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the TRUTH about JUDY'S RUSH MARRIAGE

modern screen

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ava gardner

Yes, Camay takes your skin "out of the shadows"

AND INTO THE LIGHT OF NEW LOVELINESS!



Like this Camay bride, you'll win
a fresher, brighter skin with your First Cake of Camay!

NO GIRL can expect eyes and hearts to turn her way—or hope for a ring for her third finger, left hand—if she lets dullness overshadow the natural beauty of her skin!

Are shadows keeping your beauty hidden from view? That needn't be! Camay can take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of romantic new loveliness. Change to regular care—use Camay and Camay alone—and your complexion will have a new freshness—a clearer look with your *very first cake* of Camay.

For complexion *or* bath, there's no finer beauty soap than Camay. How mild—how gentle Camay is! And Camay gives you such an abundance of rich, creamy, luxurious lather! What joy to see your skin come "out of the shadows" and into the light of romantic new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.

Head to toes—your beauty grows!



The daily Camay Beauty Bath wakes your sleeping beauty, head to toes! It brings your arms—your legs—your shoulders—that "beautifully cared-for" look. It touches you with Camay's flattering fragrance. Camay in the Beauty-Bath Size offers more lather—more economy!

MRS. LOUIS AUER, lovely Camay bride, says: "Camay's a lamb of a beauty soap! After I changed to regular care and Camay, a clearer complexion was mine surprisingly soon!"



Camay

the Soap of Beautiful Women

AUG 21 1952

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*G*leam and glimmer, shine and shimmer . . . Sunlight or moonlight,
your hair has the clean sheen of silk, the caressing softness of silk, the
supple smoothness of silk, when you shampoo 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!

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!



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!



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!



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

SEPTEMBER 1952

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

modern screen special

INGRID AND PIA TELL THEIR OWN STORIES..... 40

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ON THE COVER: MGM's Ava Gardner, Modern Screen Staff Photo.

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MGM

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



SEPTEMBER

SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT

The Merry Widow

It's new, it's wonderful, it's LANA TURNER as The Merry Widow... the most entrancing girl who ever danced into romance on the wings of Franz Lehar's music! Co-starring FERNANDO LAMAS. A rich and resplendent production in color by *Technicolor*



OCTOBER

SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT

Because You're Mine

Golden-voiced MARIO LANZA scores a new sensation in this rollicking musical ringing with love songs. Co-starring JAMES WHITMORE, introducing DORETTA MORROW. *Technicolor*.



NOVEMBER

SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT

Plymouth Adventure

A best-seller becomes a great film! Epic drama of the sea! Starring SPENCER TRACY, GENE TIERNEY, VAN JOHNSON, LEO GENN. *Technicolor*.



No Longer a 'Worry Wart' about what to use for INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE



GREASELESS SUPPOSITORY
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Offers Many **EXTRA** Advantages

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

Q. Is it true that Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie really dislike each other?

—D. D., DANBURY, CONN.

A. Yes.

Q. I understand that Ingrid Bergman once admitted to her ex-husband, Dr. Lindstrom, that Roberto Rossellini at one time had a reputation of being a playboy. Is that on the level?

—B. J., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. According to Dr. Lindstrom's legal testimony, Ingrid told him, "I know that Rossellini has been running around a lot. He has told a lot about his life, and it is bad, but I feel I would like to stay here and suffer the consequences."

Q. Isn't producer Walter Wanger being treated with kid gloves at the Los Angeles County Jail Farm?

—C. D., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. He is doing light chores.

Q. Why is Bing Crosby jealous of Johnny Ray? Why has he made disparaging remarks about that dreamboat?

—Y. R., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A. Crosby has never made disparaging remarks about any singer. He merely admits that "I have no desire to imitate those fellas who sing like they're having a nervous breakdown."

Q. Will Jane Russell quit RKO when her contract expires next February?

—G. F., FRANKFORT, KY.

A. Not if she gets the good stories she's been clamoring for.

Q. Whom has Rita Hayworth been seeing the most of since her return to Hollywood? I mean in the way of men.

—A. L., WASHINGTON, D. C.

A. Actor Richard Greene.

Q. Isn't there a feud between the wives of Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin?

A. No feud. The families just don't mix socially.

Q. Haven't there been a lot of disputes between Jane Powell and Mario Lanza about the forthcoming movie, *The*

Student Prince?

—C. L., PORTLAND, ME.

A. No disputes—just an understanding that each is to get equal billing.

Q. Hasn't Janie Powell asked Metro to give her a glamor buildup?

—C. Y., COLUMBUS, OHIO

A. She once wanted to be a glamor gal when she felt she didn't have enough boy friends. Ever since her marriage to Geary, however, Janie's been content.

Q. Yvonne de Carlo supposedly conquers so many men these days. Is she really such a great siren or what?

—D. H., SANTA FE, N. M.

A. Yvonne employs a very hard-working press agent.

Q. How come the stand-in for Piper Laurie is her own grandmother?

—P. L., DALLAS, TEX.

A. Piper's stand-in is Pat Bowers, a grandmother, but not Piper's.

Q. Audie Murphy looks disgruntled all the time. What's the matter with him?

—E. K., MINERAL WELLS, TEX.

A. By nature he is quiet, taciturn, inhibited.

Q. I've read that Gordon MacRae has antagonized every magazine photographer in Hollywood. Is that true?

—S. K., ATLANTA, GA.

A. According to the photographers, he will not be ranked number one in their popularity poll.

Q. I've had the impression for some time that Jane Wyman is one of the most unhappy successes in Hollywood. What is the lowdown on her?

—G. H., MOLINE, ILL.

A. At the moment there's no big love in her life.

Q. Why does Ann Blyth refuse to talk about her father?

—S. T., NEWARK, N. J.

A. Her folks separated when she was an infant. (Continued on page 28)

*Marilyn
Monroe
every
inch
a woman...
every
inch
an actress...
in.*



20
CENTURY-FOX

Don't Bother to Knock

starring **Richard Widmark • Marilyn Monroe**

with Anne Bancroft • Donna Corcoran • Jeanne Cagney • Lurene Tuttle • Elisha Cook, Jr. • Jim Backus
Produced by JULIAN BLAUSTEIN • Directed by ROY BAKER • Screen Play by DANIEL TARADASH



Bing himself took this picture of the whole Crosby family! He used a delayed action tripper on his camera so that he could get into the picture, too. Back row, left to right: Dennis, Phillip, Mrs. Crosby, the family's pet French poodle, Topsy, and Gary. Front row: left to right, Bing, the family's pet Labrador retriever, Cindy, and the "baby" of the family, Lindsay. Bing just made his successful television debut.



LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

ELIZABETH, you're going to have the most spoiled baby in the world!" I said to Elizabeth Taylor after she had just confirmed to me over the 'phone the happy news.

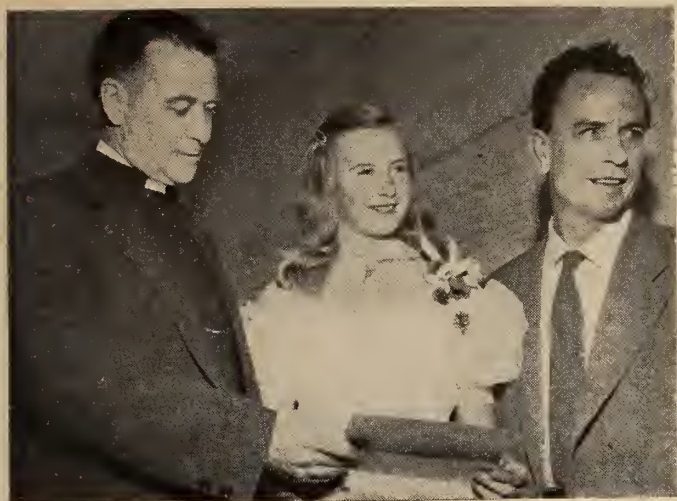
"Oh, I know it—I know it and I don't care," Liz laughingly replied, obviously at this moment the happiest expectant mother in the world.

"Why did your mother keep on denying it after I had checked her time after time to see if it were true?" I asked.

"Mother really didn't know, honestly," Liz said. "I was not sure when I was in England, and I wanted to wait until I came back home and went to my own doctor. Oh, it just isn't possible for two people to be happier than Mike and I." Elizabeth had broken the happy news to Michael Wilding via telephone to London. The pappy-to-be had been detained in his native England awaiting a quota number and was to follow Liz within a few weeks.

Let me let you in on something: Twins run in the Taylor family and nothing would thrill our girl more than to welcome a little Michael and Michele. Those names will stick no mat-

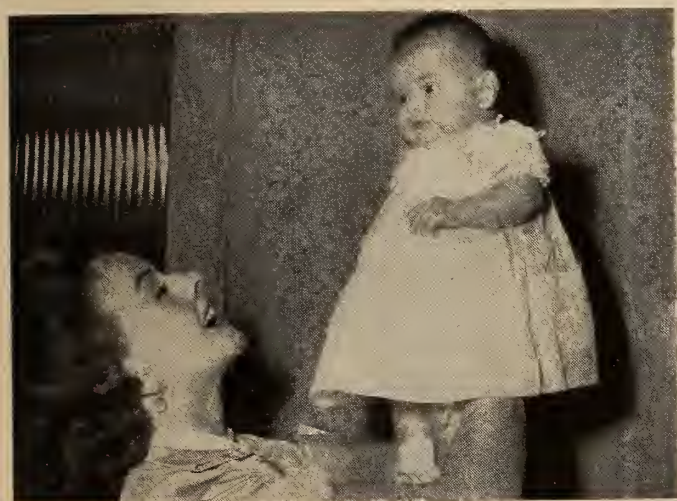
PARTY IS A WHAM-BAMMIE . . . ELEANOR POWELL AND GLENN FORD CLIMAX ALL OF THOSE RUMORS . . .



When Pia Lindstrom graduated from public school, her father, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, and the Rev. Kermit Castellanos were proud bystanders. The next day, Pia was in court (for the story, see page 40)



Liz Taylor was met at the airport by her mother, father, and on unidentified family friend when she flew home from England. It was her first reunion with her family since her marriage to actor Michael Wilding.



It was a girl this time for lovely Jeanne Crain, the mother of three boys. The new baby, Jeanine, was eagerly welcomed by Paul, Jr., Michael and Timothy who were overjoyed to have a sister at last!



The world premiere of Warners' *The Winning Team* in Springfield, Mo., brought many stars. Visiting the polio cottage at Burge Hospital were, left to right, Virginia Gibson, Nancy Davis, Ronald Reagan.

ter what—Michael for a boy and Michele for a girl—that's how crazy Liz is about her Mike.

Can you imagine what Liz, who has always lavished affection on kittens, dogs, birds and other pets, will feel about a child of her own.

Yes, indeed—everybody is glowingly happy about Liz's baby-to-be—that is, all but MGM, which had enough pictures lined up for her to keep her busy the next two years.

So far, at least, those who predicted that happiness between 20-year-old Liz and 39-year-old Mike would be short-lived, may now hide their faces in shame while everybody croons lullabies!

I've never more enjoyed hostessing a party than the one I gave in the garden of my home honoring William Randolph Hearst, Jr., and his beautiful wife, Austine. I've known Bill since he was a little boy, and I am so proud of the way he is following, so brilliantly, in his father's journalistic path.

Everybody came to greet Bill and "Bootsie"—so many acceptances, in fact, that we put up a cellophane tent and set up white tables with vivid umbrellas in the garden.

Lana Turner, in a beige cocktail dress and coat that exactly matched her hair, came with Fernando Lamas—who else? These two, so much in love, held hands all the time they were here.

Jack Benny came "stag" because Mary had already left for London. I have to tell you something amusing Jack said to Ava Gardner, whose hair was surprisingly blonde, looking like a doll's wig.

"Honey," began Jack, tactfully, "I'm not your husband. But, if I were, I'd ask you to get rid of that damned blonde hair and be a beautiful brunette again!"

Frankie Sinatra died laughing, but he didn't say anything! Ava was a good scout and laughed, too.

I never realized how small Merle Oberon is until I saw her talking with Father Thomas English, the tallest priest in America—six feet eight inches. Merle's neck was absolutely bent backwards.

Gracie Allen had a wonderful time singing with the string band.

Jane Wyman said, "What do you mean, stealing my stuff? I'm the one who has gone

crazy over singing in public." Jane wore a pearl gray cocktail dress and matching coat along the same line as Lana's. She really looked stunning.

Ginger Rogers wore black chiffon with beautiful blue earrings and necklace.

Cary Grant and Betsy had to leave early, reluctantly, because they have a new cook who gets violent migraine headaches.

Sylvia Ashley Gable sat with the David Nivens and said she was so glad to see so many of her "old pals" again. Sylvia has put on weight, but that is natural. She hasn't been able to move around much since she hurt her foot so badly. She has to use a crutch.

I was particularly proud that California's Governor Earl Warren and his charming wife were able to attend. The Governor always seems to enjoy himself so much.

Rosalind Russell wore a little yellow hat with a tiny yellow veil over her eyes—very flattering.

Norma Shearer Arrouge looked wonderful in a smart black suit and hat.

I'd just like to say—as maybe I shouldn't—

"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

that I had an awfully good time, myself, at my own party.

INGRID BERGMAN wept as though her heart would break in a thousand pieces when she read Pia's statement, "I do not love my mother. I like her. I love my father."

Every effort had been made to keep the newspapers away from Ingrid, who was very ill in Rome just before the birth of her twin daughters. But she got hold of them anyway.

A very close friend—who had talked with her over Trans-Atlantic telephone—later told me, "She is crushed. Completely crushed."

It is very hard for me to believe that Pia wasn't coached in her testimony when she said, "I seldom saw my mother. She was usually working, or away, or tired."

I remember when Ingrid was making Joan Of Arc and I visited her on the set. It was a big production into which a fortune was being poured. But she was always the mother as well as the great actress carrying a heavy load.

The day I lunched with her, Pia was there, so gay, so devoted to her mother and so worshipful that she had her hair cut just like Ingrid!

I know, too, that the little girl came often to the studio and lunched with her mother. And time after time I saw them shopping in Beverly Hills with their arms around each other.

Whenever I ran into Ingrid, she never failed to tell me about Pia, some sweet thing she had said or done or about how proud she was of her good school cards.

As for Dr. Peter Lindstrom, I know what I am talking about when I say his private life is far from an open book. I know of a marriage into which he brought great unhappiness himself. And, this he will not dare to deny.

It is up to him to undo the terrible damage he wrought in permitting a 13-year-old girl to read everything printed in the papers and the actual transcript of the Bergman-Rossellini affair.

No mother in the world should live to hear her daughter say she does not love her.

RIGHT at the height of Jane Wyman's rug-cutting party at the Tiffany Club, Jerry Lewis said, "Man—this is a WHAM-BAMMIE!"

I'm not sure what a wham-bammie is, but I've never seen so many top stars letting down their hair and cutting up their feet!

It was a farewell for Jane's friends, the William Perlbergs, who were leaving for Europe where Bill will direct the Bing Crosby picture.

Jane had taken over the small nightclub, where so many hot jive bands play when they come to Los Angeles. How that Janie loves jive, and she looked so cute in a décolleté red-and-white checked gingham gown.

Believe it or not, but when I got there such "dignified" people as Greer Garson, Gary Cooper, Van Heflin, Barbara Stanwyck and some producers and agents were hot-footing it like crazy to Red Nichols and His Five Pennies band!

As for Betty Hutton and Charles O'Curran—they are such wonderful jive dancers they could turn professional.

Everyone took Janie at her word and came in gingham and cottons—everyone but Evie Johnson (Van's wife) who was done to the



Just for You

THE BIG, BACKSTAGE MUSICAL IN COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR



"ZING A LITTLE ZONG"

"ON THE 10:10 FROM
TEN-TEN-TENNESSEE"

"THE LIVE OAK TREE"

"HE'S JUST CRAZY
FOR ME"

"I'LL SI-SI-YA IN BAHIA"

"JUST FOR YOU"

"CHECKIN' MY HEART"



A Paramount
Picture starring

BING

JANE

ETHEL

CROSBY • WYMAN • BARRYMORE

SONGS FOR YOU! More tunes than Technicolor has colors! Hits like "Zing A Little Zong," that Bing and Jane sock into... the way they warbled "Cool, Cool, Cool Of The Evening" into an Academy Award!

SPECTACLE FOR YOU! Scenes packed with color and gayety and gorgeous girls and music galore... like the "Bahia" production number, that you'll number among the best!

STARS FOR YOU! Bing and Jane team up to bring you their best brand of singing, dancing and loving! Ethel Barrymore lets her hair down! And MORE performing surprises!

STORY FOR YOU! All about show business, showmen and beautiful showgirls. No business, no people, no picture like it!



Produced by PAT DUGGAN • Directed by ELLIOTT NUGENT • Screenplay by ROBERT CARSON
Based on "FAMOUS" by Stephen Vincent Benét • Songs: Music by HARRY WARREN • Lyrics by LEO ROBIN



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.



2 YOU WIPE UNDERARM, then throw pad away. Liquid in pad applies itself as no cream or spray can. No trickle! No sticky feeling or messy fingers.

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.

Like home permanents... shift-free driving... soapless detergents. And...

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

Women are literally *raving* about this new way of checking perspiration and odor. And they're deserting their old deodorants in droves.

An *overwhelming* percentage of women—and men too—who try 5-Day come back for more. Your cosmetician and druggist will tell you they've never seen anything quite like this happen before.

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.

5-Day Deodorant Pads are available at all drug and cosmetic counters.

5-day
deodorant pads

Please, madame, try 5-Day Pads at our expense! We want to send you a month's supply... **FREE**

5-DAY LABORATORIES, Box #1001
DEPT. MS-9, NEW YORK 1, NEW YORK

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

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ADDRESS.....

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OFFER EXPIRES IN 60 DAYS



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

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Debbie Reynolds is dressed as a football for her latest picture *I Love Melvin*. She'll be passed from dancer to dancer in one number.

teeth in full evening regalia. But she had fun.

Tyrone Power took a turn at the drums!

The fun went on until five o'clock in the A.M. I'll never know how Janie got up the next day, packed her two children, and took off for the East.

ELEANOR POWELL was hysterical as she sobbed, "Let me get myself together—I've never been so unhappy. Yes, Glenn (Ford) and I are having trouble, but I'm too miserably confused to talk now."

This was the climax to a long series of rumors that Glenn and his dancer wife, Ellie, were on the verge of ending their nine-year marriage.

Last year when Glenn went to Europe to be gone a long time making *Green Gloves* and took his mother, the whispers of trouble were really shouts around Hollywood.

But Eleanor held fast to her story and to her hope that their marriage would survive. When Glenn returned from Europe after four months, he went home to Ellie and their six-year-old son, Peter, whom both adore. Apparently, all was well or, at least, calmed down.

Then, Glenn went off to Europe again—this time to make *Time Bomb* for MGM—another jaunt of three or four months.

Eleanor, at first, told me that she had no idea where Glenn was. Her mother, highly excited, called later and said that Glenn was in the house all the time these hysterics were going on.

Whether he was or he wasn't, I hope by the time you read this that things will be well between the Fords again.

THINKING OUT LOUD: Red Skelton must watch his health—all the fame and success in the world isn't worth what Red is pouring into his work. Too much work... A certain beautiful blonde babe is drinking too much... You'd be surprised if you knew what top star, ultra dignified, has a great big crush on Jane Wyman. Tried to get his plane ticket changed to the train, just so he could ride East with Janie and her children... Barbara Stanwyck is finally "over" Robert Taylor... Speaking of Bob, he's been dating Mickey



WARNER BROS.
Happily Present
**ALL THE GREAT
 JOY AND ALL
 THE GOL-DARNED
 GREATNESS OF**

THE STORY OF **WILL ROGERS**

COLOR BY
Technicolor

STARRING

WILL ROGERS, JR. AND **JANE WYMAN**
 as His Father as Mrs. Will Rogers

WITH JAMES GLEASON, and as himself: **EDDIE CANTOR** DIRECTED BY **MICHAEL CURTIZ**
 SCREEN PLAY BY FRANK DAVIS AND STANLEY ROBERTS PRODUCED BY ROBERT ARTHUR

BASED ON THE SATURDAY EVENING POST STORY, "UNCLE CLEM'S BOY" BY MRS. WILL ROGERS



"Wake up your 'sleeping beauty'!"

says Yvonne de Carlo



clean deeper
with Woodbury
Cold Cream

"So many women have natural beauty... and what do they do? They let it sleep under a blanket of stale make-up!" says Yvonne de Carlo. You must get to the bottom of stale make-up and grime. Ordinary cleansing doesn't do it, but Woodbury Cold Cream, with *Penaten*, does!



Penaten works
the magic

Penaten, a marvelous new ingredient in Woodbury Cold Cream, carries the rich cleansing and softening oils deeper into pore openings. Your cleansing tissue will prove how much more dirt you remove. Feel your skin; it's softer!



you'll look
your loveliest

"You'll look fresher, younger," says Yvonne de Carlo, star of "SCARLET ANGEL," a U-I Picture, color by Technicolor. Try Woodbury Cold Cream with *Penaten* on your skin today! 25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Rock Hudson gives Ann Blyth a lift as they step off the plane that brought them East for a number of personal appearances together.

Rooney's ex, Martha Vickers. . . . Rita Hayworth is really working very hard on *Salome*. None of the headaches and suspensions connected with her comeback movie, *Affair in Trinidad*. But she does find time to dine quietly now and then with Richard Greene. . . . Doris Day threw out her Early American furniture in favor of French Provincial—which is Early French to the French. . . . The "upsets" between Kathryn Grayson and Gordon MacRae making *The Desert Song* have not blazed out in the open as did her troubles with Mario Lanza. Kathie seems such an easy-going gal off screen. What happens with her and her singing co-stars?

TALKED with John Wayne right after he made up his mind that his marriage to Esperanza was definitely over. For weeks his Mexican wife, nicknamed Chata, had kept him dangling about their marital status and finally the worm turned. It was John who said, "I've had enough."

"I can't take any more—and still keep my dignity, Louella," the No. 1 star at the box office told me. "I was absolutely bewildered when I returned from Honolulu, expecting to join Chata, to find that she had taken off for Mexico."

"When we were both in Honolulu, she promised to join me there again after a short trip back home. She never returned. Never offered any explanation."

"Things were getting to the point where I didn't know whether I was married or not. It was an intolerable situation."

I asked John if it is true, as everyone said, that Chata was very jealous of his love for his four children by his first wife, Jo, and of the frequent visits he made to their home.

"That part of the gossip isn't true, and I can't say that against her. But I can no longer be kept dangling at her apron strings about whether she wants me or not. Not—and keep my self-respect."

John wouldn't discuss whether there is now a chance that he and Jo will re-marry. But their friends are keeping their fingers crossed hoping they do.

Well, Rock Hudson is back with Vera-Ellen, as of this writing.

"I do what
I love and
I love what
I do!"

She's Back!

COLUMBIA
PICTURES
presents

RITA
HAYWORTH
GLENN
FORD

SHARING THAT "GILDA"
KIND OF LOVE AGAIN

in **Affair**
in **Trinidad**

with Alexander Scourby • Valerie Bettis • Torin Thatcher
Screen Play by OSCAR SAUL and JAMES GUNN • Produced and Directed
by VINCENT SHERMAN • A BECKWORTH CORPORATION PRODUCTION



*I dreamed I opened
the World Series in my
maidenform bra*

What marvelous control! I'll be winning every inning
...so fittingly supported by my Maidenform Over-ture.*
Undercup stitching gives me such a lilted lift!
No wonder more women wear Maidenform
than any other bra on earth!

Over-ture in acetate satin, broadcloth, nylon lace and taffeta,
from 1.75. Send for free style booklet. Maiden Form, N. Y. 16.

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

SKIRT: SLOAT JEWELRY: MONET

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. ©1952, MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC.



LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



When her dog Squeaky had pups, Piper Laurie strung them up for a picture. (Read about Piper's feud with Tony Curtis on page 50.)

Even after these two broke their engagement and started dating others, they still didn't seem to forget.

He is supposed to be Marilyn Maxwell's big moment now—and Vera has been getting zee beeg rush from Ernie Byfield, Jr. So, frankly, I don't seem able to puzzle out just what will eventually happen between Rock and Vera.

HERE'S A TIP, gals. Jane Greer says that only relaxed women are glamorous.

"Can you imagine Marlene Dietrich, or Garbo, or Hedy Lamarr chattering like magpies at men, giggling on a dance floor, running here or there in breathless confusion?"

"No—if a girl wants to go in for the glamor treatment, the first thing she has to learn is—take it easy. Not only that—it's a beautifier. The girl who crinkles her face up and goes into contortions when she laughs gets nothing but—wrinkles.

"I don't mean a girl should be spiritless and dull—but soft-pedal the voice, keep cool, be a little remote and mysterious if you want your husband or boyfriend to think you're glamorous."

Had to laugh over the way the rumor started that Doris Day and Marty Melcher are "expecting." Doris' seven-year-old son by a previous marriage, Terry, went to a kid's party.

One of the children asked Terry if he had any little brothers or sisters. "Nope," he said, "But we got one coming up!"

When I checked Doris, she died laughing. "I'm afraid that's just wishful thinking on Terry's part—right now, anyway."

THE LETTER BOX: Alma Totters, Huntington, Tenn., writes: "What has happened to June Haver? She is my very favorite. She seems to be slipping both on the screen and in magazine interviews." June isn't slipping, Alma. She has been ill, which has delayed her newest picture, and naturally she has not been available for interviews.

"Effie," Brooklyn, wants to know: "Don't you like Rory Calhoun?" Of course I do. He's one of the best-looking actors in town, and just as nice as he looks. He's very happy these days now that he and his lovely wife Lita are on the Stork's list.



Have you ever been troubled by

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> DANDRUFF? | <input type="checkbox"/> STIFF, DRY HAIR? |
| <input type="checkbox"/> UNMANAGEABLE HAIR? | <input type="checkbox"/> DULL, LISTLESS HAIR? |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FRIZZY PERMANENTS? | <input type="checkbox"/> HARD-TO-SET-HAIR? |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TIGHT SCALP? | |

DON'T MISS A WORD of this special message! Learn how a simple hair conditioning treatment you can give your hair at home, GUARANTEES new beauty, new highlights, manageability, better health for your hair, or double your money back.

For soft, shining hair tomorrow... tonight —

CREAM-TONE *your hair*

with Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing

Is your scalp tight, dry, dandruffy? Is your hair dull, listless, hard to manage? Have permanents, hair dyes, today's high-tension living all taken their toll?

Then you're the girl who ought to know about the recent discovery in hair care that has excited the whole world of beauty.

It is called CREAM-TONING... and it is something you can do at home. You don't have to soak your head in hot, smelly oils! You don't have to fuss with wet towels!

CREAM-TONING is pleasant, relaxing, easy, simple, inexpensive. And, oh, what wonders it works for your hair!

NEW PRODUCT makes NEW TREATMENT POSSIBLE!

The product that makes cream-toning possible is brand new. It is smooth, creamy Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing. Flower-pink, flower-fragrant, it is a skillful blend of soothing, scalp-conditioning lanolin, costly cholesterol and other ingredients that contribute in rich measure to hair beauty.

How to CREAM-TONE your hair with LADY WILDROOT!

It's easy! First brush your hair. Then part it, section by section. Rub Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing gently but thoroughly into your scalp, along the line of every part. Don't be afraid to use plenty; it's good for your hair.

Continue rubbing until all the cream disappears — leaving your scalp glistening, relaxed, cream-washed, cream-toned. Now relax! Give the rich emollients in Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing time to soften and soothe. Let the luxurious lanolated oils work

their magic all the way from your scalp to the very tip ends of your hair! Keep the cream on as long as you wish — a few minutes, a half hour, or even over-night.

After CREAM-TONING ... Shampoo!

Now for a good shampoo! You'll like the active bubbly lather in Lady Wildroot Shampoo... the way it *dissolves* and floods away any remaining excess cream, taking with it dirt, grime, loose dandruff.

Give your hair a second quick-sudsing — with Lady Wildroot Shampoo! Then rinse, dry, and set.

Now, look at your hair! Your scalp is so pink and clean it glistens. Your hair is so fresh and clean it gleams. It's soft, radiant, beautifully manageable — easy to coax into deep, easy waves. Women troubled with dry hair, frizziness, split ends, find this cream-tone conditioning a joyous discovery. Women with too-oily, sticky, gummy hair like the way it does away with excess oil.

TRY IT TONIGHT!

You'll never know, you couldn't begin to guess, your hair's own natural too-long-hidden beauty until you CREAM-TONE your scalp with new Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing!

(Girls who haven't time for a complete CREAM-TONE treatment put a teaspoon of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing in the final rinse — after an ordinary shampoo — and find their hair extra soft, extra radiant, extra manageable — snarls and tangles magically smoothed. Others use Lady Wildroot for daily good grooming — to tame fly-away locks, calm unruly curls and straggles.)

GUARANTEED! or double your money back!

If you have been hunting for a solution to dry hair, oily hair, frizzy hair; if you want to see how glamorously lovely your hair can be... then tonight, CREAM-TONE your hair. Your favorite store has Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing in the 50¢ and \$1.00 sizes.

If you don't agree tomorrow morning that your scalp is cleaner, your hair more radiant, then return the bottle and Wildroot will gladly send you DOUBLE your money back.

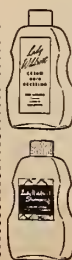
Don't forget — BE glamorous, Be beautiful. Tonight... CREAM-TONE your hair... with Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing.



*Cut this out and put
it in your purse*

REMINDER! Stop at your favorite store and buy a bottle of...

- ← 1. Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing. Discover what CREAM-TONING can do for YOUR hair.
- ← 2. Get Lady Wildroot Shampoo... for a soapless, sudsy, lanolin lovely, better-for-your-hair shampoo.





Sweater Sweeties—

With a wardrobe of the new plain 'n' fancy sweaters, you're well-dressed for dates or duty, any hour, any day. But sweaters *can* be irritating, if you use a deodorant that leaves the skin raw and sensitive. That's why it's smart to use YODORA, the "beauty cream" deodorant.

YODORA is gentle and pure as your face cream. A recent four-week test among more than a hundred women, supervised by a leading skin specialist, showed *not one single case of underarm skin irritation from using YODORA, even when applied immediately after shaving!*

Dancing Dolls—

Show-off shoulder dresses click at folk or formal dances. But be sure your underarm is "show-off" soft and lovely. YODORA, used daily, not only stops perspiration odor effectively, it also softens, smooths and *beautifies* the skin. Massage feet, too, with YODORA, to help keep them fresh and untired through the evening.

Tip for Teens—

Don't use too-heavy make-up on sensitive adolescent skin; nor a too-strong deodorant.

In a recent study among readers of a leading women's magazine, one out of two women reported they had suffered underarm skin irritation from using too-harsh deodorants. This need never happen to *you* if you use YODORA, the "beauty cream" deodorant. Tubes or jars 10¢, 35¢, 60¢



McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.

hollywood report

by Mike Connolly

famous columnist for
The Hollywood Reporter



WHO'S MAD AT WHOM:

This is how feuds start. Olivia de Havilland told me she went backstage after a performance of *Medea* to congratulate Judith Anderson, the star. Olivia was accompanied by her agent, Kurt Frings. Judith grabbed Kurt's arm, pulled him into her dressing room, and slammed the door in Olivia's face! Hurt, Olivia went home, vowing never to speak to Judith again. But next day Kurt called her and explained: That afternoon, before the show, a thief broke into Judith's hotel room, cleaned it out and left an *ace of spades* on her dresser! Judith, accordingly, was barely able to stagger through her performance . . . Olivia understands now. But she still hasn't heard from Judith . . . Aldo Ray is under orders from Harry Cohn not to date till his divorce is straightened out . . . Virginia Mayo froze to her table at a party when another gal walked in wearing the same dress. Only on Mayo it looked better!



Ray

Lynn Bari was first to congratulate Sid Luft on his marriage to Judy Garland. But she also reminded him not to forget to pay ten percent of his earnings, as agreed upon in their divorce agreement—"or I'll sue again!" . . . Hollywood was horrified by the news from New York that John Garfield's funeral was turned into a shambles by screaming matrons who wanted autographs from the famous people who came to pay their last respects . . . Shelley Winters and her Vittorio got crates of congratulatory telegrams on their wedding but none from U-I, which suspended her about the same time . . . Hal LeSueur, Joan Crawford's brother, got a job selling fishing tackle in a Hollywood sporting goods store. He and Joan haven't spoken for several years, although he has joined Alcoholics Anonymous . . . Kathryn Grayson burned when Johnny Johnston filed for a quick Mexican divorce after she had filed for a California divorce. Hers isn't final until October, and she doesn't want any hitches such as an action like Johnny's might cause.



Grayson

ODD'S BODKINS:



Cooper

Tony Curtis took advantage of *his* suspension from U-I to go fishing at Durango, Colo., while Janet was making *Naked Spur* there for MGM. Bob Taylor got wind that the fishing was good and planned out to join them. Which makes two extra men, for the statistically minded . . . Natives of Samoa kept asking when Gary Cooper would arrive to shoot *Return To Paradise*. They see American movies, too, and this is their name for Gary: Big Coop, the Fierce, Great Indian Fighter . . . Mario Lanza's weight continues to give him trouble. He slipped to a dangerous 158 but got up to 163 fast via a pound of butter and a cup of olive oil every day . . . One reason Marlon Brando was so good in *Streetcar Named Desire*: He spent months beforehand studying the corner-of-the-mouth mannerisms of prizefighter Rocky Graziano at Rocky's training camp . . . Bing Crosby, who always has a pipe stuck in his kisser, actually smokes only four pipefuls a day.

Leslie Caron's spouse, Geordie Hormel, lined up that singing date at the Cafe Gala for himself just to prove there's still some ham in the Hormels . . . Has anyone noted that Fernando Lamas started his Hollywood dating career with Ava Gardner? . . . And that Lana Turner used to go with Frankie Sinatra? . . . That right-side profile of Stewart Granger in a national picture magazine was the first to hit the public prints. He's one guy who can turn his best profile (that's his left!) to the camera quicker'n



Granger

Only a **PLAYTEX®** Girdle

lets you feel as *free* as this...



and look as SLIM as this...



VERA MAXWELL, top New York designer, says:
"Fashion accents slim hips as well as slim waistlines this fall. It's a season of smoothness, of sleek and softly curving lines. And the slender secret of it all is your Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle!"

Whether fall means back-to-school or back-to-social-whirl, you'll find Playtex is perfect! Made of smooth latex, lined with cloud-soft fabric, it's invisible under your slenderest clothes. From tummy-trimming top to four Adjust-All garters, it hasn't a seam, stitch or bone. And, it washes in seconds, dries in a flash!

Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube. Playtex Fab-Lined Girdles from \$5.95. Other Playtex Girdles—Living® and Pink-Ice—from \$3.50, at department stores and specialty shops. Prices slightly higher outside U.S.A.



Invisible

Playtex **FAB-LINED** *Girdles*
— Fabric Next to Your Skin —

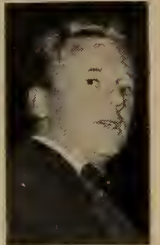
With New *Adjust-All Garters

hollywood report continued

you can say Claudette Colbert, another fast-turner . . . "Lady" Sylvia Gable still uses that title, although it's been many years since she was married to Lord Ashley . . . Barbara Payton waits outside the Hollywood State Unemployment Office while Tom Neal picks up his \$25 check. But in a Cadillac!

FINANCIAL PAGE:

What makes a movie cost \$4,000,000? Well, the ballet slippers for Jeanmaire, Farley Granger's dancing partner in *Hans Christian Andersen*, and for the other dancing cuties in the picture set Sam Goldwyn back \$14,000. One small item! . . . Remember when MGM loaned Van Johnson \$100,000 to buy a house? He has let it lapse back to the studio, which in turn re-sold it, but at a loss . . . Average hourly earnings of people working in the movies are now at a peak of \$2.75, the highest of any industry. They compare with an average of \$2.23 in coal mining; \$2.21 in building; \$2.10 in oil refining; \$1.89 in steel. Lowest is for laundry workers: 92 cents . . . Paulette Goddard's person and jewelry are insured for close to \$1,000,000, which makes her one of the country's top five holders of such policies . . . Dana Andrews signed to do *Glass Menagerie* in the summer theatres for \$2,000 a week guarantee, plus a percentage of the boxoffice take. He also insisted that his wife play the part of the crippled girl.



Johnson

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

The usually cagey little Debbie Reynolds admitted to me that Bob Wagner is her favorite—and that his absence from town is why she didn't attend her pal Leslie Caron's party . . . In jail for shooting Jennings Lang, Walter Wanger said, "It is like nothing that I thought it would be. I can tell you that the men in my tank at the jail are a more polite and interesting



Wanger

group than many I've met at Hollywood parties" . . . Gene Tierney paid her stand-in's way to Europe for her stint opposite Gable in *Never Let Me Go* . . . Incidentally, Gene's most recent beau, Ivan Mihanovich of the Argentine polo team, is a fast 22! . . . Mama Angeli no longer chaperones Pier's dates. Hmm . . . Sign on the Hollywood Baptist Church: "U Can't Spell Church Without U" . . . June Haver spent her birthday at her mother's bedside in St. John's Hospital . . . While bedded during her recent illness, Mala Powers kept up with the world by looking at TV. Howard Hughes sent her the set.

This is what they were saying when Judy Garland got married: "So Sid Luft is what you find over the rainbow?" . . . Joe Pasternak wrote Pfc Vic Damone in Germany that he's lining up *three* pictures for Vic after his release—this in spite of Vic's having almost a year to go with Uncle Sam . . . That

Dial Soap

keeps complexions clearer by keeping skin cleaner!



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

The cleaner your skin, the better your complexion. And mild, fragrant Dial with AT-7 gets your skin cleaner and clearer than any other kind of soap.

It's as simple as that. Of course Dial's bland *beauty-cream* lather gently removes dirt and make-up, giving you scrupulous cleanliness to overcome clogged pores and blackheads. But Dial does far more! Here's the important *difference*: when you use Dial every day, its AT-7 effectively clears skin of bacteria that often aggravate and spread surface pimples and blemishes. Skin doctors know this and recommend Dial for both adults and adolescents.

Protect your complexion with fine, fragrant Dial Soap.

DIAL DAVE GARROWAY—NBC, Weekdays

Brighten your hair color with sparkle-giving lather

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

Not a tint! Not a dye!



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



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



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



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

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



29¢ to 89¢

New **Shasta Cream Shampoo**
FOR BRIGHTER, RICHER, NATURAL COLOR

Brady guy told me: "Dorothy Malone has merely to say, 'Great, Scott!' and she'll be Scott's Dot!" It rhymes! . . . Cpl. James MacVicar, Martha Vickers' kid brother, won a medal for heroism in Korea . . . Irving Berlin was prouder of his daughter Linda getting a part in Pasadena Playhouse's *Life With Mother* than of any song he ever wrote . . . Coincidental with the announcement of her approaching motherhood, Myrna Loy said she's writing finis to her film career . . . Exciting new twosome: Rita Hayworth and Charles FitzSimons, Maureen O'Hara's brother and a *fast* man on his feet!

QUICK QUOTES:

When Margaret O'Brien waxed overdramatic on Bob Hope's television benefit for the Cerebral Palsy Fund, Jackie Coogan nudged a nearby actor and remarked, "Gee, I'm glad I never grew up!" . . . Starlet, speaking of a bore: "I spent eight months with him last night!" . . . Preston Sturges' recipe for keeping calm: "Talk a morgue into selling you the heart of a man who died in anger, put it in a jar of alcohol, keep it on your desk as a reminder" . . . Eavesdropped above the cry-&-hue at LaRue:



O'Brien

"But she doesn't LOOK 42! Unless you get real close to her—like 20 feet" . . . Monica Lewis unloosed this in my good ear: "MGM wants me to have a scrubbed, shiny look but I don't like it. What girl wants to look like she's been scouring her face with Kitchen Klenzer all morning?" . . . Swaggering starlet to her bosom pal: "I've had three offers from producers so far this week but they were all married" . . . At a party, I asked a star, "What's new?" She replied, "If I break up any homes I'll call you."

FUNNIES:

Red Skelton's sage advice for Debra Paget: "The girl who swears she has never been kissed has a right to swear" . . . Ray Bolger overheard it coming out of a movie: "I don't like those double features. I always eat too much" . . . Johnnie Ray sounds so much like a revivalist, the only way Fred Allen can enjoy his singing is on his knees . . . We spent hours trying to check if it were true Johnnie said of his wedding to Marilyn Morrison, "I'm so happy I could laugh!" . . . I got a card postmarked Durango from Janet. It said, "Tony caught his 26th fish today. We call him Huckleberry Schwartz" . . . At the end of the reissued bloodtinglers, *Frankenstein* and *Dracula*, there's a trailer called *Help Your Blood Bank* . . . Ed Wynn, who counted 'em, reports 275 Wong numbers in the Los Angeles phone directory! . . . Movie heroine at a party: "Don't you think she looks terrible in that low-cut gown?" Movie hero: "Not as far as I can see!" . . . Jean-Pierre Aumont, back in town after too long away, said the climate in Hollywood must be wonderful—because not one of the women he knew would admit to being a day older than when he was last here in 1949.



Curtis

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:

John Wayne's wife, Chata, left him flat in Honolulu, where they had planned to spend time together while he was shooting *Big Jim McClain*. It was their second separation of the year. John, in a long-distance conversation from Honolulu, denied they were separated. Chata, who was here, denied it too, and then flew off to Mexico. And when John got back to the mainland he scratched his head, looked bewildered, and said, "You'd better ask Chata—I don't know if we are or not!" . . . Toni Carroll and Abigail Adams, both claiming to be Georgie Jessel protégées, fought over the title at Charley Foy's Supper Club. Afterwards, graying Georgie said, "It's highly complimentary to an old duffer like me" . . . Shock of the year: Pia Lindstrom's refusal to visit her mother in Italy. "I don't love her," she said of Ingrid. "I like her all right, but I love my father." What a price for Bergman to pay—the love of a daughter who once loved her above everything else!



Wayne

Stewart Granger's habit of yelling at his wife, Jean Simmons, in public is beginning to wear on various and sundry nerves hereabouts. He ordered her off his *Prisoner Of Zenda* set . . . It was a tug-of-war between Olivia de Havilland, Vivien Leigh and Greta Garbo as to who would get the starring role in *My Cousin Rachel*. Director George Cukor wanted Garbo most but Livvie got it. Later, George said he doesn't think Garbo will ever make another movie . . . The Piper Laurie-Tony Curtis feud is reminiscent of the fussin' and fightin' that Joyce Reynolds and Bob Hutton staged in Hollywood six years ago, and what's happened to them? . . . The Gassmanns' landlady evicted Shell and Gass because she wanted their apartment for her newly-wed daughter . . . MGM had an awful time deciding between Pete Lawford, Van Johnson, Farley Granger and Dean Miller for Janie Powell's leading man in *Small Town Girl*. Farley was the last-minute decision—and it was a hurried one. Picture had to be made fast because Jane's baby is due Dec. 10.

DANCING DOLLS:

Is it news to you too that Marge Champion got her start in pictures modeling *Snow White* for the Walt Disney cartoon film? . . .



Mayo

Warners rush-previewed Virginia Mayo's *Working Her Way Through College*, which as you know is about a burlesque in school, to tie in with the much-publicized panty raids taking place just before schools around the country let out for the summer . . . Columbia's Salome won't be as bloodthirsty as others you may have seen or read about. Princess Rita will not be called upon to dance with the head of John the Baptist on a platter . . . Samia Gamal was supposed to wear a six-karat dia-



Slim The Way The Stars Slim



• Joan Bennett spends many happy hours reading in the library of her Beverly Hills home. Here's what she says about Ayds: "The Ayds way is the really sensible way to reduce. That's why so many Hollywood stars follow it."



• Joan about to go for a drive with her French poodle, Bambi. "If you are overweight, Ayds can do wonderful things for your figure," says Joan. "I recommend it to any woman who wants to keep herself looking slim and youthful."

"AYDS Can Do Wonderful Things for Your Figure," says Joan Bennett

Let lovely Joan Bennett, mother of four, tell you how to win a lovelier figure! Lose weight *the way* Nature intended you to! With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure!

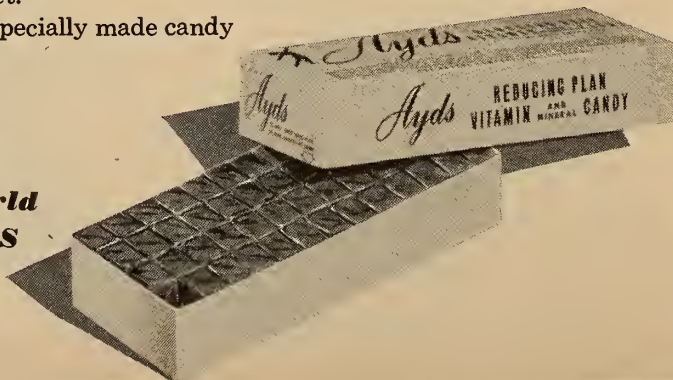
When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat the foods you like. Ayds contains no harmful drugs . . . calls for no strenuous diet.

Ayds is a specially made candy

containing health-giving vitamins and minerals. It acts by reducing your desire for those extra fattening calories. Easily and naturally you should begin to look slimmer, more beautiful day by day.

Delighted users report losing up to 10 pounds with the very first box. In fact, you must lose weight with the first box (\$2.98) or your money back.

**The
Loveliest
Women
in the World
take AYDS**



mond in her navel, a gift from hubby Shep King, when she opened at Ciro's. I looked, as did everybody else who was there, but no diamond. The gal gave Hollywood some real lessons in shaking, however.

SEX APPEAL:

That much-publicized nude statue of Mrs. Tyrone Power isn't new at all. Peter Lambda did it of Linda in England in 1950 when Ty was doing *Mr. Roberts* on the stage there . . . A CBS-TV censor explained television's new purity code to Marie Wilson: "A V-neck is okay but you can't get away with a U-neck any more" . . . Marilyn Monroe (incidentally, did you notice how RKO billed her as The Calendar Girl for *Clash By Night*?) autographed one of her nude calendar poses to a photographer as follows "Wish it could have been you" . . . The Breen Office returned one of sweet little Pier Angeli's still photos to MGM with the cleavage X'd out.



Wilson

LONG HUNCH DEP'T:

Travis Kleefeld looks like Hollywood's new Greg Bautzer. He hounded from Jane Wyman to Beetsie Wynn to Ann Miller . . . You haven't heard the end of a new feud: Jane W.'s with John Carroll. Someone relayed to him that she had said she'd rather walk the 11 miles back to Los Angeles from the Pomona County Fair than stay and listen to him sing during her visit there! . . . Speaking of singing, Gary Crosby is really setting himself up for a vocalist's career. He joined the Glee Club at Stanford University . . . It looks like we'll soon learn the truth of another feud—that of another Jane W. (Withers, that is!) with Shirley Temple. Jane is writing her biography . . . Greer Garson isn't about to let MGM or anybody else cast her in any more of those "charming matron" roles.

HOME FIRES BURNING:



Bogart

Kirk Douglas rented a house for his kids, only to have them tell him they wanted to spend the summer in camp . . . Baby Bacall moved into the new house down off the hill the first night of moving. But Bogie, overcome by nostalgia, slept over in the old one! . . . In Jerry Lewis' new home movie, *A Spot In The Shade*, which is a take-off on—you guessed it—*A Place In The Sun*, Tony and Janet will play the parts originated by Monty Clift and Liz Taylor . . . Betty Grable is still queen at 20th. When she came back to work after her long "vacation," she still had the best table in the commissary and the studio had remodeled her dressing room . . . After quitting MGM because they assigned her "too many pregnant housewife roles," Nancy Davis Reagan expects the baby in December . . . When Vic Mature's pal, Bud Evans, got out of the Coast Guard, Vic gave him garage living quarters, then made him manager of his TV stores. Now Bud's well-to-do and is building his own home, complete with swimming pool. But Vic still doesn't have a pool!

Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste DESTROYS BAD BREATH

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Here is the magic power of chlorophyll to destroy bad breath originating in the mouth! Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste in most cases acts quickly . . . acts thoroughly . . . and the purifying action lasts for hours! Keeps your breath sweet and fresh longer!

Now! The Full Benefits of a Chlorophyll*Toothpaste in a New, Exclusive Colgate Formula!

Now Colgate brings you wonder-working chlorophyll in the finest chlorophyll toothpaste that 146 years of experience can create . . . Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste!

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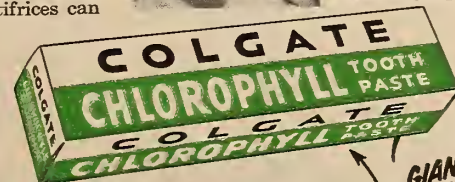
Nature herself makes chlorophyll and puts it in all green plants to enable them to live and grow. But science must break down this natural chlorophyll into a usable, effective form (water-soluble chlorophyllins)—before it can help you against bad breath, tooth decay, common gum disorders.

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NEW GREEN TOOTHPASTE
Tested and Guaranteed by COLGATE!

GIANT
SIZE 69¢
LARGE
SIZE 43¢

MOVIE REVIEWS

by jonathan kilbourn

picture of the month

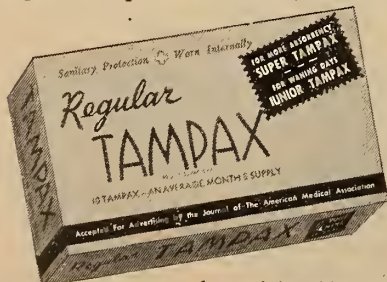
escape
(and
odor
chafing)
with
Tampax!

Don't be dismayed if the "monthly" days come during a spell of sweltering weather. There's no need for you to endure all those summer discomforts—if you will change your method of monthly protection from the *external* sanitary pad to *internally* worn Tampax. . . . What will happen? You will escape odor and chafing and you will escape the warm perspiration-bulk of the sanitary pad.

Tampax does even more. It discards the whole belt-pin-pad harness because it is *worn internally*. There is nothing outside to twist or bulge or show ridges under light summer clothing. No need to remove while taking tub or shower or while swimming.

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by the Journal of the American Medical Association



At a gala ball, Gregory Peck meets and falls in love with Ann Blyth, a Russian noblewoman disguised as her own maid.



The henchman of a Russian prince, who has abducted Ann, arrests Gregory. Ann agrees to marry prince if he frees Greg.



Ann and Gregory foil the Russians and soil away from Alaska in the nick of time.

THE WORLD IN HIS ARMS

Gregory Peck, Ann Blyth, a lot of beautiful Technicolor and the directorial talents of Raoul Walsh have been lavished by Universal on this adventure tale of the 1850's, most of which takes place in San Francisco and Alaska back in the days when the latter was owned by the Russian Czar. Peck, playing the part of "the Boston Man," an unscrupulous captain of a sealing boat, disposes of a fortune's worth of pelts in San Francisco and settles down in the swankiest hotel in town to take his ease for a while. At one of the liveliest grand balls in movie history, he meets Russian noblewoman Ann Blyth, who wants desperately to get to Alaska. Since he has a well-known aversion for Russians, she pretends to be her own lady-in-waiting. But before they can get married, she is abducted by a Russian prince and carried by gunboat to Alaska. There follows an exciting sea chase, between Peck and a rival sealer, climaxed when the crews of both ships fall into the hands of the Russians. How it all ends is a wonder, but it does and with the principals safe and sound and together again.

DON'T BOTHER TO KNOCK

When a white-faced, simply dressed and vacant-eyed Marilyn Monroe first appears in the drab New York hotel suite of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Jones to act as their baby-sitter for an evening, it is quite clear that the movie audience is in for a taut and unusual experience. Miss Monroe's movements are so persuasively tense, the camera changes so suggestive, the dialogue so simple yet full of so many unspoken overtones that the scene is set for some sort of real explosion. A story like this, for all its psychology, still depends on surprise, so let's just say that it concerns an airline pilot and his girl friend who sings in the hotel's somewhat crumby cocktail lounge; the young out-of-towner played by Miss Monroe; her uncle, a hotel elevator operator; and the Joneses, father, mother and child. Important as all these people are to the film as a whole, it is pilot Richard Widmark and Miss Monroe who get most of the footage, singly and together, and they make the most of their many moments. The pace at which a "shocker" moves determines to a large degree the tenseness it creates, and in this case the timing is a beautiful thing to watch. Director Roy Baker, with the help of a tightly written script and an imaginative camera, gradually works what seem to be separate stories into one shattering climax. The movie suggests, incidentally, that Widmark—at his tough and tender best in this one—deserves a chance at a wider range of parts and that Miss Monroe, under a fine director, can produce a real variety of screen portraits.

Cast: Richard Widmark, Marilyn Monroe, Ann Bancroft, Elisha Cook, Jr.—20th Century-Fox.

THE QUIET MAN

Seventeen years after making *The Informer*, a milestone in his own artistic career as well as motion-picture history, director John Ford has returned to Ireland for the scene of his new film. But he has returned in a different day and in a different mood, and the setting is hardly recognizable as the same. For the earlier picture was a somber one, a penetrating, pitying psychological study of a man who betrayed his comrades-in-arms. *The Quiet Man*, on the other hand, is a comparatively sunny picture, filled with the lilt of Irish laughter and side-remarks by Barry Fitzgerald. Prizefighter John Wayne returns to Inisfree, the Irish village of his birth. He buys his family's old farmhouse and tries to win the hand of Maureen O'Hara, a local lass with a temper like th' devil and a brother like the same. Finally he succeeds, with the combined conniving of the whole community, including the Catholic priest and the Protestant minister, but finds that his troubles with both his wife and her brother, Victor McLaglen, have just begun. The problem is: Why won't Wayne fight back? The script makes much of the fact that Wayne's final blow in his last ring battle in the U. S. was a fatal one for his opponent, and he doesn't want to use his fists again. No one except the audience and the minister knows this, but the possible drama in the incident is drained when his sole confidant urges him to get in training again and slug it out. Each picture-postcard scene, each person contributes a memorable bit, and none of the principals has ever been better, so that *The Quiet Man* ends up mellow, sentimental and entertaining.

Cast: John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara, Barry Fitzgerald, Victor McLaglen.—Republic.



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It's like washing your hair in softest rain water! This new gentle lotion shampoo pampers your hair... leaves it soft as a cloud, bright as sunshine, and so easy to care for!

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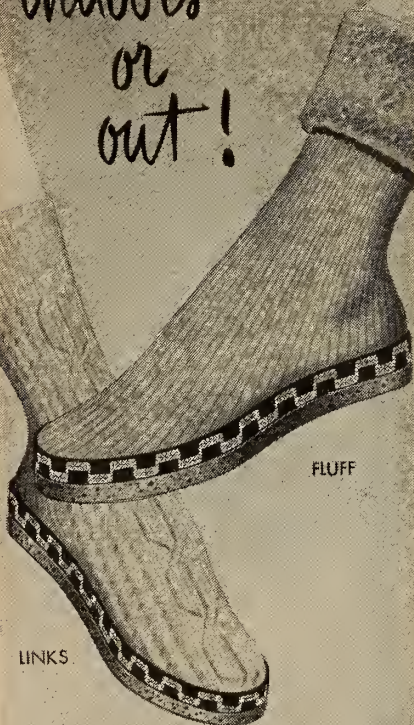
JUMPING JACKS

pretty soft footing

FOR BIG
AND
LITTLE SIS



indoors
or
out!



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Winner of the
MODERN SCREEN
HOLLYWOOD FASHION
BOARD AWARD

The U. S. Army, and the paratroopers in particular, will probably never be the same again, for Jerry Lewis gives both of them a thorough going-over in *Jumping Jacks*, the latest and one of the wildest, zaniest and funniest of the Martin-Lewis films. Jerry gives himself a thorough work-out, too. This time, as a New York night-club entertainer on his way to big-time success with Mona Freeman, he receives an SOS from his former partner, Dean Martin. A paratrooper in training, the latter has promised his camp some top-flight entertainment. Naturally the show can't go on without Jerry, but just as naturally Jerry, a civilian turned down for service because of an ear condition, can't appear in an all-soldier show. So they rig up a uniform for him—on Jerry it could more properly be called a costume—and the fun begins, for everyone but Jerry anyway. Not only does Jerry get in the show and go over big, but he can't get out of the Army. His private war with that familiar institution, personified this time most by a regular Army sergeant (Robert Strauss), with his onetime pal Dean and with the military mind in general (and a couple of generals in particular) provides the rest of the plot as well as plenty of hilarity. Jerry, in his wacky way, has never been a more lovable comic, and for that reason *Jumping Jacks* is a signpost pointing to a possible picture future for the Martin-Lewis team. If the scripts-to-come can help intensify this comparatively sympathetic quality, if Jerry himself works at it, Lewis may eventually develop into a really fine film clown. Meanwhile he's a good deal funnier than almost any one else around.

Cast: Jerry Lewis, Dean Martin, Mona Freeman, Robert Strauss.—Paramount.

SALLY AND SAINT ANNE

Sally And Saint Anne is an unpretentious little Irish-American family comedy with an unusual twist: Saint Anne plays an important role as the protagonist's ally and protector, although she never appears on the scene. Every time Ann Blyth, as little Sally O'Moyne, one of a close-knit clan, wants something for one of her family or friends she notes it down in her diary and in good time prays to a statue of the good saint. Since everything she asks for comes true, naturally she credits the saint. When, for example, Sally hopes that Alderman McCarthy, with whom the O'Moynes have been feuding these many years, will get a black eye, lo! and if he doesn't appear in the parish church the next Sunday sporting a shiner. And that's nothing to what the heavenly hierarchy have in store for the black-souled city official in succeeding scenes. These follow Sally's family through a good many fights with the evil alderman and Sally herself through the solving of a number of teen-age troubles in which Saint Anne is usually an off-stage agent of the plot. The plot, though, is merely a number of old vaudeville acts, shaken out of moth balls, and that's not enough. *Sally And Saint Anne* turns out to be all twist and no new trimmings.

Cast: Ann Blyth, Edmund Gwenn, John McIntire.—Universal.

SUDDEN FEAR

It's seldom that things start happening as fast as they do in this Joan Crawford film.

That's just as well, because after the immediate action there's a long stretch of almost relaxing romancing, and for a while *Sudden Fear* seems to be misnamed. It turns out, however, that the love sequence is just a movie trick to lull the audience, as it does Miss Crawford, into a false sense of security, for fright, flight and all sorts of melodramatic maneuvers are just around the corner. Playing a successful playwright helping to rehearse one of her shows before it opens on Broadway, she fires the leading man because he's "no Casanova" (he's Jack Palance), and—crack! bang!—there's the beginning of a plot any playwright could be proud of. Casanova or not, he does something to her. She changes her mind about the man, if not about his suitability for the part, marries him and settles down for a blissful existence high above the Marina in San Francisco. Always the audience realizes that her existence can be neither blissful nor settled for long, but Miss Crawford's playwright is a woman who has never tasted real happiness before, and she savors it to the full until suddenly, by sheer chance, something happens that brings her to with a rude shock. Fearful she now is, but a woman of character and determination she remains. How she reacts to what menaces her makes for a novel suspense story. The dialogue, camera work, over-all direction and especially the performances are so well keyed, the final scene in particular so scalp-tingling that one must forgive the slight shortcomings of the scenario.

Cast: Joan Crawford, Jack Palance, Gloria Grahame.—RKO.

WE'RE NOT MARRIED

The title tells the story of the gimmick behind this film, but it hardly hints at the hilarity that results when six marriages are suddenly dissolved. On Christmas Eve, Justice of the Peace Victor Moore makes his first mistake. He fails to read all the documents that permit him to marry people beginning January 1, so he unwittingly jumps the gun. The whole problem poses itself a few years later when one couple sue each other for a divorce. Then there are the complicated situations of five further couples: (1) Fred Allen and Ginger Rogers—This bickering pair, known professionally as the "Glad Gladwyns," married each other primarily to sell a radio network on an early-hour husband-and-wife breakfast show. (2) Paul Douglas and Eve Arden—A talkative Long Island couple before they married, they live a monosyllabic suburban existence, with one evening's big news the arrival of the new Book-of-the-Month. When Douglas opens his notification of the rhubarb, he begins considering the possibility of returning to the ways of his primrose past. (3) David Wayne and Marilyn Monroe—Wayne wears the apron in this family, for his wife has won the title of "Mrs. Mississippi" and seems bent on becoming "Mrs. America" while Wayne mothers their child. (4) Eddie Bracken and Mitzi Gaynor—A GI and his bride, they learn that they have been living in sin just as Uncle Sam sends Eddie overseas and the doctor directs Mitzi to an obstetrician. (5) Louis Calhern and Zsa Zsa Gabor—A Texas oil millionaire and his wife, they find themselves in a situation that literally floors one while it tickles the other's funnybone. Cast: Fred Allen-Ginger Rogers, Paul Douglas-Eve Arden, David Wayne-Marilyn Monroe Louis Calhern-Zsa Zsa Gabor, Eddie Bracken-Mitzi Gaynor.—20th Century-Fox.

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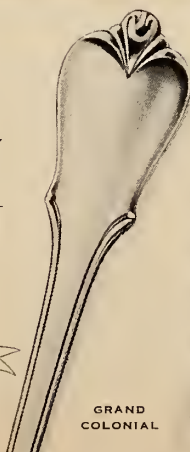
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SINCE YOU ASK, DEAR... EVEN YOUR PRETTIEST DRESS DOESN'T DO ANYTHING FOR YOU IF YOU HAVEN'T THE RIGHT BUSTLINE. WHY DON'T YOU WEAR A HIDDEN TREASURE BRA LIKE I DO?

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through the eyes of an autograph collector

by nancy streebeck

Photos by author



Vivien Leigh signs willingly.



Cary Grant doesn't believe in it.



Susan Hayward—collector's favorite.



Jeff Chandler's "real George."

■ Wherever there are stars, there the autograph collectors congregate. They can tell you the dispositions of the stars, their home addresses, their telephone numbers, and the makes and license numbers of their cars.

The collectors classify the stars as the "real George" signers, the "meanies", and the "you-never-can-tells." At the top of the first list you will find such favorites as Ann Blyth, June Haver, Alan Ladd, Joan Crawford, Susan Hayward and Ruth Roman.

I can remember June Haver one afternoon at a radio broadcast. It was only a day after her fiancé had died but still she signed every autograph book, every picture, and talked to the fans. Her only apology was for her appearance!—and she looked wonderful as usual. On another occasion she was the queen of the Sheriff's Rodeo at the Los Angeles Coliseum. She came out on a large horse and her size nine figure wasn't quite enough to control it. This, however, didn't prevent her from shaking hands with the fans and servicemen in the front rows.

Joan Crawford will always go out of her way to please the collectors. One evening at the Mocambo a tourist was trying desperately to take a snap of her but the bulb failed to go off. After smiling for several pictures which didn't take, Joan came over and asked for the camera. She then took out the bulb, got down on her knees in her white evening gown, and scraped it on the sidewalk! Then she put the bulb back in the camera and asked the tourist to try again. It went off successfully and everyone applauded Joan. She thanked them for taking the picture and told them to be sure and look her up on their next visit.

Then there are the "meanies". This group merely stares, balks, and refuses to sign. Bing Crosby will sit in his car eating lunch and just dare you to come near. When he sees a crowd he holds his hat and yells, "Comin' through, comin' through!" I've seen him sitting waiting for Ann Blyth by the minutes chewing on a toothpick. He watched Ann sign but when several people put the book in front of him, he only muttered, "Nope."

Lionel Barrymore will often use profanity to ward off collectors. He mumbles and groans but occasionally breaks down and scrawls his name. Betsy Drake and Cary Grant never sign. They say that they don't believe in such things and would like to be left alone. Betsy signed before her marriage to Cary but now has taken over his attitude.

Then there are the initial signers. Some on the list include J. Cotten, V. Mature, M. Rooney, and M. Dietrich. Sometimes a brave soul will ask them to sign their full names, but usually the efforts are useless.

The older stars are usually very nice. I have never seen Rosalind Russell, Irene Dunne, or Ethel Barrymore refuse to pose or sign. Young Barrymore Jr. seems to take after his aunt since he is one of the nicest newcomers in town.

Let me say right here that Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift are both swell to their fans. I have never seen Monty refuse to sign and Marlon has a terrific sense of humor. He always has something to joke about, although I'll admit you never quite know what he means. They are both great favorites out here on the coast.

There are always the stars who will sign—if you can catch them! June Allyson, Dick Powell, Van Johnson, Bill Holden, and Dana Andrews are all experts in this field. If you can discover their secret exits they are usually most cheery and cooperative.

Hollywood will always have its "meanies", but there will always be the others to make up for them. The collectors usually place a higher value on the autographs that are the hardest to get but they attend movies in which the nicer stars appear.

New creamy-soft make-up
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Feels like your very own skin

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as she looks when away from
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Swivel up Pan-Stik just like lipstick.
Apply light strokes to nose, forehead,
chin and cheeks. No messy fingernail
deposits, as with ordinary cream make-
up. No dripping as with liquid.



3
Now, with fingertips spread Pan-Stik
gently over your face. Notice how
smoothly it blends, how perfectly it
covers. And how fresh and naturally
lovely it makes your skin look and feel.

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- 3** Rinse with warm, then cool water. In 7 days, see the difference! Get SweetHeart Soap today!



*The Soap
that AGREES
with Your Skin*

THE INSIDE STORY

continued from page 4

Q. In dance routines whom does Fred Astaire consider the best of all the partners he's had?

—F. K., WESTBURY, L. I.

A. He refuses to say but thinks very highly of Ginger Rogers, with whom he enjoyed his first cinematic success.

Q. I've heard that the reason Joan Evans' parents object to her marriage to Lee Kirby is that they're afraid of losing a meal ticket. True or false?

—R. E., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. Completely false. Joan's parents are both highly successful writers.

Q. How come in all the stories about her fabulous television success in *I Love Lucy*, Lucille Ball has never once credited the director, Marc Daniels?

—G. J., ELGIN, ILL.

A. Marc Daniels, after directing the show for one year, resigned this past spring.

Q. How much does Marlon Brando earn per picture, and why does he dress like a bum?

—C. T., MIAMI, FLA.

A. \$150,000 per picture. He hates shirts, because they have to be buttoned.

Q. Isn't Aldo Ray the new fair-haired boy at Columbia, and isn't John Derek a thing of the past?

—A. N., DETROIT, MICH.

A. Aldo is the new fair-haired boy, but Derek's best years lie ahead.

Q. Isn't there an inside story about Zsa Zsa Gabor and her child that defies publishing?

—F. C., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. Yes.

Q. Did Anne Baxter really hire a press agent to make her more sexy as it says in the newspapers?

—T. Y., SEA GIRT, N. J.

A. Yes.

Q. Are Van Johnson and Keenan Wynn still very close friends? Isn't Wynn very bitter about Van?

—S. L., WYANO, MASS.

A. No bitterness between these two, just understanding.

Q. Isn't that alleged romance between Ann Blyth and Charley Fitzsimmons, Maureen O'Hara's brother, strictly a phony?

—H. Y., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A. No romance, a real friendship.

Q. Which actress spends the most for clothes?

—S. L., SALEM, ORE.

A. Toss-up between Loretta Young and Irene Dunne.

sweet and hot



by leonard feather

** Highly
Recommended
* Recommended
No Stars:
Average

FROM THE MOVIES

JUST FOR YOU—*Zing A Little Zong* by Bing Crosby* (Decca); Dorothy Loudon (Victor); Helen O'Connell (Capitol); Robert Q. Lewis (MGM). Title song by Bing Crosby (Decca).

HIGH NOON—title song by Frankie Laine** (Columbia); Bill Hayes* (MGM); Tex Ritter* (Capitol); Lita Roza (London). Here's a real surprise! In a film we expected to be nothing more than a glorified horse opera, they make the cleverest use of a musical theme since *Laura* and *The Third Man*—in fact, it's more effective than either, since this time there are lyrics as well as a melody on the sound-track to help establish and build moods.

Tex Ritter is heard, but not seen, performing the number at the beginning and end, as well as at intervals throughout the picture. The lyrics actually tell the story of the film, and snatches of melody underline the action.

GROUCHO MARX—*Hooray For Captain Spaulding** (Decca).

Groucho does the title songs and others by the famous team of Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby (remember *Three Little Words*?). He's helped by the Ken Lane Singers and Victor Young's orchestra.

SKIRTS AHOY—*What Good Is A Guy?* (Without A Gal) by Debbie Reynolds (MGM).

POPULAR

ROSEMARY CLOONEY—*Botch-A-Me*** (Columbia).

This zingy novelty with the harpsichord flavor ought to be Rosemary's biggest hit since the similarly styled *Come On-A My House*.

VIC DAMONE—*Take My Heart** (Mercury). Released soon after Pvt. Damone returned from Germany, this is a big-voiced treatment of an exciting new ballad.

ALAN DEAN—*Luna Rossa** (MGM).

The ballad king from England does another fine job, on a Neapolitan tango, the title of which means "Blushing Moon."

JUNE VALLI—*Strange Sensation** (Victor).

Little Miss Valli has been looking for a big hit record ever since she won the Arthur Godfrey talent show in 1950. Maybe this adaptation of the old Latin favorite *La Cumparsita* will do the trick for her.

FRAN WARREN—*What Is This Thing Called Love** (MGM).

THE WEAVERS—*Hard, Ain't It Hard** (Decca).

JAZZ

CHICO O'FARRILL—*It Ain't Necessarily So** (Mercury).

Chico is an Irishman from Cuba (that's right!) who used to arrange for Benny Goodman. He assembled a fine band, as well as writing the arrangements, for this tune and the backing. *Guess What*.

JOAN CRAWFORD, starring in "SUDDEN FEAR"—

A Joseph Kaufman Production, an RKO Release.



JOAN CRAWFORD... Lustre-Creme presents one of Hollywood's most glamorous stars. Like the majority of top Hollywood stars, Miss Crawford uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her beautiful hair.

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

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

You, too, like Joan Crawford, will notice a glorious difference in your hair after a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse... dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Hair robbed of its natural sheen now glows with renewed highlights.

Lathers lavishly in hardest water... needs no special after-rinse.

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



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

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair



**Cover-girl charmers have it
... so can you!**

"It's *business* with me . . . keeping my complexion as flawless as I can," says model Alice Kelley. "Luckily, I've found one simple beauty habit that does wonders . . . daily washing with pure, mild Ivory. My skin *loves* it!" And remember this: what Ivory does for Alice's blossom-fresh skin, it can do for *yours*!

That Ivory Look

Young America has it...You can have it in 7 days!

99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% pure...it floats

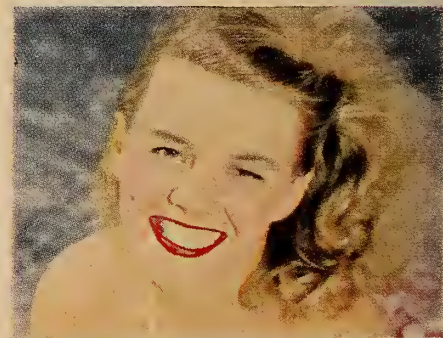


*More doctors
advise Ivory than
any other soap*



**Playpen Pretties have it...
so can you!**

You and Baby Justine have a beauty problem in common: skin that needs the gentlest possible soap. And *gentleness* is what Ivory is famous for: more doctors, more skin specialists advise Ivory for baby's skin—and yours—than all other brands of soap put together!



**You can have That Ivory Look...
a week from today!**

See yourself growing *prettier*, day by day, as your skin gets clearer, fresher, lovelier! Just change to regular care and pure, mild Ivory. In 7 days your mirror and your friends will tell you that your complexion is smoother, softer, younger looking! You'll have that Ivory Look!

Judy Garland is Mrs. Luft now. She likes it
but Hollywood doesn't. Already rumors are flying,
and many are saying that bad luck runs in threes.

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

number three for Judy

■ Judy Garland has done it again!

For the third time in ten years, the lovable, muddled little girl with the slightly bowed legs, the tragic past, the arched, penciled eyebrows, and the incomparably great voice, has gone and gotten herself married.

The groom, as everyone knew it would be, was her manager, Sid Luft, a smooth young man of thirty-six.

The marriage was top secret, strangely unromantic, and hurried.

It took less than five minutes and was performed on Judy's 30th birthday at the ranch of Bob Law, a millionaire California oilman.

Judge Pappy Hain, who married the couple, said, "It was over like that. Mr. Luft wanted it swift, sweet and simple, and that's the way I gave the ceremony."

Just why Judy and Sid wanted to keep their marriage such a big secret, they aren't saying. Judy's explanation is, "Everyone knew we were going to get married eventually, so we saw no point in making a big fuss over it."

Others say it was because Luft was facing a legal suit and was afraid that, as Judy Garland's husband, the court would order him to pay his ex-wife Lynn Bari more than it did.

As a matter of fact, Judy's third marriage might still be a secret had it not been for the alertness of a reporter from the *Hollister Evening Free Lance* who happened, in perusing a list of marriage license applicants, to come across Judy's real name, Frances Gumm Minnelli.

It was under that name that Judy on Sunday, June 8th, applied for a license in Hollister, California, a city not too far away from San Francisco (Continued on page 72)



Ava's happy with Frank
—but Hollywood's
making her miserable!
She wants to get out of
the movie colony's
spotlight for a while,
and settle down as just
plain Mrs. Sinatra.

BY THELMA MC GILL

AVA WANTS



"A girl's got to be crazy to marry a guy in show business," says Ava. "Why did I do it? I can't explain it in terms of logic. I fell in love and I'm hooked. I'm a sucker for love."



The Sinatras' Palm Springs house is perfect for vocations—but what they really need is a permanent home somewhere. They'll never find it in Hollywood, Ava feels.

■ Ava Gardner has had it.

After spending 12 years, the springtime of her life, in the movie colony, the cat-eyed beauty from Grabtown, N. C., is ready to pull out.

"I want to leave Hollywood," Ava confessed to me, "at least temporarily—and maybe even longer. Frank and I were talking only the other night. If we could spend a year in Europe, it'd be crazy. Honestly, darling, I've got nothing against this town, only it's such a darn tough place. I mean to make a success of marriage."

She leaned across the sofa to an end table, reached for a cigarette and lit it. Then, she opened the top collar button on the \$12.95 grey broadcloth shirt she'd bought at Amelia Gray. She straightened out a fold in her grey flannel skirt, cost \$18.95, exhaled a puff of smoke and continued talking.

"Today is our seventh anniversary, you know. Seven months. We were married on the seventh. I think I'll put in a call to Chicago and talk to Frank. That's what I mean about this town, doll, or maybe it's just the business we're in. You want to see your husband, and where is he? Playing the Chez Paree in Chicago. For nine months I'm not in a single picture. Then I get married and bop!—the studio's gotta have me right away.

"Honestly, doll, ever since the boy and I got together we've been on the move. First you rent a house down at the beach that costs seven hundred a month. Then you rent a place like this, and it costs five hundred a month. Frank and I really don't own any furniture, you know. A lot of the stuff here comes from his office. Just threw it in.

"What we need is a house of our own, a little security, somewhere to plant roots, and somehow I just don't think this is the town for that. Cripes! What an army of snipers. What do they call that? Occupational hazard, I guess. The best thing I can think of, on the level, would be to live here for six months and live in the East for six. That's it—here six, there six. Right now I'd like to be there."

She mashed her cigarette. "Cripes! I'm hungry. Don't you want something to eat?" she asked. I shook my head. She got (*Continued on page 90*)

OUT!



by hedda hopper

WHAT LIZ TOLD HEDDA!

One of the first to drop in and welcome Mrs. Mike back to Hollywood was her old friend Hedda Hopper, who got all the latest about Liz's little dividend from her own lovely lips.



Hedda's known Liz since she was 6, and has given the young star lots of advice since then—but, she admits, it's seldom heeded.

■ I've known Elizabeth Taylor since she was six years old; and one of my first impressions of her has been the most lasting. Her mother, ambitious for her daughter to have a movie career, brought her to my home. She was but a child, with no particular interest in me, a career, and certainly not men. On that visit she concentrated on playing with a chipmunk which to Elizabeth's glee scrambled all over the place while her mother and I talked. Since that day, I've written much about her—her screen work, romances, marriage, divorce, and a bewildered young lady trying to find a pattern for her life.

I've praised Elizabeth, criticized her, and given her advice to which she listened but seldom heeded. Through the years I've been alarmed with her seeming flightiness—particularly in the romance department—and disappointed with her lackadaisical attitude toward her film career, because she has what practically every girl dreams of having: great beauty, talent, and opportunity. But I've also loved her as a mother does a child. To me she's still a little girl gleefully laughing at the chipmunk perched saucily on her shoulder. That is Elizabeth essentially—the girl that stole America's heart in *National Velvet* and almost overnight became a movie personality who made headlines. We've had our differences, especially when I've tried to protect this wilful young woman from following her own careless impulses. But through the years we have remained friends. She has never refused me an interview and has always answered my questions as frankly as a child. It's hard for me to believe that she's been twice (Continued on page 68)





"I like mens," says Zza Zza Gabor, and every woman in Hollywood unsheaths her claws. They call this Hungarian beauty, a newcomer to movietown, "the most dangerous mantrap since Eve."

BY JIM BURTON

hollywood's most disliked woman

■ Some weeks ago a writer for one of the many national magazines that have been printing articles on Zza Zza Gabor recently sat in the Gabor living room posing questions for a piece he was preparing.

"Tell me, Zza Zza," he asked, "why do you think other women hate you so much?"

"*Hate* me?" Zza Zza's expressive eyebrows rose in absolute disbelief. "Vy, zat is ridiculous. No woman ever hates me. Zey all love me. I am the best of friends with every woman I have ever met!"

"But how about so and so," said the writer. "I hear you had quite a feud with her recently." The name mentioned was of a pretty prominent Hollywood woman.

"Please!" said Zza Zza indignantly. "Don't ever mention that girl's name to me. I can not stand her."

The reporter decided to abandon the issue right there, mainly because Zza Zza was honestly not aware that she had contradicted herself in two consecutive statements.

And that is the way it is with this Hungarian beauty who, in the space of a year, has become the most talked about newcomer to films and television in Hollywood. She considers herself the most ardent champion of her sex about, but actually has little time or much consideration for women. She regards herself as a lover of all mankind, and is positive she is loved in return, but the truth is that she is a majestic snob and probably Hollywood's most likely candidate for lynching if the female citizens of the film capital ever institute Vigilante rule.

It must be admitted that the women who would like to see Zza Zza Gabor ploughed under have a point, for she is without (Continued on page 48)

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The Truth about Shelley's Husband



VITTORIO GASSMANN HAS SHOWN HOLLYWOOD HE'S THE NOBLEST ROMAN OF THEM ALL—A GUY WITH EVERY-

■ A few weeks ago a tall, dark and incredibly handsome foreigner stepped out on the stage at the small Circle Theatre in Hollywood. In accented English he announced that he would recite some Italian poems—in Italian.

For the next two hours, without book or notes, he delivered what is probably the most amazing poetic reading ever heard in Hollywood. He ranged back to Virgil, through Dante and into the Italian moderns. Few in his audience understood a word he said, but in all that time there wasn't a whisper, rustle or

cough. He held them spellbound with his magnetic personality, with the rich music of his voice, his dramatically changing inflections, his eloquent, graceful gestures. The performance was so sensational that it had to be repeated. Afterward, he was swamped with letters:

One came from a man who wrote, "You have suddenly brought back to me the whole aim and excuse for acting, which has been forgotten—to lift up and inspire. I have not had this spiritual feeling since I heard Caruso sing."

Actually, there was nothing surprising

about this amazing exhibit of talent—only the fact that Hollywood was surprised. The magnetic young man is a poet himself, the author of a collection, *Tre Tempi di Poesia* (Three Stages of Poetry). He is also a novelist whose book, *Luca dei Numeri*, won literary prizes in Italy. He is a student of the law, besides, and a professor at the Italian Academy of Dramatic Arts. He has acted in 93 Italian plays and 20 Italian movies, directed seven plays himself and written as many. He is a classical as well as popular actor, who has

A superb athlete, Shelley's latin lover is also an actor, poet and novelist.



THING! BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

brilliantly performed the works of Shakespeare and the classic Greek dramatists in the capitals of Europe. He has played Aeschylus' *The Persians* for 35,000 people in the ancient Greek theatre at Syracuse and also in Paris and London, where the crustiest British critic rhapsodized about him, "tonight a young god walked on the stage and illuminated the theatre with his brilliance." He was the first actor allowed to portray Christ in Britain, where it was against the law.

Two years (Continued on page 62)

hollywood's most dramatic heartbreak: **INGRID AND PIA TELL**

On these pages appear two of the most revealing, intimate documents ever published in Modern Screen. They are Ingrid Bergman's letter to her sister-in-law telling why she left Dr. Lindstrom for director Rossellini, and Pia Lindstrom's own court testimony to the effect that she does not love her mother.

These documents are presented herewith with no editorial comment whatsoever. No words beyond these of the major participants could more adequately portray the pathos and tragedy underlying this most widely discussed case in recent times.

Ingrid Bergman's letter is translated from the original which was written in Swedish, and presented here in full. Pia's testimony has been edited only to eliminate repetitions and the legal phraseology inherent in any court proceeding.

To reacquaint the reader with the situation at the time these pages went to press, Pia gave her sensational testimony just as Ingrid Bergman was giving birth to twin daughters, and Rossellini was trying to gain permission to enter this country to defend himself against Dr. Lindstrom's grave charges in the custody case involving Pia.

For purposes of identification "The Court" mentioned in Pia Lindstrom's testimony is Judge Mildred Lillie, Gregson Bautzer is Ingrid Bergman's lawyer, Mr. Pacht is Dr. Lindstrom's attorney appearing as Pia's counsel.

INGRID TELLS WHY

Dearest Anna-Brita,

When I received your third kind letter for my birthday, I was really ashamed. I am sending the letter to Clara for forwarding to you, because I am so lazy. But also, as I have truthfully said, it is hard to write. But now you are going to get a letter anyway.

You wrote in your letter: "You still belong to us." But dear, I will always belong to you. And I hope that you feel that way, too. You cannot just push aside 15 years of a person's life. And you know, even if I have not always been writing letters, that during all these years I have been so attached to Stode, mother and father, and all of you. Like you wrote in your first letter that I said a long time ago: "Even if I should get divorced, I will get married to a Lindstromer." Surely, they were true words that came from the bottom of my heart. I will later come to why I don't now choose a Lindstromer. First I want to say that if I do get married again, my L. (Lindstromer) and my 15 years of happy life will always be left in my heart and my thoughts.

What you wrote in your other letter was so true. "If you do go back to P. (Petter), you

PIA TESTIFIES THAT

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA. FRIDAY,
JUNE 13, 1952. 2:15 P.M.

PIA LINDSTROM,
called as a witness by and on behalf of the defendant herein, having been first duly sworn, was examined and testified as follows:

THE COURT: Do you understand, Pia?

THE WITNESS: Yes.

THE COURT: All right. You are not frightened?

THE WITNESS: Oh, no.

THE COURT: Mr. Bautzer over here is going to ask you some questions, Pia, and you listen to the questioning and think about it before you answer. Now, any question that anybody asks you, you give it some thought before you answer it, and if an objection is made and there is a lot of talk between counsel and me, if you can remember the question, you keep it in your mind, will you?

THE WITNESS: Yes.

THE COURT: All right.

These three attorneys here represent your mother, and these two attorneys here represent your father. Do you understand?

THEIR OWN STORIES!

SHE LEFT PETER LINDSTROM

will wonder if it was right and you will think of what the other one could have given you. If you stay with R. (Rossellini), you will think of Petter." You know, if I woke up tomorrow and found that I was in Beverly Hills, Calif., and I had dreamed this, all these months of soul agony, tears, scandal, etc., I would probably be satisfied and continue my life as before. I am always thinking of Petter and Pia, but at the same time I tell myself that it is impossible to go back. Petter is a settled, good man, I really know that, and I am a "flyttfagel" (bird of passage, fly-by-night). I have always, ever since I was a little girl, looked for something new, new. I have longed for the big adventure, as much as I had, saw and lived through, it was never enough. I tried to get through the daily tristesse and find happiness and satisfaction. But I didn't know what gave me happiness and peace. That is what I searched and searched for. It was the same thing with my work. I tried to change roles, change type, move from studio to studio, search for new people and work, people that could develop and help me to the goal, fulfillment. But I was never satisfied. Perhaps I came closest to my goal with *Joan Of Lorraine*

on the stage. And at home with Petter everything was all right. After all the years of separation, while he studied, I longed for and dreamed of the moment we could have a house as all the other big stars, a home with pool and everything. And we got it. We remodeled it, we rebuilt it, we planted, we planned; and again the "flyttfagel" began to spread its wings. Now I had everything, now I *ought* to be satisfied. But now I started to think of how closed in everything was. I knew so few people, I saw so little of the world, I felt as if I could not develop any more. Then I started to travel around on bond tours, I went everywhere to entertain soldiers and I went to hospitals. You know, this was during the war. I was happy then, although the work was hard. Petter knew how unruly my soul was. He tried to help me, gave me all freedom to go to New York when I wanted, he tried to adjust the work in our home and at the studio without any fuss. He thought that I found peace in my work. I worked on like a demon. I always told Petter how happy I was this last year. I had wanted another little child. Maybe I thought that would take the restlessness out of me. Then I met Rossellini.

Here I found another "flyttfagel" (bird of passage). A man curious of life and people, a man who tries to make the most of his own life, who has seen so much, traveled so much, knows the good and bad sides of life, because he has lived with both, knows poverty and riches, hunger and luxury, intelligent, has studied everything with deep interest on account of his curiosity, who knows, understands, has immense sympathy and great generosity toward his fellow man. He had a rich father who was probably too kind, because he grew up first as a brat, got everything, did everything. He was temperamental and wild and really never satisfied with anything.

You write about his women. I do not know what the Swedish press says but his women are doubtless no exaggeration. Now he has met someone, who in spite of circumstances and surroundings and different childhood understands him, because she has sometimes wanted to do as he but has not been able to. I feel like I have found what I have been searching for. With him I have the world I wanted to see, the work, and all new people. He says that through me he has finally found a harbor. He (Continued on page 86)

SHE DOESN'T LOVE HER MOTHER

THE WITNESS: Yes, I do.

DIRECT EXAMINATION

BY MR. BAUTZER:

Q Miss Lindstrom, I am Mr. Bautzer, and I am one of your mother's attorneys. Have you heard from your mother recently?

A Yes.

Q And when was the last time that you heard from her?

A A few days ago; she wrote me a letter. No, she didn't either. She sent me some flowers—oh, no, she didn't. Yes, she did. She sent me some flowers. Somebody else sent them for her.

THE COURT: Do you know what they were for?

THE WITNESS: For graduation.

THE COURT: Did she write you a letter, too?

THE WITNESS: No; before that.

Q BY MR. BAUTZER: Did you receive any communication from your mother at the time of your graduation?

A Yes—no; no, I didn't. Well, she wrote me before that, but not that day. I didn't

receive any letter or anything that very day, just the flowers.

Q BY MR. BAUTZER: You have talked to your mother during the time since you saw her in England; you have talked to her on the telephone?

A Yes.

Q About how many times would you say that you have talked to her on the phone?

A Two times; maybe three.

Q And have you received letters from her during that interval since you left England and the present time?

A Yes.

Q About how many letters?

A Five, six—I didn't count them.

Q What have been the subjects of your communications? What have you talked about, as nearly as you can remember?

A Oh, we just talked about her house by the sea, and about her children, and I have talked about my dogs and cats and my school.

Q And in these conversations or communications has your mother told you about little Robertino?

A Yes.

Q Has she told you, Miss Lindstrom, about the anticipated birth of the twins?

A Yes.

Q Has she told you that she misses you?

A Yes.

Q And has she told you that she loves you?

A Yes.

Q Has she told you that she would like very much to see you this summer?

A Yes, in a round about way; not exactly to the point.

Q But you are aware of the fact that she would like to see you this summer?

A Yes.

Q What have you said to your mother when she has told you that she misses you?

A I didn't say anything in particular.

Q Have you said anything to her in your conversations on the phone or in your letters as to whether or not you loved her?

A No.

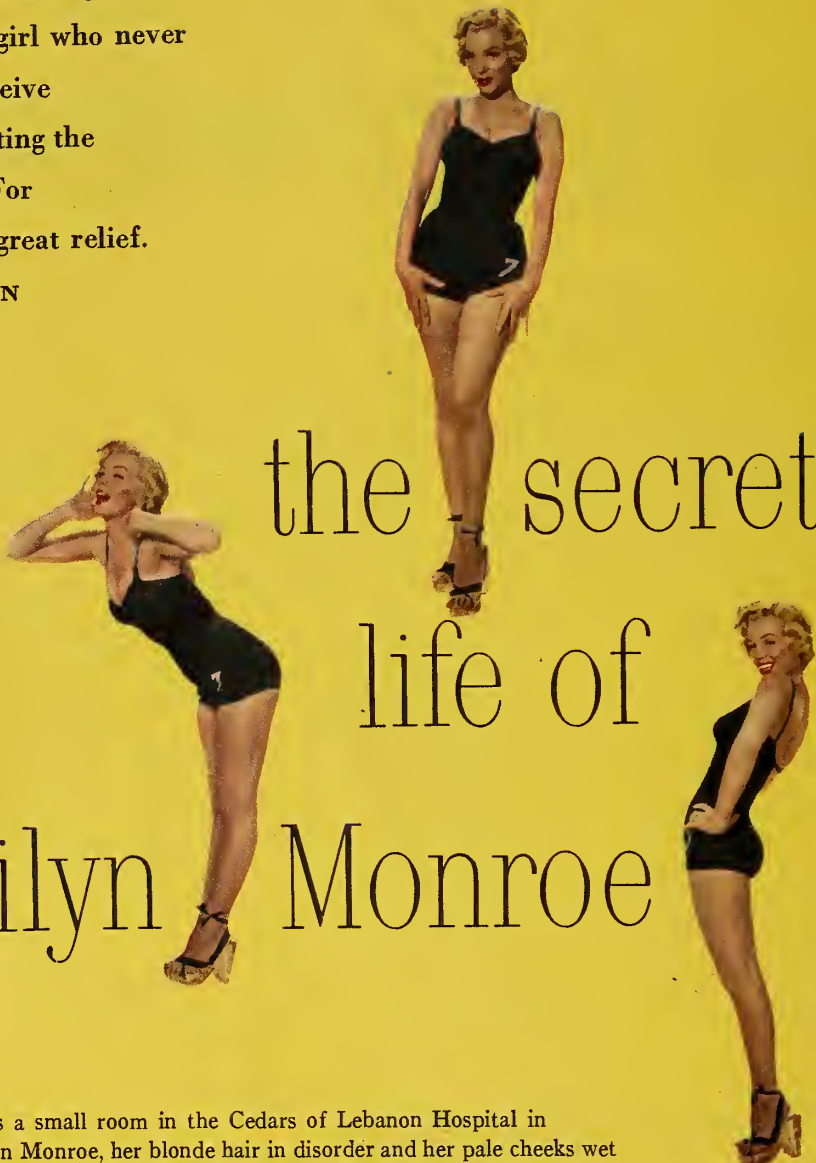
Q Have you said anything in your conversations on the telephone or in your letters to her as to whether or not you missed her?

A No.

Q Do you have (Continued on page 86)

She rose to fame living
a lie. Now the girl who never
intended to deceive
the public is letting the
truth be told. For
Marilyn, it's a great relief.

BY STEVE CRONIN



the secret life of Marilyn Monroe

■ The scene was a small room in the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Hollywood. Marilyn Monroe, her blonde hair in disorder and her pale cheeks wet with tears, lay back against her pillows in the sterile bed and stared dully at the wall. An executive of 20th Century-Fox Studio stood before her, his face set in stern lines. He had just finished telling her that Erskine Johnson, a syndicated columnist, was prepared to blast the story to the world that Marilyn's mother, who had been believed dead since Marilyn's infancy, was alive and living in Hollywood. Unless, of course, Marilyn could come up with some satisfactory explanation of her deceit.

Marilyn didn't speak for a long time. Nor did she look at the studio man. She just lay quietly facing her own conscience and turning over in her mind the big lie she had been living, and the background she had felt made the lie necessary. It was a sad moment for her. But she knew as she lay there that she would at last have to speak the truth, forget her own unhappiness and make a straightforward statement. She would have to explain why she had created the fiction she had been giving to the press and her bosses ever since she started in the movies. She sat up and sipped a drink of water to relieve the awful dryness in her throat.

"It's true," she said at last. "My mother is alive—and I've known it all along."

Because of this incident MODERN SCREEN feels the time has come to bare the complete facts of Marilyn Monroe's life, which we present herewith for the first time.

Marilyn Monroe was born in the Los Angeles County General Hospital, June 26, 1926, which makes her not 23, but 26 years of age this summer. Her mother, a casual film lab worker, who has been employed by both RKO (then Radio Pictures) and Columbia Studio, was, herself, 24 years old when Marilyn was born. (Continued on page 93)

room."

at rear.
d home.

TY AND LINDA'S HOUSE IS LIKE A HIDDEN JUNGLE FLOWER. BUT THEIR FRONT DOOR IS ALWAYS OPEN . . .

HOUSE OF THE MONTH

■ In the Spring of 1947 all Hollywood was speculating on the outcome of Tyrone Power's tempestuously sizzling romance with Lana Turner.

That hectic love affair was reaching its crescendo, when suddenly the quixotic Ty took off on a round-the-world good-will flight.

Two months after Lana had clingingly kissed him goodbye at the Los Angeles Airport, Ty was rumored as being engaged to a relatively unknown Mexican star named Linda Christian.

Who was Linda Christian? Everyone in Hollywood asked. What did she have that would make a man forget Lana Turner?

No one apparently knew the answer, but there were others scattered throughout the world who could have told the local curiosity-seekers plenty. The employees of the Far East Oil Company, for example, stationed all the way from China to Palestine, smiled knowingly when they read the news. To them, Linda was George Welter's daughter, the attractive little girl who always spoke about becoming a rich and famous Hollywood actress.

The girls who went to school with Linda at the Paggio Imperiale in Florence said Linda's engagement came as no surprise to them. They didn't know Lana Turner, but they were willing to bet that Linda was infinitely more versatile.

In Mexico City, friends of Linda's family said that Ty Power was a very lucky man. After all, Linda was witty, beautiful, athletic, intelligent, and could speak five languages fluently. In addition, she was a good cook, a patron of good art, a competent manager and housekeeper.

Ty must have recognized all these virtues, because he married the girl in the Church of Santa Francesca Romana in Rome. It was a wild, mad, tumultuous wedding with hundreds of movie fans, *(Continued on next page)*



Against their pale pink interior walls, the Powers used white and off-white furniture throughout. The handwoven upholstery is undyed natural. Diego Rivera's portrait of Linda makes a vivid color spot.



On the dark-stained wooden floors, the Powers used shaggy white wool carpets. The custom-made tables are of bleached cork with antique legs. Fireplace bench was copied from Hawaiian hiki.

Ty and Linda spent a small fortune clearing land to make room for this 35-foot heated swimming pool. Then dirt had to be brought in to make a level terrace. Now they're set for outdoor living.

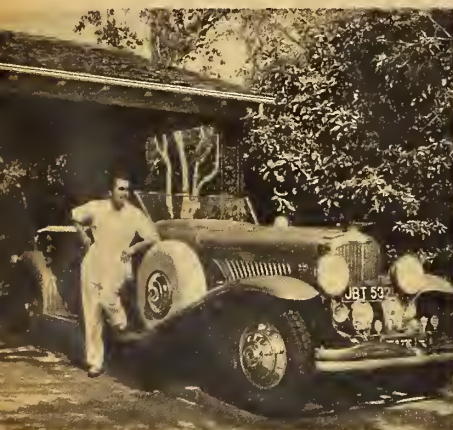




Ty's den with its bleached birch walls makes a perfect setting for his framed playbills, trophies and his many autographed photos.



Black wrought-iron accents make up the Powers' front door. There's a glimpse of Mr. Roberts, the Power poodle, in this picture.



With a house full of collector's items, it isn't odd to find Ty drives one also. Both the snappy cor and Nikko are his pets.



clamoring and mobbing them as they left the church.

Ty and Linda were sure their marriage would last, but in Hollywood the jaded sophisticates were saying, "It's only an infatuation. Probably won't last more than a year or two."

The marriage is three and a half years old. Ty and Linda have an 8-months-old dumpling of a daughter named Romana, and they've just moved into a new home that is causing almost as much comment as their surprise love affair.

The Power house is one of the most beautiful in a colony of beautiful homes. Painted a tropical pink, which contrasts with its black wrought-iron accents, it looks almost like a jungle flower half-hidden among the lush growth of trees that cover this particular section of Bel Air.

The interior walls are also painted a pale pink, and most of the furnishings are white. Carpets of shaggy white wool are spread on dark stained wooden floors, and the handwoven upholstery remains in undyed natural. The dining room table and the lamp tables in the living room are of bleached cork set on antique white legs. The massive bedroom furniture is modern and covered in white calfskin.

Against this monotone of white and off-white, Ty and Linda have filled their home with collectors' items from all over the globe. They own paintings from Bali, African pouffs from Marrakesh in Morocco, Italian banquet plates, a beautiful Greek urn from Athens, and a portrait of Linda painted by the great Mexican muralist Diego Rivera.

The overall impression of the Power mansion is that here stands an exciting, exotic house set down in the middle of an upper-strata California neighborhood. To most of the movie colony, the house is difficult to understand. There's a foreign quality, an air of mystery about the place, which is why it causes so much talk.

A few of the self-appointed Hollywood authorities say the pink Mediterranean house is too stagey, too theatrical, that it resembles a set out of *Casablanca*. Others observe that it reflects Linda's international upbringing and Ty's far-flung travels, that it is a house which is basically designed for entertaining rather than family living. But the regular Sunday parental crowd like Van and Evie Johnson, Lex Barker, and Ty's sister, Anne, all of whom bring their small fry to swim in the pool, say that the house accepts children in the same casual continental way it entertains movie moguls.

Ty and Linda are either unaware or unmindful of the furor their home is causing around the cocktail party circuit. I don't know which. They realize, of course, that it's the perfect home for them, and sensibly enough that's what counts.

In line with this, Linda likes to tell of a curious coincidence. "When Ty and I were in England," she recalls, "and he was playing in *Mr. Roberts*, I used to get spells of homesickness. One day when I couldn't stand our hotel rooms any longer, I began to sketch the house I'd like to own some day. Those sketches which I still have are almost identical with this house."

The style of structure is traditionally Spanish. Like hollow squares around an inner court, all the rooms, including the kitchen, open onto a sun-drenched patio. Most Mediterranean and Mexican homes follow this pattern, so that when Linda first saw the house, it reminded her of the many homes she'd known as a child in various Latin countries.

The main rooms in the house are on one level and face the side of the square nearest the street. The portion of the home you'd expect to keep more private—the bedroom, nursery and Ty's study—are located in the rear. This section is two stories high, the nursery and guest room being situated upstairs and away from the master (Continued on page 83)

Miracles do happen!

By Dan Jenkins

■ Late one night in April, 1945, Loretta Young lay wide awake in bed fighting the agonizing battle familiar to those who are desperately tired and long to sleep but can't.

"Please, God," she whispered, "let Tom come home safely. But if he must go, let him be prepared to meet You, and let it be quick and painless."

Then she rebuked herself. Loretta knew that hundreds of thousands of other wives were equally distraught over the safety of their men in the service during the last bitter fighting before V-E day. She said a prayer, then, not just for Tom Lewis, but for all of them. Miraculously, a few moments later, a feeling of peace swept over her and she lapsed into a deep contented sleep.

"It was almost," Loretta says, "as if a hand had reached out and patted me on the shoulder and a voice had whispered encouragement. In the normal way of thinking there was no logic to explain what I knew—that Tom was safe. But I knew it."

The next morning Loretta's bedside telephone rang at six A.M. It was Tom. He had flown into Washington the night before, direct from the battle zone—landing at almost the exact time that Loretta had abruptly known that he was all right.

Now let the skeptics declare that this was just a coincidence. Almost everyone can recount similar experiences. But those of us who are of a *(Continued on page 91)*



THE HOLLYWOOD WISEACRES HAVE PLENTY OF THEORIES ABOUT WHAT'S BURNING PIPER AND TONY,

What's behind the Curtis- Laurie feud?



■ In a town where actors and actresses call each other "Darling" and "Sweetie" and "Honeybun," and publicity men are ordered to soft-pedal the verbal cat-clawing that goes on behind the scenes among many high-priced stars, it is extremely difficult to write about something like the Tony Curtis-Piper Laurie feud.

It is difficult because this is one of those deep, simmering antagonisms that definitely exists but that everyone has been ordered to deny.

Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie don't particularly like each other, and that's putting it mildly.

Neither of the two will say anything for public consumption—but privately, oh brother!

These private whisperings are the catalysts that set this feud boiling. A friend of Piper's hears what Tony has to say in confidence about his sometimes leading lady and back it goes to little Piper, or Piper in an unguarded moment will pass a remark about Tony, and in a matter of minutes the rumor makes its home in Tony's dressing room.

This sort of routine fans the flame into such a blaze that most of the inner echelon of studio employees now regard the Curtis-Laurie feud as a simple fact, as the real thing.

As you probably know, most of the well-publicized feuds aren't on the level at all. They're promotion gimmicks. The Zsa Zsa Gabor-Corinne Calvet fight, for example, is a device to keep Miss Gabor in the public eye, ditto Miss Calvet. The Jack Benny-Fred Allen feud is an out-and-out joke and the Bob Hope-Bing Crosby verbal tussles are more of the same.

The real feuds like Tony's and Piper's, June Haver's and Betty Grable's, Haver versus Jeanne Crain, Celeste Holm versus Bette Davis, Joan Crawford versus Robert Montgomery, Tyrone Power versus Constance Smith, Merle Oberon versus Miriam Hopkins, Joan Crawford versus Gloria Grahame—these are the feuds that are played down because they involve jealousy, ambition, personality traits and conversations which are not approved by Emily Post. (Continued on page 76)





The sunlit patio at the Bel-Air home of Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond was the setting for the Anniversary Award meeting of the MODERN SCREEN Fashion Board luncheon party. The stars on the Board who met to vote are, top row—left to right: Gene Raymond, Ann Sheridan, Frank Lovejoy, Corinne Calvet, Jeff Hunter, Vanessa Brown, Bobby Van, Jeanette MacDonald, Robert Stack, Vera-Ellen and Keith Andes. Seated—left to right: Terry Moore, Sally Forrest, Virginia Gibson, Barbara Rush (Mrs. Jeff Hunter), Suzan Ball and Ursula Thiess. See Board Members Jean Pierre Aumont and Mr. and Mrs. Rod Cameron on the following pages.

All nylon hosiery on fashion pages by Luxite



Baked stuffed lobster was the popular "pièce de résistance" at the buffet luncheon.



The Raymonds' pool-side terrace made ideal background for parade of fashions.



Luxite hosiery, Ledo jewelry and Skwish atomizers were among Award Winners.



Mona Freeman in Murray Sices' suit of menswear worsted. Black, navy or brown—10 to 24 (for the figure 5'5" and under), about \$55. Hat from Madcaps. Ledo jewelry. Grantly *Wardrobe* Sunglasses.



Vera-Ellen chic in a Koret of California one-piece dress made of washable nylan-acetate *Tubynyl*, pleated bodice front and skirt. Black, brown, red or navy—10 to 18 about \$20.

hollywood approved fashions for fall

■ "Eet's majeek," sighed Corinne Calvet as she stepped out of her car and gazed in wonder at the scene around her. It was one of those clean, crisp summer days when to breathe tastes like a tall, cool drink and sunlight sifts down through leaves to fleck velvet lawns with patches of green-gold.

The occasion was the special gathering of Hollywood's prettiest models and MODERN SCREEN's all star, clothes-wise jury to choose what promise to be this fall's most popular fashions. And the setting was the beautiful Bel-Air home of Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond.

Just before noon passers-by stopped and stared at the first signs of activity around the entrance to the rustic brick walk that leads to the Raymond's low-lying flagged terrace and swimming pool at the rear of their home. Chefs in white caps, waiters in red coats—all from Hollywood's famous Brown Derby Restaurant—bobbed in and out setting tables and distributing platters of assorted hors d'oeuvres, (Continued on page 64)



Janet Leigh in a *middy* dress—the tap can be worn outside only. Black or navy wool, taffeta to match—7 to 13, about \$35. By Junior House of Milwaukee. Hat from Madcaps. Ledo rhinestone jewelry.



Sally Forrest poses in a Grace Norman Original by Kay Windsor. Novelty black and white striped brushed rayon jersey, bow-ties at neck and sleeves. Black and white stripe only—10 to 18, about \$15.



Vanessa Brown in Luxite's cute cotton jersey balbriggan lounge called *Toreador*. Red with multicolor striped top only—9 to 15, about \$6. Holeproof's *Nappers*—all nylon slippersocks, about \$3.

Hollywood Approved
Fashions Available at Stores
Listed on Page 66, Buy in
Person or By Mail.



Barbara Ruick in a Junior House costume—wide-wale corduroy middy top (jersey blouse), menswear flannel skirt. Gold top, grey skirt or pumpkin top, brown skirt (with white blouses)—9 to 15, about \$30. Ledo jewelry.



Cotton carries over into fall. Corinne Calvet in Kay Windsor's button-down-the-front Glen plaid dress, bow-tie neck, gold buttons and leather belt. Green plaid only—10 to 18, about \$11. A Grace Norman Original.



The coat dress shown at its best by Vera-Ellen—of fine rayon faille, blouse has dolman sleeves, and a full skirt with rolling pleats. Black, grey, green or brown—10 to 20, about \$13. by Kay Windsor.

hollywood approved fashions for fall



A three-piece string ensemble played softly in the background while stars took pencils and paper in hand, jotted down preferences.



All nylon hosiery by Luxite

Solly Forrest in velveteen separates by Koret of California—rib-knit bond trimming, skirt is flared. Both in black, royal or brown—sizes 10 to 18. Weskit, about \$11; skirt, about \$15. Ledo rhinestone jewelry.

Mono Freeman in a Murroy Sices ribbed worsted wool suit, straight skirt. Postman's blue or Bonker's grey—10 to 24 (for the figure 5'5" and under), about \$55. Hot from Modcaps. Lubor umbrella.



Solly Forrest greeted models, who were shuttled from the Beverly Hills Hotel to the Reymond's home in a Tonner Gray Line Bus.

The Rod Comerons arrived almost too late for lunch, but in plenty of time for final judging.

Suzon Boll and Ann Sheridan compared notes and found they had voted the same on every item.

Vero-Ellen begged Bobby Von to help her choose most becoming pair of Grontly sunglasses from display tray.

Jean Pierre Aumont, who is France's favorite leading man, contributed a fashion-wise Parisian viewpoint to the judging.



Jeanette and Gene approve sketches of Modern Screen's new Fashion Trophy, heckled by their terrier Stormy Weather.



When the judging was over, the stars discussed Hollywood's basic fashion trends, decided black and grey were their favorite fall colors.



All Nylon Hosiery by Luxite

Jeanette MacDonald, hostess of the M. S. party, poses in a greatcoat of patterned wool tweed. Gold, red, grey, blue or nutria combined with black—7 to 15, about \$70. Designed by Prestyly for Jaunty Juniors.



Virginia Gibson in Koret separates. Jacket, skirt of rainbow striped wool, blouse of brushed nylon-acetate. Jacket, skirt: grey or brown background—both 10 to 16, about \$11 each. Blouse, rainbow colors—10 to 18, about \$6.



Janet Leigh wears a tri-color midgy top two-piece wool jersey dress by Junior House (top can be worn outside). Shades of grey, beige or green with white—9 to 15, about \$35. Ledo gold nugget jewelry. Lubar umbrella.



Models were from Hollywood's leading modeling agencies, also work as bit players, on TV—and have same day to become stars, too.



hollywood approved fashions for fall

Ann Sheridan in a swagger coat of two-tone looped wool, velvet-faced collar and cuffs. Copper, red, gold, grey, purple or beige combined with black—7 to 15, about \$50. By Jaunty Juniors. Hat from Madcaps.



Again, Mona Freeman outstanding in a Murray Sices suit. Flannel, in Banker's grey or Postman's blue—10 to 24, about \$55. Hat from Madcaps. Ledo Bijoux Noir rhinestone jewelry. In right hand, Mona uses Skwish perfume atomizer.



Jaunty Juniors' beautiful full length coat of wool fleece (milium-lined for extra warmth) is worn by lovely Arlene Dahl. Yarn-dyed colors: natural red, blue, gold, shrimp, navy or grey—7 to 15, about \$70.



The
**on again,
off again**
Waynes



John and Chata expected their marriage to be an ideally happy one. But somehow, it just hasn't worked that way. They're apart more than they're together.



Here's the key to why the John Wayne marriage may be headed for the rocks for good this time:



John's an outdoor man—fishing is his favorite sport. But Chato's strictly a homebody, so he goes alone.



Another thing that separates them, unfortunately, is John's work. Most of his movies are made on location. He and Nancy Olsen made *Big Jim McLain* in Honolulu.



Their latest reconciliation led to a second honeymoon trip. But John left Chato in the middle to make another movie!

Love isn't enough. A marriage needs

careful tending to make it bloom year after year.

And John and Chata just haven't had the time for that!

BY MARSHA SAUNDERS

■ Several weeks ago when he finished *Big Jim McLain*, his latest, in Honolulu, John Wayne grabbed the first plane and winged back to Hollywood.

He was nervous and anxious throughout the entire flight. He was worrying about Chata, his beautiful Mexican wife with whom he's had a very disturbing touch-and-go relationship these past six months.

Chata had been with Duke in Honolulu, purportedly on a second honeymoon, but when he'd started the picture, Chata had packed her bags—she's no location wife—and back she'd come to their rambling estate in the San Fernando Valley.

Was Chata—the word is Spanish for pug-nose—angry with him? Was she happy? Had her skin allergy broken out again? How was she doing with her mother?

These and many other questions raced through Duke's mind as the Stratocruiser put down at the Los Angeles International Airport. It was 7:00 A.M., and Duke's old friend, Al Murphy, was waiting with a car.

Duke gave Al a lusty greeting, then climbed into the Buick and headed for home and Chata. Only Chata wasn't there, and a look of hurt disappointment broke over Duke's face. He dropped into an easy chair and muttered a few words to himself, then rose, tramped around the

house, asking the help if they knew what the score was.

It doesn't take long for news to make the rounds in Hollywood. Inside of a few hours, the gossip-gals were phoning Wayne.

"Is it true," one asked, "that Mrs. Wayne has flown the coop?"

"Look," Duke said, "all I know is that she's gone to Mexico City with her mother for ten days. She'll be back then. Everything's fine."

That's a stock answer with Duke. He refuses to lead his private life in public, and whenever anyone asks how his marriage is coming along, there's the usual one-word answer, "Fine."

Only it doesn't happen to be true. Duke's marriage has been foundering for years, suffering from a variance in temperament, outlook, mother-in-law trouble, background, and a few other difficulties.

To understand the story behind the recurrent separation rumors, it is essential to know something about the beautiful young actress Duke married in 1946 at the Long Beach Presbyterian Church.

To begin with, she was 15 years his junior and an only child. They had met in Mexico City and Duke had taken her boating on the floating (Continued on page 64)

At five years,
 she knew what she wanted.
 Since then Anne Francis
 has been going straight,
 straight *up* to stardom.
 She only paused long
 enough to meet a man . . .

BY JANE WILKIE

and her heart went "BAM"

■ The walls of Sing Sing Penitentiary all but leaned against those of the Ossining hospital where Anne Francis was born. Mrs. Francis was attended by the prison doctor and, while in labor, had the dubious pleasure of being serenaded by a continuous clanking on the rock pile. The fact gave relatives and family friends an opportunity for much ribbing, and among other jocular remarks was the prediction that, because of her start in life, Anne was sure to "go wrong."

She began moving, all right, and has kept going at such a pace that by comparison Ossining's most prominent citizens have been standing still these past 21 years. She did not, however, go wrong. Not only has she kept out of the pokey and off of the country's police blotters, but at the moment she is the shining new light on the 20th Century-Fox lot.

Moviegoers first saw her in *Elopement*, in which she played Clifton Webb's daughter. Critics there said of her, "A new star is born. Anne Francis is a vital young lady of exceptional good looks—a dewy-eyed blonde with an appealing freshness and considerable talent." Then came the lead in *Lydia Bailey* and her role as Webb's daughter once again in *Dream Boat*. By the time these films were ready for distribution, the master minds at the studio (Continued on page 84)



In May, Anne married Air Force veteran Bamlet Price, Jr. He's taking a Ph.D. in motion picture production at UCLA.



the truth about shelley's husband

(Continued from page 39) ago Ingrid Bergman answered the interested query of Sam Zimbalist, a Hollywood producer then in Rome, "Oh yes, he's the finest actor in Europe today," an opinion echoed by her husband, Roberto Rossellini.

Besides all this, he is a championship fencer, with three cups to prove it, and a former center on the Italian Olympic basketball team. He's muscled like a boxer, which he has been, is as tall as a grenadier, which he has also been, and is so good-looking you could call him beautiful. On this September first he will be 30 years old. Obviously, he's quite a guy.

Yet until recently and indeed throughout the past year he has been known in Hollywood frivolously and usually disparagingly as merely "Shelley Winters' Roman Romeo." Now he's her husband. His name, of course, is Vittorio Gassmann.

A town that makes millions playing fortissimo the theme of romance, just couldn't believe the real article when it happened to a home town girl. Well—now the joke's on Hollywood.

Not only did Shelley Winters find a true love match in Rome and become Mrs. Vittorio Gassmann in Juárez, Mexico, as of last April 28, but what's more she's ecstatically happy, despite the sniping rumors you'll hear from time to time. And Vittorio Gassmann, who never sought a job in American films until they sought him, experts now agree, may well become the greatest Continental star ever to grace Hollywood's lots. Already his tense Displaced Person role in *The Glass Wall*, directed by Maxwell Shane and produced by Ivan Tors, is introducing him brilliantly, and his romantic Mexican in *Sombrero* has MGM bosses pounding each other on the backs. He'll star next as a convict in a highly dramatic film, *Men Don't Cry* before he flies with Shelley back to Rome in October for what he considers his real life's work, the classic Italian drama. He'll be back in May.

But whether or not he becomes the greatest movie rave since Valentino, one thing is certain: Already Vittorio Gassmann qualifies as the most underestimated and misunderstood man in all of Hollywood's cockeyed history. So maybe it's high time to toss all the silly business out the window and level down on the truth about the amazing man Shelley Winters married. And that's a pleasure . . .

Vittorio Gassmann is a true artist and you can tell that the minute you meet him. His head, from it's thick wavy black hair to the prominent, pointed chin, is cleanly carved, and of noble proportions. His nose is aquiline. This Praxitelean perfection caused the cameraman on *The Glass Wall* to exult, "It's a face that breaks into sculptured planes no matter how you shoot it. There hasn't been a face like that around since Garbo."

Vittorio's eyes are dark brown pools that seem to reflect sadness one minute, excitement the next, tenderness and then gaiety, all in the space of minutes as you talk to him. His mouth is large, with sensitive, curving lips and a smile that flashes doubly white against his dark olive complexion. He has long, thin hands and he uses them expressively. His brow is high and wide, the brow of an intellectual. His speaking voice is low, rich and restrained. Yet with all this sensitivity Vittorio conveys an unmistakable impression of strength and masculinity.

Physically, he seems slight and thin, but actually he weighs 203 pounds, all bone and muscle. He stands six-feet-two, but walks gracefully like a cat. He inherited his physical strength from his father, Enrico Gassmann, a German engineer

who came to Italy after the first World War and married Luisa Ambron, a Florentine girl who had always wanted to be an actress. Vittorio inherited his artistic gifts from his mother, and later she encouraged him to pursue them. He was born in Genoa, Christopher Columbus' hometown, September 1, 1922. But when he was only five he was taken to Rome where he grew up.

Until he was 15 years old Vittorio Roberto (he never used his middle name) lived under the rugged domination of his father, a giant of a man, six-feet-five, who had duelling scars on his face and the brawny shoulders of a sculler. Vittorio was the only son, and his father was a rough trainer. When Vittorio was barely more than a baby, he tossed "Toto," as they called him then, into the Mediterranean on one Riviera vacation, walked away and left him to sink or swim. Vittorio swam; he had to. He started him boxing and wrestling almost as soon as he could walk and turned him loose for the Roman kids, who raced around the ancient ruins, to complete the manly training. "Roman boys are rough," Vittorio grins today. "They took over enthusiastically." He has scars on his face today from street battles to prove it.

THE Gassmanns weren't wealthy. The highwater mark of family affluence, Vittorio remembers, was the purchase of an old Fiat car. But there wasn't enough money to rent a garage, so it stood in the streets under the rains until mushrooms sprouted on the top. There was usually enough money, though, for entertainment. Only, while Vittorio's mother and sister went to the opera and theatre, his father took him along to the soccer matches at the *Stadio*. He went to public schools—three years elementary, five gymnasium and three lyceo, where he quickly became a sports whiz and a top student. His artistic talents hadn't a chance to sprout, however, until his father died, or rather, as Vittorio thinks, "killed himself."

Not deliberately, of course. But Enrico Gassmann was a man who scoffed at illness and hated doctors. So when he developed acute appendicitis, he spurned medical care, took sweat baths and violent exercises to cure it. Peritonitis developed and he died. Vittorio was 15 then, and his mother took over.

She had rich material to mold because Vittorio was really a born artist and he secretly dreamed of being a writer. Up in his room he delved into the classical poets—Homer, Dante, and Virgil. Outwardly he kept up his athletics.

When he was 19, his mother took positive action. Unknown to Vittorio, she secured a *borsa di studio* (scholarship) to the Academy of Dramatic Arts and enrolled him. He had never acted in his life or even considered it. But when, back from a basketball jaunt, she told him the news, Vittorio remembers being pleasantly elated. "I was curious," he says, "and I thought: An acting school—ah, there will be pretty girls!" Of course, all of this he sized up then as strictly a dilettante deal. Actors don't get rich in Rome, seldom even the good ones. Most poets and writers starve, too. For his serious profession Vittorio was headed for the University of Rome and a course in law. In Italy it was not impossible to take on both schools at once, because universities there don't hold classes. Facilities for study are available, and it's up to you to pass periodic examinations on the way to a degree. Vittorio still has six exams to pass for his law degree. But he's now on the faculty at the National Academy.

It wasn't only the pretty signorinas who held his major interests there—although Vittorio wasn't disappointed in the scenery. But "little by little," as he admits, "I turned into a—how is it—ham." More accurately, what he found at the Academy was poetry in motion, a chance to be the poet that was inside him and the graceful athlete, too. In fact, his first fatal burst of applause came from a gymnastic feat in his first public play, Zorilla's *Don Juan*. Vittorio played *Don Luis* and got skewered in a fencing duel with a sword atop some high stairs. "My fall to the floor was magnificent," he smiles. "It—what you say—wowed them."

AFTER that he played in almost everything the Academy produced—musicals, operas, comedies, classic tragedies. He had one more year to go on his three-year course when the Italian army called him for officer's training with the Grenadiers, but that lasted barely two months because the Yanks were swarming up Italy's boot and there wasn't much future in being an Italian soldier. With the Allied Armistice, they let him go. Vittorio left the Academy, dropped his law courses and turned pro. To get a steady job he had to go into enemy country, up north to Milan, the Nazi half of Italy. He made his debut there at the Odeon Theatre, in a play called, appropriately enough, *The Enemy*.

It wasn't exactly a climate you'd expect budding artists to flourish in. There were constant bombings and the imminence of Nazi concentration camps. But Italians are seasoned by a violent history, and they take life as it comes. The repertory theatre where Vittorio acted never closed, war or not, and he did 36 plays the first year. Salary—300 lira a night, or in American money, exactly one half-dollar. But in 1944, believe it or not, you could live pretty fancily on that in Milan. Vittorio lived in a good hotel and, as he modestly admits, "I was a big hit with the old ladies."

The young ones liked him, too. Especially Eleanora Ricci, the daughter of Renzo Ricci, a famous Italian actor. They were married during Vittorio's second year at Milan, when he was just 21. They have a daughter, Paola, now seven. But their marriage lasted barely three years. "We just didn't get along," is all Vittorio will say about that. There's a point, in passing, however, which Hollywood ignored in it's first uninformed gossip about Shelley and Vittorio: She was breaking up no home when she fell in love with the handsome Roman. Vittorio and Eleanora had been separated five long years before Shelley and Gassmann met, although, with no pressing reason for a divorce, he didn't get his until ten minutes before he and Shelley said "I do."

During those years Vittorio Gassmann became, as Ingrid Bergman truly stated, "the finest young actor in Europe." Back in Rome after the war, he plunged into classical drama. He played everything—even American stage hits like *A Street Car Named Desire*, *All My Sons*, and *Anna Christie*. All in all, close to 100 plays lie behind Vittorio Gassmann, and in the best Rome theatres. He had his own company with the Italian actress, Maltagliata, for which he directed and wrote. In 1947 he published his prize-winning novel. He won top acting awards—more of those than money. So to support his family he made Italian movies—20 of them. The one with luscious Silvana Mangano, *Bitter Rice*, was the only one of the lot shown in Hollywood, where a girl named Shelley Winters saw it before she left for a European holiday. Pretty soon, in Rome, she was telling Vittorio Gassmann how much she liked his performance, which was the truth. And Vittorio was telling her how

much he enjoyed her job in *A Place In the Sun*, which was a lie, he hadn't even seen it. But, as Vittorio argues, "I had to have some kind of an approach, didn't I?"

It's a little late at this point to review the global romance of Vittorio Gassmann and Shelley Winters. Mostly, it can be summed up in Vittorio's words. "Between us we supported the trans-Atlantic airlines." Vittorio flew to Hollywood and home. Then Shelley flew to Rome for two months and they both flew back together to Hollywood. By then, of course, a certain understanding had been reached. In fact, it was after Vittorio flew home the first time that Shelley sent him the gold key that is his most sentimental possession today. It carries the familiar French wish, "May we love as long as we live, and live as long as we love" and a more intimate inscription from Shelley: "Here is the key to my house and the key to my heart."

There is one still lingering myth about those impulsive Hollywood flights of Vittorio's, however, that needs to be punctured: He didn't fly either time to get a job in Hollywood pictures. He flew to see Shelley.

ACTUALLY, Vittorio Gassmann had chances at Hollywood long before he met Shelley Winters. Three years ago Sam Jaffe, now his Hollywood agent, looked him up in Rome and shrewdly signed a managerial contract, even though at that time Vittorio didn't speak English. Then Sam Zimbalist, fired by Ingrid Bergman's report, told Mervyn LeRoy about him and suggested a test. But although Vittorio could have taken one all the long time that Mervyn directed *Quo Vadis* in Rome he never bothered.

It's true, of course, that after Shelley Winters fell, curly head over high heels, for Vittorio in Rome he needed neither an agent nor press agent to sing his praises in Hollywood. Shelley told everyone she knew and a lot she didn't in superlatives about Vittorio. Understandably, she had and still has the best reason in the world to want him here and now to keep him here. But Shelley faced a torturing dilemma one day not long before they were married.

She was at MGM then, making *A Letter From The President*. Vittorio had an appointment with Benjamin Thau, a top MGM executive about a proposed contract still in the talk stage. Shelley left him and flitted off to wardrobe, and when she returned she found Vittorio leaning dejectedly against a parked automobile, his face white as a sheet and looking to Shelley "as if he was about to cry."

The cause of Vittorio Gassmann's upset condition, incredibly enough, was something that would make the average actor new to Hollywood jump with joy. He had just been offered a seven-year contract at the greatest studio of them all, guaranteeing him more money than he could possibly make in Rome. But he hadn't signed. Instead, he had walked out into the air to think, uncertain, torn and a little scared. He wanted to stay in Hollywood with Shelley. But seven years in this one place, making movies!

"Seven years passes quickly" Shelley argued. "I signed a seven-year contract not so long ago and already it's halfway through. Before long you'll be free to go back to Rome and financially independent for life."

"Yes," agreed Vittorio. "I know that. But there are so many things I want to do. Play *Hamlet*, act the classics, study, direct, write, travel. These are my young years, the years that count."

By now a lot of people, including Shelley Winters, understand a lot more about the intense, studious young Roman who has come, seen and started to conquer

Hollywood. Mainly, they realize that the problem isn't keeping Vittorio busy, it's keeping him here. Frankly, Hollywood doesn't particularly enchant him—for artistic, patriotic and practical reasons. Vittorio makes less but keeps about as much making pictures in Rome, where already he's top man; there are lower taxes, no agents' fees, cheaper living. Besides, being a Roman, anything away from his "terribly exciting city" Vittorio really considers camping out. He likes Hollywood all right, but he's not impressed. "It's exactly as it's supposed to be," he'll tell you. "The architecture is a little—uh—mixed. But Hollywood is honest. It doesn't pretend to be anything it is not." New York—that's another thing. To his European eyes it's ugly, rushing, noisy, nervous. Rome's strongest pull for Vittorio is the classical drama. By now, of course, he has that compromise six months in Rome, six in Hollywood contract at MGM, which proved the answer to his riddle.

ALREADY in Hollywood Vittorio Gassmann is respected as a flawless screen actor. He spoiled exactly one take during his entire first Hollywood picture. He impressed his hard-cooked crew, to whom no actor is

the most
beautiful portrait
of liz taylor
ever published
is on the
october cover of
modern screen
watch for it!
on sale
september 5

a hero, much less a foreign one, with his talent, friendliness, and his moxie, too. They often broke into applause after his emotional scenes and had to hand it to him for plenty of guts right from the beginning.

The first day of shooting after a late night, Vittorio had to race time and again up a long ramp at the United Nations Building. He disappeared after the first two tries, but came right back and carried on. Not until the day was over did they find out he'd ducked under the ramp and lost his breakfast. Another time some sailors aboard a boat, chasing Vittorio to an easy leap off a five-foot rail, got their timing confused and dashed to the action spot seconds late. Without hesitating, Vittorio climbed to the deck above and jumped down a jarring 15 feet so the scene would come out right. "Hey," protested his director admiringly but concerned, "If you're going to do stunts, I'll hire a double."

Gassmann laughed. "In Italy," he said, "an actor who has a double is a sissy." Last day of the picture his crew tossed Vittorio a dinner and strung a banner across the studio street. "YOU'RE A GREAT GUY, VITTORIO," it read; "WELCOME TO AMERICA. WE WANT YOU TO STAY."

Actually, Vittorio Gassmann has had no trouble at all adjusting to America and Hollywood. Basically, he is a sophisticate who stays himself and indulges his tastes no matter where he is. The glamor of movieland doesn't intrigue him; on the other hand it doesn't bother him. He lives with Shelley in her small Hollywood apartment with no plans for anything more pretentious until they come back from Rome.

Each morning he rises early and reads the classics, an hour before Shelley gets up. Sometimes he writes, sometimes he just sits and meditates. To Shelley her husband is "a mathematical man—the most disciplined, organized person in the world. 'Why,' she'll tell you, 'I twirl around like a dervish but nothing happens. Vittorio doesn't make a wasted motion and everything's buzzing along all the time!'"

Little of the buzzing is frivolous. Vittorio's no stuffed shirt, though. He likes to go dancing, for instance, at Ciro's and Mocambo now and then and does, although "fun" to him usually means a play, opera or concert. "I do a very good samba" he'll inform you with no false modesty, explaining that he learned it in Brazil where he took an Italian company on tour last year. He doesn't care for big parties, but agrees that they're the same all over, usually a bore but sometimes amusing. Food to him is important and so far, while Shelley struggles with cookbooks from scratch, they've been practically living at Hollywood's Italian restaurants like the Naples, because Vittorio's not tactful about American fodder at all. To his palate, it's awful. "Everything," he thinks, "has peanut butter on it or mayonnaise."

BUT there is nothing superior or condescending about Vittorio's manner; on the contrary, he is as friendly as a pup and sometimes seems actually naive. For most of his pet American peeves, he has discovered something else he likes. If he does abhor television, hurried meals, and traffic signals, he's crazy about Hollywood's casual clothes, his second-hand Chevy, and of all things, fresh milk.

For cosmopolitan Vittorio Gassmann the shuttle between Rome and Hollywood should present no major problems. A new language, for instance, to a man who already spoke five, has already proved a breeze. The first sentence Vittorio spoke to Shelley, barely a year ago, was halting and incomplete. "You—very—fine—artist, I theenk." But by now he can talk and understand American as well as anyone, even slang, and his accent irons out more every day. Shelley taught him. So now, with the new intercontinental life in view, Vittorio's returning the compliment—with the aid of a steadily spinning linguaphone and daily lessons with a professional Italian language teacher.

But I wouldn't say that Shelley Winters is considering rivaling her Roman mate at the drama on his own home grounds or anything like that. Not at least if the lesson I saw scribbled on a scratch pad the other evening when I dropped by the Gassmanns' is any indication of her thoughts. It read in Shelley's fine hand:

"Buona sera, Caro (Good evening, Dear)
"Hai lavorato molto? (Did you work very hard?)

"Hai fame? (Are you hungry?)
"Cena e pronta (Dinner is ready)"

That's nothing out of Dante, of course. But with a lesser Italian poet named Vittorio Gassmann, who came to Hollywood with a couple of strikes against him, it makes a hit—just as Vittorio has with Shelley Winters and everyone else who's been lucky enough to meet him. **END**

hollywood fashions for fall

(Continued from page 53) enormous bowls of tossed green salad, dishes of fresh fruit and delectable baked stuffed lobster—the piece de resistance.

Presently, a Tanner Gray Line bus pulled into the drive, and out of it flowed an array of lovely young models—all in brightly colored cotton prints and carrying band boxes—who were whisked into the house, there to change into the new fall outfits and await the judging.

Then came the stars, greeted in turn by Jeanette and Gene. The last to arrive was Vera-Ellen, who exclaimed admiringly as she took Jeanette's hand. "You should always wear copper color. It goes so beautifully with your hair!"

As Gene escorted the guests down the steps to the pool, strains of soft music rose from the terrace where a three-piece string ensemble was playing. Suzan Ball and Ursula Thiess couldn't resist stopping along the way to marvel at the sight below of multi-colored blossoms reflected like jewels in the emerald-green water.

During lunch the show opened with a unique specialty number. June Taylor, who swims under water to music, appeared at the edge of the pool in a long, filmy, gray chiffon cape. She removed the cape and stepped forth in a silver sequin swimsuit, then darted into the pool and went through her Quicksilver number, twisting, turning and diving in that fantastic, breathtaking type of swimming that made Esther Williams famous. Jeff Hunter, who was busily engaged in conversation with Mrs. Hunter (Barbara Rush) and the Rod Camerons when June started her act, suddenly caught a bright flash in the pool near his table. "Man," he said, startled, "for a fish like that I should've brought my block and tackle!"

After June's act the stellar board settled down to the business at hand. The

tables were cleared and all manner of accessories were laid out for inspection. Each star had pencil and paper, and, as sparkling jewelry, colorful umbrellas, Luxite nylon hosiery, and Dream Step shoes, both formal and informal, were passed around, the names of favorites were jotted down. Vanessa Brown was completely captivated by a tiny purse atomizer, "Skwish," which looks like lipstick and can be used to carry perfume, deodorant or hair lacquer.

Finally the models passed in review, and the snappiest salutes were earned by Jaunty Juniors for coats, junior dresses from the famous Junior House of Milwaukee, more sophisticated dresses from Kay Windsor, suits from Murray Sices, who calls them "Sicettes" and makes them for women 5 ft. 5" and under.

West Coast designers who made a good showing were Koret of California for an informal, sports-type dress and Luxite for balbriggans, together with Holeproof Nappers (Slippersocks) for casual wear.

Everyone decided Madcaps were a pretty saucy, becoming type of hat, and Lubar's umbrellas a happy combination of parasol and rain-resister. The jewelry from Ledo was an easy winner, and Honeybugs' "Slip-A-Sox" was the answer to what to wear for loafing. Other winners were Luxite's nylon hosiery and Grantly's sunglasses by Foster Grant.

When the judging was over, Sally Forrest, Vanessa Brown, Corinne Calvet, Jeanette MacDonald, Virginia Gibson, Ann Sheridan and Vera-Ellen slipped into the outfits of their choice to pose for the photographers. The other members of the board stood around and chatted among themselves, making their own observations on trends they felt were important for fall. If you had been there and overheard some of the comments, you would know that there will again be the rustle of taffeta mixed with the softness of wool; velvet, plain and with corduroy; printed

and woven cottons with a new fall look in dark patterns; rhinestone and the new gold nugget jewelry; small, snug hats; open-toed shoes; and last of all something quite new—"Koret's Tubinyl", a dress with permanized pleats that can be dashed through suds, rinsed, and presto, fresh and crisp and ready to wear the next day.

Studio and picture credits of the MODERN SCREEN Hollywood Fashion Board Members: Jeanette MacDonald, star of screen, stage, concert, opera, radio—and now TV. Recently appeared on film with Archie Gardner on *Duffy's Tavern*; Gene Raymond, stage, screen and TV star; Keith Andes, RKO's—*Blackbeard The Pirate*; Jean Pierre Aumont, soon to appear in MGM's—*Lili*; Suzan Ball, a Modern Screen Golden Key Girl, U-I's—*Untamed Frontier* (color by Technicolor); Vanessa Brown, U. A.'s—*The Fighter* and MGM's—*A Tribute To A Bad Man*; Corinne Calvet, Hal Wallis star, in Para.'s—*Thunder In The East* and 20th's—*What Price Glory*; Rod Cameron, Voltaire production (color, shooting in India)—*The Jungle*—a Lippert Release; Vera-Ellen, soon to appear in MGM's *I Love Melvin*; Sally Forrest, MGM star; Virginia Gibson, Golden Key Girl, Warners'—*The Miracle of Our Lady Fatima* and *About Face*; Jeff Hunter, 20th's—*Dream Boat*; Frank Lovejoy, Warners'—*The Winning Team*; Terry Moore, Columbia star in Para.'s—*Come Back, Little Sheba*; Barbara Rush, Para.'s—*Flaming Feather*; Ann Sheridan, U-I's—*Just Across The Street*; Robert Stack—Arch Oboler's Third Dimension motion picture—*Bwana Devil* and TV's—*Phantom Pirate*; Ursula Thiess, RKO star and a Golden Key Girl; Bobby Van, MGM's—*Small Town Girl*. Studio and picture credits of guest stars: Arlene Dahl, Para.'s—*Caribbean*; Mona Freeman, Hal Wallis'—*Jumping Jacks*—a Para. Release; Janet Leigh, MGM's—*Fearless Fagan*; Barbara Ruick, Golden Key Girl, MGM's—*Fearless Fagan* and soon to appear in MGM's—*Above And Beyond*.

the on again, off again waynes

(Continued from page 59) gardens of Xochimilco, where natives in flat-bottom boats pull up beside you and for a few pesos sell you soft drinks, great fragrant bouquets of flowers, and all matter of souvenirs.

It was the 17th of the month so Duke bought his Chata 17 red roses, and on each wedding anniversary she receives the same gift.

CHATA (Esperanza Bauer) was a competent actress in Mexico and on the way up when Duke Wayne first met and fell in love with her. She had none of the fame that enveloped Maria Felix and Dolores Del Rio nor the touted sex appeal of a young internationalist named Blanca Welter Christian who was later to become Mrs. Tyrone Power.

Esperanza lived a quiet life with her mother, who was only 15 years older than she; because of the nearness of their ages, the relationship was almost sisterly.

Added to this was the fact that Mrs. Bauer had been separated from her husband ever since her daughter's infancy. She had no other children. Esperanza was and is the all-consuming interest of her life.

In Catholic countries, maternal supervision is extremely strict. In Esperanza's case, it was nearly slavish, since Senora Bauer had nothing else to do but watch over her daughter and her career.

This sort of solicitous care is admirable, but it has its drawbacks, too, and one of

the most outstanding is that it hinders the growth of self-reliance on the part of the girl who is being supervised.

It is no secret that when Chata married Duke Wayne, she felt lost; so, too, did her mother. Duke, having much more perspicacity than people give him credit for, much more sensitivity and insight, recognized this at once, and it was he who insisted that his mother-in-law live with them.

He hadn't thought about it beforehand—in fact, had only bought a small house with one bedroom and a den. But when he saw how deeply this separation through marriage affected mother and daughter, he said, "You must live with us, Mamacita. It'll be best for everyone."

Mrs. Bauer refused. "It is best for young married people to live alone," she advised. But then she looked at Chata, at the desperate plea for acquiescence in her daughter's eyes, and at last, she let herself be won over. She went to live with Duke and Chata, no doubt hoping to make a break in the near future. But the break never came.

It is difficult to grow up and face your problems yourself when you have a mother nearby to do all this for you, and that's what happened to Chata, according to intimates.

When Duke was away, and he's away a good deal of the time on location, Chata always had her mother for companionship. They gossiped together, they went shopping, they gradually re-furnished the house.

When Chata came down with a cold,

Mrs. Bauer took charge at once. Nothing was too good for her baby.

When Chata had small quarrels with her husband—and these are part and parcel of every marriage—there was always Mamacita to run to. While Duke never complained, he's always been partial to people who stand on their own two feet.

Friends say that he resented the fact that, on occasion, Chata would move into a hospital and take a room next to her mother when Mrs. Bauer was ill. Whether or not he thought this was carrying loyalty too far, Duke never said. Where Chata is concerned, he's been amazingly tractable. He has loved his little "Pugnose" very much and realizes that she gave up much for him.

Sometimes a man's second wife resembles his first. This is true where Wayne is concerned in that both of his wives are of Latin extraction.

Duke's first wife, Josephine Saenz, was the daughter of the Dominican consul stationed in Los Angeles. She met Duke when she was a coed at the University of Southern California, and he was a second-string tackle on the football team. They were married in 1933 in a Catholic ceremony held in Loretta Young's garden. Ten years and four children later, Duke was hailed into court and sued for divorce on grounds of mental cruelty.

The mental cruelty was the legal facade. Josephine was socially ambitious, intent upon raising her children and meeting people in the right circles, a woman of great charity and civil consciousness—and Duke—well, he's always been the earthy, homespun type who prefers to hoist a few,

with loud and lusty men such as Grant Withers, Ward Bond, Jack Ford, and others of that ilk. Basically, he's a man's man.

WHEN he married Chata he not only found her physical beauty irresistible but was overcome by her spiritual tranquillity and her willingness to dedicate her entire life to him. This oneness of purpose was something he found almost difficult to believe—a woman who wanted absolutely nothing but him.

But a man sometimes is not enough. There should be children or friends. The Waynes' marriage has not been blessed with children; and Duke has spent so much of his time working far from home that there has been no one for Chata but Mamacita. Since Mamacita's ties are to the old country, there have been many, many trips to Mexico City and Acapulco. For a time Chata was sure that she had lost Duke to his work, and while she realized that a man's work came above his woman, she resented not having her share of his time.

Chata is not one for the rough, lusty, back-slapping frontier type of humor. No Latin-American girl is. In the company of Duke's friends, she has frequently felt out of place, insecure, an intruder in her own home, because discussions of fishing and politics left her cold.

This insecurity, this loneliness, this feeling of being outside the pale manifested itself in various psychosomatic illnesses.

Bo Roos, Duke's business manager, who goes down to the Scripps Clinic at La Jolla for a checkup each year, suggested that Chata check in and let the doctors give her a thorough going over.

"If anyone can find out about her skin allergy," Roos said, "these guys' at the Clinic are the ones."

So Chata came and was examined, and when it was all over, the doctors shrugged and said, "Nothing organically wrong, Mr. Wayne. It's probably just nerves." But this manifestation of nervousness had something behind it and still does.

A FRIEND of Wayne's feels that Chata thinks her husband resents her mother. But Duke really likes Mrs. Bauer a lot.

Others suggest that Chata is afraid of facing life, of making her own decisions without maternal advice. They say that there is a tremendous conflict seething within her. To whom does she owe her first loyalty? To the mother who has sacrificed everything for her? Or to her husband?

When Duke was pressed for some reason why he'd returned to a wifeless home after finishing *Big Jim McLain*, he said, "Chata's gone down to Mexico City to buy her mother a house. After that, she's coming back here. We haven't separated or broken up or any of that stuff."

THAT Chata is willing to work hard to save her marriage, no one denies. When reporters asked her in Mexico City whether she was determined to divorce Wayne or would try to work things out, she said emphatically, "I still hope that John and I can work everything out and that we'll be back together very shortly. Of course, I can't promise definitely that we will. Nobody can, but we'll try. I always think when there's been trouble that it's a good idea to get away from Hollywood for a while and let things simmer down."

Jerry Giesler, the famous trial lawyer whom Chata had consulted last February before she and Duke were reconciled, told me, "By the time your article appears in print, we'll definitely know whether the marriage is on again or off again." **END**

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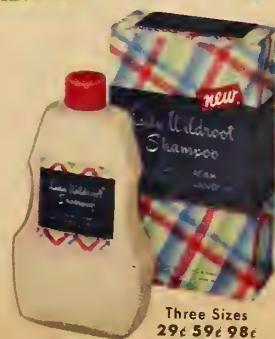
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what liz told hedda!

(Continued from page 35) married, and is now an expectant mother at twenty.

Shortly after her divorce from Nicky Hilton, I had a heart-to-heart session with her in the small apartment she was living in. She received me in a gorgeous lace negligee; but like an impish little girl, she was barefooted. It was the first time I'd ever seen Elizabeth in a serious mood. There was no laughter in her violet eyes, which usually dance, and she was as tense as a violin string. Life had descended upon her, leaving her hurt and confused.

"Hedda," she told me then, "I'm beginning to realize that I've been riding through life on a pink cloud. But the whole thing now seems like a dream with everything so right and perfect on a fantastic scale. But I fell off that cloud with a bang. I'm glad I did. One can't go through life being a romantic—at least the way I was. You see I'm just a normal girl with the average faults and virtues. But, being a movie actress, I wasn't allowed to develop on normal lines.

"I was thrown with older people instead of kids my own age. I'm still scared of young people. The older ones protected me—perhaps in the wrong way. They said I was fine when I wasn't fine. They gave me praise when I needed criticism. I know little of responsibility; and I'm going to have to learn it the hard way. I'm even having to teach myself to pick up my clothes and put them away. You see, being a movie actress, I had all these little things done for me and took them for granted."

At that time she was dating Stanley Donen. Hollywood predicted a quick, impulsive marriage. I asked Elizabeth if she was in love with the guy. She thought the matter over carefully before answering. "No," she finally said, "I don't love him. We're good friends who have a lot of likes in common." She was obviously speaking the truth as subsequent events revealed.

Then she went to New York and was frequently seen with Montgomery Clift. The press tried to cook up a romance between them; but I laughed at that one. If they wanted romance, they had plenty of time for it while making *A Place In The Sun* together. I saw them do a love scene before the camera that was so passionate and realistic it shocked even me. When the scene was over, I asked, "Where in the world did you learn to make love like that, Elizabeth?" She grinningly replied, "Oh, Hedda, you ask such funny questions." It wasn't Monty. It's true that he escorted her to the premiere of *The Heiress* in a rented tuxedo with a studio limousine at his disposal. But he thought so little of the event that he stopped at a drive-in for a hamburger on his way to pick up Liz; and his chief concern was how the studio press agent who accompanied him was to get home after delivering him to Liz's door.

But Liz was born for romance. She went to London to make *Ivanhoe* and came up with Michael Wilding, who was 20 years her senior. I said, "Ye gods, here we go again. Taylor is off on another tangent!"

When Michael came to Hollywood, I had them both visit me for a very frank talk. Having gone through the same situation of marrying a man much older than I, I warned Liz in Mike's presence of the hazards of such a situation. She looked at me with those great eyes and said, "What do you think I am? A child?" I couldn't help but smile, be-

cause at that time she was 19 years old.

I then mentioned the fact that her predecessor in Mike's affections had been Marlene Dietrich, and going from a grandmother to a debutante was romance in reverse. Without boasting, Mike said, "I've gone with many women in my time."

At that Elizabeth gave him a sharp glance and asked, "Many?"

"Of course, darling," he replied. "You know how old I am."

I then broke up something that might have been a quarrel by saying, "Elizabeth, you haven't done badly for a 19-year-old girl. Remember Glenn Davis, Bill Pauley, Nicky Hilton, and Stanley Donen." Mike giggled.

After that we settled down and I gave Mike a going over that he won't forget. "I happen to be very fond of this child," I told him. "And even though she thinks she's mature, she's not. You're an experienced man of the world. You've been around, indulged, had experience." Again I pointed out the failure of my own marriage by wedding such a man. This was for Elizabeth's benefit, but she laughed in my face. "No matter what you or anybody else thinks, I love this man, and I'm going to marry him. I love him, I love him, I love him."

"You were probably saying the same thing to Stanley Donen a few months ago," I said. The idea didn't seem at all strange to her. She said, "Stanley and I are friends. I shall always be grateful for his help when I was going through a difficult time after divorcing Nicky. But Mike I love."

It was Liz who kept bringing up the subject of love. Mike was reticent about expressing his feelings. But I must say this for him. Despite my trying to talk Elizabeth out of marrying him, he held no enmity toward me. Before leaving for Europe, he called up to say, "I want to thank you again for your frankness and to say goodbye."

Liz was back on that pink cloud again, but this time more substantially so. When Mike said in New York that he didn't consider himself engaged, it made no difference to her. She followed him to London and got her man. Immediately after the ceremony, he sighed, "Marriage is such a tiring affair," and allowed a London bobby to carry Liz through a jostling throng to a waiting limousine while he trailed along behind. When a reporter asked where they intended to spend their honeymoon, he replied, "Together, I hope." Evidently Liz just skipped such quips.

Then came the startling news that she was expecting a baby in December. I say startling because she returned home ahead of Mike to do a picture for MGM. Rumor had it that one thing that broke up her marriage to Nicky was that she didn't want a baby and he did. Liz, the talk went, was too interested in her career to take on the added responsibility of children.

This was not true. "A month after my wedding I knew we'd made a mistake. Our marriage couldn't last. So I didn't want to bring a child into the world under those circumstances," Liz explained to me. "I know about that rumor and the criticism I got. But I couldn't tell anyone the real reason for my not wanting a baby then. I hardly dared tell myself, because I wanted, oh, so very much for our marriage to succeed. I kept telling myself that it had to last, even when in my heart I knew it was ended."

Liz returned to Hollywood alone; and quickly the gossip that she and Mike were having difficulties started floating around. The fact is that MGM had given Liz a four-months (Continued on next page)

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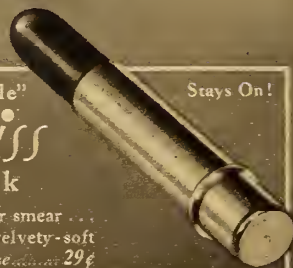
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honeymoon, and now the studio wanted her to come back to work. "Michael couldn't come along, because he had to wait for passport clearance to come to America. This time he intends to settle in Hollywood, as MGM has him under long-term contract. The ugly rumors had it that MGM had signed Mike, because it feared Liz might take a permanent suspension to remain with her husband in England. This is also false. The studio was negotiating with Mike long before the officials knew that Liz had fallen in love with him. I went straight to the top to get this information. Dore Schary, head of production at MGM, has much to do with the hiring and firing at that studio. He told me, "We signed Wilding because he has personality, charm, and can act. He'll be very good in comedy parts; and we think we have a winner in him."

I asked Liz if she wanted to co-star with Michael in films. "Naturally," she replied.

I seem to be always popping into Liz's life when important things happen to her; so as soon as I learned she was expecting a baby, I went to see her. She was sharing her apartment with her companion-secretary, Peggy Rutledge. When I walked in, three animals were bounding around the living room. One was a miniature wire-haired dachshund; another was a French poodle. Sharing their romps was a cat that was apparently alley bred.

Liz may have Mike, but she still can't bear not having animals, too. Apartment rules forbid pets, but I'm not letting her down by revealing her secret. By the time this article hits the stands, Liz and Mike plan to be living in their own home. And all the ex-landlord can do is scratch his head and ponder the thought that he'd harbored a miniature menagerie.

PEGGY opened the door for me, and Liz emerged from the kitchen, looking radiant and smiling at her brood of animals. I could see immediately that she was her old impish, happy, carefree self. She certainly didn't appear to be an expectant mother. She wore a low-necked, white piqué dress with a full skirt and ruffled petticoat beneath. But, miracle of miracles, she was also wearing shoes. Her hair was poodle cut and she kept tousling it all during my visit. Her waistline was still something all girls dream of having. "Are you excited about the baby?" I asked.

"Oh, gad, yes," she replied. "Thrilled is no word to describe my feelings. We wanted very badly to have a child."

"Then you won't do your picture," I said. "I probably will," she said. "But the studio wants to re-write the script again, and delay the starting date two months, which may complicate things."

"What did the heads of the studio think of your having a baby with a picture coming up?" I asked.

"They're in sixth heaven, especially Benny Thau and Nick Schenck. They loved the idea."

"And your mother?" I asked.

"She's in seventh heaven," Liz replied. "I don't care whether it's a boy or a girl. If it's a boy, we'll call him Michael; if a girl, Michele. Don't you like that? Michele is the feminine equivalent for Michael."

Peggy brought us slices of watermelon. I gave a bite of mine to the cat. "Freaka, the dachshund, will eat anything—cucumbers, radishes, endive," said Liz. "We just grew this watermelon in the backyard. Do you like it?"

"I got the seediest slice in the lot," I said. Liz giggled. She had seated herself with her feet on a coffee table, and started fondling a cross that hung from a chain around her neck.

"When I come to see you, you have to work, young lady," I said. "I brought a photographer along."

"Well, let's get him in here," said Liz. I gave him the high sign through a window to enter; and Liz greeted him like an old friend. He suggested that we pose together with the animals. "You'd better take the poodle," said Liz. "She hasn't spoken to me since I got home. She's jealous of the dachshund." While I held the poodle, Liz cradled the cat and dachshund in her arms. The two dogs started sizing each other up. "Get this shot over quickly before somebody gets killed," said Liz.

"So you know what married life is all about now?" I asked.

"Yes," she said. "I feel married. I'm all for it."

"What do you like about it?" I asked.

"Look straight into the camera," said the photographer.

"That was a mean question," said Liz.

"I like the happiness of being married. I haven't been so happy since I was 12 years old. I never expected to have that feeling again. I like the companionship. Use all the adjectives you know and you won't have enough. I like the closeness of it and most of all the contentment. I feel just like an old cow—just sitting here gloating away. Life is so peaceful."

"But don't you miss all the excitement of running around and all the intrigue?" I asked.

"Oh, cripes!" she said.

Lady Tailspin (the cat) tired of playing with the dog, went into the dining room, jumped up on the table, and began eyeing a caged love bird. "Aren't you afraid the cat will get the bird?" I asked.

"It's a bit of a problem," said Liz.

"Watch out for the kitty. She scratches." "I don't like 'em," I said. "They always scratch me."

"Oh, they know whom to scratch," Liz roared.

She was right. Lady Tailspin gave up trying to get the bird out of the cage, moved up on a ledge, and began sniffing the flowers on my hat. Then she scratched me.

"Are you going to teach Liz to play golf?" I asked Peggy, who's very good at the game. "Now that she's expecting, she'll need exercise."

"Do I? Oh, dear!" said Liz.

"I took her to the links one day, and after three holes she was finished," said Peggy.

"I do take walks—from the living room into the bedroom," said Liz. "You can't ride horseback when you're pregnant, can you?"

"Noooo, dear," I said.

"I've just learned you're not supposed to travel either during the first three months. And here I've been flying halfway around the world."

"When did you learn that you were going to have a baby?" I asked.

"About a month ago," she said. "I wanted a baby so bad; and then I got the idea that I couldn't have one. I thought I was only half a wife, because I couldn't have children for Mike, and I'd cry on his shoulder about it."

"You're so happy, I do believe you'd give up your screen career," I said.

"I wouldn't mind giving it up," she replied. "Fortunately, however, things can be worked out so I can have both a career and a family. But it wouldn't bother me if I had to quit movies."

"Your career was never a matter of life and death with you anyway. For a 19-year-old girl..."

"Twenty," she corrected. "I was 20 on my honeymoon."

"Youth! It's wonderful," I said. "What happened on your honeymoon?"

"What can you print that happens on a honeymoon?" she said. "It was beautiful. There was snow 12 feet deep everywhere, but the temperature in the daytime was around 90 degrees. Everybody skied in bathing suits. We were in the French Alps, and the only English speaking people at the hotel. It was very cold at night. But with the white snow, bright sunlight, and that blue, blue sky, the days were more beautiful than you could imagine.

"We had a little balcony outside our rooms, and each day we'd go there and sit in the sun with towels around us. A friend of ours who ran a bar nearby told us later that the people trained their binoculars on that balcony when we were there. And when we'd go inside and close the shutters, they'd all drink a toast to us."

THE photographer finished his work, and the animals were released. The cat and dachshund started playfully batting their paws at each other. Liz was intrigued. "I love Freaka. We saw her picture in a paper when I was sick in bed with the flu. Mike loves dogs, too. So he rushed all over London trying to locate this particular puppy for me. He found it finally around midnight and brought her home to me.

"We had no name for that cat. The headwaiter at the 500 Club gave it to us. The pilots and stewardesses on the plane coming home gave her a new name—Lady Tailspin. Peggy, do you know what I did with that thing they signed?"

Peggy got up and found the paper. It was labeled: "Flagship Flying Report. Flying Crew. Flight 5. One small English kitten. Lord (or Lady) Tailspin. May she always land on all fours."

"She's a girl," said Liz, "so I'm calling her Lady. As soon as I have this baby, I want another. That way they'll be companions to each other without too much differences in their ages."

"Sister, wait'll MGM hears about that little scheme," I said. "The studio likes to keep their box office stars working. Maybe you shouldn't have told about your going to have this baby until you started your picture."

"I can't keep a secret," she said. "You know that. Besides, by the time it started, I'm sure they would have guessed. Maybe they'll rush the picture, so I can do it."

The white poodle was down under the coffee table chewing on something. Liz investigated, retrieved the object, and said, "Here, you can't gnaw on that Buddha. A soldier in Japan sent it to me."

"Would you like to live in England?" I asked.

"I'd love to live there in the spring," she said. "It's like no other place in the world then. But Mike can't go back for three years. He has to stay here to establish residence. Mike's sold his apartment in London and most of the furniture. The furniture was antique and we're going to get a modern house. We've both got five-year contracts at MGM."

"I hear you got a big hike in pay when you signed your new contract," said I.

"That's right," she replied. "More money. More taxes. But I don't mind."

She can use the cash. A year ago she was practically broke. She asked for no alimony from Nicky Hilton.

"Do you remember when you called me in New York, the day I flew to England?" she asked.

"Yes," I said. "The King of England had just died. And there were stories in the British papers that Mike's parents weren't too keen on your marrying their son."

(Continued on next page)



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"They're the sweetest people in the world—very old World type," said Liz. "The English people were wonderful to me. But when you called me in New York, I was in a real panic. After hanging up the phone, I started to cry. So I called Mike and told him I couldn't come over because people were saying it didn't look right. He said he'd try to get permission to come to America, but that we'd have only five days together. He promised to call me back. But something went wrong with the telephone and my plane was leaving in 45 minutes. So I said, 'To heck with it! I'm going to England.' The plane was already warming up when I got a call at the airport; and a man came running out to tell me that Mike was on the phone. I said, 'Tell him I'm on my way to London.' So we had four wonderful months together instead of just five days."

"Doesn't Mike have any qualities that irk you?"

"None. We're both a little lazy."

"Do you still leave your clothes lying around on the chairs and floors?" I asked. "Or does Mike pick them up for you?"

"Are you kidding?" she said. "He picks his things up, but leaves mine lying there. But I'm better about that than I used to be. If I leave things lying about, they accumulate and I can't get through the room. So I figured it was easier to pick them up as I went along."

"Have you done any cooking?" I asked.

"Just one dish—bacon and eggs," she said. "But that's Mike's favorite dinner. Lucky me."

"Why don't you go to cooking school like Shirley Temple did?"

"I don't want to be too precise with my cooking. I want to experiment. Just take a cook book and figure it out myself. But I'll need plenty of time to daddle and throw pots and pans around."

"How often do you talk to Mike?" I asked.

"Every day," she said. "We just like to hear the sound of each other's voices."

He's so generous. He gave me this cross, a sapphire and diamond pin, and some long diamond earrings."

"Well, let's get a load of the loot," said I.

She brought out the jewelry and said, "I can wear the earrings long or short. They're in two pieces." She tried very hard to put the two sections together. "I can't make them stay in place. I'll have to send for Mike. He knows how they work."

"Will you have your servants call you Lady Wilding like the Douglas Fairbanks' do? They call him Sir Douglas."

"Sir Michael, Lady Wilding," she said pertly. "Oh, just call me Queenie!"

With that, I picked up what the cat had left of my hat and departed.

This is the picture of Elizabeth Taylor as of today. Quite a contrast from the confused young girl, bordering on a nervous breakdown that I interviewed just a little over a year ago. She's the little girl with—not a chip—but a chipmunk on her shoulder again. **END**

number three for judy

(Continued from page 31) where Judy spent the month at the Currant Theatre, continuing her sensational stage comeback.

The license clerk, Katrina Lynn, says, "I didn't recognize Judy at all. She was wearing slacks and a large pair of dark glasses and her hair was tied in a bun at the back of her head. She and this fellow Luft applied for a license, and then they rode off to some ranch about 20 miles south of here."

It was a record-breaking ceremony, but at least Judy didn't get married in slacks. She wore a short-sleeved dress of navy blue but was hatless.

After the ceremony, which took place at four in the afternoon, the couple spent the night at Law ranch, then drove back to San Francisco. Judy remained to carry on with her act, and Luft returned to Hollywood where all hallelujah broke loose.

The day after the wedding, Sid was hailed into the California Superior Court where he was ordered to double the \$200 monthly payments he makes to his ex-wife, actress Lynn Bari, for the support of his three-year-old son, John.

When Luft turned up in court with his attorney, he told no one of his marriage to Judy, and the supposition was that he and the singer were still engaged.

Luft was put on the stand and was asked about his financial position. He was a most uncooperative witness, and he angered the judge so much that the Bench termed his testimony "guarded, evasive . . . and nowhere near the truth," which is strong language indeed from a Superior Court judge.

On occasion Sid's sense of humor gets the better of him, and this oftentimes works against him. For example, Miss Bari's lawyer asked Luft about a motion picture manuscript entitled *Man o' War*, which Sid's company purportedly owns.

"Is this a manuscript or a book?" the attorney inquired.

"It's a horse," Luft snapped.

The attorney, little Sammy Hahn, blew his top at that remark. The reply, he said, was typical of "the man's character—to give such an answer under oath in a court of law. A horse," he continued, "that's what we're talking about. This man, who is too poor to pay more than \$200 a month for his son, can feed three horses. When a man can feed and shoe horses, he can feed and shoe his own child."

Hahn then got around to Judy, whom he had subpoenaed into a court a month before. "She's a little Charley McCarthy," he asserted. "This girl gives him all her money. He can write as much of a check as he wants. He lives high."

The judge said that he thought Miss Garland had told the truth when she testified that she paid Luft a salary of \$500 a week as her manager. "She's very vague about business matters," he said.

He then studied a list of expenses which Lynn Bari had made out as necessary for the support of her son: \$200 a month for a governess, \$75 a month for rent, \$50 a month for nursery school, \$50 a month for food and \$25 for clothing.

He ordered Luft to pay these. When Judy heard about this in San Francisco she said nothing. But then came the delayed, reluctant announcement by Bob Law that Judy and Sid had been married at his ranch.

BACK into court marched little Sammy Hahn, charging that inasmuch as Sid was married to Judy when he appeared in court, he should be held in contempt, as he had failed to disclose that fact.

"My client's original complaint," the lawyer said, "alleged that Luft and Judy Garland were in a partnership, and that last year the partnership had earned more than \$750,000. When they both came to court, Miss Garland denied it. Luft denied it, too, which was all right, because they weren't married then."

"But they got married on Sunday, and three days later Luft came to court still denying, still pleading poverty."

"Under California law, the day they were married he immediately got half her income. That makes him half a millionaire."

Hahn petitioned for a new hearing, and it may well be that Luft's payments for support will coincide with his increased ability to pay.

Judy says that her marriage to Sid "is the most wonderful thing in the world," and it is no secret that she credits her husband with the success of her comeback.

After all the trouble she's known in her young life, however, it seems ironic that three days following her third wedding, Judy should be back in the headlines because of her new husband's legal difficulties.

She herself had no trouble whatever in arriving at a quick financial settlement with her second husband, director Vin-

cente Minnelli. She paid him \$25,000 for his share of their house in the Hollywood hills, and he agreed to pay her \$500 a month for the support of their five-year-old daughter, Liza.

Moreover, Judy's relationship with her former husband is warm and friendly. "Vincente," she says, "is one of the nicest and kindest human beings I've ever met."

Lynn Bari's opinion of Sid Luft, however, is entirely different.

In all honesty, it must be reported, that the prevailing opinion in Hollywood is that the marriage will last two or three years, no longer.

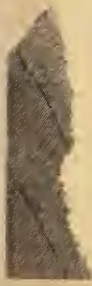
A director who has known Judy for years says, "My own feeling is that Judy is now in a state of dependency. I caught her act in Los Angeles, and I was at Romanoff's for the after-show shindig, and she still seems very neurotic to me. What that kid needs is a first-rate analyst, not a husband. She's been mixed up ever since she was a child, and I don't think she understands herself yet. As for Luft, he's a nice enough guy. But you know what happens when a husband is dependent upon his wife's talent for his main support. After a while he begins to resent her. Subconsciously he accuses her of depriving him of his manhood, of his self-respect."

"I remember a guy by the name of Harmon Nelson, who was married to Bette Davis. Ham earned his own living, too. He had an orchestra, but Bette was so domineering that he couldn't take it. After ten years he threw in the sponge. Judy isn't domineering. If anything, she's the opposite; she's ultra-dependent and emotionally immature. But let's face it. Suppose she got sick tomorrow. What would Luft have to manage?"

"I don't want to sound like a pessimist. But it just doesn't seem like a healthy setup to me. I love Judy, and I pray to God I'm wrong."

MYRTLE TULLY, Judy's secretary, says, "I think Judy and Sid came along for each other exactly at the right time. Both needed help. They found it in each other. They get along very well. Judy's matured a lot these past few years, and Sid has been the man behind that improvement. No matter what anyone says, I'm sure it will be a good and lasting marriage."

For any marriage to be lasting, both partners have to contribute to each other's welfare. In this marriage, Luft is proving to Judy that she is a highly desirable woman whom he loves for herself rather than for her talent. **END**



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While Piper's popularity is zooming, Tony is the first to admit that there's enough room on top for everyone.

Tony was angered in June of this year when the studio took him off salary for going away to Durango, Colorado, for five weeks with Janet Leigh, who was on location making *Naked Spur* with Jimmy Stewart.

"I've never been so mad in my life," the irrepressible curlyhead blurted out. "I've tried to cooperate with the studio to the best of my ability. I've gone on tours. I've done stuff over and above what was called for in the contract. And if that's the way they want to play ball, I can play that way, too."

Friends say that the suspension cut Tony to the quick, that he felt he needed someone to protect his interests—after all, Piper had Leonard Goldstein to look after hers—so he discharged his agent and signed with the Music Corporation of America, Hollywood's largest talent agency. The move helped, because it was an MCA representative who went out to Universal and got Tony back on salary.

"Look," the talent representative told the Universal crowd, "what's the sense of bickering? I pick up a trade paper, and I read how much Tony spent making long-distance calls to Janet. The studio says it paid for them. I pick up another trade paper, and there's a story of how Tony, when he was in New York, wanted a corned beef sandwich from his favorite delicatessen. The studio paid the cabfare to get him a sandwich from the Bronx. This is kid stuff. Tony's done a lot for the studio, and the studio has done a lot for him."

UPSHOT of the whole shebang was that Tony was taken back on salary and, what's more, raised to \$1,000 a week.

Just about the same time, the contract of producer Leonard Goldstein expired, and he left Universal.

"I think," said a friend of Piper Laurie's when she read the news, "that Leonard's departure is a good thing for Piper. From now on whenever she does anything good, she'll get the credit instead of having it attributed to Leonard's influence. All Leonard ever did for the girl was to give her an opportunity to display her very fine dramatic talent. A few jealous cats may resent that, but everyone needs a helping hand, especially in this racket."

You can talk your jaw off, but that still doesn't mitigate or allay the existence of a feud between these two intensely ambitious youngsters, Piper and Tony.

The feeling exists in many quarters that they will never again make a picture together, not out of choice anyway. But such a feeling will undoubtedly prove wrong, since movies are not cast on basis of personal likes or dislikes.

One studio man I consulted said, "So maybe these two kids aren't crazy about each other. What of it? Who says that you have to go crazy over everyone you meet? Sometimes you meet someone, and you just don't like the way he looks. Youngsters, on the way up, they're entitled to feel their oats. Let them be a little temperamental; let them do things to spite each other. As they grow up, they get to realize how silly it is. In this business, you have to live and let live."

"There is no studio rule which compels anybody to like anybody else. Everyone on the lot, however, must be able to work together. From where I sit, Piper and Tony work together just fine, and that's the way it's got to be. They're both a pair of lovely, intelligent kids, and what differences they have, I can assure you they'll work out."

END

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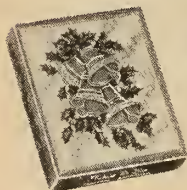
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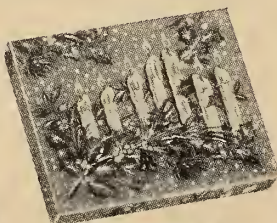
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MODERN SCREEN presents a new service
department in which the stars themselves
trade ideas, opinions and problems with
our readers. Jane Russell contributes
the fifth in a series of columns being
written by top Hollywood personalities.

Take my word for it

by JANE RUSSELL; star columnist for September



I like a house with a view.



Interior decorating is my dish.



I have no head for money.



My son owes me nothing.

VICTOR MATURE AND I had an interesting time the other day—we got together and compared sullen looks. There are lots of people like us in the world; they can feel happy as a delirious lark inside, yet from the outside you'd think a storm was raging. Well, maybe a person's disposition needs a little hiding . . . that way there is an agreeable surprise when you brace a sourpuss and he or she turns out to be feeling very sunny indeed! Somewhere I read that tramps make it a rule to mooch from persons who look grouchy, because they always seem anxious to prove that they are not and come across that much quicker with the dime—or is it a quarter these high-priced days?

Few things peeve me, provided I've had enough sleep the night before. All I want is nine hours—but I don't mean eight and a half! We Russells can always sleep. If we don't sleep, we can't even think, let alone get around and look normal. Everyone who makes trips with me thinks I have a ghastly way of traveling, especially on planes. I put plugs in my ears, wrap myself up in a blanket and curl up like an old snake from take-off till get-there. (And at home I sleep like a bear in a hole—the room dark, the bed and pillow soft—none of this new orthopedic hard mattress stuff for me. Not yet, anyway!) And that nine hours business figures in all my appointments. For instance, in New York, when I wanted to take in some of the hot music spots on 52nd Street, I always figured backwards from the time I had my appointment the next day. Supposing I had to make a personal appearance at 10 A.M., I'd count backwards and thus find out I could be out as late as 1:00 A.M. the night before and still get my sleep. I was able to see Slim Gaillard this way at the Downbeat Club, and I was able to attend a big party for Mel Torme at Jane Harvey's apartment where Herb Jeffries, Hazel Scott and Johnnie Johnston, among others, were present. No, I didn't pipe down and listen. I sat on the piano and gave out as loud, if not as good, as anyone! And I loved every music-filled second of it!

I LIKE DEFINITE THINGS. I like complete bop or strict symphony. Opera leaves me indifferent, or, let me be plainer and say I think it's corny. I don't mean to offend anyone who does like it, but this is how it is to me, honestly . . . one minute dramatic, the next musical, like a day that can't make up its mind if it's going to be sunshiny or rainy. I like one or the other, but not half-way. I guess I'm the same about my personal habits. I'm either dressed to kill or casual—I don't even own anything in between. Without slacks or blue jeans I'd be lost. Without a beautiful gown for a change I'd be minus



the thrill I get when I do step out of an evening all a-glitter.

My professional name is Jane Russell, but it's not *Miss* Russell at any time, as far as I am concerned. If anyone is worried that much about addressing me, they might as well be legally correct and call me Mrs. Waterfield. But what I prefer, the simplest, is just "Jane." That's *definitely* yours truly at all times.

I GET TERRIBLY IMPATIENT about little things: a pin won't come loose, a door is stuck, somebody is stupid (including me). The big troubles I think I can accept without too much inner conflict . . . that is, all but one which is bothering me now. I can't get over what I consider is a dirty trick being played on young married couples today. I am talking about the tract house, the homes they are selling in most of the big housing developments. Why, in this period of picture windows, of living rooms stretched out attractively by making the kitchen space a part of them (just separated by a bar or counter), of great study being given to merging the inside of the house with the outdoors, must the same old-line dwellings be put up? Why do they insist on putting a small window in a large wall? Why not view instead of wall? It costs no more. Why not ideas instead of conventionalism, which is sometimes called tried-and-true but which I call tired-and-trite? There is a reason, of course. It's a simple one. The men who lend the money for housing projects, the bankers, are mostly old men, and they refuse to approve any plans for houses which are not like the plans they have okayed for years. They are deaf and blind to the modern touch and go dumb when such ideas come before them.

I get unhappy every time I pass such a new home settlement. I really believe that what we are building in these tracts are the slums of tomorrow. It has bothered me so much that I have been devoting a lot of my time working with an architect I know, Tom Lane, to get our ideas accepted by builders. Maybe I'll go into the business along with my husband. Last year I was offered a chance to decorate a model home in a housing tract in Pueblo, Colorado. It was part of the Hoffman development there, and I jumped at the chance. This may have been the beginning of something for me.

(Continued next page)

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I THINK THAT IF I WERE ASKED what I like to do more than anything else in the world, my answer would be to redecorate old, dilapidated houses. I just ache to do over a place. I am probably not great at it, my tastes may run too much to the dramatic, but I usually can figure out ways of giving almost any sort of a place some personality. I like to use shadows (meaning low-powered lamps in some areas), to dramatize, to cut up a garden so that there are spots with surprise elements, and I try for a feeling of age or tradition in the general effect. When I did my own house I had the help of Harriet Shellenberger, one of the best interior decorators in California. She encouraged me on my passion for Chinese guk (my house looks like something peeking out from behind a statue of Buddha) and advised on materials. I didn't go so much for patterns or prints, more for solid colors and modern designs. I was able to go in for heavier, silky fabrics rather than cotton, so I did. But a lot of what I have could be had in cotton if the other came too expensive. My furniture is from the Baker Company and mainly copies of old Chinese designs. For a personal touch I created my own dinnerware—large, square plates of pouf umber with gold dripping around the edges. (Pouf umber is what I call the color you get when you mix raw umber and burned umber together. Some people call it mud, but I like it so much that my whole living room is done in it.)

I JUST HAVEN'T A HEAD FOR MONEY, I guess, and refuse to think about it. They are still talking at the studio about the time I was put on a plane for London and somebody got suspicious and asked me if I had any funds. We went through my purse and found three dollars! Tom Lane and I went to a downtown Los Angeles church once, where we joined the choir—he with the basses and I with the feminine contingent. Came collection time and I knew I hadn't a dime. But I had a scrap of paper and a pencil. I passed a note all the way across the choir to Tom. It read, "Can you give your Aunt Jane a little money to put in the pot?" He did.

Because of my habit of coming home with a new table or the like when I go out to buy a dress, Robert sometimes comes home with a new dress for me when he goes out for a shave and a haircut. He has bought me a barbecue dress, sweaters and other wearing apparel. His taste is surprisingly good. As he had come to learn, I am not one of the ten best dressed women in America; maybe he's fighting to keep me from being one of the ten worst! He knows what I like. He knows I don't like knickknacks (he's no knickknack himself!), but he thinks I should spend a bit more time on wardrobe details.

In a way I do. I have quite a collection of lotions and creams, and I use them pretty steadily. I'm one of those girls who uses a dark lipstick to outline the lips and a lighter lipstick for the inside. I'm still looking for the right lipstick. I like to paint my fingernails and my toenails in the summertime—beach time I should say. I use mascara, and I know enough to start making up with a clean skin and, no matter what happens, to keep the hair out of my eyes. I don't think a tall girl looks so well using the peek-a-boo technique, although, as you know, you wouldn't have to go far

to find a photograph of me in just such a pose.

Unless it says so in a picture script, and only in a picture script, I don't wear strapless dresses. I have no arguments against them for anyone else except that they are darned uncomfortable. I like halter tops with everything. So in wardrobe I am afraid I am not too selective, and certainly not in flowers, since my favorite, because it grows easy and gives you the most fun, is the lowly geranium. Start them anywhere and there they are, in almost any color, any combination you want.

THE PERFUME THAT INSPIRES ME the most is Charbert's Breathless, which is probably a wrong way to pick perfume since you should consider the effect it has on others. Well, if I don't consider this, I do think about other people a lot. I have plenty of opportunity in my business. One of my pastimes is psychoanalyzing people; putting them into certain pigeonholes, and it is surprising how accurate you can be at this if you don't use snap judgment. I am most suspicious of "pushy" people, the kind who don't give you a chance to make up your mind about them but just assume they will be liked. They come on too fast; they have their foot in the door while you are still wondering whether you should have opened it in the first place.

Oh well, it is all in the way you have been brought up, I suppose... but maybe that's too simple. I was brought up on plain food, for instance, and I love the more garish dishes—Mexican, Spanish, Russian, grapeleaves with meat and rice and that sort of stuff. This last is an Armenian delicacy.

WHAT I MEAN ABOUT CHILDREN is that properly raised they mature with individualities of their own; wrongly developed they are mixtures of undecided traits and characteristics. I don't care for parents who promote childish fears as disciplinary aids. I don't care for parents who hope their children will live in ignorance of what life is about as long as possible. I think children should be, as a Bible phrase has it, "Wise as serpents and harmless as doves." My number one peeve, however, is the mother or father who keeps harping at their children about how much they owe their parents. A child owes nothing to his father or mother. All this business of "After all I've done for you!" is so much mouthwash. If your child doesn't love you, it is your own fault. You have been too assertive, too demanding, perhaps. There is only one way to get love and that is to win it. The very fact that you don't have it is all the proof necessary that you don't deserve it.

My Tracy is ten months old now. My Thomas is two years old. She is almost as big as he. They are full of love... so full that they can't help giving me lots of it if I am a nice person. If I am not, there is nothing they can do about it. It will be my fault.

Jane Russell

Editor's Note: You may want to correspond with Jane Russell 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.

hollywood's most disliked woman

(Continued from page 37) a doubt the most dangerous mantrap since Eve. Although a neophyte in the theatre, Zza Zza (She spells it with a double z and pronounces it "Jah-Jah") is not like the usual doll who descends on Hollywood from some beauty contest and sets the men talking to themselves over her face and figure. She is mature, probably on the shady side of 30, and offers none of the clean-cut American girl attributes of the run-of-the-mill glamor girls. She is a modern version of what our fathers panted after in Barbara LaMarr and Pola Negri.

Zza Zza Gabor boasts no freckled nose or healthy tan. She is less of a tomboy than Whistler's Mother. She has been quoted as speaking of slacks as proper attire only for lady plumbers. She would rather be seen in a pine box than a pair of blue jeans; and she thinks exercise is all right for weight lifters but not for a lady of gentility. She is a stickler for morality, however, and proves it by having little more than a cool nod for men she isn't or can't be in love with. The fact that Zza Zza's romantic urge is so overdeveloped that she finds something lovable in almost every man she meets keeps her life from becoming dull and is largely responsible for her reputation as a love thief.

As she herself puts it, "I like mens!"

A newly crowned starlet long on curves and short on intellect, upon being shown a picture of the Venus de' Medici shrilled, "A medical Venus. That's a new one on me!"

*Bennett Cerf in
This Week*

The Gabor type of loveliness is heady. She is what a man would hope to see if he passed a lady's Turkish bath and someone had forgotten to pull the shades. Her hair, which changes color at her whim but is generally reddish-blond, is never done in a prim coiffure but is delightfully and carefully wispy. Her skin is like white satin. Her eyes are blue and cool and rather small, but generously circled with thick lashes much darker than her hair. Her nose and mouth are classic and her jaw line sweeping and youthful. Her expression is mobile, impish one instant and adoring the next.

Below the neck, Zza Zza Gabor is happily proportioned. Her measurements, 36-24-36, are better than average, but it's the way she uses her body that is really outstanding. Even at ease she looks as though a good deep breath would make her more comfortable, but she won't take it. And her neckline is a constant source of irritation to all other women.

No film celebrity has a background to compare with Miss Zza Zza Gabor. She was born—only her mother knows exactly when—in Hungary, and is one of three daughters of an aristocratic family. Her father was an exceedingly well-off army officer. Her training from birth, supervised by her lovely mother, Jolie, was directed almost entirely toward the day when she would be set free among a world full of handsome rich men. The arts of batting eyelashes and listening to baritone voices with an expression of complete attention and suppressed passion were instinctive, but were improved upon by Jolie. And Zza Zza was taught to accept a jewel or fur with infinite grace and gratitude, while at the same time taking it as something quite her due. It is these things that make Zza Zza dif-

ferent from other, less gifted women. And these things, also, which cause her to be disliked so intensely by her own kind.

At the age of 16, a time when the average American girl is in love with both Tony Curtis and the captain of the basketball team at school, Zza Zza experienced her first mad passion. She fell in love with a gentleman quite her senior by the name of Burhan Belge, head of the Turkish Ministry of Information. He was anxious to get married, but Turkish law forbade a career member of the government service from marrying a foreigner. It was a poser, but Zza Zza turned her face toward the President of Turkey and he promptly proclaimed Turks and Hungarians brothers, making the marriage possible.

The next two years of her life held enough adventure to last most girls a lifetime. Ankara, Turkey's capital, was the scene of some of the most exciting international intrigue in history. A recent movie, *Five Fingers*, exposed the period. Zza Zza flitted through the international quarters of the city like a butterfly in a swarm of horse flies. She had friends—and admirers—on all sides of the conflict that was raging. A high official in the British Embassy was insane about her, as were a number of the Axis supporters. And to balance things, the president of the country found himself unable to restrain himself in her presence. Zza Zza, totally and truly unaware that anything except good company, flirtations and excitement counted, soon found herself obliged to leave her husband and the East for a less explosive atmosphere.

ON the journey that finally brought her to America in 1941, she experienced most of the incidents one would expect her lusty beauty to lead her into. She was arrested as a spy in Bagdad, suspected of being one in numerous other places, and shuttled around as quickly as nervous espionage detectives could arrange transportation. In England she was a guest of the King and Queen, as well as H. G. Wells, G. B. Shaw and other notables. And she arrived in this country, broke but eager to face a new life.

Although she came to Hollywood shortly after arriving in America, so she could be with her sister, Eva, who was then under contract to Paramount, Zza Zza had no desire to begin a theatrical career. The movies were too tame for a girl who had lived, and wanted to continue to live, the genuine article. She spent a period as a hausfrau, Zza Zza's own improper term, and then married the richest man she knew, Conrad Hilton, the hotel magnate. She became the mistress of his household and, ironically, "Mom" to Hilton's two fun-loving sons. And she missed by an eyelash becoming Elizabeth Taylor's mother-in-law.

When her marriage to Conrad Hilton ended, Zza Zza walked away with a chummy handshake and a fortune in gems and property. She has a five-year-old daughter, Francesca, as a result of that marriage. For a period after that Zza Zza played the local field of admirers, taking time out occasionally to act as hostess at her ex-husband's social affairs. Then she met George Sanders.

Those who knew Sanders intimately could hardly believe what they saw happening. Noted as a man who lived for his own pleasure and a man unimpressed by any feminine qualities, Sanders fell hook, line and fishing pole for Miss Gabor. He began to smile in public and actually (Continued on next page)

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(Continued from preceding page) admitted he was smitten. Zza Zza dangled Sanders from the tips of her fingers. And when the mood and the madness of the man's passion suited her, she married him.

Because you can't change an old dog but can teach him new tricks, the Sanders marriage was different from the outset. George slipped back a bit into his narrow cloister, and Zza Zza went along in her gay, usual way. Finally, Hollywood discovered that she was accepting dates without apparently disrupting her home; nor did she seem to mind when George's eye fell on another woman. Separations followed without either one appearing to mind it too much.

As of this moment, nothing has been resolved about this marriage. Zza Zza lives in a huge home in Bel Air's swankiest section. George is about somewhere. On the day MODERN SCREEN interviewed Zza Zza, the reporter happened to look through a window and see Sanders drive off toward town. He expressed some surprise, having heard that the husband had moved out again.

"Oh, zat is nossing," said Zza Zza, with a wave of a hand that wore a 22 carat diamond, "he is just a guest here."

ZZA ZZA might have lived the rest of her days without ever making a professional appearance if it had not been for an incident while the family was entertaining the James Masons one night early in 1951. Zza Zza was telling Mrs. Mason that a television producer had approached her and asked her to make an appearance on the now famous *Bachelor's Haven* program.

"Ridiculous!" George snorted. "She's too dumb to do anything on television."

It would be an understatement to state that Zza Zza has proven differently. Within a matter of weeks she had become notorious as a woman who said exactly what she meant—and who meant plenty. Something in the Iconoscope she faced each Sunday night heightened her natural beauty and she came into living rooms more exotically beautiful than ever. Her butchery of the English language rocked even the poker-faces of Movietown with laughter. Zza Zza became a star.

But with stardom came the hatred she ignores so elegantly today. Although she is ostensibly on the side of the ladies on her program, she shifts at the first sign of a real battle to the male point of view. This is distracting to her professional foe, Paul Coates, a Los Angeles columnist, but downright infuriating to girls who sit with bared teeth before their TV sets at home. In the first place, they calculate, she just can't look that good. And in the second, she's obviously just after every man she sees. It has gotten so women who have husbands she hasn't seen object to her. And the only thing that keeps *Bachelor's Haven* from becoming the highest rated television program in its area are the iron hands of wives turning the sets off when Zza Zza smiles into the camera.

Zza Zza Gabor's entry into movies came as a result of her television show. Mervyn Leroy, preparing a picture called *Lovely To Look At* needed a foreign woman whom men could be counted on to look at. He called Zza Zza, after seeing her on the show, and asked her if she'd like to test for the role. Zza Zza indignantly informed him that she most certainly would not test. She could be seen on TV. That was test enough. Leroy opined as it probably was and hired her anyway. During the making of this picture, Zza Zza was teamed with Kathryn Grayson, Marge Champion and Ann Miller. She vows these girls swear the sun rises and sets on her, but, being women, it seems unlikely.

THERE is such an air of competence about Zza Zza Gabor that Hollywood women refuse to consider it as part of the reason her screen career is forging ahead. They prefer to blind themselves to her talent and unique charm, and hint that she capitalizes on her over-stimulated glands to get ahead.

"It is so silly," says Zza Zza about this. "People are always saying I make love to my producers or directors. Such nonsense. They say I am in love with everybody, and every man is in love with me. They say Mervyn Leroy was in love with me at MGM, and Nunally Johnson at Fox. And now they say John Huston, who I will work for in Paris, is my lover. This man I have never even met yet! And all of these men are happily married to other women!"

Because of her almost terrifying candor, you can bet that Zza Zza's statement is true. But it cannot be denied that any wife whose husband comes into intimate contact with Miss Gabor will spend a couple of extra hours a week in a beauty parlor. No woman, no matter how substantial her marriage, could possibly ignore the Gabor risk.

Zza Zza's opinions of Hollywood women are given at the drop of a suggestion.

Farley Granger's quote to a newspaperman when Shelley married Vittorio: "I'm surprised. I always thought Shelley would marry Shelley."

"Everything is wrong here," she said recently. "A woman in the movies gets up at five o'clock in the morning. At seven she is seated in a beauty parlor chair having her hair done and her face made beautiful. At nine o'clock she is standing in a lovely living room, dressed in an exquisite evening gown, and she spends the day until six o'clock playing a romance with a lot of handsome men. So when she gets home in the evening, she takes it all off and walks around in old clothes or a comfortable bath robe. No wonder the men get sick of them."

Zza Zza expresses the opinion, also, that the Hollywood men are spoiled.

"There are too many beautiful women here," she stated as though it was an interesting lie. "A man must shove his way through them to get into a night club. Consequently, the men are not as cavalier as they should be. Some of the beautiful women here should go away. Things would be better."

Men, according to Zza Zza, should be dangled on strings rather than have their wills catered to. No man, she feels, should be given an inkling that he is anything more than a temporary toy that might well be discarded the day after Christmas. And she feels strongly that women in Hollywood lack candor. One of her acquaintances, a very beautiful actress, once sold gloves in a department store and now never mentions it.

"It is so silly," says Zza Zza. "How interesting it would be for her to say to a man, 'Once I used to sold gloves for a living.' He would like her better."

This attitude is considered undercover hatchet work by Zza Zza's contemporaries, who are quite sure telling a man the low points in a glamor girl's background is almost a certain way to lose him. She's a liar and a giver of bad advice, they cry.

When she is in the mood to confess her real opinions, Zza Zza will repeat a favorite expression which seems to imply that Hollywood girls are something less than all-around prize packages.

"The girls in Hollywood," she says, "are not on a par with European women. In Hollywood a woman is a nothing. In New York a woman is a telephone number. But in Paris a woman is a woman!"

Yes, Zsa Zsa Gabor is a revolutionary. By instinct and training she is a predatory creature not willing to share a male bone with any other female. She has the attributes which make her plundering easy—and she must go through life, and her movie career, which now looms formidably, on a solo safari, wary ever of the spears of her own kind.

MODERN SCREEN asked her for a single incident which would prove her contention that women really like her.

"Very well," Zsa Zsa said, "last Christmas Eve I was at a party and somebody introduced me to Ethel Barrymore. Miss Barrymore was very kind to me. She said she liked me on the television and admired me very much. She wanted to be my friend. You see?"

We saw, but we left without making an issue of the fact that Miss Barrymore is roosting on 70, and more than likely no longer cares. Forty years ago, she'd probably have cut Zsa Zsa down with a Christmas tree icicle!

END

the house that spells welcome

(Continued from page 48) bedroom and Ty's private office-den.

In addition to the patio in the middle of the structure, there's a lanai on the far side that runs the full width of the building. This outdoor living area serves as a second living room. The roof over the terrace is made of translucent glass, giving off a lovely soft light to the open porch. The tile floor is partly covered with hemp rugs, and Linda had a great time filling the outdoor room with comfortable black and rattan lanai furniture. It's a terrific spot for a party as any member of the movie colony's social set will testify.

SHORTLY after they adjusted themselves to their house, Ty and Linda decided to give a housewarming.

The Powers rigged a tent over the patio, hired an orchestra, and rented a dance floor. They strung plastic curtains along the edge of the lanai as a protection against the California night air, then set ten tables for ten on the lanai.

Not satisfied with looking like a queen for this occasion, Linda decided to prepare some of the dinner. She can cook in five languages, too. The dinner that night was so sensational that before it was over, every woman in the house was pleading with Linda for a set of recipes.

Before Ty and Linda purchased the residence they now occupy, they insisted upon a couple of re-modeling ideas they had in mind. Ty particularly wanted some kind of projection booth so that he could show 16 mm. movies in the living room, and he also wanted a study and a bath nearby. Linda's remodeling ideas centered about a diet kitchen next to the nursery upstairs. And, of course, they both wanted a swimming pool.

Putting in the pool was quite a job. A good portion of land had to be cleared of trees and undergrowth to make room for a 35-foot tank. Workmen brought in truckloads of dirt trying to terrace down to a level plot. It cost a pile of money, but for people who love to swim in a heated pool all year round, it was worth it.

When it came to the interior, Linda insisted that it be furnished with custom-made pieces (Continued on next page)

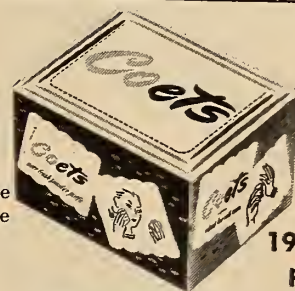


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(Continued from preceding page) of her own design. She's a creative person with very definite likes. In every case she knew the effect she wanted the room to bear. To make certain that her furnishings would lend themselves to that effect, she enlisted the services of Paul Fox from 20th Century-Fox's art department. A man whose daily job consists of executing fabulous script ideas for decoration, Fox had no trouble in following Linda's designs.

All the upholstered pieces in the Power living room are modern but based upon old motifs from other countries. The couch, for example, is made of foam rubber set on a wooden base but it's definitely Moroccan in feeling. The bench in front of the fireplace is copied from a Hawaiian hiki.

The dining room is small but surprisingly expandable. There is one large rectangular table that seats six. Then along the wall there are two console tables that serve as sideboards, but they can be pushed against the end of the long table or they can be fitted together to form a separate table. Linda is having still another pair made so that she can seat 20 people at three tables.

Linda so arranged her furniture that when you step into the living room and look through to the dining room, you don't

see a table and chairs but a mirrored screen that gives a feeling of great depth to the two rooms.

LIKE most Californians, the Powers do a good deal of outdoor living. They use their patio so much that a complete set of china is stored outside in the great Italian dresser. China and dresser were wedding gifts from Henry Hathaway who directed Ty in *Prince Of Foxes* and originally used the stuff as props.

Most of the pieces inside the bedroom come from Ty's old Brentwood home. Linda liked and kept them. Only the huge bed and commode covered in white calfskin are new.

When he's home, Ty spends a good deal of time in the den he had built for himself. The bleached birch walls are perfect backdrops for his framed playbills and etchings.

All in all, the house seems to radiate an atmosphere of worldliness and solid reliability. A visitor who was taken through recently by Linda turned to his hostess and said, "My dear, if your marriage is as good as your house, it will last, a long, long time."

Linda smiled. "Por supuesto," she said, which is Spanish for "of course."

(Tyronne Power can soon be seen in 20th Century-Fox's *Pony Soldier*.)

and her heart went "bam"

(Continued from page 61) sat back and purred over the knowledge that they had once again picked a winner.

And while they were busy congratulating themselves, Anne momentarily and quietly slipped out of their fingers and into the arms of Bamlet Price, Jr., a dark, handsome veteran bomber pilot. The young couple, who had told no one of their plans, were married in a surprise ceremony, with only a few close friends and relatives present. Then followed a week's honeymoon trip to Santa Barbara, Carmel, San Francisco and Yosemite. For Anne, who's looking forward to raising a family, her marriage is by far the happiest achievement of her first 14 months in Hollywood.

That she landed in Hollywood at all is no surprise to Anne. When she was five years old she painstakingly scrawled her first written sentence—"I want to be a movie star." The paper still rests with other mementos in a beribboned box tucked away in the family home.

The childish hope for the future may have been coincidence, but Anne's talent was not. From the time she was six years old, most of her waking hours were spent before a photographer's camera, a microphone, a theater audience or a television camera. She was kept so busy as a photographer's model and an actress that public school was out of the question and tutors were hired to educate her. Back in those days, Anne sometimes envied the kids who went to P.S. No. 74. They went skating and swimming in the afternoons, and Anne sometimes wished she could join them instead of going downtown to pose for another magazine cover. But these were only fleeting moments of regret, for Anne liked her work. Now she feels it has been more than worthwhile.

She claims to have worn out two tutors before Miss Quinn came along. To Anne, then 13, the 20-year-old Miss Quinn seemed ancient and very wise. The teacher had a way of spreading her own enthusiasm for learning. Mathematics and geography were brushed over in a cursory manner, and then the Misses Quinn and

Francis really got down to brass tacks in a discussion of philosophy and life in general that went to a depth shunned by the average adolescent.

Anne is an exceptionally mature girl for her age, a natural result of her having spent so much time with adults. She has none of the giddiness associated with most girls of college age, and when occasionally she catches herself acting gayer than she feels, she pulls herself up short. She loves people, but as individuals and not in crowds. At a party she prefers to sit quietly in a corner and observe rather than join in the small talk. She likes to meet people slowly and take her time in getting to know them. Nothing irritates her so much as a new acquaintance who pushes too fast for a friendship.

People have described Anne as reserved, but it is not quite the proper word, for although she shows a great deal of restraint, her personality bubbles around the edges and there is a suspicion that she is holding back an innate gaiety. Perhaps it can be explained by the fact that early in life her career put the cap on an effervescent personality.

When Anne was still an infant, the family moved from Ossining to a small town in New York called Yorktown Heights. It was a country life, and Anne loved it. There were woods to roam and horses to ride and chickens in the back yard. Once in a while her mother would take her into New York City, only an hour away, to pose for a magazine cover. But back at home she could take off the fancy clothes, climb into something more comfortable, whistle to her dog and be off again to the fields. Then, when Anne was seven, the Francis lost their home. They moved into Manhattan where her father got a job selling at Macy's and her mother picked up occasional work. The transition from overalls and bare feet to patent leather shoes and hat was made suddenly, and Anne simmered with resentment against the necessity of "looking like a lady." She was a tomboy at heart—the fire escapes in back of the tiny three-room apartment were a sorry substitute for the meadows she had known.

But her career boomed. While she went on being a junior cover girl, she also en-

tered radio, eventually becoming known as the Princess of soap opera. She was the first child actress to have her own television show, and for many years was much in demand as a fashion model. She worked in summer stock, and on Broadway portrayed Gertrude Lawrence as a child in *Lady In The Dark*. In between jobs she visited agencies with her mother, looking for work. Even at the age of seven Anne was a true professional and knew instinctively the kind of smile or type of expression wanted by a photographer.

Her earnings were spasmodic, and most of the time infinitesimal. The Sunday radio program she called her own brought the munificent salary of two dollars per show. Anne worked not to add to the family coffers, but because she wanted to. The money she made was "put back into the business," spent for clothes and her studies in dramatics, piano and singing, and for the other lessons that filled her days. Nevertheless, her parents were well aware that such a professional life was apt to spoil Anne, and they did everything in their power to keep her a normal youngster. There had been three babies before her, none of whom had lived, and it was difficult to deny Anne anything. They tried to teach her the value of money. Anne recalls one method in particular—if she was willing to walk the 12 blocks to Rockefeller Center, she could spend the bus fare saved for a book of paper dolls.

ANNE was taught that a young lady never shows anger or temper or any extreme emotion, and in her effort to cooperate she bottled up a natural exuberance. Her emotions have been released in her acting, and Anne says today that if she hadn't chosen to be an actress, she would now be a potential explosion.

This early training in restraint made her self-conscious, and her shyness increased when she began working with other professional children in New York. The others considered her odd because she was from the country, and although she made friends quickly, her whole life was to be affected by one particularly vicious small female who, jealous of Anne's success, managed to turn her friends against her. Anne didn't understand; she would find one good friend or a group of friends and be happy in their companionship until suddenly they would drift away from her, and sometimes even avoid speaking to her. The reserve that people notice in Anne today is the outcome of this experience, which happened in the sensitive years when she was entering her teens.

The change didn't affect her career. It went right on soaring, and at about the same time her father found a more remunerative job. The family bought a house on Long Island, in East Rockaway, on the water. It was only a summer place, but Anne and her parents made it into a permanent residence. With the rise in the family fortunes she felt the world was growing brighter. Hollywood, by this time, was her affirmed goal. She haunted the neighborhood movie theaters and worshipped Alan Ladd from afar. To Anne, Maureen O'Hara was the most beautiful thing that ever flashed across a screen. "She looks the way a heroine should look," Anne used to say.

She didn't have long to wait, for when she was 15 MGM beckoned and gave her a one-year contract. Career-wise, it turned out to be the biggest disappointment of Anne's life. She sat for the whole year, waiting for a role, and got nothing more than a brief walk-on part in a Mickey Rooney comedy. She found herself in front of the broom when the studio swept out a lot of young hopefuls at the

end of the year, and, disheartened, she went back home. Not long after, she was given a role in *So Young, So Bad*, a film about juvenile delinquency that was made in New York. On the strength of her work in it she was brought to 20th.

IT WAS, of course, the turning point in Anne's life. Her mother came to Hollywood with her and stayed for almost a year, during which time the mother-and-daughter team was swamped with pitiful letters from Mr. Francis, inquiring how to make an omelette and what herbs to put in a stew. After nine months Mrs. Francis felt that Anne was well enough established in her new home and went back to take over the kitchen in East Rockaway, much to her husband's relief.

Neither parent felt any qualms about leaving Anne on her own. They would miss her, certainly, but from the first they had known that Anne was destined for a career and would one day want to leave the nest. They had every reason for confidence in their daughter. Anne was set to work in pictures immediately, and took the whole thing with a serenity that surprised Hollywood. No one knowing Anne's background, however, could expect her to be non-plussed. She had behind her years of experience in every medium of show business, and neither cameras nor fame were unknown to her.

Anne has made a great many friends in Hollywood, but, unlike most newcomers, she hasn't attached herself to one of the social cliques of the town. Her friends are mostly actors and actresses who are struggling along without contracts. They're all around Anne's age, and they are people who understand her, friends with whom she feels comfortable.

Before she met Bam, she was perfectly content to be by herself of an evening, reading, painting, or playing the piano. She's a quiet, self contained person, and there's never been the urge for her, as there is with most people, to always be with others. Sometimes she would eat out alone at a Westwood restaurant where she knew the piano player and the waitresses. Customers often turned to look at the attractive blonde sitting by herself in a corner and wonder, and Anne looked and wondered right back.

NOW all that has changed. Anne and Bam (a family surname) were introduced for the first time by mutual friends last August. Later, when Anne moved to Westwood, she discovered that Bam had an apartment right next door. She also found out they had much in common, and they used to sit for hours discussing their ideas about life and work.

Bam, who's studying for a Ph.D. in motion picture production, wants eventually to teach in the field of educational films. He is currently writing, producing and directing a short documentary on the evil effects of dope, and Anne is serving as his assistant director and producer. The two spent a recent week end scouting locations for the film near Lancaster, and finally discovering an ideal spot—a Joshua tree and cactus stretch that resembles the country around the Mexican border.

At the moment they are living in one apartment and using Bam's as a studio and workroom. But they hope soon to find a larger place, perhaps a small bungalow house.

For an actress who has been in Hollywood such a short time, Anne seems to have her life well in hand. She knows what she wants, and if she is still a bit self-conscious in a crowded room, she is confident before the cameras. She is serious about her work and her marriage, and she is constantly seeking self-improvement.

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ingrid tells why

(Continued from page 41) searched and searched for someone who could take his unruly head in her lap and say: "So, so . . ."

How do I know, Anna-Britta, if this is the great happiness? I understand that this is the big adventure. But who knows the end? Now about Petter. Why don't I stay? Why don't I marry a Lindstromer? Because far inside we have grown apart. We all have happy memories. Petter took me as a little girl and moulded me, taught me everything. But now I want to develop more, and Petter does not fly where I want to fly. Petter with his hard-headedness, uprightness, and stubbornness cannot understand it. Maybe nobody understands. But I hope that you understand that I never will hate Petter. If I do hate someone, it is myself who has ruined a home, who has caused worldwide scandal.

To calm my bad conscience I am telling myself: I think Petter without me, without having to be the husband of a movie star and live in Hollywood, will better find himself. Now he is on his own and with a great career ahead of him. He has always said that work for a person is the most important

thing and comes first in life.

I think that Pia when she has overcome the first shock, also will grow up to become a better and richer person. Life in Hollywood is not good for a child. To have everything, and only have friends who also have everything, what is she going to do in life if she once should not come into not so good circumstances. Now she can go to school with "normal children," and she can come to me and see the "world." Maybe some year she could go to school in Switzerland. She will get a wider view of life and by seeing different sides of the world she will learn and understand more.

Dear, such a long letter. I am now finally finishing and hug you with all my heart.

Ingrid

P.S.—I am so occupied with my own problems that I did not ask how you are and how things are with you and Lena. I hope everything is well. Write again soon . . .

The above is a translation from Swedish of a letter consisting of five handwritten pages, dated Rome, Sept. 3, 1949, addressed to Karaste Anna-Britta and signed Ingrid. Testified to by

Walter Danielson, consul
Royal Vice Consulate of Sweden
at Los Angeles

pia lindstrom testifies

(Continued from page 41) the letters that your mother wrote to you?

A No. I think I threw most of them away, because we are moving. I don't like to clutter up my desk. I don't want to keep any letters or messages.

Q Have you kept any of the letters that your mother sent you?

A I probably kept a few. They are probably around somewhere, but I don't keep track of them.

Q Did you show your father some of the letters that your mother had sent you?

A I might have shown him a few of them but I don't show them all to him, just if I feel like showing him a letter, or something; just something funny, or something.

Q Now, generally in the letters that you have thrown away, did your mother tell you in each of those letters, Miss Lindstrom, if you can remember, that she loves you?

A Well, at the end of the letters she always says, "Miss you. Love, Mama."

Q Would you have any objection to seeing this little baby, Robertino?

A Not this year. I mean, I don't want to see him this year.

Q Would you have any objection to seeing the expected twins, assuming that they are born and that they are twins?

A Oh, well, I would like to see them, but I would like to see them in Pittsburgh.

Q You would like to see them where?

A In Pittsburgh, because that is where we will be, and I don't want to go to Europe this summer.

Q Have you ever had any association with small children?

A Yes.

Q Little babies within the age of a year or two?

A Friends, neighbors have babies.

Q You like children, don't you?

A Well, I am a child myself. I guess I like them.

Q When you saw your mother in England in the summer of 1951, did your mother tell you about the home that she lived in, in Rome?

A Yes.

Q Did she tell you at that time that she would like for you to come and visit with her in her home in Rome?

A Yes.

Q BY MR. BAUTZER: Did you tell your mother at that time, in England, that you would like to visit with her in Italy?

A No.

Q You desire to stay in, I think you said, Pittsburgh or near Pittsburgh, this summer?

A Yes.

Q Why is that?

A Because I would like to get acquainted with my school and with the people living around, and I have never been there before, so I would like to get acquainted with them before I start school there.

Q What time does school start there, do you know?

A No, I don't know. It probably starts at eight o'clock or nine, I guess.

Q No. My question was perhaps not definite enough. What I mean is, about what date does school start, if you know?

A Oh, well, it starts in September; about September 12th, I guess.

Q About three months from now. Would you object to taking a trip someplace for a few weeks prior to the commencement of school?

A Yes, I would.

Q Do you think that you would not have an opportunity, if you took a trip for a few weeks, to become acquainted with your environment?

A Oh, I probably would have a chance, but I mean even if I did visit my mother, it takes a few days to get there and it takes a few days to get back, and we were just there last summer. I don't see any point in going again.

Q I didn't specifically mean, Miss Lindstrom, about going to see your mother. I mean, would you have any objection to taking a trip for a while

before you commenced your school in September?

A If we went up for a few weeks up to the mountains, or something like that, that would be all right.

Q Tell me, did you enjoy the meeting that you had with your mother in England?

A It was all right.

Q Were you happy to see her?

A Yes.

Q And she was happy to see you, wasn't she?

A Yes.

Q You didn't object to seeing your mother in England?

A No, except I wanted to get to Sweden, because I expected to meet her in Sweden, and I wanted to see my relatives.

Q You like Sweden, don't you?

A Yes.

THE COURT: Were you born there, Pia?

THE WITNESS: Yes, I was.

Q BY MR. BAUTZER: Would you object to going back to Sweden for a while to see your relatives?

A Well, not during this summer.

Q Was there anything unpleasant that happened between you and your mother during your visit?

A Well, it wasn't unpleasant. My mother argued with my father. It wasn't unpleasant for me, because I wasn't arguing.

Q And was this the time that your mother said that she would like to keep you permanently?

A No. They were arguing over stolen money.

Q That is, your father and your mother were arguing over stolen money?

A Somebody stole money.

Q Wasn't it a fact that they were arguing over whether or not she could keep you permanently?

A No; they were arguing over money.

Q Is that the only thing they were arguing over?

A Well, when I was sitting at the table, yes. It was during dinner.

Q But during all the time that you were in England, is this the only time that they argued about money?

A Well, they might have argued when I was in bed, or something.

Q Did you ever hear your mother say that she would like to keep you permanently?

A No.

Q Your mother told your father in front of you, didn't she, Pia, that she had a right to take you wherever she wanted to?

A Yes.

Q Do you remember when you and your mother were in bed together in England, that one night?

A One night?

Q Didn't you sleep together one night, you and your mother?

A No; we slept together three nights. Well, maybe it was two nights. We slept one night at friends, and one night at Mr. Bernstein's farm. Maybe it was two nights. I think it was two nights.

Q One night you slept together at the Leans, did you not?

A Yes. I don't remember how many times, but it was more than once we slept together.

Q Whether it was once or twice or three times, do you remember one conversation that you had before you and your mother went to sleep?

A Yes.

Q What was the subject of the conversation? What did you say and what did mama say?

A Well, we had been reading this book that had modern art pictures, and there was one picture that had an eye, and a big foot, and a rock, and a bird and a bush, and we were laughing because the picture was supposed to be of a man kicking a rock, and the stone flying at a bird and knocking this bird out of a bush. That was the conversation.

Q Any other conversations?

A Oh, yes. I ruined a pair of shoes. I stepped in a lot of mud, and I had to throw my shoes away. We talked about my shoes.

Q Any other conversations that you had during any of these occasions that you and your mother slept together?

A I think she talked about her house by the sea again, and—I don't remember.

Q Did your mother ask you then whether you

were happy to be with her?

A I don't think she ever asked me in that sort of way, "Are you happy to be with me?" I don't think she ever said that.

Q Not in those words, but in effect did she ever say, "Pia, are you glad that we have this opportunity to be together?"

A I don't remember whether she ever asked me that or not.

Q Did she ever ask you, during any of these conversations, if you missed her?

A I guess she must have.

Q What did you say?

A I guess I said yes, to be polite.

Q You guess you said yes, to be polite?

A Well, I really don't miss her that much, but I couldn't very well tell her I don't.

Q And the only time that you heard your mother and father arguing was that one occasion at the dinner table, about money?

A Yes.

Q Tell me, would you object to seeing your mother again in England?

A Not this summer.

Q Miss Lindstrom, before you left for the summer visit, what did your father tell you about the visit to England?

A Well, he said we were going to England and my cousins were going to come down from Sweden and stay in England, and we were going to go to Sweden and my mother was going to meet us in Sweden.

Q Did he tell you that he thought it would be a good idea if you visited with your mother?

A Yes. After we got to England he found out that she was in England, and I met her, and then we arranged that I should go and stay with her for a few days.

IT HAPPENED TO ME

It was a rainy weekend at the seashore and our drafty, antiquated Victorian hotel was at its worst. It was also bursting at the seams with guests. A friend called from New York to say she was bringing



a very important person and that we had to make room somehow. Appalled, we had to give her the worst room in the house—it was the last one.

That evening my friend introduced us in the cocktail lounge, and we talked of our work, our children and other female trivia. Not a word about the poor room, the bad weather or the cold she was coming down with... and nothing but praise for the food which I had prepared.

Of course, the guest was the chic, perennially charming and completely fabulous Gloria Swanson.

Beryl T. Yocum

Beach Haven, N. J.

Q And you wanted to see your mother in England at that time, didn't you, as well as see your relatives in Sweden?

A Well, I was going to see my mother in Sweden. I didn't know she was going to be in England. I didn't expect to see her.

Q You didn't object to seeing her in England, did you?

A Well, I would rather have seen her in Sweden. Q Do you remember whether or not you wrote her telling her that you were anxious and happy to see her?

A No. I didn't say that in a letter.

Q You don't write those kind of letters?

A Well, I didn't write her a letter saying that.

Q Have you ever written her a letter telling her in the letter that you love her?

A I always sign my name, "Love, Pia."

Q And does that express the way you feel about her?

A No; it is just an ending for a letter.

Q Did you say it to her to be pleasant?

A No, it is in my letters. I always say in my letters, "Love, Pia," to my mother. To my father I say, "Love, Pia."

Q But the meaning to you in each case is different, is it not?

A I think so.

Q So I take it to mean that you actually, when you sign the letter saying "Love, Pia," that you don't love your mother?

A I don't love her. I like her.

Q And you don't miss her, do you?

A No.

Q And you don't have any desire to see her?

A No. I would rather live with my father.

Q Miss Lindstrom, do you understand what this case is about, as to what your mother is seeking to do in this case?

A Yes. She wants me to come to Italy, and I

don't want to go to Italy.

Q But you realize, do you not, that your mother is not asking to have you live with her?

A But I just saw her last summer.

Q But you realize, do you not, Miss Lindstrom, that your mother is not making any request of this court or of you to live with her?

A Yes.

Q You realize that she is only asking to have you visit with her during a part of your summer vacation?

A Well, she has written to me that she would like me to stay, too. I mean, she would like me to come and visit her and stay, and how much I would like Italy, and I must learn how to speak Italian in school.

Q Well, I think loving you as much as she does, she probably would like to have you stay with her, but I want to know whether or not you are aware of the fact that she is not making any request of Judge Lillie here, nor are we asking upon her behalf, for you to go and live with her. You realize that?

A Yes.

Q And you realize further that she is only asking for you to come and spend a part of the summer vacation with her?

A Yes.

Q And that you object to?

A Yes.

Q You love your father very, very much, don't you, Miss Lindstrom?

A Yes.

Q And your father has told you that he does not desire for you to go to Italy, hasn't he?

A Well, he would rather have me live with him.

Q Yes, but he has told you, has he not, that he would prefer that you do not go to Italy?

A No, he hasn't.

Q He hasn't, upon any occasion, told you that he didn't want you to go to Italy or didn't think that you should go to Italy?

A No, he never said I shouldn't go to Italy.

Q Has he told you that he doesn't think that you should see your mother?

A No.

Q Has he told you that your mother is responsible for this present situation which even finds the result here in the courtroom?

A No.

Q Has your father told you anything at all about your mother in the course of last year?

A Well, he has talked about my mother.

Q What has he said?

A Today he said—He gave me a necklace for my confirmation, and he said how he used to buy jewelry for my mother, and he talked about my mother.

Q If your father told you that he desired you to go to Italy, that it was his desire that you go, would you then go?

A No.

Q If the Court felt that it was necessary to make an order for you to go to Italy, would you go?

A No.

Q Well now, Miss Lindstrom, you would like to do whatever would make your father happy, wouldn't you?

A It depends upon if I want to do it. I mean, if he told me to go to Italy, I wouldn't go, and if he said it, he wasn't very happy; it wouldn't make me happy, so I wouldn't go.

Q BY MR. BAUTZER: You testified, I believe, that you had met Mr. Rossellini?

A Yes.

Q That was when he came to Los Angeles in 1948?

A Yes.

Q Did you ever have any conversation with Mr. Rossellini at that time?

A Well, he lived in our house, so I guess I talked to him, but I don't remember anything that we talked about.

Q Did you find him to be a considerate, gentlemanly man?

A I don't remember. I didn't find him anything. THE COURT: How old were you, Pia, when he came there, do you remember? Was that in 1949?

MR. BAUTZER: February of '49.

THE COURT: Did you see him often, Pia?

THE WITNESS: Who?

THE COURT: Mr. Rossellini, while he was at your home.

THE WITNESS: I was out. I mean, I went to school.

Q BY MR. BAUTZER: During the times that you did see him, did you observe anything about him that you objected to?

A Well, I didn't eat with him. I ate by myself, and I went to bed earlier than he did, so I didn't observe much.

Q But during the time that you did see him, you didn't dislike him at that time, did you?

A I didn't like him; I didn't dislike him. I just didn't have any—

Q Your father has told you about him, hasn't he?

A What about him?

Q Well, you had conversations with your father about Mr. Rossellini?

A No. We just don't sit down and say, "Let's talk about Mr. Rossellini."

Q I am certain you don't, Miss Lindstrom, but you have discussed Mr. Rossellini with your father, haven't you?

A Yes—yes.

Q And what generally has your father said and what have you said?

A Well, he said, "He lives with us," and then I said, "Yes." I don't remember what we discussed.

We just—

Q As nearly as you can remember.

THE WITNESS: I don't remember what we discussed. We discussed that he used to stand in front of the fireplace and tell how religious he was... He borrowed my father's money, and bought presents for me with my father's money.



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money.

Q BY MR. BAUTZER: What else?

A I don't remember, what we talked about. I don't know. I don't remember what we talked about. Q BY MR. BAUTZER: When your father told you that Mr. Rossellini used to stand in front of the fireplace and quote the Bible, did he tell you what Mr. Rossellini said?

A No.

THE COURT: He didn't say "quote the Bible". He said "talked about how religious he was".

Q BY MR. BAUTZER: Talked about religious. Did your father tell you that he quoted the Bible?

A Yes.

Q And that he borrowed money?

A Yes.

Q Did he tell you anything else about Mr. Rossellini?

A No.

Q He told you absolutely nothing else about Mr. Rossellini and Mrs. Lindstrom?

A Nothing that I can remember.

Q Well, he told you about the publicity concerning Mr. Rossellini, didn't he?

A I don't know what publicity you are talking about.

Q Did he tell you about any publicity about Mr. Rossellini? He did, didn't he?

A Well, there were articles in magazines about him.

Q Your father discussed those with you, didn't he?

A He said I shouldn't get worried if people in school talked about articles. He said I should know about them, that I wouldn't get very surprised if I should hear my name mentioned, that I was getting in the magazines and the papers.

THE COURT: Pia, before your mother left for Italy, did you spend much time with her?

THE WITNESS: No.

THE COURT: Weren't you home when she was home?

THE WITNESS: Well, she wasn't home very often.

THE COURT: Did you eat with her?

THE WITNESS: No.

THE COURT: Did you eat with your father or by yourself?

THE WITNESS: Well, my mother didn't want to eat with me. She didn't want to eat by herself, and she ate later than I did. I had to go to bed.

THE COURT: Did your mother ever eat with you?

THE WITNESS: Not that I can remember.

THE COURT: How about breakfast?

THE WITNESS: She was up earlier than I was.

THE COURT: Did you see your mother very much during the day after school?

THE WITNESS: No. She comes home later than I was. She came home while I was going to bed, and had dinner after I was in bed.

THE COURT: That was when she was making a picture and working, isn't that right?

THE WITNESS: Yes.

THE COURT: When she wasn't working and wasn't making any pictures, didn't you see her quite often?

THE WITNESS: No, because then she went to New York.

THE COURT: How often would she go to New York or other places away from home?

THE WITNESS: Whenever she felt like going to New York.

THE COURT: Was it once or twice a year, or would you remember?

THE WITNESS: I don't remember. When she got tired of staying at home, which was quite often, she went to New York.

THE COURT: Did she ever take you with her?

THE WITNESS: No.

THE COURT: Did she ever ask you to go?

THE WITNESS: No, because I had school.

THE COURT: Did your mother ever take you any place like the movies?

THE WITNESS: No. She took me to the studios a few times.

THE COURT: Did you go any place with your mother aside from that?

THE WITNESS: No.

THE COURT: Did you go with your father?

THE WITNESS: Well, sometimes he picked me up from school, but he was working, too, during that time.

THE COURT: Who took care of you?

THE WITNESS: We had a nurse, and then we had a maid, and my father did most of the taking care of.

Q BY MR. BAUTZER: Pia, you testified that your mother would go to New York when she got tired. How did you know she was tired?

A When she got tired of staying home.

Q You mean bored?

A Yes. When she couldn't find anything else to do. She would swim and take sunbaths, and when she got tired of taking sunbaths or swimming she went to New York.

Q How did you know that she was tired of taking sunbaths and swimming?

A Because that's why she said she went to New York.

Q She told you the reason she went to New York was because she was bored?

A She said that she was tired of staying at home, and she wanted to go and see the plays in New York, and she wanted to see some friends.

Q Isn't it a fact, Pia, that your father told you that?

A I don't remember. I don't remember who said it, but somebody said it.

Q But it is possible that your father said that, isn't it, Pia?

A Yes.

THE COURT: When your mother would go to New York or go away from home, would she write you?

THE WITNESS: Yes.

Q BY MR. BAUTZER: She would call you on the telephone from New York?

A I don't remember. I was only about six, or maybe up to eight years old. I don't remember when she called me or if she called me.

Q Miss Lindstrom, isn't it a fact that you used to go shopping with your mother quite often?

A I don't remember.

Q Miss Lindstrom, has anyone told you to say, "I don't remember"?

A No.

Q Nobody has told you at all to just say, if there is a question that maybe you don't know how to answer, you should answer that—it is perfectly proper—which it is—to say, "I don't remember"?

A No. I was told that I could say "Yes" or "No", or "I don't know" if I don't understand; if I don't know it.

Q Or, "I don't remember"?

A No. I was never told to say, "I don't remember", but I don't remember.

Q You don't remember any occasion of your mother taking you shopping?

A No. I wasn't thinking that I was going to have to remember it.

Q Do you remember your father taking you different places?

A No. I don't remember that, either.

THE COURT: What would you and your mother do together at home, if anything?

THE WITNESS: Swim.

THE COURT: Did she read to you?

THE WITNESS: I don't remember whether she read to me or not.

THE COURT: You don't remember?

THE WITNESS: No. I mean, I don't remember whether she read to me. I suppose most mothers read to their children good night stories, or something like that.

THE COURT: Did your father read to you?

THE WITNESS: I don't remember.

Q BY MR. BAUTZER: You remember your mother reading *Alice In Wonderland* to you, don't you?

A No.

Absent Minded Rex

Rex Harrison plays tennis on a court that belongs to his friend Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Occasionally his wife is confronted by a bewildered husband who remarks that he seems to have lost a lot of trousers somewhere. She knows just where to look for them. Sighing, she drives to the Fairbanks home. After tennis, Rex, Doug, Jr., and their athletically inclined friends retire to a steam bath Fairbanks has built near his court, and when Harrison finishes parboiling himself, he is likely to climb absent-mindedly into a pair of flannels belonging to Fairbanks. His wife has fetched home whole armloads of his trousers, as well as shirts and sweaters.

PETE MARTIN—"HOLLYWOOD WITHOUT MAKEUP"

Q You don't remember. Do you remember a little market on Camden Drive in Beverly Hills?

A Little market on Camden? No, I don't remember any market on Camden.

Q You don't remember?

A No. There's lots of markets on Camden. There's the McDaniel's, and there's the Safeway, and there's Ralph's.

Q You remember being in those markets with your mother, don't you?

A No.

Q Didn't your mother used to buy your clothes for you?

A I don't remember if she did. Somebody did. I don't know whether she did.

Q Don't you remember the times, Miss Lindstrom, that you and your mother used to play a little game where you both imagined that you were in another world, and the two of you were different people or different animals?

A No. I don't remember.

Q You don't remember having any association with your mother at all?

A Well, I remember that I saw her, and knew that she was my mother, and I said "Hello" to her, and "Goodbye" to her, and we swam together and talked together. Naturally I guess we played. I played with my father. I always played with both of them. I don't remember anything about a little store

on Camden and another world and animals and bed-time stories.

THE COURT: When your mother didn't come back, did your father talk to you about your mother and Mr. Rossellini?

THE WITNESS: Yes.

Q BY MR. BAUTZER: What did your father tell you?

A I don't remember his exact words, but he just told me about them getting married—no; he said my mother wasn't coming back.

THE COURT: Pia, after your mother left, did you stay out of school a little while, or did you just keep on going to school as you always had?

THE WITNESS: Yes.

THE COURT: Do you remember when your father went to Italy the first time?

THE WITNESS: Yes.

THE COURT: When he came back, did you stay out of school a while, do you remember?

THE WITNESS: I don't remember, but I don't think I did. I guess if I would have stayed out of school I would have remembered it.

THE COURT: When your father came back from Italy, did any of your classmates at school say anything about your mother?

THE WITNESS: Well, they always said—well, there was writing in the papers, so they would say, "I read about your mother in the paper," or "I saw her name mentioned in the paper," and I said, "Yes, I know."

THE COURT: Would any of them mention Mr. Rossellini?

THE WITNESS: Yes.

Q BY MR. BAUTZER: You talked to your father about their mention of Mr. Rossellini, did you not?

A I suppose I did.

Q When the stories came out in the newspapers, you read them, did you not?

A Yes.

Q And it is a fact, isn't it, Miss Lindstrom, that your father then discussed them with you?

A No, he told me about them first.

Q Well, he told you about the stories first, and told you about Mr. Rossellini, did he not?

A He said that my mother was marrying Mr. Rossellini, and that's all he said.

Q Nothing else?

A Well, I can't remember. It must have been on that line, of them getting married, and she was going to live in Italy and she was going to have a son—or, I mean, she was going to have a child.

Q Did he tell you whose child that was going to be?

A My mother's.

Q Did he say anything else about that?

A Well, I just took it for granted that it was her child. I knew she was having a baby.

Q Did he say anything else about it?

A No, I don't remember—we just talked about it, and he said that they were going to stay away.

Q How many times have you written your mother in the last couple of years, Miss Lindstrom?

A My goodness, I don't know how many letters. A hundred, fifty; I don't know how many letters. I don't write her every week, but I answer her letters.

Q Do you show the letters to your father before you send them?

A No, I don't.

Q Does he read them?

A Not unless I just feel like showing it to him.

Q Which sometimes you do?

A Yes, because sometimes I spell words wrong; if I don't know how to spell a word, I ask him how the word is spelled.

Q Your father has told you to write your mother, hasn't he?

A Yes, he has.

Q Do you have a picture of your mother in your bedroom?

A Yes, I do.

Q That is on your dresser?

A It is on a table. I have a whole lot of pictures of my father, my mother, and relatives and friends; mostly empty frames, because I haven't found any pictures to put in them.

Q Mostly empty frames?

A Well, yes; people keep giving me frames for presents, and I don't have any pictures to put in them, so they just sit there.

Q Have you noticed any continuation of the remarks of your classmates in the last year?

A Well, no. Now they all know, so nobody says much any more.

Q Now they all know what?

A That my mother is married to another man.

Q In the school that you go to, do any of your classmates make fun of you any more?

A They never did.

Q They never did?

A No.

Q What did your classmates say to you, if you can remember?

A Well, they would say, "I read somewhere that your mother is getting married to another man, and I saw your name in the paper and there was a picture of you in the paper; didn't look anything like you," and so on, like that. Just read things in the paper or in magazines. There was an article in one magazine.

Q Did they say anything about Mr. Rossellini?

A They said that my mother was marrying Mr. Rossellini.

Q Anything else, Miss Lindstrom?

A Yes. They used to say people who weren't nice, they called them Rossellinis.

Q You discussed this with your father, didn't you?

A Yes.

Q What did he say about it?

A He didn't say anything.

Q Did you ask him what to do, or—

A No, I just said, "They are calling people who aren't nice, Rossellinis," and so he said, "Ha-ha," or he just said, "Oh." I mean, he didn't say anything.

THE COURT: Did he ever tell you not to pay any attention to what the children said?

THE WITNESS: Yes.

THE COURT: He said it in connection with that?

THE WITNESS: Well, he said not to mind anything that people said.

Q Assuming that you went to Europe, and pictures of you and your mother were taken, would you object to that?

A Yes, because every time I walk down the street, everybody looks at me.

Q When you testified that your mother never had a meal with you, that you could remember, you asked your father why your mother didn't eat with you, didn't you?

A I don't remember.

Q You told your father, did you not, that you were not interested in seeing your mother?

A Yes.

Q And this was prior to your trip to England?

A No, I never said that. I mean, I didn't say before I went to England that I didn't want to go to England.

Q You didn't say it?

A Because I didn't know I was going to meet my mother in England.

Q But you were not happy to see your mother in England?

A I was happy to see her.

Q Then before you left you told your father, didn't you, that you were not interested in seeing her?

A Well, yes, I didn't want to see her that much.

Q Did you tell your father that you were not interested in seeing your mother?

A No, I said I would be happy to see my mother. I mean, I didn't particularly want to see my mother.

Q BY MR. BAUTZER: You told your father, didn't you, that your mother didn't care about you?

A I don't remember saying that.

THE COURT: Do you feel that way about her now?

THE WITNESS: What way?

THE COURT: Do you feel that your mother doesn't care about you now?

THE WITNESS: Well, I don't think she cares about me too much.

THE COURT: Why do you say that?

THE WITNESS: Well, she didn't seem very interested about me when she left. It was only after she left and got married and had children that she suddenly decided she wanted me.

THE COURT: Pia, if you wanted to go to Italy, would you tell me that you did?

THE WITNESS: Yes.

THE COURT: Even though your father may not want to go?

THE WITNESS: Well, he wouldn't go anyway, I don't think.

THE COURT: Well, even if he didn't want to go, would you tell me if you wanted to go?

THE WITNESS: Yes.

THE COURT: You are sure you don't want to go see your mother this summer?

THE WITNESS: Yes.

THE COURT: And this is your idea and not your father's, is that right?

THE WITNESS: Yes. He told me that if I wanted to go, he would stop the court case, and I could go.

Q BY MR. BAUTZER: When did he tell you this; today?

A No.

Q When.

A About two weeks ago, when the court case was—I think it was a week ago, whenever the court case was beginning to start, he said that it was costing him a lot of money, and he said if I wanted to go, he would stop the court case because it was wasting money unless I wanted to stay.

THE COURT: Did you talk with your father then about it?

THE WITNESS: He said that they were going to go in court, and they were going to try and decide, because my mother wanted me to come to Italy.

THE COURT: Did you think about it then, whether or not you wanted to go?

THE WITNESS: Well, I already knew that I didn't.

THE COURT: Did you reconsider at that time?

THE WITNESS: Yes.

THE COURT: You told your father that you didn't want to go?

THE WITNESS: Yes.

THE COURT: Do you have any feeling at all about Mr. Rossellini?

THE WITNESS: Well, now I naturally don't like him because from what he has done now, but before I didn't think anything about him at all. I mean, he just brought me presents all the time, and was very nice to me, did everything I wanted, brought me presents about every day, came home with more presents.

Q BY MR. BAUTZER: You haven't talked to your father about Mr. Rossellini regarding your attitude about not wanting to see him, have you?

A Well, he knows, I think, that I am not interested in seeing him.

Q If Mr. Rossellini were not with your mother and you would not have to see him, would you feel differently?

A No.

Q Would it make you feel any differently towards your mother or towards her desire to see you?

A No.



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ava wants out

(Continued from page 33) up and said, "Excuse me, honey. I'm starvin'."

She called Maria, the housekeeper, and politely asked for a coke and a lettuce and tomato sandwich toasted. When she returned she tried to crack a pecan with a single-blade nutcracker. She failed. "Gosh!" she exclaimed. "What a hokey nutcracker."

"When did you dye your hair blonde?" I asked.

"How do you like it, darling?"

I crinkled my nose.

"It looks awful now," she explained quickly, "because it's yellow but wait till you see it tonight. Tonight the girl'll put some blue in it and silver it up. It'll look nice. Really will. I dye my hair about once every two years. I don't know why. For the change, I guess. Honestly, doll, it doesn't look half bad. I mean, Frank doesn't mind."

Maria brought the coke and sandwich. Ava bit into the toast. She weighs 123 lbs. and looks thinner than she ordinarily does. She hasn't been feeling too well lately, she admitted, in fact had been laid up in the hospital for a few days.

"How's your mental condition?" I asked.

"Whattaya mean, mental condition?"

"Your outlook on things."

"What things?" Ava Gardner asked.

"Your suspension, Frank, your plans for the future, those things."

She thought for a moment, her eyes growing meditative as twilight. "I wish we had the Palm Springs house in Los Angeles," she said presently. "That's a great house. About the future, who knows? We don't have any definite plans. How can we? Who knows what comes up in this business? That's what I've been trying to tell you. A girl marries a stockbroker or a bookkeeper, her life is set. She knows the score. Marry some guy in show business and it's rough. Today he's in Chicago. Then he's hitting St. Louis. When he comes home, the studio wants you to take a flying leap to Mexico."

"I know what you're going to say. You always say it. Why don't I quit and have some kids and settle down? I'd settle for that. Funny thing, we were in this restaurant the other night. A handwriting analyst—some hokey dame came over. I scribbled a few words. 'You're going to have twins,' she told me. 'Eventually two boys and a girl.' She also told me I'm going to be pregnant in five months. Frank told her we'd work on it. I can't have twins. Least, I don't think so. No twins in Frank's family. None in mine. But two girls and a boy, that'd be great. I mean two boys and a girl."

"Frank makes a good father," I said.

Ava smiled. "Out of this world. We had the kids down at the desert before we went to Honolulu, and Frank was wonderful with them. It was the first time for me. Their mother's done a great job. I sure want to see more of them. They're just adorable, you know."

The housekeeper let Ava's dog, Rags, into the house and tied his leash to the coffee table.

Ava picked the dog up and hugged him. "He's a Welsh Corgi," she explained. Then to the dog, "Aren't you, Rags?" She put him down, explaining that she'd first met the dog in England two years ago, thinking he was a lovable little mongrel. An Englishman told her that Rags was no mongrel at all, that her mistake was a frequent one since there were less than 150 such dogs in America. "Anyway, Frank had this little creature flown over 90 for my 28th birthday. My sister Babs has

one named Shannon. They're just wonderful. Excuse me, honey. That's the phone."

While Ava was talking to her agent, I looked around this new house she and Frank rent furnished at \$500 a month.

It's a small house located in a fashionable section of Beverly Hills on a canyon road. It has five rooms and one for the maid. The largest room is the bedroom. Ava and Frank sleep in a tremendous double bed. On the night table at the left, Ava's side of the bed, rests a small portrait of Frank, showing him a 17-year-old youngster in Hoboken. A wedding picture of Ava and Frank stands on one dresser and portraits of Ava's various nephews and nieces on another. The room also contains a radio, a record-player especially built for Frank, and a television set.

One of the closets in the foyer beside the bedroom was opened. It contained nothing but Ava's shoes. I counted 35 pairs. Most of them were plain black high-heeled pumps.

Tain't true that Sam Goldwyn, noting the success of Biblical pictures, decided he was going to film Adam and Eve "with a cast of thousands."

*Irving Hoffman in
The Hollywood Reporter*

I returned to the living room, a modern rectangle done in light green with grey carpeting. A portrait of Ava painted by her good friend, Paul Clemens, hung on the wall over the baby grand piano. Portraits by Clemens hang in many Hollywood homes.

Ava came back from her phone call. "Sure you're not hungry, sweetie?"

I said, "No."

"When I'm hungry," she said, "I eat like a pig. Honest!"

"I thought of some questions to ask," I said, "while you were on the phone. I'd like you to level on them."

She said she would.

"A year ago," I began, "when I asked you if you were contemplating a marriage with Frank—or maybe it was more than a year ago, you said, 'Do you think I'm crazy? Why should I marry him? He's in show business. I've already been married to two guys in this racket. Look what happened.' Now tell me, Ava, what made you change your mind?"

She laughed to herself. "I still say the same thing. Honest, doll. A girl's got to be crazy to marry a guy in show business. Why'd I do it? I can't explain it in terms of logic. In fact, logic's got nothing to do with it. With me it's pure emotion. I fall in love with a guy, and I'm hooked. Lana's the same way. We're a pair of suckers for love. I always will be."

"In all of my marriages, it's been the same bit. When I told friends Mickey and I were going to be married, they came to me and said, 'Listen, Ava. Better suicide. You don't know what you're doing.' With Artie the same routine. When I started going with Frank, more warnings."

"Here's the way I feel about it. If things blow up, I'm the one to suffer. I'm the fall guy. I'm the one who's got to take the rap. But I'm funny about marriage. To me if two people fall in love, the best thing, the only thing, is a wedding ceremony. I feel I'm entitled to make my own mistakes and pay for them."

"I fell in love with Frank. It wasn't intentional. I'd met him ten years ago when he was singing with Tommy Dorsey at the Palladium. I'd seen him around the studio. It was nothing. Just hello and goodbye. Two years ago we met and it started getting serious. Can I help it if I don't have sense enough to run away from

love? The result is that I've never been happier in my life. I think the same goes for Frank."

The phone rang again. Maria came into the living room. "Perdoname, Senora," she said, speaking to Ava in Spanish. "Su doctor. El telefono."

Ava jumped up. "Back in a minute, sweetie."

She was back in less. "Shoot," she said. I fired a second question. "What goes with you and these constant studio suspensions?"

Ava lit another cigarette. For the first time her good humor seemed to evaporate. "All I'm going to say about that, doll, is this: my contract expires in December next year . . . Enough?"

I nodded. It's no secret in Hollywood that Ava would like to terminate her MGM contract as quickly as possible. Hollywood's most beautiful actress and Hollywood's largest studio just don't happen to see eye to eye on story values.

Ava has developed into an actress of considerable talent and surprisingly fine literary taste. She has turned down several roles offered to her. The studio sees no point in paying her for not working so that a good portion of her time has been spent on suspension.

Once Ava's Metro contract expires, she intends to leave Hollywood, circumstances permitting, for a substantial period.

She has never been a particularly ambitious girl. Neither does she covet fame or money. What she is looking for is emotional security and personal happiness. To have these, she feels strongly that she must be with her husband. She prefers to spend at least six months of the year with him away from Hollywood. In the movie colony she has the recurrent feeling that she is the cynosure of all eyes, that everyone is waiting for her marriage to founder, that thousands of I-told-you-so wiseguys build up every little quibble into a cause célèbre.

Hollywood has given Ava some money—not much but more than she ever had before—and a good deal of notoriety, but she has been happiest away from Hollywood when she's had Frank at her side.

Since Ava's suspension Frank has been the sole source of family income. Frank makes good money on the personal appearance circuit, but it's hard work, and he has to give away a good portion of his earnings for the support of ex-wife Nancy and his three children.

If Ava could only obtain her release from MGM, she feels she could go to Europe and make a picture over there for at least \$50,000 per film. Metro gets \$65,000 and up when they loan her out. Ava could also remain in Hollywood and make films on a free lance basis which would again supply her with the wherewithal to travel.

Ava loves the house she and Frank own in Palm Springs, but the desert is no place for a young couple during the hot months. Besides, Ava is beginning to think that Palm Springs is too close to Hollywood for the type of privacy she craves.

"I never have been very good," Ava says, "about explaining how I feel about things. All I know is that I've got to get away from this town for a while. I need a change."

"Is that why you've been dyeing your hair?" I asked. "A sort of substitute?"

Ava Lavinia grinned. "It's sure going to be funny," she said. "I've posed for different magazine photographers as a brunette, an ordinary blonde, and a platinum blonde. By the time the magazines come out, I'm going to be a redhead." **END**

(Ava will soon be seen in MGM's *Sombrero*)

miracles do happen

(Continued from page 49) normally religious turn of mind feel we have had personal proof of the power of prayer. Those who take pride in being modern sophisticates scoff at such a thought but cannot deny that there is much in life that cannot be explained.

"Prayers are always answered," Loretta Young declares. "Sometimes almost miraculously. If you believe in prayer, you can make things happen that seem miraculous, that is, if you storm heaven with your prayers."

It must be explained that Loretta makes no apology to friends or the public for the fact that she is religious, nor has she ever maintained the attitude that her beliefs make her a trifle "better" than anyone, inside or out of Hollywood. To the casual observer, her delicate, ethereal beauty makes her appear fragile, as though a brisk wind might pick her up and deposit her in the next county. Actually, Loretta Young's personality is as lusty and direct as a truck driver's, minus of course the tendency of many of those gentlemen to employ a vocabulary that can peel paint off walls.

"You might as well face it," Loretta told me, "I am not going to be trapped into a deep discussion about miracles. I am perhaps as well versed in theology as the normal church-goer, but I might as well attempt to explain the mysteries of a delicate brain operation. But I will tell you some of the answers to prayers that I have experienced personally and some wonderfully inspiring experiences of people I know personally."

Actors worry and fret their careers away instead of enjoying them.

Loretta Young

"To get down to cases. Two years ago one prayer of mine was answered so swiftly and surely that it seemed like a miracle to me. This answer came with blinding, split-second speed and no one could convince me that it was not a positive answer to my prayer."

"My two young sons and I were out walking. Peter, the youngest, ran on ahead, suddenly turning off the sidewalk, across the narrow parkway, and into the street. I called after him, frantically, but my four-year-old sprite was free as a bird. His entire world at the moment consisted of the empty street and the new wonders that lay on the other side of it."

"My vision swept the road in search of that inevitable speeding car. Normally, a half-hour could go by without anyone using that street, but there it was, a huge station wagon bent on setting a new speed record. Horror-stricken, I shrieked Peter's name and stood paralyzed."

"He didn't hear me. At that point he was about four feet into the street and pounding ahead on sturdy legs. I don't know whether I had time to close my eyes, but I whispered 'Please, God, please save him!'"

For an agonized moment that seemed an eternity, Loretta waited for the sound of screaming brakes and the indescribable pain of seeing her child lying crushed on the pavement. Then, as though she were watching a motion picture in which one scene is suddenly frozen on the screen, Loretta saw Peter standing stock still, just shy of the middle of the road, while with tires whining, the station wagon was rounding the turn just ahead.

Something had caused Peter to stop, amazingly, in his headlong romp. He

couldn't have heard his mother's frantic call. He couldn't have seen the station wagon, for a parked car to his left had hidden it from sight. Even if he had heard the sound of the approaching station wagon, he couldn't have stopped, because his four-year-old reflexes could never have halted his momentum.

"It was prayer," Loretta repeats, simply, "God said yes."

"The true miracle," she continues, "is a supernatural act of God which the human mind cannot logically explain. Just as a child cannot understand why an electric light goes on and off but accepts the fact with a perfectly natural faith, an adult cannot fully comprehend the actual cause of what we call a miracle but also accepts it as a matter of faith."

One of Loretta's favorite stories of the power of prayer concerns Pat O'Brien.

"Pat's oldest daughter was only a baby at the time," she says. "About two, I think. Anyway, she became terribly ill. The doctors did everything they could. They finally gave up in despair. There was no hope. It was only a matter of time. Pat went into his room alone. He went down on his knees and started saying his Rosary. He stayed there in his room, alone, on his knees all that day and night, praying, never moving. And they came in the next morning and told him his little girl had reached and passed the crisis and miraculously had lived."

"You can bring about apparent miracles through prayer. Actually, what you are doing is asking for spiritual guidance to help you get what you want. If it is right for you, you'll get it. If it isn't, you won't. You just don't get down on your knees and say 'gimmee.' And it will happen many times that a prayer will be answered for one individual, but not for another, even though the circumstances seem almost identical. This has happened to me. If this has happened to you, don't let the result be that you become skeptical."

LORETTA points out that she could never explain or attempt to prove the truth of miracles to anyone. There may be thousands, or hundreds of thousands who have never heard of the miracle at Lourdes, or the many others that have been verified through the years. If they cannot accept these as facts, then unfortunately, they will never be able to recognize those almost miraculous events that happen around them every day.

For instance, some years ago a priest who is an old friend of Loretta's came to her to explain that he needed \$5,000 for a trailer and a projection unit to take into Utah missionary territory. Loretta was upset, because she couldn't at the time afford to donate the amount.

"I just don't have that sort of money right now," she explained, "but I'll see what I can do among my friends."

"We'll work on this together," the priest said. "I will pray."

And Loretta prayed. And the answer came. Several days before, the Lux Radio Theater had asked Loretta to play in one of their weekly dramatic shows. But, because the studio contract at the time stipulated that she must pay the studio 50 per cent of her radio fees, she had been turning down air shows as a matter of principle. This, however, was different.

Loretta called the studio and asked if they would waive the 50 per cent clause in this particular case. The executive to whom she talked not only gave in, but sent her a sizable check of his own. Then, with another small prayer that the part would still be available, Loretta called the Lux people.

Call it coincidence, but the star who accepted the role in Loretta's place got a heavy cold a few (Continued on next page)

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(Continued from preceding page) hours before and couldn't do the show. The Lux man thanked heaven over the telephone, and well he should have. The following night, Loretta did the show and gave her check for \$5,000 to the priest.

Most agnostics, psychiatrists and just plain people might not believe that this happened as a result of prayer. Loretta does believe it, and no one can deny that her faith has had a great deal to do with a happy life, while many of her sister stars, who believe only in luck and themselves, have reached a climax of unhappiness.

As Mrs. Tom Lewis, Loretta leads a full, busy life. Her happy marriage is not an accident, but the creation of a husband and wife who recognize their marriage as an adult partnership. They do not "adjust their halos" every morning. They are a pair of warm, exciting and adventuresome spirits. They have great standing, and wealth, too. But it has not made them arrogant or prejudiced.

On the latter point—the subject of prejudice—Loretta Young has another story well worth re-telling to those who have not heard it.

ON the set of her last picture, *Paula*, she ran across a sound technician who had worked on previous pictures she made at Columbia. "Why, Dick Williams," she exclaimed, "I haven't seen you in ages. What have you been doing with yourself?"

The answer rocked her back on her heels. "A year ago," he said, "I was a dead man!"

"Oh, stop it," Loretta retorted. "It's true," he persisted. And then he told his story:

Dick Williams was a Texan. A big, gruff man, proud of his southern heritage.

As has been the case with people all over the country, at times, Dick grew up with an unreasoning prejudice against Negroes. In his later years in Hollywood, he took to drink. Took to it all the way. He became, in fact, a drunken bum. No studio would hire him. Eventually his wife left him. He was thrown out of his apartment. He wound up in a shack, contracted pneumonia, and one day some neighbors found him on the floor of his miserable quarters, apparently a dead man. A doctor certified to the fact and sent him to a funeral parlor.

Moments before he was to be injected with embalming fluid, Dick Williams fluttered an eyelid. The undertaker, understandably nearly changed places with him. Dick was rushed to a hospital, where his condition was pronounced hopeless. Nevertheless, the usual emergency remedies were applied and he responded feebly.

What he needed was 24 hours nursing care, but the man was a refugee from Potter's Field, stone broke. There were no funds to provide three nurses on eight hour shifts, but volunteers were found.

When Dick Williams, many hours later, regained consciousness, the first thing he saw was an anxious colored face peering into his own. He was a weak, sick man, so he could do nothing about the old feeling of revulsion that swept over him. Devotedly, the three negro women slaved without thought of themselves to cure a man who hated them and all their people.

They not only saved his life. They renewed it and added purpose in place of the prejudice that had ruled his thinking. Today Dick Williams is back at work. One of the first things he did was to save every penny he could earn to buy those nurses three fine watches so important to

them every day in their wonderful lifework. "It wasn't much," he told Loretta, "but it was all I could give them, then. Materially, I mean. What counts is the way I feel about it. I love those three women. They taught me real, brotherly love. I've found something I never had before. I lost my life, and it was given back to me. It was a miracle!"

So, is it so hard to understand why Loretta Young will frankly admit that she believes in prayers being answered? But still refuses to try to explain how they work? It's enough that they do work—for her, and for others who truly believe in them.

Take the case of the prominent Los Angeles woman who suffered so acutely from arthritis. Medical science failed to stem the tide of pain. For two years she had been in a wheel chair unable to move her limbs. She often lunched at a drive-in, where she need not leave her car. A little car hop who waited on her noticed her great pain and brought her a small statue of Christ.

"Put this on the table beside your bed," she told the woman. "I will burn candles for you, and on the ninth day from today you will have no more pain."

On the ninth day, the woman remembered, but did not expect relief. She looked wistfully at the little statue, and in a moment she had lifted both arms above her head, something she had not been able to do in years. And from that day she has been free from pain.

Obviously, it happens every day. Loretta Young is not the only one who can tell us about such proof, but she does so with effective, factual honesty.

And you come away, knowing that what she has said is true. END

the secret life of marilyn monroe

(Continued from page 43) Marilyn's mother's name was Gladys Pearl Monroe and she was a native of Mexico. Her father was Edward Mortenson, who was a baker by occupation. It is apparent that at the time of the birth Edward Mortenson was estranged from Marilyn's mother, for the birth record states that his whereabouts, on June 1, 1926, were unknown. Although Mortenson was only 29 years old at the time, there is no known record of his ever showing up again, so he may be presumed to be dead. There is no proof, however, that he was killed in an automobile accident as has been printed in Marilyn's official studio biography.

Gladys Monroe had borne two children prior to the birth of Marilyn. One, a girl, died at a very early age, and the other, a boy, is still alive. He is an invalid, it is reported, and not aware of his relationship to the glamorous star. Because his mother's original name was no doubt of Spanish origin, it is evident that Gladys Monroe was married to another man before Edward Mortenson, and that his name was Monroe. It has only been during her motion picture career that Marilyn has used the name Monroe. Before trying Hollywood she used her legal name, Norma Jeanne Mortenson most of the time, but did, on occasion (as in early studio biographies) call herself Norma Jeanne Baker. The only clue to the reason for this lies in the fact that on her birth certificate the name Baker appears as her father's trade. Marilyn may have picked it from there.

Not long after Marilyn Monroe was 92 born, her mother fell ill of a nervous ail-

ment and entered a state hospital for treatment. She has been confined to this or other hospitals for most of the time during the past 25 years, being released from time to time as her condition improved. When it became apparent that Gladys Monroe would be unable to care for her infant daughter, the child was given to a foster mother, Grace McKee, who is now Mrs. E. L. Goddard, to be raised as her own. No record of a formal adoption has been uncovered, but there is evidence that Mrs. Goddard and Grace McKee are the same person because when Marilyn was signed to a contract by 20th Century-Fox for the first time, on September 5, 1946, Grace McKee appeared before the Los Angeles Superior Court as Marilyn's legal guardian. It must have been established at that time that Grace McKee had some legal standing as guardian, otherwise the court would not have approved her signature on Marilyn's contract. And Mrs. E. L. Goddard has been identified as the woman signing the papers with the studio.

An odd facet of this contract, by the way, is that the signature of a guardian was not necessary. According to California law, a girl of 18 who is married is emancipated insofar as the making of contracts is concerned . . . and on September 5, 1946, Marilyn Monroe was still married to James Edward Dougherty. It is not relevant that she was separated from her husband at that time, so the signature of the legal guardian might well have been intended to hide the fact of her marriage from the studio and public. Or it might have been to hide the fact that she was

20 years of age. If the studio today believes that Marilyn Monroe is 23, as her official biography indicates, it might have believed on September 5, 1946, that she was 17, which would have made the approval of a guardian and the courts necessary.

Evidence available at this time seems to substantiate the major portion of Marilyn Monroe's story of her many foster homes. Records of Los Angeles County's foundlings and displaced children are not available for any number of reasons, so it is, therefore, impossible to check and confirm the exact number of homes Marilyn Monroe lived in and the names of the people she stayed with. It was possible, though, to confirm that Marilyn's "adoptions" were not all handled through official channels. She was taken care of by some families for short periods of time as a kindly service to the guardians properly charged with her. As a matter of fact, in the absence of public records in the matter, it is not too certain that Marilyn was ever actually a county ward, except, of course, in the sense that, being a semi-orphan, she came under the legal jurisdiction of the county officials.

MANY people have been kind to Marilyn Monroe in her life. While she was never close to more than a handful of her benefactors, she has at least been given the love and friendship of as many folks as most of the rest of us. Mrs. Goddard has been her first and foremost friend. She has, throughout her life, been at hand when Marilyn needed her. She has kept her secrets and substantiated Marilyn's stories about the deaths of her mother and father publicly, whenever it was necessary.

Because the details of Marilyn Monroe's boarding out has been printed so many

times—mostly in error—it is practical in this report to skip over most of her formative years and move to her mid-teens. At that period she was living with a Mrs. Anna Lower in Westwood, California, and attending one of the three high schools she studied at. Her life with Mrs. Lower was very happy, for it seems it was really the first "home" Marilyn ever knew, a home in which she felt equal with other kids. But something happened to break it up. Mrs. Lower was planning to move east.

Marilyn was faced with the problem of finding another permanent home. She had never been in love and has admitted to only one infatuation, a crush on a neighbor boy who today is making quite a name for himself in pictures, one Howard Keel of MGM. She had met and dated a lad named James Edward Dougherty, a shaker at the Lockheed Aircraft Plant.

Jim Dougherty says he liked Marilyn well enough, and some of their friends thought that if they married it would solve all her problems. On the 19th of June, 1942, Dougherty and Marilyn were married in Westwood and took up residence somewhere near Culver City. Shortly after, Dougherty joined the Merchant Marine and after a training period in California went to sea. They never had much of a home life, nor were they really ever terribly fond of each other. When Dougherty went away, Marilyn took a job at one of the small defense plants making parts on contract for the aircraft industry. It was then, at the age of 17, that she got her first taste of the limelight.

Sweaters are the lazy girl's way to romance.

Jane Russell

An army team of public relations soldiers came to the plant one day to shoot some pictures of a war plant in action. Marilyn, for obvious reasons, was chosen as the model for the worker in the pictures. They sold it to editors like hot cakes, and this sowed the seeds of discontent in Marilyn Monroe. She began to want the fame and glamor of a public life.

Dougherty, during this time, was overseas. As he tells it, he was in Shanghai when he got a Dear John letter informing him that Marilyn wanted to be free. He told a reporter some years later that it didn't make much difference to him.

James Edward Dougherty is now a policeman on the Los Angeles Police Department. He refuses to discuss his marriage to Marilyn, stating only that he is again a married man, with a couple of kids, is very happy and wants nothing to interfere with his marriage. He lives near his station in Van Nuys, California.

With modeling proving to be a pretty tough racket, even for a girl with all of Marilyn's attributes, she decided to branch out into the entertainment field. It has never been publicized, but she planned to become a singer and started taking lessons in vocalizing and stage comportment from Phil Moore, the famous jazz musician who has coached many stars in stage and cafe technique. She tried hard but never got anywhere, probably because she had no musical talent. She moved to the Studio Club, a boarding house for young women just three blocks from an orphanage where she spent some time as a child. She tried to get day work in pictures, as a photographic model, and a walking dress model for clothing salesmen. It was during this period that she couldn't pay her board at the Studio Club and posed for the now famous nude calendar which is today being distributed by the Western Lithograph Company of Los

Angeles. She earned 50 dollars for this pose, and it has netted the owners a fortune.

How Marilyn Monroe got her first contract at Fox is not known. But the story that she was baby sitting at the home of a studio casting executive and invited in for a screen test is a complete fabrication. At any rate, she did go to work at 20th Century-Fox, remained under contract for a year and contributed exactly one film role, a bit in *Scudda Hay, Scudda Ho*, before she was dropped.

It was shortly after her first stint at 20th that Marilyn again met her mother. Gladys Monroe was improving in health and, with the approval of her doctors, had come out of the hospital. Marilyn moved in with her and they tried making a home together. But it didn't work. They had been apart for so many years, according to friends of the mother, that they were strangers. When they went their separate ways it was for the last time, although Marilyn has helped her mother financially whenever it has been necessary.

It has always been surprising to Hollywoodites that Marilyn Monroe has never played the glamor circuit of gay night spots nor indulged in any of the quickie romances most pretty girls in the movies seem to devote so much time to. She divorced James Dougherty in Las Vegas, Nevada, on October 2, 1946, at the age of 20; the charge was mental cruelty. And since that time she has only been known to have two men in her life who could actually be called "boy friends." One of them was Johnny Hyde, one of the most important agents in Hollywood. She was his constant companion for almost two years prior to his death in 1951. The other is Joe DiMaggio.

It has been rumored from time to time that the reason Marilyn doesn't get around much with fellows is that she is the secret lover of a prominent motion picture executive. Even the most simple investigation proves this to be a lie and either the result of a malicious gossip or an attempt by publicity men to give her an aura of sexy mystery. Any self-respecting courtesan in Hollywood has at least three mink coats in her closet and drives a late model Cadillac convertible. These are the badges of the lady's occupation. Marilyn Monroe has an old, small car, not even a convertible, and when she needs a fur for a premiere or some such event she must borrow one from the studio wardrobe department. No, it is not pleasant to blow up a good story, but Marilyn Monroe is an unusually straitlaced and moral young lady for any community, let alone Hollywood.

As she lay in the hospital bed at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital turning these thoughts over in her mind, Marilyn Monroe must have thought that it was a cruel twist of fate that had brought her secrets into the open. She must have dreaded facing the people of her studio and the press that she had fooled, but she need not have been ashamed.

The road before Marilyn Monroe today is well paved with good things. Love has come into her life with Joe DiMaggio. Success on the screen in better roles is assured her. And, in time, she will have all the money she will be able to use. Her mother, widowed again recently and living within five miles of the studio where Marilyn is under contract, is close if she wants to see her, and need no longer be denied. The husband of her youth is out of her life and she need have no further contact with him. The past is behind and the future bright ahead. **END**

(Marilyn Monroe can soon be seen in 20th Century-Fox's *We're Not Married*.)



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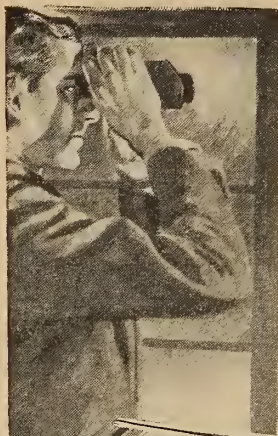
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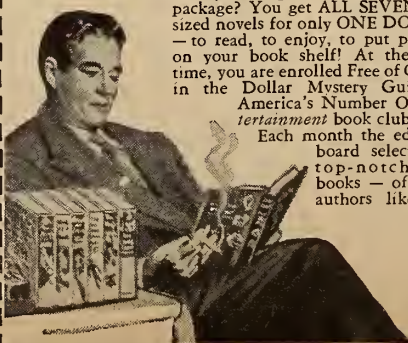
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