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modern screen

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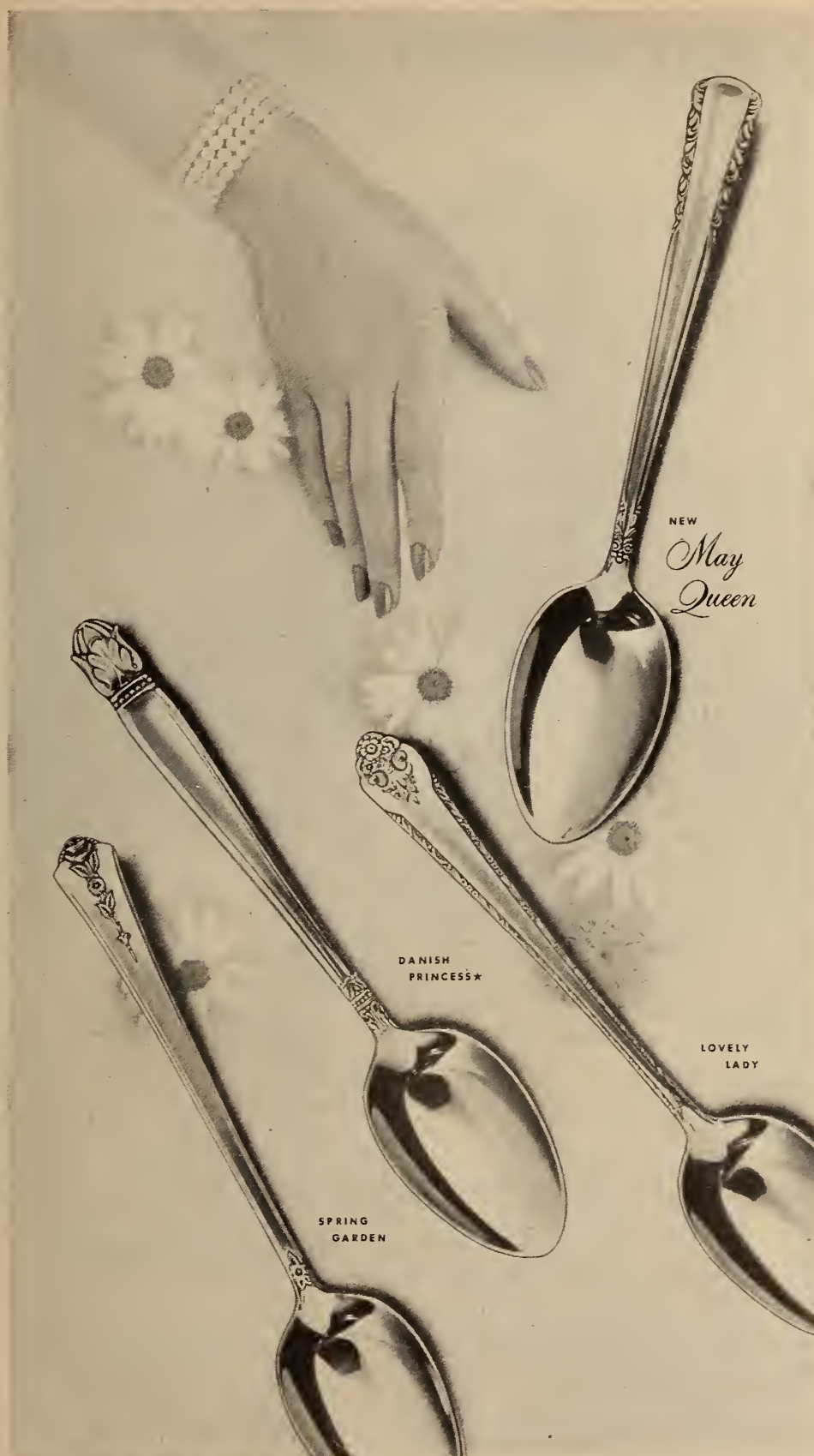
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IF PLATE GOES



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IF PLATE GOES



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The loveliest patterns of all...

HOLMES & EDWARDS Sterling Inlaid Silverplate

modern screen

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CHARLES D. SAXON, editor

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I REFUSE TO ANSWER THAT, DICK! ANYWAY, YOUR DENTIST IS THE ONE TO TELL YOU ABOUT A—A BAD BREATH HANDICAP!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH. AND THE COLGATE WAY OF BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!

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✓ While You Clean Your Teeth—
✓ And Help Stop Tooth Decay!

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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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WESTWARD THE WOMEN

starring

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DENISE DARCEL

HOPE EMERSON • JOHN McINTIRE

Screen Play by CHARLES SCHNEE Story by FRANK CAPRA

Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN Produced by DORE SCHARY

An M-G-M Picture

WOMEN... *forgetting the past!*

Some were hussies in silk... who became heroines in calico. They defied Nature's fury, Indian attacks, a thousand perils and hardships... and found the love they longed for at the end of the trail.





New finer

MUM

more effective longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW
INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS
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Never let your dream man down by risking underarm perspiration odor. Stay nice to be near—guard the daintiness he adores this new *finer* Mum way!

Better, longer protection. New Mum with M-3 protects against bacteria that cause underarm odor. What's more, it keeps down *future* bacteria growth. You actually *build up* protection with regular exclusive use of new Mum.

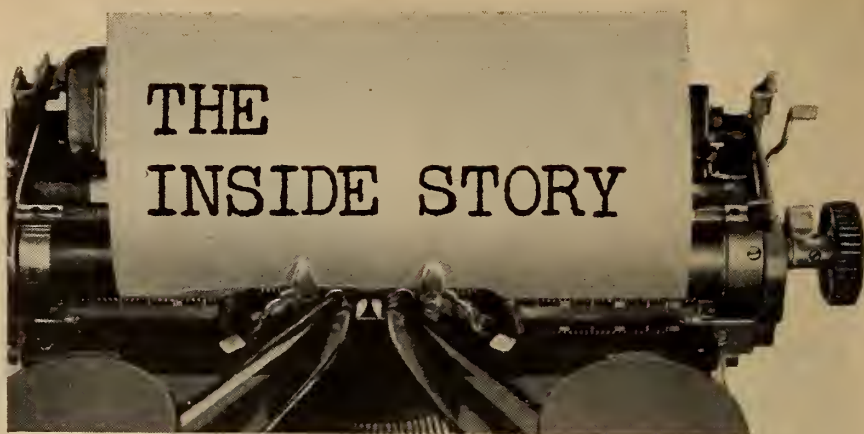
Softer, creamier new Mum smooths on easily, doesn't cake. Gentle—contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

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New **MUM** cream deodorant

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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. What happened to the Kirk Douglas-Irene Wrightsman love affair? I thought this was supposed to be the real thing. Why did it break up?
—T. T., DALLAS, TEX.

A. Miss Wrightsman wanted to get married. Mr. Douglas did not.

Q. Are the Robert Mitchums expecting twins?
—C. R., MIAMI, FLA.

A. It's too early to tell at this point. There are three sets of twins in Dorothy Mitchum's family. Twins were expected with each of the Mitchum boys. This time they may arrive.

Q. Is it true that Liz Taylor stole Michael Wilding away from Marlene Dietrich when she was in London?
—V T., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. Despite the fact that she's a grandmother, there are few women in the world today who can steal any man from Marlene Dietrich. The Wilding-Taylor friendship was nothing serious. Wilding is much too old, mature, and sophisticated for Liz who, after all, has been out of high school only one year.

Q. Isn't Mitzi Gaynor already married to her sweetheart Richard Coyle?
—O. P., BUTTE, MONTANA

A. Mitzi denies it.

Q. Who are the best-liked actresses on the MGM lot?
—S. T., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. Workers on the lot think most highly of Ava Gardner, Janet Leigh, and Jane Powell.

Q. Is the Gary Cooper-Pat Neal love affair serious?
—T. O., DES MOINES, IOWA

A. Definitely!

Q. I understand that Bing Crosby's son, Gary, has already signed a contract with Paramount Pictures. True?
—C. R., BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

A. No. The only contract Gary has is with Decca Records.

Q. Why does Burt Lancaster refuse to pose for pictures with his family? By

the way, did he ever sell ladies' lingerie?
—S. W., DETROIT, MICH.

A. Lancaster has never been particularly cooperative when it comes to publicity. He prefers to keep his family out and away from his film career. As a young man, he sold lingerie in Chicago's Marshall Field Department Store.

Q. Can Ava Gardner really sing as she did in *Show Boat* or is someone else's voice dubbed in on the sound track?
—E. R., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A. Ava sings very well herself. She's taken lessons from Phil Moore who once coached Lena Horne.

Q. What is the lowdown on Carleton Carpenter and Joan Evans? Is it love?
—R. E., MOLINE, ILL.

A. No. It's friendship.

Q. Is Rita Hayworth now flat broke?
—T. S., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. As of August 1951, she was down to her last \$75,000.

Q. Hasn't Betty Grable been in pictures more than 20 years?
—C. T., ELKO, NEV.

A. Twenty-two, to be exact.

Q. Is it true that some stars have the right to choose leading ladies and leading men?
—M. C., ORANGE, N. J.

A. Yes. Clark Gable is a case in point. He asked for Ava Gardner and Brod Crawford in *Lone Star*.

Q. Do the movie stars take care of their children, or do they have nurses who do everything?
—S. A., BILOXI, MISS.

A. Most movie stars have nurses for their children. An actress like Joan Crawford, for example, could not have a career and take care of four children, too.

Q. Why don't we see any more of Guy Madison?
—T. K., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A. Guy has now become a Western star on television in a series entitled "Wild Bill Hickok."

"Detective Story"...

From The Smash
Broadway Play...Of
A Love With No
Punches Pulled!



"What did you want,
a saint? Or someone with
flesh and blood?"

KIRK
D DOUGLAS
ELEANOR
P PARKER
WILLIAM
B BENDIX in

WILLIAM WYLER'S PRODUCTION OF *Sidney Kingsley's*

"Detective Story" CATHY O'DONNELL

Also starring
Directed by **WILLIAM WYLER** • Screenplay by **PHILIP YORDAN** and **ROBERT WYLER**
Based on the play by **SIDNEY KINGSLEY** • A Paramount Picture



LOUELLA PARSONS'



Good news

THIS month's excitement is Russell Nype, Broadway musical star, who had been in Hollywood a short seven days before he had dated Joan Crawford three times and was Princess Rita Hayworth Khan's dinner partner at her first social event since her return to movietown.

Nice going for the young star who is out here to make his first picture, *Young Man In A Hurry*—and MGM isn't foolin' on that title.

Ever since he clicked with his crew haircut and shellrim glasses, singing with Ethel Mer- man in *Call Me Madam*—this young man has been hurrying toward the top. For a while, he rated lots of publicity as the favorite dancing partner of the Duchess of Windsor!

I can assure you—Russell is going to rate even more publicity as the favorite escort of our Hollywood glamor girls.

Considering the company he travels in—you're going to find it hard to believe when I tell you he is one of the most naive young men I've ever met—or else he gives the best imitation of being just popeyed with excitement about EVERYTHING.

He is just 26 years old which may account for much of his "Oh, gee, gosh" approach to

A LOUELLA PARSONS' SPECIAL

■ By the time you read this, Lana Turner, I feel sure, will have admitted that it's useless to try to achieve happiness in her married life with Bob Topping. Lana tried so hard to make a go of her marriage. She was eager to have her life with Topping conventional, happy, and to have a house full of children. Twice she lost her expected babies. Topping—spoiled, rich, and used to his own way—was surly with Lana in public.

I talked with Lana when they were having their difficulties. She said, "I don't know, Louella, what's going to happen, and I'm going to work. I'm grateful for my work which keeps me occupied. I tried very, very hard to keep our marriage together, but it seems as if I failed." I do not feel that Lana is to blame for having failed in her fourth marriage, because, believe me, she really did everything to keep everything from going to pieces. I know, because although Lana was loathe to discuss her troubles, she did tell me how difficult it was to please Bob. He prefers New York and I suspect now he will move there. Poor, unfortunate Lana, with all her beauty and her charm, she never really found happiness.

Be sure to read next month's *Modern Screen* for the start-ling story of Lana Turner's break-up with Bob Topping.—Ed.



Rev. Kermit Castellanos gave young Richard Keith Powell his name; and Roz Russell gave his mother the giggles of his christening party.



Loretta Young and Van Johnson attended the gay party June and Dick gave after the formal Episcopal ceremony of the Beverly Hills church.

Hollywood. Very formally, he says: "I love the theater. I loved singing in a nightclub. I'm sure picture making will be the greatest challenge of all."

From that—don't get the idea that Russell is stuffy. He's just bewildered by Hollywood. Believe me—our girls find him quite as charming as did the Duchess. This little story about him gives you an idea of what I mean:

He had invited Joan Crawford to dine with him at Mocambo on their first date. Over the telephone, Joan gave him directions about finding her home.

Just to make SURE he wouldn't be late and keep Joan waiting, Russell made a rehearsal drive to her house in daylight, spotted the right landmarks, and drove there straight as an arrow at the appointed time!

P.S. Several nights later, he met Rita Hayworth at a party and sat next to her at dinner. But, Rita arrived and left—alone.

THE first social invitation Rita accepted was to Dolly Walker's charming dinner for Anthony Eden. Many beautiful women were present, but no mistaking that our actresses were as eager to get another look at "Prin-

cess" Hayworth as any fan could have been.

The famous beauty was something to look at. Her off-the-shoulder ice-blue satin gown glimmered like a diamond. She still wears her auburn hair (yes, it's back to red following a brief fling as a brunette at Aly's request) in the long bob she helped make famous. She is as slender as a reed and very, very beautiful.

If Rita is unhappy about her separation from the Prince—she is not wearing her heart on her sleeve. To the contrary, at Dolly's party she was gay and animated and was one of the last to leave.

Greer Garson, another lovely redhead, looked ravishing in white chiffon with which she wore an emerald necklace and bracelet.

Anthony Eden, that dashing Englishman in whose honor the party was given, came with his Hollywood hosts, the Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Among the beauties he danced with were Ethel Barrymore, queen of the royal family of the theater—and Mrs. Lorena Mayer.

CLARK GABLE is in Nevada as I write this—but I doubt if he will follow Frankie Sinatra's example and file for a quickie di-

vorice although Clark is just as eager for his freedom as is Frank. The minute word got around that Gable was playing golf in Glenbrook, Nevada, reporters beat a hot trail to the little town above Lake Tahoe.

"What are you doing here?" they breathed down his neck.

"Playing golf," grinned Gable. "Join me?"

They had heard about his reservations at Lake Mead so they pressed that with, "What are you going to do at Mead?"

"Fish," replied Clark.

"Well—why are you going to Seattle?" the newshounds inquired.

"Just to—see Attle," he cracked.

MAYBE his psychiatrist advised Dan Dailey not to become involved in a romantic entanglement in the near future. But what's a good-looking eligible guy to do?

His most recent date is Irene Wrightsman who went with Kirk Douglas so long. He also dates Ann Miller, who calls him "Dan'l Boone—to Annie," and Barbara Whiting is still a popular number in his book. (For more about Dan's romantic life, see page 42.—Ed.)

(Continued on page 10)




Jerry and Patti Lewis had a wonderful time at *A Place In The Sun* premiere. Jerry showed no sign of his breakdown from overwork.



Premiere-goers Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger are selling their house but lough at rumors of their spring marriage splitting.



From critics and friends alike Shelley Winters has been rating raves for her work in *A Place In The Sun*. At the premiere of the picture, best beau Farley Granger gave her a huge GOOD LUCK wreath of flowers and kiss. The fans went wild, and Shelley cried, "That's my fello!"



Something to cherish
all your life... your pattern
in the solid silver
with beauty that lives forever...

International
Sterling

Brocade

Spring Glory

Royal Danish



Blossom Time

Queen's Lace

Joan of Arc

Prelude

Shown here, just
seven of the fifteen lovely
International Sterling
patterns available at
your silverware dealer's.

Her scarf is finest mink . . .

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flattering Cutex



Aleutian
Blue Mink
by Fredrica

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**THE LUXURY POLISH
AT A BUDGET PRICE!**

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Perfect manicures. Exclusive "Nail-Measure" neck controls amount of polish on brush! Insures flawless manicures!

Lovelier colors. Soft pastels—lively reds! A variety so wide it rivals a rainbow! All with matching lipstick!

ORIGINAL

Spillpruf

**BOTTLE
PREVENTS
ACCIDENTS!**

Bothered with
Broken Nails?

GET Nail-flex

New, scientific conditioner develops healthier, stronger, lovelier nails.



LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



"Let 'em eat cake!" say the bride and groom. Sally Farrest and Mila Frank had 350 pounds of it at their Hollywood wedding in August.



Jahn and Loretta Agor faced a long separation in August. Convicted for drunken driving, he was to serve five months in the county jail.

STARS all over the place at the Hollywood premiere of *A Place In The Sun*—the picture that puts Elizabeth Taylor and Shelley Winters in the category of fine actresses, and proves anew how good Monty Clift is.

Everybody wanted to see this picture (sure to be up for an Oscar).

For the first time at one of these plush affairs—an actress was mistress of ceremonies—Dorothy Lamour—and she did fine.

The biggest whoopla was when Shelley Winters and Farley Granger arrived—Farley carrying a horse-shoe shaped floral piece with a streamer reading, "Good Luck." As soon as he set it down in the foyer, he and Shelley used the wreath as a background for some snappy kissing pictures.

Shelley kept pointing to the horseshoe yipping, "My fella bought it for me! He loves me!" Do you wonder that Winters gal walks off with reams of publicity?

One of the most chic women was Jan Sterling (with hubby Paul Douglas, of course) in a slick, tightfitting black gown and small black theater hat. Jan is rapidly becoming one of our best dressed actresses.

The squealing department went into high gear again when Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis arrived, holding hands and managing to sign autographs at the same time.

Jeanne Crain was a honey in a bouffant pink chiffon. She and Paul Brinkman are still in the hand-holding category.

Marie Wilson was in decollete white—but so very thin since her illness not many fans recognized her.

Just before the house lights dimmed, Jane Russell dashed to her seat with her manager, Louis Shurr. Her lord and master, Bob Waterfield, was practicing with the Rams.

As the picture progressed, Margaret O'Brien could be heard sobbing and sobbing. It's hard to believe that Little Maggie is sufficiently grown up to attend a mature picture such as *A Place In The Sun*.

AT LAST—Mario Lanza and MGM have buried the hatchet and from here on, we hope it will be clear sailing for the singer who zoomed to stardom in *The Great Caruso*—and then developed an inflated hatband.

I'm sure I don't have to repeat all the temperamental antics charged against Mario.

But the feud between the singer and the studio did not come out in the open until he was given four separate starting dates on *Because You're Mine*—and failed to show up four separate times! 'Twas said he didn't like

the script. 'Twas also said he was in no mood to work following a magazine blast at him.

During the time he had been pouting with his bosses, Mario put on a lot of weight—about 25 extra pounds. When he and the studio executives FINALLY smoked the peace pipe, Mario was too fat to start a picture.

Upshot is—he has been given eight weeks off to go into training and lose the excess poundage.

After that, he's promised to come back and make his movie like a nice, obedient boy.

(Continued on page 12)

Poor Robert Walker. His death was one of the saddest events of this year. He tried so hard to get over the emotional upsets in his life. I had a letter from him at the time of my beloved husband's death . . . a note of sympathy and a thank you for all my kindnesses to him.

In the old days Bob felt many things were written about him that were upsetting and he wrote me several caustic notes. He said he felt his personal life was his own but all of us tried to help him after he left the Menninger sanitarium and started a new life. He seemed completely changed. Bob never got over his love for Jennifer Jones and even though they were separated, Jennifer tried to help him in every way possible and also did David Selznick to whom she is now married. Jennifer let him have the boys, their two sons, for months at a time believing their presence would help him. Poor Bob—such talent and so much really to live for. He was one of the most popular actors and was much in demand at all the studios after he changed his way of living. I had many fan letters after Bob appeared in *Strangers on a Train*. He had the sympathy of the whole world in his fight.

LOUELLA PARSONS

It's Movietime U.S.A.
AND **WARNER BROS. ARE**

"PAINTING THE CLOUDS WITH SUNSHINE"

Color by **TECHNICOLOR**

What a
song-shiny
story!

It's all about
a gal who
had plenty
of what it
takes to take
wide-open
Las Vegas
for plenty!



it stars

DENNIS

VIRGINIA

GENE

MORGAN MAYO NELSON

THE WARNER BROS. MUSICAL THAT OUT-SHINES 'EM ALL!

THE TERRID
'MAMBOMAN'
DANCE SPECTACLE!

THE SYNCOPATIN'
'BIRTH OF
THE BLUES'

THE 'HELLDORADO
HOLIDAY'
IN LAS VEGAS!

DIRECTED BY

WITH LUCILLE NORMAN • S.Z. SAKALL • DAVID BUTLER • WILLIAM JACOBS

PRODUCED BY

Screen Play by Harry Clork, Roland Kibbee and Peter Milne

Musical Direction by Ray Heindorf • Musical
Numbers Staged and Directed by LeRoy Prinz



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You'll love that lotion! Creamy-rich, pastel-blue, exquisitely scented . . . at a huge saving! Use Solitair Lotion head to toe (not just hands) . . . to smooth and scent you all over. So dainty, so sweet, so softening! Use it with heavenly abandon—it costs so little!

Big 4-ounce size only

39¢

Giant 8-ounce size 73¢

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

JANET LEIGH and Tony Curtis cancelled their Honolulu vacation with the Jerry Lewises at the last minute. This, on top of those frequent fainting spells Janet has been having, adds timber to the talk that Janet and Tony are expecting the stork. She denies it.

One of her girl friends, however, says, "Even if the baby talk is true, Janet won't say anything about it until after she finishes Scaramouche."

PERSONAL Opinions: Joan Evans is the most mature minded teenager I have ever met—or expect to meet. . . . Frank Sinatra is all wrong in that "persecution complex" he's developing that "everybody is against him and Ava." Isn't true, Frankie. You should read some of my fan mail. . . . Ricardo Montalban has exquisite manners, the old-fashioned kind—bending low over a lady's hand, etc.—which certainly seems to go well with even the modern belles of Hollywood. . . . Tony Martin is a complete sock hit in *Two Tickets To Broadway*, far and away his best screen work. . . . No one is going to make me believe that Liz Taylor and Bob Taylor are getting dreamy about each other in London. I'd have to see this "dreaming" with my own eyes. . . . Debbie Reynolds is growing out of the tomboy mood. She's told MGM she will do some cheesecake pictures—if they want her to. . . . Doris Day's mail from GIs has passed Betty Grable's high for World War II. . . . Speaking of Doris, she and Gordon MacRae are the best of friends—but they've both asked for different partners in their next musicals because they are afraid the fans will tire

of them together. True, or false? . . . By October, Van Johnson will have started his fifth picture in a single year. Has any other actor topped this record for consecutive jobs?

MY MAIL this month has been so interesting, I'm giving it more space in this department:

Birgitta Svenson, of Stockholm, writes (yes, in English): "Why do American fans turn against actors just because a star fails to comply with requests for photos or autographs? I have written Danny Kaye 57 times—never received a reply—and I still think he's THE GREATEST!"

Guess you're okay, Kaye.

Gene Gilbert, Eugene, Oregon, says: "I wish Ingrid Bergman could know that we American fans still love her and want her back in American pictures."

Richard Widmark gets a terrific plug from I.D., from Ireland. "By far the most talented actor on the screen—let's see him in only the best pictures." Twentieth Century-Fox is striving to oblige, I.D.

Laura H. of Brunswick, Georgia, doesn't believe I really read my fan mail. She will believe it only if I print that "Scott Brady is the idol of Southern womanhood." There, Laura, are you convinced?

Cynthia, of San Francisco, accuses me of picking on Mario Lanza. No such thing. I agree his voice is magnificent—but news is news—and when Mario gets temperamental and won't work, I have to print the facts. Relax, Cynthia—your idol and MGM have kissed and made up!

a modern screen quiz

Bud Collyer, MC of radio's Break The Bank quiz show (ABC-mornings Monday through Friday) says that November is the month for Thanksgiving and that holiday being a family affair, he has thought up a few questions relating to families in the movies. You'll find the answers on page 70.

1. Name four famous motion picture families.
2. What movie sisters have each won an Academy Award and for what pictures?
3. These well-known screen characters were the head of the family in what movies?

a. Grandpa Vanderhoff played by Lionel Barrymore.

b. Judge Harry Wilkins played by Edward Arnold.

c. Stanley Banks played by Spencer Tracy.

4. Who was the "Royal Family" of the movies?

5. Can you name some father and son combinations in the movies? (For instance, John Barrymore, Sr. and Jr.)



break the bank

by bud collyer

YOU SHOULD SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO



FARLEY GRANGER

ALL BECAUSE OF

SHELLEY WINTERS



IN **BEHAVE YOURSELF!**

A
JERRY WALD • NORMAN KRASNA

PRODUCTION

with WILLIAM DEMAREST • FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN
MARGALO GILLMORE • LON CHANEY and "ARCHIE," The Dog



—AND WHAT
HAPPENS TO ME
SHOULDN'T HAPPEN
TO A **MAN!**



Screenplay and Direction by GEORGE BECK



IF FARLEY DOESN'T SAY, "WILL YOU?" TODAY, INTIMATES PREDICT SHELLEY WILL SAY, "I WON'T" TOMORROW. • BY RICHARD DEXTER

it's now or never

■ By the time you read this story, one of the most puzzling and publicized romances in Hollywood will have reached a grand climax that will end in marriage or in tears, in pledges of eternal fidelity, or in a fiery farewell. This is the romance of Shelley Winters and Farley Granger. It's been going on for two long years and now's the time for a showdown. Why? Because Farley is in Europe on a vacation, and Shelley expects to join him there. And their friends, who've been studying the affair, have reached this decision: "If Winters can't get him to propose while they're together in romantic Paris, she'd better drop the kid and take up with Tommy Manville—or a reasonable facsimile."

So it's now or never for Shelley—unless she doesn't get to Europe, or unless the whole thing was a hoax from the beginning.

Just mention the word "hoax" to Shelley, though, and she'll come out swinging.

"Are you kidding?" she'll demand. "I don't need Farley for publicity, and he doesn't need me. How long do you think a gag like that could last? If we weren't on the level we might have gone along with it for a couple of months. But two years!"

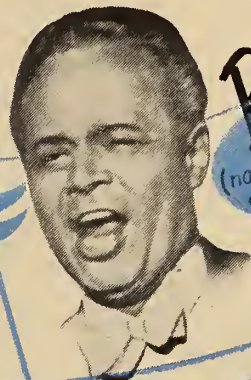
"Listen. I'm crazy about Farley and I don't care who knows it. If I wanted to go with someone for publicity, I'd go with Francis, the mule.

"Just because we didn't get married in June doesn't mean we're (Continued on page 16)

IT'S ONE JUST WONDERFUL COLORFUL HIT!
FIVE TOP STARS! NINE TOE-TAPPING TUNES! AND **FUN!**



Frankie Laine
(swingin' down that)



Billy Daniels
(no stoppin' his boppin')



Jerome Courtland
(get him, girls!)



Terry Moore
(very merry)



and
tunes
Toni Arden

Just
direct
your
feet
to
the

SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET

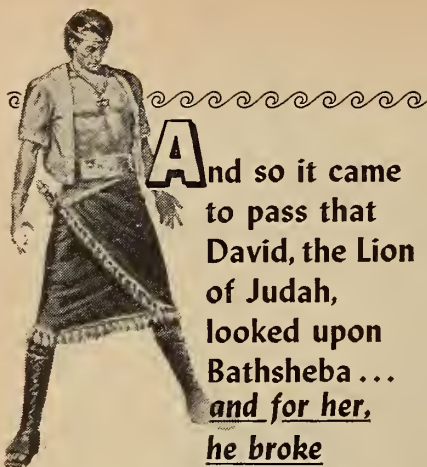
in SUPERCineCOLOR

Here! Here! HEAR!

Too Marvelous For Words
I Hadn't Anyone Till You
I May Be Wrong - Sorrento
I Get A Kick Out Of You
Let's Fall In Love - I'm Gonna
Live - Love Of A Gypsy
Sunny Side Of The Street

A
COLUMBIA
PICTURE

with AUDREY LONG · DICK WESSON · LYNN BARI · Screen Play by LEE LOEB · Produced by JONIE TAPS · Directed by RICHARD QUINE



And so it came to pass that David, the Lion of Judah, looked upon Bathsheba... and for her, he broke God's own commandment!



SOON
20th Century-Fox
brings you

DAVID AND BATHSHEBA

captured in Color by

TECHNICOLOR

starring

GREGORY

SUSAN

PECK 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



COLOR BROCHURE WHICH TELLS
THE FASCINATING STORY BEHIND
DAVID AND BATHSHEBA! WRITE TO
'DAVID AND BATHSHEBA', P.O. Box 292,
DEPT. FM2, CHURCH ST. STA., N.Y.C.

FREE

it's now or never

(Continued from page 14) not in love. Farley had to do a picture for Goldwyn. We'll get married when we can, and not when a lot of busy-bodies think we should. Marriage is tough enough for anyone. But when you've got two acting careers to deal with, you have to plan things carefully."

Two days after she made this statement, Shelley Winters was sitting in Chasen's restaurant with her dream-boy. They were talking. To be precise, Shelley was talking and Farley was listening.

Suddenly, Farley got to his feet. "I've just about had enough!" he exploded, and stormed out of the door. Shelley burst into tears, then she, too, got up and ran over to Marlon Brando's table.

"I don't care," she blurted out. "I'm sitting with you people." And she moved into the booth occupied by Brando, his agent, and a publicity representative.

"What happened, Shelley?" someone asked.

"We had a fight," Shelley moaned. "I'm so unhappy. We had this free trip to Europe all worked out, and now we won't be able to go together. That's not all, either. The studio's just loaned me out. But I'll take a suspension. Let them suspend me. I don't care. I want to go to Europe with Farley."

Ever the gentleman, Marlon Brando tossed Shelley a napkin. "Wipe your eyes," he said.

Shelley wiped her eyes. "Oh, let him go without me. Who wants to see Europe, anyway?"

A FEW weeks later, after Shelley had become anywhere from 28 to 31 years old, and Farley had given her a birthday present and they had made up for the millionth time—Shelley was hard at work on *Phone Call from a Stranger*, the Fox picture for which she'd been borrowed.

"They promised me," Shelley explained, "that I'd be all done by September 8th. They're shooting me first. If Farley leaves for Europe without me, and he probably will, I'll meet him in Paris and we'll have three months in Europe together. Just think of it. Paris in October."

But will he propose?

Farley loves Shelley. But he also loves freedom. He loves freedom so much that once he threatened to walk out on his career.

A year ago, Farley told Sam Goldwyn that he was fed up with parts in which he had to play neurotics and psychopaths. He felt sure that his fans were fed up with it, too. He wanted healthier parts, an increase in salary, and a vacation.

Sam Goldwyn has been in Hollywood a long time and no one tells him what to do. If you don't play ball according to Goldwyn's rules, you don't play at all, at least not for him.

When Farley told Goldwyn what he had in mind, he was promptly placed on suspension. Farley's salary of \$800 a week was reduced by \$800, and Farley, piqued by it all, took off for Europe.

Farley is an impressionable boy, and as he toured Europe he came to realize that there was infinitely more to the world than Hollywood.

"There's so much to see," he explained when he returned, "so much to learn. From now on whenever I get any time off, I'm going to travel. The wonderful experience of seeing new places, meeting new people, exchanging new ideas—that's really living."

"Did you miss Shelley Winters in your travels?" someone asked Farley.

"I sure did," he admitted. "Shelley's the kind of person who should travel, too.

She's darn intelligent, you know. She could absorb plenty. She's really a very fine and sensitive actress. Most people don't seem to understand that."

Apparently, Farley understood that when he first started taking Shelley out two years ago. Frankly, the entire affair began as a publicity stunt. They were both in love with acting, not with each other. They are two professionals who insist upon learning all there is to know about their craft.

Whatever charges may be leveled against Shelley—charges of temperament, selfishness, bad manners—no one can say that she doesn't give her best to every role.

During the making of *Behave Yourself*, she fought with everyone—George Beck the director, Stanley Rubin the producer, Jimmy Wong Howe the cameraman. At one point, Rubin was so furious with her that he called her every name in the book. "Whattaya tryin' to do, Stanley," Shelley asked in Brooklynese, "make me cry?"

Despite her constant quibbling, Shelley managed to turn in an excellent performance. It doesn't approach her sensitive characterization in *A Place in the Sun*, but it was a very competent performance.

Similarly, Farley is a professional actor. You cannot find a director in Hollywood today who will not sing Farley's praises. The boy likes to work. He'll do a scene as

IT HAPPENED TO ME

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis were doing a stage show in Buffalo and I was snapping pictures of them during their act when an usher came down the aisle and took my camera away. Dean Martin stopped the show and said, "Don't take that camera from that girl... she's just one of the many swell kids who have put us up here and that gives her the right to take our picture." Then Jerry Lewis jumped off the stage and came over hollering, "Now let me take your picture." He snapped me with my own camera and the show continued.

Renee Ronan
Buffalo, New York

many times as a director will order him. He's always courteous and cooperative.

How he stands Shelley's erratic behavior no one has been able to figure out. The answer, of course, is that he loves her.

A girl who attended Thomas Jefferson High School in Brooklyn with Shelley, says, "After a while, Shelley gets to grow on you. People say she's too ambitious, too ruthless. Maybe that comes from having been too poor. But she's fun. You put up with her crazy ways because in the final analysis, she never hurts anyone, only herself. Actually, she has a very wonderful heart. And she's had her tough breaks, too, like that first marriage."

Not many people know it, but on New Year's Day of 1942 Shelley Winters became the bride of Lieutenant Mack Mayer, an Air Force navigator whom she'd known for three weeks. The marriage lasted five years, but Shelley and her husband spent only a few weeks together before he was shipped overseas.

By the time he returned to the states, the marriage was nothing but a memory, and Shelley was in Hollywood going around from one studio to another looking for a job. Shelley and Mack were divorced in 1947, and two years later, she met Farley Granger at a lecture where Charles Laughton was discussing the finer points of Shakespeare.

Farley recognized that Shelley's exhibitionistic tendencies and her outbursts were the result of her being afraid and insecure.

(Continued on page 18)

Which girl has the natural curl... and.
which girl has the Toni?



Pat Barnard and Rita Daigle of New York share the secret of the locket. Secret, too, is the Toni wave! The Toni girl says: "Everyone thinks my hair is naturally curly—my wave is so soft and takes so little care!" Can you tell the naturally curly hair from the Toni wave? See answer below.

**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. And the reasons are simple. Toni has a gentler waving lotion than any other home permanent. Plus Permafix—a more thorough neutralizer that conditions your wave to silky softness and makes it last much longer.

*More women use Toni
 than all other home permanents combined*

Discover why millions of women prefer gentle Toni to any other permanent. Have a Toni with Permafix today, and *tonight* have a wave so naturally lovely, people *ask* you if you have naturally curly hair! And month after month your Toni will take no more care than naturally curly hair.

Remember, Toni guarantees a wave you can't tell from naturally curly hair—or your money back. Beautiful Rita Daigle, the girl on the right, has the Toni.



Hair styles by Don Rito

Which Twin Has The Toni? Compare Janey Pope's Toni (on the right) with her sister Joey'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.

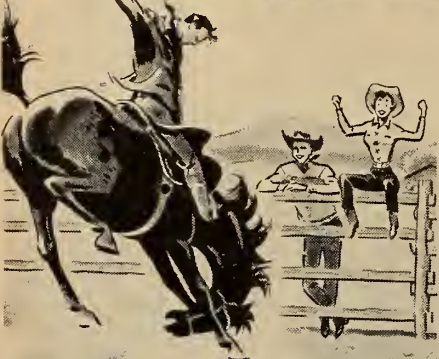
TONI REFILL ONLY ^{\$1}

*You can't tell a **Toni**
 from naturally curly hair!*



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(By bus from Miami to Key West, air to Cuba)

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FREE! "AMAZING AMERICA" TOUR FOLDER

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Shelley herself says, "When I'm working I'm scared and nervous. If something annoys me I get it off my chest."

At first, it was merely convenient and good publicity to have a steady date for gossip items, parties, and previews. But then it became a need, when either was lonely or depressed or puzzled, to see the other. They became almost constant companions, and they fell in love.

Some skeptics still don't believe it. Early last spring, Jerry Wald, a producer who specializes in publicity, tried to hire Farley Granger for the lead in *Behave Yourself*. Farley said he would star in Mr. Wald's picture if (a) Mr. Goldwyn would loan him out; (b) he liked the script; and (c) Shelley Winters played opposite him.

Wald immediately went to work and saw to it that all three conditions were complied with. After the film was finished, there was a party on the sound stage, and Farley slipped a "friendship ring" on Shelley's finger.

At once, most of Hollywood agreed that this was a Jerry Wald publicity gimmick, pure and simple. It was further suggested that if Shelley and Farley maintained their lovey-dovey attitude in public, Wald might even prevail upon RKO to pay the expenses of their trip to Europe, such expenses to be charged off for publicity purposes.

The story was soon broadcast that Shel-

ley and Farley were destined to wed, only some versions insisted upon painting Shelley as a prospective June bride.

Shelley denied this for one very simple reason. Farley hadn't proposed.

"I give you my word," a publicity man who knows Shelley well, said the other day, "as soon as Farley opens his mouth and says, 'Shelley, will you—I give you my word, she'll say yes before he finishes the question.'"

This is entirely likely. Shelley and Farley may marry at any time during their European tour. But Farley will have to pop the question. Shelley may be bold and outspoken, but she cannot bring herself to the point of seriously saying to Farley, "Why don't you marry me?"

And Farley, who is only 26, may feel strongly that there's still time for marriage and responsibility. When he left Hollywood at the end of August he found himself in the best position of his life.

He had two good pictures behind him, money in the bank, a new long-term contract with Sam Goldwyn, an exciting itinerary in Europe, and a beautiful blond named Shelley desperately anxious to join him.

Maybe he thinks this is enough for a while, but if he wants Shelley he'd better ask her now, because the odds are she isn't going to cool her heels waiting much longer.

THE END

easy money!

Maybe you'll sniff at the idea that Christmas is just around the corner—that now is the time to begin thinking about getting in shape for freely giving. But the fact remains, Yuletide usually slips up on us. Since every little bit helps, why not write and tell us what you think about this November issue of *Modern Screen*? We're sending the first 100 of you readers who do just that a \$1 bill. All you have to do is read all the stories in this 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 November issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Christopher Kane's Movie Reviews
- ☐ Jone Powell—Your Hollywood Shopper
- ☐ It's Now or Never (Farley Granger-Shelley Winters)
- ☐ Nothing But Blue Skies (Judy Garland)
- ☐ What Now, Princess? (Rita Hayworth)
- ☐ Ten Fantastic Years by Hedda Hopper
- ☐ Who'll Catch Dailey? (Don Dailey)
- ☐ She's The Marrying Kind (Vero-Ellen)
- ☐ The Girl Who Won Goble Back (Clark Goble)
- ☐ Slow Boat To Catalina (Marsh Thompson, Ric Montalban, etc.)
- ☐ Love Crazy (Betty Hutton)
- ☐ Meet Moyer Crosby (Bing Crosby)
- ☐ This Time It's Real (Pete Lowford)
- ☐ Dearly Beloved (June Allyson-Dick Powell)
- ☐ How Dopey Can He Get? (Gordon MacRae)
- ☐ What Men Have Done To Me by Joan Crawford
- ☐ His Life's No Open Book (Howard Keel)
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Tell It To Joan (Joan Evans' guest editor, Carleton Carpenter)

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?

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... Zone.....

State..... I am yrs. old

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Perfume
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Created in France... Compounded in the U.S.A. 19

picture of the month



Artist Gene Kelly and pianist Oscar Levant are a couple of poverty-stricken Americans seeking fame in the very romantic, and inspirational city of Paris.



Wealthy Nina Foch likes to help struggling artists—especially handsome ones. She sets Gene up in a studio of his own, and wants only love in return.



Love blooms when Gene flirts with Leslie Caron in a sidewalk cafe. First she rebuffs him, then she falls for his charms—but she's engaged to another.

MOVIETIME, U.S.A.

It's Golden Jubilee time! During October and November all Hollywood is celebrating the 50th anniversary of motion pictures, and the best films made this year are being simultaneously released. Go to the movies now—for top entertainment!

movie reviews

by Christopher Kane



AN AMERICAN IN PARIS

■ There are very rewarding features in "A.A.I.P."—namely, Gene Kelly's easy grace, a young French dancer (Leslie Caron) who's as cute as a kitten to look at, and a charmingly unaffected actress, and George Gershwin's terrific music, especially as played by Oscar—who else?—Levant. That the story—of a G.I.-painter in Paris, loving one girl, and involved with another—doesn't seem really to hang together like a story; that there may be a little too much dancing for non-dance devotees (toward the end there's a whole elaborately complex ballet) are minor points. Because who cares when it has nice people, beautiful Technicolor, and that wonderful Parisian flavor? It may be a little light-headed in spots, but it will make you feel light-hearted.

Who could ask for anything more?

Cast: Gene Kelly, Nina Foch, Leslie Caron, Oscar Levant, Georges Guetary. MGM. (More reviews on page 22.)



MGM outdoes itself in Technicolor when Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron dance a dreamlike and beautiful ballet that captures all the enchantment of Paris. The story—which is a love story—reaches its climax at a gala costume ball.



Dry skin. "The Noxzema Home Facial helped my dry skin look softer and smoother," says Mrs. Ina Marlow of St. Paul, Minn. "And Noxzema's so refreshing to use!"



A lovelier-looking complexion rewarded Tucson's Mrs. Ann Snodgrass, when she tried the Noxzema Home Facial. "Greaseless Noxzema is wonderful," she says.

Look Lovelier in 10 Days

with Doctor's Home Facial or your money back!

Easy, New Beauty Routine Quickly Helps Skin Look Softer, Smoother, Lovelier!

No need for a lot of elaborate preparations... no complicated rituals! With just *one* cream—*greaseless, medicated* Noxzema—you can help your skin look softer, smoother and fresher, too!

All you do is follow the easy Noxzema Home Facial, described at the right. Developed by a doctor, in actual clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women with problem skin look lovelier!

See how it can help you!

With this doctor's Home Facial, you "creamwash" to glowing cleanliness—without any dry, drawn feeling. You give skin the all-day protection of a *greaseless* powder base... the all-night aid of a *medicated* cream that helps heal externally-caused blemishes, while it helps soften and smooth.

It works—or your money back!

Try the Noxzema Home Facial, yourself. Follow the directions given at right. If this easy Home Facial doesn't help your skin look lovelier—in 10 days—return your jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—and get your money back.

Money-Saving Offer! Get your jar of *greaseless, medicated* Noxzema today—at any drug or cosmetic counter—while you can get the big 85¢ jar for only 59¢, plus tax. Save money while this Limited Time Offer lasts!

Do this for a lovelier-looking complexion!

Morning—Apply Noxzema over face and neck. Using a damp cloth, "creamwash" with Noxzema just as you would if you were using soap and water. When you "creamwash" your skin clean with Noxzema, there's no dry, drawn feeling afterwards!



Now, smooth on a light film of Noxzema for your powder base. This *greaseless*, invisible film of Noxzema not only holds your make-up beautifully, but it also helps protect your skin all day!

Evening—At bedtime, "creamwash" again with Noxzema just as in the morning. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it feels! See how you've washed away make-up, dirt—without harsh rubbing!



Now, lightly massage your skin with Noxzema to help soften and smooth. Pat a little extra over any blemishes* to help heal them. Remember—Noxzema is *greaseless*! No "smeary" face or messy pillow, when you use this dainty cream!

*externally-caused

Money Saving Offer

NOXZEMA skin cream

BIG 85¢ JAR now only **59¢** plus tax
LIMITED TIME ONLY





it's new!
it's exciting!
it's sensational!

NOW *Flame-Glo*® GIVES YOU
"Twin Beauty!"

NOW . . . you can choose your very *own* lip finish best suited to *your* beauty type, thanks to Flame-Glo "TWIN BEAUTY" Lipstick. 1. For luscious, long-lasting sheen, apply Flame-Glo as usual . . . lustrous, ravishing lips sparkled with color brilliance will be yours! 2. For that new French type finish that's so indelible, wait a jiffy and blot off lips with cleansing tissue. That's the way to practically avoid lip-prints on cigarettes, glasses and napkins. In either case, you will be delighted with FLAME-GLO's exquisite texture, velvet smoothness and long lasting no-smear quality!



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AT ALL POPULAR-PRICE COSMETIC COUNTERS



DAVID AND BATHSHEBA

David and Bathsheba is a love story right out of the Bible, and it's good. Gregory Peck makes an absolutely splendid king; his adulterous affair with the red-headed wife of one of his lieutenants makes absorbing movie material. Only trouble is, I find it hard to dislike Gregory even when he dispatches his girl friend's hubby off to get killed. God, feeling otherwise, sends David and Bathsheba quite some trouble for their sin, before the air clears up. The Technicolor's meltingly lovely; Peck is strong, sensitive; Susan Hayward is handsome. I didn't especially care for English import Kieron Moore (Susan's husband), but I liked English import James Roberson Justice (Peck's equerry) a lot. Then we have Raymond Massey as the prophet Nathan wandering around in rags brandishing a stick and sounding ominous at all times, and Jayne Meadows as Gregory's first wife. There are some beautiful words from the Bible, and a scene of a lady being stoned to death thrown in for the price of admission. One thing that annoyed me was the small Absalom (David's son) played by Gilbert Barnett. 20th Century-Fox, having read right along in its Bible, and realizing that Absalom grows up to turn on his father, felt impelled to give the audience a hint of what was coming. Therefore every time you see the nasty tyke, he's fingering a dagger and leering at his old man in ridiculous fashion. Mostly, though, *David and Bathsheba* is wonderful to look at, and even moving.

Cast: Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward, Raymond Massey. 20th Century-Fox.

PAINTING THE CLOUDS WITH SUNSHINE

A Technicolored musical in which you're always 49 steps ahead of the script at knowing what's going to happen next. A trio of girl singers (Virginia Mayo, Lucille Norman and Virginia Gibson) are mixed up with Dennis Morgan and Gene Nelson. Both these men are in love with Miss Norman, who loves Dennis, only he gambles, so she throws him over. Nelson is a millionaire, but he cannot make her forget her true love (he eventually settles for Miss Gibson, when Dennis and Miss Norman reconcile) and Miss Mayo, who's a gold-digger gets a rich man too. A dirty old sourdough—whatever that is—threatens to kill S. Z. Sakall all through the picture, but I didn't give a darn. I think Miss Norman is new. She's a soprano.

Cast: Dennis Morgan, Virginia Mayo, Gene Nelson. Warners.

IT'S JIMMY-

as you've never seen him—
as you'll love him most—
in Nevil Shute's unusual
suspense-filled story of
drama and romance
28,000 feet above
the sea!



JAMES
STEWART
MARLENE
DIETRICH

NO HIGHWAY IN THE SKY

20th
CENTURY-FOX

with
GLYNIS JOHNS · JACK HAWKINS · JANETTE SCOTT
Produced by LOUIS D. LIGHTON Directed by HENRY KOSTER
Screen Play by R. C. SHERRIFF, OSCAR MILLARD and ALEC COPPEL
Based on the Novel by NEVIL SHUTE



For the girl who dislikes a heavy make-up

This filmy-light greaseless base

You'll adore the *natural* loveliness of this softer, *sheerer* foundation! Before powder, veil on just a touch of delicate Pond's Vanishing Cream. The fluffy-white, greaseless Cream *disappears evenly* on your skin. No streaking or discoloring. The smoothest possible, invisible film remains to *shield* your complexion—*hold* your make-up! Pond's Vanishing Cream flatters *every* skin-tone—gives every complexion a flawless, *lasting* finish!



1-Minute Mask— instant glamour "re-styling"

Look *special* lovely for *special* occasions! Fluff a lavish 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your face, all except eyes. Its "keratolytic" action loosens and *dissolves off* the dirt and dead skin-flakes that shadow end-of-day complexions. After one minute, tissue off the snowy Mask. Your skin seems newly fresh, radiant—so beautifully *ready* for make-up!



Mrs. David Anthony Drexel "A 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream is the most delightful way to smooth and brighten my skin."



THE RAGING TIDE

In this picture, evil-doers reform so fast the police can hardly keep up with them. Rack-eteer Richard Conte, wanted for murder, hides out on a fishing boat, offers to work for his keep. Swedish fisherman Charles Bickford and his son Carl (Alex Nicol) can use his help, set out to sea. Conte doesn't like the way Carl treats his father (some murderers have real soft hearts) and beats him up for it. Carl starts treating his father better, and also, though he's done a little car-stealing in his time, determines to go straight after he meets Shelley Winters. Shelley, supposedly Conte's girl friend, is loyal to him for a while, but eventually falls for Carl. She tells the police Conte's planning to frame Carl for the murder he himself did. (Telling the police anything is a form of reform for Shelley. She don't trust cops.) Then Conte, reforming even more and further and better than anybody, drowns, while saving Carl's life. Who could ask for anything more?

Cast: Richard Conte, Shelley Winters, Stephen McNally. Universal-International.

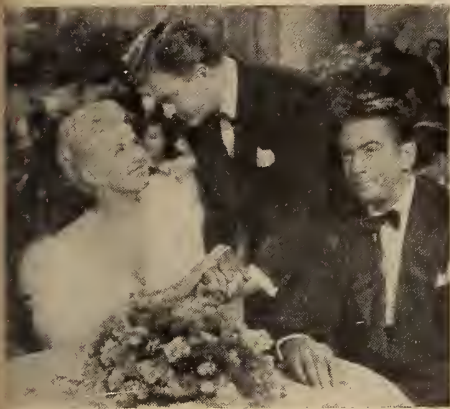
PEOPLE WILL TALK

I remarked to somebody that I didn't think anyone in *People Will Talk* talked. They were so busy being clever they didn't sound even faintly human. So my companion sneered at me, "What's so swell about sounding human?" And I could only reflect sadly that I was the one person in the world who didn't go crazy over *All About Eve*, so maybe it's just something between me and director Mankiewicz. *People Will Talk* tells of a doctor who marries a girl pregnant by another man, partly because he loves her, partly to keep her from killing herself. There's a mystery about the doctor's background, and about an attendant he has—an old duffer called "The Bat" (played by Finlay Currie). It's certainly engrossing, and often very funny. But I don't think any medical school trots a corpse with a madeup face and long black hair into a class room (if they do, I'm against it), and that's a sample of my complaints. It may be shocking, but does that make it good? Which isn't to say that *People Will Talk* isn't entertaining, or that Cary Grant was ever lovelier. It's just that you have to apply stricter standards to a picture that's been ballyhooed as a masterpiece.

Cast: Cary Grant, Jeanne Crain, Finlay Currie.—20th Century-Fox.

MEET ME AFTER THE SHOW

Every tired piece of plot in musical history was glued together to make *Meet Me After The Show*, but it's got Grable, and Grable's legs, and for some fans, that's enough. I'm



just warning you, so you can suit yourself. Here's Betty married to a producer (Carey) who made her a lady. (She was a kind of honky-tonk type before.) The backer for Carey's and Betty's new show is a sexy girl. Betty doesn't like this. She divorces Carey, pretends amnesia, leaves town. He follows, etc., etc. Eddie Albert and Rory Calhoun play two of Betty's admirers. But the only things worth watching are a couple of her musical numbers which are rather nicely humorous, the dancing having been staged by Jack Cole. Cast: Betty Grable, Macdonald Carey, Rory Calhoun. 20th Century-Fox.

THE PEOPLE AGAINST O'HARA

A boy is framed for a murder-and-theft, and his parents get their old friend Spencer Tracy to take the case. Tracy's an ex-alcoholic, has retired from criminal law because the tension of being responsible for a man's life is dangerous to his welfare. But he can't turn these people down, goes to work for their son. It's an exciting, suspenseful picture with fine performances from Tracy and Pat O'Brien, and a boy named William Campbell (the farmer), and some colorful crooks. (It's the first time I've seen Eduardo Cianelli play a crook in ages.) There's a love story between Tracy's daughter, Diana Lynn and Richard Anderson; and John Hodiak as an assistant district attorney. The moral ending was inevitable, I suppose—they were bound to kill off Spencer because he'd bribed a witness—but aside from that, I liked *The People Against O'Hara*. Cast: Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien, Diana Lynn. MGM.

FORCE OF ARMS

An out-and-out love story, which smells slightly like *A Farewell to Arms*, but which has its affecting moments nonetheless. *Force of Arms* tells about a sergeant (Bill Holden) and a WAC Lieutenant (Nancy Olson) who met in Italy, and fall in love. Nancy doesn't want to care for anybody in a hurry, so to speak; she's sick to death of "live today, for tomorrow we may you-know-what," and of the sight of young girls going off with soldiers in return for chocolate and chewing gum. She wants a home, and a man, and children, and a return to a sense of values. Bill doesn't believe in that stuff, he feels he can't make plans the way things are. Plot plays itself out against a background of war-ravaged Italy, and Warners has succeeded in getting actual documentary battle shots which add authenticity of an awe-inspiring kind. Cast: William Holden, Nancy Olson, Frank Lovejoy. Warners

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POUR boiling water gradually into mixture, stir. Look...no lumps.



READY to use in cotton washables for a "luxury" finish you'll love.



IT'S ONLY MONEY

A delightful comedy which takes absolutely nothing seriously, and brings back Groucho Marx at his best. Need I say more? Well, I will anyway. Frank Sinatra and Jane Russell, who clerk in a bank together, are engaged. She's bigger than he is, but outside of that, they make a cute couple. Groucho, the waiter at a restaurant near the bank, is always urging Frank to a life of crime. "Live dangerously," he cries. Frank and Jane want to get married, but Frank is timid, scared of life. After a grateful bookie forces some \$40,000 upon him, however (not that Frank ever bets, just that he helped the bookie when two thugs attacked him) all heck breaks loose. About the very time Frank shows up at the bank with his new wealth, a shortage of funds is discovered in the establishment. You see? It's a riot.

Cast: Frank Sinatra, Jane Russell, Groucho Marx.—RKO

MR. BELVEDERE RINGS THE BELL

Lynn Belvedere is back, and the Old Folks' Home has him. In a movie loosely based on the Broadway play, *The Silver Whistle*, Clifton Webb, once again the authority on everything in the world, brings meaning to the lives of a group of elderly men and women who've been sitting around waiting to die. It's a gentle kind of picture, with particularly outstanding acting by Doro Merande as a sarcastic old lady, and Bill Lynn as a giddy old man. Joanne Dru and Hugh Marlowe (the minister and nurse in charge of the Home) furnish the rather dull love interest. Even for a minister, Marlowe's awfully juice-less. Fat Zero Mostel is Webb's helper-in-rehabilitation.

Cast: Clifton Webb, Joanne Dru, Hugh Marlowe.—20th Century-Fox.

RHUBARB

Rhubarb is the story of a bad-tempered cat who's left 30 million dollars and a baseball team by a whimsical millionaire. The millionaire's daughter thinks she's got more right to the money, and tries to kill *Rhubarb*, while the baseball team thinks working for a cat is humiliating, and pretends to be sick. ("I strained a ling-a-ment," one of the players keeps saying.) But *Rhubarb* is a most unusual monster. Before he's finished, the team has won a pennant; he's escaped the clutches of kidnappers—or cat-nappers, as Paramount put it; he's foiled the millionaire's wretched daughter; and he's smiled benevolently as his guardian, Ray Milland, finds true love with Jan Sterling. Not thrilling, but cute enough. Cast: Ray Milland, Jan Sterling, Gene Lockhart.—Paramount.



ON THE LOOSE

Melvyn Douglas and Lynn Bari as neglectful parents who learn their lesson almost too late (their teen-age daughter tries to drown herself) and Joan Evans as the teen-age daughter, turn in good jobs though their vehicle is slightly corny. Or maybe what I mean is unsubtle. Joan loses her reputation in such a rousingly thorough way, and Lynn is forced to be so one-dimensional a character that her sudden abrupt change—a change which helps bring about the final happy ending—is a little unbelievable. Still, there are many really touching things about the picture. A scene where Joan and her father go dancing together, and discover one another. A scene where Lynn—abrupt change or no—makes a plea to her neighbors for Joan's happiness. I guess *On The Loose* will make parents wonder where their children are, and I guess that's good.

Cast: Joan Evans, Melvyn Douglas, Lynn Bari, Robert Arthur.—RKO

THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE

Stephen Crane's novel of the Civil War becomes a quiet, hour-long (or hour-short) film which tells a simple story, if any story of war can be called simple. It casts Audie Murphy as the boy who goes into battle a frightened kid; who runs away; who comes back, and stands, and fights, and emerges a man. Bill Mauldin plays another kid-soldier, Audie's friend. The scenes of battle, and of injured men staggering away from battle, are as terrible to watch as any of the more jet-propelled warfare the movies have recently brought us. The photography is something it's a privilege to see. The whole job, directed by John Huston, is close to perfection.

Cast: Audie Murphy, Bill Mauldin, John Dierkes.—MGM

DARLING, HOW COULD YOU?

Based on J. M. Barrie's *Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire*, *Darling, How Could You?* has John Lund and Joan Fontaine as the couple who return to New York from several years in Panama, and find themselves strangers to their three children. The baby isn't much of a problem, but the little boy, Cosmo (David Stollery) hates his first name, and has taken the liberty of changing it to Charles, and he doesn't like to be kissed, either. The young daughter, Mona Freeman, has seen a play on the stage, and keeps making knowing remarks about "The seamy side of life." It's very funny. The boy, for instance, upon greeting his long-lost father, blurts out desperately, "Hello dad, uh, father, uh, pop—how's your wife?" As for Mona, she comes to the conclusion that her mother is embarked upon an illicit love affair, and attempts to save her by offering herself to the libertine ("the liberty," Cosmo calls him) with hilarious results.

Cast: Joan Fontaine, John Lund, Mona Freeman.—Paramount.

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■ Around this time of year most people are so busy they thank their lucky stars for someone to help them. Well, that's just what you can do. You can thank the stars who, full of vim and vigor, comb the stores and bring home prize buys for themselves. And you can count yourself lucky that their choices are just right for you, too, in price and taste.

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 refunded on any items that are returned within 10 days after delivery. Only personalized merchandise cannot be returned.

Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

jane powell

your hollywood shopper

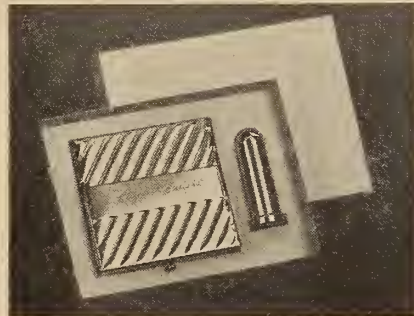
for november



Since July 22, when the baby was born, Jane's been a busy girl caring for Gearys, Jr. and Sr.



LEARN TO "GLORIFY YOURSELF" for holiday parties. Eleanore King, famous Hollywood coach, shows top stars' beauty secrets. Easy-to-follow, it revamps you for glamor through exercise, diet, make-up, and fashion tips. Sketches and photos of stars like Lana Turner, Virginia Mayo, Gene Tierney, Betty Grable. Eleanore's book helped me win the "battle of the bulge" after the baby. "Glorify Yourself", \$3.95. Prentice-Hall, 70 5th Ave., N. Y. 11.



"PERSON TO PERSON" VANITY SET. It's a gift with a real personal touch that will thrill my friends at Xmas. Print plainly name to be engraved on the polished gold metal compact and matching lipstick case. The lipstick is that wonderful new indelible French-type in latest shades—Light, Med., Dark. Geary says it's the perfect gift for his best gal. Lucky me! Only \$3.50, tax incl. Nancy Shayne, Dept. G, 1216 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 5.

■ As a song and dance gal recently I've been on the shelf, but as a shopper I'm hep on the latest scoops.

For months before our new baby, Geary, Jr., arrived I was free as air, for almost the first time since I was 15. I had a heavenly holiday unearthing all sorts of rip-roaring bargains for our new Brentwood home. Geary was so impressed with my shopping prowess that he's handed me our entire budget.

Now MODERN SCREEN has given me a chance to prove my boast by sending me scooting all over creation for the whoppinest buys ever. I copped top prizes from the best stores in America.

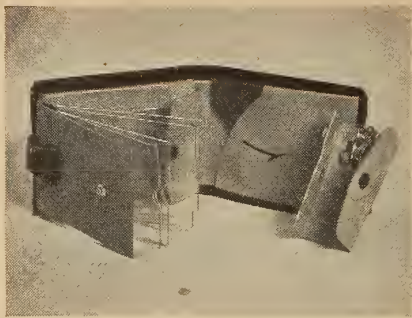
Since Christmas will be along sooner than you think (and never comes too soon for me) I've had me a time rustling up wonderful gifts for everyone, big and little. Of course, I used Geary and Junior as "sample" father and son.

To get anything that catches your eye write to the store under the picture.

I've tried to out-Santa Santa in my selections, so check off your Christmas gift list really early this year!



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jane powell your hollywood shopper

for november

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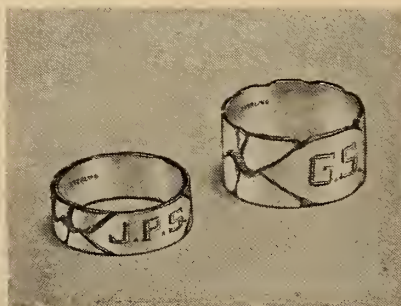
**lady—your
big toe
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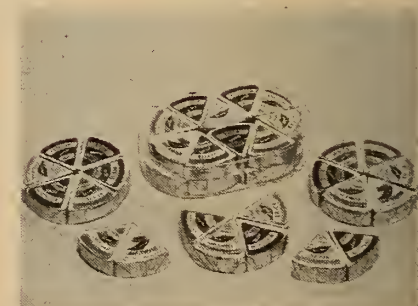
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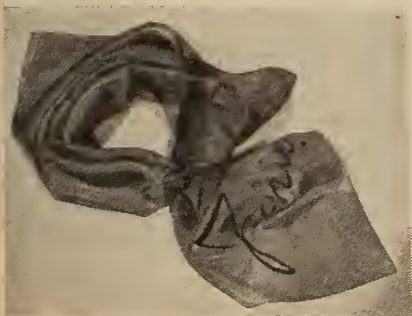
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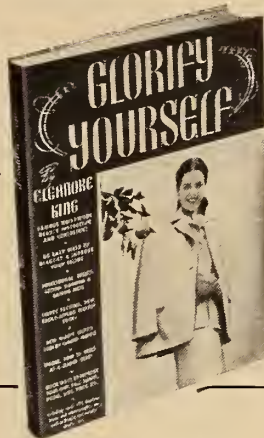
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Are you self-conscious when passing a crowd?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> N
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Are you frequently invited out to dinner?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Y
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jane powell
**your
hollywood
shopper**
for november



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in the
world!



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foundation and powder in one!



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MSC 11-51

hollywood air conditioned



Presenting selected tidbits
from MODERN SCREEN's
"Hollywood Editor" program.

■ When Betty Grable married Harry James in Las Vegas, Nevada, the story goes that she said to Harry, "Never gamble, I'll show you what happens." So saying, she put a silver dollar in a slot machine, there was a grinding of wheels, and then a sound like manhole covers falling. Betty and Harry took that as a lesson—they've been betting on horses ever since.

■ Monty Woolley doesn't like to be kissed by young actresses. He claims lipstick leaves a stain on his impeccable beard. "Besides," he says, "if these young darlings will kiss me on the forehead, it'll make their profiles look better."

■ Your Hollywood Editor asked some male movie stars what they prefer in their women. The results: Cary Grant, for instance, had this to say: "The girl who, when she kisses you, touches your face with her hands—that always sets me down for the count." George Sanders has a more ethereal outlook: "I love it," he declares, "when a woman wears an elusive perfume. I'm not quite sure where it comes from, or what it is, but I want to follow it." Errol Flynn said: "I go for the woman who tells you what she'd like to do, and then makes a brave show of doing it your way. You give in to her, are just a plain sucker—and you love it."

■ Alan Ladd detests the conceited sort of actor like a particularly obnoxious star who was telling how much he hated reporters, how great he was, etc. Alan listened, then walked out. "Where are you going?" the fellow star asked. Alan replied, "I gotta see a man. I'm worried. I haven't had my name in the paper for 24 hours."

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Recommended
No Stars:
Average

FROM THE MOVIES

ALICE IN WONDERLAND—Rosemary Clooney-Percy Faith album* (Columbia).

MR. IMPERIUM—Ezio Pinza-Fran Warren album* (Victor); *You Belong To My Heart* by Bob Eberly (Capitol).

This is the first Red Seal, or semi-classical, appearance by Fran Warren. It's only a couple of years or so since she was just a band vocalist with Charlie Barnet and Claude Thornhill, and she makes out surprisingly well in the new role. Incidentally Trudy Erwin, not Fran, did the voice doubling for Lana Turner in the movie.

ON THE RIVIERA—Ballin' The Jack by Joe "Fingers" Carr (Capitol).

SHOW BOAT—original cast album** (MGM).

The wonderful music and lyrics of Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II, combined with the vocal contributions of the all star movie cast plus Adolph Deutsch and the MGM Studio Orchestra, make this one of MGM's best original-cast sets to date. Of course, it's recorded direct from the sound track, and everything is there but the Technicolor.

Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel combine for *Make Believe, You Are Love* and *Why Do I Love You*. Ava Gardner, who is Julie in the picture, sings *Bill* and *Can't Help Lovin' That Man*. Marge and Gower Champion, new to Hollywood, do a cute job with *Life Upon The Wicked Stage* and *I Might Fall Back On You*. Finally, the important job of handling *Ol' Man River* is assigned to William Warfield.

This set's available on all three speeds.

SLAUGHTER TRAIL—*I Wish I Wuz* by Roy Rogers (Victor).

RICH, YOUNG AND PRETTY—*Dark Is The Night* by Herb Jeffries* (Coral), Toni Arden (Columbia), Mary Mayo (Capitol). *How D'Ya Like Your Eggs In The Morning* by Dean Martin and Helen O'Connell* (Capitol). *I Can See You* by Woody Herman* (MGM); Mary Mayo (Capitol). *L'Amour Toujours* by Bob Crosby* (Capitol), Jane Powell (MGM); *We Never Talk Much* by Jane Powell (MGM); Dean Martin and Helen O'Connell* (Capitol). *Wonder Why* by Toni Arden* (Columbia); Billy Eckstine (MGM); Herb Jeffries (Coral); Helen O'Connell (Capitol).

YOU CAN CHANGE THE WORLD—*Early American* by Nat Cole* (Capitol).

BUDDY DE FRANCO—*Body And Soul** (MGM).

STAN GETZ—*Swedish All Stars LP** (Roost). Recorded during tenor sax man Stan Getz's trip to Sweden, this shows you that the Swedes really know how to swing; his accompaniment is first-class.

OSCAR PETTIFORD—*Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen** (Mercer).

A song hit of the 1930's interestingly revived as a jazz 'cello solo.

New—Liquid Make-up Magic

Tru-Glo

FROM THE

WESTMORES OF HOLLYWOOD

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You'll discover the beauty secret of famous screen stars in Westmore's new Tru-Glo Liquid Make-Up. Brings out your own natural beauty—to give you real complexion loveliness. The perfect foundation for all types of skin. Gives a long-lasting, soft, protective *mat finish*. Easy to apply.

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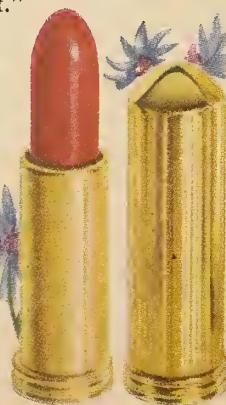
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The Most Beautiful Hair in the World is kept at its loveliest ...with Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Yes, Lovely Hollywood stars help to keep their hair always alluring with Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Beautiful hair plays a vital part in the glamour-career of every movie star... so when Hollywood stars tell you they use Lustre-Creme, it is the highest possible tribute to this unique shampoo.

In a recent issue of the magazine, "Modern Screen," a committee of famed hair stylists named Deborah Kerr as one of 12 women having the most beautiful hair in the world. Lustre-Creme will help you achieve such glamorous hair beauty.

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 now glows with renewed highlights. All this, even in hardest water, with no need for a special after-rinse.

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



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

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair

Judy's no melancholy
baby now—she's
learned how to be herself
and that's good enough
for the fans
who adore her.

nothing but blue skies

BY RADIE HARRIS

■ On the night of April 9th, Judy Garland came on the stage of the world-famous Palladium Theater in London, and faced a jam-packed audience standing three rows deep. It was the first time she had played to a live audience except for charity shows since she had appeared as little Frances Gumm with her two sisters, in an act realistically and unromantically billed, "The Gumm Sisters."

If Judy's heart missed a few beats as Woolf Phillips' "Skyrockets" orchestra began the vamp of her first song, "At Long Last, I'm Here," it was because more than at any time in her career she wanted to make good. Tonight, there was a whole new world to conquer, a world that would give her back the confidence she had lost in her growing years in Hollywood. The facade of security that had supported her for 15 years at the same studio was no longer behind her. Out front was a sea of unfamiliar faces—strangers. (Continued on page 102)



what now, PRINCESS?

You can close
your doors to Aly, but
not to your friends.
They're wondering about
your strange homecoming
to Hollywood.

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES



Queried about the religious education of boby Yosmin, Rita told reporters Yosmin could make her own decision at 21.

■ It was a three-ring circus when Rita Hayworth and her babies came back to Hollywood. And it was pitiful—pitiful and fascinating the way a side-show is.

Princess Rita was the main attraction, and the two little bewildered half-sisters, Rebecca and Yasmin, were the come-ons.

After eight weeks in Nevada, where she established a legal residence, Rita packed her two girls into a car. Without a word to anyone, not even to her Reno attorney, she turned towards Hollywood.

It was a long drive, more than 10 hours, but Yasmin, who isn't even two years old, didn't cry at all.

Rita reached town at 3:00 A.M. and checked into the Beverly Hills Hotel. "Under no circumstances," she told the desk clerk, "is anyone to know that I'm staying here. Is that understood?"

"Of course, Miss Hayworth."

Rita registered under a phony name, and her entourage, including a nurse for the children, was hustled off to bungalow number one, the hotel's swankiest suite.

Later that day an attractive young girl knocked on the bungalow door.

"Ah," said the French nurse, "you have come to help with the children, *n'est-ce-pas?*"

The young girl smiled, and took Rebecca and Yasmin for a walk around the hotel grounds while their famous mama slept. She spoke to the little girls, played with them, and then took them back to the bungalow.

By this time, mama was almost wide awake.

Presently, she got up, brushed her lovely hair and made her way to the living room. When she saw this strange young woman sitting with her two children, her eyes flashed.

"Who are you?" Rita Hayworth demanded.

"I'd like to ask you a (Continued on page 99)



HOLLYWOOD: WHERE STARS RISE AND FALL OVERNIGHT. HERE'S A HOPPER'S-EYE-VIEW OF WHAT TEN YEARS CAN DO.

ten fantastic years

by Hedda Hopper

■ On a bleak night in February, 1941, two young people, very much in love, got out the old adhesive tape again. A wind right off the Arctic was whipping through every crack and cranny of their modest West Hollywood home. Modest isn't the word. It was a rehabilitated chicken coop.

When Bob and Dorothy Mitchum arrived in California by bus a few months earlier they had exactly \$26 between them.

"Mother will take us in until I get a job," Bob assured his bride. But mother, he discovered, had even less money. However, she did have an empty chicken coop in the back yard. The Mitchums shopped around for a broom, tar paper and adhesive tape, and moved right in.

The only "hot" thing in their home was a ballad Bob was writing. He'd sold a few to small-time nightclub entertainers, not many, but enough to pay hospital expenses for the baby that would be born in two months.

"Well, this is the end," said Bob. "I'm not going to have my son and heir brought up in a chicken coop. Tomorrow I look for a job in the movies. Hey, don't use up all that tape, I need it for my suit."

A few days later Bob was riding off into the sunset on a nag that threw him at every opportunity in a Hopalong Cassidy movie. William Boyd took a fancy to the Gower Gulch cowboy. And the rest is (Continued on page 70)



Ten years ago a little girl named Suzonne Burse came to Hollywood from Oregon on a vocation. She stayed on to become Jane Powell.



Betty Groble, who'd hardly heard of Mr. James, became the GI's Pin Up Queen. Betty Hutton was called America's No. 1 Jitterbug.



"A nice guy, but he'll never get anywhere," said an editor who'd met young Alon Ladd. That was just before *This Gun For Hire*.



Broadway's *Panama Hattie* had a pony chorus full of thoroughbreds. The little blonde, fifth from the left, was an understudy, and moved into the limelight as America's most popular

star, June Allyson. Third from the left is a versatile dancer who now stars in musicals, she's Vera-Ellen. Also in the line are famous-to-be Betsy Blair, Lucille Bremer and Janis Carter.



Jane Withers retired from the screen. But before she left Hollywood for Texas, she dated an unknown boy named Farley Granger.



Liz Taylor was a pert schoolgirl of nine, attended class on the MGM lot. Now the School of Experience has given her a diploma.



No one would have predicted unhappiness for these two kids on a spree. But trouble came to Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney.



WHO'LL CATCH DAILEY?

by Vicki Blodgett

NO MATTER HOW FAST HE RUNS, SOONER OR LATER SOME FASCINATING FEMALE WILL HANG A WEDDING BELL ON DAN DAILEY

■ The easiest man in the world to marry is the man who's been married before. Anyway, that's the theory in Hollywood where single girls outnumber single men, six to one—and Dan Dailey is currently considered the prize catch.

One young actress who's been seeing a good deal of Dan lately says, "Dan's been married twice before. That means he's house-broken. He's used to having a woman around his home. I'd much rather take my chances with a man like him than a confirmed bachelor like Howard Duff or Montgomery Clift. Trying to get those two interested in marriage is like ramming your head against a brick wall."

This particular young actress is unique. She happens to be honest and outspoken. She admits that Dailey would make a fine husband, and she'd like to land him.

Dailey's other dates are infinitely more diplomatic.

"We're just pals," explains 20-year-old Barbara Whiting. "There's no romance between Dan and myself, not one little bit. After all, he's about 35, and I'm only 20. I'm easily four or five years away from any marriage."

"Of course, we've gone out, but to say that we're in love is just a big joke."

"We've played tennis several times—Dan's just taken it up—and people may have seen us on the public courts together, but what does that mean? Dan has known my family for years, ever since I was a little girl, and it's always a pleasure to have him around the house."

"Anyway, he's just been divorced, and I don't think he wants to get married now. Besides, he's been working so hard on the Dizzy Dean story. He's a marvelous actor, you know. We were together in *I Can Get It for You Wholesale*, and I can tell you honestly, Dan Dailey doesn't have to worry about just being a hooper. He's much more than that. He's a sensitive, versatile, talented actor. He's got it. Really, he's got just about everything."

It's usual for young girls to wax over-enthusiastic about tall, honey-haired actors. (Continued on page 89)



Most mentioned contender for Dan's heart is Ann Miller, who says he's "really aaley, koo—o dreamboat." Like Dan, she claims she's not interested in marriage now.



Twenty-year-old Barbara Whiting is another of Dan's enthusiastic admirers. "He's got just about everything," Barbara says, but also scoffs at romance rumors.

Once burned, twice shy
is Vera-Ellen. But
how long can she
hold out? Rock Hudson
won't stop asking and she
can't say "No" forever.

BY JANE WILKIE

she's the marrying kind

■ They are or they aren't, they will or they won't—that's been the report of the gossip columnists about Vera-Ellen and Rock Hudson during the past two years. It's been printed that they're engaged, and it's been printed that they've had a rift and cooled off. Actually, they've never been engaged, never had a serious argument, but they date each other consistently and it is highly possible that one day they will be married.

Hollywood doesn't understand a romance like this. Hollywood is used to whirlwind courtships and quick trips to the altar, or well-publicized battles that put love affairs in the deep freeze.

Vera-Ellen's friends will tell you that she is fun and well-liked, a conscientious worker, and marriage-wise, just about the best wife material around town. She really likes to keep house and would regard the job of marriage as seriously as she does her career. Yet where men are concerned, Vera's a puzzle.

"Nobody—but nobody," people say, "just goes with a guy for almost three years and doesn't say anything about getting married. What's happening here?"

What's happening is the only possible relationship that could spring from the personalities, backgrounds and careers of both Rock and Vera.

Vera-Ellen's first marriage occurred when she was 16. It was a love affair that gave her stars in her eyes and butterflies in her stomach. (Continued on page 93)



They had their first dance together at Ciro's, almost three years ago. Since then, Vera-Ellen and Rock have been puzzling the columnists.





the girl

Two years ago MODERN SCREEN
called Virginia Grey the girl
Clark Gable always came back to—
now it looks as if he's back to stay.

BY LINDA GRIFFIN



who won gable back

■ The night she heard of Clark Gable's marriage to Sylvia Ashley, she cried her heart out.

Later, her sister came by, took one look at her and asked, "Do you love him that much?"

"I've been in love with him for six years," Virginia Grey said. And the tears came again.

Virginia had not expected Clark Gable to marry Sylvia Ashley. She'd hoped that if he ever married again, he'd make *her* his bride. As a matter of fact, no one expected Gable to

marry Sylvia—not even Gable himself. He proposed in a moment of self-delusion, and a year later realized his mistake.

But what about Virginia Grey, this 34-year-old actress with the sky-blue eyes, the soft auburn hair? Why did Gable turn to her after his fourth wife filed for divorce?

Will Virginia ever become the fifth Mrs. Gable?

A friend of Clark's who once owned an automobile agency—strangely enough, Gable has very (*Continued on page 91*)

SLOW BOAT TO CATALINA

■ One day I stopped by the Thistle Inn for lunch with Barbara and Marshall Thompson.

The Thistle Inn's a hangout for yachting enthusiasts like Barbara and Marsh, Georgianna and Ricardo Montalban, Suzanne Dalbert, Barbara Hale and Bill Williams. They were all together when I came in, and they seemed to be gazing fondly at a photograph. "New picture of the kids?" I asked Ric. He handed it to me. "Oh," I said. "It's only a boat."

"Only!" Bill Williams cried. "It'll do until the Queen Mary weighs anchor around here."

The boat in the picture belonged to Al and Betty Rempp who own the Thistle Inn. "Don't you like to sail?" Al wanted to know.

"Love to," I replied, and that's how I got invited on a trip to Catalina the following Sunday.

"Must be wonderful to know so much about boats," said Barbara Hale. "I've never been on one."

"Nothing to it," I said. After all, it was entirely too late for honesty to be my best policy.

Sunday was fair and clear. I was haggard and shaken, also sea-sick even before I got *near* the water. But two by two our party arrived at the dock in Wilmington, one of California's finest yachting centers. One by one we boarded the Rempp boat.

Turning, I noted that Barbara Thompson was still standing on dry land. "Aren't you coming?" I called.

"Not this trip," she answered.

"Sailing isn't so good for expectant mothers," Marsh reminded me.

I glanced at Georgianna, pleadingly. "Better hurry," I suggested.

"I'm staying with Barbara," she replied. "We just came down to see you off."

"Georgie doesn't take to boats," Ric explained with a grin. "I'm the family sailor."

"I think I'll stay with Georgie and Barbara," I told the crowd, but we were already heading out to sea.

"You handle the jib sail," Al was saying to Ricardo. "And Marsh and Bill can take the mainsail."

"I'll help," I volunteered. But then I discovered that the mainsail is the one that weighs about a thousand pounds.

The sails up, we waited for wind. While we were waiting, Ricardo brought out a ukulele. If you've never heard "Anchors Aweigh" on a ukulele, you've never lived. (Continued on page 90)



CATALINA - BOUND WITH RIC MONTALBAN,



THE SUN, BUT NO WIND IS IN THEIR HAIR SO



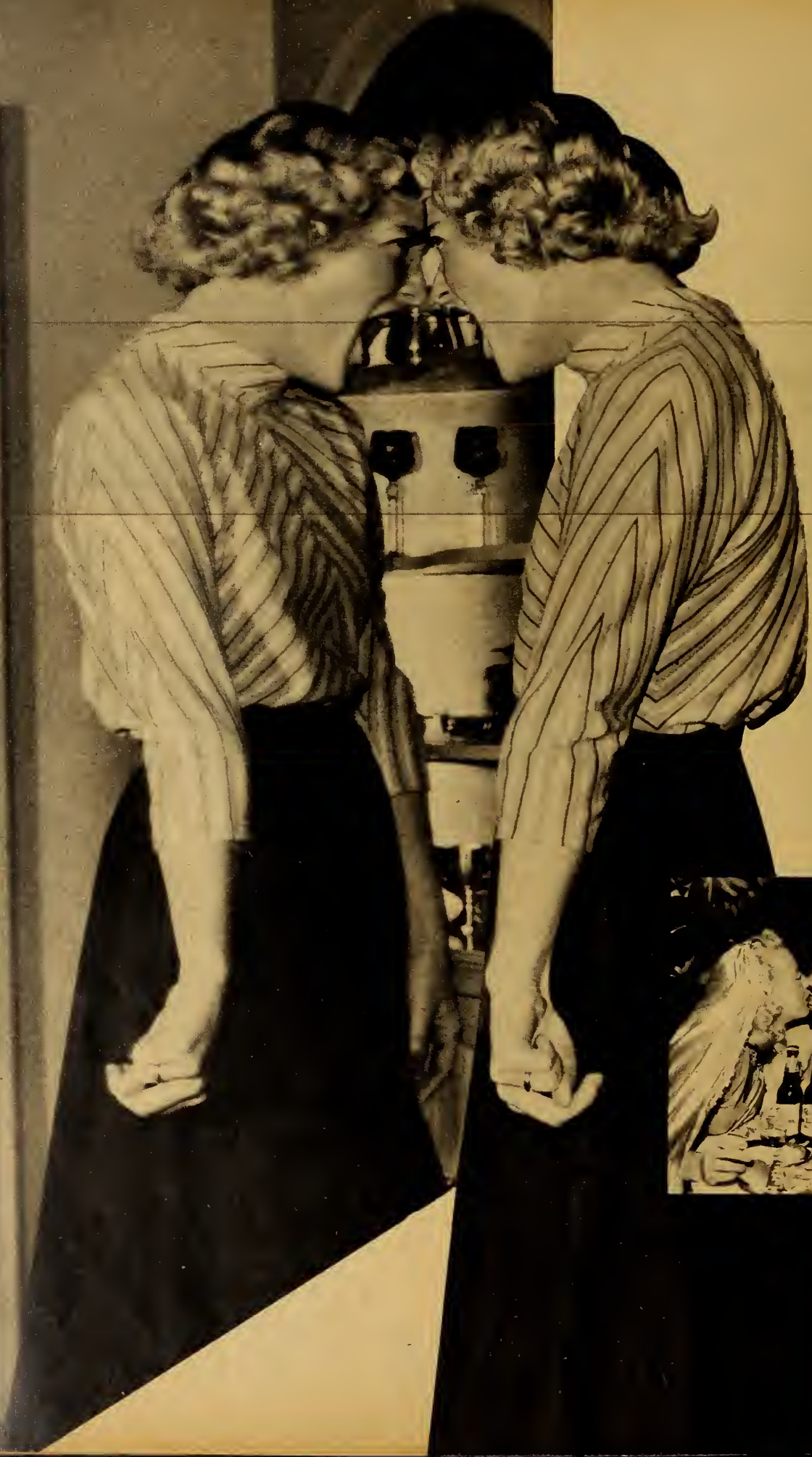


MARSH THOMPSON, THE BILL WILLIAMS'. WHO NEEDS A MAP WITH A UKULELE ON BOARD AND A HELMSMAN LIKE SUZANNE DALBERT?



DOWN COME THE SAILS (UNDER MARSH THOMPSON) THE MOTOR PURRS AND EVERYBODY HAS A PICNIC AS THEY MERRILY HEAD FOR LAND.





First, she's mad about
a guy, then she's
just mad at him—
Betty Hutton's heart
never knows whether
love is coming or going!

BY JIM BURTON

LOVE CRAZY

"THIS IS IT!" SAID BETTY ABOUT EACH OF THE TRIO BELOW



Marriage to Ted Briskin (*far left*) in 1945 was a series of battles and kisses; their divorce will be final in January. After Ted, music arranger Pete Rugala (*center*) was the next big crush. Then came a hectic engagement to producer Norman Krasna (*right*). Recently she's dated Pete again.

■ There is a tradition in the theater that the saddest man in the company is the clown. They say that the comedian who tells the funniest jokes and rolls them in the aisles with his crazy antics is generally, in private life, a sad, sober, morose fellow who weeps while others laugh. It might be true—because the description fits, almost to a T, Betty Hutton.

Facing the movie cameras or still photogs, Betty Hutton is always good for a yak, because she can always be depended on to break into a big grin or contort her face into a comic mask before the shutters click. But in private, when no one is around, she seldom smiles, seldom laughs. She's seldom really happy.

In the main, it has to do with love. For only a short time in her life has Betty Hutton been happy in love.

You don't need a very long memory to think back to the days the papers were filled with the stories of Betty Hutton and Norman Krasna. The tales were of a bombastic nature. They were astonishing even to Betty's old friends who knew that she was a very unpredictable girl and likely to do anything at any time. The columnists had a field day. Betty was pictured as being the most "in love" girl that ever lived. She was quoted as saying that it was a miracle that such an intelligent man could be in love with her. She used the standard expression, "This is it!" and she freely, and with much gusto, told of the plans for a wedding as soon as her divorce from Ted Briskin was final.

The fervor of Betty's madness for Norman caught on until even the studio publicity people were filled with it. They worked overtime getting out special features on the pair—and played to the hilt the stories about the fabulous engagement ring and the new custom of a piece of jewelry a day for his girl that Krasna had announced. The excitement even took hold of the staid city editors and almost every day a newspaper picture appeared on Betty and Norman at some club or social event.

Then, as suddenly as a spring rain stops, it was all over.

There was no announcement. A gossip columnist printed a hint. The others took it up. They called Hutton. They called Krasna. Neither would come to the phone. They called the studio. And, after a while, a somewhat embarrassed spokesman announced it was true. The engagement was off. Beyond that there would be no comment from either party. And then the newsmen began adding, and they discovered an amazing thing. (*Continued on page 105*)

MEET MAYOR CROSBY



TO THE PEOPLE OF ELKO, NEVADA, BING'S A GOOD NEIGHBOR WHO OWNS MOST OF THE COUNTY, 3,500 HEAD OF CATTLE, AND SINGS A

■ A little more than a year ago, almost every newspaper in America devoted page one space to a story out of Paris, France, that recounted the simple adventure of a man named Bing Crosby and a pair of Parisian policemen. Mr. Crosby, it seems, had decided to lie down on a cool patch of grass and do a little solitary contemplating, and the *coppraires* wanted to lock him up for it. Everything was resolved to everyone's satisfaction in a very few minutes, but the simple incident made headlines, because the man was Bing Crosby, not just a Gallic man on the street.

Just a few months ago, the same Mr. Crosby, and his radio producer, Bill Morrow, shambled out of the Canadian woods after a fishing expedition and tried to buy a couple of rooms in a Vancouver hotel. The clerk didn't like their looks, so he wouldn't sell. But a bell boy recognized Bing and again the front pages recorded another simple incident in the life of Bing Crosby.

The purpose in reviving these anecdotes is to point out that there is no place in the world where Bing Crosby can go and become involved in even the most minor inci-

dent without having it become a news item of major interest. No place, that is, except a town of 5,400 population called Elko, Nevada.

In the town of Elko, Bing Crosby is the man in the street; a rancher from the North Fork country; one of the boys—and his only real distinction is that he is honorary Mayor in a town where the folks call the real Mayor by his first name.

The people of Elko know, of course, that the man sings and is in the movies. They are, as a matter of fact, rather proud that a local lad is so famous in other parts of the

Photo by Bud Fraher



Photo by Joe Heppner



LITTLE ON THE SIDE. BY JIM HENAGHAN

country, but it doesn't make much of a difference.

In the cowtown of Elko, Bing Crosby can walk down the street and get no more attention than the usual "Hi." He can stop and look into a store window and nobody else will stop unless there is something in the window besides Bing's reflection that they are interested in. He can sit down on the curb, lean up against a building, play hop-skotch with the kids, put his foot on a brass rail, or do anything else in Elko that any other man does and he'll attract no more attention than any of his neighbors.

(Continued on next page ➤)



BLUE SERGE DAY meant denim tuxedos for mayors Crosby and Dotta. (above) The fancy duds celebrated the opening of a three-day party for the western premiere of *Here Comes The Groom*. Over 9,000 guests came.

THE THREE B's—THAT'S BASEBALL,

Elko is Bing Crosby's haven. It's the solution to all his problems. And it's the answer to the biggest question he ever had to ask himself.

That question came up just about 10 years ago. The war had just started. The whole world was in a turmoil. Personal problems took on a magnified stature, because the time was perilous. Bing Crosby had been a movie star for years, and the top recording artist almost from the start of the big time record business. He is, by nature, a retiring man, willing to go along with the extrovert activities demanded by the press agents to a degree, but never whole-heartedly. Facing the catastrophic



BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL better watch out when the Crosbys get going. (Left) Philip, Dennis, Lindsay and the Old Man choose sides. Bing's acting won more praise than his pitching form (center) from the

representatives of 72 newspapers who attended the premiere and the game. Dorothy Lamour (right) calls a close one. But the boys simmer down when the Voice of Experience warns, "Never argue with an umpire!"



BACKYARD BAR-B-CUE had celebrated guests hard at work. Alexis Smith, Dottie Lamour and Cass Dailey (left) catch a porker with Linny giving a hand. While Chef Lamour bends over a hot pit (center) Chef

Crosby gives out a little dinner music with the Cass County Boys (right). The two-theater benefit premiere followed the barbecue. Over \$10,000 was raised as a start for a much needed \$1,000,000 hospital.

BARBECUE, AND BING—TAKE OVER THE TOWN OF ELKO, NEVADA, FOR A RIP-ROARIN', HIGH-RIDIN' BINGE.

days that appeared certain ahead, and taking stock of his own family situation, Bing knew that he didn't want to go on living in the gold fish bowl he'd been in for so long. And he definitely didn't want his sons raised in Hollywood surroundings. He has said many times that he does not dislike Hollywood, but just doesn't think it a proper place to raise four boisterous, hep kids.

He went on a tour of the country and, although he didn't realize it at the time, he was looking for a home.

According to Gene Evans, city editor of the Elko Daily Free Press, the customary expression made by men looking across the

wide Nevada plains to the fertile foothills, is: "Man, what a great country for cattle." But not Bing. He rode out with a friend to a high plateau and spread before him was a flat, beautiful grazing land. A river cut through in a twisting line and off in the distance white-topped mountains were a magnificent backdrop. Bing sat for a moment in the immense silence and said:

"Sure looks like a good country to raise kids in."

Shortly after that first look at God's Country, Bing, trailed by eight-year-old Gary, Philip and Dennis, aged six, and Lindsay, four, drove out to see a man by the name of Ed Ellison and in a matter of

hours was the owner of a beautiful, sprawling cattle spread.

The early days of Bing Crosby, rancher, were probably the most satisfying of his life. Summer time was the time for play—or work—for the Crosby family. Bing would go to Hollywood to make his movies in the winter, and would get into San Francisco and other coast cities for his radio programs. He was making more money than ever before, but as he made film love to his various leading ladies and crooned city songs into the microphones, his mind and his heart were in Nevada. And, with the first days of summer, the clan would trot off to the ranch for (Continued on page 81)

THIS TIME IT'S REAL

by Marsha Saunders



WHO DOES PETE LOVE? His highly-publicized friendship with Rocky Cooper (*above*) turns out to be just that—while his relationship with leggy, clean-cut Jeon MacDonald (*below*) grows more serious.



LAWFORD'S GOT IT BAD — AND WHO GOT

■ According to some Hollywood women of the world, the most dangerous man one can encounter is the housefriend. The housefriend is generally attractive, and more important, always a bachelor—until that time, at least, when he acquires the house of his friend.

The housefriend operates by taking a great fancy to a married couple. He dines with them, sends them gifts, acts as the extra man at their parties. When the husband is ill or busy, and the wife is restless,



HIM THAT WAY? NOT A DANGEROUS HOLLYWOOD SIREN, BUT A GIRL NAMED JEAN MACDONALD WHO STEPPED RIGHT INTO HIS DREAMS.

it's the housefriend who reserves a table for two—and occupies one of the chairs. Sooner or later, the wife develops an antipathy toward her husband and after an honorable amount of time she becomes a bride again, and the housefriend becomes, quite naturally, her groom.

A few years ago it was predicted in smart circles that this was the fate that would befall Peter Lawford who was very fond of the Gary Coopers. When the Coopers separated, Rocky Cooper and Peter

became a steady item in the gossip columns. And even today, despite the fact that Rocky is 15 years older than Peter, there are those who will tell you that these two are madly and divinely in love.

Peter Lawford *is* in love. But not with Rocky Cooper. "I've known Rocky since I was 11," Peter says. "And she's a wonderful friend. But the gossip about us is ridiculous. I've been going out with one girl, and pretty steadily, for the past ten months. Her name is Jean MacDonald."

Jean MacDonald is all the things Peter has ever wanted in a woman. She's gay, intelligent, young, well-bred, social, athletic, and of course, beautiful.

She comes from Honolulu, and on September 17th, she was 21. Peter is 28. Whether Pete will propose to Jean on his return from England he isn't saying. But before he left Hollywood, he admitted for the first time that "Jean is my steady. We have a sort of un-official understanding. After all, I wouldn't (Continued on page 101)

DEARLY BELOVED

Today, after
seven years together,
June and Dick fulfill
the hope that shines
in every bride's
eyes on her wedding day.

BY ANNE FIELDING



Family conference, Powell style.
Junior member Ricky has the floor;
Junie and Pam join him on it.

■ In the early days of their marriage, June's gaiety was high-pitched and slightly unnatural, and Dick sometimes had the look of a man who wasn't quite certain about his future.

It's different now. There's a new air about the Powells. You can't put your finger on the change. But all you have to do is walk through their front door and you get such a feeling of warmth and expansiveness that you know without asking, and without a doubt, that there's love in this house, and serenity.

Six years of marriage have settled the Powells, have made their home into a haven of comfort. It isn't only the years that have done this. It's the fact that now there's a family, where before there was only a marriage.

When Pamela arrived June almost visibly began to soften, relax and mature. Ricky has added the final quieting touch, and today June has a new assurance and composure.

Watching June mellow, Dick has been delighted. The only complaint he'd ever had about her was her fear of accepting responsibility. At the time they were married, the management of a household was new and bewildering to June, and only gradually has she learned efficiency in this respect. With the arrival of the children, she gladly tackled the one job she always wanted—that of motherhood. With its work and responsibility, she has learned that nothing is really frightening once you've mastered it. Now she voluntarily takes on other chores around the house.

Dick had always thought that having a baby was an ordeal for a woman, and knowing this, June purposely restrained herself from any complaints. She showed him having a baby can be fun; and in the process of being cheerful about nausea and heartburn, June shed every last sign of the hypochondria that threatened to engulf her during the early years of their marriage. Finding it was fun to be healthy, she determined that once (Continued on page 84)



HERE ARE THE FIRST PICTURES TAKEN OF RICKY POWELL—THE BABY HOLLYWOOD WAITED SEVEN AND ONE HALF MONTHS TO SEE.





how dopey can he get?

Gordon loses suits
of clothes, music scores,
and even cars. As
a man on his own
he's a panic—which is
why he always likes
to have Sheila along.

BY CAROLINE BROOKS



When Gordon went shopping without Sheila he impetuously bought a one-bathroom home. Now they have a new place with room to spare for Meredith, Gor, and Heather.

■ It was very late at night when Gordon MacRae signed the last of 500 autographs backstage at the San Francisco Opera House. He had a warm, happy feeling of success, for his audience of 5,000 had loved him. In fact, their applause had been so overwhelming that Pierre Monteux, San Francisco's fine conductor, had urged him to give them one more number. Gordon had no additional music for even a piano accompaniment, but went back on stage and sang "Old Man River" without any instrumental support. The applause for that had seemed gratifying, too.

But as he walked out of his dressing room Gordon realized that it was mighty cold and dark back-stage. Lonely, too. Where were the people who'd made such a fuss over him upon his arrival? Wined and dined him before he'd stepped on stage to sing for their Tombola Festival, a distinguished annual music event in the city? Where were Conductor and Mrs. Pierre Monteux at whose personal request he had appeared? And where was his escort to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Phil Boone, prominent young San Francisco socialites? He was to be one of the guests of honor at their party that night. As a matter of fact, where was anybody?

"All of a sudden, I felt just like Kirk Douglas in *Champion*, his footsteps echoing, as alone and unwanted he leaves the scene of his defeat," Gordon recalls. "I felt I'd been a flop. A janitor came along, saying, 'I've saved a cold coke for you.' Then an electrician and a chef came along. We sat there and talked awhile, and I wound up at the ball park with the manager (Continued on page 82)



WHAT MEN HAVE DONE TO ME

This is a man's
world, and a girl
has to fight for
everything she wants.
Men taught me
how to fight; they
taught me how to live.

by Joan Crawford

■ The other evening I was going over a collection of movie magazines. Naturally, my eyes were diverted to stories dealing with Joan Crawford. After reading three of them, I said to myself, "Is it *you*, actually *you* they're writing about?"

I couldn't believe it. Honestly! One writer quoted me as saying, "I've made three mistakes in my life—my three marriages, and I'm not proud of any of them."

Another reporter described me as "love-starved, man-crazy, husband-hungry, and altogether unhappy."

A third suggested that I was a domineering hermit who lived only for her career.

Bunk! Pure bunk!

I know the truth about myself, and I'm not afraid of it.

The basic truth about me is that I'm so normal it hurts, and that my character and personality are largely the result of the men in my life.

We all become a part of what we live with.

I have lived with three men, three fine men of character, integrity, kindness, and purpose. Some of it has worn off on me.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., my first husband, had been reared in style. I hadn't. I came from a poor family. I came up the hard way.

It was Doug who taught me graciousness, and introduced me to a way of life I had never known before, with servants and cars and secretaries. I brought to that life a great belief in equality—the feeling that our laundress was as good as we were, that wealth and position were not inalienable rights, that at best, they were the outgrowth of a lucky break or two.

I had never had people work for me before. To get along with them takes tolerance, perseverance, and understanding. I learned all those things.

• I have the president of the Joan Crawford Fan Club (*Continued on page 97*)

GENERAL
ADMISSION



Howard Keel met Helen in London, where they both played in *Oklahoma!* They married in California in 1949; have a daughter.

His life's no open book

MODERN SCREEN'S
reporter ferrets out the
story of Hollywood's most
phenomenal mystery
man—the star-rocket-
ing Howard Keel.

BY FRANCES CLARK

Howard Keel entered the studio commissary with an intriguing creature just as high as his heart. Snow white hair crowned her merry, unwrinkled face. Her step was as spry, her smile as infectious as a child's. She looked adoringly at Howard as, arm around her, he led her into the room.

Every head in the place turned and there was a buzz. "Who's that wonderful looking woman with Howard Keel?"

One savvy reporter said, "I don't know, and I'm not likely to find out if she really means anything to Keel. That guy wouldn't tell you the time of day if it had anything to do with his private life." He continued with the bitterness of a guy who's been gypped out of his daily bread. "Personally, I think all his clamming up about 'personal business' is just a pose. He's looking after glamor the way Garbo did."

An interesting theory if true. But the newsman was dead wrong. The truth is that Howard Keel just doesn't like anyone prying into his private life.

The newsman was wrong twice. He *should* have asked Howard about the little lady on his arm. She was the star attraction of the MGM lot that day, and usually silent Howard just couldn't say enough about her.

"That's my grandmother, Matilda Osterkamp. Isn't she something? Eighty-six years old and just made her first airplane trip to visit me. She's taken to Hollywood like a real old-timer."

He went on to tell of her conquest of Hollywood. How she'd gone into business, crocheting and embroidering things and what's more, finding customers for what she makes. Howard says, "It makes no difference that I'm here, and more than able to provide for her needs. She's not dependent on me to get around, either. She just hops on a bus and off she goes."

Grandma Osterkamp gave a hint of Howard Keel's attitude toward personal publicity when she told his mother, "Howard's important now, so we've got to be mighty careful what we say even on the telephone. Maybe folks would misunderstand and reflect it unfavorably on him." And Howard's endless, joyous stories about his grandmother tell more about his past than perhaps even he intends. For out of them one can patch together the story of his personal history. And can even peep behind the wall of secrecy he's built around his home in Brentwood.

"Grandma gave us one of those wonderful old kerosene lamps that hang by chains from the ceiling," he tells. "Grandpa gave it to her 53 years ago. (Continued on next page)



KEEL'S INCREDIBLE RISE TO STARDOM
in two short years has included roles in *Annie Get Your Gun* with Betty Hutton, (top) and *Show Boat* with Avo Gardner—two of the most lovable musical productions Hollywood has ever known.



TWO IMPORTANT WOMEN in Howard's life are his grandmother, Matilda Osterkamp, and his mother, Grace Keel. Usually reticent, Keel is happy to show off Grandma. He's silent about the rest of his private life; shares Grandma's sentiment: "We-e-ll, Howard, I'm not sure it's good for anyone to have all that fuss made over him."

It cost \$2.50 then and we paid exactly ten times that just to have it restored. We didn't have it rewired, though. We're using it just the way they did. That way it'll fit in with the rustic ranch house we hope to build some day."

Asked when he expects to build, he said he didn't know. Asked if he expected to have stables, too, he said, "No. They're too expensive to keep up." The Keels seem to be going slow about cashing in on his financial success, from what one can infer from his further remarks about his home.

"We're living in a rented house. The carpets and drapes were in it. We didn't want to go out and buy just anything. We want every piece to be right. So we found a man who designs and builds furniture to order. Whenever we're ready to buy another piece, we contact him. He makes up several designs just for us, then we select the one we want. We just got our coffee table. Made of alder wood. That's a little darker than maple. Six feet long and 35 inches wide. It sort of crowds the living room now, I guess." His eyes lit up as he con-

tinued, "Even if it does, I hope before long to get that big chair I've promised myself."

Many believe that Keel's attitude toward his home and the public's interest in him stems from earlier hurts of poverty, and his ineffectual, trouble-making rebellions against being pushed around. They think he wants to eventually spit in everyone's eye with a dazzling show of success. It's a childish reaction, maybe, but maybe he's got cause. Look at the record of his childhood.

He talks freely about his life until he was 11 years old. Then the Keels were a happy family back in Gillespie, Illinois. His father, like most men in that town of 5,000, was a coal miner. His earnings couldn't provide luxuries but that didn't matter. He gave Howard and his older brother the priceless gift of being a pal, of guiding them wisely with a firm and gentle hand.

Howard's mother, Grace Keel, provided wonderfully for her men with that talent some women have of making a great deal out (Continued on page 95)

"Be Lux Lovely"

says

Virginia Mayo

Co-star of

"PAINTING THE CLOUDS
WITH SUNSHINE"

A Warner Bros. Production
Color by Technicolor

"Lux Soap facials do wonders for my skin . . .



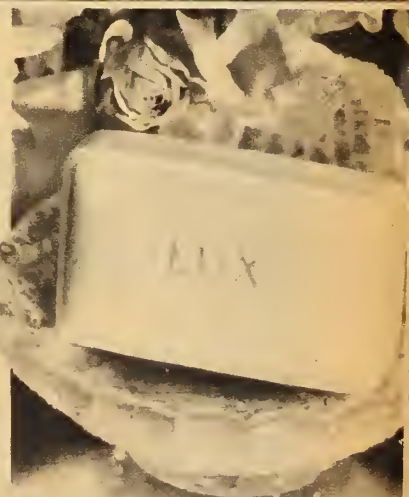
"Lux Soap facials leave skin softer, smoother," says lovely Virginia Mayo. "I cream the Lux lather well in—it's active lather—so good for the complexion.



"Then I rinse with warm water, a few splashes of cold. I pat gently with a soft towel to dry." Such an easy care—but it really does the trick!



"It's amazing the way these Lux Soap facials give skin fresh new beauty!" Virginia says. You can be Lux-lovely! Try the soap 9 out of 10 famous screen stars use.



*9 out of 10
Screen Stars use
Lux Toilet Soap*

night game

WHEN HOLLYWOOD STARS GET TOGETHER FOR CHARITY'S SAKE, YOU CAN BET IT'LL BE A NIGHT TO REMEMBER. HERE'S ONE OF THOSE UNFORGETTABLE NIGHTS, HILARIOUSLY SPENT AT GILMORE STADIUM.



Bat girls Marilyn Maxwell, Jane Russell and Dorothy Lamour arrive at Hollywood's Gilmore Stadium in a surrey with a fringe on top.



Gory Cooper's team included Shelley Winters and Gordon MacRae. Gordon made a few hits, his biggest with the ladies in the stands.



Tony Curtis played on Hope's side, and he put his all into it. Jane Russell and Marilyn Maxwell carried him onto the field—for luck.



Also for luck was the wifely kiss Janet Leigh gave her baseball hero. He tried, but he just couldn't hit a homer, not even for love.



Time out in a strenuous game! Bat girl Mona Freeman raced to the sidelines between innings to relax on husband Pot Nerney's lap.



Only a massage stands between Hope and victory. Before he pitched to Gary Cooper, Bob whipped out a tape measure and sized him up.



Only Lilt's Superior Ingredients give such a Superior Wave! You can use the Lilt Refill with any plastic curlers and, for only \$1.25*, get a wave far more like Naturally Curly Hair! Guaranteed by Procter & Gamble!



A Lilt wave looks lovelier, feels softer, is easier to manage than any other home wave! Only Lilt's superior ingredients give such a superior wave!

No Other Home Permanent Wave looks...feels...behaves so much like the loveliest **Naturally Curly Hair!**



Never before such a gentle, yet effective Waving Lotion!

Never before a wave so easy to manage!

Never before such a natural-looking wave
that would last and last!

Never before such assurance of no kinky, frizzy look!



Refill \$1.25*

Complete Kit \$2.25*

*plus Fed. tax



Home Permanent
Procter & Gamble's Cream-Oil Cold Wave

Money-back Guarantee: Both the Lilt Refill and Complete Kit are guaranteed by Procter & Gamble to give you the loveliest, softest, easiest-to-manage Home Permanent wave you've ever had—or your money back!

(Continued from page 40) history.

Back in 1941, another unknown with a pleasant smile did his first stint before a Paramount camera. He'd been hanging around Hollywood for a long time, getting bits in pictures, little theaters and radio. He'd worked as a grip, and he'd run a hamburger stand in the Valley. He ate, but he wasn't signing any movie contracts. Then he met a girl, a former movie star turned agent. Her name was Sue Carol. She became Mrs. Alan Ladd in March 1942, but that day on the Paramount set Alan's whole dazzling future was just a wish on both their parts. When Alan finished his first big time scene he walked straight to her.

"I knew you could do it," she said, and folks on the set witnessed the best clinch they'd seen in years on or off the screen.

The picture was *This Gun For Hire* and the stars were Veronica Lake, of the one-eyed hairdo, and muscle-man Brian Donlevy. At the preview in Pasadena, Sue and Alan sat with their fingers crossed and their hands clasped. There it was on the screen following all the other high and mighty credits, just a line saying, "And introducing Alan Ladd."

I remember when Carl Schroeder, now an editor of MODERN SCREEN, said to me at a party soon after, "Hedda, have you seen that guy Sue Carol's peddling? She brought him into my office today. A real nice guy. But he'll never get any place. Just hasn't got it."

Is your face red, Carl?

TEN years ago—1941—how can I forget it? Or the 10 fantastic years that came after when stars were born and stars faded out like used-up electric bulbs. Picture-wise, 1941 was a big fat year, but Europe was at war, and movie producers were mourning their loss of the European markets. They should have saved their aspirins for 1951 and television! Then came Pearl Harbor, and men from everywhere including Hollywood, went off to fight. But they came home on leave and there were two girls who always managed to get handsome escorts. They went everywhere, that Carole Landis and Lupe Velez—dancing, laughing, romancing. Most loved and courted of the Glamor Girls, a few years later they both committed suicide—for love!

Very few people had heard of June Allyson in 1941. Not even, I suspect, Dick Powell. Today June with her friendliness, sincerity, and boundless energy, has won the hearts of millions. Just like Alan Ladd, she is a part of the American scene. But in 1941, June, very short of cash, was just one of the hundreds of ambitious kids trying to get a break in the New York theater. June, following a serious accident, had been told by doctors that she would never walk again. But by dint of pure grit she took up swimming and dancing. In 1941 she was understudying the indestructible Betty Hutton in *Panama Hat* and her chances of becoming a Hollywood movie star were about as slim as Frankie Sinatra's hips. And then it happened, right out of the blue.

"June—June Allyson," called the stage manager frantically at the door of the big room where all the chorines were dressing. "You gotta go on, kid. In a few minutes. Betty Hutton's broken her leg."

In the audience that night was Producer George Abbott. He starred her and Nancy Walker in *Best Foot Forward*, and when Metro bought the show they bought June and Nancy too.

Ten years can certainly make a differ-

ence in the life of a movie star. It can make a difference in your life, and in mine. What were you doing 10 years ago? I remember what I was doing.

The past 10 years have brought about a complete switch in my life. I started writing a column in 1938 for only 13 newspapers. By 1941 I had twice that many papers. But to embellish my income, I was working in as many pictures as I could get, and doing many guest shots on radio. I had an airshow for Sunkist oranges three times weekly. When that went off the air I did a show called "Hollywood Showcase" in which I introduced new talent. One night I introduced a lovely little girl named Suzanne Burse, with a much better than average singing voice.

"Suzanne," I asked, "tell me about yourself. Where do you come from, and what are you doing in Hollywood?"

"Miss Hopper," she said, "I've been singing on radio station KOIN in Portland, Oregon. I'm in Hollywood on vacation with my parents. I want to see movie stars and get as many autographs as possible. May I have yours?"

Shortly afterwards that pretty child was signed by Metro. Now she's known throughout the world as Jane Powell. Today she doesn't get autographs, she gives them. But she's as sweet and unspoiled as she was that night on my program.

Today my column is syndicated by the Chicago Tribune-New York Daily News,

answers to bud collyer's quiz on page 12

1. The Bumsteads, Judge Hardy's, The Days (*Life With Father*), and Ma and Pa Kettle
2. Olivia de Havilland in *To Each His Own* (1945-46)
Joan Fontaine in *Suspicion* (1940-41)
3. *You Can't Take It With You*
Dear Ruth
Father of the Bride
4. The Barrymores; Lionel, Ethel, and John
5. Keenan and Ed Wynn
Tim and Jack Holt
Lon Chaney, Jr., and Sr.
Bing and Gary Crosby
Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Sr.

with some 30,000,000 readers. I've moved from a tiny bungalow—where I lived happily on the wrong side of the tracks—to a house in Beverly Hills, with the conventional swimming pool. I work even harder today than I did 10 years ago.

I have not been unhappy these past 10 years. My life has been filled to the brim, and sometimes it overflows a little. One of these times was when my granddaughter Joan was born. I believe it's more important to have your older years filled with excitement than your younger ones. I've said many times, "Youth is so wonderful. It's too bad to waste it on youth."

Still in my nostalgic mood I ran into one of my favorite actors, Dana Andrews, at the Goldwyn studios recently.

"Dana," I asked curiously, "what were you doing 10 years ago? I bet your big worry at that time was not the upkeep on your \$350,000 yacht!"

"I'll sell it to you for \$40,000," said Dana with a grin. "The upkeep is killing me. Mary's my memory." He turned to his attractive wife. "Honey, what were we up to in 1941?"

"You weren't making enough to keep a rowboat afloat in those days," Mary obliged. "Hedda, we were living in a small frame stucco house in Van Nuys,

for which we were paying \$45 a month rent. Indeed I do remember 1941. Dana was working in *Swamp Water*. The picture was on location, bad weather had held up production, and the company had to work on Sunday. Dana got overtime. The first time he had to work overtime. The first time he had ever gotten overtime. It was just enough for me to go out and buy a refrigerator, which we had been needing very badly.

"And I have another reason for remembering 1941," Mary added. "After Dana finished *Ball of Fire* in which he had a fast three days work, we went on a leisurely visit to Texas. Nine months later our first child was born."

How times have changed. Back in 1941 Betty Grable, in her second year on her Fox contract, made four films, *Moon Over Miami*, *Yank in the RAF*, *Hotspot*, *Song of the Island*, and started a fifth. That has not happened since. Betty today only wants to make one picture a year, and right now she isn't sure she wants to make that. After 12 years of uninterrupted harmony, Betty and her studio had a spat. It was no lovers' quarrel. The studio took her off salary and suspended her—the most drastic thing that's happened in Hollywood. The studio said she was being temperamental. Betty said she was being practical. It's the most bitter contract hassle we've had since Olivia de Havilland sued Warner Brothers—and how it will end, I don't know. Betty's friends say she's had it, and wants to quit. But this I doubt. Betty's hobby is breeding race horses. And when the bills for hay roll in, the money rolls out.

Well, the studio may suspend Betty, but no one can suspend that girl's popularity. She hit the top 10 of the exhibitors' poll in 1942, and has been on it ever since. Not bad for a girl who has been in pictures 24 years.

No one ever heard of Janet Leigh in 1941. Certainly Tony Curtis never had. Tony Curtis wasn't even Tony Curtis. He was Bernie Schwartz, and he was busy snitching apples and candies from the grocery stores in the Bronx, with no thought of Hollywood. Jeanette Morrison was an unhappy little school girl of 13. Her grandfather died that year, and her parents moved from Stockton, California, where she had lots of friends, to Merced to live with the bereaved grandmother. Janet didn't know a soul in Merced. And it was no fun breaking in with a new gang.

But another little girl was well on her way to movie fame in 1941. Ten-year-old Elizabeth Taylor had come from England at the outbreak of the war, and her father had opened up the Francis Taylor art gallery in the Beverly Hills Hotel. Her mother was ambitious for a movie career for Elizabeth, and she brought her to my house that year to sing for me. Elizabeth's beauty was more startling than her voice. But I obligingly took her to Metro and had her sing for Louis B. Mayer. But nothing happened.

In December, following Pearl Harbor, Mr. Taylor became an air raid warden. Covering their "beat" one night, Mr. Taylor and producer Sam Marx started discussing their troubles.

"You think you have troubles," said Mr. Marx. "I've really got troubles. I've got to find a little English girl to team with Roddy McDowell in my next Lassie picture. I've tested every little girl in town, it seems. What phony accents."

Mr. Taylor said he had a little girl, and he could certainly guarantee that she was English. Elizabeth's screen test for *Lassie Came Home* won her a contract at Metro.

One of the tip-top stars of 1941, as she is of 1951, is my good (Continued on page 72)

WITHOUT RISKING A PENNY!

**YOU CAN
QUALIFY
TO**

WIN \$17,000⁰⁰
(SEVENTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS)

**500
PRIZES
GIVEN**

in the 2nd Annual 'GOLD RUSH' Contest

In this fascinating puzzle game, you can easily qualify to win a fabulous Cash Award. Here is a money-making opportunity for you . . . an opportunity to earn \$3,000.00; \$5,000.00; \$10,000.00 or **EVEN AS MUCH AS SEVENTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS** cash, and without leaving the comfort of your own home.

★ SEND NO MONEY WITH YOUR ENTRY

In this NEW-style FUN-puzzle game, the usual order is completely reversed. Instead of asking you to obtain the highest score for the qualifying puzzle—**WE GIVE THE CORRECT ANSWER RIGHT AT THE START.** Then all that is necessary to become eligible is to connect 12 numbers on the chart depicted here, so that the sum of these 12 numbers, when all added together, will score up to 300. **COULD ANYTHING BE EASIER THAN THAT?** The instructions given below are "crystal clear" and easy to follow. No dictionaries, encyclopedias, picture puzzle books or other expensive reference works are needed. You know exactly what to do. Send your solution quickly and some day you may say "that was the luckiest day of my life."

\$42,000⁰⁰ IN CASH PRIZES

This Huge Distribution of Contest Cash is offered by the **COMMUNITY YOUTH CENTER** of Indianapolis. This nation-wide non-sectarian campaign is being conducted to acquaint you with our activities as well as to enlist your support, so that the splendid work carried on for many years among the underprivileged children of this great city may be maintained and extended.

★ HERE'S HOW TO WORK THE PUZZLE

In the puzzle diagram at the right, there are 49 numbers. (Each group of 2 figures represents a number, thus 52 is a number.) To solve the problem, just draw a path connecting 12 numbers so that they will add up to a total of exactly 300 points. (See example solution above.) Your path must be **ONE CONTINUOUS CHAIN OF NUMBERS** but you may turn as often as you wish. The path **MUST** start with the number 23 located in the second row and must proceed either to the right or down. From the starting number 23, you must go in one direction for three, four or five numbers, when you must then turn in another direction. **LESS THAN 3 NUMBERS OR MORE THAN 5 NUMBERS IN A STRAIGHT LINE ARE NOT PERMITTED.** Add the corner numbers only once. Your path must not cross or touch another part of your path. *It is suggested you black out all the numbers not used in your path, thus leaving the 12 numbers all in white, as shown in the sample solution.* Contest closes March 31st, 1952.

Rush FREE Entry Now!

After you have drawn your path of 12 numbers, clip out the puzzle chart with coupon, print your name and address and mail to **COMMUNITY YOUTH CENTER, 44 South Capitol Ave., Indianapolis 4, Ind.** **SEND NO MONEY.** That's all you need do to be eligible. The same day we receive your entry, we will reply, telling you how easy it is to proceed and win one of the 500 generous prizes, including the Grand Award of \$17,000.00. Mail your entry and make certain you have taken the first step which can lead to prosperity. **COSTS NOTHING TO TRY.** When you receive our letter outlining the next step in this fascinating game—you will be under no obligation to go any farther unless you want to continue in the contest. Residents of the United States, Alaska, Puerto Rico and Hawaii, who are 18 years of age and over, are eligible to enter contest. "A pencil, a line, a few days play, beats a lifetime of saving the usual way."

• A GEMEROY SUPERVISED CONTEST.

EXAMPLE CHART

34	98	62	32	22	54	64
38	12	51	23	15	29	77
67	59	95	79	23	33	57
52	58	25	16	17	24	92
73	13	34	35	71	29	30
30	38	21	82	68	86	36
77	46	77	74	35	54	53

EARN \$1000 EXTRA

When mailing back your entry, write on a separate sheet, the names and addresses of two persons you know who enjoy working interesting puzzles and whom you feel sure would like to enter this money-making puzzle competition. Should either of these friends win any one of the three top prizes—you will receive \$1,000 EXTRA as your reward.

OFFICIAL PUZZLE CHART

25	62	53	76	68	54	36
31	23	26	15	20	16	51
71	49	27	34	24	22	29
52	14	21	19	22	41	56
28	11	44	30	40	13	63
61	33	31	18	32	17	74
45	12	72	48	35	46	65

USE THIS CHART

I have drawn on the above chart a path of 12 numbers totalling 300. Tell me how I may NOW proceed to win up to \$17,000 GRAND AWARD in your 2nd ANNUAL GOLD RUSH CONTEST. I am at least 18 years old.

Name.....

Address.....

City or P. O. State.....

MAIL to COMMUNITY YOUTH CENTER
A 44 South Capitol Ave., INDIANAPOLIS 4, IND.

Fuzzy-wuzzy?

Be a smoothie!



NEW

Lady Wildroot

CREAM HAIR DRESSING
makes your hair behave!

For that neat, natural look rub a few drops of new Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing on the ends of your hair, along the part, at temples.

To help correct a permanent that left your hair dry, stiff and fuzzy, pour a few drops of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing in the palm of your hand and rub on those brittle ends.

For a dry, tight scalp pour a few drops of soothing Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing on fingertips

and massage scalp thoroughly but gently.

Remember, new Lady Wildroot is a feminine hair dressing, a cream hair dressing made especially for women's hair. Not sticky! Not greasy! It contains lanolin and cholesterol to soften dry hair, to give it more body, make it more manageable, help it keep that neat, natural look. Delicately perfumed for an extra touch of femininity. Wonderful for training children's hair, too.



Personal size 50¢...
Dressing-table size \$1.00
(plus tax)

P. S. For a shampoo that gleams as it cleans try new Wildroot Liquid Cream Shampoo.

(Continued from page 70) friend Bette Davis. In January of that year I remember Bette was busy denying all sorts of lurid rumors: such as a feud with Ida Lupino who was said to have imitated her in her last picture (shades of Tullulah Bankhead), a battle with Warner Brothers, and a romance with Bob Taplinger, publicity director. In April, after a serious romance with George Brent, she quite unexpectedly married a non-professional New Englander named Arthur Farnsworth. Arthur died in 1943 of a cerebral hemorrhage. In the years between 1941 and 1951 Bette hit new lows in unhappiness. In 1949 she broke with Warner Brothers where she had been under contract since 1931. After seeing her last picture there, *Beyond the Forest*, I wrote in my column, "If Bette had deliberately set out to wreck her career she couldn't have picked a more appropriate vehicle." Bette's married life to William Grant Sherry, a former prize fighter with a penchant for smashing furniture, had gone sour too. You couldn't find a more miserable girl than Bette. Bette was down, and Hollywood was on the verge of counting her out, when along came *All About Eve*. A new career—and a new husband, a dream of a guy named Gary Merrill. And I had the pleasure of writing in my column, "Hollywood's most thrilling comeback was made by its finest actress, Bette Davis."

ANOTHER of 1941's tip top stars, as he is today, is Gary Cooper. Though his life hasn't been so flamboyant and dramatic as Bette's during the past 10 years, Coop has had his share of excitement. Gary was high up on the exhibitors' poll in 1941. And that was the year he made *Sergeant York* for which he was to receive an Academy Award. I recall interviewing him just about that time. After he married socialite Veronica Balfe of the Long Island set, no one ever mentioned Gary's wild flings of some 20 or so years ago with Clara Bow and Lupe Velez. But I always rush in.

"Don't you miss those exciting days?" I asked Coop. "Your life was certainly more hectic then, but it must have been more fun too."

Gary looked across the lawn at Rocky (Mrs. Cooper) playing tennis with the Right People, and little four-year-old Maria and her very proper governess.

"I guess I fit comfortably into this life," he said lazily. "So why make a fuss about it?"

When I interviewed him in 1951 he wasn't so comfortable. The marriage had been on the rocks for some years, but it wasn't until this year that Rocky finally broke down and admitted it. Now that it's out in the open, Gary is out in the open with Pat Neal, with whom he fell in love two years ago when they were making *The Fountainhead*. Rocky says she will not give Gary a divorce. But Nancy Sinatra said that about Frankie, too.

A big social event of 1941 was 19-year-old Deanna Durbin's marriage to pink-cheeked, young Vaughn Paul. Since then Deanna has had two husbands, and some pretty terrible pictures. Deanna, who once pulled Universal out of the red, and who averaged 9,000 fan letters a day, found herself washed up as a movie star at 26. She had become too fat, the studio said, and lost her girlish appeal. A few months ago Deanna, now in France, thumbed her nose at them with an interview in a French paper. "In Hollywood they want everybody to look not only slim but downright meager. I refuse to go on a strenuous diet. I visited the Louvre and saw some of the most beautiful statues in the world, and all those women were fatter than I am." That's true, Deanna, but they don't

have to bring themselves before a camera.

In 1941 the fans were taking it very hard because their little Judy Garland wanted to grow up. They liked to think of her as the little girl who had the crush on Mickey Rooney, and the child dancing with the scarecrow in *The Wizard of Oz*. David Rose, Martha Raye's ex, who married Judy during that year, petulantly announced that he was sick of *The Wizard of Oz*, and being called old enough to be Judy's father. Even though she looked 16, sometimes 13, Judy was 19, certainly a marriageable age.

Judy made the Big Ten in the exhibitors' poll for the first time in 1941, and stayed on it for years afterward. She would still be there if she hadn't allowed herself to get so plump, and temperamental. Though there had been much back fence gossip about Judy and her hassles with Metro, they didn't become front page news until Judy was hastily dropped from the starring role in *Annie Get Your Gun* and replaced by Betty Hutton. Judy was given time off to calm her frazzled nerves. Then came the horrifying headlines of June 20, 1950, "Judy Garland Cuts Throat." Last September, Judy was given her release from the studio where she had worked since she was 13. And she was also released from a salary that's twice as much as the President of the United States gets. But when the parting of the ways came, it was rumored that Judy was broke. If so, she certainly remedied that little matter in England where she earned as much as \$20,000 a week in British vaudeville. Only 29, Judy can easily start a 1951 picture career—if she will buckle down, slim down, and work hard. But will she?

IN the summer preceding Pearl Harbor, Columbia Studios called in a young Life photographer, name of Bob Landry,* to do a glamor sitting of a young star who had just made her first hit in *You'll Never Get Rich*. Among the pictures he shot of Rita Hayworth that day was the one of her on the bed looking most provocative in a satin and lace nightie. This became the most popular pin-up picture of all times. It has even eclipsed in popularity the gorgeous one made of Betty Grable in 1943.

Rita in those days was married to Eddie Judson. "I had to be sold to the public just like a breakfast cereal or a real estate development or something new in ladies' wear," Rita told an interviewer at that time. "Eddie gets full credit for selling me. He made me spend every dime we could scrape up on beautiful clothes to wear to night clubs where producers would see me."

I remember seeing her at a premiere that year, and I have never seen any star more patient with the lens boys. If they had asked her to stand on her hands and sing a song, I am sure she would have gladly done so.

"Any time photographers gang up on me I love it, Hedda," she told me in the forecourt of the Chinese Theater. "And why shouldn't I? It's part of my career, isn't it?"

Princess Rita, now one of the most famous women in the world, is not so fond of the press and photographers today, I regret to say. When she returned to Hollywood and a photographer asked her for a full face "shot" she snapped at him, "What's wrong with my profile?" The 1941 Rita, shy, timid and uncertain, wouldn't have snapped at any one. Much less a photographer. But that was 10 years ago, and Rita isn't the only one who's changed.

THE END

(*See page 38 for Bob Landry's latest pictures of Rita.—Ed.)



NEW

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LIQUID CREAM SHAMPOO

Lucky you, when you discover new Wildroot Liquid Cream Shampoo! For it's not just a liquid, not just a cream ... it's a combination of the best of both.

Soapless Wildroot Liquid Cream Shampoo contains soothing lanolin ... washes hair without drying away natural oils ... leaves it gleaming, manageable, curl-inviting.

Even in the hardest water Wildroot Liquid Cream Shampoo foams into a creamy lather that cuts grease and grime ... that

works down to the scalp for deep-down cleansing, that washes away every trace of loose, ugly dandruff ... leaves hair naturally gleaming and radiant.

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THREE SIZES:

29¢ 59¢ 98¢

Soapless Sudsy ... Lanolin Lovely!

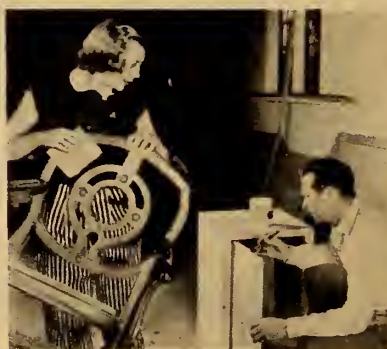
P. S. To keep hair neat between shampoos use Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing



JUNE ALLYSON, co-star of
M.G.M.'s "TOO YOUNG TO KISS"
and DICK POWELL, co-star of
M.G.M.'s "TALL TARGET"

"My husband is tearing our place apart!"

"There isn't a more considerate husband in the world than Dick Powell," June Allyson boasted. "But I'm afraid he'll leave me 'homeless'! When he isn't breaking through walls of the house, he's out chopping trees. I like to help, but days like this are murder for my hands."



"Sometimes he takes the furniture apart to refinish it. I help and afterwards my hands beg for soothing Jergens Lotion."



"I learned at the studio Jergens doesn't just coat skin, it softens because it penetrates and furnishes moisture."



"So no matter how I abuse my hands, Jergens Lotion keeps them lovely for studio closeups—and for Dick."



Try Jergens Lotion. See why Hollywood stars prefer Jergens 7-to-1. Jergens is still only 10¢ to \$1, plus tax.



it's a man's viewpoint

■ These wonderful guys—Ken Tobey, Keefe Brasselle, Scott Brady, Carleton Carpenter, Fernando Lamas (*not shown in photo above*), and Michael Woulfe (RKO fashion designer)—all members of MODERN SCREEN's Hollywood Fashion and Beauty Board—huddle together at the Beverly Hills Club to choose clothes *men* like women to wear. Sheer stockings (Glen Raven) and—flattering shoes (Delmanette) were first on the Award ballots!

LIZ SCOTT KNOWS it's a very, very smart idea for a woman to wear clothes that men like! Liz, in Hal Wallis' *Red Mountain* (Paramount), poses in these Award Winning fashions chosen by the all-male panel.

Duchess Royal—suit. About \$35
Sally V—hat. About \$10
Hansen Gloves. About \$3
Abon Glove Ring. From \$1 to \$2.50
 (Clipped to the handbag handle holding gloves.)
Julius Resnick—handbag. About \$3 (plus taxes)
Delmanette—shoes. About \$17
Glen Raven—hosiery. About \$1.35
 The MODERN SCREEN Hollywood Fashion and Beauty Board voted a special award to Max Factor for "the creation of cosmetics that have enhanced the beauty of the women of America!"

ALL HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS ON THIS AND FOLLOWING PAGES MAY BE PURCHASED IN PERSON OR BY MAIL FROM STORES LISTED ON PAGE 80.



modern screen's
**hollywood
approved
fashions**





Lovely Mala Powers, seen in the United Artist's hit production *Cyrano de Bergerac*, models the honey of a glamor date dress our wonderful guys selected as the Award Winner from Teentimer. Of course, it has the very popular full skirt made to wear over your exciting new petticoats for the "bouffant look." Colors: Peacock blue, red, gold or purple—checked with black. Junior Sizes: 9-15. About \$9. By Teentimer. Mala's nylon hosiery—the new light shade "Harmony Blush" by Glen Raven. About \$1.35.

THE HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS ON THIS AND THE OPPOSITE PAGE MAY BE PURCHASED IN PERSON OR BY MAIL FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 80.

See our all-male panel of wonderful guys in some wonderful pictures. Scott Brady—20th Century-Fox's *The Marriage Broker*; Ken Tobey—RKO's *The Left Hand of God*; Michael Woulfe designed Janet Leigh's wardrobes for RKO's *Jet Pilot* and *Two Tickets to Broadway*. He also designed gowns for Jane Russell in RKO's *Macao*; Carleton Carpenter—MGM's *21 Days*; Keefe Brasselle—MGM's *Bannerline*; Fernando Lamas—MGM's *The Merry Widow*.

BRADY: "Shorter skirts mean slicker chicks."

TOBEY: "Sheer hose, straight seams for me."



men go for Glamor

Glamor—you bet men like it! And women should make the most of this tip. Our wonderful guys chose all our glamor Award Winning fashions from a collection of clothes and accessories gathered together by your fashion editor and gorgeous Denise Darcel. A Parisienne in America, Denise thinks French women dress to please men and that American women should do likewise. (*Far right*), Denise (see her in MGM's *Westward The Women*) poses in the Award Winning Kay-Selig evening gown of opalescent taffeta with a velvet bodice encrusted with pearl drops and rhinestones—the matching stole is caught on one arm by a novel bracelet of velvet. Colors: Turquoise, red garnet, opal green or amethyst taffeta with black velvet bodice. Sizes 10-16. Junior Sizes 9-15. About \$40.



Denise chooses a group of evening gowns. The all-male panel chose the one she guessed as winner.



Our all-male panel approved the entire collection of gowns—but favored the gown Denise models (*right*).



WOULFE: "A girl can't miss with the feminine look."

CARPENTER: "I'll take 'em sweet and simple, please."

BRASSELE: "I'm a guy who can't get enough of red."

LAMAS: "Those strapless evening gowns—bravo! Encore!"





men go for the Trim look

Denise Darcel previewed McKettrick's line; decided which should go to the ponel . . .

. . . then the men took over. Models come, the boys sow, and voted winners.

The lods approve the Glen Roven hosiery —but knew a better way to model it.





hollywood approved fashions

Designer Michael Woulfe gets a tip on the Abon Glove Ring. (See close-up page 75)



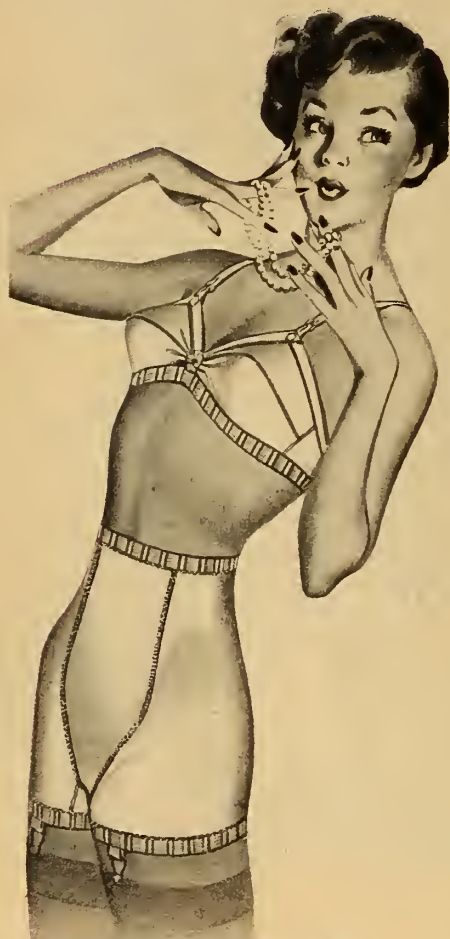
■ You'll find glamor and the trim look in these Award Winning daytime clothes. (Far left) Rebel Randall, in the Lippert production *Roaring City*, poses in a McKettrick suit of menswear check trimmed with velveteen. Colors: Brown, green or red checked with black—black velveteen trim. Sizes 10-20. About \$18. (Left), Jan Sterling, in Paramount's *Rhubarb*, models a shirtwaist dress of flannel-type wool-blend plaid. Wing collar and cuffs, dolman sleeves, a bias skirt with inverted front pleat and hip pockets distinguish this McKettrick Classic. Colors: Gray-green with yellow, or gray with red. Sizes 10-18. About \$20. Jan's pumps of suede with patent trim, called "Twister," are by Delmanette. About \$18. (Above), Nancy Davis, in MGM's *It's a Big Country*, very chic in a Diamond Debs coat of Anglo's oxford gray worsted with soft trim of velveteen. Sizes 7-15. About \$70. Again, Delmanette "Twister" pumps. (Above right), Marie Windsor, in King Vidor's *East is East*, is trim in a Diamond Debs suit of worsted pin-point tweed combined with a suede leather jacket with tweed trim. Colors: Greige, rust, red, dark brown, tan or gold. Sizes 7-15. Around \$55. Marie wears Delmanette shoes. Hansen gloves. Harry Levine handbag. About \$3 (plus taxes).

THE HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS SHOWN ON THIS AND THE OPPOSITE PAGE MAY BE BOUGHT BY MAIL OR IN PERSON FROM STORES LISTED ON PAGE 80.

CLEVER FIGURE SHAPERS...

panteez

PRETTY AS LINGERIE



Caressingly soft, Panteez are the
pantie-girdles that wash like
your nylons. Of Nyralon-tricot
interknit with lastique... here's
light, comfortable support for
pliant young figures! Flex-top.

Four removable garters. Sizes:
petite, small, medium, large.

Colors: white, pink, black.

Amazing value: \$2.95

Ask your favorite store!

flexees

where to buy

modern screen's hollywood approved fashions

Purchase in person or by mail from the following stores

DUCHESS ROYAL—Pg. 75

Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio—Jenny Company
Evanston & Chicago, Ill.—Maurice Rothschild
Indianapolis, Indiana—Wm. H. Block
Kansas City, Mo.—Macy's
Minneapolis, Minn.—Young-Quinlan
New York, N. Y.—Saks Fifth Avenue
Trenton, N. J.—Voorhees
Westwood, Calif.—Frances Druehl

McKETTRICK—Pg. 78

Boston, Mass.—Filene's
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Martin's
Cincinnati, Ohio—H. & S. Pogue
Cincinnati, Ohio—Rollmans
Des Moines, Iowa—Yunker Bros.
Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayres
New York, N. Y.—Russeks
Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbel Bros.
Reading, Pa.—Pomeroy's
Rochester, N. Y.—Sibley, Lindsay & Curr
Salt Lake City, Utah—Keith-O'Brien
Sacramento, Calif.—Weinstock Lubin
San Antonio, Texas—Carl's
Seattle, Wash.—Bon Marche
Tacoma, Wash.—Fisher's
Wheeling, W. Va.—Stone & Thomas

TEENTIMERS—Pg. 76

Charleston, S. Carolina—Efrids Department Store
Dayton, Ohio—The Leonard Company
Fort Worth, Texas—W. C. Stripling
New York, N. Y.—Macy's
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Gimbel Bros.
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Company

DIAMOND DEBS—Pg. 79

Coat and Suit
Chicago, Ill.—John T. Shayne
Cleveland, Ohio—Wm. Taylor & Sons Co.
Detroit, Mich.—Kline's, Inc.
New York, N. Y.—Gimbel Bros.
Philadelphia, Pa.—John Wanamaker
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Gimbel Bros.
Coat Only
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.

KAY-SELIG—Pg. 77

Baltimore, Md.—Hutzler Bros.
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio—John Skillito
Cleveland, Ohio—Halle Bros.
Columbus, Ohio—F. & R. Lazarus
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson
Indianapolis, Indiana—L. S. Ayres
Los Angeles, Calif.—L. Magnin
New York, N. Y.—Lord & Taylor
Richmond, Va.—Thalhimer's
San Francisco, Calif.—I. Magnin

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.

SALLY V. HATS—Pg. 75

Can be purchased at leading department stores and specialty shops throughout the country.

HANSEN GLOVES—Pgs. 75, 78, 79

Can be purchased at leading department stores and specialty shops throughout the country.

JULIUS RESNICK HANDBAGS—Pg. 75

Can be purchased at leading department stores and specialty shops throughout the country.

HARRY LEVINE HANDBAGS—Pg. 79

Can be purchased at leading department stores and specialty shops throughout the country.

ABON GLOVE RING—Pgs. 75, 79

Can be purchased at leading independent stores and chain department stores throughout the country.

GLEN RAVEN HOSIERY—Pgs. 75, 76, 78

Can be purchased at leading department stores and specialty shops throughout the country.

DELMANETTE SHOES—Pgs. 75, 78, 79

Can be purchased at Delman Shoe Salons and leading department stores throughout the country.

MAX FACTOR COSMETICS—Pg. 74 (photo below).

Can be purchased at leading department and drug stores throughout the country.

DESCRIPTIVE COPY AND COLOR ON Pg. 75—LIZ SCOTT:

Duchess Royal suit—worsted-like rayon tweed with velvet trim. Gray with black or red trim—brown with brown trim. Sizes 10-16. Sally V cushion beret of red velveteen. Hansen double woven cotton shortie gloves. Black or brown. Abon Glove Ring—no more gloves lost—novel glove holder with safety lock to hold the chain securely to the handbag—the strong spring clip holds the gloves, securely, yet opens easily to release gloves—all rings finished in golden abon-plate. Julius Resnick black faille handbag. Delmanette—Motif, tailored high heel pump of black suede and calf. Glen Raven nylon hosiery: 15 Denier 51 gauge, in new shade Opus Rust.



Our wonderful guys previewed world-famous Max Factor cosmetics—then they voted them an award (see page 74). (Left to right) Carleton Carpenter, Michael Woulfe, Ken Tobey, Scott Brady, Keefe Brasselle say "Let's face it!"

meet mayor crosby

(Continued from page 55) branding, hay-ing, home musical evenings, country sewing parties and the many bucolic practices of western people.

Pretty soon the place got too small. A sizable place by other standards, the Ellison spread was not quite the biggest ranch in the state, and as the boys grew older, Bing decided they could be kept busier and healthier on larger acreage. Actually, at that time, this was his only consideration.

Cattle men are known as pretty fair traders. Unlike city deals, which are generally made around the long table of a corporation board room, ranch deals in Nevada are more than likely consummated atop the upper rail of a nearby fence, or in a hotel lobby. One day, Bing button-holed a fellow who owned the Circle S Ranch, a very sizable piece of property, traded off the old place, and by nightfall was a much bigger cattle man than he'd been that morning.

To make a long story short, by careful trading, hard work and hewing to the western tradition that a man's word is his bond, Bing Crosby has become one of the biggest cattle men in the west. It is his life, his home away from Hollywood, and it will be the home of his kids for many years.

An inventory of the Crosby family holdings in Elko County will surprise many easterners, because the impression has been given in print that Bing's "ranch" in Nevada is a rest farm and a place for the kids to get a little exercise. Actually, the ranch is tremendous in size, being made up of five properties of good size bundled into one. A conservative estimate of the value of the place has been set by an Elkoite at around \$2,000,000. It is also estimated that Bing's herd runs to a minimum of 3,500 head—and that an annual profit in "meat" years is close to a quarter of a million dollars.

If you are a man who patronizes the beef markets, you have no doubt seen his brands. They are the "Y" Bench, the PX Straight Away, the Cross B, the Quarter Circle X, and the Quarter Circle N. The cattle bearing these brands are eating their heads off during the winter months, dining on hay grown, cut and stacked by the Crosby kids. And in the summer, they are roving thousands of acres of grazing land owned or committed to the Crosby stock.

The deeded land in the Crosby holding amounts to 25,000 acres, big even for the west. In active use at all times are 150 horses, 75 of them saddle animals. It takes 60 days to hay for the winter months, and 35 full-time men and the four boys do the work. The usual crop is 4,500 tons. Fourteen tractors work the property as well as countless smaller pieces of equipment and trucks. The Crosbys operate their own hydro-electric plant that supplies light and power—and they are at present putting in an air strip on the land that will be 3,700 feet long and will accommodate a good sized, twin-engined airplane. Bing doesn't care for flying himself, but his friends do. There is only one drawback. Privacy on the telephone is unknown, for there are 22 other phones on the party line.

EVEN though the Bing Crosby ranch in Nevada is a big and prosperous business enterprise today, it remains primarily just what Pop intended it to be in the first place. It's a range on which to rear kids, or, as Bing once said, "A place where I can raise husky ones. . . ." Life is hard.

Gary, the oldest of the lads, at 18 is as strong as a bull, and gets a chance every day to prove it. He is a stocky kid with a good deal of the casual grace of his father, but much more muscular. He rises with the chickens, and until sundown he has his hands full with chores regularly assigned to him. There is no work considered too hard for him.

The twins, Philip and Dennis, are not quite as developed as their older brother, but at 16 they show every promise of catching up with him very soon. They do lighter work, but when it comes to spending the hours in the hay fields, they ask no quarter from Gary or even the toughest hay hand in the gang. They are as at home with a beef or a horse as any cowboy kid in the locality. When Philip works on a steer he does it as well as a rodeo hand, complete master of the situation and fearless in all emergencies.

The youngster of the mob is Lindsay, who is a not too tender 12. He is a superb horseman and a fine worker, but it is the opinion of all who know him that he is the business man of the family, and will one day wind up owning the entire state. It is possible that Lindsay is closer to his dad than his brothers, although Bing wouldn't like it if he thought that were so. Nevertheless, Lindsay and Bing are like a couple of buddies. Lindsay calls Bing "Meyer," and is as quick with a witty remark as his Pop's old sparring partner, Bob Hope. And those who know him well will also tell you that Lindsay Crosby is a singer of such quality that he might one day carry right along where Bing leaves off.

In the matter of money, the four Crosby boys might just as well be the sons of a man without a steady job. Bing is determined they will not be spoiled by his wealth, and every penny they get they earn—preferably by hard labor. In the case of Gary, who is something of a sensation in the recording business himself at the moment, any money he earns by singing is put aside until he is old enough to know what to do with it without advice. All of the boys, as a matter of fact, have been groomed to step into a theatrical career if they choose. Bing has no silly notions about keeping his sons out of a line of work that has made him millions. It was planned a year ago that the boys would make their way to Hollywood and appear in Bing's picture with Hopalong Cassidy, but the film was abandoned and the boys stuck to their farming.

Life in Elko for Bing Crosby is in a way entirely different from life in Hollywood, but there are certain root similarities. For instance, Bing's close friends spend a good deal of time in the North Fork country, either working on radio or movie projects, or just lying around. Bill Morrow, his closest friend and radio associate, is in Elko almost all of the time Bing is there. And Jimmy Van Heusen, who with Johnny Burke, wrote so many of Crosby's hit songs, is also a constant visitor. But it is amusing to see in which direction the influence flows. Instead of bringing a bit of Hollywood atmosphere to the country folk, the Hollywoodites quickly absorb western ways.

These urban fellows soon fall into the slack talk of the range country, wear boots and big hats, and find themselves interested in local problems, very foreign to the ones at home. In Hollywood a good bed-time for these transplanted cowpokes might be two a.m. In Nevada, they hit the pad maybe about nine-thirty. A big evening is to drive into town and have a beer or two and toss dice for an hour or so. The fact that town is a good 60 miles away, soon becomes a minor item.

The town of Elko itself is not a wild



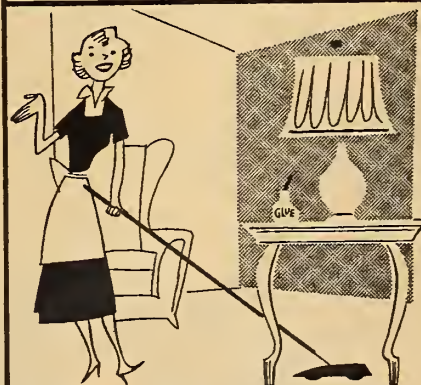
I'M THE RUG-A-BOO!

I LIKE BOYS WHO MAKE AIRPLANES. IT MEANS LOTS OF NICE LITTER AND GRIT TO GRIND INTO MOTHERS EXPENSIVE RUG.



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Make your dreams come true...tonight! Thrilling things must happen to the girl who wears this daring, lingering, unforgettable perfume. Just try it and see!

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only 25¢

western town, but it doesn't mess around with foolish intolerances. There are three fine hotels, two of them owned by Bing's friend, Newt Crumly, and they all have good sized bars and gambling layouts. Tourists and localites alike like to lounge over a gaming table and pass the time of day while they either make or lose a few dollars. In the Stockmen's Hotel the gambling, although quiet, runs into big money. There is never a time of day that a man can't break a \$1,000 bill without walking five feet. Elko is a big money town, and millionaires are a dime a dozen.

IF THE outdoors is the place to raise a boy, as Bing thinks, and active exercise in search of fun builds men, the Crosby kids will be prime samples of a successful theory. Northeastern Nevada offers just about anything in that line you could ask for. The boys have untold millions of miles of open range, foothills and rugged mountains to ride over and explore. There are plenty of trails, but if they have a mind to, the boys can take off and ride for days without ever seeing a sign of human habitation.

Hunting is heaven in that country, too. The area abounds in deer, grouse, sage hens, eagles, beaver and many other forms of wild life. The streams, particularly one named Rabbit Creek, are leaping with fighting trout. And camping places, the like of which a movie location director only dreams, are near to all of the best fishing holes and hunting grounds.

The esteem with which Bing Crosby's neighbors hold their honorary mayor is evident from the reception they gave him on his one and only local theatrical appearance. It was for the premiere of Paramount's *Here Comes The Groom*.

It is doubtful if many of them had ever seen him act, or had ever concentrated on his crooning, but because he has proven himself a good neighbor and a civic-minded citizen, they turned out in droves to pack Elko's two theaters for the event. Because Bing was expecting guests (100 newspapermen from all over the country), 50 or 60 of the town's working men knocked off for a few days to help him entertain. They drove the visitors around, had them to dinner, stayed up all night with them, and opened every door in the state and threw the key away.

The press thought it was a great party thrown by that movie actor, Bing Crosby, no doubt. But it wasn't. It was a tribute to a neighbor, a helping hand on the part of Bing Crosby's home town folks when company showed up.

During the next few years, Bing and Dixie Crosby will have many decisions to make. They may be domestic; they may be on matters having to do with film making, or radio, or television, or recording. But there is one decision that has been made and is irrevocable: The Crosbys' home is Nevada—and the Crosby boys are going to be Nevada men, not Hollywood men.

They will get their formal education in schools of different character in various parts of the nation, but their major schooling, as per Pop Crosby's decision, will be gathered in the wild country of the state that has adopted Bing. The Crosby boys will enter manhood as country boys. Even today the twang of the west is in their speech—and the honesty of the western man in their eyes. When you see them standing side by side in their work clothes, or, for that matter, their dress clothes—which are just freshly washed working outfits—you see four stalwarts who can outwork, outfight or outtalk the average boy. They laugh more than other kids—and they'll weep quicker, for they are sensitive to the cruelties of the big city.

Some time ago Bing finished a very hard picture. He walked across the studio lot at Paramount to his dressing room and he was dragging. His eyes were tired and his shoulders sagged. He sat down at his fancy dressing-room table and began taking off the makeup. Then he picked up the phone and called his house. Gary answered. "Picture's finished," Bing said, "and the old man's tired. What do you say we fellows get into the car and go on up to the ranch and see mother?"

The kids had been waiting. They were on.

That night, five Crosbys, Bing, Gary, Dennis, Philip and Lindsay, sprawled all over a big Cadillac as it sped across the California desert, not talking much, singing a little, but mostly just watching the miles drift by. The next afternoon, after a long, hard drive, they pulled into the ranch gate.

Members of the staff and a few neighbors ran to greet them. The car doors opened and five tired guys got out. Then they straightened up, and they breathed deep of the pure air. And all weariness left them—they laughed together, horseplay started, and nobody was tired, just hungry.

They raced to the house as though they'd slept for a week. It was a great big wonderful world. The Crosbys were home.

THE END

how dopey can he get?

(Continued from page 61) of the San Francisco Seals.

"When we finally separated, long past midnight, all I wanted to do was to get home, since I felt I'd failed in San Francisco. I found there wasn't a train for several hours, but by hurrying I could catch a plane. When I arrived in Los Angeles, Sheila met me, asking, 'What happened to your car?' My mouth fell open and stayed that way for a long moment before I could groan, 'In the St. Francis' garage! I forgot I drove up!'"

"That's typical of me on my own," Gordon shakes his head. "Forget a car! And worse was yet to come. Sheila didn't believe for one minute I'd failed. It turned out she was right. There'd been a mix-up about who was to wait to take me to the Boones'. But my not showing up at all

made a lot of those people believe I'd snubbed them!"

That was the beginning of MODERN SCREEN's quest to find out what Gordon MacRae is like without Sheila, the wife to whom his devotion is the talk of the town. A man simply must be on his own sometimes!

"Well," Gordon says, "the first time I ever went out on my own was back when I was seven or so. I got a job peddling milk for the Netherlands Dairy in Syracuse, New York, where we lived. That first morning, I got up at four, walked to the dairy where a horse and buggy loaded with milk were ready for me. My work done, I arrived home at seven-thirty to find my father up. He didn't know what had happened to me and was really in an uproar. I'd simply forgotten to tell anyone about my job."

THEN there's the time while I went to Syracuse's Nottingham High School

when I had a part in the school play. My entrance came late enough in the play so that on opening night instead of getting made up and dressed right away, I stood in the wings. I got so interested, I wasn't paying any attention to time until suddenly it dawned on me that my cue was coming up! No one ever made up and dressed in such a hurry. But I was playing a black-face butler! I was two minutes late getting on stage."

Later when Gordon became a student at Deerfield Academy in Massachusetts, he came under the guidance of Dr. Frank L. Boyden, the headmaster. Dr. Boyden, says Gordon, influenced him more than anyone outside his immediate family.

"When I visited him last fall," Gordon tells, "he asked, 'Are you doing well, Gordon?' I told him something of what I've been doing, which, after all, is seeing a lot of dreams come true. He said, 'Fine, fine. Now keep your feet on the ground!'

"It's a warning I suppose he gives all of his former boys. But I suddenly remembered the time I distinguished myself at the Academy for not keeping my feet on the ground. We'd just acquired a new music room where we could listen to recordings of fine music whenever we had the time. Very late one afternoon, I was sitting there deeply engrossed in the haunting Dvorak 'New World' Symphony when a boy shook me, saying, 'Hey! We've been looking all over for you! Come on. Dr. Boyden says he'll drive you down himself.' Then I wakened to the fact I was supposed to be singing a solo in Hartford, Connecticut, where our Glee Club was appearing that night!

"The rest of the fellows had already left in the bus, so the Doctor had to drive me there all right. My solo was appropriate—'Standing in the Need of Prayer.'

"Another time I stood in the need of prayer was while I was singing at El Rancho Vegas in Las Vegas, Nevada, last winter. Gene Nelson and Frank Flannagan, who were there at the time, are as enthusiastic about fishing as I am. One morning the three of us decided to fish below Boulder Dam. Our boat was about 25 yards from a 400 foot stretch of rapids when we decided to leave. I started the motor, believing I'd pulled up the anchor. The propellers cut the anchor rope and the motor conked out. There we were without anchor or power. The boat drifted toward the rocks and we had to jump out into the coldest water I ever want to feel. Finally after a lot of discussion, we decided all we could do was to brave the rapids, praying we'd get through all right. We were certainly lucky to get out alive."

GENE Nelson's version of the anchor episode differs. He says, "He didn't tell you all of it. Frankly, I didn't know about the anchor business. If he says it, though, it's so. Everything went so fast, I don't really know all that happened. But I do know he was the first to jump out. If he hadn't, it might have been too late. As it was, he held the boat so it didn't crash us all on the rocks. We followed him out, making it even more difficult for ourselves. Because after discussion, Gordon had Flannagan get back in and lie flat on the bottom to steady the boat while Gordon and I got back in. He also remembered we had life-belts so we put them on. Then off we went safely through that 400 foot stretch of rapids. Gordon's a good man in an emergency."

His co-workers on NBC's "The Railroad Hour" report he's a fellow who prepares for emergencies. They grin as they say it, recalling the time recently when a rehearsal was interrupted by an urgent call from Sheila. Gordon answered from the phone in the sponsor's booth with its big windows through which they could see his

face first turn white, sag with relief, frown with concentration again and again. Finally after 20 minutes, a broad smile of triumph crossed it. Quickly then, he hung up the phone and returned to the stage.

Sheila, about to leave the house for a luncheon engagement, had found her ignition key to the car half-melted away. Questioning the children, she discovered to her horror that baby Gar had recklessly stuck the key into an electrical plug. So what was there to do but to explain to him why he must never pull that stunt again; and then to call Gordon to find out where he'd put the extra set? He'd put it in a safe place. Too safe a place for an absent-minded man!

"Look in the top drawer of my desk . . . well, then try . . ." and so on and on for most of the 20 minutes before the key turned up.

His fellow-workers tell, too, of the way he keeps forgetting his special music scores which cost him \$100 each.

read
louella parsons'
exciting story
"stars who have
cried on my shoulder"
in the
december
issue of
modern screen
on sale
november 9
with gorgeous
esther williams
on the cover

However, it is evident that Gordon usually manages to do something to make up for the occasionally disastrous results of MacRae on his own. When he found he was runner-up for "the most uncooperative actor" award in the Hollywood Women's Press Club poll of 1950, he was upset.

On his own, he "crashed" the party the women gave at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel honoring actors and actresses distinguished for their cooperation with the press. Since this party always occurs shortly before Christmas, some celebrity always plays the role of Santa Claus, distributing the members' grab-bag exchange of 50¢ gifts. So what better way than to be that celebrity! After he'd doffed the whiskers and scarlet disguise, he boldly took his place at the head table right beside the honored cooperative guests. Introduced by President Lindsay Durand, he presented the club with an enormous cake in which an axe was buried, asking them to accept it. Then he proceeded to complete his welcome by singing his way into the heart



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loveliness...

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of everyone present. In all that time, however, he made no apology for the past nor any promise for the future.

That was a good thing, because two weeks later, all set for cooperative Gordon MacRae, a writer and a photographer arrived at the MacRae house. They rang the doorbell. No answer, yet they could see the house was ablaze with lights despite the fact it was a sunny day. Well, maybe he was taking a shower. They waited in their car. Every so often one would go to ring the bell again. Time passed without bringing forth their man. Finally they went to a filling station pay telephone and talked to the publicist who'd set the date.

"Why, Sheila called me at nine this morning from Palm Springs, where they're vacationing, to say Gordon had left at six-thirty so he'd be sure to be on time. Maybe he thought the appointment was at Warners. I'll check," the publicist said.

A check of the studio, the radio station and Capitol Records produced no trace of the man. The publicist called the group waiting by the pay telephone and urged them to go back to the house and pound on doors. They did, without achieving any results.

Breathlessly afraid the star might be stone cold dead on the highway somewhere, the publicist asked, "Did you see a car?"

They described the one in the driveway. It was obviously Gordon's.

Three hours past time for the appointment when representatives from the advertising agency, the studio, and the radio station, along with the press, were about to break into the MacRae house, the door slowly opened and there, hair standing on end, was their boy trying to shake off his long nap.

Even Sheila is hard put to refute Gordon's argument that he shouldn't ever be let loose on his own.

"Well, he's just absent-minded," Sheila helplessly explains. "He's lost half of what he's been given or bought for himself. His father's watch; I don't know how many overcoats; even whole suits. And the time he went out on his own to buy a house for us! That was just before Gar was born, and I wasn't up to going house-hunting. He came home with the purchase all signed and sealed, all right. But he'd forgotten how convenient it is to have more than one bathroom!"

"But those are just things to him. He figures someone finds the things he loses and puts them to some good use, so they aren't wasted. As for the house, well, plenty of families get along with only one bathroom," she explains.

"But when it comes to the really important remembering, I've never known a

man like him. He's just the opposite, then," she smiles. "He never forgot such sentimental dates as anniversaries, birthdays or times like that. Nor," she concludes, "does he do so badly on his own as a singer."

But even when it comes to his singing, Gordon has a sad tale to tell.

"The other day out at Lakeside Country Club, John Carroll said, 'I have to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner" at a benefit. Anybody here know all the words?' 'Brother, I do,' I told him. 'I learned it the hard way.'"

"You see," Gordon goes on, "back when I was with Horace Heidt's band playing in Springfield, Ohio, there was a big War Bond Drive at Wittenberg College. I agreed to appear. Just as the show was about to start, they asked me to sing our national anthem as my solo. Confidently I got up and started. Well, the audience had to come to my rescue but fast! That's why I know the words to all four verses!"

And so the quest for Gordon MacRae, the brilliant man on his own, was abandoned. Accepted instead was his insistent theme: He's a lucky fellow with a good job, a wonderful wife, and a car some place in San Francisco. THE END

(Gordon MacRae can be seen in Warner Bros.' *On Moonlight Bay*.—Ed.)

dearly beloved

(Continued from page 58) the baby was born, she wouldn't pay any attention to the next aches and pains she suffered. Much to her surprise, she didn't have any more aches or pains. It was a matter of at last gaining the self-confidence she had been lacking and, with it, peace of mind.

With June thus happily occupied and leaning less on him for companionship, Dick feels freer to enjoy his own pursuits. Because of this he is noticeably lighter-hearted. If any change has come about with these two, it's that June has grown older in her ways, and Dick younger in his.

Things have reached the point where Dick has picked up some of June's erstwhile habits that used to annoy him. For instance June will be bending over Ricky in the tub when Dick's voice will boom through the house. "Joo-o-on!" So she wraps a towel around Ricky and carries all 25 pounds of him under her arm to Dick's den. He's sitting there with his feet up on the desk, tapping his teeth with a pencil.

"Yes?" says June with all the patience she can muster.

"I love you," says Dick.

"Thank you very much. And now, if you'll excuse me —"

You can tell he's happier. Dick has an immense collection of musical instruments, all of which he plays quite well, but in the old days they didn't get much of a workout. Now he's always tooting away on something. On their recent trip back East, they visited the home of a man whose den was crammed with brass instruments. Dick picked one out of the collection, a type he had never seen, and inquired about it.

"It's a flugel horn," said their host. "They're extremely difficult to play. Besides, they're not made any more. That one's almost a hundred years old."

Feeling the challenge, Dick blew a few scales. "You should have that horn," their host exclaimed. "You're the only person I've met who could master it."

Of course Dick declined the offer, but

a few days after they'd returned home a package was delivered at the door while Mr. Powell was reveling in breakfast in bed. June brought the package to him and he grinned, "It's from Roger," he said. "I'll bet it's that flugel horn. He shouldn't have done it." But his fingers couldn't open the package fast enough, and sure enough the prized horn emerged. Dick stayed in bed for an extra hour, serenading the entire household, and to this day will play it at the slightest provocation.

"I hate to admit it," June says, "because he's always waking the children from their naps, but he plays that thing darned well."

June is so captivated by her days at home that she thinks less and less about her career, and bets are down around town that she'll choose to retire way before her time is up. However, she works more conscientiously now than ever before. Dick used to needle her for weeks before she would read a script, but now he gets a speedy, concise report on her opinion of every script sent her by the studio.

PART of June's contentment is due to the fact that she has lost the awe in which she used to hold her husband. She was in love with him, but somehow couldn't forget he was Dick-Powell-the-famous-movie-star. She felt that he was so superior to her that he couldn't possibly love her, but now she admits that she's gathered a little more wisdom since her wedding day. Someone once asked her if perhaps she hadn't been smart all along, but didn't realize it. June smiled a little and said, "Well, maybe I was. How else could I have talked Richard into marrying me?"

They have a closer companionship now that the children are here. June used to turn down Dick's suggestion to take trips. She still resists the idea, but finally goes, and it inevitably turns out that she has a better time than he. They went to New York this June, saw all the plays and topped it off by witnessing the graduation of June's brother, Arthur, from military school. Then they went up the coast to a resort ranch, intending to stay two weeks. But Pamela developed tonsillitis, and after one day they came racing home. They missed the children on those trips, but

not nearly as badly as when they went on the fishing trip in August.

After a formal presentation by Dick to his wife of a complete outfit of fishing gear, they packed up their Jaguar convertible and were off for points north. It was a pleasant morning when they started, so they put the top down. But farther north the temperature rose to a point where the sun was driving into the ground, and they decided it would be cooler with the top up. So they stopped the car, pulled back the seats, put up the top, buttoned the curtains and were off again. The next morning gave forth a pleasant breeze, so they put the top down before starting. At noon it began to rain, so they stopped the car, pulled back the seats, put up the top, buttoned the curtains, and proceeded on their way.

"We could make better time in a covered wagon," said Dick.

"I shall be most happy to see a fish," said a glum Mrs. Powell. "Any old fish."

They went through Idaho, Wyoming and Oregon and dipped in their lines wherever they saw a likely stream. On June's first try she hadn't cast her line five minutes before she screamed, "Something's happening!"

"This is what I've been telling you about," said Dick. "Now, take it easy—don't jerk too hard."

She pulled him up—a shining, wriggling three-pound trout, and was completely overcome with her own skill. "Hurry up and take him off my hook," she said. "Maybe I can get another one."

She did, and so did Dick. They had two weeks that would have made Izaak Walton drool. And in Oregon, they went for salmon. Dick caught a 33-pound monster, and June was lucky only once, catching a booby prize of a two-pound salmon. She was content, though, because the natives assured her she had set a record by catching the smallest salmon in angling history.

ON this trip, they telephoned home every night and assured her that the babies were in bouncing good health, slept well and peacefully. But by the time June had progressed to the point where she was

baiting her own hook, she was chafing at the bit to get home to the children.

"Let's just leave the top down on the way home," she told Dick. "Let's drown or sizzle, but let's get home to Pam and Ricky."

Arrived in Bel-Air, they almost knocked each other down racing up the stairs to the nursery. In the weeks they were gone, Ricky had started attempts to crawl, and Pamela had caught an English accent from the nurse. "I should like to be bothered," she informed her mother.

It was at this time that June relented and allowed Ricky's picture to be taken for publication. The accustomed procedure, when one is in the public limelight, is to have photographs taken for the press when a new baby is a very few months old. But June had put her foot down where Ricky was concerned. Everyone argued with her—the studio, the newspapers, the magazines. June held her ground. Ricky was her baby, and she wanted to spare him the ordeal of picture taking. When a movie star's child is photographed, it is not merely a matter of one picture, but a marathon of shutter-clicking, going on until 100 or more photographs have been taken. Ricky by this time was six months old. "If people don't see his picture," June was told, "they'll think he was born with shark's teeth or a leopard skin."

"I don't care what they might think," she said staunchly. "We're waiting until he's older."

It wasn't until Ricky was seven and a half months old, that photographers were allowed to approach him. Although it went on for two whole days, June could have saved herself the worry. Ricky, who had learned two days previously to stick out his tongue, thought the whole thing was highly amusing. He posed, tongue out, like a first rate ham. The day after the picture-

taking he stopped putting out his tongue, considering, no doubt, that he had done his own Thespian bit and could now relax.

Before the children came, June and Dick always had fun together, whether it was fast repartee or wonderful quiet talks, but now with Pam and Ricky in the act, it borders on the hilarious. Pam is a natural comedienne, dropping bright sayings by the bucketful with a dead-pan face.

One day she came home after playing with the little boy who lives across the street, and went directly to June, leaning her elbows on June's knee. "I had a miserable time today," she reported.

"Oh?" said June. "What happened?"

"I played with that Bunker."

"What's awful about Bunker? He's a nice little boy."

"I don't think so," opined Pam. "He spent all afternoon kissing me with his teeth."

On another occasion, when she had been naughty and was up for punishment, she stood awaiting sentence from June.

"Now, I don't think we'll spank you," said June, "because that has no effect on you. We must think of something else."

"Take away my dinner?" hopefully suggested Pam, who eats only because food keeps her alive.

"I don't think that's a very good idea," June said. "Instead, I think we won't allow you to play with any of your toys for 15 minutes. You'll just have to sit in a chair and do nothing for that time."

Pam considered this for a moment, then looked up thoughtfully. "That ought to do it," she said.

Pamela talks well for her years, perhaps because the Powells have never spoken baby talk to her. She is a grave, exceedingly bright little girl, who picks up new words to add to her vocabulary as fast as most kids forget them, and has a

habit of latching on to June's own expressions. When she hears Ricky bellowing in his playpen beneath her window, she leans out and calls to him, "Don't you cry now, my darling."

And the other day when Dick moved her sandbox into the new play yard he built for the children, Pamela observed the proceedings with some annoyance. "Daddy," she said, "why are you moving my sandbox over there?"

"Because it belongs here now," said Dick. "This is your new place to play."

"Oh, well now, really! I get so upset!" said three-year-old Pam.

Both June and Dick remain extremely careful in sparing Pamela any jealousy over her small brother, still requesting her permission when they want to enter the nursery, and always assuring her of their love. It could be that this is no longer necessary, for Pam and Ricky already have a strong bond between them. Ricky kicks his feet when he hears Pam's approaching footsteps. And for her part, Pam has her own little ritual of her love for him. When Ricky was born, a friend sent a huge box filled with all manner of celluloid rattles and small toys. It promptly disappeared, but every day Pam moves into view with one or two of the toys, carefully washes it and presents it to Ricky. When he has tired of it, she removes it from his crib and takes it back to the secret place.

When the Powell foursome is playing on the lawn they look like any average American family except, perhaps, that they are happier. At least it can be said that June and Dick's marriage has reached the point where conversation and entertainment are no longer necessary. They have their love and their children secure in their hearts, and they need only to look at each other to know that all's right with their world.

THE END

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tell it to joan

by joan evans



Guest Editor Carleton Carpenter looks mighty funny in Joan Evans' shoes—but his advice fits fine.

WELL, everybody has friends and everybody is anxious to do a favor for a friend. So when Joan Evans said airily, "Look, Carp, while I'm down at Laguna Beach doing stock"—she went down to do *Guest in the House*, the play her father, Dale Eunson, and Hagar Wilde wrote—"will you be an absolute angel and be the guest editor of this column?"

"Me? A guy give advice to a lot of females with problems?" I asked in amazement, and at that moment I wished I didn't know Joan so well. I was licked before I started. When Joan says you're to do something, that's what you're to do.

"Don't be silly," Joan said. "You're always giving me advice. You know how you like to air your opinions."

Well, she had something there. Anything I say is purely my own opinion and I'm opinionated. "May I really tell the kids what I think?"

"Sure," said Joan. "Tell 'em the truth—that's what I do." And before I could say, "Tell it to Carp," she had thrust a batch of letters into my hand and was off for an easy life of 18 hours a day rehearsal, leaving me with my bare face hanging out.

So, kids, if I don't tell you what you want to hear and if this page isn't any good, blame that Evans girl. Me, all I can do is give you a slant. But the more I thought about it the more I thought it might be good to get the guy's angle. So here goes. To break in easy, I'm picking a letter from a boy.

It's signed H. D. Y. and it's from Hong Kong, So. China. He wants to know, "At what age must a boy fall in love with a girl? And how can I express to a girl if I love her?"

I don't think there's any "must" about falling in love. And it doesn't make any difference whether you're 12 or 20. The

problem isn't *when* it happens—your falling in love—because that's something nobody can give you advice about. Love hits you and there you are, and if you have to stop and wonder if you are in love or not, chances are you aren't. And now for the second half of your problem. Just be honest and relaxed with the girl. Show her that you love her by small attentions, by taking her out on dates, by wanting to be with her, etc. You know what? Girls are pretty doggone smart when you come right down to it and they catch on to the general idea pretty easily if the guy is in love. But besides there's nothing really radically wrong with using those three old fashioned words, "I love you." Nobody's improved on them yet as a means of communication.

COMES now a letter from Eureka, Calif., signed J. J. "My problem is dancing. When I was in grammar school I learned the two-step—but that's all. I don't have any sisters or brothers to teach me, and my folks don't dance. My girl



friends tell me they can't teach me because I need a boy to learn to follow."

When you're first learning you honestly don't need a partner as much as you think. Maybe you could learn the way I learned. My sister, who is three years older than I am, was born lame, and it was absolutely necessary for her to learn to dance. We learned together and this is how. We both sat in chairs facing each other and did the steps sitting down. And that's a swell way to learn because you can see how the steps go. So get your girl friends to teach you the basic steps like that, and if you really know the basic steps it is easy to follow. When I was in seventh grade a girl in my class started a dancing group—boys and girls—at the girls' club to teach dancing. She made the boys help in the teaching and they needed the lessons too. Boys should learn to dance as well as girls, but take this sincere word from your old Uncle Stretch. You, as a girl, must never feel shy about cutting in. Boys are so often a lot more shy than you are. If girls would remember that boys are shy, too, there would be a lot fewer problems for Joan Evans to answer.

A GIRL from Buffalo, New York, who just signs herself "Joan" writes: "I am 14 years old with interests far from boys, dances, and the like. I like school and hope to be a teacher some day. I have a big crush on my teacher. She is the most wonderful person. When she smiles it's like heaven for she is very beautiful. The thought of graduating fills me with an empty feeling. Now I don't know whether or not I really want to be a teacher, or if it's just that I want to be like her. That's my problem."

A girl having a crush on her teacher—especially an attractive one—is the most natural thing in the world. It happens all the time and it is nothing to worry about. But idolatry of any sort is wrong. You should never let one person obsess you. And although it is fine to admire good qualities in others, you should not pattern yourself after anybody else but let the good things in your own personality emerge. And you simply mustn't allow yourself to hate to graduate because you can't stay in school all your life. The teaching profession is wonderful. I'm sure you're sincere about this, so by all means go on with that career. And admire this teacher, but don't idolize her and don't try to copy her. You're a big girl now. Trust your own judgment. Be yourself.

This is such a girl-to-girl problem that I don't know why Joan thought I should answer it. It's from Winchester, Tenn., and the girl's initials are B. P. S. "Whenever I go out in damp weather my hair droops. Even if just for the evening, or to an air-conditioned theatre it just won't stay in place. I don't like to have permanents."

Ninety percent of the girls I know have permanents, and I don't think it hurts their hair. There's nothing wrong with a good permanent. Joan has a permanent. But even so, it seems to me that I go out with lots of girls whose hair is drooping by the end of the evening. In fact, I'll tell you a secret—Joan's

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DOES A THOROUGH JOB SO PLEASANTLY!

down in Laguna Beach so I guess it's safe. I've been on dates with Miss Evans when her hair drooped. You see, you just see photographs of her when she's all fixed up. Do you hate me, Joanie? Sudden thought! Gee, she'll be back from Laguna soon. I'd better make myself scarce a few days.

HERE's a letter from a guy who is in the Navy. He's stationed in Puerto Rico. His problem, as he says, is girls, but it's like this. He writes: "When I'm with girls I don't know what to do or say. When I'm left alone with a girl I pray someone will come along and relieve the tension. It's easy for me to sit down and write a letter to a girl. In that way I can converse freely and easily. But when it comes to meeting a girl face to face, I'm lost."

I don't know how Joan would answer you but I remember something my Vermont grandmother once said. It's this: "The secret of being a good conversationalist is to let the other fellow do the talking. When you allow that, you get the reputation of being brilliant." So don't worry about being tongue-tied. Girls love to talk. So let 'em, and pretty soon they'll say something provocative and you'll answer or ask a question, and you'll be talking easily and naturally. I imagine the girls you meet are at the service clubs. Ask the hostess to brief you on the girl. Ask her a few questions, then you can just sit back and relax. She'll take over from there and be glad to do it. But since you don't mind writing to girls why don't you strike up a correspondence with a couple of girls who like to write service men? That's a real good way to get to know a person and to break the ice, so when you meet the girl you will have things to talk about—things you have discussed in letters.

G. H., a girl from Chicago, says: "My friends tell me I'm a good dancer but my heart belongs to popular singing, though nobody encourages me and I'm afraid to sing in front of people. I have ambitions to develop my voice but I'm afraid of people laughing."

You sing in the shower, don't you? For years that was me. I was a shower singer and scared to death to sing before people. But I wanted to more than anything. I remember once after I had a lot of straight acting roles on Broadway, I got up the courage to try out for a singing part in a musical. Well, I finally whipped myself up into doing an audition. Honestly, I sang like mad, and when it was over the guy said, "Thank you very much, Mr. Carpenter. We think you are a very good actor." Was I downhearted? Well, yes. But, like you, I had singing ambitions and I was determined that nothing was going to get me down. Remember that the first time is the most difficult, and although I didn't get that singing job the very fact that I could get up there and give the audition encouraged and relaxed me. So I decided that although I was still scared I would sing in front of anybody and everybody. Now when Joan and I go to a party she comes in and says, "Unless you want Carp to sing—hide the piano." Believe me, I'm no Mario Lanza—I'm taller, for one thing. But, all kidding aside, good, bad or indifferent, I have sung in several musicals; I've written lots of songs

(and I hope all my good friends rush right out and get records of "Every Other Day" which I wrote for *Whistle at Eaton Falls*, and "Oh By Jingo" that Debbie Reynolds and I recorded), and this I'm convinced of: The way to learn to sing popular songs is just to sing. Sing the lyrics. Make the words make sense. Just remember how good you sounded in the shower. And when you sit down at the piano to entertain your friends, pretend as if you're all alone. Just have fun.

A GIRL from Cincinnati, Ohio, who signs herself B. B. sent in her picture. She wrote: "The two boys I've ever liked broke up with me because of my nose. It isn't deformed, it's just sort of long. They say I'm real cute from the front view, but when you see me from the side I'm called 'Hose Nose.'"

For my dough there's nothing wrong with your nose. Your picture is very cute, and you have the kind of features that would just look silly with a pug nose. No sir, there's nothing wrong with your nose, and you can quote me. The only thing to do is forget about it. If you forget about it so will everybody else. Some of the most attractive women in the world—and I could name several who are big movie stars—are not uniformly beautiful. It's what you are, honestly, that counts and not what you look like. Personality really counts. But you know what I think about you? I think your trouble isn't your nose at all. I think maybe it's a personality problem. I think you're so conscious of your long nose that you're letting it affect your personality. So you make it too important. So I say again—forget it and just be that cute smiling girl in the picture you sent.

A girl—R. H.—from Birmingham, Alabama—writes (without a southern accent): "I'm 13 and in love. My parents don't approve of the boy, and you may think it's silly for a girl 13 to be in love. But I am and what should I do?"

Well, I don't know what Joan would think, but I don't think it's silly for a 13-year-old girl to be in love. But what I do think is silly is to get too serious and intense about it. And what I do think is important is that your parents don't approve of the guy. They are older and wiser than you—remember that. I think you should have a talk with them and find out why they don't approve. This you didn't tell. So that's the first thing. If you can convince them he's a nice kid, then go out on dates with him. Take it easy, don't get too serious, relax and have a good time. If you can't convince them he's okay, then listen to what they have to say, and if they have good reasons for not approving of him, you have to abide by their decision.

Well, pardon me while I mop my brow. But I'm glad the eminent editor of this department went to Laguna Beach. I really enjoyed answering—as best I could—your letters. And I'd like to say right here and now in print that if Miss Joan Evans wants to turn these pages over to me again—and if you can stand me—I'll be happy to take over. Okay, Joan? Okay, kids?

DO YOU HAVE A TEEN-AGE PROBLEM? IF SO, WRITE TO JOAN EVANS. BOX 93, BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA

who'll catch dailey?

(Continued from page 43) but Barbara Whiting isn't a bobby-soxer or an ordinary young girl. She comes from a family of entertainers. Her sister, Margaret, is one of the top singers in show business, and her father was one of the famous Broadway greats of all time. She herself has played *Junior Miss* on the air for years, and has acted in films since she was a teen-ager. She's mature for her age, or why else would an experienced man like Dan Dailey spend so much time with her?

THERE are exceptions, of course, but most girls refuse to admit that they're interested in marrying a certain man. More often, girls play coy. They feel they owe it to society to be completely surprised when the men they're after propose.

Ann Miller, for example, the tall, terrific brunette who's been out with Dan many times, is quite taken aback when reporters suggest that she might have serious designs on him.

"I admit," Ann says, "that Dan is really ookey koo—a dreamboat if you get me—but we're just friends. We're just out for fun. Dan, with that wonderful Irish blarney of his, is great company. He's one of the most versatile men I've ever dated."

"I met him at MGM years ago when he was playing character parts, but it's only been a couple of months that we've been seeing lots of each other. We go to previews and parties, but the big time with Dan is when these parties are over. Then we go down to some little restaurant and just sit around. Everyone loves him, and pretty soon he's sitting in with the band, jazzing it up."

"Brother, how that boy can play the trombone. I mean, really ookey koo. He can send you. And the drums, too. And you ought to see him at the piano. He's such fun. It's a million laughs."

"But we're not going steady. Dan's playing the field, and so am I."

"Of course, I think he's far and away the best in the field. But so do a dozen other girls. Dan's not just an entertainer. He's a pretty deep thinker, and he has a wonderful way with people. Introduce him to a politician and right away, Dan's talking politics. Get him with a doctor, and he's discussing medicine. That's why I just love to go to parties with him. He makes you feel as if you've got the best escort in the entire room."

At 28, Ann Miller is one of the most beautiful dancers in Hollywood. Once-married and divorced, she's dated most of the eligible men in town from Nicky Hilton's father, Connie, to Greg Bautzer.

Currently starring in *Lovely To Look At*, a cinematic version of Jerome Kern's memorable *Robert*, Ann declares that she, also, is not ready for wedding bells. "I'm having too much fun," she says, "to get tied down now. I was married once, and it didn't work out, so why hurry?"

"This town is full of glamor boys, but glamor boys don't necessarily make good husbands. You can count the good husbands on your fingers. When I marry a man, I want him to be good. Now Gene Kelly is my idea of a good man—talented, responsible, really on the ball."

Asked how she rated Dan Dailey in the husband department, Ann said, "There you go again. I told you. I have no intention of getting married in the near future, and neither has Dan. Can't a girl say a fellow's ookey koo without someone misinterpreting her words as a proposal?"

At a recent party thrown by Ann's

agent, Vic Orsatti, Ann and Dan were sitting together on a sofa. Later, one of the guests said, "If those two kids aren't in love, then my 20 years of experience as a director are zero."

DAILEY himself denies being in love with anyone. As for matrimony, "If I ever marry again," he says, "it won't be for a long, long time. I have lots of friends and lots of fun. I play tennis with some girls and ride with others. One girl I know is a whiz at ballroom dancing and we go out and dance all evening. I met a gal in Topeka who plays a mean piano, and I know gals in Texas and other states. Another of his dates is Irene Wrightsman. In fact, she's accepted more dates with Dan than with anyone else since her romance with Kirk Douglas cooled. But, naturally, Irene and Dan aren't talking to anyone about matrimony."

"When I was at Menninger's," Dan says, "they told me to interest myself in a lot of new activities, so I'm taking up tennis. It's a great game, keeps you running. I'm the kind of fellow that likes motion, to keep going. Variety is good for me."

"I think marriage is a wonderful thing, no doubt about it, only you've got to be ready and right for it. Sometimes when it doesn't work out, it can be painful."

"Right now I've never felt better in my life. My mental outlook is swell. I can thank Menninger's for that. My five months at the clinic set me right."

Hollywood is really seeing a new Dan Dailey these days, and the girls are actually going ga-ga. Instead of the brooding, sensitive actor who used to drown his worries in a barrel of beer (they only floated back to the top again) Dailey's become the life of the party. However, certain discerning eyes see in Dailey a man who plays the clown to

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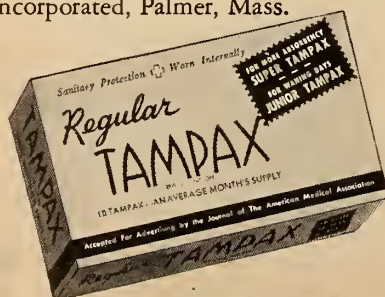
When Girls become young women



Maturity is not measured in years alone. It varies by countries and by climates and it varies still more among individuals... But one thing is certain—it's an important milestone in any girl's life. It deserves serious thought, especially with regard to the method adopted for sanitary protection at the monthly intervals.

For this purpose, dear Young Lady, consider the claims of Tampax. It represents the modern, youthful way of doing things as opposed to the traditional. It's very popular in leading women's colleges. It's scientific, too—doctor-invented, a favorite among nurses. Made of pure surgical cotton, Tampax absorbs internally, and it's so tiny it can be inserted quickly by dainty disposable applicator. *Wearer cannot feel it.*

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cover up the sadness he has not yet escaped.

"The reason Dan is dating all those girls—like Ann Miller, Nancy Smith, and Mary Ann Hunter—is because he's still carrying a torch for his ex-wife, Liz," says one of his friends.

"Why do you think he's been going up to Arrowhead?" this friend insisted. "Because he knows that Liz has been up there with Bob Neal. I don't care what anyone says. I'm sure that Dailey's still in love with Liz Hofert. He's a proud guy, you know, and the fact that he couldn't make their marriage work, hurts his vanity. Besides, I think that deep down inside he feels inferior to Liz."

"Liz comes from a fine family. She has breeding, good taste, innate dignity. Dan lacks certain of these qualities, and he knows it. But he tries to compensate for them. Here's what I mean. Liz has been going around with Bob Neal of Houston. I don't know what Bob does for a living, although it was his father who earned the family fortune. Because Liz is going around with a boy from a prominent Texas family, Dailey has suddenly started dating girls from prominent Texas families."

"I'm sure that he's possessed by a profound desire to prove to his ex-wife that he's a man of substance and gentility. One of the regrets which haunt all self-made men—and Dan Dailey's one of them—is they lacked a cultural background in their youth."

All this, of course, is theory. Whether Dailey is carrying a torch for his ex-wife only he can say. And he won't.

His behavior, however, is that of a man who understands both his strength and weakness; the behavior of a man who has taken inventory of his life.

Dailey knows the score. He knows that half-a-dozen women have their hooks out, waiting for him to bite. He knows, too, that eventually he will get married again—in all probability to a girl who can maintain his hectic pace.

IN Hollywood at the moment, there are a dozen girls, including Ann Miller, Barbara Whiting, Nancy Smith, Mary Ann Hunter, and Jo-Jo Sullivan, who probably feel well qualified to make Dan Dailey a good wife. They understand his fetish for music, the demands of his motion picture job, the universality of his talents.

"I know what makes him tick," one of the above girls confided. "I know what Dan needs. He's been too self-sufficient all these years. He needs a strong woman. Dan is growing up, and he has yet to find the secret of personal happiness."

That's not how Dailey sees it. Only a few days ago, he confided to a date, "I know the secret of happiness, baby. It's not here," and he tapped his heart. "It's here," and he tapped his head.

Dan Dailey insists that insofar as matrimony is concerned, he's not having any, not for the next few years, anyway. The attractive beauties he dates nod and say, "Of course. Who's even thinking of marriage?" But they remember that Clark Gable said the same thing before he married Sylvia Ashley, Paul Douglas said the same thing before he married Jan Sterling, John Agar said the same thing before he married Loretta Combs, Audie Murphy said the same thing before he married Pamela Archer.

It happened to them, and they are sure it will happen to Dan Dailey. For the easiest man in the world to marry is the man who's been married before. **THE END**

slow boat to catalina

(Continued from page 48) After that, we took turns at entertaining. Ricardo rendered "Baby, It's Cold Outside." Suzanne's version of "Truly Truly Fair"—complete with French accent—brought down the boat. Barbara and Bill were halfway through their duet on the tune that goes, "Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main," when our good ship took to its motors.

"Full speed ahead for Catalina," shouted Al.

"This," cried Marsh over the roar, "is a challenge."

With that, he promptly took ukulele in hand and proceeded to contest the engine power with a little of the Thompson lung power. The engine won.

"And I always thought sailing would be such hard work," ventured Barbara Hale, as she sat on deck and enjoyed the sun.

Suzanne got up and wandered past the wheel. "May I drive for a while?" she asked.

So for the next hour, under the captain's guidance, Suzanne drove the boat. Fortunately there wasn't much traffic that morning. And once we all got used to the idea, we relaxed while Marsh and Ric and Bill tried to see who could tell the tallest tales about their boating adventures. Marsh has a small sloop of his own, and has taken it through some pretty big storms. He was launching into stories of high winds and waves when Betty Rempp called lunch.

All hands pitched gleefully into the baskets of sandwiches, and fried chicken, and potato chips, and salad. And Barbara stepped down into the galley to help Betty brew the coffee. Coffee, however, was a long time in coming. The boat gave a lurch and the coffepot was tossed off the stove.

"Hey, there's Catalina!" someone shouted. And sure enough, there it was.

"So fast," said Barbara, delightedly. "How do we get ashore?"

"Take a taxi," Bill replied nonchalantly.

He wasn't kidding. When we got as close to land as permissible, we signaled for a water taxi and went ashore. "Let's have that coffee now," Ricardo suggested.

By the time we'd finished, a good stiff breeze was blowing. "Shall we explore the island?" asked Marsh halfheartedly.

"The wind might go away," I said, feeling like Miss Davy Jones.

"We'd have to use the motors again on the way back," added Barbara.

So Al, being a man of action and understanding, stepped out and hailed a launch.

"I'll help with the jib sail," I told Ric.

"I'll drive part-way," grinned Barbara.

"Never had such an efficient crew," Al smiled.

We set sail. And with wind. The afternoon sun was beaming down and we were all turning pink instead of green. The sky was blue and the ocean matched. Quite a color scheme.

Halfway home we found ourselves with escorts. Barby saw them first—a school of dolphins, playing alongside of the boat.

"There's Wilmington," Suzanne pointed out a little sadly when she sighted home.

Georgianna Montalban and Barbara Thompson were waiting on the dock. "How was the excursion?" they wanted to know.

So our happy crowd told them, just before we went into a huddle to set another date to sail to Catalina. "See you at the Inn, in the meantime," said the Williams.

"You bet," said I. Only I couldn't tell them the real reason I'd be lunching with them. Secretly, I wanted to eat a few of the words I'd been thinking about "gruesome boats." A matter of principle with a prospective girl-yachtsman. **THE END**

"My morning kiss of Suave"

KEEPS MY HAIR PERFECTLY IN PLACE

the girl who won gable back

(Continued from page 47) few close friends—said recently, "If Clark can ever get divorced from his present wife (and I don't think it will be easy—it will probably drag on and on and on)—he'd be a darn fool if he didn't marry Virginia Grey. Here's why:

"This girl wants absolutely nothing from Gable, no money, no position, no false prestige. She is one of the few thoroughly honest women he's ever known. She only wants to love him.

"She has known him for years, and yet she's never asked him to use his influence to get her any sort of a job. She's been in more than a hundred pictures since the age of nine, and she's taken her chances with the casting directors like any other girl. She's a fine actress, she knows the business, and whenever Gable's found the going tough, he's usually ended up at her house out in Encino, letting off steam."

Even in Hollywood, few persons know anything about the Gable-Grey entente.

They can tell you all about Gable and Dolly O'Brien, Gable and Iris Bynum, Gable and half a dozen other beauties. But Virginia Grey is a part of Clark's life he's kept to himself.

If you ask him about Virginia Grey now, as one reporter recently did, he says, "Good actress." If you ask him please to elaborate, he says, "Nice kid." If you ask him whether he's in love with Virginia Grey or has been in love with her, he grins and says, "Nice day for fishing."

SIMILARLY, Virginia Grey will say very little about Gable. When Clark was married to Lady Ashley, Virginia told a friend, "Mrs. Gable is a very lucky woman. In Paw" (that's her nickname for Clark) "she has one of the nicest human beings God ever made."

Once, when a studio executive expressed the opinion that Gable was pretty tight with a dollar, in fact, still had the first nickel he'd ever made, Virginia happened to hear the crack. Executive or not, she let the big shot have it, but good.

"Listen Mr. Big-Mouth," she said, "I'm no authority on Clark Gable, but I can tell you he's one of the most generous men who ever lived. When Otto Winkler (a press agent) was killed in that plane crash with Carole Lombard, who took care of Otto's widow? Maybe you don't know it, but it was Mr. Gable who built a house in the valley for her."

Basically a gentle, refined sort of girl, Virginia Grey isn't given to outbursts—



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but when she finally lets loose. Brother! Watch out! She shoots straight and hard.

She let loose that day, but the executive who was on the receiving end of her blast took it nonchalantly. "She's obviously in love with the guy," he explained. "If Gable were to hold up the Chase National Bank tomorrow, she'd want him to be awarded the Legion of Merit."

There is no doubt that Virginia Grey is in love with Gable. Long before Sylvia Ashley dazzled him with her British accent and her imperial social manner, Ginny and Paw used to dine on meat and potatoes at Paw's ranch house in Encino.

It was during these homey meals that Ginny learned all about Clark's days as an oil-well driller, a lumberjack, and a stock actor. She learned how genuinely Clark admires talent, how he comes by his Dutch stubbornness through both his parents, William and Adeline Hershelman Gable.

She learned that basically Gable is a shy, retiring man; that despite his years of stage experience, he actually trembles when he has to appear in front of a microphone.

She learned that Gable shies away from people, because over the years so many people have tried to capitalize on him, to take advantage of him. She learned that the old tale of his keeping Carole Lombard's room exactly as it was at the time of her death was completely untrue.

In short, she learned more about Gable than any other woman ever has. And learning about him, she got to understand him, his basically conservative yet generous nature, his insistence upon remaining down-to-earth. She came to understand why he attributed his acting success to luck, and why he's hung his dressing room with photos of the days when he was a starving young actor. Across these photos, Gable has written one inscription, "Just to remind you, Gable."

VIRGINIA Grey first met Clark in 1937. She was 20, a child star turned adult. He was 36, the heart throb of the nation. He was very much in love with Carole Lombard, the best screwball comedienne in the business, and he looked upon Virginia as a talented young girl who might one day reach stardom.

In 1937, Gable was making *Saratoga* with Jean Harlow when she suddenly took ill and died. The front office didn't know what to do with *Saratoga* since it was almost finished. They decided to test three actresses for the Harlow role, figuring that judicious use of close-ups and long shots might yet complete the film without the fans realizing that another actress had been substituted for Harlow.

The three actresses tested were Rita 9

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Johnson, Virginia Bruce, and Virginia Grey.

"Because he thought I had ability and for no other reason," Virginia Grey has said, "Gable agreed to make the test with me. He was very kind and very helpful, and I think we worked well together. Unfortunately, I didn't get the role.

"Clark was very apologetic. He realized that when a girl is 20, she dreams and hopes a lot, so he came up to me one day and said, 'I'm sorry, kid, that it didn't work out. But there'll be other pictures.' And there were, too.

"When Clark made *Test Pilot* and *Idiot's Delight*, I had small roles in them. I'm sure I got them because he spoke for me. He didn't have to. I meant nothing to him. He was engaged to Carole Lombard at the time. He was just being the nice, sweet guy he's always been. We'd see each other around the lot, and he'd always have a kind word.

"After he married Carole in 1939, I'd still run into him at the studio, but less frequently. He'd ask me how things were coming along. I'd tell him, and we'd go our separate ways. Just professional acquaintances."

Less than three years later, Carole was killed in an airplane crash near Las Vegas.

Gable was really shattered by Carole's death and announced that he was quitting pictures for the Air Force. "I want to be a machine-gunner on a plane," he said, "and I want to be sent where the going is tough."

Shipped to England in 1943, Gable was put to work producing a film to attract recruits for aerial gunnery training. With the help of a six-man crew, he shot 50,000 feet of film showing combat conditions over Antwerp, the Ruhr Valley, and southern France.

When he returned to Hollywood to edit his film, he met Virginia Grey once again. The date was December 20th, 1943. Ironically enough, six years later, on that very same date, Gable was to marry Sylvia Ashley.

In 1943, however, marriage was farthest from Gable's mind. He was happy that he could spend Christmas in the United States. When Jill Winkler, Otto's widow, invited him over for a little Christmas cheer, he was genuinely thrilled. When he found, too, that Virginia Grey was also there, he was overjoyed.

He rushed over to her, picked her up in his arms, and gave her a big kiss. "Gosh," he said, "it's good to see you."

That was the beginning.

In uniform and out, Clark started seeing lots of Virginia Grey. They would dine either at his house or hers, never in public. During six years, Gable and Grey were seen by the Hollywood public only three times, twice dining at the Beverly Club, and once at the Los Angeles Tennis Club matches.

Yet they dated each other several times a month.

THE idea of going out in public was never discussed between them. When Virginia was asked by a friend why she didn't make Clark take her to the hotspots and the previews, she answered, "I'm content doing anything he wants to do. If he likes fishing, I like fishing. If he wants to go hunting up around Bakersfield, I want to go hunting. If he wants to park the car at the airport and watch the planes come in, I want the same thing. It makes no difference to me whether we're seen in public or not. I just like being with him any place any time."

Gable regarded Ginny as "the old reliable," the girl who would always be there. For a time, there was talk that Ginny would marry Richard Arlen, but that

came to nothing.

There was talk, too, that Gable would marry again, but as far as Clark was concerned, marriage was out. He had and still has a faithful secretary in Mrs. Jean Garson, a former secretary to Carole Lombard. The daily housekeeping routine of paying bills, ordering food, answering mail, and all the rest of it is still taken care of by her.

Many people insist that one cause of the present break-up between Lady Sylvia and Clark was Sylvia's inability to get along with Mrs. Garson.

Anyway, as long as he had Mrs. Garson to look after things, Gable was never in a hurry to get married. He never proposed to Ginny.

Had she been more ambitious, more devious, Ginny might have forced the play. She isn't the type.

"Sure, I love him," she confessed to her sister, "but thousands of people have been trying to marry him off for years. Why don't they just stop match-making? When the right time comes for Clark to marry, he'll get married, but not before."

Gable kidded himself into believing that December 20, 1949, was the right time for him. That was the day he and Sylvia Ashley were married at Alisal Ranch. They went to Honolulu on a honeymoon, while Virginia Grey remained at Encino, and wept.

The alibi of a drunken driver is usually, "I didn't know I was loaded."—Red Skelton as quoted by Irving Hoffman in The Hollywood Reporter.

Like all good troupers, however, she went back to work. Whenever reporters asked her about Gable, she insisted that he was a wonderful man, and that she hoped he was very happy.

But Gable wasn't very happy. Early this year, it was no secret that his fourth marriage was on the rocks.

Just before leaving for Honolulu aboard George Vanderbilt's yacht, Sylvia Gable filed a divorce action charging grievous mental cruelty. That was in June. On her return to California, she moved out to her beach house, and Gable went to work in *Lone Star*, with Ava Gardner.

He got lonely. After a hard day's work, there was an empty house to greet him, and no one to visit but Howard Strickling, the MGM press director who lived across the road. But he saw Howard practically every day at the studio.

It might take years before he could technically call himself a single man, but certainly Clark had no wife to come home to.

What was more natural for Clark than to call up Ginny Grey, the girl he could depend on for loyalty and friendship? Well, he called her, and now they take rides together and swap stories, as they did in the old days. No one ever sees them in public, because Clark likes to give the impression that he's through with women.

There are some who insist that Gable loves Virginia Grey as he might love a kid sister. Others say that if he did love her at all, he would have married her years ago. The smart money, however, points out that Clark didn't realize what a gem he had in Ginny until he went ahead and married someone else. They say that by remaining herself, Ginny has won back the King.

Whether she has or hasn't only time will tell. But if there's a fifth Mrs. Gable it may well be Virginia Grey.

She's the best thing in Gable's life since Carole Lombard. **THE END**

she's the marrying kind

(Continued from page 44) but the marriage didn't last, and the reasons for its failure don't belong in this story. However, when it ended, Vera was a heartbroken and disillusioned girl. In Cincinnati, Vera's birthplace, in the Lutheran church which she attended, and in her own family circle, divorce was frowned upon. Vera struggled within herself for months, and by the time she made her final decision to get a divorce, she had become a star in Hollywood. While she was separated from her husband the bachelors around town were constantly calling her for dates, but Vera felt it most improper to go out with other men while she was still legally married. By the time she sued for her divorce, she had been a recluse so long that she felt awkward about going out. Once Vera made the plunge and began accepting invitations, she had to learn all over again about candlelight and wine.

In the following years she was squired by practically every eligible man in town. "If a girl's in pictures," she says modestly, "she doesn't have to be very bright to attract men."

THE remark is typical of Vera's down-to-earth career and Hollywood itself. She realizes that the adulation stars receive is often due to their position in life. Her sense of values is old-fashioned enough to reap the approval of any Mothers' Sunday School Society in the U.S.A.

When she met Rock, she wasn't immediately impressed. It happened at Ciro's one night when Vera was there with a group of people. Rock was with his agent and discoverer, Henry Willson.

"I wonder if I could meet her," Rock said to Henry.

"Certainly," said Henry

Vera remembers now how big Rock seemed. He's six-feet-three and she is just five feet tall. When he danced with her, she came up to his chest but she noted with satisfaction that Rock was amazingly light on his feet and had a fine sense of rhythm. For his part, Rock was highly nervous. He was dancing with Vera-Ellen, one of the finest hoofers in Hollywood, and it gave him a sinking sensation. He felt shakier than the situation warranted, however. It could have been the immediate attraction that Vera had for him (although to this day Rock will admit nothing) or it could have been that Vera's stardom gave him a sense of fright.

Rock was new to Hollywood then and expensive nightclubs had him spinning. In the first place, Rock is a nice, sensible guy, and nightclubs didn't appeal to him. But his studio insisted that he be seen and photographed in the popular spots as frequently as possible. "Nobody's going to take your picture if you're sitting at home listening to a symphony," they told him. The night he met Vera-Ellen was the first time Rock was glad he had heeded the studio's advice.

They began dating, quietly and easily. They went swimming, driving, had dinner together. The attraction began to grow, and soon Rock was dating no one else. As long as he took Vera to places populated with press photographers, his studio was happy. But when they noticed that Vera continued dating other men, and that Rock stayed at home on those nights, they began to insist that he squire other girls. In the meantime, the press had noted his preference and columns were full of references to the romance. Then later, squibs began appearing to the effect that the romance had folded, because Vera had been seen somewhere with A. C. Lyles, or with

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pay off—in fun, popularity; even in loot, sometimes. And you'll find it pays, confidence-wise, to choose the sanitary napkin that prevents revealing outlines. Kotex! Thanks to those special *flat pressed ends*, you're free from telltale outline woe!



How can you "k. o." Christmas jitters?

☐ Wrap as you shop

☐ Stock up on cologne

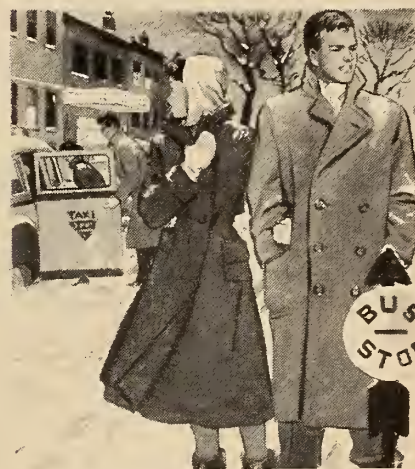
☐ Take a night off

Want to know how to beat that last-minute deadline? (1) Wrap your gifts in advance, as you buy them. (2) Take an evening off, to address your cards. (3) Prepare for gal friends' unexpected presents—with extra bottles of cologne. And lest your *calendar* catch you unprepared—stock up on Kotex, in all 3 *absorbencies*. That special *safety center* gives you extra protection; k. o.'s accident worries.



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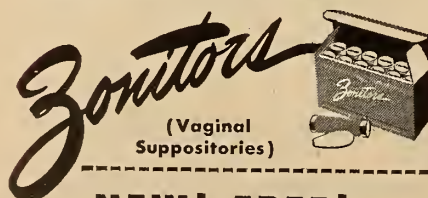
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Arthur Loew, or other eligible men.

Vera was acting sensibly, but not in the pattern of Hollywood. Vera does not believe in going steadily with any man unless there is a definite engagement between them. And Hollywood publicity is a funny thing. If a star is married, she's supposed to stay home and hover over her family; but if she's single she is supposed to be out—all the time. It is believed necessary to the success of a career, and knowing that Rock could not afford a steady diet of the top night spots, Vera simply continued dating others.

A YEAR ago, Rock asked Vera to marry him. She didn't give him a yes or no answer. They came to the agreement that it was too soon to decide. Each of them regards a career as very important, and Rock was not yet financially able to enter marriage with a star. Vera told him candidly that she wants her husband to pay the rent and the groceries, and to have a well-established professional position. Rock agreed with her. So they dropped the subject, and things went on as before until Vera-Ellen left for England to make *Happy Go Lovely*. It was their first long separation, and they both realized that with the other absent, something very important seemed to be missing.

When Vera returned to Hollywood last fall, they were seen together almost constantly. It was then that they knew they were on the brink of becoming serious. They drew back as one person.

"I'd marry Vera," Rock told a friend at that time, "but I'm too broke."

The financial aspect of it, on Vera's part, had little to do with a decision. What bothered her was that she knew Rock wouldn't be happy until his name was as big in the business as hers.

Vera says she is also waiting for something else. Having been in Hollywood five years, she has seen too many newcomers lose their heads and all sense of proportion when success comes. With his success in *The Iron Man* and the new *Bend of the River*, in which he co-stars with Jimmy Stewart and Arthur Kennedy, he is a sure-fire bet for top stardom.

Vera herself wasn't aware of this until she saw him for the first time on the screen. One night, realizing she had never seen his work, she took her mother to a double feature, *Winchester 73* and *Peggy*. Rock had minor roles in both of them, and when he made his first appearance Vera's mother gasped. "Why, I know him!" she said. "He's the one who raids our ice-box!"

ALREADY the bobby-soxers have latched on to Rock's good looks, and his overnight popularity is not far away. Vera is still overly cautious about marriage.

"I think too much, I guess," she says. Rock understands, though. In fact, they are very similar in disposition. They love the same things—the water skiing up at Lake Arrowhead on Sundays, dancing, roast beef, dogs, quiet evenings in front of a fireplace, music—the list is endless. They both love to eat, particularly when it's Rock's mother who has cooked the dinner.

In the middle of a conversation one night he said that if they got married, he'd like to take her to his grandfather's farm in Illinois for their honeymoon. "I think that would be wonderful," Vera said. "Better than Honolulu or any place like that."

Even their failings are similar. Both of them forget about phone calls, are always late for appointments, careless about little things, and it's a toss-up as to which is the worse procrastinator. Vera finishes work for the day in *Belle of New York*, then takes a dancing lesson, loses all sense of time, and is an hour late for a date. Or

Rock will wander into the gym at his studio and start boxing, and forget to show up. Always, the one who is kept waiting is furious, but can say nothing about it, for it would be a case of the pot calling the kettle black.

Rock Hudson, according to his friends, was a wonderful and humble guy when he started on his Hollywood career, and more important, still is. All signs point to the fact that his feet will stay firmly on the ground when the adulation of the fans starts pouring over him. Vera still feels a little misplaced in Hollywood. There is no hauteur about her, no false pretence. She doesn't try to be "sharp," doesn't bend over backward to effect fast repartee in her conversation. She speaks the same way she did the day she left Cincinnati. As a matter of fact, Vera is trying to live a Cincinnati life in Hollywood—and Rock's trying to live a Winnetka life in Hollywood. Cincinnati and Winnetka are two of the many places in America where men and women know each other for a long time, sometimes many years, before they decide that they have a solid basis for a happy marriage.

Vera is slightly amused by the contradictory reports of the press. "If somebody says we've cooled off," she says, "it means we haven't been to Ciro's or the Mocambo recently. Then we go to a premiere together, and the next day a columnist has us engaged again." But she's fair about it, too. "I don't blame them for being confused. We don't have it straight ourselves."

To the suggested possibility that she and Rock have nothing more than friendship between them, she gives her head a quick little shake and says, "Oh, no—it isn't anything like that! I'm attracted to him—definitely." But she admits that this is different, that there is none of the flutter which accompanied her first love. She wonders if that sort of youthful excitement ever happens again, or if a second love is always more mature, a quieter thing that makes companionship more important.

Vera hasn't said, in so many words, that her love is deep enough for marriage. It's still possible that some day a man will come along whose charm will sweep all of her caution into a cocked hat. At any rate, no matter who gets her hand, Vera-Ellen is well worth trying for. Men date the sleek and snooty glamor girls for conquest and excitement, but Vera is the type men marry.

THE END

PHOTO CREDITS

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

6-7—Modern Screen Staff, 10—Lt. Bob Beerman, Rt. Wide World, 14—RKO, 37—Acme, 38-39—Bob Landry, 40—Lt. MGM, Cen. Fred Hess & Son, Rt. Walt Davis, 41—Top Lucas & Monroe, Rt. Bot. Modern Screen Staff, Cen. Bot. MGM, Lt. Bot. Jules Buck, 42—Powolny of 20th Century-Fox, 43—Top Parry-Beerman, Bot. Globe Photo, 44-45—Bob Beerman, 46-47—Beerman-Parry, 50—Bob Beerman, 51—Lt. Associated Press, Rt. Globe Photo, 52—Bud Fraker, 53—Joe Heppner, 54-55—Paramount, 56—Top Globe Photo, Bot. Bob Beerman, 57—Bert Parry, 58—Bob Beerman, 59—3 Top Beerman-Parry, Bot. MGM, 60—ABC network, 61—NBC network, 62—Warner Bros., 64—Bob Beerman, 65-66—MGM, 68—Parry-Beerman, 75-79—Bob Beerman, William Stone, 98—Bob Beerman.

Continued from page 66) of nothing with housewife-wizardry and motherly love.

There weren't many movies or fancy trips for the Keels. The whole family pitched in to paint and paper the house whenever redecorating was needed. They shared in other projects by which honest families exhibit their self respect.

They also shared the farm! Grace Keel was the oldest of five children of the Oster-camps, who had 110 acres not far from Gillespie. There were Sunday dinners or picnics out at Grandma and Grandpa's. There were two or three week vacations for the boys there, too; quantities of rich milk from the herd of Jersey cows; platters heaped with fried chicken from the egg-money flocks; crocks heaped with Grandma's delicious cookies. And the woods were filled with wonders for Harry, as he was called, to explore.

All these filled the wonderfully happy days before Howard was 11, before the day his father suddenly died.

Then Howard's mother had to take over. It would have been simpler, perhaps, for Mrs. Keel to have taken her boys and moved in with her parents, but she was determined not to impose on her now elderly parents. Instead she supported her boys by doing the things she knew best—baking crusty bread, washing and ironing, nursing here, and cleaning there.

"I used to take for granted the things my mother did for us before that," Howard says briefly but with feeling. "I guess most kids just think it's coming to them. But when she had to go out to do them for others to earn money to take care of me, that was different."

Howard's brother was old enough to join the Civilian Conservation Corps which the government designed to get able young men off the breadlines into some productive work. He, however, was too young to join the CCC to relieve his mother of his care. Howard brooded over being a burden to her. In his desperate effort to do something about it, he took to riding the rails to various towns looking for work. Sometimes the cops caught him and sent him back. Sometimes he came home of his own accord. But he'd always wind up jobless, bewildered and hopeless.

There were those who called him "a wild one" but his mother didn't listen. Neither did his public school music teacher who'd watched him listen to a tune once and immediately reproduce it on his trombone.

"Howard," she told him, "you have a very rare gift. You have a perfect musical ear! If you'd just practice, you could go anywhere you want to in the music field someday," she insisted repeatedly.

But someday didn't interest Howard. He was worried about the present, and was too busy scheming schemes which might bring immediate money into the house to waste time practicing. So busy that his health began to fail.

Grace Keel saw what was happening, so she packed their old model A and headed West. They settled in the mild climate of Fallbrook, California, a town of about 1,000, not far from the CCC camp where Howard's brother was located. Mrs. Keel settled into the pattern of washings, ironings, sewing, bread-baking and whatever other work she could get. It was hard going, but her reward was seeing Howard's health return fast. He grew rugged enough to play on the high school's football, basketball, and baseball teams. Rugged enough to get into mischief, and earn himself the reputation of being one of the boys most likely to be called to the principal's office—

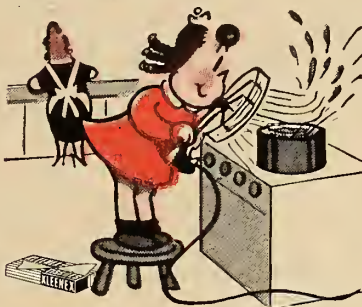
Timely Tips by Little Lulu

HOW DO YOU SCORE ON THESE HELPFUL WAYS TO SAVE?

To remove grease from soup, try —

- ☐ Lettuce ☐ A fan

Skim grease off soup by dousing lettuce leaf with cold water, then pass leaf over soup surface. To skim through kitchen chores, use Kleenex. It's a grease-getter! Grand for "mop-ups." Only Kleenex has that handy Serv-a-Tissue box!



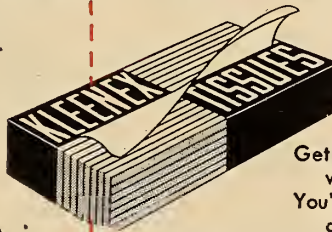
Which makes hemming easier?

- ☐ Needlework ☐ Bobby pins

Why bother basting? Fold hem to right length and fasten with bobby pins, every few inches. Saves work; time. Like Kleenex—the handy tissue with a "zillion" uses. Gentle, pure, you won't find any weak spots or hard particles in Kleenex.

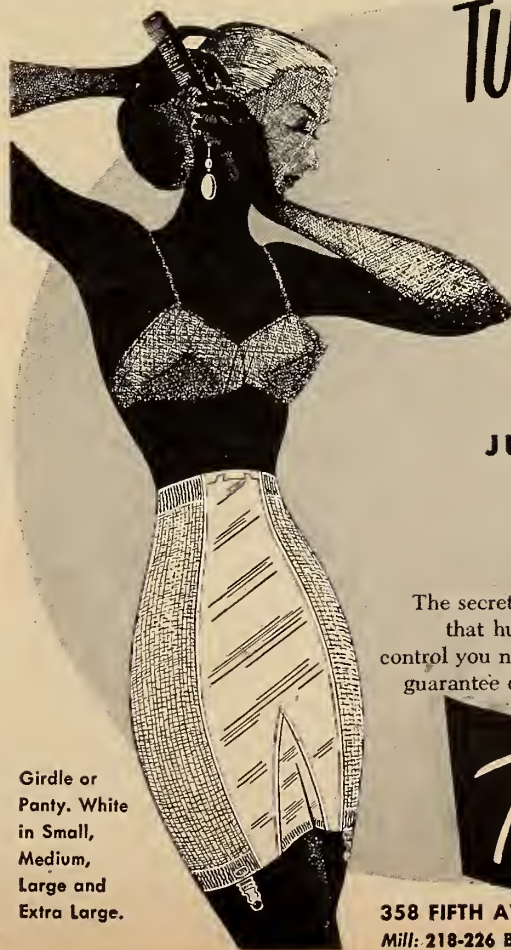
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Be sure to get this dainty jewel-black plastic purse container, at no extra charge, with each package of Pursettes (looks like a small lighter or compact).

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"And not for anything petty either," Howard recalls dryly. Despite his native intelligence, he kept his grades at the danger point, and just managed to graduate with his class.

All the time, though, he managed to get odd jobs after school to help out. Remembering them today, he covers them with, "Oh, just anything I could get. Washing dishes in restaurants and things like that."

ONE of his stories about Grandma Osterkamp reveals another kind of work he did. "One time during World War I when hired hands weren't to be had, Grandpa was trying to get the last of the silage in before dark, and a threatening storm. He asked Grandma if she'd just round up their herd of Jerseys and get them into the barn where he could milk them by lantern light. Quite a bit later, he went to the barn and found she'd milked every one of them—22 to be exact." After telling the story he'll ask, "Ever milk a cow? Looks simple, but unless you're really used to it, you get an ache all the way up your arm." And as he pantomimes an experienced milker's routine, one gets the idea that Grandma wasn't the only one in the family who has sat on a three-legged stool for hours.

School out, he headed for Los Angeles where he got jobs in restaurants, once as a singing waiter. Those jobs generally ended in explosive scenes since young Howard had determined not to take any guff from anybody, and restaurant patrons aren't always straight out of Emily Post. Finally he landed a job as a mechanic at Douglas Aircraft in Santa Monica. Things had never been so good. He loved to work with his hands; and besides it meant a steady weekly pay-check for the Keels again.

Somewhere about this time a hasty, youthful marriage took place. It is impossible to say more about it. Howard himself never mentions it. And when queried, his former co-workers at Douglas don't remember anything about it, though they remember Howard well. It is as if this short-lived romance never existed.

While at Douglas, Howard entered the adult education program at Los Angeles High School, studying voice with the night class. As only one of 40 in the class he obviously didn't get private lessons.

"But those classmates provided an audience," he'll tell you. "The most critical I've ever faced. They didn't mind telling you off one bit!" he smiles, undoubtedly remembering some particularly sharp personal criticism.

That class provided the springboard which bounced him to his present stardom. One of the members managed to land a small role in an English language opera being presented in nearby Pasadena. Unable to appear at the last minute, he sent Howard in his place.

In the audience was the late George Huston, a fine professional actor and singer of radio, stage and screen. Huston's hobby was helping promising young talent. And successfully too, as John Raitt, Brian Sullivan and other present stars can attest. Through Huston's interest, and under his guidance Howard lost his "I-only-sing-for-fun" attitude toward his voice. Convinced by Huston that he might really go places if he took his talent seriously, Howard settled down to do so.

In the meantime, he was progressing at Douglas, too. After a short stint at North American Aviation, Douglas called him back to a better job as an outside manufacturing representative. This job meant considerable cross country travel.

The traveling job made it possible for him to enter some scattered music contests. He won the annual Mississippi Valley Festival Singing Contest while in East

Moline, Illinois. Before he moved on, the director, Dr. Bulard, who Howard remembers with deep gratitude, fixed it for him to enter Chicago's big musical contest. Howard walked away with the prize there, too. His triumph in the big city led to professional concert dates in Rockford, Illinois; Davenport, and Muscatine, Iowa.

With a couple of professional appearances under his belt, he auditioned for the National Concert Agency back in California. They sent him to audition for Oscar Hammerstein II. The famous writer-producer promptly hired him as vacation replacement for John Raitt in the Broadway production of *Carousel*.

"I didn't have any stage fright then. I didn't know enough to," Howard says now. "It wasn't until I substituted for Curley in *Oklahoma!* that I got scared. Once you've succeeded in walking on stage, singing and being charming throughout that first act, you're constantly scared you can never do it again. I've never had to be pushed on the stage the way some veterans as well as newcomers have, but I was terrified all right. Remember, I'd had no real musical training—just a little experience and a lot of luck which I wasn't used to.

Shelley Winters' latest quote: 'I want to succeed so badly I'm willing to work for it.'

Hedda Hopper in
The New York Daily News

"But I soon got the musical help I needed. Frank Vespia, a swell guy who sang in the *Oklahoma!* chorus, hounded me into going to his voice coach, 'Papa' Rossi. Papa had retired as a star of the San Carlos Opera Company, and now helped young singers. He listened to me go through a few bars, made no fuss whatsoever, just said he'd coach me. It took me awhile to realize how fine he really was. Just being with him was inspiring. Not only did he do more for me vocally than anyone else could—he was a good friend."

With his own natural talent, and Papa's help, Howard fulfilled the hopes of Rodgers and Hammerstein so well on Broadway, that they selected him for the role of Curley in their London company of *Oklahoma!* "London was wonderful!" Howard says.

LONDON was just as enthusiastic about him. He was a tremendous hit there. Such a hit that he got his first movie role there—in the British picture *The Small Voice*. This in turn brought him Hollywood's serious attention, with MGM holding out the biggest bait of the season, the lead role in *Annie Get Your Gun*.

But better than professional prestige, London gave him the girl. Helen Anderson came from Florida to England to dance in the chorus of *Oklahoma!* Howard took her home to California, and they were married in historic Mission Inn in Riverside, on January 3, 1949. The following year a daughter was born.

That's about all anybody knows about his immediate family. For although Helen makes some rare public appearances with him, Howard won't let out a peep about his family if his vis-a-vis happens to be a reporter. He might let it drop that he went to Florida last summer to meet his wife's parents for the first time. He'll even admit that he liked the folks and the town they live in. But don't ask him what town!

He might let loose with a few four-letter words concerning nosey reporters. He might give a short character sketch of actors who climb to stardom on publicity rather than talent. He might turn on his fabulous charm, a charm that can make anybody forget what they came for, and

just be happy with what they've got.

But more likely, he'll switch deftly to a story about Grandma Osterkamp. Maybe about the time, years ago, when she had to have all her teeth pulled. She drove the horse and buggy the 18 miles to the dentist, had the work done, and then drove back to the farm where she bustled around getting dinner for her husband, five children, and the hired hands! Howard will explain, "She wasn't pushed into it. She didn't do it to make a good story. She did it because she wanted to do it for her own satisfaction. And not for anybody else's."

Howard believes that's what makes her so wonderfully different. That's why he wants to be just like her. That's why he lives the way he does . . . for his own satisfaction. And the rest of the world will just have to be satisfied with that. THE END

what men have done to me

(Continued from page 63) stay with me when she occasionally comes to Hollywood. I'm grateful for her interest in my career, and I try to demonstrate my gratitude.

Grips and gaffers and electricians who work on my pictures refer to me as a pretty good egg. I try to be.

Stories that I act like a prima donna on the set are laughable. I remember only too well when I myself worked in the line as a chorus girl. I am no haughty, snobbish social climber; no lonely, embittered woman obsessed with her career.

Thanks to Douglas, I try to live graciously. I work and will continue to work because I love it, and because I also have four children to support.

WHEN I'm wrong about anything, I admit it readily. It took time to learn how to do it, but I learned. Only a year or so ago, I was making a picture with Vincent Sherman, a very fine director. Somehow, I couldn't follow his direction. I lost my temper and in front of the entire crew, cried, "I just don't know what you want me to do. I don't think you do yourself."

Five minutes later, I was back on the set. "Ladies and gentlemen," I said, "a little while ago you heard me blow my top at Mr. Sherman. In front of all of you, I should now like to apologize."

That's no great accomplishment, of course—but it was a man who taught me that the admission of error is an integral part of character.

When I'm wrong I up and say I'm wrong. I don't dilly-dally about it. I try to treat my associates with fairness and honesty. I pay my secretary and the children's nurse as much as I can possibly afford. I learned a long time ago that chiseling on help never pays.

I also learned from a man that there is more to marriage than sex—mind you, I'm not knocking it—but love is infinitely more than that.

It was Franchot Tone, my second husband, who contributed greatly to my intellectual development, and I don't mind admitting it one bit.

Franchot was a Phi Beta Kappa at Cornell. He came from a line of distinguished ancestors. Wolfe Tone, the great Irish revolutionary, was one of his forebears.

Franchot helped me cultivate a strong liking for literature and art and opera. When I was going through that stage, I used to have as many people of culture and taste for dinner and Sunday breakfast as I could possibly manage.

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A few of the gossip columnists made fun of me. They mocked me, called me "Lady Crawford." I was burned up, but only for a while because I realized they had a job to do. If they wanted to kid me—well, I think the years have proven pretty conclusively that I'm one actress who can take it.

There is nothing shameful about the pursuit of knowledge. If my folks had been wealthy, perhaps I would have been sent to finishing school and a good university, and after that a year abroad. But they weren't wealthy; and I've always had to make my own way. It takes brain power to do that.

Franchot helped me develop that brain power, to channel it into a better understanding of the arts. I love to read. I now understand good music. Looking at a really fine painting means something to me. I perceive the artistic motivation behind the work. People aren't born with a sense of art appreciation. They have to learn, to be taught. I was taught by a man.

My house today is pretty well-decorated. I have some fine paintings. They reflect my taste. Taste doesn't come to a woman overnight. It's a gradual process compounded of trial and error and integration.

It was also Franchot who taught me a few things about a dollar. "Acting," he pointed out, "isn't a very secure profession, my dear. Save a few bucks while you can."

I listened and I invested some of my savings in real estate. I own an apartment house in Beverly Hills, and it's pretty good income property. During the years I wasn't working—after I left Metro and before I went to Warner Brothers—that income came in mighty handy.

I am not tight with a dollar, and so far as I can see or read—no one has ever accused me of that. I'm not going into a long list of my charities, but I believe money is meant to be spent, and I've spent plenty of it on all things, including dozens of worthwhile charities.

I've made bad investments, too—but there's no sense in crying over spilled milk. It was a man who taught me that, too. Forgive me, if I don't mention his name. There are a few things about my love-life I prefer not to share.

Practically everything I know I've been taught by men... not only the good things like kindness, humility, graciousness, and being a regular fellow. They taught me perseverance, and how to fight and hold on.

I remember how many people came up to me after I left Metro and said, "Joan, you're being foolish. What difference does it make? Suppose your parts aren't so hot. It's still money."

"If you believe in something firmly enough," I answered, "then you should be ready to fight for it." Well, I fought until I got the parts I wanted. I went without work for more than two years. Fair-weather friends left me by the dozen. Reporters ignored me. Gossip columnists said I wasn't news any more. I went all through that, but I hung on until I got the right role. It was *Mildred Pierce*, and it won me an Academy Award.

I've also fought to keep my marriages going. I remember the time an actor who, supposedly, was a deep friend of mine kept pumping such verbal rubbish into my husband's ear as, "Why don't you step out on Joan? I know some real cute girls over at the studio."

This actor proceeded to get my husband drunk. They went out on a double date, and I got wind of the fact. I wasn't worried about the actor. I was worried about my husband.

After all, the girl in question might have blackmailed him or involved us in a pretty

huge scandal. I found my husband with this so-called "cutie." I took him home and sobered him up. He was apologetic and grateful. I myself was terribly hurt but by holding on and fighting, I saved our marriage, at least for a while.

If a girl wants anything in this world—and I still believe it's a man's world—she has to fight for it. Maybe she doesn't show she's fighting. Maybe she appears sweet, simple, feminine, and naive but underneath she must be imbued with some sort of drive, some sort of push, or she will never get anywhere.

As I said before, I am in the position fortunate or unfortunate—however you look at it—of having to support myself and four children.

This is a little rough. I should much prefer to be married to a millionaire, to sit on my south side most of the day, relax in the sun, and sport a beautiful tan. But no can do. I must work.

When you work in a man's world, you adopt some of the male accoutrement. I am direct. I call a spade a spade. I make decisions quickly. I keep my word. When I make a date with anyone, male or female, that date is kept. I value friendship too highly to endanger it.

If you read anywhere that Joan Crawford is not in the market for marriage—that she's had her fill of it, that she's been reported as saying, "No more husbands for me!"—it is pure poppycock.

I am not disillusioned with marriage. I am still the most perfect state for man and woman. I would marry tomorrow if the right fellow came along—so there!

The fact that I've been married three times in the past, I regret. I regret that they weren't lasting. Some of the blame must have been mine. I readily accept a share, and am wiser now. I know a little more about life and men and the birds and the bees, and if I walk down the aisle again it will probably be for keeps.

Actors generally don't make good husbands, so the chances are I won't marry an actor. But then again, a girl can never tell.

At the moment, I am not sour, embittered, man-crazy, money-mad, domineering, haughty, snobbish, or condescending.

I am a normal woman in the prime of life who works for a living as an actress. I love fans who ask me for autographs. I sign all of them. I love to pose with moviegoers. I love to answer their mail. I'm flattered when they go see me in motion pictures. I get a thrill when I buy a new gown. It does my ego a world of good when three men call up and ask for a date in the same evening.

In short, I am a normal woman with normal desires, and normal habits.

Anything said to the contrary is simply untrue.

THE END

(Joan Crawford will soon be seen in Warners' *This Woman Is Dangerous*.—Ed.)



Director Vince Sherman once got public apology from Joan. She learned "to err is human."

what now, princess?

(Continued from page 38) few questions," he young woman replied.

"You're a reporter!" Rita screamed. She matched the two children away, ran to the door and flung it open. "Get out!" she shouted. "Get out!"

The girl, who was a reporter for a local Los Angeles newspaper, did just that.

That incident was only the beginning. All that day, reporters kept streaming in and out of the hotel. After a while, the desk clerk discarded the ridiculous pretense that "Miss Hayworth isn't even registered here."

As for Rita, she almost went out of her mind. The phone would ring, and she would pick it up.

"A call for you, Miss Hayworth."

"Find out who it is, please."

"It's your father."

"Very well, I'll take it."

Only it wasn't her father, and it wasn't her brother, and it wasn't her agent or any of the other people she really wanted to speak to. It was the newspaper boys.

"We have a report from Aly Khan in Paris," said one. "Aly says, 'I'm willing to give up my unstable way of life and even quit racing horses if she'll come back to me.' What've you got to say about that, Miss Hayworth?"

"I know absolutely nothing about that," Rita answered. "My decision was made when I arrived in New York."

The phone would ring again. Rita would reach for it. "Your agent's on the phone, Miss Hayworth. Mr. Abe Lastvogel."

"Hello, Abe. How are you?"

"Fine, Rita. How was the trip?"

"Is this Abe? Is this Abe Lastvogel?"

"Listen, Miss Hayworth. Are you and the Prince gonna go back together again?"

It got so bad after a while that Rita had to agree to a press conference. But, then, whatever made her think she could sneak into Hollywood, stay at one of the largest hotels in town, and then drive back to Nevada completely unnoticed?

At the press conference, Rita was very gracious. She posed for pictures with the children. Previously, the little girls had been photographed swimming in the hotel pool.

HERE'S the way the first press conference went:

Reporter: Your husband's lawyer arrived in New York from Paris yesterday. He says he will attempt a reconciliation between you and the Prince. Do you have anything to say about that?

Rita: I've made my decision.

Reporter: How about the religious education of your daughter Yasmin? Is that what's holding up the divorce?

Rita: She can make her own decision about that when she's 21.

Reporter: If Aly Khan gives up gambling and horse racing—will you take him back?

Rita: I repeat, I've made my decision.

Reporter: We understand your lawyer, Bartley Crum, has been in Paris talking to the Prince? Was it about the settlement? What did the Prince have to say?

Rita: Mr. Crum won't be here until tomorrow. I won't know until then.

Reporter: Haven't you spoken to him over the phone?

Rita: No.

Reporter: Do you think your marriage to Aly Khan was a big mistake?

Rita: I'm older and wiser now, I hope.

Reporter: Do you plan to go back to films or will you just live on the financial settlement?

Rita: I'm definitely going back to films

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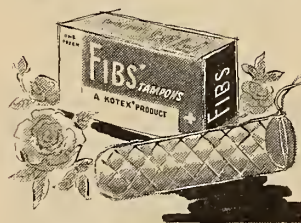
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Reporter: Will your first picture be a musical or a drama?

Rita: I still love to dance, but I haven't danced for two and a half years. It would probably take me four months to get in shape for dancing. I'm going to do a picture, but right at this moment I haven't the slightest idea of what it will be.

Reporter: When your residence in Nevada was completed a week or so ago, why didn't you file for divorce?

Rita: My lawyer wasn't there.

Reporter: Which lawyer?

Rita: Mr. Crum.

Reporter: While you're in town, do you plan to go out or just stay around the hotel?

Rita: I have lots of friends here. I certainly hope to go out.

Reporter: With anyone in particular?

Rita: No one in particular.

Reporter: You've been in Europe a long time. While you were abroad, did you miss Hollywood?

Rita: No, but it's good to be back.

Reporter: You say you plan to drive back to Nevada in a few days?

Rita: Those are my plans.

THE following day, Rita's attorney, Bartley Crum, and Aly Khan's attorney, Charles Torem, arrived in Los Angeles. Both of these gentlemen had talked with Aly Khan in Paris. Both were tired and unshaven when they reached Beverly Hills.

Torem, however, carried with him a message for Rita from Aly.

The essence of the message was this: Would Rita please not do anything for the next six months? Would she please hold up the divorce for that period? In those six months, Aly would have a chance to come to the United States or to work out some equitable financial settlement for her and Yasmin.

Rita insisted that she wanted no money for herself.

It was then suggested that Rita meet Aly in Bermuda and discuss the possibility of a reconciliation.

This, Rita refused to do.

She did, however, agree to postpone her Reno divorce for six months providing the Prince met "one primary condition."

The condition was that after the six months had elapsed, the Prince would agree to cooperate in a Reno divorce, if by that time no reconciliation had been effected.

It is plain that Rita never wants to return to Aly Khan. When she left him last April in the middle of an African safari, she'd had enough.

She realized then that the Prince was too old to change, that he would remain a perennial playboy whose life revolved around horses, gambling, and beautiful women.

Rita Hayworth believes that all able-bodied men should work for a living, and she doesn't mean working over a roulette table.

She also feels that women are just as valuable as men. According to the Moslem tradition, this is not so, which is why Aly Khan offered to settle far less on Yasmin than he has on his two sons by a previous marriage.

A few weeks ago, Aly offered to start a trust fund for Yasmin with a principal of \$250,000. In addition, he would send Rita \$10,000 every three months for the little girl's support. Whatever was unnecessary or left over from that figure would be added to the trust fund, the lump sum to revert to Yasmin when she reached 21.

This is less than Frank Sinatra settled on his family, and Sinatra isn't even

titled, let alone a prince with millions.

Rita spurned Aly's offer. "Yasmin is every bit as valuable as a son," she insists.

If Aly settled \$3,000,000 on each of his sons, then Yasmin is worth an equal amount.

JUST where Aly is supposed to get all this money no one knows. His father, the Aga Khan, received his fortune by way of tribute from all the Moslems in the world. Once each year he is given his weight in gold. Supposedly, he hands some of this over to his number-one son, Aly. But the Aga isn't too pleased with Aly these days. He not only liked Rita personally, but when Aly took Rita to such Moslem strongholds as Nairobi and Madagascar, the natives went crazy about her. This made the Aga Khan a more admired figure than ever before.

Once Aly was married to Rita, the Moslem followers felt that, at long last, the playboy had settled down, and that this heir to the Moslem dynasty was preparing in a sensible way to accept his religious duties.

What happened?

Rita took Yasmin, left Aly in Africa, and came back to Hollywood—the implication being that as a husband, Aly was a great hunter.

What Rita fears most is that Aly will contest her Nevada divorce. Technically, if he so chooses, he can accuse Rita of desertion. A contested divorce would also mean exposing their private life in court.

Rita doesn't want this, and neither does Aly.

In fact, Aly wants no divorce at all. He knows how upset his father is about all the current and past notoriety, and there always lurks the possibility that the Aga will disinherit him.

Aly feels that he can make Rita happy by treating her as an equal and a beloved wife. Moslems never treat their wives as equals, but in this case Aly is willing to make an exception.

From all indications, however, Rita isn't buying any reconciliations.

The question is: What now, Princess? Where do you go from here?

Rita has worked most of her life and feels that she can keep at it for at least another 15 years. Currently, she is back on Columbia's payroll at \$2,500 a week.

That she will marry again goes without saying. She believes in marriage, even though three of them crashed at her feet. However, no one can predict who her fourth husband will be.

When she checked into the Beverly Hills Hotel in July, a reporter happened to notice that Ted Stauffer was in the lobby. Stauffer, the man for whom Hedy Lamarr gave up everything, furniture included, used to be one of Rita's favorite boy-friends. But he's married to Hedy now, and out of the running.

Of late, Gilbert Roland, who was once married to Norma Talmadge, has been beating a constant path to Rita's hotel suite. Roland has known Rita for many years, and supposedly is very much in love with her. One of the town's great lovers, Roland ardently wooed Doris Duke while she was in Hollywood.

There's no doubt that he would like to get married again. But whether Rita would have him is problematical. For several weeks she refused to dine in public with him and their friendship was kept a secret.

All the love that Rita has right now seems to be concentrated on her daughters, the oldest one of whom is vaguely aware of her mother's troubles. "Why is our picture in the papers so much?" she asked Rita recently. But that's only one of the questions Rita has to face. There are a lot more she must be asking herself and finding even harder to answer. THE END

this time it's real

(Continued from page 57) be going with her for almost a year just to pass the time away."

As for Jean MacDonald, she says, "I have no engagement ring as yet, and the question of marriage hasn't been broached, but Pete's practically the only boy I've been dating for a year."

"Right at this moment if he were to ask me to marry him, I'd probably say no. Maybe you don't believe that, but when and if Pete ever proposes, or any man for that matter—I want him to be absolutely sure that I'm the girl he wants for life."

"I don't know if Pete's arrived at that point yet. All I know is that he is one of the finest, most considerate, most intelligent young men I've ever dated."

How well Jean really knows Peter remains to be seen. A few years ago, one Hollywood actress was certain that she had young Lawford dangling on the hook when suddenly he walked out and never phoned her again. Later, she attributed his sudden defection to the fact that she had just moved to a district in Los Angeles where the telephone toll was 15 cents.

Such tales, however, are of little interest to Jean. To her, he is kind, generous and thoughtful. After all, wasn't it Peter who suggested that she come to Hollywood? Wasn't it he who spoke to the big boys at his studio about giving Jean a job in the publicity department? Wasn't it he who introduced her to his friends and made her feel at home? Wasn't it he who went to no end of expense to see that she was comfortable when she flew to visit him in Australia? In her book, Peter Lawford is okay.

CHAPTER one of that book began last January when Pete, en route to Australia for the filming of *Kangaroo*, stopped off in Honolulu with fellow-actor Dick Boone for a little relaxation.

Pete, as everyone in Hollywood readily acknowledges, specializes in three hobbies: beach sports, charades, and girls.

After a day of surf-riding and sun-bathing at Waikiki, Pete and Dick were in the mood for a little feminine companionship. Hawaii, being one of the most hospitable places on earth, Pete had only to mention his desire. In a flash, he was dating Charlotte Faye, and Dick was dating Jean MacDonald, two of the Islands' prettiest girls. Like many civic-minded gals in Honolulu, these two spent most of their leisure time at Tripler General Hospital, visiting wounded soldiers who'd been evacuated from Korea.

"Our first meeting was a funny thing," Jean recalls. "Because actually it wasn't our first. I'd met Peter at New Haven a few years previously. I'd gone up to Yale with a boy from Scotland to see a Yale-Dartmouth football game, and he happened to run into Peter. He introduced me, and that's all there was to it. In Honolulu, I wasn't his date at all. He was dating Bubsby—that's what everyone calls Charlotte Faye. But after a while, Bubsby got tied up, and I went around with Peter and Dick. We were a threesome on the beach. We had a great time, and I really hated to see them leave. Australia sounded so far away."

"But then a wonderful thing happened. Mrs. Lewis Milestone, whose husband was scheduled to direct *Kangaroo*, suggested that I fly to Australia with her and tour the Orient. That sounded divine, not only because I've always been interested in the Orient, but it meant seeing Peter again. I spoke to Mother, and she said all right."

"Two weeks later, we flew to Sydney

and from there to Port Augusta where Pete and Dick were making the picture. In Port Augusta I really got to know Peter. I don't think he'd ever been to Australia before, but he certainly got the feel of things, and the Australians really liked him.

"There wasn't much to do at night. We used to see two movies a week, and we played 'the game' a lot. And there was swimming and horseback riding."

Love may have bloomed in Australia, but Jean is reticent about admitting it. Intelligent beyond her years, she weighs her words most carefully before she speaks.

People who've read about her and her flying trips to Australia and Hawaii somehow get the notion that she's a wealthy, giddy society girl who followed a handsome young actor around the world. But this isn't a true picture of her.

JEAN is the only child of divorced parents. Originally from Indianapolis, she was taken to Hawaii by her parents when she was only eight. A few years ago she was sent to Finch, a finishing school in New York. Upon graduation she returned to the Islands where she got a job on a local newspaper, helping to gather society news.

When Peter finished *Kangaroo* in Australia, he stopped off in Honolulu on his way back to the States, and, for three days, he and Jean took long walks along the beach, talking about themselves.

Pete realized rather suddenly that Jean was the dream girl he'd always been dreaming about. She was the girl he'd unknowingly described two years before to a young woman reporter who'd asked him what sort of woman he would consider marrying. "Let me put it this way," Pete said at the time, "I like a girl who has poise, charm, and breeding, but she must also be what I call a beach girl. I love the beach and everything that goes with it. After a day at the beach, I usually like to dress up and go to Romanoff's. That's why this ideal girl of mine has to be a slick chick, too—a girl who has social know-how like Gloria McLean (Jimmy Stewart's wife) or Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt."

"I also like breeding in a girl's looks. There are many girls with long blonde hair and sexy figures whom men consider beautiful. But I don't. To me a girl with a well-groomed look, not the flamboyant type, but a quiet beauty who radiates health and vitality is the greatest beauty of them all. I go for the typical college types, not movie sirens. I like a girl to be long-legged and wholesome looking, with a clean-cut, happy face."

"I need more than a beautiful girl for a wife. I want a stimulating companion, and someone whose personality fits in with mine."

When he got to know Jean MacDonald, Pete realized that here was the girl he'd always been talking about.

"Look, Jean," he said, "you say you're interested in writing and journalism. Why don't you come to California? There's more opportunity there."

"Do you honestly think so, Pete?"

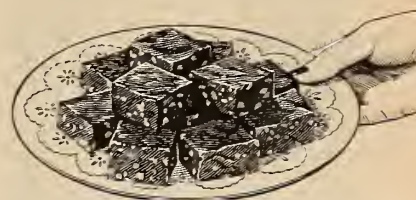
"Of course I do. Los Angeles is really the place for you."

That's about all the urging Jean needed. A few weeks later she was living in Los Angeles, a house guest of the Lewis Milestones. Sharman Douglas, who has been prominently mentioned with Lawford, tossed a welcoming party for Jean, and she was launched. But Jean wasn't interested primarily in the social rigamarole of Hollywood. She was interested in getting a job, and getting to know Peter better.

First she went to work for a doctor named Rex Ross, setting up a filing system for him, and putting his office in shape. Then she began dating Lawford rather

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audience, from the Duchess of Kent, sitting in the Royal Box with Danny Kaye as guests of managing director, Val Parnell, to the "gallery girls," who had saved their last half crowns for a reserved seat, wanted her to make good. Judy was no stranger to them. They were devoted and loyal fans, with a tremendous admiration for her great talent. When they had read about her attempted suicide, their hearts were torn with sympathy for anyone so young and gifted, despairing of life. Before she even had a chance to sing a note, they embraced her with such a thunderous ovation that she was left speechless. Her unabashed tears of happiness expressed her gratitude. From that moment on and during her entire four weeks' S.R.O. engagement at the Palladium, London was hers. She sang better than she had ever sung in her life. For 40 solid minutes at a time she went through familiar favorites like "Rock-a-Bye Your Baby," "Hallelujah," "Limehouse Blues," and a medley from her MGM musicals, always winding up with just a baby spot on her as she enthralled a spellbound audience with "Over The Rainbow." And if this tiny figure (who would toss off her high heels for comfort) made you gulp with emotion, it was because you knew that no longer were these just words that she'd sung so many times before. Now, every lyric applied especially to her. "Somewhere over the rainbow her skies were blue—and the dreams she had dared to dream really had come true!" She was singing about herself. The dream-song she had made famous had come true.

To Judy, this fulfillment meant three things. It justified Val Parnell's confidence in her. He had booked her in spite of the many warnings that she might be seized again with an emotional hysteria and miss a performance. It brought her \$10,000 a week, a much needed addition to her rapidly diminishing bank account. In spite of her vast earnings from her movie career and recordings, she had arrived in London virtually broke. It gave her a new lease on life and a radiant glow that she never had at the height of her success in Hollywood. No doctor's prescription could have been better medicine than her getting away from the insular life in which she has lived ever since she was 15. She's 28 now, the mother of five-and-a-half-year-old Liza Minnelli, and yet incredibly enough, this is the first time that she's had any freedom from disciplinary pressure of any kind. For the first time, she isn't being told what not to eat, who not to see, where not to go. She's eating bread and potatoes and all the other starches she's ogled longingly for years and never could have. No longer is she starving herself into a streamlined figure—and a physical collapse. Once again, she looks like that happy and healthy little girl whom George Jessel first discovered singing in a Chicago company and "Garlanded" with the name that was to bring her bittersweet fame throughout the world.

In Hollywood, Judy's life was bounded by her studio and her home. She saw the same faces day after day, and heard the same shop talk. Like every youngster who grows up in a large family circle, she was taken for granted. Traveling to Europe for the first time was an open sesame to a new world. In London, she saw the generations of tradition behind a great Empire. The changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace, the Houses of Parliament, Scotland Yard, Windsor Castle, the National and Tate Galleries, Drury Lane, became realities to her instead of familiar process shots. At the Tower of London, she gaped at the fabulous jewels handed down throughout the years from one royal family to another—a collection that would

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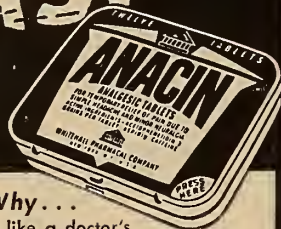
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make even such connoisseurs (and collectors!) as Sonja Henie and Paulette Goddard, blink! With her adored daughter, Liza she strolled the beautiful gardens of Battersea Park to watch the fireworks in celebration of the Festival of Britain. And together they drove through the rolling green of the English countryside, where some of the Elizabethan villages, with their thatched-roof houses have stood for centuries.

This was a world outside her movie world—and she devoured it with the eagerness of a child. Not only new vistas, but new friends came into her life too. Other great artists like Vivien Leigh, Larry Olivier and Noel Coward extended their generous hospitality to her. "She is the greatest singer of popular songs I have ever heard, because she sings from the heart," Noel exclaimed the night of the Sid Field Benefit. This was the night that every great British entertainer and every visiting American star appeared in a mammoth midnight show; and Judy, singing "Rock-a-Bye Your Baby," got the biggest ovation of the evening.

Her reception in London was duplicated everywhere she toured. In Birmingham, Blackpool, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, she played to the same enthusiastic response. On her closing nights in both Edinburgh and Dublin, the whole audience rose and sang "Auld Lang Syne," while hundreds of eager fans rushed down to the footlights and onto the stage to thank her for this one magical evening. It was in Edinburgh that some hundreds of grubby youngsters from "Poverty Row" waited all day at the stage entrance for her. The name Judy Garland meant nothing to them. They had never seen her on the screen because they had never been inside a movie house. Even a ha'penny would have been more than they could afford. But they had heard about the "bonnie lassie" from America, and they wanted a glimpse of her. Judy was so touched by their pathetic, dirty young faces, that one matinee she bought seats for all of them, and treated them to an ice cream and cake party on stage afterwards. The night of her closing, they took up their vigil at the stage entrance, and when she came out, a five-year-old tot, prodded by the rest of the group, bashfully handed her a small nosegay of flowers. Where they had collected the shillings for it Judy had no idea, but if they had been sprinkled with diamonds, it couldn't have meant more to her.

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LONG ENOUGH

Three times a day, Pat and I telephone each other. Usually about nothing—"How are you, what gives, whoya seein', nobody, g'bye." We could talk Esperanto and it wouldn't matter, just so we were hearing the other's voice.

If I'm going to be late getting home, I tell Pat on the phone and then he stops off on his way home to pick up the chops or steak or fryers. Once Diana Lynn asked me how I handled the food-shopping situation when I was working and I told her. "Humm," she said. "I don't think I've been married long enough to ask John to do the shopping."

I mentioned this to Pat that night. Next day when I got home, Pat was grinning. "Diana's been married long enough now," he said. "I just met John at the market."—Mona Freeman

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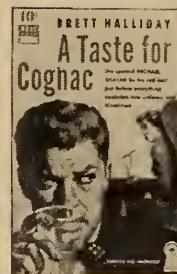
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Judy was Sid Luft, who acted as her business manager, buffer, and guiding mentor. It was he who booked her engagements with enough time between to rest and safeguard her health. It was he who sorted out the countless requests and invitations, and took the brunt of abuse when he thought it best to say no. It was he who beamed her to the gay spots around town when she wanted to unwind and relax after her two shows a night. And it was he who accompanied her to Paris and the Riviera for a holiday spree. There were plenty of tall, dark, handsome Brits, Scotsmen, Irishmen, and Frenchmen around who would have liked to cut in, but they didn't stand a chance—Judy only had eyes for Sid. Whether or not this romance, which started when they ran into each other accidentally in N. Y. about a year ago, will wind up at the altar, is still a moot question. Certainly, at the moment, any marriage plans are premature. Sid's divorce from Lynn Bari won't be final until January, and there'll be plenty of legal matters to be straightened out before then, especially involving the custody of their three-year-old son. During that time, Judy will be continuing her tour "inside U.S.A.," including two nights at the famed Carnegie Hall in N. Y. There's also the possibility of her making a sequel to

Meet Me in St. Louis for Freddie Finkelhoffe, namely *Meet Me in New York*. Sid will be busy with his own plans for his picture based on "Man O'War." Sid let Judy sail back to the States without him, knowing that the William Morris Agency, which now represents her, is well equipped to handle the rest of her tour. Whether this severance of their business relationship will have any effect on their romantic interest in each other, remains to be seen. Judy is still on the best of terms with Vince Minelli, and always will be, because of their mutual love for their daughter, Liza, and their respect for each other's talent. It is not beyond the realm of possibility that this close bond may eventually reconcile them. In any event, no matter what Judy's future date with romance is, she'll be emotionally prepared to handle it now. Without realizing it, she herself summed up her emergence from her dark, unhappy past at a house party given by Vivien Leigh and Larry Olivier. A young actress was a topic of conversation, and caused Judy to turn to me and exclaim, "I see her heading for the same nervous breakdown that almost ruined my life. I only wish I could talk to her and help her avoid the same pitfalls. Unfortunately, though, one can only learn from one's own experience." THE END

love crazy

(Continued from page 51) The great love of Betty Hutton and Norman Krasna had lasted exactly five days.

On the surface it would appear that the whole thing had been a big lie, a joke, maybe; possibly a publicity stunt. But none of these things were true. It might actually have been love. At any rate, it was a serious matter, and the conclusion sent Betty Hutton into a shell of retirement that, at this writing, she has not yet emerged from.

THE incident of a hasty engagement and a quick separation is, of course, not too odd; nothing to get terribly excited about. But, in Betty Hutton's case, it took on an added importance mainly because a couple of weeks before she had been engaged to another man—and had also said, "This is it!" His name was Pete Rugolo, a newcomer to Hollywood and, according to the studio people, a music arranger of talent.

For eight weeks before Betty began dating Norman Krasna, Betty had been in-

separable from Rugolo. They dined together, played together, and had their pictures taken in loving poses together every time they got into a place where photographers worked. It was a cinch they would be married. Or so it seemed.

Although the excitement wasn't the same as with Krasna, the happiness, on Betty's part, was. Her co-workers at Paramount could tell exactly what the state of her romantic life was by the way she walked to the sound stage in the morning. If she had had a quarrel the night before, she would stomp down the studio street looking at nobody and without saying hello to anyone, her face as long as a fishing pole. But if things had gone well, she would dance to her work, slapping people on the back and exchanging greetings with total strangers.

It is this "on" or "off" personality of Betty Hutton's that is the key to the entire character of her love life. There are no half way romances with her; it's all or nothing at all. And this doesn't apply only to love. Her life is a frenetic thing, filled with gaiety one moment—and misery and sorrow the next.

They tell a story about Betty that is said to be typical of her. She had been restless for weeks until somebody brought up the name of a girl friend she hadn't seen for months. Betty immediately went to the phone to call her. The line was busy, so she tried again in a minute or two. The line was busy for an hour, and finally Betty was sitting at the telephone like a wild woman, dialing and slamming down the receiver as though her life depended on her getting the number.

Finally, the phone rang and the friend wasn't there. Betty got busy and for two days called everywhere she could think of to get her girl friend on the line. Finally, she succeeded and invited the girl to come and spend a few days with her. The girl didn't think she could make it right then, but Betty pressed so that she finally accepted and showed up the next morning prepared to spend maybe a week.

The two girls threw their arms about one another and Betty was wild with delight. She scampered all over the house, laughing, joking, making plans. About two in the afternoon, the girl friend was worn out, so she lay down to rest for a moment.

IT HAPPENED TO ME

While vacationing in Hollywood, I visited the Carthay Theater and mingled in the crowds of avid movie followers. One of my favorite actresses walked up and I called loudly, "Marta Toren!"

My voice was drowned out amid the noise of the crowd. But behind me, I heard someone whisper dramatically, "Now see here, you guys, let's keep the voices down!"

I turned startled and peered into the grinning face of Edward G. Robinson. He winked and laughed.

Beatrice Smith
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Betty watched her, then began to glower. She snapped at anyone who spoke to her. She was miserable. That evening some people came in and someone asked an old pal what the matter was.

"Betty's tired of her," the pal said.

"But she invited her. And she's only been here a few hours!"

"That's Betty," said the friend. "She's just bored with her now—and she won't be happy until she gets out of the house."

That's Betty Hutton. Sudden mad passions for people and things—and then sudden boredom that turns almost to hatred.

With two exceptions, this has been true of Betty Hutton's romances.

The first time Betty was in love—really in love—her friends will tell you, was shortly after she came to work at Paramount. She had been a band singer, a hit in Broadway shows and now she was in the movies with every possibility of becoming a smash. Those first weeks on the lot were wonderful. The new girl was the gayest thing the studio employees had ever seen. She didn't talk, she chattered. She didn't laugh, she roared. She didn't walk, she leaped about like a kitten.

Then one day she fell in love with a director. It was a one-sided affair because the director happened to be happily married. This, however, was no help to Betty. She was madly in love. Being of a pretty proper turn of mind, though, she didn't do anything about it. She just grew quiet, then somber, and then she began to look haggard and she was as much fun as a 'uneral.

106 The whole temper of the lot changed.

It seemed as though a dark cloud had descended on the studio. Nobody laughed anymore. And during the waiting periods between takes the company sat around and glumly waited for the day to be over.

When she didn't have to be on the set, Betty would sit in her dressing room, from which she could see the door to the director's office, and wait to catch a glimpse of him. She would sit in the window for hours, obscured by the curtains, and wait for one look—and then she'd go back to the other room and weep. It lasted for a couple of months. A long time for Betty.

It is conceded that this was real love—even though nothing ever came of it. She didn't fall in love again until years later when she met and married Ted Briskin.

BETWEEN the director and Briskin, though, there were many other men. Dates, just dates. It seemed that Betty would meet a fellow, sound as though she was going to like him, and then not talk to him two days later. She wanted to meet someone very badly—but just didn't seem to have any luck at it. Most of the men she went out with were neither present successes nor too hopeful about their future. Betty was quoted as saying:

"I wish I could meet a guy who could just take care of me. Some fellow with a good job and a lot of ambition who could support me and a family."

She did, in 1945—and shortly afterwards became Mrs. Ted Briskin.

They will tell you that life in the Briskin household was not all peace and light. There were times, and the neigh-

bors will attest to this, that it appeared the roof might be coming off the place any minute. There were quarrels, but there was also much happiness. Betty, it appeared, was able to cope with her moods much better when she had the security of a home and husband. If she had had a bitter night, she would come into the studio in the morning grumpy, but after a telephone call from home, assuring her that everything was all right, she would perk up and lightly get through the day.

Her associates liked this, and looked forward to the time when Betty would save all of her bombastic temperament for the screen. When the news that she was to have a baby came out, they thought:

"This, for sure, will do it!"

The first child, Lindsay Dianne, was born in November, 1946, and with her baby, Betty found an outlet for her love, something that belonged to her completely, and she settled down considerably. A second daughter, Candice, was born April 14, 1948—and Betty simmered down still more.

Nobody in Hollywood ever really understood Ted Briskin. He was definitely not the Hollywood type. He was handsome, as handsome as most of the top stars themselves, but his background was foreign to the movie colony types and he didn't mix with them very well.

When Ted and Betty began going about to the Hollywood parties and to the cafes, it was hard to believe she was the same girl. Briskin is a stickler for propriety and more reserved than average. When he and Betty went out some of it rubbed

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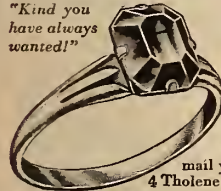


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off on her, for she was almost stuffy at times. The girl who would have at one time leaped across a restaurant to sit in a friend's lap and kiss him all over his face became the cool and nodding kind.

Love, aside for the now well-known bickering at home—something that can be expected in any family—was wonderful and had done a world of good for Betty.

Then, a couple of years ago, it became common knowledge that the Briskins were not getting along at all. Ted, they said, was very unhappy with a situation that kept him away from his family's business, the Revere Camera Company, in Chicago.

Even though love ruled the household, it appeared certain that the rift between Ted and Betty would widen and split right down the middle. Ted started a camera company in Hollywood, with Betty as a partner, but the operation was small and soon folded for lack of interest.

IF you saw Betty Hutton right after Ted moved out of the house, you would have known that she had suffered grievously by the separation. She wept for weeks and seemed inconsolable. She was unhappy all the time, even when she was supposed to be working, a new thing for her, because Betty had always been able to pull herself together to shoot a mad singing number or a comedy sequence.

It serves no purpose to recount here the off-again on-again months that followed with Betty and Ted, except to point out that it was obvious she was very much in love with him and wanted to find some solution to their problem. The last time

they got together, as a matter of fact, she went to Chicago to talk to him and then announced to the press that she was going to live with Ted in the East and just journey to Hollywood to make movies. That, of course, wasn't a workable plan, so the separation became final—and a divorce followed.

Then came Pete Rugolo—and the plans to marry again. Then came Norman Krasna—and another plan to marry. And maybe before this page is printed there will be another man.

What does it all add up to?

It says, and quite definitely, that Betty Hutton is an unhappy woman unless she is in love and married. It says that she must make up her mind as to just what she does want—the hasty, frantic life she portrays for her casual friends, or the true, sincere life she so seldom lets people see, but that she so desperately wants, really.

There is a part of her make-up that never lets her be idle. She wants people around her all the time, laughing and telling jokes, and talking show business. She has to have action all the hours of the day. She likes to have her friends come to call, but the moment they stop being amusing, she can't stand them. She wants love—but she just won't make room for it.

Long before Betty Hutton came to Hollywood, she was a sober-minded little girl of 14. She was singing with the Vincent Lopez orchestra, straight songs, ballads sung with feeling and meaning. She was doing all right, she thought, until one of the members of the band told her that Lopez was going to fire her.

That night she walked out on the stage to do her numbers as usual, but she was angry. To the devil with the script, she thought, and she began making fun of the songs. She slammed all over the stage, kissing the musicians, knocking over the microphones and raising old Ned in general, while the stunned Lopez watched her.

When it was all over, she went to the dressing room to pack, and Lopez found her there. He looked at her oddly for a moment. Then he said:

"Why haven't you done that before? You were sensational!"

Betty was astonished. But from that night on, it was the way she always worked. It got her to Broadway and from Broadway to the movies—and in the movies it made her a star.

Maybe that's what's the matter with her personal life. She thinks she always has to be on, always yaking it up and clowning, or crying, doing it big.

If she would go back to the ballad singer of 14, she might find the real Betty Hutton. One who could find a quiet happiness.

At any rate, Betty Hutton is confused in love today. And she will leave a string of men in love with her confused, too. There is at present Pete Rugolo and Norman Krasna. Maybe Ted Briskin.

If only she would take the advice she gave to Shelley Winters at a party a few months ago. They met and someone began talking about Shelley's front-page shenanigans with Farley Granger.

"Look, Shelley," Betty said, "save it for the screen. I know."

But does she?

THE END107

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