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modern screen

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2

DORIS DAY

New! a shampoo that
Silkens
 your hair!

Picture *you* . . . your hair shimmering under even the softest light . . . silky soft, silky bright. That's what'll happen to you when you use this new shampoo formula . . . this new Drene!

New magic formula . . . milder than castile!

There's silkening magic in Drene's *new lightning-quick lather!* No other lather is so thick, yet so quick—even in hardest water!

Magic . . . this new lightning-quick lather . . . because it flashes up like lightning, because it rinses out like lightning, because it's milder than castile! *Magic!* because this new formula leaves your hair bright as silk, smooth as silk, soft as silk. And so obedient.

Just try this luxurious new Drene with its *lightning-quick lather* . . . its new and fresh fragrance. *You have an exciting experience coming!*

A NEW EXPERIENCE . . .

See your hair left silky bright!
 This new formula flashes into
 lightning-quick lather—milder
 than castile! No other lather
 is so *quick*, yet so *thick!*



New Lightning Lather—
a magic new formula that silkens your hair.

Milder than castile—
so mild you could use Drene every day!



This is a
New
Drene!

A PRODUCT OF PROCTER & GAMBLE

New Ipana Destroys Decay and Bad-Breath Bacteria



DECAY BACTERIA



IPANA DESTROYS THESE

Most dentists agree that tooth decay is caused by the acid-producing action of *lactobacilli*. Brushing regularly after eating with new Ipana safely destroys these decay-causing bacteria by the millions.

BAD-BREATH BACTERIA



IPANA DESTROYS THESE

Bad breath is commonly caused when bacteria like these ferment bits of food trapped in the mouth. New scientific tests prove Ipana Tooth Paste destroys these bacteria—and stops mouth odor hour after hour.

New, Exclusive, Bacteria-Fighting Formula! Your Teeth and Breath Stay Cleaner...You Reduce Decay Better.

THINK of the trouble, pain and expense of just one tooth cavity in your family. Think of how having unpleasant breath just "once in a while" can hurt you or your husband, even hold him back at work.

Then you'll know how important this news is to you.

Dental scientists have now proved beyond doubt that new creamy-white Ipana destroys decay and bad-breath bacteria.

A New, Exclusive, Formula

This new Ipana is an exclusive formula developed by Ipana scientists. It gives you a combination of bacteria-destroying

agents not found in any other tooth paste.

Independent research authorities proved that regular after-meal brushing with new Ipana reduced bacteria in the mouth—including decay and bad-breath bacteria—by an average of 84%.

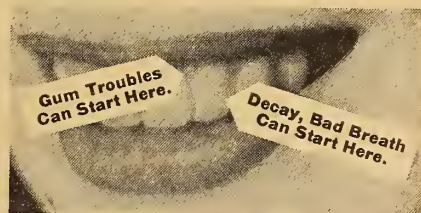
Amazing Results For YOU

Dentists generally will tell you that new Ipana effectively reduces tooth decay, when used regularly after meals.

In tests by an independent laboratory,

just one brushing with new Ipana stopped offensive mouth odor even after 4 hours—in every single case.

So get a tube of new good-tasting, white Ipana today—for the mouth health of your whole family. Remember new Ipana destroys decay and bad-breath bacteria.



2 to 1 choice for flavor!

Children love the taste of new bacteria-fighting Ipana. It was the 2 to 1 choice for flavor of thousands of families who tried it at home.

Creamy-White



Ipana
TOOTH PASTE
Ipana
TOOTH PASTE



Product of Bristol-Myers

**The Tooth Paste that Destroys
Decay and Bad-Breath Bacteria**

Penetrates to "danger spots." New Ipana's bacteria-destroying foam penetrates to hard-to-get-at "danger spots" where your tooth brush—or even water—can't reach. Thus it helps you have fewer cavities and a cleaner breath. And brushing teeth from gum margins toward biting edges with Ipana helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

April 1953

They Could Sell
Tickets For This!

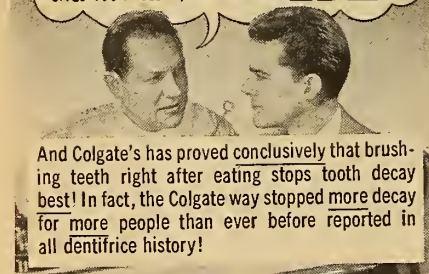


FIGHT FAIR, HONEY!
AT LEAST TELL A
GUY WHAT THE
FIGHT'S ABOUT!

OICK, WHEN YOU
LOVE A MAN, IT'S EASIER
TO FIGHT THAN TO ASK
HIM TO SEE HIS
DENTIST ABOUT—ABOUT
BAD BREATH!



TO STOP BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM. BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH
COLGATE'S MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL CLEANER LONGER—
GIVES YOU A CLEAN, FRESH MOUTH ALL DAY LONG!



And Colgate's has proved conclusively that brush-
ing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay
best! In fact, the Colgate way stopped more decay
for more people than ever before reported in
all dentifrice history!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



PEACE AND QUIET REIGN SUPREME
SINCE I USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM!

Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
STOPS
BAD BREATH and
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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"Say you
love me...
say it at
least once!"

"I don't like
to talk
about it...
I like
action!"

Nobody handles 'em rougher than
**HUMPHREY
BOGART**

so it's sizzling action with a
sizzling dame...

**JUNE
ALLYSON**

when they're together
for the first time

in **M-G-M'S GREAT**

**"BATTLE
CIRCUS"**

with KEENAN ROBERT
WYNN · KEITH

Screen Play by
RICHARD BROOKS

Based on a Story by
Allen Rivkin and Laura Kerr

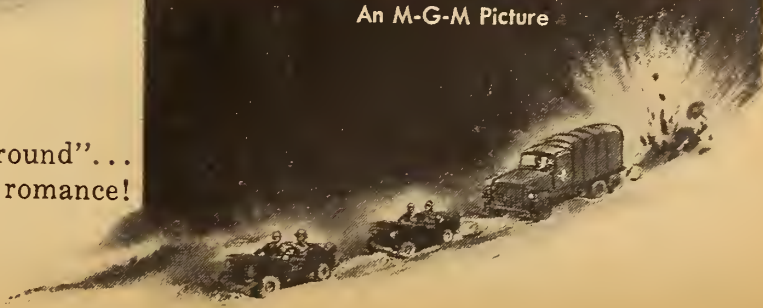
Directed by

Produced by

RICHARD BROOKS · PANDRO S. BERMAN

An M-G-M Picture

From the studio that made "Battleground"...
and it's got even more thrills, laughs, romance!





New finer MUM stops odor longer!

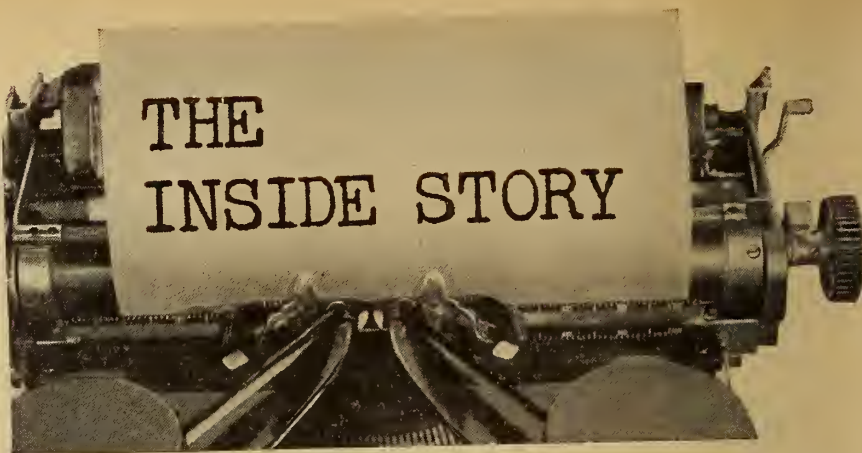
NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW
INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS
AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

- **Protects better, longer.** New Mum now contains M-3, an amazingly effective "odor-bacteria" fighter. Doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start.
- **Creamier** new Mum is safe for normal skin. Contains no harsh ingredients.
- **No waste.** No drying out. New Mum is the *only* leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Usable, *wonderful* right to the bottom of the jar. Get a jar of Mum today.
- **Safe for clothes.** Gentle Mum is certified by the American Institute of Laundering, guaranteed not to rot or discolor even the finest fabrics.



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, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal.

Q. Can you tell the real names of Gary Cooper, Fred Astaire, and Cyd Charisse?
—T.T., OMAHA, NEB.

A. *Frank J. Cooper, Fred Austerlitz, Tula Ellice Finklea.*

Q. I was in school many years ago with a girl named Evelyn Lederer. She married Allan Keefer, then Nick Stuart and I'm wondering if she is the same woman currently married to Alan Ladd.
—H.H., URBANA, ILL.

A. *Yes; her screen name was Sue Carol.*

Q. What actor in Hollywood gets the most fan mail?—D.E., FT. WAYNE, IND.

A. *Right now it's a toss-up between Dale Robertson and Robert Wagner.*

Q. How old is John Wayne, what is his right name, how many times has he been married, is he in love with Maureen O'Hara?
—B.L., TIMMINS, ONT.

A. *He was born in 1907; christened Marion Mitchell Morrison; he's been married twice, is not in love with Maureen O'Hara.*

Q. Are Dean Martin and Perry Como brothers?
—W.J.T., NEWTOWN, PA.

A. *No.*

Q. Who are the most generous men in show business?
—K.Y., LINDEN, N. J.

A. *Jack Benny, Jimmy Durante, Fred Allen, George Jessel.*

Q. Whatever happened to the love affair between Kirk Douglas and Elizabeth Threatt?
—J.K., GLENVILLE, MINN.

A. *It turned out to be a summer romance.*

Q. Is there any possibility of Gene Tierney getting married to Aly Khan after his divorce from Rita?
—N.E., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. *Yes, a good one.*

Q. Has Loretta Young ever been previously married? If so, what happened to her first husband?—L.S., BERLIN, PA.

A. *Miss Young's first marriage to Grant Withers was annulled. He is currently*

an actor and executive at Republic Studios.

Q. Who is generally considered the most handsome actor in the movies?
—H.Y., LOCKPORT, N. Y.

A. *John Derek according to several ace cameramen.*

Q. I've been told that Mario Lanza, Gene Kelly, Bing Crosby, and Charles Boyer all wear toupées. Is this on the level?
—D.H., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. *True except for Lanza. He has his own hair.*

Q. Has Jeff Chandler gone high-hat and discharged the agent who discovered him? Why did 20th Century-Fox drop its option of Chandler?
—E.W., BECKLEY, W. VA.

A. *Chandler's agent is still Mayer Mishkin. 20th's refusal to exercise its option was an oversight that studio is currently seeking to correct. Chandler's basic studio contract is still with Universal-International.*

Q. A nurse who once worked for Joan Crawford tells me that Joan has trouble keeping domestic help. Is she hard to work for?
—F.F., FRANKFORT, KY.

A. *Not hard—particular. Miss Crawford pays her help top wages, insists upon perfection.*

Q. I understand Gary Crosby is a terrible student and may be flunked out of Stanford. Can't his father make him study?
—V.R., PALO ALTO, CAL.

A. *Bing has taken Gary's car away from him, has ordered the boy to concentrate on his studies.*

Q. Isn't Movita too old for Marlon Brando? She starred in *Mutiny On The Bounty* 18 years ago.
—P.H., LYNCHBURG, VA.

A. *She is older than he, but Marlon prefers mature companions.*

Q. What ever happened to Veronica Lake and why did her fame vanish?
—P.N., LOVELAND, TEX.

A. *Miss Lake is currently concentrating on stage work. (Continued on page 34)*



THE
ORCHIDS
...THE
FURS
...THE
DIAMONDS
THAT
WERE THE
STAR'S
WERE
ALL GONE
NOW...
AND NOTHING
REMAINED
...BUT
THE
WOMAN!

Only the Star of
Stars could accept the
challenge of such a
role...the greatest
triumph of the
twice winner of
the Academy Award!

BERT E. FRIEDLOB presents
THE MAGNIFICENT

**BETTE
DAVIS**

rips the mask off the klieg capital in

**"THE
STAR"**



Twinkle, twinkle
klieg-light star... be
the woman that you are.

When the Hollywood
star fades...the
woman is born.

STERLING HAYDEN

co-starring

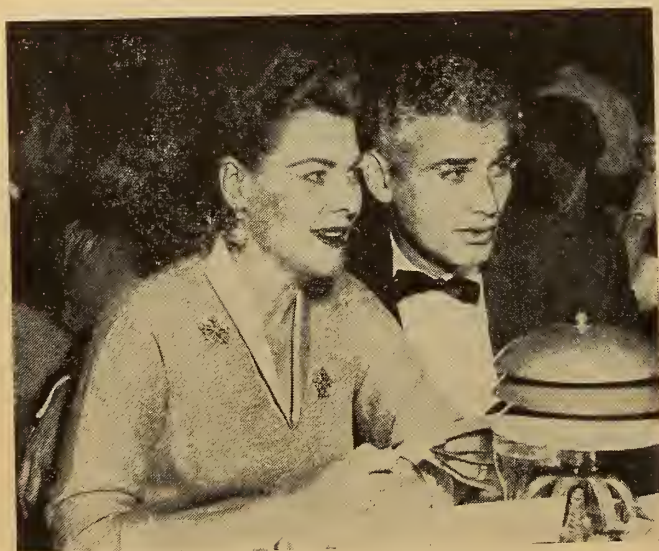
with NATALIE WOOD • WARNER ANDERSON • MINOR WATSON • JUNE TRAVIS

Produced by BERT E. FRIEDLOB • Directed by STUART HEISLER • Original Story and Screenplay by KATHERINE ALBERT and DALE EUNSON

Music composed and conducted by VICTOR YOUNG • A BERT E. FRIEDLOB Production • Released by 20th Century-Fox



His (TV) Highness, Desiderio Alberto Arnaz IV, arrived right on schedule: January 19th. Mom, Pop, and Scriptwriters are doing fine.



"That's real show business, honey," says Jeff Chandler to his wife. They ring-sided at the *Cocoanut Grove* opening of Blossom Seeley and Benny Fields, two headliners recently come out of retirement.



"Where're the Con-Can girls?" quizzes Bill Holden at the party after the *Moulin Rouge* opening . . . one of the season's dressiest functions. Brenda Morsholl Holden is interested in other things at the moment.



LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

LUCY'S BABY! . . . JUDY GARLAND'S MID NIGHT ANTICS . . . JUNE HAVER FACES A NEW LIFE . . .

WHEN Bing Crosby and Mona Freeman started playing golf and dining together quietly in Palm Springs, an irate voice telephoned and said:

"I thought you said Bing Crosby wouldn't marry again!"

I'll say it again, brother. But I didn't say he'd never again buy dinner for a pretty girl. All of a sudden, Mona is the most dated girl in town.

Nicky Hilton has flipped hard—as completely gone on Mona as he was on Liz Taylor in their courtship days—and just as jealous.

Mona and Nicky were sunning themselves at the pool at the Racquet Club in Palm Springs. A long distance call came to Mona from her ex, Pat Nerney, asking her if she'd have dinner with him when she returned to town.

Wham! Bang! Nicky hit the ceiling so high he dashed out of the place and drove back to

Los Angeles fuming furiously into the night.

And the very next night, Mona dined with Bing as Nicky fumed and fumed in Hollywood—this time as HE was on the long distance 'phone paging Mona in the cocktail lounge!

ALL the time I-Love-Lucy's baby was being born, Lucille Ball was fully conscious. She was given only a spinal anaesthesia, as it was a Caesarean section delivery.

Lucille kept heckling the doctor with "What is it?? What is it? It's gotta be a boy."

And the doctor kept saying, "Wait a minute, honey—now take it easy."

"Where's Desi?" from Lucille. "If it ISN'T a boy give HIM an anaesthesia."

When his Royal (TV) Highness, Desiderio Alberto Arnaz IV, put in his appearance, Desi burst into the corridor outside the operating room yelling loudly to relatives and script-writers:

"It's a boy! Hurray, we don't have to rewrite the script, fellows!"

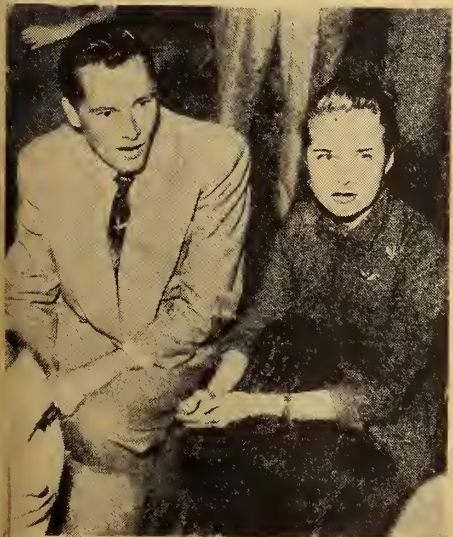
JUDY GARLAND and Sid Luft are starting something new socially that hostesses hope won't become a fad. The Lufts are arriving at dinner parties around midnight—or later.

At the Jules Steins' dinner dance, Judy, Sid and Peter Lawford arrived as at least half the guests were leaving—and they all returned just on the chance Judy was going to sing—and she did, until the wee small hours.

Judy is much thinner and using an eyebrow make-up—straight instead of arched—that gives her a piquant Oriental look.

I asked Judy why she and Sid were showing up so late for parties—this wasn't the only time they'd done it.

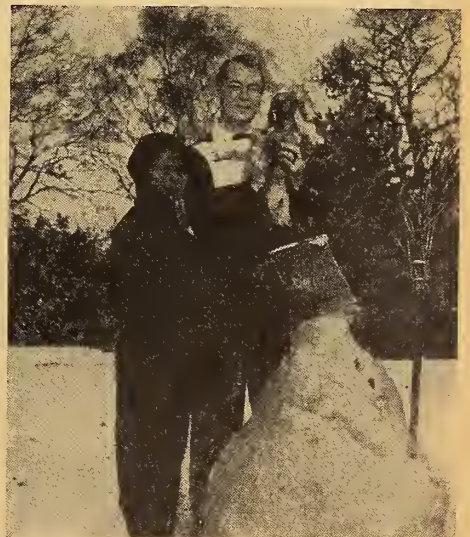
"Oh, by the time we get through looking at the baby," she laughed, "that takes hours



Nicky Hilton's all in a twit over Mona Freeman . . . lots of fellows are. Among her admirers is Bing Crosby, who golfs and dines with her.



Lamour and lace meet a fur-bearing Clooney at the gala celebration of Adolph Zukor's 80th birthday. Dottie's long been a Zukor star.



Dog-fancier Alan Ladd and sculptress Alana put the lid on their British snowman. The family is in England while Alan makes *The Big Jump*.

when hair loses that
"vital look"



Helene Curtis
shampoo
plus egg*

brings out natural
"life" and sparkle...
conditions even
problem hair!

The one and only shampoo made
with homogenized fresh, whole egg
which contains precious CHOLESTEROL, ALBUMEN and LECITHIN.

See for yourself how this conditioning shampoo enhances the natural "vital look" of your hair—gives it maximum gloss and super-sparkle.

You'll find your hair wonderfully manageable—with the caressable, silky texture that is every woman's dream. Try Helene Curtis Shampoo Plus Egg today. You'll be delighted that you did.



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All Cosmetic Counters
and Beauty Salons

59¢ and 51

Helene Curtis
The Foremost Name
In Hair Beauty

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

—and I take a short nap for my health, and the hairdresser does my hair and we get dressed—well, it's just midnight!"

Peter Lawford, who came with the Lufts as I said, didn't seem to mind at all that Rocky Cooper (whom he has sooooo long admired) was being obviously adored by another tall, dark, handsome and young admirer.

Another old flame of Pete's, Sharman Douglas, was also present—she, too, dancing every number with someone else.

THE few people who know June Haver best have realized for years that June has been squarely facing the question of whether she will continue her career—or put all material things behind her and enter a convent.

These friends now believe that little June quietly has made her decision.

Several weeks ago she put all of her personal possessions on the auction block.

Her contract with 20th Century-Fox is up this year.

She hasn't been seen around with a Hollywood beau in months.

How ironic it is that the gay, dancing, singing heroines June has played in so many movies have never come true for her in private life.

She suffered a nervous breakdown when her marriage to Jimmy Zito went on the rocks and almost suffered another several years later after the death of Dr. John Dusik whom she deeply loved. She has had many illnesses.

Always a deeply religious girl, June is turning deeper and deeper to her Catholic faith to sustain her.

I, for one, will not be surprised if she has decided to enter a convent.

Is poor Bob Stack's face red—and himself so good-looking, too.

At a recent public luncheon in Beverly Hills, he heaped sugar and cream into consomme—thinking it was the cup of coffee he had asked for. But Joan Fontaine and Anne Francis, sitting on either side of him, will never let him forget it!

AVA GARDNER wrote me a letter from Africa right after Frank Sinatra had to leave her again and return to Hollywood:

"I miss my guy," says the frank Ava, "but we were very happy while he was here. Maybe we needed to get away from civilization! I'm so glad he's coming home to a big movie job in *From Here To Eternity*. He'll show the world he's an actor as well as a singer.

"While he was here we slept on hard cots under mosquito netting and listened wide-eyed, and I'll admit a little frightened, while all sorts of wild animals roared outside our camp circle. We bathed in tiny canvas tubs and dined sitting on the ground.

"Africa, insofar as the natives are concerned, is certainly a man's land, Louella. I don't think any American housewife would ever again complain if she could see the way the native African woman lives.

"Most of the girls are married in their early teens after their fathers sell them to the highest bidder. From then on, she builds the house, she tends the fields and cattle, she prepares the meals, and she bears the children—usually eight to twelve in the family—and without taking time away from her reg-



This quartette is a shoe-maker's delight. Dancers Marge and Gower Chompton, Mr. and Mrs. Gene Nelson of *The Jazz Singer* premiere.



"Cross your fingers and hold your thumbs," breathes Peggy Lee. Her new husband, Brod Dexter, knows she's got nothing to fear.



Something for the family; and the fans; when the Crowfords appear. That's Christopher, Steven and Cynthia Show, Christino and Joan.



Virginia Mayo's all o'bloom at the premiere. Her funny-man husband Mike O'Shea claims that with a rose like that it's June in January.

M-M-M-M-M-MAYO



The
night-life
of the
party
in

She's
Back on
Broadway

COLOR BY
WARNERCOLOR

A SONG'N DANCIN' DELIGHT FROM **WARNER BROS!**



STARRING

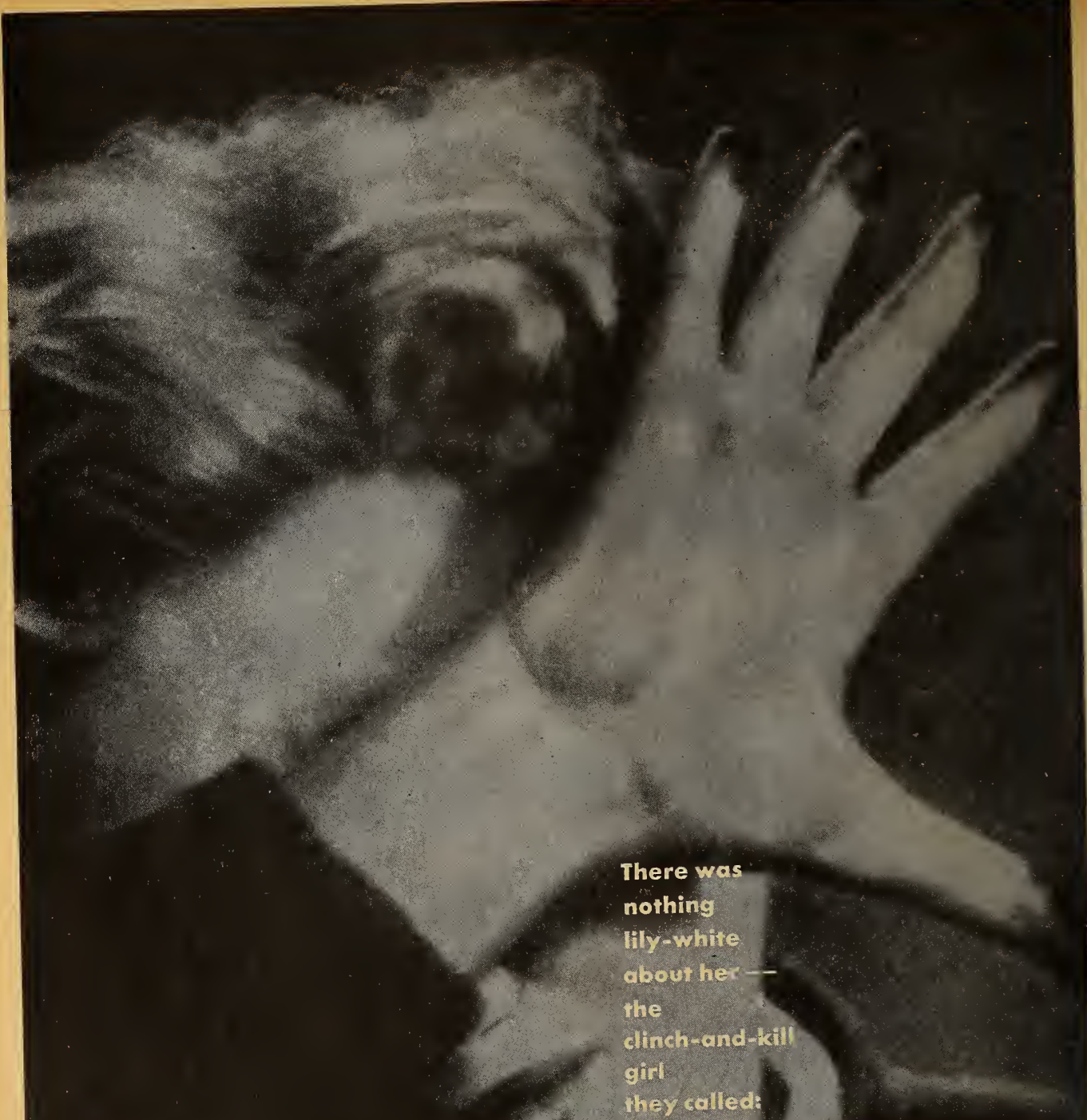
VIRGINIA MAYO

★ **GENE NELSON** ★ **FRANK LOVEJOY**

WITH **STEVE COCHRAN** • **PATRICE WYMORE** • WRITTEN BY **ORIN JANNINGS** • PRODUCED BY **HENRY BLANKE**

DIRECTED BY **GORDON DOUGLAS** MUSICAL NUMBERS STAGED AND DIRECTED BY **LEROY PRINZ** MUSICAL DIRECTION BY **RAY HEINOORF**





There was
nothing
lily-white
about her —
the
clinch-and-kill
girl
they called:

THE BLUE GARDENIA

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

ANNE BAXTER • RICHARD CONTE • ANN SOTHERN
IN
"THE BLUE GARDENIA"

WITH
RAYMOND BURR • JEFF DONNELL
RICHARD ERDMAN • GEORGE REEVES

AND
NAT 'KING' COLE
INTRODUCING
"BLUE GARDENIA"



SCREEN PLAY BY CHARLES HOFFMAN • PRODUCED BY ALEX GOTTLIEB • DIRECTED BY FRITZ LANG • DISTRIBUTED BY WARNER BROS.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

ular duties in the fields and the house.

"Believe me when I say—and I think I've had my troubles being married!"

IF this isn't typical of Shelley Winters, I'll eat the item.

Constance Dowling was hostessing a baby shower for Shell and she asked her to make a list of her friends.

On the list Shelley turned in there were 20 men and two girls.

IHAD the time of my life on a short trip back to New York and to Washington, D. C., for the Inauguration.

Just like any fan, I could hardly wait to see Bette Davis in her musical, *Two's Company*. I can't tell you how wonderful our great dramatic star is kicking up her heels, imitating Tallulah Bankhead watching Bette Davis, doing a hill-billy crone and otherwise cavorting as La Davis has never cavorted in the movies.

We had been friends for a long time in Hollywood, but I never had such an enthusiastic reception as Bette gave me, arms around necks, kisses on the cheek, etc., when I visited her backstage.

I've always said that when you're away from Hollywood everyone you see from movie-town seems like a long lost brother—or sister.

I also saw Shirley Booth in *Time Of The Cuckoo* and my money still says she's 1953's Oscar winner. If she makes her new Broadway show on the screen, she'll probably be a



"I'm surrounded," cried Charlton Heston at the annual Modern Screen party in New York. But he didn't call for help signing his outograph.



"Greet Scott!" cried Miss Patricio. "Good Knight," mmm'd Mr. Brody. It was a mutual admiration dote of Denise Dorcel's party.

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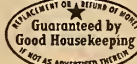
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Bright new styles...
flattering as can be! They're
lovable and tubbable; Sanforized-
Shrunk, too. Costlier STARDUST 4 gore slip
cut won't twist or ride up. Choose from frosty
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dered eyelet styles.



STARDUST INC., EMPIRE STATE BLDG., N. Y. 1

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

candidate again in '54—that's how good she is as an actress.

I went to the Drama Critics' Awards to Stanley Kramer and Fred Zinnemann as "best producer and director" of the year for *High Noon* ("best" movie winner).

I must say the award part was short and sweet. Give 'em the citations—then have fun.

WHEN I was in Washington for the Inaugural I heard on every side that Shirley Temple Black deeply resents some criticism from certain quarters because she took her child out of school just because the youngster was mentioned as appearing in a school play.

To her close friends, Shirley said, sticking out that firm little chin of hers, "I don't want my daughter to live my childhood—and I won't permit it."

If you ask me, this speaks volumes.

PURELY personal: Lana Turner never takes her eyes off her escort (currently Lex Barker) while dining. She doesn't need to watch her food because she just pushes it around the plate. Wonder if she eats **FIRST** at home. . . .

Isn't Terry Moore overdoing the "I'm a screwball, I'm completely gone" angle in her interviews? . . .

It's time Pier Angeli starts using lipstick particularly if she continues going to night-clubs where lights are dim anyway. . . .

There should be a law against comedians working themselves to death as witness Jerry Lewis, Red Skelton, Eddie Cantor. . . .

Mari Blanchard is the next Queen of Sex—if you can believe what you hear out at Universal-International. She's expected to be giving Marilyn Monroe a run for the title by this time next year. . . .

Rita Hayworth has plenty of money again—and little happiness. . . .

Betty Hutton wears the cutest cocktail hats—usually black and small, usually with tiny veils—but she manages to make them look so different. . . .

The all-time low in a public statement: Johnnie Ray's about his separation from Marilyn: "Don't blame her. This chick tried. She's the only girl who ever made me feel like a man. The chick tried to do everything to keep us together. But I'm on the verge of a breakdown trying to recapture that one hour of our honeymoon"—ad nauseam.

THE Letter Box: Betty Barker, Norfolk, Virginia, thinks Dean Martin is overly neglected in the team of Martin and Lewis. "Even the stories about both of them are mostly about Jerry," she complains, "and poor Dean, who is so handsome, so talented and so good natured, comes off second best." Don't believe I can go along with you on this, Betty. Dean is all you say, but he gets his share of adulation—and he'd be the first to say so.

Thank all of you who wrote such kind letters about my story on Bing Crosby. I deeply appreciate what you said.

Evelyn Weir, of Brooklyn, says that both *MODERN SCREEN* and I neglect Charlton Heston. "Not nearly enough news, gossip and interviews with him," complains Charlton's rabid fan.

Here are more addresses of boys in the service who would appreciate letters from Hollywood stars and/or fans:

C/O Pvt. Holland Browning, RA 13377349, Detachment No. 4, 352 Comm. Recon. Co., A.P.O. 301, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

1st Lt. John E. Hughes, 0995645, Btry A, 160 FA BN APO 86, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco.

And for a switch: Anne Brown, 10 Lulworth Drive, Pinner, Middlesex, England, will be delighted to write to service men who write her. She's 21, has brown hair, hazel eyes and is interested in music, the theater and movies.

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



Came June, it'll be "Mrs. Jim McNulty" that lovely Ann Blyth inscribes in an autograph book. Dr. Jim looks pretty smug at the thought. He squired her to *The Jazz Singer*, natch. His brother Dennis Day, who sent him through Medical School, introduced Jim to Annie three years ago.

You feel it!

*With your hair Shasta-Soft
and sweet, you're every inch a
desirable woman!*



Feel it on your fingertips!

Rub it into the palms of your hands!

*You can feel that Shasta Shampoo
is right for your hair!*



From the second you open the jar, you can *feel* that creamy-soft Shasta is going to do *wonderful* things for your hair.

Rich but not oily, creamy but not sticky, Shasta is the very softest of the cream shampoos...gives you billows of rich, lasting lather that cleanses your hair like no ordinary soap shampoo can do.

No other shampoo is so *femininely right* for your hair. So when it's important for you to look *and* feel your best, be Shasta-sure your hair is soft, sweet, feminine!

P.S. Just a little Shasta gives you a lot of lather. Don't waste it.

New
Shasta

the Softest of the Cream Shampoos

NEW HELP FOR 4 "YOUNG SKIN" PROBLEMS

Young skin often turns into *problem* skin—just when a girl has a right to look her prettiest.

Oil glands begin to work overtime. Your skin seems always oily, shiny. Powder cakes and darkens.

Flaky particles pile up, roughen your skin, for it has become too sluggish to throw them off as it should.

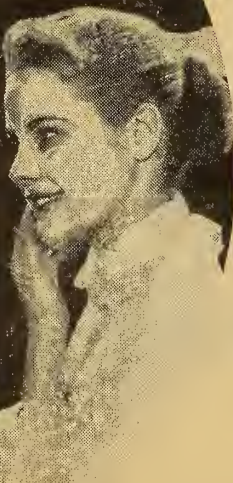
Pores begin to show so. Dirt and oil, trapped by dead skin cells, clog and stretch the pore openings.

Blackheads and bumps can—and very often do—start to develop in the clogged pore openings.

Now—Pond's has worked out a remarkably effective treatment for these four young skin problems. It's greaseless. It's quick. And it works.

**IN JUST
1 MINUTE**

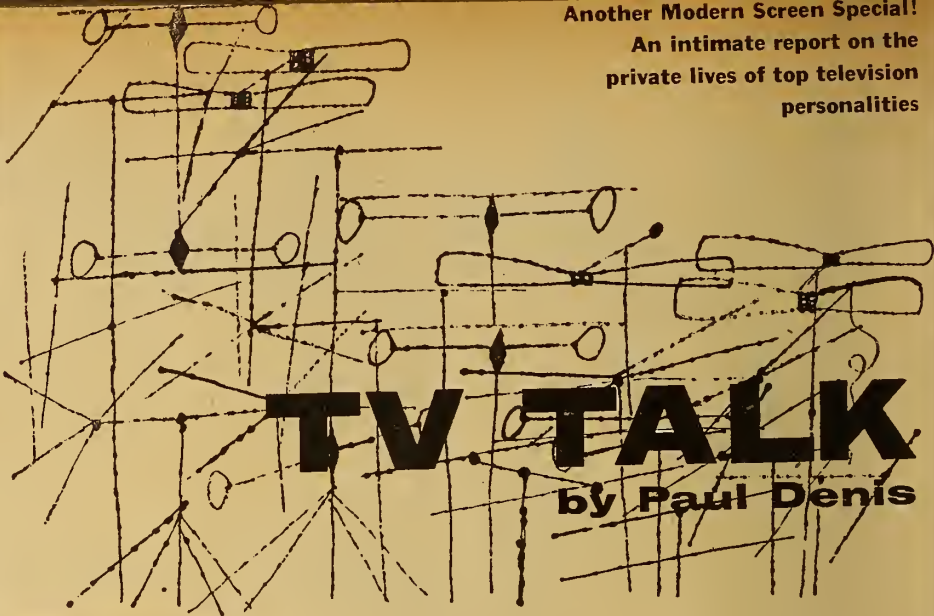
See your
skin look
fresher,
brighter,
clearer.



Several times a week give your skin this quick treatment. Cover face except eyes—with a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens . . . dissolves away dead skin cells! After 1 minute—tissue off. Now—pore openings are cleared of dead skin cells. Tiny skin glands can function *normally*. Your skin looks fresher, clearer, smoother!

Greasy make-up "coarsens" young skin. For a *naturally* pretty look, use greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base.

Another Modern Screen Special!
An intimate report on the
private lives of top television
personalities



TV TALK by Paul Denis



PERRY COMO, WHO KNOWS WHAT HE WANTS! Perry Como, now 40, is a solid singer in more ways than one. He's not only been a top singing personality for the past ten years—having turned out eight records that sold more than a million copies—but he is also a solid citizen.

He does his three-times-a-week CBS TV show for Chesterfield, runs his own music publishing house, and earns about a million dollars a year. And does all this quietly, with dignity, and without hanging around night clubs or getting into headline-making squabbles.

The former barber from Canonsburg, Pa., knows what he wants: Enough money and time to enjoy home life with his childhood sweetheart, Roselle, and their children—Ronnie, 13, David, 7, and Terri, 5. They live

in a big, pleasant house in Sands Point, Long Island, and he's home for dinner on his "off days"—Tuesdays and Thursdays. He's informal, and likes old friends around. He loves colored shirts and slacks, and doesn't own a dinner jacket. Around the house, he fusses with cameras. Outside of the house, he golfs, shooting in the 70s. He is active in the local church, and does much for charity—but shuns personal publicity. In fact, he has a press agent, the famed Harry Sobol, but uses him as a buffer for avoiding publicity contacts. He is so afraid publicity will ruin the normal life of his three kids that he won't invite photographers or interviewers to his home.

Despite his shyness, he is so beloved by the hard-bitten songpluggers of Tin Pan Alley, they put aside one full day a year for their Perry Como Golf Tournament. It's their way of saying, "You're a swell guy!"



JACKIE GLEASON'S GETTING TRIMMED: Jackie Gleason's taking a trimming—in weight, that is. The CBS TV star comedian is having the biggest fight of his life—against extra fat. Once 286 pounds, Jackie is down to a mere 220, and is determined to work down to a svelte 185. At one time, he tried a diet of steaks and clams, eating once a day and laying off liquor. But it wasn't enough. So he tried some psychological warfare. He bought a lot of size 44 suits, and threw away his size 56 suits. That gave him a goal: to be able to wear those size 44 suits comfortably. Everywhere he went, his pals asked, "Do you diet by exercising?" And Jackie would answer, "Heck, no. When I'm dieting, I'm so tired, I can't even stand up to exercise!" Lately, Jackie has taken even more drastic measures. He spends most of his week at Doctor's Hospital, where he diets under strict medical supervision. He's restricted to 600 calories a day. Of course, he's turned his hospital suite into an office, and has bedside conferences with his writers and staff. He leaves the hospital only for important business and for actual rehearsals.

Like Gleason, Dagmar has to fight a tendency to get too heavy. She loves to eat and cook, and staying around her big apartment a lot helps add weight. So, about once a year, she gets desperate and takes appetite-reducing pills—under medical supervision—and loses about two pounds a day. She quits when she's shed about 20 pounds. During the dieting, she hates to go out, explaining, "I'm cross when I'm dieting, so I'd rather stay home." Incidentally, Dagmar's weight is a big secret. Her 160-pound husband, Danny Dayton, says, "Two things Dagmar will never talk about—her weight and her age!" And Dagmar, when asked how heavy she is, always answers, "I fluctuate." Period.



MELINDA'S CAREER: Joan Bennett's pretty daughter, Melinda Markey after some modeling and TV work around New York, is realizing her ambition, finally, to make good on the stage. She's been touring in *On Borrowed Time*. Tiny-waisted Melinda, who will have a gorgeous figure when her baby fat fades away, spent a couple of years in New York. She lived at the Rehearsal Club, where young girls pay \$17-a-week rent, and she shared a large (Continued on page 16)

It's
HILARIOUS

when M. P.s Bob and Mickey
team up for zany laughs!

Paramount presents

OFF LIMITS

She's RESTRICTED...
to all military
personnel!

Songs

The Military Policeman
Right Or Wrong
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**BOB
HOPE**

**MICKEY
ROONEY**

**MARILYN
MAXWELL**

co-starring

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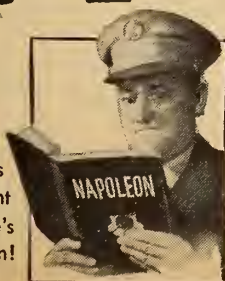
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STANLEY CLEMENTS · JACK DEMPSEY · MARVIN MILLER

Produced by HARRY TUGEND · Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL

Story and Screenplay by HAL KANTER and JACK SHER

He's a riot as
the Sergeant
who thinks he's
Napoleon!



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Eat onions. Then chew CLORETS CHEWING GUM or eat CLORETS CANDY MINTS. Now exchange a kiss. You'll find your breath is "Kissing Sweet".

Remember, CLORETS contain true, water soluble chlorophyll*. It is not an imitation. Not synthetic. Insist on CLORETS. Chew them with complete confidence. CLORETS CHEWING GUM and CLORETS CANDY MINTS are delicious, refreshing, good.



*Water soluble Chlorophyll factors

(Continued from page 14) room with three other young actresses. She got a 35-cent-per-meal discount at the club, and she hung around the corner drug store, where she and other young actresses swapped tips on TV jobs. She had a lot of dates with young actors, and was proud of the fact that she was earning enough money to support herself. When her mother sent \$130 for her last birthday, Melinda went on a shopping spree and spent it all on new dresses. She's partial to blacks and grays.

MEET TOM MORTON: *Another product of TV is Tom Morton, who was tested by 20th Century-Fox after he had danced on the Chico Marx TV show. Morton, who is 25, five-foot-eleven, with black wavy hair and brown eyes, is carving out a movie career for himself. He's already made Wait Till The Sun Shines Nellie, The Stars Are Singing and Main Street To Broadway. Before Barbara Belle discovered him and became his manager, Tom was a chorus boy in Broadway shows and TV. He is a bachelor, and living with his mother in Hollywood. He spends virtually all his time improving his talents—toning up his dancing, his singing, and acting. Make a note of his name, girls. He's on the way up!*

THE TV STARS: Danny Thomas made himself look bad when he blurted out, "Television is for idiots. I don't like it. It's a medicine show!" The fact is that Danny was worried and feeling very insecure about TV, when he first went into it. When his show did not draw the audience rating he felt he deserved, he blew his top . . . Marguerite Piazza, the beautiful opera singer, was stunned when her handsome husband, J. Graves McDonald, died suddenly on New Year's Eve. He was her second husband, father of her second child, and her manager as well. . . . Buster Crabbe has settled in New York, doing a lot of TV and dashing up to the Concord Hotel to run the spectacular pool and water sports there. . . . Johnny Ray's career is being endangered by his personal problems: marital problems and escapades that wind up in the police courts and the front pages. He'll probably do more TV this year, but he is asking for \$12,500 per performance, and may not get too many offers. And, what is not generally known, is that he owns only 45% of his own gross income. The rest is controlled by managers.

THE MEN IN TV: Arthur Godfrey is still the top moneymaker in TV. His two TV shows and several radio shows for CBS bring him \$1,400,000 a year. . . . Charlton Heston, who first made good in TV, is unhappy about having to give up his cold-water walk-up flat on West 47th Street. That little apartment, in a slum area, was Chuck's home during lean and good years, and he's very sentimental about it. . . . Tony Martin, who owns a terrific record collection, says his favorite disk is Johnny Long's "In Old Shanty Town," recorded back in 1938. . . . Frankie Thomas, who won TV fame as Frank Corbett, Space Cadet, is a movie veteran whose last film was Ginger Rogers' Major And The Minor. Now 25, Frankie is living in a New York apartment with his parents, and keeping busy with radio and TV work. He's a bachelor, and gets a load of fan mail. Some of the letters are so ardent, I can't repeat them in this column. . . . Sam Levenson, the folk humorist, is once more a daily newspaper columnist. He is the family-type humorist, and has a real happy family life. He, his wife Esther, their son Conrad, and their baby daughter live in an unpretentious

private home in Brooklyn. Sam wanders in the neighborhood for bits of funny dialogue that he often uses in his monologues.

A NEW COMIC, FRANK FONTAINE: Tall, blond, handsome comedian on Scott Music Hall is Frank Fontaine. He's only 32, and he's been around for years, but it has been only lately that he has emerged as a highly talented funny man. He comes from a solidly show-business background. His father, Baron Fontaine, was a vaudeville singer; his grandfather was a circus strong man; and his wife, Alma, is a former acrobatic dancer. Unlike most other comedians, he believes in big families. He is already father of eight—count 'em—children. Six sons and two daughters, ranging from 1½ to 15. Already, his kids can do most of his comedy routines.

Frank had the whole family with him in Hollywood while he made seven movies, including the Martin and Lewis *Scared Stiff*, and brought them to home-town Boston when he had to come East for TV. Frank commutes from Boston to New York each week for his TV show, on which he co-stars with Patti Page, the recording star.

Another long-distance commuter is Martha Raye, who lives in Miami Beach and commutes by train (she's afraid to fly) to New York every fourth week for her NBC TV show.

BOB ALDA, PROUD DAD: *It's hard to believe that handsome Robert Alda is father of a 17-year-old son, but it's true. Alan is a freshman at Fordham University, and studying acting and radio-TV. The boy is talented and wrote a complete musical show produced at Stepanik High School, White Plains, last year. Alan's off to a flying start, which is in sharp contrast to Bob's rough beginnings. Bob started as a singing usher at Loew's Orpheum, New York about 20 years ago, when I first met him. He was getting \$3 extra a week for singing the band overture. Today, he has developed into a top actor and, in fact, did only acting on TV during 1952. Didn't sing a note. And, strangely enough, Bob quit the hit show, Guys And Dolls last September. He was the show's outstanding hit as singer-actor, but wants to become a producer. He will co-produce a Broadway show this Fall.*

ODDS AND ENDS: Milton Berle is a happy guy again, now that his NBC TV show is back among the top-rated shows. Thanks to Goodman Ace, whose writing staff refashioned Miltie into a less brash, more likeable comedian, Miltie is King again. He is still dating Ruth Cosgrove, and they took a Miami Beach vacation together. He gave her a car for a surprise gift, and everybody felt they would tie the knot—but nothing happened. . . . Imogene Coca, after recovering from an emergency appendectomy, is back with Max Liebman's wonderful Show Of Shows on NBC. . . . Sid Caesar, her co-star, has another reason for rushing home nights: his baby son. Sid and Florence Caesar do most of their entertaining at home, where the fun usually comes from showing kinescopes of Sid's TV shows, followed by a wisecracking analysis of each performance.

Ed Sullivan, first newspaper columnist to become a TV star (his CBS show is *Toast Of The Town*), has recovered from his latest bout with ulcers. Doing a daily column and handling a top-rated TV show is tiring Ed; but he has tremendous drive and the only thing that worries him is having less time for golf! . . . Guy Lombardo, who will do a TV series, broke his own rule for never indulging in politics when he campaigned publicly for Eisenhower.

Dry skin can be joy -or jinx!

by Rosemary Hall
BEAUTY AUTHORITY

Dry skin is *both* a blessing and a curse. Which it is in your case is up to you. Two women I discussed the problem with just the other day illustrate what I mean!



The first was grateful for her naturally dry complexion, the *delicacy* it gave her skin and the freedom from that "greasy" look. The second felt terribly about hers. It was drab and flaky, so her make-up looked harsh and little lines were threatening to become wrinkles.



The difference was in the *care* they gave their complexions. There's no substitute for the *regular* use of the

right care! But, cheer up, it needn't be expensive or time-consuming!

For as little as 25¢—you'll find the best dry skin care money can buy, and one that takes less than 5 minutes a day—Woodbury Dry Skin Cream!

The thing that makes Woodbury remarkable is an ingredient called Penaten which carries the softening oils *deep* into the corneum layer of your skin. The average cream simply "greases" the surface, but Woodbury *really* penetrates!

Here's the simple routine that makes the difference:

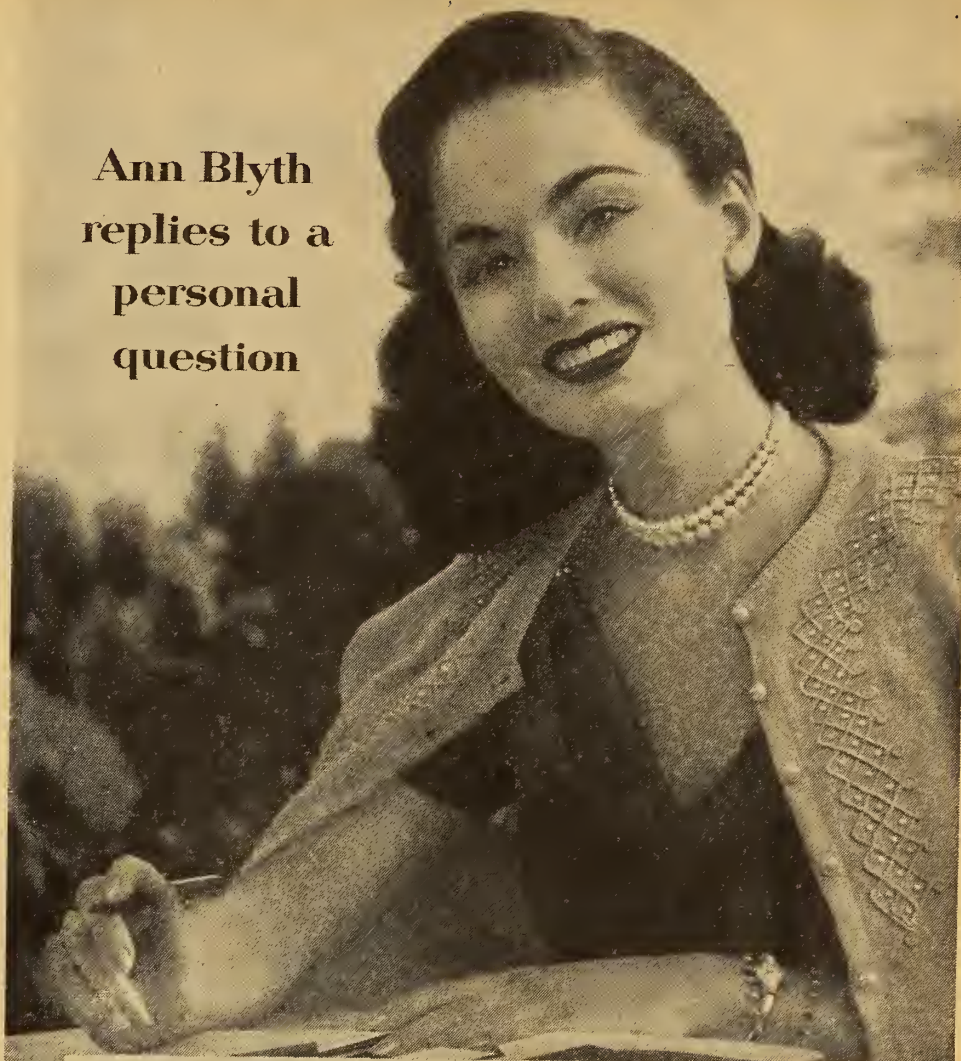
With your fingertips, cream this extra rich Woodbury Dry Skin Cream into your skin. Leave it on for five minutes, then . . . tissue off.



Your skin will have a new freshness and youthful bloom. Try it and see! Woodbury Dry Skin Cream only costs 25¢ to 97¢ (plus tax).



Ann Blyth replies to a personal question



Dear Betty,
Wanted to answer sooner, but I've been so busy working on my new picture.
Course I've a "beauty secret"—it's Woodbury Cold Cream! The special thing about Woodbury is an ingredient called Penaten that makes it penetrate deeply into pore openings and loosens every bit of make-up. I've tried more expensive creams but never one that left my skin so clean, so fresh and soft as Woodbury Cold Cream... I'm sure you'll love it, too!

Sincerely, Ann Blyth

penetrates deeper because
it contains PENATEN



25¢ to 97¢ plus tax

*how a wife
can hold on to
married
happiness*



Be Sure—Don't Guess About These Intimate Facts!

How much happier and healthier is the wife who knows that intimate feminine cleanliness is vital to married happiness. And wise is the wife who uses ZONITE for a *cleansing, antiseptic and deodorizing douche!*

Scientists tested every known antiseptic-germicide they could find on sale for the douche. No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested proved so *powerful yet absolutely safe* to body tissues as ZONITE. Now you can understand why ZONITE is so enthusiastically recommended.

ZONITE Completely Safe to Delicate Body Tissues

The ZONITE principle was developed by a famous surgeon and scientist. The first in the world to be *powerfully effective yet positively non-poisonous, non-irritating*. In fact, ZONITE is a wondrously soothing, cleansing and healing agent. You can use ZONITE as needed without the slightest risk of injury. Its *completely safe* qualities on body tissues have been proved by thousands upon thousands of women for over 30 years. Use ZONITE with *confidence*.

Gives Both Internal and External Hygienic Protection

ZONITE eliminates *all* odor. It flushes away waste substances and deposits. It helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. It's not always possible to contact every germ in the tract, but you can BE SURE ZONITE instantly kills *all* reachable germs. A ZONITE douche is so important after monthly periods. It leaves the vaginal tract so *clean and refreshed*. Worth a fortune to feminine charm and health. Always use as directed.

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FREE! Mail coupon for FREE book. Reveals intimate facts and gives complete information on feminine hygiene. Write Zonite Products Corp., Dept. MR-43, 100 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y.*

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SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN:

hollywood report

by Mike Connolly

famous columnist for
The Hollywood Reporter



HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

The grass is always greener in the next pasture, and ain't it the truth! When the Masquers Club of Hollywood threw a stag party to honor Jane Wyman as its First Lady, with Janie the only gal present, she said: "When I was dancing in the chorus I was always the third girl from the left in the second row. I kept trying to get into the first row but Alice Faye was always in my way!" . . . Their friends have pegged it as a Spring wedding for Pier Angeli and Kirk Douglas, who calls her "Amarella" . . . Ann Blyth tells me it'll be a June jaunt down the middle aisle for herself and Dr. Jim McNulty. 'Twas his brother, none other than singer Dennis Day, who put young Jim through medical school . . . MGM, incidentally, had better put Ann to work in the next Mario Lanza picture pronto because once she's Mrs. McNulty she wants a big family *right now!*

It's getting real cozy with Joan Crawford and Nick Ray. They each brought their own children when they dated at the preem of *The Jazz Singer* . . . We got a long-delayed letter (it



Gable

must've come by mule train!) from Africa telling how Ava Gardner celebrated her birthday and Christmas simultaneously in her tent on the location site of *Mogambo* near Nairobi. Clark Gable and Grace Kelly celebrated with her, as did John Ford—and, of course, her ever-lovin' Frankie! She wrote: "We even had a make-believe fireplace, and hung our stockings in front of it" . . . Bob Wagner dyed his hair black, and it's a good foil for Barbara Stanwyck's grey locks . . . Romantic bust-ups of the month: Coleen Gray and John Payne, Nora and Dick Haymes (one of those off-again things that'll probably be on-again before



Wyman



The Bogarts

WHO'S MAD AT WHOM:

Dick Jaeckel, the beefcake boy whose career is zooming because of *Come Back, Little Sheba*, rifted with his wife and two kids. It happens so often when an actor becomes successful in Hollywood, it makes you wonder if success is worth it . . . Lana Turner, Art Linkletter and others of Humphrey Bogart's neighbors are sore at him and his Baby because their two boxers bark all night . . . I hear that those spats between Jennifer Jones and her spouse, David Selznick, are over money—her money! In other words, he wants to tell her how to spend what she earns.



Lewis

You've never seen so much scurrying back and forth between law offices as Johnnie and Marilyn Ray are doing, in preparation for their separation and/or divorce. But Marilyn keeps telling everyone that if she has her way the settlement will be amicable . . . An airplane is mixed up in the community property wrangle between John and Esperanza Wayne. She claims it's hers and that John won't give it back . . . John Hodiak has been forgetting all about Anne Baxter with a little French model who lives at the Beverly Hills Hotel. John Payne introduced them . . . Paramount threatened to slap a new clause into Jerry Lewis' contract that will prevent the comic from ever again riding a motor scooter. I stumbled over Jerry in his wheelchair at NBC during one of his airshows and he said that all his fall did was (Continued on page 20)

★ Hollywood Stars AND FAMOUS DESIGNERS

CALL PLAYTEX THE PERFECT GIRDLE

ZSA ZSA GABOR,
starring in **MOULIN ROUGE,**

Color by Technicolor—
released thru United Artists, says:

"Fabulous is the word for the Playtex
Fabric Lined Girdle. You couldn't
choose a better way to be lithe, free,
and wonderfully comfortable!"



Vera Maxwell: "I create
clothes that are full of motion.
Playtex shows them best, slims
in complete freedom!" Playtex
hasn't a seam, stitch or bone; it
lives and breathes with you, in-
visible under sleekest clothes.



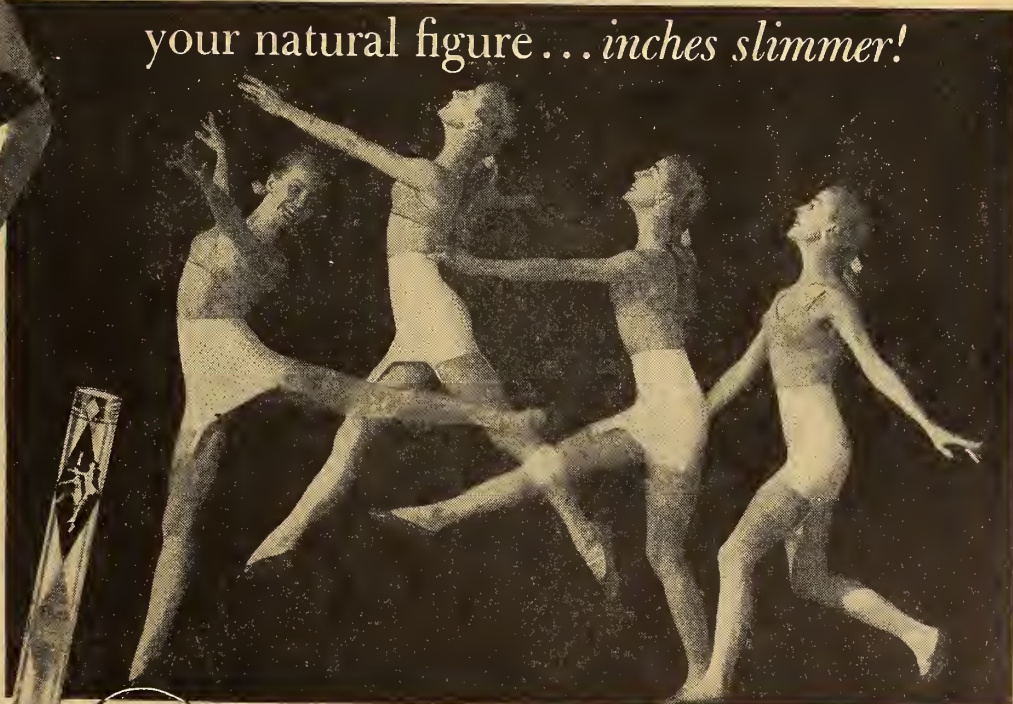
Paul Parnes: "Slenderness is
the key to my Spring Collection
... and Playtex slims your figure
beautifully from waist to thigh!"
Playtex has an *all-way* control,
for it's made of fabric lined la-
tex that spells power-control!



Claire McCordell: "Here's
a dress of real versatility. It leads
a double life... at work or play.
And it calls for the world's most
versatile girdle... Playtex!"
Only Playtex combines such con-
trol, comfort and freedom!

Only a **PLAYTEX®** Girdle streamlines

your natural figure... *inches slimmer!*



Invisible

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WITH NEW ADJUSTABLE GARTERS, from **\$6.95**

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At department stores and specialty
shops. Playtex known everywhere as
the girdle in the **SLIM** tube.

Edna's DISMAL



PERIODIC PAIN

Menstruation is natural and necessary but menstrual suffering is not. Just take a Midol tablet, Edna, and go your way in comfort. Midol brings faster relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the “blues.”

FREE 24-page book, “What Women Want to Know,” explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper). Write Dept. F-43, Box 280, New York 18, N.Y.

Edna's BRIGHT WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores
have Midol

hollywood report

continued

“open up an old tired wound in my leg.”

TIME TABLES:

You gals can relax. Bob Wagner isn't marrying till he's 30 . . . Susie Hayward tells me she wants to buy a home in the San Fernando Valley with a tree house in the back yard . . . Jane Russell says Bob Waterfield talks more in five minutes while doing a guest appearance on television than he does in five hours at home . . . When John Farrow gifted his wife, Maureen O'Sullivan, with a mink coat their 13-year-old Michael said, “Daddy, it would have been cheaper to make it out of \$20 bills.”

Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens, who broke up housekeeping a year ago, have been going to parties together but it doesn't mean a thing makeup-wise . . . Greer Garson decorated a new apartment in Dallas to surprise her Buddy . . . One of the reasons Red Skelton collapsed was because he wanted to lose weight in a hurry and ate nothing—absolutely *nothing*—for two-and-a-half days. He lost 12 pounds doing it but *we* almost lost our Red! . . . When Robert and Vera Newton moved into the Bogarts' old house they found a pair of old shoes that Bogie had left behind. So Bob planted them with ivy and set them proudly out on the front porch.



Skelton

FUNNIES:

Bob Hope said to Jean Peters on his airshow: “They tell me a woman is a rag, a bone and a hank of hair—so what's all the rest of that stuff you've got there?” . . . Joan Davis went into a reducing salon to try on a girdle designed to make you look thin and, having tried it on, exulted: “Wonderful, wonderful—but why is my face blue?” . . . Bob Mitchum complained that most of the paintings at an art exhibit on the Sunset Strip weren't well lit. “So what?” so-whatted the attendant. “Most of the customers *are*!” . . . Somebody phoned in a suggestion that 20th-Fox change the title of *The Robe* to *The Disrobe* and let Marilyn Monroe star in it . . . I'm told Errol Flynn is the only man in the world who carries a marriage license in his back pocket made out “To Whom It May Concern.”

FINANCIAL PAGE:

Farley Granger and Sam Goldwyn made up again, after Farl's long suspension. And Farl is making trips to the bank again . . . Anne Baxter's ma gets \$50 a week as her secretary and her dad gets 20 percent of Anne's pay as business manager . . . Nancy Sinatra refused \$150,000 from Mario Lanza for the mansion she and Frankie once lived in, against her attorney's advice. She's holding out for \$210,000, plus another \$25,000 for the carpets and drapes . . . Mitzi Gaynor and her ma took a two-year lease on a \$500-a-month penthouse at the Chateau Marmont.



Granger

LONG HUNCH DEP'T:

I've got it from inside the inside rail that the much-vaunted wedding of Beetsy Wynn, Keenan's ex-wife, and Dan Dailey will never take place . . . First word we had in Hollywood of a rift in the marriage of Greg and Greta Peck was when Greta sent word to Rosheen Marcus that Rosheen would have to vacate the Pecks' Pacific Palisades home. They had rented it to Rosheen, who is William Saroyan's mother-in-law, for 18 months before they took off for Europe. But they hadn't been gone nine months when Greta decided to come home. Greg stayed on in Paris, alone, and Mel Ferrer went over to try to patch up the rift . . . There were also reports busting out all over that Gene and Betsy Kelly weren't getting along in Paris.



The Pecks

Hedy Lamarr and Virginia Field will never like each other as much after their last encounter (witnessed by your ever-lovin' correspondent) on Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills. Hedy, just back from New York, bumped into Virginia and screamed, “Dollink, why is your hair so *gray*?” Virginia fanged back: “I had it touched up that way for a part in a picture—why's *yours* that way?” And Hedy, stuck for an answer, turned on her heel and walked away! . . . Clark Gable bagged two white zebras in Africa. He'll cover the seats of his new Jaguar car with the skins . . . Another hot feud: Paulette Goddard and Richard Ney. They haven't spoken since they made a picture together in Spain and nobody's quite sure why!

HOME FIRES BURNING:

Donald O'Connor gave up the lease on his Hayworth Drive apartment in Hollywood and moved back into his home with his Gwen, after a long talk with his psychiatrist . . . First person to get a phone call through to Liz Taylor after Michael Howard Wilding's birth was Jean Simmons. 'Twas only a few hours after Junior arrived but Liz explained: “Well, the phone was sitting there on the hospital table and it rang and I picked it up and answered it. What's so unusual?” What, indeed? . . . Clifton Webb escorted Susie Zanuck to the Inauguration Ball . . . Seventy-one cases of imported champagne were consumed at the wedding of Peggy Lee and Brad Dexter, and Eugenie Clair Smith, the cigarette heiress, never once took off her floor-length white mink . . . Ann Sothern was baptized a Catholic . . . Jane Powell's waistline has bounced up to 22 inches since her baby came.



O'Connor

Burt Lancaster's six-year-old son suffered a concussion when he fell to the floor at home while Burt was tossing him playfully in the air. Doctors said the child will be okay but Burt will never bounce him again!

Coleen Gray's daughter told a schoolmate: “When Mommie marries John Payne, Kathy Payne will be my stepsister” . . . But you wouldn't have agreed with the child if you'd seen Payne (Coleen was in Europe making a picture) rushing Arleen Whelan at Betty Furness's party in the Champagne Room.

"My hobby is dangerous!"

"When I'm not making a film," Arlene Dahl explains, "I've plenty to keep me busy. And best of all I love to spend hours working in the garden. That may seem like a healthy, innocent pastime, but for me... it's dangerous!"



ARLENE DAHL,
co-starring in
"JAMAICA"
a Paramount Picture
Color by Technicolor

"An actress can't afford to let her hands get rough and dry! So — the moment I go indoors — I smooth my hands and sun-parched face with soothing, pure white Jergens Lotion!"



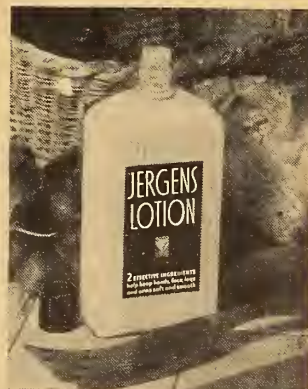
"My other hobby is writing, and when I've papers to handle I'm grateful that Jergens leaves no greasy film. Jergens works fast. See why: Smooth one hand with quickly absorbed Jergens . . .



"Apply any lotion or cream to the other. Then wet them. Water won't bead on the Jergens hand as it will over oily lotions or creams.



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Use Jergens Lotion regularly to keep your hands lovely. More women use Jergens than any other hand care in the world. 10¢ to \$1.00, plus tax.

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with even finest liquid or cream shampoos
hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film.**

Halo—made with a special ingredient—contains no soap or sticky oils to dull your hair. Halo reveals shimmering highlights . . . leaves your hair soft, fragrant, marvelously manageable!

No special rinsing needed. Halo
does not dry . . . does not irritate!

***Halo glorifies your hair
with your very first shampoo!***



hollywood report continued

. . . This is what was inscribed on the locket Bob Fallon gave Marie Wilson on their first anniversary: "One down, 49 to go" . . . Hardest star phone number to get: Kathryn Grayson's.

ODDS BODKINS:

Rock Hudson nosed out his old gal, Marilyn Maxwell, for the honorary post of Mayor of Universal City . . . When she's prowling a bargain in a Beverly Hills department store there's no more unmoviestarish a star anywhere than Ruth Roman . . . Rita Hayworth built a wire cage with sliding roof against one side of her house for her kids to play in in safety . . . Glenn Ford's temperament has been showing all over the place lately. He should have a talk with his pal Bill Holden on how to behave like a star . . . Judy Powell, Tab Hunter's latest girl friend, isn't jealous a bit. She gave him a framed photo of Linda Darnell! . . . Margaret O'Brien, who never took a lesson in her life, is going to a vocal coach to lower her voice . . . Loretta Young is living in a dressing room at U-I while *It Happens Every Thursday* is before the cameras.



Roman

Eleanor Parker stopped in at the Four Star Theatre on Wilshire Boulevard to see Bette Davis in *The Star* and encountered some confusion engendered by the non-appearance of an usherette. So Eleanor took over and seated the startled customers for a jot less than two hours. Which is some seating, you will admit! . . . Jimmy Stewart will open the Ringling Brothers-Barnum & Bailey Circus here next spring in the same costume he wore as "Buttons" in *The Greatest Show On Earth* . . . Olivia deHavilland is back living in the same apartment in Mitch Leisen's Shoreham that she vacated when she married Marcus Goodrich . . . This is Sterling Hayden's third year on a psychiatrist's couch . . . The kids in Beverly Hills still order their favorite drink at the drug store counters there—a Shirley Temple Cocktail. It consists of "gingerale on the rocks" with a dash of maraschino cherry juice.

SEX APPEAL:

Jeanne Crain got a poodlecut and I'm not sure I like her that way . . . Betty Grable got a butch haircut . . . Has anyone ever seen a pair of female legs that didn't look good in black net stockings? . . . Mrs. James Mason called to tell me: "Some evil woman came up to me at a party to tell me that Marilyn Monroe and Marie Wilson wear pushups in their bras!" . . . Abdullah, the Warner masseur, says the freckles on Doris Day's shoulders are prettier than the ones on her nose . . . Mrs. Gary Cooper bought her friend Dolores Del Rio some net nylon nighties before taking off for Mexico to visit Dolores . . . Zsa Zsa Gabor tells us she wears long-playing lipstick. Which



Grable

is something like a long-playing phonograph needle! . . . Diana Lynn swears she'll never wear pink when she does a television show again. On her last show her gown looked like it was cut clear down to the Dagmar Department!

Una Merkel says: "These days an actress either has to have a bust or *BE* one!" . . . GI's in Korea are writing Jan Sterling for duplicates of her turtle-neck sweater . . . Terry Moore claims she developed her—uh—er—anyway, she did it all through exercise . . . Rosemary Clooney and José Ferrer were so anxious to get away from it all and be alone after the *Moulin Rouge* preem, they walked out of the Mocambo before the star, Edith Piaf, sang her first song . . . Shelley Winters looked nice, for a change, at the same affair: a smooth makeup job, real gone mink coat, combed hairdo. But when that gal puts her mind to it she's the sloppiest in town . . . Dottie Lamour saluted Adolph Zukor this way at his 80th birthday party: "I've visited you in your office at least 112 times in the past 16 years, Papa Zukor, and you never once came around the desk and tried to—tried to—tell me, Papa Zukor, if I'm so unattractive, why did you ever put me in pictures in the first place?" . . . That Lana Turner still steals *ALL* the attention wherever she goes. I watched her sweep into LaRue one Sunday night on Lex Barker's arm, whereupon every neck at the bar craned to follow her every footstep into the main dining room. And every diner dropped his dinnerware and gawked and gawked and gawked! Cool, man!

QUICK QUOTES:

Virginia Mayo and Jeff Chandler were runners-up for the Golden Apple Awards from the Hollywood Women's Press Club for being the most cooperative filmites of the year and Virginia said at the awards party: "Stars who don't co-operate with the press must have rocks in their heads!" . . . Tony Curtis (he and his Janet were first prize winners) looked around the room and giggled: "Four years ago I couldn't afford to walk into this restaurant!" . . . Melinda Markey, Joan Bennett's daughter, says she hides her eyes behind dark glasses in the daytime "'cause I use them so much at night!"



Mayo

When he finished his co-starring stint with Deborah Kerr in *Dream Wife* Cary Grant said, "There are only two women I ever enjoyed working with—Ina Claire (remember her?) and Deborah Kerr" . . . Shirley Booth said this to tell me about how Terry Moore behaved during the shooting of *Little Sheba*: "That sweet child worried more about how her torso was being photographed than anything else!" . . . Arlene Francis' advice to Vanessa Brown about endorsing commercial products: "Honey, I would even pose with plumbing!" . . . Someone cracked that Marilyn Monroe wears falsies. Replied Marilyn to the canard: "People who know me better know better!" . . . It's gospel that Tab Hunter spends two hours a day answering his fan mail. He says: "When I was a kid I wrote to Liz Taylor and got back a form letter. I'm not going to do that to other kids!" . . . June Allyson showed off her new short haircut and giggled, "I'm not Hollywood's 'girl next door' any more—I'm the boy next door!"



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MOVIE REVIEWS

by florence epstein

picture of the month



*What kind
of woman
are you?*

Are you modern?

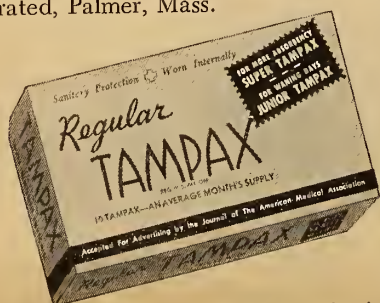
Are you always on the alert for new ideas? Are you interested in new fashions, new faces, new places? Then Tampax was made to fit your busy life. Doctor-invented Tampax is the *modern* method of monthly sanitary protection—based on the well-known principle of internal absorption.

Are you fastidious?

Your hands need never touch the Tampax. It's inserted quickly and easily with a dainty, throwaway applicator. There's nothing to betray you're going through one of "those days"—no belts, no pins, no ridge-lines, *no odor*. And the easy disposal of Tampax is a convenience millions of women appreciate.

Then Tampax is for you

Made of pure, white surgical cotton, Tampax is so small a month's supply fits in purse. Tampax comes in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Get it at drug and notion counters; save on the economy size that gives you an average 4 months' supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising

24 by the Journal of the American Medical Association



An accident as a child made aristocrat Toulouse-Lautrec a crippled dwarf. Thirsting for beauty, he found art a consolation.



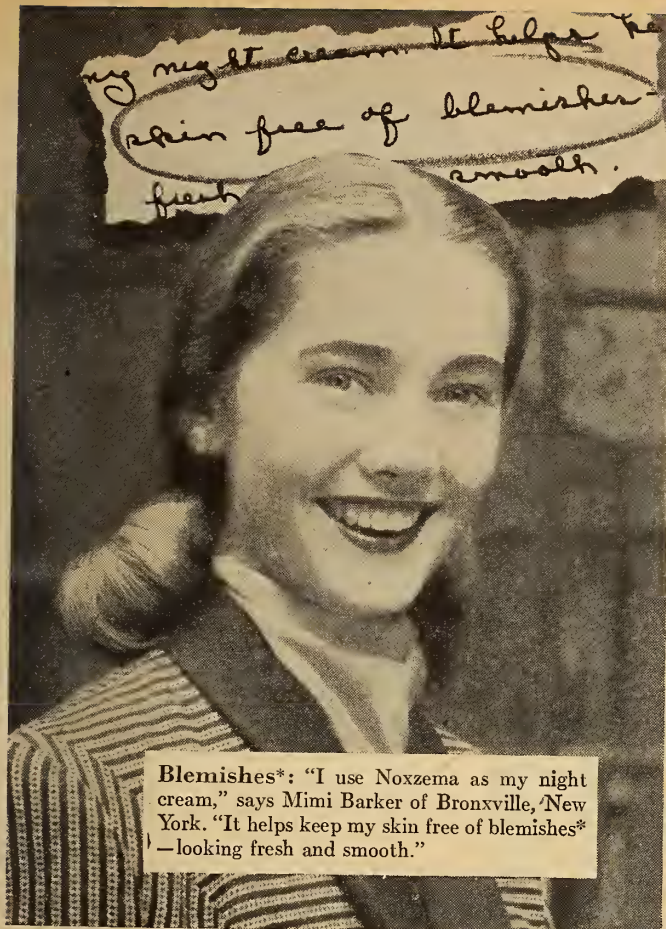
Love did not come to Lautrec . . . he had to buy it. He took a street-walker into his home. She bled him of money, broke his heart; but was a great model.



He lived at café tables . . . died of absinthe. But his paintings still hang in the Louvre.

MOULIN ROUGE

■ Toulouse-Lautrec was a deformed, lonely man, but when he painted his posters for the Moulin Rouge—a Paris café of the 1880's—he caught all the color, movement and excitement he thirsted after. In the hands of director John Huston, this picture captures those qualities, too. Here is Paris, city of gorgeous women and wild emotions, city of the Can-Can dancer whose loud, gay shouts echo in the streets of Montmartre. And here is Toulouse-Lautrec, a pitiful freak, sitting at a table in the Moulin, soaking himself in liquor, sketching those dancers. José Ferrer portrays Lautrec and, thanks to a bizarre but effective make-up trick, literally gets down on his knees to do it. (Lautrec was injured as a young boy and his legs stopped growing.) Rather than become a pampered invalid on his parents' estate, Lautrec rented a studio in Paris where he played out his life in passion and pain. There was a street-walker (Colette Marchand) who gave him a glimpse of love followed by a whole vista of despair. There was the dazzling café singer (Zsa-Zsa Gabor) whose friendship eased his dreadful loneliness. There was the model (Suzanne Flon) who could not bring herself to marry him. Lautrec's fame grew to the point where he became the only living artist to have a collection in the Louvre. But this had never been his goal. He had wanted love, and died for the lack of it. *Moulin Rouge* is a memorable visual experience. It drenches you with the brilliance of Paris.—United-Artists



Blemishes*: "I use Noxzema as my night cream," says Mimi Barker of Bronxville, New York. "It helps keep my skin free of blemishes* —looking fresh and smooth."



Dry Skin: "Noxzema does wonders for my dry skin," says Phoebe Murray of Lawrence, Mass. "'Cream-washing' soothes, refreshes — helps skin look much softer, smoother!"

How you, too, can Look lovelier in 10 days or your money back!

Famous doctor's new beauty care helps skin look fresher, lovelier —and helps you keep it that way!

You should see our mail! Thousands of letters from all over the country! You should read how thrilled women are with Noxzema's new, home beauty routine... how their fresher, lovelier-looking skin is winning them compliments... bringing new self-confidence!

It's big beauty news!

Mimi Barker of Bronxville, N. Y. and Phoebe Murray of Lawrence, Mass., are just two of thousands who report thrilling results. This new beauty care was developed by a noted doctor and owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema.

This famous *greaseless, medicated* beauty cream combines softening, soothing, healing and cleansing ingredients. That's why it has helped so many women with discouraging skin problems: rough, dry skin; externally-caused blemishes; and that dull, lifeless, *half-clean* look of so many

so-called normal complexions. Like to help your problem skin look lovelier? Then tonight, try this:

1. Cleanse thoroughly by 'cream-washing' with Noxzema and water. Smooth Noxzema over face and neck. Then wring out a cloth in warm water and wash your face as if using soap. See how make-up and dirt disappear! How clean and fresh skin looks after you 'cream-wash' with Noxzema. No dry, drawn feeling!

2. Night cream. Smooth on Noxzema so its softening, soothing ingredients can help skin look smoother, fresher, lovelier. (Always pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them — fast!)

The film of oil-and-moisture Noxzema provides is especially beneficial to rough, dry, sensitive skin. Even in extreme cases, where the dried-out, curled-up cells of dead skin give an unattractive grayish look, you will see a wonderful improvement as you go on faithfully using Noxzema. It's *greaseless*. No smeary face!



3. Make-up base. In the morning, 'cream-wash', apply Noxzema as your long-lasting powder base.

It works or money back!

In clinical tests, Noxzema helped 4 out of 5 women with discouraging skin problems. Try it for 10 days. If not delighted, return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Money back!

*externally-caused

Look lovelier offer!

4oz NOXZEMA only **29¢** plus tax

1. use this trial jar — see how much lovelier it helps skin look
2. then save money by getting big 10 oz. jar only 89¢ plus tax! At drug or cosmetics counters!

Easy way to a naturally radiant skin

QUICK HOME FACIAL

WITH THIS 4-PURPOSE CREAM!



Now... follow Lady Esther's super-speed recipe for true loveliness!



1. Smooth Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream up your neck and face. Don't rub! This self-acting cream takes away dirt that can turn into blackheads... relieves dryness. Remove gently.



2. Splash face with cold water. Blot with soft towel. You don't need astringent. This 4-way Cream works with Nature to refine coarse pores.



3. Smooth on a second "rinse" of Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Remove with tissue. A special oil in the cream softens and conditions your face for make-up.



4. Ready now to put on your "face." Make-up goes on smoothly—clings for hours! You're *really pretty* always.

So easy. Just think... with one face cream alone you can give your skin

all the vital benefits of an expensive beauty shop facial. Because *all by itself* Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream *cleans, softens, tones and satinizes* your skin. And *all in one minute!* Get the Lady Esther facial habit for healthier, cleaner skin. Be lovely to look at always!

Lady Esther

4-Purpose

FACE CREAM



AFTER YOUR FACIAL

Lady Esther Complete Creme Make-up

Generous Compact

50¢

Plus Tax
(Slightly Higher in Canada)



All you need for all-day loveliness! New Creme Make-up plus 4-Purpose Face Cream! Depend on this Terrific Twosome for flawless, radiant skin.



THE STAR

The star (Bette Davis) is through in Hollywood, but you tell her. She thinks she can come back like Swanson—even if she is down to her last three bucks and her agent (Warner Anderson) won't advance another dime. At 40, the lines are beginning to show and kids like Barbara Lawrence are pushing her out of the picture. Nevermind. Bette has a 12-year-old daughter (Natalie Wood) who thinks she's tops, although Natalie lives with the star's ex-husband and can't do much cheering. One night Bette breaks down, drinks herself into jail. Sterling Hayden, who's always had a soft spot for her (Bette made him a lead in a big production, then he switched to the boating business) pays the fine. Maybe you're finished with being glamorous, he tells her, but you haven't even begun to be a woman. She takes this kindly, runs out to the May Company where they put her in lingerie (that is, she sells lingerie) for about ten minutes, or until a couple of catty dowagers recognize her. Finally, Bette's agent talks a nice producer into testing her for a minor role. Bette wants the major role, figures if she plays the test like a teen-ager they'll give it to her. Well, they don't, but that isn't important. The important thing is—will Bette realize that life can be beautiful, even if there'll never be another Oscar? I guess you'd call this a woman's picture. Women cry when they see it.

Cast: Bette Davis, Sterling Hayden, Natalie Wood, Warner Anderson, Minor Watson.—20th Century-Fox.

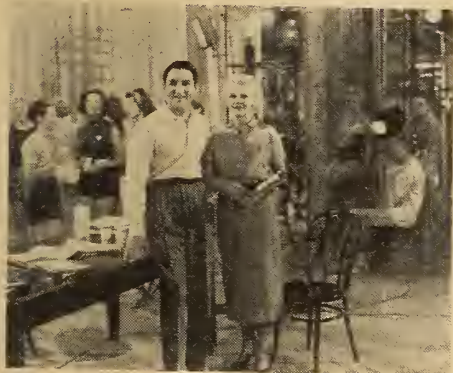


TAXI

This is a comedy, a very good one. Scratch the surface and you learn something about real people reminiscent of Damon Runyon's characters. Dan Dailey's a New York taxi driver. He lives with his mother (Blanche Yurka) and what with trying to evade the pathetic spinsters she's dying to have him marry, and paying off the Finance Company for his cab he's become a rather pessimistic, touchy guy. Dailey plays him beautifully. One day, the fare he

picks up at a Brooklyn pier is a young Irish girl (Constance Smith) aglow with faith. A footloose American married and left her in Dublin and she has 24 hours to find him (Immigration Dep't. rules). Constance doesn't think her husband's unfaithful; she thinks he's wonderful. Probably just too busy writing his novel to claim her and the baby. In the time it takes to locate that man (Mark Roberts) a change comes over Dailey. He loses a whole day's pay and doesn't care; he's gained something much more valuable. 20th Century-Fox makes New York the backdrop for this fast moving script. And the freshness of Constance Smith, the broad humor of Blanche Yurka—are a constant delight.

Cast: Dan Dailey, Constance Smith, Blanche Yurka, Neva Patterson—20th Century-Fox.



THE JAZZ SINGER

The original *Jazz Singer* made motion picture history. It was the first talkie and a personal triumph for Al Jolson whose classic comment at that time was, "You ain't heard nothin' yet!" Warner Brothers has dusted off the plot, spruced it up with Technicolor and trot it out now as a very handsome offering. This is the conflict of two worlds, of father and son who clash over the son's right to order his own life. Danny Thomas is given a lot of room to display his varied wares and he emerges as a genuinely warm personality. Eduard Franz (as Danny's father) plays a benevolent but stern elder who lives in the shadows of tradition. He is a cantor—as were six generations of Goldings before him—and he expects Danny to follow suit. Danny can't think of anything but show business. We move back and forth from the interior of Sinai Temple and its pure, Hebraic songs of prayer to the jazzy stages of New York (where Peggy Lee does her own kind of stylized chanting) as the conflict grows and resolves itself. Alex Gerry and Allyn Joslyn provide comic relief. Mildred Dunnock (Danny's mother) is a sweet, understanding soul. However, her talent is much superior to the part. The story deals with old-fashioned sentiments, but it is full of heart and the bright performances of Danny and Peggy keep it moving right along.

Cast: Danny Thomas, Peggy Lee, Mildred Dunnock, Eduard Franz, Tom Tully, Alex Gerry, Allyn Joslyn—Warners.

TONIGHT WE SING

The name of Sol Hurok is famous to concert audiences all over America, because in many cases, Hurok brought the concert to them. *Tonight We Sing* is the fictionalized biography of this impresario who had an intense desire to share his love for music with all the people who could never afford reserved seats. Hurok,

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Just roll curls on any plastic curlers or Shadow Wave's new French style. Apply lotion, let dry and brush into a soft, lasting wave . . . that's all!



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One Alone? . . . Or One Of the Group?

When Mrs. F. first moved to the community, she was welcomed by a small neighborhood group. Unfortunately, Mrs. F. left them with a very bad impression of herself. And she might still be a stranger in her neighborhood if she hadn't discovered why they disliked her. Now she is a leader in the very group that snubbed her.*



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4 times better than chlorophyll

DON'T let *halitosis (bad breath) put you in a bad light. And don't trust lesser methods to combat it.

Listerine Antiseptic instantly stops bad breath . . . usually for hours on end. Your entire mouth feels—and is—delightfully fresh and clean.

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You see, by far the most common cause of halitosis is germs. That's right, germs start the odor-producing fermentation of proteins which are always present in your mouth.

Listerine kills germs that cause this fermentation . . . kills them by the millions. Brushing your teeth doesn't give you this antiseptic protection. Chlorophyll or chewing gums don't

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That's why Listerine Antiseptic stops halitosis instantly . . . and usually for hours! And that's why Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better in stopping bad breath than three leading chlorophyll products and two leading tooth pastes it was tested against.

So, if you want really effective protection against halitosis . . . no matter what else you do . . . use an antiseptic—Listerine Antiseptic, the most widely used antiseptic in the world. Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of The Lambert Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



played by David Wayne, was born in the Ukraine, matured in a hardware store in St. Petersburg where he met his wife Emma (Anne Bancroft). He came to New York alone at the turn of the century, got a job as a streetcar conductor and dreamed like a prince. How he made those dreams come true, how the greatest artists in the world came under his management, is a heartwarming tale. In the telling, 20th Century-Fox employs some rare talents. Ballet by Tamara Toumanova, operatic arias by Roberta Peters and the voice of Jan Peerce (the body belongs to handsome Byron Palmer), violin music by Isaac Stern add quality and depth to an essentially simple story. For once, Ezio Pinza has a movie role equal to his dignity. As Fedor Chaliapin, temperamental master of grand opera, he is magnetic and charming. This Technicolor production is a fine tribute to Hurok and a special treat for classical music lovers.

Cast: David Wayne, Ezio Pinza, Roberta Peters, Tamara Toumanova, Anne Bancroft, Isaac Stern, Byron Palmer, Oscar Karlweis, Mikhail Rasumny.—20th Century-Fox.



ROGUE'S MARCH

When a British officer and gentleman is nabbed with the goods (secret military documents) it doesn't matter who his pater is. Doesn't even matter if he's innocent, unless he can prove it, which Peter Lawford (the British O and G) can't. So the Royal Midland Fusiliers drum him out of the service (that's the Rogue's March) and he's handed over to the bobbies. But Peter gives them the slip to hunt down the bloke who framed him. Too bad that bloke (John Abbott) has been dumped into the Channel, or some body of water, by his gangster pals. Undaunted, Peter assumes an alias, joins another part of the British army. He's sent to India where his father (Leo G. Carroll) commands a battalion that's going to be awfully lost unless some heroic action takes place at the Khyber Pass. MGM went straight to the Pass to show Peter performing the action and turning up the one man who could prove his innocence. Well, Pater apologizes for ever

having doubted his son, and with Peter back Janice Rule doesn't have to marry Captain Richard Greene, although there are worse fates. It's a very pip-pip and carry-on sort of thing, if you like that sort of thing.

Cast: Peter Lawford, Richard Greene, Janice Rule, Leo G. Carroll, John Abbott.—MGM.



CITY BENEATH THE SEA

A couple of deep sea divers (Robert Ryan and Anthony Quinn) swagger into Jamaica one bright morning for the job of their lives. They're hired to recover a million dollars worth of gold bullion that sunk with a ship in the Caribbean. You can bet the deal is shady. Whenever their diving suits are drying, though, the boys hunt other kinds of treasure. Tony tears a café apart by way of getting an introduction to the singer (Suzan Ball), and Bob, who's sent by the outdoor type, gets sent forever by Mala Powers. When not being romantic, Mala is operating a small banana boat. That boat takes Ryan out to the sunken city of Port Royal where the camera moves in for some spooky underwater shots. As soon as the local natives hear that divers are poking around in their sacred city they stage a voodoo ceremony, predict disaster. It comes, too. While Bob Ryan is underwater there's an underwater earthquake. If you like action, here's plenty, and Tony Quinn's okay, too, as an unpolished Romeo.

Cast: Robert Ryan, Mala Powers, Anthony Quinn, Suzan Ball.—U.I.



THE STARS ARE SINGING

If Rosemary Clooney doesn't strike it rich, Hollywood's crazy. This is only her debut and she acts like Crosby, but younger and prettier. The plot thickens around 15-year-old Katri Walenska (Anna Maria Alberghetti) who's so anxious to enter America she jumps right off

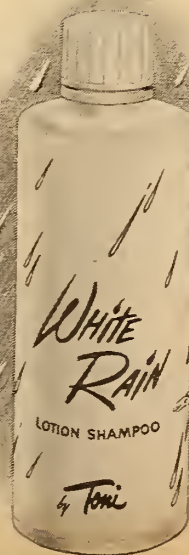
Use new *WHITE RAIN* shampoo tonight—tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!



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

CAN'T DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS
CAN'T DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAPS OR CREAMS

WHITE RAIN



Fabulous New Lotion Shampoo by Toni

I dreamed I won the Academy Award in my maidenform[®] bra*

I'm the brightest star in cinema circles...
the leading figure among filmland's dream girls.
With Maidenform's Etude bra in the supporting role,
mine is the best-rounded performance of the year.

Shown: Maidenform's Etude* in white broadcloth
or nylon taffeta, from 2.00. For the small
bosomed figure Etude Minart†, the same dream
styling with built in podding... from 3.00.



©1953 MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC.

*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

†PAT. APPLIED FOR

COSTUME: CARRIE MUNN

a Polish freighter and swims up the East River into harbor. The Polish government (which liquidated her parents) doesn't take this lightly. Neither does the American government. But Rosemary takes it as a sign that her luck will change. She's been struggling along with dogfood commercials; now she spots a goldmine in Anna's coloratura. Only thing is she has to keep Anna in the country to cash in. With the help of several friends—an unemployed hooper, Tom Morton; just unemployed Bob Williams (he has an hilarious dog act); and Lauritz Melchior, a one-time opera great who is giving his all to alcohol—Rosemary hides Anna from the authorities. Oh, yes, Rosemary's boyfriend, a lawyer named John Archer, flies to Washington to plead their case. It's all very confused and funny, but nothing interferes with the singing that goes on almost constantly. In one cute bit, Rosemary does her agent a favor, runs through a song she knows will be a flop. Title: *Come On-A My House!*

Cast: Rosemary Clooney, Anna Maria Alberghetti, Lauritz Melchior, Bob Williams, Tom Morton, John Archer.—Paramount.



THE NAKED SPUR

When the Indians in this Technicolor Western get shot, their horses roll right over them. And the white men—they're so ornery you're ashamed to belong to the human race. It's a brutal affair, centering around a bitter fellow (James Stewart) who came back from the Civil War to find his sweetheart married and the farm he deeded to her sold. Now he wants money to buy back the land. It happens that a killer (Robert Ryan) has \$5,000 on his head, which will just about cover Stewart's losses, so he sets out to find him. Ryan's hiding in the Rockies with Janet Leigh who treats him more or less like a father. Stewart and a couple of fellows he's run into (Millard Mitchell, Ralph Meeker) overpower Ryan and the trip back to Kansas City, where the reward waits, begins. On that trip all the greed, cynicism and hatred of hopeless men come out. Ryan, fighting for his life, deliberately sets the trio against each other. "Five thousand dollars splits better two ways," he says, grinning. He knows who he's talking to. Meeker's the type who'd shoot his own grandmother, and Mitchell's one of those worn out gold prospectors who might have been different if he hadn't spent himself in the wide open spaces. Anyway, Janet Leigh plays a sort of roughneck ingenue and winds up with Jimmy Stewart, which is something—but not much, considering that every other male is freshly dead.

Cast: James Stewart, Janet Leigh, Robert Ryan, Ralph Meeker, Millard Mitchell.—MGM.

sweet and hot



** Highly
Recommended
* Recommended
No Stars:
Average

by leonard feather

FROM THE MOVIES

APRIL IN PARIS—album of selections by Doris Day* (Columbia)
Dodo does a delightful job with some of the songs from this gay musical. Outstanding sides, we thought, were *That's What Makes Paris Parce*, with Paul Weston's orchestra and the Norman Luboff choir helping out; and *I Know A Place*.

THE ASTAIRE STORY—Four LPs by Fred Astaire** (Mercury)

This Norman Gronz production is a unique venture. If you happen to have a rich relative, it's available in a de luxe edition with wonderful candid photographs and sketches of Fred making the album. For ordinary mortals, the music is available separately and you can buy one or more of these four LP discs; together they bring you 34 of the great songs with which he's been identified, as well as three dance numbers on which he taps very informally. Most of Astaire's movies (*Top Hat*, *Roberta*, *Swing Time*, *Blue Skies* and others) are represented by songs in this collection. After looking over the list you realize he's been mixed up with more hit songs than anybody, even Bing Crosby. *Lady Be Good*, *Night & Day*, *Dancing In The Dark*, *The Carioca*, *The Way You Look Tonight* are all here.

What makes the whole thing doubly successful is that he's accompanied, not by an elaborate and pretentious studio orchestra, but by six stars from Granz' concert outfit: Charlie Shavers, trumpet; Flip Phillips, tenor sax; Oscar Peterson, the wonderful Canadian pianist; Barney Kessel, guitar; Alvin Stoller, drums; and Roy Brown, bass. This intimate, soft setting is perfect for Fred's voice, which has more charm than actual quality or quantity. At the end of the last side, Fred turns them all loose for a top-notch jam session.

EVERYTHING I HAVE IS YOURS and LILI—album from sound tracks* (MGM)

Here's an unusual package, combining music from two recent MGM Technicolor productions. *Everything I Have Is Yours*, the lovely title song, is well sung by Monica Lewis, who also does the *17,000 Telephone Poles* novelty. Marge and Gower Champion are represented with *Like Monday Follows Sunday* and *Derry Down Dilly*. Johnny Green conducts the studio orchestra in the attractive *Serenade For A New Baby*. Except for *Hi-Lili Hi-Lo* (done by Leslie Caron and Mel Ferrer) the selections from *Lili* are instrumental, featuring the unusual music Bronislau Kaper wrote for the ballet sequences.

POPULAR

TONY BENNETT—*Congratulations To Someone* (Columbia)

NAT COLE—*How** (Capitol)

BING CROSBY—*Open Up Your Heart** (Decca)

SUNNY GALE—*A Stolen Waltz** (Victor)

Too Fat?

here's
an easy
way to
reduce
—says Barbara Hale



Lovely Barbara Hale enjoying a fishing trip on Lake Mead. Says Barbara, "Ayds has really helped me to keep my figure trim."



Barbara relaxes in the pool of her Hollywood home. "Many of my friends have got the same wonderful results with Ayds," says Barbara.

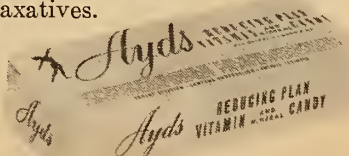
No Drugs . . . No Diet . . . Results Guaranteed! Excess weight may ruin your health and your looks, too. Lovely movie stars lose weight the Ayds way—why not you? In fact, you must lose pounds with the very first box (\$2.98) or your money back!

Proved by Clinical Tests. With Ayds you lose weight the way Nature intended you to—without dieting or hunger. A quick natural way, clinically tested and approved by doctors, with no risk to health. With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—have a lovelier figure.

Controls Hunger and Over-eating. When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want—all you want. No starvation dieting—no gnawing hunger pangs. Ayds is a specially made, low calorie candy fortified with health-giving vitamins and minerals. Ayds curbs your appetite—you automatically eat less—lose weight naturally, safely, quickly. Ayds is guaranteed pure. Contains no drugs or laxatives.

New Loveliness in a Few Weeks.

Users report losing up to ten pounds with the very first box. Others say they have lost twenty to thirty pounds with the Ayds Plan.



SLIM THE WAY THE STARS SLIM

"now we have everything"

"Let's make it a boy,"

Lucy said, when they wrote a baby into the script. And, to the delight of 35 million viewers, and two relieved parents, a boy it was!

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES



This is how Lucy and Desi looked on TV the big night. Made up for a voodoo number, Desi begged Lucy to have the baby before he left for his night club date.

■ Returning from the doctor's office one memorable April afternoon, Lucille Ball ran into Desi Arnaz on the sound stage at General Service Studios where they shoot the *I Love Lucy* series. She took him aside and said, "Honey, you're going to be a father again. *What'll we do?*"

"What'll we do?" Desi repeated. "What'll we do about what?" He took the redhead in his arms and smothered her makeup with a wild assortment of kisses.

"What'll we do about the show?" Lucille persisted. "You can't hide a pregnancy very much after the fifth or sixth month."

"Who wants to hide anything?" Desi shouted. "I think we should tell everyone. This time I'm sure it's going to be a boy."

Excitable Latin that Desi is, it took Lucille a good hour to calm her husband. At home that night there was a sensible discussion. Lucille finally decided that, "I would work on the show as long as I possibly could. I've got a restless nature and just sitting around home waiting for this baby to come would have driven me nuts. Besides everyone knew I was pregnant—with Desi it's impossible to keep a thing like that quiet—so we decided since the show is based on a lot of our home-life incidents, to do a series of films dealing with the preparatory problems of parenthood."

As most TV fans realize, the *I Love Lucy* program is filmed six weeks before it's actually shown on a television set. It takes that long for the film to be developed, edited, and the commercials inserted. Six weeks before Lucille gave birth to her second baby, it wasn't possible to determine the sex of the child.

The film scheduled to be shown on January 19th, however, boldly declared that Lucy and Desi would have a son. By actually giving birth to a baby boy on the morning of the 19th, Lucille won the gamble on the child's sex.

Lucille was told rather early by her physician that the second child would be delivered via (Continued on page 84)

Romance of the Sea

sterling in the mood of adventure

Here is modern mastery of silver in a pattern as stirring as the sea which inspired it—Romance of the Sea! This pattern depicts in glowing sterling the dramatic symbols of the sea—the beautiful sea gardens, the lovely pearl, the graceful wave, delicate spray and majestic shell. It was created by famed designer William S. Warren in sculptured “Third Dimension Beauty”—the beauty of design fully-formed not only in front, but in profile and back—giving you sterling perfection from every possible view. This exclusive artistry in silver-crafting is found only in Wallace “Third Dimension Beauty” patterns.

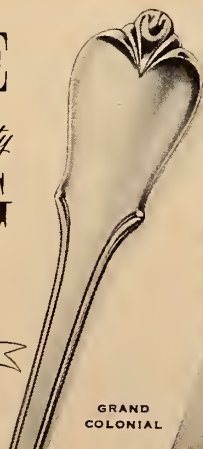
Six piece place setting, Romance of the Sea, \$47.75. Settings of other patterns from \$35.75 to \$43.75—all prices include Federal Tax. To learn where you can buy Wallace Sterling, call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25. She will give you the names of the stores nearest you.

Send for romantic design stories of Wallace patterns in the 32-page book “Treasures in Sterling.” Contains many table-setting ideas. Write (send 10¢ to cover postage) to Wallace Silversmiths, Dept. 933, Wallingford, Conn.



ROMANCE OF THE SEA

WALLACE
Third Dimension Beauty
STERLING



GRAND
COLONIAL



GRANDE
BAROQUE



ROSE POINT



SIR
CHRISTOPHER



STRADIVARI

BEAUTY is my business—

says lovely cover girl

VIRGINIA KAVANAGH



and SWEETHEART is my Beauty Soap

Virginia says: "I make good money as a model, so I have to be sure my complexion is flawless. That's why I always use pure, mild SweetHeart Soap. Twice a day I give myself SweetHeart Facials, because regular SweetHeart Care leaves my skin beautifully soft and smooth!"

9 out of 10 leading cover girls use SweetHeart Soap

Try it for your complexion! Just one week after you change to thorough care, with gentle SweetHeart, your skin looks softer, smoother, younger!



Try the SweetHeart Cover-Girl Facial

Virginia Kavanagh shows you how:

- 1 Night and morning, massage SweetHeart's rich, creamy lather into your skin.
- 2 Use an upward, outward motion, with special attention to the skin around nose and under lips.
- 3 Rinse with warm, then cool water. In 7 days, see the difference! Get SweetHeart Soap today!



The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin



continued from page 4

Q. I understand Janet Leigh has been ill with a very mysterious malady and has already dropped 40 pounds. Is something seriously wrong with her?
—C. D., DENVER, COL.

A. She suffered from colitis; lost 14 pounds.

Q. Hasn't Claudette Colbert broken up with her husband? Isn't that why she's in France?
—B. E., CORPUS CHRISTI, TEX.

A. No. Miss Colbert is in Europe to take advantage of the favorable tax setup.

Q. Did Jimmy Stewart start out in show business as a juggler?
—F. E., WINCHESTER, VA.

A. No, as an accordion player.

Q. Was the operation Clark Gable had to pull back his ears very expensive?
—A. W., GREER, S. C.

A. Yes.

Q. Is Artie Shaw related to the great musical composer, Jerome Kern?
—N. Y., GRAND ISLAND, NEB.

A. He was once his son-in-law.

Q. Don't Ann Blyth and Piper Laurie really hate each other? Why do they?
—C. H., SANFORD, FLA.

A..They don't.

Q. As a divorce settlement did Ava Gardner get \$80,000 or \$60,000 from Mickey Rooney?
—Q. D., KANE, PA.

A. Ava received \$25,000.

Q. Just for the record hasn't Jane Wyman been married to a dress manufacturer, an actor, and a musician? Please name these men. —L. G., YREKA, CAL.

A. Myron Futterman, Ronald Reagan, Fred Karger.

Q. I understand that Doris Day and Esther Williams keep their husbands on very strict allowances? How much do they give each of their husbands?
—G. T., LAUREL, MISS.

A. Nothing; both Marty Melcher and Ben Gage are completely self-supporting, and always have been.

Q. I've been told by good authority that Betty Grable does not do her own singing in pictures. True or false?
—S. H., SAN MATEO, CAL.

A. False.

Q. What does Doris Day use to hide her freckles?—Y. M., MAYFIELD, KY.

A. Nothing.

Q. When a movie star gets a bleach job on her hair don't the hair stylists first use several applications of hot oil?
—Y. T., MEMPHIS, TENN.

A. Yes.

Q. Now that Turhan Bey is back in Hollywood, haven't he and Lana Turner secretly taken up where they left off years ago?
—J. R., EMERYVILLE, CAL.

A. No.

Q. In *Somebody Loves Me* did Ralph Meeker do his own singing?
—B. Y., QUINCY, ILL.

A. No.

Q. How many times did Milton Berle marry Joyce Matthews? How many children did they have?
—V. D., SAN JUAN, P. R.

A. They were married twice; adopted one girl.

Q. Why don't movie magazines carry pictures of actors on the covers?
—H. G., WONDERLAND, N. J.

A. Some do; generally, however, they don't sell too well.

Q. Does John Wayne have another wife picked out for himself? How old is he anyway?
—A. K., SHAKER HEIGHTS, OHIO

A. Wayne is 45; has no third wife picked out.

Q. Truthfully, was Bing Crosby's marriage to Dixie a happy one? I've heard so many conflicting stories. What is the truth?
—D. A., KNOXVILLE, TENN.

A. For the most part, the marriage was successful.

Q. If you want an autographed photo of a movie star do you have to send money to the star?
—A. H., ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.

A. No.

Q. I've written several actresses asking them to sell me their old clothes. Why won't they?
—N. H., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

A. Too complicated tax-wise; too troublesome in filling requests and delivering.

Q. How old is James Cagney, also Tallulah Bankhead, Humphrey Bogart, and Walter Pidgeon?
—J. W., CINCINNATI, OHIO

A. Cagney 48; Bankhead 50; Bogart 53; Pidgeon 55.

Q. Why is Bob Hope so terrible on television and so good in movies? Doesn't he use the same writers for both media?
S. W., EASTHAMPTON, MASS.

A. Hope has yet to accustom himself to TV. Paramount employs separate screenplay writers. Hope employs TV writers.

Q. Is it true that Dean Martin hero-worships Bing Crosby?
—F. F., ERIE, PA.

A. Yes.

Your Lips...now more exciting
...more inviting!



Cashmere Bouquet French Type Lipstick

This exciting new French-Type Lipstick has everything you want! It smooths on quickly . . . and easily, and the contours stay clean and even! No blurring . . . no dried-out "eaten-off" look! Your lips will stay creamy-soft and moist, lusciously bright! And . . . you have six wonderful shades to choose from—exciting shades—like Cherry Rose, Pink Plum, Autumn Wine—and others—all color-keyed to your costumes and you! At this low price you can buy them all . . . and—you should!



STAYS BRIGHT!

STAYS MOIST!

STAYS ON!

Look your loveliest with
Cashmere Bouquet



Hand Lotion
Face Powder
All-Purpose
Cream
Talcum Powder

- 6 Exciting Shades!
- Contains Lip-Caressing Lanolin!

Just 39¢

That Ivory Look

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

*Dazzling models have it...
So can you!*

Even an apple blossom might envy the smooth, flawless beauty of Merry Tompkins' complexion! Is she just lucky? "Yes!" declares this popular model. "Lucky to have a beauty soap like baby-gentle Ivory! That wonderful Ivory mildness will do lovely things for *any* girl's complexion!"



*Darling babies have it...
so can you!*

If a soap is safe enough for baby Eileen's delicate skin, isn't it best for your skin, too? Of course! And, of course, Eileen's soap is pure, mild Ivory! More doctors, including skin doctors, advise Ivory for baby's skin and yours than all other brands of soap put together!




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

Learn by your own experience why so many lovely girls love Ivory Soap! Just change to regular care and use pure, mild Ivory. Then, in only *seven days*, your complexion will look softer, smoother, younger! Like thousands of beauties, you'll have *That Ivory Look!*



99.44% pure...it floats

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap!



High on a remote
Hollywood hill-top sit
two people, holding hands
and gazing at the
most beautiful sight
in the world . . . their own.
their new-born son.

BY STEVE CRONIN

FIRST-BORN!

■ One secret shared only by Elizabeth Taylor, her beloved husband Mike, and her doctor was that she yearned to experience a completely normal birth for her baby. Not that she had criticism for her friends and hundreds of other women who daily give birth by appointment, so to speak, through means of the operation known as Caesarean section. Elizabeth only hoped for the deep emotional fulfillment that only could come with normal childbirth. It was unhappy news that her physician thought it best not to attempt it.

Aside from that, the last few days of her pregnancy were spent in the delightful anticipation of the time when she would attempt to regain her slim figure. Like many another first-time mother, she was so impatient that on the last week before the blessed event she had Mike drive her to Beverly Hills where she spent hours at Amelia Grey's shop, inspecting dresses for a new spring wardrobe.

Meanwhile, the close friends of the Wildings stood by, watching them dithering with anticipation as *(Continued on page 85)*



■ When John Wayne was a small boy—somewhere around ten—he was in love with a woman of about nine. She wasn't, by some standards, much to look at. She was pretty short. Her hair was never combed. A front tooth was missing. She had freckles. But John loved her. He loved her so much that he never had the nerve to tell her. As a matter of fact, he never even spoke to her. He'd just stand half a block away when school let out and fill his eyes with her, and feel his heart swell and his breath come short in his throat.

One day she went away. She just disappeared. Her desk at school was empty, and all the furniture was moved from her house. And John never saw her again. Well, that was a desolate day. And that night at the supper table, John didn't eat a bite. He just sat silently shoving food about on his plate, afraid to speak for fear he'd cry.

After supper young John went for a long walk, down to the house of an old friend who spent his evenings sitting on his porch observing the world and, when it was asked for, dispensing wisdom to those who wished to unburden themselves to him. (*Continued on page 107*)

Hollywood's getting
swivel-headed trying to
keep up with Actor,
Producer, Director,
Financier Wayne . . .
the guy who was so down
not too long ago.

BY JIM HENAGHAN

ON THE MOVE



Love can be a joy forever. Or a dirty shame. Love is hardly never ever the same. So Beware! says this distinguished Hollywood reporter who writes about that strange thing that makes the world go round.

by LOUELLA PARSONS

■ I've often thought that the Hollywood Highway of Love would not be strewn with half the wreckage it is if only the lovers would give as much attention to the danger signs along the way that they do to the traffic lights at the corner.

In too many cases in our town, lovers are not only blind, they won't even put on 'specs to glance sideways at the most obvious road marks:

LOVERS, BEWARE.

REDUCE SPEED. REBOUND ROAD ROCKY.



Amateurs shouldn't tangle with experts. How can 19-year-old Pier Angeli cope with love problems involving man-of-the-world Kirk Douglas?



Shying away from love is almost as disastrous as dashing into it. Robert Taylor's courtship of Ursula Thiess is going too slowly. Is he afraid?

DETOUR. THIS ROAD IS CLOSED FOR REPAIRS.

DANGEROUS CURVES AHEAD—SOMEBODY ELSE'S!

WOLVES AT WORK!

SLOW. DANGER. SLIDE AREA AROUND MATRIMONY.

The result of ignoring the signs too often are complete wreckage, broken hearts and crashes that might have been avoided with just average attention to the Stop, Look and Listen posts.

Sitting on the side of the roadway, some-

times as Love's traffic cop, sometimes as its ambulance chaser and (unfortunately) but frequently its undertaker, I would cite one of the biggest pitfalls as LOVE ON THE REBOUND.

As of this moment, Hollywood is breathlessly watching the spectacle of not one or two lovers on the rebound, but four.

I mean Lana Turner and Lex Barker and Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas.

Less than six months ago Lana was in Reno divorcing Bob Topping so she could marry Lamas. And Arlene Dahl had just

reconciled with her husband, Lex Barker.

Now it's love, love, love in a violently swift switch of drivers (I mean, partners) with Lana teamed with Lex, and Arlene with Lamas.

When I see a girl of whom I am as sincerely fond as I am of Lana Turner speeding toward the all-time title holder of Queen of Love On The Rebound I feel like saying, "Lana, Lana, how many times do you have to crack-up on the rebound to know that this is not the road to real love?"

I know that (Continued on page 66)



Jane Powell's idyllic marriage to Geary Steffens proves that Hollywood love doesn't *always* land in the ditch. You just have to obey all the rules.



But, warns Louella Parsons, one can take too much time about getting married. Is Marilyn Monroe dilly-dallying too long before marrying her Joe?



When two love as unselfishly as Virginia Mayo and Mike O'Shea, marriage lasts, even with career differences in their paths.



Debbie Paget keeps turning down dates with men who are eager to court her. Take care, Debbie. They may not want to wait till you're ready.



Only time will tell whether or not Joan Evans' hasty, surprise marriage to Kirk Weatherby, completely against her parents' wishes, will be successful.



Wrecked marriages can be repaired. But will Diana Lynn and John Lindsay be mature enough to mend their marriage?



Doris and Marty's two-year-old marriage
is a whopping big success . . . but
how come? The experts say they're doing everything all wrong!

BY ALICE HOFFMAN

They broke all the rules

■ Song and story, from time immemorial, have persisted that "All the world loves a lover." The sight of a boy and girl strolling together hand in hand draws a smile of approval from almost everyone who sees them. People flip into uncontrollable joy when an engagement is announced and, even if the couple are strangers, most folks shake them by the hand and offer the heartiest of congratulations. At weddings the guests laugh and cry without shame. Love is the greatest thing in the world. Until the couple gets married.

A fellow is a "lucky boy" until he gets the girl—then he is "hooked." The little woman is referred to as "the ball and chain." The poor dope is pictured in cartoons as a mouse, terrified of the lovely creature he married and a legitimate object of pity. His wife's sweet little mother, the doll who used to make him fudge and cook special things for him when he was invited to dinner, after the ceremony becomes a "mother-in-law," a slander that requires no further elaboration.

It would seem pretty safe, then, to say that marriage is not nearly as popular an institution as love—and that a couple who have stuck it out for a couple of years deserve some sort of recognition, if not a medal.

Now that the second wedding anniversary of Doris Day and Marty Melcher is coming 'round the bend, it might be a good time to take stock of this pair and see if marriage has harmed them in any way . . . if it has improved them . . . or (*Continued on page 77*)



No shop talk after business hours
is a rule Doris and her manager-
husband Marty insist on.

LOVE IN A PENTHOUSE

■ The first time Jerry and Patti Lewis knocked on the door of the new penthouse rented by Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, they got no answer. Quickly Jerry turned the door knob, and the Lewises rushed in.

As inhibited as a two-weeks-old puppy, Jerry went into his act. He put his fists to his eyes and simulated a pair of binoculars. He sighted across the 40-foot living room. No Janet or Tony. He raced onto the sundeck and swept Wilshire Boulevard with his mock field glasses. No Janet or Tony.

"Maybe they're out playing golf?" Patti suggested.

"Impossible," said detective Lewis. "I checked the garage on the way up. Both of their cars are inside."

Then suddenly and weirdly, from the far reaches of (*Continued on page 82*)



The Curtis penthouse, one of Hollywood's newest showplaces, boasts a fabulous living room, 30 feet wide, 40 feet long. Although Tony and Janet pay \$400 a month, they both agree it's easily worth the rental.



The master bedroom is so large Tony and Janet's king-size double bed looks like an ordinary size one, but it's actually nine-feet long! Both Curtis have their own private dressing rooms, right off the bedroom.



When the Curtises moved in, they dubbed one half of this room "Janet's Den." Behind the storage-wall partition is "Tony's Hobby Shop." The Den has a spinet piano and a tape recarder.



Tony's Hobby Shop, on the other side of the partition, is put to use almost every night, when Tony relaxes with his oil painting, his ship models, his clay masks, or any other creative hobbies. MS Awards hang in here, too.



Instead of having one long custom-built sofa for the living room, Janet chose sectional pieces, which she arranges in conversational groups for parties. Both paintings are signed: T. Curtis.



Romantic hinging drapes separate the tiny dining room (the only small-scale thing in the whole apartment) from the living room. When Janet's in a particularly sentimental mood, she serves dinner by candlelight.

"They say we're unhappy," laugh the Curtises. "If this is misery, let's suffer!"



Tony and Janet have
been walking on air since
the day they married
... but now, in their new
penthouse home, they
can eat, sleep, and brush
their teeth in the clouds!

BY MARVA PETERSON

HOUSE OF THE MONTH

THIS INTIMATE STORY PROBES DEEPLY INTO DAN DAILEY'S HEART TO FIND THE SECRET OF HIS NEWLY

a Bachelor finds himself



Don's first love has always been horses, but when his career started to zoom, his marriage foil, he found less and less time for them. Now, he's gone b



His large collection of records, and song-writing, are two big hobbies.



Don gets acquainted with some of the hounds in the pack of the West Hills Hunt Club, which he helped organize.



Don is very proud of his Mr. Jozz, a seven-year-old thoroughbred gelding who's a magnificent jump

EDITOR'S NOTE: Beginning on these two pages is the truth about Dan's courageous fight to find himself, and his lost happiness, again. A vital part of his story is Dan's courtship, engagement to, and estrangement from, Beetsy Wynn, Keenan Wynn's divorced wife. To get the complete picture of Dan's current status, be sure to read *Now Ain't You Glad You're Single?* on page 69.



to riding, and to all the other things he really wants to do.



His horses have won almost a barrel-full of blue ribbons! Dan's newest steed, a big gray, is called Early Autumn.

Deep in a big chair, a tall tousled-looking man sprawled comfortably. He reached for a book lying on the coffee table and read for a few minutes, then he put the book down and gazed out the window at the Pacific Ocean. It seemed to lie there heavily and quietly in the clear air of the crisp November day, and turned red, then purple and then gray as the sun took its downward path. The man looked at it for a long time, and there was something in the peaceful orderliness of the scene that sent a warmth through his whole being. Then suddenly he slapped his leg and smiled a wide smile, and although there was no one else in the room he spoke out loud. "Daniel, this is the easiest you've ever lived!"

Dan Dailey still remembers this brief moment in his life even though it happened months ago, because it was at that point he realized consciously for the first time the achievement he had made. He had reached that elusive goal of human beings—peace of mind.

He told me this over luncheon in the 20th Century-Fox commissary. It was the first time I had met Dan, and about him I had known only that within the past two years he had been divorced, and he had spent a few months at the Menninger Clinic. Rumor had it that Dan was still groping for whatever it was he wanted from life, and that despite treatment at the clinic he was still confused. Yet that day I found him to be a sensitive, intelligent and articulate man, and in the hour we talked he put across to me a great many things, things that were deeply personal to him and difficult to explain.

He told me first about that moment in which he had suddenly realized that he had what he wanted. "Maybe I'd reached that point long before," he said, "but in the last year I've made five pictures and there wasn't much time to sit down and think about myself. Before that, as far as I'm concerned, I was floundering through life and grasping at straws."

Many people go through life grasping at straws and never know it, but Dan's trouble was his awareness of the fact that he wasn't happy, that he didn't know why, and that he did not know how to become happy. And his saving grace was the fact he had the wisdom to realize he was sufficiently mixed up to need medical attention. He (*Continued on page 68*)

SEX WITH A FRESH-SCRUBBED LOOK, THAT'S TERRY MOORE. DRESS HER IN A PLUNGING NECKLINE

HOLLYWOOD'S NEWEST SEX QUEEN



A tomboy at heart, Terry has the curiosity of a kitten, the spunk of a terrier. She's had some pretty close scrapes because of this combination.



"You sure put the 'she' in *Sheba*," a fan wrote to Terry after her smash-hit performance in *Come Back, Little Sheba*. Terry's love scenes with Richard Joeckel rate as the year's hottest.



Divorced from Glenn Davis (after a whirlwind courtship, two months of marriage) Terry's plying the field now. Her date-book's crammed with some of movieland's most eligible men.

■ One day, around a dozen years ago, a joker named Victor Mature teased a pert 11-year-old miss named Helen Koford, who played his kid sister in a picture called *My Gal Sal*.

He handed her a nickel. "Here, Honey," said Vic. "Save this—and when you're 18, give me a ring."

When she was exactly 18, Helen played in another picture with her erstwhile tormentor, and by then she had another name for herself, Terry Moore. This time she handed Vic back his five-cent piece. "Here's your nickel," she told him. "I won't be needing it. By now gentlemen call me!"

If frisky Vic were footloose and fancy free today and dropped in the well worn coin to call Terry Moore (he'd need to double the ante, of course, with inflation and all) it would be probably just a waste of good money and time. The line's pretty busy. What's more, even if he connected, he'd find the competition mighty rough. Because, both privately and professionally, Terry's suddenly become just about the most popular girl in Hollywood.

Last Christmas holidays, for example, Terry buzzed around to a grand total of 22 parties—taking in five events on Christmas night alone. For two weeks her front room looked like a florist's shop with bowers of red and yellow roses from which dangled cards reading, "Greg Bautzer,"

"Kirk Douglas," "Craig Hill," "Lawrence Harvey"—but why start a list? No girl gets around Hollywood today like Terry does.

There's nothing very surprising about this. In person, Terry Moore's as cute as Christmas itself, with a dainty Venus-type body and a face fresh as a milkmaid's, which not too long ago made her the favorite cover girl of the nation and earned her the titles of "All-American Girl" and "Miss Complexion." She wears clothes like a model, which she once was; owns the pep and energy of a cheer leader, which she also was; flies a plane like a young Jackie Cochran; rides a horse like a Comanche; dances like a feather in the breeze; and talks a blue streak—but very enchantingly indeed. At 23, she's also a gay divorcée (married two brief months to a grid great, Glenn Davis)—all in all, quite an interesting girl.

But around the studios, Terry Moore currently is even more of a sensation. And this fact is much more curious—even amazing to the critics, prophets and sages of Hollywood. Because, until a few weeks ago, her rather juvenile sounding tag raised no show business blood pressure whatever. On the contrary, "Terry Moore" to most casting chiefs signified an unexciting kid-next-door type who rattled around now and then in B-pictures. She'd stirred a mild ripple back yonder with a (Continued on page 88)

■ Or, as they would say it here in Merrie Olde, the group is entirely present. That means us, the Ladds, and includes Alan and Laddie, Carol Lee and Lonnie, and David and myself. We are living in a perfectly lovely house out in the country, about 30 miles from London. Columbia Studio's production office picked it out for us before our arrival here, and they couldn't have chosen a more charming place. It's big and cheerful and comfortable, and includes a fireplace in every bedroom and a flock of bathrooms. It's in Surrey, and if you've ever been in Surrey you'll know what I mean when I say the scenery surrounding us is unbelievably beautiful. Our back door is a few yards away from the

eighteenth hole of the Wentworth Golf Course, but instead of making Alan happy, it is a completely frustrating circumstance for him.

Ever since we arrived he has been working day and/or night, with time left over only for sleep, with the result that every time he looks out of a window and sees that tempting expanse of green stretching away in the distance, he just sighs and shrugs his shoulders and looks at me like a whipped dog. "If only I had an hour . . ." he says.

The rest of us feel like pampered darlings, for while our breadwinner has been working we've had the time of our lives. We all love England, love it for a multitude

of reasons . . . its picturesque scenery, its ancient buildings and castles, its proud history, and perhaps most of all, its delightful people.

We've felt that way ever since the moment we stepped on English soil; despite the fact we made our landing at Plymouth in the wee hours of the morning. The boat trip on the Ile de France, incidentally, continued as wonderful as it was when I last wrote. The sea was smooth as glass all the way across, a happy fact for me, as it was the first crossing I ever made without turning green with the inevitable results. The food was wonderful—so wonderful, in fact, that Alan got up early one morning to have breakfast, a meal which he usually



**the
gang's
all
here!**

ignores completely. He came back to our cabin about a half hour later, looking a little sheepish.

"That was quick," I said. "I thought you were going to run the gamut of the whole menu."

"I haven't eaten yet," he said.

"What do you mean?"

He set his jaw slightly. "How do you say 'ham and eggs' in French? I've been trying for a half hour to make the waiter understand. Susie, you'll just have to go back with me."

Laddie is the only one of the children who isn't familiar with the rudiments of the French language, and he was quite confused by the (Continued on page 70)



Sue visits Alan on *Big Jump* set.

how the British took to Alan

by Brenda Helser

EDITOR'S NOTE: HOLLYWOOD STARS ARE FREQUENTLY SHOCKED WHEN THEY ARRIVE IN GREAT BRITAIN FOR THE FIRST TIME—ONLY TO BE GREETED BY COOLNESS VERGING ON DOWNRIGHT HOSTILITY. IT'S HAPPENED TO MANY. IT HAPPENED TO THE LADDS. HERE'S A BRITISH ACCOUNT OF WHAT WAS BEHIND IT AND THE REASON WHY.

■ The handsome Ladd family stood close-pressed against the deck rail of the *Ile de France* which was bringing them into port at Plymouth one gray dawn in the early fall. Mrs. Ladd had a tight hold on little David; Carol Lee and Lannie were shining with excitement as 15-year-old Laddie instructed them on the art of docking an ocean liner; and Alan Ladd was taut with expectancy.

The six of them were ready, waiting and smiling when Columbia Studio's head publicity man in England burst into their quarters. Naturally they expected a friendly and warm welcome on such an occasion, but he told them bluntly that they were about to receive no such thing.

"In fact," he declared pulling no punches, "those waiting for you outside with cameras would just as soon you stayed aboard and sailed right back with the ship."

Alan Ladd's smile faded as he listened. Sue Carol took his hand and squeezed it. The children pressed close to them. The Ladds, the nicest people in Hollywood, had never had anything like that said to them before, and it hurt. All the head of the family would say was a tight, "Thanks for the information," as he walked outside to face the barrage.

He didn't know what had happened. Or why. He hadn't had a chance to read the bitter copy in the English press which had been printed day after day since the (Continued on page 70)





the Mouse takes the Lion

By RICHARD DEXTER

She's not timid. And she's sure not

■ The interview was almost over. We had been sitting for a couple of hours talking to Debbie Reynolds, getting up to date on everything in her life—work, romance and—the most important thing on her mind at the moment—her trip to Korea to entertain the troops. We had folded our notebook and put our pencil away.

"Oh, just one more thing," she said. "I'm not sure I like this movie business. I may not go on with it, you know."

"You're kidding," we said.

Debbie laughed. "No, not kidding," she said. "But don't worry. I'm not quitting."

IN A MOVIE DREAM SEQUENCE DEBBIE GOT GLAMOR. BUT SHE'S ANYBODY'S DREAM GIRL WIDE AWAKE.



Poodles and mink was a script writer's idea for Debbie's dream of Hollywood success in *I Love Melvin*. Our heroine took to them quite as successfully as she does to her blue-jeans and bandanna.



Fine feathers make a fine bird. And that's some chicken! But ask Debbie what she's doing in pictures, and you'll get the idea it's just a lark. MGM sees it as large golden eagles in box office returns.

shy. Ask the guys in Korea who swear that Debbie Reynolds is the cutest Hollywood mouse since Mickey.

right now. Its just that it's not everything in life to me. And my parents think I'm crazy to get up so early every morning and work so hard. They don't care if I'm a movie star or not."

"But you can be rich and famous," we protested.

"There are other things," said Debbie. She excused herself and left.

Well, we wrote that down and shuffled away to think it over. Trying to take stardom away from a movie star is about as hard as trying to snatch a roast bone away from a Great Dane that has been kept

foodless in the cellar for a week. A star suggesting that she might give it up voluntarily was incongruous. And then the final dialogue began to fit into the rest of the conversation and began to make sense. Debbie Reynolds was a movie star for only one reason. It pleased her to be at the moment. And everything she had told us before seemed to agree with that. It wasn't the fame or the money. It was the fun and the chance to do good that kept her happy. If it got dull and thankless by her standards, she might very well quit. We don't think she will, but she's thought

of it before though she hasn't said much.

We went through the notes again and we figured out that the trip to Korea had started her thinking this way again. The newspapers had been filled for days with stories of the hardships that had been encountered by the plane-load of stars who had been along on the jaunt. And there was none of that in Debbie's account. It was a lark, sad in some ways, but a joy to her. And then we decided that the best way maybe to bring everybody up to date on Debbie Reynolds was to tell about that trip. What she (Continued on page 100)

Anne Baxter weighed
honesty against heart-
break, and decided
that to admit defeat
was better than
to live with failure.

BY JACK WADE

Courageous heart

■ Late one Wednesday afternoon last December, right after she had finished *The Blue Gardenia*, Anne Baxter joined her husband, John Hodiak, before the fireplace of their attractively appointed living room to work out details of a grave but, to them both, a necessary decision.

While John lighted the fire, Anne touched a match to the row of candles on the modern Hawaiian-Chinese coffee table. The servants had been dismissed, and their 18-month-old daughter, Katrina, put to bed with a special tenderness. In their home, where they had lived as man and wife for six years, all was calm, but all was not bright—as Christmas carolers would have assured them at that moment had they switched on the radio across the room. Their mutual mood was one of empty defeat. They had decided they could not stand living together any longer and were talking over plans for their separation and divorce.

By the time the candles had guttered down to shapeless stumps, everything had been arranged and agreed to, sensibly, quietly and without emotional display, even to the day and date of John's departure—six o'clock, the next Sunday. Then they both signed a statement to be released—which it was—the minute John carried his bags away from the familiar front stoop that Sunday evening, four days before Christmas, promptly at six. It read:

"Our decision to separate after six years is a painful one. We have tried very hard to avoid the finality of the word—divorce.

"Above everything, we wanted our marriage to be a success. We denied the many rumors in past months both to our friends and to the press, because we felt sincerely that keeping our differences to ourselves gave us a greater opportunity to work them out. We feel they will understand.

"We have no other interests and no career problems. We feel heartsick and defeated that in spite of all our hopes and efforts at understanding, basic incompatibilities have made our life together impossible."

Now, only too often in Hollywood and elsewhere, such "statements" are meaningless, a mumbo-jumbo of double-talk, designed to gloss over more unpalatable and unpleasant facts. "Incompatibility" usually covers a multitude of matrimonial sins. But in this respect, Anne and John Hodiak's announcement—meticulously rewritten 26 times—was unique. It was the truth, and pretty much the whole truth.

There is not, and never has been, any other man or woman in Anne's or John's life.

There are no career flounderings on either side. On the contrary, professionally both Anne and John have just enjoyed one of their best years.

Anne Baxter's current sexy glamor campaign did not infuriate her husband. That has been strictly a professional maneuver to widen her acting range, and recognized as such by John. Actually, he first suggested that she blondine her hair and make herself more glamorous. But neither has ever controlled, influenced or criticized the other's screen life.

There have been no violent clashes of temper or temperament, no physical battles. No stormy walkouts, runouts, or "matrimonial holidays." There have been no arguments about money, or (Continued on page 95)



You belong to me

■ When executives of 20th Century-Fox told Jeff Hunter he was to leave for England and make a movie there last summer, he stood looking at them in disbelief.

"But—" he said.

"Our British company is making the picture," they said. "You're to leave about the middle of August."

"But—" said Jeff.

"It's called *Sailor Of The King*, and it will be shot both in England and Malta."

"But—"

"You'd better apply for your passport right away."

When he went home and told Barbara about it she managed to finish the sentence



Four months away from home is a long time, especially if it's the first four months of your son's life! Barbara spent hours bringing Jeff up to date

for him. "But what about the baby?"

Jeff gave a half-hearted shrug. What could he do about it? All his life he had wanted to see faraway places; during the war he had volunteered for the Navy in the hope he might be shipped out to the South Pacific, but he'd ended up with measles and attendant complications, and that was the end of his dream about joining the Navy and seeing the world. Now he'd been given his chance, given it on a silver platter with traveling expenses gratis, and to boot a good picture that was to be directed by one of England's finest, Roy Boulting, (*Seven Days To Noon*). Here it was, and he was to leave a full two weeks before

his first child was scheduled to be born.

Jeff was a completely normal expectant father in thinking his presence was necessary at the time Barbara gave birth. The doctor had said it might have to be a Caesarean operation, and Jeff was worried. Barbara was a normal expectant mother in wanting her husband to be with her when the great event happened. But there was only one answer. Jeff might be a Hollywood actor, but he is like every other working man—he must follow his boss's orders.

Gloomily, he packed a pile of suitcases, stashed them in fence fashion around the walls of the living room, and waited. From (*Continued on page 105*)



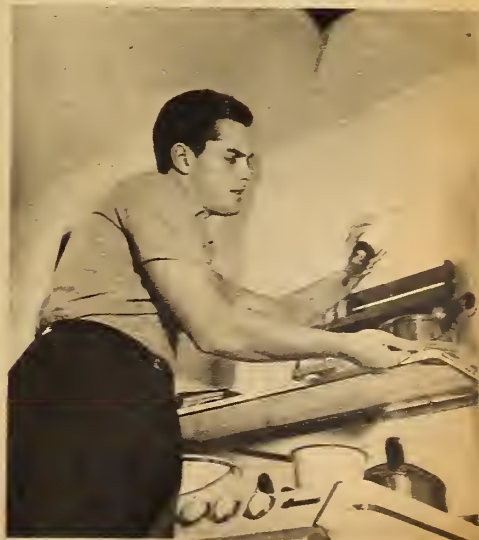
With Barbara helping, Jeff got packed in a jiffy . . . then spent days just sitting, surrounded by suitcases, waiting orders to sail!



But . . . but . . . he's grown so big!" exclaims Jeff, when he's re-introduced to san Chris.



Presents from France and England flooded Barbara and the baby. Home again, Jeff hears Barbara admire the gifts he sent.



Jeff's busy making up for the first four months of fatherhood. Barbara takes a well-deserved rest while Pap heats a bottle.

hollywood goes to a fashion party

STAR BOARD VOTES SPRING STYLE AWARDS

■ It's Spring again . . . and again time for one of the most outstanding events of the fashion year: MODERN SCREEN's Annual Fashion Party in Hollywood! More than 150 top screen personalities gathered recently at a fabulous, star-studded fashion showing, to view the styles *you'll* want to be wearing this Spring and Summer.

This year's showing took place on the magnificent estate of Pamela and James Mason. The Masons not only put out the welcome mat for their glamorous guests, but acted as host and hostess along with the editors of MODERN SCREEN.

By 12:30 on the gala afternoon, the Mason mansion was a-buzz with the excited arrivals of one big-name star after another. Fernando Lamas, who came without a date, was immediately surrounded by a bevy of beautiful girls. Lita

Baron and her husband Rory Calhoun were both full of talk about their night club act and their trip to Korea, as they greeted their hostess. Virginia Mayo and Ursula Thiess, one blonde and beautiful, the other brunette and ditto, were among the early arrivals, as were Anne Francis, Robert Ryan, June Haver, Jan Sterling, Michael O'Shea, Mona Freeman, Anne Baxter, Maureen O'Hara and Piper Laurie.

As the guests arrived, either Pamela or James conducted them through the house (the former residence, incidentally, of Buster Keaton) to the garden terrace, where a buffet luncheon was being served. Handsomely uniformed waiters in bright red coats dashed back and forth, offering punch and hors d'oeuvres, to the guests. Hot curried chicken and cold sliced turkey headed the menu. (Continued on page 88)

All nylon hosiery on Fashion Pages by Holeproof—details pg. 80.



Zsa Zsa Gabor next in U. A.'s *Moulin Rouge* and MGM's *Lili* (both in Technicolor) highlights her Spring clothes and accentuates her beautiful legs with nylon hosiery that matches her skintone—Holeproof's Nude Royal in 60 gauge Nude Foot. Zsa Zsa wears Accent's pump, Whistle, see it on page 62. Separates by McArthur. Under \$16—description on page 80.



Maureen O'Hara builds her costume around classic spectator sport shoes. Available in white mesh with red, tan or navy calf trim; also black mesh, black patent trim. Shoe named Jessica by Accent of St. Louis. About \$10. Bush Royal Holeproof nylon hosiery. Samsonite luggage. Lennox handbag. Lubar umbrella. Coat, Don Loper. Dress, Koret. Maureen is next in U-I's *The Redhead From Wyoming* (in Technicolor).



Most of MODERN SCREEN's star board who voted on Spring styles found seats at Pamela Mason's luncheon table. Left to right: Nison Tregor, Pamela Mason (MODERN SCREEN hostess), Dana Andrews, Shelley Winters, Deborah Kerr, June Allyson, Joan Evans, Fernando Lamas, Esther Williams, Michael Silver and, of course, the Easter Bunny.

Models, "Can-Can" fashion, display the beauty of Holeproof hosiery before MODERN SCREEN's party host James Mason.



Wearing Ledo Jewelry, the Easter Bunny presents Accent's Spring shoes to Esther Williams, M.S.'s fashion party commentator.



Dana Andrews, sporting a new bow-tie, reviews other gifts with Helene Stanley and Jan Sterling. (See story page 88.)



Anne Baxter, one of the MODERN SCREEN judges, wears a two piece dress—full bias cut plaid cotton skirt, open-sleeved broadcloth blouse with saddle-stitching trim, elastic cinch belt. Black, blue or brown with white. Sizes 7 to 15. Under \$18. By Minx Modes of St. Louis. Anne stars in Warner Brothers' I Confess, the new Alfred Hitchcock thriller.



**hollywood
goes to a
fashion party**



Rod Cameron and his lovely wife were among the early arrivals at M.S.'s fashion party held at the Masons.



Board member, Nison Tregor, chats with Denise Darcel about his plans to sculpture Queen Elizabeth of England.



Leslie Caron and Deborah Kerr are tempted by the buffet spread served by the Brown Derby.



Bonnets by Screen Vogue Millinery of Chicago. Anne Francis wears Devil's Cap—Swiss picapal straw, veiled and velvet edged. About \$7. Anne, 20th Star, is next in Warner's A Lion Is In The Streets.



Tailored style—a Balenciaga shape also in Swiss picapal straw. Veiled—with velvet contrast brim and a pearlized butterfly ornament. About \$9. Both hats available in leading Spring colors.

Here are the winners! Featured on pages 58 to 63 are the award winning styles the judges picked to be photographed for this special Modern Screen Fashion section.



Sheilah Graham (center) shows the Rory Calhouns the Easter gifts for the stars.



June Haver, Mona Freeman and Esther Williams each receive a Paper-Mate pen inscribed for the occasion.



Virginia Mayo and hubby Michael O'Shea, admire the grounds as they stroll around the Mason estate.



June Allyson, Dick Powell and Fernando Lamas debate his Latin views on fashion.



Elaine Stewart, next in MGM's Code 2 poses in separates of broadcloth and darker contrast denim. Blouse under \$5. Skirt under \$11. By McArthur. For details see page 80.



All-occasion sportswear worn by Phyllis Kirk. Reversible Raglan coat of poplin and white terry—poplin Calfskinners—matching poplin Sta-bra. All available in black, navy or red. Coat, about \$14; Calfskinners, about \$5.50; Sta-bra, about \$3. White Sailcloth crew hat, about \$2. The denim Ah-Footsie leisure Chuk-a-Booties have foam rubber soles, white terry linings and plastic tipped twisted white laces. About \$2.49. Phyllis is next in Warner's The City Is Dark.

Janet Leigh wears a halter-neck printed cotton broadcloth dress trimmed with upholstery binding—patent belt. Black print design on white, aqua, pink or grey. Sizes 10 to 18. Under \$15. By McArthur. Janet is in MGM's The Naked Spur.

hollywood goes to a fashion party



James and Pamela Mason pose in the garden of their home. Pamela wears a Don Loper suit with an Accent platform pump called Sireen. Available in all colors in calf or suede; also in all colors (or white for dyeing) in shantung or linen—see shoe in detail—bottom photo. Other shoe styles—top to bottom: Andora—high heel ankle strap pump. All colors in calf and suedes. Whistle—shell sling pump. Black patent; also all colors of calfskin, linen, shantung or suede. Kitty—high heel mesh pump with calf or patent trim. All black or navy. White mesh with contrast navy or toast calf or patent trim. All shoes by Accent of St. Louis—Kitty about \$10; others about \$11. Wear Holeproof's new Spring hosiery shades with Accent Shoes—details page 80. James Mason last in MGM's Prisoner Of Zenda (in Technicolor). His next film is 20th's The Desert Rats.

Bob Stack and Claudette Thornton agree on all their selections of shoe styles for 1953.



HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS MAY BE BOUGHT FROM STORES LISTED ON PAGE 80.



Piper Laurie, co-starring with Rock Hudson in U-I's *The Golden Blade* (in Technicolor), poses in a perfect two-piece town dress of woven check cotton gingham accented with bands of solid color. The figure-flattering jacket (with deep cuffs) and full skirt are button trimmed. Black and white, brown and white, green and white. Sizes 7 to 15. Under \$18. By Minx Modes.



Joan Evans, Samuel Goldwyn star currently appearing in Universal-International's *Columns South*, wears a two-piece navy town frock of acetate and rayon faille. The short, fitted jacket is trimmed with crisp piqué (easily removable for tubbing). The pencil slim skirt has an inverted back kick-pleat. Navy and white, black and white, brown and white. Sizes 7 to 15. Under \$13. Also by Minx Modes of St. Louis.

Scott Brady fascinates Julie Adams with the man's viewpoint on fashion.



Anne Baxter forgets her diet as she is first in line at the Brown Derby buffet.



Piper Laurie voted for a checked cotton gingham—it won—Piper poses in it above left.



Charles Filtzsimmons, Lucy Knoch and her husband compare votes on Minx Modes.





Cary always liked his
ladies draped in silks and
satins . . . but fell for Betsy,
tweeds, horn-rimmed specs and all!
What keeps this unusual marriage so happy?

BY PAMELA MORGAN

hollywood's

■ Over the checkered, colorful half-century of its hectic existence, Hollywood has witnessed many strange, stormy and stirring marriages—Greer Garson and Richard Ney, Olivia deHavilland and Marcus Goodrich, Ty Power and Linda Christian, Charles Chaplin and Paulette Goddard—but never has there been one quite so strange as the marriage of Cary Grant and Betsy Drake.

I say strange because here are two motion picture stars who have achieved the quasi-impossibility of living the most un-Hollywoodlike life in Hollywood.

Ever since Howard Hughes flew them to Phoenix, Arizona, three Christmases ago and arranged for a quiet, out-of-the-way wedding ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Grant have never posed for the press photographers in their home. They have never sat for a joint fireside interview. They have been inside a night club once in 38 months. They have avoided the more prominent of film-land's social and charity functions as a fox avoids the hounds.

They are hardly ever seen at a preview or a stage opening. Their name is conspicuous by its absence in the gossip columns. They will drop a word or two about their professional work to reporters but never anything about their home-life so that practically nothing about them has appeared in the public print.

Few people know where or how they first met or the background of their romance that ended in marriage, and neither of them particularly cares to discuss the subject. Other than for a dozen old friends and a handful of important business acquaintances, no one knows where they live or how they live except that on their combined earnings (Betsy gets \$25,000 a picture and her husband ten times that amount plus a percentage of the picture's profits) they both live extremely well.

A press agent at Warner Brothers where the Grants starred in *Room For One More*, says, "It seems to me that they've drawn an iron curtain across their marriage. They're extremely cooperative when it comes to anything about their work, but just try and invade their privacy, and brother, you're up against a stone wall. I'm sure they're very happy, and why they should want to hide their happiness, I don't know. (Continued on page 74)



For Betsy's sake, Cary agreed to a husband-and-wife radio program. It laid an awful egg, but Betsy's still shooting for a full-fledged career, with his help.

strangest marriage

love at your own risk

(Continued from page 41) Lana is puzzled and hurt that she has never found real love. She is a kind, generous and beautiful girl who deserves happiness.

And, yet, her entire love-life history is one case after another of trying to kindle a new love in the embers of an old flame.

Starting with her earliest big romance, Lana fell out of love with Greg Bautzer into marriage with Artie Shaw; out of marriage with Shaw into love with Tony Martin; out of love with Martin, into love with Peter Lawford; out of love with Lawford, into love with Tyrone Power; off with Power on with Turhan Bey; Bey away, a marriage, and remarriage to Steve Crane; Crane was lost for new husband, Bob Topping; Topping was dissolved via Reno divorce for expected marriage to Fernando Lamas.

And before that event could take place, Lamas was lost (and acquired by Arlene)—and now it's Lex (lost by Arlene and acquired by Lana) in Lana's love-life.

Of course, it's mad and mixed up and a startling example of emotions shifting from high to low gear and back again too swiftly.

I believe the trouble is that Lana is still too emotionally immature and too beautiful (men swoon over her) to realize that real love arrives more slowly.

Even though she now believes she is in love with Lex, I hope she goes ahead with her plans to go to Europe this summer with just her little daughter, Cheryl, and gives herself a chance to discover whether this is real or just another mirage along the road.

THE recent ten-day "engagement" of Dan Dailey and Beetsy (the former Mrs. Keenan) Wynn reveals the folly of twice trying to drive down a One Way Street.

They had been traveling along happily at one time—soon after Beetsy and Keenan parted—and then, for reasons known only to Dan and Beetsy they reached—the end.

But, for some other reason, also best known to themselves, they revived their romance. Beetsy dashed for a Mexican divorce from Keenan, and for ten days she and Dan were back on the road headed for marriage.

Out of the blue and rather ungallantly, Dan announced that the marriage was off. Beetsy agreed. The short tour along the revival of an old love had once more reached the ROAD CLOSED sign.

Diana Lynn and John Lindsay are two others who recently discovered they couldn't stop and start, start and stop their marriage at will and still keep it on the road. I believe they sincerely tried to steer clear of rumors, of the difficulty of trying to blend their opposite careers (he is a successful architect), of the separations they were forced to make when her work kept her away from home so much.

But, in order to keep in a straight line when there are so many boulders in the way, the principals must be mature and wise perhaps beyond the years of Diana and John.

I'm not saying that wrecked marriages and romances cannot be repaired in Hollywood and the lovers drive on into permanent happiness. Look at the Ray Millands as happy as happy can be after a separation years ago which lasted ten months. It's wonderful to see the Millands spinning along so steadily and so happily after a patched-up break. And many others have "reconciled" happily, although you will find that they are usually mature and settled couples.

As long as I am playing traffic officer to Hollywood Lovers, I think I'll give a PARKING OVERTIME ticket to Marilyn Monroe and Joe Di Maggio.

Believe me, it is dangerous for lovers to wait too long to take their happiness—just as it is dangerous to speed too quickly into marriage.

There is a happy medium which involves knowing your heart, knowing you have found The One, and then making the jump with eyes wide open.

I think Marilyn and Joe are very much in love. I think they are good for each other. At one time I believed they would marry, particularly after they had been so careful in taking their time and realizing the hazards in their way, and there were many of them. Chiefly, Marilyn's studio and Marilyn, herself, realize she's a sexier attraction as a "Miss" than a "Mrs."

But, aren't they waiting too long? People who are really in love can sometimes be too cautious in remembering all the things *against* their happiness and ignoring all the fine things for it.

IN this category, I would certainly place Robert Taylor who just won't realize how smitten he is with Ursula Thiess and who should be signaled to the outside lane for DRIVING TOO SLOWLY.

Even the traffic directors realize that going too slowly can be as dangerous as speeding. (At least, in California, pokey

the frightening
truth of
Olivia deHavilland's
six wasted years
is revealed in
the may
modern screen
on sale april 7
with luscious
janet leigh
on the cover

drivers are shunted to the side of the road.)

The truth about Bob is, he has been in a wreck in the crack-up of his marriage to Barbara Stanwyck. But is this any reason why he should never again get behind the wheel of marriage and drive off with another partner? I don't think so. Apparently he does.

Doesn't he know that traffic authorities recommend starting driving soon after an accident lest one become timid and never drive again?

There's no one I know in Hollywood who can find more reasons for not falling in love again than handsome, likeable Bob who should stop to realize that there are many years of happiness ahead for him if he'll only take over the controls again.

On the other hand, if ever the brakes had slipped and a marriage seemed to be careening crazily down the road it's that of Betty and Mario Lanza. Just as he has done with his career, Mario seems to have taken his guiding hand off his family life.

In this case, the conduct is so unreasonable it cannot be considered typical. None the less it is an example in DANGER to other couples, particularly when success comes too swiftly and blindingly to one of the partners.

Mario is a case of temperament running wild. Some people say his actions are hinged on a condition perilously close to a

nervous breakdown—and these people should not be driving careers or marriages.

Frankly, I don't know what is the trouble with Mario. I do know that, as this is written, he is perilously close to the edge of driving over a precipice with the devoted girl, who loves him and his family, hanging on with heartsick insecurity.

FRANK Sinatra and Ava Gardner are not taking the curves as wildly as Mario, but they, too, should take time to get their happiness under better control.

They have taken and are taking (though not as conspicuously as in their first year) dangerous chances. The Sinatras take their eyes off the road to indulge in wild quarrels—even to the point of Frankie's calling officers to evict Ava from their home in Palm Springs last fall.

I don't care how much two people proclaim they are in love, bickering and fights and quarrels in constant repetitions are not conducive to "getting there" and "staying there" on the road to happy marriage. You have to say for the battlin' Sinatras that at least, they're trying in the face of danger.

And this is more than you can say for Debra Paget who refuses even to go to Driving School where Love is concerned.

Deborah is 19—and she's never been kissed off-screen. She says she isn't interested in romance and that she's much happier staying out of the "love traffic," safe at home with her mother whom she adores.

I'm all for young girls taking their time. But to refuse to date or say anything but a determined, "No," to the eligible boys and men who ask her to dine or dance, can be just as much a mistake as playing the field.

No one expects Debra to fall madly in love at her age. She should, however, have the companionship and company of young men before she gets so set as a "career girl" that she finds they aren't asking her.

She is about the same age as Debbie Reynolds and Debbie appears to be a smart girl in realizing that the golden days of youth are for normal good times and dating as well as for devotion and dedication to just "getting ahead" as an actress.

Jane Powell is another youngster who has luckily found happiness in both her career and her family life with Garry Steffen and their two children—proving that "young marriages" can be very steady indeed on the Hollywood highway.

I hope it's clear to Debra, and to other young girls late in dating who may be reading this, that I'm certainly not advocating dating "wolves" or being seen around the nightclub circuit just for publicity purposes. Nothing is farther from my intention.

For instance, I think Pier Angeli is too young to be dating, as she has been doing both here and abroad, Kirk Douglas—not that Kirk's a wolf, heaven forbid.

But he is a mature man, married and divorced with two children, and is frankly too old and experienced for a girl of Pier age. If she has a real crush on him, and believe she has, I wish she would take sideglance at the signal marked "FREE WAY. DANGEROUS FOR AMATEUR DRIVERS."

You may remind me that Elizabeth Taylor is a little young for Michael Wilding too, and they seem to have found happiness. And I'll say you are quite right. But Mike may well prove to be the exception to the age rules on the drivers' license if they keep on the steady route they're traveling now.

Let me repeat—the Hollywood Highway of Love has proved to be slippery and dangerous, but by no means non-travelable by smart drivers!

God lightens men's souls. Clowns
help men touch happiness. I thank Him
every day for bestowing on me the gift
of making people laugh.

PRAYER AND LAUGHTER

by Red Skelton



■ It's too late to do anything about it now, but I was born an awfully poor boy. I can remember as a child seeing a horribly skinny mouse drag himself out of a hole in our wall and hearing him squeak protestingly as if to say, "All right. I'll give up. Where's the cat?" That's how poor we were. I had to start earning money very early. I can remember sitting with my three brothers in open assembly at school and being the only one of the four of us not asleep in his seat; we had all been up since 4 o'clock trying to sell sandwiches to passengers on the early trains down at the station. That's how hard we had to scramble in our family. I got into lots of trouble. I can remember myself at 11 on a pitchman's platform desperately entertaining a crowd that was going to turn ugly as soon as it found out what I had already figured—my boss had run off with their money leaving me to face the music. That's the kind of scrapes I'd find myself in.

I can remember all these things but, you know, I don't much. They rarely come to mind when I think back. If I did, if they had made a strong impression on me, I probably would have grown up to be one of those grim, bitter boys you see around—and some people tell me I have the face for it, too. Instead, when I think back, I see myself as a kid to whom life was a shining promise because he had latched on to a magic power—the power to make people laugh. Now the point that becomes important here is that this kid got his magic power confused with the power of grown-up religion. (Continued on page 103)

Red's working on his pledge to his mom:
To make a million, give her a warm climate,
and be the world's greatest clown.

a bachelor finds himself

(Continued from page 47) has talked often and freely about his visit to the clinic, his only reservation being a reluctance to give specific examples for fear that others may try to apply his own personal experiences to themselves. "Everybody is as different from the next guy as are his fingerprints," he said, "and things like this are strictly individual cases." With this in mind he asked that some of our conversation be kept off the record, and so this story will not go into detail about his stay at the clinic, except for those things that started the pendulum swinging back for Dan.

HE used this expression himself. "I've thought about writing a story and calling it 'The Swing of the Pendulum.' It's hard to explain, but I believe that each individual has his own goal in life and his own natural interests. Many times you go off on tangents—I know I have in the last two years—but sooner or later you come back to the basic things you really like. Until you do, you're only floating, because you're entirely off your course and have no direction. That's what the clinic did for me—they gave me a direction. And so I swung back."

As an example he said that in his boyhood he had loved horses, that he was never happier than in those hours he spent on a horse's back or in a stable. Yet with his zooming career and its attendant pressures, he did less and less riding, he saw less of the people he had been happy with, and he took on new interests that were foreign to his nature. Now he is once more back with horses, and with the same people, and he is content.

Something like this is such a simple remedy, yet few people can see their own lives in an objective manner. The clinic helped here, for they led Dan into a variety of interests, some of which he rejected and some of which he found to his liking. Few of them allowed him time to think about himself. While there he took up basketball, he lectured on the theater, he took a course in political philosophy and one in writing. They steered him into woodworking and although at first Dan had no stomach for it he soon found that wood cannot only become beautiful, but that the work accomplished a deeper purpose. "When you are chiseling a block of walnut down to a thin line and are still working on it to create something beautiful, you can't possibly worry about yourself. I found that I liked to work with my hands. I tried painting and sketching, but except for a pencil sketch of two horses' heads that I've framed and hung in my apartment, I didn't really care for it. I liked clay better. I liked the feel of it in my hands. There's a three-dimensional thing about it."

"What else?" I asked. "What else are you doing?"

He gave me that affable grin and said, "Well, there's the hunt club, and the horse shows, and both skiing in snow and water skiing. And I've written a few songs. And of course I'm active in the local Menninger chapter. I play around at writing stories, too."

"Poetry?" I said.

He grinned again. "Sure, I wrote a lot of it when I was a kid." He said it with a happy lack of self-consciousness.

"Dan, do you do all these things—there are a great many of them—out of a sense of urgency? Or do you really want to do them?" I asked.

He shook his head. "I've watched other people fight to 'keep busy', and it's a futile fight. The only time hobbies do you any

good is when you really want to spend time at them. Not kill time."

We talked for a while about these varied interests of his. Since his return to Hollywood he has made a great many things of wood: bowls, candy dishes, even tables, and says he would do more if he didn't have to go over to George Montgomery's to borrow a lathe.

His connection with the local Menninger chapter consists mostly in promoting interests and funds so that a new center may be possible in Los Angeles. The clinic itself, which trains its own doctors, needs more money and a greater scope of operation.

Skiing is one of his newer interests. He had water skied since boyhood, but snow was a new experience. Otto Lang was preparing a film about skiing and wanted Dan to learn "just enough to look at home on them." Dan not only learned to ski in snow, but retaliated by teaching Lang to water-ski. He has recently become interested in baseball, too, for strangely enough, although Dan lived practically in the shadow of a big league ball park, he never cared for baseball as a boy. Then his role as Dizzy Dean in *The Pride Of St. Louis* turned him into an avid fan of the national sport.

The freedom to go barreling off to a ball game or Sun Valley, or a horse show or a hunt, means a great deal to Dan, and

One pal, "Have you ever read Stephen Crane's 'Red Badge Of Courage'?" Other pal, "No—I HATED him for what he did to Lana Turner."

The Hollywood Reporter

although he feels that marriage is a natural and happy way of living for a man, his recent solitude has been good for him. For some time he employed a manservant to keep his five-room apartment in order, but soon even Jess' presence bothered him. He let Jess go, not because the man wasn't capable, but because of the very fact that he was always there. Two other factors were involved: Dan was slated for several months without picture work and had every intention of utilizing his time away from home, and also he wanted to buy Early Autumn—and horses these days cost a small fortune to buy and board. "Having to keep house myself is worth it to me," Dan said. "I swing a mean dust mop anyway, and it's wonderful to be completely alone when I feel like it."

HE has lived in the apartment since his divorce and described it as, "early Dailey. It's an orderly cluttered sort of place, filled with things that have a particular meaning for me."

Books take up a lot of the space, and only recently Dan has found time to resume his reading. Years ago he had vowed to read the One Hundred Great Books of the World, as listed by literary authorities, and went through about 35 of them before he came to the period in his life when he harnessed himself with things he did not really want. Now once again there is a fat tome on the table by his favorite chair—Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason."

"Now I'm back to living just about the way I did before the war," Dan said. "All these things were part of my life and I let them go, but now that I'm alone they've come back, and I feel once more that I'm really home."

It wasn't easy for him to come back. When he first returned to Hollywood he startled everyone by boarding a dating merry-go-round and keeping it up night after night until friends felt he must surely give way. It was a frantic sort of existence and one completely unnatural to Dan. It

was the period in which he was searching for the road home. "I did things I didn't like to do. I went to Hollywood parties. I even wore a tuxedo. I suppose I thought I should try this kind of life. I'd never had time for it before—I'd always had more to do than stand around for four hours and make small talk. Well, I tried it and I didn't like it. Soon, out of it all, I came back to my old friends, my old hobbies and haunts. I feel I'm pretty lucky that I've been able to keep myself from bouncing into marriage."

"What about another marriage?" I said.

He spoke without hesitation. "When I marry again, it will be a girl with whom I can live my own life. I'm interested in too many things, really, and I need somebody who can keep up with me and not take it as an affront that I should find happiness in things and places that aren't necessarily in our home. Somebody once referred to it as 'the sea of marriage', and that's the way I think of it. Sort of being one within ourselves, yet able to seek opposite shores."

DAN toyed with his fork for a moment. "You know, if and when I marry again, I'll feel that I'm really married for the first time. It's because I've grown up. I'm through wearing pretty girls on my arm like a bracelet. I used to criticize myself and criticize others, but by now I've evolved an honest appraisal of myself. For the first time in my life I know what I can do and what I can't do, and I know, too, what I can expect from other people. I've grown up, and I feel I'm ready for marriage now—if I find a girl who is also grown up enough to understand that we must lead our own lives. I've always wanted a big family and I still want it. There's still time."

I asked him about travel. "I'd like to go to Europe mainly because I love old things," he said. "I like the feel of a piece of old oak, of old stones, of leather. There's a solidity in old things that gives me peace. I guess that's why I love horses so much. There's a security and honesty in them."

"I like the way people live their lives in Europe. They take time to live." He picked up the breadbasket on our table and flung it down again. "The waitress here—she threw that down just like that. It meant nothing to her. Yet I have some Rumanian friends and some Hungarian friends, and when I go to their homes for dinner and they pick up a piece of bread and hand it to me, they do it as though they loved it. And they can have a bottle of wine that cost no more than a dollar but to them when they serve it to a guest it's a great and beautiful part of life. I can't get that feeling from the generation today, particularly in California. Everything here seems as though it's ready to blow away."

He smiled at me. "I'm talking in circles but I hope you know what I mean. I'm living now with ease and freedom, and it's so much better than it was. I can feel it in my work—a lot of the strain has disappeared. I can honestly say I've never been happier in my life."

I did know what he had meant. Contentment, plus a sort of happy surprise that he had found it, was written over his face and sprinkled through his speech. Modern psychology might say that Dan in his worship of things steeped in the solid past, was like many of us still yearning for security. But I had a strong feeling that he was glimpsing the peace of mind for which he'd been striving, that he'd found what he wanted. I told myself as I left him that if Dan Dailey could be given time to settle himself in his new-found way of living, he would truly be a happy man. . . . Now read how Dan almost lost his happiness—on the opposite page.

... And they say, "Oh, ain't you glad you're single!"



Beetsy is a real party girl, say Howard Duff and ex-husband Keenan Wynn.

Following the MS policy of bringing you *all* the news—here's a supplement to the Dailey Story: His on-and-off romance with Beetsy Wynn.

The story on the opposite page was written from an interview with Dan Dailey which took place less than one week before he and Beetsy Wynn, estranged wife of Keenan Wynn, announced that they would soon be married.

It shows quite clearly, we think, that Dan's subsequent decision not to marry was an exceptionally wise one. We do not mean this detrimentally to Beetsy. She is a greatly admired girl and a genuinely good person, but the facts would indicate that she and Dan would not have been happy together. As is obvious to anyone who reads the story, Dan only recently had found himself and was happy for the first time in years. He said in that interview, "I'm glad I've been able to keep myself from bouncing into another marriage." At the time he meant this sincerely, yet a few days later he surrendered to his deep need for a partner in life, to his personal feeling that a man *should* be married, and decided to marry Beetsy Wynn.

On the surface, Beetsy might seem to be an ideal wife for Dan. He has said he is sufficiently matured that he does not require beauty in a woman. Beetsy is not beautiful in the accepted sense of the word. She is attractive rather, perhaps striking. Her hair is dead white and contrasts handsomely with her deeply tanned skin. She has been married before and although the marriage was not a success, she at least has some conception of the qualities necessary in a woman who is to be a good wife. She is young enough to have the children that

Dan would like to have, and she is exceptional in that she likes and knows horses as well as Dan does.

The objection is that Dan at this time needs an understanding girl who is completely settled, a girl who would be sensitive to Dan's thoughts and needs. According to his friends, Beetsy was not this type of girl. His friends, of whom he seems to have more than any actor in Hollywood, were genuinely worried when the announcement was made.

"Their main attraction for each other," said one, "seems to be that when they're together the repartée is like machine gun fire. They seem to be competing to see who can say the funniest things the fastest. Dan is naturally the life of the party, but Beetsy *has* to be the life of the party. She's a swell girl, but she's all party. She never lets up. If they married, I'm sure this would wear on Dan's nerves after a while."

Everyone says that Beetsy is a barrel of fun. On a dare she once rode a horse in a pelting rain, wearing a \$10,000 mink coat. She drives a white Jaguar automobile and has a white poodle named Heathcliff. Dan has always detested small dogs, according to his friends, but tolerated Heathcliff because, "Beetsy is one woman who knows what makes me tick."

This may have been true, but Dan's friends were deeply concerned. One man who has known him many years put it this way, "Dan's recently begun to like the quiet life, dinners at home, music, candlelight, that sort of thing. He doesn't like to

get dressed up and Beetsy does . . . she loves clothes. He's just redecorated his apartment, filled it with old silver and hunting prints, and he's refused publicity pictures of his home. I can't help but feel that Beetsy wouldn't fit into the picture. I've heard that one night she went to a party with Travis Kleefeld after he broke up with Jane Wyman. The party was way up on a hilltop, and according to the story, Beetsy and Trav had an argument. She took his car and left him stranded. When he beefed about it later she told friends, 'This guy has no sense of humor.' Maybe I'm off the beam, but I feel this couldn't be more wrong for Dan, and I know at least a dozen other people who feel the same way."

A lot of people like this were pulling for Dan. They had watched him date a long list of girls since the breakup of his marriage with Liz Hofert. There had been Ann Miller, Jane Nigh, Marie Allison, June Haver, the tennis dates with Barbara Whiting, the common interest in horses with Margo Loos, Pasadena socialite. They watched because they well knew that if Dan was to get back on his feet he needed time to find himself, and that unless he found the right girl, a new marriage would be much too premature. He gave them little cause for worry because, with the possible exception of Barbara Whiting, he did not seem serious about any of the girls he dated.

He met Beetsy for the first time at a horse show in San Fernando Valley a couple of years ago, but at that time he was married and so was she, and he concentrated solely on the horses. In the following months, they saw each other at various horse shows but it wasn't until last June (at which time Beetsy had long been separated from Keenan) that they met at Del Mar and began talking about things other than horses. They denied a romance for the remainder of the year, but during the Christmas holidays Dan and Beetsy announced they would be married.

CONTRARY to report, Keenan Wynn had been the first to know about it, and before he left for Korea to entertain troops, signed all the necessary papers in the event Beetsy should want a divorce while he was gone.

Said Beetsy, "Keenan was very nice about it and wished me happiness. I don't want to wait a year to marry Dan and I don't want to go to Nevada for six weeks, so I've decided to file in Mexico. The first possible date is January 2." She said that Dan might go with her to Mexico in which case they would be married there, but if not, that they would be married in Las Vegas.

Said Dan, in answer to the general surprise at the announcement, "We had met before but we kind of got together at Del Mar last June. We both are keen about horses. Beetsy has been riding some of my jumpers in shows and I've been driving her harness horses."

Beetsy flew to Mexico and obtained her divorce, but on January 8, less than two weeks later, announced, "I don't want to talk much about it. By mutual agreement, Dan and I decided last night that our proposed marriage would not work out. All plans are off and we will not be seeing each other any more."

At this writing there has been no reconciliation, and Dan's friends are extremely happy that he is still a free man. They feel it was a narrow escape, too close for comfort. Again, we say that this reaction is not meant in any sense as a lack of faith in Beetsy Wynn. She may possibly be the wife Dan needs, but, according to his own words, he is better off right now without a wife.

how the british took to alan

(Continued from page 51) announcement was made that he would star in *The Big Jump*.

With the news that Alan was scheduled to play the lead in this picture of the heroism of the great British parachute troops, the antagonistic press broke loose: "Why," they wanted to know, "can't an Englishman play the hero in an especially English story of heroism?" There had been no American in the original story at all. What would they do . . . teach Ladd a British accent?

"No," came the reply. "The hero's part has been rewritten and he is now a Canadian, with an accent so like an American no one, unless he is Canadian, will know the difference."

That did it. And the anti-Alan Ladd smear campaign was on in earnest. It began sarcastically. A Torquay paper wrote: "It is pleasantly refreshing to discover that one American film company has realized British fighting men figured to some extent in World War II, even if Alan Ladd has to become 'Canadian' for the occasion."

About this time Errol Flynn's picture *Objective Burma* was being re-released. Seven years earlier it had been whisked off the screens because of the tortuous criticism and complaints against, "Americans winning our wars for us." They didn't seem to like the reissue any better than the original, so poor Alan was sailing into a double lion's den and British lion's den at that. He didn't know all the fuss he was stirring up; if he had, he would never have come.

"Which," say his producers, "is precisely why he wasn't told."

From Manchester came remarks typically polished and unpleasant:

"We've nothing against Alan Ladd personally, but why not our own Richard Todd, who like Trevor Howard and Anthony Steele actually wore the Red Beret and parachuted for England's glory?" (These three British actors were to be mentioned constantly in the next weeks, but Todd more than the other two.)

While things like this were being written and said, Alan Ladd was innocently saying in Hollywood that he was delighted to be going over to play in the movie because . . . "it will cement friendship

and better understanding."

The next day Leonard Mosley wrote the nastiest blast of all for his paper:

"Why can't we make films about our war with our players just as America does with hers? Once upon a time there was a British war film in which the principal role was not played by an American star pretending to be a Canadian soldier, sailor, or, airman, nurse or WAAF. Alan Ladd is not proposing to play in an ordinary film but the story of one of Britain's greatest and most glorious efforts in World War II. I'm sick and tired of having Hollywood types lurking around every turret, cockpit, and machine gun post where the Union Jack waved during the war."

So spoke the press. The people, however, had something quite different to say. Readers wrote their editors "Entertainment is the aim. Who cares if Alan Ladd wins the war in a red beret or if Errol Flynn won it in Burma? If it is a documentary film you want, apply to the Minister of Information."

A theater owner in Birmingham said that he was delighted to have Alan Ladd play the part. "That way I know I'll be able to fill the house at every performance. With a British star that's rare."

The public was beginning to show its opinion, and in the face of it some writers began to pull in their literary horns a bit.

"It is a pity that a really nice chap like Alan Ladd had to get into all this hot water. He is a good type I understand, and for his own good ought to get out of the picture now and save feelings."

That's exactly what Alan would have done, had he been aware of the situation. However, standing on the very threshold of England, with thousands of fans, and newspaper readers waiting for him, he could only face the hostile press.

He listened carefully to the antagonistic British views, and said quietly, "Look, I didn't come over here to conquer anything or anybody. All I'm going to do is play the part of a guy who comes to England to learn to fight. Got that? I said *learn* to fight, not *teach*."

At the week's end, not many people cared where Alan came from. The Sunday Graphic came up with the fan side of the story. "Welcome, Mr. Ladd," they headlined, "And Shut Up To His Critics."

Looking back over the years Alan

remembered how as a kid he fought against the strong English accent that branded him "Limey" in school. His mother was English, his father a Scot, and the family suffered the ridicule of being "foreign." Alan joked about it. "I'd surely like to have that accent back now."

Gradually the press was won over. They were impressed by the star's willingness to submit himself to a gruelling three-week commando course in which he not only had to master 400 yards of 20 obstacles, but had to live like an ordinary recruit all day. The only favoritism he received was being allowed to go home to Sue Carol at night.

Then there were the rugged days of shooting on location in Wales; and the day the Ladds invited his entire fan club to tea at their house near London. One young lady had traveled all the way from Italy for it. Best of all the writers had never found a star nearly as cooperative with them as Alan Ladd. Criticism was nearly at an end . . . but not quite.

Although Ladd is the only American in the picture and is solely responsible for providing a good many actors with work, a few British players still felt he had somehow cheated them.

Ladd and his producers waited with no little worry, but the tide of ill-feeling passed with the help of many encouragingly intelligent remarks. Someone pointed out that there had been no loud outcries when British actor Godfrey Tearle played Franklin D. Roosevelt; nor had any come recently while Stewart Granger picks juicy picture plums in Hollywood.

An editor from Derby put the capper on the hassle. "Let's silence these petty outcries," he wrote. "Let's consider how amazed Alan Ladd must be at the bitterness and cold shoulder reception. Frankly we haven't a he-man star left in England to even offer as a replacement. May that settle that."

And so it seemed to do. For now the Ladds have settled down, and are enjoying what they came to do . . . work and see England. Mind their own business, and help one another with loving-kindness. All Britain has seen this family life and love in action. And the British are impressed. The Ladds have won themselves a secure place in the English hearts at last.

END

the gang's all here

(Continued from page 51) various French signs on board the ship. One of them, hanging over the entrance to the beauty salon, announces "Coiffeurs Dames." He spotted it the second day out and said, "What do the dames need with chauffeurs?"

The only thing that marred our trip was the bad news about Jezebel, our faithful old boxer dog. We had wanted to bring her and the dachshund Fritz along with us but there's a quarantine that forbids it, and so we had to leave them at home. I had news before we sailed that Jez had been poisoned and died, and I kept this sad news from Alan. He loved her so much. But Lonnie unwittingly let the cat out of the bag. She'd been told the dog was ill, and not knowing she shouldn't say anything, mentioned it one day. On Alan's birthday, in fact. He looked at me right away and asked point blank if the dog were dead. I couldn't back out of it then, of course, and had to tell him. It set him back quite a bit, and it wasn't until our landing in England that he began to snap out of it.

The landing itself snapped us all into a

state of excitement. David was the only one who slept at all that night, and we all climbed out of our bunks before dawn to make the landing in the British tender sent alongside. By the time we boarded the smaller boat the sun was beginning to come up and we could see the harbor. David, whose idea of any place other than the United States is that it should look like the Hawaiian Islands (the result of our Honolulu trip last year), let out a small gasp when he saw land for the first time.

We were really amazed, at that hour, to see so many of the press waiting for us when we reached Plymouth. The poor souls had made the eight-hour trip all the way from London in order to meet us, and we felt a kind of personal responsibility for the fact the boat had arrived at such an inconvenient hour. If we'd slept lightly, these people hadn't had any sleep at all.

We had our first sample of British courtesy when we went through customs at Plymouth. The inspectors were so polite (like English butlers in the movies, Laddie said) that we all felt like bowing to them. The boat train took us directly to London, where we were met at Paddington station by an immense crowd. There was a regular

barrage of flashbulbs and hundreds of people, and we were thrilled and proud at the wonderful reception they gave Alan.

By that time it was afternoon and we were all pretty tired, so we postponed seeing the sights in London and drove directly by car to our new home in the country. We saw enough of London that afternoon, however, to set the children howling with excitement. Lonnie was particularly upset that we were driving "on the wrong side of the street," and Carol Lee and Laddie kept pointing out the quaint old lamp posts, the cobblestones, the frequent and lovely little parks, the spots that had been bombed, and the many old buildings. "It doesn't look at all like Honolulu," observed David.

We drove through perfectly lovely countryside toward our home, and when we were almost there Alan mentioned he'd noticed a taxi had been trailing us for some distance. Eventually the cab pulled alongside, filled with fans who had followed our car all the way from Paddington station. All they wanted, they explained, was Alan's autograph. He was deeply touched, knowing that money is scarce in England today, and that the long ride had cost them



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a small fortune. He suggested they visit him at Shepperton Studios and needless to say, they later took him up on the invitation.

We hadn't finished exclaiming over our Surrey house before we were served tea, our first real English tea served in England. Since then a day hasn't gone by that we hadn't joined the British in their tea-time custom, and even David, whose cup is filled with more milk than tea, thinks the ritual is just about as good an idea as hot dogs at a baseball game.

Alan and I have been pleasantly surprised at the children's reaction. We had hoped they'd be pleased and interested, but their excitement and ability to absorb the many new things they see and hear has been most gratifying. Their interest is contagious, and both Alan and I are "seeing" more this time than we did three years ago when we came over for a Command Performance.

We were no sooner unpacked and had our things hung neatly in the closets than we were all whisked away to North Wales where Alan was to start work immediately on the picture *Red Beret*. We lived in a town that certainly lives up to the Welsh reputation for un-pronounceable names... Penrhynedeudraeth. We were there three weeks but already we've lost the knack of rolling the name around our tongues. The town, which I refuse to spell out again, not only obliged with a typical Welsh name, but it also afforded some of the most breathtaking scenery any of us had ever seen. Plus a castle. A rambling big place in Carnarvon that was the home of King Edward II in the 14th century. It was the first real castle the children had ever seen, and we couldn't have chosen a better one. They poked into every nook and cranny and I think were a little disappointed that we didn't see any ghosts, an omission which was all right with Carol Lee and me.

From there I went with Alan to Oxford, the nearest town to the Royal Air Force base called Abingdon where the company worked more than two weeks. The children stayed home in Surrey for that period, except for the few days they visited the base. Alan and I were so glad we had the children come up at the particular time they did, for they saw the many regiments of troops that were filmed for some of the master shots. The best of all were the several companies of Scottish troops, dressed in their traditional kilts and carrying their bagpipes.

WHILE the company was shooting at the R.A.F. base we stayed at a charming hotel in Oxford, and while Alan worked, I took our brood around the historic old college town. Oxford University is divided into many colleges and each has its own church or chapel, and its own enclosed campus. We thought Christ's Church the prettiest, and Lonnie at last saw the college she'd heard so much about—Magdalen, which has a miniature national park inside its walls.

From Oxford the five of us went to Warwick and saw the proud old castle there. We were mightily impressed by its turrets and towers and battlements, to say nothing of the exquisite furnishings in the living quarters. David was sure that he'd see a knight in full armor come clattering across the courtyard at any moment.

And then we went to Stratford-on-Avon. We saw Shakespeare's birthplace and the church where he is buried, and Anne Hathaway's house. I had seen all these things when I was much younger but didn't remember much about them, and can only hope that our own children will never forget. Although, as I told Alan later, they were so engrossed that I can't see how they possibly could forget.

Poor Alan went right on working while the rest of us were sight-seeing. He worked ten hours every day until the company began working at night instead, and then in late October the motion picture companies all over England went on strike in protest against working at nights or on Saturdays. That gave him a few days off and the hope that there'd be no more night work.

When shooting at Abingdon was finished I drove back to Surrey with Alan, and on the way we stopped for the night in a very small village. At the door of the town's only restaurant stood a small boy, dressed in clothes that were no more than tattered rags. His eyes lighted up when he saw us get out of the car, and he ran to Alan with a pencil stub and a scrap of paper. "Please, sir," he said in a thin little voice, "could I have your autograph? They said you'd be coming through here, and I've waited three days."

Well, even if we weren't the sentimental twosome that we are, I believe we'd have spilled tears right then and there. Alan was so upset he didn't know which way to turn. "Do you think we could get him some decent clothes?" he said.

That was all I needed. The next morning I took the boy to a store, intending to get him a new suit and shirt, but my intentions got tangled up with my heart. He

stuff, just kept gulping away at their tea.

When the party was over they began asking David for his autograph and the idea didn't go over so well with our youngest. He signed, all right, but he grumbled the whole time. Half of them got his autograph, and the other half probably took pity on him because he looked so utterly exhausted. A couple of the girls tried to stay behind when the buses were getting ready to take off, but we managed to get them herded back to their seats. Then, as Alan was waving goodbye, one of them thought to ask him for his handkerchief. Another requested his tie, a third his cigarette, and when I saw that this thing might get beyond control I signalled him to duck into the house and I'd take over with the waving department.

Soon after the party we bought a male dachshund puppy and named him "Beret" after Alan's picture. He will be a boy-friend for Fritz when we return to the States, and I do hope he will eventually take the place in our hearts left by poor old Jez. He's fast winning it right now, as he takes turns sleeping with different members of the family every night, and it's got to the point where Laddie and Carol Lee have an argument every evening as to which one gets Beret.

The Ladd clan felt a little out of place on Hallowe'en. It isn't celebrated here, so we dressed up the youngest kids and took them to the few American homes we knew of for the traditional bell ringing. They felt better about the whole thing when they were told about Guy Fawkes Day. It was on November 5th, 1605, that the rebel was caught trying to blow up Parliament, and ever since then the English children celebrate on November 5th by ringing doorbells and asking for "a penny for the Guy." David and Lonnie got in on that one full swing and decided it was even better than Hallowe'en, for after the doorbell business comes the burning of Guy Fawkes in effigy, then firecrackers.

Now that we're back in Surrey again, which really does seem like home after all the travelling, we're beginning to have an opportunity to have our London friends visit us here. The entertaining is done mostly at night, for in the daytime the children and I are often going to London.

It has been a wonderful aid to their education. We saw the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace, and David spotted little Prince Charles at one of the windows. We went to Madame Tussaud's, where Lonnie was deeply impressed by the wax image of Sleeping Beauty, mostly I suppose because of the mechanism inside the figure which makes the chest rise and fall with a breathing motion. David was home with a cold that day and afterwards listened rather glumly to our glowing accounts of the wax museum. He brightened only when he learned we hadn't seen the Chamber of Horrors without him.

We fed the pigeons at Trafalgar Square and learned all about Admiral Nelson, and at the Tower of London we were escorted by one of the Beefeaters in his picturesque red and black uniform. We saw the crown jewels and the Imperial crown the Queen will accept at the Coronation in June. Carol Lee was most impressed, I think, by the Tower ravens and their story. The legend goes that if the ravens ever leave the tower, England will fall. I think all four of the children really worried about that one. I pointed out that the Tower has been graced by its ravens for hundreds of years, but despite my assurance I felt just the smallest twinge of anxiety. For all of us have come, in these last few months, to regard the English people as our staunch friends, and England itself as our second home.



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was such a beautiful, sad looking little thing, and by the time we finished shopping I'd bought him not only a suit and shirt, but socks and shoes and two pairs of trousers as well. He was delighted, of course, but I could see that he was worried. As I parted from him he hesitated a minute and then looked up at me with those big eyes. "Please, mum," he said, "are you certain you can afford all this?"

I went back to our room and told Alan about it, and while I was pretty choked up myself I noticed that he swallowed hard a couple of times.

THE location work over, Alan began working at Shepperton Studios in London, and the rest of us settled down in our home. The first Sunday we were back we gave a party for the members of one of Alan's oldest fan clubs here in England, and more than 400 fans arrived. They had come from all over England, some of them having traveled more than 30 hours to reach our house. We had arranged to have buses pick them up in London and bring them to our place in Surrey, and it was quite a sight to see those kids piling out of the buses and filing into the house. We had tea for them (naturally), and a great deal of food, but they were so excited they hardly made a dent in the solid

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GREYHOUND

(Continued from page 65) My own feeling is that this sort of withdrawal which they practice is Cary's reaction to his second marriage. He was married to Barbara Hutton, you know, and that's worse than being married to Liz Taylor. I mean you're on exhibition all the time. Grant's mentality is basically British. I think living in a fish bowl with Barbara Hutton outraged his sense of privacy, and that's why I think he and Betsy live as they do, up there on Cloud 49, far removed from the world."

Before the Grants sailed on a freighter to Hong Kong (this business of taking a vacation on a freighter is something Cary picked up from his good friends, the Laurence Oliviers) Betsy Drake evinced surprise that her marriage should have become a target for the curiosity-seekers.

"Cary and I," she explained, "live a very simple and quiet life because we happen to be that kind of people. Nightclub life just doesn't appeal to us. I was in a Hollywood nightclub once before I was married, that was with my agent. And I've gone to one club with Cary since."

"What have we been doing since our marriage? That's a funny question. We've been working, of course. After the wedding I had to return to Warners' where I was doing *Pretty Baby* with Dennis Morgan. And Cary works all the time, of course... You say what have we been doing outside our professional careers? Well, we went to New York on a trip. I guess you could call it a honeymoon."

"I mean who really cares about our personal lives? Who cares that we're taking a freighter to Hong Kong? I don't know how long we'll be gone, but does it really matter? We're just like other married couples. Perhaps it isn't exciting but we stay home at nights, and yes, I'll admit it—we watch television. We think the Lucille Ball show is wonderful and so are a lot of others. Cary is a fine judge of comedy, you know, and he thinks Lucille and Desi are superb."

"About our house? It's a small house. Cary bought it before we were married. Two bedrooms, that's all. He's in the process of doing some remodeling. No, I'm staying out of it. He knows what he wants and I'm well out of it. We have two in service, a man who looks after the cars and the heavy work, and a cook. I love to cook but I'm not a very good one. A few months ago, however, I took over the cooking job when the cook was out. I broiled some steaks. I guess I must have forgotten about them or something, because Cary came dashing into the kitchen. They'd caught on fire, and he threw water all over them, and well, I don't do the cooking any longer."

"How do I like living with Cary? I love it. He's a very neat and fastidious person. He's mature, intelligent. It's a great break for me to have a husband like him. He's an experienced man of the world. I couldn't possibly tell you how much he's taught me. He's really a very fine person, and I'm trying to be objective. A little while ago you mentioned about our rehearsing with the children in *Room For One More*."

"Cary always likes to rehearse before a picture gets under way. He's very thorough and very conscientious. His acting seems effortless but I've learned that an awful lot of hard work lies behind it."

"Do we hope to have any children? Yes, we'd adore a few. But right now we've got to get packed for that trip to Hong Kong. Cary worked very hard on *Dream Wife* with Deborah Kerr. She's a really wonderful actress. It's a very funny picture, too."

That is about the lengthiest interview Betsy Drake Grant has given since her marriage about her marriage. She claims she is ecstatically happy, and friends say that as regards her domestic life she certainly is, but that she wishes her acting career might progress at a faster rate.

As for Grant, it comes somewhat as a surprise to the movie colony that after so many glamor girls, he should find tranquility, domestic bliss, and peace of mind in marriage to a so young and girl-next-door type as Betsy Drake.

Grant is 15 years older than Betsy who is approaching 30, and in his two previous tries at matrimony he walked down the aisle with Virginia Cherrill in 1934, and Barbara Hutton in 1942. Both of these women were, and are, continental sophisticates. Virginia was the beautiful blonde actress who played the poor flower girl in Charlie Chaplin's great picture, *City Lights*. Eight months after he was married to Miss Cherrill, Grant found himself in a sanitarium, and the marriage was on the rocks. Following the divorce, the first Mrs. Cary Grant married the Earl of Jersey which will give you some small idea of the league in which she plays ball.

As for Barbara Hutton, everyone knows about her wealth, her background, her husbands. The reason she and Cary couldn't make a go of the marriage was that for years she had been accustomed to having her own way about practically everything, a condition which Grant as a man and a bread-winner in his own right, could not accept.

The point, however, is that no one ever expected Cary Grant to choose as a third wife the kind of naive, unworldly girl he might Pygmalionize. But that, figuratively speaking, is what he did.

While all of his friends were expecting that eventually he would marry someone like Phyllis Brooks or Ginger Rogers, with both of whom he carried on for a good while. Or, forsaking them, marry a sophisticate in the image of his first or second bride, Cary Grant was falling in love with a 25-year-old neophyte of an actress who dressed simply in tweeds, and seemed so bashful that her voice blushed when she used it.

I don't think the strange story of this Cinderella love affair has ever been told, and to understand the severe privacy, the inviolable quietude of their marriage, one must first be acquainted with the background.

FIVE years ago when Cary Grant was returning to New York aboard the *Queen Mary*—he had spent his vacation in England, the land of his birth—he happened to catch sight of a young girl who aroused his interest.

This young girl was Betsy Drake. She was coming home after four months of playing the female lead in the British production of *Deep Are The Roots*. She had never met Cary Grant in her life, and she had no idea that her looks, her figure, her attitude had awakened in Grant the desire to make her acquaintance.

Oddly enough, Grant, an experienced man of the world, didn't know exactly how to go about asking Miss Drake for a shipboard date. He couldn't put himself in the awkward position of trying to pick her up while she strolled around the deck; and he is too much the gentleman to essay the direct approach and face the direct rebuff.

Fortunately for Cary, a very good friend of his was aboard the *Queen Mary*. Cary went to Merle Oberon and explained his problem.

"Don't worry," Merle said. "I'll ask her if she'd like to take dinner with us at the captain's table." (Continued on next page)

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When Merle Oberon knocked on Betsy Drake's cabin, the young actress was surprised. When Merle said, "Mr. Cary Grant and myself should like to have you as a dinner guest tonight," the actress grew so nervous she began to stutter. "Th-th-that's very kind of you," she said. "B-b-b-but I don't think I can. You see, I don't have any formal clothes with me."

Merle Oberon smiled. "Who cares?" she said. "Come along."

That's how it began. Grant, who is as tactful and thoughtful as any Don Juan who ever lived, refused to wear dinner clothes during the rest of the trip. Sports jackets and grey flannels were his nightly garb just so Betsy wouldn't feel out of the social swim.

By the time the Queen Mary docked at the Cunard pier in New York, Grant was pretty well smitten. He'd fallen in love with a girl unlike any other he'd ever met. He was surprised, too, when he learned that Betsy had once been under contract to Hal Wallis at Paramount but despising Hollywood, had left of her own accord.

How did Betsy feel? Put yourself in the position of a poor girl who's been raised in the Greenwich Village section of New York; who has never had very much money; whose parents are separated, and who, because of this, has known very little happiness in her youth.

BETSY may have been poor in material gifts in childhood but she was rich in dreams. All her life she wanted to become a famous stage actress like Helen Hayes or Katharine Cornell. However, the chances seemed remote because, in addition to stuttering when she got nervous and being near-sighted, she had no contacts with show people.

Under these lowly circumstances, many girls would give up—but not Betsy. She started from the bottom. She went from one show producer's office to another looking for any sort of stage work. She'd had no experience, and they turned her down. Someone finally told her to go see an agent.

Eventually she landed one or two modeling jobs posing for illustrations in the large mail-order catalogues, but still her heart was set on the Broadway stage. A theatrical agent named Jane Broder agreed to represent her. Jane took a liking to Betsy and gave her an in-between job, running the telephone switchboard at her office.

One afternoon Betsy, after taking lunch at Walgreen's Drug Store, heard that Herman Shumlin was casting a play. She went around to see him. Shumlin is a kind man. He looked at the mousey little girl, heard her talk, and liked her manner.

"I tell you what," he said. "I don't have anything for you, but there's a Hollywood producer in town, fellow named Hal Wallis. He likes girls like you—the off-beat type."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Shumlin," Betsy Drake said, "but I don't want to go to Hollywood. I want to work here, on Broadway."

"Don't be foolish," Shumlin advised.

Betsy thought about it a little and trotted back to her agent who arranged for a test with Hal Wallis, then sent the child to a dramatic coach. The coach advised Betsy to appear before Wallis in high heels and a low-cut gown. "Don't be silly," Betsy said with great honesty. "I have less than a dollar to my name, and I don't intend to spend that on anything except food."

When Hal Wallis met the deep-throated young woman he asked her to play the role of a blind English girl in a scene from *I Walk Alone*.

The following day he phoned Betsy's agent. "How much do you want for the

that little Drake girl?" he queried.
"Five hundred a week," Jane Broder said.

"Be not foolish. She's a newcomer, has had no experience."

"All right, Hal, what do you consider a fair price?"

"Tell you what. I'll give her \$350 a week, and half of any dough we get on loanouts."

"It's a deal," Jane Broder agreed.

So Betsy trained out to Hollywood, only to find that Wallis had no part for her. She hung around, lonely and fearful, asking for any type of acting work. But each week all she got was her salary check. It was more money than she'd ever earned before, but she was unrequited, frustrated, disillusioned.

After six months Wallis offered to keep her on at her original salary. "I'd rather go back to New York," Betsy decided. Few people understood this girl. Why give up a good salary and go back to job-hunting?

But back to New York Betsy came. She landed a job in the English production of *Deep Are The Roots*. For four months she played up and down the British provinces. Then she caught the Queen Mary home. That's when Cary Grant came into the picture.

THIS falling in love with Grant, the chance meeting, the strange set of circumstances all seemed to have happened so quickly, Betsy couldn't quite keep her equilibrium.

Back in New York, Cary mentioned something about returning to Hollywood. Under the proper auspices he was sure she would like the place. And let's face it, what better sponsor could a girl have in Hollywood than Cary Grant? Here was one of the most talented light comedians of the day, an actor every studio was clamoring for, a star who could name his own vehicle, his own leading lady, his own director.

When Betsy Drake showed up in Hollywood, and Cary was asked about his relationship with the young actress, he said quite simply, "I first saw Betsy in England where she was appearing in *Deep Are The Roots*. I met her aboard ship on the way home. She hadn't made any pictures in Hollywood, but I thought she was com-

mitted to producer Hal Wallis. When she told me this association had been terminated, I introduced her to Don Hartman who was looking for a newcomer for *Every Girl Should Be Married*."

Grant also spoke to David Selznick who was then in production, and Selznick agreed to share Betsy's contract with RKO.

While Betsy was at RKO, she and Grant were virtually inseparable. He coached her, rehearsed her, taught her, encouraged her, while Hollywood cats kept saying to each other, "What does he see in her? Certainly she's no great beauty. She doesn't have money, and she doesn't have style, at least, not the style he's accustomed to."

In a way they were right—only the style in femininity that Grant had been accustomed to wasn't necessarily what he wanted to marry.

What he had been looking for all along, although no one would believe him; was a wife who would like the simple life, "quiet and relaxed." In 1932 when he had first been married to Virginia Cherrill, he had told reporters that he planned to live a retiring life. "You know," he said, "quiet and relaxing." They had laughed at him, because they knew Virginia, and they were right. But their estimation of Grant was incorrect. He actually meant what he said. He wanted a wife who would be content to stay away from the mad whirl.

IN Betsy Drake he has found such a wife.

Here is a girl of integrity, self-sufficiency, intellect and talent. While she desperately wants a full-fledged career of her own, she is wise enough to realize that her basic career is keeping her husband happy. She knows that without Grant's assistance she would not be where she is today. She knows that it was for her sake that he agreed to one of those husband-and-wife radio programs, *Mr. and Mrs. Blandings*, shortly after their marriage. The radio program didn't come off, and as a matter of fact, both Betsy and Cary are being sued for \$15,250 by their team of script writers.

Like his good friend Humphrey Bogart, Grant is a mature man deeply and almost

irrevocably set in his ways. He hates disruption of any sort and is a stickler for neatness. For years now his obsession with clothes has been a Hollywood joke, and it is said facetiously, albeit with a modicum of truth, that there is no tailor who wants Grant's business. He is so finicky when it comes to fit that hardly any tailor will undertake the job of clothing him. Leo McCarey, who knows Grant well—they used to rent adjoining houses down at Santa Monica beach—says jokingly that Cary is a frustrated haberdasher. As a matter of record, Grant at one time owned haberdashery outlets on both coasts.

Grant refuses to lead his private life in public and feels that after 20 years of hard work in the business, he is well enough established to do without stories of his home-life, his love-life, his hobbies and his habits.

Neither a joiner nor an organizer, he bothers no man, and wants no man to bother him. Like the good wife she is, Betsy has adopted his ways, which is why relatively nothing has been printed of their marriage.

"Just because we are happily married," Betsy says, "I don't think that's particularly newsworthy. I read about divorces and marital quarrels in the movie magazines, but all our friends seem very well adjusted, so that such news is very far removed from us. It's been my experience that there are more happy marriages in Hollywood than most people think."

Frank Vincent, Grant's agent, who died a few years ago, was once asked why Cary refused to discuss his marriages or home-life with the press or pose for extensive home layouts.

"His reticence may seem strange to you," Vincent pointed out, "but you must never lose sight of one fact. Even though Cary became an American citizen in 1942, he is essentially an Englishman, and to an Englishman his home is his castle. He looks upon it as the last refuge of his privacy. Cary has never cried the blues and never shouted his happiness. Marriage to him is a very private affair, and he simply refuses to give out progress reports on its welfare. He never has and as far as I can see he never will."

END

they broke all the rules

(Continued from page 43) if it has been managed according to Hoyle.

A few weeks ago a visitor was in Marty Melcher's office. The phone rang. Marty picked up the receiver, listened for a moment, then said, "Can't talk to you now. Somebody's here. Get to you later." As he hung up he said, "That was my wife."

The visitor pondered on this clipped conversation after he left the office, and finally came to the conclusion that it was all right. "After all," he shrugged, "they've been married almost two years."

It was this acceptance of the fact that there was no need for further cooing that inspired MODERN SCREEN to take stock of the marriage of Doris Day and Marty Melcher. But, of course, there were other reasons. One of them was that Doris and Marty, according to the opinions of most marriage counselors, were going about making a success of their union in entirely the wrong way. Another was in deference to that common Hollywood practice which has a good percentage of the guests present leaning toward a companion just after the ring has been slipped on the bride's finger and whispering, "It won't last six months." This survey is dedicated to these cynical beings.

According to the experts, Doris Day and Marty Melcher are breaking the cardinal rule of matrimony: She's working. The authorities, almost unanimously, agree this is dynamite. They say that the male, in order to maintain his masculinity at a proper level, must be the sole breadwinner. When a woman works a marriage is supposed to fall apart at the seams because it frustrates Dad.

Well, to this hour, Marty Melcher hasn't been frustrated, nor is he even mildly unhappy about Doris' working. He is delighted, possibly because he is proud of her achievements and possibly because he's been so busy being happy he hasn't had time to read the rules.

ANOTHER bad thing, according to the chaps who know, is a man and wife working in the same business—if she must be employed at all. This is also supposed to have an effect on Pop's pride. It's no doubt dates back to the emergency years when a husband and wife would often toil side-by-side in a factory of some sort—and Mom often wound up as her old man's foreman. Doris and Marty are in the same business, and in a sense she is his boss, because Marty acts as his wife's agent. That is not supposed to make for marital happiness. It could curb a man's tongue when he was on the edge of winning a family argument. His wife could not only have

the last word, but the last two words: "You're fired!"

But, then almost everything that has happened to Marty and Doris Melcher has been opposed to the book. Ordinarily a man first sees a girl across a crowded room, as the lyricists say. Not Marty. At the end of a hard day at the office, he was asked to give up his plans for the evening to take a client, one Doris Day, whom he had never seen, to a radio broadcast. It wasn't a date. Marty was told to see that she got there on time, didn't get run over, didn't sign anything, didn't forget her script, got the proper introduction on the air and a dozen other things an agent is supposed to look after when a client works. If he said he was delighted he was only being polite.

If you have ever seen an agent escorting a star to a public function, you have seen unadulterated, sophisticated boredom. It is a function only with these boys, no matter how beautiful and glamorous the doll is. Marty, on this first "date" with Doris, was no different from the others. As a matter of fact, he had personal problems at the time that kept him out of the mood for enjoying the company of any lady. He was separated from his wife, Patty Andrews, and it was beginning to look as though it would end in a divorce. Consequently, until the broadcast was over and Doris was escorted to her car to shove off for home, there was absolutely nothing personal in

his feelings for her. Doris, however, was hungry, so Marty took her to a café to get a late snack. It was over a bowl of chili that he realized for the first time that she was actually a woman.

Now the way it is suppose to happen, again according to the men who write the books about such things, is that he should have seen her picture in the office files, or seen her sitting in someone else's office, or at a party, and he should have turned to someone and stammered excitedly, "Who's that?"

EVEN the engagement was 'way off the accepted. There wasn't any. There was no formal discussion of marriage. There was no proposal. There was no recounting of qualities. By the great Lord Harry there wasn't even an engagement ring! It's enough to make a man like John J. Anthony sick to his stomach.

It just, as the happy pair lamely explain it, happened. No marriage can possibly be sound without the memories of how the boy carried the ring around in his watch pocket for a month before he had the nerve to show it to his intended, or how he got down on one knee, in the silliest position, and asked for the lady's hand in matrimony. All that took place with Marty and Doris is that a year or so after they'd been chumming around together somebody said something about something that would take place "after we're married," and the subject was dropped.

As for the wedding! No matter how little fuss a couple wants, the bride and groom have to go to some bother. If it is a quiet affair they might leap into a car with a few friends and drive madly off to some Greta Green, singing and laughing like demented. A little more formal manner is for the husband-to-be to phone a few intimate friends and ask them to drop by City Hall and cry a little while the ceremony takes place. In Hollywood, or in big city social circles, a gala wedding is generally considered only proper, with tents on the lawn and caterers and detectives guarding the presents and at least 500 guests.

But not Doris and Marty. There have been a number of different versions, but it is generally conceded that they were digging in Doris' garden or something and one of them asked the other how he or she would like to take a shower and go get married. They even had to pluck witnesses off the street they say. Many eminent counselors would give a couple starting out in this haphazard fashion less than the usual 60 days.

Another big mistake that Doris Day and Marty Melcher made was in choosing the home in which they would live. Marty, a man with a few dollars in the bank, able to finance a swanky home for his bride, should have had a stern talk with Doris after the ceremony. He should have told her that her money and possessions were hers—and he didn't want to have anything to do with them. He should have said they'd either sell her home or burn it to the ground—and they would live in a house of his choosing, one he had bought with his own money.

But it wasn't like that. Any good authority will tell you that they were just too doggone practical about the whole thing. They looked around Doris' home, Marty agreed he kind of liked the set-up, and he went to his place and got his stuff and moved in. Somebody should have warned them.

The experts usually look with considerable alarm on a marriage which unites a son or daughter as well as the happy couple. This is a hazard, for, they say, there is a tendency for the new father to become jealous of the child—and for the mother to side with her own flesh and blood in the event of a dispute. There are all sorts of

other dangers, including the kid resenting another disciplinarian. But the jealousy, and lack of control held by the foster parent is the main rub.

The Melchers don't know about this, either. Doris is not a demanding mother, but she is something of a tyrant about certain things, and her son, Terry, is not a pampered lad by any means. He has, however, an ally. Marty. If he is obliged to perform some chore a small boy figures he

Ava Norring went to Hollywood with the help of publicity about her many malapropisms. Her most celebrated remark concerned her husband who, she said, overheard her mistakes, "then went around my behind and told people."

Earl Wilson

can't make and still play third base on the sand lot ball team, he turns to Marty for assistance. And he gets it. Marty understands and helps out, and they both swear an oath that Doris will never find out. It's not supposed to be that way at all. But it is. As a matter of fact, Doris has been heard to complain that the guys gang up on her. Somehow the three of them get along as though they were always together and Marty really belonged.

NOW TAKE the matter of business. If you ask her, Doris will tell you that Marty handles all of the financial and contract matters exactly to her satisfaction. They never have a harsh word—and he discusses everything with her quietly and calmly. If that were true, they could get the records of their conversations in the Smithsonian Institute. No theatrical relationship has ever been a bed of roses, but the relationship between an artist and her manager is something like the Dempsey-Tunney fight at least once a week. Now a manager can get away with murder with a client to whom he is not bound emotionally. The worst that can happen is that she'll take her business elsewhere, and he'll be glad to see it happen.

But if he's married to the girl this can't happen. The fights, therefore, have to be to the finish. Somebody has got to win. It would seem, if we are to believe the authorities, that these differences of opinions would be carried on into the home, at dinner and far into the night. But not with the Melchers. Marty knows his business, and when his wife calls during office hours with some hare-brained scheme such as artists only can come up with, he listens, then says no. If she persists, he says the things he'd like to have said in the first place—and they might possibly hang up with little regard for one another. But the minute he steps in his front door at night, he's hubby coming back from the store—and he doesn't want to talk shop. If Doris ever has the urge to continue the discussion the most she ever does is quietly make plans to get him on the phone at the office again in the morning. Other than that they never let the artist-manager relationship in the house. They may not realize it but by doing this they are making jerks out of the learned lads who say such a situation is not possible.

One of the major contentions of the book writers is that it is not possible for a marriage to be truly happy if a woman has anything but making dinner, doing the dishes and keeping the home fires burning on her mind after they both come back from work. This is impossible in the case of Doris Day. She makes movies for a living and the studio demands that she devote her day to acting before the cameras, and a good part of her evenings to studying up on what she is supposed to do the next day. This means that during the shooting of a

movie, she sometimes has to walk about the house in deep thought, or she has to go to her room and pore over her script far into the night.

The danger in this sort of a situation is that the husband might like a little attention and soon develop a snarling dislike for his wife's profession. Marty isn't even wise to that. He has the utmost respect for his wife's profession—and does everything in his power to see that she isn't disturbed. The experts say that if he wants another cup of coffee, he will more than likely snap his fingers and signal for the missus to bring it to him. Not Marty. He installed a restaurant-size coffee urn in his house and when he feels the need of a second or third cup, he goes and gets it. And if Doris' closest pal comes calling while she is upstairs, Marty smilingly tells them Doris is asleep, out of town, run away or anything else he can think of to spare his little lady from disturbance. He's not supposed to do it, you know. Maybe it's just that he loves the girl he's married to.

RECENTLY Doris and Marty attended an unusual seminar. It was an impromptu affair, held at the home of a friend, and the conversation got around to marriages in Hollywood. Suddenly someone noted with surprise that he had never read in any of the columns that Doris and Marty were tiffing or headed for a divorce. With people who have been wed more than a few weeks in the film capital this is a very unusual state of affairs. Generally the columnists find something to predict disaster over during the honeymoon. The Melchers were asked to explain. They couldn't account for it.

Well, we'll do it for them.

During all the time they have been together, even before they married, Doris and Marty have conducted themselves in a sane, orderly manner. Even, as some of the Hollywood folk would contend, in a stuffy manner. They seldom go to night clubs or large parties. Because of this they are seldom seen sitting at the wrong table with a man or a woman, nor can they be accused of paying too much attention to a handsome young stranger at a laughing and drinking spree.

They love their home and their life together so much that they make it the center of their existence. All their pleasures are at their finger tips, and neither of them feels the need to go out and seek strange diversions alone. They have the same interests. They like motoring, seeing new places when they have vacations, so they are kept away from the thorny paths the average stars tread in Manhattan and Paris, places where the columnists lurk.

They have a profound respect for one another. Marty honestly thinks Doris Day has the greatest ballad-singing voice of our time, and is one of the real charmers of the screen. She thinks he is the brightest man in business she has ever met—not just because of a loyalty to a husband—but because he has been successful and respected in his work.

They have, in common, a deep devotion to ideals of living and religion. They try their best to live according to these ideals and help each other at it every day. And they have a united desire to see Terry grow up, go to college and become a fine man. These things, along with their love, may be the reasons they can go against most of the rules of the book and make their marriage work.

In conclusion, we have one word of advice for the experts. If you are ever in Burbank, California, don't stop by the Melcher home. It will frustrate the heck out of you. Except, of course, if you're in the mood to get a good look at a pair who broke the rules to break the record for marital happiness.

END

"
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Janet Leigh—page 61

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Elaine Stewart—page 61

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HOLEPROOF HOSIERY DESCRIPTIONS, pp. 58, 59, 61, 62, 63

Page 58: Zsa Zsa Gabor—Nude Royal, 60 gauge Nude hosiery. Maureen O'Hara—Blush Royal, 51 gauge, 15 denier hosiery with heel and toe reinforcement.

Page 59: Models posing with James Mason—Mist Royal and Beige Royal, 60 gauge Shad-o-bar heel and show-toe hosiery.

Page 61: Janet Leigh—Blonde Royal, 15 denier Nude Foot seamless hosiery.

Page 62: Pamela Mason—Blush Royal, 60 gauge, 15 denier reinforced heel and toe hosiery.

Hosiery to wear with other Accent shoes shown on page 62:

Andora—Blush Royal, 15 denier Nude Foot seamless.

Whistle—Blonde Royal, 15 denier Nude Foot seamless.

Kitty—Blonde Royal, 60 gauge, 15 denier reinforced heel and toe with contrasting dark seams.

Street—worn by Pamela Mason—described above.

Page 63: Joan Evans—Beige Royal, 60 gauge regular reinforced heel and toe with contrasting navy seams. Payer Laurie—Mist Royal, 60 gauge regular reinforced heel and toe with contrasting seams.

Elaine Stewart—photo pg. 61. Reversible blouse and skirt insets of matching broadcloth—body of skirt of contrast denim. Patent belt. Yellow blouse, grey skirt; turquoise blouse, brown skirt; white blouse, navy skirt. 10 to 18. Blouse, under \$5. Skirt, under \$11. By McArthur.



Zsa Zsa Gabor—photo pg. 58. Separates by McArthur, Ltd. The blouse is of broadcloth—the skirt of uncut ribbon polished cotton multi-stripe. Blouse: black, navy, white, pink or lime—under \$5. The skirt comes in color shown only—under \$11. Miss Gabor wears her own pins on the blouse.



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Dawn Addams seen in
MGM's "PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE"

love in a penthouse

(Continued from page 44) the seven-room apartment, came the sound of Tony's voice. "Chlo-ee! Chlo-ee!"

Patti and Jerry exchanged a look.

"Chloe-ee! Chlo-ee!" Tony repeated.

A thin female voice answered from a distance. It was Janet's. "Here I am, darling," she called, "in the closet under the stairs."

"This is a new bit," Jerry muttered to his cute wife with the poodle cut. Both of them traced the sound of the voices and finally came upon Tony and Janet kissing in the closet.

"What's going on here?" Jerry demanded. "We're reorganizing the closets," Janet said.

"Some reorganizing," Mrs. Lewis cracked.

"What's with this Chloe routine?" Jerry asked.

Janet started to giggle. "We began yelling Chloe the first week we moved in here," she explained. "This place is so big we can get four people into the stall shower."

"Wanna try the shower?" Tony asked.

Lewis crossed his eyes, stuck out his tongue, raised his right foot. "You crazy, you! I took my shower last year."

Call it crazy, mad, foolish, gone. Call it what you will. But after living in a three-room apartment for almost two years, Tony and Janet are in heaven now that they've moved into their penthouse.

YOU'LL hear no more stories about the threat to their marriage or their alleged unhappiness, because in the opinion of Janet's mother, who should know, all these rumors stemmed directly from their old housing problem. The irritations caused by living in cramped quarters were magnified by friends and finally found their way into the gossip columns.

"Janet is an extremely orderly person," her mother explains. "She's worse than I am, and I'm a very fussy housekeeper. It actually disturbs her emotionally when things are thrown around."

"In their old place Tony and Janet had no room for books or his magic equipment or their cameras or anything. Janet used to keep her evening dresses at my house. That's a nuisance, you know, going over to your mother's house every time you want to put on a gown, and things like that got on Janet's nerves."

"Naturally enough, friends and newspaper people got wind of her occasional churlishness, and the next thing anyone knew they were writing stories about their incompatibility. Dad and I knew otherwise, but we decided the only way to stop all the gossip was to find the kids a larger home. We stumbled on this penthouse while the two of them were vacationing in New York. That was after they finished the *Houdini* picture."

Janet says her parents' industriousness really paid off. "Honestly," she points out, "when two people start living in real close quarters something can happen to their dispositions. Take Tony. He's got the sweetest disposition of any man I've ever known. Before we were married he was in the habit of puttering around with half-a-dozen different hobbies. He'd discovered that the one sure way for him to relax after work was to do something with his hands. He took up oil painting, building model planes, amateur photography."

"It's very hard to take a turn at each of these hobbies in a small apartment, and that's what we had after we were married. There just wasn't enough floor space, not even to set up his trains. Paints would drip from the easel onto the carpet. There wasn't even a private corner where

he could sit down with a ship model. After a while it got a little discouraging, and he would bemoan his fate. But now that Mother and Daddy got us this penthouse—well, everything's perfect. No one can possibly get on anyone else's nerves."

Mr. and Mrs. Morrison had a pretty good idea of what rental their kids could afford before they went apartment shopping. Janet's father is her business manager, and Mrs. Morrison knows exactly what her daughter needs in the way of a kitchen, closets, cupboards, and so forth.

Oddly enough the Morrisons found a penthouse for rent in an apartment building one block away from where Janet and Tony used to live. Mrs. Morrison made the first inspection of the vacancy. She checked on things like the extra bath and the size of the kitchen cupboards. She made certain that there were two complete dressing rooms. She noted that there were facilities for doing laundry at home, and she fell in love with a spacious roof deck, quickly realizing that the terrace with built-in barbecue, plant boxes, and outdoor furniture offered all the advantages of a backyard without the headache of backyard maintenance.

Mr. Morrison handled the business end of the deal. He told the landlord that his daughter and son-in-law might be able to pay \$400 a month but not a cent more, and he asked Mr. Haberman, the owner of the building, not to rent the penthouse until Tony and Janet returned from New York in a couple of days. An understanding man, Mr. Haberman said he'd hold it for a week.

THE morning the Santa Fé Chief pulled into Pasadena with Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Curtis aboard, both families were

Once upon a time, Marilyn Monroe was walking across a sound stage in the dark and an electrician yelled out, "Watch out for the equipment." So she zipped up her sweater.

Leo Shull

on the platform to meet them. The first words of greeting concerned the penthouse. Janet got so excited that she insisted upon seeing the place before dropping their luggage at the old address.

"Please don't count on it too much," Tony cautioned. "You're liable to be disappointed." Tony has lived through so many of Janet's high moments of anticipation that he knows when to apply the brakes to her unbridled enthusiasm. "I just can't stand to see the look of hurt on her face," he explains, "when she feels let down about something."

"Don't worry, Tony," Janet said, "I've got a feeling that this is our lucky day."

And it was.

Hand-in-hand they climbed the steep flight of stairs that was soon to become the private entrance to their private world. Just to be on the safe side, Janet kept her fingers crossed as they approached the threshold. In the manner of Cary Grant, whom he impersonates perfectly, Tony was acting very debonair, very nonchalant. Mr. Morrison fumbled with the keys for a moment. Then they all trooped in, Mama and Papa Schwartz, the Curtises, Tony's kid brother, the Morrisons.

"My first impression," Janet says, "when I walked into the living room was that this must be the whole apartment. I thought it was one of those chic, modern, one-room studio jobs with everything. My eyes swept over the fireplace grouping. They stopped for a minute on the baby grand piano and the two couches that are each eight feet long. I figured they must be beds. The card room or the game al-

cove—I mistook for the dinette.

"Tony was a lot sharper. He sensed that the place was exactly right from the start. And without even looking at any of the other rooms, he turned to Daddy and said, 'Okay, we'll take it.'"

In addition to a sensational living room, the penthouse boasts six other livable rooms that Tony and Janet have partly furnished.

The dining room is small but stylish. It is separated from the living room by a filmy drapery behind which Janet achieves the most unsuspected lighting effects. By candlelight the room becomes romantic. By using flush-lights Janet emphasizes the dramatic motif. By flooding the room with light from the ceiling's eggcrate fixture, she turns the room into a party setting.

TONY says the second largest room in the apartment—he's measured them all—is the master bedroom. Done in muted greens and rose, it's furnished with massive pieces of blonde furniture. In the comfortable expansiveness of the room, the scale and proportion of the furnishings is deceptive. Janet and Tony's king-size bed, for example, looks like an ordinary double bed, although it's much larger, and the normal-sized chaise longue gets lost in one corner.

Off the bedroom are the two dressing rooms lined with wardrobe closets. The closets are so beautifully organized that they delight Janet's orderly soul. A double-hung rod allows her to keep her blouses and skirts one above the other. Dresses and coats fit in two separate compartments. Handbags and hats are kept on deep shelves and her large collection of shoes hangs in shoe bags inside every closet door.

Tony's clothes are divided into groups. Sport shirts in one section, slacks and sport coats together in another, tailored suits in a third, and hobby clothes in a fourth. Tony's hobby clothes consist of everything imaginable from worn-out sneakers to old Navy tee-shirts.

The two most frequented places in the house are the den and the Tony Curtis Hobby Shop. They are really one large room divided by a partial partition which serves as shelf storage. The den side of the partition features a spinet piano, a wire-recorder, a soft couch, books, two chairs, and a telephone. Janet and Tony usually rehearse their lines in this room. It's also used for interviews and cozy little female conversations. On occasion it's been called the jive room, too. Let some of the hyper-talented friends gather, and quickly the room takes on the heated intimacy of a recording booth.

The far side of the partition is Tony's personal province, its decor and furnishings dependent upon his obsession at the moment. If he's casting clay masks, the room is cluttered with bags of plaster. If he's on the model plane kick, then balsa wood is strewn all about. No matter how her fingers itch to tidy up this room, Janet leaves it alone, but strictly. To date she has insisted upon only one wifely prerogative. Before Tony set up his paints and easel Janet made him tack down a piece of linoleum on the floor, so that he wouldn't ruin the carpet.

The apartment also boasts a house-size pantry and kitchen as well as a guest room and bath. "Technically we have a guest room," Tony explains, "but if we had to sleep a guest over, it'd be tough. The guest room is jammed with Janet's out-of-season clothes."

The Curtises supervise their menage very smoothly with the help of one housekeeper, Ida May. Idy, as she's fondly known, used to work for Janet's mother, but she's been with Janet ever since she and Tony tied the knot. She comes by the

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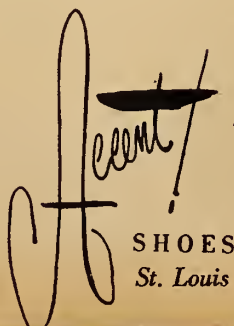


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day, five days a week, and works from noon until the dinner dishes are finished. "Tony and Janet," she says, "suit each other fine. Janet is a very meticulous person, and Tony is very nice. All Janet has to do is leave me a note telling me what Tony wants to eat if she has to work late at the studio. That boy is an understanding husband. Just feed him, and he's fine."

ON New Year's Day Janet and Tony gave their first penthouse party. They had 15 people in to brunch and to watch the Rose Bowl Game on television. Naturally the girls in the party were much more interested in inspecting the apartment than

watching football. Towards the shank of the afternoon one of the girls turned to Janet and said, "Why do you and Tony pay such a high rent for an apartment when you could get a house instead?"

Janet had some carefully thought-out answers. In the first place, she pointed out, if someone were to slice off the top floor of their building and put it on a lot, "You'd find that our apartment in size is the equivalent of a rather large house. This means we have space and privacy without the responsibility of owning property. When we start to raise a family, we don't want to be stuck with an old house. Also we're planning a trip

to Europe in a few months, and we want to be free to lock the door and take off. You can't do that when you own a house. Someone has to look after the garden, the property, pay the taxes, and all of that. We've also decided that when the first baby comes along we'll buy a house and let it grow with us."

"Do you expect a baby in the near future?" someone asked Janet.

"I'm not pregnant if that's what you mean," Mrs. Curtis answered, "but I'm sure looking forward to it." And with that Tony held up three books on child care. "Used to be a Boy Scout," he explained. "Always believe in being prepared." **END**

now we have everything

(Continued from page 32) Caesarean section. Many actresses such as Judy Garland and Elizabeth Taylor have had their babies in this fashion. One of the many advantages of the Caesarean is that the mother can pretty well fix her own date of confinement during the final month of her pregnancy.

Lucille told her obstetrician, Dr. Joe Harris, that she wanted her real-life baby to be born on the same day the baby in her TV script was supposed to come into the world.

"January 19th will be fine," Dr. Harris told her.

ONE day before, Desi drove Lucille down to the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital. Lucille says, "He drove well, but he was quite nervous. Every 30 seconds he kept turning to me and saying, 'How do you feel? How do you feel?' I felt better than he did."

"Who was nervous?" Desi asks in retrospect. "Not me. I was just maybe a little excited."

Lucille was checked into the hospital at 4:30 P.M. on a Sunday. Desi began smoking frantically . . . furiously.

"No use of you hanging around here," the doctor told him. "Nothing is going to happen until tomorrow."

Desi made certain that Lucille was comfortable. He smoked two packs of cigarettes in the process, then left her with one final admonition. "If you can possibly do it, darling, make it a boy."

Desi spent the night at the home of his mother, Mrs. Dolores Lolita Arnaz. By 6:30 the next morning he was back at the hospital, pacing the floors.

At 7:00 A.M. Lucille was wheeled into the delivery room. Dr. Harris gave her a spinal.

During the course of the delivery, Lucille asked a nurse, "Is it a boy?"

"We don't know yet," the nurse said.

Lucille beamed when she was told she had given birth to a boy; so, too, did the doctors; the nurses clapped their hands.

Desi, his face flattened against a glass partition, saw the doctors and nurses laughing, and according to him, "I knew right away it was a boy. Honestly! I could tell from the expression on everyone's face."

The child was immediately named Desiderio Alberto Arnaz IV after his father, grandfather, and great grandfather, and weighed in at 8 lbs. 9 ounces.

Following the delivery, Lucille was wheeled down the hall and Desi was permitted in her private room for five minutes. "I don't know what I told her," he confesses. "I was so happy. I just kissed her and I know I said thank you and I love you and I know she said I love you and thank you, Desi, and something else. But who can remember at a time like that?"

After his five-minute visit with Lucy, 84 Desi raced down the hospital corridors

shouting, "It's a boy. It's a boy. Now we have everything. Now we have everything."

Mrs. Desiree Ball, Lucille's mother, and Desi's mother, were waiting in the anteroom, and they heard Desi before they saw him. Mrs. Arnaz came over and hugged Mrs. Ball, whose broken leg was in a cast, the result of having fallen out of an auto.

That afternoon the family saw the baby, and Lucille's mother said, "He has a pug-nose just like Lucy." Desi's mother said, "He looks just like Desi, even his black hair."

Desi says the baby will be shown on one television program when he gets a little older, and after that he'll be retired to the Arnaz nursery for the next two years.

Friends of Lucille say that she always wanted two children and now that she has both a son and daughter will probably have no more offspring. "Desi says we have everything," she claims, "and I guess he's right."

TO Lucille Ball, her children, her career, her money, her fame are all important but first and foremost in her book of values comes the success of her marriage to Desi.

Lucille once lost Desi—they both know what life is like without each other—and they don't particularly care to re-live the experience.

Ten years ago, Lucy and Desi had a dilly of a fight. It concerned a couple who were staying out at the Arnaz ranch. The fight reached the danger point, and Lucille insisted that she had had enough. She was going to file for a divorce.

In white heat, Desi said that was okay with him. He was going into the Army, and he'd just as soon not have a wife to worry about. He was inducted into the service, and Lucille went ahead with the divorce proceedings.

When his basic training was finished, Desi came back to Los Angeles on his first leave and immediately phoned Lucille. She asked him to come out to the ranch.

"It was wonderful," Desi recalls. "We looked at each other. We knew that we were still very much in love, and we decided to forget our quarrel and live in peace."

Legally and technically, Desi and Lucille were still man and wife, so Desi spent the night at the ranch.

When he awoke at nine the next morning, he was surprised to find Lucille fully and beautifully clothed. "Where you going this time of morning?" he asked groggily.

"To get our divorce," Lucille said.

Desi shook the sleep out of his eyes. "Did you say divorce?" he asked.

"Yes, divorce."

"But I thought you agreed everything was fine?" he insisted. "You said last night that we'd never again separate."

"Now, look," Lucille explained. "I filed for divorce two months ago. The case is set for ten o'clock this morning. The judge is going to be there. The lawyer is going to be there. The reporters are going to be there,

and I'm simply not going to disappoint that many people."

Oddly enough, Lucille drove down to court and asked the judge for a divorce on grounds of mental cruelty. It was granted very quickly, whereupon she thanked everyone and drove back to the ranch. Here she cooked breakfast for Desi and when he woke up for the second time, served it to him. Then they kissed—and, well, it was almost like a second honeymoon.

All divorce decrees in California are interlocutory decrees. It takes one year before they become final. In the case of Desi and Lucy, they were living together as man and wife even while the divorce was granted, so that it never really took effect.

Just to make sure that everything was legal and above board, the lovers were re-married a few years ago by a Catholic priest. Lucille is not Catholic but Desi is, so, of course, both of their children are being raised in the Catholic faith.

Ever since that incident, Desi and Lucille have never used the word "divorce."

Both of them are stubborn and highly-opinionated and argue a good deal, especially for a pair of love-birds, but the quarrel usually ends up with a long tempestuous kiss and as Desi says, "with Lucy being right."

BEFORE Desi dreamed up the fantastically successful TV program of *I Love Lucy*, he used to move out of the house "each time we had a hassel." He'd pack his clothes, throw the luggage into his car, drive 22 miles into town and check in at the Hollywood Athletic Club. A day later he'd phone Lucy and that night he'd be back.

"Finally," he says, "I said to myself, 'This is crazy, this moving out everytime you have a fight. It costs too much money.' So I got hold of a carpenter and together we built what I call our rumpus-house. It's right on our property and has everything, dining room, bath, study, kitchen. Now when Lucy and I have a quarrel, I don't have to drive into town. I just move into the rumpus-house. Only a funny thing, now that I have some place nearby to go, we don't seem to have so many serious quarrels. Just friendly little arguments. We're really too busy to fight."

I Love Lucy is not only the most successful television program in the country, but its by-products are becoming big business. There's an *I Love Lucy* comic strip, Lucy and Desi dolls, and undoubtedly a flock of Lucy fashions to come in pajamas, dresses, hats, and other clothes items.

Desi and Lucille have been married for 12 years, during the first ten of which the comedienne says, "We tried our darndest to have some children. Just when we were reconciled to a childless marriage, bingo—two in a row."

"That's show business for you," shrugs fatalistic Desi.

Lucille Ball tosses her mate an understanding grin. "Desi's so excited about being the father of a son," she explains, "that he sometimes gets nature mixed up with show business." **END**

(Continued from page 37) they both tried to carry out a studied pretense that they weren't at all the hysterical type.

At this point, Mike's sense of humor proved to be an excellent prenatal influence. It's doubtful whether his young wife, who was still a few weeks away from her 21st birthday, had ever enjoyed a more hearty laugh in her whole lifetime than over his straight-faced comment, slightly distorted now, but the same in essence, that still echoes in the conversation of friends. "We have a nerve!" one remembers he exclaimed. "Two unemployed actors undertaking parenthood."

Funny? Yes, but all humor is based on truth. Despite the fact that a new five-year contract had been negotiated for Liz, raising her salary from the neighborhood of \$1,500 to \$3,000 a week, she was on suspension. Not because studio bosses are cruelly oblivious to motherhood, it's just that, much as they would like to have made her a present of her regular salary until she was able to work again, Hollywood now operates under more stringent rules than in the past.

As for Mike Wilding, let it be recorded that he is no different from other expectant fathers. He did not relish being unemployed at the time of the baby's arrival. But if prenatal influence is not a lot of pure nonsense, young Michael Howard Wilding should be a lad of sturdy character, for his father had been heard to utter a firm "no" to an important part with Lana Turner in *Latin Lovers*, although he had recently signed a contract with Metro which nets him in the neighborhood of \$1,000 a week. "It's not that the role isn't good," he said, "it just isn't good for me."

No one, least of all Elizabeth or Mike Wilding, expects any sympathy.

Their combined income should make them better off than at least 95% of all other salaried employees in the nation. But they certainly are not rich and probably never will be. Their son wasn't born with a silver spoon in his mouth, but he did have a gold one by his bedside. It came as a gift from Danish silversmith Philip Paval. It matches exactly the one given by him to Queen Elizabeth at the birth of Prince Charles.

But whatever their financial rating, they maintained a fine average of parental behavior the last few hours before Michael H. Wilding, Jr.'s arrival. A last minute check of Elizabeth's condition convinced the doctor that she should have additional X-rays. These were made the day before the baby's birth and as gently as possible Liz was told that it would be best for the child if she went to the hospital the next day for a Caesarean delivery.

You have the word of friends that this was a disappointment Elizabeth found hard to take, but in a situation like this, events move too swiftly for any lingering regrets. They were at Santa Monica Hospital before she could think of much more to say about it to Mike, other than, "Well at least you won't have to pace the floor for hours, waiting."

That's what she thought! Mike followed her to their two-room suite, in a complete daze. They hardly had time for a couple of fervent "I love you's," when crisp, efficient nurses ordered him out of the room. To Mike it seemed like seconds later that she was wheeled out, a still form in white from head to foot, her hair completely done up in white cloth and knotted in bunny rabbit fashion. Only her eyes seemed alive as she stared up at him and whispered in as-

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surance, "They say it will take only 15 minutes."

Only 15 minutes! Mike returned to the room where her mother was sitting, quietly reading a religious science book. He sat down to wait for those only 15 minutes to pass, and by the time his watch showed an elapsed 30 minutes, he had very little sanity left. Amusing? Such situations never are to expectant fathers. At exactly 39 minutes and 30 seconds, Mike was certain that something must have gone wrong. He started for the door.

Mercifully, a young interne appeared on the scene to steady him.

"Congratulations, Mr. Wilding. You are the father of a fine baby boy!"

"Yes! Yes! But is my wife all right?"

The interne ignored the question. "Yes sir, a fine baby boy. Now, if you'll excuse me..." And the interne was gone.

Mike went back to his chair and took a long pull at the small bottle of scotch tucked into his topcoat by an understanding male who had been through things like this before.

If hospital attendants are correct, the first thing Mike said to Elizabeth when she had conquered her drowsiness long enough to comprehend, were the exultant words, "I saw him!"

To which they say she replied with a smile, "That's nothing. I saw him when he was five seconds old."

And indeed she had. It seems that drugs do not take a normal effect on Liz. People who know her best say that nothing less than a tap on the head with a baseball bat will put her completely under. Thus, she was more than ordinarily aware of what was going on, and watched as much of the proceedings as she possibly could under the circumstances. About one thing she was disappointed, however. Her ears were stuffed with cotton and she couldn't hear Michael's first baby cry of protest as he was patted on the po-po.

In the days that have followed, a great change seems to have come over Mrs. Mike Wilding, young mother, as compared to Elizabeth Taylor, the darling of MGM. Whereas in months and years past there has been some justified comment to the effect that a degree of selfishness was one of Liz's traits, that is all gone. Her two Michaels are her entire world, and beyond that she looks forward in two years, or perhaps less, to another child.

After this stout assertion of further ambitions in the career of motherhood, a friend told her, "That's all very well, but with only two bedrooms, the playroom and the maid's quarters, how will you manage in this house?"

"That's simple," Liz replied. "We have plenty of room to build on another wing."

Studio bosses may hope that Liz will temper her ambitions somewhat in this direction. By this time she should be working in the picture, *The Brothers Were Valiant*, her long-postponed film with Stewart Granger and Bob Taylor. Friends, however, are delighted.

"I have never seen such a change in any woman," declared one of her business managers. "She is not as conscious of herself as she was. She seems suddenly to have become completely adult. I think it will make her a much finer actress, but people won't be able to persuade her to do things as easily as they have in the past. In my opinion, she is the greatest personality we have on the screen today, but now it's the studio's responsibility to see that she has pictures that are worthy of her talents."

Commenting on Mike, this same astute agent, who insists on keeping his name a secret, says, "He is a sensitive actor who always claims he hates the acting profession. I don't think he has quite found him-

self, but I'm convinced that he will one day, very soon, perhaps as a writer-director."

In the midst of all this conjecture, the Wildings are intently occupied behind the closed and locked gates of their new home, so well hidden from the road that even with one of those movie stars homes maps that can be purchased along Sunset Boulevard, no one may peer inside. Mike has said, "With my memory I'd have a difficult time finding my own house, but the number 1771 reads the same forward and backwards, so I can't miss."

"Also," he added, "the sign reading 'Beware Of The Dog' means just exactly that." Aside from the "watch" variety, there is Gi-Gi, the poodle, a recent mother of two, and a dachshund who can hear a twig snap at two blocks away.

THIS near barbed-wire set-up is not motivated by snobbishness or anti-social feelings on the part of either Michael or Liz. It is a purely practical measure brought about in part by some pretty unpleasant experiences before and just after the birth of their son.

Liz, from childhood, has known how to work with the press. She understands the

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Abbreviations: Bot., Bottom; Cen., Center; Exc., Except; Lt., Left; Rt., Right.

importance of publicity, and has always cooperated beautifully with the people who get the news. It was sometimes a great strain... as in those frantic days when a horde of reporters haunted her to learn the truth about her pending divorce from Nicky Hilton... and the subsequent wild scramble for intimate news of her sudden marriage in England to personable Mike Wilding. But even publicity-wise Elizabeth Taylor could not conceive of the pitch the news-fever would rise to in the effort to be the first to break the story of Liz and her baby, complete with pictures. (The contest was more frenzied than usual because of resentment felt by other publications when MODERN SCREEN scooped the field to publish an exclusive set of pictures of Jane Powell's adorable Suzanne several months ago.)

So the fantastic story of Elizabeth's nightmare began. At this point no one could blame her if she believed that all members of the press are pathological in their pursuance of a "Scoop."

For instance, one reporter talked a friend of his into going up to the Summit Drive home of Liz and Mike, disguised as a gardener. The idea was that the young man would watch his chance, slip into the house and snap a picture. This sort of thing, as anyone can imagine, is liable to result in someone winding up in jail. Fortunately, the young man was unable to penetrate the

Wilding house, and had to report back a failure.

In the meantime, dozens of photographic news services, reporters and editors hammered away at the problem. They called Mike Wilding by long distance phone until Mike was ready to pull the offending instrument out by the roots. They contacted Elizabeth's friends, trying to convince them to steal a picture of the baby. They even covered all of the camera shops in Beverly Hills, trying to find the place at which Mike had taken his snapshots to be developed, just in case there might be a loose stray negative.

What has happened up until now, ridiculous as it may seem, has resulted in a heavy veil of censorship, behind which Elizabeth has been forced to retire, temporarily, in Garbo-like silence. And a wall has been built around the love of the Wildings, figuratively and literally.

INSIDE that wall of an evening Liz and Mike curl up together in the living room on a huge lavender couch. Liz, more than likely wearing her gift from Mike. After the baby was born he presented her with a beautiful strand of pearls, interwoven in a golden rope. Naturally, enough, it's her favorite and rarely leaves her lovely throat these days. The Scotch nurse, who may soon be leaving because Liz has expressed a desire to go it alone with little Michael when he's a trifle older, brings the baby in for big Mike to burp. He doesn't quite have the hang of it yet, and more often than not Liz has to take over.

Then silence falls over the house. Mr. and Mrs. Wilding may watch a favorite television program for a while, but when an English picture comes on with Mike in it, he gets up and switches it off in spite of her protests, for as he has put it on more than one occasion, "Ordinarily I'm a reasonable enough fellow, but I don't care for my acting."

If you could be there then in the early evening, with Liz and Mike as they look out over the city far out to the light of ships at sea, you would realize that is one time at least they should be left alone together, for they are just beginning to build the stuff of which precious memories are made.

You could chuckle with them as they recall the early visitor who looked at the baby and exclaimed, "How beautiful—what a perfectly shaped head—why he looks exactly like a human being."

Or you could hear Father Wilding say, "I don't know when I'll get used to it. Every time I call him Michael, I feel like I'm talking to myself!"

You probably have seen the newspaper pictures, if they have been released by this time, and noticed the same thing their friends have—that the baby has his mother's eyes and nose; his father's mouth and facial characteristics. He smiles the same way his dad does, as though secretly amused by something.

Perhaps that's because he knows, even at this early age, that his mother has a considerable sense of humor. For when Michael was only two weeks old, someone commented that his full head of hair closely resembled his dad's. Liz, her eyes twinkling, glanced at Mike's fast receding hairline as she exclaimed, "Oh a lot of babies have a good head of hair just after they are born. But don't worry, he'll lose it soon enough—just like his father!"

But Mike, Sr., didn't lose one hair over the traditional poser asked new fathers: "Whom do you think she loves more—you or the baby?" Mike had the answer in a second, and it should become a classic: "All I know is that Liz never lets me out of her sight and I will never let her out of mine!"

END

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hollywood fashion party

(Continued from page 58) followed by fruit salad, vegetable salad, coffee and a mouthwatering array of desserts. All specialties of Hollywood's famous Brown Derby.

Denise Darcel, who looked good enough to eat herself, in a dark suit with white accent and chapeau, had a constantly changing series of admiring male luncheon partners. Deborah Kerr, drifting back and forth in a wispy black and white dotted dress, looked lovely, as did Mala Powers. Other guests who gaily chatted with Denise and Deborah included Charlton Heston, Joan Caulfield, Marilyn Maxwell, Janet Leigh, Leslie Caron, Mr. and Mrs. Barry Sullivan, Phyllis Kirk and Elaine Stewart.

The judges' table looked like a page from MODERN SCREEN's popularity poll!

Seated at it were Fernando Lamas, June Allyson, Shelley Winters, Dick Powell, Dana Andrews, Pamela Mason, Deborah Kerr, Anne Baxter, Joan Evans, and special guests Radio Commentator Michael Silver and famous sculptor, Nison Tregor.

Esther Williams, who'd been chosen as this year's M. S. fashion commentator, started the showing after lunch. The celebrities and other guests settled down into their chairs, and the show was on!

Hollywood's top models paraded the newest Spring styles in gaily colored cotton dresses, cute little hats, and smart Spring shoes. They twirled adorable umbrellas, useful for both rain and shine, as they passed in review. Each member of the board of judges, pencil and paper in hand, jotted down his selections for the prize-winning styles. Afterwards, the decisions of the judges were announced. Then the stars donned the winning styles and were photographed for MODERN

SCREEN's star-studded fashion pages.

As the exciting afternoon drew to a close, the stars were led to a corner of the terrace, for the "grab-bag" contest. Lining up, each star selected a present from the pile of prettily wrapped Easter gifts. June Allyson was first up, and was the lucky winner of a piece of Samsonite luggage. Other gifts were Dana 20 Carats perfume and cologne, more Samsonite luggage, Encore cigarettes, Lubar's gay and smart umbrellas, Elgin compacts, Ledo's exquisite rhinestone jewelry, Lennox of St. Louis handbags, Brown Derby cakes, Paper-Mate pens stamped with "MODERN SCREEN Fashion Party," personalized Paper-Mate desk sets stamped with stars' names, men's bow-ties (see Dana Andrews, page 51), Hicproof nylon hosiery, Luxite nylon tricot petticoats, Ah-Footsie denim and terrycloth playshoes with lush foam rubber soles, and Rose Marie Reid dolls with gift certificates for bathing suits. **END**

MODERN SCREEN wants to thank these stars for taking time out from their busy lives: Nison Tregor, outstanding sculptor of the age. He has sculpted President Dwight D. Eisenhower and will fly to England soon to do Queen Elizabeth II and Winston Churchill. Pamela Mason (Mrs. James Mason): playwright and writer under the name Pamela Kellino, hostess of MODERN SCREEN's fashion party.

Dana Andrews: appearing in Para-

mount's *Elephant Walk*. Shelley Winters, Universal-International star last seen in MGM's *My Man And I*. Deborah Kerr, next in MGM's *Dream Wife*. June Allyson, next in MGM's *Battle Circus*. Joan Evans, star of Samuel Goldwyn pictures, currently appearing in Universal-International's *Columns South*. Fernando Lamas, next in MGM's *The Girl Who Had Everything*. Esther Williams, next in MGM's *Dangerous*

When Wet, a Technicolor production.

Michael Silver, Managing Director of the Commercial Radio Corporation of Southern Africa. Dick Powell, last in MGM's *The Bad And The Beautiful*, and recently directed the filming of RKO's *Split Second*, starring Jane Russell and Victor Mature. Anne Baxter, star of Warner's *I Confess* (Alfred Hitchcock's new thriller filmed in Canada).

hollywood's newest sex queen

(Continued from page 49) Peter-Pannish paddock girl job in *The Return Of October* with Glenn Ford and after that romped with a blown-up gorilla in *Mighty Joe Young* to become the Saturday morning heroine of the bikeland set. And that's how almost everyone around town still sized up Terry as an actress—just another juvenile.

But they don't any more. They sure don't. And the person who switched all this stymied thinking to more constructive channels—high time, too—is nobody but Terry Moore herself.

ABOUT a year ago, Terry added up her Hollywood prospects and the answer came dangerously close to zero. She had a contract at Columbia but it had dribbled along with only five pictures in five years and option time was approaching. Terry had a hunch her option wouldn't be lifted and she wasn't sure she wanted it lifted, either. So, getting an idea, she picked up her telephone and called Paul Nathan, producer Hal Wallis' casting director. "I'm Terry Moore," she told him. "I want to play Marie Buckholder in *Come Back, Little Sheba*. Please—will you see me?"

"Why not?" he came back. "I've seen about everyone else"—which was the truest of talk. Already, about every busty belle and curvaceous cutie in Hollywood had been considered for the part—including Marilyn Monroe. And they'd all been put back in the cheesecake box, including Marilyn.

Terry Moore slipped on her "lucky outfit"—a royal blue sweater and a royal blue skirt, and looking like what she was meant to be—a college co-ed—gunned her Chevy over to Paramount. Inside, she read a scene, and in a fast triple play from Nathan to Director Danny Mann to Wallis, she got the part.

If you've seen Terry Moore's sex-loaded scenes with Richard Jaeckel in *Come Back, Little Sheba*, you'll know what the shout-

ing's all about. But if you haven't or until you do, well—

One producer came out of the preview shaking his head unbelievably. "I thought Hollywood had done everything there was to do with sex," he marvelled, "but I was wrong. This is new—and the best yet. It's sex with a fresh scrubbed look!"

Another hungry critic who has seen them all come and go promptly offered to eat his typewriter. "If the scenes between Dick Jaeckel and Terry Moore aren't the sexiest since Garbo and Gilbert."

But a fan, maybe, said it with the most powerful prose. "Terry," he wrote, "you sure put the 'she' in 'Sheba'!"

But while all of this—not only the new deal in Hollywood sex appeal, but the fact that Terry Moore can act—is a surprise to everyone else, to Terry the only amazing thing is that it took so long. This is her third Hollywood "discovery" over a stretch of 13 years. Twice before she's watched great expectations fizzle out for one reason or another. This time, she's making sure they stick.

EVEN before the *Sheba* results got around Hollywood, Terry took typical Moore measures to keep her luck warmed up. One hot August day last summer she raced to the San Diego airport, grabbed the controls of a rented plane and pointed it north toward Hollywood. She was after another job.

Minutes before, her agent had called her at La Jolla, where she was playing summer stock. He told her that Director Elia Kazan would see her that day about a part in his next picture—that is, if she could make it by four o'clock. Could she? It was past noon then. She had a performance that night. Terry didn't think twice. "Sure," she said.

It was after three when she swooped down on Clover Field, yelled, "Keep it warm!" to the gasser and roared away with the waiting agent. She wore pedal pushers, a T-shirt and tennis sneakers.

Minutes later, she stood disheveled and breathless, before the man with whom

every star in Hollywood yearns to make a picture. Terry had never met Kazan before. On her way in she'd run a gauntlet of hopefully waiting starlets, gussied up to the eyebrows. The great director surveyed the touseled apparition, a little puzzled. He was hunting a sexy girl, too.

"Well," he finally observed, "who are you and what can you do?"

"I'm Terry Moore," she told "Gadge" Kazan. "I can fly a plane, and I can break wild horses. I can act, too and I can also be very mean."

"Wonderful!" Kazan grinned. "I'm sick of 'glamor' girls. Come right this way." A little later, Terry walked out with the prize part of *The Man On The Tightrope*, which she recently made in Germany. And in which, they say, she steams up an icy Alpine stream in a flesh-colored bathing-suit love scene with Cameron Mitchell, the like of which has never been seen.

After that, Kazan called Terry "a female Marlon Brando" (his highest praise) and Twentieth Century-Fox signed her to a long term contract—but only after some pretty spirited bidding. Five other studios wanted Terry, too. Everyone agrees that it couldn't happen to a nicer girl. Only it's not entirely correct to say it happened. Terry Moore made it happen, which is the way she's been operating ever since she was born Helen Luella Koford at the Methodist Hospital in Los Angeles, Jan. 7, 1930.

WHILE Terry herself is a typically California product, her dad, Lamar Koford, is half Swede and half Dane, and her mother, the former Luella Bickmore, is half Danish and half Scotch. That makes Terry three-fourths Scandinavian by blood, which you can spot right away in her slightly tilted eyes that are the green-blue of a glacial lake and in her skin, as smooth and soft as a snowbank. The Scotch in Terry comes out with thick coal black eyebrows that still have to be plucked daily and equally ebon lashes. Both Viking boldness and canny Highlander persistence have cropped out in Terry all her life.

Once, when she was four, in suburban

Glendale where she grew up, her mother took her to the doctor's for a whooping cough shot. She turned to talk to the nurse and when she looked around her daughter was outside the window teetering on a ledge ten stories above the pavement. "Wait," hissed the nurse, "we can't scare her." She sidled over to the window and asked, "Is there anything interesting down there?" Then, as the intrepid toddler peered to see if there was, she grabbed her.

Another time, on a family visit to the Griffith Park Zoo, they paused before the lion cage just as the attendant came along with the afternoon horsemeat. When he opened the gates, Helen shot in after him, enchanted with the roars. He snatched her away from the beasts, but when he turned to go back Helen was on his heels again. This time they hustled her out of the zoo.

The trouble was that Terry was endowed with the natural curiosity of a kitten, the spunk of a terrier and the legs of a jack-rabbit—a dangerous combination for any kid. On top of that, she was an unreconstructed tomboy, who scorned sissy diversions until, in fact, just recently. Now she's collecting dolls, "Making up," as Terry grins, "for my misspent childhood."

But what Helen Koford liked back then was action. The boys' gangs she raced with on the block called her "Cottontail" and "Doe" because she could scoot so fast. "I was the best dirt clod fighter for my weight and age on our block," Terry boasts. "I could bean a kid and then get the heck out of there." Speed, in fact, became a fetish which Terry still thrills to as she streaks through the air at the controls of a plane.

Up in Downey, Idaho, where Helen spent summer vacations with her aunts and uncles, a neighboring ranch trained race-horses and, naturally, that's where she sneaked whenever she could, climbing over the fence and breezing the thoroughbreds

at full gallop up and down the track until she got caught. Her own relatives' farm raised minks and silver foxes and it was there that Helen acquired a fierce love for all kinds of critters. She still picks up dead birds and buries them in her backyard with little crosses, loves everything that flies, hops, gallops or pads and had a wonderful time making *Mighty Joe Young* even though a frenzied horse almost trampled her. The same goes for her recent circus picture, *The Man On The Tightrope* where a jumbo elephant pussyfooted up behind Terry and almost squashed her to grease before the German lion tamer snatched her to safety. As a matter of fact, Terry loves animals so much that until recently she kept a pet constrictor named "Midnight," which she picked up in Florida. She missed him so much when she flew to Germany last year that she had him flown over—but, conditioned to sea-level, the snake coiled up and died.

In the face of all the above, it is not only remarkable that Helen Koford grew up to be the leading exponent of a new sex appeal in Hollywood. As her mother says it's remarkable enough that she ever grew up. But as any parent knows such kids lead a charmed life. They also know that often the most hopeless tomboy turns into the most luscious lovely.

There was another factor which served to keep Miss Helen Koford from growing up and joining the Marines. She loved to perform. Blessed with a native imagination of a Scheherezade, and the mimicry of a chimpanzee, Helen Luella was lured into frocks and frills with the promise that she could recite. It's true that at first her subjects ran to cop-car sirens, machine guns, etc., and once at three her mother caught her taping potholders on her shoulders after a look at the U.S.C. football squad in

the newspaper. But gradually she was channeled into a more ladylike repertoire and at four she made her first hit.

That was on a Mother's Day program at the Mormon Church when she recited "Somebody's Mother" and—even though it was church—the congregation rose up and clapped. From then on Helen was reading and memorizing everything she could find (she could read before she went to kindergarten) even writing her own skits.

Neighbors used to call her mother up. "Can I borrow Helen this afternoon?" they'd ask. "We're having company," Helen was always pleased to oblige. At school teachers trotted into her room whispered to her teacher and crooked a finger. Some emergency had arisen but Helen would keep the kids quiet. She filled in at assemblies, at about every kind of Glendale clambake. "There used to be a saying among the kids at school," recalls Terry, "in case of fire, call Koford!"

But it was all good experience, just how good is attested by the fact that—even though some say she's ripe for an Academy Award today—Terry Moore has yet to have a drama lesson.

By the time she was ten and in fifth grade, Mrs. Koford's tilt-nosed, blonde daughter was as well known as the mayor of Glendale and twice as popular. And, as invariably happens with fireball kiddies so close to Hollywood, what her mother got was, "That girl ought to be in the movies." Thrilling words to most girls, but Helen didn't seem at all impressed.

It took an interested neighbor to sic Helen on a Hollywood career, or rather to sic it on Helen. What this lady, Ann Jensen, did was to have a photograph taken of Helen and then, unknown to the Kofords, pay \$10 to have it printed in a Hollywood casting directory along with Helen's name and phone number. The results were quick,

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surprising, but also mighty embarrassing.

The week the book was published, Twentieth Century-Fox called Mrs. K. "Do you have a little blonde girl named Helen Koford—and can she ride a horse?" they asked. That did it for Helen—the horse. She didn't take any chances on missing the fun. "I was wearing braces on my teeth then," she remembers, "and I knew that would ruin everything. I went to the orthodontist and had them taken off. Well, the very first thing they said was, 'This girl wears braces on her teeth.' So I had to have them all cemented on again. I spent my paycheck before I even got it." But her screen debut was even sadder.

The picture was *Maryland*, a race horse epic. Helen rode her horse, all right, and loved it, for four days at \$25 a day. At school she spread the exciting news of her impending triumph. Finally along with her girl friends she saw *Maryland*. She wasn't in it. Instead she was in disgrace. "What a liar!" scoffed one girl. "I'll bet you made it all up. You never were in the movies."

"Maybe you were," said another. "But you were so punk they had to cut you out."

The sting of that smack-down, however, was soothed somewhat by child parts in three fine movies which rescued Helen's reputation: *Gaslight*, *The Howards Of Virginia*, and *My Gal Sal*. Other exciting things also happened to Helen Luella Koford, including two careers she hadn't even thought about: One, in Hollywood radio, and another as America's magazine cover queen. In fact, about seven years ago, unless you were deaf or blind, it was hard to miss Helen Koford over the air or on the newsstands.

SHE started radio right at the bottom—acting in commercials. But when Helen did commercials the audience applauded. Soon she was one of the three girls who carried almost the entire child acting load at the Hollywood ether studios—a fixture on coast-to-coast shows like *Mayor Of The Town*, the *Bob Burns Show*, *Big Town*, *A Date With Judy* to name a few. Then one day Tom Kelley, a commercial photographer, took a couple of pictures. He sent them East tucked in a package of others. What he got back from his agent was an excited wire: "This Koford kid is loaded with personality. Sold the two for covers. Can sell all you send." But Kelley was busy and didn't follow through. He told Helen about it though. She's not a gal to let anything cool down.

Driving through Hollywood next day on her way to a radio show she spotted a sign, "John Randolph, Commercial Photographer." Helen walked right in and kept walking in every week for the next two years. During that time Randolph photographed nobody but her. As a result Helen landed on the cover of about every big time magazine. Outside of Linda Christian she had no cover girl rival. She made 40 odd, more than any other girl in the U.S.A.

What Helen Koford revealed in those cover girl days is exactly what Terry Moore is still proving today—that fresh, young sex can be something besides canyons of cleavage and bikini shorts. In every cover, ad, or artist's portrait Helen Koford posed for she was "fresh-scrubbed and clean cut." She beamed a smile like morning sunshine. She posed with water dripping off her face, snow in her hair, sunlight, wind and rain on her cheeks. She posed on horses, with dogs, in a pool, playing tennis, on skis. She looked like somebody's daughter, some boy's girl, the sweet kid next door. She still does—but oh, what a kid!

Strangely enough, it wasn't this feminine charm that put Helen back in the Hollywood running for the second time,

after she'd framed her high school diploma. On the contrary—following a brief contract with Eagle-Lion which did little for Helen except change her name to Jan Ford—she was grabbed by Columbia for *The Return Of October* to make her biggest hit so far playing—that's right—a tomboy.

Helen, or Jan, was such a convincing tomboy, though, that everyone said, "Why, you *are* Terry," (the character's name) and so for the second time Helen Koford rechristened herself. The "Moore" comes from the last half of her mother's maiden name, Bickmore. She's kind of sorry she's stuck with it now, though. "Terry" sounds like such a bobby-soxer, and after all, she's pretty thoroughly grown up.

For a while it looked as if her screen career was off to the races at last. Terry toured 22 cities, with the picture, came, saw and conquered. Newspapers proclaimed: "A new star is born!" They called her "The girl with the champagne personality," made her a Kentucky Colonel—all kinds of things. But back in Hollywood all that was soon forgotten. One part a year was the best Terry could do. The string of so-so pictures—*Gambling House*, *He's A Cockeyed Wonder*, *Sunny Side Of the Street*, *Barefoot Mailman*—kept her talent under wraps—especially since her contract vetoed both radio and magazine covers. For a mile-a-minute girl like Terry it was a pretty painful period.

"I almost went crazy," she says. To keep sane she took UCLA extension courses, and now has two years' college credits on a psychology major, plans to wind up a Ph.D. There was also plenty of time for a social whirl. Terry Moore has scads of friends.

Elizabeth Taylor, Ann Blyth, Jane Powell, Diana Lynn—all of these and dozens more, Terry has chummed with since her early teens. Besides football captains, she dated young movie actors such as Jerome Courtland, Darryl Hickman, Dick Long, Craig Hill, Roddy MacDowell. She and Roddy were double dating with Liz and Glenn Davis the night that romantic West Point athlete first asked Terry for a date.

ALOT of people have concluded that Terry Moore captured the famous "Mister Outside" on his rebound from Liz Taylor—but that's not quite the way it happened. True, that night was the last night Glenn ever took Elizabeth out, but Terry still figured he was her girl friend's private property. So she said "No" and kept saying it when Glenn called her during the next few weeks. When he went back to West Point to coach he wrote her letters. She didn't answer them. In fact, it was a good year and a half later before Glenn called again and she gave him a date. By that time Liz had already been engaged again to Bill Pawley and had said "Yes" to Nicky Hilton. So Terry's conscience was clear, even if her spinning head wasn't.

It was a fast-breaking courtship with football's speed merchant once it got going. That first date was New Year's night for the Los Angeles Times' Annual Sports Award dinner. Everybody who's done anything in the world of sports is honored then, and Terry—a great sports fan—got dizzy watching the muscled celebrities. Then Glenn took her to the Rose Bowl game in Pasadena, but she can't even remember who played. After that came a junket to Chicago for a charity TV Marathon, and Glenn was there, too. Next, invited to Honolulu for an All-Star basketball exhibition with the Globetrotters. Davis wrangled plane tickets for Terry and her mother—and that did it.

What the tropical moon, swaying palms, throbbing guitars and hula girls didn't do, the columnists and Terry's friends did.

All raved, "Glenn and you make a perfect pair." "It just kind of snowballed," Terry says today. "I guess Glenn caught me in the end of my football era." Anyway, in those five days they became engaged and were married in the Glendale Mormon church February 9, 1952. After a flying honeymoon to Panama, Acapulco and Guatemala they drove to Texas, where Glenn entered the oil business. Two months later, on April 14, Terry sued for divorce on the familiar grounds of "mental cruelty."

The only way to explain an alliance that short lived is that it must have all been a mistake. Terry doesn't deny this. She has a hunch it was infatuation rather than love and she's frank in admitting that maybe she wasn't ready to be a wife, certainly not Glenn's wife. There are few nicer fellows than Glenn Davis, but at heart he's an old-fashioned boy who obviously expected his bride to sit around the house and be just plain Mrs. Davis. Terry can't sit around anywhere. In the one-room apartment where they started house-keeping, she found it stifling to talk recipes and things with the other wives while Glenn went duck hunting with the boys. "I wanted to go duck hunting with the boys, too," admits Terry.

When her studio called her back to test for a picture (that was never made), Hollywood looked like heaven to her. "I'm not the type for Texas," she wrote Glenn and it was all amicably called off. The divorce, final this April, is the first in her family and Terry's not proud of it at all. But she isn't the kind to cry over spilt milk, either, or to sit around wringing her hands. She got back into circulation pronto.

Today the stag line forms to the right: Hugh O'Brien, Nels Larsen, Mel Rives, a Korean war jet hero—there goes that list again! Of them all, perhaps Terry's most simpatico with Lawrence Harvey, a bril-

liant young British actor brought to Hollywood for *The Robe*. They're having lots of fun party and pub crawling, but she's not trying on any rings even for size. "I'm afraid I don't fall in love with men," says Moore, a little helplessly, "I fall in love with their talent." At various times, she admits she's tumbled hard for the great gifts of people like Danny Thomas, Mickey Rooney, Johnny Ray, Elia Kazan, John Huston—yes—and Glenn Davis. Maybe that best explains the why of their marriage—and its break-up. "Someday though," believes Terry, "it will be different and then it's for keeps and for kids, two of them—one of each kind."

RIGHT now Terry's young life is crowded with other diverse and exciting activities besides her hi-balling career. She's learning German and Spanish. She's still chasing her college degree. She's collecting dolls and stuffed animals from all over the world. She's flying planes—still rented ones, although she's saving up for a Cessna 140. Terry has her pilot's license and 170 hours and is out for a two-engine certificate next. Sometimes, when the traffic's heavy, she hires a job at Clover Field, and wings home.

That home is still in Glendale, the same attractive cottage where Terry grew up, glamorized only by Terry's redecorated bedroom, her dolls, some Dresden figurines she brought back from Germany, and the chronic bouquets of posies from beaux. Neither her dad, a credit investigator, her mother, or brother, Wally, are impressed with their famous girl by now—it's really an old story with the Kofords, although they're happy, of course, to see things breaking Terry's way at last. Her dad handles her money, because Terry is the kind who is likely to give anyone who asks her two tens for a five.

Terry doesn't get pampered at home, but she's not the kind who needs it. In Bavaria last fall Terry stayed in a *pension* with 40 people to one bathroom and spent one entire wintry day in that icy mountain stream with nothing on her but that flesh-colored swim suit. She got certain parts of her anatomy numbed by the cold but no complaints. Actually she's been fairly lucky, considering her Fearless Fagan existence since birth, to come off with nothing worse than a cracked shin skiing, and having her tonsils out. Maybe the secret of her indestructible body is that she sleeps like a baby for nine hours a night, no matter what, and can drift off to dreamland in two minutes, sitting, standing, or riding a roller coaster, if she wants to. "What really relaxes me is excitement and work," swears Terry.

IF THAT's true, then from now on Terry Moore should remain as pleasantly limp as a possum. Because, with the new deal in sex appeal that she's handed Hollywood, Terry Moore could be quintuplets and still not meet the demand. And, I'm pretty sure, that would be just dandy with her.

After getting her name on the dotted line at 20th Century-Fox, Darryl Zanuck's talent chief, Lew Schreiber, called Terry at home. "We want to make you welcome here and we want to make you happy," he said. "What can we do?"

"Keep me busy," replied Terry. That would be easy, promised Schreiber.

"You see," explained Terry Moore, "my Mormon grandpa has a saying: 'It's better to wear out than to rust out.'"

At this point, the chances of slow oxidation setting in on Terry Moore seem fairly remote—say—about 10,000,000-to-1. As for needing new parts or replacements—for either her engine or chassis—why, she's just getting warmed up and broken in! **END**



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Take my word for it

by DIANA LYNN, star columnist for April



I can help myself; and often do.



Keep friends, don't influence 'em.



I should wear my glasses more often.



Lobsters or eels; I'll eat anything.

FRIENDS . . . what attracts them, what keeps them, what loses them? They say that of a half-dozen good friends a person may have at any given time, only three will remain close friends at the end of a five-year period. That goes pretty well for me. People change. But when I meet an old friend I haven't seen for ages and she cries, "My, but you've changed!" it's always a tense few seconds for me until I hear which way!

You may know someone who is in the process of changing. If you catch her at such a time and like her well enough you'll understand what's going on and give her an opportunity to get to be whatever she is on her way to be . . . without undue criticism. The "in between" periods are sometimes bad periods. The old friend I like to meet is the one who will say, "My, Diana! You've become more glamorous!" Only I don't think I'm glamorous anyway (It's raining today).

My perpetual worry is that my friends will think I'm a snob because I won't say "Hello" when we pass. Often, without my glasses on, I can't recognize them. I use my glasses when driving but never when walking. I can walk without them . . . but I don't always know whom I'm passing (or passing up!).

THE THING I MISS MOST in California are peonies; they just don't grow out here, or at least not where I can ever see them. The thing I miss most on the road is a home. I hate hotel rooms no matter how beautifully decorated and that is why I always rent a house or an apartment if I am making an extended stay in any city. I need the warmth of a home feeling. I'm looking forward to decorating a new apartment now. I'm going to use cheerful colors; I'm depending on having a fireplace. I'm not thinking of a big place. I believe the days of the lavish movie star are gone forever. It is much better to be well off at 50 than to have seven minks now. Yet . . . I dream always of an enormous bathroom with wall to wall carpeting, shelves by the tub for cosmetics and a tray to make reading possible. (If Marlon Brando wants to live in a cold water flat that's okay with me).

Coming back to flowers I used to eat leaves before they called it chlorophyll. I recommend geranium leaves; very tasty. And I think the French are right about the parsley chefs put on your plates; the French don't consider it just a decoration—they eat it. I am, and have always been since I can remember, an ice eater. Leaving the subject of flowers—I love yellow blooms, and also flowering fruit trees. Coming back to apartments—nobody ever said I was neat but every so often I go on a



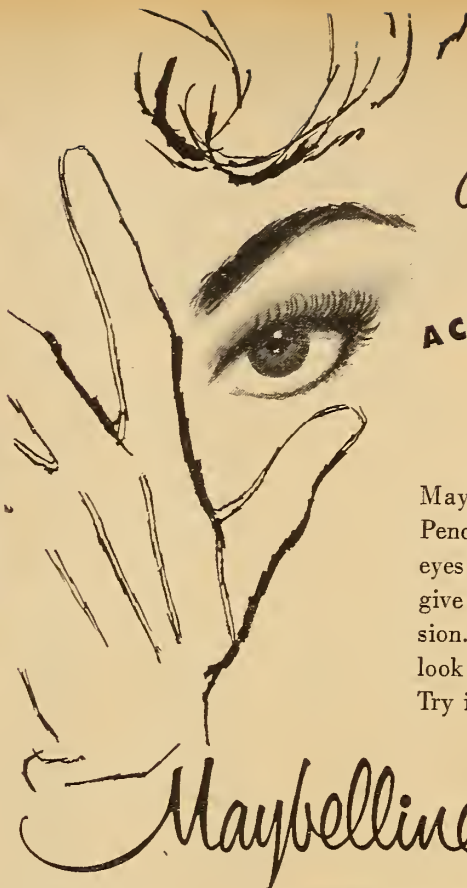
crazy cleaning binge, working over my closets and drawers until they are all practically sterile.

FOR LAST NEW YEAR'S my resolutions included being a better sport than I have been and a decision to laugh more. I'm not as shy as I used to be, for which I am grateful. I think I also should have decided to learn a new language. I wish I could speak at least three languages. The one I am writing in is the only one I get around in. When I was in Mexico for my latest picture, *Plunder Of The Sun*, I took Spanish lessons every day. I sounded fine to those who knew no Spanish at all. Which reminds me . . . I wish Americans wouldn't complain so much when they are abroad. They expect all people to speak English and seem to refuse to learn foreign languages themselves because they are afraid of making fools of themselves. Actually it is amazing how much the Mexicans enjoyed my attempts to speak Spanish, despite all my mistakes, just because I showed interest enough in their tongue to try. And about Mexican food; if it isn't what it should be according to American standards there is still no point on harping on it in front of the Mexicans. Some Americans with us complained so steadily in front of a charming Mexican couple I knew that it became simply maddening.

My only peeve about Mexico was the fact that guests never arrived at parties until two and a half hours after the announced time. No wonder most hostesses feel like Stella Dallas at the birthday party she gave to which nobody came at all.

I DIDN'T MAKE ANY RESOLUTIONS about my coffee drinking but I do drink too much—perhaps 9 cups a day sometimes. I also am not going to do anything about changing my name, though I don't like it. Diana Lynn was chosen for me when I started my career. It's too late to alter it now. My own last name was Loehr which they thought too hard to spell. Still I'm glad my friends don't call me Dolly any more. I think Ava Gardner is a wonderful theatrical name (and I think Ava is getting to be a better actress all the time, plus I wish I looked like her). I think Ann Blyth and Julie Harris are wonderful names (and Julie just about the most wonderful actress I've ever seen).

(Continued on next page)

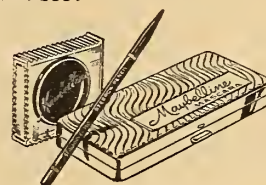


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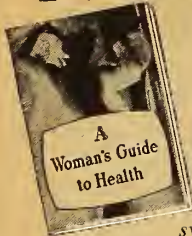
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Take my word for it

I HAVE HAD AN INDIRECT BENEFIT for which I shall always be deeply grateful. I never realized when I studied piano that learning to memorize all the notes in a repertoire of numbers was excellent training for memorizing dialogue. It has been an invaluable aid in my theatrical work, and, of course, in TV plays. I don't see how any actor can use a teleprompter (the device which enables him to read his lines) and act out a scene properly at the same time. For me, a one hour dramatic show means a week to ten days of work, spending ten hours each day at it, learning my lines and how to play my part. On the first day I go over the play with the director while he blocks out the scenes (giving me an idea where I stand and how I'll move about), by the second day I am well into committing the lines to memory and by the third day I have them letter-perfect... the lines, I mean, nothing else. Now comes the important thing—studying my role for what it means, for the character involved, for the drama possible, or, in other words, the *playing* of the part. I think I have played the two longest parts in the legitimate theatre as the heroines in *Voice Of The Turtle* and also *The Moon Is Blue*. I learned them at the rate of three or four days to each act, going back often for review and refreshers. I always work with someone so that they can cue me (I lose a lot of friends this way) and always work on my feet, pacing about.

Luckily I never remember what I don't need. All the parts I have learned in my life aren't topside in my head ready to come to my tongue (how awful that would be!) but they are there. I couldn't play *Voice Of The Turtle* tonight, but if I had to I could probably be up on the part by tomorrow night. I learn fast and I think it is like this for all actors who learn fast—they forget fast. People who are slow studies retain longer.

I ALWAYS WANTED to go into the theater because I was curious to learn if I could endure doing the same role every night. I found it wonderful, instead of a bore. I was in *The Moon Is Blue* for 14 weeks and instead of its getting monotonous. I found myself still working at my part during the very last matinée.

There is this much to say for the legitimate theater—you do more acting and less of the extra stuff that goes with being an actor. In Hollywood there is so much time spent on activities incidental to your real work; the costume fitting, the testing, the posing for still, the publicity running around. I just hate to pose for stills. I like to look at stills of myself, but generally it is with mixed emotions. I'm just not a raving beauty, I guess.

The girl in Hollywood who has managed herself the best, in my estimation, is Jeanne Craine. A home, husband and four children plus a fine career! That's being a person as well as an actress. A deep curtsy to her!

I WONDER IF WE LIKE FOREIGN PICTURES so much (when we do like them, I mean) because we don't know the actors or actresses in the cast and therefore can accept them in their parts? I wonder, too, if this has anything to do with the fact that I am crazy to go to Europe. (Anybody need a continental-adventuress-type heroine?) Me going to

continued from page 93

Europe! Why! I've never even been in a drive-in movie! Or does that make sense? I also don't like Westerns but I must be wrong (Anybody need a Western heroine?) This reminds me of Texas. I wish that Texans wouldn't be so... but, what's the use, they always will be! If I did go to Europe I probably would go in for exotic dishes. I think they are fun. I've had eels, fried grasshoppers (in Mexico) and snails (in San Francisco). Same girl likes cookies late at night and often has a terrible craving for peanut butter. I guess my eating schedule is fixed for life—nothing much until dinner and then eat like a truck driver.

I KNOW A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS about myself but the smart person is one who knows the big things. Of the little things... much. I hate corsages; they stick out on you like Christmas packages. If I get one I carry it or pin it on my bag... I hate to be asked to play the piano at parties and I hate parties where every one puts on a show... I especially hate to see women in formal gowns when their escort is just in a business suit... I wish the new group of young male actors wouldn't wear their hair uncombed in front. I can't tell them apart, (No, I don't mean Rock Hudson's hair. I can't even see that far up!)... I deplore so much fuss about who is dating who? I sometimes feel more than one couple has stood in front of the preacher because they didn't want to make a liar out of some columnist... Twice a year I think of clothes from the buying viewpoint; the rest of the time I watch to see where they are going. Am I staying with them? Ahead? Or behind?... I wish I could stop picking at my fingernail polish.

EVEN THOUGH I AM AGAINST HELPLESSNESS in women—letting men light their cigarettes, open doors—I realize now that lots of men would have nothing else to do if they couldn't do that for you. If your man can't do anything more than this, hadn't you better throw him back in and try all over again? By the same token I don't think women should act as the disciples of the goddess of clothes and talk nothing else. I think a girl minimizes her chances to be liked, to be respected by those who count, if she is too (and too obviously) concerned about her adornment. It doesn't hurt a girl to round out her personality with general knowledge, for instance. I feel that every girl should amplify her school education by interest and work in some specialty she finds interesting; if nothing else by reading, the good books, the classics. I would have had a much more difficult time, perhaps been in a bad spot, if I had depended just on my school work to prepare me for meeting the world. The people and the situations I met in literature helped me meet the people and situations I ran across in my everyday life. Don't stumble. Walk in the light.

This reminds me, I must do my good deed for the day. Even if it is only to call someone I know is alone.

Diana Lynn

courageous heart

(Continued from page 54) money troubles. No bitter jealousies, private or professional. No in-law hostility. No alcoholic problem or other degrading habits. No incapacitating illness, nervous breakdowns, or disagreements over their child. No skeletons in closets or hidden scandals.

Yet for every dead marriage there is an obituary. Back of every breakup there is a story. And there is a story behind the separation of Anne Baxter and John Hodiak, too. It does not begin in Hollywood, where they met, fell in love, married and lived together for half-a-dozen years of their lives. It begins properly in two other places:—Hamtramck, Michigan, an industrial suburb of Detroit, sometimes called "the toughest town in the U.S.A.", where John Hodiak grew up; and Bronxville, New York, capital of the wealthy Westchester County society and country-club set, Anne Baxter's home town, where her family were prosperous and socially prominent.

If the story of the Baxter-Hodiak divorce were a flat case of irreconcilably different-side-of-the-tracks backgrounds, it would be simple. However, their "basic incompatibility" which became unbearable to both, is more complex. It stems not so much from what John and Anne were, but from what both became in their struggle to break away.

John Hodiak didn't want to work in a factory. Anne Baxter refused to vegetate into a proper but dull Ivy and Junior League future. Both wanted something bigger and more important out of life.

Both fought to be something different from what their natural beginnings predicted. Their struggles were completely different, but equally hard. In both cases they created tense and intense, chronically discontented, ambitious, incorrigible personalities who could not bend to another's will or compromise, no matter how much they wanted to or tried.

In marriage, wherever it thrives, someone has to give in. Someone must dominate; someone carry the ball. For too long both Anne Baxter and John Hodiak had paddled their own canoes—and against the current. When they teamed up there was no way they could relax and glide along together. And that is the peculiar tragedy of their marriage.

It was back in 1944, in a picture called *Sunday Dinner For A Soldier*, that Anne Baxter first met John Hodiak. Anne played

I SAW IT HAPPEN

The other day my girlfriend and I were going down to the beach at Santa Monica and while driving along San Vicente Drive, a Pontiac came alongside of us. There were two young men in it. We were admiring the color of the car, when the driver looked up and smiled.

Then he winked and gave us a hearty, "Good morning, girls."

We acknowledged his greeting and then he drove on. Each time we passed him or he passed us, he would smile and wave.

It was Scott Brady.

Sallie Endres
Reseda, California



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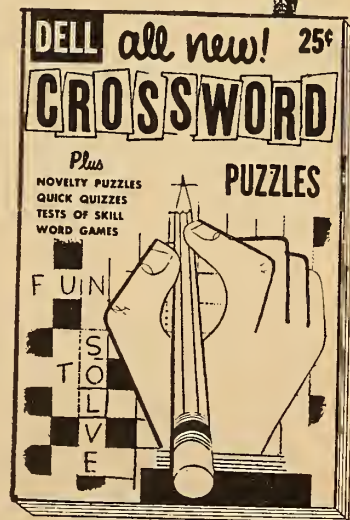
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"Tess" and John "Eric" and the script said they were to fall in love. The minute Anne stepped into love scenes with the tall, handsome stranger she knew she wasn't just acting. She remembers experiencing, "an intense physical attraction," so intense that, despite her already polished acting finesse she couldn't connect for kisses and flubbed several scenes.

At that point Anne Baxter was 21. She was already recognized as a brilliant young actress. Privately, too, in many ways, she was experienced and sophisticated far beyond her years; but regarding men she was naive, and romantically she was immature.

Anne Baxter had been a lonely, only child. She was a girl who never had fitted into a group, who preferred the friends of her parents to kids her own age, a girl who spent her adolescent years learning how to act instead of collecting wisdom about the opposite sex, which, underneath everything, is the normal pursuit of a teen-age girl.

As her family moved around, Anne attended a grand total of 15 schools. In each she remembers, "feeling like a stranger." She never belonged. Throughout her early girlhood Anne lived in a world of make-believe where romance was concerned. At 11 she put the make-believe to practice and started dramatic lessons in New York City. This drew her farther apart from the normally carefree girls and boys at school, interested, not in dreams of dramatic glory—but in each other. "I never had a line," Anne has said. "I never knew any feminine wiles. I was a wallflower." At the junior cotillions she remembers spending most of

the time in the powder room, because they weren't fun for her, only ordeals.

At 14, Anne Baxter was a juvenile hit on Broadway—and yet, while from then on she neither knew nor cared about the Princeton and Yale football heroes her schoolmates chattered about, she was also too young to date the adult actors she met on the stage. Sometimes she developed wild crushes on leading men twice her age. But always her dad picked her up at the stage door and so she went home, instead of to a night club, after the show.

Even when she came to Hollywood at 17 to begin her \$350 a week screen career with John Barrymore in *The Great Profile*, Anne either lived with her mother, or was entrusted to chaperones and family friends, from whose watchful eyes she could only infrequently escape.

This then, was the girl who—for the first time in her life—fell in love, head over high heels, with handsome John Hodiak—but didn't know what to do about it. Because at first, off-camera, John acted as if Anne didn't exist. He walked straight from their love scenes to his dressing room, as if, she has since said, "he was trying to run away," which, in effect, John Hodiak was. There was a reason for this, too.

At 30, John Hodiak was a confirmed bachelor and something of a woman hater. He had avoided serious romantic entanglements like the plague. They didn't fit into his fierce resolve to make something of himself.

At first, John had wanted to be a Catholic priest, then a big league baseball player.

But, driving executives and important visitors around the Chevrolet plant in a summer job, he'd had a look at another more affluent, exciting world and liked what he saw. He wanted to talk and act and dress and live like successful people. He knew he had talent, although he knew it was raw. When he scored on an amateur radio contest and resolved that radio should be his open sesame to success, the pros only scoffed, "A guy who talks as tough as you do, Bud, will never make it in a million years!" But John had made it. He'd looked, listened, studied, worked, improved and grabbed every chance that came along to pull himself up. He'd done it all by himself. He still shied away from any help—or any hindrance.

Anne Baxter has always been frank in admitting that she courted John Hodiak instead of the usual other way around. But at first she found it, "hard to get through to him." Nothing seemed to work. Finally she asked John to take her to a cocktail party which Director Lloyd Bacon was giving. It was a strange first date.

He was supposed to call for Anne at 6 o'clock. He finally arrived at 11, in company with his agent, Dick Steenberg, an old boy friend of Anne's. They had already been to another cocktail party and were feeling no pain. Not only had John ignored his date with Anne, he hadn't bothered to telephone. Now, the gay blades wanted nightcaps. Anne gave them several then, pretty put out with developments, went on upstairs to bed. Next morning she found her callers still snoozing away on her living room divans. Restoring them with breakfast and a dip in her pool, she told them goodbye, not thinking she'd ever see John Hodiak again and telling herself that she didn't really care. But the next evening they were back, with flowers and apologies, and lugging, as a gag, suitcases. They took her to dinner and again slept on her sofas.

His wariness banished by Anne's good sportsmanship, John Hodiak let down his guard and fell in love. That was in August. In November he proposed. But it was two long years before John and Anne could make up their minds to get married.

THEIR engagement was heckled by doubt, indecision and other frustrating factors. John had brought his family out to California and he had responsibilities there. Anne's family thought the difference in backgrounds could only lead to unhappiness, also that two careers in one home were bound to clash. But a family friend has said, "With Mrs. Baxter it wasn't so much not wanting Anne to marry John Hodiak, but, at that point, any man." Anne's mother knew how self-willed, independent and dedicated to ambition her daughter was and had been all her life.

When Anne was only seven, her mother, at wit's end, had taken her defiant daughter to a psychiatrist, who told her, "You can't change her, so you might as well make peace." In a quarter century of happy married life, Catherine Baxter had learned that it is the wife who must be the peacemaker.

Oddly enough, Anne herself feared herself incapable of this. "I wanted to get married, but at the same time I was afraid," she has admitted. "I knew my own weakness for sudden changes and violent contrasts. I wasn't sure I'd be stable enough for marriage." Also, Anne had long sworn, "never to marry an actor," intelligently aware of two-career dangers. And so had John, besides blowing hot and then blowing cold toward the responsibilities of marriage, because of his own basic insecurity. So despite the fact that Anne and John were deeply in love it was an off-and-on affair until one climactic meeting when they both decided, "never to see each other

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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
- ☐ Take My Word For It
by Diana Lynn
- ☐ Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
- ☐ Sweet and Hot
- ☐ Now We've Got Everything
(Lucille Ball)
- ☐ First-born (Elizabeth Taylor)
- ☐ Man On The Move (John Wayne)
- ☐ Love At Your Own Risk
- ☐ They Broke All The Rules (Doris Day)
- ☐ Love In A Penthouse
(Janet Leigh-Tony Curtis)
- ☐ A Bachelor Finds Himself
(Dan Dailey)
- ☐ Hollywood's Newest Sex Queen
(Terry Moore)
- ☐ The Gang's All Here (Alan Ladd)
- ☐ The Mouse Takes The Lion
(Debbie Reynolds)
- ☐ Courageous Heart (Anne Baxter)
- ☐ You Belong To Me (Jeff Hunter)
- ☐ Hollywood's Strangest Marriage
(Cary Grant)
- ☐ Prayer and Laughter (Red Skelton)
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Movie Reviews by Florence Epstein
- ☐ TV Talk by Paul Denis

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?

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State..... I am.... yrs. old

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again." And, at that moment they meant it.

Driving home from that dramatic break-off, Anne was so upset and blinded by tears that she smashed up her car. The news brought John hurrying over to Anne's arms and they decided to marry at once, family opposition or not. Like good sports and good parents, the Baxters sensibly agreed, and Anne Baxter became Mrs. John Hodiak in her mother's garden at Burlingame, California, on July 7, 1946.

On the face of their future John and Anne Hodiak started married life with no apparent problems. John was nine years older than Anne, true, but that, as most matrimonial experts agree, is the ideal age difference. Both were young and healthy. They had a house all ready to move into—all furnished, all apple-pie. They had a ready made circle of friends and a social calendar dated weeks ahead. They had two incomes, both sizable. As for careers—John had just scored a hit in *A Bell For Adano*, and Anne had just finished the meatiest role of her life in *The Razor's Edge*, which soon won her an Oscar. In fact, both the Hodiak family careers have rolled along successfully right up to the end. But career success doesn't ensure happiness. The occupational hazards to happiness for two actors wedded in Hollywood are notorious. Most of these familiar strikes Anne and John soon had chalked up against them.

Probably the severest handicap for these two who especially needed close companionship were their separations throughout much of their married life. John went to England to make a picture, Anne stayed in Hollywood. When he came back, she went off to repeated and long locations. Then John went to New York for the stage.

WHEN she was married, Anne resolved to build, "a wall around our private lives and intimate affairs," which she worked surprisingly well in a goldfish-bowl community. Although their marriage has been heading for disaster for almost two years, it was only lately that even their closest friends, let alone columnists, suspected the true state of affairs. When she was carrying her baby, Katrina, Anne made *Follow The Sun* without even her studio knowing and kept the stork tidings away from the sharpest-eyed reporters until three months before her delivery. Both John and Anne can hold their tongues.

But back of that "wall," the natural state of tension, which exists wherever two actors live, are heightened by the high-strung, mercurial natures of both partners in the Hodiak home. Not even her most devoted admirers would call Anne Baxter a restful, soothing person to be around. "I can get physically exhausted just watching Annie," a close friend says. "She never walks—she runs; she doesn't talk—she lectures." Another has described her thus, "Anne's mind is sober, but her body's always drunk." Anne herself says, "I was born breathless and I'm still that way."

Anne has to dramatize everything that happens to her. One girl friend, who has had five babies, says, "When Anne talks about Katrina, I realize how little I know about motherhood." Not long ago, an elderly stranger observed her lunching at Romanoff's, walked over and told her, "Thank you. That's the best performance I've seen since the days of Ellen Terry!" Anne must have something happening to her constantly, something different. "Smorgasbord is my favorite meal," she admits. "Anne wants to play every instrument in the band," her mother sighs.

A frenetic, kinetic girl like that is delightful to know, but not necessarily easy to live with. But in his way John Hodiak is just as wound up. Only it stays inside. Where Anne is extroverted, John is intro-

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verted. Where she lets off steam, John stores it up. Rejected four times by the Army for hypertension, Hodiak is chronically taut and notoriously frowning, a worrier, still anxious and insecure despite his success. "John," a good friend told him not long ago, "you've got the best smile in Hollywood (which he has). Why in the world don't you use it more?"

"I just never think about it," he replied.

Two such highly-keyed and positive personalities are hard enough to blend into harmonious music of marriage, but there were a couple of other things more eternally grating to John's and Anne's happiness, and even more impossible to change. Because they stemmed back to the roots of both their beginnings and their very psyches. One was their contrasting ideas about the roles wives and husbands should play in a marriage. On this they started and remained poles apart until the end.

"John's idea of a wife was the European one," Anne had said. This is only natural. His mother was a European, a woman who devoted herself to her home, cooking the meals, housekeeping, raising the Hodiak kids. But Anne's mother lived differently. Mrs. Baxter was interested in all kinds of things besides her home, active in civic and charity affairs, a decorator, a student of the arts, a great many things besides a housewife. Like mother, like daughter.

John knew all this, but the ideas formed in his childhood were too strong to abandon. A husband is said to expect the image of his mother in his wife. What criticisms he made of Anne, what minor household clashes they had, were over the way she ran—or didn't run—things. She wasn't tidy, she wasn't orderly, she wasn't this or that. Once, John had even suggested that Anne give up her Hollywood career. He might as well have asked her to give up her life. Acting had been her consuming dream since she was three years old, and it still is. "I'll never settle for less than I dreamed about when I was a girl," Anne stated only recently. "That is to be the greatest actress in the world—with all that goes with it. Very probably I won't but I'll die trying!"

And that's the other thing—and the most impossible of all for Anne Baxter and John Hodiak to understand about each other—their different egos. Anne has a strong ego. So has John. All actors have—or they aren't good actors. But neither Anne Baxter nor John Hodiak—being inexperienced—understood the workings of the particular egos of the opposite sex and how to live with them, and satisfy them.

"I never wanted to change John," Anne puzzled the other day. "I only wanted to help him. But when I tried he resented it. I wanted to make John happy, but I was making him miserable. Maybe I tried too hard." Maybe she did. Maybe both of them did. Because both made mistakes, well intended, but mistakes just the same.

Take the house they came to from their honeymoon, and which John has just left for their divorce. It was Anne's house and it was a little gem of an English cottage, perched on a Hollywood hillside with a pool shimmering below, and a framed view of the city's lights. You couldn't have asked for a cozier spot for newlyweds. But John didn't like it—and from a masculine pride standpoint, understandably. It wasn't *their* house, to start *their* life. It housed memories of Anne's past life.

All by himself, he found another house in another part of town and impetuously put down \$10,000, instead of the usual few hundred. But the house was found unsuitable and John lost his \$10,000. After that fiasco, Anne and John talked it over and decided to stay where they were, but to change Anne's house all around so you

wouldn't know it. This they certainly did. The place was changed from English to contemporary modern at a cost of \$26,000. Every room in the place was switched around except the kitchen. At the end of that project, one of the most striking homes in Hollywood emerged—but it was never John's house; it was Anne's. An architect disciple of Frank Lloyd Wright, her grandfather, designed it. Her mother decorated it. It reflected Anne's tastes. Therefore, the project failed its purpose. It was John's home in name only.

Or take their friends. When John and Anne were married, John had no friends among the top Hollywood social set in which the Hodiaks soon travelled. He was a man's man, essentially. It was only natural that the clever, sophisticated and social people Anne knew—Watson Webb of the Vanderbilt clan, the Samuel Goldwyns, Clifton Webb, the Leonard Firestones, the Dore Scharys—should comprise their set. But in that circle of smart dinner parties and smart conversation, John did not shine, while Anne did. John learned to like Anne's friends and they, him. He wore the smart Brooks Brothers' clothes Anne was always presenting him with, drank the champagne she fancied.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When I was overseas I saw Randolph Scott at a USO show. As soon as the show was over, he made a short, serious announcement. "Fellows," he said, "I lost my wallet! Whoever has it can keep the money, but please give me back the papers." Everyone was shocked, wondering who had stolen the wallet. Later, it was discovered that the wallet was in the seat of the staff car, where he had dropped it on the way over to the show.



Mr. Gabriel Chavez
San Diego, Calif.

"But," as an acquaintance suggests, "John still prefers beer."

EVEN though he did learn to enjoy much that his marriage with Anne Baxter brought him, a proud, independent, self-made man like John was bound subconsciously to resent them. Even, too, if the fact that his wife made twice the salary he commanded meant absolutely nothing at all in the family budget—both paid their share of a household fund and there was money enough always—still, to a man like John, that fact was insidiously disturbing. Perhaps Anne could be criticized—and sometimes was—for having her father handle her money, not John. But John Hodiak was no business man—as he proved—and Anne's father is an eminently successful one. There are a great many things perhaps—if she owned the wisdom of Cleopatra—which Anne could have done to play up to John Hodiak's masculine ego, and some he could have done to bolster her feminine one, too.

For an example, when Anne was pregnant with Katrina, the doctor ordered her to take long walks. Religiously, she was out on them every night. Always she asked John if he wouldn't like to go, too. Always he said "no," preferring to read or watch TV. This hurt and puzzled her. She felt she should be treated with special

respect, be an object of special pride and delight to her husband.

But if John could be criticized for ignoring her need for special loving deference, Anne could too, for a well-meant thoughtlessness when Katrina arrived. Her first pains arriving at three A.M., she slipped out of bed without waking John, dressed and drove herself to the hospital alone. She didn't wake him because she knew he had an early studio call. But, if you ask me—studio call or not—John Hodiak would have wanted to be shaken wide awake at such a time or even welcomed a douse of ice water. It's something few first fathers want to miss.

Such psychological misunderstandings grew, as misunderstandings do, to distance, silence and coolness. John—as Anne puts it—"drew more and more into his shell." On both sides answers became more formal, humor dried up. It was almost two years ago when John went to New York to play on Broadway in *The Chase*, that Anne made the discovery which led to their divorce.

She flew back twice to see John. The second time he had just won the Donaldson Award, for the best male debut of the year on Broadway. Anne was thrilled and could hardly wait for the taxi to take her to John to congratulate him. But he greeted her impersonally, and with a frown. He had his apartment in Manhattan, his own friends, his play, his own life, at least temporarily, and Anne sensed that he liked it better that way. "For the first time," she says, "I realized that John was actually happier away from me than with me."

Back in Hollywood, they began their discussions on this very theme. They were long, honest and searching talks, and everything was brought out into the open. "We analyzed ourselves," Anne says, "and decided neither of us could change. If John changed he would be miserable. If I changed I would, too. We were both sick about it but there was no answer. We both agreed we couldn't help each other; we agreed we would be happier without each other. No one influenced us. No one knew. It was our decision, alone together. It was not easy to make."

The hardest part, of course, was their concern about their daughter, Katrina. Both John and Anne are adoring parents. Both are conscientious. "But," says Anne, "both John and I decided it was better for Katrina to grow up in a broken home than a cold one." John is free to come to Anne's home and see Katrina whenever he wants to, and already he has been there many times. In almost all divorce agreements there is a clause prohibiting the mother (Anne will have custody of Katrina) from taking the child out of the country. John pooh-poohed this. "It will be educational for Katrina to have a trip abroad," he said. "Take her whenever you like." Anne plans to do this soon, when she makes a picture in Europe.

If you ask Anne Baxter about her feelings for John Hodiak today she will tell you honestly, "I have a great admiration for John. I respect him. I still think he's a wonderful guy, and I always will." John has said practically the same thing about Anne.

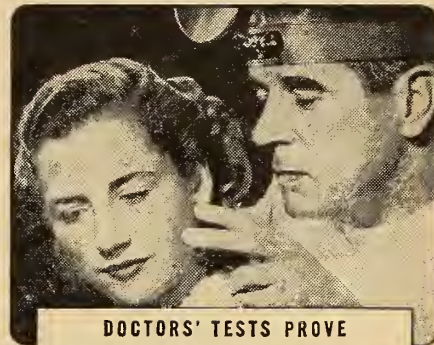
Is there then a chance for reconciliation? "None whatever," says Anne. "It took us too long to decide this to have any doubts." Marriage again? Anne will only give a wry smile. "Perhaps. But right now it's the furthest from my thoughts."

So a chapter is closed for Anne Baxter and John Hodiak—and for them both a new life begins. It will not be a lonely or idle life in either case. Anne is 29, John 38. Both are fortunate to have a family

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around them. John's parents, his sister and brother too, live in the San Fernando Valley. Anne's are only an hour's plane ride away. They came down to spend Christmas with her and Katrina, after John left. Both John's and Anne's friends will remain their friends, it's pretty certain. They won't have to take sides; there are no sides to take. Already both John and Anne have gone about their own particular interests. John hopped right up to Pebble Beach for Bing Crosby's Golf Tournament after the separation. Anne flew east for a fling at New York and the Inauguration at Washington. Anne plans to live on in the house which was hers before their marriage. John has moved into an apartment with a friend.

Both are attractive and popular people. Already Hollywood hostesses are vying to snare John Hodiak for their parties, and almost every glamor girl in town is pulling her charms together and rolling her eyes his way. So far he hasn't seemed too interested in a rebound romance. Neither has Anne. At this writing neither has had a date—but that will come, as it should.

As for careers—after *Battle Zone* and *Cochise*—John's is rolling along better than ever. He has extensive radio and TV

commitments. Anne has *I Confess* and *The Blue Gardenia* finished and another for Alfred Hitchcock to be filmed this summer in the South of France. Her desk is piled high with scripts to read, and her agent's with offers. Her salary is half again higher than it was when she left her Fox studio contract and began her sexy glamor campaign, still obviously going great guns. Paul Gregory is already building a road show around Anne—as a song and dance girl—to go out in the fall.

But despite a double rose-colored outlook in many ways, both Anne Baxter and John Hodiak are aware that now is no time to cheer. Any divorce is a tragedy. Theirs is, too. In Anne's and John's case it is moreover, an ironic tragedy. Seeking success, they became two hyperpositive people between whom the spark that fuses a marriage could not leap, was not attracted but repelled. Perhaps the irony is best contained in Anne's own somewhat wondering words: "For the first time in my life," she says, "I've been a failure." This is no easy statement for Anne.

For the first time in his life, John Hodiak, the boy who came from "the other side of the tracks" to conquer Hollywood, could say the same thing. **END**

the mouse takes a lion

(Continued from page 52) had experienced, seen and felt. And how it had made her think again about other things, like her own life and ideals and responsibilities.

Debbie embarked to bring Christmas to GI's in Korea on the 19th of December. In her particular unit were Walter Pidgeon, Keenan Wynn, Peggy King, Carleton Carpenter and Movita, all MGM players.

"It was so exciting," Debbie said, "I could hardly breathe." The plans called for an overnight stopover in Honolulu, and all of us were looking forward to it eagerly. Me, particularly, because I had never been there. We stood around on the landing strip for about half an hour while people took our pictures and we spoke on the radio, then we all got on board and settled back in our seats. The motors started and the plane lumbered out to the end of the runway. Then a man came through the door leading to the pilots' compartment. "There has been a slight change in plans," he said. "There is a storm on the Honolulu route, so we'll be making our first landing in Alaska."

Debbie halted for a moment, an expression of horror on her face.

"Imagine!" she said. "ALASKA! And me with summer clothes on. Well, you could have heard the groans in downtown Los Angeles. I thought for awhile there that some of the people were going to get off and go home. But they didn't. We just sat back in the seats and decided that we were going to Korea, that was the main thing, and how we got there didn't make much difference. But anyway it was a letdown."

"As the plane got into the air I looked down at the ballet slippers I was wearing. Everything else had been locked up in the baggage compartment. And I wondered how they'd make out as snowshoes."

"Sometime that night we landed at an air base in the state of Washington and we were all so tired from telling each other all the stories we knew and playing cards and singing all the songs we knew that we just sleep-walked into the barracks they provided for us and conked off."

"THE next morning still groggy and tired, we got back into the plane and headed North. The next thing I knew it was dark again and we were bouncing across a field

at a small airport. I got out with the rest and I asked a soldier where we were. 'Kodiak,' he said. Where is Kodiak? I asked him. 'Not far from the North Pole, Ma'am,' he said. Me and the ballet slippers trudged off across a field to a hut and stepped inside where it was warm.

"It's a funny thing, but I hadn't been in the hut more than two minutes before I was glad that we'd come by way of Alaska. You'd have thought from the looks on the faces of the men there that Santa Claus had really come to town. They were men assigned to one of our bleakest military outposts, and out of the sky had come a plane load of movie stars. They walked around us like kids at a circus—and I just know some of them were glad they were up in the wild north that night, instead of some stuffy place like Miami.

"Well, we had a real good time that night. We put on a show, right off the cuff and the soldiers loved it. They opened up a bar and everyone toasted everyone and laughed and slapped backs and had a high time. We got a real laugh when a soldier handed me a glass, but Walter Pidgeon took it away. 'She's a minor,' he said. 'Also a midget.' And that's what they called me from that time on. The midget. But I didn't care.

"The farewells the next morning were kind of sad, even though we'd only known each other a short time. We got aboard the plane and headed north again.

"I guess it was about three hours out when one of the motors stopped—and the pilot came back and told us we'd have to go back to Alaska for repairs. Kodiak, he said was fogged in, so we were going to Anchorage.

"Actually, our troubles getting out of Alaska would fill a book. We landed at Anchorage, gave a couple impromptu shows to GI's who also thought they'd hit the Christmas jackpot, then took off for Tokyo again. The next stop, however, because of the broken engine, was just about as far north as you can get. I won't mention the name. The field was quite a distance from the barracks, so we had to take a bus. We gave a show there and started back to the air field. The bus ran into a snowdrift and couldn't get out. They sent for a tractor. The tractor pulled the bus out—then it got stuck—and the bus had to pull the tractor out. Then we got to the field and into the airplane, where the pilot discovered the brakes were frozen. They got a lot of boil-

ing water and in about an hour unfroze the brakes—and, 'way behind schedule, we took off once more for Tokyo. Maybe some of the gripes were because of these setbacks, but I thought it was all fun.

"It was exciting, but I hope I never again almost not make a place as nearly as we almost didn't make Tokyo. We had to land because we were out of gas just 25 miles from our destination. That was because of head winds. But anyway we gassed up and in a few minutes landed outside the capital of Japan.

"I'd never even imagined Japan was as colorful as it is. We were billeted at the Imperial Hotel, and spent most of our time being briefed by officers who told us about security measures and other things important to our visit to the front lines. Then we were taken to a WAC station where we were given our Korean 'gear.' Gear, my eye! I got a pair of size seven shoes—and I wear four. I have a 20-inch waist, and the closest they could come to fitting me in a pair of GI pants was 27. When I put the outfit on and started outside I looked like I was walking in a hole. Fortunately we had made up our minds that we would wear ski suits, so we put the army duds on over the ski clothes and headed for Korea.

"No place, not even Alaska, is as cold as Korea in the winter. To keep warm I wore two suits of long underwear, the ski outfit, the army uniform and an overcoat. And I was still cold. We were assigned to a hut, the other girls and myself, that was part tent, and breezy, but we were where we set out to be so we didn't mind. We were lucky at that, because we had a small pot-bellied stove on which we could heat water and wash out our things and take sponge baths. I felt, maybe for the first time in my life, that I was going through an experience that was really good for me, and that I was doing something that would help somebody else. It was worth all the troubles we had gone through to get there.

"We were to work out of the Tenth Corps, so a schedule was set up, one that would make it possible to play for as many soldiers as possible. There was just one restriction. We were not permitted to visit posts within range of enemy shell fire. But we got close enough to hear them coming in and landing just beyond the hills ahead.

"Last Christmas is one I'll never forget. We spent Christmas Eve in Seoul. Motiva, Peggy King, Carolina Cotten, a girl named June Brunner and I stayed at a girls' school, and we gave a couple of shows to the soldiers stationed there. Then, bright and early on Christmas morning, we were flown to the front. All of our troupe gathered together in a pre-fab hut and had Christmas breakfast. I had brought along one of those cardboard Christmas trees that fold up, and I put it up and placed presents for everyone around it. Just silly presents. For instance, I gave Walter and Keenan paddle balls. We sang a couple of carols together and I guess we were all a little dewey-eyed that morning, thinking of home. And then we started the rounds of the forward outposts.

"The cold be damned. Every one of us girls put on short skirts, high heels and sweaters. And everywhere we went you'd have thought we were the first girls those poor guys had ever seen. And never as long as any of us live will we forget the receptions. At every place the men had built stages, sometimes outside, sometimes in tents or pre-fabs, but there was always a stage and a decorated Christmas tree in our honor. If it hadn't been for the guns in the distance you'd never have thought there was a war anywhere.

"We hopped from camp to camp in jeeps and small airplanes that shuttled us in

twos over the mountains to the next show place. We danced ourselves stiff and sang ourselves hoarse. And Keenan did every comedy routine he knew. They loved Walter particularly. He was travelling about in a top coat and Homburg hat, but he'd take them off when we got to a stage and was funnier than Milton Berle. We travelled and worked and wore ourselves out, but there never was such a Christmas—and never in my life have I been happier.

"It was especially wonderful for me. It seemed that everywhere I turned I met boys I had known at home, many I had gone to school with, and if you think they were glad to see me, it was not half as much joy for them as it was for me to see them and take down messages to carry home to their families.

"When I went to bed after that busy day, I tried to think that I had been in a small way responsible for letting those fellows there in the dread winter of a foreign land know that the people at home had not forgotten them. I thanked God for the chance He had given me that winter of 1952.

"When we got back to Tokyo, our work done, most of us were ill from exposure. Keenan and Peggy King had the worst colds and both had ear infections that made it dangerous for them to fly. So I stayed on in Tokyo with them until we were all able to come back together.

"Now that I'm back here, back at work at the studio, with a sun outside and a comfortable dressing room and my family to go to at night, I wonder if everything I used to think was worthwhile is really so. When I go to work in the morning, I wonder if it's what I should be doing. Sometimes I think I'd like to go back to school and then start all over again—and I wonder if I'd go into the movies. Maybe I'd be a teacher."

It is a perfectly natural thing, we suppose, for a girl like Debbie Reynolds to feel the way she does after the experience she has been through. And even though the story of her Christmas trip to bring short skirts, high heels and sweaters and singing and dancing to soldiers overseas is a bit dated now that spring is upon us, we feel somehow that the recounting of it and what she felt is the best way to know her. She has other facets than the one shown in that tale, to be sure, but actually, from what she says now, most of the principles that guide her life now have been strengthened by her adventure at Christmas.

"I have no intention of getting married," she said. "I like a lot of boys in Burbank and in Hollywood, but none of them enough to marry them. People link my name with Robert Wagner in the movie magazines. I don't mind that, but I'm not in love with Bob, nor is he in love with me. Ever since I have been in pictures I have tried not to lose track of Debbie Reynolds of Burbank, so I date as many boys in my home town as I do in the movie business. I like Carleton Carpenter. We have a real ball together when we date. But I like Burbank boys you never heard of just as much.

"Maybe the reason I get my name linked with the movie actors I know is because I have to go out with them on special occasions, like movie parties and premieres. I tried going out with some of the fellows around here on dates like that and it was torture for them. The minute somebody recognizes me and they start to take pictures and ask me for autographs, these guys get all panicky and squirm and try to run away. If I go to these affairs with Bob or Carleton, they don't mind. They are used to them and know it is all part of the movie game.

"If you really want to see me having fun, you'll have to go to the bowling alley near my house, or to the ice cream parlor

but I've
got a
date



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down the block. Or walk by my house
when we're having a barbecue or a swim-
ming party.

"And another thing that bothers me
about Hollywood," Debbie said, "is the
way romance is kicked around. They even
kick love around. Not the actors, actually,
but the press. They take it so lightly that it
scares me. I don't ever want anything like
that to happen to me. My mother and
father have been married for more than 25
years. And when I really fall in love I want
it to last as long as I live—and I don't want
to read about it in the papers every time we
speak a harsh word to one another. And
when I get married, it will be forever.
When I say 'till death do us part,' that's
what I'm going to mean.

"It's a funny thing," Debbie said, "but I
sometimes wish I had never gotten into the
movies. Maybe it would have been better."

AFTER three years in the movies, Debbie
Reynolds has changed considerably,
both in her attitude toward making movies
and in her capabilities. At first she thought
the whole business was something of a
racket, a way for a girl to pick up a little
money before they got wise. The fact that
this was her opinion is borne out by the
fact that when Warner Brothers put her on
lay-off close to Christmas time she horri-
fied everyone at the studio by taking a
job selling hardware in a Valley dime store.
Debbie didn't know what the fuss was all
about. She did both jobs just for the money.

When she first got into the movies she
couldn't act, so she did the next best thing,
she acted herself. She couldn't dance, but
she took a few lessons and tried. If you
saw her in *Singing In The Rain* you know
she did all right by herself. She couldn't
sing, but before anyone was aware of it
she, teamed with Carleton Carpenter, had a
hit record on the market that sold close to
a million copies. That was Abba Dabba
Honeymoon. And when the record was at
its peak of popularity she made the rounds
of the disk jockeys, at the request of the
publicity department, and astonished all of
them with her knowledge of singing and
music.

Today, however, Debbie Reynolds is
vitaly interested in her work. And she's a
serious-minded student of a craft she once
joked about. She used to flit about the
MGM lot in her early days looking for
pranks to play or interesting places to
loaf. Now she toils like a Barrymore. And
when one of the various coaches at the
studio takes visitors around the lot, they
generally stop at the stage where Debbie
is working and introduce her as their
prize pupil.

Some weeks ago there was a casting
conference going on at MGM. The execu-
tives were plotting the player lists for the
announcement of the coming season's prod-
uct. One by one the films to be made were
discussed and cast, tentatively, of course,
but with the stars and actresses who seemed
right for the parts. Soon the job was done
and the men wearily put down their
papers. Suddenly, though, one of them took
another glance at the completed lists.

"Say," he said, "has any star ever made
nine pictures in a year on this lot?"

"Of course not," his co-workers chorused.
"Then," said the first man, "we've got to
start all over again. That's how many parts
we've got Debbie Reynolds committed to
here."

They groaned and went back to work.
"The trouble with that girl is," one man
groused, "that she can play anything."

Debbie Reynolds, then, in three short
years has taken a solid hold on stardom.
She is considered a top attraction, and the
fan mail backs this up. She is thought to
be a real bet as a singing star, and Gene
Kelly himself says she's as good a dancer
as he ever hopes to work with as either

a hooper or director. And before many
seasons have passed the studio expects
Debbie will walk away with some big
honor for her acting. That is Debbie Reyn-
olds in her career life.

PERSONALLY, however, you'd never know
she was a "Big Shot." There is in Deb-
bie Reynolds a sweetness that is not at all
sticky. There is a cleaving to old-fashioned
habits of proper living that is seen not too
often in the younger generation today, and
very seldom in youngsters in the public
eye. But she will stick to them, you can
wager on that.

We saw Debbie Reynolds going to a party
a few months ago and it was something
that gave us food for thought. There was
a long line of cars slowly creeping up the
driveway of a Beverly Hills mansion, and
a corps of men at the top of the drive
opening doors and parking the cars for
the guests. There was quite a bit of space
in the street in front of the home, but no
Hollywood personality worth his salt will
park his own car at a time like that.

We were in the line of cars when we
saw a battered, but neat, convertible slide
into a space at the curb. Then a young
man, looking fiercely uncomfortable in a
tuxedo got out and walked to the other
side to let his date out. They walked to
the gates of the house, looked at the mad
mob in the driveway, and then the girl
took off a fancy pair of satin evening shoes,
and, holding her gown up out of the tall
grass of the lawn, began a half-acre walk
to the house.

We drove up like the rest of the folks
and then, out of curiosity, walked around
to the side of the building where the boy
and girl had disappeared. They stood out-
side a huge window peering in at the
throngs of beautiful women and handsome
men standing about the room. The boy
looked scared to death. The girl was Deb-
bie Reynolds, and she, too, looked at what
was going on in awe, her dress still held
up and her slippers in her hand.

That, we thought, as we went inside, is
the way to go to a Hollywood party. It's
more fun to watch than to attend. We
went about our business shaking hands
with famous people and chatting idly with
celebrities. We never saw Debbie inside.
Maybe she and her date just stayed outside
and, after they'd seen enough, went to
a quieter place that might be more fun.
If she did, it was typical of her. She's not
Hollywood at all. Not Debbie. **END**

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When one of the
night clubs on the
Strip had an open-
ing recently, fans
gathered outside
to take snapshots
of the stars as
they arrived.
When Joan Craw-
ford appeared, it
seemed as if
everyone wanted



a picture of her, because all at once the
flashes began to go off. But there was
one fan who couldn't get her camera
to work. Miss Crawford noticed and
went over to help her. The star, in her
beautiful evening gown, took the
flashbulb, bent down, and scraped
the bulb along the concrete sidewalk.
Then she gave the bulb back to the
fan, and told her to try it again. This
time it worked perfectly, and Joan,
as she left, told the grateful fan: "I
hope the picture turns out nicely."

Nancy Streebeck
Hollywood, California

prayer and laughter

(Continued from page 67) What did people say God did? He lightened their souls. What did I do? I helped them touch happiness. Wasn't that the same? Surely it was close to being the same. I felt good. In hunger, on my hard bed, shivering in thin clothes, I could still feel good. And sometimes I'd think, "Well, God, we're partners." It was a good thought. You will smile at this but it was such a good thought that I still have it. I still think I am a partner of God. Only now I know I am not His only partner. I think He has a partner in everyone who walks on earth; some are active and contribute their interest and their energy; some are just silent partners—but none can take His name off the door.

You know, a child's world is small and everything narrows down with it. When I first met God He was doing a small business—just taking care of the Catholics. This was because I was a Catholic and didn't give Him much thought until I was taken to make my first communion. But soon afterwards, when I went out into the world (and I started leaving home on my own during summer vacations before I was 14), I saw that He was organized on a much wider scale.

It became apparent to me that God was associated with the Protestants, with the Jews, and, as I began to suspect, with anyone else who had the free will given to all humans to either love or hate their fellowmen. I had to think this because all kinds of people helped or hindered me, and I had to believe through experience that you couldn't tell which they were going to do by the labels on the outside. A Catholic was not necessarily a kind person; a Protestant not necessarily a devil; a Jew not necessarily a stranger. Today I think this was not only the greatest lesson I ever learned, but the one the whole world is painfully coming to learn. Prejudice is based on labels; wipe out the labels and you wipe out prejudice.

Or—pin them all onto yourself. If God is everything then we are everything. In one of my pockets I carry a crucifix, in the other a Hebrew mezuzah. I am a 32nd degree Mason.

MAYBE I can recall how I got started into thinking this way. It began, I believe, when I was still a child and after my communion. While the first church I knew about was, of course, a Catholic one, the second was a Lutheran one. It was here I had to go to attend the services for the soul of my Aunt Carrie when she died from erysipelas, an infection developing from a cut she suffered while picking tomatoes. We had to do a lot of picking in our family to live; tomatoes, coal off the railroad tracks, firewood off construction sites, the last crumb off the plate. . . .

I loved Aunt Carrie. As I sat in the pew that afternoon, filled with the combination of mysticism and dread that can grip a kid in the presence of death, I was worried. What would happen to Aunt Carrie, lying in her casket in this church, when God was over by the other one? How would she ever get to Him? How would He know where she was? I was much too perturbed about this to listen to the preacher's prayer and eulogy. But I knew when he had finished. As we said, "Amen," a shaft of sunlight shot down through one of the high, stained-glass windows. It fell on the coffin, bathing it in a whole pattern of dancing, gleaming colors. I knew then that He had! He had found Aunt Carrie. Good old God—you couldn't fool Him by putting different names on your churches!

I don't want to give anyone the impression that I must have been one of those queer youngsters, the poetic, angelic kind, bless them, who walk around with faraway looks in their eyes. I was more the scrubby, sharp-eyed, hustler type . . . with an open mind about life and the things you sometimes have to do to keep living it. To tell the truth I hung around the pool room a lot more than I did the church. A lot of the honest dollars I earned those days I earned working for dishonest men. I mean I worked hard for my money when I entertained for pitchmen, but they were getting the money to pay me by fooling the public with their fake medicine or wares. And some of my dollars I earned in even more questionable ways . . . meaning I was directly at fault.

I didn't worry about it at first. I wasn't even conscious of doing wrong, or at least wouldn't even dream of taking off time to go into the question. That came later. Nor did I reform immediately when I did realize it. That too, the development of first, conscience, and then character to follow conscience, took time and had to come later. But it came, over a long period of troubled moods, of realizations that I had hurt or wronged someone, of truths that persisted in telling themselves to me when I would much rather not hear about them.

I NEVER knew my father—and this is one of the saddest statements I ever have to make. He died before I was born. But some of the earliest words I can recall were about him, that he had been a great comedian, a clown with the Hagenback-Wallace Circus; and from the start there was fired in me an ambition to follow in his footsteps. At least I cannot remember ever wanting to be anything else but a fellow who can bring laughs into the world. I started entertaining when I was five years old, entertaining visiting relatives for whom I would drape an American flag around myself and orate like a preacher. Later, out in the street, and substituting a minstrel costume for the flag, I tried out the same act for strangers on a stage I had figured out for myself—the doorways of empty stores.

I used to do and sell card tricks. In return for running errands for card players in the pool room they would give me their old decks. Using glue, knife and scissors, I would convert these into magic decks and then demonstrate them on my stage. Then came the selling pitch—a quarter a deck. In order to work up a crowd I had to entertain in many ways; singing, playing a uke, telling jokes. My mother made me a black wig out of pieces of a worn, caracul coat, and helped me put together a bright minstrel jacket. I would "black-up" in the washroom of the nearest filling station and be all ready to go on. My only worry was hecklers—kids of my own age. And, of course, I didn't get anywhere trying to squash them with wise cracks. I had to get out there and fight. Yes, sir, you saw everything when you came to my show.

When I could get a regular job, back in those days in Vincennes, Indiana, I took it. One of my jobs was working for the J. C. Penny company breaking up packing cases and lugging the wood up into the alley to be carted away. But when a chance came to join a show on the road, a minstrel outfit, a stock company, or even a high or low pitchman, away I'd go. The reasons I'd give my mother were always the same: Some day I was going to be the greatest comedian in the world; some day I was going to take her to a warmer climate; some day I was going to die a millionaire. Well, I have brought her out to California and if you don't check the thermometer too closely maybe I have come through with that pledge. About my

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comedy... when she talks about it she says I'm coming right along. About the million... well, I meant it, but I'm not in such a hurry.

I got out of going to school awfully early I'm afraid, but it was no great loss in any case. All I ever did in school was sit and dream about show business anyway. And life was getting ready to tumble me around and pound sense into me... even if it wasn't in a classroom. I was going to slide into a lot of easy ways of getting along, and then I was going to be clunked.

In Peoria, Illinois, one fine day, my pitchman boss promised the audience sets of silverware with darn near every bottle of his elixir (made up of burnt sugar and epsom salts in water) they bought. Then he ducked out leaving me holding the bag—or stage. When the crowd caught wise and turned on me, my joke telling suddenly ended in a face-full of tears. Only these tears, and my youth, saved me from a bad time.

Another time, at the age of about 14, I found myself without funds, and in Valparaiso, Indiana, instead of Vincennes where I had a mother and a home. Whereupon I got mixed up in as weird a scheme as you could find this side of grave-robbing—and not very far this side of it either.

A very bland gent with a fast rate of speech got me into it. He had a stock of two-bit pen and pencil sets, in fake gold, but individually boxed. He was doing a fine business selling these to dead people! Of course the dead didn't pay—their mourners did. From the obituary column in the newspapers he would get the names and addresses of recently deceased, paste their names on the inside of the box with dime store lettering, and then show up at the door. The dialogue went as follows:

"How do you do, madame? Is Mr. Brown in?"

"No. Mr. Brown..."

"When will he be home?"

"I'm afraid never. Mr. Brown... died a few days ago."

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry. You see, he ordered this gold-plated pen and pencil set, personally inscribed to him, and we are just making delivery now."

He'd hold the set up, she'd see the name of her husband (or whatever the relationship) on the box, and in her sentimental state would invariably buy it. The price was five dollars. I tried it and it worked... several times. I had food in my belly, money in my pockets, and began telling myself I was a very smart boy. But something was wrong inside of me somewhere—only I did my best not to know what it was. To this day I keep telling myself I would have quit soon anyway, but, as it was, I got help. On my list was a Roland Sheffield, who, according to his obituary, had died at the age of 60. A middle-aged woman came to the door and the spiel went as usual until I got to the part about the recently deceased having ordered the pen and pencil set.

The woman's eyes opened wide. "I'm just a friend of the family," she said, "but I must say Roland Sheffield was a good deal smarter than he let on to his folks. You see, Roland was just six months old when he died."

I stopped running about 20 blocks later, when I was well out of town, and checked the newspaper again. It still claimed that Roland Sheffield was 60. The typesetter must have made a mistake, I decided, but not as big a mistake as I had made. Nothing was ever more plain.

Children in school or living with their families are told what is right and what is wrong. To some extent they also find out for themselves. I found out almost all by myself, by living in error or along-

side it, and knowing it for what it was... not guessing. The education I got ground and slapped into me might be difficult to describe in terms of formal learning, but what there is of it is solid. Nobody ever had to paint the horrors of drink to me; I was next door to them for years and wouldn't dream of getting any closer. Nobody ever had to tell me about gambling; I saw it around me as a child in terms of the unforgettable misery it can cause, and the lesson is in me to stay. A big Chicago night club once paid me almost double my salary to star in one of its shows. I wondered why because my act proved not at all suitable for its patrons, and one night one of the waiters told me the reason. He said the club owners felt I wouldn't cost them anything because they were sure I was a gambler and expected me to lose my salary and more on their dice and card tables. Honestly, I felt sorry for them. Nobody has ever seen me bet more than an apple in my life.

You learn to think, and think right through to rock bottom, when you are on your own. You automatically take promises apart for the facts in them, you study over all you see and hear until it makes sense. Sometimes your findings aren't popular ones, the crowd and you don't think alike. Well... that's the price a man pays if he doesn't like to kid himself... and it's worth it.

Eventually, these ways of thinking are the ways in which you come to look at religion. And it is so with me. For instance, the Christ who is always pictured with hands in pious gesture and holy look shining from his face—the Christ in sandals and flowing robe. For me this is too pat a picture for One who attracted tens of thousands of adherents in His time, and hundreds or thousands of millions after His going. His must have been a more positive, a more human personality. I can see Him with His disciples. He calls to them. "Say, fellows..." and they turn to Him as He speaks, not in book talk, in vague verses or proverbs, but in direct words, man to man, and with an animation and enthusiasm that puts a snap in the very atmosphere around them. That was Jesus Christ as I see Him.

Those people who like to be described as God-fearing Christians—I just cannot agree that there can be such people. The very first feeling I ever had of God, the very nature of God, if you like, is that He is One to whom you come in trust. If you trust someone are you not being untrue by fearing him? It is more likely that you love him. So for me the phrase is best, means what you want it to mean, when you say, "A God-loving Christian."

The biblical explorers, men and women who delve into the depths of Bible print and like to split hairs as to the possible meaning of certain passages; they have never impressed me, neither with their learning nor their Christian spirit. The world doesn't suffer for a lack of clear, religious text, nor are the ways of man clogged up by biblical obscurities. If only the most simple of the Bible's injunctions were followed: the Sermon on the Mount, the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, you would no longer require armies, or a police force, or even laws. Truth needs no interpreters—just spreading.

When prayers were first explained to me, when I first heard those in which a whole detailed series of requests is contained, it sounded just as if someone was reading off a Christmas list. It just didn't sound right to me—if you know what I mean. I felt then, as I feel now, that one doesn't ask for material gain or the specific article. I pray. I pray every night that I

can be a better person, that I can be of service, and that I can continue to make people laugh. I pray not only to God but to myself because I think God is in me, as He is in all of us, and that in this way it is given to me to help myself. It was thus I prayed last New Year's Eve, when I was recovering from a serious operation, and I added the hope that I become more understanding. This was important to me because I have come a long way from the kid I was—and I want to keep on coming. Sometimes, when they are travelling, strangers will start talking to each other, and if they are companionable and lucky their words will fall together nicely. The nicest I ever heard fell on my ears when

spoken by a little Irish priest who took the seat in front of me on a New York to California plane a few years ago. We had talked for some time, and he had learned on a stop-off in Chicago who I was, when I asked him if he liked to fly. "No," he said. "Do you?" "No, I don't," I told him. He nodded. "That's because you and I work with people," he said. He looked out of the window and pointed below. "Neither one of us should have a fear of flying. Working with people I think we are a little closer to Him down there than we are up here." Yes . . . the nicest words I have ever heard. **END**

you belong to me

(Continued from page 57) then on he lived out of suitcases, and was extracting a sport shirt from one the morning the phone rang. It was the studio, with news that gave them a slight reprieve. His departure had been postponed for another week. Maybe, they thought hopefully, the baby would come early. When consulted on this possibility for the eighth time, the doctor shook his head. "Don't count on it before September 1st."

By the time Jeff got his smallpox vaccination and had received his passport, the studio had decided on two more postponements. He was due to leave the following day when on August 28th he received a cable from Malta from Frank McCarthy, producer of the picture. McCarthy knew how anxious Jeff was to stick around home as long as possible and was doing his best to stretch the starting date. The cable read to the effect that Jeff could count on September 5th as the absolute deadline for leaving the West Coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Hunter whooped and hollered and blessed the Irish in general, and the following morning Mr. Hunter noticed a vaguely puzzled expression on Mrs. Hunter's face.

"What is it?" he said. "I think I'm going to cooperate," said Barbara.

On the doctor's advice they waited until noon before going to the Santa Monica Hospital. Barbara's mother was the only other person in the waiting room, and they consoled each other until shortly after five o'clock that afternoon, when a boy was born.

WHEN Jeff first saw the small scrunched bundle of humanity that was held up to him behind the glass of the nursery, he nervously fingered the pocket handkerchief he had removed from a suitcase that morning. "Is it mine?" he mumbled.

Mrs. Rush was more appreciative in her verbal comment. "Oh, Jeff! It's a darling boy!"

"Oh," said the new father, mopping his forehead. "Is it?"

He had five more days to recuperate, and on September 4th put Barbara Rush Hunter and Christopher Merrill Hunter tenderly into the back seat of his car. He drove home as though Sunset Boulevard were paved with whole eggs, and gingerly installed his new family in their respective bedrooms, then backed off in bewilderment and gratitude while Mother Rush took over with an experienced hand.

The next morning he gathered his luggage from the perimeter of the living room, took a last look at his new son and put his arms around his wife. It had been wonderful that he'd been allowed to stay

as long as he had, but he was well aware that their parting now was even rougher on Barbara than it was on himself. Mrs. Rush would stay with her, and Jeff knew his mother-in-law would give service that would be the envy even of a mother hen. But just the same, he asked himself, what would happen when Barbara succumbed to the famous new-mother blues, and he wasn't there to console her? What would happen if Chris got the hiccups, or the croup, or maybe he might have that three-month colic they'd read about. He suddenly felt a lump rising in his throat, and he gave Barbara a hug that left her breathless, then broke away and ran down the steps.

He flew to New York and there boarded a plane for England but by the time they had reached Newfoundland the engine was spluttering in a frightening way, and passengers were informed there would be a nine hour delay. Jeff had promised to cable Barbara the minute he landed in London, and thinking that a delay of nine hours would make her frantic, he wired about it from Newfoundland. On receiving it Barbara didn't so much as raise an eyebrow. To her, an airplane is no more dangerous than a subway, and for years she has boarded airlines with the aplomb that St. Peter might have in a similar situation. Boats—they are something else, and already she was worried about Jeff's decision to return home on the liner United States.

As Barbara knew it would, Jeff's plane arrived safely at the London airport. The ship flew in at dusk, and although the proverbial mist was in the air Jeff could see the ancient city beneath him, its lights twinkling as far as the eye could see. He stepped out of the plane with the conscious thought, "I am in England." When the voice of the announcer on the public address system crackled through the air in a Cockney accent, he grinned to himself. This was perfect.

IN order to keep it that way, he tried to dodge the loneliness that enveloped him whenever he thought of his family, 6,000 miles away. He kept busy, and was thankful that in that first month he was allowed a lot of free time. He saw London, upside down and inside out. He went to Madame Tussaud's wax works, to St. Paul's Cathedral, to the Tower of London. He watched the Changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace, and he reserved a whole day for Westminster Abbey. Jeff had always loved history, and having the living reality of these old stones beneath his feet gave him a tremendous thrill. He recorded all of it for Barbara, who had yearned to see Europe as much as he, with his Rolleiflex camera. Whenever he left the hotel in the morning his shoulders were criss-crossed with the straps of his photographic equipment, and wherever he went he caught only a portion



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of the guides' remarks because he was so intent on the problems of exposures, filters and speeds.

He had time to leave London and see more of England. He went up to Stratford-on-Avon and steeped himself in the reverence felt by the old town for Shakespeare. He went to Leamington Spa to watch the English at play, and he went down to Hampton Court, the famous old palace of Henry VIII. He watched an English soccer game and was deeply impressed by the skill involved, and then he went to a cricket game and was stumped. Cricket was the only thing in all of England that left him cold—cricket and the London fog, which at the time Jeff was there blanketed the city in the worst attack on record. Otherwise he fell in love with the country, its cities and its scenery, and mostly its people, who were the soul of courtesy to Jeff. He grew to admire them tremendously. "Nobody can do so much, and so cheerfully, with so little," he says.

He met a surprising number of friends while there. In Westminster Abbey he was looking at the tomb of Edward the Confessor when he was suddenly slapped on the back and turned to find two college friends he hadn't seen in years. At Bushey Air Base, where Jeff made a personal appearance, he was introduced to the American personnel officer. "Lieutenant Bell, this is Jeff Hunter." They stared at each other a full minute before the officer said, "What's this Jeff Hunter business? Aren't you Hank McKinnies from Milwaukee?" And Jeff recognized him as another old school friend.

His birthday on November 25th was spent alone, but brightened by Barbara's thoughtfulness. More than a week before, she had given him a birthday party, and on his birthday he received not only a tie from her, a print job with English knights jousting across it, but also a piece of the cake, some of the candles, a chain letter from the guests, and a flock of pictures showing the gang at home. That night he sat alone in his hotel room, and setting the time meter on his camera, took pictures to send back to Barbara. A week later she opened an envelope and saw him eating the cake, reading the letter, looking at the pictures and opening her package. It wasn't the same as being together, but it helped.

THEIR letters to each other were frequent and full. Barbara sent him a daily report of their son's progress. Chris was healthy and happy, he had an appetite like a stevedore, and he was a rarity in that he had already got the idea that nights are for sleeping. She sent him scores of pictures and Jeff spent hours trying to scotch-tape them together in accordion fashion so that when anyone inquired after his son he could whip a foot-long record out of his pocket. The pictures arrived in such volume, however, that he soon gave up the idea and instead strung them bunting fashion across his room.

His letters to her were often written in dialect, of which Jeff was learning a bewildering assortment, even within the confines of England. His letters from Paris were addressed to Mme. Hunter, and those from Rome came to Signora Hunter.

The visit to Paris stretched only over a weekend, but in that time Jeff saw more than the average tourist sees in a week. Frank McCarthy and director Roy Boulting went with him, flying across on a Friday night, and from then on Jeff forgot what sleep meant. They contacted a friend of a friend who worked in Paris with TWA and who was kind enough to supply them not only with a car, but with his services as companion and guide. They started out in Montmartre that night, seeing the Sacre-Coeur and then the famous night

spots of that naughty hill. They went all over Paris and ended up at dawn in Pigalle at a cabaret which caters to American performers. The next day Jeff went on a shopping spree and bought Barbara a real French chapeau, for he is one of those rare men who knows how and wants to shop for women, and even the language problem didn't stop him from choosing a hat that is currently the envy of other Hollywood actresses.

He went into Notre Dame and had lunch at a sidewalk café and then walked along the left bank of the Seine, wishing mightily that Barbara could be with him. He looked at the awesome spread of buildings that comprise the Louvre, and decided to wait until he and Barbara together could some day enjoy its treasures. The trip was finished off on Saturday night by a visit to the Folies Bergere, and he went back to London the next day still unable to believe that he had really seen Paris.

There followed six weeks of location work in Malta, and despite the fact it was wintertime in the rest of the world, the Mediterranean was in its perpetual state of summer sunshine. They worked on Gozo Island, a rocky promontory in the sea which afforded the stark and rugged terrain over which Jeff was required to walk, run, and crawl. The cast and crew of the movie lived in those days on the British cruiser Manxman, disguised for the picture as a German ship, and Jeff made fast friends with many of the ship's crew. In his free time he went spear fishing, equipped with spear, snorkel mask and swim fins made in Genoa, and although he caught nothing spectacular, he reported to Barbara that to his way of thinking this was the world's Eden for a swimmer.

THERE was one more spree due him before he left for home, and that was Rome. He spent three days in the Eternal City before going back to England to board his ship, and they are three days Jeff will never forget. His first night there he met a young American on his way to Arabia, and discovering they were both long on curiosity and short on time, they teamed up to take practically every tour offered in Rome. They saw the Coliseum and the Forum and Hadrian's Villa and the Catacombs, and everywhere they went Jeff brought up the rear of the group, taking pictures while his pockets bulged with film and flashbulbs.

The Italian language was no more familiar to him than that of Pakistan, but he managed to get around via the tours without much trouble. His only snarl was the night he phoned the desk clerk at his hotel. For a half hour he studied his Italian pocket dictionary and carefully rehearsed, syllable by syllable, the sentence "Please awaken me at eight-thirty tomorrow morning." Then he picked up the phone and with gritted teeth intoned laboriously, "Piacere, io voglio essere svegliato domani alle otto e mezzo della mattina."

"Sure thing," replied the clerk in English. "You bet."

It was with a mixed feeling of relief and sadness that he boarded the United States at Southampton a week later, and heard "the American tongue" around him once more. The ship was big and unbelievably beautiful, and he was excitedly inspecting it when suddenly the whole ship shuddered. There were excited shouts and people running hysterically down on the dock, for in the process of being backed out of the harbor the ship had been hit by a 50-knot gust that sent her slamming back into the dock. It turned out all right—the stevedores threw coils of rope between the boat and the dock to cushion the shock, and a collision was avoided with the immense lifting cranes,

but back in Hollywood Barbara read about it in the newspaper and felt the first real fear for Jeff she had known since his departure.

Four days later, even though Barbara was sure the ship would never make it, the United States docked safely in New York and Jeff spilled out, went through Customs in a fever of impatience, and in less than five hours was winging his way to Milwaukee to meet Barbara.

It was a mad, gay, crazy reunion after four months, and even though Chris had been left behind in Hollywood with his grandmother, Jeff felt it was the happiest moment in his life when he sighted Barbara, wearing that saucy hat, waiting for him at the Milwaukee airport. It was his first visit to his home town in more than three years, and they had a merry Christmas with his parents and then Jeff proudly introduced his wife to all his old friends, who numbered more than 200 on that day they held open house.

THOSE two weeks in his boyhood home were fun, but as the days rolled by he found it difficult to keep his patience for the day when he could again see his son. When they finally landed in Los Angeles and whizzed through traffic to their West-

wood apartment, Jeff took the steps two at a time. He flung open the door, with Barbara right behind him, and there was Christopher Merrill, big as life, in the process of having his triangular pants changed. Jeff looked at him in astonishment. "But—but—" he said. "Is he mine?"

Mrs. Rush laughed. "You said that the first time you saw him."

"But he's so big!"

Barbara slipped her hand into Jeff's. "Honey, he's four months old! Of course he's grown. I sent you the pictures."

"I know—but somehow—in pictures—well, for heaven's sake!"

Nowadays Jeff stays home and makes up for lost time with his son. In the closets and in the corners of the apartment are stacked piles of pictures, and all kinds of literature from Europe. There is even a full set of Linguaphone records in French, bought by Jeff his first day back in London after the Paris trip. Barbara has mentioned politely that it might be a good idea if Jeff would look at his pictures, read his literature, study his French, and then put everything away in one place.

"Let's wait until we buy a house," he says. "Maybe next year. I'll go through it all then. Right now I'd rather sit and look at you."

END

man on the move

(Continued from page 39) This was one place where John could talk, so he sat at the wise man's feet and told him of the tragedy that had taken place. The old codger listened without interruption. He always waited for advice to be asked, you know, but he then had an answer ready.

"Son," he said, "there's only one thing to do in a case like this. Keep moving. Get your mind on other things. Play a lot, and laugh a lot, and work. You stand around mooning and you'll suffer. Like I said, keep moving. That's the thing to do."

Well, times change. A boy becomes a man. But wisdom does not change. That advice was given over 30 years ago. It worked then—and it's working now. John Wayne, whose girl has gone away, is a man on the move. A man with a lot of work to do and a lot of things on his mind.

Like most people, it took John Wayne some little time to put sound advice into action. When his wife, Chata, left him, he did his share of "mooning" and "suffering." He didn't stand around Hollywood, but he sat around in the sun of Mexico and brooded on his loss. And he took no part in the gaiety of the winter season at the resort he went to. On the surface, he was just an actor on vacation, with a smile on his face and no cares. But when he was alone with the business associates who came to see him, he was a heartsick man who just wanted to be left alone with his problems. Nothing they could do or say made him want to go back to Hollywood and work.

It appeared once, a few months after John and Chata Wayne were separated, that the melancholy tactic would be successful. Mrs. Wayne knew just how he felt and after a few months apart they went back together and had a second honeymoon in Hawaii. It was well covered by the papers and magazines, so it is not news that the honeymoon didn't take. And a few weeks later they were back where they had been at the first separation.

The advice given John Wayne years ago came back to his mind in a strange way. When the honeymoon flopped, Wayne took an extended tour of South America. He had no particular destination in mind. He

just bought a couple of feet of airplane tickets and started for the places listed on the back of the travel bureau envelope. He visited Rio, Buenos Aires, Quito and all of the other famous places below the equator. But it was in Peru that life caught up with him.

Six months previously, John had gone into partnership with an old friend, Robert Fellows, in the making of the picture *Big Jim McLain*. They made the movie in Honolulu, and they took their time about it. Even though it was business, the project was something of a lark. Then the film went into release, just as John went away—with no future plans. Fellows finally tracked him down and got him on the phone in Lima, Peru.

"You've got to come home," Fellows said. "The picture is making a mint and Warner Brothers want us to make some more."

"I just don't feel ready to get back into grease paint yet," Wayne said.

"You don't have to," said Fellows. "I want you to produce them with me. You don't have to act in them."

"Me produce?" said Wayne. "What can I do?"

"Look, you idiot," said Fellows, "you've been in this business 20 years. You know more about making pictures than I ever will. I need your help. We can keep our company going and turn out half-a-dozen movies a year. The releasing company likes the way we work together."

"No," said Wayne, "not right now. I've got to get something out of my system first."

"Well you're sure going about it in the wrong way," said Fellows. "What you need is to get your mind on other things. Stop mooning and work."

"What did you say?" asked Wayne.

Fellows repeated it for him.

Wayne held the telephone instrument in his hand for a moment, trying to remember where he had heard pretty much the same thing before. It was like being in a situation you felt you had been in before. Then he remembered his wise old friend on the porch. He was laughing when he spoke again.

"Get a desk in that office for me," he said, "and put my name on the door. I'm leaving for Hollywood in the morning."

John Wayne has not always been as ready

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to put aside his heartaches for the more practical things. As a very young man, new to motion pictures, and without much apparent future except as a cowboy actor who could do his own stunts, he married his school-days sweetheart, Josephine Saenz. During the next ten years they had four children, two boys and two girls. It was a happy marriage for a number of reasons. One, for a long time John and Josephine were in love; two, Wayne is a family man, and loved his kids. But it was unbalanced in other ways. John is a religious man, but, like many people of our time, not too devout. Josephine, on the other hand, was a Roman Catholic and her religion was the most important thing in her life. If John had been of the same faith it might have been possible to reconcile this difference, but the fact that he wasn't, made for friction. He possibly thought Josephine's church work was taking too much of her time.

Eventually an estrangement came into the marriage. It was something neither of the Waynes liked to think about, but it was there. John, who had been a complete homebody, began playing poker and chumming around with the lads a lot. Actually, as Wayne told a friend once, there never was an argument, let alone a fight. Josephine, being a devout woman, hated the very word divorce, but she grew to know that it had to be faced. And then it came. The marriage was dissolved in the California courts.

For months John Wayne couldn't handle the situation. He was a man in a fog, unused to the solo environment he found himself in. Never a ladies' man, he crept into a shell, emerging only to saunter through the pictures he had to make to take care of his obligations. Work? He had none. Making movies wasn't work for him by then. And he had no business interests to occupy himself with.

IT WAS about that time that John Wayne discovered Mexico as a place to hide. It was far enough away from Hollywood so he wasn't bothered with reporters always asking about his romantic situation. Far enough away so that if he went to dinner with a girl it didn't make all the columns as the love of the year. But no matter how you want to tag it, these flights to escape were "mooning" jaunts, no good because they didn't let a man really get his mind off his lost love. There were too many guitars playing and too many star-studded nights.

The first time John Wayne sat across from Chata Bauer at a Mexico City luncheon he knew he was in love. And the story of how he courted and married her, which has been told many times, is concrete evidence that it was. Love is a convenient way to forget love, but it doesn't come along quickly enough usually. At any rate, it saved John Wayne from stagnation this time, gave him a new grasp on life and charged him with the ambition he needed. He brought Chata back to Hollywood and settled down to several years of complete happiness; a happiness that was as complete as the one he had enjoyed in the early years of his first marriage.

But last year that ended, too. Nobody has ever said just what it was that broke John and Chata up, but it has been hinted that she was extravagant, that she demanded too much personal attention, that she listened to her mother above all others, and that she fell out of love with Wayne. John, himself, has never said what it was, if he knows. But he has admitted that Chata fell out of love first, and that it hurt very much. So, as he did once before, he packed a few things into a bag and took off for places where an actor wouldn't allow 108 ways have to be answering questions. A

"mooning" place is what he called it. As we said, it was in Lima, Peru, that the old man on the porch caught up with him. It was in Lima that he held the telephone in his hand for a moment and then began to laugh as he heard from 'way back in his boyhood the old Solomon tell him to keep moving, to work and play and laugh, because that was the way to forget that the nine-year-old girl with the missing front tooth and the freckles had checked out without leaving a forwarding address.

These pages are not generally filled with details of a man's business life. MODERN SCREEN is not Dun and Bradstreet's. But in the case of John Wayne, his business life, his travelling and his new experiences as a producer of motion pictures are linked definitely with his personal and romantic life. He was met at the airport by Bob Fellows and his business manager. They sat in the back of the car, as they were driven into Hollywood, and Wayne grinned like a boy with a new scout knife as he was briefed on the plans for Wayne-Fellows Productions.

"I'll tell you what," said Fellows, "you're probably tired, so you go home and rest." "Who's tired?" laughed Wayne. "Let's go to the office. I'd better get some of these brains you claim I have working for the company right away or you guys will run the business right into the ground."

The three of them sat and chuckled, and nobody was happier about the whole thing than John Wayne.

Since that day John Wayne has been the busiest actor who ever became a business man. He had a commitment at Warner Brothers to make *Trouble Along The Way*, but, although he is said to have turned in one of the best performances in his career, every moment away from in front of the camera was spent on the telephone with his office or at luncheons where such matters as casting, financing, story-buying were taken care of. Wayne is no silent partner.

WHEN the Warner Brothers picture was finished, Wayne-Fellows already had its second picture, *Plunder Of The Sun*, shooting in Mexico, and Wayne, after the last shot was in the camera, wiped the make-up off his face and dashed to the airport to get a plane to the location. The next morning he was on the set—and they say he drove the director and the actors crazy by putting his finger into all of their pies. He was so enthusiastic and wanted to take care of so many details himself that his partner had to take him aside.

"Take it easy," said Fellows. "You're making these guys nervous. Why don't you go down to Acapulco for a couple of weeks and rest?"

"Rest?" said Wayne. "Are you crazy, man? I've got too much to do. If a fellow doesn't watch all the details making one of these movies he can lose his shirt."

Fellows threw his hands into the air. "I asked for it," he said. "I wanted to get you steamed up—but I didn't think you'd boil over."

"Stick around, son," said Wayne with a grin. "I'm not even warmed up yet."

When the picture was over, Fellows and the other executives of the company were worn to a frazzle, but happy that they had talked John into taking a short vacation in Acapulco before starting the next movie. They took a house together and planned several days of deep sleep, with interruptions only for eating. This dream was rudely shattered.

The morning after they arrived there was a great clatter of cars driving into the courtyard of the house. Somebody opened an eye in alarm.

"What's that?" he said.

Peering out of the window, the tired

movie-maker saw a group of men in city clothing alighting from the vehicles while the house servants carried mountains of luggage upstairs. He awakened his companions and they went down to see what was happening. Wayne sat on the patio, and around a big table sat his lawyer, a couple of fellows from Wayne-Fellows home office, an agent and a well-known director.

"What's going on here?" Fellows managed to stammer.

"No use wasting time," said Wayne, bright as a sparrow at a window pane. "I got these men down here so we can get to work on the next show. You better shower and shave, you look terrible. But hurry, I need you."

At the time of this writing, Wayne-Fellows Productions, actively headed by John Wayne, is the most promising independent producing organization in Hollywood. Two films have been completed and at least half-a-dozen more are ready to go. Such famous directors as Leo McCarey, John Farrow and William Wellman have been taken into the group and will make one film a year for the new company. The pictures will be made in all corners of the world, for this is the policy of the producers. And, because no studio space will be owned, and thereby become a perpetual upkeep problem, they expect they can make the movies cheaper than any of the major firms.

NOT only in business will John Wayne be an active man in the coming years. He'll be on the move about the world because he has taken a new and vital interest in world affairs. Long an avowed Republican, he is solidly behind President Eisenhower—he was at his inauguration—and will take an active part in government affairs, short, of course, of running for office. He will attend the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth in London, and will take advantage of his presence abroad to scout Europe for locations for his company, and to look for stories and talent.

Just a few weeks ago Hollywood had evidence that John Wayne, the man, was coming out of his shell protecting him from women. He attended a party at which Marilyn Monroe was a guest. Wayne has never shown any interest in Hollywood women except for his two wives, but when he saw Marilyn he whistled like any other man. As a matter of fact he whistled several times and if it hadn't been for the fact that he thought she was in love with Joe DiMaggio he'd surely have tried to kidnap her from the party. On the way home that night he relieved himself of what for John Wayne is a magnificent compliment, for he is noted as a fellow of few and very carefully chosen words when it comes to girls.

Leaning back in the seat he closed his eyes and said: "Man! Have you ever seen anything like that Monroe in a red dress? She made me feel like I just got out of high school!" And the laugh that followed was lupine.

Yes, the man's on the move. The lad's in action. He's behind a desk that's cluttered with the things that keep a fellow's mind from brooding on the past. And when he talks his deals on the telephone he puts his feet on the desk and looks like a Wall Street broker. Some day some reporter is going to call his office, though, and ask to speak to him.

"May I tell Mr. Wayne the nature of your business?" his secretary will ask.

"I hear he's got a girl on his mind," the reporter will say. "I want to talk to him about romance."

"Romance?" the secretary will say. "You must have the wrong number. Or the wrong Mr. Wayne!"

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