



# modern screen

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JUL 16 1953

2

**ANE POWELL:**  
can she forget  
the past?

**LANA and LEX:**  
they scandalized  
Europe

BETTY GRABLE



**New!** a shampoo that  
**Silkens**  
your hair!

I love it, I love it—how my hair shines. So-o-o silky to touch, so silky bright. *One* shampoo with the new Drene—that's every last thing I did to make it so silky.

***New magic formula . . . milder than castile!***

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AND WE'LL STAND TILL THE RIVER RUNS DRY!"

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MUSIC BY MAX STEINER





# modern screen

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ASK OUR DENTIST HOW TO FIX BAD BREATH, JACK! I'M SORRY, HONEY, BUT THAT'S IT!



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**CLEANS YOUR TEETH** and  
**STOPS MOST TOOTH DECAY!**



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"Dancing In The Dark"

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"I Guess I'll Have To  
Change My Plan"

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"Triplets"

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with the best of the Dietz-Schwartz songs!

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The Foremost Name  
In Hair Beauty

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Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Wasn't the basic trouble with Jane Powell's marriage in the fact that she and her husband were of different religious faiths?—T.Y., SELLERSVILLE, PA.

A. They are of different faiths, but that had nothing to do with the breakup.

Q. Isn't it true that Zsa Zsa Gabor was once Liz Taylor's mother-in-law?  
—K.W., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

A. Gabor would have been Liz's mother-in-law if she had remained married to Conrad Hilton a few months more.

Q. Did June Allyson leave MGM because she wants to make pictures with her husband, Dick Powell? If not, what's the true reason?  
—S.W., MIDDLEPORT, N. Y.

A. For the past two years, June and MGM have not seen eye to eye on story material.

Q. How much money does Shirley Temple have and would she return to films if she got the right picture?  
—M.A., FT. WAYNE, IND.

A. She is reputed to be worth seven million, insists she will never return to motion pictures.

Q. I understand Paulette Goddard and some writer are really blazing. Who is the writer?  
—T.R., FINDLAY, OHIO

A. Eric Remarque, author of *All Quiet On The Western Front*.

Q. Didn't Liz Taylor have a miscarriage in May? Isn't that why Paramount had to hold up production on *Elephant Walk*?  
—S.A., INDIANOLA, ILLINOIS

A. Miss Taylor suffered no miscarriage. A tiny sliver of steel was blown into her right eye. It infected the eye which was cauterized by Dr. Gilbert Struble.

Q. I read that June Haver used to support her mother. What is Mrs. Haver doing now that June has entered a convent?  
—R.R., DALLAS, TEXAS

A. Mrs. Haver plans to open a dramatics school.

Q. Is it true that Red Skelton is a devout Catholic who once studied for the priesthood in Indiana?  
—G.T., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

A. No.

Q. Isn't the Shelley Winters-Vittorio Gassman marriage just about over?  
—Y.T., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A. No.

Q. I've been told that Marlon Brando's new girl is Mary Murphy, his leading lady in *The Wild One*. Is this the same actress whose name was coupled with Bing Crosby several months ago?  
—V.G., FT. WORTH, TEX.

A. Yes.

Q. I heard on a broadcast that Bette Davis was suffering from cancer of the jaw? Is that true?  
—F.R., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. No. Bette suffered from osteomyelitis, a jaw-bone infection, but she will be as good as new in three or four months.

Q. Have Gail Russell and Guy Madison reconciled?  
—G.T., NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

A. A reconciliation is in progress.

Q. I hear the Janet Leigh-Tony Curtis marriage is floundering. First the Donald O'Connors, then Jane Powell, now the Curtises? Why can't young people remain married in Hollywood?  
—D.E., COLORADO SPRINGS, COL.

A. At this point there is nothing wrong with the Curtis marriage.

Q. Has Clark Gable ever paid any support to Josephine Dillon, his first wife?  
—R.F., SANTA FE, N. M.

A. No.

Q. How old is Gene Kelly—38, 40 or 43?  
—C.R., SCRANTON, PA.

A. 43.

Q. Now that he's a free agent what does Mario Lanza plan to do?  
—G.Y., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A. Make concert tours, more record albums, more motion pictures.

Q. Isn't Marilyn Monroe terribly ashamed of having posed for those nude calendars?  
—H.Y., BURBANK, CAL.

A. No; it was an economic necessity.



An  
Exciting New Girl  
is coming into  
**GREGORY  
PECK**'s life  
...and yours... she is



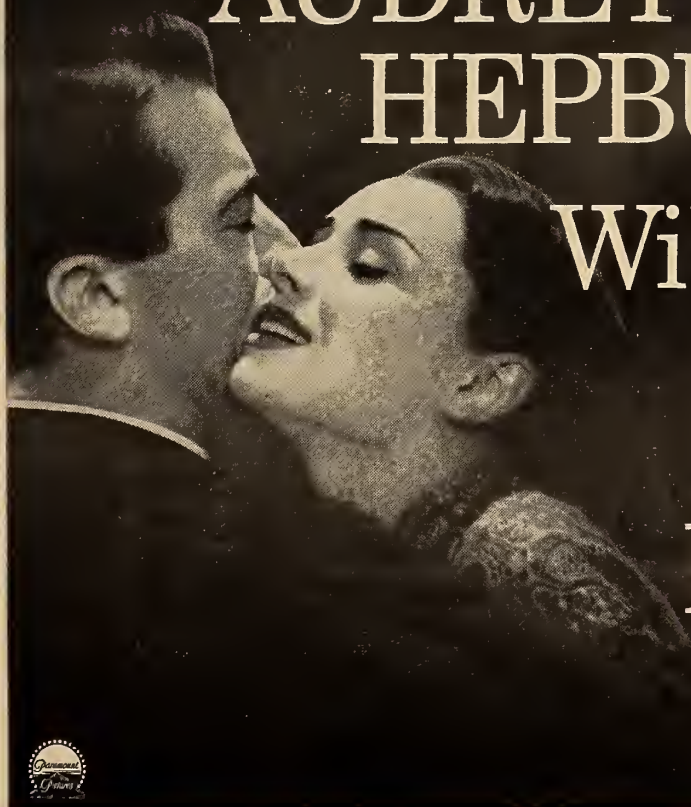
*A princess-on-the-town!  
And when the town's Romantic  
Rome... and the season is Spring...  
there's no limit to the gay times —  
and tender love affair —  
you can share with them.*

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HEPBURN**

*in*  
**William Wyler's**  
*production of*

**ROMAN  
HOLIDAY**

*with*  
**EDDIE ALBERT**



Produced & Directed by **WILLIAM WYLER** • Screenplay by **IAN McLELLAN HUNTER & JOHN DIGHTON**  
Story by Ian McLellan Hunter • A **PARAMOUNT** PICTURE





# LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

Good "medicine" for Mario Lanza . . . What's the matter with Arlene Dahl? . . . Liz Taylor has a narrow escape . . .



Betty Grable and Marilyn Monroe caused a sensation when they arrived together arm in arm, both dressed in tight white gowns and white fur pieces. Walter Winchell's fabulous party for colleague Louella Parsons was held at Ciro's in Hollywood.

**I** AM very fond of Arlene Dahl—but she couldn't be acting sillier than she is since she fell in love with Fernando Lamas.

To ask for a retraction of a line in my newspaper column which merely stated that she and her producer Bill Pine and actor John Sutton were going to Atlanta for the premiere of their picture *Sangaree* is the most ridiculous retraction I've ever been asked to make!

Wailed Arlene, "I love Fernando Lamas and he loves me and I wouldn't go on a personal appearance tour with anyone but Fernando." Now I ask you!!

How silly can the gal get? John Sutton is married and so is Bill Pine. Certainly no one could possibly have read anything verging on a romantic angle in a mere business trip.

But Arlene raised so much you-know-what that Sutton's trip to Atlanta was cancelled and he was re-routed to San Francisco!

Arlene, Arlene—what's come over you? All this silly nonsense is the best way in the world to lose a man. Under similar circumstances, I doubt very much if Lamas would have cavorted in such a manner.

**T**HE BEST thing in the world happened for Mario Lanza when he returned to MGM to record "Beloved"—part of his settlement with the studio calling off all legal fireworks.

When Mario finished his song, every technician on the set stood and cheered and yelled, "Bravo," and, "Mario—there's no one like you."

It did something wonderful to this man who has been so bitter, who has been suffering from the almost neurotic belief that everyone was against him.

His face lighted up with the happiness of a child's. Tears of gratitude came to his eyes. He made the rounds, grasping every hand in a warm handshake.

Maybe this is the medicine he's been needing.

**O**NE OF THE nicest things ever done by one columnist for another was the beautiful party Walter Winchell gave in my honor at Ciro's.

Plenty of people were surprised. Walter and I are touted to be "rivals" but if my New



IN HONOR OF LOUELLA PARSONS! ALL OF HOLLYWOOD'S MOST GLITTERING PERSONALITIES WERE THERE!



Jeanne Crain is a sexy beauty now. Her low-cut gowns, and fetching new hairdo (for more about the clipping that gave her a new outlook on life, see page 51) turn heads when she and Paul Brinkman step out.



One of the loveliest stars at the party was Esther Williams, escorted by husband Ben Gage, naturally. Esther confided to Jane Russell that "I do two pictures—and one baby—a year!" She's good at both!



In spite of her publicity, Jane Russell wore the most covered up dress at the party. Lucille Ball, who sat in back of Jane and her husband Bob Waterfield, wore a gorgeous emerald pendant necklace.



The guest list included such sophisticates as New York's Cole Porter and the Continent's Merle Oberon. Cole's new musical, *Can-Can*, had just opened on Broadway, but he flew West for the party anyway.

York confrere had planned the affair for his guardian angel the table couldn't have been more loaded with beautiful flowers—or girls.

When Betty Grable and Marilyn Monroe walked in arm in arm, both in décolleté white gowns, diamond earrings, and long white gloves, I thought the place would come down in a heap.

Betty's husband, Harry James—and Marilyn's beau, Joe DiMaggio, were both out of town so Betty brought Marilyn to the party. The friendship between these two girls is really wonderful.

Esther Williams, in pale green, sat across from me and I had to laugh when I overheard her telling Jane Russell, "I do two pictures—and one baby—a year!"

Jane, for all her bosomy publicity, was the most covered-up belle of all, her sleeveless white dinner dress having a modest stand-up collar.

Lucille Ball's beautiful emerald pendant necklace was a striking contrast to her red hair. She and Desi Arnaz seldom go night-clubbing, so Lucy had as many cameramen around her as the Monroe-Grable team.

P.S. To the catty critic who said Marilyn didn't know her Emily Post in keeping on her long white gloves all through dinner—one of the gloves stuck and wouldn't come off—and Marilyn thought it better to keep both on than to sit there, one off—one on.

**T**HE REDDEST face in Hollywood was Burt Lancaster's when he checked into Cedars

of Lebanon Hospital for a minor operation and they wouldn't assign him a nurse until he bought some pajamas!

Burt doesn't use 'em—and plumb forgot about the, er—complications of being without them until he was told in no uncertain terms he'd have to buy some male lingerie.

After Burt recovered from his initial embarrassment, he kidded his nurse with, "I didn't think there was anything about me that hadn't been seen before in a hospital!"

**E**LIZABETH TAYLOR told me, "No one will ever know how hard I prayed and how deeply grateful I am that I did not lose the sight of one eye after that accident on the set."  
(Continued on next page)





## New Mum with M-3 kills odor bacteria ...stops odor all day long

### PROOF!

New Mum with M-3 destroys bacteria that cause perspiration odor.

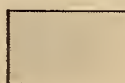


Photo (left), shows active odor bacteria. Photo (right), after adding new Mum, shows bacteria destroyed! Mum contains M-3, a scientific discovery that actually destroys odor bacteria... doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start.

**Amazingly effective** protection from underarm perspiration odor—just use new Mum daily. So sure, so safe for normal skin. Safe for clothes. Gentle Mum is certified by the American Institute of Laundering. Won't rot or discolor even your finest fabrics.

**No waste, no drying out.** The *only* leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Delicately fragrant new Mum is usable, *wonderful* right to the bottom of the jar. Get a jar today and stay nice to be near!

A Product of Bristol-Myers

## LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

Liz had been working in the face of a wind-machine on the set of *Elephant Walk* when a bit of rusty flint blew into her left eye—and for five breathless days this beautiful girl did not know whether her sight would be saved. It was a terrible experience for Liz who says, "I shall never stop returning thankful prayers."

There have been few pictures more jinxed than *Elephant Walk*—first Vivien Leigh's breakdown and then this near-tragedy to Liz, who replaced her.

Thank heavens the doctors say she is no longer in jeopardy.

**T**HERE WAS an odd expression on Geary Steffen's face as he sat ringside at Jane Powell's nightclub debut in Las Vegas when she sang "Bye, Bye, Baby" and "It's Too Late Now" more or less in his general direction.

His pals say Geary is burning over the "maybe-and-maybe-not" attitude Jane is taking about their reconciliation.

After Geary flew back to Hollywood, Gene Nelson flew up to Las Vegas. But Jane still says she's taking a lot more time to make up her mind.

**W**HEN BOB WAGNER returns from location on Twelve Mile Reef in Florida, he's moving out of the apartment Debbie Reynolds decorated for him—and into a house.

This time, Terry Moore is doing the decorating honors.

Maybe my original guess that this was a location "publicity romance" was wrong.

**F**RANK SINATRA and Montgomery Clift became very buddy-buddy in Honolulu shooting *From Here To Eternity*. The whisper is that the boys had almost too much fun doing the nightclubs.

But it doesn't show in their work. I hear both boys are great.

**E**VERYTHING happens to poor Shelley Winters. No sooner did she get her man, Vittorio Gassman, back in Hollywood after months of separation than he came down with the virus flu.

They had successfully dodged all their friends and slipped out of town for a second



The fashionable promenade at Venice was mystified by Clark Gable's new sweetheart. He wouldn't tell, but her name's Suzanne Goddard.



They Don't Make 'Em Any Bigger or Better!



**JANE RUSSELL** ★ **MARILYN MONROE**

in  
**HOWARD HAWKS'**

**Gentlemen  
Prefer  
Blondes**

20th Century-Fox's Musical With Everything PLUS!

**TECHNICOLOR**

Tres chic! Tres terrifique!  
The Broadway bonanza about  
those "two little girls from  
Little Rock" who set out to  
conquer the world from  
New York to Gay Paree is the  
screen's No. 1 musical extravaganza!

co-starring

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COBURN**

with ELLIOTT REID • TOMMY NOONAN  
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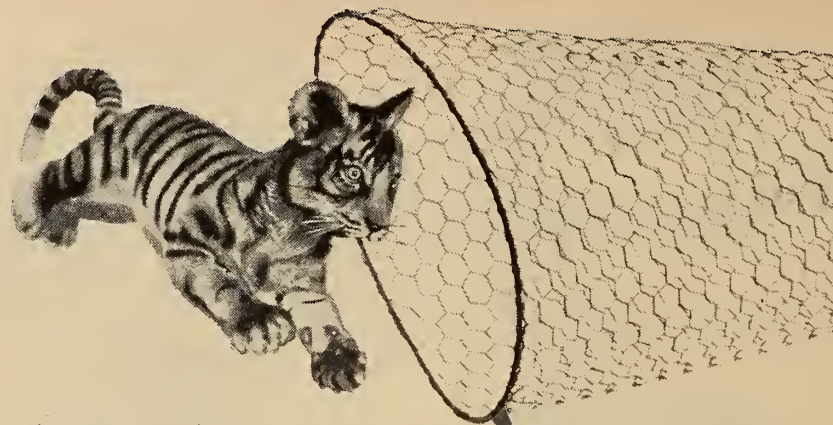
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Music and Lyrics by JULE STYNE and LEO ROBIN • Presented on the Stage by HERMAN LEVIN and OLIVER SMITH





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*I went on a tiger hunt in my*

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I'm the daring young lady from Niger,  
Who smiles as she goes hunting tiger;

My figure is svelte,

The best on the veldt . . .

Or anywhere else, says the tiger!

The dream of a bra: Maidenform's Maidenette\*  
in acetate satin and lace; broadcloth  
and lace; or nylon taffeta  
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There is a *maidenform*  
for every type of figure.\*  
Send for free style booklet.  
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## LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

honeymoon at Laguna Beach when Vittorio's teeth started chattering, he ran a high fever and every bone in his body ached.

Ten hours after their departure—Shell and Gassman were back home!

"Some second honeymoon," yipped Shell.

But she went about setting up two nurseries at home—one for baby Vittoria as far away from her ailing pappa as possible; and another for Vittorio and his medicine bottles.

**G**OSSIP FROM London is that Lauren Bacall gave Humphrey Bogart a hard time for dining with a Greek beauty on several occasions before she arrived in Europe.

Bogey said the Greek was a guide to museums, etc.

"Since when did you become interested in Greek culture?" Baby is supposed to have yelled at her lord and master (?????????).

**T**HIS SEEMS to have been "Be Nice To Louella" Month.

Another big party in my honor was given by the Masquers Club, a theatrical organization for men only.

What woman wouldn't be thrilled at being the only belle present at a dinner with 400 hosts?

On the dais were such wonderful old friends as Pat O'Brien, George Burns, Y. Frank Freeman (boss of Paramount), Jesse Lasky, Eddie Cantor and such new friends as Jerry Lewis and Donald O'Connor.

George Burns had everyone in stitches when he kidded me about the way I fight for "scoops."

He said, "Once, Hedda Hopper printed that I gave the worst performance she had ever seen. And, Louella called me and yelled, 'When you have a story like that—give it to me FIRST.'"

I noticed that Donald O'Connor had a very funny expression on his face when Jerry Lewis started to speak. Jerry's talk was along the lines that he didn't know who Louella Parsons is but he never turned down a free dinner, etc, etc, etc.

Later, Donald told me that his speech began exactly like that and he had to throw away all his prepared laughs.

I'm very glad he did, because Don's tribute to me was one of the sweetest and most sentimental I have ever received. He said



Mitzi Gaynor attended the premiere of Cine-rama with one of her agents, Jack Beon. Mitzi has two: one for business, one for publicity.



Now...for the First time, a Home Permanent brings you

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Amazing  
New Neutralizer  
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No waiting!  
No clock watching!



Refill  
\$1.50  
(plus tax)



And New Lilt with exclusive Wave Conditioner gives you a wave  
far softer . . . far more natural than any other home permanent!

NOW...Better than ever! An entirely different

**BRAND NEW**

*Lilt*

Only Lilt's new "Instant Neutralizing"  
gives you all these important advantages:

A new formula makes the neutralizer act  
instantly!

A new method makes neutralizing much  
easier, faster.

A wonderful *wave conditioner* beautifies  
your hair...makes it softer, more glamorous!

Beauty experts say you can actually *feel*  
*the difference!*

Yes, you can feel the extra softness, in hair  
that's neutralized this wonderful new Lilt  
way!

**No test curls needed**, either! Yet new Lilt  
gives the loveliest, most natural, easiest-to-  
manage wave . . . even on the very first day.  
The best, long-lasting wave too!

Everything you've been wanting in ease and  
speed . . . plus extra glamour for your hair!

HERE'S PROCTER & GAMBLE'S GUARANTEE —→

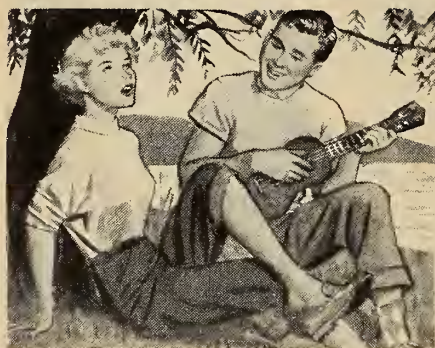
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Your money back, if you do  
not agree that this brand new  
Lilt is the fastest and best Home  
Permanent you've ever used!





## Are you in the know?



### Which can be a threat to poise?

- ☐ A callus heart ☐ A callused heel

We're talking about those beat-up loafers she's wearing. The soft shoe routine is fine—'til they get too loose; then, being slip-shod can cause a callus. Shoes should fit snugly. Protects your looks; poise. Of course, at problem time, poise and Kotex go together. That safety center gives extra protection. And Kotex holds its shape; is made to stay soft while you wear it.



More women choose KOTEX\* than all other sanitary napkins

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



Have you tried new Delsey\* toilet tissue—the only one that's fine and firm and soft—like Kleenex\* tissues? Each tissue tears off evenly—no shredding, no waste. And Delsey's double-ply for extra strength. Don't you think your family deserves this new, nicer tissue? Ask for Delsey at your favorite store. If Delsey is not on hand, have them order it for you.

### When asked to dinner, should you be—

- ☐ Sure of the date ☐ "Fashionably" late

You were positive Mary's mom said *this* Tuesday. ("Dinner . . . a few friends.") Or did she mean *next* Tuesday? Double-checking would have spared confuddlement. Saved barging in, a week ahead, to find the family re-hashing Sunday's roast! Better not be "hazy" about certain other "dates", either. Or the kind of sanitary protection to choose. Remember, Kotex prevents revealing outlines. Those special flat pressed ends let you glide through any occasion—with a heart as light as helium!



### If he's just an acquaintance—

- ☐ Try siren tactics ☐ Pay your own fare

Your friendship's casual. Comes along a bus—and suddenly your purse develops lock-jaw! A chance meeting doesn't mean he must pay your way. Best you pay your own. On "trying" days discover "your own" absorbency of Kotex. You'll see—(by trying all 3)—whether Regular, Junior or Super is the one for you.

## LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

how much I had helped him and other young players on the way up and it touched me very much.

The Masquers' party was one evening I hated to see come to an end and I shall always be grateful to my 400 "beaux."

**D**ON'T HOLD your breath until Liz and Dan Dailey reconcile. All the excitement about their being together for a weekend in Santa Barbara with little Dan, III—was purely an accident.

Liz took their son to the famed Alisal Ranch to get over a cold.

Unknown to her, Dan was in Santa Barbara to ride in a horseshow. When he heard his ex and his son were there, Dan came a-callin' and took them out to dinner.

"All the bitterness between us is over," Liz said, "and it's best for our boy that we be friends in the future. Dan is a wonderful father and little Dan loves him so much.

"But it isn't true that we have plans to reconcile. We have never discussed the subject."

I asked, "Liz, would you like to resume marriage with Dan?"

She said softly, "I don't quite know how to express myself—but what I mean is that I don't want to close the door to such a possibility."

Are you listenin', Dan?

**I**F TONY CURTIS and Janet Leigh are having their secret troubles they're the best actors in the world. It's been a long time since I've seen such tenderly passionate love scenes as Tony and Janet play in *Houdini*.

The radiant warmth that these two feel for one another is caught by the camera and turns the story of the world's greatest magician, Harry Houdini, into an enchanting young love story.

You'll see a new Janet here—she's just utterly delightful. While Tony doesn't physically resemble the great Houdini, he gives a fine acting performance and an equally fine job of the magic tricks.

**I**TALKED WITH June Allyson over the telephone just a few minutes after she and MGM came to a parting of the ways after ten years association. (Continued on next page).



Joan Evans and Kirby Weatherby are so happy they're amazing gossips who sold their marriage short. Joan's latest film is *Column South*.



# Live with Dry Skin and love it!

by Rosemary Hall  
BEAUTY AUTHORITY

If your complexion is dry, you know its problems — the flakiness, the 'grainy' look it gives make-up, and the little dry lines that age your whole appearance. But do you know how lovely dry skin *can* be—if...?

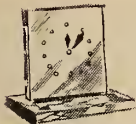


Your dry skin, with proper care, can be much more delicate-looking, much freer from blackheads, enlarged pores and unattractive shininess than other skin types. And by proper care I mean a cream you can use *effectively* in as little as 5 minutes a day—Woodbury Dry Skin Cream!



The whole secret of Woodbury Dry Skin Cream lies in a penetrating ingredient called Penaten. All dry skin creams contain softening ingredients, of course, but most of them simply 'grease' the surface. The Penaten in Woodbury Dry Skin Cream, on the other hand, really carries the lanolin and four other rich softening ingredients *deep* into the important corneum layer of your skin.

Five-minute routine  
does the trick



With your fingertips, smooth extra rich Woodbury Dry Skin Cream into your skin. Leave it on for 5 minutes... tissue off... and see in your mirror a fresher, more youthful look than you ever dreamed possible. Penaten helps the oils penetrate so quickly that 5 minutes is ample—but you must do it regularly every day! Start tonight and see the lovely difference tomorrow. You can get a generous introductory jar for only 25¢ and the big boudoir size Woodbury Dry Skin Cream is only 97¢, plus tax.



## Kathryn Grayson replies to a reporter



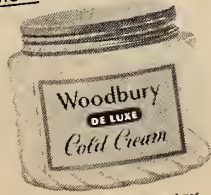
Dear Miss James, KG

Thanks for your wonderful review of my new Warner Bros. picture, "So This is Love," in Technicolor, (the Grace Moore story). As for my beauty care, it's Woodbury Cold Cream made with Penaten—to help the fine oils penetrate deeply. It cleanses and softens deeper than any cream I've ever used. Woodbury leaves skin so radiant it gives you that poise that makes beauty more than skin deep.

I'm sure you'll give Woodbury "resounding applause," too.  
Sincerely,  
Kathryn Grayson

Woodbury Face Creams...

for beauty that's  
more than skin deep



25¢ to 97¢ plus tax



THE MAULING, BRAWLING  
SAGA OF STEVE MARTIN  
...THE BAYOU WOMAN  
HE LOVED

...and the billion dollar  
dream of Glory he  
battled into the biggest  
bonanza of them all!

Universal-International presents

**JAMES STEWART**  
**JOANNE DRU**  
**GILBERT ROLAND**  
**DAN DURYEA**

# THUNDER BAY

COLOR BY

*Technicolor*



with **MARCIA HENDERSON • JAY C. FLIPPEN • ANTONIO MORENO • ROBERT MONET**

Directed by **ANTHONY MANN** • Screenplay by **GIL DOUD** and **JOHN MICHAEL HAYES** • Produced by **AARON ROSENBERG**



## LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

"I feel I'm doing the right thing," June told me, "although naturally it's a wrench to leave old friends and associates. As you know, I've wanted for a long time to make pictures with Dick (Powell, her husband, who has just turned director)."

Junie went on, "And, in a few years, I expect to retire to that old rocking chair—or at least to a farm!"

So, our gal starts retiring by signing for *The Glenn Miller Story* with Jimmy Stewart and *So This Is Paris* for Milton Sperling at \$150,000 per picture!

**P**ERSONAL OPINIONS: Rita Hayworth has lumbago—and it's painful. But why did they have to publicize it? Of all the unglamorous ailments for a glamor girl—this is it. . .

The Dean Martins are reconciled but Jeanne looks anything but happy to me. . .

On the other hand, when the divorced Donald O'Connors date they seem to be having a ball. . .

Jeanne Crain's hair gets redder and shorter by the minute. . .

There are many things John Wayne could have said in his property settlement fight with Mrs. Wayne which he didn't! . . .

There is no more casual girl in Hollywood about her career than Betty Grable. She's on suspension again from 20th for refusing a loanout to Columbia for *The Pleasure Is All Mine*. Betty could be happy with her husband, her children and her horses for the rest of her life without ever making another picture. . .

My money says that Bing Crosby and Mona Freeman will resume dating as soon as he returns from Europe. When Bing first left with Lindsay, Mona heard nothing from him. Recently, she received a big, fat airmail letter telling her all about their adventures. After looking over the Continental beauties, I guess little Monie seems the prettiest.

**C**LOSE-UP OF Jeff Chandler: He's the most mentioned star in my fan mail this month. Surprisingly, he seems to appeal to both 'teen-agers and more mature women. . . At



June Allyson's delighted with her new status as a free-lance actress. She's very anxious to work with her husband Dick Powell as her director.



## LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

33, his hair is salt-and-pepper-gray and no one's going to make him "dye" for his art. . . . He gives the impression of great vitality and strength and yet falls asleep faster than a baby. . . . It's a household joke with his wife and two little girls that Daddy may or may not get through dinner before dozing off. . . . He likes to dress "sloppy" but because it's good business for an actor to be well groomed in public, he's just blown in a couple thousand dollars on a very snazzy wardrobe (which he hates!) . . . He isn't good at fixing things around the house. If a fuse burns out, Mrs. C. does the repair work. . . . He has good reason to think that his stomach is made of steel. It's nothing for him to polish off a lunch of seafood cocktail, enchiladas and watermelon! . . . His secret yearning is to be a comedian. He'd rather be Jerry Lewis than Jeff Chandler (so had Tony Curtis!). Jeff does a devastating imitation of Lewis for friends and would like to do it at a benefit or something—but he's scared. . . . He lives by a very simple philosophy believing that life is like a bank: You can take out of it no more than you have put in!

**THE LETTER BOX:** "I may be as old fashioned as my name which is Sarah," writes Sarah Murphy, Atlanta, "but I just don't get all these unmarried movie stars traveling around together with no one seeming to think a thing of it." Oh, yes "somebody" thinks something of it, Sarah. The studios hate it but don't seem able to prevent it.

What a fan Red Skelton has in Barbara Behrman, Westfield, New Jersey. Her ode to Red covered six typewritten pages! Barbara's favorite movie gal is Doris Day.

**MODERN SCREEN** take a bow! Keith Walker writes from Cheshire, England, that M.S. is the "best written magazine in the fan field. I can't stand the slush in most of the others."

Jo-Nell Wolfe, Washougal, Washington, accuses me of failing to note what a fine actor Rory Calhoun is becoming. "He should be taken out of Westerns and given important things. I think Rory would have been wonderful in *The Robe*."

That's all for now. See you next month.



Bing Crosby's companion at a big charity ball in Paris was the Countess des Cors. Will she be giving Mona Freeman future competition?

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 leaves your hair soft as a cloud, bright as sunshine, fresh-smelling as a spring breeze. And it's 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**





IN THIS INTIMATE STORY MONA BARES HER STRUGGLE WITH A WOMAN'S DEEPEST EMOTIONAL PROBLEM.

# what divorce did to me

by Mona Freeman

■ I read this romantic nonsense about myself and Bing Crosby and I marvel at how the gossips can really dream it up.

Actually, I don't quarrel over every word printed or said about me—no one in the public eye can be *that* sensitive. But I shudder at the effect speculations and assumptions have on wives who read them. And I don't laugh it off. I think it does a lot of harm. The idea that divorce is a license to do what you please is not only mistaken, but a bad and dangerous example to hold before every housewife who is weary of hard work and dull routine.

The total effect of all the printed gossip is to give the impression that divorce gives a woman a chance to go have a mad fling for herself. It just isn't so. I've known more heartbreak in the past year than ever before in my life.

I didn't budge out of my apartment for six months. And now I'm pictured as a gay party-girl. Reading some of these recent magazine stories people must think I'm out doing the town. It is not true.

The public does not notice how much time has elapsed. To them, it seems that one minute you are married, the next you are divorced, and then you're living it up, just having a ball for yourself. I don't blame them. But, as a divorcee, I know how ridiculous these gossip-inspired opinions are.

Stories about anyone in the film industry grow (Continued on page 22)





# Now! A Panty Brief that does more than most girdles!

Wear it under shorts, slacks, swimsuits  
... all revealing summer clothes ...  
you'll think you've lost a full size,  
no matter what your size!



**Hidden "finger" panels** are molded in to flatten your tummy, smooth and support your figure in *Nature's* own way. *Boneless* non-roll top tapers and belittles your waistline, stays up without a *stay*. See the lovely textured latex outside... feel the cloud-soft fabric inside.

## New **Playtex® Magic-Controller** Panty Brief!

Boneless non-roll top and hidden "finger" panels make a difference you can measure—no matter what your size!

Here it is... a brief that *really* slims you... a brief with *all* the natural, figure-molding virtues of the Magic-Controller Girdle... a brief that gives you the figure *and* the freedom for summer's revealing clothes.

It hasn't a single seam, stitch, stay or bone—hidden "finger" panels firm and flatten you, tone and support you naturally from waist to thigh.

Magic-Controller Panty Brief is all latex, fabric lined, one piece and wonderful. It's invisible under your sleekest slacks, washes in seconds, and you can almost watch it dry!

If you've *ever* worn a brief, you'll see the difference. If you think you *can't* wear slacks or revealing play-clothes... let Magic-Controller Brief show you how, *now*!



**Playtex Magic-Controller®  
Panty Brief, \$6.95**

at department stores and  
specialty shops everywhere.

Ask to see these other famous Playtex Panty Briefs. **PLAYTEX® Living® PANTY BRIEF** turns your swimsuit into a slim suit. \$3.50  
**Playtex Pink Ice PANTY BRIEF** is a translucent sheath, pats dry with a towel. \$3.95  
**PLAYTEX Fabric Lined PANTY BRIEF** with cloud-soft fabric next to your skin. \$4.95  
Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube.



# don't trust the 'grapevine'

about this serious problem  
of married women



## here are the real facts!

Don't get trapped by misinformation on feminine hygiene passed along the grapevine. Go after the *true facts* as explained here. Learn *why* ZONITE is a perfect solution to use for your douche. No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is SO POWERFULLY EFFECTIVE yet ABSOLUTELY SAFE to body tissues. ZONITE is ideal for the douche. It's harmless, deodorizing and COSTS LESS THAN A FEW PENNIES PER DOUCHE.

### ZONITE Offers Many Advantages

ZONITE employs the *first* antiseptic principle in the world that could kill the most active bacteria without harming body tissues. It's *positively non-poisonous, non-irritating*. ZONITE's great strength and complete safety to body tissues make it one of the greatest contributions science ever gave to womankind!

• ZONITE gives maximum hygienic protection. It *completely* deodorizes. Always use a ZONITE douche after monthly periods, too. ZONITE flushes away accumulated waste and infectious matter. It helps prevent infection and kills every germ it touches. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can BE CERTAIN that ZONITE *instantly* kills every reachable germ. Know the glorious sense of well-being after douching with ZONITE! Always use as directed.

# Zonite

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THIS IDEAL 'ALL PURPOSE' ANTISEPTIC-GERMICIDE SHOULD BE IN EVERY MEDICINE CHEST

**FREE!** Write Zonite Products Corp., Dept. MR-83, 100 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y., for FREE book on feminine hygiene.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# movie reviews *by florence epstein*

## PICTURE OF THE MONTH



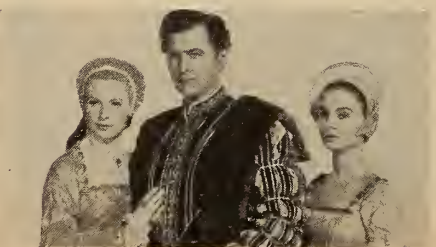
**THUNDER BAY** James Stewart and Dan Duryea, just out of the army, head for Louisiana with schemes of being the first wildcatters to pump oil out of the Gulf of Mexico. Jay C. Flippen, an oil company president, stakes them and thereby nearly falls into bankruptcy. The local shrimp fishermen hate these guys whom they accuse of dynamiting their hauls to Kingdom Come as well as sullyng their daughters (Joanne Dru, Marcia Henderson). But not so. Stewart and Duryea are men of principle where those daughters are concerned. And Stewart's a man obsessed by the dream of finding that "black gold." Naturally, their money runs out, their time expires, squalls come up, the fishermen grow belligerent. The screen's so wide the Grand Canyon would be lost in it—well, almost. Anyway, the screen's the thing that lifts *Thunder Bay* out of mediocrity and makes it exciting. And then there's the sound—stereophonic is what they call it, which means you never know where the next voice is coming from. It's directional, supposed to come from wherever the speakers actually are. This is Universal-International's first go at the new, improved medium so you can't be too harsh on them. You really get to see how an off-shore drilling operation works and capture some of the thrill that comes with a strike, which incidentally, bathes that screen in oil. Cast includes Gilbert Roland, Antonio Moreno, Robert Monet, Henry Morgan. Technicolor, too.



**ALL I DESIRE** Ten years ago (that was 1900) Barbara Stanwyck walked out on her husband (Richard Carlson) and three children to avoid a scandal about her and Lyle Bettger. Barbara went into vaudeville, wound up below the dog acts. Now a letter from teenage daughter Lori Nelson brings her home. Carlson's now a school principal, quietly admired by Maureen O'Sullivan. Barbara likes it at home, is willing to stay, but Lyle Bettger's still around to press his dishonorable suit. He goes a little too far and gets shot by the lady. Accidentally, of course. But Barbara's ready to run again. Only this time, her husband bestirs himself to act like a man—U.I.



**LET'S DO IT AGAIN** Jane Wyman's built—and almost all of it shows in this Technicolor foolery. She's married to songwriter Ray Milland who has a penchant for taking business trips to Chicago. Actually, he never leaves Manhattan, just disappears into the bistros with Valerie Bettis who specializes in grinding out tribal ritual dances. So Jane cooks up her own romance—which unfortunately leads to divorce. Enter Aldo Ray a straight-from-the-shoulder millionaire. He goes for Jane. Milland sneers and goes for Karen Booth, but you know where *his* heart is. And where Jane's heart is. Tough getting back together. But they make it.—Columbia



**YOUNG BESS** An all-star cast in lavish Technicolor makes *Young Bess* an impressive historical drama. It is based on the life of Elizabeth the First (Jean Simmons). Early in life she fell in love with Thomas Seymour (Stewart Granger) who became Lord High Admiral of the English fleet, but this love was doomed. Charles Laughton plays Henry the lusty king who racked up wives like an adding machine. Deborah Kerr is the softly beautiful Catherine, one of his wives who later married Thomas Seymour. Rex Thompson is the sickly little boy King Edward. Kay Walsh, Guy Rolfe, Cecil Kellaway, Robert Arthur contribute to this costume masterpiece.—MGM





**Bobbi's soft curls** make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the easy, natural continental look of this new "Capri" style. No nightly setting necessary.



Only **Bobbi** is designed to give the natural-looking wave necessary for the casual charm of this "Cotillion." And you get your wave *where* you want it.



What a casual, easy livin' look this "Minx" hairdo has... thanks to **Bobbi**! **Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents** always give you soft, carefree curls like these.



**Everything you need!** New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. \$1.50 plus tax.



**Bobbi is perfect** for this casual "Ingenu" hair style, for **Bobbi** is the permanent *designed* to give soft, natural-looking curls. Easy. No help needed.

**NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!**

## These hairdos were made with **Bobbi** ... the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, **Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent** is *designed* to give you lovelier, softer curls... the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. *Never* the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use **Bobbi** your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And *your hair stays* that way—your wave lasts week after week.

**Bobbi's** so easy to use, too. *You just put your hair in pin curls.* Then apply **Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion**. Rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—and *that's all*. No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed even for beginners.

Ask for **Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent**. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin curl—you'll love **Bobbi**.



**Easy! Just simple pin-curls** and **Bobbi** give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting.





# "EX..." or Exquisite?



As Laura read Jim's old love letters she had no idea what had broken their engagement. She spent many a lonely evening before she discovered that sometimes there's a breath of difference between "ex" and "exquisite." Once she corrected her trouble\*, she gradually won Jim back. And exquisite she was as he carried her across the threshold . . . a girl with breath as sweet as the blossoms in her bridal bouquet.

Listerine Antiseptic not only stops \*halitosis (bad breath) instantly . . . it usually keeps it stopped for hours on end. This superior deodorant effect is due to Listerine's ability to kill germs.

**No chlorophyll kills odor bacteria  
like this . . . instantly**

Germs are by far the most common cause of halitosis. Because they start the fermentation of proteins that are always present in your mouth. In fact, *research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in your mouth.* Listerine instantly kills these germs by millions, including the bacteria that cause fermentation. Brushing your teeth doesn't give you any such antiseptic protection. Chlorophyll or chewing gums do not kill germs. Listerine does.

**Clinically proved four times better  
than tooth paste**

No wonder that in recent clinical tests Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better in reducing breath odors than the two leading tooth pastes, as well as the three leading chlorophyll products, it was tested against. That's why we say, if you're really serious about your breath, no matter what else you may use, use an antiseptic. Kill those odor bacteria with Listerine—the most widely used antiseptic in the world. Rinse with it night and morning, and before any date where you want to be at your best.

## LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH

4 TIMES BETTER THAN CHLOROPHYLL OR TOOTH PASTE



**THE GREAT SIOUX UPRISING** The Union Army needs horses and Lyle Bettger, who supplies 'em, isn't above stealing 'em from the Sioux tribe. The Sioux chief (John War Eagle) is so enraged he's about to enter the Civil War on the Confederate side. Jeff Chandler wanders into camp. Chandler wins Eagle's confidence but shortly loses it when more horses are stolen. There are a whole bunch of ranchers who have a run-in with Bettger and his gang. The foreman of that gang—Stacey Harris—murders one of the ranchers, pins it on Jeff. He's in hot water with everyone except Faith Domergue. She's a horse-trader, too, but legit. Jeff escapes a lynching mob, only to face more brutality among the Indians. In the end he wins both vindication and Faith's hand—U.I.



**DANGEROUS WHEN WET** The father of Esther Williams (William Demarest) and the mother (Charlotte Greenwood) and the kid sisters (Donna Corcoran. Barbara Whiting) are all health faddists. Promoter Jack Carson promotes them all into swimming the Channel. At the crucial moment, though, only Esther's allowed to chance it. Her training period's broken down by the appearance of playboy Fernando Lamas who'd rather she made love. Carson's too busy being pursued by Denise Darcel (another swimmer) to keep an eye on Esther. This Lamas does constantly—and the way she looks in bathing suits it's no wonder.—MGM.



**THE MOON IS BLUE** Barbara Bel Geddes starred in it on Broadway. Maggie McNamara brings this delightful comedy to the screen, assisted by Bill Holden and David Niven. Story of a pick-up on the observation roof of the Empire State Building that leads to love in an apartment several blocks away. Holden's just broken off with Dawn Addams (Niven's daughter). This makes Dawn a little hysterical, understandably. Niven views the proceedings with high humor (he's generally very high) and makes a play for Maggie himself. The dialogue's fast, clever and risqué but that's no complaint.—U.A.



**THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS** Top science writer Ray Bradbury inspired this movie about a pre-historic monster who's awakened from a long doze by an atomic blast at the North Pole. Professor Paul Christian swears he saw the beast. Among the people who consider Christian nice but nutty are



Army Colonel Ken Tobey, noted paleontologist Cecil Kellaway and several psychiatrists. Kellaway's assistant (Lee Hunter) thinks Christian's sane enough to marry. Strange things start happening from Nova Scotia to Massachusetts—fishing ketches destroyed, lighthouses ripped to nothing, docks strewn with debris. Comes the day this animal crawls onto the Fulton Street pier and terrorizes New York. An exciting wind-up brings things back to normal. —Warners.



**TAKE ME TO TOWN** This is the tale of Vermilion O'Toole (Ann Sheridan) who started out in a dance hall and ended up teaching school. Ann's being escorted to prison (she was framed) with bad boy Philip Reed when she jumps the train right into the life of Sterling Hayden. He's a preacher, also a logger, also a widower with three sons (9 year-old Lee Aaker, 5-year-old Harvey Grant and 3-year-old Dusty Henley). When Dad leaves them for a few days on a job they pick up Ann, bring her home where they hope to install her as their new mother. The town ladies flip their lids, especially prudish Phyllis Stanley. When Sterling returns he tells Ann go but next day she saves Dusty from a bear, cooks a wonderful dinner and looks quite gorgeous in Technicolor. It's love, and when Sheridan stages a show to get money to build a church, it's marriage to Sterling plus a new job teaching Sunday School —U.I.



**REMAINS TO BE SEEN** Based on a Broadway comedy *Remains To Be Seen* is a snappy story of the murder of a millionaire (Morgan Farley) who is found dead in his Park Avenue apartment, and two minutes after he's dead someone sticks a bread knife in his chest. Crazy goings-on involving the house manager Van Johnson, the corpse's unloving niece June Allyson, his attorney Louis Calhern, his doctor John Beal and a slightly schizoid woman of mystery, Angela Lansbury. Between finding the murderer (if you can call it murder) and falling in love, June and Van act cute all over the place. Van's a jazz addict, bot on drums; June's a jitterbug, quick on the upbeat. It's a true mating of minds. —M-G-M.



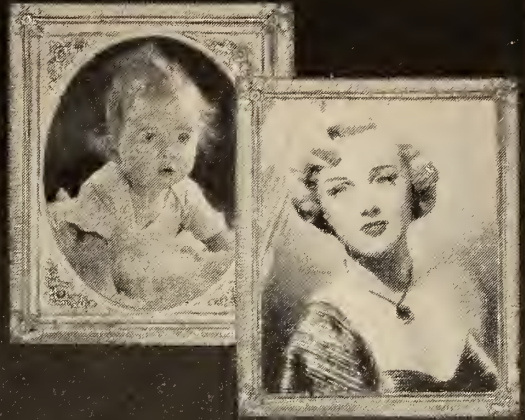
**FRANCIS COVERS THE BIG TOWN** Donald O'Connor, copy boy on a big New York City newspaper, has a real flair for bringing in news stories before they break. This is very helpful to gossip columnist Nancy Guild (whom he adores) and crime reporter Larry Gates (whom he hero-worships). But these two just use him for their greater glory, pump him about where he gets his information. Simple, he says, he gets it from Francis the mule who gets it from the police horses. Every time Donald admits this, he's given a psychiatric examination. But he has his day—in court, where he's on trial for murdering tycoon Lowell Gilmore. Only person, or thing, that can prove Donald's innocence is Francis. —U.I.

"I know Playtex babies are better actors...and so safe to hold, too!"

Says *Jan Sterling*

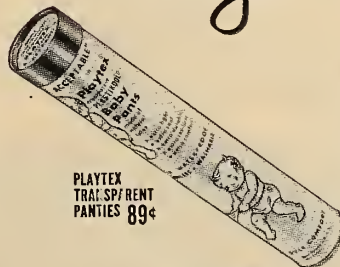
star of Paramount's "Vanquisher"  
Color by Technicolor.

Shown as a baby—and today.



PLAYTEX babies are happier babies...neater, sweeter, cleaner, cooler

## Only Playtex® Panties



PLAYTEX  
TRAINING PANTIES 89¢

PLAYTEX SNAP-ON  
PANTIES \$1.19



NOW  
AVAILABLE  
IN SUPER-SIZE,  
TOO!  
PLAYTEX PULL-ON  
PANTIES 79¢

(Prices slightly higher outside U. S.)

Give your baby this sheer comfort...  
this complete waterproof protection

Whether your little darling toddles or crawls, PLAYTEX Panties promise him protected comfort. Made of lightweight, creamy latex, they're as soft as a kitten's ear. PLAYTEX Panties stretch all over to give all-over comfort...as no ordinary panties do; for there are no stitches, or seams to mar their smoothness. On and off in seconds; they rinse fresh in a wink...pat dry with a towel. Accurately sized by baby's weight. Let PLAYTEX Panties keep your baby "Socially Acceptable"\* always. Get several pairs today!

Featured at your favorite Department Store and wherever Baby Needs are sold.

More babies wear **PLAYTEX** than any other baby pants!



# Richard Hudnut reveals two secrets of Truly beautiful hair



Luxurious **RICHARD HUDNUT ENRICHED CREME SHAMPOO** is the first secret. It's made with real egg formula. And egg is a natural beautifier for hair. This rich golden lotion creme cleanses so quickly, rinses out so completely, it leaves your hair dandruff free, shining clean, extra manageable. Dull dry hair, limp oily hair, shine up like bridal satin. Permanents take better. Then: after each shampoo take one minute more to give your hair a beauty finish with Richard Hudnut Creme Rinse. This pretty pink liquid creme rinsed through just once makes hair lustrous, fragrant, easy to comb and set. Pin curls take shape smoothly, are bound to last longer. For truly beautiful hair: after each shampoo, home permanent, treat yourself to **RICHARD HUDNUT CREME RINSE**



by **RICHARD HUDNUT** of Fifth Avenue

## what divorce did to me

(Continued from page 16) and grow, just like Baron Munchausen's cherry trees. You hear about yourself in places you've never been, and with people you've never met. One person tells another, it's printed in one place, rewritten and added to for another publication. Everybody gossips about a divorced person. I probably did it myself until I was divorced. I'll never do it again.

I used to read the kind of stories they are writing about me now as exciting bits of news. Now they excite only my anger!

The plain truth is that I am having a hard time getting adjusted—and so does every other person who goes through a divorce. How about giving us a chance? I know I am just one of too many thousands, but every other person who has gone through a divorce and is a parent will, I am sure, understand my problem.

I have a child, whom I dearly love. She has to live with my decision and the world I have created or torn apart. It is my responsibility, for which she will either blame or thank me. No mother wants to make her child's world one of bewilderment, full of strangers.

**M**ONIE has to go to school and face the inquiries and comment of her school-mates. I do not forget this fact. Above all I hope for the chance for Monie to grow up normally.

Normal growth and normal home life are becoming more and more unusual in our society today. It is a growing rarity to find a happy marriage. Many young couples are having a difficult time, trying to hold their marriages together.

If they pick up a newspaper every day, they are constantly confronted with broken marriages. Next, they read about these divorcing couples dating freely. It all sounds like a merry exchange as it is dinned upon by the radio, newspapers, magazines, columnists, etc. With this unending barrage, it is no wonder that so many couples decide that it is so much easier to call it quits and get a divorce. Many of them are victims of this propaganda of our times—which sells newspapers and magazines, and sells marriage out.

Divorce is a serious matter, but you'd never realize it from most of what you read or hear. I can say, from my own experience, it is not attractive, or easy.

My religion means more to me today than it ever did before. It has been the only thing that has helped my troubled mind and spirit, and given me hope for the future. It has disciplined my thinking a great deal, too. And I believe I am gaining a perspective. Some of the things which used to be most important to me are more properly rated now, I'm sure. I think a long time before I arrive at an inflexible opinion. It takes two people to make a successful marriage, and it takes two people to make a marriage fail. While I still do not think it at all probable that my husband and I will ever go back together, I am not going to destroy the friendship we saved from our marriage, and I am not going to think a reconciliation is utterly impossible.

**I**N most cases, pride and ego are the worst hazards to reconciliation. Those qualities, plus emotional or economical insecurity often becloud logical thinking.

During a tense period, such as often leads to divorce, almost any married person gets the feeling of being trapped. If the family economic situation is bad—that adds to it.

Actually, once the idea of divorce enters the picture as a release—when the wife



starts figuring how much alimony or child support she can get—and the husband starts wondering how much he would have left to support another wife—that couple is ready to tell it to the judge. If they decide that their income can't stand the strain of the economical necessity—that is a tragic set-up for all concerned. But most couples act in haste. There's nothing new to acting in haste and repenting in leisure.

And believe me, "going home to Mother," isn't an automatic answer. Parents don't particularly want you back.

They may dread the day when their daughter leaves them to be married, but most of them adjust after the wedding—and dread it more when their son-in-law becomes an ex—and the daughter wants to come back home.

Then there are the specific, unpublicized problems in the life of a divorcee. No. 1—Loneliness. Perhaps men think of divorcees as "fair game" but women never think of themselves as "fair game." They only think of themselves as lonely. They don't think of every man they meet as a potential husband, but they do think about and they do need emotional security—someone to believe, trust, and be fond of. Sex is not at the top of this list. You think twice before marrying again, even when there is not a religious barrier. That year's necessary wait in California, between the interlocutory and final divorce, is the best law the state has!

One thing I have discovered over and over since my divorce is the inability of most people to face their problems. They try to hide them, evade them, not talk about them, which just adds up to problems unsolved. The resultant tragedy is that few people truly understand each other, or have any idea of how to help another human being. I guess all of us hide behind false faces all too often.

I have spent a great deal of time in Palm Springs since my divorce, most of it as the guest of Mousie and Bill Powell.

I find myself thinking more and more about a lot of the people I see there. Most of the people who can spend a lot of time at resorts are rich in material things, and most of them have problems too—that their money can't buy them out of. And there are any number of terrible things people can have to cope with. But they smile and they laugh and they sit and drink and talk about getting their poodles clipped. Or who is a good manicurist. Or complain about the way their hair is done. Or the kind of canasta hands they've been having. Gee, but they're lonely, too. Always in a crowd and always alone.

I get frightened.

THE thing that scares me is to see people concentrating on the details of material living and letting the big problems go unsolved or enduring them with no hope of solution. And I believe that is exactly what too many of us are doing.

I can "escape" to Palm Springs, but I hurry home because, once I'm there it kind of upsets me. It is okay as long as I am playing tennis, which I love, or basking in the sun, or seeing good, reliable old friends—but I can only take just so much of that, too. It is this that has made me revalue my life and re-appreciate the invaluable help and protection of my religion.

I want to understand my problems, and I am working on them. I want to live a good life and to be a good mother. I read inferences and inuendos about what I'm doing and it sounds like I am racing down that primrose path so vividly described by some of the writers. I'm not racing anywhere. I'm walking slowly, carefully, on the path all divorcees know.

It is not a journey I would recommend to anyone.

END



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## the battling **WAYNES** in court



The verdict isn't in yet,  
but the preliminary rounds  
indicate that the divorce  
between Duke and Chata  
Wayne will be the bit-  
terest in Hollywood history.

BY SANDY CUMMINGS

■ This happened just before John Wayne left for Mexico, for Camargo in Chihuahua to be exact, where Duke is making *Hondo* for his own independent motion picture company, Wayne-Fellows, Inc.

Wayne was striding out of Superior Judge William R. McKay's courtroom when I edged up to him and said, "How's it going, Duke?"

The actor took out a handkerchief and mopped his brow. "You know," he said, a wry grin forming itself on his lips, "I may never get married again."

And Duke wasn't kidding, either, because his second wife Esperanza Bauer Wayne has been giving him a real bad time in the California law courts.

Ever since they agreed to separate on May 7th, 1952, after six years, three months, and 20 days of marriage, Duke and the former Mexican film star have been at loggerheads.

"Chata" Wayne—the word means "pugnose" in Spanish and is what Duke used to call his wife in happier times—first filed a suit for separate maintenance last year when she hired famed legal light Jerry Giesler to represent her.

Duke answered that suit by announcing that a separation wasn't good enough for him. What he wanted was to be completely free from this 30-year-old beauty, whereupon he in turn filed a divorce suit which is scheduled to come up this October, and it's going to be a lulu.

After Duke filed his suit for divorce, the lawyers for both parties got together. Wayne's financial worth is indeed a complex affair, and it took some time for lawyers Jerry Giesler and Frank Belcher to arrive at some equitable financial settlement for "Chata."

Just before such an agreement was to be resolved, the second Mrs. Wayne decided to substitute lawyers. She hired an attorney named (Continued on page 95)



# sweet and hot



\*\* Highly  
Recommended  
\* Recommended  
No Stars:  
Average

by leonard feather

## FROM THE MOVIES

**ANNA**—title song by Al Caiola (Victor).

Al Caiola is a fine guitarist, but, like everyone who has made other versions since the sultry Silvana Magnano's (reviewed here two issues ago) he has to take second place to her.

**LIMELIGHT**—Theme music by Frank Chaskfield (London).

**MAIN STREET TO BROADWAY**—*There's Music In You* by Freddy Martin (Victor).

**RETURN TO PARADISE**—title song by Percy Faith\* (Columbia); David Rose (MGM); Nat Cole (Capitol); Camoroto (London); Alon Dale (Coro).

Looks as if history is trying to repeat itself—the same star (Gary Cooper), the same songwriting team (Ned Washington and Dimitri Tiomkin) and the same strange fascination about the title song that you found in *High Noon*. The Percy Faith version, which runs to two sides, has no vocal but is the most interesting performance.

**RUBY GENTRY**—*Ruby* by Harry James\* (Columbia); Vaughn Monroe (Victor).

The James treatment is a pleasing job, featuring the accordion work of young Tommy Gumino, who's been on tour with the James band for several months. Vaughn's version is less impressive; incidentally, it was one of the last records made before he broke up his band. He's on his own now, big enough in movies and night clubs not to need an orchestra.

**SALOME**—sound track album\* (Decca).

Music and scenes (but principally music) with some interesting symphonic work by an orchestra under the direction of Morris Stoloff.

**SMALL TOWN GIRL**—*My Flaming Heart* by Nat Cole\* (Capitol).

## POPULAR

**JUDY GARLAND**—*Send My Baby Back To Me*\* (Columbia)

Judy makes her Columbia record debut with a gay, swinging performance on which Paul Weston's orchestra helps bounce her along. The ballad on the other side, *Without A Memory*, is a good dramatic job.

**KAY STARR**—*Allez Vous En*\* (Capitol).

Kay does a nice job on this waltz, one of the better songs from Cole Porter's generally disappointing score for the Broadway show *Can Can*. Capitol has several of the better records on other songs from the production, including Gordon MacRae's *C'est Magnifique*.

## JAZZ

**HARRY JAMES**—*One Night Stand*\* (Columbia). A 12-inch LP record of hits.

# The Look He Loves...

"Petal-soft and faintly glowing!"



## Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder

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"NATURE-MATCHED"  
TO YOUR SKIN

You'll be so beautiful! With complexion so alive-looking . . . so soft—so faintly glowing! Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder is wonderfully fine in texture—and it clings and clings! Just puff it, fluff it on . . . then smooth it out . . . no flaking, streaking, or shine! The colors are as natural as Nature—there's one for every type of complexion—and exquisitely scented with the "fragrance men love"!



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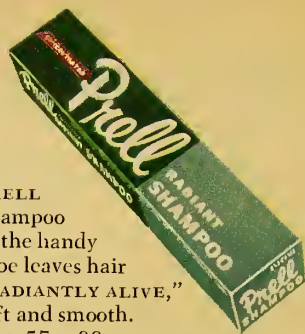


Just 29¢





For those blisters, cuts—  
BAND-AID Plastic Strips. Flesh-colored, won't loosen in water. 39¢, 59¢



PRELL Shampoo in the handy tube leaves hair "RADIANTLY ALIVE," soft and smooth. 29¢, 57¢, 89¢



Stop perspiration odor before it starts...with DIAL SOAP. Bath size, 2 for 37¢. Complexion size, 2 for 27¢



Don't let sunburn rob your sleep! Get relief in seconds with non-greasy, medicated NOXZEMA. 12¢, 35¢, 49¢\*



For easy shaves! PALMOLIVE Lather Shaving Cream: 15¢, 35¢, 53¢. Brushless: 29¢, 47¢



Handy! GILLETTE Super-Speed Razor Set, dispenser of Gillette Blue Blades, travel kit. \$1



VITALIS Hair Tonic for men helps prevent dryness... keeps hair lustrous, easy to groom. 29¢, 53¢, 83¢\*



Why "run out"? Take along extra GILLETTE Blue Blades. 10-blade dispenser, 49¢. 20-blade dispenser, 98¢



For minor cuts, chafing, skin irritations... VASELINE Petroleum Jelly. You'll find it oh, so soothing! 15¢, 25¢



You travel confidently, comfortably...with new MODESS. Junior, regular, super. Box of 12. 39¢. 48 for 1.49

FOR FUN IN THE SUN...



SUSAN SMART† says

*Wherever you're going  
make your first stop*

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.

†Woolworth's shopping report



Cleans breath and teeth, helps fight decay: COLGATE Ribbon Dental Cream! 15¢. 27¢. 47¢. 63¢



Make last year's cottons, wools, nylons look colorfully new! Tint with all-fabric TINTEX. 15¢. 25¢



# ROMANCE IN THE MOONLIGHT



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Don't miss a *minute* of fun and romance...but do remember *this*. That wonderful sun can be cruel to skin and hair...unless you take care. That heavenly romance in the moonlight can wilt your freshness, specially when the night is warm...unless you're wary. Seems a shame to look less than your loveliest, when Woolworth's has *all* your vacation grooming needs.

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With just a dab of FRESH Cream Deodorant, you stay morning-shower-sweet all day.  
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Sunshine in your hair when you use WHITE RAIN, Toni's gentle lotion shampoo. 30¢, 60¢, \$1



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HELENE CURTIS Suave Hair Dressing makes hair glossy, manageable...when sun, wind, water make it dull unruly. 50¢ \$1



*Julia Adams*  
starring in  
Universal-International's  
"THE MAN FROM THE ALAMO"  
Color by Technicolor



JULIA ADAMS says, "Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo." In fact, in less than two years, Lustre-Creme has become the shampoo of the majority of top Hollywood stars! When America's most glamorous women use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn't it be *your* choice above all others, too?

## For the Most Beautiful Hair in the World 4 out of 5 Top Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo



**Glamour-made-easy!** Even in hardest water, Lustre-Creme "shines" as it cleans . . . leaves hair soft and fragrant, free of loose dandruff. And Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with *Natural Lanolin*. It doesn't dry or dull your hair!



**Makes hair eager to curl!** Now you can "do things" with your hair—right after you wash it! Lustre-Creme Shampoo helps make hair a delight to manage—tames flyaway locks to the lightest brush touch, brings out glorious sheen.



Fabulous Lustre-Creme costs no more than other shampoos—27¢ to \$2 in jars or tubes.

. . . and thrilling news for users of liquid shampoos! Lustre-Creme Shampoo now available also in new Lotion Form, 30¢ to \$1.00.





**HIS FANS MAY THINK HE'S A BASHFUL BEAU, BUT THE WOMEN IN HIS PRIVATE LIFE KNOW BETTER.**

# The shy Mr. Cooper

By ALICE HOFFMAN

■ For 27 years, the entire length of his motion picture career, Gary Cooper has led a charmed life.

His virtues have been exploited, and his faults have been neglected.

To the world at large he has become the symbol of the typical American Westerner—tall, quiet, and a perfect physical specimen. He has never in his career played "the heavy," so that in the public mind he has always been rated gallant, trustworthy, singularly simple and loyal.

In the past year and a half, however, ever since his separation from his wife, Coop has been examined with a more realistic eye.

After reviewing his life and the women in it, an incredibly varied assortment of international beauties, after reading for two decades a succession of headlines involving him with Clara Bow, Lupe Velez, Countess Di Frasso, Pat Neal, Dusty Miller, the Mexican charmer called Channele, and now the French beauty, Gisele Pascal—even the most fanatic of Cooper's fans have come to the belated conclusion that Gary is (*Continued on page 73*)

In Cannes, Gisele Pascal, Paris' most sought-after model, was Gary's favorite date. In Paris, Gary looked forward to reunion with Rocky and Maria.









In one brief moment Jane Powell  
threw away the most honored and admired  
reputation in Hollywood.  
Her husband, her fans may  
forgive her, but . . .

BY JACK WADE

## can Jane forget the Past?

■ It's a big room, the supper room at the Desert Inn at Las Vegas, one of the biggest, flossiest night club rooms in America—and it was jammed to capacity. More than 500 people sat hunched together over white table cloths waiting for something to happen. If you were an idle observer you might naturally think they were waiting for a show to go on. And they were in a sense. The billing outside on the huge electric sign said "JANE POWELL," and the report was she was getting \$5,000 a week. Yes, they were waiting for Jane Powell all right, but not just to hear her sing.

Most of the people sitting in that room that night had known Jane Powell, from seeing her on the screen and reading about her in the newspapers and magazines, ever since she was a kid of 14. They had known her as an exemplary wife and mother. But for the past couple of weeks they had been reading a different kind of story. "Will she or will she not divorce her husband, Geary Steffen?" "Is she or is she not in love with Gene Nelson?" There was tension in the room as the audience waited to get a look at her and maybe make a judgment for themselves.

Every opening night is tough, but this was a particularly tough one for Jane, because she knew what they were waiting for, too, and she had to go on with the show as though the customers out there weren't buying anything but her songs. She sat in her dressing room and thought about all this.

(Continued on page 71)



Jane saw Geary right before she opened at the Desert Inn, but she was still unsure of a reconciliation.



Surrounded by friends, like the Barron Hiltons (above) the Steffens had little time to themselves.



Many guests were shocked opening night when Jane sang "Good-bye, baby, I'm leaving you."



Jane's troubles started when MGM began glamorizing her. Did she take it too seriously?



# THEY CALLED THEM "SHOCKING"



Travelling together through Europe, Lana and Lex found themselves the center of attention everywhere. (Above) A street vendor in Cannes presents flowers to Lana. (Below) A boat ride with friends.



After attending the Film Festival in Cannes, Lana

## EVEN EUROPE'S WORLDLY-WISE COI

■ This past April, an hour before Lana Turner's plane was scheduled to land at Orly Airport outside of Paris, a group of French reporters were discussing the actress.

"Do you think," one asked, "she will come alone or with Texas Barker?"

"His name is not Texas Barker," explained a newsman who had pulled a stint in Hollywood. "His name is Lex. It is kind of an American nickname for Alexander."





and her constant escort, Lex, journeyed to the Isle of Capri. In spite of the dark glasses, the actress was easily recognized everywhere.

# **CONTINENTALS WERE STARTLED BY LANA TURNER'S FRANK AND OPEN BEHAVIOR WITH LEX ■ By TOM DANCY**

"Tex or Lex," the first reporter insisted, "makes no difference. Is he coming with her or is he not?"

"I heard," volunteered a third reporter, "that they tried to book their flight under an assumed name, something like Richardson."

"What I can't find out," one photographer interrupted, "is whether they are married or not. I heard or read somewhere

that they had been secretly married."

"I do not even think they are engaged," a French movie representative said authoritatively. Then as an added thought. "His name is not Tex. It is Tarzan."

For half an hour conjecture was thrown about with reckless abandon. One reporter said that Lana would undoubtedly arrive alone, that Lex Barker would meet her at some appointed rendezvous in France or

Italy. "It is the only diplomatic way," he pointed out. "Otherwise there will be talk."

"Why should there be talk?" someone else asked. "This Tarzan is merely her bodyguard. She hired him because she is afraid of Fernando Lamas. He is her real lover."

The announcement that Lana's plane was arriving cut the conversation short. The reporters raced (*Continued on page 96*)







Five lovely girls,  
all intimate friends of  
Rock Hudson, speak  
their minds frankly  
about this eligible—but  
very elusive—bachelor.



1. Vera-Ellen likes Rock's sense of humor, but doesn't think he's ready for marriage yet.

2. New starlet Lori Nelson looks up to Rock as an established star.

3. Piper Laurie envies the girl who eventually wins him as a husband.

4. Newcomer Joyce Holden finds his terrific sense of humor infectious.



# leave him to the girls

BY PIPER LAURIE

■ To begin with, I can't think of anyone I'd rather discuss than Rock. It's so easy to say nice things about him. Maybe this won't make MODERN SCREEN happy, because they've asked me to lower the boom on this character, but I honestly can't think of anything horrible to say about him. With some people you can, and when you're asked what you think of them you have to go around corners to think up something nice. But Rock's just as genuine as he is big.

I could, of course, talk about his appetite, which is unlike anything I've ever seen. I remember I first met him the afternoon he came over to the apartment where I lived with my parents on Western Avenue. We were to make our first test together, and he dropped in to talk over the scene with me. Mother asked him to stay to a chicken dinner, and she's never been so thankful that our larder was loaded. I didn't keep track, but I could swear he ate three whole chickens that night. We've teased him about it ever since, but it doesn't seem to dampen his ardor for food. One night when we had a dinner date he arrived at the house before I was ready. About ten minutes later I walked into the living room and found Rock munching on a sandwich mother had made for him. We went directly to dinner after that, and before he brought me home we stopped for a snack in a drive-in. We always do, unless I have to get home particularly early, and even then I'll bet he stops off somewhere by himself for a steak to tide him over until morning.

The wonderful thing about Rock is that he enjoys kidding himself as much as he does teasing others. Like the night he was due (*Continued on page 75*)



5. Susan Zanuck considers Rock's social sense and good manners a great asset to him.

6. Marilyn Maxwell finds his sincerity refreshing, particularly in Hollywood.

7. Gene Tierney enjoys Rock's company, even while he's growing beard for movie role.





Tony's learned a hard  
 lesson, at last. It takes  
 more guts to just  
 accept the dirty digs  
 you get, than to start  
 swinging back.

BY MARSHA SAUNDERS

# the Price of Fame

■ In Hollywood there are two reactions to newly arrived stars: (A) "He's a jerk and he'll get what he deserves," and (B) "He's a nice guy . . . I hope he keeps his head."

People in the movie industry know, more or less subconsciously, that as success comes to each new star, so also comes a personal battle, one that is often lost. The mental attitude known as Hollywooditis comes as a result of sudden fame and fortune. It is a disease characterized by a swelling of the head and a loss of a normal sense of values, and those strong enough to resist it are few and far between.

Tony Curtis was around town a long time before his good looks were noticed by movie goers, and once that happened his popularity grew to such proportions that his studio was forced to star him in a picture. To Tony, success came overnight and when hand in hand with his flood of fan mail he was accorded an equal deluge of publicity, the people in Hollywood suddenly came to know him . . . the columnists, the publicists, the head waiters, writers and parking lot attendants. They all accorded him the reaction given the nice guys; they hoped he would keep his head.

Tony was a new and refreshing type. His zest for living, his easy laughter, his pleasure in relating the homey incidents of his life on the drearier streets of New York, all in a vocabulary flushed with idioms that could come from nowhere except the Bronx . . . these things made him well liked. They also made him, because of the great contrasts shortly to come into his life, a likely and susceptible victim of Hollywooditis.

In three short, bewildering years he has progressed from a bicycle to a Buick convertible, from a bachelor life to a highly publicized marriage with the glamorous Janet Leigh, from a routine existence in the little frame house in the valley with his parents to a well appointed penthouse on Wilshire Boulevard's fashionable row. And (Continued on page 87)

## TOO BUSY FOR A LONG VACATION



Tony and Janet scramble into the motor launch for a day on Lake Mead outside Las Vegas.



The skipper's son decides he wants to be a movie star too, so Tony gives him some hints.



"Pretty good for one day's haul," boasts Tony, who's proud of the beauties they bagged.

Photos by Bob Beerman and Bert Parry



**TONY AND JANET MANAGE TO SQUEEZE A SUMMER'S WORTH OF FUN INTO ONE JAM-PACKED DAY ON THE LAKE.**



A quick look around, and "this is the life for me," exclaims Tony. Janet heartily agrees.



"Now, ya do it this way, see?" instructs the expert. But wait and see who gets the first bite!



"Reel it in, reel it in," he cries gleefully . . . but Janet's so excited the lucky fish gets away.



Lunchtime, so Janet gets stuck with K.P. But no one remembered to bring a can opener!



The day wouldn't be complete without snapshots to show the folks. Janet poses, Tony snaps.



On the way back to shore, the Curtises troll their lines in the water, catch a few more.



"Can you cook it in white wine?" asks Janet, when they deliver their dinner to the chef.



A day's outing can certainly mess up a girl's coiffure . . . but a wash and set works wonders.



Sunburned and happy, the Curtises wait in the Hotel Flamingo's dining room for dinner.



# Peck's a good boy now

GREG'S LEARNED THAT HE CAN'T LATE-DATE, NOT EVEN IN NIGHT-



Mrs. Greta Peck (right) and film actress Hildegard Neff (left) are friendly enough in public, but intimates hinted at bitter rivalry a while ago. Hildegard's name was linked with Greg's when they made *Snows Of Kilimanjaro*, but they're never together now.



Surrounded by admiring women everywhere he goes, Gregory Peck finds it difficult to keep out of the spotlight. But, his trip abroad taught him that a movie idol's life must be above reproach. No more casual feminine companions for him, at least, not in public.





Greg, Greta, and their three sons all went to Europe together . . . but Greta cut short her stay, and returned with the children.

■ One of the first facts of life that a motion picture star must learn is that his public consists of the entire movie-going world. Gregory Peck has found this out now but he learned it the hard way, through personal experience, and he knows the sad truth: that a movie star can't fool around at all, however innocuously, without the world gleaning some glint of truth and magnifying that glint into a juicy news story of domestic discord.

As a result of his behavior in Europe since last June, Greg has seen his name smeared across the front pages of a hundred newspapers.

Practically every columnist in America who deals with affairs cinematic, has announced that Greg and his wife Greta have separated, that a divorce is under discussion, that these two fought like cats all over Europe, that Greta and the three Peck boys left France in a huff because Greg's marital conduct left much to be desired.

Greg has read time and time again the printed innuendo linking him with the Parisian model (*Continued on page 81*)





SHELLEY WINTERS IS HOLLYWOOD'S MOST ADORING WIFE AND MOTHER. BUT HOW LONG CAN SHE OVERLOOK HER HUSBAND'S SEEMING





# CAN THIS

# KEEP THIS TOGETHER?



With Vittoria away, Shelley was alone before and after her baby's birth in February.

DIFFERENCE TO THEIR NEW DAUGHTER?



■ If the marriage of Shelley Winters and Vittorio Gassman survives, it will be chiefly because Shelley has never lost anything she *really* wants. And she wants the elusive Italian—for better or worse—and to date, it's been rough going.

To say that Vittorio has put our emotional Shelley through the wringer is to understate the case. But she's taken it amazingly well. To me it was unforgivable that he was far away when a woman needs a man most. I find it hard to believe his excuse that the Italian government wouldn't release him for one little week, so he could fly to Shelley in Hollywood, when she was giving birth to their baby. But who am I to get mad, when it was all right with Shelley? But let's face it—anything Vittorio does is all right with his adoring movie star bride.

It was really pathetic. Everytime Shelley received a letter from him, she called the columnists to rave of his reviews in the plays that were keeping him 6,000 miles away from her. She was terribly proud of spending \$500 a month on telephone calls to her beloved Gassman. It would be *(Continued on page 93)*



YOU CAN WIN AND LOSE A FORTUNE AT LAS VEGAS. BUT VAN JOHNSON DID BETTER THAN THAT. HE WON HIMSELF A WHOLE NEW SLANT ON LIFE.

# "I'm not afraid any more"

by Steve Cronin

■ One evening last April Van Johnson walked into the spotlight at The Sands hotel in Las Vegas. It was his first nightclub appearance in a dozen years but those years didn't show. His almost orange hair, the spray of freckles across his face, the perky maroon bow tie still added up to the American boy—even at 36.

This was the night for Van Johnson. He was about to test himself before the toughest audience of all—a live audience, sitting out there in the dark waiting to be amused.

He spoke his first word as if he'd just discovered he had a voice. But one word led to another and then he was singing. And when the music hit a certain beat he went into a dance.

He worked with a kind of reckless charm, covering the stage like a whole Broadway chorus and everybody thought he was having a wonderful time. Nobody suspected he was so tensed up that if he'd been hit on the head with a piece of the rafter he wouldn't even have felt it.

There was a song he sang about Hollywood and how he didn't want to play there anymore. Goodbye Esther Williams, ditto June Allyson, farewell to *all* the girls who ever cast a tender eye on this eager, bashful Romeo. And let Leo the MGM Lion roar: Van's ears were plugged.

That song went over big. His wife Evie, who was sitting at a ringside table with Marlene Dietrich and Peter Lawford, applauded along with everybody else. This was Evie's night, too, in a way. She'd rarely been able to drag her man within five miles of a nightclub, and here he was kicking up his famous red socks all over the floor.

Van was a hit, all right. But a couple of odd things happened after that performance, although not necessarily in the following order.

People started saying that Van Johnson wasn't kidding about that farewell song; he really *was* through with Hollywood. And Van Johnson (*Continued on page 64*)



Congratulatory telegrams, and admiring friends like Pete Lawford and June Allyson, spurred Van's smash debut at The Sands.









# RETREAT TO PARADISE

By Marya Peterson



Jan and Paul's house, set on 14 acres of wooded land, looks more like New England than California. It used to belong to Melvyn Douglas.

A country hideaway five minutes from Hollywood and Vine? Impossible said real estate men. Imperative, said the Douglas'—who got what they wanted.

■ Paul Douglas is a deceptive man. He looks a little like a mug. No doubt about it. Wide-angle nose, jut-jaw, sandpaper voice, truck-driver's shoulders, and practically no neck; so that when you look at Paul and try to imagine what sort of home this rugged, talented star lives in, your first guess is that he occupies an ostentatious pent house or maybe just a simple room in the Hollywood Athletic Club.

There is absolutely no correlation between Douglas' screen personality and his environment.

Douglas and his beautiful, well-bred wife, Jan Sterling, live in one of the great showplaces of the movie colony, the kind of tastefully-furnished, landscaped estate (*Continued on next page*)







The black and gold chairs and table in the dining room are modern copies of Chinese Chippendale. To offset the rather ornate furniture, the colorful floor, drapes and walls have been kept simple in design.



Because they do lots of their living in their spacious bedroom, Jan and Paul placed many of their favorite books and paintings here. They breakfast lazily on the roomy coffee table when they're not working.

More pictures on following page →

HOUSE OF THE MONTH



Paul found this three-paneled Chinese screen (left) in Tokyo, on his way back from his first Korean trip. It serves to camouflage their record unit. The twin alabaster lamps on either side of the couch (right) are antique urns, found in a little shop in Los Angeles.







The Douglasses, like most movie stars, make use of their pool. It's beautifully landscaped, and they are able to swim there almost all year round. Jan's latest film is *Alaskan Seas*. Paul's in *Forever Female*.



Although their seven-room house, located in the Hollywood Outpost Estates section, is rural and in a quiet neighborhood, it's only a five minute drive to the heart of town. They spent \$60,000 for the place.



Paul's office, which used to be the fourth bedroom, is a wonderful place for spreading himself around. Here, he spends a lot of time watching sports on television, and catching up on his reading.

## retreat to paradise continued

you might expect of a Rockefeller or a DuPont or even a Vanderbilt, the type of home that exudes an air of gentility, refinement, and fifth-generation money.

It doesn't look like the kind of house most people imagine that actors live in.

Located on 13 acres of woods that have been manicured with careful casualness, the Douglas property resembles a slice of New England countryside transplanted in California.

Rural and deceptively quiet, it is only five minutes by Cadillac, the approved movietown method of transportation, to the corner of Hollywood and Vine. This district is known as the Hollywood Outpost Estates, and 25 years ago when movie stars lived nearer the studios, it was considered the most exclusive residential district in town.

In fact, it filled up so rapidly that actors who now have the money must go further West to Bel-Air, Brentwood, and the Pacific Palisades for their homesites.

The people who live in the Outpost Estates built their homes soundly and with surprisingly little show so that, for the most part, the basic architectural motif of the district is not rococo; and the sightseeing buses stay clear of it for that reason.

In all truth, Paul and Jan Douglas were extremely lucky in buying their house. The previous owner, another named Douglas—Melvyn Douglas—had sunk more than \$150,000 into the property but had to move East to star in a long-running Broadway comedy. Whereupon (*Continued on page 92*)



**"Where do I  
go from here?"**  
*asks Betty Grable*

FOR EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS AND STORY, TURN PAGE →





# "Where do I go from here?"

*asks Betty Grable*



"One day I'll just up and quit," threatens Betty. And intimates suspect that day'll come when business starts interfering with home life.



Betty glories in her role as wife and mother. The undisputed glamor queen of Hollywood for years has always felt her husband and children came first.

Betty Grable and Harry James don't go out often . . . but when they do, all Hollywood can see for itself how much in love the glamour girl







Harry James gets more of a thrill playing his latest records for his family than filling an engagement in any of the swankiest, big-time night spots.



Jessica and Victoria have a pet parakeet, and teaching it to talk has become a family project. But so far . . . no luck!



Harry's away a lot with the band, so his homecomings are always exciting. Betty rarely accompanies him; she'd rather stay home with their daughters.



Betty, Harry and their horses keep the James' trophy room well stocked. Big Noise, a colt they bred, is their most famous horse.

and the band leader are with one another.

**BY JIM BURTON**

■ It was a lousy, gloomy day in Beverly Hills when Miss Betty Grable, who'd a lot rather you'd call her Mrs. James, stood in the library of her green home and said:

"One day something will happen that'll decide it. Something will come up that I can't walk away from, can't sideswipe, can't meet head on without fracturing something. If it's a locomotive, I'm the one fractured. That's when I'll leave pictures. That's the answer to that question 'Is Betty Grable Through?' If it's an answer."

And what form would it be apt to take?

"Well, for instance. I make a picture. The script is good. The preview is good. The critics like it. The studio likes it. Even I like it. (Continued on page 66)









Here are the first  
pictures of the sensational  
new hair-do that told  
Hollywood Jeanne Crain  
had kicked over  
the traces. Here's  
how it happened.

BY SUSAN TRENT

# Some changes made!

■ Jeanne Crain has always maintained that she is no pace setter where fashions are concerned. ("I stuff my purse with notes about other women's clothes.") Last spring, however, she took off on her own and got a haircut that has the whole town talking. The Bobcat Bob, as it has become known, was wholly Jeanne's idea, and she directed every nick of the razor to complete what she enthusiastically calls "the most wonderful haircut I've ever had."

Hair-dos in Hollywood have run the gamut from shoulder length hair for men to a random razor hacking for women, but Jeanne's is different on two counts. First of all it's an exceptionally good haircut for reasons which will follow, and secondly it is indicative of her current rebellion.

Psychologists have said that when a woman shears off her crowning glory she is getting ready to kick up her heels, and this holds true in Jeanne's case. The impulse to cut her hair to a minimum coincided with her urge to leave 20th Century-Fox, the studio with which she has been under contract ever since her movie career began, ten years ago. It is not easy for an actress who has been given her break, her fame, her training, her stardom and her entire professional career within the (Continued on page 79)



Introducing  
Jeanne Crain's new  
Bobcat Bob.  
You, too, can have it.



A MODERN SCREEN

all-time high!

BY JOHN MAYNARD

Frank Sinatra tells

for the first time what

it felt like to be the

great idol of America's

worshipping bobby-soxers.

# It was a Ball!

■ The little guy sat there quietly, remembering ten years ago, not saying anything.

"But what about it, Frank," his friend asked. "How was it? Were you happy?"

"Happy?" For a moment he was baffled by the word, as so many hyper-active people are prone to be. Perhaps it wasn't a specific word. But he shook it off. "I was—I was everything. Happy, I don't know. I wasn't *unhappy*, let's put it that way. I never had it so good. Sometimes I wonder whether anybody ever had it like I had it, before or since. It was the damndest thing, wasn't it?" He spoke in honest wonder. "But what it really was like, I was too busy ever to know whether I was happy, or even to ask myself. I can't remember for a long time even taking time out to think, which I guess was all for the best. Anyway, what time was there? But I did get my thinking in before it was too late."

What thinking?

"About when and how it was going to end and what I'd do then. I don't care what they say, I never had any ideas about it going on forever. I wasn't kidding myself. But it was my business to get a cushion ready for the fall, make sure about the balloon, you know. Some balloons, they burst, and some, the air goes out of them gradually, it depends on how you treat the balloon. I had to level off slowly or else. It was the only problem that kept me awake nights. It was serious. I think it's worked out all right but it didn't have to. And of course, I was bound to go into a dive at first. And when that happened, some of my pals—" He made a small motion across his throat with his index finger.

"The jerks who loved Frankie, they never even called me up to ask how I was, not a single word. It was like they'd never (*Continued on page 69*)











SOME LIKE 'EM BLONDE, SOME LIKE 'EM DARK . . . BUT THE BROOKLYN REDHEAD KNOCKS 'EM ALL DEAD.

# Susie's got everything!

by Imogene Collins

■ This past Easter when titian-haired Susan Hayward, Brooklyn's 33-year-old gift to Hollywood, was touring Europe with her husband, blond, handsome Jess Barker, these love birds checked in at the Grand Hotel in Rome.

Accompanying them on their first Continental journey and delayed honeymoon—the Barkers had no honeymoon when they were married nine years ago—was an affable young man of 23 who had been loaned to them by the Paris office of 20th Century-Fox to act as a combination guide-secretary-chauffeur. His name is Jean Papote.

In Rome, Jean was approached by several newspapermen and magazine writers. Was it true, they asked, that Miss Hayward was notoriously chary about granting interviews?

"Exactly the opposite," Papote told them. "She is most cooperative."

The next thing anyone knew Susan Hayward was being interviewed and photographed as only the Italians can do it . . . with verve, gusto, and endless questions.

One Roman reporter who spent a good deal of time with Susan later ran into me in front of the Excelsior Hotel which is a lot like Schwab's drugstore in Hollywood (*Continued on page 98*)



Susan's first bullfight was a thrilling experience . . . particularly when one of the toreadors, Juilo Apocio, (right) dedicated a bull to her. Susan (left) returns the hot he threw her as sign of the dedication.

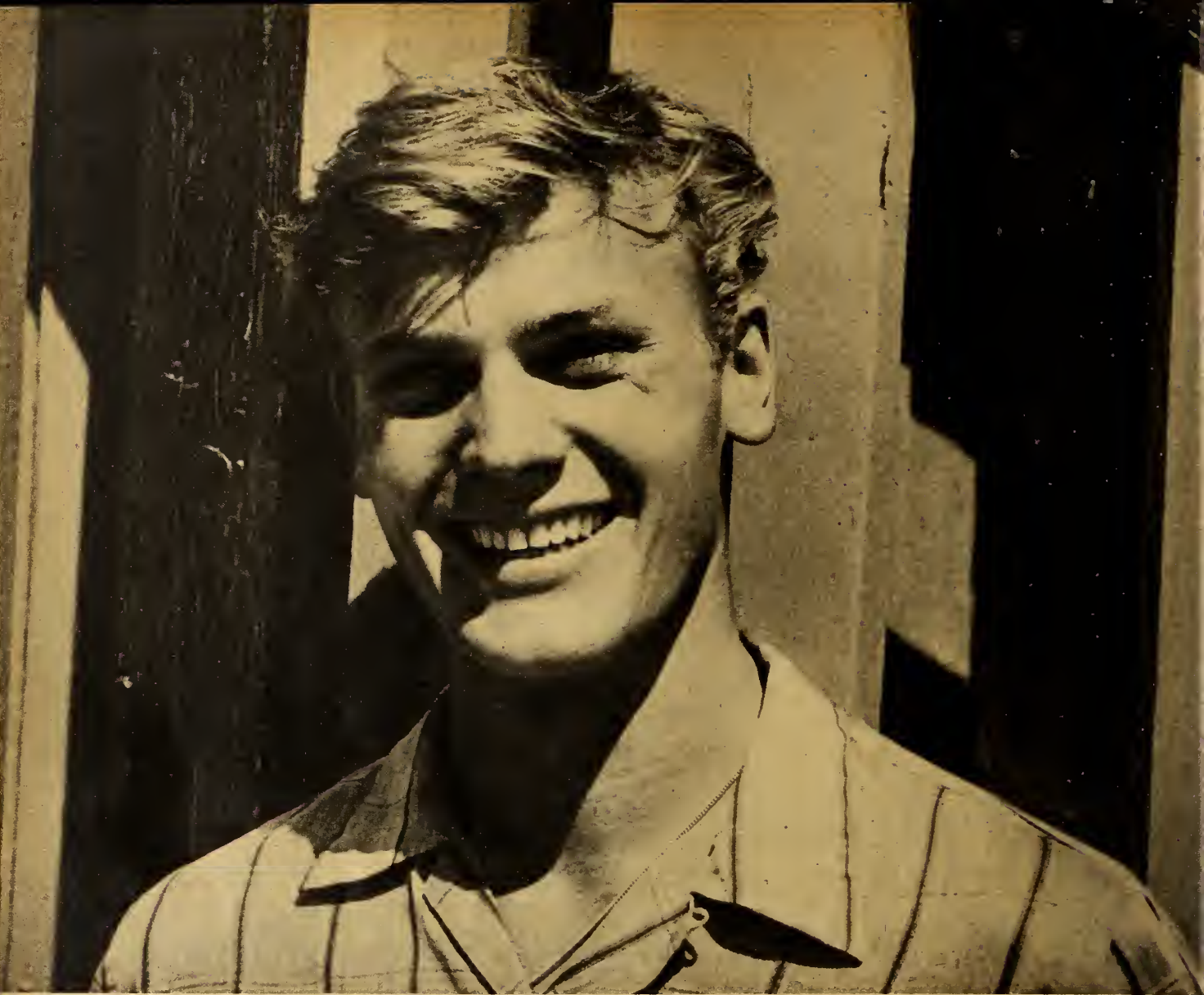


After the bullfight was over, Susan and her husband, Jess Barker (center) posed with one of the other toreadors, Antonete. Susie particularly wanted the picture to send back home to her twin sons, eight year old Timothy and Gregory.



Susie did lots of sightseeing so she could tell the twins about Europe. The Barkers are planning another trip, the next time with the boys.





Most youngsters have one special dream. Tab Hunter had lots. But the most glorious of all—becoming a movie star—he never even dared hope for!

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

## a pocketful of Dreams



Tab's always been wild about horses, so a visit to an amusement park wouldn't be complete without a ride on the carousel! Gloria's next picture is *Twelve Mile Reef*.



**A** tow-headed, 13-year-old kid sat down at a kitchen table one afternoon a few years ago and wrote a letter to the girl of his dreams:

"Dear Elizabeth Taylor," he scribbled with a stumpy pencil, "I have just seen *National Velvet* and you are my favorite actress. I think you are wonderful, also your horse, King Charles. I love to ride too, especially jump. Would you please send me a picture of yourself on King Charles going over a fence? Yours sincerely, Arthur Gelien."

After he'd licked the envelope and smudged on a stamp, the kid looked across at a blue framed photograph of a goddess in spangles poised airily on the point of one skate. Every night he prayed, "God bless Mama, God bless my brother, Walt, and God bless Sonja Henie," then kissed the picture good-night. Now, with a sigh, he turned it to the wall.

Not long after that, this same romantic kid was wrapping Christmas packages in Barker Brothers' furniture store on Hollywood Boulevard to earn his living. He picked up one addressed to "Miss Linda Darnell", held it until the boss stared suspiciously, then busily gift-wrapped it with special care. "Brother," he told himself, "how I'd like to deliver this one in person!" That being out, he daringly printed "Merry Christmas, Linda!" in tiny letters, quickly covered the box with brown paper and spent the rest of the day knotting twine and wondering if his new idol would find the message.

Of course, what teen-age Art Gelien was doing—dreaming romantically of glamorous spheres far removed from his own—was not particularly unusual. But what happened to Art and those dreams is.

(Continued on page 60)



Tob dates many girls, among them starlets like Gloria Gordon (above), but has no special sweetheart. He was semi-officially engaged to Judy Powell, but they broke off. "I have to get set first," he says.



Popcorn tastes better when a pretty girl feeds it to you, is Tab's theory, so Gloria helpfully obliges. It wasn't too long ago that Tob and his family were so poor they didn't have enough to eat.



Good luck is the one thing Tab always had plenty of, whether it's in games, girls, or careers. His first movie role, opposite Linda Darnell, came because someone just happened to remember having met him.





I THINK GOD HEARS YOU WHEREVER YOU CARE TO TARRY TO THINK ABOUT HIM, FOR I BELIEVE THAT . . .

# God lives in every church

*by Richard Widmark*

■ I am not a Catholic but one day last winter just before Christmas I dropped into St. Patrick's on Fifth Avenue in New York. I hadn't planned to enter. I was walking along, my thinking tied to various difficulties related to my eastern trip, including a heavy schedule of radio appearances, when the cathedral loomed up ahead. Almost automatically I turned up the steps when I got to the entrance and found myself a seat in a back pew. For a half hour I sat there while my mind seemed to give up its thoughts and was bathed, instead, with the deep peace that pervaded the quiet, vaulted interior.

I wasn't conscious of any deliberation of any sort as I sat there, yet when I walked out it was with an ease of being that stemmed from problems solved; what courses I should take about them seemed clear now. It was as if the factors of doubt that had beclouded my judgment before had not been able to enter the church with me, and with these eliminated, the solutions I sought became readily apparent.

This happened in St. Patrick's. It has happened to me also in other churches of other (Continued on opposite page)



denominations . . . to none of which I belong. I am very grateful that the absence of an official relationship with religion has not also meant an end to a spiritual affinity with the religious concept of life which I always want to have. I came close to hating all churches in my time; it was a long, arduous climb back to a level where I came to a faith based on the conviction that our clay is the molding of an Unseen Hand.

Religion was no comfort to me in my childhood and youth; it was an irritant, responsible for constant bickering in the home. My father was a Lutheran, my mother a Christian Scientist, and her mother a Catholic. I was tossed up for grabs. There was a period in which I used to creep within earshot as they all argued about me, hotly, furiously. And then I stayed strictly away.

I don't have to tell you how a child instinctively reacts who is pulled this way and that without his even knowing, or even having the ability to understand, what all the furore is about. He resents it. He says, in effect, "A plague on all your houses." Not aloud, of course. To himself. And then he tells himself he will live his own life, and, unfortunately, looks for proof to discredit all who have been tugging at him.

For instance, the man counted most religious in our home town was related to our family and I had a good opportunity to study piety as publicly approved in him. He was not an inspiring example. He was rough, tyrannical, and was known to beat his wife. He also gave me some nasty lickings. The resentment I felt for him also took in the institution with which he was so prominently identified—the church, I'm afraid.

NEVERTHELESS I didn't turn heathen completely. The essence of many philosophies is that life is a search for truth. I was just a boy but this is the only way I can account for my actions for the next 10 or 15 years; I sought. My only clue to truth was the vague feeling that it was "upwards." Evil, of course, was in the other direction. By the time I was in the fifth grade, having attended the Lutheran and Christian Science Churches with my mother and father, I discovered that many of my boy friends were Presbyterians. I found myself impelled to go with them and see what this church was like. Later I visited the Methodist church, and later again, through high school, I was back in Christian Science.

But never through these years was I the open-hearted convert. The old bitterness had not left me completely and I had a sharp eye for religious "cheaters." Nothing angered me so much as those whose goodness was something they draped about themselves when they put on their Sunday clothes.

I think that any psychologist will recognize in this sort of thinking an inner and uncompromising protest, not uncommon with idealistic youth, at the presence of impure motivations in what should be the purest human manifestation—spiritual communion.

I realized then, as I do now, that there had to be Someone, well let's call Him an Understander, much bigger than I, Who had created this unfathomable phenomena called life, and Who alone knew the reason for it. I sensed too, as I do now, that it was good for the soul of man to seek closeness to this source of his being. Religion therefore was wonderful and important to me. But the more I felt this the more I questioned the ways in which I saw it practiced all around me.

I remember that when I left the Christian Science Church, sometime during my high school days, it was not in any spirit

of criticism of the church but a dissatisfaction with myself. I could not evade self-incrimination flowing from a feeling that I was selfishly using the church as a crutch. I ran to it when things didn't go well. I saw the same use on the part of others. They leaned on the church, or used it much as a baby uses a pacifier. It seemed to me that God, who created man, would like a little more self-reliance from him and less timidity and weakness. It was no compliment to His handicraft to show yourself in the poorest possible light, nor any service to turn over all your troubles to Him.

People who were born into a church and no longer attend often describe the action of the break by saying that they "drifted" away. What I was fighting against was the easiness with which you could drift to it! Religion was too important a thing in my life to be just washed toward it because this was the thing to do, this was popular.

I remember talking to a friend about it and complaining that a lot of people went to church because it helped make them socially acceptable.

"Would you want churchgoing to be a secret habit?" he asked.

"Well, to move close to God, or feel that this is what you're doing is an intimate process," I claimed.

"That's true," he said. "But in any community there is a comfort to be gathered from seeing your neighbor drink at the

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**Show me children who go to Sunday School and I'll show you citizens of tomorrow.**

*Macdonald Carey*

---

same spiritual well and know that he seeks good counsel in his ways. We have laws and regulations in our society to enable all of us to live together peacefully, but these are restraints; the basis of man's security, we all instinctively feel, is the inspiration he gets from religion. Then he is one of us. Then our trust in him is deeper."

I knew what he meant. I knew that in many places the church is the centre of social life. And I knew this could be a good thing properly recognized. In the small towns in which I lived, including Sunrise, Minnesota, where I was born, Princeton, Illinois, where I graduated from high school, and Lake Forest, Illinois, where I both attended college and later taught English and drama, a great many activities were fostered by church groups. And we would have suffered a serious social and recreational lack without them. Yet, even so, these were side inducements to seek God and I couldn't get away from the feeling that one should not require bonuses to worship.

That was my predicament. I asked myself, "What do you do?" And I had no answer. Little by little I stopped thinking about it and grew into maturity as the kind of man you would call a doer more than a thinker. I didn't want to think.

Of course that doesn't work; at least it isn't a final way of life. When things got rugged with me, whenever it was a matter of touch and go, I would find myself looking up and asking, "Please help me."

During World War Two my brother, a pilot in the Army Air Force, had a bad time of it. He was shot down three times in Europe, one time landing with a burning parachute. He was a prisoner of war in Germany for two years. He had to undergo critical brain operations as a result of his injuries. There is no use kidding about my reaction to all this; I needed faith to overcome the worry and anguish which beset me all through this period. Very simply, I turned to God. I knew

other people who were like myself; they did not go to church and wear it as a sign of religiousness; just the same they had religion and lived mostly within the concepts of a religious life.

I AM certain that every man has a belief; that there is no such thing as not having one. A man who held otherwise once cited what he said was a regular Sunday spectacle in rural Ireland to prove his point. "As religious a country as Ireland is," he said, "you can go to any small village on a Sunday morning and find that while many men accompany their wives to church, they don't go in themselves. They sit outside, smoking their pipes and gabbing, until their women come out. You can go to Mexico and see the same thing."

He held that this showed the men were tolerant of their wives' beliefs but without belief themselves. My analysis was different. I was and am certain that each of these men had a relationship with God, but one that he felt was entirely private with him, and which he did not like defined in any specific way. It might even be that many of them could not explain their faiths to themselves, nor understand it when explained in the church, yet that did not signify that they were faithless. When I pictured them sitting outside the church on a quiet Sunday morning, I saw them as within the fold, not without.

And so in this way, if in any way, I have a general faith; one which is not formalized, but none the less sincere. Nor do I live away from the church entirely. My seven-year-old daughter Ann has long gone to Sunday School and her mother and I know it is good for her. Our marriage was within the church, the Episcopal Church in Evanston, Ill., because that was her church. And perhaps the best friends I have are regular churchgoers. They were able to establish an official association with their belief; it is necessary, if I am to live in peace with my conscience, that mine remain unofficial.

Yet I use the church, and the atmosphere of the church, any church, is good for me, and whenever I can lend my own particular talent to furthering the tenets of accepted religion, any religion, I do so knowing that it is essentially a good thing to do. It is not necessary for me to examine Catholic dogma, nor accept or reject it, to appear on a Catholic radio program when the broad theme of all the plays presented is, "The family which prays together stays together." This cannot be questioned . . .

THERE are a number of little churches in Hollywood where I like to drop in and satisfy a yearning to turn to a devotional mood. The mood will come as quickly in a Presbyterian church as in a Catholic one . . . to me. I have a hunch it would come as quickly in a synagogue or in a Mohammedan mosque. I think God hears you wherever you care to tarry to think about Him. And I realize I think about Him more often than I had long supposed I did. In fact, in a recent conversation with my wife, I discovered I try to get in touch with God daily . . . and have been all my life.

Mrs. Widmark and I were driving one night when she happened to mention a man we both had known for a long time.

"You know, he still prays every day," she said.

Unthinkingly I laughed. Then, suddenly, I realized that as long as I could remember I had followed the same habit. All through those periods when I was defaulting from one church or entering another, or perhaps staying away from all of them, there had never been a night when, as my head touched the pillow, I had not turned to prayer. It is still true.



## a pocketful of dreams

(Continued from page 57) Because one day, in practically no time at all as time goes, this same Art was chatting intimately with Elizabeth Taylor on her *Ivanhoe* set, confidently ringing her room at London's Savoy Hotel and hearing her ask him, "When you get back home will you exercise King Charles for me? He's getting too fat."

On another day too, he was gliding on the same rink with Sonja Henie, a champion ice skater himself. And on still another a dark-haired, beautiful lady was presenting him with a handsome album of picture stills topped by a great big one of himself embracing that lady, and signed, "Devotedly yours, Linda." He was Linda Darnell's leading man in the picture, whose title sheet called him Tab Hunter.

Maybe things like that could happen in some other place besides Hollywood, California, U.S.A. And maybe they could happen to any imaginative kid whether he believed positively in his dreams or not. But the point is—Art Gelien did, and as a result he's seen them and a lot more come true.

Right now Tab is perched rosilily on the doorstep of great expectations in Hollywood. He's not rich or really famous yet. He has only three pictures to his new name, none of them sensational. But he's swamped with 1,000 fan letters a week, has plenty more screen jobs coming up and what looks like a steady TV contract, too.

Some of this is because Tab's luckily a good looking male animal, with a pleasantly sculptured face, dazzling smile, soft, artistic eyes and a sun-bronzed torso like a Greek god's. Some is because he owns a natural but still unpolished talent. Some more is because Tab has been at the right places at the right times. But mostly it's because of his unconquerable faith in the importance of himself and his future—a faith that didn't flag during some fairly rough going when he was about as unimportant a kid as you could imagine.

**T**AB was born July 11, 1931, at Bellevue Hospital in New York City. Tab Hunter's folks weren't fashionable—they were poor, desperately poor. His mother, Gertrude, was an immigrant from Hamburg, Germany, married to a man named Charles Kelm who made a living, when he made it, as a mechanic. But today Tab prefers to forget that he ever had a father, and where he is today or what he does is of no interest to him whatever. He was wiped out of Tab's life when he was only two. From then on he took his mother's family name, Gelien.

Before that Tab remembers only flashes of an anxious babyhood in cramped, cold water flats from which furniture was sometimes moved out on the streets by rough men. He remembers being pulled on a sled to the corner grocery one day when there wasn't any market money, and tumbling off in the snow to come up miraculously with a crumpled five-dollar bill someone had dropped there—which meant a meal that night for the family.

In 1933 this insecure nightmare ended for Tab and his brother, Walter, 11 months older. His grandfather, John Gelien, a chef on the Hamburg-American steamers, came into port, and sizing up the intolerably unhappy life in which his daughter was trapped, provided an escape. He bought passage for her and the boys aboard a Grace Line boat bound for San Francisco and staked them to two months' rent on an apartment there.

To earn their living, Gertrude took a job aboard the Matson ships. A woman with a natural healing touch, she learned physio-therapy to qualify as a shipboard

nurse. But this meant that Tab and Walt had to be staked out around at pay homes and boarding schools, while she sailed between San Francisco and Hawaii and sometimes Australia. At four and five years of age, kids need their mothers, no matter how good the foster care, and sometimes it was good for Tab and Walt, other times bad. If they showed signs of mistreatment, though, or bad food, their mother yanked them out and found another in the four days she had between trips. It was always a desolate day when the ship sailed out the Golden Gate, but when it came back in, Tab remembers, "that was Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter and Fourth of July combined!"

Then their mother spent her pay on trim little navy blue suits, white shirts, new shoes and beanies to dress them up, scrubbed them clean, cut their hair and whisked them off to the places they loved to go—out to Golden Gate Park, the zoo, for a swim in Fleishacker plunge, to Fisherman's Wharf. Nothing was too good for her boys when Gertrude Gelien came home, even though each time it seemed she wore the same shabby but clean and well-pressed suit or dress. Even as a kid, Tab sensed that his mother was denying herself everything to give them the very best care in her power, but he didn't know that she got her reward when people

**When Sidney Skolsky's daughter Steffie was five, her greatest thrill was attending the races, and she constantly begged to go. Finally, Sidney told her they wouldn't let little girls in. She was satisfied until one day she heard a radio broadcast from the track.**

**"A perfect day for the big race!" enthused the announcer. "A wonderful day for three-year-olds!"**

**Steffie began to sob. "Daddy, you lied to me. You heard what the man said—and I'm older than that!"**

H. W. Kellick

would stop them on the street and ask to take pictures of "those two darling boys."

They were worth anybody's film too. The Gelien boys looked like Dutch twins, both with thick golden hair, big round hazel eyes and the creamy complexions that revealed their German-English-French ancestry. But underneath they were very different little guys. Walt was stronger, more aggressive and tougher inside than Tab. If you looked close, you could see it in the bonier features, the sturdier body and the eyes that weren't as soft as his little brother's. Walt was a kid of action. Tab was the dreamer. And in the long, lonely stretches between boat departures and arrivals he had plenty of time to dream.

"It was usually the sea and ships then," recalls Tab. "I wanted to be a pirate, then I switched to an explorer. But whatever it was, the big idea was to make a fortune and buy everything in the world for my Mom. Guess it still is."

**S**oon after Tab was six he didn't have to rely on lonesome daydreams any more. Gertrude Gelien moved her brood south to Long Beach, and after one or two more trips on the Matson line, stayed on shore for practical nursing and physio-therapy with what patients she could scare up. It made things mighty tough financially for a spell. But for the first time in their lives the Gelien kids knew a real home of their own, with their mother there every night, and even though it was only a tiny apartment behind somebody else's house, it looked like Heaven to them. So did the long stretch of beach at the end of the

street, and all the kids to play with at Luther Burbank Elementary, the first public school they'd attended.

In Long Beach Tab got a healthy start on the smooth-muscled, six-foot body he owns today. With Walt he played endlessly in the tumbling surf and swam in the salt water plunge on the Pike, although until he learned to paddle he'd have to dive off the high board and calculate the exact spot where he'd come up by the rail. He got new fuel for his dreams, too, although he didn't know it then. He saw his first movie, *Robin Hood*, with a girl next door, who told him archly, "For you I'll wear my new Easter hat!" What was a lot more important, Tab remembers, her mother bought the tickets.

**G**IRLS and movies played a big part in Tab Hunter's boyhood. He was nuts about them both. "I guess I liked girls better than boys," he admits now, grinning. "I wasn't a sis, or anything, but they seemed to know better what I was talking about." It wasn't much of a problem for Tab to keep what Walt called disgustedly "Art's harem." Smitten misses swarmed around the blond boy like bees around honey, especially when, along about fifth grade, his mother moved them up to Los Angeles, and Tab's field of operations expanded. In the 68th Street Grade School he met his first real heart-throb. "Her name was Beverly Peck," Tab recalls. "A cute little brunette—real sweet. She was supposed to be Walt's girl, but I liked her best. Every Saturday we'd beg a couple of dimes from our Moms and hop a bus downtown. Her mother worked in a restaurant there so we got a free lunch. Then we'd untie Beverly's handkerchief with the dimes wrapped inside and sit through two shows at Loew's State. It was my big thrill of the week. I couldn't say whether that was because of Beverly or the movies, maybe both."

Of course, all of Tab Hunter's boyhood wasn't spent making like a junior wolf. At 68th Street, St. John's Military Academy, St. Paul's Parochial School and Mount Vernon Junior High, where he bounced around, he was mixed up in everything. At sports, he didn't shine as much as the more rugged Walt did. When Walt played fullback on the first-string football team, Tab struggled along as second-string guard getting his face shoved into the dirt. But he made the swimming and tennis teams and played trombone in the band, although his arms weren't long enough to push the slide out for the low notes. At St. John's he wound up a cadet lieutenant before that year of private school luxury, which Grandfather Gelien financed, ran out. At St. Paul's he sang in the church choir, until the Christmas he was supposed to solo with "Adeste Fideles" and when he opened his mouth nothing came out. But it was at Mount Vernon where Tab's yet vague and unrecognized yearnings got their first airing.

He had a music teacher named Emily Joost who understood teen-agers and what they liked. She let them pound out boogie-woogie in the classroom and swing a popular tune if they felt like it. Night, she played piano in a café down the street and she'd let the more talented kids express themselves there. Some nights, Tab and a girl named Bobbie Turner, whose black hair tumbled over her eyes and whose low, husky voice carried a strange excitement, would stroll down and try out "My Blue Heaven" or "I'm In The Mood For Love" for the customers.

Looking back though, Tab Hunter doesn't remember any infection by the acting bug. "I always felt there was something big and important ahead for me. I believed that," he says, "even as a kid,



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HEADQUARTERS IN CHICAGO



but what it was I didn't have the faintest idea. Acting—like the stars I worshipped in those movies? Why, that was out of my world! There were too many things in it to bring me down to earth."

THE Gelienens were still poor as church-mice. They lived chronically in tiny apartments. Tab's mother just managed to eke out a living with her nursing. But sometimes she'd have to go out on a boat again and sometimes, too, she'd have to take on a factory job at places like Lockheed Aircraft. Both the boys helped. Tab got a paper route for a while, then an errand boy's job at a drug store; he cut lawns and cleaned out garages. At home both boys made the beds, cleaned house, washed the dishes and often cooked the meals. But there wasn't anything dreary about all this to the Gelien boys. Their youngish mother had a rough struggle but she never let a defeatist psychology creep into their noggins. "For every door that closes, two open," she always told them. "You just have to think right and you can do anything. Always have a goal—when you reach it, get another." Those homilies were sincere. She felt strongly that way—also, as Gertrude Gelien says today, "Boys have to be encouraged to try themselves. The answer a parent must give is, 'Yes'—never 'No'." She practiced what she preached on Tab and Walt.

Nobody tried to discourage Tab, not even when he allowed that he wanted to be a horsetrainer, which wasn't his mother's idea of a promising future. She even let him enrolle next year at the Dell Powers School in Hollywood (owned by Mala Powers' mother), a place run primarily for professional pupils, with half-day terms. But Tab didn't want those free afternoons to study tap dancing or elocution. He wanted them to ride. Nights he ushered at Warner Brothers theater at 75 cents an hour to pay for both the school and the horses.

Tab was almost 16 then and in tenth grade at Dell Powers, and he lasted from September to November, when the rains set in and ruined the riding. Then he got restless. Something else was buzzing under his cornsilk thatch—adventure. "I felt like the world was busting with places to go and things to see," Tab explains, "and I

hadn't really been anywhere or seen anything."

So all of a sudden in 1946, even if the war had just ended, Tab decided to join the Coast Guard. He upped his age a year and even then had to get his mother's permission, but that wasn't hard.

IT wasn't anything to raise your blood pressure learning his yeoman's stuff at Groton—typing, paper work and such—but on the weekends Tab saw sights aplenty—and in the very place he started out from—New York. He went there every Saturday and caught the New Haven train back Sunday night. It was certainly a different New York from the dreary place he remembered as a baby boy.

Tab had a friend, Dick Clayton (now his agent), who'd had a fling in films and was trying his luck on Broadway. Dick kept an apartment in the Village and gave Tab the key. With a sailor suit, a few bucks in it, the looks and personality Tad Hunter has, a guy can have himself a ball in the Big Town. Tab did.

But the ball was soon over and Tab was back in San Pedro clacking away on his typewriter at the base, Yeoman Third Class Gelien. Each week, though, he'd hitch-hike the 54-mile round trip from the base to DuBrock stables, and to another place, the Polar Palace ice rink where he'd rent skates and learn a few loops and twirls. "Somehow when I was on a horse or skimming along the ice I felt like those kids back in New York," reflects Tab. "I was on wings."

One night, after Dick Clayton came back to Hollywood he called up Tab and took him to a performance of *The Skin Of Our Teeth* at the little Coronet Theater. A fellow named Paul Guilfoyle was directing the play. Dick knew him and afterwards introduced Tab. Guilfoyle shot a keen look at the big, blond Adonis.

"Interested in pictures?" he asked.

"Why," said Tab, "I don't know. I never thought about it."

"I thought I was telling the truth," Tab says, "but maybe subconsciously I wasn't. Maybe acting was what I was after all the time. Sometimes you just don't know." Anyway nothing came of that—not then.

For the next couple of years Tab Hunter lived for skating. He studied and prac-

ticed mornings, noons and nights—whenver his odd jobs let him. He skated for the St. Moritz Club up north, for the Los Angeles Figure Skating Club down south. He entered competitions. He's got a dozen cups, plaques and medals lining a shelf at home from California State, Pacific Coast and National Meets, for pairs, free style.

Tab was just leaving the Polar Palace one day when a Hollywood agent named Henry Willson, who makes a specialty of spotting new faces (he's uncovered Guy Madison, Rory Calhoun and Bob Wagner among others) tapped him on the shoulder. "Want a job in a picture?" he asked.

"I'm an amateur," refused Tab. "I'd have to turn pro to skate for the movies." "I don't mean skating—acting. Just a bit. But it's worth \$250 a week."

"Oh," said Tab, "then sure—why not?" He worked two weeks in *The Lawless* for Pine-Thomas. He said two words. He got a fast \$500—and a faster new name. Nobody could ever pronounce Gelien, they told him. "Well, what'll we tab this guy?" they asked at the studio.

"He likes horses—you know, jumpers and hunters," suggested Dick Clayton, who went along. So it was "Tab Hunter" just from those remarks. Now that he's stuck with the name, Tab thinks it's okay enough but a little kiddish. "What'll 'Tab' sound like when I'm 40?" he wonders. Ironically, they could have called him Joe Blow for all the good that quickie bit did him. Everyone forgot Tab Hunter fast—except his friend, Dick. Tab went back to his skating and to keep himself in hamburgers.

Things like that happen all the time to good-looking boys and girls around Hollywood. The crazy chance, the jarring let-down. They can leave scars and even wreck lives if a movie-hope is all there is. Luckily for Tab, that wasn't the case. He was still wrapped up in figure skating, feverishly prepping for the Nationals, and the movie job was just a profitable episode—then. But, next time it was very different. And next time happened because Paul Guilfoyle remembered the handsome sailor he'd seen way back in '47 at the Coronet Theater. Paul was working with Director Stuart Heisler on a picture called *Island Of Desire* and hunting for an unknown boy to play a shipwrecked Marine with Linda Darnell. "Where's that good-looking kid who's a friend of yours?" he asked Dick Clayton.

Dick knew exactly who the good-looking kid was and exactly where he was, too. At the rink. He found Tab there practicing loops, hustled him over to Motion Picture Center and into Stuart Heisler's office. Tab still had his glare glasses on and his skates under his arm.

"He asked me to take off my shirt," Tab grins. "I felt like a jerk but I did it." Steffini Nordli, who wrote the script, nodded. "I want this boy," she said, just like that. Guilfoyle and Heisler were inclined to agree, but they took him next to the producer, David Rose, who just said "H-m-m-m-m-m-m-m."

"I guess it was right then," Tab believes, "that I knew at last what I wanted—that chance to act. I thought he didn't like me and I was so broken up I left my skates, my glasses and my sweater."

But Rose ordered a test. Tab took it on a Saturday. Then he went home with his first real case of the glooms. "I did the best I could, Mom," he said, like a scrapper who's just been knocked out. That didn't bother Gertrude Gelien.

"Then I know you've got it," she said. Monday Tab walked in for the verdict. When he asked Paul Guilfoyle, "What happened?" he received a grin right back. "Got your passport?" he inquired. "Better start packing. We're leaving pronto for Jamaica."

Since then it hasn't all been a dish of

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apple dumplings in Hollywood for Tab Hunter. *Island Of Desire* was no Academy candidate and neither understandably was Tab's first acting effort. In fact, he didn't have another movie job for a full year after that, until Producer Edward Small signed him for three. He's made two of those, *Tombstone Express* and *The Steel Lady* with more coming up—but nobody knows better than Tab himself that he's still got a long way to travel. But then, as he points out, it was a long and often rough trip, too, before he hit his stride—and he turned only 22 this past July.

Right now Tab Hunter knows what his new dreams are aimed at. "I want to be a good actor," he says simply, "that's all."

If hard work and sensible living have anything to do with that Tab looks like a sure thing. Until a few weeks ago he still lived with his mother. Now he has a small apartment of his own, with a pull-down bed, in Hollywood. But he still takes Mom his best shirts and socks to wash out and does the rest himself at the Laundromat—the khaki, denim and beach-blue trousers he wears constantly by day. For dress, he has just two suits in his closet, both conservative, one outgrown Tux, and only two pieces of jewelry, his silver ID bracelet and a St. Genesius medal Dick Clayton gave him to make sure he's an actor.

He's no Hollywood glamor boy yet, although he gets around in a quiet way, sees a movie about every night of the week, and there's usually a cutie with him. Starlets Lori Nelson, Gloria Gordon and Pat Crowley blue-ribbon the list right now but the scenery shifts around. Tab was semi-officially engaged a few months ago to Judy Powell, but they called that off and remained such good friends that he sold her his horse, "Out On Bail," which he bought with his first sizeable check but found he couldn't afford to feed. Tab still can't afford a press agent, and he answers his own fan mail. In fact, about his only extravagance—if you can call it that—is a flamingo-red '53 Ford convertible, but he'll be in hock for that a long time.

The main reason Tab Hunter is keeping his fair head cool and dodging the scent of orange blossoms is financial. "Sure I want to get married—someday," he tells you. "I will, too. That's one of my biggest hopes and dreams. But I've got to get straightened around financially first and then, too, I want to do a few nice things for my mother. After all, she's spent her life doing things for me."

Of course, Gertrude Gelien doesn't feel quite that way about it. With Tab gone and Walt married and raising a family, she lives alone in a small Beverly Hills apartment, practices her physiotherapy and looks after herself. But she's not lonely. Two nights a week Tab takes her to dinner, drops by about every day and on her last birthday staged a gala surprise party for the still-youngish lady, who raised him right.

"I knew he would be something important some day," she says with a faint German accent. "Tab is a good boy. If I taught him anything it was to know that God is all around him and that everything is good. He has always got what he wanted and he always will because he thinks constructively and right. He will be a fine actor some day, and what is better, a fine man. You will see."

Mothers have a right to be slightly prejudiced. But most people who know Tab less intimately have the same strong hunch. A boy who can travel as far as Tab Hunter already has on little more than faith in a pocketful of dreams is a pretty good risk in anybody's future book.

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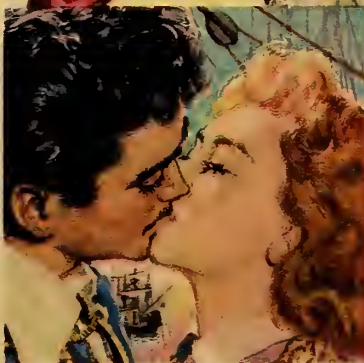
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## I'm not afraid anymore

(Continued from page 42) crawled off to a nice quiet spot and was very sick.

He was more or less sick the whole first week. More at the beginning. Less and less as the applause penetrated his numbed exterior.

"I think they like me," he finally admitted, and pretty soon he was able to eat and retain those free meals that came along with the \$20,000 a week (for two weeks) the Sands Hotel was forking over.

As for that "farewell" song—he paid \$15,000 to have it written and the least he owed himself was a heartfelt rendition. Van isn't about to leave Hollywood. "Hollywood will have to leave me first," he says. "Man, that's my bread and butter!"

But when he does return to Hollywood he'll be full of ideas about the long term contracts he won't sign and the juvenile parts he won't accept. Because today he isn't afraid of making demands on himself or anyone else. Not since Las Vegas.

Fantastic as it may seem, the story of Van Johnson was—until Vegas—the story of a man gripped by fear. A kind of all-pervasive fear that has its roots in some hidden recess of the mind and clings tenaciously to its victim.

But now Van has shaken himself free of that fear. Free and clear. "That engagement made a new man out of me," he says, gleefully. "It's like being born again."

**S**ITTING in his suite at the Sands Hotel, as relaxed as a Yogi, but much less contorted, Van described his nightclub experience as one of the greatest things that ever happened to him.

"That first night," he said, "I walked out of here and over to the Copa Room (where the show was held) in a daze. I don't remember leaving. I don't remember getting there. I don't remember what happened. The first week I couldn't hang onto a meal—that's how confident I was."

"But now—now I can meet people and not be afraid of them. I can walk out of this room and over to the pool, talk to strangers, then come back here and eat steak. You think that's nothing? For me, that's everything. First time in my life."

"Last night after the show I went over to the Golden Nugget for a bite to eat. You think two weeks ago I'd have walked into the Golden Nugget or any other place? Not Johnson. Johnson had to go back to his room, back to Evie and Peter, my own little crowd. That would be the only way I could relax. The only people I could relax with—"

"You know what kind of guy I was? Brother, I was all the words—shy, introverted, inept, frightened. I don't care what you want to call it, I was it. Only another shy person could understand. But now—all because I could get up before a roomful of people—now—" he turned to a friend named Al who was sitting nearby. "Al, tell him how confident I am now."

"Sure," said Al. "Listen. Ask him the first thing he says when he comes off stage. The first thing he says to the director. You know what he says? He says, 'Tell me, what did I do wrong?' Not—'Did they like me?' Now he knows they like him."

It's hard to believe that ten years of stardom, a family, a beautiful home couldn't give Van the self-confidence that live applause did. But, actually, his personal life added to his anxiety and suffered because of it.

Stardom didn't convince him he was a good actor. It convinced him he'd better worry more—he had more to lose.

His homelife wasn't the happiest in

the world. Stories about him and Evie often appeared in the press under headlines like, "Why Do They Stay Married?" They stuck together but the main thing they seemed to have in common were bitter words. That isn't hard to understand now. A man who lives with fear can't live with anyone else. He finds it tough enough living with himself.

Simple things grew into large problems. Evie enjoyed parties and nightclubs. Van loathed them. He liked to hide himself in neighborhood theaters.

Once in a while Evie would force the issue and haul him along to some soiree. "But I was a strictly speak-when-spoken-to guy," he admits. "Also the kind who always had to be on time. It would make Evie kind of sore, me beginning to look at my watch nine blocks from the place. You know—always the first one there."

And generally, the first to leave—sometimes with Evie, sometimes angry and alone.

**They say it's a man's world. I don't mind one bit being a woman in it.**

Marilyn Monroe

"People who read about me think I'm a cut-up at parties," Van says. "That's a laugh. I'm a mouse at parties—or was. I was one of those who sat in a corner."

As for those flaming red socks—Van's badge of unconventionality, his symbol of extroversion. "Those socks," Van sighs. "A crutch. Just a crutch. I'd like to know what an analyst would say about them."

But an analyst isn't going to get the chance to say anything. "Three years with an analyst couldn't have accomplished what two weeks at the Sands taught me," Van says. "It's finding out you can do something that counts. One night in the casino a woman came up to me and said, 'You were fine, Mr. Johnson. Frankly, my husband and I didn't think you had it in you.' That's what I mean."

"When I get back to Hollywood I'm going to try this lunch-at-Romanoff's routine. You know, when you walk down those stairs and everybody turns around and looks at you. I used to have to turn around and leave. Now I've got a side bet with Evie I'll keep going. I'll never be the same again. I feel free."

The future doesn't scare him a bit, although he keeps wondering about the past, trying to figure out how he became so frightened in the first place.

He remembers the time when he was a schoolboy in Newport, Mass. One day his teacher asked all the kids to write down their ambitions and she read them aloud. There were a lot of would-be doctors, lawyers and engineers in that group. But suddenly the teacher drew herself up and a sly smile crossed her face. "Here's a boy," she said, "Van Johnson—who wants to be an actor!"

"She gave it a certain something," Van recalls. "I don't know what. Everybody laughed. Funny how that sticks with me."

But the scorn in that teacher's attitude wouldn't have permanently damaged a boy who wasn't susceptible. All that incident could have done was reinforce Van's mistrust in himself.

**A** FEW of his friends trace his anxiety back to the time when the bobby-soxers first grew hysterical over him. They remember his return to New York at the height of his popularity. MGM threw him a big cocktail party at the Waldorf. It was obvious to everyone as soon as he walked in that Van was terrified, but he managed to find a few friends and surround himself with them. However, one persistent young woman pushed her way through the circle and told Van she'd be free to

fly back to Hollywood with him and there conduct an extended series of interviews—for the press, of course.

"Oh," Van muttered, "but I don't think . . ."

This girl didn't care what he thought. She was miles ahead of him. Van's eyes began to roll like a frightened horse's, his hands started trembling and all he could think of to do was stand there and drink milk by the quart (MGM had provided this nourishment especially for Van who didn't touch liquor).

"I just wanted to run," Van says. "I knew that whatever I did or said would be wrong. Finally, someone led this girl away. I was petrified, but still I got used to that kind of thing. I don't know. It wasn't the bobby-soxers who scared me. I was always that way."

He was always that way. The fear somehow was born back in his pleasant but uninspiring boyhood, and must have grown a little during his four years in New York where he was a chorus boy waiting for a break, and as the breaks came they were too good for a guy who never thought enough of himself. But Van didn't crack up. He was the kind who grew up. A little late, maybe, but it's never too late for that.

Now Van feels free enough to develop as an actor, to branch out. Once he wanted to learn through fear of failure. Now it's through a real desire to improve, to get the most out of himself for his own enjoyment.

That's why there'll be some changes made in his Hollywood career.

His Metro contract is up in December and very probably Van won't renew it, although the option's his. "Don't get me wrong," he says. "I love Metro. Metro's been wonderful. But a rut can get too comfortable. There's something more I've got to know about myself."

"I'll be 37 in August—and how long can you be a juvenile? The pictures I worked in were nice, and they made money. I just finished one (*Easy To Love*, co-starring Esther Williams) and I'll make another before I leave."

"What I'd like to do is make two pictures a year, pictures I want to do. How about a heavy? I go for that reverse casting stuff—it can do wonders for a career. I've begged the front office for a heavy, a real dirty dog, a baby-faced killer."

"But two pictures is enough. And then maybe—a Broadway show. Look at Roz Russell and that *Wonderful Town* thing. Terrific."

**V**AN's unwillingness to sign a long term contract won't be too much of a shock to MGM. June Allyson's cut loose from them. And stars like Jane Powell and Kathryn Grayson are making and planning personal appearance tours, settling for single picture agreements.

The only surprising thing about Van's decision is he's anxious to take a chance. He's willing to fall on his face on Broadway rather than rest on his laurels in Hollywood and rake in the dough.

"If I flop in New York, then I flop," he says. "It's an experience."

But maybe he won't flop. And he's thought of that, too.

"No one applauds when you finish a scene in a picture," he says. "That noise they make with the hands—it's wonderful."

This metamorphosis he's undergone—that's wonderful, too. "I just feel bad it took me so long," he says. "Listen. You have to walk right into this shy problem. Make it as tough as you can for yourself. You might scare yourself silly, or lose a few meals, but the cure can work. Just look at me. I'm not afraid anymore. It's absolutely amazing."

END



## Dramatic

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## where do I go from here?

(Continued from page 49) But it loses money. Then I say to myself, 'Betty—you've had it. Get out while you're on top.' That is a law I laid down for myself long ago. Quit when you're ahead. Just so I'll have the intelligence to know when I am ahead. But this much you can bet on—when it happens, it'll happen like that. The way it's always been with me, when I don't like something, I walk away from it. So far. Knock wood. Or I sidestep. Or, if I have to, the old collision. Anything, so long as it's action. I've never sat around and waited for developments. Some people can do it. I can't. *Stewing*, you know, in your own juice, that's not for me. If there's going to be an end, let it come."

But the end was not yet?

"I'm 36," said Betty Grable James: "That's no state secret. I think I must be one of the happiest people on earth. That's really a shame, isn't it? For your purposes, I mean. Does anyone really want to read about happy people? No neuroses, no problems. I'm a terrible disappointment to interviewers. I want to say something real—real electric. But I can't. I'm too lucky. And there's nothing earth-shaking in a long run of luck, not unless it's at a dice table in Las Vegas. I have Harry, a husband I'm in love with. The

children. Home. Career. And the weird part of it all is, every year I feel better. That sounds like a gag, but it's true. Every year I feel better, more full of zing. The problems shake down one by one so along with the zing comes a feeling of peace. Am I too corny for you? Sometimes I'm too corny for me. You know, when I was younger, I was real corny about corn. Very disdainful. Now I know it for what it is, and I love it."

There was no intention, then, except to go on as she was, professionally and personally speaking both?

"No intention. No other intention. Definitely. I've been asked, somebody asked me, 'What makes Betty run?' I don't know, maybe it was a snide question. You get the implications. Over-ambition, too much adrenalin, whatever it was they meant. The way I understood it, they were saying, 'She's got everything, but everything. So why doesn't she ease up?' Well, she doesn't ease up—I don't ease up, I mean—because I like to work. It's as simple as that. I've conditioned myself to work. And I love the work I do. You see what I mean about luck? Or wait. Listen to this: I also love to stop the work I do and come home to the other part of my life that's waiting for me, and that I love more than the work, if that's possible. And it's possible, all right. It's not only possible, it's a fact. Now with all this,

how could I tell you or anyone else that something's griping me? How could I complain? How could I put up any kind of beef without people wanting to throw rocks at me? I think some girls must dream about the kind of life that's happened to me. I know one girl who dreamed about it anyway. Me. Betty Grable. And I've always figured I'm pretty much like the rest. I'm the norm. I think that's what audiences have liked in me, the audiences that did like me. So you see how rich I am—not money, to corn another, but—just rich. So they ask—what makes Betty run? Fair question. I've answered. But there's another answer. I'm not running. I'm just cruising. I'm not bearing down and there's plenty of gas in the tank, you'll pardon the turn of phrase."

It was pardoned. It was a good turn of phrase. Betty Grable James in the Year of Our Lord 1953 spoke the truth. Ten years of married life, and nearly 25 in show business, are behind her. She is the most improbable 36 ever conceived. She wore a cool print dress and her platinum hair very short and close to her head like a helmet. Her bright red shoes—she is a pigeon for bright red shoes or bright red anything—had high heels, and these did the usual wonders for her legs, which are too skinny. The gentlemen will please put away their firearms. That is Mrs. James' own appraisal of her legs—too skinny—and here is hardly the time or place to dispute the lady. So long as we are on the theme of disparagement, however, her regard for her own singing, dancing and acting is likewise no more than lukewarm. She has never been heard to comment on her justly celebrated complexion. And where, perhaps a year and a half ago, Mrs. James had sported roughly a chin-and-a-quarter, she was now pared down to one. She was neat and bright and lovely.

"No, but it's true," she went on presently. "I don't bear down. I don't barrel into the turns. Not any more. Would I have taken a ten-month suspension if I'd cared that much? Or here's another: I wouldn't do *Pickup On South Street*. Would a worrier have refused?"

Miss Grable turned down *Pickup On South Street* for a good reason. "It was dray-ma. The girl was a floozie, a B-girl. She has beer thrown in her face, she's knocked down. That's one sort of part I can't and won't do. Comedy, song-and-dance, sure. But this was real heavy. Then there's something else: people do come to identify you with the parts you play, and a lot of them know I'm a family type, mother of two children. It doesn't jibe any too well. The main point is, though, it's not for me. Jean Peters should be wonderful in it."

Miss Grable also took a ten-count for declining to participate in *The Girl Next Door*, which subsequently went to June Haver. She, Miss Grable, went home, worked around the house, rested, rode horseback, readjusted her perspective and didn't brood about a thing. She was—for her—on edge when she accepted the layoff. For the first time in her life, public curiosity irritated her, and when she and James became the subject of undue attention in the turf club of a swank local track, she became aware that she wasn't wholly on the beam. "But I settled that problem," she has since recalled. "It's all right now. That's what I mean about the way I have to cope with things. One by one and in any way I can, but I won't hold still where my own troubles are concerned. I want to move and move quick. You remember how I was then. I wish you'd seen me a month later. I sat back and taught myself all over again that attention is part of our

# easy money!

How's that new air-conditioned movie down the street? Real cool? Well, MODERN SCREEN is saying, "Be our guest at a double-feature, and don't forget the popcorn." Here's how we do it. All you have to do is read all the stories in this August issue and fill out the form below—carefully. Then send it to us right away. A crisp new one-dollar bill will go to each of the first 100 people we hear from. So get started right away. You may be one of the lucky winners!

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

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Hollywood Abroad (MS wire service)
- ☐ What Divorce Did Ta Me (Mana Freeman)
- ☐ The Battling Waynes In Court (John Wayne)
- ☐ The Shy Mr. Coaper (Gary Cooper)
- ☐ Can Jane Forget The Past? (Jane Powell)
- ☐ They Called Them "Shocking!" (Lana Turner-Lex Barker)
- ☐ Leave Him To The Girls (Rock Hudson)
- ☐ The Price Of Fame (Tony Curtis)
- ☐ Peck's A Good Boy Now (Gregory Peck)
- ☐ Can Shelley Hold Vittorio? (Shelley Winters)
- ☐ "I'm Not Afraid Any More" (Van Johnson)
- ☐ Retreat Ta Paradise (Jan Sterling-Paul Douglas)
- ☐ "Where Do I Go From Here?" (Betty Grable)
- ☐ Some Changes Made! (Jeanne Crain)
- ☐ Susie's Got Everything (Susan Hayward)
- ☐ It Was A Ball (Frank Sinatra)
- ☐ A Pocketful Of Dreams (Tab Hunter)
- ☐ God Lives In Every Church (Richard Widmark)
- ☐ Take My Word For It (Mitzi Gaynor)
- ☐ 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?

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... State.....

Occupation..... I am..... yrs. old

**ADDRESS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.**



business, that deep down we really love it. Then there was nothing to worry about. If I'd kept on getting annoyed, then I'd've thought it was a good time to get out. But I *didn't* worry about the layoff, that's the main point. I didn't worry about—oh, Marilyn Monroe, say, or whoever else was doing well, or box-office ratings or not being on the screen. That's one good part about layoffs. If my box-office drops I just say to myself, 'Well, you haven't had many releases, have you, after *all*?' and I feel all right again. Maybe it's a way of kidding myself, but I don't think so. Anyway, what's so awful about kidding yourself? In small things, I mean. A lot of times it's worked for me. That doesn't mean I prescribe it for others. What's good for me may be terrible for someone else. That's why, please don't ask me for advice. It seems arrogant to dish it out. Just my own case, that I know."

**W**ELL, how about Marilyn Monroe?

"Well, *how* about her? I should be able to answer that, it's been asked me so many times, but I don't know what I'm supposed to answer. She's a nice girl, I like her, she's fine to work with. You're not going to make headlines with that, but it's how it is. Then I have a stock answer. I've given it so many times in so many different situations, it's a cliché. I'm going to have a record made of it. 'There's room at the top for everyone.' And there is. Not very flashy, is it? I've read flashier. But I haven't a thing in the world against Marilyn Monroe. If we're going to set the world on fire, we'll have to find another way."

This much brought us to a spot topic—and if the present article were an orchestral rendition, we would ask now for a prolonged roll of the drums. Miss Grable was to report to Columbia the following Monday for her first loan-out in years and years, the starring role in a project called *The Pleasure Is All Mine*, from a Somerset Maugham job. How did she feel about this?

"Fine," said Miss Grable happily. "It's a good part and a cute script. I'm married to two men."

And how did the Johnston Office feel about that?

She smiled. "Well, one's supposed to be dead. Only he isn't."

But she had no objection to the loan-out? Eh?

"Why should I? Fox didn't have anything for me. You know how it goes. I *heard* I had objections. You hear everything. Unless you stop listening. No objections. No anything. I'm happy in this way, happy in that way, more ginger every day, and I'll go right on working until all of a sudden I stop."

"But when I *do* stop," she said, "it won't worry me too much because I have a lot to fall back on. It's the girls who live only for their careers that have the problem of retirement. The reaction of idleness could be too violent for them to stand. They're sort of, you know—one-dimensional. But I have Harry, my children, my home. I'll just turn my back and that'll be that."

**T**HE next Monday, as reported by the trade paper *Variety*, Betty Grable was suspended by Fox for the third time in two years for refusing to report to Columbia for the picture *The Pleasure Is All Mine*. Miss Grable also "revealed" (*Variety* again) that she was "trying to get out of her 20th-Fox contract, which expires in September, 1954." The reason ascribed to her for the Columbia balk was Columbia's refusal to tell her the identity of her co-players; *Variety* assumed she had been counting on William Holden and Henry Fonda, per earlier information printed in the column of Louella O. Parsons. No

*All New!*



**\$1.50**  
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SAFER, FASTER, EASIER  
FROM START TO FINISH

## Richard Hudnut announces the all-new home permanent with revolutionary Beauty Rinse Neutralizer

**1 NEW! BEAUTY RINSE NEUTRALIZER.** With creme rinse built-in. Automatically neutralizes, conditions and beauty-finishes hair in one quick step. Gives you bouncier, softer, shinier, longer-lasting curls.

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Use any plastic curler. But try Richard Hudnut Whirl-a-Wave Curlers for triumphant results.



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**FEEL** how soft and bouncy the ends are. Not frizzy, not crackly. Beauty Rinse Neutralizer instantly restores the delicate acid balance of your hair, the reason your home permanent is so soft, so perfectly natural-looking from the very first day.



**EXAMINE** the ends under a magnifying glass and note how strong and silky hair looks. No newly split ends. Exclusive Beauty Rinse Neutralizer conditions your hair to silky smoothness as it locks in the wave. No "let-go" after you shampoo. It's wonderful.

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# SWEETHEART'S

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ELOISE SAHLEN



"Beauty is my business," says lovely cover girl Eloise Sahlen, "and pure, mild SweetHeart is my beauty soap—for facials and beauty baths, too. SweetHeart's more luxuriant lather—so rich and fragrant—keeps me fresh all day. And, most important of all, SweetHeart Care keeps my complexion so soft and smooth!" Change to regular care—with SweetHeart. In 7 days see how much softer, smoother, younger your complexion looks.

**SWEETHEART** the Soap that AGREES with Your Skin

reason whatever was advanced for her flare-up at Fox. Apropos Columbia, she was quoted directly as follows: "They won't tell me who will be in the film. I didn't want to start extensive rehearsals without knowing. I'll go back in it when they tell me. I hate suspensions, I don't like trouble. But I feel entitled to know who will be in the film."

Thus the time for turning away may have arrived. To MODERN SCREEN's post-interview queries, Fox spokesmen professed bafflement, Miss Grable was elsewhere. Columbia did not even deign to return the call. The entire situation was a top secret operation. At the time this is written MODERN SCREEN can only accept Betty's own statement to us: "All of a sudden I'll stop." Monday was sudden all right, that Monday in May.

That's Betty Grable, 1953. At the top of her beauty and talent and drawing power. But ready to stand dead cold pat on a principle. Do not think for a moment she was trying deliberately to mislead anyone in the talk you have overheard. There is no more honest woman in pictures. Everyone knows it. She has the utmost respect of friend, enemy and neutral. If she doesn't want to talk to you, she won't. But she won't mislead you. Variety's report presumably was reliable, if a short-lived firecracker. In the absence of denials, then, it must be that Miss Grable changed her mind over a weekend for reasons that seemed to her just and reasonable.

SHE had something else to say about retirement. "I could travel," she resumed. "Look at all I have to look forward to. When I've decided I won't miss the screen, I just won't miss it. You know, I've never been out of the United States. Oh, Canada for a little while. You won't believe it, but

I've only been in Palm Springs once in my life, getting over an operation. Or the stage. I've done some of that, with orchestras, and then *DuBarry Was A Lady* in New York. I'd adjust myself to it again, the way I'm adjusted to pictures now. There are so many things to cushion the retirement. I don't ever want to be in the position of the players who can't quit, for money reasons or because they can't change the tempo. Go scrounging for character parts. When I'm through, I want to be through, and living it up in another way."

An enormous portrait of Harry James hung over the mantel. Ten years. The night of July 4, 1943 in Las Vegas, Nevada, was stifling and James' train, due in from New York for the wedding, was hours late. Midnight dissolved into morning, which doesn't normally bother Vegas, but the Justice of the Peace who was to perform the ceremony wanted to go home. So did the necessary clerk. A publicist in attendance proposed an alternative; he would sit on their heads until the train got there. The bride reached the edge of hysterics, and finally left the Last Frontier Hotel to wait at the station. At long last the City of Los Angeles wheezed its noble way to a stop, but with James' car far down the platform. The station proper was surrounded by a knee-high guard-rail in those days to discourage wanderers from getting mowed under. Miss Grable didn't know about that or didn't remember. She ran joyfully forward until she hit the guard-rail. The middle-route was airborne, the landing impressive but painful. But a few cinders weren't going to foul up that day. They were married in early morning, and there was a wedding breakfast replete with friends, well-wishers and displaced craps shooters who, confronted with a staggering layout of goodies, de-

cided they'd faded destiny and gone to heaven. Ten years ago. There was the customary doubt in Hollywood, which extended best wishes along with side-bets on a six-month-and-not-a-day-more hitch.

"AND this is how it's turned out," said Mrs. James. "Quiet, domestic, no hoopla, none of the problems that go with hoopla. You spoke of crowds, too much attention. As a problem, it doesn't exist. We don't go out. When Harry gets home from the road, he wants to be home. So do I. And he's away a great deal, as he is now, so we don't entertain."

"You seldom entertain?"

"We don't entertain. Not in the Hollywood sense. We're entirely happy living as we do. The horses, the outdoor life, living for the children. What would we want beyond that?"

No bruises whatever?

"Minor. Very minor. Once or twice when I went on the road with Harry, I went strictly as Mrs. James, and then I wasn't too happy. I had a notion I could divorce Betty Grable from the maestro's wife. Same person, of course. It didn't exactly work. And once—" she began to laugh—"I got real frisky about it. Harry was playing a date in Venice. (Venice is a place near Hollywood, whatever Venetians may think about it.) So I got traipsed up in a black wig, covered my wedding ring in some way, and went down there. I was a sensational flop. Our friends were there. 'Hi, Betty! Dyed your hair? Don't tell us what you're made up for, let us guess.' Oh, I was the one. Only one person didn't recognize me. Harry. I was 'introduced' to him. He was real nice. So nice. So very nice. That's when I got mad."

"You're sure he didn't know all along?"

"He didn't know. It was pretty funny." Hollywood was then, as it doubtless still



is, shrill with the word of a new Betty Grable. There's a new Betty Grable every time you turn around, but this time it was a reference to her appearance in Cinema Scope and had some validity. Everyone who had seen her in the new process, clips from the film *How To Marry a Millionaire*, had come out bug-eyed. It appeared there was one scene in particular in which, flanked by Miss Monroe and Lauren Bacall, she had preempted the whole wide screen simply by appearing on it.

What, then, was her reaction to 3-D?

"Not 3-D. Cinema Scope. It's more a wide screen. You mean me in it? I don't know. I saw a couple of rushes. I thought—well, you know. All right."

Could something along the lines of a New Betty Grable be built around this?

"Well, it's a new medium. Maybe I am moving into a new phase. That'd be all right."

BETTY'S had plenty of phases already. She first appeared on a screen for the old Fox Studio in 1930 in a number called *Let's Go Places*. She did a specialty, evidently at the age of 13.

Nothing came of it, except experience.

Later she did a bit for Samuel Goldwyn in Eddie Cantor's film version of *Whoopee*.

That was chalked up to more experience.

She got out of town and turned up in a Barbara Stanwyck-Frank Fay play, *Tattle Tales*, staying with it for several months. Movies yawned prodigiously.

She joined Ted Fio Rito, the bandman. Eight months more. Hollywood went so far as at least to stifle its yawn. She was cast in a Wheeler and Woolsey comedy. She made a few shorts. She hit the road again, with Jay Whidden and orchestra.

Back once more. RKO. Two years. Eatin' steady. Paramount. Two more years. But pictures that never got away from the campus. "Betty," reports the Fox biography, driving home its point with tooth, nail and mallet, "simply didn't care to be the perennial sophomore forever." Also, not for eternity.

Now personal appearances. She stunned 'em. The astute Mr. Zanuck of 20th Century-Fox was most stunned of all. He "beckoned," as Hollywood always does. Never writes, phones or wires. Has to beckon. That was fine for Miss Grable, but first she had the *DuBarry Was A Lady* commitment on Broadway. She stunned 'em in that, too. Then Alice Faye took poorly. Miss Grable was summoned—once in a great while Hollywood does "summon"—and took over Miss Faye's part in a his-

toric movie titled *Down Argentine Way*.

The rest is a list:

Names of pictures.

Itemized grosses—and nets.

Marriage: July 5, 1943.

A daughter: Victoria Elizabeth, 1944.

A daughter: Jessica, 1947.

Boxoffice Ratings:

1. Betty Grable.

1. Betty Grable.

1. Betty Grable.

And—1953? With the inevitable question mark.

She was married to Jackie Coogan once. As Mrs. James, she possesses or has possessed a number of homes. This one is Home with a capital H. It's green, the greenest home you ever saw. Big, too, but for six weeks earlier this year she handled it by herself, no help, besides driving the children back and forth from school. She loved it. Fourteen rooms anyway.

THE dank air blew through the front door and Betty Grable James shivered in her short-sleeved dress. Goodbye. Thanks a lot. Sorry it couldn't have been more exciting. Could it have been less so? Betty Grable, 1953, is exciting enough for any Friday. **END**

## it was a ball!

(Continued from page 53) been. Not my friends. I know who they are now." He named some, with unmistakable fondness and pride. A lawyer, his late publicist George Evans, New York restaurateur Toots Shor. "Toots is like my big brother. Oh, there were a lot who stuck around. But the rest of them . . ." He made the slitting motion again.

"Anyway, let's get back. Here I was, a little schmo from Hoboken. But loaded! All of a sudden, everybody I met was worth 50 zillion dollars, or else I'd heard of them. I went to parties, I swear, I was the only one there I'd never heard of. I wouldn't know a soul. Not even the hostess. They'd stare at me. I'd stare at them. I knew what I was asked for. They wondered if I'd try to melt down the silverware or swing by the tail from the chandelier. Well, I wondered the same about them. It was even. But Hoboken was never like that.

"Sure, for a schmo from Ho', I was too loaded, but there are worse ways to suffer. I'd meet guys, big executives, who'd warn me about spending, and I'd think to myself, 'Brother, you may be heeled but I've got it like you'll never have it.' The weird thing was, it was true then. I was open to plenty of needle for the way I spent. Gold cigarette lighters for my friends. Expensive cars even, now and then. All right, you know something? I've never regretted it, not a cent of it. I'd do the same again. What did I know about money? I could do all the things I'd always wanted to. For my family. One year I sent my mother to Florida for the whole winter. Cost, I think, \$5,500, something like that. My money advisors put up a beef. So I said to them, 'I made \$850,000 this year, right? And we got something left over?' That was all I ever wanted to know, was there something left over? I guess that's all I want to know now. And I couldn't send my mother to Florida for \$5,500? Then why was I working? That's how I looked at it then. That's how I look at it now."

A FEW days before this interview, Sinatra's allegedly tangled bookkeeping of the lush years had, in a sense, caught up

with him. Uncle Whiskers wanted \$103,000 in back taxes, upped by the newspapers to \$109,000.

"That's all right," Sinatra said. "I told 'em I'd get it up by August first, contingent, as my lawyer says, they can establish I owe it. If I owe it, I want to pay it. I just don't know. It was a ball, that's all I know."

How much of a ball, precisely, goaded his memory again.

"Those seven weeks at the Paramount in New York," he said, "after the dam broke. Then the time later. Don't make me say this like I meant it because I'm only trying to answer what you asked, but how many guys had it happen to them? Two radio shows going at once, recordings, personals. I look back now and it was like those creep party effects they have in pictures. Montage. It's hard to remember the separate frames. You know what we finally did? We hired a private ambulance to get me places on time. Had to. I stayed at the Astor while we played the Paramount, right across the street. I was doing six, seven shows a day, and there was no other way. I'd duck into the theater about nine in the morning, get out about one. Hour and a half between shows, I'd work out in a gym we'd rigged up, or eat, or sit in my dressing room listening to the song pluggers, but never use my voice. Never speak at all. First show was nine-thirty in the morning. You ever try to be romantic at nine-thirty in the morning? Don't. The kids'd come in and stay all day. Drive the management daffy. Then when I'd leave the theater—I'm not kidding—some nights there'd be 5,000 of them out there on 44th Street by the stage door . . . you imagine *five thousand*! It'd take us 20 minutes to get across the one strip of sidewalk to the car, and the kids sticking pins into the cops for holding 'em back. They used to scare me, not on account of myself but one of the kids could have been hurt in the crush. I developed a technique after a while. I just stayed in the middle of my personal riot squad, kept my arms flat against my sides, and let myself be carried along. Twenty minutes to go five yards. Hoboken, where are you now?"

A single incident out of the whole era, predating by a few months the Paramount engagement, has stood out in Sinatra's

mind over the years. Evidently it symbolizes for him the prevailing climate of the entire period, and even now he cannot speak of it without being genuinely touched.

"They made with the skinny jokes, but the funny thing was, I was in good shape. I worked so hard, I was dead beat when I went to bed and fell asleep so fast and so hard, a blackjack couldn't have done the job better. I wasn't nervous except now and then when it got too much for me, and I'm always most relaxed when I'm working anyway. I was living it up, the way any Jersey Cinderella would, and my idea of a top gag was to call George Evans, who was the sweetest guy who ever lived, and give him a song-and-dance about how I felt sick or had just piled up my car or had lost my voice. I suppose it was just because I felt so good, I could do those things. George would worry and offer to come right over whatever the hour was, so I'd tell him I was only kidding, but I got a huge yuk thinking how 12 little round men would drop dead all at once if they thought I'd bit my tongue off. You think they wouldn't've? Listen: I took stock back about then and found out I only owned 47 per cent of myself.

"OKAY. So one night I woke up and I wasn't kidding any more. I was sick. I called up a close friend and broke it to him gently. I said for him not to worry but I didn't feel absolutely right and maybe he'd better send over a doctor. It turned out that was a good idea. Strep throat. So they put me in Mt. Sinai Hospital and kept me there until I almost went nuts because I hate to lie around in bed even if I am sick, which is another story, but finally they turned me, loose, and there outside the hospital is this little 12-year-old girl, who the nurses said had been there every day with flowers, waiting till I got out.

"Well, I must have looked terrible because she started to cry when she saw me, and I said something like, 'Waaait a minute, honey, take it easy, I'm the one who's sick, not you.' And the kid said: 'You're sick! Who's sufferin'?' How do you like that?"

The age preceding the golden age of the Sinatra saga has proved more fascinating to its central figure than it has to his



biographers. Sinatra, at any rate, is intensely preoccupied with it and full of detailed addenda.

It all began with Major Bowes, the legendary and sometimes tyrannical arbiter of amateur radio talent back in the bad old days of the 1930's. Sinatra's voice won the unqualified approval of the good Major, and by and by he found himself a member of one of the numerous Bowes units that toured the country, stopping over once in a downtown theater from whence he made several unsuccessful efforts to get his idol, Bing Crosby, to come to a telephone.

Back in New Jersey, Sinatra turned professional on an extremely modest scale, singing with the band in a run-down saloon for coffee, cakes and \$15 a week. He doubled on a broom. But it so happened the joint was properly wired and within the orbit of a New York radio station which, late at night, made a practice of switching from one outlying bistro to another and so picking up the various orchestras. The audience for this program was small but select. Even better, it was mainly professional, and among its group was a distinguished alumnus of dear old Benny Goodman University, who at that time was considering striking out on his own. His name: Harry James.

Sinatra himself did not learn of the background until much, much later, but James had fallen into the habit of waiting for his bit, and one night the trumpeter turned to a friend and said: "If we ever have a band of our own, that's going to be the singer."

Destiny now went into a buck and wing. It was not long after the James declaration that Sinatra decided he'd had a gut-full of insecurity and made up his mind he'd stick it out just one more week before giving up the saloon and trying his hand at sports writing, a branch of newspaper endeavor with which he was not unfamiliar. That decision came on the afternoon of his night off.

History, however, was not taking any backtalk from upstart balladeers. The girl singer with whom Sinatra alternated wanted that night off herself and asked Sinatra if he'd mind swapping with her. He agreed to stick around, and about midnight, James and entourage turned up. Sinatra was under no illusion as to who his visitor was, but remained cool under fire, since he hadn't the faintest idea he was being auditioned. He did a couple of numbers and James called him over. The band was formed: would Sinatra care to be his vocalist?

"All I could think of," Sinatra said not long ago, "was, 'Lock the doors! Board up the windows! Don't let this guy out!' I had hold of his arm so tight, his fingers went numb."

Thus it was James who dropped the starting gate for the stampe of the decade, James whose sensitive ear first detected what a whole generation subsequently would blow its collective stack over. Sinatra's feeling for him is akin to reverence.

THE James experiment had its troubles but Sinatra was an assured hit. He was good enough for James to boost his salary from \$65 to \$85 a week during a date in Cleveland, and in those days that was considered money. At any rate, it was double-money to Sinatra, whose daughter Nancy was, so to speak, en route. Sinatra was good enough, too, to be summoned, during a kind of jam-boree in Chicago involving most of the name orchestras, into the anointed presence of the man whose company provided the greatest frame of all to a male singer—Tommy Dorsey. Dorsey spoke his piece, and what he had to say was sweeter than his trombone.

But the tough part was ahead. Sinatra went back to James' hotel room. "He was reading. I walked into the room. I walked out again. I must've done that four times. Then I walked around in circles. Finally Harry put down his magazine. 'What's bothering you? Seven-year itch?' So I told him. I'd've been happier opening a vein. Dorsey wanted me.

"Harry called to his business manager: 'Bring in Frank's contract.' When he had it, he sat there and tore it into little pieces. He did that just because I had a better offer. No getting sore, no talk about letting him down, then or later. How do you like a guy like that? I'll tell you this much, I like him fine."

Sinatra stayed on with James for many weeks after that, the time it took to break in satisfactorily a new singer, who also did well, a youngster named Dick Haymes.

Then he joined Dorsey, the maestro who believed in the commercial advisability of spotlighting his singers and building them up into artful proportions—and the juvenile female of the species did the rest.

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"The rest," those two words alone, comprise a staggering over-simplification, evading the issue in spades. One or two serious efforts have been made to get at it, most notably a small book stemming from a profile in one of the country's more urbane publications, but even this wound up thin and one-dimensional. "I couldn't give the guy enough time," Sinatra has explained. "There wasn't enough time for anything."

"The rest," as the world surely has not forgotten yet, was lapel-grabbing and clothes-tearing, police escorts, the goggle-eyed consternation of certain thoughtful elements among the elders, and an income from all sources that has to be heard to be believed.

"I've paid," said Sinatra, "\$8,000,000 in income tax so far, take or give a little. So I guess I can raise \$100,000 more."

FOR a prescient moment, he seemed about to disclose something. "A guy like me," he said gently. "For only a voice. When James came into that Jersey joint that night, I knew—at least, I thought—I might have something a little unique in a male singer. It was—" He broke off. "No. We'll talk about that later and more clearly." There had been some casual exchange about doing another article at greater length and in a different vein. "We'll save that for Volume Two."

He indulged in a brief session with reverie, then snapped out of it. "One thing I'm very sure of. Most of the time, I went through the whole period what you'd call abnormally calm. I was—well, I think you could say I was in a state of shock. That's a good way to put it. A state of shock. I guess anybody would have been.

"But don't make me sound as though I were talking in the past tense. I'm still in business, you know. In entertainment, one of the bad gimmicks about being up where I was, up there in the freak sensation class, there's only one way to go from there, and they begin washing you up as soon as there's an empty seat in the house. Here in Hollywood, if you don't work for two months, they want to bury you, and it's no fun being buried alive. They want to do interviews with me now about my 'comeback.' Frankly, I don't think I've been away.

"Believe me, I'm a happier man today than I was then. It's all leveled off now the way I hoped it would. I eat right and I sleep right and I'm just another guy making a living. I don't know how long I'd've been able to stand it at the old pace. Probably would have snapped my cap before it was over. Besides that, I don't have to worry any more about where it's going to end, and then what? I've found out—and you know, it wasn't half as bad as I was afraid of. I think I'm growing up, too. Crooners do, you know, just like everybody else."

There likely was something in what he had said. The traces of belligerence that sometimes had marked him, particularly vis-a-vis the working press, had disappeared. Columbia publicity people are unabashedly fond of him, both for the record, which means nothing, and off it, which means a lot.

Sinatra had faced at least one very serious problem, which he acknowledged without calling it by name. "Everyone," he said early in the conversation, "sooner or later comes up against something—something terribly big. You stand up to it or you don't." It's too easy to read tones of sadness into a voice if you happen to be looking for them. More probably he simply didn't want to talk for the benefit of the next booth. "You don't have to like it but you have to do something about it."

The walk in front of Romanoff's contained no more than a scattering of mink stoles and no bobby socks. In 1944, Sinatra had to leave the Waldorf in New York by the cloistered Presidential exit, and his well-informed legionnaires would be waiting for him even there. Now he signed one autograph book hastily, stopped to talk with a friend, and answered a final question—a perfunctory, casual query in view of Sinatra's avowed distaste for dwelling on his private life at any length.

"Ava's fine," he said, "and everything is just great." She had not returned from Africa and England yet, from the making of the Metro picture with Gable under director John Ford. "We couldn't be happier. But this being apart—it's begun to gnaw at me now. Every day makes it tougher. I can't be any clearer than that, can I?"

THE late Mr. Kipling, usually a conscientious man, wrote an epilogue to a wower of a centennial Britannia once held, in which he included the words: "The tumult and the shouting dies. The captains and the kings depart." But he didn't say what happened after that. An improved digestion, conceivably; a clearer perspective, and a sounder nervous system. Sinatra drove buoyantly off, up South Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills, in a Ford with the top down, and traffic stayed normal as all get-out.

END



## can jane forget the past?

(Continued from page 31) Out front, a comedian posing as a waiter was having a rollicking time swiping drinks from tables, knocking elaborate coiffures askew with a huge palm tree he was totting around and generally messing up the joint. He finally got to a table in the rear at which Geary Steffen was sitting with a party of friends. He looked into Geary's sombre face. "One order of her-ring!" he cried, then dashed to the kitchen and emerged with a huge rubber fish, which squirted water all over those at the table. Geary smiled tightly, but the others laughed heartily.

Backstage, Jane stood up now while a seamstress sewed swiftly on a white bouffant evening gown. She was very nervous. Chorus girls muttered softly about costumes that didn't fit. One performer grouched about his billing, and the trainer of a couple of chimpanzees was having a heck of a time with his charges who had never worked in a café before and were going wild over the aroma of sizzling steaks and the tangy scent of centerpieces of piled fruit.

A man came backstage and announced it was going to be a tough audience. "Danny Kaye's out there," he said, "and Jack Haley and Florabel Muir of the *L. A. Mirror*, who calls an act as she sees it. Places, everyone!"

The show began. The chorus girls pranced out on the stage as the curtain parted and saucily tossed their spangled rears at the audience to the brassy accompaniment of a good-sized orchestra. Jane Powell stood in the wings. She'd have to face them in minutes now and she began to count.

Janie stood there and watched the chimps. Suddenly one of them lunged from his chair and headed for a pile of fruit. An assistant dashed from the wings to retrieve him and slip him a bit of banana. Then the other chimp took off and headed right for Danny Kaye, threw his arms around the comedian and planted a wet kiss on his ear. "He's loved me," Danny roared, "ever since we played the Palace together."

It was all fun, and all unexpected, but it held the show up and Janie Powell had to sweat out those extra minutes. But finally the orchestra began to play her entrance cue. Janie rubbed her moist hands together and stepped to the center of the completely dark stage. Then a spotlight hit her with a ribbon of white, and she began to sing.

"Falling in love with love is falling for make-believe," she sang. Her delightful lyric soprano voice seemed thin in the big room. A voice that seemed to be right at her side spoke. It was Danny Kaye. "The mike, Janie," he said. "The mike's too high."

Janie fumbled for the microphone but couldn't quite make it, so a stage hand slid out and adjusted it for her. She hadn't stopped singing. Tears of exasperation filled her eyes, but no more than half the audience saw them. The rest, thinking the lyric a little ironic, were looking the other way—at Geary Steffen.

The next song was "Good-bye, baby, I'm leaving you. . . ." A woman muttered, "What bad taste!"

Geary Steffen looked straight ahead, paying no attention to the rest of the people in the room. Maybe the songs had no significance for him. He'd heard them all hundreds of times. But maybe they did.

Janie's next number was a hot torch song, something they never let her do in pictures—and the audience ate it up. And

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the next was a comedy number with another lyric that could or could not mean something.

"How could you believe me when I said I loved you," she sang, "when you know I've been a liar all my life?" Geary stared straight ahead, stone-faced. Janie seemed to be singing directly to him. But Jack Haley frowned slightly. It might have been that he, too, disapproved of Janie's choice of material, in view of the recent headlines, or it might have been something else. But he frowned.

The last number was a tear-jerker for the whole crowd. Everyone, that is, but Geary. His were the only dry eyes as Janie sang "It's too late now. . . ."

The show was over. Janie could have taken a dozen curtain calls, but she took only five and hurried back to her dressing room. Geary got up from his table and walked backstage to see her. She sat at her dressing table, her head in her hands. "I was awful, wasn't I?" she said. "I was terrible."

Geary said she wasn't, kissed her gently on the forehead and retired to a corner of the room. Gene Murphy, the Desert Inn press agent, came in with his report.

"How did I do?" Janie begged.

"Nervous, but great," Murphy said. "You began on a high note and left on a high note."

"Tell me the truth," Janie pleaded. "How was I, really?"

"There's a sweet little old lady out there," grinned Murphy, "who's still standing up screaming for more. Look—in a couple of days you'll have the feel of the room and you'll have no problems. But right now you can consider yourself a smash."

Danny Kaye, who had come back to visit another performer, stepped into the room. Jane threw him a kiss.

"It was lucky for me you were out there tonight, Danny," she said. "Thanks."

Danny grinned. "You'd have done the same for me," he said. "I just spoke to the orchestra leader and he told me that from the way things went at rehearsals he thought you'd be just another wispy coloratura, but tonight you exploded into a full-bodied lyric soprano. That's quite a compliment from him."

"Bless him," Janie said. "But the noise out there. It was awful."

"If you intend to work night clubs," Danny said, "you're going to have to get used to it. If you can't, quit right now."

"Thanks, Danny," Janie said. "I'll remember."

Danny left, but a lot of other people had squeezed into the room. Gene Murphy started them toward the door. Soon Geary and Jane went to the bungalow they shared on the hotel grounds.

It was maybe just an opening night, just another singing date, but then, too, it might have been an important night in the lives of two kids, Jane and Geary Steffen. Anyway, it was full of excitement and promise of drama. A new experience in the career of Jane Powell, a step forward or back in Geary's effort to hold his wife.

As they walked across the wide lawn, this reporter couldn't help thinking about other times they had been together—times when no spotlight shone on Jane or her career. For instance, the time Geary picked her up at the hospital after the birth of their first baby. He helped Janie through the doorway and there, instead of his '49 convertible, was a shiny black Cadillac sedan.

"Geary!" she said, "you shouldn't have done that. You know we can't afford a car like that right now."

"It's all right, baby," Geary had grinned. "I borrowed it from my boss for the day."

That was a scant two years ago. Much

has happened during those two years. Many plans were made. Many promises made. Many words were spoken from the heart—and many secrets shared. During that time Jane and Geary Steffen advanced a lot, together. He became the top insurance salesman with his company. Janie got a new cream-colored Cad and a new career. They had another baby. Now they were saying she had another romance.

The question, then, was, and still is, can Jane Powell forget? Can she forget all the plans and promises and secrets? Can she have another opening night in her life? Not on the stage, but in her life? She'll have to forget if she does.

According to Florabel Muir, who interviewed Jane at the Sands Hotel before the opening at the Desert Inn, Jane hasn't made up her mind yet. Quoting Florabel: ". . . she says the verdict isn't in yet, as far as she is concerned, about their future together. 'I will not be able to decide what I'm going to do until I'm finished with this night club tour. When I come back to Hollywood I'll make up my mind one way or the other.'"

We decided to talk the thing over exclusively for MODERN SCREEN readers, however, so we waylaid Janie at breakfast the following morning. She was much calmer. She sat at one of the tables by

**There was once a man who always called a spade a spade, until he stumbled over one in the dark.**

*Charles Coburn*

the pool dressed in a pale blue bathing suit and a white terry cloth robe. She looked rested and not at all uncomfortable, even though she must have known what we wanted to discuss. Young Geary was with her—when she could catch him.

"Coffee?" she asked, as we sat down.

We took a cup, and dodged another one that the little boy tried to serve.

"Sorry to barge in on you like this," we said, "but magazines have to go to press. And there are four million readers of MODERN SCREEN who want to know what is going to happen. Did Florabel Muir quote you properly?"

"Of course it was right," Janie said. "Florabel has never misquoted me. However, you've got to understand that Geary and I can't issue statements for every newspaper or magazine that has a deadline, even though we appreciate the interest everyone seems to have in us right now. Actually, we don't know what's going to happen anyway. But I do know that I was happy Geary came to see my opening."

"Geary says," we told her, "that you're the finest wife and mother he's ever known."

"I'm glad he thinks that," Janie said softly. "And I'll tell you this. I'm a lucky girl for ever having known Geary. I still think that as a man, a husband and a father he's as wonderful now as I've always said he is. No matter where our paths lead us in the future, we'll always feel the same way about each other. That may sound like an old song to you, but it's the truth."

WE decided to press a little. "Remember the night . . .?" we began.

Janie cut us short, her bright blue eyes a little chill. "I remember everything and always will!" she said.

"Your dad was up, too, last night," we asked, "wasn't he?"

"Yes, he was," Janie said. "We've always been close to Dad. He helped us build our apartment houses, you know. He's a contractor."

It was an irrelevant bit of information, but we noticed she still used the words

"us" and "our" when talking about Geary and herself.

Little Geary whacked the table with his spoon and demanded to be let down. Then he toddled off and planted himself in the lap of a portly business man he didn't even know.

"There goes everybody's friend," Janie laughed. "Just like his father. Look, how about getting into a pair of trunks and getting wet? This desert air is drying me out."

"No thanks," we said. "Before you go, tell us a little about your immediate future—the professional future."

"That," said Jane, "is the easiest question anyone has asked me in weeks. I think my next picture will be *Hit The Deck*, probably with Vic Damone. And while you're writing about my tour, you might say something nice about the wonderful people of Toronto, Canada. I played the Casino there and I couldn't do anything wrong. I'd like to go back there soon, and stay a whole month."

"I hear they're great," we said, "but I noticed that last night when you were working the waiters here stopped serving drinks. They don't do that for very many performers."

"I hope it will always be like that," Janie said, "wherever I go. People can be so kind."

"But reporters," we said, "like me, have to pry. We have to ask you questions and look into your private life whether we like it or not. That's our business."

"But sometimes it's so cruel," Janie said.

"Living is sometimes cruel," we reminded her. "Like right now I've got to go find a typewriter or a slot machine or something and get on with my half-vacation and half-job."

"Well, if you find a typewriter," Janie said, "put something down for me. Write down that I'm still a happy girl, but that Geary has gone away. And that my son is busy making social contacts, as you can see."

"Anything else?" we asked.

"Well," Jane said softly, "you can say that I'm alone—all alone—for awhile anyway."

We took our leave, and walked across the lawn to the lobby of the hotel. And we looked back and saw Jane heading for the pool, a lovely doll of a woman, curvy and tiny and eager. Young Geary was still with the stout man, and spilling the third glass of milk he had cadged. There were just the two of them. It didn't look right.

AFTER awhile we found the typewriter. We'd come to get a bit of sun and cover an opening night. We'd seen drama and maybe heartbreak in the making. And two courageous young people with a big difference of some sort try to pretend it was all very ordinary and that nothing was terribly important except the height of Jane's mike and her career.

The typewriter began to rattle. We remembered that Danny Kaye told us that Jane had "matured incredibly as an artist." We knew that she had also matured incredibly as a woman. That she was piling up memories at a rapid rate. We hoped she'd never have to regret the memory of that opening night at Vegas, the night she might have decided that Geary and she were through. We hoped she'd never regret the memory of the day she told us, "Tell them Geary has gone away. Tell them I'm alone."

A lot of people forget the things that have happened to them in the dark past of their lives. But we have a feeling that Jane Powell is not like them. No, Jane Powell will never forget!

END

(Jane's current picture is Warner Brothers' *Three Sailors And A Girl*.)



## the shy mr. cooper

(Continued from page 29) just about as typical as Siamese twins and just about as simple as the formula for the hydrogen bomb.

Instead of being the shy, shoe-scuffling bashful cowboy—"Pleased t' meetcha, Ma'm"—Gary Cooper is one of the greatest lovers Hollywood has ever produced.

He is the American answer to Don Juan, the Montana reply to Casanova, and the West's challenge to Prince Charming.

In off-screen love-making he is the originator of the technique of under-playing.

No flowery phrases, no Shakespearean sonnets, no ardent wooings, and no Latin outbursts—only the blue soulful eyes, the clenched teeth, the few choice words, spoken intensely and haltingly in an almost whispered voice. But above all a sincere man, for sincerity is the keynote of the Cooper approach.

TAKE, for example, Coop's latest adventure. After finishing *Blowing Wild* in Mexico, he flew into France a few weeks ago to take part in the Cannes Film Festival. There he met Gisele Pascal.

Coop, like most of the American stars at Cannes, was put up at the Carlton Hotel. As soon as he registered, all the excitable Frenchmen began referring to him as Monsieur Garicoupaire, and the local belles began phoning the Festival officials, requesting that Monsieur Garicoupaire be placed in their charge.

In fact the feminine demands for Coop's company were so great that the actor was warned to stay away from the beach in his bathing suit lest he start a riot. Having had his clothes pulled off at a preview many years ago, Coop abided by the advice and took his morning swim at a private beach.

Of all the French beauties who were out to enchant Gary, Gisele Pascal was the one siren no one thought he would take up with. For in Europe this charming, Gallic long-limbed actress has long been recognized as the great and good friend of Prince Ranier of Monaco, the tiny principality in which Monte Carlo is located.

Gisele is one of France's leading actresses, and it has been supposed that eventually Prince Ranier would make her his Princess. Only now, who knows? Because apparently Gisele has fallen for Gary, and the Prince is furious with himself for having given his lovelight permission to attend the Film Festival.

It was at Cannes that Gary and Gisele met at a luncheon. Gisele speaks much better English than Coop does French, and it wasn't very long before these two were gabbing away like old friends.

Somehow the place cards at this luncheon were moved around, and Gisele found herself sitting next to Gary. There was more conversation. Had the American actor been abroad before? Yes, he had. Did he know Cannes and the French Riviera? Not very well. How would he like to see it some evening? With whom? With Gisele, of course. The Mediterranean was very beautiful at night.

They went riding together and dining together; and back in Monaco, Prince Ranier blew his top when Gisele didn't return that night. In fact, she didn't return for a week, and during that whole week she was seen with Garicoupaire, almost always with Garicoupaire.

In Mexico, especially in Acapulco, Cooper could date any girl he pleased, and the chances of it breaking into print were very small since there are no gossip columnists in Acapulco.

In Cannes, however, more than 400



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journalists had gathered to cover the Festival, and each of Coop's moves was meticulously recorded.

In a matter of days the Pascal-Cooper friendship was built up as the "Red-hot Riviera Romance," and it was said that Coop, in his subtle Western way, had wooed Gisele away from Prince Ranier III of Monaco.

Reporters said, "The American film star, Gary Cooper, and our own Gisele Pascal have agreed to meet in Paris after the film festival is over. Whether Prince Ranier knows about this we, of course, do not know. For the past week, Mademoiselle Pascal has been spending her time with friends in Cannes."

**C**oop did come to Paris. Checked in at a hotel. And Gisele was not far behind. She had not returned to her Prince. She had followed Gary's trail northward.

In Paris, the press pounced on Coop. Was it true that the American film star had stolen Gisele's heart, that she had renounced her royal friend for him? Was it true that he and Gisele were madly in love? Was it true that he planned to divorce Madame Garcicoupaire and make Gisele his second wife?

"Look," Coop drawled. "I don't know what this is all about. Sure, I met the girl. She's a good girl and nice company, but my meetings with her—well, they were a very informal thing."

"What do you mean," a reporter asked, and his eyes twinkled, "when you say 'a very informal thing?'"

"Well," Coop continued, "I went out with her several times in Cannes, but I also went out with other girls down there. I mean it wasn't anything exclusive. You know how things are in Cannes. They had all sorts of shindigs given by the various nations taking part in the Festival."

"Didn't you know," another reporter queried, "that Mademoiselle Pascal is almost engaged to the Prince of Monaco?"

"Didn't know a thing about it," said the actor who won an Oscar for portraying a brave U.S. marshal in *High Noon*. "Never even heard of the gent."

"Isn't it true that she's coming up here to meet you? Isn't it true that she's left the Prince because she's fallen in love with you?"

"Don't know a thing about that," Coop protested, and little beads of perspiration began breaking out on his forehead. "After all, I'm a married man, and my wife and daughter are coming here soon."

"Aren't you divorced from your wife?" the reporter asked.

"No, sir," the actor answered. "I'm just in a state of legal separation from my wife."

There were more questions, all embarrassing to Gary, and finally he ended the interview by saying, "I don't care who's in town or who is not. I'm leaving for Brussels tomorrow morning."

Gisele's friends, however, insisted that the tall French actress had her heart set on Coop and that a little thing like distance wasn't going to stop her.

In Monaco, Prince Ranier said nothing about Gisele for public consumption, largely because the Monacan Parliament has long criticized his friendship with the actress and has urged him to give her up and marry an Italian princess who has a dowry of \$3,000,000. Ranier has told the parliament to go fly a kite and has refused to call it quits with Gisele.

For Gary Cooper to get mixed up in this sort of foreign intrigue seems a little far-fetched to most of his American fans, but the simple truth is that Coop is a sophisticated man of the world, a millionaire who knows all the angles and can take darn good care of himself in the clinches.

Clara Bow discovered this a quarter of a century ago when she was the number-one box office attraction at Paramount and the epitome of what a girl should be. She was the "It" girl. Coop was a relative newcomer to the public world of Hollywood—but Clara picked him out because he had "It," too—and the rest of the women in America agreed.

When Coop met Lupe Velez, the original Mexican firecracker, his love affair with this strange, uninhibited, kind and tragic little firebrand must go down in the annals as one of the most tempestuous of all cinema-land romances. And, as things that live at fever-pitch must, the romance cooled down—at least for Gary.

So Coop left Hollywood for a while; and when he did, a part of Lupe Velez died, and that part never came to life again. Coop was the one great love of her life, and Lupe knew that the great love had come and passed. And although until her tragic end she continued her gay, giddy life, tumbling in and out of love, those of us who knew her, realized that in her heart Gary Cooper was inimitable. There would never be another like him.

The romance with Lupe a thing of the past, Coop went to Europe and promptly fell into the arms of the Countess Dorothy Di Frasso. That's the trouble with Gary. Women always find him irresistible. They seek him out, and being a gentleman, he always succumbs to their blandishments. It is popularly held that the Countess Di Frasso polished Gary from a rough diamond into a slick star. This is not particularly true. Coop has always known the

**Carl Laemmle, Jr., used to be a heavy gambler, as well as an excellent producer. He thought nothing of dropping a few thousand dollars at the track in a day's play. One day when Carl Laemmle, Sr. was at the \$2 window, a friend said, "How is it, Carl, that your son bets so heavily, and yet you never bet more than \$2?"**

**"Well, you see," answered Carl, Sr., "my son has a rich father."**

*H. W. Kellick*

score. He may act the hayseed off-screen as he does on, but this is purely an act. It arouses the maternal instinct in women, makes them want to baby him, guide him, map out his life.

The Countess Di Frasso may have thought she was running Coop, but when Gary wanted to pull out of the entente, that's exactly what he did. Even while the Countess was throwing her lavish and memorable parties in Hollywood, and he was supposed to be the unofficial host, Coop was dating Veronica Balfe, a Long Island socialite who had come West to try her luck in the movies. Veronica, better known as Rocky, was the kind of girl the actor had always wanted for his wife: well-educated, well-bred, excellent background, widely-traveled.

They were married in 1933, a regular Park Avenue shindig with all the trimmings, and in 1938, their only offspring Maria Veronica was born.

**A**FTER the marriage, Coop settled down and concentrated on his money-making career. Aided by the advice of his father-in-law, a one-time member of the Board of Governors of the New York Stock Exchange, Gary began investing his money in Wall Street. Presently, he decided to do without an agent and hired I. H. Prinzmetal, a lawyer, to represent him in dealings with the various studios. He also began requesting percentages of film profits and refused to sign for a picture unless he got anywhere from 10% to 40% of the

profits. In *Return To Paradise*, for example, his latest release, he owns 20% of the net.

When Coop was working with Ingrid Bergman in *For Whom The Bells Toll*, there was a good deal of gossip concerning their alleged extra-curricular activities, but, actually, until he met Pat Neal during the filming of *The Fountainhead*, Gary was extremely happy with his homelife.

It so happens that he met Pat after he had been married for 16 years. He had reached that point in life, 50, when he needed youth, enthusiasm, someone to reinforce confidence in himself.

There is no doubt but that Pat Neal fell madly in love with the actor; and he in a restrained way with her. It was here that Rocky, patient and shrewd, displayed her infinite wisdom by declining to play the outraged wife.

She announced their separation but she rushed into no headlong divorce. Let Gary carry the ball. Let him make the decision. Did he want a divorce so that he could marry Pat Neal? If so, he could have it.

Coop was in a spot, a tight spot. Most men when they meet adversity, meet it like cowards. They blame everything on their wives. But this time Coop could blame no one but himself.

In all fairness to Pat Neal, who is a lovely and honorable and extremely talented actress, she put no pressure on Coop. He had made the problem, and now he was stuck with it.

Coop, sensibly, did nothing. He neither divorced Rocky nor married Pat. He continued making pictures, living in the Bel-Air Hotel, and asking Pat for more time in which to resolve a decision.

Perceptive female that she is, Pat realized that she had lost, that after the first full flush, there was no chance of Coop ever marrying her. She took her broken heart and went to New York and signed for the lead in a revival of *Children's Hour*, one of the truly great stage plays of our time.

**A**s for Coop, he drowned his sorrows with a girl named Dusty Miller. While he was dating Dusty, he saw his daughter every two or three days, took her out dining, shopping, to the theater. He saw Rocky on numerous occasions, and there were half-a-dozen false announcements about a reconciliation.

While these were being blared around town, the American Don Juan took off for British West Samoa to make *Return To Paradise* and to start his 18-month tax-free tour of overseas duty. When *Paradise* was finished, he flew back to the States, but only for a day or so, and thence to Canada and Mexico.

South of the border he made another film and found another girl, Channele. When the Cannes Film Festival people invited him to come to France, expenses paid, Coop gave his characteristic slow nod and took off.

In Cannes, two nights after his arrival, he took up with Gisele Pascal; and you all know what happened there.

**A**s he heads for 53, Gary Cooper realizes that in all probability he's had his final fling—after all, Rocky has let him have almost two years of bachelor-like freedom—and it is entirely probable that as you read these very words, Gary and Rocky have reconciled and are touring Europe with their 15-year-old daughter, Maria, a beautiful young woman and the cardinal reason for whatever marital stability the Coopers may have.

The French have an old saying, and it goes like this: "Give a husband enough rope and if he doesn't hang himself, he will find his way home."

END



## leave him to the girls

(Continued from page 35) at our house for dinner after we'd finished a day's work together in *The Golden Blade*. He told me on the set that he didn't think he'd better come.

"Why not?" I said.

"Because I'll eat too much and embarrass myself. Maybe I'd better tuck in a couple of sandwiches before I come over."

"Don't be silly," I said, and forgot all about it until the doorbell rang at home that evening. The maid opened the door but no one was there, and then down on the doorstep she found a peanut butter sandwich wrapped in wax paper, with a note attached. "Nobody loves me. Nobody eats me. I wish I were dead." Daddy found Rock hiding out in the driveway and dragged him in to dinner.

He's the nicest person to have around because he's so much fun. He laughs at everything and his laughter is so infectious that everyone around him feels happy. Rock concentrates on having fun, and it's one of the reasons he's so refreshing as a date. He doesn't try to be the romantic type of glamor boy whose only goal for an evening is to impress his girl; he's completely natural.

I've seen him in a serious mood only a couple of times, and both of them concerned his work. He's quite sober about it, and when we sat in a projection room to watch a rough cut of *The Golden Blade*, he began hacking himself to pieces with criticism. There was one scene in which I thought he was quite charming, but he hated every second of it and kept mumbling to himself. I know him well enough to agree with him if I think he does a bad job in a scene, but we can have a knock-down-drag-out when I disagree with his self-criticism.

ALTHOUGH I've seen him serious only about his work, I suspect that Rock has a much deeper side that most people don't know about. I can't put my finger on it, but it's there somewhere, and I think he tries to hide the fact from people. As a matter of fact, I suppose a girl could know him for a long time, figuring she really understood what made him tick, and never suspect that he has a lot more to him than the gaiety that runs on the surface.

The girl who wins him as a husband is going to be a very fortunate and happy person. He has a lot of common sense and knows what he wants in a girl, and he won't make any mistakes. The best assurance I have for the statement that Mrs. Hudson will be lucky is the fact that when I appeared with Rock on Ralph Edwards' "This Is Your Life" program, I met backstage all his relatives and friends who have known him for years. When they spoke of Rock it was with deep affection, and there wasn't an insincere compliment given him that night. I don't know how to explain it, but to me that was a real test, and I could sense that all these people, who know him so well, feel that he is the salt of the earth.

By LORI NELSON

I've known Rock ever since I first came to Universal-International, three years ago. I was pretty much of a kid then, with books under my arm and braces on my teeth, and he used to kid a lot with me when we attended drama classes together. I never really thought of him as a date in those days, and I'm sure he never got any kick out of looking at me, with those braces. He was always more like a big brother to me. We've had dates together

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recently, and whenever I know I'm going to spend an evening with Rock I get in a happy mood even before he comes to call for me. He's so crazy—you never know what he's going to do next. He can't sit still for two minutes and spends the evening bouncing, whether it's in his seat at a premiere, or bowling along in his car from one place to the other. When he laughs you can hear it for blocks, and you can't help laughing with him.

He isn't the smooth, polished type of escort. I remember one time he brought me an orchid corsage, and he handed it to me as though he were passing the salt. "Here," he said, and started to riffle through a magazine on the coffee table. He's much more at ease when he gives me silly little presents, like the stuffed bunny he brought over Easter morning, or the goony little doll at Christmas.

He's an awful tease and if he ever gets something to hold over you, he won't let you forget it. One time he and I went to a movie on Hollywood Boulevard and when we came out of the theater and were walking toward the parking lot, I felt something tickling the back of my legs. My petticoat had decided to leave me and in less than a second it fell in a heap around my feet. As nonchalantly as I could I stepped out of it and picked it up and put it in my purse, but I needn't have bothered to be so ladylike. Rock was bent double laughing at me, the big goon, and so many people were turning to stare that I had to beat a hasty retreat away from the scene. Since then, he's never failed to remind me of it whenever I make any effort at being glamorous.

He's unusually observant of people and quickly notices little habits or manners of speech. A mutual friend of ours, for example, has an absent-minded way of counting things. It might be the slats in a Venetian blind or the links in his key chain, and I don't think he realized it himself until Rock began imitating him one day. A publicist at the studio gets knots in her stomach if anybody closes one eye and leaves the other wide open. Rock discovered it, and if he's in a room when Betty walks in, there's always this one great eye staring at her. He's such a tease. He kids me about my habit of puckering my mouth when I'm thinking, and every once in a while, out of the blue, he'll say, "Make a bunch for me"—his way of describing the pout.

**A**DATE with him is always sure to be fun. There's never any shop talk, and he's a wonderful dancer. Best of all, when I'm with Rock I have a wonderful sense of security. He's still like a big brother. I have a feeling that if I ever had any big problem I could go to Rock and he'd do everything he could to help me. I'll even go so far as to say that, if it were necessary, he'd swing a few punches in my behalf. I think he'll always be one of my favorite people.

#### By BETTY ABBOTT

■ I have to introduce myself first. I'm what is known as a script girl, in which capacity I stand by while a movie is shooting and watch details like a hawk looking for chickens, however small. For instance, if an actor is doing the same sequence today that he worked in yesterday, I have to make sure he wears the same tie and has a bruise on his cheek the same place it was when scenes were shot yesterday. Script girls usually bounce from one actor to another in succeeding pictures, but Fate picked on me to work with Rock Hudson in eight consecutive pictures. I got to know him pretty well on the set, and after a while found myself spending

evenings with him every now and then.

These aren't hard to take, except that I never know where I'll land. He gives me no information whatsoever, and I'm just as likely to end up on a merry-go-round 50 miles away as I am on the dance floor at the Mocambo. As a result, I try to dress in what might be called casual clothes that can take anything from a tango to a trapeze.

Once in a while we take in a movie, and if Rock happens to be in it he agonizes through the whole thing. He squirms so much that he makes me nervous and I might as well see it alone. Half of them I have to go see again, thanks to Hudson.

With all his wackiness, Rock has beautiful manners. They're the innate kind of attentions that well-mannered men do unconsciously. Even if I'm wearing blue jeans and have just whopped up a sensational bowling score, Rock is right there to hold open the car door for me. A lot of people around town could take lessons from him on this.

Mother and I have a house on the hill opposite the place where Rock lives now, and the character has availed himself of a pair of binoculars. He swears he uses

**When Rita Hayworth began her career, she was about the ugliest of all the starlet ducklings who ever came to Hollywood. The casting director who first signed her was considered out of his mind.**

**When the studio bosses looked at her, they were far from impressed. One executive said, "This girl is about as attractive as my maiden aunt, age 56." This remark upset a girl hairdresser and she went to Rita, who was in tears.**

**"What you need, honey," the girl told Rita, "is a remodeling job." So Rita went into hock—and for what? For an electrolysis treatment.**

**One week and \$1,200 later, she was a raving beauty. Almost three inches of hair had disappeared between her hairline and her lush eyebrows. Now Rita had a high hairline and a solid bit part in a film called *Susan And God*.**

**Today studio executives shudder to think they almost lost Rita by a hairsbreadth!**

Carl Schroeder

them on our apartment and I guess he does sometimes, because he's often kidded me about the time I got home the night before with some other guy. He's a real joker, but a lovable one.

**M**y mother thinks he's the last word in the new generation. No wonder. When he comes over for dinner he likes to help her putter around in the kitchen (sometimes he eats half the food while he's at it), and one night he washed down the kitchen walls for her. We'd planned to go to a show but began howling at some old wardrobe pictures I had around the house, and pretty soon it was too late for a movie. So he got the ladder and a bucket of suds and spent a couple of hours until the job was done. Then he surveyed it with a critical eye and said, "You know, those walls need painting." When Rock says something like that you know he's going to do it. It may not be this year, mind you, but nevertheless that kitchen is going to get painted by Hudson. He teases my mother about anything he can think of, mostly her name, which is the unlikely combination of Olive Victoria. "Ollie," he says, "I've been practicing my golf

swing up on the hill at my place and I've been aiming for your kitchen window. But I can't seem to make it." Mother thinks he's the bee's knees, or whatever they called likable young men in her day.

He and I have a gag about names, the crazier the better. When he was in England he sent letters to my home addressed to such assorted characters as Miss Sydenham Klunk, or Ubaldo Umbrellus or Igor Bodkin—anything but Betty Abbott. I give as much as I take on this score, but it's our own joke and whenever I find crazy notes in my typewriter at the studio addressed to Lavinia or Elspeth, I know who they're from beyond a doubt, without any researching.

A while back I mentioned his fondness for food, and while I do not wish to needle Mr. Hudson, I would mention in passing that when we were on location in Oregon for *The Bend Of The River* I sat next to him at the table and with my own eyes saw him put away 3 (three) T-bone steaks. As it is, I hardly ever get a square meal when I join him for dinner because he eats half of mine.

In contrast to his clowning, he is quite shy with strangers and has extraordinarily good taste in a quiet way. He brought me a lovely black lace mantilla from Europe and a huge bottle of his favorite perfume, Blue Hour. He notices little things that most men don't, and it is on his suggestion that I put polish on the inside of my nail-tips, which I wear quite long.

I think Rock's greatest appeal, at least to me, is his sincerity in whatever he does. He is a very real person, without a phony thought in his head. I've never heard him say an adverse word about anybody; unless he has something nice to say, he doesn't say it. And because of this, it's pretty difficult to find anything wrong with him. There's plenty to kid about, but nothing to criticize.

#### By MARCIA HENDERSON

■ I guess I met Rock just in time. I've been in Hollywood only a short time, and until I met him I was beginning to think I'd never meet anybody out here with whom I could find a basis for real conversation. I come from a college town back in New England, and I grew up with books and with people who have retained the almost lost art of conversation. When I started work in *Back To God's Country*, I met Rock for the first time. I knew, of course, that he was an established star and a single man who is quite popular around town, so I never dreamed that here was the one person who could give me point for point in a serious discussion.

It all started one day on the set when we began talking about the picture's title, and before I knew it the chatter had evolved into a conversation about religious and spiritual concepts. I couldn't have been more surprised. Rock appears to be such a gay blade—people probably think he hasn't a brain in his head—and here he was, touting the ancient philosophers like a professor back home. That was less than three months ago, but since then we've had a lot of lengthy discussions. We don't see eye to eye, but I enjoy it just the same and am delighted to at last have a communion of minds with someone. We argue all the time, because I'm more familiar with the modern philosophers like Kant and Schopenhauer, while Rock has steeped himself in the ancients. He dislikes what he calls cynical modernism and has me so curious about his own favorites that I find myself digging into the old Hebraic and Buddhist writings. Currently he has me interested in the Hindu Scriptures, the Gita, which is sort of a correlative of the Sermon on the Mount. It's one of his pets,



and he can't wait until I'm well enough versed in its philosophy to spend a couple of hours talking with him about it.

He's wonderful in any discussion because he thinks and talks so logically, and he listens as well as he speaks and doesn't, like so many people, concentrate only on making his own point.

As a result of such a mutual interest we haven't taken time out to talk shop or to dwell much on ourselves. I've had only a few dates with him, mostly premieres, so we haven't really found out too much about each other. Others have said he drives like a wild Indian, but then I like jet planes, so it doesn't bother me in the least.

We've been so serious when we've been together that I smile when I think about his reaction if he ever takes me to a ball game. In school, before I decided it was time to act like a lady, I was a pitcher on the baseball team, a track runner, and I played left end on the neighborhood football team. No matter what a girl's intentions are, it isn't a good thing to let a man think she's nothing but a bookworm, so despite all the time spent in our dusty discussions, I still have a few other cards in my deck.

By VERA ELLEN

I've known Rock a long time and am pretty sure I'll know him for a much longer time to come. He's one of those people who stays a friend forever.

We first met, years ago, when he was new to Hollywood and had dropped in at Ciro's for the first time. He told agent Henry Willson he'd like to dance with me and after Henry introduced us, Rock guided me out to the dance floor. I found

him a naturally fine dancer with a good sense of rhythm, but in those early days he had a tricky sort of step that he might have imported from Winnetka. I got so used to it that I didn't even notice when he changed his style, months later. We kidded a lot about the fact that Rock is 14 inches taller than I am, and I used to complain he was so big that I couldn't flirt over his shoulder. I told him, too, that if he were a shorter man it would have been a lot cheaper for us the night we sprayed each other with gold dust for the Photographers' Ball. We had a lot of fun that night, and getting ready for it, too. We went into a paint store for the gold paint and when the salesman wanted to know what we were going to paint, Rock said, "Ourselves." I'll never forget the expression on the man's face. We went as Oscars, you know, and it was easier to put the stuff on than it was to get it off. For a week afterward we'd stop traffic when we drove with the top down on his car, our tarnished faces peering into the world.

In those days Rock was as much of a fan as he was an actor. He took me to his first premiere and was so nervous that his hands were damp and all he could think of was avoiding the train on my gown. I remember that he goggled at the celebrities with more curiosity than the fans in the bleachers. His attitude that night was indicative of the thing I've always admired in Rock—the combination of humility and self-assurance.

He is extremely serious about his career, but despite his great success in pictures, he is the same now as when I first knew him. He still spends his money on records and on plants and flowers. Rock has a genuine green thumb. He can plant a leaf of philodendron in a small pot on

the mantel, and in two weeks the leaves are trailing in front of the fireplace. He still loves to tease as much as ever. I had a habit of ending my sentences with the phrase "you know" and he kidded me about it so much that I became aware of it and corrected it. He hasn't acquired any phony manners. He never did make studied compliments. If I happened to wear a red dress and he liked red he'd mention the fact in an offhand way. Rock has a rugged quality, a masculine roughness that is smooth in its own way because he is so natural. He still is more than happy to fix gadgets around a house. He's handy with tools, and I remember I sold my car to him when I went to Europe and when I came back he had painted it himself and fixed it up and it looked like a new automobile. He has always been wonderful with my mother, and if I had to go away on a trip all I had to do was whistle to him about leaving Mother alone, and he'd spend a lot of time with her. The last time, he went over on a Sunday and painted the fence for her.

He has a wonderful sense of humor—you can't be unhappy when in Rock's company. But underneath the humor, he runs pretty deep. After you know him a while you sort of feel there's something there you haven't yet tapped. He's the kind who will always have his feet on the ground because he does a lot of thinking, and his world is a big one.

I think he's right in not being quite ready for marriage. He knows there's a lot of life left in him and he isn't yet ready to settle down. When the day comes that he is, he'll be very cautious, I think, in choosing his bride. Rock needs a girl who is mature in her thinking and gay in her outlook on life. From what I know of Rock, she'll be a very happy woman, for the rest of her days.

END

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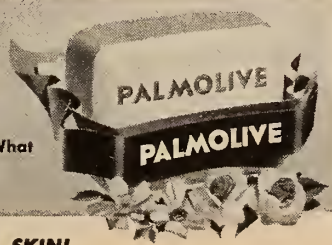
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# HOLLYWOOD ABROAD



AN M/S WIRE SERVICE OF LATE NEWS FROM AROUND

THE WORLD

**AVA AND FRANK SINATRA** have again alienated influential segments of the Press, this time in London and in Rome. In London, Frank and Ava fought with airline officials and in Rome, the crooner scuffled with a photographer.

It began when Ava, Frank and 11 pieces of luggage turned up at the London airport seven minutes before their plane was scheduled to pull out for Milan.

"I'm sorry," explained one of the airport men, "you're too late to fly. All passengers must be at the airport at least 30 minutes before departure time."

Frank roared, "This is the last time I ever fly BEA." (British European Airways).

"I'd rather swim the Channel," Ava added.

"I'm sorry," the official continued, "we can't inconvenience a plane-load of 32 passengers just because two people are late."

Ava and Frank caught a plane to Rome instead of to Milan. A photographer there tried to snap their picture. Frank charged and there was a scuffle. The police broke it up. Ava and Frank left the airport muttering to themselves.

**CLARK GABLE** in Venice, following the completion of *Mogambo*, has been seen with an attractive beauty. Although Gable would prefer she remain anonymous, her name slipped out. It's Suzanne Daddole. Gable has asked his hotel to say absolutely nothing about the girl. Clark was miffed when the papers discovered his so-called "friendship" with Grace Kelly. This entente was highly publicized in England, in fact so well publicized that Grace's mother came over from Philadelphia for a look-see. A few weeks later, Grace, who played opposite Gable in *Mogambo*, left for home with mama, and the Metro star departed for Paris. It would surprise no one, however, if Clark requested Kelly for his next film. Until MGM decides what that will be, Gable continues to squire beautiful women around Europe.

**CLAUDETTE COLBERT** who will shortly wind up her 18-month stay abroad with approximately \$300,000 tax free, refuses to discuss her marital status with Dr. Joel Pressman, one of the crack ear specialists in California. Claudette insists that her marriage is perfectly okay, that she's in Europe merely to make pictures, and that she's not running away from discord of any type. In her latest made-in-Italy film, the 48-year-old actress, who was born in Paris, plays an American woman whose G.I. husband was killed in Italy. She comes to Salerno to visit his grave and learns that he had fathered an illegitimate son.

**KIRK DOUGLAS**, a poor boy who rose from anonymity to fame, is a classic example of what success can do to one man's hat size. Douglas not only fought with director Anatole Litvak while working in Italy, but at the Cannes Film Festival he made it a point to date a new girl every night. "We think," wrote one French reporter, "that this Kirk Douglas is really a frustrated Aly Khan."

**OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND**, wherever she goes in Europe these days makes new friends. Livvy arrived in Paris a few months ago with her 3-year-old son, Benjie, and she has not only sat for mass interviews but has posed for American sight-seers. "I'm honored," she says, "when my countrymen recognize me." Kurt Frings, Livvy's agent, has been asking \$175,000 per picture, and it looks as if he's got her an offer in London to do *Deep Blue Sea* for Wolff Brothers.

**ELIZABETH TAYLOR** and **VITTORIO GASSMAN** are expected in Switzerland for *Rhapsody* late in July. After Liz finishes that one she is scheduled to meet husband Mike Wilding in London. Actors who have worked with Wilding and who can be as petty as vindictive schoolgirls, insist that Mike is really 43, as if his age made any difference to Liz.

**SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER** is smiling once again now that his wife Vivien Leigh is well on the road to recovery. Olivier would love to make a picture in Hollywood with his wife, "providing, of course, we could find the right vehicle." Incidentally, there is no truth to the vicious rumor that Vivien Leigh feigned illness to get out of *Elephant Walk* because she didn't like the story. If she hadn't liked the script she wouldn't have started on the film in the first place.

**ROBERT TAYLOR** when he checked into London to star in *Knights Of The Round Table*, was recognized by no one despite the fact that this is the third film he's made in England since the war. *Conspirators* and *Ivanhoe* were the other two. Taylor arrived with a three-inch growth of beard. "I prefer the comfort of my own whiskers," he explained, "to the torture of gluing (Continued on page 89)



## some changes made

(Continued from page 51) walls of one studio to pick up and leave that studio. There cannot help but be some bitterness under such a circumstance, and along with it there is a certain sadness. In a way, it is like leaving a college, a school whose campus, whose teachers and whose fellow students have all become dear and familiar through the years.

Jeanne felt the break was necessary, nonetheless. Her first picture was *Home In Indiana*, a film that put her in pigtails and presented her as an ingenue. She was an overnight success in the role, but the accolades that followed soon began to ring hollow as the public continued year after year to see Miss Crain as an ingenue in pigtails. Jeanne's initial success became her bugaboo, and she herself was only too aware of it. Her fan mail was filled with pleas that she appear in better pictures because, despite the river of publicity that flows out of Hollywood, many moviegoers continue with the mistaken impression that movie stars choose their own films. Finally, in 1950, she won the role of *Pinky* and in her portrayal of a Negro girl in love with a white man, she proved to the movie-going world that she was both a grown woman and a first-rate actress. Jeanne thought she had proved it, too, to her studio bosses, and sighed in relief at the thought that henceforth she would be given meatier roles. Since that time she has been repeatedly disappointed. Studios sometimes have a tendency to sluff off their mediocre scripts by using their own star-built names to sell them, and when an exceptional script comes along, import outside talent to fill the roles. This happened time after time with Jeanne until finally she could take no more.

It's a nice, comfortable thing to have a steady salary coming in every week and not easy to forfeit it, but by the time Jeanne began work in *Vickie* she had made up her mind to leave the studio and free lance. She wasn't at all sure what kind of offers she would receive, if any, but she needn't have worried. Within two hours after formal notice had been given that she and Fox had come to a parting of the ways, she had invitations to star in two Broadway plays and in several promising movies.

It was during the filming of *Vickie*, too, that Jeanne got the urge to cut her hair. It not only showed that she was raring for her freedom; it followed the old principle that when a woman makes any sort of major change in her life, she often changes her appearance and personality along with it. Then, too, it happened in the spring, a time of year when everyone feels along with nature a longing to present a bright new face to the world.

Jeanne's own personality has been undergoing a lot of changes in the last year or two. The rebellion against the gingham-type roles into which she had been cast resulted in her effort to prove to everyone that she had evolved into a mature woman. The fact that she was married and four times a mother seemed to have little influence on the brass hats at her studio, so Jeanne tackled the only other way she knew.

It wasn't hard for Jeanne to do. She has the basic element necessary to glamor—complete femininity. She is an eye-stopper in any crowd and has a flair for the unusual which makes her a stand-out even among her screen sisters. She loves clothes, both for themselves and for what she knows they can do for her, and often remarks with wonder that while California women buy some of the most ex-

pensive clothes in the world, they don't take particular joy in wearing them. Life in the movie capital tends to be so informal that much of its female population feel more natural in blue jeans than they do in what is called out here "New York clothes". Jeanne, on the other hand, doesn't feel comfortable unless she is dressed to the hilt for the occasion.

She feels that her Bobcat Bob is her favorite hair-do of all time not only because it gives her an exhilarating sense of freedom that ties in happily with her new professional status, but also because it lends itself to any kind of dress, any type of hat, and any sort of occasion. It is so shaped that it can be brushed forward to cap the face, or reversed and worn off the face. It can be something compelling to go with lace and mink, or something very casual and practical for a set of tennis.

She wore her hair long for many years, during times when other girls were bowing to fashion and visiting barbers regularly. This was out of deference to her husband who, like most men, preferred his wife with long hair. When she was preparing to make *People Will Talk*, director George Cukor had just returned from Paris, and having noticed that short hair was the rage there, asked Jeanne to have hers cut. She did, but never really liked the style. It was fine for a speedboat ride but it was shaped for a definite part and was a sporty coiffure that could be worn only one way. She recalls the night she was dressing to go to the ballet and tried to pin a rose behind her ear. "It was pretty much of a shock when I realized there was no hair to pin it to."

Jeanne says her Bobcat Bob was done on impulse, but one to which she gave a lot of thought.

She said nothing to anyone about having it done. "I used to be sensible and ask

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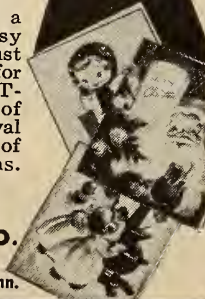
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people for their advice on everything, but these days I have an urge to respect my impulses. I haven't any more than anyone else, but I've noticed when I obey them, the results have always been fine. I think they're important, steering you to what you really want to do, and they happen in everything through life, even in romance. Something wonderful happens to you when you meet a particular man. Maybe you don't even know him more than five minutes, but call it chemistry or whatever, it's impulse. That's the way it was with Paul and me. And anyway, it's no fun asking people for advice. You always wind up being what they want you to be or doing what they want you to do—instead of being yourself."

She closely watched the fashion magazine, noticing haircuts she liked and those she disliked. And when enough time had passed after the completion of *Vickie* she consulted the models she had met when making *The Model And The Marriage Broker*. She had spent quite a bit of time with them, learning their tricks of posture and carriage, and noticed that their hair was invariably worn in the latest fashion. "Who," she asked them now, "gives the best haircut in town?" They all said the same thing—the Bentley Salon in Beverly Hills.

Paul didn't know a thing about it until he got home from work that night. Jeanne knew he liked long hair, but she also knew that he would appreciate a change when he got used to the new idea. "I think change is the essence of femininity," she says. "In a way, it's a woman's weapon. We all know that men have a roving eye, and wives who look the same year in and year out tend to become taken for granted. If a girl can give her husband a new face to look at every once in a while, he's more likely to stay as interested as he was the first time he saw her. Why are women so fascinated with clothes? It's the easiest possible way to look different. Sometimes you have to gamble on reaction, as I did with Paul and the haircut. But it proved my impulse was right—he liked it immediately and by this time is so in love with it that he probably wonders why I didn't do it sooner."

BENTLEY himself says he has never done a haircut exactly like this. Jeanne explained to him what she wanted, and they worked it out together. He cut it wet, with a straight edge razor, and the results were so admired that the salon has since been swamped with hundreds of requests for an identical cut. It can be done effectively even with straight, fine hair as the cut automatically turns it into a different hair style. It is cut quite short in back, where the hair merely brushes down. On the sides and the top the hair is about four inches long, and there is no part, a combination which allows for many changes. It can be shampooed and dried in the sun and then brushed to whatever shape she desires. It is never combed—always brushed.

"Actually," says Jeanne, "it looks short, but isn't. I don't think a boyish sort of bob ever appealed to men, and I feel this is the most feminine haircut I've ever had. It's even coquettish. It's short enough so that it gives a clean, well-groomed look, and it shows the neck and shoulder line, which I think is very feminine. In classic Greek Sculpture, you'll notice there were few women whose hair hid that line. It gives you sort of a regal feeling and a new lift to your carriage that comes without even trying."

"I think the ideal of every American boy is a girl who looks well but doesn't appear to work at it, and this haircut is so artfully casual that it gives that effect. It's

wonderfully adaptable for American life, both for daytime and evening, and you can do dramatic things with earrings or with jeweled coronets in the hair."

Jeanne is one of those rare young women who refuse to permit marriage and motherhood to draw them into a rut. She retains a deep love for excitement and adventure, and now that she is free of a long-term contract, intends to have a complete change of pace in her professional life. "I feel ready to meet any challenge that comes along," she says, and is looking forward to doing a variety of movie roles and, in a year or two, a Broadway play.

The first new adventure on her docket is a picture to be made in Europe, *Gentlemen Marry Brunettes*. In it she will sing and dance and, she says with an ecstatic sigh, wear clothes designed and made in Paris. The picture will be made in both France and Italy, and inasmuch as this is her first trip to Europe, Jeanne at the moment is living in a cloud of anticipation. Seeing Europe has always been the dream of her life, but in ten years of being contracted to a studio there has not been an opportunity. The only time she has taken off has been devoted to having her children.

She is well equipped to enjoy Europe to the hilt. Both her father and uncle are language professors, with the result that Jeanne speaks French and Spanish rather fluently. History has always been one of her favorite subjects, she is an avid reader, and is so enamored of painting and sculpture that she places Florence higher than any other city on her list of anticipations. She is taking with her a special traveling case filled with sketching material and oils, hoping to bring back impressions done by her own hand, as well as by camera lens. There will be ample time to see things while the picture is being prepared, and Paul will go with her for a week or two at the start of the trip, as long as he can spare from his business, and then rejoin her for another week when the movie is completed.

SHE worries a great deal about leaving all the children, even though she is certain they will be well cared for, as this will be her longest separation from them.

## PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue:

6—J. B. Scott; 7—upper left, Beerman, Parry; all others, J. B. Scott; 8—Wide World; 10—Beerman, Parry; 12—Beerman, Parry; 14—J. B. Scott; 15—Edna Bennett; 16—Beerman, Parry; 29—Edna Bennett; 30—Warner Brothers; 31—Beerman, Parry; 33—Wide World; 34—Universal-International; 35—1, Beerman, 2, Stork Club, 3, 4, 5, 6, Beerman, Parry, 7, Globe; 39—right, Keystone; 40—Universal-International; 41—Beerman, Parry; 42—INS; 43—Desert Sea News Service; 44-46, Beerman, Parry; 47, 50, 51—Beerman, Parry; 53—Parry; 56, 57—Beerman, Parry; 58—Beerman, Parry.

A few years ago she went to New York and was gone three weeks. "It was the longest time I'd been away from them, and the night before we left I didn't want to go. This time it will be more than three months, and I'm sure Paul is going to have to drag me out of the house."

Knowing Jeanne, we would venture to say that once she gets over the initial hump of leaving, she will have the time of her life. Furthermore, it's a rather good bet that the women of Paris, for a change, will be coveting an American haircut. **END**



## peck's a good boy now

(Continued from page 39) Julianne, the Parisian reporter Veronica Passanie, the German actress Hildegard Neff—and while at the start this gossip had no visible effect upon him or his conduct, it certainly has now.

Gregory Peck is behaving himself in a manner beyond reproach. He is living the quiet, respectable, middle-class life in an apartment at 45 Grosvenor Square in London.

He has sub-let the apartment from producer Sam Spigle and has hired a Hungarian cook, a middle-aged woman who not only prepares the most delectable dishes for him but for such guests as Maggie and Leo Genn, Audrey Hepburn's mother, Ronald Neame, and the scads of Englishmen Peck has known since he made *Captain Hornblower* in England a few years ago.

GREG has always liked home-life—he knew so little of it as the exchanged child of divorced parents—and rather than stay for any considerable length of time at a London hotel, he moved out of Claridge's early this spring and rented Spigle's flat so that he could relax, entertain in his own way, and for three or four months stop living out of suitcases.

Peck is starring in *The Million Pound Note* at Pinewood Studios—this is an old Mark Twain story—and will probably not finish the film until some time in July. He is then scheduled to go to Sweden for *Assignment In Stockholm* and to India for *The Purple Plains*.

By that time his 18 months abroad should be up, and he'll be able to return to the U.S. with \$300,000 or \$400,000 tax free.

Greg doesn't mind returning to California with some tax-free dollars, but he doesn't want to come back with the reputation of a Great Lover, which is the kind of reputation someone like Kirk Douglas has been building abroad by flitting from one girl to another.

This is why Greg in London gets up at 6:30 A.M., takes some breakfast coffee, drives to the studio, acts opposite his leading lady, 23-year-old Jane Griffiths, a dentist's daughter from Rottingdean, Sussex, then drives back to his apartment at Grosvenor Square—"It's usually eight when I get back"—has dinner, reads until midnight, then retires.

He is rarely seen in public with any single or unattached women, because he knows now that if he is, the newspaper boys are waiting to splash it all over their papers.

Peck knows, too, that he has an obligation to his wife and three sons, Jonathan 9, Stephen 7, and Carey Paul 4, and that his behavior in Europe must in no adverse way affect the lives of his loved ones across the Atlantic.

Greg realizes now that you cannot date a single girl on several occasions without imbuing in that girl the hope that somehow and in some way she might become the second Mrs. Gregory Peck.

This is the error in tactics the tall Lincolnnesque actor committed last year when he began seeing Veronica Passanie even while Greta and the boys were in Europe.

VERONICA is a plain-looking, dark-eyed, brunette of 21, half French and half Russian, who lives with her mother in a small apartment in Paris on the Avenue Franklin Roosevelt. She works part-time as a reporter for the *Paris Presse*, an afternoon newspaper, and when you ask her about her relationship with Peck, her eyes flash and she becomes furiously defensive.

(Continued on page 82)

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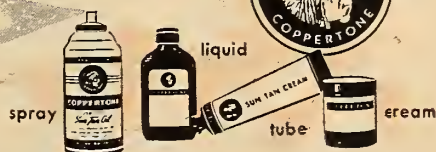
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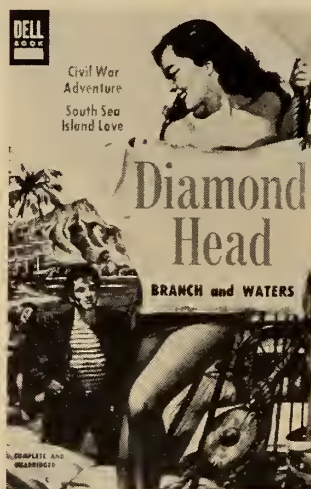
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"I'm a *journaliste*," she says, "and when Mr. Peck arrived in Paris, quite naturally I went to interview him. He was very nice. I went out sometimes with him. I am not going to discuss love. What do you mean, do I love him? What business is it? He is a very nice man. It was professional. I am a professional *journaliste*."

"That's obvious," I said, "but how come you followed him to Rome when he was making *Roman Holiday* with Audrey Hepburn?"

"I follow him? I did not follow anyone. The paper asks me to go to Rome to do a story."

"What story?"

"To do a story, and while I am there I run into Gregory Peck. He is a very nice man. He recognizes me. So."

"So what?"

"So Gregory Peck is just a friend, and I am a *journaliste*, and I have a career, and I am not going to answer any more questions."

"But isn't it true that you've told some of your girl-friends that you might one day be his bride?"

Mademoiselle Passanie bristled. "Who tells you I say that?"

"Some girls. I'm sorry I can't reveal their names."

"I never said that. All I say is that he is a nice gentleman and a friend. I am a *journaliste*, and I work here in Paris. I will not answer any more questions about Gregory Peck."

"Okay, just tell me this, and we'll drop the whole subject. Aren't you flying over to London Tuesday specifically to see him?"

"No, I am going to Nantes this Tuesday and about me and Gregory Peck is nobody's business, and I do not answer more questions."

"Gregory Peck aside, how old are you?"

"Why you ask?"

"Because indirectly Peck has been accused of being a cradle-snatcher, figuratively speaking that is."

Veronica Passanie said she was 21.

"Don't you think you're a little too young for Mr. Peck?"

"No more these questions. I am a *journaliste* and I do interviews myself."

IN PARIS today you can still hear vicious, unfounded rumors to the effect that Greg and Veronica have been meeting in London, but these aren't true.

Aware of the international stir his friendship with Veronica had caused, Greg realized some months ago when he left Paris for London that this one had best be terminated.

Actually it was a fluke that he met Veronica in the first place. She had asked a Paramount publicity man if she might interview Peck, and the press agent had arranged it.

Months later, Greg was invited to a small gathering in Paris, and everyone was amazed when he showed up with Veronica instead of his wife who was at that time also in Paris.

It seems that Greg and Greta had engaged in a serious spat, that dishes had gone flying all over their place, and that Greg was seeking his feminine companionship elsewhere. Shortly after this squabble, Greta took her three sons and sailed for home on the *Ile de France*. Greg saw them off. As soon as he was footloose and fancy-free, reporters approached him.

"Okay," one of them said, "tell us the truth. Are you and Mrs. Peck separated because of your interest in Hildegard Neff and Veronica Passanie?"

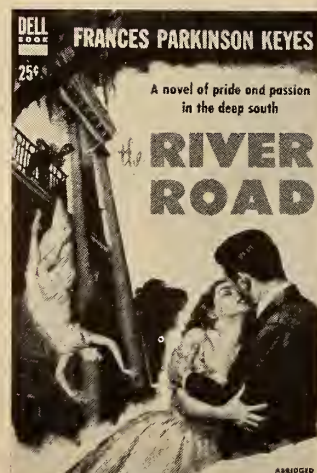
Peck said, "Sure, we're separated, but only by the ocean. Mrs. Peck went back to California to put the boys in school."

"How about you and Hildegard Neff?"

"That's just nonsense. I met her in Lon-

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don at premiere of *Snows* (of Kilimanjaro) and I haven't seen her since."

"But you won't deny seeing Veronica Passanie?"

Peck said, "Sure, I know her. I've seen her in Paris. But there's nothing serious to it. Never was."

"Is there any truth to the story that Mrs. Peck plans to return to Europe in July or August?"

"I don't know about that yet."

IN Hollywood, Mrs. Peck says, "I don't think I'll be able to meet up with Greg this summer. After all, the boys and I haven't been back too long, and we have to get readjusted. But we hear from Greg all the time. The boys write him—of course, they miss him a good deal. He used to take them down to the beach and go for long walks with him. He's always been a wonderful father."

When Greta Peck returned to California from Europe, she took off for Las Vegas, and immediately a rumor was circulated that she was going to sue for divorce.

"I never had any such intention," she says. "I went to Las Vegas because I'd never been there before, and one of Greg's old friends, Ken Tobey, was going there with his wife. I think to attend somebody's wedding. That's right. Elmer Schneider, a business manager, was getting married and we just went along."

"Everyone said I was getting a divorce. I can tell you that such a thought is farthest from my mind. I hear a million stories about Greg in Europe. If I believe everything I hear, I'll go crazy."

"Greg's going to stay over there until this winter. His father and brother will probably go over to join him. Undoubtedly his name is going to be coupled with the names of some beautiful women. But he's a grown-up man. He's the father of three children, and he knows how to take care of himself."

"I realize that it's very hard being a famous movie star, working in Europe away from your wife and family. There are many temptations. A lot of young girls throw themselves at an actor. Not only in Europe but in this country as well. A man has got to practise self-control or he can wind up in a lot of trouble. The newspapers are ready to pounce on anything."

"If Gregory Peck and his wife are getting along very well, that's no news. But if we've had an argument or two, that's news. I'm not saying that we haven't had any quarrels. That's ridiculous. In ten years of marriage, all couples have disputes. There are quarrels about a lot of things. But we have three children and ten years behind us and I wouldn't ruin all that with a divorce."

THE Pecks were married almost 11 years ago on October 4, 1942 at Christ's Church in New York City; and like many young theatrical couples they were very poor. Greta worked as Katharine Cornell's hairdresser, and Greg played in a series of plays each of which ran no more than two or three weeks.

They lived in an old brownstone on East 40th Street between Lexington and Third Avenues. "It was a small three-room apartment, and I think we paid \$14 rent each week."

The Pecks didn't have enough money for a honeymoon until Greg got a lucky break and came out to RKO to test for *Days Of Glory*. A very wonderful man named Charley Koerner was running RKO at the time—that was in 1943—and when he learned that Greg and Greta had never enjoyed a honeymoon, he gave Greg a check for \$5,000 and said, "That's one thing every young married couple should have."

Greg took his bride and went to Phoenix

and had a honeymoon at the Camelback Inn and then came back to New York where he moved Greta into the Town House on 38th Street, rent \$85 a month.

It was there that Greg and Greta really got to know and respect each other, to learn about their individual quirks and idiosyncrasies, and to understand them.

No matter what European temptations beset her husband, Greta Peck is sure that Greg will never jeopardize his home. He's always wanted one too much.

He was only three when his own parents separated, and he spent his youth shuttling from grandmother to father to mother to St. John's Military Academy to the University of San Diego, and finally

**Here's a casting switch. In U-I's *Sioux Uprising*, Jeff Chandler plays a white man instead of the usual Indian!**

*Sidney Skolsky in  
Hollywood Is My Beat*

to the University of California at Berkeley.

When finally he did strike it fairly rich in Hollywood, his first move was to rent a house, not an apartment, on Sunset Plaza Drive. Then very quickly, Greg bought a larger house on Mulholland Drive overlooking the city. "I've always liked a place," he explains, "where I can put down roots."

When the children began arriving, the Mulholland house was too small. "So we bought another one out near Pacific Palisades. That's where we live now, and that's where our children are very happy. Except," Greta Peck adds, "they miss their father. And I miss him, too. But let's face it, he's an actor, and he's got a job to do, and he wants to do it under the most advantageous conditions."

"His agent, that's MCA, you know, they've been great. They advised him on this 18-month tour, and they keep getting him all these offers. As you probably know when we first came out here, Greg wasn't making very much money. When he did begin earning something substantial, he was paying as much as 80% in taxes."

"In going to work overseas he's thinking of his family's future welfare, and I don't think anyone can blame him for that."

In London, Peck is trying to live down all those stories coupling him with Hildergard Neff, the beautiful German actress who, during the war, traded her last blouse for a loaf of bread. He is trying to soft-pedal rumors linking him to Veronica Passanie, *la jeune journaliste*, by attending strictly to business.

He's been told his reputation among movie-fans is much too good to endanger, that he's worked too hard and too long to foul up his career, and as a result he's determined to lead a circumspect existence although it certainly won't be a monastic one, for Greg has always liked the girls; and he's not going to deprive himself of feminine companionship completely.

For example, on his way to Cannes to attend the last days of the Film Festival, he stopped off in Paris to see Veronica Passanie, although the French press said, without naming names, that "Gregory Peck left Paris where he was held by an affair with a young *journaliste* to go to Cannes."

BETWEEN now and December when he returns to California, you may still hear about Greg and Veronica or Greg and some other European beauty, but it won't be anything too serious.

Eldred Gregory Peck has learned his lesson. He is promising nothing but good company, and from here on in, he's playing it very safe.

"A divorce," he says, "is the last thing in the world I want." And he means it. **END**

# I'm going away!

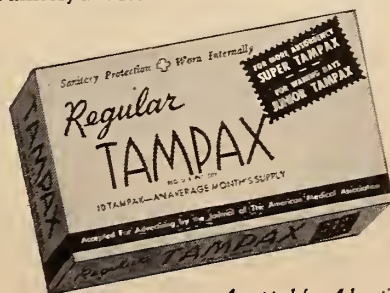
I'm going to enjoy every minute of my stay—not let a thing interfere with my vacation. And of course I'm taking Tampax along!



That's the best resolution a girl ever made. Whether you have a whole month or two weeks with pay, you owe it to yourself to be in on everything—from beach parties to dancing under the stars. And you'll owe your freedom from a great deal of discomfort and embarrassment (on "those days") to Tampax monthly sanitary protection.

For discreet Tampax is worn internally—doesn't even "show" under a bathing suit. Comfortable Tampax does away with warm external pads, positively cannot cause chafing or irritation. Dainty Tampax prevents odor from forming; that's so important in warm weather. And tiny Tampax is easy to dispose of—even with the unruly plumbing that sometimes exists at vacation resorts.

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Family size, 50¢

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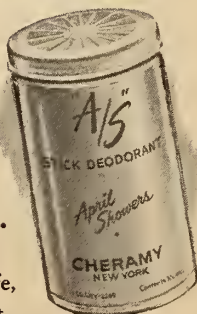
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by **CHERAMY**  
PERFUMER

"It's that mysterious thing called *technique* that turns the trick," says Mitzi Gaynor. Here Hollywood's hottest date-bait tells her secret of attracting and holding a man.

## Take my word for it

by MITZI GAYNOR, star columnist for August



Friends are for fun, not advice.



Gently does it with man or beast.



Keep an eye on your guy at all times.



I'm a flirt and don't care who knows it.

**TO ATTRACT A MAN IS ONE THING**, but then comes the important part of a girl's life—the how, when and whether of holding him.

Every girl has her successes, every girl her failures. Out of this, in the exchange of knowledge and experience, is evolved *technique*. In this spirit, and this spirit only, I offer what I know and think.

**I TACKLE THE PROBLEM** of holding a man (or not holding him) from the first instant I am aware of him. If I am at a party and a man makes it his business to meet me (and provided I like him), what goes on in my head is something like this:

What was I doing, what was I saying, the first moment he saw me? What angle did I present to him? Did he see me from the side, the back, the front. Was he busy with someone else when he saw me or wasn't he doing anything anyway?

Maybe I realize that when he first saw me I was in an unusually gay mood and he may have the impression that I am just a mad lighthead. Since I like him I want to correct that idea. Life is not just for laughs as far as I am concerned. I try to let him know.

Maybe I am wearing a dress of a certain color and I feel he was attracted by it. Mister, if we keep knowing each other you are going to see a lot of that color. I'll remember. That's a girl's business.

Maybe, on the other hand, I caught him turning his head to look at me when I happened to mention the name of someone important (I hate name drop-pers so much that I hate myself when I happen to mention anyone who comes under that category). So. That's something to keep in mind. It may not be me he is interested in... but the fact that I know somebody he wants to be interested in him. Well, he can find some other way.

**WHAT IS THERE ABOUT HIM THAT I LIKE?** Is he making sense with his talk, casual, interesting talk, or is he just talking... maybe trying to impress me? What about me? Am I making sense in my talk, et cetera? Does he stack up like a double A date, the one I'd like to dress up for and go out on a Saturday or Sunday evening? Or is he just someone I'd like to go to the beach with, maybe a cocktail party, say... but not the all-out boy friend.

The fellow any girl is looking for, of course, is the all-around date, the one you would have fun with going anywhere, doing everything or even doing nothing... just being with him. Until a girl finds such a person she is never completely happy with any man.

Is he that one? How do you judge? By a feeling you get, of course. But there can be more. By





looking and listening and thinking, by being receptive you have a chance to find out about him. And that's where *technique* comes in. You can chase off the right man, you can attract the wrong man, by not handling yourself right.

**THERE WAS A TIME I'D BE SO NERVOUS** meeting a new man I'd make the same mistake a lot of girls do, talk too much, and drive him away . . . or at least so drown him in my prattle that he never got a chance to give a picture of himself. I learned to listen . . . to listen for clues about the fellow . . . his interests and ambitions.

I remember admiring a man at a party and then learning that he was a doctor. I thought to myself that we would probably have little in common. Then he came over and I let him talk. Pretty soon he was saying something intelligent about the ballet, something he couldn't very well say unless he liked the ballet. "Ah!" I thought to myself. "If he likes the ballet then he likes music. If he likes ballet and music it is even possible that he might like me . . . and certainly it is possible that we have a common meeting ground for our interests. . . So, you are not entirely pharmaceutical (or medicinal or whatever it is) my handsome medic!"

That overtalking when you meet someone new can be fierce! By the time you separate often neither remembers names or anything said. Maybe you could have had a nice friendship but you goofed it.

**I TRY HARD NOT TO JUDGE A MAN** by what one or two people may say about him. I have learned that the opinion of the few is not reliable; the opinion of the many may not always be right, for that matter. A man who is strongly individual may often be secretly resented by many of his friends, and they will unconsciously (and sometimes deliberately) reveal this feeling by their remarks and attitude when his name is brought up. What they don't like, however, is exactly what you might like! A strong individual, unless he is hopelessly eccentric, is someone a girl could cotton to and be very happy with: Of course, *being* individual and just trying to play the part are two different things. One is somebody, the other is a fake. You have to use your judgment like anything!

**THE WORST MISTAKE A GIRL CAN MAKE** is to play at being something other than she is. What's the point of putting on the Grand  
(Continued on page 86)



You can look far lovelier . . . have more beautiful eyes. It's ever so simple! Dramatize your lashes with Maybelline Mascara—they'll not only look longer and darker . . . but your eyes will appear larger, lovelier. And for graceful expressive brows . . . just a touch of soft Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Give *your* eyes romantic beauty with



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# Take my word for it

continued from page 85

Look, the over-emphasized manner, *unless* you never want to see the fellow you are meeting again. Because, you can't keep it up, you know. Sooner or later you are going to revert to your usual self . . . and then, flooeey! Where he might have accepted you, and liked you, for what you really are, it's not so easy to watch you sink from something higher to your real level. He might still like you . . . but with a sense of loss always between you.

There is a little piece of advice I try never to forget when I meet someone new whom I like: "Don't sell yourself!" You're not a car! You don't have to demonstrate all your good points in one grand demonstration. The idea is not to make him go home and add you up! He's not looking for an article. He's looking for a relationship which he feels can develop and grow with time. A pleasant impression, something he may not even be able to define, is the perfect start.

**THE IDEAL STATE OF AFFAIRS IN LOVE** as far as women are concerned, would come about if men were more interested in women than women are in men. Unfortunately the reverse of this is true. That's just the way it is, that's all. This means that the girl must do most of the thinking in any romance. By your beauty and personality you have attracted him, but so help me, and no matter how beautiful you are, it's by your thinking that you are going to hold him *in the long run*. Let me prove it: If only beauty counted the relationship would never grow much past what it amounts to the first time because the strongest impression beauty makes is usually the first one. Beauties don't become more beautiful; they can look more beautiful if, fortunately, the beauty has been enhanced by other attractive qualities stemming from character and acquired knowledge. A girl can grow and grow in a man's heart by what she does and how she does it; seldom by the fact that she looks as beautiful today as yesterday.

**A GIRL WANTED TO INTRODUCE HER NEW BOY FRIEND** to her own crowd. She planned a party at her house. And she used her head. She had him come a half hour before any of the others were due. In this way he didn't have to brace the whole bunch of them at one time by walking in when the others were there. Meeting a roomful of people, all of whom know each other but none of whom know you, can be a bit of an ordeal. He was very grateful for this. He thought his girl had brains and a fine social sense. These are qualities a man would appreciate in a wife. It didn't hurt her a bit. (Incidentally, if a man were planning to introduce his new girl to friends might it not be better to do the reverse? Let her come when everyone else is assembled so she could be the queen bee and make a grand entrance? Shows you how complicated these things can be.)

Another girl I know liked a boy very much but she didn't like the way he dressed. Being intelligent she never revealed her feeling. Instead she complimented him every time he happened to wear something that was in good taste. Since he liked her he liked her praise. Without knowing it he tried for more. There was only one way to do this . . . by experimenting with his clothes. Gradually, he learned what would bring a pleased look to her eyes and what wouldn't.

**TO THINK A LOT ABOUT YOUR ROMANCE** with someone does not mean to be so concerned about it as to let it become unbalanced. It seems to me that a lot of girls I know have a two-cycle phase to all their affairs; 1) They go round and round madly in love, 2) they go round and round horribly miserable because (they think) it just hasn't gone well. Actually, they, the girls, have pulled the solid underpinning away from under themselves by being too nervous about it all.

One big mistake a girl can make is to be a good sport. Men take good sports on casual dates, call them up at short notice, kid around with them—but never marry them! How do you become a good sport? By letting things ride, by being afraid to cause a fuss when he has committed a fault or is otherwise guilty of failing to maintain his end of the relationship properly. If you have gone with him to a gathering of his friends and he soon deserts you while he takes up old issues with this one or that one . . . that's the time to call him on it right away. What's the use of overlooking this sort of careless attitude to you? Is the possibility of a break-up worse than the probability of a lifetime of being left alone? A major change of attitude is required here if you are ever going to be happy and you had better find out right away if he is capable of making this change.

**A MAN SHOULD NOT BE A BRAGGART.** If he is he is deliberately misrepresenting himself in an important matter . . . a friendship that might develop into a lifelong association. A girl is always conscious of a man's potential; will he have character, will he have strength, will he make a place for her in the world? She is conscious of it because there is an important role she must play, as a wife and a mother, and she will need strong support. Can he give it? Not if he's a liar about himself. Not if he is so indulgent about his mistakes that he laughs them off and expects her to do the same. Not if he is so self-centered that he rarely can see her point of view.

**HOW DO YOU FIND OUT** these big things about a fellow? By carefully noticing and adding up the little things.

If he really likes you he'll be interested in what you like. If you find yourself keeping many things to yourself that ordinarily you would talk about—it's time to start wondering how long you can keep it up. If you find yourself going again and again to places which absolutely have no appeal to you, and he hasn't even once gotten the thought that this might be the case . . . how close is he to you, how close can he ever be?

**I DON'T MEAN THAT A GIRL SHOULD BE CRASSLY INDEPENDENT** I do mean that she should be thoughtfully analytical . . . not only of her feelings, which can lead you God forbid where . . . but of the facts. She should stand aside and look at herself and him as two other people. What would you think of your romance if your friend was in your place? Would you see things about yourself that you don't see now?

A wise man once said that lovers lie to each other . . . but not as much as they lie to themselves.

Is true, no?

*Mizi Gaynor*

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## the price of fame

(Continued from page 36) his salary has doubled itself several times.

Asked if, in his opinion, he has gone Hollywood, Tony gestures wildly. "Gone Hollywood? I don't know what it means. I really don't. I guess a few people here go off their rockers, but everybody we know is a down-to-earth guy who'd rather go to a picnic than a premiere. I don't say they'd rather go back to being poor—that'd be crazy—but they lead sensible lives within their incomes and they don't think they're better than the next guy. What's with this going Hollywood routine?"

He violently defends the slightest peck at Hollywood's collective reputation, and his loyalty is both commendable and understandable. The town and its industry have given him things he never dreamed of having, and to slander it in any respect has never entered his mind.

WHEN he first arrived in Hollywood four years ago he wasn't exactly a naive kid. He had lived a tough life and he had spent two war years on a submarine. He had no notions about the streets of Hollywood being paved with gold. He viewed the town as a dream world where success might possibly come to him, but he came humbly, knowing that his own talent was only a drop in a city that was a sea of talent. He knew that there is no equivalent, in real life, of the Good Ship Lollypop.

Nobody paid any attention to him at first. He was just another cog in the big wheel. The people he was meeting were always going places but they never asked Tony to go along. The first sign of his acceptance came when they began nibbling him. Would he go to the prop department and get the left-handed baseball? Had he drunk any water from the Old Iron spring on the back lot? Tony hadn't been born yesterday. He'd known all these gags from his boyhood, but he went along with them to please the gagsters. He figured it was a small enough price to pay for their friendship. He found his closest friends in Frankie Van, who runs the studio's gymnasium, and a couple of people in the publicity department.

He was content with this life. He wanted to better his career, of course, but the fact that he wasn't invited to the swank parties or asked to hobnob with the big shots didn't bother him in the least.

And then it began to happen. The pictures in which he'd appeared (most of them gave him no more than a few lines of dialogue) were seen by moviegoers, and the fan mail began flooding the studio. The executives soon knew that Tony's flash popularity required his being given a leading role, and fast. They rushed through the script of *The Prince Who Was A Thief* and put him in the title role. Even before the picture began shooting, things began to change. People who hadn't bothered to smile at him before now gave him a big hello and soon were including him in their social lives. Tony had lived too long and too thoroughly not to know that the new attitude was because he was slated for the big time.

TONY's name landed on the list used for the elegant Hollywood parties. "Go to them," said some, "it's good business." And others said, "Don't get mixed up in that rat race. When you start climbing around on the social ladder it's a cinch you'll be accused of going Hollywood."

When he married Janet Leigh the flint-tongued in town said it was a marriage of convenience for Tony because of the fact that Janet's more established career would help his own to climb faster and

farther. When he took a suspension at his studio in order to go away on a trip with Janet, he was accused of growing too big for his boots. Every time he asked for a raise, they said his ego was inflated.

His agent criticized his clothes. He shouldn't wear slacks and sweaters, he shouldn't wear those sharp clothes from New York, he shouldn't buy suits with those wide lapels. To emphasize the point, the agent took an armful of Tony's clothes and gave them away.

Why, people wanted to know, didn't he lose that Bronx accent? Why couldn't he speak English, like other actors?

Did he always have to let his hair flop over his forehead? He must be going Hollywood. That careless lock of hair was the mark of the affected actor.

People he had never seen before approached him and invited him to parties. "I'm a friend of Joe's. You remember Joe. I'm giving a little soiree Saturday night and I'd appreciate it if you'd be there at eight."

Why didn't he buy himself a Cadillac? Every successful movie star has a Cadillac. Why did they live in that little one-bedroom apartment? And then when they moved to the penthouse, do they have to have a penthouse? Why didn't they have a baby? Were they so tied up with Hollywood and their careers that they didn't want children?

"Don't let all this go to your head," he was told by veterans. "Just because 2,000 girls scream when you come out on a stage—well, don't let it go to your head, that's all."

People said they were tired of seeing Tony's picture in magazines, that every time they opened one, there was his picture looking out at them. He must be publicity crazy, they said.

A GI wrote from Korea. "You great American dream, you. How would you like to switch places with me? I sleep every night in a space six by six and eat out of a tin can."

He went into a restaurant, and the people at the adjoining table nudged each other. "Look, he eats—just like everybody else."

He said he didn't like a certain actress. "You shouldn't say that," they told him. "Five years from now you might be broke and you'll be glad to get on your knees and ask her to help you."

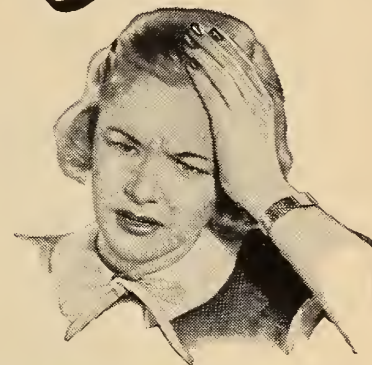
When he was on a stage he was taunted by hecklers. They were always men, reacting negatively to his good looks. He appeared in a newsreel in connection with a charity function, wearing a tuxedo with a string tie, and the hair falling over his forehead, and an all-male groan went up from the audience.

WHILE the cloying compliments and jealous criticisms were building up to such pressure, Tony was working harder than he ever had in his life. He was in one picture after another for which he had to learn to box, to fence, and to perform the magic tricks of Houdini. He was in the first year of his marriage, a time when anyone needs peace of mind for the necessary adjustment, and for long weeks he was tormented by his father's serious illness. These things were important, so important that things said to his face or behind his back made little impression other than a sense of tingling annoyance. But every time he paused to take a breath, the flood came pushing in at him.

How has Tony reacted to it all?

To the criticism of his marriage, his suspension and his requests for more money, he reacted by vowing to break a few noses around town. It was then he had his first lesson in controlling his temper. He was told, and had to admit it was

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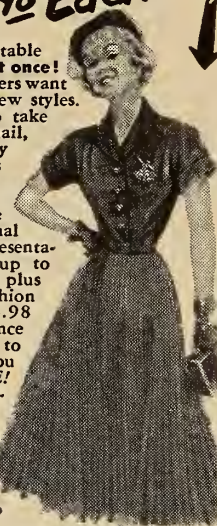
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CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

true, that every Hollywood star must learn to let these things run themselves out. If every maligned star acted on his impulses, there wouldn't be a straight nose in town. Tony didn't cease being angry; he was furious and rightly so, but he learned the first price of fame in this day and age. A name in the news cannot risk a brawl and the resultant bad publicity in order to defend his honor.

He went only to the parties he wanted to attend. These were given by his and Janet's friends, of whom they have many, and despite outside pressure to attend social affairs, Tony steered away from them.

As for his clothes, he had trouble learning about them. He'd been used to styles that tended toward the zoot suit, and it was difficult for him to tone down his taste. By now he has learned the value of the dark suit and conservative tie, but once in a while something snaps and he buys an article that according to Wall Street and Sunset Boulevard is all wrong. For the first time in his life he has enough money for gimmicks and his natural exuberance makes him want to dabble in fads. The string tie with the tux was one of these things. If Tony had been there in the theater when the audience groaned he would have been hurt.

Concerning his hair—with the exception of his Navy days when it was shorn to a crew cut, Tony has always worn it rather long and it has always, as snapshots will prove, flopped over his forehead.

The criticism of his accent at first bewildered Tony and now amuses him, for by this time he knows the answer. He is censured because his speech retains the twang of the Bronx, yet he knows full well that should he make a studied effort to deliver Oxford English wrapped in pear-shaped tones, he would be the butt of even more criticism.

HE learned to ignore remarks concerning his finances. He didn't buy himself a Cadillac because (a) the Buick was a perfectly good car and (b) he couldn't afford a more expensive automobile. For the same reason, they lived for a year in a small apartment. Like every young couple they hope for a home of their own, but instead of following the Hollywood pattern wherein newly made stars buy homes beyond their income before the ink is dry on their contracts, Tony and Janet lived in crowded quarters in order to save for the home they want. They moved to the penthouse simply because they needed a bigger place. They didn't look for a penthouse; the apartment they liked just happened to be one.

They do want children but they are both young, and wise enough to plan their family in a manner that, when the children do come, they will have a more normal life. Both Tony and Janet are at the beginning of their careers, and as is usual in Hollywood, this is the period when they are working the most steadily. If there were a baby at home now they would seldom see it, but if their respective careers follow the established line, two years should find them working in fewer pictures.

When Tony was cautioned against conceit because of the adulation showered on him, he shrugged. "If two people like me, that makes me happy. That's all I need. If 2,000 people like me, that's very nice, but the difference between two and two thousand doesn't affect me at all."

The hecklers are always there, but they don't bother him. He knows that anybody in the public spotlight has to contend with them, whether he be the head of the Plumbers' Union or the President of the United States. A few of these hecklers

got close to Tony, and seeing that he is extremely capable of handling his fists, backed down. To some of them he has said, "You look like a nice guy. Why do you want a fight?" And the resentment has left them like air from a pricked balloon.

Somebody once consoled Tony concerning the brickbats by telling him, "Nobody shoots at dead eagles." And so when people go out of their way to be rude, when people in public bump into him on purpose (one girl did this deliberately, twice, at the time Tony was on crutches because of his fractured ankle), he knows it is only because they are envious of him for one or many reasons.

None of the slaps have made him quite so angry as the letter from Korea. "Sure,

**Don Taylor's Santa Monica home has bathrooms papered with movie scripts that Don has done.**

I'm sorry he's there, but it's no reason to single me out as a guy who's sleeping comfortably in a feather bed. I did my stint, and I'd have been happy to have a room six by six. When I was in, I slept on a torpedo. I wanted in the worst way to write that guy. I wanted to tell him that I'd have switched places with him when I was in and he was back here doing his geography homework. But you can't do that to a guy who's over there now. I wish I could tell him face to face after he gets out."

TONY's honesty is one thing he will not surrender to his career. When he was told he shouldn't speak of his dislike for a particular actress he said, "Why not? Am I a block of wood? Am I a blessed angel? Everybody in this world dislikes at least one person, and I'd be a hypocrite if I said I didn't."

The comments that he is over-publicized are a perfect example of the fact that no matter which way a star faces, he is pelted by criticism. When actors refuse interviews and photographs they are roundly scolded by the press, yet when they cooperate to the fullest, as have both Tony and Janet, they are told they are too obsessed by publicity. Tony's attitude can best be explained by his honest statement to a Paramount publicist when he went to that studio to make *Houdini*. "Whenever you want me for anything, call me up. Day or night, Sundays or holidays. I know I didn't get where I am through my acting, because I haven't had that many pictures. I owe it all to the press. They started me off and by now they've put me in a spot where I have a chance to prove I'm an actor."

Needless to say, he is a favorite of the press, who have always found him courteous and helpful. When he and Janet were presented last December with the Golden Apple award for cooperation by the Hollywood Women's Press Club he said simply, "You shouldn't thank me. It's my place to thank you."

TONY's career has brought him great happiness, including a sound and wonderful marriage with Janet and a star on his dressing room door. The temptations and taunts have served only to make him, outwardly, a little more subdued than he used to be, but inside he is still the same effervescent boy who wants to play with the world. He has done what people wanted him to do; he has kept his head. And he proves this when he says, and means it, "I love the acting game and I love Hollywood, but if it ever starts making me unhappy, I'll pack my toothbrush and take off. I can always do something else for a living."

END



# HOLLYWOOD ABROAD

continued from page 78

on the false stuff." One of Taylor's European girlfriends, the dancer Ludmilla Tcherina, has been signed by Universal, which means that Ursula Thiess is going to have some competition when Bob returns, probably in September.

**ANNE BAXTER** touring Europe after her breakup with John Hodiak, hasn't had the European men laying siege to her affections. At Cannes one young actor explained that, "your Miss Baxter is too mental for Frenchmen. She gives me the feeling that she wears brass knuckles on her tongue." It is also true that Anne isn't fantastically wealthy. She's in Munich now making *Carnival* with Steve Cochran.

**JEANNE CRAIN**'s salary would have jumped to \$5,000 a week had 20th Century picked up her final option. Jeanne asked for out so that she could go to England to star in *Gentlemen Marry Brunettes*. The film is scheduled to get underway on July 15th in London with Jeanne receiving \$65,000 in cash, \$25,000 in escrow and \$5,000 for European expenses.

**ERROL FLYNN** now that Patrice Wymore is expecting, will have the dubious distinction of having fathered four children by three different wives. In Italy with a dozen other Hollywood stars, Flynn says that he is preparing his fourth made-in-Italy film, *William Tell*. Back in Hollywood, Nora Haymes, the actor's second wife, claims Errol is delinquent in his support payments. His first wife Lili Damita, who has never remarried, claimed the same thing.

**GENE TIERNEY** who sent her mother back to the U.S. so that she could spend more time with Aly Khan, recently spent three weeks at Aly's Irish farm in County Kildare. Gene and Aly are inseparable all over Europe. A wedding announcement should be forthcoming very soon. If not, friends say, Gene will be the most disappointed young woman in Europe.

**FRANCHOT TONE** is having an extremely tough time trying to collect \$65,666 on an insurance policy from Lloyd's of London. Tone claims the company owes him that sum for accident injuries suffered in his 1951 fight with Tom Neal over the affections of Barbara Payton. Lloyd's, on the other hand, alleges that Tone was in "a state of intoxication at the time," and not only provoked the fight but exposed himself to "deliberate and exceptional danger" in circumstances barred by the disputed insurance policy.

**SONJA HENIE** a money-wise woman if ever there was one, is touring Europe with what she calls her Coronation Ice Revue. Sonja, who is worth a minimum of \$4,000,000, travels with her husband Winthrop Gardner, a wardrobe mistress, a secretary, a hair stylist, and her own cook. Only member of this entourage who encounters any trouble is the cook. Seems that the hotel chefs on the Continent resent him. Sanja who was faced with a \$5,000,000 suit when the grandstand collapsed in Baltimore at her ice show, has won the case. "If I had lost," she says, "I would've been broke, flat broke."



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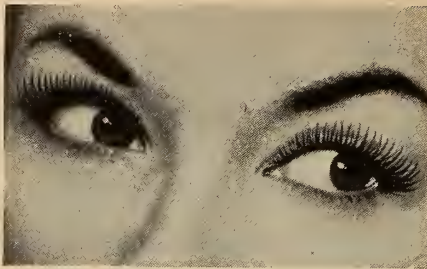
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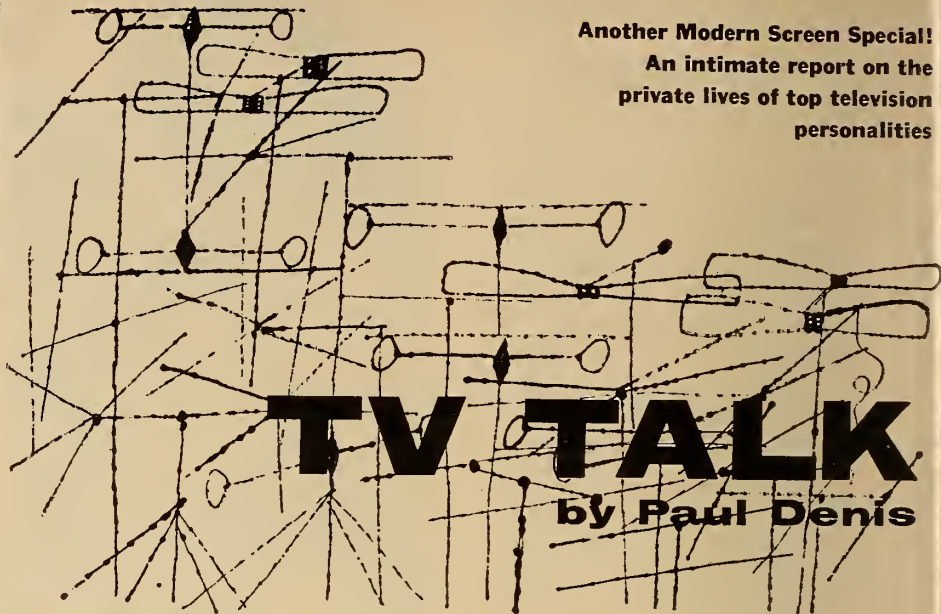
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**MOTHER GOES ALONG:** Toni Arden, who's 23 and has been on the road since 16, confesses she's never been away from home one night without her mother going along. "Mother feels a girl on the way up needs protection," says Toni, who's also a Columbia recording star. "I love to have Mother with me. She's a great comfort to me. She's been with me every day of my show-business life, including one-night tours, and you know how tiring they are. Her only interest in life is that I should be happy. But she doesn't want to be a typical stage mother, so she stays in the background. She doesn't like to be photographed for publicity pictures. She avoids the limelight. And if I ever meet somebody nice and want to go out, she encourages me. She tells me to get married when I feel it's right." So far, Toni's been too busy singing to settle down.

**BEHIND THE OPERATION:** Behind Arthur Godfrey's decision to submit to surgery, to repair two jagged hip bones, is the hope he'll be able to stand without pain. And, almost as important, is his eagerness to eliminate the wobble in his walk—a cause for much scurrilous talk for years.

"A lot of people thought I was half crooked," Godfrey says. "My hip wouldn't allow me to mount a horse properly. Once, at a horse show, after I was helped up, the word spread all over town that I had been too drunk to get on alone."

Arranging for the operation became almost a high state secret. Godfrey rested for a week in Virginia, but not at his farm—because that was being watched by fans and reporters.



When he checked in at the Boston hospital, a special guard system was set up to protect him from too-eager fans. Before the operation, Godfrey had received more than 20,000 messages of good cheer, and newspapers ran editorials and cartoons lauding him. The hospital was flooded with mail and tourists, much to the delight and amazement of the hospital's publicity woman. Other hospitals tried frantically to persuade Godfrey to change his plans and use their facilities. Newspapers demanded exclusive bedside interviews, and harassed hospital officials.

In New York, CBS revamped its publicity setup on Godfrey. Walter Murphy, Godfrey's press agent the past few years, was dropped and Mel Spiegel brought in. Spiegel hopes to persuade Godfrey to be at least occasionally available for press interviews.

**GLEASON'S HIDEAWAY:** With two cars in the garage (one from Frank Sinatra and one from his TV staff), Jackie Gleason decided to do something about it: so he took driving lessons and got his license. Now he drives out to his rented mansion in suburban Sands Point, L. I., almost nightly. "I'm getting sleep for the first time in 20 years," he explains. He wanted to put in a lot of swimming, but discovered that the water's polluted. So he's buying a boat.



The year before, he rented a house in Stony Brook. "But, by the time you walked out beyond the rocks, you were too far out to throw back your sneakers." Jackie's also planning to get in some golfing, now that his Sands Point house is only a couple blocks from golfer Perry Como's house.

**EDDIE'S TANK:** When Eddie Fisher returned to civilian life, at the New York Paramount Theater, the dressing room windows were closed tight, and an oxygen tank supplied fresh air. The reason was that Eddie suffered from a bronchial infection he picked up in a London fog, while still in the Army. A couple of weeks later, Eddie did collapse from overwork, but recovered in time to make his London Palladium booking, as scheduled. Incidentally, Eddie's publicity staff is playing down the romance angle on the theory that



**Eddie was in the Army two years and couldn't very well have had time for dates with starlets.**

**HERB'S MANY MOTORS:** Herb Shriner, a hot rod and foreign-car bug, is commercializing on his hobby. He's run two big motor sports shows in New York, and managed not to lose money. Right now, Herb has cut down on his motor toys. He owns only a Phantom Corsair (\$8,000, custom-made); a custom-built 1934 Packard sport car; and his baby car, a Play-boy roadster. He also has a 30-foot sloop, anchored at Port Washington, L. I. And, oh yes, he still owns a custom-built landcruiser, a small home-on-wheels and not a trailer. This car, renamed the Safari, is being manufactured, at \$6,000 each.

**DINAH'S NOT-SO-SECRET SECRET:** Dinah Shore and George Montgomery visited New York for the first time in a year and a half. They saw a lot of shows, and insisted, "We didn't see one bad one." Dinah went to Washington to sing before President Eisenhower. George is still chuckling over the way Dinah was tricked into appearing on *This Is Your Life*, believing she was to work with Eddie Cantor. "I knew about it for four weeks," George says. "She, in turn, thought she was keeping from me the fact she was going to guest on Cantor's show."

**BETTE SAID NO:** Ed Sullivan tells how he visited Bette Davis backstage to persuade her to do her Tallulah satire on his CBS-TV show, for a \$10,000 fee. She agreed, and then phoned him the next day to say: "Don't argue with me, but I can't do the Tallulah number. I don't think enough people know who she is." Sullivan protested, and Bette replied: "As for the \$10,000, forget it. I can't do it." Sullivan says, "The greatest person who's ever appeared on my TV show since I started it, is Helen Hayes."

**WHITE-HAIRED NEIL:** For a long time, Neil Hamilton used to leave Hollywood Screen Test rehearsals to hurry off to the Royalton Barber Shop every week. Finally, writer Alton Alexander asked, "Do you get a hair cut every week?" Hamilton explained, "No. But my hair's white, and I have to touch it up every week." Hamilton no longer goes to the barber's weekly. Apparently, he's learned to touch up his hair by himself.

**NO ROMANCE FOR JONI:** Joni James, whose career is zooming, complains she hasn't had a day off since September. A girl who's always had a lot of beaux, she has decided to concentrate on her career. "I've dated one boy for a long time, and I'm very fond of him," she says, "but I wouldn't know what to do with a husband and a career at this point."

**BETTY'S DAUGHTER:** Betty Furness' 13-year-old daughter, Barbara, wants to go into show business. She's going to camp this summer and studying dramatics. In a year or two, she'll become an apprentice in summer stock, with Mamma's approval. Betty thinks summer stock is perfect for Barbara: "A year or two of apprentice work is really good. If you have any real interest in it, you can watch the actors develop their parts. It's also a lot of fun."

**LA ROSA'S TRIP WEST:** Julius La Rosa plans to take a month off from the Godfrey show this

summer for a slow motor trip to Hollywood and back. "The furthest west I've ever been was Hot Springs, Ark., and that was when I was in the Navy," he says. "I want to see the Grand Canyon, Salt Lake City, the Mojave Desert, and Hollywood. One of my Brooklyn buddies will go with me."

**JANIS CARTER MOVES TO N. Y.:** Janis Carter, after making 36 movies in seven years in Hollywood, has settled down in New York. She's leased the big penthouse apartment formerly occupied by Margaret Sullivan, and says she's making TV her new career. She's been doing the Revlon commercials and guesting on panel shows, displaying a bright, glib, erudite personality. She's living alone, with her 17-month-old miniature dachshund, Liebchen. She insists there's no big romance in her life at the moment—but I don't believe it.

**HERO OF THE SMART SET:** Gabby Hayes and his beard went to the Colony Club for lunch. And, although celebrities are a dime a dozen at the snooty Colony, a dozen mink-coated ladies begged Gabby for his autograph. Gabby says it's the same thing when he goes to the Metropolitan Opera: "I get more requests for autographs than when I'm in a lunch wagon." Gabby's NBC-TV show is such a success, Gabby has settled in New York for good, moving into an apartment in snazzy Sutton Place. His wife, Dorothy, ill much of last winter, is much better.

**NANCY GUILD DOES EVERYTHING:** Nancy Guild, with her husband and daughter Liz, is summing in France. When they return, she will resume her courses at Hunter College, New York. She's going for a B.A. degree, majoring in philosophy and psychology, and says she won't drop her *Where Was I?* show on TV. She says she can raise a family, run a household, pursue a career, finish an education—and still manage to look like 17—"because I like what I'm doing."

**CLARABELLE IS A NEW MAN:** With practically no one knowing it, the clown on Howdy Doody's show, Clarabelle, has been changed. The new one is Bob Nicholson, who once conducted the Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra and who has settled in Larchmont, N. Y., with his wife and two children. Clarabelle was originally an NBC male usher, brought in to keep the kids quiet during the show. Speaking lines would have classified him as an actor and made it necessary to be paid an actor's union salary. So he was kept silent and put in a clown's costume.

**ROMANCE: HOT AND COLD:** Lisa Ferraday and TV furrier Milton C. Herman are going steady . . . Jack and Joan Carter have finally split, and agreed on a settlement . . . Sydney Smith and Perry Como's producer, Lee Cooley, have divorced . . . The Donald Richards marriage ended up in divorce, too . . . Rosemary Clooney and José Ferrer do their romancing in hot jazz joints . . . Sally Forrest returned to Hollywood to sell their home, while husband Milo Frank, CBS executive, is readying their new Sutton Place apartment in New York. Her delay in returning to New York has launched the rumor that the Franks are having a trial separation . . . Milton Berle gave a big diamond brooch to Ruth Cosgrove the day before her birthday, and a surprise party in his home the night of her birthday, May 14. He's been dating her steadily, and exclusively, for months.

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## retreat to paradise

(Continued from page 46) Paul and Jan took out their bankbooks, studied their balance, and made an offer of \$60,000.

MELVYN Douglas accepted, and Paul and Jan moved in.

"I can't tell you how happy we were," Jan says in retrospect, "to get the house. It answers all our needs. I remember when we first started looking for a place. Paul and I both felt that we didn't want to live so far from town that we had to spend two hours every day driving back and forth from work. Also if after dinner we wanted to go into town, well, we didn't want another long trek.

"What we wanted was a place with trees, privacy, and a feeling of country living not too far away from our work."

That these demands were difficult to meet, Paul and Jan learned quickly.

"What you want," one real estate agent told them, "is a country house a couple of miles from Times Square."

It so happens the Douglasses got the California equivalent. One night the phone rang, and Paul lurched for it. After a few minutes he turned to Jan and said, "The Melvyn Douglas house is up for sale."

Jan Sterling reacted like a girl who has just been given a hotfoot.

"I know that house," she said. "I know it well. Melvyn invited me home for dinner one time."

Paul Douglas arched his eyebrows. "Did you say one time?"

"Don't be silly, Paul. We were playing in something called *Three Blind Mice*. It must have been ages ago, and he said, 'Why don't you come up to the house for dinner?' and I said, 'Sure.' And I remember I loved it."

"Loved what?"  
"The house, you goon. Really, Paul, if it's not too expensive or too run down, let's buy it."

"Let's buy it. Just like that, eh? First," said Mr. Paul Douglas, "I'll have to look at it."

The Douglas house looks much larger than it really is. Actually, it boasts only seven rooms, but they sprawl over two levels of terraced hillside.

A three-car garage, a store room with work bench, and what is now Paul's office occupy the first level. From here a brick walk leads to the picturesque front door on the second level.

Inside on the higher level you find a book-lined living room, a spacious dining room, a large kitchen, and four bedrooms.

Soon after they plunked down their hard-earned \$60,000 and moved in, Paul and Jan sensibly decided that they didn't need four bedrooms, so they remodeled one of the smaller ones into a dressing room for Paul who happens to be a most fastidious dresser.

"I was getting pretty tired," Jan says, "of listening to Paul's cracks about how my clothes took up all the closet space. Now he has a whole walk-in closet for himself. People sometimes mistake it for Grand Central."

Another bedroom has been turned into what the Douglasses call "the televising room." Paul used to be a crack sports announcer, so that it's only natural for him to spend much of his spare time in this room watching fights and ball games.

A third bedroom is decorated in shades of pink, and it's set aside for Paul's 10-year-old daughter, Maggie, (child by his third marriage) who comes to visit on weekends and vacations.

Their master bedroom is a large comfortable rectangle with deeply recessed windows and the door leading to swimming pool and brick patio.

"Right here," Paul says, "is where we do most of our living. That's why we've furnished it like a small sitting room. books, paintings, things like that. We eat breakfast on the coffee table and when we're not working, we spend lots of time in this room just gabbing and reading."

Jan's feelings about the bedroom are similarly enthusiastic. "It's a wonderful spot to wake up in," she explains. "It reminds me an awful lot of the rooms I knew when I was a little girl."

JAN Sterling is one "little girl who grew up to be an actress" who had a happy childhood, also money.

From the time she was eight until she was 14, her family lived in the Passy section of Paris, then in the fashionable section of London called Chelsea.

In both of these gracious European homes the rooms had high ceilings, recessed windows, and cozy window seats. Each bedroom offered a fireplace with a beautiful marble mantelpiece, which explains why Jan persuaded her husband into letting her do the bedroom in a modified Victorian décor whereas the remainder of the house is contemporary.

"When Jan wanted to buy some old bibelots," Paul points out, "like these glass-enclosed flowers on the mantel, I balked like a roped steer. Then when she got 'em in the house—well, they're kind of charming, don't you think?"

Paul's contribution to the interior decoration of his favorite room consists of the paintings. Here again, to look at Paul, you wouldn't think it, but for many years he's been an art collector. He owns pictures by Jean Dufy (Raoul's brother) Agna Enters, Bonbois, Edgard, and many others. Several of these artists are friends of his. In fact one of the most valuable of his paintings is a portrait of the actor done by Abe Birnbaum. Abe painted it one evening on a plank of wood using oils from the tubes and a fountain pen.

Douglas also had a hand in selecting colors for the master bedroom. The boys at Toots Shor's may kid him about this, but it was he who went for the buttercup yellow walls, the green rug, blue couch, the coral and pink pillows.

As a matter of fact, one of the most distinguishing features of the Douglas home is that the owners showed courage in colors and open-mindedness in their choice of furnishings.

"When we first bought the house," Douglas recalls, "all Jan and I had in the way of furnishings was books, clothes, paintings, and more books. So we rented the furnishings that came with the house for six months. We thought six months was plenty of time in which to buy furnishings, but then we got busy. We did some pictures, then we flew to Korea to entertain the troops, and before we knew it our six months was up. We went down to W. & J. Sloane's, and it took us all day to buy a double bed and a dining room table. We also had to wait for delivery. I then realized that what we needed was some one who could get into the house and decorate it well and quickly. Some friends of ours recommended Lillian Schary Small. She turned out to be the answer to all our problems."

Mrs. Small is the sister of Dore Schary, head of MGM production and she commands the same competence in her field as her brother does in his. She talked over the decorating ideas the Douglasses had. She made a few suggestions of her own, and within a few weeks, Paul and Jan were well into having a finished home.

THE house has ideal architecture for California living, large windows, doors that open onto gardens and terraces, so the only basic changes Lillian Small sug-



gested were in painting the interior walls. The original color scheme had been a dullish grey. Lillian suggested lively colors. The living room was painted pink and in this rose-tinted shell, an apple-green couch was placed along with orange chairs and a white rug.

Most of the fabrics and furniture throughout the house are modern but among the contemporary pieces, the Douglasses have wisely introduced antiques and imports which add a change of pace to the décor and lends an air of excitement.

One of the imports is a three-panel Japanese screen that Douglas found in Tokyo on the way back from his first Korean junket. The screen is used to camouflage their record unit. Another unusual importation is a tall iron and brass French bread rack. Such racks are still used in French bakeries for cooling and storing long thin loaves of bread. The Douglasses use it for magazines.

The twin alabaster lamps on either side of the living room couch are antique urns that Lillian Small found in a little shop in West Los Angeles and had wired for electricity. The matching armchairs came from an antique shop in Philadelphia. Jan spotted them from a taxi window and made the driver stop. Paul

gave her the money for the purchase and she dashed in and bought them.

The black and gold chairs and table in the dining room are modern copies of Chinese Chippendale. Paul and Jan bought these at Sloane's and then had the seats recovered in bright orange to sustain the color theme of the living room. The furniture is rather ornate so that the rest of the room has purposely been kept simple, a bare plank floor, tailored draperies, and no lighting fixtures except the indirect light in the ceiling.

Paul loves this room because it opens onto the garden and in the garden there's a bullfinch in the olive tree who serenades the Douglasses at dinner each evening.

"It's really a great house to come home to," Paul says with a sigh of contentment, "and we bought it because it was so close to the studios. The only thing is that I've now been asked to work in studios that are located in Rome, Paris, and London."

**R**IGHT now Paul and Jan are living in England where Paul is finishing up a British film entitled *All In The Same Boat*.

"The nice part about making pictures overseas," he says, "is that it makes you appreciate your home, especially the kind of home we've got."

END

## can shelley hold vittorio?

(Continued from page 41) interesting to see his telephone bills to her. I'll make a bet they were under two figures.

I don't want to sound too hard on Vittorio, especially as he did finally return to Hollywood when Metro recalled him to do *Rhapsody* here with Elizabeth Taylor. Also the European attitude towards women isn't the same as ours. When a female over there promises to "Obey," the males take it literally. The tempestuous Shelley, who doesn't know how to obey, has always been a doormat for Vittorio, whom she respects almost to the point of seeming to fear him.

When he was delayed a week, after he'd promised faithfully to be here to get his first look at their daughter—and of course she had screamed the news to everyone—the chagrined Shelley didn't take it out on him. She called Mrs. Charles Vidor and bawled hell out of her, complaining that Charlie was deliberately shooting unnecessary location shots with Vittorio in Italy. After an hour's tirade, Doris slammed the phone in Shelley's ear. Vidor is a good director, but he can't control the weather, and it was rain that delayed the unimpatient father of Shelley's baby.

The handsome Italian is analytical and reserved by nature. Co-actors who worked with him when he made *The Glass Wall* tell me that the reason he didn't come across as a sympathetic person in the picture, is that he's too cold and contained. Never shows any emotion. Maybe that's why he was so excellent as the heavy in *Bitter Rice*. Actually Vittorio hasn't made a good picture yet in this country, although I understand he's great in his own language, and is rated Italy's No. 1 actor.

It's one of those unexplained mysteries why Shelley and Vittorio fell in love with each other in the first place. I've never known two people who seem to have less in common. Opposites are supposed to attract each other, but these two seem so far apart, emotionally and in every day interests, they're not even on the same planet.

You'd think they'd have acting in common. But they're further away on this than anything else. Shelley believes that acting is a cerebral process—that you can only play a role by thinking and believing you are that person. She reads everything there is to know about the character she

has to portray. Vittorio says acting is instinct—that you merely have to learn some technique, then let yourself go.

Vittorio is reticent. Shelley is a noisy exhibitionist. She lets you know everything she's ever done, is doing, or is going to do. But you never know what Vittorio is even thinking.

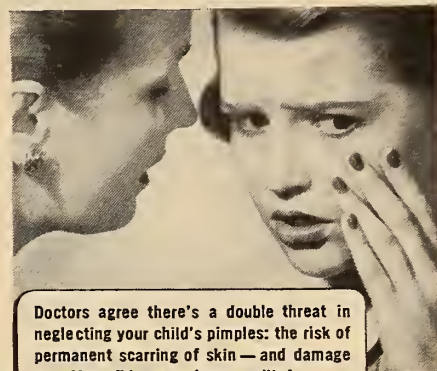
**T**HE baby! I never met a mother who wasn't delighted to be expecting. But we heard every little ache, every little flapping of the stork's wings. We can tell you to a dime how much it cost her. And it's really cute the way Shell always just happens to have 30 or 40 snaps of the baby on her. One thing's for sure, she'll make a wonderful mother. But I never saw a less palpitating papa than Mr. Gassman. Anything he feels for that child, and I have no evidence to prove that he doesn't feel strongly for his daughter, is buried deep behind his unemotional facade.

Take the difference in the way they dress. In the early days after the elopement, she was very concerned about getting him American clothes. But he didn't like them and preferred his tailor in Italy. Apparently he didn't think she dressed so well herself. And I sometimes think it was just as well for their marriage that Vittorio didn't see the weird and un-wonderful ensembles worn by Shelley while she awaited motherhood. I'll never forget one particular get-up—a black velvet tammy at the back of her blonde, untidy hair, black velvet pants—since when have pants been good maternity wear?—and that old, long polo coat. And can you tell me one good reason why a woman who is expecting a baby, should not use lipstick in public? Shelley didn't use a smudge of it.

But now she's improving in the dress department. I understand the black pants, tam, et al., were burned before Vittorio returned. I don't know whether it was love for Vittorio, or her press agent's prodding, but anyway, she went to Don Loper to buy quite a glamorous evening gown, and to Juel Park, the swank lingerie shop in Beverly Hills, to get some sexy underthings for her Gassman's gaze. So, she's trying, and you can bet she'll try harder to hold the man she loves "not wisely, but too well."

Vittorio is the only person who can make Shelley shut up. I'm sure she doesn't mean to scream so much, she just gets carried

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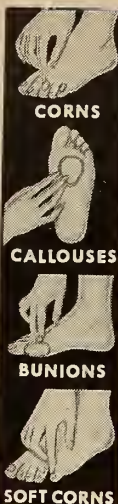
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away with enthusiasm for whatever it is she's selling at the moment. But she embarrasses Vittorio. Like the time she gave the party at Naples, after she had sponsored his stage show at the Circle Theater. She was yelling around, shouting, "Hello," seating people. He just looked at her, said a few words in Italian, and she sat down.

It would have been interesting if Vittorio had been here, a few days before he was due, when Shelley was a twosome with Farley Granger at the Mocambo. I don't know what either of them were trying to prove, but the photographers had a field day. And when a pal across the room shouted to Shelley, "You publicity fiend," she roared with laughter, and hollered, "I can't stay at home." Every few minutes she left to phone the house to make sure the baby was okay. She'd had a couple of dates with her old Farfel in the same week, all of which proves that her "engagement" to Granger was, as some suspected, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

THERE'VE been some extra suspicious people who believe that Vittorio merely used Shelley to promote his career in Hollywood. And while she did give him extraordinary help to get started, he is smart enough to know that his talent could open any studio door, and he isn't the type who would pay the price of marrying a girl he didn't love for favors rendered. He was in love with Shelley, and I hope he still is, for her sake, frankly, more than his, because you can't help liking Shelley and even feeling sorry for her.

The way Shell tells it, it was love at first sight when they met in Italy that time she went to Europe with Farley, when we all assumed they were engaged. She was like a fresh breeze from this wonderful America—blonde, breezy, and with limitless energy in a country that was tired, shabby and very stale after the war. At the first meeting, he told Shelley, "Of course you know I'm going to marry you." He liked her legs, her hair, everything about her. Couldn't understand what she said, but that didn't matter—then.

It matters now, because he hates scenes and Shelley doesn't breathe right unless she's promoting one. Like the time she tossed a glass of milk into his lap at Ciro's, because she thought Zsa Zsa Gabor was flirting with her man—or vice versa. She rushed out in tears, but he took his time to amble after her.

Now that they're together again—as of this writing—in their duplex apartment house on North Oakhurst, Shelley will have to clamp down on her emotions, because it's my guess Vittorio wouldn't stick around long with an hysterical woman.

He's used to associating with some pretty chic chicks in Europe. So Shelley will have to watch herself in the eating department. By super-human will power she reduced to normal screen size before Vittorio came home. But she's the type who tells everyone she's dieting, orders a salad for herself, and eats the potatoes and cheesecake off everyone else's plate. She's the first to call attention to her overweight and the first to scream when we write about it!

Shelley can be a hypochondriac. And so can he. He hated the climate when he first arrived, always complained of feeling ill. They would eat out all the time, so I guess he didn't like Shelley's cooking.

Vittorio likes to feel free. Shelley is terribly possessive. She hates to let him out of her sight, and when he went to Mexico for *Sombrero*, she tagged along, got sick, and she must have been really ill to come back to Hollywood without him. Then she had trouble with her teeth, and her moaning and groaning was heard the length and breadth of Hollywood. She

drives her doctors crazy—thinks nothing of awakening them at 3 A.M. for a headache. From the little I know of Vittorio, she'll have to keep her moans under cover—or he'll take cover.

They'll also have to get together on the type of friends they're going to have. He hasn't liked too many of hers. And she hasn't had a chance to see if she likes his—although she told me that his mother was very charming to her before they were married in Italy. But the charm was very conspicuously absent when they drove to Tiajuana to the bull fights, with tennis pro, Jack Cushingham and his girl. Vittorio didn't speak to anyone for 24 hours, and when the enraged Shelley started to scream at him, Vittorio stopped her cold with words to the effect that it was her fault, if she brought along people with whom he had nothing in common.

Shelley is a night owl, and loves to sleep late, and to sleep, period. He's the opposite. Won't stay late for anything except work, and gets up with the light. But unexpectedly, Shelley is good at games and taught Vittorio to play tennis.

She's an extrovert, even when she works. She can get out of character at any time, to scream, or to crack a joke. When he's working, he puts on blinders. You can talk to him, and he doesn't hear.

Intellectually, they're about even, although Vittorio has concentrated mostly on the classics, which he knows by heart from Sophocles to Shakespeare. Shelley is what they call a culture culture—on the make for knowledge in great gulps. They're about the same age—around 32.

B.V.—Before Vittorio—the all-absorbing passion of Shelley's life was her career. When she wanted a role in a picture, directors found it simpler to give in at once, rather than take the beat, beat, beating, from this blonde babe, who must have what she wants, when she wants it. That's how she landed *Place In The Sun*. George Stevens, who has stood up to some tough propositions in his day, found it simpler to test Shelley. And it was a lucky day for them both when he did. She almost captured the Academy Award.

But I have a hunch that a difficult decision will have to be made—and soon. Vittorio's deal with Metro gives him all the time he wants to work in Italy. He loves his native land. All his strongest attachments are there—his mother, his family—he's very proud of his family. I'll be the most surprised woman in the world if he ever settles here.

SHELLEY, after agonizing weeks of indecision, recently signed a new, long-term deal at UI. Unless she wants to be on perpetual suspension, she won't be able to come and go with Vittorio. So she'll have to decide which is the most important to her—her husband or her career. Sounds corny, put this way, but it's the only way to put it. Because if they are separated six months of the year, this marriage won't have any chance. It'll be tough enough, without the extra straw of separation. It's my guess that when it comes to the actual deciding, that the unpredictable Miss Winners will give up her picture career. She's been too lonely and lost all her life to risk losing what she regards as Love.

She wants to do plays with him. She wants to play Ophelia to his Hamlet. He'll be smart to humor her. Because great love can accomplish the impossible. It could even cement this un-matched couple. And it would be great to make liars of all the Jeremiahs. As it stands now, there is only one person to whom I've talked about Shell and her Gassman, who believes they have a chance to live happily ever after—her press agent, Russell Birdwell. But then, he is notoriously optimistic.

END



the battling waynes in court

(Continued from page 24) Jerry Rosenthal to replace Giesler. Several weeks later she sought a restraining order to prevent Wayne from molesting her and disposing of their community property. She also demanded temporary alimony pending outcome of her separate maintenance suit.

Simultaneously she charged that Wayne had both struck and threatened her.

When Duke was told of these charges he was amazed. "She must be nuts," he said. "Her statements are fantastic. I've only seen Mrs. Wayne twice in the past year, once out at our house and once in the lobby of the Beverly Hills Hotel."

In addition to having the court keep Duke away from her, Mrs. Esperanza Wayne also asked the court to settle the matter of her allowance because she and the actor had been unable to agree.

"Chata" claimed that her husband averaged at least \$45,000 per month in salaries, plus "large gains from oil, movie, land, and other investments." She judged his income to be somewhere around a million a year.

As for herself, she said, she had earned only \$6,685 last year as an actress. In addition, Wayne had been giving her an allowance of \$500 a month. She felt she was entitled to a larger allowance. She said, too, in her petition that she was living "in fear" because of Duke's attacks and she wanted him legally to be prohibited from "inflicting further violence on her."

She told the court that all she wanted was a "reasonable" alimony and that when she and the actor were living together they used to spend \$13,091.12 each month. Something commensurate with that figure, Mrs. Wayne implied would be "reasonable." Wayne even \$9,000 a month.

Wayne's answer to all this was that he was already paying Esperanza \$1100 a month plus \$1354 per month upkeep for the house she was occupying in Encino.

He was willing to pay her \$900 a month temporary alimony, he added, and "she should get a cheaper house." Wayne also said that his net income last year after taxes and business expenses had come to about \$60,000 which was a far cry from being a millionaire.

The discrepancy between what "Chata" wanted and what Duke was willing to give her, the difference between their individual estimations of the Wayne wealth were so great that only a Superior Court judge could decide who was right; so late in May the case came to trial.

Mrs. Wayne said she should get at least \$9,000 a month alimony.

Mr. Wayne was prepared to go as high as \$900 a month, not a cent more. A difference of \$8,100 prevented an agreement.

When Duke marched into the courtroom flanked by his legal entourage he was pretty sore. He knew he had been "tailed" by detectives for many months, detectives supposedly hired by the opposition to obtain embarrassing information they might use in the forthcoming divorce mess.

As a matter of fact, a few months ago the shadowing had become so ridiculous that Duke had copied the number of the license on the car following him. He had learned the driver's name and had called him up the next day. "Look," he'd said, "why don't you ride around with me in my car? It'll be a whole lot easier."

There had been many such irritations, and now he was being compelled to make public his entire financial history.

After he was sworn in, Duke testified that what an actor earns is not necessarily what he keeps. He admitted that he earned approximately \$40,000 a month but said

that after he paid taxes, tips, expenses, and so forth, "there's not too much left."

He testified that he had made gifts of \$8,000 to actor friends who were hard up and explained how he had spent thousands on gifts for studio crews who had worked on his pictures.

"As a rule," Duke told the judge, "at the end of every picture, studio crew members are remembered. I don't know how much these gifts cost. I do know lots of people in three major studios and I know that I gave many remembrances to my professional and personal friends."

The 44-year-old actor, his hair grown long for his role in *Hondo*, declared that his net income was \$59,366 last year and that during his six years of marriage to "Chata" he had saved nothing.

"We spent everything we made during our six years of marriage," he testified, "and I even had to pay my income tax with money borrowed from my life insurance policy." Duke also pointed out that he spent thousands on personal public relations, that he gave extra large tips to everyone trying to build-up good will, and that he was also saddled with the financial burden of paying his first wife, Josephine Saenz, for her support and the support of their four children, 20% of the first \$100,000 he earns each year and 10% of everything above that sum.

He admitted that last year between May 25th and June 30th he had collected \$122,000 from RKO but insisted that his gross income didn't mean very much since what was left to him was all that mattered. He said that he thought any single woman could live fairly well on the \$900 a month he was prepared to offer Mrs. Wayne.

Jerry Rosenthal, Mrs. Wayne's lawyer, then went to the attack. His grilling was relentless. He asked Duke how many suits he owned, how many companies he had interests in, who paid his restaurant checks, his gasoline bills, his laundry bills.

Duke explained that, "I'm practically a small business and have to rely on other people to handle my affairs. . . I haven't seen one of my pay checks in 13 years. . . They go directly from the studios to the Beverly Management Company which looks after my financial affairs."

As for his wardrobe the actor said that as an actor, of course, he had to be well-dressed. "But I never bought a suit unless I needed it. . . and if I had my way I'd seldom wear a necktie."

When he was questioned as to whether or not he sought to conceal his assets from Mrs. Wayne, Duke stated flatly that he had spent the last three years in part trying to get his wife to attend various financial meetings so she could see. "She was spending too much and we just had to get together and figure out some kind of household and personal budget program. I tried my best to keep our home together. I never concealed any assets from my wife and I tried not to argue with her about money. But we never did arrange any kind of a budget."

Mrs. Wayne's lawyer then suggested that perhaps Duke himself didn't have any reasonable idea of his finances. After all, so many people worked on his books.

Duke declared, "I know what's going on in my affairs. When I want to know how I stand in any matter I ask the men I trust to brief me. They do so. I'm not an accountant but I certainly think I have enough horse sense to understand what experts tell me."

The judge agreed with Duke. "When you get a prescription from a doctor," he pointed out, "you don't go to a chemist and have the formulas analyzed. You take your doctor's word for it."

In court with Wayne was a small army



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of accountants, tax experts, and agents, and when one of these, Bo Roos, was put on the stand, he admitted that Duke had paid income taxes last year of \$178,000.

It was also shown that Wayne's earnings from 1950 to 1952 totaled \$1,026,072, and that he had earned \$122,000, working 48 days this year, and that instead of taking 10% of the gross of *Rio Grande* and *Quiet Man*, he had accepted \$100,000 for each picture. He did this when Herbert Yates, president of Republic Pictures, had explained that, "We cannot pay you 10% of the gross on each of these pictures and still pay director John Ford (Wayne's best friend) the money he wants and deserves."

Duke had a bit of trouble identifying the various contracts and financial documents handed to him and admitted at one point that, "My attorney always says I should read before signing and I do, but that doesn't always mean I understand it."

**T**HE sad part about the Wayne legal mess is that the two parties involved, the man and wife who once loved each other tempestuously, should now be out "to get" each other.

Duke and "Chata" are enemies. The love they once felt and enjoyed has soured into hate. This whole dispute might have been settled amicably without recrimination and name-calling. But instead what we have and will have is a no-hold-barred fight. It looks as if all the dirty linen will be aired in public.

Why?

One intimate of Chata's says, "I think what upset her was when Duke decided that he had had enough. Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned, and my own personal opinion is that Chata expected Duke to come running back to her. When he didn't last year, I think her vanity was hurt. She obviously feels that financially she isn't getting an even break; otherwise I don't think she would've gone into court."

"I mean when you've been accustomed to spending \$13,000 a month on a household, well \$900 doesn't seem very much.

Another thing, and here I think Duke was wrong. When Chata petitioned to use the name Esperanza Wayne which after all is hers legally, Duke fought against it. He wants her to use her maiden name of Esperanza Bauer. That got her sore, too. I'm not an expert on domestic relations, but I do hope they keep this mess out of the divorce courts, because it's not going to be a very nice one."

One of Duke's friends says, "There's only so much a man can take, and for my money Duke has taken an awful lot of punishment in his marriage to 'Chata.' He's seen her twice in the past year and on those two occasions other people were present and then she goes ahead and charges that he struck her."

"I don't have to come to Duke's defense. He's got more friends in Hollywood than probably any other actor in town. How come, by being a cheat, a money grabber? Heck, no. He's loyal and he's sincere and above all he's fair. He's willing to give the dame \$900 a month. Okay, how much was she earning when he first met her in Mexico?"

"You can live darn well on \$900 a month south of the border, and no one can tell me differently. Chata wants \$9,000 a month plus another \$20,000 to appraise Duke's books. That's more than a hundred grand a year. She wants more than Duke is paying his first wife and four kids, and she wants it all for herself."

"The whole thing is an unholy mess, and if Duke takes my advice he'll swear off women."

**O**NLY Duke Wayne has a "new woman," 23-year-old Pilar Palette, a Peruvian beauty, and the chances are extremely good that she will become the third Mrs. John Wayne.

More than anything else, this one fact is probably what motivates the second Mrs. Wayne in her legal hassles against the actor who is the number-one box office attraction in the nation, and wishes right now that he wasn't.

END

**they called them "shocking"**

(Continued from page 33) out of the waiting room. The plane landed, taxied down the runway, and came to a halt. The portable stairway was rolled beside the cabin door. The door was open and the passengers began to alight.

**L**ANA was the eighth or tenth passenger to descend; and as she did, there was Lex Barker, at her left following directly behind her, his lips pressed firmly together, his eyes scanning the set-up as if he were determined to protect Lana no matter what might happen.

A bouquet of roses was stuck in Lana's hand. She cradled them in her arms and said, "Thank you, it's wonderful being here." The photographers began shooting away.

Then a reporter ran up to them and said, "The tall one, the one without a hat. He is Tarzan Barker." The lensmen shot Lex, too.

Lana and her escort were rushed through customs, bundled into a car, and driven to the Hotel Lancaster in Paris.

Lex was officially registered at the hotel, but when newsmen called for Lana a few days later they were told that she was occupying, "the apartment of a very dear friend not too far away from the Lancaster, but she is around here sometimes."

Employees of the hotel said later that of course, Lana Turner was staying there. Only they had been asked to say absolutely nothing about the guests.

Lana had been to Paris before, in 1948 to be exact, on her honeymoon with Bob Topping, and some of the French reporters knew a good deal about her.

With Lex, however, it was different, and for a short while many Frenchmen were under the false impression that he was Fernando Lamas, not knowing about the Lamas-Lana battle of last year.

In fact at a fashionable cocktail party off the Champs Elysées to which Lex and Lana had been invited, Anatole Litvak, the director, pulled the prize social boner of the season. He walked up to Lex Barker whom he'd never met before and said, "I'm so glad to see, Mr. Lamas, that you and Miss Turner are still together."

Not long after that, Lana and her broad-shouldered traveling companion pulled out for southern France, Spain, and Majorca.

**F**OR ten days there was a news blackout concerning them as they lived and journeyed on the Balearic Islands; and all this time Europeans kept asking, "Are they married or aren't they?"

The answer to that, they finally learned, is that Lex Barker's divorce from Arlene Dahl isn't final until this winter; so that as regards California law, he and Lana cannot get married until then. They might get married in any European country of their choosing before winter, but under such circumstances, the marriage would not be recognized in Los Angeles where Lex has his legal residence.

When the film festival opened at Cannes, Lana and Lex flew in from Majorca and were each assigned separate rooms at



the Carlton Hotel. After freshening up, they came downstairs and boarded a motor boat for the Ile de Lerins and the traditional lunch which is held for the benefit of visiting film stars and journalists.

Photographers were busy as the two American film stars were whizzed across the inlet in a Chris-Craft, and Lana was most cooperative in posing for pictures. "She was so nice," one photographer said later, "that she didn't even take time out to fix her hat. She looked very good, too. A little plump around the chin, but otherwise, perfect. That Tarzan is a lucky fellow."

Lana and Lex were given a favored table under a pine tree, and in a matter of minutes they were dropping spoonfuls of garlic sauce into their fish soup and eating with great relish. This was the first big party of the Festival, all the stars were there, including Kirk Douglas who had played opposite Lana in *The Bad and The Beautiful*, acting extremely gay as he rubbed his stubbled chin—he's growing a beard for *Ulysses*—and bent over to flatter his beautiful date, a blonde TV star from New York who calls herself Roxanne.

Mel Ferrer was also on hand lunching with a French starlet in a Bikini and so was Anne Baxter who was traveling with her mother, trying to forget about her broken marriage with John Hodiak. At Cannes, Anne was referred to by the French as "Tristesse" (sadness) because of the melancholy expression she wore. Anne has a smile like elastic. After it's used it snaps right back into form again, and that's the way she was with the camera boys. As soon as the shutters stopped clicking, she stopped smiling.

Lex and Lana saw all this and then they were interviewed by scads of journalists. Both talked about love, but neither would say anything concerning marriage. "What a wonderful thing," Lana said, "to be in love. Really, there's nothing like it."

Lex took her hand in his and nodded. The happiness in his eyes spoke for him. Again the photographers went to work.

All questions concerning matrimonial intentions or plans were side-stepped by Lana and her escort. She spoke about her work. "I intend to be in Europe for quite some time. My first picture will be *The Flame And The Flesh*. Yes, with Carlos Thompson. After that, I'm not sure. Yes, we're going to Italy. My little girl? I left her behind in California. Maybe she'll come over later."

Lex admitted that he was more than fond of Lana, that he had known her for some time, that she was the most wonderful woman on earth, that, of course, he

Lana and Tarzan was inevitable, that it would take place momentarily, that when it happened no one should be surprised because these two talented Americans were really very much in love and this trip of theirs wasn't an American publicity stunt. "Actually, they are crazy about each other."

LATER on in Italy, newspapers in Rome said much the same thing. "The two handsome American film stars, Lana Turner, and her new Tarzan fiancé, Lex Barker, are vacationing on Capri. They love each other very much and will be married soon. But first Miss Turner has to make a film in Rome for MGM. It is understood also that Lex Barker will make two pictures here to be produced by Giorgio Venturi. One concerns jungle adventures and the other gangster adventures. First, however, Mr. Barker has to return to Hollywood for another film. He and Miss Turner will probably be married in Europe upon his return."

In Italy, France, parts of Spain, and of course, Majorca which has been a great lovers' retreat for half a century, people are broad-minded. They understand human nature, and there was no vicious gossip about Lana and Lex.

After all, there shouldn't be, because as everyone knows, they are both beyond moral reproach. But in the other countries on the Continent, movie-fans asked each other if Lana might not have compromised her reputation by traveling with a male.

"It may be all right for some anonymous spinster," said one British journalist, "but surely eyebrows have been raised all over Europe concerning Miss Turner and her protector, Tarzan. After all, Europe is not the African jungle. Miss Turner is a figure of international fame. She should watch her step."

In Scandinavia, there were similar cracks. "It would be all right," one theater manager explained, "if they could pass this Barker fellow off as her press agent or even a baggage porter, but he's much too good-looking for that."

To date, Lana Turner has been unable to hold any of her sweethearts, even those who developed into husbands, and in Europe today there's a good deal of discussion as to whether or not her intentions towards Lex are serious and vice versa.

An American actress currently in England who has known Lana for years, says, "I think her tactics as regards Lex Barker are wrong. I'm not an authority on the subject, but I think Lex would marry Lana in a minute. Why shouldn't he? And he probably will. But to me, marriage, in order to be successful, must have a little mystery. A man and wife must get to know each other as they grow old together. Otherwise, boredom sets in too quickly. Lana is essentially a glamor girl. Men are taken with her glamor. That particular quality is not too profound. I'd say it's superficial. A man exposed to it, can get fed up pretty quickly, that is, if he's at all perceptive."

BACK in Hollywood where Lex Barker is probably making a picture for producer Eddie Small as you read this article, there is a strong belief that Lana may never marry Lex.

"This girl," according to one press agent who understands the impetuous workings of the Turner mind, "has finally learned that it does not pay to rush into marriage. She eloped with Artie Shaw; she pulled a quickie with Steve Crane; she was rushed off her balance by Bob Topping; and in every case she lost—not only love but money and position as well."

"This time she's (Continued on page 98)



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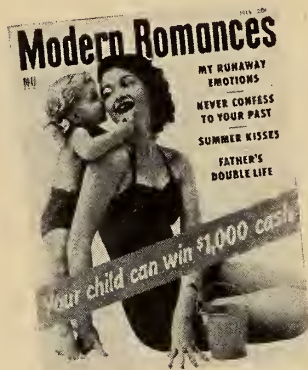
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moving slowly. Personally, it's a good thing, as I see it, that she and Lex couldn't get married immediately. When they were down in Palm Springs together they were very much in love. Had Lex been legally free, I think they would've been married at once. Now, I'm not so sure. Lana's had time to think. She's always talking about a home and kids.

"Lex has two children by his first marriage. She has one by Crane. Together they've been married six times. Lana knows that she can't retire from show business.

"If they get married you've got the same old problem of two motion picture careers in one family. Very rarely does that work out.

"Lana's no dummy. She knows all this. On the other hand, no man has been as kind and as thoughtful as Lex. He comes from an excellent family, and while his formal education was cut short, he's been around and can hold his own in any type of society. He can give Lana the confidence, the social poise she's always lacked.

"Then there's another thing. This chicken isn't getting any younger. Eligible husbands are growing scarcer. There are millions of guys who'd love to date her, but how many would want to put a ring on her finger? No doubt about it. The choice is Lana's. She's toured Europe with the guy and has seen him in action under all sorts of conditions.

## susie's got everything

(Continued from page 55)—it boasts so many movie stars these days.

"I have just met," he announced enthusiastically, "the one movie star who was everything. Your Susan Hayward."

"When did...?"

He raised his hand in a halting motion. "Please, no arguments. I have seen everything in the way of femininity you have sent from Hollywood—Jennifer Jones, Bergman, Gabor, Darnell, Colbert, Shelley Winters. No one is more beautiful than Hayward. No one so smart, no one so shrewd, no one so happy. This girl has everything, even twins."

"Obviously," I said, "she hypnotized you. Either that or she bought you lunch."

The Italian reporter shook his head. "All the time you Americans are joking." He took out his notes and scanned them. "Do you know," he asked this in the tone of a man who has made a great discovery, "that your Miss Hayward earns \$5,000 a week—that is more than 600,000 *lira* every week in the year?"

"You don't really love her," I said contemptuously. "You love her American dollars."

No answer. Only a continued recitation of his notes. "Do you know that she has starred in Hollywood's best pictures?" He read them aloud, "*Song In My Heart*, *David And Bathsheba*, *Snows Of Kilimanjaro*, *President's Lady*, *White Witch Doctor*."

"Get away from me," I protested. "You sound like a studio press agent."

"She is also happily married," my reporter friend went on, "and what is more I like her husband. He is no David Selznick. He is a mortal man. He comes from South Carolina. Very smart, too. They have twins, two boys eight years old, Timothy and Gregory."

The above is a small sample of the enthusiasm aroused by Susan Hayward on her recent trip through France, Spain, and Italy.

Wherever Susan stopped, people were impressed, first of all by her beauty, then her naturalness, then her honesty and

"I grant that she's a notoriously poor judge of men. But she's learned from experience, and she knows what to look for in a potential husband. If Lex fills the requirements he's got the job. My own belief is that Lana used their European junket as a trial period. You know, to see what sort of companion he'd turn out to be in a foreign environment."

Lana Turner spent some time in Europe five years ago, and her honeymoon then was a tragic experience which she has tried to forget. She conceived a child which she lost. Her husband dropped a small fortune in midget auto racing. The foreign press lampooned her mercilessly. It was a nightmare.

With Lex Barker at her side, Europe has been completely different. It's been an ecstatic heaven. And from what evidence now exists, it looks like wedding bells for Lana in the months to come.

WHETHER Lana can hold Lex when and if she gets him in matrimony is a hypothetical question which at this point no man would like to pass prophecy upon.

Each time Lana Turner gets married she is sure in her heart that, "This time it's for keeps."

Somewhere along the line, this talented, tolerant, courageous actress has got to be right.

Let's hope she finally finds the true happiness she deserves with Lex Barker. **END**

her intelligence, finally by the success of her family-life and her career.

Now that she's back in Hollywood hard at work on *The Story Of Demetrius*, she makes light of her European vacation, but it was really a triumphant tour, because for many years the fans overseas have had a muddled impression of the real Hayward, not knowing whether she was diffident, sharp, reclusive, fearful, aggressive, or money-wise—all of which adjectives have been used to describe her.

The Hayward they saw in Europe was charming, graceful, diplomatic, and tactful, a beauty who had no worries, no cares, a girl whose mother was looking after the children back home, an actress who was determined to enjoy Europe and her husband.

Susan and Jess had a low-slung Jaguar waiting for them when they arrived in Paris aboard separate planes. "We always travel in separate planes as protection for the boys. After all, if one plane crashed, there would still be someone to look after Tim and Greg," she said matter-of-factly.

THEY stayed in Paris only three days and with Jean Papote beside them, headed for Spain. They took two cameras, a Rollei and a Stereo, and shot some 40 rolls of film. After touring the French chateau country and southern France they crossed into Spain where Susan saw all the historic sites she'd read about when she was Edythe Marrener, a Brooklyn teenager at Girls' Commercial High School.

In Spain, too, they ran into Gene and Betsy Kelly, touring the Peninsula with their little girl, Kerry, which of course, stimulated thoughts of their own two boys. So that night, "we put in a transatlantic call to California, and we spoke to Tim and Greg, and we could hear them perfectly, but they could hardly hear us. But it was reassuring to know that they were both in good health, and we had nothing to worry about. So after Spain we toured the Mediterranean and then headed for Italy."

Susan Hayward is one girl who has worked hard for all her triumphs, first as a model in New York, then as a non-script actress who was kicked around War-



ner Brothers and Paramount, finally landing with Walter Wanger who thought she had dramatic possibilities. Wanger later sold her contract to 20th Century where the competition, with Anne Baxter, Betty Grable, Linda Darnell, and Jeanne Crain, was pretty tough. For years, Hayward rarely relaxed. Always there were story conferences, wardrobe fittings, subtle and not too subtle maneuverings, for the big roles and the big pictures. Always there was the mad scramble for the fast buck, or for Darryl Zanuck's ear, or the omnipresent agent and his telephone.

In Italy there was none of this. The Italian men stared and whistled at Susan as she strolled the streets, but they did this to all American women.

There were moonlight nights, however, with Jess, near the Colosseum, love-filled nights on the banks of the Arno, that picturesque river which snakes its winding path from the Apennines in central Italy west to Pisa.

Susan and Jess looked back over the nine years of their marriage. Time had winged by so furiously. Only yesterday it was 1944, and they had met in the Hollywood Canteen. Jess had taken her home that first night and had tried for a good-night kiss. She had slapped his face. They had both vowed they would never see each other again. But the physical attraction was too strong. They were both ripe for marriage, and they knew it. So they managed by design to run into each other at the Canteen again. Not long after, they were engaged, and then the engagement was broken twice, but seemingly they needed each other, wanted each other. They married, and a year later the twins were born.

When two people are ecstatically happy, as Susan and Jess were in Italy, and they look back over the years together, every incident is veiled in the net of sweet nostalgia. There is never any bitterness, only the feeling of accomplishment and mutual experience and triumph. Even the serious quarrels that a couple have had take on the aura of happy times, because they've been conquered and they've reached a perfect pattern for life.

In Europe, the Barkers could take inventory of their life. They had come through hard times, not so much financially as domestically, because career-wise, Susan had progressed more rapidly than her husband. She had managed to get the breaks, and since this is not the conventional order of things in America—the man must always be the top breadwinner—there had been frictions and outbursts and consultations with a marriage counselor, and for a while divorce loomed on the horizon. But Susan and Jess are sensible people, and they had worked out their difficulties. They had truly become one of Hollywood's few happily married young couples, and now they were reveling in that realization.

AFTER ten days in Rome, the Barkers decided to let Jean drive their car to Paris while they took the plane. Some of the roads in Europe, especially in Spain where they did the bulk of their motoring, are very rough.

In Paris, Susan and Jess stayed at the Lancaster, and this time fell in love with the city. They were asked to stay over and fly to the Film Festival at Cannes, "But we'd been gone from California about two months, and we were very anxious to get back and see the boys. We had a tough time trying to phone them from Paris."

Susan flew back to the States on a Pan American Clipper and Jess followed a few hours behind aboard a TWA Constellation.

When she arrived in Hollywood in May and reported to the studio, Susan learned that a mild revolution had taken place in the motion picture industry. Two dimen-

sional films were out, and 20th was shooting everything in CinemaScope for wide screen projection. She also learned that Anne Baxter, Linda Darnell, and Jeanne Crain were no longer under contract to 20th and that Betty Grable had been loaned out to Columbia. Dale Robertson had also been borrowed by RKO. In fact, Hayward and Marilyn Monroe were the only two big-name female stars left on the studio contract list.

Susan was also told that she was scheduled to start *The Story Of Demetrius* with Victor Mature.

Susan Hayward likes to work, and she was glad to get back in harness. "The day she checked in," a wardrobe girl reports, "she looked as happy as a bride returning from her honeymoon."

Actually, Susan is that happy. "For years," she admits, "Jess and I talked about going to Europe. Now that we've been—well, it just gives me a wonderful feeling of satisfaction, and of course, we want to go again."

Jess says that next time they might take their two boys along, "Because Susan misses them an awful lot." Timothy and Gregory are fraternal twins, not identical. They don't even look like brothers, even though they were born a few minutes apart. Tim is heavier, bigger, and more extroverted than Gregg who is basically a shy and imaginative little fellow.

Although she is popularly considered the shrewdest actress in Hollywood and one of 20th's biggest money-makers, Susan Hayward regards herself primarily as a mother and housewife. That's why she spends practically all of her spare time at home with her children. She and Jess very rarely go to night clubs or previews, or throw large parties. She has only one in service, does much of the cooking herself, makes it a point to put the boys to bed, bundle them into the station wagon on weekends, take them on picnics, to drive-in movies, and to toy shops.

SUSAN is also sensible enough to realize that these are the best years of her life and to be grateful for what she has: a seven-year contract at \$5,000 a week, the prestige and position of being her studio's number-one female star, beauty, travel, a wonderful home, money in the bank, three cars, the respect of her fellow-workers, and most important of all, the love of a good husband and two healthy sons.

In the words of the Italian reporter, Susan Hayward is "the one movie star who has everything."

When an actress reaches such heights as these, there is only one thing she can do. She must give of herself to the countless thousands everywhere who have contributed indirectly to her great happiness. And Susie certainly does!

END

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	Lois Turner	Lauren Bacall	Lauren Bacall	Debbie Reynolds
	William Holden	Gloria DeHaven	Gloria DeHaven	Olivia DeHaven
	Gary Cooper	Rita Hayworth	Rita Hayworth	King Crosby
	Bob Mitchum	Kirk Douglas	Kirk Douglas	John Derek
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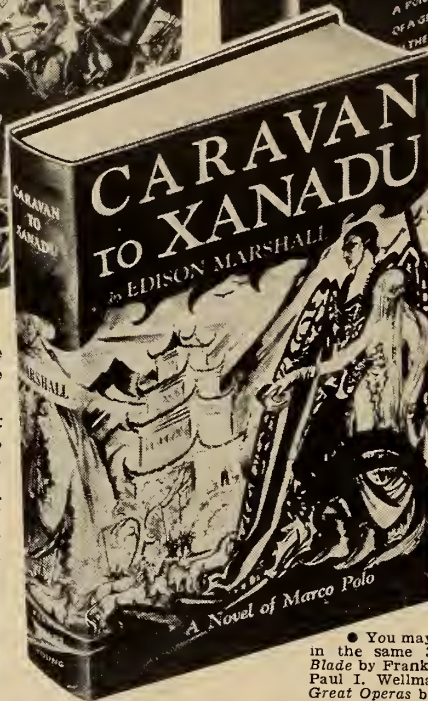
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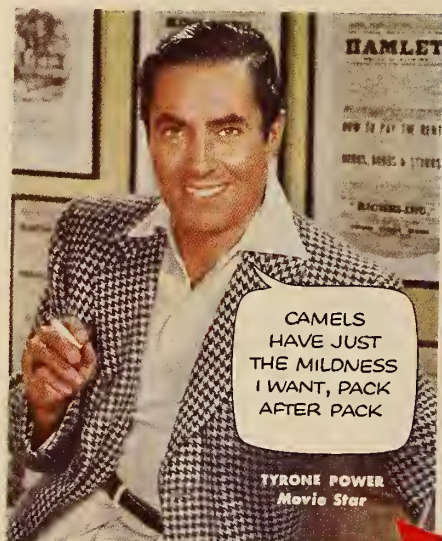
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