

GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

ILL.
UG.
20:

THE
SECRET LIFE OF
FARLEY GRANGER
HOLLYWOOD'S PROBLEM
BACHELOR

**"LANA TURNER
TOLD ME ALL"**

A LOUELLA PARSONS
SPECIAL



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SERIAL RECORDS
JUL 29 1962



Modess ... *because*

Millions rely on this
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Ipana gives 'round-the-clock protection against "Tell-Tale Mouth"

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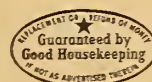
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FOR YOUR WHOLE MOUTH!**



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NEW! DOUBLE-DUTY Multifine Tooth Brush—Over 1400 fine nylon bristles, plus the *twist* in the handle. 1000 dentists helped design it.

Products of Bristol-Myers



**Fight inflation—
save in every way!**

Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
STOPS
BAD BREATH
AND
STOPS DECAY
BEST!

Colgate's Instantly Stops Bad Breath
 In 7 Out of 10 Cases
 That Originate in the Mouth!



**COLGATE
 DENTAL CREAM
 MAKES
 YOUR MOUTH FEEL
 CLEANER LONGER!**

It cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth! Brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream gives you a *clean, fresh mouth all day long!* Scientific tests *prove* in 7 out of 10 cases, Colgate's *instantly* stops bad breath that originates in the mouth. No other toothpaste has proved so completely it stops bad breath. No other cleans teeth more effectively, yet so safely!



**AND THE
 COLGATE WAY
 STOPS TOOTH
 DECAY BEST!**

Yes, the best way is the Colgate way! In fact, brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today. The Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! Yes, to help stop bad breath and tooth decay at the same time, the *best* way is the *Colgate* way!



**No Other Toothpaste
 Of Any Kind Whatsoever
 Offers Such
 Conclusive Proof!**

COLGATE
 RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

**PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S
 WILL NOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!**

AUGUST 1952

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

a hollywood milestone

MODERN SCREEN'S FABULOUS 15 GOLDEN KEY GIRLS..... 44

stories

SMILE WHEN YOU SAY THAT (Stewart Granger).....	by Jack Wade	29
LANA TOLD ME ALL (Lana Turner).....	by Louella Parsons	30
BROTHER, CAN YOU SPARE A DATE?	by Marsha Saunders	32
"SOMETIMES I'M HAPPY. . ." (Farley Granger).....	by Katherine Albert	34
COME DANCE WITH ME (The Champions).....	by Marva Peterson	36
THE FIFTH PASSENGER.....	by Piper Laurie	39
MADLY IN LOVE (Mitzi Gaynor)	by Susan Trent	40
THEY WANT HIM BAD (Richard Widmark).....	by William Barbour	42
GORGEOUS GAMIN (Leslie Caron)	by Jim Henaghan	48
LOVE ON THE RUN (Tony Curtis-Janet Leigh).....	by Jim Burton	50
LETTER FROM LONDON (Liz Taylor).....	by Joan King Flynn	52
WHAT WOMEN HAVE DONE TO BILL LUNDIGAN	by Caroline Brooks	54
SO EASY TO LOVE (Ann Blyth)	by Jim Newton	56
A NEW LOVE, A NEW LIFE (John Agar)	by Arthur L. Charles	58
"WE FIGHT—BUT WE LOVE IT!" (Frank Sinatra-Ava Gardner)		
	by Thelma McGill	65

features

THE INSIDE STORY.....	4
LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS	6
MIKE CONNOLLY'S HOLLYWOOD REPORT	12

departments

MOVIE REVIEWS.....	by Jonathan Kilbourn	16
TAKE MY WORD FOR IT.....	by Gene Tierney, star columnist for August	22
SWEET AND HOT.....	by Leonard Feather	62
MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS		70

ON THE COVER: Color picture of Lana Turner by Eric Carpenter of MGM.
 Other picture credits on page 88

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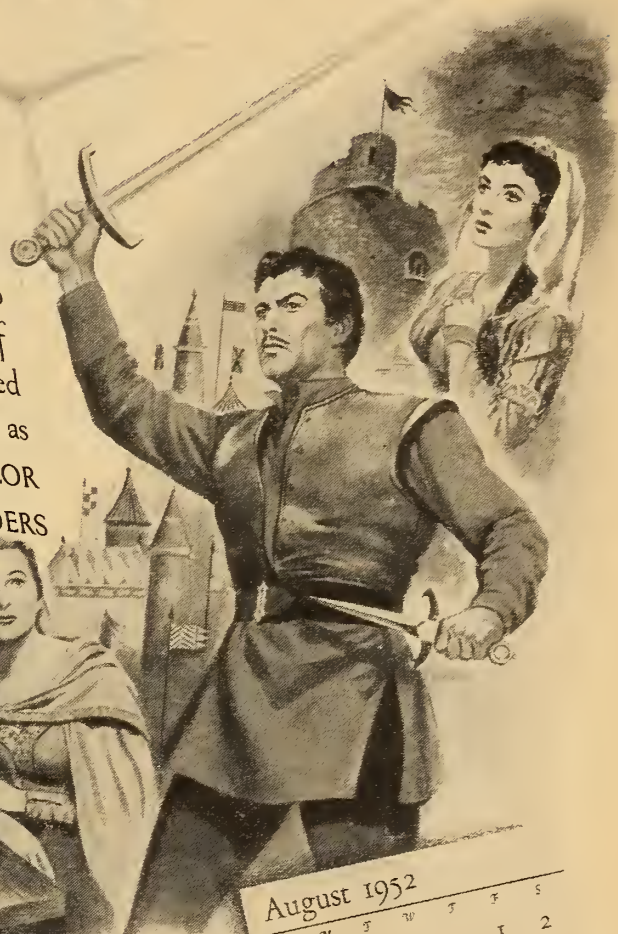
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M-G-M's Movie-of-the-Month Calendar

IVANHOE from the company that gave you "QUO VADIS"... and only M-G-M could bring it so magnificently to the screen! Sir Walter Scott's story of romantic adventure comes to life enriched by Technicolor and with such great stars as ROBERT TAYLOR • ELIZABETH TAYLOR • JOAN FONTAINE • GEORGE SANDERS • EMLYN WILLIAMS



August 1952

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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3	4	5	6	7	8	9
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24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						



THE MERRY WIDOW is LANA TURNER—it could be none other—and FERNANDO LAMAS is her lover. A glorious entertainment aglow with the magic music of Franz Lehár and gorgeous color by *Technicolor*.

October 1952

T	W	T	F	S
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BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE brings you golden-voiced MARIO LANZA in a new romantic musical sensation co-starring JAMES WHITMORE and introducing DORETTA MORROW. *Technicolor*.



New finer MUM stops odor longer!

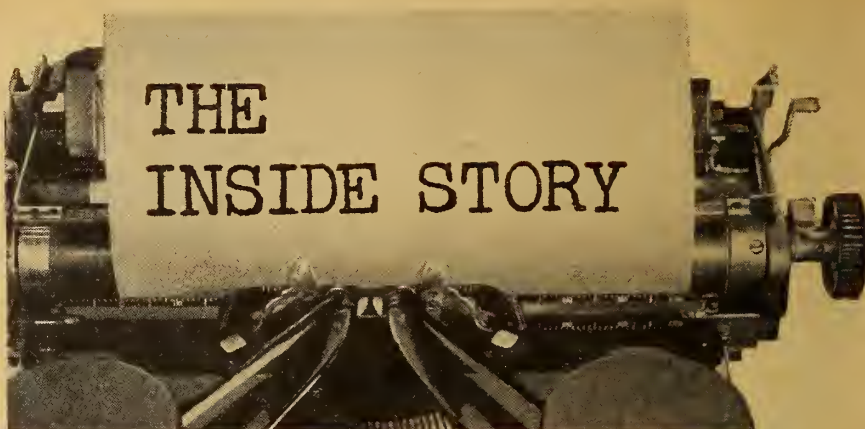
NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW
INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS
AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

- **Protects better, longer.** New Mum now contains amazing ingredient M-3 for more effective protection. Doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start!
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- **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. Why does MGM keep suspending Ava Gardner and taking her off salary?
—B. Y., SMITHFIELD, N. C.

A. Because Ava refuses to work in pictures offered her.

Q. Is it true that Ingrid Bergman plans to return to the U. S. later this year?
—S. R., BILOXI, MISS.

A. She hopes to make it around Christmas time.

Q. Every time I pick up a movie magazine I read that June Allyson's real name is something else. Once and for all, when June was born what name did her parents give her?
—D. R., DENVER, COLO.

A. Ella Geisman.

Q. I understand that Kirk Douglas is the other man in the Lana Turner-Fernando Lamas love affair. Is this true or a publicity stunt?
—Y. T., BATH, ME.

A. Publicity stunt.

Q. Isn't it true that Dale Robertson now regrets his hasty marriage and wishes to be single again?
S. E., RENO, NEV.

A. No.

Q. Now that he's shed his fourth wife, with whom is Clark Gable going these days?
—I. F., LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

A. Natalie Thompson, ex-wife of actor Robert Hutton.

Q. The Mona Freeman-Pat Nerney marriage has been played up for years as one of Hollywood's happiest. Was it ever really happy, and what broke it up?

A. The marriage has been foundering for years because Mona has been more successful than her husband.

Q. Wasn't Gene Kelly a lawyer before he became a dancer?
—T. O., PITTSBURGH, PA.

A. He studied law at the University

of Pittsburgh as an undergraduate, but never entered law school.

Q. Why does Mario Lanza remain in Hollywood if he isn't particularly happy making movies?
—K. G., PHILA., PA.

A. He has a contract.

Q. Will you please settle an argument by publishing the name Kirk Douglas went by when he and his family lived on Eagle Street in Amsterdam, N. Y.?
—B. Y., ELLENVILLE, N. Y.

A. Izzy Dempsky.

Q. Why won't Jane Wyman permit photos of her children to be taken for publication?
—S. R., BALL, MINN.

A. In this matter she has always deferred to the judgment of her ex-husband, Ronald Reagan.

Q. Why did Jeanne Crain have to reduce so drastically after her fourth child? How much weight did she gain?
—D. U., COLUMBUS, OHIO

A. Approximately 30 lbs.

Q. How come Alan Ladd and Joan Crawford answer letters from their fans, and some movie stars don't?
—R. E., GAINESVILLE, FLA.

A. All movie stars try to. Ladd and Crawford happen to have very efficient secretaries.

Q. Isn't Bing Crosby retiring from the movies to concentrate on television? Doesn't Bing own two TV stations?
R. Q., WILMINGTON, DEL.

A. Crosby isn't retiring from movies. He has filed applications with the Federal Communications Commission to own and operate two stations. Permission has not as yet been granted.

Q. Hasn't Ricardo Montalban been married more than once?
—N. S., SAN DIEGO, CAL.

A. One civil ceremony, one church ceremony, with the same girl, Georgianna.



THIS
IS A
STORY
WITH A
LOT OF
Twists!

WOW! LOOK HOW
**"She's
Working
Her Way
Through
College"**

COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR

She's a burlesque cutie
who zips out of
the runway
and into
college—then
puts some brand
new shakes in
Shakespeare!

THE CHEERLEADER OF MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS FROM WARNER BROS!



STARRING **VIRGINIA MAYO** ★ **RONALD REAGAN** ★ **GENE NELSON**

DON DEFORE PHYLIS THAXTER PATRICE WYMORE DIRECTED BY BRUCE HUMBERSTONE
SCREEN PLAY BY PETER MILNE
PRODUCED BY WILLIAM JACOBS

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

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Liz' dachshund is a lucky puppy (see page 52).



Dancing to waltz music is a favorite pastime.

**The Bennys throw the
party of the season . . . Everyone's
talking about the Tony Curtis-
Piper Laurie feud . . . Will
sisters Joan and Olivia make up? . . .
Farley's playing it cozy in Europe.**

THE PARTY of the Season was a dinner dance Mary and Jack Benny gave honoring Mr. and Mrs. William Goetz. All our glamorous girls were out in full regalia looking like pictures.

Jane Wyman's lavender tulle with violets was one of the conversation pieces. So was Rosalind Russell's very long white dress with full skirt. I notice long dresses are coming back. Linda Christian's long white gown was much admired, too.

June Allyson seemed to be having more fun than anyone else there. She danced and danced, and when Dick Powell got up and played with the orchestra you could hear her laugh above everyone.

The dancing was rapid, gay and in the samba mood. To see dignified Dore Schary really cut a rug with Barbara Stanwyck, Loretta Young, Mrs. Schary and others of our beauties, was something.

Ginger Rogers was with Greg Bautzer, and, as this goes to press, she's mad about the popular lawyer.

I danced with Gordon MacRae, who was there with his pretty Sheila. What a nice boy that MacRae is. He's one of my favorites among the actors of our town.

To mention all the beauties would take this whole section of MODERN SCREEN. But I must say that Mrs. Louis B. Mayer, Irene Dunne, the hostess herself, Mrs. Goetz and Deborah Kerr all had gowns that were outstanding. I had a new dress myself—and I liked it.

The bobby-soxers have taken the new Mrs. Johnny "Cry" Ray to their hearts and well they might. She is sweet little Marilyn Morrison, daughter of Charlie "Mocambo" Morrison, and she's a very nice girl.

All this excitement of being the wife of the teenagers' craze is something new for Marilyn, but she's taking it in stride.

Both kids were on the phone with me right after the ceremony, because I was the one who said they would marry when other columnists denied it. Hope I can always be as right as I was with that one.

The long smouldering fight between Tony

Curtis and Piper Laurie came right out in the open when Tony had a battle with his studio and was put on suspension.

There have been rumors of a feud for a long time between Tony and the flower-eating gal, but no one thought much about it until Tony said out loud in print that he'd never again make a picture with Piper.

I happen to know that the reason for Tony's stand is that he believes Piper said something that is a slight against his bride, Janet Leigh. Piper says she didn't mean it that way.

THE whole town was surprised when Tony lost his temper and said he wouldn't sign with Universal-International again.

In addition to the Laurie debacle, he is very bitter that U-I took him off salary because he went with Janet on location for her picture. He says he just wanted to spend his birthday and their anniversary with his bride.

The studio retaliated by saying they had made many concessions to the young lovers in the past—in particular a telephone bill for

AND MIKE WILDING TO BRING YOU THESE INFORMAL PICTURES OF THEM "AT HOME" IN THEIR LONDON APARTMENT.



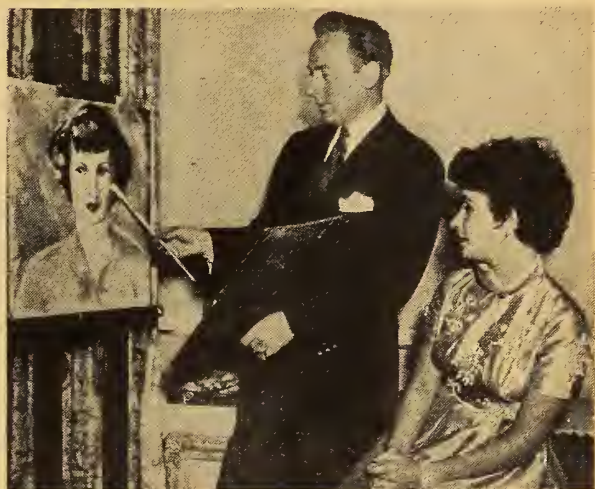
Liz and Mike usually dine at home, sometimes invite close friends.



The Wildings both love good music, own a large record collection.



Her quiet new homelife agrees with Liz, who looks prettier than ever.



Mike, who likes to paint, is working on an oil portrait of Liz.

over \$1000 Tony ran up calling Janet while he was on a personal appearance tour.

Now that she is so well—I can tell you that Shirley Temple nearly died following the birth of her son. Complications set in after birth and Shirley was unable to leave Bethesda Naval Hospital for two months.

Dr. William Bradbury, the Los Angeles surgeon who delivered little Linda Sue, was summoned east for consultation over Shirley's condition. Although Linda Sue's birth was natural, it was decided to have a Caesarian section performed for the birth of her second child.

I talked with Dr. Bradbury soon after he returned to the Coast. He had nothing but praise for Shirley's courage and the tenderness and consideration of her husband, Lt. Charles Black.

Of course, when Shirley's condition was so serious, her mother, Mrs. Temple, rushed East to her daughter's bedside.

Now what do you do in a case like this?

I heard that Arlene Dahl and Lex Barker had reconciled and were on a "second honeymoon" in Laguna.

I called them there and got Arlene on the telephone.

"Now, Louella," said she, "don't say we are reconciled. It's true Lex is here with me. But there are still many problems we have to iron out."

She admitted, however, they were "having a lovely time."

What I want to know is—when is a second honeymoon not a second honeymoon?

Charlie O'Curran takes no sass from his movie star bride, Betty Hutton, which is the best way I know to keep her interested.

Recently, Betty corrected the way Charlie pronounced the name of Renoir, the French painter. "It's Ren-voir, not Ren-ore," said Betty to her bridegroom, but not unkindly.

"Okay, okay," said Irish O'Curran, "and remember this, baby. Stop calling me a dance director. I'm a choreographer. And until you can spell it, I'm still going to call him Ren-

ore!" And that put Betty in her place.

WILL OLIVIA De Havilland's separation from Marcus Goodrich have any bearing on her long strained relationship with her sister, Joan Fontaine?

Many people ask me that question, and my answer is—I think so, definitely.

Joan once told me that she was sure she and Livvie could get together except for the influence of Goodrich.

His (and Olivia's) intense dislike of Joan dates back to the time they announced their engagement and Joan is supposed to have made the wisecrack that Goodrich was an old beau of hers.

She didn't actually say that. What she said was that she knew him and had met him socially—or some such thing.

But Marcus never forgot—and when he takes hold of a grudge he is not a boy to let go. Of course, Livvie was hurt, too, by the manner in which her sister's remark was quoted to her. Joan once told me, "I love my

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



Not a soap,
not an oily cream
—Halo cannot leave
dulling soap film!

Gives fragrant
"soft-water" lather
—needs no
special rinse!



Wonderfully
mild and gentle
—does not dry
or irritate!



Removes
embarrassing
dandruff from both
hair and scalp!



Leaves hair
soft, manageable—
shining with colorful
natural highlights.
Halo glorifies your
hair the very first
time you use it.



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Kirk Douglas took Morlene Dietrich to the Polo Matches, though his name has been linked with Rita Hayworth and Lana Turner lately.

sister—and sometime, someday, when she is not under the influence of someone unfriendly to me, I believe we will regain the understanding we once had. That will be one of the happiest days of my life. And it can't come too soon for me."

Joan is in Europe making a picture and she won't be back in this country for several months. When she does come back—well, we shall see what we shall see about these famous feuding sisters.

Zounds and Wowie! Am I getting mail from our service men protesting the Joan Evans interview (not with me) in which she talks on Parent-Child relationship. Joan scoffed at the "old-fashioned" idea of children calling their parents "Mom" and "Dad" and advocated substituting their first names.

A letter signed by "Two Soldiers in Korea" lambasts: "It's too bad these modern brats can't be over here for awhile—and then they would come to know what those wonderful words, Mom and Dad, really mean! Never in our hearts do we think of them as Elizabeth and George or Ann and Frank because we want to remember them with respect and affection as parents, and not as contemporaries.

"I'd like to get inside Joan Evans' mind and find out what makes her tick. She gives out the damndest interviews about the damndest bunch of modern nonsense we've ever read. Frankly, we are sorry for her. To grow up without sentiment and old-fashioned things like that is to miss some wonderful emotions in life."

Poor Joan—she does seem to get her foot in her mouth everytime she gives out one of those "modern youth" stories of hers.

FRANK SINATRA was telling us about his and Ava's harrowing flight home from Honolulu when one of the motors on the four-engine plane conked out exactly half-way over the Pacific. Too far out to turn back, the pilot decided to continue with the "injured" ship.

"We were told not to worry," laughed Frankie, "and rehearsed putting on our lifebelts and on how to get out of the emergency exits if we were forced down.

"Then, over the loud speaker we were cheerfully told that a United States Army plane was following us—just in case anything

Paramount Presents

Did "Carrie" do
wrong...or only
what every woman
dreams of doing!

*She couldn't help using
men...even when she
didn't want to!*

LAURENCE JENNIFER
Olivier and Jones



in
**WILLIAM
WYLER'S**
production of the novel so daring
it once shocked the nation!

Carrie



with
MIRIAM HOPKINS · EDDIE ALBERT

Produced and Directed by WILLIAM WYLER
Screenplay by RUTH and AUGUSTUS GOETZ
From the American Classic,
SISTER CARRIE, by THEODORE DREISER



LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Tony Curtis sits for his portrait at the Coconut Grove—but it's not long before Jerry Lewis arrives to turn the tables on the artist.

happened. I looked at Ava and she said, "Well, it's nice to know a plane will be flying over us. They can look over and say, 'There they are—let's take some candid camera shots!'"

It may be funny to look back on—but it isn't anything the Sinatras want to go through again any time soon.

It's a riot to visit on *The Road To Bali* set while Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour are working. The boys call lovely, glamorous Dottie "the old lady." The old lady has her hands full not being thrown for a loop by the way Bob and Bing ad lib dialogue. Usually, she manages to keep a straight face.

But the other day, they broke her up completely.

There's a gag scene where a gun goes off and the bullet goes straight up in the air. An elephant drops down.

"What's that?" asks Bob, according to script.

"A Republican!" ad libbed Bing—and it got such a big laugh it's going to stay in the picture.

The whole town's talking about Linda Christian's statue in the all-together which she presented to Ty Power for his birthday and had installed in the garden of their home.

I must say we're certainly getting a good view of many of our belles what with Marilyn Monroe's nude photo on a calendar and Julia Adams nearly-nude photographs which she posed so a statue could be sculpted of her. Her husband gave his permission.

WHY is Farley Granger playing the recluse in Europe? They're calling him the male Greta Garbo over there.

During the entire crossing from New York to London he didn't come out of his stateroom except to parade the decks late at night after everyone had retired.

When the Queen Mary docked at Southampton, he turned up his coat collar and brushed past newspapermen with a surly, "Nothing to say."

What a difference from the trip he made last year with Shelley Winters when they didn't stick their noses outdoors without being photographed or giving out with the interviews.

10 Farley's attitude isn't adding to his popu-

larity abroad and, frankly, I can't see the reason for it.

WHILE I'M wondering about the conduct of gentlemen, I might bring up Travis Kleefeld, fiance of Jane Wyman for a hot moment.

Since his breakup with Janie, the rich Mr. Kleefeld has been romancing about town with the estranged wife of his former best friend, Keenan Wynn.

Romancing is hardly the word for the 'necking' Travis and Beetsie do in public. They are becoming something to stare at around the nightclubs with their persistent smooching.

If they have to do this sort of thing—why not wait until Beetsie at least files her divorce suit against Keenan.

Nobody arrives in the MGM wardrobe department wearing the gosh-awful outfits Debbie Reynolds whips up. When the studio calls her for fittings, Debbie goes just "as is."

The other day she whipped in wearing pajamas, a topcoat and mukluks!

Another time, she wore her Girl Scout suit. And still another, nothing more than a bro and slip under an evening wrap!

"Who cares?" yips Debbie. "I'm not a glamor girl."

In my grandmother's day they would have called Debbie "a card."

The least temperamental of actresses, she recently surprised her co-workers by ordering the *I Love Nelda* set closed while she did a specialty number—locked and bolted yet!

Then she hung up a fifty-cents admission price on the door.

She sold more than 150 boxes of Girl Scout cookies to those who wanted to watch and raised a nice tidy little sum for her favorite organization.

"Sometimes," mused Missy Reynolds, "I believe I have a touch of Hetty Green in me."

I FIND I have a few thousand words more to say about Tony Curtis' new attitude toward his career.

I'm sure it is unconscious, but I think Tony's close friendship with Jerry Lewis has had a peculiar effect on him.

Jerry's success with Dean Martin has lifted him high into the big money bracket. He has

a big home with servants, swimming pool, camera room and practically all the other big star trappings.

Tony doesn't envy Jerry all this. He is glad he has it. But, somehow I feel that he expects his own career to bound along and skyrocket as his pal's has.

Young Curtis is an entirely different type of actor and he hasn't the big field to operate in that Jerry does—nightclubs, theater appearances, TV, radio, and other fields of entertainment.

I realize Tony's salary at Universal-International is not big—perhaps not big enough in view of his popularity. But he must remember that most of our big stars have served their apprenticeships in lower salary brackets and that when the right time comes, they get on the gravy train.

Tony's and Janet's days of living in a small apartment and economizing so they can help their families won't last forever the way they are both going.

He should be patient and bide his time. Quarreling with a studio has never benefited a new star.

THE Letter Box: "Persimmons," Chicago, writes: "Are you mad at Rock Hudson. You never mention his name." You are wrong, Prissy. I have interviewed him for a Sunday newspaper story and I print all the news I hear about your favorite.

From London, Cassie Carter tells about Janet Leigh when Janet was there appearing at a charity affair sponsored by the Duke of Edinburgh. "Janet admitted she was very nervous before meeting the Duke because she has a very loud laugh. 'And then I found out that the Duke laughs louder than I.'"

Doris Day—please, please, please answer your fan mail and requests for pictures from our boys in Korea. Corporals Joe Gottlieb and Jim Wynne are the latest to protest to me their disappointment over hearing nothing from you. You should not have to be begged to do this, Doris.

Vivien La Monte, Kansas City, asks: "Is Carleton Carpenter always jiving it up, singing and playing drums in nightclubs?" No—I wouldn't say so. Carleton has his serious side. For instance, he plays an excellent game of bridge.

That's all this month. See you next month.



*Yes, your hair can shine like silk, feel
soft as silk, gleam and shimmer like silk.*

*It's so easy to have excitingly lovely, lively hair . . .
Just shampoo it with today's gentle Drene!*

*(Sh! the secret: the cleansing
agent in Drene—and only in Drene—
that silkens your hair.)*

DRENE SHAMPOO

silkens your hair...as it cleanses!



GET DRENE TODAY!

PERSPIRATION Effectively Checked!

DAY-LONG PROTECTION FOR YOU



WITH
DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
Perfect
DEODORANT CREAM

new improved FORMULA

- Quick two-way action... effectively banishes underarm odor and safely checks perspiration.
- Gives day-long protection.
- Will not stain or harm delicate dress fabrics.
- Has quick-vanishing base.
- Disappears in seconds.
- Non-irritating to normal skins.
- Will not dry out in jar.
- Daily use insures personal freshness.

Small size: 50¢
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hollywood report

by Mike Connolly

famous columnist for
The Hollywood Reporter



HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

At the cry of "Fire!" all the stars dining in Warners' Green Room commissary were electrified into action. Seconds later every one of them was racing toward the expanding chaos. Among those holding their skirts high, running to do anything they could to stop the \$1,500,000 blaze, were Kathryn Grayson, Virginia Mayo, Doris Day and Phyllis Thaxter. Also working fever-



Paget

ishly, passing fire-fighting equipment from hand to hand, were Gordon MacRae, Burt Lancaster, Steve Cochran, David Brian and Lon Chaney, Jr. And, at the end of the struggle, they stood and stared at the gaunt skeleton of once glamorous sets... Barbara Stanwyck's son, Tony, donned the khaki of Uncle Sam at Fort Ord... Hollywood can't figure which Debbie Bob Wagner is most interested in: Reynolds or Paget... Ann Blyth is all smiles because the Army has returned Richard Long to Hollywood... Marilyn Monroe's only after-effect from her operation is a bent ear. The guy who was bending it was baseball's Joe DiMaggio—twice a day,

and by long distance!

Shelley Winters gave her age as 25 when she and Vittorio Gassman were wed in Juarez, Mexico. Huh?... There was a buzz around town that a "deal" had been made with the District Attorney and that Walter Wanger would get out of his jail sentence for shooting Jennings Lang. The D. A. indignantly denied it. Wanger will serve the term... Meanwhile, Lang made his first public appearance since the shooting on the Racquet Club tennis court in Palm Springs, a few days after Wanger was sentenced... And her closest friends say that Wanger and Joan Bennett will never reconcile, although the Rev. John Smith of All Saints Episcopal Church in Beverly Hills has done everything possible to bring these two together again...



Winters



Hunter & Rush

Jeffrey Hunter and Barbara Rush finally got away to San Francisco for their honeymoon, after 18 months of marriage... I'm waiting for Bing Crosby to frame his birthday gift from Bob Hope. It's that nude calendar picture of Marilyn Monroe, with Bing's head superimposed... Bing dropped the keys and newspaper he was carrying when 100 couples greeted him in the living room of his Holmby Hills home singing "Happy Birthday To You"... Next time a star tells me he's too busy to make a charity appearance because he's busy making a picture, remind me to remind him of Jane Powell, Joan Evans and Vera-Ellen. All were working before the

cameras every day but all entertained for the Mother Cabrini benefit one Saturday, then put in all day Sunday at the Santa Monica Auxiliary hospital benefit.

LONG HUNCH DEPARTMENT:

Arlene Dahl and Lex Barker separated shortly after a friend sent Lex a shrunken head from Lima, Peru, and Arlene ordered him to get rid of it—although I'm not trying to say that's WHY! Actually, these two will reconcile when she devotes less time to being an actress and writing a beauty column and more to being a housewife—if they haven't already reunited when you read this... Remember the fuss when Esther Williams won the Sour Apple Award? Hollywood Women's Press Club is seriously thinking of calling



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hollywood report continued

off the annual award headache. I guess there aren't that many uncooperative stars in town . . . Lana Turner screamed to me when the columnists started linking her romantically with Kirk Douglas. It looks like she and Fernando Lamas will wed in Mexico as soon as they get their respective divorces—although for a while there it looked as though Lana's lawyers wouldn't be able to locate Bob



Turner

Topping to serve the divorce papers. Liz Taylor went back on salary, after almost an entire honeymoon without a paycheck, when she returned to MGM to star in *The Girl Who Had Everything*. She asked the studio to change the title, claiming, "It's misleading—I don't have everything!" . . . Bet you'll agree with me that "Zing Me A Little Zong" is hit parade material after you hear Jane Wyman and Bing Crosby sing it in *Just For You* . . . None of their pals holds out any hope for Zsa Zsa Gabor and George Sanders to reconcile. Even though Zsa Zsa says, "This was never a marriage—it was a love affair!" . . . And the Gary and Rocky Coopers were just as rocky as ever at press time. Gary lunched with her at her home one Sunday recently, took her to the polo matches that afternoon, and then dined with her at home again that night. Next night she was out with one of the polo players!

FINANCIAL PAGE:

Jane Russell's business manager allows her only \$100 a month pocket money . . . RCA-Victor's recording deal with Mario Lanza guarantees him \$150,000 a year for life. His Red Seal royalties last year alone exceeded \$500,000 . . . Vittorio Gassman's weekly paycheck from MGM is \$1,250—just \$250 short



Lanza

of spouse Shelley Winters' \$1,500 a week from U-I . . . Howard Hughes rewarded Ann Blyth for taking over the role that Claudette Colbert bowed out of in *The Korean Story* with a free trip to Honolulu . . . Paramount paid Jean Arthur \$150,000 to settle her contract. It called for \$1,000 a week for ten years and it

had six more years to go.

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:

They say Charlie Morrison, who operates the Mocambo, threatened various members of the press with mayhem when they printed that his daughter Marilyn would marry Johnnie "Prince of Wails" Ray. He kept denying they'd wed up until Marilyn and Johnnie said "I do" . . . You've got troubles? When last heard from, MGM's June Allyson was insisting on retiring, Ava Gardner was demanding that she be allowed to spend more time with her "Old Man" between pictures, Jane Powell wasn't able to make pictures because she was having a baby,

and Janet Leigh was rebelling against making too many pictures . . . And Tony Curtis was insisting that U-I, the studio that made him a star, let him out of his contract.

The Gable divorce was one of the fastest on record. Lady Sylvia untied the knot in court here in exactly 12 minutes . . . This was exactly the same day, same court, that a girl named Jill Winkler Henry won her divorce from John Henry. For the record, Jill is the widow of Otto Winkler, the press agent who died in the plane crash that killed Carole Lombard! . . . Meanwhile, Josephine Dillon, Gable's first wife, pressed by a reporter for a statement, said: "I never asked Clark for alimony and didn't want any. Right now I'm happy sitting under my tree in North Hollywood and giving drama lessons in my barn" . . . Despite all the fights with Gloria Grahame and Jack Palance on the set while the picture was shooting, Joan Crawford tells me that *Sudden Fear* is far and away her best picture since *Mildred Pierce*. Joan could use a good picture just about now . . . Somebody noticed that one of the lady guests attending a Los Angeles Press Club party was wearing slacks and asked that she be ejected. But nothing came of it, because they found out it was the guest of honor—Jane Russell!



Russell

HOME FIRES BURNING:

Those close to Rita Hayworth will tell you that she will never love anyone as much as Aly Khan. At any rate no one has been found who has ever heard her say a word against him . . . Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger rented a 30-foot sailboat for July and August, and I sure hope it's smooth sailing! . . . Shirley Temple, who was laid up in a Washington, D. C., hospital for a while with virus and anemia, told chums she can't wait for hubby Charles Black's tenure with the Armed Forces to be over so that they can return to California. Can't blame her, if Washington's as hot this summer as ever . . . Marlon Brando finally found a permanent home for his pet raccoon. It's now languishing at his parents' place in Libertyville, Ill.

Don Loper decorated the three Beverly Hills Hotel bungalows reserved for Queen Juliana of the Netherlands and entourage of 40 with oranges (for the House of Orange) and white tulips . . . At MGM's reception for Her Majesty, Leslie Caron was the only one who curtsied. The rest shook hands with the Queen . . . The door chimes in Ezio Pinza's Connecticut home now ring out "Some Enchanted Evening" . . . Don DeFore has a plaque over his fireplace that reads: "God Bless Our Mortgaged Home" . . . Mario Lanza's nomination for the world's meanest thief is the so-and-so who sneaked into the new house Mario bought for his parents and removed all the electrical appliances—including refrigerator, deep-freeze, automatic washing machine,



Caron

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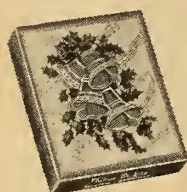
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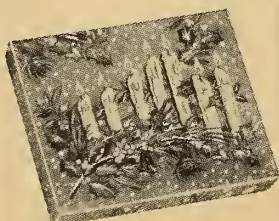
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hollywood report continued

TV set and custom radio-phonograph—which he had had delivered there as a Mother's Day surprise. Neighbors reported seeing someone with a truck hauling things from the house but said they assumed it was okay. The radio-phonograph was equipped with a tape recorder so that Mario's mother could record and save his Friday night airshows.

FUNNIES:

Laugh and the world laughs with you. Cry (if your name's Johnnie Ray!) and you sell 2,000,000 records! . . . It strikes Steve Cochran strange that a guy will propose to a doll under a light he wouldn't think of choosing a suit by . . . Blackbirds building their nest high on the *Stars And Stripes Forever* set have been attacking Clifton Webb's beard. Clifton says they think he's from the *Something For The Birds* set . . . And over at Warners, the pigeons who nest in the ivy have been upsetting Ray Bolger, who says, "We'll either have to get rid of them or have them tuned" . . . School kids in Beverly Hills are now singing a song that goes like this: "Heigh ho, Silverware, Tonto lost his underwear! Tonto say, 'Me don't care—Wild Bill Hickok buy me 'nother pair!'" . . . A snobbish young contract actress charged into the mail room at MGM and screamed, "Where's my fan mail?" The mail clerk squelched her with: "Two postcards came POURING in for you this week!"



Cochran

ODDS BODKINS:

Fantastic, all the fabulous picture deals that have been offered Alan Ladd since he left Paramount, even though he has appeared in nothing but mediocre pictures for years. Imagine what would happen if he came up with a real HIT picture! Could be *Shane*, incidentally . . . MGM plans sending Vic Damone on a two-month cross-country theatre tour the moment he steps out of khaki . . . *Tribute To A Bad Man* will be Hollywood's most candid look at Hollywood to date. In it, Lana Turner plays a temperamental film star. Kirk Douglas a producer, Dick Powell a writer, Barry Sullivan a director and Walter Pidgeon a studio boss . . . Loretta Agar is modeling for John's ma in the senior Mrs. Agar's Beverly Hills dress shop.



Sinatra

Lois Andrews, who used to date Michael North, went to Las Vegas to stand up at the wedding of Lee Levine and Michael North, who used to be married to Mary Beth Hughes, who is now married to Lois's ex-husband, David Street. Whew! . . . Janet got her hair cut shorter than Tony's! . . . Nancy Sinatra is taking singing lessons and everybody's wondering if she's planning a career like Frankie's . . . Kathryn Grayson, who's on loanout from MGM, inherited Joan Crawford's old dressing room at Warners. Katie's making *The Desert Song* there . . . During his dull, dreary loca-

tioning stint with *The Pony Soldier* in Arizona, Ty Power sent to Hollywood for his old pictures and everybody sat around, lacking anything better to do, and looked at them every night.

SEX APPEAL:

Models were so pretty, the male judges weren't keeping their minds on their work at MODERN SCREEN's fashion show at the Jeanette MacDonald-Gene Raymond estate in Bel-Air. It was the month's most pleasant turn-out. June Taylor opened the show with a splashy swimming splurge and plate-bearers at the buffet spread included Ann Sheridan, Terry Moore, Ursula Thiess, Bob Stack, Jeff Hunter, Barbara Rush, Frank Lovejoy, Vera-Ellen, Keith Andes, Corinne Calvet, Vanessa Brown and Sally Forrest . . . Order went down from the front office at 20th that there must be no back-lighting for a scene in *My Wife's Best Friend* in which Anne Baxter wears a mere four-ounce silk negligee . . . Joyce MacKenzie reverted to being a brunette after she finished *Night Without Sleep*—"because as a blonde I just felt too darned sexy!"



Connolly & pals

Gordon Douglas, who's directing *The Iron Mistress*, told me, "Virginia Mayo plays a hot-blooded New Orleans gal who drives men mad in this picture, and that's why I won't let her wear a girdle" . . . Cashing in on Marilyn Monroe's nude calendar publicity, an enterprising moppet in Stone Canyon has been hawking views of Marilyn sunbathing in her private patio at the Hotel Bel-Air. His dad's gardens on a high knoll overlooking the hotel offer a bird's-eye view . . . Some New York television executives decreed that Arlene Dahl's decollete gowns were too LOW AND BE-HOLED to be viewed by the folks watching her show in their homes. That's why she wore those high-necked outfits you saw.

WHO'S MAD AT WHO:

Jeff Chandler is very unhappy because Ty Power got the role he wanted in U-F's *Mississippi Gambler*. Jeff is on straight salary at U-I. But Ty has a 50/50 deal—that is, Ty owns half the picture and the studio the other half. And all this despite the fact that Jeff's *Apache Pass*, which cost only \$680,000 to shoot, is making as much money at the nation's box-offices as U-I's other big money-maker this year, *Bend Of The River* . . . They've dubbed a femme columnist who loves nothing better than to write about the matrimonial difficulties of the stars Miss Friction Writer of 1952 . . . Dr. Lindstrom decided not to sell his house after his custody fight with Ingrid Bergman over their daughter, Pia. He'll be back in Hollywood with Pia after he finishes his present job in that Pennsylvania Veterans' Hospital.



Power

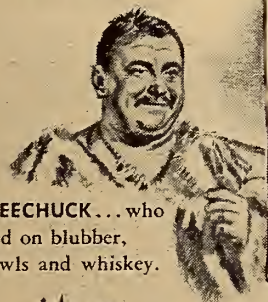
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MOVIE REVIEWS

by jonathan kilbourn



PAT AND MIKE

picture of the month

■ MGM took two veteran stars (Hepburn and Tracy) and added them liberally to a sparkling script by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin. The result, like its predecessor, *Adam's Rib*, is a fine warm human comedy called *Pat And Mike*.

Katharine Hepburn (who never looked more enticing) is cast in a hand-tailored role as a high-class lady named Pat, who can golf, play tennis and do everything sportswise. Her stuffy educator fiancé (who resembles Willard Parker but is named William Ching) keeps repressing her. So, in an effort to be an independent success, she turns pro athlete.

Promoter-manager Tracy (as Mike) is a New York sharpie with an eye for a fast dollar and the maintenance of his reputation at Lindy's. He owns a race horse (Little Nell) and a big dumb prizefighter (Aldo Ray) and isn't loath to add a female gold mine to his collection.

His bad grammar and shady connections don't detract from the fact that under his loud pinstripe beats a heart of gold.

Katie's fiancé mixes things up by jinxing her every time he watches her play, and there's a small complication of three soft-spoken racketeers who think they own part of Miss Hepburn.

But if you can't guess the ending, then you're immune to this inspired casting of two unretouched grownup charmers who belong together like ham and eggs, Scotch and soda or . . . Pat and Mike.

There's an added fillip in the appearance of real-life athletes like Helen Dettweiler, Babe Didrikzen Zaharias, and Gussie Moran plus panties.

But the big moments are when Hepburn gives her off-hand delivery of lines (like people really talk) and Tracy goes in for some tempered histrionics. Aldo Ray also scores brilliantly as a likable bruiser whose brains are in his fists.

NO ROOM FOR THE GROOM

No Room For The Groom will set many a comparatively aging moviegoer reminiscing about a couple of prewar screwball films: *You Can't Take It With You* and *Three-Cornered Moon*. Those set off a cycle of farces about family life, but *No Room For The Groom* is not likely to do the same. The reason is a simple one: The people in the earlier movies were mostly attractive freaks, while in the current Tony Curtis-Piper Laurie picture they are, with the exception of the principals, practically monsters. Possibly by comparison Curtis and Miss Laurie seem more effective than ever—real young people caught in a kind of cinematic zoo. That's the sad part of the story—both of them can play that kind of part so effectively and seem to find the script and opportunity so seldom. Cast: Tony Curtis, Piper Laurie, Don De Fore, Spring Byington.—Universal.

THE SAVAGE

It would be easier to discuss *The Savage* if the recent *Broken Arrow* hadn't happened to come along first. As it is, comparisons, necessary and obvious as they are, are not odious. Both concern the relations between white men and red men during approximately the same period in U.S. history. Both take a view that is still novel and has heretofore been pretty unpopular: that the wrong wasn't necessarily always on the Indians' side. Once this approach is accepted for what it is—an intelligently magnanimous re-examination of our past—there isn't too much to choose between the two pictures, for both offer lots of effective melodramatic excitement. What with ambushes, escapes, warwhoops and what-not, *The Savage* ranks as a better-than-average adventure tale. Cast: Charlton Heston, Susan Morrow, Peter Hanson, Joan Taylor.—Paramount.

LOVELY TO LOOK AT

Certainly the story sometimes gets in the way of a good many attractive girls and pretty melodies, but MGM's current musical remake is as definitely *Lovely To Look At* as it is to listen to. Not quite so successful in integrating song with scene as some of the recent pictures that had original plots, it makes up for most of its shortcomings in sheer production effectiveness. Whenever the libretto fails, one of five charming people (Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Marge and Gower Champion, Ann Miller) is usually around to take up the slack with an act, a dance or a song. The plot is about a Broadway performer, Red Skelton, who inherits from his late aunt half a Paris salon of *haute couture* (otherwise a dressmaking establishment and, like the film's and stage's original, known as "Roberta"). Trying to sell it to raise money for a New York show, he arrives in Paris with his buddies, Keel and Gower Champion. It turns out the other "half" of the "Roberta" ownership is composed of sisters Grayson and Marge Champion and that this half is worth no more than the newcomers in terms of hard cash. So the group gets together to put on a real Broadway type production of a style show that will put "Roberta" back on its feet again. The show, of course, turns out to be more Hollywood than Broadway, but then so does the movie. Keel and Miss Grayson do an effective job with Jerome Kern's well-known melodies, and the Champions prove themselves a well-named dance team who will be around motion pictures a long time. Ann Miller is likable but mostly wasted, and the rest of the cast exist primarily to fill out the omnipresent plot. Most moviegoers will be somewhat bored by this story line now that Paris dressmaking is no longer the news it was, but the players do their best—and they're pretty successful—to make what is essentially old hat the new fashion.

Cast: Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Red Skelton, Marge and Gower Champion, Ann Miller.—MGM

THE WILD HEART

Jennifer Jones plays a child of nature in her latest vehicle, and if it is not one of her best films it is certainly one of her better performances. Based on Mary Webb's novel, *Gone To Earth*—a title, incidentally, that better describes the story of the fated, feyish heroine—the picture tells how a shy, half-gypsy country girl foretells and meets her doom on the rolling hills of Shropshire, an English county on the border of Wales. Hazel Woodus is the daughter of an aging coffin-maker who is usually half dazed by drink but who plays the harp like a sober angel. Left mostly to herself since her gypsy mother died and educated in only the most rudimentary fashion, beautiful young Hazel is a sweet but simple creature. Her "bible" is her mother's book of black magic, her friends the forlorn and lamed little animals she finds in traps made by man—foxes, rabbits, black-birds. Hazel's enemy, in fact, is man, both individually and collectively. The theatrical landscapes that provide much of the picture's background, the storms both of nature and angry man, are thoroughly effective, particularly in full color, but the fact remains that Hazel never seems quite all there. Where simplicity is called for, the script has made her appear simply simple-minded. What should



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- ☐ A new romance ☐ A Leap Year dance

New term—new faces; and it's up to you femmes to start the shy guys social-whirling. Plan a Leap Year dance, with ample eats; each doll inviting a new classmate. And for a quiet riot—feature a cut-in, where the gals tag and lead! "Ice breaking" is a matter of forgetting about yourself. As you do (at certain times) with Kotex—knowing those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines. And you get extra protection with that special safety center!



How should they settle the check?

- ☐ One for all ☐ Pool the moola

Spare the waiter needless waiting while you buttercup pool your loot! Let one settle for all. You can pay her in advance or when leaving. But when buying sanitary protection—there's no "one for all" absorbency of Kotex, because different gals have different needs. So try all 3; find the absorbency for you. And remember Kotex holds its shape, keeps you really comfortable.

Are you in the know?



If you're a problem blonde should you—

- ☐ Brush up ☐ Brighten up

Towhead, woehead!—when shadowy roots bedim the gold. Brushing helps; draws up excess oil. Also, tinted shampoos (wash-outable) brighten topknots—safely. You'll always be the fair-haired gal, if you watch your grooming; guard your daintiness. On problem days choose Quest deodorant powder, best for napkin use. Safe. Positively destroys odors.



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How to prepare for "certain" days?

- ☐ Circle your calendar ☐ Perk up your wardrobe ☐ Buy a new belt

Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers can help. But to assure extra comfort, buy a new Kotex sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic—this strong, lightweight sanitary belt's non-twisting... non-curling Stays flat even after many washings. Dries pronto! So don't wait: buy a new Kotex belt now. Buy two—for a change!

be a dark and moody drama like *Wuthering Heights* ends up only as a case history against Englishmen who kill foxes and, in this case, by mistake, Jennifer Jones.

Cast: Jennifer Jones, David Farrar, Cyril Cusack.—RKO.

SKIRTS AHOY!

The producers of *Skirts Ahoy!* have had the bright idea of making a musical about three enlisted members of the Navy who are also bosom buddies. If this sounds like *On The Town*, the producers must be pardoned, because they were the very same people who made that fine film, and this one is a twist on the original idea. The buddies here are babes—Waves, to be exact—and are played by Esther Williams, Vivian Blaine and Joan Evans, which is even more of an excuse. Each joins the Navy at the identical moment: society-girl Esther, because she can have anything she wants (in this case, a man) and never wants it when she gets it; country-girl Joan, because she can't get what she wants (her man jilts her at the altar), and salesgirl Vivian, because she simply yearns after a sailor. Unfortunately the film doesn't manage to maintain an amusing, spoofing quality. More often it alternates between moony, spooning romancing and a variety of specialty numbers, in the water and out (Billy Eckstine appears in an earthbound sequence), so that it sometimes seems to be a semi-serious musical comedy, sometimes just a hodge-podge of revue acts. The stars never take it too seriously, however, and neither should the audience unless they happen to be particularly fond of Esther Williams, in which case they're likely to love it.

Cast: Esther Williams, Joan Evans, Vivian Blaine, Barry Sullivan, Keefe Brasselle.—MGM

GLORY ALLEY

Glory Alley is the name the narrator of the film gives the street in New Orleans where the picture takes place. It is a section where almost anything can happen—a passageway to man-made heaven or hell. Grifters, quitters, grafters, gunmen frequent it, and so do heroes, it has so much that is bad and good to offer. The movie does, too. The narrator's technique is technically effective. It gives a certain realistic feeling to what is essentially a romantic view of a sleazy sector and story. And its falsely heroic attitude is bolstered by a fine, straightforward performance in the role of an introverted young prizefighter by a newcomer named Ralph Meeker. He plays a pug named "Socks," a nothing from up north who matches fists with the South's finest, wins and becomes a Delta favorite. Offering, as it does, Ralph Meeker and Leslie Caron, the personality and voice of Louis Armstrong and a pungent if somewhat involved story, *Glory Alley* provides an easy way to while away the time.

Cast: Ralph Meeker, Leslie Caron, Kurt Kasznar, Louis Armstrong.—MGM.

LYDIA BAILEY

The imposing, six-foot-five Negro figure of William Marshall, as King Dick, a Haitian patriot, towers both literally and figuratively over the rest of the cast of *Lydia Bailey* and helps set the picture's pace and mood. That is one reason why this is a completely different, often really fascinating adventure

film. The time is 1802, the scene the Haitian port of Cap Francois and the verdant jungle around it. Dale Robertson, as a Baltimore lawyer, arrives on a legal mission involving both the U. S. Government and Anne Francis, an American expatriate living on the island. He finds that Napoleon has sent a fleet, due momentarily, to fight the infant republic of Toussaint L'Ouverture and attempt to regain the territory for the French. Most of the whites have fled; Miss Francis is living in the jungle plantation of Charles Korvin, her fiancé and an agent of the emperor. With the help of King Dick, Robertson outwits Haitian renegades and reaches the young woman he is after, only to discover her unwilling to sign the papers he has brought along. There is a mounting sense of terror-to-come as Haitians perform blood-dances, and when King Dick kills a Negro turncoat officer who is aiding Korvin, Robertson helps his friend escape and finds himself haunted by love and hunted too. War and civil war now rage in earnest, with the forces of King Dick's leader, Toussaint, fighting a double battle: against the French renegade republicans under native cutthroats. The pictorial transitions from scene to scene and the overall integration of a very involved mixture of fact and fiction are so well handled by the screenwriters and by director Jean Negulesco and his fine camera and editing crew that this must be listed as one of the most successful recent filmings of a well-known novel (Kenneth Roberts' best-selling book of the same name). Some day, it is to be hoped, some movie-maker will attempt a more intensely focused study of Toussaint and his proud, freedom-seeking people.

Cast: Dale Robertson, Anne Francis, William Marshall, Charles Korvin.—20th Century-Fox.

CLASH BY NIGHT

Clifford Odets' powerful, if only partially successful, prewar stage drama about love, passion and responsibility has finally been made into a movie that contains a surprisingly large percentage of the play's plot but a lesser amount of its high-voltage passion or power. Yet the story of Mae Doyle, who returns to her native fishing town emotionally burnt out after ten years making her way in the big city, is still mostly an engrossing one, and Barbara Stanwyck gives one of her finest dramatic performances in the part, a role not easy to play. It is Mae's tragedy that when she finds the man who can give her the peace and security she is looking for, she finds in his best friend a man who awakens her passion. Close as it is to Odets' original, this script fails to achieve the dramatic punch of the play partly because it portrays the husband, played by Paul Douglas, as too decent a man—almost unbelievably saint-like rather than just a man who expects his wife to behave. Even more important is the shifting of the problem to a moral level, whereas on the stage the trouble was basically animalistic. The movie catches most fire when Miss Stanwyck and Robert Ryan, as her lover, break through the script, in effect, in some of the more torrid scenes on recent record. The fact remains that the generally fine performances, the interesting theme and the taut direction and photography all deserve recognition. *Clash By Night* is still something for an adult audience to see. Cast: Barbara Stanwyck, Paul Douglas, Robert Ryan, Marilyn Monroe, Keith Andes.—RKO.

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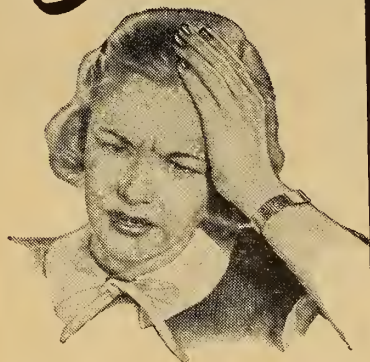
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GLAD SUE

FOUND OUT ABOUT

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

Take my word for it

by GENE TIERNEY, star columnist for August



I like women who use their heads.



Makeup sets my mood.



I plan my outfits.



I depend on my friends.

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL, a beautiful lady came to visit us for several days. I can't remember her name or exactly what she looked like, though I know she had beauty. But one thing has lingered over the years and I will never forget it—a certain deliciously lovely perfume. Weeks after she left it still hung about the linens she had used, after several launderings, pleasantly reminding us of her again and again. It was then that a love of perfume (and a sense of its importance) was born in me that will be with me the rest of my life.

I have a variety of perfumes, of course, because here again it is a question of mood. One kind affects you one way and another a different way. It is odd about perfumes, too, that they smell different on different people, like lipstick will change color on different lips.

I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN INTRIGUED by the relationship between mood and makeup. Is there anything that can more quickly give you new heart when you are low than to catch sight of yourself in the mirror when you happen to be looking well? Is there anything that can ordinarily lift you so completely from fatigue and depression as spending an hour primping and fussing in your bedroom and bath to finally achieve a sparkling, beautiful you? You have done things only to your skin, your hair, apparently; yet the effect has transformed your inner self as well! That is why make-up and beauty care are to me more than just a mechanical process, a business of using this or that in such and such a way. There is more in a cold cream jar than just cold cream, more to a lipstick than just color, more to a lotion than the tingle it leaves on your skin. Here is the stuff to make you feel desirable and wanted—and that translates into happiness!

That's why I don't have just one kind of lipstick or lotion or cold cream; I have a selection and rotate them. How can I experiment, how can I make that *difference*, if I don't have the proper ingredients? Of course, I have some favorites.

I love the pleasant odors, the attractive jars, the sense of femininity that these things bring to a woman's life. And nobody can tell me that these things aren't important . . . that they don't inspire . . . that they don't make the *difference*.

WE ARE ALL SEEKING the difference between feeling just so-so and feeling and looking our sparkling best. If we are young or if we are old, the desire to look that one bit better never leaves us; that, I believe, is the truest characteristic of the feminine human, as well as

most of the males. Sometimes we do ludicrous things to achieve this, but our goal is a worthy one.

Among all the habits of man which are blamed for the world's ills, the love of beauty is not to be found.

It's hard for a person to find out what is good taste! Yet this is the first thing a girl must learn about herself. One way of finding out might lie in recalling whether you are ever complimented on your clothes and to what degree. If you never get a compliment, there is definitely something wrong and you need advice.

There are some basic rules, of course. Simplicity is one of them. Irene, the famous dress designer, and Walter Plunkett at MGM, who did the costumes for *The Plymouth Adventure*,



my latest picture, both advise that after a girl gets all dressed up her last act should be to check herself in the mirror to find out if there is anything that should be left off. Clothes and accessories and jewelry must never be *on* you, they must be *part* of you.

I think about this very carefully when I am ready to dress. The shampoo I have used, the trouble I have gone to brushing my hair, the care I have given my face, my nails—they can all be wasted by a wrong guess at the last minute. I lay out *everything* I plan to wear and visualize myself completely against any background and in any situation that may come up. When I am sure I am right I give myself a good hour to do the job.

I LIKE WOMEN who use their heads as well as their hearts about situations. I hope my friends do. As a divorcee I have come to think a lot about their attitude towards me. I don't want them to start considering me as a problem. This business of worrying about who to get as the extra man at a party, which is to be attended by a divorcee, is definitely old hat, or should be. Don't get anyone if it is a problem. Just let me come alone. What I am trying to say is that if you like a woman who is unattached, don't let this business of getting an extra man stop you from inviting her. Invite her anyway. She is going to miss a lot of good times if you insist on being technical as a hostess. Your divorcee friend wants your friendship more than ever now; she is depending on you more for that than for a solution to her romantic future.



1 TAKE A GOOD LOOK. This fragrant liquid-saturated pad is called the 5-Day Deodorant Pad and it is fast revolutionizing America's deodorant habits.



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EASIEST WAY EVER CREATED TO STOP UNDERARM PERSPIRATION AND ODOR! *And... 8 times more effective!*

Once in a blue moon something comes along that is so much better than anything yet invented for the purpose that it sweeps the nation overnight.

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Like 5-Day Deodorant Pads. Actually 8 times more effective in destroying odor-forming bacteria than the average of leading brands tested.

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We've made it very easy for you to try this new wonder-deodorant. We'll give you a month's supply *absolutely free!* That's how sure we are that you, too, will say... "At last!... this is what I've been waiting for!" Just send the coupon below.

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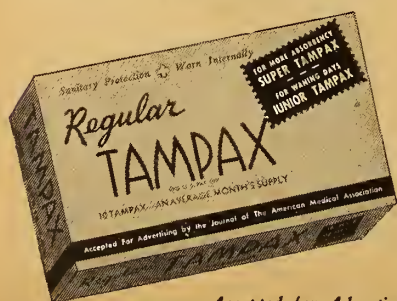


Don't miss a swim
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Frequently women give up swimming on "those certain days" for no other reason than bathing-suit worries. Please get this fact clear in your mind. *Tampax monthly sanitary protection can be trusted even with a wet, form-fitting suit.* That's because Tampax (worn internally) discards the harness of belt and bulky outside pad. Tampax will never embarrass you.

Its convenience for swimming (or tub and shower) is only one of the many advantages of Tampax—as millions of all-year-round users could tell you. Odor cannot form with Tampax. Bulging and chafing are impossible; no edge-lines to show under dresses. And so Tampax adds to a woman's poise and self-confidence at the time she needs them most.

A doctor invented Tampax for this special use. Tampax is made of highly absorbent surgical cotton compressed into efficient applicators. Easy to use and dispose of. Comes in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super and Junior. Sold at drug and notion counters. A truly remarkable improvement. Don't miss it. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Take my word for it

continued

I PREFER SEVERAL MIRRORS in my bathroom because I don't judge my weight so much by what the scale reads as I do by how I look. You may need toning up only in small areas, and you might be able to go about this specifically instead of generally. For instance, I weigh more than people think, but this is because I try to keep proportionate and at all cost I don't want to be too thin. Sometimes I diet a little because circumstances have brought about a change in my regular mode of life. The period I spend waiting for a picture to begin, for instance, making tests, trying wardrobe, discussing the script, finds me more than ordinarily nervous and given to munching between meals.

I'M NOT MAD ABOUT excessive jewelry; a pin at the neck, a clip on the lapel, some cultured pearls are touches I like. Earrings, perhaps. I think few women can get away with enormous-sized jewelry pieces. And I don't think that in this day when such wonderful cloth is

being woven, and so many types of fur material are being evolved, that expensive furs are at all necessary. Particularly bad is the attempt, I think, to imitate expensive fur. Cloth coats are unbelievably chic if the cut is good; there are occasions when I know mink is not suitable and another coat, of far less value, will be more complementary.

Well, let's drag the furs to one side and talk about simpler delights. I love the scent of lilacs, and lilies of the valley are a favorite flower, too. I'm a mush for an old, sentimental song. I like factual reading, even in romances—it makes it twice as interesting when you know the story actually happened!

Gene E. Tierney

Editor's Note: You may want to correspond with Gene Tierney 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.

easy money!

Money won't buy happiness, they say, but at least every little bit helps. And we have some to give away to you. All you have to do is read all the stories in this August issue and fill out the questionnaire below—carefully. Then send it to us right away. A crisp new, one-dollar bill will go to each of the first 100 people we hear from. So get started—write now, right now!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE FAR 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
- ☐ Take My Word For It by Gene Tierney
- ☐ Smile When You Say That (Stewart Granger)
- ☐ Lana Told Me All (Lana Turner)
- ☐ Brother, Can You Spare A Date?
- ☐ "Sometimes I'm Happy . . ." (Farley Granger)
- ☐ Come Dance With Me (The Champions)
- ☐ The Fifth Passenger (Piper Laurie)
- ☐ Modly In Love (Mitzi Gaynor)
- ☐ They Want Him Bad (Dick Widmark)
- ☐ Golden Key Girls
- ☐ Gorgeous Gamin (Leslie Coron)
- ☐ Love On The Run (Tony Curtis-Janet Leigh)
- ☐ Letter From London (Liz Taylor)
- ☐ What Women Have Done To Bill Lundigan
- ☐ So Easy To Love (Ann Blyth)
- ☐ A New Love, A New Life (John Agar)
- ☐ "We Fight—But We Love It!" (Frank Sinatra-Ava Gardner)
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Movie Reviews by Jon Kilbourn

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?

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... Zone....

State..... I am yrs. old

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star dust

Jack Carter says, Hollywood kids brag: "My daddies can lick your daddies."

Earl Wilson in
The New York Post



She took some advice.

When Ken Murray auditioned well-stacked gals in Hollywood in '48 to sub for Marie Wilson, in the Broadway-bound *Blackouts*, one gal stood out. She sang a song about a waitress who wanted to be a movie star. "Honey," Ken told her, "you stay here and become a movie star." So Marilyn Monroe did.

Earl Wilson in
The New York Post

Robert Siodmak, the movie director, was in El Morocco telling of a famed mystery writer he once had under contract. The mystery writer has a 6-year-old son who visited the studio and said that he himself had started to write a mystery story . . . "It begins in this house, where the police find two bodies in a closet," the boy told him. "The heads have been chopped off both bodies, and nobody can find them" . . . "Are the victims men or women, or a man and a woman?" Siodmak asked the boy . . . "That's the mystery," the boy replied. "The police can't tell—because, as I said before, the heads are missing."

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post



Higher math for Marlon.

Charlie Feldman told us of his first negotiations with Brando for his portrayal in *Streetcar*. "How long do you figure the picture will take to make?" asked Brando. "Six or seven weeks," Feldman figured. "How much is that in months?" responded the always befuddled Brando.

Irving Hoffman in
The Hollywood Reporter

For *The Texas Man*, director Budd Boetticher asked the casting office for five sulky drivers and the casting gal answered, "How sulky do you want them?"

Sidney Skolsky in
Hollywood Is My Beat



Turner interpretation.

At his first dinner party in the film capital, Author Truman Capote was pleased to discover that he was seated next to the luscious Lana Turner. She told him she had returned that day from a visit to New York. "What plays did you see?" he asked. "I really went for a shopping spree," she answered, "so I only attended one show. It was Judith Anderson in that Greek tragedy, *Medea*."

After a moment's pause she added, "I'd have played it much differently."

Bennett Cerf in
This Week



Child star and mom?

Jackie Coogan, who has had a fantastic career—starting as child movie star, and including the loss of his fortune, an unhappy ending to his marriage to Betty Grable, and meritorious service in the U. S. Army—was in Hollywood . . . where Darryl Zanuck mentioned to him the possibility of a movie based on the story of his life . . . Coogan said he would be eager to have his life story made by 20th Century-Fox. "But on one condition," Coogan told Zanuck . . . "What's the one condition?" Zanuck asked . . . "In the movie," said Coogan, pointing to the photo of the 20th Century-Fox star, "Betty Grable must play my mother."

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post



Best for burley-cue.

A Hollywood stripteaser, Lili St. Cyr, says Bette Davis would have the best chance of all Hollywood stars to make the grade on the burlesque circuits.

The shapely Miss St. Cyr's list of good burlesque queen material are Lana Turner, Ginger Rogers, Jane Russell, Gene Tierney, Katharine Hepburn and Rita Hayworth.

But Virginia Mayo and Elizabeth Taylor rate a thumbs down. "Too lady-like," says Miss St. Cyr.

United Press

I always figured I'd become a conqueror, like Julius Caesar or Alexander the Great. But then Hollywood has to crumb that up by making me an actor. They interfered with my political career.

Aldo Ray quoted in
The Hollywood Reporter

Sing a Song of Summer

there's romance
everywhere

says **WOOLWORTH'S**
Susan Smart

This season, your loveliness can prove the prelude to romantic picnics, moonlight sails and dancing under the stars. So be sure your beauty is fresh, radiant . . . an invitation to love. It's simple if you gather your beauty aids at Woolworth's. There you'll find everything you need, all so conveniently arranged . . . shopping is a delight! You can choose quickly or at leisure. And if you wish, you can ask the advice of the friendly Woolworth salesgirl.



LONG LIFE TO DAINTINESS! Discover ETIQUET, the safe, sure way to end underarm odor, check perspiration. Safe for normal skin . . . sure for all-day protection. Cream form 10c, 25c, 39c; Spray form 43c; Stick form 59c*



LOOK LOVELY CLOSE-UP with SOLITAIRE Cake Make-Up to lend *natural-looking* beauty to your skin. Made with lanolin, Solitaire smooths on easily . . . *conceals* tiny skin faults! Use it daily to be ready for romance. 30c, 60c*



SMART OUTDOOR GIRLS love the way a touch of SUAVE helps your hair-do laugh at wind and weather! Made with miracle Curtisol, Suave keeps hair *softly* groomed all day and protects from sun's fading, drying rays. 50c, \$1*



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NEED A HOT WEATHER PICK-UP? Stroke on cooling MINER'S Stick Cologne. Inspired by French perfumes, it keeps you *lastingly* fresh and sweet. Carry your favorite fragrance, handy and spill-proof, in your purse. 25c and 49c†*



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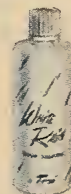
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TO BE SUMMER SWEET, dust LANDER'S Flower-Fresh Talcs head to toe. Choose Spicy Apple Blossom, Sweet Pea or Lilacs and Roses in 12c tins, or the latter in an economical 25c tin.†* You'll love them all!



FORECAST: SUNSHINE in your hair if you'll use WHITE RAIN tonight. White Rain is Toni's fabulous new lotion shampoo . . . *guaranteed* not to dull or dry hair. So gentle, it pampers your hair and gives it sparkle. 30c, 60c, \$1



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 that cling . . . that flatter . . . that bewitch!**

Now a miracle of beauty can happen . . . on your own skin! The moment you smooth on Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder, you know—here is powder with texture so fine, color so radiantly, *naturally* alluring, that a new kind of loveliness is yours! You'll be delighted by the way Cashmere Bouquet clings and clings . . . without a trace of flaking, streak, or shine. And you'll be thrilled by the subtle, romantic scent of the "fragrance men love"!



**Hand Lotion
 Talcum Powder
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 Cream
 Lipstick**

*Look your loveliest
 with Cashmere Bouquet*

smile when you say that

■ Several of Hollywood's topflight directors were overheard while taking their 10 o'clock coffee in the studio commissary one morning.

Their topic of conversation was, "Movie stars I would least like to direct."

Two candidates for this doubtful honor rushed immediately to all their lips: Shelley Winters and Stewart Granger.

Said the first director, "I will direct any star in this business except Shelley. As a matter of fact, before I direct her again, I will dig ditches, return to the Army, or even go back to my second wife."

In the tone of a man who has been subjected to the tortures of Hades but has managed, somehow, to stay alive, the second said, "Compared to Stewart Granger, your Shelley Winters is a dream."

Two other directors who were present nodded in agreement. "From what we hear," they said, "Granger wins hands down."

In the two and a half years that he has been in Hollywood, cocky 39-year-old Stewart Granger has succeeded in getting himself disliked by an inordinate number of fellow-workers who refer to him as "the prize ham, the magnificent jerque, the know-it-all Englishman," and "the male Shelley Winters."

Why is this man, who is so well-loved by millions of female movie-goers, disliked by so many of his colleagues?

Deborah Kerr, who is genuinely fond of Granger, explains the fact by saying, "He's extremely good at a number of things, but getting along with people isn't one of them."

Jean Simmons, Granger's wife, states simply, "Many people don't understand Jimmy."

Michael Wilding, a loyal friend, says, "He was always a stormy petrel, that one."

All of which adds up to a tacit admission that Stewart Granger does not go through life like Dale Carnegie, winning friends and influencing people.

Granger is hot-tempered, self-centered, irrepresible, impetuous, intelligent and hardworking. In the words of a non-admirer, "He (Continued on page 87)

With a chip on each
magnificent shoulder, Stewart
Granger is winning a
strange reputation for himself.
But this battling
Briton is nobody's fool.

BY JACK WADE



Separation rumors about Stewart and Jean Simmons are a direct result of his irascible behavior.



LANA TOLD ME ALL...

by louella parsons

Harassed by cruel gossip, Lana has decided it's time these true facts reached her public. She asked her good friend Louella Parsons to present, in this exclusive article, the story of her love for Fernando Lamas.

LANA TURNER'S voice was shaking with indignation over the telephone and she was near tears as she told me—

"I'm so embarrassed I could cry over that printed stuff that I'm making eyes at Kirk Douglas on the set.

"I love Fernando Lamas and he is the *only* man in my life. We are going to be married as soon as we are free, and we want the world to know it!

"Louella," my girl friend cried, "can't you help me fight these ridiculous, vicious stories about me? Every day it is *something*! If I'm not flirting with Kirk Douglas, I'm holding out a \$250,000 non-existent emerald necklace on Bob Topping. I'm just not going to take it any more. I—"

"Lana, Lana," I interrupted, "Wait a minute, honey. Take it easy. Where are you? If you want to give me a story, I'll be out."

"I'm at the studio," she said promptly, "and I *do* want to give *you* the story. How long will it take you?"

No longer than it takes to cover the distance from my house in Beverly Hills to the MGM studios, I can assure you, for I could tell that Lana was in a mood to talk. And when she is ready, this girl really "gives" in a big way.

As always she looked like a big, beautiful doll when I met her. We took a small table in the Commissary, and as I looked at her, I couldn't help thinking how increasingly lovely she becomes from meeting to meeting.

As slender as a reed, she had on a red robe over the strapless white bathing suit she wears for a scene in *Tribute To A Bad Man*—Esther Williams never did more for a bathing suit than Lana was doing (*Continued on page 60*)



Brother, can you

There are lots of men
in Hollywood—but for
every man, there are ten
love-starved women
who'd give anything to get
their pretty paws on him!

BY MARSHA SAUNDERS

■ For every successful young male star in the movies today, there are four successful young female stars. For the older women stars who are unmarried, the problem is even worse than that. For them, there are probably only three or four eligible older men in all of Hollywood.

In no city in the world, with the possible exception of Reno, are men at such a premium. And in Reno the lonely ladies need to amuse themselves for only six weeks. In Hollywood, the pursuit of a mate is a 365-days-a-year project, and the few men there are hunted and chased by desperate Dianas year in and year out.

The Hollywood wolf is well fed and lazy, for Little Red Riding Hood comes to him. He doesn't need to masquerade as a sheep. He is chased. And what does he do? He runs, brother, he runs the other way! He flees like hunted men and animals have done since the beginning of time.

And the more desperate the girls become, the more spoiled and bitter are the men!

Farley Granger is bitter. He says, "I go to a party. I look around, and suddenly I realize there is a girl there that the hostess has decided is for me. Why? Why



spare a date?

can't I be allowed to pick my own type?"

Bob Taylor's friends laugh about the situation. Bob has three great enthusiasms—hunting, fishing and flying. After his divorce from Barbara, he became one of the most desirable men in town—attractive, rich, unmarried. And overnight, girls who didn't know what a forest or a stream looked like became passionately interested in hunting, fishing and flying.

Scott Brady, despite the crazy interviews he gives, is a good kid. He adores his mother. He is devoted to his brother, Larry Tierney, to whom life has dealt some crushing blows. He's a friendly guy,

but he has learned to hate the telephone. It rings all the time and on the other end there's usually a young lady angling for a date! Every time you ask Scott Brady about his love life, he tells you. "I'm very much in love with Dorothy Malone." This may be true. There may be some good reason why they don't marry. On the other hand, it *could* be an alibi. It *could* be a way for Scott to brush off the girls who call him on the telephone constantly.

Kirk Douglas thought, when his marriage ended, it would be wonderful to be free. Why, he could go out with dozens of different girls. He could choose them.

But they chose him. And he got so tired of being chased that he felt like a fox instead of a wolf and just wanted to crawl into a hole and hide. His latest date has been Marlene "Grandma" Dietrich, a superb woman, but hardly a matrimonial candidate. And maybe that's why he's interested.

After the tragic death of Maria Montez, Jean Pierre Aumont returned to Hollywood. He is a charming and brilliant Frenchman. But he is also an available unattached prospect. Top flight stars made fools of themselves over him.

And then there (Continued on page 102)



He's up—he's down!
He's glad—he's sad!
He's not in love, but he wants
a wife! Farley has mixed
emotions over everything—and
nobody knows why, not even
the guy himself!

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

“Sometimes I'm happy...”

■ “I’m just not madly in love,” Farley Granger said. “There are periods in your life when you’re not madly in love. This is one of those periods for me. So what do people want me to do? Make up a big love affair? Everybody in Hollywood expects a person either to be madly in love or just recovering from being madly in love or carrying a big torch or feuding with somebody.

“The night after Shelley and Vittorio Gassman announced their engagement they came to a party. I happened to be at the same party. Well, such a buzz started. People parted like the Red Sea. You would have thought it was an international crisis. And everybody was real disappointed when the three of us sat down together and talked and had a wonderful time. Everybody seemed surprised that we didn’t kill each other.

“You see, what people can’t realize is that Shelley is one of my closest friends and always will be. We could be away from each other for years and years and I know that if I was in trouble Shelley would help me.”

This all sounds very simple. Farley makes it sound simple because he actually does not know how complicated he is.

Look at him. It’s an intense face, isn’t it? You would think not only from the way he looks but from the way he behaves that his career drives him. Farley is occasionally misunderstood by the press, because, he says, “I can’t be a master of ceremonies on the set. Between scenes I stay in my dressing room. I can’t get out there and yak it up, I have to concentrate and (Continued on page 89)



From their living room window, the Chompions can see Cotalina on a clear day. Perched on a terraced hillside, their house appears larger than it is. It has only two bedrooms, a living room, dining room, kitchen and studio.

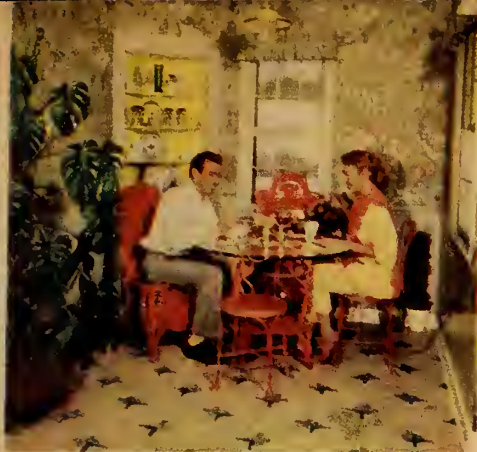


Morge's bedroom is as small as a room can be and still be bigger than its closet. She arranged the twin beds along each wall and then added an over-sized mirror that gives an illusion of extra space.

Marge and Gower never intended to own a swimming pool—but it came with the Connecticut-type frame house. They were afraid people would

Come dance with





Marge found a Goy 90's wicker table and chairs, painted them coral and put them in a kitchen niche. Now Gower doesn't mind breakfasting there.

say they'd "gone Hollywood." Now they love it!



HOUSE OF THE MONTH

New actresses have a prettier, lighter, dressing room than Marge. On a level with the tree tops, it was made by enclosing an outdoor balcony in glass. The furniture is built in, and the lighting fixtures are from New York's old Murray Hill Hotel.



The Champions' hillside home is a tailor made answer to the dreams of a boy and girl who danced their way, cheek to cheek, into the Hollywood spotlight.

by Marwa Peterson

■ Fifteen years ago when a Hollywood mother wanted her little darling to study dancing, she usually sent the youngster to one place, the Belcher School.

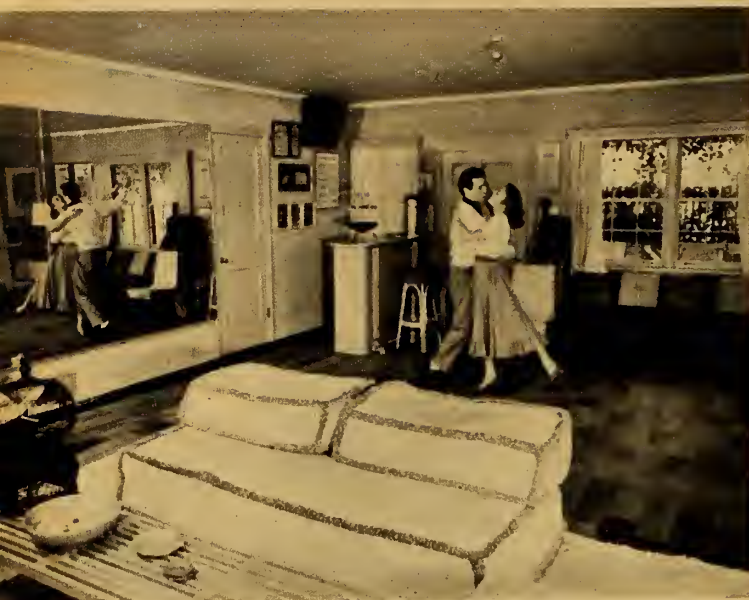
Ernest Belcher, who ran the school, was not only the great ballet coach who had taught Betty Grable, Loretta Young, and practically every other movie star how to dance gracefully, but he also had the cutest daughter—a brown-eyed, winsome, little widget named Marge.

Marge could dance anything—ballet, Spanish, tap, acrobatic, ballroom—so that on occasion her dad put her to work as his assistant. She taught the five-year-olds to tap and sometimes danced with shy, awkward adolescent boys.

One day, when Marge was all of 11 a new boy was enrolled in the school. He was tall and skinny and awfully quiet, but there was nothing awkward about him. He seemed to have a natural grace, a wonderful suppleness, a born bent for dancing.

He was 14 years old, and his parents had been divorced before he was born. He came from Illinois, and he had (Continued on next page)

Come dance with me continued



Every dancer dreams of some day having a rehearsal room in his own home. Marge and Gower realized this ambition when they found a house with a basement that would make a dance studio.



As a sure way of remembering his dance routines, Gower records them on film. He's also a home movie fan, and he and Marge entertain their guests by showing 16 mm. prints of current movies.



Perched on a hillside, the Champions' house appears larger than it is. Contrary to Hollywood custom, Marge and Gower get along perfectly well without maid's quarters, or a guest room.



Gower Champion designed all the furniture for his pale gray room, and it fit exactly to plan. An art collector on the side, he owns two Goya etchings and a large Picasso lithograph.

a real funny name—Gower Champion.

Marge danced with him once and fell completely, hopelessly, and utterly in love.

Fifteen years later she became his wife.

Today, Marge and Gower Champion, Hollywood's newest dancing sensations—they were terrific in *Show Boat* and are even better in *Lovely To Look At* and *Everything I Have Is Yours*—live and dance together in a small, six-room hillside house, which might as well carry a neon sign identifying it as the residence of two people who are very much in love with each other.

"Marge and Gower are perpetual honeymooners," one of their neighbors points out, "and their house fits them perfectly."

"I guess Gower and I look like newlyweds," Marge says, "but honest, we've been married five years, and all that stuff about our having a real fairytale love affair—well, it isn't exactly true. Gower had a different dancing partner for years, and like all men, he was very difficult to get to the altar."

There is a theory which holds that every girl, no matter how young, regards every boy who takes her out as a potential husband.

In Marge's case, that certainly was true.

She and Gower both attended Bancroft High in Los Angeles, and after each date, Marge would come home and write in her diary: "Dated Gower Champion tonight—H.T." The "H.T." (Continued on page 100)

I could hear my
mother's voice. "God is with
you," she said. And
that terrifying night in Korea I
seemed to feel His presence

the fifth passenger

by Piper Laurie

■ I want to admit, first of all, that up to several months ago I didn't give much thought to the war in Korea. When I did think of it I'd sometimes get a faint feeling of guilt but could overcome it without much trouble. I was too young to worry about things that didn't touch me personally. Then, last January, when I was actually in Korea on a ten day entertainment tour of the camps, that guilty feeling came to me again. But this time I didn't try to dismiss it. I don't think I could have. I did something, instead, and out of that came a strengthening of my spiritual devotion, where there had perhaps been weakness.

After our group had given its show on the evening of our fifth day in Korea I was talking to a Protestant chaplain, Lt. Mason E. Bondurant, who seemed to be preparing for a trip. It was very cold, in fact, a temperature of 20 below was predicted for the early morning hours.

"Where are you going on a night like this?" I asked.

He smiled. "All the nights are like this. I'm holding prayer service up in the front line in a few hours."

"The front line!" I exclaimed. "How near are we?"

"Twenty miles," he replied.

"I think I'd like to go along," I said.

I wasn't serious when I spoke. I knew the army frowned on that sort of thing so I was just making talk. And the chaplain knew it, too. He just looked at me and shook his head.

I felt a sharp sense of self-annoyance.

It was as if I had taken for granted that I was a sort of privileged person who must not be subjected to personal risk, and I didn't like myself for that. In a few days I would be back in the U. S. A., safe and warm. But these kids up in the line, most of them no older than me, and just as fond of life as I was—they would still be there sweating, or rather freezing out whether they were going to live or die. And they were doing it for me. What better (Continued on page 68)





Mitzi plans to wed 31-year-old Richard Coyle, to whom she's been engaged for five years.

■ When she first saw him backstage on that June night she knew he was the man for her. She was 16 at the time; she's almost 21 now. But for Mitzi Gaynor, tall, handsome attorney-at-law Richard Brown Coyle is still *the* man.

"Some time ago," says madcap Mitzi, "when I read in a Hollywood column that a young star's mother admitted to 13 engagements before she married, I was slightly startled. Especially when she said she hoped her daughter will know lots of men, be engaged often, before making a final choice. Of course, I'm willing to admit that that may have been good advice for that particular girl, but as for me I'm a one-man gal . . . and have been since I met Richard."

Mitzi confided this in an interval during dance rehearsals for *Bloodhounds Of Broadway*. Wearing navy denims laced up the front with white cord, a tiny red sweater, enormous droopy antique earrings and tennis shoes, she had been dancing from platform to platform, losing combs, earrings, scarf, along the way, while the temperature hovered in the '90s. At the end of the number her pert little face was streaked with perspiration and a towel was wrapped around her shoulders, but she walked as though an invisible book were balanced on her head. "I love to dance—hot, cold, anything," she said. "And I've loved it since my Aunt Francine, a dancing teacher, tore me away from a hopscotch game, put ballet slippers on my feet and turned them out like a duck's underpinnings, when I was all of three. In school I'd be amazed to hear my pals deciding one day to be Florence Nightingales, the next day bareback riders. I always knew I'd be a ballet dancer. And I've never changed my mind." (Continued on page 92)

MADLY IN LOVE



GAY, SPARKLING MITZI GAYNOR, ABOUT TO BE 21,



IS RIDING ON A PINK

CLOUD WITH HER WEDDING DATE JUST AROUND THE CORNER. BY SUSAN TRENT

they want him bad

■ Every once in a while a scene flashes on a motion picture screen, often for only a brief moment, and a star is born. There was the time Lana Turner walked down the street in a tight sweater and skirt for a Warner Brothers' picture—the single shot of Clark Gable as a chauffeur opening a car door in *A Free Soul*. Marilyn Monroe's entry into *The Asphalt Jungle* wearing a one-piece black pajama outfit. Jimmy Cagney pushing a half-grapefruit into a dame's face. And Humphrey Bogart's first menacing appearance as the killer in *The Petrified Forest*...

It only takes one scene sometimes. It only took one to make Richard Widmark a star. The movie was *Kiss Of Death*. Widmark, made up as a moronic killer, pushed an old lady in a wheel chair down a flight of steps and stood at the top laughing gleefully. Audiences never forgot it, and to them he'll always be the maniac with the low brow and the wild giggle. That's the way they want him—and they've got him back now in a soon to be released 20th Century-Fox picture called *The Clarion Call*.

There is no question that the fans wanted killer-Widmark back. A magazine columnist found proof of this some time ago when he printed an item stating that Richard Widmark was not at all a hard guy, but a gentle, scholarly chap who wouldn't hurt a fly, let alone an old lady. From that one statement he got more response than he had ever gotten before. Fans wrote in by the hundreds calling the columnist a liar, demanding retraction, and vowing that they had actual proof that Richard was by nature a woman-whomper and tougher than Mike Mazurki.

Widmark himself has had experiences which would indicate that his fans like him when he's bad. Once at a personal appearance in an eastern city, Dick had just finished a short talk in a shy, quiet voice when one of his rooters, a young lady of about 17 who was on the brink of complete disillusionment, leaped to the platform and let loose a haymaker at the star's jaw. She (Continued on page 97)

Some like 'em sexy,
some like 'em suave, but
Dick Widmark's
fans like him with a spine
chilling laugh, and a
maniacal gleam in his eye!

BY WILLIAM BARBOUR



Dick has that menacing look on his face again—but it's strictly for public consumption. At home (right) he's a nice normal guy.



Introducing Modern Screen's Fabulous 15



GOLDEN KEY

ANN BANCROFT



SUZAN BALL



EILEEN CHRISTY



There's never been anything like it! Fifteen girls working like hundreds of others—waiting for a break—when suddenly their big-name star sponsors tapped them on the shoulder and they stepped from obscurity into the spotlight. MODERN SCREEN is proud to bring to you these new beauties who have each received a symbolic Gold Key to success

GIRLS



JOAN TAYLOR



GLORIA GREENWOOD



LUCY KNOCH



URSULA THIESS



BARBARA RUICK



VIRGINIA GIBSON

■ It's true . . . when John Derek stepped up to Gloria Greenwood on the Columbia lot to tell her she had just been named a Golden Key Girl, she opened her lovely mouth to say something, gulped once, and keeled over in a dead faint!

As the lightning of new-found fame struck Gloria, so too did it touch 14 other talented Hollywood newcomers from all parts of the world. One day, each of these girls was just one of hundreds working hard in the studios, hoping for some big break that would make them immediately known to the public—that first big step to stardom. The next day, each of them had a big-name star sponsor and stepped into the worldwide spotlight at Modern Screen's welcome party for them at the Beverly Hills Club, where the top stars of Hollywood gathered to do them honor.

The winners were selected by a long and careful search among hundreds of young women. They were chosen for their talent, beauty and outstanding qualities of character and are, in the opinion of the editors of Modern Screen, worthy of future stardom.

We want you to look at their pictures, read their success stories as told for the first time by their famous sponsors, and wish them luck in movies.

The most glittering social event of the season was MODERN SCREEN'S



Bill Lundigan's protégée, Penny Edwards, couldn't make the party, so Bill long distanced the good news to her.



Penny was on location in Arizona for *Pony Soldier*, in which she plays opposite Ty Power, the night Bill phoned to say she'd won the award.



Howard Duff took time out from pacing the floor (Ida's baby was due momentarily) to sponsor Dat Hart.



Maureen O'Sullivan, who has appeared on several television shows with protégée Kathy Sharpe, feels that tiny Kathy has a big future ahead.



Eileen Christy, a Golden Key girl with two sponsors, received her award from John Russell, Ella Raines.



Virginia Mayo and Virginia Gibson made a toothsome twosome when the first presented the second with MODERN SCREEN'S Golden Key award.

ANNE BANCROFT:

TV LOST HER TO HOLLYWOOD

By David Wayne

Being a stage actor myself, I'm delighted to tell you about Anne Bancroft, for whom I am the sponsor in behalf of 20th Century-Fox. Anne was born in Gotham, and she stepped directly from high school into study at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Even before graduation, she won roles on important television shows and she was twice tested by 20th before she was signed after her farewell TV performance in *Lights Out*.

Right now, Anne is attracting a great deal of attention because of her superb performances in *Don't Bother To Knock*, with Dick Widmark and Marilyn Monroe, and in *Treasure Of The Golden Condor*.

At twenty years of age, Anne has a great future before her, and one for which she is thoroughly prepared. I hope you give her as big a hand as they did the night she accepted her MODERN SCREEN Golden Key Award!

JOAN TAYLOR:

COULDN'T ACCEPT HER AWARD

By Ronald Reagan

When Mrs. Reagan and I arrived at MODERN SCREEN'S Golden Key party, we were surprised to discover that Joan Taylor was not there to accept her award. The poor girl was in the hospital with a serious case of pneumonia, so we sent her Golden Key over in a burst of flowers and she recovered in record time. No future star has ever worked harder than Joan for her achievement, although from birth she seemed destined for an important place in the entertainment world.

Her father operates the Deerpath Theater in Lake Forest, Illinois, which he opened the night she was born. From her mother, who was a vaudeville dancing headliner, Joan learned ballet, and graduated from the Chicago National Association of Dancing Masters when she was only sixteen. During the war she entertained for many hours with the USO, and afterwards graduated from the Pasadena Community Playhouse where she won attention in the role of a sixty-year-old woman.

You need (Continued on page 80)

Golden Key Party, when all Filmdom arrived to honor the winners



Jane Powell's protégée, Barbara Ruick, got started in show business the same way Jane did—on radio. Barbara's parents are both radio stars.



John Derek presented Gloria Greenwood with her Golden Key a few nights after her studio gave her a new last name. She's delighted with both!



Bill Lundigan (right) gave David Wayne a helping hand when Dave presented protégée Anne Bancroft with her award.



The minute Red spotted Lucy Knoch, he snapped her up for his TV show. Now she's a Golden Key girl, thanks to "talent scout" Skelton.



Jane Russell, one of America's most beautiful women, is the sponsor of Ursula Thiess, one of Germany's most beautiful and talented actresses.



Tony Curtis takes a good look at the Golden Key trophy before awarding it to lucky screen-hopeful Suzan Ball.



Kathy Phillips was so nervous when she auditioned for Dennis Day's television show she almost backed out. Now Dennis is her Golden Key sponsor.



Mary Sinclair, who made a name for herself as "the first lady of TV," comes to Paramount as a Golden Key girl under Bill Holden's sponsorship.



Peggy King, who received her Golden Key award from sponsor Howard Keel, has been called "another Garland."





On *The Story Of Three Loves* set, Leslie makes-up husband George. He appears briefly in the film.

Hollywood knew all about sex
appeal until it found Leslie Caron who
has everything and *more of it* than anybody else around!

BY JIM HENAGHAN

Gorgeous Gamin

Can-can by Caron.



■ Now that the chips are down, her career set and the film in the can, so to speak, we can tell you about Leslie Caron.

At this writing, Leslie is probably MGM's brightest prospect. With several pictures under her belt and a half-dozen more planned for her, she has attained the status of full star. On the lot she is a woman to be respected as one of the top money makers. Right now they're painting her image for billboards, setting her name up in big type for advertisements, and whipping up a sandwich they can name for her on the studio commissary menu. In other words, the kid's in.

What is happening to Leslie Caron right now is the dream of a million girls in the world today. It is something that youngsters begin thinking about early and never forget until they take a look at the score and see their day has passed. Something that happens to a very, very few. It's the tag of the Cinderella story. The only thing wrong with the picture is that it was never Leslie Caron's dream. In fact, until a couple of years ago she couldn't have cared less.

Probably if Leslie Caron had been born in Kansas and had been subjected to the movie-fame fever all her life, she might have wanted the things she has now. But she wasn't born in Kansas, and in her formative years, which were spent under the Nazi occupation, the only movies she saw were German films starring busty blondes or dreary Spanish movies (*Continued on page 98*)

Tony grabs his hat,
plants a kiss, and runs—
Janet fixes her lipstick,
dashes off in the opposite
direction. It may be
marriage, but it's not much fun!

BY JIM BURTON

love on the run

■ When Janet Leigh was Jeannette Helen Morrison not too long ago and one of the best baton-twirlers Stockton High ever had, she used to read movie magazines like this one and day-dream about becoming a rich and famous screen star.

And then one day she woke up in Hollywood, the dream was in the hollow of her hand, and she was living it breathlessly, completely, unbelievably. She had her own home in Brentwood, a flashy convertible, expensive clothes, \$850 a week, and a handsome husband named Tony Curtis.

Last year reporters who asked Janet how she felt about her situation in life were given a typically ecstatic Leigh reply. "Five years ago," the young actress would exclaim, "I used to worship Greer Garson, John Wayne, and Walter Pidgeon, and here I am, actually playing opposite them! And I can't get over it. I simply can't!"

This year, Janet has gotten over it. She is no longer the enthusiastic, wide-eyed Cinderella she used to be. She has reached that point where she can view the life of a movie star objectively, honestly. And, while she still ardently loves the life—"I think it's the most divine thing in (Continued on page 94)

THE CURTISES RARELY HAVE A DAY OFF T



"You about ready, honey?"



then watches Tony . .



One last putt . . .

GETHER—BUT WHEN THEY DO, THEY HEAD FOR THE GOLF LINKS RIGHT AWAY!



Janet swings . . .



and misses . . .



hit a long one . . .



right to the green . . .



and they're ready . . .



to call it a day.



Dear Mr. Saxon:

The other day I ran into Herbert Wilcox and Anna Neagle, whom, as you know, stood up for the bride and groom at the wedding of Liz Taylor and Mike Wilding.

I asked them if they'd seen the newlyweds since their honeymoon trip to that secluded, snug little town in the French Alps. Very little has been heard from the Wildings, who have been keeping to themselves lately.

The Wilcoxes, though, see them regularly. They're very enthusiastic about Liz, and Mike, of course, is their closest friend. (They call them Elizabeth and Michael).

I asked them confidentially if they thought the marriage would work out. Both of them said without hesitation that they were sure it would work, even in the face of serious disadvantages. "Never have two people in love been the object of so much praise and censure," Anna Neagle said. "From hearing all that's said about the difference in their ages, one would think that, at 40, Michael is on crutches.

"He's a marvelous person," she added. And she ought to know, as she's starred with him in many pictures: Piccadilly Incident, in 1947, which brought Mike fame and made him the most popular actor in England; Courtneys Of Curzon Street, Spring In Park Lane, and most recently, the unreleased Lady With A Lamp, in which Mike plays his most serious role.

"It's obvious that Michael's very much in love," Herbert Wilcox said. "And so is she. Neither of them is childish about their love, and they seem to complement each other very well. She needs Michael's steadiness and maturity, and he needs the job of looking after someone." (Continued on page 96)

Letter from London



What women have done to **BILL LUNDIGAN**



Bill, who fought all over the Pacific with the Marines in World War II, is a man's man. An avid sports fan, he likes to read the baseball news every morning at breakfast.



Whenever they can get away, the Lundigans take a picnic lunch and drive into the hills till they find a secluded spot near a lake. There they spend the day just relaxing.

Every man needs
a good woman—the wrong
one can wreck his
career, ruin his
life. Luckily, Lundigan
always found
the right one
at the right time.

BY CAROLINE BROOKS

■ Hollywood's the place where most actors attribute their triumphs to themselves and their failures to women. But a tall, well-built, blue-eyed Apollo named Bill Lundigan stands out as a refreshing exception. Bill frankly admits: "Without women, I'd be a dead duck!"

With women, he's one of the most popular stars on the 20th Century-Fox lot, where he's just finished *Down Among The Sheltering Palms* with Mitzi Gaynor and is now getting ready to star opposite Susan Hayward in a sequel to *I'd Climb The Highest Mountain*.

Marilyn Monroe, for example, when asked recently which



Reno's love is the best of all the good things women have given to Bill Lundigan. Their marriage is one of the most solid in Hollywood.

actor she'd most like to work with, quickly answered, "Bill Lundigan, because he really knows how to treat a girl."

Ten years ago, Deanna Durbin said the very same thing, and later on such top-flight beauties as Hedy Lamarr, Gloria de Haven, Arlene Dahl, Susan Hayward, and Jeanne Crain agreed with her.

Bill Lundigan is the type of sweet guy the girls simply love to be nice to. But while Bill is terribly appreciative of what they've done for him and what they've taught him, their fondness embarrasses him, because essentially he's a man's man, one of those big, quiet, steel-muscled heroes of World

War II, who fought all over the Pacific with the Marines and then refused to talk about his exploits.

I remember a few years ago when Bill was making *Dishonored Lady* with Hedy Lamarr. In addition to starring in this one, Hedy was also the producer. She and Lundigan went into a clinch for one scene. When the rehearsal was over, Hedy looked at Bill rather strangely. "I can't understand it," she said. "You kiss as if you've never kissed a girl before."

Bill grew beet-red. "I'm a married man," he said, "I've kissed girls before."

"Well, stop holding back," Hedy (Continued on page 81)

So easy to love

IN HAWAII, ANN FOUND WARM SAND AND LAZY SURF, BRIGHT FLOWERS, A PALE MOON—



by Jim Newton

AND, BEST OF ALL, THE ANSWER TO A LIFE-LONG DREAM

■ The big Pan American Clipper nosed gently down toward the glassy sea and the pilot grinned at the eager-faced girl beside him. He pointed dead ahead. "Well, there it is," he said, "Blue Hawaii."

Ann Blyth strained to look at the horizon. At first she saw nothing, only the endless blue-green world she had eagerly scanned since dawn, when she left her rumpled berth to watch the sunrise. She hadn't slept—not a wink since she boarded the plane at midnight in California. She was too excited. And now, as her eyes focussed at last on a velvet spot with a cloud for a halo, her heart skipped a beat. "Hawaii!" she breathed, and that was all because, oddly enough, her thoughts flashed back 5,000 miles to a drab little room in a New York City apartment where the Third Avenue "El" rattled past.

There wasn't much romance or adventure, actually, in that room. It was plainly furnished, because Ann and her mother were poor. But not too poor to own a radio, and the 12-year-old girl was an accomplished day-dreamer. Each week she would turn the knob excitedly to a favorite spot on the dial, lie back on the worn sofa and go on a trip. She would close her eyes as the program opened with the plaintive, throbbing rhythm of steel guitars, soft drums, ukuleles, and native voices chanting *Aloha Oe* . . . "From Heavenly Hawaii in the Blue Pacific come songs and Island music saying, 'Come, come to Hawaii!' This is Webby Edwards . . . 'Aloha!' . . ."

Ann would open her eyes then and stare at the ceiling where there were cracks in the plaster. But what she would really see was a paradise of swaying palms, pink sands and creamy surf, of golden people feasting, playing and singing straight to her "from under the big banyan tree." When it was over she would quickly snap off the radio, so nothing could break the spell. Then she would promise herself fiercely, "I'm going there. Some day I'm going to Hawaii!"

Lots of things have happened to Ann since then. Broadway, radio, and the movies. Fame, fortune, a fascinating, successful career, the opportunity to employ her talents and bring herself and others happiness. But always there were the pressures of the moment, too much she wanted and too little time to do it in. And so, at 23, romance, dreams of Hawaiian idylls somehow had just been put off: This was the first real holiday trip Ann had ever had in her life, and it was hard for her to believe it was really happening.

"Look," commanded the pilot, (Continued on page 84)



The studio technicians that worked on Ann's latest film, *Sally And Saint Anne*, were in on the deep dark plot that lured her to a glorious vacation in blue Hawaii.



Many famous personages, among them Governor Orin Long of Honolulu (above), went out of their way to welcome Ann and make sure her trip was a success.



Learning the hula was a high spot in Ann's trip. Here two dancers explain one of the more intricate steps while Ann listens. She became an expert at this native dance.

a new love, a new life

John Agar turned from
the spotlight's glare to the
calm of suburban living
—with the girl who has given him
a glorious year of
marriage and the peace he
has always longed for . . .

By ARTHUR L. CHARLES





John relaxes on the porch of his apartment in quiet Westwood, a suburb of Los Angeles. This particular real estate development is relatively new and the Agars, whose marriage is just a year old, feel at home here.



Loretta encourages John to make use of his many talents, one being song-writing. Here they put his latest tune, "I Wonder If You Know" on the tape recorder. Their design for living is characterized by their informal apartment.



Rain cancels John's golf game and he is forced to take a putting fix inside. He and Loretta are both golfers, first met because of the game. Once John played 72 holes in a single day.

■ There is a quiet, tree-lined street in Westwood, a suburb of Los Angeles, that is brand-spanking new. Homes and small apartment houses have only been built on this street for a year or two, and most of the lawns are just patchy-green against black loam; and the trees are sprouts with tender bark and ambitious little leaves. It was to this street that MODERN SCREEN sent a reporter recently, not to cover a story but just to pay a call—to see what was doing with the John Agars. To find out how they live.

No particular story came out of the interview. There was no news. Shortly after the reporter and photographer arrived it began to rain, and everyone just sat around and chatted and spun yarns. And it turned out to be a very interesting afternoon, because we came away with a real insight into John Agar and his wife, Loretta. As yarns were spun and tales of boyhood and living in Hollywood and other places were swapped, it developed that Agar was a very different guy than a lot of people think—and that he shared with his wife a really happy marriage.

It was information that is worth passing on.

When he was a boy John Agar circulated in a pretty affluent atmosphere. He lived in Chicago where his family was in the meat packing business. They lived in a fine home, and young Jack had all the advantages. But he wasn't a wastrel—no rich kid with a piggy bank full of twenty dollar bills. He had to earn his spending money. From as long as he can remember he got every dollar he spent the hard way.

The first job that ever amounted to anything was just about the oddest chore a boy can work at—pig herding. Jack was paid three dollars a week for getting up at four in the morning and, in the company of several older men, escorting something like three or (Continued on page 78)

Lana told me all

(Continued from page 31) at the moment.

After we had ordered, I said, "All right. Let your hair down (it's short) and tell me all about what's troubling you."

Lana laughed. She had to. It isn't natural for her to be angry for she has a really good disposition. But she was deadly in earnest when she said, "I hardly know where to start, there's so much junk being circulated."

Of course, the big talk is about Lana's marriage to the good looking South American, Fernando Lamas, so for good and sufficient reasons of my own, I was willing to start with them, and their wedding plans.

"Is there a chance you and Fernando will elope to Mexico and be married before I can get this story in MODERN SCREEN?" I asked nodding.

"We may," Lana nodded. "Our wedding will take place just as soon as we are both free—whether it is in Mexico, or Hong Kong, or South America when Fernando and I go there to make a picture together in the late summer."

"The point is—we are so much in love, Louella. Why can't people let us alone? Fernando and I mind our own business. We are very quiet. We stay away from nightclubs and attend only a few private parties."

"And, then, just because Kirk Douglas and I are working in the same picture, all this nonsense starts that we are flirting. It's so cheap."

"The morning the picture started, Kirk sent me flowers—just a nice custom in this business. Almost every actor I have worked with has done the same thing."

"I say 'Good morning' to him—common courtesy. And yet it comes out in print this way: 'Isn't Lana Turner getting a wee Kirk of Douglas these days?' How horrible can they get?"

Not since those days, long since gone, when Lana was deeply in love and then deeply hurt by Tyrone Power have I seen her so emotionally upset over gossip. And her greatest concern was for Fernando. I have to admit I was a bit surprised for I had thought in the beginning, along with many others, that her romance with the handsome Lamas might have been just to stimulate interest in their *Merry Widow*.

I had only to listen to Lana mention his name to realize how wrong I was.

"Our marriage will be so right, Louella," she told me. "He loves my little daughter Cheryl, and she is devoted to him."

"Fernando's divorce, as you know, has been held up because he wants, rather he is insisting on, having his little girl with him at least part of the time. I wouldn't respect him if he were willing to give up his child even for me."

"He and Mrs. Lamas have been separated several times, and now that they have come to a final parting of the ways, it isn't as though I had broken up his marriage, or he—mine."

"When all our troubles are worked out, all we are asking for is to share a good, solid family life. I tried to have that with Artie Shaw. I tried with Steve Crane. I tried with Bob Topping, and you know what happened each time."

HAVING gone through each of these upheavals with Lana, I most certainly knew what she meant. Artie Shaw preferred the intellectual life. He never thought Lana was "cultured" enough for him.

Steve Crane loved being married to a

glamorous movie star, and Lana spent most of her life with him in nightclubs posing for the photographers.

Bob Topping—well, shall we say he just likes to play around?

"Tell me about that \$250,000 emerald necklace you are supposed to be holding out on Bob," I put in, "and all those other jewels belonging to his mother he says you are refusing to return."

If it is possible for a blonde as beautiful as Lana is to snort, that was just about her answer.

"Nonsense," she snapped. "Those jewels are a myth. The only jewels I have that were Bob's mother's are an emerald ring and a pearl necklace. There never was any 'fabulous emerald necklace' except in somebody's imagination."

"Believe me, I wouldn't mind giving the ring and the pearls back to Bob if I felt he was really sentimental about them. But I don't think he is."

"I think this talk about him being a multi-millionaire is as phony as these stories about the family jewels. It is my opinion that he has spent most of his inheritance."

Lana went on, "My attorney is doing

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ava gardner
on the cover

everything he can to bring about a settlement with Bob so I can get my freedom. But, believe me, I am going to insist on getting back some of the money I sank in that marriage. Even getting back some of that money won't begin to make up for the many heartbreaking things that happened." Her voice trailed off, almost sadly.

I'll never forget the deep heartache she suffered when she miscarried two children—babies she had wanted very much to have. I was sure she was thinking about that now—of how she had cried and cried as though her heart would break both times motherhood was denied her.

FOLLOWING the loss of the first baby, she had been gravely ill. It had been months before she had been able to return to work. During that time, many people and even her studio believed she might give up her career to be just Mrs. Bob Topping—that's how eager she was to make a real homelife for herself and him.

I remember she had said, "I'll work just when Bob is willing to remain in

Hollywood. If he prefers to travel, I'm going with him." And she meant it. I believe it wasn't until later that Lana came to realize that if there was going to be money enough for travel and mansions for homes in her life with Bob Topping she was the one who was going to have to earn it.

But that is in the past. Sometime she will forget it all, she hopes. And she doesn't stay long off the subject of her one and only present interest—Mr. Fernando Lamas.

"One reason I am perfectly sure our marriage will work out is because I respect Fernando so much," she said, calmly now, stirring a cup of coffee.

"We both have careers. We understand each other's problems. The only good thing to come out of all this silly gossip about Kirk and me is that Fernando was not once the slightest bit jealous. He just laughs and tells me not to take it so seriously."

"And, he is such a wonderful actor. I think he gives one of the best performances I've ever seen on the screen in *The Merry Widow*. Oh, how I love that picture, Louella! It was just heaven playing opposite Fernando. I don't care if they say he steals the picture!"

We both laughed, for, believe me, when a star of Lana's stature says a thing like THAT, it's bound to be love with a capital L.

She is eagerly looking forward to the time, in the late summer, when she and Lamas and Cheryl will leave for South America, where MGM will star Lana and Lamas in a picture to be called *Latin Lovers*.

"I'll meet his family there . . . and we will be, very quietly, just homefolks. The last time I was in South America it was quite a different story: the full glamor treatment all the way—parties, luncheons, dinners, cocktails, meeting dignitaries, nothing but a whirl from morning to night."

"This time I shall get a chance to know the people and how they really live when not entertaining a movie star from Hollywood."

SHE said, seriously, "With all our efforts to keep our happiness to ourselves and our attempt to be dignified about it, it breaks my heart when ridiculous and vicious stories are printed. I guess that's why I blew my top the way I did to you, Louella," she explained a little apologetically. "Is it so wrong to want a solid marriage and to have a happy home for my child, and a place where his child can come and be with us?"

I didn't bother to answer that because I am sure that Lana knows I am her good friend and that I will always wish her happiness.

I was really kidding her when I said, just before I was ready to go, "There's one little rumor you haven't denied, Lana," I laughed.

"What's that?" she asked quickly.

"That you are being temperamental at the studio for the first time in your career."

"Oh, that," she winked. "Temperament, or a little of it now and then, is good for the game. Seriously, the only thing I was annoyed about was that I wasn't able to get my own hairdresser for *A Tribute To A Bad Man*. I've had this girl for years and years and I thought it was silly to give her to another actress when I was ready to start my picture. But," she sighed, "I wish that were all I had to worry about!"

As I mentioned before, my friend, Lana, is a very even tempered girl, except when she gets her dander up!

END

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says gorgeous cover girl
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FROM THE MOVIES

ABOUT FACE—*No Other Girl For Me* and *If Someone Had Told Me* by Tony Martin and Dinah Shore (Victor).

MERRY WIDOW—*Vilia* by Skip Martin* (MGM). MGM's new Technicolor musical brings back this familiar Lehar melody, neatly done up here in modern dress by the new band of arranger Skip Martin (he's the fellow who wrote Les Brown's hit record of *I've Got My Love To Keep Me Warm*).

ROBIN HOOD—*Whistle My Love* by Henry Jerome* (MGM). Pleasant performance of a song from the new Walt Disney opus, with Ray DeMeno on the vocal.

SKIRTS AHOY—*Hold Me Close To You* by Billy Eckstine** (MGM). Here's a truly outstanding vocal performance that Billy does in his first movie. Accompanied by Georgie Stoll and the MGM studio orchestra, he does a splendid job.

WITH A SONG IN MY HEART—Album of songs by Jane Froman** (Capitol). Title song by Doris Day* (Columbia); Perry Como (Victor); Hildegarde (Decca); Ezio Pinza (Victor). *Tea For Two* by Guy Lombardo (Decca); Frank Sinatra & Dinah Shore* (Columbia); Gordon MacRae (Capitol); Bing Crosby (Decca); Charlie Ventura (Victor). *Embraceable You* by Paul Weston* (Columbia); Dave Rose (MGM); Kate Smith (Columbia); Nat King Cole* (Capitol).

POPULAR

PEGGY LEE—*Lover** (Decca).

Peggy will almost certainly have her biggest seller in a long time with this disc, thanks to the excitement-packed Gordon Jenkins arrangement. The other side is a more typical Lee performance of *You Go To My Head*, and although it'll be far less popular, it's my personal preference of the two sides.

JOHNNIE RAY—Album* (Columbia).

What can I say? So much has been said and written about the fabulous 25-year-old kid from Dallas, Oregon, that there's nothing left to add except that the best record he's made to date, *Give Me Time*, is in this album (or LP disc) as well as some other typically tearful tunes.

JAZZ

BERYL BOOKER—*A Handful Of Stars** (Mercury).

A wonderful new piano star makes a very promising debut with her own quintet. On the other side she sings, too—*You'd Better Go Now*.

RALPH BURNS—*Free Forms Album** (Mercury).

Woody Herman's arranger produces eight delightful original compositions here played by a group featuring woodwinds and strings. Gentle music with agreeable touches of jazz.

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Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair

THE SLUGGING SINATRAS ARE THE FIGHTERS OF THE YEAR. AND HERE'S THE REASON WHY . . .

"We fight—
but we love it!"

■ A few weeks ago when Frank and Ava Sinatra returned from their second honeymoon in Honolulu—their first consisted of a weekend in Havana—they found the mailbox jammed with bills and magazines.

They took care of the bills and then sat down of an evening for a little literary relaxation. They began to pore through the magazines and then suddenly broke into laughter. The periodicals were filled with stories of **THE BATTLING SINATRAS**, in big bold type. (Continued on next page)



THEY SAY SHE'S INSANELY JEALOUS . . . THEY SAY SHE CAN'T GET ALONG WITH FRANKIE'S KIDS—BUT AVA



Most rumors don't bother me



Certainly, they don't affect Frank



They say I'm insanely jealous



It's pure baloney

THEY SAY HE'S A HOTHEAD . . . THEY SAY HE SCREAMS AT AVA ALL THE TIME—BUT FRANKIE JUST SITS



If we get along—that isn't news



If we quarrel—that's a scoop!



We do quarrel



So does every other married couple

"We fight—but we love it!" continued

You must have read some of them yourself if you read film magazines; and if you did, you probably came off with the impression that Ava spends most of her spare time banging Frankie over the head with a rolling pin and that he retaliates by battering her lovely body to a bloody pulp.

According to the stories, Ava is insanely jealous about her crooner-boy. Let him so much as even look at another girl, and she pulls his heart out by the roots, at least three times a night, which means, of course, that he has a very elastic heart.

These same self-appointed Gardner-Sinatra authorities also say that Ava doesn't get along particularly well with Frank's children, that when their mother went to New York with Barbara Stanwyck some time back, and the children visited Ava and Frank, they witnessed a battle royal. They say that the young Sinatras are embarrassed, uneasy, and nervous in Ava's presence, and she in theirs. But these statements have no basis in fact.

As for Frank, supposedly his jealousy takes form in frenzied rages. When Ava says "Good morning" to the mailman, Frank races out of the house with a set of swords and a set of dueling pistols. "Mr. Mailman," he shouts, "you have your choice."

It's ludicrous, but that's what the wisenheimers would have you believe.

As Ava used to say back in dear old Smithfield, N. C., "all of that, honey-chile, is pure, pure baloney."

Ava has never been happier in her life than since her marriage to Frank. She thinks he's adorable and everything she has ever wanted in a man. That's why she married him in the first place. "I never judged him," she says, "by a sheaf of newspaper clippings. I judged him by his actions. They say he's a hothead with a very low boiling point. Not true. You really have to rile him before he blows his top. Frank has a wonderful sense of tolerance. He gets furious at people who

ONLY SMILES AND ANSWERS THIS . . .



We've never been happier in my life



I think he's adorable



Frank and I fight all the time



Our hearts know what is important

BACK, GRINS, AND SAYS THIS . . .



the quarrels are about nothing



Neither of us are diplomats



We fight about anything at all



But we love it!

denounce others for being Negroes or Jews or Catholics, and so do I."

The Monday-morning quarterbacks insist that Frank screams at Ava all the time, that it makes no difference where they are, at home or in public. They like to exercise their vocal chords. That's a slice from that same hunk of baloney.

Ava and Frank believe in acting naturally. If they're out in public and they disagree, they speak their minds.

A few weeks ago, for example, when Frank was singing at the Coconut Grove of the Hotel Ambassador in Los Angeles, one of his old acquaintances came over after the show and put the bite on Ava's boy for a hundred bucks.

Ava grew furious. "You've already loaned him more than \$2500," she complained. "He has no intention of returning that. Why do you keep pouring good dough after bad?"

"Well . . . he happens to be a little hard up," Frank said.

"He's been a moocher for the past 20 years," Ava pointed out, and she launched into a real wifely tirade. Ava is pretty practical when it comes to money. Frank is not. Any sort of sob story and he'll get softhearted and come across with his last twenty dollar bill.

Folks who overheard Ava arguing with Frank that night undoubtedly misinterpreted their quarrel for the fight of the century, because the next day Ava picked up a newspaper and a local columnist said, "the Sinatra marriage will blow sky-high any evening now."

The truth of the matter is that Frank and Ava fight vocally all the time. They are two people with decided opinions who believe in getting to the point—no beating about the bush with this pair.

If Frank doesn't like a particular dress of Ava's, he'll say, "Not that one, sweetie"—they both (*Continued on page 86*)

the fifth passenger

(Continued from page 39) thing could I do than share their discomforts and danger for a few hours, and what sort of creature was I to pretend I wanted to do it but not really mean it?

It was no slight feeling of guilt that bothered me now, but a strong one, and there was only one way to square it. "Please take me along," I told the chaplain. "I must go."

He said he couldn't do that. He was traveling alone in an open jeep (open so you can jump out and take to a ditch in a hurry in case of a plane or sniper attack) without lights and over a route that was more of an icy, rocky trail than a road. I stood a good chance of being frozen, bumped out, hurt in a crash, shot, or, as he put it, "all four, maybe."

But by now I had to go.

I PUT on six suits of long, woolen underwear, tops and bottoms. Over this I wore two pairs of GI trousers, two sweaters, a shirt, two jackets and over all a fur-lined parka that reached to the knees. I pulled on four pairs of socks and stuck them along with my trouser bottoms into shu-packs—big, army overshoes. I wrapped two woolen bandannas around my head and after I'd pulled up the hood of the parka I wrapped another woolen scarf around my face, almost to the eyes, so that I could see only through a narrow slit between bandanna and scarf. In each of my woolen gloves was a chemical hand-warmer which I held in my fingers.

When I was ready I went out and found two other figures similarly bundled up. They turned out to be Mala Powers and Johnny Grant who were members of our troupe. They'd heard part of my conversation with Lt. Bondurant and had decided to go along.

A moment later the chaplain got into the car and asked a question which made me gulp. Did we have our identification cards? They would be needed, I knew, if we were captured by the enemy, to prove we were non-combatants and also (which was hardly a comfort) to earn us officers' treatment as prisoners of war. We all nodded soberly and the chaplain started off.

I turned my head to look back. Headquarters was disappearing behind us and with it I lost whatever feeling of safety I'd had up to then. I was scared . . . so scared I called myself crazy for ever getting the idea of going. I began to count the minutes; each one that went by made me think, "well, just another one like that, and another one after that, and before I know it we'll be there."

In the back of my mind a phrase began to put itself together, a phrase I had heard often about the war. And then I knew what it was—"loose front." GI's would tell us that there was no exact fighting line, especially at night. Soldiers from both sides were slipping through, raiding, making surprise attacks, ambushing cars on the road. That's why we didn't use our lights; not so we could sneak by undetected but so as not to give them an easy, illuminated target.

I tried not to think of this and a phrase came to my mind, one my mother was always saying . . . "God is with you." Crouched deep in my seat, my head pulled down as far as it would go between my shoulders as we jounced along, I kept wondering, "Was He . . . ?" I tried to prove to myself that He was, that He always had been. But there was no proof for me out there in the freezing darkness.

"God is with you," my mother would cry out when I fell as a toddler and I

would pick myself up unhurt and believe He had been. "But God will be with you," my mother had said when she told me my tonsil operation would hurt, and I had believed her with the faith of a six-year-old. When I was 14 and frightened about taking my first plane ride, when the pilot of a speeding motorboat I was in, seemed to go crazy and was missing the dockside by inches as he roared by, the first time I stood, dry-mouthed and heart pounding, in front of a camera—"God is with you," had been enough. But was He with me now?

Greer Garson opened a new theater in New York. The manager asked if she would say a few words and gave her a small slip of paper on which a suggested speech had been written. "Only this, to open a theater," replied Miss Garson. "I use more words than that to open a can of tomatoes."

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post

I found myself feeling sorry for myself, and then, I recognized this feeling as one I'd had before in my life . . . for another person, a girl riding in a car with my older sister and me. They had been talking without my taking special notice of their words until this girl had said, "As far as I am concerned I am an atheist. I can't be a believer. I just can't believe."

I had been shocked and had felt sorry for her . . . and in exactly the same way I was sorry for myself now! Was I, too, being a skeptic with the little faith I was showing? It wasn't a pleasant thought out there in the menacing freeze.

I sat up straight in my seat and stopped cowering. For most of my life I had always felt that if a thing was right it should be done. Whether it seemed risky or unwise did not matter. This, which I was now doing, was the right thing to do and from this point on I must stop worrying: It was out of my hands.

THERE is no way of judging the time but perhaps it was an hour later when we were challenged by an American sentry, then by another some distance further on, and after that we pulled up at a big tent hidden in a clump of trees. Several GI's showed up and we were helped out of the jeep . . . and we needed help, we were so stiff.

Inside we found almost 50 more men, some standing around a little stove trying to get warm and others bunched into little conversational groups. Mala and I pulled our hoods down and took the bandannas off our hair. Everything grew quiet, awfully quiet, and they just stood and stared at us. The chaplain entered quickly behind us and made a little introductory announcement.

"Miss Mala Powers, Miss Piper Laurie and Johnny Grant of Hollywood, men," he said. "They've just come up to join our get-together tonight."

Still no one said anything. I got a feeling that it was because they had lost touch with the outer world. It had been so long they were too surprised to get over it easily. A few of the boys came closer and tried to talk . . . but awkwardly, as if they couldn't think of what to say. A couple of the soldiers started to distribute song books and each man took his, but still stared silently. We were given books and then the chaplain led off.

For the first few seconds everybody sang. But, as if they had all rehearsed it beforehand, the voices of the men suddenly became almost inaudible and just Mala and I were singing. I sensed why

immediately. They wanted to listen to us, not because it was Mala and me, but because to stand there and hear girls' voices brought back everything they had left behind. And you could tell. As we looked around now a smile broke out here and there, a smile, an appreciative grin, an understanding look between buddies. We sang on. We knew we were giving the best performance of our whole trip.

The second song was a hymn and now the boys started to join in a bit and it was more of a party. I was singing away when I felt something brushing me lightly from behind. I turned around and there, so close that his nose must have been touching my hair before, was a young GI, a dark-haired boy maybe 19 at the most. His eyes were closed and he was inhaling deeply. Something must have told him that I had moved and he opened his eyes. For a second he looked at me, the barest smile coming to his lips. Then he closed his eyes again, said "Girls!" and inhaled again, sighing.

The chaplain delivered his sermon and then led us all in a prayer. Another song and it was over. Now the boys started moving in, there was no more strangeness but an eager desire to talk on the part of almost every one of them.

"How long you been here?"

"How long you gonna stay?"

"You coming back up here?"

"When did you leave the States? How was it?"

Nobody wanted a show. Nobody wanted us to entertain in any way. They just wanted to talk. They wanted to be carried back, even if only conversationally, to what they had left behind. I looked around for my little inhaler and saw him sitting alone, his head to one side and a lost look in his eyes. I knew he was thinking of someone he had hated to leave and wondered if he would ever see again. I had to blink my eyes to keep them from watering and turned back quickly to the others. Open sentiment was not wanted here. There was a lot of it around but for each it was private.

Almost every night of my life since I have been five years old I have prayed. I just pray—I don't pray for anything. But this night I resolved to include thanks in my prayer, thanks that I had turned an idle idea into something valuable.

We were there almost two hours, most of which time Lt. Bondurant had individual sessions of prayer and talk with some of the boys. Then we started to bundle ourselves up—the fellows laughing at us openly—for the return trip. They escorted us—or I should say practically carried us—out to the jeep and stood in a half circle around us until we got under way. Mala turned to me immediately.

"I'm so glad we came," she said. "So awfully, awfully glad."

It was colder than before, if anything, but we were so exhilarated that I don't think we noticed it at first. Mala and I, as well as Johnny and Lt. Bondurant, would lean towards each other despite the biting wind to recall incidents about the visit. Eventually we huddled down into our seats silently as the jeep bounced along. It was then that I had a chance to realize that once more I should be frightened. We had 20 miles of night ahead of us, night that could well be filled with danger from enemy patrols. But I wasn't frightened. I felt wonderful.

I felt wonderful because I knew, somehow I just knew that there were not four of us, but five of us going back in that jeep. And the fifth passenger, I was certain, was God.

He was with me.

END
(Piper's next picture is Universal-International's No Room For The Groom.)

Amazing Skin-Tonic Action in Lux Soap care!

... actually stimulates moisture within your skin
that makes even dry skin fresher, smoother!

Science proves it's moisture from within that makes skin really smoother

There's a definite promise of a smoother, fresher complexion for you—in this newly discovered SKIN-TONIC ACTION of Lux Soap care. A softer, dewier look . . . the wonderful young look!

Skin-Tonic Action works *from within* to improve your skin—not just from the surface, but actually *from within your skin*. New tests by Lever Bio-Chemists prove . . .

Skin-Tonic Action in Lux care wakes vital moisture within your skin

It's *moisture from within* that makes skin look really smooth, lastingly smooth. It's *moisture from within* that gives radiant freshness. Your skin *must* have this natural moisture to look its loveliest—and that's just what the Skin-Tonic Action of Lux Soap care gives your skin!

Yes, your skin looks smoother . . . and it *stays smoother*. That's the wonderful news of Skin-Tonic Action in daily Lux care—*lasting freshness, lasting new smoothness*.

Moisture! . . . for dry skin!

Moisture is particularly vital to dry skin. The flakiness you see is dry, inactive skin flaking off. Skin-Tonic Action in Lux Soap care actually helps correct this condition *from within*. It helps your skin *retain natural moisture*. Immediate improvement is evident—you'll see your skin looks fresher, more luminous. Feels smoother to touch.

FOR YOU . . . a minute a day, each day.

Now think of your Lux care as more than mere cleansing. Think of it as a beauty stimulant! As you cream in the rich lather for your Lux Soap Facial, this stimulating Tonic-Action wakes vital beauty. A minute-a-day makes a difference! Your warm rinse, your cold splash, *add* to the stimulation.

Now see the dewy freshness! Touch the more satiny feel of your skin! You're truly Lux-lovely.

Lovely DEBRA PAGET says: "*I find the Skin-Tonic Action of Lux Soap care makes a wonderful difference in my skin . . . brings fresher sparkle, delightful new smoothness!*"

And you can be sure . . . the beauty care that works for lovely Hollywood stars like Debra Paget will work for you, too.

The evidence in these Lux tests *proves* that the Skin-Tonic Action of Lux Soap care will make a real difference in the loveliness of any normal, healthy skin—and that probably means *your skin*.

You can prove this for yourself. Try Lux now . . . start *daily* Lux care . . . and you will see that just *one* cake of Lux can make your skin *definitely smoother, definitely fresher*. We would not make this promise unless we were sure Lux would fulfill every word of it.

Today, get fragrant white Lux Toilet Soap . . . Hollywood's favorite. You'll see why 9 out of 10 screen stars are Lux Girls!

LUX TOILET SOAP care and the beautifying benefits of its Skin-Tonic Action are guaranteed by Lever Brothers Company—or your money refunded.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux with "Skin-Tonic Action"



See Lux-lovely DEBRA PAGET, starring in
"LES MISERABLES" A 20th Century-Fox Production

Put that \$100 gleam in your hair!

New Lady Wildroot Shampoo



Wildroot gleam girl, Diane Cheryll of Omaha, Neb. says, "Lady Wildroot Shampoo rinses away like magic... gleams my hair without a special rinse... leaves it radiantly alive."



Wildroot gleam girl, Tommie Hender, Vancouver, B.C., says, "Lady Wildroot Shampoo makes my hair gleam because it gets it so clean."



Wildroot gleam girl, Barbara Ellen Myers of New York says, "I love the good smell of Lady Wildroot Shampoo... 'n mother says it never leaves a dull film 'cause it rinses right out."

Does your hair have that \$100 gleam? Does it sparkle with highlights... does it have that alive look? Sounds like you've discovered new Lady Wildroot Shampoo... the liquid cream shampoo that gleams as it cleans... cleans as it gleams.

You see, Lady Wildroot Shampoo is more than just a liquid... more than just a cream! It's a combination of the best of both. It's a soapless shampoo plus soothing lanolin. Watch it foam into a quick lather for deep-down cleansing. Feel it leave

your hair soft, silky, in all its natural beauty... with just enough body to take a quick set...and to hold that set!

For a clean...deep-clean scalp...for softly gleaming, radiant hair...for *manageable* hair that never needs a special rinse...for a soft shampoo that *protects* your hair...try new Lady Wildroot Shampoo today!

How to win \$100

Want to win \$100? Want to have your picture in a Wildroot ad? Just send a snapshot or photo (not more than 8 x 10 inches in size) that shows your hair after using Lady Wildroot Shampoo, plus a Lady Wildroot Shampoo box top, to Lady Wildroot Shampoo Model Hunt, P. O. Box 189, New York 46, N. Y. Print your name and address on back of picture.

If your photo is chosen, a famous artist will paint your portrait from it for use in a Wildroot ad, and Wildroot will pay you \$100. Judges will be a New York Artist and art director. Decisions of the judges are final. No photos will be returned. Offer is good only in 1952. Send in your photo today. And keep that \$100 gleam in your hair just by using Lady Wildroot Shampoo!

Get New

Lady Wildroot shampoo
gleams as it cleans—cleans as it gleams



Three Sizes
29¢ 59¢ 98¢

PREVIEW OF FALL FASHIONS FOR CAMPUS, COUNTRY OR CAREER

GLAMOROUS
VIRGINIA MAYO
CASUAL AND SMART
IN PLAID TWEED

A Year Round Traveller, this striking coat worn by Virginia Mayo of Warners' *The Iron Mistress* was designed by Prestily of Jaunty Juniors. It does double duty in colder weather with the addition of a zip-in lining of grey wool. The cuffs and facing are of matching wool. Note the newest pocket trick—the flaps conceal deep serviceable slit pockets. Sizes 7-15. Plaid tweed available in grey with copper, gold or Fireball red, all trimmed with grey wool. About \$70. Without zip-in lining, about \$60. Virginia wears Cobblers of California "Cable Stitch" shoes, about \$9; she holds Cobblers' new handbag "Chatterbox," about \$11. The John Fredericks' "Charmer" is a youthful grey felt cloche with belting trim, about \$11; she holds shortie gloves from Hansen; hosiery in the new shade "Shadow" by Gotham Gold Stripe. Gold jewelry by Coro.

In this issue:
Hosiery—Gotham Gold Stripe
Gloves—Hansen
Handbags—California Cobblers
Jewelry—Coro
Hats—John Fredericks' "Charmers"

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 77; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL



*modern
screen
fashions*

in hollywood



CAMPUS,

Happy is the girl who owns a wardrobe of Ship 'n Share blouses for she will be smartly equipped for almost every occasion. Eve Miller of Warners' forthcoming Technicolor production *April in Paris* poses in three blouses. All have convertible collars, come in sizes 30-40 and Cora jewelry adds bright and becoming accents.

1. Rayon shantung is chosen for this blouse with a tiny Peter Pan collar and crystal buttons. Charcoal, toast, white, peacock, hyacinth, beige, pink or gold. About \$3.50. Jonathan blonde cowhide belt trimmed with gold, about \$4.
2. Pretty as a picture—this tailored blouse of rayon shantung with its youthful Johnny Junior collar. Toast, white, peacock, hyacinth, charcoal, beige, pink or gold. About \$3.50. Jonathan cinch belt of beige cowhide, about \$5.
3. Custom cuffs and links are features of this tailored blouse in beautiful Pediloom (nylon-royon). White, avocado, nude, mint, charcoal, buttercup, coral, pink, navy or blue. About \$5. Elastic and calf Jonathan belt, about \$2.50.

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 77; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.

COUNTRY OR CAREER



modern screen fashions in hollywood

*Left, Monica Lewis of MGM's **Everything I Have Is Yours**, pertly illustrates the perennial smartness of the simply tailored suit. Designed by Prestyly of Jaunty Juniors in novelty check worsted, the jacket features the rounded, molded hipline and bias binding of the fabric trims the collar, pockets and flared cuffs. Sizes: 7-15. Red, royal or brown combined with black. About \$55. Monica's black velvet hat is a John Frederics' "Charmer." About \$13. California Cobblers' "Chatterbox" handbag (strap-handle) in veal calf, about \$11. Monica holds Hansen shortie gloves.*

CAMPUS, COUNTRY OR

modern

screen

fashions

in

hollywood

Just right for all casual wear! Dorothy Bromiley, of Paramount's *Pleasure Island*, wears the newest three-piece outfit from Junior House of Milwaukee. The quilted weskit and skirt are in foulard—printed corduroy. The blouse is of cotton broadcloth. Sizes 9-15. The weskit and skirt are available in raspberry with gold, green with gold or white with gold—all with matching gold blouses. About \$40. Perfect accessories with this ensemble are California Cobblers' smartly styled "Quarterbag", a melon-shaped pouch with contrast piping. About \$9. It comes in calf or suede in all shades to match the "Dixie-land" shoes. (For description of shoes see page 77.) Popular cotton shortie gloves by Hansen. "Cheesecake '52" hosiery by Gotham Gold Stripe.



CAREER



Above left, for a semi-formal date, Junior House of Milwaukee has designed this delightfully picturesque dress of finely striped woven taffeta worn by Audrey Dolton of Paramount's *Pleasure Island*. The ruffled, tiered skirt is gracefully billowing and tiny gunmetal buttons trim the neatly tailored bodice. Sizes 9-15. Turquoise blue, rose or copper. About \$35. Audrey wears Cora pearl jewelry—Gatham Gold Stripe hosiery in the new shade, "Cheesecake '52." *Above right*, cleverly solving the problem of what the smart career girl can wear for her exciting and casual After-Five dates, Junior House designs a versatile two-piece dress. Joan Elan, of Paramount's *Pleasure Island*, wears it. The top is a turtle-neck jersey dyed to match the skirt of Treebark moiré, which has corded tiers to make it stand out. Sizes 9-15. Black or brown. About \$30. Joan's gold jewelry is from Coro and she wears Gatham Gold Stripe hosiery in the new shade, "Cheesecake '52."

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 77; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL



modern screen
fashions in hollywood

SHOE PROFILE

No career girl's wardrobe is complete without a year-round dress that changes aspect and purpose according to the shoes worn with it. Audrey Dalton of Paramount's *Pleasure Island*, wears this Orlon-Acetate sheer. Sizes 7 to 15 and 12 to 20. Black, navy or brown. About \$13. A George-David Original. For dress-up occasions the Dream Step pump below. Coro's gold jewelry. Nylon hosiery by Rivoli.

1. A cleverly designed moccasin of Norzon with a cush-n crepe sole and cush-n insole for added comfort by Friskies. Sizes 4 to 10, narrow and medium widths. Black, tan, red or gold. As low as \$3.99.
2. This classic saddle Oxford is from Sports Pals. Available in various heel heights. Sizes 4 to 10, in double A, B, C, or D widths. Black and white or brown and white leather. As low as \$3.99.
3. The new opera pump with the open-toe by Dream Step. Sizes 4 to 9, including half-sizes, in narrow and medium widths. Available in black or brown suede; brown, red or green calf. About \$4.99.

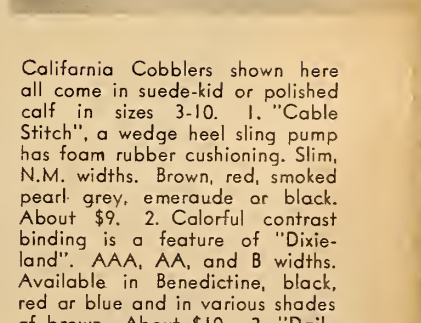


MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 77; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.

where
to
buy
modern
screen's
fashions



This fashionable and delightfully feminine slip by Gotham Gold Stripe is of all-nylon tricot and imported all-nylon lace. The lace forms the midriff and skirt yoke—matching lace edges the shirred bodice and wide circular skirt. Sizes 32-38. White, sunset pink or ballet blue. About \$17.



California Cobblers shown here all come in suede-kid or polished calf in sizes 3-10. 1. "Cable Stitch", a wedge heel sling pump has foam rubber cushioning. Slim, N.M. widths. Brown, red, smoked pearl grey, emerald or black. About \$9. 2. Colorful contrast binding is a feature of "Dixie-land". AAA, AA, and B widths. Available in Benedictine, black, red or blue and in various shades of brown. About \$10. 3. "Daily Double", a dress sandal with the heavenly comfort of a walking shoe. Slim, N.M. widths. Suede—black, maple, Benedictine, spice, tang, chestnut, brown, ruby red, flight blue, emerald or smoked pearl grey. Calf—black, turf brawn, russet glaw, cognac, smoked pearl grey, ruby red, flight blue, basque red or caramel. Suede or calf, about \$7.

Purchase in person or by mail from the following stores:

CALIFORNIA COBBLERS
(Shoes—Handbags)

STORES CARRYING "CABLE STITCH" SHOES PAGE 71 AND BELOW
E. Hampton, L.L., N.Y., E. Hampton Shoe Store
Elko, Nevada, Traher's
Odessa, Texas, Model Shop
Ruston, La., Carpenter, Inc.
STORES CARRYING "DAILY DOUBLE" SHOES BELOW
Dallas, Texas, Ring & Brewer
Dover, Del., Eitingers
El Campo, Texas, Sam Bishkin's Dept. Store
Lexington, N.C., Family Shoe Center
Lubbock, Texas, Dunlap's
Nashville, Ark., G. W. Robinson & Co.
Odessa, Texas, The Dunlap Co.
San Angelo, Texas, Sturges
STORES CARRYING "DIXIE-land" SHOES PAGE 74 AND BELOW
Conroe, Texas, Prosser's
Portland, Ore., Armishaw's
STORES CARRYING "QUARTER-BAG" HANDBAG PAGE 74
Cincinnati, Ohio, Newbold's Inc.
Colfax, Wash., Roberts
Columbia, S.C., Henry Averill Shoe Co.
Columbia, S.C., J. B. White Co.
Eugene, Ore., Arbuckles
Gadsden, Ala., A. B. Bottoms Shoe Co.
Kingman, Ariz., Babbitt Bros. Trading Co.
Lexington, N.C., Family Shoe Center
Nashville, Ark., Geo. W. Robinson
Tyler, Texas, The Booterie
"CHATTERBOX" HANDBAG PAGES 71, 73
Write to address below for store nearest you.

If there is no store listed near you, for California Cobblers' Shoes and Handbags, write directly to Cobblers, Inc., 1212 Stanford Avenue, Los Angeles 21, California.

CORO (Jewelry) Pages 71, 72, 73, 75, 76
Available at leading department, specialty and jewelry stores throughout the country.

DREAM STEP (Shoes) Page 76
For store nearest you write to DREAM STEP, 35 N. 4th St., Columbus, Ohio

FRISKIES AND SPORT PALS (Shoes) Page 76
Albany, N.Y., John G. Meyers Co.
Atlanta, Ga., Davison-Paxon Co.
Baltimore, Md., Julius Gutman & Co., Inc.
Chicago, Ill., Mandel Bros. Dept. Store
Cleveland, Ohio, The Higbee Co.
Detroit, Mich., Federal Dept. Stores
Harrisburg, Pa., Pomeroy's
Morristown, N.J., Bamberger's
Newark, N.J., Bamberger's

Toledo, Ohio, LaSalle & Koch
Washington, D.C., E. D. Edwards Shoes
Wilkes Barre, Pa., Pomeroy's

GEORGE-DAVID ORIGINAL
(Dress) Page 76

Baltimore, Md., Stewart's
Boston, Mass., Slatery's
Buffalo, N.Y., Hengerer's
Charlotte, N.C., J. B. Ivey
Chicago, Ill., Fair Co.
Cleveland, Ohio, May Co.
Harrisburg, Pa., Bowman's
New York, N.Y., Stern Bros.
St. Louis, Mo., Stix, Baer, Fuller
Washington, D.C., Jelleff's

GOTHAM GOLD STRIPE
(Hosiery—Pages 71, 74, 75; Slip—Below)

Bakersfield, Calif., Harry Coffee
Birmingham, Ala., Loveman, Joseph & Loeb
Cleveland, Ohio, May Co.
Detroit, Mich., D. J. Healy
Los Angeles, Calif., J. W. Robinson
Mansfield, Ohio, H. L. Reed
New York, N.Y., Gimbel's
New York, N.Y., Saks 34th St.
Philadelphia, Pa., B. F. Dewees
Philadelphia, Pa., Gimbel's
Seattle, Wash., Best Apparel
Spokane, Wash., The Crescent

HANSEN (Gloves) Pages 71, 74
Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

JAUNTY JUNIORS (Coat—Suit) Pages 71, 73

Akron, Ohio, A. Polsky
Baltimore, Md., Hutzler Bros.
Buffalo, N.Y., L. L. Berger
Champaign, Ill., Field's
Charlotte, N.C., Belk Bros.
Chicago, Ill., Morris B. Sachs
Columbus, Ohio, Robert's
Des Moines, Ia., Wolf's
Detroit, Mich., B. Seigel
Duluth, Minn., Bruen's
Elgin, Ill., Joseph Spiess
Hartford, Conn., Sage Allen
Lincoln, Neb., Magee's
McKeesport, Pa., Cox's
Macon, Ga., Goldman's
New Bedford, Mass., Lloyd's
New York, N.Y., John Wanamaker
Omaha, Neb., Herzberg's
Paterson, N.J., Meyer Bros.
Pittsfield, Mass., Textile Store
Plainfield, N.J., Rosenbaum Bros.
Portland, Oregon, Berg's
Spokane, Wash., Rusan's
St. Louis, Mo., Boyd's
St. Paul, Minn., Schuneman's
Syracuse, N.Y., The Addis Co.
Topeka, Kans., Harry Endlich
Utica, N.Y., Doyle Knower
Washington, D.C., Hecht Co.
Wilmington, Del., Kennard-Pyle

JONATHAN (Belts) Page 72
El Paso, Texas, Popular Dry Goods Co.
Los Angeles, Calif., May Co.
Also available at leading specialty stores throughout the country.

JOHN FREDERICS "Charmers" (hats) Pages 71, 73

Chicago, Ill., Marshall Field
Dallas, Texas, A. Harris
Indianapolis, Ind., L. S. Ayres
Los Angeles, Calif., Bullock's
New York, N.Y., B. Altman
Philadelphia, Pa., The Blum Store

JUNIOR HOUSE (Dresses) Pages 74, 75

Augusta, Maine, Wieses
Baltimore, Md., Linda Lynn
Bridgeport, Conn., Outlet Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn., Miller Bros.
Chicago, Ill., Mandel's
Cleveland, Ohio, Taylor's
Colorado Springs, Colo., Grey-Rose
Coral Gables, Fla., Ruth Boyle, Inc.
Detroit, Mich., Kline's
Ft. Worth, Texas, R. E. Cox Co.
Hartford, Conn., Manhattan Shop
Hempstead, N.Y., Frederick's
Houston, Texas, Sakowitz Bros.
Kansas City, Mo., Adler's
Little Rock, Ark., Pfeiffer's
Los Angeles, Calif., May Company-Wilshire
Milwaukee, Wis., Boston Store
Minneapolis, Minn., Harold's
New Orleans, La., Maison Blanche
New York, N.Y., Oppenheim Collins
Norfolk, Va., Berson's
Reading, Pa., Parisian Shop
Reno, Nevada, Howay's
San Francisco, Calif., Livingston's
St. Louis, Mo., Sonnenfeld's
Syracuse, N.Y., The Addis Co.
Washington, D.C., Krasner's
Wilkes Barre, Pa., Hollywood Stores
Worcester, Mass., John C. Macinnes Co.

RIVOLI (Hosiery) Page 76
Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

SHIP 'N' SHORE (Blouses) Page 72

Atlanta, Ga., Rich's
Boston, Mass., Filene's
Brooklyn, N.Y., Abraham & Straus
Buffalo, N.Y., E. W. Edwards & Son
Chicago, Ill., The Fair
Columbus, Ohio, F. & R. Lazarus & Co.
Dallas, Texas, Titcher-Goettinger
Denver, Colo., Neusteter's
Detroit, Mich., Ernst Kern Co.
Hartford, Conn., Sage-Allen
Indianapolis, Ind., Wm. H. Block
Los Angeles, Calif., May Co.
Milwaukee, Wis., Ed Schuster
Minneapolis, Minn., The Dayton Co.
Nashville, Tenn., Cain-Sloan
Newark, N.J., Hahne's
New York, N.Y., Arnold Constable
Philadelphia, Pa., Wanamaker's
Pittsburgh, Pa., Kaufman's Dept. Store
Portland, Ore., Meier & Frank
Richmond, Va., Thalheimer's
Rochester, N.Y., Sibley, Lindsay & Curr
San Francisco, Calif., Macy's
Seattle, Wash., Bon-Marche
Washington, D.C., Hecht Co.

Stay as Sweet as you are



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.

MAVIS
TALCUM

IT'S SMEARPROOF!



Irresistible
FRENCH FORMULA
LIPSTICK

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

29¢

Also available:
Regular formula in
swivel case 29¢

Complete the magic spell
with bewitching . . .

Irresistible PERFUME

a new love, a new life

(Continued from page 59) four hundred hogs through the streets of the city from the loading pens to the slaughter house. The pigs, not sure of their fate after a long train ride, generally resented the trek and gave the drivers considerable trouble. The porkies wanted to see the sights—or go some place else—for they would take the side roads at every opportunity. A boy had to be on his toes every minute and wide-awake or wind up spending the entire day hog-calling in the business section of Chicago.

"It was nothing like servicing a newspaper route," John said. "Some of those animals would weigh several hundred pounds and they didn't want to be shoved around. And we had a bit of traffic to contend with, too. We got up early for the drives but there was always that one motorist, in a hurry to get to work or something, who would turn into the herd and scatter the hogs in every direction but the right one. One day one of the pigs went berserk and charged us . . . and we all climbed phone poles. When we got down about half an hour later, darn near every home in that district had a pig or two in the back yard. If the family hadn't owned the plant, I'd still be paying a pork bill there for the ones we lost."

A summer or so later, when the family moved to its home at Lakeside, Michigan, for several months, young John found the type of work he wanted to do. He became a caddy. He didn't want to be a caddy all his life, of course, but he wanted to do something around a golf course. And he was a good, tireless caddy. He'd be the first one at the Lakeside Club in the morning, and he wouldn't go home to dinner until the last weary golfer had put away his clubs and given up for the day. From that time to this John Agar has been a fanatic golfer.

As a caddy he got his fill of walking around the course professionally, but as a player he never ever got enough. Once for four straight days he played 72 holes a day—something of a record even for a kid with youthful stamina. But on days that he worked, picking up a dollar and a quarter a trip around, he used to get out on the greens before the worms got back in their holes, play a round, and then top off the day with 18 holes before complete darkness set in.

Jack Agar loved golf so much that he refused to go into the pro shop, the place where the equipment is looked after. He had heard of a ruling that made anyone who worked in a pro shop a professional, and it was his ambition to become a champion amateur.

Nobody has ever called John Agar a lazy man, but once, as a youngster, he fell asleep on the job, right in the middle of the day. It was while he was going to school. He had taken a job as a sort of handy lad with a pharmaceutical manufacturing company. One day he was asked to go into a huge cavernous room and assist in a chore he had not been introduced to before. There were huge mills grinding chemicals into a fine powder. Jack's job was to keep the mills full of material. He noticed that the other workers were wearing special nose and mouth masks, but he paid no attention—and nobody apparently was aware that he wasn't wearing one of the masks. After about 20 minutes of work, with the fine powder filling the air, he began to feel strangely drowsy and then faint. Finally somebody did notice him, and two husky fellows ran to his side, grabbed his arms and rushed him out of the room to the emergency hospital,

where he lay down a very sick boy. He found out the next day that the powder he had been breathing was from a chemical used to manufacture sleeping pills, and that by rights he should be sleeping yet.

Not every kid gets to go to a private prep school, but a good many do. John Agar was one of them. When he finished grammar school he was shipped off to the Harvard School for Boys at Pawling, New York. He had no idea at the time, of course, but he was to join the ranks of a number of other screen stars who were educated at Pawling. Frank and Ralph Morgan went there, as well as George Montgomery and George Murphy. Jack was a pretty good pupil, although no whiz. He held his own in the classrooms and did a little better than that on the playing fields. He was a fair end and blocking back in football and a dinger of a center in basketball. As a matter of fact, he is held in higher esteem at the school even now for his record of baskets tossed than for his fame on the screen.

It has been said a good many times that John Agar is a spoiled product of a wealthy family. That is not true. At no time did his family cater particularly to any of his whims—work and earn was the motto as far as the boy was concerned. There never was a summer that he did not earn enough money, generally by the generous sweat of his brow, to go on to school at his own expense if he had found it necessary. And he learned thrift. He didn't squander his money then any more than he does now.

If it hadn't been for World War II, young Agar might have gone on to college and become a professional man and settled down in some city distant from Hollywood and never had his picture taken again in his life. But there was a war and along with millions of other fellows Jack was plucked from his plotted pattern and stuffed into an Air Forces uniform. He wore it for three years, with distinction and honor, the record books say.

His mother and grandfather had moved to Beverly Hills, California, so it was there that Jack headed on his leaves and furloughs. Beverly Hills and not Hollywood itself is the center of the social life of the film industry, so it was to be expected that Jack would get to know and get mixed up with the film set. It was soon after that that you and I both first heard of him. He was the handsome lad who was dating Shirley Temple—the one who, against a backdrop of hoopla so foreign to him, eventually married her.

Having been Shirley Temple's husband is now so far in the past in John Agar's life that if it were not for the never-ending fame of that young lady it would be irrelevant. But Shirley, in a sense, is responsible for his getting into pictures. Actually John had no ambitions theatrically. As a matter of fact, he had rather definite aversions to a screen career. He had no grease paint in his blood, thought it was a bit silly for a grown man to get paid for making faces, and above all shivered at the thought of capitalizing on his relationship to further any kind of a career. For that reason he rejected all suggestions that he take up movie-making in any department, rejected them flatly.

But a man must make a living, especially if he is married to a woman who must be in the public eye, one who needs pretty things oftener than most wives. And a baby was well on the way. So, merely as a means of turning a few fast bucks, Jack listened to David Selznick, who had been after him for a long time to take a screen test, and was shortly afterwards signed to a long term contract. Those who knew the details of the negotiations will recall for you that it took quite a bit of

coaxing to get the boy in front of a camera—and quite a bit of intestinal stamina on John's part to take the step.

If you saw him in his first films, *Fort Apache*, *She Wore A Yellow Ribbon* and others, you must agree that David Selznick knew what he was doing when he signed Agar. He was a fresh, clean personality, an unspoiled, handsome new face. The record of his credits show that all of his pictures were made on loan-out, not produced by the man who had Shirley under contract, which means that he got the parts on his own merit and that outside producers were willing to pay handsomely to get him.

No matter how low an opinion a person has of acting as a talent or craft, they'll lose it for keeps if they ever work for John Ford. Ford is a perfectionist, a slave driver and a man who can drill respect for what he is doing into the most amateur of amateur actors. John Agar fell into Ford's hands in his first and third pictures. By the time the first one was over, he was no longer of the opinion that acting was a form of kidding. He knew it was a profession and that few are chosen for it—and fewer yet capable of it. He became really enthusiastic. He wanted to learn, not entirely to make money now, but because it was a challenge to improve himself in an artistic endeavor. The fact that Ford called him back for a second movie is proof that his effort was not wasted—and that he had a genuine talent for acting. Ford has no room on his sets for dullards or laggards.

It is unfortunate that divorce came into his life at the time it did, for John Agar was not prepared to handle tragedy at that period. But it did—and then came an interlude of morbidity. It is to Agar's eternal credit that he whipped that and emerged a better man and artist.

No picture you have ever seen of Loretta Agar has ever done her justice. Possibly she doesn't care very much about having her picture taken, because no cameraman has been able to truly capture the loveliness and wholesomeness of the girl.

John and Loretta met at a mutual friend's house, a chap named Larry Springer with whom John played golf. Their first interest in each other was because of golf—and they'd sit at the tables in the club house after a game and hold a post-mortem, and Loretta was generally more accurate in her analysis of the contest just finished than either of the men. That was a strong link between John and Loretta.

Somehow I can't quite believe that one way to save the theater is to get Shelley Winters to appear on the stage.

*Richard Watts Jr. in
The New York Post*

And their marriage was no hasty affair, as has been said in the press. It was a sensible, well discussed mating that was important to both of them from the very moment they discovered they were in love. Like most fellows, John was a bit lazy about some of his ambitions. For instance, he had always wanted to be a good singer, but never having given much thought to becoming a professional performer, he hadn't done anything about it. Loretta made him go to a coach and study—and if you think it didn't pay off, talk to the managers of some of the places John has worked as a singer, like the Oriental Theatre in Chicago, the Olympic Theatre in Miami, the Earle in Philadelphia or the Copa Club in Pittsburgh.

John has another talent that Loretta is working on right now that might very well

keep the family sugar bowl filled with lettuce. He writes songs. He used to just kid about it—but now he is in earnest, thanks to Loretta. One, "I Wonder If You Know," is said to be a standout by many professional tunesmiths.

The John Agars are members of the congregation of the All Saints Episcopal Church in Beverly Hills and attend services regularly. They play cards at home a lot and go to movies with the college kids of Westwood. Their real enjoyments are found in their home.

The day MODERN SCREEN called on them they were sprawled in the middle of the living room floor surrounded with dictionaries and encyclopedias, working several cross word puzzles simultaneously. Music, popular and a bit of long hair, was pouring from a record player that is never turned off. A huge pot of coffee was bubbling on the kitchen stove, for the Agars have a cup of coffee every time they think of it. It was a truly domestic scene.

And after a while, when it began to rain—and the pictures we had come for had been taken—a feeling of peace and security seemed to permeate the apartment, and the world beyond the steamy windows seemed very far away. The apartment with its comfortable rooms and warm colors became truly a home—a place where Mister and Missus Nice Ordinary would live. And the conversation was warm and the coffee hot and the laughter easy and genuine.

It was a shame to go away. But we did. Me and the photog. And when we had been seen to the door and had stepped into the street for the short walk to the car, we wanted to hurry back. So we looked well at the street and the newness of it all and the juvenile trees, so we'd remember the place. And we were both happy we'd called. Dropping in on the Agars was a pleasure—a real pleasure.

END

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golden key girls

(Continued from page 47)

not take my word for it that Joan Taylor is a future star of exceptional talent. (MODERN SCREEN photographers call her "their pet.") You can see her in *The Savage*, with Charlton Heston, and in many more Paramount pictures to come!

BARBARA RUICK: SHOW BUSINESS IN HER BLOOD By Jane Powell

I was delighted to be Barbara Ruick's sponsor at MODERN SCREEN'S First Annual Golden Key Awards. Like me, she began her career in radio. Unlike me, however, she has a fine acting heritage. Barbara, born in Pasadena, California, is the daughter of Melville Ruick and Lurene Tuttle, both outstanding radio stars. At 14, Barbara began singing with the high school band and during her senior year she sang twice weekly on radio.

Many thousands of service men, I am sure, will champion Barbara for stardom as much as I do, for she has made seven trips to Travis Airfield and recently returned from a 21,000-mile trip helping to entertain troops in Europe and North Africa.

Barbara's Golden Key now has a place of honor in her Beverly Hills apartment, and if you have seen her in the MGM's *Invitation and Scaramouche*, I know that she'll have a place of honor on your list of new favorites.

DOROTHY HART: HER NAME MEANS WHAT IT SAYS By Howard Duff

The night of the Golden Key Awards, I paced the floor at the party, waiting for Dorothy Hart to show up. She was the last to arrive, and I almost had to leave because I was waiting for that any-second call that Ida's baby had appeared. And why was Dorothy so late? Because she was working at the Mobile Blood Bank, and considered what she was doing more important than anything concerning her career.

Dorothy has been one of our most prominent magazine cover girls, Queen of the Cleveland Air Races, and has won so many beauty contests she's forgotten the number. Yet she never trades on her beauty and in my opinion, is the Sweetheart of All the Golden Key Girls, just to give her one more title. Her first film role was opposite Randolph Scott in *Gunfighters*, and you may have seen her since in *Raton Pass* or *Loan Shark*, with George Raft. Lip-pert productions have every reason to be really proud of their entry in the Golden Key derby!

URSULA THIESS: MOST IMPORTANT SINCE DIETRICH By Jane Russell

Everyone at RKO-Radio Pictures is cheering MODERN SCREEN'S selection of Ursula Thiess (rhymes with niece) as a Golden Key winner. Born in Hamburg, Germany, she is the first important screen discovery from that country since Marlene Dietrich, 20 years ago. Ursula's home was bombed out during the war, and she was forced to flee the country. After the war was over she became a photographer's model, and wrote and sold film stories for short subjects. When her picture appeared on the cover of *Life Magazine*, studio officials cabled her a screen test offer, which she couldn't at first believe.

When Ursula arrived in Hollywood, she

couldn't speak a word of English, but she mastered the rudiments of the language in four months and was cast as the leading lady for the Technicolor film, *Monsoon*, which was filmed in India.

The British press has heralded her as the "most beautiful girl in the world," and I personally believe that she is potentially one of the greatest stars ever to be brought to the RKO-Radio lot.

SUZAN BALL: SHE BAKED A CAKE By Tony Curtis

You want to get into a hot argument over at Universal-International, ask anybody who they think Suzan Ball looks like. Some say Elizabeth Taylor or Jane Russell. Maybe Lana Turner, but unlike Lana, Suzan didn't get her start by being discovered on a soda fountain stool. No, Suzan did it the hard way, by baking a chocolate cake for a charity bazaar in Santa Maria and getting it seen by talent scouts. (Her face, not the cake.) Suzan is from my home state, New York, and she landed in Hollywood because her father happened to be a travel agency manager.

She didn't fool herself that she could make good in movies; she went to North Hollywood, and every time she looked around she thought she saw a thousand girls who looked better. So she did a little modeling, sang with a dance band and hoped the right guy would come along. He did, and signed her to a movie contract. I won't say she's going places—in my opinion, she's already there. So go take a look at her in *The Untamed* with Jeff Chandler and *Yankee Buccaneer* with Scott Brady. And remember, a couple of years from now, I told you!

GLORIA GREENWOOD: SHE WAS "TOP SECRET" By John Derek

For a long time, Gloria Greenwood was a "hush-hush" girl at our studio, Columbia. The former Queen of the Portland, Oregon, Rose Festival had been signed to star in her first picture, playing the late Grace Moore's role in *One Night Of Love*.

A few days before winning her Golden Key, Gloria still had her original name, Gloria Krieger. Of her singing in concerts and on the radio, critics had already said such things as "the most exciting voice I have ever heard" and "the best voice in a hundred years." To date, her greatest achievement has been as the soloist for the Denver Symphony orchestra, but she would already be a movie favorite if the studio had not kept her a "top secret" while grooming her for her all important



Joan Taylor was ill, so sponsor Ronald Reagan and wife Nancy sent Key to the hospital.

screen debut in *One Night Of Love*.

I am proud to be Gloria's sponsor and anxious to appear opposite her in pictures, but I am certain that, even without this modest endorsement, she will be successful and famous in Hollywood for a long time to come.

EILEEN CHRISTY: THE BANK CLERK BEAUTY By John Russell

I think that few Hollywood Cinderella stories can match that of Eileen Christy, for whom Ella Raines and I are the sponsors. (The only Golden Key girl with two sponsors, by the way.) Eileen was only 14 and a native of Baldur, Manitoba, Canada, when she grabbed off a job as clerk in a San Francisco bank, and she might still be headed for a vice-presidency if so many people hadn't commented on her beautiful voice.

She auditioned at the Civic Light Opera Association, and abruptly veered to a new career. In 1949 she entered the Atwater Kent Auditions, placing second, but she was so determined that she tried again the second year and captured top honors. This led to television and her own NBC musical program known as the Eileen Christie Show. Today she has been signed to a Republic starring contract and you will see her first in *I Dream Of Jeanie*.

Keep an eye on this girl, and I will too, at Republic studios, where I hope to appear opposite her in many pictures.

PENNY EDWARDS: NOW SHE'S IN THE BIG LEAGUE By Bill Lundigan

Even my best friends didn't tell me that I'd be the loneliest guy at MODERN SCREEN'S Golden Key party until I arrived and was told that Penny Edwards, for whom I was named sponsor, was held over on location at Sedona, Arizona, and couldn't be present to receive her award. So, with a fine disregard for other people's money, I called her long distance, got Ty Power on the phone and told him that his leading lady in *Pony Soldier* was getting famous overnight.

Penny's career really began one night outside a theater in Jackson Heights, New York, when at the age of four she told her parents she was going to become an actress. Thereupon, she rustled up a gang of neighborhood kids and began to produce plays. She stuck to show business like a leech, wound up as a specialty dancer in the last Ziegfeld Follies at the tender age of 12.

Penny was Roy Rogers' girl in a half dozen movies and an equal number for Rex Allen. Then this dancing and acting whiz, who is prettier than a Petty girl, signed with 20th, where everyone is delighted at the great strides she is making as an actress. Check on her in *Pony Soldier* and see if I'm not right!

VIRGINIA GIBSON: CHORUS GIRL MAKES GOOD By Virginia Mayo

Yes, it still can be done—Virginia Gibson has danced her way through the chorus line of several Broadway shows, straight into a Hollywood contract, and I was proud to be present the night she accepted her Golden Key Award from MODERN SCREEN.

The sprightly little red-haired Virginia comes from St. Louis, Mo., where as the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Gorski she was educated at St. Alfonse's School for Girls and was sent to dancing school almost as soon as she could walk. And at 17, she took off on a shoestring to win her place in the hearts of New York

theater-goers, as she certainly will throughout the whole country, now that she has the much wider audience of movies.

I urge you to watch for Virginia in *About Face*, if you have not already seen her in *Tea For Two* or *Painting The Clouds With Sunshine*. Write and tell me how you like her; for as her sponsor I'd like to know how the Golden Key Girl who bears the same first name I do is getting along.

LUCY KNOCH:
"STRAIGHT GIRL" MAKES GOOD
 By Red Skelton

I want to step out of comedy character long enough to summon Lucy Knoch to the stage for a long deep bow as she accepts her Golden Key. This girl from Nashville, Tennessee, has brought a lot of pure fun and pleasure to millions of people watching my NBC-TV show, and I'm a little more than proud that she has won this honor, after spending four years on a studio lot where her talents were never properly used.

It was just a bit of luck that my business manager, Bo Roos, and I happened to spot her in a restaurant at the time when we were badly in need of a girl for the show, and Lucy said to me later, "I thought that Hollywood had become a blind alley for me, and I was all ready to take off for New York."

I feel that Lucy Knoch is one of the greatest natural comediennees of our time, and I am humbly proud that I have had a small part in furthering her career.

KAREN SHARPE:
TINIEST OF THEM ALL
 By Maureen O'Sullivan

I know that Karen Sharpe is headed for a fine future in the entertainment world, because I have appeared with her in television shows and know just how talented she is. Karen, who has a featured and continuing role in *The Children's Hour* series, a full hour program, came from San Antonio, Texas, graduated from the Hollywood Professional School, and originally planned to become a professional ice skater. Just five feet two inches tall, and weighing a hundred and three pounds, Karen is the type of girl I like to see succeed.

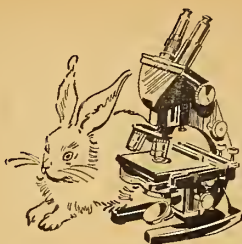
Karen is the first girl to be placed under contract by Hal Roach studios for their television productions, and other studios have been anxious to borrow her for movies ever since.

I hope you will continue to follow her career with as much interest as I do.

MARY SINCLAIR:
TV HITS HOLLYWOOD
 By Bill Holden

It is seldom that a player scores a solid success at any studio at which he or she has once been dropped from the contract list, but that is just what happened to Golden Key winner, Mary Sinclair. From San Diego, Mary was hailed to Paramount, just out of high school. Her tests failed, so she went on to New York, and after working in small stage roles, she landed a role in the television show, *Studio One*. She became the first lady of TV. That did it. All the studios bid for her services, but Mary preferred Paramount, where she once had failed to make good.

Oddly enough, Mary once modeled with Esther Williams, and gained most of her early drama experience by attending Hollywood High School evening drama school. Work and persistence have paid off for Mary Sinclair, who is scheduled for important roles at Paramount. I sincerely believe that before long she will have other



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homemade solutions of vinegar for her douche. Would *you* use vinegar as a *deodorant*? Of course not! Would you pour vinegar over a cut and expect germicidal protection? Of course not! Vinegar and many other preparations have their use for the household. But certainly no intelligent woman should use such homemade makeshift solutions for the most intimate concern of her life.

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honors to place beside MODERN SCREEN'S Golden Key tribute.

**PEGGY KING:
THE SECRETARY HEADS FOR FAME**
By Howard Keel

The most sensible way to success is to work at what you can do while waiting for an opportunity to try what you hope to do. That is exactly the procedure followed by Peggy King, who worked for two years as a secretary after her training in business college. Meantime, she patiently sought an opportunity with radio stations in Akron and Cleveland, Ohio, until she clicked. The parts were small at first, but she turned to singing and was signed with Charlie Spivak's band. Eventually, she auditioned for Decca records, at a time when MGM's producer, Arthur Freed,

was present. "If I'd known who he was," Peggy says, "I wouldn't have been able to sign a note." But that audition won her an MGM contract.

Now she is considered "another Judy Garland," and I am only one of many who predict that this particular Golden Key girl has a golden future.

**KATHY PHILLIPS:
THE MIRACLE FROM WOOLWORTH'S**
By Dennis Day

Yes, it's true. Woolworth 5 and 10c store's loss was the entertainment world's gain. Kathy doesn't remember, exactly, whether she quit Woolworth's or whether they quit her, but one thing she does know—she was borrowing money to eat on when she heard that we were auditioning for my TV show. She had nothing to lose, so she decided to

try out, and at the last minute she was so afraid, she wanted to back out. I think it was her nervousness in part that brought out her charm and made us decide to sign her for my NBC-TV show, after she sang "Getting To Know You" in competition with three skilled professionals.

There's something sort of wonderful about discovering a girl who once ran an elevator, shook towels in a laundry and stuffed bags in a potato chip factory, and then being able to watch her develop into a fine actress. Kathy is what we in show business call a "natural." She just "had to sing" all through her schooling at Mission High School in San Francisco, and the longer she is with us, the more convinced we all are that she'll one day be one of the most famous stars in the business, but that, in achieving that goal, she'll never lose an ounce of her delightful sweetness. **END**

what women have done to bill lundigan

(Continued from page 55) ordered. "Nobody's going to punish you."

Bill took the actress in his arms. He mashed his lips against hers. After a minute, Hedy came up for air. "A little better this time," she announced. "But you still need some instruction."

Women have been instructing Bill Lundigan all his adult life, largely because he gives them the feeling that he is a lost but talented soul, a frank actor who believes in speaking his mind honestly and bluntly, a practice frequently at odds with the high-powered diplomacy necessary to achieve Hollywood stardom.

Not too long ago, Bill was on location with Susan Hayward down in Georgia. The two of them were rehearsing a scene in which Bill drives a team of horses. A lot of townsfolk were watching the rehearsal, and Bill was taking a fearful verbal lashing from some third assistant director.

After the tenth bawling out, Bill was ready to blow his top. "I'm going down and tell that guy what I think of him," he muttered.

Susan Hayward grabbed Lundigan by the sleeve. "Just because he's a jerk," she whispered softly, "there's no point in your joining him. Let that Irish temper of yours cool down."

Bill looked at Susan, and she smiled. Then he broke into a grin, too. "Thanks," he said. "You probably saved my job."

LUNDIGAN has been extremely lucky in having a woman at his side during most of the critical moments of his life, and fortunately, women who have had more than their share of common sense.

The first was a beautiful young coed named Dorothy James with whom Bill attended Syracuse University. Dorothy's old man was the Lieutenant Governor of Pennsylvania. She was a girl with a quick and ready wit, an attractive personality, and a Venus de Milo figure.

Bill fell for her the way coal shuttles into a cellar basement, and she in turn, fell for him, because well, let's face it, Lundigan is a handsome hunk of man.

Bill, carried away by it all, proposed marriage to Dorothy. Romantically, he even suggested elopement. But Dorothy, despite her youth, knew the difference between real, lasting love and a tempestuous infatuation; and she told Bill very frankly that, while she cared for him a great deal, they were much too young to plunge into matrimony.

"My heart was broken at the time," Bill says. "But she certainly was right. She had a much deeper understanding of hu-

man nature than I. She saved us from a marriage that would never have worked. And I learned from her that marriage is nothing you enter into lightly, that it's the most important move in a man's life. When you finally take the step, you've got to be 99% sure. When I married my Rena, I was even more than 99% sure."

WHEN Bill Lundigan first hit Hollywood in 1937, however, he was about as sure of himself as a young girl attending her first dance. He was under contract to Universal, a studio majestically ruled over by young Queen Deanna Durbin. One night, after having seen this charming, neophyte actor in *Dodge City*, Queen Deanna expressed the desire of emoting with the lad in a movie entitled, *Three Smart Girls Grow Up*.

Midway during the production of this film, Deanna called Bill into her dressing room. She must have been all of 16 at the time. "What's the matter with you?" she demanded. "Don't you like this business?"

"Sure," said Bill. "I'm crazy about it." "You certainly don't act that way," Deanna countered. "You spend all your time gabbing with the extras and the electricians, and your mind seems to be a million miles off. I know you're easy-going and all of that, but honestly, Bill, you'll never get anywhere in Hollywood unless you concentrate."

Bill says now that Deanna was right. "She made me see," he admits, "that you couldn't play a scene cold, that the lines had to get inside of you, that you had to make the character you were playing part of your life. As young as she was, Deanna taught me an awful lot about acting."

"I've been out in Hollywood quite a while now, and I still hear all those stories about how catty actresses are. But that hasn't been my experience at all. Actresses have been the most wonderful persons in my life. They've taught me things. They've gotten me jobs. They've stopped me lots of times from making a fool of myself."

"I remember some time back when I was playing with Bette Davis in *The Old Maid*. I was so nervous I couldn't stop my knees from knocking together. I blew line after line. When Miriam Hopkins came into the scene, I was even worse. Finally, Bette took me over to one side. 'Look, Bill,' she said, 'Miriam and I both know how hard you're trying. Take it easy. Relax. We know you're okay.' After that, I was fine."

"After the war was over and I was married and in need of a job, what do you

think came up with one? Hedy Lamarr. She put me in one of her own productions.

"In 1949 when Zanuck was looking for a male lead opposite Jeanne Crain in *Pinky*, they were testing every actor and his grandfather. There was talk of Gregory Peck, Tyrone Power, Dana Andrews. I was sure I didn't have a chance, but Jeanne put in a good word for me, and Zanuck gave me a contract."

"I'm not kidding. Without women—without actresses in particular—I don't know where I'd be. Probably back in Syracuse working in my old man's shoe store."

Gloria De Haven and Mitzi Gaynor, who star with Bill in *Down Among The Shelters Palms*, say that Bill was pretty nervous about his timing because this was the first musical he's ever been in.

"We talked to him," Gloria admits, "gave him a few pointers about music and dancing, and he came across like a million bucks. I've been asked lots of times why girls like to help Lundigan, why we go out of our way for him. It's a pleasure because he's so darn sweet and appreciative. He's been in the business a long time, but he has a wonderful sense of humility. Most men resent a woman's help and show it. Not Bill. He appreciates it, and he shows his appreciation. Women find that irresistible. I guess all of us by nature have something of the schoolteacher in us. Bill brings it out."

THIS handsome heart throb who brings out the best in women first saw the light of this world in Syracuse, N. Y., as the son of Martha and Michael Lundigan, who had Ireland in their blood and Killarney in their souls.

As a boy he wanted to become a lawyer. But his father's shoe store was in the same building that housed radio station WFLB, and Bill spent most of his spare time hanging around the radio studios.

By the time he was ten, he was a regular on the Children's Hour, and by the time he was 16, he'd developed into a full-fledged producer. One of his discoveries was an 11-year-old master of ceremonies named Gordon MacRae.

When he entered Syracuse University, Lundigan was torn between radio and law. Radio won, and Bill left college to take over the station.

One afternoon, not long after Bill and his coed sweetheart had decided that marriage was not for them, a press agent, exploiting the virtues of a Tarzan movie, strode into Bill's office.

"Just interview me over your station," the press agent explained, "so that I can plug the picture. That's my job."

Lundigan is the world's most agreeable soul and so he said, "Sure."

When the interview was over, the ex-

ploitation man thanked Bill and told him to look him up if he ever got to New York.

A few weeks later Lundigan was in the Big City, and the executives of Universal, thanks to the press agent, agreed to screen test him in their Long Island studio. A month later, the blue-eyed Irishman landed in Hollywood!

His first two years were spent at Universal, his second two at Warners, and his third two at MGM.

DURING these six years there were many women in his life, but only two had a major lease on his heart. They were Martha O'Driscoll and Marguerite Chapman.

There was also a high school girl who, unknown to him, had a terrific crush on Lundigan. Her name was Rena Morgan, and her mother was Helen, the famous torch singer. Rena used to sit in Schwab's drug store on Sunset Boulevard and whenever Bill walked in, she'd just look and sigh.

Their paths never crossed—at least, not until 1943, when Lundigan was a Marine at Quantico, Va.

Rena Morgan came down one weekend from Washington, D. C., to visit friends. She was introduced to Lundigan. Her heart started doing flip-flops. Bill reacted the same way. He kept staring into Rena's big brown eyes, and for a man who ordinarily spoke with careful deliberation, Lundigan suddenly became very glib.

"I don't know what it was," he says. "We began to talk about life and philosophy and very serious things. I began to see that my life had been without aim or direction. That is, I began to see under Rena's tutelage. She told me that if acting was going to be my life's work, then I owed it to myself to become the best actor I possi-

bly could. You know how it is. You drift along from day to day, and suddenly you meet a girl and she asks you where you're going in life and you're stumped."

BILL fell in love with Rena Morgan, and, all the time he was fighting overseas, taking part in the actions on Peleiu and Okinawa, his thoughts were concentrated on her. They corresponded prolifically, these two, and the first night he was Stateside, Bill took Rena dancing at the Mocambo.

Emil Coleman and his orchestra were playing "Night And Day," the floor was very crowded, and Bill and Rena were dancing very close together, so close in fact that you couldn't have gotten a blade of grass between them. Quite suddenly Bill spoke into Rena's ear. "Would you mind very much," he asked, "if we got married?"

The light in her eyes gave him the answer, and he kissed her hair, and then her lips, right then and there and a few weeks later they became man and wife.

When you consider how many actresses genuinely like Bill Lundigan and how quickly in Hollywood the liking of an actor will develop into something stronger, it is quite remarkable that not one whiff of scandal has ever wafted over the Lundigan marriage.

After seven years, this is still one of the movie colony rock-firm marriages.

Friends of the Lundigans attribute its stability, in part, to the fact that both Rena and Bill are blessed with a well-rounded sense of humor.

WHEN Bill was making *Pinky*, Rena used to meet him at the door and say, "I bet you're all worn out from kissing Jeanne Crain today."

Bill would grin. "You've got no idea,

Rena, what Jeanne and I go through in a love scene. It's the same thing over and over, and under those hot lights, too."

Then they'd both laugh and kiss and sit down to dinner.

The other night while dining with the Lundigans I asked Bill to sum up what the various women in his life had done for him.

"That's a great thing to ask in front of my wife," he said.

"Go ahead," Rena urged. "Tell us. I'd like to hear."

Lundigan gulped. All the women in his life, he explained, had been simply wonderful. Dorothy James had made him think about marriage like a man, not a boy. Deanna Durbin had taught him how to concentrate, Bette Davis how to relax. Hedy Lamarr had shown him that kindness was the one virtue fellow-workers in Hollywood valued the most. Susan Hayward had taught him how to control his temper, and June Haver had proven to him the purifying power of religion.

"How about your wife?" I asked.

Bill thought for a moment. "Rena's responsible for all our happiness," he said, "only I'm not going into details or she'll want me to increase her allowance." He leaned across the table and taking Rena's right hand, pressed it to his lips. Then smiling, "You know, other husbands come home from work and their wives offer to take off their shoes and get the footstool. My wife—well, I came home the other day worn to a frazzle—and she said, 'What's the matter, honey? Does Mitzi Gaynor hug too hard?'"

Mrs. Lundigan laughed and looked at her handsome husband with her heart in her eyes—and it wasn't hard to see that this woman's love is the best of all the good things that women have given to Bill Lundigan.

END

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(Continued from page 57) breaking her reverie. "Look down." They were scudding in close now and a dark green mountain was rising up to meet them. "Diamond Head," he smiled, "just like the postcards."

Seconds later Ann was wreathed with flowers. The orchestra was playing "Aloha." Then a young man from the Royal Hawaiian Hotel came and whisked her off to that most luxurious of all resorts, where she was deposited in a lanai fronted room that looked right over Waikiki Beach.

Hawaii! It was the end of March but already the Islands were bursting with spring. A soft shower fell regularly every day, soon chased away by the sun, and each day it made the green foliage greener, the tropical perfumes more intoxicating and the air more like champagne. "It's heaven," Ann thought.

Heaven lasted five wonderful weeks for Ann Blyth. By now, of course, she is back in Hollywood, with the hectic life of a Hollywood star again sweeping her busily along. But she's not the same Ann Blyth who climbed aboard the Clipper last spring. She was taut as a fiddle string then, and underweight, with little lines of tiredness etched around her eyes. Then she had made three pictures in a row—*The World In His Arms*, *One Minute To Zero* and *Sally And Saint Anne*—boom, boom, boom, like that. And, on the side, she had been engaged in so many personal appearances, benefits, camp shows and rallies—usually averaging two a week—that she never quite caught up with herself. She's at it again, now. And she's making *The Student Prince* with Mario Lanza, but there's a new zest and freshness about her, a new wellspring of energy to draw on. And she glows with a million memories of everything nice that can happen to a girl who makes a trip to a special paradise, where a dream she had dreamed all her young life finally came true. How it finally did, Ann doesn't exactly know to this day. Nobody's told her. So maybe it's time she knew that the whole thing was a deep, dark plot.

The conspirators weren't masked men in black capes, although their mission was to spirit Annie away. They were all very nice guys who are crazy about her, although they're all respectfully hitched themselves. One was Al Rockett, a grandfather, who's made stars and guided their careers as a producer, and now, as an agent, in Hollywood for 38 years. He's handled Ann Blyth's fortunes ever since *Watch On The Rhine*, and he's been like a dad to her since she was 13. Another was Frank MacFadden, her publicity pop at Universal-International, who's had Ann under his wing ever since she's been on that lot. And the third plotter was her own genial, Celtic Uncle Pat, who with Aunt Cis, has handled the care and comfort of orphan Annie off and on throughout her girlhood, and with whom she's lived ever since her own mother died. They put their heads together because all were nursing the same worry. Annie was going on sheer will power, they agreed, having too many colds, working herself to a shadow. She needed a rest, a big change and a long vacation. She needed to relax and unwind and the place for that, Al advised, was Hawaii.

"They do say there's hibiscus as tall as trees over there," mused Aunt Cis.

"Everything's in Hawaii," confirmed Al, "including the Navy. Leave it to me. I'll tell her."

He had an ace up his sleeve, a very practical ace. When he had set Ann to make *One Minute To Zero* at RKO, Howard Hughes offered her a bonus—a vacation trip, all expenses paid, for Ann, Pat and Cis, wherever and whenever she'd like to go. Ann knew about this of course, but she hadn't gotten around to thinking about when or where, and probably never would. Al called her. "How'd you like to go to Hawaii?"

"Is there something there for me to do?" she asked innocently.

"Nothing at all," explained Al, "that's the point. I'm not making any deals for you. You're all through with *Sally And Saint Anne*, and *Great Companions* (she was lined up for that then) doesn't start for seven long weeks. Now's the time, or never."

"But I wanted to go to Korea," Ann objected.

"Korea later. But Hawaii now. I've made reservations. You leave next week, and Dolly and I leave with you—just to set things up and see that you meet people and have fun."

"But I can't possibly get ready in a week. I've got to shop. I've got..."

"I'll change the reservations, then," fibbed Al. "Make it two weeks from now." He didn't have to change them, of course. They were already made that way. Al knows Ann. But he had to set an iron-clad date, or he knew he'd never tear her away.

IT HAPPENED TO ME

I attended a rehearsal of "The Big Show" in London starring Tallulah Bankhead and while there was very surprised to see and hear George Sanders singing.

After the broadcast I asked him how long he'd been singing.

"Oh," he said, "I was singing in films 20 years ago and the reason I gave it up was because I'm really a bass and we always have to sing about fishes or ships or something like that... so I said 'I want love and kisses!'"



H. Katz
Middx., England

The two weeks flew by before she knew it. At last they were aboard the plane and winging away. Nine and a half hours—and they were there, just half a night on the big stratocruiser.

Busy as Ann was that first day, getting settled, there was plenty of time to slip into her new lavender bathing suit and run down to Waikiki's strand for a dip and a tingling ride on the outriggers. And time after that to primp luxuriously in her blue net evening gown while sun and sea were still reflected in her mirror. They would have dinner—Ann, Pat, Cis, Al and Dolly—out on the terrace, right over the waves. But "dinner" is entirely too stingy a word. This first dinner, like every meal to follow, was a feast.

First there was a fruit surprise, a bowl as big as the Davis Cup, it seemed to Ann, with every exotic fruit that grows, its heart a half-pineapple in a nest of spun sugar. Then came soup—a blend of every kind of seafood in the South Seas, art-

fully brewed with native herbs. Next *Mahi-mahi*, a native fish of sweetness and delicacy. The entree was plump squabs baked in fragrant leaves and wild rice. I won't go through all the rest of the courses until the baked Alaska topped with meringue birds and ringed by flowers. But Ann went through them, and what's more she cleaned her plate. How she could rise after that, light as a feather, to dance past midnight under the moon and stars with the salt spray kissing her cheeks, was a wonder. But that's what happened, and you can credit that to the U. S. Navy.

Because she'd hardly stepped on the floor with Al Rockett when a dark, handsome lieutenant in his tropical whites steered straight for Pat. "I wonder, Sir," he saluted, "if your daughter might dance with me?"

"Well, now," replied Pat expansively, "I'm not one for knowing that. But why don't you ask the girl when she gets back?" Which he did, and—lucky guy—the Navy is one of Ann's weaknesses. She joined the fleet pronto, or rather two fleets, because, besides Uncle Sam's gallants, there was an Australian cruiser in port on the way to Canada. Who won the battle for Blyth that night no one could say; possibly Annie herself, because she was whirled from uniform to uniform under the soft Hawaiian sky with guitars strumming, and two sweetheart-starved navies standing in line.

Ann went shopping, too, naturally. She bought flowered *holomus* and *kimonos* and a filmy evening dress, which Japanese girls sewed of tissue taffeta with gold figures, so gossamer sheer that the Waikiki breezes swirled it mischievously up to her waist when she danced on the terrace. She collected and wore sarongs of bright cotton prints. She stocked up on little hand-carved ivory jewelry and brilliantly patterned Hawaiian shirts for her friends back in Hollywood.

She took the trip around Oahu, of course, and flew over the gaping, volcanic craters on Big Hawaii, where the pilot dipped so close she had to shut her eyes from dizziness. She played golf at the Oahu Country Club and won four malted milks from two Catholic fathers who challenged her. She picnicked on the beach under Diamond Head and climbed to the Pali where King Kamehameha once shoved his enemies over an awesome cliff. She learned to hula "Little Brown Gal" and started on the intricate "Loving Hula Hands" under her patient teacher, *Puanani*.

The phone had started ringing the minute Ann and her party checked in at the Royal Hawaiian. Everyone wanted to give Ann parties, show her the sights, feast and fiesta her.

Then there were Pat and Barbara White, whose father is president of the Hawaiian Pineapple Company. Pat and Barbara run a gift shop right in the Royal Hawaiian and nothing would do but for Ann to come right out to the house for a party and later a tour of the pineapple and sugar cane plantations. And Wade Knapp, a young pal of Al's, took her, sarong and all, to the Ishii Gardens for a *sukiyaki* feast with chopsticks and shrimp *tempura*—a feast for the gods, as was the pit-roasted pig at the *luau* that Don the Beachcomber tossed one Sunday night. If you've never tasted roast pig, pineapple and papaya at Don's luaus, then you haven't lived. Whatever Ann did she revelled in—whatever she ate she loved madly, even *poi* and a sip of the fiery *okolehau*. If you can down these, they say, you're a real *Kanaka*.

Of course, all her vacation days weren't an unbroken round of festivity, although Ann, contrary to some Hollywood experts, can kick up her (Continued on page 86)

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(Continued from page 84) heels when she's a mind to. But there's another side to her, a better known side, and she can't be anywhere long before that quality comes out. Vacationing or not, Ann truly likes to sing, and vacationing or not, too, her heart's always stretching out to spread its sunshine around. There were a lot of places she wanted to visit that weren't vacation spots by a long shot. Hawaii isn't all a tourist's dream. It's a big, bustling territory, almost a state by now, and it has historic shrines of deep import for every American.

Wade Knapp, an ex-FBI man, arranged to show her Pearl Harbor, and Commander Goode guided them around the giant naval installations, the docks, the gray guardian fleet, the historic landmarks of December 7, 1941. She walked aboard the U.S.S. Arizona, now a monument to the thousands of Pearl dead, with a plaque on its deck. As Ann saw these things, she felt, as any sensitive American girl would feel, the true meaning of the Hawaiian outpost.

But all things come to an end sometime, and finally came that sad-sweet Aloha day—a day you celebrate in

Hawaii just as much as you do the day you arrive. The goodbyes were said, the thank-you's made, last minute errands done when Ann suddenly cried in dismay, "Why, I can't leave like this. I haven't sung for the hotel help!" She called Tommy Chambers and had a piano and a lot of food sent up. Ann sang for two hours, everybody got autographed pictures, and some got hugs and kisses. But when the party was over, Ann suffered another horrible thought: "We forgot the chambermaids, and the girls in the laundry." So they did it all over again!

Finally she was aboard the *Lurline*. Whistles blew, confetti snowed and streamers snapped as the big luxury liner edged away from the wharf. Half of Honolulu, it seemed, was down to wave goodbye.

For almost a week then there was nothing for Ann to do on the *Lurline* but rest up from her rest, sun on deck, play ping pong and keno, bet quarters on the "races," practice her hula steps and swim in the pool. But finally the familiar California Coast loomed up, and at last she was home.

Inside, the phone was already ringing

insistently. Dick Clayton wanted to see Annie soonest. Jane Withers, June Haver, Betty Lynn, Ann's good pals, wanted to hear everything about her trip. And then Frank MacFadden saying, "Want to work? Got news for you. You're going into *The Student Prince* with Mario Lanza. What do you think about that?" Ann thought it was wonderful. "And then," announced Frank, "there's a trip to Alaska for the premiere of *The World In His Arms*, and of course you'll want to make all the Air Force and Army bases. Got six lined up so far. . . ." Of course. She was back home, all right.

So things haven't changed in Hollywood for Ann Blyth since her Hawaiian idyll. Nor has Annie herself changed, outside, so you'd notice it. But, within, it's a different story. Locked in her heart is a new love for a place where some lucky men live. She learned a song on the Islands—it's called "Heaven Is In Blue Hawaii," and that's just about how Ann feels. If you're hunting a paradise on earth, she'll tell you, Hawaii's the place. At least, that's where one girl, who dreamed of paradise years ago, finally looked and found hers. **END**

we fight, but we love it!

(Continued from page 67) call each other sweetie—"that one went out of style at the turn of the century." Whereupon Ava will make some witty retort about the shoulder pads in Frank's suits. "Those pads," she'll crack, "look like the stuff King Arthur and his knights wore at the Round Table."

This sort of good-natured banter goes on all the time. It is carried off in an air of mock seriousness, but actually the Sinatras are teasing. It may come as a surprise to the gossip mongers, "but, honestly," Ava says, "we have a pretty good sense of humor between the two of us."

Ava and Frank know when their quarrels are petty and ridiculous. They know in their hearts what is important and what is not, and they have a realistic sense of values.

When Ava was playing in *The Snows Of Kilimanjaro* a few weeks back, she had a six o'clock call. In order to look half awake at 6:00 A.M., any actress needs a good night's rest. It so happened that the Sinatras had a date to eat out at Romanoff's that night. Before they left the house, Ava announced that she would leave the table at 9:30 P.M.

When 9:30 rolled around, Ava took off. Next day, the rumor was bandied all over town. Ava had walked out on her Frankie for the last time.

Ava has lived in Hollywood for more than a decade, and most rumors don't bother her, particularly such stuff as the above.

The one rumor that has annoyed her consistently, however, concerns Frank's children. Her face grows beet red and her eyes kindle with fire whenever anyone says, "I understand you and Frank's kids don't get along."

FRANK'S children visit the Sinatras periodically. They came down to Palm Springs to spend the weekend with Ava and Frank before the newlyweds took off for Honolulu. They played and swam and ate and picnicked and had a delightful time. The children are beautifully behaved. Nancy Sinatra has done a superb job in raising them. They're so well-mannered and polite, in fact, that even if they didn't like Ava, which doesn't hap-

pen to be the case, they'd never let her know.

Ava has said time and time again, "I only hope when it comes to raising my own children that I can do as good a job as Nancy Sinatra has."

When Ava and Frank have Frank's children with them, there's no strain, no big show, no anxiety. Sinatra has always been a wonderful father. His kids regard Ava as a friend who loves and respects them, and the last thing in the world Ava would do would be to destroy that impression.

Another thing. It's been said that Frank is and has been responsible for Ava's present relationship with her studio.

As you probably know, Ava was suspended for turning down a role in the film, *Sombrero*. "I'm sure it's going to be a great picture," Ava says, "only I just didn't happen to like the part that was offered me. My refusal to accept it was made on my own initiative. I've been suspended before for the same reason, and on each of these occasions my refusal had been motivated by my own judgment. Frank has nothing to do with scripts sent to me."

As regards their careers, the Sinatras travel separate paths. Stories to the effect that Frank exercises a Svengali-like effect on Ava are at variance with the truth.

The only time Frank will ever give his opinion of a script is when his wife asks him to. He never volunteers his opinion, which is a pretty shrewd one.

As Ava looks back on her months of marriage, she can honestly say that she and Frank haven't had one serious fight. All the spats have been minor and unimportant. Frank wanted to take a vacation in Mexico. Ava wanted to go to Spain, so they compromised and went to Hawaii where they had a wonderful time.

WHEN they returned to Los Angeles, the lease on their house had expired. Frank, a beach-lover from way back, suggested renting a house in Malibu. Ava voted for one away from the ocean and up in the hills. The words flew hot and heavy for a while, but the Sinatras now live in the hills.

Frank and Ava both have volatile natures. They don't believe in repression. If they get angry, they let off verbal steam. They never harbor long-term grudges.

At Mocambo a couple of weeks back a

friend of theirs, June Hutton, was breaking in her act. Ava thought that one of June's songs was out of place.

Frank told Ava very nicely that she was all wet. After all, what he's forgotten about songs and singing, Ava will never learn. But you know how stubborn women can be. "I'm sorry, sweetie," Ava persisted. "I still think the song is wrong for Junie. The number isn't for her." So they had a discussion, whereupon everyone suddenly turned around and stared.

When Ava and Frank get along harmoniously, that's nothing. If they quarrel, it's a big scoop.

Ava and Frank quarrel. Make no mistake about that, but so does every other married couple. Only the Sinatra quarrels are about nothing vital, and Ava never lets them get to the point where they matter or become irritating.

SOME newlyweds go around kissing and cooing every three minutes. Not Frank and Ava. In their own hearts they're convinced that their marriage is a lasting proposition. And the reason they like to fight about the little things is that it gives them a chance for reconciliations which are worth all the rest.

But about the really important things in their lives, Ava and Frank have no indecision. They want children, and they want to raise them in California. Given the choice of motherhood or a career, Ava would prefer motherhood. Frank is the family breadwinner, but the big decisions are made together.

In the months to come there will be many more stories on the battling Sinatras, because Ava and Frank relish a good argument, whether they happen to be in a night club or the Yankee Stadium. Neither of them has ever studied for the Diplomatic Service, but that doesn't mean their marriage is headed for the rocks. It isn't. Right now it's invigorating, provocative, and stimulating.

Life with Frank can never be dull. He's a very desirable man, and Ava isn't exactly a wall-flower type. These two make an interesting, sparkling combination, perhaps even a unique one, because in a business which is basically neurotic, these two believe in giving vent to their feelings.

"It's true that we fight," Ava says, "but what those writers don't tell you in their stories is that we fight about nothing at all, and that we love it." **END**

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smile when you say that

(Continued from page 29) is a minor perfectionist who has kidded himself into believing that he knows more about writing than writers, more about directing than directors, more about producing than producers.

"Let him come across a script sequence that makes no sense, and he yells his head off until it's changed. He fights with directors, and I know of one case where he even threatened to punch a producer in the nose.

"He's a handy man with his fists, and he doesn't mind throwing his weight around. He's about as diplomatic as a tornado, and he'll battle anyone if he thinks he's right."

HOLLYWOOD got its first inkling of the unique Granger character when MGM signed him to star in *King Solomon's Mines*, in 1949.

Granger read the script and immediately shocked all the executives by announcing in no uncertain terms that several scenes contained too many lines of dialogue for him. He wanted all his dialogue trimmed to the bone, preferring to be depicted as a man of action rather than a man of words.

For an actor to complain about having too many lines is unheard of in Hollywood, and almost overnight the word got out that Stewart Granger was cut from a different fabric than most British actors.

He certainly is.

When the studio portrait department doctored his photograph, taking all the wrinkles out of his face, Granger again hit the ceiling.

"You fellows have ruined me," he screamed. "You've made me look like a boy. It took me almost 40 years to get these lines in my face and no still retoucher is going to take them out!"

When *King Solomon's Mines* finally went into action in Africa, Granger, according to several members of the cast, was about as easy to direct as a boa constrictor.

"He played the part of a white hunter," one actor recalls, "and since he'd been big-game hunting before, he became the authority on practically everything. He griped because they wouldn't let him use real bullets. He wanted the elephants to drop dead right in front of the camera. When the directors told him that he'd have to fire blank cartridges, he was furious. On the level. He screamed that blank cartridges would make his part seem phony since there's no recoil from a gun when you shoot blanks.

"As you probably know, things became

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so hectic during the shooting of *Mines* that we had to change directors. Granger and Compton Bennett, the original director, got along like Franchot Tone and Barbara Payton. Granger was told not to go hunting, that he was too valuable a piece of property. But Granger, who is absolutely fearless, went stalking water buffalo. He came back with two broken ribs. Of course, if you give him his own way about everything, he's a wonderful guy."

When Granger was making *The Light Touch*, again in Africa, he suggested to the director that he be allowed to start a fight with a cameraman in order to divert a crowd of native Tunisians who were lousing up the scene. The director convinced Granger that other members of the crew, who weren't as valuable and necessary for the completion of the picture, should be permitted this hilarious diversion. Granger was crushed. He relishes rough physical contact.

During the filming of *The Wild North*, he refused to have doubles substitute for him in any of the fight scenes, and he simply hated to pull any of his punches.

Before this particular picture got underway, there was a good deal of discussion as to whether Granger should play the leading role with a French Canadian accent or his own. There was some doubt in the MGM command as to whether the Englishman could get away with a Canuck accent. The arguments waxed wild and woolly, with Granger accusing various executives of double-crossing him. The debate reached its climax one day when Granger offered to take an executive outside and bash his head in.

An Englishman who knows Granger well says, "I've always had the feeling that Jimmy behaves the way he does because secretly he's ashamed of being an actor. Here he is a big, burly fellow, and he makes his living reciting lines in front of a camera.

"When he was a boy he looked upon actors as sissies, and the only reason he went to work in a motion picture studio was to meet beautiful young women.

"During the War when he was with the Black Watch, he was invalidated out with a stomach ulcer, so that he's never really found the occupation to fit his wonderful physique, except on the screen. In his American movies he always plays the strong man, *King Solomon's Mines*, *The Wild North*, *Scaramouche*, *The Prisoner of Zenda*—these are all blood and thunder stories calling for a man with primarily physical attributes.

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why he's quick to voice his opinion which he considers eminently reasonable. It frequently is, but it also frequently hurts and antagonizes many people."

Not too long ago, one director became irritated at Granger's constant suggestions on how to direct his picture. "I'll tell you what, Jimmy," he said. "Let me direct this one. You can direct the sequel."

Granger himself says that he possesses a really "filthy bad temper. I'm no good," he adds, "sitting in a corner, sucking my thumb when people are trying to do me in. I believe in speaking out." As for his working habits, he says, "It just kills me when I see something obviously wrong in a scene. It doesn't make any difference whether I'm in the scene or not. I've got to tell the director about it. It's just that I hate to see anything spoiled by stupidity and bad taste."

Acquaintances of Granger say he sees no point in being well-liked if he has to adopt traits at variance with his basic character.

On one occasion, for example, he walked up to Deborah Kerr and said, "Everybody likes you. But tell me, why do you want to be liked?"

The actress was momentarily flabbergasted. "Because," she said, "it's better than being disliked. Isn't it, Jimmy?" Granger shrugged.

Naturally, his attitude isn't conducive to making many friends. He has relatively few, his closest being Elizabeth Taylor's husband, Michael Wilding, whom he met 19 years ago at the British International Studios in Elstree, England.

Wilding says, "My meeting with Jimmy was quite by accident. I'd just come back from studying art in Brussels, and I had in mind a job of painting scenery at the studio. There was one hitch. I had no architectural training, so I took a job as an extra, hoping that I'd learn exactly how they built sets. I was handed a powder puff and some makeup and left standing, feeling awfully silly."

"Just then I saw a big guy standing next to me, patting his face with a powder puff and looking even more incongruous than I. Six-feet-three, rugged, with a powder puff! It turned out his name was Jimmy Stewart."

The two young extras became close friends. They played poker together, dated together, and when they earned some money, bought a yacht. Granger taught Wilding how to sail and hunt, and Wilding became god-father to Granger's first-born, Jamie, who is now eight. Wilding flew to America when Granger and Jean Simmons both agreed that he would make a fine best man at their wedding.

Wilding is of the opinion that Granger has calmed down a bit since his youth. "He's a little quieter now," he says, "but he still has the courage to say what he means. He has a stubborn streak, but he's every inch a man."

GRANGER's forthright manner, his lack of diplomacy, has given rise to the rumor that his marriage to Jean Simmons is foundering. The gossips insist that Jean can't stand up under his constant barrage of instruction and biting criticism.

This is ridiculous. Jean is not an American girl, with an American girl's outlook on marriage.

She has always worshipped and respected Jimmy, and the simple truth is that, despite his brusqueness, he is at heart a kind and generous husband. Jean expects to play second fiddle to her Jimmy because he is wiser, older, more experienced than she. Realizing this, she accepts him with all his faults.

They are passionately in love, and stories to the opposite send Granger into bursts

of unprintable adjectives.

He cannot understand, for example, why each time he goes fishing without Jean, who doesn't particularly like to fish, some columnist has to carry a report that the Stewart Grangers are separating. He also cannot understand all those stories which describe him and Jean as financially embarrassed, or "in too deep." Their combined salary is \$7,000 a week, about ten times what they earned in England.

"It is just stupid, outright nonsense," he declares. "These ridiculous gossip items."

Don't think for a minute that Granger is without his army of supporters in Hollywood. Even a director can be found who will say nice words about him. Andrew Marton, the man behind *The Wild North*, says, "Many people are convinced that Granger is a big, outspoken ham. I don't think so. My opinion is that he's an intelligent actor who constantly strives for

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perfection. In the striving, he sometimes rubs people the wrong way.

"He does things that most actors would never think of doing. In *King Solomon's Mines*, for example, he learned some esoteric native dialect because he didn't want to be accused of inaccuracy. He's a stickler for minor flaws, but at least he's wholeheartedly interested in every picture he makes. Many actors don't give a darn. Not Granger."

Sam Zimbalist is another Granger supporter. "Maybe he won't win any popularity contests in the industry," the famous MGM producer concedes, "but Granger is a man of intelligence and integrity, and that's a pretty rare combination these days. A man who stands up and speaks his piece is to be admired."

One of the reasons Granger is referred to as a "ham" is that he likes to posture and romanticize himself. After returning from a safari in Africa last year, he was interviewed by a reporter whom he told of his narrow escape from death when a wounded water buffalo charged him. "I guess," he said fatalistically, "I'm destined to die in Africa." And a far away look came into his eyes as if he were dreaming of those unforgettable days in Kenya.

The reporter was duly impressed until a director said, "Don't take him seriously. He's been destined to die in every country he's visited."

Recently, a newsman asked a top MGM executive if at this point in his life there was any possibility of Stewart Granger mellowing into a more tractable, sweet-natured character.

The executive shook his head. "Why should he change?" he asked. "By behaving in his own way, he's managed to wind up with stardom, a mansion, a yacht, \$4,000 a week, and Jean Simmons."

Under the circumstances, would anyone change? **END**

"sometimes I'm happy . . ."

(Continued from page 35) think about the scene I'm doing. And after a 'take' I think about the way I should have done it and get sore at myself. That's why, I guess, people have called me moody."

Now this all sounds like an actor with a ruthless driving ambition. This sounds like a Shelley Winters. Shelley was determined she was going to do the role in *A Place In The Sun*. When it was suggested to the powers in charge, their unanimous attitude was, "Shelley Winters? That hot-cha, sex boat playing that drab factory girl? Are you kidding?" But Shelley kept after that part. And she got it and she was great. But this is not Farley's way.

So what is more important to an actor than a career? Marriage? Well, ask Farley if he plans to marry. Ask him if he sees marriage as part of his future. He hesitates. He thinks for a moment. Then he says, "Yes, I think about getting married. Settling down. Having a house and children, but what people seem to forget when they ask if your future plans include marriage is that the desire for marriage has to have the impetus of someone who can propel you into feeling that way. If you're not interested in anyone that way then it's all just supposition, isn't it?"

BEFORE THE BREAK-UP

As I was wandering through Macy's furniture display one day, I noticed a very attractive blonde sitting on one of the sofas, leafing through a magazine. She looked vaguely familiar, and I was almost



on the point of speaking to her when a handsome suntanned man came striding up to her, pitched imaginary water over her from a display pitcher, and called out in a rich, teasing voice: "Come on, Shell—let's go to lunch." As he pulled her to her feet and they started away, suddenly the identity of the striking pair dawned on me—they were no less than Shelley Winters and Farley Granger!

Margie Westcott
Mission, Kansas

But insist that he tell you what he wants from this in-the-future, this sometime marriage. And listen to him. He says, "I want all the old cornball stuff. The little cottage with the fence around it. I want 'the little woman.' Not the big career woman. I don't believe I could adjust my life to a woman with the big drive toward the career. But I'd want my marriage to be the most important thing in my life, and I'd want the person I married to think so, too."

Now all this may change, for Farley is a boy who goes through many phases. He will feel very social for a time and go to a lot of parties. Then, suddenly, he'll say to himself, "I've had it," and he won't accept an invitation for weeks.

Introspectively he says, "I think I have a knowledge of myself, of my capacities as well as of my weaknesses. I used to feel so insecure and inadequate. When I was younger I was in a constant state of



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wanting to be successful and wanting to learn about everything. Why, I wanted to know and to learn so much that I'd be reading three books at one time. That was until a friend told me, 'Relax a little, boy. You're young enough to have time to learn so there's no hurry and you're too old to be a child prodigy.'

But, during this phase the most important thing he learned was, "I can't please everybody as a person or as a performer. Some people think I'm wonderful. Some people think I'm a stuck-up jerk. Some people think I can act. Some people think I can't. But I refuse to submerge my personality into being a sweet goody-goody just to have people like me."

AND Farley is annoyed—and so rightly—when he hears that people have said, "Farley isn't the same nice kid he was when he got his first break in pictures." He says, "I was 17, then. Naturally I've changed. Nothing stands still. You have to change and develop. It's like marriage. A man and a woman are madly in love. They marry. They start to make a life together and their relationship changes. It may be for the better. It may be for the worse. But it changes. The good marriage becomes richer. The man and wife change attitudes toward each other. And this is right. And if I were the same 'nice kid' I was when I was 17, now that I'm 26, I'd be an idiot. And I don't believe I'm an idiot."

Ask him how he feels about success and what he has learned from it. He'll tell you, "Success depends on what you do with it, and I think it is basically more interesting to make a career out of being a human being than out of being an actor. I've watched the people who drive hard for material success. They're always waiting for the day when they're acclaimed. They think success is like a movie when it says 'The End.' That success is the end-all, be-all. They think success is like the marriage story where the couple lives 'happily ever after.' Then these people become successful. They are acclaimed and they're just as mixed up and confused as they were before."

When Farley came to this realization he was determined that he was not going to be mixed up and confused after success had come to him. And he wondered what he needed to make himself a success as a human being.

He had always been interested in painting—he can sketch and draw quite well, as a matter of fact—so the discovery of art—and later of music—were not big steps but were exciting ones.

Books had always been a part of his life, but as he matured he found new meaning in what he read. The world of literature was a big and beautiful world, too. But still there was something lacking. He decided to go to Europe.

He had always wanted to travel. Although he had done a stretch in the Navy in World War II, he didn't exactly see the world. Besides, the Navy had caught him at a bad time psychologically. It was just after he had made his first film, *North Star*. He had thought, like so many young men, that here he was on his way, heading up with a good contract, great potentials. And what happens? There's a war. But now the war was over. He had become a great movie idol. He could afford to see the world.

THERE was a big hue and cry about Farley's spending so much time in Europe. It was said he hated Hollywood. "I don't hate Hollywood," he says. "I love it. But I know that in order to keep your values straight you have to get away from it to discover that other people are

working and doing important things, that other people are thinking, and that making movies is not the only thing that is important."

Farley's parents are typical middle class Americans. They are older than most parents of a 26-year-old offspring, but that's the only way they differ from the average. Farley's mother is a big, good-hearted woman who loves to cook. Farley's father helps his son with his work. In this case it means helping Farley open and answer his fan mail. So what is the pull toward Europe for this boy who comes from such typical American stock?

Farley finds it "exciting to be in a foreign place where the culture and the attitudes are different." Farley believes that relationships should be kept straight—that some people can be your friends, some people nice acquaintances and some people more important on the romantic side. "You don't want to marry every girl you meet," he says. And he hates being made to feel that he is an eligible bachelor. "Europeans," he has found, "are mature about romance. Because theirs is an older culture, they know how to keep relationships straight."

One of the phases that Farley went through was his constantly moving from apartment to apartment. This was partly a practical measure. If he knew he was going to be in Europe for a certain length of time, he did not want to pay rent on a place. So he would give it up and find another apartment upon his return. But, since some of his apartments were less than perfect, he was, as he says, "Always at someone's place, because I wasn't comfortable at my own. But now I want to build a house. I've accumulated lots of records and some good paintings. I'd like to have a place for them. I never thought I'd want the responsibility of a house but now I do."

FARLEY likes to argue. Just out of sheer perversity he will take the opposite side from the one in which he believes, and he will support it until he discovers that he is, actually, saying exactly what his opponent is saying.

To understand what has made Farley as he is, as of this minute, let's go way back to his earliest memory—when his family was living in San Jose. He was riding his tricycle on the pavement and he fell off and scraped his knees. All he remembers is the falling off, the bleeding knees. He has been told that five minutes later he was back on his tricycle, happy as a bird. He only remembers the tragedy.

Ask him if he is happy now and he will tell you yes, he is happy. He will mean it, too. But, partly because he is older now and partly because he knows that success is not "The End," he will never again know the sublime happiness he knew when Samuel Goldwyn gave him a contract and his first role in *North Star*. That was when he thought that to be a movie actor was to be a king.

Then he was the eager beaver. Then he was the kid who had to make good. Then he wanted to be the greatest actor in the world.

Joan Evans has an unforgettable memory of him when they were together on a personal appearance tour. For publicity purposes the two young people rode a fire engine through the streets of New Orleans. The wail of the sirens drowned out their voices, but if you happened to see them and wondered why Joan was doubled over with laughter, here's the reason. Farley, atop the roaring truck, exhorted the crowds, who could not hear him, like a phony evangelist. "I was a miserable sinner like you once myself,"

he shouted to the swooning bobby soxers who waved happily to their idol.

His imitations of famous movie personalities are very funny. But he only goes into this act with people he knows well and, as he says, "I have many acquaintances, many people I like but only a few real friends." His imitations are not malicious, but they are very accurate and indicate that he would make a fine light comedian. Yet his screen comedy is not perfected. He is much better when he plays intense, dramatic roles.

When he discovered that just being a movie star was not enough, when the desire for culture overtook him as it does so many eager young people, he sought and found a group who put music and art and literature and travel above movie stardom. And that, goodness knows, was healthy. But these people tried to teach Farley something that was not in his original character. They tried to teach him scorn—scorn for the typical, scorn for the average. And scorn is something that Farley should not learn or even try to learn.

Anybody can be a movie star; even Lassie.

Robert Mitchum

No matter what he says to the contrary, he is moody. And this is because he is always at war with himself. For example, he will say, "I don't understand publicity people. They're always asking me, 'What's new? What's exciting?' And I'll tell them, 'Well, I left the set. I went home. I took off my makeup. I had dinner. I went to bed. I woke up. I am here on the set of *Hans Christian Andersen*. So what?'" But explain to him that in order to publicize the films in which he stars they must have their "new" and "exciting" stories, and his eyes become warm and sympathetic. "I know," he says. "I'm wrong. It's their job."

He can be deeply touched when he allows himself to be. He can also be most charming. But when he tries to be cagey and secretive—well, on him it doesn't look good. For Farley started out to be all emotion. He has learned to be intelligent. And that's what I mean when I say he is at war with himself. His natural feelings are often at odds with his acquired intelligence. And that's why it's hard to believe him when he says he is happy.

Farley thinks he knows himself. He thinks he knows what he wants. It is difficult to know what you really want when you're only 26 years old.

And you know what I believe? I think Farley could become not just "a good actor"—he is that already—but a great actor. I think he could become a fine artist, but before that happens he must have a kind of emotional security which he does not have now. He thinks he is being realistic when he says, "I believe I'm right to turn down pictures that seem wrong to me and go on suspension instead of making bad films. I'd rather make a couple of good pictures a year than to appear in every movie that's offered me just to see myself on the screen." That, indeed, is realistic, provided his judgment of the films he accepts is sound. But his idea of marriage—the little woman and the vine-covered cottage—well, that is far from being realistic.

When Farley matures, then he will not only be a completely realistic human being, he will be a great artist. Talent he has—enormous talent—and he can be great if he will let himself. **END**

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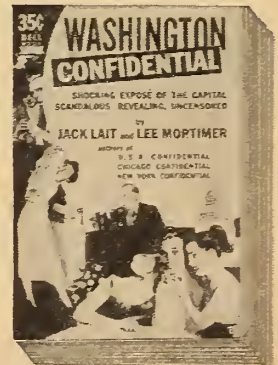
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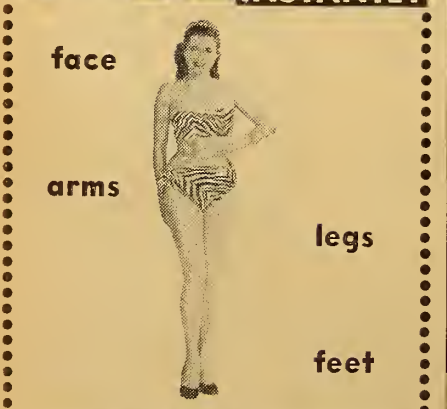
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madly in love

(Continued from page 41) In the same way, looking neither to the right nor the left down romance road, Mitzi made her decision about her love life.

On the set, she exhausts the crew, clowning about, giving imitations of everyone, alternately twitching one eyebrow, then the other, talking with excitable gestures. But she can turn this off like the click of a light switch, as she looks you full in the eyes, and talks about "My Richard," to whom she is "engaged to be engaged." The change is so startling you can almost see the moonlight, smell the magnolias, hear the dreamy music.

NAIVE, artless as a country schoolgirl, Mitzi tells of that June night in 1947 when she first saw Richard Coyle. She was almost 17, dancing in *Naughty Marietta* at the Los Angeles Civic Light Opera. All at once, on her way to her dressing room, she looked up and there he was—a tall, distinguished, black-eyed young man, talking with comedian Edward Everett Horton, star of the show. "My heart stood still," Mitzi exclaims as though she were the first woman to fall in love in all the world. "I didn't know who he was; I didn't even know if he were married; I only knew I just had to meet that man."

It took a bit of doing. Horton, as a gag, refused to introduce her. But Mitzi ferreted out the information that Richard was a fraternity brother of Horton's, had just graduated from Northwestern University's Law School and was on vacation. The next night he was there again. "He looked at me and looked at me," Mitzi remembers soulfully, "but I guess he was just too well-mannered to start talking without an introduction. Show people are so casual and so cynical; this was a man with real dignity and poise and the impression he made on me was terrific. I was holding a chocolate mint, and on impulse asked him if he'd like one. Then I wished the floor would open and swallow me, because I saw that I'd already taken a bite out of it and the remains were smeared with lipstick."

Disregarding his close brush with lipstick poisoning, Richard wangled her phone number from Horton, called Mitzi the next day and asked: "Do you remember me?"

"Do I remember you?" shrilled Mitzi. She decided then and there that they were going "steady." Later Richard confessed that on their first date he knew she was the girl he'd marry. "It's corny, isn't it, to believe in love at first sight?" asks Mitzi, a bit breathlessly. "But with me it's true, anyway."

From an orchestra seat Richard watched Mitzi pirouetting in her ballet numbers every night. On one of those nights another man watched her with just as much interest but of another kind. He was producer George Jessel. "Most exciting girl to hit filmtown since California discovered the orange—dances like a dream, sparkles like champagne," said Jessel. He asked her to come out to 20th Century-Fox for a test.

Her eyelashes fluttering over her exotically slanted hazel eyes, Mitzi twinkles, "I picked 'I'm In Love With A Wonderful Guy' for my test song. How could I lose?"

And when on her seventeenth birthday Richard drove her to the beach and gave her a friendship ring—a wide gold band beautifully engraved in arrow points inside and out—Mitzi rushed to her mother to blurt out the news: "We want to get married right away."

Yet, Mitzi and Richard haven't married, though five Junes have come and gone. Who could have dissuaded this small-size tornado and the "so-in-love" Richard to wait a while. It was Mitzi's mother. When you first meet her you are instantly aware of the great contrast between blonde, feminine, retiring Mrs. Pauline Gerber and her only child.

"I'm Viennese and I write poetry," explained Mrs. Gerber, "and so I'm naturally romantic. When Mitzi, at 17, came in, overflowing with love's young dream, it was hard to be coldly practical. Particularly when I was so impressed with Richard. But I did what any mother in the same circumstances would do—suggested, but did not insist, that she wait until she was 21 before marrying. Mitzi has been a professional since she was eight. She didn't have time for many dates; didn't fall in and out of love like most adolescents though she met lots of boys. So I knew that she was really serious about her romance. She stormed about the room—but only for a little while."

Quietly, Mrs. Gerber marshalled her facts. Shirley Temple's marriage was breaking up at the time, and Mitzi was told that she had made a hasty marriage at 17. Both Mitzi and Richard were just embarking on very difficult careers that would require all their energies. Would it be fair to add marriage to that, even though they were so radiantly in love?

"You've spent years studying for the stage," Mrs. Gerber continued, "and if you marry now you'll give it up. And be frustrated after the first excitement of marriage wears off. I gave up my dancing career when I married but I lived it again in your talent. What if you have children who aren't talented and your hopes and dreams die before you get a chance to realize them? You'll live in some little suburban house, washing dishes, gossiping with the neighbors, playing bridge."

"That does it," said Mitzi, who can't sit still and had been pacing up and down like a tiger. "I hate bridge. Richard and I will wait. He's got his law; I've got pictures to concentrate on. One thing at a time."

ONCE Mitzi's decision about postponing marriage was out of the way, everything was perfect: even the long hours of rehearsal, the earlybird rising, the time-consuming wardrobe fittings, because she knew, come evening, Richard would be waiting.

And then the blow fell. Richard, working in an insurance office during the day, was attempting to study for the California State bar exams. But with the distracting Mitzi about, it was hard to concentrate on dry "whereas's" and "parties of the third part." Richard decided to return to Chicago, where a better-paying job was awaiting him and to study for his exams at night. He'd only come to Hollywood for a vacation and most of his law books were still at home.

Mitzi, like any love-struck Juliet, was aghast. She began to pace the living room floor. "If you really loved me, you'd send for your law books and study here." But Richard knew better, and he went back to Chicago.

"You know," admits Mitzi, "that decision of Richard's was a tough one to make, and it showed me how really mature he was. I loved him more than ever. And I didn't have a date all the months he was gone. In fact, I've never had a date with another man since I gave Richard that lipstick mint."

In this respect Mitzi is unique in the charmed circle of Filmville glamor dolls. In fact, having only one beau for any

length of time is really something in Hollywood where most glitter queens of Mitzi's age go from beau to beau so fast that they pass up last week's date with a dumb stare.

But this unique trait is not the least bit amazing to Mitzi's mother. She says, "Mitzi as a little girl was a squirmer. She couldn't sit still in school or at the movies. When she was seven the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo came to Detroit, and I took her to see it. She sat through the whole performance watching in wonder the greatest names in ballet—Slavenska, Danilov, Markova. She never forgot it nor the costume she wore, a darling flared camel's hair coat with beaver collar and a brown sailor hat with long streamers. She thought she was the most elegant person in the theatre.

"When we came to Los Angeles high in hope but low in money it was hard to find a place to live and Mitzi's reception, like that of thousands of young dancers, was discouraging. But she herself was never discouraged and never stopped the daily practice and lessons. And when someone suggested the USO shows, Mitzi jumped into them with her usual energy. She started at 12, mostly at children's shows where the other little ballerinas, like not-too-interested kids, would scatter and play around. Mitzi, ever the manager, would round them up, loudly call out the beat, and generally take charge. It made the other mothers furious, but Mitzi never could understand why, because dancing was her life.

For Mitzi, beneath the clowning, the sassiness and the bounce is a one-career gal in the same way that she's a one-man gal. She leaves the Sunset Strip night club circuit to the lovelies who confuse publicity with talent. "Richard and I," she explains, "don't drink and we don't find it fun to sit watching others who don't wear their Martinis too well. Besides, we can't afford it. Richard is junior partner in his law firm. His aim is to be a lawyer in the best sense of the term—one learned in law."

To the \$64 question—"Will you be married on your birthday?" Mitzi answers with a deep and dreamy sigh: "It would be wonderful to marry on my birthday, September 4th, but it just won't be possible."

If you point out to Miss Gaynor that she said she'd marry when she reached her twenty-first birthday, she has an answer ready. "I never said Richard and I would be married at 12:01 A.M. on the moment I became 21. I said sometime after that date. While no actual time has been set, we think it will be in the spring. Unfortunately, though, I start rehearsals July 14th for the Los Angeles Civic Light Opera's production of *Jollyanna*. Three weeks later we open in San Francisco and on September 8th we have our local premiere. Then there's talk of a three months' road show with a New York opening. So it looks like early next spring before we hear the strains of Lohengrin."

WHILE it's true that Dan Cupid is notoriously unreliable about his future predictions, it's pretty safe to say that guests can hold off buying wedding gifts for Mitzi Gaynor and Richard Coyle until after Christmas.

Since Mitzi said at 17, "We want to get married right away," she's learned that in show business no one is a free agent and that the serious performer puts career demands first. For instance, Mitzi finished her final scene in *The I Don't Care Girl* at 7:30 one night, had a luxurious vacation until 10:30 the following morning when



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she started *Bloodhounds Of Broadway*, her newest picture. And the same frantic schedule will be followed between it and rehearsals for *Jollyanna*.

The longed-for marriage which Mitzi has planned and dreamed of for so many years is just too important for her to chance any stumbling blocks now. With the exhaustion, frayed nerves, first-night stomach that comes with opening in a new stage play, with no time for the romantic dalliance of a honeymoon, with too many hours spent away from Richard, Mitzi knows that she'd endanger this most important undertaking of her life. And so does Richard. Perfectionists in their feeling about wedded life, they've waited this long. They hope to save up more money so that Richard can provide for his mother and Mitzi for her mother. For they plan to start life alone in the honeymoon house they're still searching for.

And after all, Mitzi will only be 21 and a half when they play "Here Comes The Bride" next spring. Hardly an old maid!

Mitzi doesn't think an engagement as long as hers is the best idea for most girls—but then most girls don't make six films in a few years and most fiancées are not starting legal careers from scratch. But she is definitely against elopements. For herself she insists on a properly planned wedding in church, with white satin, champagne toasts, towering cake and a honeymoon. Preferably in Paris. Richard votes for Bermuda. Having spent four years in the Navy, he's been everywhere and they argue—gently—about the honeymoon locale.

They argue about little else. For the brilliant, scholarly, conservatively-dressed lawyer has a steadying effect on the impatient, unpredictable, but never impractical Mitzi. Though she isn't a student or a reader, she has enormous respect for one who is. And for his part, Richard is charmed by her electric excitement, her genius for friendship (everyone Mitzi meets is soon either an uncle, an aunt or at least a cousin) and her very real dedication to her career.

"Richard," laughs Mitzi, "tries to hold me down a little, but he doesn't succeed. When he heard that the studio was giving me a coach to study with so that I could learn to 'project my personality,' he was flabbergasted. 'Ye Gods,' he said, 'a girl who'd consider going to see Darryl Zan-

uck barefooted when she's trying out for a South Seas role doesn't need that. Instead you should have a coach to teach you to put your personality under wraps by tying your hands behind your back or taping your eyebrows.' Maybe I am a little too energetic. It's the Hungarian in me. From my father's side. I'm always raising such a ruckus. But Richard is so quiet that sometimes I call him 'Poor Richard.'"

WHEN Mitzi isn't raising a ruckus, she and Richard spend endless dreamy hours discussing the home they're saving for—an English house with fine mahogany, gay with chintz. Mitzi has her silver—but the trousseau which she has visualized so often and so vividly—will have to wait.

Fun for them is hours of talking about his work, her days at the studio, long drives, canasta sessions (at which he does out three nougats a week to the candy-loving but figure-conscious Mitzi). She cajoles Richard into attending every ballet performance and they double date with a lawyer friend and his wife. Also, they both passionately adore the movies and so do Richard's mother and Mrs. Gerber.

"Two or three times a week," says Mitzi, "Mother will say she's been in the house cleaning all day and she'd like to see something beside the four walls. Richard's mother tells him the same thing, so we all go to a movie. They won't sit with us because we like the loges at the back. They're afraid they'll miss something on the screen unless they sit way down front."

Planting flower seeds in her hillside garden is another of Mitzi's excitements. Like a Biblical character Mitzi strides about, tossing seeds over her shoulder. Richard, shaking his head at her seed-sowing, methodically prepares the soil, measures each row with a ruler, carefully plants the seeds.

"And what do you know," grins Mitzi. "His seeds come up. Mine don't. He offered to teach me how to plant seeds next year. But I think it's more fun my way. Richard, though, is teaching me how to swim and to play tennis. I've never had time for sports before."

She has taken time, though—five lovely long years of it—to be a one-man gal and her "Poor Richard" is mighty happy she took it.

END

love on the run

(Continued from page 51) existence"—she nevertheless realizes that all that glitters is not gold.

Since her marriage to Tony a year ago, for example, Janet has gone from one picture into another—from *Angels In The Outfield* to *Just This Once* to *Fearless Fagan* to *Scaramouche* to *Naked Spur*, and the simple truth is that she and Tony have spent more time away from than with each other.

Tony's studio believes in sending its stars out to make personal appearances as part of the film's publicity. In order to promote *Flesh And Fury* and *No Room For The Groom*, his last two pictures, Tony, in the past six months, has winged to New Orleans, Dallas, St. Louis, Chicago, and most of the major cities throughout the country.

Tony got so lonely for Janet a few months ago when he was in Milwaukee that he grabbed the phone, long-distanced her in Los Angeles, and told her that he just couldn't go on without her. She flew

to his side in Milwaukee, where she stayed for all of two days.

When she returned to Hollywood, the studio told her that she would have to leave immediately for Durango, Colorado, to star opposite Jimmy Stewart in *Naked Spur*. When Tony heard about that, he blew his top.

"What's the point in being married," he asked, "if we're always separated?"

Tony felt so strongly about this that he was willing to take a suspension from his studio in order to join Janet in Durango.

The demands of stardom have prevented Tony and Janet from leading the normal life of newlyweds, and Janet is thinking very strongly these days of temporarily relinquishing her stardom and settling down to being just plain Mrs. Tony Curts.

Janet wants a baby very much and feels that if she's going to raise a family, she'll have to take life easier, even though it may mean sacrificing her career.

"Don't get me wrong," she says. "I think being a motion picture actress is the most wonderful thing that can ever happen to any girl. It's exciting, rewarding, stimulating; it's everything a girl can want in the way of a career, only a

career isn't a girl's whole life. At least, it isn't mine. I'm a normal girl with normal instincts, and I want a family and home life and all that goes with it. Believe me, love on the run isn't much fun at all."

THERE'S a great streak of domesticity in Janet's makeup. She loves to cook and putter around the house and re-arrange Tony's clothes, but ever since their marriage, domesticity has been conspicuous by its absence.

When Janet is working, which is all the time, she's up by seven. She dresses quickly, gulps down a quick cup of coffee, tiptoes into the bedroom where Tony is fast asleep, kisses him on the cheek, and tiptoes out.

When both of them have an early morning call, there's a mad dash for the coffee and then a sprint to the garage for the cars.

"It sounds strange," Tony says, "but Janet and I have had more time together away from home than at home. Howard Duff loaned us his beach house, you know, after our wedding. Then we took a trip to Europe; then there was this junket to Durango. The only time we seem to get together for more than a few days is when we're out of town."

A Hollywood playboy is a guy who acts like a young colt but looks like an old 45.

Janet loves making motion pictures, and she has never once been known to complain about anything, but it is an undeniable fact that for years now she has been MGM's hardest-working actress. She never balks about parts. She always turns in a competent performance; everyone likes to work with her, and directors are always requesting her. As a result, the poor kid gets less time off between movies than any other actress on the lot.

"One thing can save me," Janet says humorously, "and that's a baby."

Having a baby is the one sure way of being given time off by the studio. Esther Williams, Jane Powell, Cyd Charisse, June Allyson and Deborah Kerr all managed to pull the trick at MGM, and Janet feels she should be able to manage the same way to get a vacation.

She wants a vacation the same time Tony gets one, but no one knows when Tony will be given time off. He's very hot with the fans these days, and since his salary is \$650 a week, a relatively low stipend for a star with his box office power, the studio is throwing him into as many films as possible.

ODDLY enough, Tony isn't nearly as impatient as Janet about raising a family. "It'll come in time," he says. "I love kids and want a flock of them, but what's the point in rushing? Right now I'm feeling my way. My father's been ill and he can't work. This means I've gotta contribute a few bucks to the family."

"If Janet becomes pregnant, we'll have to move out of the apartment and probably find a house. More dough. Like I said, I'm just feeling my way. Janet, she's a full-fledged star. You know she's made about 20 pictures in five years. She's tired, really worn out. I guess she figures that compared to acting, housework would be a cinch."

Although one year of marriage hasn't provided Janet and Tony with an heir, it certainly has worked wonders on their respective personalities.

When they both arrived in Hollywood they were two scared kids. They wanted

desperately to be liked, desperately to succeed.

I remember when Janet was signed by MGM for \$43.70 a week to play in *The Romance Of Rosy Ridge*.

She was beside herself with happiness until the studio told her that she would have to go away on location for three months. When Janet heard that, her eyes grew watery, and tears started to dribble down her cheeks. "I'm terribly grateful for the wonderful break," she whimpered. "But golly! I can't afford to live at a hotel for three months."

Her agent was struck dumb. "You're kidding?" he said in bewilderment.

"I'm serious," Janet said.

The agent shook his head. "Now," he asserted, "I've heard everything. Don't you know that when a studio sends you anywhere they pay all the expenses?"

That will give you some small idea of how unknowing, how innocent and naive Janet used to be. Like all small-town girls who have had very little of the material comforts of life, she used to live in a state of childlike wonder, much to the amazement of jaded Hollywood veterans.

Each time Janet fluffed a line while she was making a picture, she'd turn to the entire cast and say over and over again, "Golly, I'm sorry. Golly! I'm sorry."

These apologies so embarrassed the rest of the cast that they made Janet deposit a penny in a tin can each time she said, "Golly, I'm sorry." By the end of the week, the can was full.

TODAY, after five years in Hollywood, Janet manifests none of the insecurity which characterized her behavior pattern and motivated her actions for four years.

By having a husband who loves her completely not as an actress but as a woman, she now feels the equal of all women.

Let her career go up in smoke, let MGM fire her tomorrow, let television triumph over cinema, there never again will be for her the anxiety, the loneliness and the fear. She will always have Tony. "And having Tony," she says sublimely, "is really the fulfillment of all my love."

When Janet has a few minutes off between "takes," she usually phones Tony at home or at Universal, and always the conversation winds up with "I love you, I love you, I love you."

As for Tony, Janet's love has transformed him from boy to man.

When he first hit Hollywood, he, too, was bedeviled by an overwhelming inferiority complex. He hadn't spoken English until the age of eight, and the tone of his speech was a lilting wail. Many of the sophisticates regarded him as nothing more than another Dead-End kid, and while he was visibly without polish and the butt of many studio jokes, he took them all like a man with a sense of humor that was really admirable.

Farley Granger was the bobby-soxers' delight when Tony first arrived in film-land, and when these two met at parties, it was always Farley who had the air of a world traveler. The teen-agers thought he was simply adorable and, given the choice between him and Tony, always chose him.

Tony was uncomfortable with girls and showed it. He didn't know what to do; he had absolutely no line. He said the things he felt in his heart; and the first girl who had sense enough to recognize his sincerity was Janet Leigh.

She made Tony realize that his acting potential was as bright as anyone's in the business. He realized, too, that Janet's strength complemented all his weaknesses.

It is a strange fact but Tony, who used to shine shoes for five cents a pair in

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front of Bloomingdale's Department Store in New York and work for \$12 a week in a broom factory, is probably the most generous actor in Hollywood.

By the time he gets through supporting his mother, father, and brother, giving 10% to his agent, paying his dues to the Screen Actors' Guild and the Motion Picture Relief Fund, and handing over sizable chunks of his salary for Federal and State taxes, he has just about enough left to pay the rent and the installments on his car.

It is incredible, but his contempt for money is gargantuan. With a philosophy that belies his years, he knows that money is no guarantee of happiness. His parents were penniless and yet he has never witnessed a greater or more loyal love between two people.

Janet, who has a practical bent, has explained to Tony that money must be put aside for medical bills and other emergencies, that installment payments are bad economically and that it's best to pay cash for everything.

"I'm careful about money," she confesses, "because I never had any." Tony is careless for the very same reason.

Between these two, Janet has managed to evolve a *modus operandi* which satisfies them both.

Neither has expensive hobbies. Tony paints and Janet buys classical records. They own no furniture, and their wardrobes are limited.

Before they were married, both Tony

and Janet were overly anxious to please. Tony was so determined not to hurt anyone who had remotely helped him that at every interview he'd launch into a detailed explanation of his success. He would attribute it to his parents, to Jerry Lewis, to George Rosenberg, to Bill Goetz and Al Horwitz of Universal, to everyone he could think of. He'd ask you to write a few lines about his not going Hollywood. He wanted everyone to realize that his hat-size had remained the same.

He was still Bernie to the boys back on New York's East Side, he still loved Mama, Papa, and his kid brother; he was still amazed by the wonder of it all. There was never a dearth of conversation when Tony was being interviewed. Words flowed like a pent-up river bursting its dam, and they always made good copy.

Of late, however, both Tony and Janet are sticking to the question. When you ask them if there's any truth to the rumor that they've both been quarreling a lot lately, Tony says simply and succinctly, "No truth to that," and Janet says, "Don't believe it."

Both kids are no longer afraid of hurting interviewers or of appearing inconsiderate.

After 12 months of matrimony, they are standing on surer ground, and the only thing they both want that they haven't got is a little Tony Curtis. **END**

(Watch for Tony soon in U-I's Son Of Ali Baba.)

letter from london

(Continued from page 53) "It's good for Michael to feel he's got someone to take care of," Anna said. "He's a gentle, understanding person, who would be very upset if he felt he was hurting someone."

While the Wilcoxes have seen the bride and groom socially since their marriage, hardly anyone else has, and for a good reason. Mike has been hard at work in Wilcox's production, *Trent's Last Case*, and Liz' time has been taken up with housewifely duties.

They're living in Mike's former bachelor quarters in Bruton Street, London. Mike arises at 6:00 A.M. Liz gets up at the same time he does, makes his breakfast, and speeds him on his way with a wifely kiss. She frequently drives over to the studio to have lunch with him but is very careful to stay in the background and not call attention to herself.

According to the Wilcoxes, Liz is enjoying, for the first time, a life of her own. In Europe, autograph fans don't besiege the famous as they do in America, and Liz likes this semi-anonymity.

"Michael and Elizabeth came to our flat for dinner the other night," Mrs. Wilcox said. "Elizabeth looked charming in a black velvet off-the-shoulder dress, with a tight bodice and full skirt—the sort of dress that she wears so particularly well." She was thrilled that night, because she was also wearing a wedding gift of diamond ear-rings from Michael that she could hardly wait to show us. They had pendants of baguette diamonds that were detachable so that they could be worn for formal or informal dress."

After dinner that evening Mike related a cherished story about his wife. It seemed that Liz had been looking through the English morning papers and had seen a picture of a forlorn, sad-eyed Dachshund puppy that had somehow been stranded.

"Mike," she said, "I'd love him."

He promised to get it for her, and, busy as he was on his picture, he took time out to track the dog down. He finally traced it to the local pound.

Liz has it now and loves it just as tenderly as she does anything that captures her heart.

"When Michael talks, Elizabeth listens most attentively," Anna said. "I think she teases him, more so than he teases her. Then she has the gift of quick repartee that many Americans have."

THE Wildings also regaled the Wilcoxes with the story of their latest dramatic episode. A small fire broke out recently in the brownstone house where they live. The fire department promptly arrived at the scene and cautioned the Wildings that they would have to get out in a half-hour as the fire might get out of control. "We'll wait and see," they told the worried firemen, and sat down calmly to finish the game of canasta while the blaze was put out.

Producer Herbert Wilcox, who has approved many a love script, was very much touched and impressed by Elizabeth's comments when she arrived in England.

"We saw her when she stepped off the plane," he said. "She struck me as being such a courageous young thing. She's tiny, and with 40 policemen around to guard her, she looked even smaller, more helpless. Yet she was completely and utterly self-controlled."

"I thought she was wonderful when the press asked her what her design for married life was, and she answered, without a moment's hesitation, 'How can you tell that until you've tried it. There's no blueprint for marriage.'"

But perhaps what is even more wonderful was Herbert Wilcox's answer when I asked him what the English thought about their top male star marrying an American movie star.

"All they knew," he answered, "was that a nice guy was marrying a nice girl."

Yours sincerely,

JOAN KING FLYNN

they want him bad

(Continued from page 43) there with her own chin stuck out and her eyes closed waiting for the blow she felt just *had* to come. And when it didn't, she broke into tears, told Dick he wasn't even half a man and ran tearfully from the building.

The time has come—now that Richard Widmark is to be given to the public again as the toothy lout of his first fame—to re-examine the man and his career. Is he really anything like the maniacal murderer his staunchest supporters claim he is, or is he made of sugar and spice and everything nice?

Richard Widmark was born the day after Christmas, in Sunrise, Minnesota. He was educated along classical lines and became Professor Widmark, a teacher of drama and kindred gentle arts at Lake Forest University near Chicago.

WHEN he decided it might be more fun and more profitable to act rather than teach acting, Dick invaded New York and in a short time became a top radio actor. To be a successful radio actor a man must be quite a craftsman, able to play a tottering soap opera grandpa at one o'clock and Young Doctor O'Brien saving the life of a kid at two. He must be a leading man and a supporting player all in the same day. And, upon occasion, he must play a bad man. Dick Widmark played bad men, but it was never his forte, nor was it considered his specialty.

In plays (he appeared in a number of them on Broadway) Dick Widmark didn't run to fierce roles. He was the juvenile in *Kiss And Tell*, the lead in poet William Saroyan's *Get Away Old Man*. He played young lovers and various types of dramatic roles, but nothing violent.

All in all, life in Gotham theatrical and radio circles was pretty sterile for Dick Widmark and his wife. He was making a lot of money and Hollywood meant nothing to him except possibly a place to sit in the sun between jobs. His first firm bid from Hollywood came when he was asked to test for a role at MGM, in competition with the late Robert Walker. Walker got the job and MGM didn't buy Widmark, an error they've been sorry for in Culver City ever since.

Dick Widmark, of course, will never forget his first meeting with Henry Hathaway, the man who directed *Kiss Of Death*. He had been taken by his agent to see the director as a possible Tom Udo, but after a very few minutes Hathaway rejected him as "too well bred, too intellectual, altogether too upper-class." He did, however, agree to listen to Dick read for the part—and he was so taken with the original interpretation offered that he agreed to go along with some makeup tests, and see if something could be done to make this mild-appearing lad look like a killer.

You saw the results. With a hair-piece almost to his eyebrows and other disfigurements, plus as evil a laugh as was ever uttered, plus a maniacal gleam in the eye, plus the know-how he'd gathered in radio and on the stage, Richard Widmark became a star.

Fan mail poured in after the release of *Kiss Of Death* and the studio was beside itself as to what to do with the star. Would people buy him without the wig? Would they like him as a slender, soft-spoken, sturdy citizen? They decided to spring Widmark on the public as himself gently, so after a couple of films as a bit of a beast, they plunged him into *Down To The Sea In Ships*, a movie in which he was the idol of all red-blooded American boys. That a segment of his die-hard

violence fans resented this can not be denied, but Widmark gained new fans and established himself as a well-rounded actor, capable of playing a variety of roles.

As far as Richard Widmark is concerned, the part of Tom Udo, which launched him in films, was an accident of fate. He considered Udo slimey and would not like to be remembered best for that part. But he is well aware that he is not going to escape Tom Udo in the foreseeable future. He is not sure why, but he knows that kids like Udo.

When he appeared at the Roxy Theater in New York on the opening day of *Down To The Sea In Ships* he was shocked when a tremendous clamor arose from the juvenile audience right after he began a nice speech, and the air was filled with cries of: "Laugh for us, Richard, laugh!" He laughed the Udo laugh a few times and the fans nearly rocked the theater's foundations. It was bigger than Sinatra at the Paramount! The prospect of going through life as a noted murderer terrified Widmark and shortly after the Roxy episode he became somewhat a recluse, appearing in public only when it was necessary.

Paul Douglas noted the blue denims that Marilyn Monroe wore to fill her role in *Clash By Night*, and Paul piped up with "the end justifies the jeans."

Irving Hoffman in
The Hollywood Reporter

THERE are other questions Richard Widmark has trouble answering, but they are predominant in his fan mail. "One of them is 'how did I get that laugh?'" Dick said. "Another is 'are the neighbors afraid of you?' And another: 'How did you ever get a girl to marry you?'"

And all of these questions do not arise from Tom Udo alone. Once Dick had to whip Linda Darnell with a bicycle chain and the mail flowed in for weeks after that complimenting him on the discovery of a new sadistic refinement. The reaction of the public to Dick after his first few pictures was not too surprising to him, but certainly not gratifying. Once when he stalled his car and started for a house to use the phone an irate lady chased him out of her driveway. Upon another occasion, when he tried to be his nice mild self on a trip a group of irate fans made for him and pushed him under a taxi cab. Dick has long ago given up going to cafes and night clubs not patronized almost exclusively by film folk because there is always one chap around who wants to challenge him to a fist fight so he can show his girl he can whip Tom Udo.

In his private life, Richard Widmark has always lived like the leading character in a nice clean novel. His wife, Jean, was his college sweetheart and they were married according to the strictest Babbit formula. She is not a mouse he shoves around but an intellectual girl who writes well enough to have had at least the start of a good career in radio—and she is currently writing a play which her friends believe is better than average. Dick thinks she was attracted to him at the beginning primarily because of his talent as a drummer in a college band.

If Widmark has any bad habits they are unknown to his wife and closest friends. His idea of a well-spent day around the house is to trot about with a kit of tools and fix things. His favorite pastime is washing his car, which he has been known to do between shots in the studio. He considers an evening of energetic conversation with pals on any worthwhile subject a far superior entertainment than saloon crawling or chi-chi part es.

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Dick Widmark is conscious of his place in the Hollywood scheme and perfectly willing to do his share to sell the films he is so highly paid to make. He is fully aware of the power of his fan clubs—and eager to cooperate with them in most projects. He figures he's being paid because these fans support his work. But he has no use for delinquents and remembers as one of his most terrifying experiences his first joust with a New York contingent of roughhouse kids.

The trip was a breeze until Dick and his wife arrived at Grand Central Station. At this point three huge 20th Century-Fox publicity men barged into his compartment and told Dick to look out the window. He did and saw what appeared to be the entire younger population of New York City assembled on the platform. One young lady held a massive valentine and a young man a model ship. Dick turned green with panic.

Taken in hand by the press agents, Dick was escorted to the main body of fans and presented with the valentine and the ship. Pictures were taken, but they couldn't be used because in each one Dick wore an expression of shock. Then Dick was pulled through the station to the drug store and as the flock followed it grew. People who didn't know exactly what was going on got in line. Then, at the behest of the head press agent, Dick was forced to down an ice cream soda with the fans. An ice cream soda at nine-thirty in the morning!

There is a group of youngsters in New York who can handle and terrify any movie star, even the toughest. They are the "professionals," the kids who carry their own cameras, make an issue out of autographs, quarrel with doormen and theater ushers, all for the purpose of selling the autographs and photos they take to other kids. They plague a star almost to distraction. Mrs. Widmark, a pretty sharp girl, had her hands full keeping them off the telephone line. They would call and have themselves announced as the head of NBC, or the secretary to the manager of the Roxy Theater. One of them tried to get through to Dick's room, but the operator said: "This one says he's Walter Winchell but he sounds like a small boy."

But the trip was saved by a group of high school kids having a party at the Persian Room, a supper club Dick and Jean liked to go to for dancing. They were not crowded or molested that night, but some of the youngsters sent over their menus and dancing programs and asked Dick to sign them. He considered that a nice tribute and was happy to do it.

As for future plans, Dick Widmark has

some definite ideas. He feels that one day he will fade as a picture star, just when he isn't sure. And then he wants to become a stage director. Not a movie director—a stage director. He feels that he has a talent for this and that the stage doesn't require the knowledge of the hundred allied crafts the films do, so he could have a quiet life and maybe live in Connecticut, which he really likes much better than California.

Dick is a great admirer of Arthur Miller, the man who wrote *Death Of A Salesman*. He likes a particular line in that play which states that Willie Loman, the salesman, after a lifetime of working at his trade, left nothing on the road. All he left was a stoop he built on the front of his house, something he had made with his own hands and which was still there.

Widmark feels the same way about his accomplishments. According to Jean Widmark, the happiest she has ever seen Dick was the first time they went up to Connecticut after he became a star. They drove past their former home in White Plains and Dick stopped the car and sat for a long time looking at a fence he had built several years before. It was strong and secure. Dick grinned like a small boy.

"I thought that was a good fence," he said, and they drove on without further comment. But Jean knew he was very happy.

And when they got to Jean's sister's house in Connecticut, Dick headed right for the corner of the living room that contained the bookshelves he had made one time and which had been given to his sister-in-law when he went to the coast.

He looked at them a long time, then commented: "I see you still have the shelves." And he felt them and they were good and sturdy. "You know I could improve on them now," he said. "I could build them so they'd hold records, too."

No, no matter how you take him apart. Richard Widmark is not like Tom Udo in any respect. He is not a bad man—and never could be, except on the screen. But that's acting.

When you see *The Full House* you'll see Tom Udo again with the low brow and the maniacal laugh. Not as nasty as in the original presentation of the character, but still Tom Udo. And after you've been chilled by the menace of the man, forget him for it will probably be the last time he'll appear on the screen. Dick Widmark is an actor who aspires to other things. Because the public has been clamoring for him, you'll see the return of the bad man once more, but that's the end. Ask Dick Widmark. **END**

gorgeous gamin

(Continued from page 49) featuring tall senioritas with long eyelashes and tortoise shell combs in their hair. These were the movie stars of Leslie Caron's childhood, and they were not to be envied or emulated.

However, if you follow Leslie Caron through the MGM studio streets now, and watch her begin a day's work, you will no doubt get the impression that this has been her business all her life, for she is a regular movie star herself today, even to the oddities that separate stars from common folk, even to the intense ambition to be greater than the greatest.

Leslie looks like anything but an actress. As she strolls to the stage on which she is to work, she will be wearing a tam pulled down over her ears, and a long, flowing coat and silly shoes. She walks

with her head down thinking about the day's work. She looks like a gamin.

On the stage the coat comes off and, if she's in costume, Leslie Caron is a sight to behold. Her tiny figure is full but trim and her legs appear to have been copied from a Petty sketch. She walks with the peculiar duck-like strut of the ballerina, toes out and heels close together, hitting the ground with a firm step. There is little grace in her walk, because the ballerina doesn't achieve grace until she gets on her toes. But there is grace in the rest of her carriage. The shoulders are back and the tummy in and the bust is high—and there is a beautiful coordination in her movements.

Her face is pert. Her lips are full and wide. Her eyes are luminous, as they show on the screen, and soft and quick to change expression. Her nose is small, not at all Gallic. You couldn't call the face beautiful, but it has something that compels you to take a second look.

These are the things that got Leslie Caron into pictures; the face, and the grace of her. She is a beautiful dancer, a talented, natural actress, but it was the gamin quality that sold her to MGM.

It happened in Paris, just about two years ago. Gene Kelly, functioning as a director and MGM ambassador, was looking for a girl to co-star with him in *An American in Paris*. He had been in the French capital a couple of weeks haunting the places where dancers worked and congregated. He knew what he wanted, but he hadn't seen it yet. The girl had to be French, because of the story line, and she had to be an excellent dancer to be able to keep up with the Kelly brand of terpsichore.

Gene was staying at the George V Hotel and most of the Paris agents had been bringing their charges to his suite to be interviewed and auditioned, for this was a great opportunity. A young American, making his home in Paris, had a wife who was in the singing chorus of a troupe playing at the Ballet des Champs Elysées. His name was Eddie Constantine and he knew Kelly slightly. He visited him one day and mentioned that a youngster by the name of Leslie Caron was working with his wife and that Kelly should go and see her. Gene remembered that he had caught her a couple of years previously, but, although he had been enchanted by her pixie quality on stage, she had seemed rather young and a bit skinny for pictures.

That night Kelly showed up at the theater and before Leslie had been on the stage ten minutes he had made up his mind that this was the girl. Of course MGM had to feel the same way. The next day Constantine brought Leslie around to the George V and after a short talk it was decided she would be tested for the role.

As Leslie Caron tells it herself: "I was excited when I had the screen test. Then I went back to work in the ballet and for two weeks I heard no word. I felt they didn't want me, and although I was a little disappointed I decided to forget all about it. So I just began making plans for future performances at the theater. Then I got a phone call from Gene Kelly who told me I was to leave for America in three days. There I was to make more tests and come back to Paris in a week or so to make the movie there—if they liked me."

Within 48 hours Leslie Caron and her mother were aboard an airliner for Hollywood, and 36 hours later, they were on the MGM lot. Just like that. But there was quite a tale back of that journey.

MARGARET Petit Caron, Leslie's mother, was an American woman of French descent who had been on the stage in New York in her youth. Failing in health, she had gone to Europe hoping to get well and come back to America. She met, however, a young pharmacist and married him. His name was Claude Caron.

Leslie was born a couple of years later. She was a small child with large, inquisitive eyes. She was not sickly, but none too sturdy. The Carons were not wealthy people, but were well enough off to manage a life of middle class plenty and respectability. Leslie's parental grandfather, a career politician, who had at one time been president of the Paris City Council, was a stickler for respectability and he was determined the Carons should carry on in the tradition of a proud public service family. Being in politics in France is something more of an honor than it is on this side of the Atlantic.

The childhood of Leslie Caron was far different from the easy-raising a kid gets

in America. All she remembers is the preparation for war, the occupation and the frantic post-war Paris. A child's days and nights were filled with want and danger. But kids can adjust themselves, and the boys and girls of Leslie Caron's childhood found strange excitement in the regular bombings. Parisian cellars, for safety purposes, were cut through to link with one another, and Leslie remembers the way the kids looked forward to the sirens signalling a raid so they could take the candle stumps they held ready and explore the catacombs that were beneath the city. And, as the cellars were infested with rats, they engaged in mad rat hunts.

Leslie's education, according to the French middle class tradition, was gained in private schools, mostly convents, for only the very poor attended public institutions. Leslie remembers the shifts in educational precepts as the fortunes of war changed. At first, the school books related exact French history, but one day they were taken away and new books, extolling the Nazi ideology, took their places.

"We could tell by our prayers," Leslie says today, "how things were going. For a long time it was required of us to end our daily prayers with the plea: 'Lord, take care of our good Petain.' Then came the Allied invasion and the next day we were saying: 'Lord, take care of our good De Gaulle.'"

Toward the end of the occupation Father Caron expanded his drug business and began manufacturing vitamin capsules, Leslie thinks because he wanted to keep his family healthy. At any rate, the Caron fortunes improved slightly.

At the age of 11, Leslie became interested in dancing. This was unusual in ballerinas who, if they plan the ballet as a career, begin studying almost as soon as they begin to walk. Although her mother had been a dancer, Leslie had never seen a professional dancer at work. A girl friend was taking lessons and Leslie went along a couple of times for a lark. She liked it and asked her mother and father if she, too, could attend the classes. It was all right with ma and pa, but Grandfather Caron hit the ceiling. His memory of the dancing girls of his youth was still clear in his mind, and he didn't recall their being real ladies. It was over his violent objections that Leslie was allowed to buy her first pair of ballet shoes.

It was to be two full years after she first began working at the practice bar that Leslie was to see her first ballet. She went with her mother, and when she left the theater, her head was swimming with the beauty she had seen that night. She made up her mind then that she would never do anything else for a living but dance. There began something of a game of deceit, with Leslie studying much harder than Grandpa Caron realized, assisted, of course, by her mother. During the summer vacations from school Leslie devoted her full time to studying. Once when things got a bit hot around the house, her mother took her to Monte Carlo, ostensibly to rest, but actually to work under a very famous dancing teacher.

When she returned to Paris, Leslie was advanced enough to enter the French Conservatory of Music, a state-operated school, and from there she drifted into the ballet companies that are as common in Europe as our little theater groups are here.

The picture people came after Leslie when she was about 15, with an offer to go to Africa and make a movie called *The Black Rose*, with Tyrone Power. But



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another young dancer, Cecile Aubry, got the role.

The day Gene Kelly interviewed Leslie in the George V Hotel in Paris he had one and only one objection to her for the role in *An American In Paris*. "We'll have to fatten her up," he said.

The trip to America, for further tests, was a fantastic adventure for Leslie. MGM was paying and she and her mother traveled first class. Leslie was scared. They boarded an airliner in Paris and headed for New York. An hour or so after taking off, the gentleman in the next seat leaned toward the tiny French girl and asked if she was enjoying the flight. She looked straight ahead and didn't answer. A little later, he spoke again, and Leslie, paying no heed to the fact that he was a clergyman, got out of her seat and marched back to where her mother was sitting.

"That man," she said indignantly, "is trying to speak to me."

"You will have to get used to that," her mother said. "In America everyone will speak to you, my dear."

When they arrived in Culver City, with one small suitcase, Leslie and her mother took a small apartment within walking distance of the studio. Then they discovered another odd habit we have here—changing our minds. It was decided right away that Leslie was to have the part, but the studio heads had made up their minds to shoot the picture in America. Leslie had no wardrobe, didn't have the money to splurge on a new one, and found herself very short on clothes. The studio solved that by loaning her clothing from the wardrobe department, and, for the first few months in Hollywood, Leslie wore the costumes of June Allyson, Liz Taylor and other stars as street garb.

SETTLING down in this strange land had never entered Leslie's mind until she met her husband, George Hormel.

Her first date with George, or Geordie, as she calls him, was a difficult one. He was stationed with the Coast Guard in San Francisco. He got into town and discovered that his brother and a party of friends, which included Leslie, were just going out the door on their way to dinner and the ballet. He begged them to wait so he could join them. They said they didn't have time, so Geordie swore if they let him catch up with them he would pay the bills for everyone for the evening. They agreed, and young Hormel, who was living on a reserve Coast Guardsman's pay, and the few dollars he

earned making phonograph records as a one man band, had to foot the bills all night. He didn't get a bite of food himself because the others were in too much of a hurry.

Later in the evening they dropped in at Ella Logan's home. George had become fascinated with Leslie and was unable to keep his eyes off her. Leslie admits she was equally attracted to George, though she'd hardly spoken to him all evening. When Ella asked her for her phone number, she gave it in a loud clear voice, hoping he would hear. He did and phoned her the next day.

After their first date together, Geordie dropped her off at her door with a curt good night. The following evening he took her to the beach and, as Leslie tells it, said: "Do you think we can get married?" Her answer, she admits, was: "Are you crazy?"

The next move on the part of Mr. Hormel was to suggest that they both fly back to Minnesota and let her have a look at his family. Because she thought he was "crazy," Leslie agreed, and they all got along famously. However, the minute they got back to Hollywood, Geordie informed his girl that they had better take care of this marriage business immediately, because he was due for sea duty and he wanted everything shipshape ashore before he took off. Leslie explained that this was impossible because she was about to go on a personal appearance tour, was going to devote her life to the movies. "In that event," said Geordie, "we'd better get married tomorrow."

All Leslie could manage after that kind of reasoning was a tiny "Okay," and the next day they packed their respective families in a plane, took off for Las Vegas, and were married at the chapel of The Last Frontier Hotel.

The George Hormels live simply in a town where most movie stars live like movie stars. They have a small house in Laurel Canyon and live within their incomes, which, at this moment, is not great. They are true newlyweds, preferring to be alone rather than to attend parties and gay events. At the present time George is making his unique recordings, but the time may come when he has to go back east and take charge of the family business. When that day comes Leslie will go with him. It's been a long and exciting journey for her from the war cellars of Paris and it's not finished yet.

(Leslie Caron can be seen currently in MGM's *Glory Alley*.)

come dance with me

(Continued from page 38) stood for Happy Time, two words which, significantly enough, are engraved on their wedding rings.

Those dreamy adolescent dates between Marge and Gower were rudely interrupted, however, the day when Gower at age 15 asked another girl, Jeanne Tyler, also 15, to enter a dancing contest with him. The contest was being staged by Veloz and Yolanda at the Cocoanut Grove, and as luck would have it, Gower and Jeanne won.

After that, little Marge Belcher was out of the picture. No more dates for her with Gower Champion. He was too busy dancing with Jeanne Tyler, so busy and so good, in fact, that a booking agency, the Music Corporation of America, signed both him and Jeanne to tour the country. The youngsters were told that they would be back in Los Angeles in time for

the opening fall session of high school. The tour lasted four years! When it was over, Gower had danced in most of the country's large cities, Marge Belcher was a fond and pleasant memory, and Pearl Harbor had been bombed.

Gower entered the Coast Guard and was recruited for a role in the big Coast Guard musical, *Tars And Spars*. He kept requesting more active duty, however, so they made him a petty officer third class, and he spent most of the war transporting troops to the various battle sectors of the globe.

Once the war was over, Gower returned to Hollywood. He ran into Marge Belcher occasionally, but their puppy love affair was a thing of the past, at least to him, and the meetings were casual and fleeting. They always asked each other what was cooking. When Marge told Gower she had landed a role in a New York play, *Dark Of The Moon*, he thought that was simply terrific. He himself was being tested by 20th Century-Fox.

"I was terrible in that test," he honestly

recalls, "and I never heard from Fox again. I did manage, however, to get a dancing job over at MGM. I danced with Cyd Charisse for all of 30 seconds in *Till The Clouds Roll By*. Then, when that was over, I flew to New York to take in the shows."

Naturally enough, the first show Gower attended was *Dark Of The Moon*. "Knowing he was out front," Marge says, "made me so nervous that I gave the worst performance of the year."

ROMANCE and reunion usually go together. And that was the case when Gower and Marge met again in New York. Only Gower was afraid, afraid that he might fall in love with this cute, brown-eyed girl he'd begun so lovingly to call "Midget."

"Look," he said one night as they were strolling along East 45th Street in New York. "I like going around with you, Marge, but let's not get involved. You understand, don't you?"

"Sure," said Marge. She understood all right, but she had a problem, too. The Waldorf-Astoria had asked a young man she knew named Paul Godkin to work up a dance act for the hotel. In fact, Paul had called her that very evening to try to persuade her to work with him.

Gower blew his top. "Look," he said. "If you're going to dance with anyone, you're going to dance with me."

Marge couldn't conceal a happy smile as she nodded assent. That night when she got to her room, her heart was dancing.

Gower changed his name to Christopher Gower. He rented a small studio, and the pair began intensive rehearsals. They decided to bill themselves as "Gower and Bell."

Gower also came up with a new approach to exhibition dancing. "All of our dances," he explained, "must tell a story that the audience can follow. We'll specialize in dance stories." Marge was enthusiastic, too, about the idea.

Their first booking was in Montreal. In order to get there, they had to borrow \$30. It was worth it, though, as they became a smash success.

They came back to New York flushed with happiness and a good-size bankroll and were immediately booked by some top night clubs. Richard Rodgers, the famous musical comedy composer, caught their act one night and sent word to their agent that he wanted Marge to play the lead in a new Rodgers & Hammerstein extravaganza, *Allegro*.

This was a real-life situation the movies had played to death: producer wants only one half of a team. The boy says to the girl with great self-sacrifice, "Go ahead, honey. I'll find something. Matter of fact, they want me as a single in Honolulu."

What Gower actually said was pretty similar, "Look, Midget," he began. "This is the break you've been waiting for. Take the job. I'll find another partner, and we'll be married later on."

That was the first time Gower had mentioned the word marriage. That was all Marge had to hear. She kissed *Allegro* goodbye and went on tour with her fiancé. They interrupted a dancing engagement at the Palmer House in Chicago to fly to Los Angeles and get married.

They became Marge and Gower Champion on a Sunday, flew to New York on Monday, appeared with Milton Berle on his TV show Tuesday, and were booked at the Hotel Plaza on Wednesday. For five months they were featured regularly with Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca on TV's *Admiral Review*.

The reviews they received in New York were so unanimously excellent that the

Mocambo wired an offer which they considered too good to turn down.

At this Hollywood night club, the Champions packed the house night after night. They were viewed by all the great motion picture producers of the movie colony. They received four different screen offers and finally signed with MGM.

As soon as their future seemed to be firmly rooted in Hollywood, the Champions started home-hunting. They took to the hills with fixed determination.

"We had in mind a modern house of California redwood and glass," Gower explains. "Weekends and evenings we looked at just about every redwood job in Los Angeles county. All of a sudden we couldn't stand the sight of anything severely modern or made of natural woods. Then, one Sunday we read an ad in the L.A. Times for a Connecticut brick and frame in a location we liked. We drove up, had a look at the place and just loved it. When we heard the owner's asking price, we drove away like mad."

Despite the fact that the Champions' financial affairs are carefully supervised by a business manager, they convinced him that they would practically be saving money if they bought the two-story house.

Actually their house is smaller than it looks. Perched on a terraced hillside, it has only six rooms. The two small bedrooms, the living room, the dining room and the kitchen are all on the upper floor, while downstairs consists of one large room which the Champions converted into a combination dance studio and projection room. "Every professional dancer dreams of someday having a home complete with rehearsal hall," Gower says. "With Marge and me the dream went double. When we saw this house with its large unfinished basement room, we both knew we'd found our perfect home."

Brains are no handicap to a girl if she keeps them well hidden behind a low neckline.

Vanessa Brown

That a pool, dozens of trees and a sensational view goes with their house is often left unmentioned by the Champions. In fact, they're rather embarrassed by the swimming pool. They never intended to have one, at least not for years. To them it seems like a sign of "going Hollywood."

Up until the time they moved into their own home, two chairs, one piano, two barrels of books, and some nondescript bric-a-brac were all the household possessions Marge and Gower had in the world. Buying a house suddenly gave them a reason for indulgence, and they went quite mad. With the help of a professional cabinet designer named Steve Thompson they furnished their place in what, for lack of a better term, they now jokingly call American Baroque.

Gower, for example, didn't like the fireplace wall in the living room, so he asked Steve Thompson to design an enormous cabinet to be placed in front of it. In this one functional cabinet, Thompson included a television set, a record player, a bar and book shelves. To offset the simplicity of this large piece, Marge then ordered a richly carved coffee table with a travertine marble top.

Marge's small bedroom is also a blend of the functional and fanciful. In a practical manner she pushed the twin beds against the two walls to leave as much open floor space as possible. A large mirror helps to give the illusion of

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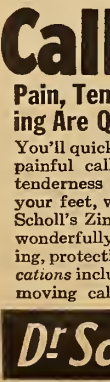
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greater size, and the dressing-room—that-used-to-be-a-porch is crowded with built-in storage. On the more baroque side there are two Victorian gilt chairs, a pair of sconces that came from New York's old Murray Hill Hotel and an elaborate oval mirror that Gower found in an antique shop.

The Gower Champions finished furnish-
ing their hillside house last November.
They celebrated by throwing a big shin-
dig in their downstairs studio. When
Hollywood's younger set had a look at
their American baroque decorating, it
started a whole new trend in the movie
colony.

MARGE admits that she handled the basic
decorating such as choosing the fab-
rics, dishes and linens. It was Gower,
however, who selected the paintings and
the unique objects that makes their house
so full of surprises.

Gower, it seems, is an inveterate browser
and collector. "When I was touring the
country and dancing in night clubs," he
says, "we used to hit a new town every
few weeks. I got in the habit of browsing
through old book shops and art galleries
during the day. It's hard to browse with-

out buying so I collected old playbills,
etchings, books—anything antique that
appealed to me. I never had a place to
keep my collections, and I used to give
the stuff away or leave it in some hotel
room. Now things are different."

Gower's browsing has led him to be-
come a small-scale art collector. He owns
several original Goya etchings, a litho-
graph by Picasso, some Degas prints and
a pastel by Paul Clemens. He also bought
the amusing wicker furniture they use
in the kitchen because he has an aversion
to chrome breakfast sets. An apothecary
chest in the hall holds his extra medical
supplies, and, only recently, he started
collecting pewter plates with the idea of
finding enough to make a dinner service.

No reference to the Champions or their
home can be complete without a mention
of their cats. They have a passion for
anything feline, and the house is dotted
with china cats, drawings of kittens, and
four live animals.

"What we love about cats," Marge says,
"is their complete independence."

Gower is a bit more frank. "They're
just substitutes," he admits, "until we
start raising our own group of little
Champions."

END

brother can you spare a date?

(Continued from page 33) are the casting
directors and talent scouts. These men
have the notorious reputation of Taking
Advantage of Innocent Girls who want to
be in pictures. But nine times out of ten
the girls come into the office prepared to
Give Their All for a contract. As one cast-
ing director put it, "I'm a normal guy. I
like women but I like to pick 'em for my-
self. If one more eager kid comes into my
office prepared for anything if she can
just get a contract, I swear I'm going to
give up women."

All of which sounds as if the women of
Hollywood are pretty terrible. But that
isn't true. They are women, that's all, and
they are living in a manless town. They
fall into three categories. First, there are
the girls who are trying to break into pic-
tures. Then, there are the girls who al-
ready have contracts and who want, be-
sides their work, fun and beaux and danc-
ing dates. And lastly, we find the older
women—rich, glamorous, famous, but de-
sperately lonely and anxious to get married.

Let's examine the young stars first. Here
are just a handful of the successful young
girls who want their share of fun and good
times—Ann Blyth, Pier Angeli, Piper
Laurie, Debbie Reynolds, Joan Evans, Jean
Peters, Janice Rule, Mitzi Gaynor, Pegg-
ie Castle, Vera-Ellen, Virginia Gibson, Mala
Powers. If I took time to think, to go
over studio contract lists, I could name
dozens more.

But who are the available boys? Well,
there's Farley Granger, Scott Brady, Rock
Hudson, Carleton Carpenter, Dick Ander-
son, Bob Arthur, John Barrymore Jr. It
took me some time to think of these. There
are more, of course. But the point is that
there are so many more girls.

You may ask why girls in pictures have
to go out only with boys in pictures. It's
a good question. But there is a good
answer. These girls rather frighten other
boys their age. The girls make a lot of
money and boys outside the industry think
they are too expensive to take out on
casual dates. And if it's a dress-up evening,
or a college prom, there are other prob-
lems. The girl is stared at. The other girls
become jealous of her, and catty about her

when she's asked for her autograph. And
other boys shy away from asking her to
dance for fear they'll be kidded by their
friends or snubbed by the star. So the girls
feel safer, more at home when they go
out with boys in their own profession. The
trouble is there are not enough of them.

Ann Blyth will not stoop to chase boys.
As a result, she is often dateless when
there is a premiere or a night club opening
that she should attend, until her studio
steps in and arranges a date for her. Isn't
this incredible that a girl as attractive, as
nice, as companionable, and as famous as
Ann should need an intermediary to get a
date?

On the other hand, there is a group of
young men in Hollywood who are always
happy to take the stars out. I'm referring
to the young opportunists, the hangers on,
the publicity seekers.

Here's a typical stunt: The boy will call
a girl whom he may have met when he
played a bit in one of her pictures. He'll
ask her to go with him to a forthcoming
premiere. If she remembers him at all and
thinks he's nice, she'll probably accept.
What she won't know is that he has no
tickets to the premiere. But now that she
has accepted his invitation he'll call her
studio and say, "I'm taking So and So to
the premiere, will you please send her
tickets to me?"

Or he will show off to her by getting a
grand, ringside table at Ciro's or Mocambo.
She'll be pretty impressed until she learns
that he has used her name to get it!

One of these opportunists told a friend
that he wasn't going to take a certain girl
out any more. "Why, the photographers
don't even know her," he said indignantly.
"They didn't take our pictures once. When
I went out with So and So they were snap-
ping all over the place."

Should Hollywood's young stars go out
with boys like this? Of course not! But,
since there aren't enough decent boys to go
around, who else can they date?

A Tony Curtis comes along. He gets
snapped up real fast. By whom? By a girl
he selects. And it's a safe bet that one of
the reasons Tony fell in love with Janet
Leigh was because she didn't chase him.

Liz Taylor, after marrying a very rich
young man outside the industry, found her
second husband Michael Wilding in far-
off England. And Shelley Winters found
her man in Italy. And now that she is

married to Vittorio Gassman an untold story can be revealed.

All the time Shelley was going with Farley they were just very good friends. During this time she fell in love with a writer. But he was a Hollywood product—bitter and cynical. He had seen a lot of actresses. He had known a lot of wacky dames. He refused to take her seriously. So it wasn't till she went to Italy that Shelley met a man who respected her not only as an actress but as a human being.

Janie Powell is one of Hollywood's luckier young stars. Her marriage outside the movie industry (Jane's husband Geary Steffen is in the insurance business) has given her a private life of quiet domesticity much envied by the movie colony's untached young women.

Of the older women Greer Garson is just as lucky. After an unsuccessful marital try with Richard Ney, a young man who played the role of her son in *Mrs. Miniver*, she married Buddy Fogelson, a substantial Texas rancher, a millionaire and a man older than herself. She is extremely happy now. But how many Buddy Fogelsons are there? And where do the first ladies of Hollywood find them?

Look at Ginger Rogers, Joan Crawford, Jane Wyman, Barbara Stanwyck—all lonely women. So one of their favorite beaux is Greg Bautzer, an eligible Hollywood lawyer. He has dated dozens of big stars. He had not married one of them. Why should he settle down when he can have just as good a time as a bachelor?

BECAUSE Hollywood is so short on manpower, Joan Crawford was delighted when a young man started writing charming notes to her, sending her endearing telegrams. He told her that eventually he would find a mutual friend who would properly introduce them. This delighted Joan who is, essentially, most conventional. He did find someone to introduce them. He told Joan of his admiration for her and said that all he wanted from her was the privilege of her society. Then came the pay-off. What he really wanted was a role—and a big role, too—not in her private life but in one of her pictures!

Many other stars have had the same bad luck with love. Jane Wyman announced her engagement to Travis Klee-field, a building contractor, and then broke it. She says "it just didn't work out." What her friends say is that she couldn't stand the gaff—being married to someone younger than she.

And look at Betty Hutton. Married and unmarried. Engaged and unengaged. Why, even her Christmas card was decorated with a heart and Betty's expressed wish that she would find a guy in 1952. She managed to find Charles O'Curran, dance director at Paramount, but it wasn't easy.

It is not a new Hollywood story—the woman chasing, the men running. Beautiful Carole Landis fell in love with Rex Harrison. She desperately wanted him to get a divorce. When he wouldn't, she killed herself.

The love of Jean Harlow's life was William Powell, but she died without getting him to marry her.

And, more recently, there was Lana Turner who chased Tyrone Power to Europe before his marriage to Linda Christian. Ty said that he and Lana were never engaged. She said she thought that they were.

A chased man is always wary. Take the case of Jimmy Stewart. For years he was Hollywood's prize bachelor. And for years he avoided the huntresses and remained a bachelor. Whom did he finally marry? A society widow whom he pursued.

Who, then, is left to supply the demand for men among the older girls?

Spencer Tracy is married and will re-

main so, as a good many glamour girls have discovered. Walter Pidgeon ditto. John Wayne's marriage has been shaky but, as of this writing, he is back with his wife. Clark Gable, although he is available, swears he will never marry again.

There was a time when Clark and Joan Crawford were in love. This was when her marriage to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. was on the rocks and Clark was still married to his second wife, Rhea. After Carole Lombard's death, Joan and Clark saw each other several times. But the timing was wrong. They were just good friends, they discovered, and she married Philip Terry instead.

It's true that divorce happens too easily and too often in Hollywood. But if these older stars could have looked into the future when they were younger, and tasted the loneliness that was to come to them, they would have made a greater effort to piece the broken bits of marriage back together again.

BECAUSE so many of the older women are lonely and so many of the younger girls are dateless, the boys grow spoiled.

A few years ago one of the nicest boys you would hope to meet came from the New York stage to work in pictures. He was charming and eager to please. A new and nice young man in Hollywood. A prize. But, as usual, the girls gave him the big rush and today he is an egocentric who can only talk about himself because he has found that the girls will listen to whatever he says as long as he continues to date them. He never thinks to send a corsage to his date, and although he has plenty of money he never bothers to take his date to dinner before they go to a premiere.

A boy of good background was recently signed by a big studio. So many girls asked him for dates that he came to the conclusion he would be sought after no matter what his behavior was. A girl asked him to one of the local awards parties—one of the many functions given before the Academy passes out the Oscars. He sat with her for a few moments and then noticed a table where the people seemed to be having more fun. He left the girl, joined the people at the other table and didn't go back to his date until the party was over.

The entire situation is bad for both the boys and the girls. Is it any wonder that unstable marriages are so prevalent in Hollywood?

As we've seen, the girls are not blameless. The extra girl who longs for a speaking part makes a play for the assistant director. The bit player eager for a steady contract woos the executive in charge of talent.

Not too long ago Hollywood was surprised by the divorce of a sweet faced girl and her charming and seemingly devoted husband. Hollywood was surprised—but not too much. Divorce is all too common out here. A few gossips tried to dream up reasons for the separation. A few people who claim to be first with the latest made up some stories. The awful truth was that the new man in the girl's life is a producer. Her career was in the doldrums. She had sold her husband out for star billing!

And so it goes a large part of the time, an endless—and a vicious—cycle. Too many girls chase the boys for dates, too many stars chase the producers for roles, too many tragic older stars chase men to try and catch a husband.

And the men—what are they doing? They're running! They run from entanglements, they run from matrimony—they run every time they see a woman head in their direction. And the faster they run, the faster the women chase!

Where will it end? Who will win the race? Who knows.



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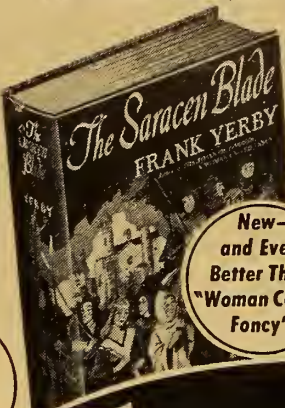
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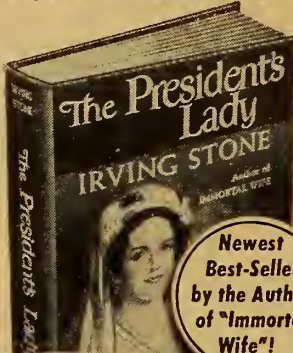
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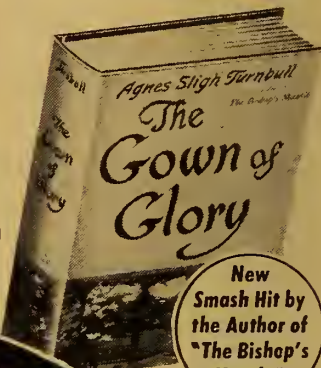
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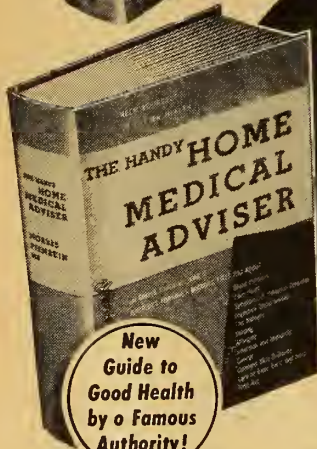
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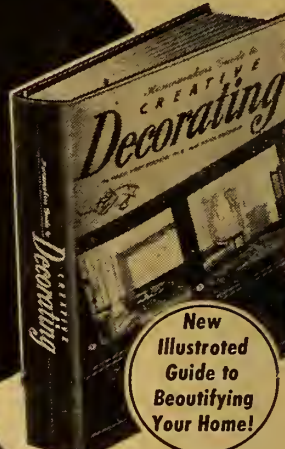


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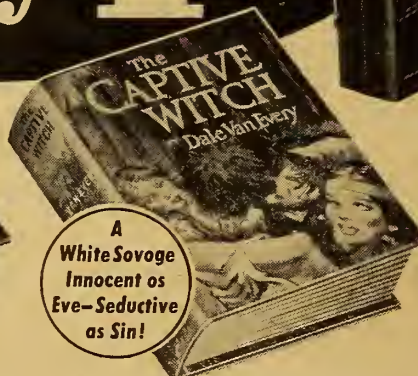
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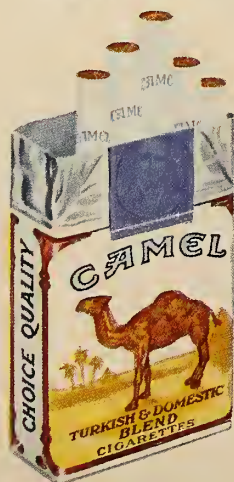
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