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special issue!
HOLLYWOOD YOUTH ON TRIAL
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modern screen

• A DELL MAGAZINE •
DELL
• A DELL MAGAZINE •



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elizabeth taylor

read

louella parsons'
good news — page 6

Show the world a lovelier complexion— with your very first cake of Camay!



Wonderful things happen when your skin is soft and smooth! And you can be lovelier with your *first cake* of Camay! Change to regular care—use Camay alone. Never let a lesser soap touch your skin. You'll have a fresher, clearer complexion—very soon!

Where in the world will you find a finer beauty soap than Camay?

It's so mild and gentle—so quick with its rich, creamy lather. And no other soap has ever quite captured the flattering fragrance of Camay. Yes—

Camay gives you the finest kind of complexion care—your very *first cake* brings a lovelier complexion!

SCENES FROM JANE'S ROMANCE

Courtship in Hipboots! A trout stream can set the scene for romance—when one of the anglers has a complexion like Jane's! She says: "Camay is my best beauty aid. Camay's lather is so kind to my skin!"



Honeymoon on Wheels! Luray Caverns in Virginia was one of the exciting stops on Jane and Albert's auto trip through the South. Camay went along in Jane's beauty kit! Her *first cake* of Camay brought new skin beauty. It can do the same for you!



Mrs. Albert Malekoff
the former Jane Kasmer of Union City, N. J.

Camay—the soap of beautiful women



To keep your mouth and breath more wholesome, sweeter, cleaner, guard against tooth decay and gum troubles *both*. Never risk halfway dental care. Use doubly-effective *Ipana* care for healthier teeth, healthier gums—better all-around protection for your whole mouth.

Fight tooth decay and gum troubles both— to keep your Whole Mouth Wholesome!



Teach your children doubly-effective *Ipana* care

To help your youngsters grow up with healthier, cleaner mouths, show them how to fight tooth decay and gum troubles *both*. Remember, tooth decay hits 9 out of 10 children before the age of six. And later in life, gum troubles cause *more than half* of all tooth losses. So start your children today on the *Ipana* way to healthier teeth and healthier gums *both*.

Only one leading tooth paste is designed
to give you this double protection!*

If you want a healthier, more wholesome mouth, take the advice of dentists—fight gum troubles as well as tooth decay.

With one famous tooth paste—*with *Ipana* and massage—you can guard your teeth and gums *BOTH*.

No other tooth paste—ammoniated or otherwise—has been proved more effective than *Ipana* to fight tooth decay. And no other leading tooth paste is specially

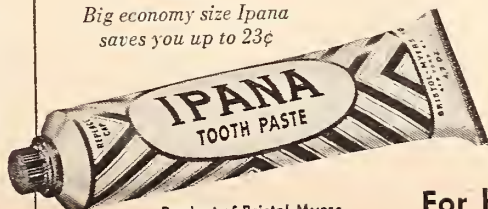
designed to stimulate gum circulation—promote healthier gums.

Remember, *Ipana* is the only leading tooth paste made especially to give you this doubly-protective, doubly-effective care.

Now, today, start this *double* protection—keep your whole mouth “*Ipana* wholesome.” You’ll like *Ipana*’s wholesome flavor, too—it’s so refreshing. Get a tube of *Ipana* Tooth Paste!

NEW!

Big economy size *Ipana*
saves you up to 23¢



Product of Bristol-Myers

IPANA

For healthier teeth, healthier gums

READER'S DIGEST* reports the same research which proves that brushing teeth right after eating with **COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST**

**Better Than Any Other Way of
Preventing Tooth Decay According
to Published Reports!**

Reader's Digest recently reported on one of the most extensive experiments in dentifrice history! And here are additional facts: The one and only toothpaste used in this research was Colgate Dental Cream. Yes, and two years' research showed brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stopped decay *best!* Better than any other home method of oral hygiene! The Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever reported in all dentifrice history!

**No Other Toothpaste or Powder
Ammoniated or Not
Offers Proof of Such Results!**

Even more important, there were no new cavities whatever for more than 1 out of 3 who used Colgate Dental Cream correctly! Think of it! Not even *one* new cavity in two full years! No other dentifrice has proof of such results! No dentifrice can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But the Colgate way is the most effective way yet known to help your dentist prevent decay.

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



*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research reported in July Reader's Digest.

NOVEMBER, 1950

modern screen

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MUSICAL HITS!

"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"

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"SUMMER STOCK"

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M-G-M's NEW TECHNICOLOR MUSICAL!

THE TOAST OF NEW ORLEANS

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When a brawny riverman
romances a dazzling society
singer in M-G-M's Mardi Gras
Musical!

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Available on M-G-M Records!



KATHRYN GRAYSON • MARIO LANZA
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The Toast Of New Orleans

COLOR BY **TECHNICOLOR**

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A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

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perspiration odor instantly, efficiently. Does not merely mask it with a fragrance of its own. Trust Yodora for clock-round protection.

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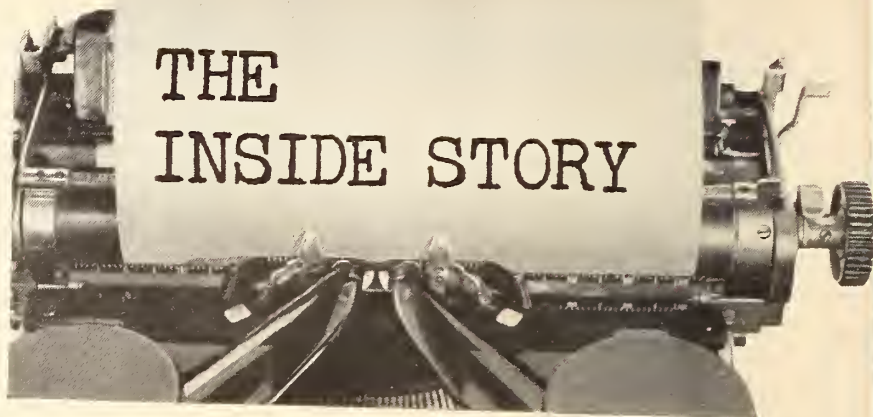
and beautifies underarm skin

because of its face cream base. Keeps underarm fresh and lovely-looking for new sleeveless fashions. Safe for fabrics, too. Tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢.



McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.

THE INSIDE STORY



Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Ca

Q. How can Errol Flynn marry Patrice Wymore if, according to his own testimony, he can't afford to pay for the support of his first wife, Lili Damita?

—T. R., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. Flynn can afford to pay for the support of his first wife. He just wants the Court to reduce the amount of that support. Miss Wymore is not exactly poor either. Flynn receives \$200,000 for one picture a year from Warner Brothers.



Q. Why don't the four Marx Brothers make pictures any more? Is it because they fight with each other?

—N. M., DETROIT, MICH.

A. They consider it financially advantageous for each to go his separate way.

Q. In looking over a back issue of Modern Screen, I came across a story about Robert Walker and his new bride, Barbara Ford. What ever happened to these two? Are they still together?

—F. F., BAINBRIDGE, GA.

A. Robert Walker was not in the best mental health at the time of his marriage. Barbara Ford quickly realized this and immediately secured a divorce. Not long after, Walker received treatment at the Menninger Clinic in Topeka, Kansas. In fine mental health, he's unwed.

Q. What is this about Joan Crawford and Vincent Sherman?

—B. K., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

A. Mr. Sherman has directed Miss Crawford's last three pictures. She admires his directorial skill, and is extremely fond of him.

Q. I've been told that Claudette Colbert absolutely refuses to have her profile shot from the right. Is this true?

—P. Y., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A. Miss Colbert has a break in her nose and the right profile is not photogenic.

Q. I have read hundreds of stories about Alan and Sue Ladd, and I'll darned if I can find out the truth from any of them. How many children the Ladds have, anyway, and how many times has each of the Ladds been married?

—E. F., ROCKPORT, ILL.

A. The Ladds have been married twice and have four children to prove it.

Q. Why did Linda Darnell and her husband split up? Is it because he's twice her age? Isn't that also the case with Dick Powell and June Allyson, with Dick Powell and his wife "Mousie"? Is a difference too great a barrier for success in marriage?

—V. D., DENVER, COLO.

A. Not at all, age made no difference to June and Dick Powell, and there's more to the Darnell-Marley splitup than age difference. Linda and Pev have conflicting viewpoints on certain subjects and cannot reconcile them.

Q. Why do the major studios refuse to let their stars appear on television?

—L. D., ORLANDO, FL.

A. They think it is bad for the motion picture business. If you see Lana Turner on T.V. for nothing, why pay to see her at your local theater? That is the official reasoning.



Q. I've written several actresses asking them to please send me the old clothes they've worn in a picture. Several have written back, telling me that their clothes don't belong to them. Is that true?

—R. S., DES MOINES, IOWA

A. Clothes worn by actresses in any motion picture usually belong to the wardrobe department of the studio shooting the film. Actors supply their own clothes, except in costume pictures. Occasionally, the studio will let an actress keep the clothes; frequently it will not.

American Guerrilla in the Philippines

*The lean,
hard American took
the girl in his arms...
Forgotten was the
danger... as they
found each other...*

His name was Chuck Palmer, Ensign, U.S.N.R. He came out of the fire of battle, through wild mountain passes and jungle brush, over seas wide-open to bombers...to the Island of Leyte, of palm trees, shimmering moonlight...and enemy occupation.

There, in the village of Tacloban, he saw her, the dark-eyed girl — her face firm with a hardness, belied by the softness of her lips. And they fought together, the war of the guerrilla...

Here is one of the great love stories of our decade as it was told in the powerful Book-of-the-Month and Reader's Digest best-seller. A motion picture to excite you, to impart a rich and deeper meaning...because it was true.

Tyrone POWER • Micheline PRELLE
American Guerrilla
in the **Philippines**

Color by **TECHNICOLOR**

20th
CENTURY-FOX

Directed by
FRITZ LANG
Produced by
LAMAR TROTTI

with Tom Ewell • Bob Patten • Tommy Cook • Juan Toren • Jack Elam • Robert Barrat
Screen Play by LAMAR TROTTI • Based on the Novel by Ira Wolfert



LOVELLA PARSONS'

Good news



It's reunion-time in Rome for the Bob Toylors. He's on location there for MGM's spectacular *Quo Vadis*, and Borboro joined him in August.



Donald and Gwen O'Connor attend a dinner for the Society of Hollywood Press Photographers in Los Vegas, at Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn.

NANCY SINATRA'S LIVING HER OWN LIFE . . . SCARLETT O'HARA'S BACK IN TOWN! . . . JUDY GARLAND'S A NEW WOMAN

Is Farley Granger's romance with Shelley Winters, and vice versa, colder than a frappé crème de menthe with Missy Shelley keeping it alive just for the publicity loughs?

I'm not saying—I'm just asking.

I have good reason to believe that Shelley and Farley have had a bitter quarrel over his return to Europe to court a beautiful blonde charmer of the Paris nightclub set.

But Shelley is a very smart girl where publicity is concerned. All the while Farley was gone, she made it a point to tell reporters about the "messages and letters" he was mailing her. Several had a little back-swipe at Granger as, for instance, the postcard he supposedly sent her for a birthday gift!

And then, there was a letter (Shelley said it came from him) signed "Mrs. Hilton."

When asked why he used that signature, Shelley replied airily, "That's just our little private joke. We weren't invited to Elizabeth Taylor's wedding to Nicky Hilton."

Whether she and Granger are blazing or feuding—never let it be said for a moment

that Shelley isn't squeezing every inch of space out of their present relations.

GARY Merrill, unknown a year ago, suddenly becomes the center of Hollywood interest as an actor following his elopement with Bette Davis.

Merrill, an earthy good looking guy with Gable-like qualities, was just another actor until Bette saw him and fell in love with him. Now he has almost every studio in town wanting him for a picture and trying to get him away from 20th where he has a contract.

Even though Merrill is much in love, as I know he is, it must strike him as a little ironical that his acting talent went unappreciated until he met and married a star!

All about Eve, the picture in which both Bette and Gary emoted and in which they met, is a honey and may well be an Academy Award winner.

IF Nancy Sinatra had read in the morning papers that Ava Gardner had just planed

into New York and would be followed by Frank Sinatra within hours, she gave no indication of it the same night of her Square Dance shindig in Hollywood.

A very elegant hoe-down it was!

Van Johnson looked like a 20-year-old kid in a loud red and white checked shirt and the way that boy can do-si-do is a caution.

The evening began with cocktails down by the swimming pool—and later an Italian dinner was served, buffet style, on the terrace.

But, as the evening grew chilly, everybody, including the orchestra, moved indoors with everybody pitching in moving back the furniture in the big playground.

Bunny Waters (Mrs. Johnny Green) was all over the place with her elaborate camera equipment and I must say she had some interesting "subjects."

Janet Leigh, looking like a doll in a white cotton dress embroidered in daisies, was having the time of her life whooping it up for the dances. Janet tells me that (temporarily) she's not in love. "I have so much more fun



Ready to greet the Hollywood Press Photographers are Wilbur Clark, Faith Domergue, Don O'Connor, Janet Leigh, Marjorie Reynolds.



The Macdonald Careys loaf with the Don Taylors on the beach at the Bolboa Bay Club, favorite spot of Hollywood yachting enthusiasts.



Saying goodbye to 500 Korea-bound Marines, Joon Crawford shakes hands with PFC Donald O. Carlson after Lt. Col. A. H. Rose makes introductions.

NOW . . . MEET MARY MURPHY, OUR CINDERELLA-GAL . . . THE FANS GO CRAZY FOR GRABLE AT THE DEL MAR TRACK!

when I'm not," she laughed.

Evie Johnson looked like an old fashioned portrait in a white dress, cut low off the shoulders, with a narrow red velvet band around her throat.

Ginger Rogers decided against dressing for the square dance and looked lovely in black net with silver sequins. Although there have been rumors of Ginger and attorney Greg Bautzer cooling—they sure didn't look it at this affair.

The prize crack of the evening was pulled by Metropolitan opera star, Robert Merrill, who was a guest in the Sinatra home for the first time. "I'm doing the wrong kind of singing," he laughed, looking around.

Everytime I see those adorable Sinatra children, I wonder how much longer Frankie can stay away. He would have been so proud of dignified little Nancy helping her mother receive, little Frankie Jr. strutting all over the place in his cowboy outfit, and the curly-headed baby who appeared just long enough to yell to be carried back to the nursery!

IF Errol Flynn and his tall, blonde leading lady, Patrice Wymore, ever really get around to marriage, many cynics will lose a bet. Some of the gossip following announcement of their engagement was:

His "engagement" to Patrice was for the purpose of breaking off his "engagement" to the Princess Irene Ghica.

It was publicity for their Western movie, *Rocky Mountain*.

It was for the laughs.

Well, I don't know. Flynn is completely unpredictable and changeable. But his best friends say he meant it when he said, "American girls make the best wives." His personal score has been zero. He lost with both French actress, Lili Damita, and again with American girl, Nora Eddington.

Enough to make a nervous hostess drop dead—were the antics of Gene Kelly, Danny Kaye and George Burns putting on a dance routine at the Louis B. Mayers' party that had them hurdling divans and just missing coffee tables!

Gene, particularly, has never done more athletic precision numbers for any of his pictures—which is one reason lovely Lorena Mayer didn't collapse. But when she managed to keep the same composure when Gene was followed by Danny, the zany one, and George—well, I wonder if I could have been so calm?

The laugh is—far from being an informal affair, this was one of the most dignified parties of the season given in honor of Irene Selznick, daughter of the MGM executive.

The Mayer living room, with its bright, gay colors, had been converted into a ballroom and a prettier sight you never saw than Loretta Young, Claudette Colbert, Roz Russell, Sonja Henie, Judy Holliday and other lovelies twirling around to the music of the full orchestra.

But the two big eyestoppers were—Vivien Leigh and Ethel Barrymore.

It was Vivien's first social event (unless you want to call the Charleston contest at the Mocambo such a thing) since arriving in

have a

"party hair-do"
all day long



with

Gayla*
HOLD-BOB*
bobby pins

With every hair in place you are glamorous no matter what you do. Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pins set curls beautifully; are easy to sleep on. Easy to open. Keep hair-dos lovely because they hold better. There is no finer bobby pin.

*More women use
Gayla HOLD-BOB than all
other bobby pins combined*



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LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Hollywood and all eyes were on her.

She was wearing a white, heavily beaded Egyptian style gown, an emerald necklace, and with her black hair worn straight with long bangs—she looked exactly like a modern Cleopatra.

Getting Vivien alone took a bit of doing. Sir Laurence Olivier had not yet arrived and all the dandies wanted to dance with Scarlett O'Hara Leigh.

But, I finally managed—at least long enough to ask her what changes she noticed in town since her last visit ten years ago.

"The traffic—such jams of cars," she said in her soft, clipped accent, "and that—that fantastic Charleston dancing I saw at the cafe the other night. I could never do it—but it is fun to watch!"

Vivien had been asked if the infamous Los Angeles smog bothered her and she had been puzzled by the term until I told her it meant FOG with smoke in it.

"Oh, fog!" she laughed. "We have fog in London which seeps through doors and under

windows—so a little thing like smoke it wouldn't bother a Londoner." (Chamber Commerce, please note!)

I said Ethel Barrymore was the other pro- stopper because she has never looked lovely. Her white gown was exactly color of her hair and all the jewelry she wore—the color of her eyes.

All little glamour girls should pray every night that when they reach the age of ageless Ethel—they will be as beautiful!

JUDY Garland's vacation to Sun Valley Lake Tahoe was all on the fun side.

At Sun Valley she caught a seven-inch trout and had her picture taken with it proudly as if it had been a whopper. Sun Valley, out of season, made her sleep. "Never slept so well in my life," she told me.

Later, at the Cal-Neva Hotel, she felt rested that she surprised everyone by showing up for some of the night life.

Judy not only showed up for Spike Jones opening at the resort—she pitched in and sang a couple of songs with Spike's band.

But you can forget—and so can she—about

do you want to

bring a movie star to your home?

next month, modern screen
presents one of the most
unusual contests ever offered
by a magazine:

- you can win a visit from
two of Universal-International's
brightest new stars
 - you can bring a hollywood
movie premiere to your home town
 - plus additional,
valuable prizes!
- and it's so easy to enter—
and win! read all about it
in the december issue of
modern screen—next month!

bring a movie star to your home!



HER
FIRST
GENTLEMAN
CALLER

Warner Bros. present the picture Most-to-be-Honored this year

JANE WYMAN

KIRK DOUGLAS

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

THE GLASS MENAGERIE

also starring **ARTHUR KENNEDY**

From the Tennessee Williams play
that won the Critics Prize for "Best of the Year"

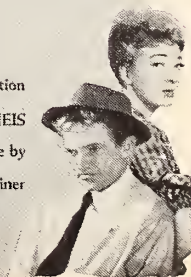


These
were the
strange pets
of a strange
and lonesome girl

Produced by JERRY WALD and CHARLES K. FELDMAN • directed by IRVING RAPPER • a CHARLES K. FELDMAN group production
distributed by WARNER BROS. • Adapted for the Screen by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS and PETER BERNEIS



From the Original Stage Play by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS • As Presented on the Stage by
Eddie Dowling and Louis J. Singer • Original Music by Max Steiner



Here's Wonderful Deodorant News!

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.

New Creaminess! Mum is softer, creamier than ever. As gentle as a beauty cream. Smooths on easily, doesn't cake. And Mum is non-irritating to skin because it contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

New Fragrance! Even Mum's new perfume is special—a delicate flower fragrance created for Mum alone. This delightful cream deodorant contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Economical—no shrinkage, no waste.



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

Now at your cosmetic counter!

New **MUM**
cream deodorant

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

that supposed jaunt to Europe with Vincent Minnelli while he films *American In Paris*. I hear that trip is off and the whole picture except for exteriors with a second camera unit, will be made in Hollywood. (For Judy Garland's open letter to MODERN SCREEN readers, turn to page 29.)

GEARY Steffen, husband of Janie Powell, is such a nice boy I was surprised at the spanking he got in the press box for rowing with newspaper cameramen.

It happened when Jane went to the County Clerk's office to pick up the \$19,000 worth of bonds saved (the court orders it for juvenile performers until they reach 21) from her salary while she was growing up.

As I hear the story, Geary got very temperamental and called the boys "stinkers" for poking into their private affairs.

Believe me, there are far better ways of dealing with situations of this kind. Geary could have asked the cameramen to photograph only Janie—and leave him out, if he did not want to pose. Or he could have left the office until after the official business of Janie's receiving her bonds.

Instead, he antagonized every big newspaper cameraman in town and the boys left in a body swearing off the Steffens in the future. (For another picture of Jane and Geary's life, see page 30.)

STARS, producers and every-day workers have all fallen under the spell of Laurence Olivier—by far the most popular "import" ever to work on the Paramount lot.

Sir Larry has been hailed as the greatest actor of his day. But to the "gang"—he's just the hardest worker.

He arrived in Hollywood with a mustache so droopy that even Vivien Leigh said she couldn't stand it. "Don't worry," he told her, "if this is too dreadful, I'll get something more fetching from the make-up department." (He needs the mustachio for *Carrie*, his picture with Jennifer Jones.)

Every morning, after the gates open, Olivier can be spotted bicycling to the rehearsal stage. At first, he had just an ordinary bell on the bike. Then, someone gave him an automobile horn which he uses with delight because it makes pedestrians jump.

He loves American stories and is always asking someone to tell him one. He doesn't like to tell them himself because he says he isn't good at it.

He does not visit on the set of other actors unless he is especially invited. Sir Larry almost bowled over Bob Hope by ASKING if he might visit on *The Lemon Drop Kid* set.

He eats all sorts of outlandish things—particularly the dishes he can't get in London.

And, one of the nicest things I know about him, is the help he gave Mary Murphy getting the role of his daughter in *Carrie*. Let me tell you about Mary:

She is the Cinderella girl of the hour! For two years this extraordinarily beautiful girl was employed as a package wrapper at Saks Fifth Avenue.

MITCHUM IN ACTION!

She's tempting
in a penthouse
and dangerous in
a bordertown dive!

IRVING CUMMINGS JR. and IRWIN ALLEN present

ROBERT MITCHUM
FAITH DOMERGUE
CLAUDE RAINS

IN

Where Danger Lives

FAITH DOMERGUE
latest star discovery
of HOWARD HUGHES
who brought you
★ **JEAN HARLOW**
and
★ **JANE RUSSELL**

A JOHN FARROW PRODUCTION
with **MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN**
CHARLES KEMPER



Produced by IRVING CUMMINGS JR. • Associate Producer IRWIN ALLEN • Directed by JOHN FARROW • Screenplay by CHARLES BENNETT

One of these Twins has a Toni, the other has a \$20*permanent. Can you tell—

WHICH TWIN HAS THE TONI?



Hair styles by William

Look closely! Compare the shining softness . . . the live, long-lasting "spring" . . . the lovely *natural* look of both permanents. Which is which? You can't tell! Not even experts can find any difference between the \$1 Toni and the beauty shop wave. Because a Toni looks as natural, feels as soft as a \$20 wave (*including shampoo and set.) It's actually *guaranteed* to be as beautiful and

last as long. Your Toni has that natural look from the first day. There's *no frizz!* Even if your hair is baby-fine, bleached or tinted, Toni's gentle Creme Waving Lotion leaves your wave as satin-soft and easy to set as Alva Anderson's (at left). You can be *sure* of this—for only Toni has given over 93 million natural-looking waves to *all* types of hair. Try a Toni—you'll love it!

*Toni alone, of all home permanents—
looks so natural, feels so soft!
That's why more women choose Toni than
all other home permanents combined!*

Here's the reason! Toni contains its own gentle blend of the very same waving ingredients used in most expensive beauty shop lotions. Yet Toni costs only

with SPIN curlers \$2.29



Toni HOME PERMANENT

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

One day, she was having breakfast in the drug store at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel when Paramount talent scout, Milt Lewis, happened to be having a cup of coffee in the very same spot.

He looked—then gulped—and not because his coffee was too hot. He said later, "I was looking at the most beautiful girl I think I have ever seen."

Afraid she might think he was just a wolf, he almost stammered as he said, "Look here. I'm a Paramount talent scout. If you don't believe me, call me at the studio in half an hour. Then come over immediately for a test."

Even in her wildest dreams, Mary did not suspect that the role she would test for was with the great Olivier and Oscar-winning Jennifer Jones!

She was far too nervous to make a test that first day. But two days later, when she reported to Director William Wyler, Laurence Olivier was there, himself, to coach her in her lines and play two scenes from the movie with her!

Can you wonder that Mary Murphy, former package wrapper, thinks it's Christmas every day since fate brought her to that corner drug-store for an inexpensive breakfast before reporting at the store for her wrapping job?

HAD a wonderful time on my vacation at Del Mar.

Betty Grable got down to the track several times after being sure her movie with Dan Dailey wouldn't permit. The fans go crazy for Betty—she is always so sweet and cordial—and she looks glamorous even when she is wearing sports clothes.

She usually wears red or green coats—and with her blonde hair still worn shoulder length—she is easy to spot. I particularly noticed how nice she is to the fans with cameras. Always stops and poses for them—and so does Harry James.

Lucille Ball was recuperating at the same place I stayed—the Del Mar Hotel—and I saw her frequently. No one will ever know how heartbroken she and Desi Arnaz were over losing their expected baby. After ten years of marriage, they had been so thrilled when they thought the Stork was soon going to visit them.

But Lucille doesn't talk about it any more. Nor does Desi. The important thing is for her to get her health back—because she has been quite ill.

Getting back to the race track—Victor Mature was frequently spotted at the S2 windows, not seeming to care very much whether he won or lost. "I never bet enough to hurt," he grinned. "Mrs. Mature's little boy is too smart for that."

George Raft showed up one day with a beauty he seemed mad for. She looked no more than 15—but George solemnly assured me she was a snappy 22!

After all that fun, it isn't exactly easy to get back on the beam again. Isn't that the way you feel after your vacation? But that's all for now. See you next month!

What was Harriet Craig's Lie?

Here is a strange and exciting woman, at war with everything and everyone who stood in her way.



One of the Five Best Pictures of the Year

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

JOAN WENDELL
CRAWFORD • COREY
IN
Harriet Craig

LUCILE WATSON • ALLYN JOSLYN • WILLIAM BISHOP • K.T. STEVENS

Screen Play by Anne Froelick and James Gunn

Based on the Pulitzer Prize winning play, "Craig's Wife," by George Kelly

Produced by WILLIAM DOZIER • Directed by VINCENT SHERMAN

Love in Bloom

Mum's the word with Shirley
and Charles, but it sounds more like
wedding bells—and come December, the gossips may be right!

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

■ THE TALK'S going around that sometime in December, after Shirley Temple's divorce decree becomes final, she'll marry Charles Alden Black, a thirty-two-year-old gentleman from San Francisco. The only ones not talking are Charles Black and Shirley Temple.

A New York reporter recently called on Charles Black in Los Angeles. Right now Black is an account executive at television station KTTV in Los Angeles, and all the talkers are sure he took the job to be near Shirley. It's a nice thought; a nice job; and maybe it's true.

Anyway, the reporter took a firm stance before Mr. Black and said, "Mr. Black, ever since you started going with Shirley Temple last April, my paper's been trying to get a line on you. Won't you give out with a little stuff, especially about you and Shirley?"

Black smiled pleasantly, and the reporter whipped out his pencil.

"I'm going to be very frank with you," Black said. "I'm not interested in any personal publicity or any publicity coupling me with Miss Temple."

The reporter sighed and put his pencil away.

"Ever since I got here those fan magazines have been howling for interviews," Black went on. "I don't know how many calls I've gotten. I'm not going to be interviewed by anyone, so you don't have to worry about getting scooped."

"I'm just not talking about myself, and I'm certainly not talking about Miss Temple. I've read all sorts of gibberish about us in the columns, how we plan to get married and take our honeymoon in every spot in the world from the Aleutians to Hawaii. But none of it's true."

"I know you've got a job to do, and I'd like to help you, but I come from San Francisco, not Hollywood, and we don't go in for publicity up there. As for biographical material on me, I'm pretty dull, wouldn't make good reading at all. Why don't you just drop the whole thing and let things continue as they are?"

"I hate to be stubborn," he added, with a disarming grin, "but that's the way things are."

What way? the reporter might have wondered as he shook Black's hand. What, if anything, is going on between those two? Black didn't give (Continued on page 16)



Shirley Temple's been keeping steady company with Charles A. Black since they met in Honolulu last winter. Although the son of a wealthy man, Charles relies on himself for support. He's an account executive with a Los Angeles TV station.



"Blemishes* are no problem for me," says Mrs. Phyllis MacDonald, Toronto housewife. "Noxzema makes my skin look so much softer and cleaner. I apply it first thing in the morning and at bedtime, too. It's my all-around beauty aid."



"My skin was once dry and very sensitive," says successful Philadelphia career girl Barbara Swanson. "But since my Prom Queen days, I've used Noxzema regularly as my night cream. It has consistently taken care of my skin."

NEW HOME FACIAL

Look lovelier in 10 days... or your money back!
Read these 4 simple steps developed by a doctor

● No need for a lot of elaborate preparations... no complicated rituals! With *one* cream, you can cleanse... help protect... and help heal!

Yes, here's a wonderful aid to more beautiful-looking skin. Now, you can help your complexion look not only softer and smoother, but fresher, too... with just one dainty, snow-white cream—greaseless Noxzema. And the way to use it is as quick and easy as washing your face. It's the new Noxzema Home Facial—and it can help bring you lovelier-looking skin in 10 days—or your money back!

Here's All You Do

A skin doctor developed this new Noxzema Home Facial. When it was tested on 181 girls and women, 4 out of 5 showed marked skin improvement—in 2 weeks or less! The secret? Noxzema is a unique medicated formula—a marvelous oil-and-moisture emulsion.

Noxzema not only helps supply a light film of oil and moisture to the skin's outer surface... but it helps heal*externally-caused blemishes, too. That's why daily use of Noxzema, in this easy Home Facial, can help your skin look lovelier, too!



Morning—Step 1—Apply Noxzema over face and neck. With a damp cloth, "cream-wash" just as you would with soap and water. Rinse well and dry gently with a clean towel. "Creamwashing" cleanses so thoroughly. Why, Noxzema even smells clean!

Step 2—After drying, smooth on a light film of greaseless Noxzema for your make-up foundation. This invisible film of Noxzema not only holds make-up beautifully, but it also helps to protect your skin—helps protect it *all day long!*



Evening—Step 3—At bedtime, "creamwash" again with Noxzema. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it feels! See how you've washed away make-up, the day's accumulation of dirt and grime—without any harsh rubbing!

Step 4—Now, lightly massage Noxzema into face and neck. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes*. While you sleep, Noxzema helps heal them—helps your skin look softer and smoother, too. And it's greaseless! No "smeary" face or messy pillow with Noxzema!



Blemishes*. "Noxzema is grand for helping to heal minor blemishes*," says Lucille Sheriff of Hyattsville, Md. "It's so refreshing, too—leaves my skin feeling soft and so clean! And I certainly like the fact that it's greaseless."



Money Back Offer! Try the new Noxzema Home Facial for 10 days. If your skin doesn't show real improvement, return your jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—money cheerfully refunded. Today, get the 85¢ jar of Noxzema for only 59¢—almost half again as much for your money as in the Small size! Limited time only—at any drug or cosmetic counter.

MONEY SAVING OFFER
ON NOXZEMA
Big 85¢ Jar

now **only 59¢** plus tax

Limited offer—Stock up now!

Are you in the know?



When leaving, what to do about the chaperone lineup?

- ☐ Run far the farthest exit ☐ Mumble hi and g'bye ☐ Take time out

Do you dodge the snooepvisors? Would you weasel an exit via fire escape, rather than stop for a word at the door? Be courteous. Chaperones are frequently people! Take time out to thank them for their help. You needn't cringe from watchful eyes...

even at calendar time. With Kotex, there are *flat, pressed ends* that prevent telltale outlines. Moreover, your new Kotex Belt gives you added confidence, comfort. Made with soft-stretch elastic... non-twisting... non-curling. Washable; dries in a wink!



Will you see the New Year in with —

- ☐ Pink elephants
☐ Pink lemonade
☐ Rose-colored glasses

Don't be the acquaintance who'll be forgot next year. Whoop-dee-doo won't hike a gal's rating. Better a rosy dating future rather than a cold grey dawn. Take extra care to spurn crash-happy drivers. And at certain times guard against problem-day "accidents," too. Get the extra protection of Kotex and that special safety center. Plus heavenly softness that holds its shape because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it!



Which outfit inspires a gift idea?

- ☐ The tartan skirt
☐ The grey flannel dress
☐ The chinchilla coat

Maybe you already know — these three outfits are fashion "firsts." If your best study-buddy owns a tartan skirt, knit her some Argyle sox to match the colors. A nifty giftie for Christmas. Different girls have different tastes in togs. Their sanitary protection needs, too, are not alike. So... Kotex comes in 3 absorbencies. (Different sizes, for different days.) Try all 3 to discover which is "definitely for you."



More women choose KOTEX[®]
than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

love in bloom

(Continued from page 14) himself away by so much as a stammer.

"You know," the reporter told his city editor, "compared to some of the jerks around this town, Black's a great guy. Level-headed. He knows what he wants and what he doesn't want."

"Won't talk about himself at all. None of that stuff about how he first met Shirley and where they went on their dates, or any of that. But if she married him, she's really gonna get a guy. He's got brains all right, and he can take Hollywood or leave it alone."

"Glad to hear you made a friend," replied the city editor. "But where the devil's my story?"

Is it love, or is it for laughs? You can count the people who know on two fingers.

There are a few facts about Charles Black that have beaten their way into the light: He comes from a socially prominent San Francisco family. His father, president of Pacific Gas and Electric, the largest public utility in northern California, is a self-made man. He started out in 1912 as an inspector for the Great Western Power Company and he worked his way up to his present powerful position. He wants his two sons to work their way up without asking for favors or accepting them.

As a result, few of the people who work with Charles Black today know that his old man heads one of the most powerful public utilities in the West.

Charles never mentions it. Neither does he comment about his war record. A Delta Upsilon fraternity brother of his at Stanford says, "If you ask Black what he did in World War II, he says, 'I was in the Navy,' and he let's it go at that. But the truth of the matter is that he was in Naval Intelligence, and he pulled off some of the most dangerous missions of the war."

"The Navy dropped him into the Dutch East Indies behind the Jap lines, and he had to provide Intelligence with news of what was going on, and brother, if you don't think that was dangerous, then you don't know anything about war."

"Black went into the Navy as a lieutenant and came out as a lieutenant commander. That should give you some idea about this guy. He was with the PT boats and on raiding missions, and well, he really did everything. I think he was in for almost five years."

"When he came out, a lot of us expected him to get a big job with his old man. No such thing. The guy enrolls at Harvard's Business Administration School."

"I'm not sure but I think he got his degree. Then, he came back to San Francisco. All the wise guys around the different clubs said Charley's father would make him a vice-president in charge of turning out the lights. But boy, they didn't know Charley. He goes down to the Golden State Milk Company, and he gets a job peddling milk from house to house. No fooling. From house to house. In one year, he works his way up to become assistant to the sales manager."

AFTER his experience with the milk company, Black became assistant to the president of the C. & H. Sugar Company, the Hawaiian Pineapple Company, and went off to Honolulu, where he met Shirley.

Shirley was vacationing there with her daughter. Shirley's many Island friends invited her to all of their parties and social functions, and it was at one of these that her meeting with Charles Black took

place. A mutual friend introduced them.

Maybe it wasn't love at first sight, or even second, but it seemed that Shirley gradually began to revise her estimate of the perfect male until it fit this dark-haired, handsome businessman.

When Shirley was a young girl attending school at Westlake, she used to tell the other girls that the man she'd marry would have to be tall and blond and gallant. And in a way, Jack Agar filled the bill. Charles Black, however, is the kind of man she hadn't dreamed about. "Jack and Charles are completely opposite," says one of Shirley's friends.

"I always liked Jack, but he was really too young to marry Shirley. He started proposing to her when she was 15.

"He was a young boy out of Chicago. He had no trade, no experience, no very great knowledge about anything. His father was dead, and maybe his mother spoiled him a little. After all, he was the only boy in the family. I'm sure, though, that he was very much in love, or at least infatuated, with Shirley.

"She felt the same way about him. She was too young to discriminate between infatuation and real love. She hadn't gone out with many boys. She'd had practically no experience with the college crowd. She didn't realize what marriage was. Neither did Jack. They plunged headlong into the ceremony and after six months, they both realized that they'd made a mistake.

"Shirley got married when she was too young. It's as simple as that. She didn't know the score, and she didn't know anything at all about men. There are mature men, you know, who make good husbands.

"Charles Black is that type of man.

"He's been around. The motion picture business means absolutely nothing to him. He has more money and an infinitely better background than 90 per cent of Hollywood's actors.

"I don't know whether he and Shirley will ever get married. I do know, however, that he's just about the nicest guy she's ever gone out with."

THAT Shirley Temple and Charles Black are intensely interested in each other there can be no denial.

After meeting Shirley in Honolulu, Charles resigned his position with the C. & H. Sugar Company and returned to San Francisco. The following weekend he took Shirley to the Bachelors' Ball, one of San Francisco's outstanding social functions.

Later that weekend, he drove down to Carmel, where Shirley introduced him to her parents. The Blacks, who belong to the exclusive Cypress Point Club, also happened to be staying on the peninsula at the time, so Charles took Shirley around to meet his parents. Everyone liked everyone else.

Shirley returned to Los Angeles, and a few days later Charles came to town!

He and Shirley began going around together, simultaneously denying that each had any intentions toward the other.

A few weeks later, Black got a job at a Los Angeles television station, and every columnist in the country became convinced that not long after December 6th, Shirley Temple will become Mrs. Charles Black.

How right or wrong this conjecture will be, only time can tell. Of one thing, however, you may rest assured, more than anything else in life, Shirley Temple wants to get married again.

She's had enough of her career, and while she would turn down no exciting roles, she is sensible enough to realize that life without a husband would be meaningless for her.

Anyway, one thing's sure, if Shirley marries again, you can bet your last sou she will stay with it for keeps. THE END

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reduce tooth decay



Even a Single Brushing
with Pepsodent not
only reduces decay
the surest way, but
GETS YOUR TEETH
FAR BRIGHTER
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Yes. PEPSODENT's exclusive *brighter-polishing agent*—effective yet so gentle—gets your teeth *brighter*... makes your smile more beautiful. And authoritative scientific tests prove conclusively that even a *single brushing* with PEPSODENT removes acid-film that causes decay. Only PEPSODENT has this *film-removing formula*!

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**For that Pepsodent Smile—
Use Pepsodent every day
—see your dentist twice a year.**

Picture
of the
Month

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane



Stagestruck Gloria De Haven announces to big sister Judy Garland that she's invited a troupe of actors to live at Judy's farm and put on their show in the barn. Farmer Judy isn't too pleased.



Judy gives in, with the understanding that the cast will help on the farm. Director Gene Kelly and his pal Phil Silvers bungle the chores, but not the show, with Gloria and a "big name" as leads.



The "big name" turns out to be a big heel when Hans Conreid persuades Gloria to go to New York with him for Broadway show. Gene talks fast and gets Judy to play the lead in his show.



Judy and Gene and the show make a great success. A romance has sprung up between them, too. This lets out Judy's rustic beau, Eddie Bracken, but disillusioned Gloria returns and falls for him.

SUMMER STOCK

■ What happens when a bunch of actors take over a farm in the country? Nothing like this, you can bet. Gloria De Haven wishes Gene Kelly and his troupe on sister Judy Garland, an earnest farmer. Judy works hard, loves her tractor, and is due to marry Eddie Bracken if he can stop sneezing long enough to ask her. Judy hates the actors but can't stand to break Gloria's heart, so she lets 'em stay. They're trying out a new show (pre-Broadway, of course) and first thing you know Judy's fallen in love with Gene, though he belongs to Gloria. Luckily, Gloria runs out on the gang just in time for Judy to take over the show's lead role, and Gene too. The extravaganza at the end is MGM-ly spectacular—if you can build a set like that one with the shimmering walls and the sparkling floors in your lil old barn, you can go into the silk-purse-out-of-a-sow's-ear business and get richer than Henry Ford. Still, it's very pretty, which is more than you can say for most lil old barns. Judy's her usual wonderful self; she seems kind of plump and healthy and a little on the matronly-build side as the picture opens, but she's burned her way back to a wraith by the time her last—and best—number comes up. It (the number) is an old one called *Get Happy*, and it's exciting the way only Garland could make it. Good new songs include *You Wonderful You*, and *My Friendly Star*, Gene Kelly's got charm to burn, and it's Technicolor.



EDGE OF DOOM

Edge of Doom is the story of a boy who kills a priest in a fit of rage, when he's told he can't have a big funeral for his mother. His mother's worked hard all her life, shared what little monies she's had with the church—and gone without shoes to do it. Yet when her husband died a suicide, he wasn't permitted to be buried in hallowed ground, and now that she herself is dead, she'll only be given the most simple rites by the church which she expected would take care of her splendidly. The boy's confusion, his love for his mother, his guilt, after he murders the priest, torture him, and you know his fate will be grim and inescapable. The picture, though, along with Farley Granger, who's generally one of my favorite actors, seemed to me not especially effective. Its dialogue is far from inspired, and its players appeared to be bogged down by—and in—the proceedings. There were occasional powerful moments—one dreadful scene where the boy is shopping for a casket, one intensely moving scene where the boy talks to his dead mother and tries to explain why he couldn't get more flowers—but by and large, the picture just isn't satisfying. There are too many weaknesses in its structure, so that its hero seems more sullen than tragic. Take the scene where Farley rushes home to his dying mother. He finds her on the street—she's been to church—and he starts berating her. She's too sick and weak to go out like this. He helps her half-way up the stairs to their apartment, and she smiles bravely and tells him to go to his girl friend who's been phoning. Okay. A loving mother might do that. But would a son, as concerned as this son is supposed to be, drop Ma's arm and dash off to have dinner with his fiancée, while Ma crawls back into her bed of pain with the aid of a neighbor lady? I don't believe it. Since *Edge of Doom* deals with a pretty unusual topic, you can call it brave, but I'm afraid you can't call it adequate.

Cast: Dana Andrews, Farley Granger, Joan Evans.—Goldwyn-RKO.

THE SCARF

Several good actors are put to work in a bad picture here, and it's a shame. *The Scarf* is draggy, pseudo-philosophic, episodic and unbelievable. John Ireland plays a fellow who escapes from the booby-hatch because he wants to find out if he really murdered his girl-friend. Only reason he never went to the electric chair is that he'd lost his memory. James Barton, an intellectual who raises turkeys, and talks to the wind, takes

"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
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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.

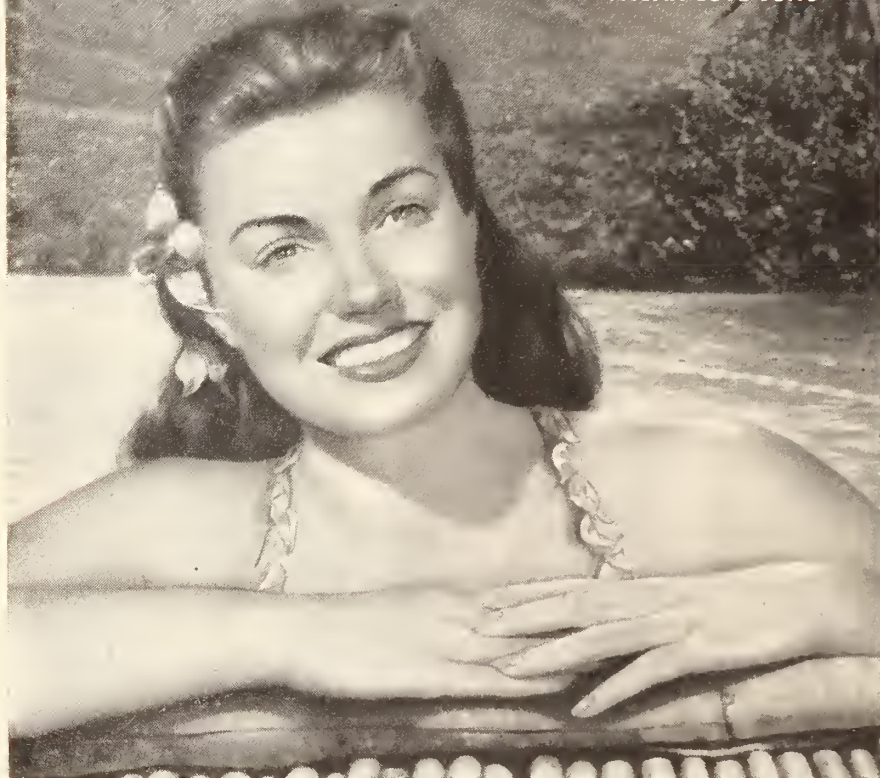
Ask for Halo—America's favorite shampoo—at any drug or cosmetic counter!



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

"7 hours in water left me dry!"

says **ESTHER WILLIAMS**, co-starring with **Howard Keel** in MGM's Technicolor Musical
"PAGAN LOVE SONG"



If dishwashing dries your hands, imagine my skin after shooting swim scenes for "Pagan Love Song." Some days I was in water 7 full hours!



The salt water left my skin feeling dry and rough...



But soothing Jergens Lotion (from fingertips to toes)...



Kept my skin smooth and soft for romantic close-ups.



Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS FILM TEST?

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

Prove it with this simple test described above...



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

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world

Still 10¢ to \$1.00 (plus tax)



the fugitive boy in, shelters him. Boy meets Mercedes McCambridge who's so hard-boiled when she tosses a glance it's likely to break something. They become friends in a limited way, until she finds out he's an escaped murderer, and then that foolish girl turns chicken. If you can't figure out who's the real murderer, though, you'll surprise me. Especially when poor John Ireland goes around muttering, "David, my best friend. Why didn't he ever come to see me during the trial?" It's not a subtle film, though there are one or two things to recommend it. A nice scene with Mercedes as a singing waitress, and a bar-owner called Level Louie, who hates cousins. It's imitation Saroyan, mixed with adventure, but you have the feeling that if the script writers had worked a little harder, they might have got something.

Cast: John Ireland, Mercedes McCambridge, Emlyn Williams.—United Artists.



BORN TO BE BAD

Joan Fontaine is the lady who was born to be dretful. She acts all sweet and dewy, but she lures Joan Leslie's rich fiance (Zachary Scott) away from Joan Leslie, and she marries him, and then she tries to keep a love affair (with tall, rugged book-writer Robert Ryan) going on the side, and a man called Gobby (Mel Ferrer), who paints pictures, stands around through the entire movie making knowing comments about her. "Don't try to kid me, kiddo," he tells her, or words to that effect. "Remember me—I'm Gobby." If I was Gobby, I wouldn't brag about it, but that's life. Anyhow, Joan Fontaine comes out of the movie with only a few fur coats and a convertible car to show for her trouble, while virtuous Joan Leslie gets the by now second-hand but still sensationally rich Zachary Scott. I know it's a terrible picture, but it's kind of fun to watch—the women wear such lovely clothes, and the men are dark and attractive.

Cast: Joan Fontaine, Robert Ryan, Zachary Scott, Joan Leslie.—RKO.



LET'S DANCE

Mother love in Technicolor, with Betty Hutton as the girl who kidnaps her own son from his snooty great-grandmother's Boston house, and takes him to New York, where she plans to get a job and support him. (Betty's husband, father of the child, was killed in the war.) Betty meets Fred Astaire, an old pal, in New York, and he gets her a job in a nightclub. He's nuts, is the only trouble. Instead of concentrating on his dancing, he keeps wanting to be a business man, goes around trying to sell the Brooklyn Dodgers to big tycoons. His various enterprises come to naught, so Betty refuses to marry him on several occasions, and then some of great-grandma's lawyers track Betty and child down and try to remove child from Betty's custody because a night-club is no place to bring up a baby, even if he is learning French from the chef. Betty nearly elopes with Shepperd Strudwick, but Fred foils that, and there's a happy ending. Dance numbers are good, song numbers are good, picture's bright and sunny, though it seems exceptionally long.

Cast: Betty Hutton, Fred Astaire, Roland Young, Ruth Warrick.—Paramount.



SHAKEDOWN

Howard Duff is a photographer without a heart. If a man is drowning Howard'll take his picture, and then go away without throwing the poor guy a rope, and the blub-blub-blub echoing in his ears is as sweet music. He wants more money than a photographer can legitimately make, so he does blackmailing on the side, manages it so crook Lawrence Tierney has to pay him off \$25,000 as a starter. (He took a picture of Tierney robbing a department store.) When Tierney plants a bomb in crook Brian Donlevy's automobile (these two crooks are deadly enemies), Howard stands by and watches as Brian gets in and blows up, even though Brian's been good to him. Howard wants Brian's wife, and besides, what a picture that explosion makes! Now Life magazine



Are you always Lovely to Love?

Suddenly, breathtakingly, you'll be embraced . . . held . . . kissed. Perhaps tonight.

Be sure that you are always lovely to love; charming and alluring. Your deodorant may make the difference. That's why so many lovely girls depend on FRESH Cream Deodorant. Test FRESH against any other deodorant—see which stops perspiration . . . prevents odor better! FRESH is different from any deodorant you have ever tried—creamier, more luxurious, and really effective!



For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap. Used regularly, it is 20 times as effective as other type soap in preventing body perspiration odor,

More
"glory lights"
in your hair



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NO FEDERAL
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Wonderful, up-to-the-minute
shampoo formula leaves your
hair shining clean, dandruff free,
easy to manage. And perfumes
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At Drug and Department Stores

SHULTON
Rockefeller Center, New York

is after him, and so is Lawrence Tierney. Tierney gets to him first, but even as he shoots him dead, Howard's fingers reach up, squeeze the bulb, open the shutter on his camera, and he gets a perfect portrait of his murderer. What a man. What a movie. Cast: Howard Duff, Brian Donlevy, Peggy Dow, Lawrence Tierney.—Universal-International.



THE TOAST OF NEW ORLEANS

Down along the Louisiana bayous (what ever they are), everybody fishes, sings, throws women around, and has a joyous, virile time of it. Mario Lanza and Uncle J. Carroll Naish are two such hedonists, until opera impresario David Niven comes to town, hears Mario's magnificent—if uncultured—voice, and takes him back to New Orleans to train. Niven likes to discover talent, has built Kathryn Grayson into a star, intends to do the same with Mario. Mario falls in love with Kathryn. Kathryn teaches Mario good manners, and breaks his spirit. He gets his spirit back. There's Technicolor, some exciting shots of old New Orleans, or what I fondly expect old New Orleans must have looked like (I don't know if this picture was shot in Hollywood or on location), a lot of enjoyable singing, and another prize performance by J. Carroll Naish. Cast: Kathryn Grayson, Mario Lanza, David Niven, J. Carroll Naish.—MGM.



THE BREAKING POINT

The Breaking Point is an unusually exciting picture. It has salty, stimulating, Hemingway-like dialogue (it's based on a story by Hemingway, and I'll bet a lot of the movie's speeches came straight from the book), its people are human, moody, and so real they often don't understand each other. Harry Morgan (John Garfield) is a fisherman. He owns a boat which can be char-

tered (he still owes money on it), he has a wife and two kids whom he loves. He gets into trouble when a man who hires him to sail to Mexico runs out without paying his bill, and Harry agrees to smuggle some Chinese aboard his boat, in order to get money to come home. He murders a man in self-defense, has his boat impounded by the Coast Guard (which has had wind of the Mexican adventure), gets in even deeper trouble with a gang of trigger-happy thieves, and is pursued throughout by Pat Neal, who can't believe he loves his wife so much he hasn't got a little attention left for her. There's nothing soft about this picture. It deals with elemental human emotions like hate and fear and the deep earthy need and satisfaction that's possible between some men and women. I've never liked Pat Neal before, yet I liked her enormously here; Wallace Ford as a frightened shyster lawyer is superb; there's adventure, sex, wry humor and a lot of other notable stuff in *The Breaking Point*. Cast: John Garfield, Patricia Neal, Phyllis Thaxter.—Warners.



SADDLE TRAMP

Through a series of accidents, Joel McCrea, cowboy, who likes to wander the West without responsibilities, finds himself saddled with four orphaned children whose eyes are big, but whose mouths are bigger. He has to feed these junior G-men, so he takes a job on a ranch. Rancher hates kids; Joel hides kids out in the woods, and smuggles food to them nightly. While he's gone one day, kids adopt Wanda Hendrix, who's fleeing from her lustful uncle, and there's one more hungry piece of trouble in Joel's life. Now Joel's boss is feuding with a ranch-owner next door, a Mexican named Martinez, and Joel's boss' wife is a kind of cracked Irish lady who believes in "little people," but everything works out fine. Joel settles the feud, marries Wanda, adopts the four children, and tells his itchy feet they're home to stay. Cast: Joel McCrea, Wanda Hendrix, John Russell.—Universal-International.

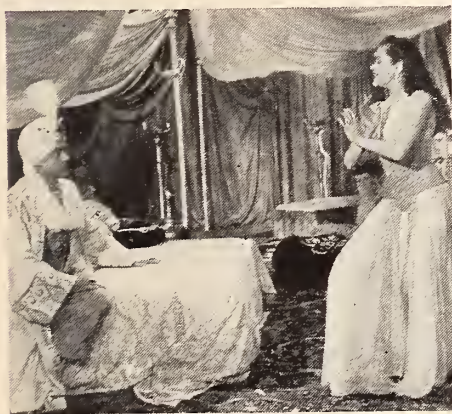
DARK CITY

A bookie (Charlton Heston) and a night club singer (Lizabeth Scott) are the tortured lovers in this one. Charlton, who's had a horrid time in the army (his wife done him wrong) doesn't want to get "involved."



Lizabeth does want t.g.i. and while they're arguing this out, several other things happen. Don De Fore comes to town, loses \$5,000 that doesn't belong to him playing poker with Charlton's crooked friends, and kills himself. Charlton feels responsible, nobly wants to help De Fore's widow (Viveca Lindfors), also, less nobly, wants to cash the \$5,000 check without being run in by the cops, etc. Furthermore, De Fore's escaped lunatic brother has sworn to get the men who made De Fore deacease himself, and problem is added to problem until you're overwhelmed. Thing to shout about here is Charlton Heston, new, and a good actor. He looks sort of like Marlon Brando, sort of like Joseph Cotten, and he's very nice. Dean Jagger (in his first role since his academy award winning part in *Twelve O'Clock High*) is a pleasure as a police captain on the vice squad. Hardly a grade A film, but it is entertainment, off and on.

Cast: Charlton Heston, Lizabeth Scott, Viveca Lindfors.—Paramount.



THE DESERT HAWK

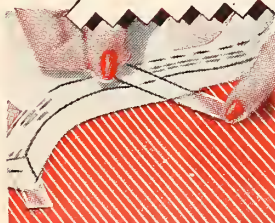
Here we have a picture which is a regular Arabian Nights encyclopedia. Characters include Sinbad, Aladdin, and the Princess Shaharazade. None of these seems even remotely related to his famous namesake, which I, for one, resent, but that's unimportant. Yvonne De Carlo, daughter of the Caliph of Bagdad, is the princess whom the wicked Prince of Teheran wishes to do away with. Wicked prince hopes the Caliph will think a blacksmith known as The Desert Hawk (Richard Greene) did the dastardly deed, and eliminate him (The Desert Hawk). Wicked prince oppresses the people of the desert, and The Desert Hawk defends the people of the desert. Wicked prince wants freedom for oppression. Murder, torture, and a little

(Continued on page 107)

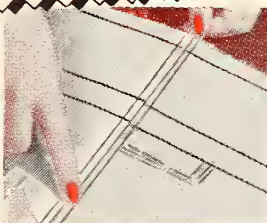


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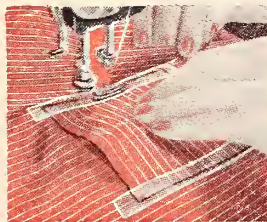
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crosby's *The name*

Mom says he's shy. He's Pop's
top haying hand. But the girls will tell you
Gary's big, and blond, and sorta beau-
tiful. He can sing for them anytime; all the time.

by CONSUELO ANDERSON



Royalties are pouring in from Gary's hit records *Play A Simple Melody* and *Sam's Song*, recorded with a "friend" (Bing, of course). Decca wants to star him, but he'd rather play football at Bellarmine, a San Jose prep school.

■ The jukebox was giving out with Gary Crosby's rendition of *Play A Simple Melody*, and a couple of teen-agers were dreaming over their cokes in an ice-cream parlor on the south shore of Hayden Lake in Idaho. You can bet that teen-agers all over the country were sighing about the same boy at the same time, only what happened that minute in Idaho didn't happen anywhere else. A handsome blond fellow in blue jeans, T-shirt and crew cut sauntered into that ice-cream parlor.

"Well, who's that doll?" said one teen-ager to the other.

"Oh, you goon!" shrieked her friend. "Don't you know? He's the guy we're listening to. He's Gary—Gary Crosby!"

First teen-ager whirled around, stared, and swooned. For the past three months this behavior has become fashionable again among America's girls. On the basis of two recordings which he made with Bing, Gary Crosby can start asking Sinatra to move over. *Play A Simple Melody* and *Sam's Song* have already sold half a million copies. The labels on the records say Gary Crosby & Friend. Friend is Bing, and Gary is 17, five-feet-nine-and-a-half, and 185 pounds. The Decca Record Company has stumbled into another gold mine.

Dave Kapp, president of the company, says, "The kid reflects his father's charm and personality. He's got a good voice, a nice manner, he learns his songs quickly—and well, he just seems to be a chip off the old block."

As a matter of fact, the chip is so hot at the moment that he's already recorded three more songs with his Old Man for the Christmas trade. They're entitled *That Christmas Feeling*, *I'd Like To Hitch A Ride With Santa Claus*, and *Happy Snow Man*.

Decca would like Gary to record solo, but Dixie and Bing say no.

"This boy is not turning groaner," Bing says, "until he finishes his schooling. He's got one more year to go at Bellarmine (a preparatory school near San Jose, California) and after that, he's either going to Santa Clara or Stanford.

"He sings pretty well and we don't mind making (Continued on page 101)

FREE! *Handy Convenient*
OF EXTRA COST " **Push-Kap** "
Dispenser

with large and giant size
**Cashmere Bouquet
Hand Lotion**

**Tip the bottle,
push the cap—
Have lovelier-looking
hands in seconds!**

No bothersome top to remove or replace. This handy "Push-Kap" dispenser gives you just the *desired* amount of lanolin-enriched Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion for the gentlest, most soothing care your dry, chapped hands (knees and elbows, too) have ever experienced. Cashmere Bouquet is the fragrant new formula that pours like a lotion, *softens* like a cream, dries quick-as-a-wink without stickiness. Grand as a powder base, or complexion treatment for your entire body. Get Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion with the new "Push-Kap" dispenser, in the large or giant size, today!



1. No Fuss!

When ready to apply lotion—simply withdraw silvery pin from spout. No bothersome cap to unscrew, replace, or lose.

2. No Muss!

Turn bottle upside down. Press gently on knob behind spout with forefinger to dispense lotion. Can't spill, bottle never becomes slippery.

3. No Waste!

When exactly *desired* amount of lotion is dispensed, release pressure of forefinger and replace bottle upright. Simple, convenient, economical.



25¢ and 39¢

Why risk his health with temporary disinfectants?



"Lysol" germ-fighting action continues between cleanings!

EVERY DAY, disease germs in house dust may menace even the cleanest-looking home! So use the disinfectant that helps protect your family with an anti-bacterial blanket.

Put "Lysol" brand disinfectant in your cleaning water *every time and everywhere* you clean!

Unlike bleaches, which call for cleaning before disinfecting, Lysol disinfects as it cleans.

act only temporarily, "Lysol" kills disease germs *right while you clean* . . . is not weakened by dust and dirt. And regular use of "Lysol" leaves a continuing anti-germ blanket *between cleanings!*

Make sure your home has this *fast-acting, continuing* disinfection! Help guard your family against dust-borne infection with hospital-proved "Lysol." Highly concentrated . . . economical! Get "Lysol"



sweet and hot



by leonard feather

**Highly Recommended
*Recommended
No Stars: Average

FROM THE MOVIES

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN—*There's No Business Like Show Business* by Artie Show with vocal by Mel Torme and the Mel-tones (MGM). *I've Got The Sun in The Morning* by Artie Show with vocal by the Mel-tones (MGM). *They Say It's Wonderful* by Gordon MacRae (Capitol).

CRISIS—*Theme Music (Revolutionary March Time, Village Square Time)* by Vincente Gomez* (MGM). It seems the producers decided they would like to duplicate Anton Karas' *Third Man* feat of scoring and playing an entire movie background with one instrument. So the new Cary Grant-Jose Ferrer hit has all its music supplied by Gomez's great guitar, playing music composed by Miklos Rosza of *Spellbound* and *Madame Botary* fame.

DUCHESS OF IDAHO—*Let's Choo Choo Choo to Idaho* by Connie Haines (Coral), Van Johnson (MGM), Phil Harris (Victor), Koy Kyser (Columbia). *You Can't Do Wrong Doin' Right* by Van Johnson (MGM). *Of All Things* by Connie Haines (Coral).

HONKY TONK—*A Good Man to Have Around* by Koy Starr (Capitol).

ALBUMS

ABE BURROWS—*Abe Burrows Sings?** (Columbia) Here's our favorite video star doing some of his more insane compositions, such as *Boulder Dam*, *Upper Peabody*, and the fabulous *Brooklyn*. Abe may be funnier than this on Channel 2, but it's still an hilarious addition to your record library.

ELLINGTONIA—Vols. I and II* (Brunswick) You can build almost an entire history of jazz by getting some of the fine LP discs that have been coming out on the Brunswick label. Some of the others are *Louis Armstrong Jazz Classics*, two volumes of *Red Nichols Classics*, *Dixieland Jazz* by the *New Orleans Rhythm Kings*, and two volumes of some of the best old Bing Crosby hits.

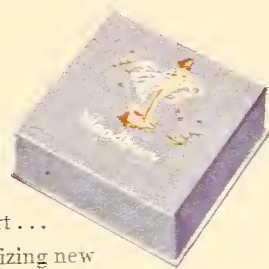
JAZZ

LOUIS ARMSTRONG—*La Vie En Rose** (Decca)

DAVE BARBOUR—*Harlem Mambo** (Capitol) Two excellent examples of the new Mambo craze, the other side being Dove's own *Guitar Mambo*.

WOODY HERMAN—*Music To Dance To** (Capitol)

The most provocative shade yet... is new Woodbury **Coquette**



Maybe they'll call you a flirt...

when you willfully, wilefully wear Woodbury's tantalizing new powder shade... Coquette!... No man or mirror ever saw your skin glow with such exciting, inviting color! For Coquette is a provocative new mood in powder—warm, golden rachel—charming as a blush and not half so innocent!... Remember—it's Woodbury... the powder with a unique ingredient that gives your skin a satin-smooth sheen with no "powdery" look... finer texture, delightful fragrance, longer cling!... Whatever your complexion, see it lovelier in Coquette! Try it today—15¢, 30¢, \$1.00, plus tax.

... in cream make-up, too



Try Coquette Woodbury Cream Make-Up, in a warm peach of a rachel! A complete make-up that veils blemishes and tiny lines. Or match it with Woodbury Powder for a "beauty look" so glamorous, it's unfair to other women! Only 39¢ plus tax.





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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 Soap... using nothing but Palmolive... brings lovelier complexions to 2 out of every 3 women.

Here's 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's 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!
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- Complexions clearer, more radiant!
- Fewer tiny blemishes—incipient blockheads!

For Tub
or Shower
Get Big
Bath Size Palmolive



DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

an open letter from judy garland

Judy expresses her gratitude to Modern Screen's understanding readers

■ Dear Friends,

This is a thank-you note.

At a time when I've been gossip's victim and the target of a thousand lies, you people have stood by me. I won't ever forget that.

You've judged me not on the basis of headlines, rumor and innuendo but on my performances as an actress and entertainer.

Ever since the release of my last picture, *Summer Stock*, thousands of you have had the kindness to write me. You've congratulated me, encouraged me, and pledged me your future support. And for all this—let me repeat—I'm eternally grateful.

Inasmuch as it is impossible for me to reply individually to your more than 18,000 letters, I'm using this space in MODERN SCREEN to answer those questions you've most frequently asked.

I have a responsibility to you friends. Rather than let you be misguided by the flood of nonsense printed about me by reporters and uninformed writers who know none of the facts, I intend to fulfill my responsibility by telling you movie-goers the truth.

I am not quitting motion pictures. Movies are my life's blood. I love making motion pictures and always have ever since I was a little girl.

I do not intend, however, to make any films for the next six months. I'm just going to relax, take things easy, and regain my peace of mind.

For a while I expected to go to Paris with my daughter, Liza, and my husband, Vincente Minnelli—but his studio has decided to film all of *An* (Continued on page 83)



Judy, fully recovered, is shown on vacation at Sun Valley.



"If I should lose you"

■ Who would be there to light the candles on the dining room table if Geary should go. . . ? Who would be there to eat all the food Jane Powell loves to cook; who would toss the salad and brag about it and watch her with adoring eyes, if he should leave, even for just a while?

And he may leave her—he's in the active Army Reserve. Other husbands may go, too, and sweet-hearts and sons, and for each one left behind there'll be a special cause for sadness.

The six days a month Geary spends down in Long Beach, California, driving half-tracks and heavy tanks have taken on another meaning since Korea. It isn't only routine now. It may become a new way of life. Will he have to go back to what he faced in the winter of 1944? He was a ski-trooper then, in the Fifth Army located in Italy. On one particular day he was assigned to lead a group of twenty-six skiers armed with machine guns and carbines down a steep slope to a German artillery position. The Germans were wiped out, but only three of Geary's group came back alive. Geary was discharged a first lieutenant with a pocketful of battle stars. He's a likely candidate to be called again.

On an evening not (*Continued on page 92*)

Jane Powell doesn't know
what the future holds. No one does.
But if Geary should have to leave, he'll
take with him a heartful of memories.

BY DORISMAE KERNS



Jane's a marvelous cook—a fact Geary Steffen would be the last to deny! He's wild about her singing—buys records of her musicals (latest is *Royal Wedding*). They have 5000 records.



Tony discovered dramatics at a settlement house then played stock. Here, he's in *Jazz Singer*.

nobody's



During the war he served on a submarine in the Pacific for three years. Was discharged in 1945.

He fought in the streets
for a way of life he didn't yet under-
stand. Tony Curtis fought to protect his
name, to protect his right to happiness . . .

BY JANE WILKIE



Sudden success enabled Tony to furnish a home for his parents. Here he prepares to wash the windows.



Constantly acquiring new interests, Tony is gathering credits for L.A.'s City College.



Kid brother Bobby worships Tony, who's glad that Bob's youth isn't poverty-ridden.

■ Back in the summer of 1938, a kid named Bernie Schwartz sat in a darkened Bronx theater, watching Errol Flynn leap about the screen in the role of Robin Hood. Bernie nudged the friend sitting next to him.

"Know what?" he said. "I'm gonna be a movie actor."

"Yuk, yuk," said his companion, "Come off the cloud."

"Why not?" said Bernie. "Geez. Imagine kissin' Olivia De Havilland."

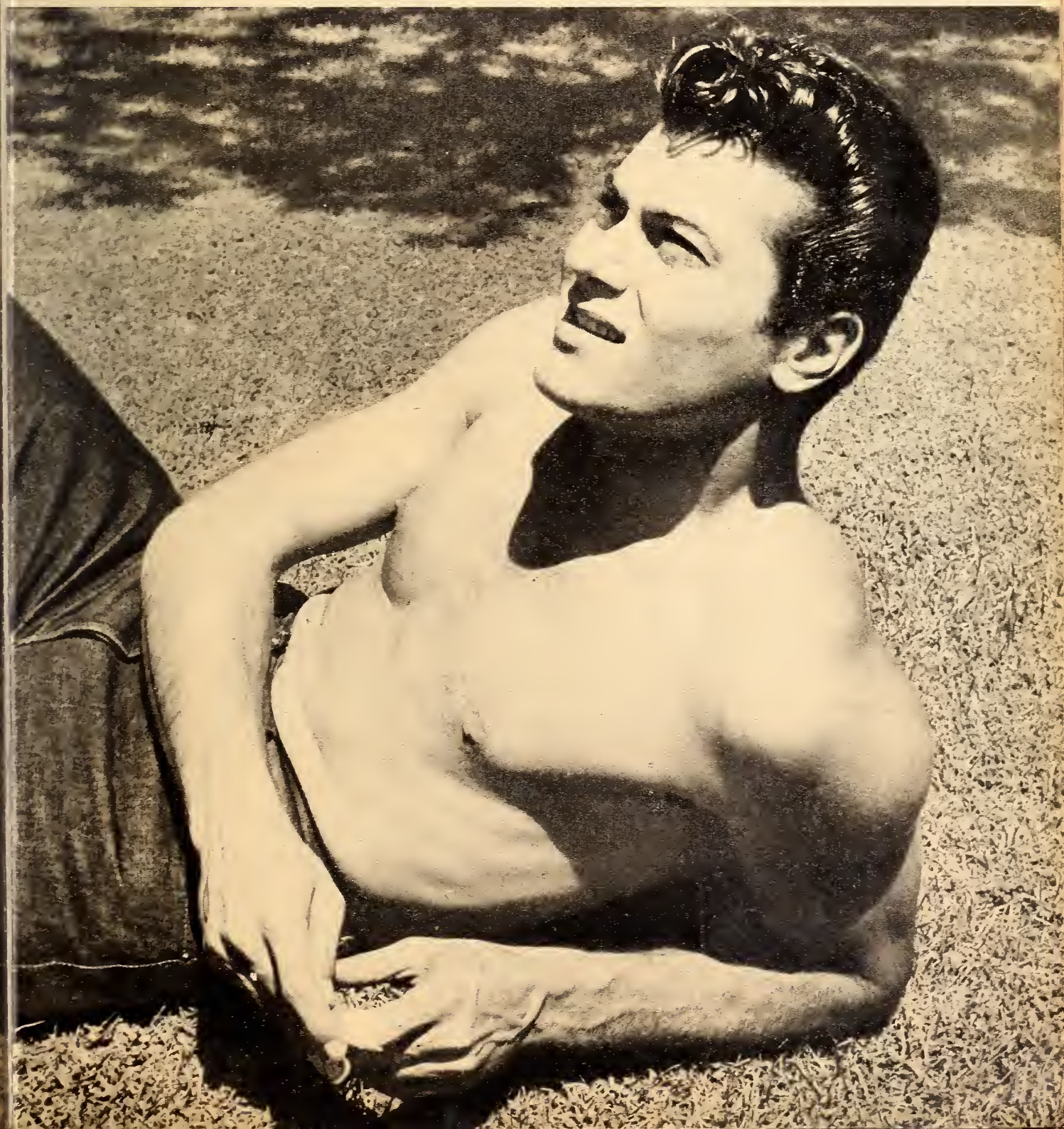
"Stop hoggin' the popcorn," said his unfeeling friend.

Today Bernie Schwartz is a movie actor with a long term contract and the new name of Anthony Curtis, courtesy of Universal-International pictures. Executives of that studio are currently tossing Tony Curtis around in their minds like a hot potato.

The fact is that his popularity has spread like a brush fire, and at this point demands that he be given star billing in a major production.

Not only the brass hats, but all employees of the lot down to the night watchmen are currently scratching their respective heads in an effort to determine how Tony's popularity got started. People saw him briefly as Yvonne De Carlo's dancing partner in *Criss Cross*, and the scene concentrated for the most part on the back of Tony's head. Then came a featured role in *City Across the River*. Four films followed, and in none of them did Tony have more than two pages of dialogue. He was just another cowboy in *Sierra* and just another soldier in *Winchester 73*. Not until *Kansas Raiders* was he (Continued on page 103)

pretty boy now





BEWARE OF THE EXPERTS

There's nothing
like a bit of good advice.
I always say—nothing
worse, that is. For if
there's one kind
of person who taught
me to think for myself, it's
the guy who thinks
he knows it all!

by Ruth Roman



Rumors have Ruth secretly married to Bill Walsh, *right*, but she denies it. Here they attend a première with Raymond Massey.

■ It has been said that Hollywood is the Mecca of the know-it-alls—but I know from personal experience that people who know everything about everything turn up all over the country.

I have been encountering them all my life. There was one in Boston teaching school and another one there running a tea shop. I found them filling prescriptions in a Broadway drug store in New York and delivering the mail just off Broadway where I lived and occasionally paid the rent on time. I found them, for that matter, directing screen tests in New York for Hollywood studios and I found them filling jobs in Hollywood in which they were actually supposed to be know-it-alls . . . and weren't. They all gave me advice which would have led me exactly to where I didn't want to go, back home a failure, perhaps, or at least at best somewhere in the outer fringes of the show world I wanted to enter.

I aimed for the stage when I was halfway through grade school in Boston. But later when I was attending Blackstone Junior High I entered an art competition that almost cooked me. I painted a still life of some grapes and nearly had my bobby socks unfrizzled when I learned I had won first prize! The dangerous part was involved in the fact that the prize also included (*Continued on page 74*)



In her glamorous Don Loper gown of Duchess satin lamé, Betty sits out a dance with agent Milt Pickman of her party in the Beverly Hills Hotel.



Errol Flynn brought his leading lady, beautiful Patrice Wy-
more. They announced their engagement the next day.



Wanda Hendrix is said to be carrying a torch for Audie
Murphy but she came with correspondent Nils West-Larson.

the time of my life

by Betty Hutton

WHEN I WAS SIX, I GAVE MY FIRST PARTY

■ I guess I can blame it all on Louella Parsons. Blame it on her? Bless Louella's big heart, if it hadn't been for her a lot of things might not have happened just the way they did. My happy party, for one thing. And for another, the big climactic moment when Ted and I decided to go back together again so that now I am Mrs. Ted Briskin once more, instead of just plain matrimonially-displaced Betty Hutton.

Parties have always scared me a little



Sue Carol and Alan Ladd added to the romantic atmosphere at Betty's party. Married eight years, they're one couple who never have domestic discord.



The obvious happiness of Diana Lynn and her husband, John Lindsay, helped Betty decide to reconcile with Ted Briskin.



Prettier than her pictures, Janet Leigh wore gardenias in her hair, a pale blue tulle gown. Friends predict marriage for her and escort Arthur Loew, Jr.



Esther Williams and Ben Gage chatted enthusiastically with another guest about the baby they're expecting next December.

FLOP. WHEN I WAS TWENTY-SIX, I GAVE ANOTHER PARTY—ONLY WITH THIS ONE, MY FONDEST DREAM CAME TRUE.

since I was six years old. When my sixth birthday was coming up, I decided to give a party. The trouble with six year olds is that they sometimes get as confused as twenty-six year olds. I was determined to give the party, but I didn't know many kids in the neighborhood so I went around asking every youngster I saw. Then, envisioning the hundreds who might show up, I didn't tell mother about the party. So, on the day of the event only two little charac-

ters arrived and the affair turned out to be a dismal flop.

All this I was thinking about one night when I attended a beautiful party Louella Parsons was giving for a visiting potentate. I said to myself, "Betty, you've got to get over this complex about parties. It's high time you gave one yourself." At one and the same moment I decided that of all the people I'd like to have come as guest of honor the only choice could be Louie Sobol,

the famous New York columnist who has helped hundreds of young people in all professions along the road to success.

Louie, as he is affectionately known to everyone in show business, was the only one who seemed to know how to spell my name right when I first came to New York. I could write a book about the many times he encouraged me when the going was rough. So I called Louie and asked him if I gave a party would he come to it and be



Betty's party had a Strauss Waltz theme—with 15 violins! Milton Berle came up like gongbusters and staged mod skits with Bob Hope, George Jessel.



Betty thought that singing at her own party was corny, but guests cheered her duet with Dinah Shore of "There's No Business Like Show Business."



The day after her party Betty flew to Ted in Chicago. A few days later they returned to Hollywood together, were greeted by Lindsay, 3, and Candy, 2.

my guy for the evening. He said he would.

After that, things turned a little frantic. I decided there'd never be enough room in my house for all the people I wanted to come, so I consulted my good friend, the famous fashion designer, Don Loper. He told me to decide what sort of party I wanted and leave the rest in his hands.

The idea turned out to be a Strauss Waltz Party. Don decided that the best place would be the beautiful Crystal Room in the Beverly Hills Hotel and that it should be a candlelight ball so that all the girls would have a chance to look their most beautiful. At the last minute, I said to myself, "Golly, people are liable to waltz a couple of times and then say to themselves, 'What goes on here?'" so we augmented Hal Stearn's fifteen violinists with Freddie Carga's orchestra. I figured that about the time the waltzers wanted real action we'd give them the samba, conga and Charleston.

For awhile I went around assuring people that giving a party wasn't anything to get excited about, really, but the day of the party I sort of went to pieces. A couple of people called up and said they couldn't come. I found tears welling up in my eyes. I imagined myself sitting alone with the guest of honor and all that champagne (Ballinger '37, if you please). Then Don called. "Your gown is almost finished," he said, "and it's a dream." My spirits took a great big bounce. Then Louie Sobol called and asked if I minded a great deal if he brought his girl along. How was I to know when I asked him to be my date that he was about to propose to the beautiful Peggy Strohl?

By 7:00 that night I was a nervous breakdown looking for a place to go to pieces in. At 7:30 my gown still hadn't arrived. At 7:31 the messenger was at the door and seconds later I was dressed. What a Don Loper gown can do for a girl! As he said, it was a dream—a dream in Duchess satin lamé, embroidered in feather motif.

A few minutes later I ran up the steps of the Beverly Hills Hotel. Don whisked me to the entrance of the Crystal Room and placed me under a white spotlight. "Stay there," he ordered. I stayed for a quick thirty seconds. Then I began to feel a little ridiculous. Also, all over again, frightened silly. By the time the first guests arrived I was out of the spotlight and practically at the front door. Don kept asking me to stay in the spotlight, but I just couldn't. I'd come to parties too often and wondered where to put my left foot next. This time I was going to see that everyone met the hostess at least once on the way in.

Then the room began to whirl around me. The guests came in droves—all three hundred of them including the couples who had called with their regrets. The buffet supper was out of this world. I'd been to private parties, banquets and just plain restaurants in which the steaks, when they arrived, were colder than a dowager's first look at a burlesque show. These steaks, filet roasts carved at the last second, were piping hot. I'd told the wizards of the kitchen I wanted the people really fed at my party and they certainly were.

I began to have such a good (Continued on page 65)



Through success and his family—l. to r. Mrs. Hope, Kelly, Linda, Nara and Tony—Bab enjoys the happiness his mother prayed he'd have.

How I found faith *by Bob Hope*

I saw two dear
ones die in pain, and
my belief was
shattered—
until I learned
that suffering exists
apart from God.

■ My mother was one of the gentlest, most self-sacrificing women who ever lived. She worked hard for her family of seven boys. She did her best for all of us. She sent us to church, looked after our physical and spiritual needs, and inspired us with her great faith in us.

When I first began to do a solo act on the stage, after I had flopped in a vaudeville act with a partner, she was the only one who had faith in me. That faith was so great that when I couldn't get a single booker in Chicago even to look at my act, she continued to believe in me. She went without things she needed for herself, to send me money to live on.

She was that way about all her boys, and about other people as well. A devout woman, she was the most beautiful exemplification I have ever met of a person who literally lived up to the Sermon on the Mount, the Golden Rule. "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." That was the blessed spirit by which my mother lived.

All the early years of her life were spent in doing things (*Continued on page 75*)

A full-page photograph of a woman standing on a sandy beach. She is wearing a bright yellow short-sleeved button-down shirt tucked into a long, dark blue skirt. A wide red belt with large gold star-shaped buckles cinches her waist. She has her hands on her hips and is looking off to the side with a slight smile. She is wearing brown lace-up shoes. The background shows the ocean waves and a clear blue sky.

For a while she was headed toward a

ANN BLYTH'S STORY

by Cynthia Miller

breakdown, a bitter ending not new to Hollywood. But now, there's a happy, gentle Ann...

■ Last spring, work seemed to have caught up with Ann Blyth. She was tired. Even when she woke up in the morning she felt like taking a nap. And when she took a nap she didn't feel like getting up.

Here she was, just old enough to vote, and already it seemed as if she'd have to retire from public life. From the age of 14 she'd been on the go—round upon round of pictures, radio appearances, promotional tours and benefit performances had finally drained her energy, and now she was faced with the frightening thought that it was over. She was finished.

Before she'd give in, though, she went to Texas on a benefit tour with Pat O'Brien, then to Chicago, then back to Texas. Somewhere in between she got a severe case of laryngitis that kept her from singing for three days. The doctors cleared it up with penicillin, but her throat still pained her. She knew then that she was facing a crisis, but she'd committed herself to singing "My Foolish Heart" at the Academy Awards. And a commitment, to her, is a command.

She sang the song, and no one among the millions who heard her could have suspected that behind this rich, full voice there was nothing but nerve, because almost everything else was used up.

The next day Ann had to face facts. She was standing right at the end of the rope, and she could do one of two things. She could keep going by the use of stimulants, as others before her had done, or she could make a definite change in her way of life, as few had the courage to do. The former course had led many to disaster, the latter had brought others professional oblivion. But Ann knew that somehow and very soon she must regain the vigor she had lost; and her rare good sense told her that there was only one way to do it. She placed herself in the hands of a doctor.

Doctors, however, aren't miracle-makers. If your appendix is sore they'll take it out, and if you have a fever they'll bring it down, but what happens after they've done their work is often a question of luck.

Ann's doctor told her that her tonsils were infected and were discharging poison into her system. Ann had known that her tonsils had been less than healthy (Continued on page 88)



Because of her health, Ann's cut down a lot of activities, but she couldn't resist appearing in the La Jolla Playhouse production of *Our Town* with Marshall Thompson. Mel Ferrer (left) directed.



Ann lunches at the Valencia Hotel in La Jolla with Marshall Thompson and Millard Mitchell. After a week's run in *Our Town*, she returned home to play opposite Mario Lanza in *The Life of Caruso*.



I go to college with liz scott

NO WONDER THEY CALL IT

■ When I sauntered into the classroom that first day of the semester, I was prepared for a course, in "Contemporary Political Thought." I expected great things of the University of Southern California—better known to football fans as the home of the Trojans. I envisioned everything from a Master's Degree to a ticket to the Rose Bowl Game, but not that Liz Scott would walk in with an armful of books and sit down right next to me.

Imagine the effect, if you can. I was still recovering from the effect, when I heard that famous, sultry voice saying, "Is this Poly Sci four-fifty-one?" The *words* were those that any co-ed would have said, but where oh where can you find a co-ed who can say them the way she did!

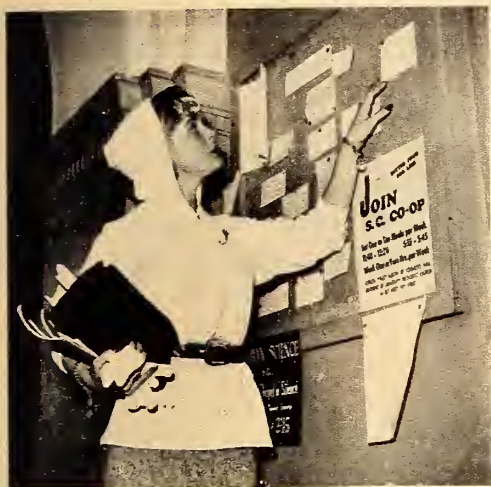
Well, being an English major, I flashed back the very witty reply, "Oh . . . eh . . . ah . . . yes." That's what you call getting off on the right foot.

For the first few days she sat rather shyly at the rear of the classroom, but she was soon right up in the front row. Her enthusiasm compelled her to get up where she could be in the thick of it when the class discussion got hot. My enthusiasm compelled me to move up too.

Now you can't sit next to Liz Scott from 10 to 11 every morning five days a week and make like a mummy all the while. Not if you're human. She's real; you think of her as a classmate—well, as a mate anyway. So the days went by and we became acquainted. I soon found that she had another class every morning from 8:30 to 9:50 just before our political science course and that her earlier class was a course in philosophy—which I, being a lover of, quickly registered in. It's the most interesting philosophy (Continued on page 90)

HIGHER EDUCATION. WITH LIZ SCOTT IN THE NEXT SEAT, I'M WAY UP IN THE CLOUDS!

by Dan Griffith



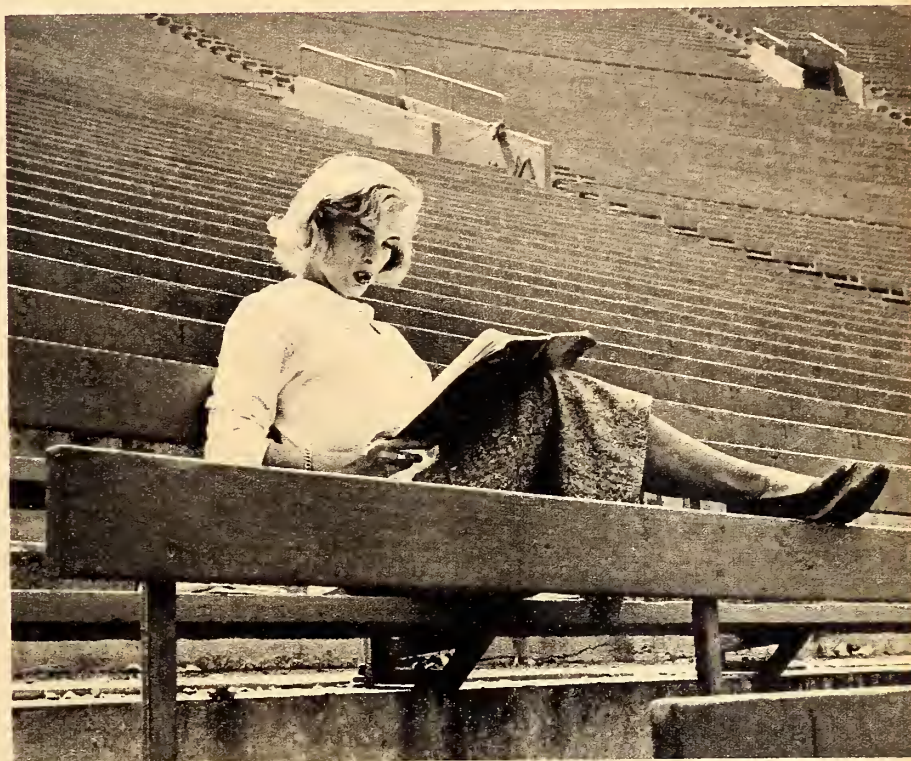
Liz is active in campus doings. On her way to class she checks the bulletin board, covered with ads and notices, to see what's going on at U. S. C.



East meets West on the campus. Liz discovers the international aspect of education as Dan introduces her to Vatsala Madkarni, Indian student.



Liz may have been a sultry songstress in *Dark City*, but she's just one of the gang at the coke sessions at Currie's, the corner ice cream parlor.



Liz finds the empty U.S.C. stadium a perfect place to study. The "Tawny Trojane," as the student paper calls her, is a serious student who works hard. However, she's not a recluse by any stretch of the imagination. She's too interested in people.



Co-ed Scott is in her element in an after-class discussion which may range from materialism to philosophy and back. On the lawn she enthusiastically argues her point with Dan Griffith before starting her 40-minute drive back to Hollywood.

HOUSE OF THE MONTH

Background for beauty



The Will Prices' Southern Colonial house.

■ Get any two Hollywood cameramen together, and brother, you'll have to pull them apart. "How do you do," they'll say to each other, and the next minute they'll be arguing—about lights and angles and profiles and which star looks best in an artificial rainstorm.

There's one lady, though, whose name settles every dispute. Her name is Maureen O'Hara. Put her in Technicolor and you don't even need a story. All you need is someone to turn on the switch and start the camera rolling.

The exciting thing about Maureen is that she doesn't ignore her beauty. She isn't swell-headed about it, but she's clever. For instance, she turned her Southern Colonial home into a perfect background for her vivid charms. It's as if an architect had studied her and built a house around her, and then as if a decorator went to work with all the subtlety that a cameraman uses to highlight beautiful features.

As it happened, the house wasn't built for Maureen, and she decorated it herself.

Pink brick with a white frame trim, it's surrounded by (Continued on page 46)



All the lanai (Hawaiian for porch) accessories are conversation pieces. Husband Will Price bought the gilt eagle above the couch "as a gentle reminder of my Southern ancestry." He's from Mississippi.



Sea-green, Maureen's most becoming shade, is the dominant color in the master bedroom. She designed the four-poster bed, with matching headboard and spread. The bench is from a Mississippi antique shop.



Six-year-old Bronwyn is proud of her grown-up four-poster bed and desk. The toy house in the corner was a birthday present from the John Fords. Bronwyn's favorite dolls live there with a toy piano.



The crystal chandelier lends an air of elegance to the dining room. Maureen found it in a little store—such a good bargain that she won't tell the price. The mahogany table comes from an Irish antique shop.

If houses could talk, this one would have a brogue. And if houses could think, this one would know it was made to mirror Maureen O'Hara's charms...

by Marwa Peterson

Maureen furnished the paneled library with odd pieces from her previous homes. She says it's a catch-all, but it's her favorite place to relax.



background for beauty cont'd



John Payne, good friend of Maureen O'Hara and her husband, Will Price, chats with them after dinner at Thunderbird Ranch.



Maureen's mother, Rita Fitzsimons, often visits her daughter on the set. Her latest film, Paramount's *Tripoli*, co-stars John Payne.

sycamores. The exterior is the ideal setting for her reddish hair, her milk-white skin, her blue eyes and delicately chiseled face. When Maureen strolls on the lawn, she resembles a Gainsborough painting.

Maureen must be aware of this, because ever since she married Will Price, she's wanted to own this particular home. Her husband wanted it, too. It reminds him of his old home in Mississippi.

When they lived in a small bungalow some years ago not very far from the home they own today, the Prices used to refer to their present residence as "our" house, even though they weren't living in it. They used to pass by it regularly as they drove to and from work, and almost as regularly, they would check the real estate agent and ask how much "our house" was. It was always too much.

Maureen had practically despaired of ever buying the house—in fact, she and Will had moved out of their cottage and into another place—when the agent phoned one day. "If you two are still interested in that Bel Air place," he suggested, "you'd better come right out." They flew.

They tried not to seem over-anxious. They attempted to study the house objectively and evaluate it calmly. "But it was no use," Maureen says. "We wanted it so badly that we couldn't be analytical about it. We just bought it!"

She used as much furniture from their previous home as possible—"We didn't have any money to throw around on furnishings." And then she began to select colors that would compliment her.

MAUREEN's favorite hue is green. It does wonders for her own high coloring. As a result, it's the dominant shade that appears in every room in the house. One continuous green broadloom carpet, for example, a Bigelow Sanford, extends from the foyer through the living room, dining room, up the stairs and along the second-floor hall.

In the long rectangular living room, Maureen used the same couch and fireside chairs that she and Will bought as newlyweds. She simply had them recovered for the third time in a quilted chaise longue. To this, she added new draperies with a gay print and a new mirror over the fireplace.

Everything else in the room dates from the early years of Maureen's marriage. Will, for example, who likes to collect things, bought their pair of wine coolers. He also found some antique offering plates in a Dublin second-hand store, and at Christmas time four years ago, he gave Maureen the two O'Neils beside the fireplace. One of them is a pastoral of the same Irish fishing village where the O'Hara family used to spend their summers when Maureen was a little girl. "When Will gave me the painting," Maureen says, "it was just as if someone had sent me a piece of my childhood."

Maureen loves every room in her house, but probably the most utilitarian of the lot is the dining room. The Prices eat all their meals here, including breakfast. "Maybe it's (Continued on page 64)

Special section: twelve pages on Hollywood newcomers.

HOLLYWOOD YOUTH *on Trial*

The defendants
are Youth, Talent
and Beauty.

Every day their
dreams are

put to judgment

before a jury

14,000,000 strong.

BY RUTH SCOTT

■ One night, a few weeks after she married John Agar, Shirley Temple received a special delivery letter from a fan in Dallas, Texas.

"Dear Shirley," it began, "I can't tell you how happy I am, and I owe all my happiness to you.

"I've been in love with Mac for years now, ever since he latched on to my pigtails in grade school, only my folks wouldn't let me marry him. They said I was too young.

"When you got married at 17, however, my parents relented. 'If early marriage is good enough for Shirley Temple,' they said, 'then we guess it's okay for you.'

"Thank you, dear Shirley, for making our marriage possible. . . ."

A few weeks after this magazine had printed the story of Janet Leigh's two broken marriages (she'd entered her first at 15) the editor received this letter from a 17-year-old girl:

"Dear Sir: I thank you with all my heart for running your article on Janet Leigh.

"I am exactly in the same spot she was in. I eloped last year with a young man I thought I loved. It was just an infatuation, and the marriage has been annulled, but somehow I've been going around, convinced that I'm ruined and that life is over for me and that this whole town is talking behind my back.

"Yesterday, when I read about Janet Leigh, I suddenly realized that this sort of thing can happen to any girl, that it *does* happen every day in the week, that all a girl needs is courage to go on, to forget the past, and work for the future.

(Continued on next page.)

HOLLYWOOD YOUTH

"Look at what Janet Leigh has made of herself. I can do the same thing..."

Multiply these two letters by 14,333,523—that's the number of 15-19 year-olds in the United States—and you get some small idea of the tremendous influence exerted in the world by a relatively small handful of young Hollywood stars.

These young celebrities are constantly on trial before the world of public opinion.

Some of them realize this fact. Others don't. Shirley Temple, for example, hated to file for divorce, "because I knew what it would do to the millions of other girls who had grown up with me."

Shirley knew that somehow her divorce would cause many girls to lose faith in the essential beauty and companionship of marriage. "That's why," she says, "I tried so very hard to make it a success."

Shirley has always been aware of the responsibilities of fame and the obligations she has to her fans.

Other stars have not been aware. Deanna Durbin, Judy Garland, Ava Gardner have all become so obsessed with their love-lives that the solution of their personal problems takes precedence over any other matters that enter their minds.

Ava never started out to be a career girl. It just happened. Her brother-in-law sent some photographs to MGM, and the next thing she knew she was out in Hollywood and married to Mickey Rooney. Responsibility to a young public of admirers has never burdened her conscience.

Mickey, himself, undeniably one of the greatest and most versatile young talents in the entire history of show business, would hardly be singled out as a model for the All-American boy. He has been married three times; no one would ever describe him as "refined," and his general (Continued on page 84)



SUZANNE DALBERT



JEFF CHANDLER



JAN STERLING



LEE MacGREGOR



DEBRA PAGET



JACK BEUTEL



JOAN NIXON



CHARLES McGRAW



JUDY HOLLIDAY



BEN JOHNSON



MALA POWERS



ROCK HUDSON



JEAN HAGEN



CRAIG HILL



VERA-ELLEN

These are some brave new faces that have found, and will hold, their places in the bright lights of Hollywood.





MEL TORMÉ



PAULA RAYMOND



KEEFE BRASSELLE



PIPER LAURIE



VIC DAMONE



JOYCE MacKENZIE



LYLE BETTGER



FAITH DOMERGUE



MARLON BRANDO



BARBARA BATES



GENE NELSON



NANCY DAVIS



HOWARD KEEL



PHYLLIS KIRK



HUGH MARLOWE



MARILYN MONROE



GORDON MacRAE



SALLY FORREST



GARY MERRILL



TERESA CELLI



JAMES BEST



EDNA ALBERT



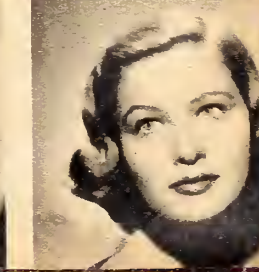
ANTHONY CULLEN



PEGGY DOW



CHARLTON HESTON



How old is young?



After she finished *Harriet Craig*, Joan Crawford took her brood—Christina, Cynthia, Cathy and Christopher—to Alisal Ranch.

By SUSAN TRENT

■ You can be twenty-one and feel like a hundred when someone tries to drag you out to the tennis court and all you want to do is sit in the sun. Maybe it isn't normal, but it happens. And there are people of forty-one who are so full of *joie de vivre* that they'll make you droop like an old washcloth after they've raced you round the swimming pool. Blame it on the metabolism. More than likely, it's just a state of mind.

Joan Crawford, for one, is an example of how much the state of mind can accomplish. Of course, it'll be a long time before anyone pushing a wheelchair will ask Joan if she wants a lift, but even so, there are younger women. Younger women who act twice her age.

Maybe it's her children who keep Joan young—the four of them, Christina, Christopher and the twins, Cathy and Cynthia. Joan's not the kind of mother who sits back and thinks she's having a gay time because her children are laughing. When they're having fun, she's in there with them, sharing it.

Lately she's given up a lot of her extra-curricular activity just to be with them. She cooks, she buys their clothes, she invites Christina's Brownie troop over to her Brentwood home, and she spends her free afternoons in the pool turning her twins into (Continued on page 93)



Joan shares every game, every experience with each of her children. Up at 6:30 a.m. for a set of doubles with Tina, she spins her racquet to choose their side of the net.

Joan Crawford knows you're as old as you think you are, as young as you feel.



Christopher had one cowboy outfit for the morning and another getup for after five. Anxious to show his skill with a lasso, he roped Joan in—she braces herself as the twins play nearby.



All the Crawfords are expert swimmers—even the twins, whom Joan's been coaching in the pool at home. *Here*, after their daily horseback ride in the mountains of Alisal Ranch, they take a dip.

Christopher took Joan to a dance, then dreamed with her by a campfire—a nightly custom at Alisal. Joan's dog, Cliquot, came, too.



They were brides too soon

by Sheila Graham



Rhonda Fleming was a bride at 16, a mother at 18, and a divorcée at 24.

Esther Williams, married before 20, made a wise choice the second time.



June Haver, teen-age bride, knew unhappiness early.

They all married in their

■ How soon is too soon to get married? That of course depends on the man, the maid and the morals of the moment.

In India, for example, it's fine and dandy to marry the toothless baby of your family's choice. In points North, East and South, your relatives prefer you to wait until you can say "I do" without lisping.

In Hollywood practically anything can happen on the impatient marriage age front, and it sometimes does, sometimes disastrously.

Judy Garland was 17 when she sang her way into the Mrs. David Rose title. Shirley Temple was another sweet seventeen miss who wishes she had waited. Ditto Barbara Lawrence, now a young divorcée. Janet Leigh was 15 when she took the plunge that almost drowned her. Lana Turner was a head-strong 19 when Artie Shaw took her to dinner at 8 p.m. one night, wed her before dawn the same disenchanted evening. Deanna Durbin was 19 when she shouldn't have said "I do" to Vaughn Paul. And Rhonda Fleming, who didn't let many get ahead of her, says now, "I was a bride at 16, a mother at 18, a divorcée at 24. A girl is crazy if she marries *anyone* before she is twenty-something years old." Rhonda wants me to tell you her love story. "It may help some of your readers with theirs." That's what I hope anyway.

"I just about broke my mother's heart," said Rhonda, a sensible woman of 26, "when I ran off to Las Vegas to marry Tom Lane. She knew I was too young. But now

I'm glad it all happened. Because maybe now I can help others *not* to make the same mistake. At 16 you think you know everything. No girl under 20 can possibly know the seriousness of marriage.

"But," continued Rhonda, leaning back in the armchair in my Beverly Hills living room, "the more my mother said 'Don't do it,' the more I wanted to. A couple of my girl friends were married so I wanted to be too. How silly could I get! Apart from my age, we weren't in any financial position to be married. And that's another reason why young people are fools to marry—they don't usually have enough money."

Wanda Hendrix had money. But Audie Murphy made her wait until *she* was 18 and *he* was more established as an actor. That didn't work out either. After champing at the bit for two years, their nerves were so on edge, the first angry word *after* the ceremony and Audie was hollering, "I quit."

Maybe that is the soft spot in young Hollywood marriages. Things go wrong and right away they scam to the divorce courts. What's happened to the old fashioned concept of stay married forever? Here, and in other big cities of course, the marriage plan seems to be "I'll have one husband while I'm a teen-ager, another for my twenties, one more for the thirties, etc." Anyway that's exactly what Bette Davis has been doing all these years. Will she get a new marital deal for her fifties?

"Tom and I," said Rhonda, (*Continued on page 98*)



Daris Day's two hasty marriages suffered.



Janet Leigh was a teen-age bride twice.



Jane Wyman wed Myron Fatterman at 18.

ens, they all suffered in their twenties—and each one learned a lesson she'll never forget.

my mama done told me

by Anne Baxter



Anne (of *All About Eve*) now masters life's little niceties which gave her so much trouble as a child. Husband John Hodiak benefits.

MOTHER'S PROBLEMS WERE BUNDLED UP IN ONE SMALL PACKAGE—ME. MATTER OF FACT, THEY STILL ARE!

■ One Sunday afternoon when I was four, there was a terrible crash upstairs in her room, where Mother assumed I was taking a nap.

She rushed to the foot of the stairs and called, "What happened, Anne?"

I opened the bedroom door and came into view. "Nothing," I said.

Through the open door behind me wafted a traitorous aroma of perfume, which promptly descended to the stairs where Mother was standing. She beckoned to me, and I reluctantly obeyed.

"Anne," she asked gently, "are you sure you didn't break something?"

I shook my head by way of denial.

"But I know a perfume bottle was broken," said Mother, "and you must know how it happened."

"Well-l-l," I conceded, "maybe a little bottle did fall over on the table. . . ."

Mother closed her eyes for a while and then opened them and smiled at me. "We have a long way to go, Anne, haven't we?" she asked. "A long, long way!"

Even then I knew what she meant. There was not only my utter disinterest in speaking the truth or my ability to get my clothes so dirty in one wearing that the dirt had to be sort of bulldozed off before they could be washed: there was my temper, my wild impulsiveness, my disorderly way of thinking and, finally, my genius for breaking things around the house. I was aghast at the difficulties ahead. Would we ever make it?

Well, as Mother knows, we haven't . . . quite. There is still work to be done. But thanks to her wise and gentle

ways, "we" have made progress, and I hereby acknowledge her guidance. Most of what a child should know about life, including a lot that some parents still can't bring themselves to tell, was explained to me carefully and even beautifully by her. Later, when I heard this same story from other sources, usually whispered and unhealthily slanted, I was doubly grateful to her.

There is a certain type of person for whom things always seem to go wrong. That was the first great talent I exhibited as a tot and much of this genius still remains with me. I can remember when I was four trying to make a good impression on a little boy cousin of mine who was brought to visit us. I can't recall the details of my campaign, but at the end, while our parents were upstairs in the apartment talking, we were downstairs beating each other over the head with soup ladles. The more I realized I had failed to make him like me, the harder I beat him.

In the "careful planning" department I haven't improved much. There was a Sunday morning not long ago when a writer was due to come for both "brunch" and an interview. I wanted to make a good impression, and I thought it would be cheery if I whipped up some scrambled eggs in a chafing dish right on the living room coffee table. I could just see myself as he was going to see me—a happy little homemaker, adept at everything she does. I even thought of some cute little side remarks I might make as the eggs coddled themselves into appetizing firmness and I gracefully served them to my guests.

Came the day and I found I was all set except for alcohol to burn under the dish. There wasn't time to run out and get some. I started a frantic (*Continued on page 100*)



Perfectly groomed in public, Anne always gets the eye from John before leaving the house. She'd never forgive his ignoring a flaw in her makeup.



John Hadiak is a very neat man. Anne would've discovered this even if her mother *hadn't* painted it out. He has faults, but Anne says he works on them.



Married since 1946, the Hadiaks attend a gala premiere at Grauman's Chinese Theater, looking as happy as newlyweds.



She's nobody's baby now, she's Nick's wife—and the most important chapter in Liz's life has begun.

■ And so the honeymoon is over. And so Mrs. Conrad Nicholson Hilton, Junior, is back in Hollywood to settle down and face her new life. Mrs. Hilton. M-r-s—period. Those three little letters that loom so big have put an end to one life of Elizabeth Taylor's—her girlhood—and started her on the sweet, exciting story of another—the life of a woman and a man's wife.

I'm sure no adored star and worshipped daughter ever had a more wonderful honeymoon or a warmer welcome when

she got home—and by now her wedding, her tour, her return are memories to Elizabeth, memories surely which will linger with her forever but memories, too, that fade in significance every minute as her new life unfolds and its adult problems press.

Here she is home again and laughing, "Don't everyone stare at me so. Why, I'm just the same Elizabeth, just the same girl!"

And right to her lovely face I'm (Continued on page 95)

When a girl marries

by heddahopper



Long, lazy days of sunbathing at Lido Beach in Venice were a part of Liz's three-month European honeymoon, a wedding present.



When Liz visited the *Quo Vadis* set in Rome, she begged for a bit part, happily got ready to play a Christian.

While dining one night in Berne, Switzerland, Nicky Hilton surprised his bride with a gift—a piece of exquisite antique jewelry.

Modern Screen presents an intimate, gallant story of a modern miracle.

I had my nose fixed

by Helene London

We are proud to present this true and poignant story of a rising young actress named Helene London whose movie career seemed to be over before it started. This is a story of how the miracle of modern surgery transformed a heart-broken girl into a poised and beautiful woman. We believe that in Helene's account of her experiences lies the solution of her own problems. However, we do not recommend plastic surgery as a cure-all. This story stands purely on its individual merits. Plastic surgery should be undergone only with the approval of the family physician, and with the selection of a surgeon of unquestioned stature.—The Editors

■ "Now we'll take the profile, Miss London," the photographer said. I turned in my chair until I got the angle he wanted. They set the lights. The hairdresser ran over and brushed a stray lock into place.

"Now lean toward her as though you were going to kiss her," the photographer told John Agar. John Agar leaned toward me.

"That does it. By the way, you've got a wonderful profile, Miss London."

They started taking down the lights and packing up their equipment. All in a day's work to them, but the excitement was still with me. As I walked back to my dressing room the words rang in my ears . . . "wonderful profile . . . wonderful profile, Miss London . . . wonderful."

I had just finished my first big role. Playing opposite John Agar and David Brian in Warner Brothers' *Breakthrough* was certainly a thrill, but (Continued on page 82)



BEFORE I underwent plastic surgery, I lived in a cocoon of misery. I was so afraid of ridicule, I rejected friendships and took refuge in being aloof.



AFTER plastic surgery I got my first screen break, working with John Agar in Warner's *Breakthrough*. But the real thrill came when a photographer said, "You have a wonderful profile, Miss London."

ROMAN HOLIDAY



Throw that guide book away! Here's a genuine Clift's tour of Europe.

"NEXT time I take a trip anywhere I'll let you have an exclusive story," Montgomery Clift told us. "Yeah," we said, but we knew better. First place, you can never get in touch with the guy. He doesn't have a phone. You want to talk to him, you have to whisper it around, and someday he may step into a pay booth to call you. One thing we just discovered about Monty, though. He'll use up all his nickels to keep a promise. So on these pages we have an exclusive picture story of his recent holiday in Europe. Picture up above is Clift himself, halfway out of a windowsill in Naples' Excelsior Hotel. His socks and Flip McCarthy's diapers are evident. Flip's dad, Kevin, took these photos. (See next page)



Monty's pal, Kevin McCarthy.

roman holiday *continued*



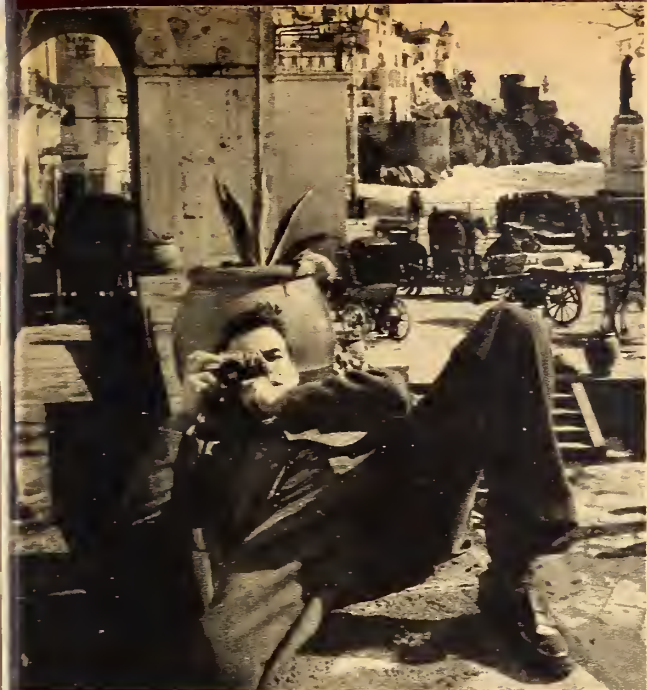
Holiday-bound Clift sweats out the Customs bottleneck.

ANYONE even vaguely acquainted with Clift can guess the kind of tour he'd take. Monte Carlo? Lido? Cannes? Naw. Too ritzy. Clift's the kind of guy who, when he's in Rome, does what he pleases. Plays with children in the garden of the Villa Borghese, wanders through sidestreets with a camera ready, takes sunbaths on a parkbench (as you can see on opposite page). That way he meets the people. His tour started in Paris where he was to meet the Kevin McCarthys. Kevin almost lost his wife and child on the train trip to Paris. He was sitting in the dining car which was suddenly switched and sent to Switzerland. But they all got back together again. After Paris, came Italy. Monty saw the movie studios in Milan and producer-director Vittorio de Sica, and developed a new respect for movies.

(See next page)

In front of the historic Cathedral Modaleino in Paris, Monty gets sight-seeing directions from a friendly passerby.





"This one," Monty says, "might be titled, 'It didn't come out on the negative.'" Too bad. There must have been something about Amalfi to warrant that angle shot.



After inspecting the famous Duomo built in 937 and restored in 1861 (which accounts for its half-Arab, half-Romanesque architecture) Cliff basks in the Florentine sun. His latest movie is *A Place in the Sun*.



Monty wasn't idle all the time. In Milan he makes it clear to director Vittorio de Sico (left), of *Bicycle Thief* fame, that any time he needs on actor, Cliff'll gladly oblige.



Comparing experiences with a character actor on the set of de Sico's *Miracle in Milan*, Monty came away impressed with the skill and seriousness of Italian film-makers.



A little known side of Cliff's character is his interest in children, particularly Flip McCarthy (above with his mother). Here they tour the winding alleys and orchard passageways of Amalfi, once ruler of the seas.

roman holiday continued



Monty loved matching wits with the local sharpies. The cab driver got a bang out of the repartee involved in bargaining for an American Parker pen—which Monty bought.

It was fun leaving their high perched hotel (the Capachini seen in the background) to explore ancient Amalfi. Next, Cliff and the McCarthys left for home on the Queen Mary.



The rains came, and stayed for two days at Ravello, the famous romantic spot above the gulf of Salerno. However, nothing could dampen Augusta McCarthy's interest in the place of Bergman's Italian idyll.

"I MET a very interesting fellow in Florence," Monty says. "A movie fan who couldn't speak a word of English or French. I couldn't speak Italian. So we talked furiously for almost an hour." Monty talked furiously with anyone who approached him, and a couple of sharpies (whom you can see up on the left) somehow talked him into buying a Parker pen.

Over at Ponte Vecchio, the only bridge left standing in Florence after the war, he made friends with a man who operated an outdoor photography shop. The photographer had pictures of his customers clipped onto billboards for passersby to see. This idea appealed to Monty. "Nice place to browse around for a couple of weeks," he said. But he didn't browse that long. He had to get on to Amalfi.

Getting on to Amalfi was a problem. Every guide in Italy (*Continued on page 80*)



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Medium	<input type="checkbox"/>	Green	<input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE	
Ruddy	<input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel	<input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	
Sallow	<input type="checkbox"/>	Brown	<input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE	
Freckled	<input type="checkbox"/>	Black	<input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	
Olive	<input type="checkbox"/>			RED HEAD	
Deep Olive	<input type="checkbox"/>			Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	
SKIN: Normal <input type="checkbox"/>		LASHES (Color)		If Hair is Gray, check	
Dry <input type="checkbox"/> Oily <input type="checkbox"/>		Light <input type="checkbox"/> Med. <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>		type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>	

background for beauty

(Continued from page 46) an old-fashioned custom," she says, "but I like a well-set table with silver and glassware and placemats and all the trimmings. Even on Sunday nights when we have an impromptu barbecue and start calling up friends, we end up in the dining room.

THIS mahogany job was bought by Maureen in an Irish antique shop several years ago. She likes to mouse around furniture shops in her spare time, and every so often, she comes up with a good buy. The crystal chandelier is a good example. Maureen discovered it in a little Los Angeles store near Chinatown. "And I won't tell you what it costs," she says.

Like everything else in the house, it's consistent with the dominant one-color decorating theme. So, too, are the draperies and chair sets in the dining room which boast green and white-striped chintz.

When Maureen wears a hostess gown to one of her own dinner parties, she makes sure that it blends with green. Many actresses, in fact, know the trick of matching their clothes to their environment.

Another popular spot in the Price house is the lanai (an Hawaiian name for porch or patio). When the Prices first bought the house, this spot was simply an open porch. It gets pretty cold in California during the nights, so Maureen finally decided to enclose the porch in glass. Then she furnished it with the same fabrics used in the living room.

All the lanai accessories are conversation pieces. The huge gilt eagle that hangs over the couch is known as "The Confederate." Will picked it up somewhere "as a gentle reminder of my southern ancestry." The framed documents on either side of the portrait of Will's grandfather are Confederate bonds that belonged to grandpappy. Around the household, they're jokingly referred to as Bronwyn's inheritance. Bronwyn is the Price's six-year-old daughter. She loves to ramble around the pine-paneled library which her mother insists is "a catch-all for the furniture that didn't fit anywhere else." Actually, this judgment is too harsh. The furnishings are hand-me-downs, and the plaid draperies come from Sears, Roebuck & Co., but they harmonize with the old furniture.

WHEN it came to decorating the master bedroom, Maureen and her painter decided on a sea-green for the walls and a sea-green bedspread. The color is restful and warm. It doesn't show smudges, yet it's soft enough for a woman's room.

It was also Maureen's ingenuity that devised a four poster bed out of what was originally a box spring and mattress. "After the bed was finished, I simply didn't like it," she recalls. "I knew something was wrong but I couldn't put my finger on it. One day I was rummaging around the storage basement and I came across four solid bedposts and a needlepoint bench that Will had picked up in a Mississippi antique shop. My first impulse was to use them with their mahogany finish. But Will didn't like it, so I had them painted green!"

Down the hall from her parents' quarters is Bronwyn's little-girl room. Whenever guests call on the Prices, Bronwyn waits for a lull in the conversation and then says, "Wouldn't you like to see my big bed?" Once she gets visitors in her room, she shows off her grown-up desk and her shelf for religious figurines.

And when the proper time comes, you can bet that Bronwyn will be equipped to create a background for herself as fitting as the one Maureen created for her incredible, natural, Irish beauty. THE END

the time of my life

(Continued from page 38) time that I didn't have a moment to think how much feminine beauty there was around with which a girl had to compete. I hadn't planned on a show, figuring I'd just get up and thank the people for coming, but Milton Berle came up like gangbusters and the place broke into a riot of fun with Georgie Jessel and a whole gang of others staging impromptu skits.

Bob Hope got up and said, "Where did she get the money to give a party like this?" After the roof fell in with laughter I found myself at the mike saying, "I've worked a lot of parties like this, but I never thought I'd be able to give one." I tried to run away but Bob wouldn't let me. Singing at your own party, I thought, was real corny. Somehow I got through "Blue Heaven." I "got off" on "There's No Business Like Show Business" with some help from Dinah Shore who then slayed them with "Falling In Love Is Wonderful."

I don't remember much after that, except Louie Sobel with tears in his eyes, gazing at the girl who was to be his bride . . . the Charleston contest with Mitch Leisen and Connie Moore really doing the town . . . dancing with all the handsome men in the place . . . then standing at the door, saying goodbye to the last guest, happy about my party but feeling all alone like I never had before.

Now I'll have to be really serious. The truth is that for two weeks before, Ted and I had talked about a reconciliation. I had seen him in Chicago and we'd about decided to go back together again. On the night of the party I could hardly sleep. I reached for the phone in the morning to call him in Chicago. It rang just as I did. I was talking to Ted, and in the three words we each said to the other our decision was made.

It wasn't just that I gave a party and went home alone without a beau. It all seemed to add up. Somehow I realized that the party was the climax of all the fun I wanted in my lifetime and that the real values in friends, family and fame all blended together.

A few days later Ted and I flew down out of the clouds. There, waiting at the airport, were Lindsay and Candy, with Kirshey, the nurse. The children grabbed Ted around his knees, shouting joyously. It was a matter of minutes before he could walk down the runway. That night my two darlings completely ignored me while Ted read them their bedtime stories. The next day, as we had dinner at the Brown Derby, Ted was so busy feeding both of them that I felt like the uninvited guest.

But was I happy? Am I happy? You're darned right I am!

THE END

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penetrates deeper
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PENATEN



clothes sense without dollars

by connie bartel, fashion editor

■ Have you got that certain wonderful something called "clothes sense"? That instinct that makes you invariably pick the right costume at the right time—and add the right accessories?

If you feel hopelessly that you never look the way you want, no matter how you try—take heart. For clothes sense, thank goodness, has lots to do with taste, and little to do with money.

It's a matter of knowing your type, and sticking to it. It's a question of insisting on perfect fit, and taking advantage of the many proportioned size ranges available today. It's the practice of spending as much care in selecting the right girdle as the right suit.

To illustrate: opposite Arlene Dahl offers a bright example of dressing to type. She's vivid and colorful, and so's her gay Swedish skirt and blouse. On pages 68 to 69 we prove our point about the right underpinnings with a hand picked collection of girdles and bras. On pages 70 to 71 we illustrate the wonderful job designers are doing to fit you personally and properly. And on page 72 we wind up with a little lesson in dressing to type with two date dresses, one sophisticated, one young.

Every one of these fashions, as always, bears the gentlest of price tags.

Arlene Dahl beautiful swede in swedish cotton

■ Arlene Dahl, the Swedish red-head (Minnesota division) you'll soon see in MGM's *Three Little Words*, outshines the harvest moon in a wonderful blouse and skirt adapted straight from the Swedish.

The blouse is cotton broadcloth with two-timing buttons, push-up sleeves and the longest cuffs in the world. The patchwork skirt is a wonderfully heavy cotton called *hambo* (a Swedish dance to you). It's a natural for fall dates (square dances, maybe)—but we think you'll want to wear it all winter and right straight through next summer—it's the kind of costume that can become a habit!

Skirt comes in tangerine-russet-plum combination shown; or gold-navy-rust-green. Blouse comes in white, mauve, gold, beige, dark green, tangerine, navy, black. Sizes 10-16. Blouse, \$8.95. Skirt, \$8.95.

By Katja of Sweden.

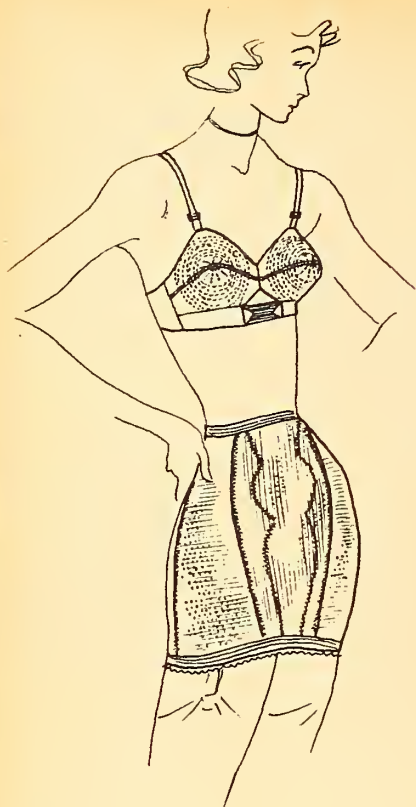
At the Casual Corner Shop, 3413 Connecticut Ave.; Washington, D. C.

For how to buy in person or by mail, turn to page 73.

Velvet pumps by Twenty-Ones.

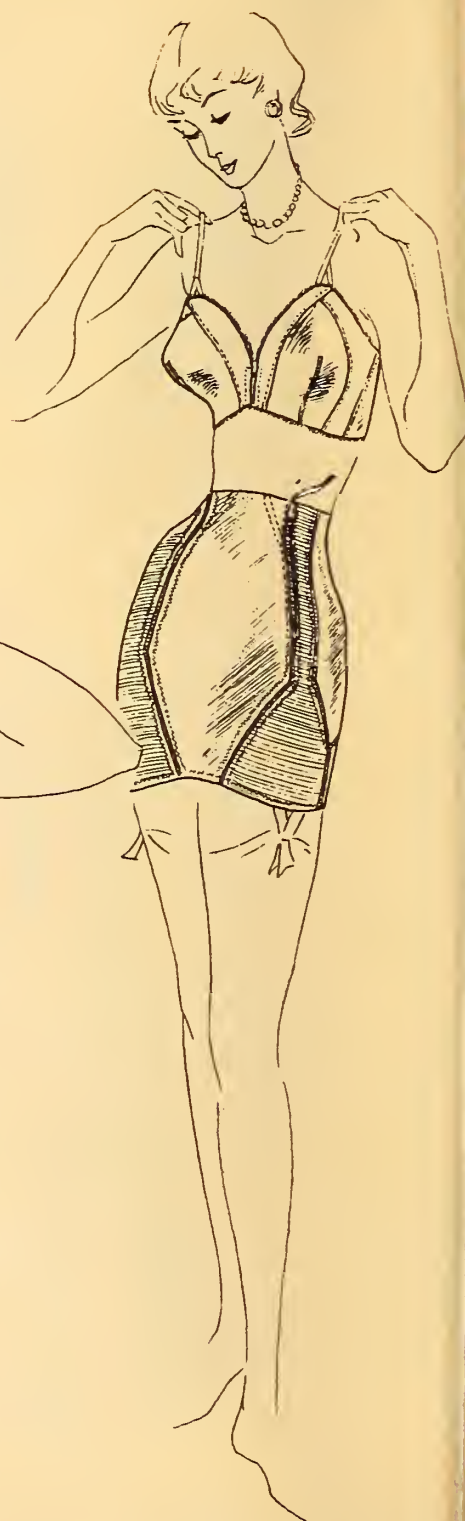
**modern
screen
fashions**





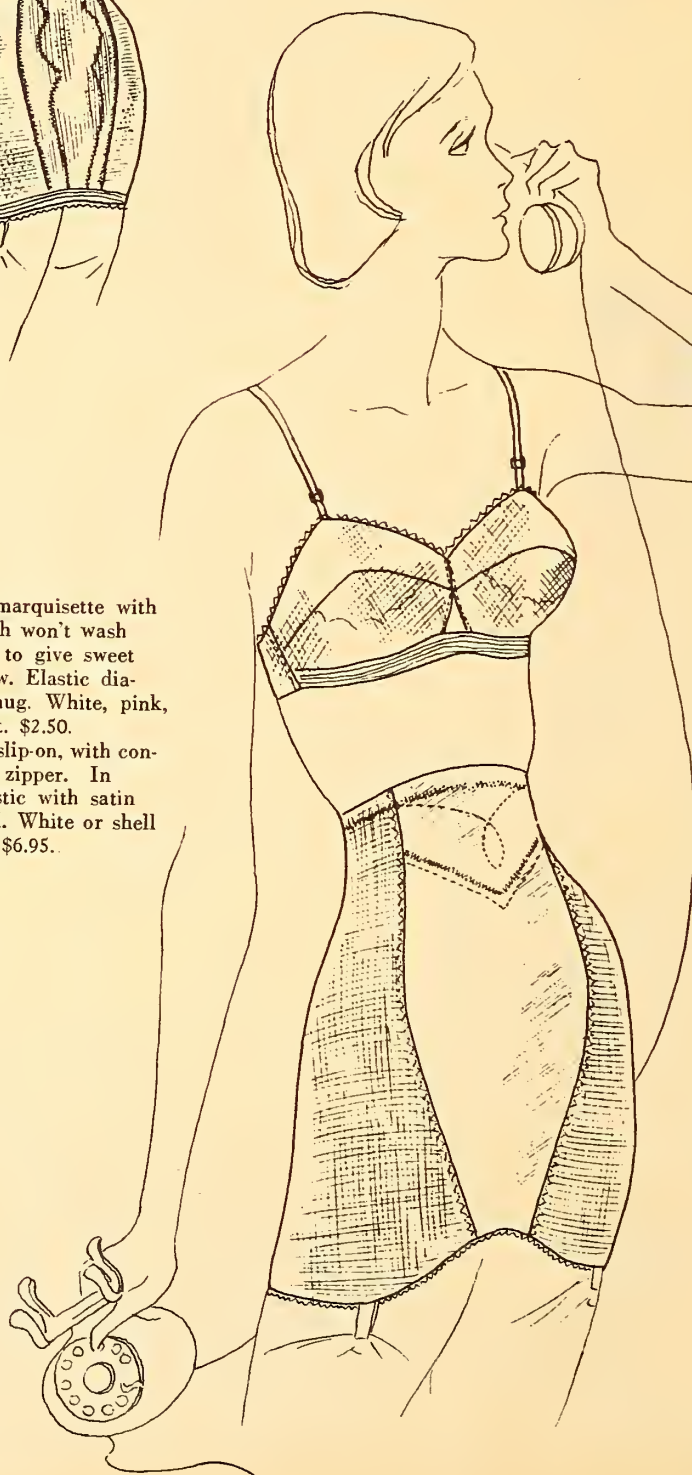
Bra: Spoke-stitched to accentuate a pretty roundness. Center elastic gusset for close fit. Nylon, \$2.50; satin, \$1.75; broadcloth, \$1.75.
"Chansonette" by Maiden Form.

Girdle: Nylon elastic girdle with satin elastic panel to flatten your tummy; braid top and bottom to prevent rolling. Shell pink or white. Luxite by Holeproof. \$5.95.



Bra: Nylon marquisette with pretty scallops which won't wash or wear out, to give sweet support from below. Elastic diaphragm band for hug. White, pink, black. By Perma Lift. \$2.50.

Girdle: Smooth slip-on, with convenience of a back zipper. In birdseye leno elastic with satin lastex panel. White or shell pink. By Perma Lift. \$6.95.



Bra: The plunge that hooks in front—very easy to get into.

Three versions: cotton, \$1.75; satin, \$1.75; nylon, \$2.50.

"Avant" by Flexaire.

Girdle: Not a bone to its name, but controlled stretch in every inch, including the stitches.

Nylon power net with satin lastique panels. White, pink, black.

"Profile" girdle by Flexees. \$10.95.

Bra: Beauty for the full figure. Built-in inner pocket provides wonderful support, built-up shoulder straps relieve strain. White or nude faille. By Madam Sho-Form. Abt. \$3.

Girdle: All-elastic step-in. Nylon leno elastic, with vertical stretch satin elastic front, sides, back: side zipper. White or pink. By Bestform. \$5.



Bra: Hidden Treasure—for the girl who wishes there were more of her. The built-in "magicup" makes curves where nature forgot. White broadcloth, \$3; black or white nylon taffeta. \$3.95.

By Peter Pan.

Girdle: Pink Ice, seamless latex you hardly know you're wearing—to slim and trim any costume you happen to have on. By Playtex. \$4.95.

*Everything
depends
on a
good line*

Bra: Strapless, deep wired plunge for your lowest neckline.

Satin and nylon lace. with leno back, in white.

The "Flair" by Gossard. \$3.95.

Girdle: Slip-on with diagonal boning at waistline, a vertical stretch back to flatten the derriere; center satin insert to hug the small of the back. Goss-Amour and satin elastic. White, in average and tall lengths. By Gossard. \$10.

The size of it . . . a fashion is



misses size

VELVETEEN is it this fall—and if it's a velveteen sweater with ribbed neck and sleeves—it's as high fashion as you can get. Wear it with a big-pocketed velveteen skirt—top with a velvet beret and you're a cover girl! Black, brown or green. Sweater-blouse, \$8.98. Skirt, \$10.98. Beret, \$3.98. By Korday.

junior size

FOR you cute young things with junior figures—a crackly rayon taffeta in two bright colors. Tiny collar frames your face, tiny buttons loop down your bodice, stripes circle round to show how slim you are, and a shoe-string belt ties in front. Green with chartreuse; brown with aqua; navy with American Beauty. Sizes 9-15. By Junior Clique. \$8.95.

as good as it fits



5'-4" and under

ESPECIALLY scaled for you who are five-feet-four and under. Perfectly proportioned black rayon tissue faille—lit here and there by flashes of color contrast. Pale blue makes the cadet collar and small lapels, traces a fine line down to the one-button surplice closing, silhouettes the skirt flaps.

Also teal, pine tree, oak brown. Sizes 10S-20S.

By Brief Measure. \$14.95.

half-size

POLKA dot rayon jersey two piece dress, masterfully cut and wonderfully wearable—especially for you half-sizes. The overblouse has a soft shawl collar—buttons in pearl to echo the trio of pearl buttons on the smart pocket flaps. Navy, black, wine, green or grey.

Sizes 16½-24½.

By Rite-Fit. \$7.95.

It's a date



winter dark

Sophisticated black, with a knowing twist of drapery making a necklace neckline, a fall of fringe dripping from one hip diagonally across the skirt. If you want to look worldly, this is it. Clinging rayon crepe, in black, green, taupe, red. Sizes 12-18. By Gail-Bruce. \$10.95.



winter bright

Vivid squirrels and acorns on a slim stem of a dress with a minimum of sleeve. To cover—a double-breasted jacket with wide shawl-like collar and a weskit look at the waist. In whispering rayon taffeta. Teal, green, navy, grey or red. Sizes 9-15. By Jonathan Logan. \$14.95.

WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices may vary throughout the country)

Swedish cotton blouse and skirt worn by Arlene Dahl in color photograph (page 67)
Washington, D. C.—*Casual Corner Shop*, 3413 Connecticut Ave.

Spoke-stitched bra (page 68)
New Orleans, La.—*Maison Blanche*, 901 Canal St.
New York, N. Y.—*Best & Co.*, 5th Ave. & 51st St.

Nylon elastic girdle (page 68)
New York, N. Y.—*Nat Lewis*, 1637 Broadway

Nylon marquisette bra and smooth slip-on girdle with back zipper (page 68)
New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's*, 59th St. & Lexington Ave.

Front hook plunge bra; boneless girdle (page 68)
Chicago, Ill.—*Mandel Brothers*, State & Madison Sts.

Full figure bra with inner pocket (page 69)
Columbus, Ohio—*F. & R. Lazarus & Co.*, High & Town Sts.
St. Louis, Mo.—*Famous-Barr Co.*, Locust, Olive & 6th Sts.

All-elastic step-in girdle (page 69)
San Francisco, Calif.—*Macy's*, Stockton & O'Farrell Sts.

Strapless wired bra and slip-on diagonal boned girdle (page 69)
New York, N. Y.—*Gimbels*, 33rd St. & Ave. of Americas

Hidden Treasure bra (page 69)
Los Angeles, Calif.—*The Broadway Department Store*, Broadway & 4th Sts.
New York, N. Y.—*Saks-34th*, 34th St. & Broadway

Pink Ice girdle (page 69)
New York, N. Y.—*Gimbels*, 33rd St. & Ave. of Americas

Misses size velveteen outfit (page 70)
Chicago, Ill.—*Mandel Brothers*, State & Madison Sts.
New York, N. Y.—*Gimbels*, 33rd St. & Ave. of Americas

Junior size two-tone dress (page 70)
New York, N. Y.—*Wanamaker's*, Broadway & 9th Sts.
Washington, D. C.—*The Hecht Company*, 7th & F. Sts., NW

Five-feet-four-and-under dress (page 71)
New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's*, Lexington Ave. & 59th St.

Half-size polka dot dress (page 71)
New York, N. Y.—*Wanamaker's*, Broadway & 9th St.
Portland, Oregon—*Meier & Frank Co.*, 621 SW 5th Ave.
St. Louis, Mo.—*Famous-Barr Co.*, Locust, Olive & 6th Sts.

Vivid squirrel print dress (page 72)
Los Angeles, Calif.—*The Broadway Department Store*, Broadway & 4th Sts.
New York, N. Y.—*Best & Co.*, 5th Ave. & 51st St.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—*Kaufmann's*, 5th Ave. & Smithfield St.

Sophisticated fringe trim dress (page 72)
Boston, Mass.—*R. H. White's*, 518 Washington St.

HOW TO ORDER MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

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

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MANNER

Your new Fall suit in 100% wool
worsted gabardine... with that smart
go-everywhere look born of perfect
tailoring, subtle cut, and expensive
hand-detailing. Green, wine, black,
brown, also yarn dye grey and heather
brown. Sizes 10 to 18...

unbelievably priced at a mere **39.95.**

beware of the experts

(Continued from page 35) a three-year art scholarship to the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston and everybody insisted that I would be crazy to pass it up. "But I don't want to be an artist!" I insisted. "I want to act!"

Nobody listened; or, rather, they said I didn't know anything about it and should pay attention to those who did—the experts. It's not easy for a young girl to fight against opposition like that. I did it but I didn't make friends in the process. I turned the scholarship over to the boy who had won second prize and today he is a well known commercial artist in New York. Secretly I liked his paintings better than mine anyway. Today I still paint—things like my porch which I have just bedecked with vines and Pennsylvania Dutch figures. This job will never win a prize but for a girl who *didn't* have a three year art course it ain't bad.

AFTER I joined the Elizabeth Peabody Playhouse in Boston I went to work in a tea shop. I was hired as a waitress but rehearsed dialects as I worked, which promptly incurred the criticism of the manager who told me that if I would pay attention to the art of toting a tray and lose my "high falutin'" ideas I'd be better off. I didn't neglect my patrons but I would try out different voices on them. Sometimes I would adopt a Back Bay accent, sometimes I spoke à la Katharine Hepburn or Bette Davis, and he even caught me once talking like Laurence Olivier in *Wuthering Heights*. He didn't know it was Olivier. He accused me of talking like Arthur Treacher!

When I was sixteen and had appeared in about fifty amateur and semi-professional shows in and around Boston I decided it was time to try Broadway. The combined vote of friends and the people with whom I had played amounted to a staggering "Nay!" but just to show you what silly little girls are made of I went anyway. I was scared and nervous but I just *had* to fulfill the urge within me. Not six weeks after I arrived in New York something happened that I was sure would make me one of the youngest successes in the history of show business—Sam Goldwyn wanted me for a test. It was made and not ten days afterward I was practically the youngest flop in the business. Mr. Goldwyn ruled against me. I don't blame him. Not only he, but I, had been double-crossed by the know-it-alls.

Mr. Goldwyn had asked that the test be made without makeup and under conditions that would show my hair whipping in the wind as I recited some lines... any lines. He had already sensed something that I wasn't sure about for years to come; that my features were too sharp for accentuating make-up, I looked better with just a softening touch or two of the pencil. But he got ill and had to leave for California before the test was set. I was placed in the hands of a local director. The latter, when I showed up, announced I was to do a scene from *Street Scene*, which he had selected, and what is more, I was to be made up for it and play the role in a sophisticated manner.

"We're really going to impress Mr. Goldwyn with you," he told me.

"But I thought Mr. Goldwyn didn't want me made up," I protested.

"Look, you're nothing but a child," he replied. "What do you know about it?"

There was nothing I could say; I was just a child. The test was made and the only word I got was that it was negative. Mr. Goldwyn, I suppose, was disappointed.

came very close to going off the deep end.

It's funny, but history repeated itself a few years later with my first formal test in Hollywood. I knew by this time what sort of things I did well and what I didn't, and I also knew the kind of make-up that helped me and the kind that hindered. But again I had nothing to say. A studio was making the test, which had been obtained for me by my agent, and the studio had its know-it-alls who were out to defend their reputations.

The shooting took place only the second month after I had come West and the report on it was so bad that I felt as if I had been blasted out of show business forever. It was a flat verdict that read, "Just not motion picture material."

"What are we going to do now?" I asked my agent.

"We?..." he asked, and he didn't have to say another word. He was impressed by the experts. He was dropping me.

I suppose I did about the same thing any girl would do in a spot like that. I went home to my room, carefully lowered the shades, decided not to kill myself just yet, took one look at myself in the mirror and fell on the bed weeping. Two tests... and both bad!

I thought of what I had done in New York after the Goldwyn test. I had worked as a cigarette girl, as a hat check girl and a model. After a while I had gotten up courage and gone after a show part again. I had tried out for the lead in *Junior Miss* and had failed; my body was too mature and my face too young, they told me. And just to make sure I got the idea one of the coaches took me aside and said, "You're a nice girl—why don't you go home and forget about show business?"

"Why don't you go home...?" I'd been told that a thousand times. "Why don't you get married and have a family instead of trying for the stage?" That one, too, has been fired at me again and again. And the other one was, "Look, kiddo, with all the tens of thousands of youngsters trying for the spotlight what chance have you got? Didn't they teach you any mathematics in school?"

Which shows you how crazy you have to be sometimes to get anywhere because as soon as I saved up \$200, I spent half of the money for a railroad ticket to Hollywood.

SOMEHOW I recovered from that heart-breaking Hollywood test and for nearly four years I plugged away steadily, and only towards the latter part of this period did I begin to confound the experts. I began to get bits in pictures with here and there a better part sandwiched in. And then, began further tests, one after the other, until I had had eighty of them—count them, eighty!—with some of the most provocative and generally unsatisfying results imaginable.

For instance, another girl and I were tested for the lead in a serial picture, *Jungle Princess*, at Universal-International. I won... but did I? Yes, I got the role of the serial queen but the other girl got the star part in a Walter Wanger feature! The name of the picture was *Salome, Where She Danced*. The name of the girl was Yvonne De Carlo.

I was tested for *Crossfire*. Gloria Grahame got the part. I was tested for *The Killers*. Winner—Ava Gardner. I tried out for *That*

do you want a
star to visit your home?

see page 8!

Wonderful Urge. Jane Meadows got it. Again I did my stuff, this time for Good Sam. Joan Loring got what I was after. I got the smaller role. At 20th Century-Fox I made what I thought was the best test of my life, a Technicolor scene for Burlesque. After seeing it I was sure I was in. I wasn't. The contract was handed to Jean Wallace.

I tested and tested and tested, and when I got through all I had was a long list of fascinatingly uninteresting verdicts:

"Not contract material." "Not beautiful enough." "No name (meaning at the box office)." "We'll let you know in about three weeks (translation for three weeks is 'never')." "Don't call us, we'll call you." "Too tall." "Too short." (This makes sense all right because you can be either too tall or too short, depending on who the leading man is to be in the contemplated picture.) "Don't do a thing until you hear from us."

I couldn't do anything about the too tall or too short business, nor about the not beautiful enough decisions. But there was one test report that did guide me. "Can't understand this girl's speaking voice," the report read. "Where does she come from?"

I came from Boston and while in New York I had picked up a little bit of Brooklynese. I decided that I needed the help of a phonetician and found one who put me to work rounding out syllables so they would sound more pleasantly and understandably on the ears of the directors and producers.

AND in the meanwhile, because nothing too sensational was happening, and I was experiencing those long waits which make you feel completely useless and unwanted, the experts got busy with me again.

"You should circulate more . . . go out to night clubs and be seen around."

I passed that one up. I don't like night clubs to the point where I don't have to think of any reasons for not liking them. It's just instinctive . . . like I don't like rutabaga, croquet, writing with chalk on the blackboard, or mountain climbing.

"Maybe it's because you're a brunette. You ought to bleach your hair."

Well, I had so much time on my hands that I did. I was a blonde once and a redhead twice. As a blonde I looked awful, as if I had a yellow pot inverted over my head. As a redhead there was more hope but not enough to stay that way. I tried it

the second time only to make sure I was right about the first time. I was. I am quite sure I will never be anything but a brunette from now on.

"Do something crazy to attract attention."

I thought about this but decided it was not for me. There was the girl who picketed one of the studios in briefies; I realized I had never heard of her again once she gave up. There were a dozen other attempts by kids to break into the limelight and they only succeeded in breaking their hearts.

"Be more confident about yourself."

I tried. In one of my first picture bits I was supposed to walk up to George Brent, say "Hello, Darling!" and kiss him. I walked up, spoke my line and then froze. It was the closest I had ever been to a star and I just couldn't take it.

"Well?" barked the director. "Do you want him to beg for it?"

"Do I really kiss him?" I whispered.

The director threw himself back on his deck chair and the company howled. I would have run away never to come back if George hadn't caught me and talked me back into some command of myself again.

"There's nothing to it," he told me.

Nothing to it! He should have been where I was, looking up at him, my throat so dry that I could feel it crumbling and my breathing re-circuited so that the air was pumping into my head and making my ear-drums pop instead of flowing into my lungs where I needed it.

We made the scene all right but I learned then that confidence is something that becomes instilled gradually, as you learn your trade and gain command and power over yourself. You don't just say "I have confidence." You work for it.

AFTER I got my first real role, in *The Window*, I knew I was started, but only started. Shortly afterward I had to choose between going into *Champion*, which was made on a comparatively modest budget, or taking a top role in a million dollar-plus picture at one of the biggest studios. The pressure from the experts to choose the second of these was terrific but it was no effort at all for me to combat it. The reason was that over the years my anti-expert resistance powers had just naturally developed. Today, if there is one thing I am immune to, I am happy to say, it is the expert!

THE END

how I found faith

(Continued from page 39) for others. We knew that she wasn't looking for any reward for her self-sacrifice, but we seven boys vowed to ourselves that if we were ever successful, we would make her later years—and my father's, happy ones, and give them all the comforts they'd been denied while struggling to bring us up.

There came a day when it looked as if all those rosy dreams would be fulfilled. I made good in Chicago, where I'd finally been booked as master of ceremonies at the Stratford Theater. The act was supposed to run for three days, but it ran for six months. After that, I never had any trouble getting bookings.

Things looked so wonderful I knew that my mother and father would never have to worry financially another day in their lives. After I became successful, they were able to get a really lovely home in Cleveland.

I was a happy guy. I had faith in people, faith in myself, and faith in a Higher

Power. The world was pretty wonderful.

Then suddenly the bottom fell out of my world.

ALL her life my mother had had one idiosyncrasy. She hated to go to doctors. "I haven't the time," she'd say. If she had a headache or a backache, she'd laugh it off. She had frequent backaches, but she would just put a piece of plaster on the spot that bothered her. "What do I need a doctor for?" she'd laugh. "There's nothing serious the matter with me. I'm too busy to bother with doctors."

One day when the ache in her back was particularly severe, I finally talked her into going to a clinic in Cleveland. When she walked out of the consultation room, I had a talk with the doctor. The sight of his face sent my heart plunging.

"Bob," he said, wasting little time on preliminaries, "make sure she's happy. We can't do anything for her. It's too late." Then he said simply, "She has cancer."

"Make sure she's happy," he'd said, and of course I tried. I was appearing in



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Roberta in New York at the time, but I flew back to Cleveland whenever I got the chance. I wanted to be with my mother as much as possible.

In a year's time, after going through terrible suffering, she died. I hit the lowest moment of my life that day. She never knew the name of the enemy that had taken her life. But I did. And at that moment my faith in life and in justice hit its lowest ebb, too.

In church we had learned about a great Friend who was kind, just and merciful. In one of his sermons, the minister had spoken eloquently of how not even a sparrow could fall without God's noting it and suffering for the anguish of that sparrow. "Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows," he had read from the New Testament.

I had grown up believing that this was a world of justice and fair play; that if you always did that which was right to the best of your ability, you would get your reward. But look at the reward my mother had gotten in return for years of self-sacrifice: pain and anguish at the end.

DIDN'T the Bible say, "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again."

My mother had given only goodness and kindness. So why should He who was supposed never to miss the fall of a sparrow, have allowed her to suffer such a fate?

What sort of justice was being dealt out in a universe where a wonderful woman, who had made sacrifices for her children all her life, died, just when they had reached the kind of success where they could take care of her? Why hadn't a merciful God spared her this suffering? Or was much that I had learned in church untrue? Was this a world in which one couldn't count on either mercy or justice?

In those bitter days following my mother's illness and death, that was the way it looked to me.

Years later, I hit another low. My younger brother, Syd, was dying of the same illness that had killed my mother. I thought he didn't know what was happening to him—that at least he would be spared that much. Then one day he sent for me. "Bob," he said, "I just want to ask one thing—take care of my five kids when it happens."

I knew then that he knew. Again my faith faltered. Syd, like my mother, had been a good, kind person. He had loved his family and done everything he could for them. Sure, I could take care of his five kids financially. But kids need and want their own father—and he was such a wonderful father. Why should he be taken away when they needed him so much?

No sermon I had ever heard in church answered those questions for me. My brother had done his best to lead an upright life. Yet he had been struck down by cancer.

Most of the things I had been taught in the past seemed like a hollow mockery of the truth. My mother and brother had believed these things. They had believed in a kind and merciful God.

But here was the spectre of injustice haunting my own family. No wonder I asked myself: Are we all pawns in a game of universal chess? Was there an unkind and malignant Fate which put the finger on people who were good and kind with the same impartiality with which it struck down others? In that case, there could be neither justice or mercy expected from an Unseen Power.

One day Fred Williams, one of my writers, and I were discussing this as we drove

from Palm Springs in a driving rain, along roads that were rather greasy, for they were smudging the orange groves near Beaumont. Suddenly the car swerved and hit a ditch. It turned over, ran into a tree, and I was thrown through the door.

I remember seeing little sparks; I remember how my neck jerked and how I thought, "This is it. I'm going to die." I remember everything that happened till I got hit on the head and blanked out.

WHEN I recovered consciousness there was a lump as big as an ostrich egg on my right shoulder. I was half delirious with the shock of the accident. Fred Williams started waving frantically for someone to stop. A car finally did stop, and the driver took us to see Dr. McCarthy at the Riverside Mission Inn. He looked me over, and said he'd better take me to a hospital.

I should have been dead or seriously injured. Instead I emerged with nothing worse than a dislocated shoulder. I was put in a cast for ten days till I begged to be let out. Then I was put in a harness.

It started me thinking. Why had I been spared? My narrow escape certainly made it seem as if there is a good Friend in heaven looking out for us—One who would be conscious of the fall of every sparrow and to whom we are of more value than many sparrows.

This isn't the only narrow escape I've had from death. I've flown about a million miles under all kinds of conditions, in

have you seen page 8?

all kinds of planes. Once I was in a Navy plane in Australia when the motor conked out. It was a sea plane, and we were high over the mountains. The pilot, Lt. Ferguson, had to get near some body of water. Making his way over strange territory on one motor, he hit the water, skipped 100 feet, skipped another 50 feet and ran into a sand bar, making a magnificent landing. If we had hit the sand bar first before we hit the deep water, the plane might have gone up in flames.

I thought a lot about that. Certainly we had a great pilot. It turned out he was a kid who lived just around the street from me. He couldn't have made that landing without help from an even greater Pilot.

When one escapes from death by a narrow margin, as I have so often, one has to say, "Hello Friend." You say it reverently, not quite understanding how these miracles work. But I do know that to go through the things I've faced, I had to have the best of help from every angle.

My own narrow escapes from death helped me regain my faith. But I still couldn't understand why the great Friend who had spared me so many times hadn't spared my mother and brother their suffering. Then still another narrow escape from a serious injury gave me the clue.

It happened about a year ago, when I was making *Fancy Pants* at Paramount, and was thrown off a prop horse. At first a counter-balance had been used for the prop, but the director had decided there wasn't enough action and ordered the counter-balance taken off. When I was six feet in the air, I flew off the horse, exposing my back to the hard concrete.

Everyone on the set thought I must have broken my back. For two days doctors X-rayed me. They found that by a miracle, I'd fallen on the right muscles and not one vertebra in my back was broken.

The doctor added one more statement. "It's lucky," he said, "that you were in

such wonderful physical condition, Bob. If you hadn't been, you might have been killed or seriously injured."

With those two sentences, he helped me find my way out of the morass of doubts that had clouded my faith in life, in the universe and even in God. Like a flash of lightning, those two sentences revealed to me why my life had been spared, and why, in spite of a Father who looks after His children with love and devotion, my mother and brother had suffered.

God meant us to take care of ourselves. There's an old saying that goes "God helps those who help themselves." We have to protect our health. We can't count on miracles, except one of the greatest miracles of all—the fact that people—most people anyway—are wonderful.

Among those who work as the instruments of a divine and merciful providence are doctors, most of whom are sincere and honest. When I was in Bizerte in 1943, I saw doctors operating on the wounded on seven tables at once. The way they pitched in and worked to save kids gave me a lot of faith in mankind.

Now to live happily and well, you have to have all kinds of help. Help from the great unseen Friend of us all. Help from our fellowmen, including those professionally trained for the job of guarding our health. And help from ourselves, for we must cooperate with our doctors to maintain ourselves in the best health.

If my brother had looked after his health, he'd have been spared much physical suffering. A doctor had told Syd to come back for an operation needed to remove a small growth. "Come back in a week," he'd said after examining my brother. But Syd was afraid of doctors—afraid of operations. He thought maybe he'd get better without one. I can't blame him. I know how he must have felt. None of us likes the thought of being operated on. But that little operation, done in time, might have saved his life. When he finally saw a doctor again, it was too late.

My mother's backache was nature's warning that she needed some medical help. If she'd gone to a doctor in time, he might have saved her. My mother meant well. She was wonderful.

But you can't defy nature and survive. You can't ignore nature's warning of trouble ahead.

My mother and brother paid with suffering for their sad mistake. But I believe that somewhere in an even better world than this my mother and brother are reaping some great reward for the kind of lives they lived.

THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When Farley Granger was in Ohio for the premiere of Roseanna McCoy, the Albee Theater was jammed with teen-aged worshipers. Farley came out and the girls oh-ed and ah-ed with delight. Finally

they quieted down and an interview began, only to be interrupted by a very young admirer, about three or four months old, who began to squeal in the balcony. Farley looked up, grinned and said, "If you're having trouble up there, maybe I can help. I used to be a baby-sitter."

Joyce Wheeler
Bellevue, Kentucky

"I'm Happy"

says Veronica Lake



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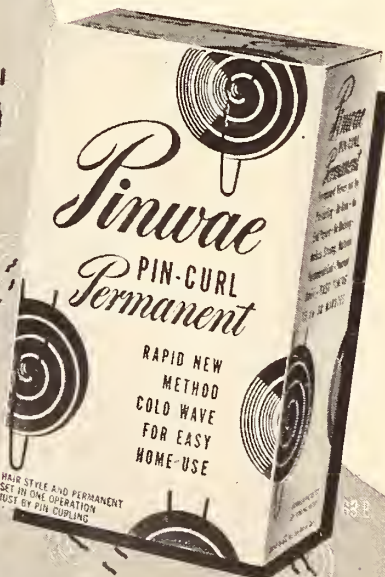


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You a teen-ager? Then read this—
a monthly feature especially for you.

SO YOU want to get in the movies, do you? Goodness knows, hundreds of letters from both boys and girls tell me that you do and ask for my help. When I began this fascinating job of trying to answer teen age problems I didn't know how big the desire to go into the movies was.

Anyhow, I'm kind of glad that that's the pressing problem this month, because I do know a few of the answers.

A lot of your letters asked me how I got into this exciting profession. I'm sure it will come as a shock to the Samuel Goldwyn publicity department to learn that there's *anybody* who doesn't know. But it seems there is.

My break was sheer accident. I'd had only four weeks experience in summer stock playing the little girl in *Guest in the House*, a play written by my father and Hagar Wilde. Then a little over two years ago when I had just turned fourteen, William Selwyn, at that time Mr. Goldwyn's executive casting director, was in New York looking for a girl to play *Roseanna McCoy*. He telephoned an actress friend of his, Katharine Willard, who was living on Cape Cod, to ask if she had seen any promising young girls. She'd never seen me in stock but we knew each other. She suggested that he get in touch with me which he did. He sent Mr. Goldwyn a test of me. Mr. Goldwyn wired back, "Bring her out." And here I am.

Lucky break? You bet. It doesn't happen? It doesn't happen—but it did. Yes, I'm the lucky one and I know it and am grateful. Now let's talk about you and your chances of getting in the movies.

First of all you have to ask yourself a very important question. Do you want to be just a movie star or do you want to be an actress? Now that's a very serious question and you must answer it honestly or what I have to say is not going to do

a bit of good. A great many wonderful actresses are also movie stars. It should go hand in hand but a lot of times it doesn't. Here's how you can tell the difference.

Is it the glamor of being in pictures that appeals to you? Is it wanting a swimming pool and beautiful clothes and fame and lots of money? If that's all—give up right now and concentrate on something else.

None of the kids in pictures can afford a swimming pool. And all of us have to watch the clothes budget. We girls in pictures must have quite a lot of clothes because we get photographed so much and people complain if we wear the same thing all the time.

I buy a lot of clothes from advertisements in magazines. You know, the mail order places. The things are very reasonable and very nice indeed.

AS FOR fame—what's it worth, really? To have people sincerely admire your work on the screen is fine. But as for the people who just stare at you because you're in pictures—well, that kind of fame you can have. About the fortune. These days there's no such thing as a real fortune. So if it is for these reasons that you want to get in pictures—forget it.

If you sincerely feel that you want to be an actor or an actress—you still have a problem. How do you know you have talent? And believe me, your friends can't tell you.

I had a letter from a girl who said, "All my friends tell me I look like Lana Turner and that I'm a wonderful mimic. I can act out anything I see in the movies and copy the way anybody acts." This girl has not passed the real talent test.

Looking like Lana Turner or Elizabeth Taylor or Susan Hayward is wonderful. But it will hinder your getting in pictures.

The producers don't want carbon copies

The reason Mervyn LeRoy wanted to make star out of Lana Turner was because she didn't look like anybody else in pictures. He was unique. Same way with Elizabeth Taylor and the rest.

The same thing goes for being a mimic. To be a professional imitator like Elsie Janis was or Florence Desmond is, is an art in itself. But when you go around just imitating what you see on the screen or copying the mannerisms of the stars it shows you haven't a real creative flair for acting. (Unless, of course, you do burlesque imitations as a parlor stunt, for laughs.)

Dressing like the stars, doing your hair the way they do (especially if it's not becoming) looking like a star, being able to imitate—that isn't enough.

So how do you know if you have talent? First of all you have to know it inside you. Know that you must express yourself by acting, know that this is the only way you can be happy, know that you're not just stage-struck or screen-struck.

Then ask your high school dramatics teacher for help. Learn a scene from a play you like. When I work with my wonderful dramatic coach, Bob Paris, I do scenes from plays I may or may not be suited for, just for the experience. I've done *Born Yesterday* (and I'm certainly not the type), *Voice of the Turtle* and *Ethan Frome* among others. Get a boy who is interested in acting and prepare a scene from a play. Do it all yourself, give it your own interpretation—right or wrong. Then ask your dramatics teacher to look at the scene and answer the question, "Do I have talent?" Beg for honesty to save yourself headache and heartache.

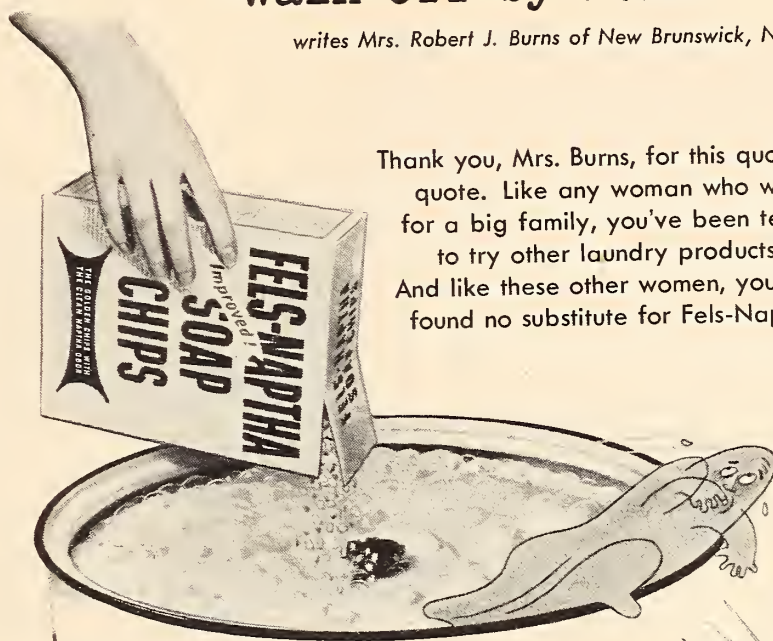
You must remember that your dramatics teacher may be prejudiced in your favor, or may not even know. But this is an honest step in the right direction. Then you must ask yourself these questions: Are you willing to work from early morning until late at night? Are you willing to give up all social life if necessary? Are you able to control your temper? (This is so important and one of the hardest things I had to learn.) When you are being shouted at and pushed around and told you don't know anything about anything, can you smile sweetly and say, "Yes, sir, you're right?" Are you able to accept the opinions of others, even if you know perfectly well that they're wrong?

And now where do you go? It seems a shame to me that there are so few places where you can really learn to act. If a boy or girl wants to be a lawyer he can go to any number of law schools. If he wants to be a doctor he majors in medicine. There are very few good dramatic schools and very few parents willing to put out money for training in a profession that is so precarious. If you can go to a New York or Hollywood dramatic school, and that's where most of the good ones are, that's fine. If not, do everything you can in school theatricals, Little Theaters and Community Theaters.

See as many legitimate shows as you can and as many movies. Try to see all the good movies and when (Continued on page 81)

"I can fairly see the dirt walk off by itself!"

writes Mrs. Robert J. Burns of New Brunswick, N. J.



Thank you, Mrs. Burns, for this quotable quote. Like any woman who washes for a big family, you've been tempted to try other laundry products. And like these other women, you have found no substitute for Fels-Naptha.

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Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"



Monty Clift browses through Florence, stopping to visit a photography shop on Ponte Vecchio, the only old bridge left in the city since the war.



Flip McCarthy and Monty head into the wind on the homeward voyage. The Queen Mary's busy ports were full of interest for both of them.



Monty and Mrs. McCarthy are demon tourists. Their guides told them everything about Amalfi, the city in the cliffs; and they want more.



The Italian fans keep up with Hollywood. Everyone recognized and greeted Monty. But he has a tough time reading the headlines in Italian.

roman holiday continued from page 62

wanted to take him there. "I don't remember which of those gentlemen got the job," Monty reports. "All I know is that we drove to Amalfi in what looked like an old Pierce Arrow which miraculously carried as much luggage as you could get in a freight car." We were willing to bet that the luggage belonged to the McCarthys and that Clift himself carried all he owned in a beachbag.

Anyway, there are a lot of picturesque spots in Amalfi, a city which is built right into the cliffs, and once ruled the seas.

80 "What I like about Italy," he says, "is

that most places there are timeless. The people, many of them poor as they are, have a graceful, mellow zest for living. They are more proud of tradition and antiquity than they are of ambition and their modern postwar buildings."

The more than century-old churches, the winding alleys, the horse-drawn carts, the white roccoco buildings piled one on top of another like a fortress against the sea captured his imagination, and with the McCarthys, he wandered through the city.

But as all tours do, this tour came to an end. And three months after he'd landed,

Monty boarded the Queen Mary for home. It turned out to be the worst crossing in 30 years, due to the persistence of a hurricane. At one point, Monty packed his little bag, posed dramatically before a porthole and declared to his friends that he'd walk the rest of the way. No one believed him and he wasn't going to show off for a bunch of Doubting Thomases so he unpacked again and came home the ordinary way—fortunately for us, not only because we love him, but because he was carrying all these pictures in his pocket.

THE END

tell it to joan

(Continued from page 79) you do go, try to analyze, not to mimic the stars. Try to discover why everything was done. I have seen *The Heiress* five times, not to try to imitate Olivia De Havilland, but to learn a lesson from her.

All this you can do in preparation but, and this is most important, don't try to get into pictures or on the stage while you're in your teens. I didn't try. It just happened to me. And already I've found out about so many parts that I have been dying to do but haven't been offered because of my youth. Yes, work toward your goal but don't try to force it until you're older. Because by the time you're 20 you might not want to be an actress at all. I know you won't believe this, but it could happen. You might meet some wonderful guy and discover that the only kind of acting you want to do is to act like a good wife. So hold the dream and wait.

HERE are some letters on other subjects:

"Dear Joan: I am 13 years old. I like this boy, but he doesn't even know I'm alive. He lives right next door to me. How can I get him to like me?—M.A.H., Barrowsville, Mass."

Did you ever consider that his not "knowing you're alive" might be shyness on his part? Ask several of the kids over for cokes after school some day and ask him, too.

"Dear Joan: I have a fat face and do not like it. Is there any way I can make it appear thinner?—J.W., Milton, Del."

From what you tell me about your weight, you're about five pounds too heavy. If you reduce, your face will become thinner, too. Cut out heavy desserts, cream, breads and butter.

"Dear Joan: I am very shy when I'm around boys. I just don't know what to say to them.—M.M., Toledo, Ohio."

Don't try too hard to be bright or clever. You're not shy around girls, are you? You have plenty to say to your girl friends, I'll bet. Just tell the boys any little item that you would tell the girls—even as simple a question as "What did you do today?"

"Dear Joan: How old should a girl be to have a date?—M.J.L., Scales Mound, Ill."

Gee, what a problem. That depends on the girl and the girl's parents. Some girls have much more common sense than others. It is really a matter of common sense. And it depends on the common sense of the parents, too. I think you should discuss this with your parents—who probably know you better than you know yourself. And that's it. I've tried to do my best this month because the subject is really dear to my heart. I hope I was of help. By the way, a lot of letters asked questions that have already been answered in previous issues of MODERN SCREEN, so I didn't repeat them here. Be seeing you.

Editor's note: Do you have a teenager problem? If so, tell it to Joan. Write to Joan Evans, Box 93, Beverly Hills, Calif.

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It's lighter—smooth as cream-velvet! Made to give a *naturally* lovely look to your skin! This *greaseless* powder base leaves no heavy coating on your skin. Never streaks or discolors. Before powder—veil your face with a light, light touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream. See how this satiny cream *disappears*, leaving no trace of oily shine! Yet a transparent, magical film remains to protect your skin, give your make-up a flawless, *lasting* finish!

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CALO COMPANY
Massapequa, N. Y.

i had my nose fixed

(Continued from page 58) the biggest thrill for me had been the sound of those magic words: "You have a wonderful profile." He must have said the same thing a hundred times to a hundred different people. How could he know the exhilaration I felt?

For a moment it was difficult to hold back the tears. You've had the feeling. Sometimes it happens when a military band plays "The Star-Spangled Banner"; or when you see a particularly moving scene in a play; or when a spectacularly beautiful sunset catches you in a nostalgic mood. You feel as though you could cry or burst for joy.

As I looked at myself in my dressing-table mirror, my thoughts flashed back to that momentous day when, tortured by doubt and fear, I walked into Dr. Robert Franklyn's office. I wanted to run. Every instinct rebelled against the coming ordeal.

I was about to undergo plastic surgery. It had taken years of unhappiness and frustration to bring me to the point where I finally decided to have my nose remodeled.

Since I was born in Hollywood, and my father's business connections were mostly with movie people, I unhesitatingly made up my mind at the ripe old age of six that I would be nothing but a motion picture actress. My nose was to be a great stumbling-block. The exaggerated flare of the nostrils, the prominence of the bone on the right side, which made my eyes seem close-set—these were definitely not photogenic.

At six a nose is important because you breathe through it. Beauty is an adult idea. Whenever we played in the backyard, dressed to our baby teeth in borrowed finery, I got the biggest part, announcing solemnly, "I must be the star because I'm going to be an actress."

It wasn't until I entered Fairfax High School that the full impact of my facial imperfection hit me. To begin with, I was now a contender in the game of "dating." From the moment you reach high school age, life becomes one gigantic "popularity contest." Being "different" is fatal. The important thing is to be like everyone else; as much like the most popular boy or girl in the school as possible. Careful attention is paid to wearing your hair like the other girls do; getting your saddle shoes just as dirty; achieving the same degree of sloppiness with your over-large sweaters.

As far as my scholastic standing was concerned I had nothing to worry about. Not that I was a genius, but learning came easily to me and my grades were well above average.

It was in my social activities that disappointments first began to crop up. My acute awareness of the fact that my nose kept me from being as "pretty" as the other girls made it impossible for me to fully enjoy dances and parties. I dressed carefully; worked as skillfully as I could with what makeup a high-school girl is allowed, and yet I was never satisfied with the results. Alone in my bedroom I would survey myself and decide I looked all right. But when I finally arrived at the party the inevitable comparison of myself with the rest of the girls invariably ruined the evening for me. My hair was just as pretty. My dress was smart and becoming. I danced as well. And yet, without being unduly facetious, I can truthfully say I always lost by a nose.

The driving force in my life was, of course, my ambition for an acting career. I was very active in the drama club, and

the only time I completely forgot the handicap of my nose was when I was doing a part. True, I was never given the romantic leads. The prettier girls got those. But, somehow, I didn't mind too much. I was an artist. I told myself; an artist practicing my trade. I was learning, and that was all that was important. Then I suffered a defeat that destroyed all the self-confidence I had managed to build up. Suddenly and cruelly I was plunged into a despair that only a 17-year-old can experience.

THE Drama Club was putting on a play for the weekly morning assembly. I had been given the lead. A character part, yes, but the largest part in the play. I was ecstatic. And to add to my elation, as I stood in the wings waiting for my cue, the captain of the football team approached me and asked me to go to the senior dance that evening. If ever there was a girl walking on air, I was that girl.

I went through the day in a dream. My last class was gym, and I hummed to myself as I changed into my shorts and middy. Suddenly through the thin partition of the locker dressing-room I heard voices. I stood transfixed with horror as their words struck me like a slap in the face:

First Girl: "Sure, Bob asked me to go, but I had a fight with him and turned him down."

do you want a
star to visit your home?

see page 8!

Second Girl: "Who's he taking?"

First Girl: "Well, who could he get at the last minute except the kid with the nose . . . you know . . . Helene."

This amused the other girl and she giggled.

I felt sick to my stomach. The only thing I could think of was to get away—fast. I threw on my clothes with desperate haste, the tears running down my face. ". . . at the last minute . . . the kid with the nose." The kid who was not wanted. The kid who couldn't get a date. My thoughts were wild and unreasonable.

I stumbled home. How I got there I don't know to this day. All I remember is that Mother met me in the hall. She could see I was distraught, but when she asked the reason, I withdrew into the shell that was to encase me for months, even years to come.

"Nothing," I replied stiffly, summoning all the self-control I possessed. "I'm just a little tired. Have a headache."

As I started up the stairs I paused, and turning said: "Mother, I have a date with Bob Smith tonight. Would you call him, please, and explain that I don't feel well enough to make it?" And before she could question me further I ran on up to my room where I threw myself sobbing on the bed.

I must have cried for hours, and when I finally stopped I made up my mind that no one would ever hurt me that way again. From then on I lived in a cocoon of misery. Because I was so afraid of ridicule, I rejected friendship, and took refuge in being aloof.

You may wonder why I didn't resort to plastic surgery then. I thought of it. Believe me, I thought of it. But with the perversity of youth, it seemed to me foolish vanity. I didn't want people to think that I was concerned with physical beauty alone. I (Continued on page 86)

open letter from judy garland

(Continued from page 29) American in Paris in Hollywood, and since he is directing that picture and plans shortly to direct the sequel to *Father of the Bride*, we all plan to remain in California.

I love to work, I love to sing, I love to act—I get restless when I don't—and it's entirely possible that I will do a few broadcasts with Bing Crosby or Bob Hope before six months are up.

My health is fine. As I write this, I've just returned from a vacation in Sun Valley and Lake Tahoe. I'm sun-tanned, I weigh 110 pounds, and my outlook on things is joyful and optimistic.

Many of you have written and asked what was wrong with me in the past.

The honest answer is that I suffered from a mild sort of inferiority complex. I used to work myself up into depressions, thought no one really cared about me, no one outside my family, that is.

Why I should have ever gotten depressed, I certainly don't know. You people have proved to me that I've got thousands of friends the world over, that you care about my welfare and my career.

It's perfectly normal for people to have their ups and downs. I know that now, but a year or so ago, these depressions of mine used to worry me, and the more I worried about them, the lower I felt.

Anyway, all of that is gone and done with. The slate of the past is wiped clean. Insofar as I'm concerned, the world is good, golden, and glorious. My best years and my best work lie ahead of me, and I'm going to give them everything I've got.

MANY of you have asked if I realized how closely you followed my career and behavior. I certainly do, and that's why I want all of you to know, especially the youngsters, that I'm not in the slightest embittered about Hollywood and that I still think a motion picture career is one of the finest ambitions any girl can have.

It means hard work and it has its pitfalls but so has every other occupation.

If my daughter, Liza, wants to become an actress, I'll do everything to help her.

Of course, being a child actress and being raised on a studio lot is not the easiest adjustment a young girl can make. You don't go to baseball games or junior proms or sorority initiations, but every success has its sacrifices, and these are the ones a very young girl must make if she wants a career at a very early age.

The girl who finishes her schooling, however, and then wants to become an actress is facing a thrilling, rewarding career.

If I had to do it all over again, I would probably make the same choices and the same errors. These are part of living.

A lot of fanciful stories have depicted me as the victim of stark tragedy, high drama, and all sorts of mysterious Hollywood meanderings. All that is bunk.

Basically, I am still Judy Garland, a plain American girl from Grand Rapids, Minnesota, who's had a lot of good breaks, a few tough breaks, and who loves you with all her heart for your kindness in understanding that I am nothing more, nothing less.

Thank you again.

Judy Garland

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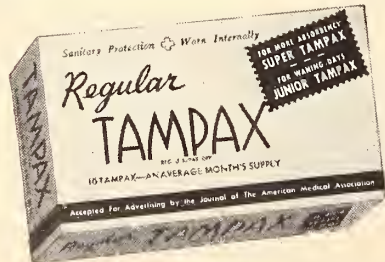
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away!



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Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

hollywood youth on trial

(Continued from page 48) demeanor over the years has cost him his former world-wide popularity.

Deanna Durbin sounded her own death knell careerwise when she insisted that Universal, the studio she had almost single-handedly rescued from bankruptcy, place her in suave, sophisticated filmfare.

Deanna wasn't thinking of her fans—at least not enough to stop her from trying to give them what they didn't want.

"Look, child," one of the executives told her, "to the American public you represent a typical, normal, healthy girl who sings like an angel. Why do you want us to dress you up as a slinky nightclub siren?"

"Because I'm not a child any longer," Deanna pointed out. "And I can't go on playing one forever."

But she couldn't make that transition to adult roles and as a result, she is no longer in Hollywood. After two divorces and one child, she is searching for happiness in Paris. And no one knows if she ever stops to think of the millions of young girls who used to hang on her every note and who tried to pattern their lives after hers. But everyone knows that because the pattern could no longer serve as a model, Deanna, herself, faded out of the picture. Does Judy Garland realize how her behavior has affected the legions of youngsters who love and admire her? Judy, of course, has been ill for several years, and during those years she continued to work. Many times she unwittingly made life pretty rough for many of her colleagues.

Success goes to young heads pretty quickly, but where there is no family restraint, as in the cases of Rooney, Garland, and Durbin—the success frequently diminishes into tragic nothingness.

FORTUNATELY, Hollywood's bright new youngsters seem to be making none of their predecessors' mistakes. As a whole, they've learned much from the experiences of others.

Take the crooners, Gordon MacRae, Mel Torme, and Vic Damone.

Unlike Frank Sinatra, not one of them has yet stepped out of line. MacRae attends every civic function to which he's invited. Torme is a settled family man, and Damone when he was thrown a Hollywood cocktail party recently, insisted that trays of cokes be carried outside to the kids who were waiting on the pavements.

As for the young leading men, not one has yet pulled a Peter Lawford—playing the nightclub circuit with a different well-known actress every night, although lately Peter himself steers clear of too many entanglements.

James Whitmore who played the lead in *The Next Voice You Hear* and has made six other pictures for MGM in a little over a year, is a Yale graduate, the father of two children, and a settled, intelligent young actor who works hard and has never had the inclination to date so-called society girls.

Marlon Brando, Charlton Heston, Tony Curtis, Gene Nelson, Howard Keel, Keefe Brasselle, Ben Johnson, Lyle Bettger, Rock Hudson, and David Wayne, the best of the 1950 newcomers, are all solid, straight-thinking young men who look upon acting as their lives' work, although Brando is admittedly an eccentric.

To them, Hollywood is no perpetual lark of dames, drama, and drinking. To them, Hollywood and acting are hard work.

The same holds true for the 1950 crop of young actresses.

Sally Forrest, Mala Powers, Marilyn

Monroe, Jean Hagen, Peggy Dow, Nancy Davis, Cecile Aubry, Vera-Ellen, Nancy Olson, Piper Laurie, Judy Holliday, Jan Sterling, and Micheline Puelle—these girls know Hollywood first-hand, and knowing it first-hand, they realize that one false move, and they're gone.

Marilyn Monroe, for example, was once under contract to 20th Century-Fox but was let out. After John Huston gave her another chance in *The Asphalt Jungle*, Marilyn was re-signed by 20th.

Sally Forrest had a similar experience. Metro dropped her; she was picked up by Ida Lupino for an independent production, and now she's a potential MGM star again.

NEVER before in its history has Hollywood been more avid than in its present search for young talent, but it wants youngsters who know how to behave themselves, who won't go off the deep end with a little success.

"It may well be," one studio executive recently pointed out, "that we're expecting too much from these youngsters."

"After all, take a kid like Peter Lawford. A few years ago he was parking cars in Westwood. Now he's dating the ambassador's daughter. It's tough for a kid like that to retain the same sense of values."

"Or take his sidekick, Robert Walker. This guy was living with his wife and two kids in a New York tenement. All of a sudden, Selznick signs his wife, brings her out west, changes her name to Jennifer Jones. Walker gets a break, is tested and signed by MGM, and follows her. When he gets here, he finds his wife has fallen in love with Selznick, or is about to.

"No wonder the kid blew his top.

"Hollywood isn't Middletown, U.S.A., and there's no sense in making believe it is. We take young kids and because they've got talent and ability, we pay them well. We try to start them off at 50 and 75 bucks a week, but after a couple of years, they're making \$500 or \$750 or \$1500 a week, or once in a while, like with Van Johnson and Sinatra, \$5,000 a week.

"That kind of dough isn't conducive towards a settled kind of living. Some kids can't take it. Others like Esther Williams, June Allyson, and Jane Powell take it in stride.

"Esther owns a filling station, a restaurant, a resort settlement; she has interests in bathing suit companies. She knows how to spread her money around. She was married and divorced when she was a kid, and she knows the score. A lot of these kids don't.

"As a matter of fact, I think the industry has been very lucky in the relatively few unstable youngsters we've turned up.

Lots of times, you know, girls come out here who've been married and divorced. When they become stars, people blame the divorce on Hollywood living. I mean kids like Janet Leigh, Vera-Ellen, Shelley Winters, even Esther Williams—they were divorced before they made names for themselves out here. Yet, Hollywood catches the brunt of the blame.

"This is a real tough town for youngsters to live in—the stakes are high—the competition is rough—the temptations are everywhere.

"Personally, I'm real proud of the current crop of newcomers. For the most part, they're level-headed professionals."

A quick rundown of the studio contract

have you seen page 8?

UNLESS YOU KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS...

Better see a Beautician

FOR YOUR PERMANENT



lists reveals that this executive knows whereof he speaks.

At Columbia, for example, the two bright hopes are Judy Holliday and Lola Albright. Judy has been a Broadway star for years—she played the lead in the stage version of *Born Yesterday*. She is a professional down to her very toes.

Lola Albright, currently in love with comedian Jack Carson, got her big break opposite Kirk Douglas in *The Champion* and is trying to prove that she's no flash-in-the-pan. This girl has been around Hollywood and knows all the angles.

Over at 20th Century, there are at least a dozen newcomers who are behaving perfectly. Best bets for stardom according to producers on the lot are Marilyn Monroe who is being given a Lana Turner buildup because she is single and extremely sexy. Debra Paget who's been under contract to the studio ever since she was 14 which was three years ago, Cecile Aubry, the French cutie who played opposite Ty Power in *The Black Rose*, Joyce McKenzie, who showed loads of sex appeal in *A Ticket to Tomahawk*, and Barbara Bates, a happily married beauty who's been featured in *Cheaper by the Dozen*, *Quicksand*, and *All About Eve*.

As for the new men at 20th, there's Gary Merrill, Bette Davis' new husband, and David Wayne, both 35 and both experienced Broadway actors. Gary gave the studio a few frights when he fell in love with Bette on the set of *All About Eve*, but everyone relaxed when they married.

HUGH MARLOWE is another experienced Broadway hand under contract to Zanuck. Also with Zanuck is Robert Patton, who can develop into a real glamor boy à la Farley Granger, Lee MacGregor, Zanuck's office boy who was given a role at the insistence of the studio secretaries, and Craig Hill, a tall handsome kid with an inordinate amount of box office draw.

Across town at MGM, Leo the lion is really loaded with newcomers. Phyllis Kirk, Paula Raymond, Debbie Reynolds, Teresa Celli, Sally Forrest, Nancy Davis, and Jean Hagen are the ladies.

Heading the male neophytes are Howard Keel, James Whitmore, Keefe Brasselle, and Carleton Carpenter.

Universal also has a long list of first-terms: Jeff Chandler who was so good in *Broken Arrow*, Rock Hudson, Vera-Ellen's boyfriend, who did a fine job in *Winchester 73*, Tony Curtis, the bobby-soxers' new heartthrob, Jimmy Best who used to pose for Arrow collars, Piper Laurie who eats flowers, and Peggy Dow whom you'll see in *Harvey*.

Warners hold great promises for Suzanne

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(No two heads of hair are alike.)

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by judging its elasticity...

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solutions for *each* type of

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which is right for yours.

● DO YOU KNOW

exactly WHERE to put each curl

... and what SIZE it should be?

For a permanent that holds its set

... and arranges the way a

permanent *should*—see a beautician.

She alone has the special training

... the professional materials...

the skill, taste and experience to

give you a *lovelier* permanent.

You'll be stunning with a new

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PERMANENT WAVE

Dalbert, the French girl starring opposite John Agar in *Breakthrough*, and Gene Nelson, the singing dancer of *Tea for Two*.

The only new western star of note is Ben Johnson who did such a sterling job for John Ford in *Wagonmaster*, and *She Wore A Yellow Ribbon*. Ford, who is the most outstanding director of westerns in the world today, insists that Ben, within three years, will be one of the great western stars of all time.

The other big star-maker of Hollywood is, of course, Howard Hughes. This year, Hughes is taking the wraps off Faith Domergue, Jack Buetel, whom he's also had under contract for ten years, Joan Dixon, and Charles McGraw.

Paramount's best bets for stardom are Jan Sterling, Paul Douglas' fifth wife, and Nancy Olson, who did so much to make *Sunset Boulevard* a fine picture.

In all these names, you will find none that has caused the slightest trouble, either to the studio that has them under contract or to the whole movie industry.

Except perhaps Gary Merrill, and certainly, he is not to be blamed for falling in love with Bette Davis. When he did, he followed the honorable course. He went to his wife, Barbara Leeds, told her what had happened, and asked for a divorce. Apparently, they hadn't been getting along.

WHETHER all these youngsters will follow the straight and true path, no one knows.

Certainly some of them will fall by the wayside and will never be heard of again. Others will get married and divorced, maybe once, twice, three times. An unfortunate few will find themselves mired in scandal.

Most of them, however, will marry, raise children, and lead the same kind of respectable lives as do Gene Kelly, Jane Powell, Jeanne Crain, Gregory Peck, Alan Ladd, and Esther Williams, all of whom were yesterday's beginners.

Fortunately, every Hollywood newcomer realizes at this stage of the game that the eyes of some 14 million teen-agers are focussed on him and his career. This being the case, his behavior is impeccable.

Let Sam Goldwyn ask Joan Evans to make personal appearances throughout the country in an attempt to popularize her picture, *Our Very Own*, and Joan Evans makes personal appearances till she drops.

Let him ask the same of Farley Granger and Teresa Wright, and they both refuse. They are both full-fledged stars. And stars are never on trial.

The newcomers, however, are always on trial. Only the future will tell which of them shall reap the rewards of stardom.

THE END

Have You Heard?



JOAN LANSING

This is discovery month, gals! Old Chris Columbus crossed the oceans blue in 1492 and discovered America and all its pleasures. Well, all YOU have to do to discover America(n) is cross the room, turn the radio dial and let yourself relax to the greatest "discoveries" in pleasurable listening.

Yes, ma'am, there's a treasure of wealth on the American Broadcasting Company—and through your local station you can enjoy the "riches" of great programming. Just take Thursday night, for instance.

At 7:30 PM (EST) JACK ARMSTRONG, the famous young man of heroic action, is heard in an exciting new series, **ARMSTRONG OF THE S.B.I.** You'll find JACK engaged in scientific adventure on Tuesdays as well as Thursdays... a double treat from General Mills.

Another ABC Thursday-discovery is **SCREEN GUILD PLAYERS**, the most fabulous show in dramatic radio, now presented on your local station for a full hour, 8-9 PM (EST). The greatest stars of Hollywood fame lend their considerable talents to **SCREEN GUILD PLAYERS**, appearing in thrilling dramatizations of well-known screen stories. Here is a program of diamond-studded brightness. You'll be missing a real treasure-trove if you don't discover **SCREEN GUILD PLAYERS** by NEXT Thursday!

Next in this luminous line-up is the biggest "discovery" of them all... the program that specializes in exploring talent. **ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR**, heard on your local ABC station at 9 PM (EST), has zoomed many an unknown into the star-spotlight of fame and fortune. Wonderful **TED MACK**, of course, is staunchly in back of every **ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR** performer in Old Gold's treasure-of-a-program!

Coming up at 9:45 PM (EST), via your local American Broadcasting Company station, is **ROBERT MONTGOMERY**... speaking on events that make news of today and tomorrow. This outstanding commentator has been in on many an astonishing news "discovery"... which he doesn't keep under his hat (even though it's a Lee) but passes right along to you every Thursday night.

Joan Lansing

I had my nose fixed

(Continued from page 82) wanted them to accept me for my talent and personality rather than for a pretty face. I wanted to be liked or disliked on the basis of myself.

A short while after I graduated from high school my father came home one evening very excited. A good friend of his who was quite an important producer was having auditions the following week for a feature part in his next picture. My family wanted me to go to the studio and try out, but I was reluctant. My fear of rejection returned in full force. They pleaded with me just to try it and see what would happen. At last I agreed to go, although I had no confidence that I would be successful.

I went to the audition, and my fears were confirmed. They finally narrowed the choice down to me and another girl. Before the decision was announced I knew what the outcome would be. She was more attractive, and photogenic. It was no surprise to me when they gave her the part. It was just another blow to my already battered ego. The producer, however, was a kind and discerning man. He must have sensed my disappointment, because as I started to leave he called me back.

"Miss London," he said, "you have a great deal of talent. A really fine voice. Have you ever thought of trying radio acting?"

RADIO acting had never entered my mind. Still, radio might be a stepping-stone to that great and glamorous world I was determined to make my own. Before I could start out for a job, though, my father became involved in a business deal which necessitated our moving to Waterloo, Iowa.

Waterloo, Iowa! The end of the world as far as I was concerned. No stage. No pictures. The only glimmer of hope was that I could go ahead with radio.

We hadn't been in Waterloo long when I heard that Gloria Swanson was sponsoring a radio contest. Naturally I entered at once. For the first time I was confident that I had an equal chance of winning. This would be behind a microphone, not a camera. The voice was of paramount importance.

I won the contest, and for a number of months I was satisfied with the importance that being a disc jockey on the local radio station gave me. And occasionally I had an opportunity to do dramatic roles on some of the shows. It was sufficient for a while. Then I began to feel the old restlessness. I was miles away from the only place I felt I could really pursue the career I longed for.

Unexpectedly something happened which gave me the chance I'd been seeking. A telegram from Hollywood arrived. The magic of the name made my hands shake as I tore it open. It was from a studio talent scout. He had heard me on the air and asked me to send him some photographs. My heart sank. Pictures. My doubts surged up again. How could I send him... but wait. This would get me back to Hollywood if everything went right. Certainly, I'd send him pictures.

I tore madly down to the local photographer's shop, explained the situation to him, and together we cooked up a scheme. He would take pictures of me. The left profile would be all right, and the full-face ones he would retouch. Yes, I was going to fake it. I'll be honest about it. But bear in mind that I wanted desperately to get back to California; back to real, honest-to-goodness acting instead of an occasional fifteen-minute radio part. I

would have done almost anything to assure my return.

I mailed the pictures and the next week was miserable. One moment I was sure they'd send for me, and the next I was certain they would see through my ruse and I'd never hear from them. I haunted the mailbox. But the news came in another telegram. Oh, those beautiful, wonderful words: "Pictures fine. How soon can you be here?"

How soon? Would immediately be too soon? I could have flown there under my own power the way I felt. I wired back that I would arrive the following week and broke the news to Mother and Dad. They were reluctant to let me go at first, but I talked so hard and so fast they finally consented.

The train was hardly twenty miles out of the Waterloo station when it hit me. Sure, I'd fooled them with the pictures, but I wasn't going to fool anyone when I walked into the studio. In the back of my mind was always the hope that once I got my foot in the door I could make good on my ability. If they'd just give me a chance to act for them, to talk to them. But they might be so angry at my deception they would throw me out immediately. All the way across the country I worried and fretted and planned strategy after strategy.

I had imaginary conversations with Mr. Big.

"You can't do this to me. You thought I had talent when you sent for me. You brought me out here on the strength of my voice and ability, and now you turn me down because I don't photograph well. You know all about cameras and tricks with photography, why can't you use some of them?"

In spite of my solitary bravado the palms of my hands were damp with nervous perspiration as I got off the train in Pasadena to meet the studio representative. Once at the studio the reaction was what I had feared. Raised eyebrows. Shrugs of the shoulders. But since they were committed to the test, they made it. All the way through I was in an agony of self-consciousness. And when it was over, despite my imaginary brave talk on the train, I was out in the cold again without having laid eyes on Mr. Big. Shades of Fairfax High. But now I was older. My experience with radio in the past year had shown me that I could overcome my inferiority complex.

I no longer accepted defeat passively. I was ready to fight for what I wanted. They didn't want me at the studio. Well, I'd show them.

I got myself a small apartment and started out to find a dramatic school. Now that I was here I had to be acting, and I would not go back to Iowa a failure. I went to the Geller Playhouse; auditioned for them, and was given a scholarship.

It seemed incongruous that I could win a scholarship at one of the best drama schools in town and still be turned down by the studios. But I didn't let myself become morose. I worked like a demon instead of brooding.

The third night after the initial play opened, a short, dark man with intensely blue eyes came backstage to see me. He introduced himself.

"I'm Solly Baiano, Miss London, from Warner Brothers." I hate to admit it, but I'm afraid I was just a bit snide.

"Here we go again," I jeered. He looked so taken aback that I softened my remark by adding, "I don't mean to sound rude. Mr. Baiano, but your studio will only laugh at you if you bring me in. I photograph very badly."

His reply startled me.

"I know you do. I've seen you on film."
 "Then what do you want from me?" I asked in bewilderment. "If I don't photograph well, how can you use me?"
 "Right now I can't use you. But I'll tell you something. You have real talent. If you'd have your nose fixed I'd sign you, but fast."

"Nose fixed," I echoed. "What do you mean? I don't quite understand."

"Plastic surgery," he replied patiently and then smiled indulgently. "It's being done every day, you know."

Five years ago his bluntness would have crushed me. Now I had learned to take it. Without fully realizing it I had discarded my belief that changing one's appearance was falsifying the facts. The transition from juvenile stubbornness to adult reasoning was complete. It had begun with my success at the Waterloo radio station, where I had sold myself to a blind audience on merit alone. The self-confidence I had gained through this conquest of my defeatist complex had been of a lasting nature. It had been shaken, yes, but it never completely deserted me again.

Now Mr. Baiano had suggested plastic surgery, and I knew even as I listened to him that I would have it done. I could hardly wait to make arrangements for the final step in my metamorphosis.

The thrill I felt when I first saw myself after the surgery is indescribable. It was as though I had at last been released from a heavy burden. I was free to reach out without fear of rebuff for everything I had ever wanted. Free from the prison of insecurity I had lived in so long. No more ridicule. No more humiliations from those I was striving to please. At last I was on equal footing with everyone else. Nothing startling happened immediately.

do you want a star to visit your home?

see page 8!

I didn't have every producer in town pounding on my door demanding my name on a contract. In fact, my first big break came in an odd and unexpected fashion.

I had told a girl friend of mine that I would pick her up at the office of a casting director for whom she was reading. I arrived a few minutes early and sat down in the outer office to wait for her. When the reading was over she and the director came out of the office. As I rose to meet her he suddenly caught sight of me and said:

"Say, she could play the part of the nurse."

He thrust a script at me and I found myself reading the part. When I finished he grabbed me by the shoulders.

"Great. You'll be great. Are you available?"

Not a word about my nose, or photographing. Just "are you available?" If there was anyone in town more available than I he must have been hiding under a rock. When I say I accepted with alacrity, I am guilty of gross understatement.

This was the end of "the kid with the nose," and the beginning of Helene London, actress.

From then on I started to do well. The parts were small at first, but they got bigger and fatter, and I have just finished working for Milton Simon in *Race Horse* at Nassour Studio. You can understand my pride in the fact that I have the lead in the picture.

I SHALL be forever grateful to Mr. Baiano, for none of this would have happened if I hadn't undergone plastic surgery. It has changed my life, and when MODERN SCREEN asked me to write my story, I jumped at the chance.

I'm not ashamed to admit that I had my nose remodeled.

When a girl is born with straight hair, her life is an unending battle with bobby pins and permanents to achieve curls. If she has crooked teeth, on go the braces. And on they stay through months of discomfort until the teeth are straightened. If hips have a willful way of spreading, they're confined in a girdle and pounded into submission.

I could go on for pages listing the devices and dodges in common use to improve what one has, and disguise what one has too much of.

Plastic surgery is a great and wonderful science. It worked miracles during the war and every day proves itself again.

I won't try to practice amateur psychology. I haven't sufficient knowledge of the field. However, I would like to quote a paragraph from Dr. Harold M. Holden's book, "Noses," which embodies for me the whole philosophy of plastic surgery:

"If one conceives of life as a long movement toward a far-off point of embarkation, one must concede a need for thoughtful facilitation of the way. Everything that blocks or inhibits passage to personal fulfillment should be at least the object of careful study and removal wherever possible."

If you have a "nose problem," or any facial defect that can be corrected by a plastic operation, I urge you to do something about it immediately if it threatens your happiness. For you, there will be no long years of heartache and frustration.

THE END



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ann blyth's story

(Continued from page 41) for many years, and only her late mother's objections had prevented an operation when she was five. The operation had been continually postponed because there was a chance that the scar tissue resulting from a tonsillectomy might impair her singing voice.

Now again, a decision had to be made. If Ann submitted to an operation she might be finished as a singer. If she refused, she'd have her voice, but she'd have to fight the poison in her with constant medication.

Exactly what went through Ann's mind as she faced this dilemma is her secret, but her decision is public knowledge. She rested in the hospital for one week to build up her strength, then she was operated on. A week more of lying in bed and she began a systematic routine to restore her former health.

The luck of the Irish was with her. After the initial soreness disappeared, Ann's voice seemed better than ever.

ANN doesn't talk about her religion as much as she lives it, but it is apparent to those who have observed men and women of different faiths—and of no professed faith—that she receives a great help from her devotion to the tenets of the Catholic Church.

Ann's regimen of rest, good food and reasonable relaxation in exercise built her up so swiftly that four weeks after she left the hospital she was strong enough to go to work at her studio (Universal-International) in *Katie*. Her remarkably swift recovery was due, in a large part, to the careful, wise and loving care she has received from her aunt and uncle, Cis and Pat, who have lived with her in Hollywood since the death of Ann's mother in 1946.

This jolly yet thoughtful Irish couple could take no better care of Ann if she were their own child.

Ann's routine while working on a picture is almost entirely in Aunt Cis's hands. She's awakened about 6 o'clock, and immediately is served breakfast in bed by her aunt—usually orange juice, cereal with fruit and a soft-boiled egg.

"When Ann is home for lunch," says Aunt Cis, "she almost always wants a salad with cottage cheese, but for dinner at night she can down a steak with the best of them. Steak with mushrooms on it will keep her happy."

Ann doesn't eat often with the family when she's working. By the time she gets home, it's usually 7 o'clock. Her first concession to comfort is a tub bath in which she likes to soak for several minutes.

After this she goes to bed, and Aunt Cis brings her dinner, and after Ann has eaten, she reads or studies scripts for a while, dropping off to sleep about 9:30.

"It takes food," says Aunt Cis, "and it takes rest if you are after doing your best work. You lose if you cheat yourself on either."

Ann was aided in her quick recovery

Charley Feldman, of Famous Artists, called Marlon Brando in Chicago to find out when Brando was going to report for tests on Feldman's *Streetcar Named Desire*. Brando asked when he was required by contract to report and Feldman told him Aug. 30. To the surprise of nobody who knows him, Brando answered, "I'll be there 11:59 August 29th."—Milton Epstein in *The Film Daily*.

by the fact that she neither smokes nor drinks. She has, as her Irish Uncle Pat put it, no bad habits except the inability to say no to those who ask her to make benefit appearances. "But," Pat contends, "the 'old lady' is learning to say no to at least some of these."

Uncle Pat's affectionate reference to Ann as "the old lady" stems from the time when Ann was about four years old—and she'd dressed herself in her aunt's hat and high-heeled shoes, making a dramatic appearance in the manner of a diva at the Met.

Uncle Pat's reference to Ann's new ability to say "no" grew from a rather painful experience.

"One night after a performance," Uncle Pat relates, "Ann was called to the telephone in her room. We watched as she talked, and it would have hurt your heart to see the expression that came to her face. Finally she hung up and came back to us, crying."

"It seems that some spalpeen had refused to believe Ann when she told him her doctor did not permit her to make personal appearances while in a show. This man had asked our Ann if she never did anything for charity, and her with a room filled with plaques, ribbons and emblems from charitable organizations to which she has donated her time."

IN Ann's search for better health, she has developed a routine of exercise and relaxation that could serve as a model for any girl her age. When weather and work permit, she plays golf every day, a sport to which she was introduced by her friend, Bing Crosby. She plays well enough to win the women's division of the tournament at her studio (her score was 101), but is no match for Bing, although they do play together now and then.

Ann also is proficient at riding and swimming. Her love for the water has helped her through at least one tough studio assignment. In *Mr. Peabody and The Mermaid*, Ann was obliged to spend many hours in the water. This was a particularly exhausting experience, for she had to wear a large artificial tail which encased her body from the waist down.

It was while working in this picture that Ann made a lifelong friend of Bud Westmore, head of the makeup department.

An incident occurred during the creation of this makeup that still sends chills up Bud's spine. In order to have a precise replica of Ann's body on which to construct the mermaid's tail, it was decided to make a plaster cast. One day Bud forgot to grease the edges of the lower half of the cast as he poured the plaster for the top half.

To a layman the solution would be to beat the cast off Ann with a hammer. But Bud knew that the molecular action of setting plaster would create great heat along the edges of the cast, and by the time he discovered his oversight, the plaster already was getting warm.

It was a frightening minute for Bud. It seemed he was about to cause a serious injury to a personal friend.

"I lived a year," says Bud, "in the several minutes it took me to pry off the cast that was getting hotter and hotter. Fortunately, Ann was not burned, and although we had to make several casts before we finished, she showed no fear of the ordeal."

Bud thinks that Ann's good disposition, her lack of star temperament and her consideration for others all have a bearing on her ability to get so much work done.

"What other star," he asks, "will show up on time every morning, facing a difficult task, and still sing so lustily that we have to ask her to quiet down when we

answer the telephone? It is a pleasure to work with her."

ANN's complete lack of selfishness is immediately apparent in the reaction of her friends on the studio lot. They virtually swarm about her, passing the time of day and wishing her luck on whatever project is at hand.

Nor is it only fellow-actors who know her. A gateman who became an admirer has quit the studio to drive a sightseeing bus. Ann knows he is on the job, for every day he stops in front of her house and spends several minutes telling his fares that this is the home of one of Hollywood's greatest actresses, and the honorary mayor of Toluca Lake.

The regard and esteem Ann receives from her fellow-workers is not unearned, for she is always willing to squeeze time from her busy schedule to do a favor for a friend.

Not long ago, when Ann was busy finishing a picture, she helped Tony Curtis in a film test.

This was a very important event for Tony, since he never before had a chance for a star part. Ann could not profit by the test, but because she is always eager to do a good turn for a fellow human being, she appeared in the test with Tony. And when he won the lead in *The Prince Who Was a Thief*, no one could have been more pleased than Ann.

Even though she's been restricting her personal appearances and benefit shows these past few months, Ann's new buoyancy and obvious good health will soon permit her to give more generous contributions of her time to charity.

Although she's still working on a less hectic schedule, her recovery has been so rapid that she not only did an excitingly good job at the La Jolla theater, but she was well enough to be called back to Hollywood at the end of a week's run. Her studio is loaning her to MGM to play the role of Caruso's wife opposite Mario Lanza in *The Life of Caruso*.

Ann probably won't sing in this production, but one of her ambitions is to play the lead in a musical.

Whether or not her own studio will cast her in such a picture is a question still to be settled, but as far as Ann is concerned, nothing would suit her better than to appear in a fast-moving, well-plotted vehicle which would give her a chance to sing, dance and act.

ANN also is in the market for suggestions for a series of phonograph recordings. "I would like," she says, almost wistfully, "to make an album of Irish songs."

Ann comes naturally by her wish to sing these lively airs. Not only was her mother born in the South of Ireland, but Aunt Cis was born there, too.

"But Pat," says Aunt Cis with the air of one who bears a cross bravely, "Pat was born in the North of Ireland—poor man."

Uncle Pat, with his usual good humor, decided long ago that North or South, Ireland is a very good place to be born in—"provided a man can be after livin' in America and growing a few flowers when the weather's right."

Ann enjoys the flowers Uncle Pat grows, and is particularly proud of the asters and chrysanthemums which bloom so gaily almost everywhere about the place. These flowers, and her aunt and uncle's cheerful nature, have helped create the environment at the modest home in Toluca Lake which has aided Ann so greatly these past few months. It seems to be, as Pat often says, "You just can't keep a good Irishman down."

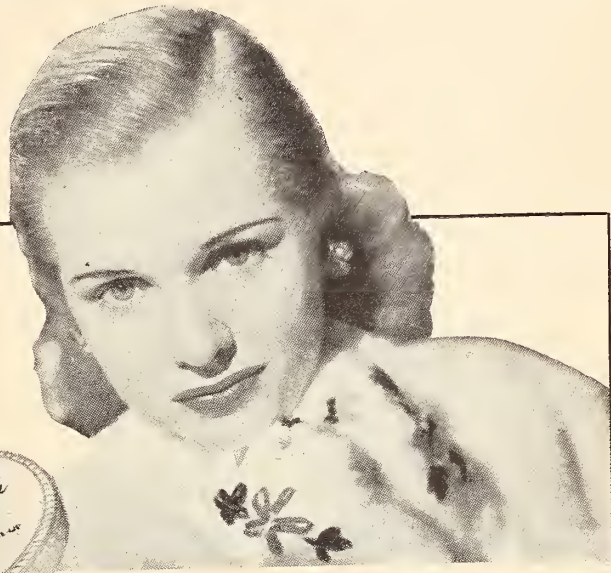
THE END

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i go to college with liz scott

(Continued from page 42) course I've ever had.

A QUESTION was gnawing at me—namely, why was this glamorous movie queen attending college and studying philosophy and political science of all things? After class, as we would walk across the campus with ten or twenty thousand other students—I eventually found out. We'd sit by the fountain in front of the library while I pretended to be discussing books and authors with her. She'd talk intelligently, and in that intense way of hers, on topics that ran from Thomas Aquinas to the Korean situation and the new concepts in nuclear physics. But somehow I couldn't seem to concentrate.

The subjects that intrigue her hungry mind are basic and ultimate. She will abruptly interrupt one of her thoughtful lulls and burst out with some really profound idea. It startled me the first time she did it.

"The pendulum has swung clear over!" she exclaimed.

"Really?" I managed to say—scanning the Tower clock for some sign of a pendulum, but in vain.

"Yes," she went on excitedly—completely oblivious to the fact that I was making eyes at her—"Remember how they once said that Mind is Matter? I never made a very good Materialist. Now the Mechanistic attitude is breaking down and has been. The analogy doesn't stand up under the new inferences drawn from modern science with its vastly improved and greatly multiplied 'pointer-readings.' That's what Eddington called the scientific procedure, you know. There's the crux of it—science can know more and more

of the structure of reality but nothing more of its nature than was known by the pre-literates. It is even held now by some that a concept of energy, and energy is considered to be the basis of matter, must include free will in it. So you see—from 'Mind is Matter' to 'Matter is Mental.' Does that lead to Solipsism?"

"Boy!" I mumbled fervently, "I'll say."

When I got home I looked up "Solipsism." I tossed and turned all night thinking about Mind and wondering what was the Matter? It's just as well that all women don't have eyes like Liz Scott. I'm considering a petition to compel her to wear dark glasses. I won't have her eyes haunting my house. I just won't stand for it.

No, Elizabeth Scott isn't out of her element here among the Trojans of U.S.C. or any other campus, not with that alert and questing mind. She'll always be in the pursuit of knowledge. She doesn't wear a learned veneer, but once she gets started she's electric. I could blow a fuse just watching her.

I remember well the first day we walked down University Avenue after class. I had anticipated the envious glances of friends, and the way I would casually nod to them. But, honestly, by the time we got out of Founders Hall, I was so immersed in an animated discussion on the failure of Materialism that the campus might as well have been deserted. Liz has a fine sense of values; she can't make small talk. Yet she has a sharp sense of humor and rapier-like wit.

And her laughter—that's the greatest—rich and free with a sort of thrilling quality to it.

I admit without shame that I've had the urge to lure her to Currie's (the corner ice cream parlor) where we might share

a Coke on one straw. Okay, so it's juvenile—so who cares?

"Who's your favorite movie actor?" I couldn't resist asking during one of our coffee sessions.

Her answer was immediate and sincere: "I've learned something about acting, some technique or attitude, from every leading man I've worked with. I believe in seeing people in the light of their virtues, not that it's kinder, but it's more practical. After all we all have faults. It reminds me of the Pharisee in the Bible who said, 'Thank God that I am not like other men.'"

She glanced at me and laughed. "Don't look so sober—the sermon's over."

GIRLS, listen to this. Liz and I lunched together one day at Ted Owens', an intimate little cellar cafe here on campus. While I dined heartily in rugged male fashion on a grilled cheese sandwich and cup of coffee, Liz daintily nibbled on bacon and eggs and fried potatoes, toast and jelly, topped off by peach pie, with whipped cream, and two cups of coffee. If you're envious of that slim smooth Scott figure, don't say I didn't give you her secret formula.

There seems to be understanding among the students here not to pester her or cause her any discomfort. They haven't mobbed her with fluttering autograph books. They do stand around in the hall before and after her classes, of course, but then a guy has to stand somewhere, so why not where he can get a glimpse of our "tawny Trojane," as the Daily Trojan calls her.

There have been a few episodes with brazen student-fans. Like the day we were sitting on the campus lawn and Liz, outdoor gal that she is, was soaking up a little sunshine. Some character wriggled over and coiled up right beside us.

"Whatcha doin' this week-end?" he hissed.

Now I'm six feet two and played football in my youth and there's something about Liz that makes you see yourself in a leopard-skin suit taking on lions and tigers singlehandedly. I was about to give out with my best Cro-Magnon growl when Liz restrained me. She handled the situation neatly and courteously. It was my initiation to one of the common pitfalls that celebrities must always keep in mind. If they aren't tactful in such matters, the rumor-mongers soon have it that they "made a big scene" or they are "snobbish" or "temperamental." Liz asked for no special favors and she appreciates the treatment she has received here from students and faculty alike.

"I'm just a girl," is the way she put it. That's the biggest understatement of the year.

AN incident occurred in class one day that illustrates how the fans often know more about their favorites than the movie stars know about themselves. The professor was warning us about the fallacy of the "Two-valued Orientation" and he remarked that a thing was seldom all black or all white and referred in his lecture to the song title "Either It's Love or It Isn't" as being an example of such faulty reasoning.

Immediately after class, one co-ed classmate darted over to Liz and said breathlessly, "That song 'Either It's Love or It Isn't,' you sang it in *Dead Reckoning*!"

"No," replied Liz, "I sang it in *I Walk Alone*." The gal didn't seem convinced however, and the next day she was quite thrilled when Liz told her, "You're right! I did sing that song in *Dead Reckoning*."

Liz was supposedly on vacation when she came to U.S.C., but she couldn't pass up



well, what do you know?

■ Study this photograph carefully—and see how many questions you can answer about the movie it's from. The girls were a household word in Daddy's day. He'd likely know all the answers, but four out of five's a good score. Answers on page 100.

1. The title of the movie is.....
2. The dancers are (you should aim for doubles here)
3. They were favorites with an army group. Its initials are.....
4. What is the song they made famous?
5. They became an American institution even though they were born in

this chance to study and learn. When she finished making *Dark City*, she was promised that her next film wouldn't go into shooting until she finished the semester here. She's looking forward to it since it's to be a different type of film from what she's been doing. It's a Western and Burt Lancaster will have the role opposite Liz.

"Wait'll you see me in calico," she laughed.

I might as well try to imagine Venus in burlap. Calico never had it so good.

It takes Liz and her black Oldsmobile convertible about 40 minutes to drive to school every morning from her home in Hollywood.

"I don't have to get up until 6:30 to make our first class," she gloated. "That's an hour more sleep than I get when I'm making a picture."

I had heard that movie people are early risers, but I was skeptical until now.

Most of the students drive their cars in from all over the metropolitan Los Angeles area, and parking space around here is at a premium. Liz wrestles with the parking problem every morning—oh, to be a parking problem and wrestle back! One morning as she was frantically circling and searching, I thought for a moment that she was going to break down and cry. I was all set to whip out my hankie and rest that lovely blonde head on my shoulder, when some kill-joy pulled out of a space and my dreams were shattered. You can imagine my disappointment.

Liz is a girl who *lives* every moment; she's the personification of enthusiasm. Whatever she's working on she throws herself into wholeheartedly. She's remarked several times, "I didn't get enough sleep last night. I got so engrossed in the book I was reading that I simply had to finish it."

When she studies she really studies. You're likely to find her in some secluded spot like the stadium, or a deserted corner of the library reading room, or an empty classroom.

She's a paradoxical creature. Even though she often seeks solitude, she's no recluse by any means. Liz is too interested in people—all kinds of people. People like the elderly lady who sells "popsicles" on campus, several of our foreign students, waitresses at campus cafes, classmates. Her natural friendliness is disarming; people can't help but respond in kind. They all like Liz.

It would indicate a dangerous lack of interest, of course, if there were no reasonable displays of admiration. Even that austere statue of the Trojan warrior, known affectionately to the students as "Tommy Trojan," has been reported to have given a low whistle of approval when Liz walks by. He no doubt thinks that Helen of Troy has been reincarnated.

We fortunate few who have been sharing classes with Liz, while we don't have the slightest idea what the classes were about, are really sorry to see the semester's end stalking us grimly. We're all in agreement that the classrooms have never been so well adorned. There will be an emptiness when Liz goes—since the whole male student body may be inclined to follow her. But seriously, I hope she comes back. I'm sure she'll come back.

She'd better come back!
THE END

do you want a
star to visit your home?
see page 8!

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if i should lose you

(Continued from page 30) long ago, the Steffens sat down to discuss their future. A happy year of marriage was behind them and what was in front of them they couldn't say. But they're not the kind to sit around and worry. They're not going to change their plans for anything.

If he should leave her, though, he'd leave the house they've just bought "at a very good price"—the two-story Cape Cod home which formerly belonged to Ilona Massey. It has two bedrooms, two baths, a den, a living room, kitchen, breakfast nook, service porch and maid's quarters. It's a wonderful place for children, with a swimming pool in back and a badminton court, and flowers everywhere. He'd leave with the memories—of the spinet in the living room (which Jane's had since she was ten) where she plays and sings for him; of the frilly dressing table that reminds him of her gay and feminine ways; of the hours they've spent at auctions and in antique shops buying lamps and figurines with such care. And all the wedding gifts that helped to furnish the home, and the fifteen candy dishes and two dozen lighters scattered about will come again to his mind.

BUT until he goes, their life will be the same. There will be dinner parties no more elaborate than before. They live on a budget which allows 20 dollars a week for food. If a party uses up most of the food money, they skimp a little, or Jane prepares left-overs like chocolate tarts out of chocolate pudding, and vegetable salad and chicken croquettes. Geary eats anything she cooks, except beets and cakes. So far he's gained 16 pounds.

Maybe it's the candlelight that did it, or the soft music that Jane wouldn't serve a meal without—although once she forgot the food.

At her first party after she became a bride, Jane planned the menu very carefully. There were to be sandwiches, salad, a luscious dessert. Jane shopped for everything at the Farmers' Market. When all the guests had arrived, and were getting hungry, Jane excused herself to make the sandwiches, and found that she'd forgotten the meat she was going to put in them! Geary can remember that, if he ever has to look for a memory.

Or if he wants a happier one he can think back to the farewell dinner Jane gave for themselves just before they moved into the new house. The Marshall Thompsons were there, and the Jerome Courtlands.

The theme was fish. Clam chowder was served in shells, baked crab and fried shrimp were tastefully arranged along with french fried potatoes. There was a tossed green salad and strawberry tarts for dessert. This time Jane didn't forget anything. She even covered the table with a fish net and had a centerpiece of shells filled with flowers. The table mats were silver and shaped like fish.

After dinner they went dancing at a beach resort called Ocean House, and he can remember the way the moonlight shone on Jane's lavender chiffon dress, and touched her hair with silver. Everyone complimented her on that dress. "It isn't new," Jane told her friends. "Geary doesn't want me to buy more clothes for a while. He says I have enough, and he's right!"

The budget for clothes still varies, but Jane's careful about selecting a wardrobe. She loves casual peasant skirts for daytime wear and wispy, feminine gowns for evening. She designs most of what she wears and sometimes even sews for herself. But

sure how she looked, because he wouldn't be there to tell her, "You have too much powder on your nose," or, "Why don't you wear that blue gown I love?" or, simply, "You look so beautiful . . ."

IF he should go, what would be the use of a budget for entertainment? Usually, they save for dinner out and a show or dancing, and it's always more fun when you've planned and saved together. Sometimes they spend a weekend water skiing at Lake Arrowhead, or camping out in the mountains at Idlewild where Geary's sister lives. Whenever possible they try to go skiing. They haven't been ice-skating since their marriage. Geary, who was formerly Sonja Henie's skating partner, has given up skating even for recreation. Or they stay home, and buy recordings to add to Jane's collection of 5,000. They both like all sorts of good music, either classical or jazz. Geary likes the songs Jane sings in her movies, especially the ones from *Royal Wedding*, her seventh Technicolor musical.

Sometimes Jane stays home to clean the house. There's a maid only while Jane's working, other times Jane wraps up her hair in a kerchief and attacks the dust.

Mostly, Geary will remember the evenings the two of them spent sitting in front of the fireplace, reading aloud to each other, or talking and planning.

They want to have children as soon as possible, three or maybe four. Jane was an only child and has always wanted a large family. As soon as the children are old enough, their parents will teach them how to swim and skate and play tennis. They've even gone so far as to plan the insurance policies they'll take out for the family, to provide for their education and

to finance them later in business or whatever they choose to do.

As far as all finances go, Jane and Geary have settled on a fifty-fifty basis. Everything that Jane puts to the account, Geary matches. It works fine.

If he should leave her, she'll spend her days waiting for him to return so that they can travel together to the places they dream about—to Sun Valley, to Mexico. But Jane doesn't want to go too far away for too long; she'll begin to pine for California.

To make these plans come true, Geary's working toward a brokerage company of his own, and Jane is helping him. She's his secretary; she prepares his graphs; she's even going to take a course at USC to learn how to sell insurance. Geary appreciates this; he knows he's found a rare partner, and because of that he'll never interfere in her own career.

"Why should she give up what she likes and loves, when I don't give up what I like and love?" Unless he's forced to. Unless something stronger than both of them will make him.

MEANWHILE they work together and enjoy it. Geary doesn't want to be an actor; he doesn't even want to be a movie producer. He isn't bothered by career jealousy. Neither one of them is bothered by in-law problems, either. Their two families are very close. On Father's day Geary and Jane take their fathers out, on Mother's Day, they take their mothers, and in between, they're always visiting one or the other or both families.

Parting will be harder because they're in love; because they're in love little problems of living together have been easier to solve. Geary, for instance, likes large breakfasts. Jane doesn't. So they've compromised. Jane makes breakfast, and Geary eats it.

Sometimes Jane just likes to sit around and loaf. Geary has to keep busy all the time. So they've hit a happy medium.

Jane used to be nervous. Geary never was. Being near him has calmed her down. Through Geary, Jane has come to love sports. Through Jane, Geary has come to love music.

If she should lose him, she'd lose the head of the family; the man who lives to make her happy; the one who gave her a surprise birthday party when she was twenty-one last April, and gave her a pair of real pearl earrings. (As a wedding present he'd given her a pearl necklace.) He's the man who insists on celebrating when the fifth of each month comes around, because it was on the fifth of January that they became engaged, and on the fifth of November that they got married.

If she should lose him, she'd lose the husband she'd wanted even before she knew him. The husband she'd written about in a magazine.

This is what she said: "First of all, I would want the man I marry to be kind, considerate, and have a happy disposition. He would have to be fond of animals, like people, and enjoy parties. I want him to like to dance and attend night clubs occasionally. He must enjoy music and not object to my career. He must love children. I want him to share the happy side of marriage as well as the problems. I want a man who treats his wife as a partner in everything. Looks are not particular, just so he's neat and athletic looking. I like the outdoor type. And most of all, he must think I'm the most important girl in the world."

This is the man who would leave her if Geary left. And even if it were only for a while, there would be no joy until he returned.

THE END

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how old is young?

(Continued from page 50) water babies.

This summer, right after she finished *Harriet Craig*, she gathered her brood around her to make vacation plans.

"How about going to Lake Arrowhead?" she said. "We can take boat rides there and hike and swim. What do you say?"

The children didn't say anything. Then Chris spoke up.

"Mommie," he said. "Let's go someplace where there are cowboys and horses." The other kids nodded their heads vigorously. Cowboys and horses it had to be.

That afternoon they all went down to San Fernando Valley and cleaned out the wild west department of a clothing store—cowboy boots, levis, broad-brimmed hats, dazzling plaid shirts were swooped off the counters for the Crawford kids. Christopher, being a boy, had the edge on his sisters. He got a Hopalong Cassidy outfit for the mornings, and a Roy Rogers getup for the afternoons. He could have walked up to a bronco right then and busted him with a stare.

There was nothing left for Joan to do but produce the cowboys and horses. Fortunately, there's a place called Alisal Ranch situated in the Santa Barbara Mountains. It's one of the largest working cattle ranches in Southern California and a couple of years ago, Lynn Gillam, the owner, decided to make it a guest ranch as well.

While the kids slept Joan called up for last minute reservations and then she started packing. Bright and early, Chris

have you seen page 8?

hopped out of bed and into his new boots. He raced out of the house to the car where Joan was already loading luggage into a tiny trailer. "Let me help," he urged, and Joan let him. Soon the twins came out with Tina and there wasn't enough for all of them to do.

By nine, they'd picked up Joan's mother, and all six of them, plus Cliquot, the poodle, were headed for a week at Alisal.

THEY arrived at noon, and there were more horses on those 10,500 acres of land than Chris could have hoped for. "Let's go riding," he said as they drove into the ranch yard.

"Mommie, can I go swimming, please?" asked Cynthia.

"Me, too," said Cathy.

Joan was saved by Mr. and Mrs. Gillam, who came out to greet them as if they were members of the family arriving home.

"I'll need an ironing board," Joan said. "Keeping these four in clothes is going to be the biggest job."

Mrs. Gillam smiled understandingly, and half an hour later, while Joan was unpacking, a cowboy delivered an ironing board to her cottage door.

"Now can we go riding?" asked Chris.

"Now can we go swimming?" asked Cynthia.

Another mother might have given up there; she might have thrown up her hands and moaned, "Do anything, but leave me alone." Not Joan. Joan sat down and they talked out what they'd rather do. Turned out to be swimming. The horses were promised for the first thing tomorrow.

They all went down to the pool and Joan took her knitting along to busy herself in between racing with the kids. Joan is a

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frantic knitter. During her spare moments on the set she turned out a huge collection of sweaters for friends, socks for grips, ski caps for the snow-happy. A couple of months ago, when the children's nurse had to leave suddenly for her home, Joan and her family discussed what they'd give her as a going-away present that night.

"Why don't you knit her a sweater, Mother?" asked Christopher, confident that his mother wouldn't need more than an hour or two to turn out a first rate job.

IN no time at all, the afternoon hopped over the hills at Alisal and disappeared beyond them. Clean and sparkling as sterling silver, the Crawfords came to dinner. Joan asked for the largest table.

"I'm sorry," the waiter told her. "Bob Crosby's party has that. They outnumber you by two."

Joan waved across the room to June Crosby, Inc., and meekly settled for the second largest.

After a cowboy-size dinner, the twins insisted they were wide-awake as they dozed off in their chairs.

Her big daughter Tina turned toward her with a dreamy, slightly glazed expression. "Mother," she said. "Can we go riding in the moonlight?"

As it happened they went riding in their dreams. By the next morning, though, the children were used to the change in atmosphere, and took to ranch life with a vengeance. They bounded out of bed almost before the sun was up, and ran out to play. For a moment, Joan wondered sleepily if they'd disturb the neighbors, but the voices of at least a dozen other children drifted toward her in the early air. All the neighbors, it seemed, were already up.

As soon as Joan came out of the cottage, Chris ran over to her and started talking about horses and when would they ride them. In a way, this was a question Joan dreaded. Ten years before Joan had loved to ride. She'd owned two frisky ponies and worked them out on the trail near her Brentwood home. One day, though, she was thrown in a complete somersault over her pony's head and spent the next few weeks in bed. After that she wouldn't go near a horse. But now, here was Chris, expecting her to leap with joy onto a saddle, and here were the twins, waiting to be afraid or daring as their mother's own feelings would dictate.

Right after lunch, Joan and the children put on their riding clothes and sauntered down to the corral. Joan hoped they'd give her an old nag, a horse who'd be happiest in front of a flower cart, but Alisal doesn't have that kind of horse. Anyway, when the animals were saddled, Joan climbed aboard, and smiled gaily at Chris and Tina who were too excited to notice the way she clutched the saddle-horn.

A few miles down the trail, Mr. Gillam rode up. "Having fun, Miss Crawford?"

"If you can enjoy yourself and be scared to death at the same time . . ."

"I thought you were a little uneasy," he said, "though you sit a horse beautifully. Just relax. Your back's like a poker."

Joan tried to relax. She noticed that the horse didn't mind. He clopped along very contentedly, and suddenly Joan began to notice the scenery, the trees and the mountains beyond, and the good damp smell of greenery. She was enjoying herself, and her children were enjoying themselves, and it was nice that they were all there together.

By the third day of their stay, the ranch had them in its power. They were up at 6:30, finished with breakfast at 7:00, and ready to play. Even the twins had become horse-mad and rode two hours a day. They wore their boots so much that

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I was eagerly waiting at the back door of Shea's Buffalo Theater for John Agar. When he failed to appear after a few hours. I started to leave, cold and discouraged. Bumping into someone, I politely excused myself and walked on. Not until the crowd started pushing toward the spot where I'd been standing did I realize that it was John Agar whom I'd bumped into.



*Margaret Trapani
Buffalo, New York*

both of them had blisters on their ankles, but that didn't stop them.

Chris was out of this world, and who would suspect, seeing this small blond boy on a big horse, that he was really Hoppy or Roy Rogers or a whole battalion of the Canadian Mounties?

Pedro was his horse's name, and that's all Chris talked about, until Joan came to think of him as a member of the family.

"I guess Pedro's about the fastest horse alive," he'd say. "He's just holding back."

"I guess so," said Joan, not wanting to break a dream.

SATURDAY rolled around faster than it ever had. There was to be a dance and campfire that night, but Joan didn't have a beau to take her—that is, she thought she didn't. Chris was willing. He was so willing that he polished his boots until he could see his face in them, and he looked slicker than a dime store whistle. Joan walked into the dance on his arm, and they were easily the handsomest couple there. After the dance, they went out to the campfire and sat around talking cowboy talk with Les and Bill, the wranglers, until Christopher's eyes were heavy with sleep. Joan almost had to carry her cowboy to bed.

Then, one morning, they woke up, and it was all over—the week, the vacation, the life of Riley. The children had one last ride and presented their horses with carrots. That afternoon, though, as Joan was packing, she heard Christopher crying in the next room.

"What's the matter, Chris?" Joan said. "I forgot to give Pedro his carrot," Chris sobbed. "He won't remember me."

Joan smiled at the enormity of this problem, but her voice was gentle. "Tell you what," she said. "You and I will go down right now and give Pedro a carrot."

So they walked down to the corral hand in hand, and Joan stood watching as Chris picked out his pony from the several dozen in the yard and handed him the carrot. Pedro ate it quietly, and then Chris hugged him and walked back to Joan with the suggestion of more tears.

"Thanks, Mommie," he said, and was ready to go home.

All of them piled into the car, plus Cli-quot, the poodle, and as they rode out of the ranch yard they had the feeling everyone has when a good time is over. They didn't know whether to be happy or sad. But as they neared home the children started talking about the winter, and school, and the next summer, and the summer after that, and looking at their faces, Joan knew that as long as the kids were with her there would always be so much to look forward to, so many pleasures to be enjoyed over again. **THE END**

when a girl marries

(Continued from page 56) telling her, "Oh, no you're not! You're very different, Elizabeth—and things are different for you."

When a girl marries, a subtle alchemy occurs. Even at the fateful, precious moment when her honeymoon began, Elizabeth Taylor was already a different person. Even as she snuggled down in the seat of Nicky's green Cadillac and reached for his arm, she reached for the new wonders that lay before her—the new wonders and the new worries, and the new responsibilities, too. Even as Liz headed for Pebble Beach and her honeymoon lodge—a destination oh, so secret then—I saw her eyes shining eagerly ahead, not wistfully back. Even when she returned a week later to pack for her European tour and fly away again there was a new wisdom in those eyes and new confidence in her voice. She was on her own. That little girl I knew was gone as she should be gone, when a girl marries.

SHE'D crossed the Atlantic a dozen times or more before the *Queen Elizabeth* glided her out of New York harbor for her Continental honeymoon. But on all those trips she'd never had her own cabin, never sat proudly at the captain's table with her husband by her side, never could enter into the fun and the social life of the voyage. Always Elizabeth had been the guarded girl who must wander about under watchful eyes, out of things. On this trip, there were the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Richard Rodgers (who wrote the score of *South Pacific*) and his wife, other glamorous, interesting people to dine, chat and dance with. There was being a woman of the world herself, belonging.

Elizabeth had been to Paris before—lots of times. But she'd never spent a honeymoon week free as the air to stroll the Rue de la Paix and windowshop, sit at a sidewalk cafe and sip an *aperitif* with her man. She'd never peered into the pungent bistros and the gaudy cafes of Montmartre to watch the saucy sin with adult eyes which understood. She never had a Paris *couturier* create an evening gown just for her, to her own taste, for a grand charity ball. She'd never been invited to the Windsors for a formal evening which began at ten with dinner at midnight. Heavens—if Elizabeth ever dined after 8:30 in her life anywhere before she'd have felt wicked and guilty.

And England—certainly that's no unfamiliar place to Elizabeth Taylor. She was born there, in Hempstead, and raised nearby on the Kent estate of her godfather, Victor Cazalet. But at the Savoy this time, Mama didn't register, her husband, Nick, did; and Elizabeth didn't sit fretting around the hotel watching other grown-ups have fun. She had it herself. She'd made *Conspirator* in London only a year before. But she hadn't rolled out to Ascot for the races in her Ceil Chapman organdie with the big Rex picture hat dripping sweet peas around the brim and Nick dressed to kill in gray topper and stock, hobnobbing with royalty. She hadn't been invited by the Rodgers as their honor guests for the opening of their show, *Carousel*! Nor had she faced with her new found assurance the sea of London fans crying, "Bless you, Elizabeth," just as they did their own Lillibet, at the

London premiere of her own picture, *Father of The Bride*.

THERE was such a big difference this time. Freedom and independence and a new status which had locked the sheltering door of girlhood behind her and opened new doors to new worlds every day. Elizabeth felt it as she flew back to Paris, bustling through the crowds at the airport, fencing with customs officials, ordering dinner with Nick from airy waiters, prodding porters. She felt it rolling south to Cannes, alone together, just she and Nick, in the big Cadillac they'd shipped across, through the lovely hills and vineyards, stopping at ancient inns and seeing the friendly peasants not as curiosities but for the first time as people, people with lives and loves and secrets—like herself. She felt it in Venice when they met their friends, the John Bigelows of New York, and spent lazy hours with them on the beach at Lido. And it was a delicious feeling to call her own shots as the days stretched into weeks, and the Hiltons themselves stretched out on the sands, to say luxuriously, with her first independence of option, "Nick, these are the best days of our honeymoon. Let's don't travel all the time. Let's stay here and enjoy ourselves. Sweden and Norway and Spain and Holland—we'll see them some day later."

Elizabeth has grown up—more in those four wonderful months than in all the 18 years of her young life. Time is a fiction anyway and how can any calendar measure the changes of heart and spirit, outlook and interests that pack maturing years into days, when a girl marries?

TRUE, to watch Elizabeth burst into the big Spanish home on Elm Drive, that homecoming day, see her kiss her mama, hug her dad and ruffle her brother Howard's curly head, chattering a mile a minute, you might think she was still just their darling little girl, back from a holiday and sick to get home.

It was just like Elizabeth to fret anxiously about Howard's 1-A classification with war blazing in Korea, to flood with tears when she learned the carefully withheld news that "Butch," her beloved poodle, had died, to hurry sentimentally over to the V-Bar-R in Griffith Park, where her aging King Charles nibbled hay with the Hilton horses, and feed him carrots. It was like her to race at once across the street to see Anne Westmore, about to leave any minute for Stephens College, and tell her everything, *everything*, because Anne was her best friend since childhood and had caught her bridal bouquet. It was like Liz to keep the telephone wire smoking "catching up" with her bridesmaids, to hug all four of the Culverhouse family, English servants who have worked for the Taylors since before Elizabeth was born.

It was like her to rave over the new blue Cadillac convertible her mother had bought for her only a week before Elizabeth came home, to call the family living room, done over completely in modern gray green, "just dreamy," and to bound upstairs for a look at her own room, with its new periwinkle blue walls and dubonet carpet, which her mother had labored over night and day to have ready for her return. It was the old Elizabeth who called it "the best party ever" when her mother gave a homecoming dinner next day, with her new in-laws, "Connie" Hilton, Nick's brother, Barron, and Marilyn, his wife, Mara Reagan, Howard's girl friend, the Wally Westmores across the street and, of course, Anne, with a menu designed especially to Nick's taste—fried chicken, mashed potatoes, corn, peas, Caesar salad

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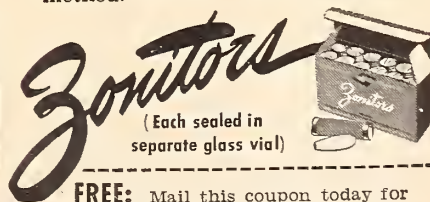
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and Will Wright's banana ice cream. Elizabeth meant every word she uttered so warmly then, and every homecoming thrill at Elm Drive was deeply felt, I'm sure. She's always been a family girl and as sentimental as a tipsy Irishman. But no matter how attractive Sara Taylor makes her girlhood home, it isn't Elizabeth Hilton's home any more.

So LET'S look at the new life Elizabeth faces—its setting and setup, its promises and its problems, as Elizabeth and every girl must look—forward, not back, when they marry.

Home to Elizabeth and Nick Hilton is Suite 159-60 at the Bel-Air Hotel (where Nick is half owner and vice-president). It's the most delightful hotel in Southern California and the newlywed Hiltons have its finest suite—at the south end, ground floor, with vine draped arches leading out to Chalon Road, so Liz won't have to walk through the public lobby.

Inside there's a big living room with a fireplace, done in Elizabeth's favorite gray. There are yellow and gray striped sofa and chairs, a black table and coffee table. Off that's the bath and bedroom, with the same decor, twin beds—but not too far apart. Already Elizabeth has moved in some keepsakes from home, but her wedding presents are still in storage.

But in spite of what Elizabeth tells me, that "we're going to live here a year or so and look around before we buy or build," I don't believe her. She argues that she and Nick are too busy to make a real home yet. They're busy all right. Elizabeth's picture, *Father's Little Dividend*, was prepared while she was in Europe, she has a waiting list from here to Texas for gallery sittings, interviews, Heaven knows what all to catch up with. Nick's not exactly twiddling his thumbs, either. Besides handling business promotion at the Bel-Air, he's a big wheel in his dad's hotel empire, and with the new Beverly-Hilton slated to rise soon, he'll have his hands full.

Yet—when a girl marries—she wants and she needs her own house to anchor her life, and knowing Elizabeth, I can't believe she'll be satisfied with anything short of that—for more than a few weeks.

There's a whole room jammed full of wedding presents, beautiful presents, enough to fill the great living room of the Taylor's, wall to wall, with just two tiny aisles where I walked to view them. It took six men and two moving vans from dawn to dusk just to pack and cart them away! If you had a store of fine Irish linens, Steuben crystal, sterling, Sheffield plate, table settings for forty-eight places of Gorham Melrose silver—wouldn't you itch to use them? If you had wedding gifted paintings by Augustus John, Angna Enters and Benton Scott, wouldn't you be spoiling for wall space of your own to hang 'em? I would!

So—you can bet on it—the hotel suite won't last long. After all, Nick's not the manager, he doesn't have to live there. The young Hiltons will be looking at house plans or for houses somewhere. Elizabeth tells me, "Not pretentious. Not Bel Air—Heavens," she says wisely, "that's starting at the top—that wouldn't be fun!" But when a bride takes over a home of her own, there's more to it than being carried across the threshold and watching it run itself. There's responsibility. There's a heap of know-how to learn and much more in Elizabeth Hilton's case than baking biscuits.

ELIZABETH has always had everything done for her. She's been raised with servants at her beck and call. She can't fry an egg or sew on a button. She's al-

ways stepped out of her dresses and left them where they lay. She sailed off on her honeymoon with a huge, square trunk carefully packed with 30 custom-created hats, by Sally Victor, Rex, Mister John. The trunk returned in a jumble. "I'll be months," sighed her indulgent mother, "catching up hems, sewing on hooks and buttons, mending rips and tears on Elizabeth's whole trousseau." That's a loving job she welcomes, but she can't do everything for Elizabeth from now on.

Elizabeth will have to learn the graces and arts of a hostess—how to plan a dinner party, how to stimulate conversation, spark good times with friends and influence people. She'll have to charm as well as be charmed and that's a new line of work. Heretofore all the flattery and attention has been bent Liz's lovely way. Now she'll have to bend some back.

Already Elizabeth, back home, is wailing, "Hedda, I owe simply everyone!" Of course, she does, including all her friends and Nick's who gave them pre-wedding parties. They understand, they're old friends—even "Pete" Freeman, who introduced them, understood when from the whole long honeymoon he got just one picture postcard, scribbled hastily with "Having wonderful time. Wish you were here." (Chuckled Pete, "Yeah—I'll bet!")

Elizabeth's girlhood chums, Anne Westmore, Barbara Thompson, Marjorie Dillon, Jane Powell, Betty Sullivan and the rest will demand no more of her now than they ever have, but Mrs. C. N. Hilton's circle will expand, and she'll have to develop herself and her wits to fill it. Luckily, Elizabeth couldn't have more solid support for the job.

MONEY, for one thing, is no problem, and I can't imagine that unless an A-bomb flattens the widespread Hilton Hotels and MGM too, it ever will be. The modern-traditional house they'll eventually have (Nick has already switched Liz's ideas from early American), even if modest, will be perfectly appointed with all that money can buy, although Elizabeth will have to reveal her good taste in creating it. But never mind, she has a precocious lump of that, and Mother can help. As for family backing—the minute she married, and even before that, Liz gained a big cheering section of in-laws. When a girl marries, it's "thy people shall be my people," as the Bible said long ago, and Nick's people worship the very ground their beautiful new member trips on.

Nick's every bit as close to his dynamic dad as Elizabeth is to her doting mother. Sara Taylor used to sigh to me, "I always have to stay dressed up even when I go to bed the nights Elizabeth goes out." Because, no matter what time she came in, Liz raced right upstairs—usually bringing her dates along with her—to tell Mama all about the evening. Nick never misses a morning coffee with his dad to talk things over, too. I suspect that Mama's bed will still be perched on by Elizabeth and Nick with problems and that the Hilton coffee klatch will continue too—with a new member added. There'll be more warm family liaison with Barron and Marilyn, and Liz will find she'll have so much that's intimately in common with her sister-in-law, besides being "Aunt Elizabeth" from now on to their darling kids, Bill and Hawley. And—this is important—there's not a Hilton around who isn't as supremely proud of Elizabeth Taylor's star fame and glowing career as are her own mother and dad—and rooting solidly for it to continue, bigger and better.

And what about that career, now that Elizabeth is back after a long time out for her marriage and honeymoon tour?

There's an old Hollywood saying that a

girl has to live and love before she can really deliver great performances. It's a corny cliché but there's truth in it, too. I think Elizabeth will be a better actress for what has happened to her, and right now she's doing very well thanks, anyway. *Father of the Bride* was her most popular picture in years and there's the much heralded *A Place in the Sun* with Monty Clift ready for release.

Already, she's knee deep in *Father's Little Dividend*, and the first thing she discovered when she ran out to MGM the second day she was back in town was that they'd loaned her to Warners and then to Hal Wallis for two others to follow, drawing, by the way, Jane Wyman and Burt Lancaster, no less, for the exchange.

Elizabeth herself hasn't lost any of her acting ambition. On the contrary, she itched even through the dreamy days of her honeymoon for the thrill of making pictures. When she and Nick visited the *Quo Vadis* set near Rome, Mervyn LeRoy was herding a thousand extras in a scene where Christians were being rounded up for torture in a Roman arena. Elizabeth just couldn't stand there and watch.

"Oh, Merv," begged Lizzie, "please let me be a Christian and get in a scene!" Mervyn did, and if a girl who was supposed to star in Metro's super-special begs to be an unbilled extra, how lonesome can you be for grease paint, a costume and hot lights?

ALL in all, Elizabeth Taylor's career outlook could not be rosier right now. But there are some prickly thorns hidden underneath those plushy petals. There always are, when a girl who's a star marries in Hollywood.

Up until this minute, Elizabeth has not been called on to play the cautious cut-throat game of watching her p's and q's in Hollywood. She was sheltered like a hothouse flower at home and MGM protected her like a regiment of marines. She was everyone's beauteous ideal, mama's, papa's, daughter's, son's. Every day there throbbed the thrilling question: Whom would Elizabeth Taylor fall in love with, whom would she marry?

Well, that question has finally been answered. From now on real front page news of Elizabeth will be hard to get, as it is on all happy Hollywood wives. So don't be surprised if some is cooked up. That's what publicity departments are for.

From now on, and I told Elizabeth so, she won't dare look at another man sideways. Like Caesar's wife, she must live so as to be above suspicion. Every move of the Hiltons' private life will be analyzed, sifted and weighed for what can be made out of it. If there's the tiniest opening for a rift rumor, one will edge in and pry—like that. If I were Nick Hilton I'd never for one minute fly off, say to Puerto Rico, as he did during their courtship, and the Caribe-Hilton on business, not this time without my pretty bride at my side. But he may have to—the Hilton interests are scattered all over and he's a busy young executive. Elizabeth is a busy Hollywood star. He may have to leave her at home a time or two. And suppose an important première comes up about then where Elizabeth Taylor's presence will help put over a million dollar picture? And maybe the pressure's turned on and some rising young MGM boy beautiful escorts her—oh my! It could happen. So can a hundred other innocent smokes without fire

puff up—and in Hollywood smoke can be dangerous, too.

I told her to find the smartest, wisest woman in this city, who knows the Hollywood score from A to Z. "Have her run your publicity, answer your mail, manage your servants, supervise your house, lay out your clothes and—yes—chaperone you every hour Nick's away from your side. Never mind if she costs you a fortune—you can afford it."

"Well—" demurred Elizabeth—thinking I'm sure that she'd just shaken herself loose from something like that when she left her mother—"I'll think about it." I hope she thinks good and hard. She can't be too careful. Besides, she will need professional help. Her greatest shortage from now on is going to be time, time and energy. She hasn't one career now, she has two. She'll have to ration herself.

From now on she'll be battling to keep her screen life from intruding on her life with Nick Hilton. She'll need time and peace and strength to live her life with her husband, time to talk over his problems, to be interested, sympathetic, not frayed and jittery and impatient.

And she'll want time and strength for a third career which—wouldn't surprise me a bit—may come her way any day. Elizabeth has been mothering things ever since she was barely bigger than a bunny—dollies, chipmunks, cats and colts, pups and parakeets—and she's told me time and again how she longs for a family—"But not yet," she keeps repeating every time I ask her, "not until we've had time to catch up with ourselves." But I never knew a stork yet who gave any foolish ideas like that a snap of his silly old beak.

I'm no believer in omens, but it is true that Elizabeth will have a baby boy—on the screen, of course—in *Father's Little Dividend*, and if she has a little dividend of her own, say, about the time that picture is released—wouldn't Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer love that! And wouldn't Elizabeth too—but for another reason. And wouldn't old All-American Grandmaw me—for just no reason at all, or every reason in the world! And why stop now—wouldn't everyone?

Because Elizabeth Taylor, like another Elizabeth across the sea, who has just set her a wonderful example, is princess royal to us here in Hollywood, and like young Mrs. Mountbatten, she will be worshipped and watched. I know them both and while Liz doesn't boast the coronets that Lillibet does, she has the same class and courage. It takes a lot of that—in any set or circle—when a girl marries, because there's plenty of truth in that old jingle,

"Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When a girl marries her trouble begins."

Nobody, not even Walt Disney, really believes that Cinderella lived happily ever after, and if Elizabeth and Nick Hilton maintain the state of story book bliss, they won't be human—or even interesting. But they can be happy, and I believe they will be, if they work at it night and day, now that they've both discovered that, East and West, home is best. THE END

BULLETIN!

Just as this story went to press, rumors started circulating to the effect that Elizabeth and Nicky Hilton had been quarreling and that a separation was in the offing. The editors of Modern Screen were aware of these rumors long before they reached the newspapers, but have continued to hold their silence because of their belief that this young couple deserves every chance for happiness.



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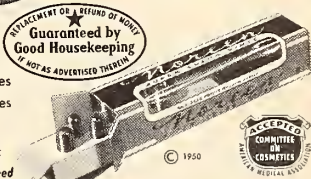
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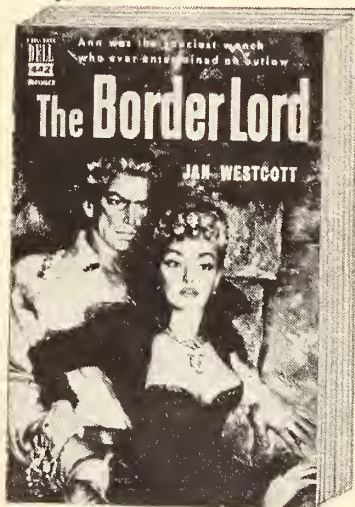
Wed to One Man . . . but Wife to Another
GONE TO EARTH

by Mary Webb

Young, wild Hazel Woodus is as ill suited to fulfill the duties of a pastor's wife as she is to live in the tarnished grandeur of Undern Hall. Yet she leaves her husband, Edward, for Jack Reddin, the master of Undern Hall who is both a terror and fascination to her. Hazel finds only uncertain shelter at Undern. She flees the frightening place and its lustful dominating master for the refuge of Edward's heart and home. Pitifully helpless Hazel asks herself whether Edward can forgive her, whether the real happiness of her old life can ever be recaptured.



Outlawed and Hunted . . .
Yet Every Woman Loved Him
THE BORDER LORD
 by Jan Westcott



Francis, fifth Earl of Bothwell, is separated from his rugged hill country by the thick stone walls of a prison cell in grim Edinburgh castle. A miraculous escape from his cell down sheer rock cliffs marks the beginning of a tempestuous life for the Earl. As an outlaw Bothwell lives an exciting life, dueling, loving, drinking, and fighting until his evil foe, Maitland, persuades the king to declare war on Bothwell's border country. Outnumbered and overpowered by the strength of the King's forces, Bothwell plans a desperate assault on the royal palace to capture the king and end the war.

they were brides too soon

(Continued from page 53) "went to live with his family because we couldn't afford a home of our own."

Errol Flynn did a turnabout on this situation. He invited ex-wife Nora's stepmother to live with them. He lost Nora, kept the stepmother. Sometimes I think Errol is 16—romantically.

"My in-laws were sweet, but if a young couple wants to be happy and married, living with your husband's family is not the best way," Rhonda went on.

John Agar didn't exactly live with Shirley's family, but it was the next worst thing, right next door within eye-view of Mama and Papa Temple. You can bet now that Charles Black will move the little lady of his delightful dreams to a location where in-laws will have to knock before they look.

"You're inclined to be confused when you are married too young," said Rhonda. "But look at Elizabeth Taylor," I told her. "I've never seen a girl so poised in her marriage as 18-year-old Lizzie." "Maybe she's different," Rhonda replied. "She's been sheltered all her life. The decisions have all been made for her. But I still think even Elizabeth would have insured her chance of being happily married if she had waited a little longer."

Some girls of course can't wait. They want to set records—like Arline Judge and her six husbands. Some girls like to live happily ever after, every few years. They shed husbands like snakes shed skins. But these are exceptions of course. Most intelligent girls enter the stage of matrimony with the fervent prayer that "This is it."

"A girl friend of mine," Rhonda told me, "asked my advice a few months ago. She's 19 but she wanted to know if that was too young to get married. I didn't say 'No' because I remembered my mother saying that. Parents have to be very careful with their children when they have an urge to get married. So I said to the girl—I'll tell you my story. If Tom and I had waited, we wouldn't have married. When you marry so young, you miss so much fun. You see your girl friends running around having a good time while you are so settled. Of course, if he has a good sound job with money in the bank that helps. If not, don't let anyone fool you—love can fly out of the window."

"So what did the girl do?" I wanted to know. "She married the guy," giggled Rhonda. "And they seem to be happy. But I'll tell you what happened with Tom and me. I was only 15 when I met him. But I thought I was quite experienced. I'd worked as a show girl in Ken Murray's Blackouts. I nearly won a 'Gateway to Hollywood' radio contest from Jesse Laszky. I came in second. I'll never forget how I cried and cried backstage, and Jean Hersholt said, 'Some day you'll see that losing was the greatest blessing that could have happened to you.'"

"I was pretty developed for a girl of 15, one year I was a child, and the next I looked like a woman. I met Tom on a New Year's Eve. I'd been going on and off with a boy in the Beverly Hills High School. We quarreled a lot. Girls would ask me—is it on or off this week?"

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do you want a
 star to visit your home?
 see page 8!

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When Betty Garrett and Larry Parks were in Cleveland on a personal appearance tour, they were asked to have their pictures taken with some children at my neighborhood playground. Betty and Larry sat in swings and called the children to them, not caring that some were poor and even dirty. I saw Larry hold a little boy on his lap and later slip some money into his hand. "Run home," he told him. His face couldn't have looked happier as he watched the little fellow run off.



Mrs. L. Pikul
Cleveland, Ohio

This particular night we went to a party, had an argument. I looked for him at midnight, but he had disappeared. I never did find him. I was crazy about him. Another boy said "Come on—I'll take you home." I was crying. My life was ruined, but I let him take me to a drive-in for some hot chocolate. In those days I was so sensitive, if anyone said 'Boo' to me, I started to cry.

"Next to us in the drive-in there was a long convertible Buick. 'I want you to meet Marilyn,' the boy with me shouted to the man in the car (Rhonda's real name is Marilyn Louis). 'Tom Lane has a fourteen piece orchestra and he's looking for a girl singer,' he whispered to me. I was still sobbing and I guess I attracted Tom because I didn't pay any attention to him." Do I have to tell you that Rhonda landed the girl singer job? "I was never really swept off my feet by Tom. I always have to know a person well to like them. But as I told you, the excitement of getting married was too hard for me to resist.

"Tom was like a big brother to me. My sister was married, my parents divorced. I needed someone to talk to. We were married seven years." The only good result, apart from the experience, was their son Kent.

After the marriage Tom, for some reason Rhonda couldn't remember, gave up his orchestra and began interior decorating.

"I found I was earning more money than Tom and that's bad, too. I was under contract to Fox, but to save the marriage I gave that up and sold jewelry and luggage at Coulters. Then when my figure came back after the baby, I modeled at the May Company and Magnins. Then Henry Willson said I just had to see Selznick. I was wearing a little peasant blouse and skirt, but he signed me the same day."

"How did Tom like that?" I asked Rhonda. "He didn't," she replied. "I was now nearly 19 and growing up faster than Tom. He was a few years older by actual count but a boy of 21 is a baby compared to a girl of 19.

"I was beginning to know what I wanted to do. Until then it was just wonderful to dance with Tom—we went to Catalina one time and won a cup for a waltz. And we had music in common. But even that wasn't enough. I wanted to do more important things."

CAME the war, Tom went into the service, and when he returned, he and Rhonda, like millions of other war separated couples, were strangers across the breakfast table.

"I didn't run around while he was away, as some other war wives did," said Rhonda.

"I used to get phone calls, but I always said 'no.' I stayed with his family during the war. If a call came from the studio, I'd rush with Kent to my own mother, then pick him up late at night. I wanted so to do the right thing. After the war, we took a studio apartment on La Cienega Boulevard. I worked for every piece of furniture we got. There was only a couch to sleep on, and no room for Kenny.

"I'm a Mormon and I started to do a lot of church work. I went to Sunday School to talk to the children about the importance of faith in God. A husband and wife, I think, should share the same religion."

After the divorce Rhonda's name was bracketed with A. C. Lyles', then with John Hilton's. She almost married John, who is an actor, but then she remembered one of the causes for the bust-up with Tom—financial insecurity. Now she is going places with blond, 34-year-old, very handsome Doctor Lew Morrill.

"Is it serious?" I asked, adding, "I've always wanted to marry a doctor myself." "It takes a special kind of woman to marry a doctor," replied Rhonda. "Lew's been married twice. During the first marriage he was away in the war and like me and Tom got a divorce when he returned. He says if he ever marries again, he'll choose a woman who works." This is another switch. Most successful men like the little woman to concentrate on them.

"I always said I would never marry a doctor," Rhonda revealed. "But Lew must be quite experienced at being married by this time. After two failures, maybe the third will take." One thing is sure, whoever Rhonda does marry will have to be successful at something.

"How about a very young girl marrying a successful middle-aged man?" I asked Rhonda. "I'm thinking of Lauren Bacall and Bogart, and June Allyson and Dick Powell, and Gene Kelly who isn't middle-aged, but was considerably older than Betsy Blair—he married her when she was 17." "No, I still think she should wait. And no matter what, no one should rush into marriage. There's no such thing as love at first sight. You have to grow on each other. It takes at least six months to know a man well."

OF course, that doesn't always work out, either. Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan were engaged about a year and Jane was in her early twenties, too. She was only 18 when Myron Futterman, Ronnie's predecessor, took her for better or worse. It turned out worse for them both.

I don't know how long lovely Doris Day waited to wed first hubby, Al Jordan. But it wasn't long. She was 17. Husband number two, George Weidler, brother of Virginia, was a snap decision of 1946. But fate has forced Doris to wait a year to marry Marty Melcher, until he gets his California divorce decree from Patti Andrews. Doris is now 26. Perhaps she is not too young to marry now.

Nearly every star you can name was married once before she was twenty years old—Esther Williams, Elizabeth Taylor, June Haver, Joan Blondell, Paulette Goddard, Ginger Rogers, Vivien Leigh, Ruth Roman, Gloria de Haven. Some of the hasty-hearted lasses have married again, and again.

But who can really say when is the right age for anyone to marry? You can wait until you're forty, like Jimmy Stewart—and he's supremely happy. You can be married for forty years like Edward Arnold, then tell the judge it was all a mistake. But for the record I'm stringing along with Rhonda. I believe that if you can wait until after you are 21, the odds are in your favor for a happier marriage. At least your eyes are open.

THE END

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my mama done told me

(Continued from page 55) search of the house wondering, as I have a thousand times in such jams, why I hadn't checked everything well before time. Upstairs in the bathroom I found some scented stuff tucked away on a shelf and breathed a sigh of relief when I read the word "alcohol" listed as an ingredient. We sat down when he came and I started breakfast. My emergency fuel took a long time lighting, but finally a flame flickered over the surface of it and I put on the chafing dish. Then I broke the eggs and started stirring them. We talked and I stirred. I stirred and we talked. Finally my talk went completely mechanical because a horrible suspicion was dawning on me... the eggs weren't cooking. "If something doesn't happen soon..." I thought—but nothing happened. The alcohol wasn't a high enough concentrate to keep burning once the dish was over it. Instead of a gracious hostess magically producing a delectable dish, I must have looked like a dope sitting there stirring up a greasy, yellow mess! I know I felt like one.

WELL, anyway, that will give you an idea of the sort of person Mother had to contend with in me. But not a complete idea. Mother is the sort who can go through a room and almost in the passing leave things straightened up so everything looks attractive. I was the kind of child who could wreck a room in the same length of time.

But Mother persevered with me. Sometimes she had to be a bit drastic. When I failed repeatedly to keep my own room in order, she walked in one day, emptied every drawer in the place onto the floor, and then took the drawers away with her. She said I could have them back if I intended to use them as they were meant to be used, as places for things put away neatly. Otherwise the floor was all I needed. To this day I am not too good at keeping my things in order. There is always something I miss.

Mother is visiting me now. After all, I am married and mistress of my own home, but just the same, before she was due, I went over my room from top to bottom. When I was through I was certain it would pass the most critical eye, as I knew it would have to pretty soon. Sure enough, shortly after she arrived, Mother wandered upstairs by herself and I knew she would wind up in my room. I sat back on my chair in the living room complimenting myself on my foresight. But in a minute I heard Mother calling me, and I knew I had missed somewhere. There was that tone in her voice that all mothers use when they "discover" something.

"If you'll just come upstairs I want to show you something," she said.

I went up, running over everything in my mind. I was certain nothing was out of place. Yet when I went into my room there was Mother standing in front of my open wardrobe and pointing to something on the shelf. I looked closer and to my horror saw the long ash of a cigarette which had fortunately burned itself out after I had carelessly forgotten it there!

THERE are other little faults. I seem to spend half my time looking for things and the other half not finding them. If I have some people coming over I either overlook any number of important preparations or else rush around so getting things ready that before my guests come I wish they would go home. And rarely do I, as Mrs. John Hodiak, step out of an evening with Mr. John Hodiak, without his having to say, "Dear... the seam on

your left stocking..."

Mother and Dad tell me that I did my first acting when I was three years old. Somebody had torn all the flowers off in the garden and that somebody they knew must be me. I was brought up and questioned about it. With both of them standing there I gave them separate answers. I told Daddy, "Yes, I tore them off." I told Mother, "No, I didn't tear them off." They said it was a very convincing, if not satisfying, performance.

I was permitted to carry on a general "make believe" existence. When Mother would have guests I might greet them at the door as a French maid, serving cookies and tidying up afterwards. Not a word would be said to break me up in the character I was playing, not by Mother nor by her friends, whom she would warn to accept me for what I was pretending to be.

IT was about that time that Mother began to understand that my dislike of the unembroidered truth was somehow mixed up with my love of acting, and she sought to straighten me out on the difference. When I was Anne I must tell the truth, she said. And when I was portraying someone I could give full rein to my fancies.

"If you've broken a plate and you come and tell me so," she explained, "why it's just a broken plate we have to worry about. But if you aren't truthful about it, there's much more than a broken plate to worry about. There's no compromise with honesty—ever!"

The next thing I broke was not a plate and it wasn't in our home. It was a China lady jar which contained cookies and stood in the home of my grandmother, whom we had gone to visit. I didn't mean to break it. I held on to the handle so hard, for fear it would break (while I was snitching a cookie) that it cracked off in my hand. There was nobody around, but I went right to my grandmother and told her about it.

She told me not to worry because she would mend it with some special glue she had. As I stood watching, she fitted each little fragment back into place and then stuck the handle onto the jar again.

"Nobody will even notice it," she whispered.

And she was right. When Mother and Dad returned they didn't once look at the China lady, which was something I couldn't understand because I could see nothing else but that in the room. I decided I had better tell them and start up some of the excitement a situation like that deserved!

Eventually I learned to treasure the truth. Mother and Dad both saw to it that my wild imagination was directed into dramatic channels—very wise, I think, and invaluable in my later career as an actress.

WHEN I was seven my curiosity turned on myself in a very personal way, and for my answers I went to Mother. She had no intention of stalling off any explanations. She had a book called "Growing Up," and using the illustrations she answered not only my first questions but all the others her replies prompted. I remember a picture of just a dot and the caption on the picture that identified it as the human egg and went on to say, "You were

ANSWERS TO QUIZ ON PAGE 90

1. The Dolly Sisters
2. Betty Grable and June Haver
3. The A.E.F. of World War I (Army Expeditionary Forces)
4. I'm Always Chasing Rainbows
5. Hungary

have you seen page 8?

like this once, only this is 200 times larger than you were when you started to grow."

Why, I was all athrill. That was me . . . so tiny?

Downstairs in another apartment lived twin boys about my age. The first chance I had I took that book and went right down to them. I showed them all the pictures and word for word told them exactly what Mother had told me. That was how they learned about life. But, of course, they had to run and brag to their mother of all they knew, and that lady, with horrified mien, lost no time calling on us.

I will never forget how Mother handled this as far as I was concerned. It proved to be one of the most important parts of the new revelations now opened up for me. Later that evening, she took the book and went over everything again with me. Then she put the book away and talked to me gently.

"But this story of life is so beautiful, darling, that it is also very personal," she told me. "Some day you are going to share it with someone, but until that day comes along it is just like something sacred that you keep to yourself."

On me, at least, the effect of this was, I think, perfect. It was as if something most important were entrusted to me and involved in me and my romantic future, and I certainly could never thereafter be casual about it. Much of this is instinct with every girl, of course. But it certainly did no harm to have the knowledge as well.

I know that Mother felt more secure about me as a result of this, particularly when by the time I was thirteen I was already acting on the professional stage. This was about the time I began to seriously worry about my looks, and pester her—as what daughter does not—with the age old question, "Do you think I am beautiful?"

ONE day we went to see *Our Town* and before we knew it we were watching the scene in which Emily asks the same question of her mother. You know, it goes:

Emily: Am I really pretty? But am I beautiful?

Mother (firmly): You are pretty enough

. . . for all normal purposes.

Well, from then on, that was Mother's answer to me!

Along about this period, too, I started bringing boys home, some of them very unusual specimens I realize now. But there was never an objection to any of them from Mother, never anything but an acceptance that if I liked them she liked them, too. Just the same, she was feminine enough, and you might also add clever enough, to let me see some of them with her eyes if they didn't strike her too favorably, provided I asked her. She volunteered nothing.

"How do you like Joe?" I would inquire. She would wrinkle her brow. "Joe? Now which one is that?"

I would try to describe him and then Mother would know.

"Oh, yes," she would say. "That's the one I always feel I'd like to use some Dutch Cleanser on."

"Oh, Mother!" I would cry. But afterward I would think to myself and it was true about Joe. He was a bit grubby, at that!

Mother and Dad did some practical things about my theatrical career, things which they figured out themselves as being phases of my training which neither the drama school nor my other coaches could supply as well. And they were right.

They began taking me out in the public a lot; to restaurants, shows, parties. They would let me order my meals, spend a lot of time with people as they are on parade in contrast to the people as I knew them when I would see them at home. Up to that time my views of life had been sheltered. They saw to broadening them out. Little by little I was getting the answers to the many questions all young people have about society. I wasn't being told. They were being demonstrated for me and I was absorbing them, consciously and unconsciously.

I think it was Mother's inspiration to do this because it gave me, painlessly, a sense of social responsibility. But the greatest thing Mother ever did for me (and Dad!) I think, she did before I was born: she got herself happily married. There was love in our home—and behind everything Mother ever told me was the force and security of this love. I knew I wanted such a home for myself when I grew up, and since Mother had been successful she must really know the secret of a full and happy life. So I listened to her. And I am still listening.

THE END

crosby's the name

(Continued from page 24) these records so long as they don't interfere with his schoolwork. But at this time, I honestly think that Gary is a whole lot more interested in football, young ladies, and amusements of that sort."

Gary, who plays fullback for Bellarmine, says, "We have a cattle ranch in Nevada, you know, and it's a little early for me to know what I want to be, but I sure like animal husbandry and agriculture and stuff like that. Maybe I'll study ranching and agriculture."

"Making records with Dad is a lot of fun, and I like music. I play the trombone, you know, and I like being on Pop's radio show, but as I said, it's too early to tell what I'm gonna do when I finish school. I like a lot of things."

When asked if that included girls, Gary nodded his head vigorously and smiled. "You bet."

According to his mother, "Gary is shy with girls." According to his school-

mates, however, "He's shy with girls like a fox."

Gary started dating last year when he was sixteen, and according to Hal Kanter, one of Bing's ace script-writers, the youngster's so-called "coming out" into the world of the opposite sex served as the basis for a very funny radio script.

Matter of fact, Gary was put on Bing's radio show to re-enact a scene which had purportedly taken place in the Crosby home. It went something like this:

Gary had his first date and didn't know how to break it to Bing. "Thought I might go out for a bite," he ventured.

Bing slapped his hands together. "Say," he exclaimed. "You might have something there. We might very well do that."

Gary: "We?"

Bing: "Yes, we!"

Gary: (sort of stammering): "Well, Dad, would it be okay if you didn't go?"

Bing: "You mean you're going out to eat with one of your school pals?"

Gary: "Kinda."

Bing: "What do you mean—kinda?"

Gary: "Well, Dad, what I had in mind was something more like a girl than a pal."

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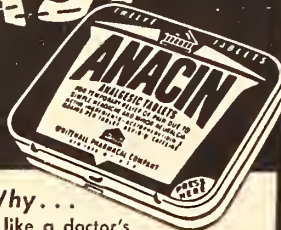
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Bing: "What are you talking about?"
Gary: "It's a pal. But you wouldn't exactly say she's a fella."
Bing (surprised): "You mean that you asked a girl for a date?"
Gary: "It was inevitable, Dad."
Bing: "This comes as rather a shock to me. You're an athlete, a football player. You shouldn't be thinking about girls."
Gary: "Well, girls are more fun than football. Besides, they're not so seasonal."
Bing: "I guess that's right. But I always thought you were so bashful. I always thought of you as being timid around girls."
Gary: "That's good."
Bing: "What do you mean?"
Gary: "A shy guy does a lot better than a wise guy."

THERE'S always a lot of good-natured bantering around the Crosby home among Bing and the four boys, and supposedly on another occasion when Gary was going out, he asked the Old Man for an advance on his allowance.

"I don't want to play the stern parent," Bing's supposed to have said, "but if you want extra money, you can do what I did when I was a kid."

"But Dad," Gary insisted, "I don't want to stand on street corners and sing."

All six Crosbys are known for their sense of humor. Probably the sharpest of the lot is Linny, the youngest, who is 12.

Several years ago when all four boys were enrolled at St. Johns Military Academy, they were like most young kids, a little boastful. "My father could buy this whole place out in three minutes," they'd tell their little friends.

Perturbed at their attitude, so the story goes, one of the instructors at the school phoned Paramount, got hold of Bing on the set, and told him that his boys were bragging a little too much.

Bing got down to the school in a hurry. He lined his offspring up and began to let them feel, one by one, his big fat palm on their backsides. When finally he got down to Linny, the youngest Crosby said, "Don't spank me, Pop. I didn't say a word. Honest, I didn't. I didn't say a single word about how rich you were. I even said that the government took most of your money, and what the government didn't get, Uncle Everett stole."

BECAUSE Gary—his full name is Gary Evan, the Gary for Gary Cooper and the Evan for Bing's maternal grandfather—has developed into a personable, talented young man, Bing has been on the receiving end of a lot of praise. He's been congratulated for not spoiling Gary, for bringing him up correctly, for having himself developed into a good father.

As Bing himself says, "Most of the credit goes to Dixie. She raised Gary, she raised the twins, she raised Linny—heck, she even raised me."

Dixie has modestly stayed in the background where Bing and the boys are concerned, but Bing will make no move involving any of his clan without first consulting his wife.

During World War II, the U. S. Army asked Bing if he and the four boys would appear on a command performance to be broadcast to the troops overseas.

"I'll appear on it," Bing said, "but I can't say for the boys. You'll have to ask their mother."

Dixie gave the okay, and for the first time, the boys appeared before a microphone.

Even as a youngster, Gary showed great stage presence. He was never nervous. He read his lines beautifully, and he seemed always to have an instinctive sense of timing. Best yet, he photographed

do you want a
star to visit your home?

see page 8!

and still photographs exceptionally well.

Five years ago, Gary made a picture for Paramount when he was 12. Bing and the other three boys were in it, too. It starred Ed Gardner in *Duffy's Tavern*, and it wasn't much of a film, but the boys liked it, and Gary remarked at the time. "This isn't a bad racket."

Over at Paramount, the studio bigwigs say that show business is in Gary's blood and it's just a question of ten years before he supplants his old man as filmdom's number one attraction.

"Matter of fact," one executive recently said, "I was speaking to Bob Hope only the other day. He heard Gary's latest recording and wants the youngster to appear in his next picture."

When Bing was told about this and asked if he would give his okay, he shook his head and broke into that wonderful grin of his.

"Gary with Hope?" he repeated, simulating the outraged parent. "Absolutely not. We've tried to keep that boy in a good environment."

THANKS to his parents, Gary Crosby is today a level-headed young man who knows the value of money, family, education, and religious training.

Bing and Dixie sent him to a Catholic military school as a youngster, and Belarmine is a parochial school where Gary's religious faith is an integral part of his schoolwork.

He mixes well with the other fellows in school, and like his mother, he's quiet, reserved, and well-behaved. He takes no liberties because his name is Crosby, and his recordings are selling like mad.

He thinks this is more of a fluke than anything else, and would rather make the varsity football team at college than the first-string star list at Paramount.

Every summer, along with his brothers and father, he heads for the Crosby cattle ranch at Elko where his 185 pounds hold him in good stead and Bing pays him a regular weekly salary.

Even though the royalties he's earned from his recordings probably make him the richest of the four Crosby kids, he doesn't think too much of that accomplishment.

What pleases him most is what Bing told newspapermen last summer. "Gary is just about the best haying hand I've got on the ranch," Bing said.

"Coming from Pop," Gary later admitted, "that was sure sweet music to my ears. Pop isn't a fast man with praise."

THE END

PHOTO CREDITS

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

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Abbreviations: B., Bottom; T., Top; L., Left; C., Center; R. Right.

he's nobody's pretty boy now

(Continued from page 32) given another featured role, and long before the release of that picture, Tony's fan mail was flooding the studio, outstripping by far the mail of the established stars on the lot.

In the vernacular of show business, Tony is the hottest thing in Hollywood, and he himself is even more puzzled than the studio. Recently, he went into the office of Al Horwitz, publicity chief, and flopped into a chair.

"I can't believe it," he said. "I just can't believe it. Yesterday I was collecting black eyes in the Bronx, and today I have a car and I'm living in a house. A real house!"

These material things, while astounding to Tony himself, are not the real miracle of the boy's career. His childhood gave him every opportunity to end up in the world of crime, and the fact that he got off the streets of New York is in itself the miracle.

TONY's parents were born in Hungary, met and married in New York City. In Budapest his father had been an actor, but difficulties with the English language prevented such a career in the United States, and Manuel Schwartz became a tailor. Tony was their first-born, and being people of great sensitivity and great faith, they blended their efforts and their prayers to keep the boy on a straight path. There was little else with which to accomplish their goal. Money was scarce, and the job of tailoring kept them within the confines of the city of New York. Manuel Schwartz set up many tailor shops, selling them when they became established, and moving on to another place. Tony's childhood was lived in thirty different apartments, most of them in neighborhoods that were taut with poverty. Bums slept in the halls, and the buildings reeked of stale food odors. For Tony, the air in the street was better than that of the tenement houses, and the alleys, fire escapes and vacant, sagging houses afforded opportunity for adventure.

When he was seven years old he was playing one day in a condemned house near the East River. His companions were two boys of his own age, and of Czechoslovakian parents. Their play was interrupted by the sudden appearance of a much bigger boy, a lad whose red hair and pug nose marked him as a son of Ireland. He approached them threateningly.

"What's yer name?" he asked one of the Czech kids.

The boy was no fool. "Murphy," he said. "Yours," said the big boy, pointing to the second kid.

"Sweeney."

The intruder drew the cuff of his sleeve over his mouth and looked at Tony. "How about you?"

Young as he was, Tony had his cue. "O'Flaherty," he said.

The bully grabbed him by the collar. "What's your real name, dog?"

Tony felt tears welling to the surface. "Schwartz," he said. "Bernie Schwartz."

The big boy directed a stinging slap across Tony's face. "That's one fer lyin'," he said, and let go with another blow. "That's two fer sayin' yer Irish." Then he doubled his fist and struck Tony full on the mouth. "That's fer bein' a Jew," he said.

EVERY time the Schwartz family moved to a new neighborhood, Tony found he had to fight his way into the reigning gang, and once accepted was free to breathe easily until the next move. He never told his parents the cause of the fights, knowing how it would hurt them.

Always he was careful to wash the tell-tale blood from his face before he went home. One night his mother sat by the window for hours, waiting for him to come home. By ten o'clock she was furious at his disregard of the curfew hour set by his parents, and by midnight she was distraught with worry. At one o'clock she saw him approaching on the streets below, and when his steps sounded on the stairs outside the apartment door, she jerked it open and started to berate him. Then she saw his face. One eye was swollen, his nose was bleeding, and there was a gash across his chin.

"You've been fighting," she said, and reached out to strike him.

"Ma! Ma!" There was anguish in his voice. "Don't hit me, ma! I'm tired of fightin'." He broke down then. "Three guys, ma. They called me a dirty Jew. Three of 'em, ma. I had to fight. Don't you see?"

Helen Schwartz sat down on the top step and cradled her son's head in her arms. The tears streamed down her cheeks as she rocked back and forth with the age-old sorrow of the mothers of a persecuted people.

The next morning Manuel Schwartz asked his son to step into the tailor shop before leaving for school. Tony found his father with a long stick in his hands. It was the "clopper," a board used in pressing suits. Without a word, Manuel took Tony's schoolbooks and slipped the clopper through the strap that bound them. He smoothed Tony's hair with his big hand. "Good luck, my son," he said.

THERE was another reason Tony had to fight his way into each new neighborhood. The kids used to taunt him by calling him "pretty boy," and it made Tony tingle with fury. His parents, weary as they were of the perpetual brawls, knew that the code of the streets required that Tony prove himself, and as time went on they seldom upbraided him for fighting. Helen Schwartz concentrated on cleanliness, respect for elders and good manners, and her efforts were rewarded, for Tony was always a neat and a polite boy, and while he and his cohorts fought with other boys, they observed an unwritten law of chivalry and never molested a girl.

The years went by slowly, as they are inclined to do in childhood, and Tony spent an increasing amount of his time on the streets. The boys played Johnny-on-the-pony and Ring-a-levio. They swiped potatoes, which they called mickeys in those days, and put them in empty bean cans punched with holes. The potatoes were then surrounded by hot coals and a long string attached to the can. If a boy was adept at the art, a few minutes of swinging the can violently above his head would result in the most delectable potato ever eaten by mortals. They followed the inevitable parades of New York City, throwing pebbles and poking sticks between the legs of the marchers. They went over to Third Avenue, where the street cars ran on a double track. Here they jumped on the back of a trolley, and when another passed from the opposite direction, they risked their necks by leaping from one to the other. They removed the hard rubber from roller skates, making the front wheels flexible, put a board atop the skate at right angles, squatted on it and sailed down hills thick with traffic.

WHEN Tony was about eleven years old he was admitted to the toughest gang in the neighborhood, making five in all. Frankie, the leader, was Italian, Johnny was a Negro, Mike an Irish Catholic and Emil was of German descent. The fighting began in earnest now, for whenever an



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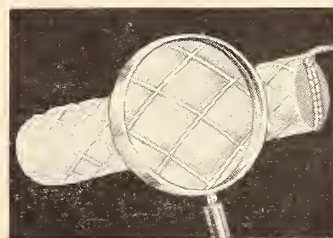


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outsider called one of them a "mick" or a "heinie," a "kike," a "nigger," or a "wop"—any of the expressions that continue to divide the world, all five boys dove in with heads down and fists flying. Theirs was one world, and they fought for it.

It made them tough. They had to be the leaders. They played hookey as often as possible in order to roam the streets, and they were fast becoming material for the underworld. Then one day they were rounded up by a weary truant officer, who gave them a piece of paper on which was written the name of Al Schwartz and the Jones Memorial Settlement House.

"You're to go see this guy Al—all five of you," he said. "And no funny business, or the cops'll hear about it."

The boys were filled with disgust at the prospect, but they knew they had to go. They approached the settlement house silently and glumly, their thumbs hooked in their belts. Al Schwartz met them at the door. He was a big man with a round face touched with the blue of a heavy beard. His nose was sharp and his teeth uneven, but there was something in his smile that made the boys immediately warm toward him, though at that moment they would have died rather than admit it.

"Hiya, fellas," said Al.

They looked at each other and sniffed. This guy knew from nothing. The form of address in their circles was "Hey, bum." They stood still, close together, and eyed Al suspiciously.

He motioned to the open door behind them. "Come on in."

They swaggered past him, taking care to look defiant.

"We're going to play a game," Al said.

"A game?" said Tony. "Holy chee."

Al smiled at him. "You see that desk over there? Now, that's a bank. This chalk line on the floor represents the street, and the police station is in that corner. I want you guys to figure out how you can rob the bank in less than five minutes without the cops seeing you."

The kids looked at him wide-eyed. What kind of a game was this? But they wasted no time. Frankie barked orders. Tony was to be the lookout, Emil and Mike would stay in the car, and he and Johnny would handle the bank itself.

Al Schwartz rose two degrees in their estimation that day. They went back again and again, and subtly and deftly, Al Schwartz began to wean them from the streets.

NATURALLY, the boys said nothing of this activity to the other kids in the neighborhood. They said nothing even to their parents, who as a group were happy these days because of the mysterious dearth of bloody noses and black eyes. The word got back to the school, however, probably through Al Schwartz, and one day the boys were requested by the principal to give one of their plays in the auditorium.

The five held a consultation as to the wisdom of the proposition. All but Tony admitted grudgingly that it might be fun to put on a play they'd done many times for Al.

"It's easy for you guys to say yes," Tony told them. "But what about me? I'm the broad in the show."

But they finally won him over, the school stage was attacked by King Arthur and his knights, and the applause was deafening. The next day the five heroes went about the school halls with slitted eyes and doubled fists, and none of the other kids dared to make a comment. A few days went by before an outsider ventured to remark that it had been a good play. The ice was broken and from then on Tony's gang, with the help of Al Schwartz, became the stock company of P.S. 82. The new respect offered them did some-

have you seen page 8?

thing for all five boys. They began to see that there was a more interesting way of life than the streets of New York. The neighborhood grocer, who used to stand guard over his fruit stand when he saw the kids coming, now smiled from under his big moustache and gave them each an apple. "You gooda boys," he used to say. And mothers, catching their offspring playing hookey, would yell from their fire escapes, "Shame on you! Why don't you be a good boy like Frankie and Bernie?" Little girls began to point at the boys and giggle among themselves, and Tony's school desk was flooded with anonymous love notes.

At twelve, Tony joined the Boy Scouts, and at thirteen he began spending his summers and holidays as an assistant junior counselor (dish washer) at the settlement camp. He progressed to assistant counselor (forest guide), and by time he was sixteen he was teaching dramatics to the kids at the camp.

The greatest regret of Tony's life is the fact that today he is unable to learn the whereabouts of Al Schwartz. Letters to New York settlement houses have brought no satisfactory response, and the kids in New York can give him no help, but Tony goes on looking, for he feels that he owes Al a great debt.

IT was fortunate, too, that Tony was started on the right path at that particular time, for when he was twelve his younger brother Julius met a sudden and violent death in New York traffic. To spare his parents, Tony himself went to the hospital to make the identification, and to this day he cannot speak of the tragedy without visible emotion. It shook Helen and Manuel Schwartz to the core, and from that time on their whole lives were centered around their first-born. Had Tony been inclined to go wrong, the added sorrow could conceivably have killed his parents.

As it was, their pride in him knew no bounds. His confirmation at the age of thirteen was a joyous affair. For ten dollars, Manuel bought Tony his first suit, a green check, double-breasted outfit that buttoned in the wrong places, which Tony remembers as perfectly awful—and which was never worn again. As he repeated his prayers on the rostrum, Tony could see from the corner of his eye the teacher who had drilled him in his lessons for this day. The man was shaking his head sadly, and as Tony muddled through a badly memorized prayer it occurred to him that the teacher was thinking, "This kid will never be nothin'."

His parents, oblivious to the mistakes, beamed with pride.

Manuel had hired a group of Hungarian musicians to play for the reception at the apartment afterwards, and the singing fiddles delighted the guests. Manuel was happiest of them all. He had arranged with the orchestra to play until midnight, and although the last guest had departed by ten o'clock and Helen Schwartz had gone to bed exhausted, Manuel signaled for the musicians to continue, and sat alone in his big chair until the witching hour.

IT was a big day for Tony, but more clearly than anything else, he remembers the advice his father gave him at the reception. All evening Manuel had been proudly watching his son, and after a time he called Tony to him.

"Bernie, my son," he said, "you have a good face now. When you are grown you

will be a fine-looking man. But I want to tell you something you will never forget. Please." Manuel held up his hand, with the thumb and forefinger flattened from years of toil with the needle. He pointed first to his heart, then to his head. "You will never, my son, let it go from here—to here."

The combination of his parents' pride in him and Al Schwartz's influence gradually molded Tony into a boy who gave his family much less cause for worry, and only once more did he get into a fight, a fight that wasn't finished until years later. A schoolmate whom we'll call John Smith had taunted Tony for weeks, calling him the vilest of names. When Tony could stand it no longer he started to pummel the other boy. Teachers broke up the fight and Tony was hauled off to the principal's office. When he had explained the cause of his actions the man looked kindly.

"I can't blame you, my boy, not in the least. I would have done the same had I been in your position. But this is a situation I can do nothing about, and I'd be glad if you could control yourself."

Shortly thereafter, Tony's family moved into another neighborhood, depriving him of an opportunity to finish the fight on the streets, but the memory rankled.

Just before Tony turned seventeen his mother gave birth to another baby. From the moment she knew she was pregnant, Helen Schwartz had prayed that this baby would be a boy, to replace her lost Julius. Her prayers were answered, and soon after little Bobby made his appearance, Tony enlisted in the Navy, knowing that should anything happen to him, his parents had another child to enrich their lives.

He served on a submarine in Pacific waters for three years and his letters to his family were frequent and regular, with no mention of the danger to which he was subject every second. One day when they had surfaced near Guam and were loading torpedoes the loading chain snapped, and with the force of a giant slingshot, hit Tony in the back. The blow sent him skidding along the deck and into the water, and although he recovered sufficiently to see many more months of active service, the injury gave him considerable trouble. After his discharge in 1945 he was hospitalized for treatment of his back, and then decided on his future.

The long days at the hospital were brightened for the boys by a woman who regularly visited the ward and brought with her a stack of small books containing the plays of Shakespeare. The

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QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our November issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louello Porsons' Good News
- ☐ Love in Bloom (Shirley Temple)
- ☐ Christopher Kone's Movie Reviews
- ☐ Crosby's The Nome (Gory Crosby)
- ☐ An Open Letter from Judy Gorlund
- ☐ "If I Should Lose You" (Jone Powell)
- ☐ Nobody's Pretty Boy Now (Anthony Curtis)
- ☐ Beware of The Experts (Ruth Romon)
- ☐ The Time of My Life (Betty Hutton)
- ☐ How I Found Faith (Bob Hope)
- ☐ Ann Blyth's Story
- ☐ I Go to College with Liz Scott
- ☐ Background for Beauty (Maureen O'Hara)
- ☐ Hollywood Youth on Trial
- ☐ How Old Is Young? (Joon Crawford)
- ☐ They Were Brides Too Soon (Williams, Leigh, Doy, etc.)
- ☐ My Momo Done Told Me (Anne Boxter)
- ☐ When A Girl Morries (Elizabeth Taylor)
- ☐ I Had My Nose Fixed (Helene London)
- ☐ Roman Holiday (Montgomery Clift)
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Tell It to Joon (Joon Evons)

Which of the stories did you like LEAST?

.....

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

.....

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

.....

What MALE star do you like least?

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books were passed out to the patients and they were assigned their parts. One day Tony would be King Lear, the next Ophelia, and the next, Romeo. He read his parts so well that the woman urged him to take up acting as a profession.

Tony's arm didn't need twisting; he was in complete accord. But for the first six months out of the hospital he did what any GI wanted to do: visited friends, spent long and happy evenings with his parents, roamed the neighborhoods of his childhood—and spent all his money.

One day in the early part of this six months he bought himself a new suit and thus attired, went to the house where John Smith had lived seven years ago.

When Smith appeared he took one look at Tony and stopped stock still.

"I remember you—" he said, but he got no further. Tony's fist shot out and sent him sprawling to the pavement. Without a word, Tony turned his back and walked away. It was a score settled at long last, and with the thrust of his arm all the hate went out of Tony. Today he says he shouldn't have done it, that vindictiveness is no good and that he should have considered the source and forgotten the whole matter. Who is to say? It is possible that with that one blow, Tony Curtis rid himself of all the bitterness that had collected and festered in his soul during the years of his boyhood.

HE FELT set now to face the world, and knowing what he wanted to do, was tremendously excited when he learned that acting was included in the opportunities to learn offered by the GI Bill. He joined the Dramatic Workshop of the New School for Social Research, and for more than a year worked hard at his task. Then, feeling the need of practical experience, he joined a group of stock players who barnstormed the country, playing anywhere to any kind of audience. Tony learned his acting lessons well under these conditions. One time they were playing in a small hotel, and the dining-room tables had been shoved together to make a stage. Tony was playing the title role of *The Jazz Singer*, and as such, was making a fervent plea to his mother.

"Ma," he said, "you don't understand. I've got to do this—"

At this point a table leg gave way and Tony went crashing to the floor. Undaunted, he picked himself up and said, "Ma, I keep telling you we ought to get that floor fixed."

He graduated from one group to another, and finally landed with the Cherry Lane Theater in Greenwich Village. On short notice he played the lead in *Golden Boy* one weekend, and on Monday he received a phone call from a talent scout connected with Universal-International.

On the following Thursday he landed in Hollywood and was met at the airport by a chauffeur and a sleek Cadillac.

"You Bernie Schwartz?" said the chauffeur.

Tony nodded, and was whisked in silence to one of Hollywood's swankier hotels.

In the two years Tony has been in Hollywood, he has tackled the job of his training with the same energy he put into his boyhood. Realizing that he has much to learn, he is studying, in addition to his regular courses at the studio, psychology and speech and the Italian language. In New York, he had gathered a smattering of a great many languages from the parents of his friends, but he has always thought Italian to be the most beautiful. From the study of academic subjects he is gathering credits for Los Angeles City College, and yet finds time to keep himself in trim by taking fencing, boxing and dancing lessons.

HELEN and Manuel Schwartz have come to Hollywood to live, at Tony's insistence. They rent a little house in the valley, where Manuel has found work as a tailor, and Bobby plays in the sunshine all day long. The house was scantily furnished when they moved in, and there was talk of the old reliable orange crates until such time as they could afford to furnish properly. But three days after they moved in Tony accompanied his mother to the market and disappeared for a while. When she found him again he steered her into a furniture store and pointed first to a couch, then to a bed, then a few chairs. "You like this?" he asked her. "And this? And this cupboard?" And when his mother nodded he whooped and took her in his arms.

"That's swell, Ma, because they'll be delivered today!"

Helen Schwartz looked at her son as though he had lost his mind. "What do you mean?"

"I bought them," he said. Her eyes widened. "All this?" The sweep of her arm took in the furniture he had pointed out. "You bought all this?"

Such an outlay of cash was incomprehensible to his mother. There have been many changes in her life and Manuel's, and the pleasure of having a house and garden is almost more than they can bear.

The name Bernie Schwartz has been changed, too. The studio chose James Curtis, but Tony remembers a particularly evil-looking monkey in the Bronx Zoo named James, and wasn't too happy about his new monicker. In the Navy he had spent his spare time reading "Anthony Adverse," and he liked the sound of it so much that he dropped a hint to the studio, and they settled on Anthony. Bobby, who retains his New York accent, gives it an inflection that delights Tony.

"Aaant-ny," says Bobby, and Tony roars with laughter.

THE only thing that hasn't changed is Tony himself, who remembers his father's advice the night of his confirmation.

All of Hollywood is captivated by the novelty of this boy whose accent advertises his Bronx beginnings and whose frankness and enthusiasm make him a standout in a stereotyped town.

He keeps in close touch with his New York friends, and occasionally there's a phone call between Manhattan and Hollywood.

"Watcha doin'?" the gang wants to know, and then the inevitable question, "Who ya datin'?" The last time he mentioned a fairly well-known actress, Tony could hear a sharp intake of breath at the other end of the line.

"Does she kiss good?" his pal asked.

Someday Tony wants to buy his family a house of their own, but in the interim the foursome leads a happy life in their small cottage. Tony's pictures all but cover the mantelpiece, and Helen Schwartz will often stop to look at them. "Isn't my Bernie pretty?" she says. And Tony howls his protest. "Mom! Please! Don't say that!"

Then he grins and hugs her, and sometimes in the evening he will go to the brand-new desk and take out his contract, to make sure he isn't dreaming. He isn't. At the age of 25, Bernie Schwartz has a seven-year contract, as good as gold.

THE END

do you want a
star to visit your home?
see page 8!

movie reviews (Cont'd from p. 23)

taming of the shrew is thrown in, but Yvonne ends up with The Desert Hawk, even though it grieves her princely soul to wed a blacksmith. (In between frantic kisses, she sneers, "blacksmith," which is the way I found out.) Technicolor.
Cast: Yvonne De Carlo, Richard Greene, Jackie Gleason.—Universal-International.



TEA FOR TWO

What this movie has to do with the play called *No, No, Nanette*, I can't be positive, but the main character (Doris Day) in *Tea For Two* is named Nanette, and she has to go around saying "no" for 24 hours, so there is a connection. Doris is an heiress, and when she finds she can't back a show starring herself, and the music of Gordon MacRae, because her guardian-uncle thinks she wastes too much money, she makes Unk a bet. She'll say "no" for 24 hours, and he'll let her have \$25,000 for the theatrical enterprise. Little does she dream he's already lost most of her cash in the stock market. Goofy story, but a lot of talented young players—dancer Gene Nelson is really good, and you can also get a look at Patrice Wymore (the lady Errol Flynn plans to marry), and Eve Arden is still drawling cynical sayings in her usual way, in case you go for that. MacRae's music is worth building a show around, all right, but why not? It was originally written by Vincent Youmans, George Gershwin, and a couple of other people. Technicolor.
Cast: Doris Day, Gordon MacRae, Gene Nelson.—Warners.



STELLA

Here's a delightful, delicious, original kind of comedy that never stops being fun for a single minute. First you meet the Bevins family. Ann Sheridan is Stella Bevins, and what she doesn't know is that her two loutish brothers-in-law (David Wayne and Frank

Fontaine), who live off her when they aren't collecting unemployment checks, have just buried her equally loutish Uncle Joe. Uncle Joe's a souse; he'd attacked David, lost his balance, fallen and killed himself, but the boys figure who'll believe that story, so they plant the body, with the encouragement and consent of their wives. When the chief of police calls the boys down to identify the body of a guy who's been run over by a railroad train (the whole town has heard of Uncle Joe's disappearance), the boys know the train's victim can't be Uncle Joe, but they identify the corpse anyhow, because they've just found out Uncle Joe was insured for \$20,000. A smart insurance investigator (Victor Mature) foils 'em, but they keep right on identifying every stiff that comes into the coroner's office as Uncle Joe, in the hopes of laying their hands on that insurance money. When they finally try to dig up Uncle Joe, and get the money more or less honestly, they discover they've laid him to rest in an old Indian burial ground, and they'll probably be digging for the next hundred years, before they come to the right remains. It sounds like an unsavory topic, but it's handled so well, and the picture's so hilarious, I don't see how anybody could be offended. The performances are swell (Mature gets Sheridan) and you'll laugh yourself silly.
Cast: Ann Sheridan, Victor Mature, David Wayne, Randy Stuart.—20th Century-Fox.



THE BLACK ROSE

If you were a Saxon in 13th-century England, you'd still be smarting about the Norman conquest, and the Norman king. Saxon Tyrone Power, for instance, got no money, got no future, got an old granddaddy and an ancient castle is all, but he's so proud he can't even mention the word Norman without losing his lunch. He leaves the country to seek his fortune in the "almost legendary Far East," and he meets up with Mongolian war-maker Orson Welles, dressed in an \$8,000 mink-lined leather coat, and he falls in love with a small half-breed (Cecile Aubry) who's being sent as a gift to Kubla Khan, and he has adventures that make Marco Polo look like Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire. The locations for this movie are really exciting—desert scenes were shot in French Morocco, historic English castles were used as sets, etc. There are several good English actors on hand, Cecile Aubry, the tiny French star, makes her American debut, and a supposedly Chinese gent known as "The Bird Who Feathers His Nest" comes up with the best Mexican accent since Pancho Villa. I don't know if this was supposed to be comic relief, but it's certainly funny.
Cast: Tyrone Power, Orson Welles, Cecile Aubry, Jack Hawkins.—20th Century-Fox.

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