

DEC 22 1951

modern screen

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AHEAD**



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DEC 22 1952



Her lips had to be bought with
a Southland kingdom... and he handed it to
her on the blade of his Bowie knife!



**ALAN
LADD**

*as Jim Bowie, the Louisiana
bayou man*

**VIRGINIA
MAYO**

*as Judalou, the shameless
belle of Natchez!*



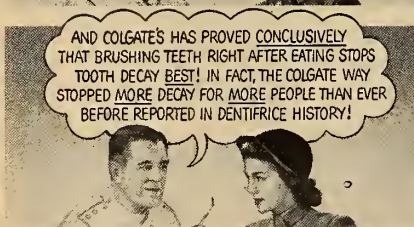
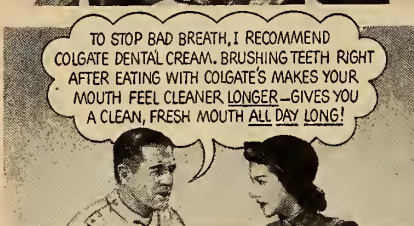
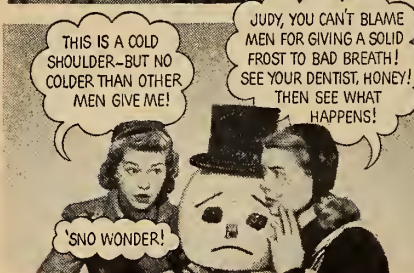
THE IRON MISTRESS

WARNER BROS. BRING ALL THE FURY OF THE FIERY BEST-SELLER TO THE SCREEN!

WITH JOSEPH CALLEIA • SCREEN PLAY BY JAMES R. WEBB • PRODUCED BY HENRY BLANKE • DIRECTED BY GORDON DOUGLAS
FROM A NOVEL BY PAUL I. WELLMAN • MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

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Snowman's Better
Than No Man!



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STOPS DECAY!

Colgate's instantly stops bad breath in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! And the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating is the best home method known to help stop tooth decay!



IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT
CLEANS YOUR TEETH!

modern screen

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“Yes, I love you...but...
a secret mission
is a secret. A secret
from your wife.
A secret from
the world!”

**HOW MUCH CAN
A WOMAN TAKE...?**

The personal story
of pretty Lucey Tibbets
who had the hard
luck to fall in love
with a hero!

M-G-M presents the love story
behind the billion-dollar
secret!

ABOVE AND BEYOND

STARRING

ROBERT

ELEANOR

TAYLOR • PARKER

JAMES

MARILYN

WHITMORE • ERSKINE

WITH

Screen Play by **MELVYN FRANK, NORMAN PANAMA** and **BEIRNE LAY, JR.**
Story by **BEIRNE LAY, JR.** • Produced and Directed by **MELVYN FRANK** and **NORMAN PANAMA** • AN M-G-M PICTURE





New finer MUM stops odor longer!

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

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

• **Creamier** new Mum is safe for normal skin, contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

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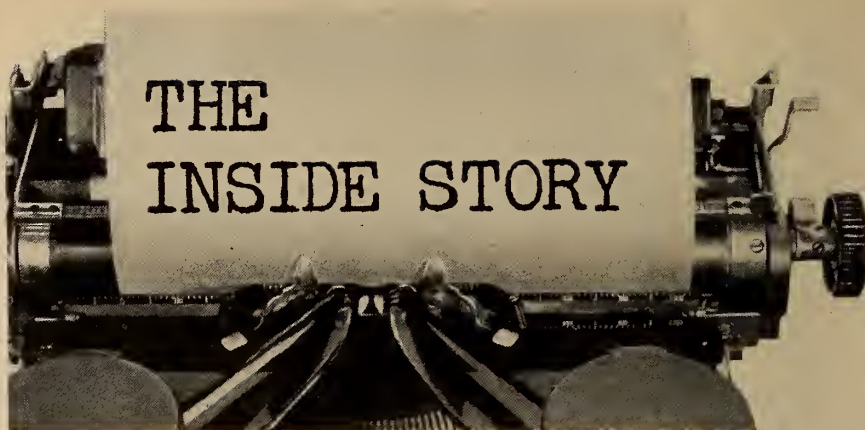
• **Delicately fragrant** new Mum is useable, *wonderful* right to the bottom of the jar. Get new Mum today.



New **MUM**®

CREAM DEODORANT

A Product of Bristol-Myers



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

Q. Is it true that Marilyn Monroe wears nothing underneath?

—J. Y., SEA GIRTH, N. J.

A. Most of the time it's true.

Q. Who is the newest man in Joan Crawford's life? Can't she find a husband?

—R. E., URBANA, ILL.

A. Director Nick Ray; husbands in Hollywood are difficult to find.

Q. What is the relationship between Howard Keel and Lisa Farraday?

—H. Y., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. They are warm friends.

Q. Is there anything to the romance between Kirk Douglas and Pier Angeli?

—E. R., MEMPHIS, TENN.

A. It's a publicity stunt.

Q. Whatever happened to Margaret O'Brien?

—D. E., HYDE PARK, ILL.

A. She's in Japan making a film.

Q. Ginger Rogers had a third husband named Jack Briggs, much younger than Ginger. Is he still in pictures?

—S. K., ELKHART, IND.

A. He works as a liquor salesman in a Hollywood supermarket.

Q. I read in another magazine that John Wayne is a Catholic. Is that true?

—B. B., ELY, NEV.

A. No.

Q. How many times has Dick Powell been married, and how many wives and children does he support?

—C. D., LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

A. Powell has been married three times, pays alimony to two ex-wives, supports four children and his present wife June Allyson.

Q. I understand that the Mario Lanzas recently bought Frank Sinatra's old house. How much did they pay for it?

—G. H., HOBOKEN, N. J.

A. The deal fell through; the Lanzas have rented another house.

Q. I've been told that Mickey Rooney is crazy about tall girls. Is this true? If so, why?

—W. R., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. It's true—tall girls serve him as a psychological compensation for his own small height.

Q. Can you tell me how many times the novel, "Les Misérables," has been made into a movie?

—O. H., HOLLAND, MICH.

A. Seven times.

Q. Were Lana Turner and Betty Grable born blondes or brunettes?

—D. G., DESOTO, MISS.

A. Brunettes.

Q. Is Jeff Chandler really half-Indian? He certainly looks it. Was he born on the Cherokee Reservation?

—C. H., TULSA, OKLA.

A. Chandler is all white, comes from Brooklyn.

Q. Didn't Anne Baxter quit 20th Century-Fox because Marilyn Monroe was given the lead in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*?

—K. V., PARIS, KY.

A. That was a contributory cause.

Q. Does Dale Robertson dislike being interviewed by newspaperwomen?

—S. Y., BILLINGS, MONT.

A. He just doesn't like to be interviewed.

Q. Would you say that Cary Grant is a millionaire?

—V. V., BRISTOL, ENGLAND

A. Yes.

Q. I've been told that Bob Hope isn't liked very much by his gag-writers. Is that on the level?

—A. S., DALLAS, TEX.

A. No comic is a hero to the men who prepare his material.

Q. Why won't Jane Russell pose for pictures with her adopted children?

—H. F., VAN NUYS, CAL.

(Continued on page 26)

THE STORY OF
RUBY GENTRY,
WHO WRECKED
A WHOLE
TOWN--

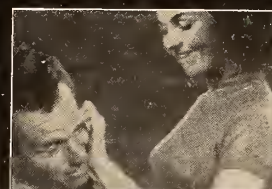
MAN BY MAN

...SIN BY

SIN!

Ruby Gentry!!!

so dangerous... destructive... deadly... to love!



BERNHARD-VIDOR
PRODUCTIONS, INC. presents

JENNIFER
JONES
CHARLTON
HESTON
KARL
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with TOM TULLY • BERNARD PHILLIPS • JAMES ANDERSON
JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON • PHYLLIS AVERY • HERBERT HEYES
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DIRECTED BY SCREENPLAY BY

KING VIDOR • SILVIA RICHARDS

Story by ARTHUR FITZ-RICHARD • Released by 20th Century-Fox



IS GINGER ROGERS READY TO NOD "I DO" TO HER JACQUES? . . .

LOUELLA PARSONS'

So many things happened at Marion Davies' fabulous party that all things seem to date from that night.

Lana Turner and Fernando Lamas had the big battle which ended their romance that evening. There have been varying stories given out as to the reason for the fight, but I happen to know that Lana said to Lex Barker, "Why don't you ask me to dance?" He danced with her not once but twice. Fernando cut in on them the second time round, and told Lana everything was over.

This soirée, which has probably never been equalled in Hollywood, or in many other places for that matter, was the first affair Marion has given since she became Mrs. Horace Brown. There were 500 guests invited but closer to a 1,000 came. Cars were driven right into a cellophane tent, which covered a great section of garden and a fish pond, so there was no way of checking who were the invited guests and who weren't. Champagne flowed as if it were a nickel a bottle. The party is said to have cost \$25,000 but it wouldn't surprise me if it actually came to double that amount.

Wherever you looked there were bars, gardenia and orchid trees, ten feet tall and in full bloom, and orchid corsages for each feminine guest. On the vast buffet tables, there was every kind of food. Three rooms in the house were turned into reproductions of New York nightclubs—the "Stork," "21" and "El Morocco." Three orchestras played continually. To try to enumerate the guests is impossible, but you can take it from me that everyone who was invited accepted and many brought along a couple of friends.

The most resplendent of the jewels worn were those adorning the Queen Mother of Egypt. Her necklace is one of the most costly in the world, out-Hoping the Hope diamond.

I almost forgot to say the guests of honor were Marilyn and Johnnie "Cry" Ray, the newlyweds. Charles Morrison, the poppa-in-law, and owner of the Mocambo, planned the party and believe me, he spared no expense.

Ava Gardner, who has become very friendly with Lana Turner, was much in evidence, though she came unescorted. That was before Ava had her battle with Frankie, which was to end in a temporary reconciliation. In one of the "nightclubs" Red Skelton put on what amounted to a one-man show. In another, Johnnie Ray sang, of course—and, as dawn came, it was really out of this world, seeing the newcomers like Debbie Reynolds and Piper Laurie staring fascinated at the old-timers like Joe E. Brown—and vice versa.

(Continued on next page)



Into the trunk goes Jonet Leigh with an assist from Tony Curtis. This was just prior to going into their magic act at a Hollywood charity party. Since Tony made *Houdini*, he's in constant demand to make magic everywhere he goes.



Bandleader Spike Jones threw a party for expectant fathers Georgy Steffen and Michael Wilding. Spike, with his wife Helen, felt that the girls—Jane Powell and Liz Taylor—were getting too much attention, so they "baby showered" the boys.

THE NEW ANNIE BAXTER'S NOT WHAT SHE USED TO BE!

GOOD NEWS



Recently Marion Davies gave a party for some neighbors, the Rays. It cost \$25,000, *all* of Hollywood was there, and . . . wonder of all wonders . . . Marian and hubby (left) found time to greet guests of honor Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Ray.



Judy Garland and Van Johnson met Fred Brisson at supper at the Marion Davies party. Judy, Sid Luft and Van were among the 500 *invited* guests (almost 1,000 showed up). Gardenia and orchid trees, ten feet tall, made a background.



Debra Paget got into the act at the annual Masquers Ball held at the RKO Pantages Theater in Hollywood. She came as a typical showgirl to the extravaganza.



Rita Hayworth and an unidentified escort had a gay old time in a restaurant on the Champs-Elysees in Paris. Rita refused to give the gentleman's name. A new romance?



Rhonda Fleming was fascinated by the tiny little orchid all the lady guests received at a recent Hollywood party. Rhonda attended with her husband, Dr. Lew Morrell.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Lona and Fernando made one of Hollywood's hottest combinations for weeks, both on and off-screen. They were due to marry when her divorce became final.



Fernando actually wasn't closing his eyes to what went on around him at the Morion Dovies party. Shortly after this, Lona asked Lex Barker to dance with her and Fernando thought they overdid it. They fought, said next day they were through.

**THESE LANA AND LAMAS PICTURES ILLUSTRATE THE
FAMOUS MOVIE FORMULA: BOY MEETS GIRL. BOY LOSES
GIRL. BOY GETS ANOTHER GIRL. FOR THE COMPLETE
STORY, SEE PAGE 37 FOR "THE END OF THE AFFAIR"**

IN my time I've taken some digs at Shelley Winters, which I felt she deserved. But I must say I have never felt so sorry for any girl in my whole life as I do for Shelley right now.

She is madly in love with Vittorio Gassman, but he had to return to Rome for a six-months' previous engagement to play *Hamlet*. Meanwhile, Shelley's having a very hard time. She's had a number of blood transfusions. Her baby won't be born until March, and it is imperative that she have her own American doctor.

This means Vittorio can't be with her when the baby arrives, though the plan now is to send his mother here. He is booked in Rome to May.

JACQUES Bergerac, who landed himself on Leo the Lion's dotted line via Ginger Rogers, was sued for beating up a man in Paris and received a suspended sentence.

"How about it?" someone at MGM asked him.

Jacques, handsome, 25-year-old Frenchman, said, "I had a lady friend and when I wanted to break off our romance she hired someone to beat me. I got in the first punch and knocked out his teeth."

I must say the young man certainly was frank. Ginger doesn't mind the girls in his past life—she's got him now, and I'll be surprised if they don't marry.

ALL Hollywood was shocked, and I lost a very dear personal friend, in the sudden death of lovely Pam Lang, wife of Jennings Lang, from a heart attack.

Pam's death was doubly tragic because she and Jennings, whom she stood by so staunchly in his time of great trouble, had found new happiness together and were making wonderful plans for the future for themselves and their two small children. Jennings, you remember, was shot by Walter Wanger in a jealous



Fernando immediately began squiring Arlene Dahl—newly-divorced from Lex Barker. Lona got linked with bull-fighter Louis Salano, and embroiled in the Sinatra-Gardner mixup.

THE HOLLYWOOD SET

By MARY MARATHON

Fans, if you're in the mood to "get away from it all," I'm the gal who can tell you how to do it! It doesn't have to cost you more than the price of a movie theatre ticket, a ticket that'll take you to exotic, mysterious India when you see "Thunder in the East"—and to the lush and colorful banana country when you see "Tropic Zone."

* * *

Just in time for that January pick-up, you'll be able to magic-carpet-yourself via "Thunder in the East" to a fabulously-decorated Maharajah's palace . . . to the teeming market-places of Ghandahar where evil and good rub shoulders, and where the man Alan Ladd portrays is right at home, living the kind of exciting adventures he had in "Saigon," "China" and "Calcutta."

* * *

Ladd's a gun-runner in "Thunder in the East," and while he mixes with some pretty rough characters, star-wise he's in real solid company. Deborah Kerr, Charles Boyer and Corinne Calvet share top billing with him. With two irresistible lovelies like Deborah and Corinne in the same picture, Ladd doesn't stand a chance of avoiding romantic entanglement, not that he'd want to. But I'm going on record to action-lovers that there's action in the field of romance, too!

* * *

The story centers around Ladd's efforts to sell a plane-load of guns and ammunition to the Maharajah of Ghandahar, who is momentarily expecting attack by outlaw tribesmen. Ladd didn't figure on Charles Boyer, who portrays the Maharajah's peace loving secretary and who insists the only way to meet force is with love and kindness. Boyer locks the guns away and when trouble starts, the small British colony is really up against it. There's a lot of edge-of-the-seat excitement in "Thunder in the East" that typifies adventure in far-away places, and I know it will give you the feeling of being right in the middle of one of today's hottest action spots.

* * *

For a different—and torrid!—change of scene, make a note to catch "Tropic Zone" where the action (and there's plenty of it!) takes place on a banana plantation in Puerto Barrancas. And if the name of that town doesn't sound like a cruise-stop, then I've been wasting my time reading travel-folders.

* * *

"Tropic Zone" is photographed in gorgeous Technicolor and stars rugged Ronald Reagan, lovely red-head Rhonda Fleming, and fiery singer-dancer Estelita. It has to do with the struggle between the independent banana-growers and the crooked shipping head who has designs on Rhonda's plantation. Reagan, involved with the wrong side, falls in love with Rhonda. Their romance sparks some flaming action both between the lovers and between the rival banana-growers.

* * *

Before long, I'm going to be singing you the praises of "The Stars Are Singing" . . . a music-loaded Technicolor dandy that brings you a terrific new screen personality—none other than the original "Come-On-A-My-House" girl, Rosemary Clooney! The millions of records she's sold are nothing compared with the box-office records that 'gal's gonna break! What a singin' team Rosemary, Anna Maria Alberghetti and Lauritz Melchior make! But more about that later.

* * *

Goodbye for now, fans, and happy movie-going!



Paramount Presents THUNDER IN THE EAST

starring
ALAN LADD • DEBORAH KERR
CHARLES BOYER • CORINNE CALVET

Produced by Everett Riskin • Directed by CHARLES VIDOR
Screenplay by Jo Swerling • Adaptation by George Tabori
and Frederick Hazitt Brennan
From the novel by Alan Moorehead



Paramount Presents TROPIC ZONE

Color by TECHNICOLOR

starring
RONALD REAGAN
RHONDA FLEMING
ESTELITA

with NOAH BEERY • GRANT WITHERS
Written for the Screen and Directed by Lewis R. Foster
Based on a novel by Tom Gill • Produced by
William H. Pine and William C. Thomas



Paramount Presents THE STARS ARE SINGING

Color by TECHNICOLOR

starring
ANNA MARIA ALBERGHETTI
LAURITZ MELCHIOR
ROSEMARY CLOONEY

with BOB WILLIAMS • TOM MORTON
FRED CLARK • JOHN ARCHER • RED DUST
Produced by Irving Asher • Directed by Norman Taurog
Screenplay by Liam O'Brien

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

rage over Lang's supposed attentions to Joan Bennett. Ironically, at the time of Pam's death, Wanger had just been released from the prison farm where he served a four months' sentence for the shooting of Lang.

As a lesson in how not to get married Ted Briskin, Betty Hutton's ex, takes my booby prize. Ted, who has never failed to telephone me ever since his and Betty's final parting, to say that he was romancing this or that glamor girl, finally got married again.

But I must say I was a little surprised when he telephoned at four A.M. to say that he and Joan Dixon had eloped! You see, it was their very first date. Joan arrived in Las Vegas without even a coat, and in a low-cut, short-sleeved dress. They had no luggage, not even a toothbrush, and I'd say that it sounds as if it followed a hilarious session in the nightclubs only it so happens that Ted doesn't drink. Well, I hope they'll be happy!

I JUST hated to print the news about the Dale Robertson separation. I'd kept hearing the news that they were battling, but like

Frankie and Ava, I hoped it would blow over. What makes it particularly sad in this case is that there is a three-month-old baby involved.

I like Dale very much but I am sure he is a difficult boy to live with. He's extremely moody. He seems to have some kind of a vague chip on his shoulder. He has a pose that he merely acts for the money in it, but I don't believe anything of the sort. He wouldn't be as good an actor as he always proves himself to be, if that were true.

So far, they are calling it a "trial separation". I hope they soon replace that for a permanent get-together.

WE don't get much rain in Hollywood, but believe me, socially we do get showers—and this month the most original one was given by Spike Jones—for two expectant fathers, Michael Wilding, Mr. Elizabeth Taylor to you, and Geary Steffan, Mr. Jane Powell to me.

My friend Spike, who is incapable of doing anything that isn't hilarious, served liquid refreshments in nursing bottles. All the guests had gone through the throes of fatherhood, including Fernando Lamas, Stewart Granger, Joseph Cotten, Gene Nelson, Ricardo Montal-

ban, and Tony Martin, who sang lullabies that it is wiser not to print. The wives, meanwhile, went to a movie, which I call downright sensible of them.

Is the marriage of Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra headed for the rocks? No one knows, but as I write this, the future looks black indeed.

Ava has tried very hard to hold this marriage together, but their fights have been increasing, both in number and in bitterness. Recently Frankie went to their Palm Springs home, and Ava followed him there. Another fight started when Frankie ordered her to take her clothes and get out and leave him alone, and when she didn't do it, he called for the police.

This isn't like Frankie, and no one can understand what is making him behave in such a way. Whether he is hurt that his own career hasn't kept pace with Ava's, I wouldn't know; but I am very sorry to see these things happen because Frankie really is a likable boy.

I do wish that such an intelligent, well brought up girl as Anne Baxter would stop giving out her recent silly statements and committing goofy acts. I can't believe that parting company with 20th Century-Fox after 11 mutually happy years can be really upsetting Anne's values—but something surely is.

First, Anne goes about asking, "Where can I get intelligent conversation in this town?" Then she takes up smoking cigars. She turned herself into a blonde which on her was no more becoming than it was on Ava Gardner, but John Hodiak quickly nixed that.

I'd like to say to Anne that in all my years of experience in Hollywood I've never known any personality to win by deliberately trying to tack a "new" tag on herself. The "new" Veronica Lake, with two eyes and practically no hair, for instance, was soon a forgotten Veronica Lake. When a girl actually evolves into another facet of personality, as Ava has, or Janie Wyman, or Joan Crawford, that's something else again and very stimulating. But this comes from the inside out, and has nothing to do with smoking cigars, believe you me.

THINKING OUT LOUDS . . . I expect Lana Turner's current romantic crush on Louis Salano, the handsome Mexican bullfighter, to last just about as long as it takes to get this in print. . . . It must be hard on a beautiful-but-lonely girl like Ursula Thiess to read the stories about Robert Taylor holding hands with Barbara Stanwyck in nightclubs, even though Bob says, and I believe, it was purely platonic. . . . I think the cutest gift of the month was Gordon MacRae's to his wife, Sheila. Sheila is always late, so Gordon gave her a magnificent watch, on the back of which he'd had engraved, "Now, maybe?" . . . The nicest pair, as far as being grateful to their public is concerned, are Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh—they'll do anything for their fans, which is not only kind of them but plenty smart. . . . I don't know why that dating of Debbie Reynolds and Bob Wagner doesn't ring true to me but it doesn't. . . . It's provable, however, that Peggy Ann Garner has grown up into a raving, tearing beauty with much lure, as witness Arthur Loew, Jr., Pat Neary (Mona Freeman's ex) and numerous others who keep her telephone constantly busy. . . . If I hear tomorrow that Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio have been married for some

easy money!

If Christmas shopping left you flatter than a pancake, here's a quick and easy way to start replenishing your bank account. All you have to do is read all the stories in this January issue and fill out the questionnaire below—carefully. Then send it to us right away. A crisp, new one-dollar bill will go to each of the first 100 people we hear from. So get started. You may be one of the lucky winners!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
- ☐ Toke My Word For It
by Ann Blyth
- ☐ Too Young For Morrioge
(Dole Robertson)
- ☐ Love Comes To Morlon Brando
- ☐ So In Love (Rito Hoyworth)
- ☐ His Kind Of Mon (Robert Mitchum)
- ☐ Honolulu Loony (Jerry Lewis)
- ☐ The End Of The Affair (Lono Turner)
- ☐ Doddy Is A Choracter (John Derek)
- ☐ Red Hot Momo (Jeonne Croin)
- ☐ He Wuz Mobbed (Gene Nelson)
- ☐ Living With Lucy (Lucille Boll)
- ☐ No Teors For Mitzi (Mitzi Goynor)
- ☐ The Christmos They Couldn't See
(Esther Williams)
- ☐ Coop Rebuilds His Life (Gory Cooper)
- ☐ Heortbreak Ahead (Avo Gordner)
- ☐ Twenty-Four Doys Of Dovis
(Bette Dovis)
- ☐ The Mole Animol (Chorlton Heston)
- ☐ I'm Wondering About Love
(Pier Angeli)
- ☐ Movie Reviews by Jon Kilbourn

Which of the stories did you like least?

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

What FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

What MALE star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... Zone....

State..... I am yrs. old

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time I won't be surprised enough to lift even one eyebrow. . . . I'm getting bored with Steve Cochran's always losing his parrot, and I think Gary Merrill has reached the utter end in his "distinctive" dressing, which in his case means the beachcomber act of non-shaving, non-pressing and usually no shoes. . . . If I were Betty Grable, I'd worry over Debra Paget being such a musical comedy cutie in *Stars And Stripes Forever* and I'd throw a horse blanket over her, and then over Marilyn Monroe in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* and sprint toward a hit.

THE LETTER BOX: To Barbara Frisina of Burbank, California: I'd be delighted to write about Gloria Swanson whenever there is any news of her. Unfortunately there isn't at the moment, either in her career or her personal life. If I write more about Lana Turner and Liz Taylor it is because both these beauties manage to be continually exciting and provocative.

To Masao Manabe of Osaka, Japan: I'm delighted to get a letter from a fan in your country. The address for Joan Evans' fan club is c/o Miss Joan Pitts, president, 308 Mason Street, Newark, New York. John Derek's fan club is c/o Lyle Burroughs, president, 823 So. Catalina, Los Angeles, California.

To Sharry Simerl of Urbana, Illinois: I certainly agree with you that Gloria Grahame and Charlton Heston are very talented. I saw Gloria the other night, incidentally, in *The Bad And The Beautiful* and thought she just about stole the picture. As for Carlton, I hear that when this year's Paramount films, now planned for him, are released he will really hit the top.

PFC George Perkins, 45th Inf. Division, overseas: What a nice boy you are, judging by your letter. Write Jean Peters in care of 20th Century-Fox, Beverly Hills, California. Maybe your first letter went astray. And write the editor of MODERN SCREEN, if you want him to run more stuff on Jean. I'm sure you have more influence with him than I have because all of us want to give young patriots like you everything we possibly can.

Cpl. Mel Kampmann, somewhere in Korea: I'm glad to pass along the word to the other boys in service, as you request, to let them know that Doris Day does really answer her fan mail and photographic requests. Hurrah for Doris, and hurrah for you, too.

To Don Cooper and your two pals! I can see that you gentlemen prefer Ava Gardner blonde or otherwise, and I must say I don't blame you. And if you promise not to tell on me, I'll confess that I prefer comedies, too.

To Mary Burton, Franklinville, New York: Mary, are you sure that maybe you're not just a little jealous of Marilyn Monroe? I'll admit that sometimes Marilyn does err a little as regards conservative good taste—but I can't regard that as a major crime, particularly when weighed against Marilyn's personal warmth and generosity.

Joann Collins, Fredonia, New York: Joann, I hate to tell you you are not alone in climbing on the Tab Hunter bandwagon. In all my years, I've seldom seen any boy zoom up faster than this young chap after one single picture. Tab is six-foot-one, blond, with hazel eyes, and he is not only unmarried but heart whole and fancy free.

Well, that's all for now. See you next month.

SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN:

hollywood report

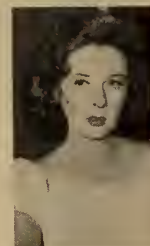
by Mike Connolly

famous columnist for
The Hollywood Reporter



ODDS BODKINS:

Everybody has given up on Ava and Frankie Sinatra. Whether they'll stay together or not is the big question, of course—but how CAN they when she is spending 18 months in Europe. She will make three pictures over there, the first being *Mogambo* with Clark Gable. . . . Did you know that before Ava accepted that flashy role opposite Gregory Peck in *Snows Of Kilimanjaro* it was turned down by Hedy Lamarr? . . . And that Susan Hayward wouldn't have played the part of the other woman opposite Peck if she had known Ava would be in the picture? It's the truth, and 20th accomplished it by shooting Ava's sequences after they had Susie's in the can! . . . The one gal I see at EVERY Hollywood party: Jeanne Crain. . . . This makes Ty Power sound a trifle on the conceited side but it's a fact nonetheless: he and his Linda tossed a party to unveil some murals painted by Karin and Ernst van Leyden depicting the life of Ty! . . . Betty Hutton got a lot of attention from the British press because of the gigantic pearl-and-emerald choker she wore upon her arrival there. But when she told reporters it was fake, they accused her of bad taste.



Hayward



Lanza

WHO'S MAD AT WHOM:

It sounds like something right out of an old-fashioned melodrama but I'm convinced Dale and Jackie Robertson wouldn't have had THEIR bust-up if Jackie had borne Dale a son instead of a daughter! He had his heart set on a son—in fact, he'd had the nursery painted blue. . . . Outside of kidding about who gets custody of the Robertsons' police dog (Dale's very attached to his pet!), everybody in Hollywood was doing the raised eyebrows routine over the way Dale went crying to John Carroll. As a matter of fact, he stayed with John for a few days. . . . All of which was merely a repetition of what happened when Mario Lanza left his Betty. Mario stayed with John too. . . . And the bitter punchline to the whole story is that John is in no position to give advice to EITHER Dale or Mario, since his own marriage to MGM talent coach Lucille Ryman is another one of those on-again-off-again things!

A big studio executive is responsible for the broken engagement of Mitzi Gaynor and Dick Coyle. . . . Shelley Winters will be mighty mad at Sir Stork if he arrives before her husband gets back from Rome. . . . It happened at the "Out Of This World" baseball game. Harry James, Betty Grable's present spouse, had some kind of an argument with Jackie Coogan, Betty's ex-spouse, and yelled, "Look, Coogan, if you're not careful I'll give you back your old lady!" . . . Peggy Rutledge, Liz Taylor's secretary, and the butler Mike Wilding brought from London didn't get along. So at press time it looked like Mike would have to let the butler go. . . . Walter Wanger couldn't attend the Los Angeles opening of Joan Bennett's play, *Bell, Book And Candle*, but another of Joan's ex-husbands—Gene Markey—showed up!



Gaynor



Winters

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

Joanne Dru has a new deal with the barber at 20th. He gives her a wholesale price for haircuts for her (and John Ireland's!) five kids if she brings them all in at the same time. Crooner Eddie Fisher got back (Continued on page 14)

HE RAVISHED THE PIRATE PORT OF MADAGASCAR
TO STEAL THE LOVE OF ITS CORSAIR QUEEN!



From adventure's
golden age comes its
most exciting tale!

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ERROL FLYNN
MAUREEN O'HARA
AGAINST
ALL FLAGS

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with
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ALICE KELLEY • MILDRED NATWICK

Directed by GEORGE SHERMAN • Screenplay by AENEAS MacKENZIE and JOSEPH HOFFMAN • Produced by HOWARD CHRISTIE

hollywood report continued

from his Korean Army duty with two ribbons and a battle star. Remember when Eddie used to date Marilyn Morrison, who married Johnnie Ray while Eddie was away? . . . Doris Day acted as stand-in for her stand-in! The gal, one of Doris' best friends, is expecting a baby. . . . Mala Powers, who has been very ill, is expected back before the cameras and completely recovered by the time you read this.

Despite parental objections, Carol Lee Ladd and Bill Evans, son of the Rev. Louis Evans (Bill's brother Lou married Colleen Townsend) are planning on getting married. Sue Ladd fears that Bill's ministerial background and Carol Lee's show business background are definitely NOT hand-in-glove. And Sue'll be sore at me for saying this but it's gospel! . . . Alan, by the way, was prostrated for three days in England by the news that Jezebel, his favorite dog, had died of poisoning. . . . Ursula Thiess went to Ciro's by her lonesome one Wednesday night and sat in the same booth occupied the previous night by the once-married Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor. 'Twas Bob's first night away from Ursula, his new amour. . . . Idle thought: Debbie Reynolds talks too much in movie houses. . . . And somebody should tell Debra Paget that 9:30 A.M. is MUCH too early to go strolling in Beverly Hills in a taffeta cocktail dress cut down to HERE, a mink stole—and bare-foot!

QUICK QUOTES:

Jimmy Stewart walked up to Ray Milland after a screening of *The Thief* and said, "Ray, if I could only act like you!" . . . I told Shirley Booth she deserves an Oscar for her acting in *Come Back, Little Sheba*. She replied, "It was such a pleasant experience working in California, it would only seem like gilding the lily to have an Oscar for it" . . . Olivia deHavilland asked Cobina Wright how she thought Olivia's starring role in *My Cousin Rachel* ought to be played. Cobina replied, "Play it like the kind of woman we all know, dearest Olivia—the kind who can attend the same party with her lover without another soul there knowing that they ARE lovers!" . . . Rock Hudson writes from England, where he's reported feuding with his *Toilers Of The Sea* co-star, Yvonne De Carlo: "As yet I haven't found a girl who is attractive enough to make me lose my head."

FUNNIES:

Eavesdropped in Schwab's: "I refuse to believe that dollar bills carry germs. A germ couldn't live on a dollar today!" . . . Scott Brady says he knows a tobacco outfit that wants to sponsor Bishop Fulton Sheen's television show and advertise a cigarette called Holy Smoke! . . . Oddest sight of the month: MacDonald Carey standing in horrified silence while the priest baptized his fourth child—using the wrong name! . . . David Selznick



Stewart



Brady

buries his head in a pillow and mumbles into it while interviewing secretarial applicants. The gal who hears him best gets the job. . . . James Wong Howe, the ace cameraman, was getting ready to shoot Tallulah Bankhead in her first movie in years, *Main Street To Broadway*. Tittered Tallulah, "Throw away that gauze you were going to shoot me through, James—the only way you can cover up MY wrinkles is by shooting me through linoleum!"

Rocky Cooper went to the Marion Davies party for Johnnie and Marilyn Ray with Gary but almost wound up solo when Dusty Miller caught Coop's ear while he was en route to the washroom. . . . Chata Wayne staged to the same party with Patricia Vanderbilt, who the very next day sued Cornelius Vanderbilt for divorce. . . . Some sideline observers think that the thing that broke up Barbara Stanwyck and Ralph Meeker was the news leak that Ralph is only 29, compared to Babs' ??? . . . Before Rita Hayworth left for Paris she promised Aly Kahn she would try to guide her life, not his. Rita knew all along she could never control the latter. . . . Dorothy Arnold DiMaggio, Joe's ex-wife, had some photos taken by Tom Kelley, the photog who shot that famous calendar photo of Marilyn Monroe!

SEX APPEAL:

Jane Wyman displayed the prettiest legs in town at the Masquers Revels, a benefit for the Motion Picture Country Home and Hospital. Janie danced and sang the part of a burlesque cutie. . . . When will glamorous movie stars learn that glamorous movie stars don't sit at drugstore counters in Hollywood eating tuna fish sandwiches—and I'm not naming names! . . . Lex Barker is happier making Westerns than he is in the *Tarzan* pictures, because in the Westerns he doesn't have to shave his chest. . . . And leave it to Lex, Dale Robertson and Tab Hunter to cop all the beefcake honors posing in abbreviated swimsuits poolside at the opening of the new Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas.

Greer Garson on the always interesting subject of Marilyn Monroe: "Marilyn is a very smart girl. Of course, she doesn't like to wear clothes—but neither do I! The big difference, I guess, is that I like to conform" . . . A fan offered Virginia Mayo a new car. A press agent asked Virginia, "Would you take it from a stranger?" And Virginia answered, "Anybody who offers me a car automatically becomes an old friend!" . . . Groucho Marx asked his five-year-old Melinda, "What do you do at school?" And Melinda replied, "We paint and go to the little girls' room."

LONG HUNCH DEP'T:

Hollywood's topmost glamor gals have been put on the defensive—and will continue that way, believe me!—by Marilyn Monroe, the likes of whose publicity hasn't been seen in this town for many a year. Among those who are going all-out for sexy publicity buildups, as a result, and de-emphasizing their home ties are Greer Garson, Jeanne Crain, Anne Baxter, Sally Forrest, and Vanessa Brown. . . . Why, do you



Wyman



Monroe

know the first gal Tallulah Bankhead, an old pal of mine, asked to meet when she arrived here from the East? Marilyn! . . . Vera-Ellen knit a sweater for Dean Miller but this is one romance that'll never knit! In fact, I have a feeling Vera will never wed as long as her mother is with her.

In preparation for her marriage to Dick Egan, watch for Ann Sothern to embrace the Catholic faith. Her daughter Patricia has also been taking instructions. . . . Janet Leigh has been studying Christian Science. . . . And a number of writers at Paramount have been attending services at Jane Russell's mother's chapel in the Valley. . . . Don't let anybody tell you it doesn't pay to be good in this town. Ann Blyth has held onto stardom without one hint of scandal. . . . John Agar, bound and determined he'll be a singer in addition to acting, is studying vocalizing. His first professional song stint was a duet on "Don't Fence Me In" for an airshow with Doris Day. . . . Mercedes McCambridge, who lost her baby, told me she has turned down one film role after another—"because my agents keep offering me scripts in which I would play 'Sadie Burke,' the same character in *All The King's Men* for which I won an Oscar. I don't want to play 'Sadie' any more, even under a different name! Aren't there ANY other parts, preferably sympathetic, that I could play?" Well, aren't there?

FINANCIAL PAGE:

Irene Dunne and Loretta Young are putting \$250,000 into a new clubhouse and other improvements for their jointly owned Ojai Valley Inn. . . . Dennis Day uses his own name, Dennis McNulty, when making business deals outside his own singing and acting profession. He says it prevents his being bilked by salespeople and others who always hike the prices when they know they're dealing with a movie star. . . . Louis Hayward has gone into millinery as a sideline. He's now a partner of Kenneth Hopkins, the hat designer. . . . John Wayne paid Chata \$1,000 a month pending the divorce, which makes her claim that she has to do her own housework seem rather silly. . . . Incidentally, Wayne paid his first wife, Josephine, the princely sum of \$60,000 alimony last year.

While making a personal appearance in connection with the opening of *The Lusty Men* in Oklahoma City, Marilyn Maxwell opened the Gideon Bible in her hotel room and found four \$20-bills. This sounds like a press agent gag but it's true, Marilyn swears! . . . Tab Hunter, who got \$250 a week (before taxes) from David Rose for co-starring with Linda Darnell in *Island Of Desire*, is now dragging down \$1,300 a week for new picture assignments. . . . Randy Scott gets \$10,000 a week when he works on his two-pictures-a-year contract for Warners. . . . Zsa Zsa Gabor enrolled her daughter, Francesca Hilton, in Mrs. James Mason's nursery school—but Zsa Zsa and Mrs. Mason, as you probably know, are not exactly devoted to each other! . . . Ginger Rogers was lurking in the shadows of the Los Angeles airport when Jacques Bergerac arrived here from Paris. Peter Shaw, Ginger's agent, met Jacques as he got off the plane and brought him to Ginger's royal presence. . . . Dick Powell and June Allyson bought 58 acres, including a lake, in Mandeville Canyon.



Young

What
TONY MARTIN
learned from
CYD CHARISSE



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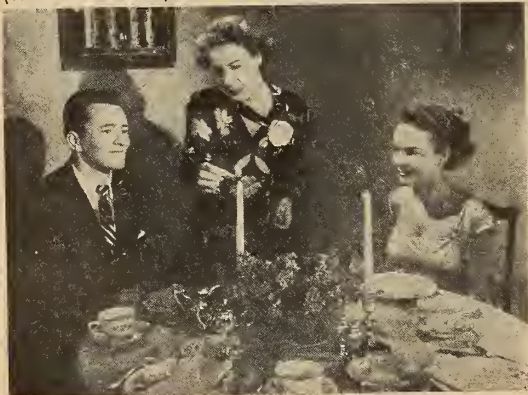
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"Doc" (Burt Lancaster) and Lola (Shirley Booth) married out of necessity. It has ruined his career and her personal pride. They try, however, to make the best of it.



"Doc," witnessing a scene between Marie, the Delaneys' boarder (Terry Moore), and the University "He-Man" (Richard Jaeckel), once more loses his faith in youth.



Lola suspects "Doc" has fallen off the wagon, but pothetically carries on the dinner she had painstakingly arranged for Marie and her hometown boyfriend.



Returning violently drunk, "Doc" goes berserk. His Alcoholics Anonymous co-workers arrive just in time to save Lola's life. They both resolve once more to try to reform.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by jonathan kilbourn

COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA

Midway in her performance as Lola Delaney, slovenly, prattling wife of an aging chiropractor, Shirley Booth trudges out on the front porch of the decayed Victorian house in which they live and calls plaintively, as is her habit, for her missing dog Sheba. The symbolism of the title thus becomes apparent; it mirrors the picture's tragic theme. This is the story of everyone who evokes the nostalgic past and all that it might have offered; who refuses to face and accept an unpleasant present and all that the future may bring. Specifically it is the story of "Doc" Delaney, a onetime medical student who is a failure, and of Lola, who is a failure as his wife. A reformed drunkard and a member of Alcoholics Anonymous, "Doc" married her years before out of sheer necessity; this forced him to give up his schooling, and under his well-bred restraint he has never forgiven or forgotten. Nor can Lola forget she was once the most popular girl at the prom. Her dreams of a lifetime romance having faded, she has taken refuge in memories as "Doc" once took refuge in drink. Then, suddenly, the Delaneys are shocked out of their longtime compromise with their fate. They take in a college girl as boarder, and she appears to be making all their own mistakes. "Fast" but healthily modern in a sense foreign to the cloistered older couple, she is able to take care of herself. "Doc," however, mistakes her actions and her motives, and turmoil comes to the Delaney household again. The ending is different from the stage play's, and so is the emphasis, but both versions are equally believable. Burt Lancaster may be too young for the part of "Doc," but he manages to bluff it out without the benefit of inordinate make-up. The girl and her boy friend are honestly played by Terry Moore and Richard Jaeckel; Daniel Mann's direction is, if anything, even more tellingly detailed than it was in the original. But it is William Inge's script and Shirley Booth's playing of it that matter most, and both seem to benefit by the increased importance of her part, for Lola, indeed, is the crux of the whole problem. *Come Back, Little Sheba*, like its subject, is painfully real. No light night's entertainment, it offers what in the long run is likely to prove far more satisfactory: a moving, brooding view of one of man's basic predicaments and in Miss Booth's performance a portrait that few will ever forget.—Paramount

BECAUSE OF YOU

An old-fashioned tear-jerker, slickly scripted and slickly played, *Because Of You* is about an innocent young dance-hall girl who goes to the big house because her boy friend dealt in dope. He never got around to telling her, it seems, what the white stuff was used for. Prison clears her mind, educates her and sends her on a high mission as a nurse. In a hospital she meets a wealthy but unhealthy airman (Jeff Chandler), so tenuously adjusted to the world that he can't be told about her prison past. With a stiff upper lip she keeps her silence and marries him. They have a baby daughter. And then her former fiancé comes back to haunt her and the truth comes out. Her husband has the marriage annulled and takes custody of the little girl. Years pass, and she can stand the separation no longer. Masquerading as "Miss Marvel, the Magic Lady," she takes a job as governess in her husband's home while he is abroad. It's a lucky thing, too, for her child is showing alarming symptoms of lack of mother love. Naturally, the inevitable confrontation scene occurs when the father unexpectedly returns. This sort of thing used to be called a woman's picture. There appears to be no reason in this emancipated age why any woman would accept its illogical premises and falsely emotional plot any more readily than would a man.

Cast: Loretta Young, Jeff Chandler, Alex Nicol.—Universal.

WAY OF A GAUCHO

Made entirely in Argentina, this film about the gauchos, or cowboys, of the last century captures the full flavor of the colorful pampas country, the Argentinian plains. More particularly, it catches the untamed spirit of the hard-riding horsemen whose lean herds of cattle made the unfenced stretches of green pampas grass their free domain. As Martin, gaucho among gauchos, Rory Calhoun personifies these people—proud, passionate, recognizing no law but their own. Martin kills a man who has insulted his patron. By gaucho custom, this is a fair fight and an honorable one, but under new laws formulated by city folk he is arrested and sentenced to service with the militia. This fans his resentment against the remorseless march of civilization that means roads and railways, cultivation and fences and an end to the gaucho's ways. Bred in the undisciplined democracy of the pampas lands, Martin finds Army rules and regulations more than he can take. He deserts and wins leadership of other outlaws who have taken refuge in the hills behind the plains. Behind him he leaves Teresa (Gene Tierney), a wealthy young woman whom he once saved from Indian raiders and whom he has learned, in spite of the difference in their backgrounds, to love deeply. The rest of the film tells a double story, of the gaucho's fight with the authorities and of Martin's desperate attempts to make Teresa his wife. The separate strands of narrative are tied effectively to the scenario's main theme: the age-old struggle of the past against giving way to the present. And although one's sympathy is directed to Martin and his kind, even they recognize that the battle is a hopeless one. This gives the story of high adventure a tragic overtone that makes it more than just an historical "Western," south-of-the-equator style.

Cast: Rory Calhoun, Gene Tierney, Richard Boone, Hugh Marlowe.—20th Century-Fox.



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THE PRISONER OF ZENDA

In the critical terms of the trade, the question, "How was the production?" is likely to mean how much did it cost and how was the money spent. In this case the answer is very much and very well. For the story of *The Prisoner Of Zenda* is a pretty timeworn tale, and it's a wonder anyone thought of remaking it. It's a greater wonder that they remade it so successfully. Fast-moving and full of Technicolor fantasies, it feasts the eye with fabulous swordplay and the ear with verbal riposte, so that a story so essentially old-fashioned suddenly doesn't seem quite so silly any more. *The Prisoner Of Zenda* is about the visit of a late 19th century Englishman (Stewart Granger) to one of those mythical middle European nations, just before a new king is crowned; how the king-to-be (Granger again) is incapacitated at the last moment and the proper Britisher, who happens to be his double, is persuaded to take over for the coronation ceremony. Naturally the hero falls headlong into a romance with his look-alike fiancée (Deborah Kerr) and there is as much heart-bleeding as blood-letting in the film thereafter. Not unexpectedly, there are a number of villains on the scene; the worst of these (James Mason) has the gift of charming blather, and in his relaxedly wormwood mood he is allowed to comment on the action and set an arched-eyebrow pace for the production. *The Prisoner Of Zenda* is not to be taken too seriously, but not to be entirely discounted either. For everyone concerned it's something of a lark.

Cast: Stewart Granger, Deborah Kerr, James Mason, Robert Douglas, Jane Greer.—MGM.

PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE

Plymouth Adventure concerns the first little band of settlers who crossed the Atlantic on the Mayflower seeking freedom to work, think and pray in their own individual fashion. From any point of view a film like this is an enormous undertaking. It is basic history, deeply rooted in the American mind and emotion. These, after all, were the "founding fathers." It is also an epic tale of heroism and hardship so complex in what led up to it and so complicated in what came out of it that perhaps the subject is too wide even for the length of an extended feature film. Wisely, therefore, the story has been held to the actual sea voyage. Some of the scenes of ocean storm are among the most vivid ever made, dramatic in their picturization of wind, wave and battered vessel, of starving, thirsty humans crowded like cattle below deck on a wooden ship. These mass effects make for moving moments, and these portions of the picture come alive. Less can be said for the love story that rears its ugly, all-too-expected head. Evidently feeling their picture needed a personal focus, the scriptwriters have created in skipper Christopher Jones a gaunt and guilt-ridden man who hates all passengers until his sight falls on Mrs. William Bradford, wife of a Puritan leader. Played by Spencer Tracy and Gene Tierney with all the dignity they can muster, these characters never are quite realized. And so, after all, the film as a whole lacks the focus that is supplied fitfully by the fine character performers (Leo Genn and Barry Jones, in particular) and forcibly, when the occasion arises, by storm and sea.

Cast: Spencer Tracy, Gene Tierney, Leo Genn, Van Johnson, Barry Jones.—MGM.

SPRINGFIELD RIFLE

A better-than-average melodrama about a man of action who is also a man of conscience, *Springfield Rifle* features Gary Cooper in the type of role you expect to see him in. It's a part that fits him like the green buckskin jacket he wears through much of the film, and he plays it with his usual moody sensitivity, and the scriptwriters have given him plenty to do. In this case it's a double job: setting up the U. S. Army's first counter-espionage outfit, and trying out the Springfield, first weapon in the esteem of the cavalryman and footsoldier for so long. The story is set in a Midwestern fort, held by the Union forces, in the middle of the Civil War. Cooper is Major Lex Kearny, unit commander making a daring and final try to bring a much-needed column of horses and pack mules over snowbound and rocky country to the fort, so that the North can mount a spring offensive. Everybody knows that spies are forewarning Southern sympathizers of such trips, but when Kearny spots a raiding crew, figures himself outnumbered and tries to escape with his men unscathed, he is cashiered from the Army for his pains. The rest of the movie tells of his efforts to rehabilitate his fortunes with his country and his wife (Phyllis Thaxter), who doesn't understand because she can't be told. The way the scriptwriters manage it, it's pretty exciting stuff, with Kearny becoming a secret agent so he can discover who the spies really are. In this average-length movie, he has time to find out, for there are none of the fancy furbelows of side-plots that mar and interrupt so many otherwise intelligent melodramas. And perhaps because there are no side-plots to dissipate interest, *Springfield Rifle* holds that interest to the end.

Cast: Gary Cooper, Phyllis Thaxter, Paul Kelly, Philip Carey.—Warners.

THE IRON MISTRESS

The "iron mistress" of the title turns out to be nothing more than a Bowie knife. But if some may be misled by the variety of excitement the movie has to offer, excitement it provides a-plenty. For this is the violent history of James Bowie (Alan Ladd), the knife's inventor. The year is 1825. Young Bowie, a backwoodsman from the Louisiana bayou country, wins a hard-fought fight with his two brothers by a well-aimed blow with a blade. This is just fraternal roughhouse, it becomes clear, with the prize a much sought-for trip to New Orleans to sell some lumber from the family saw-mill. When Bowie gets to the city his knife-work takes on a far more serious complexion. His business duties fade before the vision of a hard-bitten beauty named Judalon (Virginia Mayo), and he fights a duel over her—first in a long and complicated series of fights and feuds he is due to engage in. Judalon is the direct or indirect cause of them all, and she turns out not to be worth all the trouble. This is the stuff that spectacles are made of—a romantic mixture of fact and fiction, full of the clash of steel on glinting steel, of colorful Creole costumes, fraught with death, flight and destruction. It is not, however, the stuff that acting feeds on. Ladd & Co. are kept so busy dashing about the rapidly changing scenery that they have little time to act as more than puppets. There's hardly a dull moment and hardly a logical, believable one.

Cast: Alan Ladd, Virginia Mayo, Douglas Dick, Alf Kjellin, Phyllis Kirk.—Warners.

THE STOOGES

If *The Stooge* is seldom as hilarious as the funnier portions of some past Martin-Lewis pictures, taken as a whole it is a far more enjoyable film. Slapstick humor can be pretty stultifying, once all the practical variations of pratfalls are played. *The Stooge* has more to offer: an endearing characterization. In this case Jerry Lewis, whose comic ability has long been obvious and sometimes too evident, has been persuaded to tone his performance down so that all can see there is a human side to the talented young man. The little demon has turned into an artful and often touching urchin—an ungainly, not too intelligent but not unattractive boy with a very good heart and an unholy ability to get himself into impossible situations. The situation in this case consists of acting as a stooge to a performer (effectively played by Dean Martin) whose ego is larger than his job as singer in oldtime vaudeville houses. Naturally, Jerry takes over the act. Although allowed no billing and paid but a pittance, he makes it a smashing success. The plot pits the self-conscious pride of the sophisticated song-and-dance man against the innate modesty of his simple second man. Bumbling and fumbling through his adolescence on "the road," Jerry becomes a man (he meets a girl named Frecklehead) and, admiring Martin's kind and beautiful wife (Polly Bergen), tries to make a man of his partner. *The Stooge* holds hope that Lewis may yet develop into a topnotch comic actor.

Cast: Jerry Lewis, Dean Martin, Polly Bergen, Marion Marshall—Paramount.

THE STEEL TRAP

The only question ament *The Steel Trap* is the one about why nobody ever made a picture on the subject before. Make no mistake about it, this is a beautifully conceived and executed suspense film; in fact, a natural. There is a lot of virtue—and a lot of suspense—in sheer simplicity. The trap of the title is a big bank vault. Joseph Cotten, as a junior executive at the Los Angeles City Bank, has worked in and around it for 11 years. And yet it is all in one moment that temptation comes and makes him forget everything that has seemed important to him before: his standing as an up-and-coming businessman in the community, as a husband to his lovely wife (Teresa Wright) and as a proud father. He sees his chance, and he takes it; he begins to make plans to steal \$1,000,000. First Cotten has to decide how to get away with the loot; he learns there are no extradition agreements between the U. S. and Brazil. Then there is the problem of passports; visas are hurried for no man. This leads to the first of a thousand frightening delays. But by now he has the money; it is a week-end, and the embezzlement won't be discovered until the bank re-opens on Monday. As the hours pass and Saturday slips into Sunday, the suspense grows greater, gradually reaching such steel-tautness as to be almost unbearable. Will the absconding banker get away with his crime and if he does will he ever sleep soundly again? Cotten and Miss Wright make the couple they play as real as the couple next door. This is a portrait of a man on the lam, not a picture about how he got that way. But within its smaller sphere it carries the agony of real pity, captured in the man's loneliness, the wife's despair, the shocked suspicion of outsiders.

Cast: Joseph Cotten, Teresa Wright.—20th Century-Fox.

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Even in Hollywood,
it's a shock when a couple
with a three-month-old baby
break up. The Dale Robertsons,
back together again,
are trying hard to prove
they're *not* . . .

too young for marriage

BY RICHARD DEXTER



A week before their separation, Dale and Jackie attended the gala Hotel Sahara opening in Las Vegas. No one noticed anything wrong between them. The suddenness of the split came as a surprise to most of the movie industry.

■ Suddenly one day, after a little more than a year of marriage, and three months after the birth of his baby daughter, Rochelle, Dale Robertson got up from his favorite chair in his Reseda home and calmly announced to his wife, Jackie, that he had come to the conclusion their marriage had been a mistake. Then he slipped on a jacket and walked out of the house.

This report is being written a week after that happened, and this writer has just finished talking to Mrs. Robertson on the telephone. Right now, tonight, Dale is back home—and the daily newspapers tomorrow will carry the stories of the reconciliation. But it really isn't a reconciliation, because this is the way my conversation with Mrs. Robertson ended:

"Then Dale is back home," I said.

"Temporarily," said Jackie Robertson.

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"Well," she said, "Dale is home now and we are trying to talk things out."

"Then may I tell the readers of MODERN SCREEN that you are back together again temporarily?"

"Yes, you can," said Jackie. "That's the way it is right now—and neither one of us knows if it will be any more than that later."

This was pretty honest talk for Hollywood, very unusual, indeed. Although she has been reported to be seriously broken up by the separation, Jackie Robertson is facing the facts and will not kid herself or anyone else. She is by no means casual about the matter, either. She feels deeply that somewhere she or her husband failed, and she will not make light of the situation by denying that it is a tragedy, nor will she cover her sorrow with a masquerade of lies.

According to their friends, the people who have known (Continued on page 21)

them longest in Hollywood, the handwriting has been on the wall for sometime. The decision to separate was no sudden whim. Although there have never been any violent quarrels in the family, there has been, for a long time, a coolness that their friends felt could only result in the smash of the marriage.

However, no marriage, particularly one between two such young and earnest people, should be written off as a simple mistake. There must always be reasons why, small reasons maybe, but reasons that when piled together make a huge smothering complaint. We decided to talk to their friends and try to find out just what did happen; what came before the casual walk-out.

No person who knows them can deny that Dale Robertson was sure he was in love when he married Jackie. And her closest girl chums will tell you that Jackie was ecstatically happy on her wedding day—and believed with all her heart that she would remain Mrs. Dale Robertson for the rest of her days. It was a fine wedding, with about 50 guests present. It was held at the home of Jackie's parents, high in the Hollywood hills overlooking the city. Everyone was very pleased about the match, particularly Jackie's parents, who were proud that their daughter had snagged such a handsome, successful young man. No, despite the fact that it was a sudden marriage—and that Dale proposed the first night he dated Jackie, there was no reason to hope for anything but the best on the day that Jackie and Dale got married.

One of the first things a person must look for in inspecting the remains of a broken marriage is for evidences of diversified interests. Well, in the case of Dale and Jackie, their major interest is horses—and it is a passion with both of them. And

I SAW IT HAPPEN

One late afternoon during World War II I was making a hurried trip to town in a not-too-clean one-and-a-half ton "G.I." truck from Walla Walla Army Air Base where I was a chauffeur. Riding with me was a sergeant who was in charge of the supplies I was to pick up in town.

As we were leaving the base, we saw a corporal standing waiting for a bus to town.

"Shall we give him a ride?" I asked.

"It's O.K. with me, but he rides in the back!" growled the sarge.

We pulled up and I yelled, "Want a ride, corporal?" The soldier grinned and climbed nimbly into the back where he had to stand during the noisy windy ride to town. Once there he jumped out, said, "Thanks a lot," and gave me what is now a very famous smile.

I have often wondered what Alan Ladd thought of that wild ride.

Mrs. Elaine Denton
Everett, Washington



it was not something one taught the other. Jackie was a fine horsewoman long before she ever met Dale, and would rather spend the day in a riding ring than anywhere else in the world.

Another thing to look for is another man—or another woman. There is neither in this case. Dale frankly admits he is a

flirt, that he likes to wink at the "fillies," but, as one woman he knows puts it: "He's a million miles away from you after that wink. I don't think he could ever concentrate on another woman long enough to get himself in trouble." In the case of Jackie, she has been too busy starting a home and having a baby to even look at another man. No, there is no triangle.

THE trouble, then, must lie deeper and we think that the entire matter can be summed up in what Dale is reported to have said to Jackie when he left. "I'm not ready for marriage and raising a family yet," he is said to have told her just before he left the house. And he is probably right.

One close friend of the Robertsons freely suggests that the fact that their baby turned out to be a girl had something to do with it. This, of course, is nonsense, but it can not be denied that the fact the child wasn't a boy did have an effect on Dale's happiness. He was so sure his wife was going to give him a son that he bought the kid a wardrobe long before the date of the blessed event. A real western wardrobe, which he could wear when he was a couple of years old. And to cinch the fact that this just wasn't a gag, he even bought a pony. Dale loves his daughter, but he is no doubt still bearing the scars of disappointment at not having been presented with a son.

Another friend suggested that Dale was beginning to believe the publicity he read about himself in the papers. Well, he would hardly be human if he didn't get a bit of a swelled head from what he reads about himself. In little more than a year he has zoomed from practically anonymity to stardom—and has become the number-one boy in the fan mail sweepstakes at his studio. And the critics have been kind to

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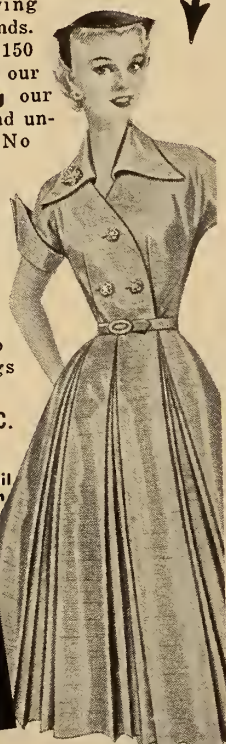
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him, calling him such nice things as another Gable. It would have to be a pretty stodgy type of guy that wouldn't change just a little bit after that, particularly, as Dale did, if a man had spent several years bucking adversity to reach his goal.

We have heard it said often that he had gone high hat—no longer talked to people on the lot who were once his pals. Well, they say that about every new star at one time or another. The point to remember is that when he was a nobody no one would have noticed if he hadn't spoken or returned a greeting. They do when a man becomes a star—and the root of most accusations of this sort generally is in the accuser's mind.

We would say, after a careful analysis of the matter, that the reasons for the separation lie somewhere in the middle of these facts and suppositions. There is some truth in all of the charges, but in no one of them enough power to break up a marriage. And there are other things.

For instance, outside interests. For more than a year Dale has had a baseball club, composed of friends at the studio and in his neighborhood. The team plays on a diamond in the San Fernando Valley at least three times a week, at night. For the first few months after they were married Jackie attended all the games. But later on, as the weather grew cooler, she began to stay home once in a while. Then, after she became pregnant, she stopped going altogether. Well, that meant that Dale was out three nights a week playing ball—and possibly another night or two on business or at one of his other hobbies, like horses. Jackie, then, was home a good deal alone—and any woman, no matter how valid her husband's reason, gets a little sick of that. Another contributing cause, we believe, is the fact that Dale is so crazy about golf that whenever he is not working, he will spend every day chasing a little white ball around a course.

Now let's look at some of Jackie's problems. The most important thing is that she has a complex about Dale not liking her cooking. When she was married, like so many other brides, she knew absolutely nothing about cooking. She couldn't even make coffee. But she wanted to run her own kitchen, so she decided to learn. Well, a tough testing ground is a husband's stomach—and it may be that Dale didn't feel he deserved this and consequently he ate home as little as he could. One of Jackie's friends said that she would prepare a fancy dinner and Dale would nibble a bite or two and then push his plate away, claiming he was full. And Jackie is reported to have stormed once that she didn't think he was sneaking off with another woman—but she *did* think he was sneaking his meals someplace, because a big guy like him had to eat more than Dale did to stay alive.

Another friend of Jackie told us that she thought Jackie was too young for a successful marriage. True, she was only 19, but many, many girls marry at that age and it lasts a lifetime. But Jackie was a bit younger than her years. She had been indulged by her parents to the point that many people claimed she was spoiled. She had never had to get out and earn her own living. She modeled a little after getting out of school and worked in one picture at 20th Century-Fox. That was all. Maybe she was a little inexperienced for the job of coping with the butcher and baker and running a home.

Yes, the little things sometimes pile up and smash a marriage. For instance there was the time a few months ago that Jackie took Dale's favorite dog, a German shepherd named Blaze, to the golf club across from the studio where Dale works. Somehow the animal got out of the car and was

hit by a passing auto and killed. Dale was inconsolable for a long time—and they say he blamed Jackie for the pet's death.

This writer had a chance to observe Dale and his wife together for a few days in Las Vegas, Nevada, a week before they broke up. It was at the opening of the fabulous Sahara Hotel and everyone was having a gay time. At the time we didn't honestly pay much attention, never suspecting, of course, that anything was wrong. But now that we look back on it everyone seemed to be having a lot of fun but Dale and Jackie. Sure they sat together at dinner and went to the shows together, but something was lacking. As we look back they did not appear to be delighted with each other's company.

THERE is one place in a studio where all the gossip is known, and all the situations cooking on the lot are evaluated and conclusions, more often right than wrong, are reached. That place is the mail room. Here the studio messengers congregate and cover the entire studio many times a day making their rounds with letters and messages. We checked a good source in the 20th Century-Fox mail room for an opinion—a consensus on whether or not Dale and Jackie Robertson would work their problem out and continue with their marriage.

The consensus was that they *would* not.

This is a pretty inaccurate forecast, we hope, because it is an unhappy one. But we are inclined to go along with it. We have the feeling that Dale and Jackie right now just don't want to iron things out—or are not ready to face the fact that somebody is going to have to make some concessions—one or the other.

When we spoke to Jackie she didn't have a hopeful ring in her voice, not at all the kind of ring you'd expect to hear from a girl whose husband had just come home after a parting that looked like the end. She admitted that they were going to make a stab at it again, but she seemed to have little enthusiasm for it—maybe because she believes herself that it won't work.

Dale Robertson will be around a long time. He's got the movies by the tail—and he's hanging on. But he's not going to be a happy man for a long while if this current reconciliation doesn't take. Dale is the kind of fellow who calls women "Ma'm." He takes just about everything seriously, certainly something as big in a man's life as his marriage. Even if he doesn't really know what the matter is now, he will someday—and then it might be too late. **END**

(Dale Robertson will soon be seen in 20th Century-Fox's *Farmer Takes A Wife.*)

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FROM THE MOVIES

BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE—Lee-Ah-Loo; *You Do Something To Me*, by Mario Lanza (Victor).

RCA Victor just signed the temperamental tenor to a new contract after a big fight about terms. If his latest shenanigans haven't cost him too many fans, these sides should do very nicely, though some of us still can't share the general enthusiasm for his vocal style.

BIG SKY—*When I Dream* by Bob Eberly* (Capitol).

EVERYTHING I HAVE IS YOURS—title song by Billy Eckstine* (MGM); Roger Coleman (Decca).

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN—*Anywhere I Wander* by Fran Warren (MGM).

By the time you read this, MGM will have some new versions out of several songs from this picture, sung by Mr. & Mrs. Frank Loesser—he's the talented tunesmith who wrote the score.

JUMPING JACKS—*I Know A Dream When I See One* by Dean Martin* (Capitol).

HOLLYWOOD'S BEST—Rosemary Clooney & Harry James** (Columbia).

Hollywood's Best is not the title of a movie. It's the name of a new LP record on which Rosemary Clooney sings, and Harry James and his orchestra play, eight evergreen songs that won the annual awards of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. An ideal gift.

The Continental (from *The Gay Divorcee*), 1934.

Sweet Leilani (from *Waikiki Wedding*), 1937.

Over The Rainbow (from *The Wizard Of Oz*), 1939.

When You Wish Upon A Star (from *Pinocchio*), 1940.

You'll Never Know (from *Hello, Frisco, Hello*), 1943.

It Might As Well Be Spring (from *State Fair*), 1945.

On The Atchison, Topeka & The Santa Fe (from *The Harvey Girls*), 1946.

In The Cool, Cool, Cool Of The Evening (from *Here Comes The Groom*), 1951.

Altogether, these songs make a delightful set and offer some of the best work ever waxed by Rosemary and Harry.

POPULAR

ALAN DALE—*Laugh, Clown, Laugh*** (Coral).

ALAN DEAN—*Give Me Your Lips*** (MGM).

Apologies to the two Alans. Last month we credited Deon's *Let's Call It A Day* to Dale. Incidentally, *Give Me Your Lips* is from the new picture, *April In Paris*.

RICHARD HAYES—*Forgetting You** (Mercury).

FRANK SINATRA—*The Birth Of The Blues** (Columbia).

MEL TORME—*Casually** (Capitol).

JAZZ

BUDDY DE FRANCO—*King Of The Clarinet* album** (MGM).

ERIC DICKENSON—*Tenderly* (Blue Note).

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"Why don't I stop being so career-minded and go home and bake a cake, I keep asking myself," says Ann Blyth. Here's the ninth in MODERN SCREEN's new series on the art of living, written by Hollywood's top stars.



Take my word for it

by ANN BLYTH; star columnist for January



Why don't I get married—I ask myself.



People have more fun at small parties.



Kitchens should be warm and friendly.



24 I love rain—from inside, looking out!

GOING UP? I'm awfully glad that the custom of men tipping their hats when a lady enters an elevator is fading out. On a crowded elevator it was hard to keep from laughing—all the men seemed so awfully short-armed as they scrooched their heads down and were just about able to wiggle their forearms up.

I was rather surprised the other day to hear the traditional explanation of why a man takes to the outside when walking with a lady—something about the gutters being full of mud in the old days and the necessity of protecting her from getting splashed by horses galloping past. Piffle! From the time I was a little girl I had my own reason and I still like it better—the girl is on the inside because it is easier for her to see the store windows!

Suggested new custom for riding an escalator with a lady: the man should not stand on the upper step—it makes the girl feel so awfully little looking up to him. Let her have it and she can feel like a queen riding on a magic carpet—if only for a minute.

TIP TO HOLLYWOOD (and anyone else interested): Save the big parties for an extra special occasion. People have so much more fun in small groups. Actually, even at a big party, the guests work into small gatherings anyway. How many people can you really talk to at a time . . . and be actually warm with and gay? Not ten, I bet. They would have to be your ten oldest and closest friends . . . then certainly not 20, or 50! The bigger the party the less the intimacy; the less the intimacy the colder the party. (Besides—if you happen to know a funny story and tell it at a big affair there is sure to be someone else who has heard it before. At a small affair you at least have a fighting chance of putting it over!) Add constant interruptions as new guests arrive and further introductions have to be made—and whole batches of strangers find themselves looking at each other with baffled eyes!

Actress named Blyth overheard talking to herself: "Why don't you try for pictures in which you can sing more? Why don't you try for comedies—parts like the one you had with Robert Montgomery in *Once More, My Darling*? Why don't you see about doing a play again . . . and get that gratifying feeling of really being an actress when you walk out in front of a new audience every night? Why don't you get married? Why don't you . . . oh, why don't you stop being so career-minded and go home and bake a cake or take

a long and languorous bath or set your hair or something?"

Which reminds me of baths and kitchens and things like that:

BATHS I LIKE, but showers I don't. Yet when I finally talk myself into taking a shower I feel wonderful afterwards. Of course, with a bath I not only feel wonderful afterward, I feel wonderful *during*. Kitchens—could it be possible for designers of kitchens and the things that belong to kitchens to make them look less like clinics? All that spotless white and chrome—you feel like you are about to operate rather than cook a meal. It's a wonder someone hasn't yet written a movie scene in a kitchen in which the cook calls out her orders like a surgeon: "Paring knife! Mixer! Spatula! Pot! . . ."

To me the kitchen is the foundation of the house. It should be a friendly, warm place, maybe in reds and browns, with wood and brick; a place where the kettle sings and there are chairs and a table and that's where you want to be . . . not where you go to "perform" with food.

When I got home from school as a child I used to go straight to the kitchen . . . to sit at the table for a snack . . . and chatter, chatter to mother about the day's adventures. (Which reminds me of the afternoon when I *really* had an adventure to tell her about—the traditional one. I was about seven and this man drove up in a shiny black car and asked me if I liked candy and said he would drive me to the store and get me some if I got in the car!) I can still see myself at the table, with a sandwich in one hand and a big glass of milk in the other, feeling so important as I told my mother all about this . . . !

I LEARNED TO COOK EARLY and still love to cook. But do today's kitchens pull at little girls like this . . . these scrupulously white chambers where you are disgraced if you happen to drop something, or, perish forbid, get a spot on anything?

There is a stage kitchen I will always remember . . . the one in the play, *The Watch On The Rhine*, in which I had the role of Babette during its Broadway run. I was 13 then, and

(Continued on page 69)

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Butter Knife	1.65
Sugar Spoon	1.65
Serving Spoon	3.25
Pierced Vegetable Server	3.25
Jelly Server	2.15
Long Server	4.25
Sugar Tongs	2.15
Cheese Server, hollow handle ...	3.75
Soup Ladle, hollow handle	8.00
Punch Ladle, hollow handle	16.00
Pierced Tablespoon	1.64
Carving Set, roast	14.75
Carving Set, game	12.75
Carving Set, steak	9.75

The most wonderful gift of all!

A 52-piece service for 8 in Holmes & Edwards — the silverplate with the look and feel of sterling — is only \$74.95. Comparable service in sterling would be \$200 more! Your dealer's Club Plan makes it available immediately for only a small down payment.

From the
HOLMES & EDWARDS
Collection

Sandpaper Hands feel *Caressable* in 10 Seconds!



Cashmere Bouquet *Hand Lotion*

Absorbs Like A Lotion . . . Softens Like A Cream!

Now—in just 10 seconds! . . . “Sandpaper Hands” are smoothed and softened to lovely “Caressable Hands” with lanolin-enriched Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion! Your thirsty skin seems to drink up Cashmere Bouquet—it dries without stickiness, leaves your hands so caressably smoother, softer, younger-looking! And of course, they’re romantically scented with the famous Cashmere Bouquet “fragrance men love”!

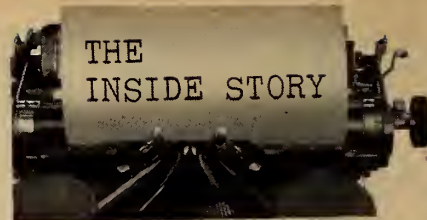
NEW! Cashmere Bouquet
French Type **Non-Smear** Lipstick!



*Stays Moist!
Stays Bright!
Stays On!*



25¢ and 43¢



continued from page 4

A. Her studio has requested her not to publicize them.

Q. Can you tell me if Esther Williams is near-sighted and has to wear contact lenses? —B. G., ELMIRA, N. Y.

A. Yes.

Q. How many children does Rhonda Fleming have? Is she really a Mormon? —J. J., RICHFIELD, UTAH

A. Rhonda has one son of her own; she is of the Mormon faith.

Q. I understand that Bing Crosby's wig costs more than \$500. How come a wig is so expensive? —D. Y., SANTA FE, N. M.

A. Crosby owns no wig, wears one in films bought and paid for by Paramount Studios; average cost is \$85.

Q. Does Jack Benny's daughter Joan plan to marry Vic Damone? —I. F., PALO ALTO, CAL.

A. No.

Q. If I recall correctly Ava Gardner used to date Fernando Lamas, and Lana Turner used to date Frank Sinatra. In view of this how come Ava and Lana are such good friends? —B. Y., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. Misery loves company.

Q. Does Lex Barker pay alimony to his two ex-wives? —G. U., PORT CHESTER, N. Y.

A. He supports his children by a previous marriage; Arlene Dahl, wife number two, receives no alimony.

Q. Are John Hodiak and Anne Baxter breaking up their marriage? —O. G., PORTLAND, ORE.

A. Just having career trouble.

Q. Now that they've divorced whom do Mona Freeman and Pat Nerney go out with? —E. R., PELHAM, N. Y.

A. Pat dates Peggy Ann Garner; Mona occasionally sees Howard Hughes.

Q. Will Bob Taylor marry Ursula Thiess? Doesn't she have four children by a previous husband in Germany? —E. R., ATLANTA, GA.

A. Miss Thiess has two children in Germany; Taylor has not as yet declared his intentions.

Q. Is it all over between Gary Cooper and Pat Neal? Is that why Pat went East? —N. G., ELKTON, MD.

A. Yes on both counts.

Q. Haven't Piper Laurie and producer

Leonard Goldstein been secretly married for eight months?

—D. R., DANVILLE, VA.

A. No.

Q. Why does Olivia DeHavilland hire a private detective to watch her son in Beverly Hills? Has she received a kidnap threat?

—Y. T., YORK, PA.

A. Just a protective measure. There have been no kidnap threats.

Q. Who are the most uncooperative actors in Hollywood as regards interviews, also actresses?

—C. F., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. Actors: Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift. Actresses: Katharine Hepburn, Greta Garbo.

Q. Who earns more money, Dinah Shore or her husband, George Montgomery?

—J. U., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

A. Dinah.

Q. Is it true that Bob Mitchum's brother and Gloria Grahame's sister have been married for years?

—V. T., PHOENIX, ARIZ.

A. Yes.

Q. Why can't Larry Parks get a job in Hollywood?

—T. R., DES MOINES, IOWA

A. Producers are fearful of hiring him because of his much discussed, highly publicized political past.

Q. What broke up the Fernando Lamas-Lana Turner romance?

—E. F., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. At the Marion Davies party Lamas had one drink too many, resented vociferously Lana's dancing with Lex Barker; later had a violent argument with the actress at her home.

Q. What is the status of the Glenn Ford-Eleanor Powell marriage?

—B. D., WORCESTER, MASS.

A. Excellent.

Q. Is Bette Davis finished in Hollywood? Does she plan to remain in New York doing stage shows?

—B. D., COLUMBUS, OHIO

A. After one show in New York, Bette returns to Hollywood.

Q. Did Jane Wyman really paint that Christmas Card with her signature I have seen on sale?

—G. N., ALTOONA, PA.

A. She really did. The original oil painting was a gift to Lew Ayres three years ago.

Q. Can you tell me who are generally considered the three most beautiful actresses in Hollywood?

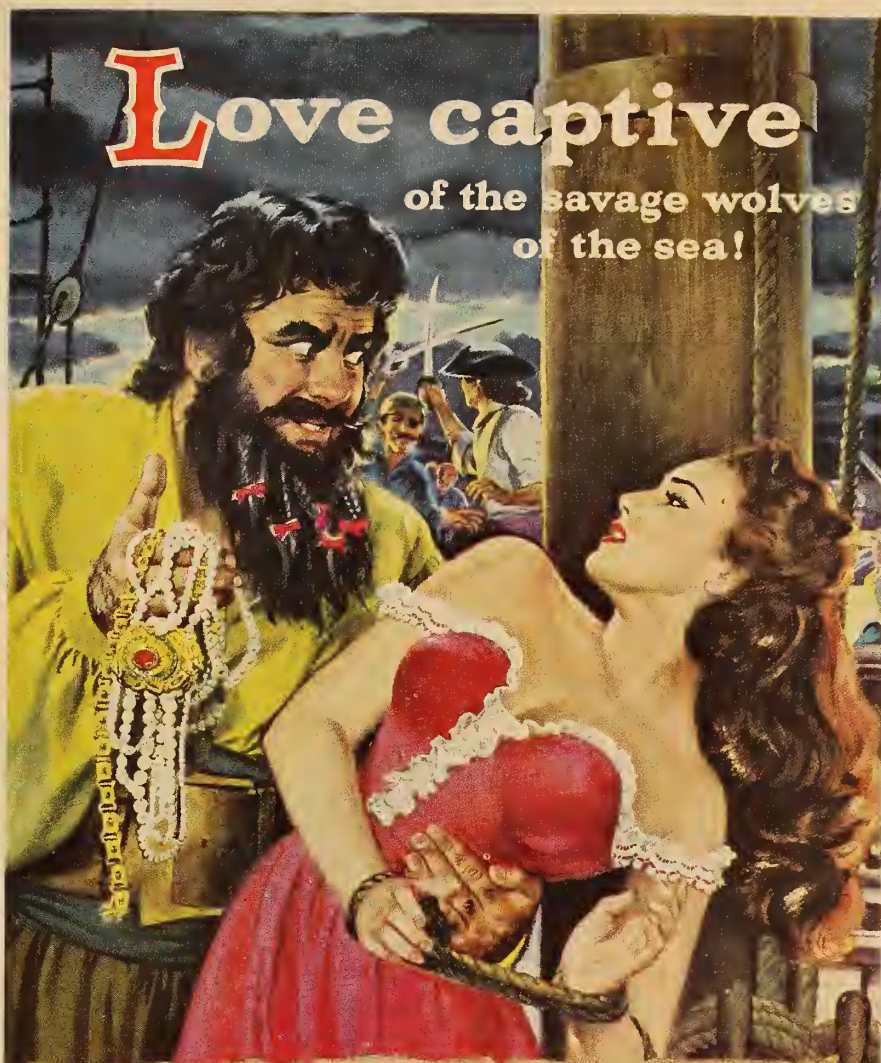
—L. K., BELMAR, N. J.

A. Ava Gardner, Maureen O'Hara, Bette Davis.

Q. Will 20th Century-Fox send me one of those nude Marilyn Monroe calendars if I write in?

—J. G., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. No.



BLACKBEARD THE PIRATE

color by **TECHNICOLOR**

starring

ROBERT NEWTON

LINDA DARNELL · WILLIAM BENDIX

with **KEITH ANDES · ALAN MOWBRAY**

AN **EDMUND GRAINGER** PRODUCTION

Directed by **RAOUL WALSH** · Screenplay by **ALAN Le MAY** · Produced by **EDMUND GRAINGER**



"Evil Eye" dares foe!

Stolen love!

Murder by mutiny!

Captive love prize!

That Ivory Look

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

*Baby beauties have it...
so can you!*

Wish you could buy a complexion as fresh and clear as baby Melissa's? Then why not spend a few minutes a day with her pure, mild Ivory Soap! That's the best beauty investment any girl can make! For more doctors, including skin doctors, advise Ivory for baby's skin and yours than all other brands of soap put together.



*Model beauties have it...
so can you!*

"I've found," says lovely magazine cover girl, Ann Moore, "that the models with the baby-fine complexions go in for baby-gentle care—pure, mild Ivory care! I know I wouldn't trust my complexion to any other soap." Should you?



99 1/2% pure...it floats



*You can have That Ivory Look
in just one week!*

Do you really know how lovely you can look? It's easy to find out! Just change to regular care and use pure, mild Ivory Soap. In just 7 days your complexion will be softer, smoother, younger-looking! You'll have *That Ivory Look*!

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap!

A MODERN SCREEN

Exclusive! The exotic
and bizarre inside
story of the
strangest love affair
Hollywood has
ever seen.

BY JIM NEWTON

love comes to marlon brando

■ Just a little more than a year ago, Marlon Brando was on his way from Hollywood to New York after completing his work in the 20th Century-Fox picture, *Viva Zapata*. Although a young man who dislikes encumbrances thoroughly, he had suddenly discovered he had two of them. One was an animal, a raccoon, which had been given to him by his mother. The other was a woman, a woman known by the single name of Movita, whom he had acquired in the usual manner: courtship.

Marlon doesn't like to face problems much, either, but he had to face one then. Should he leave the raccoon in the warm sunshine of California? Should he leave Movita in the warm sunshine of California? Or should he take one or both of them back to the frigid caverns of New York? He thought it over very carefully and made a decision. There were plenty of women in New York, but few raccoons, so he decided to leave Movita in her native state—and take the pet back home with him.

Well, he had a little difficulty on both counts. Actually, the raccoon didn't care much, although Movita did. She had been Marlon's only date for weeks and was in love with him—and she felt, as all good women do in such a circumstance, that she should be invited to go wherever he went. Love wasn't something to be balked by mileage. Marlon, after giving it some serious thought, didn't quite agree—and there was what is called in some circles a scene. In the matter of the raccoon, the railway people didn't see eye to eye with Marlon. They told him that it would be impossible for his animal to share a drawing room with him even if he did buy another (Continued on page 78)



Movita, whose real name is Mrs. Jack Doyle, met Marlon on location for *Viva Zapata*. She's been in pictures on and off since 1934, when she made *Mutiny On The Bounty* opposite Clark Gable.

Rita wants a husband to call her
own. Aly wants a wife to call on now
and then. The only thing they
agree on is love—but not with each other.

BY GISELLE la FALAISE

SO IN LOVE
SO IN LOVE
SO IN LOVE
SO IN LOVE

PARIS—The game of love along the frothier byways of European society is a devious one. As far as its Parisian members are concerned, Rita Hayworth has had two chances to score in her marriage with Aly Khan and has fluffed both times—because she doesn't know the rules. This isn't Rita's version of what has happened, of course. From everything she has done, and the little she has said, it appears that the more she catches on to the rules the less she likes the game. The trouble is—and this is typical of Rita—she can leave Aly but she can't forget him. It's even more complicated than this. Aly is devoted to her—in his way.

At a dinner party one evening which he attended without her (perfectly routine behavior for the champagne set), he was teased about Rita by an attractive table partner. This girl pretended his gallantry was being overwhelming and she threatened to tell Rita about it. The round, calf-like eyes of Monsieur le Prince Aly Khan grew serious and he turned to her squarely. "Don't do that please, ever," he begged. "I couldn't bear to hurt anyone who has never been anything but sweet to me."

Aly meant it. And this is the enigma of Rita's marriage to him. Aly is by nature a kind man. He is generous, so generous to others as well as to himself that he is occasionally strapped for cash—as Rita has reportedly (and repeatedly) complained. He is a wonderful host and has a widespread friendship for which his (*Continued on page 82*)



his kind of MAN

He's a success by Hollywood standards, but Bob Mitchum couldn't care less. Wild geese keep calling, and for him—that's life!

BY JACK WADE

Bob and Chris watch TV in their favorite get-ups—Levis and checked hunting shirts.



■ One evening last August an odd looking contraption rolled into a small Idaho mountain town and parked in a puff of dust near a small all-nite café. Outside, the strange heap resembled a sawed off Quonset-hut mounted on a Ford truck. Inside was crammed a stove, icebox, collapsible canvas boat and outboard motor, six fishing outfits, a rifle, an arbolette spear, four sleeping bags, four mattresses, two built-in beds and a cot on which a couple of tow-heads, nine and eleven, named Chris and Jim, were deep in dreamland.

From the cab descended a pair of huskies in wool shirts and Levis, dog-tired, grimed with rock dust, and damp with salmon stream water. They shook loose the kinks from their long legs and strolled inside the café for coffee. They'd hardly dumped in the sugar when a shrill gust of feminine screams and the clatter of high heels swept up like a minor tornado outside.

The bigger sportsman, Bob Mitchum, swivelled his rocky profile around, hep right away to the furor. "Oh, oh," he grunted to his pal, Tim Wallace. "Lose this!" They jumped off their stools and shot out the door, started down the street. But it was too late. A dozen girls had them boxed in. They chased Bob down the sidewalk, tackled his churning knees. One clamped on his neck and screamed, (*Continued on page 76*)



"Let's go!" is the Mitchum war-cry. Here, Bob, Chris and Jimmy load up for a hunting trip. They're bedding down the "Oochapap," Bob's trailer.



It's not family-life that makes Bob restless—he loves to take them along. Here, with Chris, Dorothy, Petrina (eight months old) and Jimmy, at home.



Bob helped build the "Oochapap" (a Cajun word for practically anything) on the RKO lot when production was dull. It cost him plenty, but, as a symbol of freedom, was worth it to Bob. He keeps it ready to roll.



The Mitchum men return from a successful deer-hunt. When they're not off in the wilds, Bob is RKO's movie-making mainstay; Chris goes to Santa Monica Canyon School; and Jimmy's at military academy.



"HERE'S MUD IN YOUR EYE," SAYS JER. "TALK TO ME LIKE THAT ONCE MORE, AND IT'LL COME UP BUBBLES," DARES PATTY



"You can't make me go in . . ."



"O.K., Patty, let's cake . . ."



"You're twisting my arm . . ."

Quickern'n you can say
 "Aloha," Jerry Lewis packed
 and flew a gang of friends
 to Hawaii—where it soon
 became obvious that
 all the nuts weren't coconuts!

BY JIM HENAGHAN

HONOLULU LOONY

■ One evening a few weeks ago, a native bell boy at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel in Honolulu, answering a call for ice water in one of the better suites, tapped gently on the door and stood silently waiting for it to open. Nothing happened, so he tapped again, louder. In a moment he was convinced he either had the wrong room or the occupant had changed his mind about ice water. Just to make sure, he tried the door handle, found it worked and stepped into the living room. It was dark, so he walked toward the terrace and deposited his tray on a table and turned to leave. Then he wished he'd never been born.

Behind the door to the terrace stood a tall, stooped figure. It wore a deerstalker cap, with the peaks flopping over the ears. It had long black hair that hung in ratty strands and partially covered the face. And that face! The eyes were squinted into evil slits. The nose was long, curved and quivered like a rabbit's. A long, silky

moustache was on the upper lip, hanging almost to the apparition's black-clad shoulders, and the mouth was pinched and lewd and pursed about half a dozen unsymmetrical teeth that jutted straight out—as though anxious to bite and carve a tic-tac-toe on a soft throat with a single nip.

The bell boy stood his ground for a terrible instant, and then with a hoarse cry shot from the suite like a meteor with good legs. He didn't stop for a breath until he reached the desk, where he began a tale of horror that had the clerk's hair on end. The man at the desk quickly went to the file and looked up the tenant of the suite. Then he went back to the bell boy and told him to take the rest of the night off and try to get some sleep. And when the boy had staggered away, he had the operator get the guest on the phone.

"Is this Mister Jerry Lewis?" he asked when the ringing telephone was answered. (Continued on page 62)

LEWIS. THEN PROVES TO HER MADCAP SPOUSE THAT THE ONLY SUITABLE MATE FOR A SCREW-BALL IS A SCREW-BELLE.



here goes nothing . . .



"You see, you drowned me . . ."



"You're cute . . . for a wife!"



The end of The Affair

This first-hand account, special to MODERN SCREEN, tells what really called a halt to the sizzling love affair between Lana Turner and Fernando Lamas.

BY IMOGENE COLLINS

■ It happened at the Marion Davies extravaganza where there were 600 guests, 20 serenading violinists, a Greek sarcophagus filled with countless magnums of champagne, and more photographers and their relatives than you could shake a stick at.

This is how it happened: Ava Gardner had no escort because her Frankie was playing the Hotel Chase in St. Louis and, besides, she was as mad as a wet hen at him. She called Lana and asked if it would be okay if she accompanied her and Fernando Lamas to the Marion Davies shindig.

Lana said it would be swell. She and Ava are great friends because they have had so much in common. Lana was married to Artie Shaw and so was Ava. Lana, for a short tempestuous period, saw no one but Frank Sinatra, and so did Ava. Gardner, however, carried the affair a step further. She married Frankie.

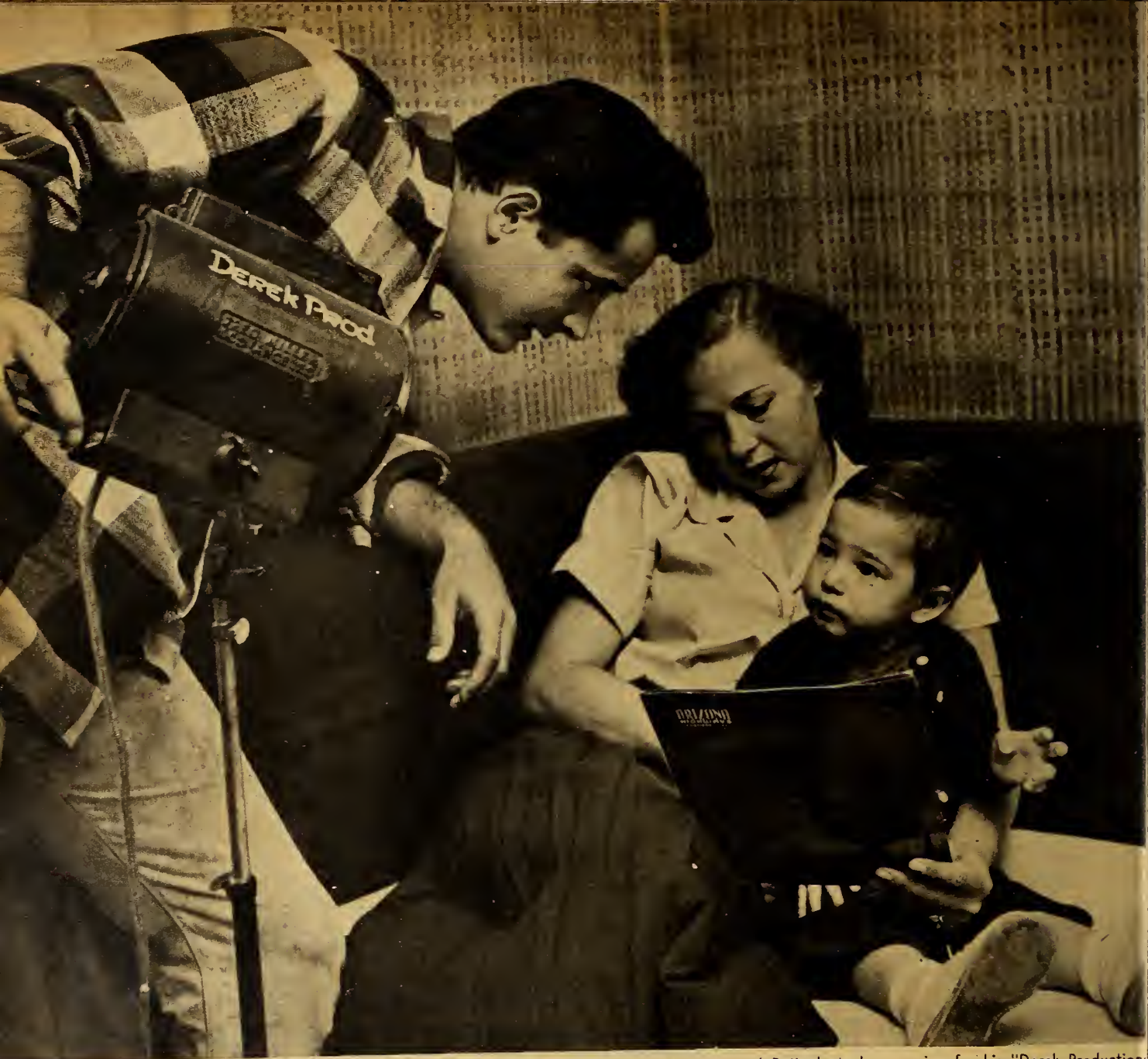
Anyway, on this fateful night in October, Lana, Ava, and Fernando Lamas drove up to the 25-room mansion of Miss Davies on Beverly Drive. Within a few minutes they were all partaking of the liquid refreshments therein offered. They danced, gabbed, had their pictures taken. (Continued on page 68)



Jealous of the attention others paid Lana at the Davies party, Lamas quarreled violently with her that night.



Lana and Ava, who shared escort Lamas, were all smiles at the party. But heartbreak was ahead for both actresses.



John's devotion to photography (which abated when he discovered wrestling) kept Russ and Pati plenty busy posing for his "Derek Production"

Derek's present passion is bull-fighting. He practices exhaustively with cape; muleta, or short cape; and sword. His teacher, an expert matador, simulates the bull.





John, Russ, and Flintlock.

daddy is a CHARACTER

John Derek is a hobby
hunter. He plays at sculpting.
He wrestles. He waxes
drift-wood. But
John's son Russ likes it best
when Pop sticks to being
a punching bag for baby!

BY ALICE HOFFMAN

■ Russell Derek, who will be three years old in April, has little conception of the fact that his father is famous, that his father is strikingly handsome, or that a good portion of the female population of the United States regard his hilltop home in Encino as the nearest thing to heaven. Russell regards his father only with the critical and loving eye of a small boy.

He can remember the days when John used to come in the nursery and look thoughtfully down at him. There was a pride in John's eyes that told Russell he was something special, and yet once in a while, particularly when Pati wasn't in the room, the senior Derek would shrug his shoulders. When, he wondered, would this small lump leave his bed and become a human being who could handle a catcher's mitt? Russ obliged in his own good time by following the course of nature and finally, in the last year, has developed into the bouncing, bursting, bombastic boy that John had pictured all along. As a matter of fact, Russ has exceeded all his father's expectations.

Ordinarily, John takes the roughhouse as a matter of course, but when he's had a long day at the studio and (*Continued on page 71*)



JEANNE CRAIN CAN POSE FOR WHISTLER'S MOTHER ANY DAY IN THE WEEK...



■ The phrase "mother-of-four" usually conjures up a mental picture that is pretty dreary. It summons an image of a creature characterized by slumping shoulders and tired eyes, whose stockings are slightly wrinkled and whose world has narrowed to the point where she is concerned solely with getting splinters out of fingers, beans out of ears and bugs out of beds.

Jeanne Crain has a quartet under six years of age and yet always manages to look like a breath of spring. Although she has servants in the house and a nurse to care for the children, a mother is still a mother and must necessarily worry through illnesses and injuries; must see to mental and spiritual development; and must take care lest she step on the sprout who is currently trying to insert a marble in her shoe. The point is that Jeanne Crain leads a life that is crammed with activity and interests, so many of them that, were she childless, her days would still be fuller than those of the average woman. Yet she comes through (*Continued on page 81*)

■ Last winter a streamlined train puffed its way along the cobweb of tracks leading into Chicago's Dearborn Station. The aisles were lined with passengers impatient to alight after the long trip from Los Angeles. Not so Gene Nelson. He still sat in his compartment, his lap strewn with papers, a pencil poised in mid-air. He gazed unseeing at the foot locker under the bed. "You know," he said, "I think I ought to do the soft shoe number before the patter about making musicals. It would give the routine a better change of pace."

His wife Miriam picked up her hat. "You know," she said, "I think you ought to collect yourself. We're coming into Chicago."

Startled, he looked out the window and saw the city's crowded skyline. "But I haven't decided yet about half the act." He ran his hand nervously through his hair. "Brother, I wish this train would just keep on going."

Chicago was Gene's first stop on a ten-week vaudeville tour. It was the first time he had been out of Hollywood in years, and it would be the first time he had been on a stage since *Lend An Ear* in 1949. He was as unstrung as a politician on election day and stayed that way until his first performance was finished.

Then he knew everything was all right. The theater had been filled to capacity and people had stood three abreast in the side aisles. The audience was with him—he could feel it—a warm feeling that rolled up over the stage in invisible waves, and the final ovation was deafening. Backstage, he pulled Miriam to him. "It's almost like a miracle," he said.

It was the first time Gene had any inkling of his popularity. Back in Hollywood he had gone on making picture after picture, and although fan mail had come in to the studio by the truckload, he had little idea of the rising tide of affection felt for him by thousands of movie goers. Nobody told him; he didn't think to ask; and if he had, any answer given by a single person in the impersonal surroundings of a business office would not have carried much weight. Taken out of Hollywood, where the citizens are rather blasé about movie stars, and plunged into the bright lights of other cities, he got the surprise of his life.

When he and Miriam left the theater in Chicago that night they were caught up in an exultant mob. Gene's immediate reaction was fright, for it is a terrifying thing to be caught in such a milling crowd. He was lifted off his feet and backed into a brick wall. He looked for Miriam, couldn't find her. Looking into the young faces before him, he realized that he was dealing with a mob of teen-agers. He recalled all the things he had read about these kids, how they went on rampages; tore up theater seats; ripped clothes from their idols, and generally behaved like escaped lunatics. He began to feel annoyed, and then one little girl directly in front of him looked up apologetically. "I'm sorry, Mr. Nelson, I can't help pushing—it's the people in back of me."

To his left, another piped up, "Where's Miriam—is she all right?"

(Continued on page 66)



Gene changed dancing shoes after each number during his vaudeville show in Chicago last winter. The ten-week tour marked his first stage appearance since *Lend An Ear* in 1949.



They had Nelson surrounded everywhere he went on tour. He says he began to know his fans and understand them for the first time. Here he is with Chicago's Keen Teen Press Club.

LIVING WITH LUCY

by Marwa Peterson



Lucille and Desi have lived in this house for 12 years.

■ By the end of the afternoon there was only one word to describe the condition of the carpet-soft lawn behind Lucy and Desi Arnaz's home. That word was "havoc." Strewn with crumpled tissue paper, balloon fragments, and other party drippings, the grass had also been rutted by dozens of baby-strollers and perambulators, while the rock garden had been gradually relocated by a half-dozen two-year-olds.

The reason for this mayhem was simple. The half-pint set of upper-crust Northridge society had gathered at the Arnaz ranch to celebrate the first birthday of Lucie Desiree.

"Honey," cried Desi as one of the grim realities of fatherhood suddenly dawned on him, "do we do this every year?"

"Of course," said Lucille heartlessly. "Quick Desi, the camera. Dee Dee's going towards the cake."

Armed with an 8mm. camera and grim determination the Ricky Ricardo of TV fame converged on his cute dumpling (*Continued on next page*)

"COME LIVE WITH ME AND BE MY LOVE" SAID DESI



This glass-enclosed porch runs the length of the house, takes a lot of wear and tear off the living room. The furnishings, bought 12 years ago, have stood up very well under the strain of Lucy and Desi's many parties.



TO LUCY TWELVE YEARS AGO. AND THEY'VE LIVED, AND LOVED, IN THE SAME HOUSE EVER SINCE!

HOUSE OF THE MONTH



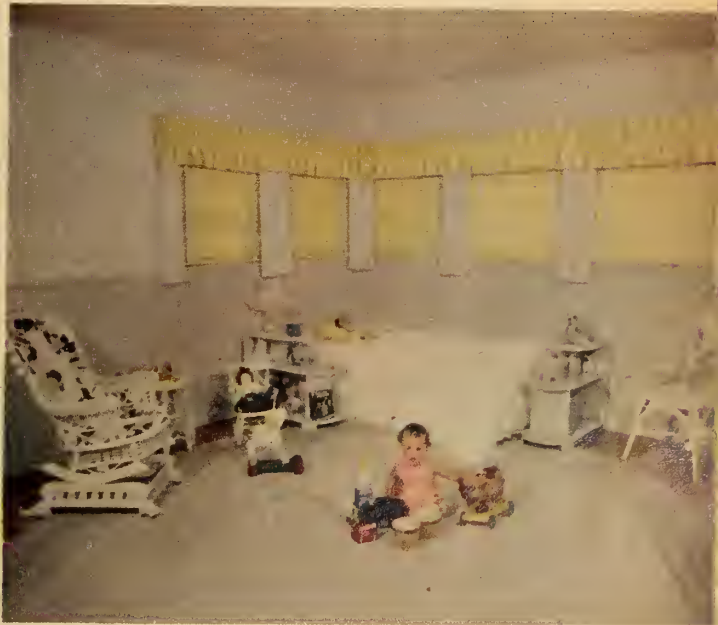
Bright red carpeting and bold cabbage-rose wallpaper give the living room a homey, comfortable look, without sacrificing the abundance of color Lucy wanted. Her antique furniture, bought years ago, is very much in vogue now.



A magnificent silver tea service graces the dining area of the living room, but Lucille and Desi have given up trying to live up to it. The cranberry glass lamp over the table is a real antique.



Yellow and grey is Lucy's favorite color combination; she used it in her bedroom, when they moved into the house, and nothing has been changed since, except to reorder the dotted Swiss. The red chair is a note of contrast.



The fabulous nursery, done in the same yellow and grey color scheme as Lucy's bedroom, was planned as a continuation of Lucy's room. It's cost came to more than the cost of the house!



Home life for the Annazes is a round of dizzy daings and quiet relaxotian. Here, they indulge in bath as Lucy keeps up a running wise-crack on the TV script Desi is reoding.



Their beloved little Desiree has her awn opartment, camplete with private patia and ployground. Her wing af the house will soon be shared with a new sister or brother.



The five ocre citrus ronch that Desi and Lucille awn is very similar to the plantation in Cuba on which Desi grew up. Even the pool is a copy af the one Desi's family hod.

living with lucy continued

of a daughter. To make things easier for him some one had lifted little Desiree onto the table. She reached for a fistful of cake. As she turned to offer some to her Daddy, her year-old legs failed her. She tottered, lost her balance and sat smack on the gooey layer cake.

The party crowd roared. Parents laughed until tears came. The kids cooed and applauded for more.

"I must say things have changed a heap around here," one of Lucille's oldest friends said to Grand-mother Ball.

Mrs. Ball mused for a moment. "Yes," she agreed, "and then again, no."

The newest factors in the lives of Lucille Ball and her Latin lover Desi are of course their new-found fame as TV stars and their new-found happiness, after years and years of trying, as parents.

When Lucille, after 11 years of marriage, discovered herself pregnant one afternoon, she quickly ordered the addition of a nursery wing to her house. The construction of which turned out to be a little less elaborate than the re-modeling of the White House. What started out to be an added room and bath soon grew into a project of PWA proportions.

Contractors pointed out to Lucy and Desi that local building codes prohibited the addition of a room that would have to be entered through an existing bathroom, an ordnance which prevented Lucy from having the baby's headquarters set on the other side of her own dressing-room-bath.

"It was murder," Lucille recalls. "For years I'd been hoping and praying for a child. Now that it was on the way I didn't care how the architect planned the nursery. All I knew was that I wanted to be able to step from my gray and yellow room into the matching gray and yellow room of my baby. It was the dream of my life. I didn't realize it would have to develop into a Federal case."

That, of course, is exactly what happened.

"Only thing to do," said the architect, "is build an addition in the shape of an inverted L."

"Okay," said Lucille. "Build it."

Then Desi came home that evening. Among other things he's a frustrated architect.

"What's going on here?" he demanded.

"An inverted L," Lucy answered nonchalantly.

Desi looked at the blue-prints. "All wrong," he said at length. "It'll take a year for the nurse to go from our kitchen to the baby's room with a warm bottle. What we need near the nursery is a kitchen." So they included an apartment-size kitchen in the new wing—also a separate heating unit, a new plumbing system, and new cabinets.

When it was all finished, Desi totaled up the cost. "Comes to \$20,000," (Continued on page 65)



Breaking her engagement didn't break Mitzi's heart. She's got a date with Fame and Fortune and she doesn't intend to stand those boys up!

BY SUSAN TRENT

No tears for Mitzi

■ It was a sweltering 11 o'clock under the blazing klieg lights on the 20th Century-Fox set of *Take Care Of My Little Girl*. The director reached for the microphone to say, "Try it again, everybody, please." But somebody beat him to it.

"Lunch everybody!" rang out a clear soprano.

Before the director could recover himself he was caught in a stampede of extras and bit-players bee-lining it for the commissary. When the dust cleared he could just make out Miss Prankster herself, Mitzi Gaynor, waving him a cheerful good-bye.

Director Jean Negulesco shrugged his shoulders. That's what he could expect from a sassy, bubbling, merry (*Continued on page 73*)



**the
christmas
they
couldn't
see**

HERE IS A HOLLYWOOD CHRISTMAS STORY, SO TOUCHING, SO INSPIRING, YOU'LL NEVER FORGET IT.

by Mike Connolly

■ It is Christmas-time in Hollywood as it is all over the world. Christmas trees are alight with the sparkling red, green and silver of Yuletide, and tinsel gleams brightly, aglow with the Christmas message of faith and good cheer. The very air seems to proclaim, "The Christ Child is born again." And all mankind rejoices anew.

I am a happy person this pre-Christmas Day. But a sad one, too—because of what I have seen. It was the sort of thing you usually don't associate with Hollywood—gay, glamorous Hollywood—and least of all during this joyous season.

I have been a guest of Esther Williams at a party—a Christmas party—and what I saw at this party made it different from all the others I've ever attended. Why was it different? There were the usual Holiday decorations, the usual bewhiskered Santa Claus, paunchy and playful in his red velvet suit trimmed with white fur, the usual distribution of gifts in their gay wrappings, the usual red-and-white striped peppermint candy canes and the open lace-work stockings ready-stuffed from the dime store— (Continued on page 80)



For three years, Esther Williams has devoted as much time as possible to the Los Angeles Nursery School for Visually Handicapped Children. She has given the school a specially built, heated swimming pool and trained swimming teachers for the kids.



The children generally tend to be afraid of the water at first. This is because they enter a new, dark world where their support seems to be gone. With proper help they are quickly waned over.

Esther reaps her reward of hugs and kisses from the affectionate children. They know her as "Aunt Esther"—movie stars mean nothing to young eyes that never shall see.



MARRIED 17 YEARS TO THE SAME WOMAN, IN LOVE BRIEFLY WITH ANOTHER—NOW GARY COOPER



STANDS ALONE MAKING HIS DECISION. • by STEVE CRONIN

COOP REBUILDS HIS LIFE

■ A tall, handsome, hollow-cheeked cartoonist named Frank James Cooper was ambling along Hollywood Boulevard one June morning, about 25 years ago. Dressed in his only suit, a worn grey tweed, he was hungry and depressed because no one would give him work as an artist. As he stopped outside a bakery to savor the sweet warm odor of freshly-baked bread, two pals he'd known back home in Helena, Montana happened along.

"How you doin', Frank?" one of them asked. "Still drawin' them funny pitchas?"

Cooper grinned wanly. "I'm selling advertising on a theater curtain," he admitted. "Know anyone who wants to buy some?"

His friends shook their heads.

"Look, Frank," the older of the two said, "that ain't no way of makin' a livin' here in Hollywood. Jess and I—we come along a good thing. We double for those big-shot movie cowboys who don't know how to ride. Whyn't you do the same?"

It took Frank Cooper all of 20 minutes to sprint from Hollywood Boulevard and Gower to the old Fox lot on Western Avenue. If there was one thing he'd learned on the Montana ranches, it was horseback-riding. Luck was with the lean, lanky youth, and he was hired as an extra at \$10 a day.

In the many years that have elapsed since that moment, which to him is still unforgettable, Gary Cooper has become recognized as one of the greatest box-office attractions in the history of the American cinema.

He has played (*Continued on page 70*)



Don't let the rugged sportsman exterior fool you. He's an astute businessman who acquired part of his education in England.



An expert marksman, Gary's never abandoned his love of the outdoors. He taught Rocky her championship skeet shooting.



Gary returned from his South Seas location to squire Rocky to the Davies party. He says, "She's a wonderful...versatile woman."

Ava is trying to save her
marriage by running away from
Hollywood. What she hasn't
learned yet is, you
can't run away from yourself.

BY MARSHA SAUNDERS

HEARTBREAK AHEAD

■ Ava Gardner, as MODERN SCREEN predicted six months ago, has left Hollywood. She will probably not return until May 1954.

Her salary for that year-and-a-half overseas, according to her new contract, will approximate \$220,000 on which she will pay no federal income tax. This is, even for Hollywood pocketbooks, not hay.

But neither is it the reason Ava's on her way East. She is clutching at the straw that will take her away from Hollywood, and, she hopes, the troubles which she believes stem from there.

Ava doesn't particularly like Hollywood. She never liked it to begin with, and since her marriage to Sinatra it's become a downright phobia with her. She feels that Hollywood is basically an atypical community in which marriages perennially hover above the precipice of disaster.

From time to time she has looked at the list of Metro contract stars, those women whom she admires and with whom she works so closely. Practically all the top-notch actresses with the exception of Jane Powell, have been divorced: Lana Turner, Cyd Charisse, Janet Leigh, Esther Williams. And it's the same at other studios.

There are so many temptations in the movie colony; so many designing and beautiful females that a marriage must have a rock-firm foundation in order to survive. Ava's hasn't.

Ever since she and Frank returned from Philadelphia, married, and tried to settle down in Hollywood, Ava has had the (*Continued on page 74*)



Alone, Ava went to the Davies party with Lana and Lamas, but she was reconciled with Frank soon afterwards. For Lana, this was the last evening she spent with her man.



24 DAYS OF DAVIS

"I've been trailing Bette Davis around for a month, on the set, at her home, everywhere. I'm beat! Miss Davis? Fresh as a daisy, of course," reports Katherine Albert.

Dear Mr. Saxon:

This "news note" has turned into a biography. I have a strange new life—my life with Bette Davis.

Here's what happened. I was minding my own business, but my husband, Dale Eunson, wanted me to write a screenplay with him. It is called *The Star* and naturally we wanted Bette Davis to play it. All writers want Bette Davis to play in all their stories.

So we sent her the script and the next thing I know we are driving up in front of a big, rambling, old-fashioned house in Hollywood. This is a switch in itself, for Hollywood stars just don't live in Hollywood any more. They wouldn't be caught dead outside the three B's—Brentwood, Beverly Hills and Bel Air.

Miss Davis' costume was as unusual as her neighborhood. Stars have a costume for everything—"Costume in which to be interviewed," "Costume for going to the studio," "Costume for story conferences." Bette in an old (Continued on page 56)



The Gary Merrill-Bette Davis family, in their Hollywood home. Barbara, five, sits on the top step. Next is Margo, 20 months. Bette holds seven-month-old Mike on her lap.



24 days of davis

(Continued from page 55) shirt of Gary Merrill's with the tail hanging out over purely utility shorts. And no make-up at all. Not even lipstick. She looked great.

After a cordial welcome, Bette flopped into a big over-stuffed chair, pounded the script with her hand, and said, "This script is great. Just great." End of story conference. As Dale and I pinched our ears to make sure we had heard right, a pretty five-year-old child came into the room. This was B-D (Barbara Davis. Her father is Betty's third husband—William Grant Sherry). But you would know who her mother was if you met B-D alone on the streets of Cairo. "She's like me in every way," Bette said when we commented on the obvious physical likeness. "It's frightening."

I now know what she means. B-D often came on the set to visit her mother. She liked pretty houses and lovely clothes well enough, but most of all she enjoyed the scene in a real jail where her mother was behind bars. Dealing heavily in the cliché department I asked her if she was going to be an actress. "Oh, yes," she said. "I'm going to be an actress and be in jail and everything."

The next time we saw Bette Davis was in producer Bert Friedlob's office with the director, Stuart Heisler, and Sterling Hayden, who co-stars with Bette.

How can I describe the woman we met there? A charge of high voltage electricity? Dynamite? Bristling vitality? Strong adjectives—like strong men—pale before Bette Davis. That day she was a thoroughbred race horse pawing at the barrier. She was the loaded pistol with a finger on the trigger. She was Columbus about to discover a new world. To hear her enthusiasm one would think she'd never made a movie before.

Of course she has made dozens of them. Yet, in filming *The Star* she encountered a number of firsts. Bert Friedlob had never produced a Davis picture before. Stuart Heisler had never directed her. She had never played opposite Sterling Hayden. Ernest Laszlo had never photographed her. And we had not written for her. She was trying us on for size.

The story is about a movie actress who almost destroys herself by her determination to keep at the top, by her desire for power. She eventually learns that it is more important to be "just a woman" than a "career."

In discussing the character Stu made a rather unfortunate remark. "Let's face it," he said, "this is a silly woman."

Bette shot him a look. "She is not silly, and we must get it settled right now, or we will never see eye to eye. She is not silly. She's sick."

When Stu explained that what he meant to say was the character sometimes behaved in a foolish way, everything was okay. It could have been a crisis, for Bette must understand the core of the character she plays before she can begin to act.

SHE'D have to understand, for she couldn't be more unlike this heroine. Bette Davis is vitally concerned with her family and her home. When she's not actually at work Bette gives Gary and her children her undivided attention. Besides B-D, there are Margaret Mosher Merrill who is almost two, and Michael Woodman Merrill, who is still a baby. Bette and Gary adopted these two after they were married in 1950.

Gary adores all the kids. It thrills Bette to watch him with her older daughter. He and the girl are as close as they could be if Gary were B-D's own father. Closer, perhaps.

Their parties are wonderful. Bette is the kind of person who, when she has a New England clambake, serves clams baked under cornhusks on the sand. You scoop out the juicy meat and throw the shells into the sea. She is a realist in life as well as on the screen.

Gary knows that in being married to Bette Davis he has a problem. He asked a friend, "What can you do for her? I can't buy her a Cadillac—I can't afford it. Besides, she has a Cadillac." He found the perfect answer himself. All sorts of small, unique gifts. On the set one day he came in with a pair of unusual pictures, charmingly framed. One was a New England kitchen and the hanging pots and pans were miniature rounds of real copper. She was more delighted with this present than if it had been a Cadillac.

EVERYONE was nervous the first day of shooting because you can hear anything about Bette Davis. "They" will tell you she is a temperamental, stubborn woman. "They" will tell you she is the witch of the world. And "they" will quote their own scripture to prove it. Now, maybe if she has a script she doesn't like and a director she cannot respect she can be a witch, but all I can tell you is our own experience. She has been nothing but reasonable. She has not once clung stubbornly to an idea just to be stubborn. When someone suggests an idea, or a piece of business she can be enthusiastic about it. More so even, than if it were her own.

When I say "reasonable," I mean Bette Davis reasonable. For example, a scene was to take place on a sail boat. She did not tell anyone that she has a neurotic fear of small boats, which goes back to

Actress told a not-too-respected columnist: "I don't care what you write about me as long as you spell my name wrong!"

Mike Connolly

her childhood. She thinks it began when she was 12 years old. A bunch of kids her age were out on a sailboat in Cape Cod. She became so frightened that, rather than sail farther out, she jumped overboard and swam a mile to land. She thought she'd overcome that fear when she arrived in San Pedro with the rest of the company to do the scene.

There was an unfortunate comedy of errors. She was called out on the boat long before she was needed. There was a stiff wind and a heavy ground swell, and the only man aboard who knew how to man a sailboat was Sterling Hayden. He could not give it his undivided attention because he was playing scenes with Bette and Natalie Wood, who is Bette's daughter in the picture. The boat was crowded by actors and crew. It was enough to make anyone nervous. Bette did the only thing to be done. Call for the water taxi and go back to land.

But no phobia can overcome Bette's sense of responsibility. The next day she was on the boat swallowing fear and salt spray, and when you see that scene on the screen you'll never realize that she was scared stiff. When it was over she said to me, "Where do fears like that come from? I'm trying to raise my kids so they won't be burdened with agonies like that."

Most actors prepare for an emotional scene by "getting into the mood," and cannot help but hold the mood long after the scene is finished. Not so Miss Davis. Perhaps Bette has a file of emotion deep inside her to call upon when it is needed. Perhaps it's because she's a great artist. Anyway, this is what happened.

She was sitting on the set talking to Bert Friedlob. She had a reasonable, legiti-

mate beef. She was factual and firm. Stu Heisler called her for the scene. It is one of the most dramatic and poignant moments in the movie—a page-long monologue into a telephone. She went before the camera. Stu said, "Action." When she heard that word a charge went through her. Immediately she became the character. She picked up the telephone receiver, dialed and spoke. The scene ended. The tears were streaming down my face; Dale was crying too. Stu Heisler walked into the set speechless with emotion and put his arms around her. Every member of the crew had tears in his eyes. Then Bette said, "How about that? I remembered every word!"

PEOPLE get a delayed reaction from her. A director introduces an actor—"Miss Davis, Mr. Irish,"—and they go into an intimate scene. The scene will be made, the director will say, "Print it," which means "Okay," and the actor who has done the scene starts shaking. "Golly," he'll say. "It just hit me. I did a scene with Bette Davis." Her craft is so big that it hits the actor *afterward*, because she immediately puts him at his ease.

Although Bette is not a superstitious girl she does believe that "everything good happens to me in the rain." It had been blazing hot for three days and, as you know, it never rains in California in the summer. But on this particular morning there were great splashes of water on the windshield as we drove to the studio. When punctual Bette arrived, there was a call for her from Gary. He told her the happy news that she had won her income tax hassle with the government. It had been hanging fire in the courts for 11 years. The winning of the case means no money for Bette, but if she had lost it she would have been very broke.

When Gary told her she had won she screamed as only Bette Davis can scream. She said, "I think I'm going to faint," but her voice was so strong that no fainting woman could have uttered the words. There were more reasons than one why she was so happy about winning the lawsuit. Her New England stubbornness and sense of fair play entered into it.

She had been advised to "settle." She had been told that "Nobody can win against the government." But Bette knew that she was right, that this was a precedent case and if she won it others would be helped. It would have been much easier to make a settlement out of court. For one gruelling day she thought it over. "No," she said. "I can't settle. I'll fight."

She was put through all kinds of cross questioning on the stand. Four days of it. And then the waiting. And now the reward. She had not "settled." She had not compromised, and she had won, paving the way for others to win.

It would be wrong to give the idea that she's a saint. That she is not. As an example, a co-actor told this story:

"I knew Bette when she was a kid. She was just getting a toe-hold in the theater in summer stock on Cape Cod. She was full of beans, big-eyed—just the way she is now, a great worker."

"The director of the stock company was a woman who was a great stage star. This actress didn't like young girls very much and she gave Bette a rough time. A really rough time."

"Years passed. Bette became the first lady of Hollywood. She was queen of her studio when the actress was brought out to make a test for a part in a film."

"Bette just appeared on the set that morning and stood there watching her letting her know that she had remembered those rough days. And I love Bette for it. I thought (Continued on page 64)

the male animal

There are two sexes.
No doubt about it.
But females the world
over are delirious as
Charlton Heston proves
it to them again . . .
and again . . . and again

BY PAMELA MORGAN

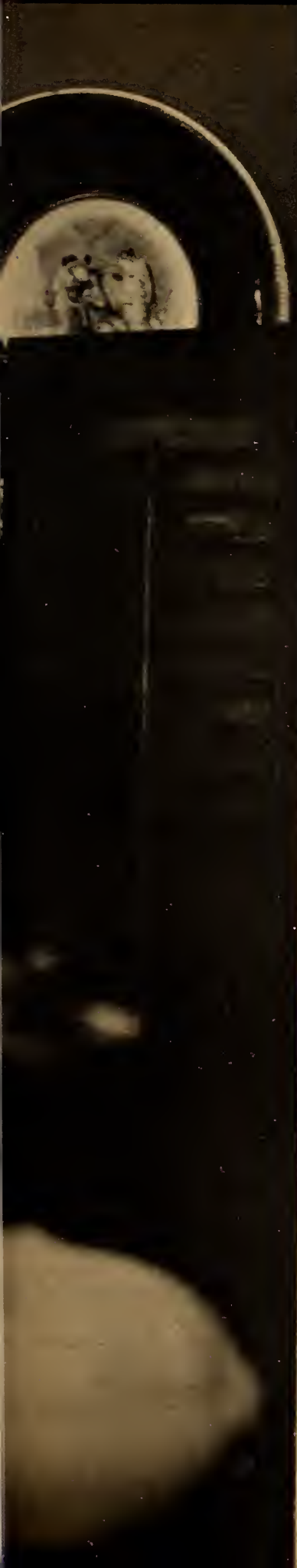
■ The Birmingham England Stocking factory hasn't settled down yet. The lady employees still happily remember the day a dozen of them had visiting Charlton Heston pinned to the wall. "Coo-ee," they sigh. "Wot a ruddy 'unk of man!"

The "'unk" in question doesn't understand this attitude at all. But his wife Lydia does. Though she proudly agrees, she's also a little amused. After nine years of marriage she's used to the routine. She's even inured to the eager females who bombard her with queries about the man in her life. She thinks nothing of it when a nurse, taking her case history in a hospital, asks starchily, "What was the cause of the death of your grandparents, Mrs. Heston?" then melts out of control and adds without taking a breath, "Oh, Mrs. Heston, I think your husband is so wonderful. So masterful! So—so *male!*" Lydia knows the reason (*Continued on page 83*)



Morried nine years, the Hestons are still very much in love. They share a passion for good food, Michigan, acting and shop talk.





BY PIER ANGELI

"If tomorrow, I
met the one man whose
true love could
mean my whole life's
happiness, how would I
know? He himself might
not even know. I can
only pray to be lucky."

I'M WONDERING ABOUT LOVE

■ When I made my first trip back to Italy, my meetings with my old friends always made me sad and worried. Each time I would run to them, crying out in delight, "Hello, Niccolo! Hello, Maria!" because they might be boys or girls I had grown up with, and I knew their hearts were full of fun and we had had so much fun together. But each time they would be as if on guard against something. They would smile, only so much, and they would respond very quietly, not like they used to at all. And then they would sit talking, strange and stiff with me. In their minds, I knew, they were thinking, "Oh, she has gained great success and she is not one of us now." And in my mind I soon started thinking, "Yes, I have gained much. But why do I feel as if I have lost something . . . something terribly important?"

I know now. It was not only that I had been cut off from the past, it was that in this past, when I was nobody, the eyes of my friends had to be honest. They saw just me, because I was *just* me, nobody special. If they then liked me I could depend on it as a true liking. But now it is not so simple. If tomorrow I met the one man whose true love could mean my whole life's happiness, how would I know? He himself might not even know. He might think that he loved what I was as a woman and person, and yet come to find out it was who I was as an actress and professional personality. "It is not enough that you have to find a good man," I say to myself now. "You have also to be very, very lucky!"

Like all Italian mothers, my mother thinks that when I marry it should be someone she considers suitable. She, like any other mother, wants security for her daughters. She speaks to me of this often, but I do not agree.

My answer is a very simple one. I have to marry him, not she. I have to live with him, not she. She is hurt and thinks I should take her word for it that I will be happy. How can I do this when what I am gambling is my whole future life? And also, when from all that I hear, and from what little



No wonder Pier's got men head-over-heels about her. She's always been shown as a demure child, never as the highly-appealing young woman she actually is!



Sitting in mid-air, Pier follows instructions of coach Harold Voise, who is teaching her how to fly through the air on a trapeze for her latest movie, MGM's *The Story Of Three Loves*. Pier used to study ballet.



"It's a long way up," Pier thinks to herself, as she gazes up at the trapeze while resting between practice sessions. Her wrists are taped to strengthen them.

I'M WONDERING ABOUT LOVE

continued

experience I have had, I am convinced the odds for meeting the one man who can mean happiness must be less than even.

It is true. I have had proof. The first boy I knew in Hollywood I liked so much. He had a charming manner, he talked with intelligence and I enjoyed being with him. Like a girl will, I would try to imagine how it would be if he were my husband, and the pictures I got of us together were very pleasing. It was like this for several months. Gradually, however, with more time, something not good began to show through in places. He seemed to adjust his personality automatically to the importance of the people he met. For little people he didn't give much of himself; for big people he had lots to give and could be very warm. I couldn't help wondering how he would have treated the Pier Angeli I used to be before I stumbled into the movies. Which of his many kinds of smiles would he have for her? And I knew. It would be one of his small ones, one of his tiny, quick ones, with his eyes looking over my head to see if anyone else more interesting wasn't around. He went out of my dreams very quickly after that.

With others it does not take so long to see through them. The most common of these are the boys or men who seem to think that the first thing to do when they meet a girl they like is make a big impression. Some of the things that then happen are almost crazy. One man, not in the movies, tried to present a white Jaguar to me. My mother nearly went out of her head thinking (*Continued on next page*)

I might accept it. There was no danger.

And then there are some boys who get the idea that, since I am a newcomer to Hollywood, they might be able to take advantage of my ignorance. One of these drove me home from a friend's swimming party one afternoon. As he stopped the car, he turned to me and without even a word tried to kiss me. I pulled back and he acted as if he was surprised. So it was I who asked, "Did I do something wrong? Is this supposed to happen?"

"Oh, sure," he said. "A boy always kisses a girl good-night. They think nothing of it."

"You mean any boy, with any girl?" I asked. "She doesn't have to feel that he likes only her?"

"Sure, that's how it is here," he said. "It doesn't mean anything."

"Oh!" I said. "I don't believe it. But if that is true, I don't think I'll bother. Let's go in."

He opened his mouth to argue and then closed it and looked annoyed. He took me to my door in silence.

Later on my girl friends told me he was trying to pull "a fast one." But they didn't need to tell me. I knew. With all that a kiss can mean, most girls don't go around making no more of it then if they were saying "Hello" or "Goodbye." This is a boy's game, and women everywhere are smarter than that.

In Italy a girl cannot marry without her parents' consent, can sign no kind of contract, in fact, until she is 21 years old. She is completely in her parents' hands as far as her personal life is concerned. I say this is in Italy. For me it is also true in the United States. My mother cannot change her beliefs just because we are in another country. This I understand, but sometimes it's a little hard when we talk about what I can and cannot do. It isn't that I think it is a bad custom. It has always been my feeling that if you bottle up a girl until she is 21, she does not overnight acquire great brains and control just because the law says she is now legally responsible for herself. I say to my mother that a girl has to start meeting boys when she is younger, be with them, get used to them, so she can build up poise for later when she has to deal with men. After all, if a girl has high morals, boys are not so hard to handle. But to start right off dealing with men can be frightening.

But when I say that I should be permitted to go out with boys, my mother always has proof that I shouldn't—a newspaper clipping. She reads the story to me. It says I am holding hands with this one, or going places with that one, or deeply in love with another. Once, soon after we got to Hollywood, my mother came to me with a columnist's guess that said I was already secretly married to a Brazilian boy. "People talk when they see this kind of thing," she said. "It is not nice. That is why I do not want you to go out alone with boys."

"People will talk anyway," I said. "It is always like that." Many times we have talked of this, my mother saying my reputation will not be good. I try to make her understand that a girl must get used to being a woman, not shot out like from a cannon when she is 21 . . . but she cannot appreciate this and I do not want to make her unhappy. I know she is not afraid that maybe I am in love with someone. She knows that when it really happens I will tell the whole world. I won't have to tell. My feet will dance out with the truth.

My friends who know my mother say that I am becoming Americanized and my mother is still an Italian. But this is not too true. She has eyes to see what is going on in this country, and even if she is against the freedom girls have in going out

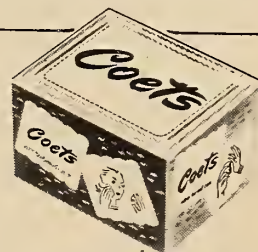


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on dates, she likes the greater rights American wives have. In Italy the husband is the boss. The men are more possessive and, it seems to me, more jealous, as husbands. It is not that they are a different kind of men, I feel that they have been brought up that way. Someone once said to me that maybe I would be happier if I married an Italian boy. I said, "No!" right away . . . not because I would not like or want to be married to an Italian. I would . . . only it would not be fair to him. After living in America I could no longer accept the position in society that an Italian wife must. It would cause trouble that would really not be his fault but mine.

Because the husband is going to be the boss, Italian parents seem to leave the whole job of teaching a girl about life to him. They do not tell their daughters the things that parents in this country often tell their children . . . what is good and what is evil. Oh, most children find out, from friends, from elders whose words they listen to with big ears, but not always in the right way. So it is to her husband a girl must look for what is the real truth, and it is on him she is supposed to depend for both guidance and knowledge the rest of her life. I could no longer come to a man with such a submissive attitude.

Since it is an accepted thing in Italy that the parents know best what a girl should or should not do, there are not even discussions about it . . . just orders. Even to this day my mother has never sat down quietly with me to talk over my problems . . . and I have just become 20! At times I have tried to convince her patiently that I must have more liberty. And a tiny bit I have won. Some boys, a few whom my mother has met and approves, are permitted now to take me out . . . that is, not just out, but to a definite place or party my mother knows about. But to know a boy, to have him call up and take me where he has planned—that I cannot do. When I am 21

I shall gain this right . . . and I am trying to curb my impatience.

ONE boy, who is a trusted friend as far as my mother is concerned, is John Barrymore, Jr. In this I agree with her. I think he has something fine to him and that the whole world will know it some day. It is funny, because before I met him I had heard unkind things about him. One day at a party which was very dull, and where my sister and I sat arguing with each other just to pass the time, this tall boy with black hair was introduced to me and I liked him immediately. From that day on, my liking for him has increased. There came another day when he touched my heart to tears. He dropped over and said he had heard I was going to Europe for a picture. "I felt I had to bring you something . . . for luck," he said. "I know it will bring you luck."

And he gave me . . . a treasure . . . his father's old leather make-up kit! If you know what kind of a compliment this can be to a young actress, what it could mean! I tried to tell Johnny, and that's when I cried. But I didn't have to tell him. He knew.

When I went to Mexico on location for my picture *Sombrero* I thought that perhaps there, away from Hollywood, my mother would be more lenient with me. But it did not turn out this way. My mother's first impression of Mexico was a frightening one . . . though later she learned to like the country. We were taken to a bull fight in Mexico City by Miguel Aleman, son of the President of the country. When my mother saw what was happening in the arena, she was horrified. "Oh, the poor bull! The poor bull!" she cried.

Miguel turned to her in some alarm and cautioned her. "You must not say that," he said. "The people here do not feel this way about the bull and will resent it."

It is true that there are too many stories

in the newspapers about Hollywood romances and that they do give a bad impression. On that trip to Italy I went to see my old director, Leonide Mugoy, who started me in pictures. He acted hurt. Then, "How could you have become engaged so soon in Hollywood?" he wanted to know. "Poof! Just like that! And was it wise? And how could you have done this without letting me know, so that I wouldn't have to read about it in the papers?"

It wasn't so, of course. He had read the false story that I had become engaged to Arthur Loew, Jr., who is a great friend, but to whom I have never been engaged. But Leonide had been worried that I had made some sudden, thoughtless move, without sufficient consideration without real thought.

BECAUSE I was so young when I started in movies in Italy, most of the men I worked with were sure I knew very little about life (which was not far wrong) and sought to protect me with advice. This time when I came back and they, too, had read all the items about supposed romances in Hollywood, they were annoyed with me. "We will adopt you, and any boy you go with will have to come and talk to us first!" they warned.

No, I am grateful to have a mother who has my welfare at heart, even if we do not always agree how it shall be guarded. I am grateful that my friends concern themselves over me and give me advice. But what I sense I really need is what every young person needs, and this I pray for every night. I pray that I shall be lucky in love. Believe me, in these prayers I don't see the Cadillac at the door, the mink coat and the house busy with servants. I don't want to complicate my chances. What I'm thinking about, dreaming about, is just love . . . true, lasting love. END

honolulu loony

(Continued from page 35) "That it is," said Jerry Lewis.

The clerk's voice took on a pleading tone. "Please, Mr. Lewis," he said. "You've got to stop scaring the bell boys and the other guests. We can't have that sort of thing here you know."

"All I did," said Jerry, leaning back on a lounge and leering into the phone, "was try to be friendly when the man delivered the ice."

"The boy claims he saw the Devil standing on your terrace," the clerk said indignantly.

"He did, eh?" asked Jerry thoughtfully. "Tell you what. Ask that man from the joke store to come back here right away—and then send me up some more ice water in about half-an-hour."

The clerk groaned, hung up the phone and quickly swallowed another aspirin.

It was just a simple incident in the life of Jerry Lewis, a jesting moment while on his vacation, but to the Hawaiian citizens involved, it was another terrifying experience—one of many odd and uncomfortable experiences that had been happening ever since Jerry Lewis and his group had descended on the Hawaiian Islands.

Not even a Jerry Lewis vacation is orthodox. Most people plan their holidays, check the travel folders, consult the ticket agents, pack carefully and with restraint. They plot itineraries with an eye to making the most of each hour—and when it is all done they shuffle off to rest and play and rest some more and store up energy and memories to last for the balance of the workaday year. Not Jerry Lewis.

62 The Honolulu vacation we are speaking

of was born in an instant. Jerry, his wife, Patty, his press agent, Jack Keller, Mrs. Keller and Jerry's doctor, Martin Levy were sitting in the Lewis play room one night when the phone rang for the twentieth time. Jerry groaned.

"If that thing rings once more," Jerry cried, "I'm going off someplace and hide. I'll go some place where nobody can get me on the phone."

Keller answered the call. "He's not here," he said. "I think he went to Honolulu."

That was as far as he got. Jerry slammed the phone out of Keller's hand and back on the hook.

"That's it," he shouted. "Patty, pack the bags."

"Where are we going?" asked Patty.

"To where he said," Jerry snorted. "Honolulu. Come on, we'll leave right now—before the phone rings again."

"You can't go any place that fast," said Keller. "You've got to make reservations and get tickets and . . ."

"Then go ahead and do it," said Jerry. "And you and your wife come along, too. It was all your idea."

"But you're supposed to be taking it easy," interrupted Dr. Levy. "You've just finished a tough tour."

"Okay," said Jerry to Keller, "get him a ticket, too, so he can see that I take it easy. We'll leave in an hour."

THERE were protests, refusals and then a lot of telephone calls (outgoing)—and while they didn't leave in an hour, the next morning at ten o'clock found the five travelers at the Los Angeles International Airport boarding a trans-Pacific plane for Honolulu. And while the airport employees weighed and stowed the outrageous

mass of luggage, Jerry just stood back and sneered his superiority at his four companions—who had said it couldn't be done.

The 11-hour trip across the ocean was uneventful, only because Jerry Lewis, who can't stand still five minutes on the ground, immediately falls asleep when he gets on a plane and doesn't open his eyes until he is nudged awake by a hostess who wants to tell him to fasten his safety belt for a landing. But when he did open his eyes it was to greet a sight he says he'll never forget. Like emeralds on a shimmering royal blue cloth, the islands lay below. Fringed in white froth, where the breakers caressed the beaches, they looked like nothing real that anyone in the party had ever seen.

It was about six o'clock in the evening when the ship skimmed in for a landing at the Honolulu Airport. A warm rain was falling, although it was so light no one appeared to notice it but as the plane flew through the moisture-laden air dozens of small rainbows were created and passed through and when the wheels hit the ground and sent up curving curtains of spray it seemed to the passengers that they had landed on a field of sparkling jewels. The ship was taxi'd to the administration building and when the doors were opened a group of dancing girls met the disembarking passengers and piled leis around their necks, a traditional welcome to a visitor to the islands.

The first night at the Royal Hawaiian was unforgettable for more than one reason. The first was that the exotic beauty of Honolulu was breath taking, and another that Jerry never let his wife and friends forget that the whole thing—the transport from the common world of California to this tropical fairyland was the

result of his own active little mind. They thought he was insufferable in his smug demand for credit, like some pompous magician who had pulled *several* good sized rabbits from the same hat.

They had dinner in the four-room Lanai suite shared by the Lewises and the Kellers, and with the French doors wide open, ate to the soft swish of the surf washing the beach below them. The others very nearly threw Jerry from the balcony when he cocked a concerned eye at Dr. Levy and remarked:

"You look a little tired to me, Doc. You better get a bit of rest in the next few days."

The good Doctor, who had packed, made arrangements to have his practice looked after by an associate, and spent the night before going over the conditions of his patients with his replacement just to please Jerry, wanted, at that moment, to prescribe a stomach ache for the comedian.

THE first day in Honolulu was devoted to a visit to the United States Naval Base and a pilgrimage to Pearl Harbor. The Navy men heard Jerry was in town and asked him to drop by the base for a morale-building chat. And Jerry, with Captain Cross, a veteran escorter, spent the early part of the day touring the ships and land establishments of the fleet and meeting the men. Then, late in the afternoon, the party was taken to the graveyard of the mighty ships that were sunk on December 7, 1941—a sacred place that is also the last home of the hundreds of men of the Navy who died in the first furious hour of the late war.

This was the only time during their stay in Honolulu that Jerry Lewis was serious. He took Patty by the hand and led her to the wooden platform that has been erected over the wreckage of the battle ship Arizona. They stood silently and read a bronze plaque commemorating the men who had gone down with her that said: "May God make his face to shine upon them and grant them peace." And then they threw ginger leis upon the silent water and watched them carried out to sea—and they spoke a silent prayer.

Well, when the group finally got around to checking the luggage that night they got quite a shock. It was figured roughly that they had carried about 300 pounds of excess baggage, including eight bags of golf clubs, sufficient, Jerry had thought in his own evaluation, to last them for a week of golfing. And, it seemed, everyone had plenty of clothes for sitting on the beach, but hardly anything to walk around the town in. Among the five of them there was one pair of slippers—and Jerry ruined them the next morning when, in an effort to get them away from Keller, he chased his press agent right into the ocean while wearing them.

The clothes problem became acute the second night. Jerry and Jack were scheduled to drop in for a cocktail with a group of GI's stationed in the city. Because it was hot, they slipped into a cocktail lounge in the hotel for a cold glass of beer, but the barman refused to serve them because they were not in tuxedo whites. And they also found to their consternation, that they would not be allowed into the hotel dining room for dinner without formal attire.

"Well, what are you going to do," said Jerry philosophically. "So we'll eat in the room."

"I didn't," said Keller indignantly, "fly across the Pacific Ocean to eat in a hotel room. This trip should have been planned."

"It was planned," said Jerry innocently. "We're here, aren't we?"

That Keller couldn't deny, so he shook

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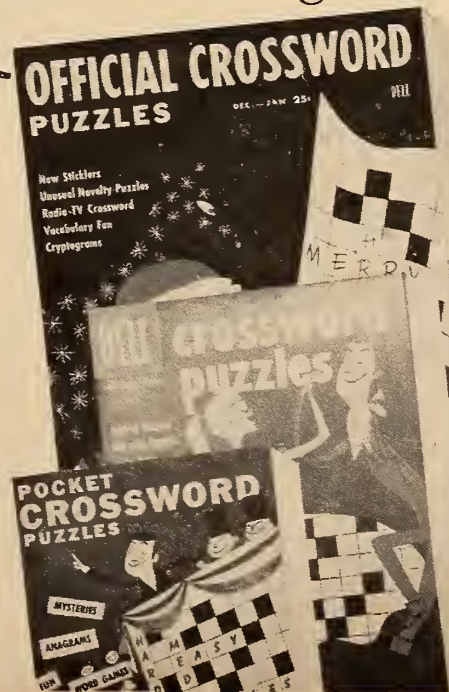
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his head in confusion and hustled the comedian off to tell a few jokes to the soldiers downtown.

THERE was precious little rest for the party during the next six days, but lots of fun. Each morning they all got up together and played a round of golf at one of the Island's beautiful courses. Then they hurried to the beach and lay in the sun and played pranks on one another—and the poor guests of the hotel. They became brown as natives, soaking up the clear, white sun as though it were the last they'd see of it. Several times the management must have considered barring Jerry from the strand in front of the hotel, because he was constantly thinking up new ways to harass any victim in sight. But the guests really seemed to enjoy it. Watching Jerry clown about the beach was like having a ringside table at the Copacabana with no check to pay when it was over.

The beach boys particularly loved Jerry. Most of them are of the pure Hawaiian strain, rare on the island, and they love fun as much as children. One of them, a strapping fellow of 60 named Chick Daniels, was pal to all of them, but became a real buddy to Jerry. He would lie in the sand and recount for hour after hour the tales of his adventures on the Mainland when Arthur Godfrey had him flown to New York to play the ukulele on his TV program. And Jerry made him repeat the yarns over and over again, fascinated at the new facets each time the stories were told. The others didn't realize what he was up to until they were just about to leave—and Chick told his adventure for the last time. He sounded exactly like a jive hound from the Catskills, for his pleasant Hawaiian speech had been deliberately adulterated by Jerry until it was liberally sprinkled with terms that the comic used in his vaudeville and night clubs turns.

Everybody, of course, had cameras and it was estimated when they left for home that an extra 50 pounds was added to their excess baggage weight by the exposed film they had accumulated. Of them all Jerry was the best photographer, and he drove the Doctor and Keller, who both fancied themselves fair camera hands,

crazy with his complete disregard for exposure meters and other gadgets—and always came up with perfect pictures.

While the girls took it pretty easy, keeping out of most of the horseplay, they, too, suffered at the hands of Mr. Jerry Lewis. One experience they will never forget is the ride they took on a Catamaran—a sail boat with a split hull that rides the surface of the sea on narrow runners very much like a sled. The thing looked innocent enough, and after being assured that it couldn't capsize, the girls agreed to go for a short sail offshore. Jerry established them at the front of the craft, straddling the foreparts of the runners, and suggested that they hold on to the guy wires to the mast for a more secure ride. Then, after only having been checked out on the thing once, he hoisted full sail and headed for the open sea. He had neglected to tell the girls that a Catamaran is the fastest sail boat in the world—but the girls discovered this for themselves in short order.

With Jerry at the helm and handling the sail, the craft suddenly took off like a torpedo and hit a speed of better than 40 miles an hour. For an hour Jerry maneuvered the boat among the tall waves while the kids hung on for dear life, each new wave giving them a fresh bath and the scare of their lives. And when Jerry finally brought the craft ashore the sun bathers were treated to a very unusual sight—two very wet and very angry girls chasing a lanky young man down the white strand of beach intent on murder. They finally had to give up that small revenge, though, when Jerry began howling in pretended terror for the police, claiming the girls were trying to rob him. They quickly ducked indoors and Jerry stayed out until he was sure their anger had abated.

JERRY and Patty Lewis and their friends did so many things during their week in Honolulu that it would take pages and pages to even list them quickly. And most of them were real tourist things. They visited the oriental shops, where Jerry pretended to speak Chinese, completely confusing the stoic shopkeepers who felt they had stumbled upon a new and rare dialect. They visited the famous volcano, but nobody would get very close, not knowing just how far Jerry

would go for a practical joke. They scouted the island to get pictures of the rare tropical blooms—and hacked their way through jungles of exotic growth just a few miles from town.

They even went to the movies, but mainly as a gag. Jerry learned that all seats in Honolulu movies are reserved, so he wanted to test the efficiency of this system. They bought tickets, went inside, and for 15 frantic minutes most of the theater help was snatching Jerry from illegal seats while the audience, not recognizing him in the dark, completely forgot the picture to watch the chase of the tall shadow around the auditorium.

Pretty soon it came time to leave. By this time the party was used to the sudden rains and, like the natives, completely ignored them, preferring to stand outdoors and wallow in the beautiful rainbows that are as plentiful in Honolulu as surf boards. It was raining again when they took a taxi from the hotel for the airport. The group was silent as they stood waiting for the word to board the airplane. They didn't want to leave, really. Off in the distance, the inevitable Hawaiian music, bidding departing guests to return again soon, made them unhappy. Jerry cracked a joke about "Where is the guy who says now we leave beautiful Honolulu?" and everybody laughed, but half-heartedly.

THE next day Jerry and Jack Keller were sitting in Jerry's playroom in California when Dean Martin called.

"I been thinking about you, Jer," said Dean. "You know we've got another couple of weeks before we go to work—and you ought to get a little rest. Go away somewhere. I've been trying to get you for a week to suggest it."

Keller heard the dialogue as clearly as though Dean were in the same room. He watched Jerry closely.

"Yeah," said Jerry, "where do you think I ought to go? Jamaica? How do you get there?"

Keller didn't wait to find out. He hit the floor running and didn't stop. He didn't want to leave for Jamaica in an hour, not him. **END**

(Jerry Lewis will soon be seen in Hal Wallis' *The Stooge*.)

24 days of davis

(Continued from page 56) it was a very just desert."

Bette is uncompromising and she can be unforgiving, but her humor saves her from ever making a fool of herself. For example, it is well known that Bette has fought with many of her directors. And when Bette fights she doesn't kid around.

There is a line which has Miss Davis declare, "I always get along with my directors." In the scene was a fine actor, Minor Watson. During rehearsal he forgot his next line after Bette's. Bette read her line, "I always get along with my directors." He did not speak. Bette said, so that all could hear, "You're right. Dead silence is the only answer to that."

She has so much confidence one would think she could never be scared professionally. Yet she was frightened of the musical revue she is doing on the stage. It is a show called *Two's Company*. She sings in several sketches—she has a low, throaty voice. "I'm really a bass," she says—and she still wakes up in the middle of the night in a cold sweat wondering if she will remember the lyrics of the songs when she gets on the stage. She needn't fret.

Sterling Hayden told me one day, "Sometimes when I start to do a scene all

of a sudden the lines will go. I know them perfectly well but I can't think of a word. Then Bette says her line. All of a sudden there is mine. Her confidence transfers itself to me and I am able to give it back to her. Does that make sense?" Knowing Bette, that makes good sense.

SHE is completely without affectation. We were talking one day about a scene where the heroine must make like a big movie star, coming on the set in the grand manner, patronizing the crew with fatuous "thank-yous" for any small service, playing up to the producer. Bette said, "I couldn't do it myself. I'd get so bored with all that nonsense." Yet she tells a story on herself about once when she, along with numerous other celebrities, was at a banquet. Everyone was taking bows. The master of ceremonies made a juicy introduction of a great artist, a first lady of show business. Bette says she had her smile all set and was in a half crouch ready to spring up to take the bow, when the M. C. with a flourish said, "I give you Miss Laurette Taylor."

It really embarrasses her to accept an accolade. "I just don't know where to look." Yet she is the first to give credit where credit is due. She is fascinated watching other actors work, and she will come away from a scene to say, "Now that's a real actor."

Before we began the picture the only question in the producer's mind was Bette's ability to work hard enough to complete the picture in 24 days, the schedule necessary to get her to New York in time to start rehearsals on her Broadway show. Since she is in almost every scene this would be a prodigious chore. Also three-fourths of the picture would be photographed away from the studio to take advantage of live backgrounds—a shipyard in San Pedro, a coffee shop in Los Angeles, a real auction gallery—and this constant changing of location is difficult and gruelling.

He could have saved himself an ulcer. This woman works like a demon. She is never so much as half a minute late. She is ahead of time. She is ready before she is called for a scene. She knows her lines letter perfect when she reports for work. She can make a change of costume in nothing flat. Friedlob's problem has been keeping up with her.

Just watching her is so exhausting that when I come home at night I'm too tired to do anything but fall into bed and feel ashamed, knowing that Bette is at home learning lines for her next day.

And for the rest of my days I'll never forget the 24 days—which seems a lifetime, but good—I spent with Bette Davis.

Best always,
Katherine Albert

living with Lucy

(Continued from page 46) he announced. "Just for the new wing?" Lucille shouted.

Desi nodded happily. Lucille nervously ran a hand through her carrot-colored hair. "Jumping catfish," she said, "the whole house only cost us \$16,500 originally." "Who cares about money?" Desi cried. "We're gonna become parents."

Right now the only regret Lucy and Desi have about the new wing is that they didn't build it larger. As all their fans know, come January, the nursery will have another resident.

WHEN Lucy and Desi first laid eyes on the Desilu Ranch it was a forlorn bit of property with a partly-furnished house set in the middle of five acres of seedling citrus trees. Time has lent improvements. The grove of 350 trees is now so thick you can hardly see the white frame house and the odor of orange blossoms is overpoweringly sweet. Not satisfied with raising oranges alone, Desi has planted avocados, peaches and an arbor of grapes. To remind him of the plantation he'd been raised on in Santiago, Cuba, he's also built a rustic pool with a waterfall at one end. Today when people ask Lucille what kind of a home she lives in she says, "Oh, just a little ranch-house overshadowed by trees, a nursery and a rock-edged pool."

Lucy and Desi bought their ranch when it was a part of the Sesson Oil Estates. It was located on picturesque, uncrowded land in the San Fernando Valley far removed from Hollywood. For years friends have urged them to sell the ranch and move to a more convenient neighborhood. Now that their television success has skyrocketed their income, they are advised to live up to their position and buy a home in one of the more fashionable sections like Bel-Air, Brentwood or Holmby Hills. So far they've resisted all pressures. "We're people of fixed habits and true love," Lucille explains. "Besides when the new road gets finished, we'll be able to make it to the studio in 20 minutes."

Inside the house Lucille has replaced one set of organdy and one set of dotted Swiss curtains. Otherwise the furnishings are the same as they were 12 years ago. "Early Northridge," Lucille styles them, laughingly.

If you probe the decor more deeply, the comedienne tells you quite frankly that she furnished her home with cheap antiques. When she and Desi were first married they couldn't afford priceless Early American pieces so she settled for a slightly later period in American design. She concentrated on buying 19th century antiques. She picked them up at antique shops and second-hand stores for a song. These items were easy to come by before 1941, because most of the people who'd settled in the San Fernando Valley were farmers from the Middle West. As these families prospered they began selling or giving away their heirloom furniture in favor of new things. They flooded the Valley furniture shops with Morris chairs, Victorian love seats, and old wicker rockers.

LUCILLE selected the things she needed—a couch for the living room, two fire-side chairs, an old wood box, a chaise longue for her bedroom, a quaint dressing table, and lots of oil burning lamps. She had most of her things recovered and re-finished to fit into her bright new color schemes. When the job was done she stopped her antique shopping completely, never giving the subject another thought until a year ago when she found she needed a rocker and a few tables for the new

WAS HER HEART CRYING FOR LOVE...

or were her caresses
meant to trick this
man into reckless
battle for...

THE PHANTOM EMPEROR

by Neil H. Swanson

Guerdon Warrener's mission was to spy on Maurine's father, Philip Dufresne, the man whose ambition was, to become emperor of America. When Warrener met Dufresne, he found him maddened by a terrible grievance against his native land, similar to the one that inflamed his own heart. And when he met Maurine... her beauty stirred him to wonder whether he might not help the man he was told to destroy. Would Warrener have the nerve to forsake his allegiance to the United States? Dared he stake his life and career for the love of this woman?... Here's a dramatically different story based on true documents. You'll enjoy every page of it.



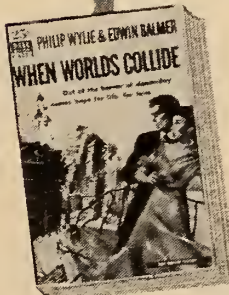
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WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE by Philip Wylie and Edwin Balmer

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rooms. Once more she began frequenting the shops along Ventura Boulevard. Much to her amazement she discovered that her period pieces are now very scarce and just as valuable as the older antiques.

"It could only happen to Lucille Ball," says her friend Eve Arden, whose own home is full of the expensive Paul Revere type antiques. "She does something for a wacky reason all her own and years later it turns out to be a big craze. Right now all the decorators in town are trying to lay their hands on Victorian items. The same way with her plunge into television. We thought she was nuts making the move when she did. But look at 'I Love Lucy' now. That's why the rest of us are following. She's a smart and independent cookie, that one."

In spite of Eve's wholesale approval of Lucille's behavior, some of the Arnazes' more chi-chi acquaintances hint strongly that Lucille should re-do her house if only for a change. These hints take the form of gifts: French lamps, contemporary statuary, modern paintings. Lucille lets the free advice roll in one ear and out the other. She politely thanks the donors for their gifts and promptly stores the stuff in her roomy playhouse. She has no more desire to change the look of her surroundings than the spelling of her own name.

A few minutes in the homey atmosphere of her living room and it's obvious why she and Desi won't consider re-doing anything. Their home is so warm and inviting, any change would have to be for the worse. In furnishing the living room Lucy used a bright red carpet and a bold cabbage-rose wallpaper. In many homes this combination would be garish; in theirs it's cheer-

ful and invigorating, just right for them.

The room is also full of unusual furniture pieces that mark it with individuality. An old clock face mounted on legs, for example, serves as an end table. The cranberry glass lamp over the dining table is authentic and very rare. When it's lighted the crystal and silverware on the table seem to glow with a rosy hue. Over the fireplace hangs a Kramer primitive and in one corner a snow scene by Balz.

For those of you who aren't art collectors, Balz is the signature of artist Lucille Ball. Several years ago when she and Desi were vacationing in Florida, the tall carrot-top decided to take up oils. "It was either that or go deep sea fishing with Desi. I got such a kick out of seeing color and form come alive on canvas that now I paint whenever I have a couple of free hours."

Lucille's technique is to sketch her subject matter in charcoal on the spot. She then takes the sketch home and works on it by night light usually on the kitchen table. Occasionally she'll work in the glass-enclosed porch which boasts a linoleum-tile floor and rattan furniture.

This light, open room is ideal for parties, and Lucille uses it a good deal when she's home during the day. She happens to be a conscientious keeper of scrapbooks and photo albums. Any spare afternoon will find her down on the floor surrounded by clippings, paste, and scissors.

The large master bedroom at the Desilu Ranch is probably the prettiest room in the house. It has a clean, freshly starched look that seems to suit Lucille. The colors of yellow and gray are her favorites and all

the furniture is comfortably old. One wall of the room consists of nothing but mirrored wardrobe closets. Lucy has a weakness for clothes so she took over the closets some time ago. What won't fit behind doors, like her hats, gets stacked in plastic boxes in one corner of the room. They make a novel decorating touch even if they aren't Victorian headgear.

DESI'S SUITS have long since had to be hung in the one guest-room closet which is a good reason why the Arnazes don't have many house guests. The other reason involves a party which they gave soon after they moved into their home. Everybody stayed very late and one couple spent the night. The couple got up the next morning and still in the spirit of the party, drove home, picked up their child and came back to Lucy and Desi's guest room. They stayed nine months.

"Of course we had a lot of laughs," Lucy says, "but that taught us a lesson. We took the twin beds out of the guest room and left one narrow couch. We call it the mother-in-law bed, and it's meant for my mother or Lolita, Desi's mother. They're welcome any time. As for other overnight guests, that's out. Desi and I planned a home for us and our families and that's the way we want to live in it."

"But how about your children?" I asked. "When they grow up and start inviting their friends to spend the night—what will you do then?"

Lucille Ball wrinkled her brow. "Never thought of that," she said. And then a bright gleam came into her eyes. "I know what," she suggested, "we'll build a new wing, especially for them." **END**

he wuz mobbed!

(Continued from page 43) Suddenly he realized that he was surrounded by fans who meant him no harm, but were caught up in the madness of the moment. He smiled. "If you can give me room I'll stand here and sign autographs if it takes me all night."

DURING this and a subsequent tour, Gene spent countless hours signing autographs and talking to fans. He began to know them for the first time. At home he hadn't come in contact with teen-agers, had no idea how to talk to them. His friends had children about two-year-old Chris' age, and Gene's life was so empty of people in the 12-to-16 bracket that he wasn't acquainted with their way of thinking. Once he took his mother to visit some family friends he hadn't seen in years. Their 14-year-old daughter had been five the last time he saw her, and he still thought of her as a little girl. It wasn't until he was helping his mother back into the car that he learned he'd been sitting in the same room with an avid fan. "You ought to know," his mother said, "that Charlotte spent the entire day getting ready for your visit tonight."

In Toronto, Canada, he received phone calls at the theater from three girls, each of whom wanted to start a fan club for him. He invited them to come backstage and suggested they pool their efforts, whereupon one asked if he could come to her house for a coke party between shows. He was doing five shows a day and his usual intermissions consisted of a nap until the next showtime. But he couldn't resist the girl's pleas, and took a cab to her home after the second matinée. There were hors d'oeuvres, and cokes, and two freshly baked cakes. The house was crammed with teen-agers and half the neighborhood found some excuse to stop by during that hour. Gene found an op-

portunity to corner the mother. "You've gone to so much trouble," he said. "I certainly appreciate it, but I hope this hasn't put you out too much."

She looked at him wide-eyed. "Why, of course not. I'm happy to do it. The children get so much pleasure out of seeing you. If they start this fan club—well, I can't think of any pastime that would make them happier, or keep them out of trouble better."

IN CHICAGO one morning, Gene received a letter signed by two girls. "We saw your opening and stayed to see two shows. We'll be back on Saturday and will stay right through the whole five. We'll be sitting in the front row and wearing roses—"

He spotted them during the first show and noticed they were there through the second. After the third show he told Miriam, "Those kids are still out there. They must be getting hungry." They slept during the movie that interspersed Gene's appearances and during the shuffle between performances, frantically held onto their seats. By this time everybody backstage knew about them. When Herb Jeffreys came off during the last show, he grinned. "Those kids are still down there!"

Gene shoved a hand in his pocket. "Here honey, go out and get a couple of ham and ryes, will you?" he said to Miriam.

He had the conductor put the sandwiches on the bandstand, and after his opening number on his last show told the audience, "Before I go any further, ladies and gentlemen, there are two girls here who've been in the front row for every show today. I can't dance another step until I know they've had something to eat."

The grip threw a spotlight on them as they stood up to catch the sandwiches tossed by Gene before he went on with his act. Afterward, backstage, he went out the stage door and found them wait-

ing bleary-eyed, but blissful, for him. "Hi," he said. "How were the sandwiches?"

"Oh, we didn't eat them," said one. The other said, "Eat 'em! We're going to frame them!"

In Pittsburgh, a girl about 15 asked Miriam if she could talk to Gene for about ten minutes. It seemed she had problems at home: a father who was in jail more often than not and a mother who drank. There were four children younger than herself and she wanted to know what she should do.

"Have you asked anyone else about this?" Gene said.

"Oh, no! I'm too ashamed!"

"But why do you come to me?"

"Well, you see," said the girl, "I've seen you in the movies and read about you in magazines, and it seems to me that you lead a nice kind of life, and are wise, and might know about these things. It's—" she swallowed, "it's kind of like you were my big brother."

SOME of it was funny and some of it was sad, and always there was the same quality of wistfulness that goes with hero worship. Looking for the reason for this adulation of teen-agers, Gene had to go back into his own adolescence. He remembered that following his long championship of Laurel and Hardy, a whole year of his life was taken up almost exclusively with his devotion to Chandu, the Magician. To keep peace in the household, Gene's mother switched to another brand of soap so that he could send in box tops in exchange for assorted Chandu tricks. Later, he became a fan of the Mickey McGuire two-reel comedies, featuring Mickey Rooney as a Bowery-type character who wore a derby with a split crown. On the afternoon that Rooney was to appear at the Wilshire Theater in Santa Monica and distribute a basketful of derbies with split crowns, Gene paid his admission early and waited for the big

moment in high anticipation. When he went home without a hat, it was a new low in his life. Remembering these things, he understood the spirit of today's teen-aged fan and willingly gave his time; or his autograph, or advice, if they wanted it.

They wanted all sorts of things. They wanted to know what Gordon MacRae is really like. They wanted to know how to get into show business, or the name of a good dancing teacher. They wanted him to autograph their hands, their arms, and in one city they asked for his cigarettes

Jane Wyman, commenting on a certain actor, said, "I know he's a gentleman. I saw him go through a door that said so."

*Sidney Skolsky in
Hollywood Is My Beat*

as souvenirs. After he'd given away a few packs somebody lit on the idea of his autographing the cigarettes. They wanted his clothes, too, and Gene was always apprehensive that, in a crowd, if one fan started the ripping procedure the idea would catch on. He found them, very fortunately, very polite about it. They always asked first, "Would you give me your scarf?" Then Miriam would come to the rescue. "Not that scarf, dear. I gave it to him on our anniversary."

He didn't go through two dozen cities without bumping into occasional trouble. There were always the crowds. Once he was pinned against a plate glass window and felt it give in back of him. Another time he called for police when he spotted one girl beginning to faint. Still another day, a woman with a baby in her arms was caught in a crush, and Gene maneuvered her so that he could brace himself against the mob in order to protect her. Being rushed by a crowd isn't an enjoyable experience, and yet he remembered that it is the crowd itself that's objectionable, not the individuals who comprise it. He began to feel duty bound to brave the waiting fans and once, when he sneaked out a side door to grab a bite to eat and was confronted by a solid line of people waiting to see him, he actually felt embarrassed.

In one city Gene had finished his last show and faced the ordeal of leaving the theater laden with two boxes of shoes, his music case and two suitcases filled with costumes. Getting through a crowd with that kind of baggage was impossible and he knew it, so he and Miriam left through a side door and made their way to the street. There was the crowd, packed solid to the curb, and when Gene spied a cab across the street he began to run for it. Somebody saw him and the cry went up, "There he is!" and 300 people moved as one to the other side of the street. That was the night Gene felt his only temptation to slug a female. She grabbed his coat collar and hung on with a death grip while he tried desperately to get the cab door open so that he could get his luggage safely inside. He pleaded politely with the girl but she wouldn't budge, and eventually he grew angry. "Now, look," he said. "If you don't want any trouble, let go of me. Let's be adult about this and stop acting like a stupid idiot." He appealed to the crowd. "If I can just get my things inside the cab I'll be glad to sign autographs for you."

Just then a gentleman slightly in his cups hove onto the scene. "Well, well!" he crooned. "Romeo himself. Lemme through, everybody! Make way for the press! Whadya say yer name was, bud?"

It's TIMES like these that make movie stars wish they'd taken up plumbing instead, but such an unruly bunch has been rare in Gene's experience. He

learned after a while how to handle such situations and found that humor usually eased the tension. If he appealed to their intelligence and threw in a joke or two it almost always nipped hysteria in the bud. When that didn't work he ladled out discipline. Like the theater in Chicago. It was bitter cold during the engagement, and because Gene sweats like a stevedore when he finishes his act, he didn't go outside but chose instead to talk to them from the window of a small room facing the alley. He sat on the window sill and had signed endless autographs when he noticed he was signing over and over again for the same people. The fans were shoving to such an extent that those closest Gene were almost boosted in through the window.

"Some of you are cheating," he said. "I'm going upstairs and if you want me to sign more you'll have to line up in an orderly fashion and stop pushing." He grins now when he tells about it. "I must have sounded like old Father Hubbard telling off his kids."

There were occasional hecklers in audiences too, but Gene's fans usually took care of them quickly and efficiently. If not, Gene took over himself. One obstreperous young man, wearing a leather jacket and long hair, sat in the front row and kept up a running commentary to his date. Gene ignored it until the time he was changing his shoes while announcing his next act.

"Hey, bud!" hollered the heckler. "Gimme a shoe. Throw it t'me!"

"You sure you can fill it?" said Gene. The heckler's teen-age date howled with glee. "That's telling him, Gene," she yelled.

On the whole, Gene found his fans to be pretty nice people. There were slight touches of wackiness, but it was a wackiness common to the teen-ager, and he figured if he'd once spent five hours waiting to be presented with a battered derby hat, he was in no position to criticize. He learned that today's teen-ager is a new brand of fan and thinks them much better mannered than the hysterical type that used to batter celebrities and overturn cars.

"Maybe they still do those things, I don't know," he says. "But I was lucky. The kids I saw and talked with were sincere and loyal, and I got the feeling they were real friends."

He was particularly impressed by the respect with which they treated Miriam. They included her in all their functions, inviting her to their schools and homes, and Gene says she was asked for almost as many autographs as he was.

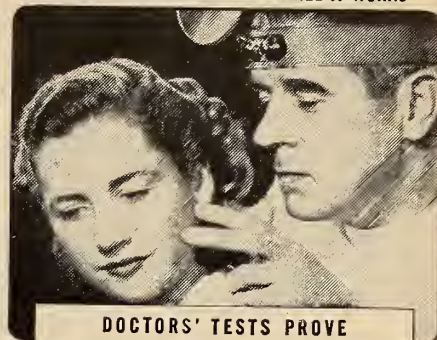
GENE feels that hero worship is common to everyone. We all go through the phase and gradually outgrow it, but at the time it is a deeply serious thing. Only a minority carry a banner for the rest; these are those who turn out inevitably at the appearance of any celebrity, the ones who collect autographs or pocket handkerchiefs or are content to go home simply having laid eyes on the particular hero or heroine.

There are few stars in Hollywood who are without a fan club comprised of their loyal followers. Unfortunately, many of these stars know nothing about the activities of their fans for the simple reason that they don't care. There are a few, such as Joan Crawford and Alan Ladd, who so appreciate the efforts in their behalf that they have kept their fans as friends during the years. You can add Gene Nelson's name to the short list of those grateful stars. He should care, and he does. **END**

(Gene Nelson will soon be seen in Warner's *She's Back On Broadway*.)

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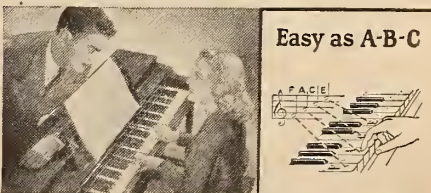


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**FREE
BOOKLET**

the end of the affair

(Continued from page 37) greeted old friends, finally sat down.

Everyone in Hollywood knows that Lana Turner loves to dance. For a little girl—she is only 5 feet 3 inches—she has incredible stamina, having done so much of her youthful training on the various dance floors of the movie colony.

When the screaming and shouting and popping of the photographers' flash bulbs stopped for a moment, Lana leaned to her right and to Lex Barker, the tall Tarzan from Port Chester, N. Y., who was once married to Arlene Dahl, mentioned something about a dance.

Every inch a gentleman, Barker was on his feet in a second. Within two seconds he had Lana in his arms and they were whirling around the dance floor having the merriest of times.

Sitting in his chair sulking, was Fernando Lamas, the man Lana had termed "my bull of the Pampas." The more Fernando saw of Lex and Lana the angrier he grew. He kept his anger no secret. In fact he was downright vociferous, so vocal that Brad Dexter and Ben Gage, Esther Williams' husband, inched up to Barker and said, "Lamas is getting awfully mad. We think he's looking for trouble."

Lex Barker realized that Lamas and Lana were unofficially engaged, that they'd been going steadily for months, that Lana was just waiting for the financial settlement from Bob Topping before she tripped to the altar with her handsome Argentinian, and as he himself says, "I didn't want any trouble. Fights for a guy like me are no good. Whatever happens I have to be in the wrong. If someone starts up with me and I take a poke at him, I'm a big bully. If I don't I'm yellow. I lose either way."

So Lex brought Lana back to Fernando who by this time was completely free of inhibitions. "Look," Fernando said, "if you want to make love to her, make love to her." This isn't exactly what Fernando said, of course. He embellished his verbal outrage with more colorful language, in fact it was so colorful that Lana covered her face in embarrassment.

"Sit down," Fernando shouted at Lex. Barker looked around for his own date, Susan Morrow. "I thought you were my friend," Fernando continued. "Now I see what you are. You want to fight?"

The rest of Lana's party could see what was coming, and they intervened.

"Why pick on Barker?" Ben Gage said to Lamas. "Pick on me. I can lick you."

"Go away," Lamas said.

"Not only that," Ben added. "Even Esther can lick you."

Lana, of course, was outraged and indignant at the behavior of her Latin lover. He took her home that night, and while neither of them will tell what happened, apparently a battle royal ensued.

Next morning Lana Turner let it be known that insofar as she was concerned, Fernando Lamas was a thing of the past, a transient romance of yesteryear; she would sooner marry Mickey Mouse than a man who couldn't hold his temper.

One columnist called MGM and asked if, because of this widely-publicized fight, the studio would abandon the production of *Latin Lovers*, a film scheduled to get under way with Lana and Fernando in the starring roles. The studio said the picture would roll according to plan, but intimates of Lana confided that she would ask for a new leading man.

Lamas, when questioned about the film, said, "There is no reason why Miss Turner and I should not make the picture. Our private lives have nothing to do with our

professional ones; or they shouldn't have."

Several columnists thought otherwise. One hinted that Lamas would not have gotten the lead opposite Lana in *The Merry Widow* if Turner hadn't sponsored him. Another quickly answered the hint by pointing out that Lana had done nothing to foster the Lamas career. Fernando had been discovered by John Carroll who had called him to the attention of his wife Lucille Ryman of the MGM talent department. Lucille had recommended Lamas to the consideration of L. B. Mayer. L.B. had listened to Lamas sing and had signed him on the basis of the audition.

Lana was kind to Lamas during the shooting of *The Merry Widow*—she could have monopolized all the closeups as Betty Hutton did with Ralph Meeker in *Somebody Loves Me*—but Lana is the most thoroughly unselfish actress in Hollywood. One of the basic tenets of the philosophy she lives by is "to harm no one," and she scrupulously adheres to that. No one in Hollywood, and that includes Lamas, can point the finger at Lana and say, "She did me wrong."

LANA likes to show that she has a lot of fight, lots of stamina, that adversity never gets her down for any considerable length of time. When Ty Power flew out of her life, for example, and married Linda Christian in Rome, Lana took up with Bob Topping on the rebound.

When Topping packed his bags and moved out of Lana's Holmby Hills mansion, Lana began dating her leading man, Fernando Lamas.

When the Lamas love affair blew up, Lana determined to show how little affected she was by it all, flew down to Tijuana with Ava and Frank Sinatra on the following weekend to take in the bullfights. After the *corrida*, she dated Luis Solano, the Mexican matador. They spent a good portion of the night dancing in the various Tijuana hotspots.

Lana, however, was fooling no one. Her heart had been broken again, and everyone knew it, quick recovery or not.

There are some people who say that Fernando Lamas never had the slightest intention of marrying Lana Turner. Certainly when you asked him about it, he would refuse to comment on the marital possibilities of their love affair. At one time he said he couldn't possibly marry Lana since she was still officially married to Bob Topping, and he was still officially married to Lydia Lamas.

But then Lydia after receiving a financial settlement and assuring herself that Fernando would support the offspring of their union, a delightful little girl, Alexandra, agreed to give Fernando his freedom "for whatever purpose he chooses to use it."

Lydia Lamas is a sweet and beautiful woman. She was Fernando's second wife, and her one desire was to see that the actor remained happy. When her constant nervousness—she is a highly tense person—caused him distress, she agreed upon a separation. When he asked for a quick divorce, she agreed to that, too. She went to Nevada, and in six weeks Fernando was legally free to marry again.

A friend who knows Lamas well, says, "This guy got himself in a pretty pickle. My own opinion is that after going with Lana for several months he decided that she wouldn't be the right wife for him—in fact, he didn't want to get married to anyone. He saw that Lana was consulting with her attorney Neal McCarthy, that it was just a question of time before she also got her freedom from Topping. He would then be in the awkward position of having to marry her merely because the public expected him to. My analysis may be completely wrong, but I think he resented

that position which is why he acted up at the Marion Davies party, and the whole affair with Lana went up into thin smoke."

Whether subconsciously Fernando Lamas was seeking this rupture, or whether it was spontaneously born of the immediate circumstances makes no difference. The important point is that once again in her choice of lovers Lana Turner has struck out.

At this point her "bull of the Pampas" is dating Arlene Dahl. It may well be that Lamas thinks he is getting even with Lex Barker by dating Arlene, but if he *does* think that way, he's very much mistaken. Barker doesn't give a hoot with whom Arlene goes out. She began her freedom by dating the lawyer who had procured her divorce, Greg Bautzer. From Bautzer she was graduated to Lamas. She claimed in court that Barker had once referred to her as "a hick from Minnesota," a name which she contends caused her great and grievous mental aggravation, which is pure baloney, of course. Arlene and Lex broke up because of career trouble. Arlene has no intention of abandoning her career and settling down into domesticity.

LANA has always been willing to abandon her career for mate and children. The men to whom she's been married have always insisted that she remain a movie queen. It was her glamor that attracted them, not her ability as a cook. But where she can, she always insists upon marriage.

What happens to Lana now?

This is the question all Hollywood is asking. Certainly she has had as many men in her life as any woman of 32 in the world. The list starts with Greg Bautzer and reads like a Who's Who: Artie Shaw, Ty Power, Huntington Hartford, Bob Hutton, Howard Hughes, Peter Lawford, Turhan Bey; it even includes Steve Crane, a restaurateur of sorts, a term generically used in Hollywood to include anyone in a restaurant from a bus boy to Mike Romanoff.

With each of these Lana has guessed wrong. The price for her erroneous judgment has been heartache.

She was quite taken with Fernando Lamas, largely because her affection for him was gradual in its development. Ordinarily Lana falls for a man like a ton of bricks, the swooning sudden, violent, and impetuous. With Lamas, it was different. At first when Lana met him on the set of *The Merry Widow* she wasn't at all sure she wanted him for a leading man. When she discovered subsequently that he was separated from his wife, that basically he was a charming and talented man, that he seemed to admire her beauty and fame, her antipathy became interest. Later her interest became fondness; fondness developed into love; love kindled their passion.

There are Turner fans who, knowing about the fight at the Davies party, insist Lana is crazy to have given up Fernando merely because he manifested a little Latin temperament in the form of jealousy. "It shows he loves her," one waitress in the MGM commissary recently pointed out. "My husband wouldn't care if I danced with Joe Dracula."

Lana has come to the somewhat belated conclusion that it takes more than love to make a good marriage. It takes mutual respect. In this case she thought it was lacking, at least on Fernando's part.

She is shedding no tears about his loss, however. For years now she has regarded men in much the same light as she regards taxi-cabs. "A new one comes along every few minutes."

But ever-optimistic Lana will have to take off her rose-colored glasses, and forget that love is blind, if she ever wants to pick herself a winner.

Take my word for it

continued from page 24

what I remember particularly is the second act when I was supposed to run onstage and cook some potato pancakes (really flat bran muffins) for Lucille Watson. One night I was so busy chatting with someone offstage that I missed my cue and Miss Watson had to improvise. She walked right to the stage entrance where I was dreaming and said, "Where is Babette? Oh, there you are! (looking at me so sharply that I woke up and realized what I had done). I was wondering where my potato pancakes were!" I ran onstage with them. But when the act was over I burst into tears that lasted all through the intermission and I'm still embarrassed about it.

SMALL GIRL TO BIG GIRL STUFF: I always liked jewelry as a small girl and, what do you know, I still do! But I used to see myself in sleek black satin, slinking around as a Dragon Lady type femme fatale, and with this conception I parted in late 'teenhood. Black satin is stunning as part of a dress now, a cocktail dress, say, but never fashioned slinky.

I was one of two children in our family, but my mother was one of ten children and I always felt I wanted a large family.

It was at 13 that I got my first party dress and my first perfume, both as presents from my mother. The dress was pink and so today pink is one of my favorite colors; pink was the dress, with a blue ribbon, blue sash and cut with a full skirt. The perfume was Blue Grass, darn near a whole quart of it there must have been as I remember the size of the bottle, and the first place I put a spot of perfume was behind one ear as per what the grown-up ladies were doing. I now have a variety of perfume and I can think of no more pleasant confusion than standing before them all, trying to decide which will best fit the mood I want to be in for the occasion I am dressing for. You might not think I was enjoying myself if you judged by the serious expression that I know comes over my face at such times—but I am.

DO YOU LIKE BETTY BLYTH better than Ann Blyth as a name? Or Barbara Blyth or Babette Blyth, or Beverly, Beatrice, Bertha, Blanche, Bernice, Bella or Bess? I just wondered because that's what the studio had me wondering about when I first came to Hollywood. They thought it would be more euphonious—and catchy—if my first name started with the same letter as my last name, and the above were some of the suggestions. I didn't like any of them. I wanted to stay Ann. For months I kept worrying that a change would be made, but nobody ever got around to making a definite decision and I kept my "Ann." Thank goodness!

THINGS I DON'T KNOW WHY: Why my uncle Pat tells you he is going to play a record of one of my songs and picks "Lazy Bones" as I sang it over WJZ in New York when I was five. Why I rooted for Brooklyn to win the last World Series even though I was raised in Yankee territory (Manhattan). Why the little boy who used to put my pigtails in the inkwell never would pay any attention to me any other time! Why a

playmate of mine got so mad when another boy wrote her name on a telephone pole that she got a hatchet from home and started to try to chop the pole down! Why I don't like browns (except for some lively shades of it), or marching wallpaper. Why I don't like sugar on my grapefruit and why it was that the first cup of coffee I ever drank happened to be black, without cream or sugar, and I have loved it that way ever since. Why I like the outside, well-done cut when it comes to roast beef but also enjoy hamburgers "cannibal-style" as long as my aunt gets a chance to "taste it up" with her pet spices. Why I keep things like spoons in my pocketbooks and cooking recipes in my books and scripts. Why I always carry two mirrors—both exactly the same—yet think one of them is my favorite and that I can tell which one it is. Why I never hopped on a bicycle and joined the wheeling traffic on the streets of Dublin when I visited there as I was fairly aching to do—and never kissed the Blarney Stone, on the same visit—as it would have done me no harm at all to do, at all, at all!

PSYCHIATRIC NOTES: I like all the elements except wind—the hurry, flurry of it makes me feel the same way. I love rain (either when I am inside in front of a fire, or when walking out in it and feeling it splash on my face). I like quiet, assured people. I have a compulsion to fix things I notice wrong about people's dress—a collar awry, a dress zipper not closed all the way, a button not securely caught. I want to tell them about it—like I'd want to be told if there was something wrong with me. I think I could be a good public inspector of a new kind—standing on a street corner and calling people's attention to necessary wardrobe adjustments. Would you like such a service? Just draw up a petition and have a half-million of your neighbors sign it.

Ann Blyth

Editor's Note: You may want to correspond with Ann Blyth 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.

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coop rebuilds his life

(Continued from page 51) in 75 films, which have grossed more than \$150,000,000. He has starred opposite every actress you can think of with the exception of Greta Garbo. He has earned over \$3,000,000 in salaries and percentage profits. And despite these tremendous accomplishments, he remains today modest and incredibly unspoiled.

Henry Morgan, a featured player who acted with Gary in *High Noon*, Cooper's latest picture out this month, says, "When a guy gets to be as famous as Coop, you expect him to put on airs, to get temperamental, and blow his top every two minutes. But not this guy. He's easy to work with. He never bothers anyone, and he's all for giving newcomers a big break. He never objects when the producer uses him to introduce an unknown actress. Fact is, he considers it an honor."

THE public, of course, has always regarded Gary Cooper as a simple, basic man of action. In their eyes he is a combination of all the great roles he's played. He's Longfellow Deeds, John Doe, Sergeant York, the Virginian, and Lou Gehrig. He is the kind of man all little girls want to grow up to marry, or as the late Robert Benchley once so pithily described him, "Coop gives the impression of being the last remaining virgin in Hollywood."

Actually, there is a good deal of difference between the Gary Cooper the movie fans feel they know so well and the real Gary Cooper.

Take, for example, the questions of demeanor, manner, and attitude. The popular impression of Cooper is that he's a fairly rough-hewn Westerner who talks haltingly in a slow mountain drawl, and who finds great difficulty in choosing the right words to express his thoughts.

That is not true. Cooper's voice is soft and seems to lack resonance, but it is a well-bred voice, and his enunciation leaves little to be desired.

It doesn't happen to fit the Gary Cooper myth, but Coop is a mild-mannered, well-educated gentleman—a far cry from the reticent, cow-punching heroes he sometimes depicts. "He may give the appearance of being slow-thinking," says Cecil B. DeMille, "but don't kid yourself. Cooper is as sharp as a razor. Lots of people think all he does is play himself in front of a camera. I've directed the man, and I can tell you that's a lot of bunk. His underplaying is part of his technique. There's nothing natural about it. The man is a great actor, so great, in fact, that he's convinced half the world that he's the same off-screen as he is on."

The depth of his understanding and feeling is evident in the answer he made recently to a reporter who asked him what sort of a child his daughter Maria was.

"It is difficult for me to be objective about my own daughter," Coop began, "but I honestly feel that she is one of the most perceptive and angelic little girls I've ever seen anywhere. I take her out, you know, to restaurants like Chasen's and Romanoff's, and in many ways, it's like having an adult along. Her conversation is intelligent. Her ideas are provocative. Her mother has done a superb job in raising Maria, and the child shows every indication of growing into the wonderful and versatile woman her mother is."

Cooper was born in Helena, Montana. When he was nine, his father, a former British barrister who later became an associate justice of the Montana Supreme Court, sent him to school in Bedfordshire, England.

Young Cooper remained abroad for four years. Classmates who remember him say

he was tall, quiet, and moody, and that he used to spin some amazing tales about the wild and woolly west.

One official of the British Foreign Office who remembers Cooper well, says, "In his attitude he seemed to us more British than American. He had a quality of reserve about him. He respected your privacy and expected you to respect his. He was pleasant and sociable but not an easy boy to know. I liked the chap but if anyone had ever predicted that he one day would become a cinema player, I should have said, 'Nonsense!'"

COOPER was 13 when he returned to Montana and enrolled in Bozeman High School. Here he spent most of his time drawing cartoons. He also broke his leg in an automobile accident and was sent to his uncle's cattle ranch to recover.

"While I was at my uncle's place," he recalls, "I discovered that it was much

BABY, IT'S WARM INSIDE!

At Camp Ma-ther, a mountain resort for San Franciscans, the nights are quite cold. Everyone is warned to bring plenty of warm blankets, but sometimes they forget, and then there are complaints. But—in one cabin, there is no sound of chattering teeth—only the sound of chuckles! On the wall is written: "You won't be cold in this bed. Ava Gardner slept here!"

Margaret Ann McGuire
San Francisco, California



easier to ride than to walk. That's when I began taking a great liking to horses. When my leg healed, I went back to high school."

After graduation, Coop entered Helena Wesleyan College and then transferred to Grinnell College in Iowa, where he spent three and a half years in pre-med school.

After college he returned to Helena where he tried supporting himself as a cartoonist. "Funny thing," he recalls, "the local paper would accept my cartoons and run them over my signature, only they never paid for any."

Presently, Cooper's father resigned from the bench in order to look after the estates some of his relatives had left in Southern California. Coop went south with his father and tried to get some art jobs in Hollywood.

"It was murder," he says. "I took some of my cartoons down to the Los Angeles Times, and the editor said they were terrible. That wasn't exactly the adjective he used. But he left no doubt as to what he thought of my artistic ability."

Cooper's interest in art is still intensive. His home boasts many collectors' items. When he was sick in a New Orleans hospital several months ago, he whiled away the time drawing cartoons, many of which were published in leading newspapers.

He is also an omnivorous reader and, except for his Warner Brothers' commitments, chooses all his story properties. Ernest Hemingway, the novelist, is his great and good friend. They like to hunt and fish together, at which time they discuss life and literature at length.

COOP is also a very smart man with a dollar. He employs no agent to set his business deals but he relies on his own acumen. He has a lawyer, I. H. Prinzmetal, who looks after the many details and contractual obligations, but it's al-

ways Gary who makes the decisions.

He earns anywhere from \$200,000 per picture and up. Most of his surplus funds are invested in what is known in the stock market as "open-end mutuals" investment trusts.

Gary's father-in-law is Paul Shields, a one-time member of the board of governors on the New York Stock Exchange, and when the actor married his step-daughter, Veronica Balfe, in 1933, Shields advised Cooper to invest his money prudently. Cooper followed the counsel.

As a matter of fact, it was Gary's financial know-how that caused him to abandon cartooning for screen-acting.

When he was earning \$10 a day as an extra, and scarcely making both ends meet since he only averaged about two days' work per week, he learned that one star, Tom Mix, was earning \$70,000 a month.

"When I found out about Mix earning all that money," Coop says, "I went home and got my drawing boards and sold all my art supplies. I waited until I got \$65. Then I hired a cameraman to make a screen test of me. After that, I looked around and got an agent."

"There was a girl working in his office. Nan Collins was her name. We started discussing names one afternoon, and she said, 'A name like Frank Cooper is no good. There are two Frank Coopers in pictures already. We've got to get something new for you.' She finally came up with Gary, and that's how I became Gary Cooper. When Sam Goldwyn hired me for a bit in *The Winning Of Barbara Worth*, I used my new name for the first time. It's been with me ever since."

Another illustration of Cooper's financial wisdom occurred after his first Paramount contract expired. He was earning \$300 a week at the time, and the studio offered to double that sum. When he learned that Paramount was committed to deliver four more Gary Cooper films to the exhibitors, Coop refused the offer. He went hunting for a month, then returned to sign a contract at \$1,750 a week. His first job under the new deal was to star opposite Clara Bow in one of the biggest money-makers of the period, *It*. Which brings us around to the all-important discussion of Gary Cooper and women.

FOR years Cooper has aroused the maternal instinct in women. He seems so unknowing, so shy, so bashful, skittish, and unbending that they want to guide, baby, and mother him.

Before Coop was married, he was the target of practically every eligible girl in Hollywood.

Clara Bow, Lupe Velez, the Countess Di Frasso, and dozens of others all tried to hook him. The tall Westerner actually fell in love with some of these women, but he always realized that while many of them were attractive, witty, and fascinating, none would make a good wife, at least for him—so that when the word "marriage" was mentioned, he ran.

One of the best illustrations of the man's great popularity and enormous latent supply of sex appeal occurred at the premiere of *Design For Living*, a film in which Coop starred with Miriam Hopkins.

Hundreds of women broke through the ropes around the theatre entrance and began tearing the clothes off Gary's back. It got so bad that two dozen policemen had to rescue the actor from the clutching hands of his clamoring female admirers.

When Coop finally escaped from the mob, he decided that the best thing for him to do was to get married and settle down.

In 1932, at a party given by MGM art director Cedric Gibbons, he was intro-

duced to his host's niece, a girl called Rocky, named Veronica Balfe, who had appeared in a few pictures under the name of Sandra Shaw. They were married a year later, and in 1937, Rocky gave birth to a daughter, Maria.

For 17 long years Gary Cooper was a model husband, and his marriage was one of the most successful in the movie colony.

He taught Rocky how to shoot, and in 1938 she won the California Women's Skeet Championship. She, in turn, taught her husband how to ski, and they bought a ski lodge in Aspen, Colorado.

They moved into a white Georgian home in Brentwood that covers three-and-a-half acres and is beautifully landscaped with gardens, swimming pool, and tennis court. Coop bought a small tractor and cultivated a vegetable and citrus garden, and the pair took to raising chickens and ducks.

It was an idyllic life, combining domesticity with travel and outdoor sports.

What happened to disrupt this paradise?

AFTER 17 years, Cooper, reaching that critical stage in life where a man begins to dread the inevitable passing of his youth, began seeing more and more of Pat Neal, a tall, young, talented actress he had starred opposite in *The Fountainhead*. Pat is a girl of integrity and insight, and she refused to become the cause of any marital mishap.

When Gary moved out of his house, however, and Rocky officially announced their separation, Pat felt free to date Cooper. As everyone knew she would, she fell hopelessly and completely in love with him. With all her heart she hoped that Coop would resolve the inner struggle that raised itself in his mind—the struggle between returning to Rocky, or divorcing her and starting life anew with Pat.

Cooper, for a while, was beside himself with anguish and indecision. If he divorced Rocky, his beloved daughter, Maria, would become the child of a broken home.

He didn't know what to do. He felt he

couldn't give up Pat—and after 17 years, how can one give up a wonderful wife?

It was Pat who had to make the final decision. After all—it was she who was being compromised. If there was no hope of Gary marrying her, what was the sense in seeing him night after night? What was the point in getting more and more involved when the end would be misery?

With great, soul-searing courage, Pat decided. If Cooper had no intention of divorcing his wife, she would refuse to see him. Coop would have to make the choice—he couldn't have his cake and eat it, too.

Coop stalled. He just couldn't break off from Rocky. While he was making *Springfield Rifle* on location in Lone Palm he would call his wife on the phone, tell her he'd be in for the weekend to take Maria out.

Eventually, Pat Neal realized it was hopeless. She cried her eyes out, packed her bags, refused to see her Hollywood friends, left town, and moved to New York, her heart pretty well shattered.

Coop was broken up for a while—but after a few weeks, instead of reconciling with his wife as everyone predicted, he took up with a girl named Dusty Miller. Before he left for Samoa to star in *Return To Paradise*, Gary and Dusty were seen everywhere together, especially in the night clubs. Coop seemed to be living every night as if it were his last. No one took their affair seriously, however, least of all Coop who insisted to columnists that he had to do something to while the time away before he left for the South Seas.

Once *Paradise* was finished, Gary returned to Hollywood—but not to Dusty Miller. He came home to Rocky just in time to escort her to the highly-publicized Marion Davies party. A day later he took off for Idaho to do a little hunting and to decide what to do with the rest of his life.

Right now Gary Cooper is in the midst of making up his mind. It is no easy job. The stakes are high.

END

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daddy is a character

(Continued from page 39) comes home dead tired it's another matter. The minute he gets out of his car the two dogs, which weigh in at around eighty pounds each, land on him full force, and ten minutes later when John has beaten his way to the door, he finds a more formidable foe. Russ is standing there with a king-sized grin, and immediately lets his old man have it in the shins. Either this, or pummeling John in the stomach, is Russ's inimitable way of letting his father know he's in for it. And John smiles a tight little smile and tosses Russ up to the ceiling for 30 seconds before he collapses.

Naturally Russell has no clear idea of what a studio is or the meaning of the fact that daddy is an actor. He takes for granted that his father's picture will be in every magazine he picks up and takes great glee in leafing through each one arriving at the house until he has spotted John's face. Any magazine without a picture of Pop isn't worth its salt. What he does understand is that when Daddy is working in a picture he must keep his fingernails and hammers and pistols away from John's face. He learned this the hard way one night when he had been twisting John's ear and his nails left a long scratch across his father's cheek. You might think he had set the house on fire. John jumped up and ran to a mirror, and Patti went over to Russ and explained to him that when Daddy is working he can't

get marks on his face because the camera picks them up the next day. This information ran through Russ like a sieve, but he does cooperate to the extent that he now asks if John is working before he clouts him on the nose.

THE reference to his father working in a picture was the one that stopped him. The only pictures he had ever seen were those in magazines or those that John had painted. John used to set up his easel and canvas in the patio, and pretty soon Russ would spot him and crawl under the canvas and stand there watching his father and/or for a chance to get his fingers in the paint. So after a while John gave up painting.

As a matter of fact John is always starting something he doesn't finish. He used to do a lot of sculpting and Russ is fascinated by the assorted unfinished statues around the house. A few have bodies without heads, a few have heads without bodies, and the only completed project is that of an apple. After that, John was bitten by the photography bug and cameras and flashbulbs littered the house for weeks. Then one day two men came to the house. They were from Mexico and John told Russ they were bullfighters and then proceeded to learn all about bull fighting. He read a couple of books and practiced around the house with the cape the matadors had left for him as a souvenir. He got the dogs in the act and put Russ to work with a dish towel, explaining that Russ was to swing out of the

way when the dogs ran for the towel. This would have probably been a cinch for Russell, but his old man had to get technical. Bull fighters, said John, stand with their feet together. So he put Russ's feet side by side, and all Russ needed in that position was the wind from the dogs going by. He fell flat on his face and then looked up at his father with an expression that clearly said any fool should know that a boy of two-and-a-half can't balance with his feet close together.

Another day when Russ spotted John swinging the cape around the living room he figured he'd give his old man a good time. "I'm toro," said Russ, who has a faculty of picking up new words.

John beamed. "Okay," he said, "you charge me now."

Russ pounded on the floor with his fists and snorted the way he had seen John do when he was explaining what a bull was. He went straight for the cape, got it wound around his face so that he couldn't see where he was going, and by the time John had whisked it away Russ was headed straight for the edge of a table. Inertia took him right into it and he got a whack on the nose he'll never forget. He looked up at John pretty ruefully but kept his counsel, and since that day has never again joined up in this bull game.

Russ probably knows anyway that it's due to fade any day now. John has met Rito Romero the wrestler and now whenever Russ goes looking for his father he usually finds him in the patio with a couple of muscle men who are tossing each other all over the place. When John gets tired of that he comes in the house and chisels some more on the big piece of driftwood in the living room. This is a project which John hopes to make into a coffee table one of these days. Russ doesn't know which of these days it's going to be because it's been quite a few of them now. John chisels and chisels until he's got a flat top, and then he puts wax in the holes and then he puts some shiny stuff on it and rubs and rubs it. If he's ever satisfied with the way it looks, then he'll have to figure out some way to put legs under it.

Russ ignores his father when work is in progress on the driftwood. It's no fun at all unless he can get into the wax, and that's taboo. He also ignores his parents when they're engaged in a serious discussion. If they're happy and gay he's sure to break it up by shooting everybody involved with his assortment of pistols, but if they're having a disagreement, however slight, he sits down and plays quietly, waiting for it to blow over so that he can get a laugh out of them.

This is one place where Russ shines. He's a natural comedian and never fluffs a chance to get a laugh. The first time John and Patti took him to a drive-in theatre he leaned out of the car window and informed the neighbors that he was Russell Derek. "How do you do?" he said. "I'm Russell Derek. Russell Derek's my name."

"What a ham!" said John, but he and Patti laughed, so now Russ never forgets to do this when they go to a drive-in movie.

For a long time he had his hat act. Russ likes hats and has a whole pile of them, most of which are so big that they come down over his face. The gag was fool-proof until the day John noticed the hats were pushing on Russell's ears and making them stick out. So now when Russ puts on a hat he has to keep it way on top of his head. He can't understand all this fuss about a couple of ears.

Nor has he any comprehension about the stew over the gate that bars the way out of the patio. John never bothered to open it—just leapt over it, and Patti kept 72 telling him he was going to set Russell a

bad example, that pretty soon the boy would try to climb over it. So John took to opening and closing it with the dignity of a prime minister when he went through, and Russ feels it's all much ado about nothing. He had the idea to climb over that gate long before he first saw his father jump it, and example or no, he intends trying it as soon as he's big enough.

He's heard them discussing, too, the necessity of John keeping his voice down. "Please don't raise your voice in front of the baby," Patti says, and Russ figures it all as a waste of time. He makes so much noise all by himself that he couldn't hear his father if John used a microphone.

SOMETIMES RUSS just doesn't understand his father. Like the time John took him down to the corral and put him up on Diamond Star's back. Russ likes animals in general and horses in particular, and so

When Edmund Grainger was supervising the filming of *The Fabulous Texan*, he endeavored to render the smoke signals in the story as authentic as possible by having them supervised by a couple of Arizona Indians.

After they had finished their task, Grainger warmly commended them for the splendid job they did.

"Oh, there was nothing to it," one of the Indians rejoined. "We learned how to do it from the movies."

*Irving Hoffman in
The Hollywood Reporter*

couldn't understand why John was so proud that he wasn't afraid. The toy lizard that John brought home was something else again. Real lizards are okay—they're fun—but this rubber thing bounced around the house as though it had lost its mind, and Russ was terrified lest the thing should land on his head. And John, instead of sympathizing, threw up his hands in bewilderment.

The two are worlds apart in their opinions about toys, too. Russell takes every new toy completely apart in a matter of seconds, figuring nothing's any fun until you know what's inside of it. John, on the other hand, takes the strange attitude that toys are to be kept whole. The only one that's remained that way is the toy monkey he gave Russ last Christmas. They gave him along with it some malarkey about a guy named Santa Claus, but Russ knew quite well his pop had bought it for him because of the special glow on his face when Russ opened it. As a matter of courtesy Russ has left the monkey intact, but the suspense is killing him and one day he'll get to the inside of that thing.

John goes along with him unless and until the going gets too rough, and then starts the discipline. Or at least John's own brand with Russ, which consists of one, maybe two whacks. It stops there because, as John tells Patti, Russ isn't the same boy when he's being punished that he was when he was stuffing hamburger into his mouth with his hands. That calls for a whack, sure, but the minute Russ turns on the tears John melts like an iceberg in the Caribbean. He has even said, in Russ's presence, that his son's face gets him, that he looks like an angel the minute he's done something wrong. Russ wasn't born yesterday and knows full well that all he has to do is squeeze the tears and the spanking ceases.

He knows his father is a big man. He's seen him stick on a spooky horse and heard him outpoint friends in an argument. But let something happen to Russ, and John is as effective as a paper cup in the Pacific. Like the day Patti took Russ for his first

haircut and drove him home in the sun with the top down. The heat got him and by the time he got home he passed out, with a temperature of 103. When he came to, John was rifling through the telephone directory and frantically calling one doctor after another. No one could come right away, but by the time one did arrive over an hour later, Russ's fever had disappeared and he was chewing happily on John's pants leg. Russ thinks John's face can change from May to December faster than anybody's you ever saw.

BUT always Russ knows that John is on his side, even if the old man does overdo this protective stuff a little bit. They're great pals these days and Russ tries to do everything John does. This includes swimming, which he does quite well for his years. The only trouble is that just as he's beginning to have a good time, John decides Russ had better get dressed before he catches cold. And when John himself has a cold he won't let Russ near him. "Don't touch Daddy," he says. Russ thinks it's pretty silly because he never catches a cold. He can't remember when he's been sick, yet his old man is forever watching over him.

John and Patti consider Russ to be a rather well behaved boy on the whole, and quite obedient. They keep wondering aloud, in front of him, whether it's because of their training or his own good nature. Russ can't figure how they know he's good. If he had a brother or sister they'd have some way of comparing him, but this way, he tells himself happily, he has the whole ship to himself. He knows the answer, though. He minds because he doesn't make out so well if he doesn't. At first he tried ignoring it when John called him to come to him, but even though John's spankings are short lived, he has a pretty heavy hand. So with simple logic, Russ comes.

John has given up the spankings almost entirely by now. He doesn't enjoy them—even Russ knows that—and he's taken to lecturing instead. If Russ mugs it up a little and looks real interested in what his old man is saying, John is sometimes good for a lollipop or two. So Russ stands there looking very serious and listens for a while and then he says, "Okay, okay, okay," and that always breaks up John, who forgets to finish the lecture.

In the hours without lectures, Russ enjoys tremendously his relationship with his father. He seems to sense already that he is lucky to have a pop who likes all kinds of sports and who one day will be able to teach him a great deal about these things. And when John goes away on business, Russ is crushed. The house seems so big and so empty and quiet.

JOHN'S trips are almost always made by plane, and Russ is taken to the airport to wave goodbye to John. But the other morning when Russ got to the breakfast table and missed John, he looked puzzled and said, "Where's Daddy?"

"Your father's gone away, down to Mexico to see a bull fight," said Patti.

"Silly boy," said Russ. "He didn't go away. I didn't wave at the plane."

"But he went in the car," explained Patti, and Russ looked at her coolly and shook his head. "Nope," he said. "No plane. You're hiding him somewhere."

He was really unhappy about that one. It's bad enough to have the old man gone, but to have him sneak away or what's worse, hide for two days, was more than Russ could take. He wasn't truly happy again until John came home and he could fly out from behind the door and butt the big character in the stomach.

END

(John Derek will soon be seen in Columbia's *Prince Of Pirates*.)

no tears for mitzi

(Continued from page 47) madcap with an irrepresible sense of humor and a pixie personality, and more talent than many a long-faced drahmah queen.

He forgave her, of course. In fact at the end of the production, Negulesco formally presented her with a tin lunch box. But her reputation as a practical joker was so firmly established at this point that the publicity department had little to do but embellish it from time to time with more samples of Gaynor gags that may or may not have happened.

And here's where the real practical joke sets in. It's a strange thing, but occasionally an actress is given a build-up which seemingly fits her personality. Then a crisis occurs in her private life, and the build-up looms false, incongruous, out of character. So it was with Mitzi Gaynor.

Coincidental with the establishment of Mitzi's effervescent sense of humor came the announcement that this delightful, dancing pixie was ecstatically in love with a handsome, prematurely gray young lawyer named Richard Coyle.

This love affair, which was Mitzi's first, began when she was 16. It lasted five years. It was supposed to culminate in marriage on September 4th, 1952 when Mitzi was 21. It culminated in nothingness. A few weeks ago Mitzi and Dick Coyle had one of those momentous heart-to-heart talks which usually prefaces the breakup of any engagement.

The talk took place in the old-fashioned Hollywood Hills home where Mitzi and her mother lived on the second floor and Dick and his mother lived on the first.

Mitzi had made her decision the week before, and because she is honest and straightforward and has always respected her former fiancé for his intellect and integrity, she made it short and sweet.

"I'm sorry," she said, removing the diamond engagement ring, "I can't wear this any longer."

Dick Coyle said nothing for a moment, just stood there gulping, looking into the sad brown eyes of the talented beauty who had been christened Francesca Mitzi Marlene de Chenzy von Gerber.

A few days later the Coyles, mother and son, moved out of the home they had jointly occupied with the Gerbers, mother and daughter. Thus finis was written to a Cinderella romance which even jaded Hollywood had accorded the destiny of a happy ending.

AFTER five long years of loving, hoping, working, waiting, and planning, why did Mitzi Gaynor break her engagement to Richard Coyle?

The 31-year-old attorney when asked to comment on the breakup, merely said, "It's a personal thing, and I don't want to talk about it."

Mitzi herself says in her usual, jaunty, bouncing style, "These things happen. A girl just decides that marriage to a certain man wouldn't be right for her; so she just doesn't marry that certain man."

Mrs. Pauline Gerber, Mitzi's mother, who knows something about heartache—she left her husband back in Detroit when she and her only child came west to try their luck—is of the opinion, "that it is best to forget about that affair. There's no point in re-hashing it. Mitzi is only 21. She has yet to reach the peak of her career, and there's plenty of time for marriage."

All of these quotations beg the question. None of them answers it. According to intimates the reason Mitzi Gaynor isn't Mrs. Richard Coyle today is that she has fallen for a famous studio executive.

Whether Mitzi Gaynor cares deeply for this man, more than twice her age,

whether anything, professional or non professional, emerges from this acquaintance-ship, it definitely proves one thing: When a 16-year-old girl tells the world that she is a "one-man-gal" and that "I have found the man in life for me," it may be regarded as the delightfully romantic, but often false notion of any young girl, immature and tender of heart. Mitzi is now old enough to realize she wants her fling. She isn't ready to settle down with any one young man no matter how brilliant, amusing, or educated.

When Mitzi Gaynor was 16 she was dancing in *Naughty Marietta* at the Los Angeles Civic Light Opera. One night backstage she caught a glimpse of a tall, handsome young man talking to Edward Everett Horton. The tall young man caught a glimpse of her, too. The glimpse became a stare.

"A funny thing," Mitzi has said. "I knew I'd just have to meet him. I asked Horton to introduce me. As a gag he wouldn't, but he did tell me that the fellow's name was Richard Coyle and that he was a fraternity brother of his, and that he'd just graduated from law school at Northwestern."

That's how it started, with a strong rapport of physical attraction between Mitzi Gaynor and Richard Coyle.

People have since wondered how a mature, settled, quiet, well-educated young man like Coyle could fall for a scatterbrain like Mitzi.

The truth is that there is little logic or reasonableness in love. Coyle recognized great potential in Mitzi, and when she reached her 17th birthday—they had met and dated several times previously—he gave her a gold band, a ring she prefers to call "a friendship ring."

The important factor to remember in this love affair was the relative obscurity of the participants. Practically no one had ever heard of Richard Coyle in California, and Mitzi Gerber (the name she went by before Fox changed it) was, in the year 1947, a dancer who had worked in several shows put on by Edgar Lester: *The Fortune Teller*, *Song Of Norway*, *Louisiana Purchase*, and *Naughty Marietta*. This was no love affair between a star-struck youth and a well-known dancer.

Dick and Mitzi were just a pair of kids in love, so much in love that one night Mitzi came to her mother and said, "Dick and I want to get married."

Looking back on it now Mitzi says, "Mother didn't exactly blow her top. She's much too sensible for that. But she pointed out other entertainers who had married at an early age, Shirley Temple, Lana Turner, Judy Garland. I knew what had happened to their first marriages, so when she suggested that we wait until I reached 21, I objected of course, but in my heart I felt she was right."

"After all, I wasn't anywhere yet in my career and neither was Dick. He was just starting out as a lawyer. How would we support ourselves? When you're very young and very much in love, I don't guess you worry about such down-to-earth things."

MITZI's big break came not long after she had been graduated from the School for Professional Children run by Mala Powers' mother. George Jessel, the ex-20th Century-Fox producer who still refers to her as "Morris," caught Mitzi playing the part of a gold-digging ballerina in *The Great Waltz*. It was during this operetta that Mitzi showed her great stage presence. While she was dancing her petticoat slipped down. Very casually Mitzi stepped out of it and continued waltzing with Walter Slezak.

George Jessel says now, "When I first caught Morris up there on the stage, I said

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Personal To Women With Nagging Backache

Nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness may be due to slowdown of kidney function. Doctors say good kidney function is very important to good health. When some everyday condition, such as stress and strain, causes this important function to slow down, many folks suffer nagging backache—feel miserable. Minor bladder irritations due to cold or wrong diet may cause getting up nights or frequent passages.

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to myself, 'This kid is worth a test.' I asked her to come out to the studio and she sang 'I'm In Love With A Wonderful Guy' while the cameras rolled. I thought she was singing the song for me, but now she says it was this guy Coyle she had in mind. Whoever it was, she did a great job. We signed her to a one-picture deal at a grand a week. When Zanuck saw the rushes he gave her the usual seven-year contract at the same figure. I wanted to change her name into something pretty glamorous, but she insisted on keeping the Mitzi and the same last initial, so we came up with Gaynor."

What was her fiancé Richard Coyle doing while Mitzi was earning her \$1,000 a week? Working in a downtown insurance office during the day and studying for his bar exams during the night. He decided presently that it was more prudent of him to return to Chicago where he'd been offered a better-paying job.

Starring in musicals is the hardest picture-making there is. Mitzi found that out when she reported for work on the set of *My Blue Heaven*—but the months of arduous study and rehearsal were good for the slant-eyed madcap because they tired her physically and she hardly had enough strength left to worry about her Dickie-boy in Chicago. Only it was known all around Hollywood that Mitzi Gaynor was engaged, and none of the local wolves tried to move in. It wouldn't have helped them anyway.

"I'm a one-man-gal," Mitzi used to say. "and I have been since I met Richard. Maybe it's corny to believe in love at first sight, but that's what happened to me."

When Richard returned from Chicago he and his mother moved into the Gerber residence, which, even for Hollywood, is a most unique move. The columnists of course quickly came to the conclusion that Dick and Mitzi had eloped somewhere and had been secretly married.

I remember I once asked Mitzi while she was making *Take Care Of My Little Girl* if she hadn't eloped to Las Vegas. "Look, Cuz," she said (Cuz is the moniker she reserves for people whose names she doesn't know or remember) "when I get married it won't be an elopement. We'll do it up right, in a church with all the

trimmings." Her eyes shone with dreams. "When do you think that'll be?" I asked. Mitzi grinned. "Around my 21st birthday."

When I mentioned that conversation to an agent-friend of mine, he laughed and came up with a prophecy which has turned out to be the truth.

"That girl ain't marrying anybody for a long time," he said.

"Don't be silly," I answered. "She's getting married in September. Told me so herself."

THE agent regarded me with amused tolerance. "I know that little chick," he began, "and she's career-crazy. To her, her career comes first. Don't you know she's been dancing since the age of four? Her aunt on her mother's side was a concert ballet dancer. All her life this kid has been trained for stardom. I used to see her mother around town when they first came here from Detroit. She used to make the studio rounds with Mitzi trying to get the kid a break. The mother is a frustrated actress. She's living her life vicariously through Mitzi."

"Mitzi's got the same sense of values as her mother. You think she's going to give up what she has now to get married to this lawyer?"

"I may be talking through my hat, but this kid, as cute and smart as she is—well, she's career-driven, and I'll give you five-to-one that come September she stays married to 20th Century-Fox. Mitzi is heading for the big-time, and she'll let some big-time guy help her, but you can bet your last doughnut that there isn't a guy alive today who's going to slow her down."

"Mind you, I'm not knocking the kid. I think she's wonderful, really talented; I caught some of the rushes of *The I Don't Care Girl*, and she's swell; but, like I say, she'd have to have rocks in her head to give it all up for marriage. I don't think she will."

In retrospect the agent was right, and practically all the rest of Hollywood wrong. People who know Mitzi well say she made a sad mistake in going steadily with one man.

A girl who attended Mme. Katherine

Etienne's ballet school with the dancer, told me, "Mitzi loves a variety of things. She has a restless nature. Every girl should use her adolescent years as a time for experiment, a time for dating. That's the only way you get to know about men. They say boys need a fling as part of their education. The husband who marries early usually kicks over the traces. Isn't that what happened to Kirk Douglas? In a way I think that's what happened to Mitzi."

"Outside of a few schoolgirl crushes she never dated anyone but Dick Coyle. When you're very young the way she was, you start out being infatuated with a fellow. If after a year or two you don't get married the infatuation cools off. It's the same with most marriages. I think if Mitzi really wanted to marry Richard she could have done so last year when she was 20. After all the age of consent in California is 18."

"Actually it's a good thing that she's decided to play around a little. The more she sees of other men, especially in Hollywood, the more she'll realize what a wonderful guy she had in Dick Coyle. I've heard all those rumors about Mitzi and her V. I. P. and while he's a very influential man and can help any actress a great deal—let's face it, he doesn't happen to be the marrying kind. Of course, if Mitzi doesn't want to get married, she can play the field. But playing the field isn't very rewarding. By the time you decide on one certain guy, you usually discover that he's married to somebody else."

MITZI's mother feels that an actress can have both a career and marriage—and quite a few actresses, Susan Hayward, June Allyson, Jane Powell, and Jeanne Crain—have all managed to pull the trick. Right now, however, Mitzi is concentrating on her career and if there is some other man who has the inside track on her heart, she is keeping his identity hidden.

The girl who, according to all the publicity handouts, is supposed to gush like a severed artery, cracking jokes left and right, ready with a quip at the slightest provocation, says very little these days.

Has a new love got your tongue, Mitzi?

END

heartbreak ahead?

(Continued from page 52) feeling that everyone has been waiting for her third marriage to blow sky-high. And it's true. No one expects the Gardner-Sinatra marriage to last. Even as you read these very lines, it may be finished either temporarily or for good.

However, for Ava it won't be all play. If everything goes according to her planned schedule the actress will remain outside the U.S. at least 18 months. She will do *Mogambo*, a remake of the original Jean Harlow film titled *Red Dust*, opposite Clark Gable in Africa. This picture will be finished by March, 1953.

Then she will fly to Paris or London to star in a film tentatively titled *The House On Humility Street*. Ava will portray a night club singer in Paris who falls tempestuously in love with a young American who is preparing for the priesthood. This production should be finished by the end of 1953.

The second Mrs. Sinatra will then make a third picture abroad; neither she nor the studio knows what it will be.

After a dozen years in the movie colony of spasmodic work at salaries ranging from \$250 to \$1,250 a week, Ava, because of taxes and mounting expenses, has practically no money in the bank. Moreover, she has been exceedingly unhappy in her relationship

with MGM—L. B. Mayer, former production chief at the studio, was furious with her for going around with Frank Sinatra—and she was determined not to re-sign with that organization.

However, when she was offered 18 months abroad, a fat boost in salary, and a chance to keep most of it, she forgot her "mad" and signed the new deal. It was rumored that she wanted a clause in her contract permitting her to star in at least one picture with Frank Sinatra, and while the matter was broached, MGM refused to entertain any such thought.

It wasn't only the pot of gold that made Ava Gardner decide to try to reach the other end of the rainbow. This "change of scene" may be just what the doctor ordered for Mrs. Sinatra's marital ills. Her union with Frank is unhealthy. It's heading toward an early demise. The symptoms are all there, everybody recognizes them. Everybody discusses them.

Ava knows this and it nettles her. In the year that she and Frank have been married they've bickered, fought, and quarreled all over the town. Generally Ava is an honest, frank-talking girl, but when reporters questioned her about these fights she denied them and, on one occasion, she bitterly berated one of the best writer friends she has in Hollywood because he printed a truthful approximation of her marital status with Frank.

When you quarrel in public, when your husband goes on location with you as Frank did with Ava when she made *Vaquero* in Utah, it is a physical impossibility to keep these battles a secret. People see and people will talk.

Why do Ava and Frank fight so much? The answer is that Ava is basically a shy, insecure, fear-ridden, intelligent young woman who knows that for many years the man to whom she is now married was regarded as a Casanova of the 20th century.

Having spent a good deal of time with Artie Shaw, Ava knows what life is like for a crooner like Frankie on the road. She knows that when he plays New York, a small army of females thrives in that town any member of which would love to get her lips on her man. She knows that Sinatra, has, when he wants to use it, great charm, warmth, and good nature. In the mood, Frank can charm the fangs out of a snake.

As a singer he may have passed his prime, but as a man he is still virile, attractive, and particularly appealing to the type of girl who follows bands and singers. Jealousy has frequently been defined as that intangible which sits up with a wife when her husband is out late. Ava is not particularly jealous—it is impossible for anyone to have been married to such husbands as Mickey Rooney and Artie Shaw without developing an awareness of the foibles inherent in man—it is rather that

she is fearful, afraid that her marriage to Frank will inevitably come apart at the seams.

When Frank is away from her, and in the year of their marriage he's been working out of town in New York, Lake Tahoe, New Jersey, Chicago—wherever he could pick up a buck—Ava has been bedeviled by thoughts which give her no peace. She wonders what Frank is doing when he isn't working; her imagination begins to play tricks on her, and she cannot sleep.

It is no exaggeration to say that at the time she left for Africa she had developed a beautiful case of insomnia for herself. She couldn't go to bed until she was utterly exhausted and worried out, usually by 4:00 or 4:30 in the morning; and she would sleep a restless, troubled sleep until 1:00 or 2:00 in the afternoon. Worse yet, her appetite fell off, and she became so thin that at such formal functions as the Marion Davies party she could not afford to wear a strapless gown, so much had the wherewithal to hold it up diminished.

Whether Ava has had any grounds to worry about Frank is beside the point. The fact is that she thinks she has, and for a year she's worried herself sick. In September when Frank was playing the Riviera in Jersey, Ava came to New York and stayed with him at the Hampshire House. One evening after a long dragged-out verbal battle in which she accused the thin man of behavior not on par with her expectations, Ava returned to their suite. Frank had gone to Jersey, and inwardly she was seething. She took off her wedding ring, wrote him a short but blistering farewell note, left the ring over which they both had taken their marriage vows, on top of the note, packed her bags, and returned to the Coldwater Canyon house they used to rent in Beverly Hills.

When Frank got back to the hotel the following morning he was flabbergasted. Regardless of his behavior he loves Ava more than he has ever loved any other woman, and when he read her farewell note, it seemed to him as if the bottom had dropped out of everything. "She can't do this," he kept saying to himself.

His first impulse was to race to La Guardia, catch a plane, and follow Ava home. Then he realized he was booked into the Hotel Chase in St. Louis in a few days, and if he cancelled out he would be sued for the small fortune he doesn't have.

He put the marriage ring Ava had left into his pocket, waited until the next day, then placed a long distance phone call to Beverly Hills. Eventually Ava came to the phone. The newlyweds spoke and quarreled. The same old story . . . Do you promise? Yes, I promise. I've heard that one before . . . and on ad infinitum.

PRESENTLY Frank discovered that he'd lost Ava's wedding ring. He ordered a duplicate. In Hollywood, however, Ava confided to friends that she and Frank were approaching the end of the trail. She couldn't care less, she asserted, if he cancelled plans to accompany her to Africa and Europe. She was taking her inoculations for scarlet fever, cholera, smallpox, and a flock of tropical diseases, and she didn't care what he did. This of course was merely so much venting of the spleen. Ava cared a good deal. She drove down to the Palm Springs house, the only home the Sinatras really own, and when Frank phoned from St. Louis, she was a little more amenable to his proposals for a truce.

Frank said he'd be home in a week or two, and Ava said she was going to the Marion Davies party with Lana Turner and Fernando Lamas. A few days later, she added, she and Lana were going down to Tijuana for the bull fights. Carlos Arruza, the great Mexican matador, was fighting, and she didn't want to miss him.

Frank allowed as he might be able to make the bullfights with her. This was the peace prelude.

When he was finished with his Hotel Chase engagement, the crooner flew home. A day later he and Ava had made up. Frank had been reinstated in his wife's good graces. She told him about the fight Lana and Lamas had engaged in at the Davies party and explained that Lana would attend the bullfights with Benny Cole.

Benny is a former business manager for Artie Shaw who now works as a business manager for two of Artie's ex-wives, Lana and Ava. He is a very indulgent young man and specializes in what he calls "personal service." He runs errands for his clients, accompanies Lana to Lake Tahoe, carries messages for the girls to and from MGM, even acts as their escort when escorts are scarce.

When the bullfights at Tijuana were over on October 12th, and some 5,000 people in the audience had seen Frank squeezed like a sardine between Ava and Lana, the news was quickly flashed that Ava and Frank had effected another reconciliation—no one knew or cared exactly which reconciliation this was, the tenth or the twentieth—and that both of them would leave for Africa together.

A few days later I ran into them at Frascatis, a restaurant in Beverly Hills. "You going overseas with Ava?" I asked the singer.

"You bet," he said.

"Going to do any work over there?"

"I think so," Frank said. He explained that there were many theatres in Africa, particularly in South Africa where he might entertain, but that more than anything else he didn't want to get too far away from Ava. That's what most of their trouble had been about in this country, being separated because of the circumstances of their respective careers.

Ava pointed out that some of Mogambo would be shot in England and that Frank had always been extremely popular at the Palladium in London and could undoubtedly find bookings there. They both seemed as happy as I've ever seen them.

Just how long that happiness will last I don't know. I do know, however, that Ava was happy to get away from Hollywood. This town has given her a strange kind of guilt complex.

I remember a few months ago when Frank was singing at the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles. Ava had dyed her hair blonde and used to come to the hotel for the first show to give her man every possible support on his comeback trail. Midway during his performance, Frank would turn to the audience and ask for requests.

One night a particularly obnoxious red-head jumped to her feet. When Frank offered to sing any of the many songs he'd made famous, this "beaut" shouted, "Sing 'Nancy'! Sing 'Nancy'! We want 'Nancy'!" ("Nancy" is the title of a love ballad dedicated to Frank's first wife.)

At that moment I looked across the room at Ava. She was sitting with Frank's manager, Hank Sanicola. Her white complexion was an uncomfortably unbecoming shade of red.

OVERSEAS Ava Gardner Sinatra is sure such embarrassments won't occur. She hopes she's said goodbye to this kind of heartache. Which is one reason she's glad she went. The other, and much less important, is the money. Money has never been the prime consideration in Ava Gardner's life. "I never had any to begin with," she once said, "and I don't expect I'll have any at the end."

The last thing she wants to do in the world is to have to admit the same thing of happiness with Frank Sinatra.

END

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his kind of man

(Continued from page 32) "Give me just one kiss, please!" Bob shook her off and hit out for the truck. Another girl was already inside. He deposited her politely but firmly back on the street. "Gun it!" he yelled to Tim, already at the wheel.

As they roared away, Bob noticed his boys, Jim and Chris, wide awake and wider eyed.

"What's the big attraction?" Jim asked. "Sounded like dames. Was it?"

"It was," panted Bob. "Nuttty dames They think I'm a movie star."

"Well," countered Jim, "aren't you?" "That's what some people claim back in Hollywood," answered Bob. "But I never believed that, do you?"

"Naw—not if you say so." "Attaboy," his pop. patted him. "Now get back to sleep."

Bob Mitchum was running away from Hollywood—shaking the glamor-dust from his kicks as he's done before when it got too thick for comfort. At that get-away point, he didn't want to be reminded of a status which, for reasons peculiar to Robert Charles Mitchum, he is forced periodically to assure himself and everyone close to him ain't necessarily so—even though it so obviously is.

"This Hollywood star stuff—it's still not for real. I'm just in on a pass. I'm like a guest in the house. Soon—I'll be traveling on. I'm not a big Hollywood star, and I'm not terribly interested in being one. I haven't enhanced my position much socially or financially. Sure—I've got a house with a mortgage—a wonderful wife and three wonderful kids, a '48 Buick and this knockout heap. But I get little benefit or satisfaction out of being a freak. I've been one for eight years. Ten years is long enough for a guy to stick at any job, isn't it? I'm just sweating out the next two years on my contract and hoping to do one good job. Then—here we go again!"

You might call that the home-again blues. Or the get-away blues. Or the Mitchum melancholies. Whatever the tag, they're what seizes Bob Mitchum whenever he's had a footloose look at the world outside Hollywood, when the pressure builds up and he itches to be on his way. It's a chronic affliction with as misunderstood a character as has ever landed on Hollywood's golden shores, but who found the elusive gold he's juggled there not the kind of stuff he was chasing at the end of the rainbow

wheels which is built on a Ford truck.

After that upsetting incident, the Oochapap rolled on—farther and farther away from Hollywood—over Colorado's Rockies and across Oklahoma's plains. Through the piney woods of Arkansas, the cypress swamps and along the bayous of Mississippi and Louisiana. Along the way, the gear inside Bob's ramble wagon got a thorough workout as Mitch and his boys stopped and camped where they pleased, fished, hunted, swam, explored and chinned with the characters they met.

IN New Orleans, his wife, Dorothy, joined the gang and they headquartered at their pal, Frank Monteleone's hotel in the Old Quarter of the Mitchums' favorite city, where time goes back a couple of hundred years. They roamed up and down the narrow streets with their filigreed iron balconies, along Bourbon and Royal, and listened to the throbbing Basin Street jazz Mitch loves. They ate shrimps Creole and drank Sazeracs, exploring the intimate ante-bellum charms of the Old Absinthe House, the Vieux Carée, the Famous Door, the LaFitte Bar. When that palled, the Mitchums rolled along the Gulf Coast to Biloxi and Pass Christian where Frank Monteleone and his wife, Isabel, had a big log house up beside a bayou under ancient moss-draped oaks and a boat right in the front yard. Bob chugged out on the Gulf, ran into a line squall that almost

you're starting a picture." So the Mitchums flew home and Tim Wallace drove the Oochapap back. The pipe dream was ended, but not forgotten. Despite a three-month hiatus from Hollywood footloose and free, roaming and rambling, the gnawing, dissatisfied restlessness remains in Bob Mitchum's big chest—and fortunately or unfortunately for him—I'm pretty sure it always will.

I dropped in on the Mitchums a week after they got home this fall. Bob was still wearing his red-checked hunting shirt and his travel-soiled jeans. The picture job that spelled sudden death to his holiday still hadn't started then, and Bob was pacing restlessly around the big pine-paneled living room of his Mandeville Canyon place. Phones jangled constantly and sometimes Bob answered them. Sometimes he just growled, "I left yesterday," and prowled outside to where the Oochapap was parked, still crammed with the outdoor junk, as if straining at the leash to haul Mitch out on the open road again. On the lawn stretched his canvas boat, looking lonesome and thirsty for water. Bob came back in the house, sprawled on a long, leather sofa built to handle his outsized frame, reached for a shotgun and started polishing it with an oiled rag.

His wife, Dorothy, who has the softest brown eyes of any girl in Hollywood, sat in a club chair knitting. A fire crackled in the big fireplace. Pretty soon Dot's mother, Ina, brought in a fat, blue-eyed bundle—Petrina, Bob's new daughter, the prettiest, healthiest baby girl you ever saw and one you'd never guess almost died when she was born last winter. Bob bounced her on his knees, made faces and got faces back, called her "Baldy" then brought her a drink of warm milk to apologize. Chris, wearing a grin under a cocky, once white sailor hat romped in from school reminding his dad that the paper drive was coming up at Santa Monica Canyon school, also a PTA meeting, and don't forget the Cub Scout picnic. "You're in," grinned Bob, "I'll be there." Chris vanished into the study to practice his piano lesson, and about then Jimmy called from Harvard Military Academy. He'd just cracked his jaw playing football, he reported, and by the way, he wouldn't be home that week—yeah, he confessed, still working off demerits

*HOLLYWOOD MERRY-GO-ROUND

• One movie director—Arch Oboler of radio fame—likes to refer to himself in third person. Production was lagging but Oboler insisted on doing a scene over "I don't believe Oboler likes that scene the way it is now," he said.

Distustedly, his unhappy producer remarked, "When he comes in, I'll tell him."

**from the book by Andrew Hecht*

swamped the thing, had his arm halt yanked off by scrappy tarpon. He went into the bayou country angling for "green trout," the big Mississippi bass that grow as fat as whisky jugs; banged away at alligators in the swamps with his rifle, and on some lazy days just lounged around in the mossy shade with Dorothy and his hosts, nursing a tall, cool one. Hollywood seemed a million miles away and even more unimportant to a joker who never figured it was important to him, anyway.

After that the Oochapap (a Cajun word for practically anything) pushed on across Texas where everybody seemed to have a few million dollars, everybody wanted to toss a party for Bob and Dorothy and nobody could understand him when he said, at last, "I've got to get back to work."

"Work?" drawled one lady sadly, when she heard that excuse "Why, he's such a nice boy—does he have to work? My husband," she sighed, "had to work once—poor man."

But Bob knew what was coming. Hollywood caught up with him in Texas. He opened *The Lusty Men* in Dallas, and in Kilgore at his friend Judge McGee's house. The wife came. "Take the next plane home.

You'd have never guessed, witnessing that cozy domestic scene, that Bob Mitchum could ever want or need anything more than what was around him. That is, until you saw Bob jump out of his chair, burst through the door and stare up at the sky. A thin, wavering line in V-formation was heading south. Geese. How Bob heard their beckoning honks above all the family noises, I'll never know, unless his ears are tuned that way.

"Guess I'm just a bum at heart," allowed Bob cheerfully, in line with his thoughts. "Been chasing rainbows all my life and suppose I always will. People who try to make me a solid citizen today," he grinned, "are just 20 years too late. I've got the itch and I've always had it. Not," he added, "that I don't appreciate the luck I've had. Not many guys have such a break; mighty few are privileged to experience all this here in Hollywood. It's great. But it can't be forever."

"People," he continued, "are always saying to me, 'Watch it, boy. Play it safe. Be careful!' But that chokes me off. What for? Being careful's not living—that's for the cemetery. But saying 'What's next?' is. I've never really had a rough moment in all my life—not one. And I've been backed up against box car walls with a knife in my ribs, slugged it out on top a hi-balling freight where it was the other guy or me

RIGHT now Robert Mitchum's salary is \$200,000 a year. He's the mainstay and the work horse, too, of RKO studios, the boy they call on when the going looks rough for a script or a picture. In the year before he took off for his rambling "rest leave" he ground out five. The best, *The Lusty Men*, was his own idea which he helped cast and helped write. In between, he raced off for vain bursts of freedom, trying to avoid what happened once when he was making two pictures at MGM and another at RKO simultaneously. After working 19 straight days and 19 straight nights he went berserk, kicked an \$18,000 camera into a water tank, tore up the wardrobe department, demolished a set and insulted several dignified stars. But until last July each time Bob shook himself loose from Hollywood, they yanked him right back.

"I've been dying for dear old RKO a year and a half and now I'm dead—all flaked out," he told his bosses last July. "Goodbye, boys, I'm through." Small wonder Bob was in no mood for the movie star treatment that night up in Idaho after he'd finally fled Hollywood in the "Oochapap" as he calls his house or

—and it wasn't me. I've scampered away in the night like a rabbit. I've been hungry and cold and busted flat. I've been in clover and I've been in jail. But I've loved every minute of it. Some people around here," puzzled Bob, "can't understand that."

They certainly can't. A town that collects ulcers piling up annuities and worrying about a secure old age can't really understand a life-lusty guy like Bob Mitchum banking only on his crowded pocket full of dreams. They've tagged him a bum, and a wild Indian, by accepted lights, a screwball and a crazy character—and Bob would be the last one to say them nay. It wouldn't be worth all the cheap conversations involved. He wouldn't convince anybody anyway; and he doesn't need to convince the people who count with Mitch, which includes himself, his wife, his family and a flock of widely scattered friends who like him for what he is. And what Bob Mitchum is—bone, body, blood, heart and spirit—stems far away from Hollywood and goes back a good many years. In fact, around 300 years.

It was in the 1640's that a rugged band of settlers named Mitchum came to the Santee River swamplands in South Carolina with a land grant from the King of England. They were among the very first Carolinians, right along with the Davises, Gambles and Dukes. Only they weren't such a solid citizen type. They had a curious habit of wanting to know what was over the next hill. So a lot of them pushed up into the wilderness of Ohio, across into Tennessee, down through the palmettos to the Floridas, up the coast to Jersey and beyond. A couple of the more adventurous traveled with Lewis and Clark on the great Expedition to the Northwest and they brought back Blackfoot Indian brides, a shocker in those days to the local settlers. They got socially ostracized more or less for that, but they weren't conventional so it didn't bother them too much. From that branch descended Robert Mitchum—that's his right name—and he's one of the breed, an eighth Blackfoot himself. "I'm from the low-down Mitchum line," Bob will grin, "but I'm kind of proud of it. They didn't believe in rules, my ancestors, and they didn't give a damn. And every one of them could look after himself wherever he went, which was often a pretty far piece."

Bob himself grew up mainly around Bridgeport, Connecticut, but he spent a lot of time on the farm of his grandmaw (who died just this year) down in Delaware, and from the start he was a Mitchum, through and through. When he was only four years old he tore off alone, the sights for to see. They caught him, but he'd traveled 15 miles to Milford before they did, which is pretty good going for a four-year-old. He kept trying, until the cops got sick and tired of dragging him home. Sometimes he'd land in the pokey—as he did when he was only 12 on a vagrancy charge. At which time the vagabond muse in the boy Mitchum erupted with this fragmentary poem, expressing his rainbow-chasing urge, his frustrations, and his kid search for an answer. He wrote it and his mother, who worked for the *Bridgeport Post*, got it printed, because it sounded like her boy, Bob: "I seek adventure and I find it too much penned Bob).

"Oh if I were only rich!
"I'd not be in this terrible 'dutch,'
"I'd not be in this ditch."

Bob Mitchum's struggle all his life has been to keep out of ditches—some people all them ruts—and the struggle undoubtedly has landed him in various ditches. Whether being rich would have helped

much is questionable, and Bob himself knows that. He's never been a nickel-nurser and never will be. I asked him once what big charge he'd get out of important money if he ever did find himself rolling in the stuff. "Giving it away would be my kick," he replied promptly.

Bob sees his Hollywood colleagues all around him, earning no more money than himself, collecting oil wells and business blocks and piling up estates for the probate courts some day. He doesn't dig it. If the oil wells walked right into his front yard that would be fine, but he's not holding his breath until they do. "I'm a loser with dough, not a winner," he believes. "I've never made a profit on anything in my life. But that never made a wrinkle."

Bob has always been one of the softest touches in Hollywood. People take advantage of him, out-fox him in business, tap him like a beer barrel. He knows it but doesn't resent it. In his Hollywood career, he figures he's been knocked over for around \$80,000. "Which sometimes dims my faith in my fellow man," he chuckles, "but not for very long."

REALLY, faith and interest in his fellow man is the meat and drink of Bob Mitchum's soul. Mitch likes people—not just the right people—but all kinds of people. Humanity has been his prime hobby ever since he could knock around among people and learn what made them tick. Without going into Bob's life saga, I might point out that in his early checked career he's bummed through all the 48 states in the Union as a hobo, rail-roader, a carnival roustabout. He's tooted a sax, promoted a barnstorming astrologer, written night club skits, sold shoes, worked in service stations, factories, stores and on amusement pikes. He's dug ditches, peddled house-to-house. He's buddied with bums and with millionaires too. He knows the plush side and the seamy side as well. All of it fascinates him and still does. Maybe that's why when high-priced, artistic, Hollywood-bound script writers get stuck they call on Mitch to straighten them out. He's doctored half the scripts he's played in. As an actor he's no Barrymore, but he knows ten times more about all kinds of characters than most actors ever know.

The kind of pals Bob Mitchum cottons to, and always has, are the interesting characters—the genuine, the colorful, and the mavericks, even as himself. They may have millions or barely a bean—it makes no never mind with Mitch. He can take up—as he and Dorothy did—with "Francine, the Village queen," a night club entertainer at the Fiesta Club in Biloxi, Mississippi, and be as firm a friend as he also could with respectable Judge McGee, the Kilgore, Texas, lawyer who handles oil empires. He can chin with a bartender on Bourbon Street and swap valued observations, just as he can argue with a dough-heavy Texas oil tycoon who told him when debate waxed warm, "You have an opinion? Well, I have 53 million dollars!"

Bob's Bohemian taste for off-beat individuals has landed him in trouble a time or two and that's also handed him the reputation of a reckless brawling rounder. A body built for the prize ring, a devil-may-care map and manner, his knockabout past—and a few sensational incidents—have contributed to the dangerous legend that Bob would just as soon flatten you to the floor as look at you. The truth is that his funnybone is as much overdeveloped as his punching muscles and gets twice the exercise, wherever he roams.

ACTUALLY, Bob Mitchum is too wrapped up in the people he meets to go around mowing them down, and that attraction, I might add, is invariably a

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case of vice versa. Wherever Mitch sticks around for long people beg him to stay. He's been offered very soft setups in several places and a life of ease, absolutely gratis and with no strings attached, if he'd put down roots for keeps. In one Southern city a local moneybags told him, "Bob, why don't you stay here and go in business with me?"

"Business?" puzzled Bob. "Why, I don't know anything about your business."

"Don't have to," he was told. "Got a bookkeeper who takes care of that. All you've got to do is go fishin'. Come on, join the club. I'll deal you right in." But Mitch only laughed, although he was grateful.

Another oil tycoon in Texas offered him the same kind of fantastic free deal—20 per cent in a new company which would have netted Mitch \$180,000 the first year! And just because he liked Bob's company. That sort of thing is likely to pop up whenever genial Bob mixes with the idle rich. They go for his good-fellowship, humor, sportsmanship—and they want to keep him idle, too, by giving him "part of the store." But with Mitch that, of course, is strictly no go. He's too independent. "I couldn't be anybody's pet," he explains, "that's not my style"—as if he had to tell you.

Bob will kid even his best friends that what he wants out of life are simply days of ease. "Been trying for 35 years to figure how to keep away from work," he'll state solemnly, which, of course, doesn't jibe with the facts. What Bob really wants, and he'll admit it if you pin him down, is a life of variety, adventure, action and satisfactory fulfillment. Sports give him no charge. Football games, tennis matches,

even prize fights bore him. He thinks golf's silly. His pal, Jerry Devine, is always trying to talk him into sports contests. "What for?" Jerry gets. "Somebody runs up and down a field and somebody else runs down. Somebody hits a ball and somebody hits it back. So what?" But if you tell him where the big trout lie or a buck deer is feeding he'll get fidgety and move heaven and earth—and sometimes even Hollywood—to get there.

What gives Bob Mitchum the glooms about his Hollywood fate, each time he returns from a ramble and makes him champ to escape again, are some of the things most stars dearly prize: "I like making pictures," he'll explain, "but I don't like being a movie star." He doesn't like the phoniness, the flattery, the pedestal placing, the hassle, the pull and haul of a frenetic business. He doesn't like the red tape, the protocol, the fear, the deals, sometimes the stupidity. He doesn't like the lack of freedom, being the slave of a phone call. He doesn't like the monotony of "walking through my pictures." What would satisfy and calm him down more than anything is to get something real of himself or the world he knows on film—or, even better, between the covers of a book.

"I want to write, I always have," Bob confesses. "But I can't do it here. I don't have time to think, let alone write. So I want a ranch, somewhere where there's good fishing, good hunting, good land and pasture. That's what I'll have when I get the dough. I figure I could cash in right now for maybe \$100,000. But that's not enough. I want a good place, I want to seed it and build it up, stock it and make it produce."

jects. But after a while he discovered that she was capable of discussing a good deal more. As a matter of fact, Marlon is himself quite an authority on a lot of subjects, for he is an avid scholar, but he found out that Movita was as good, if not better, a conversationalist on most of the things he knew about.

They had a lot of fun on that location. The director was Elia Kazan, a man who believes in making his company happy—and there were lots of jokes and parties in the evenings when there was not an early call or the weather was bad. Marlon, of course, was still Marlon Brando and didn't commit himself to romance. But he did spend most of his time with the Latin girl and was truly sorry when the location trip was over.

When *Viva Zapata* was finished, Marlon was asked to stick around Hollywood for a couple of weeks until it was decided if retakes were necessary. This happens after most pictures and generally Marlon's agent, MCA, dreaded these days. When a day's shooting is scheduled it is generally suddenly, and never before, on other pictures, had they been able to ferret Marlon out for at least a couple of days. But this time it was different. They knew just where he was almost every minute. That was wherever Movita was. It was pleasant for the studio, to say the least.

But then, of course, came the inevitable day we spoke about. The day the studio told Marlon he could go home—and he had to make his difficult decision. It is a testament to his beliefs that he would never seriously fall in love or marry that he cuddled his pet in his arms and left Movita standing at the airport.

Movita Doyle is not just an ordinary woman, and that should be pointed out here. She came to Hollywood in 1934 and was promptly signed by MGM to play the role of Clark Gable's Polynesian sweetheart in *Mutiny On The Bounty*. All Holly-

W HEN Dorothy Mitchum hears Bob talk like that she moves a little closer to the fire and knits a little faster. She remembers the days when meeting the rent was a chronic problem and the cupboard bare. But she's been Bob Mitchum's gal ever since she was 14 and she still is. She'd go anywhere he said, even if the Mandeville canyon house does seem mighty safe and solid when a chill wind blows, and the baby cozy, the boys all settled in their school routines. But Bob has an answer for that, too.

"My kids are Mitchums," he says. "They don't need cozy corners or safe routines. They need love and care and a good education—and that they'll get. But I'm not too sure the only place in the world for them is Hollywood. I'll keep Oochapap ready to roll."

Someday maybe it will again, and keep rolling—and maybe it won't. No one who knows Bob Mitchum could say for sure about that and I doubt if Bob could either, right now. But he's no more tamed, domesticated, housebroken or softened up, really, than he was the first day he "dropped down from a Greyhound bus on Hollywood Boulevard with his pants patched and his elbows busting through his coat sleeves. He may stay in Hollywood until he grows a long, gray beard—or he may blow tomorrow—I wouldn't know."

All I know is that sitting in his comfortable, big house by the fireside with safe and sane security on all sides he can still hear the wild geese trumpet disturbingly. And after he's gone for a look and comes back in the house, sometimes he says to himself just a little anxiously, "I'm 35. It's getting late outside." **END**

love comes to marlon brando

(Continued from page 29) ticket for it as he said he would. They said he could cage it and put it in the baggage car, but it would not be allowed on any other part of the train. Marlon's answer was that any man who would coop a raccoon up for four days was not human, so he went over and bought a ticket on an airline that was more considerate of dumb animals.

And so, when the plane was leaving, Movita stood tearfully aside as Marlon and the raccoon boarded the plane—and as it took off she no doubt pondered bitterly on the chill superiority of men and raccoons.

That was just a little more than a year ago. A month ago, a Hollywood columnist, writing in one of the journals that is read by all filmdom, came up with this sparkling item. "It must be love for Marlon Brando," the gossipier wrote. "He has given up his raccoon for Movita."

During the year between these two incidents much happened, much that restored Movita's faith in the human race, and much that taught Marlon Brando the ways of love. The actor who had been the toast of the unmarried theatrical set for several years, the lad who had treated even the greatest ladies among his admirers like his servants, fell in love—even to the point where he gave up his most precious companion for the lady of his heart.

Marlon Brando met Movita, who's true name, by the way, is Mrs. Jack Doyle, shortly after he began shooting *Viva Zapata*. It was in Texas, on location down by the Rio Grande River, and Movita was one of the supporting players brought from Hollywood for the film. During the evening, after the day's work was done, the company stayed pretty close together and it was only natural that a fellow finally found a girl he liked to discuss the weather and life with. Marlon was introduced to the dark-eyed beauty and started to work on those sub-

wood raved about her. She was the toast of the MGM lot, but it just seemed as though the cards were stacked against her, for, although she made a few other pictures, none of them were big enough or good enough to follow *Mutiny* and she slowly fell from popularity.

In the meanwhile, in another part of the world, a young Irishman named Jack Doyle began making a name for himself. He was in the British Army and a London fight promoter saw him box in an amateur match. Sensing color, the promoter bought him out of the service, a process allowed at that time, and made a professional of him. Doyle was a handsome lad and every inch as much of a character in his line as Marlon Brando is in the acting profession today. He was never credited with being a great fighter, but he was certainly colorful both in the ring and in private life.

Any time Jack Doyle was fighting, the patrons could be sure something unexpected would happen, like somebody being thrown out of the ring, or somebody slugging the referee. Consequently, he was a big draw and became rich and famous in the British Isles. Jack Doyle and Movita met about the time both of their stars were dimming and shortly afterwards married and went to live in Ireland.

Before and during the past war they were familiar sights in the London night spots—and their hassles were as famous over there as the spats of Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller were over here—and just as colorful. Movita Doyle, because of her beauty and her fiery temperament, was considered splendid company and she moved in the best social circles in the British Isles. When her marriage to Doyle went on the rocks, she was much sought after and could have had almost any of the eligible bachelors around for the nodding of her pretty head.

This was the kind of woman Marlon Brando left waiting at the Los Angeles International Airport in 1951. And surely

she must have known as she walked slowly to her car that one day he'd be back, or that he'd ask her to come to him. Not even Marlon could escape the Movita charm.

Marlon held out in New York for about two weeks, during which time he telephoned a few times "just to say hello." Then he telephoned late one night and told the truth. Life was dull in Manhattan without her. He missed all the rough-house fun they had and the conversations. Wouldn't she come back and pay a visit. Well, she did—and there is no record in the gossip columns of his dating any other girl since. Marlon is not a café society man. He likes to patronize places of entertainment off the beaten track, so not too many of the Gotham reporters saw him with Movita. Not enough anyway to start the rumors of a serious romance.

But their friends knew it was serious. They were together constantly at parties and just visiting at the apartments of friends. And just before spring in 1952 the word was about that Marlon was going to marry the girl. It has even been said that he *did* marry her but no proof of this has ever been found—and neither one of them is ever likely to admit it.

ANOTHER parting loomed early in 1952 when Marlon had to go to Europe to talk over some picture deals. But this time he didn't leave Movita on the dock; she tagged along. All summer long they toured the continent, had gay times in Paris and visited out of the way places together. Movita was a wonderful guide, too, for she had been to most of the places Marlon wanted to see before—and could speak most of the European languages.

Some of their friends say that one of the reasons Marlon agreed to come back to Hollywood to play Marc Antony in *Julius Caesar* is that Movita said she just had to go home and visit her family and Marlon didn't want her to leave him alone. At any rate, they arrived together—and stayed together all during the shooting of the picture.

Marlon's desire to be close to Movita at all times is illustrated in an amusing story that came off the set of *Julius Caesar*. It seems that Movita played a small role in the film and had to be down in the crowd that milled about the steps of a Roman palace. Marlon disappeared and when the scene was finished the assistant directors began looking for him. He was nowhere to be found until one of the assistants happened to look down in the milling mob and saw Marlon sitting on a stone bench talking to Movita. He had, without anyone being aware of it, been playing an extra in the picture in which he was starring.

If you are not familiar with Marlon Brando you would never guess from seeing him and Movita at a private party that they were in love. Most men, paying court to a girl, stick close to her and hold her hand, or once in a while slip over and give her an affectionate peck on the cheek. Marlon shows his devotion in another manner. He will look across a room at Movita—and then make a charge and a flying tackle, throwing her to the ground where he will plant a fair example of a loving kiss right on the top of her nose. Or he will pick her up, when they are leaving, and carry her to the car—or home if it is not too far—on his back. It is unorthodox treatment all right, but she seems to like it.

To understand why Marlon Brando likes Movita better than the other women in his life, one must look into his relationships with other women. If he is not the least bit romantically interested in a girl, Marlon treats her like a boy scout treats his mother. He is the soul of politeness and consideration, almost courtly in his manner. But if there is any spark of the male and female nonsense between them he is

as different as Jekyll was from Hyde. He becomes terribly disinterested, then bored and finally, when the romance is in high gear, downright hateful to the girl. Shelley Winters, in the lonely days before she met her present husband and found happiness, was one of the women who made the mistake of letting Marlon know she liked him. Shelley, who could get most bachelors in Hollywood by dropping her handkerchief, got nothing but rebuffs from the fellow—and when he did give her the

Victor Mature and Maurice Evans did their own stand-in work for *Androcles And The Lion* in the scenes where they worked with live lions. The insurance companies wouldn't give risk insurance on stand-ins, only on the stars.

pleasure of his company she had to follow after him and not lead the way. At one time many of her friends wanted to punch him in the nose—thinking he was doing her wrong—but it was just Marlon's way of handling girls.

Then there was Marilyn Monroe who had a crush on him at one time. Nothing much ever came of this romance, probably because Marilyn was too popular for that kind of treatment. But if you had seen them together, you would have suspected that Marlon hated her. And Roberta Haynes, the girl who just co-starred with Gary Cooper in *Return To Paradise*, was another in love with Marlon. She admits it and to this day can't understand why he treated her as though she were his maid.

MARLON BRANDO, then, has to have a woman with fire. And one capable of hanging him by the heels. Movita is that kind of a girl. On the few occasions he has reverted to type, once their firm relationship was established, she has put him in his place but fast. Their friends say that on the smallest hint of a slight from him she will hit him over the head with the handiest blunt object. And if he seems to be getting out of line, such as flirting with another girl, she's just as liable as not to toss him on her shoulder and carry him to the car, or home if it is not too far.

What is to finally become of the Brando-Movita relationship only time can say. As we said, before, it is whispered that they are already married, but not confirmed. As far as Hollywood is concerned, no one here knows very much about them or their plans. They keep well away from sources of information to the press—and when they go off some place together they have no brass band announcing their movements as some stars do. But there is one thing the pals they do have will assure you of—and that is that they think they will always be together. There is a crazy kind of a bond between them. A crazy kind of a love that keeps them together.

The business of choosing between his raccoon and Movita is amusing on the surface, but not at all funny or a light matter to Marlon and Movita. Marlon is fanatically fond of animals. He would rather pet a dog than shake hands with a celebrity. He has a kinship with dumb things that is really beautiful. And he likes the wild things better than the tame. That is why his mother, who knows him better than anyone else, gave him the raccoon.

A raccoon is an affectionate animal and willful enough to make keeping one around the house a pleasant contest. Marlon was crazy about the beast as soon as he had it—and has been known to leave the most charming company when he felt he ought to go home and feed it or give it a little cheer. No matter where he went, until he decided about Movita, he took the

raccoon. Once he went to Cincinnati to make a personal appearance with one of his movies—and naturally took the animal along.

He was met at the plane by a representative of the film company (who was rather astonished to see his star alight in a suit of old clothes, carrying a raccoon) and escorted to the hotel. In the room the press agent outlined the plans for the evening. They were to include a dinner with city officials, meetings with the local press, a couple of appearances at the theatre showing the movie and a few jaunts about town that would get them home in the small hours of the morning.

While the press agent was talking, Marlon held the pet in his arms and stroked it thoughtfully. When the agent was finished he had something else he wanted to get off his chest.

"Mr. Brando," he said, "I want to thank you for coming down here. They tell me in the home office you don't like to make personal appearances—as a matter of fact never do. And I want you to know how much I appreciate your coming down here. And I want to say that if there is anything I can do for you here in Cincinnati, just mention it and it's done. Anything."

Marlon looked at him for a long moment. "Anything?" he asked.

"Anything!" said the press agent emphatically.

"Very well," said Marlon, "get me another raccoon to sit with mine while we're out."

YES, the final act of love that Marlon Brando could do for his girl was to give up his raccoon. It was not that Movita was jealous of Marlon's affection for the animal. It was just that she found tagging along with her boy friend became quite a chore when everything they had to do revolved around the creature's comfort and happiness. It couldn't be left alone for too long a time or it might decide to tear the apartment apart. And if they planned a trip somewhere they had to make sure they found a place that would rent a room to Marlon and a raccoon. This was extremely difficult. Then, most kennels, glad to take dogs of any breed for a few days, absolutely refused to have a raccoon in the place. This tied them down considerably. Another cause for dissension was that it was generally Movita who wound up cleaning up after the pet—and that is not much of a job for a lady—especially an exotic beauty.

Well, one day they had a bitter quarrel about it. The first serious quarrel they had ever had. They didn't speak for several days. But Marlon Brando, whatever his faults are, is not a man to bicker. He weighs the pros and cons of a problem, makes up his mind about it and acts irrevocably. He finally called Movita on the phone.

"Why don't you come on over tonight," he asked. "Maybe we can have dinner together."

Movita agreed. She was just about to call him anyway.

Marlon met her at the door and asked her to come in while he finished combing his hair. Movita walked into the flat, walked around the living room for a moment, then noticed something missing.

"Hey," she called in to the other room. "Where's the baby?"

"Oh, him," said Marlon casually. "I had him crated up and sent back to my mother at the farm. I guess you were right. He'll be happier there."

That's all that was ever said about it. But they both knew a sacrifice had been made for love. And when Marlon went back to New York a few weeks later, he had no problems. And his girl wasn't left waiting at the airport, either.

the christmas they couldn't see

(Continued from page 49) and there were the children, bless them, laughing and bubbling with excitement and happiness, ecstatic with the sheer joy of living.

Ah yes, the children. But with a difference. Much the same, at casual glance, as your children and mine—pretty and sweet, happy and gay, in love with life and with a party.

But there *was* a difference. You see, these three- and four-year-olds attending Esther's party, are blind. They cannot see color and form. They cannot see lovely, willowy Esther as she moves gracefully among them, leaving a hug here, a kiss there. They cannot see jolly old Santa Claus, or the lights on the tree, or the silver tinsel, or the red-and-white stripes of the candy canes. These children are blind—totally, irrevocably. This is, in truth, a Christmas they cannot see.

Where does Esther Williams fit into all this? Why does she devote so much of her energy and limited time to these blind tykes at the Los Angeles Nursery School for Visually Handicapped Children? She has two wonderful boys of her own, that is true, but two-year-old Kim and three-year-old Benjy are normal youngsters physically and mentally, who take up a good deal of Esther's time. Why then does she give of herself to these other children, these visually handicapped boys and girls, often to the point of exhaustion?

I asked her. The familiar, warm Esther Williams smile danced across her face as she replied, "I'm glad you asked, Mike, because I've been wanting to tell you. I want the whole world to know about these children!"

It all happened three years ago, Esther explained, when she was asked to model at the Harold Lloyd benefit party for the Nursery School. "I did a strip tease, of a sort," she recalled. "Louis B. Mayer bought the dress I wore, an Adrian original, and sent it to me afterwards as a gift. Ted Bris-kin bought the bathing suit underneath.

"I became very curious about the organization and asked in detail what it was all about. My heart went out to these blind babies. They're born that way, I found out, most of them prematurely.

"They told me that when the Nursery work was first started in 1935, many blind children aged three or four were brought in in pathetic condition, and it was a question as to whether they ever would be able to enter the first grade.

"They told me about Sally, who didn't walk or talk, was rigid, tense, and proclaimed an imbecile. They told me about little Bob, who had been held and cuddled so much that his arms and legs were like gelatin. With little Sally, I'm happy to say, constant training proved the first diagnosis wrong. She was quite normal—in fact, of superior mental capacity! With Bob, proper stimulus soon developed a normal body."

Shortly after the benefit party, Esther said, she was carrying her first baby, and since she was unable to continue with her motion picture work during those months, she had a lot of time to mull over what she had heard concerning the Nursery School. She visited the Adams Street school to see what it was like.

"I love children," Esther said, "and when I learned that this type of eye difficulty is the third most serious disease for children, and that the Nursery School had facilities for only eight, I was determined to study and work hard in order to learn how to teach handicapped children such as these to adjust themselves in this world of ours. Just think, there were only five such schools in the entire country, and this one 80 had a waiting list of 200 children! Many

of them came in during the day and had to go home again at night. I felt I had to help them!"

Although, as Esther explained, she could do nothing immediately to earn funds for the School since she was pregnant, she was able to teach the children to swim. These boys and girls couldn't run or play games where sight was necessary, but lots of people swim with their eyes closed. This, Esther decided, she could and would teach them to do.

She took the children to a heated pool regularly three times a week until just a month before her own Benjy was born. She recalls that even when she was very tired and it was a terrible burden to keep on with the swimming lessons, she experienced a curious urgency to go ahead with the work. "A still, small voice inside me seemed to ask, 'Why do you feel this urgency, this drive, why do you keep going when it would be so easy to plead illness?'"

"A terrible, agonizing thought struck me: 'Am I doing all this because I'm going to have a blind baby?'" It was like a pressure. It was driving me mad. I always answered myself with 'You'll be a better mother as a result of all this study and teaching. And you'll be prepared, if the worst happens, to be the mother of a blind child!'"

In desperation, Esther recalls, she finally turned to her "favorite companion," her mother, a child psychologist and founder of the Southwest Counselling Service in Los Angeles, and confided the fears and the doubts that had been tormenting her.

"Mother, as usual, set me straight," Esther said. "She put her arms around me and said, 'Darling, maybe you're doing this so you won't have a blind baby. Did

I don't care what anyone prints so long as it isn't true.

Katharine Hepburn

you ever think of that? Maybe you're earning your own perfectly healthy child."

"And you know, I'm sure now she was right. You see, I had lost a baby prematurely—my first—before Benjy was born, and subconsciously I had been connecting this incident with the possibility that I might again have a premature baby and that its eyes might not be properly formed, as is the case with those children I had been teaching to swim. I was trying to earn a healthy child."

I asked her, "Doesn't it break your heart to work with blind children?"

"Oh, no," Esther replied, "I regard it as a privilege and honor to be able to help in some way. How wonderful it is if I can, in my small way, help them to live their lives as useful citizens. After all, they're not hopeless invalids."

Esther recounted for me her first enlightening experience as she watched the teachers at the school in order to learn how to handle the children. "I watched a baby just learning to walk, head straight for a chair. I stood by and watched him run right into it and hurt himself. It seemed heartless, but the wise instructor said you have to let them run into obstructions, in their blindness, and sometimes even hurt themselves. It's the only way they can learn to be aware of obstacles."

Two years ago, as a Christmas gift, Esther and her husband, Ben Gage, presented the school with a specially constructed swimming pool and Esther trained the teachers in instructing the children to swim. The heated pool is four feet deep all the way around, and with encircling steps. There are guard rails on all four corners to guide the children up the steps. The children were frightened of the

water at first, Esther said. Once they're in the water, they don't have the one security they depended upon before—a firm support under their feet. The water is, at first, a strange, terrifying, new, dark world and their only support is gone. They have to be won over to it, and then when they become friends with this new medium their laughter and enjoyment is just like that of any normal child.

"One day," Esther recalled, "little Thayer got water splashed in her eyes. Of course, this disturbed me and I asked one of the instructors whether or not it was possible for the water to injure the children's eyes in any way. She explained that they have no sensation in the eye, painful or otherwise, and that sometimes they actually lean on their handicap to gain sympathy—which is, after all, a very normal human reaction.

"So Thayer was using her handicap as an excuse not to concentrate on her swimming lesson. I said, 'We won't let you play with the other children if you don't learn to swim.' She said, 'But the water hurts my eyes when they splash me!' So I said, 'Hey, the water doesn't hurt your eyes and you know it!' We made a game of it and splashed back and forth. She came over afterwards and said, 'I'm sorry. I was fooling you. It didn't hurt my eyes. I don't have any eyes, Aunt Esther, so how can I hurt them?'"

"You see," Esther explained, "the teaching approach is honest and straightforward. The children must accept the fact that they were born without eyes and cannot see as other people see. They must learn to think, 'now let's get to work and do something to make up for it!'"

And Esther tells this poignant story. "One day little five-year-old Barbara said to me, 'What color is your dress?'"

"You have no idea how regularly we all say 'Look,' 'You'll see,' or 'I'll show you' until you work with the blind. Anyway, I said, 'I can't tell you because you've never seen colors.'

"She said, 'But I think maybe you can tell me! Is it sun color?'"

"I said 'yes' because the dress was yellow and had white trim. Then I walked over to the superintendent and asked if Barbara had ever been able to see. She said, 'Yes, she lost her sight when she was two.' She was remembering the colors she had seen up to the time she was two! I walked back to Barbara and said, 'Darling, tell me something. Do you know what color yellow is?' 'Sure,' she said, 'it's the color of a dandelion.' 'And the trim is white,' I added. She exclaimed, 'Oh, like when a dandelion goes poof! See, Aunt Esther, I remember all the old things!'"

SUDDENLY Esther remembered she was hostess at a gay Christmas party for 17 lovely, lively children, and watching her move around among her guests, my heart wasn't as heavy as it had been. These boys and girls no longer appeared handicapped, no longer objects for pity and sympathy. They were normal children, I told myself, but without sight. They like to romp and wrestle. They shriek and laugh with delight when they are happy. They shed tears when they are hurt. They like to hear stories, to eat ice cream and cake, to "see" loveliness with their fingers and ears, and yes—they like to swim. And they weren't loving or enjoying Esther Williams, motion picture star. They appreciate her as a warm-hearted friend only, because, remember they had never seen and will never see a motion picture. It was a Christmas party they couldn't see, there's no denying that—but oh, how they could feel it!

END

(Esther Williams will soon be seen in MGM's Million-Dollar Mermaid.)

(Continued from page 40) each day looking as though she hadn't the slightest idea how to apply three-cornered pants.

In the first place, she is Secretary-Treasurer of the Brinkman Manufacturing Company, a firm which turns out precision aircraft parts. The President and owner is her husband, Paul Brinkman. At first, or even third glance, Jeanne does not appear the type to understand cams, grommets or sumps, and indeed she does not. She describes her husband's firm as one which "makes pistons and things that make motors go." On the other hand, she does understand and takes a keen interest in the business itself. To Jeanne, the business world is a deeply fascinating thing, and she is one of those rare women who devour the "Business" section in news magazines. She was appointed Secretary-Treasurer solely because of the legal aspect of owning a firm that is a family affair, and admittedly has little to do with making decisions. More or less as a gag, Paul had a box of business cards printed, including her name and title, and while Jeanne isn't quite sure what to do with them—"I'll drop them places"—she takes a whimsical pride in their existence.

Occasionally she will put in her oar, such as the time when Paul, after building a new plant, changed the name of the firm from the ABC Die and Engineering Company to The Brinkman Manufacturing Company.

The Secretary-Treasurer gave this due consideration and then asked, "Don't you think it's rather unusual to use our name in the title?"

The President promptly overruled her objection. "Look at the Ford Motor Company—and Firestone—and Westinghouse," he said. "Those are owners' names."

"Yes, sir," said the Secretary-Treasurer.

She attends business meetings regularly and takes active interest in the proceedings. On these occasions she wears a business-type suit and modifies her hair-do and make-up for the occasion. "I feel like Roz Russell in a movie role," she says.

When Paul brings business associates home for dinner, Jeanne pulls a switch, and being now the hostess rather than the businesswoman, blossoms out in décolleté evening clothes that shimmer in the candlelight. She is attentive to conversations that might bore many a woman, yet retains the femininity so important to wives of successful young businessmen.

THIS in itself is perhaps the whole secret of Jeanne's glamor, for she does have that. She is perpetually feminine, in her gestures, her thought, her walk and her clothes, and whether she is discussing a new role for herself, a business deal for Paul's firm, or drawing bead on a duck in flight, she is always completely so.

Paul is a sportsman—he likes to fish and ski and hunt, and he hoped from the first that Jeanne would share his enthusiasm. As a new bridegroom his first Christmas gifts to her were a skeet rifle, a Western belt and a cartridge case. Mrs. Brinkman took the hint and tried her hand at shooting. It turned out like everything else. Jeanne has the inclination, but not the talent. She is a fair golfer, a fair tennis player, so-so as an angler, can master a beginners' slope when skiing, and didn't swim well until their own pool was installed. It is a frustration with her, this urge to be good at sports, and while she is skilled enough in most things to make a good companion for Paul, she has found that where there is a will there isn't always a way.

On ice skates she is a competent dream; it is the only sport in which she is adept.

In other things she is merely a dream, not only because she looks well in the clothes required by each sport, but also because she really does try. Other women who visit Mount Rose near Reno may sit on the porch of the lodge modeling their striking ski clothes, but Jeanne is always out on the practice run, working like a beaver, going up the slope time after time to learn control of the skis. As she puts it, "I love the snow, and the clothes, and the cold and the fun at the resorts—but I can't ski!"

She goes hunting with Paul, but while she shrinks at the thought of the big brown eyes of the deer, she knows Paul is a true sportsman, and refrains from spoiling his fun by mentioning her qualms. When ducks are in season, she climbs out of bed at 2:30 in the morning and into her warm clothes, grabs her hip boots and goes merrily off with Paul on the four-hour drive to the duck country. No matter what Jeanne does she always looks like a magazine cover, and the impression of glamor is heightened by her intelligent interest. For her husband, she is the perfect companion because while she plays a good game, she never wins.

SHE is also feminine in that she is an incurable shopper. At Palm Springs she will drag on Paul's arm as they pass a shop window. "Please, I want to look at those purses."

"How many purses do you have now?" he says.

"About a dozen, I guess."

"Then, why do you want to look at them? You don't need any more."

"Because I want to look," says Jeanne with feminine logic.

They don't get away from home often. Paul is at his plant most mornings by seven and doesn't get home until six in the evening; and in between babies Jeanne has starred in a continual stream of movies. The brief weekends are treasured, for within a few hours' drive from Los Angeles are the mountains at Lake Arrowhead, the surf at Laguna Beach, the desert at the Palm Springs, the ranches near Victorville, or Mexico to the south. These short trips, even if they happen but once every six weeks, make the Brinkman marriage a constant honeymoon. Jeanne feels that "getting away from it all" is a very necessary thing in anyone's life; that it gives renewed vigor and bounce. In the months when she was making one picture after another her career became the only thing in her life, and while she loves movie work, Jeanne is a many faceted person and requires a variety of interests.

At home, she never finds enough time for the things she wants to do. She is a calm person, and her friends often remark about the fact that Jeanne never seems ruffled, no matter what pressures or emergencies may arise. A woman who is taut and harried, continually shuffling problems that bewilder her, seldom carries the aura of glamor, and Jeanne escapes this tension by moving sedately through life, ever ready with quick decisions. She has a positive approach to everything, and through her own career has learned how annoying it is to come home and be surrounded with the petty problems that go hand-in-hand with a large household. As a result she shields Paul from the miniature typhoons that periodically blow through their home: the broken washing machine, the rash on Mike's arm, the gopher under the azalea bed and the cook who quit without notice. "I don't think a man should be burdened with the little annoyances," she says. Then adds with a wise little smile, "Maybe women give a little bit more than men in a marriage, but if they do, they get back more, too."

Around the house, Jeanne wears her col-

lection of short cotton brunch coats, long ago having given up the fussy productions, the things that have to be zipped or buttoned at myriad points. She shows up for breakfast every morning with a scrubbed face and shining hair and a fresh morning coat, and stays that way until it's time to bathe and dress for Paul's homecoming. Being well groomed for the dinner hour is important with her, and she has found that it had to be made a habit. Otherwise, the unexpected sometimes happened and she failed to be ready to meet him at the front door. "Men notice things like that," she says, "no matter what their age." The added thought refers to her trio of sons, who howl with delight when they see her "dressed up." The brighter the colors the better, and Jeanne thinks this goes for the adult male, as well. When she turns out in red the two-year-old Timothy croons happily

IT HAPPENED TO ME

I had just bought a copy of MODERN SCREEN, and was standing in the drugstore at Selma and Vine Streets, in Hollywood, reading an article called "How Dopey Can He Get?" when a gentleman brushed past me mumbling, "Excuse me." Imagine my surprise when I looked up and saw the star of the story, Gordon MacRae, luying some toothpaste and grinning at me.



Nancy Streebeck
Hollywood, California

and remarks "Da doll!" a pet name originated for his small sister and lately applied to all likely looking females.

JEANNE is always on the prowl for new fashion ideas, and when she comes home after a fashion show her program is covered with scribbles. Deciphered, they are reminders to try a pin here or a pin there, or a novel way to wear a scarf, a trick with sweaters, or to see if she has any hat that would take a wide ribbon like that pillbox number at the show. Jeanne isn't what is termed a pace setter in fashions, but she does give her wardrobe and grooming minute attention, despite the fact that more often than not she is "helped" in getting dressed by her offspring. The boys drag out their respective choices—shoes, gloves, jewelry and bags—and Jeanne calmly puts them back where they belong and goes on with her original plans.

She has her own dryer at home and has devoted one corner of her dressing room to what she likes to think of as her own beauty parlor. She shampoos and sets her own hair at least once a week, and always performs the operation when Paul is not at home.

Jeanne loves to draw a pleasing assortment of wolf whistles around town. Like most movie stars she is well known in Beverly Hills, where the citizens are usually respectful, but away from the neighborhood she has been known to snarl traffic. The characters who try to whistle down lone women drivers have a tough subject in Jeanne Crain, but also a fairly considerate one. "I don't like to see the poor men wasting time and energy trying to keep up with me in traffic," she says. "So I nonchalantly adjust the mirror on the side of the car until I'm sure they've seen my wedding ring." She feels she can't be too annoyed because once, eight years 81

ago, there was a young man who used to follow her car around town, a handsome man named Brinkman.

Besides, Jeanne likes wolf whistles, and is frank enough to admit it. "If I don't get any for a while I begin worrying about it. If you've ever noticed, they don't happen when you look tired or grumpy, and I think if you suddenly realize the whistles have died down it's time to take a good look at yourself."

Jeanne almost always defers to Paul in the majority of problems, and career or no career, continues to be a wife to him in every sense of the word. She sees to it that his clothes are in order, that his shirts are properly ironed, and his sock supply is plentiful. When they were first married she refrained from fussy frills in their bedroom, giving him the edge with masculine grey woodwork and grey wallpaper. It's only lately that she's begun to think about painting the woodwork a peach color. "Not too peachy, but just enough to relieve the feeling that I sleep in a bachelor dormitory." She smiled. "Maybe having a daughter has finally given me courage."

When Paul built the new plant and wondered about decorating his office Jeanne pitched in to help. She suggested wood panelling on all four walls. "And we can hang up that deer head that's been sitting on top of the freezer in the garage." She spent many days on the project, which luckily came at the time when, after

Jeanne's birth, there was a long period of rest before making a movie—*O. Henry's Full House*. But the free period had flown by on wings. For Jeanne there is never enough time. There is not only her job of being wife and mother and running the house and maintaining what is ordinarily a full time career, but there are her hobbies, too.

Jeanne's hobbies tend to be the clutter type; things like painting and keeping scrapbooks. After seven years of bumping into easels and stepping on clippings smeared with paste, Paul built Jeanne her own tiny house, tucked away up on the hill at the back of their property. Jeanne calls it her studio and is ecstatically happy over having, at last, a place where she can paint and putter to her heart's content. No one else is allowed to enter, and Jeanne even insists on cleaning it herself because if a maid ever broke in and tidied up the place, Mrs. Brinkman wouldn't be able to find a thing. The children have seen it, of course, and once in a while Jeanne will extend an invitation to them, one at a time, to join her in her leisure hours. Each has his own smock and equipment.

OTHERWISE, its security is inviolate, and there's no one to complain about its dishevelment. It's bound to be that way, too, for Jeanne is an inveterate scrapbook-keeper, having one on home furnishing ideas, one on fashion, one on

entertaining, a big book of family pictures, all her publicity clippings, and even a guest book which she keeps supplied with pictures of friends as well as their autographs. None of them are ever up to date, naturally. The one drawback of having the little studio is the fact that there is seldom time to spend there.

Next to the Lady of Guadalupe medal, it is her most treasured gift from Paul. The medal, incidentally, was a gift on their fifth anniversary. Five star-shaped diamonds are set around the rim, and three rubies in the center, representing the boys. Recently Paul has added an emerald in honor of their only daughter, and Jeanne prizes the ornament above all other material things in her life.

It is not only for the sentiment, but also for the beauty, for by now, having gone through the practical cycle of marriage and motherhood and career, Jeanne is back in the old glamor groove. In the first flush of her marriage and the resultant dip into domesticity, she found few things more exciting than the new dishwasher, the new stove, the carpeting of the house. She recalls that when they went on the big adventure to buy an incinerator they got so carried away that they bought a huge model in a soft shade of green to blend with the pepper tree.

"Things have changed," says Jeanne with a toss of her red gold hair. "Nowadays, I'd rather have a small diamond than a large washing machine." **END**

so in love

(Continued from page 30) warm personality is directly accountable. He married Rita because he loves her and he says he wants to stay married to her because he still loves her. Yet, by the standards of the western world, he is utterly incomprehensible as a husband. For some 1,300 years in the known history of his family its men have lived as they pleased—which means today exactly what it has always meant. To their wives, secluded in harems, this may or may not have been always acceptable, but tradition and laws gave them no other choice. To a girl like Rita Hayworth, born not only beautiful, but free, it has been something else—something she has tried to live with only to find it, again and again, intolerable. That's why Attorney Bartley Crum reportedly flew to Europe in late October; to finalize the divorce and arrange a settlement of reportedly a million and a half.

She left him—once before. But where there is love there is hope—and Rita has always listened to love. She came back. And the fact that she has again run off, causing everyone to label her flighty and inconsistent, is the most human thing about Rita in the opinion of her friends, if not Aly's. She tried. She may even try again. And with a husband like Aly this could probably get her nowhere again—but if that isn't love, what is? As she herself said to reporters in Spain, "My leaving is exclusively a very intimate matter of the heart."

"What's she thinking about?" her critics ask. "How does she justify such behavior? Can't she make up her mind?" The answer is that she isn't thinking. She is a wife in a quandary. Any woman who has been in love, any wife who has faced a similar problem, knows the answer. Do they always use logic at such times—or rarely? Doesn't any woman do what she can . . . fight?

DESPITE the fact that Aly made no promises when he came to Beverly Hills to get her, and that she returned on his 82 terms so to speak, there was every indi-

cation that he was prepared to curb his self-indulgences and take life more seriously. They both knew (and it is still true) that he cannot afford more scandal. As the heir of the Aga Khan (who if he lives until 1954, when he'll be 79, expects to be gifted with platinum equal to his weight to commemorate his 70th year as leader of his Mohammedan following) Aly must sober down considerably.

In the last year he has awakened to his responsibility and is grooming himself towards taking over his father's vast religious empire. The Aga Khan fully expects this and has waved aside any speculation that Aly won't succeed him. "Of course he will," he has declared. But if Aly brings disgrace on the house of Khan, it is not inconceivable that his half-brother, Prince Sadri Aga Khan, now attending Harvard, may replace him as the heir. Sharpening the whole situation is the fact that for the first time in years the Aga Khan will not make his annual winter pilgrimage to Africa, and India (Pakistan) to greet his followers. On the advice of his physicians he will stay in the south of France, and Aly is to take his place. Rita might have accompanied him, had she not decided to break up again.

If for no other reason marriage is desirable because it offers a mantle of respectability to Aly. But there are other reasons. It is known he dislikes being open game for the more predatory femme fatales that have a habit of turning up wherever he puts in an appearance. If shouldn't be forgotten that he was married the first time he met Rita and it was not until he decided that he wanted her that he moved to divorce his wife.

Yet the very day she left this last time, the day she quietly moved from his villa into a hotel, Aly was not at all visibly sunk in the despair you would expect. Nor did he talk like a man who had failed to keep his wife after traveling 7,000 miles to effect her return. He showed up, chipper and smiling, at Paris' market place for pure-blooded horses, the Chez Cheri on the Rue Ernest Deloisian, where an important sale was being held. The next day the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, one of the year's biggest races, was held at the

Longchamps racetrack. Aly's father, the Aga Khan, had two horses entered (one of them, Nuccio, won it) and Aly was again very much evident and again was his usual self. By this time, news of Rita's departure from his home was beginning to leak out, but Aly had no comment. He greeted friends, ducked a countless or two whom he considers pests, and when a girl reporter tried to talk about Rita he countered with a characteristic Aly response: the offer to buy her a drink.

Was he being a Pagliacci and suffering the torment of a rejected husband under a smiling mask . . . or was he unaffected by what had happened? As far as his friends were concerned it didn't matter . . . the important thing was that he was playing the game as an aristocrat should and not being so crass as to reveal emotional turmoil. To them, to both the men and women in his circle, this counts strongly. Over their champagne glasses they kept asking, "What does this girl (meaning Rita) want?"

RITE's story is very simple. After being married to Aly for more than three years, she thought they had agreed to settle down—and found they had nothing to settle down to. To begin with, when she left Aly the first time, there is a conviction here that another woman was to blame. This girl, who wanted very much to succeed Rita in Aly's affections, arranged that Rita should hear reports well calculated to sicken her of Paris and make her run back to America. This was one of the things Aly had to clear up by long distance phone to Beverly Hills before he even thought it worthwhile to make the trip there . . . and he did. It is also to Aly's credit that he has never been anything but icily polite to this rival of Rita's since.

But when Rita, with this episode forgiven, returned to Paris she began to hear gossip involving another woman—Lauren Dubonnet of the famed Dubonnet wine family. That she began to think of Lauren as Aly's light of love all during her absence is more than a probability. As disturbing as this was, there were even further upsetting developments. She was

no sooner back as mistress of Aly's Paris villa (as well as a dozen other chateaus and country places he owns) when the house began filling up with his friends—mostly English, mostly of the “horsey” type with whom Rita has so little in common that a pact of mutual disregard has long been honored between them.

Aly and his friends talked horses. Rita read, went shopping, posed once on their balcony with the grinning Aly the time he asked the photographers, “You mean like Romeo and Juliet?”—and was thoroughly bored and disappointed. And she was terribly alone. As a matter of fact, a friend of Aly who, like him, spends a good many late afternoons at the Traveler's Club and saw him very often there just about this period, circulated a story that had Paris snickering. “Aly has deliberately surrounded himself with a lot of people because he doesn't want to be too much alone with Rita,” he said. This sort of revelation triggered a lot of suppositions in the minds of Parisians, not all in Aly's favor either, as the French can be quite objective in their thinking. They picture Aly as having played the role of a husband with open arms only to solidify his case and weaken hers—meaning that Aly was being practical, was not overlooking the financial settlement that must always be a factor if he and Rita come to the divorce stage. This, it is pointed out, stacks the cards against Rita completely. On the surface there is a husbandly welcome but underneath it's not so cozy.

PARIS, when you are in love, can be inspiring. Paris, when your love is a question mark, and when there is no surge of romance to counterbalance the fall chill and the rain sweeping in from the north and west, as it did steadily during this period, can be terribly dreary. Per-

haps this was why Rita headed south to warm Spain when she left. And it must have been heartening when an admirer welcomed her in Madrid with a bouquet of flowers. She told Spanish reporters that not even her closest friends knew she had left Paris. This was in a sense a pathetic remark; Rita had no close friends in Paris. She was accused of holding herself aloof, of not even trying to perfect her French, which she says is “pretty good” and the French say is “pretty poor.”

She made no statement directly when she left France but adopted a diplomatic stratagem and appointed a “spokesman” who talked to an English reporter from the London Daily Mail. “Rita and Aly disagreed over the extent of the independence each would retain in resuming their married life together,” said the spokesman (who might well be Rita herself). “Both have public responsibilities and they hoped to find a way of life that would take that into account, allowing each to keep their necessary independence and yet remain husband and wife. At present the position is vague, and it is impossible to say what decision will be taken. The couple was sincere in their desire for a reconciliation, as revealed at their press conference. But even then everything had not been settled, as shown by Miss Hayworth's insistence that she did not for the present intend to proceed with a divorce.”

The same story, when it ran in the Mail, also said that Aly had seen his lawyer, ostensibly about business connected with his racing stable but also to discuss the marriage. When lovers, or parted couples, run to their lawyers at the first hint of trouble, it is usually a sign of a fight to the finish. A woman who knows Aly well summed up Rita's chances for happiness as follows: “It really is rather sad to think of that poor girl trying to dictate terms

to someone as powerful and clever as Aly and his family . . . because believe me, she hasn't a prayer.”

This is probably true, if you believe general opinion here. But this doesn't darken Rita's future by any means. It may be lightening right now . . . if Bob Savage, a former lieutenant colonel in the American Air Force and now New York café singer, has his way. It was known in Paris that he sought Rita's favor in Beverly Hills where he met her, and it was only because a reconciliation between her and Aly seemed imminent that he retired from the scene. With the first report that she and Aly had broken again he took off for Europe.

BUT perhaps the best analysis of Rita's decision not to stay with Aly was given by an American writer familiar with the story. “I think every woman in the world ought to bless her for it,” he said. “She earnestly tried to make a go of it with the father of her child. But she had to walk out in all honesty. Aly wanted a wife, all right, but not one at his side . . . just in the convenient background. Aly wanted her beauty, but not as an inspiration to him, just to grace his household. Aly wanted the respectability of marriage—it's a necessity for him politically and, you might say, economically—but little of the responsibility. A lot of women come to this realization about their husbands and do nothing about it. Rita, at 34, if not before, knew that this is not what she wanted. She sensed that in the enlightened portions of the world a wife who does not fight to maintain the marital emancipation women have won is betraying all of them. Being Rita she wouldn't, she couldn't, stand for it.”

END
(Rita Hayworth will soon be seen in Columbia's Salome.)

the male animal

(Continued from page 57) and history behind her handsome husband.

Heston didn't always give the impression of power. As a boy he was a runt, an undersized featherweight, and stayed that way until high school. Then he grew eight inches in two years, then gained weight during his stint with the army, after college. He grew up in the wilds of Michigan, a life that was almost an inheritance, for his grandfather had once owned thousands of acres of timberland. The family, although well educated, had for years lived the remote life of the woodsman, and Heston was born there in 1923 to follow for a while in the footsteps of his predecessors. Until the family moved to Chicago in 1933, his boyhood was the richest that can be experienced. He swam in the rivers, fished in the lakes, and hunted in the forests, and before he was knee-high to his father he was fairly expert with the rod and gun and axe and all the tools by which outdoor men live. To this day he hunts only to eat, and pioneer-like, disdains the act of hunting for the mere sport of it, feeling that hunger is the only reason strong enough for the act of killing.

As the area where he lived had few children and was populated mostly by lumberjacks, Heston lived the early part of his life like a small lone wolf, with few companions of his own age. There was no one with whom to pretend, and he early began using his imagination, creating his own world peopled with imaginary characters. Sundown would find the small boy, his chores at home finished, off in the forest playing with cores of cowboys, robbers and Indians but no one but himself could see.

It was the beginning of his interest in acting, and when the Hestons moved to Chicago he was delighted to at last have other boys around him, kids who could play parts in the melodramas he had been playing solo for so long.

It wasn't easy at first, this move from the big outdoors to the big city. It was weeks before he could cross the heavily trafficked streets without fear and before he could feel at home with the other kids on the block. He realized for the first time how much shorter and slimmer he was than other boys his own age, and it bothered him. He had always wanted to be big some day, big like his father and the other lumbermen, and now to know that he was smaller even than his classmates was a blow.

HIS name made another strike against him. “Charlton,” the other boys would sneer, and shrug their shoulders in disgust. The first day in school, the huge school whose classrooms were spilling over with more children than he had ever seen, the teacher called the roll. “Charlotte Heston!” she said, and no one answered. The small Mr. Heston scrunched down behind his desk, his ears flaming red with embarrassment. “Charlotte Heston!” repeated the teacher. “Where is the little Heston girl?” That did it, of course, and his classmates didn't forget it in a hurry. There were a few snide remarks made, but Charlton, despite his diminutive size, could use his fists as well if not better than the city boys, and soon his new-found friends were calling him Chuck and joining with him in his own brand of fun.

He was not only already an actor at ten years of age; he was a director and writer as well. “You guys come to get me, see,” he'd say, “and you don't know I have a gun. But I got one from Joe

when he came to see me at the jail. So you've got to look real surprised when I all of a sudden pull it out of my shoulder holster.”

It went on that way, first on the streets after school, then later in school plays. When Chuck learned that New Trier High School in Winnetka offered the best dramatic training of any public school in the country, he enrolled immediately. He excelled from the first in stage designing, management and diction. After graduation he attended Northwestern University's School of Speech. It was there he met Lydia Clarke, another student of the theater. They were married just before his induction into the army.

The first year was certainly the hardest. They lived out of a foot locker, moving from camp to camp, before Chuck was sent to the Aleutians. Lydia had to wait two years to cook their first meal, and four years before they had a room that could honestly be called a kitchen. They lived in shabby hotel rooms and boarding houses while Chuck tried to get a start on Broadway. For almost one whole year Lydia's modeling brought in the lion's share of the Heston income.

Chuck didn't like being broke. “Maybe if I were Bohemian,” he says, “I could enjoy that kind of living. But when an actor's broke it means he isn't working, and an actor out of work is a sorry character.” They never went into debt, but there was many a night when the mere sight of the ever-present dish of noodles was enough to make them despair.

Things grew brighter as the years passed. Heston had worked in radio soap operas, out of necessity rather than choice, and the radio experience led naturally into television. After two Broadway seasons and a busy summer of stock in 1948, Chuck landed a role in television's “Studio 1.” 83

Worthington Miner, the show's producer, saw great talent in the new actor and henceforth gave him plush leading roles in many distinguished productions, including *Jane Eyre*, *Of Human Bondage* and *Shadow And Substance*. Audience reaction was immediate, and fan mail began flooding the studio. *Macbeth* drew an astounding number of letters, a fact about which Heston, whose highest ambition is Shakespearean drama, felt quite warmly. "The unlikeliest people wrote, people from tiny little towns—people whom you wouldn't suspect of being interested in Shakespeare."

THE interest spread to Hollywood, and producer Hal Wallis was the man successful in signing Heston to a contract. There had been nibbles from Hollywood prior to Wallis' offer and Chuck, with three mediums already conquered, gave it much serious thought. He preferred to remain in New York to be near the stage and television center, yet he came to the conclusion that it's impossible for an actor to get beyond a certain point without doing films. "As a matter of fact," he says, "I suppose you could say that there hasn't been a star made in the last dozen years who hasn't made at least one picture."

He and Lydia came to Hollywood and rented a two-and-a-half room apartment, "bigger than our place in New York." The place in New York is a cold water flat, which they still maintain, because Heston is one of the few Hollywood actors having studio permission to work also in television. They live from coast to coast, still packing the traveling irons and traveling clocks collected during their marriage, and in each apartment Chuck bumps into the walls at every turn. He likes big rooms but has learned to adjust to small spaces.

"When we buy our house," he says, "the first thing on the purchase list is an eight-by-eight mattress. I'm tired of tucking my toes over the end of the skimpy thing we have now."

When he feels a need for stretching he and Lydia go back to Michigan, where Chuck owns 1280 acres of forest land. It is their one luxury in life, and a personal triumph for Chuck, because after years of saving, he managed to purchase a part of the huge lands that the family sold years ago. There is a large house, a machine shed, a lake over a mile wide, hundreds of bears, deer, and even a pair of golden eagles. It is his country, big and rugged; the winter temperature often dips way below zero, but this is where Heston developed the healthy body that has since grown into such an immense frame. He's used to it, he loves it, this is the only place where he can really relax. It is their vacation spot whenever there's a let-up in their busy schedules. "Think of it," says Chuck. "There isn't a telephone in the house." There has been little time for Michigan, however. Heston, whose latest film is *Pony Express*, has been too busy.

WHILE he has the ability to play hero or heel with equal conviction, he is most at home in the type of role that portrays him as a rugged Romeo . . . the Heathcliff of *Wuthering Heights* with his deep intensity, the Rochester of *Jane Eyre* with his hint of brutality, and in movies the Brad of *The Greatest Show On Earth*. The role of Brad, says Chuck, was the most comfortable of his career, the more so because Cecil B. DeMille altered the character to fit him even more snugly. Brad, if you will remember, was the circus manager, the strong and silent type who wore his hat rakishly on the back of his head, who ran the circus, including the 84 heroine Betty Hutton, with an iron glove.

Charlton himself does not understand why his admirers consider him the rugged type. He feels he is just an average guy and fails to see, despite all his psychological self-probing, that his appeal stems from the very fact that he is, underneath, like Brad. He is a big man, two inches over six feet, and a few pounds more than two hundred. His chest measures 44 inches; and expanded, increases to 48, one of the biggest even in Hollywood, land of barrel-chested bruisers.

HIS fans particularly notice the masculine quality of his voice. Although his diction leaves nothing to be desired, the voice itself has rough edges, a gruff quality that seemingly delights the distaff side of America. It often gets away from him, and without realizing it, he booms his pear-shaped tones until they bounce from wall to wall of whatever room he may be in. On these occasions Lydia lays a hand gently on his arm. "Dear, you're projecting too much."

"It's a good thing," Charlton Heston once remarked, "that I married a girl like Lydia even though she does say I'm a Great Dane on a leash. I can't stand stupid women, and Lydia is not only bright; she also knows what I'm talking about when I talk shop."

I SAW IT HAPPEN

While in Gloucester, Massachusetts, during the summer of 1949, I attended a carnival on the 4th of July. I noticed a long chauffeur-driven car come into the parking lot and thought this was a little unusual.

There in a few minutes, I saw a large crowd watching a young mother and her child on the horses at the merry-go-round. Someone said, "It's Judy Garland and Liza."

When the merry-go-round stopped, Judy took Liza around to some of the other amusements. The crowd kept following them but nobody asked for an autograph as they realized at the time she was recuperating from a nervous breakdown.

Christine Lampinen
Maynard, Massachusetts



When he can be touted away from his favorite subject, he is every bit as articulate in other fields. Despite the Hestons' preoccupation with their profession, more than half of their close friends have never been backstage, and their mutual interests run the gamut from politics to a new recipe for snails.

They get along fine, and there's little reason why they shouldn't. Lydia is the perfect helpmeet for Chuck, going over his scripts with him and playing the assorted parts related to his own. She likes good food, as he does, but will never be able to consume the same quantities. He is a prodigious eater, and one night when dining at the home of friends, ate seven steaks. "Not exactly the way to win friends or get invited again," he says. He claims he did it sort of unconsciously; two at the table; then later in the kitchen, talking with his host, the remaining five that were still on the platter disappeared during the confab.

"That's what I mean about having a Great Dane on a leash," says Lydia. "He's overgrown, and every once in a while he

just wanders off and needs a tug on the leash. He gets distracted easily and does things in an absent-minded fashion. He keeps things in his closet for years, and it never occurs to him that they left this world years ago. I have to keep throwing out or giving away his clothes and if it happens to be some tweedy old favorite of his he pretends he's angry. But he really isn't. He doesn't even have a temper—he's almost phlegmatic. But," she amends, "he's really easy to live with. He's like a chameleon—can adapt himself to whatever type of person he's with. And he has such tremendous energy. Charlie never gets tired."

She's the world's only resident who can call him Charlie and get away with it. Chuck claims she gives the name "a special kind of reading," a special something that makes it bearable to him. They blend their careers perfectly. Never criticizing until a performance is over, and then giving and taking constructive remarks with even temper—and sometimes teasing each other.

Lydia once saw a movie film taken of Chuck when he was a boy. "He was pretending, as usual. Climbing over embankments and shooting at thin air. What a ham!"

Now, he can't remember when he didn't want to be an actor. When he was in high school and his mother suggested dancing lessons he was too engrossed in his theater studies to take the time. So that when the night arrived for the senior ball he didn't attend. But rather than tell his parents, spent the night walking along the beach by himself, encased in his tuxedo.

THERE never was any girl but Lydia. Chuck married when he was 20, and now when he meets a woman he looks first at her eyes. If they show intelligence, he settles down comfortably for a long conversation. It goes something like this:

"I like stage work best. I suppose because it's there the actor has the greatest responsibility. Movies are a visual thing, and the camera and director can do almost anything without an actor. . . . I like actors who are professional people, the actors who know the importance of being prompt and of knowing their lines. . . . Playing characters of Henry James was difficult for me. His heroes don't act like I do, don't think like I do. It was hard work, but it was good for me. And then the parts in *Claudia*, in *Voice Of The Turtle*—those men are too gentle. I'm not that way. But you see, the greatest advantage an actor can have is the kind of parts that don't fit him. He has to work. You kind of have to stretch different muscles all the time. The same goes for working in all kinds of mediums. . . . I like to paint because when I paint I don't have to be good. I can relax and do something bad if I want to. All the arts are allied. The same qualities are necessary, the sense of timing, the mental concentration, the selectivity. But most of all, the power of observation. Acting is a visual art. I'm a visual thinker. When you say the word 'father' I think of a pair of legs encased in leather boots, with the firelight shining on them. That's the way it used to be back in Michigan. . . . I think anybody who can write a good play is wonderful. Play writing takes everything in the book, and there's no pleasure greater for me than doing a good play. . . ."

This is shop talk, pure and simple. But there aren't many women who, if they have intelligent eyes and can garner this much attention, would really object to being Charlton Heston's audience for the subject closest to his heart. After all, he is a ruddy hunk of man.

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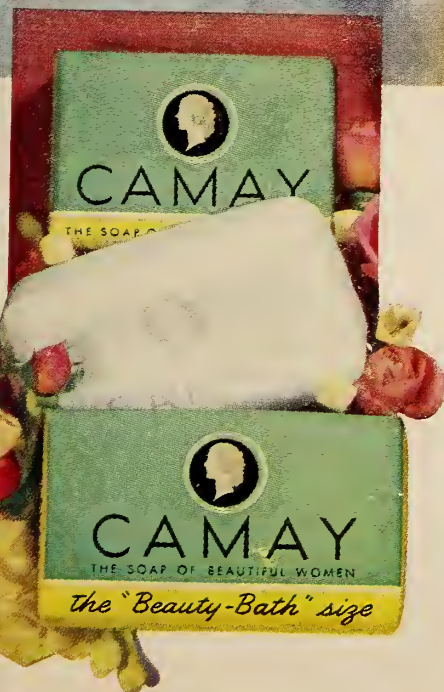
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