
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 beauty must!

TALCUM POWDER
 A shower of
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HAND LOTION
 Caressable hands in
 just seconds!

For the skin that doesn't like heavy foundation

Sheer beauty for the skin that doesn't like to feel "coated"! A greaseless base that makes powder cling—yet leaves your skin feeling free to breathe

Petal-light Powder Base! Greaseless!
Holds powder without "coating"!

If your skin prefers a delicate, more *natural* foundation—smooth on a thin, thin veil of Pond's Vanishing Cream before powder. It's completely *greaseless!* Disappears instantly, leaving only a protecting, translucent film. No streaking. No discoloring. Powder goes on beautifully—and *stays!*



Beautifying Mask before make-up...
Makes skin brighter, smoother in 1 minute!

Always when you want to look your prettiest—have a stimulating pick-up with a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Cover your face, except eyes, with a generous cloak of the Cream. After one minute tissue off clean. The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens clinging dirt and dead skin flakes. Dissolves them off! Lovely young Mrs. Whitney says, "A Mask gives my skin a smoother, clearer look—a *perfect* finish for make-up!"



Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney says: "I always have a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream before I go out! This one quick little 'special-occasion' beauty treatment does so much for my complexion."

sweet and hot



**Highly
Recommended
*Recommended
No Stars:
Average

by leonard feather

FROM THE MOVIES

NANCY GOES TO RIO—An album of tunes from the new MGM musical featuring Jane Powell, Ann Sothern, and Carmen Miranda. *Magic Is The Moonlight* Love Is Like This* Ca-Room' Pa-Pa** (MGM).

MY FOOLISH HEART—Gordon Jenkins gives a rich treatment to a lovely tune which is the title song from the picture* (Decca).

HAPPY TIMES—*Happy Times** (Decca) by Danny Kaye.

A pleasant tune from Danny's latest picture.

ADAM'S RIB—*Farewell Amanda* by Robert Lenn (MGM).

Robert Lenn and a vocal chorus do a good job on a cute but undistinguished tune.

CINDERELLA—*Bibbidi-Bobbidi-Boo* by Dinah Shore (Columbia).

Dinah does as well as you would expect on this novelty from Walt Disney's latest production.

THE THIRD MAN—*The Third Man Theme* by Franz Dietschmann* (MGM).

If you can stand a zither for three minutes you ought to like this intriguing number from the British movie which has caused quite a sensation in Europe.

ALBUMS

BILLY ECKSTINE—"Songs by Billy Eckstine"*** (MGM).

This album of six sides by "Mr. Vibrato" gives an excellent example of what he can do with such standards as *Someone To Watch Over Me, My Old Flame, Over The Rainbow, You Go To My Head.*

ARTIE SHAW—"Modern Music For Clarinet"*** (Columbia LP).

This is an enjoyable mixture of everything from Shostakovich to Cole Porter, with a little Ravel, Debussy and Gershwin thrown in. There are no flashy technical displays here, but it is warm, mellow music throughout.

DOROTHY SHAY—"Coming 'Round The Mountain"*** (Columbia LP).

Here is witty and tasteful singing of eight rather polished folk songs by "The Park Avenue Hillbillie."

NELSON EDDY—"A Song Jamboree"*** (Columbia LP).

Eight sides of the special material that Nelson Eddy does so well, the sort of outdoor-folk novelty-ballad type song.

COUNT BASIE—"Count Basie Dance Parade"*** (Columbia LP).

Here are eight choice sides by what was once the jumpingest band in the land, recorded around 1945, one of the high spots in the Count's career.

JIMMY DORSEY—"Dixie By Dorsey" (Columbia LP).

Jimmy and seven other like-minded gents give out with some competent Dixieland on such old jazz standards as *Jazz Me Blues, Tin Roof Blues, High Society, Panama*, etc.

...and so to wed

On things like
jokes and wines and cheeses,
they agree—so naturally
it's a wonderful match.
Besides, they're
in love.

BY EDWARD HOLLISTER



A radiant Betsy welcomed Cary home from his trip to Europe last summer.

■ It was very simple to board the plane, to fly to that little ranch near Phoenix, to stand before the minister amidst a group of strangers—and thus be wed. And that, at the time, was the only story the world got about it—that simple story, which was an incomplete story indeed.

Because, after all, there were two human beings involved, and human beings have emotions. Betsy Drake and Cary Grant were not just automatons that Christmas morning—even if at times, like many a couple on their wedding day, they behaved as if they were.

To begin with, they were hardly nonchalant about it all. For proof, take a bit of dialogue that went on between Betsy and Howard Hughes, who piloted the plane, just before they took off from Los Angeles.

"Are you nervous about flying?" he asked.

Betsy was seen to raise expressive shoulders in a gesture of helplessness. "I'm too nervous about the wedding to worry about anything else," she replied.

Perhaps they were more nervous than they would ordinarily have been because the wedding had been delayed a week. It had originally been set for the Sunday before, with all the same efficient arrangements made to elude the press. But no arrangements had been made with the weather man—and it had rained so hard they couldn't make the flight.

It was depressing. Betsy hung her new brown-and-white checked dress, bought especially to be married in, back in the wardrobe. When she saw Cary he smiled sympathetically and said something about their not being favored by the gods. Betsy was in the middle of a picture so they both knew they wouldn't be able to get away until the following Sunday. But that would be (Continued on page 103)

After four years of an exceptionally happy marriage, Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman smile at life and

State of the Union

by Louis Pollock

■ Referring to the Hollywood divorce situation, a wit suggested not long ago that it might be a good idea to have a judge make regular rounds of the film studios to grant divorces, thus saving the stars the bother of having to go to court so often.

But even in Hollywood, you won't find anybody willing to bet that the marriage of Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman won't endure. Like Betty Grable and Harry James (*see page 27*), Jeanne and Paul appear to be as permanent a combination as flowers and springtime.

The Brinkmans, who have just celebrated their fourth wedding anniversary, started off in marriage with a simple if unique policy: Any question that arose between them was settled by whoever answered first.

They didn't plan this. It just came naturally. As Jeanne recalls it from her point of view, "When we were first married I wouldn't *dream* of even breathing out of rhythm with Paul."

When this policy was in force, there was rarely a departure from it. But in the course of time there were two periods when it wasn't in force. During both of these, in which Jeanne was an expectant mother, all ordinary rules were suspended. Paul acknowledged her right to change her mind, question all decisions (including her own), and even, if she didn't feel like it, fail to make sense at all—as many a young wife has been known to at a time like that.

And so, while they waited for their firstborn, Paul, Jr., to make his debut, it was nothing for them to abandon a fine dinner, untouched, and go driving along Sunset Boulevard to hunt a hot-dog stand because Jeanne had (*Continued on page 100*)



claim they've just been lucky. But it takes more than luck to create a successful union such as theirs.





Are you really Lovely to Love?

try the test below

Have you ever wondered if you are as lovely as you could be—are you completely sure of your charm? Your deodorant can be the difference... and you will never know how lovely you can be until you use FRESH Cream Deodorant.

FRESH is so completely effective, yet so easy and pleasant to use.... Different from any deodorant you have ever tried. Prove this to yourself with the jar of creamy, smooth FRESH we will send you.

Test it. Send 10¢ to cover handling charges to FRESH, Chrysler Building, New York, for a jar.



*Constant research at a great American university is your assurance that FRESH is the most effective deodorant and anti-perspirant that can be used.

roman candle

(Continued from page 52) scholarship was up at the dramatic school, Ruth decided she was ready for New York. She went there and had a fine, early, theatrical career, learning how to walk up one side of Broadway and down the other, how to open and close producers' office doors, and how to eat on 30 cents a day—except when she was lucky and could get a job serving "coffee and" at various lunch places. Once in a blue moon she would get a magazine modeling stint. Once in a bluer moon she would get as far as a backstage interview. And, on the other hand, once on a New Year's Eve, she came back to her hotel to find her door locked against her for failure to pay umpteen weeks' rent.

Actors and actresses now in Hollywood who knew her then declare she wasn't particularly downhearted. Even when she was locked out she didn't wire home or run to friends for help. She just went out for a cup of coffee and got to talking with a girl who had just moved into a rooming house on Park Avenue not two blocks away from the J. Pierpont Morgan mansion. The girl was lonely and Ruth was needy. So....

It was a fine room with an unusual feature: The brick wall of the house next door was flat up against their window, with perhaps two inches of air space to spare. It came in handy for the girls. They used it as a bulletin board to chalk messages to each other. "NOBODY CALLED" is what one or the other would usually find upon returning home. It wasn't much of a message—but neither of them liked a blank wall.

baby face...

The trouble with Ruth on Broadway was her face. Her body had matured most satisfactorily, all right, but for some reason she was off again on another growth tangent—her face was still baby-like. There just wasn't anyone writing dramatic parts for a set-up like that. Today, Nature has finally done right by Ruth, but it was all strictly wild until the final assembly was over.

In the three years that she spent in New York, Ruth doesn't think she averaged an income of nine dollars a week. Nevertheless, when a run of modeling assignments brought her \$200 in cash, she didn't save it for a rainy day. She bought a \$96 ticket to Los Angeles, ate four dollars' worth on the way, and had a hundred left when she arrived. It was to be a long time before she would have that much cash together again.

Ruth got great chances right from the start—and kept on losing the promised parts. Nothing ever happened wrong when just a bit part was involved. That always came through. But when she was up for a lead in *The Big Clock* with Charles Laughton, for instance, that went out the window at the last moment.

There were others—as fine a list of lost opportunities as any actress in Hollywood can boast. She was considered but finally thumbed out for a lead in *The Bachelor* and the *Bobby Soxer* with Cary Grant. Amidst all sorts of excitement she was told to be set to play opposite Dick Powell in *Cornared*. She was set and then upset. Ditto opposite Alan Ladd in *Whispering Smith*. Ditto opposite Bob Hope in *Paleface*.

She was up for these parts because producers always talk about putting new and fresh faces into their pictures. She lost the parts because after producers talk about fresh faces they generally end up by saying, "... but it will be safer to put in a box-office name."

"They're playing cat and nip with me," she told friends—who were beginning to wonder if her confidence in herself as an actress wasn't weakening.

It was Dore Schary who gave Ruth her first real start. It was the part in Leo J. McCarey's picture, *Good Sam*, involving a fine scene with Gary Cooper. From this she stepped into *The Window* as the murderess, and after that, of course, came *Champion*, with Kirk Douglas—and Ruth was on her way.

She is still unchanged. Her steadiest boy friend is the same man she knew when she was nobody—Bill Walsh, a sage Hollywood writer who, on the side, also manufactures the town's best ice cream. They are together often, but both deny that they are engaged, even if Ruth very honestly avows that, ultimately, it's to be marriage and babies for her.

pretty picture . . .

But that's ultimately. Right now she is one of the busiest actresses in Hollywood, with seven pictures to her credit in 1949, counting *Rock Bottom* and *Colt .45* which she recently finished at Warner Brothers, where she is now under contract.

Outside of this, she has been moving from a rented home in Coldwater Canyon to a house she bought in the Valley, and she has had her picture painted—a full-length study by Ross Shattuck, artist-husband of one of Hollywood's top publicists, Margaret Ettinger. (A picture of the picture is on page 50.—Ed.)

It also happens to be a picture of Ruth's dog, Shawn, a mongrel combination of Kerry Blue and alleged Hungarian Puli. She insisted that Shawn be in the picture. Her own pose is an elegant one, with a sad, pensive expression *à la* Sarah Bernhardt. Shawn's expression is not pensive. He looks as if he is thinking of his favorite sport, which is biting studio messengers who come to the house bringing bad scripts—and they're all bad as far as Shawn is concerned. He also likes to bite Bill Walsh, the man who gave him to Ruth.

And that's the story of Ruth Roman—except to add that, according to latest reports, she is still preoccupied. When she was moving to the Valley, Bill Walsh helped her and he happened to find a dusty little radio in a clothes closet. He plugged it in and tuned in a fine symphony program.

As he sat listening, Ruth walked in, face lost in thought. She noticed the radio and gestured toward it. "Throw that out, Bill," she said. "There's something wrong with it. It doesn't play." Then she was gone—not, apparently, having heard a note of the music. THE END

CORRECTION

In the story, "You Know Me, Allyson!" by Gwen Littlefield, which appeared in the January issue of MODERN SCREEN, MGM producer Joe Pasternak was described as having a "thick German accent that couldn't be swept away by a tractor."

This description was incorrect. Mr. Pasternak's accent, which is by no means as heavy as MODERN SCREEN's descriptive phrase implied, is not German but Hungarian. He was born in Hungary, came to this country as a youth, and has for many years been an American citizen. One of the most widely respected and popular men in the film industry, Mr. Pasternak has been influential in bringing to fame such stars as Kathryn Grayson, Deanna Durbin, June Allyson and Mario Lanza.

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south pacific fashions

by connie bartel, fashion editor

■ What could you expect from a super-smash hit that has all the girls mad for Pinza, all the boys crazy for Mary Martin, and everybody whistling "Some Enchanted Evening"? South Pacific fashions, natch... from the musical of the same name!

For your prettiest spring clothes, the Cohama textile people have dreamed up heavenly prints and melting shades inspired by the exciting colors, terrific tropical backgrounds and bewitching music of the hardest-to-get-tickets-to show in years. We present a group of them on pages 67-69, and for our money they're knockouts. They all bear an authentic tag with a picture of Mary Martin herself—and you couldn't possibly wear them and not score a hit with your private public.

Geraldine Brooks wears enchanted evening blue

Geraldine Brooks, currently appearing in *Volcano*, the picture she made in Italy with Anna Magnani, wears one of the prizes in the South Pacific collection.

It's a soft, sea-water blue—as romantic as the southern sea that inspired it—and devilishly flattering to the skin.

The dress is a beautifully molded one-piece butcher rayon, skillfully cut to make the most of the half-size figure. The huge lace pockets are especially dyed to match (matching lace is one of the season's pets). And who could overlook the shawl collar, the softly curved shoulders, and the buttoned cuffed sleeves?

The fabric is by Cohama, in exclusive South Pacific shades of Bali Hai pink, Younger-than-Springtime grey, and tropical luggage. Sizes 12½-24½. by Rite-Fit.

About \$7.95. At Hutzler's Downstairs, Baltimore. For how to buy see page 73.

In this issue; gloves by Aris, jewelry by Coro.

modern screen fashions



south pacific fashions

or, in love with a wonderful buy



A cock-eyed optimist is scrawled all over this fresh young print dress with shirred bodice and empire waistline. In Cohama's special rayon and acetate South Pacific print. Navy, dusty rose, beige or aqua. Jr. sizes 9-15. \$10.95. By Redley. Where to buy, see page 73.



Bali Hai fruit and leaves bloom tropically on this sophisticated and very wearable dress with smart wide lapels and peg pockets. In Cohama's special rayon and acetate South Pacific print. Blue, dusty rose, dusty grey, or dusty beige. Sizes 12-20. By Redley. \$10.95. Where to buy, see page 73.



Honey-bun yellow lights up your pretty face and shoulders in this hip-pocketed sun-back dress with jacket (right). In Cohama's butcher rayon. Also Happy Talk red, Enchanted Evening blue, Bali Hai pink. Sizes 10-20. By Nelly Don. About \$12.95. Where to buy, page 73.





Nylon's the news in this tucked navy figure-flatterer. The fabric is Burlington's "7th Wonder" 20% nylon and rayon combo—and you can wash it like a hankie. Tucks outline the bodice and hips, the collar's rayon faille. Also beige, turquoise, green. Sizes 12-20. By Lenbarry. \$10.95. Where to buy, see page 73.

Sweet little, neat little can't-be-beat-little polka dot you'll love and live in. White pique makes the collar, gilt-centered pearl makes the buttons, red patent makes the belt. Rayon crepe. Also poker green, grey, luggage with bright contrasting belt. Sizes 9-15. By Bea Young. \$8.95. Where to buy, see page 73.

It wouldn't be spring without **NAVY and WHITE**



The coat with the triangle-tab back—devil-may-care as anything. The collar flips up, the pockets curve, the back flares. Does heavenly things for your figure! In lush wool and angora, delicious to touch. White, lime, tomato, gold, pink, nude. Sizes 7-15. By Queenstown, \$22.95. Where to buy, page 73.

modern screen's fabulous fashion finds

dreamboat coats—under \$20

And we mean dreamy.
Rarely have we seen such tremendous
smartness—at such tiny prices.
We consider both the short-short fling
(left) and the topping topper (below)
—absolute scoops as high fashion—
and beautiful, beautiful buys.



◀ **Short-short Fling**

(Far left) Shorter and cuter—and sky-high fashion. Shawl collar, dropped shoulders, push-up cuffs, slits to pull the scarf through. Cloud-soft all-wool fleece. Pink, white, lime, gold, red—all with navy scarf. Sizes 9-17. \$19.99. How to buy, see opposite page.

▲ **Topping Topper**

(Above, three views.) From all possible angles—pure swank. Six smart buttons; flip-up collar; dropped shoulder seams; curved yoke back. Deliciously smooth all-wool suede cloth. Pink, gold, kelly, red, navy. Sizes 9-17. \$19.99. How to buy, see opposite page.

WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices may vary throughout country)

SOUTH PACIFIC FASHIONS

(pages 67-69)

1. Enchanted Evening blue dress worn by Geraldine Brooks (page 67)
Baltimore, Md.—Hutzler's Downstairs, 212 N. Howard St., Women's Dresses.
2. Cockeyed Optimist print (page 68)
Baltimore, Md.—Hutzler's Downstairs, 212 N. Howard St., Junior Dresses.
3. Bali Hai print (page 68)
Baltimore, Md.—Hutzler's Downstairs, 212 N. Howard St., Misses' Dresses.
4. Honeybun yellow sun dress with jacket (page 69)
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's, 59th St. & Lexington Ave., Economy Dresses, Second Floor.
Seattle, Wash.—Rhodes of Seattle, 2nd Ave. & Union St., Nelly Don Shop, Third Floor.
Washington, D. C.—Frank R. Jelleff, 1216 F St., NW, Cotton Shop, Fifth Floor.
5. Nylon navy with tucks (page 70)
Baltimore, Md.—Hutzler's Downstairs, 212 N. Howard St., Misses' Dresses.
6. Neat, sweet little polka dot (page 70)
Baltimore, Md.—Hutzler's Downstairs, 212 N. Howard St., Junior Dresses.
7. Coat with triangle-tab back (page 71)
Baltimore, Md.—Hutzler's Downstairs, 212 N. Howard St., Junior Coats.

- Short-Short Fling Coat (opposite page)
- Topping Topper Coat (opposite page)

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Order items 8 and 9 with this coupon:

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she knew what she wanted

(Continued from page 35) climbing Brentwood road to look in on the mysterious Goodriches. Mysterious, I say, because for almost a year all I'd heard out of that household was a flock of rumors designed for a magpie's nest.

Want a silly sample? Okay, how's this: Her highbrow author husband has tamed Olivia into a spineless Trilby since they were wed. Yep, left her with no will of her own, the poor, hypnotized girl, and that's the reason Olivia hasn't said "yes" to a single picture offer since *The Heiress*. That Goodrich man sent the scripts back. What a shame, too, because here she was with no new picture in sight. And of course you seldom saw them in public, and Olivia never referred to herself as "Miss de Havilland" any more, it was always "Mrs. Goodrich", and . . .

I just couldn't swallow that sort of stuff. For a lot of reasons. One being that years ago I'd asked Olivia why she didn't get married—away back in those restless single-girl days of hers when "The Society for the Protection of Olivia de Havilland" flourished, and Olivia had one lovesick beau after another mooning around. She'd said then, "I'm not in love."

"When will you be?" I asked her, and she answered like this:

"When I find some man I can admire, love and respect." I knew by now that man was Marcus Goodrich.

About that Trilby stuff, listen: Olivia de Havilland not only has a very well-preserved will of her own, but it's made of iron. She's proved that time and again: the most famous instance being when, at the height of her career, Livvy stayed off the screen for 18 months, fighting and winning an exhausting and costly legal battle, not over money but a principle—the principle being that the time a player spends on suspension should be included in the length of time for which the player is under contract to a studio. That classic victory is by now a Hollywood bill of rights for stars.

As for staying out of the Hollywood glamor case—well, Olivia was never in. If she's seemed even more out of sight of late, there's been a pretty valid reason: For seven months Mrs. Goodrich stayed in bed fighting a gallant, tedious battle to have what she's always wanted—a son.

As long as the Goodriches stick around Hollywood—and they plan to for a good long time, thanks—you and I will be hearing all sorts of rumors and crazy conceptions about their private lives. It's inevitable because, as a pair, they don't fit the Hollywood pattern. They know what they want—and they have it—and what it is not showy artificiality but quiet solid living and achievement.

But let's take a good look. That's what I climbed the hill for.

efficiency personified . . .

Olivia herself met me at the door, brushing past her butler in what I knew was not the approved Goodrich style. The reason Livvy happened to answer the doorbell is because I didn't have a chance to buzz it. She'd just come in herself, windblown and ruddy, with her dusty blue cashmere and tweed skirt setting off her pink cheeks to perfection. She still wore her British walkers, and Marcus carried his stick. The Airedale, Shadrack, jumped at their heels.

"Had lunch, finished business, writing's done, walk's over," rattled Olivia, "and now it's time for tea. You're right on the nose."

"Good heavens!" I gasped, "you sound like a memo pad or something. Are you

as on-the-dot and disciplined every day?"

She laughed. "That's the routine of the Goodriches. Want the whole program—Our Day?"

I nodded and she was off like this: "Up at seven for a look in the nursery, breakfast at eight, at nine Marcus leaves for his office, I get to work in my room—mail, scripts, and career business. Lunch together at two—a long leisurely one—then croquet, swimming, or a walk with dogs, tea at five with nice people like you, then dressing and dinner at eight with or without guests. Conversation, reading—bed—how's that?"

"Sounds marvelous," I admitted, "but what do you do when something comes along and jams the works?"

"It doesn't," grinned Olivia. "We don't let it."

"You speak of miracles," I sighed, but Olivia caught that one fast.

"The miracle is right down there," she pointed, "Want to see?"

a long battle won . . .

Did I? I've never refused a peek at a baby yet and I never will. And Olivia's baby, anybody will admit, is something special. I don't need to go into the long courageous battle she had to realize her dreams of motherhood. All Hollywood knows about that, and all Hollywood was pulling for Olivia as they never pulled before. Doctors had told her years before she'd have trouble being a mother. That didn't faze Olivia when her chance came. Many times she had an obstetrician standing by day and night. Many other times she weathered risky nip-and-tuck moments when it looked as if her baby were lost. At times she couldn't even listen to the radio, read exciting books or mail. Marcus even had to censor the daily papers before he let her see them—they might send her blood pressure up and threaten the project. Throughout it all Olivia never complained or whimpered, never for a minute lost faith in what she just had to have—a perfect baby, a son.

We walked through the living room, and into the nursery, a whole wing devoted to baby and nurse—a wing which, Marcus ruefully noted, he had picked for himself and the novel he's writing. "Ben pushed me out of that pronto," he laughed. "What book can compete with a baby?"

I wasn't surprised when I saw the quarters Olivia prepared for her infant son. Nothing frilly about it, nothing cute or corny, just solidly sensible with the best of workable equipment from stove and icebox to bathinette and scales, and all immaculate and sterile. She organized it scientifically, properly and sensibly as Mrs. G does with just about everything she tackles.

"Here's where you'll find me on the Big Day of The Week," smiled Livvy. The Big Day, she explained, was nurse's day off. That's when she takes over the whole care and feeding of Ben, from mixing pabulum to fixing a fast didy—and loves it. Matter of fact, Livvy said, she was determined, before her baby arrived, that no one but his mama would care for him. And she even went beyond that. "This," Livvy had said in a burst of maternal emotion, "is my career from now on. I'll quit acting, I'll devote myself and my life to bringing up my boy." She meant it then, too. Luckily, though, she listened to reason when her friends, including her own doctor, told her that would be a big mistake—for herself, her boy, her husband and everyone concerned. But it shows how close Hollywood's first lady came to leaving the screen, also the value she places on this bundle of blessedness who peered cockily up from his crib at two worshipping parents and me.

"This
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took
14 hours
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says **WANDA HENDRIX**, starring in
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Benjamin Briggs Goodrich doesn't look a speck like either his famous mom or his pop. He looks like another Benjamin Briggs Goodrich, a rugged great, great grandfather of Marcus who played a historic role in the building of Texas—fighting, formulating the Republic's first constitution, and all that. Marcus comes from deep in the heart of the Lone Star state, from San Antonio, one of his ancestors even fought in the Alamo. You can't get much more Texan than that.

To prove this resemblance, Olivia ran for a miniature painted on ivory of B. B. G. the First in a funny, old-fashioned frame and put it right beside her pride and joy. There he was—same solid-citizen features, good head, alert eyes, sturdy chin, even the red hair! "We named him Benjamin Briggs long before he was born," she said. "So he just had to look like his ancestor."

"But how'd you know he'd be a boy?" I wondered.

"I wanted him to be," said Olivia, simply, "so he was."

No will of her own? Ha!

the old-fashioned way...

I don't have to tell you that Olivia read well-nigh every book published on babies and motherhood while she was so tediously confined, so today she's a walking compendium of knowledge on the care and feeding. She had a head-start too, because 'way back when she played *To Each His Own*, she had to bathe and dress babies for some camera scenes, and, being the thorough actress she is, Olivia took lessons until she could freshen up a bambino as slick and neat as a professional nurse. Before she entered the Good Samaritan hospital for Ben's arrival, she had become interested in a maternity experiment being conducted there, called "Rooming In." This is a reversal of what had been the "scientific" trend, in that babies were not kept isolated in glass and chromium cages, but were brought into their mothers' rooms and placed beside the mothers' beds for personal and loving attention. It is a return to the old-fashioned belief that babies ought to be with their mothers. That's the way Olivia wanted it. Because "Rooming In" facilities were limited, only those mothers most richly endowed with maternalism were accepted. Mrs. Goodrich qualified on this score and became one of the first mothers to participate in the new system.

I had to smile as Olivia proudly extolled the sterling virtues of her Baby Ben. The wise words he already uttered, the amazing tricks, the masterful maneuvers. How he switched—the genius—right from formula to pabulum with barely a burp. I guess mothers are the same the world over.

After a privileged pat I blew Ben a kiss and had just one discreet question as I tiptoed out. "What do you want him to be when he grows up—an actor?"

"No ma'am," said Livvy. "Benjamin," she stated confidently, "is going to be a Justice of the United States Supreme Court!" And I'm warning that whoever sits in the White House—say, around 1995—had better get that appointment drawn up. That Goodrich girl just won't take "no" for an answer.

It's really no wonder the Goodriches came up with a perfect baby. They're a pair of perfectionists themselves if I ever saw one.

The man Olivia married is hardly the austere ogre which an unacquainted Hollywood paints him. Marcus is friendly, likable, humorous, talkative and as full of beans as a Boston deacon. He wore a checked tweed jacket and gray flannels the day I saw him. He's mid-sized and nice-looking, but no pretty man. Sure, he's definitely an intellectual—but not the long-

haired, spooky kind who always need a haircut.

He's been a critic and journalist all over the world—even served a writing stretch in Hollywood once—"to support 'Delilah,'" he grins. "Delilah" is his best-seller novel written some years ago, which is still required reading in a lot of universities. He took nine years to pen that and expects it will be about that time, all in all, before his next novel comes out. Navy service in World War I gave him the idea for "Delilah," and for World War II Marcus put on his blues again, ending up as a Commander with battle service all over the Mediterranean, in African and Italian waters, and in the Pacific. He saw service in Gela, Sicily, in Salerno, and Okinawa. Quite a man's man. To show you how thorough and painstaking he is about his book—Mark writes an average of just one page a day, polishes it bright and tight, down in the little Westwood office where Baby Ben sent him packing.

Pleasing her husband has been the first order of Olivia's life since the minute she said "I do," and I might add, that's a pretty mutual ambition the Goodriches share. Luckily, both Marcus and Olivia are peas out of the same pod. Both are smart, anxious to order their lives, hunting perfection in everything, and dedicated to a private existence of modest elegance, I might call it. They like the right things at the right time in the right place. I couldn't work my life that way, but heaven help us if we all lived alike!

Mark and Olivia aren't social; I don't think they've been to more than half a dozen big Hollywood parties since they married. They entertain so quietly that you never hear about them—usually at intimate dinner parties, where everything, right down to the last dessert spoon and flower-floated finger bowl, is properly placed and perfect. The antique silver tea set we talked over didn't have a shadow on its gleaming surface and the cakes were crisp and melted in your mouth. They both work at the art of home life, right down to the tiniest grace.

Even with the friends they see most often—Kurt and Ketti Frings, Niven Busch and Teresa Wright, the Darryl Zanucks, of the movie set, Marcus' writer friends and college professors—they observe etiquette and protocol. Invitations are extended properly, accepted, and the party's on. They don't play canasta or rip reputations apart, but, Livvy grinned, the conversation, while on a serious level, is "likely to tear off the roof" at times. The only thing they're both foolish about to extremes is—of all things—croquet. They play the precise and intricate game with heavy narrow English wickets and heavy brass-bound mallets, serious as owls about

MODERN SCREEN



I thought the book was much better than the film."

it too. Darryl Zanuck, who's the Hollywood champ, got them interested. Marcus thinks it's almost as involved as chess, and by now he's got so good he can challenge Zanuck.

One night, when the Goodriches visited the Zanucks at Palm Springs, Marcus and Mr. 20th Century-Fox knocked balls around strategically all night long, under floodlights, with Olivia shouting out the window periodically, and in vain, "For Heaven's sake, Marcus, come on to bed!" He didn't until the desert sun climbed over the mountains.

In spite of her recent ordeal I never saw Olivia de Havilland look better. Her plumpness is gone, her face was firm without a lump or a line, and her figure as trim as a Powers model's. All that betrayed her new family status is what Mark calls her "mother, dear" look. It's a softening of her rich brown eyes, which always seemed a trifle restless and anxious before.

She told me she can slip right back into every one of her favorite Traina-Norell gowns—even the formal she wore to collect her Oscar for *To Each His Own* four years ago. Olivia's hair is as untouched-up, self-washed, self-done, as ever.

But appearances can be deceiving, and if you ask me they've never been more so than in Olivia's case. Not about her age—after all, she's only 32 now (which she cheerfully admits)—but about the capable kind of a woman she is beneath the sweet super-feminine facade she's always worn.

on her own . . .

The plain truth is, Olivia is Hollywood's finest actress today. And she's got that way by learning her business studiously, throughout every one of the sixteen years she's been in the studios. She's batted a thousand, too, choosing her pictures in person since that day in 1943 when she broke away from her Warners contract and set out on her own.

Not counting *The Heiress* which is a hit everywhere, Olivia's last three pictures—*To Each His Own*, *The Dark Mirror* and *The Snake Pit*—have cleaned up over \$10,000,000 between them. That's proof enough.

Though she's sent many scripts a month by the town's leading producers, right now, Olivia told me, she hasn't any picture in definite view. But she's not worrying. Way she feels is, "It's more important not to do them than to do them." Which is her cryptic way of saying—"they've all got to be good and right—for Olivia de Havilland." She wants to make a modern romantic drama next, but "one with depth and stature." That hasn't come along yet but it will, she's sure. And when she finds it, you can bet, she'll go straight to town.

Now that she's over the motherhood emotions that overwhelmed her so deeply at first, Olivia admits she won't be able to stop acting until they kick her out—if that ever happens, which I seriously doubt. "I want to act as long as I live," she answered my question. "But," she twisted it back, "I want to live as long as I act, too." And she gave Marcus a smile and reached for his hand.

Those were the only things Olivia de Havilland lacked before—a husband, a home and a baby to back her up, and make her private picture complete. Now she has them—all three—and from a first-hand look, I can report they couldn't be more right for Olivia. The little girl I remember whose *Midsummer Night's Dream* back in 1935 came true, is no girl anymore—but a distinguished woman and one of whom Hollywood can be very proud indeed. I don't expect her to rest on her laurels, professional or private, myself. And it's funny, too, how those two lives of Olivia's have been knitted together since she married.



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It was on her way back to Hollywood last year from accepting the New York Film Critics' crown that Mrs. G. felt woozy and uncertain and it was when she got back home that the baby doctor told her the great news. This year again she captured that same honor and traveled to New York again to accept it.

I asked Olivia if, coming back to Hollywood this time, she had felt quite all right. She laughed. "Perfect—you'll get no headline there, Miss Hopper—not this time!" Which suits me—losing a headline, that is—but I hope it's one I'll be writing again one of these days soon. I know Olivia would like a larger family, because, for

one reason, she told me so. For another, I know she's enough of a drama expert by now to know that Benjamin Briggs Goodrich could use a larger cast in that nursery set of his—from which a hungry yelp was already floating.

So I left, wishing the Goodriches, Marcus, Olivia and Ben, the best of luck in whatever production they undertake—whether it's movies, marigolds, croquet mallets or more moppets. I'm sure they'll have it, too, because luck is only enough courage, talent and intelligence to make your dreams come true.

Between you and me, the Goodriches have hit the combination. **THE END**

this time for keeps?



■ The recent separation of Betty Hutton and Ted Briskin, well-to-do manufacturer of home-movie cameras, was the third in their four years of marriage. This time, Ted said, the break was final. "I'm the one who is through, not Betty," he told Louella Parsons when she called him at the hotel to which he had gone to stay. "In the past, she has always packed up and left home."

He didn't reveal exactly what had caused this newest break, simply stating that the trouble had started on his return from a business trip. He said he was willing to allow Betty to get a divorce and that she could have custody of their two children, Lindsay Dianne, four, and Candice, two, providing he could see them whenever he wished. Betty, at this writing, has issued no statement.

The Briskins' first separation occurred in February, 1946, six months after their marriage, and lasted only 24 hours. At that time Betty said: "Ted has been after me to give up my career. He wanted to be with me at the studio all the time and even to sit in on my conferences. It just can't be managed that way. I love Ted very dearly but I have worked all my life to get where I am and I can't give it up. Ted says he understands now and that he won't interfere with my career anymore. I am coming back on that basis."

The next separation took place last July. Betty said: "I won't allow anyone to say a word against Ted. If anyone is to blame for the breaking up of our marriage, I am probably at fault. All I can say is, we both tried hard to avoid this break-up, but we just can't seem to get along."

Five days later, they were reconciled. "We've reached an understanding," said Betty. "We agreed that our two children are too important for us to be apart."

Most Hollywood observers believe that such an understanding will again be reached between them. Despite the quarrels, they have seemed to be deeply in love. But even so, it appears that the course of this true love will continue to run far from smooth. A friend of Betty and Ted recently said: "The trouble with Betty is that when she makes a picture she puts so much into it that she's keyed up all the time. This can be mighty hard sometimes on those close to her—such as her husband."

And speaking of Ted, the same friend observed: "Ted is well-heeled and has a flourishing business, but let's face it: Betty goes out and brings in more money than he does. This would give almost any man some sense of inadequacy. His voice of authority is a little muted, he grows irritable and critical. And, in Ted's case, he's tried to assert himself occasionally by attempting to steer Betty's career—and that's dynamite."

they can't stop scott

(Continued from page 33) Tierney put dinner on the table, she discovered that she had put out one plate too many. Only seven had shown up—Scott, Larry, Eddie, Mr. Tierney, Jim and Alex (actor friends of Scott), and herself. She didn't bother to remove the extra plate, however. As she had learned from past experience, someone else might arrive any minute.

Dinner that night proceeded, as it usually does in the Tierney household, with a wild flurry of good conversation. Mrs. Tierney, sitting at the end of the table nearest the kitchen, looked at her three sons and appreciated the healthy, hungry way they attacked their dinner. It was good, she thought, to have them all back at the same table again. Larry, her oldest boy, who for the past eight months had been making a movie in Portugal; Scott, whose meteoric success in movies had taken him away from home a lot lately; and Eddie, just getting a start in this peculiar acting business. Hers was a family to be proud of. . . .

She couldn't help but remember a similar night four years before, just a few months after she'd first come to Hollywood to make a home for Larry and Scott, who had been living in a tiny apartment, and for Eddie, who had just returned from two years' service with the Army in Korea. It had been different then. Only Larry had been working. He had made a big hit in *Dillinger*, and RKO had big plans for his career. Scott, of course, wasn't serious then about anything. Eddie said that he wanted to write plays. It seemed a long time ago. . . .

going places . . .

Today the Tierney family is back together again, and individually and collectively headed for a bright future. In a few weeks, Larry's first picture in two years, *Kill or Be Killed*, will be released by Eagle-Lion. Advance reviews indicate that it will put him back on the road to stardom. Young Eddie, who just celebrated his 21st birthday, recently signed with agent Herman Bernie, who thinks he's star material. Scott, whose screen career is currently running away with the honors in the Tierney household, is what they call in Hollywood a "hot item."

Five years ago, if you had told Gerard Tierney—which is Scott Brady's real name—that he was destined to be a movie star, he would have answered you with a hearty horse-laugh. For when he stopped off in Hollywood in April, 1945, after receiving his discharge from the Navy, he thought the town was simply a good place to spend his terminal-leave pay while visiting his brother, Lawrence Tierney. He had no plans except to loaf until his money was all gone. Acting had never entered his mind. Then one day he had lunch with Larry at Lucey's restaurant, and Hal Wallis, sitting across the room, noticed him and invited him to come over to Paramount for a screen test. Scott remembers it well.

"It was one of those interview tests where the director stands off in the dark and says, 'Turn around. What's your name? Where are you from?'—while they run off a few feet of film to see how you look. I stood there stupidly with fear and talent oozing out all over the rug."

Wallis, however, was most encouraging about the test. "You have a very manly face," he told Scott. "You should go places." He did not, however, invite him to stay. Nor did any of the other producers whom Scott trooped around to see during the next month.

Finally, he realized it might help a little if he knew something about acting. So

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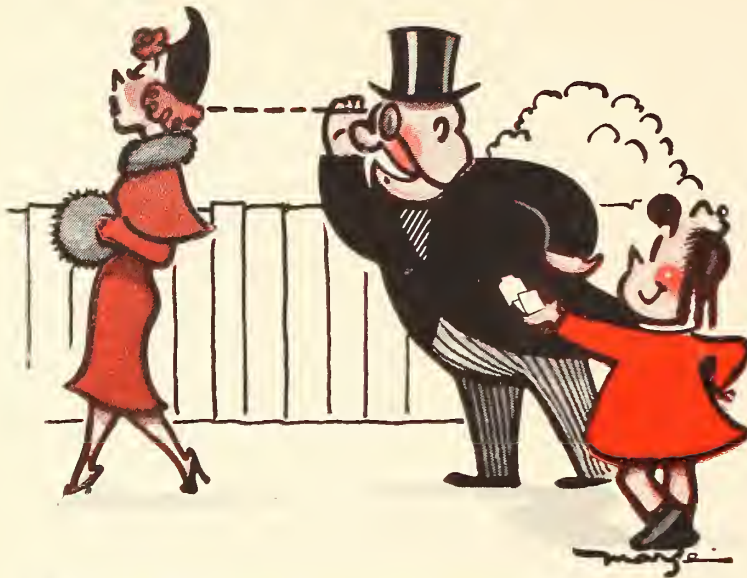
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a few weeks later he enrolled at the Bliss-Hayden dramatic school under the GI Bill of Rights. Before he knew it, the bug had bitten him. Scott can't remember exactly when it happened, but one day the realization suddenly came to him. He was an actor.

The night Scott played his first important role at Bliss-Hayden—the lead in *Heaven Can Wait*—his mother, father, and brother Larry were all out in front in the audience. He felt awkward and awful, until the curtain came down. Then Larry came backstage and said, "I knew you could do it, fellow!" Larry's praise was worth more than all of the applause that his performance had received. The next night, Larry sent his own agent to see the play—and he agreed that Scott was ready for pictures. The next day, he started selling Scott to the studios.

A few days later, Scott found himself reading for David Selznick, who thought enough of his ability to place him in Lester Luther's special talent school at his studio. He also tried out for a number of casting directors around town, none of whom seemed especially interested in his ability. Then one day, while Scott was moping around his room at home, his agent called about the leading role in a prize-fighting picture called *In This Corner*, which Eagle-Lion was casting.

"Can you box?" the agent asked.

"A little," Scott answered, modestly. "I won a boxing tournament in the Navy."

"That ought to do it," his agent said. "Get over here this afternoon and we'll go see the people at the studio."

time for prayer . . .

Before Scott left home that afternoon, he stopped in the kitchen and said, "Pray for me, Mom. This may be my chance."

Mrs. Tierney, who is devoutly religious, replied, "I will—but I think it would be better if you prayed yourself." And she handed him a fresh copy of the prayer to St. Jude, patron saint of hopeless cases and things despaired of. It is her favorite prayer, and she keeps a number of printed copies on hand to give to her friends who are in trouble and in need.

Scott stuck the card in his wallet and set out for Eagle-Lion to audition for the role. While talking to director Chuck Reisner, Scott pulled out his wallet to show him a recent picture of his brother, Larry, and the prayer to St. Jude fluttered to the floor.

"What's that?" Reisner asked.

"Just a prayer my mother gave me," Scott mumbled.

"Let me see it," said Reisner. He looked at it—then reached for his own wallet and pulled out the identical prayer. "You and I are on the same team, it appears."

Reisner took an immediate liking to Scott and went to bat for him with Eagle-Lion. As a result, when the film began months later, Scott won the lead in *In This Corner*. When he reported for work, Reisner purposely gave him the toughest scene to do on the first day—a long speech involving nearly five pages of dialogue. Scott came through without a hitch, and the remainder of the picture rolled in beautifully, on schedule.

But it was another low-budget movie, *Canon City*, the story of a prison break, which solidly launched Scott's screen career. Produced by Bryan Foy, *Canon City* was what the trade papers in Hollywood call a "sleeper." It made a small fortune for Eagle-Lion and awoke the studio executives to the fine acting talent of its young star, Scott Brady. Immediately, they broke out a long-term contract and began waving it under his nose. Scott signed it, naturally.

Eagle-Lion, however, ceased active production about six months later, and Scott

was able to negotiate another contract with Universal-International, a seven-year deal guaranteeing him two pictures a year. For Universal, he has already made *The Gal Who Took the West*, *Undertow*, and *I Was A Shoplifter*, which will be released soon.

Now that Larry has returned from Europe, Universal is planning to co-star him with Scott in a crime drama entitled *Payoff*. In it, they will play brothers on the opposite sides of the law, and for Scott, it will be the fulfillment of one of his greatest ambitions. He thinks that his brother Larry is as good as they come, and he is quick to flare whenever someone has the tactlessness to mention the wave of bad publicity which Larry stirred up several years ago with his tough-guy arguments in bars and nightclubs. Scott knows his brother for what he really is—an intelligent, sensitive and loyal friend—and he feels that whatever mistakes Larry has made, he has long since paid for them with his own suffering.

"Larry has been responsible for practically everything I've accomplished in Hollywood," he rushes to say. "He taught me most of what I know about acting, he introduced me to all his friends, and he made me work hard. Why, he even was responsible for my screen name, Scott Brady. He found it in a novel he was reading at the time I got my break at Eagle-Lion."

The Tierney family has always been a close-knit unit. When Larry, Scott and Eddie were all kids in Brooklyn, they lived in a big, two-story brick house on a busy, noisy street, the sort of street which swarmed with kids when school let out. Their father, Lawrence A. Tierney, was at that time Chief of the Aqueduct Police, in charge of the 400 men who patrolled the New York water supply, and

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his family and his home were a great joy to him. Every Sunday during the summer, he packed them up and took them to the beach at Rockaway, and his sons all learned to swim like seals. He was as persistent that they should join the Y and go out for athletics as his wife was that they go to church and say their prayers regularly. All the boys became distinguished athletes in school. Larry ran the half-mile, and was constantly bringing his medals home to mother. Scott, when he attended Roosevelt High School, starred in basketball and football. Young brother Eddie managed to do all right, too, playing first-string end on his high-school football team.

But early in life, the boys began to develop the temperament which distinguishes them today. Larry was the quiet one, a voracious reader and a student of life. Scott was the family extrovert, even as a boy full of the exuberant nervous energy that has made him so exciting on the screen. Eddie was a little of each—studious but quite capable of kicking up as much trouble as his brother.

Back in those days, Mrs. Tierney had

her problems, especially with Scott. "I always had a hard time keeping track of him," Mrs. Tierney says. "He was addicted to digging caves, and building things in the cellar. I never will forget the time he disappeared downstairs one afternoon with his friend, Charlie, and started hammering and sawing. The noise kept up for a couple of days off and on, and I didn't have the slightest idea what it was all about. Then, one morning, I looked out in front and saw him and Charlie carrying a big cage out of the cellar, and in it was the neighbor's cat, yowling its head off. When he saw me, he yelled, 'Look, Mom, I'm Frank Buck! Bringing 'em back alive.'"

Scott's high-school career didn't indicate any budding theatrical talent. He didn't appear in any school plays. He didn't deliver the valedictory address. In fact, the closest he came to the dramatic was the posing which he did as a lifeguard at Tibbets Brook swimming pool in Westchester, N. Y. Because he was 6-feet-2, weighed 180, and looked impressive in swimming trunks, Scott rarely had any arguments with belligerent gents around the pool. (He still doesn't, for the same reason.)

After high school, Scott entered the naval gunnery school at Pensacola, Florida, and shipped out on the USS Norton, a seaplane tender. Not long ago, while working on the location of *I Was A Shoplifter* in La Jolla, which is not far from the naval base at San Diego, Scott bumped into an old Navy buddy.

"For the love of Pete," the sailor said. "Jerry Tierney! I hear you're in the movies now."

"Yeah," said Scott. "Wouldn't that frost you?"

"You won't believe it," the sailor continued, "but the other day my sis sent me

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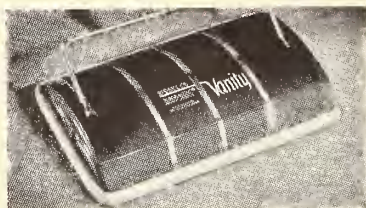
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a picture of you out of a movie magazine and asked me if that wasn't my old friend, Jerry Tierney. I wrote her that it probably was. I always expected that you'd end up doing something crazy and off-beat."

"It's a living," Scott said with a laugh. Movie-acting has become, as a matter of fact, a very substantial living for Scott Brady. At least since he began to consider it seriously as a profession instead of simply a means of picking up some fast money. With two pictures a year guaranteed under his contract with Universal-International, and with one-a-year still hanging fire with inactive Eagle-Lion, Scott's economic future is definitely assured. But he is taking his affluence quietly. He drives the same second-hand Dodge convertible he has owned for two years. He lives on an allowance, and is saving his money to help buy a home for his family. It doesn't have to be an elaborate place; just a good, durable, well-built house that will bear the traffic of his and his brothers' friends. Mom, of course, will as usual preside at the dinner table and over their destinies—the latter with the help of St. Jude. During the last few years, she has had daily prayers said for her boys by the Dominican fathers at the Shrine of St. Jude in Chicago.

Since Scott first began to appear at nightclubs and Hollywood parties, his name has been "linked romantically" with half-a-dozen of the film capital's prettiest starlets. But in the past few months, he has confined his attentions rather specifically to Dorothy Malone and Barbara Lawrence. Marriage, however, is not upmost in his plans for the moment. "When I get married," he says, "I want it to last an awfully long time. I don't want to rush into it now, and have to regret it later on."

As a matter of fact, it will probably take a fascinating girl to attract Scott away from the daily excitement of his family life. Since Larry returned from Europe, almost every evening is the occasion for a big session of talk over the dinner table. And that's not all. The other evening just before dinner, Mrs. Tierney looked out the window and saw all three of her boys throwing a football around in the street outside their apartment. When she called them in to dinner, they all marched in breathing hard and flexing their muscles. Scott had fallen down and skinned his knee, to say nothing of ripping a hole in his new slacks.

"Movie actors," she said, with mock seriousness. "Your fans should see you now!" THE END

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

Looking for a way to while away the time on rainy spring afternoons? We thought so, and here's a pleasant suggestion. Read all the stories and features in this issue, fill out this questionnaire and send it to us—pronto! If you're among the first 500 people to return it, you'll win a three-month subscription to Modern Screen. Tell us which stories you like best and which stars you'd like to read about in future issues. Your prize will be—the May, June and July issues of Modern Screen—all far free!

QUESTIONNAIRE

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

- | | | | |
|---|--------------------------|---|--------------------------|
| <i>When A Princess Is Born</i> (Rita Hayworth) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Fresh Paint</i> (Bob Arthur, Colleen Townsend, others) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Ava Gardner's Startling Romances!</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>They Don't Belong</i> (Gail Russell, Guy Madison) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Bringing Up Susan</i> (Shirley Temple) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>It Must Be Love</i> (Gene Kelly) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Busiest Girl in Town</i> (Esther Williams) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>How Doris Day Won Her Son</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>They Won't Stop Scott</i> (Scott Brady) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Why Stars Can't Take Criticism</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>She Knew What She Wanted</i> (Olivia de Havilland) by Hedda Hopper | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Roman Candle</i> (Ruth Roman) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Bluebird on Their Windowsill</i> (John Derek) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>... And So to Wed</i> (Betsy Drake, Cary Grant) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>The Courage of June Haver</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>State of the Union</i> (Jeanne Crain) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| | | <i>Hollywood Pictorial</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| | | <i>Modern Screen Fashions</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| | | <i>Louella Parsons' Good News</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| | | <i>Christopher Kane's Movie Reviews</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

Which of the above did you like LEAST?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What MALE star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

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when a princess is born

(Continued from page 20) in five green leather armchairs set in a semi-circle. No one could get into the hotel without being detected. What was more important, it was almost impossible to escape from the hotel without being seen. Of course, the permanent watch became slightly less permanent every evening just after midnight. And sometimes the newsmen slept a little late, and two or three of those green chairs would stay unoccupied during the early hours of the day.

By the time several weeks had gone by, newspapermen made up a large portion of the total number of clients, and the manager was getting frantic trying to cater to their desires and the demands of Aly, whose wishes were often directly counter to those of the press. Aly's wishes, of course, came first. For one thing, his father, the Aga Khan, owns the hotel.

There was an unusual politeness in the air—which had been sadly absent at the time of the Riviera wedding back in May. Aly smiled to the newsmen, the newsmen smiled to Aly. Rita would walk through the lobby, and no one would bother her by going over to ask her any questions. She would usually bundle up warmly in a wide, bulky fur coat, with a large kerchief drawn tight around her red hair, and dark anklets over her nylon stockings.

waiting, waiting . . .

Rita and Aly led a fairly simple life, doing little more than waiting for the baby to arrive. They had made arrangements for the lying-in at the highly-reputed Clinique Mont-Choisi, a neat and solid building about two miles from the Lausanne-Palace Hotel. They had arranged for the services of a world-famed obstetrician, Dr. Rodolphe Rochat. He had already delivered a number of royal babies and knew his business thoroughly—even if he was unprepared for the veritable assault he would be the victim to as soon as the American press moved in.

Rita was busy studying movie scripts as all the preparations went on. Aly reported that she had not yet decided which was to be her next film, but he assured everyone that she was anxious to get back to movie-making.

While the waiting went on at the Lausanne hotel, the score or more of special correspondents tried desperately to keep busy, and polished final details on their planning for the big day—the day of the birth. Special telephone lines were arranged, special apartments near the clinic were rented, and money began to flow from correspondents' hands into the eager hands of the hotel employees and assorted tipsters who were going to be invaluable later on.

On Christmas Eve, the correspondents and photographers chipped in and bought Rita a big bouquet of white lilacs, and Rita and Aly both returned the gesture on Christmas Day by presenting the pressmen with a case of Scotch whisky. Rita and Aly both sent along personal handwritten notes to express their gratitude for the flowers and the sentiment behind them. Princess Rita signed hers "Margaritha Aly Khan," and wrote, "Hoping you make the best of Christmas and the New Year in Lausanne."

Rita and Aly went to a Christmas Eve party at the home of Aly's half-brother. Rita's daughter (from her marriage to Orson Welles), five-year-old Rebecca, had helped decorate the little Christmas tree that Rita and Aly had in their hotel suite, and there was a definite "look-how-wood-I-am" expression on little Rebecca's face as Christmas—and gift-giving time—nearer.

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ENRICHED CREME
Shampoo
with egg



It's the real egg in Hudnut Shampoo that makes hair
more manageable. Home permanents "take" better

*powdered, 1%

On the Tuesday night following Christmas, Rita had a hairdresser bring his equipment to the hotel suite, and had her hair done up specially. The next morning, to the surprise and confusion of all, turned out to be the beginning of the big day in the Lausanne story.

Just before three A.M., Aly rushed Rita down from their first-floor suite into the almost-deserted lobby. He helped her through the wide hotel door into the big black hotel Buick, which had been kept drawn up before the hotel. Aly then sped through the deserted streets of Lausanne and pulled up in front of the clinic.

With Rita safely inside, Aly ran to a telephone and called the police. They were supposed to have provided an escort from the hotel to the hospital—but Aly (and Rita) had been in too much of a hurry to worry about police escorts. Now the secret, prearranged signal was flashed: "Marlborough va-t-en guerre"—which means "Marlborough goes off to war," and is the title of an old French nursery tune.

Meanwhile, back in the hotel, drowsy newsmen were being routed out of bed. Still groggy with sleep, they pulled on their clothes hastily and ran out into the halls, flew down the stairs, raced through the lobby, packed into waiting cars, and sped toward the clinic.

Only when they had finally arrived at the clinic did they learn that Rita had given them the slip—and was already inside, about to give birth to her child.

A long, cold birth-watch now began in the narrow street beside the clinic. The half-dressed pressmen shivered in the cold night air, while from inside the warm and comfortable clinic lights flashed on and off and nurses and attendants peered down from their windows onto the strange scene below. From their houses nearby, the Swiss citizenry looked down, too. One kind-hearted Swiss woman boiled up a big kettle of tea and brought it down for the birth-watchers. A dozen policemen guarded the clinic entrance and forbade newsmen to enter. From the hotel came the manager, bringing a milk can filled with hot grog (rum, water and lemon juice), which he distributed to the waiting press.

it's a baby! . . .

At 11, Aly appeared at the clinic door smiling broadly. "It's all over," he announced. "It's a girl."

The new little princess weighed just under five-and-a-half pounds, and was to be called Yasmin. Yasmin, pronounced "Yaasmean," is a Persian name, and means: jasmine (the flower).

Aly reported that Rita had already seen the baby. Apologizing to everyone for his lack of modesty, he added that the child had wonderfully pretty, delicate features, and was, to put it mildly, a beautiful baby.

As reporters rushed to telephone stories and photographers took scores of pictures of Aly, he stood drinking grog, still smiling. . . .

The next day, telegrams began pouring in to Rita and Aly. "One that I liked especially," Aly said, "came from one of my horse trainers in Ireland. You know, it's the custom when a horse is born to register it at once for all the big races. The trainer wired me: 'Am entering baby in all race classics.'" Aly's father wired congratulations from Cairo, and Rita's father in California announced that the birth pleased him mightily.

To celebrate the birth, two musicians in Lausanne wrote songs. Since Aly's mother had been Italian, one wrote one called "Nina Nana Italiana." Since Aly's father is famed for the custom his subjects have of weighing him in gold or diamonds, another songwriter composed a song called

"My Aly Baby" which began, "You're worth your weight in diamonds."

The lyric wasn't literally true, but it did give a fairly good indication of the way the baby's future seemed stacked in her favor. Someone will probably soon write a song entitled, "The Baby With the Diamond Spoon." Rita is still one of the hottest box-office attractions alive, and whether the family money comes from Hollywood or India it will have the same substantial purchasing power.

On Sunday, New Year's Day, a Lausanne photographer, delegated by Aly to photograph the new Princess, reported to the clinic. There he snapped the first pictures ever of the new family together: Rita, Aly and Yasmin.

The next item of news to issue from the calm and pleasant resort town was that the new little Princess finally had a birth certificate—10 days after her birth. Swiss civil authorities, however, refused to recognize the titles of Aly, Rita and Yasmin. They explained that all three were "ecclesiastical dignitaries" and that it was therefore incorrect to call Aly a Prince, and Rita and Yasmin Princesses. They relented enough to list Aly as a Prince ("out of courtesy," they said), but firmly left Rita title-less, as "Margarita Carmen Cansino." Yasmin also went title-less.

Exactly three weeks after her entry into the clinic, Rita left the clinic for the first time. While Yasmin stayed in bed, Rita was driven to the Chateau Dorigny. The Chateau is the luxurious Lausanne home of one of the former wives of the Aga Khan: the ex-Begum Jane Andrée (mother of Aly's half-brother, Sadraddin). Once again Rita had gone undetected by the photographer who was still living in the hallway of an apartment across the street from the Mont-Choisi Clinic. Rita returned to the Clinic, and left undetected again the very next day, going to the Chateau Dorigny, this time for lunch.

Friday, Rita and Aly went out together, and set off on a drive through town. It was so cold, though, that after 10 minutes the couple headed back to the warmth of the clinic. The photographer across the street finally got his picture of Rita that day.

It was that Friday—January 20—that Aly announced that the little family still intended to go to Gstaad, Switzerland, as soon as Rita and the baby were strong enough. The family plans to spend several months in a rented chalet there.

Almost all the reporters and photographers have now left the Lausanne-Palace, and Lausanne is gradually settling back to normal. But the ancient town will not soon forget the sensational event that will, in the minds of millions all over the world, always be its chief claim to fame.

THE END



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ Tyrone Power was so gloomy over being detained on the *Marie Antoinette* set that director Woody Van Dyke finally let him off to bid a fond farewell to Janet Gaynor, who attended the President's Ball in Washington. Yes, that romance is still very much on.—April, 1938, *Modern Screen*

AVA GARDNER Co-Starring in "EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE"
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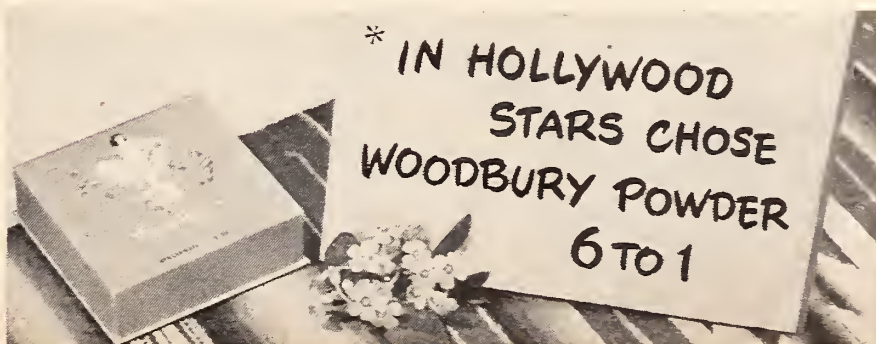
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You're shopping in Olvera Street, the Mexican quarter just outside Hollywood. But wait. See who's chatting with that little señor? Here's your chance to steal a good, long look at Ava Gardner! She won't think you're rude... stars expect to be admired. That's why she uses flattering Woodbury Powder (in Brunette) on her lovely complexion!



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it must be love

(Continued from page 45) is, women everywhere want to be loved and happily married. And when they aren't, they sometimes feel a pang of envy towards those who are—such as the Gene Kellys.

"For a while," says Gene, "I couldn't understand it. There we were—Betsy, myself and our little girl, Kerry—as happy as any threesome could be. I had my work, Betsy had hers, Kerry was coming along just fine. And yet, I'd pick up a paper some morning, and there would be something like, 'Is it true that Betsy Blair Kelly is leaving for Europe because she and Gene have been tiffing?'"

"At first, such items used to make me mad. I tried to find out how and where they got started. Nowadays I just don't care—I guess I'm used to it.

"We've been married more than eight years, and probably the columnists figure the law of averages is against us. I figure Betsy and I have at least 50 more years to go."

they never left home . . .

Friends of the Kellys insist that they get along so beautifully because they live in Beverly Hills as if they were living in Pittsburgh. They are middle-class people from middle-class backgrounds who lead middle-class lives. Most young couples who come to Hollywood and make a great success immediately establish a new way of life. It's only natural for such youngsters, enchanted by triumph, to go Hollywood, to become sophisticated, to start ordering expensive clothes and custom-made cars. It's natural and it's expected.

When you find a couple in Hollywood whose basic sense of values has not been changed by success, you are finding a rarity. Gene and Betsy Kelly qualify as such a rarity.

Gene currently earns \$2,000 a week. Betsy, when she works—she's been in only two or three pictures—makes \$750 a week. That's a lot of money even when more than 60% goes to Uncle Sam in taxes. Now, when you're making that much in Hollywood, you are, as has been noted, supposed to do certain things.

First off, you should buy a Cadillac. Practically every top-flight star owns one of those long, low-slung jobs, preferably a convertible. Lana Turner, for example, has one in baby-blue that's simply out of this world.

The Kellys own a convertible. It's a five-year-old Ford.

Secondly, you must send your children to private school, this on the grounds that the offspring of movie stars are a cut above the average run of children.

Kerry Kelly attends the public grade-school in Beverly Hills.

Most screen celebrities hire business managers to take care of financial details. They can't be bothered paying bills and looking after their own expenses. In addition, they like to invest their money in order to make more money. Many order their business managers to invest in oil—this because the Government permits a 37½% tax deduction on the grounds of depletion. Others, like Fred MacMurray, Joan Crawford, John Wayne and Red Skelton, invest in real estate. A few, like Bing Crosby and Bob Hope, invest in anything that will show a profit. Bing, for example, owns a piece of the Pittsburgh Pirates, a directorship in the Jayson Shirt Company, interests in Minute Maid Orange Juice, Breatholators, Nylon Dip and canned milk—and only recently, his Crosby Research Foundation came up with a pill which, when swallowed, is supposed to make straight hair grow curly. Bob Hope

owns some of the Cleveland Indians, a sheet metal factory, Texas oil, real estate, and the West Coast agency for the distribution of Du Mont television sets.

The Gene Kellys have no business manager and no business investments.

The Kellys' love story began 10 years ago when Betsy Boger, a 15-year-old high-school girl, was reading a newspaper on a train on her way from Ossining, N. Y., to New York City. The newspaper carried an advertisement for chorus girls at the International Casino. Betsy had gone to dancing school, but she'd never done any professional work. Somehow, though, she decided to try for the job.

When her train reached New York, her mother was waiting at the station. "I told Mother what I wanted to do," Betsy says, "and I thought she'd object, but she didn't. She took me down to Macy's and bought me my first pair of high heels and then she put a little of her own lipstick on me and we went over to the International Casino—where I was hired for \$40 a week."

A month or so later, Betsy Boger changed her name to Betsy Blair, in honor of a boy she admired who attended Blair Academy.

Now, at this same period there was living in New York a young man from Pittsburgh named Eugene Joseph Kelly. He was the founder of the Gene Kelly Studio of the Dance. This studio was located in the cellar of his mother's house in Pittsburgh. Mr. Kelly had left all this behind him, however, to come to New York in 1938 to try his dancing luck on Broadway. It turned out to be considerable—and by 1940, he had not only made a name for himself in a couple of musicals and in Saroyan's Pulitzer Prize-winning play, *The Time of Your Life*, but he had also become dance director for Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe.

Billy sent me . . .

It was there that he first met Betsy Blair. She was all of 16 at the time, and she very properly mistook him for a stagehand. She walked down into the club, and seeing him sprawled across two chairs, asked with great dignity, "Is Mr. Billy Rose here?"

"No," said Gene. "He's not."

"Well, that's strange," Betsy said. "He sent me a card asking me to report here for a tryout."

"I'm sorry," said Gene. "He's not here. Besides, I think they've postponed the call until tomorrow. You a dancer?"

Betsy cast him her best look of disdain. "Of course I'm a dancer or I shouldn't be here."

"Any good?" Gene persisted.

"Yes, very good, very, very good."

"Well, if you're *that* good," Gene smiled, "come back tomorrow."

Indignantly, Betsy stalked out of the club.

But she returned the following day, and she danced for Billy Rose; John Murray Anderson, who was staging the show; and Gene Kelly, the dance director she had mistaken for a stagehand.

Billy Rose said she wasn't sexy-looking enough; Anderson said she was too skinny; Kelly looked into her eyes and said, "Sign her. She's a good dancer."

That's how it began.

A few months passed, and he had her heart in his hip pocket. She had him in her entire being. She still does. They were married in Philadelphia on September 22, 1941, a few weeks after David Selznick had signed Gene on the strength of his *Pal Joey* performance.

What's the secret of their happy marriage? When you ask Gene, he stops and thinks as if he were trying to condense

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his entire marriage into a paragraph that would explain everything.

"All I know," he says at length, "is that Betsy and I try to live our life as we think best. We don't live for show; we don't throw great parties; we live simply and plainly according to our own tastes. We get on together because we see eye-to-eye on the fundamental things that count."

Those fundamentals, according to Betsy, are "love, family, and work."

"To Gene," Betsy explains, "and also to myself, the most important thing in life is our home. Naturally, love and family go with that. We want Kerry to grow up believing in the dignity and respect which all human beings, regardless of their wealth or environment, are entitled to."

complete agreement . . .

One morning, a few weeks ago, Kerry said to Gene, "May I talk to you for a minute, Daddy?"

Gene placed his daughter on his lap. "What's on your mind?"

Kerry looked at her father with her large, innocent eyes. "What do you believe in, Daddy?" she asked.

"I believe," Gene said, and he said the words very slowly, "that every person on earth should have enough to eat."

Kerry jumped down. "Thank you, Daddy," she said. "So do I."

Gene also believes in the fundamental dignity of honest labor, of doing as much work as will satisfy a person's sense of pride and achievement. He has no objection to Betsy's being active in films.

"I get restless at times," Betsy says. "I have to do things. My emotions aren't crying out for expression or anything like that, but I feel that I should be doing something. That's when I go out and start looking for jobs. Once in a great while, a producer even offers me something. Then, I show the script to Gene. He's had a whole lot more experience than I have. If he agrees, I try to get the part." She's just finished a role in *Mystery Street*.

What Betsy doesn't say is that when she's not acting and not taking care of her own house and child, she's working at the Birmingham Veterans' Hospital out at Van Nuys. She dances with veterans who are mentally ill; she proves to many of them that they still retain the power of locomotion they insist they have lost.

When it comes to work, however, it's Gene who's the outstanding laborer in the family. Gene is not only a director, dancer, actor, and choreographer, but he's a writer as well. He wrote the screenplay for *Take Me Out to the Ball Game*. He acted in *Black Hand*. He co-directed *On The Town*, and he's currently starring in and originating all the dance routines for himself and Judy Garland in *Summer Stock*.

It would surprise no one if eventually Gene was given his own production unit at MGM, an objective he would very much like to achieve. Ever since 1942 and *For Me and My Gal*, every Gene Kelly musical has made money. This keeps the stockholders happy and Gene working.

"And when he's working," his wife says, "he's the easiest man in the world to keep happy. All I have to do is to stuff him with meat and potatoes, never any vegetables. He hates vegetables, almost as much as getting up early. We both like to stay up late and sleep the next day until noon. But I can't. I have to get up for Kerry, and Gene has to get up for MGM."

Marriage in Hollywood endures only when its participants don't go Hollywood. After eight-and-a-half years, it doesn't look very likely that the Eugene Joseph Kellys ever will.

THE END

they don't belong

(Continued from page 43) from people."

Frankly, I think that she meant more than people. I think she meant Hollywood.

As for Gail herself, it's as she quietly says: "I never fight back. I simply stop talking." She simply announced that she and Guy had separated and she was going to Arizona for a rest. Yet in hardly more than 24 hours they were back together again. This time, Guy Madison had a statement to make. It was brief and seemed to bar any further prying into the subject of their private emotional problems.

Said Guy, "I was upset about getting out of my contract." (He was referring to his agreement with Selznick. Guy has been almost a year without working—and taking a bride under such circumstances can be a dangerous gamble.) "Gail had just finished a picture for Paramount—*The Lawless*. We were both tired."

And I can assure you that this was no glibly manufactured alibi. Gail and Guy are both tired. Not physically. But they are weary of fighting things they don't understand, for they are as different from most young Hollywood couples as is night from day. They're a couple of genuine misfits in a glamorous, grasping city which requires iron nerves to maintain the delicate balance between failure and sorrow, and success and happiness.

Gail herself unconsciously revealed to me the reason why these two really don't "belong" in Hollywood. About their careers, she said, "Guy and I are different from most people here. The reason we went into pictures was so we could help our families."

This is true. Most stars, propelled by ambition, rush pell-mell to Hollywood, leaving their families behind in fact and mind. In Guy's case, his parents were of the "poor but honest" classification. They still live in the adobe house which Guy's father built—but things are a lot better now and Guy continues to go home frequently. Gail, on the other hand, had fewer financial worries. Still, she was less impressed when she was press-agented into the title, "Santa Monica's Hedy Lamarr," and by the chance to become famous as a movie star, than she was by the opportunity to earn a great deal of money and thereby give her mother the things she'd always wanted.

nice people . . .

What happened on Gail and Guy's honeymoon indicates the sort of uncomplicated, genuine people these two are. And please just remember, as you read this report on their acute emotional problems, that it is the really normal youngsters who find themselves "fouled up" in Hollywood.

After their marriage, Gail and Guy rushed off—not to Acapulco or Honolulu, but that regular-folks favorite, Yellowstone Park. The first evening there they were so persistently serenaded by fans that they packed up and drove off to the greater privacy of Lake Tahoe. Here Guy asked the real estate man for a secluded cabin. There was only one, a dingy affair in which no one had lived for years. The real-estate man ventured that they wouldn't like it.

"It's great," Guy said, grabbing the key. "We'll take it."

Some of Gail's yearning for privacy faded when she saw the place. She opened her mouth to protest, but Guy had already started in with the bags.

Inside, she watched her new husband prowl around and then face her sheepish-



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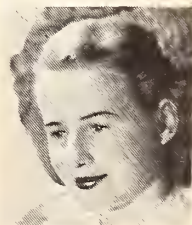
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ly. "Gail, I'm afraid it's outside," he managed to say.

"A fine honeymoon this is turning out to be," Gail exploded. "Not even decent plumbing!" But the situation was too hilarious. Both sat down on their suitcases and howled with laughter. During the entire stay at the cabin they roughed it.

On the last day, as Guy was gathering up their luggage, he called to her. "Hey! Did you put anything in this closet back of the stairs?" As Gail turned around to ask which closet he meant, she saw Guy yank at a reluctant door. It popped open—and the two looked dumbly in.

"So there's where it was!" Gail exclaimed. And there indeed it had been all the time. Primitive and a little dusty, but conveniently there. A shower even. Guy tried to explain why he hadn't tried the door before. "I—I just figured it was a closet, honey!"

I report this honeymoon incident to show that, essentially, these two are small-town people.

From the beginning they were more interested in and needing each other than almost any Hollywood couple I know. Once I asked Gail, "When did you feel you were falling in love?"

Gail said, "Who can say? I remember the first time I felt anything about Guy. It was after he'd hurt his shoulder falling out of a shower at the Beverly Hills Hotel. He was in bed, all bandaged and unhappy. Some friends of his took me along to visit him. He looked so miserable."

not their dish . . .

After that they saw each other frequently. Gail took Guy around Hollywood—to night clubs and parties. They soon found that this wasn't their dish of tea. Guy rescued Gail from the encircling mesh of meaningless social events by taking her to inconspicuous Mexican restaurants on Olvera Street. In the beginning, because Gail yearned so desperately for the plain farm life she'd known when she'd visited her relatives back in Minnesota, she doubtless projected all of her unfulfilled home wishes around Guy's homely personality. In turn, Guy knew that Gail was better adapted to the Hollywood pace than he, so I think he clung to her through a great need.

Frankly, it's a temptation for a reporter on the Hollywood scene to tamper with the lives of the people who live there. You get tired of being always the spectator. You want to go down on the field, so to speak, mingle with the players and perhaps say, "Look here, kiddies, you're calling the signals all wrong."

It's impossible not to feel that way about Gail and Guy—Gail, the girl who used to go to parties and sit alone moodily even though one look in the mirror could tell her she was the most beautiful girl in the place, and Guy, the man who is so genuine and so little interested in career politics and small talk that he frequently is called "dumb" behind his back. (He's dumb, all right—like Gary Cooper or John Wayne or a fox.)

Guy realizes that acting is going to be only a temporary phase in the life of most youngsters who come to Hollywood. Living is more important to him and he continually places unconscious emphasis on that fact.

Once when he drove Gail to location up in Marysville in Northern California, he parked the car on a side street, tucked a blanket around Gail's legs and said, "Don't worry, honey, I'll find the hotel in a jiffy."

On the main street he bumped into a young couple and asked directions to the San Carlos Hotel. Noticing the young man's weatherbeaten clothes, Guy asked how the hunting was around there. When

Guy finally returned to a sleeping Gail, he had directions to the hotel—but he also brought along a map directing them to the ranch of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Vivian, where they were going to spend the night. It seemed, he explained to his half-awakened wife, that they had an invitation to go hunting in the morning.

As it turned out, the studio was a little frantic about Gail's whereabouts, but she and Guy turned up—with their limit of pheasants—before the cameras began to roll. And more important than pheasants, they had a pair of new and lasting friends.

Why, then, with such mutual simple tastes and a need of each other, did Gail and Guy so soon reach the point of surrender from their marriage vows?

You can't get Gail or Guy to talk about it. One thing is certain: They are not simply two well-heeled young Hollywood stars who lacked the fortitude to face the first adjustment problems of marriage. Guy may feel more secure and strong now that he is back to work again. Some producer may realize that there is gold in the simplicity of this boy, despite his inexperience, for evidence of his strong popularity with the public cannot be denied. And Guy has already given evidence that he can take command of his girl and his marriage.

He proved that by sending Gail packing off to Arizona for a rest. As I write this, Gail has returned after 10 days there—with no announcement beyond the statement that she and Guy are now happily reconciled.

Now they will in all probability continue to search for their future home—a ranch infinitely more suited to their requirements than the charming Brentwood place they now have.

Guy should discover, with his renewed income, that he doesn't have to whittle his tastes down to such a slim bank balance. More than that, Gail may realize that even a place like Hollywood is filled with small-town people who have faced the problem of existing in a whirlpool of humanity, established a small island for living, and still have not turned into resentful hermits.

I'd put it this way: It's true that you never can tell what will happen to marriage in Hollywood. It's true that in this modern age it seems corny to say that a young couple can be so in love that they need little else so long as they have each other. But that happens to be exactly the case with Gail Russell and Guy Madison.

End of report.

Sincerely,
Laddie Marchak

the courage of june haver

(Continued from page 39) of us had the slightest worry. Then for seven weeks, as he kept losing ground, we prayed that if it were God's will, he would live.

"My prayer and my sorrow had brought me closer to God, and when John died, I knew that was His will. Since then, I have wanted to live each day of my own life as though it were my last on earth. Each morning when I wake up, I ask God to help me to be a better, more understanding human being. At night, I thank Him for bringing me safely through my waking hours. It isn't so hard to face life when you know you have someone in Heaven. I still have to get there, and that's my objective in life."

Six months ago, there was not a person in Hollywood whose heart did not go out to June as she sat by John's bedside through his lingering illness. At Warner Brothers, everyone on the set of *The*

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Daughter of Rosie O'Grady knew what it took for June to overcome her own heart-ache long enough to complete the last scenes of the picture. Today, those people, and the millions of others who know and love June on the screen, will be glad to know that she has found, in her religion, the way to a happy, purposeful life.

It will not be, as one overzealous columnist suggested when John was near death, by retiring to the seclusion of a nunnery. The purpose of her life was, in large part, made clear by the majority of the letters which she received from people all over America when John died, urging her to find consolation in the joy which she brings to other people by her performances on the motion picture screen. One letter in particular, which June keeps in her bedroom, came from a young woman who also recently lost her fiancé. She wrote, in part: "Continue being June Haver as we know her, and your success and happiness in life will be interminable."

"It's wonderful to have the feeling of being needed," June said. "I'll be glad to be back at work next month on my home lot at Twentieth. They have me scheduled to do a fast-moving modern musical called *I'll Get By*, and I think it will be good for me to work hard and get completely fatigued. It's too easy for your mind to become confused and muddled when you have nothing to do but sit and think."

three days of prayer . . .

The first few weeks after John's death were, of course, the hardest to bear. June returned with John's parents to Rock Springs, Wyoming, to attend the funeral service, which was held on a bright sunshiny November day at Saints Cyril and Methodius Church, where John had been an altar boy. All the stores closed, and almost the entire town attended the services. The members of John's high-school basketball team were the pallbearers. June came back to Hollywood the next day and entered the Dominican Retreat House—the Monastery of the Angels—in Hollywood. She stayed there for three days, praying silently.

"When you can feel that close to God," she later told friends, "you are never alone."

After this brief interval of seclusion and prayer, June went back to her apartment and began to pick up the pieces of her life. She read and reread the dozens of letters, poems and prayers which people had sent to her during John's crisis. She found great comfort in talking to John's closest friends about him, and in thinking back over the past year, when she and John had really come to know one another. Her apartment itself, which is one of the units which she and John had planned, built and decorated together, had many memories. Her mother suggested that she might be happier if she moved to another place, a place without memories. But June decided against that.

"I have never seen any point in running away," she said. "I have always found that it is better to go right through your troubles instead of trying to walk around them."

By the end of November, the pressures of her career began again where they had left off when June finished the last dance scene of *The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady* and rushed to the hospital to be with John. First, there was a big portrait sitting—for what they call "poster art"—and Bert Six, the chief portrait photographer at Warners, claims that June was never lovelier. She posed for pictures in all the costumes from the movie, a long, tedious session in the gallery that would have been difficult under any circumstances. The wardrobe

department reported that through the entire sitting June was cheerful, cooperative and helpful, as she usually is.

In December, there was real significance in the selection of the Hollywood Women's Press Club when they named June as the most cooperative actress of the year and invited her down to receive their "Golden Apple" award. June treasures the tiny gold pin which they gave her. But the big basket of real apples which also went with the award June thoughtfully took to the nuns at St. John's Hospital, whom she met during John's illness.

Christmas is always a time of joy and love of mankind, but this year it had a special meaning for June. Never before had she so completely experienced the importance of giving—of giving herself and her time to others. One day just before Christmas, June received a call from her stand-in and close friend, Shirley Clark, who invited her to come out to Birmingham Hospital and help entertain the boys in the paraplegic and aphasia wards. June spent the whole day at the hospital, singing and dancing.

June spent Christmas Eve with her younger sister, Evie, and had a wonderful time wandering around the neighborhood singing Christmas carols with a group of her sister's friends. They finished the evening by attending midnight mass in Hollywood.

On Christmas, June took on the job of entertaining her entire family in her apartment. It was a gay day, with her mother, her two sisters and their families, and her close friends filling her apartment to overflowing. June doesn't know quite how she accomplished it in her tiny kitchen, but somehow she managed to serve a lavish buffet dinner to 25 people that afternoon.

A few days later, June left for Rock Springs with her grandmother to spend a "second Christmas" with John's parents. She meant only to stay for a day or two, but didn't get away until January 2nd, and then she regretted leaving so soon. For ever since June made her first visit to John's home two years ago, she has loved the rugged mountain country of Wyoming. She and John had talked many times about building a home there. As long as June feels that she can help to fill the aching void in his parents' hearts, she will always consider Rock Springs her second home. June and John's mother built a firm bond out of their common suffering during the long hours of uncertainty at the hospital.

Since she returned from Rock Springs, June has again begun to do a few of the

I SAW IT HAPPEN



We had been having lunch in a restaurant in Beverly Hills which presents a mask in the shape of a pig to all its young guests. As we were leaving, my daughter dropped hers and a sudden gust of wind carried it further away. I made several attempts to get it but was unsuccessful. I had given up and was consoling my daughter, when my friend told me that a very handsome gentleman was going after it. It wasn't until he approached me, mask in hand, that I realized it was Robert Mitchum who thought a child's happiness important enough to chase a mask half way up the block.

R. Green
Los Angeles, Calif.

things that characterized her busy and exuberant life of a year ago. Which is as it should be, for June is by nature a cheerful and healthy person. Last month, to get some exercise, she began playing tennis again. In time, she hopes to get her golf game back into the form which won for her the women's championship in the studio tournament last year. Just a few days ago, June called Shirley and said, "Guess what I did yesterday! Believe it or not, I went skiing for the first time in my life."

June went on to tell Shirley about meeting a gang of kids with whom she went to Beverly Hills High School a few years back. They persuaded her to go up to Big Pines with them for a Sunday romp in the snow, and June had so much fun that she plans to continue her ski lessons every weekend until her picture starts.

But since the middle of January, most of June's interest and time have been taken up with a project which is more than a hobby or a way to pass time. Two years ago, June and John pooled their savings and, as an investment, built an apartment house. It is the building in which June now lives, and as apartment houses go, it is an agreeable modern building. It is also a personal achievement of June's, for in addition to making a smart investment of it, June also is responsible for the interior decoration of every room in it.

As a matter of fact, the building turned out so well that June and John were planning to build another one, a bigger building which would include a penthouse apartment for them, to be occupied by them as soon as it became possible for them to be married in the Catholic church. They had the plans all drawn and were looking for a building site just a few weeks before John went to the hospital. After his death, June dismissed the entire project from her mind. Didn't want to think about it.

old plans revived . . .

Then one day about five weeks ago, a contractor friend of John's named George Froley called her on the phone.

"How'd you like to decorate a house I'm building out in Beverly Hills?" he asked her. "It's a big Colonial place with lots of opportunities to use colorful wall papers. I think you'd have a lot of fun doing it. How about it?"

"I'd love to, George," June enthused. "When can we talk about it?"

"Right now," George said. "I'll bring you the plans."

Before she knew what had happened to her, June found herself running around like an anxious bird, looking at paper samples, testing paint colors, and clipping off tiny swatches of fabric. It didn't take George long to approve her selections. They were original, bright, and exactly right for the house plans. Now, for the next three weeks, June will have a big job on her hands, that of supervising the plasterers, painters, and paperhangers.

Out of her enthusiasm for this new undertaking, June has reclaimed the plans for the building which she and John were going to build together. This project is no misty dream to be put into effect in the vague future. June plans to break the ground on the building site sometime this year, and as soon as she finishes *I'll Get By*, she'll begin on her decoration scheme.

"It never hurts to have a sideline," June laughed, and it was a joy to see her eyes so bright. "I want to have something interesting to do when people get tired of seeing me on the screen."

I saw no reason for answering her with the obvious—that that day would never come as long as she continued to find joy in living and bringing joy to others.

THE END

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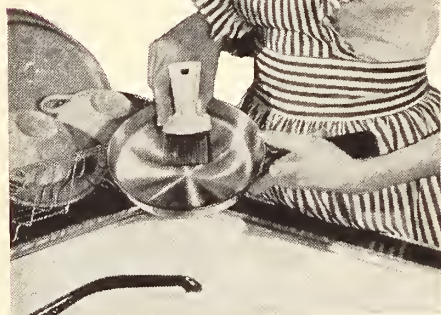
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why stars can't take criticism

(Continued from page 48) a hoarse, cruel voice cried.

"Hey—why aren't you in the Army, Bud?" Milland matched his volume and tone. "Are you kidding?" he yelled. "With a war on?"

A small incident. It proved that the actor was equipped to defend himself with a classic quip, spontaneous or studied, for an eventuality that shriveled his soul. But it was also proof—since Milland was of a mind, it is said, to call off the rest of his trip then and there—of the contention that movie stars can't take criticism.

Because of their temperamental make-up, and because their perch on the rocky pedestal of flicker fame is always a shaky one, stars can't take criticism both for reasons of personal sensitivity and simple business policy.

Stars are paid their handsome salaries as public attractions on the strength of their ability to charm large numbers of people into loving them sufficiently to plunk down huge sums of money to get a look at them. Therefore, it is held by reporters, editors and writers that a movie star has small right to a private life. They, and consequently the reading public, feel then that a star is a fair target for the most personal kind of criticism.

The stars, on the other hand, clutching at the premise that they are eligible for a small serving of dignity, beg at first, then roar for privacy in some matters. For example, Paulette Goddard.

No associate of Paulette Goddard can ever mention in her hearing, her marriage to Charlie Chaplin. If anyone in any capacity at any studio that wanted to ever make a picture with Goddard were to criticize her silence on the Chaplin affair, his head would fall beneath Paulette's pocketbook-size ax before he could finish.

battleground . . .

Goddard is a prime example of the inability of a star to take criticism in any form. They say she has a hate list as long as Sunset Boulevard. Her frequent change of directors is a positive affirmation of this, as it is reported she will not work twice with a man who intimates that she might have done better in that last scene if she had tried a little harder. The rumbles of friction from the stages of *Anna Lucasta* last year were enough to start small fires.

The star, even the most affable star, can foul up a picture to a fare-thee-well in a pique. Bob Hope, they say, did it in a recent picture when he is said to have heard that the producer had made a couple of remarks at a party about old jokes. Whether by accident or design, the movie took almost twice as long as scheduled to complete. Hope didn't feel good today, had to go to Minneapolis or some place to play a benefit, didn't like the dialogue or the sketch in the ninth reel, and a number of other things. The heads are still bouncing in the gutters.

To criticize Abbott and Costello on their home lot is to tempt the fates that line the people up in front of the state unemployment offices. These lads, for all their knockabout souls, are sensitive. They base their sensitivity on the premise that they've made Universal at least a hundred million dollars—and there are those who go along with them in that contention. No director dares tell them much more than

where the camera will pick them up, nor does any set flunky say anything more expressive than "yes."

Unlike most stars, though, they have done something constructive about their temperament. They carry their whipping-boy with them—a small, rugged ex-vaudevillian. Whenever one of the comics feels a rage coming on, or some other emotion that will interfere with the business at hand, he howls for the vaudevillian and anything can happen. He pushes a soft pie in the foil's face, pours a bucket of water in his new hat, or performs any other little funny that might relieve his spleen. The current invective that is said to send Costello into a tizzy is the truthful, "Say, you sure have gotten skinny."

Everybody has enemies, but in Hollywood they are on a more personal basis. The proprietor of a butcher shop in Indianapolis will frankly agree that his enemies expend some of their venom on other folks, and that he is merely a name on a list of victims. In Hollywood that is seldom the case. The motion picture victim is usually convinced that he is the little black spot in the center of the target his enemies are throwing knives at.

A recent illustration is the hue and cry recently in the public prints over the excess poundage picked up on a vacation by Judy Garland.

a matter of weight . . .

Actually, it mattered very little to the one party most intimately concerned, the cameraman, for he could quite easily light and shade the Garland torso and chin line to kill or build the pouches. It is said, and from reliable departments, that Judy went into a rage, then went home and wept uncontrollably when the matter of pudginess was pointed out to her.

Now, if you were to place Judy Garland in a dime store in Wilmington, Delaware, and have someone drop a hint to her that she was developing a tummy and a crease under the chin, she would no doubt have waited until closing time to take a look in the mirror, then, in a day or so, trotted down to the drug store to pick up a package of reducing pills and pledged to lay off sweets and starches for a couple of weeks.

But Judy Garland is a movie star. She has enemies. The first, more than likely, was a columnist who, needing a filler item, chattered that: "Judy Garland, who was so painfully thin last time we saw her, is beginning to look like a blimp."

The second probably was a studio executive who, spotting the item, dictated an inter-office memo: "See if you can get Garland to consider taking off 15 or 20 pounds. Hear she is beginning to look like Elsa Maxwell."

The third might have been an underling who had to approach Judy with a sick grin and say, "Miss Garland, the front office wants to know if you would mind, please, not eating such a big lunch. You're 11 ounces over the weight your contract calls for."

By the time the words were said face to face, Garland had been buzzed and briefed by a hundred friends that her enemies were out to get her—via the waistline—and she blew like a sperm whale on a sunny day.

Most of the female stars have at one time or another been the victims of this overweight assassination. Lana Turner, for one, falls into the range of the weight gossipers' guns at least once a year. She's

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too fat, they say, or too thin—she looks like a Goodyear ad flying over the house, or else the last discovered tenant of a concentration camp. And Turner has reacted in the true tradition of the star by howling: "I've got enemies!"

Even patently honest criticism without malice is dangerous in the realm of the movie star. The odd ventures into vengeance on the parts of the stars when in anger over a slight are rather amusing. There was the time that Betty Hutton's husband said something uncomplimentary at the breakfast table, as is a husband's right and duty, and Betty stormed into the office of the executive in charge of keeping Betty Hutton happy and demanded that her mate be barred from the lot. "If he sticks his face in here," she howled, "I leave! It's him—or me!" Before such an order could be issued, however, love won a speedy joust with hate over the telephone, and when Mr. Briskin pressed the buzzer, the door was blown open by a hearty sigh of relief.

There is the Case of the Hairy Lip—or Peter Lawford's Mustache Knows No Fear. There was a period in the young English actor's life when, to him, a thriving patch of fuzz on his upper lip ranked with the Marshall Plan as a thing of consequence. It would have been less hazardous to steal one of his women than to cast a slurring remark about the tickler. A suggestion that maybe the thing was sapping his strength would send Pete into a fury. Finally, convinced that the world was set against his little beauty, he went hog-wild. Cultivation prospered, the mustache grew to fabulous proportions. Along the lip and out it spread until Lawford was faced with playing nothing but officers in the Turkish Army or quitting pictures. It took, they say, the entire MGM front office, four studio policemen, a brace of barbers and a personal plea from the British Ministry of Hair to get it trimmed—and Lawford was a beaten and unhappy man for days. All this because of an initial idle remark that Peter made a mistake when he started his mustache.

don't say that! . . .

If there were a statuette for the most temperamental actress on the screen, at least 5,000 Hollywoodites would chip in to buy a solid-gold one for Hedy Lamarr. She has many sore spots, but the most delicate one has to do with physical well-being. The slightest suggestion that she does not look the picture of splendid health shatters her completely. She is incapable of criticism in this matter, and they might as well close the store for a day or so if she hears, or suspects she hears, a whisper to the contrary.

Robert Mitchum, publicity to the contrary, is violently allergic to allusions to his brief hassle with the law of a year ago. He went along for months with the writers and pals who joked or paddled him for the incident. Then he figured he had taken enough, and today if you mention it within his hearing you're liable to have to go and get your jaw wired back in place.

Even though criticism may be deemed by a majority to be deserved, the stars kick up a fuss. Ingrid Bergman fell in love with Rossellini. She didn't keep it a secret, feeling probably that the fans would understand. The fans didn't understand and criticized Ingrid at every opportunity for her act. Instead of frankly stating her case and asking for a just decision from the people who paid her salary, Bergman haughtily announced that she would never make another movie. They say she intends to keep that promise. And the finish of her career can be laid solely at the feet of the temperament that angered her into deciding the public which criticized her would never get an-

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by the Journal of the American Medical Association

other look at her for their dollar bills.

Even Clark Gable. When moviedom's hero of World War II arrived back in Hollywood, he was more paunchy than when he had left. The word was passed around the MGM lot that Clark was trying to do something about it, and that he would resent any reference to his change until he looked himself again. The result was a general embarrassment that followed Gable around the studio like a cloudy tail. When he entered the commissary for lunch, all conversation would stop, as though a switch marked MUMBLE OF VOICES had been pulled in the front office. It must have been obvious to Clark, but it had to be. A tribute to a personal vanity.

There are endless tales attesting to the impediment in the character of an actor or actress that bars criticism, valid or not. Maybe it's a good thing. Maybe it is required that a man or woman who makes a living as a public puppet be delicately strung, and to keep them in performing balance, the string of criticism must never be joggled.

If this is true, an enigma exists. It has been the experience of most of these players to prepare for their greatness the hard way. They have, in the main, been buffeted almost beyond endurance in their climb to their current heights. There have been scores of adverse notices of their work, looks and possibilities. Some took these stabs in better grace than others, but they all took them.

Some of them have literally taken tomatoes in the face and have been thrown out of stage doors—all because of their loudly-howled inadequacies. The mob, the press and their own friends have had at them to their fullest desires.

But when that star has risen, when the name they have built is shining bright in lights of neon and frosted white, the imbalance sets in—and everybody begins to tiptoe across the acre of eggs surrounding each and every movie star in Hollywood.

But then, maybe it is we, the press and public, who have become sensitive and have dreamed up this wall that stands between us and our idols. Maybe the co-workers of the stars are the villains of the piece. Try on this last anecdote for size.

It was a Bing Crosby picture at Paramount. About the middle of the afternoon of a fairly hard day of shooting, a

pale executive with trembling hands called a producer.

"We're in terrible trouble," he panted. "What's the matter—are we fired?" croaked the producer, matching the boss's pallid hue.

"Not yet," said the exec. "Worse. I just talked to the production office and they tell me Crosby has to work tonight."

"Oh, my Lord," moaned the producer. "Who's going to tell him?"

"You," said the executive, quickly hanging up and dashing out of his office.

The producer sweated and trembled for a few minutes, then called the director. "You," he said, "go down to the set and tell Crosby he's working tonight."

"Are you out of your mind?" screamed the director. "Nobody's said anything, but already I have the feeling Crosby despises me. I've worked too long at my career to throw it out of the window like that."

"It's your set," stormed the producer, "and your picture. You go right down and tell him he's working tonight or so help me I'll see you never get another job!"

The producer hung up quickly and dashed out of his office.

The director went back to the company, obviously a beaten man. He eyed his aggressive assistant.

"Hey you," he said. "Go on over to Crosby's dressing room and tell him he's working tonight."

"But—" said the assistant director, turning a rare shade of pea green.

"Your wife just had a baby," said the director. "Assistant directors are a dime a dozen. To your duty before something final happens to you!"

The assistant walked over to the water bottle and proceeded to drink copious slugs of the stuff, carrying it to his mouth with two trembling, wet hands. A stand-in walked by.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked.

"I've got to tell Crosby he has to work tonight," said the assistant. "I'll be all right after I take a couple of phenobarbitals."

The stand-in walked over to Crosby's dressing room, where Bing, smoking a pipe, was reading a paper in the doorway.

"Hi, Bing," he said. "I see we have to work tonight."

"Yeah?" said Bing without looking up. "Guess I better phone my wife and tell her I'll be late for dinner."

And he puffed happily on his pipe.

THE END

how doris day won her son

(Continued from page 47) talents fell into place and she was a success at Warner Brothers studio, singing on coast-to-coast radio shows, making best-seller phonograph recordings.

She realized that the hectic schedule of a band-singer had been largely responsible for destroying her two marriages, and had forced her to relegate to her widowed mother the duties of rearing Terry. She wondered if it were too late to establish a normal mother-son relationship with her five-year-old boy. Perhaps his infant impressions had destroyed his security. He might always look upon her as a woman who tomorrow, the next day or the next, would desert him, leaving him again to seek shelter from another person.

In May, 1948, Doris found a house she could afford in the San Fernando valley. By September, after an exhausting summer of work and intensive shopping for sturdy antique furniture, she had the home ready for Terry and her mother.

"I wondered how it was going to be—having Terry with me permanently," she recalls. "It came to me suddenly that the

important things of life cannot be bought with money—only with humble effort. I now had the professional success for which I had been struggling. I was secure, financially, for the first time in my adult life.

"But here I was, more nervous than I had been the day I asked Director Mike Curtiz for my first job in motion pictures, wondering what a six-year-old boy would think of me—his mother—and the home I had provided for him.

"When he arrived, I kissed him, then looked at him a moment. I saw a sturdy boy, looking a little like me, a little like his father. But he was neither of us. He was himself—a human being, the product of his environment—a motherless and fatherless environment.

"I asked him if he wanted to go into the backyard and play. He looked at me silently for several seconds. I would have given anything to know what was going on behind his inscrutable eyes. Then he said very gravely, 'I'd better ask Nana.'"

At that instant Doris knew the extent of her problem, for she must take from him a previously reliable source of authority without damaging the respect or impairing the affection he held for his grand-

mother. Then she must substitute her own authority in such a way that he would respect her as well as love her.

"Mother came to my rescue," Doris says. "She said to him, 'Whatever your mother says is always right.' Terry smiled—and went out to explore the yard."

That evening, Doris and her mother had a long talk. Terry would have the bedroom down the hall from Doris' room, while the grandmother would use the bedroom and bath at the other end of the house.

Without training in child psychology, Doris had to depend upon native common-sense and mother instinct. She knew that Terry's life, up to this time, had been top-heavy with women. His only adult male companion on anything like a consistent basis had been Paul, Doris' older brother, who had been with Terry for about a year in Cincinnati.

Doris could have smothered her son with affection, but instead, turned in one of her most superb acting jobs by returning his "Hi" with "Hi" until the first time he came to her, instead of to his grandmother, for comfort and security.

"It was a little thing," Doris explains—with a softness to her smile that makes her seem more mature than is indicated by her slender figure and prominent freckles. "He'd been playing with the neighbor boys when two of them bumped together. Terry fell hard."

With elbows skinned and lips bruised, Terry came to his mother—not his Nana—for repairs and solace. "I didn't give him the full treatment," Doris says. "I tried to think how a boy's father would have acted. So I treated his wounds, kissed him and told him to go back and play."

the protective instinct . . .

Terry, too, seems very aware that there is no man in his family. In June, 1949, when his mother obtained her divorce from his stepfather, George Weidler, Terry went to Doris and said, "Don't you worry, I'll take care of you. And when I get big, I'll get a job, and you won't have to work any more."

Terry hardly knows his own father, Al Jordan—for Doris and Al, a trombonist with Jimmy Dorsey's band, separated immediately after Terry was born.

Shortly after Terry's arrival from Cincinnati, Doris decided to give him a temporary, 100 percent masculine existence to counteract the influence of women in his life. So she sent him to a camp near Mount Baldy.

"He came back a changed boy, filled with man-talk and a new self-confidence," she says. "But a boy needs the companionship of a man—not merely for a month each year, but every day."

"It is right that Terry should think of protecting me. And when he is in trouble it is logical for him to turn to me—as men have always turned to women—for comfort. But every boy needs a man to whom he can go for advice, or simply for a man-to-man talk about the affairs of the world, the way their women are treating them, or what sort of lure will be the most effective the next time they go fishing."

Terry seems to feel a need for such masculine companionship, and the friendship he has struck up with Marty Melcher, his mother's six-foot-four-inch agent, has been a bright spot in the boy's life. Melcher handles the professional affairs of Doris Day in motion pictures, radio, and phonograph recordings. Consequently, he has many conferences with her. In this way, Marty has become acquainted with Terry, and the warm relationship existing between the man and the boy seems a natural outgrowth of two basically friendly personalities.

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Shortly after the 1949-50 school year started and Terry began second-grade work, Marty gave the boy a man-sized lunch bucket with a special thermos container for chocolate milk—Terry's favorite beverage.

Prior to that, Terry had shown virtually no interest in his mid-day meal at school. But when he carried his lunch, he developed a better appetite.

Then, one evening as Doris was getting him ready for bed, he opened a conversation of the type that frequently bewilders mothers.

"Mommy, do you pay for the milk they give me at school?" he asked.

"Why, yes. I pay for it each month in advance."

"Well," said Terry, shrugging into his pajamas, "next month don't pay. I don't drink it now that I've got Marty's lunch bucket. I carry my own milk."

This concern of Terry's, who is not yet eight years old, for the needless spending of money reflects, Doris knows, the insecurity in his life through the years when she was a band-singer struggling for recognition.

financial worries . . .

Not long ago he wanted to get a paper route. "I can make plenty of money that way," he declared.

Doris, too, thinks it's a good idea for a boy to work a little and thus establish his independence. But when she investigated, she learned that Terry must wait until he is 10 years old before he can become a newsboy.

"By the time he's 10," Doris smiles, "he'll probably want to be an airplane pilot."

Shortly before Thanksgiving, Terry had another inspiration. He said to his mother, "Say, have you paid for my entire school year in advance?"

"Why?"

"Well," said Terry, "just in case you haven't, I could quit school the first of next month and save you quite a lot of money."

Doris began to laugh silently, but Terry wasn't finished. "I might as well, anyway," he continued, "because if I ever get to be President, I'm going to close all the schools."

Doris explained that he'd be a lot better off going to school for at least a while. "Especially if you plan to be President," she said, and tucked him into bed.

Terry seems entirely unaware that his mother is an important Hollywood personality. He knows that she makes pictures and records and appears on radio programs. But he accepts this as simply something his mother does for a living.

Incidentally, Terry is not one of Doris Day's most enthusiastic movie fans. He's seen *It's a Great Feeling* five times—it's happened to have been coupled with cowboy pictures on double bills. The last time he returned from such a show, his grandmother asked how he liked the picture.

"It was a swell Western," he replied.

His grandmother should have dropped the subject right there. But she persisted. "How did you like *It's a Great Feeling*?"

"Gee," he replied, "how many times can a guy laugh at the same jokes?"

But Terry has proved that as far as he is concerned, age does not necessarily impair a joke.

"He's always killing himself with a joke that is months old," Doris explains. "Recently, he's been giving Hallowe'en jokes a terrific ride. The other morning at breakfast he asked, 'Mommy, is Hallowe'en over?'"

"Certainly. Months ago."

"Then why are you still wearing your mask?"

"With that," Doris says, "he practically

fractured himself. No wonder Milton Berle is one of his favorite TV programs!"

Although Doris has a house that is quite small, Terry has complete freedom within it. When writers interview her, or when big deals are being talked out, Terry's life goes on as usual. If he and his friends are pursuing "rustlers," a swarm of sombreros may pass through the living room to the accompaniment of numerous bangs and the whistle of bullets.

The matter of getting another house is a pressing problem with Doris today. She wants more room—not so much inside as outside.

"I'd like to have space enough for a volley ball or badminton court, and a small swimming pool. It would make a wonderful place for Terry and his friends to play. And I could play with him, too," she adds, glancing down at the jeans she was wearing at the time. "I try to play with him, and I like to be dressed for a romp or a rough-house."

The manner in which Doris dresses when she has a chance to spend a portion of a day around the house with Terry, seems to reflect a subconscious desire to be both a mother and a father to Terry. Her normal attire on Sunday morning is either jeans or pedal-pushers with a T-shirt. Dressed this way, she's ready at a moment's notice to play with Terry and Smudgie—or with Terry alone when the dignity of the French poodle seems violated by the cavorting of the two human beings closest to his heart.

This manner and mode of the Day household gives added meaning to Doris' words when she frankly admits she wishes she had a husband. "Certainly I want to get married," she says. "Every girl does. And not simply because Terry needs a father, either. A woman should have a husband—the right sort of husband. I believe I know now exactly what I want in a man—love, friendship and respect."

Making movies, appearing regularly on the Bob Hope radio show as well as making frequent guest appearances on other programs, and turning out a heavy schedule of phonograph recordings—all this prevents Doris from spending as much time with Terry as she'd like.

Movie-making probably interferes more with her routine than her other two main activities. For example, when Warners started shooting *Storm Center*, early in December, Doris had to be away from Hollywood for several days.

When such location trips separate her from Terry, neither likes it. But now, after nearly a year-and-a-half of real home-life, both Terry and Doris take such separations in stride.

"He knows he is my boy," Doris says. "He knows we belong together. If I have to stay away for a few days, he knows I am coming back—not going off on a tour with a band that will keep me away for so many months that he could almost forget I'm his mother!"

THE END



that's hollywood!

A magazine writer was interviewing Ava Gardner at Le Chambord Restaurant. "Does gossip annoy you?" he asked. "Certainly not," said Miss Gardner. "What would you like to tell me?"

Irving Hoffman in
The Hollywood Reporter

ava gardner's startling romances!

(Continued from page 24) to the fore once again. The rumor-mongers began to go to work on Ava. "Of course," said one. "I saw them together in New York."

"That's nothing," said another. "I hear that if Frankie gets married again, Ava is the one."

"Isn't it true," asked a third, "that Ava was at Frank's New Year's party at Palm Springs? And didn't he give her a beautiful piano for Christmas?"

Actually, what had happened was this: Frank and Nancy Sinatra had quarreled, as all wives and husbands occasionally do. Rather than have his children sense the strained atmosphere around the house, Frank had packed a wardrobe trunk and had moved into his office for a few days.

During those few days, he spent some time with old friends—one of whom was Ava. And in the course of those same few days, a large Steinway piano arrived at his office, and Frank let Ava play it. When those few days elapsed, and his anger had worn off, Frank returned home.

Of all the people he had been with during that time, only Ava made the gossip columns. Apparently, whenever the lovely North Carolina brunette is connected with a news item, the reaction is feverish.

The day in 1941 when Ava first arrived in Hollywood with an MGM contract, she was taken on a tour of the lot. She was led to the stage where Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney were playing a scene for *Babes on Broadway*.

When the scene was finished, Ava was introduced to the principals. Rooney, who'd been in the entertainment business all his young life and who'd been around beautiful women from the day he first could see, had never been around anything like Ava. He looked at her and did a double take. This girl was beautiful. What was even more important, she seemed to generate sex-appeal.

Mickey gulped and drank in all this beauty. A few nights later, he called and asked for a date. In six months' time, Ava Gardner, the lovely farmer's daughter, was Mrs. Mickey Rooney.

You've probably read a good deal about Ava's short-lived marriage to Mickey. When Ava married Mickey, she didn't particularly care about her career. "All I wanted to do," she says, "was to take care of Mickey. I wanted to make a go of our marriage. If someone offered me a part, I played it. If I wasn't offered any part, I didn't worry about it. To me, Mickey was the most important thing in life. I used to be very lazy about my acting. But I was never lazy about my marriage."

Ava has always been in love with love. As she herself says, "Each time my marriage has broken up, it's been like dying. I tried hard to make them work. I even quit movies because they take too much out of you. They don't leave anything for your husband."

the simple things . . .

To Ava, marriage is and always has been the main objective of her life. There are some who would have you believe that she's a siren who collects men as a queen bee collects suitors.

Not true. Ava has played the field pretty widely, especially between her two marriages and since her divorce from Artie Shaw in 1946. But she has had a discriminating eye cocked on matrimony.

"What I want out of life," she says, "is what my momma and daddy had, and I don't see why I can't have it. I need marriage and a home and kids to feel like I'm really living."

In short, Ava is ready to give up all

the tinsel and glitter and phony romance for the real thing—a husband she can love and respect and grow with.

This she did with Artie Shaw, whom she married in 1945. A musician who knows Ava well and therefore prefers to remain nameless, says, "If Artie asked Ava to come back to him, I'm sure she would. Ask anyone who knows anything about their marriage, ask Ava if she still isn't in love with him, and I'll bet you she'll say 'yes.'"

"Artie Shaw is one of the great lovers of this generation, and he understood Ava better than anyone ever will again. And he really loved her."

"Ava did everything to make him happy. And he did wonders for her. Before Shaw, you must admit, she was a pretty poor actress. She had no perception, no insight, no understanding of a role. But after Shaw, she came up pretty fast. She knew what she was doing in *Whistlestop*. She knew what she was doing in *The Killers*, and she knows what she's doing in *East Side, West Side*."

star-struck kid . . .

Another intimate of Ava's concurs in that belief. "Ava's greatest period of growth," she says, "was during her marriage to Artie. She used to be a small-town girl with the typical small-town prejudices. But he broadened things for her. He introduced her to a world of intellectuals, to a world of intelligent men and women that she'd never before known."

"My own feeling about Ava is that she was star-struck when she married Mickey Rooney. She was determined to make him a good wife, but though I think she respected Mickey for his talent, I doubt if she loved him with the ardor she had for Artie."

"Artie is basically a self-centered, egotistical fellow, and I think that five years ago, Ava wasn't capable of understanding and controlling him. His ways puzzled her. She couldn't fathom him. Some of his talk and actions, you know, called for great patience and fortitude."

Ava herself will get into no psychoanalytical discussion concerning Artie Shaw. As a matter of fact, she is reticent about discussing any of the men in her life, but the apparent truth is that subconsciously she compares practically all of her escorts to her last husband.

Howard Duff, with whom she ran around for three years but stopped seeing late in 1949, intrigued her for a while. Duff is a moody, taciturn young man whose voice and looks have been the basis of his success, but he lacks Shaw's wide range of interests and, what is even more important, Artie's dynamic impetuosity.

Duff, in short, is the kind of fellow who grows on girls of a type. He was engaged for a short while to Yvonne de Carlo, which explains more eloquently than any words the kind of beauty that attracts him.

Ava used to say, whenever she was asked about her relationship with Howard, "I'm very fond of him and we're devoted friends. Naturally, there's a deep feeling, since we've been pals for three years—but not to the extent that we're going to get married. We're not romantically serious."

This, more or less, is how she answered queries concerning Peter Lawford, who probably will one day wind up the richest man in the Hollywood graveyard. "Peter," Ava says, "is a charming fellow and a wonderful dancer. I've been out on dates with him from time to time, but there's nothing serious between us."

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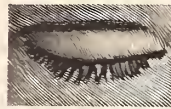
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she adds, "is his personality. His clothes don't impress me. Some of the most fascinating men I've known could never be placed in the 'best-dressed' category."

Another thing Ava notices very quickly about men is whether or not they're married. Under no circumstances will she date a man who has a wife, even if his marriage is in the process of dissolution. That's why all the talk about Ava and Sinatra was so ridiculous, although if Frank were free and eligible, it might not be.

A few years ago, a crooner, now dead, met Ava. He obtained Ava's telephone number from a friend of hers who's in the music publishing business and began a telephonic courtship.

Ava was most civil and polite. "I think you're a very nice fellow," she said, "and it's nice of you to ring me up. But you're also married, and I simply will not go out with any married man."

Persistent, if nothing else, the crooner refused to give up. He'd call Ava and leave his name and phone number. When she refused to answer, he would call and leave the name of Ava's friend.

Ava finally put a stop to it by showing the gentleman she meant exactly what she said. She wouldn't even talk to him on the telephone.

Back in the middle 1940's, she took her night-club fling, with a new escort every evening—but she soon realized how empty that sort of life was. So instead of on men, she concentrated on her acting. She surprised studio officials by requesting that certain films be run in the projection room so that she might study them. She began to read books on the modern drama. Soon she was getting better roles.

When Jack Conway began casting *The Hucksters*, Billy Grady, the Metro casting director, suggested Ava for a part. Conway went to Gable, who had seen Ava in *The Killers*.

state of the union

(Continued from page 62) suddenly come down with a craving for something with relish and mustard on top. And when their second son, Michael Anthony, was on the way, it didn't surprise Paul in the least when Jeanne, after laying out her costume for a fancy-dress ball they were going to, and bathing and putting on her make-up, quietly crawled into bed and went to sleep instead.

Today, with the health and welfare of the children to be studied and considered, the original policy has had to be revised to permit full discussions of all family questions. However, the spirit of agreement is every bit as strong and evident as before.

Jeanne was 16 when she first met Paul, and she was smitten hard. How hard? Well, about the first time they went to

"She's got what it takes," the King said. That was tantamount to law and into *The Hucksters* Ava went.

It was just about then that she met Howard Duff. After the picture was finished, she began seeing Howard more and more frequently. As she did, her interest in acting diminished. You see, the possibility of love existed in this relationship, and whenever the love-possibility enters Gardner's life, her career takes a back seat.

Ava is a girl who owes her success to her face and her figure. The beauty in both of these is transient, and she knows it. Essentially frank and honest, she knows, too, that she has a long road to travel before she can become an actress of genuine stature.

At the moment, she is a personality, as Jane Russell is, and while she has achieved a little confidence, she still suffers from an inferiority complex in the presence of well-educated men. When she first came to Hollywood, she would freeze up when she stepped into a crowded room, but nowadays she has managed to achieve a certain stage presence which nullifies this shyness.

The point, however, is that in her heart, Ava knows she is not a great actress, ready to achieve a great role.

What she does know in her heart, however, is that she is a full-grown, well-developed woman, that she is nearing 30, and that she is capable of achieving a marriage with love, passion, and devotion.

In short, her problem is the same one which today taunts millions of other American girls—"Where do I find the right man?"

According to statisticians and geographers, Hollywood is the worst spot, Alaska the best. But they don't make motion pictures in Alaska. And a girl has to eat—especially if she wants to maintain a figure like Ava's.

THE END

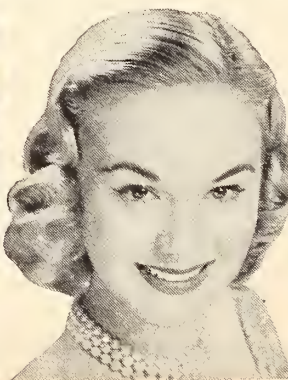
the beach together they were standing shoulder high in the breakers when he suggested that they swim out to a raft about a hundred yards off shore. Jeanne, her eyes on Paul, dreamily agreed. She took a couple of strokes, hanging on with one hand to his shoulder at the same time, and then a wave came along and she disappeared. Paul went diving for her and pulled her onto the beach. You see, Jeanne had completely forgotten she couldn't swim!

Not only can Jeanne swim now, but she's taught little Paul, who is hardly three, to swim across their pool and even dive into the shallow end to bring up his toys from the bottom. And Michael Anthony, who is a year old, swims a creditable six to seven inches, dog-paddle fashion. All you have to do is deposit him face down in the water and give him a fond pat on the tag-end to start him off. Sixteen when she started going with

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Paul, Jeanne is 24 now. This means, as she points out, that she has not only spent one-third of her life knowing Paul, but hasn't known adulthood without him. "That makes him so much more a part of my own life," she explains, "and makes us so much closer to each other."

According to anyone who knows them, they have an awareness of each other that is instant and constant. When Jeanne recently had her hair snipped just a bit shorter at the studio for her role in *Pinky*, Paul didn't notice it specifically—but the second he saw her he did know something was different and said so.

"My hair," she said. "Just an inch or so off at the ends. Do you mind?"

"I don't know," he replied—but didn't look too happy.

"Well?"

"Well . . . I guess it's that now there's just that much less of you," was his answer.

That hair is now getting to be as long as it was, and will not be altered again for any role without a special conference on the subject in the Brinkman home. The kind of man Paul is, he has to be conditioned for surprises like this, Jeanne realizes.

Without thinking about it, both Jeanne and Paul, out of habit in the first year, would occasionally shop separately for clothes. Slowly, and without any talk about it, this practice came to an end. It just didn't work out. They both learned that the appearance of each is very much part of the life of the other and that a suit or gown they both liked and approved gave them 10 times more satisfaction than anything bought independently. Or, as Jeanne puts it simply, "It sort of makes marriage more."

As newlyweds they had an unsettled time to begin with, having to live in a steady succession of hotels, motels, and short-term apartments. It wasn't just the housing shortage that caused this; they happened at the time to be foster parents of a young lioness, a studio gift to Jeanne. They got to be quite adept at sneaking the lioness into a new room or apartment—usually in a laundry basket. But every landlord they had seemed to have the hunting nose of a Tarzan. He'd soon uncover their tawny cat and order them to begone with the beast and never let her scratch his door again—not to speak of the floors and upholstery.

Once there was a little sewing to do on an overstuffed chair that their 300-pound pet had playfully worked over with her claws. Paul asked Jeanne if she'd please get busy with needle and thread. That was when he learned that she couldn't sew. Paul just couldn't understand. "Why, that's impossible," he said. "Every woman knows how to sew. . . . Doesn't she?"

Jeanne thought that over. She must have—because today she is rated a top hand at running up her own clothes. Her last creation, made in her studio dressing-room where she does most of her

sewing, was a full-cut, cerise-colored skirt with scalloped bottom and cut-out felt faces of different colors around the hem.

Not till Jeanne was about to give birth to Paul, Jr., was the house they were building ready for them. To be truthful, it wasn't quite ready. Jeanne had to stay 16 days in the hospital, and was afraid the baby was going to be able to walk out by himself, before Paul finally told her she at last had a bedroom all her own to go to.

They finally parted with the lioness, but when little Paul was two years old they bought him a pair of shoes with eye-hooks in them. Result: The same as a lioness with claws. For their fourth anniversary they gave each other a mutual present, a spinet piano, and that piano represented the final item necessary to furnish their house completely. But on account of those shoes with the eye-hooks, this achievement was only a technical one. The shoes, which cost \$4.95, have caused \$495.00 worth of damage to the living-room furniture, having untufted the tufting on the divan, unvelveted the velvet covering on the best chairs, and cut grooves and scars on most of the harder wood surfaces. So now, the Brinkmans are prepared to start right in refurnishing.

Despite their own happiness, neither Jeanne nor Paul will presume to give one word of advice on marriage. It isn't that they are keeping anything secret. They frankly think they are just lucky. Dis-sension pops up its nasty little head once in a while but it hasn't much chance against a quality of their relationship that can be described most simply as an active "togetherness."

They look at life and the world from the same viewpoint, socially, religiously—even politically. Their tastes match in everyday things. Paul, who manufactures furniture, has business interests to occupy his mind and balance his home life. Jeanne, of course, has her career.

Jeanne never deliberately brings her career home, but she's so impressionable and gets so lost in the parts she plays, that it gets there just the same. When she portrayed a young small-town girl in *Margie*, Paul would catch her skipping down the street instead of walking. When she starred in *Apartment for Peggy*, the story of a mother-to-be, she learned that her own Michael Anthony was on the way. And when she made *Pinky*, a moody drama, she was the gravest wife and mother her family had ever seen.

Paul has never objected to Jeanne's career, but on several mornings Paul, Jr., opposed it so eloquently that he almost talked her into his point of view.

It happened when she was making her current picture, *Cheaper by the Dozen*. She plays Anne, the eldest of the "dozen" children, with Clifton Webb and Myrna Loy as the parents. There are a number of scenes in which Jeanne is seen playing with the other children, and one day



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Have You Heard?



JOAN LANSING

Variety's the spice of life . . . and the American Broadcasting Company is putting plenty of that variety into the programs designed for our daytime listening. Yes, ma'am, those ABC people are doing right well by us with morning and afternoon programs that rate for great entertainment.

Why I'm just about ready to bounce the dishes right off the table when dandy DON McNEILL and "THE BREAKFAST CLUB" start me marching around the breakfast table. Then on to "MY TRUE STORY" (with a complete story every day) . . . followed by BETTY CROCKER'S home and food hints on her famous "MAGAZINE OF THE AIR." For fine nutrition and health commentary there's VICTOR H. LINDLAHR, an outstanding expert on food and diet. A little later in the morning there's BILL CULLEN'S "QUICK AS A FLASH" and immediately thereafter, "LADIES BE SEATED" with JOHNNY OLSEN—two programs that keep the girls (and me) jumping with joy. Then in the afternoon things really start perking again when JOHN NELSON chimes in with "BRIDE AND GROOM" and the wonderful WALTER KIERNAN drops over with his "ONE MAN'S OPINION." See what I mean about variety on ABC?

Of course, there are the "thrillers," . . . such as "HANNIBAL COBB" (hey, ABC, having a half-hour mystery series right smack in the middle of the afternoon—2:30 EST—is a slick bit of hit programming) and the kids' delights . . . the mighty "CHALLENGE OF THE YUKON," "GREEN HORNET," dashing "JACK ARMSTRONG" and "SKY-KING." The kids tell me there's nothing better than that 5-6 P.M. (EST) "Adventure Hour" for excitement and thrills.

All of which brings me right back to the original fact of the matter—the American Broadcasting Company (through your local ABC station) makes daytime listening real *gay-time* listening. Drama, mystery, music, romance, quizzes, comedy, news and views, health and harmony . . . these and many more are in store for your leisure-pleasure during the day on ABC. It kind of makes your housework seem lighter and go faster when you're really *enjoying* something on the radio. At least, that's the way I feel . . . so . . .

Here's a coast-to-coast toast to variety and fun—ABC has great daytime entertainment for everyone!

Joan Lansing

she took little Paul with her to the studio and he watched the filming of one of these. Naturally, he wanted to play, too. And for several days afterward, whenever she prepared to leave for the studio he had announcements to make to everyone in the house.

"Mommy doesn't want to go to the studio this morning and play with the other children," he would chant. "Mommy wants to stay home and play with me and Michael Antelope (his name for his brother, Michael Anthony). Doesn't Mommy? Huh?"

It was a little tough to leave after that. In Jeanne's life, and in Paul's, there are many warm moments and memories like this to tie them to each other and to their home and children. That's the kind of marriage it is.

Perhaps the best illustration of it is

bluebird on their windowsill

(Continued from page 38) us—we haven't learned Canasta yet—Bill and John were kidding around and John hit the jackpot for the first time. He didn't even *whistle*!"

But there was the night when their prize-winning shepherd dog, Annie, had her pups. Pati, who knows a lot about dogs and loves them, sat up with the soft-eyed mother-to-be all night. John, who admits he doesn't know much about dogs, especially when they have pups, loves Annie too, and wanted to help. Pati, calm and efficient, comforted their pet up until the eighth and last tiny canine made its appearance. John, amazed and wonder-struck after the first puppy came on the scene, wandered off and fell asleep on the couch . . . awaking to the straggly dawn, a tired Pati and Annie, and the assorted yips of eight new and hungry creatures.

Since that night, the little house in the Valley revolves around the dogs which fill it. One by one, as they are old enough, the puppies are being given away to good homes. Still, the four remaining, with Annie, herself, require a lot of attention. They have a place of their own off by the garden. Annie, as befits her standing, has the run of the house.

Strange things happen, though, to the best-laid plans. The night Pati and John went to the glittering premiere in Hollywood of *All the King's Men*, and on to a party afterwards, it was nearly two A.M. when they finally drove up to the house, tired and happy at the triumphant reception the picture had received.

John halted abruptly as they entered the dark living room.

"Something's wrong," he said, quietly. Pati rushed to turn on lamps. She looked around for Annie, who always met them as they came in. No Annie.

"Good heavens, where is she?" she cried excitedly, as she raced from room to room, wildly anxious. Then John discovered the door leading onto the patio was open. They both looked at each other—and said in unison, "The pool! The pups!"

As though to confirm their horrified thoughts, just then a feeble bark and a tiny whimpering came from the dark patio. John switched on outside lights. There, in varying degrees of wetness, were the four miserable puppies, dejectedly ranged around the pool, while an equally wet Annie went from one to another, trying to lick them dry.

There was no sleep for the Dereks that night. The pups were wrapped in Turkish towels, brought into the warm house. Annie was rubbed dry . . . milk was heated . . . a vet was called. Next day, none was any the worse for wear—and the tired dog-owners finally got some rest.

furnished by something that happened a few months ago. Jeanne and Paul decided to plant some trees back of their house. However, they didn't plant just ordinary trees. The way their minds run, they planted sequoias—the longest-lived things on earth, with a possible lifetime of 4,000 years. THE END

You won't want to miss the complete screen story of Jeanne Crain's latest movie, *Cheaper by the Dozen*, in the April issue of Dell's SCREEN STORIES. It's one of the brightest features that sparkling magazine has ever carried.

In fact, while John and Pati were sleeping it off, the pups, cozily ensconced in the house, chewed up a sleeve of the new suede jacket Pati had bought for a surprise for John and had left in its box on the floor of the closet near where the pups lay. Adding insult to injury, the ungrateful and now thoroughly dry fur-balls of mischief pulled down John's wallet from a table and chewed up everything but his driver's license.

To this day, nobody knows exactly what happened that wild night. Probably Annie somehow worked loose the well-fitting catch on the patio door, went to visit her pups, left open *their* door, and then rescued them one by one as they tumbled into the pool. (Pati admits that Annie probably should have gotten a ribbon for heroic endeavors that night, instead of the scolding she did get.) Doors are locked tight now, whenever John and Pati go out.

The two are planning for the time when they'll need a bigger place. "After June," says John dreamily, with an arm about his pretty, vivacious wife. June will be the joyous month when there will be three Dereks instead of two. And since they've had that wonderful information, Annie and the pups have taken a decidedly secondary place before the greatest wonder of all.

"It'll be a boy," says John with assurance. Pati smiles. "Maybe not," she says softly. But neither cares too much. Boy or girl, it'll be a bundle of happiness for them.

John hopes some day to have a big ranch where he can raise horses. He is unquestionably one of the finest horsemen in town. Until that day, however, John and Pati will both settle next for a place of their own—not rented—after the baby comes.

Pati, who has been in this country only four years, was born and brought up in Europe, and attracted attention of talent scouts who saw her dancing in Paris. Brought to this country, her career hadn't even started when she met John and they decided, soon after, that they couldn't live without each other. Ever since, their marriage and John's meteoric rise to popularity have just about filled up Pati's life—to say nothing of the junior Derek on the way.

Nevertheless, Pati wonders a little wistfully what her career *would* have been like. "Some day, maybe I try it again!" she says with just a trace of an accent, but without too much determination. Marriage, very definitely, comes first.

For there at the Dereks', though you can't see him, peeping in from the windowsill where he sits with blue wings folded, is that wise old Bluebird of Happiness, straight out of a fairy tale. He's all set for a long, long stay. THE END

(Continued from page 61) Christmas. Could they be married on Christmas? Would Howard Hughes, who was handling everything, be able to have the license clerk on hand and select a place where clerk and minister and they could meet for the ceremony in privacy?

He could and did. And so it was Christmas, and they flew to Phoenix, and the minister began, "We are gathered here..."—meaning Betsy and Cary, and the license clerk, and the rancher and his family, and the pilots and the man who met them with a car at the lonely flying-strip where they landed.

With her stage-trained ear for voice pitch, it came to Betsy that the minister was speaking in a monotone—was not being particularly dramatic about... well, about her wedding! But worse than that, when it came time for her and Cary to respond, she realized they were both taking their tone-cue from the minister and sounding just as undramatic!

Then suddenly it was over, Cary was kissing her and she was glad she had decided not to wear her glasses. Then things got a little confusing because somebody was insisting that she cut the wedding cake while somebody else was insisting that she hold an empty glass. She heard a popping of corks and figured out quickly that if she took that glass somebody would be sure to pour champagne in it. It was wiser to get the cake-cutting over with first.

here comes the bride...

Champagne and cake with people you had never seen before and all of them looking very happy and wishing Cary and her well. So that was a wedding. But that wasn't the full feeling of it. That came later, when they flew back to Los Angeles and banked over the city at night before landing.

Down below them was Los Angeles in holiday glow. It was like flying over a gigantic Christmas tree alight with millions of gleaming bulbs. That was more like it, more in the spirit of what had happened.

The Cary Grant of the movies would have done something with a moment like that. He would probably have pointed to the gala sight below and said something like, "A little thing I arranged for you."

But not the Cary Grant she married. He looked down and was content to be just as impressed as she was, and without any cute remarks about it.

For that moment they were alone—for the first time since the wedding. Then the plane started down and Betsy knew they would soon be part of the lights and glitter below.

The next day was still a holiday. Cary took her to visit a children's hospital and Betsy was almost startled when he introduced her. For the first time she heard aloud whom she had become. "This is my wife," Cary said. "Mrs. Grant."

The day after that, Mrs. Grant reported back for work at Warner Brothers studios where she is making *Pretty Baby*, with Dennis Morgan, Zachary Scott and Edmund Gwenn. And, just because she had become Mrs. Grant, she was confronted with a fine problem.

"You'll have to take your wedding ring off," an assistant director said, pointing to the plain gold band Cary had given her. "In the picture you are unmarried."

"Oh, no!" Cary came back in dismay. "I can't do that!"

There was a conference. After all, it is a problem that has come up before in studios. Somebody thought of flesh-colored tape and a thin strip of it was neatly

wound around and around the ring—while it was still on her finger. People with sharp eyes will still perhaps be able to tell she is wearing a ring when they see the picture.

And soon she was before the camera and everything was the same. But not quite. She would go home to Cary now, to the house he'd bought three years ago. He was going to get an architect. He was going to do it all over. And, as she later told her women friends who asked about it, he was going to do it over, not *she*.

"Cary has excellent taste," she said. "I know I'll like it. All I've asked for are closets and bookshelves."

That was one of the things their romance had been founded on, their liking for the same things; the same cheese and salads; the same wine—white and very dry; the same sort of comedy—Ed Wynn; the same sort of music; the same sort of quiet, simple life in every way.

For the first week after their marriage they went nowhere—except to that children's hospital. And then, New Year's Day and the day afterward they spent at Irene Selznick's—seeing eight films, four each day.

After that Cary started a picture, *Crisis*, at MGM, which is a good 10 miles away from Warners, so for a spell it was a case of just "Hello" and "How have you been?" the brief hour or two they could be with each other daily, what with early-morning rising to go to work, and pages of script to study nightly if they were to give any account of themselves at the studio.

Not till Cary's birthday, January 18, did they go out again, and then only to a private party with Dore Schary of MGM as their host. Still, it was an event. For the first time Betsy could wear the pearl necklace Cary had given her for a wedding present—a string of beautifully graduated pearls. Cary loyally wanted to wear the socks she had knitted for him but she talked him out of it. Though she had taken from August to Thanksgiving to do one sock, and from Thanksgiving to nearly Christmas to finish the other, they didn't come out quite right—by inches in some places.

Yes, Betsy Drake and Cary Grant married quietly last Christmas, and today they are quietly married. But then, even their romance was a quiet one. And as for Betsy, no star has ever walked through the Hollywood scene with as quiet a footfall.

no gay young thing...

Columnists or commentators who make a living noting departures from the norm in the behavior of celebrities have always drawn a blank in her case. She flung no flings, was never seen in this bright spot or that, and somehow was never overheard saying the oracle-like things that seem to come endlessly from most of the others—to be repeated just as endlessly.

As a matter of fact, only once since she has been in Hollywood has Betsy ever been seen in a night club—in *Ciro's*, for exactly one hour.

"What have you got against night clubs?" she was asked once.

"Nothing that some windows in them wouldn't fix," she replied. "I can't breathe, that's all."

Instead, Betsy used to study, and to go to out-of-the-way lunch places with Cary, and to talk to him about the business they are both interested in—acting.

At first they used to go to Romanoff's a lot, but there were always people stopping by at the table for a chat. And since few people know Betsy and almost everybody knows Cary, she would have to sit quietly by and listen.

They used to do a lot of driving. Betsy

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loves to drive and she has been responsible for a basic improvement in driving conditions on the bridle path stretch of Sunset Boulevard leading into Beverly Hills.

Betsy used to make a slow, careful job of it entering the boulevard from a certain side street. A motorcycle policeman stopped her one afternoon and suggested that she be a little more snappy about it as the time she consumed in the turn made her a road hazard.

"Oh, no!" countered Betsy—and pointed to a line of high bushes running along the middle of the boulevard which obstructed one's view of crossing traffic. "I have no idea of what might be coming against me and I wouldn't think of going fast."

The policeman studied the situation and then told her that she was right. He made a note of it and two days later the whole line of bushes was lopped off.

But the activity in which Betsy really wanted to get places when she came to Hollywood was her film work. When she was on the stage she thought she knew a little about her job, but when she gets in front of the camera she feels she is more lost than found.

"It's something like driving west in Hollywood's traffic when the sun is setting," she says. "The sun shines you almost blind and you're in a golden glare in which you barely sense the cars moving on either side of you, and you pray that you're keeping in your own lane. On the movie set the glare comes from all the lights, people are busy at dozens of other things, other actors are all about you, you get cues, you talk, you move—and you just hope it's all making sense. You don't really know."

It was in this quandary that she looked at Cary, who has made about 70 pictures and is considered a master of himself in front of the camera.

"When will I know what I'm doing on the set?" she asked him once.

"It works out in a funny way," he replied. "You just keep on working and trying, and you don't feel you are progressing at all. Then, suddenly, you wake up one morning and you have it!"

Betsy doesn't think that morning has come yet. But she's content to work hard and wait. And, pending that morning, she is waking up quite happily these days as Mrs. Cary Grant.

THE END

bringing up susan

(Continued from page 28) For a few minutes my tiny girl strutted about the room, her eyes glued on the shiny birdcage. And as soon as I left her alone for a moment, she tiptoed to the cage and gave it a good yank. From the next room I heard shrill cries from the birds and the clanging of the metal chain. I rushed in as the cage crashed to the floor, missing Linda Susan by inches.

At first, her ears tucked between her hunched shoulders, Linda Susan was too stunned for tears. But when the tears started to form she noticed the two love birds stalking out of their cage. They flipped their wings a couple of times and then took off for one of the big ceiling beams. There the pair sat, chirping happily in their new freedom.

When Linda Susan became aware that I'd been watching her, she peeped at me sheepishly. There was a small grin on her face, half amused, half guilty.

That's when I decided the time had arrived to administer a little corporal punishment. I didn't spank Linda Susan hard, just enough to impress on her the danger of such an act and that a little girl must consider the rights and welfare of others, including pets.

Of course I learned what is meant by "it hurts the parent more than the child." But the realization that Linda Susan might have been badly injured if the birdcage had fallen on her helped me feel justified.

After a few minutes Linda Susan was happily romping about the room again—but it took me two hours to get the birds back into their cage.

I have made it a rule never to say "don't" to Linda Susan. Instead I've simply said, "I wouldn't"—and, except in the case of the birdcage, it has always worked. "I wouldn't" lifts Linda Susan to a higher level. It makes her feel more responsible for her own actions—more grown-up. And that is what she likes, apparently—because there's nothing she resents more than being called a baby.

Just as the doctor had told me she would, Linda Susan started to develop a temper soon after she passed her first birthday. At first, when she got angry, she'd throw herself on the floor. But as soon as she found out that this procedure hurt her head and didn't get any reactions from me, she switched to an easier

method. She'd sit down, slowly—then clench her fists and start bawling.

To break the habit, I told her she was acting like a baby. Since, as I've said, Linda Susan doesn't like being called a baby, she usually stops crying now before I can say "Jack Robinson." However, if that doesn't work, I have an alternative that has never failed yet—I start singing "Happy Birthday." I don't exactly know what magic influence "Happy Birthday" has on my daughter—but maybe it is that the memory of her huge birthday cake lifts her out of the unhappy thoughts that originally sent her to the floor.

Another point in her training that I am emphatic about is baby talk. When explaining something to Linda Susan I never use baby talk. It's not always easy for me to adjust myself to the logic and reasoning of a two-year-old. But so far I've been quite successful in explaining things to Linda Susan in an adult manner while keeping my explanations on her own age level.

Since Linda isn't, and never has been, used to baby talk, some of the oddest situations occur when adults gurggle meaningless syllables at her or try to carry on some kind of imbecile conversation. Usually Linda Susan just looks at them with a bewildered expression that seems to say, "What on earth are you trying to tell me in that weird language of yours?"

Yes, my two-year-old daughter is really growing up. She is even getting clothes conscious now.

I intentionally dress Linda Susan in shirts and overalls in the morning and in pretty dresses in the afternoon. In the morning she putters in the sandbox and roughs it in the yard. In the afternoon she usually goes for a walk or plays in the house with the dolls, stuffed animals and toy cars she got for her second birthday. Or else she sits in her little garden swing—her favorite Christmas present—and chirps "Push me—push me," till someone weakens and gives her a shove.

I want Linda Susan to become aware that she can play in the sand and get messed up when she's wearing jeans or play clothes. And in the afternoon, in party dresses, she'll have to behave like a little lady and not like a tomboy.

My method has proved so effective that my little daughter has reached the point where she really enjoys getting all dressed up in the afternoon—in my clothes.

I first observed this one day when I fol-



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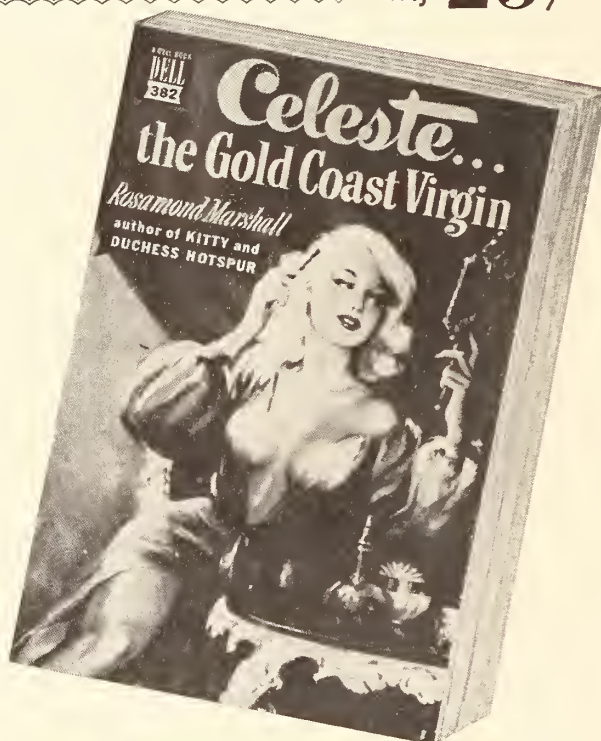
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lowed her into my room and watched her try on some of my clothes. She adored the fur coats—especially a short cape with long, soft fur. She loves everything with long, soft hair. That's why she likes Lannie, our collie, better than Chris, the boxer—Lannie has longer hair.

Anyway, that afternoon I watched Linda Susan drape my fur cape over her tiny shoulders. Then, clutching in her right hand the orchid my father had given me the night before when I had gone to a première, she gleefully strutted up and down the room, her short blonde hair bobbing about her head, her big brown eyes dancing. Then she stopped in front of the long mirror to admire herself. Not till I'd cleared my throat a couple of times did she tear herself away and make a bee line for Lannie with the long brown fur. As usual, the collie welcomed her with a good-natured wag of his tail.

Lannie is good for Linda—as pets are always good for children. I'd been warned that collies can get dangerous when they play with children, but my experiences have been exactly the opposite. Patiently Lannie lets Linda Susan stroke him and even strike him, kiss his head or pull his hair. When he gets tired of too much playing, or too much bossing, or too much affection, he just struts away. Sometimes Linda Susan hangs on to him. Then she goes where Lannie goes. Till she lets go of him she doesn't have much choice.

It's nice that Lannie and Linda Susan are getting along so well, because she doesn't have too many other companions. I've kept her away from big gatherings and parties because I've been afraid that she might catch the usual childhood diseases. Maybe I'm too careful. But then, I've got only one Linda Susan.

Recently, however, she acquired one close companion who is also her first cousin. Scotty, two weeks older than she, is one of my brother Jack's two children.

progressive education . . .

Already Scotty has given Linda Susan her first lesson in how to take care of herself. It was a useful lesson, but I do hope that, if Scotty plays teacher again, he won't use such drastic measures.

Scotty is quite a Don Juan, but his actions are a great deal more reminiscent of the great John L. Sullivan than the great lover. Scotty has spent most of his two years in the company of older children. His brother Stanley has reached the ripe old age of six. His other companions vary between his and Stanley's ages. It was truly a man's world Scotty was living in and he soon became effectively able to take care of himself. Unfortunately, the day after he'd arrived at my house he took care of himself at Linda Susan's expense—and by a very fundamental but most effective method: He bopped her one on the head.

Bawling as if she'd been stung by a bee, Linda Susan rushed to me and buried her head in my lap. For a few moments I didn't know what to do. Then I decided to let her work out her own problem, because if I interfered, Scotty would resent it, and this certainly wouldn't result in warmer relations between the two.

When my daughter realized that I wasn't going to get her out of her predicament, she further realized that she had to find her own solution. And she did. She hustled back to Scotty—and landed a right jab on his chest that pushed him into an abrupt sitting position on the floor. Thereafter they became the best of friends.

Linda Susan had solved her first boy-girl problem. **THE END**

(Another delightful installment of "Bringing Up Susan," by Shirley Temple, will appear in next month's MODERN SCREEN.)

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busiest girl in town

(Continued from page 31) kinds of people. Business is fun, and Ben and I have learned so much from meeting its challenge and from our association with people in every walk of life. The things we learn from them about pictures! I wouldn't miss that barometer for anything."

What's more, she feels that a business partnership is one of the best ways to cement a marriage and keep it happy. "Too many couples break up because they haven't enough things to do together. Believe me, Ben and I have so many interests together that our only problem is getting away from all the business projects long enough to have vacations. Ben should have started his new television show months ago but he was waiting for me to finish *Duchess of Idaho* so we could get away to Sun Valley for a couple of weeks. Then we're going to Honolulu for a week together before I start work in *Music on the Waters* and Ben starts his new TV show. This carefree time together is essential and it's the balance for the busy life we lead. We're always going to steal vacation time. We have from the beginning. We used to fly all the way to Acapulco for week-ends because we had had such a heavenly honeymoon there and we knew we could always recapture the peace and the magic."

Esther's complete practicality dates back to that honeymoon. They loved the house at Acapulco so they bought it and have rented it out for a substantial income ever since.

good for all...

Also rented is their island in Crystal Lake, near Waupaca, Wisconsin, a wedding gift from Mama and Papa Gage. The next business venture was the gas station. Then Esther's brother Dave had a severe attack of asthma and was ordered to the desert at Twenty-Nine Palms. Esther and Ben used to visit him there and were much concerned because of Dave's difficulty of finding employment in such a small town. If the climate was so beneficial for him, they decided, it would be good for others, too.

They put their heads together and envisioned a building project. They'd build small, compact houses—say, 850 feet square—but very modern and with two bedrooms. Dave, who had never built a house in his life, took charge of construction. Esther and Ben have now financed five houses, three are sold, two are rented. They call the project the Wil-Gay Investment Company, and they now have additional plans for Twenty-Nine Palms.

The next real-estate venture was of a different sort—a mountain-top lot for their own home, and six months ago they were busy with blueprints and plans. Esther wanted that home very much and she was surprised when Ben suggested that they buy The Trails Restaurant.

"Oh, Ben," she said, "there must be lots quicker ways to lose money than that! Besides, we can't buy the restaurant and build the house."

They talked about it a great deal. One night Ben suggested that it was silly to build the house when they could buy the restaurant and within a year it would build that house for them.

"He knew what would get me," laughs Esther. "And it did. This venture was a real challenge for we knew nothing about the restaurant business and this particular one had been in financial troubles. It's much more difficult to build up a place which has won a poor reputation than it would be to start from scratch."

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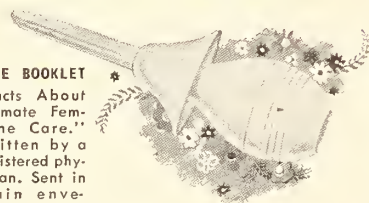
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"Luckily, we had such good help and counsel. Ben is always making friends with people and it pays off in the most unexpected and delightful ways. Take Bob Kreis, for example. He's the head chef for all the Brown Derbies and we've known him for years. We love to explore kitchens—we used to go back into the Derby kitchens all the time, and that's how we got to know Bob.

"Well, when we got into this restaurant deal, we went to talk with Bob Kreis and what had been a very pleasant friendship turned into the most intensely important business contact. He found us a chef, one who'd been at the Beverly Brown Derby for 10 years, he explained about food costs and operative costs and menu planning. He advised us on everything and still comes out all the time to check and be sure we're 'doing good.'

loyal friends . . .

"Waiters—we had no trouble getting. I'll never know how the word got around, but those waiters came from everywhere. Some of them Ben had known at the Town House when he was stationed in Santa Anna, some came from the Brown Hotel in Louisville, Kentucky, where Ben used to sing. They just adore Ben, and here again his interest in people and his complete friendliness have paid off big dividends."

Just to be sure their restaurant got off to a good start, Esther and Ben had a dress rehearsal the night before opening, to give their personnel a chance to get into action. They invited columnists and friends and put on an impromptu floor show. Producer Joe Pasternak directed, Gordon MacRae sang, so did Connie Haines, Lina Romy, and Ben and Esther. Keenan Wynn and Jim Backus had the guests hilarious, so did Bullets Durgham, an agent who is what Esther calls "a character."

Esther and Ben still sing at The Trails and Ben m.c.'s the place. "Many families come with their children," says Esther, "and Ben sings to the little girls. Sometimes he dances with them and it's so cute, the little five-year-olds and big Ben."

At least three times a week, Esther hurries from the studio to have dinner at The Trails, to sing with Ben, to help as waitress and act as hostess to the Westchesterites who have made the restaurant a community affair. "I'm no movie star to them," Esther says. "Ben and I are just the host and hostess. It's fun and we've learned so much."

Esther is up at six to feed young Benjie, by 7:30 she's at the studio. After a hard day of acting or swimming, she leaves at six and dashes for dinner at The Trails, then home at seven to bathe her baby and give him his last feeding. The bathing is, in reality, a swimming lesson. For 15 minutes the baby paddles his arms and legs while Mother supports chin and tummy. He was out of his bathinette at three weeks and into the big tub where his aquatic exercises have given him an excellent start on muscular coordination. He now stands (with someone holding his hands) and sits erect, something of a feat for a tot his age.

Between-times, Esther fulfills her contract with Cole of California to design and model bathing suits; talks over countless business projects with Ben—who says she is the most efficient and thrifty girl he's ever known; and, on free afternoons, drives across town to visit the blind children whom she taught to swim while she was pregnant. To them, also, Esther is no celebrity. She's a great swimmer and a loving friend whom they are free to touch and question and who always comes with some wonderful surprise—such as a doll

which one Williams fan designed especially for "feel," a game, or a story.

Perhaps her greatest contact with the American public is via her replies to fan mail. Rather than have these handled by a secretary, Esther has it done by her mother, Beulah Williams, formerly a school teacher and now on the staff of the Institute of Family Relations. A trained psychologist, Mrs. Williams is particularly alert to those letters from young people with problems. She reads these over with Esther, and together they map out an answer.

Recently there was a letter from a young girl, "unattractive, tall," who had thought the only way to attract boys was to neck, and now found herself with a bad reputation. Lacking the courage to try to live down a bad name, she was writing Esther as a last resort, for like Esther, she liked to swim, and the actress seemed the epitome of what she wished to be.

Esther and her mother read that letter with care—then Mrs. Williams typed out an answer which only the mother of Esther Williams could have written. She told how the actress also had been overly tall in high school, awkward and something of a wallflower. She told how hard Esther had worked at her studies and how she had devoted herself to what she liked best, swimming, and the development of the strokes which were to make her a champion. Every person, wrote Mrs. Williams, has a creative center—and the aim should be to find and develop it. "Keep busy," Mrs. Williams wrote. "If you will keep busy and develop your talents, your hobbies and yourself, you'll build a good life. Esther did—and during that process, she not only became a good swimmer, she became beautiful. She has never stopped building that busy life."

She has not, indeed. By being the busiest girl in town, she has matured mentally, emotionally and spiritually.

Esther is never too busy to send her thoughts and letters to people in hospitals; to visit blind children; to get to know the electricians and technicians who work on her pictures, to understand their jobs—as she does the jobs of the boys at the restaurant and the gas station.

As could only a very busy person—she has time. For really busy people, like Esther Williams, make time—by making the best possible use of it.

THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When Peter Lawford was making a personal appearance tour in Houston, Texas, for the opening of The Red Danube, he was applauded quite loudly when he came onto the stage. After he

had been talking for a while, he was interrupted by a loud wolf whistle. Peter smiled and asked the person who had whistled to stand up and introduce herself. A girl, not more than 10 years old, stood up. She was dressed in blue jeans and a long shirt. He was rather surprised and asked her to whistle again. She puffed up and once more the whistle was heard through the theater. Peter laughed and said, "They start early here, don't they? Even at my age, I can't do that, and living in Hollywood, one gets lots of practice."

Kathleen Finke
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movie reviews continued from page 4

CINDERELLA

Cast: Walt Disney cartoon characters.

RKO

Cinderella is Walt Disney's first feature-length cartoon since *Bambi*. (*Ichabod and Mr. Toad* was only semi-feature length.) It took six years to complete, and it's enchanting. The heroine is blonde and slender and sweet-tempered. The stepmother has cruel eyes, and a deep voice and a really frightening presence. The two stepsisters are harpies. The fairy godmother is a dumpy, absent-minded little lady. These are all marvelously cartoonable figures, of course, and to piece out the story, Disney has invented some new characters. There are mice, birds, a horse and a dog, all friends of, and sympathizers with, poor Cinderella. The mouse destined to become most famous is Gus-Gus, a gallant, dopey little character whose real name is Octavius. (He calls Cinderella Cinderelly.) There's also a villainous cat called Lucifer (Lucifee, to Gus-Gus) who has no virtues, and who likes to chase Gus-Gus and the other mice until their small hearts thump in terror. The Technicolor and settings in *Cinderella* are lavish—the great manor-house where Cinderella scrubs and slaves, the ballroom at the royal palace, the coach and gown produced by the fairy godmother. If you've ever doubted that cartoons were the proper medium for rendering fairy tales, go look at *Cinderella*. No flesh-and-blood girl ever captured a prince with such musical grace.

THE BLACK HAND

Cast: Gene Kelly, J. Carrol Naish, Teresa Celli, Marc Lawrence
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

The *Black Hand* deals with the early 1900s, when Italian immigration to the United States was heavy, and the reception accorded the new citizens was heartbreaking. Immigrants came expecting to find the streets paved with gold, and stayed to discover that nobody'd rent apartments to Italians, except in the slums, that the only kind of work Italians could get was digging ditches, that they weren't even called Italians, but dagoes, and wops. Part of the feeling against the Italian minority was based on the exploits of an illegal organization called The Black Hand. Composed mostly of thieves and murderers who'd fled Italy, and entered the United States illegally, The Black Hand preyed on impoverished new citizens, demanded protection money, ran all kinds of rackets. Decent Italians, hating the terrorism, the newspaper stories headlining knife slayings by Italians, the whole messy business, tried fighting back. This is the story of a young man named Johnny Columbo (Gene Kelly) and an elderly detective named Louis Lorelli (J. Carrol Naish), who led that fight. Columbo's father had been killed by The Black Hand. Lorelli had spent all his life as a detective trying to find some Italians brave enough to testify against the men who were victimizing them. Together, Kelly and Naish make a marvelous team, their adventures are moving and exciting. The acting's flawless, the suspense is constant, and a blow has been struck for a little more understanding.

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PAID IN FULL

Cast: Robert Cummings, Lizabeth Scott,
Diana Lynn, Eve Arden.
Paramount

I bet you've never seen anything like this before. It's based on a factual story, but if I hadn't been told different, I'd swear whoever dreamed up *Paid in Full* had been smoking hashish. Here goes: Lizabeth Scott loves Robert Cummings who loves Diana Lynn (Liz's sister). Diana Lynn's enamored of a millionaire, but when he throws her over, she agrees to marry Robert. He only gets \$15,000 a year, but he has prospects. Liz, who's brought Diana up, swallows her tears, and wishes the young couple well, but you've had a glimpse of Diana in operation, and you know Bob's a chump. Diana wants parties, clothes, young men to kiss her. Having a baby only aggravates her selfishness; she wants to own the baby's soul. Sick in the head, you can plainly see. She decides on a divorce, accuses Liz and Bob of having an affair. Liz goes leaping out of the house into her car, and runs over the baby who's playing in the driveway. Since Diana couldn't have another baby (physical impossibility) even if she weren't divorcing Bob, this puts her right into a sanitarium for mental patients. Meanwhile, Liz has decided she's got to fix things. She invites Bob to take her to Mexico, where they get married (I'm a little fuzzy about Bob's and Diana's divorce, but I guess it doesn't matter), and Liz gets herself with child. Now you see her plan. Liz knows she'll probably die in childbirth (it's a problem her whole family suffers from) but she's determined Diana and Bob will have back the child they lost through her. She goes to a strange city, has the baby, and Diana and Bob show up before she passes to her reward. They promise to take care of the baby—Diana's all cured, and out of the booby hatch—and give it a home. Of course, Diana doesn't know it's her own husband who's the father of her child (if he still is her own husband, which I don't know) and if the baby grows up to look like Bob, I guess the shock will put her right back in the sanitarium. Still, Liz is convinced she did right, and that's all that seems important. A more preposterous picture you would go far to find. Speaking of finding, the new Broadway sensation, Carol Channing, is supposed to be in *Paid in Full* somewhere, but I couldn't find her, either.



Young Man With A Horn: Kirk Douglas is Rick Martin, trumpeter who yearns to blow impossible notes. Doris Day sings with the same bond.

YOUNG MAN WITH A HORN

Cast: Kirk Douglas, Lauren Bacall, Doris Day,
Hoagy Carmichael.
Warners

I admit I can't review *Young Man With a Horn* without prejudice. For me, it was a great short novel, a work of art, and I think it's been thoroughly loused up. Maybe if you've never read the book, you'll think it's one of the best pictures of the year; I don't know. Rick Martin's a lonely young boy who falls in love with a trumpet, and comes alive. So okay, Kirk Douglas is sensitive, but does he look 20 years old? Rick's best friend in the book is a colored boy named Smoke Jordan, whose sister, Jo, becomes a singer. In the movie, Smoke is Hoagy Carmichael (Smoke Willoughby, that is) and Doris Day plays singer Jo Jordan. I guess Warners figured they paid for every name in the book, might as well use 'em. There's Amy North, Rick's neurotic wife. He's crazy about her because she's different from him, deep, strange. Lauren Bacall, the movie Amy, has been handed an endless line of babble that makes her about as mysterious as a high-school girl playing Marlene Dietrich. Then there's Art Hazard, the Negro trumpeter who teaches Rick how to play. He's a successful musician, a man of parts, but the movies make him call Doris Day "Miss Jo" and, in the end, depend on Rick's good nature to keep his job for him. Still, my main kick is with the character of Rick himself. Here's a fellow who only wants to do one thing—play a horn. It's his life. He's got one sure talent, and he believes in it. In the end, he's destroyed by it, because he starts demanding things of a horn that a horn can't do. He tries for notes that don't exist, and he busts wide open. There are other things that speed him to his downfall—a bad wife, a lot of liquor, a refusal to compromise. But the main thing is him and his horn, and when the horn lets him down too, he has nothing to live for, so he dies. Warner Brothers' Rick, down and out, dying in an alcoholic ward, suddenly hears the wail of an ambulance, and sits up. "They told me there was no such note," he whispers, and the last thing you see is a happy ending with Kirk blowing his horn, and sounding just like an ambulance siren. All I can say is, "Nuts." This is no way to treat a masterpiece.

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Side Street: Poverty stricken, Farley Granger foolishly turns to crime when he discovers wife Cathy O'Donnell will soon have a baby.

SIDE STREET

Cast: Farley Granger, Cathy O'Donnell, James Craig, Paul Kelly.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

I'm afraid this is an attempt to cash in on the critical praise reaped by that fine RKO picture, *They Live By Night*. T.L.B.N. was artistic, and touching, and it cast Farley Granger and Cathy O'Donnell as ill-fated lovers, *Side Street* casts Farley and Cathy as unfortunate lovers, but it is neither artistic nor touching, nor anything else very good. Farley plays a boy who wants to buy minks for his wife. Can't do it on his salary as part-time mailman. Cathy's going to have a baby. One place where Farley delivers mail, he notices a big envelope of money in a filing cabinet. He steals it. It belongs to Edmond Ryan (a crooked lawyer) and James Craig (a powerful thug) who got it out of a black-mail racket, and who can hardly claim it, since they've murdered the lady who turned it over to them, and they don't want the whole matter dug up, so to speak. But Farley's astonished when he discovers just how much gold he's really made off with, and from there, things get horribly complicated. More murders, several beatings, a couple or robberies (in the middle of everything, poor Cathy has a baby) and as we fade out, police captain Paul Kelly's calm voice assures us that our young couple is going to be all right. Farley and Cathy are still an appealing, un-Hollywood twosome, Jean Hagen, a comparative newcomer from Broadway, gets herself murdered in a nice professional way, and there's an exciting chase down around the waterfront, at the end. It's no *A* picture, though.

JOHNNY HOLIDAY

Cast: William Bendix, Hoagy Carmichael, Stanley Clements, Allen Martin, Jr.
United Artists

Some 12-year-old boys, if their widowed mothers go off to the hospital, act nice. They join a Boy Scout troop, work a paper route, grow up to be good insurance risks. Johnny Holiday (Allen Martin, Jr.) is nothing like that. He's a 12-year-old boy who falls under the influence of an older, rattier type lad (Stanley Clements) and before you can say reformatory, they're both in the Indiana Boys

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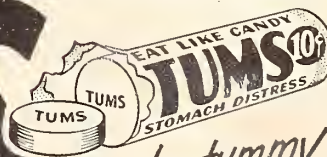
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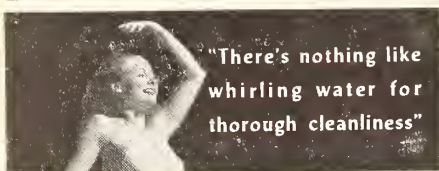


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Johnny Holiday: Allen Martin, Jr., says goodbye to his mother in the hospital—where Bill Bendix has brought him from the reformatory.

School. Johnny Holiday's not really naughty. He likes Sarge Walker (William Bendix), the man in charge of the school's stable, and he loves Nellie, a horse. He'd reform like a shot, but Stanley Clements keeps working on him, and then one day Sarge Walker has to kill Nellie (to save her foal) and that turns Johnny really sour. But there's no such thing as a bad boy (with the possible exception of Stanley Clements, that snake), and Johnny works out his salvation by foiling Stanley's escape, and saving Sarge Walker's life. Hoagy Carmichael plays himself here (he entertains at the school, New Year's Eve), the Governor of Indiana also plays himself, and Greta Granstedt is Johnny's widowed mother.

THE SUNDOWNERS

Cast: Robert Preston, Robert Sterling, Chill Wills, John Litel.
Eagle-Lion

Here's a Technicolored Western that's different, exciting, terrific. In fact, you'd better keep impressionable kids away from it. The villain is so fascinating, they're likely to take him as a model. Story deals with Robert Sterling and his young brother, John Barrymore, Jr., trying to make out on a cattle ranch. They're new in the community, and their neighbors—mostly thieves—resent their coming, and make off with most of their cattle. Up rides Robert Preston, known far and wide as Kid Wichita. He's a gunman, but Sterling lets him stick around because he needs help. Wichita gets back the stolen cattle, and more besides, though he has to murder a couple of folks in the getting. Young brother, meanwhile, is developing a crush on Wichita, making him his hero, and Sterling's worried. Well, that's part of it. Then there's a secret about Wichita's real identity, there's excellent acting, there's tremendous suspense. In a way, it's too bad Preston makes Wichita so magnetic. He's a cold-blooded murderer, but he's got a sense of humor and a brand of charm that could turn a Bryn Mawr girl into a gun moll. Go ask any Bryn Mawr girl. As for John Barrymore, Jr., he's a lanky lad, and I can't see the much-heralded resemblance to his handsome father, but he has plenty of talent and personality. That goes for everybody in the picture.

THE GREAT RUPERT

Cast: Jimmy Durante, Terry Moore, Tom Drake, Frank Orth.
Eagle-Lion

Rupert is a trained squirrel (he dances the Highland Fling), but nobody books his act, and his owner, who's been living in a garage, is evicted for non-payment of rent. Sadly, owner frees Rupert in a park, tips off a friend (Jimmy Durante) that the garage is now vacant, and fades. Jimmy's delighted about the garage. He's an unemployed acrobat, once balanced his wife (Queenie Smith) and daughter (Terry Moore) on his shoulders, but those days are over. Wife's waistline has thickened, and daughter's practically six feet tall. Or, anyway, too tall to perch on her old lady's shoulders. Mr. Dingle, who owns the garage—and lives in the house adjacent—wants rent in advance, but his son (Tom Drake) takes a look at Terry Moore, and fixes things temporarily. Now, Mr. Dingle's a tightwad. Main thing he likes is money—to hoard, not to spend. When an old investment pays off, he cuts a hole in the wall-baseboard, and stuffs \$1500 a week into it. Meanwhile, Rupert, the squirrel, bored with park life, returns to live in the rafters of the garage. Once a week he picks up the \$1500 Mr. Dingle stuffs in the wall and sprinkles it down on Jimmy Durante's head. Jimmy's family thinks God is responsible for the miracle, and they help all the little business-people in the neighborhood, and prosperity reigns. There's some confusion, what with the income tax people, and Rupert's burning the Dingles' house to the ground, and Tom Drake's getting some music published, but everything works out. *Everything*. This is a picture with at least five different happy endings. Even Rupert's old boss, and Rupert, go on to make a success of their act. (Before the crowned heads of Europe, I shouldn't wonder.) Durante's delightful, enchanting, lovable. If you can say bad things about a picture he's in, you're braver than I am.

SHADOW ON THE WALL

Cast: Ann Sothern, Zachary Scott, Gigi Perreau, Nancy Davis.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Ann Sothern's sister (Kristine Miller) is married to Zachary Scott, but carrying on with Tom Helmore. Tom is Ann's fiancé. Now, since childhood, sister's always got everything away from Ann, due to her superior allure (not evident to the naked eye), and this Tom business is just too much. Ann goes to sister's house to squawk, finds sister and Zachary have had a big fight (over Tom business, also) and Zach's lying on the floor unconscious. Sis lets him have it with a handmirror or something. Ann shoots sister in a moment of pique, is overheard by Sis' and Zach's child, Gigi Perreau, but doesn't know it. Zach goes to jail, is going to die in the electric chair for wife's murder. Gigi is in a state of shock. A child psychiatrist (Nancy Davis) starts working on her. The kid knows something. Maybe they can find out what it is, save her father. Ann's worried now. Half the time she resolves to be a good girl, 'fess up, the other half, she plots ways to rub out Gigi. I find it particularly unpleasant to watch somebody attempting murder on a little child, even when I know it's just a movie.



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The Kid From Texas: Betrayed by his former comrades, Audie Murphy dramatically prepares for a lost-ditch stand, backed by Gale Storm.

THE KID FROM TEXAS

Cast: Audie Murphy, Gale Storm, Albert Dekker, Shepperd Strudwick. Universal-International

This is a sympathetic story about Billy the Kid, and I don't know how much of it's fiction. It's absorbing, and the Technicolor is gorgeous. Audie Murphy (as Billy) turns up in New Mexico during a fight between two big land-owning factions. Both factions want control of the range. Albert Dekker and his partner Shepperd Strudwick are on one side of the fence, Dennis Hoey's on the other. Hoey's side hires gunmen, but Strudwick's a peaceful soul. He takes on Billy as a ranchhand, to the displeasure of partner Dekker. Strudwick makes a friend of Billy, and the young sharpshooter puts away his guns, determined to live peaceable. Nobody's ever treated him like a human being before; Strudwick becomes his idol. When Strudwick's killed by Hoey's gangsters, Billy goes back to his old ways, vows to get every man who had anything to do with Strudwick's murder. Dekker says okay, sends his men, led by Billy, to get Hoey's bunch, but after a lot of people on both sides are killed, Dekker shifts the whole blame to Billy, tells the governor of the territory he never authorized his men to murder anybody. Billy becomes an outlaw, still intent on revenge. (There are a couple of men implicated in Strudwick's death that Billy hasn't yet caught up with.) Billy's finally trapped by his love for Dekker's young wife (Gale Storm) but there's plenty of excitement first.

KEY TO THE CITY

Cast: Clark Gable, Loretta Young, Frank Morgan, Marilyn Maxwell. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

If you can believe that all the mayors in the U. S. are having a convention in San Francisco, then I guess you can believe that Clark Gable, self-made man and ex-stevedore, is the mayor of some town (I can't remember the name), and Loretta Young is the mayor of still another town (I can't remember the name of that either). Loretta's prim, scholarly, a Harvard grad. Clark's all brawn and sex appeal. When his city council doesn't agree with him, he dumps them into a fish pond outside the city hall.

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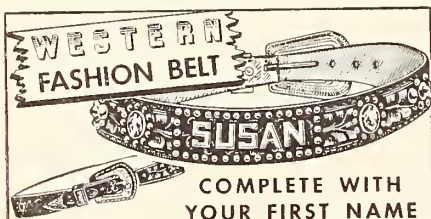
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Key to the City: Stevedore-turned-mayor Clark Goble fights off assailants while lady mayor Loretta Young offers good advice, but no help.

No trouble with dries in his state—the legislators are always wringing wet. Well, love blooms between Loretta and Clark, but she mistrusts him on account of flashy atom dancer Marilyn Maxwell (she certainly can can-can), and the late Frank Morgan plays an Irish fire chief, and Lewis Stone plays Loretta's uncle with-the-kindly-twinkle who hopes Loretta will learn to live dangerously, but what's the difference? It's perfectly absurd. It's also pretty funny.

THE THIRD MAN

Cast: Joseph Cotten, Valli, Trevor Howard, Bernard Lee, Orson Welles.
Selznick

Joseph Cotten, down on his luck, arrives in the American zone of Vienna and goes looking for his old school friend, Harry. Harry has a business of some sort and he's written Joe to come to Vienna if he wants a job. Only Joe's too late. Harry's dead. A number of people will testify to that. The two men who picked up the body after Harry was run over by his own chauffeur, and the girl who loved Harry—she's an actress named Anna (Valli). A porter tries to give Joe some information (he says there were three men carrying Harry's body) and he (the porter) is murdered shortly thereafter. Now Joe's both angry and curious. He thinks Harry's death was no accident. After a while, he has reason to think Harry isn't even dead. It seems Harry was mixed up in some unsavory black market dealings (Harry wasn't above watering penicillin for sick children) and the body in Harry's grave may not even be Harry's. Harry (Orson Welles) may be hiding out, biding his time. The authorities, particularly a British officer named Calloway (Trevor Howard) advise Cotten to give up trying to solve his little mystery. Go home, take the first plane, they urge. Vienna's not a nice place to be, and there's no use looking for trouble. But Cotten's stubborn; besides, he's fallen in love with Anna. Anna smiles, when he tells her. "If you'd phoned and asked me what color your hair was, I wouldn't have known," she says sadly. She's still in love with the memory of Harry. Harry'd never quite grown-up. Harry'd never cared too much about right or wrong, but Anna loved him.

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for local time

It would be too bad to give away the rest of the plot, because knowing takes some of the fun out of seeing. It's enough to say this is an excellent thriller. It's based on a story by Graham Greene, it's directed and produced by Carol Reed, and it's acted with the same taste and intelligence which characterizes the writing and direction. Joseph Cotten's never been so good. That goes for Valli, and everybody else, too. . . . Among the picture's other unusual features is the haunting zither music—which runs right through it, from the title to the finish. It's strange, moody, exciting stuff.

MOTHER DIDN'T TELL ME

Cast: Dorothy McGuire, John Lund, June Havoc.
20th Century-Fox

Dorothy McGuire, coughing like a bull moose, phones doctor William Lundigan. Then she rushes into a filmy negligee, and plays Camille. (William Lundigan is her type.) So they get married. But every time she puts dinner on the table, he's off softening somebody's arteries. Occasionally he takes time out from his practice, only to accomplish such feats as sinking all his money into a broken-down house (the seller just showed him a picture). Even after the twins are born, Dorothy can't resign herself to this erratic way of life. Not only is she snubbed whenever she tries to put in an edgewise word about the habits of ulcers (she wants to belong, when her husband has his doctor friends over), but her husband takes a lovely girl-doctor into his office as a partner, her mother-in-law swipes away at her from the sidelines, and a charlatan psychiatrist (Leif Erickson), tells her she's misunderstood, and would she care to dance? It's unbelievable but mildly amusing.

DEAR WIFE

Cast: William Holden, Joan Caulfield, Billy De Wolfe.
Paramount

Dear Wife is the sequel to Dear Ruth, with the same cast playing the same characters. Ruth (Joan Caulfield), married to Bill (William Holden), discovers that being a bride is often a headache, never a bore. For one thing, Bill resents living with her family. Hurts

his pride. Besides which he has his wife's old job, in the town bank, and his wife's old boyfriend (Billy De Wolfe) for a boss. (De Wolfe is always giving him pompously confusing advice like, "Hit the ball hard; keep pitching!") Ruth's adolescent sister Miriam (Mona Freeman) is frightfully civic-minded, so she starts a campaign to run Bill, whom she admires, for State Senator against whatever candidate George Stiver, the local political boss, chooses. She finds out too late that her own father, the Judge (Edward Arnold), is Stiver's man. By this time, she's already written a letter to the paper, roasting "Stiver's Stogie." Her father says to her mother (Mary Phillips) plaintively at one point, "Do you think if I pulled some strings I could get that child deported?" But Miriam's only just begun to fight, and the political battle is on, and Ruth and Bill nearly split up (there's a redhead running his campaign), but all's well that ends, you know.

THREE CAME HOME

Cast: Claudette Colbert, Patric Knowles, Florence Desmond, Sessue Hayakawa.
20th Century-Fox

This outstanding picture is based on the actual experiences of writer Agnes Newton Keith. Mrs. Keith (played by Claudette Colbert, who gives one of the best performances of her career) was an American, living in Borneo with her husband (played by Patric Knowles), a British colonial official, when the war with Japan broke out. The Japanese occupied Borneo, and Mr. and Mrs. Keith were separated, sent to different prison camps, their little boy going with his mother. This is chiefly a story of those years in prison, and their effect on a sensitive woman. Mrs. Keith was capable of great objectivity; looking back to a time of particularly intense suffering, she said, "At that moment, I hated all mankind—not just the enemy. A race which still allowed wars to happen to innocent children. Was there any hope for such an animal?" Because she was so unusual a person, her pain and hunger and loneliness are particularly affecting. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Keith and their son were finally liberated and reunited, in 1945. It's good to know that these three did come home.



Three Came Home: Fearful for their lives, prisoners Claudette Colbert and Florence Desmond are forced into obedience by a Jap guard.



Dear Wife: Mona Freeman loys plans to run brother-in-law Bill Holden for senator, despite the fact that her father is running, too.

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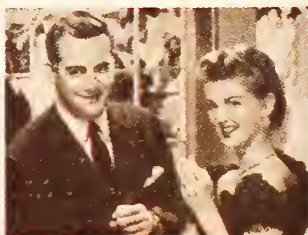
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