

# modern screen

Sept. 15¢

AUG 10 1951

**Why  
Tony and Janet  
had  
to elope**

page 38

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**liz taylor**



***You'll have a clearer, softer skin  
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*This radiant Camay Bride is  
MRS. DAVID CONANT FORD—the former  
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# modern screen

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READER'S DIGEST\* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

## COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

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- ✓ And Help Stop Tooth Decay!

**COLGATE**  
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

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

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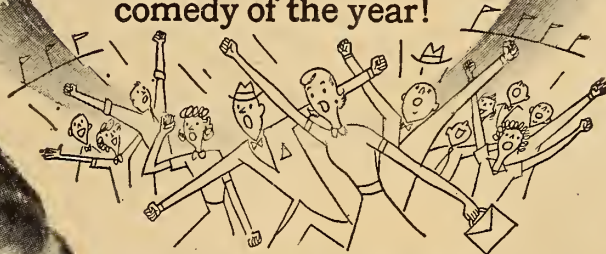
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MILLIONS WHO LOVED  
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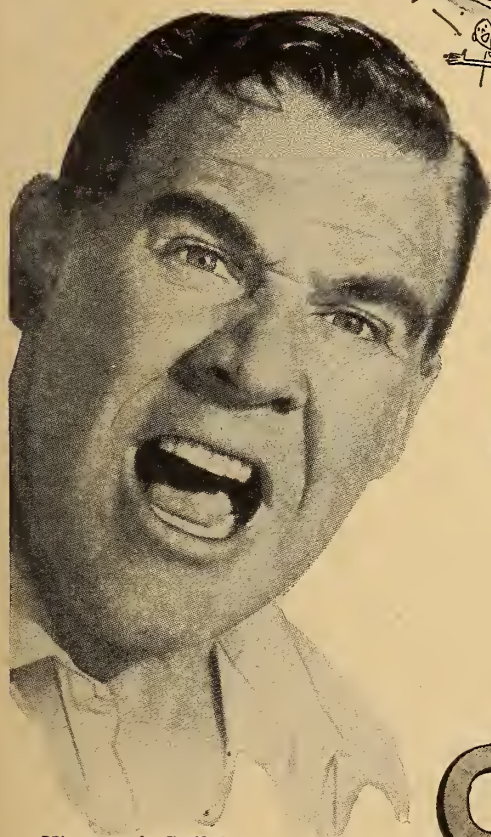
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Based on a story by **Richard Conlin**

Produced and Directed by **CLARENCE BROWN** AN M-G-M PICTURE



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## THE INSIDE STORY

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

Q. How much alimony and what kind of  
a financial settlement is Sylvia Gable  
seeking from Clark?

—T. W., PENSACOLA, FLA.

A. Mrs. Gable is not asking for alimony  
or a settlement, only a divorce. She  
would prefer a reconciliation, but Gable  
wants a divorce and insists that he's fin-  
ished with marriage.

Q. Is it true that Aly Khan settled  
\$3,000,000 on each of his sons? Is that  
why Rita asked for \$3,000,000 for  
Yasmine? —T. C., DALLAS, TEXAS

A. Rita was told that Aly had settled  
that sum on each of his sons, but  
according to people who know Aly  
intimately, that figure is a great exag-  
geration. Rita will be lucky to get even  
a small part of that sum; she herself  
wants no alimony.

Q. Who are the richest actors in Holly-  
wood? —R. O., TORONTO, CANADA

A. Charles Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Bing  
Crosby, Bob Hope, Gary Cooper and  
Cary Grant.

Q. I read that Elizabeth Taylor admitted  
she had a child's mind and a woman's  
body. Is this true?

—G. T., DULUTH, MINN.

A. Miss Taylor said that she had a  
child's emotions, by which she meant  
that she was emotionally immature. As  
a matter of fact, she's an intelligent girl.

Q. Why don't June Haver and Betty  
Grable appear together in any more  
pictures? —B. D., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. There's a small feud between them.

Q. Is it true that Gary Cooper con-  
tributes large sums to the Catholic  
church and is devoutly religious?

—V. C., DENVER, COL.

A. Cooper is a Protestant who contrib-  
utes 5% of his earnings to charities of  
every kind. One of his favorites is the  
Brandeis Camp Institute for under-  
privileged Jewish boys; no one religion  
receives any greater contribution than  
another.

Q. Was Janet Leigh's marriage to Tony  
Curtis her first or second marriage?

—N. P., PHILA., PA.

A. Her third.

Q. Can Lana Turner ever again give  
birth to a baby?

—S. O., MEMPHIS, TENN.

A. Medical authorities have advised  
Lana that because of a blood deficiency,  
she "probably" cannot give birth to  
another child.

Q. In the Liz Taylor divorce testimony,  
your magazine gave Liz Taylor's mar-  
riage date as March 1, 1950. Wasn't she  
married on May 6th, 1950?

—A. V., HARTFORD, CONN.

A. May 6th, 1950 is correct.

Q. Isn't it true that Judy Garland and  
Sid Luft were secretly married in Europe  
a few months ago?

—B. C., DURHAM, N. C.

A. No. Judy's divorce from Vincente  
Minnelli won't be final for some months.  
Any such marriage would be considered  
illegal in California which is the official  
residence of both Judy and Sid.

Q. How old is Ronald Colman, and why  
hasn't he made any motion pictures  
lately?

—S. C., MIAMI, FLA.

A. Colman is hitting 60. He hasn't  
found any movie roles he'd like to do.  
His radio show, "The Halls of Ivy," is  
one of the best.

Q. Which of the movie stars have  
twin children?

—D. E., ELLENVILLE, N. Y.

A. David Wayne, Susan Hayward,  
Jimmy Stewart, Bing Crosby, Joan  
Crawford.

Q. Is it true that all three of Doris  
Day's husbands have been musicians or  
connected in some way with the music  
business?

—V. Y., COLUMBUS, OHIO

A. The first two were musicians. Her  
present, Marty Melcher, is an agent-  
manager.

Q. When Vic Damone was drafted into  
the Army, under what name did he  
register?

—T. O., DOVER, DEL.

A. Under the name of Vito Rocco  
Farinola—his real name.



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EVER TO BRIGHTEN  
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**FRANK**  
**CAPRA'S**

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THE LAND AS THE GREATEST  
SINCE JENNY LIND.

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Story by **ROBERT RISKIN** and **LIAM O'BRIEN** · A PARAMOUNT PICTURE





Hedy Lamarr's three  
children go along  
on her honeymoon . . .  
Sonja Henie's dinner-dance  
sparkles with jewels . . .  
disregard Aly-Joan Fontaine  
rumors . . . your reporter  
turns actress!



# LOUELLA PARSONS'

*Good news*



Ann flew to Dublin from London. Her Aunt Cissie and Uncle Pat Tobin (who live with her in California) arrived soon after by boat to help her explore Eire.



Ann stops to chat with a passing Franciscan monk. She prayed at the church in which her mother was christened; visited all the places she'd heard about.

**W**HO, but Hedy Lamarr would take three small children along on a honeymoon? I mean outside of a movie plot?

In typical fashion, Hedy packed her three youngsters and their two pups in the back seat, and with bridegroom Ted Stauffer at the wheel, took off for her Carmel honeymoon.

"I promised the children a trip up the Coast before Ted and I made up our minds to get married," said Hedy as though that explained everything.

Of all the surprise happenings of the season, Hedy's sudden marriage to Stauffer ranks No. 1. So sudden was their decision to take the big leap that they awakened the marriage license clerk in Santa Monica and asked her to open the office at 11:00 o'clock at night!

Stauffer is not entirely new to movie fans. At one time, just prior to her meeting Aly Khan, he was Rita Hayworth's most persistent beau. He was once married to Faith Domergue. He was also a very successful orchestra leader before taking over the management of one of the most successful resorts in Mexico.

Ted has made a lot of money in Acapulco with Don Carlos Bernard. They bought an old hotel and made it over into one of the most fashionable resorts south of the border.

6 It was while Hedy was vacationing there

seven years ago that she met her bridegroom.

I had the tip that their romance was more serious than anyone realized and announced on my radio show that they had plans to wed. But no one thought it would happen so soon.

I must say that Hedy is starting out her marriage to Ted with a clean slate.

She turned over everything she owns—furniture, silver, clothing, books, records and paintings—to an auctioneer telling him to get rid of all of it.

**S**ONJA Henie and Winthrop Gardiner's dinner-dance—the first of filmland's summer social events—was a dazzler in all departments, including the wonderful jewels worn by the women, and the brilliant moon hung out by Mother Nature as though just to illuminate the gorgeous gardens, and the gay balloons.

When little "Skatie," as the people who love Sonja call her, gives a party—it is a party, my friends.

She has the gift for creating such a wonderful setting that all the women guests seem to be more beautiful, and the men more handsome than ever. I've never seen our beauties look more radiant than at Sonja and Winnie's party.

The hostess wore white lace and exquisite

emeralds. She was the picture of elegance.

Barbara Stanwyck and Nancy Sinatra arrived together without escorts and, laughing, said they were each other's "dates." But they hadn't been there two minutes before they were surrounded by all the eligible bachelors.

Dan Dailey, particularly, seemed to be moon-struck by Barbara who looked wonderful in a bouffant gown with her famed gardenia-diamond necklace adding to her sparkle. Barbara and Dan twirled around the floor dance after dance.

It was the first chance Tyrone Power and Linda Christian had to greet many of their old pals, and it was like a welcome-home convention to them. Linda, who is expecting a baby, confided to me that she was disobeying doctor's orders by coming—"But I so much wanted to see all our friends again," she confessed.

Ann Sheridan's red hair blazed brightly over a silver-cloth sheath, the shortest evening gown of all.

Evelyn Keyes, who was with Greg Bautzer, looked very smart with her new short haircut and an eyelet evening gown.

Janie Powell, with her Geary Steffen, looked cute as a button in a gold maternity coat. Jane made two trips back to the laden buffet



...ST TIME, AND FINDS IT'S NO BLARNEY WHEN THEY SAY THAT THE LAND OF HER FOREBEARS IS A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN.



This Duleek cottage, where her mother was born, has been in Ann's family for 700 years. Uncle Dill plays boggies for Ann, his wife and Ann's cousin, Betty.



Ann and her Uncle Peter O'Connor inspect the barrels of Dublin's Montjoy Brewery, where her uncle has worked for 42 years. Ann met over 100 relatives.



Ann's exciting two-week visit was climaxed by her personal appearance at Dublin's Royole Theater. All her mother's relatives, who'd seen Ann only on the screen, came. She was thrilled when one said, "Your mother had the face of an angel—like yours."

tables. "I know I shouldn't do it," she whispered, "but I'm hungry all the time."

Loretta Young's gown was an Adrian—bouffant and decorated on skirt and bodice with pastel organdy flowers. Her best fella, Tom Lewis, was in New York.

Mrs. Louis B. Mayer was a vision in an Orry Kelly creation, wearing her fabulous diamond necklace.

Marion Davies' blonde beauty was set off by a black gown with a white lace top that would cause any style-conscious woman's heart to miss a beat. She wore gorgeous rubies worth a king's ransom.

William Powell and "Mousey," his cute wife, drove up from Palm Springs, and I thought I had never seen Bill look so well. He has put on a few pounds which are very becoming, and he is very suntanned from all the outdoor desert living.

I saw Mildred and Harold Lloyd among those dancing every dance to the strains of the lovely, haunting Hawaiian music that went on and on into the wee hours of the morning. No one wants to leave little "Skatie's" parties early.

Nicky Hilton was dining with his favorite date, Mona Knox, at the Tallyho when a reporter tracked him down to ask what he

thought about Montgomery Clift meeting Liz Taylor at the plane in New York on her way to Europe.

"I don't think anything about it," said Nick. "Should I?"

I'm inclined to share Nick's nonchalance about this much publicized meeting between Elizabeth and her co-star in *A Place in the Sun*.

My spy in New York (who knows Monty) says Clift was at the airport seeing off another friend when he accidentally ran into Liz's brother and her mother and father out to meet her plane from the Coast.

So Monty just stayed on to say, "Hello," as any old friend might do.

It strikes me funny that their meeting attracted so much attention. All the time they were making the picture together at Paramount, Monty went out of his way not to become involved in a "publicity romance" with lovely Elizabeth.

He flatly refused to escort her to a premiere because, he said, "it would stir up a lot of fuss about nothing,"—and Elizabeth agreed.

Rita Hayworth is going to have plenty of trouble getting \$3,000,000 or any amount of money out of Prince Aly Khan for a couple of

good reasons. One, the Prince is quite short on cash. Two, his wealthy father, the Aga Khan, isn't going to kick in with a cent.

The "inside" on why pappas, who like Rita, won't help, is because Rita and the Begum, the Aga's current wife, never hit it off and she will see to it that the Aga keeps his purse closed. I might add that Aly and the Begum aren't any too friendly, either.

I don't put a dime's worth of stock in the gossip that lovely, blonde Joan Fontaine is Aly's new heart interest or vice versa. The Prince is très charming and he has always paid attention to glamorous women.

But I can't see Joan marrying Aly—or he her.

Clark Gable, who plunked out \$350,000 to get his freedom from Rea Gable, can relax. Sylvia wants not a cent from him—nor any part of his property. She sent word to me from Honolulu where she had fled after the bitterness of their parting. "Why should I ask for part of his 20-acre ranch in Encino when I own 4,000 acres in Del Mar?" Sylvia asked.

Although Clark remains as mum as an oyster, he told a mutual friend that he has never spent as much money in his life as he did during the year-and-a-half he was



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*Early Fall*  
**THE PLACE:**  
*Anywhere in America*



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## LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

married to the former Lady Ashley. He says he built a studio and made all sorts of improvements on the ranch at her insistence, plus redecorating the whole house. As for clothes—well, Sylvia is a gal wot likes to dress.

Maybe Clark has been a bachelor too long to get used to paying a lady's bills—especially when the lady has a million dollars of her own.

**N**O visitor to Hollywood in years created so much social furor as Perle Mesta, Minister to Luxemburg, famed as the Washington "hostess with the mostest."

Theda Bara, vamp of the silent screen, was the first to honor Madame Minister with a cocktail and dinner party.

At socialite Dolly Walker's party the next night in Perle's honor, Mal and Ray Milland disclosed that they have bought part of Dolly's Beverly Hills estate, and are going to build their new home there.

I sat next to Gene Markey and whispered in his ear that the paper had just telephoned me that his ex-wife, Myrna Loy, had remarried in Virginia.

"Why doesn't she tell me these things," said Gene, who is always witty and composed.

**O**NE day last month I grabbed my portable typewriter in one hand and my secretary by the other and took off over the hills to Warner Brothers studio to emote in *Starlift*. Yes, I am turning actress in this musical based on Travis Air Field where our fighting boys take off and return from Korea.

Many Hollywood stars entertain there and several months ago I took up a troupe including Shirley Temple, Pat O'Brien and Margaret Whiting to the base near San Francisco. When they got around to making the picture, Jack Warner asked me if I would play myself.

By golly, I may not win an Oscar playing Louella Parsons, but I ought to be natural!

Frankly, however, it isn't easy for a non-professional to stand in the spotlight and "emote" even when just called upon to play one's self.

It was so pleasant to find such welcoming friends on the set as Doris Day, Ruth Roman, and Janice Rule. The girls presented me with a gold-topped rabbit's foot for good luck, and the attached card read, "So very nice to have you with us."

I'll be happy if they feel that way when I have completed my scenes. I've studied my "lines" and tried to be up on the script so the visiting lady columnist won't hold up



With Patti and Jerry Lewis as attendants, Janet Leigh became Mrs. Tany Curtis on June 4th. Judge Knox of Greenwich, Conn., officiated.

the scenes.

When you realize from first hand experience what hard work movie acting is—well, I wonder if Critic Louella Parsons will ever again have the heart to "pan" any acting performance?

Celeste Holm tells me that the big thrill of her singing engagement at La Vie En Rose in New York is when she peered past the spotlight into the audience and saw General Douglas MacArthur sitting ringside.

She was even more delighted when, after her stint, she was invited to the table to meet the General and his charming wife.

"I told the General that Jack Benny had invited me to go with his show to Korea," said Celeste. "His eyes twinkled for a minute, and then he said:

"I don't think you will like it there, Miss Holm."

**J**ANE Russell has a wonderfully placid disposition and so has her husband, Bob Waterfield.

But Jane came close to blowing her top because Bob admitted they have plans to adopt a baby. She had so hoped to keep it a big secret until the baby had been in their home three or four months.

So it is true that the Waterfields will soon have a little stranger in their home, but everybody is helping Bob keep mum by not telling when he or she arrives.

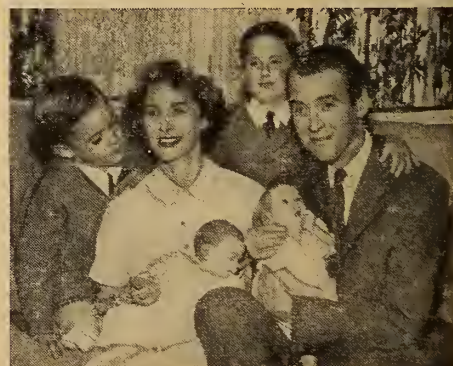
The Letter Box: Shirley Newman, age 12, of Norwood, Ohio, wants Shirley Temple to keep on writing to her even if her "dearest, darling favorite" has retired. Are you listening, Mrs. Charles Black, now busy being a Navy wife in Washington, D. C.? (Many, many letters asking about Shirley in this month's mail. Her fans certainly have not forgotten. Nor have any of us here in Hollywood.)

Answering D. V. of Saint Louis, Missouri: Yes, Tyrone Power and Linda Christian are expecting a baby. He is very glad to be back in Hollywood again but he would be "gladder" if he weren't on suspension at 20th—he told me so.

Lots of letters wishing the best of luck and health to Dan Dailey. He is much admired for his frank and sensible outlook on his recent illness.

A clever Japanese boy in Tokyo who can write English tells me: "We see American, English, French, Italian, and Russian movies—and we like best the American. A recent poll here in famous Japanese movie magazine voted *Little Women* most popular American movie here, with *Letter To Three Wives* and *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* second and third." Very interesting, my Tokyo friend—write again.

That's all for this month. See you again!



Jimmy Stewart, named Screen Father of the Year, poses with his family: Ronold, Glorio, Michael, and the new twins, Judy and Kelly.



WITH A PROUD  
PARADE OF ESPECIALLY INVITING  
ENTERTAINMENT TO BE SEEN NOW  
AND IN THE NEAR FUTURE,

**Warner Bros. Pictures**

ARE BRINGING AN EVER  
GREATER MEASURE OF  
PLEASURE TO THE  
MATCHLESS MAGIC  
OF THE MOTION  
PICTURE  
THEATRE.

THE SUN  
NEVER SETS  
ON HIS  
WORLD OF  
ADVENTURE!



GREGORY VIRGINIA  
**PECK MAYO**  
IN  
**"Captain Horatio  
Hornblower"**

color by **TECHNICOLOR**

DIRECTED BY **RAOUL WALSH**  
Screen Play by Ivan Goff & Ben Roberts and Aeneas MacKenzie  
From the Novel by C.S. Forester



Look  
Forward!

DORIS DAY · GORDON MACRAE in "ON MOONLIGHT BAY" color by TECHNICOLOR ☆ JIM THORPE · ALL AMERICAN ☆ STARRING BURT LANCASTER · CHARLES BICKFORD · STEVE COCHRAN · PHYLLIS THAXTER  
'FORCE OF ARMS' STARRING WILLIAM HOLDEN · NANCY OLSON · FRANK LOVEJOY ☆ 'STARLIFT' WITH A SCREENFUL OF STARS ☆ JAMES CAGNEY · 'COME FILL THE CUP'



"A  
**Streetcar  
Named  
Desire**"

AN ELIA KAZAN PRODUCTION PRODUCED BY CHARLES K. FELDMAN

STARRING  
**VIVIEN MARLON  
Leigh · Brando**

WITH KIM HUNTER · KARL MALDEN  
DIRECTED BY ELIA KAZAN DISTRIBUTED BY WARNER BROS. PICTURES  
Screen Play by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS  
Based upon the Original Play "A Streetcar Named Desire," by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS  
As Presented on the Stage by Irene Mayer Selznick



ALL THE FIRE OF  
THE PULITZER PRIZE  
AND CRITICS AWARD  
PLAY BROUGHT TO  
THE SCREEN!







Aboard the "Mike" Howard Duff gets some boating know-how from fleet-owner Ernie Gann. Howard signed on as an ordinary seaman.

His pay: two bucks a week. His companions: dead fish. His reward: a suntan, and a new slant on women.<sup>1</sup>

# duff's gone fishin'

BY JIM BURTON

■ A few weeks ago, right after he'd finished *The Lady From Texas* with Mona Freeman, Howard Duff decided to get away from it all.

This meant no more dates with glamor girls—like Ava, when she was angry with Frankie, and no more beach parties with Ida Lupino, and no more premieres with Marta Toren. No more Hollywood for a while, because Duff had things to think over. Marriage, for instance.

Howard Duff isn't the happiest man in the world. He's an introvert, who's always studying his own soul, and right now the sight depresses him. He thinks, though, that he'd be very happy if he were married and had a family. "After all," he says, "that's what counts most in life." But he can't find a wife.

During the war he thought he'd found one, but when he was shipped overseas she went off and got married. Today she has two children. Is Howard carrying a torch for her? "Don't be ridiculous," he says. "That's all done and forgotten."

In June of this year, Duff started looking for a place to mull over his problems. What place is more conducive to long thoughts than the ocean? No place, thought Howard, so he signed on as a hired hand aboard a fishing vessel for two dollars a week. The name of the vessel was "Mike." It was 50 feet long and headed for Mexican waters to find albacore. (Continued on page 12)



# "My hair must shine at every show... so I shampoo with Dreene!"

SAYS JEANNE BAL,  
RISING STAR OF BROADWAY

"MY HAIR SHINES ITS BRIGHTEST when  
I shampoo with Dreene!" says sparkling  
Jeanne Bal, of the hit musical Call Me Madam.

Jeanne keeps shining through eight  
performances a week by shampooing  
at least twice a week! She uses Dreene  
for the shine it reveals, and also, she says . . .

"NO MATTER HOW OFTEN I SHAMPOO,  
gentle Dreene never dries out my hair!"

And Jeanne likes the natural silky softness  
of her hair when she uses today's  
wonderful Dreene with Conditioning Action.

"Try Dreene yourself," she suggests,

"and you'll shine too, tonight!"



"I LOVE the gorgeous highlights  
Dreene reveals in my hair," Jeanne  
says. And you will, too. For Dreene's  
exclusive formula cleanses in a  
special way. It never dries out  
your hair—always leaves it nat-  
urally soft and shining!



"MY HAIR is so soft, so easy to  
manage, I thank my lucky stars  
every night for Dreene," says  
Jeanne. Your first Dreene shampoo  
will show you how soft and shining  
Dreene Conditioning Action leaves  
your hair. Try Dreene today!



You'll shine too...  
with **Dreene-shine**  
in your hair!







*I dreamed I was  
an artist in my  
maidenform® bra*

I'm dabbling in dreams... with the whole world at my doorstep! The critics come to look at my work, and then stay to look at me! They say I've a genius for line, an absolute mastery of form. Could it be they mean my Maidenform figure?

Shown: Maidenform's Over-ture\* in white satin; also available in nylon taffeta and broadcloth... from 1.75

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

\*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Costume: Cacciola-Broillet

## duff's gone fishin'

(Continued from page 10)

(Albacore is a long-finned tunny, closely related to the tuna. Like tuna, it's highly valued for canning and brings a good price over the grocery counter.)

When Duff signed up as an ordinary seaman, he also signed to receive a percentage of the catch. "Mike" departed from Point Loma, outside of San Diego, and stayed on the high seas for 18 days.

Once aboard, Duff was treated like any member of the crew. He asked no favors, and he got none. He pulled watch, swabbed down the decks, hauled in the catch, worked 'round the clock.

"When he first came aboard," one of the regular crew says, "we thought we were going to have a Hollywood dude. We didn't know who he was, but when those photographers came around and started taking pictures, we figured he must be somebody.

"Anyway, he didn't pull any airs with us. He told us right off that he was a land-lubber and didn't know the bow from the stern, but he sure learned. I used to think those Hollywood actors were a bunch of fancy pants. But that sure ain't true of Duff. That kid can sail with us any time he wants.

"Matter of fact when Ernie (Ernie owns the boat) told us that Duff was an actor, a lot of the boys wouldn't believe it. He sure doesn't look like an actor. He looks like a regular fisherman, I mean, a human being."

**H**ow Duff came to sign on the "Mike" is a pretty interesting story in itself.

Having finished his picture at Universal, he was lying on his shoulder blades at home one Saturday evening when the phone rang. It was director George Sherman.

"Some of the boys are coming over for a while," George said. "Why don't you drop in?"

"Thanks, I will," Howard said, and, since he didn't have a date, he drove right over.

At Sherman's, Howard ran into Ernie Gann, a writer and flier who also owns a fleet of fishing boats out at Monterey.

"A funny thing," Howard said. "I was going up to San Francisco in a few days, and I was going to call you there."

"What for?" Ernie Gann asked.

"I want you to give me a job on one of your boats," Duff said.

"You kidding?"

"No, I'm dead serious," Howard asserted. "I'm a little fed up, hanging around town. I'd like to get away. You know, get a chance to think things out. How about it, Ernie?"

"How soon could you leave?"

Duff thought for a moment. "Practically any time."

"That's fine," Gann said, "because I have a boat pulling out of San Diego tomorrow morning at nine."

"Whom do I see to sign on?" Duff asked.

"You see me," Ernie said. "I'm the skipper."

"Okay," said Howard. "I want on."

"I want to warn you, this is no pleasure cruise."

"I know," Duff said. "I can work as well as the next guy."

"Okay," said Gann. "We're going out looking for albacore. You'll get a cut on whatever the catch is worth."

Duff and Gann shook hands. The next morning, they both flew down to San Diego and boarded the "Mike." A short circuit in one of the motors delayed the boat's scheduled departure but after a



clearance from the insurance company, the "Mike" took off.

But on the ocean, pulling watch at night, Howard Duff had time to think, to evaluate his life, to find out whether it had any meaning for him or whether he was aimlessly drifting.

"I decided," he says, "that if I don't get married within the next two or three years, the chances are I will probably never get married."

"Once a fellow hits 35 (Duff's 33 now), he becomes pretty set in his ways. Then, too, how good are the chances of marrying a girl who's 28 or 29? By that age most of the girls have been grabbed up, so that usually, a man in my spot marries a girl who is 20 or 22. That's too great a difference in age I think.

Out there in the Pacific, I had a pretty good chance to work things out. I love Hollywood, and I think it's been great to me, but in order to get any perspective, a fellow's got to get far away from it once in a while.

"When you're at sea, things become pretty elemental. Problems that were complicated on land seem to reduce themselves to essentials.

"Take me, for example. I'm ready for marriage. People make me out to be a recluse, but I'm nothing of the sort. And I'm not that moody, brooding guy you read about.

"I'm very much in the market for a wife, only Hollywood is a very tough spot to find one. Naturally, I meet a lot of actresses, but unless they give up their careers, actresses usually don't make good wives. Two acting careers in one family rarely mix. So where am I? I can't go beating around the U.S., announcing that I'm looking for a wife, and there's no sense in proposing to the first girl who comes along.

"Some of my friends have suggested that perhaps I'm afraid of marriage. Well, that's true of some bachelors, but I honestly don't think it's true of me.

"As soon as I find the right girl, I'm proposing. And say—if you know someone, let me have her number. One thing I can assure you. Howard Duff isn't hard to get."

THE END

## IT HAPPENED TO ME

Sometime ago I went to LaGuardia Airport with my sister and a friend to meet another friend who was coming in at 11:30 P.M. on International Airlines. We weren't sure whether the plane was to land at Gate 2 or 4, so we went to Gate 2 to ask. A man and woman were standing at the gate and the woman caught our eyes because she was wearing a beautiful fur coat and carrying a lovely bouquet of red roses.

She must have felt us staring at her, for in a moment when she turned to go through the gate to the field, she paused, came back toward us and said, "Would you like to have these?" Then she handed me the flowers.

I gulped my thanks and watched Laraine Day rejoin Leo Durocher and board her plane.

Miss Annette De Gaetano  
Brooklyn, New York



# Timely Tips by Little Lulu

HOW DO YOU SCORE ON THESE HELPFUL WAYS TO SAVE?



What's best to limber meat grinders?

☐ Chicken bones ☐ Salad oil ☐ Bacon fat

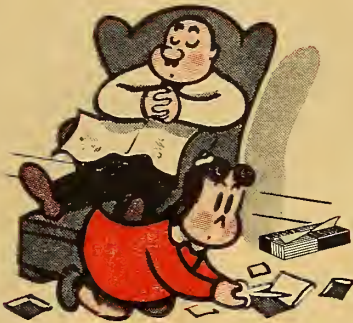
Balky meat grinders get back to work—when you dose 'em with salad oil. Keeps the food taste-worthy. Speaking of grinders, there's no ground wood in Kleenex! It's a pure tissue; perfectly uniform. Free from weak spots, hard particles!



How to foil a dripping faucet?

☐ Try a cork ☐ Attach a string

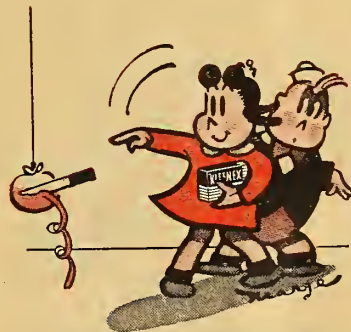
Can't sleep for that "bloop-bleep"? Tie a string on the faucet . . . water slides down, silently. And see how Kleenex tissues save your nerves—for Kleenex serves one at a time (not a handful). No fumbling! No waste. Saves money.



Chair marks on carpets call for—

☐ Cleaning fluid ☐ Steaming

Cover furniture-flattened spots with damp cloth, then steam with hot iron. Lifts nap, saves carpet. Let Kleenex tissues give you a lift in your household tasks. Extra soft! So absorbent; sturdy! And no other tissue has that handy Kleenex box!



To peel peaches quickly, try—

☐ A teakettle ☐ Steel wool ☐ A scout knife

Peaches will shed their skins pronto; just pour boiling water over them. Likewise, save beauty-care time, trouble—use gentle Kleenex to peel off clinging makeup. Because this tissue has the perfect balance of softness and strength.

## Kleenex\* ends waste - saves money...

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

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2. YOU GET JUST ONE...



3. AND SAVE WITH  
KLEENEX



This Kleenex "window" shows you when it's time to order it again

Get several boxes when you buy—  
You'll always have a good supply





**A**s the giant  
Goliath fell before  
the boy David,  
so did David  
the King fall before  
Bathsheba, the adulteress!

SOON  
20th Century-Fox  
brings you

# DAVID AND BATHSHEBA

captured in color by  
**TECHNICOLOR**

STARRING

**GREGORY  
PECK  
SUSAN  
HAYWARD**



with **RAYMOND MASSEY** • **KIERON MOORE**  
and a cast of many thousands!

Produced by **DARRYL F. ZANUCK** • Directed by **HENRY KING**  
Written for the Screen by **PHILIP DUNNE**

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**DAVID AND BATHSHEBA** WRITE  
TO "DAVID AND BATHSHEBA", P.O. Box  
292, DEPT. FM, CHURCH ST. STA., N.Y.C.

## picture of the month



Kim Hunter and Marlon Brando recreate their Broadway hit roles in Tennessee Williams' drama.



by Christopher Kane

## MOVIE REVIEWS

### A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE

■ William Saroyan, one of our better playwrights, was represented on the screen by a movie called *The Human Comedy* some years ago. Now Tennessee Williams, another top-flight dramatist, has had his *Streetcar Named Desire* film-treated, and I keep thinking of it as "the human tragedy." Saroyan and Williams are both concerned with life, death, and the dreams between, but Saroyan's note has almost always been one of hope, and Williams' note has almost always been of despair. *Streetcar* is the story of Blanche Du Bois (Vivien Leigh), a woman who can't face the bright light of day, or her lost youth, or the terrible fact that everyone is not kind and well-mannered. She comes to New Orleans to stay with her married sister (Kim Hunter), and finds the sister's husband (Marlon Brando) crude, antagonistic, bestial; the place where they live a slum. Her brother-in-law, discovering various sordid facts about Blanche's past, sets out to destroy her, and succeeds quite thoroughly. It's a saga of rape, insanity, loneliness, rejection, man's inhumanity to man. The locale is authentically old South, the music is magnificent, and a cast which simply could not be bettered has helped to make a masterpiece. I thought Vivien Leigh had a little trouble with her Southern accent (in her zeal to slur authentically, she lost her "r" altogether) but as I said before, Warner Brothers has an honest-to-God masterpiece here, and I haven't got the heart to quibble.





## THE FROGMEN

Up until recently, the whole thing was a secret, but it seems that in World War II, we had what was referred to as "paddlefoot commandos," or UDT's (Underwater Demolition Teams) "spearheading every invasion from Sicily to Okinawa."

These incredibly brave men, wearing swimming trunks and flippers on their feet, and Buck-Rogers-looking masks, went slithering around under enemy waters, blowing up mines, making notes of defense installations, etc. Richard Widmark, as a commander who has to win over his crew (they've been crazy about his predecessor); Dana Andrews as the chief man he has to win over; and the rest of the cast outdo each other in feats of bravery and heroism.

The whole company spent so much time in ice cold water—they were on location in the Virgin Islands, and off Cape Hatteras—that they all caught cold. It's a fascinating picture, entirely unusual in theme, and execution.

Cast: Richard Widmark, Dana Andrews, Gary Merrill.—20th Century-Fox.

## NIGHT INTO MORNING

This picture is exceedingly well done, and so grim you wonder why they did it.

Roy Milland's wife and child are blown up in a freak accident. And Ray, an English professor, in an effort to find escape, once his life has been thus desolated, toys with drink, with suicide, with reckless driving. He's mean to his students, and he worries his friends, Nancy Davis and John Hodiak, both of whom are fellow members of the English department.

Hodiak and Davis are engaged, and Davis, herself having sustained a widowhood, does all she can to alleviate Ray's pain. According to Hodiak, she begins to do a little too much, even, but that's really neither here nor there.

As the story of a man plunged into a very terrible reality, and his adjustment to that reality, *Night into Morning* has good moments. But since they're mostly suicidal or otherwise depressing I think you'd hardly call them entertaining. If you're a student of the drama, though, go see.

Cast: Ray Milland, John Hodiak, Nancy Davis, Lewis Stone, Jean Hagen.—MGM.

# "I was shipwrecked 5 times in one day!"

says EVELYN KEYES, co-starring with Jeff Chandler in "SMUGGLER'S ISLAND" a U-I release, Color by Technicolor



"If sweeping floors is rough on your hands, imagine mine after retakes of this shipwreck scene for 'SMUGGLER'S ISLAND.' The heavy oars made my hands sting.



Learning the ropes on a sloop left my hands raw again...



But between scenes, I used soothing Jergens Lotion...



It kept my hands lovely for romantic closeups!"



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

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# New Shasta Cream Shampoo

## Sparks your hair with brighter, richer color



*Blonde* hair gleams with bright gold



*Brunette* hair dances with dark fire



*Red* hair takes on a burnished glory



*Gray, White* hair shines with silver

**Not a tint! Not a dye! But a super cleansing shampoo that makes even dull-looking hair sing with brighter color**

**A DAZZLING LIFT!** New lanolin-enriched Shasta Cream Shampoo glorifies your natural hair color. It does not add artificial color to your hair, but gives your own true color a dazzling lift.

**"SUPER" CLEANS HAIR!** New Shasta contains an amazing sparkle-giving cleanser that "super" cleans your hair. This super cleansing action is the secret of the shining, sparkling color after your Shasta shampoo. For Shasta leaves each strand so radiantly clean the natural color sparkles like sunshine streaming through a clean window pane.

**SHASTA IS SAFE!** Yet for all its color-sparkling magic, Shasta is safe. Lathers out color-dulling grime. Leaves in pre-

cious natural oils your hair needs to be soft, healthy, glamorous.

**MAKE THIS CONVINCING TEST TODAY** BEFORE SHAMPOOING, snip off a lock of hair. Put this lock aside while you shampoo the rest of your hair with new Shasta.

**AFTER SHAMPOOING**, when hair is dry, compare the unwashed lock with your soft and radiant Shasta-washed hair. If not convinced that new Shasta sparks your hair with brighter, richer color, return the jar to Procter & Gamble and get your money back in full.

Big economy jar 89¢  
4 full ounces  
Regular size . . . 57¢



NEW COLOR-SPARKING

*Shasta* "SUPER" CLEANS SAFELY  
DOES NOT ROB HAIR OF NATURAL OILS



### SHOWBOAT

The newest version of the beloved old show, and it's warm and corny, and beautiful and perfect—for both those young enough to be new to this Hammerstein-Kern classic, and those who know it by heart. Ava Gardner's the luckless riverboat entertainer, Julie, who falls in love with a white man; Kathryn Grayson's Magnolia, the captain's daughter, who loses her heart to that dashing gambler, Mr. Gaylord Ravenal (Howard Keel); and Joe E. Brown plays Cap'n Andy. There's never been such soft, melting Technicolor, and all the great songs—"Old Man River," "Make Believe," "Can't Help Loving That Man"—are staged with loving care. Ava goes to her tragic end gallantly; Kathryn and Howard pull a happy ending for themselves out of a messy middle (he comes back to get a look at the child he's never seen, and Kathryn forgives him); and there's a dance sequence involving said child and Joe E. Brown which is reminiscent of Shirley Temple-Bill Robinson numbers. If I've seen a more enjoyable picture recently, I don't remember it now.

Cast: Kathryn Grayson, Ava Gardner, Howard Keel, Joe E. Brown, Agnes Moorehead.—MGM.

### HER FIRST ROMANCE

Small, super-charged Maggie O'Brien, who could bawl as quick as look at you, seems to have grown into a pleasantly easy-going adolescent, and Columbia's fashioned a pleasantly easy-going picture around her. Maggie's got a crush on Allen Martin, Jr., and so has a girl named Lucille. All the kids are off at summer camp and there's a prize for the kid who builds the best money-making project. Maggie steals money from her father's safe in order to help Allen get the cash he needs to build his project. There are complications having to do with a valuable paper which means fortune or disaster to Maggie's pop, which disappears from his safe the night the money is taken, but the plot's secondary. The kids are all cute; the laughs are mild but many.

Cast: Margaret O'Brien, Allen Martin, Jr., Jimmy Hunt, Sharyn Moffett.—Columbia.



## PEKING EXPRESS

A Chinese train, traveling from Shanghai to Peking, has various personalities aboard: Joseph Cotten, a United Nations doctor, is off to perform an operation on General Chiang, and spends his spare time wondering who's diverting U.N. medical supplies into the Chinese black market. And Corinne Calvet, a spy for so many different folks she can hardly remember who she's spying on. (She and Joe were once in love, but he didn't trust her.) Then there's a Chinese man—Marvin Miller—who tries to stab his wife in Corinne's compartment. This man is eventually revealed as the leader of an insurgent military group, and king of the black market in medical supplies. He wants Corinne. Corinne wants Joe. Edmund Gwenn, a priest about to be shot by Marvin's men, wants peace on earth. Also Marvin is trying to get his son back from the underground Nationalists. Do you follow all this? It's not easy, but it's very picturesque.

Cast: Joseph Cotten, Corinne Calvet, Edmund Gwenn, Marvin Miller.—Paramount.

## SIROCCO

In 1925, in Damascus, the French were so unpopular that the Syrians kept shooting them. As this picture opens, the Syrians are getting their guns courtesy of Humphrey Bogart, a profiteer who runs stuff through the French occupation troops to the headquarters of Emir Hassan, head of the natives. Lee J. Cobb, a French officer, doesn't approve of this, but his good-for-nothing girl friend, Marta Toren, admires Humphrey in a big way, once she discovers the size of his wallet. Cobb goes to reason with Emir Hassan (Humphrey's shown him the secret way, in return for a free pass to Cairo, instead of a bullet in his head). But then a French general starts working on Humphrey, and first thing you know, he (Humphrey) is doing an unselfish thing. He's making an attempt to save Cobb's life. He gets a grenade in the face for his pains. And as far as I'm concerned, I still don't know whether the French belonged in Damascus.

Cast: Humphrey Bogart, Marta Toren, Lee J. Cobb, Everett Sloane.—Columbia.

## PHOTO CREDITS

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

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for you

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all day*

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**HOLD-BOB**

bobby pins than  
all other brands  
combined

set curls easier.  
hold hair-dos better



"Who can concentrate on food?" says Charlie McCarthy as he admires Liz Taylor. Liz is modeling one of the outfits that won the votes of the stellar board. (See text)

Not everyone can wear  
Paris gowns . . . but everyone can  
afford star-selected clothes—  
especially picked by MODERN SCREEN'S  
Hollywood board of judges.

MODERN SCREEN'S

## Hollywood Fashion Party

■ The editors of MODERN SCREEN looked into their wives' wardrobes and had a thought. It was, "Who can afford Paris creations?" Their answer almost choked them. It was, "No one." Meditating along this vein, they got very excited and still another thought crossed their minds. It was, "Why should Paris be the fashion center of the world when Hollywood is just around the Rockies and loaded with style experts and best-dressed women?" And finally, they asked themselves, "Why not bring the stars' knowledge of fashion and their valuable advice directly to our readers?"

Right away they contacted Loretta Young, who's received innumerable awards for being Hollywood's best-dressed actress. "What do you think of the idea?" they asked Loretta.

"It's wonderful!" she said. "What could be better than having the stars, who've learned about fashions from the finest designers, share their knowledge with your readers?"

The editors beamed. "You'll share?" they asked.

"I'd be delighted," she said.

Now Loretta is a lady who has a way of doubling a person's enthusiasm for any worthy project. That's what she did to ours, and before long we'd planned a fashion show—and a luncheon to go with it. Then we got down to the business of setting up an Advisory Board of Experts comprised of representative stars. As the fall fashions paraded past these members of the board, they would select and recommend the clothes which they considered the best buys for MODERN SCREEN readers.

The time and place for these events to occur were rapidly chosen. The time: noon. The place: the spacious lawn beside Edgar Bergen's pool. Frances Bergen is a former model and one of the most fashion conscious young matrons in our town. Mr. Bergen, as you may know, is employed as straight man for Charles McCarthy, who provides the laughs on the Coca-Cola radio show. Edgar also approves of Mrs. B.'s gowns and writes the checks for them and is quite aware of what goes on in the style world. Charlie, of course, will tell you that McCarthy's an expert on everything.

The remaining members of the board were selected. Ricardo Montalban ac-



cepted the invitation with pleasure. Ricardo's married to Loretta's sister, who's a fashion plate in her own right. And as a young husband, he's an authority on what young wives should wear.

Every girl is interested in a beau's opinion of her clothes. Consequently, we called on Peter Lawford and Howard Duff, two of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors—both noted for taste in clothes and ladies.

**E**LIZABETH Taylor, who has shopped in stores all over the world, seemed like an ideal choice for the board. Also perfect were Diana Lynn and Mona Freeman of Hollywood's young married crowd. They've had considerable experience in balancing wardrobe budgets and always manage to look as though they just stepped out of handboxes.

Last, and far from least, there was Walter Pidgeon, well-traveled, noted for his charm and sophistication.

The day of the show began as a cloudy one. However, around noon, the sun came out to see what was going on. The Brown Derby had taken over luncheon arrangements and the lawn was a beehive of preparations. Dainty finger sandwiches and a variety of salads were on the table, and everything, done with great flourish.

Howard Duff was the earliest arrival. "It's my first fashion show," he said, happily looking around at the lovely models. "And it won't be my last."

About that time Mona Freeman walked up. "Aren't you slightly out of character?" she wanted to know. The last time she'd seen him he was a cowpoke on a Western set. The two co-starred in *The Lady From Texas*.

Others soon followed. And this was quite a feat. Edgar and Frances live on a Hollywood hilltop. It may not be the highest, but it's the most difficult to get to. Edgar usually sends out small maps when folks are coming to call. In case this only proves confusing, there are signs along the way. But you still need the intuition of a mountain goat. For instance, Walter Pidgeon was driving up the road and took a sharp left turn. Seemed logical enough because a sharp right turn would have sent him hurtling down a mountainside. He reached a house and saw that Nancy Davis and Phyllis Kirk (she's in *Three Guys Named Mike*) had arrived. They were going to model winning clothes. "This is Bergen's?" Walter asked, surveying the sight. There was a patio all right, but it was filled with boards—as the house was in the process of being built.

"This must be where Charlie keeps his relatives," grinned Nancy, glancing at the lumber.

Phyllis was nose deep in a map, trying to figure just where they'd gone wrong.

"Follow me," said Walter as he backed down the steep incline.

He almost backed into Ricardo Montalban. "Follow me," Ricardo suggested.

Several hilltops and one phone call later, they reached the Bergens'.

**T**HE event was taking on a festive air. Beside the pool, Peter Lawford conferred with Jeanne MacDonald, who'd dropped by for a few minutes. And Liz Taylor was absent-mindedly swinging her foot in the direction of the water. Suddenly her shoe came off and there was a small splash. But fortunately she was sitting near the shallow end where the shoe could be retrieved. "Guess I should have worn a bathing suit," she laughed, as Frances fetched her a pair of slippers.

Several of the men nearby were heard to sigh.

Time came for the judges to adjourn to their tables, upon which there were favors for the ladies and for the men, too (for their ladies)— (Continued on page 93)

## CHEERS

for the World's most Popular Girdle!



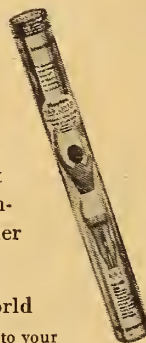
For Fall Fashions and  
Back-to-Campus!

## New Playtex® FAB-LINED Girdle

FABRIC NEXT TO YOUR SKIN

It's the first new kind of girdle in 11 years

—the girdle praised by top fashion designers, the girdle that's caressed millions of women to new slimness in new comfort! Just see how the Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle gives your figure a slim new future for fall. With a cloud-soft fabric fused to the smooth latex sheath without a seam, stitch or bone, it's invisible under sleekest clothes, allows complete freedom.



The 3 most popular girdles in the world

**PLAYTEX FAB-LINED GIRDLE.** With fabric next to your skin. In SLIM, golden tube . . . \$5.95 and \$6.95

**PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRDLE.** So light, so cool, dispels body heat. In SUM, shimmering pink tube . . . \$4.95 and \$5.95

**PLAYTEX LIVING® GIRDLE.** With more figure control, greater freedom than girdles at three times the price. In SUM, silvery tube . . . \$3.95 and \$4.95

(All prices slightly higher in Canada and Foreign Countries)

Sizes: extra small, small, medium, large; extra large size, slightly higher.

At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere



**DAYTIME HIT!** PLAYTEX presents ARLENE FRANCIS in "Fashion Magic." CBS-TV National Network. See local papers for schedule.

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORP'N., Playtex Park, Dover Del., PLAYTEX LTD., Montreal, Can.





**The "tissue test" proved to Alexis...**



**that Woodbury floats out hidden dirt!**

The "Tissue Test" convinced Alexis Smith that *there really is a difference in cleansing creams*. Alexis is co-starring in the Paramount production, "Here Comes the Groom."

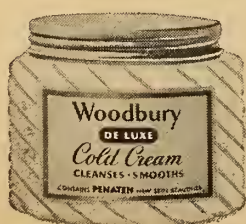
We asked her to cleanse her face with her regular cleansing cream. Then to try Woodbury Cold Cream on her "immaculately clean" face and handed her a tissue.

The tissue told a startling story! Woodbury Cold Cream floated out hidden dirt!

Why is Woodbury so different? Because it has Penaten, a new miracle ingredient that actually penetrates deeper into your pore openings... lets Woodbury's wonderful cleansing oils loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

It's wonder-working Penaten, too, that helps Woodbury to smooth your skin more effectively. Tiny dry-skin lines, little rough flakes just melt away.

Buy a jar today—25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.



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Cold Cream**

*floats out hidden dirt...*

*penetrates deeper because it contains Penaten*

*a  
special  
service  
for  
Modern  
Screen  
readers*

**hollywood  
goes  
shopping  
for you!**

■ You can sit right back and shop from home, because now Hollywood stars are doing the footwork for you. They scout the stores from coast to coast, and what they don't see they ask for. You can be sure they know what's new in styles and ideas, and get the most value for the least expense. That's a good trick if you can do it—and our glamorous, smart shoppers can!

To get any of these star-selected items, just write to the shops mentioned below each picture, enclosing a check or money order (and gift card if you like). Your selection will be rushed to any address you name. MODERN SCREEN guarantees delivery. Prices all include postage and tax where necessary. Money will be returned on any items that are returned within 10 days after delivery. Only personalized merchandise cannot be returned.



# anne baxter your hollywood shopper

for september



Anne shows John Hodiak her clippings for *Follow The Sun*. She keeps a book for him, too.

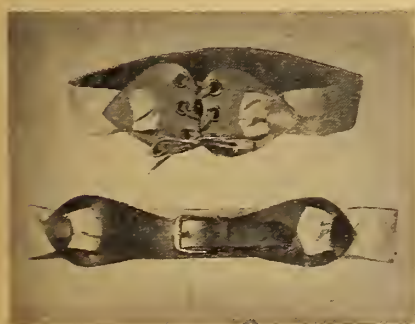
■ A MODERN SCREEN editor recently asked me to plunge into fall shopping for their September issue. I was an easy mark. I've a passion for shopping and bargains are my meat. Ask John . . . he's in charge of my budget.

Thrilled with my mission, I planned my strategy as though I were bidding for an Oscar, to be sure I'd cover the finest shops all over the country for special buys for all of us. I turned many a town topsy-turvy looking for last minute travel tips, personal and household items.

As you can imagine, I was looking particularly for smart fall fashions to wear after our "bambino" arrives. Besides, all of us gals want something new to pep up our wardrobes now that fall is practically here. Whether it's back to work, back to school or back home from a vacation, you'll want to get these smart new clothes.

Take your pick, then order directly from the store mentioned below each picture.

Lots of luck with your shopping. Hope you'll have great fun!



**BEST USE OF "WAIST" MATERIAL.** Either of these belts has the makings of a whole wardrobe. They're leather front belts with detachable sailcloth backs in mixed or matched shades. Gimmick is that you can substitute another material for the sailcloth anytime. It's an easy switch too! Leather fronts in red, black, natural, brown, navy; sailcloth backs in same or contrasting shades. Give waist size, color, belt choice. \$3.50 ea. Thea Bag, 333 E. 79 St., New York 21.



**I "STOLE" THIS FOR YOU** because it's the neatest piece of sorcery I've seen in many a moon. Of lacy crocheted rayon, edged in fringe, 72" x 18" it does tricks to make it your pet fashion accessory. Wear it over your shoulders, hair, tied around your waist as a sash, or criss-crossed and tucked under your belt. "Siren stole" wraps you in glamor day and night. In beguiling black, white, navy, pink, yellow, red, blue. \$3.98. Ronnie Sales, 487 B'way, New York 13.



**KNIT YOUR OWN EVENING GLAMOR.** Original design for a hand-made, ribbed sweater that I found a cinch to knit. Bare-topped bodice with separate sets of puffed or straight cuffs to give it the effect of a short-sleeved sweater. Moth-proof, fast-dyed yarn in black, white, red, beige, grey pastels. Yarn and instructions for sizes 12-14 (bodice, 1 set cuffs) \$8.75. Sizes 16-18 \$9.75. Add \$1.75 for second set cuffs. Couture Fashion Yarns, 107 E. 60 St., New York 22.



anne baxter

# your hollywood shopper

for september.



**John put an enthusiastic  
okay on this fall wardrobe,  
so gals, after Junior  
arrives, watch me go!**



**STRICTLY PERSONAL . . . IZED PANTY WARDROBE.** Set of 7 brief snugfit panties in resist-run rayon tricot jersey. Wear a different pair each day of the week in one of several dainty shades. Your initials worked into a smart triangular monogram on the pant leg. Double re-inforced crotch, seams; elastic waist band. Sizes S, M, L. 7 for \$4.99. 7 matching initialed Lovable rayon satin bras \$6.99. Jonas Shoppes, Dept. LMP, 62 W. 14 St., New York 11.



**JUST CAN'T GET ENOUGH CORDUROY.** Lucky me to find this wonderful horseshoe neckline jumper. Snug waist and flared skirt give it a smart shape—and you too. Belted, with tiny self-covered buttons at the waist. Slash pockets over each hip. Mostly you'll wear it with blouses—a change of blouse changes its personality. Try it minus blouse for a really chic dressed-up air. Red, green, rust. Sizes 12-18. \$7.99. Jonas Shoppes, Dept. SMJ, 62 West 14 St., New York 11.



**IT'S LOVELY, IT'S NYLON,** it's engaged to go to the hospital with me so I can look really fetching after Junior's arrival. Nylon-rayon robe's designed to meet every situation gracefully. Washes, dries in a jiffy, so it's always fresh. Tailored but feminine, it's piped in white with a white tasseled sash. Smart chevron embroidery on lapel balances a roomy right hip pocket. Fuchsia, blue. 12-18. \$8.99. Jonas Shoppes, Dept. LMR, 62 W. 14 St., New York 11.



**"AN APPLE A DAY"** does wonderful things for you, that's why these cuddly sleeping or TV-ing pajamas are covered with them. Soft flannelette top in all-over apple print on white, has long sleeves, patch pockets. Bright, bright red collar matches peddle pusher pants that taper to below the knee. Or, if you prefer, take the all apple print and ruffle-neck instead. Both in sizes S, M, L. \$4.95. Blackton Shops, 398 Fifth Ave., New York 1.





**YOURS FROM AN ANGORA KITTEN.** This frothy pull-on sweater is part wool, part softest angora, looks and feels divine. Little-boy collar and neck opening edged in white, and smart rhinestone buttons stud the front. Short sleeves. Sweater's sweet under suits, or do as I will, and take it out for a gay evening, teamed with a dressy skirt. Worn the year round. In luscious pink, white, maize, baby blue, aqua. Sizes 34-38. \$3.99. Ralph H. Miller, 505 8th Ave., New York 1.



**YOU'LL LOOK REALLY "TWEEDY"** in this novel all-wool cardigan knit in a heather mixture to resemble sporty tweed. Smartly tailored with a trim Peter Pan collar, shoe-button closing, and short cuffed sleeves. I'd call it a smart match for any suit or skirt in your wardrobe, and it will follow you faithfully right through Spring. Sizes 34-40. Comes in heavenly heather grey or beige. \$3.99. Ralph H. Miller, 505 8th Ave., New York 1.



**HIGH, WIDE, AND HANDSOME!** Here's a high-necked, dolman-sleeved and truly handsome striped pull-over. Stripes are cleverly spaced to do the most for you and the sweater. Slimming dark side panels and waist band are contrasted with a white center bound by sets of stripes. I've found it as dressy as I make it, depending on my skirt and accessories. 34-40. Navy, dark green, or purple striped with white. \$3.99. Ralph H. Miller, 505 8th Ave., New York 1.

Merchandise is sold on a money back guarantee within 10 days, except where personalized.

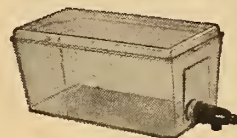
## ORDER BY MAIL!

### CUTS 25 "FRENCH FRIES" IN ONE STROKE!

Just insert whole potato, press handle, and presto! —you have 25 perfect "French Fries" all ready for cooking! Mrs. Damar's Food Cutter is wonderful for dicing other foods and salads, too. Made exclusively for us in rust-proof, gleaming plated steel. Sold by mail only. Price, \$2.98, plus 25c for postage.



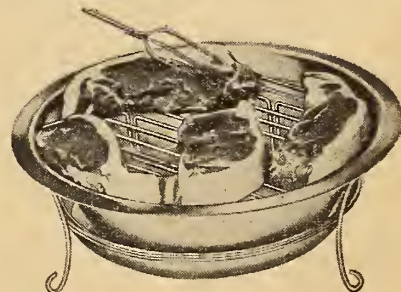
### COLD FRESH DRINKS ON TAP!



Just fill Tap-a-Glass with water or lemonade, soda, etc. and place it on your refrigerator shelf. You'll always have a cold drink "on tap." Easy to use—especially for youngsters. Holds over a gallon—fills a glass in seconds! 5"x5"x13" with tray lid that supports other items. Made of unbreakable clear plastic. Only \$2.95, postpaid.

### NOW! Wash Delicate Lingerie, Nylons, etc.—in your washing machine

Now you can safely launder even the most delicate washables in your washing machine—with Mrs. Damar's Softi-Bag! Just hang as laundry bags—one for handkerchiefs, one for lingerie, etc. When filled, snap shut, toss into washer—that's all! This cotton mesh bag prevents small articles from tangling, tearing in machine—eliminates sorting, hand washing. \$1.69 each, 2 for \$3.25, ppd.



### HOME CHARCOAL BAR-B-Q FOR INDOOR OR OUTDOOR USE!

A new low-priced charcoal-broiler that requires no matches, no kindling. Just place a few pieces of charcoal in the bottom, set it over stove—it ignites in seconds, then burns for hours! Steaks, chops, fish, fowl have all that tantalizing charcoal-broiled flavor sealed in! And because Charcook has been proven over 90% smokeless—you can use it indoors, at your dining room table! Nickel-plated steel, 10 1/2" grill. Ash and drip pan eliminates dirt, grease. Bag of charcoal included. Only \$5.95, ppd.

### COPPER CLAD 7" SKILLET



Yes, a hard-to-get copper skillet with satin chrome inside! .035 extra-thick sheet of copper outside assures fastest, most uniform heating. Acid, stain, rust resistant. Cannot dent or chip in ordinary use. Very easy to clean. Firm-grip handle, metal hanging ring. A rare value at only \$1.98, ppd.

Send cash, check, money order—or items sent C.O.D. at prices indicated plus postage. Use them for 10 days, and if not completely satisfied—return any of them for full purchase price refund.

### ASK FOR FREE CATALOG!

We have just prepared a wonderful new catalog, full of handy household and gift items. To receive your FREE copy, just write and ask for it.

### MRS. DAMAR

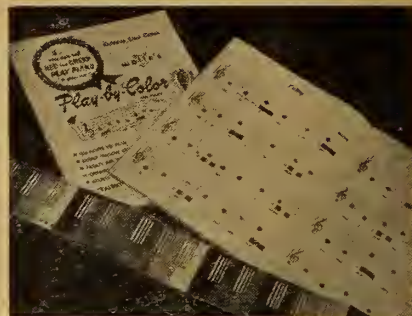
121 Damar Bldg., Treat Pl., Newark, 2, N. J. 23



anne baxter  
your  
hollywood  
shopper  
for  
september



**KEYED TO YOUR FAVORITE SCREWBALL.** Here's a key ring that's a cute gadget to own or give to someone special. Gold-plated flexible snake chain is closed at each end with a tiny ball. Balls unscrew so loads of keys may be added—enough for even a Bluebeard. Around  $3\frac{1}{4}$ " long, it's lightweight and easy to handle. Screwbail key ring, besides doing its job, will get many a chuckle. I've ordered several. Only \$1.00. Seth & Jed, New Marlborough, Mass.



**ANYONE CAN PLAY BY COLOR.** Anyone who knows red from green can sit at the piano for the first time and play his favorite melodies with both hands—chords too, without reading a note. Book of 14 hymns shows all notes in color; comes with color chart to stand behind keyboard. Kids or grownups can play in minutes. Book of hymns or Book of Christmas carols \$2.00 ea. Wolfe's, Dept. MS, 986 Sanford Ave., Irvington 11, N. J.



**YOU'LL LOOK POSITIVELY DAZZLING** in this stunning set of rhinestone sparklers. The cluster earrings dangle fetchingly as you greet your man of the evening. A pendant necklace on a non-tarnishable white metal chain completes the pretty picture. With this glamorous glitter you'll have all the guys agog. It does exciting things for you and your costume. (Screw-type earrings.) Whole set only \$2.40. Consumers Mart, 127 W. 33 St., New York 1.



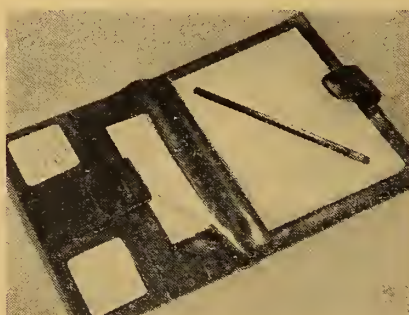
**TAKES A SHINE TO METAL.** "Tect" is a new protective coating for your metal possessions; keeps them free from tarnish, rust or corrosion. Get out your copper, brass, chrome and silverware and give them a treatment with this liquid coating. They'll positively sparkle and will stay sparkling. Comes with a bottle of "Tect" solvent which removes oil, grease, or "Tect" coating for metal surfaces. Both 3 ounce bottles for \$1.00. Tect, Inc., Englewood, N. J.



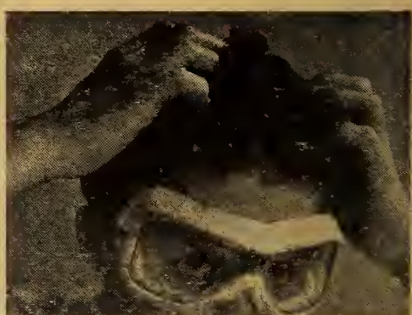
**FLEET OF ANTIQUE AUTO MINIATURES.** Back to "horseless carriage" days for these authentic scale models of the colorful 1909 Stanley Steamer, 1910 Model T Ford and 1903 Packard. These tiny buggies are completely handpainted and will thrill any collector of miniatures. Oldtimers will find them sentimentally appealing; the rest of us consider them quaint and cunning. Only \$1.50 ea.; set of 3, \$4.00. Sally Graye, 80 E. 11 St., New York 3.



**TO BAG YOU MANY FRIENDS!** Here are two stunning suede handbags with eye-catching insignias of the big fraternities and sororities. On campus or off I think they're smart accessories. In supple beige suede leather with hand-blocked terracotta insignia. Envelope bag is trim and fabric-lined with zipper closing. 10"x6", \$1.73. Pouch bag, 9½" deep, leather-lined, draw string, \$11.94. Walter Thomas, 716 Wilshire Blvd., Santa Monica, Calif.



**SCHOOL DAYS, SCHOOL DAYS.** A wonderful writing case to take back to school. If those carefree days are over, it's still wonderful! Of plastic, with no seams, it's a real portable desk. Comes with a writing tablet, pencil in holder, bound address book, envelopes, identification card and more. A place for that special photo and pockets for correspondence. Maroon, navy, brown, royal, green, red, tan. \$2.95. Otto Ulbrich, 386 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.



**NO SUDS IN MY EYES!** If you're "gonna wash that man right out of your hair", or just shampoo it, these terry-rimmed goggles are a big help. Elastic back makes them fit snugly, comfy terry-cloth cushioning keeps liquid from seeping in. It's grand to have both hands free for action. Use during home waves or hair-tinting to keep chemicals out of eyes. Made for kiddies too. Reg. or Jr. sizes. \$1.65. Finders' Keepers, 160 E. 38 St., New York 17.

To buy any of the items on these pages, write direct to shops mentioned, enclosing check or money order. Merchandise is sold on a money back guarantee within 10 days, except where personalized.



# In just 50 seconds Your Complexion can be looking... Smooth, Glamorous, Lovely

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*Max Factor*

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in M-G-M's production  
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Would you like your complexion smoother looking...with more natural color...with a lovelier softer glow? Pan-Cake, the complexion secret of Hollywood's loveliest stars, is your answer...because

in just seconds Pan-Cake Make-Up veils your skin with the lovely complexion beauty you've always dreamed of.

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flatterer of them all!*

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Please send me my trial size Pan-Cake... also, my personal Complexion Analysis, Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 32-page, color-illustrated book, "The New Art of Make-Up." I enclose 10¢ in coin to help cover cost of postage and handling.

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City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

#### COMPLEXION

Fair... ☐ Creamy ☐  
Medium ☐ Ruddy... ☐  
Sallow... ☐ Freckled ☐  
Olive... ☐ Dp. Olive ☐

SKIN Normal... ☐  
Dry... ☐ Oily... ☐

#### EYES

Blue... ☐ Hazel... ☐  
Gray... ☐ Brown... ☐  
Green... ☐ Black... ☐

#### LASHES [Color]

☐ Light ☐ Med. ☐ Dark

#### HAIR

BLONDE  
Light... ☐ Dark... ☐

BRUNETTE  
Light... ☐ Dark... ☐

BRDWNETTE  
Light... ☐ Dark... ☐

REDHEAD  
Light... ☐ Dark... ☐

GRAY HAIR  
Check here ☐ also check  
former hair coloring above

6-51-16 P

\*PAN-CAKE (TRADEMARK) MEANS MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD CAKE MAKE-UP





# New Beauty Miracle!

# New Prell



*'Radiantly Alive'*

New Prell's Cleansing Action  
leaves hair softer, lovelier . . . more  
gloriously, "radiantly alive"!





CREATED BY PROCTER & GAMELE

# - leaves hair 'Radiantly Alive'

*...actually more radiant than  
cream or soap shampoos!*

**More Radiant!** Procter & Gamble's New Prell has a marvelous new cleansing action . . . ounce-for-ounce it leaves hair *more radiant than any shampoo known!* The first time you use it you'll see new sparkling high lights in your hair, no matter what soap or cream shampoo you may have been using.

**Softer!** New Prell solves the age-old shampoo problem. Here is a shampoo that washes *really clean*—yet leaves hair so soft, so smooth, so easy to manage. After Prell, your hair is so easy to set and curl, too . . . looks so much more *glamorous!*

**Younger-Looking!** New Prell is truly the shampoo of youth. After Prell, your hair looks younger, more "*radiantly alive*"—even though it seemed dull and "lifeless" before. Try this thrilling new shampoo miracle today . . . you'll find New Prell at your favorite shampoo counter—and you'll *love* it!

**Procter & Gamble  
makes you this  
"Extra-Radiance"  
Guarantee**

Try one shampoo with New Prell—and if you can't see how much more sparkling and "*radiantly alive*" your hair is . . . return the unused portion to New Prell, Cincinnati 1, Ohio, and you will receive *double your money back.*



*New Prell* —for that 'Radiantly Alive' look!



# Share deodorant secret 5-day of Stars!

DEODORANT  
PADS!

Deodorant magic  
in a pad!  
Dainty, moist pads  
you just apply and  
throw away!



dab a pad!

Nothing to smear on  
fingers. No drizzle! No  
clummy, sticky feeling!  
Not a spray, cream or  
liquid. No trickle down  
your sides. Complete  
penetration just where  
you want it.



Throw it away

With it throw away hundreds of  
thousands of odor-forming bacteria that  
other types of deodorants leave under  
your arms. It's sheer magic!

## Better than Creams, Sprays, Liquids!

For stars of the screen, TV and radio,  
dry, odorless underarms are a profes-  
sional *must*. That's why so many of  
these popular women welcome the  
quicker, easier, cleaner 5-DAY PAD  
WAY that gives the certainty of  
longer-lasting protection.

HARMLESS TO SKIN AND CLOTHES

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DEODORANT PADS

25c 59c \$1

Save on cosmetic tax.  
Only 6% tax instead of  
usual 20% on other  
types of deodorants



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ONE MONTH'S SUPPLY FREE!

Enclosed find 10c to help cover cost of  
postage and handling.

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over the Liberty  
Broadcasting System:

■ It is a pleasure to report on a really happy marriage, that of ex-Army ski trooper, Geary Steffen, to 22-year-old, 95-pound dream girl, Janie Powell. When Geary was asked what sort of present he was going to give her on her birthday, he said he'd been thinking about a recording machine. But when he asked her what she thought, she exclaimed, "What a horrible waste of money. How much of a ham can I be?" Geary was stuck for awhile. But on the day, he got up early, cooked breakfast and yelled for his bride to come and get it. Then he hid in a closet—and when Janie walked in—so did a small duck. Around the duck's neck was a yallar ribbon—together with an expensive gold and pearl necklace. Well, Janie laughed until she cried. They're a really happy pair.

■ You'll see plenty of romance in Paramount's new movie, *A Place In The Sun*. In two nights on location for the picture, counting rehearsals and actual shooting, Montgomery Clift kissed Shelley Winters 132 times. And she never complained once. Not only that, but in this picture, Elizabeth Taylor is going to be seen wearing a bathing suit for the first time.

■ A writer swears he saw columnist Sidney Skolsky lying in a gutter in Beverly Hills.

"Why Sidney," he exclaimed, "I never expected to find you lying in a gutter, drunk!"

"I'm not drunk. I don't drink," Sidney retorted. "I'm just saving a parking space for Darryl F. Zanuck."

■ Who are Hollywood's best poker players? Well, as selected by people who have had to write them big checks . . . Poker Player No. 1 is Glenn Ford. Runners-up are—Clark Gable, Robert Walker, Brod Crawford, Charles Ruggles, and Van Heflin. And while we're making lists, Terry Hunt, the famous guy who keeps movie stars in top physical condition, names his idea of the 10 most powerful men in Hollywood. For pure brute strength, he rates them this way—John Wayne, Victor Mature, Paul Douglas and Johnny Weissmuller. The toughest little man in Hollywood is Dick Widmark. Actor Bob Stack can chin himself a number of times—with one arm only. Paul Lucas at the age of 65, could pick a man in a chair up with one hand. Western star Tom Tyler was once named the strongest man in the world. Bob Ryan and John Payne round out the list of Hollywood actors you'll never want to meet in a dark alley.

■ Judy Garland's big hit in Europe is going to make her okay for good. One man and one man alone deserves most of the credit. While Judy was busy taking advice from psychiatrists, it was Bing Crosby who put her to work several times on his show. It gave her back her courage. Thank you, Doctor Crosby!



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**WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR SKIN!**

**36 LEADING SKIN SPECIALISTS IN 1285  
SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVED THAT PALMOLIVE'S  
BEAUTY PLAN BRINGS MOST WOMEN LOVELIER  
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ANN BLYTH IN "THUNDER ON THE HILL"—A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE



**ANN BLYTH, beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl**, one of the "Top-Twelve," selected by "Modern Screen" and a jury of famed hair stylists as having the world's loveliest hair. Ann Blyth uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her glamorous hair.

## The Most Beautiful Hair in the World is kept at its loveliest...with Lustre-Creme Shampoo

When Ann Blyth says . . . "I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo" . . . you're listening to a girl whose beautiful hair plays a vital part in a fabulous glamour-career.

In a recent issue of "Modern Screen," a committee of famed hair stylists named Ann Blyth, lovely Lustre-Creme Girl, as one of 12 women having the most beautiful hair in the world.

**You, too**, will notice a glorious difference in your hair from Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Under the spell of its rich lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager

to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse, dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Rebel hair is tamed to respond to the lightest brush touch. Hair robbed of natural sheen glows with renewed sun-bright highlights. All this, even in the hardest water, with no need for a special after-rinse.

**No other cream shampoo** in the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. Is the best too good for your hair? For hair that behaves like the angels, and shines like the stars . . . ask for Lustre-Creme, the world's finest shampoo, chosen for "the most beautiful hair in the world"!



The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to \$2.

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair





# A love like Nancy's

Memories were not  
enough for Frank,  
but Nancy knew that  
because of them,  
her love was strong enough  
to let him go.

BY IMOGENE COLLINS

■ Telling about it later, Nancy said that when Frank came to the house to ask for the divorce, he was like a little boy—humble and defenseless.

It was towards the end of May. He'd flown in from New York, to visit his three children and talk to her.

Their relationship had long since cooled (they'd legally been separated for more than a year) but there was sincere deference and respect in Frank's attitude.

"Nancy," he said simply, "I'd like my freedom. How about a divorce?"

Nancy looked at this man who through the years had brought her great happiness and great heartache, and in a sweet voice which hardly broke the silence, she said, "If a divorce is what you want, Frank, you most certainly may have it."

She smiled a little, and the expression in her eyes was gentle.


"Thanks," Frank Sinatra said. "Thanks very much, Nancy."

*(Continued on page 98)*









by Lana Turner

# SEX

is not enough!

**A STAR WITH SEX APPEAL TO BURN SAYS IF FACE AND FIGURE ARE YOUR ONLY ASSETS, YOU'LL GO BANKRUPT FAST!**

■ When I was a teen-ager I was known as whistle-bait.

According to one writer, I possessed "the kind of figure men looked at twice, because they didn't believe it the first time."

I was physically precocious. Men found me attractive; boys considered me pleasant; and my ego found the combination completely satisfying.

More important still, my physical charms were responsible for my getting into motion pictures.

Back in 1937, when Billy Wilkerson, publisher of the Hollywood Reporter, saw me sipping a coke in a drug store across from Hollywood Boulevard, he was not impressed by my mind. He felt that I had the kind of photogenic face and figure that belonged in motion pictures, and he insisted that I go see Zeppo Marx, an agent.

Zeppo thought I had possibilities, and turned me over to one of his assistants. For five months, we saw the casting director at every studio in town. They all turned me down, which was when the (Continued on page 81)



AMERICAN

◀ Mitzi Gaynor has that electric spark which makes her a publicity "natural." She attracts attention even in movie gatherings.



▲ Hottest copy among the new crop of men is Tony Curtis whose intelligence and charm make him more than a mere baby-sax idol.



▲ Unpredictable—Shelley Winters is constantly good copy. No matter how many jams she gets into, there's warm human interest about her.







▲ Not all stars make good reading, but stories about Forley Granger are always popular. His romance with Shelley hasn't hurt any either.



▲ Elizabeth Taylor's slightest move is of such interest to the public that she is now in the well-established *very* hot copy bracket.



▲ Ava Gardner has that extra something beyond the line of talent that makes her personal life exciting.



◀ There's more to print about Jeff Chandler than a compliment or two, which is why he's as hot today as the young Gable once was.

Who says today's  
stars can't hold  
a candle to yesterday's  
hot personalities?  
There's more news in  
Hollywood than ever—  
and here are the people  
who make it!

# HOT COPY-COMING UP!

BY LOUELLA PARSONS

■ I hear them say, "Oh, sure—these new kids coming up are attractive and some of them can really act.

"But where among them are the personalities with the excitement of a Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford, John Gilbert, Dietrich or Garbo? None of the newcomers can hold a candle to those stars for *news* interest."

Strawberries, say I! Not yet, maybe—but believe me—there are some fascinating candidates coming up.

Nobody loves *hot copy* like your girl friend. I've been making a most pleasant living for more years than I intend to tell writing about screen stars who make *news* as well as movies, and who are exciting personalities to *write* about.

From long experience, I can sight a newsworthy personality the moment I spot one on the screen, or better still, as I interview him or her in my playroom.

In a paragraph or two I'm going to tell you about these newcomers who, in my opinion, have enormously exciting possibilities for making hot copy.

First, I want to say that not all *stars* are hot copy by a longshot. As popular as they are with the fans, as a reporter I cannot list Jeanne Craine, Doris Day, Peggy Dow, Nancy Davis, Kathryn Grayson and even Betty Grable as *hot copy*. (Continued on page 36)



**hot copy coming up!** continued



For 20 years Joan Crawford has been the darling of the press (sometimes referred to as its meal ticket). She's hot copy queen.

On the other hand, already established as hot copy personalities are Ava Gardner, Farley Granger, Elizabeth Taylor and Lana Turner (the latter not as hot as she used to be).

I'm not implying that slightly scandalous copy makes the most interesting reading. Neither Ingrid Bergman nor Rita Hayworth are hot copy today. (Ask Ye Ed of MODERN SCREEN, Chuck Saxon, how many stories he's buying this season on either girl.)

Then, take John Agar—who has been hitting the headlines regularly with several drunken-driving arrests and his recent almost shockingly casual elopement to Las Vegas. Barbara Peyton is another who gets in print regularly, and so does Sonny Tufts. The best that can be said for this type of copy is that it is "too hot" to handle.

The question, then, is—what *is* hot copy? The answer is:

It is that extra something beyond the line of talent—that electric spark which (Continued on page 77)



Public interest in Anthony Dexter (Valentino) belies the critics who say he's a "one-role" star. Tony packs a wallop all his own.



Steve Cochran didn't steam up much notice until he turned into a ladies' man with Ginger Rogers. That paid off in hot copy.



In her hey-day, Lana Turner fairly sizzled. Now she isn't as hot as she used to be for the press, but still outdoes stars like Grable and Crain.



Newcomer Dole Robertson sloys reporters with his sexy voice. *Take Care of My Little Girl* should establish his fever-rating for good.



A news photographer first spotted the "different" quality possessed by Phyllis Kirk. Now a series of colorful roles has created warm interest in her.



STORIES IN  
THIS MODERN SCREEN  
SPECIAL SECTION

*why Tony and Janet had to Elope* P.38  
*they made fun of love* P.40  
*we swam our way to Ciro's* P.42  
*the truth about Hollywood wolves* P.44  
*marriage and Joan* P.46  
*who'd marry me?* P.48  
*what I'll tell my sons about women* P.50

# hollywood's young lovers

■ Love never used to stand a chance in Hollywood. There were too many beautiful people having a fling. Parties had to be wild; houses had to be huge; and marriage had to be short and snappy. There wasn't any time or desire for lasting emotions. The stars had everything else, and life in the limelight was too short and fast for them to stop and consider their values.

It was not really very long ago that Hollywood emerged from that era of wild and gaudy extravagance. Some actors still bear the scars. Every day you read bulletins of divorces, of four-time losers at marriage, of husbands deserting wives, of ugly scandal.

Around the world goes the sad news of famous Hollywood lovers whose bright promises have failed, the news of unbalanced emotions and inadequate human beings.

But what of the young lovers in Hollywood today, the ones who were babies when Hollywood was out carousing? Will they suffer from the hangover? Will love and happiness, too, shuttle in and out of their lives?

Ask them. Ask the kids like Tony Curtis, Ann Blyth, Marilyn Monroe, Jane Powell, Joan Evans. The first thing they'll tell you is, "Hollywood isn't what it used to be. Lucky for us!" They mean that Hollywood isn't a circus any more, and the people in it don't have to act like sideshows.

These youngsters have proof that a normal life doesn't mean poison at the box-office. And they know that marriage is even nicer when you have a family. In short, love and the homely virtues are sacred to them.

Never before did young people in Hollywood have the chance for lasting happiness that they have now. Will they muff it? They don't think so. They're too sure of what they want, and they're too tired of ballyhoo. You can read for yourself, on the next 13 pages, what these young lovers feel, and why they have faith in their own futures.





Tony and Janet had been hazy about wedding plans, but their elopement to Connecticut, on June 4th, put an end to speculation about their romance.



Why did Hollywood's most popular lovers have to steal away for the wedding the whole world was expecting? Here's the true, inside story.

BY CAROLINE BROOKS

# why Tony and Janet had to Elope



The newlyweds had a one-week honeymoon before Tony went on tour, and Janet returned to the Coast.

■ A few months ago Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis confided to friends that they would be married late in August or early in September.

"By that time," Tony said, "I'll be finished making a personal appearance tour with Piper Laurie. You know, for *The Prince Who Was A Thief*. Janet'll have some time off, and Jerry Lewis—he's my best friend—will be back in California. Janet and I will be married in his house. Nothing big. A small wedding. Just friends and family."


As you all know, Janet and Tony didn't wait until September. They eloped to Greenwich, Connecticut, on June 4th, and were married in the Pickwick Arms Hotel. Judge John Knox, an old-time actor who once played with Francis X. Bushman, performed the honors, and while he referred to Janet once or twice as Florence, the ceremony came off without a hitch. Jerry Lewis, the best man, turned up two hours late, but his wife, Patti, who served as Janet's bridesmaid was on time. A few minutes after Lewis arrived, Jeanette Helen Morrison Carlyle Reames Leigh legally became Mrs. Bernie Schwartz.

Why did Janet and Tony advance their wedding date? Why did they get married when both of their families were far away in California? Was this an impetuous, spontaneous decision?

It was not.

Tony and Janet eloped because certain persons, powerful persons, were opposed to their marriage. Tony's (Continued on page 70)





Is their romance a put-up job—or do Shelley





and Farley mean it when they say, "I love you"? BY STEVE CRONIN

# they made fun of love

■ Shelley Winters and Farley Granger stood side by side on a huge sound stage at RKO, surrounded by the cast and crew of *Behave Yourself*, and cut a huge cake. It was their party, given by the studio to announce their engagement. Photographers were called in, and they took hundreds of pictures of the stars, the cake, the other actors, and of the ring Farley had given Shelley a short time before. At long last the engagement everyone had been expecting was *practically* admitted. It was a great day for love.

A day or so later the lovers skipped down the steps of an airliner in New York and were met by a crowd of reporters. The flash bulbs popped and then the reporters moved in.

"What about this engagement?" one reporter asked. "When are you getting married?"

"Who, *us*?" said Farley or Shelley. "We're just good friends."

"But what about the ring?" queried a newspaperman. He pointed to the circle on Shelley's finger.

"A friendship ring," said Shelley. "Like I said—we're really just good friends."

To the cynics and, unhappily, to many fans it seemed like an old story. It seemed like a publicity romance, a device which uses young love to ensnare the trusting fans, to lure them to the side of a pair of stars.

The publicity romance has long been defended by movie salesmen on the grounds that throughout literary history, people have desired to escape their own sterile existences by reading of the loves of the heroes and heroines of mythology and actuality. This is true. Love stories have always been popular. But think of the kickback if almost any of the classic love tales had been proven a fake. If Edward, King of England, had made his historic renunciation of the throne for his love of Wallis Simpson—and a few days later when asked about it by a (Continued on page 75)





Nick Savano, Mala Powers, Marilyn Monroe and Craig Hill looked more like chilly Indians than water babies in Herman Hover's ample towels.



Craig and Nick wanted to see if Marilyn's 24-karat gold suit, by Rose Marie Reid, would rust. Of course it didn't—consider the healthy goldfish.



Host Herman Hover, owner of Ciro's, continued his famous hospitality at home. Cokes and sandwiches were served; orange trees provided dessert.



Craig and Nick weren't sure they approved of gilding the lilies. But after Marilyn and Mala finished the job they agreed there weren't two prettier mermaids in town. Nick also approved Mala's suit; business manager of many stars he's expert at figures.

**we swam our way**





The "mirrar mirrar on the wall" at Ciro's would have a hard time naming the loveliest of all when three ladies like Mala, Marilyn, and Carinne Calvet stop to freshen their makeup before it.



Marilyn and Craig didn't miss a dance all evening. Carinne and her husband, John Bramfield, joined the gang at Ciro's after the swim fest. They had to skip the pool party; John was an location.

Come on in,  
the water's fine! And  
so is Ciro's Herman  
Hover. He led us  
from his pool-side to  
his ring-side in one  
blissful afternoon.

BY BEVERLY OTT

# to Ciro's

■ You've heard of Ciro's. It's the nightspot where everybody who is somebody goes to have fun. And even folks who've never had their names in lights end up having a whale of a time. I did—along with Craig Hill, Marilyn Monroe, Mala Powers, Nick Savano, Corinne Calvet, and John Bromfield. You might say that we swam our way to Ciro's, but if that sounds fishy let me explain. The last time I went there it was for a MODERN SCREEN party. I grew right fond of the place. "This is the life," was my unique comment to its owner, Herman Hover.

"You'll have to come back sometime," he invited. However, months passed before I ran into Mr. H. at lunch one noon. "What are *you* doing *here*?" I wanted to know. Because if I owned Ciro's I wouldn't leave it even in the daytime.

But it seems that Mr. Hover has a fine house and a lovely pool in Beverly Hills, and he lives in both. In fact, that's *his* idea of living. "Come see what I mean," he suggested. "Bring a crowd over tomorrow for swimming and later we'll adjourn to the club."

"You mean I can really bring people?" I said.

"Yes, of course," he replied politely. "People."

This was my day for running into people. I saw Craig Hill at the corner drive-in later in the afternoon. Between pictures, he does construction work—to keep in shape physically as well as financially. He'd dropped by the drive-in for a coke. "This is no day to work," I told him. "Neither is tomorrow—how about going swimming?"

I'm not terribly dumb. Craig was the handsome lifeguard in *Cheaper By The Dozen*. He's also been a lifeguard for real. And since I swim like a ton of bricks I figured he'd be nice to have around. Besides, he's one of the best looking young actors in Hollywood (see *Detective Story*). (Continued on page 68)



**t**here are plenty of wolves in Hollywood—not enough to be alarming, but annoying nevertheless. There are male wolves and females, too. It's hard to say which is the deadlier variety.

The important thing about wolves is to be able to spot one, or else you're courting disaster. There was once a young and naive actress in Hollywood who ran into a wolf so experienced and subtle that she was helpless to fight back.

This girl—you may call her Mary—had a nice contract with one of the major studios. She was married to a very personable boy who worked for an investment corporation. It seemed like an ideal arrangement. She would become a big star, and he would become her financial manager. And also—they were in love.

One day Mary had trouble on the set: She couldn't put the right emotion into the lines she was delivering, and after fruitless coaching by the director, the director took a stand. He told her she'd better improve or else he'd get another girl. Mary left the stage in a great depression. To add to that—it was raining. So, naturally enough, Mary started to cry.

Suddenly the associate producer was at her elbow, with a big handkerchief and a friendly (but not flirtatious) smile. He persuaded her to come back to the studio where he'd coach her on the next day's scenes.

She was grateful, and he was really very nice. He seemed honestly interested in helping her. But when Mary got home that night, her husband was wild with worry. "I called your set," he said. "Your company broke at six. I thought you had an accident."

Mary explained the situation to him, and although he didn't like the idea of the lessons too well, he understood.

But he grew less understanding when night after night Mary was late because she had been coaching with the associate producer. Since it was all so extremely innocent Mary was furious because her husband was suspicious. So they had bitter quarrels. And all the time the associate producer, so immaculately dressed in sheep's clothing, was biding his time.

The husband became the heavy in the girl's eyes. She thought he was unreasonable, foolishly jealous and distrustful. So they separated, and she turned to the associate producer for comfort, as he had known all along she would. And after that it was not so innocent.

A few months later, when the producer had tired of her and was "helping" another pretty girl Mary was bitter and disillusioned. She tried to return to her husband, to tell him he had been right all along but he didn't want her.

Was that a wolf for you! And the interesting thing is that he was so subtle and patient in his campaign that studio executives couldn't pin a thing on him. They would have liked to, though, because they do not approve of wolves.

That's one approach. What about the wolf howls of the younger set—boys like Scott Brady, Peter Lawford, Robert Stack, Farley Granger, Rock Hudson, Howard Duff, Vic Damone—to name a few. Are they wolves? They've all dated a lot of different girls.

The truth is that young men in pictures are good, healthy American males. Certainly they are excited by girls. But they are much busier than the average young man. They work on the set sometimes 12 hours a day and they have to look alert early in the morning. They don't spend their lives in night clubs. In fact, the big complaint of Hollywood news cameraman when he covers the night clubs is, "Where is everybody!" You may think they nightclub often because you see so many candid shots of them, but that's because a photographer shoots (*Continued on page 67*)



Scott Brady can't wait to try out his new numbers. When Tony Curtis married Janet Leigh in June, he gave his buddy his "little block book."

Is a girl safe  
in Hollywood, or  
had she better take  
her mother along when  
she dates an actor?  
Read this surprising report  
on West Coast Romeos.

BY CYNTHIA MILLER

# the truth





The steam room is to men what the beauty parlor is to the ladies. Here Scott Brady, Hugh O'Brien, Rock Hudson and Tony Curtis hash over women.

**about hollywood wolves**







"I'm all for marriage,"

says Joan Evans.

"But marriage

isn't for me until

I'm positive that

my head agrees with

what my heart says."

# marriage and joan

BY MARSHA SAUNDERS

**m**iss Joan Evans was mad. Real good and mad. But she didn't tear up the newspaper and jump up and down on it. When Joan gets mad only her eyes let you know it. Those big black eyes flash fire. That's a cliché, I know, but there's no getting around it—when Joan Evans is mad her eyes flash fire.

Another symptom of the Evans' rage is silence. Joan usually talks 90 miles an hour. Ask her what she thinks about the soul of a canary or the policy of the United Nations and 5,000 words later you make a telephone call to say you'll be late for your next appointment.

But on this day Joan said, "Listen to this column. 'If Joan Evans will say "yes" she and Carleton Carpenter will be married soon.' " She folded the paper and commented quietly, "This I wasn't prepared for."

You see, when Joan signed her contract with Samuel Goldwyn—at the age of 14—she was prepared by her background and her own good common sense for a lot of the occupational hazards of being in the movies. She was prepared for public criticism—and she certainly got it. Her evening dresses were cut too low. Her makeup was two inches thick. (Except for lipstick and a little powder Joan doesn't wear makeup.) How dare she call her parents by their first names! (This was her parents' choice, not Joan's.)

She was also prepared for the items in the local columns stating that she was seen at a restaurant to which she had never been with a boy she didn't know. In fact, the item which announced that Joan and John Barrymore, Jr. were a big item gained such widespread circulation that hundreds of girls wrote Joan to ask what young Jack was like, and was it true that they were in love. Joan and John met for the first time a couple of weeks ago. They laughed about the item. They could laugh because both of them, brought up as they had been, knew what to expect.

Joan laughed longest when she met a young actor with whom, according to a columnist, she had been "a duo." She saw him for the first time long after the item appeared. At the same time she met his wife and his two children.

This was all very funny and she was ready to laugh because she expected it. But she was not prepared for the marriage rumors. She didn't think it was a bit funny when several papers announced that she would be married to Carleton Carpenter. At almost the same time a story ran saying that she would marry Lee Kirby, the handsome young advertising man. When that item came out, she lost her sense of humor for sure.

After Joan's eyes stopped shooting off fireworks she said, "I honestly think it's about time that I have a chance to talk about how I feel about marriage and me."

Joan feels violently on every subject. Her feeling about marriage is deep and sincere and very important to her. Her opinions are logical and ordered.

"In the first place," she said, "when people ask me if I'm going to say 'yes' to this or that boy they should stop to remember that it's not my decision. I'm still a minor. Before I could marry anybody my mother and father would have to say 'yes.' But that's beside the point. That's just a little technicality. The big thing is that I respect marriage, and when I marry I want it to be forever.

"You see, I've had a fantastic example of what true marriage is in my own home. My mother and father have been married—let's see—it will be 20 years in September. It is the only marriage for both of them. Since I've said how long they have been married, Katherine would (Continued on page 91)





# who'd marry me?

He'd have to hold  
me awfully tight to  
keep me home.

Because I'm a girl who  
wants to go places . . .  
and who'd put up with  
a footloose, fame-  
hungry female?

**By MARILYN MONROE**

■ As a wife I wouldn't be completely unprepared. I can broil chops or make a salad. I can make a bed. I can sew something simple and darn socks. I can iron a shirt, and I can actually bake bread. I can do all these things and would—if my heart were in it. But it isn't. The safest place for my heart, I have found, is all wrapped up in a breathless, interesting thing called a career. The boy would have to tear off all this wrapping . . . and probably without any encouragement from me at first. Who would take the trouble to marry me?

These are my reasons now, but right from the start of my life I wondered about it, it seems. I remember my first "romance" . . .

He was 22 and I was not yet 14. He lived across the street from me, and I know now that I was just a kid as far as he was concerned. I should have known that from the way he would pat me on top of the head when he came home and I *happened* to be standing near the fence on his side of the road. But I didn't. To me he was the center of my thoughts, my feelings, my whole world.

One day he came out of his house and was already in his car when he noticed me (there I was hanging around again!). "Hey! I'm going to a movie," he called, impulsively. "Ask your Aunt Anna if you can come along. It's a good picture."

Aunt Anna, who was my guardian, and who liked him, said yes, and I flew out to join him. When I sat down beside him my heart was pounding, my head in a whirl, and an inner voice kept whispering to me, (*Continued on page 86*)









Kirk's devoted to Joel (the sleepyhead) and Michael—children of his first marriage. He tells them no man ever won an argument with a woman.



**what I'll tell my**



"The only way to live  
with women is to love  
'em. The only way  
to keep on lovin'  
women is to leave 'em  
alone. And who  
calls that livin'?"

■ Women. God bless them!

Since the beginning of time, the subject of women has confounded the philosophers, confused the poets, and mystified the common man. Myself included.

All of my life, women have confounded, confused, and mystified *me*. And it hasn't helped that I have known quite a few of them. If anything, the variety has only added to the confusion.

The subject of women has always weighed heavily on the mind of every man—in every age bracket. Just the other day, I was looking out into the front yard at my two sons playing cowboys and Indians with the two little girls next door. Suddenly an argument started (I later heard four versions) and the girls left in tears. Their departing blast to the Douglas boys was, "You can't ever play in our yard anymore . . ."

I couldn't help but think to myself, "There it is, the battle of the sexes starting already."

For it won't be long before the pattern of eternal confusion begins for my sons. Perhaps what I can tell them will save them from some of the problems I had. On the other hand, five years from now they may read this and laugh their heads off at the crazy ideas the old man had back in 1951.

In any event, I think my boys are pretty smart. (*Continued on page 89*)



Kirk feels qualified to talk about women since he grew up surrounded by six older sisters, all of whom were "infinitely wiser" than he. Here he is with Koy, Ruth, Marion, Betty (on couch) and twins, Fritzi and Ido.



"Love's the web that traps us all," says Kirk. But his much publicized romance with Irene Wrightsman is reportedly still "on."

# sons about women

By KIRK DOUGLAS



# Hollywood Approved Fashions



At Edgar Bergen's home Modern Screen's Hollywood Fashion Board makes selections. (Seated clockwise around the table:) Mrs. Bergen (back to camera), Diana Lynn, Mona Freeman, Howard Duff, Peter Lawford, Liz Taylor, Walter Pidgeon, Ricardo Montalban, host Edgar Bergen, and Loretta Young. All of the award-winning fashions can be bought in person or by mail at May Company stores, Los Angeles (Downtown, Wilshire, Crenshaw) and throughout the country as listed—as well as at other stores also named on page 80.



Hostess turns model as Frances Bergen shows prize coat to Loretta Young.



MGM's Diana Lynn takes her turn in her pet of the show, an After-Five black taffeta.



RKO let Jane Greer have the afternoon off to model this prize corduroy sports dress.

\* For the complete story of Modern Screen's fashion party see page 18



# for Fall \*

*Presenting a brand  
new idea of fashions for  
you—Modern Screen's  
Hollywood Fashion  
Board! At a festive lunch-  
eon a star-studded panel  
selected glamorous  
clothes by secret ballot.  
On these and the four  
following pages are their  
award-winning choices.*



*This suit was high on Peter Lawford's ballot, and MGM's Phyllis Kirk shows why.*



*When she saw it, Nancy Davis put in her bid to cut a figure in this black net formal.*

*Liz Taylor fell in love with this sports ensemble. She was justified—it won the grand award*





# WINNERS ALL *exciting sportswear in plaids.*



Hosts Edgar and Frances Bergen serve punch and Hollywood chit-chat over the punch bowl to Ricardo Montalban . . .



Voting over, Diana Lynn and Mona Freeman chat with a happy award-winner, Willys of Hollywood. Howard Duff ogles models . . .



Duff and Mona, who recently co-starred, cast an eye at the models passing in review and ponder their balloting choice . . .



Beautiful Loretta Young, who has won many fashion awards herself, and who is now in the 20th Century-Fox picture *Half Angel*, chats with Mrs. Edgar Bergen who poses in the award-winning coat—a *Lassie Maid* original. It is made of a large block plaid in 100 per cent virgin wool with velveteen collar and cuffs. Colors: Gold and grey, or royal and black. Sizes 8-18. \$55. A plaid coat is a wonderful contrast for all your monotone sport dresses and town costumes.

THE AWARD WINNING FASHIONS  
CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR BY MAIL AT THE  
MAY COMPANY STORES, LOS ANGELES  
(DOWNTOWN, WILSHIRE-CRENSHAW)  
AND THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY AS LISTED—AS WELL  
AS AT OTHER STORES ALSO NAMED ON PAGE 80.



## checks, and plain fabrics



Elizabeth Taylor, now appearing in MGM's *Love Is Better Than Ever*, models the grand award winner—a two-piece sports costume by Junior House of Milwaukee. The skirt and stole is all-wool Hounds-tooth check—the stole is lined with Sinbad red to match the belt—the white blouse is all-wool. Also available in brown, beige and white check with white blouse—kelly green stole lining and belt. Sizes 9-15. About \$40.



RKO's Jane Greer, next to be seen in the 20th Century-Fox production *Friendly Island*, is pretty as a picture in Henry Rosenfeld's award-winner—a one-piece dress of pin-wale corduroy. Colors: Red, green, brown, beige, grey. Sizes: 10-18. \$17.95. Jane carries an exceptionally smart red handbag from the large, award-winning Julius Resnick collection.



Bill Campbell of MGM poses with Leslie Caron, who stars in MGM's *American In Paris*, as she pertly models the "separates" award-winner by Morlane Sportswear. The jersey blouse comes in black with red, royal blue, or kelly green trim and matching plaid scarf. Sizes 10-18. About \$15. The velveteen skirt also in black with red, royal blue, or kelly green trim. Sizes 10-18. About \$19.



# WINNERS ALL



Dapper Charlie McCarthy watches Walter Pidgeon mark down a vote while Edgar Bergen mulls choices.

"Let's have another cuppa coffee," says Ricardo Montalban to sister-in-law Loretta Young. The Brown Derby provided plentiful refreshments.



Phyllis Kirk sips her Coca-Cola and chats with Peter Lawford while being photographed in Rosenblums' award-winning five-button classic suit of all-wool menswear flannel. Colors: Grey or oxford blue. Sizes: Regular, 10-20; Petite (five-foot-four and under), 10-20. About \$45. On the suit lapel—an exciting fake baroque pearl and gold finish pin chosen from Coro's award-winning jewelry collection. Phyllis wears "Moongold," a double-woven nylon slip-on from Kayser's award-winning glove collection.



Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy look approvingly at Nancy Davis wearing the award-winning evening gown original by David Klein. The bodice of the imported net gown is highlighted by illusion embroidery. Colors: Black, white, dream blue. Sizes 10-16. About \$40. Nancy is appearing in MGM's *Rain, Rain, Go Away*. Fashion-wise Edgar and Charlie wear new resort dinner suits by Don Loper.





The models, who were all lovely enough to be stars themselves, do the usual pre-appearance chores before taking their turns outdoors.

Jeff Richards, (left), and John Lupton of MGM applaud the Junior Towne of Milwaukee sports dress award-winner so smartly worn by Monica Lewis, next in MGM's Excuse My Dust. This one-piece dress has an authentic clan plaid skirt and scarf combined with a solid contrasting wool top that buttons down the back. This dress is available in the following authentic clan plaids: McLeod plaid—brown plaid with gold top; Princess Mary plaid—red and green with red top; McLean of Duart plaid—green and red with green top. Sizes 9-15. About \$18.



Liz Taylor compliments Mona Freeman, of Paramount's Darling, How Could You, on the award-winning Junior House of Milwaukee "after five" sensation. The taffeta skirt has appliqued bands of jersey to match the Wyners all worsted jersey top. Crinoline petticoat. Black only. Sizes 9-15. About \$35. "Sparkler" stockings by award-winner Willys of Hollywood.



Diana Lynn, currently appearing in MGM's The People Against O'Hara, is charming and ready for any date in the Junior Towne of Milwaukee award-winner—a one-piece rustling taffeta dress appliqued with velveteen, and sparkling with rhinestone buttons. Beneath the frock—a crinoline petticoat. Black only. Sizes 9-15. About \$18. Black faille box handbag from the award-winning Harry Levine collection.

THE AWARD WINNING FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR BY MAIL AT THE MAY COMPANY STORES, LOS ANGELES (DOWNTOWN, WILSHIRE-CRENSHAW), AND THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY AS LISTED—AS WELL AS AT OTHER STORES ALSO NAMED ON PAGE 80.



# It's reigning cats



Jeanne Crain's lion, Shah-Shah, was one of Hollywood's more bizarre pets. Now he lives at the zoo, and the Brinkmans have a dog for their three boys.



Poodles are high on the Hollywood pet popularity list. Specially trained, Betty Grable's well-mannered Punkin never barks on the set.



Joan Crawford's white poodle, Cliquot, is every bit the fancy French lady. She's equally at home on the tennis court or in the drawing room.



Like master, like dog. Most popular actor, Alan Ladd, chooses the most popular breed, boxer for a pet. He has seven of them on his ranch.



# and dogs



Gregory Peck sometimes wanders what hamsters have that his white German Shepherds don't. Every time he turns around they present him with a litter of 12 or 13 pups.



Jahn Agar can look as tough as he pleases, it won't scare Ragmap. The only thing that frightens this Christmas gift to Jahn is his own four-legged reflection in the mirror.



Doris Day swears they're poodles, but the dogs aren't sure. Beany is a fella who likes oranges; Smudgy's busy all day snubbing his mistress' husband, Marty Melcher.

Anybody would want to live a  
dog's life in pet-happy Hollywood  
where many a poodle has his master  
jumping through hoops.

BY JOHN MAYNARD

■ Once upon a time the phone rang in a West Los Angeles police station and the caller wanted to know what the local ordinance was about peace-disturbing lions.

"Did you say *lions*?" asked the desk sergeant politely.

"That's right," said the caller. "There is a roaring lion in the yard next to me and I can't sleep. I," he added thoughtfully, "am a lion-hater."

"You're a lyin' something," murmured the sergeant, who had practically cut his teeth on Joe Miller. "but we'll be around."

Since lions are a little better than par for the course even in pet-daffy Hollywood, the sergeant was inclined to jocularly as he contacted the handiest squad car. The squad car was similarly lighthearted as its team poked their flashlights into the back yard of Paul and Jeanne Crain Brinkman. Naturally there was nothing there except a roaring lion. Slightly taken aback, the policemen sprinted for the front where they fell against the Brinkman doorbell. Presently the masters of the house emerged.

"Uck," said the senior member of the law, loosening his necktie a trifle.

"Uck to you," said Mr. Brinkman courteously. "But surely you didn't wake us up just to say that? There must be something meatier on your mind, something—"

"Lion," gurgled the law, a word extremely difficult to gurgle.

"Lion," said Mrs. Brinkman encouragingly. "Keep going and we'll ask questions when we're stuck."

The law recovered its dignity. "You have a roaring lion in your yard," it said, "and you can't have. I think."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Brinkman firmly. "Shah-Shah doesn't roar."

"Must be some other lion," said Mr. B.

The law pushed its cap back on its head and ran its hand down its face in a gesture made classic by the late Edgar Kennedy. "It's *this* lion," it said with ominous quiet. "There is an ordinance about it, too. There has to be. In fact, I ain't sure there's not an ordinance against just *being* a lion. But roaring—definitely."

Oddly enough, the law was correct. Shah-Shah was a lion all right and still is—a female acquired by the Brinkmans at a Hollywood party. They'd raised her from a cub, principally in a three-room West Los Angeles apartment. Now, when they snapped the cuffs on her she was crowding 500 pounds. Regretfully, the Brinkmans handed her over to the curators of Griffith Park Zoo, where Shah-Shah has lived happily ever after, except for an occasional urge to break out and get the rat who sang on her.

The Brinkmans later settled for a dog, which is more like it as Hollywood pet preferences go. Right now, dogs are running ahead of cats about seven-to-two. And cats are (Continued on page 94)



In the real-life drama at Dana's house, he tries to play the "heavy" but his four kids won't let him.

# dana andrews: problem father

by Jane Wilkie

■ When Dana Andrews was in his young and hopeful twenties he went to college and studied child psychology. Thus armed with knowledge he faced the world bravely, certain that if he should ever become a father he'd know exactly what to do.

It was not long after the birth of his first child, David, that Dana realized there's very little you can learn about children from books. In the first place, the books said that a father and his son should be pals. Dana was willing, even anxious, but every time he flexed his muscles for a little roughhouse with David, David eyed him as if he were crazy.

As David grew, so did his supply of baseball bats and gloves, fishing rods and basketballs. But none of this interested him. He cared only for music—all kinds.

When David got to be about four years old, Dana began to fear he'd have an introvert on his hands. But that was before a certain Sunday School program when David, who was not scheduled to perform, strode onto the stage and sat down at the piano.

"I will now play 'High and Low,'" he announced in his baby tenor. Then he struck three high keys

*(Continued on page 96)*



Stephen, Susan and Kathy are the youngest, but very influential. When teen-age brother David grew a mustache, they laughed it off.



Though Dana is a strict disciplinarian, the house is usually full of kids. Here's Stephen (in the Etan callar) at his birthday party surrounded by his pals. Kathy is spellbound on the couch, while David, in back, looks a little bored to be among the small fry.





Mary and Dana met while working at the Pasadena Playhouse, were married in 1939. She's the relaxed one, tells Dana not to worry.



Dana studied opera for seven years and David shares his enthusiasm for classical music in general. However, David's an ardent be-bop fan, too, and puzzles his father with jazz lingo.

The resemblance between Dana and his luncheon companion isn't accidental. They're brothers. Dana has seven of them. Charles is the uncle the Andrews kids love to confide in.





# abba-dabba-DEBBIE



Debbie and Carleton Carpenter's "Abba-Dabba" record sales hit the million mark. They performed so well together that now many fans always think of them as a team.



Debbie dates infrequently and when she does, prefers neighborhood boys.

**SHE CAN SING; SHE CAN DANCE; SHE CAN DO ANYTHING! THAT'S**

■ Gene Kelly stopped whirling the little featherweight doll in his arms, stepped back and frowned. He was patiently rehearsing the new numbers for *Singing in the Rain* and right in the middle of a romantic waltz, this crazy kid had tossed back her head and gone limp with laughter. Gene's an exacting dance master; he doesn't like foolishness mixed with business.

"Listen, Freshie," he barked. "You know this is a sweet dance. The scene is love—not comedy. Why the yaks?"

"Oh, dear," sighed Debbie Reynolds, "I'm sorry. But—well—I used to practically fall off my seat when I saw you on the screen. And here I am—actually dancing for a picture





Debbie was a dud in high school dramatics; entered the contest that won her a screen test because contestants received free blouses.

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT THIS SCREEN-STRUCK KID WHO STILL CAN'T BELIEVE SHE HAS A CONTRACT.

by Kirtley Baskette

with Gene Kelly! I mean, it's absolutely the *end*, don't you see? I can't believe it. I'm losing my mind! Isn't it all just too *killing*?"

Gene leaned back against a ladder they used in another routine to digest this outburst before he grinned. But Debbie's green eyes stared back in horror. "Don't move!" she yelped. "My gum!" Kelly felt a few precious hairs leave his scalp as Deb leaped to the rescue. "I won't park it there again," she promised.

Gene Kelly didn't really mind losing the hair, or the rehearsal time either. Like everyone else at MGM, he knows that just being around Debbie Reynolds is like having a

double-shot from the Fountain of Youth—and what slight hangovers result are well worth it. As for Debbie Reynolds, she was making true talk; she's having herself a real ball—and so is everyone even remotely exposed to her around Hollywood.

It was barely two years ago that a sputtering '32 Chevvy sedan rattled through the formidable gates of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios and skidded dust on the elegant, fish-tailed Cadillacs parked inside. This ancient heap was a sight to behold. It sported a flashy dragon radiator cap, whirlaway hubs, a raucous truck horn and Venetian blinds. One door flopped open when the brakes (*Continued on page 72*)



# ROY'S RANCH

by Marwa Peterson



Roy's "wide open spaces" are overrun with children and animals, which is just the way he likes it.

■ Roy Rogers is an animal-lover. When he acts with a squirrel in a picture, he brings the squirrel home. When he acts with a possum, he brings the possum home. A few weeks ago, Roy strode into his ranch-house with a beautiful German Shepherd named Bullet who plays opposite him in *Pals of the Golden West*.

"I felt," Roy says, "that if Bullet lived with me a little, both of us would develop a closer working relationship—like the relationship I have with Trigger."

The first night the dog stayed at the ranch, five-year-old Junior, better known as Dusty, began calling his father. "Hey,

Dad," he shouted. "Come here and see what Bullet is doing."

"In a minute, Son," Roy answered from his small home office.

"You'd better hurry!" Dusty yelled.

"Take it easy," Roy said.

"Okay," Dusty agreed. "Only he's chewing your best hat to pieces."

Roy was on his feet in a flash. Two more seconds, and he was in the billiard room where Bullet was finding a cowboy hat tough to digest. One sharp Roy Rogers command, and Bullet dropped what was left of the (Continued on page 66)





The Rogers' blue-green living room is set for cozy family life most of the time. But an extra couch and two day beds are moved into the fireplace group for entertaining. Roy, planning a show himself, is fascinated by TV.



In the pine-paneled billiard room Roy has collected his pet outside interests. There are 16 mm movies, recorded music, and trophies for hunting and horses. Many of the furnishings are gifts from fans.



A lazy-susan dining table is Dale's solution to feeding a family of five hungry Rogers peacefully and speedily. The beautifully mounted pheasant is a memento of one of Roy's many happy-hunting trips with Dale.



The leather upholstered breakfast nook in the kitchen of their low Spanish ranch house is seldom empty. Dale carried over the ranch motif in her chinaware from the Hanover Fine China Company.



Only the wallpaper is new in the master bedroom. Dale chose a green and beige plaid because the colors and design reminded her of one of Roy's shirts. They've had all the furniture since their marriage in 1947.



The children's wing, with private bathroom and separate entrance, is off the kitchen. Three bedrooms open onto this large playroom. Baby Robin, who is froil, lives in another building with her nurse.

*more pictures on the following page*





Here chick, chick! Roy is teaching Dusty the skills of good farming. These 150 pullets were raised by Roy; will go from the freezer to the family table.



Roy and Dusty exchange an Eskimo kiss before a riding session. Dusty, Cheryl and Linda Lou all get lessons from Roy who insists they learn bareback first.

## roy's ranch continued

hat at Roy's feet and waited patiently for a pat of praise. There was no praise. Neither was their punishment. Roy knew that the dog was unfamiliar with his surroundings.

"Bullet's gonna have to learn about hats," he announced, "if he wants to stay here. Come on, Dusty, let's show him around."

A stroll around the Roy Rogers estate, five acres in the San Fernando Valley, is a tour of four separate houses.

The main building, a low-slung, irregularly-shaped Spanish ranch-house, has five bedrooms, an office, a billiard room (shooting pool is not a talent exclusively reserved to city slickers), a living room, a dining room, and a kitchen in perennial use.

Out back, five running steps from the kitchen door, is the baby's quarters. Robin Rogers was born 10 months ago. She came into the world with a congenitally weak heart and needs rest and extreme quiet so that she can grow without straining it.

The doctors suggested that Robin be kept in the hospital or in a special nursing home, but Roy and Dale wouldn't hear of it. They wanted their baby at home.

Even though it meant added expense, another \$10,000 to be exact, they constructed a private clinic for Robin and her nurse on their own property.

"I just had to have her near me," Dale says. "I knew



Ride 'em, cowboy! As if there weren't enough real horses around, Dusty tries "breaking" Roy while Dale and Bullet watch.



I couldn't have her in the main house. After all, we have three other children, and it wouldn't have been fair to them—shushing them all the time. So we built a little house for Robin. While she's sleeping, Roy and I tiptoe in and look at her. We pray that in the years to come her heart will grow stronger, so that she can play freely with the others and even use the swimming pool."

Next to the Rogers' swimming pool are some dressing rooms, a large outdoor barbecue, and a food locker which Roy insists, "I couldn't live without."

Whenever he and Dale aren't working in pictures or making personal appearance tours, they like to hunt. They take their dogs, go up into the mountains, and come back with a load of rabbit, pheasant, wood ducks, deer, and occasionally even a bear or two. The edible game is preserved in an 18-foot Amana freezer. It's an up-right job. "That's the best kind of freezer," Dale says. "You don't have to break your back bending down to get out a carton of peas."

**A**CTUALLY, the home the Roy Rogers family currently occupies isn't the house Roy likes best. "This one is a compromise," Dale explains. "It's as rural as we can make it and still act in motion pictures. If Roy had his way, we'd live on a real working ranch and fly down to the studio every morning."

"As a matter of fact, we do co-own a real ranch near Marysville, California. Roy has a partner and they raise wonderful cattle, white-faced Herefords. Whenever we can arrange it, we try to spend a weekend up there. But between weekends, we stay down here in the Valley where Roy raises as many animals as the zoning laws permit. He keeps two horses, a pony for the children, 150 chickens, half-a-dozen dogs and cats, a possum, and four squirrels. That's as of right now. Tonight, it might be different. He's liable to come home with two or three rabbits."

"Roy was born in Cincinnati, you know, but as a child he was raised on a farm in Duck Run, Ohio, and he can't get the animals or earth out of his blood."

To prove her point, Dale is always taking friends out to the land behind the tennis court to show them Roy's "Farm." It consists of a back lot planted with vegetables and a border of fruit trees.

Roy and Dale have a system. She credits him with the outdoor beauty of their home, and he credits her with the interior. "She's

fixed our place up real swell," Roy says, "and without spending a fortune."

"When we moved into this house six months ago," Dale points out, "I used as much of our old furniture as possible. No sense in letting that go to waste."

For her blue-green living room, Dale did buy a new swirl-pattern carpet, new draperies, and two sectional pieces. She placed the chairs by the fireplace, a fine seating arrangement for the family, but when friends drop in, the fireplace grouping is expanded to include a sofa and two upholstered day beds placed end to end.

The remainder of the furnishings in the room—the spinet piano, the hearth rug, the blond coffee table, the two floor lamps, and the painting of Roy by Evan Soward are all part of their former house.

Roy insists that Dale knows some cute decorating tricks. The lamps on the spinet piano are samples of her handiwork. These had ordinary glass shades until Dale saw some hand-painted ones in an antique store. She went home, cut out some cowboy figures from a wall-paper sample and pasted them on her old lamp shades. The effect is the same as the the hand-painted variety, only much less costly.

**A**s in the other rooms, most of the furniture in the Rogers' master bedroom comes from their previous home. The king-size bed, the dressing table, the chaise, and the desk are all pieces they've owned since their marriage in 1947. Only the wall paper is new. "I couldn't very well take that with me," Dale says jokingly. "But in selecting the new bedroom paper, I chose a green and beige plaid because the color combination reminded me of one of Roy's shirts."

A bathroom separates it from the bedroom, but Roy's office is almost part of the master suite. Roy works here surrounded by a life-size portrait of Trigger, a dozen plaques naming him the Western star of the year, and his own Philco television set.

Roy makes an honest effort to answer all his fan mail. He sends out autographed photos and acknowledges gifts as he receives them. When the job gets too much for him, he presses Dale into service. She keeps the typewriter she's had from her secretarial days ready and open on her own bedroom desk, and whenever Roy cries for help, she sprints into his office, shorthand book in hand.

The Rogers have one standing rule in their house. Everyone must be home for six-thirty dinner. Guilty persons are put in the doghouse. A miniature doghouse

stands on the kitchen wall. It contains five tags with the names of the various family members. The only way to get your name out of the doghouse is to help Emily with the dishes, or some other household chore.

Dale and Roy both feel that this is an important rule because it brings the whole family together at least once a day. "It gives the children a feeling of family solidarity," Roy says, "which is pretty necessary these days when just about every other solidarity is shaking."

Every Sunday, the entire Rogers household attends the St. Nicholas Episcopal Church in Encino.

Sunday night also finds them eating around the circular dining-room table. All other meals, however, are served practically continuously in the kitchen-breakfast nook. This leather-upholstered corner had to be added to the kitchen to satisfy the lusty appetites of Cheryl, eleven, Linda Lou, nine, and Dusty, five.

"Those kids eat all the time," Emily Warren, the cook, says, "but I like that. I also like them to bring their friends. The nook looks small but it can really seat eight quite comfortably."

The children's section of the Rogers house is next to the kitchen. Known as the children's wing, it consists of three separate bedrooms which open onto one large playroom. The wing has its own bathroom and a separate entrance, and the little guys can raise hallelujah while the rest of the household moves at a quiet pace.

The room Roy himself likes best is the billiard room. Pine-panelled, tiled-in-red, it boasts a friendly fireplace, a three-way exposure to the valley, a billiard table, twelve shelves of books, a 16 mm. sound projector, and dozens of hunting trophies. The maps and ash trays are gifts from admirers; a pair of Roy's boots which stand by the door, are cast in bronze. All the furnishings are typically masculine and designed to please the master of the house.

At night, after the children go to bed, Roy and Dale usually come into this room to discuss family problems, the day's work or just to chat the way married folks usually do.

Only the other night, Dale was recounting an amusing anecdote. Coming out of the studio, she heard a little boy say to his brother, "There's Dale Evans." "That isn't Dale Evans," the brother said.

"Oh, yes, it is," repeated the little shaver. "I recognized her at once. Her hair is the exact same color as Trigger's."

THE END

## the truth about hollywood wolves

(Continued from page 44) a lot of pictures at once and keeps circulating them in a hundred different publications.

As for chasing girls, these fellows are so good looking and sought after they don't have to. Whenever they want a date all they have to do is take out the little black book, start thumbing through it, and pick up the telephone.

The other day the room-mate of a pretty important star snatched his friend's telephone book and dialed a number. It was the number of a girl. But who was she? She turned out to be a middle-aged lady who worked for one of the important fan magazines. Was the kid embarrassed! And that's another thing that keeps the Hollywood wolf from howling even if he wants to. He's afraid of publicity. For everything that goes on in Hollywood is public property.

You ask a girl who's been out with him if Scott Brady is a wolf, and she'll say,

"You bet!" What is she doing? Trying to make herself seem important and desirable, trying to cash in on his fame. Scott's no wolf. Ask Ann Blyth.

Scott and Ann appeared at the press photographer's ball together. Ann was dressed as Sadie Thompson and Scott was the lamp post she leaned on. "What's happened to our Ann?" everybody asked. They should have been asking what had happened to Scott.

Scott's favorite forms of entertainment are baseball and boxing. So everybody was very amazed to see Scott all done up in a dinner jacket at the Ballet Russe with Ann. When someone asked him how he liked it he said fine, and added, "Ann was crazy about it." Which is certainly a case of Little Red Riding Hood leading the wolf around by the nose. And, this is for sure, if Scott showed any wolfish traits around Ann she would never go out with him again.

Peter Lawford has dated so many girls over a period of years that there's no space to list them all. One of the girls complained about him—but not the way you think. Elizabeth Taylor, who was 16 when Pete took her out, wailed, "He treated me as if I were just a little girl." She may have been 16 but she was still the most beautiful creature in town—and a wolf wouldn't have let age come between them. Pete is much too much of a gentleman to ever let himself fall into the wolf category.

Incidentally, a little known fact is that one of the big loves of Pete's life was a tall, charming society girl older than he. And when Gloria McLean married the inveterate bachelor, Jimmy Stewart, Pete was broken hearted. But even his best friends didn't know, and he went right on dating—a different girl every few weeks. Not because he's on the prowl; he's just looking for his ideal.

Bob Stack is another like Pete—the perfect gentleman. His taste is so perfect that when he made a date with Barbara Stanwyck shortly after her separation



from Bob Taylor, he invited Barbara's friend, Helen Ferguson, to join them. He knew it was wrong for a woman to be seen in public so soon after a separation.

Not all of Hollywood's young stars are perfect gentlemen. One of them owns a little bachelor house tucked away in the hills of Hollywood, and it's as much as a girl's reputation is worth to be seen there. The parties go on until all hours, and would shock the most sophisticated and worldly. But this is a fellow who has a weakness for tramps. Tramps are easy to find in any state of the union. And the kind of men who like them don't always live in Hollywood. Nice girls have been warned about this guy and simply steer clear of him.

Actors like Rock Hudson don't have the money to spend on a lot of girls. Besides, Rock is so much in love with Vera-Ellen he wouldn't look at anyone else.

So check them off the wolf list. And make another check for a certain very well known star who was dating a girl not so well known. He liked her a lot. She was crazy about him. Undoubtedly they talked of marriage. But because she was a most neurotic girl, the actor postponed marriage. Then he met another girl, fell in love with her and married her. This neurotic friend started telling everybody what a horror he was and what a wolf. She told her story in every bar on Sunset Strip and undoubtedly a great many people believed her. But a guy can jilt one girl for another whether he lives in Hollywood, East St. Louis or Montgomery, Alabama. Unfortunately this poor neurotic girl killed herself.

The female wolf pack in Hollywood (and elsewhere) are the kind who'll do anything for a job or publicity. There are a certain group of extra girls—and you can spot them when you see them time and again on the screen—who go on the make for men in the casting offices. If the studio executives knew about this, the men would be fired. But the casting men are only human. And very few are immune to the charms of a pretty girl when she is willing to give them away. Actu-

ally, these girls do not just give their charms away. They make a trade, and wind up getting a lot of bit parts.

Then there is the predatory female who latches on to the big new personalities. When Jeff Chandler burst upon the Hollywood scene and became "the hottest thing in Hollywood," he was married. The lady wolves left him alone because they're not poachers as a rule. But now Jeff and Marge have separated, and the gals find him fair game. When it is known that Jeff has accepted an invitation to a party the hostess' telephone rings all day long. The calls are from the girls—trying to chisel an invitation.

WHILE there's no denying that some potential actresses have been literally chased around the desk by casting directors and producers, the wolves give up easily enough when they know they're chasing the wrong girl. And, when dealing with a very young girl they are more protective than the average man. It is simply not true that in order to get a contract a girl has to compromise herself. The Hollywood producer knows that sex is a salable screen commodity, and is therefore highly aware of sex. But he also knows that sentiment is a salable screen commodity and is, therefore, extremely sentimental.

Joan Evans was 14 when she played the romantic lead in *Roseanna McCoy*. People who knew nothing about Hollywood asked her parents, "Aren't you terrified of the Hollywood wolves?" Joan received more protection from so-called wolfish producers than she would have from any other group of men. One studio executive said, "If any guy so much as makes a pass at Joan, I'll knock his teeth in." The studios try to take good care of their young stars. After all—they're more than just girls, they're money-making properties!

In what category can a man like Cesar Romero be placed? "Butch" as he is known to his friends, has dated the best known glamor girls—Joan Crawford, Marlene Dietrich, Barbara Stanwyck, Ann Sothern. But Butch is no wolf. Despite his villainous looks he is always the old family friend and

when there's trouble in the house it's Butch's shoulder that the girls cry on. When Ann Sothern's marriage went on the rocks, Butch listened and sympathized. And even if there is no trouble, Butch is the perfect escort. Whenever Jack Benny is out of town Butch takes Mary out with Jack's knowledge and consent.

Very often, as is the case of Butch Romero, the guy who looks like a wolf isn't at all. Often the fellow to watch out for is the quiet, not extremely attractive type with the halo ringing his head.

A popular young female star was once dating a big male attraction, when she had to make an appearance at a premiere and he had to be out of town. She told her beau, "I'll ask anybody you tell me to ask." Her fellow suggested little milk-toast juvenile. So the juvenile took her to the premiere, and now he's her steady beau. He was the real wolf—he handed her the big line and now her first beau can't understand it.

Farley Granger is the big swoon boy of 1951. When he's on a personal appearance tour fans tear him apart. Once when he was leaving a theater, the kids rushed the car that was taking him to the hotel and literally bashed in its hard top. You'd think that this kind of adulation would make him so conceited he'd say to himself, "Why, I can have any girl I want," and start howling. It has the opposite effect. Female devotion reached the saturation point with Farley. And now, he either dates Shelley Winters, or spends a quiet evening at his or a friend's home.

In a recent survey a reporter, interviewing 25 young Hollywood bachelors, asked the question, "Do you want to get married?" All answered, "Yes." Various times were set—"when I can afford to," "when I find the right girl," "if my next option is picked up." If they were wolves, they would have laughed that reporter out into the street.

So the truth about Hollywood wolves turns out to be the truth about wolves anywhere. There are wolves in Hollywood, of course. But there are even more sheep who just look like wolves to the undiscerning eye. THE END

## we swam our way to ciro's

(Continued from page 43)

Craig thought I had an excellent idea. "See you around two," he said and headed his truck for the highway.

Then I went back to the office and called Marilyn Monroe. Who looks as good in a bathing suit as Marilyn? Mala Powers. I invited both.

Corinne Calvet and John Bromfield were next on my list. "Johnees on location, but he should be back by tomorrow night," Corinne said. "We'll meet you at Ciro's."

WELL, the day came. Herman met us at the door—the way he does at Ciro's, and in no time at all we were ready for the water. Marilyn emerged from the dressing room in a real creation of a suit. It was a glamorous Rose Marie Reid number—24 karat gold, imprinted with a black chantilly lace pattern!

Mala was an eye-ful in an aquamarine suit that fitted her form—as we say in Hollywood—*deevinely*.

The boys dove right in. Mala and Marilyn were slightly more reluctant. "Cold," shivered Marilyn, testing the water with her toe.

"You'll get used to it," said Craig as he and Nick pulled her toward the pool.

"Look at our two Tarzans," shouted Mala, who should never have made the statement. She was dunked next.

Marilyn proved to be a beautiful swimmer. "Lessons," she explained. "I used to be scared silly. Fell into a pool when I was little, and almost drowned."

Mala had taken lessons, too. At four-and-a-half, she was the world's youngest diver. She used to scare people silly by performing tricks from the board.

"Yaah," Craig yelled at her—"I'd like to see you dive out of the pool." Mala took him up on that, and nobody knows quite how she did it. They'll never find out, either, because our photographer got so excited he almost dropped his camera in the water. When he asked her to do it again, she said, "Nix! I'm saving this stunt for when I'm old and grey and have no other way to make a living."

The high point of the day was an exciting race between Craig and Nick. We never did figure who won, because Herman Hover awarded the trophy—a convenient flower pot—to Mala and Marilyn.

In mid-afternoon Mr. Hover had cokes and sandwiches served to us, with Nick adding the final touch by picking oranges off a nearby tree.

And so on to Ciro's. "What a relief!" Nick sighed. He had an idea he was going to see another Western movie. That's because Mala's making one called *Rose of*

*Cimarron*, for 20th Century-Fox. It's her first horse opera, and she won't let Nick forget it. "It's got to the point," he says, "that every time I call for her on a date, I want to saddle up Old Paint."

Ciro's was the perfect cure for this fugitive from the they-went-thattaways. Nick refused to leave the dance floor once he got on it. Corinne and John came to meet us as she'd promised. "It's a funny thing," Corinne said, "but this morning I bent over to pick up our dog, and I couldn't straighten up again. I thought I had a broken back. But I came to Ciro's—and zut! Everything's fine!"

Nobody knows how Herman Hover seems to do it, but time goes faster at Ciro's than at almost any place in town; that is, for everybody but the men when their girls take off for the powder room. When we went to straighten up our makeup there were many, many mirrors where we could check every detail from head to toe.

Marilyn had to leave us early because she had a script to read the next day, so Craig ran her home in his car.

When they began to stack up the chairs, Herman Hover came by, and asked impishly, "Having fun?"

It was a superfluous question. "Having fun?" I chortled, "why, nobody will believe me if I tell them I swam all the way."

And with that my head went under for the third time in my ginger ale! THE END



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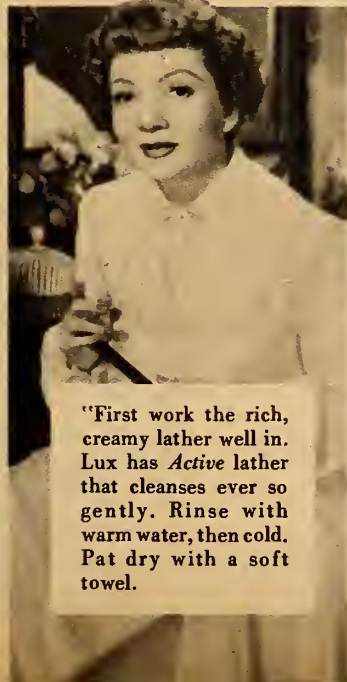
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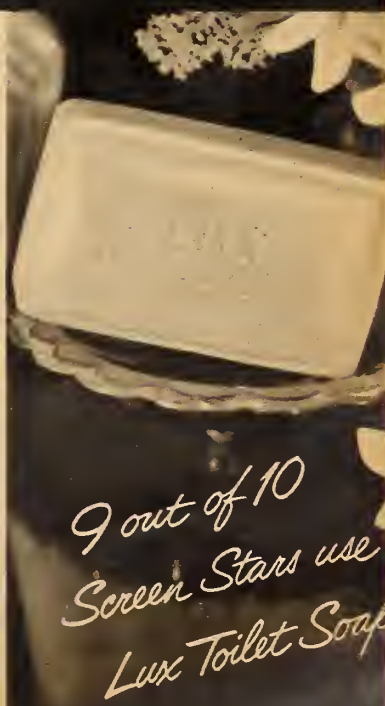
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*9 out of 10  
Screen Stars use  
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## why tony and janet had to elope

(Continued from page 39) folks and Janet's parents were all for it; they gave their blessings. But a few of the big shots in Hollywood felt strongly that 1951 was no year for a Curtis-Leigh wedding, and they tried to postpone it indefinitely.

First they approached Jerry Lewis, the irrepresible comedian who knows Tony and Janet better than any other person does in Hollywood.

"You're interested in the welfare of these kids, aren't you?" Jerry was asked.

Jerry nodded.

"Then, why don't you tell them that they shouldn't get married for a while?"

Lewis cocked an inquisitive eyebrow. "I don't get it," he said.

"Janet and Tony," he was told, "are a couple of kids who are new in the business. Tony has a big following with the bobby-soxers. Janet has a big following among single men. If these two get married, their box-office value will go down. It'll be no good for business, and it'll be no good for their careers."

FOR a fast second, Jerry Lewis thought it was all a gag. When he realized that the words were spoken in dead seriousness, he got mad. "You out of your mind?" he demanded. "These two kids are in love. Why shouldn't they get married? I'm married. Dean's married (Dean Martin). We don't hurt the box office."

"It's not the same thing," Jerry was informed. "You fellows are comedians. Janet and Tony are players; they act at love."

"The girls who watch Tony on the screen like to feel that he's single and unattached, that he belongs to them. The men feel the same way about Janet."

Jerry was firm. "I think you're nuts," he insisted. "This is a free country. If Janet and Tony want to get married, they should get married."

"Don't get excited," Jerry was told. "We don't want you to plead our case. All we want is to use you as a messenger. Just go to the kids and tell them we think that maybe the marriage should be postponed. Just for a little while, maybe until Tony's picture has had a complete release. Believe me, we ask you to do this, because we think it's best for Janet and Tony."

Jerry Lewis saw Janet and Tony that same night. "Look," he began, "I completely disagree with this, but I promised to transmit the following message." Whereupon he repeated what had been told him.

Janet and Tony were, of course, enraged. "We'll get married whenever we want," Janet announced. Tony corroborated her sentiments in more earthy phrases.

When word of their decision to elope leaked out, one of the studio producers called on Janet personally and tried to dissuade her.

If Janet really loved Tony—the argument went—if she really, deeply, and honestly loved him, she wouldn't marry him—not yet, anyway.

After all, Tony was scheduled to embark on his first personal appearance tour with Piper Laurie. He had just finished his first starring role in *The Prince*. Who would be interested in Tony and Piper if Tony got married to Janet Leigh?

"I felt so angry," Janet later confided to friends, "that I wanted to scream."

Later that night, before she left for New York and Tony left for Chicago, they decided that they would get married somewhere in the East. They would get married before any more pressure was brought to bear on them.

"I realized," Tony said, "that I would

have to find out once and for all whether people would like me as an actor. I knew I couldn't live my life to satisfy the whole world. I would have to satisfy myself."

Late in May when Janet Leigh arrived in New York, she was taken in tow by two publicity experts, John Springer of RKO for whom Janet had made *Two Tickets to Broadway*, and Dorothy Day, who represented Janet's home studio, MGM.

They were having lunch in Danny's Hideaway, a restaurant on East 45th Street, when Janet happened to ask, "I wonder if there's any place around New York where people can get married in a hurry?"

The love-light was flashing in her eyes, and Springer had a pretty good idea of what was cooking in her mind.

"You been talking to Tony?" he asked.

"Why, yes," Janet said. "I spoke to him on the phone in Chicago. He's coming in next week. I just can't wait to see him. I wonder if some night, maybe after we've seen Dean and Jerry (Martin and Lewis) at the Copa, we can't just drive off somewhere and get married."

"Tell you what," said the RKO publicity man. "I'll look into the situation and let you know."

SPRINGER spoke to the authorities in Connecticut, and the kind people there agreed to waive the 5-day residence requirement, providing Janet and Tony filled out all the necessary papers, took the blood tests, and so forth.

A week before Tony arrived in New York, Janet drove up to Greenwich and took her blood test.

The woman who supervised it—Janet couldn't remember whether she was a doctor, nurse, or lab technician, said, "I recognize you. Yes, I do. This blank has your name as Jeanette Reames, but I know who you really are."

Janet grinned.

"You're Vivian Leigh," the nurse announced.

Once back in her suite at the Waldorf Towers, Janet put in a long-distance call to her groom-to-be at the Hotel Ambassador in Chicago.

"Darling," she said, "the nurse told me I had some of the richest blood she's ever seen."

"As soon as I hit that crazy city," Tony shouted, "we're getting married. Do you hear? I don't want my girl alone in New

York with all those metropolitan wolves."

Tony was true to his word. The morning after he arrived in New York, RKO and MGM arranged for a fleet of three Cadillacs to transport the bride and groom to Greenwich. The manager of the movie house in Greenwich, Al Pourtnoy, hurriedly arranged for the ceremony to take place at the Pickwick Arms.

At 9:30 A.M., the wedding party arrived. It consisted of Janet, Tony, Patti Lewis, the bridesmaid, Paula Stone, Dorothy Day, Joe Abeles, a photographer-friend of Tony's, John Springer, Mac David and Jerry Livingston, the song writers, and one or two other friends.

Once all the papers were in order, the party waited until Jerry Lewis, the best man, appeared. A few moments later, Janet had promised to take Bernie for her husband, and Bernie had agreed to call Janet his wife.

There was much kissing—Jerry Lewis almost broke Janet's back in one of the great kissing exhibitions of all time—there was much frivolity, and much unrestrained joyousness.

Then the wedding party re-entered the three Cadillac limousines and headed for New York.

Tony and Janet were in the first limousine. When they hit the Bronx, they stopped kissing long enough for Tony to recognize that they were traveling on Bruckner Boulevard.

"Unless I'm mistaken," Tony said, "I have an aunt who lives around here. Her name is Klein. She lives on Bryant Avenue. This is the time of day she should be sitting out in front of the apartment house. Would you like to meet her?"

"I'd love to," said Janet.

In a matter of minutes, three limousines pulled up in front of the building. Sure enough, there was Tony's aunt sitting on the steps. Tony ran up to her and kissed her soundly.

The poor woman was amazed. She looked at Tony, then at the three Cadillacs.

"Bernie," she cried, "you're coming from a funeral?"

Her nephew roared and introduced his beautiful bride. There were many "ahs" and expressions of wonderment, as other tenants of the apartment building looked out from their windows. Tony and Janet stayed with Mrs. Klein for a few minutes, then rode back to their bridal suite at the Waldorf.

LATER that night, there was a small wedding party at Danny's Hideaway just for friends of the newlyweds. Tony made speeches. Janet, the happiness bursting out all over, kissed everyone. Champagne flowed freely. It was a wedding dinner not soon to be forgotten.

Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin were there, of course. Towards the end of the party, Jerry jumped to his feet and called for a toast. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I should like to propose a toast, if I may, to those two very wonderful, very charming"—and he looked directly at Tony and Janet—"to those two very happy young people—Shelley Winters and Scott Brady."

After the party, Janet and Tony had a one-week honeymoon in New York. It wasn't really a honeymoon. They spent most of their days working. Then Tony left for Boston to continue his personal appearance tour, and Janet returned to California to find them a house.

When Janet was asked if she didn't regret not having a large wedding instead of a tumultuous elopement, she grinned.

"There's only one thing about our marriage," she said, "that Tony and I both regret. It should've happened a whole lot sooner."

THE END

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(Continued from page 63) squeaked on, revealing seats covered with sporty chintz, and floors of flowered carpeting. Out stepped a pint-size 17-year-old girl with homemade curls piled on a head that seemed a little too big for her body. Her wide open eyes wore a startled look.

Clutching a brown paper sack of lunch in one hand, and a phonograph record in the other, she stepped right into the front office as if she owned the joint. And to tell the truth, since that memorable day, Debbie Reynolds practically does.

Not since Mickey Rooney shook that dignified studio loose back in his adolescent days, has MGM seen anything like Debbie. Like the wads of chewing gum she plasters at all strategic junctures, Debbie's irresistible personality spreads, sticks, gathers friends, and influences people. Staid stars copy her, quote her, ask eagerly every morning, "What goes with Debbie today?" Debbie-isms buzz around the lot like flies.

Did you hear what Debbie said when she met June Allyson? "My," she asked, "who's that little girl?" Did you catch Debbie's size-up of Pinza? "He may send the old ladies," she stated, "but he doesn't send me!" Have you heard what Arthur Loew got when he called Deb for a date? "I'm sorry," she told him, "but I'm going to Girl Scouts tonight." Listen to Debbie's description of her girl friend, Camille: "She's beautiful, she has big walnut eyes." Debbie's nuts about doing *Singing in the Rain*. "It's a period picture," she says, "1928." When Debbie lugged her lunch to the set, Jane Powell and then Gene Kelly started bringing theirs, too. She introduced stately Louis Calhern to dill pickles and before she ditched her jalop, Clark Gable told her he'd trade her his Jaguar, even. That's the way the Debbie madness goes. But, it's not all as crazy as it sounds, nor Debbie Reynolds either.

**D**EBBIE hasn't come, seen and conquered strictly because she's cute. What's really making Debbie Reynolds' stock soar in Hollywood is the solid conviction that she's a natural bundle of relaxed talent, a girl Bing Crosby.

Debbie had never warbled a note professionally until *Two Weeks With Love*. But that "Abba-Dabba Honeymoon" she did with Carleton Carpenter rocketed right onto the Hit Parade, and the record they cut headed for the million-sale mark. She hadn't danced either, but she was so smooth with Carleton that Gene Kelly asked for her, and Arthur Freed cast her without a test for Gene's partner in *Singing in the Rain*. She hasn't had a dramatic lesson worth mentioning, but she's set to co-star with Carleton in *Twenty-One Days*, play a lead with Spencer Tracy in *Years Ago*, and make *Everybody Swim* with Esther Williams. At Metro, producers are lining up for Debbie Reynolds like stags for a Park Avenue debutante at the Ritz.

By now it's taken for granted around MGM that Debbie Reynolds can handle anything you can throw at her. Just the other day producer George Wells, getting *Everybody Swim* ready to roll, with Debbie cast as a channel swimmer, thought he'd better check. He called Jack Cummings who made two of Debbie's pictures. "By the way, Jack," he said, "can Debbie Reynolds swim?"

"Listen," he got back, "Debbie Reynolds can swim, float, or fly, if necessary. I'd bet on that gal to play the flugelhorn, walk a tight wire or bulldog a steer. Debbie can do anything. She's sensational!"

Like a lot of sensational people, Debbie's a transplanted Texan, from El Paso, where she arrived one April Fool's day in

1932. "She came along about dinner time," her mother recalls, "and she's been hungry ever since." Debbie still snaps off five to six meals a day, ranging from dill pickles and crackers to a triple jumbo strawberry malt. In *Everybody Swim* they have Deb eating all through the picture. "We can probably work faster if we just write her snacks into the script," realistically concluded the producer. But where all the calories go, nobody knows.

Because, after 19 years of growing, Debbie tips on the light side of 100, rises only five feet above her kicks, shops for her jeans in the kids' department, and mama has to make all her dresses because she can't ever find a thing in size seven.

As a moppet, this peewee chassis earned Debbie nicknames like "Runt," "Peanuts," "Shrimp," and "Squirt," although the genteel tag was "Frannie," her real name being Mary Frances. It also handed her an unrepressed urge to show the world that she was rough, tough, and hard to bluff. "Deb was just as ornery as a baby as she is now," her mom sighs. The girlhood—or tomboyhood, to be more accurate—of Mary Frances Reynolds is studded with violent rebellions against the ignominy of skirts.

She built a fire under her house when she was just a brat, and only the lucky arrival of the neighbors in the nick of time saved the place from cinders. One boy who called her "sis" got knocked out colder than a cucumber against the schoolyard wall. She played basketball, baseball, yep, football, too. She was all-sex tetherball champ at an early age, and a whiz on

**Did you hear the one about the ham who was called into the director's office and asked, "Are you now or were you ever an actor?"**

—Sidney Skolsky in  
The New York Post

the parallel bars. She glowed when the kids said, "Gee, she's fun—just like a guy!"

Once the principal hot-footed it out to her house with some shocking news. "Mrs. Reynolds," he began solemnly, "are you aware that Mary Frances swears?" Mrs. Reynolds nodded. "What happened," she asked, "was some boy pushing her around?" That was the case, the master admitted. Mrs. Reynolds wanted to know something else. "Did she do a good job?" The principal said Frannie's swearing was inspired, even artistic. "Her uncle taught her how," explained her mom; and the principal retired with only that satisfaction.

But Debbie's declared admiration for boys turned to undeclared war at a certain point in her development. When the tender passion stirred others along about ninth grade, Deb told off her suitors rudely. With some other misanthropic girl chums she founded the "NN Club." "NN" stood for "Non-Neckers," and her mother made little pottery pins with the initials which Debbie and her colleagues wore proudly on their militant bosoms. "When the boys asked us to go out," she remembers, "we just answered, 'What for?' That stopped 'em." But fairly soon the "NN" had to add an initial. One traitorous girl defected and fell in love. "After that," sighs Deb, "we changed the name to 'Nearly Non-Neckers.'"

Instead of mooning and making eyes, Dauntless Debbie channeled her atomic energies into other female fields. At John Burroughs High in Burbank, she became a Big Operator and Activity Girl. "If there was anything around I wasn't mixed up in," she says, "I don't know what it was." Debbie was either president or some high brass of the Girls Athletic Association, the Tri-Y, Tennis Club, Job's Daughters, and an all-out Girl Scout, which she still is. She sang baritone—that's right—in the Choral Society and tooted the French horn

in the Youth Symphony and the BHS band. "You couldn't see me—just the horn," admits Debbie, "but you could sure hear me." She was also a demon baton twirler, and leader of Dick Layland's Batoneers, a precision marching group of 60 prancing fillies, who paraded all over Southern California and collected trophies which still clutter up Debbie's closet.

**W**ITH that background, it was obvious that nothing could be staged around Burbank without Frannie Reynolds, and have any bounce at all. So when the big "Burbank on Parade" fiesta loomed, back in 1948, her girl friends talked her into the "Queen of Burbank" contest. It was about the first thing Debbie had ever had to be talked into, but the way she figured, this was a little out of her line.

The princesses were picked for Beauty, Talent, and Personality. That last tag was all Debbie figured she could possibly rate. No one had ever called her beautiful, and oddly enough, the one activity where she definitely dugged was school dramatics. She couldn't win even a bit part and hustled scenery cheerfully, convinced that stage glamor wasn't for her. "But kid," the girls told her, "every girl who enters this deal gets a free blouse. Don't be stupid!" Debbie could always use a new blouse. There wasn't any money to spare and never had been around the Reynolds house.

She signed up with 28 other BHS belles, just for the blouse, but to earn it Debbie dug up a cutie routine that always wowed the drop-in trade at her house on Sunday afternoons. Deb liked to twirl a record of Betty Hutton's and mimic the Huttontot's gymnastics without singing a word. She could be Betty all over the place, and it was always good for a laugh. She packed up the platter of "A Square in a Social Circle," curled her hair for once, and submitted to a glamor gown her mom had whipped up for Easter. For the final touch she borrowed Mrs. Reynolds' white high heeled shoes, the first wobblers she'd ever worn in her life. They almost threw her. When she stepped out to spin her Betty Hutton disk and make with the act, she just couldn't move around. Debbie stopped the music and, in her easy fashion yelled, "Can I take off my shoes?" The crowd roared, "Sure." So she shook loose her hair-do, eased the glamor gown here and there, and kicked the high heels out into the crowd. Then she knocked herself out—and they liked to died clapping. She gathered that she'd earned her shirt—but that was all.

"I was leaning against a piano in back because my feet hurt, figuring how I could sneak out, go home and get something to eat," recalls Debbie, "when I heard this man call off the winners. 'Princess Beauty—Princess Talent—Princess Personality'—none of them me, of course. Then what does he say but 'And Queen of all Burbank—Miss Mary Frances Reynolds!' Well, that was the end, simply the end! They shoved me out on the stage and—for the first time in my life, I couldn't say a thing. Imagine!"

She got enough voice back to say, "Yes," when Solly Biano, a Warner Brothers' talent scout and a contest judge, offered all the lucky winners screen tests. Debbie had heard "awful things about the movies" but decided to take a chance, since Warners was right around the corner in Burbank, and she reasoned she couldn't go wrong that close to home. She did a skit from *The Bachelor and the Bobby Soxer*—in other words, acted herself—and came up with a stock contract. She got \$65.00 a week, which after court deductions, left her with \$29.00 each Saturday. First thing she did was buy a second-hand player piano, and a French horn of her very own.





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an easy payment plan), they're all inclined to agree with me!

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At Warners she also collected the name "Debbie" which seemed to fit (even her mother calls her that today), two weeks of dramatic lessons, and finally a bit part as June Haver's sister in *The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady*. But mostly Debbie just polished off her junior year at the studio school, and poked her inquisitive nose into every corner of the lot. "I knew everyone around the place," she says, "even the cats. I used to take visitors on studio tours." But they don't pay contract salaries forever for that, and there was really nothing on the lot for Debbie to do. After a year she learned the news—not necessarily bad, because she was eager then to get back to Burbank High, go on to college, and be a gym teacher—that she was out.

BUT when Warners dropped Debbie she didn't have time to bounce back toward Burbank High. MGM caught her on the fly four days before her option expired. Solly Biano knew about MGM's search for a tiny cutie to impersonate Helen Kane, the old "Boop-boop-a-doop Girl" of the 'thirties in *Three Little Words*, so he sent Debbie over to Producer Jack Cummings with her Betty Hutton record. Jack had to look only once. He used Helen's bonafide boops and Debbie's gestures. It was just a spot—but with Debbie Reynolds, spots spread, like measles.

All this popularity and progress hasn't turned Debbie Reynolds' head one notch, or changed her private life very much. Instead of a star, which she soon will be officially, she looks like somebody's kid sister, which she is, too. In Washington on her tour, she was mobbed for the first time and one girl blurted, "But she looks so human!" And just the other day, making a futile stab at shopping for an evening gown, Deb invaded a swank Beverly Hills shop, picked out a glamor rag she kind of liked. "I'll take—" Deb began, but before she could finish the sentence, the lady whisked it out of her hands. "It's a hundred dollars, honey," she explained. "You couldn't afford that."

Until Deb sold it to get her "blue bottom Pontiac," she was perfectly content with her sensational dolled-up jalopy. Debbie scared up the decomposed '32 Chevy, as old as she was, for \$20.00. Her dad, who can fix anything, made the motor run. Her Mom, who can sew anything, upholstered the tattered seats and made sofa pillows. Debbie added the carpets, the dragon radiator cap, and truck horn. But nobody could do much about the brakes.

Herding it into Hollywood one night with a couple of girl friends, Debbie weaved and swerved each time she touched the pedal and finally a cop wailed her down. "What you been drinking, sister?" he asked. "A malt," answered Deb honestly. He flashed the light in the girl friends' faces. "How about you?" "Cokes."

The cop wagged his head. "You kids get home before I call the truant officer." Debbie had already made two pictures.

As yet, Debbie's never had a drink (she doesn't smoke either) partly because she needs stimulants like a hole in the head, but mainly because it's against her religion. There's not a drop of liquor in her house, and that house, along with the people who live there, is still the center of her world.

The little FHA cottage her dad built on Evergreen Street is all paid for by now, which was project Number One after Debbie got slightly in the chips. Project Number Two was fixing up her room with a new salmon-pink rug, ruffled curtains, and blond furniture. Next comes fencing the back yard and building a barbecue. Then, "I'd like a small swimming pool," dreams Debbie, "so I won't have so darn much grass to mow."

Debbie's chosen chores are cleaning up the yard, helping her dad hammer things

into shape around the house, and taking care of Chip, a shaggy dog, and Mike, a crotchety cat. Inside the house, though, Deb's a flop. It's rough to get her to wash any dishes, cook or tidy up. She's the type who steps out of things and leaves them where they lay. Her mother, Maxene, a cheery youngish woman, long ago despaired of endowing Deb with many dainty feminine graces. Perfume, makeup, jewelry, and dressy doo-dads are anathema to her, and Deb frankly admits, "I hate baths." "Sometimes," chuckles Mrs. Reynolds, "I think I had two boys." Lately, a ray of girlish hope came along with Debbie's collection of monkey dolls which now festoon the house, brought about, of course, by that "Abba-Dabba Honeymoon" craze. Then there's the baby she's expecting.

It's really her sister-in-law's (her name's Joyce) baby. Joyce lives at the Reynolds' now while her husband Bill's at camp. The blessed event is expected in the fall. But when Joyce explained that to Debbie she answered, "Well you'll just have to hurry up. I can't wait that long!" The facts of life are slightly confused in Debbie's mind. Way back last winter when she was on her p.a. tour, she was interviewed on the "Welcome Stranger" program in Chicago and they asked about the most exciting event in her life. "Oh," replied Deb, "I'm going to be an aunt almost any minute!"

**Hal Goodman, speaking about a no-talent producer said, "That guy is nothing—and he originated it!"**

*Sidney Skolsky in  
The New York Post*

But there's no confusion in Debbie's mind about the fierce loyalty she maintains for her family and friends. Already "her" baby has enough blankets and woolly gear stacked up to keep it warm in Alaska. Last Father's Day she surprised her dad with a new runabout. And when the preview of *Two Weeks With Love* came up last year, the studio ticket machinery almost broke down. Deb asked if she could bring someone with her, and got a yes. The "someone" turned out to be 20 kids rounded up in the neighborhood. Or, as a harassed Metro press agent moaned, "All Burbank."

FOR Debbie's heart still belongs to Burbank, not Hollywood. By now she's a sort of civic fixture. Whatever's cooking in her home town, whether it's decorating a float for the Tournament of Roses, or plugging the Youth Symphony, Deb's right in on the act. "There's not a cop in town I don't know," Debbie boasts.

Debbie's favorite all-out activity is still the Girl Scouts. She was a "Curved Bar" Scout herself, which corresponds to an Eagle Scout, and today she's Co-Leader of the Burbank troop. Every rare studio recess she's off with the outdoor girls to their camp at Frazer Park in the mountains. Debbie recently contributed \$300 of her movie earnings to rig up an outdoor theater. At Frazer she cooks, scrubs, builds fires, and washes dishes with a fervor that would make her mama swoon with surprise at home. But Debbie thinks it's a salutary hobby. "Getting down to earth with those teenagers," she says, "keeps me from going off the track with all this Hollywood jazz."

Right now there doesn't seem to be much danger of Debbie Reynolds going off her trolley about any kind of "Hollywood jazz," particularly the variety called "Hollywood romance." Hollywood gossips find it rough going indeed with Deb, and so do Hollywood wolves.

"Oh, I can go along with a good-night kiss," she'll tell you, "but frankly, it doesn't do anything for me." This is her way of



saying she's not in love. In fact, she has 10 five dollar bets spread around MGM that she won't get married until she's 24.

Debbie has dates, but she scatters them like buckshot. Most are young fellows around Burbank and Hollywood who don't pack the kind of money to take her whirling off to the Mocambo or Ciro's. She'd rather go bowling anyway, to a movie, or the circus—"I lose my mind at the circus," Deb sighs. Most nights, though, she sits contentedly at home, writing letters to the 60-odd GI's in Korea who are her pen pals, reading Western two-gun thrillers, or entertaining her dates with records. Janet Leigh's ex-boy friend, Arthur Loew, Jr., is nearest to a Hollywood glamor suitor. But half the time—because of Girl Scouts and things—he can't get a date with Debbie. When he does and arrives decked out for a big dine and dance evening, he winds up eating enchiladas with the folks.

There was a time, in fact, when Debbie Reynolds was firmly set on being a spinster, but she's changed her plans about that. She loves kids, and by now she knows you can't have kids by yourself. "I'd like 20," says Debbie, "but I guess I'd settle for six. Imagine—six kids, most of them boys! Wouldn't that be the very end?"

That's just Debbie Reynolds' manner of speaking, of course. Right now, it's pretty hard to imagine anything actually being the end for Debbie Reynolds, the way she's steaming along. Anyone who knows anything about Hollywood or Debbie will tell you that this is just the beginning. And for a beginner, Debbie Reynolds, to put it mildly, is doing strictly okay.

THE END

## they made fun of love

(Continued from page 41) London Louella Parsons had said, "Who, me—and her?" he might well have been stoned by the true lovers of the world.

Someday when the photographers have left and the newspaper boys are home in bed, Shelley may look at Farley and see the dashing qualities in him that she has looked for in a man for so long. And he may look at her and see the woman he has been wanting for his wife. Then they both may realize that life is short and they may look for love in vain, away from each other. It may be then that they will try to make it a real love. And everything will turn out all right. But shortly before their engagement announcement, they were guests on the show of a prominent radio reporter and the conversation went something like this:

REPORTER: "Well, I understand you two kids are in love."

SHELLEY: "It sort of looks like it, doesn't it?"

REPORTER: "Is that an engagement ring you're wearing, Shelley?"

SHELLEY: "It does look like one. Is it Farley?"

FARLEY: "That is for the lady to say. . . ."

REPORTER: "Now come clean, you two, are you going to get married?"

SHELLEY: "Everybody keeps asking us that. . . ."

REPORTER: "Well, why don't you answer them?"

FARLEY: "We might do that one of these days."

REPORTER: "Well, will you deny you are engaged?"

SHELLEY & FARLEY: "That wouldn't be fair, now, would it?"

It seemed then that Shelley and Farley were making fun of love. But maybe they were just having fun, because not long



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after that, Louella Parsons wrote that they were planning to marry in Paris.

It is true that the romance between Farley and Shelley has been one of long standing. It began more than three years ago, shortly after Shelley became a smash hit at Universal. They met, and almost instantly became fast friends.

When their names were linked in the columns, press agents decided it was a natural. Instead of planting a story that the two had had a pleasant date, they began feeding the columnists lines like: "Shelley Winters and Farley Granger held hands all during the first show at Mocambo." And a romance was born.

A year or so ago, when Farley returned from a tour of Europe, the columnists thought he was staying an awfully long time in New York for a fellow with a sweetheart in California whom he hadn't seen in a few months. They said so. Soon the word was out that Shelley was packing to go to Farley's arms. A bit later, she'd bought the tickets. Then she was on her way to the airport. It was dramatic and in sequence, except for one thing, Shelley was making no such moves. She was living a normal routine right where she was.

"When are you going to see Farley?" someone asked her.

"When is he coming to see me?" Shelley is reported to have replied. "It's the same distance both ways, isn't it?"

This gave the cynics plenty of material to work with—because, after all, did that sound like the beginning of true love?

It would be a sad thing, indeed, if the romance between them were phony, for despite all you hear about them, Shelley and Farley are the loneliest kids in Hollywood. You will find proof of this buried in the scores of magazine stories written about them in the last couple of years. Farley, for instance, told a magazine writer not many months ago that he was going to live either in New York or abroad, and return to Hollywood only when he was needed for a picture. He gave as his reason that he had never found real happiness or contentment there. And Shelley Winters has wept publicly on the lapels of writers and others because the man of her dreams has not yet come along to claim her.

It is the considered opinion of those who know Shelley best that she is not only in love with Farley Granger, but downright predatory in her search for a legitimate romance. She wants true love so badly that she spends a good deal of her time when not being photographed with Farley, seeking it out. One of the first things she usually says upon arriving at a party is: "Where are all the single men?" And a standard Winters crack at lunch in the Universal commissary is: "Who's the guy over there in the corner? Is he a bachelor?"

Shelley Winters' genuine crushes have not been nearly as highly publicized as her present one, mainly because they have been directed at men who have not been big names. There have been a number of them since she met Farley, the most important to her probably being Liam O'Brien, Edmund's brother, and one of the handsomest lads in Hollywood.

Farley, on the other hand, with the possible exception of Shelley, has apparently not been severely smitten to date. Being one of the most dashing of the young blades around Hollywood, he has naturally had lots of dates, but he has yet to be poleaxed by passion for a doll.

Shelley and Farley's fans run into the millions. Many of them are fanatically in support of these youngsters. But in the main, they will be hurt if the bubble that is being blown up now bursts and proves that the whole thing was a sham.

People on the inside can tell you now that the situation is wearing on those con-

cerned. Farley was at a night spot recently with Shelley, and he sat for hours glumly watching the dancers, not speaking. Somebody asked him if he was having a good time. He said he guessed he was. Shelley, across from him, seemed anxious to be someplace else. Presently, a couple of columnists walked in and sat at nearby tables. It might have been coincidence, but Farley and Shelley leaped to the dance floor—and for an hour or so seemed to be the gayest, most carefree couple in the place. Maybe they were—and again maybe they were just playing the game.

The majority of movie fans are in the impressionable age group, youngsters who believe what they are told by older people. If they are told that Farley Granger is going to appear in a certain movie, and he doesn't appear, it is not terribly important, although a breach of truth. If they are told that Shelley Winters has 12 mink coats in her closet, and she only has one, that, too, is not so bad. But when it comes to love, there is a sincerity in the teen-ager that mustn't be toyed with. If these fans are told that their idols adore one another and in a week or so they find the idols in love with others, it destroys a bit of faith in a very precious thing. It isn't fair—and it isn't necessary. There are other ways to build popularity.

A number of years ago, a magazine editor had this proved to him the hard way. Romances were scarce in Hollywood at the

**Shelley Winters on the status of her on-and-off merger plans with Farley Granger: "We'd like to get married, but so many of our good friends who got married got divorced, that we're afraid to. Maybe we'll just get divorced."**

Walter Winchell in  
The New York Mirror

time. It just seemed that nobody was falling in love. The editor decided to grow one of his romances, figuring it would have the added feature of being exclusive with his magazine. Working through the right connections, he arranged to have Lana Turner, then a newcomer to pictures, and Victor Mature pose in lovey-dovey attitudes for his cameramen. He sent off the pictures and, after it was too late for the opposition magazines to cut in on his romance, he had stories planted in the papers about the big Turner-Mature romance.

The boy and girl were doing as they were told, for they were not stars then. They went out together, called each other pet names in public and so on. Things were going great, it seemed, until one day, just 24 hours before the editor's magazine appeared on the newsstands, Lana grew tired of the whole business, and took off. She flew up to San Francisco to see the man she was really interested in—and the next day papers all over the nation carried the headlines: LANA TURNER TO WED TONY MARTIN.

She didn't marry him, it turned out, but the editor didn't sell many magazines that month, either. And if you were to ask Lana today, she would tell you it was probably one of the most foolish things she has ever done. She may have gotten her name linked in print with a good many men in later years, but you can bet your shirt they were all genuine pulse-racers.

Farley Granger certainly has no need for phony publicity to further his career. His ability as an actor is more evident in each picture he makes. He has the respect of the kids and the grown ups because of his work and his talent. He is, in private life, young America personified, handsome, virile, and chock full of the joy of living. If he were none of these things, but an untried, ambitious fledgling then it might make sense to try any device just to popu-



larize his name and possibilities as a lover. Shelley Winters is also a star, established and properly renowned. There is no doubt that she is one of the best actresses in Hollywood. Her latest picture, *A Place In The Sun*, proves that. She is such a character in so many respects that all she has to do is appear somewhere, or open her mouth and say something and it gets in the columns. A combination of extreme ability and color in private and public life is enough for any star. Shelley Winters doesn't need a put-up romance to further her career or earn her new fans.

An accurate check of the past activities of the biggest stars today, the ones who have lasted the longest, that is, discloses that very few of them ever went for the phony romance gag. Those who were forced to, abandoned it for better things after a very short time. That goes for the old steady types and the glamor category.

The word glamor may be the key of the whole situation. It seems to be accepted that, to have glamor, a man or woman must live like a single rooster in a yard full of hens—or vice-versa. That just isn't true.

## hot copy—coming up!

(Continued from page 36) makes certain players more exciting to read about than others.

They are the actors who, by some projection of their personalities, create an almost fictional-type character off-screen that is oft-times as interesting as the heroes and heroines they play on the screen. They have the ability to create unusual curiosity about everything they do and say.

**A** STANDOUT among these, I believe, is Shelley Winters.

Oh, she isn't always tractable—or even polite to the press—this erratic Miss Winters.

Frequently, she is not above "lifting" a witticism or a bon mot from Noel Coward or Shaw and revamping it in her own words for an interview. (That she is usually caught at it doesn't stop her!)

She breaks appointments now and then. She is frequently bad tempered on the set and moody in public.

But there is something very human and warm and down to earth about Shelley that makes us forgive her, and wait with interest news of the next "jam" she gets herself into.

Completely unpredictable, she is constantly good copy.

Not long ago, when she was in trouble with her studio (trouble?—she had managed to get herself suspended!) she long-distanced me from New York.

"I'm in Dutch," she said with that innate honesty that is so much a part of her make-up. "I want to come back and make the picture with Frank Sinatra after all. Won't you fix it for me with my boss, Bill Goetz?"

If that isn't typical!

First I took a minute to tell her off about what a naughty girl I thought she was to get herself suspended in these difficult times. But, my reporter instinct came to the fore—and I couldn't scold her too much.

By being the first to know that Shelley wanted to make up with her studio, I was the first to reach Bill Goetz with the news and to get myself a "first exclusive" for the radio, and the break for my papers that this much publicized studio battle had been called off.

Looking at it less selfishly—while Shelley frequently poses as the dizziest of blondes, she has a lovable side that gets under our skins.

Glamor, actually, has little to do with romance, and practically nothing to do with real love.

When Farley Granger and Shelley Winters were in New York a few months ago, just after their engagement party, they appeared together in public quite a number of times. But they were by no means together *all* of the time. Away from the gay spots where the press gang hang out, they found old cronies of their very own and renewed old friendships.

There was no rush to buy a trousseau, or to set a wedding date. There may have been many legitimate reasons for this that have nothing to do with a phony romance. Certainly, Farley and Shelley are genuinely fond of one another and, as has been said, they are in the market for marriage.

If they make a monkey out of love, they may hurt themselves by losing the faith of the fans who believe in them. But if they do marry, the unpleasant charges that they're playing up the romance for what it's worth in publicity will die an immediate and just death. THE END

As flippantly as she may wisecrack about serious things, her romance with Farley Granger and marriage in general, I happen to know that she doesn't mean half the stuff she spouts. I think that she is deeply in love with Farley and that she has a real respect for marriage.

Behind all of her antics as a zany, continually in hot water, the fans sense that there is a great deal more to this explosive girl. When you see her deep, emotionally stirring and honest performance in *A Place In The Sun* you will be sure of it.

But whether Shelley is popping off like a comedienne, or letting us in on her really finer side, she is a personality who is sure to hold our interest as she zooms higher and higher up the ladder of her career.

If Shelley is the hottest copy among the new corps of girls, to my way of thinking Tony Curtis holds that honor among the men.

This boy is far more than a romantic, soft-eyed young screen lover who has caught the attention of the bobby-soxers.

He has enormous personal charm. When he talks for publication there is nothing of the over-night-success "ham" about him. Surprising in a boy so young, when he talks he has something to say. Tony is delighted with the way he has zoomed to the top in a short time, but he is wise to the hazards beyond his years.

Frankly, I had put off meeting young Curtis and deliberately postponed several interview appointments with him. I had just had a run of interviews with some of the new screen gents, many of whom I could very well do without.

So, he had a strike or two on him when he came to my house. We hadn't talked more than a few minutes before I realized how mistaken I had been, considering him just another good-looking boy for the teen-agers to squeal over.

He is a fascinating conversationalist about many things, and what I particularly liked about him is that he isn't bored—just the opposite—when the subject veers from himself.

Tony is intelligent enough to know that an honest and cooperative approach to publicity will greatly aid his career and help put it on a solid basis long after the squealers may switch to someone else. This, combined with his natural charm and dignity, will keep him out in front as good copy for many years.

Not for a minute do I think that his recent marriage to Janet Leigh will di-

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minish his popularity one whit. There's more to this lad than his being a mere bobby-sox idol. Wait and see.

Also high on my list of hot honeys to watch is irrepressible Mitzi Gaynor—a publicity “natural” if I ever saw one. One of the best indications that she is hot copy coming up is that one has only to see her in a gathering to ask, “Who is that girl? Where’s she been hiding all that pep?”

The first off-screen glimpse I had of Mitzi (she had played a brief part in *My Blue Heaven* with Betty Grable) was at the private party at Romanoff’s following the Academy Awards.

The place was jumpin’ with “greats,” the most vivid personalities of the screen.

And, yet, as Mitzi danced by (and *how* she danced—very dreamy-eyed and yet electric in the arms of an assortment of partners using, I noticed, the same technique on all) everyone was asking, “Who’s that?”

It isn’t that she is so beautiful, either. Many people think she looks like a pretty Jane Withers. But the sparks fly when Missy Gaynor is around, whether she is acting for the cameras or just talking to reporters.

Not long ago I got a close-up of Mitzi in action again. It was at a party given by the Darryl Zanucks for their 17-year-old daughter, Susan. Mitzi was asked to sing—an invitation she accepted with such alacrity and electricity that not only were the wolves whistling over her—all the young kids crowded around her. Later, they asked me question after question about this new star of musical comedy.

I told Darryl, “You’ve got a new star in that girl.”

The boss of 20th Century-Fox laughed. “You’re right,” he agreed, “this girl has got it.” And IT with capital letters say I.

STEVE Cochran is hot copy for the reason that he deliberately makes himself thatta way. Unlike Shelley, Tony, and Mitzi, he is good to interview and to talk about not because he can’t help it—but because he works at it.

I was most conscious of this when I interviewed Steve soon after he started going around with Ginger Rogers. He extracted every whit of publicity that “romance” could stand, and some that wasn’t in the cards. He knew that Ginger’s interest in him and vice-versa gave him new importance to the press.

Steve had been knocking around Hollywood quite a while, without stirring up much dust in a publicity way. He gave good performances, but so do many other actors. He didn’t seem to have that “something” to make people talk about him and wonder what he was up to after seeing him on the screen.

But Steve kept his eyes and his ears open. He began to realize that the spotlight is most frequently turned on those gentlemen who seem to have particular allure for lovely ladies.

I don’t mean to insinuate that his romance with Ginger was calculated on his part. But after the spark ignited—Steve was no bashful violet about his feelings. He talked to all and sundry, with the result that he got more publicity than has ever come his way from a good screen performance.

There are some loud whispers that Ginger became so annoyed by his ardent and oral admiration that she nipped whatever romance there might have been between them in the bud. But even this made good copy—as the columnists guessed in print almost daily whether Ginger and Steve were “hot” or “cold.”

Yes, I think Mr. Cochran, he of the virile screen roles and the fatal attraction to the femmes, will continue very much

in the fore, now that he has learned that “good copy” pays off at the box office and in his career.

Jeff Chandler feels that I do not like him. He told a friend I don’t write about him in the “complimentary” way I write about other actors.

He doesn’t know how mistaken he is! I like him exceptionally well because there is much more to say about him in print than a mere colorless “compliment” or two. I think that Jeff has some of the same great potential publicity punch that first helped put Clark Gable over as a big star.

Right now, Jeff is going through an unhappy phase of his life. His home is broken up. He will soon be divorced from his wife, and he misses his children.

Clark Gable weathered this same kind of unhappy marital publicity just as he was becoming a star. I mean his unfortunate marriages to both Josephine Dillon and Rhea Gable.

But if there is anything that intrigues the ladies about a man or a movie idol—it is the hint that one of these rugged-masculine charmers is suffering secret sorrows! I think the psychiatrists call it bringing out the “maternal instinct” in feminine hearts.

Esther Williams was going out the studio gate at noon and an autograph fan stopped her sighing:

“Oh, Esther, my ambition is to swim as well as you do.”

Esther snapped, “Then why aren’t you in a pool working at it instead of wasting time getting autographs here?”

Jeff should realize that all “good copy” does not have to be of the happy hearts-and-flowers-goody-goody variety to create interest.

I think Jeff will live to realize that the Sunday feature I wrote on his broken marriage rather than on his manly charms will do him more good than harm. In my book, Jeff is a he-man who will be worth writing about for many years to come.

I am greatly influenced in making my selections of hot copy by my fan mail. And I can tell you that Tony (Valentino) Dexter has just about been burning up my mail.

Of the entire brand new crop of stars, I am convinced that this boy is potentially torrid from a publicity angle. I do not for a moment think that he is a “one role” star as so many have hinted.

True, his resemblance to the late, beloved Valentino is startling. It is the main reason that this young man, whose real name is Walter Craig, was selected by Edward Small to create the popular idol.

But—and it’s a big *but*—to a whole world-wide group of new fans who do not remember the original Valentino, Tony packs a wallop completely his own. To the new young fans, Tony is excitement *plus* in himself, and is in no way an imitation of an actor idolized years ago.

Another young actor with strong possibilities to rate reams of copy is good looking Dale Robertson. Out of the blue, as it were, my attention was attracted to this six-foot good-looking character because of his sexy speaking voice. You can close your eyes and believe you are listening to Clark when Dale talks.

I have noticed that a sexy speaking voice (singing voice, too) is a very good indicator of a gentleman who will get good publicity. We lady reporters can be just as susceptible to a voice as you fans, and are prone to write up what the Voice says in our best hot copy style.

Dale has made a number of films for



20th and before that he was at Warners. After you fans see him in *Take Care of my Little Girl*, I'm sure he will be on my list to interview over and over. He is just starting his popularity climb with the squealing set, but once they pick out a man as their own there is no satisfying their insatiable curiosity about him.

One of the candid camera photographers who cover the night clubs was the first to call my attention to Phyllis Kirk as hot stuff.

"Louella, she's the only one of the new kids with something really *different* about her. Believe me, I know. I photograph them all."

Not long after, one of the national magazines that specializes in Hollywood's new hot copy gals came forth with an enchanting picture of Phyllis on the cover.

That's quite a break for any newcomer, and from that time on I started watching Phyllis.

**H**ER career started in 1949. That year she appeared with Ann Harding at the Westport, Connecticut, summer theater in *Yes, My Darling Daughter*.

Then came a series of pictures at MGM, not with star roles, but with parts colorful enough to create an interest in the Kirk cutie.

She may not exactly be hot copy now—but take my word for it—she's coming up.

Of course, some players do not develop into the hot copy you first expect of them. Corinne Calvet is a girl who started out like a house-on-fire as far as copy is concerned, and lately seems to have simmered down.

When she first came to Hollywood, she furnished one human interest angle after another. She behaved like a playgirl and for not taking her career seriously, Paramount fired her. It made good copy, indeed, as Corinne wept and wept over her lost opportunity, and promised to behave herself.

The second stage in her publicity campaign was when she did a serious right-about-face and applied herself so diligently that she not only got another chance, but is now a star for Hal Wallis on the same lot that fired her.

That's good story material. Makes for interest in a gal.

But lately it seems to me that the press does not give her quite so much attention—not because she is happily married to John Bromfield, either. Rather, I believe she can set it down to the fact that she doesn't particularly exert herself to be colorful copy these days. (You can't keep it up, Corinne, by merely posing in some good-looking bathing suits in front of your beach house.)

Something of the same may be said about John Derek. After starting out as very good copy from a writer's standpoint, he got hooked on the subject of how difficult it is to be "too handsome" and harped on that one idea through almost every interview he granted. Somewhere along the line, many of the columnists decided to let him fight out that problem by himself.

I guess if you were to ask me the *all time high for hot copy*—the prize would have to go to Joan Crawford who has been the darling of the press (sometimes referred to as its meal ticket) for over 20 years. And Joan has never lived to regret it!

If I have forgotten or overlooked some shining new player whom you believe deserves a place on my "tops" list of exciting new people to write about, I wish you would drop me a hint.

As I said before—there's nothing I love more dearly than a good hot personality to write about, as well as to admire for pure art's sake.

THE END

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Not a soap,  
not a cream—  
Halo cannot leave  
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soap film!



Gives fragrant  
"soft-water" lather  
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embarrassing  
dandruff from both  
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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!



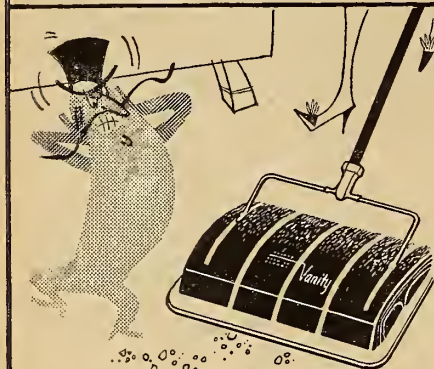
## Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!





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DON'T LET THE RUG-A-BOO GET YOU!  
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Houston, Texas—Foley Bros.  
Los Angeles, Calif.—May Co. Stores  
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Memphis, Tenn.—John Gerber  
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Milwaukee, Wis.—Boston Store  
New Orleans, La.—Gus Mayer  
New York, N. Y.—Russeks  
Pasadena, Calif.—Draper Studio  
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Portland, Oregon—Chas. F. Berg  
San Antonio, Texas—Meacham's  
San Francisco, Calif.—The White House  
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### JUNIOR HOUSE—Pg. 55 57 AND JUNIOR TOWNE OF MILWAUKEE—Pg. 57

Albany, N. Y.—W. M. Whitney & Co.  
Aurora, Colo.—Kay-Carter  
Bridgeport, Conn.—Outlet Co.  
Chattanooga, Tenn.—Miller Bros.  
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Coral Gables, Florida—Ruth Boyle  
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Elmira, N. Y.—Gorton Coy  
Ft. Worth, Texas—R. E. Cox  
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### ROSENBLUMS, INC.—Pg. 56

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Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field & Co.  
Columbus, Ohio—Morehouse Fashion  
Detroit, Mich.—Himelhoch's  
Houston, Texas—Sakowitz, Sports Dept.  
Los Angeles, Calif.—May Co. Stores  
(Downtown, Wilshire, Crenshaw)  
Miami, Florida—Burdine's  
New York, N. Y.—Arnold Constable  
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's  
Philadelphia, Pa.—Bonwit-Teller  
Philadelphia, Pa.—Wanamaker's  
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufmann's  
Rochester, N. Y.—Sibley, Lindsay & Curr  
Sacramento, Calif.—Weinstock-Lubin Co.  
San Antonio, Texas—Frost Bros.  
San Francisco, Calif.—The White House  
Seattle, Wash.—Frederick & Nelson  
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous Barr  
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If there is no store listed near you, write to the Fashion Dept., c/o Modern Screen, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Playtex Girdles available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country. Cutex nail polish and matching lipstick available at leading department, drug and variety stores throughout the country.

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Brooklyn, N. Y.—Martin's  
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Houston, Texas—Battlestein's  
Indianapolis, Indiana—H. P. Wasson Co.  
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Milwaukee, Wis.—Boston Store  
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### DAVID KLEIN—Pg. 56

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Detroit, Mich.—Crowley Milner  
Ft. Worth, Texas—Meacham's  
Houston, Texas—Sakowitz  
Los Angeles, Calif.—May Co. Stores  
(Downtown, Wilshire, Crenshaw)  
Milwaukee, Wis.—Boston Store  
Minneapolis, Minn.—Harold's  
New York, N. Y.—Bonwit-Teller  
New Orleans, La.—Maison Blanche  
Portland, Oregon—Meier & Frank  
San Antonio, Texas—Frost Bros.  
San Francisco, Calif.—The White House  
Washington, D. C.—Hecht Co.

### LASSIE MAID—Pg. 54

Akron, Ohio—M. O'Neil Co.  
Baltimore, Md.—Stewart Dry Goods  
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Martins  
Charleston, W. Va.—The Diamond  
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co.  
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Denver, Colo.—May Co.  
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson  
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Los Angeles, Calif.—May Co. Stores  
(Downtown, Wilshire, Crenshaw)  
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Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbels  
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San Francisco, Calif.—Emporium  
Syracuse, N. Y.—Addis Co.  
Washington, D. C.—Lansburgh & Bros.  
Youngstown, Ohio—Livingston Bros.



## sex is not enough!

(Continued from page 33) realization first started to dawn on me that sex or sex appeal isn't enough.

The casting directors wanted to know if I could sing, if I could dance; what sort of dramatic training I'd had; what pictures I'd played in. Had I ever been in summer stock?

"Sure, you have loads of sex appeal," one casting man agreed, "but so have a million other girls."

Fortunately for me, Mervyn LeRoy at that point in his life and mine, needed a young girl for one scene in a picture called *They Won't Forget*.

This girl was to be a high-school girl dressed in a tight sweater. She was to walk down the steps of her high school, the camera panning with her, revealing her every curve. Later on, she was to be ravaged and murdered.

Mervyn gave me the part. I had the physical endowments to play it.

The role was a small bit, but from that point on I became typed. Lana Turner became synonymous with sex.

I AM neither anti-Freudian nor a debunker of sex. But I should like to go on record as saying that sex isn't everything in life, and that a girl who has only sex appeal to offer won't keep a man very long.

As a matter of fact, she won't keep a screen career very long, either. The best quality for longevity on the screen is talent. There is no other substitute.

I found that out during the making of *Love Finds Andy Hardy*, *Dancing Co-ed*, *Ziegfeld Girl*, *Johnny Eager*, *Honky Tonk*, and all the rest of the pictures that went to make up my apprenticeship.

I have also learned from my three marriages that there is infinitely more to love than physical attraction; love is basically a state of mind.

Every day I receive dozens of letters from young girls who are sick at heart because they lack beauty or sex appeal.

I'm not going to get into trouble by naming names, but here in Hollywood there are many actresses who have neither beauty nor high sex quotients. What they have most of all is personality.

Beauty without personality, sex appeal without substance, are tempting come-ons that upon examination, fade into nothingness.

I know, because in my time I have dated some of the most handsome men this world has to offer. Sex appeal oozed from them. They were built like Apollos, but they were about as interesting as laundry lists.

I remember one young actor I dated when I was single, largely because his studio thought the publicity might do him some good. We'd go dancing at a night club, and he'd keep asking, "How do I look?" When he wasn't worried about his looks, he was either running a comb through his hair or grimacing to attract the attention of other patrons. He suffered from a Narcissus complex, spoke only about himself, and while occasionally, he stumbled over the truth about himself, he always recovered and rambled on as if nothing had happened.

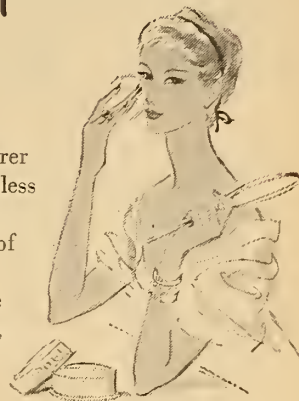
On the other hand, take a man like Spencer Tracy. Spence isn't the most handsome guy in the world, and maybe he doesn't exude sex—but what a personality! What warmth! What interest! What kindness! What gentleness!

These are qualities that last longer than sex, because a positive correlation exists between sex and passion, and passion as everyone knows, (Continued on page 85)

# If you dislike a heavy "made-up" look...

## Choose this filmy-light greaseless base

Keep your complexion looking *flawless* with this sheerer foundation! Smooth on just a glimmer of soft, greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream before powdering. The light mist actually *disappears*, leaving only the suggestion of a smooth finish, never a trace of oiliness. Make-up blends on easily—powder clings longer! The invisible veiling protects your skin! Flattery for *any* skin-tone, transparent Pond's Vanishing Cream gives such a lovely, *natural* look to your complexion!



## 1-Minute Mask "re-styles" end-of-summer complexions!

"Re-style" your complexion for fall—make your skin look clearer, smoother, brighter! Swirl a cool 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your entire face, except eyes. "Keratolytic" action of the Cream loosens and *dissolves off* shadowing dirt, dead skin flakes. Leave the Mask on a full minute and relax under its soothing coolness. Now tissue off—marvel at the rosy-freshness of your skin, softer, *glowing* after this instant "re-styling"!



Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney... "The 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream does more for my complexion than anything I know!" says Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney.



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from chafing  
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Certainly you'll find great relief with Tampax on those inevitable days of the month which are more unwelcome than ever in summer. Tampax sanitary protection is not at all like the other kind. It can't be seen when in use. It can't be felt. It can't interfere with any activity. For Tampax is worn internally and so discards the bothersome belt and heavy pad!

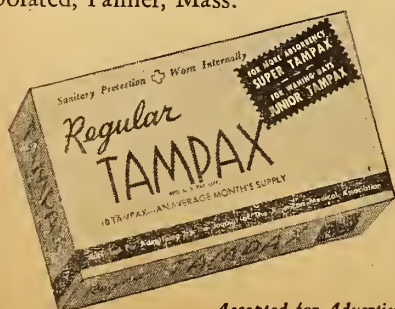


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## tell it to joan by joan evans



Making friends isn't half as hard as keeping them  
—here's how to do both easily.

**F**OUR girls from Wierton, West Virginia—their names are Bernadine, Agnes, Carol and Caroline—asked me a good question: "We were wondering if you could tell us about a real friendship and what makes it stick." I've had a lot of letters, too, from girls who say, "My girl friend is always making cracks at me, particularly in front of boys," and another kid complained, "Whenever we double date, my girl friend makes a big play for the boy I'm with."

So I got to realize that the whole subject of what makes a friendship last is very important. Girls are always worried about how to be popular with boys, and how to act towards them, but they take the girl friends for granted. And it's just as vital to have girl friends as to have boy friends. Believe me, I know.

When I first came to California to work for Mr. Goldwyn, I was just 14. I didn't go to a regular school but had a tutor at the studio. I was the only one in my class. The Goldwyn studio is small and Gigi Perreau, then age seven, and I were the only girls under contract. So I had no chance to meet other boys my age and I was terribly lonely for girl companionship.

When I began coaching with Bob Paris I met one of his pupils—a girl named Palma Shard. She is a wonderful singer and has done a lot of work on television. She has also played a couple of parts in pictures. I knew I liked her right away and I hoped we could be good friends. Well, the happy ending is that she's my best friend now and I wouldn't take anything for that friendship. But one of the reasons it has stuck is because we both work at being friends. We are considerate of each other. We make a point of seeing each other at least once a week and we talk on the telephone every few days. She is as interested in what I am doing as I am in her, and I can honestly say that if Palma

gets a good break I'm just as excited as when I do. There just couldn't be any professional jealousy between us any more than there could be personal jealousy. We have no secrets from each other, and I know that Palma would cut her throat before she would try to take a boy friend of mine away from me. And vice versa.

You see, I'm able to appreciate a good friend. Before Palma, I met a girl I liked a lot, but pretty soon I discovered that I was always on the giving end. I was the one who always called her. I was the one who always asked her to my house. In other words, I was working at the friendship and she wasn't—and that's no good.

**S**o the way to make a friendship stick is to work at it—not to sit back and always expect your friend to seek you out. You have to do some seeking out yourself. I'm not for that silly business of counting calls or invitations, and saying, "Now it's her turn to call me," or, "It's her turn to have me over." But if you have been to several parties at a girl's house—or even been invited to them—you have to return the favor.

And while I'm on the subject of parties I'm going to stick my neck out (and maybe get scolded). I have a lot of letters from kids who say that their parents never let them have friends over; never let them give a party. I would like to shake those parents. Honestly, what are they thinking about! Don't they know that their children can't grow up into well adjusted human beings unless they learn how to entertain in their own home? Don't they know they are driving their kids away from home by denying them a home? I think kids who aren't allowed to entertain at home should rebel.

Another very important thing that makes a friendship stick is honesty.



But by honesty I don't mean rudeness. Just because you have a "best friend" you are not supposed to treat her like an old shoe. And you should not be too frank. If she asks your advice about something she's done and you think she's done wrong there are so many different ways of saying it. You can hurt her by saying, "Are you crazy? Don't you know you acted like a fool?" Or you can be tactful and say, "Well, I don't know, honey. It seems to me I would have done so and so, but then you and I are different people."

**Y**ou certainly can't make a friendship stick if you go around hurting your friends' feelings. Remember you don't have a corner on being sensitive. So think before you say something thoughtless and cruel. You can apologize later and even be forgiven, but something is gone. So why not stop the cruel, thoughtless word before it is said? It's so much better.

Just because someone is close to you is no reason why she should have less consideration than someone you don't like nearly so well. In fact, the girl close to you should have more consideration because there is more affection between you. I'd like to tell you something very cute that Palma once did. She'd done some kind of publicity stunt for a television show and she was given, among other things, a dinner for two at a charming little restaurant. Well, she asked me to go with her. "But look, Joan," she said, "if something better comes up I intend to break this date, and I trust you to do the same." Now that's what I mean by honesty. We both laughed because we both knew what she meant by "something better." The "something better" was an exciting bid from a boy friend.

There's one more thing that I think is terribly important about making a friendship stick. You should never hold a grievance against your friend. I mean you should never keep it bottled up inside. If she does something that hurts you, come right out and say so. On the other hand, I don't believe in the old saw, "Never apologize—your friends don't need it and your enemies won't believe it." There's no such thing as blind understanding. You might say something that is perfectly innocent and yet be misunderstood by your friend. If you explain what was meant, the whole thing can be cleared up.

Everybody should treasure friendship. Good friends are hard to come by.

**A**ND now here are some more letters.  
"Dear Joan: Is it all right for a girl to call a boy first—that is, on the telephone?—E. S., Bridgeport, Conn."

It's all right for a girl to call a boy when she has something specific to say—like asking him to a party or, if she has been away from school, asking him something about the home work providing she can't get the home work from a girl. But it is wrong to pursue a boy on the telephone. Your call should be legitimate or he'll think you're chasing him.

"Dear Joan: My problem is jealousy. I know it isn't right, but I just can't help it.—Tex, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif."

Wouldn't it help if you would tell yourself how silly jealousy is? If you're going with a girl you can tell whether she likes you or not.

**I like**



**because**

MY PLAYCLOTHES LOOK  
SO PRETTY AND BRIGHT

Joe's shirts and my sheets look so white  
and my whole wash smells so  
sweet and fresh!

The gang at the shop kids me about  
always wearing clean overalls, but  
I notice a lot of 'em ask me what  
kind of soap Mary uses!

Good Gracious! I can't begin to tell  
you how long I've used Fels-Naptha  
but my children and their children  
depend on it just like I do.



# PAINFUL FEET?

Many parts of the body feel the ill-effects of painful feet. That is why, when your feet hurt, you hurt all over!



## GET Dr. Scholl's FOR FAST RELIEF

Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, the noted authority on the feet, has formulated and designed over 100 Remedies, Appliances and Arch Supports for the relief of all common foot troubles. Their cost is very small. At Drug, Shoe, Department and 5-10¢ Stores everywhere.

### CORNS—SORE TOES

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly relieve and gently remove corns; stop painful shoe friction; soothe, cushion, protect the sensitive spot. Help prevent corns, sore toes, blisters. Also sizes for callouses, bunions.



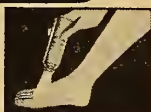
### HOT, TIRED FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm quickly relieves, refreshes feverish, tender, sensitive, tired feet, due to exertion or fatigue. Puts you right back on your feet—comforted, rested, refreshed. Economical!



### TENDER FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder relieves tender, hot, tired, chafed, sensitive feet. Soothes minor skin irritations; eases new or tight shoes; helps prevent Athlete's Foot. Cultivate this fine foot health habit.



### SEVERE BUNIONS

Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer, of soft rubber, relieves pain from shoe pressure, hides the bulge, helps preserve shape of shoe. For wear over the stocking, ask for Dr. Scholl's Leather Bunion Protector.



### ATHLETE'S FOOT

Dr. Scholl's Solvex quickly relieves itching feet and toes; kills fungi of infection it contacts; helps heal red, raw, cracked, peeling skin of Athlete's Foot. Liquid, Powder or Ointment.



### RELIEF—PROTECTION

Dr. Scholl's Karotex, soft, soothing, cushioning, protective foot plaster, relieves shoe friction and pressure on corns, callouses, bunions and tender spots on feet and toes. Cut it to any size, shape and apply.



**Dr. Scholl's**  
FOR ALL COMMON FOOT TROUBLES

And if she likes you better than anybody else there's no reason to be jealous. If she is some other fellow's girl, there's no reason to be jealous either because she is the other fellow's girl. You know what jealousy is? It's an inferiority complex. It's not being sure of yourself. Just say to yourself, "This girl likes me or she wouldn't be going out with me," and if you have self-confidence you can't be jealous. Some girls are flattered when a boy is jealous. Not me. I think it just shows a lack of faith.

"Dear Joan: A boy I used to go with went into service a few months ago. As yet I haven't heard from him, and I was wondering if I should write first.—J. E., Lenexa, Kansas."

You bet you should! Remember that he may have written. Letters have been known to be lost in the mails. Or he may have been too busy to write. But I know he would like to hear from you. I get hundreds of letters from servicemen. Mail is one of the most important things in their lives. And while I'm on the subject, I wish the girls who read this column would make a big effort to write to the boys in service. It's very important. So do write to this boy, J. E. And don't count letters, either. Write him whenever you have something interesting and newsy to say.

"Dear Joan: I used to be very sweet and even tempered and now I am nasty and talk mean to everyone. Is this a part of growing up?—R. C. G., Trafford, Pa."

**Y**ou know something. Acting mean and being nasty is not a part of growing up. But the very fact that you know you're acting mean and want to control your nastiness proves that you can. That's a big step. That silly old rule of counting 10 before you speak if you're angry is pretty good. Actually all it means is just, "think before you speak." You know perfectly well when you feel a mean remark coming on. So just bite your tongue, think to yourself what you might have said, think how you might have made the other person feel, and either say something else instead or don't say anything.

"Dear Joan: People have been telling me things about my fiancé going with other girls. I found a picture of another girl in his bill fold. We have quarrels once in awhile about these girls. What should I do?—B. W., Barberton, Ohio."

The first thing is to remember that marriage never reformed a man yet. Be thankful that you know about this now before you marry him. But be very sure that he isn't kidding you about the other girls and getting a kick out of making you jealous. You should have a real, honest talk with him and not a quarrel. Quarrels never solve anything. Ask him to tell you why, when he is engaged to you, he sees other girls. If you are convinced that he is not kidding you, that he really does see other girls then, of course, there's nothing to do but to break the engagement. And, by the way, why were you looking in his bill fold?

"Dear Joan: I have very oily hair and in order to keep it soft and shining I wash it every four days. Is this too often?—J. W., Tucson, Arizona."

I think so. Most beauty experts will tell you that too much water dries out the hair.

## IT HAPPENED TO ME

One afternoon on an ocean liner en route for Hawaii, I decided to do a little swimming in the ship's pool. I was only seven years old at the time and didn't know much about it.



After I got into the pool, the rocking water frightened me and I was trying to hold onto the rope that went around the side of the pool. A few minutes later, an attractive girl in a white bathing suit and cap noticed my struggle to keep my head above water and she came over to see about me.

"Get on my back and hold on tight," she said.

Then she swam around the pool with me and we got out to dry.

I was informed later by my mother that the nice lady was a movie star named Joan Fontaine.

Carol Gardt  
Kingsville, Texas

You can keep the oil out in a couple of ways. There are several good "dry shampoos" on the market. They are not really dry, as you probably know. Actually they are liquid cleansers. If you tie a piece of cheese cloth around your brush and brush your hair with that you can get a lot of the oil out. Try it and see. I, personally, think that once a week is often enough to shampoo hair with water. "Dear Miss Evans: I read your diet. I would like to know if you can have vegetable juice or orange juice instead of grapefruit juice. Can you have a green or yellow vegetable instead of salad occasionally? Do you have to drink skimmed milk?—S. S., Orlando, Florida."

On a reducing diet, orange juice is no good. The grapefruit juice is actually thinning. Occasionally, you can vary the grapefruit juice with tomato juice. You should have enough salad but occasionally you can substitute a green or yellow vegetable, provided that there is little butter used. Yes, you have to drink skimmed milk. Regular milk has cream in it and cream is fattening. I know just how you feel, but you must have perseverance.

"Dear Joan: I am 15. I want to be a model. Could you please tell me if I need a high school education?—C. G., Fall River, Mass."

I'm sure there are some successful models who do not have a high school education, but that doesn't matter. You should have one. Everybody who possibly can should have at least a high school education. Not just for your job, either, but because an education is important to you as a human being. I wish I could shake those kids who want to quit school while they are in high school. If you do, you certainly will regret it.

And that's it for this month, kids. Thanks for writing. And thanks for all the nice things you say about this column.

DO YOU HAVE A TEEN-AGE PROBLEM?

WRITE TO JOAN EVANS, BOX 93,  
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.



## sex is not enough

(Continued from page 81) fades with the years. But personality, warmth and gentility are enhanced by time.

These are the traits most young girls should cultivate. These are the traits I try to cultivate in Cheryl, my own daughter.

Sex appeal is important, sure. But as any married couple will testify, it takes more than sex to hold a marriage together.

It takes children, mutuality of purpose, self-sacrifice, understanding, a sense of humor, and the ability to put up with little idiosyncrasies.

I, for example, have more than my share. For some strange reason, I feel frightened at large social gatherings. Put me in a room with more than 10 or 12 people, and I'm uneasy. I know I shouldn't be, but I am. Invariably, the last thing I say to my husband before we step into a crowded room is, "Darling, don't leave me."

Bob understands my uneasiness and puts up with it. By the same token, I understand his love for deep-sea fishing. As a result, I've become a deep-sea fisherwoman myself. A few years ago down in the Bahamas, I pulled in a tuna that weighed more than 300 pounds. When I was a girl, you couldn't get me to go fishing for love or money.

I believe that a realization of the relative importance of sex is a part of growing up. When a girl is young, sex appeal is probably the most vital thing in life to her. She imagines that her face and figure are her paramount enticements. Boys, she will tell you, are not interested in her scholarly attainments, her athletic ability, or her knowledge of languages.

That, at least, is what I used to think. I

know now that I was wrong. I know now that if I'd had the proper dramatic training to go with my physical endowments, my motion picture career would have progressed at a faster rate than it did.

Boys are interested in anything a smart girl wants them to be interested in. Girls with brains and personality marry men of stability and good will. Girls who offer nothing but beauty and sex usually wind up in the divorce courts.

I am not running sex down. I agree that it is an underlying motive in all human conduct, but I happen to feel that too much emphasis has been put upon it not only where I, personally, have been concerned, but in our day-to-day living.

Only recently, I read a book entitled, "The Folklore of Sex," in which the author said: "The American public will not take a work of fiction to its heart if the story does not imply that unconventional sex behavior is the nastiest and tastiest business imaginable."

Much the same thing has been said about motion pictures. I just don't believe it.

Sex alone will sell nothing.

Sex appeal is helpful in gaining entry either into a man's consciousness or a man's business, but sex alone will never capture any man's heart permanently.

Some of you will undoubtedly say that ever since Adam, men have been interested in sex, and that around your particular neighborhood that still holds true.

Maybe so, but it's been my experience that men fall hardest and quickest for girls who are pleasant, cheerful, witty, and good-natured.

You've all read a good deal about Marlene Dietrich, how even though she's past 50 she still has men pursuing her every Tuesday and Thursday. The reason Marlene is so attractive to men is because she's good-natured. She's always been good-natured even in the days when her

legs were featured more than her wit.

Myrna Dell, a young actress who was recently married, is another Hollywood girl who always had plenty of beaux. And for that same reason, too. She knew how to swap gags with the boys and remain feminine in the process.

Janet Leigh, before she was married to Tony Curtis, was popular with most of the young Hollywood eligibles, because she, too, is sweet, perennially cheerful, and the possessor of a wonderful sense of humor.

Ann Sheridan and Ava Gardner are two more cases in point. Each of these girls offers charm, personality, and good humor before sex appeal.

I've seen Ava walking around Hollywood in glasses and blue jeans, looking as simple and plain and unrecognized as the girl next door. Despite her sex appeal—and it's considerable—men go for Ava because she has a mind like lightning, quick and flashing.

Even in Hollywood where sex supposedly is all-important, it has always taken a backseat to talent.

Give any casting director or producer the choice between an intelligent, not-so-pretty girl who can act, and a pretty, not-so-intelligent girl who can't—and the talent will always win.

Debbie Reynolds, Mitzi Gaynor, Pier Angeli, Leslie Caron—all of today's newcomers are young girls who have specialized talent.

It's not that sex has gone out of fashion, because it definitely hasn't. It's just that here in Hollywood, we've come to realize that the trouble with sex appeal is it's only skin-deep.

For lasting happiness, a girl needs something much more solid and enduring than that.

THE END

(Lana Turner can be seen in MGM's Mr. Imperium.—Ed.)

# 87% of College Women

who were interviewed said:

**"CAVALIERS are Milder  
than the brand I had been smoking!"**

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# Fatal love and intrigue in these thrilling new DELL BOOKS

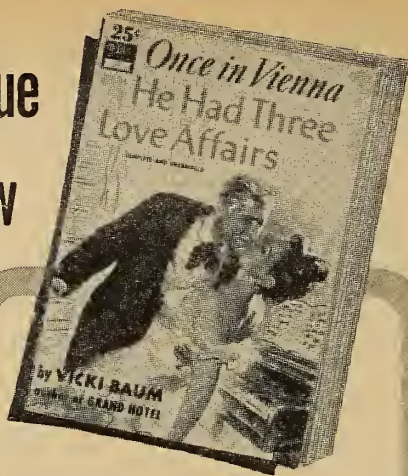


*She was beautiful,  
fascinating  
and vicious as a . . .*

## HELL CAT

by Idabel Williams

Even as a girl in high school, Scoot Frazier knew that her beauty was irresistible to men. They worshipped her for this beauty and she dominated the lives of the ones who fell for her. When she was older, Scoot took diabolic pleasure in luring married men from their wives and breaking up the homes and hearts of her rivals. Scoot's biggest triumph was in the making when she enticed Bret, her sister's husband, away from his bride. It looked like another conquest for Scoot until her enraged father turned the love affair into the most brutal, horrible lesson in Scoot's life. Here is a story that moves like a cyclone . . . the story of a beautiful temptress who was really a hell cat.



*In his search for pleasure  
he left the ruin  
of three lives*

## ONCE IN VIENNA

by Vicki Baum

For Hannes Rassiem, star tenor of the Vienna Opera, neither wine nor women could blot out the memory of his wife, Maria, who had left him. Hannes still loved her and wanted her love in return. It was this desire to be loved that finally led to his reckless search for pleasure and a series of amorous adventures that ruined three lives. To one of the women he turned to in his wife's absence Hannes brought despair and suicide, to two others heartbreak and disillusionment. Finally, unsavory rumors of his wild love affairs almost ruined his life too. Don't miss this vivid, exciting portrayal of the life of a tempestuous musician and of the women who sacrificed themselves to gain the love of a man they could never hold.

**Ask for these Dell Books, too**

### THROUGH A GLASS, DARKLY by Helen McCloy

Dr. Basil Willing trails a phantom killer to solve the murder of a beautiful patient.

### NO HIGHWAY by Nevil Shute

A movie queen and a scientist play a game with life and death in a speeding Trans-Atlantic airliner.

## who'd marry me?

(Continued from page 48) "You shouldn't have gone. You won't know how to conduct yourself. He will never bother with you again."

THAT voice was right. I not only tried to act like an older girl and failed, but I was too far affected by being out with him to even act my own age. I was gawky. I was giggly. I was stupid. When I had been sitting too long in the car without saying anything I got nervous. Not being able to think of an idea of my own, I read an advertising sign we passed, read it aloud and mispronounced practically every word! When he made a driving error and I should have kept mum till the incident was forgotten, I laughed and earned an annoyed look. When we pulled up in the parking lot of the theater and he was coming around to open the door on my side, I not only opened it myself first, but closed it again quickly so he could open it after all! When we got inside my feet went rubbery and he had to save me from stumbling a half dozen times. And all through the picture I was in a daze.

He still said hello after that night, but no more smile, no invitations, not even a pat on the head! I cried off and on for weeks and that was the first time I thought—"Who'd ever marry me?"

Maybe my worrying about it that much was why I *did* get married when I was only 16. But that was so unwise and short-lived a marriage that it was as if it had never happened. So the old thought still comes back to me every time I meet someone I like. And now there are other reasons that keep popping up in my head making me wonder. When I was 14 it was silly to worry about it; maybe it still is silly, but I can't help it.

Of course, all girls get vague fears like this at times. I think something of this nature accounts for the fact that I had two periods in my life when I stuttered every time I tried to talk. Naturally shy to begin with, this affliction made me withdraw into myself altogether. I would start to say something and my lips would get fixed into an "O" shape, a lost feeling would come over me, and I would stand there frozen. One day when I was attending Van Nuys High School in the San Fernando Valley, I auditioned for a school play. I had memorized my lines perfectly. The other kids were standing around when the teacher gave me the cue. I opened my mouth—and nothing! There was a long silence and then curtain!

THE fear was not one that I analyzed then as concern over being "wanted," but it certainly bore a close relationship to this. I worried about being left out of things, being passed up by the "crowd" as a goof and all that. I never could get over how glib the other kids could be, standing around the school yard and rattling away whole streams of merry talk. Like everyone else with a handicap, I worked hard to get the best of mine and I improved. But not sensationally then. And the other girls were fast to point up my deficiency whenever they could.

I'll never forget the little items in the school paper on this subject. Any boy who took me anywhere was reported as having "drug" me . . . the implication being that I was a dead weight, of course. Well, so I didn't talk the ear off a boy when I was with him! There were some, I found, who didn't mind silences between sentences. One was the boy who always played the lead in school plays. We could just stand or sit together, and have just as good a time as if we were yakking away.

**DON'T FORGET TO GET THESE NEW DELL BOOKS**

only **25c** each at your local newsstand



I started dating by drifting into it. After that one bad experience with my "dream man" who lived across the street, I classed myself as a bad prospect for any boy. But there would be fellows who walked me home from school and we would stand outside the house and talk a while. Other kids would come along, and before long there was such a group of us that my Aunt Anna said we resembled a mob. She would invite us in just to get us out of the eyes of the neighbors. And sometimes one of the boys would suggest our going somewhere, and that way I sort of slid painlessly into going out.

I cured my stuttering, which was really an inability to get the opening word out. And after that I slowly learned to be myself and not act like a stick when I was out with someone. But there were other problems to lick. I remember that when I left school and got work as a model, it was terribly difficult for me to work in front of people. It was bad enough professionally, and it was awful for me socially. Suppose there was someone present who might be interested in me . . . what would his reaction be to a girl who could hardly hide her nervous state?

I remember modeling once at Bullock's big store. My job was to pull down little roller signs. Painted on them were illustrations of the wardrobe accessories a designer was discussing for some buyers.

"Now here is a very versatile scarf that can be made to do for almost any occasion," the designer would say, and I would pull down an illustration of a leather belt!

**The practice of putting women on pedestals began to die out when it was discovered that they could give orders better from that position.—Betty Grable as quoted by Irving Hoffman in The Hollywood Reporter.**

I started going to cocktail parties. Next to me would be the fellow who brought me, and around us a sea of strange faces that would move closer and closer, and talk, talk, talk! What to say? What to answer? What were they thinking of me for my nervous laughter? What about the fellow who brought me? If he had had ideas that he liked me . . . weren't they gone forever? That little voice of mine used to give me the answer. "Better learn to live alone and pretend to like it."

I didn't want that. I kept going to cocktail parties and, by determining to conquer my fears, I did attain some ease of mind. A cocktail party is still not my idea of the best evening's entertainment in the world, but neither is it the worst.

Maybe the easiest feature of a cocktail party (or a dance) to handle is the stag line. That's probably because there is so little originality in the "approach." One night seven men talked to me and it was as if all seven of them were reading from the same script. Their lines (leaving out mine which probably were no brighter) ran something as follows:

"Well! The moment I saw you come in the door I knew I had to meet you."

"You know, you're like something I've never seen before."

"I'd like to call you up some time. If I had your number."

These days, now that I've been in some pictures, the only variation is:

"I saw you in *The Asphalt Jungle*. I'd call you up some time, if I had your number."

Or—

"I saw you in *All About Eve*. I'd like to call you up some time, if I had your number."

The future dialogue will be the same except that the pictures referred to will probably be my new ones, *As Young As*



**Dry Skin.** "My skin had been dry, before I tried Noxzema's Home Facial," says beautiful Mrs. Ellen Sloan of Raleigh, N. C. "This beauty routine helped my skin look so much lovelier, I follow it daily now!"

## LOOK LOVELIER in 10 DAYS with Doctor's Home Facial ...or your money back!

### New Beauty Routine Quickly Helps Skin Look Softer, Smoother, Lovelier!

No need for a lot of elaborate preparations . . . no complicated rituals! With just *one* dainty, snow-white cream—*greaseless, medicated* Noxzema—you can help your skin look softer, smoother and lovelier!

The way to use it is as easy as washing your face. It's the Noxzema Home Facial, described at the right. Developed by a doctor, in clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women, with problem skin, to look lovelier!

### See how it can help you!

With this doctor's Home Facial, you "creamwash" skin to glowing cleanliness—without any dry, drawn feeling afterwards. You give skin the all-day protection of a greaseless powder base . . . the all-night aid of a medicated cream that helps heal, soften and smooth—and leaves no greasy film.

**Money-Back Offer!** Try the Noxzema Home Facial for 10 days. If skin doesn't show real improvement, return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money back.

\*externally-caused

Save these directions for the  
Noxzema Home Facial . . . follow  
them daily to look lovelier!



**Morning**—Apply Noxzema over face and neck. With a damp cloth, "creamwash" as you would with soap and water. No dry, drawn feeling afterwards! Now, smooth on a light film of Noxzema for your powder base. It not only holds make-up beautifully, but also helps protect your skin all day!

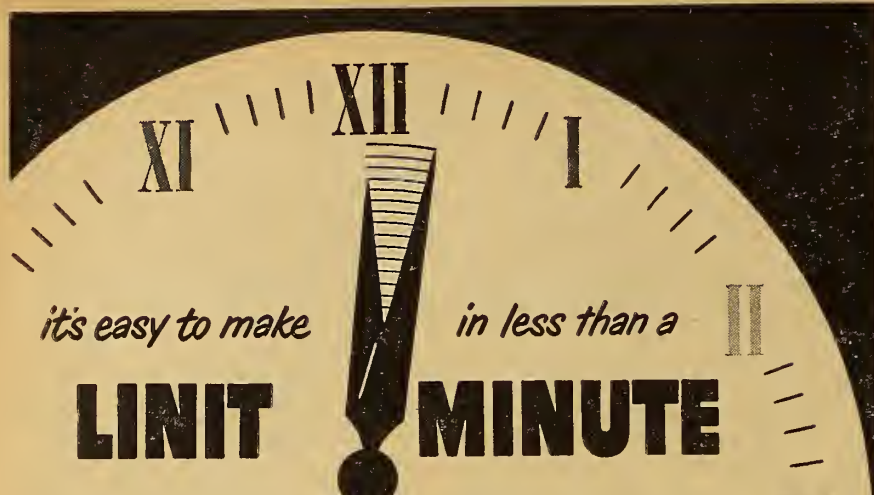


**Evening**—At bedtime, "creamwash" again. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it feels! See how you've washed away make-up, dirt—without rubbing! Now, lightly massage Noxzema in to skin to help soften and smooth. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes\* to help heal them. Noxzema's greaseless—no "smeary" face!

**Get your jar today!** Get greaseless, medicated Noxzema Skin Cream at any drug or cosmetic counter—40¢, 60¢ and \$1.00, plus tax. See how much it can help your skin!

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*You Feel, A WAC In His Life, and Let's Make It Legal.*

The barriers between romance and myself are still up. If I were a fellow, I don't think I'd be foolish enough to get serious about a girl like me. If it isn't one difficulty to overcome it's another, and now it's my work—or rather that I am just at the beginning of my career and so deeply set on making good. If there were a boy—where would we find the time to learn to know each other well enough to want to marry? And how could I be sure enough about our future to give up my career for it? Because ... for the sake of marriage alone, I know I wouldn't.

ONE day a few weeks ago, I made a date for dinner and a show. I was to be ready at seven in the evening. On the morning of the date I was due in the studio at 8 A.M. to pose for publicity stills. Just before lunch I was interviewed in a session that lasted two hours. A car was waiting then to take me to my apartment for some "home" photographs for a magazine. At a little before five I was back in the studio to discuss a test with the director of my next picture. When we got all set on it the director called in the writer to suggest certain changes. He thought it would be a good idea if I stayed and rehearsed them right then and there. I did.

My date had just rung my bell for the twentieth time and was on the way back to his car when I drove up. He took one look at my face and shook his head.

"The night is young," he said, "but do you care?"

I shook my head. I felt as I looked—beat. Yet, I am not consistent. Sometimes I have a hard day, and when evening comes I want to go out. If I haven't a date I go out anyway—alone. And I like it this way. Just a few days ago when I left the studio I thought I would go for a little drive instead of heading home. When I saw a drive-in restaurant I stopped and had a hot dog and a coke. A little while later I was passing a tiny movie house in Hollywood which shows old time pictures, and went in to see an early Charlie Chaplin comedy. I laughed myself silly and went back to the car still feeling restless. I had no idea which way I was heading when I started off, but found myself stopping at Will Wright's in Beverly Hills for some ice cream. Inside I met a friend who told me he was just about to drop in on a farewell party for a couple he knew, and asked me to come along. That was the last event on the schedule for the evening, an evening I hadn't planned, and a very satisfactory one as far as I was concerned.

Even if I were married I think I'd have a yen every once in a while to spend some time like this by myself. What boy that I married would permit it? What would he say about the other things my moods sometimes drive me to? Sometimes if I can't sleep, I'll get up and play records in the middle of the night—or take a walk, or go out for a drive. I know this sounds as if I am spoiled, but all my life, because I was orphaned as a child, perhaps, I have had to be my own best friend.

When I am working I have to go to bed early. But when I have no picture I revert back to late hours. Sometimes the two different bedtimes are as much as six hours apart. It would be a habit I don't think I could change if I were married. Who would put up with it?

Oh, a lot of friendships begin these days but they never get anywhere. Most times when I go to a party there is someone who indicates he wants to see me again. If I don't encourage him, if I don't give him my phone number, it's not always because I don't like him. It's more likely because I can see far ahead, and the whole thing seems so futile. Men think I am playing



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exclusive. I'm really saving them a lot of time, and maybe trouble.

If I were married I would often be up and gone before my husband was awake. I'd be home ready for sleep right after dinner, while he'd be ready for a big evening. Then, suddenly, the whole thing would go into reverse. I would get up late and want to stay up after he got sleepy.

If I *did* marry, I don't think the boy I'd choose would be an actor. That's the way it seems to me now. And that, I notice, often spells trouble to Hollywood romances. It's hard for a non-professional to become accustomed to the ways of picture people, no matter how many times you read that it isn't. It's not only a matter of jealousy, it's the feeling that you really haven't full rights to the time and interest of your wife or husband if she or he happens to be in the public eye.

No, right now I have a one track mind—screen work. I want to be a real actress and I don't want to be causing anyone any pain or heartache while I am at it. Who would want to take a chance and marry me? Someone, someday, I hope. But he seems so far away now. THE END

## what I'll tell my sons

(Continued from page 51) And if they develop into the kind of young men I hope they will, they will be able to separate the sense from the nonsense in what I say, and apply both to their own lives. I certainly hope so.

As the saying goes, those who can, do; those who can't, teach. Being thus qualified, I plunge into a subject which offers unlimited opportunities for making a fool of myself.

Women. I started my life surrounded by women—six of them, to be exact. They were my sisters, and each was older and infinitely wiser than I. Whenever I think of my sisters, singly or collectively, I am pleased to remember that they loved me and always tried to help me. One of my sisters taught me how to dance. Another one taught me how to tie a bow tie without looking in the mirror. Still another, my sister Betty, taught me how to fight. Really, she *did*. All of my sisters were wonderful.

Offhand, you'd think that my early life should have given me a head start over the other fellows in the task of understanding women. Well, it didn't. Actually, the things I learned from my sisters only mixed me up, and it wasn't until years later that I realized how badly.

PERHAPS the most virulent piece of misinformation circulated around our house was the notion that women are the weaker of the two sexes. I don't know who gave birth to that priceless phrase, but I am absolutely convinced that that myth was started by a very clever woman who was kidding everyone but herself. Superior women have been selling it to their inferior mates ever since. In fact, it has been the greatest tactical weapon since the Trojan Horse. Personally, I don't believe I will ever get over the inferiority complex which started when my sisters outran me, won all my marbles, and beat up the neighborhood bullies I didn't have the nerve to fight. Honestly, when I was about five I watched my sister, Betty wallop the daylights out of a mean kid who'd taunted me all the way home. Then she took me into the house and spent an hour showing me how to keep my guard up. Things like that leave their mark on a man. One of the subconscious reasons, I believe, why I took up wrestling in college was because there were no women



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wrestling on the team.

When I was a young man, a great deal was said around the house about woman's desperate struggle for equality in the modern world. I went away to college with the sincere belief that I should never be guilty of taking an unfair advantage of girls. My sisters could not have made me more of a sitting duck if they'd chopped off both my arms. My first college debate, on the subject, "Should Women Take an Active Part in Politics?" proved that to me. My worthy opponent was an attractive girl who (although I had carefully avoided any of the forceful, old-line arguments against women in politics) so passionately accused me of rank masculine prejudice that even I was convinced that I had been guilty of it. Of course, she won the debate. I didn't mind that so much, as I was still inexperienced. What killed me was our talk afterwards, when I asked her why she had concentrated so hard on the prejudiced views she suspected I had, instead of squashing the obviously weak points I had limited myself to.

"Oh," she said innocently, batting her beautiful brown eyes at me, "I was so sure you would use the old argument about women's inferiority that I didn't bother to prepare for anything else. But it didn't make any difference, did it?"

Since then, I have lost dozens of similar arguments—enough to convince me, forever, that women are not battling for equality; but rather, for the right to battle for equality. And on their own terms. Today, I think that if more men realized this, there would be no battle at all, for they would have enough sense to stay out of the fight altogether. As long as they don't, they will be born victims.

Nor long ago, my oldest boy, Michael, came to me with the complaint that, "Mommie doesn't understand me." His feelings were hurt because Diana, for good reason, had not allowed him to wander down the street to play cowboys with some other kids. "Of course, she does, Son," I told him, reassuringly. I meant to say further that he would never know *how well* she understands him. But Mikie is still too young to be pondering about such things. Perhaps he will come to me later in life with a similar complaint about his girlfriend, and then I can tell him the whole truth.

"Son," I will say, assuming a paternal scowl, "men will always worry about women not understanding them. But it is not true. In only seems so because men are so totally incapable of understanding women. But don't worry about it, Son. You never will know the way a woman's mind works. Just give up."

I honestly believe that if you could take a picture of a woman's mind it would reveal a pattern of tangled thought trails, with pitfalls lurking at every turn. By this, I do not mean that women are lacking logic or judgment. Generally speaking, a woman's judgment is much sounder than a man's, for usually he is caught up in his dreams. For this reason, the right woman can always bring tremendous insight into a man's life. But try as he may, he will never understand her, even when she is pleading for him to do so. A man can't shift that fast.

It reminds me of the story of the wife who came home with a lamp which had been reduced from \$79.50 to \$54.00. She also had a new bathing suit that cost, she said, only \$29.50 on sale, too. Her reasoning was that since she had saved \$25.50 on the lamp, the suit had only cost her \$4.00, and wasn't she the thrifty one? It took her husband some time to figure it out, but almost at once he knew that her thrift was sure to cost him dough.

To my knowledge, no man ever won an

argument with a woman. Whenever it seems that he has, he should merely consider it the first round. He has been conceded that one in order to lose less painfully the next, more important, round. Thus, I fear, it will be to the grave. And if my sons or anyone else reading this detects a note of bitterness—well, I confess that I don't know another way to swallow the unpleasant truth.

There was a scene in *Champion* that will illustrate what I mean. I remember it because it was handled so subtly. Maybe you will, too. Remember the scene where the blonde girl insists that the Champ get a new manager or else? "No," he says. "No," he repeats, in answer to her pleading. "Absolutely not," he says, with finality. Then the scene fades, and the next shot we see is the Champ, sitting in the office of his new manager, discussing terms.

Why did he give in? Some people would call it love. You know, the web that traps us all.

**Groucho Marx, who detests autographing, was seized on the arm by a gal who said:**

"I want to send you a present. Would you tell me your birthday?" "Certainly," said Groucho. "January fortieth."

Earl Wilson in  
The New York Post

I can hardly bear looking at my boys when I realize that it won't be long before some beautiful little girl with pig-tails will be the cause for their front teeth being knocked out. My heart falters when I think of them standing in front of a mirror, shaving a non-existent beard, and tying and retying their ties in order to make the best possible impression on their girlfriend of the moment. And I know there will come a time when a particular girl will, for each of them, be the cause of real heartache.

Unfortunately, there is not much concrete advice I will be able to give my boys on that score. But I can remind them that while the heart is the center of our whole existence, it fortunately has greater recuperative powers than any other part of our body.

I remember how I found that out. When I was in the second grade, I fell horribly in love with a little girl who was in the third grade. She was the most beautiful girl in school, a dream with rosy cheeks, blonde hair, and the bluest eyes I've ever seen to this day. I gave her a ring I'd made out of a nail, and she promised me faithfully that she would wait for me until we both grew up. She didn't. She married some character before she even finished high school, and it nearly killed me. Until I met another girl, that summer, who had brown eyes, dimples, and the smoothest black hair I've ever seen.

When your heart is broken, it takes another woman to pick up the pieces and put them back together again. That is why, in spite of all the confusion they cause, women are here to stay.

And, you know, it's not so bad. Women, in addition to being a part of the education of every man, are really wonderful when they are wonderful. But when they're bad, there's nothing worse.

In closing, I would like to say I know that when my boys grow up and read this they will take it to their mother. She will undoubtedly rip it to bits and give them the real truth. And I know one other thing for sure. I won't argue with her.

THE END

(Kirk Douglas is currently starring in Paramount's *Ace In The Hole*.—Ed.)



## marriage and joan

(Continued from page 47) would kill me if I told how old she was when she and Dale faced the minister. I'll just tell you she wasn't 17 and let it go at that. Both of them were old enough to know what they wanted. I've seen that marriage work. I think it's the most wonderful thing in the world. And I just couldn't settle for less.

"As a matter of fact," Joan continued, "I really think it was because I feel so strongly about this that Chuck Saxon, the editor of MODERN SCREEN, asked me to do a teen-age column for this magazine. I'm trying my level best to give good advice to those teen-agers. And where would I be with those kids who say they believe in me if I did anything so irresponsible as getting married now?"

**B**ut what will happen to Joan if she falls in love?

Joan has been in love. And it is this very fact that makes her afraid of marriage. If this seems ambiguous, listen to the story.

The first time Joan thought she fell in love was with a man 15 years older than she. The psychologists will tell you that this is right on the nose of normal. The Freudian pattern, in a nutshell, is that the young girl, afraid of the parry and thrust of boys her own age, transfers from the security her father has given her to what she thinks is the security of an older man.

The man thought she was a bright child—and so pretty to look at. He flattered her, and teased her, and Joan mistook this for love.

When she learned that he loved her only as a person loves a child, she was emotionally shocked. Joan, like all good actresses, is intense. She felt life was over for her.

She felt her youth had betrayed her. She was convinced that she would never smile again; never be interested in anybody else for the rest of her life.

Then one day on the set she was introduced to a boy who had come for an interview with the director. He was tall and young and very charming. He liked Joan immediately. He asked her for a date. Joan found herself laughing with this boy and thinking he was—well—quite cute. For a moment she drew back for a little self analysis. "I must be pretty superficial," she thought. "Why, I'm having fun. I'm laughing. And just a little while ago I was in the throes of an impossible love."

So she had a couple of dates with this boy. He was a young actor and they had a great deal in common. They liked the same movies or they didn't like the same movies. It didn't matter. They could argue about them either way. The older man was forgotten, and Joan found herself with a real crush on the boy.

But, because she believes that a girl who ties herself to one boy until she has known several and has some basis for comparison is foolish, they didn't go steady. So, time, youth, and nature took their course. Nothing climactic, nor dramatic happened. Just eventually she was not in love with the boy any more, although she managed to keep him as a friend.

It was then that Joan began to think. She was sunbathing in the charming patio of her parents' home when she told me about it. "I began to think, then, about marriage and me," she said. "And I thought well, for heaven's sake, if I can fall in and out of love so fast, I'd better wait until I'm sure. I began to wonder what would have happened if I had been able to marry someone I had a crush on—and then didn't have the crush any more. Why, I would be married! What if I fell out of love after I was married!

Then where would I find all my plans for making my marriage stick? And that's when I knew that marriage is a grown-up business and that you have to be pretty adult to accept all the responsibilities that go with it."

As she was talking I had forgotten that Joan had her 17th birthday in July. For she was very serious and making very good sense. She sat up straight on the chaise. "There are exceptions, of course," she said. "But look at a lot of Hollywood teen-age marriages. Well, for that matter, look at a lot of teen-age marriages anywhere. How can a teen-ager promise her adult life to a boy or a man until she is adult? Honestly, marriage is the most serious thing in the world. And, believe me, I'm not going into it, even if my parents would let me, until I'm sure it's real and not just a crush. And when you've had a lot of crushes how can you be sure?"

**T**HERE was, of course, the inevitable romantic gossip about Joan and Farley Granger. Never has there been any romance between them. She has gone out with Farley no more than five times. When Joan and Farley met she was a frightened, confused kid. Picture the scene. She was 14 years old, wanting desperately to play the leading role in *Roseanna McCoy*. Farley was already an established star. He wasn't worried about getting his part.

While Joan was making a test for *Roseanna*, suddenly Farley kissed her. She was the most surprised girl in the world. It was part of the scene they were playing, but Joan didn't know until later that the director had told Farley to surprise her.

Well, Farley was charming to Joan all during the filming of *Roseanna McCoy*. Not only did they have a good basis for friendship, but they found they could laugh together at so many things.

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But they have never for a moment been in love. Don't ask Joan why. He is a handsome, exciting young man. Joan is a beautiful girl. But their relationship has been one of friendship only. That's how it is and it could never be any other way.

Same way with Carleton Carpenter—or Carp, as he is known to his friends. Joan said, "I know it's an old gag to say a boy is 'like a brother to me' but I honestly feel as if Carp were my brother." For one thing Carp is very close to Joan's family. When they first met at a square dance Joan said, "You have to meet my mother and father. You'll love them."

He met Joan's parents and, sure enough, he did. He's a real show business kid and likes to gossip about Broadway. Besides, he plays a good game of bridge. One of Joan's complaints is that whenever she brings a new beau home the first question Katharine and Dale ask is, "Do you play bridge?" If the beau says, "Yes," then Joan says, "There goes my evening."

Not only do Carp and Joan have a lot of fun together, they also share confidences. The year before last Carp took Joan to the Academy Awards presentation and they made a date right then for the following year. But a week before the big shindig, Carp said to Joan, "Look, honey, it's been a year since we made this date. If you'd rather go with somebody else, I'll understand."

Joan said, later, "Well, of course, I would rather have gone with Carp than anybody. We had such fun! But honestly did you ever

hear of anything so sweet—his letting me off the hook if I wanted to get off it? Now that was a real brotherly thing to do."

ONE of Joan's favorite phrases is, "I just love So-and-So." But she knows the difference between "loving" and "being in love." "Or do I?" she mused. "Maybe I've never been in love. I don't know."

Whatever it is, at the moment the Number One boy is Lee Kirby. She met Lee when she worked with her dramatic coach, Bob Paris. Lee, although an advertising man, is very much interested in acting and has done little theater work. Joan says, "he's one of the nicest persons I've ever known." Joan and Lee have many things in common. They like to ride horseback and they both crave the beach, and are excellent swimmers.

"But when people ask me if I'm going to marry Lee I have to laugh. Even if we wanted to, how could we? Wouldn't it be foolish if we did? No sir, I'm not getting married until I'm sure."

"And here's something else that you can count on. My statement about marriage is for real. I'm not going to get married until I positively know how I feel and—more important although maybe not so romantic—until I'm sure it's practical."

And that's Joan Evans, sticking her neck out as usual. This time, as always, she's on the level.

THE END

(Joan Evans will soon be seen in *On The Loose*.—Ed.)

# easy money!

The next time somebody tells you a dollar bill is covered with germs, just say, "Don't be silly . . . not even a germ could live on a dollar these days." However, germs or no, we think you'd like to have a free dollar on us. So the first 100 of you Modern Screen readers who tell us what you think of this issue will have earned yourselves \$1.00. All you have to do is read all the stories in this September issue, fill out the questionnaire below—carefully, then send it to us with all possible haste. We'll send 100 one-dollar bills to the first 100 people we hear from.

**QUESTIONNAIRE:** Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our September issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stores you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Christopher Kane's Movie Reviews
- ☐ Anne Baxter—Your Hollywood Shopper
- ☐ Duff's Gone Fishin' (Howard Duff)
- ☐ A Love Like Nancy's (Nancy Sinatra)
- ☐ Sex Is Not Enough! by Lana Turner
- ☐ Hot Copy Coming Up! by Louella Parsons
- ☐ Why Tony and Janet Had to Elope (Curtis-Leigh)
- ☐ They Made Fun of Love (Farley Granger-Shelley Winters)
- ☐ We Swam Our Way To Cairo's
- ☐ The Truth About Hollywood Wolves
- ☐ Marriage and Joan (Joan Evans)
- ☐ Who'd Marry Me? by Marilyn Monroe
- ☐ What I'll Tell My Sons About Women by Kirk Douglas
- ☐ It's Reigning Cats and Dogs
- ☐ Dana Andrews: Problem Father
- ☐ Abba-Dabba-Debbie (Debbie Reynolds)
- ☐ Roy's Ranch (Roy Rogers)
- ☐ Hollywood Fashions for Fall
- ☐ Modern Screen's Hollywood Fashion Party
- ☐ Tell It To Joan (Joan Evans)

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?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

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# "My morning kiss of Suave"

## hollywood fashion party

(Continued from page 19) boxes of Willys of Hollywood hosiery; Cutex nail polish and matching Fire Engine Red lipstick; the new Duolin Enzyme all-purpose face cream; Playtex girdles; Lenthieric Red Lilac cologne, and Luciene of Beverly Hills cosmetic preparations and lipsticks. All of these gifts were wrapped up in May Company hat-boxes.

On the sidelines were some of Hollywood's most noted columnists and stars who came to see the show and model the winning selections. Leslie Caron, MGM's new French star, was excitedly telling Jane Greer of her interest in American fashions. And Nancy Davis, Phyllis Kirk and Monica Lewis were in a conference, wondering which dresses they would be wearing.

The show was put on the road—rather around the pool. And as the models appeared, the male members of the board looked somewhat perplexed. "It's hard to decide which to choose," Peter smiled. "The beautiful girls or the beautiful clothes."

"The girls, you fool," McCarthy piped up. Charlie wasn't much help. A model strolled by wearing a blue and white plaid skirt, white sweater and plaid stole combination. "Ahhhh . . ." murmured Howard Duff in obvious appreciation. "Huh . . ." replied Charlie. "Take a look at the blonde that's coming our way."

As a matter of fact, Charlie was no help at all. Luncheon was continuous and served between sets by the Brown Derby waitresses in their stiffly starched dresses. "Who can concentrate on food?" Mr. McCarthy remarked. "But I will have another slug of coke, if you please, Bergen."

"Aren't these dresses just a little expensive?" Peter Lawford asked a MODERN SCREEN editor.

Said editor gave him a proud smile. "Frankly, they cost very little. The price range is in a low bracket that all young girls can afford."

"Amazing," said Pete. Then he nodded toward a black net evening gown. "That dress looks like a million dollars."

"So do the rest," added Howard. "And Peter, my boy, if and when I marry, I shall suggest that my wife take a look at the pages of M.S."

THE members of the board stayed deep in thought and their page-size ballots during the show. No one told anyone else which dress he or she was voting a favorite. However, occasionally an unguarded comment such as, "That's lovely," would

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involuntarily escape Loretta Young's lips.

The ballots were tabulated at the conclusion of the show and everyone anxiously waited to hear the results, and to see the winners modeled by the stars. As it turned out, after the winners were announced, some of the judges wanted to model. Early in the show, Ricardo Montalban had studied one of the outfits and turned to Liz Taylor to tell her how wonderful she'd looked in it. When it was declared a winner, Liz promptly asked if she might try it on.

"May I model the black taffeta?" asked Diana.

"I liked the other black dress," Mona said.

"Poof," said Charlie. "You haven't lived till you've seen my new outfit."

"Just a minute, Charlie," Bergen told him. "We'll model later. Right now I've duties to perform as landlord and host."

CHARLIE and Edgar had identical dress suits, but no one noticed that until Edgar toured the lawn to make sure the guests were having a fine time.

"Some view you have here," said a columnist.

Bergen smiled, and pointed out into space, where you could glimpse John Barrymore's former estate, "Chinatown Settlement." "See that tree?" he asked. There was a tree all right, but it had only a few branches.

"John was a great hunter," replied Bergen, "and he shot off the branches with his deer rifle."

All talk of far-away scenery was forgotten when the girls came out in the winning dresses. Nancy Davis wore the black net formal. Diana Lynn was in the black taffeta. Liz Taylor looked like at least a hundred thousand in the outfit she'd chosen. Jane Greer wore a red corduroy dress with matching accessories. Peter Lawford was admiring Phyllis Kirk in a smart grey suit. And on into the afternoon . . .

Dresses weren't the only winners, though. The MODERN SCREEN Hollywood Fashion Board gave special awards to Cutex: "For fashion in color, excellence in quality and popular price;" Playtex: "For the most revolutionary girdles in a decade—power control with action freedom;" Willys of Hollywood: "For excellence in the design of hosiery. First—Stockings for the Stars—and now for the women of America."

The women of America don't have to go to Paris any more. THE END

(Ricardo Montalban can be seen in Across The Wide Missouri, Walter Pidgeon in Thin Knife, and Peter Lawford in Just This Once.—Ed.)





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## it's reigning cats and dogs

(Continued from page 59)

two-to-one over such peculiar choices as hamsters and possums, although the cats might not have been doing so well if it weren't for James Mason's much-publicized crew jogging the ratio. In fact, Hollywood's taste in pets is all-embracing, covering chimpanzees, ponies, camels, one alligator and an armadillo. The late John Barrymore was deeply fond of an aged and incredibly ugly vulture but when he found it sitting on the foot of his bed eying him speculatively during one of his serious illnesses, Barrymore expelled it in a fit of rage.

But dogs are king, and nowhere are they more widely and dotingly maintained than here in Hollywood.

In other parts of the country it is possible to keep pets without being suspected of anything more than normal humanitarianism, but not here. Indeed, a Los Angeles psychologist solemnly explained not long ago that with stars, keeping pets is a compulsion, for their egos must feed on the mute devotion of animals.

One famous actress took the trouble to refute this psychologist pretty thoroughly.

"If you want to go into it on a clinical basis," she said, "it may be principally that we're lonely. I don't really want to make it clinical. I've never tried to analyze it. If I'd been asked offhand, I just would have said that we like pets, the way other people do. But now that you've brought it up, it definitely isn't ego. Our egos are saturated as it is. You can get terribly lonely in the midst of friends—if they're friends—whose motives you're never quite sure of. You know, it's the same as a wealthy person living behind a protective armor of distrust. But a pet just loves you because you're you. He doesn't want anything except to eat and play and stay alive. He doesn't know you're a star and he doesn't care, and he wouldn't know a house in Beverly Hills from a shanty. If you were washed up tomorrow, your friends wouldn't know your name, but your pets—they'd still be there."

ALTHOUGH, nationally, cocker spaniels seem to have taken over the No. 1 spot in public dog fancy, they do not rate better than fifth in Hollywood. According to a loose survey conducted recently, the stars prefer in order, boxers, French poodles, collies, police dogs, cockers, and dachshunds.

Among the more ardent boxer devotees are the Alan Ladds, who keep two in their West Los Angeles home and seven (at last count) at their ranch. They are enamored in particular of an aging, heroic female named Jezebel.

Jezebel, Ladd sadly calculates, may not be long for this earth due to her zeal for biting automobile tires while the tire is doing 50 miles an hour. But so long as Jezebel is around, she gets the triple-A treatment with horsemeat on the side.

It was Jezebel, who saw a delivery truck backing in the Ladds' drive while the Ladds' little daughter Alana stood gravely in its path looking the wrong way.

Jezebel did all that she could. She bounded into the child, knocked her clear and took the blow herself. By the time Ladd got her to the vet's she was as close to dead as a live dog can be, and she will never be in fighting trim again. But that has not stopped her where tires are involved. She can bite tires standing still but she prefers them on the wing, and if one of these days she tackles the enemy head-on instead of from the flank, Jezebel's chances of a clean-cut decision will be very bad.

Jezebel's masters served interne duty at

the arrival of Macdonald Carey's water-spaniel. Neither mother nor pup needed medical assistance, but Carey did.

Word of the pup's arrival reached Carey at the Ladd ranch. And inasmuch as he'd been anticipating the event for some time and was duly joyous, he leaped into the air and continued straight on up until he met a rafter, at which point he naturally started down. He came down for a long time as unconscious as anyone ever gets, and had to be given scalp first-aid by his hosts before being rushed to a hospital for minor surgery. The spaniel shortly was named Stitch.

Stitch, according to his bemused master, has put a most fearful dent in the theory that Dogs Always Know. Stitch likes burglars and does not care a hoot for many kindly, upright, and dog-loving visitors who come to the Careys' bearing him bones. (He doesn't like bones. He likes Royal Crown Cola and chocolate eclairs.) Stitch adores the furtive type of gentlemen interested in selling Carey salted gold mines, but he has an antipathy toward powerful executives interested in furthering Carey's career. Stitch doesn't bite but there is still a vague suspicion chez Carey that the hand that feeds him had better be quick.

"The only time Stitch ever got real enthusiastic about me," says Carey, "was when I was playing heavy parts and came home bearded and skulking like the dog of a rustler I was. He loved me then. If a prowler ever does get into the house, Stitch is going to give him coffee and sandwiches, show him the key to the silverware

**Eve Arden, who wears a short cropped haircut . . . goes to the same hairdresser who does Joan Crawford's French poodle, Cliquot.**

*Sidney Skolsky in  
The New York Post*

and slip him the name of a good fence. Whose best friend, I ask you?"

Carey's problems are not unlike those of Doris Day, the proud but puzzled possessor of two black poodles named Beanie and Smudgy. Beanie, who hasn't the faintest idea he's a dog, eats oranges whenever he can get into striking position at his owners' modest grove, whereas Smudgy has developed a violent anti-social bent. Smudgy likes nothing quite so much as snubbing Marty Melcher, Miss Day's husband who adores him; jumping happily on the laps of guests who break out into nervous scrofula at any proximity to a dog, and wrecking the silk-lined antiques the Melchers lately have acquired. He is likewise devoted to soaking his feet in motor oil against the day when someone will turn up in a white flannel suit.

YET some feel that the mantle of dog's most tireless martyr belongs rightfully to Victor Mature, who is stubbornly infatuated with an obese German shepherd named Nicky.

Nicky has never yet been booked for forgery, embezzlement or assault with a blunt weapon, but she has been jugged so often that the local pound officials are thinking of giving her a monthly rate. The charge generally is running around without a muzzle, but not long ago she faced the stiffest rap yet: she was said to have bitten the postman. The postman so said. There were added mutterings that Nicky had long taken a dim view toward uniforms and their wearers, notably police, postmen and commissioned officers.

Mature was outraged. He invited all and sundry to behold the riot of Nicky being systematically pulled apart by the neighborhood children, an ordeal to which she does indeed submit with boundless tolerance. And for a while the day was saved.



Among the more harassed owners of small-fry dogs these days is Ava Gardner, whose Welsh Corgi puppy, Rags, has established squatter's rights to a pair of silver evening slippers Miss Gardner had always figured were hers. An absurd idea. The thing began one night as Miss Gardner was about to set sail for an opening and couldn't find the sandals anywhere. It wasn't until the next day that they turned up in Rags' bachelor suite in the backyard. Patiently they were restored to a closet and just as patiently Rags preempted them again. There is nothing furtive about the thefts. Rags simply drags the shoes one at a time through the house, caches them in his own joint and then sits on them. Won't go near any other article of the boss's apparel. It's silver slippers or nothing.

John Agar's poodle, Ragmop, has a bit of larceny in him, too, although his heart's in the right place. He's forever delivering toys to Agar, whose only problem after that is finding out which of the neighbors' children the toys belong to and returning them with apologies.

You can say this much for Ragmop, however: his besetting vice is not vanity, which is nice going for a poodle. If there's any object in the world Ragmop regards with undisguised fear and loathing, it's the four-legged black party in the mirror. The most casual glimpse of himself is enough to scare Ragmop for hours.

**I**N HOLLYWOOD as elsewhere, multiplication of pets is not the sole monopoly of rabbits.

Anne Baxter's poodle Shoofly once populated Anne's tiny apartment beyond all reason. Anne and her husband John Hodiak were waiting to move into a house under construction, but there was plenty of room and no hurry.

Then all of a sudden it wasn't like that at all. Shoofly startled everybody, including herself, by becoming the proud mother of six.

Compared to Gregory Peck's two white police dogs, however, Shoofly was simply indulging in light exercise. Greg's dogs have developed the cordial habit of delivering litters of 12 and 13 at a time at fairly regular intervals. It got so people couldn't ask Mr. Peck for the time of day without being offered as many white police dogs as they could carry.

Although in Hollywood, properly cared for pets are often expensive to maintain, the cruelest single economic blow of the year thus far probably fell to Mitzi Gaynor, who acquired for \$14.14 an intriguing animal believed to be half beagle and half buffalo. For a good many weeks Miss Gaynor was patrolling the lot chortling over the bargain and decrying the foolishness of laying down large sums of money for purebreds. Then one dark day the beagalo, to dignify it with a kennel name, came down with distemper. The vet's bill: \$120.

Once in a while a Hollywood animal, as in the case of Lassie, Leo, and the cat Rhubarb, will pay a modest return on its investment, but the stars themselves have had very little luck in this respect.

Betty Grable, for instance, has a French poodle named Punkin' whom she trained assiduously not to bark on the set, inasmuch as poodles that do bark on the set are not looked on with any more favor than Bright's disease. But then came a mildly momentous day when the script called for a French poodle named Punkin' (or anything else) to come through a door and bark. Just like that, Miss Grable turned into an agent and Punkin' was coerced through the door as the cameras rolled. But bark? Fat chance. Punkin' knew only one score on that subject and it was the wrong one.

Joan Crawford's toy poodle Cliquot is set-trained, too, as is Linda Darnell's

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Schnoopsi, a dachshund with a great fancy for green sweaters. Schnoopsi, however, is not much of a hand with a knitting needle so Miss Darnell, while she was Mrs. Peverell Marley, was ever the one for grinding out tiny garments on the set and answering lots of foolish questions.

The era of the Russian wolfhound and the leashed leopard is dead so far as Hollywood is concerned, although Betty Hutton did come up lately with a lamb. And very recently, there's been a move toward huskies, the wonderful Eskimo dogs that can be bred to great gentleness and appalling size.

On the whole, though, Hollywood's dogs and cats are like everyone else's—purebred or haphazard. Siamese, Persian and Angora dominate the cat element, but there are more than enough alleys to go around. And for the aristocrats, there's a Motel for Cats out on Ventura Boulevard.

No amount of trouble, expense or patience is too much for the stars to make sure their adored animals are healthy and comfortable. Special doors are cut within doors to allow untrammelled comings and goings. Bronze plates are affixed to baronial entranceways for scratching purposes. And there is a thriving turnover in dog and cat gadgets, including pillows, special hammocks and fur-lined catnip bags.

Let a cat cry or a dog hiccup and you have a million dollars' worth of concentrated glamor throwing the mink coat on over the silk pajamas, and steering the Jaguar straight for the vet's. The veterinarians in Hollywood are prosperous fellows indeed.

For it seems that Hollywood is in love with the animal kingdom—large, small or in-between. And happily enough, the animal kingdom returns the compliment.

THE END

## dana andrews: problem parent

(Continued from page 61) followed by three low keys, made a bow and walked into the wings.

While Dana sat flabbergasted, a small girl with a violin took her place on the stage. No sooner had she drawn her bow over the strings than David was heard to inquire in a loud voice, "How do you play that thing?"

In much haste and in mild confusion Dana rushed backstage to retrieve his son.

Dana's next child was Kathy. Dana was delighted to have a daughter, for he himself had been overwhelmed by seven brothers. He prepared himself studiously for a personality like David's, but Kathy evolved into a shy and self-conscious girl.

"Now what do we do about her?" he wondered.

Kathy went through her early years as though the weight of the world were on her shoulders. She studied hard, and was often on the honor roll. And if David weren't David, he would have been shamed by her report cards.

"Why are you always at me to do my homework?" he asked Dana. "You're always telling Kathy to stop studying. I don't get it."

"If you were more like Kathy—" Dana began, but he gave up.

However, now that she's eight, Kathy has developed a delightful sense of humor. When Dana went to England to make a picture he took his entire clan along, and Kathy was captivated by the accent of the English children. Dana took her to see an Edgar Kennedy comedy one night. In this epic, Mr. Kennedy was having a hard time laying linoleum on his kitchen floor. After the linoleum had rolled back and whipped him in the breeches, Kathy leaned toward her father.

"My," she said in clipped British tones, "isn't he a mad fellow?"

STEVEN was number three in the Andrews family. He came along 11 years after David, and much to Dana's chagrin is a born athlete. Watching a football game was fine, but after 12 hours' work at the studio Dana wasn't ready to kick a pigskin around the back yard.

"Why not, Daddy?" Steven wanted to know. "David told me you used to play with him."

"That was a dozen years ago, Son," Dana told him. "It's something you wouldn't understand. Now, how about a game of croquet?"

Steven was three years old when Susan was born and he didn't take kindly to the

idea of a new baby around the house. His limelight was shattered, and to focus attention on himself he reverted to baby talk.

"Why can't one boy be like the other?" Dana wanted to know.

David had never talked baby talk. There was the time when he was not quite three and a strange woman had approached him on the street, cooing unintelligibly at him.

"You'll have to speak more distinctly," said David. "I can't understand you."

Now here was Steven at three, talking like a mere infant.

"He'll get over it," Mary said. "Just pay more attention to him and less to the baby."

Dana took her advice, and concentrated on Steven to such an extent that he didn't realize there was a hellion in the house. This was Susan, who hasn't a shy or inhibited bone in her small body. David asks for things and accepts the answer one way or another; Kathy coaxes and weedles; Steven uses logic; but Susan—she just stands up and demands things. Dana's reasoning goes over her head like a flying saucer, and in all probability she considers him the man who never, never says yes.

Even Kathy, who has taken over as a lead mare with the two younger children and repeats Dana's lectures verbatim, is unable to convince Susan of the sanity of being deprived of something. And if Kathy can't do it, no one can, for in the circle of her own family her self-consciousness disappears and she bosses the children like a construction foreman.

Their respective opinions of Dana are different, but they agree in one instance. They think he's too stern. Dana says maybe he is, but his own father was a Baptist minister who brooked no shenanigans from his offspring. Dana feels that discipline never hurt a child.

CAN I go out with the fellows tonight?" David wants to know.

"Where are you going?" asks Dana.

"Oh—around."

"No, you can't go."

"But gee whiz, Dad, why not?"

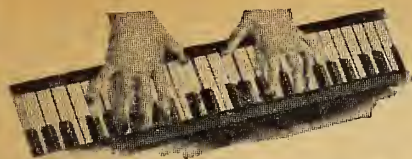
"Because I don't want you floating around a city where you can get into all sorts of trouble. I want to know where you are."

"But Dad, just because we go out at night doesn't mean we're a wolf pack!"

"Tell me where you'll be, and you can go," says Dana. And that is that.

Dana has been strict in the matter of allowances. According to the books, this training is supposed to teach a child the value of a dollar. It taught David nothing. His interest runs to radios and recording machines, anything with a motor, anything, Dana says, that is expensive. David thinks





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nothing of requesting \$200 from his father. He never gets it, but he doesn't give up trying. When he had his heart set on a motor scooter, he had a proposition ready that he figured would melt Dana.

"I want the scooter," he said, "so if you'll throw in a little something, I'll take a paper route to make up the rest."

"What do you consider a 'little something'?" asked Dana.

"Well, if you'll throw in \$100, I can make the other \$50 within two months."

"Very interesting," said Dana. "You go right ahead with your paper route, and figure you'll have the scooter in six months."

David's latest yen is a pipe organ. Dana likes to encourage his love of music, but he feels that a few thousand dollars is an intensely unreasonable request. So even though David can play an organ, and play it well, he is confining his music at home to the piano.

Music is one thing that father and son have in common. Both like symphonic music, but David gets carried away by be-bop, too. "I don't get it," Dana says.

"You're not hep, Dad. You've got to have wheels."

"Wheels?" asks Dana, confounded.

And when David tunes in his short wave set and gets a dreamy sentimental tune, he says, "Boy, listen to that make-out music."

"What," says Dana, "is make-out music?"

"For make-out. You know—pitch woo—I guess you used to call it necking."

There is something about children, Dana feels, that makes you wonder if you're old before your time. There was the night he was amusing some of David's schoolmates by telling them of his own experiences at school. They listened appreciatively for a while and then one of them piped up, "Gee, Mr. Andrews, how can you remember all that?"

David has been on the receiving end of long talks about the feminine half of the populace, but the advice didn't sink in at first. Once he brought home a teen-ager about whom Dana still groans. "A real tomato," he says in an unfatherly way. David didn't appreciate his father's criticism until this particular tomato relieved him of two months' allowance in one short afternoon. Now he agrees that Dana's advice about women is 'pretty good.' Nevertheless, Dana is happy that his son attends a boys' school. "There are no girls available at Webb," he says with great glee. And David throws him a dark look.

Steven and Susan are too busy vying with each other to pay any attention to the opposite sex, but Kathy's interest is blithely fickle and frank. Every two weeks she comes home filled with admiration about a different boy at school. Her rapturous descriptions leave her two brothers openly disgusted.

The quartet has been made quite aware of proper social behavior—so acutely aware that Dana has decided not to show any of his movies at home any more. In the last movie he screened for the family, he made a rather definite pass at Susan Hayward. There was a sharp intake of breath from the three youngest, and Steven let go with a shocked, "Oh—Daddy!"

With the exception of David, they are all too young to realize that their father is a movie star, and Dana worries that it might affect them through the warped attitude of other children. So far, it hasn't affected Steven, who told Dana recently that he considers him almost as good as Tim McCoy. And it certainly hasn't affected David, who passes his days attired in a disreputable pair of Levi trousers, a costume which irks the naturally neat Dana.

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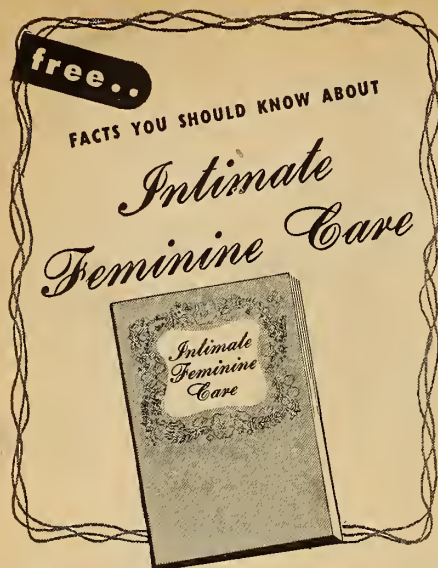
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"What's the matter with levis?" David demands. "All the guys wear them."  
"Do all the guys wear them so low that they look as though they're going to fall off? And what about your hair? There's a year's growth there. They do have a barber at Webb, don't they?"

When David sheds his levis, he usually makes a trip to Dana's wardrobe closet, with the result that Dana never can find the exact slacks or tie he wants. Most of his favorite articles are in David's locker at school.

Steven's problem is that he goes at everything like a house afire, and then he slows down to an almost complete stop. In the morning he takes a flying leap out of bed, races to the shower, and then dawdles until he's late for breakfast. The other morning he had just managed to get downstairs when the horn of the school bus sounded outside the house.

"But my waffle!" he moaned. "I want my waffle!"

"That's just too bad," said his father. "The next morning we have waffles, you'd better get dressed faster."

**T**HAT the foursome has spirit is undisputed. Take Dana at home after an average day at the studio. David wants to talk about a second-hand power boat he saw somewhere for a mere pittance, and the three youngest are clamoring at Dana's feet for some romping.

"Not now, kids," Dana says. "I'm too tired." But after he's taken a short nap and had dinner, they're at him again.

Kathy goes for his shoulders, Susan latches on to his trouser legs, and Steven runs for the boxing gloves. Then they all start pleading for a camping trip, knowing that if they can once get him to promise, they'll certainly go, for Dana never breaks his word to them.

When playtime is over, Dana points to the array of toys on the floor. "All right. Now everybody clean up his own mess."

Kathy and Steven simultaneously point to small Susan. "She did it," they chorus, and Dana delivers another lecture.

Dinner time is chaotic at the Andrews' house. The only distinguishable conversation consists mostly of Dana's voice booming out over the babble. "Quiet! QUIET!"

David came home the other day after six weeks at school and put in his first appearance before the family at the dinner table. On his upper lip was a rim of soft brown fuzz which was losing its battle to resemble a moustache. Dana took one look and was about to offer a suggestion about razors, but the three youngsters saved him the trouble. They greeted their big brother with hoots of derision. David shaved as soon as he'd finished his dessert.

After the kids were in bed, Dana put down his book and looked at Mary. "You know," he said, "I think I'll relax from now on. It's beginning to dawn on me that they can all train each other." **THE END**

(Dana Andrews will soon be seen in 20th Century-Fox's *The Frog Men*.—Ed.)

## a love like nancy's

(Continued from page 31) They talked then about the children, the house, the financial settlement—but they carefully avoided the subject of Ava Gardner.

"After all," said Nancy, "I felt that I had no right to ask him *why* he wanted his freedom. It was none of my business. My business is looking after our three children."

There has been much gossip and many stories about Nancy Sinatra's refusal to



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*From Coast to Coast*



give Frank a divorce. All of it has been completely false.

"The first time he came to see me," Nancy says, "and asked for his freedom, I gave it willingly. What I would not do, what I could not do, was discuss divorce with Frank over the long-distance phone. It was too important a subject. It involved not only our personal lives but the lives of our children."

SEVERAL times during the past year, especially after Ava had flown to New York to see him, Frank had phoned Nancy from the Hampshire House or The Drake.

"Want to talk about a divorce," Frank would say. Ava, sitting across the room, would wait expectantly, only to watch Frank put down the phone receiver in disappointment.

Sensible Nancy, gallant Nancy just would not discuss divorce on the telephone. He would have to call on her in person.

Until this May, Frank Sinatra never did. Thousands of fans wrote Hedda Hopper and Louella Parsons demanding to know why Nancy wouldn't give Frank a divorce.

"Is it because of her religion?" they asked. "Is she just being spiteful? Is it out of sheer meanness?"

These were the uninformed, the misguided, the Sinatra fans, the Gardner hopefuls. These were the people who thought they knew all there was to know about the triangle—and yet, knew nothing.

Nancy was never spiteful or mean. Maybe way back when Frank was guilty of his first indiscretions—maybe then, she had felt slighted, cast aside, and bitter. But not during the past five years.

She and Frank had separated previously. She knew all about Frank's infatuation for Lana Turner, his pursuit of Judy Garland; but she knew, too, that he was basically a kind man, that his talent for entertainment was tremendous, that the children loved him deeply. And she accepted him as he was with all his obvious weaknesses and his many strengths.

She did this because she loved him. As any honest man in the entertainment world will tell you, Frank's greatest strength, in his meteoric rise as a crooner, was the simple and honest love of Nancy Sinatra. In all his moments of defeat, and despair—she stood by to give him courage.

She felt always that he was a wandering little boy, and that like most truants he would eventually straggle home.

"When he is all through playing around," she once said, "when no one else wants him, I will take him back."

Nancy felt that time, and the children, and the marital memories, mostly the memories, were on her side, and would weigh heavily in Frank's mind. She thought that try as he might, he would never forget them, and they would always bring him back.

After all, hadn't she and Frank grown up together? Wasn't it she who was earning \$20 a week at the American Type Founders in Elizabeth when Frank was singing at the Rustic Cabin outside of Englewood for \$15 a week?

Wasn't it she who told him to go on the road with Harry James, and not to worry about her even though she was pregnant? Because \$65 a week was better than \$15.

Wasn't it she who rented the cute little apartment in Jersey City with the furniture they paid for on time? And that Christmas when there wasn't any money in the house and Frank was deathly ill in Cleveland, wasn't it she who sent him a pair of gloves with a dollar bill stuffed in each finger?

When Frank got the gift he cried like a baby. And years later, he said, "There I was 600 miles away from the girl I loved,

alone and sick and dying—and then this thoughtful gift came. Somehow I knew I'd just have to get well and work for my Nancy and make her proud of me. And by heaven, I did! My temperature began to fall, and in the morning I was my old self once more."

Ava may have Frankie now, but Nancy still has those unforgettable memories—of Frank's triumphs, of his amazing growth from a kid who collected bottles for the deposit money to a singer who collects \$10,000 a week and up.

Neither Nancy nor Frank can ever forget that year when he was all of 25 and earning \$4,500 a week at the New York Paramount. That was the year Frank bought a little house for Nancy and his daughter in Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey. It was a cute little Cape Cod cottage, located at 220 Lawrence Avenue, and it was the first house they'd ever owned.

That, too, was the year Frank bought Nancy an engagement ring. "I was too poor to buy her one at the time of our engagement," Frank explained, "so I made it up to her. I also bought her a fur coat."

Nancy realized almost two years ago that these memories, in the final analysis, were not strong enough to bring Frank home. At that time, Frank packed a ward-

**Betty Hutton can't tolerate the tick-tock of a clock anywhere in her bedroom. On the other hand she is vastly soothed by the assorted and unpredictable noises emanating from a sound box on her bedside table, which amplifies every pin-drop in her little daughters' nursery.**

*Dorothy Kilgallen in  
The Journal-American*

robe trunk, moved out of his house into his office, and began presenting Ava Gardner with a dazzling assortment of gifts ranging from diamonds to a spinet piano.

For a while, Nancy hoped that this would prove to be a short-lived infatuation. It wasn't. It was the real McCoy. Ava had made sure of that.

She wasn't walking out on a limb. She wanted Frank's definite assurance that he and Nancy were contemplating a divorce or a legal separation.

Ava Gardner is an honorable girl. She made it unmistakably clear to Frank that she would never come between a man and his wife. This romance had to be for keeps.

Frank assured Ava that it was. He had his lawyers draw up a legal separation document. Nancy signed it at once, because that's what Frank wanted.

There are some persons who, knowing Frank well, say that he used the legal separation as a device to test his love for Ava and vice versa; to see if their feelings for each other would continue the same if both were free.

That Frank is madly in love with Ava at this writing there can be no doubt. In his diary, 1951 will go down as the year of trans-continental commuting. Every Saturday night, after his television show in New York was over, Frank would dash to La Guardia Airport and catch the American Airlines Mercury to Los Angeles.

"It got so," one airline stewardess reported, "that we looked on him as a homing pigeon."

Once in California, Frank would rush to Ava's house or they would meet at Palm Springs, but always they were together.

A few weeks before she started to work with Clark Gable on *Lone Star*, Ava flew to New York to visit Frank. At the time, she'd been going with him over a year.

Ava asked Frank how good the chances were of his (Continued on page 101)



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Anthony Curtis

(Continued from page 99) getting that divorce they had talked so much about.

Frank said he had spoken to Nancy on the phone and that Nancy had refused to discuss the subject.

Ava was insistent. Why didn't Frank fly to the Coast and talk to Nancy about it? After all, Nancy was a reasonable woman. Ava had met her some years before at a party in the Sinatra house. Nancy seemed to have hundreds of friends. Surely, such a sweet, friendly person couldn't be unreasonable?

Frank said he knew Nancy better than anyone in the world, and that he would handle the problem in his own way. Ava and Frank quarreled, and Ava flew back to the Coast.

Ava had endangered her career to fall in love with Frank. She had ignored the counsel of her best friends. If Frank made no effort to marry her, she'd seem

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to be a silly person who had let her heart rule her head.

It wasn't only public opinion that made Ava fly back in a huff. Ava will be 30 years old this Christmas. More than anything else in life, she wants a family. She is willing to give up her career for a successful marriage. She feels strongly that she and Frank can love each other happily ever after. Only they'd best get a legal start in a hurry.

Back in Hollywood, she began dating Howard Duff again, a titled English visitor, and a few of the local boys.

Quicker than you could say Jack Frost, the news wafted back to Frankie Sinatra ensconced in the Hotel Drake, New York. Frank taxied out to La Guardia and caught the first plane to Hollywood, where he joined Ava on the set of *Lone Star* and lunched with her at the commissary.

He told Ava that he was going to ask Nancy for a divorce.

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True to his word, he did, and Nancy agreed to give it to him. The announcement made headlines in June.

If the divorce is obtained in California, one year will have to elapse before it becomes final, and Frank can marry again.

If the divorce is obtained in Nevada, a Gardner-Sinatra wedding is a distinct possibility by October of this year.

Nancy Sinatra says she will do everything she possibly can, "to make things happy for everyone. I feel absolutely no bitterness," she repeats. "Frank has had his freedom for some time now, and what he does is his business alone. He is a wonderful person, and while I don't know Miss Gardner, I'm sure she is, too. I have lived in Hollywood for years and I've only heard the very best spoken about her.

"With all my heart, I wish the both of them only happiness."

A love like Nancy's is rare, indeed.

THE END



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# Which girl has the natural curl... and which girl has the Toni?



Even the parakeet seems to enjoy looking at pretty Lillian Marcusen and Skye Patrick. The girl with the Toni says: "Toni is so *gentle* my wave is as silky-soft as naturally curly hair." Can you tell the naturally curly hair from the Toni wave? Look below for the answer.

## Gentle Toni with Permafix guarantees a wave you can't tell from naturally curly hair

Look closely! Compare the deep, soft, rippling waves and the natural-looking curls. Which is which? You just can't tell! No—you can't tell a Toni from naturally curly hair. That's because Toni has the gentlest waving lotion known... plus a new wonder neutralizer, Permafix, that actually conditions your wave to the silky, natural softness you've always wanted.

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Remember Toni alone, of all home permanents, guarantees a wave you can't tell from naturally curly hair—or your money back. Skye Patrick, on the right, has the Toni.



Hair styles by Shirlee Collins

*Which Twin Has The Toni?* Compare Barbara Dahm's Toni (on the right) with her sister Beverly's beauty shop permanent, and you'll agree that even the most expensive wave can't surpass the natural beauty of a Toni Home Permanent.

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