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s Lana through with Love?
modern screen

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DEC 14 1951

Mario Lanza says:
"they
can't make me
behave"

ava gardner
's glamor of 1952

Trust *Camay* to take your skin
"Out of the Shadows"
 and into the light of New Loveliness!



Follow this Camay bride's way! You'll have a fresher, brighter skin with your First Cake of Camay!

GIRLS who'd court compliments and attention—girls who can count on romance and a bridal veil—never let dullness cloud the beauty of their complexions and keep their dreams from coming true!

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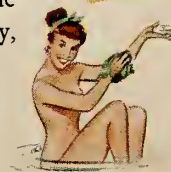
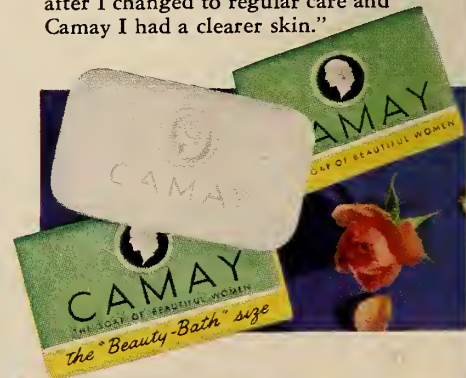
into the light of new loveliness.

Show the world a lovelier complexion! Change to regular care—use Camay alone. A fresher, smoother look appears with your very *first cake*!

There's no finer beauty soap than Camay! It's so gentle! And what a rich, creamy lather Camay gives! Take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.

Camay
the soap of beautiful women

This lovely bride—Mrs. Gary Fleming, writes: "Camay's like magic! Soon after I changed to regular care and Camay I had a clearer skin."



Bring all your skin new beauty!

The daily Camay Beauty Bath brings arms, legs and shoulders that "beautifully cared-for" look. It touches you with Camay's fragrance. For more lather—more luxury—use big, economical Beauty-Bath Size.

There's just no doubt he'll love you more if your hair shines and shimmers, gleams like silk, feels silken soft against his cheek—the way it will when you shampoo with today's gentle Drene. (Sh! The secret: the cleansing agent in Drene—and only in Drene—that silkens your hair.)

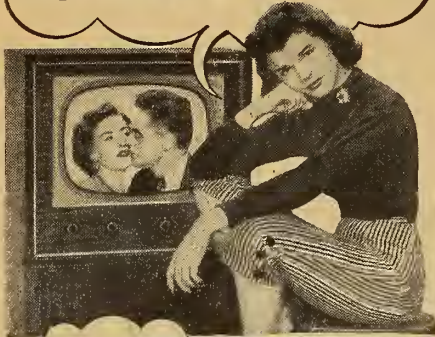
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silkens your hair... as it cleanses!

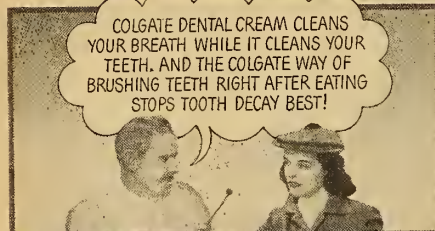
All I Do is Sit And View!



YOU HAVE DATES
ANY TIME YOU
WANT THEM, SIS!
ALL I GET IS WHAT
TV HAS TO OFFER!



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!



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

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

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



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

modern screen

poll winners

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The Madness of moonlight

**WAS IN
HER
BLOOD!...**

Fascinating, fickle
Pandora . . .
the girl
who lived for
sensation! Her songs,
her escapades,
her fabulous love
affairs scandalized
Riviera society—
for she dared to do
what other women
only dreamed about!



Under the cloak
of night, she swam
out to the mystery yacht!

The fatal bull-fight
fulfilled a prophecy!

The champagne
beach party shacked
the gilded set!

Mad dash for glory—
in a flaming racing car!

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JAMIES MASON · AVA GARDNER
Pandora and The Flying Dutchman

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Written and Directed by **ALBERT LEWIN** • Produced by **ALBERT LEWIN** and **JOSEPH KAUFMAN** An M-G-M Picture

(For Dorkey Productions, Inc.)



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This beautiful 8" x 10" full-color photograph of green-eyed auburn-haired Ava Gardner! Suitable for framing. Send only 10¢ to cover postage and handling cost to Box 964, GPO, 8th Ave. & 33rd St. N.Y.C.



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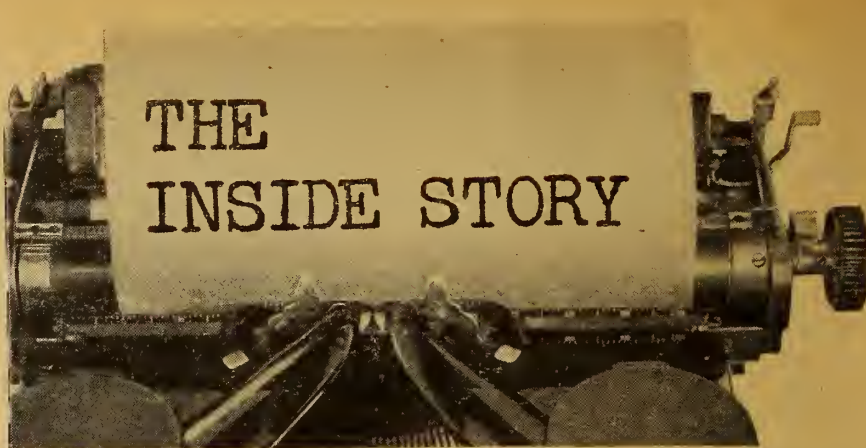
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- **Protects better, longer.** New Mum now contains amazing ingredient M-3 for more effective protection. Doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start!
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A Product of Bristol-Myers



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. Is it true that Mrs. Bing Crosby is pregnant for the fifth time?

—T. Y., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. Lately, Bing and Dixie have been frequently appearing in public together. This may be why the rumor (which is untrue) started.

Q. Who are the richest actresses in Hollywood?

—C. E., DENVER, COL.

A. Those actresses reputed to be most wealthy are Greta Garbo, Corinne Griffith, Claudette Colbert, Irene Dunne, Loretta Young, Ginger Rogers.

Q. Why don't we ever read anything about Betty Hutton's father? Why do stories about her only mention her mother?

—V. S., DETROIT, MICH.

A. Betty's father was a bigamist who abandoned his wife and two daughters, later was alleged to have been a suicide.

Q. Would you be honest about how many times Alan Ladd's wife, Sue, has been married?

—T. R., New York, N. Y.

A. Three times.

Q. I understand that Ida Lupino is 41, and Howard Duff is only 35. Is that on the level?

—C. D., Phila., Pa.

A. Ida is two years older than Howard.

Q. Is it true that Mary Jane Barnes, a long-time friend of Paul Douglas, killed herself when Douglas married Jan Sterling?

—S. C., New York, N. Y.

A. Miss Barnes' death was declared accidental.

Q. Why won't Loretta Young permit her daughter, Judy, to be photographed for the magazines and newspapers?

—G. W., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. Miss Young likes to keep her private life to herself.

Q. Is it true that Van Johnson's popularity declined with his marriage to Keenan Wynn's ex-wife?

—C. C., BOSTON, MASS.

A. A star's popularity usually cor-

responds to the number and quality of his latest films.

Q. How come a large studio like Paramount has so few stars? Other than Hope, Crosby, and Hutton, that studio has very little.

—P. H., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

A. Paramount has many stars under contract—at least 25. In addition, the studio recently signed 12 newcomers as members of their Golden Circle.

Q. Can you tell me if Pier Angeli, the girl who played in *Teresa*, is a twin? If so where is her sister—in Italy?

—S. B., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. Her twin is under contract to Paramount.

Q. When Elizabeth Taylor married Nicky Hilton, Betsy Blair married Gene Kelly, and Janet Leigh married Tony Curtis, did the brides adopt their husbands' religion?

—C. V., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. In all cases, they did not.

Q. I understand that Alan Ladd left Paramount for Warners because he wants to star in a picture with Doris Day. What will be their first film?

—T. E., FT. WORTH, TEX.

A. Alan Ladd left Paramount only because he felt he wasn't getting the right roles. He will, however, make one film a year for Paramount. He said nothing about wanting to star in a picture with Doris Day.

Q. Since he stopped going with Irene Wrightsman, who is Kirk Douglas dating?

—B. G., BOSTON, MASS.

A. Douglas is in love with his new leading lady, a part Indian girl, Betty Threatt. She and Kirk have the leads in *The Big Sky*. They met and fell in love this past summer on location in Wyoming.

Q. Are Diana Lynn and John Lindsay happily married?

—M. R., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. This one is destined for the divorce courts. Same old reason, actress-wife won't give up her career and settle down.

Applaud a New Star



MAGICAL,
MARVELOUS, MUSICAL
MITZI GAYNOR
...THE GOLDEN GIRL HERSELF...
IN 20th CENTURY-FOX'S
HAPPY-HEARTED SHOW ABOUT
THE GIRL WHO SET AN
ERA AGLOW!

GOLDEN GIRL

COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR



MITZI GAYNOR ★ **DALE ROBERTSON** ★ **DENNIS DAY** ★ **JAMES BARTON** with Una Merkel
Produced by **GEORGE JESSEL** ★ Directed by **LLOYD BACON** ★ Screen Play by **WALTER BULLOCK, CHARLES O'NEAL and GLADYS LEHMAN**
From a Story by **ALBERT and ARTHUR LEWIS and EDWARD THOMPSON**



Ida Lupino and Howard Duff were married October 21, in her home at Glenbrook, Nevada. Judge Clark Guild performed the ceremony.



Maid of honor was Diane Meredith, one of Ida's screen writers. Most of the wedding guests were local townspeople, not celebrities.



The happy couple telephoned Louella before taking a two-day honeymoon in San Francisco. Howard had to return to finish *Steel Town*.



LOUELLA PARSONS'

GOOD NEWS

STANDING before a fireplace banked with great boughs of pine and flowers and sprays of autumn leaves brought by the neighbors from their gardens, Ida Lupino and Howard Duff were married on October 21, at Glenbrook, Nevada. The ceremony took place in the house where Ida lived during her six weeks residence there. (Rita Hayworth occupied this same house.)

To say a marriage in that town, where so many people take up residence for divorce purposes, was old-fashioned may sound somewhat incongruous. But that's just what Ida and Howard's wedding was—a real old-fashioned affair made possible by the people who live in that part of Nevada.

Rightly enough, those same people who had become Ida's good friends during the six weeks she lived among them, were the chief wedding guests—rather than a contingent of celebrities imported from Hollywood, as might have been expected.

The ceremony was performed by Judge Clark J. Guild. The reception was held in the

Dutch kitchen in Ida's cottage, and all day long the neighbors were busy decorating her home, and carrying silver and all the food and cakes they had prepared for the festive occasion.

"I really love this country," Ida told me the day before her wedding, "and I want to come back and visit it and all the people who have been so good to me while I have been here."

I can understand her feeling, for it is beautiful country with its towering pine trees and blue-green lake as clear as crystal.

Ida wore a lavender taffeta afternoon dress and no hat. She carried a white prayer book. Her maid of honor Diane Meredith, the writer who lived with her during all the weeks she spent in Nevada, wore rose.

Howard, who has been very grateful to his agent, Michael Miskoff, who helped him climb to fame, chose him for his best man. Clark Gable, Ida's neighbor, came over for the reception, but didn't attend the ceremony.

The bridegroom had to work up until time to take the plane to Reno. From there he then

had to motor 45 miles to Minden Valley to claim his bride. And a radiant bride she was, believe me.

Ida and Howard have been deeply in love for a long time, something over 18 months, she told me. "In fact, the way I feel now," she said, "there never was anyone but Howard."

This is his first marriage, but Ida previously was married to Louis Hayward, and then Collier Young. Collier sent her a wonderful message wishing her happiness. They still work together as co-producers at RKO, even though they are divorced.

The bride and groom left immediately for a two-day honeymoon in San Francisco, and then Howard had to return to finish his picture, *Steel Town*, and Ida had to go back to her studio to complete a script she is preparing.

WHEN the blow-off came between Lana Turner and Bob Topping, she was adamant about one thing. She would not give Topping a divorce. There would be a sepa-



Deeply in love for over 18 months, Howard and Ido were radiant at the reception. Thrice-married Ido says, "I feel there was never anyone but Howard."

rate maintenance because, as she said, she had worked increasingly to keep her marriage from falling apart and she didn't want to marry again.

I suspect what Lana actually meant was that she didn't want Bob marrying any of these girls he was reported as seeing. Then came Cy Howard into her life. He is a successful composer of radio plays, such as "My Friend Irma" and "Life With Luigi," and, well . . . Lana has fallen hard and is now asking for a divorce.

P.S. Cy fell hard, too, and has forgotten all about Paulette Goddard, his girlfriend of yesterday.

Is Clark Gable, who was so fascinated by the rich widow, Dolly O'Brien, before he married Lady Sylvia Stanley, apt to resume his romance with her now that he is heart free again?

Personally, I doubt it. I think they'll always remain warm friends because they had a lot of good times together in the past, and prob-

ably will again. But romance, no. Dolly is a socialite, and her kind of life is not the life for Mr. Gable.

The very attractive Mrs. O'Brien knew this when Clark wanted to marry her and she said, "No" . . . probably the only woman in the world who would have turned down marriage with The King. She said then that their lives were too far apart ever to make a success of marriage, and nothing has happened to change either of them since then.

Dolly was very happy with her first husband, Jay O'Brien, and was desolated at his death. She tried to find happiness again when she married Count Dorelis, but it didn't work out at all.

GARY Cooper and Pat Neal, it's plain to see, no longer are trying to conceal their romance of long standing. He escorted her to one of the biggest parties of the year, the glamorous dinner dance Mike and Gloria Romanoff gave in honor of Mrs. Dolly O'Brien, and during the evening they certainly did

nothing to disguise their enchanted interest in each other.

Moreover, it was their second public appearance together within the week. Just two nights before, Gary took Pat to the birthday party he gave for his mother at the Bel Air Hotel, and seated her in the honor spot next to his mother. If there is any more public way of announcing your affections, I don't know what it could be.

There was quite an awkward moment at the Romanoff party, incidentally, when Rocky Cooper, Gary's estranged wife, walked in with Cesar Romero. Mike and Gloria handled it tactfully, however, by seating the two couples at tables as far apart as possible.

The party was very gay, with the ballroom beautifully decorated in red and white, and the guest list looked like Who's Who in Hollywood's Social Set. Kay Spreckles came with her bodyguard, which she explained by saying her estranged husband, Adolph, the sugar millionaire, had been "threatening" her. Mrs. Gable also came alone, her first appearance

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Protect your complexion with fine, fragrant Dial Soap.

DIAL DAVE GARROWAY—NBC, Weekdays

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LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Is it romance? Liz Taylor and Monty Clift caused a stir in New York's Palace Theater lobby when they attended Judy Gorland's show.

at a big party in Hollywood since she and The King separated.

Doris Duke again was with her former husband, Porfirio Rubirosa, which set everyone to wondering if maybe she won't remarry him one of these days. It's funny, but those two seem to be much better friends now than when they were man and wife. Another "ex" couple were Jean and Charlie Feldman, who danced almost every dance together. Maybe they'll patch things up, too.

The gowns of the gals were fabulously beautiful . . . and fabulously expensive, I'll bet. Dolly O'Brien's was a dream of filmy white, but Evie Johnson's really stole the spotlight. It was a Fontana model of flesh colored lace, embroidered from top to toe with tiny pearls, with a cascade of roses and ribbons down one side. Van must have yelled more than "Ouch!" when he got the bill for it.

MISS Romina Francesca Power, whose happy father, Mr. Tyrone Power, has been on Cloud A ever since she dropped from Heaven straight into his heart, is the spittin' image of her good looking Dad.

Grandma Patia Power says Romina looks exactly as Ty did as a baby. She has his features and his dark hair, but the shapely ears and dainty hands and feet of her beautiful mother, Linda Christian Power.

All babies are sweet and good, of course, but Linda insists this so-welcome infant really has the disposition of an angel; she sleeps all the time and only awakens to take her bottle, a formula consisting of condensed milk and water.

Romina Francesca's first home was the Bel Air hotel, because she arrived a few weeks before her parents expected her. Within a few days, however, she moved into the Barker estate in Bel Air, which Ty bought as soon

DEAN MARTIN and JERRY LEWIS

DEAN...
The Navy's
Chief Petting
Officer!

They're
all at sea
with the
NAVY
NOW!

DEAN SINGS!

"The Sailor's Palka"
"Never Before"
"The Old Calliope"
"Merci Beaucoup"
"Today,
Tomorrow, Forever"

JERRY...
The Drip
of The
Ship!

in
HAL WALLIS'
PRODUCTION

SAILOR BEWARE

Directed by **HAL WALKER** • Screenplay by
JAMES ALLARDICE and **MARTIN**
RACKIN • Additional
dialogue by **JOHN GRANT**
Adaptation by **ELWOOD ULLMAN**

Co-starring
CORINNE CALVET and **MARION MARSHALL**
with **ROBERT STRAUSS**

From a play by **KENYON NICHOLSON**
and **CHARLES ROBINSON** • New Songs
by **MACK DAVIS** and **JERRY LIVINGSTON**
A **PARAMOUNT PICTURE**

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

as the baby's arrival was certain. He and Linda had two previous disappointments and they wanted to be sure before they actually bought a big house.

The spacious and sunny nursery, a boudoir fit for a little princess, is done in green and white, with white, green and yellow drapes. The furniture—crib, chairs, weighing table and all else, is white. The walls are gayly decorated with various animal figures, which lend a little color.

Ty and Linda chose the name Romina Francesca because they were married in Rome in the Church of St. Francesca. This way, they say, they have a living monument to that wonderful day and place. And what a cute monument she'll grow up to be!

You wonder sometimes why Mitzi Gaynor doesn't run down. She is so excited she is on high all the time. Life to her is just one great big beautiful bubble.

The day she started the *I Don't Care Girl*, her studio tried to make it like a first night and succeeded, I must say. Richard Coyle, whom Mitzi says she is going to marry September 4, 1952, sent her a great basket of white orchids.

He is the young attorney, who, with his mother, is living at Mitzi's house with her mother. Just one happy little family. I wonder if Mitzi really will get married come September? It's so far away she's safe in saying it, anyway. She will be 21 then, and that's why she is putting the date so far ahead, she says.

IGUESS it always takes a man to make us girls perk up and look our prettiest, and that goes even for the aloof Greta Garbo.

The tongues in Paris were wagging plenty when she first arrived there looking like the proverbial "rag, and a bone, and a hank of hair." Her clothes were rumpled and messy, and her uncombed hair hung every which way about her face.

It was a different story a few nights later, however, when she came to a dinner party at Maxim's on the arm of novelist John Gunther. As you know, he's writing the story of Eleanor Duse's romance with d'Annunzio, which Garbo is planning to make at MGM next year.

This time Miss G. was her old mysterious

self, and all eyes were on her as she made her entrance in a pencil slim black dinner gown, cut fairly low in the neck. With it she wore a strand of diamonds, and her coiffure was sleek and shining.

I never have been able to understand why Garbo, who is such a natural beauty, deliberately seems to try to make herself as unattractive as possible off screen. Maybe it's protective coloration in reverse.

In the case of Peggy Dow, persistence won for Walter Helmerich III, rich Tulsa millionaire. He has been begging her to marry him for two years.

Helmerich is young, handsome and has lots of money, but that's not what made Peggy say yes. She finally decided she loved her career, but not more than her Tulsa boyfriend.

By the time you read this they will have married in Athens, Tennessee, Peggy's hometown. The Governor, the Mayor, and other state dignitaries have accepted wedding invitations.

Peggy's gown, made right in Athens, was white with the conventional veil. Her bridesmaids also wore white gowns.

WELL, here it is, girls, the intimate low-down on very tall, very slim, and very handsome Carleton Carpenter, the chap most of you fans asked me about this month.

Incidentally, after watching Carleton and cute Debbie Reynolds at this year's Photographers' Ball, I can understand why he "fractures" so many of you. He and Debbie came dressed as tramps, and their "Abba-Dabba-Dabba" duet was a show-stopper, even though he was coming down with a cold and had a temperature of over 100.

First of all, "Carp" lives in bachelor diggings in Westwood which are furnished in New England farmhouse style. He is a "bouncer" by nature, hopping from chair to chair in a room, and from subject to subject in a conversation.

Debbie Reynolds, Joan Evans, Ann Francis and Diane Douglas are his favorite Hollywood dates. And, by the way, he's a pretty set young man in his ideas on women. Too many girls, he says, are more interested in getting married than in *BEING* married, which is a mistake. He doesn't believe careers and marriage mix, which means a career will be "out" for his wife. He does like a girl to have a mind of her own, though, and not be afraid to express it.

"Carp" has one phobia: he hates to make dates in advance. But with his charm and good looks, most any girl would say yes to a last minute invite. Or don't you agree?

OLD Man Stork certainly has been a busy bird out 20th Century-Fox way, but there's a different angle to the interest in his next visit—to Micheline Prelle in December.

So far, he's left two girls (to the Ty Powers and the John Hodiaks) and two boys (to the Richard Baseharts and the Louis Jourdans), and Micheline's baby will break the tie in the Stork Derby.

HOLLYWOOD is talking about Elizabeth Taylor's reluctance to give up Nicky Hilton to Countess Betsy Von Furstenberg. They're also discussing Betsy's strange new dignity about this situation.

And they're talking about the number of ex-wives who choose their divorced or estranged husbands as escorts. Well, that way the girls know what they're getting, and there is a scarcity of men!

They're laying down bets on who Betty Hutton will pick as her next engagement victim; and why a girl as nice as Betty does such screwy things.

Our town is happy over the new-found happiness of Dixie and Bing Crosby. They act as they did when they first met 20 years ago, and a wonderful new understanding has developed between them, which makes Hollywood happy, too.

And they're still talking about the costume Joan Crawford wore to the Photographer's Ball. It was a Chinese coolie coat, which came just above her knees. Well, with legs like hers, who would want to hide them?

Many of your letters this month wondered about Rita Hayworth and the Moslem religion, and hoped she would return to her old faith now that Aly Khan no longer has a place in her life. Quite a few of you, too, asked about Ava Gardner's and Frank Sinatra's marriage. But, by the time this is in print, I expect they either will be married, or will have said goodbye to love.

Tony Dexter continues to lead in a walk as the femme rave; and don't think you can knock Mario Lanza and get away with it. His fans are more loyal than ever.

Keep your letters coming . . . the more the merrier! We always like to know what interests you most, and what you want to read about.



Judy Garland's triumphant opening night of the Palace drew many celebrities. Marlene Dietrich rushed backstage to congratulate her.



One of the most appealing couples at the annual Press Photographers' Ball was hobo Gene Nelson and his grand lady—Miriam.



Hollywood wore its best at the premiere of *A Streetcar Named Desire*. Glittering among the stars were Ann Miller and Dan Dooley.

It's Here!!

WARNER BROS. STAR SPANGLED MOTION PICTURE MARVEL!

The
joy-propelled
story of how
Hollywood
rides the skies
to bring happiness
to our G.I.'s!

DORIS DAY
GORDON MACRAE
VIRGINIA MAYO
GENE NELSON
RUTH ROMAN

and all these Guest Stars!

**18
stars
are in it...**

**AND MORE
WONDERS THAN
YOU CAN COUNT!**

JAMES CAGNEY
GARY COOPER
VIRGINIA GIBSON
PHIL HARRIS
FRANK LOVEJOY
LUCILLE NORMAN
LOUELLA PARSONS
RANDOLPH SCOTT
JANE WYMAN
PATRICE WYMORE

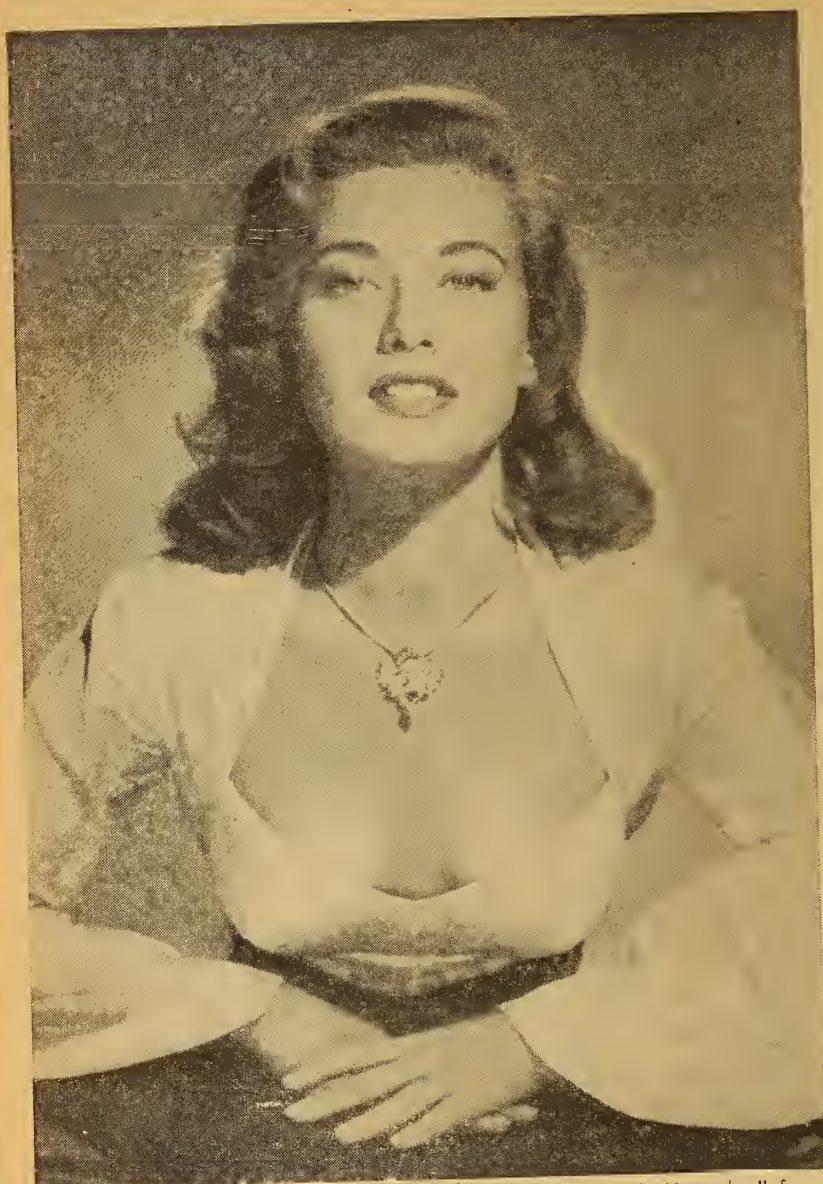
with
JANICE RULE ★ **DICK WESSON** ★ **RON HAGERTHY**

DIRECTED BY
ROY DEL RUTH

SCREEN PLAY BY JOHN KLOSER AND KARL KAMB
Musical Direction Ray Heindorf Musical Numbers Staged and Directed by LeRoy Prinz

PRODUCED BY
ROBERT ARTHUR





Peggy Dow, now Mrs. Walter Helmerich III, was once "little Jo Vornodow" from Athens, Tennessee. She came to Hollywood via Gulf Park Junior College, where she originally met Walter. Their courtship got underway in New York, two years ago.

She dared to hurt
his pride; she dared
to send him away to
prove himself. Peggy
Dow risked heart-
break for future
happiness — and won.

BY LOUISE MCILVAIN



They had flying visits together. Walter was working in the oil-fields of Oklahoma; Peggy was making movies. But love blossomed into marriage on November 24.

so sure of love

■ "... and then, of course, you respect me," the handsome young suitor said to beautiful Peggy Dow.

"But I don't respect you," she interrupted. The gentleness of her voice didn't lessen the shock of her harsh words.

When he recovered, he demanded, "And exactly what are your requirements for respecting someone?"

"Showing he has what it takes to do something on his own," Peggy retorted to the would-be writer whose few story sales certainly hadn't financed his lavish courtship of her. A very successful and generous father had done that.

Walter Helmerich III stormed out of Peggy's presence that day.

Days passed into weeks, and weeks into months. There were no more telephone calls to Peggy from New York where he maintained a very nice apartment. Nor from Tulsa, Oklahoma, where he spent part of the time with his parents on their lavish 10-acre estate. No more pages-long telegrams. No letters. Gone were the daily gardenias with poetic notes attached.

No matter what the calendar said, the heart insisted that those two months of silence were decades.

The memories of Walt were romantic, dreamy ones for (Continued on page 74)

**EVEN BEFORE THEY COULD
GET MARRIED... All Their
Troubles Were Little Ones!**

Their weekend for two
...is a riot for eight!
... Just her kids
... his kids
two dogs...
and a wildly
bewildered hotel
clerk ahead!



UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL presents

**VAN HEFLIN
PATRICIA NEAL
GIGI PERREAU**

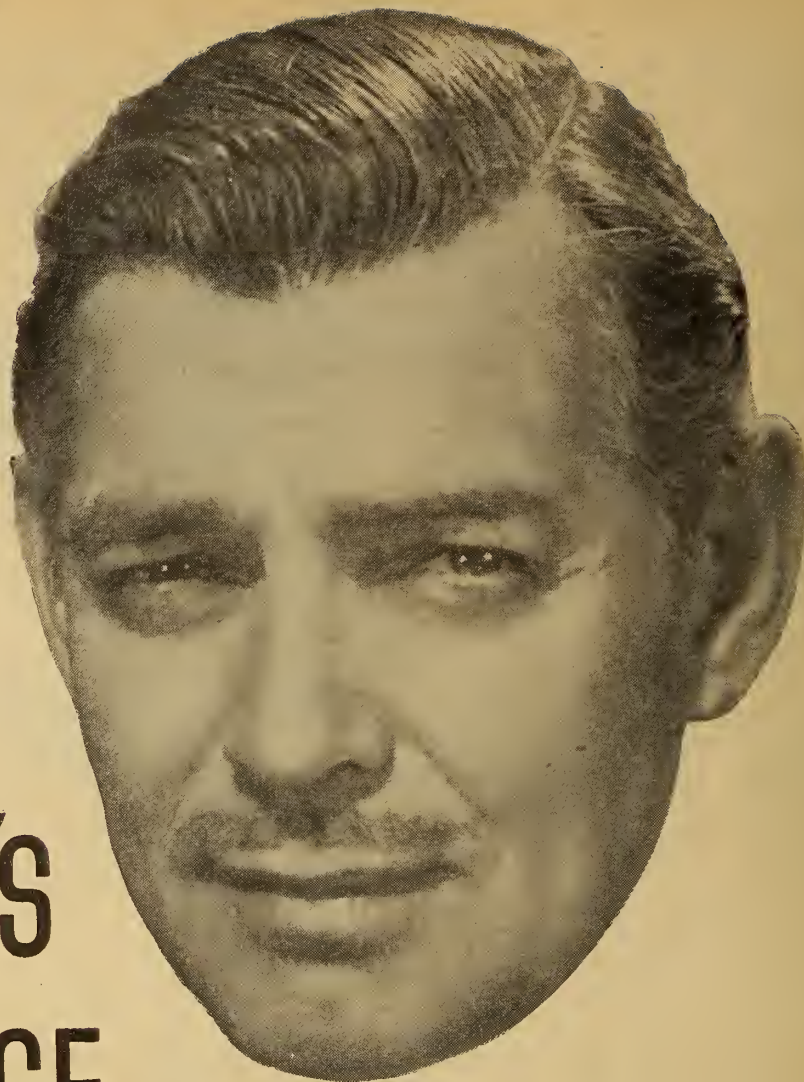
Week End with Father

*The Week End that shook
the World...with Laughter!*

with **VIRGINIA FIELD • RICHARD DENNING**

Screenplay by JOSEPH HOFFMAN • Directed by DOUGLAS SIRK • Produced by TED RICHMOND





GABLE'S DIVORCE PROBLEM

Millions of dollars are involved. Famous names will be tossed around. The "King" is up against the most expensive fight of his life.

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

■ In Hollywood, the unwritten law says that no actor must file for a divorce.

Should an actor and his wife strongly disagree—and this is putting it mildly in the case of Clark and Sylvia Gable—then it is the little woman who must sue the actor and not vice versa.

The reason for this is that the actor must remain gallant in the eyes of the public. No matter how strong his case, he mustn't plead it. After all, how gentlemanly would it look for a man to accuse his wife of mental cruelty?

Clark Gable was willing to go along with the game. It was his understanding that his bride of 17 months and six days would file for a divorce in May. And Lady Sylvia did.

On the eve of a leisurely trip aboard George Vanderbilt's yacht to Hawaii, Lady Sylvia announced that she had filed a divorce complaint in the California Superior Court. At the time, she said she wanted absolutely nothing from her tall, handsome graying husband, and was in fact, acting only on his request.

It was Clark, she intimated, who wanted their marriage dissolved. Not she. A few weeks previously (*Continued on page 84*)

"Nero fiddled while I burned!"

says **DEBORAH KERR**
co-starring with **ROBERT TAYLOR**
in MGM's Technicolor Production
"QUO VADIS"

"You'll see Nero and the burning of Rome in 'Quo Vadis'. And if you know how steam heat parches *your* skin, you can imagine how dry mine felt after making that scene. I had to be photographed *inches* away from live, crackling flames.



Soaking in water for this escape scene dried my skin again...



And later, 'my hands were tied', literally, with a harsh rope...



So I soothed my hands, arms and face with Jergens Lotion...



It kept them lovely and smooth-as-silk for romantic close-ups.



At home, too, Jergens Lotion is my head-to-toe beauty secret"...



Being liquid, Jergens is quickly absorbed by thirsty skin...

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS "FILM TEST"?

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

You can prove it yourself with the simple test described above...



You'll see why Hollywood stars prefer Jergens Lotion 7-to-1!

MOVIE REVIEWS

picture of the month

by Christopher Kane

TOO YOUNG TO KISS

June Allyson is a concert pianist, but she can't get manager Van Johnson to listen to her, he's so rich and busy. Discovering that he's due to judge a child musicians' contest, she knocks her knees, shortens her skirts, covers her teeth with an old dental brace, and forces her way into the tots' competition. Naturally, she wins. Johnson, who realizes you find an infant prodigy once in a lifetime, practically adopts her, despite the fact that she seems to be an extraordinarily vicious child. She drinks and smokes and kisses men passionately whenever she gets the chance. You can probably figure out the ending; the music is enjoyable, the performance lots of fun.

Cast: June Allyson, Van Johnson, Gig Young, Paula Gorday.—MGM.



DETECTIVE STORY

Sidney Kingsley's hit play, revised just enough to suit the movie censors, is turned into a powerful picture by Paramount. Kirk Douglas plays the psychopathic police officer who has no compassion for any human weakness. Eleanor Parker plays his wife with an illegitimate baby in her past. And their little tragedy unfolds against the bleak, unlovely background of a precinct squad room. Oddly enough, from my point of view at least, the minor characters were all better actors than the major ones. Lee Grant, whose "shop-lifter" portrayal made her famous on Broadway, repeats the performance here. While I personally feel she's still playing for the stage—she's magnificent; so, also, are two crooks played by Joseph Wiseman and Michael Strong. *Detective Story* is a moving experience, and terrific entertainment.

Cast: Kirk Douglas, Eleanor Parker, William Bendix.—Paramount.

TWO TICKETS TO BROADWAY

I guess the old-time musicals are over. Used to be that beautiful girls would come to New York hoping to work for Rodgers and Hammerstein. Now they all want to get on television. Consider the story of small-town Janet Leigh. She arrives in New York, meets indigent singer Tony Martin, whose agent is also agent for three out-of-work actresses (Gloria De Haven, Ann Miller, Barbara Lawrence). This agent, namely, Eddie Bracken, is a disreputable snake. After much lying, starving, and shenanigans, they all get on the Bob Crosby TV show, and the final number has Janet reclining on a large bed, while Tony sings to her. Maybe it ain't good taste, but it sure is Hollywood. Best touch in the picture: the casting of old vaudeville team Smith and Dale as delicatessen proprietors. They are truly hilarious, and I would sit through the entire 106 minutes again, just to watch them work.

Cast: Tony Martin, Janet Leigh, Gloria De Haven, Eddie Bracken.—RKO.



I WANT YOU

Samuel Goldwyn continues his investigation of what he considers to be average American families (*Best Years Of Our Lives*, *Our Very Own*), this time in the year 1950. Peace isn't really peace in 1950, what with men dying in Korea, but the Greer family (Robert Keith and Mildred Dunnock, parents; Dana Andrews, older son; and Farley Granger, kid brother) feel relatively removed from the problem. Dana was in the army four years, Farley's got a trick knee that will defer him. The times can't be ignored, so Dana decides he has to go back into the army, even though his wife (Dorothy McGuire) cries, "Is two years the limit that people can expect to be happy these days?" As for Farley, he's drafted, irons out a romantic problem of his own, with Peggy Dow. Picture's slow getting started, but has some immensely moving scenes—notably one (Continued on page 90)

An eyeful...an earful...

an armful of the **BIG TOWN!**

HOWARD HUGHES presents

TWO TICKETS TO BROADWAY

Color by TECHNICOLOR

Grab your gal! Grab your guy! Grab yourself
two tickets to the Broadway hit that's got everything!

Torchy songs...sizzling dances...high-voltage loving...
and a laugh for every light on the Great White Way!



starring

TONY
MARTIN

JANET
LEIGH

GLORIA
DeHAVEN

EDDIE
BRACKEN

ANN
MILLER

with BARBARA LAWRENCE · BOB CROSBY featuring THE CHARLIVELS · screen play by SID SILVERS & HAL KANTER · directed by JAMES V. KERN



ROUX COLOR SHAMPOO

Colors gray hair,
lightens or darkens existing color,
or gives new color, if desired...

NO OTHER HAIRCOLORING GIVES
YOU SUCH GLAMOROUS
NATURAL LOOKING HAIRCOLOR



ROUX COLOR SHAMPOO

THE EASY "SHAMPOO-WAY" IN QUICK "SHAMPOO-TIME"!

PREFERRED BY PROFESSIONAL COLORISTS
ROUX COLORS GRAY OR FADED HAIR—FASTER,
EASIER THAN EVER...TAKES JUST MINUTES!

Lovelier haircolor for *your* audience! Rich,
lasting color to hold admiring eyes. It's *yours*
—so easily, so swiftly, yet still *costs less!*

Enjoy the comfort of lovely new color
"shampooed" into every
visible strand in *just*
minutes.

Years of tested experi-
ence have gone into this
exquisite hair cosmetic.
It's sure, it's natural-
looking, it's lovelier. And
its name—ROUX—is
your guarantee of tested
dependability.



SEE HOW EASY IT IS FOR YOU TO HAVE
LOVELIER HAIRCOLOR IN "SHAMPOO-TIME"



1 Coloring mixture
is poured from
bottle on to hair.
Fingers work it
through.



2 Then after a few
minutes, the same
with the ends.



3 It's shampooed—
that's all!

SEE WHY ROUX COLOR SHAMPOO IS
THE PROFESSIONAL COLOR CHOICE!

- It's brushless—no fear of flat, painted look.
- It's resistant to sun, salt water and perspiration acids.
- It's lasting—won't wash out, fade or develop off-shade casts.
- It lightens or darkens haircolor several shades without prebleaching.

12 HEAVENLY COLORS

- No. 1 Black
- No. 2 Dark Brown
- No. 3 Brown
- No. 4 Light Warm Brown
- No. 5 Light Ash Brown
- No. 6 Dark Auburn
- No. 7 Light Auburn
- No. 8 Golden Brown
- No. 9 Ash Blonde
- No. 10 Reddish Blonde
- No. 11 Golden Blonde
- No. 12 Light Blonde

Use according to directions.

PROFESSIONAL COLORISTS USE MORE ROUX THAN ALL OTHER COLORINGS COMBINED

Visit your beauty salon—ask your hairdresser about ROUX COLOR SHAMPOO

Roux Distributing Co., Inc.





THE WINNERS! John Wayne is king of the popularity poll. June Allyson is queen for the second time.

modern screen's top ten for 1951

Here are the stars you
chose as favorites in 1951.

- 1 JUNE ALLYSON
JOHN WAYNE
- 2 JANE POWELL
ALAN LADD
- 3 BETTY GRABLE
CLARK GABLE
- 4 LANA TURNER
FARLEY GRANGER
- 5 ELIZABETH TAYLOR
RONALD REAGAN
- 6 BARBARA STANWYCK
TONY CURTIS
- 7 JANET LEIGH
JEFF CHANDLER
- 8 DORIS DAY
WILLIAM HOLDEN
- 9 ESTHER WILLIAMS
BING CROSBY
- 10 JUDY GARLAND
GLENN FORD

■ At the end of every year, all Hollywood sits back and takes stock of its successes and failures—the great films and the duds; the stars who've won new glory and the stars who've begun to fall. And one night in March of every year, Hollywood's Supreme Court—the Academy Awards—selects the outstanding films and performances. But for the all-important popularity ratings, Hollywood is not the judge. That role belongs to you—the four-and-a-half million readers of MODERN SCREEN. Your choice of the top 10, as recorded on MODERN SCREEN's Popularity Poll, has become increasingly important to Hollywood ever since the first results were announced 10 years ago. It is with the warmest congratulations, therefore, that we present here the list of winners for 1951. Congratulations to them—and to you who've made them great.

It was just 10 years ago that a new actor appeared in a movie called *This Gun For Hire*. MODERN SCREEN readers clamored to hear more about him. That was Hollywood's first indication of Alan Ladd's fabulous magnetism. You know what happened. Ladd jumped to the heights, and he stayed there . . . A few years later, another young player captured the hearts of MODERN SCREEN's readers. His name was Van Johnson, and pretty soon it was in the spotlight . . . In 1950, an unknown actor, who'd had only a few brief roles, somehow attracted your attention, (*Continued on page 75*)



John married Esperanza in 1946; she was a movie star in Mexico.



Duke calls his wife "Chata." He has four children by a former marriage.



His acting made him top box-office star, but John produces hits, too.



He'll never outgrow Westerns. Fans like these kids won't ever let him.



Tops at the
box office, tops on
MODERN SCREEN's
Popularity Poll.
That's John Wayne,
a big quiet hunk
of dynamite.

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

top man

■ One summer afternoon, back in 1927, a hulking young USC football player called Duke Morrison plied a broom repetitiously on a Hollywood set, and found the going very monotonous indeed.

All day, while an exacting director named John Ford tried vainly for a tricky emotional scene, he had tossed brown paper leaves across the camera, then stepped in and swept them up to toss them all over again. Duke was earning money to get back to college and play varsity tackle, and what furrowed his rugged brow was not the art of the screen drama, but the fast Notre Dame fullback he'd have to stop next season. That camera crew tempers were short as firecracker fuses and John Ford anxiously chewing his handkerchief to confetti didn't register on Duke a bit.

So when he heard, "Action!" again he chucked in his leaves and never noticed the rapt "This one's it!" expression on the director's face. Automatically, Duke ambled forward and started sweeping. Only when the air turned blue with outraged curses did he notice that the camera was still whirring. When he swivelled his startled mug into the lens he knew he had committed a sin in Hollywood as mortal as murdering your own grandmother. He had ruined a perfect "take."

That chagrined stare on the set of *Four Sons* was the first performance John Wayne, as he's known today, ever played in Hollywood. Needless to state, it never saw the light of a theater screen, nor did he get a nickel for the realistic job. But he did win an award.

After indignant huskies had grabbed him, "pantsted" him, and goosestepped him around the set, they decorated him with an iron cross twisted from ten-penny nails and bent him over double. From a running start, John Ford aimed a kick at his *sittsfleisch* and scored a goal. Duke didn't get fired, but it wasn't exactly an auspicious start in the picture business. (Continued on page 77)



THESE STARS WILL
SHARE THE LIMELIGHT
OF 1952! THAT'S HEDDA'S
PREDICTION—THE LADY
BACKS IT UP WITH FACTS
YOU CAN NOT IGNORE.



Ava Gardner will be Miss Glamor of 1952. In *Pandora* and the *Flying Dutchman*, she has more sex appeal than anyone since Garbo.



Cameron Mitchell, Broadway hit in *Death of a Salesman*, made 20th sit up and take notice.



Dean Miller panned Hollywood to a stranger, on a train. Stranger was Dare Schory, who signed him.

MY PREDICTIONS FOR 1952

by Hedda Hopper

Will their careers bring them more fame? Will their private lives bring them happiness? One of Hollywood's foremost crystal gazers peers into the future for a good look at tomorrow.



Leslie Caron's first picture, *An American in Paris*, is mopping up at the B.O.



Lanza will be one of the hottest actors of '52. Wait till you hear him sing "Because You're Mine."



Singin' in the Rain is the picture that'll put Debbie Reynolds' name high on theater marquees.



Mitzi Gaynor will hit the jackpot when *The I Don't Care Girl* (Eva Tanguay story) is released.



After Debra Paget made *Bird of Paradise*, her studio was swamped with fan mail.



Rock Hudson was neglected until Universal execs saw what he could do in *Bend of the River*.



Sexy Marilyn Monroe is still a long way from being a Duse, but that won't keep her from stardom.



After *The Merry Widow* is released, fans will be sighing over Argentina's handsome Fernando Lamas.



The public discovered easy-going Dale Robertson at the preview of a minor film.



Anne Francis came to Hollywood via TV and got the title role in her first movie, *Lydia Bailey*.



Teresa won Pier Angeli acclaim. Handled well, she'll climb to the top. Appears next with Stewart Granger.



John Harrison rated raves for *Saturday's Hero*, rated role in newest Judy Holliday film.

■ There I was minding my own business for a change (I said it first) when the phone rang.

"Hello, Hedda," said the editor of MODERN SCREEN, "polish up your crystal ball. It's time for your annual predictions. How's about telling our readers who'll be up and who'll be down, who'll be loved and who'll be left at the altar in Hollywood in 1952?"

"Who—me?" I said. "Or don't you remember? I'm the gal who predicted that in 1951, and I quote, 'Elizabeth Taylor and Nick Hilton will make a happy go of their marriage.' And, 'Janet Leigh won't love Tony Curtis half as much as her brilliant new picture breaks. So she'll keep saying No.' And, 'Clark Gable and his lady fair will grow

cozier and cozier out on the farm. And—lots more . . ."

"Hedda, Hedda," interrupted the editor, "you also predicted, and I quote, 'Shirley Temple will change her name to Mrs. Charles Black and give up her Hollywood career.' And, 'The Dan Daileys will sign their bill of divorcement and Dan will play the field.' And, 'Farley Granger will live alone and like it, and so will his old sweetie, Shelley Winters.' I'd say your predictions were 88 per cent right, Hedda. So—get out your crystal ball, and even if it is slightly cracked, get busy with those 1952 predictions."

Well, here I go again. Another year. 1952—with its comedies and tragedies, its romances, rifts and, unfortunately, its unsavory headlines. (Continued on page 66)



Someday he'll
come along—that man
you love. But until
he does it's a
problem being a girl.
I know! Here's what
I've learned about
handling men.

what to do 'til the minister comes

by Pipet Laurie



■ Between the time you grow out of childhood and the day you get married—what do you do? Sit and pine? Mix around and force the issue? Swim in a sea of romantic hoping? Plunge into the forgetfulness of work, art or whatever, and let love come when it may? Play safe? Play with fire? Oh, it's a problem to be a girl . . .

Should you be frightened about yourself when someone you know gets married? Should you be frightened and say, "Look at them! It's so wonderful. And here I am, 19 (or 18, or 21 or 25,) and not married yet!" Or is this too dangerous a feeling? Will it make you over-eager and unable to use good judgment so that you had best talk yourself out of any such enthusiasm quickly? Or should you be frightened because another girl has married and it becomes known that things aren't going well with her, and now the whole proposition of marriage seems risky? Should you be bold and seek out or should you be bashful and be sought out? What to do during that anxious in-between?

There are words I heard somewhere that say, in effect, that these years of young womanhood are the most trying of all. I think this is so. I think a girl often feels she isn't actually living, but just suspended in life. Of course she sometimes has the power to alter the situation. But how . . . and should she? With me the trouble is that I don't know whether to use my heart or my head as guide . . . or the exact proportion of each. (I think the right mixture is the important thing.) I often realize that I had better use my head, but on the other hand, it's my heart that I want to take care of.

I think I started to worry about all this before it was time to worry. Was that just me, or is it common with girls? I can remember my first big project was to get concrete proof of my femininity. This was when I was 11 and I just had to know what my girl-power was. I talked my family into letting a boy we knew take me to a movie matinee. He was to have dinner with us afterwards but when we got back into the lobby of our apartment house I wasn't in a hurry to go upstairs. We talked and I don't remember how it happened, or even if I maneuvered it, but suddenly he was trying to kiss me. Of course, I refused. What I was after right then was information, not experience. And I had it. He wanted to . . . and that's all I wanted to know. But he asked why I wouldn't and my answer was that we were too young. He acted as if he thought this was quite reasonable.

"Then when can we?" he wanted to know.

I can still remember how intriguing I found this question. I took it seriously. In the next few seconds of silence I was (Continued on page 86)



401

by Gene Nelson

Our



It started 10 years ago when we were married . . . and every

Christmas since has been a double holiday, a double blessing.

Christmas Love Story

■ Just a few days before Christmas, at three o'clock in the afternoon on the 22nd, to be exact, Miriam and I will be celebrating our tenth wedding anniversary. And this year it's going to be a big day. This year, jolly old St. Nick will have to crawl into the back seat while the Nelsons take over.

After all, it is not every day that you have been married for 10 years.

Every year up to now, it has seemed that somehow, without

our even realizing it, our anniversary has always blended into the celebration of Christmas itself. During the war, when the very spirit of Christmas was a terrible reminder that you were separated from the ones you loved, the day was marked by a special kind of loneliness. Later, when we were settled, it was the occasion of some of our finest moments of friendship and good fellowship.

But there hasn't been a Christmas (*Continued on page 80*)

**through
with
love?**





Smiling pretty for the people at Ciro's, Lana is with Cy Howard whom she started to date shortly after her separation from Bob Topping.

Lana's learned
the facts of love
the hard way.
She's been used and
abused. But she'll
never get men
out of her hair—
or her heart.

BY STEVE CRONIN

no more tears for Turner—at least that's what Lana says.

"My marriage to Bob is over," she admits, "and I'm reconciled to that. There's no sense in re-hashing things. A girl must forget and look to the future."

Does she mean a future without love? It doesn't seem likely, for looming very large in Lana's life today is Cy Howard, a tall, dark haired radio producer who is recognized in Hollywood as a "character."

"Characters" have a way of capturing Lana's fancy, probably because average men bore her too easily. She likes her male escorts to be sharp, witty, and colorful. Cy Howard qualifies. He knows all the answers.

Cy was born 35 years ago in Milwaukee. His big claim to fame is that he was the creator of two outstanding radio shows, "My Friend Irma" and "Life with Luigi." He has also written the *Irma* motion pictures and *That's My Boy*, which starred Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin.

Cy Howard has been described in the press as, "uncouth, brash, vain," and not particularly well-bred. But he is tall, dark, handsome and talented. That's the type Lana has specialized in. Greg Bautzer, Artie Shaw, Steve Crane, Ty Power, Bob Topping all fill the bill.

Just how serious she is about Cy, Lana isn't saying. "He's very nice, and he's a lot of laughs," is the limit of her description. There's little doubt, though, that Howard is helping her to forget the past.

A few months ago, as you'll recall, Lana was in pretty bad shape mentally. She was trying (Continued on page 85)

it's a great life

Haver looks
fragile, but, oh boy!
She'll trim you
at tennis, beat you
at golf, run
you ragged in
her zest for life!

BY JIM HENAGHAN

■ When she was 14 years old, June Haver lived in the small city of Rock Island, Illinois, far away from the make-believe of Hollywood. One Sunday morning, June and her sister, Evelyn, stood in the teeming rain before their house and tried to think of something to do to amuse themselves.

"I know," said June, "let's go to church."

"Which one?" asked Evelyn.

"Let's go to the Catholic church," said June.

"But that's across the trestle," said Evelyn. "It's kind of dangerous."

"Sure it is," said June, "but it will be fun—and we really ought to go to some church, you know."

Evelyn agreed, so the girls set out and walked until they came to a railroad bridge high above a span of river and canyon. Then, one behind the other, they began to cross, stepping over the ties and laughing as they did so. It *was* fun, but if a train had appeared the girls would most certainly have been injured—for there was no place to go but down from their narrow cat walk.

When they reached the other side, they found the church which was dry and warm, and they entered a rear pew for the mass. Although neither of them were Catholics, they knelt and prayed in silence, and when the services were over they made their way home the same way they had come—and called it a splendid morning.

This incident is typical of June Haver—and demonstrates a character and personality that is hers today as it was then. She is a devout girl, but a scamp; a religious girl who seldom stops laughing and enjoying the excitement of life. (*Continued on page 76*)



June's a crack decorator. Often daes friends' houses; sends the fee to a pet charity.



Outdoor sports are her meat. She excels at parlar games, tao, and is quite a practical joker.



Golf is her favarite posttime, and she's gaad at it. She plays when she's free—rain ar shine.



A frequent visitor to veterons' hospitals, she's adored by soldiers like Jahn Naves.



Full of the devil?

Not Mario. He's lusty,
he's loud, he's full
of laughs. And if that's bad
you'll have to take it—
or leave Lanza alone!

BY CARL SCHROEDER



Mario beams as his wife follows Kathryn Grayson's example in kissing Norman Taurag, Lanza's director at MGM. Betty is very helpful in creating good public relations for Mario.



He's almost cut out impromptu concerts; but he'll sing any time for the kids. When admiring young musicians like these drop in on the set, Mario is always ready to oblige.

**"they
can't
make
me
behave"**

■ There was great anger in the heart and mind of Mario Lanza. He also had a sprained ankle and a severe pain in the neck.

He stood at the desk of Dore Schary, big chief of MGM, and tried to quell the righteous fury that welled up inside him.

Mr. Lanza was being told, politely, but firmly, that a different sort of general behavior was expected of him in the future. Mario listened. He leaned on his cane and wished he could sit down. He shifted uncomfortably.

Suddenly, Mr. Schary stopped talking. He waited for Mario's reply, but there was none forthcoming. Instead, the seconds ticked on in miserable silence. Inside, Mario Lanza turned deep purple.

Then the explosion came. Mario raised his cane and broke it violently over Mr. Schary's desk. Ink spilled. Cigarettes bounced high out of a leather desk tray. Dore Schary shoved back his



chair, and watched in amazement as Mario Lanza limped away through the outer office, shouting down violent threats and ill wishes for all of the movie industry within the sound of his voice.

"Temperamental? They say I am temperamental? How ridiculous!"

Mario Lanza was telling me about his strange encounter with the big boss. He sat at a long desk in his home on Whittier Drive in Beverly Hills, grinning with high good humor. He wore one of his extra loud sport shirts, with extra short sleeves. Most of his strongly muscled arms were in view, and obviously they did not have an extra ounce of fat upon them.

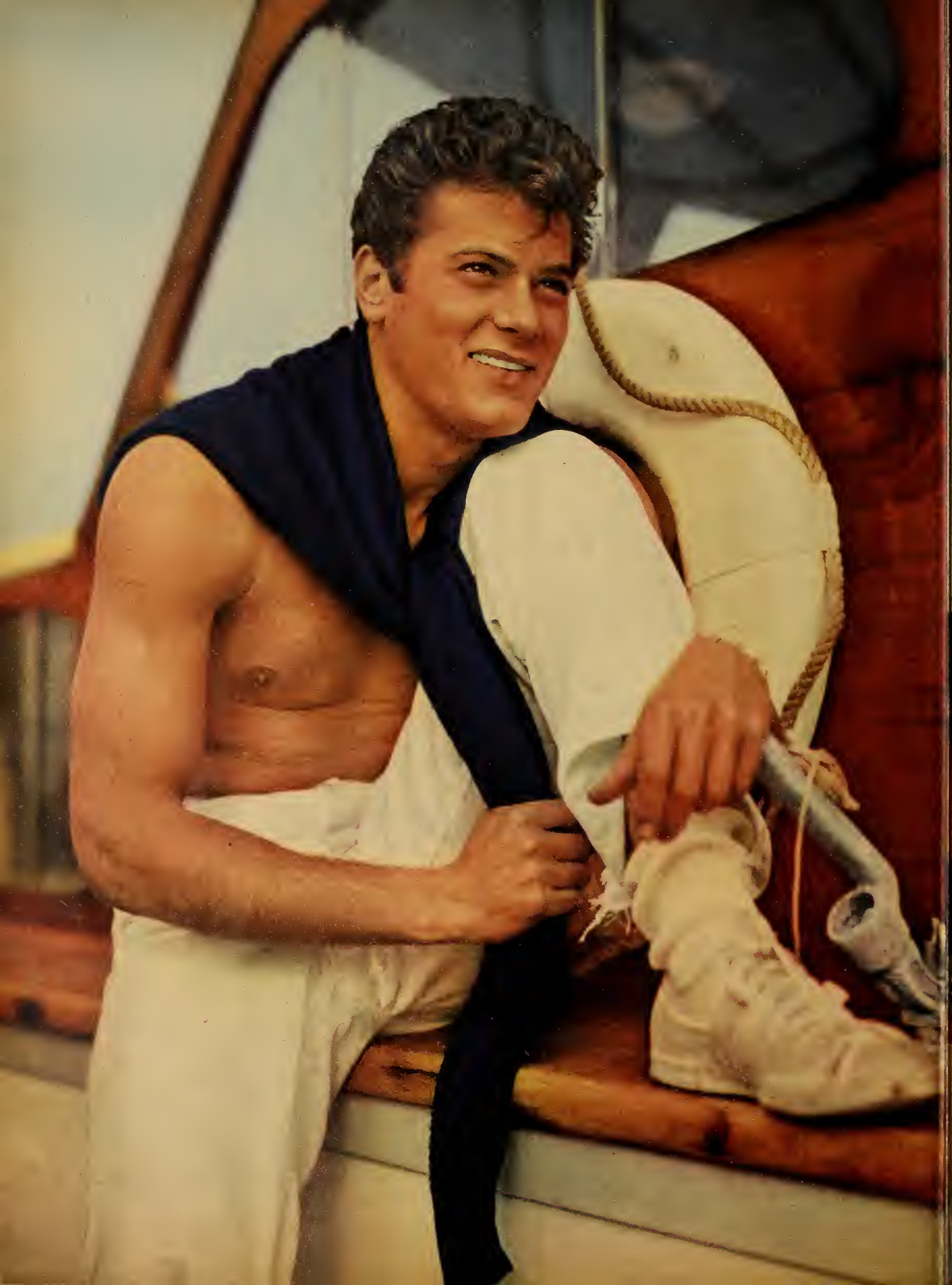
"You are not going to get me wrong," he said. "You—I can see it in your eyes—are going to tell the truth about Mario Lanza, so there will be no more trouble with all these lies!"

"No more trouble?" My voice sounded a bit incredulous.

"Well, with me, I guess there will always be some excitement. But there will be no more misunderstanding. I am a young man. I have a violent love for living in my veins. I am not going to behave like some people want me to behave. I don't think they will ever change. And I won't change, either. So, if that is misbehaving—I will misbehave."

"But, to get back to Mr. Schary. This is a wonderful man. I have lived in Hollywood long enough to know that some reporters might tell the story about how I broke the cane over his desk, and then not tell the truth about what happened afterwards. And the net result of all this would be that Dore would think I am a louse, and I would be."

Yes, Mario Lanza would look like what he says—a louse—if the truth weren't told. The lack of (*Continued on page 82*)



Pessimists Keep yelling, "It won't last." Tony and Janet don't believe them, but just the same...

THEY'RE SCARED STIFF!

By Jim Burton



No honeymoon yet! Picture work keeps interfering. Since their marriage Tony and Janet have been separated more than they've been together.

■ No matter what they tell you about Hollywood marriages, there's nothing like them anywhere. Every Hollywood marriage is jam-packed with danger right from the start. Gossip, jealousy, and business interference are constant threats to marital success, and too often these threats grow up into divorce suits.

No Hollywood newlyweds are more aware of this than Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis who, since their marriage, have spent more time away from each other than together.

Last summer, when they were married in Connecticut against studio advice, Janet had to fly back to California alone. Tony had to continue his personal appearance tour with Piper Laurie for *The Prince Who Was A Thief*.

"That was the start of our separation," Janet says, "and even though we're living together now, we hardly get to see each other. Every time we plan a honeymoon, Tony's studio says, 'Wait until you finish one more picture,' or mine says the same thing. We thought we'd go on a honeymoon in June just after we were married, but I had to go into a picture with Peter Lawford. When that one was over, Universal had a script ready for Tony.

"Since our marriage, neither of us has been free at the same time. We're supposed to go to Hawaii on a honeymoon this winter, but we're not counting on it. The only thing we can really count on are those darn rumors."

These rumors, and you've probably heard some of them, insist that (a) Janet is pregnant (b) Janet and Tony aren't getting along too well (c) Janet and Tony are both having studio trouble.

"The situation can change any time," Tony says, "but as of yesterday, Janet wasn't pregnant. How that story got started as far back as September, I don't (*Continued on page 58*)

"Pinch me," Debbie Reynolds cries, "I'm dreaming!" Now her sister-in-law tells why the fame, the fans, the fancy clothes have Debbie in a tizzy.



Bless her little pointed head, you can't tell whether Debbie's trouble is love or hunger. Carleton Carpenter toted her to the Press Photographers' Ball.



Debbie can turn on glamor, too. For a gala premiere date with Robert Wagner, she dresses to the teeth in one of her fabulous collection of gowns.

it's not a dream, debbie!

BY JOYCE REYNOLDS

■ Everybody who ever knew Debbie when she was Mary Frances Reynolds has been thrown for a loop. And that includes me. (I'm her sister-in-law). When I first knew her, in school a few years ago, she was considered just about the squarest square that ever hit John Burroughs High, mainly because she didn't date boys. In the minds of the crowd I ran around with, that simple fact added up to a parallelogram having four equal sides and four right angles.

Anybody who was anybody at J. B. High just automatically gathered of nights at Bob's Drive-In out in the valley, where we destroyed as many hamburgers as we could hold. And where was Debbie on these moonlit nights? Off somewhere with the Girl Scouts, or at home blowing into her French horn, or practicing how to twirl a baton. Heaven knows there were enough boys in the crowd who'd have been delighted to buy her a milkshake, but Debbie just wasn't interested.

She went out with boys, sure—to football games or school proms, something or anything to do with school activities—but parties were taboo. Don't ask me why. I guess that Debbie was so surrounded by a whirlpool of activity that *(Continued on page 87)*





HOLLYWOOD'S

■ Recently, several members of a national organization convening in Los Angeles were visiting the Clark Gable set at MGM. Mindful of the assistant director's cry of "Quiet, please!" they stood in silence, but their expressions, especially the women's, revealed their excitement as they watched the acting of one of the most fabulous men in show history. When the scene ended, Clark was excused for a short rest. As he started off for his dressing room every eye was on him. Walking steadily, his face set straight ahead, he came abreast of the group. They felt that surely he would turn his head and smile. But there was no pause in his stride. Without so much as a glance to acknowledge the admiration falling all about him, he kept right on and went by. In the cold hush of disbelief that followed, those who were left behind gazed at each other at a loss for words. They thought they had been deliberately snubbed. But they were wrong.

Clark had simply been ducking the one bugaboo almost all the stars come to dread—facing up in real life to their public. The strain of acting in the spotlight is not half as bad for them as living in it. Gable doesn't like it; Jennifer Jones and Rita Hayworth have been frightened by it; and performers like Janet Leigh, Peter Lawford and Howard Duff are never unaffected.

Go back to Greta Garbo. It wasn't her picture roles as a goddess that made her choose to be a recluse; it was having people expect her to act like one in her private life. Essentially the story is the same all the way up to the newest starlet, like Marilyn Monroe, for instance. Marilyn's beauty can fill the screen but not the painful pauses in her social conversations.

What is the nature of this bugaboo? Why does it affect the stars so strongly? The answer, bluntly, is that there are few stars (*Continued on page 81*)



Millions adore them,
but Hollywood's Great
tremble in public.

Facing the fans can
turn a star's life
into a bed of neuroses.

BY SUSAN TRENT

WORST BUGABOO



The china pig and everything else

the pig is in the parlor



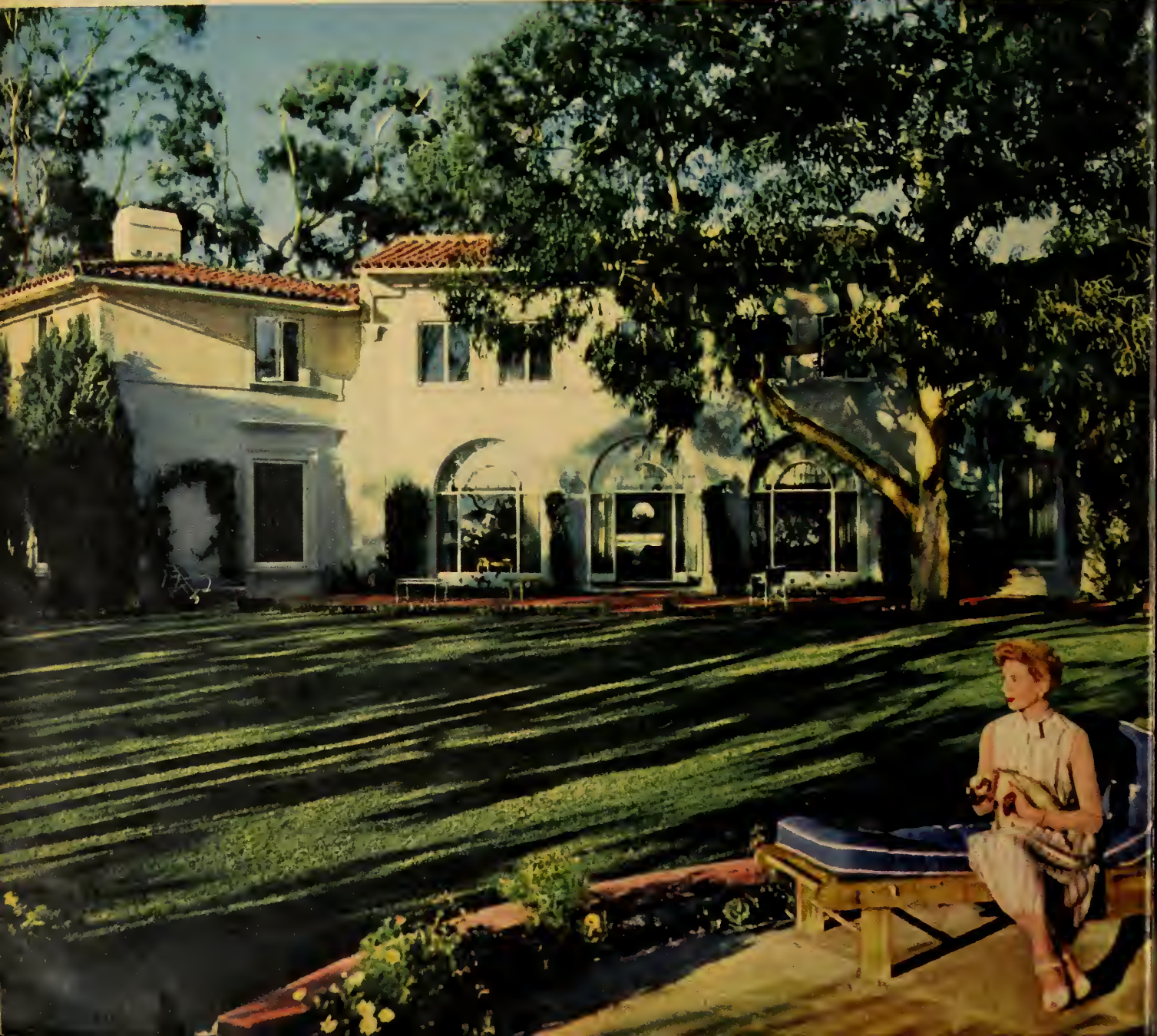
■ Seated at the baby grand piano, Deborah Kerr was playing a soft accompaniment to her thoughts. She let the music trail off as she turned toward her husband.

"Tony," she said abruptly, "do you think it's true that a house reflects the owner's personality?"

"I suppose so," Tony answered, ready to agree with whatever his pregnant wife happened to say.

"Then," said Deborah conclusively, "I must have an awfully muddled personality."

photos by Bob Beerman and Bert Parry



fine at Deborah's, where elegance and whimsy mix like sugar and spice.

by Marva Peterson

Anthony C. Bartley III put down the TV script he'd been reading. He got up from his armchair and walked across the sun room to his wife who was studying their home with troubled eyes. He cupped her chin gently in one hand and turned her face towards his. "You're the most beautiful, muddled personality I know, and I love you." He underlined his opinion with a kiss.

Deborah placed her hands back on the keyboard to steady herself. "But about the

house," she persisted. "Tell me the truth."

"I like it muddled, as you call it," Tony continued loyally. "It wouldn't seem like our home if it weren't for these fat old whale-oil lamps and that slightly battered marquetry table. Even the weird African heads seem like part of the family. And how would it look without that silly pig in the parlor? But if it makes you happy, you can turn the wine cellar into a skating rink, and plant cactus on the roof. Only one thing. No changes in my room, please."

Scotland's lovely gift to Metro giggled in spite of herself. "I didn't have anything quite so radical in mind. It's only my room whose personality I want to change."

"Go ahead, darling."

The changes Deborah Kerr outlined that evening were quite ambitious. They involved knocking out the south wall of her upstairs bedroom and replacing it with large picture windows. For a long time, she confided to Tony, she'd wanted to be able to lie in bed and (Continued on page 72)



The sunroom's arches echo the arches in the stucco exterior (left). Round-the-world furnishings include wooden heads from the Congo, whale-oil lamps from a London antique shop, and Italian plaques.



"The dining room was furnished tongue-in-cheek," Deborah grins. The table, supported by Prince of Wales feathers, was bought at auction. Gaudy blackamoor statues stood in indirectly lighted niches.



Deborah's bedroom was a complete re-make job. A wall was knocked out for the sea-scape picture window. This led to new draperies, re-upholstering, plastering and paper—all in all, a new "personality".



Tony Bartley's bedroom-study is crammed with RAF souvenirs like the portraits of his squadron. The focal point is a big TV set viewable from desk or daybed where he can check on his productions.

HOUSE OF THE MONTH



heartbreak ahead?

Her friends say Luft's not the type for Garland. But they can't stop Judy from throwing her heart away on the man she loves.

BY CAROLINE BROOKS

■ When Judy Garland returned to Hollywood after a five-month European tour during which she'd earned some \$200,000, reporters at the train asked her how she felt.

For a minute, Judy wouldn't answer.

Her glance swept across the train station, and came to rest on her little daughter, five-year-old Liza Minnelli. Liza ran into her mother's arms. There was a joyful, kissing reunion, and only after that was

over would Judy answer the eager press.

"I'm feeling great. I don't worry about my figure any more."

In England, Judy had been amazed by all the comment concerning her weight. Practically every newspaper describing her appearance at the Palladium, included such items as "a surprisingly heavyweight Judy Garland made her vaudeville debut last night," or, "Judy Garland, fatter and rounder than ever, arrived in London yes-



A plump, hoppy Judy, home from her triumphant European tour, greeted Liza.

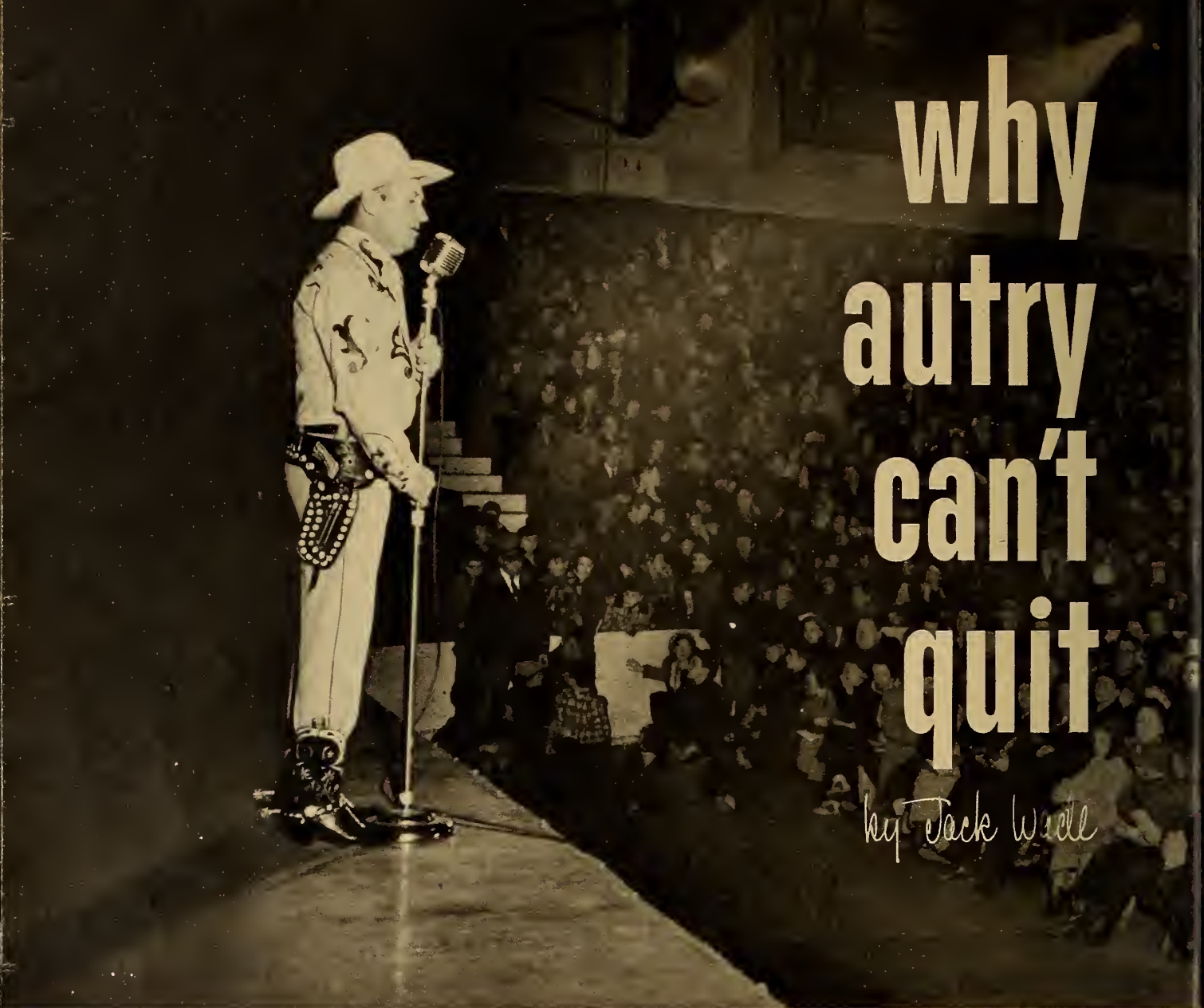
"He uses his fists too much," people say of Sid Luft, here with his lawyer (left). He answered four legal charges in October.

terday," or, "Never before has talented Judy weighed this much."

Talking about it later, Judy good naturedly said, "For a while they had me feeling like the fat lady from Barnum & Bailey. But they were really a wonderful audience. The crowds I played to in England were simply magnificent. So understanding. So warm. They bring out the best in an entertainer.

"I remember (Continued on page 70)





why autry can't quit

by Jack Walle

■ One day back in 1929 a young fellow from the Oklahoma cow country swung off a B. & O. coach on the Jersey side of the Hudson River and stood there gawking at the Manhattan skyline.

The yellow clay of the prairies still smudged his butterfly boots and an aroma of sagebrush wafted from his new suit of store clothes. He lugged a battered case that housed a five dollar, second-hand guitar.

A fellow passenger watched him stare at the silhouette of the Great City, and grinned. "Well, Bud," he asked, "what do you think of *that*?"

"My goodness!" drawled Gene Autry. "Once I get inside that place—how'll I ever get out?"

"Well," comforted the stranger, "a lot of people in there don't want to."

At that point, Gene had just ditched his railroad telegrapher's job, on Will Rogers' advice, to seek his fortune as a singing

cowboy. By now Gene's five dollar guitar has been parlayed into a multimillion dollar career, and he's the busiest man, by far, in all of Hollywood. But sometimes the fabulous empire which he has built with his own brains, talent and luck seems as inescapable a labyrinth to Gene's friends as New York's canyons once looked to him.

Every now and then they ask him, "Gene, when you going to slow down and take it easy?" Or as his pal, Chill Wills, put it the other day, "Doggone, Gene, why don't you stop supporting all them Demmycrats back in Washington?"

At such times Gene grins the wide, white smile that has become famous wherever movies are shown, and astonishment shows in his mild blue eyes. "You mean quit?" he asks. "Why, honest, I wouldn't know how." And he's speaking the gospel truth. Even when he thinks he's taking it easy, Gene's about as passive as a Texas tornado.

One afternoon a few weeks ago, (Continued on page 63)

YOU CAN'T PUT AN AMERICAN INSTITUTION LIKE GENE OUT TO PASTURE, AND TOURS LIKE THESE SHOW WHY.



The thrill that comes once in a lifetime: Young Roger Lodage met Gene at the Illinois State Fair. He lost his family, but with Gene's help everything turned out all right.



Big smile for the grandstand: Gene spends weeks on tour. Here the fair officials in Springfield escort him to the stage where he appeared 20 years ago as a band singer.



A couple of Champions: Gene has played over 300 towns on tour and never missed a performance. Once he had to ride a freight car with the horses to keep a scheduled date.



Three out of 150: The Gene Autry enterprises have a payroll of over 150 employees, most of them long-termers. Here Rufe Davis and Ed Waller talk things over with the boss.



The best medicine yet: Gene never fails to visit the children's wards. In Springfield he also inspected some hospital equipment bought with funds from a benefit he did in the winter.



Backstage bedroom: Gene's often up from 6 AM to 3 AM. He keeps going by snatching cat naps backstage between shows. He's been promising himself a rest for 15 years.

To the millions who love her, MODERN SCREEN reports

on how Shirley Temple is living "Happily ever after."

BY AGNES VAGHI



Washington's elite turned out for the reception given Shirley and Charles Black. Even Vice-President and Mrs. Alben Barkley were there.



Mrs. Parsons (center) hosted the party which proved Shirley's place in Washington society is secure. (At right) Mrs. John Thomas.



Sophistication becomes Mrs. Black. She wore a new hair-do, sleek gown at the American Newspaper Women's Club party for servicemen.

Mrs. Black; housewife

■ Amidst world-tottering problems and talk of peace Shirley Temple moved to Washington, D. C., a few months ago.

"And only because my husband is stationed here with the Navy—specifically, in the Office of Naval Operations in case anybody wants to know." She added the last part teasingly over her unlisted telephone which is also a party line.

Shirley and her husband, Reserve Officer Lt. Comdr. Charles Black, are definitely not interested in publicity, even in the hot-news capital of the United States. After 20 years of movies, Shirley feels she's had enough.

"I'm tired of telling interviewers how many pressure cookers I have, and posing for photographers in front of the fireplace reading the funnies," she says.

Instead, her ardent desire is to play a new role, that of being an unglamorous housewife, and mother to Linda Susan, her three-year-old daughter.

Linda Susan reminds everyone of Shirley when she was a child. Smart and "cute as a button," she's quite a conversationalist for her age. Now, there is a rumor that Shirley expects another baby.

Dressed in slacks or plain house cotton, Shirley takes charge of Linda herself, performing all the sundry chores of motherhood. In addition, she cooks for her husband, cleans house, and does the marketing without benefit of a staff of servants.

"Sure, it's a lot of work," admits Shirley, "but I love it."

Equaling her domestic abilities is her natural bent for business. Washington tradesmen are surprised to find Shirley a smart "cook" when it comes to shopping. She always sees to it that she gets her money's worth.

"I'm Pennsylvania Dutch! I'm stubborn!" she says about the way she handles her new responsibilities.

But curiosity seekers, in a town supposedly conditioned to celebrities, are rampant, especially where Shirley is concerned. When she first came to Washington and put up in a furnished apartment, every newspaper in town heralded her arrival and hundreds of calls poured into the Navy Department. (Continued on page 62)



ALSULANA ACRES IS AN INSURANCE POLICY ON THE HOOF. UNTIL ALAN'S HORSES PAY HIS FOOD BILLS HE'LL



RANCH MAD LADD

FOOT THEIRS AND CASH IN ON THE FUN • By RICHARD DEXTER

■ Hollywood is the land of the movie star and the fabulous salary, the home of glamor and the seat of wealth. To the rest of the world Hollywood life is all play with just enough work around to keep a man from growing stale. However, in actuality, it is the land of the high income tax, and it would surprise you to know the number of high salaried stars and executives who must have a sideline to protect them from the poorhouse in the days of their eventual retirement.

Take, for instance, the case of Alan Ladd and his famous ranch. It has been written about to a great extent and photographs of it have been printed in all sorts of magazines. A good many of the accounts of this "hobby" of Alan Ladd's have been pretty factual, but they all have neglected one important point. The Alan Ladd ranch is the family sideline, the venture they hope will one day keep *them* out of the poorhouse, if something should go wrong with the movie business. Or for some reason Alan should want to retire.

It must be admitted that ALSULANA ACRES, the name of the Ladd farm, began as a sort of a dream. Ever since Alan started in pictures, he had lived a quiet life in the city. He would sit at home in the evenings, and talk to Sue of one day being able to look out of their window at rolling hills, the likes of which they had seen on insurance company calendars. They both liked to ride and owned a couple of horses, which they rode on Sunday afternoons on the trails around the Los Angeles hills. At the first of each month, when the bills for the caring and feeding of these horses came in, they would soberly decide they must get rid of the animals as an unnecessary expense. This, of course, was in 1945 when Alan's (Continued on next page)



She's a dilly of a filly; the first foal to be bred on the Ladd's horse ranch. They raise thoroughbred stock for racing, with crops and cattle breeding on the side.



The boss gives morning instructions to his right hand man. Everybody works on the Ladd ranch. Alan does the big jobs; David and his sister have pint-size chores.



The ranch boasts pigs, too. Alan figures when he's too old to bring home the bacon it might as well be there waiting for him—in his own backyard.



**ranch
mad
ladd** cont'd

This isn't labor trouble, it's fun. Good friends like Bill Demarest helped Alan fix up the place. He's turned a run-down farm, a ruined house, and crumbling stables into a show place.



"Remember, be gentle but firm." Daddy gives careful instructions to Alana and David before their daily morning ride. Bath are fine horsemen.



The Ladds converted the old stables bit by bit into a handsome ranch-house which includes this kitchen, the center of their bustling family life.

(Continued from preceding page) income was nothing compared to what it is today. The solution to the Ladd's problem came quite by accident.

Alan Ladd is a real friendly character. Off screen he's as helpful as your next door neighbor who comes over on Saturday afternoon to give a hand in raking up the leaves. So one day when a friend of his, an antique dealer in Beverly Hills, asked him if he would come along on a ride 45 miles up into the country and help unload a desk he had to deliver, Alan obligingly jumped into the truck.

When they arrived at the country estate, Alan and his friend lugged the desk into the house. The lady of the establishment, presuming that Alan was an assistant truck driver, asked him to wait outside in the yard while she concluded her business with the antique dealer. Alan walked around the grounds for a few minutes, breathed the fresh clean air, took a good look at the rolling hills and decided this was the life for him. Spotting a "For Sale" sign at some distance down the road, he walked over and took a look at the place. It was an abandoned ranch. There had been a house a number of years before, but it had burned to the ground and the stone foundations were almost entirely buried by dust and debris. There was a series of rickety stables set into the side of a hill and, except for a lone man tinkering with a decrepit windmill, not a creature in sight.

It was either Alan's good fortune or misfortune to approach the man and get into a conversation. At any rate, 15 minutes later, as he sat in the right hand seat of the truck headed back toward Hollywood, he owned an abandoned ranch with a burned down house and a half-a-dozen rickety stables set into the side of a hill.

Breaking the news to Sue was something of an ordeal, as Alan admits.

"I didn't know what to tell her," he said. "But on the ride home I suddenly had an idea. I not only would stable my two horses on my new property, I would (Continued on page 89)



Give a really personal gift

MEN'S "TOWNE" BILLFOLD. In black Morocco-grained Pigskin. Two bill compartments — one zipper, one open... \$2.50*



LADIES' "DIRECTRESS" BILLFOLD. Smooth Cowhide in fashion colors. Has secret currency pocket, duplicate key holders, permanent registration and many other features, \$5.00*

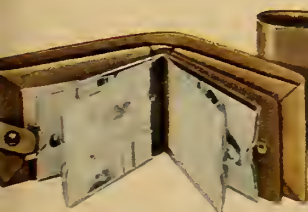


MEN'S "DIRECTOR" BILLFOLD. In Smooth Calfskin with the famous 8 features. In velvet gift package... \$10.00*

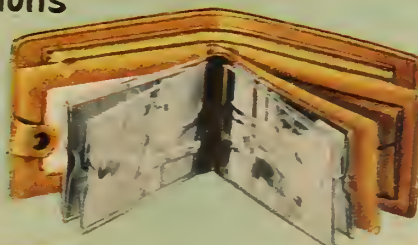
1951 FASHION ACADEMY AWARD WINNER



the useful gift for all occasions



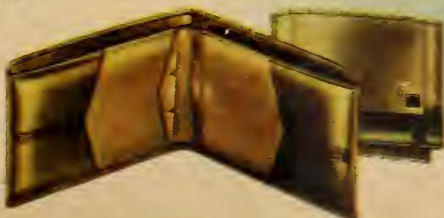
MEN'S "IDENTIFIER" BILLFOLD. Hand-colored, brown natural boarded Cowhide. Removable four-wing pass case for cards and photos. Secret currency pocket... \$6.00*



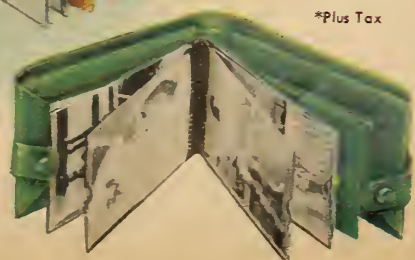
THE "IDENTIFIER" BILLFOLD. In Golden West, Spanish-grained Pigskin. Removable four-wing pass case... \$3.50*

*Plus Tax

MEN'S "DIRECTOR" BILLFOLD. Hand-colored in brown natural boarded Cowhide. Has secret currency pocket, duplicate key holders, permanent registration and many other features... \$6.00*



LADIES' "GLAMOUR" BILLFOLD. Grained Pigskin in fashion colors. Removable four-wing pass case for cards and passes... \$3.50*



they're scared stiff

(Continued from page 35) know. Janet had a bad attack of shingles. But having shingles and getting pregnant aren't the same thing.

"Not that we would mind. We want a family. That's one of the reasons we got married in the first place. I only hope that we have our honeymoon first, and Janet gets pregnant second."

Janet herself would like to have at least three children, and she says she's prepared to give up her career any time Tony wants her to. "Only we've talked it over," she adds, "and we both think it would be a good idea to wait and let Tony get established. After all, he's only been starred in three pictures, and in this business who knows which way the wind will blow? I'm only 23, and there's still lots of time for lots of babies."

The pregnancy rumors don't bother Tony and Janet nearly as much as the stories about their quarreling.

"I can honestly say," Janet insists, "that we haven't had a single quarrel since our marriage. We haven't had the time. When I was making *Scream*, I had a six and seven o'clock call at the studio. Tony wasn't working at the time. I'd get up in the morning, prepare breakfast, have a cup of coffee for myself, and go off to work. At night, we'd go over and visit Tony's folks. Ever since his father suffered a heart attack, Tony's been very solicitous.

"How these stories about us fighting got started I really don't know. There's absolutely no truth to them. We're very happily married. All this stuff about our having career trouble, about Tony's resenting my career and my resenting his—honestly, that's just gossip."

TONY is equally disturbed about the stories. "Janet," he asserts, "is the perfect wife. What do people want from us, anyway? A scandal or something? We happen to be very happy. Is that so unbelievable? Unfortunately, we don't see each other as frequently as other newlyweds, but we'll work that out.

"People ask me how come we have a maid preparing our meals instead of Janet? That's simple. How can Janet do the shopping and cooking when she has to work at the studio? Janet knows how to cook, but at this point, it's more important for her to act than to make sandwiches for me.

"They're also saying that I resent the fact that Janet earns twice as much money as I do. Resent the fact? What am I, a lunatic? I hope she earns five times as much as I do. She deserves it. She's a great actress. Do you realize that Janet's made about 17 pictures in a little more than four years? Did you see her in *Angels In The Outfield*? She's getting better all the time. I want her to continue with her career. It's just beginning to roll."

To be perfectly truthful, Tony and Janet are so happy that they're scared stiff. It's difficult for them to realize that the success they're currently enjoying is the result of hard work combined with luck. They're inclined to believe that they owe practically everything to luck.

Ten years ago both of them were a couple of kids from the wrong side of the tracks.

Tony's father was a poor, kind-hearted, immigrant tailor who made just enough to keep his wife and two sons in food and clothes.

That Tony should now be earning \$400-a-week seems almost impossible to his folks. Tony, though, has quickly adapted himself to the Hollywood standard of life. Today, he owns a Buick convertible, buys

his clothes at Saks Fifth Avenue, employs a business manager to save money for him, lives in a Wilshire Boulevard apartment that rents for \$200 a month, likes to eat in the best restaurants, and be seen at the swankiest night clubs.

Were Tony the typical case, he should have gone "Hollywood" a long time ago. That he hasn't is indicative of an unusual strength in his character. He has seen so many people shoved around during his lifetime that he treats everyone with respect and dignity. He cannot understand or abide snobbishness.

It is safe to say that the Hollywood press photographers consider him "the best" kid in Hollywood. Certainly, he's the most cooperative. As a matter of fact, Tony and Janet both owe a good deal of their current popularity to these photographers, which is why they will do practically anything to please them.

Tony himself has said over and over again, "I wouldn't be where I am today if it weren't for those photographers. They had me in one magazine after another long before I even got the lead in *Prince*. If there's anything Janet and I can do to help them, we certainly will."

Last September, the photographers of a national magazine were a little piqued because they'd been scooped on the Leigh-Curtis wedding pictures by their competitors.

"You tell us how we can make it up to you," Tony told the boys who'd been scooped.

Someone got the bright idea of shooting Janet and Tony down at Palm Springs, spending the night in sleeping bags, camping out, taking a mule trip up into the mountains, the regular Palm Springs layout. "It'll make a great winter issue," one of the photographers said.

The temperature at Palm Springs during September frequently hits 104 or 110. At the time the request was made, Tony and Janet were both working six days a week. There was also much talk that Janet would have to work on Sundays doing re-takes for *Jet Pilot*, a film which has been in production at RKO ever since 1949. Despite all this, the newlyweds gave up their one Sunday together and drove down to Palm Springs with the photographers. They slept in a sleeping bag, rode the mules into the mountains, posed all day for pictures.

When it was all done, they thanked the cameramen profusely. "It was sweet of you," Janet told them, "to do this layout for us."

And Janet meant it, too.

THERE are many actresses in Hollywood who will tell you that Janet Leigh is all sugar and scheme, that she has never thrown any bread upon the water without first making certain it would return as a three-layered chocolate cake.

These are the cats who are jealous of Janet's \$800-a-week-salary, her amazing career, her happy marriage. They accuse her of deceit, affectation, and fraudulent emotional display.

They don't really know her.

Janet is a small-town girl who had just about as much as Tony—which is nothing—before she came to Hollywood. Her starting salary of \$50-a-week seemed enormous to her. Today, five years later and despite all her expenses, \$800-a-week seems enormous, only she knows that Van Johnson earns \$5,000-a-week, Lana Turner \$4,000, and that a newcomer like Betsy Von Furstenberg started off at Metro this year with \$400-a-week.

However, the studio has given her several bonuses, and when her contract expires two years from now, there is little doubt that her agent, the Music Corporation of America, (Continued on page 58)

FASHION KNOWS NO SEASON

■ You'll be belle of the crowd when you choose these fashions that play year 'round roles in your wardrobe. Here are clothes that will flit with you from season to season—"winning" styles that master the tricks of interchangeability and practicality. Paramount played host this month and gave a "bang-up" party for MODERN SCREEN's Hollywood Fashion and Beauty Board. On the panel of judges were Edith Head, chief dress designer for Paramount, Jan Sterling, Alan Ladd, Betty Hutton and Van Heflin (Alan and Van, in their working clothes, came right off the sets). In a special wing of Paramount's commissary the panel went "all out" for food and fashion! (Betty's new picture is *The Greatest Show on Earth*, Van's in *My Son John*, Alan—*Thunder In The East* and you can see Jan in *Rhubarb*—All Paramount releases.)

JAN STERLING INTRODUCES A DRESSY COTTON TREND FOR 1952

North or South, Jan's "winning" cotton will be in the news—flattery assured by its softly draped over-skirt lined with a contrast color that fashions the midriff. Grey with tangerine, navy with chartreuse, black with white, aqua with black or lilac with purple. Junior sizes: 9-17; misses sizes: 10-18. \$12.95. By Baronet. This dress is available only at Dale Hilton, 945 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W., Washington 4, D. C. Buy in person or by mail.

HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 58; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.



modern screen's

**hollywood
approved
fashions**



FASHION

January or June



Barbara Rush, member of Paramount's "Golden Circle" starlets in *When Worlds Collide*, poses in White Stag's new 1952 *separates* version of their famous original sailcloth styles. The "Half Moon" scoop neck blouse is trimmed with "character" stitching; the "Hoe Down" skirt has deep fan pockets—"character" stitching. Team up these "winning" *separates* with a cardigan sweater for casual winter wear. The *separates*—sizes: 10-20; both in red, black, yellow, white, wild iris, summer navy, turquoise, coffee cream or depth green. Blouse, about \$4. Skirt, about \$7.

Smartest swim suits of the resort season. Jan Sterling and Edith Head study the slimming figure flattery of the patented built-in "Phantom" girdle (provides healthful abdominal support)—the new and distinguishing feature of these "winning" "Form Control" swim suits.

FASHION PANEL: Jan Sterling, Alan Ladd, Betty Hutton, Van Heflin, Edith Head.



HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 58; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.

KNOWS NO SEASON

Lovely Marion Marshall, one of Hollywood's up and coming beauties, models a dull-finish doeskin-lastex "Form Control" suit with cuffed bra and shirred panels (*below*). You'll be eye-catching in this exciting suit at winter resorts or swimming at your nearest indoor pool any time of year. Be smart, try it now and have an advance start, too, on your new summer wardrobe. Rose, kelly green, Alice blue, black or peacock blue. Sizes: 32-38. About \$13.00. Marion's winning, flare-skirted dressmaker "Form Control" suit with cuffed bra (*right*) is fashioned of laton tissue faille—it has separate matching panties (with built-in "Phan-Tum" girdle, too). Black, lime, violet or aqua. Sizes: 34-40. About \$17. Black or violet. Sizes: 42-44. About \$19. Marion next appears in Hal Wallis' Paramount production *Sailor Beware*.

POOL BY PADDOCK, BEL-AIR HIGHLANDS



FASHION KNOWS NO SEASON



(Above photo) Models paused while Edith Head cast her vote for White Stag's ski togs and slacks. These woolen "winners" are year 'round basics that will mix 'n' match with all your classic favorites. Model in foreground wears White Stag's wool gabardine slacks. Navy, black, red. Sizes: 10-20. About \$22.50. White Stag ski cap is of wool gabardine. Navy, black, red. About \$3.50. Pandora's cable-stitch, turtle-neck sweater of heavy knit wool—full fashioned and hand sewn. Snow white—also in red and navy blue. "Teens" sizes: 10-16; misses sizes: 32-40. About \$13. (Right photo) Jane Greer, RKO star in 20th's *Friendly Island*, poses in White Stag's new ski tunic—water-repellent poplin with contrast wool rib-knit collar and contrast wool lining. Red with navy or white with navy. Sizes: 10-20. About \$20. "Downhill Model" wool gabardine ski pants. Navy, platinum gray, black, dark green. Sizes: 10-20. About \$20. Ski boots—Kerr's Sports Shop, Beverly Hills, Calif.



January or June



Tops for everything—Edith Head previews Pandora sweaters.

Sweaters, always in the fashion news, are lively, gay companions to all the clothes in your wardrobe. Joan Taylor, a Paramount "Golden Circle" starlet now appearing in *Warbonnet*, models this "winning" group of sweaters by Pandora.

(*Top photo*) Rayon and cotton bouclé short sleeved slip-on classic. Beige, white or lovely soft pastels. About \$4. (*Middle photo*) A short sleeved slip-on of fine knit wool with a Kent collar—neck opening closed with pearl buttons. Black, red, maize, light oxford gray, navy or white. About \$6. (*Bottom photo*) A classic—this time a long sleeved versatile cardigan—also of rayon and cotton bouclé. Beige, white and soft pastels. About \$5. All the sweaters available in: "teens" sizes 10-16; misses sizes 32-40.



HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS CAN
BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE
58; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.

where to buy

modern screen's hollywood approved fashions

Purchase in person or by mail from the following stores

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.

BARONET—Pgs. 52, 53

You may buy the Baronet dress in person or you may order it by mail from Dole Hilton, 945 Pennsylvania Avenue, N. W., Washington 4, D. C. Send check or money order.

"FORM CONTROL" SWIM SUITS—Pg. 55

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Strous
Chester, Pa.—Rodgers
Cleveland, Ohio—Kangesser
Delray Beach, Fla.—Irene Moore
Galveston, Texas—Robert Cohen
Long Beach, Calif.—C. R. Anthony Co.
Miami Beach, Fla.—Worth, Inc.
New York, N. Y.—Blacktan Shops
Palm Beach, Fla.—Silhouette, Inc.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Straubridge & Clothier
Plymouth, Mass.—Buttner Co.
Portland, Me.—Wamon's Shop
Providence, R. I.—Outlet Co.
Tucson, Ariz.—Levy Bras.
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

PANDORA SWEATERS—Pg. 57

Buffalo, N. Y.—Wm. Hengerer
Cincinnati, Ohio—Mabley & Carew
Cleveland, Ohio—The Higbee Co.
Detroit, Mich.—Demery Co.

Evansville, Ind.—DeJong's
Miami, Fla.—Burdine's
New York, N. Y.—James McCreery
Providence, R. I.—Shepherds
Rochester, N. Y.—E. W. Edwards
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous & Barr
Syracuse, N. Y.—E. W. Edwards
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

WHITE STAG SEPARATES—Pg. 54

Chicago, Ill.—Charles Stevens
Houston, Texas—The Fashion
Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayres
New Orleans, La.—Mason Blanche
New York, N. Y.—Lord & Taylor
Portland, Oregon—Mcier & Frong
Sarasota, Fla.—Montgomery Roberts
St. Paul, Minn.—Schleck

WHITE STAG SKI PANTS & TUNIC COAT—Pg. 56

Chicago, Ill.—Charles Stevens
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's
Seattle, Wash.—Best Apparel

WHITE STAG SLACKS—Pg. 56

Seattle, Wash.—Bon Marche



"HONEYBUGS," above left, cozy, comfy and beautiful—three styles of slippers for lounging and lazing. Top photo: Soft sole ballet—white and gold lamé, or black and gold lamé. Sizes: 4-9. \$3.99. Middle photo: open toe and back plush-like scuff with white bunny fur collar. Royal, light blue, red, black, pink or white. Sizes: AA5½-10; B4-10. \$2.99. Bottom photo: Soft sole quilted satin moccasin with white fur collar. Black, royal, red, light blue or pink. Sizes: 4-9. \$2.99. "Honeybugs" can be bought at all leading department stores.

PETER PAN BRA, above right, is the new "Inner Circle" bra designed especially for the average bustline—assures rounded contour, perfect uplift; patented Dura-Form cup (bra will not lose its shape). In lovely plunging version (shown above) embroidered nylon sheer. White. Sizes: 32-36A; 32-38B. About \$6. In regular neckline (not shown)—white only. Sizes: 32-36A; 32-38B; 32-40C. Broadcloth, about \$4. Nylon, about \$5. Peter Pan bras can be bought at leading department stores and specialty stores throughout the country.



they're scared stiff!

(Continued from page 52) will arrange a new \$4,000- or \$5,000-a-week deal for her.

At the moment, her paramount interest is her marriage, which she insists is infinitely more valuable than her career.

Janet was married when she was 15, but the marriage was annulled, and she never lived with her husband.

She was married again when she was 18, this time to Stanley Reames, and she learned what Hollywood can do to a marriage when the wife is breadwinner, and the husband is a non-professional trying futilely to get ahead. She is convinced that present husband Tony will develop into one of the most talented young actors in the business. "In two or three years," she says, "I'll just be known as Tony's wife."

A basically shrewd young woman whose prattle occasionally fools people into believing her naive, Janet says this because she feels that in two or three years she will become a mother.

She feels that motherhood will not necessarily interfere with a career, and that after seven years of low-salaried apprenticeship, she would be silly to give up a profession just as she's about ready for the big-time brackets.

Right now, most of her efforts are concentrated on making Tony happy. She babies him constantly. Whenever he has the chance, she lets him sleep late, prepares breakfast, tiptoes out of the house. She lets him make all the decisions as to friends, dates, household expenses.

Having been married previously, Janet knows that a girl has to fight for her love and happiness, that it just doesn't happen; that marriage is a working partnership.

Fortunately for her, Tony is happy in his work. He wants to act constantly. Inactivity makes him restless. For a while there was talk at Universal of letting Audie Murphy play the role of the deaf-mute prizefighter in *Hear No Evil*. When Tony was finally given the part, he was ecstatic. He'd like to make five or six pictures a year. "I go crazy when I'm not working," he says. "My friends work all the time."

Tony is quick to say that Universal has been wonderful to him. "I love this studio. I love all the guys in it. You couldn't find a nicer bunch anywhere. When it comes to new deals and contracts, what do I know about that? I've got an agent. Let him do the worrying. All I want to do is work."

When asked if he's working at his marriage, Tony says, "Working at it? Listen, that's the greatest thing that ever happened to me. That Janet! You couldn't find a better wife. Anything I want to do, she wants to do. I want to see my folks, she wants to see them. I want to go down to the beach, she wants to go down to the beach. I like steak and potatoes for supper. She likes steak and potatoes. Any rumors about our being unhappy are strictly phony. We are the two happiest kids in California. All I can say is that everybody should have the trouble we're having. It would be a great world."

When a man thinks that his marriage is perfect through some divine intervention ("It just happened that way. Janet and I were meant for each other") you can rest assured that the wife in question is doing one sensational job.

The reason that Tony is so sublimely ecstatic these days is that there are no lengths to which Janet Leigh won't go to maintain their love.

"The advantage in having been married before," she says, "is that a girl learns."

Janet Leigh has learned plenty. To her the price of a happy marriage is eternal vigilance of the most subtle and unobtrusive sort.

THE END

Are you in the know?



What's the correct way to wear a corsage?

- ☐ Stems up
- ☐ Stems down
- ☐ On the right shoulder

Is that an orchid—or an upside-down-cake? You don't put posies in a vase face down, so why pin them on with stems pointing skyward? Wear a corsage on the *left* shoulder; and remember... petals up! Being *sure* helps keep your confidence hitting on all 8 cylinders. Like trying *all 3 absorbencies* of Kotex. They're different sizes, for different days; and with whichever one you select, you're "sure"!



When your date doesn't show up, should you—

- ☐ Snub him henceforth
- ☐ Plonk dark revenge
- ☐ Be debonair

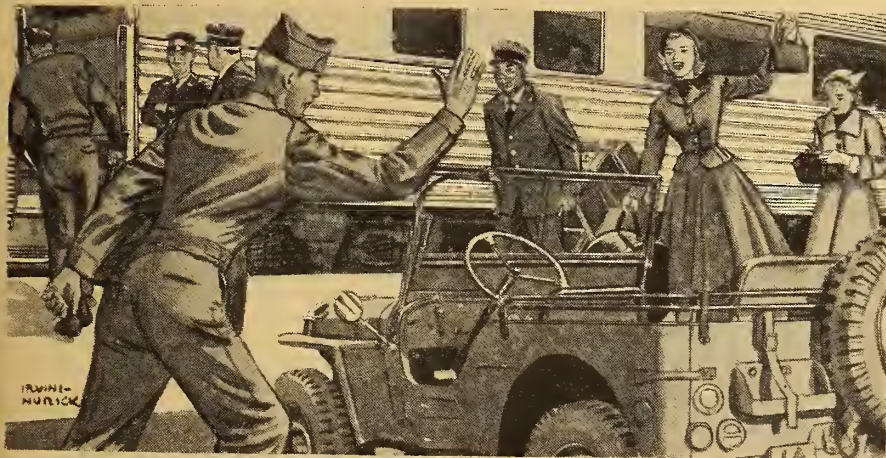
Stood up, eh? Well, simmer down—at least until he's had a chance to explain. Next time you meet, be debonair; ask "How come?" re last Saturday eve. You may find he simply misunderstood about which night the shebang was to be. As for the "certain" dates marked on your calendar—you need never doubt, with Kotex. Just trust that special *safety center*: your *extra* protection against embarrassment.



Which togs make good sense for skiing?

- ☐ Free n' easy
- ☐ Fleecy woolens
- ☐ A fur-lined topcoat

If you've ever trudged up a ski slope, or tried to maneuver those "waxed slats"—you know better than to tog yourself like a fugitive from the Yukon! Ski clothes should be lightweight. Tailored free n' easy. You don't need bulk for *problem-day* protection, either. That's why Kotex has *flat pressed ends*... (not thick; not stubby). So there's not even a hint of revealing outlines when Kotex is the napkin you choose.



If invited to visit your fiancé at camp, who pays your way?

- ☐ Little of' you
- ☐ Leave it to him
- ☐ Put the bee on Dad

Depends on your hero's financial status. And whether Mom says you can go. Is he loot-happy? Let *him* buy your round-trip ticket—if he doesn't send it with the invitation tell him "no tick-ee, no trip-ee". But, if his only income is a G.I.'s pay—

better foot your own expenses. In any case, don't be travel-shy just because "that" day is due. Let Kotex keep you comfortable—with downy softness that *holds its shape*. For Kotex is made to *stay* soft while you wear it... to help you stay at ease!



What assures daintiness on problem days?

- ☐ Both solts
- ☐ Powder
- ☐ Occasional showers

Takes more than daily tubbings to stay dainty at "that" time. So, smart gals sprinkle a *powder* deodorant on their sanitary napkins. Choose Quest powder! You'll find Quest best for napkin use, because, unlike most creams or liquids, this deodorant powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. It's safe. Soothing. Unscented. *Positively destroys* odors. Buy a can of Quest deodorant powder today!

Have you tried Delsey?

Delsey is the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex... a tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex. (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

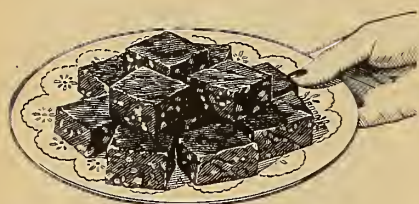
3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



KOTEX KLEENEX, DELSEY AND QUEST ARE REGISTERED TRADE MARKS OF THE INTERNATIONAL CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO.

MAKE NEVER-FAIL FUDGE

IN 15 MINUTES



No cooking! No testing! No beating!

Fudge made this Kraft Kitchen way is smooth, never grainy, never too soft or too hard.

It is made *without cooking* so there's no testing and no beating to do. Its magic ingredient for smoothness and richness is creamy-white Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese, always delicately fresh in flavor—*guaranteed fresh*.

Make a batch of "Philly" fudge tonight . . . in 15 minutes, and serve it 15 minutes later. You'll be delighted!

RECIPE FOR CHOCOLATE "PHILLY" FUDGE

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 3-oz. pkg. Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese | 2 1-oz. squares unsweetened chocolate, melted |
| 2 cups of sifted confectioners' sugar | ¼ teaspoon vanilla |
| | Dash of salt |
| | ½ cup chopped pecans |

Place the cream cheese in a bowl and cream it until soft and smooth. Slowly blend the sugar into it. Add the melted chocolate. Mix well. Add the vanilla, salt and chopped pecans and mix until well blended. Press into a well-greased, shallow pan. Place in the refrigerator until firm (about 15 minutes). Cut into squares.



For "Philly" fudge be sure you use genuine

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every time**



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Holds approximately
2 lbs. ground coffee.

A flip of the lever measures out exactly the right amount for a good uniform cup of coffee—every time. Available in a variety of colors and finishes. *At department, home furnishings, and hardware stores.*

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tell it to joan by joan evans



It's nice to be popular; but sometimes it's a trick to be popular—and "nice." Here's how to do it.

IT SEEMS hard to believe, but it was two years ago that the editor of MODERN SCREEN was nice enough to ask me to conduct this column. I've loved doing it because I feel I've made a lot of new friends. My only regret was that I couldn't answer all the letters. I've had brickbats and I've had bouquets but—I'm thankful to say—the bouquets have really outnumbered the brickbats. And a letter like the one I received today from Mrs. J. S. of Mundelen, Ill., makes all the hard work I've put into the column pay off. She wrote, "You seem to be one of the most level-headed, best-adjusted teenagers ever to enter the movies. A lot of the credit must go to your parents, but a good deal is due you for putting their good advice to daily use."

But all good things must come to an end. Besides, I've found out that there are just so many teen-age problems, and then they begin repeating themselves. There is nothing so boring as repetition. I decided it was time to stop and I asked Mr. Saxon (the editor of MODERN SCREEN) if I could. So with the following letters this is the end of "Tell It To Joan." 'Bye now, kids, and thanks for listening to me.

"Dear Joan: During the past three years I've had six leads in high school plays and for the last three summers I've done little theater work. We are moving to Los Angeles next June. Is there any chance for me in the movies?—J. B. Delaware, Ohio."

There's always a chance. About a million-to-one chance. The best thing for you to do is to find a good dramatic coach who can tell you if you have real talent or not. He (or she), if enthusiastic about you, can often interest an agent in your career. But beware of the many fake dramatic schools. Before settling on a dramatic school or a coach, be sure to talk to the successful people who have attended classes and find

out if it's really and truly on the level.

"Dear Joan: I'm young for my age, and don't look as old as I really am. I'm the only child in the family. All my life I've been pampered and babied beyond description. I can't take responsibilities because they were never given me. I can't hold a job. I've been fired from three jobs in the past six months. I'm desperate.—M. M. Mason City, Iowa."

YOU'RE quite right when you say that at this moment you can't take responsibility. Your letter tells me that you can't even take the responsibility for your own mistakes. See what you are doing now? You're blaming your parents for your own shortcomings—shifting the responsibility to them. That's no good. You'll never be an adult until you change your attitude. And changing your attitude is just up to you. What's past is past. It might have been better if you had not been so pampered and babied—if you had been given responsibilities. But what you have to do now is learn fast. You've got to use your head, girl. You're certainly not going to be pampered and babied by a boss. Make your New Year's resolution now. Get a new job. Listen carefully to what you're told to do. If you can't remember, make a list of everything you're supposed to do and do it. But because you know you have a weakness you have to work harder than the next girl. You must do more than you're paid to do to prove capability.

"Dear Joan: I am 16 years old and come from a good family. I get A grades, belong to the school band, am a piano student and teacher (I have 15 pupils), cheerleader and active in church organizations. In spite of all of this, I have an inferiority complex. I can't even enjoy myself any more. What do you think is the matter with me? —M. S. Tower City, No. Dak."

Honey, I don't think you know what an inferiority complex is. It is impossible for you to be all these things and feel inferior. I think you're just so lucky that you've got to dream up something to be unhappy about, when you should be thanking heaven for your luck. If you could see the hundreds of letters I get from kids who want to be popular, you'd never feel sorry for yourself again. And thinking you have an inferiority complex is really just feeling sorry for yourself. In your case it's ridiculous. You're leading a good life with many advantages.

"DEAR JOAN: I've told my mother that I'd like to have a singing career. She's all for it, but she told me I'd have to overcome the stage fright I have. My friends, choir teacher, and high school orchestra leader, also told me I have a beautiful voice for singing.—E. A., Riverside, Calif."

Everybody who gets up in front of an audience to do anything has stage fright to a certain degree. It's normal and healthy. Why, when I did *Peg O' My Heart* in Hollywood this summer, I was ready to give the whole thing up before stepping out on that stage opening night. There in the wings I said to myself, "Joan, you're out of your mind. Whatever made you think you wanted to try to be an actress." But with me, the minute I step on the stage and speak my first line the stage fright goes. As a matter of fact, even a long-time professional like Helen Hayes has opening-night jitters. They all do. It depends on how bad it is. If you continue to be

frightened while you're in front of the audience, and if your voice trembles or shakes or you lose control of it, then you must do something about it. But if it's that bad, I feel you'll get over it as you gain more confidence. The more sure you become of yourself and your voice technique, the more control you'll have. Also, just keep saying to yourself that it isn't too terribly important if you forget or hit a clinker. Singing is like playing competitive sports—you must be relaxed. Keep telling yourself that the people in front of you are all your friends, and besides, what could happen to you if you did not sing well? There's no law that sends people to the electric chair for hitting a flat note. And nobody can even put you in jail for it. So do the best you can, but remember the world won't come to an end if you fail.

"Dear Joan: I'm 13 and Mother and Dad won't let me go out with boys unless I take my brother or sister with me. When I tell the boys I have to take my brother or sister along, the boys don't want me to go. But Mother and Dad think I'm doing something wrong if they or my brother or sister are not with me.—V. E., Roseland, La."

YOU know, I'm a great believer in doing what the other kids do. But isn't 13 a little young to be dating boys alone? Now don't get me wrong—I don't mean with brother or sister along. But if a crowd goes out together, wouldn't that be okay with your Mother and Dad? And anyhow, a crowd is more fun. Ask them this, and then if they say okay, the next

time a boy asks you for a date suggest that another couple or two go with you to the movies, or skating, or whatever you plan to do. I had my first date when I was 13, but it was to a big school dance that was well chaperoned. Afterwards, six of us went out together for food. I think this is the best way.

"Dear Joan: The girls at our school who are popular smoke, cuss, and whatever you plan to do. I had my first date when I was 13, but it was to a big school dance that was well chaperoned. Afterwards, six of us went out together for food. I think this is the best way.

Honestly, I could just shake those girls who think the way to be popular is to be wild. When you say "popular" I'm sure you mean popular with boys—for I know those girls aren't popular with girls. And I also know it is scant comfort to tell nice girls that the wild girls' popularity is built on something false and will not last—particularly while the nice girls sit at home. But that's the truth, honey, and I'm stuck with it. Boys pretend to like wild girls—and they do for a time. But they get fed up with them, and you just look around you at the older girls you know who are married. Men marry the nice girls. It seems unfair that when you're young the reward for being nice seems to be boy-less evenings. But even if you have to "smoke, cuss, and sass everybody" to be popular, would you want to? Isn't that a pretty big price to pay? For you wouldn't like yourself. And self respect is more important than popularity. Honestly, it is.

So that's it now. I'm putting the cover on my typewriter. And I'm not fooling when I say I'll miss you all.

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WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR SKIN!

36 Leading Skin Specialists in 1285 Scientific Tests Proved That Palmolive's Beauty Plan Brings Most Women Lovelier Complexions in 14 Days

Start Palmolive's Beauty Plan today! Discover for yourself—as women everywhere have discovered—that Palmolive's Beauty Plan brings exciting new complexion loveliness.

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**SO MILD...
SO PURE!**

**Doctors Prove
Palmolive's Beauty Results!**

For Tub or Shower Get Big Bath Size Palmolive!

mrs. black; housewife

(Continued from page 46) At first the name Black had no more meaning than Smith or Jones to the department clerk who accommodatingly thumbed through records to find the exact whereabouts of this officer. Then, like the sun bursting through the clouds, it dawned on her that this was Shirley Temple's husband.

Growing weary and listless, her voice on the Navy end of the wire took on a new tenor: "Do you mean Shirley Temple's husband? I'm sorry! He's not on active duty. We haven't the slightest idea where he is."

THE Blacks soon left their Wyoming Avenue apartment, for Shirley wanted more sunshine and picture windows. A real estate office was contacted and Shirley told them exactly what she wanted. She was looking for a modern house, well built with spacious rooms, at least three baths, and situated in open country free of trees.

The first house Shirley became interested in was a two-story Cape Cod located outside of Bethesda. The little girl who lived next door was all agog at the prospect of having a glamorous movie star for a neighbor. She planned to be sitting nonchalantly on the steps of the new house when

Shirley Temple Black came to inspect it. "Are you going to buy this house?" she asked Shirley, innocently, at inspection time.

"I don't think so," said Shirley. "It's too small."

Dejectedly, the girl told some of her teen-age friends about the interview: "It's plenty big, and it does have four bedrooms."

The Blacks settled for a ramblar in Potomac, Maryland, with a stable thrown in for good measure. Every house in this area boasts a stable and a white fence serving as a corral. Though they have no horses yet, they own two dogs, a boxer and a great dane.

The house cost \$48,000, is H-shaped in design, and is situated on four acres of land. There are seven rooms, three baths, no basement. However, the stable loft affords plenty of storage space.

And Shirley has her picture windows—two of them. One is in the study looking onto a flagstone patio in the back of the house; the other faces the front from the living room. Their furniture was shipped to them from California.

Potomac might best be described as a fashionable community approximately 15 miles from the White House, inhabited by horse lovers who actually ride to the foxes, and entertain British-style before a horse

show. On these estates, the horses usually graze in the front yards.

Shirley's neighbors are mostly business people, who spend a great deal of time being sociable. They've taken her into their set wholeheartedly, and go out of their way to shelter her from the never-ending ogling. The general opinion of the Blacks is:

"They are the nicest couple . . . and very simple. Nothing pretentious about them. Too bad they can't be left alone."

The neighbors' children, though, are excited over the unusual notoriety lately come to their back yard.

One day, a group of them asked Shirley for autographs. Graciously, she complied and signed: "Mrs. Charles Black." One disappointed child moaned, "But this isn't worth anything!"

Recently, a padlock was attached to the gate which leads into Shirley's driveway. This was done to keep out Sunday visitors who have been known to drive onto the property. Some of them would bring gifts of home-grown apples, while others just tried to catch a glimpse of Shirley. It seems that it will be a while before people forget her legendary past.

Even when she decided to become a member of the Congressional Country Club, which is a short distance from her home, she couldn't escape the crowds. One afternoon she drove out to the Club with her daughter for a look at the place, and people seemed to materialize out of nowhere to mill about them.

The Blacks' social life in Washington, where any excuse is good enough for a party, has had plenty of glamor in it.

An elaborate reception was given in honor of the Blacks this summer by Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Morgan Parsons. Mr. Parsons is Vice President of the U. S. Steel Corp. Among high ranking guests were the Vice President and Mrs. Alben Barkley, Mrs. Brannan, wife of the Secretary of Agriculture, Secretary of Commerce and Mrs. Charles Sawyer, Dr. John R. Steelman and Mrs. Steelman, Chief of the Economic Stabilization Agency and Mrs. Eric Johnston, and many other high officials in government and diplomatic circles. Curiosity about Shirley was more restrained here. But, even so, she stole the show from political bigwigs.

SHORTLY after they moved into their Maryland home, their immediate neighbors, the Sam Bogleys, and the de Francheaux (both in the real estate business) threw a welcoming party for them.

Shirley had such a good time that when Mr. Bogley told her he was planning a trip to the west coast, she wanted to give him a letter of introduction to her mother. When Mr. Bogley gets to Hollywood, Shirley's mother intends to give him a party.

In the middle of August, Shirley attended another large affair. The American Newspaper Women's Club entertained service men at the palatial home of H. Grady Gore, which overlooks the Potomac River. Mr. Gore, owner of a fashionable hotel on Massachusetts Avenue, has announced his intention to run against Maryland's Senator Butler next election.

At this party Shirley's appearance was more sophisticated than usual. She wore a décolleté gown and her coiffure was tightly dressed off the face. She came out onto the lawn and gaily sat to be photographed with service men.

Perhaps, one day the Blacks will be able to lead a more normal family life as private citizens and constituents of Maryland—at least until Shirley is ready to come out of retirement. Meanwhile, being in the lime-light in Washington has its compensations, and Shirley seems to be thriving on it.

THE END

easy money!

Money is the one indispensable for the holiday season because it brings the gifts—and easy money, well, that's the best kind of all. Here's your chance to get some. All you have to do is to read all the stories in this issue and fill out the questionnaire below—carefully. Then send it to us with all haste, because we're giving away (for free) 100 one-dollar bills to the first 100 people we hear from. So why not get started—right now!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our January 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
- ☐ So Sure Of Love (Peggy Dow)
- ☐ Gable's Divorce Problem (Clark Gable)
- ☐ Modern Screen's Top Ten for 1951
- ☐ Top Man (John Wayne)
- ☐ My Predictions for 1952 by Hedda Hopper
- ☐ What To Do 'Til the Minister Comes by Piper Laurie
- ☐ Our Christmas Love Story by Gene Nelson
- ☐ Through With Love? (Lana Turner)
- ☐ It's A Great Life (June Haver)
- ☐ "They Can't Make Me Behave" (Mario Lanza)
- ☐ They're Scared Stiff! (Tony Curtis-Janet Leigh)
- ☐ It's Not A Dream, Debbie! (Debbie Reynolds)
- ☐ Hollywood's Worst Bugaboo
- ☐ The Pig Is In The Parlor (Deborah Kerr)
- ☐ Heartbreak Ahead? (Judy Garland)
- ☐ Why Autry Can't Quit (Gene Autry)
- ☐ Mrs. Black; Housewife (Shirley Temple)
- ☐ Ranch Mad Ladd (Alan Ladd)
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Tell It To Joan (Joan Evans)

Which of the stories did you like LEAST?

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

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

What MALE star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

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My address is.....
City..... Zone.....
State..... I am yrs. old

ADDRESS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

why autry can't quit

(Continued from page 44) Gene climbed into his Beechcraft plane and roared off from Pioneertown, in the blazing California desert. He'd just finished the last of 52 TV shows, and was off for a well-earned week-end vacation.

By nine o'clock Gene was in Colorado Springs, by 9:30 he was em-ceeding a rodeo, at 10:30 he took in a reception at the Broadmoor Hotel, and at 2:30 in the morning he took off in his plane for Springfield, Illinois, arriving at six o'clock in the dawn. Ten o'clock that morning he led a parade opening the Illinois State Fair, and at noon visited a hospital. At one o'clock he rehearsed a show for the Fair and at eight that night staged it. The next morning he rehearsed his "Melody Ranch" radio program and put it on, smooth as silk as usual, at seven that night. Then Gene flew back home to Hollywood.

When he got there his wife, Ina, who ought to know better by now, posed him the familiar query. "Gene," she said, "when are you going to relax?" "Why right now, honey," came back her hustling husband. "Haven't got a thing in the world to do all week. Is that the telephone?"

Multiply that hectic hitch of time by around 52 and you have a fair picture of a year in Gene Autry's life. Gene makes six feature westerns a year, two TV shows a week, 52 radio performances, and cuts 32 sides of Columbia records. Last year he toured 67 towns in these United States and played before 600,000 people in 71 days. His annual Madison Square Rodeo show ran five weeks in New York and two in Boston. In between, Autry hopped around the country by air looking over oil wells and ranch property, and other business interests. All in all, he traveled 100,000 miles. And that's his year-in-year-out program.

Why does he do it? What makes Autry run and keep running? You have to know how Gene's made to answer that, and something about the streaks of gratitude, loyalty, and humanity that run through his six-foot frame.

Gene Autry isn't chasing more money, more honors or more fame. He has enough of all three to last a couple of lifetimes. Gene has no idea how much he's worth, but it's probably around \$4,000,000. Each year he collects close to \$1,500,000, of which 90 per cent goes to Uncle Sam. He's always had a golden touch that makes King Midas look like a piker. Gene bought a sandy 5-acres in Burbank once for his horses, paid \$10,000 for it, and all his pals agreed sadly he'd been stung. He sold it for \$25,000 when the city condemned it for a park. When Gene began looking into oil wells with Dick Powell and John Wayne not long ago, he joined up with Douglas Johnson, a Texas wildcatting wizard who had hit 57 times out of 61 tries. Some of those hits were Gene's.

He's a natural business man (Gene has no business manager) and so far he hasn't missed. Gene has real estate in the San Fernando Valley leased by chain drug stores. He has three big paid-up insurance policies. He has an interest in 130,000 acres of ranch land, scattered ground in Oklahoma, Texas, and Arizona. He has his Melody Ranch and his Laurel Canyon hacienda, two radio stations, in Phoenix and Tucson, and even a western haberdashery at Phoenix called "Gene Autry's Branding Iron." In short—as a cowpoke pal of his says, "They won't be playing no benefits for Gene."

As for fame—Gene's the first cowboy star ever to land in Hollywood's Big Box-Office Ten (he was 8th 6th and 4th). He

Timely Tips by Little Lulu

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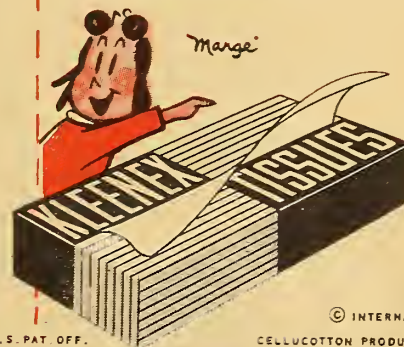
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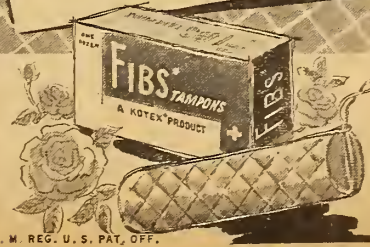
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captains the oldest, biggest and most active Hollywood star fan club (over 50,000 members); he's a colonel on the staff of a dozen states and a while back, 50,000 school teachers in Oklahoma signed a petition for him to run for U. S. Senator. He's had firm friends among the great—all the way from President Roosevelt to Dizzy Dean. As one Hollywood critic recently put it, "Gene Autry is a national institution." That's getting closer to the real reason why Gene will be carrying on for a long, long time to come. There are too many people who'd miss him—and miss him badly—if he ever quit.

PROBABLY the biggest disappointment of Gene's life is that he has no kids running around his house. But if he felt like it he could say, "I've raised a million of 'em," and he wouldn't be stretching the truth very far.

There are boys everywhere named after Gene, some of them with deep voices now and sprouting whiskers, who shake Gene's hand and tell him what he's meant to their boyhoods. There are sick and crippled kids, too, in all corners of the land who've had their shut-in lives brightened by Gene. In every town he plays he makes it a point to visit the local children's hospital, and what he sees in the delighted eyes of the kids there is his reward.

Last year in Lincoln, Nebraska, Gene hosted the entire population of Father Flanagan's Boystown—600 kids—at his show, the first time they'd ever left the place as a group. This year Gene decided to turn his Melody Ranch into a resort for underprivileged boys. When Gene came back from the war the biggest worry on his mind was kids. "Why just think," he puckered, "there are kids four years old by now who've never heard of Gene Autry!" That's why he sank over a million dollars in his rodeo tours—to meet this new generation of kids in person. Doing that, Gene Autry has collected some memories he wouldn't sell for all the box-office gold he's collected so far.

There was the little girl in Youngstown, Ohio, for instance. Sally Sue was her name and she loved horses, especially Prince, her own. But she couldn't ride him any longer. She had leukemia. All she talked about was Gene Autry and—oh—if she could only see him! All she lived for was the moment when Gene came to town.

They told Gene about Sally the minute he arrived. He had two performances to play, one right after the other and not a minute to spare, but he went right out to her house. Outside the window Prince whinnied as they talked. "Isn't he a nice horse?" begged the little girl. "Why, honey," said Gene, "he's the finest horse I ever saw. He's better than Champ!"

"I'll ride him again—won't I, Gene?" "Sure you will," Gene lied.

He stayed there an hour while the show crowd waited. Then when she slept he tiptoed out. It was Sally Sue's last big thrill. She died soon after.

And there was the little girl in Belleflower, California, close to Hollywood, whom the doctors said didn't have a chance to live. Something malignant, they said, was wasting her away. When Gene went to her house he found her bedroom literally papered with his pictures—over 500 covered the wall. Gene didn't do much—there isn't much even a movie star can do. He sang some songs, left her an album of records, told her stories, told her to get well.

And miraculously, she did get well. Today she's 15, healthy and pretty, and she never misses coming to Gene's broadcasts when he's in town.

Gene realizes his role as a kid's hero and 64 he won't be walking out on the children

who worship him—even the ones who sometimes take him for a ride, like the girl who swiped his boots one night in a Pullman when he left them for the porter to shine. They're all a big family of his, they've written him as many as 108,000 letters in one month. And they're a family he'd hate mighty bad to desert.

AND there's another family Gene Autry has, a family of grown-ups with families and kids of their own. They're the people who long ago hitched their wagons to Gene's star. Gene repays loyalty with loyalty; that's his style. Today over 150 of Gene's professional pals get weekly checks signed, "Gene Autry." Thousands more indirectly have their fortunes linked with Gene's. One whole town in Ohio, for instance, works at making Gene Autry cap pistols. At Christmas, Gene has to give two parties for 80-odd guests each, to crowd all his closely knit gang into his house. No other Hollywood star has half as many close show business associates, or ones of such long standing.

Armand "Mandy" Schaefer, for instance, who produces Gene's pictures, has been doing that for 16 years. Frankie Marvin, one of his guitar players, has plunked accompaniment to Gene's songs for 17.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

On a pleasure trip to California I decided to go stand on the famous corner of Hollywood and Vine Streets just to see if anything happened. While standing there, an Englishman and his wife came up alongside of me. They were obviously enjoying the sights.

All of a sudden, the man burst out, "Why, Aunt Louise, what are you doing here?"

The person he had spoken to turned around and it was Ginger Rogers.

The Englishman was seized with embarrassment and began to apologize.

Miss Rogers said, "Don't apologize. I'd rather be remembered by the name 'Aunt Louise' than 'Ginger Rogers.'"

*Mrs. E. R. Hechter
Clifton, N. J.*



Carl Cotner, his musical director, has 15 service stripes. Johnny Bond, another guitarist, 11; Johnny Agee, his horse trainer, 13—and that's how it goes.

Sometimes Gene kids them, "How can I ever quit? I'd have to get all you guys jobs!" As for the guys—they wouldn't work for anybody else. By now they're Gene Autry men—they'd fight you if you knocked their boss—and in the competitive world of Hollywood that's something rare and refreshing.

Of course, one of the biggest and best reasons why Gene hasn't really a remote thought about hanging up his well worn spurs, or even letting them cool off, is that he loves what he's doing and thrives on it, too. "If they put me out to pasture," he says, "they might as well sell me for glue. I'd fall apart pronto."

In spite of his man-killing schedule, Gene, who is in his early 40's, keeps the tensile, indestructible physique of a young buckaroo. Each year he trots dutifully to his doctor for a complete physical checkup. After the examination the doc growls disgustedly, "Now beat it, Gene, and don't bother me. They'll have to shoot you to get rid of you, I guess. You've got the arteries

of a young government-inspected bull."

Ina, Gene's wife, is a devout and practicing Christian Scientist. Gene's not, officially, but he's caught a lot of the sunny, affirmative outlook on life from his marriage partner in the 19 years they've been together. Maybe that's why Gene has small patience with anyone who bogs down with the petty miseries of mortal men. When you're around Autry, you'd better keep on your feet, like he is, or chances are he'll yank you upright fast.

Last year, for instance, one of Gene's gang, traveling with him through the South, got bogged down behind him with a bad cold in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Knowing Gene, he just rose above his aching bones and ploughed his car through the rain to catch up. But halfway over to Dallas, Texas, it skidded and he gashed his arm. That really landed him in a local bed and he called Autry, told him his woes. "Drive with the other arm," said Gene, "but get here." He did.

Gene's not a flinchheart—on the contrary—but he feels so aces all the time himself, that he can't imagine anyone else having a pain. And Gene admits he bears a charmed life.

Only the other day, making his latest picture, *Valley of Fire*, Gene was out in Newhall on the long straight stretch of track where many a Hollywood thriller has been filmed. The script called for Autry to race Champ alongside a highballing freight and swing aboard. There was nothing new about that stunt for Gene. Only he's a pretty valuable hunk of man to risk on a dangerous scene which stunt men have handled for Western stars since the days of Tom Mix. Sandy Sanders, Gene's stunt expert, stepped up to mount Champ but Gene waved him back. "Take it easy," he said. "I could do this with one hand tied behind me."

It might as well have been tied, because Gene missed the grips and tumbled down in the cinders by the grinding wheels. That's a very nice way to make hamburger out of yourself, but, of course, Autry rolled clear. Then—cussing just a little bit—he got up and did it right. Professional daredevils have been killed for doing less—and in Hollywood, too.

Gene has been flying his own plane ever since he earned his wings at Luke Field back in 1942 during the war, and seasoned them flying bombers across the dangerous "Hump" above Burma in the Air Transport Command. By now he has 3500 officially logged hours in the air and hundreds more not down in the book. After the war he bought a surplus P-38 fighter—a plenty hot plane to handle. But in that and his favorite Beechcraft, which he flies today, he's never had a real crack-up. The closest shave came only a few weeks ago. Hopping back to Hollywood from the East, Gene sat down in Las Vegas, Nevada, to refuel. Taking off at 95 miles per hour, his landing gear pulled up too soon, the crate skidded 200 yards and ended up on its nose.

How Autry has stayed all in one piece mystifies even his closest pals, plenty of whom will fly with Gene anywhere but decline politely to sit beside Autry when he's at the wheel of any one of his four Cadillacs. In fact, the only person who rests easy with Gene in the driver's seat is his trusting wife, Ina. She used to push the floor boards nervously, too, but now Ina laughs, "I can ride with Gene and at the same time put up my hair." It's not that he's reckless, but just that he herds his buggy like a cow pony cutting out steers, with a sure touch but a hairline fender margin. "When I go somewhere," explains Gene simply, "I like to get there."

This driving, cannonball urge of Gene's is directed just one way—straight ahead.

That's why he could never stop and rest on his laurels. They'd just make him itch. "What Gene's done doesn't mean beans to him," drawls Frankie Marvin, the guitar player who's been with him 17 years. "It's what he's doing and gonna do that counts."

The past is always a dead duck the way Gene's mind ticks, and I can't think of a better way to prove that than what happened when Gene's house burned back in 1941. Gene was East with Ina at the time, and his old friend, Bev Barnett, was slated to fly to meet him that morning with some important contracts.

Between the time Bev left home to drive past Gene's empty house, it caught fire, burned in 20 minutes with everything in it—including the contracts. Bev took a look at the ashes, and rushed to a phone.

"Say," he was greeted, "why aren't you on that plane?"

Bev let him have it. "Gene," he said, "I hate to tell you this—but your house just burned. Nobody hurt, but everything in it's gone."

"Well, come on," he got back.

"I guess you didn't hear me, Gene," repeated Bev, saying it slower. "I said your house just burned down to the ground!"

This time there was an impatient snort. "Well, you said it burned. So it's burned. Get going now. We've got business here." That's a typical Gene Autry reaction to any news, good or bad: He doesn't want to know what's happened, but what's coming up, and he's right on the ball with that.

In fact, the way things look now, Gene won't ever have that vacation he's been talking about for the past 15 years.

Like most stars, Gene pretends to play golf. He belongs to Lakeside, polishes a fancy set of clubs at home. He gets time to play maybe once a year. This year somebody promoted a charity contest between Gene and Roy Rogers. Gene got a terrific bang out of the fact that he won. But the scores were nothing to give Ben Hogan a scare. Gene shot 102 and Roy 105. A quick game of bridge or canasta is really Autry's only frivolity.

Right now, instead of pulling in his horns, Gene's expanding. He has just bought a half block on Sunset Boulevard where a big super market sat. He's remodeling it into 24 offices, and putting up a sound stage on the parking lot. He'll bring his TV operations there, his music publishing firm (yep, he still writes hit songs, too), his own offices, and several other Autry enterprises. And he'll be busier than ever, if that's possible, which is to say he'll be happier than ever, if possible.

"Guess I'll be around as long as the folks'll have me," he grins.

"You'll be around, you mean," his pal, Chill Wills, snorts, "until they sharpen your heels and stake you down!"

That time looks like a far spell away. Hollywood hasn't softened Gene Autry up. Last fall Gene dropped in a Broadway café after his Garden rodeo show. Some toughs started boozing his Stetson and high heels and slamming "Hollywood cowboys" in general. Gene rose above that; he's learned to take it. But as he turned to leave, one of them shoved him. Gene whirled, measured the guy, and let him have one. Just one—but that did it. Then he walked out.

So it looks as if Chill Wills had something there. After 16 years as top hand in Hollywood's cowboy corral, there are absolutely no signs yet of Gene Autry's greasing his guns or slinging his saddle up on the rack. As for the fast-bucking, hell-for-leather pace he sets for himself—Gene has a ready answer for that:

"If it was easy," he grins, "everybody'd be doin' it!"

THE END

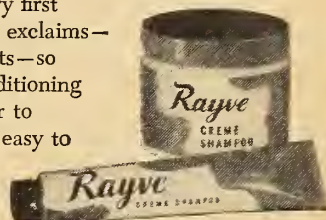


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my predictions for 1952

(Continued from page 23) Will we have a divorce as startling, as unnecessary, as upsetting as that of Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor? Or a marriage as deliciously happy as that of Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis? Will we have another comedy team as funny as those money-making zanies, Martin and Lewis? Will we have two such inexplicable, heartbreaking tragedies as the deaths of Robert Walker and Maria Montez?

I remember interviewing Maria the last time she was in Hollywood. She was full of astrology, and assured me that her interest in it was not a pose. She had infinite faith in her celestial calculations.

"Hedda," she said with a gay laugh when I teased her, "I have made a careful study of the matter, and I have come up with a firm prediction: For myself a great future."

THERE are 12 months to go, 12 months of love, life, and the pursuit of careers in the most publicized city in the world. So much can happen. Who will be our new stars? Will handsome Dale Robertson be given more and more of the Ty Power parts at 20th Century-Fox? Will talented Mitzi Gaynor take over where Betty Grable leaves off? Will 1952 be the year that the one and only Garbo chooses to return to the screen and stop wearing her hair like a floor mop? Will the public forgive Rex Harrison who is making his first Hollywood film since Carole Landis' suicide? Will they forgive John Agar as they did Bob Mitchum? Will they forgive young Dick Contino as they did Tony Martin during World War II?

There are so many excellent, unforgettable pictures in 1951. Who'll be the lucky stars to capture that ever desirable Oscar come March, 1952?

Well, my crystal ball is shining like a marquee on opening night. And here's how it looks to me:

Good old wedding bells seem to be waiting to ring for Judy Garland in the spring of 1952, but I predict she'll fall out of love six months later. Sid Luft's divorce from Lynn Bari is final in January, and Judy's divorce from Vincente Minnelli is final in March. When I saw Judy recently in Hollywood, before she took off for her stint at the Palace in New York, she was full of the old bounce, or more poetically, the joy of living. The neuroses that had clung to her like poor relatives the past three years had disappeared entirely. Metro, the studio that fired her in 1950 after 15 years on the lot, suddenly decided to pitch in and do everything possible to make Judy's appearance at the Palace a success. They gave her clothes, songs, props, arrangements, and even a couple of directors, Bob Alton and Chuck Walters. In fact, they gave her everything except a contract.

When an actress is happy in her career, it usually follows that she is happy in her love life. So, Sid Luft, who has been her boy friend and personal manager for some months now, couldn't find a more propitious time to lead her to the altar. I must say that I would have preferred that Judy reconcile with her director husband, Vincente Minnelli, a really sweet guy who was wonderful to Judy when she got herself into such a neurotic mess, and who is just as devoted as she is to their cute little daughter, Liza. And, judging from the letters I have received, her fans would like her to reconcile with her husband. If the marriage to Sid Luft is to last, Sid had better do something about his mania for hitting people, especially people who wear glasses. So should Judy. It just ain't done!

I have never seen this town so surprised,

and visibly shaken as when a tearful Barbara Stanwyck announced that she and Bob were getting a divorce—after 12 years of being acclaimed one of Hollywood's most ideal couples. Frankly, I think it even came as a blow to Barbara. When she appeared before the Superior Court of Los Angeles in February, Barbara said, "He asked me for a divorce. He said he had enjoyed his freedom while in Italy and wanted to continue to do as he pleased. I was greatly shocked and became so ill that I had to place myself under the care of a physician."

"That will be sufficient," said Judge Clark, and the divorce was granted. If Barbara hadn't been such a straight-shooter I think that the divorce could have been avoided. She could have said, "All right, Bob. So you had fun in Italy. So you had a girl friend. But divorce is a serious thing. Let's wait six months and see how we feel."

Six months after the divorce, Bob was ready to call off the whole thing. Freedom, he discovered, wasn't all it was cracked up to be. He had a few Hollywood dates, but they seemed to bore him considerably. He found out that it wasn't so much fun going off on a hunting trip, or flying his precious plane into the wild blue yonder, if there weren't Barbara and a home to come back to. While on location with the *Ivanhoe* company in England Bob didn't have a single date. "Hedda," he said over the phone to me when he landed in New York, "for three weeks I had dinner every night in my room—alone. Thank you for denying that I was dating Joan Fontaine." Will Barbara get that old pride bristling and refuse to take him back? I don't think

Wish I'd Said That: Jackie Gleason to Frank Sinatra: "I'm glad you shaved off your mustache. It was making you round-shouldered."

Earl Wilson in
The New York Post

so. She loves the guy too much. When I asked her recently if there would be a reconciliation she said, "Honestly, I don't know, Hedda. But I can tell you I've had some beautiful letters from Bob while he was away." I hope my crystal ball isn't letting me in for some wishful thinking.

By the time this is published I predict that Frankie will have made Ava the second Mrs. Sinatra. How long this marriage will last I can't say, but I do predict that their marriage will be as quiet as their courtship, which was as quiet as a boiler factory. Sometimes, stars who have a turbulent courtship settle down and are ideally married for the rest of their lives. But that is not the usual case. Ava is a calm, relaxed, comfortable sort of girl who likes people and wants people to like her. Frankie is a little spitfire, with a chip on his shoulder as big as the Empire State Building. He doesn't like people, especially people who peck typewriters, and his feuds and fights with the press have become very embarrassing to Ava. Several years ago, when they were a steady two-some, I wanted Ava to marry Howard Duff. But Ava says of Howard, "He was a friend." Well, anyway, Ida Lupino's got him now—lucky Ida, and lucky Howard.

The last time I talked to Ava when she stopped by my office, she assured me again that she had nothing to do with the Sinatra breakup. That's true. But it was Ava who brought the climax when she told Frankie she would not see him again as long as he was another woman's husband. With Ava it's marriage or nothing.

"Hedda," she told me that day, "I want to settle down and have babies. Honest." "Ava, my girl," I said, "I like you. But I will believe that when I see it."

Mitzi Gaynor is fast becoming one of Hollywood's big time stars. They smile when they say "Gaynor" over on the 20th Century-Fox lot, just as they did 25 years ago when Janet Gaynor was bringing in millions at the box office. Mitzi is a lovely girl, level-headed, and talented. I am delighted that I can predict a beautiful and happy marriage for her next September. Why September? Because on September 4, Mitzi will be 21, and after that she is free to marry. Several years ago Mitzi fell in love with a young Los Angeles attorney, named Richard Coyle, a fraternity brother of Edward Everett Horton's, who introduced them backstage one night. Mitzi was all for dragging her ideal man to the altar at once, but her mother, a very wise woman, asked her to wait until she was 21; and Mitzi, a very wise daughter, promised. At the moment I believe that the Jane Powell-Geary Steffan marriage is the most perfect of the "younger set" in Hollywood, but come September, Jane and Geary will have to share their enviable spot with Mitzi and Richard.

DID you think, by any chance, that Clark Gable was surly and lonely while he was in Nevada establishing his six weeks residence? While he was there Clark was most attentive to a divorcee who was taking what is called in Reno "the Cure." But Clark won't be marrying his attractive woman in 1952, or anyone. That boy's had it. From now on Clark will be very wary of the marriage vows. In October, 1951, Clark filed suit against Sylvia Gable, charging mental cruelty. But Sylvia will have the last word, and with Jerry Geisler as her lawyer, it will be an expensive word. Sylvia doesn't play for pennies. Clark is determined to fight any alimony. He has bought property in Nevada and become a resident of the state—so the divorce battle of the century will not be fought in Hollywood.

Just as I would have liked to have seen Ava marry Howard Duff, so I wished that Clark had married Virginia Grey, one of the sweetest, nicest, girls in this town—instead of the flashy Lady Sylvia. Virginia has loved Clark for years, and deep down in his heart I think Clark loves her. He always runs to her with his troubles. But after Sylvia takes him through the divorce wringer I think he'll be "agin" marriage for a long, long time. Why don't you make a liar out of me, Clark, and marry Virginia?

I'm sure that Janet Leigh will be knitting booties and Tony Curtis will be popping buttons off his famous checked vests before 1952 is well into its stride. Tony says there's no hurry, but two people so much in love just have to have a baby. Another couple I predict a blessed event for in '52 is Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman. I saw Jeanne and Paul at a party the other night, and Jeanne was telling me about her three children, the youngest is 14 months.

"I want six children, Hedda," said Jeanne very seriously.

"I'll settle for four," said Paul.

I have already announced in my column that the Bob Mitchums, who already have two boys, are expecting a third child in the spring. A new baby is also expected at the Ricardo Montalban, the Audie Murphy, and the Gene Nelsons. Gene wants a little girl (he has a little boy) so he can call her Jennifer and dress her in buttons and bows. And I predict that Jane Russell and Bob Waterfield will adopt another child in 1952 as a playmate for their recently adopted little Tracy.

I'm sorry to say there have been a lot of rumors floating around our town the last two months, about Bette Davis and Gary Merrill. When I asked my crystal ball if there was a divorce in the offing it clouded up completely.

After predicting that Liz Taylor and

Nick Hilton would make a go of their marriage last year I should be a bit wary of the beautiful Elizabeth this year. But here I go sticking my neck out again. I don't think Elizabeth will marry Stanley Donen. I think she has outgrown Stanley. During her recent stay in London, where she was making *Ivanhoe*, her constant companion was the sophisticated Michael Wilding, who used to go with Marlene Dietrich. Before she left for England, Elizabeth told me, "My life has been hysterical. For the last year or so it seems that in everything I have done I've been like a person catching a train. I'm all keyed up with nervous energy."

From now on I think we are going to see a more poised, relaxed Elizabeth. After traveling around England and Paris with suave Mike Wilding and his sophisticated crowd, I'm sure Elizabeth is a more self-assured young lady. For the first time Elizabeth proved herself an actress in *A Place in the Sun*. In fact, it wouldn't surprise me at all if she was the dark horse that walked off with the Oscar next March. I hear that the fans and exhibitors are excited about those Taylor-Clift love scenes, and they are urging producer George Stevens to team them again. George would be crazy not to cash in on this romantic team, and George isn't crazy. So, I predict that those two beautiful young people, Liz and Monty, will be teamed again in 1952. And, furthermore, that this time they'll fall in love, for real.

WHEN Jan Sterling married Paul Douglas, Hollywood gave it the old fish eye and said it wouldn't last a year. Paul had had many wives and many girl friends; was as fickle as they come, and twice as old as Jan. This marriage has worked out perfectly, and will continue to do so. Paul isn't a Charm Boy and Jan isn't a Coo Girl. They're frank and honest with each other, and behave like adults. And there is no professional jealousy.

The coming year will bring the Princess Aly Khan back to pictures again, after her three years of luxury in smart European resorts. I hear that there are two things Rita wants very much: A \$3,000,000 settlement for her and Aly's daughter Yasmin, and a picture that will establish her once more as a leading screen star. She won't get the money; she will get the picture. Her new picture, still untitled (and no matter how they write it it still comes out *Gilda*) is bound to go over big at the box office. Whether it's good or bad everybody will want to see the Princess Rita. No, Rita needn't worry about her first picture, curiosity will put that over, it's the second picture that should keep her awake nights. If that's a flop, she's through.

Since her return from Reno, Rita, who is awfully eager to win back those fans who lifted their eyebrows at her premarital shenanigans with Aly Khan, has been very discreet about stepping out in Hollywood, and to date has dated only one man—agent-producer Charlie Feldman. This is no romance, I guarantee. I hear that Kirk Douglas has been calling Rita ever since her Nevada trek, but without results so far. "Kirk Douglas!" I exclaimed when I heard this. "Why he isn't her type." And then I had to laugh at myself. Any girl who goes through such an odd assortment of husbands as promoter Eddie Judson, actor Orson Welles, and Moslem prince playboy Aly Khan, not to mention such boy friends as Victor Mature, Tony Martin and Ted Stauffer, just doesn't have a type. So I predict that Kirk will get his date, but that Rita and Hollywood's glamor boy lawyer, Greg Bautzer, will discover each other and become a steady twosome. Both Rita and Greg like to dance, like night clubs, and parties. But there'll be no



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BLUE VEIL—*Daddy* by Stan Kenton (Capitol), the Andrews Sisters* (Decca), Art Mooney (MGM).

June Christy is reunited with Stan Kenton to celebrate the return, in a new movie, of this old song. Betty Harris sings on the Mooney version.

GOLDEN GIRL—*Never* by Dennis Day* (Victor); Toni Arden (Columbia). *California Moon* by Dennis Day (Victor).

MY FAVORITE SPY—*Just A Moment More* by Roy Anthony (Capitol).

Here's the outfit that was just voted America's No. 1 band in a poll of the disc jockeys of America. Maybe this record'll show you why. (It didn't show me.)

THE STRIP—*A Kiss To Build A Dream On* by Jack Haskell* (Coral).

The personable young man from the Dave Garroway TV show sounds just as pleasant on records.

TWO TICKETS TO BROADWAY—*The Worrybird* by Nellie Lutcher* (Capitol), Glorio De Haven (Decca). *The Closer You Are* by Gloria De Haven (Decca).

PAINTING THE CLOUDS WITH SUNSHINE—original cast album* (Capitol).

Dennis Morgan and Lucille Morgan are the chief cloud-painters on this LP platter, which contains ten tunes, all old favorites like *Jealousy*, *Tiptoe Thru The Tulips* and *You're My Everything*.

POPULAR

GUY MITCHELL—*There's Always Room At Our House** (Columbia).

This song is from the pen of Bob Merrill, who wrote such best-selling Mitchell items as *Sparrow In The Treetop* and *Belle, Belle, My Liberty Belle*.

JUNE VALLI—*Always, Always** (Victor).

Here's another star who'll soon be twinkling brightly; just 21, she won an Arthur Godfrey Talent Scout show and soon moved into radio (*Stop The Music*) and night clubs.

CLASSICAL

ANDRE KOSTELANETZ—Music of Victor Herbert** (Columbia).

Another noteworthy addition to the Kostelanetz series that has devoted previous LP's to Berlin, Rodgers, Kern, Porter and Youmans.

MORLEY AND GEARHART—*American In Paris** (Columbia).

This duo-piano team plays the Gershwin title song as well as *April In Paris* and classical works by Debussy, Ravel, Offenbach, and four others.

VIENNA PHILHARMONIC—*The Magic Flute*** (Columbia); *The Marriage Of Figaro*** (Columbia).

Each opera is on three 12-inch LP discs, complete with text in the original language and in English. Soloists and orchestra are splendid.

marrying for Rita in 1952, for legal reasons, anyway. As I wrote in my column:

"Rita appears to have a lot of luck—all of it bad. If she gets a Reno divorce by default it can always be set aside. And the Nevada court has no jurisdiction whatever over determining the amount of money a husband should pay for the support of a wife and child. Since Rita has established her residence in Nevada, she can't file action in California for a year."

The two hottest actors in 1952 will be a newcomer, Fernando Lamas, and a repeater, Mario Lanza. I saw some of the rushes of Fernando in *The Merry Widow*. When that picture is released, there'll be panting and sighing all over the land. Fernando was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina, and made a number of pictures there before he was discovered by a Metro scout and brought to Hollywood. He made his debut last year in the very colorful *Rich, Young And Pretty*. And wait until you hear Mario Lanza sing "Because You're Mine" in his new picture. If "Be My Love" thrilled you, you're in for a double portion of thrills. The hottest girl star of 1952 will be Ava Gardner when *Pandora And The Flying Dutchman* is released. As Pandora, Ava has more glamor and sex appeal than the screen has seen since Garbo's *Flesh and the Devil*. If Dore Schary is the smart producer I think he is, he will immediately co-star Ava and Frankie in a picture. That's a box office natural.

ROCKY COOPER says that she will not give Gary a divorce. But Nancy Sinatra said that, too. She changed her mind, and so will Rocky. When Rocky gives Coop his freedom, she will take most of his earthly possessions—and he's loaded. I think that Coop will marry Pat Neal as soon as he is free. I saw them at a party at Mike Romanoff's last week—and there's no mistaking the lovelight in his eyes.

After her divorce from Bob Topping, Lana Turner will drift from one boy friend to another. In fact she has started her drifting with radio-writer-producer Cy Howard. Cy gave up his trip to Europe, where he had a date with his long time sweetie, Paulette Goddard, to stay in Hollywood and hold hands with Lana in dark restaurants. Paulette's gonna be mad, Cy.

About the clearest thing I see in my crystal ball is a divorce for George Sanders and Zsa Zsa Gabor. George, I think, will be quite upset, he loves his pretty bride. But Zsa Zsa is all set on a career. Though George pleaded with her to go to England on location with him, Zsa Zsa preferred to stay in Hollywood and play a part in Metro's *Lovely To Look At*. Recently, I wrote in my column "Zsa Zsa Gabor is so excited about so many projects that she hasn't time to deny rumors that she and George Sanders are kaput. What about it, Zsa Zsa?" I haven't heard a word from the lady.

Also telling it to the judge in 1952 will be David Brian and Adrian Booth. David seems to be having trouble with all three of his wives, and all three at the same time. There are also rumors about Hedy Lamarr and Ted Stauffer. Since Hedy's just about as stable as a weather-vane, nothing she ever does surprises me.

Peter Lawford, Kirk Douglas, Dan Dailey, Steve Cochran and Robert Stack will play the field in 1952, and continue to avoid any entangling alliances. When Rocky Cooper gets her divorce she'll make a pitch for Pete, but he'll give her the same treatment he has given his other girls, including the too-eager beavers Sherman Douglas and Jeanne MacDonald: great charm followed by the old brush-off. Dan told me recently that he doesn't intend even thinking about marriage again for at

least two years. Bob Stack will continue to be Hollywood's most eligible bachelor, and Ann Blyth Hollywood's loveliest bachelor girl. Joan Evans turns 18 in July, and will be free to marry. She promised her mother, magazine writer Katherine Albert, that she wouldn't marry until after her 18th birthday. Joan is as smart as she is beautiful, enjoys living with her parents, and, like Ann, refuses to get married until she's honest-to-goodness in love. The very happiest couples in Hollywood will continue to be the Alan Ladds and the Dick Powells.

Gene Tierney and Oleg Cassini will not get that divorce that is always being rumored. Gene is the first to admit that she and her dress designer husband have plenty of fights, mostly due to Oleg's hot temper. I think they had a dilly this summer when Gene went off to Europe alone. But I think everything will be hunky-dory when Gene gets back from South America where she is starring in *The Way Of A Gaucho*. "Hedda," she told me last spring, "when I fell in love I fell in love for keeps. And I haven't any intention of letting my marriage blow up in my face just to please a few columnists." Smart girl, Gene.

Just as 1951 brought out a fine crop of new stars, so will 1952. (Some of the older ones will find it hard going, and will rush off to New York to do stage plays and television shows.) Who are these new stars destined to flash so brilliantly on the Hollywood firmament? Here's my pick: Mitzi Gaynor, Debra Paget, Leslie Caron, Pier Angeli, Debbie Reynolds, Anne Francis, Marilyn Monroe, Dale Robertson, Fernando Lamas, Dean Miller, Rock Hudson, John Harrison, Cameron Mitchell.

First and foremost is Mitzi Gaynor. Now there's a right talented young lady, and bound to be one of our biggest box office stars. She was well received as Lotta Crabtree in *Golden Girl*, but she'll really hit the jackpot when *The I Don't Care Girl* (story of Eva Tanguay) is released in the spring. Mitzi was born Mitzi Gerber in Chicago. She was a ballerina before she was out of her teens. And she sings as well as she dances. Mitzi dropped by my house one afternoon recently and I discovered several things about her: She likes to take off her shoes and wiggle her toes; she has the greatest talent for mimicry I've come across since the inimitable Elsie Janis; and there's not a chance in the world of her ever getting a big head.

"In *Song Of Norway* I thought I was the biggest thing since the zipper," she told me. "The girls in the company ganged up on me. The fang club was out in full swing. I soon learned that you can't live without having the friendship of your co-workers, so I piped down. If it wasn't for that experience I'd probably be mad about myself right now."

Debra Paget, five feet two, weighing 104 pounds, is as cute as a bug's ear. And a fine little actress too. She reminds some of us old-timers of Dolores Del Rio when she first came to Hollywood, 20 years ago. Debra, born Debralee Griffin, in Denver, Colorado, comes from a hep family that has been in show business for two generations. Debra's first good picture break came with Jimmy Stewart in *Broken Arrow*. But no one at the studio paid her much mind until suddenly the fan mail started rolling in a few months ago. The studio discovered that since the release of *Bird Of Paradise*, Debra has received more fan mail than any one on the lot, with the exception of Betty Grable. Next May you will see Debra in her best picture, *Belles On Their Toes*.

Nineteen-year-old Leslie Caron has the luck of the Irish, except that she's French. Some poor little starlets sit around Holly-

wood for ages before their Big Opportunity. Leslie's first picture, *An American In Paris*, is mopping up at the box office. One critic said of her, "She combines dancing skill with the fetching simplicity and the plump-cheeked freshness of a Renoir model." Paris-born Leslie was discovered by Gene Kelly when he was in France in 1950 seeking a French girl to play opposite him in *An American In Paris*. Leslie, who was dancing in the Ballet des Champs Elysees, was flown to Culver City, and given a contract. You'll see her next in *Man In A Cloak* in which she plays a dramatic part.

Pier Angeli, who speaks with her hands and eyes as well as her voice, has shown movie-goers that there is as much poetry in her acting as there is in her name. Pier was born in Sardinia, and lived with her family in Rome, prior to coming to Hollywood. Director Fred Zinneman saw her screen tests, which were sent to him from Italy, and immediately gave her the lead in *Teresa*. Fred told me, "If Pier is properly handled and gets good scripts, she can climb to the absolute top, and become one of the outstanding stars of her generation." In *The Light Touch*, her next picture, she'll play opposite popular Stewart Granger.

To these four add Debbie Reynolds, Anne Francis and Marilyn Monroe. Since her debut in *Three Little Words*, Debbie, who lives with her family in Burbank, California, has been making bids for stardom. *Two Weeks With Love* and *Mr. Imperium* will be followed by *Singin' In The Rain* in '52—and that's the picture that will land her on theater marquees. Tall, graceful Anne Francis, who hails from Ossining, New York, has had several minor roles, but gets her first big break in *Lydia Bailey* which will be out next spring. Marilyn

The reason I'm no name-dropper is that I can't remember any name long enough to drop it.

Red Skelton

Monroe who managed to steal a few scenes in the star-studded *All About Eve* by just looking sexy, belongs to our sex rampant department. Marilyn's a long way from being an actress, but that won't keep her from being a star in 1952. In fact, right this minute, 20th Century-Fox is writing a picture especially for Marilyn. Well, come to think of it, Jean Harlow wasn't much of an actress when she started. Nor was Jane Russell. But they did all right. And they learned to act, too.

For my money, Dale Robertson will become another great box office favorite in 1952. Dale is an illustrator's dream—he's over six feet of All-American he-man with the Oklahoman's easy approach. His mother-in-law, former movie actress Faire Binny, describes him thusly, "He's a combination of Sir Galahad, Prince Valiant, and Hopalong Cassidy." Not bad—coming from a guy's mother-in-law. The public discovered Dale, just as they did Clark Gable some years before, at the sneak preview of a not so important picture. Following the Pasadena preview of *Fighting Man Of The Plains* the audience followed Dale right out into the lobby and parking lot, cheered, clapped, and asked for autographs. Dale couldn't have been more surprised. Neither could 20th Century-Fox who was releasing this Nat Holt western. And then it happened a second time, following the preview of Dale's second film, another western, this time called *Caribou Trail*. The front office boys held a conference. "No guy," they said, "can have that many relatives." So they signed him to a contract and rushed him into five pictures in 1951, *Call Me Mister*, *Take Care Of My Little Girl*, *Golden Girl*, *Lydia Bailey* and *Return Of The Texan*. The last two will

be released in 1952. And then watch Dale! Another lad who is going to land in the big time is Dean Miller—and just as soon as *Skirts Ahoy* gets its general release next year. Dean got into pictures in a most original manner. In fact I'd say that Dean won the all time daily double without ever placing a bet. On the train en route to Los Angeles, Dean struck up a conversation with a man sitting beside him in the club car. "You from Chicago?" asked Dean. "No," said the man, "I live in Los Angeles. Where do you come from?" "I'm a TV star in Cincinnati," said Dean. "I'm going out to the Coast to look over television. Television's the greatest thing in entertainment. It's killed pictures, you know. Movies are dead as a dodo bird." "That's interesting," said the man, "pictures are really dead, are they?" So the man turned out to be Dore Schary, the big boss of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and he was so amused by the fresh kid that he offered to give him a screen test in Hollywood. I saw the test—and by golly it's good. Oh, by the way, Dean has now decided that movies are the greatest thing in entertainment.

I also predict stardom for Rock Hudson, John Harrison (or is Harry Cohn going to change his name back to Aldo da Re which it was originally) and Cameron Mitchell. Six-foot-three, 197-pound Rock Hudson has had many minor parts since he signed with Universal-International in 1949. His best performances, however, were played with Vera-Ellen in Hollywood night clubs. But following the preview of *Bend Of The River*, due for release in February, the top brass at the studio decided that it was high time they did something about Rock. So the build-up is on. And he will have his first starring role in *Oh Money, Money* with Piper Laurie and Charles Coburn.

John Harrison (or Aldo da Re) used to be a constable in Crockett, California. He first came to Hollywood in 1950 to play a heel who was out for all he could get in Columbia's *Saturday's Hero*. And he proceeded to cop the best notices. George Cukor chose him for the very important part opposite Judy Holliday in *The Marrying Kind*, a part that will definitely make a star of him. Aldo was a football hero in school and a frogman during the war, and he is not given to modesty. After his first picture he said to me, "I have a very, very bright future. Hollywood needs a fresh face, a fresh personality. Hollywood needs me." George Cukor made a test for him. And, wouldn't you know it, agreed with him completely.

Recently over at Fox I saw the test Cameron Mitchell made for a part in *Outcast Of Poker Flats*, which he got. The test is wonderful, and I predict you'll be seeing a great deal of Cameron, who was a hit on Broadway not long ago playing one of the sons in *Death Of A Salesman*. Last year I predicted that Bette Davis would get an Academy Award for her Margot in *All About Eve*, and Jimmy Stewart for his lovable lush performance in *Harvey*. I wuz robbed! This year I'm going to play it win place and show, and I'd better be in the money. My choice is Vivien Leigh for *A Streetcar Named Desire*, Shelley Winters for *A Place In The Sun*, and Elizabeth Taylor for *A Place In The Sun*. For the best performances among the actors I'd say Montgomery Clift for *A Place In The Sun*, Kirk Douglas in *Detective Story* and Gene Kelly in *An American In Paris*.

I suppose no Hollywood predictions would be complete without a mention of Shelley Winters and Farley Granger. Are they, or aren't they? What was I I said last year? "Farley Granger will live alone and like it; and so will his old sweetie, Shelley Winters." Well, the same goes for 1952.

THE END



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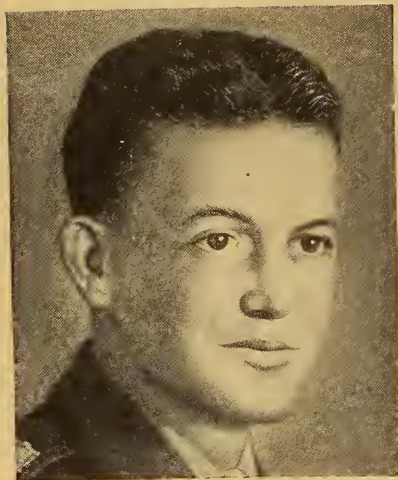
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heartbreak ahead?

(Continued from page 43) the opening night at the Palladium. After the fourth number, I was ready to make my exit. I was so nervous, I slipped and fell on my fanny. Instead of laughing at me, the audience laughed with me. I knew then that the people out front were more interested in my voice than in my weight.”

A good deal of Judy's past neurotic behavior has been tied up with her weight. An RKO producer who is himself a mountain of fat, once told the young actress, “There are certain people who are naturally fat. When they try to diet all the time they become nervous and irritable. Forget about dieting. It'll restore your peace of mind. Concentrate on something else.”

Judy forgot about dieting and began to concentrate on Sid Luft.

EVEN though her weight sometimes shoots up past 140, Judy is sure that Sid Luft loves her. This certainty, many of her friends believe, is destined to bring Judy more heartache. They feel strongly that Luft is not the man for her. Judy insists that he is. “I can't tell you,” she says, “how much fun we have together. Sid's my fellow and I don't care who knows about it.”

When Judy is asked if she intends to marry Luft, she says, “His divorce isn't final until December.”

When Luft is asked the same question, he answers, “Maybe you'd better ask Judy.”

There is little doubt that eventually Judy Garland will take Michael Sidney Luft, aged 35, as her third husband. But first the four legal charges brought against him will have to be decided in court.

These charges are the result of a three-car collision in which Judy played a small part.

One night late in September, Luft's car, traveling south, crashed into two cars traveling east. The accident took place in Los Angeles at a major intersection.

When he was apprehended by the police, who charged him with drunken driving, Luft insisted that Judy wasn't in the car with him at the time of the accident. He said that Judy was in a restaurant two blocks away when she heard the crash and came running.

One of the college boys whose car was hit, however, told the police that Judy was definitely in Luft's car immediately after the accident. “She disappeared for five minutes,” he said, “and then came back. Both of them shaken and talking incoherently. Miss Garland kept telling Luft to beat it, and I kept telling them they'd better hang around until the police came. That's when she swung at me and knocked my glasses off and broke them. I told her she'd better leave because she didn't belong in a spot like that.”

Another victim in the brawl that night was an innocent witness, a Los Angeles dentist. “I saw the entire accident,” he said, “and I stopped to be a witness for the boys when this man, Luft, came up and threw a punch which landed on my nose. He shattered one of the lenses in my glasses.”

By the time the police arrived, Judy had left the scene of the accident. The police took Luft down to the Wilshire jail where they quoted him as saying, “I had a beer—well, maybe three. I can feel it. But I'm not drunk. The only guy I belted was the guy in the tux. Did someone see my gun, a .38 revolver? I was target-practicing a few days ago, put the gun under the seat. Did I pass the sobriety test?”

Luft was booked at 2:15 A.M. and seven minutes later was released on \$100 bail

in the custody of Robert Agins, his attorney. After Luft asked about his gun, the police searched his car and found a 38-caliber revolver which, previously, had been reported as stolen from the director of plant protection at the Douglas Aircraft factory.

The next day all Hollywood was buzzing about Judy and Sid.

"Luft seems to get in an awful lot of trouble," one Hollywood veteran remarked. "He uses his fists too much. When he came back from England with Judy, he was served with a summons because he hadn't paid for the support of his son by Lynn Bari. He settled that one out of court. A few days later he had to get in another mess."

Other observers doubted the story about Judy's being in a restaurant two blocks away when the crash occurred. "How come she heard the accident," one of them asked, "when all the other customers in the place didn't?"

Through her attorney, Judy said, "I'm a human being, and have emotions just like anyone else even though I am an actress. When I saw Sid in trouble I just had to go to him."

A day later when the city district attorney read the police reports on the accident, he charged Luft with more than being drunk. He added the charges of drunken driving, carrying a concealed weapon, and driving without an operator's license.

Luft pleaded innocent to all these charges and asked for a jury trial, which may or may not result in his going to jail.

When Luft was asked if Judy would testify at his trial, his attorney quickly intervened and said, "Miss Garland certainly is not going to let anybody down. I'm sure she'll testify if asked to do so." The attorney also denied that Judy had been drinking. "She was just in a highly emotional state," he explained.

When February 22, 1952, rolls around, and Judy's divorce from Vincente Minnelli becomes final, her friends (and she has many) hope that she will be in a less emotional state.

They hope she will think over marriage to Sid Luft very carefully.

A former secretary of Judy's has this to say: "Sid Luft may be the most wonderful man in the world, but I don't think he's the type for Judy. She needs an older man of position and experience who can keep her in line. So far, Sid has been responsible for Judy's being hounded by a lot of process servers."

This last remark has reference to the fact that when Judy alighted from the train in Pasadena last September, she was served with a subpoena. Luft owed back alimony of close to \$3,000, and Lynn Bari's lawyers wanted to get Judy into court to find out exactly how much money she had paid Luft as her personal manager during their travels.

Judy didn't have to go into court because Luft paid up with a check for \$2,889.

Two days before she left for New York and her stint at the Palace Theater, Judy again was the object of a search by subpoena servers. Again agent-manager Sid Luft, ex-husband of actress Lynn Bari, was the cause.

According to a court ruling, Luft has the right to see his three-year-old son, John, for 48 hours, and keep him in custody for that length of time.

When Lynn Bari read of Luft's traffic crash and his subsequent citation on a drunk count, she obtained an order for Luft to show cause why his 48 hours' custody of their little boy should not be

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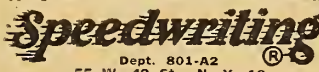
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curtailed to protect the child's safety.

"The reason we were trying to subpoena Miss Garland," Lynn's lawyer explained, "is that she was present at the time of the accident. We want the court to determine whether Luft's drinking might endanger the welfare of his son."

"Since the granting of said (custody) order," read Miss Bari's court affidavit, "defendant has been drinking intoxicating liquors to excess, and specifically on September 30, 1951, defendant was involved in an automobile accident in which he is charged with driving while intoxicated, among other things: affiant (Miss Bari) is fearful that harm will come to minor child when he is in custody of the defendant."

Miss Bari asked the court to permit Luft to visit his son only in the presence of a person designated by her.

JUDY's friends feel that she has a big enough job looking after herself without getting mixed up in Luft's affairs.

"Judy is a grown-up woman," says a Metro producer who's known her since she was a child, "but she knows absolutely nothing about love, and very little about men. She shouldn't have married Dave Rose; she shouldn't have married Vincente Minnelli; and she shouldn't marry Sid Luft. As a matter of fact, she shouldn't get married for the next two or three years until she straightens herself out completely."

"Right now, no Hollywood producer in his right mind will take a chance on putting Judy in a picture. A Garland picture means a lavish Technicolor musical, and that costs lots of dough. If Judy should have a breakdown in the middle of it, as she did in *Annie Get Your Gun*, it would cost a mint.

Making personal appearances two and three times a day is a whole lot more difficult than making motion pictures, at least for a star. If Judy can continue to bear up under the vaudeville routine, film producers will beat a path to her door."

Judy Garland needs to be loved. Unfortunately, she isn't the easiest girl in the world to love. She demands constant attention. She suffers from many fears.

In years gone by, she received much aid and comfort from her mother, but not too long ago there was a break between them. While their relationship is still friendly, it isn't the very warm, inseparable combine of years ago.

Sid Luft is very good for Judy's ego, but is he very good for Judy's heart, or life, or career?

According to Lynn Bari, he wasn't of very much help to her. She married him on November 28, 1943. Less than two years later, Luft made the headlines by getting into a night club brawl with Dead End kid Bobby Jordan. A few months later, Lynn Bari sued for divorce, but there was a reconciliation. After the birth of their son, Luft was involved in another fist fight with an unidentified stranger. By that time, Lynn had had enough. She filed for divorce.

"He had a standard routine," Lynn told her attorney. "I'd ask him where he was going and he'd say, 'Just out to get the papers.' And then he wouldn't come back until the next morning. When I asked him where he'd been, he'd say, 'Oh, just out with the boys.'"

Lynn also accused Luft of spending her money to develop business interests he refused to tell her about.

The judge awarded Lynn \$500 a month for the support of her child, and \$300 a

month after the first year, plus 10 per cent of Luft's income.

When Luft began dating Judy last year, his source of income was a popular mystery, and he failed to follow up on his support payments. When Judy left for England, however, she hired Sid as her personal manager, and supposedly paid him a pretty good salary. At least, it was reported that he was stacking up on a new British wardrobe.

When the pair returned to Hollywood they returned to a load of heartache in the form of Luft's legal encounters.

This is no attempt to make Sid Luft a "heavy." He did yeoman work for Judy in England. He acted as a buffer between her and all the celebrity seekers. He said no when no had to be said, and he kept Judy in excellent mental health.

There are some men who do excellent work in overseeing their wives' careers and supervising their outside interests. Freddie Brisson has been overseeing Rosalind Russell's career for some years now. Ben Gage takes care of Esther Williams' outside interests, and Tom Lewis keeps a watchful eye on Loretta Young's. Whether Sid will do the same for Judy is still to be seen.

Right now Judy is in the process of making a comeback. Many of her friends doubt that she can make a comeback with happiness by marrying Sid Luft.

Whether Judy will listen to friends, or follow her own instincts is something no one will know until February 22, 1952.

At that date Judy will be free to marry again, and if past performance is any indication, she probably will. Whether or not she marries Luft—her friends are keeping their fingers crossed for happiness.

THE END

the pig is in the parlor

(Continued from page 41) look at the sea. A few interruptions like a trip to England to make *Edward, My Son*, and a safari into Africa for *King Solomon's Mines*, and six months in Italy during the filming of *Quo Vadis* had postponed her remodeling ideas too long. Now was her chance. She launched into her project with as much enthusiasm as she normally shows for a new part.

New and enlarged windows would mean different draperies. New curtain material meant reupholstering the furniture. Breaking up a wall would lead to a new plastering job. Plastering meant repainting and fresh wallpaper. In other words—a big production.

The prospect of all this clutter and clamor overhead didn't phase Mrs. Bartley one bit. In fact, it was right in line with her pet theory about expectant motherhood. She believes that waiting mothers should fill their lives with all the things they don't ordinarily have time for. Deborah gives many more radio performances when she's pregnant. She works for her favorite charity, the St. Anne's Foundation, and she paints.

She also thinks that mothers-in-waiting should undertake one large job—preferably one that won't be finished before the baby arrives. "That way," she explains, "you're busy concentrating on your project and hoping the baby won't come early. The times pass ever so fast, and you accomplish two things at once."

Deborah's longish job before Melanie Jane, aged four, arrived was designing and planting her very British rose garden in Santa Monica. She finished it with a few weeks to spare. The current project 72 should be a closer race with the stork

who is expected sometime in February.

The fun and excitement that Deborah and Tony seem to get from making improvements in their California home is indicative of how happy they are in America. But they weren't always this content.

When Metro signed her to a slightly fabulous contract in 1947, Deborah Kerr and her husband of one year came to Hollywood. Fresh from war-time England, they soon filled up on steak, eggs, and orange juice. They liked their work (Tony was studying American methods of movie making for his television production company). They met a lot of amusing people, and they made a few friends. They were talented, popular, and very successful, but they weren't happy.

"At first, Tony and I thought we were homesick," recalls Deborah, "so we waited a decent interval for that to wear off. When it didn't, we looked around for other causes for our moodiness."

"The answer was so obvious we didn't recognize it for months. It turned out to be a kind of homesickness after all, for we finally discovered that it was our rented house that was getting us down. You see, we were living in a small California bungalow in a narrow canyon. Nothing could have been more unlike our previous homes. The place was too new, the ceilings were too low, and the neighbors were too close."

"I stood it as long as I could. Then I tearfully confessed to Tony that we'd have to go home to England if we didn't move out of that trap."

Being a man as well as husband, Tony Bartley couldn't bear the sight of Deborah's tears. They immediately started the quest for an English-style house. "Only we didn't tell people we wanted any particular type of architecture," explains Tony.

"We weren't so foolish as to narrow down the possibilities. We simply said we must have an old house, with a little ground around it to provide privacy, and we must have high ceilings."

All of the Bartley's new acquaintances and most of the real estate agents in Southern California offered to help them find a home. In turn, each friend, studio contact, and agent would call to say they knew of an old place, built before the war—six years ago. A few even found some relics dating back 10 years. Finally, Deborah explained as diplomatically as she could what her idea of "old" was. The last house she'd lived in was built a little over 300 years ago. After they heard that whopper, a lot of the agents gave up calling her.

Months passed, and she and Tony were despairing of ever finding a home to suit their peculiarities. Then one misty afternoon, they were driving through the Pacific Palisades, a part of Los Angeles which is near the beach and looks very much like the Italian Riviera. When Los Angeles was a small, undeveloped city, wealthy easterners were building winter homes in this part of town. Although most of the estates have been broken up, the old homes still have an established, substantial appearance.

As Deborah drove slowly past the 20-room houses with 12-foot walls and imposing wrought iron gates, she knew they were out of their class financially, but they held a fascination for her. They looked so old and venerable—like the country homes she'd known most of her life.

QUITE by chance the "homesick" pair noticed one rather modest house that was close to the road. Deborah couldn't resist asking Tony to stop the car. She just wanted to look through the gates at the beautiful gardens. The two of them

got out of the automobile and ran towards the gates. What they saw filled them with longing. The two-story, white stucco house with its rain-washed red tile roof seemed to be waiting for them. (Later they learned that it had eight rooms and a full basement.) The property that went with it was rich in perennial gardens, wide stretches of lawn, and eucalyptus trees. An eight-foot wall on the street front and a steep palisade down to the ocean gave the house the privacy and seclusion all Englishmen seem to require.

The longer they pressed their faces against the barred gate the more beautiful the house looked. There was no sign of anyone living in it, and yet it wasn't for sale or rent.

After careful scrutiny, Tony noticed a small sign near the front entrance. "For information, apply to Santa Monica Land Co.," he read aloud to Deborah.

"That must mean it's for sale," said Deborah happily.

"More likely it's where you call in case of fire," Tony said, but he jotted down the telephone number anyway.

The next day he contacted the land company and learned more details about the house. He found out that it was part of a 14-acre estate owned by a wealthy Chicago dowager named Edith Rockefeller McCormick. The house he and Deborah had seen was called the guest cottage, but there was also a main house, servants' residence, a large garage, and a separate music conservatory on the property. All or nothing was up for sale.

Tony Bartley politely declined to make an offer for this real estate package. Might just as well have made a bid for Buckingham Palace he thought to himself. But he hated disappointing Deborah, so he made a characteristically British move. He hired a legal representative, commissioning him to purchase the guest house at or below a stated figure.

The correspondence that piled up during the negotiations was large enough to fill up a year's issues of the Congressional Record. In the end the bulldog tenacity of the Bartley's won out. The house was theirs.

Deborah had been so certain they would eventually own the lovely 15-year-old house that, long before the deal was concluded, she sent to London for her furniture. It arrived about the time they were ready to move in. Busy as she was at the studio, it never occurred to her to hire a decorator or even a secretary to organize and furnish her home. "Almost no one does in England," she explains airily. "At home we just take our time and put the heirlooms and antiques where they seem to please us most. Sometimes it takes ages to furnish a home. And I must admit some of them look rather dowdy, but at least they're a true expression of the home owner's taste."

The conclusion that can be drawn about Deborah Kerr's taste as reflected in her home is that it's one of quiet refinement touched with the unpredictable. In her living room, for example, the only two colors are grey and pale gold. The furniture consists of fine 18th century antiques. The couch and chairs are upholstered in gold brocade to match the draperies. The effect is restful and unobtrusive. A graceful Queen Anne desk stands at one end of the room and a refectory table at the other. A pair of water color portraits by an English girl, Eileen Chandler, show Melanie at 18 months and Deborah in a pensive mood. They are the only wall decorations expected for the mirror over the fireplace. Several of her mother's Crown Derby cups stand on the mantel and then, quite in contrast with the rest of the room, a fat

china pig, covered with painted flowers rests beside the fireplace. If you ask Deborah why Melanie brought the pig into the parlor she smiles and says, "She didn't. I put it there. I just happen to like it."

The sun room, which links the dining room with the living room, and the indoors with the garden, is a kind of informal gathering place full of books, record albums, the piano, and art objects picked up from Italy to the Congo. Deborah sensibly furnished the long narrow room in earthy browns and greens. The big easy chairs are covered in a brown nubby fabric and the walls are a cool shade of eucalyptus green. Here the family heirlooms have been converted to practical use. The highboy Tony uses as a compact little bar was a Bartley antique. The old pewter beer tankard on top of it was a wedding present. And the pair of highly polished whale oil lamps beside the couch where Deborah likes to sit and sew, were found in a second-hand shop right after she and Tony were married. The lamps are too squatty for good reading light, but in this case sentiment outweighs practicality.

FURNISHING the dining room started as a joke. It all began with Tony's straying into an auction room on Wilshire Boulevard one evening when Deborah was working late. He was so fascinated by the auctioneer's spiel that he couldn't leave. When the oval dining table with a base of three carved feathers came on the block he bid for it. Much to his surprise, he got it at a ridiculously low price. He had it sent home like a comic valentine.

"I laughed, but I loved it," Deborah says. "It seemed very funny at first to have a table with the traditional Prince of Wales feathers supporting it. But we bought eight chairs to go with it and a small table-for-two where Tony and I eat when we're alone. That filled up our dining room except for the niches."

It was during another evening's aimless wandering that they strolled into a Hollywood antique shop. Deborah spotted a pair of large, gaudy blackamoor figures. Tongue-in-cheek she offered the dealer a price for them, he quickly said, "Sold."

Home in the maroon, grey and white dining room the figures didn't look as gaudy—merely gay. Tony put concealed lighting behind a narrow moulding and the blackamoors add a lot of character to the Bartley dinner parties.

In spite of the considerable changes Deborah is making upstairs in her own room, nothing will be touched in Tony's adjacent study-bedroom. He made that quite clear before she started her redecorating job. Tony recently finished a TV film in Africa called *White Hunter*, which explains why the only television set in the house is opposite his day bed. He must keep abreast of west coast television.

In the four years that Tony and Deborah have lived in America, neither of their families has been able to visit them. So far they've done all the traveling. They've always packed up Melanie Jane, her Scotch nurse, tons of luggage and spent their holidays in England. Regretfully, Deborah Kerr admits that none of their immediate family have seen the beautiful Bartley home in Santa Monica. Last Christmas, however, she received the gift that makes her home complete. Her grandmother sent her Mrs. Beeton's Book of Household Management (circa 1880).

"Without this housewife's Bible no proper English girl can ever run a home," explains Deborah. "Grandmother was apparently waiting until I had an established house. After the book came, we knew for sure we were at home in California."

THE END

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(Continued from page 12) Peggy. . . . The fall of 1949 was the real start of them. Peggy had been invited to a party at the St. Regis where everyone was celebrating Carol Channing's success in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. Peggy's own accomplishments seemed small when compared to those of all the celebrities gathered there at that moment. What had seemed like such a big part in *The Sleeping City*, which was shot in New York, had been whittled down to only a day and a half of work.

Looking around the room, she noticed a handsome young man come in with a ravishing looking girl. There was something so familiar about him! Where had she seen him before? Their eyes met, and his glance lingered on her. He was seated at a table at the other end of the room. Puzzled, she looked for him from time to time, and saw him moving closer table by table. Then suddenly, she discovered his chair was back to back with her own!

"I beg your pardon," she heard herself saying, "you're going to think I'm terribly bold, but I'm sure we've met before."
"I have the same feeling," he answered. They started comparing life histories.

FINALLY they were back to the years when he was Lt. Walter Helmerich III, an Air Force ferry pilot, stationed at Kiesler Field at Biloxi, Mississippi, and she was a student at Gulf Park College nearby.

Recalling the sight of a dreamy fellow bringing his bright blue convertible to a stop before the dorm, she exclaimed, "You're Susie's Walt!"

"And you—you're Jo' Varnadow! Why didn't you say so!" he came back.

"Whatever happened to Susie?"
"Oh, she's married now, and has two children. . . ."

They chattered about those days and before the night was out, he was saying, "Don't let Hollywood change you!"
"Well, I certainly hope it does change me," she was retorting indignantly.

"Don't you want a family and . . ."
"Of course, and I expect to have one someday. . . ."

"Relax," he laughed.
"This is no time for me to relax," she exploded. "I'm just getting started on my career!"

Their conversation was brisk and exciting, but it was a while before they had another. Walter had to go back to Harvard where he was a student in the School of Business Administration. However, a wire came from Boston just as Peggy was ready to leave New York for a visit home in Athens, Tennessee. It read, "You're the nicest thing that's happened to me."

When she arrived in Athens, there was a huge portrait of the man waiting for her! He telephoned her constantly, and one of the calls was to make a date for the Sugar Bowl game in New Orleans on New Year's Day. He knew that her parents as well as his own always attended. It would be a chance for the families to look each other over. Peggy accepted the date, but the day before Christmas she was ordered to be back in Hollywood on the 27th. She telephoned Walter in Tulsa to explain. An hour later she received a telegram listing every plane stopping in Tulsa enroute from Nashville to Los Angeles, calling particular attention to one flight which had a two-hour stopover. He urged her to take that flight. Peggy asked her mother's opinion and Mrs. Varnadow said, "Why it's entirely up to you, Jo'. If you like this boy, I see nothing wrong with a two-hour break in the monotony of the trip."

74 On the plane, Peggy told herself, "I'm a

fool to be doing this. I don't even know this boy!"

By the time the plane landed in Tulsa, she didn't have the courage to step out of it. For 15 minutes she peered out the window and saw no sign of him. Then she decided that he'd had a change of heart, too, so it would be safe for her to go into the airport cafe for a soda. As she crossed the lobby, she saw him dashing madly from window to window of the airline office trying to find out what had happened to her. Finally, he spied her and came running over.

They went to the club for lunch where she met his father, a brilliant, dignified man. Then they discovered that her plane's departure was delayed three hours so there was time to take her home to meet his mother and sister.

"They all were wonderful to me," Peggy tells, her eyes glowing with the memory.

After she'd been back in Hollywood awhile, Walt suddenly showed up explaining that he was on "spring vacation." He had another "spring vacation" only a month later and tried to persuade her to marry him; but the flying trips seemed to denote a pretty irresponsible student to Peggy.

"He was 28," Peggy tells, "and a real man about town. He had an apartment of his own in New York all the time he was going to school at Harvard. He dated models, actresses, and other very attractive girls. They dined and danced at the very best places. I knew I wasn't the type who could spend hours shopping and at beauty shops, just so I could look perfectly groomed for lunch at '21' every day."

Hollywood is somewhat backward, claims Peter Donald, because where else would the trailer come before the main vehicle?

*Sidney Skolsky in
Hollywood Is My Beat*

I explained this to him. 'I don't like that sort of thing,' I said. 'I can't live that kind of life. I can never hold a man like you.'"

"But I want someone like you," he protested. "Someone like you to be the mother of my children. Someone who respects her religion the way you do. Someone I can respect the way I do you. And, of course, you respect me. . . ."

That was when Peggy dropped her bombshell—June, 1950. July and August were months of silence.

Then suddenly he was there in front of her again, his arms full of flowers, the lovelight brighter than ever in his eyes. But absence making the heart grow fonder wasn't what won Peggy.

What won her were the callouses on his hands and the 20 pounds of weight lost in the dirtiest, hardest, most back-breaking jobs in the oil fields.

He'd gone back to Tulsa that June day and told his father, "I'm ready to go to work for you now."

With the solid practicality which had taken him from oil field laboring jobs to the head of the Helmerich-Payne oil drilling firm, Walter Helmerich sent his son to work in the oil fields. "And no favors for him," he instructed his men. The men took him at his word, too.

The new Walt told Peggy, "I don't know how long I'm going to have to work in the fields, but one of these days I'll prove to my father that I'm capable of stepping into an office job."

"Of course you will," Peggy answered.

YET last summer, when Peggy moved into an apartment of her own after spending two years in the Hollywood Stu-

dio Club, she wasn't talking about marriage. She said then, "Of course, I've thought about marriage. Seriously, too. I've always felt it's right for a woman to sacrifice a career to her marriage. But I don't believe it would be fair to Walter or to me to get married this year or next. My career is at such an exciting point that if I left right now, I might find myself regretting not having found what could have happened. That wouldn't be good." Then she added, "Maybe these are the changing times with which I should change. Perhaps I'm climbing the steps to confidence where I can successfully combine a career with a happy marriage. I just can't give an honest answer about it yet."

She couldn't be completely honest then because Walt was still in the oil fields trying to prove his capabilities. Perhaps unconsciously Peggy saw that until he did he wouldn't be able to accept a wife's career in comparison to his own just then.

But by the end of the summer of 1951, Walt could excitedly tell her he'd made the grade. He had an office of his own at long last!

"What an office he has," she smiles. "I never saw such a tiny one in my life! Why, it isn't even big as a closet! But already Walt is showing his father that the years he spent at Harvard weren't wasted."

Peggy went on to Athens where her parents planned to give a party announcing her engagement. Those plans were abandoned when Peggy's grandmother unexpectedly passed away. Early in October, the announcement was made to the newspapers without any festivities. The rumors grew about the "wealthy young oil scion's" plans for his bride.

"Walt and I have made out our budget on his earnings," Peggy sets the record straight. "Far from having the home some reports said Walt was building for us in Tulsa, we're going to live in a rented apartment there. The kind he can afford. Our one extravagance so far is a seven-foot-square bed which will go into our one bedroom that is only 10 by 12. I plan to commute from my picture assignments. Walt insists I'll have to maintain myself in Hollywood out of my own earnings. He thinks I'll get tired of doing that after I get used to having him support me."

"He thinks I'm the greatest actress in the world," Peggy laughs when asked if he dislikes her being an actress. "So far I've not been the kind of actress I want to be. I think it's essential to know what you lack in ability. When you find your mistakes—approximately—then you're all right, because you can correct them."

"However, Walt and I are making no definite plans of any kind about my career, or about having children. We're going to face things as they come. I expect a great deal of understanding from Walt because I expect to give a great deal of understanding. We don't feel ours is going to be a 50-50 marriage. How can it be between two career-minded persons? There will be, we realize, too many times when one of us must give all. And that's what I expect in our marriage."

"I realized only recently that we don't have to wait to be married. It wasn't just the way Walt buckled down and proved he could do something on his own, either."

"After I finished *I Want You*, I went to Washington, D. C., for personal appearances. One day I was at a luncheon table with some really brilliant and influential men. As I listened with awe while they talked of government, industry, and arts, I thought how lucky actresses are with all their opportunities to meet such people."

"Yet some career women don't take their husbands along with them because they might not be able to hold their own in such company. As I sat there thinking

of all the boys I know, I could see only Walt fitting in, sharing the experience, enjoying himself. He has the intelligence and talent to get along with people in all walks of life. I realized how lonely I was. How much happier I'd be sharing this with someone. That was when I knew it was right to marry him soon."

The beautiful diamond ring which Walt designed was on Peggy's finger when she left Hollywood in mid-October to keep the wedding date at home in Athens on November 24. It takes awhile to get ready for a formal, candlelight wedding where more than 300 guests hear the vows spoken before the white rose and chrysanthemum banked altar of Keith Memorial Church, and then crowd the Varnadows' 10-room house for a reception. Peggy's younger sister Ann was to be maid of honor, 17-year-old Cadajah Helmerich would be among the bridesmaids, as would Jane Lampton Connerly, Peggy's best friend from Gulf Park College days, and her cousin Clyde Afaye Green. In addition, Peggy's adopted cousins, small Jane and Betty Hendricks, got ready to be flower girls all dressed in white.

The couple would fly to Hawaii for a honeymoon, and come back prepared to be blissfully happy. . . .

Peggy has no false modesty about the change she made in Walt. She feels that a woman sets the standards of her marriage and that the man who really loves her wants her to do so.

Just after her engagement was announced, Peggy met Director Bud Boetticher on the studio lot. He said, "Well, well, Peggy, what's the fellow like?"

"Oh, Bud, he's just crazy about me!" she exclaimed.

"Well, I'll swear, Peggy," Boetticher shook his head, "usually the lines read, 'I've got the greatest guy!'"

But then he hadn't directed a script like Peggy's real life one—one where the guy was sent out to win her respect and to prove she could hold him!

THE END

m. s.'s top ten for 1951

(Continued from page 19) and you nominated him for future laurels. Hollywood was listening, for in one short year Tony Curtis became a star.

Whether you know it or not (Hollywood does) MODERN SCREEN's readers are the greatest casting directors in the world. With unfailing accuracy you've been spotting greatness the instant it appeared on the screen; and you've seen your discoveries quickly take their places among the biggest names in Hollywood. So when you choose Janet Leigh, Doris Day and Jeff Chandler as newcomers among the favored few, you're doing more than applauding. You're building stars. When you tell Judy Garland that you haven't lost faith in her, you're telling Hollywood to keep her great. And Hollywood will.

This year June Allyson heads your list of favorites as she did the year before, and her good friend Jane Powell is runner-up. For the first time, John Wayne wears the crown, a recognition due his long and distinguished career. Some stars have slipped below the golden circle. Others, like Montgomery Clift, are beginning to climb back to their former popularity. You are responsible, and already you are determining the future on the pages of MODERN SCREEN. You predict stardom in 1952 for Debbie Reynolds and Dale Robertson; you predict the highest honors for Mario Lanza. It's all bound to come true, because in 10 years you've never been disappointed, and neither has Hollywood.

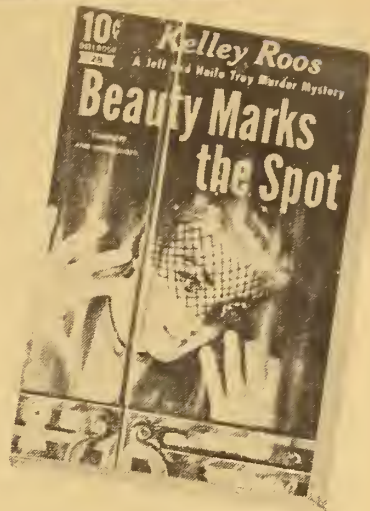
THE END

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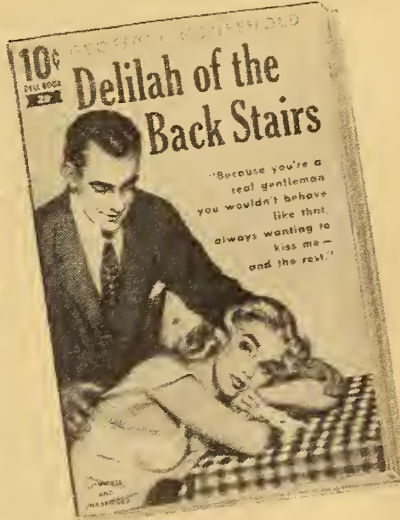
BEAUTY MARKS THE SPOT
by Kelley Roos

Jeff and Haila Troy, a sparkling pair of amateur detectives, get knee-deep in violence and suspected murder in a fashionable school of beauty. Haila enrolls in the school and before her first classes are over she phones her husband for help in a case that keeps them on the jump till the end.



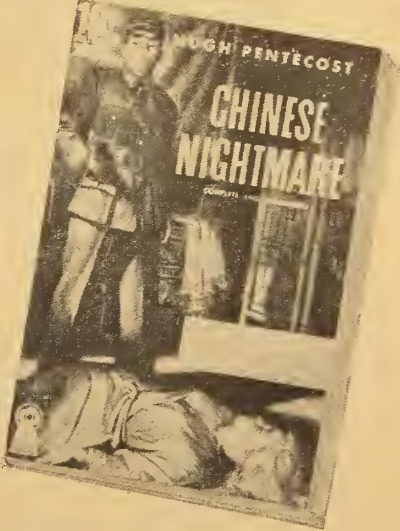
DELILAH OF THE BACK STAIRS
by Geoffrey Household

This is the story of a man who lived a quiet, peaceful life until he became the unsuspecting victim of the wiles of Violet, the porter's pretty wife. What happened to him at the hands of this siren, and what he had to do to shed her, makes an entertaining story about the fate of any male who underestimates the power of a woman.



CHINESE NIGHTMARE
by Hugh Pentecost

There was a scar on his face and he was wearing a wig. Then he disappeared. He was the man from Johnny Curtin's terror-ridden past, and to find him Johnny risks his own life and that of an American air-line stewardess in a chase that involves espionage and counter-espionage during the post-war years of strife-torn China.



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it's a great life

(Continued from page 30) According to the people who write about the stars, there are only two types of actresses. There is the racy glamor queen who toils on a sultry boudoir set all day and sidles around the hot spots all night. And there is the shy, introverted, serious-minded actress who is overly careful of the roles she plays and who hurries home after work to spend the evening in solitary contemplation.

It's convenient for writers to establish all actresses in one of these categories. To them a star is either a nearly dissolute person or an angelic creature who never laughs out loud. There is, however, a middle ground—and that is where June Haver lives. In her movie roles she plays some pretty racy parts, providing there is a story line reason for them; and in her private life she is known as one of the most fun-loving girls in Hollywood.

All one has to do to get a pretty clear picture of June is visit her apartment on Wilshire Boulevard. It is large, airy and very modern in decor. If you were to see pictures of it you would suspect it was the home of Ava Gardner, Hedy Lamarr or one of the other great glamor girls. What-abouts as nonsensical as can be bought are scattered about the mantels and along the ceiling mouldings. One entire wall of the den holds a tremendous record collection, which includes, along with a healthy sprinkling of the classics, most of the jive and jazz albums of the day. The furniture is bleached blonde and rugged, bright colored fabrics cover the sofas and chairs. The phonograph is always going. And the walls are decorated with paintings of all sorts of subjects, many of them clowns painted by June herself. It is the home of a girl who likes to live.

MAYBE a good way to explain June Haver is to tell you that she is the biggest movie fan in town. She's been crazy about one movie star or another from the time she was six. Her fellow stars on the 20th Century-Fox lot still chuckle when they remember her first days at the studio. Although she had been hired as something of a glamor girl herself, June showed up for work on that first day with just one purpose in mind. She was going to see as many movie stars as she could—and collect as many autographs as she was able.

Armed with a good pencil and a new autograph book, June invaded the commissary. There had already been considerable publicity about her signing a contract but she didn't act like it. The first star she saw was Tyrone Power and she nearly fainted. When she got hold of herself, she approached Ty's table and timidly held forth her book. Ty raised an eyebrow, but scribbled his name—and June, with a curtsy and a thank you, drifted away on Cloud Number Nine. The same thing happened with Alice Faye, and several others, and by the end of the day the players' favorite topic of conversation was the new girl who seemed more interested in collecting autographs than being in the movies herself.

Sonia Wolfson, a veteran publicity woman at 20th, still laughs about her first meeting with June. She had been assigned to publicize June and stood ready to take down her life story and make her famous.

"Now where shall we begin?" Sonia asked when June reported to her office.

"Well," said June, "if it's all right with you, maybe we could sort of walk around the studio and see if we can find anybody interesting."

76 It was all right with Sonia, so the two

girls spent the entire day visiting sets and collecting signatures. Sonia says it was the oddest—and most interesting—assignment she's ever had at the studio.

Shortly after that there was a big party held at the home of a famous star for the French War Relief. Ty Power and June were the guests of honor. A top photographer had been asked to attend and get a picture of Ty and June together for a magazine layout. He posed them at the end of the garden, but every time he was about to snap the shutter, June's head swung around so she could look at Ty and her mouth fell open in astonishment that she was having her picture taken with him.

"Miss Haver," the photographer finally snorted impatiently, "I'm supposed to get a glamor picture of you and all you do is stare like a lost puppy who has just found his master. Please look sophisticated."

June Haver hasn't changed much since then. She has been the star of more than a score of films herself, but she still retains the youthful verve for movies she had as a kid. She just refuses to fall into the ways of the professional screen siren.

The life June Haver lives today could be called, in all honesty, a model one. Making a picture, she works like a beaver, is never late on the set, is obedient to her superiors and kind and understanding to the underlings whose duty it is to take care of her hair, wardrobe, makeup, etc. When the day is done she goes home, changes and generally has dinner with her family or a date. And she is in bed early, so she won't hate getting out of bed at dawn the next morning.

Actor describing a director: "He has a mind of his own. But it's on loanout."

Mike Connolly in
Daily Variety

When she is not working, her days are filled with a combination of fun and good deeds. Her greatest playtime passion is golf, and if she can possibly find the few hours necessary to walk around 18 holes she is on the links every morning, rain or shine. She lunches with a girl friend or her sister, Evelyn, and then spends the afternoon at her avocation, decorating.

Although June has earned a reputation as one of the cleverest decorators in Hollywood, and has done many fine homes, she has never taken a penny for her work. When she makes the contract to do a home or apartment, she stipulates that the fee is to be paid to a charity she selects. And through her efforts, a group of nuns from Ireland see movies in their convent home on their own projection equipment; a church in need of a fund to feed and clothe poor families of the parish suddenly finds its coffers full; a bunch of college boys without furniture for their fraternity house suddenly discover they are living in the lap of luxury—all through June's decorating racket.

This sort of life is comparatively new to June Haver, though. "When I first came to Hollywood," June says, "I guess I was as giddy as any other kid who had suddenly been zoomed to the heights. It took a little while, but one day I realized that I was a movie star and I wasn't living like one. I went out and bought a lot of fancy clothes—going into debt to do it—and I started to swank around the town like a latter day Gloria Swanson. If my phone wasn't ringing constantly and I wasn't dated up at least two weeks in advance I wasn't happy."

Just exactly what it was that changed June, or rather brought her back to a sensible mode of living, even she doesn't know for sure. It was no doubt her family,

though, for her mother, sister and grandmother have a tremendous influence on her. They are more close-knit than most families in Hollywood, and feel that each one has a stake in the other. This is due to the fact that when June was a very small girl, and showed promise of being extremely talented in things theatrical, the job of getting her to the top became a family project.

If there was an amateur contest of some kind and June was entered, it looked like an avalanche of Havers when the door was opened to the contestants. If there was an interview with a newspaperman or prospective employer, the whole family went along lugging books of clippings and took part in the conversations. June was the performer, but she was only part of the team.

When she became a star—and realized— a family council was held and it was decided to set June up in an apartment of her own, so she could rest better and learn to stand on her own feet.

"I think it was about that time," June said, "that I began to take stock of myself. I realized that just being a movie star was not in itself satisfying. I had to make it mean something. So I would come home in the evenings and try to figure out how I could improve my personal life, as I had my professional life."

This wasn't as easy as it might sound. In those early days, June, in deference to California law, was still going to the studio high school. She would be in the midst of an algebra problem when a call would come from the set and she would suddenly have to switch to making love. She never quite adapted herself to the fast transitions. But she did become more serious minded and tried to take all the aspects of her new life in stride.

Although she doesn't like to talk too much about it today, because the subject is still painful, Dr. John Duzik, who passed away so tragically last year, was the most dominant factor in June's life.

Dr. Duzik wasn't like Hollywood people. He was not the least bit impressed by movie stars since many of them were his patients. When he met June, she was just a cute little blonde from the Middle West who had somehow managed to get herself in pictures. She, on the other hand, saw the doctor something she had failed to find in all the glamor boys she'd been dating. He was handsome, but in a natural rugged way—not sleek and elegant turned out. His interests, aside from his practice, were pretty ordinary. He liked to hunt and fish and play golf—and he didn't care a hang for the parties and premieres of Hollywood.

June found herself in love with him. After work she'd go home and prepare a fine dinner and call John up and ask him over. This was during her "thinking" period and it is certain that their after-dinner talks did much to mold her into the kind of woman she is today.

ALTHOUGH June had been a religious girl from her earliest recollection, she never knew the real meaning of a religious life until she met Dr. Duzik. It wasn't anything fanatic with him, it was just a way of spending each day, and June decided his belief was for her. She has been that way ever since—not fanatic, just devoted in her faith.

June Haver describes how she lives better than any writer could.

When asked how she reconciled her strong faith with the life of a movie star, she said, "It's so simple, and so easy. Happiness is not a sombre thing. It is my vocation to bring happiness to people by entertaining them. It is a wonderful vocation because it allows me to have such fun

While I'm doing what I should. "I wasn't put into this world by accident. There was a divine purpose in it. It is obvious at this stage of my life that my purpose was to bring others happiness and the movies let me do so."

Among the men who take June Haver out there are fellows who have been called wolves. They get dates the same as the less dangerous fellows, but with June they are perfect gentlemen. They save their leering for another night—with somebody else—but it is obvious that they are having a good time.

You might be driving down one of the main streets of Hollywood on a sunny afternoon and pass a convertible with the top down and spy June and a handsome lad in the front seat. The radio will no doubt be on full and the boy and girl will be laughing and yaking it up. If you have been under the impression that June is a stuffy person it might surprise you, but it is actually her true self you see.

She is a great practical joker. When there is fun on the set, it will more than likely be June's sense of humor that brought it about. If you could attend a party at her apartment, or at the home of her mother and sister, you would find that June is the guiding hand behind the games.

June is, according to her mother, the greatest party planner since Elsa Maxwell. She is the one who lugs in the pumpkins at Thanksgiving—the one who arranges the dinner with the gag place cards. And, at Christmas time, she is the one who drags in the biggest tree in town and arranges the fabulous dinner. And when it comes time to pass out the presents, June is the Santa Claus.

June Haver is, indeed, a strange creature in Hollywood. It is not because she is odd,

but because most of the rest of Hollywood is odd. She is just the kind of girl that Rock Island, Illinois, expected she would grow up to be. She is the kind of girl you'd like to have live next door. The kind of girl who would go for a walk with you if you're blue, or be your date at the Country Club ball and make every guy jealous.

June Haver's philosophy of life is based on the Golden Rule. It always has been. Her first public appearance of any kind may have set the pattern of her life and her thinking. She was about seven years old. Her mother and father lived in Cincinnati and they had entered her in an elocution contest, sponsored by a local newspaper, which was to be held in the ballroom of a big downtown hotel. June was terrified. Her mother knew it, her sister knew it and no doubt the whole audience knew it. But when she stood on the stage when her name was called, she stuck her chin way out and looked several thousand people collectively in the eye.

"The title of my recitation tonight," she said, "is 'Who's Afraid?'"

She was—but she'd never admit it to anyone.

"You know," she says now, "I'm a real lucky girl. I'm in the public eye and I love it. I'm doing just what I've always dreamed I would do. People don't think I care very much for success, but I really do. And when I go to sleep at night, I'm grateful, not just because of the good things my success has given me, but because I know I am in a position to pay it all back. The motto I live by is: 'To whom much is given—much is expected,' and I want to give every day of my life." THE END

(You'll be seeing June in 20th Century-Fox's *A Wac In His Life*.—Ed.)

top man

(Continued from page 20) In the 24 years since that dismal day, a lot of movie film has spun through Hollywood cameras, and plenty of it has captured the rugged features and personality of John Wayne, the ex-prop boy turned actor. And as 1951 spins into 1952, he has won another award, this time one considerably more substantial: The readers of MODERN SCREEN have just named John Wayne the most popular male star of 1951, the walk-away winner of MODERN SCREEN's famous Popularity Poll. And today things are very different for Duke all around.

Only a few months ago, Howard Hughes, who bosses RKO studios, buzzed for his production chief, "Tev" Tevlin. He explained that he was determined to star John Wayne in *Flying Leathernecks*, but that the star was shaking his head reluctantly. He liked the script fine, but after a man-killing schedule he was tired and wanted a vacation. So Howard Hughes had a question:

"What's the highest price ever paid a Hollywood actor for one picture?" he inquired.

Tevlin did some quick mental research and came back with a rough answer—"Something slightly over \$200,000."

"Offer John Wayne \$250,000 to make *Flying Leathernecks* on a six weeks' schedule," Hughes ordered, "with a \$17,000 guarantee for each day it runs over."

Since *Flying Leathernecks* ran three days past deadline, John Wayne collected \$301,000, which is a lot of money even in Hollywood. But then John Wayne is a lot of man—in Hollywood or anywhere else. Howard Hughes, who is a shrewd operator, knew what he was buying. He was buy-

ing the biggest male box-office attraction in the whole world.

At 44, when most Hollywood heroes are fading fast or long since shoved out of the running, John Wayne is at the crest of his amazing career, which towers over all other he-man careers in Hollywood. In all the word implies, he's the movies' top man, unrivalled, nonpareil. But if you believe the people he works with, he has no more ego than a potato.

Last year when the nation's theater exhibitors picked him as the biggest box-office draw in their annual "Fame Poll," Duke was down in Mexico. His agent thought that the news rated a long distance call so he telephoned South of the Border the minute he learned it early one morning.

"Congratulations!" he enthused. "You're head man of Hollywood! You've just won the 'Fame Poll!'"

"What the hell's that?" came back Duke. Then added grumpily, "You woke me up."

At that point, nine of John Wayne's pictures were playing simultaneously in these United States and in one city two theaters, cat-a-cornered from each other, both blazed out twin John Wayne bills on their marquees. That year he earned well over a half-million dollars, and looking over his starring commitments realized he was booked up clear into 1951. Duke's reaction to all this was, "I guess I'm having a long string of luck."

That modest theory, of course, is patently absurd. Duke Wayne has traveled a long and often rocky road to his fame. What got him there was that he traveled it the hard, straight way and stayed, as John Ford says, "always looking, always learning, until he mastered everything he ran into."

By now John Wayne has run into 151

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picture parts, and he's starred in every one. He's made them in three days, from start to finish, and in three years, which *Jet Pilot* will probably take, start to finish. His price has risen from \$1,000 a movie to the big six-figured bait which Howard Hughes dangled to snare him for *Flying Leathernecks*. But the battered old beaver hat which Duke Wayne swiped years ago from John Ford has never become too small for his level head.

Duke's basic contract is still at Republic, but it's really no contract at all—only a handshake with his boss, Herbert Yates. His agreement with John Ford is even less legal than that—just an unspoken understanding that whenever Ford wants Duke for a picture all he has to tell him is when.

In all his years spent in dog-eat-dog Hollywood John Wayne has never stooped to polish an apple, or play the movietown political or social game. In all his years around a prying, gossip-mad community he has never landed in any scandal, although he's never played it cozy or cautious. On the contrary, Duke's had a ton of rogue male fun, with bottles and sometimes belles, when he was on the loose before and in between his marriages. But he's had his sport like a gentleman and never hurt anybody, including himself. He's made millions of dollars and while he's still not a rich man, he's met all his obligations and helped a lot of his less lucky friends meet theirs.

Along the way, he has never trumpeted his own horn or played to the grandstand, professionally or in private. Bev Barnett, his press agent of 13 years, still confesses, "I don't know why he hires me." Duke never notices whether his name's in the papers or not. He hasn't had an interview in over a year. He doesn't prod any highly organized fan club to plug him. And not for a minute has he kowtowed to pressure or opinion of any kind.

Duke went through the divorce from his first wife, Josephine Saenz, a Catholic, knowing he might draw hurtful censure from religious groups; and he married his present wife, Esperanza, also a Catholic, in the Presbyterian church of his own faith. He took on the presidency of the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals, to fight Communism in Hollywood at a time when some influential circles in Hollywood were pink as sunsets and yelling "Fascist!" at everyone who called a Red a Red.

The day that Duke assumed his second term at that patriotic post, was the same day that a notorious Commie writer got the heave-ho at RKO, where Duke was making *Leathernecks*. Somehow the ousted scribbler coupled the coincidence, and figured it was John Wayne's doing. That night in his dressing room Duke found a note.

"Dear Rat," it read. "Congratulations on being named head rat of the Motion Picture Association of Rats." And it went on phrased in the kind of raw, unsubtle insults a schoolboy might pen. It was signed with the writer's name, but Duke thought it must be a gag. "No writer wrote that," he reasoned, "it's too crude." However, a signature check proved it was real and Duke began to burn. "What's this guy like?" he asked James Edward Grant, his favorite writer, who was there too. Jimmy saw the making of a rib. He thought he'd throw a scare into Duke.

"Why, he's about your build, Duke," he advised, "only a lot huskier—and considerably younger. In fact, if I remember right, he was Golden Gloves champ back in Chicago a few years ago." But Duke was already yanking on his coat. "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to find that guy and beat the living hell out of him," stormed Wayne. He might have, too, if Ward Bond hadn't

breezed in at that moment, learned the score and protested, "Duke—hold it. You can't hit that jerk. Why he's only five feet tall, wears glasses, and can't punch his way out of an ice cream cone!"

"Aw nuts," Duke cooled down. "I never have any fun."

BECAUSE Duke is a big man—he's six-foot-four, 210 pounds and sleeps in an oversized bed—and because he leads a rock 'em and sock 'em life on the screen, a lot of legends swirl around his head as they swirl around any hero's. One of them is that John Wayne is a truculent bruiser always itching for a fight. Actually, if he'd gone through with mopping up that fabricated Commie husky, it would have made exactly the third real scrap Duke has had since he started in pictures.

The first took place some years ago outside the Coronado Hotel, near San Diego, where Duke was on location. For his role he sported hair that lapped his shoulders.

He was dancing with a pretty girl, when a wise guy, noticing Duke's long hair, sidled up. "Woo! Woo!" he sneered. "Have no fears about that big pansy, honey, he's harmless!"

Something about the situation made Duke see red, so he invited the guy and his friends outside and dusted them all off. But it was quick and without much fuss.

The second battle, down in Mexico more recently, was even shorter. In a bar one night a *tequila*-happy Mexican got abusive

A young actress who shall be nameless was under the direction of Alfred Hitchcock, considered one of the finest in the industry. Hitch always sketches the set-up for new scenes and turns them over to the cameraman to prepare for action. He returned to the set to find the young actress facing the direction opposite from what he'd called for. He asked gently how come. The girl said rather imperiously, "This is my better side." Hitch paused a split-second, then pronounced, "My dear young lady, you are sitting on your best side."

Kolma Flake

about *gringos* and slapped Duke, who just gave him a shove and sent him reeling across the room. But he bounced back with a knife, and this time Duke picked him up and tossed him out of the joint like a basketball. He didn't come back.

There was a time, of course, when Duke and Ward Bond, Preston Foster, Johnny Weissmuller, and some other Hollywood giants engaged in beautiful brannigans around the Hollywood Athletic Club and aboard John Ford's yacht as members of the fabulous "Emerald Bay Yacht Club," a seagoing beer bust society. Doors were smashed off hinges, floors sagged, and people got pushed overboard in the rough-house fun—but that's what it was, fun—and nobody got mad. As long ago as those shillies were, they still boost Duke's local fame as a brawler, and his pictures take care of his reputation in the outcountry.

Actually, Duke Wayne gets all the scraping he wants out of his job. He can remember few movie parts where he hasn't wound up swinging his fists and, no mistake, he's good at that. "Nobody walks up from behind and slaps Duke on the back on our set," his makeup man, Webb Overlander, says. "He's always on the ready, he whirls like a cat, and he just might let go." But it would be automatic, not angry. In fact, with Yakima Canutt, Duke invented the modern technique of movie fist fights. Screen sluggers used to

sock each other on the shoulders until Duke and Yak evolved the present method of narrow, timed misses past the jaw with the camera at a trick angle to make it look real, and the "sock" dubbed in later.

"There's no star who knows his job better," John Ford'll tell you. "Duke's a natural reactor. He works from the inside out. He knows himself and he makes it his business to know exactly what dramatic spot he's in. He studies it painstakingly until he has it dead right. Then he figures what he would do in that spot and does it. What comes through is a real man in a vital dramatic situation. There's no finer kind of male performance."

And James Edward Grant, who has written so many of John Wayne's scripts and directed a couple, snorts, "People think in clichés. Because John Wayne is a big ox, doesn't twist his face all around, they think he's stolid and dumb. Duke can spot a hole in a script quicker than I can. He's an expert on western history, and costume, an expert on camera lenses, lighting, and all the technical business of picture making. He's always looking around. If an extra's wearing the wrong kind of uniform Duke spots it. If something breaks down he's jumping in to help fix it. If a stunt man won't work a stunt, Duke will. On every set he's got the whole shooting situation well in hand."

Grant Withers backs that up. Grant's a long-time buddy and has worked in dozens of John Wayne westerns. "Duke," he says, "always plays a scene looking out of the corners of his eyes at the rest of the cast. When something they do rings false to him he says, 'Woop—I muffed it' and stops the scene. Then he asks them to talk it over and help straighten him out. What he's really doing is straightening them out."

Duke keeps 11 people on his personal payroll, and that's the sort of thing that gives Duke's business manager, Bo Roos, high blood pressure.

"How am I ever going to make you a rich man," he's constantly growling, "when you've got half of Hollywood around your neck?" To which Duke shrugs and replies, "What's money stacked up against friends?" and obviously that's the way he feels about it.

Once on location in the High Sierra, Duke and his picture crew got in a red hot poker session. Wayne's terrific at cards, especially deadly at poker and bridge. This night he killed off 10 or 12 of the gamblers until only Grant Withers was left. But let Grant tell it—

"I'd been playing poker too much," he recalls. "I couldn't afford it, and Duke knew I couldn't. It was table stakes this night, and after everyone was knocked out they ran pretty high. Finally there were several thousand dollars in the pot and I was sweating. If I didn't win it I was going to be pretty broke, and for a long time."

"I laid down three kings finally and Duke flipped over three aces. Then he swept in the mountain of chips and tossed them all up in the air, to rattle down like hail."

"I've been laying for you!" he said. "Are you cured?" And he wouldn't collect for one chip. I've never played a hand of poker since."

You pick up stories on Duke Wayne like that everywhere you look.

IN more ways than money Duke Wayne is generous with everyone but himself. Right now the most precious commodity he owns is time, and what spare moments he has between pictures go to two things—promoting Hollywood, and fighting Communism. Between *The Quiet Man* and *The Sea Chase* he took on a COMPO tour of 21 cities. He made personal appearances

to plug Hollywood's "Movietime USA" campaign, and to speak at the American Legion Convention. Yet he's still shy and personals are still painful. Every night when he climbs in bed, Duke carries a stack of books with him to study up on current events for the MPA post. He'll let no one else write his speeches for that; he takes the job very seriously and is militant in his war on the Kremlin.

All of these activities have constricted most of Duke Wayne's sporting hobbies and changed his leisure life, if you can call it that, completely. He owns part of a tennis club but he doesn't play. He owned part of a golf links, too, but never got around to traveling the course.

Even the deer and quail hunting and marlin fishing trips he used never to miss in season are out, and have been for the past several years. Sometimes Duke manages a day of "skin fishing" off the Isthmus at Catalina, and then he soaks in the water six and eight hours at a stretch. But instead of taking off with his old spear diving pals, like Johnny Weissmuller or Ward Bond, he takes the kids along. "To tell the truth," Duke has admitted, "that's how I like things now—family style. Maybe I'm just getting old." But that's not necessarily so.

Duke has always been a worshipping, and worshipped, father, and despite the divided home his kids have, he's unusually close to them. The two boys, Michael and Pat, have even worked in a couple of his pictures. With their sisters, Toni and Melinda, they spend every week-end at his place in Encino. Of them all, Michael, the eldest, is the nearest thing to a carbon copy of his dad—tall, manly and quiet.

Wherever he is, Duke stuffs his pockets with gifts for the kids, but he doesn't spoil them. The oldest girl, Toni, is enrolled at Immaculate Heart Conservatory in Hollywood; Patrick and Melinda go to Cathedral Chapel; and Michael goes to Loyola. It's a long run from their home in Hancock Park where they live with their mother, and Michael needs a car. Last spring the heap he had started to come apart. Duke took up the matter of a new car.

"I'll give you all the dough for another second-hand one," he offered, "or I'll give you part of the price of a new Chevvy, if you'll work out the rest yourself." He could get Michael a summer job running errands for Bo Roos at the Beverly Hills Management, he explained. "I'll take the job and the new car," Michael decided, which made Duke smile because that's what he'd have done.

His present wife, Esperanza—whom he calls Chata—took the Wayne brood over to Ireland this year to visit their dad making *The Quiet Man* there. The main reason Duke went for the \$140,000 Encino place was to entertain his kids. Before, he and Chata lived comfortably enough in a small Van Nuys ranch house, with one bedroom and a converted den with a day bed. But there wasn't anything to keep kids busy there, and no place to sleep, especially when Chata's mother was up visiting from Mexico.

The new place, on four wooded acres, has a vast sloping lawn, swimming pool, stables, and a riding ring where horses soon will gallop around with the Wayne crew aboard—and inside the big country style house there's plenty of bunk room.

Duke first met Esperanza Baur on a business trip to Mexico City where he'd gone planning to buy a theater. But the minute he looked into her dark eyes at The Reforma he forgot business and concentrated on romance. He never bought the theater, but by the time he left there wasn't any question about what the 20-year-old *senorita* had done to his heart.

Chata and her mother came to Hollywood on a six months' visa, and they carried on their courtship there. They were married January 17, 1946 in a church in Long Beach where Duke's mother had said her vows.

After the rites, he fumbled desperately around in the pockets, which he'd forgotten to fill, and finally had to whisper over his shoulder to Grant Withers, his best man, "Hey, give the preacher a hundred bucks, will you? I'm broke!" Chata thought the whole thing screamingly funny, and still rags Duke about it.

Duke and Chata flew to Honolulu on their honeymoon, about the most beautiful spot for romance you can find in the world. But what they saw of that tropical paradise was little more than the inside of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. In fact, for 20 days of their 21-day stay it rained constantly, and the newlywed Waynes camped right in their hotel room, which most brides and grooms will admit is a constructive way to spend a honeymoon, although no sightseeing tour.

Today there are absolutely no rules in John Wayne's castle—and a man's castle it certainly is. At home, as most other places, he's the boss and Mrs. W. likes it that way. In fact, she works it that way. Whenever Duke comes home, that's dinner time; whenever he gets up, that's when the day begins; and whenever he decides to go to bed it ends, whether it's eight o'clock or four in the morning. When Duke works up a yen for enchiladas and chile relleno, Chata can cook them as no one else can—although they have a Mexican cook. The rest of the time she sees that the steaks are thick and red rare. There isn't a stick of furniture in the whole house where lazy legs or a number 12 shoe can't park without a protest, and a highball can't sit. All of Duke's friends are welcome whenever they show up, and they're met out on the drive, as Duke always is, rain or shine; and sometimes they get the hug he rates—but not the kiss. A guy can't share everything.

THE Waynes have arguments now and then, usually they're noisy, but always about something pretty tiny, like who played what card like a dummy, or who'll drive the car. Once, Duke came home to find the furniture shifted around and his favorite reading chair in the wrong place. He raised a rumpus as any man has a right to do when his wife does something outrageous like that. But all in all, there have never been any serious storm signals hoisted over their house since they were married. They've had second, third, and fourth honeymoons to Hawaii, South America, and Mexico, too, and when Chata flies down there alone to see her family there aren't any divorce rumors.

So right now things couldn't be rosier for Duke Wayne. He has a cozy home, a quartet of handsome kids, a worshipping wife, money enough to make all of them happy, and a career which could use six John Waynes if Hollywood had them around. Unfortunately, if you believe the people who worship Duke, they smashed the mold when they made him.

And even if John Wayne eventually becomes president of the United States, one thing seems certain. He'll still be just "Duke," the greatest guy in the world to his friends—as they all are to him.

At home Grant Withers prizes a picture that Duke gave him once, and on it is scribbled—"You can count 'em on your fingers, Grant. Count me in!"

Everybody who knows Duke Wayne and loves him would like to scribble the same thing right back. In fact, in a way, that's exactly what MODERN SCREEN's readers have just done this very month to their favorite star.

THE END

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our christmas love story

(Continued from page 27) in the last 10 years that Miriam and I have not stopped to remember our first together. That was in 1941, a horrible year for many people, but wonderful for us because we were young, married, and so terribly in love. It was a strange Christmas. Everywhere the grim tension of war was in the air and people were trying extra hard to enjoy themselves, to buy a little more than they had planned, and to be a little nicer to their fellow man. You noticed it on the streets—people celebrating with the feeling that perhaps it was the last Christmas they'd know for years, perhaps forever.

It was in this atmosphere of pre-meditated good cheer that Miriam and I, like many other young people, were married. I got my draft notice just about the same time the decorating crews were hanging wreaths and red-nosed Santa Claus all over New York, and I suppose that the Christmas carols blaring from every store window and the churning crowds on Broadway had a lot to do with the ultimatum I presented to Miriam one brisk December evening. "Either you marry me now, or I can't guarantee whom I'll be seeing while I'm in the army, or that I'll be single when I get back."

"Let's get married right away," she said. And even though the future yawned black, we were married the following Monday.

Our wedding day was not as spectacular as we would have liked it to be. Both Miriam and I were working—she as a specialty dancer in *Panama Hattie* and I as a skater in *It Happened On Ice*—and while Monday was my day off, Miriam had to dance in the evening show that night.

I SPENT most of Monday morning trying to make my room at the Hotel Belvedere look something like home. Fortunately, the management had just redecorated the whole floor, so the drapes were new and the furniture reupholstered. The little Christmas tree I'd bought from a market on Seventh Avenue helped a lot. It looked fine once I got the lights and a box of tinsel draped over it. And Miriam's mother helped me to bring over her clothes and her Christmas presents.

At two-thirty that afternoon, we made a mad dash for City Hall through the mobs of Christmas shoppers, and arrived just in time for our three o'clock appointment with the Judge. The ceremony, as they say, was brief but binding. Then Miriam and I, my best man, and June Allyson, who was Miriam's maid of honor, made another dash for the Wellington Hotel for our wedding breakfast. (Actors always eat breakfast in the afternoon.) We had our pictures taken by Bruno, glowed together from the congratulations of our friends, and then suddenly, or so it seemed, it was time for Miriam to be at the theater.

I have had to kill a lot of time waiting for job interviews, or sweating out difficult takes on the set, but no three hours in my lifetime were longer than those I spent waiting for Miriam's show to finish that night. First, I went back to the hotel to see that everything was in order. Then I walked for awhile down Broadway. Everywhere I looked, people were being impossibly happy, while for me the clock hands dragged. I went into a movie without even looking at the marquee. It turned out to be a horror picture, *The Werewolf Of London!* Finally I went over to Miriam's theater to finish my wait.

When I carried Miriam across the threshold of my hotel room, lighted only by the soft glow of the Christmas tree lights, the whole world was closed out. For months, I had been hiding champagne

glasses away in the top drawer of my bureau. We used them all up, toasting each other and our future, each time breaking our glasses against the radiator and crossing the stems on the mantel.

We both had to work the next day, and Christmas Eve, and Christmas Day. So we didn't have time to do a lot of shopping for Christmas. We spent Christmas Eve with Miriam's mother and father at the hotel, and opened our presents together after we got back from doing our evening shows. It wasn't a lavish Christmas, but it meant a lot to us because we both had a feeling that it would be the last one, for awhile, that we would spend together in a place of our own.

The next year, it was only luck that we could be together for Christmas. I had joined the Signal Corps and was touring with the company of *This Is The Army*. For awhile, it looked as though we would be held over in St. Louis, but, fortunately, Miriam was able to meet me in Chicago. Two days before Christmas, we entrained for California, and we spent the holiday listening to the wheels click on the rails.

In 1943, I spent a hurried Christmas with my parents in their home in Santa Monica, actually just a few days jammed in between the Los Angeles and San Francisco

IS THERE ANYONE FINER?

A friend of mine was serving overseas in World War II when a famous female vocalist came to his theater to entertain troops. Some of the men in his group were detained and didn't make it back to the camp in time to see the show. Having heard about it, they were rushing toward the camp when they passed her as she was leaving. They broke into cries of disappointment and she stopped right there on the road and sang four numbers especially for them. That's why Dinah Shore is the favorite vocalist of lots of ex-GI's.



John Crouse
Pleasantville, N. J.

appearances of *This Is The Army*. I called Miriam, who was working in New York, on Christmas Eve, but we couldn't talk long.

I suppose a lot of guys spent the Christmas holidays in 1944 in bleaker spots than I did. By then, the troupe had moved to England, and on Christmas Eve we were presenting the show to another swarm of entertainment-hungry GI's. At least, that Yuletide, I had mail from Miriam.

The following Christmas was a different story. We spent the holiday in Australia, and as far as presents and letters from home were concerned, it was just another day. I didn't get my Christmas packages until eight months later, when we passed through Honolulu on our way home. They had followed us all over the Pacific theater, and were mashed, crumpled, and beat up. But even in August they looked good.

In 1946, Miriam and I spent our first Christmas together in three years, and in our own apartment. We had a lot to rejoice about. Our baby was due soon. I was dancing in movies, and the future looked good. On Christmas day, Miriam cooked a big turkey and we had both of our families over for dinner. It was a wonderful day.

Since we have been back together, Miriam and I have tried to combine the celebration of our anniversary and the Christmas holidays. Of course, we've always given one another little personal gifts on our anniversary . . . like the purple velvet fez I picked up for Miriam in Egypt, which she plans to use someday as the *piece de resistance* of a sleek Oriental outfit she designed herself. But in our own minds, the anniversary of our marriage is so closely associated with Christmas and the spirit of the holiday that it has not seemed to call for any special celebration.

Our son, Chris, has understandably altered the way we celebrate Christmas. When there were just the two of us, we always opened our presents on Christmas Eve. But to a child, Christmas would not be Christmas if he could not awaken to the delirious joy of discovering suddenly, with one sweep of his eyes, a room full of presents that were not there when he went to sleep. Chris goes absolutely wild on Christmas morning.

His first really meaningful Christmas was in 1949, and that holiday was for us, too, a particularly memorable event. In late November I was able to get my first long break from the pressure of work, and Miriam and I packed up and took a long-delayed honeymoon for four weeks. We drove up the coast to Oregon, through the redwoods, and then back south through the mountain lake country of Northern California. At June Lake, where we stopped for a few days, we cut our own Christmas tree and brought it home with us. On Christmas morning, I shot several hundred feet of film of Chris opening his packages, film which will always be an important part of the movie library I began the day we brought Chris home from the hospital.

Last year, we spent our first Christmas in our new house. We had a beautiful tree, with packages piled so high it took us most of the morning to open them.

On previous Yuletides, Miriam and I had always tried to make our gifts to one another extremely practical. But last year, our presents were a complete surprise. Miriam gave me a new Bell and Howell movie camera that I had always admired but hesitated to buy for myself. I gave her two suede outfits, a coat and a suit that she had admired in a shop in Las Vegas when we were vacationing there.

This year, we are looking forward to a bang-up Christmas at home and we hope that Miriam's father, who is now in New York, will be able to come out to spend the holidays with us. We intend to have a big open house for our friends, our old friends and the countless new friends that we have made in the past two years. We want to give Chris the joyous kind of Christmas he will remember all of his life.

But also, this year, we plan to make a big personal event of our wedding anniversary. I don't know exactly what it will be, but I'll have to come up with something tremendous to make Miriam realize how much our 10 years together have meant to me.

I know, too, that our anniversary certainly will be a proper occasion for both of us to count our blessings, and to begin thinking about our plans for the next 10 years.

Now that my career is progressing faster than I ever dared hope it would, Miriam and I would like to have more children and a larger permanent home to raise them in. If things keep going along as well as they have these last two years, we may get them both by our 11th anniversary. It's certainly worth working and dreaming for.

THE END

(Gene Nelson can be seen in Warners Starlift.—Ed.)

hollywood's worst bugaboo

(Continued from page 38) who can bring to their day-to-day life the poise and personality so cleverly written and devised for them by the men who make their films. They know it, and dread matching their actual selves against the popular impressions of them. You don't have to be a psychologist, then, to understand how they feel about facing the man in the street. They have an inner fear that they are going to disappoint him, and rather than do that they are inclined not to meet him at all.

Can you blame a greying Clark Gable if he doesn't relish having to live up to the label of booming masculinity slapped on him years ago? Or a balding Charles Boyer or Humphrey Bogart? But it isn't just fear of appearance that breeds such reluctance. A general distaste of being on exhibition develops no matter how eager a star may be to get around at the beginning. There is nothing grey about Peter Lawford, but neither does he appear to be as gay as of yore when it comes to meeting his fellow men informally. Wherever Peter used to go you could always find him in the center of things, and identifiable by the loudest, most carefree laugh in the place. Not so now. Take that Hawaiian trip he made late this past summer. He didn't go into hiding exactly, but in a way he darn near disguised himself, and certainly he kept in the background.

He stopped at the fashionable Royal Hawaiian but dressed like a beachcomber, and rarely shaved. You'd have had to take a long look to recognize him even if you'd known him for years. He liked to hang around the beach at Waikiki but only around the edges of it. Most of the time he sat far back, against the wall of the Outrigger Club, and in the shadow of it. He seldom was alone with a girl. Most of the time he was with two other fellows, and if there was a girl there would also be another boy along.

WHAT has changed Peter Lawford has also changed Jennifer Jones. Everyone in Hollywood remembers that when Jennifer got started in pictures she was middling shy but could warm quickly to affability. It takes her much longer to break down her shyness now in a casual meeting with anyone. In fact, when people happen to visit her set when she is resting between scenes, she becomes a sky starrer. They look at her, and she can only stare at the sky. If she has to talk to someone, say in an interview, she reverses direction and often stares at the ground.

Jennifer also used to be noted as having a pretty good memory for names and faces. She still has a good memory or she would not be able to handle the sort of parts she gets. Yet any number of people who have worked with her find she fails to recognize them when they pass. This is by no means an unusual failing. Behind it is not snobbery, necessarily, just difficulty in reacting in an ordinary manner when your whole life has become extraordinary.

A photographer for a national magazine, who has known Jennifer since her first days as an actress, passed her one afternoon and smiled a greeting. There was no response. She acted as if she had forgotten him completely. Curious about this, he walked up to her later and greeted her again, this time by name. And he added, pointedly, "You remember me, don't you?"

She gave him a quick look, and then acted greatly relieved.

"Why, Joe!" she cried, "of course I do." "Then what was the matter a little while ago?" he asked. "I smiled. You went right on."

Jennifer shook her head helplessly. "I

don't know," she said. The truth may well be that she didn't.

MANY stars are painfully shy, and many times they acquire this shyness after success. If this seems odd, consider what happens to a girl whose first big role knocks over the box office. The producer, knowing that she has become a valuable asset, orders a complete evaluation of her, from personality to general education. What is her background? Does she impress people as a socialite or a shopgirl in casual contacts? Does she know how to talk, to walk, to dress?

The experts go to work and in essence they practically pick her apart. Despite the fact that she has made good in a picture she may have many deficiencies, and all of them are brought out into broad daylight. If her pride is shattered in the process it shouldn't surprise anyone. Most people are better off not knowing how far they are from perfect, but the young starlet is told. Thereafter though her name may be in lights, her ego is liable to be in a mess.

Incidentally, producer David O. Selznick, the man Jennifer Jones married after divorcing the late Bob Walker, found it necessary to hire a special coach to teach Jennifer about clothes early in her career. This was Anita Colby's job at the studio for some time, and Jennifer was never sent out on personal appearance tours unless Anita was along to keep an eye on her wardrobe. To many girls such personal supervision would be insulting, even psychologically harmful. How it affected Jennifer is not known, but it is doubtful that she was very happy about it.

There are other factors which wear away at the girl who is an overnight success. Having enjoyed no particular social advantages, usually, she is suddenly pitched by stardom into the company of very clever people. If she can't live up to them intellectually she may react by hating them—by disliking to place herself in a vulnerable position with any new people, for that matter. If, on the other hand, she chooses to play with them, she not only has to develop a taste for the cultural, but she has to work at it.

Rita Hayworth worked. About the time the whole world was wondering whether Hitler was a madman or a military genius, a friend of hers dropped in one day to find her reading a weighty book—Klauswitz on tactics of warfare.

"What are you doing with that thing?" the friend couldn't help asking.

Rita let the book drop wearily. "What else can I do?" she asked. "The people I go out with now talk. They talk about everything. I want to talk, too, and before I can I have to get a little background."

On the other hand, Betty Hutton and Jane Russell probably wouldn't be caught dead with Klauswitz—and are just as happy. But that may not be too happy. Jane, for one, is wary of meeting strangers. She is tired of having them look at if they expected her to slouch about, talk slang, and attack the nearest man. Jane does know a lot of people outside the movie business, but most of them are her old high school friends. "I like the kids I've grown up with," she says. "They know me and I don't have to explain myself to them."

JANET Leigh and Jane Powell are similar in many ways—young, exuberant, and given to quick smiles. But Janet has yet to learn how to live with stardom as smoothly as Janie. Part of Janie's popularity, not only with her fans, but with her associates in and around her studio, is due to the fact that she seems to forget about her professional standing. You feel, in talking to her, that she actually enjoys being a young and beautiful woman more

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than being a young and beautiful star. As the former she is quickly and easily accepted, and everyone, including Janie, feels more comfortable at the absence of pretense. The other afternoon she was shopping in a cut-rate market which is rarely patronized by the well-to-do, let alone well-to-do stars. Coming around one of the food counters, she ran into a man she sees from time to time at the studio in the course of her work.

"Well!" he said, "this is a surprise. I thought you would do your buying at one of our fancier stores." Janie had her opportunity to explain that she just happened to drop in and was not a regular patron. Probably nine out of 10 other stars would have done this. But she didn't. She told the truth. "I know these places better," she said. "I was raised on them."

Janet has tried to take a common sense approach to her triumphant rise as an actress. But there is a certain amount of nervousness about her which she cannot hide. She tries to, under a flow of constant chatter, but this, in itself, is a sort of give-away. And at times, words have failed her altogether under the stress of personal appearances. One of the last of these occasions was a hospital benefit performance at a theater. Janet was introduced and stepped to the front of the stage to make a response. But she just couldn't get started. After an embarrassing pause she uttered an apology and fell back. The audience

took it good naturedly, but Janet still cannot understand what made her mind go blank. And she isn't too happy about recalling such instances. The thought that it might happen again is very unnerving.

EVEN Gary Cooper, who has been a top movie name for 20 years, is hardly master of himself when he meets his public in person. When the going is particularly tough and he is struggling to express himself, he will reveal his mental agony just about the way he does it on the screen—shifting about, twisting his hat in his hands, and contorting his face until it resembles a crumpled paper cup. So perhaps a younger man like Howard Duff is not to be blamed if he, too, is far from poised on such occasions. Howard doesn't writhe physically when he is ill at ease. He is more apt to withdraw into long, awkward silences.

A man whose job it sometimes is to write feature stories about Howard has learned that one of the ways to shake him out of a brooding, monosyllabic mood, is to startle him with an unexpected and very personal question. "Is it true you were once jailed by police?" he will ask, for instance. As it happens, Howard *was* in the toils of the law once . . . but it was the result of a youthful escapade no one, not even the police, held against him. The point is that something about Howard's success gets between him and the out-

side world and prevents a natural, easy contact. That "something," as we have seen, is not easily licked.

Tyrone Power hasn't got it licked. He used to avoid newspaper interviews for one thing. It's still hard to pin him down for a press or magazine story. Diana Lynn is intellectually and artistically a superior person, yet, strangely enough, falls very quiet in a gathering, meekly so. And there have been parties from which she has run off to burst into tears over a fancied hurt. Is Victor Mature bothered by people? You wouldn't think so; but everyone knows he used to get uncomfortable when he'd have to stop his car at a boulevard light and the occupants of the car next to him would gaze over and study him. Just to give himself something to do, Victor installed a phone in his car and when stalled in traffic would pick up the receiver and pretend to be engaged in a conversation. It was pretense because the phone was never actually hooked up.

You can keep adding Hollywood names to this list and find only a few who actually enjoy meeting their audience in person. Bob Hope, who is an exception, once expressed the reason for it in his own inimitable way. "Up there on the screen you're a moving target," he said. "But when you meet them in person and there is something about you that they don't like—brother, you're a sitting goose!"

THE END

"they can't make me behave"

(Continued from page 33) such truth is not going to happen here.

A few weeks after the violent collision between Dore Schary and Mario Lanza, it became evident that something had to happen. You can't have the most exciting new star on a movie lot feuding with the bosses, and expect nothing to come of it. There is always somebody who brings straight thinking to the situation.

In this case, the peace-making was begun by Mario's wife, Betty.

As Mario says, Betty is a girl who is familiar only with the truth. And Betty has a great thing in common with her husband. She hates lies and liars. She knows that even a small lie gives birth like a guppy to seven dozen other lies, until there are a whole army of them.

So Betty, one day, picked up the telephone and called the director, Joe Pasternak. They faced each other in the living room of the Lanza home, and here, condensed, is what Betty said:

"This has got to stop. My husband is an honest man. He may not be like other movie stars in Hollywood. He may not have settled down to a behavior pattern so that he is acceptable to two dozen minor executives whose names you and I don't even know. But we have to do something about this, because you are beginning to believe all the lies that have grown up about him, and so has Mr. Schary.

"Mario is hurt, because these lies have grown so big that nobody—even you—ever bother to ask if any of them are true. We have to talk about this right now, before you and Mr. Schary think that Mario is no good, as you probably do. And if you do, I can assure you that Mario thinks you are no good, too—even double and triple no good."

So, they talked, Mario joining them. They got right down to cases, such as the time Mario threw a studio employee bodily out of his dressing room. They examined the case in detail, and Joe Pasternak, a sensitive, emotional man, agreed

that he would have done the same thing himself. He might have gone even further, and given the fellow a pair of black eyes in the process, because there are some things you never say to or about a man, if you want to stay healthy.

The matter of noise, and general "hell-raising" were also entered into. It was agreed that you can't take a man like Mario Lanza, with a heart and voice like an erupting volcano, and expect him to behave like an easy-going actor with 10 years of experience in studio relations.

When it was all over, Joe Pasternak said, "I love you both. You have got to talk like this to Dore Schary. Why, he doesn't even know what makes you tick!"

Shortly thereafter, Dore Schary came to Mario's house. The production chief and the star faced each other across Mario's desk, and the favorite son of South Philadelphia said to Dore:

"You are a big shot. You are a no-good stinker. And I will tell you why!"

Mr. Schary retorted in kind, and they went on from there. At the home of Dore Schary, a dinner party waited for hours, then gave up and fell apart. Two men, who normally are busier than a pair of snipers on the battlefield, were learning to know each other. When Dore Schary left the Lanza home, late that night, he left as a lusty friend, for he'd discovered that in his high tower as the mastermind of some 60 pictures a year, involving as many stars, the reports that had filtered through to him about Mario Lanza were highly distorted.

And Mario's rebellion had centered on this very fact: it had been impossible for him to take his problems directly to the top level.

Why? Because there is jealousy at the lower levels of Hollywood, as anywhere else. And, if Mr. Lanza has an argument with anyone, it sooner or later will blossom into print, largely distorted, to the great glee of the individual who "planted" it with a reporter on the prowl for a sensational bit of copy.

That is what happened on the subject of Mario's excess weight.

"Look at me," Lanza said. "I've got a

big frame. Big bones. All my life I didn't weigh too much for my size. When I came to Hollywood, I was around 179 pounds, and I could eat everything in sight. Then came *The Great Caruso*. Imagine, all my life this man is my idol! All of a sudden I get the chance to play him on the screen. I have got to be Caruso! I don't want to be just an actor who doesn't look like the man, singing his songs.

"No, I want to be this man, and this man, as he grows older, gets heavier. Everything about him grew bigger. His songs, his build, the little way he strutted. The people around him—he collected them as he went along, more and more of them.

"So, I lived like Caruso, and I ate like him, and I behaved like him, in my private life, as nearly as I could. But, all those at the studio could see, was that I was getting fatter and fatter. Well, I have not the conceit to say I gave the public Caruso, exactly, but I would like to see somebody else do better—and that's what almost ruined me, for a while.

"I was 230 pounds when I finished the picture—not 240 pounds. Two hundred and thirty. We are telling the truth and we must be exact.

"And then what happened? I didn't know it, then, but my metabolism began to run away with me. My bones must have been hungry for years, and the corpuscles liked the drunken spree they were on—and didn't want to quit."

The truth of the matter was that dropping 40 pounds wasn't too hard. The weight hadn't been there six months ago, and it could be tapered off.

And this is where Mario Lanza makes a unique confession of his own:

"I heard the story that while I was up in Oregon I returned the script of *Because You're Mine*, without even reading it. That is not true. The truth is that I hadn't been sent a script. I guess everybody should know that the first version of many great plays are just plain lousy. To get a good story, writers have to work and revise. To get a good suit to fit, you have to keep trying it on for size.

"That's the way it was. The premise of the story—about an opera singer who gets

I SAW IT HAPPEN

My wife and I were invited to spend a week-end with friends in the San Fernando Valley and driving down, my wife decided she needed some lighter clothes. We stopped in a small Valley shop with an attractive window display and upon entering the store, were both struck by the beauty of the saleslady.

"Really," said my wife, "you look so much like Maureen O'Hara of the movies."

The saleslady smiled. "I am Maureen O'Hara. You see, I own this shop with a friend and every moment I'm not working in the studio, I come out here to sell.

Stanley E. Pilarski
Los Angeles, California



drafted, is excellent. But, with a movie, even more than a play, the idea has to be worked over for a long time. You can't open a movie out of town and then fix it.

"Well, when I finally did see *Because You're Mine*, I wish I had refused to look at it. The script didn't fit. Even the studio knew that, because they were already revising it while I was reading.

"In the meantime, the mistake I made was that I hadn't bothered to knock off that weight. I didn't want to do the picture as it was, so I figured I could just go to the studio and show them how fat I was. Then I wouldn't have to work until everything was straightened out. But do you know what happened? Because of Caruso, they didn't care if I looked like a blimp. They just said, 'Oh, don't worry about that. We'll shoot anyway.'

"So you see how much untruth can get around, if nobody corrects it. Half of the columnists said I was feuding with the studio, and they were sore about my weight. The fact is, they didn't care how heavy I looked. Only I cared!"

So, what happened about his weight?

Just this. Mario spent four weeks on his new ranch, near Medford, Oregon. He rode horseback, chopped wood, took long walks. He ate enough lean steak to feed an army. And when he came back to Hollywood, he had slimmed down from the 230 pounds he carried as the aging Caruso, to an even 200. He had 10 pounds to go, to attain the weight he's going to carry from now on.

"The truth is," he said, "that I am not a prize fighter, and I am not going to live like one. It's just that I have to get that metabolism under control. So, my doctor has been giving me some thyroid extract of some sort. It's not a big problem, and I figure that after you have told this story, maybe people will know the truth, and the press will stop talking about it."

Now let's see what else there is about Mario Lanza that has set Hollywood on its ear, and caused a barrage of the most fantastic stories ever turned loose in one concentration on a movie star. For one thing, there is the matter of "how long his voice will last."

This is Mario's answer: "All I have to do is bend one ear to the wind and I hear that I am 'already straining on the high notes. Already, ha! Look, I love to sing. It is not an effort for me to sing. And when I hear that I have only a couple of

years to go before I start slipping, I laugh. And I can laugh as loud as I can sing.

"This January, I am 30 years old. People who know about these things will tell you that my voice will not reach its full power and maturity until I am 35 years of age. Then, from 35 to 45, the voice will be at its full strength and tonal quality. After that, with a certain amount of care, a singer can do all right until he is 70. So all I can say as far as singing my best is concerned, I am not even born yet!"

This year Lanza will gross more than \$400,000 on royalties from recordings, and a total of around \$800,000 when his concert tour and movie salary are included. He is doing very well for a young man whose talents have been scarcely touched. He is already working on the "10-cent dollar." Meaning that out of every dollar he owns, he gets to keep only a dime. But nobody need feel sorry for him—he gets more of those dimes than 95 per cent of the people.

There again, is a reason why he frequently is resented as a Johnny-come-lately. He's ten times more successful than a lot of people who've been around Hollywood for years. They're not making it. They can't see why this singing fellow should have it so good. So, when he comes roaring through the studio in high good humor, he is watched (by some) with ever-ready resentment.

If Mario chooses to whack a grey-haired extra lady (who loves it) on the bustle, he is charged with having no respect for womanhood. If he winks at a pretty girl, he is charged with philandering.

Mario Lanza has even been called "heartless."

Heartless, with a voice like that? It would be the world's most incredible contradiction. This accusation, doubtless has its birth in Mario's new-found unwillingness to sing for anyone and everyone, at the drop of a piano lid. If there has been any real trouble with Mario, so far as it concerns him, personally, it has been that he has had too much heart.

He has refused to treat his voice as the major factor of his livelihood. He has always behaved as though he were a writer of the five-thousand-dollar-a-week variety who would sit down and toss off a story for everybody he met. Now he knows that he mustn't throw away his talent. Most people think that the reason Mario sings so much is that he hungers for the praise that comes, everytime he tosses back his head. The truth is that he likes to be among happy people, and he'd be a fool if he didn't realize that he spreads a lot of joy with his voice.

Consider the case of Raye Phaseno, the little 10-year-old girl in Newark, New Jersey, who was dying of a rare form of blood cancer. Everything had been done for Raye that could be done. Everything that is, capable of accomplishment by the medical profession.

Little Raye Phaseno was a fan of Mario's. In semi-delirium, she constantly called for him. She wanted to see Mario before she died. And there, in the hospital, her yearning was translated into action.

A long distance telephone call was put through to Hollywood for Mario Lanza. He could not be located, because he was en route to his ranch in Oregon. Of all the people Mario knew in Hollywood, one secretary was touched by the urgency of the call. She remembered that her boss, who was with Mario, had mentioned a motel at which he once stopped, just above the California border. She secured a list of Automobile Club recommended motels, and systematically began to trace the singer until she found him.

"I hate to put you to all this bother, Mr. Lanza," she said, "but there is this little

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girl in Newark," she explained to him.

Ten minutes later, Raye Phaseno was talking with her idol. "I wish you could come to see me," she told him.

Mario explained how impossible this was, knowing all the while that Raye might be dead, before he got there.

"But you know how it is with you and me, Raye," he continued. "I can come right into your hospital room with a song. So you tell me what I should sing."

Raye told him that he would be ashamed of her, for what she wanted, because of all the great songs he had recorded.

"But I am just a little girl who doesn't know very much," she said, "and of all your songs, I like the 'Teena Lina' best."

Mario sang it then, with tears running down his cheeks. And the song, not the tears, soared all the way to that Newark hospital room to give birth to a miracle.

Raye Phaseno lived for many weeks, but that was not the end. It was the beginning of her intimate friendship with Mario who called her on the telephone every day, talked with her, sang to her. And in between calls, he arranged to have the finest record player, with a complete stock of his records, installed in her room. This was the magic that kept Raye alive, from

day to day, when doctors could have sworn that she had at best only hours to live.

Raye Phaseno's parents found it impossible to adequately express their gratitude. In letters they referred to Mario as a messenger from God.

"That is not true," Mario said, "but in all my life I never had, or will have such a gift as the friendship of this little girl."

Unfortunately only one man cannot bring solace to all the ill and grief-stricken in this world. There must come a time—many times—when Mario Lanza cannot respond to the requests that are made of him, and this worries him tremendously.

The result is that a considerable portion of the money that an ordinary celebrity would put into various business projects, Mario channels into five favorite charities. As for his songs and his heart, they belong to his family—his wife, Betty, and his children, Elissa and Colleen.

All of these things can be told about a man like Mario Lanza, but the most complete definition of a man can only come from a best friend, such as in this case, Ray Sinatra.

Ray Sinatra, a first cousin of Frank Sinatra's, and Mario's song arranger, says:

"You will always hear people say that

Mario is temperamental, hard to get along with. Well, that's a lot of baloney. He takes criticism and advice, without batting an eye. I've seen him work five solid hours, recording eight tough arias, and he was stronger when he finished than when he started. And once, when he finished recording 'The Lord's Prayer,' the entire orchestra, 36 professional, hardboiled musicians, stood up and applauded the man, shouting 'Bravo!'

"I'm telling you straight, Mario Lanza is going to be the greatest of them all. I'm sick of hearing about his being better than Caruso. There was only one Caruso, and there will never be another. And there is Lanza, and there will never be another. But Caruso died before he reached his prime. Mario is just getting started.

"As for whether or not this kid will last in Hollywood is pretty much up to Hollywood itself. So far as Mario is concerned, he's got 30 years of great singing ahead of him, and it doesn't make much difference to the world, where he does it!"

Mario? What does Mario say? He says this: "I was born young and alive, and I'm going to stay that way. If this is misbehaving, I've made the most of it!"

THE END

Gable's divorce problem

(Continued from page 14) she had even scolded reporters at the airport when they asked her to comment on the separation. "What separation?" she had innocently asked.

Gable also insisted upon extending the fiction that he was sublimely happy.

He was even happier, however, when Lady Sylvia filed her complaint. But this happiness turned to sorrow when Gable learned that Sylvia wasn't too anxious for an early hearing. In fact, she was hoping for a reconciliation.

Gable has been divorced twice before—once in 1930, from Josephine Dillon, a dramatics coach, and once in 1939, from Rhea Langham, daughter of a wealthy rancher. Both of these divorces cost Clark a pretty penny, but at least they were friendly.

The divorce involving Sylvia Gable is not. Attempts have been made to settle the dispute amicably, but to date, none of these have worked out, and the divorce has developed into a knock-down, drag-out affair.

As of November, Gable was determined not to pay his fourth wife a single penny in alimony, contending that she was an extremely wealthy woman in her own right, having acquired quite a bit from three previous husbands.

The basic source of Lady Sylvia's fortune was from Douglas Fairbanks Sr. Back in 1935, Sylvia's first husband, Lord Ashley, publicly charged Fairbanks of alienating his wife's affections. After the divorce, Sylvia married the dashing actor. Four years later, Fairbanks died, and Sylvia inherited more than a million dollars.

Gable was irritated when he learned that Sylvia planned to take her own good time about following through on the California divorce. The more he thought about his 17 months with her and what it had cost him, the hotter he grew under the collar.

He finally decided that he would file suit in Nevada, where a legal divorce is obtainable in six weeks. In California, a divorce takes at least a year to be final.

Gable drove up to Glenbrook, Nevada, where he ran into Frank Sinatra and Ava Gardner. This was in September. When reporters asked if he were contemplating a divorce, Clark said, "I'm just up here to

soak in a little sun." He lolled about Lake Tahoe in shorts, played golf, took things easy. But the newsmen knew what he was up to when he applied for a Nevada driver's license and changed the California license tags on his car to Nevada ones.

"Okay," Gable finally admitted. "I'm in the process of making myself a true resident of Nevada. I'm even looking around for a ranch, a small place, maybe 100 head of cattle. You want to know about the divorce. My six weeks is up on October 4th or 5th. If I need a Nevada lawyer, I'll get one."

Gable has always been cagey with the press where his private life is concerned, and this time was no exception.

Actually, the entire divorce plan had been worked out with his Los Angeles lawyer, Bill Gilbert, long before he'd even set foot in Nevada.

The plan was simple. Gable was to drive up to Glenbrook, 50 miles from Reno. He was to establish legal Nevada residence by applying for a driver's license. He was not to leave the state for at least six weeks. At the end of six weeks instead of filing for divorce in Reno, Gilbert's Nevada affiliate, attorney William Coulthard would quietly file the complaint in Las Vegas. Maybe no one would discover it there.

Fat chance!

On October 4th, Clark Gable filed a divorce complaint against Sylvia Gable in Nevada, charging that, "the defendant has treated the plaintiff with extreme cruelty and has caused him great grievous mental suffering and pain without cause or provocation, and plaintiff's health was and is thereby and therefrom impaired."

When Lady Sylvia was served with a copy of the complaint she was enraged. The next day her lawyer, Jerry Giesler, one of the shrewdest attorneys in California, announced that the Nevada divorce would be fought by his client.

"In 1949," Giesler explained, "the California legislature passed a law forbidding one party to obtain a divorce in another state if he has been a bona fide resident of California for the preceding 12 months. If he does obtain such a divorce, he cannot return to California for 18 months."

The legality of this law has never been tested, and many attorneys say that Gable's divorce is legal as long as he maintains a legal residence in Nevada. (Recent reports however, indicate that this is not the

case, and that Gable will not be allowed a Nevada divorce.)

While all this legal hasseling was going on, Giesler also announced that Sylvia Gable would amend the complaint she filed in Santa Monica last May, and would seek both a settlement and an annual share of Gable's income. He implied she would file a separate maintenance action.

"After all," explained one of Sylvia's friends, "I can't understand Gable at all. You can't marry a woman for 17 months and then throw her out of your house without making some provision for her support. I don't care how much money a girl has in her own right. According to Anglo-Saxon law, a husband is charged with support of his wife."

"This is no case of the wife having left the husband's bed and board. Gable had the locks changed on the Encino ranch house. Sylvia couldn't even get in."

"They may not have any children, but certainly after 17 months of marriage, she's entitled to something."

FRIENDS in Gable's camp say, "You have no idea how much money Sylvia cost the King. Did you see what she did to the ranch house? She tore out half an orchard and replaced it with a formal rose garden. She moved her own furniture into the main house, bought paintings and a TV set, had a separate guest cabana built, changed the whole works. It must have cost Gable more than \$100,000."

To which Sylvia's crowd says, "So what? Of course, she improved his property. What dutiful wife doesn't? But it's still his property, isn't it? She didn't buy a million dollars' worth of jewels, or a big house for herself. All she did was make his place livable. In this country when you lock out your wife, you have to pay her something for services rendered. What does Gable want Sylvia to do, pay him for the privilege of having been married to him?"

When Sylvia's lawyer and Clark's lawyer got together in an effort to settle the mess, Gable's lawyer said that Sylvia's alimony demands, "were so unreasonable and exorbitant it was obvious no agreement could be reached."

The rumor was that Sylvia wanted a million dollars from Gable to be paid over a period of 10 years, \$100,000 a year. In short she valued her 17 months of marriage to Gable at approximately \$60,000

a month, figured in terms of cold cash. How accurate this rumor was, no one could find out. Perhaps it was the first in an exchange of bargaining offers. Anyway, Gable's lawyer came right out and said that despite his client's movie income of \$500,000 a year, Lady Sylvia had spent more than Gable had earned. How and on what Sylvia Gable had spent more than half a million dollars was a pretty huge mystery in Hollywood. It still is. Sylvia made many changes on Gable's property but even the highest estimate of these was around \$250,000.

Anyway, when Sylvia's lawyer was confronted with this statement, he said, "It's haywire." He said that talks which had as their purpose an out-of-court settlement broke down when he asked to see Clark Gable's income tax returns. "We cannot accept a bald statement as to Mr. Gable's earnings that comes right out of thin air," Giesler said. "The usual thing in any divorce case is to inspect the joint income tax records, and Gable is no exception."

Gable's lawyer countered by saying that Mrs. Gable's attorney had been sent "an accurate statement" of Mr. Gable's finan-

cial affairs and status the previous week. While all this fighting was going on, Gable discreetly remained in silence up in Nevada. He played golf, sun-bathed, began dating a few girls who were also in Nevada for divorce purposes. He took out Barbara Reed Josephy one night, and generally played the field.

He also spent his spare time looking over cattle ranches and announcing once again that he would make his legal residence in Nevada, and just commute to Hollywood for pictures.

By the time you read this, Gable should be starring opposite Ava Gardner in a comedy entitled, *Sometimes I Love You*.

It is also possible, though not probable, that he tried to persuade Sylvia not to contest his Nevada divorce, or to go through the motions of filing her own divorce, just as Nancy Sinatra did.

This doesn't seem probable now. The rumors are that Sylvia will ask for her divorce and then leave Hollywood for good, and move to Nassau.

And no matter what effort Gable makes to minimize the payment, his marriage to Sylvia is going to cost him. Sylvia Ashley

is shrewd. When it comes to worldliness Gable isn't in the same league with her.

As far back as last September, Gable was advised to go easy on his divorce suit. Friends told him the notoriety would do him no good; that he'd have to hand over a good share of money in the end, if even for nothing but the legal fees. But the King was adamant. The marriage had cost him a fortune, and he was going to fight this through to the end. The way he felt, Sylvia didn't deserve more than the legal minimum, whatever that was. And the fight got under way.

In his long career Gable has faced divorce suits, a paternity suit, and various legal battles. Now that he's 50, all his friends say he's entitled to a little peace of mind.

The fact that he refused to take the easy way out, that he stubbornly chose to fight his way through a nasty divorce mess is certainly proof that he is still a man of courage, integrity, and fortitude.

Lady Sylvia should know better than to get "the big Dutchman" angry. When aroused, Gable is a terror, even in a court of law.

THE END

through with love?

(Continued from page 29) desperately to get in touch with her third husband Bob Topping. She wanted to find out whether he was going to reconcile or move out of the house.

She had heard all sorts of stories. One was that Bob was leaving her in order to marry June Horne Cooper, ex-wife of the former child star, Jackie Cooper.

Another was that Bob was down at Newport sailing around the harbor on his boat and just wouldn't get in touch with her.

Added to this were the eye-opening reports from the private detective Lana's lawyers had hired to tail Topping.

Lana made many fruitless attempts to get in touch with Topping. She even tracked Drue Mallory down at a friend's house and asked where she might contact her husband. Drue didn't know a thing. Innocently, she had rented her house to a well-recommended stranger. Whether the stranger was a friend of Bob's and whether Bob was there, she didn't know.

Lana was upset. The next day she announced her separation from Topping. A few nights later she slipped in her shower, pushed her arm through the glass shower door, and was hospitalized midst false reports that she had attempted suicide.

It was following all this that Cy Howard came upon the scene.

As if to prove to the world that her marital breakup with Bob was just one of those things she could take in stride, and that those "suicide" stories were pure fiction, Lana had Cy take her to Ciro's. She wanted the public to see her acting gay and animated, as beautiful as ever, and as carefree.

The following night, Cy and Lana dined at Chasen's, one of Hollywood's most popular restaurants. Dave Chasen gave them a front booth so that no one could possibly miss seeing them. And there was Lana again, immaculately coiffured, stunningly dressed, listening to Cy talk—which he can do for long periods of time.

On Sunday evenings the "smart" thing to do in Hollywood is dine at Chasen's, so everyone was there. A constant stream of celebrities kept coming over to Lana's table and saying, "How are you, darling? You look wonderful." And Lana kept replying, "I never felt better in my life."

The following day, the gossip columns were loaded with Turner-Howard items. Lana believed she'd proved to the world that (a) her marital mishap with Topping hadn't gotten her down, and (b) she was back in circulation again.

Actually, Lana wasn't really fooling anyone. Bob Topping had deeply hurt her ego by getting himself mentioned with June Horne Cooper not only in Walter Winchell's column but in several others, too.

How would you feel if you were one of the most glamorous and beautiful motion picture stars in the world and your husband supposedly found you so dull that he preferred the society of other people?

If you were in Lana's shoes, you'd probably say to yourself, "I've been married four times, and all four marriages have failed. What's the matter with me, anyway? Either it's my fault, or all the men I pick for husbands are 14-karat jerks. Haven't I any ability to judge character?"

In an effort to get away from this sort of introspection, Lana began dating Cy.

Since Howard loves publicity, many people felt at first that it was all a publicity gimmick. It is no such thing. Lana Turner and Cy Howard need each other.

Both are basically insecure; both fear loneliness; both covet companionship.

Howard loves to be mentioned in connection with celebrities, and this may be a motivation for dating Lana. Previously, his name had been linked with Paulette Goddard's.

Although she hired a press agent a few months ago, Lana is not particularly publicity conscious. By nature generous and considerate, she has occasionally permitted her name to be used to foster the career of some rising young actor, as she did years ago with Peter Lawford. But she has never indulged in romance in order to become column material.

At this stage, her romance with Cy Howard is genuine. It is ego-restoring. Lana needs to feel desirable again.

WHAT could be better than to have a handsome, wealthy, talented young-man-about-town pay court?

And that's what Cy Howard has been doing. After a few dates with Lana, Cy had to fly to New York. Everyone predicted he would continue on to Europe to see Paulette Goddard.

Howard didn't do anything of the kind. He phoned Lana in Holmby Hills practically every night from New York. He told

her he was canceling his trip overseas and would fly back to see her.

She felt great. Maybe not as great as when Topping was courting her in New York back in 1947. But then again, Cy didn't have Topping's inherited wealth.

Bob's first gift to Lana in New York was a 15-karat diamond ring. "It was delivered," Lana recalls, "while I was weighing myself in the bathroom. The first thing I did was to put it on my finger and jump right back on the scale." Other gifts followed.

The jewelry was worth at least \$50,000, and Lana felt, justifiably enough, that Topping thought the world of her. Why else would he spend a fortune to get rid of Arline Judge and another in gifts?

Lana married Bob Topping on the rebound. There's no doubt about that now. When Ty Power walked out on her to marry Linda Christian, Lana was ready for the rebound. But she did everything possible to make the marriage a success. There is conclusive legal evidence to substantiate the belief that its failure was not her fault.

What everyone is asking nowadays, however, is this: Will Lana Turner get married on the rebound again, this time to Cy Howard?

Lana has come a long way in wisdom from the night she eloped to Las Vegas with Artie Shaw.

Her divorce from Topping will be obtained in California; purposely, too. A California divorce imposes a year's wait before another marriage. During that year, Lana will have time to determine whether her romance with Cy is genuine or therapeutic.

It's Lana's nature to be married. She has been going with men for 16 of her 30 years. She's not the type for hen parties.

What is even more important, men like Lana. She's honest, forthright, and witty.

In the past Lana's husbands have turned out to be men who like to marry frequently.

Cy Howard has made the trek to the altar only once, with a cute night club singer, Nan Wynn, a few years ago. The marriage ended in divorce.

Howard's friends say that Cy is too self-centered to succeed at marriage.

If this is true, then he is not the boy for Lana. Here is one girl who is willing to devote all her time, all her love—her whole life—to a happy marriage.

To date, her batting average has been zero. Maybe Cy Howard will change all that.

THE END 85

(Continued from page 25) doing some quick estimating on the when and how of my future and when I finally answered, I said, "Well . . . in a couple of years I think."

This was the sort of romantic schedule I had for myself at 11. Figuring all that was then in my mind, I think I am running a bit slow. But, as I still tell myself (although I really know better) I had some unusual obstacles. For instance, at 14, I was convinced that my mother was conspiring to keep me from looking glamorous. I woke up to this awful realization when I developed a mad crush on a handsome boy in junior high who never even looked at me. The only way I could account for this was to blame my freckles, which my mother wouldn't let me cure with "miracle" drug store lotions, and my red hair which she insisted I wear in pigtails down to my waist. I accused her of wanting me to look like a freak.

It was not until school was almost over for the season that mother gave in to my "campaign" and let me cut my hair and have it fall naturally. Don't think this didn't do wonders for me, and don't think the boy didn't ask for a date. He did. But if I felt good about this, I knew from nothing otherwise. I squeaked out a tiny, "Hello," when he called for me and an even fainter, "Goodbye," when he brought me home. In between we didn't speak or even look at each other. What a failure!

For the first time in my life I seriously sought advice . . . and of all things from my fellow 'teen-agers. They said I should have been more animated. They said he probably wanted to kiss me. They said he might try the next time, if he dated me again, and I should let him.

We went out once more. He tried. I let him. And he never asked me out again!

Maybe it sounds funny, but I think I have been years building up what this tore down in me! Everything that happens to you is supposed to have some character effect, so though I am still a romantic at 19, I'm a romantic with her guard up. I console myself by thinking that I'm not the only girl who will go to her grave, probably, with a question mark in her heart like this one. And, of course, I don't hate all men any more, as I did for weeks and weeks after this monster left me flat. But it shows you what a girl is up against. Seriously, you can't always figure a man out. I mean even in a rough way. And this is what makes everything so much more confusing.

THERE is a man in Hollywood who I once thought was the most terrible specimen on two feet. I formed this opinion after I met him away from town on a personal appearance tour, and he acted in a way I considered horrible. He was in one group of people, and I in another, when we all came together at a party and got introduced around. People were drifting in and out of the room, and there came a few minutes when he and I were alone. Suddenly he stepped completely out of the character and became rude and sarcastic. In seconds, it seemed to me, we had gone from mutual politeness to sharp words. I had never had to express myself in this way before in my life, and that such a thing could happen so quickly between two supposedly cultured persons sickened me more, I think, than the personal insult involved.

If ever I was sure of anything, after this, it was that he was a worthless fellow. That sort of demonstration was a safe thing to go by, I felt. Then, much later and back in Hollywood, a surprising thing

happened. I saw this same man do a fine thing . . . give up something valuable which he could have had for the asking to someone who needed it more than he. And I came to know about it quite accidentally, there was no talk or word from him. I decided, nevertheless, not to let it affect me, but the next time we met I found that it had. Somehow I was able to talk to him long enough to let him get in a few words of apology. They were ordinary words, but I found myself liking the way he said them. I liked it well enough so that on the next occasion when we met we talked longer. Since then we have met a number of times—they were dates—and I eventually got the answer to the puzzle of his original behavior. My Dr. Jekyll had acted like Mr. Hyde at our first meeting for the same reason I have done things that were not really like me. He, too, was unsure of himself!

This makes things really complicated. For a while you labor under the delusion that certainly men know what they are doing . . . at least, what kind of men they want to be. And then you find out that they are no better off than you are! When I first learned this, I thought it was downright unfair, that there is enough of a horrible indecision in a woman's life without her having to worry about this as well! Believe me, or maybe you know it already, but that last wolf you were out with may not have wanted to be a wolf at all! He was just trying out the role for size. The next time you see him he may make a perfect big brother!

Of course you know what this means. This means a girl just can't make snap judgments about men. Or at least this is what it has meant to me. If I like something about a fellow, who otherwise is just not there, I tell myself I must wait and see. I don't go out much. Not by Hollywood

standards anyway. In the past two years I have gone out less than 50 times, I am sure. Is this a mistake? Oh, yes, say a lot of my friends. A girl is supposed to go out where she can be seen. The more you go out and the more you are seen, why, the more "chances" they point out. What to do? Because I seem to be against this. For me, going out can often get to be unpleasant since it is obvious that if you go out often you are not going out with someone you love to be with constantly. If you had someone like this, you wouldn't need to go out. So you have to spend a lot of evenings in the company of people you are indifferent about.

Isn't this practice unfair to them as well as yourself?

I asked my mother. A girl is supposed to ask her mother. But mine doesn't like to give specific advice, unless she feels I really need it. Instead she asks me to think it out first and then helps me. Mother will go so far sometimes as to tell me what she would do in such and such a situation.

I told her once about being in a car with a boy when he got out of line. Here we were, miles out of town, and he wasn't fun any longer—he was trouble. Yet I wasn't really frightened for myself, I told her. I was frightened for both of us . . . hoping fervently that things wouldn't end up plain ugly. And I asked her what she would have done.

"What did you do?" she wanted to know first.

I told her. What I did was to start laughing. I don't know why, but I did. And after a few moments of indecision the boy had to laugh too, and somehow the situation lightened right up. Not only that, but he seemed grateful about it.

Another reason I don't go out too much is that I'd hate to fall into the habit of going out just to go out. There is a girl I know who used to do just that.

It got so that the headwaiter at Ciro's jokingly made out an employee's time-card for her so she could punch the clock when she came in every night.

One day, about a year ago, she got a call from a visitor from New York who told her that a mutual friend from Chicago had suggested he phone her for a date. They went out, and six months later the Chicago friend was in town and invited her to a dinner party. Seated across the table from her was a man who spoke to her as if he knew her. Later they got together and he proved to be the New Yorker she had been out with. She could recall where they had been that night, and what they had talked about to some extent. But she couldn't remember him. It wasn't because the man was colorless or a nonentity, she told me later. It was simply because she had been going out so often and with so many men that they had all merged into one figure . . . a sort of shadowy phantom who called for her, said the usual things, performed the customary services of an escort, and then vanished from her life.

"What a waste of time!" I had to say.

"Yes, and a waste of men," she agreed, thoughtfully. "A whole stream of them in my life, and not one who means more than another. There must be a better way."

Now another girl told me that I should go out only with important men. This, I learned, is a complete mistake. One of the worst nights I ever spent was in the company of such a man. He asked me for the date, I was advised to accept, and it was the first time I had ever been to Romanoff's. We also went to a private party and we wound up at the Mocambo. It was all for nothing. In the first place we couldn't meet on a conversational level, and in the second place he was too well-known to be allowed to give me any time.

We no sooner got to Romanoff's than a

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half dozen other couples who knew him plumped themselves down all around us at the table and from that moment on were permanent attachments. The flow of talk was the cheapest kind of personal prattle ... the kind that is full of big, extravagant phrases but means nothing. I didn't speak 20 words to my escort. I felt like an ornament, not his date, and the worst of it was that I didn't know how to get out of it. Now I know. Don't go in the first place.

I have enjoyed myself more with a boy I met at dramatic school who couldn't even afford to buy me a hamburger.

For six months Vic Damone and I dated now and then, and only once went to a night club. We cooked at each other's homes. We tried to analyze and understand world affairs as well as show affairs. And once I baked him a chocolate cake that he kept eating for weeks—until it began to turn green, in fact. But we knew right from the start we were to be friends only.

A girl I work with says the best plan is to pitch yourself into your career and forget boys. Then, the first thing you know, someone interesting will show up. "What's to be will be," she assures me.

it's not a dream, debbie!

(Continued from page 36) she didn't find time to listen to her heart. I should include here the fact that she *did* date one boy quite often. He was on the football team and active in all sports and extra-curricular things around school. Sort of a male Debbie Reynolds, and I guess that's why she favored him above the others.

Debbie was a half-grade ahead of me, being three months older, and I first saw her in gym class when we were both 15. She stood out like a diamond in a trash can there, for three reasons. First, she was so darned good at sports—she could shinny up the ropes like a sailor and was so fast on the rings and bars that you couldn't keep track of what she was actually doing. Secondly, there was that Reynolds personality, a peppiness that makes her a stand-out in any crowd; and thirdly, the fact that she always looked so neat. I guess you could take the world's most beautiful female and put her in a gym suit, and you'd have a big blob of nothing, but Debbie always looked as though she'd stepped out of the pages of a fashion magazine.

Anyway, there we were, and because I was the average type of girl who went to parties with boys, Debbie and I didn't get any closer than greeting each other. That was before I met Bill Reynolds, Debbie's brother. He and I had mutual girl friends, and it was only natural that we'd get around to each other. When we did, I fell for the Reynolds personality and pretty soon knew that one day I'd have Debbie for a sister-in-law.

IT WAS a week after I met Bill that I had my first and only white rage at Debbie. The "Queen of Burbank Contest" was to be held on a night when I had my second date with Bill, a coincidence which was my Waterloo. Just when I'd finished dressing and had every curl in place, William phoned me with the bad news.

"I'm sorry, but I can't make it tonight," he told me.

"What?" I howled. "Why not?"

"It's my kid sister," he said. "She's in some sort of a contest, and my parents say I have to be down there at the Burbank something-or-other to watch over her."

Debbie turned out to be the winner, and

I start to think, that way, too; then another friend says something that sounds just as wise. "A girl can always concentrate on her work if she wants to," this one tells me, "but you have only so many golden years and that's the time to go places, keep your eyes open, and make your bid."

How can two pieces of advice, with such opposite meanings, both sound so right? And which of the following contrasting viewpoints should you pick to guide you?

"Don't set your standards too high," I was told once. "After all, men are only human."

This sounded very good until I heard, "Never waste a second on a man who doesn't show high character. If he hasn't got that, he hasn't anything!"

At this minute, when we are starting my latest picture, *Oh, Money! Money!* there is a new man in my life. I don't know his name. Ever since the production began he has been sending flowers but no card. I am flattered. When he does show up, and if he is nice, it might be the beginning of something. And then again ... who knows better than I that it might be the beginning of nothing? Where does this leave me? You said it. It sure is a problem! THE END

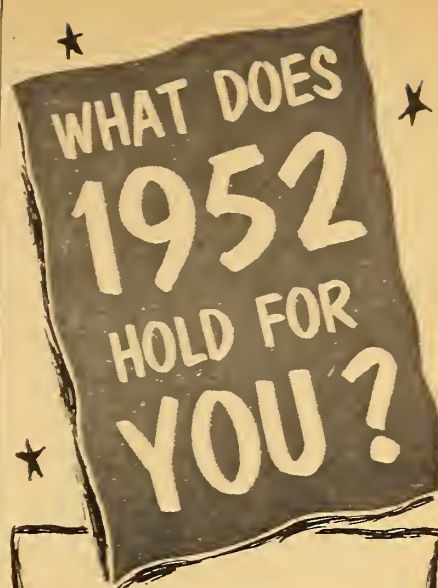
came home with her blue ribbons and my date, much too late for me to join him even for a hamburger at Bob's.

From then on, things really started popping for Debbie, but I was so shot through with butterflies that I don't suppose I paid much attention. Neither did Bill, for that matter, or anyone else in the gang. Debbie was still just "Bill's kid sister," and any of his friends who might have suggested that she accompany him to a dance had been so thoroughly rebuffed that they didn't ask a second time. No one was aware that she was shooting up to be a star. Bill would mention once in a while that he'd been over at Warners watching Debbie on a set, but nobody thought anything would come of it. Least of all Debbie herself, I guess. Concerning the screen test that resulted from the contest, her attitude was strictly nonchalant. "They'll give me the test and that'll be all there is to it. They have to do it—they promised it to the winner, and they're stuck."

It turned out that Debbie was stuck, instead, for what she had begun as a pure lark turned out to be a mighty interesting venture. She didn't talk much about it in those days, but we knew she was a goner because she didn't, for the first time in her life, complain about getting up early in the morning. Debbie has always remained in the hay as long as possible, and could sleep through an earthquake. These days, when she's working, she gets up at six in the morning and leaves the house by six-twenty, thereby establishing some sort of speed record. When she isn't working she stays in bed for hours, reading books or listening to Judy Garland recordings (she thinks Judy is the absolute end when it comes to talent), and making up in general for the sleep she lost when working.

Bill and I were married a year ago, and Debbie was at the wedding, bouncing all over the place as though she were attending a football game. I think she was fascinated only because in her eyes it was another activity, and one which she figured she might tackle herself some day.

When Bill went into the army last January and left for Camp Roberts, I went to live with Debbie and her parents, whom I call Maxene and Ray, at their request. It was the first time I had had an opportunity to really know Debbie, for Bill and I had continued to go around with our own



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crowd. Debbie didn't approve of said crowd, but then none of us had the talent for tooting a horn with the Burbank Youth Symphony Orchestra, or singing with the Choral Society, or marching with the Batoneers, or starting a fire with two sticks of wood—much less the executive capacity for running a half-dozen organizations around town.

As a matter of fact, I guess Debbie didn't approve of me, but if that was the case I'm sure she's changed her mind, for I've been living a year under the same roof and get along with her better than Bill does. He and Debbie have had the same relationship as most brother-and-sister acts. She's two years younger than he, and as a result was always tagging around after him when they were kids. Bill used to wish that Debbie would get interested in dolls and keep off the sandlot when he was trying to pitch a tight game. It soon got to the point where he ceased paying any attention to her at all, and this detached state of affairs went on for years until they grew up and each suddenly discovered that the other wasn't half bad, as people go.

Only one subject remained a sore point with them, and that was Debbie's disapproval of Bill's girl friends (before I got into the act, of course).

"For the life of me," she used to say, "I can't see what you see in her."

"Who's asking you?" Bill would growl.

If Debbie had gone with any boy in particular, Bill could have come back at her with his own criticism, but the event wasn't forthcoming. He'd ask Maxene, "Mom, why doesn't Franny get serious about some guy?" And Maxene would answer, "Give her time, she has a lot of it. And when she does fall in love it will be for keeps."

DEBBIE and I now disagree on only one thing, and that's potato salad. She likes it with dill pickles and I prefer sweet; and when poor Maxene is trying to concoct a dish, she has Debbie over one shoulder and me over the other, touting for our favorite pickles.

There's one thing about living in the same house with Debbie—you always know she's there. When she comes home she drives her car into the driveway, comes to a squealing stop, slams the door and yells at the top of her voice, "I'm ho-ome!" As if we didn't already know.

It's impossible for Debbie to be quiet. She even talks in her sleep, and the only time her mouth stays closed for any length of time is when she's attending a movie. Movies charm her right out of her shoes—any kind of movies—and she sits there spellbound through the whole thing. Except that she makes up for it by munching popcorn with great gusto.

I've always loved clothes, but I guess I'll never equal my sister-in-law. With her contract safely signed, she had one wall of her bedroom knocked out and lined with an immense closet. Even with the original closet still available, things spill out into the room and it never manages to look tidy. Debbie herself is no help, for when she's going out, even if it's only for bowling with some girl friends, she'll put on six or seven complete outfits before feeling that she's appropriately rigged. By the time she's decided, there's no time to put away the discarded clothes, and Maxene says she's going to make a recording (long playing) that says nothing but, "Put your things away. Put your things away."

Debbie isn't home very much these days. When she isn't working she's off on some tour, and often does camp shows for the boys in service. She knocks herself out on these occasions, and her favorite is

Travis Air Base near San Francisco, where they bring in the wounded evacuees from Korea. A person just can't keep up this pace all the time, and many a night Debbie is obviously tired. We know she's tired when she tries to sneak into bed without having dinner. Debbie has erratic eating habits, and sometimes skips whole meals because she claims she hasn't time to eat. If it weren't for milk, she'd starve to death. She drinks milk as soon as she's out of bed, and all day long, finishing off with another glass before she gets back in bed.

When she isn't tired, we're in for a ball, because Debbie is a clown at heart and puts on impromptu acts as long as she's vertical. She sings a lot around the house, in a voice ranging from a crazy falsetto to a strained bass, and while she used to render "Abba-Dabba Honeymoon" at least once a day, I think she's finally grown tired of it. The boys at the camps always request it, and despite the fact it's the song that helped make her famous, you can like one tune just so long. The only thing that's left for Debbie out of that one is her fondness for monkeys. At this point she is waging a campaign to bring a live one home, and Maxene is resisting

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When Vic Damone was playing a singing engagement in Cleveland, there was a little girl in the audience who was so smitten with him that she kept trying to make her way up the steps leading to the stage, much to the amusement of the audience.

Apparently Vic noticed her too, for in the middle of one of his numbers, he suddenly stopped singing and walked off the stage, picked up the little girl in his arms, carried her onto the stage and finished singing the song directly to her.



Ruth Shapiro
Cleveland, Ohio

with all the fortifications that a mother can put forth. When Debbie has run out of arguments, she brings up the dubious point that the animal would make a good pet for Gail, the baby born to Bill and me last September. The argument doesn't carry much weight, for at this early age Gail wouldn't know a monkey from her own mother. I don't think.

The advent of Gail was a thing that Debbie looked forward to with great anticipation. Such anticipation that when I told her about it last spring, she was crushed by the information that she would have to wait until the middle of August. "Well, hurry up," she said. "Isn't there something you can do about it?" When August had come and gone and we discovered that we'd figured wrong and wouldn't have the baby until mid-September, Debbie gave up the whole project in utter disbelief that she would ever be an aunt. As it happened, Gail was born on a Friday afternoon while Debbie was at the studio making *Singin' In The Rain*. She didn't know about it until she came home at eight that night, and was in a big twit because she had to leave the next morning for an air base in Omaha. When she and Gail and I finally came home where we belonged, Debbie was very polite about the fact that the baby was a girl. With

all those uncles and fond memories of tetherball, etc., she had been all set for a nephew, but the disappointment didn't last long. By this time, when Maxene is doing the dishes and I'm mixing the formula, Gail is given into the care of Debbie, who promptly snatches her up and goes into anything ranging from ballet to jitterbugging, a jouncing pastime which delights the baby.

I'm happy that my daughter and sister-in-law get along so well, particularly in view of the fact that Gail has done her darndest to draw Debbie's dislike. For two solid months the baby was afflicted with colic, and it seemed she made a point of howling the minute Debbie got up to go to work. She quieted down as soon as Debbie left the house, then started up again in the evening when she heard her aunt's car screech into the driveway. Debbie has forgiven her all this, but I notice a change in her attitude toward babies. She likes children and always has, figuring that six would make a likely brood. But lately, between the colic and the two-hour feeding schedule that disrupted the entire house, Debbie has given some brief thought to adopting all six when they are safely out of the infant stage.

In the meantime, all she has to worry about is this career business. She still doesn't believe it, and dreams of going to college so that she can be qualified as a gym teacher and have something to fall back on when "all this glamor routine blows over." I don't think it's going to blow over, and all you have to do is look at Debbie to know that. It's amazing how she's perked up since beginning her movie work. When I first knew her she wore no makeup except a little lipstick, and now, while she doesn't go into complications about cosmetics, she looks so much prettier. She was always neat, but these days—well, it sort of stuns me when I think of it, but I do believe Debbie is getting to be glamorous. I guess the thought would stun her, too, but it's the truth. It isn't anything she works at—it's just beginning to steal over her, that's all.

I suppose the family first realized it when that strange boy began hanging around the house. Seems he'd seen her in a movie and fallen in love with her. Our phone number was still listed in the book, and after calling up all the Reynolds in Los Angeles, he struck our house, copied the address and came around the next night. Nobody was home but Ray, who invited the boy in to watch television. After that, he showed up wherever Deb happened to be, and that included crashing the studio. He was a nice enough kid, but Debbie doesn't have enough time to devote to her old friends, let alone new ones, and finally had to ask him to stay in his own bailiwick.

Next thing we knew she received a letter from an old friend of Bill's, now in the army, and although he'd always known her as Franny, the kid sister, the letter was addressed most respectfully to Miss Debbie Reynolds. And not long after that another army friend of Bill's, who years ago hadn't even bothered to speak to Debbie, stopped by when on leave to ask her for an autographed picture.

Well, things are happening all right, and the prize square of John Burroughs High is turning into a social circle all by herself. And as glamorous females seldom choose a career of drilling schoolchildren in their exercises, I very much doubt that a gymnasium will ever see Mary Frances Reynolds again. Instead, Debbie Reynolds will be confining her appearances to the silver screens of the nation.

THE END

ranch mad ladd

(Continued from page 50) buy more and raise lots of horses. I remembered reading in the paper that L. B. Mayer had made millions breeding blooded racing stock. And at the annual California yearling sales, bright prospects for handicap purses sold for as much as \$100,000. I thought this ranch was the business that was going to give me security when I got too old to work in pictures."

Sue Ladd is not as hasty in decisions or conclusions as Alan. As a matter of fact, she was quite horrified when she learned that Alan had committed himself to buy the property without a good deal more investigation into the value of the land and the horse-raising business. However, there'd been a handshake on the deal, and they were stuck with it, so they set about trying to make a success of their new enterprise.

The development of the ALSULANA ACRES was a long, dreary process. In the initial fervor of acquiring the place, Alan hadn't given a thought to water or electricity. There was a well, but the windmill which pumped it must have been the one that had had a tiff with Don Quixote, for it was in a miserable state of disrepair. Alan spent days climbing the rigging, adjusting the vanes, cleansing the pipe, filtering water, and doing a thousand other mechanical chores. Finally, he had sufficient water flowing into a small cement reservoir to supply drink for the few head of horses they had immediately purchased, and to irrigate some of the grazing land. He learned that it would cost him a fortune to get electric power into the site, but there was nothing he could do about it. And the scope of the farm terrified him.

"I never realized," he said, "how big an area 25 acres was until I had to water and farm it. I used to lie in bed at night and dream it was bigger than Texas."

The first year, of course, was the hardest. The stables had to be converted into a home. This was done one two-stall compartment at a time. The compartments were thoroughly cleaned, new board flooring was put in, the rooms fumigated and painted, decorated tastefully, and furnished in a homely motif. Then another one went through the routine, until it became possible for the Ladds to take their family to the ranch on week-ends and give the kids a little exercise while they worked. The living room was formerly the quarters assigned to the storing of tack and equipment. A flagstone extension was added on the front which gave the room a semblance of size, and if you have seen the pictures of this room, you know that it was decorated beautifully like an Early American country farm house. The Ladds found it necessary to build another small extension onto the main room for kitchen equipment. They installed stoves, and ice-box and sink in this section.

There were many amusing incidents relative to the development of the Ladd ranch. For instance, there was the time that Alan, begging his business manager for more pipe to be used in irrigation, was told the investment couldn't be made at that time. But a short while later, at Christmas, a big truck drove up to the ranch loaded with iron pipe, a huge red ribbon tied around it and a pretty card bearing the inscription: "Merry Christmas to Alan from Sue." He says it was one of the nicest Christmas presents he ever got.

Then there was the present of the blooded mare, which Sue presented her husband on Father's Day—purchased, of course, out of the ALSULANA Retirement Fund.

Sue had the mare brought out to the ranch shortly after they took it over.

The animal was in foal and was to be the first forebear of a long line of Ladd-bred race horses. Alan was so delighted with his prize, that when he and Sue decided to go for a ride across the country that evening, he suggested they take the beast along, led by a halter. Things went beautifully until they were seven or eight miles away from home, at which time the mare bolted, snapped the halter, and took off like Seabiscuit into the gathering dusk. Alan spurred his horse and went after the animal like a regular cowboy. Sue, of little use in this situation, returned to the ranch to wait for him. At four o'clock the next morning, after six solid hours in the saddle, Alan came home admitting that he was not the greatest horse herder in the world after dark. Sue set about giving him something to eat, only to learn that both the water and electricity had failed. They sat in their darkened converted stable in the flickering light of a small candle bemoaning the fate of amateur ranchers.

"If anyone had come along right then," Alan said, "he could have bought the whole outfit for a two bit piece with a hole in it."

It was no great comfort to either of them when they learned the next morning that Alan had, without knowing it, herded the horse into an enclosed pasture, and that he had been chasing it around in this confine for the better part of the night.

The same animal was also responsible for another sleepless night at the Ladd ranch without warning, and at a very inconvenient hour, the mare decided to present her new owners with their first filly. There was no telephone on the property and the birth appeared to be so imminent that Alan decided there was no time to go looking for a vet. Fate appointed him an equine obstetrician.

"It was the funniest thing you ever saw," said Sue. "Alan was a combination horse doctor and father, and he ran around like a demented person trying to see that the foal came along all right and looking for sympathy from me."

Actually there was more to it than that. The mare was the basis of their breeding stock, had cost them a pretty penny, and could have put them firmly in the red at the outset, if anything had gone wrong.

ALAN got himself into quite a situation with Warner Brothers—his new bosses, by the way, during the early days of building the ranch. He was leveling ground, using bulldozers and tractors, when a Warner company began shooting outdoor scenes for *Stallion Road* right across from his property. Shortly after the shooting started, a production manager from the movie troupe walked over to Alan's property and asked him if he would mind shutting off the tractors and the other gasoline equipment. Alan informed him that it would be impossible. The men and equipment were costing him a pretty penny an hour and he couldn't afford to shut them down just so somebody could make an old movie. The man left, but in a little while he came back with the producer and director of the picture.

"See here, Alan," they said, "you're in the picture business. You know what our problem is. We can't shoot with all that racket going on."

"I know," said Alan, "but right now you're talking to Alan Ladd, rancher and racehorse breeder, and I just can't shut down my work with all these men here at your convenience. Why don't you come back and shoot some day when we're doing something quiet, like hoeing?"

It was all worked out amicably, though. The studio installed a series of flagmen between the camera and Alan's foreman, and when a scene was about to be shot, the flagmen would signal one another by

lowering their pennants, and Alan and his crew would stand quietly by until the scene was finished. The studio had agreed to pay Alan for the time his men were forced to be idle. So an impartial party kept track of the minutes on a stop watch.

"It didn't do much good, though," said Alan. "I think I got about six bucks."

Another amusing incident was the gift to the ALSULANA organization of a deep freeze by a friend who admired the Ladds' spunk. Alan set the box up on a cement platform, tickled pink at the idea he had got something for nothing. The first rainfall, however, proved to him that it was necessary to put a roof over the box, which he did. And then a wind came up. This necessitated the erection of walls, and before Alan got through, the "house" to shelter his gift icebox had cost him more than if he had bought the thing himself.

It would be nice to say at this point that the almost six years the Ladds have put into the ALSULANA ACRES have been prosperous and profitable—but that is not true. One of the reasons is that some of the horses Alan and Sue have produced haven't run as fast as they were supposed to. Another is that people just don't seem to be spending much more than \$150 for thoroughbred yearlings, whereas breeding fees, veterinary assistance, and feed cost more than that before the horse is a few months old. However, the Ladds are in so deep now that it would be impossible for them to get out without taking a serious loss and, oddly enough, they are still convinced that the ranch will pay off. At the moment they are concentrating on the raising of a small herd of Black Angus cattle and are installing good-sized structures to be used as chicken coops so that they can go into the egg and poultry business.

A typical day on the ranchland goes like this:

Alan, Sue and the kids leave home about five o'clock in the morning, and drive 45 miles to the ranch. They are greeted by Sturge, their foreman, who has their activities outlined for them. The whole family, including Sue and the kids, get into dungarees and set to work feeding chickens and gathering eggs. When this is completed, they go into the barn where the eggs are sorted, washed and crated, and placed on a truck to be shipped to the market. After a hasty lunch, the gang pitches in for mending fences, stringing wire, repairing the considerable electrical and gasoline gadgets used on the land. Then comes feeding time for the chickens, hogs, cattle and horses and after that dinner. While it is still light, Alan and Sturge go up on a small hill, where they are building a workmen's house with their own hands, and labor until they feel it is time to go to bed.

There are moments of fun, however, at ALSULANA ACRES. There is the fresh air and the clean smells and the knowledge that they are working in their own earth. There is the sense of accomplishing something from personal toil. There are the happy, friendly gabfests around the fire at night, when everyone is relaxed and yawning. There are the quick dips in the irrigation reservoir, when the family plays like kids at a new swimming hole. And there are the moments at sunset when Alan and Sue stand in their own doorway and look across their fields with their arms around one another and Alan kisses Sue on the cheek and says:

"Honey, you sorry I delivered that desk?"

And Sue looks up at him and thinks of all the fun it has been and says:

"No, darling. I've never been sorry for a minute."

THE END

(Alan Ladd's latest film is *Shane*—Ed.) 89

movie reviews

(Continued from page 16) of Dana putting his children to bed the night before he leaves—and gives you a sort of good feeling about the eternal hopefulness of the American people.

Cast: Dana Andrews, Dorothy McGuire, Farley Granger.—Goldwyn-RKO

STARLIFT

This is the *Hollywood Canteen* of the Korean war. Only instead of staying home, movie stars hop aboard government supplied airplanes and swoop off to entertain the boys at a nearby air-base. They sing, they dance, they tell funny stories. They wave goodbye to the kids on the way over, and "Hi" to those who are coming home. Everybody who is anybody on the Warners lot puts in an appearance somewhere. The musical numbers are swell for the most part. The only dud is a huge production number featuring Phil Harris and wasting Gary Cooper who manages to get a line in now and then. There's a love story, too. Soldier meets home town girl turned movie star. They romance; they rift, they're brought together by a General. But never mind the story. It's the spirit that counts. And that's good!

Cast: Doris Day, Janice Rule, Ruth Roman, Ron Haggerthy.—Warners.

MY FAVORITE SPY

If you were the United States government, and you had to trust somebody to be transported to Tangier with one million dollars for the purchase of microfilm, would you pick Bob Hope? Neither would the U. S. government. That's its predicament. An international spy who looks exactly like Bob is on his way to this microfilm when he's shot by FBI men, and the poor government is forced to take a chance on shipping lily-livered burlesque comic Hope to Tangier, with a prayer that he can get to the secret film before anybody figures out his real identity. Government agents try to train Bob to act suave and romantic, but he's crying on the inside, let me tell you. In *Tangier*, ensues a spy story, complete with gorgeous Hedy Lamarr, and menacing Francis L. Sullivan. The whole thing is a riot.

Cast: Bob Hope, Hedy Lamarr, Francis L. Sullivan.—Paramount.

THE LADY SAYS NO

"Life" photographer David Niven sets out to do a story on—and incidentally reform—Joan Caulfield, the writer of a best-seller on why women are better off without men. Does this sound familiar? I wish I could tell you that he—Niven—fails miserably; that she—Joan—maintains her convictions; and that the picture at least has a surprise ending, but I can't. She—Joan—slings her book into the sea, and collapses into his—Niven's—arms in a perfectly routine and suggestive way. (She archly informs him that she wants to learn 28 ways to say yes, and she'll never say no no more.) One of the most idiotic scripts in years is livened up by a number of really good comic characterizations, and the one I liked best was turned in by Lenore Lonergan, as the warm-blooded wife of an army sergeant.

Cast: Joan Caulfield, David Niven, James Robertson Justice.—United Artists.



MEET DANNY WILSON

Meet Danny Wilson is the story of a young singer (Frankie) and his piano player-bodyguard pal (Alex Nicol) who rise to the bigtime via the efforts of a girl (Shelley Winters and her gangster boss). There's a love triangle, and some shooting-it-up-with-the-mob-boys stuff, but the thing that's most enjoyable is the way the movie parallels certain events in Frankie's real life story, for nostalgic kicks. He sings some of his best old numbers ("All of Me," "She's Funny That Way"), there are scenes of him being swooned over and mobbed at the Paramount and wherever he goes. The acting is fresh and easy—Alex Nicol being particularly attractive—and the scenes of New York and Hollywood life have a nice reality you don't often find in movies. I enjoyed *Meet Danny Wilson*. You're going to like it, too.

Cast: Frank Sinatra, Shelley Winters, Alex Nicol.—Universal-International.



LET'S MAKE IT LEGAL

As a fine figger of a grandmother, Claudette Colbert romps around having more fun. She's in the process of divorcing her husband of 20 years (Macdonald Carey) because for 20 years he's been gambling, and she's had enough. Horses, dice, poker—you name it, and Carey'll indulge in it. Their grown-up married daughter is dismayed by the divorce, while their son-in-law is anxious for Claudette to re-marry, so that he can move out on his own with his wife and baby, instead of sharing Claudette's home. Along comes millionaire Zachary Scott who's up for some terrific Washington diplomatic post, and who, incidentally, was once Claudette's best beau. He woos her, she wins him, but champagne, and moonlight and dreams of the Riviera notwithstanding, it's hard to believe Claudette will go through with her second marriage. After all, there's that loathsome 20-year-man of hers, and you can't take 20 loathsome years lightly. Highly unbelievable, but amusing in spots.

Cast: Claudette Colbert, Macdonald Carey, Zachary Scott.—20th Century-Fox.



PHOTO CREDITS

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

6-7—Parry-Beerman, 8—Associated Press, 10—Lt. Acme, Cen. Bob Beerman, Rt. Warner Bros., 12—Lt. Universal, Rt. Bruce Bailey, 14—MGM, 19—Top Republic, Bot. Beerman-Parry, 20—Top Walt Davis, Top Next Bob Beerman, Center Bert Parry, Next Bottom, Bot. Bot. Bruce Bailey, 21—Republic, 22—Lt. MGM, Top Rt. Columbia, Bot. Rt. MGM, 23—Top Far Lt., Top Cen. Lt., Top Cen. Rt. MGM, Top Far Rt., Cen. Far. Lt. 20th Century-Fox Cen. Cen. Lt. Universal, Cen. Cen. Rt. 20th Century-Fox, Cen. Far Rt. MGM, Bot. Far Rt., Bot. Cen. Rt. 20th Century-Fox, Bot. Cen. Lt. MGM, Bot. Far Lt. Columbia, 25—Top and Cen. Bob Beerman, Bot. Universal, 26—Beerman-Parry, 29—Wide World, 30—Lt., Lt. Cen., Rt. Cen. Bob Beerman, 31—Bunny Sexton, 32—MGM, 33—Bob Beerman, 34—Universal, 35—Beerman-Parry, 36—Bob Beerman, 40-41—Beerman-Parry, 42—Top Bert Parry, 43—Bot. Rt. I.N.S., Bot. Lt. Associated Press, 46—Top, Cen. Julia King, Bot. Chase News Photos, 47—I.N.S., 48—Joe Heppner, 49—Top Mal Bullock, Bot. Joe Heppner, 50—Top Lt. Paramount, Cen. Lt., Bot. Lt. Joe Heppner, Top Rt. Paramount, 53—Beerman-Parry, 54—Top Rt. Beerman-Parry, Cen. Lt. Mal Bullock, Bot. Paramount, 55—Beerman-Parry, 56—Rt. Paramount, Lt. Beerman-Parry, 57—Rt. Paramount, Lt. Beerman-Parry.



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modern screen

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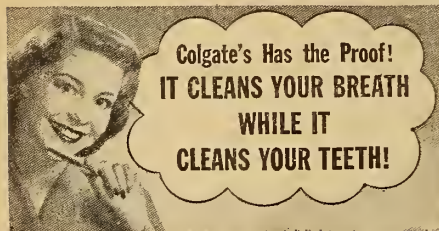
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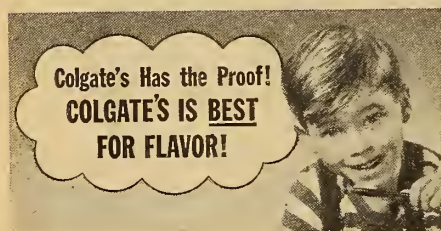
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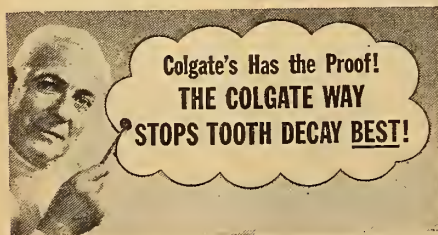
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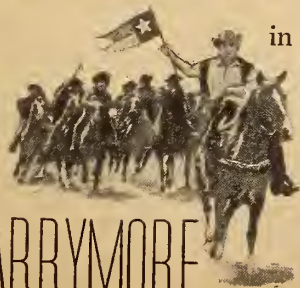


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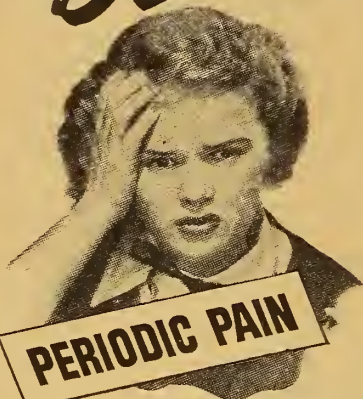
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THE INSIDE STORY



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

Q. Does Joan Crawford have a family, I mean any sisters or brothers? If so, why don't we ever hear of them?

—T. T., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. Joan has a mother and brother who live in Los Angeles under the family name of Le Seuer. They see Joan frequently, but don't like to take part in her professional life and therefore don't want any publicity.

Q. I understand that Gary Cooper and Pat Neal plan to marry sometime this year. When do you think the wedding will take place?

—B. N., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. The wedding will probably never take place. By the time you read this, Gary and Rocky Cooper should be reconciled. Coop was quite taken with Pat but he is 22 years older than she and didn't feel a happy marriage was in the cards for them.

Q. Is it true that Audie Murphy's best friend had Audie's salary attached because the actor wouldn't pay his debts?

—F. T., DALLAS, TEXAS

A. Murphy always pays his bills. Until he signed a contract with Universal a few months ago at \$1,000 a week, his finances were in a very muddled state. However, they are all straightened out and his salary is not under attachment.

Q. When the Jack Benny troupe hits the road, how come Rochester stays in hotels which ordinarily permit no Negro guests?

—G. F., MARION, S. C.

A. Jack Benny will not stay in any hotel which does not welcome all the members of his cast regardless of race, color, or creed.

Q. Now that she's proved such a big success in vaudeville, isn't Judy Garland a cinch to return to Metro and Hollywood?

—B. S., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A. No. She may return to Hollywood eventually, but it is highly doubtful if she will return to Metro.

Q. Isn't Jane Powell pregnant again? Isn't that why she collapsed while making a personal appearance in Cleveland?

—A. W., SHAKER HEIGHTS, OHIO

A. She collapsed because of nervous exhaustion, after doing five shows a day for 14 consecutive days.

Q. Our local newspaper carries a daily humor column by Bob Hope. Does Hope write this himself?

—V. F., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. Bob has a staff of six gag-writers. Each takes a weekly turn at the column.

Q. How was Rex Harrison treated when he returned to Hollywood a few months ago after making all those blasts about the film capital?

—F. L., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. He was treated coldly in many circles, which is understandable since Harrison was so outspoken in his criticism.

Q. A little while ago I read that Dan Dailey was going to marry Jane Nigh. Is this true?

—V. C., TORONTO, CAN.

A. He may marry Jane eventually, but as of this writing, Dailey hasn't proposed. He has said that he will not get married for at least two more years.

Q. Do most big stars have script approval? If they don't want to act in a certain story, must they?

—B. B., TULSA, OKLA.

A. They don't have script approval, for the most part. They don't have to act in a story they don't like, but their studio may put them on suspension.

Q. Janie Powell and Elizabeth Taylor were both married in the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills, which is Catholic. Aren't both of these girls Protestants or were they converted?

—T. E., PAWTUCKET, R. I.

A. They are still Protestant.

Q. How come Kirk Douglas' real name has been given as Isadore Danielovitch, Izzy Dempster, and Irving Daniels? Which is the correct one?

—Y. C., AMSTERDAM, N. Y.

A. The first.

Q. Is it true that Gene Kelly wants to stop dancing and become a director instead?

—A. G., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

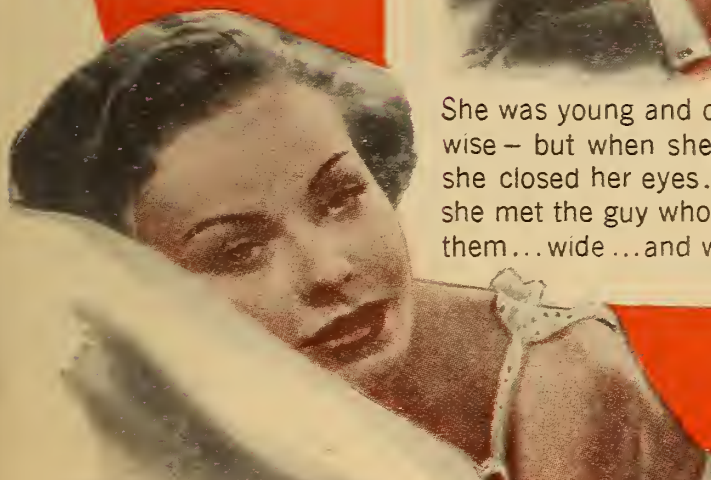
A. Kelly is already a director. He plans to continue dancing as long as his legs and stamina hold out. Probably another 20 years.

The kind of a



motion
picture
that walks
right into
your
heart!

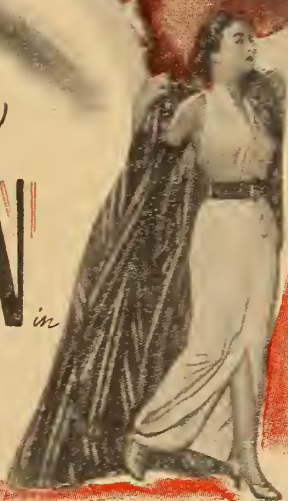
She was young and oh so wise — but when she kissed she closed her eyes...until she met the guy who opened them...wide...and wonderful!



Jeanne

CRAIN in

"The Model and the Marriage Broker"



THE MARRIAGE BROKER! She brings people together and gives love a shove in the right direction!

SCOTT BRADY · THELMA RITTER

with Zero MOSTEL · Michael O'SHEA · Helen FORD · Frank FONTAINE · Dennie MOORE · John ALEXANDER · Jay C. FLIPPEN

Produced by

Directed by

Written by

CHARLES BRACKETT · GEORGE CUKOR · CHARLES BRACKETT, WALTER REISCH and RICHARD BREEN

20th
CENTURY-FOX



co-starring



LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Gene Kelly and his wife, Betsy Blair, arrive at the premiere of Gene's latest movie, *An American In Paris*. This MGM super-musical may win the "best picture" Academy Award for 1951. Gene's already planning a new ballet-conscious film.

LANA, THAT ONE-MAN WOMAN, IS AFLAME ABOUT FERNANDO LAMAS . . . AVA GARDNER WANTS TO BE A MOTHER RIGHT

I HAVE a strong, strong, strong hunch that Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Wilding will be married in January.

When Elizabeth came back from London I wouldn't have given you a plugged nickel for her romance with the good-looking English actor who just seems to "kill" the ladies—including Marlene Dietrich.

After her arrival in New York, when Liz thought her romance with Wilding had hit the skids, she beckoned to Nicky Hilton to come back despite Nick's supposed engagement to Betsy Von Furstenberg.

Liz and Nicky met in her hotel suite, visited with her uncle, Howard Taylor, in Connecticut and a reconciliation MIGHT have been effected if word hadn't come that after many years of marriage Wilding's wife, Kay Young, was divorcing him behind closed doors in London. That ended the reconciliation with Nicky where Liz was concerned.

If there was a chance of her getting Wilding, she didn't want anybody else. That's how

hard our gal had tumbled for him in London.

Right on the heels of his divorce, Wilding arrived in New York. Oddly—or perhaps it isn't too odd—his first visit was to his old flame, Marlene Dietrich. It was also his last visit. Could it be that Mike, the perfect gentleman, had bade farewell to his former love before devoting himself to the new love?

Anyway, at this writing, Liz and the devastating Britisher are terrifically in love and something tells me it will be a wedding.

Their ages? Liz is 19. Mike is 39.

LANA TURNER is a one-man woman . . . one man at a time, I mean. When she is in love, it's no one else but Mr. Man of the Moment for Lana.

It's Fernando Lamas who has captured all her time and attention these days and nights. Daytimes, he makes love to Lana in front of the cameras in *The Merry Widow*. Evenings, he makes love to Lana—period.

Fernando is the nearest thing to a torrid

lover in her life since Turhan Bey. He (Lamas) is a South American who kizzes zee hand, bows from zee waist and acts as though he had never lived before he met Lana.

Whether he LIVED or not, Lamas was most definitely married to a South American beauty who followed him to this country and then took a quick trip home when she found out the way the wind was blowing.

Apparently, she did not want to hold on to Fernando very much (they had separated several times) and she is not in the least in love with her husband. But before bidding adieu to Hollywood AND Fernando, she arranged for the alimony that would bring her and their little daughter back to this country.

Lana has some alimony problems of her own. She has not been able to file for divorce from Bob Topping because they cannot reach an agreement on money matters.

Whether Lamas gets more than a "separate maintenance" parting from his wife remains to be seen. Divorce is rare in South America.