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modern screen

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AVA GARDNER FIGHTS BACK

the inside story behind
**CLARK GABLE'S
FEUDS**

also in this issue:

**LOUELLA PARSONS
HEDDA HOPPER
SHEILAH GRAHAM**

Doris Day

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APR 25 1952

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Look! **Camay** takes your skin
"out of the shadows"
 and into the light of New Loveliness!



MRS. S. PAUL BOOCHEVER, delightful Camay bride, says: "A change to regular care with Camay brought me a fresher, brighter complexion . . . amazingly fast!"

Take a lesson from this Camay bride! A fresher, clearer complexion is revealed with your First Cake of Camay!

ANY GIRL who enjoys hearing whispered compliments—any girl who hopes to win romance and a handsome husband some day—won't tolerate a dull, clouded complexion—a skin that diminishes her appeal.

Why permit your beauty to be under cover—"in the shadows?" With Camay you can take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness. Change to regular care—use Camay alone—and you'll have a fresher,

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For complexion or your daily beauty bath, there's no finer beauty soap in all the world than Camay! Mild Camay is ever-so-kind to your skin . . . and it gives you such a rich, creamy, luxurious lather! Watch and marvel at the way your complexion comes "out of the shadows" and into the light of romantic new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.



Claim new beauty for all your skin!



Head to toes, the daily Camay Beauty Bath brings that "beautifully cared-for" look. It touches you with Camay's delicate fragrance. Get the big, economical Beauty-Bath size Camay for more lather, luxury and economy.

Camay *the soap of beautiful women*

FOR

YOUR

EASTER

HOWL-IDAY!

APR -9 1952

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**Their First
Picture in Color!**

**The Last Word
in Laughs!**

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO

in

Jack

and the

Beanstalk

IN
SUPER CINE COLOR

**GORGEOUS SPECTACLE!
GORGEOUS GALS! AND GAY, GAY SONGS!**
'Darlene' • Jack and the Beanstalk'
'He Never Looked Better in His Life'
'Dreamer's Cloth' • 'I Fear Nothing'

Bud and Lou
on a jaunt to
Giant-land--and
it's jammed with
giant-sized joy!

WITH
BUDDY BAER • DOROTHY FORD • SHAYE COGAN • JAMES ALEXANDER
PRODUCED BY ALEX GOTTLIEB DIRECTED BY JEAN YARBROUGH • AN EXCLUSIVE PRODUCTION • DISTRIBUTED BY
NAT CURTIS
WARNER BROS.



"The man
sold me some
phony
beans!"

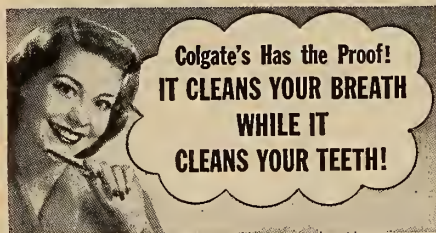
Only COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

HAS PROVED SO COMPLETELY IT

STOPS BAD BREATH*

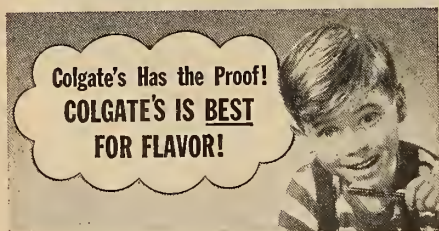
*SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN

7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS
BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!



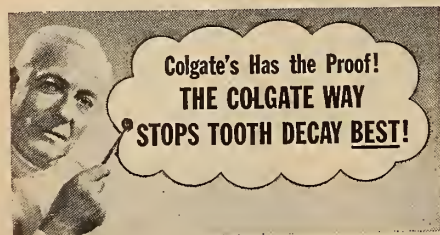
Colgate's Has the Proof!
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH
WHILE IT
CLEANS YOUR TEETH!

For "all day" protection, brush your teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream. Some toothpastes and powders claim to sweeten breath. But only Colgate's has such complete *proof* it stops bad breath.*



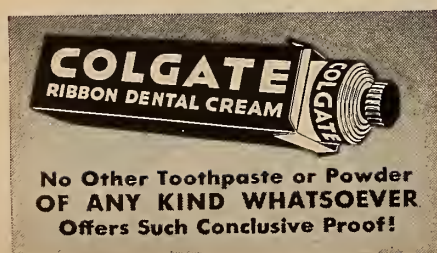
Colgate's Has the Proof!
COLGATE'S IS BEST
FOR FLAVOR!

Colgate's wonderful wake-up flavor is the favorite of men, women and children from coast to coast. Nationwide tests of leading toothpastes *prove* that Colgate's is preferred for flavor over all other brands tested!



Colgate's Has the Proof!
THE COLGATE WAY
STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!

Yes, science has proved that brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stops tooth decay *best!* The Colgate way is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!



No Other Toothpaste or Powder
OF ANY KIND WHATSOEVER
Offers Such Conclusive Proof!

Get PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S Today!

MAY, 1952

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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introducing a brand new service feature

TAKE MY WORD FOR IT.....by Jan Sterling, star columnist for May 78

ON THE COVER: Color picture of Warner Bros.' Doris Day by Nickolas Muray.
Other picture credits on page 89.

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MGM

Movie-of-the-Month Calendar

"SKIRTS AHOY!"

stars ESTHER WILLIAMS, JOAN EVANS
and VIVIAN BLAINE as three bewitching Waves
in a musical romance that's joyous as a
Maypole with its songs, dances and water-revels.

The star-spangled cast includes Barry
Sullivan, Keefe Brasselle and serenader
Billy Eckstine in his film debut.

A rollicking hit enriched by *Technicolor*!

MAY						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31



JUNE						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					



"SCARAMOUCHE"

starring STEWART GRANGER, ELEANOR PARKER,
JANET LEIGH and MEL FERRER in the
famed Sabatini story of love and adventure
filmed in magnificent *Technicolor*!

Something exciting for June!



JULY						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

"LOVELY TO LOOK AT"

stars KATHRYN GRAYSON,
RED SKELTON, HOWARD KEEL,
MARGE and GOWER CHAMPION, ANN MILLER
in a musical lilt with
romantic melody, gay as Paris and
glorious in *Technicolor*!

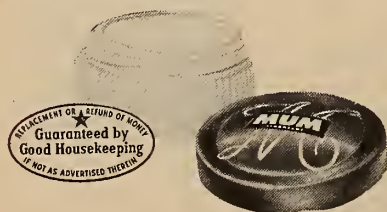
Something joyous for July!



New finer MUM stops odor longer!

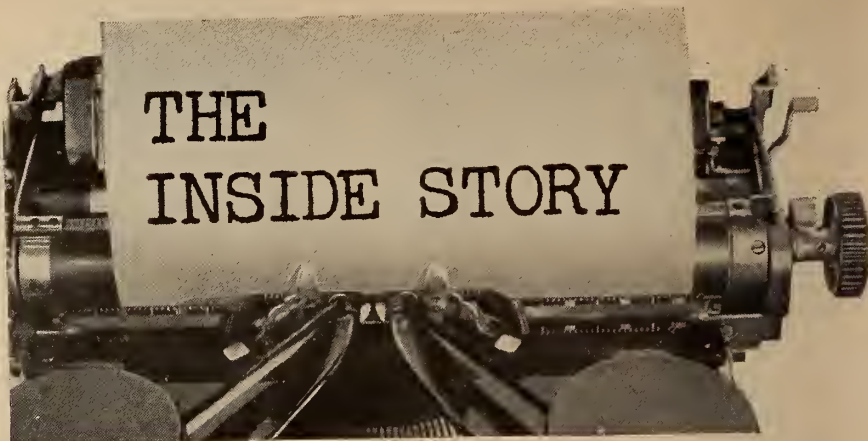
NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW
INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS
AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

- **Protects better, longer.** New Mum now contains amazing ingredient M-3 for more effective protection. Doesn't give under-arm odor a chance to start!
- **Creamier** new Mum is safe for normal skin, contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.
- **The only** leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste. No shrinkage.
- **Delicately fragrant** new Mum is useable, wonderful right to the bottom of the jar. Get new Mum today.



New **MUM**
CREAM DEODORANT

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. Frank Sinatra had three children by his first wife. Will he and Ava have any more and does Ava ever see her step-children?—S. O., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. Ava would like at least two sons of her own, plans to see the step-children as frequently as the circumstances warrant.

Q. Is there a religious revival in Hollywood? Is that why there are so many biblical pictures?—Y. O., DENVER, COL.

A. Hollywood tries to anticipate the public's taste. Apparently movie-goers like such films as David And Bathsheba and Samson And Delilah. The public dictates to Hollywood, never Hollywood to the public.

Q. Can you tell me how much Tyrone Power earns each week and whether he is standing in the way of his wife's acting career? —B. H., BOSTON, MASS.

A. Power's salary is \$5,750 a week. He has no objections to Linda Christian's acting career. She has, in fact, recently signed to appear in a Columbia picture.

Q. Is it true that Greer Garson and Clark Gable dislike each other?
—A. L., GREAT NECK, N. Y.

A. Ever since Adventure their relationship has been polite but distant.

Q. What was Dinah Shore's real name before she came to Hollywood?
—G. F., NASHVILLE, TENN.

A. Fanny Rose.

Q. Is Rocky Cooper willing to divorce Gary now because she's found a suitor?
—B. U., BOSTON, MASS.

A. Since her estrangement from Gary, Mrs. Cooper has frequently been seen with Bob Six, airlines executive. Although she has no intention of marrying Six, she's willing to divorce Gary.

Q. I understand that the Corinne Calvet-Zsa Zsa Gabor fight is not a genuine feud but just another publicity stunt. What's the lowdown?
—D. R., DENVER, COLO.

A. You're right. It's a publicity stunt.

Q. Was Annette Warren, who sang the songs for Ava Gardner in *Show Boat*, told to deny the fact? Where is she now?
—D. N., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. Miss Warren was never told to deny her off-screen role and has never denied it. She is currently playing the night club circuit.

Q. Is it true that Ingrid Bergman's ex, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, plans to marry Celeste Holm? —A. S., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. Miss Holm's divorce does not become final for another seven months. She has no plans for marriage within the next year, and regards Dr. Lindstrom as a friend.

Q. Isn't Peter Lawford an adopted son?

A. No.

Q. How much money do Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis make between them each week? —T. H., MERCED, CAL.

A. When they're both working, \$1,450 per week.

Q. What is the basis of the unpleasantness between Danny Kaye and Red Skelton?
—Z. M., TULSA, OKLA.

A. Kaye allegedly refused to introduce Skelton to the audience when Red followed him at the London Palladium last year.

Q. Could you tell me who walked out on whom in the Stanwyck-Taylor affair? —M. B., TERRE HAUTE, IND.

A. Taylor on Stanwyck.

Q. I understand that Sid Luft, Judy Garland's heartbeat, was an ex-flame of Eleanor Powell. True?—M. N., N.Y.C.

A. The truth is that Miss Powell employed Luft as a private secretary for a short period, which may have given rise to romantic rumors.

Q. Is Deanna Durbin going to make a comeback opposite Mario Lanza? Is it true that Deanna weighs 155 pounds?
—E. W., DALLAS, TEX.

(Continued on page 32)

20th
CENTURY-FOX

PRESENTS 119 DRAMATIC-ROMANTIC
MINUTES OF SHEER CINEMATIC DELIGHT!

THE
JANE
FROMAN
STORY

WITH A SONG IN MY HEART

in color by
Technicolor

The fabulous cavalcade of
Miss Show Business herself, who
fought her way up the ladder of
musical triumph, song by song, show
by show, thrill by thrill. A trail-blazing
musical that bewitches the eye and
captures the heart!

never-to-be-
forgotten songs
as only Jane Froman
can sing them!

starring

SUSAN HAYWARD · RORY CALHOUN · DAVID WAYNE · THELMA RITTER

Written for the Screen
and Produced by

LAMAR TROTTI · Directed by WALTER LANG



LOUELLA PARSONS'

GOOD NEWS

ARE ANN BLYTH-CHARLES FITZSIMMONS "THAT WAY" ABOUT EACH OTHER? . . . THE LOUIS B. MAYERS STAGE THE PARTY OF



NEW FIANCE Vittorio Gassman flew from Italy to Shelley Winters, who got to work arranging his divorce from his first wife.



NEW HUSBAND for Gloria Swanson may be former society columnist Brandy Brent. He'd be number six for ever-young Gloria.



THE BEGINNING OF A NEW ROMANCE? Steve Cochran and Ann McCreo make a cozy couple—but Steve's hard to catch!



THE END OF AN OLD ROMANCE? Are Kirk Douglas and Elizabeth Threlkeld through now that Gene Tierney's got her divorce?

CALL it a presentiment or something, but I just couldn't help calling Elizabeth Taylor before she planned out to London to marry Michael Wilding.

"Elizabeth, are you sure in your heart that you are doing the right thing?" I asked.

Her voice was steady and firm as she replied, "Of course, I am sure. I wouldn't think of taking such a serious step as marriage with Michael unless I was sure that I loved him very much. I'm surprised that you ask."

I said, "But you should be especially careful that you are right this time. You are so young and you have had one unhappy marriage."

"Believe me, I have thought it over carefully and I know in my heart that this marriage will stick," she hesitated a moment, then added, "—forever."

So, in spite of the way the fans feel about her marriage to the British actor 20 years her senior, that was that and nothing more to be said about it.

I switched the conversation over to a less dangerous subject and asked about her wedding outfit. "I'm wearing a gray suit which Helen Rose designed for me—very simple, and with it I'll wear a white hat." Very, very different from the magazine cover bride Liz was when she married Nicky Hilton.

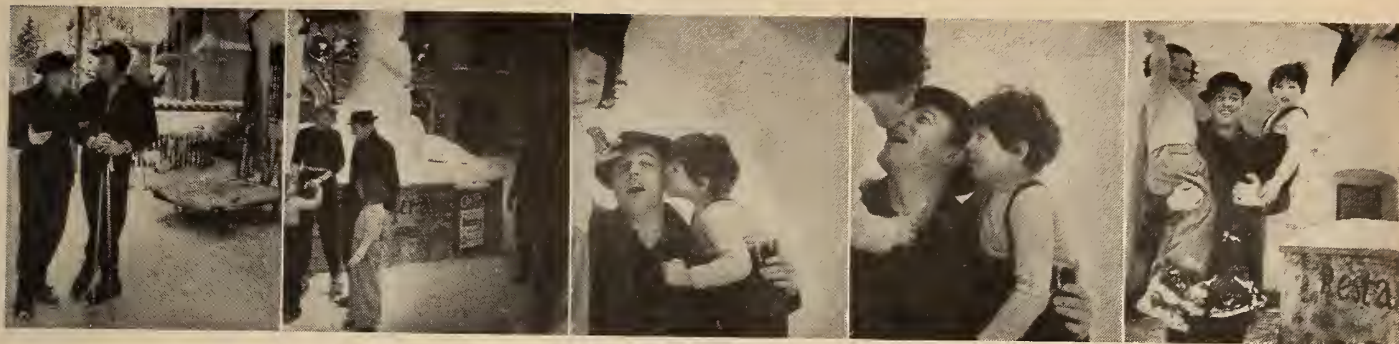
Never let it be said that Elizabeth hasn't shown iron determination in making up her mind to wed Wilding. The marriage does not please her fans, his fans, her studio and many of her devoted friends.

And, she can't be superstitious because one of Hollywood's most patronized fortune tellers predicts the marriage hasn't "a chance."

CAN'T mention names—but this is too good to keep:

The eight-year-old son of a famous actor has been very much on his mother's side since the divorce of his parents. The other night the little boy was watching his mother dress for a formal party. As she showed her lovely gown for her son's approval, the kid suddenly said:

"You look beautiful, mother. Can you imagine that louse walking out on us?"



Recovering from an appendectomy in Switzerland, Gene is surrounded by fans who want to sing and dance with him a la *American In Paris*.

THE MONTH . . . GENE TIERNEY DENIES ROMANCE WITH TED STAUFFER . . . GORDON MACRAE'S A HIT AT THE COCONUT GROVE

SUNDAY morning at the swank Racquet Club in Palm Springs:

The pink-and-white-striped umbrellas reflect in the blue swimming pool, the waiters stand around listlessly because there won't be much doing until noon.

The four tennis courts are busier with those who have had a less hectic Saturday night. Ginger Rogers and Greg Bautzer are playing—and winning—every set of mixed doubles they enter.

Kirk Douglas, his body deeply bronzed from the sun and his hair sun-streaked is one of the first on the swimming pool scene for breakfast. Kirk, who is stag over the weekend, stretches out in the sun and doesn't seem to mind that some tourists are surreptitiously snapping his picture.

Sy Bartlett, the writer and Kirk's pal, puts in an appearance. "Hi," says Sy.

"Low," says Kirk—and he isn't kiddin'.

A long table is beginning to fill up with guests elaborately arrayed in sports clothes—and I mean elaborately. Mrs. William Powell (the vivacious "Mouseie") has on white shorts and a white sweater, the whole outfit embroidered in white pearls like a Sonja Henie skating outfit.

An eastern socialite at the same table wears a red linen "sports" dress with a red sweater covered with sequins. The tourists sort of gulp over our California "sports" styles.

The tables around the pool are crowded now and the waiters scurry around with bulging breakfast trays although it is now way after noon.

Linda Christian and Ty Power drop by to say "hello." They are houseguests of the Darryl Zanucks who have a lovely home in Palm Springs. Ty and his boss and two other men have been playing croquet until dawn.

Dinah Shore and George Montgomery (they've built a beautiful home in Palm Springs) show up for tennis and they're actually dressed for tennis—Dinah in a cute pair of white shorts and a short sleeved white blouse. George has a camera with him and takes pictures of the "movie stars" around the place.

The sunshine pours over the whole place, the day is warm and perfect—but at four

o'clock in the afternoon I hadn't seen one person in the pool.

Oh, well—that's "sports life" and rugged outdoor living among our movie babes in Southern California.

I WASN'T taking anybody's word about how Debbie Reynolds feels about goodlooking Bob Wagner on account of these two young people are certainly getting around together and they've got "that look" in their eyes.

But Debbie just laughed when I cornered her and asked how serious her romance is. "We like each other fine, otherwise we wouldn't spend so much time together. That adds up, doesn't it?"

"If you mean anything more serious—no! We both have a long way to go in our careers. Bob is just getting started at 20th and the same goes for me at MGM." (Being a star at 19 is hardly just getting started, Debbie.)

She went on, "Bob and I are not new friends. We've known each other a long time—oh, well over a year." (!)

Debbie said she would be 20 years old on April first and she's never been even remotely in love, no shivers up and down her spine, no thrills when the phone rings, not an hour of sleep lost over any male!

So wot's she doin'? "I'm taking tap dancing lessons and next month I have exams coming up to be a Girl Scout leader!"

And to think—Debbie is just the same age as that sparkling woman of the world, Liz Taylor!

CLOSE-UP of Doris Day: Her favorite foods: avocado, roast beef, French fried onions, baked potato with sour cream and chives and fried chicken—and she doesn't gain a pound. But now and then she gets "gastronomic conscience" and goes on the yogurt and blackstrap molasses routine . . . Deeply religious, but very quietly so, she says her prayers morning and night and frequently before she goes into a difficult scene . . . She doesn't drink, smoke or travel the nightclub circuit but she doesn't like this emphasized lest people think she is a prude . . . She would rather sing than anything in the world and she's a far better dancer than she gets credit for . . . It upset her greatly when

stories were printed that she and Danny Thomas were "feuding" over honors in *I'll See You In My Dreams*. She and Danny sent each other letters and telegrams and flowers vowing affection and admiration and denying any knowledge of how the false rumor started . . . She considers herself one of the blessed because she is a completely happy person . . . She is definitely the "little woman" in her married life, Marty Melcher being very much the head of the house . . . She likes to play baseball and football with her ten-year-old son, Terry Jordan, born of her first marriage (to Al Jordan, trombonist with Jimmy Dorsey's band) . . . Her real name is Doris Kappelhoff and sometimes she signs notes to her husband and son as merely "Kappelhoff" . . . Her philosophy is—if your work is a struggle you're in the wrong business. "People drown who struggle too hard," says Doris.

FOR the third year the Louis B. Mayers gave a party honoring Ann and Henry Ford II and for gayety, beautifully gowned women and a unanimous good time it was, as usual, the best party of the year.

The Mayfair Room of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel was ablaze with red and white flowers and the mirror-walls were decorated with baby orchids.

Our table was particularly gay with Bob Hope and George Burns telling stories to such appreciative listeners as Irene Dunne (she, too, has a poodle hair cut, surprising because Irene seldom goes in for any kind of fad), Henry Ford, Mervyn Le Roy, Dinah Shore, Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt and our charming hostess, Lorena.

It had been a long time since any of us had seen Greer Garson, she's such a busy belle in Texas these days. Greer looked wonderful with her red hair swept back from her face and tied at the nape of her neck—like a portrait from Godey's Lady Books.

Joan Bennett, who has attended few big parties since the shooting headlines, wore a stunning gown of hyacinth chiffon and looked unbelievably beautiful.

June Allyson in white, Esther Williams in pale pink, Gracie Allen in champagne chiffon under black lace, Ann Sheridan in black,



If you spy a sliver in the fricassee—

- ☐ Sound off ☐ Inform your squire

A delectable dish—till you eagle-eye a sliver (or whatever) in same. So . . . you tag the head waiter and sound off. Or do you? If you'd avoid disapproving glances, you'll quietly mention the snag to your date; let him arrange for a new serving. If you're glance-conscious at *trying* times, scoff off anxiety with Kotex: those *flat pressed ends* defy revealing outlines. And your new Kotex belt gives added *comfort*. Made with soft-stretch elastic; non-twisting, non-curling. Washable. Dries fast!



When a gal's "all ears," what's the cure?

- ☐ Clam up ☐ A forward look ☐ Drop earbobs

'Tisn't the snooper type we mean—(just wanted to keep you guessing). It's a gal with really outsize ears. The remedy? Ixnay on skinned-rabbit hairdo's. Cover ears with curls that turn softly forward. And for the softness you want and need in sanitary protection—count on Kotex. It *holds its shape*, keeps you comfortable. Made to stay soft while you wear it!

Are you in the know?



Which hotel plan should you choose?

- ☐ American ☐ European

Maybe the American plan (meals included) appeals to you. But mornings, would you rather sleep than yawn into the bacon n' eggs? Or prefer exploring new dining spots to dashing back for hotel chow? Then consider the European plan. When vacationing, being carefree's important, and on problem days let Kotex help—with the *extra protection* that special safety center assures you. Try all 3 *absorbencies* of Kotex.



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

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

P.S.



To stay dainty at "that" time, choose Quest* deodorant powder. Best for napkin use, because Quest has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. Safe. Soothing. Unscented. *Positively destroys* odors. Buy Quest powder today.



Von and Evie Johnson drink in Greer Gorson's words of the Damon Runyon dinner. Greer's been in Texas with hubby Buddy Fogelson.

Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Anne Baxter were all fashion plates.

But in the men's field—Georgie Jessel topped them all. He wore white tie and tails and his date was Marilyn Monroe in a bright red dress.

SHORT SHOTS: An eastern columnist printed Ava Gardner Sinatra was "expecting" in August. Ava says no one is sorrier than she and Frankie that it isn't true.

Gene Tierney called me from Mexico City to deny that she's the new love in Ted Stauffer's life now he's divorced from Hedy Lamarr. Gene took her own divorce from Oleg Cassini very hard.

Mitzi Gaynor has THE assignment of the year (that is, it will be so considered by belles who like to eat). She's been told to put on 20 pounds for *The Girl Who Couldn't Help It* at 20th—about a streamlined gal who gets fat while her best fella is in the army. But alack and alas, she has to get it all off again before the end of the picture.

I wish a good stylist would take over Marilyn Monroe's clothes problem. It's hard for a girl with that gorgeous figure to go so wrong on clothes—but Marilyn accomplishes it.

Rocky Cooper says she "offered" Gary Cooper a divorce six months ago and he asked her not to go through with it!

The best news of the month is the reconciliation between John Wayne and Esperanza. They were both miserable apart.

What a touching and sincerely beautiful thing Mercedes McCambridge said to me several says after the death of her baby. She and Fletcher Markle had hoped and prayed so much for the little boy who was born dead.

"God knows better about these things than we do," Mercedes said. "Fletcher and I have so many things to be grateful for; we have each other and my little son by a previous marriage, and good health and our work. These things we try to remember in our sorrow instead of asking 'Why?'"

GORDON MACRAE'S Coconut Grove debut was a wow—just as everyone expected the place was jammed with stars to welcome one of the most popular guys in our town. But what turned out to be a surprise (in a way) is that he broke all existing records at the place—even the high set by Tony Martin.

Sheila beamed as her husband sang, played the sax, told funny stories and gave imitations of Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra and Frankie Laine, Sheila has (Continued on page 10)

NOW—the most fabulous permanent since home waves were introduced!

New Toni

**WITH PRICELESS
PINK LOTION**



*Never before—a wave so lovely! So lively! So lasting!
Holds the set longer than any other permanent!*

Gowns by Filcol



Which Twin's Toni
was set a week ago —
and which was set today?

Beverly Dahm, on the right, had her Toni set just before this picture was taken—Barbara, on the left, had her Toni set one week before and never re-set it! Proof that Priceless Pink lotion gives a wave that stays lovely without re-setting!

You'll forget all other ideas about permanents the first time you use New Toni with Priceless Pink lotion. For it gives a wave with the vibrant spring and silky-softness of a natural wave. And it holds the set longer than any other permanent.

Never a lotion so wonderful! New Priceless Pink lotion curls more completely—yet is kinder to your hair! And that means a lovelier, livelier

wave for you. Less re-setting. New freedom from nightly chore of pin curls. **Never a neutralizer so fast!** You save 20 minutes with the new Permafix method of neutralizing. And because Permafix neutralizes more thoroughly, it "locks in" your Toni wave so it can't come out.

Today have a Toni with New Priceless Pink lotion—and you'll forget your hair was ever straight.

New Toni Refill **\$150**

Toni makes you forget your hair was ever straight!

New Permanent For Children

Tonette

A new children's home permanent by Toni—specially made for youngsters' fine hair that resists ordinary permanents. Now every little girl's hair "takes" a wave—with Tonette!



\$150

Tonette Refill

You get a generous size 25¢ bottle of

Kreml[®] Shampoo

FREE

OF EXTRA COST

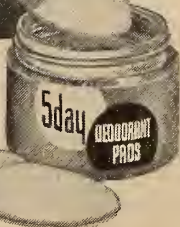
When you buy a 59¢ jar of

5-day deodorant pads

the daintiest way to daintiness ever!



Once you try them ...
you'll always
buy them.



Just pat with a pad and your perspiration problems are over.

No messy fingers! No trickle down your sides! Just pat a pad ... then throw it away!

8 times more effective in destroying odor-forming bacteria than average of all leading brands tested! Yet 5-day pads can't affect clothes or normal skin. Guaranteed to stay moist, in the jar indefinitely.

Discover 5-day pads today ... and get your **FREE Kreml Shampoo**. Offer for limited time only!



"We Powers Models use only Kreml Shampoo"
says lovely Nancy Gaggin! The natural oils of this famous beauty shampoo help keep hair looking silky and smooth. Try it at no cost today ... in this special offer!



5-day deodorant pads

Save on cosmetic taxes! Instead of usual 20% on other deodorants, pay only 2¢ on 25¢ size ... 4¢ on 59¢ size ... 5¢ on \$1.00 size

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Charlie Fitzsimmons (he's Maureen O'Hara's kid brother) extends a glad hand as Ann Blyth looks on. He's her most serious beau to date.

(Continued from page 8) a new poodle haircut and on her it looks good.

At their table were seated Jeff Chandler and his wife. Other guests of the MacRaes' were the Gene Nelsons, the Dean Martins and the Danny Thomases.

CAPERING with Cupid: Terry Moore and Johnny Ray living it up, walking on clouds, soooo crazy about each other for the whole week he was visiting in Hollywood. Need I remind you that Johnny is our new song stylist whose "Little White Cloud That Cried" is the No. 1 hit. Only it turned pink when he was with Terry.

Has Ann Blyth finally tumbled? She's dating regularly with Charles Fitzsimmons, 26-year-old brother of Maureen O'Hara, and a good looker if I ever saw one. He's taking a refresher course in law at UCLA and he has played in a movie or two. So far, Ann has paid more attention to him than to any other man in her young life.

Rock Hudson, who said "no more movie star romances" when he and Vera-Ellen parted, seems to mean it. His new girl is script-girl Betty Abbott, niece of Bud Abbott.

THE Letter Box: From Antwerp comes a blast from "Ann F" in very definite English: "We are sick to death of Elizabeth Taylor—tired of looking at her and hearing about her!"

Mrs. Emmett Lawrence of Liverpool, Ohio, wants Norma Shearer to know her fans want her back on the screen again. "No one since has equaled her loveliness and talent."

Marilyn Barnhouse says Steve Cochran is Tops and wants to know how old he is. Steve's 27, Marilyn, isn't married and lives with his dog Tchaikowsky. You're welcome.

Pat Samuelson, who has met Yvonne De Carlo in person, wants other fans to know that "Yvonne is the very nicest to meet of all of them—not stuck up or standoffish at all."

If Mario Lanza is in dangerously poor health, I haven't heard about it, Joyce Walters. He has had to diet strenuously—but not dangerously.

G. F. Heinen says I neglect Cary Grant and Walter Pidgeon in this department. Good heavens, let me get busy about them both next month. They are favorites of mine, too.

Ann McKay, Philadelphia, thinks Dale Robertson is the greatest and the best of the he-men. But, she adds, "Burt Lancaster is delicious, too." Burt will cringe at that "delicious," Ann. Well, guess that's all. See you next month.

ALAN
LADD
LIZABETH
SCOTT
ARTHUR
KENNEDY
JOHN
IRELAND



RED MOUNTAIN

*STAINED BY THE BLOOD
OF THE WEST'S GREATEST HEROES*

One of the frontier's epic adventures
brings one of the greatest action
spectacles to the screen!

Ladd crams it
with excitement—
nature crowns it
with magnificence!

AN EXPLOSIVE
NEW ROMANTIC
COMBINATION!

They matched
bullet for bullet
... kiss for kiss!

in
HAL WALLIS'
PRODUCTION

RED MOUNTAIN

Directed by **WILLIAM DIETERLE**

Screenplay by John Meredyth Lucas,
George F. Slavin and George W. George

From a Story by George F. Slavin and
George W. George • A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

The grandeur of the West—
Settings never before filmed—now in blazing
COLOR BY

Technicolor





Why risk ruin of your marriage

with neglect of intimate hygiene
creating another you!



Be the Real you your husband loves!

TAKE no chances with your intimate hygiene! Be the *real* you who won your husband's love . . . confident, serene . . . sure of your feminine daintiness.

Douche regularly with "Lysol." Cleanses the vaginal canal even in the presence of mucous matter. Kills germ life quickly on contact. Non-caustic, will not harm delicate tissue. Recommended by many doctors.

Get "Lysol" brand disinfectant today. Use it *regularly!* Don't ever risk *neglect* that can create *another you*—unsure, unhappy in your marriage. Send today for free booklet on feminine hygiene, prepared in collaboration with a leading gynecologist. Mailed in plain envelope. Write Harriet Dean, Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Box D.M.-525, Bloomfield, N. J.

"Lysol"
Brand Disinfectant

A Concentrated
Germ-Killer



SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN: A NEW GOSSIP COLUMN

hollywood report

by Mike Connolly

famous columnist for
The Hollywood Reporter



LONG HUNCH DEPARTMENT:

Come closer and I'll tell you a secret. Farley Granger takes a trip to Europe this summer to forget all about Shelley Winters . . . You fans, through your mail, are showing a revived interest in Ingrid Bergman. Is it the new Rossellini bambino that's renewing your curiosity in this once most luminous of all Hollywood's stars? . . . The first big femme stars to go all-out for acting on television will be Loretta Young, Joan Crawford, Ginger Rogers, Barbara Stanwyck and Irene Dunne . . . His work in *Viva Zapata!* will mean even bigger and better roles for Marlon Brando. And in this picture—for once!—you can understand what Marlon's saying. He doesn't mumble as much as he used to . . . Warners would like to get Judy Garland to play the lead in *The Helen Morgan Story*, which will give out with the whole story of that tragic singer of the bathtub gin era.



Garland

It's my considered opinion that Donald O'Connor's great singing and dancing talents haven't even been scratched in either pictures or TV, and that includes his smash performance in *Singin' In The Rain*. The next few years should see Don established once and for all as one of the biggest stars in Hollywood . . . Watch for Frank Sinatra, Brenda Marshall Holden, Jane Wyman, Ann Rutherford and Mona Freeman to blossom out as artists. They slip into smocks once a week and meet at Paul Hesse's studio to paint under Paul Clemens' supervision . . . Incidentally, the planned Korean jaunt of Ava G. and Frankie was postponed at press time till summer. Frankie could stay in the Pacific only 12 days, and if the Army takes him it's gotta be for at least three weeks . . . Lana Turner's new seven-year contract at MGM will be the best ever handed an actress there. It calls for only two pictures a year, with 14 weeks' vacation between each film. Greg Bautzer bowed out as her attorney after eight months of negotiation on the contract.



O'Connor

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:



Taylor

Liz Taylor made a down payment on a home here for herself and Mike Wilding before planing to London to marry him . . . Oddly enough, Liz attended a party thrown for the President of Mexico's son, Miguel Aleman, by an old flame, Stan Donen, shortly before she took off for her wedding! But it was "just friendly," to quote Liz herself . . . Up to Liz's leave-taking, MGM costume designer Helen Rose was throwing together a gray gown with organdy trimmings for the breathless star's marriage, and on

the Sunday she took off her mother, Mrs. Frances Taylor, spent all afternoon frying chicken for her daughter to nibble enroute to Los Angeles' International Airport . . . John Wayne's reconciliation with Esperanza involved a pink straw horse contributed by peacemaker Jimmy Henaghan . . . Dewey Martin, who'll emerge as a new star in support of Kirk Douglas in *The Big Sky*, married Margaret Ann Havelhurst, a San Francisco gal . . . Fernando Lamas helped Lana carve her birthday cake for the photogs . . . Well, the Lana-Lamas romance may be just a publicity gag, as they say in some quarters, but we've got a feeling Fernando really cared through it all.



the Waynes

The walls of Walter Wanger's office are still covered with pictures of Joan Bennett . . . Jay Kantor, the agent whose apartment was reported by police as being used for meetings by Miss Bennett and Jennings. (Continued on page 14)



THOSE WEDDING BELLS ARE
RINGING FOR THAT
"BORN YESTERDAY"

BABE...in the story of
a marriage from "I do"
to "Drop dead!"—and
back again!

"There's
one at every
party—
but why
does it
have to be
my husband!"



COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents

JUDY HOLLIDAY

—Last time she won the Academy Award
—this time she'll win your heart, too!

The Marrying Kind

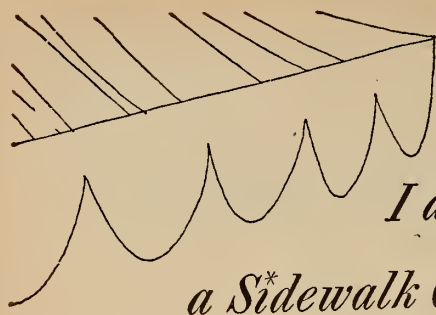
introducing

ALDO
RAY

—Judy's new
light of love!

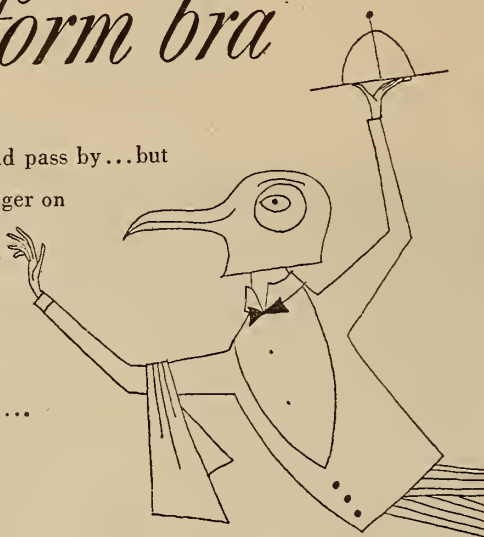


with MADGE KENNEDY
Written by RUTH GORDON
and GARSON KANIN
Produced by BERT GRANET
Directed by GEORGE CUKOR



I dreamed I stopped at a Sidewalk Cafe in my maidenform bra

I came to watch the world pass by...but
passersby refuse to pass! They linger on
the sidelines to marvel over
my lines...so smart, so secure,
so chic in my Maidenform!
Of course it's incredibly flattering,
gives me a really sensational lift...
(my Maidenform, I mean!)



* REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Maidenform's dream of a bra—

Maidenette* Strapless in broadcloth and lace;
acetate satin and nylon marquisette...from \$2.00
There is a *maidenform* for every type of figure!

© 1952 MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC. COSTUME: JEAN CAMPBELL AT SPORTSWHIRL HAT: MAGO HAYES

hollywood report continued

Lang, has been moved to New York by his employer, MCA... New two around town: Joan and her ex-husband, Gene Markey... More new twos: Patricia Knight, Cornel Wilde's ex, and Kirk Douglas; Ann Blyth and Maureen O'Hara's brother Charles; Janice Rule and Arthur Loew, Jr.; Dan Dailey and Kathleen Hughes; Marilyn Maxwell and Scott Brady... Bill Lundigan celebrated his contract renewal and raise at 20th by gifting his spouse, Rena, with a Ford convertible...



Durbin

Deanna Durbin is due back in Hollywood in September, after all these years. Producer Joe Pasternak has this to say about Deanna: "The fans never leave the stars—the stars leave the fans." And he's so right... Condolences to Mercedes McCambridge and Fletcher Markle, who lost their child... Betsy von Furstenberg

and Nick Hilton have been a long-distance item.

ODDS BODKINS:

Pvt. Vic Damone wrote to Virginia Mayo from overseas, asking her to send him an autographed picture! Vic, whose friends in Flickerdom are many, must be quite the star with his GI buddies himself... In real life John Derek and Harry Lauter are best friends. In reel life they're playing best friends in Columbia's *Prince Of Pirates*... A new wedding chapel in Las Vegas is called The Hitching Post... MGM had an awful time this year deciding which of three supporting actor nominees to push for the Oscar. Three of them work for MGM: Gig Young, Leo Genn and Peter Ustinov... Wait'll you see the NEW Jan Sterling. Her resemblance to Lana Turner is amazing since she's had her nose altered... Biggest name-dropper in Hollywood is agent Henry Willson. By dropping 'em, I mean he's the guy who changed Roy Fitzgerald's name to Rock Hudson, Marilyn-Louis to Rhonda Fleming, Francis Timothy McCowan to Rory Calhoun, Gail Shikles to Craig Stevens, Robert Moseley to Guy Madison, Arthur Gelien to Tab Hunter (here's a kid who'll be a big star soon!) and Charles Locher to Jon Hall.

Flashiest sight of the month: Van Johnson as emcee at Irene's fabulous star-modeled evening gown show was wearing a red vest, red wool sox and black velvet slippers embroidered with "V.J." in gold... Did you happen to see an old Monogram picture on TV called *Ghosts On The Loose*? It starred the East Side Kids, and AVA GARDNER was their leading lady!... Rita Lupino, Ida's actress sister, is studying law at Southwestern university... The weepiest double-bill of the year was shown here at the Valley Theatre: *The Blue Veil* and *Bright Victory*... Did you know that Lana Turner, Alexis Smith and MGM's Nanette Fabray, were all Hollywood High School classmates, and that Alexis and Nanette spent most of (Continued on page 16)



Johnson



Want to Lose Weight?

Listen to Hedy Lamarr!



• An enthusiastic music lover, Hedy Lamarr has a large collection of records. Says Hedy: "Many stars in Hollywood take Ayds to keep themselves in trim. It keeps your figure looking slim and lovely."



• Here is Hedy Lamarr exercising with her Great Dane, Doner. "If I find myself putting on weight, the first thing I turn to is Ayds," says Hedy. "I can sincerely recommend it to you and all my friends."



• Hedy Lamarr in one of her most famous roles. "Every star has to take care of her figure," says Hedy. "Ayds is the natural way to reduce. It helps you slim the way Nature intended you to."

No Drugs...No Diet...Not a Moment's Hunger!

If you want a lovelier figure, let Hedy Lamarr tell you how. Lose unwanted fat the safe, healthful Ayds way—without dieting or hunger.

Proved by Clinical Tests

With Ayds you lose weight the way Nature intended you to. A quick, natural way, clinically tested and approved by doctors, with no risk to health. With the Ayds plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure.

Controls Hunger and Over-eating

When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want—all you want. No starvation dieting—no hunger pangs ever. Ayds is a specially made, low calorie candy fortified with health-giving vitamins and min-

erals. Ayds curbs your appetite—you automatically eat less—lose weight naturally, safely, quickly. Ayds is guaranteed pure. Contains no drugs or laxatives.

Results Guaranteed

Users report losing up to ten pounds with the very first box. You will lose weight with your first box (\$2.98) or your money back.

*Slim the Way
the Stars Slim*



THE LOVELIEST WOMEN IN THE WORLD TAKE AYDS



Dial Soap keeps complexions clearer by keeping skin cleaner!

Dial's AT-7 (Hexachlorophene) removes blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on skin.

The cleaner your skin, the better your complexion. And mild, fragrant Dial with AT-7 gets your skin cleaner and clearer than any other kind of soap. You see, Dial's bland beauty-cream lather does far more than remove dirt and make-up... does far more than give you scrupulous cleanliness to overcome clogged pores and blackheads. Here's the important *difference*: when you use Dial with AT-7 every day—it effectively clears skin of bacteria that often aggravate and spread pimples and surface blemishes. Skin doctors know this, and recommend Dial for both adults and adolescents.

Protect your complexion with fine, fragrant Dial Soap.

DIAL DAVE GARROWAY—NBC, Weekdays



© ARMOUR AND COMPANY

hollywood report continued

their time neglecting their schoolwork to envy the Turner curves? . . . And that Lana's wardrobe includes 101 pairs of white slacks, 97 black shirts to go with them and 300 pairs of shoes? . . . Whoops! A Culver City theatre's marquee had this emblazoned on it: *Pandora*, with Ava Gardner, *For Men Only*! . . . Kathryn Grayson picked up a real collector's item during her trip to Lima, Peru: an old Fernando Lamas recording. He was quite the singing star there.

HOME FIRES BURNING:

Tony Curtis answers the phone at home by shouting: "Hungarian Underground!" . . .



Lynn

Diana Lynn posed in some of architect-hubby John Lindsay's homes for a magazine layout, only to find one home that she can't get out of her mind. Now she wants to buy it! . . . Bette Davis and Gary Merrill entered daughter Barbara in the Progressive School of Hollywood and adopted another child, this time a boy . . . Franchot Tone and Barbara Payton hung a "For Rent" sign on their newly re-decorated Sunset Plaza Drive home, which probably means they'll stay away from Hollywood for a spell . . . Pete Lawford spent two months looking for a bachelor apartment. He's been getting restless living with his folks . . . Wally Russell, Jane's brother, landed a part in RKO's *This Man Is Mine* . . . The Ida Lupino-Howard Duff baby isn't expected till summer but they've already finished frilling up the nursery.

Van and Evie Johnson celebrated their fifth wedding anniversary, thus confounding those who said it wouldn't last . . . Ava has learned to make spaghetti better'n Frankie! She has also gone domestic in a big way. She bought some fancy matching ashtrays for their bedroom, so's she and Frankie won't disturb each other smoking in bed.

TIME TABLES:

It takes Marilyn Monroe 25 minutes to put on her lipstick . . . And it took Mario Lanza two months but he cut his weight from 230 to 184 . . . Shirley Temple's baby is due in mid-May . . . Miriam (Mrs. Gene) Nelson's appearance at the Coconut Grove for Gordon MacRae's Los Angeles nightclub debut was her first night out since she lost her baby.

WHO'S MAD AT WHO:

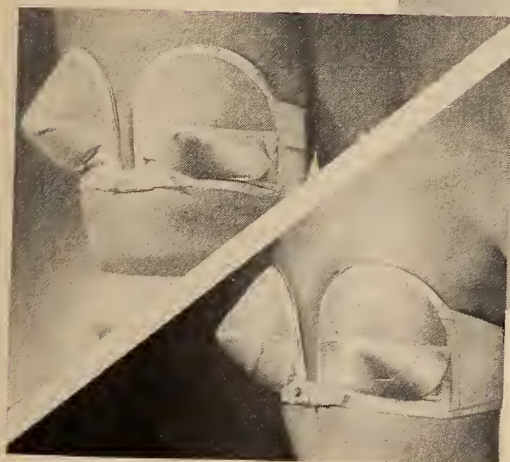
Jane Russell is threatening to walk out on her RKO contract the same time Bob Mitchum leaves . . . From a card postmarked Italy: "Italians were startled out of their minds the other day when they saw Shelley Winters walking along in a skin-tight pair of beige gabardine slacks. All agreed that for *her* travel is *very* broadening!" . . . On his South American tour, How-



Winters

(Continued on page 92)

#88 Wired Strapless Bra \$5



Above: An actual photo of an ordinary bra **without** the Magic Insets.
Below: Change to a "Perma-lift" bra **with** the Magic Insets and enjoy the difference in lasting beauty and comfort.

LOOK FOR THE MAGIC INSET AND

Enjoy the difference

When you wear your first "Perma-lift"* strapless bra, you'll know there's a wonderful, wonderful difference.

The kitten soft Magic Insets at the base of the bra cups assure lovely curves, guarantee they'll stay that way. Enjoy the difference—it costs no more, yet means so much.

- I. Magic Insets are *guaranteed* to outlast the life of your "Perma-lift" bra—no matter how often you wash it or wear it.
- II. Magic Insets support from below, are cool and comfortable always.
- III. Magic Insets give you a lovely, lasting uplift—assure you of a youthful bustline.

Have your favorite corsetiere fit you in a "Perma-lift" strapless bra today—you'll enjoy the difference, \$2.50 to \$7.50.

*"Perma-lift"—A trade mark of A. Stein & Company Chicago • New York • Los Angeles (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)



MOVIE REVIEWS

by seymour peck



Noreen

**SUPER
COLOR
RINSE**

Discover the color magic of Noreen
...abundant, natural-looking,
temporary color that glorifies
any shade of hair.
Noreen dramatizes gray
and white hair...blends-in
unwanted gray. Easy to apply
...just rinse-in fresh and new
after each shampoo.
14 shades...15¢, 30¢, 60¢ sizes.
Also applied in Beauty Salons.
Available in Canada.



picture of the month

WITH A SONG IN MY HEART

■ *With A Song In My Heart* salutes the impressive courage and talent of singer Jane Froman, whose injuries in a plane crash near Lisbon in 1943 nearly cost her her life, and threatened to rob her forever of a glittering career in show business. The saga of Miss Froman's comeback on the stage, her perseverance through 25 agonizing operations, her will to go on, are certainly an inspiration to all who know affliction. And this large-scale Technicolor musical pays her homage with taste and skill. *With A Song In My Heart* uses *The Jolson Story* technique—that is, Susan Hayward plays Jane Froman, but whenever Susan opens her mouth to sing the voice that comes out is actually Miss Froman's. It works fine, since the synchronization is expert and Miss Hayward has just the right sultry, torchy look that goes with Miss Froman's sultry, torchy singing voice. There are 30 topnotch tunes that Miss Froman has sung during the last 15 years, there are David Wayne and Rory Calhoun to help greatly as the men in Jane Froman's life, and there is Thelma Ritter to lighten the movie's sadder moments with her tough, refreshingly hard-boiled humor. All these should make *With A Song In My Heart* a very popular movie.

Cast: Susan Hayward, Rory Calhoun, David Wayne, Thelma Ritter.—20th Century-Fox.

THE PRIDE OF ST. LOUIS

For the kids who play ball in a backlot, for the fans who crowd the ball parks, for all America that loves and follows baseball, *The Pride Of St. Louis* is the movie to see. This is the lively saga of Jerome Herman Dean—also known as Dizzy Dean—who started out pitching barefoot in the Ozarks and rose to glory as one of baseball's most colorful and dazzling hurlers. The movie concentrates on the few years when Dizzy made history for St. Louis, his sad decline when his pitching arm went bad, and his climb to fame as a radio sports announcer. At the age of ten Dizzy was picking four or five hundred pounds of cotton a day. He made his way working hard, talking fast, and demonstrating tremendous confidence in himself. This confidence, *The Pride Of St. Louis* does not hesitate to point out, bordered on egotism. "Ya pitched a great game," someone says to Dizzy in the movie. "Yeah, I did, didn't I?" Dizzy replies. Dizzy's virtues and his weaknesses are unfolded here. Dan Dailey is perfectly cast as Diz—tall, gabby, jovial, and sometimes childlike. And Joanne Dru is helpful as the wife who tries to make Dizzy settle down to the realities of his up-and-down career. *The Pride Of St. Louis* has a natural in Dizzy Dean, his story, and baseball itself.

Cast: Dan Dailey, Joanne Dru, Richard Hylton, Richard Crenna.—20th Century-Fox.

LOVE IS BETTER THAN EVER

Since this is leap year, MGM has come up with a delightful, delicious leap-year love story—of a nice girl's determined efforts to hook a boy who is just as determined not to get hooked. Since the girl is Elizabeth Taylor, you may wonder how Larry Parks can resist her, but he is a slightly tough Broadway character. "Not the type for marriage," laments Liz, a dancing school teacher in New Haven, Conn., to her dad. "Every man thinks he's not the type," replies Dad. And from there on Liz—with a slight assist from Dad—puts on a romantic campaign that proves a little dancing teacher from New Haven can outsmart a hep bachelor from New York every time. *Love Is Better Than Ever* is fun because Liz, Parks, the writer and director all bring a fresh, youthful enthusiasm to their work that is wholly contagious. Not the least of the gayety in *Love Is Better Than Ever* comes from Liz's small dancing school in New Haven, where eager parents bring their kiddies, determined to make Eleanor Powells or Pavlovias out of the little dears. The annual show which the tots put on for their proud parents—a wonderfully amateurish, costumed pageant—is altogether hilarious. "I'm a grape," one tiny boy whispers solemnly to Larry Parks backstage. "I'm happy for you," whispers Parks just as solemnly.

Cast: Larry Parks, Elizabeth Taylor, Tom Tully, Josephine Hutchinson.—MGM.

ARE YOU REALLY
SURE
OF YOUR PRESENT
DEODORANT?
TEST IT UNDER
THIS ARM.

NOW TRY **FRESH**
UNDER THIS ARM
SEE WHICH CHECKS
PERSPIRATION,
PREVENTS ODOR
BETTER.

You
can be
LOVELY
TO LOVE
Always...

Her gown, ice white eyelet organdy frosted over pink taffeta, by Betty Lane.

How wonderful to be his love . . . keep his love, always.
And for this moment . . . you'll want to be sure you won't
offend. That's why smart girls use FRESH Cream Deodorant.

For when you use FRESH daily, you get both continuous
and special protection in moments of emotion and exertion.
Because FRESH'S amazing "moisture-control" formula gives
that special protection you need. No other deodorant makes
you this promise!



Also manufactured and distributed in Canada.

Enjoy a new kind of cleanliness . . . bathe daily with mild, fragrant FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap,
containing a miracle odor-preventing ingredient to keep you "bath fresh" from head-to-toe all day!

Brighten your hair color with sparkle-giving lather

Shasta Cream Shampoo creates glorious, active lather that gives all hair color a dazzling lift.

Not a tint! Not a dye!



BLONDE HAIR GLEAMS with bright gold. For Shasta's rich, active, sparkle-giving lather actually "super" cleans hair. Shasta Cream Shampoo reveals the golden beauty of your blonde tresses, brings out lovely glints.



BRUNETTE HAIR DANCES with dark fire. Shasta's sparkle-giving lather removes color-dulling grime. Leaves hair so clean, your natural color dances through like sunshine streaming through a clean window pane.



RED HAIR GLOWS with burnished glory. The secret is in the sparkle-giving lather of Shasta Cream Shampoo. Such wonderful, super cleansing lather... it lets those coppery lights shine out undimmed.



GRAY, WHITE HAIR SHINES with silver. Yes, Shasta's sparkle-giving lather brightens *all* hair color. See for yourself how Shasta Cream Shampoo, with its super cleansing action, enriches *your* hair color.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE If not convinced that New Lanolin-Enriched Shasta brightens your hair color with sparkle-giving lather, return the jar to Procter & Gamble and get your money back in full.



NAVAJO

Navajo is a fresh and charming folk tale of a little Indian boy's love and pride in his land, his ancestors and his traditions. Produced for what Hollywood would call peanuts—\$100,000—Navajo is far more likely to appeal to movie audiences, especially children, than many costly epics we could name. For it relies on a straightforward, lifelike story, on the breathtaking cliffs and mountains and plains of the Southwest, where the Navajo people dwell today on a reservation, and on the appealing face of Francis Kee Teller, a Navajo lad who is no more than eight years old. Francis, who has never acted before, plays a child who wants to live today just as his ancestors lived. He resents bitterly the school the U. S. government maintains on the reservation, since it will teach him the white man's ways and draw him away from old Indian beliefs and rituals. When he is sent to the school, Francis runs away and hides in the cliffs, where Navajo comes to a striking and touching conclusion. Around Francis Navajo weaves the folklore and magic of the Indian and altogether proves as fresh and different from most movies as a diamond is from a rhinestone. Navajo is a small diamond, but it is pure.

Cast: Francis Kee Teller, John Mitchell.—Lippert.

RANCHO NOTORIOUS

Rancho Notorious wants to be a Western—at the same that it wants to poke fun at Westerns. It turns out to be not a very good Western or a very good joke. Especially in its strange casting does the movie hurt itself. For it asks Mel Ferrer, one of the most soulful, ascetic and intellectual looking of our younger actors, to be a dangerous, hard-bitten desperado, Frenchy Fairmont, the fastest draw in the old West. And it asks Arthur Kennedy, another serious actor, to be the bold, daring, fist-fighting Western hero, out to find—and kill—the varmint who slew his sweet, innocent fiancée. By now we have all gotten used to seeing glamorous, continental Marlene Dietrich in Westerns, but you may find it difficult to accept her as the sweetheart of young Ferrer. As the proprietor of a secret ranch where outlaws may hide from the sheriff, Marlene wears some of the most uncommonly gorgeous gowns ever seen in old Texas, sings several throaty songs, and gradually falls out of love with Ferrer and into love with Kennedy. Aiming at something unusual, Rancho Notorious has achieved only something a little foolish. Cast: Marlene Dietrich, Arthur Kennedy, Mel Ferrer.—RKO.

FIVE FINGERS

Five Fingers is perhaps the most startling and unique spy story to come out of Hollywood—and it becomes all the more startling when one realizes it is quite, quite true. During World War II—it can now be told—a highly trusted valet in the British Embassy in Ankara, Turkey, made himself more than one million dollars by handing over to the Nazis nearly every secret that was locked away in the Embassy safe, even including plans for the opening of a second front in Europe. With James Mason acting the valet, Fox relates this adventure in treachery in one of the most engrossing, original and suspenseful thrillers to reach the screen. Director Joseph L. Man-

New Shasta Cream Shampoo
FOR BRIGHTER, RICHER, NATURAL COLOR

kiewicz has wisely shot much of the movie right in Ankara and Istanbul and has captured the cynical world of espionage in all its cleverness, loathsomeness and sordidness. Mason gives the outstanding performance of his Hollywood career as the valet turned spy. Beautiful Danielle Darrieux is equally fascinating—and repellent—as a Polish countess left penniless by the war and willing to sell herself to any side just to be able to live again the luxurious life she had once known. Michael Rennie comes in effectively as a British agent pursuing Mason across Turkey. Cast: James Mason, Danielle Darrieux, Michael Rennie.—20th Century-Fox.

PAULA

Somewhere in *Paula* there is a genuine human problem, however it is very nearly buried. The movie follows Loretta Young, as Paula, through a real and recognizable misfortune—the loss of her infant at birth, and the discovery that she can never bear children again. However, instead of probing honestly the emotions of Paula and her professor husband, Kent Smith, it nose-dives into implausible melodrama. Paula gets involved in a hit-and-run auto accident and is haunted by the fear that she'll be sent to prison, ruining her husband's chances to become dean of the college. The way in which the accident occurs and the way in which Miss Young's worries mount are completely lacking in credibility. But Paula does strike one interesting, reasonably authentic note: For Miss Young adopts the orphan boy struck down by her car, and since the boy has been deprived of the power of speech by the accident, she herself gives him necessary therapy. These detailed, scientific lessons in speech for the handicapped child lend some force to Paula, but otherwise it's full of false notes. Cast: Loretta Young, Kent Smith, Alexander Knox, Tommy Rettig.—Columbia.

MY SIX CONVICTS

What makes men criminals? What brings them to the failure and frustration of a prison cell? Can anything be done for them in prison to make them better men? In this very sensitive, moving and humane story, a young psychologist goes to work in a big prison occupied primarily by hardened criminals, hoping to help these men. Derived from Donald Powell Wilson's powerful book of his own experiences as prison psychologist at Fort Leavenworth, the movie fills you with compassion. It is a realistic and sound drama which argues that many prisoners can be—deserve to be—guided back towards social responsibility. The psychologist in the movie, acted with extraordinary conviction by John Beal, enlists the aid of six convicts in conducting his experiments at the prison and through the tough, skeptical personalities of these six, the movie generates rowdy humor as well as piercing drama. Millard Mitchell, Gilbert Roland, Marshall Thompson, Alf Kjellin, Henry Morgan and Jay Adler are all superb as the convicts, and there is a desperate and frightening jailbreak to bring *My Six Convicts* to an embattled climax. But the break is less important than the notion you get from *My Six Convicts* that a man, even in prison, is a human being.

Cast: Millard Mitchell, Gilbert Roland, John Beal, Marshall Thompson.—Columbia.

(Continued on page 91)



In an atelier on the Left Bank, Evening in Paris lingers lovingly, caresses with a romantic aura that invites the moment to live forever. Favorite of all fragrances, it is worn by more women than any other perfume.

Exciting things happen
when it's

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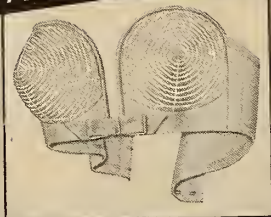
Face Powder in eight different shades \$1.00 each All prices plus tax

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Subtly built in contours retain fullness of cup sections, always.
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Provide perfect fit for in between sizes; give added fullness to regular sizes.
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Porous cups breathe with you.
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PIPER LAURIE

YOUR HOLLYWOOD SHOPPER

SHOPS FOR YOU AT THALHIMERS, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA



Piper Laurie co-starring in Universal International's "No Room for the Groom."

■ In eight months, Piper Laurie stepped into her first starring role and is re-united with Tony Curtis in Universal International's new comedy production "No Room for the Groom." This picture will be released late this spring. Piper and Tony, are two of

Hollywood's brightest stars, and will long be remembered for their performance in "The Prince Who Was A Thief." Their newest picture "Son of Ali Baba" is another masterpiece by Universal International and will be at your favorite theatre soon.

HOLLYWOOD GOES SHOPPING FOR YOU!

"BEST BUYS OF THE MONTH"

Sit back and relax . . . this month lovely Piper Laurie has done your shopping for you at Thalhimers in Richmond, Virginia, with an eagle eye to smart, right style and budget-wise price, too! Canny shopper, our Piper! Shopping at Thalhimers is an easy task, tho, reports Piper, who's always been partial to historic old Richmond. These items she se-

lected for you are from Thalhimers famous Budget Fashion Floor. And you can order them by mail . . . delivered right to your door . . . by letter or by sending the coupon on opposite page. Order each item by number or clip the picture of the items you want and attach it to your letter or coupon, together with your check or money order . . . and send to Thalhimers, Richmond, Virginia.

You may order, by mail, any of the "Buys of the Month" featured on this and the opposite page from Thalhimers, Richmond, Virginia. To order by mail, write letter or use coupon on opposite page.



#2 MAC SHORE CLASSIC COTTON BLOUSE, \$2.98

It has everything but sleeves! The style and tailoring Mac Shore's famous for, washes like a dream! White, rose, black, pink, maize, blue, navy, lilac; 30-38.



#4 NEW LINEN-LIKE RAYON BLOUSE AND SKIRT. Doubly pretty team-mates by Ernest Donath . . . cut so smartly, and will take to suds without a whimper! The tiny-collared sleeveless blouse in white, lime, melon, beige, mauve, navy, 10-18, \$3.98. The side-pleated skirt comes in navy, violet, green, toast or red; 10 to 18, \$5.98.



#6 KRINKLETONE KOORDINATES FOR PLAY TIME. Styled by Queen Casuals, these wonderful cotton separates go together like sun and fun! Pre-shrunk and fast-color . . . wash in a whisk and never need ironing! All in navy, cocoa, green, lemon, purple, tangerine, grey. Cap, S, M, L, \$1.95; Bra 32-46, \$1.95; Shorts, 10-20, 38-46, \$3.95.



#3 ZIP-DOWN-BACK SEERSUCKER PINAFORE, \$3.98 You're pretty as a picture, fresh as a daisy in this dainty little pinafore from famous Joseph Feldman! And you'll stay fresh all summer long, for this little wonder is of easy-washing seersucker that never needs ironing! Red, blue; green, navy circles on white, bow trim; 10-20.



#5 SHROYER'S LINEN-LIKE RAYON DRESS, \$8.98 So pretty, so basically simple, it will be the background of your summer wardrobe. Buttons from the flattering neckline to the hem . . . you're dressed in a jiffy without mussing your hair. Dyed-to-match embroidery trims 2 patch pockets; Aqua, pink, lilac, grey; 12-20, 14½-24½.



#7 LAGUNA PEARLS WITH STERLING CLASP, \$2.98 Faithful replicas of rare natural pearls in a beautiful gift box! Perfect Mother's Day or graduation gift! 3-strand, shown, \$2.98; 2-strand, \$2.49; 1-strand, \$1.79.

**THALHIMERS
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA**

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Add 12c shipping cost on each item.



A beaming, bright-eyed Judy, looking thinner and hoppiest than she has in years, hangs on to every word her guy, Sid Luft, sends in her direction.

"A woman needs a man
to protect her and love her,"
says Judy. And it
looks as if she's found
him—at long last.

BY JOAN KING FLYNN

**"someone
to watch
over me"**

■ For Judy Garland, the past few years have been filled with frustrations and unhappiness, but the nightmare was blotted out by the cheers and bravos of a tear-swept audience one April night last year at the Palladium. In the wings, the man she loved stood proudly by. The presence of Sid Luft made her happiness complete.

He was standing by her side again a few weeks ago on Judy's closing night at the Palace theatre. In her dressing room, in one of her rare interviews, the twice-divorced star told this writer why she had chosen Sid Luft to be her husband.

"Any woman who's a real woman wants a man to protect her and love her," she said. "That's what Sid does for me. We have accomplished so much together."

The facts are there to prove it.

Directly over her brown head, as she spoke, was a new but permanent fixture on the wall, a gleaming, gold plaque which read:

"This was the dressing room of JUDY GARLAND who set the all-time long run record Oct. 16th, 1951, to Feb. 24th, 1952, RKO PALACE THEATRE." (Continued on page 88)



YOU'RE AS YOUNG AS YOU FEEL. Fake all of you *feel* young with nolin-rich PACQUINS SILK SATIN LOTION. Use it all over your body. "Satinizes" skin, protects from Spring winds, summer sun. **25c, 49c***

COLOR BLOOMS ALL DAY. Imagine having lips as fresh-looking at day's end as in the morning! You can with HAZEL BISHOP No-Smear Lipstick. Won't eat off, bite off, kiss off. And it lasts so long! **1.10***

WARM WEATHER TIP! You can be safe for sure with HEED Spray Deodorant. Checks perspiration so effectively, clothes are safe from stains. Heed's fine spray covers underarm better...dries faster, too. **25c, 39c***

FOR SPRING IN YOUR WAVE try the New TONI HOME PERMANENT with new faster-than-ever process. So lovely, lively, lasting, thanks to Toni's Priceless Pink Lotion. Holds your set longer. **1.50***

IMPROVE ON NATURE. If you can brush your hair, you can add new color appeal with TINTAIR. Lighten, darken or enhance your own shade! Or use Tintair to cover gray. It takes minutes... looks natural. **2.00***



CREAM'S YOUR TYPE of deodorant, let dependable FRESH keep you lovely to love. Fresh really stops perspiration! And its amazing ingredients become re-tivated to protect you hour after hour. **25c, 39c***



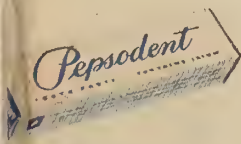
TAKE A FRAGRANT APPROACH to summer. Perfume all of you with MAVIS TALCUM after bath or swim. For a fragrant change, try DJER-KISS TALCUM, too. They cool, soothe, prevent chafe. **12c, 29c, 43c***



LOOK LOVELIER IN MINUTES. Your skin takes on a healthy, fresh new look, feels smoother after a ten-minute home facial of HOPPER WHITE CLAY PACK! Use it regularly and see the difference in your complexion. **25c, 49c***



PUSH UP YOUR SMILE with PROPHYTIC, a totally different toothbrush! Softer, thinner bristles—3 times as many as ordinary—to clean, polish, massage better. Choose from several Prophytic styles. **29c, 59c**



JOY A CLEAN MOUTH TASTE all day long! PEPSODENT with extra oral detergent, not a paste, works where your brush can't reach! Cleans, brightens, fights decay...insures clean mouth taste. **10c, 27c, 47c, 63c**



GO DARING WITH PINK... with Cutex's new nail polish color, STRIKE ME PINK! So saucy with Spring shades. Made with long-wearing Enamelon. Buy it in the Spillproof bottle. **15c***
Cutex Nail Brilliance **25c***

*Prices Plus Tax.

SPRING BEAUTIES

...and how they grow

at Woolworth's cosmetic counters

as told by Susan Smart †

It's Spring... and in every rain-washed bud you see the promise of Summer... urging you on to Springtime beauty care that will blossom into your own Summer loveliness.

So... waken your skin, brighten your smile, put fresh new glints in your hair and glow with new make-up shades!

It's all so easy, especially if you follow my advice... and visit your nearest Woolworth's. There, on those handy cosmetic counters that make shopping so easy for so many smart women, you'll find the timely toiletries described here... and many more besides. Choose quietly at leisure, or ask the saleslady to help you. You'll enjoy beginning your own Spring-to-Summer beauty course at your convenient, easy-to-shop Woolworth store.

†Woolworth's Shopping Reporter

FOR HAIR THAT'S SUNNY BRIGHT tomorrow, use WHITE RAIN tonight. White Rain is a new kind of shampoo, Toni's lotion shampoo, guaranteed not to dull or dry hair. Leaves it easier to manage! **30c, 60c, 1.00**



Many of these products available at Woolworth stores in Canada at slightly higher prices

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.

new faces

Here are some of the screen's most promising newcomers. Remember their faces—they're going places!

MARGE AND GOWER CHAMPION go halves on everything: their work, their marriage, even their hobbies—collecting records and cats. But it's as a dance team that they're double dynamite! (They lit up the screen in *Mr. Music* and *Show Boat*.) New to Hollywood, but not to dancing, they both learned how at Marge's father's dancing school, where Gower's mother enrolled him as a child. Marge and Gower became good friends, but waited till they grew up to form a partnership in business and marriage. The merger occurred in 1947, after Gower was released from the U. S. Coast Guard. (While in service, incidentally, Gower toured with the Coast Guard's musical revue, *Tars And Spars*.) Shortly afterwards, they made their professional debut in a New York nightclub. A cinch for success, nightclub engagements piled up, and in between shows, they worked on the choreography of several Broadway hits. Credit them for the sparkling dance numbers in *Lend An Ear*, *Small Wonder*, and *Make A Wish*. It was while they were appearing at the Mocambo that an MGM talent scout snared them for Hollywood. They were such an amazing success in *Mr. Music*, their first film, they were immediately cast as Frank and Ellie, in *Show Boat*, where they delighted their fans. Watch for the Champions in *Lovely To Look At*, and *Everything I Have Is Yours*.



SUSAN CABOT's beginning to feel like a one-woman branch of the United Nations. She was a Samoan native in *On The Isle Of Samoa*, a Sioux Indian girl in *Tomahawk*, a gypsy dancer in *Flame Of Araby*, an Apache Indian in *Battle At Apache Pass*. And now, she'll play a Persian maid in her next film, *Son Of Ali-Baba*. But Susan, who was spotted by a talent scout while acting in a television show, isn't complaining—even though she does say, rather wistfully, that her big ambition is to portray a typical American girl, complete with saddle shoes, ice cream soda, and freckled-faced boy friend.



ALDO RAY had no intentions of breaking into the movies. He was quite content as the peace officer of Crockett, California. But one day, his brother Guido, having no car of his own, asked Aldo to drive him to an interview for an acting job. When they got there, the studio man took one look at Aldo, and bingo—he had a contract. (Aldo's disappointed brother was tagged as "not the movie type.") A natural comedian, Aldo showed his stuff so well in *Saturday's Hero* that he was grabbed for *The Barefoot Mailman*, and *My True Story*. And, to top it all, he's co-star of *The Marrying Kind*, opposite Judy Holliday.



KEVIN MCCARTHY finally has a job he likes! When he was working his way through college, he tried chauffeuring for an elderly lady, sold fireworks, clerked in department stores, but nothing satisfied him. Then he got a part in a school play. Acting, he decided on that opening night, was it. In no time at all he'd chucked school, determined to carve himself a place in the acting world. He came to New York where persistence won him a part in the stock company of *Brother Rat*. He made such a memorable impression on London audiences as Biff in *Death Of A Salesman* that he was tapped for the movie role.



ANNE FRANCIS was only six months old when she became a "cover girl." Her blonde, blue-eyed charm sold magazines like magic. As soon as she could toddle, she modeled dresses, and when she started to talk it was on radio programs. Pretty soon she was on television in New York—which quite naturally led to a movie contract in Hollywood. But for a whole year Anne did nothing but gather dust on the studio shelf. Finally, Hollywood got smart, cast her in *So Young*, *So Bad*, and she was on her way. Soon you'll see this beauty in *Lydia Bailey*. She'll be Lydia—and, chances are, a star.



Rose Point *sterling in the mood of romance*

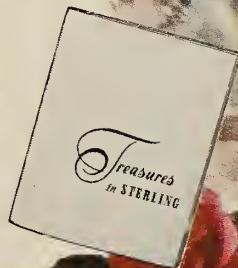
A legend of love in silver—Wallace's Rose Point!

It was inspired by the wedding veil of queens, the legendary Rose Point Lace. Centuries ago, a Venetian nobleman found in his gardens a full-blown rose, enshrined in a delicately spun web. He challenged his finest lace-makers to duplicate it and Rose Point Lace was born—a wedding veil for his bride.

In Wallace's Rose Point the full-blown rose, surrounded by silver pearls is sculptured in sterling by famed William S. Warren in exclusive "Third Dimension Beauty." Like every Wallace "Third Dimension Beauty" pattern it is a masterpiece—beautifully formed not only in front, but in profile and back—giving you sterling perfection from every possible view.

Six piece place setting, Rose Point, \$32.50.
Settings of other patterns from \$32.50 to \$43.50—all prices include Federal Tax.

Read the exciting design stories of each Wallace pattern in the 32-page book "Treasures in Sterling." It also contains many helpful table-setting ideas. Write (send 10c to cover postage) to Wallace Silversmiths, Department 94, Wallingford, Conn.



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Sparkling with Spice...
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Toilet Water
1.25 and 2.00
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The wonderfully lasting, delightfully exciting fragrance of beloved Roses-and-Spice is your perfect daytime or gaytime fragrance companion.

Early American Old Spice offers a complete variety of toiletries, in gift sets and singly from .50 to 7.50.

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sweet and hot



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** Highly Recommended
* Recommended
No Stars:
Average

FROM THE MOVIES

AARON SLICK FROM PUNKIN CRICK—*Marshmallow Moon* by the Four Knights (Capitol). Album of Songs by Dinah Shore and Robert Merrill* (Victor).
Dinah co-stars in the film with Robert Merrill. Her record of *Life Is A Beautiful Thing* and *Why Should I Believe In Love* is available separately, as are Merrill's *Still Water* and *My Beloved*.

BELLE OF NEW YORK—*Oops!* by Louis Armstrong & Ella Fitzgerald** (Decca); Margaret Whiting* (Capitol); Doris Day* (Columbia). *Baby Doll* by Gordon MacRae* (Capitol); Doris Day* (Columbia). Hard to choose between the three leading versions of *Oops!*, a clever novelty song by Johnny Mercer and Harry Warren. We'll take Louis and Ella—they've never sounded better together.

KATHRYN GRAYSON—Kathryn Grayson sings* (MGM).

Grayson fans will be delighted by this collection. Her famous treatment of *Jalousie* is included, as well as Romberg's *Lover Come Back To Me*, Kern's *Yesterdays*, Berlin's *Always* and two film favorites, *Love Is Where You Find It* and *All Of A Sudden My Heart Sings*.

POPULAR

TONY BENNETT—*Silly Dreamer** (Columbia).
Not a great tune, but anything Tony does nowadays is bound to be a hit, and chances are you'll like this one.

ALAN DEAN—*Since My Love Has Gone*** (MGM).

The young British singing sensation does a terrific job with this adaptation of a *Traviata* melody by Verdi. There's a great tune on the other side, too—*If You Go*, imported from France. Leroy Holmes' orchestra gives Alan sterling support.

BILLY ECKSTINE-SARAH VAUGHAN — *I Love You*** (MGM)

The Cole Porter song, and an old ballad called *Ev'ry Day*, are both excellent duet vehicles for two of the most artistic of all present-day ballad singers.

JOHNNIE RAY—*Please Mr. Sun** (Columbia).
Here's a youngster with the most original new vocal style since Frankie Laine. Whether you find him weird or wonderful (or both), you've got to admit he's different. The same tune is done in more conventional style by Perry Como (Victor) and Tommy Edwards (MGM).

JAZZ

LIONEL HAMPTON—LP record* (Victor).

A worthy addition to Victor's Treasury of Immortal Performances, featuring some of the all-star recording bands Lionel used to assemble with such men as Harry James, Johnny Hodges, Benny Carter.

WOODY HERMAN—*Blue Flame** (MGM).

A new version of Woody's old theme song, coupled with *New Golden Wedding*; Sonny Igoe on drums.

PRICES PLUS TAX



ELIZABETH TAYLOR . . . Lustre-Creme presents one of 12 women voted by "Modern Screen" and a jury of famed hair stylists as having the world's loveliest hair. Elizabeth Taylor uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her glamorous hair.

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

Yes, Elizabeth Taylor uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to keep her hair always alluring. The care of her beautiful hair is vital to her glamour-career.

You, too, like Elizabeth Taylor, will notice a glorious difference in your hair after a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by

soap abuse . . . dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Hair robbed of its natural sheen now glows with renewed highlights. Lathers lavishly in hardest water . . . needs no special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in all the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. For hair that behaves like the angels and shines like the stars . . . ask for Lustre-Creme Shampoo.



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

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair



Girls!

WANT QUICK CURLS?

WHAT GIRL DOESN'T want quick curls these days! Especially when you get a last minute call and have to hurry to look your best! Now . . . with new Lady Wildroot Wave Set your worries are over. You can set your favorite hair-do and be ready in less time than ever before because it's quick setting . . . quick drying! Use it after home permanents, too!

NEW LADY WILDROOT WAVE SET is nothing like old-fashioned heavy, gummy wave sets. It's light bodied and *will not flake*. Contains processed lanolin, too. Try it. Style your own hair at home, quickly and without fuss or disappointment. You'll find that new Lady Wildroot Wave Set leaves your hair soft, appealing and natural looking no matter how you do your hair.

NEW *Lady Wildroot*
WAVE SET



Comes in two colors — Green and Clear **29¢** plus tax

star dust

The great Ziegfeld was supposed to be an infallible judge of glamor. However, once when he was helping Sam Goldwyn pick girls for the chorus of *Whoopee*, he turned thumbs down on a group of 17-year-olds including Virginia Bruce, Lucille Ball, Betty Grable and Paulette Goddard.

Bob Hope says, "I once had a big chest and a hard stomach—but that's all behind me now."

When the Jane Powell-Geary Steffan baby was born, Howard Keel bet Geary that the baby would be a girl. He lost and had to pay in the form of a brand new diving board for the Steffans' pool.



Jerry Lewis recently bought 60 pairs of slacks at \$80 a pair.

Don McGuire was asked to script a picture for an actress he loathes, so he sat down and wrote one line—"The opening scene takes place in a portable gas chamber." He was relieved.

It's like this . . . Gary Merrill sometimes wears plaid shorts to swanky Hollywood parties . . . June Allyson drinks a half-and-half mixture of tomato juice and buttermilk . . . Ty Power wears lace dress shirts with his dinner jackets . . . Shelley Winters' father, who used to be a tailor, is now her personal manager . . . Alan Ladd owns part of Chester Hayes, a heavyweight wrestler . . . Jimmy Stewart won't sign autographs until the fans first look at his twins' pictures.



Esther Williams is building a "boatel"—a water version of a motel, on the shore of a Wisconsin Lake. The Indians used to have "boatels" in that part of the country years ago.

Dinah Shore and George Montgomery own Hollywood's most glamorous furniture factory. They try out all the new pieces they design in their own home before putting them on sale, in order to make sure the items are practical.

Remember the man who hits the gong that starts every J. Arthur Rank picture? He's a 30-year-old wrestler named Phil Nieman who was picked from 30 applicants. He was once the light-heavyweight champion of New Zealand.

So quick! So easy!

and no other make-up looks and feels
so naturally lovely!

**It's Pan-Stik*! Max Factor's exciting new creamy make-up,
as easy to apply as lipstick. Shortens your make-up time
to just seconds. No puff, no sponge, no streaking.**

Your Pan-Stik Make-Up is so gossamer-light, so dewy-fresh,
it looks and feels like your very own skin. Yet it conceals
every imperfection, stays lovely hours longer—with never a trace of
“made-up” look. Pan-Stik is another of the
fabulous Max Factor products, created to
enhance the off-stage beauty of Hollywood's
loveliest stars—and now brought to you.
Try Pan-Stik today. See how

Max Factor's exclusive blend of
ingredients gives you a new,
more alluring, *natural* loveliness, with
perfect results guaranteed* the very
first time you use it.



Just stroke it on! Pan-Stik's unique form makes it so simple and quick. Just apply a few light strokes to nose, forehead and chin, with Pan-Stik itself. No messy finger-nail deposits as with cream cake make-up; no dripping as with liquid. And Pan-Stik tucks away neatly in your purse for unexpected touch-ups. No spilling, no leaking.

A little does so much!
Pan-Stik Make-Up spreads far more easily, just with the fingertips, blends more evenly than any other kind of make-up. Never becomes greasy or shiny. Covers more perfectly, clings far longer. No hourly touch-ups necessary. Your skin always feels and looks so fresh—young—*naturally* lovely.



Pan-Stik by MAX Factor

New cream make-up
in stick form

\$1.60 plus tax. In 7 enchanting shades—to harmonize with any complexion. At leading drug and department stores.

Available in Canada at slightly different prices.

LORI NELSON

as she looks when away from the cameras. This vivacious young actress is now appearing in

“MA AND PA KETTLE AT THE FAIR”

A Universal-International Picture

One of the many Hollywood beauties who enhance their fresh, glowing, *natural* loveliness with Max Factor Pan-Stik Make-Up... wherever they go... whatever they do!

To harmonize with her blond coloring and fair complexion, Lori uses “Fair” Pan-Stik.

Gown by Ann Fogarty.

***Guarantee:** Buy Max Factor Pan-Stik Make-Up at any cosmetic counter and use according to directions. If you don't agree that it makes you look lovelier than ever before, *the very first time you use it*, simply return unused portion to Max Factor, Hollywood, for full refund.

*Pan-Stik (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood cream-type make-up.

Stardust...

the
bra
with

ooh! la! la!

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UPLIFT LINING**
Guards your health

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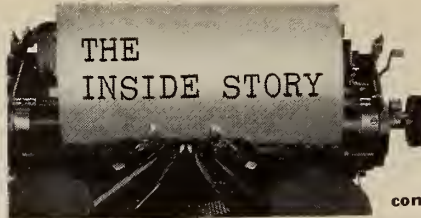
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A, B, & C cups



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continued from page 4

A. Deanna will be starred opposite Lanza at MGM sometime this spring. She weighs 124 pounds.

Q. Why won't Betty Grable play any straight dramatic parts? Why is she always in musicals?

—G. G., HARTFORD, CONN.

A. Betty Grable insists that she is a song and dance girl.

Q. I've been told that Bob Hope's wife, Dolores, is the most devout Catholic in the entire movie colony, and that one of Bob's four adopted children wants to become a nun. True or false?

—D. O., CANTON, OHIO.

A. Dolores Hope is extremely religious. None of her children have yet made up their minds about future occupations.

Q. Whatever happened to Alan Young's two children from his first marriage?

—C. F., SEATTLE, WASH.

A. They live with their mother in Seattle, spend summer vacations with Alan in Hollywood.

Q. Doesn't Mario Lanza wear lifts in his shoes?

—B. B., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A. Yes.

Q. Why did Lana drop Greg Bautzer as her lawyer after he arranged for her new contract at MGM in January?

—T. U., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. Lana wanted more speed in her property settlement with Bob Topping. She is still on the most friendly terms with Bautzer, although her present attorney is Neil McCarthy.

Q. Isn't it a fact that Howard Keel and Betty Hutton can't stand the sight of each other?

—N. T., RENO, NEV.

A. They don't belong to a mutual admiration society but both have pretty well forgotten the tensions that went into making Annie Get Your Gun.

Q. Which movie actor receives the most fan mail?

—C. G., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. It varies from month to month. At this writing, Roy Rogers and Dale Robertson lead the field.

Q. I have a bet with my buddies that the almost nude dame on my calendar is Marilyn Monroe. Did she ever pose for calendar art? If so, when?

—E. Y., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

A. Your bet's good. Marilyn Monroe posed for calendar art six years ago.

Q. When Carole Lombard died she left an estate of almost a million dollars. To whom was it left?

—S. A., SANTA FE, N. M.

A. Her husband, Clark Gable.

Q. Why was Phyllis Kirk dropped from MGM, then dropped from the cast of

the Broadway hit, *Point of No Return*?
—B. O., BOSTON, MASS.

A. The studio had no parts for her; she was too inexperienced and miscast for the Broadway lead.

Q. Whatever happened to George Raft?

—N. B., DETROIT, MICH.

A. He is filming a series of television pictures in which he plays a detective.

Q. I've been told that Donald O'Connor is currently the hottest young actor in Hollywood. How come?

—U. B., TORONTO, CAN.

A. O'Connor is absolutely sensational in *Singin' in the Rain*, especially in dance routines with Gene Kelly. Belatedly, he is being recognized as one of the most versatile talents in the business.

Q. I read in a newspaper column that Glenn Ford and Rita Hayworth fought all through the making of *Affair in Trinidad*. What really happened between these two?

—A. S., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A. There was no fighting at all. Ford and Hayworth are good friends.

Q. Hasn't Debbie Reynolds' popularity declined? Isn't that really why MGM removed her from the lead in *Fearless Fagan*?

—J. F., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A. Debbie was removed from the picture because producer Eddie Knopf decided she wasn't right for the part. Her popularity is at its highest point.

Q. Who is the highest paid songwriter in Hollywood, and how much does he earn?

—A. H., ST. LOUIS, MO.

A. Irving Berlin. His income varies from \$150,000 to \$750,000 per year.

Q. Why doesn't Montgomery Clift make more pictures than he does?

—I. G., EVANSTON, ILL.

A. He is extremely particular about getting the right story.

Q. What is the general opinion of Marlon Brando in Hollywood?

—E. V., DES MOINES, IOWA

A. He is generally considered a little eccentric but very talented.

Q. Why hasn't Lauren Bacall worked in movies lately? Won't any studio give her a job?

—V. O., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. Miss Bacall, married to Humphrey Bogart, is expecting her second child.

Q. What is Doris Day's name, her right age? How many times has she been married? How many children does she have?

—G. G., AKRON, OHIO

A. Doris Kappelhoff, age 27, married three times, mother of one son.

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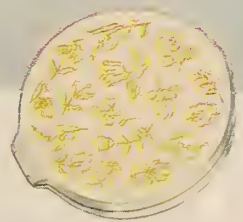
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Happy Anniversary!

Marty helped Doris
buy the house, then he moved
in. That was a year ago,
and now everything's
changed—except their love.

BY JIM BURTON

■ For Doris Day and her tall, dark, handsome businessman husband, love is a private affair. They are very much like that young couple down the block from you. When the wedding bells have been stilled, the rice all swept up, the corsages of the bridesmaids wilted and the bride and groom are back to reality—that's when the year really starts. That first year together. That year when the newlyweds try to make their adjustments with dozens of admiring friends happily trying to watch their every move. Sooner or later, the newlyweds find they have to close the door and be alone together.

That's not too difficult for the average couple to do, if one or the other is not in the acting business. Take Doris Day, for instance. During her first year of marriage, she has had to engage in no end of strenuous picture work while creating, at the same time, a happy (*Continued on page 89*)



No matter what your problem is nowadays, blame it on Frankie and Ava, and you're bound to feel better. This may seem a little far-fetched, but it isn't, because lately the Frank Sinatras have become something of a national scapegoat. Kicking them around seems to bring the same kind of release that pounding on a punching bag does when you're angry.

Ever since Frank got sore in Mexico last summer and told reporters, "I don't have to talk to anyone. It wasn't the press who made me famous; it was my singing and the American public," he has become the victim of a vicious campaign. People who once professed to be his friends are knifing him behind his back, or making blatantly cruel criticisms of him and his bride to the world.

Even before their marriage, the bricks began to fly. "Artie Shaw didn't send Ava to a psychiatrist for nothing," said one "wit" when Ava announced she'd be the new Mrs. Sinatra. "She may not be smart," another cat meowed, "but you have to give her credit for courage."

No matter where they go or what they do, the Sinatras are ridiculed, for no logical reason—except maybe that they fell in love, got married and are trying to make it work, and less fortunate people are jealous.

A few weeks ago, Ava and Frank made applications with the army to entertain the troops in Korea. They wanted to do their bit, the way other stars have, but what happened? Some wise guy loafing at a cafe table picked up the news and said, "Get this. The Sinatras are going to Korea. Don't they know the soldiers would rather see Mickey Mouse?" (Continued on page 104)

For months she's
been taking everything
the critics can hand out.
Now Mrs. Frank Sinatra
is in there slugging
to win back the public
and to save her marriage.

BY CAROLINE BROOKS

**AVA
FIGHTS
BACK**

SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN:

With the wedding bells still echoing,
the experts are saying it won't last.

Can Liz be happy with a man twice her age?

Liz and Mike think so.

HER LIFE'S COMPANION?



MEETING AT LONDON AIRPORT. a windblown Liz (note diamond and emerald engagement ring) tell into the waiting arms of Michael Wilding. Liz had left New York incognito as "Virginio Courtney", misleading the press, but Wilding was informed. He and Liz drove off in his Jaguar with three trunks and nine suitcases.



ARRIVING AT CAXTON HALL for the wedding on Feb. 21st, Liz appeared the more composed of the two. She wore a grey woolen suit with a stiff, organdie collar. The ten-minute civil ceremony was witnessed by about 14 friends. Herbert Wilcox (over Mike's shoulder) and his wife, actress Anno Neagle, were the attendants.



A friendly mob of 3,000 waited outside the registry office for the newlyweds (under morquee). Liz blew kisses as they drove away.

BY SUSAN TRENT AND HOLCOMB SMITH

■ On February 21, 1952, Elizabeth Taylor stood in the registry office at Caxton Hall, London, and became a bride for the second time. With an expression of radiant happiness on her face, she held out her left hand to 40-year-old Michael Wilding who slipped a plain gold band on her third finger. The ceremony lasted ten minutes. Then, propelling Liz lightly by the elbow, Mr. Wilding headed her into a mob of 3,000 Londoners who had massed outside the building.

"Hya Liz!" shouted her fans, pressing closer. "Are you happy?"

"Yes, yes, very happy," Liz replied, laughingly, waving and smiling to those near her.

As she approached the waiting limousine, a husky bobby swept her up in his arms and carried her to it while her husband trailed behind. Seemingly delighted by the flurry and excitement, Liz's parting (Continued on page 74)



The happy couple flew from London to Paris en route to a ten-day honeymoon in the French Alps. Liz was wearing the plain gold band Mike bought at Cartier's.



how casual can he get?

Is he saint or sinner?

A human dynamo or the

laziest guy in the world?

Come meet the real

Mr. Crosby, the man

nobody knows . . .

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

■ You can hear anything you want to hear about Bing Crosby. Down-at-the-heel song-pluggers won't even mention his name (because even if Bing tried to sing half of the songs these pluggers wanted him to he wouldn't be through till he was 20,000 years old). But ask the Boys Club of America for their opinion of him and it's too corny to print. (When Bing does a benefit every penny goes to the charity.)

People call him saint, and they call him sinner. They say he's a dynamo and they point him out as the laziest man in the world. But the adjective everyone applies most often is casual. Casual—the word was made for Crosby.

But just how casual can a man be and stay one of the top singers and top money-makers in the country? There's something about Bing that nobody knows, some quality you can't define that is the real key to his character. He won't help you define it; he doesn't like to talk about himself. You can only observe him and analyze his actions, and maybe reach some sort of conclusion.

One of Bing's traits is his difficulty in realizing that what may be unimportant to him may be very important to someone else. He is bored and embarrassed by big accolades, large dinner parties. Whenever he receives an award he tries to duck out on the public celebration. But he's delighted when someone says to him, "I enjoyed your last picture, Bing," or, "I never miss your radio shows. They're always good." He is not, as he has been called, a "fundamentally shy guy." He talks easily and pleasantly to everybody. But he hates a display. And since he hates it, he can't understand why it might be important to someone else.

Which brings us to the one and only time Bob Hope was ever offended by Bing. All the insults that generally fly back and forth, are for fun (and the benefit of the box office). But Bob was sincerely hurt when a testimonial dinner was given in his honor by the Friars Club and Bing didn't show up. The dinner meant *(Continued on page 105)*



Bing dislikes crowds, always becomes tense and ill-at-ease when spectators at football games or golf matches turn their attention from the sport to him.



One of the few chances he gets to relax and be his own, genial self comes when he golfs with Lindsay *(shown above)* or one of his three other young sons.



you're *Wrong* about Jane Russell!

She's Hollywood's prize paradox—sultry siren, or happy housewife, rowdy or religious. You've heard a lot of rumors, now here's the truth . . .

BY JIM HENAGHAN

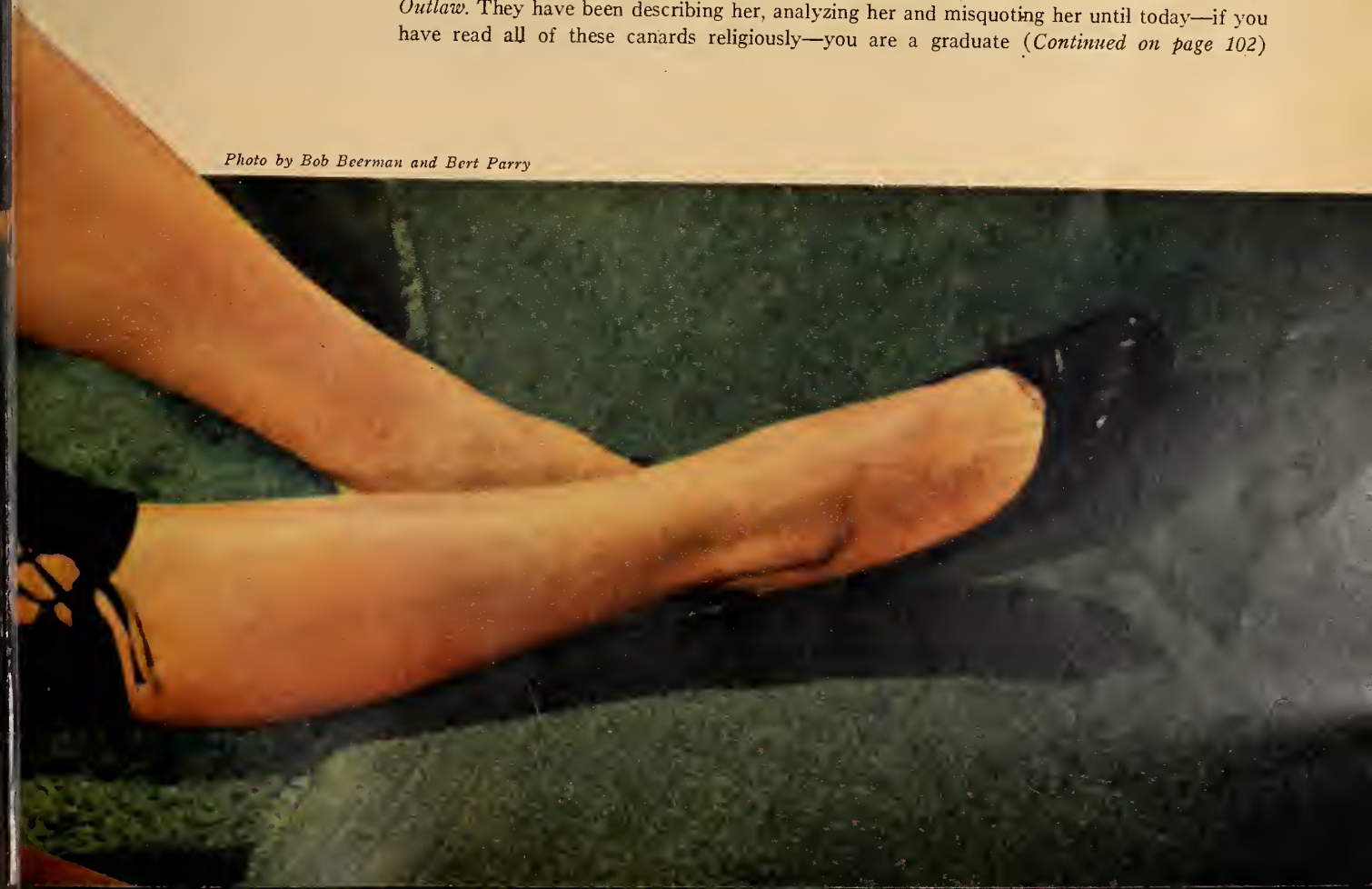
■ Not very long ago a typically "hot" Hollywood story came winging out of Las Vegas, Nevada, from the scene of RKO's premiere for *The Las Vegas Story*. More than 100 members of the Hollywood press were in town at the time, partying at the studio's expense, so the story was well covered. However, it was one of the most provocatively confused tales to ever hit the front pages.

The fact was that Jane Russell had a black eye. But beyond that no one seemed sure of anything. One group of reporters held that Jane's husband, Bob Waterfield, had belted her in a moment of masculine pique. Another, that Waterfield had aimed a tender caress at comedian Ben Blue and Mrs. Waterfield got in the way. And the loudest and mostest scribblers howled that Jane had been downed by a Cadillac door in a high wind.

How Jane Russell got the mouse is, actually, of no consequence—and it is, by now, ancient history. The point is that 100 reporters covering the same story ran about like pigeons in a panic frantically trying to get the low-down when it was there for the simple asking. All they had to do was ask Jane Russell. She'd have told them—for sure.

This exhibition is a fair example of what the press boys and girls have been doing with Jane Russell ever since the day she was photographed in a hay barn for a scene in *The Outlaw*. They have been describing her, analyzing her and misquoting her until today—if you have read all of these canards religiously—you are a graduate (Continued on page 102)

Photo by Bob Beerman and Bert Parry



IS INGRID UNHAPPY AND HOMESICK? HERE IS A REVEALING GLIMPSE OF HER LIFE IN ITALY.

Behind Bergman's Closed Doors

by Hedda Hopper

■ Grahame Green, author of "The End of the Affair," called on me in my Beverly Hills home when he was enroute from Saipan to England, and told me that Ingrid Bergman was his choice to star with Gregory Peck in the film version of his book. He has sold the rights to producer David Lewis, and the picture will be made in England this September.

If you haven't read the story—one that's going to be very difficult to put on the screen—it's about a woman who, through an adulterous affair, reaches sainthood after suffering the emotional tortures of the damned. Said Green to me, "Ingrid is the perfect actress for the part. She even looks like the character, though I certainly didn't have her in mind when I wrote it." And David Lewis, who was present, said, "Why didn't I think of her? The one I saw in the part was Jean Simmons."

"No," said Green, "she looks too young and inexperienced. Ingrid, whom I saw in London last year, is more beautiful than ever. There's a new zest for living in the expression on her face. Her body's slimmed down like a race horse, and with those luminous eyes of her, she can look like a saint."

After the author and David Lewis had gone, I called Ingrid on the overseas telephone in Rome. She was much easier to reach than when she lived a block away from me in Beverly Hills. She returned my call immediately. This time there was no press agent standing in her way, and I listened to the voice of a woman bubbling over with happiness six thousand miles from Hollywood. She was the same friendly Ingrid that I had known of old. She hesitated (*Continued on page 95*)

She gets full "star treatment" in Italy, and enjoys it. No longer hiding from the public, Ingrid recently attended the ballet in Milan, met the troupe's stars.



Rumor to the contrary, Ingrid is still deeply in love with Rossellini, and very much "at home" in Italy, where she has more fun than she did in Hollywood.





Ingrid's face is a mirror of her present happiness. Those who've seen her recently say she has become more beautiful than ever.

Ingrid celebrated Roberto's 42nd birthday with a small party. She feels so secure in his presence it's doubtful if she'll ever want to work for another director.

Reconciled to the fact that Pio is permanently separated from her, Ingrid lavishes much affection on her son, and hopes for another daughter in June.



BACHELOR MICHAEL O'SHEA BOUGHT A HOUSE FOR HIS FOUR-LEGGED LOVE. THEN HE MARRIED VIRGINIA

a house for a horse

by Marwa Peterson



Mike describes himself as "o boy from Brooklyn who olways wanted to be o cowboy." He dotes on his tack room with its smell of horses and leather, hos one of the best poddocks in the Son Fernando Volley.

The O'Sheos knocked down wolls to moke one lorge beomed living room. They furnished it unpretentiously with 'emphosis on comfort.



MAYO WHO MOVED IN AND FINALLY MANAGED TO PUT EVERYTHING, INCLUDING THE HORSE, IN ITS PLACE.

HOUSE OF THE MONTH



Virginia remodelled the dining room by adding a fireplace, cupboards and panelling as well as her favorite Van Gogh print. Large and uncluttered, the room is ideal for parties.



While he was away on location in Arizona, Virginia decorated Mike's bedroom. He came back to find she'd gone Western with heavy oak furniture, Navajo rugs and bold red wallpaper. Suits the would-be cowboy fine.

■ Michael O'Shea's first proposal to Virginia Mayo took place in 1943 when they were working together in a film called *Jack London*.

Mike didn't know Virginia very well, but one afternoon he spotted her alone in a secluded corner of the set. He tiptoed up behind her, kissed her lightly, and said, "Let's get married."

Virginia whirled around. "You're pretty fresh," she snapped indignantly. Then she got up and stalked off.

Mike didn't give up. Five years later he proposed again. Only this time he knew Virginia better and he had more to offer.

"I've got a nice little ranch house in Van Nuys," he began cautiously. "In fact, I had you in mind when I bought it. If you'll take me along with the house, I promise I'll make you happy."

The O'Sheas had been married a week before Mike summoned enough courage to confess the truth about his "little ranch house."

"I really didn't have you in mind when I bought this house," he said to Virginia, "or it would've been much different. I actually bought it for a horse."

"You bought it for what?" Virginia asked.

(Continued on next page)



The dressing room is separated from Virginia's bedroom by louvered doors which are useful for concealing her sewing machine clutter. A desk in the simply and sparsely furnished bedroom holds all her household accounts.



A back and side view of the O'Shea's Van Nuys ranch house gives no inkling of the tumble down place it was when Mike bought it about four years ago. Large trees and careful landscaping help to form this inviting setting.



A front view of the house belies its Western interior. Mike's first work after buying the homestead was to build a brick patio facing his beloved paddock.



The kitchen has every conceivable appliance and when they are alone, Mike and Virginia eat here. The poster is Virginia's trick for livening up a room.

house for a horse continued

"My quarter horse," Mike said, painfully. "You see, the fellow who was boarding him suddenly sold his ranch and my horse had no place to stay. I was living in a Hollywood apartment and I couldn't keep him there, so one Sunday I drove to the San Fernando Valley and bought a house."

Virginia shook her lovely blonde head. "I can't believe it."

"It's on the level," Mike continued. "And after the deal was set, the people I bought it from told me that the house was 20 years old and not very well-built at that. Can you forgive a dumb guy who loves you?"

"Darling," Virginia whispered reassuringly. "Don't worry. We'll fix the place up."

Four years have elapsed since that day, and any resemblance between the house as it was and the present place is simply an oversight on Virginia's part.

Time, a woman's determination, and money have changed the ramshackle building into one of the most unusual and inviting homes in Hollywood.

At first, Virginia and Mike didn't make any startling changes, largely because they lacked the do-re-mi. Virginia ran up a set of dining room curtains; Mike repainted the kitchen and built a brick patio facing the paddock. They made the rounds of the local (*Continued on page 101*)

I didn't need a miracle

... TO MAKE ME BELIEVE IN GOD'S EXISTENCE. HE HAS LIVED IN MY HEART ALL MY LIFE.

Lay Lynabeth Scott

■ Less than a year ago I was on a plane miles over the ocean when two of the four motors had to be stopped because of fire. I was part of a group of Hollywood stars flying from Rio de Janeiro to the film festival at Montevideo in Uruguay. We were an hour out of the airport when the pilot's voice suddenly came to us from the loudspeaker in the cabin.

"We have a gas and oil leak and we are returning to Rio. You will notice I am going to get rid of 4,000 gallons of gas."

That's when we saw smoke from one of the motors and noticed that its propeller, as well as the propeller of another motor, was stilled. Then the wing tanks were emptied and we could see the gasoline falling like silver rain below. At that second there was a hush in the plane, and I thought, "How much like a theater it is . . . just before the curtain goes up. Now we shall see the play. Who will be the heroes and heroines, and who the cowards?"

There was a moment of stark terror (for me, at least.) "Well, this is it," I remember thinking. "If this is the cue for death, nothing—not hysteria, not prayer, not fear—nothing will delay the entrance." My faith in God proved itself then, and I sat back and closed my eyes and—yes, I felt serenity.

Can you touch courage? Can you weigh love or nail faith to a wall and say, "There it is"? Nothing less material exists in the world, yet nothing as powerful is at the disposal of humans.

I have always had faith, faith in myself. Long ago when mother wagged a finger at me and said, "Come home from drama school—you've had it." I stood my ground. I don't remember ever having defied a parental edict before. But I knew—don't ask me how—I just knew I could find creative fulfillment in New York if only I were given time to work it out. My letter of explanation must have been eloquent, because mother gave in. But she cut my allowance to ten dollars a week. Ten single dollars between me and starvation in the Big Town! Mom knew what she was doing. I'd get good and hungry. (Continued on page 94)





WHEN GABLE GETS FIGHTING MAD,

■ When you've been in Hollywood as long as Clark Gable has, which is almost 30 years, and you've been married four times, the chances are pretty good that you're going to be involved in some hot feuds, both private and professional.

Right now, Gable's calling a halt to what was his number one feud—with his studio. But his number two feud, no matter what you read about the uncontested divorce, is with his wife, the former Sylvia Ashley.


Clark is also not on the best speaking terms with Greer Garson and two of his previous wives, but these are minor feuds compared with the two major hassels.

A few months ago Gable was staying at the Flying ME, a swank divorce ranch in Franktown, Nevada, waiting out his divorce from Sylvia Ashley. Unfortunately for him, the Nevada divorce plans didn't come off. They were ruled illegal.

At the time, however, Clark didn't

the inside story behind Clark Gable's

FEUDS



THERE HAS TO BE A VERY GOOD REASON. HERE'S WHY THE SPARKS ARE FLYING! • BY STEVE CRONIN

know that. He was busy dating the various divorcees, trap-shooting and riding, and blithely ignoring the messages written for him on the blackboard. These messages were, "Please call Howard Strickling in N. Y." "Call Howard Strickling." "Operator 44 in N. Y. is trying to get you. Howard Strickling calling."

Howard Strickling is Metro's director of publicity, and he was very anxious to get in touch with Clark back then, but Clark was all for hiding away, and having fun.

At that time Clark was really burned up about Sylvia's supposedly extravagant financial demands, but of her, he said, "Sylvia is a very wonderful woman. We've had our differences, largely because we come from different backgrounds, like to do different things. But I admire her a great deal. Our lawyers are conferring, and I'm sure they'll work out a settlement that we'll

both finally consider equitable."

What Gable said for public consumption and what he said to his lawyer don't bear the slightest resemblance. His lawyer inferred to reporters that Gable would carry the case to every court in the land if need be, that he was in no mood to be "taken," that he would fight, wade through all the mud, use every means at his command before he fulfilled the demands Sylvia was making for a settlement.

It cost Clark half-a-million dollars to get free of his second wife, the social Ria Langham, and when he realized that he was in the identical position again, this time with Sylvia Ashley, he was fit to be tied.

Because Clark cooled off in February of this year and visited Sylvia at Doctor's Hospital in New York, many people think that their financial feuding is finished, and that a reconciliation is in the offing. The financial feuding has

merely simmered down, and there isn't the slightest chance of a reconciliation between them.

By the end of April, Sylvia should have her divorce. It will be uncontested, but only if Clark has agreed to hand over a sizable chunk of currency.

Here's the background of the Ashley-Gable financial feud:

When Clark had all the locks changed on his Encino ranch house last year, Sylvia's vanity was hurt. There is no truer statement than "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." Unless it is "Hell hath no fury like a wife scorned."

Anyway, Sylvia vowed that Clark would pay for her humiliation. Jerry Giesler, ace Hollywood criminal and divorce lawyer, would help her see to that.

When Gable heard that Sylvia was allegedly demanding half-a-million dollars, he blew his top. He drove to Nevada to (Continued on page 72)

a simple case of love

Don't laugh at marriage counselors! Susan and Jess took their problems to one and turned what looked like domestic disaster into marital bliss.

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES



Twins Timothy (top) and Gregory, receive as much attention from Jess as they do from Susan.



"I fell in love with Jess in 1944," says Susan, "and did the same things other girls do to get their man. The girls are the pursuers, and the men are the ones pursued."

■ In a nation where 8,000,000 married women go to work each day, where, in fact, working wives outnumber unmarried working girls seven to five—no one is shocked because a wife's earning capacity is larger than her husband's. This is especially true in Hollywood where career women started getting married long before it was the vogue in other parts of the country, and where professional couples have since evolved various formulas for ways to stay happy though married. Of all these couples, 32-year-old Susan Hayward and her good-looking actor-husband, 36-year-old Jess Barker seem to have found an ideal recipe for their special needs.

Susan is under contract to 20th Century-Fox. She has one of those fabulous Hollywood deals you read about in the gossip columns. She earns \$5,000 a week every week of the year, whether she works or not, and has a seven year contract with no options.

Jess Barker (as fine an actor as Susan is an actress) earns \$1,000 a week. This is certainly nothing to scoff at, but Jess isn't under contract to any studio. At one time he was a contract player at Columbia and then Universal, but nowadays he free-lances which means that his income varies. At the moment he is testing for several television shows, and two movie studios are dickering with his agent for term contracts. But chances are that Jess can't hope to equal Susan's yearly income, within the immediate future largely because each is in a different salary bracket.

According to many people this disparity in earning (Continued on page 85)





Other movie stars buy Cadillacs, but what 26-year-old Tony wanted most was an electric train with all the trimmings. He plays with it by the hour.

■ The Tony Curtis-Janet Leigh living room was like Grand Central Station, complete with train, when I arrived at their Wilshire Boulevard apartment for an interview one recent Saturday morning. Janet had gone off to work at MGM in *Fearless Fagan*, the phone was ringing, the maid was cleaning up the breakfast dishes—and Tony was eating an orange while playing with a new electric train that had arrived from Europe that very morning. You heard me—26 years old, and a movie star, and playing with an electric train. And one that he had bought

for himself, not for his kid brother. I ignored it and begged for coffee. Tony made a potful.

Every other magazine writer in town but me had interviewed Tony, yet I had known him longest. I was, in fact, the first Hollywood reporter ever to write a line about him. That was four years ago, when he first arrived from New York, a wide-eyed, scared, naive unknown. I had met him, announced his arrival in my column in a Hollywood trade paper, prophesied a successful career for him and then continued writing about his

activities while other columnists ignored him.

Anyway—here I was now. And *there* was that train. This was a new side of Tony. Maybe I didn't know him so well after all.

"I thought I'd write a story about you and call it 'Now I Can Talk,'" I said, after he got off the phone. "Something that's never been touched on in your other interviews. Something . . ."

The phone rang again. It was his mother. He excused himself, talked to her lovingly for ten minutes, excused him-

He was afraid to
relax, afraid to be
himself. A stranger to
Hollywood, Tony Curtis
let others do his
talking. Now he's ready
to speak his mind.

"now I can talk"

by Mike Connolly

One of Hollywood's happiest couples—Tony and Janet will have their first anniversary June 4th. He says, "She gives me self-confidence."



soys it makes up for his "trainless" childhood.

self again after he hung up, and said, "We'll only have a few more disturbances, I promise you. Janet will call once or twice, when she gets a break, and that's all.

"See this train?" He was playing with it again, making it back up. The engine leaped off the track, scattering the coaches right and left. "I didn't have one when I was a kid," he said. "This makes up for it."

His present life is making up for a lot of things he didn't have as a kid. He had been afraid of (Continued on page 99)



Don Taylor, Jan Sterling, lovely in "ice-cream" pink, discuss the entries for the Grand Award winning dress with Board member Janet Leigh.



Ann Blyth and her beau Charles Fitzsimons (Maureen O'Hara's brother) chat about fashions with Anne Baxter, chic in her white hat and blue suit.



Piper Laurie, wearing a gay Spring hat, shows off the tricky, Award Winning Abon Glove Ring clasp, to judges Bill Lundigan, Jane Powell, Debbie Reynolds.

hollywood approved fashions for spring



At Bel Air Hotel, MODERN SCREEN's Fashion and Beauty Board choose their favorite outfit from Award Winning Korday tattersall denim group. Winner! Tattersall short and blouse, right (on Mola Powers, next page).

MODERN SCREEN's Board, left to right—Richard Anderson (guest), Jane Powell, Bill Lundigan, Piper Laurie, Ann Blyth, Gene Nelson, Anne Baxter, Don Taylor, Jan Sterling, Carleton Carpenter, Joan Evans.

■ Spring fashions started pouring into MODERN SCREEN's West Coast office from New York and all points east, and with them—the rains came! By the time MODERN SCREEN was ready to stage its Annual Award Showing of Hollywood Approved Fashions for Spring and Summer, there was a veritable flood flowing past the door of the Bel Air Hotel.

Nevertheless, this isn't the story of a wash-out. Far from it! It's an on-the-spot story of fashion news that was made in Hollywood among the stars gathered in the Bel Air's Garden Room. Seated at luncheon tables decked with flowers they chose their favorite outfits for Spring and Summer glamor.

Guests started trickling into the Bel Air early. Jane

Powell shed her rain togs, murmuring, "The things we do for this magazine!" and further predicted that they'd have to call the Coast Guard to take them home.

"That's not all," chimed in Ann Blyth, shaking her dripping umbrella, "I live in the San Fernando Valley and according to the last weather report, the whole place is beginning to shift toward Mexico."

But there wasn't a peep out of Piper Laurie. She was busy enjoying the sudden transition from stormy weather to springtime. The tables were a mass of yellow jonquils, white narcissus, pink and lavender stocks, and early spring tulips. Attractive exhibit booths were displaying merchandise on the sides of the room.

(Continued on page 69)

Exciting new fashions
went on parade at MODERN
SCREEN's gala party; while
Hollywood oohed and aahed
—and picked the winners!

and summer

Nylon hosiery on the fashion pages by HOLEPROOF



ABOVE: Lovely Janet Leigh, currently appearing in MGM's *Just This Once*, co-starred with Peter Lawford, poses in the after-five dress that received the grand award from the Board—an all-quilted taffeta cotton with a full, full circular skirt over an award winning Eye-ful petticoat. White or baby pastels—pink, blue, aqua, yellow. Sizes 9 to 15. About \$18. By Junior House. Janet also wears award winning LaTausca pearl and rhinestone jewelry.

UPPER LEFT: Mona Freeman and Mona Jr. wear the award winning “mother-daughter” two-piece dresses of piqué with denim trim. The weskit jackets are of denim with piqué sailor collars. White with blue only. Toddlers—sizes 2 and 3, about \$4; Sisters—3 to 6X, about \$5; Sisters—7 to 12, about \$6; Subteens—8 to 14, about \$8; Mothers—10 to 18, about \$9. By Jack Borgenicht. See Mona in U-I's *Flesh and Fury*.

LEFT: Joyce Holden, co-starring with John Lund in U-I's *Bronco Buster*, wears award winning fashions from top to toe—Glentex scarf, Pandora's Dupont nylon sweater set (short sleeve slip-on), Korday's quilted Stewart plaid cotton skirt. Rockettes—of mesh with leather trim. Sweater—white, pastels or darks, sizes 32 to 40, slip-on—about \$6, cardigan—about \$7. Skirt—Stewart plaid only, sizes 10 to 16, about \$9. Rockettes, about \$7.

HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM
THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 69; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.

MORE ➤





Cool and smart—two-piece blouse and short outfit from Korday's mix 'n' match collection of checked tattersall *separates* worn by lovely RKO star Mala Powers, now in 20th's *Rose Of Cimarron*. The short is cuffed—has two pockets. Available in black and red check, brown and tan check or navy and powder blue check—cream background. *Separates*, 10 to 18. About \$4 each. Wedgies by Rockettes.



Photographed at McHenry's Valley Tail O' The Cock

Ginger Crowley, to be seen in the Warner Bros. film *She's Working Her Way Through College*, poses in an ensemble of Everfast Chevronaire that is styled to lead a double life. Sans jacket, the halter-neck dress plays the role of sun costume—with jacket, a smart town outfit. White, lemon candy or ice blue. Sizes 10 to 16 and 9 to 15. About \$17. By Freshy Playclothes. Hansen gloves—Coronet handbag.

winners all

hollywood approved fashions for spring and summer

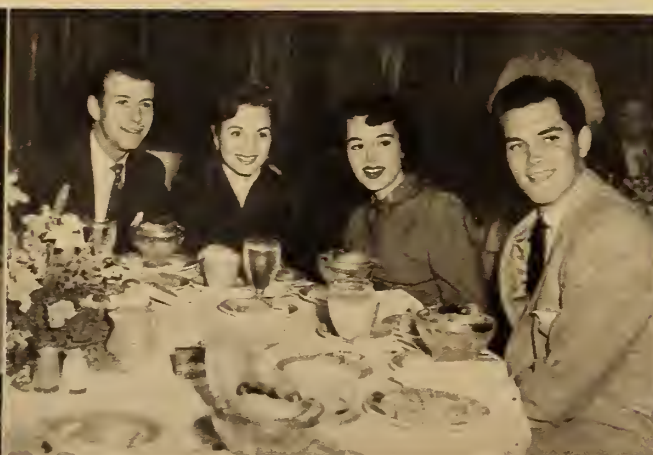
HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 69; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.



Photographed at J. Paul Howard's California Flowerland

Swirl—a comfortable, flattering *wrap-tie* fashion (walk into it, button once, wrap and tie) for home and casual wear! Joyce MacKenzie poses in a Swirl styled of sanforized combed broadcloth with block tucking on the yoke and pockets. Colors: Coral, lavender, Neptune green or lemon. Sizes 10 to 20. About \$8. Joyce is in the 20th Century-Fox film *Wait 'Til The Sun Shines, Nellie*.

Glamor in *separates*—Phyllis Thaxter wears Korday's dramatic black and white costume. The black broadcloth peasant blouse has fagoted sleeve trim—the white piqué skirt has white embroidery (American Indian motif) on broadcloth bands. Blouse, skirt in sizes 10 to 16. Blouse about \$4—skirt about \$11. Glentex scarf. Phyllis will be in Warners' *She's Working Her Way Through College*



MODERN SCREEN's Hollywood Fashion and Beauty Board had a difficult time choosing the winning Swirl from the group displayed by the models.

Board members Gene Nelson, Debbie Reynolds chat with Barbara Rush and hubby Jeff Hunter, interested spectators at the gala M. S. fashion show.

Jan Sterling, Janet Leigh and Joan Evans listen attentively to "Abba-dabba-dabba" songster Carleton Carpenter as he gives a man's viewpoint on fashion.

Donald O'Connor and a bevy of filmland's best dressed young stars, admire the Grand Award Winning dress by Junior House.



Handsome Peter Lawford has a "fashionable" time talking clothes with Janet Leigh, who's chic in a dark town suit and glamor-veiled hat.



Debbie Reynolds, of MGM's *Singin' In The Rain*, wears a daytime dress of woven square-dot on tissue-cotton trimmed with venise type daisy lace. The dress buttons down the back—has its own crinoline petticoat. Navy, brown or pink with white dot and trim. Sizes 9 to 15. About \$18. By Junior House. Shortie gloves—Hansen. Handbag—Coronet.



This costume worn by Rebel Randall was styled by McArthur, Ltd. with just about everything that's news in fashion! A piqué halter-neck dress with jeweled buttons and four-gore skirt—a piqué trimmed tissue chambray duster. Dress, white only. Duster, grey or light brown—white piqué trim. Sizes 10 to 18. Costume, under \$25. Dress, under \$13 (duster not sold separately). Shoes by Valentines.



winners all

hollywood approved fashions for spring and summer continued

Joan Taylor, currently in Paramount's *War Bonnet*, wears a combed broadcloth dress of matchless value by Jonathan Logan. Bands and a side bow of gingham trim the dress. Available in black with red gingham trim—green, blue or purple with matching gingham trim. Sizes 7 to 15. About \$13. Madcaps hat. Deltah Pearls. Kidskin shoes with little Louis heels by Valentines—about \$11.

Liz Scott wears *separates* from a Junior House mix 'n' match collection of *separates* designed for versatile summer living. The pirate pants are of ticking, the fabric used for collar and cuffs on the broadcloth blouse—both are trimmed with coin buttons. Red velveteen belt. Both in navy and white only—sizes 9 to 15—about \$6 each. Liz is in Hal Wallis' *Red Mountain* for Paramount.



HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 69; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.

Giggle at Jerry's
capers if you will—that's
Martin's bread and
Lewis's butter. But behind
that goony grin
lurks a steel trap!

CRAZY

—like a fox

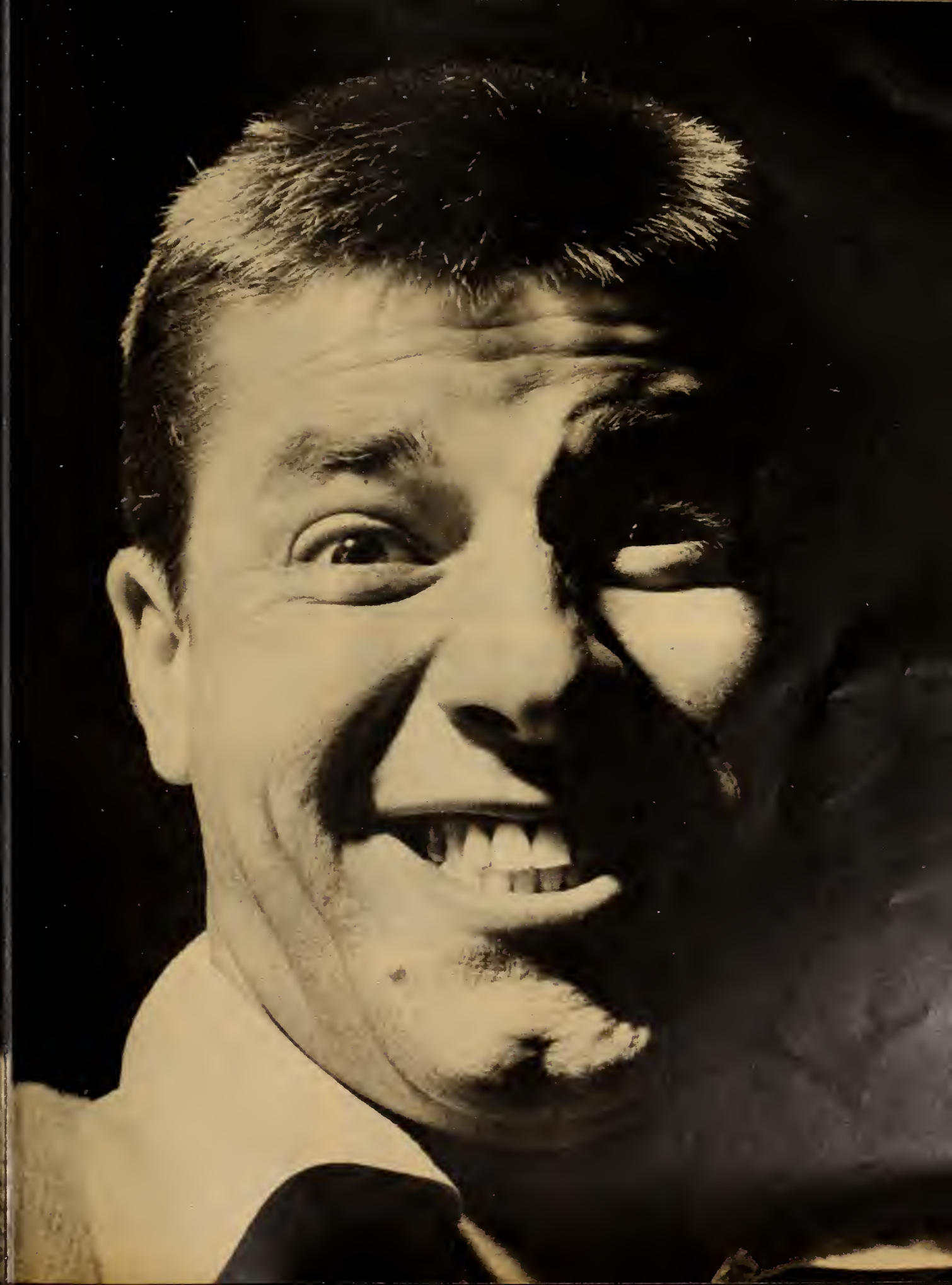


■ Jerry Lewis came to earth with a bang. Literally. His double had already made the jump from the airplane. Now, the camera was picking up Jerry's comedy landing, his feet fantastically tangled in the ropes and paraphernalia of the parachute. Very funny—until Jerry tried to walk away. His ankle was swollen like a balloon. They rushed him to the Hollywood Hospital.

"Sorry, Mr. Lewis," they told him outside the X-ray room. "This is our busy day, you'll have to wait five minutes." Grimacing with pain, Jerry said, "That's okay, gimme a phone." He called his agent and quietly and methodically planned the radio show he was to do with Dean Martin that evening. Just the way he has always planned everything for the top comedy couple of our day.

"I hate to see this guy without a smile on his face, I know it'll cost me a lot of money," Hal Wallis, who is no slouch at business himself, told me when we discussed the Bright Brain masquerading as Jerry Lewis. "How about Dean?" I asked. "Dean," Hal said, "is what Bing Crosby is reported to be—very casual."

But even Bing interviews the girls he is going to sing with. Not Dean. He leaves that and (*Continued on page 97*)





Debbie acts her age





Debbie Reynolds is one Hollywood star who's willing to shout her age from the house-tops. Just a year past her teens, she's in no hurry to grow up, and she doesn't care who knows it!

BY JANE WILKIE

Her feet were on the coffee table, which meant that Debbie was at home. In fact, she and her parents were engaged in a discussion of teen-agers—their problems and their fun—and Debbie was talking eagerly.

"You see, teen-agers feel that just because they are young doesn't mean—" Debbie suddenly stopped and sat bolt upright. "Oh, brother!" she exploded.

"What's the matter?" her mother wanted to know.

"Well—gee—I just remembered. In April I'll be 20!"

The way she said it made it sound like 90, and Maxene Reynolds smiled to herself. "What's so awful about becoming 20?"

"Don't you see?" asked her daughter. "I won't be a teen-ager any more!"

The conversation took place early this year, and since then Debbie has weathered her twentieth birthday without accumulating a mass of wrinkles, or suffering hardening of the arteries. But she was obviously reluctant to leave the golden days behind.

Debbie is the rare young girl who acts her age and doesn't strain to 'grow up.' Despite all the hoopla about life beginning at 40, and the charm of a woman at 30, no one can deny that the girl in her teens and early twenties has a great treasure—the bloom and the freshness of youth. And youth has never been wasted on Debbie Reynolds, because while she is totally unconscious of the resultant charm, she lets nature take its course in the matter of maturity.

She has never claimed to be older than she is, or to try on the veil of sophistication. "I only ask," she says, "that people give me credit for being as old as I am. When I was 16 and began going out with boys my own age, everybody thought my dates were robbing the cradle. I guess it was because I was small, and the nut of the crowd, but at any rate people thought I ought to be home reading 'The Bobbsey Twins'."

As a matter of fact, her mother despairs that Debbie will never grow up, that she is too imbued with the spirit of Peter Pan to be interested in exotic perfumes, sheer negligees and all the things that go with womanhood. Debbie confines herself to light perfumes, (Continued on next page)



debbie acts her age continued

still clowns around the house, still collects monkeys, and sighs for the good old days when she had time to toot her French horn. She seems to cling to everything reminiscent of her school days, and once in a while will open her cedar chest and gaze sadly at the blackened chrome on her batons. The other night a girl friend came around with an offer to buy Debbie's French horn, an instrument that is badly needed in a local band. "I just couldn't," said Debbie. "I can't part with it. After all, some day I'll have time to play it again. And the piano, too."

She continues to chew gum, noisily and with great gusto. She has conceded to her mother's pleas in only one respect: she doesn't chew in public. To Debbie, chewing is a relaxation, and when she comes home tired at night, she often climbs into bed with a book and a sizeable chunk of gum. She doesn't smoke, and dislikes the odor of tobacco. "So when Pop smokes, I chew," she says. "And I don't pretend to chew gracefully. I just have a ball of a time."

In subtle ways, Debbie is growing up. Few girls of her age pay any attention to politics, but Debbie, who has always been interested in the inner workings of her native Burbank, has widened her interests to national politics. Last year, on a trip to the Capital, she met and (Continued on page 81)



This trim, suburban house that the Reynolds live in is deceptively modest from the front; you can't see the modern guest house, and swimming pool in the back.



Debbie's "gane Hollywood" in just one way—she naw has a swimming pool in her own back yard. Debbie and her friends use it constantly.



Gail, Debbie's niece and special pet, was only three manths ald when Debbie started teaching her ta swim. Deb's even taken her ta premieres!



Carleton Carpenter, wha was teamed with Debbie in her early mavies, went with her on a recent hospital tour.



Bab Wagner's the lucky lad wha won the hanar af becoming Debbie's first steady beau. But Debbie still says she won't marry till she's 23.

JUNIOR HOUSE

Debbie Reynolds...

gay as a posy in our

flower-garden separates

*Fresh and flattering—garlanded 'round
with Spring blossoms. They circle
a slender throat, sweeten a bodice, fit
into your own fashion plans.*

*Wear the skirt with
camisole top or blouse, they're
designed for each other
in Steven's Moonbeam
broadcloth, Sanforized and
delightfully washable. Lilac,
Blue or Pink. Detachable
fake flowers. Sizes 9 to 15.*

1. Boned camisole about \$8.

2. Skirt about \$9.

3. Blouse about \$6.

*4. Sunback dress with
bolero about \$15.*

*See Debbie Reynolds,
Co-starring in M-G-M's
"Singin' in the Rain"*



Fashion Academy Gold Medal Award



at better stores everywhere, or write JUNIOR HOUSE, INC., MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN, or 1441 BROADWAY, N.Y.C.

hollywood approved fashions

(Continued from page 61) This was the Hollywood fashion event of the season and the stars wore their best. Miss Monte Hargus, one of Southern California's outstanding fashion authorities, took over and the fashion parade began.

Cool crisp clothes calculated to make you want to hurry the pages off your calendar, flashed by as the models twirled and posed. Leading the "oohs-and-ahs" viewing section were such celebrated guests as Mrs. Jerry Lewis, Nanette Fabray (who just signed with MGM), Barbara Rush and her handsome husband, Jeff Hunter, Maureen O'Hara's brother Dick Fitzsimmons, Joyce Holden and fiance, Dok Stanford, Mrs. Marshall Thompson, Mrs. Cameron Mitchell, Bill Campbell and Marge Champion. (Gower was home recovering from an appendectomy.)

More than 20 apparel and accessory manufacturers were represented, together with leading lingerie, brassiere, and foundation houses. When the modeling was over, it seemed firmly established that cotton dresses would be the high note

in fashion for both spring and summer.

Also in the limelight were such accessories as shortie gloves, casual wedgies, little Louis-heels on pastel shoes, pearl jewelry, scarfs, large straw hats, leather handbags, and—an ingenious glove holder.

The official results, as scored by our judges, appear on this month's fashion pages—the intimate apparel winners are listed at right (see lingerie photos in the July fashion pages of MODERN SCREEN).

Fashion board members can be seen in the following pictures: Ann Blyth—Universal International's *Sally And Saint Ann*. Anne Baxter—Twentieth Century-Fox's *Outcasts Of Poker Flat*. Debbie Reynolds—MGM's *Singin' In The Rain*. Jane Powell—MGM's *The Student Prince*. Piper Laurie—Universal International's *Almost Married*. Jan Sterling—Paramount star. Joan Evans a Samuel Goldwyn star. Janet Leigh—MGM's *Just This Once*. Gene Nelson—Warner Bros. *She's Working Her Way Through College*, Bill Lundigan—Twentieth Century-Fox's *Down Among The Sheltering Palms*. Carleton Carpenter—MGM's *Fearless Fagan*. Peter Lawford—MGM's *Just This Once*. Richard Anderson—MGM's *Just This Once*. Donald O'Connor—MGM's *Singin' In The Rain*. Don Taylor—Paramount's *Stalag 17*.

INTIMATE APPAREL AWARDS*

Artistic Foundations, Inc. (Flexees)
Bestform Foundations, Inc.
(bras and girdles)
William Carter Co. (lingerie)
Eye-ful Lingerie Inc. (petticoats)
Holeproof Hosiery Co.
(Luxite lingerie and hosiery)
Holeproof Hosiery Co.
(“Spare-pak” packaging)
Hollywood-Maxwell Co. (bras)
International Latex Corp. (Playtex girdles)
I & M Co. (petticoats)
Lily of France, Inc. (bras and girdles)
Lovable Brassiere Co. (bras)
Maiden Form Brassiere Co. (bras)
Munsingwear Inc. (lingerie)
Peter Pan Foundations, Inc. (bras)
A. Stein & Co.
(Perma-lift bras and girdles)
Stardust, Inc. (slips and bras)
Strutwear Inc. (lingerie and hosiery)
Vanity Fair Mills, Inc. (lingerie)
Willys of Hollywood (hosiery)

*Photos in July issue.

modern screen's hollywood approved fashions

where to buy

Purchase in person or by mail from the following stores

ABON GLOVE RING

Page 56 (top photo)

Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

CORONET (handbags)

Pages 58, 60

Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

DELTA (pearls) Page 61

Available at leading department, specialty and jewelry stores throughout the country.

EYE-FUL (petticoats) Page 57

Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

FRESHY PLAYCLOTHES Page 58

Ashville, N. C., Ivy's
Austin, Texas, Scarbrough's
Baltimore, Md., Hochschild, Kohn & Co.
Boston, Mass., Jordan Marsh Co.
Buffalo, N. Y., J. N. Adam
Chicago, Ill., Carson, Pirie, Scott
Cincinnati, Ohio, Colonial Shop
Cincinnati, Ohio, H. & S. Pogue Co.
Columbia, S. C., James L. Tapp Co.
Daytona Beach, Fla., Penn-Yowell
Ft. Worth, Texas, R. E. Cox Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich., Paul Sketete & Sons
Hamilton, Bermuda, H. A. & E. Smith Ltd.
Hartford, Conn., Steiger's
Honolulu, McInerney's
Houston, Texas, David's
Indianapolis, Ind., H. P. Wasson
Jacksonville, Fla., Levy's
Memphis, Tenn., John Gerber Co.
Miami, Fla., Hartley's
Miami, Fla., Richard
New Orleans, La., Mayer Israel's
Orlando, Calif., Dickson & Ives
Pasadena, Calif., Dunning's
San Francisco, Calif., City of Paris
Savannah, Ga., T. S. Chu Co.
Washington, D. C., Lansburgh & Bro.
West Palm Beach, Fla., Anthony's

GLENTX (scarfs) Pages 57, 59

Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

HANSEN GLOVES

Pages 58, 60, 61

Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY

All Fashion Pages

Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

JACK BORGENTH Page 57

Baltimore, Md., Bonwit-Lennon
Boston, Mass., Filene's
Buffalo, N. Y., Hens & Kelly
Chicago, Ill., Mandel Bros.
Cincinnati, Ohio, John Shillito
Des Moines, Iowa, Younker Bros.
Detroit, Mich., Ernst Kern Co.
Fort Wayne, Ind., Patterson Fletcher
Grand Rapids, Mich., Bon Marche
Houston, Texas, Foley Bros.
Manchester, N. H., Pariseau's
Newark, N. J., Bainberger's
New Bedford, Mass., Star Store
New Haven, Conn., Hamilton's
New York, N. Y., Gimbel Bros.
Philadelphia, Pa., Lit Bros.
Pittsburgh, Pa., Gimbel Bros.
Pontiac, Mich., George's-Newport's
Reading, Pa., Gilman's
San Jose, San Francisco, Hale's
St. Louis, Mo., Sonnenfeld's
Waltham, Mass., Grover-Cronin
Washington, D. C., Lansburgh & Bro.
Worcester, Mass., Filene's

JONATHAN LOGAN Page 61

Baltimore, Md., Stewart D. G. Co.
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Chicago, Ill., Carson, Pirie, Scott
Dallas, Texas, A. Harris
Denver, Colo., May Co.
Detroit, Mich., J. L. Hudson
Los Angeles, Calif., Broadway
Miami, Fla., Burdine's
Milwaukee, Wis., Ed. Schuster
Minneapolis, Minn., Power's
New York, N. Y., Best & Co.
Phoenix, Ariz., Korrick's
Pittsburgh, Pa., Kaufmann's

JUNIOR HOUSE

Pages 57, 60, 61

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Birmingham, Ala., New Williams
Bridgeport, Conn., Outlet Co.
Buffalo, N. Y., Oppenheim Collins
Chicago, Ill., Mandel Bros.
Colorado Springs, Colo., Gray Rose
Coral Gables, Fla., Ruth Boyle, Inc.
Detroit, Mich., Kline's
Ft. Worth, Texas, R. E. Cox Co.
Fresno, Calif., Gottschalk's
Hempstead, L. I., Frederick's
Kansas City, Mo., Adler's
Little Rock, Ark., Pfeiffer's
Memphis, Tenn., Loewenstein's
Milwaukee, Wis., Boston Store
New Orleans, La., Maison Blanche
New York, N. Y., Oppenheim Collins
Oklahoma City, Okla., Junior Miss
St. Louis, Mo., Sonnenfeld's
Syracuse, N. Y., Addis Co.
Worcester, Mass., John C. MacInnes Co.

KORDAY (denims-tattersalls)

Pages 56, 58

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Buffalo, N. Y., L. L. Berger, Inc.

Canton, Ohio, Stern & Mann Co.
Columbus, Ohio, The Union Co.
Denver, Colo., Neustetter's
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Kansas City, Mo., Harzfeld's, Inc.
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Stores

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Pittsburgh, Pa., Jonasson's
Syracuse, N. Y., Addis Co.
Washington, D. C., Frank R. Jelleff's, Inc.
Worcester, Mass., Richard Healy Co.
Youngstown, Ohio, Chas. Livingston & Sons, Inc.

KORDAY (skirt-blouse) Page 59

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Boston, Mass., E. H. White
Chattanooga, Tenn., Miller Bros.
Garden City, N. Y., Betty Wales
Jacksonville, Fla., Cohen Bros.
Dept. Store
Midland, Texas, Grammer-Murphy

KORDAY (quilted skirt) Page 57

Chicago, Ill., Carson Pirie Scott
Los Angeles, Calif., J. J. Haggerty
New York, N. Y., Bloomingdale's

LaTAUSCA (pearls) Page 57

Available at leading department, specialty and jewelry stores throughout the country.

MADCAPS Page 61

Available at leading department stores throughout the country.

McARTHUR LTD. Page 60

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Albany, Ga., Rosenberg Bros.
Austin, Texas, Collegiate Shop
Baltimore, Md., Town & Country
Beverly Hills, Calif., Martha Dean
Big Spring, Texas, Zack's
Binghamton, N. Y., Bradley's
Burlington, N. C., B. A. Sellers
Cheyenne, Wyo., The Fashion
Denver, Colo., Daniels & Fisher
Detroit, Mich., Stewart Gown's
Grosse Pointe Woods, Mich., Rosemary's
LaGuna Beach, Calif., S. J. Frances
Leavenworth, Kans., Louise Shop
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New York, N. Y., Oppenheim Collins
Rutherford, N. J., Town & Tweed
Saratoga Springs, N. Y., The Fashion
Washington, D. C., Hecht Co.
Wheaton, Ill., Kay Howard

PANDORA (sweaters) Page 57

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Battle Creek, Mich., Shane's
Boston, Mass., Jordan Marsh
Buffalo, N. Y., Adam, Meldrum & Anderson
Chicago, Ill., Marshall Field
Cleveland, Ohio, Halle Bros.
Davenport, Iowa, Petersen-Harned-Von Maur
Des Moines, Iowa, Younker Bros.
Detroit, Mich., Ernst Kern Co.
Hartford, Conn., Fox
Houston, Texas, Sakowitz Bros.
Milwaukee, Wis., Ed. Schuster
Minneapolis, Minn., L. S. Donaldson
New Orleans, La., Leon Godchaux
New York, N. Y., B. Altman & Co.
New York, N. Y., Lord & Taylor
New York, N. Y., Saks Fifth Avenue
Pasadena, Calif., Bullock's
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Seattle, Wash., Bon Marche
Shreveport, La., Seiber Bros.
St. Paul, Minn., Golden Rule
Syracuse, N. Y., E. W. Edwards
Washington, D. C., Woodward & Lothrop

ROCKETTES (shoes)

Pages 57, 58

Atlanta, Ga., Davison-Paxon
Baltimore, Md., Breger-Eisenberg
Baltimore, Md., The Hub
Baton Rouge, La., Goudchaux
Bridgeport, Conn., Meigs Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y., Abraham & Strauss
Chicago, Ill., Carson Pirie, Scott
Ithaca, N. Y., Rothchild's
Jamaica, N. Y., Gertz
Los Angeles, Calif., The May Co.
Miami, Fla., Burdine's
Newark, N. J., Kresge
Newport News, Va., Nachman's
New Orleans, La., Krauss
Philadelphia, Pa., John Wanamaker
San Diego, Calif., Streicher's
San Francisco, Calif., The White House
Seattle, Wash., Nordstroms

If you cannot obtain your favorite Rockettes at these or at your neighborhood store, they are available by mail from Aiden's, Chicago, Ill.

SWIRL Page 59

Atlanta, Ga., Rich's
Baltimore, Md., Hutzler's
Boston, Mass., Filene's
Cincinnati, Ohio, John Shillito
Evansville, Ind., DeJong's
Hartford, Conn., G. Fox & Co.
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Richmond, Va., Thalheimer's
San Francisco, Calif., The Emporium
St. Louis, Mo., Stix, Baer & Fuller
Washington, D. C., Hecht Co.

VALENTINES (shoes)

Pages 60, 61

Albany, Oregon, Miller's
Alexandria, La., Engstrom's
Amsterdam, N. Y., Lindsay's Shoes
Bradford, Pa., Oppenheim's
Brooklyn, N. Y., Eli Mackta
Brooklyn, N. Y., Naim's, Inc.
Columbus, Miss., Andrews' Shoe Store
Dallas, Texas, Pennmore Shoe Corp.
Downey, Calif., Veatch's Friendly Shoe Store
Green Bay, Wis., Arthur Parkes Shoes
Hagerstown, Md., Iyerly's Dept. Store
Harrisburg, Pa., Barbinette Shop
Knoxville, Tenn., Beeler's Bootery
Los Angeles, Calif., Innes Shoe Co.
Los Angeles, Calif., Neeland's Dept. Store
Louisville, Ky., J. Bacon & Son, Inc.
Merced, Calif., Ellis Shoe Store
Mobile, Ala., Ralph's Shoe Store
Montgomery, Ala., Capitol Clothiers
New Haven, Conn., Machol Bros.
New York, N. Y., Bloomingdale's
New York, N. Y., Foot Rest Shoes—34th St.
Paterson, N. J., Burton's Conformal Shoes
Portsmouth, Va., Professional Shoe Store
Pasadena, Calif., Innes Shoe Co.
Raleigh, N. C., Hudson-Belk Co.
Yakima, Wash., MacDougall's
Yonkers, N. Y., Kramer's Shoe Store



Her hair's the
color of Kansas corn,
her outlook's as
normal as blueberry pie—
and all Hollywood
seems brighter
since Joyce Holden's
been around!

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

HEY, GOOD LOOKIN'!

■ When she came to the studio she was practically as unknown as a gal can be and still have a couple of friends to say hello. She was just a Kansas City girl who had gotten her legs into TV, laughed easily and spread the feeling around. But that was enough. After a couple of minutes of looking and listening, the head of the talent department started pawing around his desk for a contract she could sign.

As his judgment told him, she could do more than just laugh. The first time she took a screen test it was for Jimmy Durante. When the Schnozzola showed up to see the test, he was very unenthusiastic about her chances to play opposite him in a picture. But when she got through with her number he just fell all over her and cried out gladly, "That's my girl!"

He meant as an actress, of course. The first time she met the boy whose girl she really was to become, he was due elsewhere for a conference. But he didn't go. Forgetting time, place and previous obligations, he sat for five hours across a midnight-to-dawn supper table just dreamily taking her in.

And as for the public . . . the first time she ever made a formal address (*Continued on page 83*)



Joyce and her fiancé Dak Stanford chat with Tony Curtis at Modern Screen's recent party. Tony helped Joyce screen test for *The Milkman*, which started her career.

Girls!
Win One Of 6
Universal-International
Studios Screen Contracts!

... your opportunity for fame
and fortune! THRILL to an all-
expense-paid trip to California
and the world's greatest
beauty pageant!

ENTER the only
world-wide beauty contest!

Catalina Swim Suits

"MISS UNIVERSE" BEAUTY PAGEANT

co-sponsored by

Catalina Swim Suits
Pan American World Airways
Universal-International Studios
and the City of Long Beach, California

As your state representative—you'll fly to California
via luxurious Pan American World Airways, stay at the
finest hotels overlooking the blue Pacific at colorful
Long Beach, California.

You'll enjoy breathtaking pageantry and thrills before
millions of spectators during the week of June 23, 1952.

You'll compete for the "Miss United States" title—
the winner then to compete against beauty winners from 40
foreign countries for the "Miss Universe" crown.

You may win the world's foremost beauty crown
"MISS UNIVERSE" and one of six Universal-International
Studios contracts or other valuable prizes.

IT'S EASY TO ENTER! Merely send in a photograph of
yourself wearing your new Catalina Swim Suit. Contest
now open; closes June 7, 1952. Ask for a contest entry
blank at your nearest Catalina dealer—or write:
Catalina, Inc., Dept. 312, 443 So. San Pedro St.,
Los Angeles 13, California.

Catalina's "Official
Miss Universe" Suit
— worn by
Piper Laurie,
co-starred in "Has
Anybody Seen My
Gal"—a Universal-
International
Picture in color
by Technicolor.

around the world...it's

Catalina

LOOK FOR THE  FLYING FISH

Suntan by Skol



behind clark gable's feuds

(Continued from page 51) establish residence and seek a divorce from Sylvia.

Sylvia checked that move by obtaining an injunction against his Nevada divorce action. Clark agreed to abide by that injunction. He said, however, that come April 26th, he would show up in the Santa Monica Superior Court, and bitterly fight the divorce action.

Sylvia's reply was to catch a plane to Nassau in the Bahamas where she has many friends.

Once in Nassau, Sylvia began seeing quite a bit of a certain Mr. Symington, who apparently was very attracted to her.

As for Clark, he was batting zero. His studio suspended him (for reasons to be explained); he took off for Arizona; he was almost killed in a motor accident; and he was keenly disappointed at the criticism of his two latest movies. There was also the very great possibility that because of the California community property law, any divorce settlement would call upon him to give Sylvia 50% of everything he has earned since their marriage—at least \$225,000.

In February, a depressed Gable left for New York with Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Griffin. In New York, Clark appeared at an

Eisenhower-for-President rally which was televised, and Metro was in an uproar, since Clark's contract explicitly prohibits his appearance on television.

The studio, however, did nothing and finally dropped the matter.

While Clark was in New York, Sylvia Ashley was in an automobile accident in Nassau, and fractured her ankle, suffering a compound break. She flew to New York and was admitted to the very swank Doctors Hospital.

To the surprise of all, Clark called on his wife. His first visit was considered a courtesy call, chalked up to gallantry. But he showed up the second day, too, and the third and the fourth, staying several hours each time.

Whatever he said to Sylvia, she was in a pretty receptive mood. Friends say this was because she'd learned in Nassau that men still found her attractive. Why scare off a potential fifth husband by rolling the fourth over a barrel?

On his last visit to the hospital, Sylvia was most cheerful. They spent two hours together discussing the divorce. Sylvia said she would compromise on her settlement demands, and Clark said he certainly appreciated her attitude, in fact, he was determined not to contest the divorce, to make it as quick and painless as possible.

The amount of the financial settlement Sylvia Gable is to receive, however, was

not decided upon. Certainly, it will be much less than \$500,000. The chances are she will settle for \$50,000 and legal expenses amounting perhaps to \$25,000 more.

When Clark was asked directly if a property settlement had been made, he said, "We discussed it, but the details haven't been worked out as yet. I must say though that Sylvia seemed very willing to co-operate. She was much more cooperative than she was seven or eight months ago. We both feel that it wouldn't be good for either of us to be involved in a drawn-out legal fight. We think the whole matter can be settled in a nice, peaceful way."

Maybe it can. That depends on whether or not Clark will meet Sylvia's minimum financial demands. It took him four years to work out a property settlement with Ria Langham, and he finally saw it through because he was desperately anxious to marry Carole Lombard.

This time, Clark isn't desperately anxious to marry anyone, although Sylvia may be. . . .

In any event, after April 26th, when the divorce will probably be settled, Clark may make it his business to see that his path never again crosses Lady Sylvia's.

From that date on, he plans to concentrate on his career. His feud with Sylvia will have been settled and the only hassle left to conquer will be the professional one with his studio.

Last November, the studio suspended him, taking him off his \$7,500-a-week salary because he refused to star in *Somebody Loves Me*, opposite Ava Gardner.

Clark loves working with Ava—in fact would rather play opposite her than any other actress on the lot—but he didn't love the script, and therefore turned it down.

"Next thing I know," he says, "they put me on suspension. For four months running, I didn't receive any scripts or anything. To be perfectly frank, I don't see much point in working if I can't act in some pretty good stories. I know that good scripts just don't grow on trees, but other actors get good yarns—fellows like Cooper and Peck and Stewart. Why can't I?"

Clark feels that if he can make one or two outside films a year—that is, away from the studio—he not only will have a better choice of material, but he'll be able to keep more money.

"MORE than half my salary," he explains, "goes for taxes, and while I'm not griping, it would be a healthy thing to get a piece of some picture."

Clark has reference to the system Jimmy Stewart and Gary Cooper have worked out, whereby they star in a film and reap a percentage of the profits. Stewart cleaned up over half a million on *Winchester '73* in this manner.

Recently, Gable left his old agent, Bert Allenberg, to sign with the Music Corporation of America. MCA is Stewart's agent, also Gregory Peck's, and both of these boys have prospered well.

Now in all fairness to the studio, it must be said that MGM has tried to buy the best story material available for the King. Writers have been hired and paid enormous sums just to develop plot ideas for him. As one Metro spokesman pointed out, "We try to make the best motion pictures possible. Gable is a big star today because Metro made him one. We spent a fortune developing that guy. He's made millions for the studio—no doubt about that but the way some people talk you'd think we were going out of our way to put him into a series of flops. Every film Gable has been in starts out as a potential winner. No one ever hopes to make a bad picture or even a passable one. We want

(Continued on page 74)



Here they are, the amazing true-to-life models in the Catalina Hollywood Star Mannikin Collection. Left to right, back row: Tony Curtis, June Havoc, Patricia Neal, Ginger Rogers. Foreground: Shelley Winters, Piper Laurie, Robert Stack.

WATCH FOR THEM IN YOUR HOME TOWN!

■ You'll do a quick double-take when you see the movie-star mannikins shown above. They're only made of wax—but they're so lifelike they almost seem to breathe! These amazing models, created through the cooperation of MODERN SCREEN magazine, will be on display at large department stores throughout the country.

Attired in glamorous new Catalina Swim Suits, styled in California for the stars of Hollywood, these true-to-life mannikins are the work of sculptress Katherine Stubergh, who has, for years, specialized in sculpturing wax figures for all the major studios.

Don't fail to see the Catalina Hollywood Star Mannikin Collection when it visits your town—it's too exciting to miss!

Check the list at right to find the store closest to your home featuring this free exhibition. And watch for Modern Screen's colorful June parade of new bathing suit styles in next month's issue.

STORE

Burdine's, Miami Beach, Fla.
Foley Bros., Houston, Tex.
Loveman's, Birmingham, Ala.
Rich's, Atlanta, Ga.
Thalhimer's, Richmond, Va.
Hecht Company, Wash., D.C.
Gimbel's, Philadelphia, Pa.
Macy's, New York City
Jordan Marsh, Boston, Mass.
Gertz, Jamaica, Long Island
Lazarus Co., Columbus, Ohio

DATE

Mar. 2-8
Mar. 16-22
Mar. 30-Apr. 5
Apr. 13-19
Apr. 27-May 3
May 11-17
May 25-31
June 8-14
June 22-28
July 6-12
July 21-26

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"Excellence in Design, Color and Quality of Nylon Hosiery."

to Mother with love

Holeproof *holeproof* *★*

See what Holeproof does for Mother...

Gift-wraps precious nylons in a clear, plastic case!

Luxurious gift at little cost.
Multi-purpose plastic case with
three pairs of sheer nylons
carefully tucked inside. Wonderful
for women who like to keep
their best nylons protected.

Equally wonderful:

Holeproof's heaven-sent new
shade, Camellia Blush. 15-denier
sheer; proportioned lengths and
widths. \$1.50 each lovely pair.

Again awarded the
Fashion Academy Gold Medal

Holeproof
PROPORTIONED NYLONS

At better stores everywhere or write.

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(Continued from page 72) all of ours to be hits. Except that you can't win all the time."

Clark, who has been with MGM for 20 years, is a reasonable, kindly man. He's profoundly grateful to Metro, but he knows that he's more than shown his gratitude at the box office.

In the past 20 years, Clark Gable pictures have grossed close to \$100,000,000.

Clark feels that he's entitled to a percentage of the profits if he is willing to invest his own money or talent in an independent venture. He has confided to friends that unless the studio agrees to let him do that, he will not renew his contract in 1955.

He feels that since his return from the Air Force in 1945, he has acted in only two good properties, *The Hucksters* and *Command Decision*.

His first post-war film, *Adventure*, was a flop, and as a result of it Clark and Greer Garson, who starred opposite him, don't feel too friendly towards each other.

When Clark reported on the set for the first day's shooting of *Adventure*, he learned quickly that Greer regarded herself as Metro's number-one star. She had

Some years ago Rosalind Russell was appearing in a revival of Philip Barry's play *Holiday*, acting the role of the maverick sister, the one who rebels at the stodginess of her too-practical family. In the play Roz was supposed to be moping in her room upstairs, then come downstairs into the drawing room, face her family and say:

"I know what you've been doing. You've been talking behind my back."

That night Rosalind walked downstairs and faced the others. And then out of her mouth came, with all the hauteur at her command:

"I know what you've been doing. You've been talking about my behind!"

F. Louis Friedman

won an Academy Award for *Mrs. Miniver*, her films were making money hand over fist, and good old Clark—well, he was the

veteran come home, who had to be taken care of. Gable resented Greer's quasi-maternal attitude, her benevolent willingness to have him as her co-star.

When *Adventure* was released it was so bad they couldn't find a producer on the lot who would take credit for it. Gable was hurt. His first comeback effort had laid an egg. Miss Garson's friends attributed the egg to Gable. Clark's pals attributed the egg to Greer.

Today, Gable and Garson hardly talk to each other, and chances of their working together are practically nil.

If you ask Clark about his feud with Greer, however, he says, "She's a wonderful girl, great talent. If the right story came along, I'd be honored to play opposite her."

This is the old Gable gallantry again. It shows up in his feeling toward Metro, too. "With a little luck," he says, "I think I can work everything out." And it's about time that luck broke on Clark's side for a change. For a starter, he's just been put off suspension and the red carpet is down for *The King*. Everybody at the studio is glad he's back again. **END**

her life's companion?

(Continued from page 39) words before the car door closed were a tremulous, "This is the beginning of a happy end..."

But if ever a bride entered the sacred state of marriage followed by predictions of disaster, that bride was Elizabeth Taylor. Why?

There is no answer to that question. If there is one, Elizabeth Taylor would like to know it. The London-born 20-year-old woman who became Hollywood's most exciting glamor queen in less than a year has never hurt anyone in her entire life, and she has a few questions of her own she'd like to ask:

"Why does everyone keep harping on the fact that Michael Wilding is old enough to be my father? Why do they say behind my back that this marriage won't last a year? Why do they constantly circulate rumors about my relationship with my parents? Why do they try to hurt me?"

Well, Elizabeth, thanks to you, we have the answers to those questions and a lot more. So, as you have often said in a moment of high anticipation—let's get with it!

People are saying that Michael Wilding is old enough to be your father, Mrs. Wilding, because it's true. He is 40 and you are 20. And the contrast doesn't end there. Like a million other men, he has a receding hairline. Photographed from some angles, he looks very nearly bald, which has nothing to do with anything in a man's life, if he is not an actor. But Mike is an actor, so you'll have to go right on reminding him, as you have so often, to put on his hair piece when you go out in public places.

In this respect, you'll have something in common with Mrs. Bing Crosby and Mrs. John Wayne. Bing and the Duke hate like the devil to go the toupee route, but the whole world knows and nobody minds. Matter of fact, in their own particular way, these two guys are just as romantic to their wives, and the public, as Mr. Michael Wilding is to Mrs. Michael Wilding.

Let's take this thing apart, Elizabeth. Not many weeks ago, you became a bride for a second time. When you emerged from the Caxton registry hall in London—and the crowd pressed around you, ex-

claiming, "Are you happy?" you told them, from your heart, that you were, at last. But it was not like that a little more than two years ago when you and Nicky Hilton rushed breathlessly away from the huge church wedding. Your first marriage was everyone's dream of happiness but your own.

No one, then, was trying to hurt you. They just didn't know you, for you were a woman and had been for a long time while your family and friends looked upon you as a lovely, if somewhat vague and irresponsible teen-ager.

Remember the big party your folks gave for you when you were 16? The guests were largely your studio co-workers. Charming, adult show people who considered a party without cocktails like a waltz without music. It must have seemed a little strange to you that every now and then couples drifted outside to their cars. And when they came back the aroma that wafted in with them had nothing to do with the fruit punch your mother was serving. No. They knew in advance that this was to be a little girl party, so some of them had brought their own liquor.

Remember how your mother felt about this, and the general behavior of some of the guests? You probably agree, now, that she was right. The trouble was not with the party, but with the people who attended it. They came to be amused, and they were, at your expense.

Memories like this can sink in, turning a normal girl like you into a hard-shelled sophisticate. And in your life there were dozens of little episodes that pointed you in this direction. Like the time a photographer was busily engaged in shooting pictures of you in a somewhat daring sweater pose. While your mother was explaining how carefully you had been brought up, you looked up at the photographer a little wearily and said, "What sort of a look do you want now—one that says I'm waiting for time to go by?"

Frankly, no one can blame you for the resentments that began to build inside you. Many another young actress has grown up happily, allowing everyone to live her life, but from the start you wanted independence. Outwardly, you covered up your emotions with a vague and delightfully confused attitude toward everything.

People were constantly saying, "Oh, that Elizabeth Taylor! She's beautiful and unspoiled, but she's in love with love, and

doesn't know what she's doing!" The echoes of these remarks must have reached your ears many times in all their senseless, cloying sweetness.

THE Elizabeth Taylor-Nicky Hilton married was this fictional character, not you. And while Nicky was courting you, he had to approach you as though you were a Dresden doll. That's how it happened that you and your friends and family never discovered that Nicky was like most other young men. He liked to drink. He liked to gamble. He didn't mean to lie to you about himself, nor you to him. The trouble was that the whole story of the two of you was created out of the vast enthusiasm of people who wanted you to be their idea of Elizabeth Taylor.

So it was a great shock to both of you to discover that you were strangers. Perhaps it's going too far to say that you were simply "too much woman" for Nicky. At least it can be truthfully said that neither of you knew—not each other—but yourselves well enough to give the marriage a chance. People simply couldn't understand how a honeymoon couple with a present of \$15,000 in cash to blow in on a European honeymoon could fail to have a good time. Both you and Nicky soon learned that \$15,000 is like a bag of peanuts when it collides with the Monte Carlo gaming tables.

If you want to date your factual arrival at adulthood you might put it at the time you dug into your personal resources and paid for the trip home. Even then both you and Nicky tried to make a go of your marriage. But when you came home, you were plopped right back into the old fiction, and the people who hoped to help "this little girl" straighten things out merely made a hopeless mess.

It's just human nature for friends and relatives not to blame themselves for what happened. That's why, today, they ask the brutal question, "Why is Elizabeth marrying a man old enough to be her father?" But you needn't allow this to hurt you. After all, it's only a set of words, spoken by many of those who should have learned not to interfere.

Your husband, Michael Wilding, is not even distantly related to the Hollywood wolves who made your life so miserable, just after you divorced Nicky. They sent you flowers and expensive gifts. There was not a proposal in the lot,

(Continued on page 76)

Starring in
"STEEL TOWN"
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 Lux
 Lovely"**

says

ANN SHERIDAN

"Lux facials make my skin softer, smoother"— *says this charming Hollywood star*

"Smooth skin is so important," says Ann Sheridan. Her own Lux-smooth skin is glamour itself! "First, I cream in active Lux lather." Active lather—that's why Lux Toilet Soap cleanses so gently, so thoroughly.

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Lux Girls are lovelier . . . luckier in romance! See what this Lux Soap care screen stars use can do for you. It's so quick, easy, but it really works. No wonder Lux Toilet Soap is Hollywood's favorite beauty care. Discover life's lovely . . . when you're Lux-lovely.



9 out of 10 screen stars



use Lux for lovelier skin!



I WAS AT LIZ'S WEDDING

Dear Mr. Saxon:

Liz Taylor's wedding seemed to come as a welcome relief to Londoners from the gloom that had been hanging over the city since the King's death. Michael Wilding was careful to observe the royal request for dark, quiet clothes, and Liz couldn't have chosen a more suitable color than the grey she wore.

All day Monday (the wedding was on Thursday) Mike waited in his Bruton Street flat for word from Liz. He expected a cable which never came. Liz later explained that a cable would have revealed her identity—she was traveling under the name of Virginia Courtney—and she didn't want "to spoil the game." All of Mike's information seemed to be coming from reporters, and, he said, "I seem to be the only man in London who knows nothing about it." He admitted he'd been afraid Liz was joking when she said she'd marry him. His wedding plans were still vague; he seemed to be relying on Liz to make them.

At eight o'clock that evening, while Wilding was eating a solitary dinner, Liz phoned from New York and told him she would arrive the next day. Mike reserved a suite for her at the Berkeley Hotel, and had it filled with seven baskets of pink and white hyacinths. After dark, he went out to the airport to wait for the plane. He waited two hours, and by the time the plane arrived he was very pale. When Liz appeared, she and Mike faced reporters who asked them for the formula of a successful marriage. Bashful and reticent, Wilding said, "I haven't a clue." But Liz replied, "You can't draw a diagram for a successful marriage. It's a two-way business. All you can hope to do is to work very hard at it and believe sincerely that it is a marriage for life." Then her fiancé said, "We're just going to work hard at it and hope for the best." As Liz and Mike stepped into his car she turned to him and said, "Dooling, you've had your hair cut," and then they drove off to Herbert Wilcox's flat for a snack. (He was to be best man; his wife, Anna Neagle, was Liz's attendant.) Mike was the chef and Liz said she was glad he could cook because she didn't know how. Wilding laughingly announced that he was "pretty hot with ham and eggs." It was 11 P.M. then, and they all rushed to Caxton Hall to make a formal application for a license. They wanted to include that day in the three-day waiting period. When Registrar J. D. Holiday asked to see their divorce papers, Mike produced his but Liz looked alarmed. "I don't have them with me," she said. "But everybody knows I'm divorced." She glanced about her pleadingly. Finally, the Registrar decided that a cable addressed to him from the California court would be satisfactory, and they hurried to send a wire requesting it.

At four-thirty the next day (Wednesday) Liz and Mike were off to Cartier's. It took them just five minutes to go in and pick up the ring he had selected the day before and ordered engraved. (Liz had bought the engagement ring herself because Mike was short of American dollars.) From there, they went to the house of a friend in Bruton Street where they stayed for tea and received a Georgian silver ashtray as a wedding gift. It was dark when they started for Liz's hotel, but they took their time walking over, and stopped to look at the store windows, seemingly most interested in those that displayed furniture.

Liz was up at eight, breakfasted on ham and eggs with Anna Neagle. The waiter who served them asked for an autograph, "The last as Miss Taylor," he said. And then he inquired, "Is this wedding going to be for good, Miss?" "What a silly question," said Liz, annoyed. "Of course it is!"

By eleven she was dressed, but the room was so strewn about with her belongings that she couldn't find her shoes. Finally, they were located at the bottom of a trunk. The shoes were very high-heeled grey pumps just the shade of her bag, slightly darker than her bolero suit whose skirt was held out with two starched petticoats, both threaded with blue ribbon. However, nothing was old or borrowed, so Miss Neagle insisted they trade strands of pearls and lent Liz her handkerchief. Mike was waiting at Caxton Hall along with fourteen guests, including his parents. Just before the ceremony began, Mike's father said in a loud whisper: "She's a wonderful girl, very wise, and she promised me she'd make my boy very happy always." Soon Registrar Holiday announced, "You are now married. You are actually man and wife." Shakily, Liz asked him, "May I kiss the groom now?" "Certainly," said the Registrar, and she did—long and tenderly.

Outside, the crowd had grown and had begun to shout. For a moment, Liz looked terrified and clutched Mike's arm. He whispered something to her and she straightened up. Later, she said that she'd been thrilled by the reception, but at first "It looked like a mob come to draw and quarter me."

The newlyweds spent their wedding night at the Berkeley Hotel and held a very informal reception there the following afternoon. Liz was curled up on a settee, smoking a cigarette in a long holder. A short honeymoon in the French Alps had been planned, and Wilding stated they'd live on his £25 travel allowance.

So the wedding was launched—everyone concerned was pleased. And Liz's mother had been quoted as saying, "I think it's wonderful that Liz married someone older than herself. An older man is more considerate, thoughtful and understanding. He will make Elizabeth more considerate and understanding, too."

Yours,
GISELLE LA FALAISE

(Continued from page 74) but there were some bluntly suggestive notes. Yet not one of these dubious gentlemen got as far as your front door.

You lived alone with your friend Peggy Rutledge in your modest Wilshire Boulevard apartment, with Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis for neighbors. You had a light and meaningless romance with director Stanley Donen which was important only to those who make a living dramatizing the lives of exciting people.

Then came Michael Wilding, a quiet, slender chap, with great personal charm, Mike appeared unobtrusively on the Hollywood scene. We all saw him at small parties now and then, usually among reporters and writers and not with the big money crowd, although Mike Wilding was well-known and acceptable even in the veddy social gatherings. What he most liked to do was sit on the floor at parties, meet new people and enjoy the exchange of creative ideas.

And that's just about the whole story, except that this time you ruled out all the people who had "helped" you before. You made life very tough for reporters who were used to explaining your every move. You spent most of your courtship in the company of the Stewart Grangers, and no newshounds were able to penetrate the curtain around your private life.

When you went to Palm Springs, you cleverly let the word slip that you were headed for New York. And about the time the news finally leaked out that Mike had asked you to marry him and the event would take place any minute, you made reservations in Acapulco. That, Elizabeth, was a cute trick. You completely stumped the editors of MODERN SCREEN. They sent a photographer and reporter all the way to Mexico where they cooled their heels for ten days waiting for you to check into the hotel room on your wedding day.

Now, for awhile at least, you'll have to get used to predictions and rumors that hurt when you see them in print. Frankly, you had to hurt a few people yourself. Like the friends you seemed to drop so abruptly. Perhaps now they realize that this was the only thing you could do. They represented a threat to your happiness, for if they had been in on your plans the world would have been, too. And you can hardly be blamed for not wanting to make a circus of your second marriage.

So you've come to the happy ending, and it can be just that, provided you don't feel that you should continue the drastic measures you've employed. For example, you and Mike have a big problem to face. He must spend almost half his time in England, fulfilling his contracts. That means that it will be difficult for you to create a permanent home. There will be long months during which you will be working in Hollywood, alone. That means that there will be inevitable rumors about a separation. But, if you and Mike realize that you have sincere friends among the press, what the other people say won't bother you at all.

As for your studio, it is only natural that with a little more than a year left on your contract, they will seek to renew it. And, with men like Dore Schary interested in your future there should be a way in which you can make plans that will allow you to spend the greatest share of your time with your husband.

Summing it up, Elizabeth, you've had a rough trip through Hollywood, emotionally speaking. You've earned your present happiness, conducting yourself with grace and dignity. And your answer to those who say, "It can't last" should be simple.

Just tell them, "Nothing in this world is forever, but Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wilding hope to come awfully close to it!" **END**

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Here's why, for your hair, or for children's hair, *Lilt* is far superior!

1. Lilt's one Waving Lotion is far superior . . . *safer, surer* for every type of hair . . . even for *children's* hair! No other Home Permanent today has such a *foolproof* Waving Lotion!

2. Only Lilt has such a superior *Neutralizer*! It gives as *long-lasting* a home wave as is possible today. And Lilt leaves your hair *softer, lovelier*!

The only foolproof way to *neutralize* is the sure but easy method Lilt uses!

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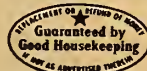
4. Only a Lilt wave is so *easy-to-manage*. A Lilt requires *less frequent setting* than any other home permanent wave!



Refill,
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(Use any plastic curlers)

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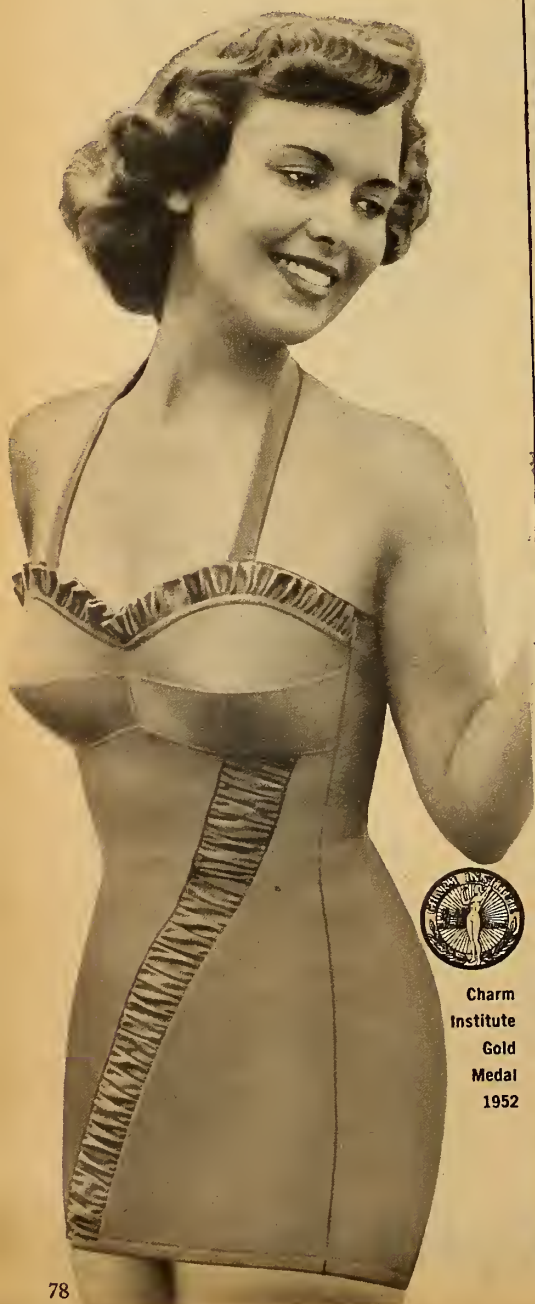
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Charm
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1952

Take my word for it

by JAN STERLING; star columnist for May



Sterling debarks.



Hollywood chow hounds



Home was never, etc.



Mr. & Mrs. in Korea

MODERN SCREEN presents a new service department in which the stars themselves trade ideas, opinions and problems with our readers. Jan Sterling introduces the first in a series of columns to be written by top Hollywood personalities.

I HAVE NO APOLOGY for anything I may say in helping to launch this new department in MODERN SCREEN. Just pull up a chair and let's talk. Frankly speaking, I believe that movie stars are entitled to speak up in public and give a certain amount of advice. I don't bold with the idea that no star should admit to being a Republican for fear of annoying the Democrats, or that if she changes the color of her hair she mustn't ever admit it. I'm going to say what I think and believe—and so will Joan Crawford, Janet Leigh, Betty Hutton, and all the others to follow.

I'M IN FAVOR of poodle baircuts, because men will think we're so wonderfully feminine when we let our hair grow out again... I'm for Ike, even though I am a Democrat, but I won't be unless he surrounds himself with those I believe are the right people... I am for LeLong's #7, when it comes to men's colognes, and if the company appreciates the plug, they can send me a tank car full of the glorious smelling stuff... Fearless me, I am for children rebelling against parents when it comes to choosing careers, if the kids have respectable I.Q.'s. I fought to go to dramatic school, and I'm happy in what I'm doing... I am against folks insisting that every girl should be an expert cook... Maybe she'll marry a man who can work miracles in the kitchen, like I did. No one in their right minds would call my husband, Paul Douglas, a panty-waist, but he's superb in the kitchen. (Matter of fact, for me he's superb in any part of the house.)

IF YOUR BOY FRIEND is in Korea, I may have seen him there. There's nothing heroic about movie stars flying to the battle front. Personally, I had the time of my life when Paul and I went there, along with a lot of other entertainers... Somebody asked me if I was afraid... The answer was NO. In the battle area, it's like belonging to an exclusive club. Everyone is in the same boat. You either have the pants scared off you, or you don't care. Funny thing, though. To be the only girl among thousands of men somehow almost makes you forget you are a woman. I didn't feel that I was a man, either—just that we were all of a kind...

I was surprised when one night a sentry was posted in front of the van in which I was to sleep. It was explained that the men had been up there a long time without seeing a woman. Paul asked about the sentry and was told, "He's been up here a long time, too." Everyone broke up laughing, and Paul slept at the entrance to my



rugged boudoir. I could hear men shuffling around outside and asking in loud whispers, "Where's the 'broad' sleeping?" But I knew that even without sentry and husband, there would have been no trespassing. They all treated me like angels—those angels!

IF YOU ARE A "DIRTY" BLONDE, which I frankly am without cosmetic aid, you can appreciate the problem of touching up your hair at ten below zero, with only an army helmet to dunk your head in . . . After I had made with the ammonia and peroxide, Paul helped erase the shadowy places I'd missed, with a tooth brush . . . Women ought to look delicate and feminine whether on display before one man or a hundred thousand. Solution: You shampoo your hair once a week. But in a helmet? Try it sometime.

IF YOU'RE PUDGY, which I was as a young girl, you probably are as complexed as a traffic jam. When I was in my teens, I weighed 140 pounds. I was fat all over, and even though some of it was growing weight, I must have been a little horrifying. But I thought I was divine. Today I weigh 103, and I'm not so sure. There's no easy secret to the weight problem . . . Mostly I think it's self-discipline. I don't drink, and I don't diet. Mornings I have eggs. Noons, I eat vegetables. Nights, lean meat. About twice a month I go on a fudge spree . . . Just shun the starchy foods and keep the thought in mind that somebody's going to think you're rather precious. But let it go to the man's head, not to yours.

IF YOU ARE AFRAID of anything, I may have a helpful formula: Don't keep your fears a secret. Admit them. Let those of your friends who are dinner table psychiatrists work you over. Their advice probably will be next to worthless, but you'll laugh at what they think they know . . . Air travel has always given me the shakes. Pretty ridiculous. When we took off for a smooth Constellation ride to Honolulu, Wake Island and all points East, I comforted myself with a St. Christopher medal and a Mazuza. Then somebody gave me a small Buddha, which I took along just in case anything happened over Japanese territory . . . Don't accuse me of being sacrilegious I'm as good an Episcopalian as the next Episcopalian—I hope. (Continued on next page)

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



Not a soap,
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—Halo cannot leave
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Gives fragrant
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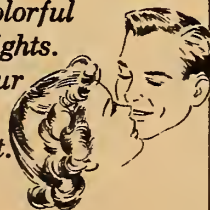
Wonderfully
mild and gentle
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embarrassing
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hair and scalp!



Leaves hair
soft, manageable—
shining with colorful
natural highlights.
Halo glorifies your
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Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

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Only Mavis keeps you flower-fragrant, flower-fresh, alluringly feminine all over. This velvety imported talc, exquisitely perfumed, insures your daintiness . . . absorbs moisture, helps prevent chafing. With Mavis you are always your loveliest self.

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For more exciting, more inviting lips. Irresistible Lipstick stays on you. 8 radiant fashion-perfect shades.

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Complete the magic spell
with bewitching . . .

Irresistible PERFUME

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Take my word for it.

continued

I'M WARMING UP. More advice: Don't fall in love with money. I'd tell my kid sister that if I were allowed only one remark. As a child I fell into the "rich kid" classification. Real name: Jane Sterling Adriance; private tutors in Paris and London . . . I had any tendency toward snootiness ground out of me in theater work . . . On the other hand, my husband, Paul Douglas, grew up as a poor boy, which makes him basically a nicer guy than I am . . . Paul gets along with everybody, loves Cadillacs. I drive a little Studebaker, and fight a tendency to be afraid of new acquaintances.

EVER HATE YOUR FACE? Well, I did. For years, all because of a nose that was too full in the middle. It was so bad that every time I looked at anyone I didn't see a face. Only the nose. My dislike spread, privately, to Lana Turner, Betty Grable and 23 starlets with beautiful noses . . . Then, one day, a plastic surgeon of high repute did for me what he had done for so many women. He fixed it. . . . Now I don't care what anyone, including cameramen, thinks about my nose. When



Before

After

they look at me closely I say to myself, "Well, at least I tried!"

One day you too may want a prettier nose, in which case, here's some advice, well meant: Don't have your nose fixed as a whim, because they can never give you back the old one. Don't do it because you have a complex. First you have to get rid of the idea that your nose is ruining your life. Then calculate carefully. If a nose operation will obviously improve your chance for personal happiness, and you can afford it, go ahead . . . But never without the best of surgeons, and not if you are under 20 . . . You may not know your own mind.

THINGS I LOVE: The advice of an ex-glamor girl who told me: "The best way I know to stay beautiful is to fall in love, scrub your

face with soap and water and say your prayers with equal thoroughness, every night."

HOME IS A PLACE a lot of girls are in a hurry to get away from, so they can marry, settle down, and build a nest just like the one they left . . . (Think it over. I mean that as a tribute to your parents.) And while on that subject, I don't agree that children should make friends of their parents. Make mothers and fathers of them, instead. They like it that way . . . I've found my real home, at last. Saw it first, several years ago, and it was a Douglas home then—belonging to Melvyn Douglas. When, a couple of months back, Paul and I called an agent about a house, the first thing mentioned was the Douglas home in the old Outpost section of Hollywood, high in the hills. We took it like a shot, and now we're furnishing . . . We're searching the town for furniture we've always wanted—our first selection being a tremendous king-sized bed . . . I want a Utrillo for over the living room mantel, and for Paul's cooking, an O'Keefe and Merritt or some other veritable Wurlitzer of a stove, and a GE refrig. (No endorsement implied; I just like 'em.)

I'LL CONFESS something. As a child I was a BRAT! I've always been a little spoiled, and my husband, bless his heart, hasn't changed me too much . . . Like a million or more other children, I come from what some people refer to as a "broken home" . . . My parents were divorced, and at an early age I learned what it was to be "more to be pitied than censured." Little devil that I was, I played mother against father, and enjoyed being the center of the stage. Got away with it for a long time, too, before somebody spanked my little bottom. Apparently my beloved father and step-dad didn't put too much stock in the loving psychology concerning children of divorce . . . So I've been living happily ever after. Thanks for letting me talk to you.

Yours,

Jan Sterling

Editor's Note: You may want to correspond with Jan Sterling personally. Simply write to her, c/o MODERN SCREEN, 1046 North Carol Drive, Hollywood 46, California. Don't forget to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope to insure a reply.

. . . and take my word for it

Jan Sterling allowed me to read what she has to say, between scenes of our co-starring film, *Flesh And Fury*, and I asked the editors for an opportunity to help launch this new series. I think you all should know that Jan is as honest and clever as she appears on the screen. Far as I'm concerned, this column is going to be on my "must" list every month. Sincerely,

Tony Curtis



debbie acts her age

(Continued from page 66) observed many of our top statesmen and attended a session of Congress. She came away with definite ideas, and is really interested in the voting privilege she will have next year.

On the lighter side, Debbie has finally bought a hat. Her purchase threw the entire household into a tizzie, for Debbie has always scorned any kind of headgear. She not only bought this chapeau, but she wore it, plus gloves, to three consecutive social functions, and Maxene Reynolds sighed happily. "You know," she said to her husband, "I think there's finally a ray of hope after all."

In years gone by, Debbie regarded babies as strange creatures. Lovable, but strange all the same. If you couldn't talk with a character, or dance with a character, what kind of a character was it? Then she became an aunt, and on the day when the baby was left in her care, Debbie toted it over to Gene Kelly's house and from there to MGM, carrying it proudly, and beaming at every compliment.

Debbie's attitude has changed towards her brother, too. Bill had always been the big brother, the guy who knew everything and everybody, but with the passage of time Debbie has caught up with and even passed him in maturity. Now she refers to him as 'my little brother'. Bill doesn't object to this at all. On the contrary, he admires her tremendously.

Debbie's mother and father no longer loom as strange and mystical overlords. In the past three years she has come to know them as real people, to understand their problems and their moods. "I've even got to the point where I know how to work them for what I want," she says, with a grin. Apparently this isn't very difficult, for Ray and Maxene Reynolds have always let Debbie make her own decisions, so she has evolved into a self-reliant girl with sound judgment.

In the past, boys have suffered a lot of pangs over Debbie, and only now she is beginning to realize how unfairly she treated them. "I guess I was sort of scared of fellows then," she says. "And when they'd ask me for a date I'd give them the brush-off. When I look back now, it strikes me I was pretty terrible. I don't know why they even bothered to speak to me." Or, in other words, she is no longer shy with the opposite sex.

WITHOUT being aware of it, Debbie is learning how to talk with people in all walks of life. In her position as a movie star, she's met senators, farmers, lawyers, bricklayers, and the President. Debbie has always liked people, she used to sit on her street corner for hours at a time and watch people go by. But her recent contacts have taught her a lot and given her great poise. Debbie herself says, "Without a movie career, I would have been a jerk."

But growing up has much to do with that, too. Debbie showed definite signs of an oldster when she recently advised a friend not to work so hard at school. The girl in question was bending under the burden of extra-curricular activities along with her regular studies.

"Stick to your schoolwork," opined Miss Reynolds. "Don't knock yourself out working for pins and letters. It isn't worth it."

Two years ago this same Miss Reynolds belonged to every club in school, collected pins and letters like mad, and joined every committee that would take her—and these things were important as life and death to her. But now, from her advanced position

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as an ex-teen-ager, she realizes that this hullabaloo isn't worth all the trouble.

The neighborhood kids now look to her for advice on clothes and makeup. As the fashion oracle of Evergreen Street, she is a great help to them. They all borrow her clothes despite the fact that some of them (to Debbie's amazement) are growing larger than she is. One girl, barely in her teens, was thrilled by Debbie's offer to lend her a particularly devastating formal. Although she ate nothing all day in order to keep slim for the dress, Maxene and Debbie had to lay her out flat on Debbie's bed in order to close the zipper. Another neighborhood girl, discouraged because of her complexion, came to Debbie for help one evening and Debbie gave her a full treatment, a la MGM.

One of the reasons Debbie acts her age is the fact that she has not gone Hollywood. Most actresses her age begin having flings about town with older men, and drape themselves in furs. Debbie sticks to dating boys two years older than she, realizing that she has more interests in common with people her own age, even though she can hold her own in an older crowd.

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she said. "You tell me, frankly, if she has changed with all this Hollywood business."

"She certainly has," said Debbie's grandmother. "She takes much better care of her clothes. And her diction is better. But I can't say the same for the way she keeps her room."

Fortified by this assurance, Mrs. Reynolds took the plunge and suggested to Debbie that perhaps she might want to move into an apartment by herself. Maxene felt it was a plunge because she knows enough about Hollywood to know that when local girls make good and move out of their own homes, they are often on the road to losing their sense of values.

Debbie, though, was amazed at her mother's suggestion. "Why should I move?" she demanded. "I don't want to live in one of those elegant places. I want to stay right here where I can kick off my shoes if I feel like it."

Actually, Debbie has a distinct aversion to living alone. Ray Reynolds converted the double garage in the rear of their little property into a small guest house, thinking that Debbie might like it for quiet and study. But Debbie wouldn't budge from her accustomed domicile. She just plain likes being with her family, and has stayed away only on those occasional nights when she works late at the studio and is dog tired. Then she shuns the 20-mile trip back to Burbank and stays with Miss Horn, her ex-teacher

who lives in nearby Westwood. Sometimes when she is working on a picture Debbie sees little of her parents.

"Well! Look who's here!" says Maxene when Debbie blows in after a few days' absence. "Let's see if you've changed any."

Debbie works hard, as does any actress starting her way up the ladder, and even when she does come home, she wakens after her father has left the house for work, and sometimes goes a whole week without seeing him. "I look in on you in the mornings sometimes," says Ray Reynolds a little wistfully, "just to make sure you're still alive."

She forgoes her piano lessons to concentrate on the singing and dancing needed for movies, and gets so busy she forgets to eat. She manages to keep up her activities as honorary mayor of Burbank, and writes to as many servicemen in Korea as time will allow. Despite her home ties, she wanted desperately to go to North Africa to entertain troops and cried when the doctor wouldn't let her. For Debbie, there is never enough time, and often, she remarks, pensively, "I wish I were back at J. C. Penney's," (she sold blouses there on former summer vacations). "Life was so simple then."

THE "simple life" appeals to Debbie so strongly that she knocked the brass hats off the heads of Warner executives when she was at that studio. Laid off salary temporarily, she found her piggy bank was almost empty, and Christmas was just around the corner. So she went to work at Newberry's, a novelty store of the five-and-dime variety. The studio called at home one day; she was out.

"Well, where is she?" they wanted to know.

"She's working," said Maxene Reynolds simply.

"Working! But she's under contract to us. Where is she working?"

"The hardware counter at Newberry's," Maxene said, and the lid blew off. Debbie was taken to task for such unheard of action, and she listened to the lecture in silence, uncomprehending. If it was Christmas and she needed money, and if Warners wasn't paying her anything, she couldn't see any reason why she shouldn't toddle off and work wherever she pleased.

Hollywood just doesn't impress Debbie, and neither does the flattery that is offered by strangers. The kids on Evergreen Street don't bother. They know that if they were to say to Debbie, "Gee, you were great!", she'd look at them as though they'd gone off their rocker. Because Debbie truly doesn't think she's great. On the other hand, if a friend says, "You know, you were sort of good in that scene," Debbie beams because she can believe it. Sort of good, maybe, but great—never.

She is living two lives right now, her own and that of her work, and she is unaware that Hollywood is rubbing off on her the only way it could rub off on Debbie Reynolds. She has acquired poise and good grooming and considerable glamor, but through it all she continues to have the appeal of the purity of youth.

Debbie doesn't look forward to being sophisticated. There's only one milestone she wonders about. She has made five-dollar bets with everyone that she won't marry before she reaches 23.

The five-dollar bets add up to a small fortune, but Debbie isn't worried about it because she's so positive she'll still be single. Besides, if she is married, her husband will be duty bound to dig in his jeans to pay off. But that'll be a pleasure for the man who hooks Debbie! **END**

(See Debbie's next MGM picture, *Singin' In The Rain*.—Ed.)

easy money!

They say that April showers bring May flowers, so it seems that now's the time for it to rain pennies from heaven for you. And we just happen to have 100 in the form of a crisp new one-dollar bill. All you have to do is to read all the stories in this May issue and fill out the questionnaire below—carefully. Then send it to us with all haste. 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 this 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
- ☐ Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
- ☐ "Someone To Watch Over Me" (Judy Garland)
- ☐ Happy Anniversary! (Doris Day)
- ☐ Ava Fights Back (Ava Gardner)
- ☐ Her Life's Companion? (Liz Taylor)
- ☐ I was at Liz's Wedding
- ☐ How Casual Can He Get? (Bing Crosby)
- ☐ You're Wrong About Jane Russell!
- ☐ Behind Ingrid Bergman's Closed Doors
- ☐ A House For A Horse (Virginia Mayo-Mike O'Shea)
- ☐ I Didn't Need A Miracle (Liz Scott)
- ☐ The Inside Story Behind Clark Gable's Feuds
- ☐ A Simple Case of Love (Susan Hayward-Jess Barker)
- ☐ "Now I Can Talk" (Tony Curtis)
- ☐ Crazy Like A Fox (Martin & Lewis)
- ☐ Debbie Reynolds Acts Her Age
- ☐ Hey, Good Lookin'! (Joyce Holden)
- ☐ Take My Word For It (Jan Sterling)
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions

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?

What MALE star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

What 3 television stars (MALE or FEMALE) would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3.

My name is.....

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.

hey, good lookin'!

(Continued from page 70) was at a church convention. The speech started formal and stayed formal—but not the delivery. Into that she put something so human that her audience was soon captivated, rocking with amusement one moment and both warmed and thrilled the next.

That's Joyce Holden. She's not unlike Carole Lombard in her spirit, nor unlike Lupe Velez in her gift for spontaneity, nor unlike Imogene Coca in her flair for mimicry.

Medium-tall and flawlessly fair, with blue eyes and blonde hair that could have come from any—or all—of four lines of forebears, Swedish, English, German and Dutch, Joyce is all-woman. And she's so happily and unaffectedly all-woman that she convinces everyone who meets her that this must be the most wonderful of things to be. That she has a genuine joy of life seems to be the key of her success in meeting people—failure to respond to her is like admitting life means little.

At the MODERN SCREEN cocktail party held a few months ago she entered knowing only a few of the guests. But those few were kept busy by their friends begging for introductions. She left knowing nearly two hundred. She had danced with a half dozen, compared notes with 20 more, and found things to talk and laugh about with all of them.

Bill Holden was brought over to meet her. "Is Holden your real name?" he asked. "It isn't mine."

"Nor mine," quickly responded Joyce. "Who are we?"

"Friends, by George!" replied Bill, delighted with an introduction that was painless in contrast to the many that have to be propped up with stilted conversation.

Bob Mitchum, who scoffs at formalities, met her for the first time at the same affair and delivered a verdict about her in his own expressive way later. "Elegant!" he said. "Yet as casual as a postcard."

How did she come to be that way? Joyce, whose father was a sheet metal contractor, and whose mother was an employment counselor when she was born in Kansas City 21 years ago, has no special explanation. She likes people. She can find things to talk about with anyone, anywhere, and get a kick out of it. And she remembers that when she was nine years old she had to take a new look at life—her parents divorced.

Her mother, with whom she and her older brother, Glen, stayed, had to go to work, and Joyce had to do the buying and cooking after school. With less time to play she learned to squeeze the most out of what she did get. "I just couldn't afford to wait on events, or my playmates," she remembers. "I had to make my own happiness. I couldn't waste time being shy or different. I had to get enough fun out of minutes to last me for hours, and I had to get it out of what was near me, not out of dreams of the far-off and impossible."

RELEASE from her kitchen duties came to Joyce when she was entering high school; her grandparents came to live with them and her grandmother took over the meals and housework. Time hung so heavily on her hands now that she started off a half dozen activities at one time, including modeling, singing, dancing and drawing. She won a scholarship at the Kansas City Art Institute with her drawing, modeled professionally at Harzfeld's department store (where they assumed she was 17) and got herself loused up socially in high school with her dancing.

This last happened when she responded to a call for volunteers to entertain at a

Are you
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married
happiness
...even your
health?

Don't Fail to Read These Frank
Facts About the Most Intimate
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It's a tragedy that so many young women keep up with the latest fashions and hair-do's yet remain so woefully old-fashioned (really uninformed) about the most intimate concern of their lives—*internal feminine cleanliness*.

Too many women do not realize the great importance of putting ZONITE in their douche for *complete* hygiene (including internal feminine cleanliness), for married happiness, their health and to protect against unmentionable odors.

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as an ex-teen-ager, she realizes that this hullabaloo isn't worth all the trouble.

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she said. "You tell me, frankly, if she has changed with all this Hollywood business."

"She certainly has," said Debbie's grandmother. "She takes much better care of her clothes. And her diction is better. But I can't say the same for the way she keeps her room."

Fortified by this assurance, Mrs. Reynolds took the plunge and suggested to Debbie that perhaps she might want to move into an apartment by herself. Maxene felt it was a plunge because she knows enough about Hollywood to know that when local girls make good and move out of their own homes, they are often on the road to losing their sense of values.

Debbie, though, was amazed at her mother's suggestion. "Why should I move?" she demanded. "I don't want to live in one of those elegant places. I want to stay right here where I can kick off my shoes if I feel like it."

Actually, Debbie has a distinct aversion to living alone. Ray Reynolds converted the double garage in the rear of their little property into a small guest house, thinking that Debbie might like it for quiet and study. But Debbie wouldn't budge from her accustomed domicile. She just plain likes being with her family, and has stayed away only on those occasional nights when she works late at the studio and is dog tired. Then she shuns the 20-mile trip back to Burbank and stays with Miss Horn, her ex-teacher

who lives in nearby Westwood. Sometimes when she is working on a picture Debbie sees little of her parents.

"Well! Look who's here!" says Maxene when Debbie blows in after a few days' absence. "Let's see if you've changed any."

Debbie works hard, as does any actress starting her way up the ladder, and even when she does come home, she wakens after her father has left the house for work, and sometimes goes a whole week without seeing him. "I look in on you in the mornings sometimes," says Ray Reynolds a little wistfully, "just to make sure you're still alive."

She forgoes her piano lessons to concentrate on the singing and dancing needed for movies, and gets so busy she forgets to eat. She manages to keep up her activities as honorary mayor of Burbank, and writes to as many servicemen in Korea as time will allow. Despite her home ties, she wanted desperately to go to North Africa to entertain troops and cried when the doctor wouldn't let her. For Debbie, there is never enough time, and often, she remarks, pensively, "I wish I were back at J. C. Penney's," (she sold blouses there on former summer vacations). "Life was so simple then."

THE "simple life" appeals to Debbie so strongly that she knocked the brass hats off the heads of Warner executives when she was at that studio. Laid off salary temporarily, she found her piggy bank was almost empty, and Christmas was just around the corner. So she went to work at Newberry's, a novelty store of the five-and-dime variety. The studio called at home one day; she was out.

"Well, where is she?" they wanted to know.

"She's working," said Maxene Reynolds simply.

"Working! But she's under contract to us. Where is she working?"

"The hardware counter at Newberry's," Maxene said, and the lid blew off. Debbie was taken to task for such unheard of action, and she listened to the lecture in silence, uncomprehending. If it was Christmas and she needed money, and if Warners wasn't paying her anything, she couldn't see any reason why she shouldn't toddle off and work wherever she pleased.

Hollywood just doesn't impress Debbie, and neither does the flattery that is offered by strangers. The kids on Evergreen Street don't bother. They know that if they were to say to Debbie, "Gee, you were great!", she'd look at them as though they'd gone off their rocker. Because Debbie truly doesn't think she's great. On the other hand, if a friend says, "You know, you were sort of good in that scene," Debbie beams because she can believe it. Sort of good, maybe, but great—never.

She is living two lives right now, her own and that of her work, and she is unaware that Hollywood is rubbing off on her the only way it could rub off on Debbie Reynolds. She has acquired poise and good grooming and considerable glamor, but through it all she continues to have the appeal of the purity of youth.

Debbie doesn't look forward to being sophisticated. There's only one milestone she wonders about. She has made five-dollar bets with everyone that she won't marry before she reaches 23.

The five-dollar bets add up to a small fortune, but Debbie isn't worried about it because she's so positive she'll still be single. Besides, if she is married, her husband will be duty bound to dig in his jeans to pay off. But that'll be a pleasure for the man who hooks Debbie! **END**

(See Debbie's next MGM picture, *Singin' In The Rain*.—Ed.)

easy money!

They say that April showers bring May flowers, so it seems that now's the time for it to rain pennies from heaven for you. And we just happen to have 100 in the form of a crisp new one-dollar bill. All you have to do is to read all the stories in this May issue and fill out the questionnaire below—carefully. Then send it to us with all haste. 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 this 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
- ☐ Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
- ☐ "Someone To Watch Over Me" (Judy Garland)
- ☐ Happy Anniversary! (Doris Day)
- ☐ Ava Fights Back (Ava Gardner)
- ☐ Her Life's Companion? (Liz Taylor)
- ☐ I was at Liz's Wedding
- ☐ How Casual Can He Get? (Bing Crosby)
- ☐ You're Wrong About Jane Russell!
- ☐ Behind Ingrid Bergman's Closed Doors
- ☐ A House For A Horse (Virginia Mayo-Mike O'Shea)
- ☐ I Didn't Need A Miracle (Liz Scott)
- ☐ The Inside Story Behind Clark Gable's Feuds
- ☐ A Simple Case of Love (Susan Hayward-Jess Barker)
- ☐ "Now I Can Talk" (Tony Curtis)
- ☐ Crazy Like A Fox (Martin & Lewis)
- ☐ Debbie Reynolds Acts Her Age
- ☐ Hey, Good Lookin'! (Joyce Holden)
- ☐ Take My Word For It (Jan Sterling)
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions

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?

What MALE star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

What 3 television stars (MALE or FEMALE) would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3.

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City..... Zone....

State..... I am yrs. old

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hey, good lookin'!

(Continued from page 70) was at a church convention. The speech started formal and stayed formal—but not the delivery. Into that she put something so human that her audience was soon captivated, rocking with amusement one moment and both warmed and thrilled the next.

That's Joyce Holden. She's not unlike Carole Lombard in her spirit, nor unlike Lupe Velez in her gift for spontaneity, nor unlike Imogene Coca in her flair for mimicry.

Medium-tall and flawlessly fair, with blue eyes and blonde hair that could have come from any—or all—of four lines of forebears, Swedish, English, German and Dutch, Joyce is all-woman. And she's so happily and unaffectedly all-woman that she convinces everyone who meets her that this must be the most wonderful of things to be. That she has a genuine joy of life seems to be the key of her success in meeting people—failure to respond to her is like admitting life means little.

At the MODERN SCREEN cocktail party held a few months ago she entered knowing only a few of the guests. But those few were kept busy by their friends begging for introductions. She left knowing nearly two hundred. She had danced with a half dozen, compared notes with 20 more, and found things to talk and laugh about with all of them.

Bill Holden was brought over to meet her. "Is Holden your real name?" he asked. "It isn't mine."

"Nor mine," quickly responded Joyce. "Who are we?"

"Friends, by George!" replied Bill, delighted with an introduction that was painless in contrast to the many that have to be propped up with stilted conversation.

Bob Mitchum, who scoffs at formalities, met her for the first time at the same affair and delivered a verdict about her in his own expressive way later. "Elegant!" he said. "Yet as casual as a postcard."

How did she come to be that way? Joyce, whose father was a sheet metal contractor, and whose mother was an employment counselor when she was born in Kansas City 21 years ago, has no special explanation. She likes people. She can find things to talk about with anyone, anywhere, and get a kick out of it. And she remembers that when she was nine years old she had to take a new look at life—her parents divorced.

Her mother, with whom she and her older brother, Glen, stayed, had to go to work, and Joyce had to do the buying and cooking after school. With less time to play she learned to squeeze the most out of what she did get. "I just couldn't afford to wait on events, or my playmates," she remembers. "I had to make my own happiness. I couldn't waste time being shy or different. I had to get enough fun out of minutes to last me for hours, and I had to get it out of what was near me, not out of dreams of the far-off and impossible."

RELEASE from her kitchen duties came to Joyce when she was entering high school; her grandparents came to live with them and her grandmother took over the meals and housework. Time hung so heavily on her hands now that she started off a half dozen activities at one time, including modeling, singing, dancing and drawing. She won a scholarship at the Kansas City Art Institute with her drawing, modeled professionally at Harzfeld's department store (where they assumed she was 17) and got herself loused up socially in high school with her dancing.

This last happened when she responded to a call for volunteers to entertain at a

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school assembly. Joyce learned the Hawaiian War Chant dance and demonstrated it, cellophane skirts and all, for the teacher in charge. It was approved and she performed it at the next assembly. Unfortunately, the teacher had not bargained on boy psychology. Though the movements of the dance were strictly in classic tradition, the boys did their own interpreting and responded with wolf whistles.

No blame fell on Joyce as far as the school authorities were concerned, but she was soon aware of an undercurrent of resentment on the part of the girls. This was made quite clear not only when she lost out on joining the sorority she had her heart set on, but in many other little ways. For a while Joyce felt crushed, yet actually, all this was to contribute invaluable to her character. Instead of her ways being standardized as to dress, demeanor and custom by sorority decree, she was free to acquire individuality—and she did. One of the girls in school who originally sided against Joyce, but later became a close friend, was smart enough to figure all this out.

"I wish I had been blackballed out of the sorority now," she said. "We're all like little puppets, talking the same, dressing the same, while you're a somebody!"

Most girls who get to Hollywood have dreamed about it for years; almost every girl gives the possibility an occasional thought. Joyce belongs to the latter group. Hollywood, the movies, and the road to stardom on which she is now traveling, were all unplanned developments. After she completed her junior year in high school her mother, Mrs. D. P. Heckert (Joyce's real name is Jo Ann Heckert) took her and her brother to Los Angeles for a two weeks' vacation. Like many visitors, they liked California so much they began to kid each other about not going back. When the two weeks were up they stopped kidding. They knew they were going to stay.

Joyce busied herself the rest of the summer trying to find modeling work and for want of anything else to do entered a couple of beauty contests. When she was ready to enter Hollywood High for her last year she could lay claim not only to being Miss TV of 1948, but Miss Southern California of that year also. In deference to such honors the president of the student council himself introduced her around, but Joyce soon dequeened herself and got down to normalcy—she found that in Hollywood every other girl is a Miss Something-Or-Other. In her class there were, among others, Miss Eye-Lash of 1946, Miss Soy Bean of 1947, and even a Miss Die-Now-And-Pay-Later!

Her mother found a position in Los Angeles and Joyce shortly got back into modeling and made a bid for TV work. Her face and form hit the covers of several national magazines and Ed Wynn picked her as the girl to bring him his funny hats and props on his TV program. Joyce kept on at school while she worked and became a freshman at UCLA, her last stop before fortune literally cut in on her life. She was whirling around the floor at a school dance when a talent agent tapped her partner on the shoulder.

"If I may?" he asked.

Two days later he had brought her to the office of Rufus Le Maire at Universal-International, and not long after that she was pointed out to Jimmy Durante as the girl who should play opposite him in *The Milkman*.

"I dunno," responded Jimmy, not liking the idea of working with an inexperienced actress. "Let her learn the dance and song routine and we'll see."

Joyce had 24 hours to study her part and Tony Curtis to help her rehearse.

If you remember the "It's Bigger Than Both of Us" number from *The Milkman* you know how much she impressed Durante. But he wasn't the only one to cry out, "That's my girl!" The very same words were uttered by a young writer named Dok Stanford when he dropped into a Beverly Hills movie some months later and saw Joyce on the screen. At that instant an empty life flashed before him which he recognized as his own. And he knew that only she could fill it properly. What happened then he has promised faithfully never to write into any of his scripts because it would never be believed.

IT SEEMS that that very same week Donald O'Connor and his wife, Gwen, invited Joyce to go out on a dinner date with them. They had a partner for her, but at the last moment he had to leave town. Donald was wondering whom he might call to substitute when the telephone rang. It was Dok Stanford, who has known Donald for some years. He had a simple request. Could Donald help him meet a girl at U-I by the name of Joyce Holden? It took Donald 15 minutes to convince Dok he could not only meet her but accompany them to dinner if he wanted to. In the end Dok agreed, even though, as he explained, he would have to leave early for another date. But at two in the morning he was still with Joyce,

I SAW IT HAPPEN



During Bob Hope's personal appearance at the New York Paramount Theater, the weather was rather cold and windy. On one of the most wintry of days we were standing in line outside before the first show. Imagine our surprise when we saw none other than Bob Hope passing out hot coffee to the line's freezing occupants.

Jean M. Unger
Union City, New Jersey

just looking and listening. Don and Gwen had gone home long since . . . neither Joyce nor Dok knew exactly when.

It has been more than a year since that night and the two have quarreled many times—but never for longer than a minute. For this Dok gives Joyce all the credit. The last time they had harsh words they both lapsed into a deadly silence. Finally Dok spoke, or started to. He got as far as "Well . . ." when Joyce cut in quickly. "I forgive you," she announced.

Joyce is quick with words and these generally reflect her feeling more than her thoughts, yet almost always seem to fit well. A member of Unity Church, she was asked to address 300 members at Unity Farm, the national headquarters in Kansas City, last year. Her subject was on the value of religion as she had found it in her life. She had a serious message but somehow, before her allotted eight minutes were up, she was back on her own level of communication into which the fun of living simply has to creep. If anything it strengthened her talk, but her appreciative listeners found themselves laughing and responding like an audience watching a gay comedy.

Whatever the power of Joyce's personal appeal, it seems to take effect within minutes after exposure to it. "All the good top comedians have it," one of her pro-

ducers, Lou Breslow, has said. "It's something that can't be cultivated or learned. Put Joyce into a crowd and good feeling seems to ripple out from her."

Dok has a friend, a staid corporation attorney, who not long ago celebrated a wedding anniversary with a party at his home. Dok took Joyce, of course, and when they entered they couldn't believe their eyes. As a festive affair it was a complete failure. Mostly there were lone twosomes made up of husband and wife. Otherwise a few men had gathered together to talk business, leaving wives to take up domestic affairs.

"It's like a wake!" whispered Dok to Joyce. "I'll just say a few words to the host and then we'll go."

Dok went looking for his host, and was talking to him when a burst of laughter and music came from the living room. They went in to find everybody in a merry group around a couple who seemed to be giving a rumba exhibition. One was a short, plump business executive and the other, of course, was Joyce—with her shoes off to stay on eye level with her partner. Dok looked at his watch. It had taken Joyce four minutes to break up the frost.

Even Shelley Winters, who is the current "queen" of the U-I lot, is aware of Joyce's potentialities. One time, at luncheon, a group of players, including Joyce, were talking to a writer known to be almost finished with a comedy script all the girls were crazy about. Soon Shelley walked up and addressed him.

"Is that script finished yet?" she asked. "I got to do it, remember. Nobody else but me!"

Joyce turned to Shelley. "I don't blame you, Shelley. It's an awfully cute script and I would just love to do it myself."

Shelley thought a moment, her eyes studying Joyce thoughtfully. "Well, all right," she said finally. "You can do it. You got talent."

Actually it will be up to the studio to decide who will do the script, but coming from Shelley Winters, to whom talent is art, and art is all—this was a statement so momentous as to almost split the studio gossip pipeline wide open.

Since over-ambition is not a characteristic of Joyce's temperament, she is not unduly concerned about her career and is content to await the future. Since *The Milkman* she has made five pictures, including *The Iron Man*, with Jeff Chandler, and her latest is a modern spectacle of the west, *Bronco Busters*, in which Scott Brady and John Lund are starred with her.

She's going to marry Dok and they keep setting dates to set a date. In the meantime she lives at home with her mother, writes letters to her brother who is in the Navy, and keeps her hand in at cooking. She likes to eat everything that comes in a pot—especially stews and fricassees.

She used to love to buy handbags but had trouble finding shoes to match. Now she has learned to buy them at the same time. She has keen hearing and once, when her mother noticed her with her ear to the wall, claimed that she was listening to termites chewing away at the studs. Her hearing comes in handy when introductions are made. She isn't the kind names fly by. Last year on a visit to San Jose College during a world premiere she was taken to the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity for a brief cocktail party. There were 30 members present and she stayed just 20 minutes. When she left she said goodbye to 24 of the boys by name.

You can be sure that none of the 24, or the 30, for that matter, will forget her easily. And that goes for everyone who meets her!

a simple case of love

(Continued from page 53) capacity should lead to big trouble. Jess should feel bitter, outraged, inferior. He should resent, at least subconsciously, his wife's success. Susan, too, should feel cheated, guilty, domineering. After all, she's the major bread-winner in the family, and doesn't that weaken her role as a woman?

The chronic prophets of doom have not only predicted divorce for Susan and Jess, but they're anticipating marital disaster, on the same basis, for Loretta Young and Tom Lewis, Esther Williams and Ben Gage, Anne Baxter and John Hodiak, Virginia Mayo and Michael O'Shea, and all the rest of those professional or non-professional couples whose incomes are unequal in the wife's favor.

Of course, if you predict divorce for ten or 20 Hollywood couples, you're likely to be right occasionally. It's like betting on every horse in a race; you're bound to come up with the winner. But in the case of Susan Hayward and Jess Barker, which is essentially a case of love, the chances of marriage failure are very small. The Barkers are intelligent people who have faced up to their problems, surmounted the obstacles (although this took a good deal of adjustment) and are now very happily married in a most un-Hollywood way.

"Susan and I," Jess explains, "regard our marriage as a partnership. Whatever each of us earns goes into the family bankroll. The very nature of the entertainment business is cyclical. Right now Susan is having a great run. Next year or maybe the year after, it'll be my turn. There's no point in becoming a neurotic just because your wife is a big success."

"I admit frankly that when a man isn't working, especially an actor, it can get on his nerves. He begins to brood, becomes jumpy and irritable. It's happened to me. But you've got to snap out of it. It's not fair to you, not fair to your wife, and certainly not fair to your children."

SUSAN Hayward, who is probably one of the most intelligent actresses in Hollywood, presents her point of view this way: "I'm not competing with Jess for acting laurels or earning money or anything. I'm collaborating with him. Who can properly judge the relative contributions to any collaboration? In a marriage it doesn't particularly matter if the wife's monetary contribution is greater than the husband's, just so long as they both contribute love and understanding and mutual effort."

It's well known in Hollywood that when Susan is away on location and Jess is at home, he looks after their seven-year-old twins, Timothy and Gregory—when he isn't working.

A year ago when Susan was in Georgia for *I'd Climb The Highest Mountain*, Jess phoned her one evening and said that their housekeeper had quit. "What am I going to do?" he asked. "Who's going to prepare food for the twins?"

Susan promptly dictated a detailed list of instructions on the care and feeding of twins. She also gave Jess a few recipes and suggested that he buy some supplies, and try to cook dinner himself.

A pretty resourceful guy, Jess did exactly that, and when Susan phoned from location each day thereafter to find out how he was doing, Jess assured her that as an amateur cook he wasn't half-bad.

What was even more important, he showed no resentment at bearing his share of the family domestic load.

In Hollywood this is pretty unusual. It calls for maturity, honesty, and the frank acknowledgement of realities. There are dozens of actor husbands who would



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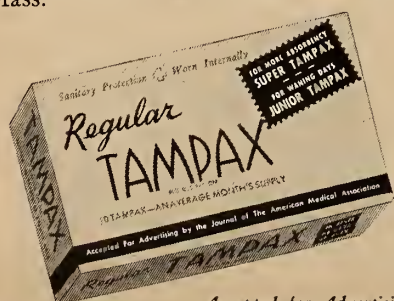
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sooner be caught dead than be seen wheeling a carriage, or shopping at the supermarket. These fathers see their children for a few hours on weekends, kiss them goodnight on weekdays, and consider their responsibilities ended.

Jess Barker is different. In the past few years, he has probably spent even more time with Tim and Gregory than Susan has, because when Susan is working, she leaves the house at six or seven in the morning and doesn't return until seven-thirty at night when the boys are ready for bed.

Thus, while Susan is contributing money to the family collaboration, Jess is contributing love and affection to his sons. When Jess is working, Susan tries to arrange her schedule so that she can devote ample attention to the boys.

Efficient and workable as their marriage is today, there was a time when things weren't running so smoothly.

About four years ago, Susan and Jess were squabbling incessantly, "about little things, minor peeves, quarrels which festered and ran on for three or four days."

This happens in many marriages and unless the quarrels are seen in true perspective, they frequently develop into major troubles.

Well, four years ago, Susan and Jess had many career problems. Susan was under contract to Walter Wanger at the time, and he was ready to sell her contract to a major studio. Jess, who'd been with Universal, failed to have his option lifted. Optimism in the Barker household was at a low ebb during this period. Had two less intelligent persons been involved, the affair would have resolved itself in a divorce court. But Susan and Jess took their troubles to a marriage counselor.

What he told them in essence was this: "You're both in the same profession. Economically, you have the same background. You were poor in your youth, ambitious, eager to get ahead. Whether you know it or not, you're competing against each other. Jess is the man of the house. He feels he should be the dominant wage-earner. Susan is a fine actress. She feels she should exploit her talents."

"Your quarrels probably stem from these frustrations, but a marriage can't last if the husband and wife compete against each other. You've got to compromise and collaborate. And most important of all, quarrels should be settled before you go to bed. Never carry an argument over into the following day."

Susan admits that she and Jess still argue about things. "But every night we kiss before we go to bed, and in the morning there are never any hard feelings."

This intellectual approach to marital difficulties is characteristic of Susan Hayward's entire approach to life. Seek out the best advice and then without any delay follow it through with determination.

Her history bears that out.

She was born Edythe Marrener in Brooklyn on June 30, 1919. Her father was a wireman for the Interborough Rapid Transit Company.

As a little girl, her life was harsh. There was never enough money for little luxuries, and when she was graduated from Girls' Commercial High School, she had to get a job. "I wasn't trained for anything," she recalls, "but I had to earn some money, so I got a job as a model."

Just about this time, David Selznick was beating the bushes for an unknown actress to play the part of Scarlett O'Hara in *Gone With The Wind*. One of his directors, George Cukor, happened to pick up an issue of *The Saturday Evening Post* in which he saw a fetching picture of the hazel-eyed redhead.

Susan was tested for the role first in

New York and then in Hollywood. After three weeks in Hollywood at \$50 a week, she was told that she wasn't "right for the part."

Instead of returning to Brooklyn, Susan moved into a cheap bungalow with her sister. "I was determined," she says, "to get a job in pictures."

The job wasn't very long in coming. One afternoon, Susan rented a bike, lost control of it, and wound up in a prone position on the lawn of an agent named Benny Medford. Benny says, "I took one look at her, and I knew she belonged in the movies. I took her out to Warners, and they signed her at \$50 a week, but they dropped her after six months. I was sure she had what it takes, and so was she, so we went over to Paramount. She sang a song or two for the boys and they gave her a contract at \$250 a week."

At this point, Susan was bent on becoming a great dramatic actress. However, Paramount never realized how good she was. They put her in a series of minor B's and then sent her around the country to exploit other Paramount pictures. She did this for years. Her salary kept mounting, but she couldn't get any good parts.

Finally, Susan decided to strike a blow for Susan. When the Paramount film salesmen came out to Hollywood for their annual convention, she and every other actress on the lot were introduced to the men by studio vice-president Y. Frank Freeman. The other actresses merely nodded, uttered an idle pleasantry and left the stage. But not Hayward. She made a speech. "Most of you gentlemen,"

Youth is not all it's cracked up to be—because there are so many terrible things to find out about!
Judy Garland

she said, "know me already. I've met many of you on tours in your home towns and it's good to see you again. In the past you've been kind enough to ask why you haven't seen me in any pictures. There's one man here who can answer that question. Mr. Freeman, will you please tell these gentlemen why I'm not in any pictures?"

Y. Frank Freeman wasn't studio vice-president for nothing. "Don't worry, my girl," he said. "You'll soon be in plenty of pictures. We have big plans for you."

Susan was given a top role in *Reap The Wild Wind* and then loaned to Columbia to star with Ingrid Bergman and Warner Baxter in *Adam Had Four Sons*. In each of these films, her acting was superb, and Edythe Marrener was on her way.

ONE night in 1944, when Susan was working at the Hollywood Canteen, a tall, very handsome young actor, who was emceeding the entertainment, came over and introduced himself. He was Jess Barker, and as soon as she heard the name, Susan quickly realized that this was the fellow over at Columbia who was being called the hottest young actor in Hollywood. The fellow who'd played opposite the great ladies of the stage, in New York, and was now scheduled for a featured part in *Cover Girl*, with Rita Hayworth.

That night Jess asked Susan if he might take her home.

That would be very nice, Susan thought.

Jess took her home—she was living with her mother at the time—but when he tried to give her a goodnight kiss, she hauled off and let him have a beautiful right-hand slap in the face.

Barker was stunned and Susan was insulted. She rushed into the house and slammed the door before he could apologize.

Barker couldn't figure it out. Here was an actress who'd been working in Hollywood for years, an experienced young woman who'd been around. What sort of reaction was that?

During the next week, he phoned three times. Susan refused to come to the phone. However, she made it a point to turn up again at the Canteen and run into Jess.

She has subsequently admitted that "in the game of love, the gals are always the pursuers and the men the pursued."

"Every woman," she says, "when she first sees her Prince Charming, tries to find out how she can meet him again—accidentally. But she isn't satisfied unless her pursuit causes his pursuit. Of course, after you're married, you're dead certain that it was your husband who did the pursuing. I guess that particular feeling is a woman's face-saving device."

"Actually Jess and I broke our engagement twice in six months before we decided we were absolutely right for each other."

Whatever the Hayward tactics, they worked. In 1944, Jess took Susan as his wife.

During the early years of their marriage, both of the Barkers' careers were on the upswing. Susan left Paramount and was immediately signed by Walter Wanger who started to give her some fine pictures. And Jess was working out at Universal. They were both earning a lot of money, and the future looked good. There was no problem of the wife's overshadowing her husband.

That problem came into being when 20th Century-Fox bought up Susan's contract from Wanger and set about making her one of the really top-flight dramatic actresses in the business.

That's when people began sympathizing with Jess and predicting that his ego would be unable to stand the strain of his wife's success.

They were right for a short period of time—until Susan and Jess with a marriage counselor's aid, worked out their own design for happy living.

Today, despite the fact that Susan has starred in five successive hits—*Rawhide*, *I'd Climb The Highest Mountain*, *I Can Get It For You Wholesale*, *David And Bathsheba*, and *With A Song In My Heart*—the Jess Barkers are easily one of the happiest, most well-adjusted couples in Hollywood.

Susan realizes that because of her success, it is sometimes almost impossible for Jess to get a job. Only recently, Barker was up for a big part at a major studio. "What do you need a job for?" the casting director asked him. "Your wife's making plenty of money."

That's a pretty typical attitude in Hollywood, and it is a most trying obstacle to surmount. Barker is a man with lots of talent and courage. He can't go to a casting director and say, "Sure, my wife's making a lot of money, but suppose she stops after three or four years? What happens then? Today with taxes, not very much is left. I have to work, just because my wife is working, too, doesn't mean I should retire."

But Jess says none of this, and he never mentions to Susan the problems which beset the actor-husband of a successful actress-wife. He keeps them to himself, makes the rounds of the studios, takes whatever parts, large and small, that are offered to him and hopes one day that a lucky break and a lot of honest effort will land him on stardom's top rung.

Until that day arrives, he and Susan have no intention of endangering what is now one of the most solid marriages in town.

END

LITTLE LULU— by Marge



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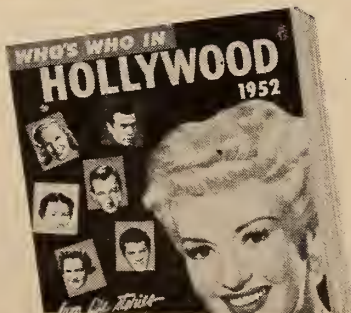
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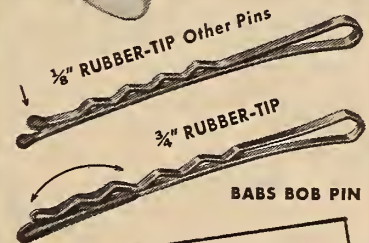
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"someone to watch over me"

(Continued from page 24) For 20 exciting, song-filled weeks, the star who had tried to end her life in despair before she met Sid Luft, had made show business history. Not only had she become the world's highest paid performer, but she was acknowledged by all to be tops in her profession. Sophie Tucker, the grand old veteran of song, had wept on opening night at the comeback drama of the glorious Garland voice and sense of showmanship.

Looking back over those satisfying weeks, Judy said, "This whole thing at the Palace has been magical." Huddled in her cotton dressing-gown, she looked youthful and slender once again.

"Sid has done it for me," she said simply. He re-entered the room which he had left when Judy started to discuss her feelings for him.

"That's my fella," she praised as she watched him adoringly through the dressing-table mirror. Brown-haired, brown-eyed, with much the same coloring as Judy, the soft-spoken Luft is tall, slender and handsome.

There is no inordinate display of affection from this couple in love. Just a quiet acceptance and understanding of what each means to the other.

The telephone rang. It was for Luft who was arranging some last minute details for a closing night party in the theatre. Judy had been disappointed earlier that they might not be able to hold it in the Palace, but Luft with deft, able management had smoothed out the wrinkles, much to Judy's pleasure.

He explained to her in amusing detail how he had accomplished it. Her upturned nose crinkled in gleeful delight at his recital and she doubled up in joyous laughter.

The happy secure girl was far different from the frightened, bewildered, overweight creature she had been before Luft and love changed her life.

Before they first went out together, each was living a day to day existence. Luft, too, was at loose ends.

The romance between Judy Garland and Sid Luft was almost over before it began.

It happened like this:

"Judy Garland, please. Sid Luft is calling."

"Just a moment, sir. I'll see if she's in." The New York hotel switchboard operator left the line. When she returned, she said briskly: "Miss Garland has gone out."

Disappointed, Sid Luft hung up the telephone. Perhaps he hadn't been definite enough about the date he had arranged for that November night in 1950. Maybe Judy misunderstood or maybe she was just kidding a few evenings before when she agreed to go out with him. They had met at a party. Later when the group went to El Morocco, he and Judy had danced together and laughed together, too.

"Well," Luft reasoned as he walked away from the phone, "I guess it's just one of those things."

The same unhappy thoughts were sifting through the mind of the singing star as she paced the livingroom of her hotel suite. In a wall mirror she caught her reflection, all dressed up and obviously not going any place.

"You might as well take your hat off, Judy," she told her shining self. "You've been stood up."

It might have ended there except that a few nights later, the two met again at a New York party, this time a bit frostily. But nobody can be indifferent for long when Judy Garland's around.

"What happened to you the other night?"

Luft got up enough courage to ask her.

Judy's famous cascading laugh rang out. "What happened to me? I like that. What happened to you? I was there!"

In the midst of relieved explanations they made another date and kept it.

The Garland laugh which had been stifled too long in the months of personal tragedy and turmoil rang out more often after that and it was no coincidence that she laughed longest and happiest when Sid Luft was at her side.

The sparkle was back in her deep brown eyes, her voice and her smile.

Judy Garland was in love!

Her millions of fans who sat in judgment on everything she did took a dim view of this new man in her life.

"Did Judy do the right thing in divorcing her director-husband, Vincente Minnelli?" they asked querulously. "Should she have terminated her contract with MGM? Will this Luft, Lynn Bari's ex-husband, break her heart?"

The valiant singing star heard these rumblings. In the hectic years before when she was a pliable puppet whose talent and destinies were pulled and tugged at by many, she might have listened, but in her own emotional upheaval of maturity she had broken the strings that had made her bow and sing and dance to others' biddings.

At long last, she was a free soul.

"Judy and I never had any doubts," Luft told this writer.

"I love Judy. I want to protect her from the trauma she once knew. I don't want her to be bewildered or hurt again. I want her to have happiness. She knows now what she wants and that's to be free to make her own decisions, not to be tied down to any studio. I, nor anyone else, can ever force her to do anything she doesn't want to do. When she was a child and a star, everyone was telling her what was good for her. She listened. The only security she knew was that she had a talent, one that she takes for granted because singing is as much a part of her as breathing. She has no desire to retire because she always has to sing."

Whenever Judy enters a room, even if it's filled with glamorous women in jewels and furs, somehow Judy involuntarily takes over the room. That's the magic of her talent.

It was in London, where Judy had called Luft in Hollywood to join her "for morale support" that the star asked him to manage a tour she was to make in the English and Scottish provinces. He realized that physical health and exercise were as essential to her well-being as emotional security. In Scotland, Luft, a good golfer, introduced Judy to the game that originated there.

"Her fourth time on a golf course, she shot a 48 for nine holes," he recalled with pardonable pride. "In Glasgow I had a set of clubs made to her measure—she's not very tall, you know, and needed special clubs. We had a little set made for her daughter Liza, too, with her name on them."

After her endurance test of 20 record-breaking weeks at the Palace theatre, Judy proved she is in top condition again.

That last night as she sat in the dressing room and discussed her plans, she admitted with a peaceful, gentle smile that for the first time in many years she had no problems. She was no longer the puppet on the string. No one was tugging at her.

Her future had been planned at her own bidding; marriage to Luft at a then undisclosed time and place, and a sunny sojourn in Florida with rest and golf her prime requisites.

In the latter part of April, she said, she was scheduled to appear at the Philhar-

monic Auditorium for four weeks in her show which carries the credit line, "Production under Supervision of Sidney Luft." After Los Angeles, she planned to take her act to San Francisco. In late fall, she hopes to make her first movie since *Summer Stock*.

"None of this would have been possible," she said glowingly, "without Sid. He and I have accomplished so much in the last year. He's the kind of person you can lean against if you fall down. He's strong and protects me. I respect him. And most important, I like him as much as I love him." **END**

happy anniversary

(Continued from page 35) home for her new husband. Many another actress has found the task impossible. Not Doris. When she watched the big man walk up the path from his car with a couple of huge suitcases in his hands, there was a warm feeling in her heart because this man was to open the door to the happiest chapter in her life.

During those first few days, Marty did the usual things that new husbands do. He'd put the cigarette box where the lighter was supposed to be. Or he'd put his slippers at the head of the bed, instead of at the foot. And Doris did things that caused an equal amount of delightful confusion. And it was fun for them all, particularly for Doris' son, Terry, because there was another guy around now. Marty was something of a hero to him.

It wasn't for a week, probably, that Marty's most amazing trait came to light. That was when Doris learned for the first time that she had married a fixer. A tool-crazy amateur repair man.

It was on a Sunday morning. Marty got up from the breakfast table and sauntered over to the window that looked out on to the garden. He observed the area speculatively for a few minutes, then went outdoors. He sauntered around the yard a bit and then, with one foot touching the other he began to pace off the gravel walk, measuring it. Doris eyed him suspiciously through the window and then went into the yard herself. "Good heavens," she thought. "He's probably going to put up an apartment house here."

"Something wrong, honey?" she asked. "No," said Marty somberly. "I think I'm going to put a brick walk in here."

"Did you ever put a brick walk in anywhere else?" Doris asked quietly.

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

6—Rt. Top INS, Lt. Top Wide World, Rt. Bot. Irving L. Antler, Lt. Bot. Stork Club, 7—Robert Capa, 8—Parry, Beerman, 22—Globe Photos, 35—Warner Brothers, 36—MGM, 38-39—INS, 41—Top Marty Crail, Bot. Wide World, 42—Parry, Beerman, 44—Lt. Wide World, Rt. Publifoto, 45—Top INS, Bot. Lt. INS, Bot. Rt. AP, 46-48—Parry, Beerman, 50—MGM, 54-55—Parry, Beerman, 62—Paramount, 63—Parry, Beerman, 64-67—Parry, Beerman, 70—Top Universal-International, Bot. Parry, Beerman.

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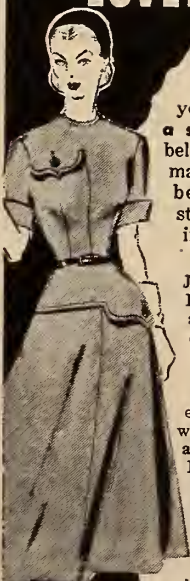
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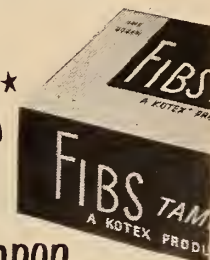
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"Nn-nn," said Marty, "but it's easy."

And it was easy. At five o'clock that evening, 20 feet of neat brick walk had been set. Marty was exhausted, but game. He shuffled off to bed, and was asleep in 20 seconds. At which point Doris exclaimed to herself, "What a man I married!"

WITHIN a very few months, Doris became reconciled to the fact that she was living with an uninhibited jack of all trades. If they were on their way to dinner or a show and Marty snapped a light switch and it didn't work, he would quietly mutter, "This will only take a minute," and scamper to the garage for his tool kit. He would have the switch out of the wall in no time and before you could say "Let's call an electrician," have the thing all over the floor. "He's the only man I know," Doris would say, "who went to parties with tool grease on his tuxedo."

If an electric iron broke it became necessary to keep it a dark secret or Marty wouldn't have gone to the office. If the washing machine broke down, the family lived in horror of the thought that he'd find out. And subterfuge didn't work, because Marty was given to unexpected tours of inspection. Whenever Doris heard a chortle of triumph from some recess of the house, she'd groan in terror because she'd know her husband had detected a flaw in some mechanical contraption that he'd have in pieces before she could get there to save it.

Everything that Marty repaired worked fine afterwards, because Doris would call in the proper mechanic the next day to fix it right—and Marty, not knowing this, swaggered about among his accomplishments like a victory-drunk genius.

"Do you know how we spend our spare time?" Doris once asked a friend. "We'll be sitting in the garden having a nice rest when Marty will say, 'I feel like a breath of air. Let's go for a ride.' And we go for a ride—to the nearest war surplus store. And I spend a couple of delightful hours among shell casings and rubber rafts. And it's worse when I don't go with him. He'll bring back gas masks, radar equipment, winches, jeep wheels and maybe a pup tent or two. And he always claims he has a use for them. When I get my car in the garage I can't get out of it, there's so much junk in there."

A man can be a trial in many ways during the first year of marriage, but Marty and Doris frankly have had no adjustment problems. There are those who say that Doris and Marty are difficult these days because they do not open their home wide to journalistic sightseers. They have a pair of careers that jell perfectly. Doris in pictures and records. Marty as an agent whose main interest is music publishing. Marty, with his fine sense of humor, will talk endlessly with his friends among reporters, but he drives them a little insane by refusing to behave like the usual new Hollywood husband who brims over with intimate anecdotes about his bride. For one thing, he is too busy with his own career. For another, he is too busy with Doris and other important matters—not the least of which is helping the kids in their block perfect a small fort from which they conduct mock wars. More often than not, he is joined by Doris in this worthy project while an army of magazine writers fret about how unavailable they are.

And how does Doris feel about all this? Well, most girls would rather go shopping on a day off than lie in bed and have a store deliver a truckload of merchandise free. Doris Day is no different. There is some secret thrill she shares with all females that comes from peering into glass show cases and trying on shoes and gowns she 90 hasn't the slightest intention of buying.

"It happens often," Doris said. "Marty will say, 'Come on, kid let's go into Beverly Hills and do a bit of shopping.' I dash to the car before he changes his mind, my head whirling with dreams of silk and leather and gold. And do you know where we go shopping? In a hardware store. I linger close to the door for a couple of hours, wistfully thinking of Saks and Magnins while Marty wallows in Stillson wrenches and ball-peen hammers. My heart is in the May Company basement—while his is in the screw driver or the nut and bolt department of the hardware store. One day he discovered aluminum nails and he went into such a fit of ecstasy over the astonishing advantages of the things that he almost had me convinced we should buy a couple of barrels of them, get a couple of hammers, and go home and pull all the old iron nails out of our house and replace them with aluminum ones before the building collapsed."

CHRISTMAS time is a time for gifts and part of the joy of Christmas is slyly trying to find out what a person would like, so that there will be a delightful surprise under the tree on Christmas morning.

"Ha!" said Doris Day about Christmas. "Two months before December 25th I asked Marty what time it was. 'Tools,' he said. The next day I asked him what time he'd be home from work. 'Tools,' he said. When he injured his finger in the car door, instead of a masculine oath he howled, 'TOOLS!' And then several weeks before Christmas all his equipment mys-

Red Skelton and Zsa Zsa Gabor were rehearsing a scene at MGM. In the middle of the routine Red suddenly caught sight of Zsa Zsa's immense diamond ring, a square-cut gem that covered half her hand. "Gee," snapped Red, "where do you keep the batteies?"

Mickey Novak

teriously disappeared. He'd glare at a useless toaster and scowl that he'd fix the doggone thing in a jiffy if he had even a screw driver. If he had even a nail file with a razor edge!

"And when I'd open a knitting box," said Doris, "I'd find a circular advertising a hobbyists' home plumbing equipment in the middle of a ball of yarn, or an ad torn from a magazine in my make-up case extolling the qualities of a Handi-mechanic that would buff silver, drill holes in concrete, serve as a barbecue spit and repair shoes. So what do you think I got him for Christmas? A nice silk robe, a gold watch, a polo pony? Not on your life! I got him tools. I didn't dare get anything else."

And there was the time that Marty surveyed the back yard and decided it should be illuminated at night. Like a master landscape architect, he plotted the position of the lights he intended installing—and when he was satisfied that his calculations were correct, he spent hours in the trees and atop the outer buildings stringing wire and bracketing on reflectors. When it was completed Marty went back to business and stayed away long enough one day for Doris to have the job redone by a quiet little man who knew what he was about.

"But ever since," says Doris, "it has been his pride and joy. When we have guests for dinner, Marty doesn't take their coats and escort them to chairs. He snatches at them the minute they enter the front door and charges them to the back yard where he spends ten holy minutes flicking the

switch on and off and telling them how the idea originally came to him and why the biggest light is in the tree where it illuminates the rose bushes instead of atop the garage where it would light up a camellia bed."

BUT any woman can tell you that a man is an inconsistent creature. Suddenly, without warning, almost as though a serious illness has left him, a man will fall into an I-don't-care spell. Like, with Marty, the time the door knob came off the front door. For almost a month he would leave in the morning, grasp the knob and have it come off in his hand. Patiently, he would fiddle with it for five minutes until he had the knob back in place just enough so that the door could be opened. Then he would whistle off to work as though everything were in complete order.

These strange, unexpected periods generally end as abruptly as they begin. One evening Marty was reading the paper. Suddenly he sat bold upright, as though he had been stung by a bee. A frantic light came into his eyes and he leaped from his chair yowling for his tools—and although it was a bitter cold night, he held the door open half an hour while he knelt in a perspiring struggle with the obstinate piece of hardware. And he slept well that night, serene in the knowledge that he had successfully once again defeated a threat to the safety of his family and castle.

There were other things in that first year that had to be adjusted. Things that had to be experienced so they could be recognized as part of the life a woman lives with a man. None of them were serious. Things like the irregular hours a man likes to eat—and the frequent disappearances a man will make into a shower with, apparently, a sole purpose—to drain off all the hot water in the house. There were the volley ball teams he organized among the neighborhood kids, which resulted in the Melcher home being turned into a sort of branch YMCA.

BUT it was fun. At the end of the first year, Doris Day could count up 12 months of uncertainty and surprises, but 52 weeks of laughter and happiness.

And with a year under her belt, she could look back on the experiences with a smile and a lump in the throat. What, after all, is closet space and drawer room compared with loneliness? What is a home without a man puttering about ruining the garden walk and facing electrocution installing mazda miracles in the back yard? What is a house without a lanky, serious-faced putterer who leaves holes in the wall and pliers behind the sofa cushions? What is an odor of creosote when you know it comes from a man's desire to "protect" your garden furniture against the tricky weather. It's sweeter than incense ever was!

Doris Day vows it was fun. And she wants a lot more of it. She wants as much of Marty in her home as there is—all of him for all time.

And nowadays when Doris looks out the living room window and sees Marty coming up the walk empty-handed, she wishes he was carrying something, like more suitcases or another armful of clothes. She wishes there was something to fix, because she likes to see him relax that way. And she hopes he'll suggest they go for a ride or shopping, so they can buy a few more gas masks or obsolete bayonet mounts—or maybe hang around a hardware store finding out what's new in the world of mechanical magic.

Ask Doris Day and she'll tell you the first year was fun—and she's looking forward to many more of them with her man around the house.

END

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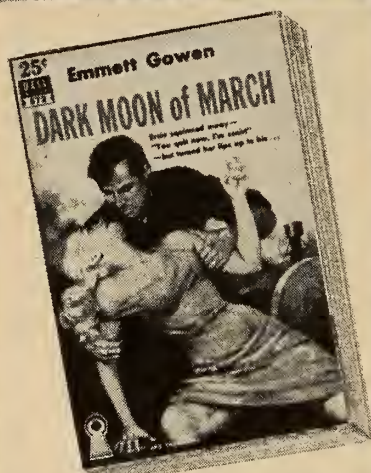
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DARK MOON OF MARCH

by Emmett Gowen

Andrew Neil was a devil with women. Hard fighting, hard drinking and love making were his only occupations until he met and married beautiful Ersie Ragland. Then he reformed, at least temporarily, and settled down as a tenant farmer. But married life was too subdued for him. Andrew still craved a wild life and passionate women. He found both when he met seductive Dove Kennedy. One spree with this temptress led to another until the birth of his second child made him realize that he still had a wife to support. Would he be able to forget Dove now, and the reckless life she stood for? Even if he returned to his wife, could he ever make himself settle down again?



FOR RICHER, FOR POORER

by Faith Baldwin

Love wasn't the only thing that brought Teresa and Chris Russell together. Each one thought the other was wealthy. Their marriage was for profit as well as love. Then on their honeymoon, Chris revealed that he was stone broke and Teresa admitted she was penniless too. Instead of working they chose to live on their reputations. It was easy enough to move from one friend's home to another, sponging off people who knew them only as wealthy socialites. But, Teresa found out that this life was gradually breaking up her marriage. Almost too late she saw that she'd have to convince Chris that their marriage was doomed unless both of them could reform.

hollywood report

continued from p. 16

ard Keel sent a suit out to be cleaned. It came back washed in soap and water! Rita Hayworth's *Affair In Trinidad* set was closed to visitors. Her co-star, Glenn Ford, immediately sent out word to newspapermen that he'd be glad to see them in his dressing room . . . When Bette Davis gets mad she REALLY gets mad! The British press was very unkind to her independent picture, *Another Man's Poison*. So when London critic Logan Gourlay paid a visit to Hollywood during our terrible rainy spell Bette called him and said, "I'm pleased at least that we're giving you some of your own filthy weather." That evening Gourlay returned to his Beverly Hills hotel room to find a greasy parcel awaiting him. It contained two large pieces of meat, a month's ration for a British family. And accompanying it was a note from Bette: "Nibble, nibble, Ferret!" Ouch! . . . Shortly after this incident the long association between Bette and her secretary, Bridget Price, came to a close. They met on the train when Bette first came to Hollywood. Bridget, now in her 70's, has been handling Bette's fan mail ever since . . . Bette shouldn't get excited over what the critics say. She should read the glowing reviews of her acting in *Phone Call From A Stranger* and relax.



Davis

FINANCIAL PAGE:

John Agar's mother is opening a Beverly Hills dress shop—her first shot at business . . . When Marlon Brando made *A Streetcar Named Desire* he was paid \$75,000 per picture. Now he's getting \$140,000 . . . Sid Caesar,



Lanza

who sued to get out of his picture contract with Ed Lacker, Jane Greer's husband, settled out of court for \$24,000 . . . Mario Lanza finished making *Because You're Mine* and planed up to Nevada to take a look at a tungsten mine he bought . . . Rory Calhoun, who started there for \$100 a week a few years ago and then left to freelance, is back at 20th for \$1,500 a week . . . Gene Nelson finally got his Warner salary up to \$750 a week, but when he went on layoff he still owed \$800 to the studio for his fan mail handling—an expensive item for any star.

Claudette Colbert packed her painting paraphernalia along to England, where she's making *The Planter's Wife* for J. Arthur Rank. While in London she is fulfilling her promise to Hallmark Greeting Cards to turn out some Christmas cards. Deborah Kerr's daughter, Melanie, is her model . . . Before leaving, Claudette put her Holmby Hills homestead up for sale for \$225,000, including swimming pool, tennis court and the lavish studio in which she painted . . . Mickey Rooney's salary still isn't keeping pace with his alimony payments but he managed to buy himself a fancy, copper-colored, 1952 Buick . . . Victor Mature is building himself a furniture appliance store, in addition to his prosperous TV stores . . . In five days Dale Robertson ran up

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\$163 worth of long-distance lovey-dovey talk from New York to his ever-lovin' Jackie.

SEX APPEAL:

Pat Neal proudly proclaims she has lost four inches all around. Her bust is now 35" . . . Purtiest sight of the season: Jean Peters in her new pink silk Easter suit . . . The glamor bathing suit that Esther Williams wears in *One-Piece Bathing Suit* is so tight she can't even climb to the diving board in it. Has to be hoisted up!

FUNNIES:

A friend told us he saw a picture previewed at Grauman's Chinese, and it was so bad even



Monroe

the footprints in the cement walked out! . . . Marilyn Monroe phoned a photog and asked him to postpone her appointment an hour so's she wouldn't be late. You figure it out . . . Red Skelton spotted Liz Taylor's poodle-cut and Liz's toy French poodle in the MGM commissary and cracked: "I wonder which

one goes to the other one's hairdresser?" . . . Overheard at the Mocambo: "She's using an old flame to burn up her new boy friend."

A wealthy couple spent \$2,000 a plate to attend Eddie Cantor's Israel Benefit dinner. Leaving the party, the husband said, "You know, it's cost us \$4,000 to break bread with Cantor!" The wife shrugged it off with, "I told you it's costing more and more to eat these days!"

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:

Some Hollywoodians were up in arms against the Academy because Liz Taylor wasn't nominated for an Oscar for her work in *A Place In The Sun* . . . Marilyn Monroe's home lot learned its lesson from RKO. She was loaned for *Clash By Night* to RKO, which immediately elevated her to stardom in the role. And now 20th has decided she's worth being starfed too . . . MGM brought Deborah Kerr to Hollywood because of her record as a top British actress. Now Debbie is demanding parts to match her reputation, and can you blame her? . . . Nancy Davis won her release from MGM on the grounds that she was tired of playing pregnant housewives . . . Debra Paget is suddenly running second to Betty Grable in 20th's fan mail race.



Davis

This was Susie Hayward's parting shot to co-star Bob Mitchum when she finished shooting *This Man Is Mine* with him: "Aren't you glad I'm through and you've got two more weeks to work without me? Now you can swear all you want!" . . . After five weeks of rubbing cheeks with bewhiskered Dan Dailey and Jimmy Cagney in *What Price Glory*, Corinne Calvet's smooth complexion is sporting a permanent blush . . . His mother and his brother, Scott Brady, objected—but Ed Tierney finally ran away with Hanne Axman to Palm Springs and got married. Now Eddie is acting in TV films days and driving a cab nights.

END

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I didn't need a miracle

(Continued from page 49) she figured, and catch the next bus back to Scranton.

But Mother didn't reckon with my faith; she only figured in terms of my equipment, natural and acquired:

\$10.00 a week

- 1 female form, suitably (I hoped) proportioned
- 1 plaid skirt
- 1 dress
- 2 white blouses
- 1 pair brown-and-white spectator shoes
- 1 set underthings
- 1 brown shoulder-strap bag (Mother's)
- 1 comb, 1 toothbrush, 1 pair hose (which soon became zero pair)
- 1 high school education with thin overlays of hastily absorbed culture (musical voice training, elocution and dramatic courses)
- 1 great, strong, unswerving faith

That last may seem the most ineffectual item on the list; it turned out to be the most important!

Perhaps I had better explain that I had a very religious childhood. I have not always hewn to that religion, but I have worked out my own philosophy of life, my own ways of worship and devotion. To begin with, I believe everyone is born with faith, but its development is part of the individual's own growth. It must be strengthened constantly, but once it has reached its full development in your own mind, nothing, but *nothing* can shake it. Faith gives you peace of mind. It holds your head high when everything seems to go against you.

TAKE that skimpy wardrobe of mine, for instance. With the daily tubbings it underwent, it should have been threadbare in a month. I'm still convinced I held it together by sheer faith! I remember washing out my underthings, a dress, a blouse, my hose (while they lasted), then trundling them all down to the basement of the YWCA (where I had a room). There I would slip a dime into the electric iron and be assured of 15 minutes of heat. You've never seen anybody press out a skirt or iron a blouse so fast in your life. I may not have stepped out of the pages of a slick fashion book; but, by golly, I was really cleaned and pressed! This is how my faith helped me—I could be satisfied with one dress because I *knew* that someday I would have a whole closetful.

When I was "between assignments"—clerking part-time in a lingerie shop, modelling, or any one of those little pick-up jobs I managed to get from time to time—I had to exist on \$3.50 a week! That's all I had left from my \$10 after I'd paid my room rent. Subway fares and phone calls did make a little dent in the balance, so I really had to scout around for the most inexpensive places to eat. I found one Italian hole-in-the-wall where I got a mountainous plate of good spaghetti for 30 cents! But you can imagine what all that starch did to this girl's figure. It worried the life out of me, because I knew no producer in his right mind was going to hire a bovine-type ingenue! But I was young and healthy—and determined. I could thrive on adversity because I had a sense of destiny.

Oh, I'm not trying to make myself out a dedicated creature; a 20th century Joan of Arc. I'm only human. The going was really rough at times—most times. And there were nights when I had to fight myself to keep from burying my head in the pillow and bawling my heart out. I didn't drop to my knees and pray—I

my heart. God is all around us in all ways. If you have ever watched the sun follow its eternal course from east to west; if you have ever seen a tree bud and blossom; or watched the miracle of rain on a thirsty patch of earth, you'll know what I mean.

But there were months on end when I felt trapped in a monotony of "No casting today," "You're the wrong type," "Too young," "Too old," "Not enough experience." I was a bust! That was the long and short of it. My faith had carried me so far, yet it didn't seem capable of getting me over that last big bump of despair. I needed help. Finally I wrote to a favorite aunt of mine who is a nun—Mother Clea of the Missionary Sisters of the Poor at Columbus Hospital in New York. I knew she would be able to bolster my morale with the same quiet and kindly advice with which she had met some of my adolescent problems a few years before.

She didn't fail me. Her letter came one morning while I was dressing. I read it over several times, allowing her words of encouragement and ageless wisdom to seep in. She made me realize how foolish I had

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been to let my faith flag. Let us say it was coincidence that I was given my chance to understudy Tallulah Bankhead in *Skin of Our Teeth* that same afternoon.

Working with Tallulah was an experience few ambitious girls achieve. She is such a brilliant actress, so vivacious, so vital. Her vitality, as a matter of fact, was so great that *not once* during the entire run of the play did she even get the sniffles! While I did not envy the star, I must confess that like every other understudy in the history of the theater, I used to stand in the wings and pray, "Please let her trip and sprain her ankle—but *don't let it hurt!*" There was no personal malice in this prayer—just that drive, that desire to become a Broadway actress—even for one night! But even with Miss Bankhead's bouncing health, my faith was once more riding high and giving me strength.

Then, once again, that faith had to be put to the test. On the same day that I was asked to fly to Boston and substitute for Gladys George in the road show of *Skin of Our Teeth*, I received a message that mo-

tion picture producer Hal Wallis, wanted to meet me with a view to signing me to a Hollywood contract. That inner turmoil started again, "Should I blow my chance in Boston for a crack at Hollywood?" I wrestled with that problem until a half hour before plane time, when it suddenly occurred to me that this was the goal I had set for myself; this was the point to which my faith had carried me. On that stage in Boston lay the fulfillment of my hopes and dreams. And I felt that if this Hollywood opportunity were meant to be, Mr. Wallis would approach me again. And, of course, he did.

Perhaps you know faith best when others demonstrate they have faith in you. I had been signed to a contract for *Hellzapoppin!*, the Olson and Johnson revue. I toured with the show for a year and a half—at \$60 a week. That was big-time for the girl who had made \$18 a week, some weeks, in the lingerie shop. *Hellzapoppin!* was no great dramatic offering. It was a loud, boisterous, crazy musical.

When we opened in Pittsburgh, word came to me that an uncle of mine who was a priest, Father Pennock, was coming to see the show—and was bringing six other priests as his guests. I began to get panicky. What in heaven's name would my uncle think of me now? He was the man who had helped and encouraged me so very much during the early years; the man whose faith that someday I would be a great dramatic actress had carried me along. What was he going to think of this "tragedienne," I wondered, going through one crazy skit after another?

AFTER the finale, I went back to my dressing room. And there was Father Pennock with his six colleagues. I wanted to burst into tears. But they were all grinning broadly. They'd loved the show. My uncle was still chuckling over some of the sillier gags. He took my hand and squeezed it. "I always knew you'd make good," he said. "You were wonderful!"

That stopped me for a moment. I had expected disapproval; I had received praise! To him, I guess, I was still the girl he had once kidded because she traveled so far for elocution lessons that it took her four trolley transfers to get there. I was still the girl who would study a poem or piece of dramatic recitation for hours just to entertain him and the rest of the family. I was still the girl whose dreams he had listened to and approved years ago. And he believed in me now as he had then.

A long time ago there was a man who didn't believe in me. He was the director of a play I worked in—and he didn't believe in any of the other people cast in the production, either. He didn't trust us to give our best and decided to "needle" us into a proper intensity by warning each of us, "confidentially," that the others were out to steal all the scenes.

His lack of faith boomeranged badly. He got us into an emotional pitch all right, but we all spent more time watching each other than we did thinking and feeling our parts. As a result, nothing went right, and when we realized his trick, as we had to sooner or later, he was in a personal mess as well as a professional one.

For the past two years I have taken special courses in philosophy and psychology at the University of Southern California. But I can assure you, I haven't done this to become either a philosopher or a psychologist, or because I want to achieve any special honors in these studies. I just want to learn more about myself . . . about the faith that has brought me where I am. Where else can it take me? I think I know. I have always believed in eternal life. My belief comes from my faith, and my faith comes from God.

END

behind bergman's closed doors

(Continued from page 44) briefly before answering my question: "Would you like to play in *The End of the Affair*?" It seems her mind had to make the connection between her present contented state in Italy with a far away town called Hollywood. I asked a second time for her reaction about *The End of the Affair*.

"Yes, I've read the book," she said, "but I wouldn't want to do the picture. I'm to start *The Witness* with my husband directing in September. I'd rather work for him than anyone else."

She didn't say so, but somehow I got the idea that perhaps the part in *The End of the Affair* too closely paralleled her own life. I know she'd like to forget both *Stromboli* and all the previously haloed aura cast about her during her life in Hollywood. And *The End of the Affair* would be certain to refresh the public's memory. Besides, despite constant reports of her rift with Rossellini, I know she's deeply in love with him and really doesn't care about working with anyone except him.

Ingrid told me she expects her new baby in June. She hopes for a girl. She has chosen no name for it, but, in accordance with Italian law, it will have to be an Italian name. I asked how many babies she planned on having. "Oh, I'll just take them as they come," she laughed. "I don't know how many we'll have."

Then I told her that her daughter Pia had grown into a very beautiful girl and had acquired a lot of boy friends at Hawthorne School in Beverly Hills.

"Oh, that's wonderful," said Ingrid with a hearty laugh.

No trace of concern or wistfulness was in her voice. Obviously she has reconciled herself to the fact that Pia will remain with her father, and she will shed no more tears over the inevitable.

I know that she loves her daughter very much and for a while missed her bitterly while she fought so hard for her custody. But time changes everything, and with the passing years, her little son Robertino will do much to fill the void in his mother's heart.

"Have you any regrets for what you've done?" I asked.

"No," she replied, "I'm a very happy woman."

"How do the Italians treat you?"

"I get the same star treatment on the streets here as I did in Hollywood, and my life is about the same as it was before. We have two homes—one in Rome and another in the country by the sea."

"When I last talked to you you seemed rather bitter towards America because of the way the press handled your love story. Do you still feel the same way?"

"No," was her quick response, "I have no bitterness whatever. How could I have when I'm so happy?"

Then I popped the \$64 question. "Have you had any film offers from Hollywood?"

She immediately turned evasive. "I'd rather not go into that subject now," said she.

"Well, let's put it another way then. If you got a really good script and had to come to Hollywood to make the picture, would you do it?"

"No," she replied without any hesitation. "Why should I when I have everything I want right here."

Then I added, "You sound so happy, I think I'd better come over there and marry an Italian."

She laughed and said, "If you're serious I'll find one for you." And that was the end of our conversation.

But as I always say, once an actress—

always an actress. Once it's in you, it stays. Babies come and babies go, but art goes on forever. Tossing a good script to an actor is like handing a lump of sugar to a horse. In both instances, the power of resistance is mighty low. However, I believe that Ingrid is really frightened of our town. The vicinity of her ex-husband and daughter would certainly produce some awkward situations, and the disenchanted press would no longer stand in awe of her.

WHEN Ingrid Bergman was at the peak of her popularity in Hollywood, she was guarded like a rare jewel. Interviews, if granted at all, had the tenor of a royal gift; and contacting her on the telephone was well nigh impossible. She was surrounded by a solid wall of human beings—press agents, secretaries, servants, and David O. Selznick. It seemed that each wanted to acquire his priority on the star by giving her advice—much of it bad. I suppose that each one thought they had to earn their salaries some way.

At studio request, I sent an assistant to interview her while she was making *Arch of Triumph*. Ingrid was at the height of her fame, though she didn't know it. With Charles Boyer as her co-star and a picture based on an Eric Remarque book, everyone thought the film couldn't miss. It had to be great. Ingrid was treated like a queen. My assistant had to interview her while she was making herself up and examining costumes. Her former press agent paced nervously about the room and suggested that the interview would be closed immediately if it got tiring or annoying to Miss Bergman. My assistant would have left right then had not Ingrid ignored the press agent and remained her gracious self.

In view of what has since happened, it is interesting to note that Ingrid was quite concerned about what her native Swedish fans would think of her playing the role of a fallen woman. The picture, despite all of its assets, proved to be a notorious flop. Ingrid tried *Joan of Arc* next.

My same assistant visited the set, interviewed other actors, but deliberately skipped the star. He didn't want to annoy her with such a triviality as publicity. Finally her same press agent came up to him and inquired anxiously, "Aren't you going to talk to Ingrid?" Looking surprised, my man said, "Oh, do you think she'd be willing to talk to the press?" The agent assured him, "She'd love to talk to you."

Since he had not set eyes on Ingrid since the days of *Arch of Triumph*, he couldn't understand what he'd done to ingratiate himself with the Swedish star. He came to the sad conclusion, however, that there's nothing more dismal than a fading star—unless it's the job of selling a picture in which ten million dollars have been invested with no certainty of returns.

He talked to Ingrid and found her as gracious as she'd been on the previous occasion. But there was no mention of ending the interview by the press agent. He was typical of the people surrounding her during her Hollywood sojourn, and I think her fans, to understand her life today, should know about them.

During World War II, I volunteered to get stars to appear one night each week to work in the Canteen kitchen, signing autographs, or entertaining the G.I.'s. On one occasion I called the Selznick studio to get Ingrid for an appearance when another star had dropped out because of illness. The response I received was vague and completely unsatisfactory. So, tired of waiting for a yes or no, I got Ingrid on the phone.

Her answer was, "What time shall I be there, and what shall I wear?"

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Later I tried to get her to appear at a benefit we were giving in Harold Lloyd's garden for the Nursery School for Visually Handicapped Children. Ingrid's personal telephone number had been changed, but I left a message which I feel sure was never delivered to her. She lived just across the road from the Lloyd estate and was one of the few important stars who wasn't at the benefit. Ingrid loves kids, and I think she would have been very proud to lend a hand in raising \$65,000 in one afternoon for many blind children.

While she was playing in *Joan of Lorraine* on the New York stage I attended the annual publishers convention in that city. I tried to invite her to the annual big party given by the New York Daily News for important editors and publishers from all over the nation. She could have won the hearts of all of them, I'm sure; but I couldn't get through to her. There was the same press agent barring the way. Later when the Stromboli story broke, those same gentlemen of the press might have handled it more kindly had they had the opportunity of meeting her at the convention.

Although she practically became a legend, Ingrid was never a mystery to those who knew her and looked at her realistically. In Hollywood, she was honest and forthright, sometimes contradicting herself, but not unduly shy. After seeing her in *Intermezzo* over ten years ago, I wrote in my column, "She has a unique charm—child one moment, emotional woman the next. A sort of sophisticated novice." I have since had little reason to change my opinion.

I know that she was very lonely when she first came here. She kept a picture of her daughter, Pia, pasted in her make-up kit and cried every day. A friend of mine used to find her wandering around alone at night on the foggy streets of Culver City. He warned her that the practice was dangerous. "But I'm so lonely," she insisted, "and there's nothing else to do. All my friends are so far away."

I'm convinced now that her marriage to Dr. Peter Lindstrom was never as happy as it was touted to be. So she buried herself in acting. "Hollywood is the best place in the world to work," she once said to me, "because there's nothing else to do here." I've noticed that she's expressed no undue anxiety to do pictures since marrying Rossellini and living in Italy.

She explained to me why she insisted on keeping her husband's name out of her interviews. "He's in the medical profession," said she, "and it's unethical to involve a doctor in publicity." Yet, when Rossellini came along, she involved Dr. Lindstrom in headlines that Hollywood's most fantastic imagination could not have dreamed up. A member of the *Stromboli* crew told me that she and Rossellini, while making the picture, acted as naturally and naively as children, giving no thought to the fact that their names were making headlines together.

I have argued with her until I was practically blue in the face that one could not be a movie star without living in a goldfish bowl. She never got what I was driving at or at least did not admit it.

When she was making *Joan of Arc*, we had a long session in her dressing room. "After coming here, I didn't understand English very well and gave out statements that the newspapers misinterpreted," she said. "That's one reason I avoid interviews now." "Well, you understand English perfectly now," I answered. "And do you believe in this picture?" She looked at me in a surprised manner, saying, "With all my heart. I've wanted to play Joan ever since I was a little girl."

I told her then that if she believed in the picture, if it meant that much to her, she ought to help publicize it so that everybody in the country would know about it. She stared into space, still seeming not to get my point.

I saw her last in Rome; and she was boiling mad at the Italian papers. That day one of them had announced she was expecting a baby. She was living in a nondescript apartment which I had to climb four flights of stairs to reach. Ingrid, without make-up or stockings, was wearing a plain blue cotton dress and pacing the floor like an enraged animal when I entered. As she cried out against the world that was flaying her for her unconventional actions with Rossellini, she used profanity, which I'd never heard her do before. "Americans think they own me. But I have my own life to live. Is it a sin to fall in love?"

This was a question she alone could answer. "It's your problem, and you've got to face it," was all I could say to her. Then she became even more illogical. "But I've been a good wife, not an actress with a long record of romances," she argued.

"That's just it," said I. "The world bought you as a dream. You smashed it. Now people are mad, thinking they've been duped."

Then I asked Ingrid the truth about her expecting a child. She denied it. The date was August 9, 1949, but the rumor was spreading all over Europe, so I, being on the job as a reporter, put it in my column as such. Some months later, a

Hedy Lamarr tells it. She was shopping in a market on Schlepp Row when the clerk said to her, "Did anyone ever tell you that you look like Hedy Lamarr?" "Yes," she replied hesitantly, "several people have." "Oh," apologized the clerk, "I don't mean the way she looks now."

*Sidney Skolsky in
Hollywood Is My Beat*

few days before the Christmas holidays, the story broke into the headlines.

In Beverly Hills, Ingrid had been a neighbor of mine, living less than a block from me on a hilltop home that had originally been built as a playhouse. I was present on a New Year's Eve when the place was christened. We sang Irish songs and square-danced. Everybody had a wonderful time.

When Ingrid bought the place, she made many additions, but I never heard of her giving a big party there. No wonder she thought Hollywood was dull. She engaged so little in our social life. While his wife was in New York with *Joan of Lorraine*, Dr. Lindstrom added a swimming pool to their grounds and had the whole place enclosed by a wire fence 12 feet high. One no longer dropped in on Ingrid as a neighbor. That fence was there, forbidding and uninviting. But Ingrid was a free soul; and nothing—no person or steel wall—was going to hem her in. Her wings would not be clipped.

I'm not passing moral judgment on Ingrid. That's for her and her conscience to decide. I've had many letters on the case. Some say: "Bravo for the girl who had the courage to follow the dictates of her own heart despite public opinion." Others say, "Let her stay in Italy. We don't want her."

Certainly we can not forget moral discipline and set her up as an example for our youth. But are we to continue condemning her when she has tried after her original indiscretion, to conform to society's dictates in her search for happiness? There will always be two schools of

thought on that as long as the affair is discussed. And only the public can determine the future of her career.

If people go to see her pictures, she may come back stronger than ever. If they don't she'll be through as a film star. The final judgment lies with the public, as always.

"If it had been anybody but Ingrid," I've heard people say with a sad shake of the head, as if a holy idol had fallen. They either forget or do not know that she never aspired to saintliness. It was a cloak that publicity and fans had wrapped around her; and the measure didn't fit. "I'm first and last a mother and a wife," she told a writer in explaining why she had to have dinner with her family even when working in pictures. Some may say, "A fine mother and wife she proved to be! Didn't she desert her husband and daughter?" Others might say, "Well, isn't she a faithful wife and mother now?" There's the enigma.

I think *The Bells Of St. Mary*, more than any other picture, served to build that saintly legend about Ingrid; and I connived with Leo McCarey to get her into the film. Very often an actress, through sheer talent, carries the impression she gives in a role into her private life as the public sees her. That's what Ingrid did with *Bells*. She would never have done that picture without Leo McCarey's persistence and help from Hopper. David Selznick was supposed to star her in *The Scarlet Lily*, but never got around to making it.

But when Ingrid read in my column that Leo wanted her opposite Bing Crosby in *Bells*; she acted characteristically. She didn't beat around the bush. She was extremely anxious to play a nun. So she went directly to Leo and got the part. And she had a serious quarrel with David Selznick about it. Finally he agreed, but only after it cost Leo McCarey \$450,000 for her services.

An apt person she was for it, too. Ingrid was one of the first to break down the pattern of movie glamor girls who thought looking like the next star was a prime requisite for film success. She used little makeup, usually applied it herself. On her first return to Sweden, Ingrid told me, all the actresses were eager to hear what she'd learned about makeup in America. She told them, "Nothing. I still do my own." So naturally they thought she was getting nowhere in pictures.

A publicity man working on *Intermezzo* cast about for a word to describe her appearance and came up with "translucent beauty." The term, arrived at in such a haphazard manner, was fitting then as it is today. Her skin has a warm, healthy glow, as if fed from some inner fire, and that added to the saintly legend.

WHEN Ingrid came to Hollywood, girls were made to appear synthetic princesses. They were short on royalty, but long on synthetic qualities. Their hair carried too much bleach, too much wave, their faces too much makeup. The false eyelashes were too long, the lips oversized instead of natural. But the queens of the cinema, supposedly women apart, had to look different from ordinary human beings. Or so they thought.

Then along came Ingrid who wouldn't fall for this line of guff. Depending upon her natural good looks, she dusted her well-scrubbed face with some powder, applied a small amount of lipstick, and was ready for the camera. She didn't need fabulous costumes. She looked better in a simple skirt and blouse with a scarf tied casually around her neck. Yet Ingrid was a director's dream. She could be photographed from any angle and always looked

good. The late director Victor Fleming called her "bullet proof."

I don't think Ingrid ever quite grew up and that was part of her charm. She hated being stared at, yet she confessed to me she couldn't help staring at other celebrities. "I don't think I'm important as a person," she once said to me, "but my work as an actress is." That was the basis of her naïve conclusion that she could quit being a movie star when she stepped off a sound stage; a conclusion that got her into much trouble. Rossellini was somewhat of the same opinion. Both simply refused to believe that one couldn't shed fame as one does clothes. But they're learning; and they're acquiring a respect for the awful power of the press and aroused public opinion.

Right now Ingrid feels an essential security in Rossellini's presence. He was a party to her sin, if such it was, and I don't believe she'd feel at ease working with another director, especially if Rossellini weren't beside her.

Hollywood producers will star almost anyone if they feel he'll be good box-office. So the real question in their minds is whether the American public will go for Ingrid or not. They're being cautious, and are waiting to see the reception given *Europe, 1951*, the film Ingrid did with Rossellini, before going all out to get her back. Nobody can deny she's a fine actress, but American movie-goers are peculiar people.

I think Ingrid would willingly come back if she were certain that the American public wanted her. She wants us to like her again, but not in a saintly manner. She prefers being regarded as a woman with normal faults and desires. She's learned at last, whether she likes it or not, that she's a public figure. But the one thing that would bring her back to Hollywood causing her to sacrifice her pride, is contained in her statement to me: "I'm only important as an actress—as a person, no."

END

We just learned the origin of Ingrid Bergman's daughter's name—Pia. It means (meant) Peter-Ingrid-Always.

Jim Henaghan

crazy like a fox

(Continued from page 63) everything else to Jerry. "If you like her, I can sing with her," Dean told Jerry, who auditioned songstress Helen O'Connell for their road tour while Dean played golf!

On tour, Dean goes to bed while Jerry stays up all hours of the night rehearsing with the orchestra. Jerry not only goes through his own routines but Dean's as well! Dean usually manages to arrive five minutes before the show goes on. One time when they were playing the Paramount in New York, Dean forgot to turn up at all! Jerry sweated out a solo. Five minutes later Dean strolled on stage wearing blue denims, sneakers, and a smile, all nice and relaxed.

"I'm ten years older than Jerry," Dean, who is 34, told me at a party last week (actually Jerry is nine years younger). "But," he added, "I feel ten years younger. I wake up every morning saying 'Gee, Dean, it's wonderful to be alive.' I leave the worrying to Jerry. He loves to do it, so I let him. If it's okay with him, it's okay with me." The only time it isn't okay with Dean is when Jerry makes a date that takes him away from the golf course.

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Reader's Digest
(page 81)

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Personal To Women With Nagging Backache

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"FIT FOR A QUEEN"

The first inkling I had that Jerry was the entire business shebang in the partnership was when I first interviewed Dean and Jerry in the Paramount Studio cafe. "What is your next picture?" I asked them. Dean immediately strummed an imaginary ukulele, after Jerry jumped on the table, made like he was a cross-eyed monkey and lisped, "Why am I so attractive to women?" Before I could answer, someone pushed a big sheet of paper in front of Jerry. Talk about Jekyll and Hyde! The change from monkey to executive took exactly one-tenth of a second. For ten serious minutes Jerry made suggestions and additions for the advertising campaign for their new movie, while Dean ate his lunch and smiled at me between bites. When the man with the paper was gone, the kidding resumed.

Jerry never clowns until the business is finished. But when it is, he goes all the way. Once, on his way out of a Paramount office, he sat down in Barney Balaban's secretary's chair, pressed the inter-office phone button and told her boss "Get your notebook, kid, and come out and take dictation."

Another day I heard him shout to Y. Frank Freeman in the Paramount cafe, "I thought I told you to wash my car this morning!" Mr. Freeman, President of Paramount, was entertaining Sir Anthony Eden at the time!

LAST year Martin and Lewis made a million dollars each. This year the take will be higher. And if Jerry were the boasting type, which he isn't, he could say "I get the medal." When Jerry told Dean of the gigantic eight-million-dollar deal with NBC for television and radio, Dean said, "Just send the money to the house." Jerry signs every check for business expenditures. Dean never asks who to or how much.

Before signing the fabulous contract, Jerry, who thinks of everything, inserted an unusual clause—"time out for a nervous breakdown"! It's all in there, seven weeks off every year for a possible nervous breakdown. Came in handy last year when Jerry collapsed from overwork.

Dean calls Jerry "Little Mother Hen." But a mother hen forgets the chick when it can scratch for itself. Not this one. With the scratch goes a hundred per cent protection. When they're on the road, Jerry sees to it that Dean is not disturbed when he is resting. All the telephone calls are channeled through Jerry's room. And this can be murderous. When stars of the caliber of Martin and Lewis hit a town, everyone tries to call them from the mayor to the mademoiselle on the corner.

When they travel by train, Jerry gets up an hour before Dean is even awake, to get the baggage assembled, breakfast ordered and to attend to all the bits and pieces of detail that go with getting off a train with a traveling company.

In arranging the tours, Jerry never forgets to make it possible for Dean to fly back to his family for a quick visit on Sundays. And his press agent, Jack Keller, has to call ahead in each town to be sure there is a telephone in Dean's theater dressing room so he can phone wife Jean between numbers. No phone for Jerry—he's too busy taking care of everything and everyone, to call during a show.

But when Jerry was resting (supposedly) in Arizona recently, he remembered to call Dean in Hollywood to remind him of an appointment with the tailor for a new tuxedo! The mortality rate of Martin and Lewis clothes is high—think of their shows and you'll see what I mean. Jerry's wife Patti swears her mate owns a thousand pairs of socks, hundreds of bow ties and so many suits, there are some he bought

a few years back he hasn't gotten around to wearing yet.

NEVER fight with Dean unless you want to take on Jerry, too. "If anyone hurts my partner, he's my enemy." I heard Jerry tell a columnist who picked on Dean when they first came to Hollywood.

This actually happened. When Dean and Jerry were in Georgia for the start of *Jumping Jacks*, Jerry decided that his role over-shadowed Dean's. He called Hal Wallis, and told him "You build up his part or I walk off the picture."

And when Lou Costello sued and settled with Dean for lending him money early in his career to fix his nose—which Dean insisted he had already paid back, you'd have thought it was skin off Jerry's nose, he was so mad. When Lou, who forgets a fight easily, asked for Martin and Lewis on his TV show, Jerry's "No!" was heard all over Hollywood.

You somehow don't expect a comic to be methodical. Most of them are up on a cloud of gags. But this Mr. Lewis has a pigeon-hole mind. Everything is catalogued. Every news clipping, every magazine story ever written about them, is somewhere in the 180 leather-bound volumes in Jerry's library. Every radio show (their own and guest shots) is transcribed and arranged according to date. Jerry has a kinescope of every television show he has ever done, including a guest shot on mine (that was a collector's item!). He has a 16mm print of every one of his movies. Every movie and radio script is bound between leather covers with gold-letter titling. Jerry has a complete list of

Janet Leigh only needs three months work to get her college degree. She was an honor student at College of the Pacific when she left to accept a movie contract.

every play date, the attendance in each theater, the weather in each town at the time, and how much money they made. You can call Jerry at any time and ask, "Where were you on such and such a night, what was the weather like, who did you see and how much did you make?" All he has to do is look it up in his amazing library, and he can reply in a matter of minutes.

With so much to do, Jerry cannot waste time. Although he hasn't yet gotten around to saving much money, he doesn't believe in wasting that, either. You've probably heard of his home made movies. He has some wonderful casts: Janet Leigh, Tony Curtis, Shelley Winters, Farley Granger. But the entire production never costs more than three or four thousand dollars. That's cheap for a movie that runs 40 minutes with sound and music.

Talking of the music. When Jerry invited Hal Wallis to see his home-grown *Re-Inforcer*, Wallis said to Jerry, "I can't quite place the music, but it's very familiar." "Sure is," grinned Jerry, "I borrowed the music track from *The Furies*—your picture, remember?" He took the expensive score from *Sunset Boulevard* for his hilarious *Fairfax Avenue*.

Jerry's camera equipment is insured for \$75,000. This is his big hobby. But even a hobby has to pay off for Jerry. One day soon he will direct as well as star with Dean in pictures and TV.

Jerry is delighted with his ability to make money—it's not every young man of 25 who can earn one million dollars per annum. I'd say he is the *only* one. But he never has thrown it around. He used to rent the Maria Montez home in Beverly Hills and almost bought it—except for the

price, \$90,000. "I could sign a check for the whole amount," he told me gleefully, at the time. "But it's too much to pay." So he bought a house for \$75,000, with a big pool and playroom where he shows his movies to very select audiences.

Dean wouldn't know how much money he has, in the bank or in the business (the boys are incorporated in a capital gains set-up under the name "York Productions"). But Dean is an easy touch. Tell him you need it, and he won't ask why; he'll just delve into his wallet and if it's there, it's all yours.

One of the big problems of any popular act is to get the people out of the theater so that new paying customers can come in. If you can't get 'em out, you make no profit. When Dean and Jerry appeared at the Paramount, the kids came in the morning with their lunch and munched through five shows. There is no law that can turn them out. Jerry solved this one too, and it is now standard procedure with all popular acts. As you know, he sent word to the kids to come around backstage, "and we'll put on another show from our dressing room." While Dean and Jerry clowned and threw down hats, ties and coats, a new audience and new money filled the theater.

Six years ago, when Dean and Jerry were new in the business, they put their signatures to everything and anything. "Just show us a piece of paper and we'd sign," Jerry told me. This brought them a lot of trouble, especially lawsuits. Dean used to say "I'm the best dressed man in town. I have 50 suits—all pending."

So Jerry made a new rule—they won't sign anything without an okay from their lawyer. This can be very irritating—to other people. A magazine was on a deadline with a byline story by Dean and Jerry. They couldn't go to press without a signed release. "See my lawyer," persisted Jerry. The lawyer was out of town. The magazine had to yank the story.

"If we ever fade," says Jerry the worrier, "we may as well take care now of the ones we love." And he does mean their relatives. Dean has an uncle—Leonard Barr, half of the dance team of Barr-Estes, kickabout dances. They kickabout on every playbill with Dean and Jerry. Jerry has a cousin on his payroll. His father is a singer. Jerry makes sure personally that his father gets good bookings.

Jerry seems to have inherited his worrisome nature from his mother. When I wrote in my column about Jerry's bad health last year, I received a sizzling letter from Jerry's ma that nearly burned in my hands. I apologized to her then and now for causing her anxiety. But a reporter has to be objective and report the news.

Both Dean and Jerry are great family men, they love their homes, their wives and their children. Jerry has two boys, Gary, seven, and Ronnie, two. Dean has five altogether—four from his first marriage. Dean likes nothing better than to stay home evenings, playing with the baby on the floor, while his pretty blonde wife relaxes.

Jerry, more gregarious, brings people home all the time. And it's lucky that Patti loves him, because Jerry has no idea of food and how much it takes to feed unexpected guests. Like the time dinner was planned for six and Jerry showed up with four extra people. Patti, who had prepared one small duck, corralled him in the kitchen and really told him off. "What's the excitement?" Jerry demanded. "So just put more stuffing in the duck!" But he'll never do that again. Because home is the one place which Jerry lets someone else run. Mrs. Lewis. Which proves again how smart Mr. Lewis is!

END

"now I can talk"

(Continued from page 55) people. He knew he spoke the dese-dem-dose lingo of New York's Lower East Side, and he was afraid people would criticize his speech.

"But I've gotten over that," he said. "I've found that people don't like you because of the way you speak or cut your hair or turn your collar. They like you if you want to be liked.

"I didn't know that when I was a kid." He threw the switch again and the train tore down the track. "I needed friendship, too, but I never had it. And you know something? I still need friendship. Everybody does. That's why Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin and I started the Gar-Ron Club, which is a combination of the names of Jerry's children, Garry and Ronnie. We make home movies, shoot pool, play golf and tennis, swim, go off on picnics—all that kind of jive.

"Well, I came to a brand new place—Hollywood—and I wanted to be liked. Somebody at U-I once told me, 'Kid, I want you to go out and pick me up a right-handed punching bag.' Well, I knew there's no such thing but I went out and pretended to look for it anyway. Why? Because this is a strange new place to me, and I don't know these people too well, and if one of them enjoys this kind of thing at my expense it's the least I can do to gain his friendship.

"Should I go up to him and say, 'Who are you trying to shove around, wise guy?' Of course not. If this is the kind of thing this guy does for kicks, let him have his kicks. And if another actor makes fun of the way I talk, let him be my guest. Let's all enjoy ourselves. You know something? It's a small price to pay for a little affection, love and friendship."

I had known all this about Tony long ago, when he hadn't been able to express himself on the subject so well. Humility is a basic trait with him.

"My business is acting," Tony continued. "I want to do it more than anything else in the world, and do it well. I knew I was limited, at first, because I talked out of the corner of my mouth, and this made me afraid. Suppose I had gotten temperamental when the breaks started coming my way, and coming, miraculously, despite my defects? Suppose I'd started throwing my weight around, like some stars do? Then the people at the studio would have started talking behind my back and the next thing you know columnists would have been printing stories about an incompetent so-and-so like me kicking up his heels and I'd be through. No, one fault was enough, without piling another on top of it.

"Then I met Janet. Because she loves me, and because I love her, I have the security I lacked when I was a kid. I'm able to go to work in the morning now and not be afraid."

"Afraid? I never suspected it," I said. "It's true," said Tony. "An accent is a tough thing to iron out. But Janet has given me self-confidence. I know that whatever happens to me from now on, whatever calamity befalls—if people don't go to see my pictures or if nobody comes to interview me for a movie magazine, or whatever—that my wife will always be there when I come home at night, and she'll kiss me and say, 'Come on in, Tony, and have dinner, and then we'll watch the fights on TV, or you can play with your train.'

"Security is what does it—the security of a loving wife, of a home, and of friends. That's what really counts."

Then all of a sudden it was 1941—eleven years ago!—and Tony was 15 years old, and he and I were in a factory in New York City. He was acting it all out for me, and, although this Saturday morning of our interview was a coolish one in Westwood Village, I could feel the heat of that sticky, humid summer afternoon on the Lower East Side and see and smell the grimy factory in which Tony worked.

"I had been a counselor at a camp in the Catskills earlier that summer," he said, "but the job didn't pan out for some reason or other—I really don't remember exactly why—and I got back to New York broke. I had to have a job. I read the want ads. One said, 'Boys wanted between 15 and 18 for summer work.'

"It was a broom factory. They picked six of us out of a big gang of kids and put us to work for \$12 a week. My job was to stand at a high desk-like machine and run the uneven brushes through a cutter as they came off the assembly line, to even them off. The cutter jabbed away at my knuckles and nails and made them bleed.

"It couldn't get hotter than it was in that place. I was drenched with sweat—and blood! But the foreman watched us like a hawk, and if we took a break and stayed away for a few seconds longer than he thought was absolutely necessary he would poke us in the back of the neck when we got back and snarl, 'Whaddya think we're running around here—a kindergarten? Keep workin', kid, keep workin'.

"Nights, when I got home, I was ready to kill anybody or anything. I could still feel him poking me and telling me to keep working. I got to hate that man.

"And yet, now that I look back at it, I've got plenty to thank him for, too. I think if he was around now I'd give him five percent of my salary, because he provided me with a drive—a drive to better myself. Some impulses are based on hate, I guess, and maybe it's healthy and maybe it isn't, but that foreman—and, I suppose, my environment—prodded me into trying to make something of myself. Whether I've achieved something big or not is another question, of course, but you've got to admit I've bettered myself—at least to the extent of making \$400 a week against that original \$12. And it'll be much more soon, I hope, because I'm due for a raise. But \$400 isn't an awful lot, all things considered, is it? Only \$230 of that is take-home pay. The rest goes for taxes. And I give my folks \$100 a week and live on \$130. We live frugally, Janet and I, as you can see. But it's still a lot better than a cold water flat and a factory, isn't it?"

I had to agree. The phone rang. He answered it. "Hungarian Underground!" he announced. "Janie? I love you I love you I love you—"

The words rushed together, just like that. No periods, and accent on the word "love." I got out of the room while he talked to his wife, although he beckoned me to stay.

When he called me back in, five minutes later, he said, "She loves me too. Where were we? Oh, yes—"

"I've just finished making *Flesh and Fury* at U-I. I play a deaf mute boxer. Joe Pevney, who used to be an actor, directed it. And, because he was an actor, he inspired me. He's not the kind of director who worries about camera angles. Instead, he sat me down before each scene and gave me a reason for everything I did. As a result, I didn't stand around looking dopey like I've done in other pictures. I've enjoyed this one more than any of the other pictures I've made because of him.

"I got such a shock when Joe would say, 'Tony, how do you feel about this scene?' I got chills up and down my spine, because I kept thinking, 'I'm being con-



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sidered—I'm being asked for my opinion! Mama, you should only be here and see what's happening! Somebody is asking for my opinion—and eleven years ago I was working in a broom factory! It breaks down to \$600 a minute to make a picture, and Joe Pevney is taking time out, Mama, to ask your little Tony's opinion!"

"I met a lot of established actors when I first came to Hollywood. Some of them fluffed me off and I was hurt because, as I said in the beginning, I wanted to be liked. But then I kept getting better and better parts. And those same actors don't fluff me any more.

"Nowadays I run into kids who are just starting in the business and they seem to be afraid I'm going to fluff them too, but I don't. I make it a point not to. And please don't make me sound conceited when you write this. Naturally, I don't go out of my way to fawn on people, because I'm no different than anybody else. You can't like everybody. Nobody can. But when I meet some young actors that I like I try to be nice to them, just as I hoped those established actors would be nice to me three or four years ago.

"I think I can truthfully say I've never been envious of anyone. I've found it difficult enough to worry about my own personal life and development as a human being and my career without worrying about six other actors and how they are doing. If they do well, more power to them. This is what they want, and let me sidestep here a little to say that my favorites of them all are Marlon Brando, for his uninhibited wildness and because people see him in movies and wish they could go up to their bosses and tell them where to get off like Marlon does; Cary Grant and Laurence Olivier, because they're such great artists and make it a real joy to watch them; and Jerry Lewis, because he's the funniest performer in the world."

TONY loves his folks inordinately, and they keep cropping up in his conversation. But now I was pinning him down about the people who had helped his Hollywood career most, and he said there were eight of them. "I'm not including my folks," he said, "because—well, because this is the way they are:

"Before I married Janet I went to my father for his blessing, and he said, 'Kid, I don't care who you marry as long as you're happy. Just be honest.' How could you help but like people like that? So let's stick to my Hollywood career. These are the eight people who've helped me the most out here:

"First, Janet, because, although she's younger than I and hasn't been around as much she's, well, she's the transformer of my electric train, let's say. She motivates me. And she's kind and considerate and understanding.

"Second, Jerry Lewis, who gave me confidence when I needed it. He kept saying, 'You've got talent, Bernie. Work at it. Develop it.'

"Third, George Rosenberg, my agent, who loaned me money when I was flat broke but has never yet taken a cent of commission! I'll pay him back, of course, when I'm making more money under a new contract that's coming up. It's not the studio's fault that I'm not making more money. After all, they took me when I was an unknown and made a star out of me. My raises keep going right along, in the natural course of events.

"And George has done other things, too. When my father had a heart attack George saw to it that he had a private room in the hospital and took my mother to see him every day. He also bought me a TV set at cost, gave me a jacket, and called me into his office to encourage me whenever the going got rougher than usual.

"Fourth, Bill Goetz. People will say, 'Well, Tony's got to say something nice about Bill Goetz because Bill Goetz runs the studio.' But this isn't true. Bill called me into his office, too, to watch the World Series with him. And he came on the set and said, 'Tony, if you have any little problem at all come and see me about it. You're an important property here at Universal, your pictures are going over big, you've been a nice boy, and we appreciate it. Thank you very much.'

"How do you like that for the head of a studio? And when I pass him on the lot he calls out, 'Hi ya, pal,' and I holler back, 'Hi, buddy.' You know how tough it is to run a studio, but Bill Goetz has time to stop and say hello to everybody. He's a real sweet, wonderful man.

"Fifth, Al Horwits, head of publicity. He could push a lot of people but has picked me out and pushed my career tremendously. Another wonderful guy.

"Sixth and seventh, Leonard and Bob Goldstein. Bob discovered me in New York and Leonard, his twin brother, gave me my first starring role, in *The Prince Who Was A Thief*.

"Eighth, Sophie Rosenstein of the talent department. She worked night and day with me, helping me to straighten out my speech and giving me dramatic lessons.

"And those are the top eight. Now, you've noticed I've mentioned everybody who heads a department. But there are plenty of others, who hold less important jobs at the studio, who've helped me. Wonderful publicity people like Betty Mitchell, Jean Bosquet and, most of all, Frank McFadden, who explained to me at the very beginning all about the studio, how it works, what it's like to be an employee in a big industry, the responsibilities not only to yourself but to the people you work with. And how, if something is upsetting you, you go to somebody in charge who can help you solve your problem and not take it out on somebody who doesn't understand it, as I've heard some players are apt to do.

"Then there's Sol, the studio barber, who lectures me while he cuts my hair. Things were going well with me one day and I was feeling cocky. He took a look at me and said, 'Tony, you seem like a nice boy. And that's important. But you know what, Tony? Something else is important too. Stay a good boy *always!*' I've never forgotten that, because it seemed so important to Sol that things should stay good and nice in this tough racket.

"And Johnny, the cop at the gate. He let me sneak a friend from New York past the gate a few years ago. My friend wanted to see the back lot. Johnny showed me that even though you're tied down by rules you can break one now and then for a friend, and none the wiser. This releases you and teaches you not to take your job too seriously.

"The boys in the studio gym have been true blue, too. Whitey Egbert, the trainer, has taught me that if you believe in something you should believe in it all the way. Don't give up for anything. Here's how Whitey is: if you're arguing with him and he doesn't like what you're saying he puts up his hand to warn you to stop and then turns off his hearing aid. He has also taught me not to get too carried away with myself.

"And Frankie Van, who runs the gym, let me work on the cuff when I couldn't afford to pay him \$10 a month for using his facilities.

"Bob Laszlo is another pal of mine. He's a prop man. He taught me to put things away. I used to leave props lying around and he would pick up after me. He said, 'I don't care how important a star you become, you've got to learn to be nice and put things away. The little things are im-

portant, Tony. Stars are important, sure. But the little guy who works behind the camera makes a big contribution, too, and all these things together make one picture. And I don't care how smart you are, Tony, or how big you become, there are certain rules that a real person observes."

"I've heard of stars who say, 'What do prop men know about a star's problems?' They know plenty, believe me! They've been around a long time, longer than a lot of stars that you never hear about any more. Bob, for instance, came up to me on the set one day and said, 'Tony, I saw you do that scene. It was very good. But don't you think you should feel it?'"

"He felt there was something lacking in my acting. And he was right! I had been doing everything else perfectly, but I hadn't been throwing myself into the scene, feeling it like Bob knew, from long experience, I should be feeling it. And I was flattered that Bob had singled me out to share his knowledge with me."

Tony was playing with his train again. It was nice to hear about the people he liked, I said. Now how about the people he disliked?

"Why lie about it? There are a lot of people I dislike," he said. "I dislike the same percentage of people that any other normal human being dislikes. If I said I didn't I'd be a liar."

"I dislike certain people for being vicious. That's the unforgivable sin, in my eyes. I don't like people who come up to me and say, 'Tony, you were great in your last picture,' and then knife me. It's happened more than once, and when I know they've told somebody else I'm not so hot I look them right in the eye and say, 'Why do you do this to me? You talk behind my back and then tell me how great I am to my face. Why?' That stops 'em!"

"Then there are the people who say, 'Kid, the reason that certain deal worked out for you was because I put in a good word for you'—and all the time you know they're lying. And the ones who never

stop reminding you that you'd never be where you are if it wasn't for them."

"Probably the most disheartening of all are some of your old friends who imagine you've forgotten them simply because you've become a star. Some of them actually seem to get a perverse delight out of the thought that you're too important for them now. But when you're with them and try to act as naturally as you did in the old days they accuse you of patronizing them."

"I got one letter from an old friend that illustrates perfectly what I mean. He was my closest boyhood buddy—in fact, my only buddy. We were so close that one day we cut our fingers with knives and held them together so that our blood mingled. We swore then and there that we were blood brothers for ever and ever."

"So what happens? I'm here two years and I get a letter: 'Dear Tony—or should I call you Bernie?—I wonder if you'll remember me?'"

"It threw me off my feed for a whole week. People seem to think that if you're a success the most important requisite is that you forget your old friends. Actually, they must think very little of you to imagine that just because you're doing well you'll forget them. Do I make myself clear?"

"Perfectly."

He knit his brows and thought a while. "I've been very fortunate," he said, finally. "And some day, if it ever blows up, I'll think nothing of going back and opening a shoe shine parlor in the Bronx—if I can find a good spot and saying, 'Okay, I've had it—I've touched success. And now I'm happy.'"

Janet phoned again, just then. The "I love you I love you I love you" routine began. Then, "Okay, honey, knockwurst and beans for dinner, and you'll cook 'em. I love you I love you I love you. Real crazy!"

He hung up with a smile on his face and winked at me.

END

a house for a horse

(Continued from page 48) travel agencies and gathered a wide assortment of posters.

"I picked up the trick of using gay posters to liven drab rooms when I was working for Billy Rose at the Diamond Horseshoe in New York," Virginia explains. "I used to room with other show girls in pretty miserable apartments. No matter how bad they looked we'd get some travel posters, tack them up, and the apartments would come to life."

Besides collecting poster art, the O'Sheas bought the sort of furnishings that give a home character. When Mike was on location in Mexico, he picked up some beautifully carved figurines. On another trip he bought a magnificent wooden Iroquois head that now occupies a prominent position on the mantle. He also purchased a statuette of St. Jude by the great Mexican sculptor, Magyana.

While Mike was finding objets d'art, Virginia was using her spare time to poke around local antique shops. Once she came home with a cranberry-glass kerosene lamp that she converted into a kitchen lighting fixture, and gradually she acquired some marble-topped night stands, a few odd tables, and a quaint old desk.

When they visited friends who were full-time ranchers, the O'Sheas noticed that their homes were equipped with Navajo rugs. Sometimes the rugs were hung as tapestries, or else they were scattered on the floor. In a few places little rugs were used as table mats.

When Virginia asked about the Indian

handicraft, she was told that Navajo rugs are not only decorative but are supposed to be lucky as well. The Indian weavers deliberately leave a little hole in each rug so that the evil spirit can escape.

Just about the time when Virginia was won over by Navajo rugs, she and Mike discovered Van Gogh.

The O'Sheas were in Chicago en route to New York when they fell in love with Van Gogh's paintings. The studio representative who met them at the train wanted to take them to the Pump Room at the Ambassador Hotel, but Virginia objected.

"The Pump Room is wonderful," she said tactfully, "but we'd rather skip it and take in the show at the Art Institute."

Admittedly, Virginia Mayo does not look like a girl who prefers the Art Institute to the Pump Room, and the Warner Brothers representative was amazed, but like a good fellow he said nothing and drove the O'Sheas to Michigan Avenue.

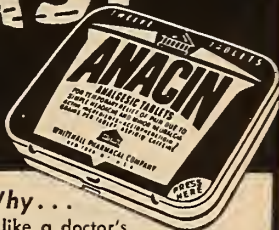
In Virginia's own words, "The Van Gogh paintings hit us like dynamite. The canvases were so vivid and exciting that Mike and I were speechless. We walked through the exhibition twice before we could express our feelings. Finally, we decided to buy a couple of reproductions. We settled on a print of a sun-drenched wheat field and a moody blue still-life."

"By the time we got through buying the prints, we were really in danger of missing our train to New York, so we grabbed our pictures and ran out of the Institute. People turned and stared as if we were robbers."

With the Van Gogh reproductions as inspiration Virginia decided that it

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was just about time to remodel the house Mike had originally bought for his horse.

So they knocked out halls, pushed back walls, made one large, beamed living room. They panelled the dining room, added a fireplace, gave Mike a new set of personally planned closets, and added a kitchen that has every conceivable appliance—a garbage disposal and dishwasher, a ventilator fan over the stove which keeps the room free of cooking odors, a large freezer and refrigerator, and every gadget from Mixmaster to Toastmaster.

For herself, Virginia ordered a large dressing room and bath as an addition to her bedroom. The dressing room is separated from the bedroom by louvred doors which can be closed when she's dressing or when she wants to hide her sewing clutter. Virginia's sewing machine is one of her proudest possessions and stands in a corner of the room near her mirrored and marbled dressing table.

Many of the large architectural changes in the O'Shea house were made while Virginia was abroad working in *Captain Horatio Hornblower*. She spent her time away from the camera working out decoration plans to put into action later.

A week after she returned to Hollywood, Virginia had her living room walls painted chocolate brown to match the chocolate carpet. She left the beamed ceiling white and ordered an over-scale, three-piece sectional couch so large that she, Mike, and Duke, her Boston terrier, can stretch out full length without being crowded. The couch is in a direct vision line with the television set.

The large, comfortable living room is well-stocked with books and records. And on one wall there is a larger-than-life

painting of Virginia. It shows her as Lady Barbara, the character she played in the Hornblower picture, and it was given to her by the studio as a token of gratitude.

If you ask Virginia where she acquired her furniture she will tell you candidly that she bought the new pieces at Barker Brothers, Los Angeles' big furniture store.

"I'm not a trained decorator," she admits, "and I didn't know how my decorating ideas would work out. The safest way to test them was to buy furniture through a large store and have it sent home. The pieces that didn't fit were returned. Those that did, stayed. You can't engage in that sort of practice with custom-made pieces."

Virginia's own room is furnished very simply. The draperies originally hung in the old dining room. Except for a double bed and some table lamps, the only other pieces in the room are an easy chair and a small desk.

Mike's room is about as Western as you can get without being in a saddle. Virginia decorated it while Mike was on location in Arizona. She filled it with heavy oak furniture, Navajo rugs, and red wall paper. When Mike returned home, his wife had him close his eyes and guided him into the room. He took one long hard look, then grabbed Virginia and kissed her. "The boy from Brooklyn," he said, "always wanted to be a cowboy." Which is why Virginia always smiles when she says, "Mike proposed and won me with a house he bought for a horse!"

END

(Michael O'Shea can be seen in 20th Century-Fox's *The Model And The Marriage Broker*. Virginia Mayo will soon appear in Warner's *She's Working Her Way Through College*.—Ed.)

you're wrong about jane russell

(Continued from page 43) "Know-nothing" on Jane Russell.

We, therefore, must begin from scratch.

In the first place, no camera has ever done her justice. Through the cold crystal eye of a lens Jane Russell is a sultry wench with hot, brooding eyes, a mass of jet, unruly hair, a kissable mouth and a nose with nostrils that tend to flare at the sight of a male. This is not so. Her complexion is creamy and outdoorish. Her eyes are dark and thoughtful. They snap or smile, they're never, in public, at least, hot and heavy-lidded. Her features are classic, thin and sensitive and her nose crinkles into a grin and never flares at anything.

Even when the camera is focused on that portion of her anatomy which has made her most famous, it exaggerates a quite normal symmetry of design into an RKO trade mark.

When the Las Vegas situation developed into such headlines, MODERN SCREEN decided to break a precedent and talk to Jane to clarify the true personality of this movietown enigma.

We dispensed with the eye because it was well when we spoke to her, and began with the figure.

"Does it bother you," we asked, "hearing all the jokes that are made about your anatomy?"

"No," she said, "it just bores me."

"But don't you realize," we pressed, "that your proportions have become something of a trade mark?"

"Sure," she said, "It's like the label on a can of tomatoes."

That answer should settle once and for all the question of anger on the part of either one of the Waterfields over allusions to Jane's figure. It is a dull part of the routine of being a movie star—but Jane

and Bob realize that they're stuck with it.

A great deal has been written about Jane Russell and religion. It has been intimated that she is something close to saintly in private life and as athletic an organizer of gospel gatherings as Billy Graham. It has been said that she formed a group of Hollywood stars and executives into a sectarian force that met weekly, or oftener, in one of the town's largest churches in religious revivals.

That is not true. Jane Russell is neither saintly nor a revivalist. She confesses frankly to a quiet faith and she also confesses, with a glint in her eye, that she gets a bit of plain fun into her life. She has attended and probably still does attend an occasional service with the Hollywood Christian movement that has received so much publicity, but she is not a steady member and most certainly not the founder.

"Those fabulous gatherings of celebrities you read about me getting together," she says with a smile, "are anything but that. And it's odd that someone hasn't found it out before. The group I do meet with began way back when we were all kids. It consists of my brothers, their wives and a few close friends, all of whom were a bit on the hellion side when we were kids. You know, kids who drove cars too fast and smoked too early and things like that. We meet at my house and we sit around on the floor in blue jeans. If you were to peek in the window, you'd think we were having a party. Well, we all decided that now we are grown up, a little religious education wouldn't hurt us, so we get together and have discussions and Bible readings—and it's fun."

ALL you have to do is talk to Jane Russell on any subject for ten minutes and you can see that she isn't capable of going overboard about anything. She has

too many interests and, according to her own admission, she's not steady enough on her course to become a fanatic.

"I'm a starter," she said. "I begin things but I never finish them. I started to paint—and never got very far with it. I even started to write," she laughed, "and always wound up whatever I was doing in the middle of a paragraph."

The papers would have you believe that Jane Russell is something of a one-woman orphan asylum, and that she and her husband have every intention of assembling most of the unwanted children of the world in their own small nursery. Last year, some European correspondents even got pretty ugly about it when the word spread that Jane didn't want all the kids that were offered to her for adoption on a trip abroad.

The truth is that right now Jane and Bob have in their home the adopted family they expect to wind up with. It consists of two children.

"Everybody has the idea," Jane said, "that I am the Mother Machree type. Well, I'm not. I am not the sort of woman who can't resist patting a kid on the head in the street. And I certainly don't want every child I see. Bob and I feel deeply for the parentless children of Europe and this country and we like helping them, trying to place them with couples we know who are childless. It's that simple."

The incident of the trial adoption of the baby Jane brought back from London last year, although it will no doubt have a happy ending, is rather humorous. Jane happened to mention casually one day that

A G.I. asked Bob Hope about Jane Russell. "Nice girl," said Robert. "And there's nothing phony about her."

she would like to adopt another child. It made the papers, and mail began pouring into her hotel offering her babies from all over the land. The phones were busy for days with parents asking Jane to take one of their kids.

The mother of one child, however, was more enterprising. She showed up at the hotel with an infant and managed to get to see Jane in person. She shoved the tot into Jane's arms and tearfully begged her to take it to America and raise it as her own. Jane was overcome and took the baby with her. When she got to Hollywood, she walked into the house with the kid in a set of new blankets and showed it to her husband.

"How did he take it?" we asked her.

"He hit the ceiling," she said.

However, Bob Waterfield's attitude has changed and he is as fond of the little Irish lad as Jane is. The little boy will be reared as his son.

It is interesting that Jane's desire for a family is not a frantic one, as it so often is with a good many childless women.

"I guess," she said, "that it is because I was part of a large family. And when Bob and I built our house we just automatically put in space for children."

So, contrary to popular opinion, Jane Russell has no intention of maintaining a founding institution. The press just took for granted that she did.

As for her career, Jane Russell is not the movie-struck girl that most motion picture stars are. She looks upon pictures as a business—and when she leaves the sets at the end of a day, she forgets Hollywood. As a matter of fact, Jane sometimes feels she would much rather be something else.

"I don't know exactly what," she said, "but I have a feeling that I would be

equally as happy in another line of work. Making movies is hard work for me but there are real compensations such as the money and the nice people I've been thrown in with."

HER private life, too, is unusual for a movie star of her prominence and glamor. Bob Waterfield, her husband, is the boss, no question about it, and Jane refers to him as "my old man," a phrase bristling with respect. When Jane gets through with a picture, Waterfield doesn't live her kind of life—she lives his. When he was in the service, Jane quit pictures and went along with him as many other soldiers' wives did. And when he is on the road during the football season, with the Los Angeles Rams, Jane tags along as a football wife.

Bob Waterfield, although he has a number of good friends in the film industry, prefers the company of football people. Not sports people, just the football clan. He lives football and, according to Jane, finds most other subjects dull.

"As a matter of fact," Jane said, "he is now beginning to worry what he's going to get into when he passes the age that a man should quit throwing passes. He has a keen mind and an analytical one. He doesn't care for coaching, so he'll have to find another outlet for the talent for strategy his years as a quarterback have developed."

Whatever it is that Bob Waterfield does, though, it is quite certain that it will not be a cushy job plucked from the fringes of his wife's career as a movie star. It will be something that will still allow Jane to speak of him respectfully as "my old man."

JANE RUSSELL is very much of a family girl. She is fiercely fond of her mother and brothers and all the in-laws and children. All told are nine grandchildren in the Russell clan. Her brothers are sturdy men making their own way in the world on their own. Two of them have not the slightest interest in movies. The other two, though, would like to be in pictures—and they try for parts whenever the opportunity arises. But unlike a good many young Hollywood hopefuls, they don't sit around growing beards waiting for the phone to ring. They have families—and they are busy at other occupations between movie roles.

"They're pretty sensible about that," Jane says admiringly. "When there's nothing doing in the studios, they get jobs in service stations or driving trucks."

It would be a disservice to Jane Russell to write an analytical study of her without mentioning the one that has made her one of the most popular actresses in Hollywood. It is a quality difficult to describe because it is almost masculine, and that is pretty hard to tag onto a girl as exquisitely feminine as Jane.

The Las Vegas incident—and the contention that if the reporters had asked Jane Russell how she got the shiner she'd have told them—is a good way to begin describing it. She has a basic honesty that will not allow her to lie to escape a result. It is masculine in a sense, because it is based on a fearlessness found usually in brave men who wind up their sentences with, "So make the most of it!" Jane Russell is the kind of person who would say just that. Consequently, there are no petty bickerings on her pictures. She does the best she can in front of cameras—and she has no time for the usual "protection" of scenes and billings, etc, that seem to make up such an important part of the average siren's life in film. And she has no time for people who pretend. Lay it on the line and you can get with



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Russell. In the main, even the greatest complainers get to like this.

There is in Jane Russell a tremendous humor. She is alive every minute and when not being leered at by a paid villain for a picture, she is a cut-up rather than a femme fatale. Horseplay is fun to Jane and so are somewhat funny jokes when a gang of easygoing laughers get together.

We have, then, in Jane Russell, a mysterious woman devoid of mysteries. A movie star, famed for religious crusades who

wouldn't think of it, and who, instead, placidly practices a set of religious rules that are based on the simple principle that any kid as strong-willed as she was could use a few thoughts along the spiritual line.

The next time you read a story in the newspapers about Jane Russell that appears a bit far-fetched, don't buy it completely. Just say to yourself, "Now why don't those reporters ask Jane herself about it? She'll tell them the truth—for sure." **END**

ava fights back

(Continued from page 37) And the people who heard him laughed, and spread the crack around.

Or Columbia Records releases a new Sinatra disc, "I Hear A Rhapsody," and the voice is the way it always was, but someone thinks it's clever to say, "Why do they waste that gorgeous hit on a guy who doesn't have it anymore?"

This kind of smearing has gotten to be a habit, and a sort of nasty game. People apparently want to see how much the Sinatras can take before they crack. When the newlyweds flew to Europe recently to attend a Command Performance and entertain American troops in Weisbaden, they were accused of battling from here to Germany and home again, and of ruining the performance by being wet blankets. The fact that they spent all their spare time in Germany entertaining soldiers went by the board without any comment. That kind of information just wouldn't fit in with the rest of the picture that's being painted.

The Sinatras can take criticism, as the past few months have shown, but now they're fighting back in their own subtle way. It may be a while before the public sees them as the honest, decent people they really are, but they'll come into their own again because they have to; they're on the right side.

FIVE or six years ago when Frank was earning a million dollars a year and handing out \$150 gold cigarette lighters to every Tom, Dick, and Harry, he was considered a wonderful little fellow. When he preached against racial and religious intolerance, he was held up as a progressive, patriotic American. When he made *Anchors Aweigh*, he was called "the brightest star in the MGM constellation of luminaries."

When, unpublicized, he paid the hospital bills for Mildred Bailey, his office boy, and half a dozen others, even his detractors admitted that he was a generous man. He was invited to the White House, exclusive country clubs and the finest private homes in America; everyone who was anyone sought his friendship, and more than 200 fan clubs saw to it that he never received less than 800 letters a day. Girls swooned when he crooned, night clubs offered him \$50,000 for a week's work, and symphony orchestras pleaded with him to sing if only for one night.

How come that within the short span of two years, people are hacking away at his reputation with all the energy they'd use to tear down a skyscraper?

The most popular reason offered is that Sinatra made a mistake by being honest enough to leave his first wife because he had stopped loving her, rather than stay around and make both their lives miserable. He left all right, but he was willing to turn over to Nancy one third of his annual income up to \$150,000 and 10% of everything above that. And nobody can keep him away from his children whom he visits two or three times a week.

This is no attempt to white-wash Frank Sinatra. Undoubtedly, he has plenty of faults and has committed many indiscretions. He has from time to time surrounded himself with a band of incredibly seedy characters. He is chronically allergic to sensible advice. He is stubborn and temperamental, but insofar as the American people are concerned, he has given them hundreds of hours of fine entertainment. It is lamentable to think that he is now being dragged down into a mine of ill-feeling, and that his talent, which is still considerable, is a target for ridicule.

Contrary to garbled reports originating on the street, Sinatra's voice is not completely gone. It is still very much in evidence.

Have you seen and heard him in *Meet Danny Wilson*? His voice was never better. His acting has charm, and quick wit. Yet the local Hollywood yokels were prepared to take in the movie with a laugh—of derision.

Not long ago, Frank was sitting in his office on South Robertson Boulevard in Beverly Hills. He was talking with one of his television writers. Taking inventory of his position, and thinking about the past few months, Frank became justifiably depressed.

His office building was up for sale. His television program couldn't attract a sponsor. He hadn't had a good-selling record in over a year. Universal had shoved back the release date on *Meet Danny Wilson*, a picture in which he had worked for no salary but a percentage of the profits. His three children were polite to but not particularly enthusiastic about his new wife. He was \$40,000 in the hole. There was an even-money chance of CBS cancelling his TV show by June of this year. His fan mail had decreased to a new low. Many of his old friends had deserted him. The 200 Sinatra Fan Clubs had dwindled to four. He felt that the Palm Springs house should be completely done over for Ava—after all, what wife wanted to be reminded of her predecessor? But where was the money coming from?

It all seemed so staggering, that Frank leaned back in his chair and covered his face with his hands.

"Boy," he said, "I'm really in a spot. I've got to get moving."

But for the first time in his life, Frank Sinatra looked beat. No human being can stand up forever as punching bag to the world, and that afternoon Frank knew it. He came perilously close to breaking down. Fortunately for him, he has a resilient nature and has since bounced back.

THAT same afternoon seven miles away, in the Pacific Palisades house she had rented from dance director Bob Alton, Ava Sinatra was feeling none too well herself. She was on lay-off, earning no money (she works only 40 weeks a year) and worrying about when the studio would cast her in another *Show Boat*. Critics who had seen her in *Pandora* and *Lone Star* had criticized her films as adequate vehicles but not the hits Ava once thought they might be. She had just turned down parts in three different pictures.

During her romance with Frank the studio had been none too happy. Fortunately for her, she had many journalist and photographer friends, and they saw her through this trying period. They put her on magazine covers and planted dozens of well-written stories about her activities.

It was Dore Schary who took her out of the doghouse. He cast her in nothing but "A" pictures and ordered the publicity boys to go all-out on a Gardner build-up campaign.

But as Ava began turning down scripts, the studio began to feel that she was being unduly influenced by her new husband, that she wasn't playing ball, and it was decided to let her stew in her own juice.

On this particular afternoon, Ava was stewing. She was also stewing about the housing situation. She had given her small Nichols Canyon home to her sister Bappie. Frank had given his Holmby Hills house to Nancy. The only house left to the newlyweds was the Palm Springs mansion which was in the process of being re-done, and the re-doing was costing a mint.

In addition to all of this, Ava seemed to feel that that everyone in Hollywood was anxious to have her marriage founder on the rocks, to say, "See, I told you it wouldn't last."

That night, Ava and Frank worked out a design for living. They decided to leave town. They would live at Palm Springs away from the gossips and gloom-prophets. They'd stay down on the desert five days a week, drive to Los Angeles on Mondays, return to the desert on Tuesday nights after Frank had finished his TV show.

It worked for a while—not very long—a month or so. Then the stories started anew. Frank has walked out on Ava. Ava had walked out on Frank. Both of them were fighting like a pair of desert rats. Frank was washed-up, so finished that CBS had him down to \$3,000 a week, and he was borrowing money from his agent, MCA.

As for Ava, she had had enough. She was moving back with her sister, maybe going home to Smithfield, maybe asking Charley Feldman to get her out of her contract with the studio.

None of this was true. None of it is true. But at long last, instead of doing nothing, Frank and Ava have decided to fight back.

A few weeks ago, for example, a Hollywood press agent called Sinatra down at the desert. "You know how terrible your public relations are," the publicist diplomatically began. "What you need is someone like me to put you right with the fans."

"Don't worry," Frank said good-naturedly. "I'll work it out."

In contrast to former days, Frank wasn't truculent, or aggressive, he was simply confident that he could win his public

back, that eventually the public would judge him by his work.

"We figure," Ava told friends, "that our behavior is the best way to fight back at all the rumor-mongers. Let them say anything they want to about Frank and me, but years from now we'll still be together, and people will come to realize that all these stories about us are pure baloney. Not that we don't have our quarrels and arguments. But this marriage is really working."

Ava's new policy calls for her to accompany Frank at every opportunity, to let her actions give lie to the rumors. She doesn't particularly like large formal functions—they make her nervous—but when Universal recently threw a big shindig for Danny Wilson, Ava was there. When Ava, in February, received a magazine award for her performance in *Show Boat*, she and Frank were the happiest couple at the Hotel Ambassador.

When Frank finishes his TV show on Tuesday nights, he and Ava dine at Romanoff's before returning to the desert.

Ava is even learning how to cook. For her birthday, which comes on Christmas Eve, she whipped up a pot of spaghetti for Frank and their good friends the Axel Stordahls.

As for Sinatra, he knows that his career has temporarily turned sour, that impetuous adolescent moves on his part have antagonized the press and consequently the public. But with Ava beside him, he feels that he will never again make those same mistakes, that after a few years of marriage to Ava the public will again respect him as a decent, hard-working family man. He has offered to go to Korea on a USO tour or any place the Army wants him. He is making every effort to atone for his past errors and to become well-liked.

Many persons have asked if Ava can keep Frank a faithful, loving husband. They smile snidely before you can offer a reply or opinion—so sure are they that they can already see the crooked handwriting on the wall.

They forget that Frank is imbued with an indomitable will, that he originally pushed himself to the top by his own efforts, that whatever else he may have been, quitter was never one of them.

Right now, he is trying desperately to get the lead opposite Betty Grable in *The Farmer Takes A Wife*. He also has another film lined up at Universal, and the night-clubs of Las Vegas still offer him \$10,000 for a week's work. Maybe he isn't the great attraction he once was, maybe he has two strikes against him, but so long as he has Ava, he's a long way from being out.

Ava and Frank Sinatra are fighting to make their marriage a success, and as the Good Book sayeth, "He that is without sin, let him first cast a stone . . ." **END**

how casual can he get?

(Continued from page 41) something to Bob, but Bing did not realize how Hope felt.

Well, the old Hollywood grapevine began to hum and it soon came to Bing's ears that Bob was hurt. This upset him. Bing is inordinately fond of Bob. How to apologize? How to make amends? He waited until he ran into Bob casually one day and then he said, "About that dinner. Well, I was afraid I might say the wrong thing." And then, grinning at Bob, he added, "Besides, I wasn't hungry that night."

That did it. Bob understood this was an apology and took it as such. And they are the best of friends again.

The autograph seekers get sore at Bing every now and again. At a recent football game, for instance, they started crowding

around and yelling, and Bing told them to go to their seats, he wasn't signing a single book. This, he feels, is a display, and he's worried lest someone will think he enjoys that kind of "I-can't-let-my-public-down" attitude. Besides, he had come to see a football game. And, he figured, so had everybody else. But on his way out, long after the disgruntled kids had gone to their seats grumbling, a little girl waiting by his car asked for his autograph. This was up Bing's alley—one child who did not obstruct the view.

THERE is absolutely no ham in his character. When he was asked, "How does it feel to know that more people have heard your voice than that of any other man?" he answered, "Thrilling, if true. But it's just Decca publicity." And in evaluating his acting ability (he won an Academy

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Award, not for singing, but for acting in *Going My Way*) he said, "I believe I'm a fair actor when I'm playing a character who is like Bing Crosby. Any other assignment I can't handle at all, so I'm no actor." At all times he's Bing Crosby, and as Bing Crosby he doesn't impress himself. He doesn't even keep a scrapbook (he never has). Naturally, his office—where his two brothers and his father run his many enterprises—keep clippings, but Bing just "doesn't go for that name-in-the-paper" routine.

Yet, once when he was in Canada he received a call from a little town in Vermont called St. Albans. On his way back to New York when his train passed through St. Albans, and would Bing accept a jug of Vermont Maple Syrup? He would indeed. A newspaper reporter arranged for the stopover and, en masse, the citizens arrived at the station. The mayor made a speech as the syrup was presented. Schools were let out so the kids could see Bing. "I'm very big in St. Albans," he says, proudly.

But he'll turn down a formal banquet attended by the most important dignitaries in the United States.

He'll give a national magazine writer the run around (if there's something more pleasant to do like playing golf) but he'll pose in a chef's hat with a cup of coffee and doughnut and let the caption read, "The face most conducive to dunking," to help out an old friend who's just opened a restaurant.

For years the Hollywood Women's Press Club has voted him the most uncooperative actor in Hollywood. They finally picked on somebody else because Bing just didn't seem to care. Wouldn't send the press girls insulting wires, or mend his ways by becoming available for interviews and photographs.

You can imagine that consternation reigned when at last year's HWPC's Christmas party the new Santa Claus turned out to be Bing Crosby! The girls demanded to know how it had happened. What whimsical gesture was this?

It was discovered that one of the members had happened to bump into Bing on the street and told him she thought it would be a funny gag. "Sure," Bing said. "I'll do it."

Later when he was asked why he had come to the party where he was such anathema, he said, "I would have come a long time before but nobody ever asked me."

Bing is not lazy, he is simply relaxed. As he says, "There's nothing to be accomplished by running around in circles."

He is orderly and methodical. He arises at seven in the morning, eats a big breakfast, writes letters—business as well as personal—in long hand. Then he makes his telephone calls. He is always prompt and expects other people to be.

When Bill Morrow first came to work as Bing's writer on his radio show, Bill was prone to breeze into the gag meeting from 15 minutes to a half hour late. He soon learned that this was not going down well with Bing. So early in their relationship Bill learned to be strictly on time. But Bing still remembers and will say, "We'll set up the meeting for nine-thirty so Bill will be here by ten."

DESPITE the fact that the Crosby enterprises are vast—everything from a pocket-sized breath freshener to a baseball team—Bing does not consider himself a good business man. He allocates authority to those who know how to accept it. When he was asked why, with all his money, he kept on working, he said, "First I owe quite a bit of money and besides, 106 there are a good many people who, in

one way or another, are dependent on my working."

You may be amazed to hear that Bing owes money and that he admits it. Well, to begin with, he is not, as people think, the world's richest man. And, as with all widespread business organizations like his, bad investments have been made. "Lots of my money goes to taxes," he says, "the rest is reinvested in outside interests. I've had to borrow money to keep a lot of these going. If they pay off I'll be in clover. Until they do I've got to keep working. If I quit now I'd be in the red." But Bing does not hoard as he has been accused of doing—either his old records or his dough.

So far, Bing has been adamant about television for himself, although Crosby Enterprises have put together a series of television shows. The reason that he will not undertake a show of his own at the moment reveals another interesting facet of his nature. Despite his easy going appearance, his casualness, Bing is a perfectionist. He does not want to step into a medium that is still disorganized, still finding its way. Because he is a perfectionist, any show that he would do would be far too expensive since, "I don't think I'm big enough just to get up there and ad lib," he says. The problems of TV are still too complicated. So even though he may seem relaxed to the point of indifference his

I SAW IT HAPPEN



The Capitol Theater in Cincinnati was filled to capacity when Victor Mature made a personal appearance there. Victor mentioned that since Cincinnati was close to his home town of Louisville, Kentucky, he had a lot of relatives there. Naturally, the audience applauded wildly—all except one fellow who snickered. Vic looked up into the balcony where the sound came from and said, "There's my cousin, now—his name is Immature!"

Joyce Wheeler
Bellevue, Kentucky

actual behavior belies this. His as yet unreleased movie, Paramount's *Just For You* was made in record time, as are all his films. His radio show is performed with the least "running around in circles."

It was not laziness on Bing's part but his love of perfection that made him the first person to put a big radio show on tape and have it rebroadcast on the designated night. The network objected. They had never used taped stuff before. Wouldn't the public complain when they learned their talent was not performing at that exact moment? Bing thought not. And Bing can be a quietly stubborn guy when he knows he's right. For the advantages of tape are many, even to the listening audience, the main one being that any part of the show that falls down can be re-recorded. All the performers were with Bing for, to them, it meant doing shows ahead of time so they could have an occasional vacation.

It was known in radio circles as "the battle of the tape." But by being a quiet fighter—no scenes, no screams—Bing won.

In his pictures he will never do what he believes is wrong and according to every man who has ever directed him, "Bing has an unerring instinct for knowing what is right for him."

"Keep it simple," is his motto.

A simple, well-ordered life gives him more time to spend on his 25,000-acre, well-organized Nevada cattle ranch, more time to travel. And there's always golf. So why should he complicate his life with TV or anything else unless he has to?

He wants his four boys to know the value of a buck but he also wants them to know the rewards of generosity. In his own words this is what he wants out of life: "I'd like to be justifiably proud of our sons."

Light-hearted as he is, there is one thing that really upsets him. He does blow his top if the boys' grades in school are not too good or if he hears that they have been boastful. There are two types that Bing cannot abide—a braggart and a gossip. All he asks of the boys is that they become well-rounded human beings, that they educate themselves to be what they want to be, that they learn to shift for themselves. As he says, "Just so they're not spoiled. Not pig-headed nor big-headed, just level-headed." And when any one of them falls short of this ideal Bing gets really mad.

Bing is a religious man. He believes in going to church (he is a Catholic) and does so himself as does his family, but if you are not a churchgoer that's your business. Tolerance is the keynote of his philosophy of living. And he puts his philosophy into practice. His philanthropies are many—and these are non-sectarian—but he doesn't like them talked about. Although his most rewarding experience was, in his own words, "singing to our men overseas."

For all his methodical ways, for all his vagaries, the charm of the man comes through when you really know Bing Crosby. Ask a group of newspaper people who went on a recent junket to Elko, Nevada, with him. It was for the opening of his film, *Here Comes The Groom*, and most of the press arrived with their typewriters ready to mow the man down. Bing began by winning the staid Boston contingent—first-naming both the men and women—and ended by harmonizing with the whole group.

But the interesting thing is that Bing doesn't deliberately set out to charm the press just because it amuses him to do so. He did not appear as Santa Claus at the Hollywood Women's Press Club because it delighted him to be quixotic. It was only that this is what he felt like doing.

In many ways Bing is the least complicated and best controlled actor around. Having no ham in him he does not wear his emotions like diamond studs. He never over-dramatizes himself and, although he lived through, at one time, a severe personal tragedy there was never any breast beating. During a time when he had a grave decision to make he wore the same manner that has characterized him for years. Nobody but those closest to him, whom he consulted, knew he was less than merry.

He never makes a snap decision, which is one of the reasons why he is a good craftsman, a good husband and a good father. In order to get along with Bing you have to accept him as he is. You have to accept the fact that there are private places in his heart.

Once, someone put this question to Bing: "If someone asked you 'What is Bing Crosby really like,' what would you say?"

He sucked on his pipe a minute, and then he said, "I've always seemed a pretty dull fellow to myself."

That's Bing Crosby's estimate of himself. And, the funny thing is, he means it. The funnier thing is, he's the only fellow who, after having met Bing Crosby, would give that opinion.

END

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the **ADDED PROTECTION** of
NO UNPLEASANT AFTER-TASTE*

*FROM THE REPORT OF A WELL-KNOWN RESEARCH ORGANIZATION