

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

OCT. 20¢

# modern screen

DELL  
MAGAZINE

## WHY SHIRLEY TEMPLE CAME BACK

by hedda hopper

## I LOVE MARILYN MONROE

by sidney skolsky



October, 1955

MODERN SCREEN

Twentieth Century





Families like this—more than three million of them—like new white Ipana better than any other tooth paste.

**Important—especially if you can't brush after every meal!**

# NEW IPANA® DESTROYS DECAY AND BAD-BREATH BACTERIA

**Even one brushing can stop bad breath all day!\***  
**Every brushing fights tooth decay!**

Dentists advise brushing teeth after every meal... to remove food particles on which bad-breath and decay bacteria thrive. But when this is inconvenient, you still get wonderful results with new white Ipana.

Even one brushing with new Ipana removes most of the harmful bacteria from your mouth.

\*When you use new Ipana in the morning, your breath will stay fresh and clean for up to 9 hours. Even after smoking... and eating anything you please except foods like onions and garlic. Laboratory tests proved it.

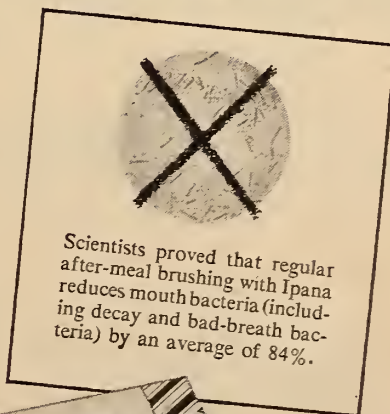
And when you brush your teeth regularly after meals with new Ipana, you effectively fight tooth decay. That means less pain and trouble, less risk of losing your teeth.

What's more, brushing your teeth with

new Ipana from gum margins toward biting edges helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

Ipana also brings you a new minty flavor. Thousands of families who tried it liked it 2 to 1 for taste.

We're sure you and your children will like it, too. Why not try a tube today? Look for the yellow-and-red striped Ipana carton wherever fine drug products are sold.



**New,  
White—**



**Ipana**  
TOOTH PASTE  
**Ipana**  
TOOTH PASTE



Product of Bristol-Myers

STUDENT NURSES ARE NEEDED...  
INQUIRE AT YOUR HOSPITAL



**Everybody Knows  
But Teacher!**



JOHNNY, THIS RUDENESS OF YOURS STARTED WHEN YOUR BROTHER AND I STOPPED SEEING EACH OTHER! BUT THAT'S NO EXCUSE!

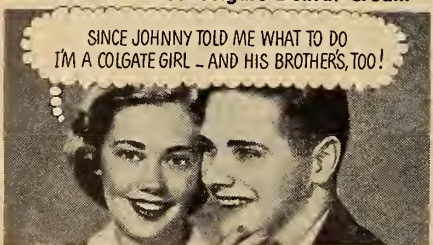
NO, MA'AM! BUT WHY DON'T YOU SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH—LIKE MY BROTHER SAYS, MISS BROWN?

JUST ONE BRUSHING WITH **COLGATE DENTAL CREAM** REMOVES UP TO 85% OF THE BACTERIA THAT CAUSE BAD BREATH! SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES THAT ORIGINATE IN THE MOUTH!



Just one brushing with Colgate's removes up to 85% of decay-causing bacteria! And if you really want to prevent decay, be sure to follow the best home method known—the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating!

**LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream**



SINCE JOHNNY TOLD ME WHAT TO DO I'M A COLGATE GIRL—AND HIS BROTHER'S, TOO!

**Now! ONE Brushing With  
COLGATE  
DENTAL CREAM**  
Removes Up To 85% Of Decay  
and Odor-Causing Bacteria!

Only The Colgate Way Does All Three!  
**CLEANS YOUR BREATH** while it  
**CLEANS YOUR TEETH** and  
**STOPS MOST TOOTH DECAY!**



**GIVES YOU A CLEANER,  
FRESHER MOUTH ALL DAY LONG!**

October 1953

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

# modern screen

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On the Cover: Ektachrome portrait of Marilyn Monroe of 20th Century-Fox by Trindl and Woodfield, FPG. Other picture credits are on page 97

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# Flaming Love Feud...

...in the savage heart  
of the jungle!

A sultry, sophisticated  
playgirl... and a blue-  
blooded patrician beauty!

They fought each  
other like tigresses  
... for the kisses of  
the Jungle Boss!



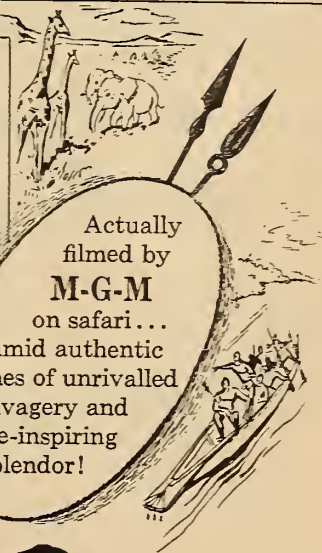
BLOOD-CHILLING TEST OF A MAN'S COURAGE!



FIRST TIME ON FILM!  
MAN BATTLES WILD GORILLAS!



BEAUTIFUL ADVENTURESS  
TRAPPED IN PANTHER PIT!



Actually  
filmed by  
**M-G-M**  
on safari...  
amid authentic  
scenes of unrivalled  
savagery and  
awe-inspiring  
splendor!

TECHNICOLOR

## MOGAMBO

...IT MEANS "THE GREATEST!"

STARRING **CLARK GABLE** & **AVA GARDNER**

WITH **GRACE KELLY**

Screen Play by **JOHN LEE MAHIN**

Based Upon a Play by  
**WILSON COLLISON**

Directed by **JOHN FORD** • Produced by **SAM ZIMBALIST**

AN M-G-M PICTURE



# MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Use the 59¢ bottle and if you are not completely satisfied, return the unopened \$1.00 bottle with your name and address, and get your \$1.00 back.

# FREE

of extra cost

# 59¢ Bottle

of this famous

# Hair Conditioning Shampoo

when you buy the \$1 size

*Helene Curtis*  
shampoo plus egg

Discover—in your own mirror—the magic effect of this unique hair-conditioning shampoo!

Rich, new luster . . . gleaming highlights . . . wonderful manageability! Yes, after one shampoo—and even with problem hair.

For Helene Curtis Shampoo Plus Egg is the ONLY shampoo homogenized with fresh, whole egg. Rich, heavy lather . . . quick-rinsing!



Look for this SPECIAL-OFFER 2-bottle package at any cosmetic counter!

\*2%

# THE INSIDE STORY



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. Is it true that Stewart Granger has a clause in his MGM contract permitting him to call Nicholas Schenck, president of Loew's, Inc., "Nick?"

—C.G., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. Granger had the clause put in as a gag.

Q. Is Clark Gable finished at MGM?

—V.F., EUREKA, CAL.

A. His contract at that studio expires late this year.

Q. Does Bing Crosby own radio station KMBY in Monterey, Calif?

—G.H., SALINAS, CAL.

A. Crosby owns 30% of it.

Q. I understand that Pier Angeli and Marlon Brando are set to star in *Romeo and Juliet*. Didn't MGM make this film once before? —H.V., FRANKFORT, KY.

A. In 1936; Norma Shearer was *Juliet*, Leslie Howard was *Romeo*, and John Barrymore played *Mercutio*.

Q. Do you know which actress has the largest chest measurement?

—T.R., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. Kathryn Grayson wins with 41 inches.

Q. Can you give me the terms of John Wayne's contract which he signed with RKO a few years ago?

S.L., SANTA FE, N. M.

A. Wayne's contract with RKO, dated November 20, 1950, calls for him to receive \$1,000 a week for 450 weeks. RKO also holds a \$130,000 mortgage on a house purchased by Wayne. The actor is paying this off at \$150 a week, 2½% interest.

Q. Has Ronald Colman retired from the screen for good?

—Q.B., PITTSFIELD, MASS.

A. Not if the right screen role is offered.

Q. Is it true that Rock Hudson and Mrs. Gary Cooper are very much in love with each other? —F.F., MIAMI, FLA.

A. They're just good friends.

Q. Jane Russell's husband, Bob Waterfield—has he given up football to become an actor? —T.R., TROY, N. Y.

A. Waterfield has retired from pro-football; acts in his spare time.

Q. Weren't Gloria Grahame and Cy Howard secretly married a month ago?

—V.J., BOULDER, COL.

A. No.

Q. I've been told that Vittorio Gassman married Shelley Winters to further his own career; that every time he returns to Italy he makes sure to call upon one special girl. Who is she?

—B.H., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. His mother.

Q. I read that Doris Day will not pose for pictures unless photographers pay expenses at a resort for her and her husband and her son. Is this true?

—H.G., RENO, NEV.

A. This is not true although Miss Day and her husband prefer to pose for layouts at resorts rather than at their own home.

Q. I recently read in a newspaper that a famous Hollywood actor loves to romp around in women's clothes. Is this true and can you reveal his identity?

F.F., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. It's true; his identity cannot be revealed.

Q. Isn't Bob Wagner seeing an awful lot of a French girl named Yvonne? You ask him, and he'll know the girl I mean.

G.F., LA JOLLA, CAL.

A. Wagner sees Yvonne occasionally.

Q. Has Sunny Tufts given up alcohol?

F.F., AMES, IOWA

A. Yes.

Q. Who is older, Joan Crawford or Barbara Stanwyck?

—T.E., TOPEKA, KAN.

A. Miss Stanwyck admits to being older.

Q. What are the religious differences that are holding up the marriage of Kirk Douglas to Pier Angeli?

—G.Y., RICHMOND, VA.

A. More than religious differences are involved although Douglas is Jewish and Pier Angeli is Catholic.

Q. Was there a big feud between Zachary Scott and Glenn Ford or was it publicity? —B.H., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

A. It was a legitimate feud.



**N**obody had ever seen Dooley  
scared before.

He had nerve to burn—  
and he'd burned his way to a hot corner of the globe where no man  
had ever been before—the white-hell of the wasteland. And now  
against avalanche, hurricane winds  
and all the fury of man  
and mountain—he was beating  
his way back—back to  
where his woman was!



*A man  
didn't need  
a photo to  
remember  
Maggie!*

**WARNER  
BROS.  
PRESENT**

# JOHN WAYNE

in

## Island IN THE Sky

From the blood-racing adventure best-seller by Ernest K. Gann, author of 'The High and The Mighty'

CO-STARRING

LLOYD NOLAN • WALTER ABEL • JAMES ARNESS • ANDY DEVINE • SCREEN PLAY BY ERNEST K. GANN • DIRECTED BY WILLIAM A. WELLMAN • A WAYNE-FELLOWS PRODUCTION • DISTRIBUTED BY WARNER BROS.

ALL ITS THRILLS  
THRILLINGLY HEIGHTENED BY **WARNERPHONIC SOUND**







# LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD

I, ROSEMARY, TAKE THEE, JOSÉ . . . LOUELLA'S PARTY REVEALS LATEST LOVES,

**T**HE phone by my bed rang at six o'clock in the morning. I had forgotten to disconnect it for, as a rule, I don't care to talk to anyone at this time of the day.

The long distance operator said, "Dallas, Texas, calling," and I couldn't have cared less until the hoppiest voice I have heard in a long time came bounding over the telephone wires:

"Louella, it's Rosemary! José and I are leaving in just a few minutes to be married in a little town in Oklahoma about a four hours' drive from here.

"I promised you the story before I left Hollywood and that you would be the first to know of our wedding plans. I know it's early in the morning, honey, and I hate to disturb you at this hour, but I'm keeping my promise to you."

Disturb me????????? I could stand to be disturbed like this for the rest of my life because, as you've guessed by now, my happy and excited caller was Rosemary Clooney telling me about her and José Ferrer's elopement plans.

I love this little blonde singer almost as much as though she were one of my own family. I've always found her to be so honest and so sincere. And, perhaps more than anyone else, I know how deeply she has been in love with José for so long.

There were many heartbreaking moments when they didn't know whether or not they could be married. José's wife, Phyllis Hill, did not seem to be in a hurry to get a divorce. But after waiting for months, she suddenly filed for divorce.

I knew when Rosemary planned out the

following day for Dallas to join Ferrer who was playing in *The Taming Of The Shrew* there, that wedding plans were afoot.

I broadcast my "hunch" on my radio show. "Ever since you broadcast that we probably would be married immediately," Rosemary laughed over the phone, "we have been haunted and trailed by Texas reporters. They've been thicker than flies in the hotel lobby."

Suddenly, Rosemary's voice was serious and very sweet.

"I'm the happiest girl in the world, darling, and so very much in love."

And, may you always be that way, Rosemary. You are a wonderful girl and you deserve your happiness.

**J**OAN CRAWFORD and Michael Wilding were in the middle of rehearsing a love scene for *Torch Song* when Liz Taylor arrived on the set. Joan spotted Liz and froze. Biting her underlip in exasperation, she said under her breath, "Oh, reaaaally."

"Oh, reaaaally what?????" said Mike who turned his back and walked over to kiss his wife.

There's no love being lost between Joan and Wilding on this picture. If they weren't such good actors, the love scenes would look like they had just come out of the deep freeze.

The trouble apparently started when Mike was quoted as saying this was the first picture he had ever made with his back turned to the camera.

He also said he was consulting "my wife about how to play the love scenes with Miss Crawford."

So far, Joan has said very little (except under her breath)—but oh, my—they need no cool air conditioning on this set!

**A**s I've told you before in this department, I love to give parties and few of my guests ever have any more fun than I do at my own shindigs.

This year, my assistant, Dorothy Monners, and I decided to co-charess a party in honor of Dorothy's husband, John Haskell, and song writer Jimmy McHugh who celebrated their respective birthdays within a week of each other.

So we covered my garden with a blue and white tent canopy with cellophane "walls" so that the flowers showed through, covered the tables with pink cloths lighted by candles and invited our friends to wish the boys "Happy birthday."

Donald O'Connor came with—of course—Marilyn Erskine, with whom he is so smitten (as I write this) that he is dating no other girl.

Marilyn is the girl who plays Ida Cantor in *The Eddie Cantor Story* opposite Keefe Brasselle. She is no beauty but she's cute and pert and evidently is as smitten with Don as he is with her.

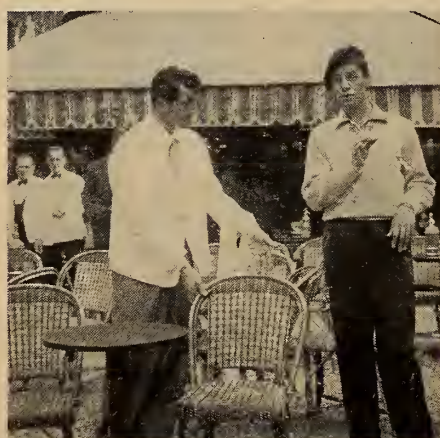
I'm not sure how Emily Post would feel about it, but Marilyn spent more time sitting on Don's lap than she did sitting in her chair at dinner.

June Allyson, with a cute new haircut along the straight lines, saw the young lovers and sighed up at her fella, Dick Powell, "Ain't love grand?" Dick agreed that it was—and is.

DEAN AND JERRY PICK UP NEW FRIENDS, NEW ANTICS, AND THE CONTINENTAL MANNER AS THEY FRISK



Waiter looks familiar.



Wonder if he sings?



What savoir-faire!



# NEWS

## FASHIONS, AND TALENTS . . .

The highlight of the evening was the "floor show" emceed by none other than Janie Wyman who has never been prettier or more amusing in her life.

George Jessel, himself, has nothing on Missy Wyman when it comes to introducing talent and keeping the ball rolling.

Wonderful musical comedy star, Dolores Grey, who was in Los Angeles with *Carnival in Flanders*, brought down the house, or should I say, the tent?

Freddie Karger's music accompanied all the talent, including a couple of numbers sung by his bride, Janie.

George Burns did his old vaudeville routine, hilariously funny, and no one laughed harder than Gracie Allen who admits that her husband can break up her composure if he says nothing funnier than "Good morning."

Dorothy Lamour sang Jimmy McHugh's "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby" with a lot of vim—and Ginny Simms also gave with some wonderful numbers.

Such Hollywood producers as William Goetz, Joseph Schenck, Darryl Zanuck and Miller Rocknol had a time for themselves sitting back and enjoying the talent without having to do any of the cutting or bcsing.

As for the fashion tips—most of the girls wore summer cottons, off the shoulder, with organdy or loosely knitted stoles.

ONE of the saddest things that has ever happened in connection with my radio show was having to "erase" the little talk Janet Leigh and I had recorded on tape about her happiness over her expected baby.

Janet had been so happy when she told



Glomorous extrovert Rito Hoyworth "withers without love" but friends were shocked to learn that her latest amour, impulsive Dick Hoymes, may find himself deported to his native Argentina as a result of romancing with Rito.



Jane Powell and Gene Nelson are still seen together, but seem to have little to talk about. Is the finality of Jane's divorce from Georgy Steffen disturbing her? Or is her new romance cooling off?

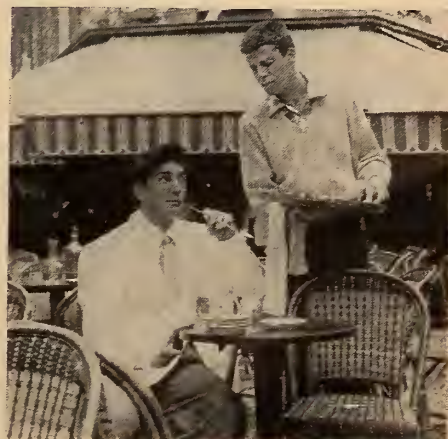
## ACROSS EUROPE. THE BOYS ARE FRACTURING THE CONTINENT WHILE THEY CEMENT GOOD RELATIONS.



Don't translate—pour!



By the by, garçon . . .



Forgot my wallet.





## 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.

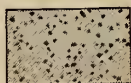


Photo (left), shows active odor bacteria. Photo (right), after adding new Mum, shows bacteria destroyed! Mum contains M-3, a scientific discovery that actually destroys odor bacteria... doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start.

**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. Usable right to the bottom of the jar. Get Mum—stay nice to be near!

*For sanitary napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this use, too.*

*A Product of Bristol-Myers*

## LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

me that she and Tony Curtis were expecting the stork. She said, "It seems so early to make the announcement—but Tony and I are so delighted we just had to tell the world."

The day the show was to go on the air, a depressed Janet called me from the hospital.

"We've lost our baby. I've just called Tony in Honolulu (he was on location there) and broken the sad news to him, myself. I just can't tell you how disappointed we are, Miss Parsons."

Janet didn't have to tell me. The hurt and unhappiness was all in her voice.

**W**HAT is it with Rita Hayworth?? Every time she falls in love she behaves as though she owned the Cook Tours the way she chases around with her "heart" of the moment.

Columbia studio is fit to be tied because (as this is written) Rita is incognito in a small town in Pennsylvania hiding out while Dick Haymes fulfills a business engagement in New York.

Just before they went east, Dick followed Rita to Honolulu where she was making location scenes for *Miss Sadie Thompson*.

Remember when Rita and Aly Khan were courting and they seemed to be traveling half around the world and back together before they were finally married at Aly's estate, L'Horizon, in Cannes?

I sometimes think there must be something of the mystery writer in Rita's make-up.

You never saw such a "production" after she made up her mind to go East while Dick was there. She bought a ticket on the Santa Fe straight into New York city.

Then, apparently, she "disappeared" from the scene. Actually, she got off the train in Ossining, New York, and hid out.

Meanwhile, in Hollywood, Dick was going through some contortions of his own. He, too, boarded a train, got off at the first stop, doubled back to Los Angeles and caught the first plane to New York!

Such carrying-on!

What worries Rita's bosses and the men who handle her publicity is that with all her world-wide tours with Aly Khan, she eventually married him.

With Dick Haymes this won't be possible for a long time. He is still legally the husband of Nora Eddington Flynn Haymes.

**J**OHNNY GRANT, the disc jockey who has made two entertainment jaunts to Korea,



Shelley Winters laughs with Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Granger, doesn't seem depressed by Vittorio's absence. Maybe she's getting used to it!



It's the screen's biggest **3D** Jamboree!  
SINGIN'! DANCIN'! ROMANCIN'!

# THOSE REDHEADS FROM SEATTLE

in 3 DIMENSION  
COLOR BY  
TECHNICOLOR

✓ Songs ✓  
GET SET FOR  
THESE FIVE  
DELIGHTFUL HITS!  
Take Back Your Gold  
Chick-A-Boom  
I Guess It Was  
You All The Time  
Baby, Baby, Baby  
Mr. Banjo Man

Dig all these top disk favorites!  
Guy Mitchell! Teresa Brewer! The Bell Sisters!

starring  
**RHONDA FLEMING · GENE BARRY**  
**AGNES MOOREHEAD · TERESA BREWER**  
**GUY MITCHELL · THE BELL SISTERS**

Written for the Screen by LEWIS R. FOSTER, GEOFFREY HOMES and GEORGE WORTHING YATES

Directed by LEWIS R. FOSTER · Produced by William H. Pine and William C. Thomas

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



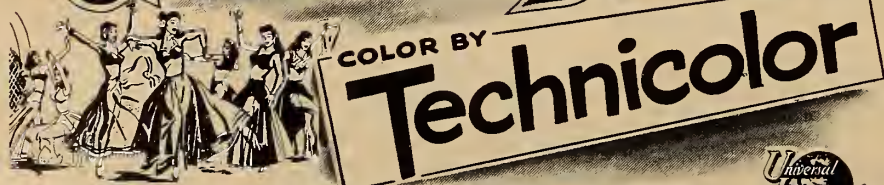




# ROCK HUDSON ★ PIPER LAURIE



## THE GOLDEN BLADE



with GENE EVANS • KATHLEEN HUGHES • GEORGE MACREADY

DIRECTED BY NATHAN JURAN • STORY AND SCREENPLAY BY JOHN RICH • PRODUCED BY RICHARD WILSON • CO-PRODUCER LEONARD GOLDSTEIN • A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE



SOON AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

### LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

tells me:

"Doris Day is five-to-one the favorite pin-up girl of our soldiers in Korea. In fact, they'll trade a dozen pictures of other Hollywood stars to get just one of Doris."

Recently, Johnny interviewed her on his show and told her this: "Doris, how can you keep from going to Korea to entertain these kids who are so crazy about you?"

Her answer was, "I'm afraid to fly."

Well, then, Doris, how about motoring or training to some of the nearest camps or hospitals?

**T**HE most exasperated wife in Hollywood is Mrs. Jeff Chandler. Won't even talk to him on the phone.

I hear one of the big troubles between them is that Marge "can't stand" Jeff's new personality now that he's trying to be a singer and a nightclub entertainer plus developing a corny brand of comedy à la Jerry Lewis.

Before it was generally known that Jeff had moved out of their home, someone called the house and asked if Jeff was there.

"No," Marge is reported to have retorted. "Cochise Lewis has moved out!!!"

**M**AYBE it's love and maybe they are very happy, but Jane Powell and Gene Nelson seem to have nothing to say to each other when they dine in public. They just sit at the table silently eating.

The other evening Jane wasn't even eating. A wisdom tooth was giving her a lot of pain.

An interested eavesdropper at an adjoining table reports that their entire conversation all evening was when Gene said to his girl friend:

"Can't you order something you can just gum???"

**N**OT since the late Susan Peters was crippled by a gun wound on a hunting trip, struck down in the bloom of her career, has Hollywood's heart ached more than it has over lovely little Suzan Ball.

She has a very serious bone condition in her leg which may leave her crippled and end her career.

Yet, in the face of all this tragedy, Suzan has won everyone's respect with her cheerfulness and courage.

Instead of giving up and considering her-



Despite rumors of discord, Ingrid and Roberto Rossellini smile like Rome's hoppiest couple.



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

"Instant  
Neutralizing!"

Amazing  
New Neutralizer  
acts Instantly!

No waiting!  
No clock watching!



\$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!

New! **party curl**

Children's Home Permanent by Lilt gives your little girl the prettiest curls in the neighborhood! Natural-looking; long-lasting. Nearly twice as fast as any leading children's home permanent! \$1.50 plus tax

HERE'S PROCTER & GAMBLE'S GUARANTEE

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



# NEW!

## TWO-IN-ONE TALC!



1. It's a deodorant!
2. It's a refreshing body powder!

# April Showers

## DEODORANT TALC

Now! Discover for yourself this wonderful "two-in-one" talc that gives you all-day deodorant protection—and, at the same time, keeps skin soft and smooth—fresh as April Showers—all over.

Family size, 50¢

**FAVORITE WITH BOTH MEN AND WOMEN**

# "A/S"

**STICK DEODORANT**

So easy to apply... glides over the skin!

This "Always Safe, Always Sure" deodorant gives sure, lasting protection. In solid-stick form—wonderful for traveling—not a chance of dripping, staining! 75¢



Prices plus tax.

by **CHERAMY**  
PERFUMER

## LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

self a martyr, Suzan goes to parties on her crutches, attends concerts and keeps herself "posted on the events of this wonderful world of ours."

Even when it looked for a while as though Suzan's leg would have to be amputated, this fine little girl kept her chin up and won the love and admiration of complete strangers as well as her many friends.

**A**NOTHER wonderful girl who is having a rough going and doesn't deserve it is former child star Jane Withers Moss.

She has been ill with muscular pains and anemia which looked for a time like partial paralysis. But her doctors now feel that Jane's serious illness has been brought on by emotional upset over the breakup of her marriage to wealthy Bill Moss. The sad part is that they have three lovely children.

**P**ERSONAL Opinions: Lori Nelson's face was voted the most perfect to photograph by west coast photographers. Above Elizabeth Taylor's, Eleanor Parker's or Audrey Hepburn's, boys???????

Can't understand why Marge and Gower Champion failed to hit the top popularity polls as movie stars. They are so adorable. Could be that husband and wife teams don't have the necessary sex appeal to set the teen-agers squealing. . . .

Coollest and most original summer fad—Ginger Rogers' softly woven straw skirts in all the pastel colors. . . .

Amusing the way Cleo Moore can't believe she's really launched on a successful career and keeps on buying canned groceries and staples against that proverbial "old rainy day" when the larder is bare again. . . .

Terry Moore does a lot of table hopping, oftentimes to the annoyance of her escorts. . . .

It could happen only in Hollywood that the billboards have swimming pools! I'm not kidding. Right where Sunset Boulevard turns into Beverly Hills is a huge sign for the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas and built right into it is a real swimming pool. Red Skelton tied up traffic for miles when he jumped in with his clothes on. Oh, Hollywood, my Hollywood!

**F**OCUSING on Robert Wagner: His hair is clipped so short for the Dutch boy wig he wears for Prince Valiant that he says his crew cut has a crew cut! . . . He can't look at

# easy money!

Want to wear a chrysanthemum to the Thanksgiving Day game? Or knit yourself an earwarmer far that chilly second half? You can earn the wherewithal this easy way. All you have to do is read all the stories in this October 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
- ☐ Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
- ☐ Sweet And Hot
- ☐ Rito's Newest Love (Rito Hoyworth-Dick Hoymes)
- ☐ Goble's Mystery Romance
- ☐ I Love Marilyn (Marilyn Monroe)
- ☐ The Lies They Tell About Bob Wagner
- ☐ Love Is A Long Shot (Betty Goble-Horry Jones)
- ☐ Ring Around Rosie (Rosemary Clooney-José Ferrer)
- ☐ What's Happened To Hollywood Night Life?
- ☐ Why Shirley Temple Come Back
- ☐ The Not So Mod House (Jerry Lewis)
- ☐ The Courage To Fear (Stewart Granger)
- ☐ Mistakes That Made Her Famous (Joan Crawford)
- ☐ Operation Skin Dive (Jeff Chandler-Rory Colhoun)
- ☐ Tony's Wife (Tony Curtis-Jonet Leigh)
- ☐ "You, I Like!" (Red Buttons)
- ☐ Report on MODERN SCREEN's Cinderello Girls
- ☐ MODERN SCREEN Fashions
- ☐ Movie Reviews by Florence Epstein
- ☐ Hollywood Abroad

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.**



# Magic control for those "Calorie-Curves"!



Imagine! Hidden "finger" panels plus new non-roll top that slim, firm and control you without a single seam, stitch, bone or stay!

*Just as the hands of a sculptor* fashion beautiful contours—so the invisible "fingers" of Magic-Controller smooth and mold your figure and control those "Calorie-Curves."



## Introducing

# Newest Playtex® Magic-Controller... (FABRIC LINED)

## The Panty Girdle with Garters



**The latest Playtex advance.** Playtex Magic-Controller Panty Girdle with 4 detachable, adjustable garters!

The magic starts at the top, making your waist-line smaller, higher. Hidden "finger" panels support you naturally from waist to thigh... control those "Calorie-Curves" as never before! All without a seam, stitch, bone or stay! From new non-roll top to garter tab, Playtex Magic-Controller is all latex, one piece and wonderful! It washes in seconds and you can practically watch it dry! Whether you wear the smallest size or the largest—you'll think you've lost a full size!

**Feel** that soft-as-a-cloud fabric lining—see the lovely textured latex outside.



**Playtex Magic-Controller\*  
Panty Girdle**

with 4 detachable, adjustable garters.

Look for Playtex Magic-Controller in this newest SLIM Playtex tube. At department stores, specialty shops everywhere. **\$7.95**

*Fabric Lined* PLAYTEX GIRDLES from \$4.95  
FAMOUS PLAYTEX GIRDLES from \$3.50

Extra-large sizes slightly higher.

Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube.

\*U.S.A. and Foreign Patents Pending



It costs  
so little  
to look  
Lovable



*New Ringle Bra does so much for you... costs only \$1.50. Here it is... the fit you love in the bra that makes you look Lovable!*

A single-needle makes the difference in RINGLET... shaping, firming, molding pretty curves, sewing in fit that won't wear out, won't wash out. It's a prize at a little price! Other Lovable bras from \$1. Also in Canada.



Look for the heart...for the Lovable Look

## LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

anything made of steel without remembering how disappointed his father was that he didn't follow in his footsteps in the steel business. . . . He has the patience of Job and doesn't even mind being kept waiting for his "dates" to fuss with their hair or faces. . . . Unavoidably, I kept him waiting an hour on a recent interview and instead of being surly about it he said he was sorry I had had so much trouble all day. . . . He's six feet tall or a little over but doesn't look it because he does not always stand up straight. . . . He says this is due to dating and dancing with girls considerably shorter than himself. So I guess this means he likes 'em petite. . . . He's proud of the fact that he used to caddy for such stars as Clark Gable, Randy Scott, Fred Astaire and John Hodiak. . . . Women wearing pink always catch his eye. He approves of make-up, particularly lipstick on gals, but hates eyelash "goop" put on with a shovel. . . . He considers himself quite mature for his 23 years, is sure he acts and thinks older. . . . When he marries he wants to be able to afford many luxuries for his bride, fur coats, diamonds, sporty cars—the works. . . . For a boy so young he has a great deal of gentleness and kindness so perhaps he's right about his "maturity" . . . He has a secret ambition to be a good chef and surprise his friends with the fancy dishes he concocts. This ambition may be deferred on account of he can't understand a cook book!

**T**HE Letter Box: Evelyn Tierney (says she no relation to Gene) writes from New York that she doesn't approve of her namesake's romance with Aly Khan. "She's my favorite screen star but how can she fail to realize that the outcome of her fling with the Prince will merely be a duplication of Rita Hayworth's experience?"

Joseph Weir, Buffalo, gives three cheers that Guy Madison's career is in high again. "I've been a fan of his ever since his first movie for David Selznick, *Since You Went Away*. He's a fine actor and a fine man and I rejoice that Warners have big plans for him. Wish his private life were as happy."

"You never mention James Mason," writes Mrs. Leonard Fierfonte of Brooklyn. "Is this accidental or on purpose, Louella?" On purpose, ma'am—on purpose.

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



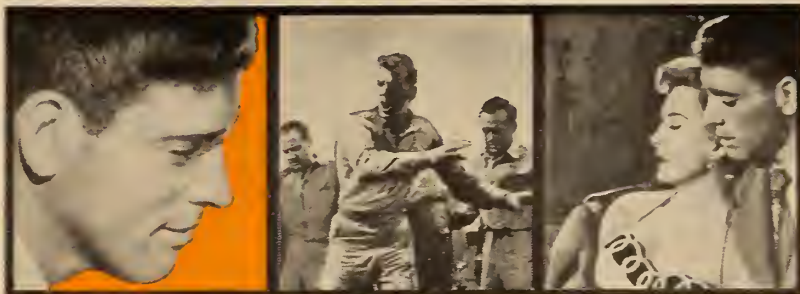
Piper Laurie and current beau Leonard Goldstein leave Mocombo with Jeon Negulesco.



# THE BOLDEST BOOK OF OUR TIME...

Honestly, Fearlessly  
On The Screen!

"There was one thing he  
wouldn't do...even  
for a woman!"



## BURT LANCASTER MONTGOMERY CLIFT

"Prew was a hardhead,  
...the tougher it got,  
the better he liked it!"



## DEBORAH KERR FRANK SINATRA



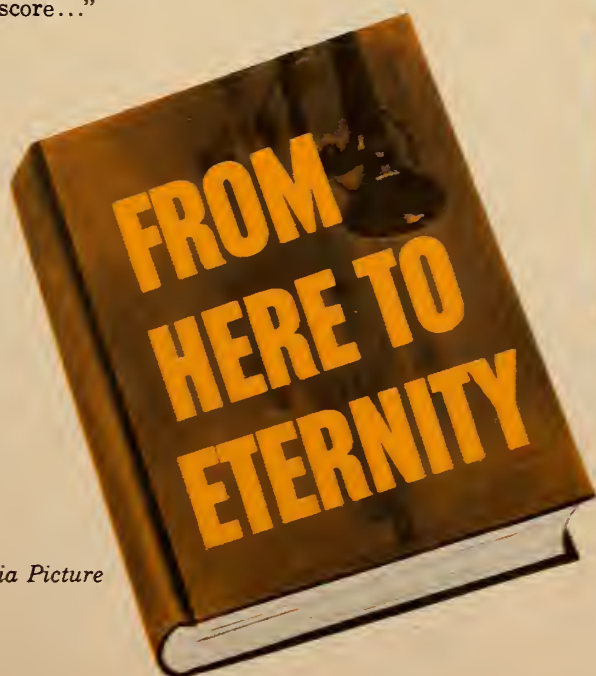
"He's such a comical  
little runt. He makes  
me want to cry  
while I'm laughin'  
at him..."

"Her and them sweaters. Looks coldern  
an iceberg, but I know who  
taught her the score..."

## DONNA REED



"Sure, she's nice to him.  
She's nice to all the boys..."



A Columbia Picture

Screen Play by DANIEL TARADASH • Based upon the novel by JAMES JONES  
Produced by BUDDY ADLER • Directed by FRED ZINNEMANN



# Why lovely Powers Models use the world's finest bobby pins



Also available in 25¢ cards



To lovely Powers Models, beautiful hair styling is the mark of glamour. That's why John Robert Powers, famous beauty expert, has selected Gayla HOLD-BOB as America's perfect bobby pin! Be a Gayla Girl like the Powers Models—use Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pins.

## Gayla®

## HOLD-BOB®

World's Largest Selling Bobby Pin

Now... Style YOUR Hair the Powers Model Way



Find your most glamorous hair-do with the Gayla Girls Glamour Guide, a unique hair style selector created by John Robert Powers.

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Enclosed is 10¢ and the top of a Gayla HOLD-BOB card. Please send my Gayla Girls Glamour Guide.

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SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN:

# hollywood report

by Mike Connolly

famous columnist for  
The Hollywood Reporter



## WHO'S MAD AT WHOM:

Guy Madison and Rory Calhoun aren't as friendly as they used to be. Now that Guy has suddenly become a big star, thanks to his success in *Charge At Feather River*, the boys hardly ever see each other. . . . Very few of Rosemary Clooney's co-workers at Paramount approve of her marriage to José Ferrer. And the studio itself has never approved of the match. Even so, I saw her at the *Stalag 17* premiere, accompanied by her brother, Nick, only a few days after the wedding, and said, "Congratulations, Rosie." She flashed that wonderful smile—and kissed me! How can anybody stay mad at a gal like that? . . . Diana Lynn filed for divorce from John Lindsay and sailed for England, whereupon John Lindsay started dating Liz Scott—and the day after their very first date I ran into Liz outside her home on the residential end of Hollywood Boulevard. She was wringing her hands. "I couldn't sleep after John took me home from *Ciro's* early this morning," she moaned. "The police were swarming all over the place last night—because my next-door neighbor committed suicide—and I certainly can't sleep now that I know what happened!" . . . And whaddya know—the very next night John was out again—at LaRue with Myrna Dell!



Clooney



Paget

Lana Turner has been complaining to friends that Lex Barker is too possessive. . . . Debra Paget phoned me, crying because I had printed that remark she made to me—that she had finally been kissed, and that the boy who kissed her also gave her a five-carat diamond ring. It seems that other columnists had interpreted this to mean that a studio boss had given her the ring. The boss told Debra to straighten the press out, and here was Debra explaining to me: "I fibbed. The ring belongs to my mother!" . . . Aly Khan was freed from his first wife while traveling around

Europe with Rita Hayworth. Now he has been freed from Rita while traveling around Europe with Gene Tierney. . . . Sharman Douglas and Pete Lawford, a Honolulu twosome a month or so ago, don't even yoo-hoo now. . . . I've got a feeling that unless Vittorio Gassman keeps those home fires burning more frequently, Shelley ain't gonna throw on any more logs! . . . Speaking of money and Rita Hayworth, don't be surprised if the Princess puts up the backing for Dick Haymes to make a settlement with Nora Flynn Haymes, after which pals expect Rita and Dick to wed.



Haymes

## HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:



Freeman and Damone

Sunset Boulevard sight: Janie Powell and Gene Nelson following each other down the Sunset Strip, lovingly touching bumpers. . . . It's whispered around Hollywood that Audrey Hepburn and Greg Peck have been playing some of their scenes from *Roman Holiday* off-screen. . . . Rock Hudson has been helping Betty Abbott paint her new bedroom, and greater love hath no man than to pick up a paintbrush when he could be sunning himself on the Santa Monica sands. . . . Twosomes: Vic Damone and Pier Angeli, Vic Damone and Mona Freeman. . . . And then Mona started dating Lew Ayres. . . . Upon which Kirk Douglas, supposedly Pier's one-and-only, started going out with Geraldine Brooks in Rome. Did you know that Kirk and, Gerry were once very serious? Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens are dating a lot again.

Marilyn Erskine told me all about her dates with Donald O'Connor: "Going out with Don is what you call happy times—no pressure—no nothin'—just fun—I like it!" . . . For a girl in love, Jeff Donnell looked very unhappy for a spell, there. Could be because Aldo Ray wasn't—for a spell. Shirley Temple (Continued on page 21)



# Grande Baroque

*sterling in the mood of gaiety*

Regal beauty in sterling is Wallace's Grande Baroque! This pattern of lavish brilliance and rich ornamentation glorifies the gaiety of the Baroque period. Famed designer, William S. Warren, has interpreted the grace and splendor of true Baroque in the delicate carving, the magnificent openwork, the unusual blossoms which vary on different pieces. Grande Baroque is exquisitely sculptured in full-formed "Third Dimension Beauty," and like every Wallace "Third Dimension Beauty" pattern it is a masterpiece — beautifully formed not only in front, but in profile and back — sterling perfection from every possible view.

Six piece Grande Baroque place setting, \$43.75. Other patterns from \$35.75 to \$47.75—including Federal Tax. To learn where you can buy Wallace Sterling call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25. She will give you the names of the stores nearest you.

Send for and read the exciting design stories of each Wallace pattern in the 32 page book "Treasures in Sterling". It also contains many helpful table-setting ideas. Write (send 10¢ to cover postage) to Wallace Silversmiths, Department 937, Wallingford, Connecticut.



GRANDE BAROQUE



WALLACE  
*Third Dimension Beauty*  
STERLING

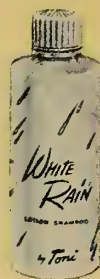




From the Westmores  
of Hollywood! TRU-GLO  
Liquid Make-Up  
gives satiny, poreless,  
flawless look. 59¢\*



Keep the summer  
sunshine in your hair,  
with WHITE RAIN  
Lotion Shampoo.  
Leaves hair lustrous,  
soft. 30¢, 60¢, \$1



Children's hair?  
Use Toni's  
mild TONETTE  
Home Wave.  
Stays natural-  
looking without  
nightly pinning.  
Refill, 1.50\*



A thrilling variety to choose  
from... in DURA-GLOSS  
Nail Polish. Perfumed  
shades, pastels, iridescents,  
25¢\*. Regular shades, 10¢\*

So clinging, so smooth,  
CASHMERE BOUQUET  
Face Powder seems like  
your own complexion.  
Choice of shades.  
15¢, 29¢\*



POWDER PUFFS by  
Victoria, Blue Bird,  
Dora May, Betty Lou,  
and Glamour Girl  
in cello-wrapped packs  
of 1, 2, 3 or 4.  
10¢ (for 1)  
to 25¢ (for 4)

Susan Smart† says

“On the campus.”

all your cosmetics are near...

at

Woolworth's



Summer's over! It's time to find out the Fall  
beauty news... time to see the latest  
cosmetics shades... time to learn the newest  
ways to look lovelier, stay daintier.  
That means it's time to shop at Woolworth's!  
Whether you're headed back to the books or  
back to the boss... you're bright and budget-wise  
to shop Woolworth's first. On these two  
pages you'll find just a hint of the famous-quality cosmetics  
and sizes on hand at your nearest Woolworth's.

For that quick, clean,  
“million-bubble” shave...  
COLGATE Lather  
Shaving Cream,  
35¢, 53¢. Brushless,  
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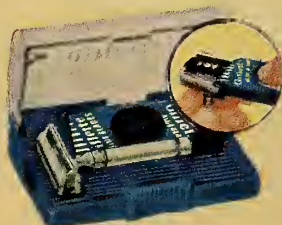
Fast... safe!  
Dispenser pack  
of GILLETTE Blue  
Blades lets you  
change blades  
without touching  
keen edges.  
10-blade, 49¢.  
20-blade, 98¢



You clean  
your breath  
as you clean  
your teeth  
...when you  
use COLGATE  
Ribbon Dental Cream.  
15¢, 27¢, 47¢, 63¢



Hair looks better...  
scalp feels better... with  
VASELINE Hair Tonic,  
15¢, 29¢, 49¢, 83¢\*.  
Cream Hair Tonic,  
29¢, 59¢\*



Neat on shelf  
...and so handy  
to use!  
GILLETTE  
Super-Speed  
Razor, Blue  
Blades, in smart  
kit. \$1



Reach inside  
outside, in-between  
teeth... with a DR. WES  
Miracle-Tuft Toothbrush  
Assorted colors, in sealed  
tube, 59¢. Nylon bristles, 29¢



Your hands stay youthfully lovely to hold...when you use oh-so-smoothing PACQUINS Hand Cream. 10c, 25c, 49c, 98c\*



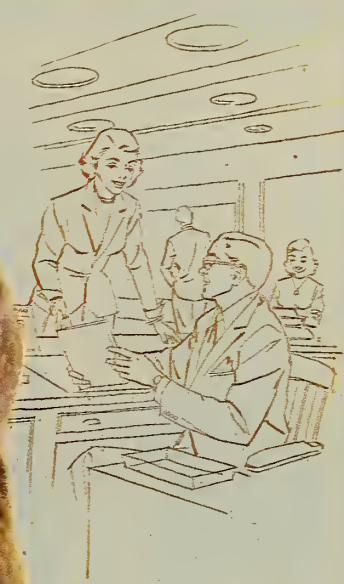
For fragrant daintiness after bathing or when changing...don't forget your CASHMERE BOUQUET Talcum. 12c, 29c, 43c\*



Natural-looking radiance for cheeks...with HAZEL BISHOP Complexion Glow. Boudoir size, 1.25\* Purse size, 69c\*



*on the job*



\*Woolworth's Shopping Reporter  
\*Plus tax

**F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.**



Why leave a trail of lipstick? HAZEL BISHOP Lipstick won't come off when you eat, drink or smoke. Jumbo Swivel Case, 1.10\* Push-Up Case, 59c\*

Stay outdoor-fresh indoors... protect clothes...with daily dab of "invisible shield" FRESH Cream Deodorant. 12c, 27c, 43c, 63c\*



Hollywood stars' favorite for glowing, manageable hair... LUSTRE-CREME Shampoo. Needs no after-rinse. 27c, 53c, \$1

Fix soft waves into hair, tame unruly ends, with lanolin-rich NESTLE Spraze. Lasts all day. With sparkles, at no extra charge. 89c\*



Glorious color for your hair, with NOREEN Super Color Rinse. For toning-down or blending, too. Shampoos out. 30c\*

No neutralizer needed when you use FROM Home Permanent. Different lotions for different hair types. Refill, 1.50\*



Grand powder base...wonderful body rub! That's HINDS Honey & Almond Fragrance Lotion. 10c, 25c, 49c\*



Exquisite softness and skin beauty with LANOLIN PLUS Liquid. It's a night cream, make-up base, cleanser. \$1 and 1.75\*



Discreet...ready-wrapped in concealed package to keep your secret...softer, more absorbent MODS in 3 sizes. 19c, 39c, 1.49



Ava Gardner co-starring in **MOGAMBO**  
An M-G-M Picture  
Color by Technicolor



**YES, AVA GARDNER** uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. In fact, in a mere two years, Lustre-Creme has become the shampoo of the majority of top Hollywood stars! When America's most glamorous women—beauties like Ava Gardner—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 your hair soft and fragrant, gleaming-bright. And Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with *Natural Lanolin*. It does not 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.

Thrilling news for users of liquid shampoos: Lustre-Creme also comes in new Lotion Form, too—30¢ to \$1.00.



**sweet and hot**



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

by **leonard feather**

## FROM THE MOVIES RECORD OF THE MONTH

**JULIUS CAESAR**—sound track album\*\* (MGM). In the old days it was "No, I didn't see the picture, but I read the book." Nowadays, if you miss a movie, you can just say "No, I didn't see the picture, but I heard the record." And this record is a perfect example of how much such a statement can mean.

It's a 12-inch LP running almost half the entire length of the picture. So well has it been edited that none of the overall dramatic impact has been lost.

John Houseman, the producer, personally edited the disc; he also acts as narrator in a few spots where the action needs to be linked together.

The result is an impressive production, with the famous "Friends, Romans, countrymen" speech of Mark Antony (Marlon Brando) as a special highlight. All the principals are heard—James Mason, John Gielgud, Louis Calhern, Edmond O'Brien. The appearances of Deborah Kerr and Greer Garson are brief but effective; the musical tracks, written and conducted by Miklos Rozsa, aid the record as they did the film.

**GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES**—*When Love Goes Wrong* by Margaret Whiting and Jimmy Wakely\* (Capitol).

**JOURNEY TO SOUTH AMERICA**—*Gaviotta (A Peruvian Waltz)* by Percy Faith\* (Columbia).

**LIMELIGHT**—*Eternally* (Terry's Theme) by Dinah Shore (Victor); Jean Campbell (Coral).

Too bad they had to fit this pretty melody with such trite, unoriginal lyrics. Even Dinah can't make them sound like much.

**MELBA**—*The Melba Waltz (Dream Time)* by Jeff Morley (Okeh).

**THE MOON IS BLUE**—title song by Ralph Marterie\* (Mercury).

**THOSE REDHEADS FROM SEATTLE**—*I Guess It Was You All The Time* by Ray Anthony\* (Capitol). *Baby, Baby, Baby* by Tommy Edwards\* (MGM).

## POPULAR

**TERESA BREWER-DON CORNELL**—*The Glad Song*\* (Coral).

Teamed together for the first time in almost a year, Terry and Don are at their best in this one and the coupling, *What Happened To The Music?*

**FRANKIE LAINE**—*Hey, Joe*\* (Columbia).

Carl Smith was the first to record this, but with Frankie's version it's become a hit in both the popular and the hillbilly music worlds. Other side is an Irving Berlin song, *Sittin' In The Sun*.

**FRANK SINATRA**—*I've Got The World On A String*\* (Capitol).

Maybe Frankie's switch to the Capital label has brought the long-awaited change in his luck on records. As we went to press, this one looked promising.



# hollywood report

continued

will include her husband in any movie deal . . . Clark Gable went to Europe to get away from it all, only to find he was so well-known everywhere over there he couldn't get any rest at all, at all . . . Terry Moore was nipped by a barracuda while swimming in Florida's waters but won't say where.

Danger signal: the decision of a sweet, wholesome-type girl to start looking sexy—as witness what happened to the marriages of Anne Baxter and Janie Powell when they “went sexy”! . . . Paramount's new cutie, Mai Zetterling (she's co-starring with Danny Kaye in *Knock On Wood* at Par), tells me she doesn't need to pose for cheesecake photos: her face is sexy enough . . . In a press interview, Kathryn Grayson refused to answer any questions about the size of her bust . . . Gilbert Roland is getting more jobs in pictures now than he got when he was a top romantic leading man 'way back in the '30's. So you see, it does pay to be a nice guy and a good actor . . . Prediction: Gloria Grahame is one winner of a supporting actress Oscar who won't fade into oblivion . . . Ava Gardner sent home two leopard skins from Africa so that Frank Sinatra's new car can have new seat covers.



Grayson

## FINANCIAL PAGE:

Tab Hunter will make \$25,000 in picture salaries this year . . . Since June Allyson left Metro she has made more on one picture—\$125,000—than she got in a whole year from her old Alma MGMater . . . Jane Russell and Bob Waterfield are looking for a Los Angeles location to build a restaurant similar to Esther Williams' and Ben Gage's *Trails* . . . Gary Cooper bought two Mercedes cars in Europe for \$8250 each and Bing Crosby bought one for \$8000 so you figure out who's the best trader . . . John Payne, who got a wonderful wife and loving mother for his children when he tied the knot with Sandra Curtis (Alan's widow), pulled \$50,000 out of the moviegoers' pockets in Roanoke, Virginia, when he staged a personal appearance there for the Children's Hospital.

Maureen O'Hara sold her house in the Hollywood Hills for \$90,000 . . . Bob Wagner hired a business manager to help him handle his \$750 a week. If he doesn't learn to save now, he'll lose plenty when he gets a raise . . . Mario Lanza, although he recorded nary a song for RCA Victor last year, has made \$400,000 in royalties on records for 1952 so far . . . Them as has gits: Dean Martin won the ship's pool, \$1200, on the *Queen Elizabeth* . . . Vic Mature hired his wardrobe man, Mickey Sherrard, to manage his new television store on Pico Boulevard. And Vic plans to open two more such stores before 1954 . . . How do you figure that Mature?



Mature

Works all day starring in movies and then goes to his stores at night to sell TV sets to people who would rather look at TV than go to the movies! . . . Marilyn Monroe's business manager would not allow her to spend \$200 a month for an apartment, despite her success.

THE YEAR BOOK

**JANE "Brainy"**  
House Committee '53  
Choir '53  
Vice President '52  
Hackey Team '52  
Basketball Team '52  
Forum '53

**ENID "Glamour Puss"**  
Song Leader '52  
Camera Club '53  
Choir '53  
House Committee '52

## Which is more likely to succeed?

*Or to put it more romantically, who will be first to marry? Will it be Enid with her blonde beauty, radiant personality and quick wit? Or Jane, with her shy, retiring ways? You would guess Enid, of course. But you would be wrong. Jane will get to the altar long before Enid, because Jane has something that Enid has not . . . a breath that is always agreeable and sweet. She keeps it that way with Listerine Antiseptic, the extra-careful precaution against halitosis (bad breath). Clever Jane! Stupid Enid!*

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 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 STOPS BAD BREATH**  
**4 TIMES BETTER THAN CHLOROPHYLL OR TOOTH PASTE**



# Mary's DULL



## PERIODIC PAIN

Menstrual pain had Mary down but Midol brought quick comfort. Midol acts three ways to bring faster relief from menstrual distress. It relieves cramps, eases headache and chases "blues".

FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know", explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper). Write Dep't. F-103, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y.

# Mary's SHARP WITH MIDOL

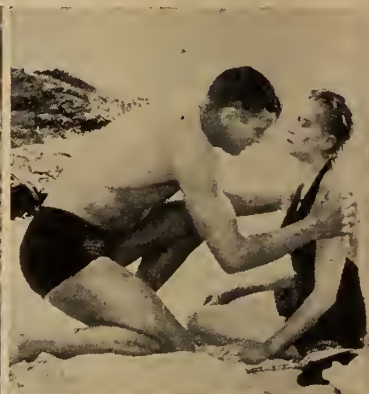


All Drugstores  
have Midol



# movie reviews *by florence epstein*

## PICTURE OF THE MONTH



**FROM HERE TO ETERNITY** Adapted from the best-seller by James Jones, *From Here To Eternity* is a brilliant movie. Its focus is that part of the Army composed of enlisted men, professional soldiers, stationed at Schofield Barracks, Honolulu, the summer of 1941. But the passions and principles (or lack of them) which rule their lives mirror our times. There's Prewitt (Montgomery Clift) the uncompromising idealist who gets "the treatment" because, having once blinded a man while sparring, he refuses to join the boxing team. There's Sergeant Warden (Burt Lancaster) the realist who can adapt himself to any situation because he knows how to yield, and despite his contempt for the pompous fraud of a Captain (Philip Ober) serves him well. There's Maggio (Frank Sinatra) the uncontrolled, pathetically funny little man who gets into trouble and is broken by the sadistic Sergeant "Fatso" (Ernest Borgnine) in charge of the stockade. Then there's Karen (Deborah Kerr) the Captain's wife, a lost, bitter woman who finds love for the first time with Warden, but that love is doomed. And there's Lorene (Donna Reed) Prew's girl, a prostitute saving her money for a "proper" life back home. *From Here To Eternity* unites these poignantly drawn portraits of desperate people in a drama you won't forget.—Col.



**GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES** It has Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell—what more does it need? Technicolor? It's got that, too. And Marilyn walks, which is even better than her singing. The theme of this movie, like the Broadway play before it, is "diamonds are a girl's best friend." Marilyn has plenty of friends. She's also engaged. Her fiancé (Tommy Noonan) is made of money, only his father (Taylor Holmes) made it and is not about to be taken in by this gold digger. That's why the marriage is postponed. Marilyn insists on going to "Europe, France," and takes Jane with her. Mr. Holmes hires a detective (Elliott Reid) to watch her, with a camera, for any hint of scandal. That camera clicks like a Geiger counter. Because Charles Coburn is on board and he's up to his ears in diamond mines. As for Jane—she's enamored of the entire Olympic team (also on board) and she likes that detective, too, until she discovers he is one. Most of the songs that were in the original musical by Joseph Fields and Anita Loos are here. The comic effects of the flapper era (the flaming Twenties) are lost in this modern version. But you can't have everything.—20th-Fox



**LATIN LOVERS** Lana Turner's problem is 37 million dollars, which may seem laughable to you, but has put this girl on an analyst's couch. Men want me for my money, she says. Doctor, cure me of that neurosis. Some neurosis! The thought of all those millions keeps even the analyst (Eduard Franz) up nights. He's no help. Neither is Beulah Bondi, John Lund's analyst. John has 48 million dollars, but even so, Lana can't bring herself to marry him. Beulah is supposed to make John irresistible. Switch to Brazil where Lund is mixing business with Turner and Turner is switching from him to Montalban. Montalban is masterful. He throws a fit when she's late, laughs at her dancing, complains about his loss of freedom. Lana is afraid he'll toss her out when he discovers she's a gold mine. Fat chance. He's delirious with delight. That's no good, either. Lana figures he must have known about the money all along. So it goes—until Lana wakes up and loves. It's Technicolor, some of it's funny, all of it's easy on the eyes. Louis Calhern, Jean Hagen and Archer MacDonald are in this.—MGM





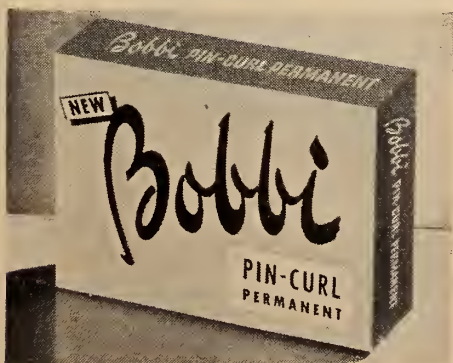
**Bobbi is perfect** for this casual "Ingenu" hair style, for Bobbi is the permanent *designed* to give soft, natural-looking curls. Easy. No help needed.



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

**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. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—and *that's all.* No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

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.



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



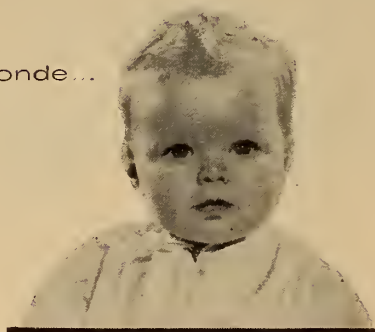


last year my hair was mousey brown...

although I once was brightly blonde...



Photograph by  
Mark Shaw,  
courtesy of  
MADEMOISELLE



now—Richard Hudnut

Light and Bright has brought  
back natural looking lightness

**Nothing to mix or fix**

**"It's simpler than  
setting your hair!"**

*Light and Bright*

LIGHT AND BRIGHT by Richard Hudnut is the newest cosmetic gift to blondes, brownettes, redheads, with dull or lifeless looking hair. It's an entirely different kind of home hair lightener, a cosmetic really, that gives you natural-looking color that won't wash out because it brings out the lightness inherent in your hair. Not a dye, or rinse, it's a simple, single solution you apply directly to your hair to lighten and brighten a little or a lot depending on how many times you use it. And it's so easy to use. No mixing, timing or shampooing. So safe, too. Light and Bright contains no ammonia and the color change is gradual because you yourself decide how many applications to have. At all cosmetic counters. **1.50** PLUS TAX.

**RICHARD HUDNUT** of Fifth Avenue



**THE KID FROM LEFT FIELD** Fox is batting a thousand with this baseball comedy that's full of laughs, love and whimsy. It centers around Dan Dailey who was once a baseball player but now sells peanuts in the stands. His nine-year-old son (Billy Chapin) worships him, anyway. Billy gets a job as batboy for the Bisons, a team so enfeebled it couldn't beat a rug. Dailey has studied all the players, though, and knows what would pull them out of their slump. He transmits this info to Billy who gives it to the team. Pretty soon Billy is hailed as a child prodigy, and manager Dick Eagan is out looking for another job. When Billy is hospitalized with virus pneumonia he tells the club owner (Ray Collins) that Dailey was the real brain behind the ball and Dailey is made manager just in time for the World Series. Anne Bancroft and Lloyd Bridges (playing a 36-year-old third baseman whose gaming days are numbered) provide romance.—20th-Fox



**SO THIS IS LOVE** This is the story of Grace Moore, whose life ended abruptly in an airplane crash. *So This Is Love* is concerned with the early years and closes with her debut at the Metropolitan Opera House. Noreen Corcoran plays the young Grace, a cute but headstrong child, who is to grow into a cute but ambitious woman (Kathryn Grayson). Grace wanted to be a missionary until her aunt (Rosemary DeCamp) suggested a singing career. Her father (Walter Abel) was vehemently opposed to her leaving home down south for any kind of career. But he lost out. So did a couple of men (Merv Griffith and Douglas Dick) who were in love with her later. But a girl who has become a musical comedy star and an opera star by the age of 27 wouldn't have had much time for romance. And a girl who's willing to remain silent for three months (in order not to lose her voice) won't be swayed from her goal. Technicolor adds much to this lavish production as does Kathryn Grayson's handling of light and operatic scores.—Warners



**SECOND CHANCE** What Linda Darnell remembers about her ex-boyfriend would tickle the Senate Crime Committee. That's why mister violent death himself, (Jack Palance) has been sent all the way down to South America. Only he thinks Linda's so pretty he'd rather seduce her than shoot her. She'd rather throw herself off a peak of the Andes. Would too, if it weren't for Bob Mitchum. He's a prizefighter with a heightened sense of life (he once killed a man in the ring) and he tells her come with me and be my love. She's willing, but that Jack Palance isn't easy to shake. Relentless, that one. Follows them right into a railway cable car that slides people from one mountain to another at 7,000 feet above the ground. Wouldn't you know that for the first time in 23 years the cables break? The car sways like a yo-yo in the sky. But trust Mitchum to pull Darnell right up out of it into a cloud. 3-D and Technicolor—RKO





**Dry skin:** "My skin used to be dry and rough, but Noxzema helped it look much smoother and fresher," says Phyllis Walker of Charleston, W. Va. "I 'cream-wash' twice a day and use Noxzema as my night cream, too!"



**Blemishes\*:** "Noxzema's routine is so refreshing," says June Conroy of Jacksonville, Fla. "I'm overjoyed at the way Noxzema brightens my skin and helps keep it free of blemishes\*!"



**Fresher, lovelier, brighter looking skin** when you really wash away dirt and stale make-up with Noxzema Skin Cream and water.

# Look lovelier in 10 days

## with DOCTOR'S HOME FACIAL or your money back!

**This new, different beauty care helps skin look fresher, prettier — helps keep it that way, too!**

If you aren't entirely satisfied with your skin—here's the biggest beauty news in years! A famous doctor has developed a wonderful new home beauty routine. It helps your skin look fresher, smoother, lovelier and helps you *keep* it that way!

### Results are thrilling

This new beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. For this famous *medicated* beauty cream combines softening, soothing, healing and cleansing ingredients.

Letters from women all over America praise Noxzema's quick help for dry, rough skin; externally-caused blemishes; and for that lifeless *half-clean* look of so many so-called normal complexions.

Wouldn't you like to help your skin look fresher, smoother, prettier? Then, tonight start this Doctor's Home Facial:



**1. Cleanse by washing your face** with Noxzema and water. Apply Noxzema liberally; wring out a cloth in warm water and wash as if using soap. Noxzema is *greaseless*, actually washes off with water. See how stale make-up and dirt disappear. How fresh skin looks and feels—not dry, or drawn!



**2. Night cream:** Smooth on Noxzema to help your skin look softer, lovelier. Pat a bit

extra over any blemishes\* to help heal them — fast! Noxzema supplies a protective film of oil-and-moisture that helps *keep* your skin looking fresh and lovely.



**3. Make-up base:** In the morning, 'cream-wash' again. Then apply soothing, *greaseless* Noxzema as your long-lasting powder base. Noxzema helps protect your skin all day long!

**Noxzema works or money back!** In clinical tests, Noxzema helped 4 out of 5 women with discouraging skin problems to have lovelier looking complexions. Try it for 10 days. If not delighted, return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Your money back! *\*externally-caused*

**LOOK LOVELIER OFFER:** Big 85¢ jar of Noxzema only 59¢ plus tax at drug, cosmetic counters. Limited time only!



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**



**GUN BELT** George Montgomery is a good guy (once he was as bad as they come, pardner) and he lives on a ranch with his nephew, Tab Hunter. Tab's father is a regular monster. Fact is, he has just knifed a guard on his way out of prison. He and three outlaws descend on George; they want him to take up his guns again for a big job. Not George. So his brother (John Dehner) robs a bank while George is in there making a payment. You see, it's a frame-up. Now George *has* to ride out of town with the gang or the townspeople will lynch him. But George and his brother have a fight and his brother accidentally gets shot. Too bad Tab Hunter is around when it happens. He doesn't think it's an accident. He thinks George did it. George is beginning to get a little frantic, but he pulls himself together, decides to ride with the outlaws so he can turn the whole bunch of 'em over to the Marshal. Will he do it? You can bet your boots he will. Technicolor, with Helen Westcott, William Bishop, Douglas Kennedy —United Artists



**THE BAND WAGON** Songs (a lot of them old favorites) by Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz, dancing by Astaire and Cbarisse (the most spectacular number is a parody of Mickey Spillane's detective stories) and a well-turned script by Betty Comden and Adolph Green combine to make *The Band Wagon* one of the best musicals in years. Fred Astaire plays a celebrity people are beginning to ignore. When he arrives in New York the song on his lips is "By Myself," but a couple of people come along and change that tune. The couple are Oscar Levant and Nanette Fabray; they've written a show for him and they've lined up a brilliant, if somewhat eccentric, director (Jack Buchanan) to handle it. That's the take-off—the rest is color, gaiety and talent all the way. Technicolor, natch, with Vincente Minnelli directing.—MGM



**ISLAND IN THE SKY** Men are always fighting each other. What they sometimes forget is that they're often fighting nature, too. This movie tells you what that battle can be like. John Wayne, a pilot for 20 years, now flying an Army Transport plane, makes a forced landing somewhere in Greenland. Whether he'll be rescued or not is hard to say, but Wayne is counting on it, as is his crew of four. Radioman Wally Cassell keeps transmitting messages until the juice runs out. They have enough food for a few days and a nice, cool climate (70 below). Back in the States, Colonel Walter Abel gets up a searching party among the pilots who have known Wayne for years and won't let him down without a struggle. They can't find him the first time over and the wait in that desolate nowhere grows unbearable. Lovatt (Sean McClory) gets lost in a snowstorm and dies within arm's reach of the lean-to. But Wayne keeps them going. Big climax! Lloyd Nolan, James Arness, Andy Devine, Allyn Joslyn are in the cast.—Warners





**MISSION OVER KOREA** This movie is dedicated to the men who scout the skies in Army L-5 cub planes. They don't carry weapons; they just dart in and around enemy fire, taking pictures, observing, getting killed. John Hodiak and John Derek are stationed at Kimpo Field, Seoul, before the outbreak of war in Korea. Hodiak has a wife (Maureen O'Sullivan) and family; Derek is a brash young officer who meets an Army nurse (Audrey Totter) in Japan, but doesn't have much time to woo her. When the fighting starts Hodiak and Derek are in the thick of it, and you get a good idea of the desolation, terror and fury that war brings—even if it is only a police action. You also see how heroes are made and murdered in a matter of minutes. Cast included Harvey Lembeck, Richard Erdman, William Chun.—Col.



**RIDE, VAQUERO!** Howard Keel is a homesteader, or would be, if Anthony Quinn, leader of the Mexican border raiders, would stop burning down his ranch. Quinn is afraid of men like Keel—they're too smart, too idealistic and too brave—and for them to settle in Texas would mean the end of wild times. Robert Taylor is the silent, cynical right hand man whom Quinn loves like a brother. Together they raise terror at will because life means little to them. One day Keel catches up with Taylor and can easily kill him. Instead he asks for Taylor's help on the ranch. Taylor agrees. He admires Keel. He admires Keel's wife (Ava Gardner). And that's the trouble. When Taylor sees where admiration can lead he saddles up his horse and gits (underneath that brooding exterior lurks an honorable man). He rides into town a few minutes after Quinn has ripped it open and is in the process of slowly pumping Keel full of holes. The movie is fraught with atmosphere, but sometimes you can't help wondering why. Ansco Color—MGM.



**EAST OF SUMATRA** Jeff Chandler is a mining engineer who sets his crew down on the Island of Tunga to look for tin. First thing they find is Suzan Ball cavorting in a waterfall. She is the native chieftain's bride-to-be, and that chieftain (Anthony Quinn) is pretty wise in the ways of men. He makes Jeff promise to provide medicine for his people in return for their labor. Chandler promises but he can't help it if his boss (John Sutton) is a rat and won't even part with a Band-aid. Quinn thinks Chandler betrayed him and wants to start a war. "Don't fight, boys," says Suzan, and they don't—until the native rice crop mysteriously burns up. Quinn methodically destroys Chandler's plane and supplies and cuts off all means of escape. It looks like fast starvation until Chandler challenges Quinn to a fight to the death. (They use flaming torches and daggers.) Also in cast of East of Sumatra are Marilyn Maxwell, Jay C. Flippen. Technicolor.—U-I

# EAST OF SUMATRA



For her savage kisses...

he plundered the last forgotten  
corner of the earth!

The story of "Duke Mullane,"  
the women he loved, the iron  
men he led and the jungle  
fury he battled!



Universal International presents

**JEFF CHANDLER**  
**MARILYN MAXWELL**  
**ANTHONY QUINN**  
**SUZAN BALL**

# EAST OF SUMATRA

with  
**JOHN SUTTON • JAY C. FLIPPEN**  
**SCAT MAN CROTHERS**

Directed by **BUDD BOETTICHER** • Screenplay by **FRANK GILL, JR.**  
Produced by **ALBERT J. COHEN**

COLOR BY  
**Technicolor**





# RITA'S NEWEST LOVE

**THE DANCING EX-PRINCESS HAS CHOSEN HER NEW FAVORITE—DICK HAYMES • By Consuelo Anderson**



Rita has found her own kind of man, the romantic, Latin, marrying kind.

■ There are some actresses who, introverted and self-sufficient, can go through life for long periods of time without a man.

Rita Hayworth is not one of these.

Without love and masculine attention she is like a rose without sun and water. She withers.

Rita knows this. Which is why she has found herself a new beau and, potentially, a new husband. He is Dick Haymes, the tall, 37-year-old, handsome crooner from the Argentine whose love life has been every bit as hectic as Rita's.

As you undoubtedly know, Haymes, four years ago, was involved in one of Hollywood's juiciest and most publicized scandals. That was in Palm Springs when he took three looks at Errol Flynn's then-wife, the beautifully lusty Nora, and promptly lost his heart to her.

At the time he was married to Joanne Dru, a girl of quiet but insinuating beauty, and the mother of his three wonderful children. But Dick petitioned for his freedom.

As a matter of fact, he was so smitten by Nora, so anxious to make her his, that he agreed to pay Joanne any sum ranging from \$9,600 to \$14,000 a year for support in addition to taking out insurance policies for the offspring, paying their dental and medical bills, and dividing the community property.

Joanne gave Dick his liberty. Errol Flynn, his great ego shattered, gave Nora hers plus the promise to pay \$550 a month for the support of their two daughters, Rory and Deirdre, a promise, incidentally, which he has been delinquent in fulfilling. On July 17, 1949, Nora Eddington Flynn became the bride of Richard Haymes.

"How does Rita Hayworth fit into this picture?" you ask.

It's very simple. Early this year, not long after she had lost a baby son via miscarriage, Nora Haymes decided that she and Dick just couldn't make a go of their marriage. There was a separation which left Haymes free and lonely.

In New York on business, he happened to run into Rita Hayworth who was in town to plug *Salome*. In fact they both stayed at the Plaza. They ate together. "Steak and black coffee," according to one waiter who served them. "And they looked very nice, very simpático." (Continued on page 80)



# Now! Make-up that covers perfectly...yet looks so perfectly natural!

Yours only with Max Factor Pan-Cake\* Make-Up—  
when you apply it by the new "Light Touch Method"!

**N**EVER before have so many women—women with dry skin,  
oily skin, normal skin—had such wonderful success with a  
single make-up base.

The base is Max Factor's famous Pan-Cake—the make-up that  
covers so beautifully. And now it gives you an even lovelier, more  
natural look when you use Max Factor's revolutionary new *Light  
Touch Method*!

The directions are easy. Just be sure to use the *light, light*  
touch for make-up that's so much fresher, prettier . . . so much  
kinder to your complexion . . . yet covers as only Pan-Cake can!



Your flawless new  
complexion looks  
lovely all day long  
—when you put on  
Max Factor Pan-Cake  
Make-Up with the new  
*Light Touch Method*!



1. Use a sponge  
that's really wet  
(just short  
of dripping).  
Rub it *lightly*  
over your Pan-Cake  
Make-Up—only a  
small amount is  
needed at a time.



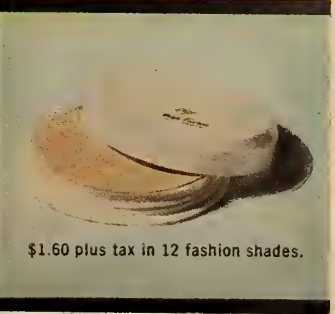
2. Apply very *lightly*,  
quickly. Pan-Cake  
is enriched with  
lanolin, won't dry  
your skin.  
Wring out sponge;  
blend *lightly*  
with reverse side.



3. While face is still  
moist, blot *lightly*  
with tissue  
to remove any  
excess. This  
prevents "caking."



4. Puff on face  
powder generously,  
but *lightly*.  
Brush off surplus.  
(For an extra-sheer  
look, pat *lightly*  
with clean,  
moist sponge.)




\$1.60 plus tax in 12 fashion shades.

MAX FACTOR  
**Pan-  
Cake**  
MAKE-UP

\*Pan-Cake (trademark)  
means Max Factor  
Hollywood cake make-up



THERE'S  
**COLD**  
-----  
**CREAM**  
-----  
NOW IN  
**CAMAY**



HER  
PETAL-SOFT  
SKIN GOES  
STRAIGHT TO  
HIS HEART!

**Your skin will love it!**

**Wonderful new Camay with cold cream  
for complexion and bath!**

Here's the happiest beauty news that ever came your way! Now Camay contains cold cream. And Camay is the *only* leading beauty soap to bring you this added luxury.

**For your beauty and your bath**—new Camay with cold cream is more delightful than ever. And whether your skin is dry or oily, new Camay will leave it feeling beautifully cleansed, marvelously refreshed.

**Of course, you still get everything** that's made Camay famous . . . the softer complexion that's yours when you change to regular care and Camay, that foam-rich Camay lather, skin-pampering Camay mildness and delicate Camay fragrance.

**LOOK FOR NEW CAMAY IN THE SAME FAMILIAR WRAPPER.**  
It's at your store now—yours at no extra cost.  
There is no finer beauty soap in all the world!

**NOW MORE THAN EVER...THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN**



# GABLE'S MYSTERY ROMANCE



Clark Gable's companion, model Susan Dodolle, took a leave of absence from Schioporelli's salon to help him look at Europe.

Time was when Clark Gable turned to hunting, fishing and desert resorts for entertainment and relaxation between pictures. Now he turns to the ladies.

BY ALICE HOFFMAN

■ What does an actor do between pictures? Especially if he's single, wealthy, handsome, and his name is Clark Gable?

In California when he had finished a film, the 52-year-old star used to go fishing and hunting in Oregon or speed down to La Quinta, a desert resort south of Palm Springs. When he was married to Lady Sylvia Ashley, he'd come home to his house in Encino, inspect Sylvia's latest improvements in décor and blow his top.

Only Gable hasn't been working in the U.S.A. for more than a year now. He's been in Africa and Europe, making films there in order to take advantage of the Federal income tax exemption. And life in Europe, to say the least, gives actors the opportunity to be infinitely more expansive than they can be at home.

Ever since April of this year, for example, when (Continued on page 88)









# LOVE MARILYN

As Stengel is to the Yankees—  
that's how Skolsky is to  
The Monroe. But he can't write  
an article about her—  
he loves her too much.

by Sidney Skolsky

Mr. Charles D. Saxon  
Editor,  
MODERN SCREEN  
Dear Chuck:

In reply to your letter, it's nice to be told that what Boswell was to Johnson I am to Monroe, but flattery will get you nowhere. I can't do an article on Marilyn Monroe for you.

Don't forget, Chuck, that when Boswell published his notes, Samuel Johnson was no longer around, and I still have to live with The Monroe. You know what I mean: I still have to see her at the studio, at restaurants, at her house and, of course, get lifts from her. No man ever had a better-looking chauffeur, or a chauffeur to whom other drivers paid more attention.

Look what you've got me saying: "I still have to see her!" This sounds as if it is a duty, which it certainly isn't. I don't know of any celebrity who is more amiable or more comfortable to be with than Marilyn. No, Chuck, if I can pull a line like that so early in just a personal letter, there's no telling what boners I might pull in an article. Honestly, I don't think I'm the boy for the job, despite the fact that I know Marilyn so well.

You probably want an article entitled "Why Monroe Will Marry DiMaggio," or "Why Monroe Won't Marry DiMaggio." I can't write that type of yarn for you. To tell the truth, Chuck, (*Continued on page 35*)





**NOW THAT MARILYN IS FAMOUS, THE CAMERA FOLLOWS HER WHEREVER SHE GOES.**



As a homeless child, Marilyn lived with strangers and relatives, longed for a bed she could call her own. With her first money she bought one—nice and low so she wouldn't fall out.



Comfort is important to The Monroe, both in companions and in dress. She has no use for girdles and pajamas and not much use for shoes; gets no credit for the lingerie she wears.



**AS A CHILD, SHE WASN'T OFTEN**



First sitting at six months





Marilyn can play almost two tunes on her old piano, a keepsake from pre-Hollywood days. She studies singing and dramatics diligently. And secretly, she reads and goes to movies.



Glamorous in the grand manner, Marilyn differs from her sisters of the Thirties by spending most of her time at home. After her wandering, unhappy childhood, she likes it there.

## I LOVE MARILYN continued

I really don't know whether Marilyn and Joe will marry or not. In fact, at the moment I don't think *they* know. I'd hate to have to decide for them, and then find they've done the opposite and be caught with my by-line down. You know this sort of thing sometimes happens in fan magazines.

It could be because I understand Marilyn that I won't hazard a guess as to her matrimonial future. But this much I can definitely state: there is nothing definite. However, at post time (I mean mailing this letter to you) this is somewhat their routine: Marilyn will often rush home from the studio, still in make-up, to cook dinner for Joe. She usually throws a couple of steaks or chops into the broiler. And Joe has taught her how to prepare spaghetti. Since going with him, she drinks Italian wine and knows a few words of Italian. After dinner Joe will stretch out on the couch and watch a Western movie on tv. Marilyn will study her lines for tomorrow, or talk to friends on the telephone. She prefers to lie on the floor or bed when on the phone. "I talk better lying down," she claims.

Joe doesn't try to guide her career or tell her how to play a role. He does occasionally make a sage remark drawn from his own glorious history: "Never mind all the publicity, honey," he'll say. "Get the money."

When Marilyn met DiMaggio all she knew about baseball was that it was played on a diamond and that it was good for publicity photos. It was because of one of those publicity pictures, in fact, that Joe expressed the desire to meet Marilyn. A little over a year ago she had posed with ballplayer Gus Zernial (*Continued on page 62*)

**WITHIN CAMERA RANGE. SHE SHOWS HER ONLY BABY PICTURES TO SIDNEY AND TO MODERN SCREEN.**



Grown up a little at two



Already glamorous at four



Very first cheesecake at five



ALTHOUGH HE NEVER COMPLAINS AND NEVER EXPLAINS, BOB WAGNER IS CONSTANTLY APPALLED



Bob Wagner and Debbie Reynolds were a friendly twosome and a constant one. When they began to see less of each other, Bob was astounded to hear that he had "thrown her over—broken her heart."



He was enjoying his dates with blonde Susan Zanuck when the rumors about that reached him: "He took her out because she was the boss' daughter and he was too smart to miss the main chance."

# the lies they tell about



■ Robert John Wagner, Jr., is a personable, good natured and well-adjusted young man of 23. It's amazing that some people have been prompted to tell so many lies about him.

Bob is amazed, too. He can't understand why it happens.

"Look," he says, "I'm easy to get along with. I like people and I hope they like me. I work hard at my job and try to do the best I can. I can't understand why people would go out of their way to tell lies about me."

Usually he follows the advice of another performer who is expert in the art of remaining a star—Alan Ladd. Bob used to date Carol Lee Ladd, and he listened carefully to words of wisdom from her father. After all, Alan has been

By Bob Thomas



BY THE "NEWS" HE HEARS ABOUT HIMSELF.



Working with Barbara Stanwyck whom he admires, he sometimes went out with her and other members of the cast of *Titanic* after the day's shooting was over. In the news, this became a full-fledged romance.



On location in Florida, Bob was startled to hear of his sudden, dramatic engagement to Terry Moore. They cleared up that one and the story was that Bob was party to a publicity stunt.



Even at home, he isn't safe. The gossip on that front is that Robert Wagner, Sr., used his money and influence so that his little boy needn't go through the usual trials to be a star.

# Bob Wagner

able to keep a large and devoted following through good pictures and bad.

On the question of what to do about false rumors, Alan said simply: "Never complain; never explain."

When major and minor crises arise, Bob remembers those words. Recently a columnist printed the information that Robert Wagner had hired an independent press agent—to keep his name and face out of print. The item attempted to explain that he had been on six magazine covers lately and felt too much publicity would endanger his career.

A studio publicist hastily called Bob for confirmation. The report was false, he said.

"Then don't you want to issue a denial?" asked the publicist.

Bob remembered Alan Ladd's words. "No," he replied. "Let's just let the whole matter drop."

But there comes a time when even such an easy-going guy as Bob Wagner must blow off steam. And so when I asked him to clear up all the distortions, untruths and outright lies that have been circulated about him, he jumped at the chance.

One writer put forth the claim that Bob had been unfair to Debbie Reynolds. The writer quoted a friend of Debbie's as saying:

"Oh! That Bob Wagner! How could he break that poor little girl's heart? I'm telling you that when he threw Debbie over, he broke her heart—broke it right into pieces! And what for? Just so

that he could buzz from one girl to the next. I thought he had more sense than that. I really did. He didn't know when he was well off. I guess he'll just have to grow up."

The statement that he broke Debbie's heart is pure nonsense, says Bob.

"There never was anything serious between us," he explained. "We went out together—went out a great deal. But we never had any real romance. Debbie wanted it that way, and I agreed. After all, she is all wrapped up in her career, and so am I. We are both at a very critical stage, when hard work and concentration will make the difference between getting ahead in the business or missing the boat.

"We never (Continued on page 96)







# LOVE IS A LONG SHOT



The James' first big winner, Big Noise, thunders past Grey Tower and Count Me Out to win the Futurity and \$100,000.

The wise money didn't  
back the Grable-James  
marriage. So what made it go  
for ten years? Betty  
offers a horsey reason.

JACK WADE

Once, when she was very young, Betty Grable shed bitter tears over a love that had failed. Like Elizabeth Taylor, Shirley Temple and Jane Powell, who in later years were to experience the folly of too-early marriage against parental objection, Betty cringed from the explosive publicity that accompanied her divorce from ex-child actor, Jackie Coogan, and swore to herself that next time she'd know the real thing. Yet, she admits that when she married orchestra leader Harry James, the "wise money" in Hollywood was betting that their marriage wouldn't go six weeks. The odds were simply against it. The recipe was one that had never worked.

Take one superb blonde movie star who had become the pin-up idol of millions of service men and the meal ticket for thousands of theater owners. Take one top band leader, required by the nature of his profession to bounce endlessly around the United States away from home for ten months out of the year. Mix them together in a marital state and any sensible person will tell you that the result must be unpalatable chaos.

Today, while the verdict may still be out on the love futures of Liz Taylor, Shirley Temple and Janie Powell, it appears that the marriage of Ruth Elizabeth Grable to a horn player named Harry James on July 5, 1943, has tossed normally sound reasoning into the ash can.

How have they managed to do it?

"We both like horses," Betty answers simply.

To some of the psychologists who prepare those deep thinking articles, such a statement is ridiculous in the extreme. Yet, the brainy efforts of these marriage experts over the years have done little to stem the tide of divorce. It would (*Continued on page 85*)



The James' jockeys ride for money and for honor—and for Betty's kiss to the winner. She's the greatest innovation since the starting gate.



# Ring around Rosie



After they were married in Durant, Oklahoma, Rosie and Joe smilingly made wedding pictures with some of the guests. *Left to right:* Olivia De Havilland, Charles Meeker, Margaret Whiting, and Ann Crowley.

There are long faces and short tempers over Rosie's marriage. But nothing bothers the unblushing bride. She's singing and shouting, "Just flippin' my lid! Never been happier!"

BY PETER PRESTON

■ When the news broke in Cincinnati a few weeks ago that Rosemary Clooney, 25, of Maysville, Kentucky, and José Vicente Ferrer, 41, of Ossining, New York, had gotten married in a small Oklahoma town, four hours' ride from Dallas, a young woman who had once gone to Withrow High School with Rosemary leaned across the breakfast table. She handed her husband the morning newspaper and pointed to the Clooney-Ferrer wedding announcement.

"Now," she snapped, "I believe in miracles."

The husband of the young society matron read the brief news item and said, "What's wrong with their getting married?"

"Nothing. Except that if Rosemary Clooney can get a famous husband, so can any other girl on earth. Do you know, Dick, that when she was at Withrow, Rosemary was blackballed by four different sororities?"

The husband looked at his wife as a man might regard a backward child, with a mixture of love and pity. "There is nothing more cruel in the world," he said softly, "than the snobbishness of adolescent girls."

There was a time only a few months ago when recalling the hurt and poverty and bitter frustration of her youth, Rosemary Clooney would undoubtedly have agreed with the above statement. But now that she is Mrs. José Ferrer, she is so thrilled with the newness of marriage, so happy in her recently-rented Beverly Hills home, so altogether in love with Joe that the memories of humiliations she suffered as a child are in cold-storage.

And yet to those who knew her as a too-thin, jut-jawed, spindle-shanked girl it seems like only yesterday when she was aboard the *Island Moon*, an excursion steamer winding down the Ohio. Hundreds of high school boys and girls were heading for the picnic grounds, and Rosemary, dressed in a cheap little frock, made over by her Grandmother Guilfoyle, turned to her best friend. "I'm desperately in love with—" and she pointed out the local handsome Lothario. (Continued on page 77)









Occasionally Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz can be seen at night without benefit of television screen. In today's becalmed Mocambo, it's a wholesome, domestic scene.



*Turistas* paying cover charges to see intrigue among the stars are delighted to find Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas, disappointed by their party manners.



Jane Wyman is among the few stars who still come out at night. She was one of the Bautzer girls (and Greg was one of the Wyman boys) but now it's plain Mrs. Karger.



Like most of the younger generation, Anne Francis turns up with her husband, seems to have a good time.

**A FEW STARS STILL TWINKLE IN THE NIGHT CLUBS, BUT DECOROUSLY. GONE**

# what's happened to hollywood night life?

By STEVE CRONIN

■ One night a few years ago in a Hollywood establishment known then and now as Mocambo, a girl of mysterious identity and origin went over to Errol Flynn and broke a coddled egg on his head.

The incident churned up a few local headlines but did not excite anyone unduly. This was in an era when the unsteady graph of what is called "Hollywood night life" was on one of its periodic climbs toward delirium, and in fact, not to break coddled eggs on stars'





John Wayne shows the fashionable, famous Hollywood night clubs to Pilar Pallete. Most of the remaining legendary figures stay home, behave sedately in public.



Esther Williams and Ben Gage enjoy a night out in a spot once famous for Bogart's fisticuffs and Virginia Hill's blithe trampling on her fabulous sable coats.



Nowadays, lucky tourists might see Jeanne Crain dancing with her husband; once they could have seen a lady break a carefully coddled egg on Errol Flynn's head.



In the good, old days, the lady stars hit the town with a different escort every night. Maureen O'Hara, husbandless, goes out with her brother, Jimmy Lilburn.

## ARE THE LUSTY, BRAWLING, BOTTLE-SWINGING, BUTTER-THROWING, SPENDTHRIFT, STARS OF THE THIRTIES.

heads was considered effete. Actually the incident passed off rather well, occasioning no discomfort to anyone save Mr. Flynn, who underwent the shock you would expect of a man who has no deadly aversion to eggs taken externally but who hadn't happened to order a shampoo.

The red-haired girl had not known Mr. Flynn nor he her. She went over to his table and asked if he were Errol Flynn. No perjurer, Flynn said he was. *The Errol Flynn?* the girl asked. Mr. Flynn

didn't simper. He just said yup. *Squooosh.*

Mocambo was loaded with filmdom's hot rocks that evening. They laughed appreciatively and resumed the somewhat intense business of roistering in the public eye. A few paid tribute to Flynn's acumen in hiring an egg-plopper all his own, and a few others decided the caper was an authentic one, raising the charitable grounds that Flynn's coiffure and a coddled egg were natural affinities. Ham, that is, was mentioned, but in no more

vicious a spirit than a baby cobra might exhibit if stepped on. The girl was hauled away before she could apply pepper and salt and life went on.

Well, that was a normal Hollywood night life item yesterday. Tomorrow it may well be normal again. Today it is simply nostalgic and a little quaint, like a Duesenberg phaeton or a raccoon coat. Today, if truth must be told, Hollywood night life is decorous and becalmed, biding its time. (Continued on page 101)



A MODERN SCREEN EXCLUSIVE! HERE, FOR THE FIRST TIME, IS THE REAL STORY BEHIND SHIRLEY'S HOME-

# Why Shirley Temple came back

by  
**Hedda  
Hopper**

■ We had scarcely sat down for a chat when a doorbell rang; and one of the most famous young ladies in the world, a pert, svelte brunette, got up to answer. Naturally Hopper had to peep out to see who the caller could be. It was a middle-aged man bearing a yellow envelope.

"I have a telegram for Shirley Temple," he said.

"Well," said the girl, "I *used* to be Shirley Temple."

The messenger almost dropped his teeth. Scratching his head in wonderment, he stared at the girl and finally said, "If you're Shirley Temple, I must be getting older than I thought." He seemed a bit dubious about handing her the telegram. I still don't believe he thought the girl was Shirley Temple.

But indeed it was. After two years in the east, where her husband, Charles Black, had served a re-call term with Naval Intelligence in Washington, Shirley had come home—but not as Shirley Temple. She insists on being called Shirley Black. Her hair was a natural dark brunette in color. Though her looks are still bright with youth, they contain a suggestion of the matronly. Those famous childhood dimples are not so pronounced. "I'm a quarter of a century old," she said, seeming to take a particular satisfaction in that "century" bit.

Most outstanding in Shirley's personality is a gentle, mocking sense of humor, which is applied liberally toward herself. In conversation you have to watch that girl, or she'll have your neck in a twist from double-takes trying to find out whether she's serious or kidding. Almost always there is a faint trace of humor in her eyes.

"Well," said I, "you're stuck with being Shirley Temple whether or not you ever do another day of acting. You became an American institution. You grew into the hearts of movie-going people and they'll never let you go. When do you start back to work?"

She reflected for a moment before answering. "Hedda," she said finally, "you must understand (*Continued on page 90*)



"I *used* to be Shirley Temple," says svelte, matronly Mrs. Charles Black, mother of Linda Susan, 5, and Charles, Jr., 1. "Now I'm not a star; I'm just a contented housewife!"



Shirley has no trouble disciplining her baby. "I just give him a disapproving look," she says. With Susan, too, a look will usually do it. Spankings are rare at the Blacks'.



COMING AS SHE TOLD IT TO HEDDA—PLUS THE ONLY PICTURES TAKEN OF SHIRLEY'S FAMILY AT HOME!



Shirley's two children are good playmates and companions. When Charlie was born, the Blacks "gave" him to Susan, who watches after him like her own baby, shows no trace of usual jealousy.



A husky 26 pounds, Charlie is quite a bundle for his petite mother to handle, but he's such a good baby. Shirley has no trouble with him. Shirley came much nearer death at his birth, than most people realize.



Her son's first haircut gave Shirley a pang of nostalgia. "A boy's first haircut is his first step to manhood," says Shirley wistfully, "and it makes a mother feel that her baby is leaving her already."



Little Linda Susan Agar, the daughter of Shirley and her first husband, John Agar, is a bright, friendly child. She visited the White House with her parents recently, and surprised the President with her aplomb.





Jerry Lewis' home looks like on overage American's . . . from the outside. Inside, it's a Grade A mansion.

HOUSE OF THE MONTH

# THE NOT SO MAD HOUSE

■ A week before those two irrepressible zanies, Martin and Lewis, were scheduled to appear at the Palladium in London, a British magazine flew one of its top writers across the Atlantic to interview Jerry.

After many fruitless expeditions all over Hollywood, the scribe finally located the rubber-faced, crew-cut comic in a sporting goods store. Jerry was trying on golf shoes.

"I'll need an extra heavy shoe for those Scotch golf courses, don't you think, old boy?" That was Lewis' opening remark to the visiting Britisher.

"Why don't you wait and buy a pair in London?" the reporter suggested.

"Ridiculous," Jerry answered. "They're cheaper there." Then turning to the clerk, he said, "Do these shoes come in brown and white, too?"

Told that they did, the gangling screwball ordered identical pairs in black and white, cordovan, and Norwegian calf.

Next he tried on Bermuda-length shorts. They looked good to him so he bought an even dozen pairs in linen, flannel, and tropical worsted. Moving over to the camera department (*Continued on page 48*)



Patti picked the colors for the living room, thought that the grey-green carpet would be a good background for the pale mahogany furniture. The portrait of Jerry was a gift from Hal Wallis.



Jerry is leather-happy . . . a fact easily discerned by one look at his study. Everything—scrapbooks, radio scripts, movie scenarios, is bound in expensive gold embossed leather, and displayed there.



No trick staircases, hidden doors  
or sliding panels . . . Jerry Lewis'  
house is so normal you'd never know  
America's favorite screwball lives there.

BY MARVA PETERSON



Because of his insecure childhood, Jerry has many neurotic habits. For years, he used to sleep with a gun beneath his pillow. In this lovely master bedroom, Patti talked him into giving it up last year.



Guests are sometimes so comfortable in the Lewis guest room they refuse to leave! "Especially my mother-in-law," cracks Jerry. (He's only kidding.) The TV set, chaise longue, are perfect for relaxing.

The two Lewis children share this double-decker bedroom, but they're usually to be found out in their playhouse, the one Jerry had to buy for them after he took over the first one for himself.



Early American is the motif of the kitchen, but in convenience and modern appliances, it's strictly up-to-date. Along with the mechanical wonders, Patti has installed a magazine rack and a radio.



MORE➤



## the not so mad house continued



The exterior of Jerry Lewis' backyard playhouse doesn't begin to hint at the fabulous interior. Projection booths, gun racks, fireplace, bar, practically every prop money can buy for social amusement is found behind this modest facade.



Patti had a few qualms about the playhouse when it was being built, but now agrees with Jerry that it's worth every cent. "Our gang has a million laughs out here, and our type of mayhem would wreck the rest of the place."

he ordered half a dozen reflectors and spotlights. "Need these for my camera work," Jerry explained.

"But I thought Paramount provided that sort of equipment!" the flabbergasted Englishman managed to sputter.

Lewis crossed his eyes and drew an imaginary pistol from his belt, aiming his index finger at the reporter's heart. "Say that one more time, you varmint," he drawled, "and I'll have you sent to the Tower. Do you hear me, you wretch?"

Unaccustomed to Jerry's shenanigans, the British reporter scratched his head in amazement, whereupon Lewis moved up to him and said, "Look, Hyman, I thought I told you to wait outside and wash the car."

Finished spending \$800 in the sporting goods store, Jerry then raced across Wilshire Boulevard into a confectionary shop. Like a little boy with his allowance to spend, he eyed all the glass cases, finally settling for a pound of licorice, and bags of jelly beans, nuts, and assorted gum drops. "This bulk candy," he observed, "gets stale very quickly." He sampled a mouthful of jelly beans. "Now," he said, "all we have to do is to stop at the framer's and bookbinder's—then we're home."

At the bookbinder's Jerry picked up four large scrapbooks handsomely bound in expensive red leather. They contained photographs of their Honolulu Honeymoon #2, party pictures of son Gary's last birthday, stills from *Scared Stiff*, and hundreds of newspaper clippings.

At the picture-framer's there were 15 separate items waiting for J. Lewis. All of his possessions are either bound or framed. This time he picked up his MODERN SCREEN achievement award, a cartoon of his recent knee operation, and a commendation from the Cerebral Palsy Foundation, among other pictures and certificates.

Having been raised in a period of post-war austerity coupled with typical British restraint, the English reporter was staggered by the morning's shopping spree. "I say," he timidly asked Jack Keller, Jerry's press agent, "does this bloke carry on this way everywhere?"

Keller was prepared with a ready answer. "In automobile agencies," he explained, "he only buys one car at a time."

"And how about his home?" the writer continued.

"About his home and home-life," Jack said, "you'd better speak to his wife. She's absolutely normal and no harm will come to you."

Patti Lewis really enjoys keeping house for Jerry and their two sons, Gary, eight, and Ronnie, three and a half. (Continued on page 70)



Uncompromising moralist  
Stewart Granger  
prefers not to discuss  
faith. But he believes,  
“Man is to his God  
what he is to himself.”

BY LOU POLLOCK

# THE COURAGE TO FEAR

■ The subject of faith is one which Stewart Granger does not care to talk about with strangers—especially strange writers. And the luncheon interview on which this story is based would certainly have been a failure had Stewart not suddenly reminded himself of an old and beloved friend, Peter Bull, whom he recalled as “truly religious.” He had to tell you of his admiration for Peter, and only while speaking of him, did some of Stewart’s own ideas come out.

The Church of England into which Stewart Granger was born is not as possessive as some churches; in the opinion of many students of Christianity it leaves a lot to the individual. One gathers from talking to Stewart that he thinks it is how a man uses this freedom of choice which determines the truth and dignity of his worship. This is where Peter comes in.

“Peter never talked about his religion,” said Stewart. “He had accepted it as a small boy because his father, to whom he was very close, was a believer who fascinated him with wonderful stories of God and the (Continued on page 94)





SHE WOULDN'T CALL BACK HER MISTAKES IF SHE COULD, BUT NOW SHE LIVES BY THE BOOK.

# Mistakes that made her famous

by John Maynard

■ *"It is good to battle, to suffer, to be thrown overboard and left to save ourselves. What we lose in comfort, we gain in energy—and energy is the most precious of man's weapons."*

So wrote a man named Wagner a number of years ago. History does not record whether or not his observation knocked his audience as a whole into a spin. But it did induce in Joan Crawford an excited pang of recognition. She wrote it down in one of a number of leather-bound volumes in which, for 15 years now, she has been recording similar capsules of residual wisdom.

In the same manner, she has seen eye-to-eye with a Mr. Irving: *"Love is never lost—if not reciprocated, it will flow back and soften and purify the heart."*

And with a Mr. Moore: *"The difficulty in life is the choice."*

The difficulty, indeed. Probably there should be some journalistic ethics against gamboling up to a person of Miss Crawford's professional stature, dignity and beauty, and saying: "You've pulled a few rocks in your time, haven't you, pal, and if so, what were they?" To Miss Crawford's everlasting credit, she did not bridle. She laughed. Laughter should be a musical sound at all times but quite frequently it is not. Miss Crawford's though, is at least as pleasant to listen to as any in (*Continued on page 98*)



Joan Crawford passes between-scenes time with daughter Christina and paddle Cliquat. Never tired, she sleeps two hours per night.









Jeff Hunter and Rary Calhaun are all set, with their face masks and strange underwater weapons, for a day's skin diving. For more pictures and details, turn the page.



A preliminary briefing in the techniques of the sport is given to novice Rary Calhaun by expert Mel Fisher. Jeff Hunter and Bud Keyes, old-timers at skin diving, look on.

■ The day was hot, the sun was bright, and young Jeff Hunter was wilted. In fact, he felt so little like waiting any longer in the car for his pretty wife, Barbara, to come out of the gates of her studio that he finally walked over to the gateman and asked where he could get a tall, cool drink. The gateman merely pointed across the street and Jeff, being a Twentieth Century-Fox lad out of his neighborhood, had to look twice to see "The Keys," the small bar and grill which caters to the off-duty needs of the folks at U-I.

It was better in the bar, degrees better. Sitting comfortably over his tall, (Continued on page 93)

DOWN TO THE SEA IN FLIPPERS AND





# OPERATION SKIN DIVE

MASKS GO RORY AND JEFF, ARDENT FANS OF CALIFORNIA'S NEWEST HE-MAN SPORT! • BY TOM CARLILE



MORE PICTURES ON NEXT PAGE →



# OPERATION SKIN DIVE continued



Mel's two-pounder gets the boys started. In skin divers' jargon, you "cut a fish" when you spear it, "bump" or "bounce" him if you miss.



Setting off for the deep kelp reefs offshore, Rory, Jeff and Bud swim along leisurely enjoying the view they get of the ocean floor. There is no beauty above land that can equal that of many rock formations played upon by the ever-changing sunlight and shadow patterns here.



Marine catches aren't all flora and fauna! Jeff comes up with an old rubber boot for his first try today. He's an old hand at skin diving, and has done it many times in the warm waters of the Mediterranean. For Rory the sport was brand new—but he's enthusiastic now.



**STRIP A MOVIE STAR DOWN TO HIS SKIN DIVING SUIT AND YOU'LL FIND A FELLOW WHO WILL OUT-MANEUVER SHARKS AND SEALS FOR THE SAKE OF A DAY'S FISHING.**



Getting ready for the day's skin diving, Rory, Mel and Bud slip on "flippers" over heavy socks. The socks protect feet from sharp rocks. Face masks go on next. The divers breathe through a snorkel tube when their faces are submerged, can see as deep as 50 feet.



Rory questions Bud about the double cock gun, the Torpon. Cocked with both of its heavy rubber bands, it can penetrate a two-by-four. "Mon," exclaims Rory, "this looks like it could kill a whole!"



Shivering with the cold, the boys come out of the deep water. Here at White's Point, one of the most productive spots for fishermen along the southern California coast, the water temperature is about 60 degrees. A diver doesn't feel the cold till he gets out in the chill air.



Jeff poses proudly with his five-pound halibut while Rory clowns next to him, promising big things for his second spear diving excursion. In addition to the fish, the group brought back a huge basket full of obalone, rock scollops and clams, more than enough for all to feast.



what it's like to be

# TONY'S WIFE

by Janet Leigh

■ Lots of times when I've been on tour and talked with strangers they've asked me what it's like to be Tony's wife. It may be because they've caught his humor on the screen, or because they've read zany stories about his clowning. Whatever the reason, most people who've never met Tony seem to think life with him is a marathon comedy.

It's that all right, but it's a lot more. They say a woman can be married to a man for fifty years and still discover new things about him. It's certainly that way with me. In the two years we've been married I've continued to learn new things about Tony, and each discovery seems more important than the last. His sensitivity, his aggressiveness, his pride and his humility, his boyish ways and his maturity—all of them keep cropping up. And I don't suppose anything will ever affect me as much as his gentleness when I lost our baby last July.

Most people have to know him a while before they realize that Tony runs pretty deep. He is a truly funny guy, and the humor of our life together is a great blessing, yet it wasn't his humor that I noticed first.

When I met him at a Hollywood party I noticed, as any girl would, that he was very attractive. He seemed quiet, and I was impressed by the fact that he had none of the brash quality that so often surrounds successful young men. At that time he wasn't what the town would call successful—he hadn't yet had a leading role in a picture—but his (Continued on page 66)













# "You, I like!"



The whole country's in love with a scared little guy. They're carving hearts around Red Buttons' name, and he loves it—when his knees stop shaking!

BY JOAN KING FLYNN



Helayne McNorton Buttons, formerly of Ohio and Miami, visits with her husband and his team at CBS

■ The little guy was scared, but you could never tell it by looking. He laughed and clowning on the stage during rehearsal and he behaved as though he had always belonged there.

He was a brand new tv star, "the brightest comedy discovery of the year," or so all the critics had said the week before when he made his television debut.

"Then what do I have to worry about, now?" he tried to reassure himself. "I'm in."

But Red Buttons knew better. At 33, he was a show business veteran. It wasn't opening night the stars and headliners really worried about. It was the second night. If the critics and audience panned a show when it opened, it didn't matter much what happened the next night, but if they liked you, if they stood up and cheered, "This boy's got it! He's a hit!" then the second night jitters set in.

You've got to follow yourself. You've got to be as good, if not better, than you were the night before so the fans will continue to say, "He's a hit!" instead of, "What do they see in him? He's a flash in the pan. He can't sustain the pace."

That was what worried Red Buttons even though the first and second nights for his tv show were a week apart. He had never been in this predicament before. When he was a kid in the Catskills trying out his jokes on an audience of summer vacationers, he was too young and inexperienced to be scared. When he was in burlesque or the nightclubs or theater, the second night jitters weren't so bad. His act was the same. He didn't have to worry about new material. All he had to worry about was himself.

Television was different. You couldn't do the same thing every time. Each week had to be an entirely new show. (Continued on page 81)





**WHEN MODERN SCREEN AND RKO PROMISED WORK IN A HOLLYWOOD MOVIE TO THE WINNERS OF THE GIRLS**



Reporting for harem duty. *Left to right:* Dawn Oney, Joan Pastin, Judy Raben, Mary Ann Edwards, Alyce Cronin, Janet Camerford, Marilyn Banney and Marvleen Prentice.



In the RKO casting office, Janet Camerford signs the proffered document. This is her first movie assignment since she played a baby role.



Always more paper work. Filling out biographical questionnaires accounts for the eight pensive expressions.





# report on modern screen's cinderella girls

**M**aybe you've never had the experience, but it's a great one. One day the movies are a million miles away—and the next you have a part in one via your winning photograph in MODERN SCREEN's *Girls Wanted* contest! You wait impatiently in your home town for the news that *Girls Wanted* is getting started. When it's postponed you're absolutely ready to die! But, the day you're told that RKO wants you for a new 3D Technicolor film, *Son of Sinbad*, all of you except mothers-to-be Linda Peppel and Florence Harper toss your things frantically into a bag and kiss your families goodbye.

And what a trip! Your first visit to the studio—will you ever forget it? Your wardrobe as a princess in the harem of the Khalif of Bagdad—will the neighbors ever forget *that*? And then an unexpected week while the picture waits for Lili St. Cyr's appendix to calm down and you visit the famous nightclubs on "the Strip," chat with the stars (your co-workers!) and eat at the Brown Derby.

Some of you are inspired to try an acting career. Congratulations particularly to Mary Ann Edwards for capturing some TV work! But all of you had a trip straight out of a Technicolor dream—a time to be long remembered not only by you Cinderella Girls, but by everyone who had the fun of knowing and working with you.

**WANTED CONTEST, 18,000 READERS ENTERED THE RACE. HERE ARE EIGHT WINNERS AT HARD LABOR.**



The girls go over the script with Robert Sparks, producer of *Son Of Sinbad*. They were originally cast in *Girls Wanted*.



Designer Michael Woulfe supervises the costume fitting. Joan Pastin and Dawn Oney, both photographers' models, try on their Oriental finery.



To the harem, at last. Our girls look right at home in this Bagdad-on-the-Strip with welcoming potentate Leon Askin and son Dale Robertson.



## I love marilyn

(Continued from page 35) when he and his team were in Hollywood for spring training. "I never got to pose with such good-looking girls when I was playing ball," said DiMaggio. Some months later David March, a mutual friend, arranged for them to have dinner with him at the Villa Nova restaurant. Marilyn liked Joe immediately. Let me tell you something about Marilyn, Chuck. She has great instincts. She can detect a phony, person or situation, almost at once. She'd much rather, and often does, stay at home by herself than go out with some big movie star or producer or director. I know many who have asked her repeatedly—some of the names would shock even you—but she managed to avoid them all gracefully. If you'll think back, you can't recall one fake romantic item about her, and this is the general custom for starlets and young actresses being given the buildup.

When Marilyn and Joe first started going together, she was asked if she and Joe discussed baseball. She replied thoughtfully, "The subject has never come up." Since then she has seen a few games with Joe but doesn't quite dig it. She is not an outdoor sports enthusiast.

It has really never mattered to her that Big Joe (that's what Marilyn calls him) was one of the truly great ballplayers of all time. What impressed her much more was an incident that took place last Christmas Eve. Marilyn had attended the studio's annual Christmas party, appearing gay, seeming to be enjoying herself. Then she left, with nothing to do but to return home—at that time a single room at the Beverly Hills Hotel—and wait for a phone call from Joe, who was visiting his family in San Francisco. When Marilyn entered her room she found a miniature Christmas tree standing on the table, a pasteboard sign on which was hand-printed: "Merry Christmas, Marilyn," and Joe sitting in a chair in the corner.

"It's the first time in my life anyone ever gave me a Christmas tree," she told me days later. "I was so happy I cried." This from the blonde who sings "Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend."

This isn't the kind of sensational story I suspect you'd expect about a girl who can take a conventional product like a calendar and turn it into the talk of a nation. Maybe it's because I know Marilyn so well and am so close to her (there I go again with the kind of remark that could be misconstrued in an article!) that I can't do the type of story I believe you want. Often, Chuck, I find that if I know people too intimately I can't write about them as well as if I don't know too much about them. Does this ever happen to you?

It's a unique kind of friendship that Marilyn and I have. Just how it started, I don't know. Nor does The Monroe. We were discussing it the other evening, and neither of us could place the occasion when we first met, or how we took to each other. I guess our association, like Topsy, jes' grewed.

All I can definitely recall is that the first time I met her I told her she was going to be a movie star—one of the biggest the screen has known. And during the first year or so of our acquaintance, I remember, we were standing in front of the magazine rack at Schwab's and Marilyn was looking longingly at the row of fan magazines. She asked, "Do you think I'll ever have my picture in one of them?" Now, with her kisser on practically every magazine cover and pictures scattered throughout every maga-

zine, it doesn't seem possible that there was a fan magazine without her picture, does it?

In your letter you asked me to explain how the bit about pinch-hitting for Joe DiMaggio started. Well, that's something I can do, Chuck, because it's a piece of personal info that's strictly for a letter. It was late in the afternoon and I was in my office when Marilyn phoned and asked me if I would escort her to a dinner given by a fan magazine at which she was to receive her first important award. Many more would follow, but I guess the first always has a special significance. I had already made my excuses to the magazine editor, for I had a great deal of work to do. "What's the matter with Joe?" I offered. "You know he doesn't like to go to those big public affairs. And besides, I'd rather you went," she said. And she said it in that soft, seductive voice of hers and of course I said yes. I'd like to hear you say no, Chuck.

**My father took me to see the opera. During the second act, I poked poppa and said, "Look at that rich lady up there in the box! What do you think she's doing during all this beautiful music? She's sleeping!" And poppa said, "And for this you have to wake me up?"**

Sam Levenson  
on CBS TV

Before Marilyn arrived I was paged. She was calling from the studio: "I'll be a little late. They're sewing my dress on me. I'll explain later." (Marilyn is always late. She once phoned an interviewer at the exact time she was supposed to meet him and asked him to postpone their date an hour so she wouldn't be late.) Anyway, Marilyn finally arrived, wearing a gold evening gown that both raised and lowered the gold standard at the same time. I knew immediately what she had meant by "they're sewing my dress on me." It was not something she had slipped into.

As Marilyn and I walked toward the banquet room, I asked why she had insisted I accompany her. She told me she likes to be with me because she feels comfortable. That's a big thing with Marilyn—feeling comfortable. She gets a sense of security and a conviction that she "belongs" from it. Maybe I'll tell you more about this later, Chuck. But there was another reason The Monroe wanted me with her this particular evening and it was revealed very soon. She was asked to pose for the newsreel cameras receiving the award, and the man in charge wanted a studio official to stand next to her and the magazine editor. In that soft, almost pleading voice of hers, Marilyn said: "I'd like Sidney to be with me in the newsreel. You see, he had faith in me when I could only dream of evenings like this. I'd feel much better if he were standing with me." You probably saw this newsreel, Chuck, but never noticed me. I tell you the incident because it's the beginning of the "pinch-hitting"; but I happen to like it, too, because it demonstrates Marilyn's loyalty.

Well, my boy, you have no idea what this pinch-hitting role did for me! I must have hit the ball out of the park, because soon I was known as Marilyn's pinch-hitting escort. Mickey Mantle can take DiMaggio's place with the Yankees—I much prefer to take his place with The Monroe. It's to be expected that more fellows would say hello to me than ever did before, but what I wasn't prepared for was the reaction of the ladies!

Glamor gals who had previously looked upon me as merely a short, dark, bespec-

tacled fellow with a pencil, looked at me through different eyes. I became a glamor boy. It's to laugh, isn't it? Not only did some of the most important and loveliest actresses in town want to find out what Marilyn saw in me, but—and this is the pay-off—they wanted to prove to me that they were more—shall I say—attractive than Monroe! I won't mention names, even in a letter, so don't get excited and write me that this angle might make a good magazine piece. A gentleman doesn't tell such things.

I did tell Marilyn about this, however (we tell each other everything), and she was quite amused. Marilyn doesn't think other girls like her and she prefers the company of men. "Men understand me," she says. She is probably right, but to be more accurate, she should have said that she understands men. Marilyn has also said, "The luckiest thing that ever happened to me was being born a woman." In this she is undoubtedly right, but again, it is just as accurate to say that it's a lucky thing for men, too.

But The Monroe is off-base in her belief that women don't like her. If she gives them half a chance to know her, they always do. Take her relationships with Jane Russell and Betty Grable, for example. You'd think she and Jane and she and Betty would be at each other like cats. Some fan magazine even ran articles about Marilyn's feud with Russell, and others tried to promote a feud. (I can hear you, Chuck, saying: "Why I Like Jane and Betty, by Marilyn Monroe, as told to . . ." But I'm not your boy for that type of assignment. I couldn't stretch it and make it sustain for an article. I'll tell you the facts, and I think you'll see it my way.)

When Russell, under contract to the Howard Hughes Tool Company, came over to Twentieth Century-Fox Studios to make *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, she arrived with all the fanfare and justified importance of a visiting celebrity. Hughes was shrewdly protecting the most glamorous product of his tool company. He had clauses in the contract which provided for Jane to bring her own cameraman, Harry Wilde; her own make-up man, Lane "Shotgun" Britton; her own hairdresser, Stephanie Garland; and her own wardrobe girl, Mary Tate. Well, this is like Rocky Marciano going into a fight with lead in his gloves.

It would be absurd to say that Marilyn wasn't disturbed and worried by this. In plain words, Marilyn didn't like it. For the first few days on the picture Marilyn and Jane merely greeted each other cordially and stayed with their respective friends. This situation existed because neither knew how to break the ice.

The ice was finally broken when, while rehearsing a scene, Jane and Marilyn offered each other suggestions. This led to their speaking about their mutual interest in ball players. "Only they play different kinds of ball, don't they?" asked Marilyn. Bob Waterfield came on the set several times and met Marilyn, but DiMaggio never visited. Ultimately Jane and Marilyn became very friendly and Marilyn even attended two of Jane's religious group meetings. "Jane tried to convert me to her religion," Marilyn related later, "and I tried to interest her in Freud."

By the end of the filming, Jane and Marilyn were real friends—buddy-buddy. When anyone would say to The Monroe: "Watch out for Russell. She's got her own cameraman, etc., etc." Marilyn's moist lips would move into smile position. Then she'd say: "Oh, I have the title role and that about evens things."

Marilyn honestly likes Jane Russell and Betty Grable. (Continued on page 65)



JANET LEIGH, co-starring in  
"WALKING MY BABY BACK HOME"  
A Universal-International picture  
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR



The most delectable complexions in Hollywood  
are specially cared for with  Lux Toilet Soap

It's hard to find a screen star who doesn't use Lux. **Janet Leigh**, for example, has tried a lot of different soaps and still thinks **Lux is the gentlest** and nicest. We think **you'll believe in Lux care** just like the stars do when you use it. Now we wouldn't and couldn't print this and give you a money-back guarantee, too, if it weren't true. So why not use Lux? And incidentally, we hope you enjoy seeing the Hollywood stars every Thursday night on the Lux Video Theatre.





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YOU CANNOT BUY A FINER LIPSTICK THAN  
NEW COLOR-TRUE**

*Tangee*  
LIPSTICK

**WITH PERMACHROME—EXTRA-RICH IN LANOLIN**



(Continued from page 62) "Betty is the most real girl I've ever met," Marilyn says. And there were plenty of reasons for a genuine feud to develop between these two glamor packages. As you well know, Chuck, Betty was the Queen of the Lot, until the unprecedented avalanche of Monroe publicity dethroned her. No person likes being the victim of this and few can tolerate it. But Grable is quite a person. She is sharp, honest, has all the answers and knows the score.

During the few years Marilyn and Betty were at the studio together, their only encounter took place when they chanced to pass each other as one was walking to wardrobe and the other from wardrobe. They nodded, that's all. They never actually met until they were cast in the same picture, *How To Marry A Millionaire*.

Again Marilyn was frightened. She wanted Betty to like her. (She wants most people to like her, but especially Betty, who had been her favorite for years. Marilyn had wanted to be a star like Grable or Lana Turner for so long that she ached from the desire.) I don't know Grable's first words to Marilyn, but somewhere in their initial conversation Betty told Marilyn: "I've had it. Go get yours. It's your turn now."

Throughout the filming of *How To Marry A Millionaire*, Marilyn was simultaneously trying to get Betty to like her and trying to reassure herself that Betty did like her. Driving me from the studio one evening, Marilyn said excitedly: "Betty told me today that I'm the first actress who never tried, even subconsciously, to upstage her. I guess this means she likes me. I hope so."

Another time I was on the set when Marilyn was playing a scene in which she had to nudge Grable. She did and Betty fell on her fanny! Marilyn was all apologies. "I'm so sorry!" she said. "I didn't think I had pushed you so hard!" "It wasn't your fault," Betty replied lightly. "I was standing on one foot."

Marilyn was so distressed by this accident that later, doing another scene, she carelessly stepped on Betty's shoe. "I know this was my fault, and I'm terribly sorry!" she apologized. "It's nothing," Betty said. "But I dirtied your shoe!" persisted Marilyn. "Forget it, will you, kid?" said Grable. "The shoe doesn't show in the shot—and besides, it belongs to wardrobe."

Betty and Marilyn sincerely like each other and have visited together several times since filming on the picture ended, which is an indicator with Marilyn.

Now Chuck, because I'm kind of thinking out loud about The Monroe, I don't want you to consider this a commitment for an article. It's just my way of looking her over carefully (See? It's almost impossible to write about Marilyn without saying something that will have a double meaning) for you. Of course you wouldn't want an article about the now too-famous calendar; there've been too many. Yet there's a hunk of truth about the calendar incident which reveals a side of Marilyn never known before. (There! Another double-meaning sentence without intending it.)

Marilyn phoned early one morning and there was panic in her voice. The story of her and the calendar was going to break. (I had known about it, but it was one of our secrets.) "Oh Sidney, what shall I do about it? What shall I do?" There was a pause; I was thinking. Marilyn was impatient. She broke in: "I've been advised to deny the whole thing. To say it isn't me. I've also been advised to think up a good excuse for having done it. Do you know one?"

I wish I could say that I came to her rescue in this critical situation, but I can't.

I said: "Calm down a minute, and tell me how you really feel about the calendar and posing in the nude."

She replied: "I don't feel ashamed. But now I'm scared . . . My whole career can be ruined . . . But I didn't do anything bad . . . I didn't think so then and I don't think so now . . . If I had thought so, I wouldn't have done it . . . I needed a job and money to pay the rent . . . Lots of other girls were doing it . . . There's no law against it . . . They're trying to make me feel ashamed, but I'm not . . . Can't I just tell the truth? . . . I know I wouldn't condemn anyone who told me this . . ."

"Marilyn," I said, "you have solved your own problem. Just tell everyone what you've told me." This was my contribution: listening to Marilyn long enough for her to talk out her problem. I'll bet on The Monroe's instincts and honesty every time.

And Chuck, you know what happened as a result of Marilyn's own explanation. She turned what could have been ruination for her into a triumph. She won the public's sympathy and they began to love her. Marilyn has never been troubled by the calendar incident since, and both she and her studio now regard it with humor. A few months ago I was in the office of a publicity man at Twentieth Century-Fox and couldn't help noticing there on the wall a calendar with a photograph of a gorgeous nude who was captioned "The Flame Girl." Marilyn wasn't honored even at her own studio. "Why don't you have a Monroe calendar instead of an outsider like 'The Flame Girl'?" I asked. The publicity man answered: "That's what Marilyn wanted to know."

**A baby is notoriously the most greedy, egocentric, ruthless and grasping organism known to science. Even while it is being tenderly talcumed, it is plotting how to snatch your eyeglasses, grab your watch, swallow the nearest safety pin, and scream with rage when unable to bite off one of its toes. I find them irresistible.**

Ronald Colman  
on NBC

I trust you realize from the way Marilyn handled the calendar bit that she is a very smart chick. She's not all physical. She's brighter than most people think. They mistakenly go along on the assumption that if you're blonde and not out of shape, you've got to be dumb. Don't sell our little girl short: she knows what she's doing every minute. For example, she has learned through experience to wait until the interviewer puts pencil and paper away to say what she really wants quoted. I would say that her seeming helplessness is her strength. She can take care of herself. I'd bet, and give big odds, that if Marilyn were placed alone on a desert island, somehow a man would appear.

"All right," I can hear you saying, "You've convinced me. Marilyn is smart as well as beautiful. But what's with the article? We sent a staff photographer to her apartment to shoot some special art work. There must be an article on her by you!"

No, Chuck. Did you ever stop to think that maybe I'm not Boswell? Maybe I'm Pythias. And did he write about Damon? I was in Marilyn's apartment that evening when your photographer arrived. I was listening to Marilyn play her guitar and sing. Then I watched the photographer shoot a layout. It's quite a job posing for pictures. The average reader picking up a magazine might say, "Oh, another picture of Monroe" and flip the page. Well, it

took from nine until a little past midnight to get those pictures. Marilyn's performance impressed me. She not only knew her best angles but she knows the best angles for the photographer. She knew if the light was casting a shadow across her. She was aware of minute details, such as what part of her thigh the blanket should cross. She even combed her hair so it would look uncombed. She doesn't leave it to chance that photographs of her will be interesting.

Marilyn doesn't stand in front of a mirror for hours practicing poses, as some people believe. But she does take a long time making up and dressing, considering the few clothes she is alleged to wear. She doesn't own a girdle, but when she considers it necessary—which is oftener than she is given credit for—she does wear panties and a bra. It's usually a flesh-colored bra and black panties. She kicks off her shoes the moment she enters her apartment. She sleeps in the raw, or as she has been quoted: "I wear nothing but Chanel No. 5 to bed." She claims she wears it to bed because "it makes sleeping dreamy."

A bed has always been important to Marilyn. (It's dat ol' debbil double meaning again.) Ever since she was an orphan kid she wanted to own her own bed. With the first money she ever saved she bought herself a bed. No matter where she lived—apartment, hotel or house—she would have this bed. When she didn't have a place of her own or was traveling, she would put the bed into storage. The upkeep of the bed far exceeded its original cost. It was a low bed, close to the floor, because as a child Marilyn was a restless sleeper, frequently had nightmares and would fall out of her bed and onto the floor. As you can see in the photos, Marilyn recently treated herself to a new bed. It is higher—not so close to the floor—because Marilyn is more sure of herself.

Don't get the idea, though, that Marilyn is taking it big; that she's bubbling over with confidence. Just the opposite; she could use a lot more of it. Back in the beginning, she wanted to be a movie star more than anything else.

She did become a movie star, and what a movie star! Oozing glamor like the great movie stars of yesteryear, when the movies were magic. You've got to admit it, Chuck, The Monroe has done more for Hollywood and motion pictures than any individual in a decade; for she created a spate of fresh interest on the part of a public growing weary of familiar faces, a public no longer believing in glamor.

At the preview of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, I was again pinch-hitting for DiMaggio. Marilyn and I have an agreement, Chuck: if DiMaggio is ever taken out of the line-up, I can continue as pinch-hitter. Before the picture flashed on the screen, Marilyn whispered to me in that low, sexy voice that is natural with her: "Hold a good thought for me." She always says that when embarking on a venture. She feels much better when you tell her you will. So don't forget this, Chuck.

Marilyn didn't like the way she looked on the screen, especially her hair. She didn't think she had done the scenes and many of the numbers as well as she should have. She liked herself, especially her hair, in the "Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend" number. She genuinely enjoyed Jane Russell and actually laughed aloud at a few of Jane's remarks.

I'm telling you all this, Chuck, in case you'd like to know (strictly for yourself and maybe to whisper to the wife) how Marilyn reacts to herself on the screen. But again, you and I know there isn't a magazine article in it. I could go on to tell



you how hard Marilyn works at her job and it would be all I could do to get you to believe it.

I know it's not good magazine copy that, despite nature's bounty, she works as hard at self-improvement as any other actress in town. She takes dramatics lessons, singing lessons, and is also grooming herself to appear in a play. The first charge account she ever opened was at Marian Hunter's book shop in Beverly Hills. She buys books on self-improvement, psychology, the latest plays, poetry, and practically everything on Abraham Lincoln, who is her special hero. She'll never tell you that she has read a certain book or has seen a certain movie, but during the course of a conversation, when the book or the movie is mentioned, she will make a pertinent comment. She is a secret reader and often sneaks off to the movies by herself.

Marilyn has her own special dramatic coach, Natasha Lytess, who is with her on every picture. Though she seldom makes a movie without Natasha, don't get the notion (as some studio people have) that Marilyn is a Trilby. Not so. This relationship is merely another example of Marilyn's loyalty, as well as of the fact that she never stops working at trying to become a fine actress. All the publicity, the acclaim, the marquee signs may thrill her, but they don't fool her.

Natasha was the dramatic coach at Columbia Studios, back when Marilyn worked there. Natasha was kind to her and gave her words of encouragement. Marilyn hasn't forgotten, and since she feels she requires coaching she has insisted on Natasha Lytess.

Marilyn can be standing still on the set and at the same time be going off in all directions. She needs someone with her whom she believes is taking a special interest in her, to take her aside and offer suggestions and reassurance. She likes most of her directors, but cannot help feeling slighted because they don't devote all their attention to her. Often it takes the directors and performers a while to become adjusted to this in her. Many believe she is putting on an act. The truth is she is working desperately hard both trying to make good and trying to make everyone on the set like her. During

*Clash By Night*, the set workers had to explain to her that by the term "equipment" they meant the camera, sound boom and other paraphernalia of picture making. Because when the assistant director yelled to Marilyn: "Watch out for the equipment!" she demurely zipped up her sweater.

There was a scene in *Love Nest* that required Marilyn to enter her apartment and leisurely disrobe for a shower, unaware that the hero, Bill Lundigan, was asleep on a couch in the room. Just as she had stripped down to her flimsy underthings, director Joe Newman stopped the scene. Marilyn looked startled and frightened. "Did I do something wrong?" she asked. "No, honey," replied Newman. "You were perfect. But Lundigan was peeking!"

Marilyn is exceptionally moody and given to long periods of solitary introspection. She blames this on her lonely childhood and the fact that in her entire life she has known only a few couples in whom she could confide. I know from our chats while you visited Hollywood, Chuck, that this isn't the kind of thing for fan magazines, but I only mention it because it is The Monroe I know; and strange as it seems, Marilyn Monroe and the fan magazines don't mix. That's a honey, isn't it?

Regardless, I must tell you the piano story. Of all the folks Marilyn lived with as a child, her favorite and the one of whom she has the fondest recollections is the woman she called Aunt Ana. Aunt Ana was warm and maternally affectionate toward Marilyn. Some of their happiest hours were spent around the piano, the family's proudest possession. For this piano was said to have once belonged to Fredric March. Many years later Aunt Ana died and willed this precious piano to Marilyn. Although Marilyn often was not working and didn't have too much to eat, she had a piano, even if she had to borrow the money to pay for its storage. Now that Marilyn is in the chips and has her own apartment, the piano has been given a face-lift and occupies most of the living room. What's more, Marilyn can play almost two songs on it.

In answer to your main question, Chuck—what do I personally think makes The Monroe sexy?—I don't think you

would print the answer. But I'll try to tell you in this letter.

It's obvious that Marilyn is a well-stacked, well-proportioned, unwrapped box of glamor. There are her red lips, always moist, there's the back of her hair so arranged it appears to have a permanent pillow dent; in fact everything about her spells out sex and everybody seems to get the message. But I get a special message, and it's the clincher on why I shouldn't do that article for you.

I happen to know that The Monroe's biggest sex appeal is an accident. What is she most famous for? What feature has been most imitated? Her walk! In *Niagara* they held a camera on her walk longer than on any other walk in cinema history. It evoked much discussion, pro and con. For Marilyn doesn't just walk: she wiggles, snake-hips, bumps, twists and slithers all at the same time. She has been described as "The Girl With The Horizontal Walk." She is the only performer in show business who makes her greatest entrance when she exits.

Yet Marilyn, when she walks, isn't trying to be sexy—believe me. She broke her ankle when she was a youngster and tried to walk so as to favor that ankle. The ankle is still weak, and the walk has become a habit. That's it. Marilyn is only doing what comes naturally, and my, how the natives have gone for it! You see, there are some things about sex that even Dr. Kinsey doesn't know.

In closing, let me ask you something, Chuck: what is there to write about Marilyn that hasn't already been written? Someone will have to invent a new life for her. Honest, Chuck, I'm not your boy. Maybe you ought to hire an inventor. But seriously, I want to remain friends with you, so why don't you think it over and then drop me a line saying that you agree with me that I can't do a fan magazine article on Marilyn Monroe?

Best wishes.

Sidney Skolsky

Dear Sidney:

You may not know it, but you just did what we consider a good fan mag piece on The Monroe.

Kindest regards.

Chuck Saxon

END

## what it's like to be tony's wife

(Continued from page 56) fan mail was coming in by the truckload and he must have realized he was definitely on his way up. He didn't throw the promise of his future at anyone; rather he seemed to efface himself and let others have the spotlight.

I saw him again some weeks later when we both joined a group that met once a week to study dramatics at the Actor's Lab. Most of the kids looked on it as a social gathering, but Tony was deadly serious about it. He seemed so shy in person, yet in his work he had no inhibitions. If he was asked to do pantomime, to 'be' Notre Dame or July's last snapdragon, he threw his heart and soul into it. I remember the first skit we did together. We were supposed to be parents watching our child at his first piano recital, and while we were to be bursting with pride at first, we were to realize slowly that the rest of the audience wasn't nearly as appreciative. When Tony turned to look at me toward the end of the skit there was such torture in his eyes, such real emotion, that I still remember the jolt it gave me. I told myself that this Tony Curtis was not only deeply serious about his work, he had great sensitivity.

These were impressions gained only in passing. I didn't begin to know Tony until we dated, and in that I found something else to admire. He had seen me only when I was with Arthur Loew, and it wasn't until the group at the Actor's Lab dissolved and then reconvened to plan for a new class that Tony saw me with another escort. He asked me then if I was going steady with anyone and as soon as I told him no, he asked for my phone number. He called two days later to ask for a date, and I realized that he may have wanted to phone me before, but observed a gentleman's code in not trespassing on someone else's territory. I liked him for it, and I liked him because he didn't rush impetuously into a frantic courtship. Instead of trying to date me every night in the week, he showed solid sense by asking to see me once or twice a week. I didn't have to worry, with Tony, about getting home early when I had a morning call at the studio the next day. He understood without my having to ask him, and always took me home at a decent hour.

WE talked a lot on those first dates. It didn't seem to matter where we went. There was no need for entertainment because we had so much to tell each other. I'd seen flashes of his humor before—Tony can never be serious for too long—but the

ice really broke the night he handed me a pair of silver earrings I'd never seen before. "This is great," I said. "They're not mine. You've forgotten which girl they belong to."

At that he broke up and howled. He'd bought them for me as a gift, of course, and I guess that was the beginning of our schtickloks, our word for the crazy routines we sail into every once in a while.

Even so, I think he was more serious when with me than with anyone else. I got the impression that Tony wasn't very sure of me. I even felt he wasn't too used to dating girls. It made sense that he wouldn't be. His gang in New York weren't the type to turn romantic very early in life, and besides, I had the feeling that because he was so good looking he'd been the subject of a handful of crushes back in the Bronx. Travelling with the gang as he did, he couldn't very well break off and turn Casanova. They wouldn't have liked him for it, I suppose.

His manners were perfect, mainly because they stemmed from his thoughtfulness, but he just didn't seem at ease with me. I remember on our second date he spilled a glass of water on my dress and I've never seen anybody so embarrassed or upset. On the day he started his first leading role in *The Prince Who Was A Thief*, I sent him (Continued on page 68)





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(Continued from page 66) some champagne, and he was so appreciative you'd have thought I'd sent over a Brink truck loaded with a million dollars. Tony wasn't a smoothie; he wasn't a wolf; he wasn't a Beau Brummel. He was just an average boy with qualities that made me like him more and more.

Along with his uneasiness with girls went a strange distrust of them. I've never known why, but it was as if Tony expected me to be dishonest with him. As a result, every time he found I'd told him the truth, he was as happy as a puppy with a bone. He has told me since our marriage that when he asked for a date and was told I had an engagement that evening, he used to wait down the street to find out if this was the truth. And when he'd see me leave the house on another man's arm, he was almost as pleased as though he'd been with me himself.

I don't know why, but it seems I frightened him. I went to New York soon after we began dating, and before I left he said he was sure he'd never see me again. I told him quite frankly that I was going for a rest, that I had friends there and that I would probably go out with one man in particular. He took me to the airport, still believing this was the end of our friendship and that for some reason I was too weak to tell him. He stewed for days afterwards, all during the shooting of his picture. The cast and crew kept telling him to telephone me. "I can't," he said. "She'd hang up on me." But he did call, and was amazed when I talked to him. He was even more surprised when I wired I was coming home and asked him to meet me at the airport.

PERHAPS this idea of his had some connection with the way he presented me to his friends. Tony's friends are of all ages and interests—a wider variety I've never known. He gradually introduced me to all of them, standing on the sidelines and watching to see my reaction. It was as if he expected me to suddenly turn bored or impolite, as if he'd found a golden egg and wanted to make sure it wasn't all a dream. I realize now that he was desperately anxious for them to like me as much as he did. Tony has a tremendous loyalty to all his friends, a love so deep that he

feels the compulsion to share his every joy with them. He calls them all frequently. He must know where they are at all times. It is almost an obsession with him.

I have thought that this might be the result of his brother's death, years ago, in New York traffic. Tony lost track of Julius and it was the last he ever saw of him. The tragedy was such a shock to Tony's emotional heart that it is perhaps the reason that even today, he must know where and how his friends are. And perhaps it was the reason he felt he was losing me when I went to New York.

We hadn't dated very often before the evening we were driving along and he suddenly said, "Jerry's home. Let's call him." Tony had told me a lot about Jerry Lewis and their friendship, and while I had felt some trepidation about winning the approval of others, the prospect of meeting Jerry loomed like an impossible task. I'm not the quick-answer type, and having seen Jerry only as an entertainer, I had a sinking feeling that Tony's best friend would think I was as interesting as a squeezed lemon. Jerry and Patti had been away on tour ever since I'd known Tony. It was typical that Tony should suddenly know they had returned. It wasn't the last time I was to experience his uncanny sixth sense.

We telephoned and sure enough, they were home and wanted us to come over. I kept telling myself I couldn't change, that if they didn't like me the way I was, I couldn't do much about it. The minute we walked in, Tony and Jerry went into a loony routine. It was the first time I'd seen this craziness of Tony's, the wacky routines that people now seem to think monopolize his days—and I loved it. Patti and I went off in a corner and talked girl-talk, and I realized, with considerable relief, that I wasn't expected to "be on" when I was around Jerry. I could tell Tony was as happy as a clam that evening, so I knew that I had been accepted into the family. Then Patti and Jerry included me in one of their home movies. You can't get closer than that to the Lewis clan.

By now I was growing more and more certain that Tony was a thoughtful, good-hearted, sensible boy, and the visit to his parents boosted him another notch in my

estimation. Mom and Pop Schwartz are the salt of the earth, and truer gentlefolk than many millionaires. I say this because they lived in a tiny, unpretentious house in the valley, and although they were poor in material things, they were richer in love than any people I have known. Tony told me before we went to expect his mother to be excited. She had seen me in a movie and was flustered as a hen at the thought of having me to dinner. She couldn't know that I was even more flustered than she, because I wanted Tony's parents to like me. I wanted very much to have them like me.

It was one of the easiest, happiest evenings I ever spent. We played games with Tony's kid brother, Bobby, and I noticed Tony's understanding and patience with the child. We ate dinner in the kitchen, as I used to do at home, as most people do, and I liked it because Mrs. Schwartz made no apologies. I ate everything on my plate and a big helping of dessert, loving the Hungarian cooking. Mom Schwartz beamed at me as though I'd given her a mink coat. Afterward, I helped her with the dishes, and Tony and Pop sat back in the living room, watching us like proud roosters. The Schwartzes gave themselves to me as they were, and I loved them for it. And that night I saw Tony's devotion to his family. A strong, unbreakable link in his life, a thing I like in a man.

AFTER I came back from New York we limited our dates to each other. That was a period of getting to know each other well because marriage was in the back of both our minds. We talked about our childhood, our families, our careers, our beliefs, our philosophies. We were pretty well talked out when Tony left on a trip to Denver for *MODERN SCREEN* and I took off for Pittsburgh to make *Angels In The Outfield*. He telephoned me constantly and one night when he couldn't reach me, he was frantic. I still didn't know, then, about Tony's obsession; his having to know where his loved ones are. If I had, I most certainly would never have let it happen. It was the night when the cast of the picture and the Pirate team had a wing-ding, one of those social things that go with picture making, and I didn't get back to my hotel until three A.M. Tony had been calling all evening and when he finally reached me, soon after my return, he was almost hysterical with worry. I wanted to beat myself for having put him through such a wringer.

It was that night that he asked me to marry him, and when I cautioned that he was upset and we should talk it over later under more normal circumstances, he thought it was my way of refusing him. By the time he met me in Pittsburgh he had simmered down and regained his confidence sufficiently to bring me a gold ring, set with a pearl. It was a beautiful thing, and the first opportunity I had for knowing that Tony's taste in such delicate things is exquisite. Despite the ring, I kept insisting that we talk things over when we got home. I already knew what I wanted, but I wanted him to be absolutely sure. As I look back now, I don't know what more assurance I could have wanted. Tony is impulsive in small matters, but in the big things, the things that count, he's cautious as a cat. Jerry and Dean settled it for us when we stopped to see their act in Chicago on our way back to the coast. We sat in the back room thinking we hadn't been spotted, and then we saw a table moving over the heads of the customers. The waiter put it down in the middle of the dance floor and then Jerry began yelling for us to come up and make ourselves at home. He saw the ring right away and before we could stop him, an-

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nounced gleefully to the whole house that we were going to be married. I don't think Tony really wanted to stop him—he wanted the whole world to share his happiness.

I saw Tony's strength when he stood up to his studio. They didn't want him to marry so soon, but Tony said, "If my popularity is only because I'm single, I might as well give up acting right now." Their disagreement upset me, but Tony made sense, and so we were married—in Greenwich, Connecticut.

I left shortly after to come back to Hollywood to make a picture, and that brief separation affected him so much that he actually got sick, and the studio allowed him to come home for a brief week-end. I began to understand how violently emotional Tony is, how he gives himself so completely to those he loves.

THEN his father had the heart attack and again I saw Tony's strength. He telephoned the doctor and the hospital, long distance, made all the arrangements, canceled his tour and flew home to his dad. He spent all day every day at the hospital and I joined him there after work every day. We stayed until 9 P.M. and then ate dinner on the way home. In his devotion he forgot himself completely, and I worried that he might collapse. I remember the day he came to the set where I was shooting. He looked terribly haggard and he came to me in my dressing room and put his arms around me. I knew then that he had done with being strong, that he needed my help, and much as I had admired his strength, I loved him more that day for showing human weakness.

All of this happened in the first month of our marriage, and I think in that period we lived a lifetime. The stress and strain it put on our marriage, which at that time should have been a carefree honeymoon, gave it the most solid foundation possible. If you can go on loving and understanding through adversity, you build something wonderful with each other.

I learned about his generosity. With Tony, what's his is everyone's. Jerry Gershwin came over one day while Tony was shaving and admired his razor. "Here," said Tony, "take it." He is possessive only where people are concerned, and he finds it hard to let them go. If a friend disappoints him in some way, Tony tries to find out why it happened. If there is no reason for a friend's misusing him, that person no longer has Tony for a friend. But Tony suffers real torture in the process of disillusionment. He is gradually learning that open trust can be betrayed, yet every time it happens, he is deeply hurt again.

I learned that he dislikes arguments and hates to fight. In our marriage he can't stand loose threads of misunderstanding, and has proved time and again his willingness to try to work things out for the better. He has pride and humility, and is never too stuffy to say, "I'm sorry." We are really 50-50 on that score.

I learned about his moods. Sophie Rosenstein, who was dramatic coach at Universal-International before her death, once asked Tony if I had ever seen him when he was "in one of his moods." He told me about her question, and I laughed and said he couldn't scare me. After our marriage, I knew what Sophie had meant. Once in a while Tony became very withdrawn, and when I questioned him about it, refused to talk. "Look," I said. "If you're enjoying a mood I don't want to break into it, but in the interim I'm blaming myself for your unhappiness. I wonder if I've done anything wrong, if it is my fault." Gradually he began telling me, and I came to know that many times he was upset



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by little things; something that had gone wrong on his picture, or something he had read, and he hadn't wanted to tell me because he was afraid I would think he was silly to be affected by such minor things. "I get upset about silly and sentimental things, too," I told him. "Don't mind me." So he learned to talk things out with me and his moods don't come so often.

LAST June he went into another one, and it took me four days to find out he was worried about going to Honolulu to make *Beachhead*. Tony has always had a fear of flying. I don't know why—he hadn't seemed to be bothered by long days in a submerged submarine during the war, which to me would be much more frightening—but he is terrified by planes. So are a lot of other people, but he is still ashamed of the fear. The studio wanted him to fly to Hawaii with the company, and he wanted to take the boat. But the boat would mean a longer separation for us. He made himself miserable over it until I found I could go with him by boat. I'd be on 24-hour call, but I could go. As it turned out, we had the trip over as well as six long days together, the only real vacation we've had together in two years of marriage.

I stayed until he began work, and when I got home I learned we were going to have a baby. I don't know that there was ever a man as excited as Tony. He was delirious with joy. We had decided to limit ourselves to a phone call every other day, but when I phoned Tony the news the budget broke wide open. He hates writing letters, but he wrote me every single night we were apart. I will always treasure the letters about the baby. He

wrote that he was reading serious books in every spare moment, books about the earth and religion and life itself to help him to understand our own miracle.

And then when I lost the baby, we had again that round robin of strength and dependence. He had called me on Saturday, when I was feeling a bit rocky, and although I said nothing about it he detected something in my voice. He called back later that night. "I can't go to sleep. I know something's wrong. What is it?" He called again on Monday, my birthday, and I assured him everything was all right. I lost the baby Tuesday evening, and although it wasn't his night to phone, he knew something was wrong and put through a call. That deep bond again, the closeness he feels with those he loves. He called at home and got no answer and then called his parents. My own folks had told the Schwartzes that the doctor had given me a sedative and put me to bed, and when Mom told Tony that, he knew. He wrote me that night and called at the hospital the next morning, and afterward, once he knew I was all right, he wrote the most beautiful letter I've ever read. It was gentle and loving, yet strong. He was doing his best to bolster my spirits, from 3000 miles away. The letter was so like Tony, so tender, and yet not without humor. In it he wrote, "We will have forgotten all this in the years to come when we're surrounded by our four children, not to mention the twins at college, and George. George? Who's George?"

I couldn't help laughing, and in the days that followed, his letters and phone calls gave me the strength I needed. Then, imperceptibly, I began feeling a resent-

ment. I was sorry for myself. There I was, enduring our tragedy all alone, and Tony was far away, laughing and talking with other people. He seemed to me to be untouched by it and I was sure he couldn't feel as stricken as I did. And then on Sunday he called, and I could hear the tears in his voice. He was no longer the pillar of strength, the comforter. "I can't stand it any longer," he said. "I've got to come home to you."

That snapped me right out of my orgy of self-pity, and I began to bolster him. It's like that all the time. One of us leaning on the other.

Tony is insecure in some ways, but he has a great strength, a strong self-will. He is not afraid to make a decision, nor to act. We need each other, but I know that in a pinch, he is the stronger one of us. The long separation while he was in Hawaii was difficult to bear, particularly under the early circumstances, but it taught us even more what our relationship means to each of us. I think we both grew up a lot during those long weeks, and with time and space to view ourselves, felt happier than ever in our marriage.

People have asked me, when Tony is working in Hollywood and calls me ten times a day from his set, "What's the matter?—Doesn't he trust you?" But I know what it is. It's because he's Tony, and he must know that I am here and well, that his world is still safe and happy. I like it this way, this being loved so much and needed so much. That's what it's like to be Tony's wife.

END

(Tony Curtis can now be seen in Universal's *All-American*.)

## the not so mad house

(Continued from page 48) The house, in turn, reflects and radiates this happiness.

Five years ago come November, Jerry and Patti bought their home in the Pacific Palisades. They purchased it just as soon as they were certain that Martin and Lewis would be working steadily. "It's the first real house either of us have ever known," Patti points out. "As kids we lived in city apartments, I in Detroit, and Jerry in Jersey. Both of us left school pretty early to go into show business, and we were on the road a lot. That's pretty tough living. You move from room to room and train to train, and you never have an acre of ground you can call your own."

When Jerry and Patti first got married they used to spend non-working evenings perusing the various shelter magazines. "After Gary was born," Patti recalls, "we really needed a house, and once the boys signed a contract with Hal Wallis, we started looking for one type of place, budget or no budget. We wanted the most completely *House And Garden* type of home we could find. And today, five years later, we still think we found it."

The Jerry Lewis house is essentially the All-American dream home come true. Red brick, white trim, a picket fence, roses in the backyard, dogs yelping, a white gate, the whole works.

Wonderful to begin with, it still wouldn't be genuine Lewis if it had been permitted to remain in its natural state. Jerry has a theory he applies to practically everything tangible: if you like something why not have a lot more of the same? This goes for golf clubs—at the last counting he had nine sets—guns, cameras, dogs, shirts, shoes, and jelly beans. And of course, houses.

Jerry liked his original structure so much that he decided to add a super deluxe playhouse a few yards away.

Originally the project started out to in-

volve a small enlarging of the tool shed into a separate playroom for Gary and his kindergarten gang. Midway, Jerry took over the building supervision.

"This room," he announced, "must have a barbecue. And if you've got a barbecue, you certainly need a refrigerator. Who wants to carry food from the kitchen all the time? But then if you can get ice cubes from your refrigerator, it'd be crazy not to figure on a small bar." Even though Jerry drinks nothing but soda pop, a bar and apartment-size kitchen were added.

By the time construction got under way, Patti had accepted the fact that the building wasn't going to be a rumpus room—at least not a rumpus room for children. When the costs approached the \$25,000 mark, she called a halt. "Now, Jerry," she stormed, "this whole thing has definitely got out of hand. You've got a fireplace, parquet floors, a four-machine projection room. If you don't stop we'll end up with something like Radio City."

Jerry argued that having a playroom away from the main house was really very economical. "Just think," he offered, "how much wear and tear we're saving by keeping people out of our living room." He grinned. "Seriously, Patti," he said, "we don't go out very much, and I've always wanted a recreation room." Jerry won his point—which is very easy to do with Patti since her heart is made of butter—and work on the playroom was resumed. Today, it is worth somewhere in the neighborhood of \$80,000 which is twice what the Lewises paid for their original residence.

"That rumpus room," Jerry says, "is worth every cent it cost."

To satisfy her two sons, Patti bought a pre-fabricated playhouse and set it up alongside their father's.

The result of all these additional structures was that they cut the size of the Lewis lawn. One morning Jerry awoke and

looking out on his property, said, "You know, Patti, every family should have enough room to play a little pick-up baseball."

"Yes, dear," Patti mumbled, then promptly turned over on her side and returned to sleep.

Jerry, however, got dressed, went outside, and bought the vacant lot next door. He now uses this for practicing chip shots.

The changes Jerry has wrought outside their home Patti has practically matched inside. Although she loved the basic plan of their U-shaped house, to begin with she realized that alterations would have to be made to suit their own particular needs. In the gabled living room, for example, she added window seats on one side of the fireplace and shelves on the other. The seats are for guests and the shelves are for Patti's collection of porcelain dogs that she started when she was a little girl. Here, too, she hangs the show ribbons won by her two Springer spaniels, Chipper and Percy.

According to her mother, "Esther (Patti's real name is Esther Callonico Lewis) is a pushover for children and dogs. She can't ignore a child and she can't go to the vet without bringing home a pup."

All the colors throughout the Lewis home were chosen by Patti. Without leaning on a decorator's arm, she simply made up her own mind as to furnishings. For the living room she chose a grey-green carpet that matches the wall and ceiling. The piano, coffee table, and lamp tables were ordered in pale mahogany. Then to give her room a logical center she placed a large, round, hooked rug in front of the fireplace. This, plus a bowl of Jerry's bulk candy on a square table, helps to draw conversational groups together.

Two Christmases ago portraits of Jerry and Patti were added to the room via the coincidence route. It started with Hal



Wallis' approaching Patti and suggesting that Paul Clemens, the popular artist, paint her. Patti went along for the sittings without telling Jerry. On Christmas Eve she placed the completed picture under the tree. It was wrapped in a suit box. Jerry's gift to her looked like it might be a bass fiddle, "Just in case you want to start up your all-girls band again."

Early next morning they opened the boxes. Patti fought her way through layers of paper and found herself looking at a bright oil painting of her laughing husband. "Oh, no," she squealed. "But how did you ever guess what I had for you?" Jerry howled. "I'm psychic."

After remodeling her living room, Patti went after the children's wing of the house. She added two small bedrooms so that each boy might have his own private realm with the nurse's bedroom in between. Of late, however, the boys have decided to move in together. They begged their mother to buy double-decker bunks so they could sleep in one room but keep their toys in separate ones.

They also demanded that they be allowed to eat with their father. Patti broached the subject to Jerry, and he said, "Sure, let 'em eat with us."

"But not in the dining room," Patti protested. "They'll ruin the rug."

"Okay," Jerry agreed, "we'll all eat in the kitchen." Which meant that Patti had to make the kitchen larger. She ordered new appliances, a refrigerator and dishwasher, a giant freezer, and a six-burner stove. She moved all the laundry equipment outside to a lattice-enclosed porch, then bought a large oval table and four well-cushioned chairs. In addition she had a niche built for a radio because Jerry likes music with his food. She also had the carpenters hang a magazine rack along one wall since the master of the house likes to read while he waits for his food. He likes to read a trade paper called *Variety*.

THE formal dining room in the Lewis ménage is saved for guest night which is at least once a week. Jerry and Patti both love people, and when the group is small they serve a sit-down dinner by candlelight. Their favorite meals have a slight Italian flavor with a side dish of spaghetti or ravioli and Patti's special fried chicken. She fries the chicken slowly in a skillet with onions, parsley, green peppers, and garlic. She makes a gravy with the left-over seasoning, and no one who has tasted this concoction has ever refused a second helping. Nor can anyone understand how Jerry can eat at home and still stay so thin. Actually he's hypersensitive, hypernervous, and congenitally restless.

For her part, Patti does everything to make life at home serene for her husband. No comfort is too much for him. Only a few weeks ago she called in a cabinet-maker to construct a new dressing room for her boy. Jerry's old wardrobe space wasn't large enough to hold the tremendous amount of haberdashery he buys. Now an entire room has been assigned to that purpose.

Jerry and Patti have been so happy in their home that friends are constantly asking them for help in house-shopping.

"It's not the house that counts," Jerry recently told Janet and Tony Curtis. "It's what you've got inside. Patti and me and the kids—heck, we've just got a lot of love for each other."

And there's where the Clown Prince of Nonsense has made the most sense of his life.

END

(Martin and Lewis will be seen soon in Paramount's *The Caddy*, a Hal Wallis Production.)



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Or—suppose you want to use your Duomatic as a washer only? You can! As a dryer only? Yes; that, too. You can stop it to add clothes while it's washing... even stop it while it's drying to remove some clothes for ironing before they're entirely dry. It's a *complete* laundry unit, and completely *flexible*!

What's more—because of its own "Magic Heater" that gets wash water extra-hot... and because of its new *hi-lift, deep-surge* Tumble Action—the Bendix Duomatic washes clothes cleaner than ever before known!

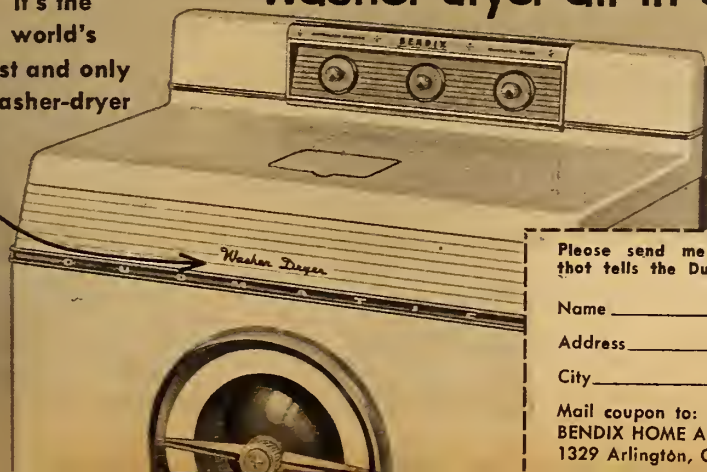
It even *drys* a new way. Cycle-Air action fluffs clothes in pure warm air, sends heat and moisture down the drain, so it needs no venting. You can use it in *any room*—36 inches of wall space is all it takes!

All this—yet so inexpensive your old washer probably will provide the down payment. Ask your Bendix-Dealer for full details—or use the coupon below.

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first and only  
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# "Soaping" dulls hair— HALO glorifies it!



**Yes, "soaping" your hair  
with even finest liquid or cream shampoos  
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Halo—made with a special ingredient—contains no soap or sticky oils to dull your hair. Halo reveals shimmering highlights . . . leaves your hair soft, fragrant, marvelously manageable! No special rinses needed. Scientific tests prove Halo *does not dry . . . does not irritate!*

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



## **ACCESSORIES ARE YOUR STYLE KEYNOTE**

■ It's the little things that count and add up to glamor—the sheerest stockings, lush lingerie, dainty slippers, smart lounging wear, exquisite appointments for your handbag, to make a treasure chest of it for sure, and—of course—a captivating fragrance that is the final fillip to perfection in exquisite grooming. Basic, classic clothes need these glamor touches! This choice bit of advice came from the gals and the guys "in the know" on our Modern Screen Hollywood Fashion Board at their recent conclave in Hollywood. Cyd Charisse, Ricardo Montalban, Shelley Winters, Louis Calhern, Greer Garson and Bob Stack gave close attention to every detail of fashion as they watched models present the clothes and accessories for their discussion and votes. Surprise gifts for the stars included bottles of Coty's *Emeraude* Toilet Water, Crosley Radios, Cameo Stockings, American Beauty Compacts and Paper-Mate Pens.

### **Description of fashions, opposite page**

- 2 Jeanne Crain poses in a toasty, soft Cuddleknit Balbriggan for lounge or sleep. The striped blouse is cardigan-cut, the trousers are designed ski-style. Green, navy or red with white stripes. S.M.L. About \$6. By Luxite. Golden Slippers by Savage-Wayne. About \$3, for complete details see page 79.
- 3 Dawn Addams models Seamprufe's dainty gown of nylon tricot and nylon lace with lush bow tie. Pink, white or blue. About \$9. Dawn also wears Golden Slippers by Savage-Wayne.
- 4 Barbara Ruick poses in Belle Bride's lovely nylon tulle wedding gown—De-luxe coronet wedding veil. The *Inter-locking* wedding and engagement rings are by Feature Ring—see drawings and descriptions of rings on page 79.
- 5 Cyd Charisse is enchanted by the beautiful gifts: an American Beauty compact, Cameo stockings and Coty's *Emeraude* Toilet Water.

**HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS MAY BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 79.**





## hollywood approves fall fashions



- 1** **WHAT:** Modern Screen Hollywood fashion luncheon party.  
**WHERE:** Hollywood.  
**WHO:** The M. S. Fashion Board of motion picture stars (above) and guest stars.  
**EVENTS:** Discussion of the importance of accessories in fashion—presentation of clothes and accessories to the Board Members for their vote—photographing of the winners for our M. S. fashion pages.
- 2** Without a moment's hesitation, Jeanne Crain chose this casual balbriggan for her photograph.
- 3** Dawn Addams preferred a more feminine costume for her sitting—she chose a pink nitie.
- 4** Recently a bride herself, Barbara Ruick thought it great fun to pose in another wedding ensemble—rings and all!
- 5** After the party the stars were given armloads of gifts—Cyd Charisse said it was all just like Christmas!

**For Fashion Details  
See Opposite Page**

### Modern Screen Fashion Board . . . l. to r.

Cyd Charisse  
Ricardo Montalban  
Shelley Winters  
Louis Calhern  
Greer Garson  
Bob Stack





Janet Leigh, exquisite in Ceil Chapman's full length gown of ivory satin and black velvet—accented by Deltah pearls. Pretty as a picture, too, in the mirror of her American Beauty compact (see details of this compact right). Janet, MGM Star, now in 20th's Prince Valiant.



hollywood  
approves  
fall  
fashions

Accent-

ALL COMPACTS BY AMERICAN BEAUTY



Elaborate compact finished in silver with colored floral design on cover. Powder door. About \$4.95.



Bronze compact with bronze florentine design on enamel. White, red or black enamel background. About \$3.95.



Barbara's mother-of-pearl compact is inlaid on jeweler's bronze, with powder door. About \$7.50.

One of the nicest gifts you can give a bride! Barbara Ruick, who became Mrs. Robert Horton recently, received this mother-of-pearl American Beauty compact—a treasure to own as well as to give. Thanks again, Barbara, for playing our M. S. bride.



# Accessories



A felt Moccasin with Tuxedo collar. Royal, black with red contrast trim or green, black with sand colored trim. \$3.99.



Velvet Espadrille—jeweled vamp. Black, red or royal blue with colored stones and gold embroidered vamp trim. \$4.99.



Nylon quilted satin—spaghetti bow. Two heel heights. Black, red, royal, navy, Lt. blue, pink, green or white. \$4.99.



Soft sole Indian beaded plug Moccasin—matching bunny fur collar. Red, royal, Lt. blue, pink, white or black. \$3.99.



Jean Hagen, appearing in MGM's Latin Lovers, poses in a chic, comfy double-breasted, full length quilted robe of printed cotton. With this robe, choose one of the Honeybugs styles shown on the right. Robe—calico print on red, black or green background. Sizes 12 to 20. About \$9. By Loungees.



hollywood  
approves  
fall  
fashions

# Accent-Stockings



■ Cyd Charisse, last seen in MGM's *The Band Wagon*, features stocking as an important part of her evening costume—a beige gown by René of Kay-Selig. Cyd's stockings are Cameo's *Ballet Toe*—exciting brand new 12 denier finest knit seamless ever made. The other award winning Cameo styles in Cyd's stocking wardrobe include: *Burmilace*, the 60 gauge *Can't Run* daytime stocking with "eye appeal" and "wear for real"; *Wonder Top*, a wispy, full-fashioned all-purpose stocking with magic top (to ease all strain); Cameo's *66*, a full-fashioned 12 denier glamor stocking reserved for late day and evening. Cyd's pearls are by Deltah.



Ricardo Montalban views Cyd Charisse's gift—a lovely compact.



And in turn, Ricardo watches Shelley Winters give her stockings the acid test.



The Captain of the Brown Derby serves Greer Garson her gift while Bob Stack looks on.

Stretched lightly in French hand mirrors to show sheer perfection and variety of weave, a Cameo stocking wardrobe delighted the stars.

Gifts galore—Cameo stockings for all! Cameo was presented the M. S. Fashion Award for superior construction, styling and beauty.



## ring around rosie

(Continued from page 40) "I'd give anything to have a date with him."

"It's all set," the friend told her. "I know him very well. Don't worry, Rosemary, I'll fix it." So she went to this boy and told him that Rosemary Clooney was just dying to meet him, and the teenage Don Juan said, "Sure. Bring her over. I'll give her a whirl." So Rosemary was brought over and was introduced to her secret love.

The boy took one look at her—the flat chest, the crooked teeth, the large mouth—and closing his eyes as though they could not stand the sight of this teen-age female horror, he shook his head in violent disbelief. "Oh, no!" he wailed. "Oh! No."

Rosemary Clooney's youth was filled with such incidents. "I used to look at myself in the mirror, and it was awful. . . . We never had a permanent home . . . I was never much to look at . . . No sorority really wanted me."

With what is amazing candor for any woman, these are the sort of remarks which used to sprinkle Rosemary's reminiscences. But now that her love, long prison-pent and repressed, has been released in marriage, she feels fulfilled and requited. Whereas she has felt bitter toward those who scorned and snubbed her because of her poverty, she now looks back upon them with pity and understanding. For in her life as a newlywed there is room in her heart for nothing save love and José Ferrer—which she considers synonymous.

WHEN Rosemary, the daughter of an impoverished Kentucky house painter, eloped to Durant, Oklahoma, with José, the son of a wealthy Puerto Rican attorney, no one in Hollywood was the slightest bit surprised. For Rosemary had been Ferrer's steady girl for months.

Paramount tried to put the silencer on the news because technically Ferrer was still married to his second wife, Phyllis Hill, and the studio was in the process of giving Rosemary a Cinderella buildup—but the Ferrer-Clooney love affair never was a secret.

As soon as Ferrer could arrange a financial settlement with Phyllis Hill, all of his friends expected him to make Rosemary the third Mrs. Ferrer. As one of them points out, "Rosemary complements Joe very nicely. He's so intense, and she's so matter-of-fact. There's a very good balance there. Complement instead of conflict."

There is also the question of physical attraction. Some detractors insist that all of Rosemary's sex appeal lies in her vocal chords. Others are of the opinion that she generates as much sex as a grape. There is no accounting for diversity in human taste, but when José Ferrer first met the Clooney girl in Lisa Kirk's Manhattan apartment, he liked what he saw in the way of figure, face, and personality, and he liked it very much.

A man of depth and probity, Ferrer has never picked his wives on the basis of physical beauty. The mind, the mentality, and the manner—these have always intrigued him.

In Rosemary he found a young girl who has not, to date, been disillusioned by life. He found a simple, honest, ambitious girl without polish, erudition, or background; and whether she appealed primarily to the Pygmalion drive characteristic of so many actors and directors, he isn't saying. But she intrigued him, and they began to go around together.

Rosemary first made certain that Joe



The "moisture-shield" in gentle, new Fresh is an extra-effective astringent. This acts as an invisible shield to protect clothes and stop embarrassing odor



Gown by Carrie Munn.  
Deodorant: sure,  
new Fresh

*gentle new deodorant has*  
**moisture-shield**  
*to keep underarms* **dry!**

**Instantly—Fresh Cream Deodorant forms an invisible shield to protect you and your clothes.**

Wonderful news! Gentle new Fresh with "moisture-shield," used daily, ends the problem of perspiration moisture which stains fabrics and *causes* unpleasant odor. Yes, you're really protected with Fresh!

For the new Fresh formula is superior in anti-perspirant action—acts instantly

like an invisible shield to keep you from offending—your clothes *safe*.

University scientists have proved that gentle new Fresh has up to 180% greater astringent action than other leading cream deodorants . . . and it's the astringent action that keeps underarms dry.

Try this creamy-soft new Fresh today. Regular or Chlorophyll.

Fresh is a reg. trademark of the Pharma-Craft Corporation. Fresh is also manufactured and distributed in Canada



**FRESH**® keeps you *Lovely to Love*



was definitely estranged from his wife. "When we go out," she said, "I want it to be in the open, not sneaking around to hideouts."

It was a transcontinental courtship with these two. They ate at Sardi's in New York, Chasen's in California, and all the while, Ferrer's lawyer, Edwin Reiskind was trying to work out some sort of settlement which would satisfy the second Mrs. Ferrer and give Joe his freedom.

When the second Mrs. Ferrer went into a New York play, *The Fifth Season*, it looked very much as though there would be no Ferrer divorce this year. After all, when would Phyllis Hill be able to get away to establish six weeks' residence in Reno or Hot Springs?

There was only one solution—a Mexican divorce. It is possible for a citizen of the U.S.A. to obtain a divorce in Mexico without any of the parties' going there.

On July 6, this year, Mrs. Phyllis Hill Ferrer filed for divorce in the First Civil Court of Juarez, Mexico. She was in New York at the time, and her husband was in Dallas, starring in the stage version of *Kiss Me Kate*. The suit stated that the Ferrers had been married in Greenwich, Connecticut, in 1948, and had been separated since May, 1952. Incompatibility was the major charge, and the divorce was granted.

**WHEREUPON** Rosemary Clooney, having just finished *Red Garters* over at Paramount, caught the first plane to Dallas for a rendezvous with her lover at the Stoneleigh Hotel.

Ordinarily, Joe and Rosemary Ferrer are cooperative and communicative people, but when reporters asked if they intended to get married in the near future—an intention as obvious as Marilyn Monroe's physical endowments—both of them said, "No comment."

They waited for Joe Shribman, Rosemary's manager, to fly into Dallas, and for Ed Reiskind and Kurt and Ketti Frings and Olivia De Havilland and the cast of *The Dazzling Hour*—Ferrer rehearsed the cast in Dallas for the play he later staged in La Jolla—and after the whole gang had arrived, and Ed Reiskind had checked on all the legal requirements for marriage in and around Texas, Joe and Rosemary decided to take the big step. "We wanted it done quickly, simply, and without any fanfare."

Early Monday morning the prospective newlyweds, accompanied by Joe's agent, Kurt Frings, and Mrs. Frings, climbed into Ed Reiskind's car and drove to Durant, Oklahoma. Joe Shribman came along, too. The lovers took blood tests, filled out the marriage license, and then marched into the chambers of County Judge Seth Shoemaker who performed the short ceremony.

There was the usual kissing at the end of the ritual and then the drive back to Dallas. That night, José went to work in *Kiss Me Kate*, and when the final curtain came down, everyone went over to Mario's, an Italian restaurant in town, for the Ferrer wedding party. It was a hum-dinger, considering the fact that Ferrer had to work the next day.

There was no honeymoon. In fact, the following afternoon, Rosemary kissed her Joe goodbye and took off for Hollywood with Kurt Frings. Kurt left his wife Ketti in Dallas to work with Ferrer on the rewrite of *The Dazzling Hour*.

In Hollywood, Rosemary posed for some MODERN SCREEN photos, had her hair trimmed, tried on a new dress for the premiere of *Stalag 17*, announced that "I came back because my brother, Nick, is going into the service, and I promised I'd go to the preview with him."

She was so happy, she was jumping, "Flippin' my lid," she cried. "Just flippin' my lid. Never been happier."

**HOLLYWOOD** wonders how long this ecstatic happiness will last, since the years have shown consistently that two acting careers in one family usually lead to discord and divorce.

There is one particular group in the movie colony which dislikes José Ferrer on the basis of his politics. These people insist that "the only thing José Ferrer can ever stay married to is his career." They warned and advised Rosemary not to marry the producer-director-actor, but the Clooney girl decided to follow her heart.

There are other groups in Hollywood that insist that Joe is one of the most intelligent, versatile, and sensitive talents in the business. Not only that, but that his background, education, and perspicacity are hard to match, and that as a human being, he is kind, tolerant, warm-hearted and generous. For years he has carried countless persons on his payroll. A young dancer in Paris, for example, receives a check from him every month, merely be-

him—decided to become a teacher. He took a year's graduate work in French literature and then moved on to Columbia University where he studied for his Master's degree.

At Columbia, Ferrer decided to forsake teaching for the theater and got himself a job as an assistant stage manager in Josh Logan's summer stock company at Suffern, New York. From there he worked himself up to his current eminence.

**NOW**, let's take a look at Rosemary Clooney's background. This singing chick was born in the small Ohio River town of Maysville, Kentucky on May 23, 1928. Her father, Andy Clooney was a house painter who couldn't find enough houses to paint, especially when another daughter and a son were added to his family.

In fact, things were so bad in the Clooney household, financially that is, that the marriage came apart, Rosemary's mother going to work in a dress shop in Lexington, and Andy looking around for a new start in Washington.

The Clooney kids were moved around from grandparent to grandparent. Grandpa Clooney, the perpetual mayor of Maysville, owned a jewelry store and had a little money but when Rosemary was nine, Grandma Clooney died, and the little girl was moved over to Grandmother Guilfoyle's. A widow with nine children of her own to look after, Grandma Guilfoyle found it extremely difficult to bring up Rosemary and her sister. There just wasn't enough money to go around.

Rosemary had to wear hand-me-downs and makeshifts. Dental treatment was neglected. Family security was lacking when she needed it most.

In short, she suffered all the pains and heartaches and humiliations which walk hand-in-hand with poverty. The wonder of it all is that Rosemary Clooney is an optimistic, lively, and stimulating young woman, today.

While she may suffer from an inferiority complex brought on by the lack of physical beauty, she certainly gives no blatant manifestations of chronic insecurity. Rosemary tells of her poverty-ridden days with poignancy but she always points out the lighter side and the happy moments. She talks about the wonderful breaks she got when she and her sister went to work at w.l.w. in Cincinnati, when she signed with Tony Pastor's band and when Joe Shribman, Pastor's manager, got her a recording contract with Columbia Records.

Blue-eyed Rosie was often hurt when she was a child. While these hurts undoubtedly have left their mark, they have not marred her personality or outlook. Rosemary Clooney wants to become a big motion picture star. Right now she has a personable way, a pleasing voice, and a little acting talent.

Married to José Ferrer, however, Rosie is likely to improve as an actress. She will have an excellent influence in the house. There is no doubt but that José can and will enrich Rosie's life. He cooks like a master chef, he plays the piano like a virtuoso; he paints and sculptures; he produces, directs, and acts, he lives every day as if it were his last.

A friend of Clooney's was asked what Rosie could contribute to this marriage. Her retort: "What is this? France in the nineteenth century or Hollywood in the twentieth? All a woman brings to a marriage is herself. Sometimes that's a little, and sometimes that's a lot. In Rosie's case, I can tell you—it's enough!" **END**

(José Ferrer can be seen in two Columbia pictures, *The Caine Mutiny* and *Miss Sadie Thompson*.)

making an early  
appearance, the  
**november** issue of  
**modern screen** will be  
on sale **october 6**  
with tempestuous  
**ava gardner**  
on the cover.

cause he knows that she needs the money.

José Vicente Ferrer Oteroy Cintron was born on January 8, 1912, in Santuro, Puerto Rico. Both of his parents were born in Spain, later becoming American citizens. His father attended St. John's College at Annapolis and won his law degree at Syracuse University. His mother was graduated from Sacred Heart College in New York.

When young José was six, his parents took him to New York where he was enrolled in a series of private and public schools. At 14, the boy was considered a piano prodigy, and for a while he hoped to become a concert pianist. But his folks shipped him off to Switzerland for more schooling, and when he returned to the States he decided to enter Princeton's School of Architecture.

While he was in college, Ferrer organized a six-piece band known as Ferrer's Pied Pipers. It was quickly expanded to include 18 members, and during the summers, it used to tour Italy, France, and Switzerland, which is one reason Ferrer speaks five languages with surprising fluency.

While he was at Princeton, Joe—this is the name by which all his friends call



where to buy

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## LUXITE (balbriggan)—Pg. 73

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Or write to Luxite, Division of Holeproof Hosiery Co., 404 West Fowler Street, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin.

## SAVAGE-WAYNE (Golden Slippers)—Pg. 73

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Or write to Savage-Wayne, 1865 Cordova St., Los Angeles 7, Calif.

## SEAMPRUFE (lingerie)—Pg. 73

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## rita's newest love

(Continued from page 28) From that point on, Haymes and Hayworth have been virtually inseparable. Even when Rita flew to Hawaii for location work on *Miss Sadie Thompson*, Haymes wasn't far behind. He had his agents arrange a concert tour in the Islands, and while it didn't come off too well, it brought him close to Rita.

When Hayworth winged back to Hollywood with José Ferrer, who is also in *Miss Sadie Thompson*, Haymes was again on hand to continue the romance.

Dick has been Rita's constant escort, so constant that he has had no time for anyone else. Not even Nora Haymes, his separated wife, could contact Dick with any regularity. A newspaperman in the Hobnob, a Beverly Hills eatery, overheard her complaining to her friend, Beetsy Wynn, "I can't get with this bit. I don't know where Richard is keeping himself these days. I want to talk to him about putting up some loot for the divorce, but it's easier to get in touch with Eisenhower."

"Everybody I ask tells me to try Hayworth's house. Can you imagine my doing that?"

Even Bob Eaton, Dick's lawyer, couldn't find him for long periods of time when he needed to discuss the divorce from Nora. "I don't know where he's keeping himself these days," Eaton confided to reporters. "My assumption is that he's out of town."

By this time, of course, the Haymes divorce papers have undoubtedly been filed; and it is just a question of waiting for the proper interval before Richard and Rita make their romance officially public.

Under the circumstances, however, Rita is naturally reticent when it comes to discussing Haymes. When asked about him in New York after they were seen dining, all she would say was "He's a very nice man."

In Hollywood, however, especially before the Haymes divorce papers were drawn up, the ex-Princess was extremely circumspect, particularly for her.

When a friend, a long-term friend who has known her through three arduous marriages, asked at her swimming pool one day, "What goes with you and Dick Haymes?" Rita would only smile and say, "Let's not go into that."

A few days later the actress took off for a short vacation, and coincidentally, Richard Haymes left town at the same time.

All of which goes to prove that having found each other, Dick Haymes and Rita Hayworth are determined to hold on. For many years now, both of them have been in love with love. Since both of them have Spanish blood in their veins and Latin backgrounds, there is undoubtedly much more to their mutual attraction than pure physical appeal.

Whether this is enough to lead eventually to marriage no one can prophesy.

RIGHT now, Rita is a little disillusioned by matrimony but certainly not by men. The only time she was ready to cross the opposite sex off her list was when she left Aly Khan two years ago.

Then she was hurt, bitter, frustrated, and completely disenchanted, and with good reason. Her life with Aly had been anything but a bed of roses. In the midst of all sorts of wild, intractable rumors, she had verified her father-in-law's prediction that she would give birth to a premature child. "Premature children run in our family," the four-times-married Aga Khan had told the press during Rita's pregnancy, whereupon the actress presented her husband with his third child, a

beautiful, dark-haired girl whom they named Yasmin.

Yasmin's birth was a big event duly reported throughout the world, but it didn't keep Aly at home, and it didn't curb his reckless spending. In an effort to keep up with her husband's profligate tastes, Rita ran through all her hard-earned cash, approximately \$150,000. And in the end, all her sacrifices, all her attempts to remodel her life, to become the worldly sophisticate—all this came to nothing.

One morning the realization burst upon Rita that she was married to a man whose nature was basically inconstant. That's when she pulled up the stakes of her European tent and sailed for home, a wiser, sadder young woman. She was determined, nevertheless, to get a financial settlement of \$1,000,000 for her baby daughter.

All she got was a lot of publicity, a whopping lawyer's bill, and the well-founded suspicion that she was destined to support Yasmin through her own earnings just as she is supporting Rebecca, her daughter by Orson Welles.

In the words of an agent who has known her well, "Rita is a lot like Lana Turner. Both of these babes bounce back from loused-up love affairs like a couple of pogo sticks."

"Take a dame like Hayworth. Aly Khan gives her a terrible time in Europe; so she comes back here, goes up to Reno and establishes residence. She tells everyone, 'I don't want a penny for myself. All I want is support for my child.'"

... Boris Karloff, who sold his home in Beverly Hills, is looking for a place to rent. Said Karloff: "I guess you might say I'm house-haunting."

Sidney Skolsky  
N. Y. Post

"What happens? Aly Khan comes to Hollywood. Whispers a few sweet nothings in her left ear. Right away the babe takes off for Paris and a rendezvous. All that trouble for one evening, and the next thing anybody knows Khan has blown this babe off and is going around with Gene Tierney. She's hurt, Hayworth is; so she gets herself this Spanish count for an escort, one of Aly's old pals, Count Villa Padierna; only this guy won't come to Hollywood. So she comes back alone. This time she's good and sore at Aly; so she gets the divorce. The Nevada courts tell him he has to pay \$48,000 a year for the support of Yasmin. It's a big joke. This is like telling the king of Sweden he has to drink German beer."

"I'm not kidding when I tell you that Hayworth's just like Lana Turner. They're both the world's louisiest pickers of lovers."

"Take this Dick Haymes. He's a nice, loused-up kid, very personable, very charming, maybe a year older than Rita, but he doesn't have a buck. He's a very proud kid, too, and an honorable one."

"Haymes is a man with an eye for beauty. When he gets that mating call, watch out. There he goes. He gave up Joanne Dru, a swell dish, for Nora Haymes. After four years with Nora, that's finished. Instead of concentrating on his work, he concentrates on Hayworth."

"I don't blame him, because Hayworth is really something to concentrate on, but just take a peek at that long list of predecessors, Eddie Judson, Orson Welles, Vic Mature, Tony Martin, Alain Bernheim, Ted Stauffer, Aly Khan, Peter Lawford, Cy Howard, Gilbert Roland, Richard Greene, Kirk Douglas. In her day, Hayworth has had some real big league talent."

"Like I say, Dick is a nice boy, but what chance would he have as Rita's husband?"

He'd lose his own identity. Marrying Rita is like marrying a national institution. You've got to come out second best.

"If Dick were the kind of boy who could manage his wife's career like some birds around this town, that would be different. But he's not built that way. This kid's got integrity and honor. He could never let himself be supported by any dame."

"Just exactly what's gonna happen between these two, I don't know. I'm sure they don't either, except that Dick is not one of these fast-fling boys. When he falls in love, he's always sure it's for keeps this time. With Rita it's a little different. I think she's more realistic, lives every day as if it were her last. Let's have a ball right now because tomorrow maybe Aly Khan will walk through the front door."

NORA Eddington Flynn Haymes, who fell so rapturously in love with Haymes that she gave the skidoo to Errol Flynn, has long been recognized as one of the most regular females in Hollywood.

Honest, straight-shooting, and never-complaining, although she certainly has plenty to wail about, Nora says, "When Dick and I separated in March, he was free to go his way, and I was free to go mine. We're definitely not—well, we're not suited to each other any more."

"As for his personal life, I don't know what he's been doing. I hear from various sources that he's been seeing an awful lot of Miss Hayworth. When I was married to Errol Flynn, she came aboard our boat with Orson Welles for about two weeks; and she's really a very nice person."

"Friends tell me that she's got Dick wound around so tightly that he doesn't know whether he's coming or going, but you know how rumors spread in this town. Probably no foundation to that, whatever. My personal assumption is that they're good friends. Shall we leave it at that?"

"You say has Dick asked for a divorce because he wants to marry Rita? He's never mentioned her to me at all. Richard is a romanticist, a dreamer, a wonderful man with high ideals. If he falls in love with a girl he wants to marry her. He's a wonderful guy. I hope he'll be happy."

IN Hollywood the general consensus of opinion is that Haymes is cut from a fabric different from many crooners. As a boy he studied for the priesthood in Argentina. As a young man he succeeded Frank Sinatra with the Harry James band, and for a period of time he was extremely hot with bobbysoxers.

During the war, Dick was classified 4C, a citizen of a neutral nation, Argentina; and although he tried time and time again to enlist in the Army, he was turned down because of high blood pressure. He was married to Joanne Dru during World War II, and that marriage was youthfully successful until Dick met Nora Flynn in Palm Springs.

Unfortunately for Dick, his career has been sliding downhill ever since his marriage to Nora. He left his agent, Bill Burton; his recordings began to diminish in popularity; picture work became increasingly scarce; but careers in show business are unpredictable, and as they say in Hollywood, "all you need to get on top is one good break."

Whether Dick's one "good break" was meeting and falling in love with Rita Hayworth only the calendar will tell.

Right now, Hollywood is betting on only one thing. Proximity to lovely Rita is not going to reduce the crooner's high blood pressure.

END

(Dick Haymes can now be seen in Columbia's *Cruising Down The River*.)



**"you, I like!"**

(Continued from page 59) "So what if they liked me last week," the boyish-faced comic with flecks of grey in his curly brown hair, nagged himself. Show business was a funny thing, he knew. A star today and a bum tomorrow. He had worked too hard, too long to lose it now.

He thought of his mother and father at home in the Bronx, waiting to see him live up to his notices. He thought of his wife, Helayne, who loved him so and helped to ease the hurt of an unhappy first marriage.

The nervous tension of the years of work and waiting welled within him and as he thought of the night ahead and all his yesterdays, Red Buttons collapsed on the tv stage.

He didn't go on that second week in October last year. A film was hastily shown instead and the CBS switchboards were flooded with calls from friendly fans concerned about the comic they had taken to their hearts but a few days before.

That reassurance of their faith in him, the loyalty they showed, their willingness to laugh and sympathize gave him the will and strength he needed to make secure the stardom televisioners had bestowed upon him.

The following week and every week thereafter, Red Buttons continued to endear himself to his fans. If they believed in him, he could believe in himself.

Funny, he secretly admitted later, that he who had never dared lose confidence in himself lest he lose all his hopes should have lost it at the moment when his dreams were fulfilled. He was a star, nationally known and nationally applauded.

**E**VER since he could remember, he had wanted to be a star.

To anyone but him it might have seemed an impossible dream. Aaron Chwatt, the second of Michael and Sophie Chwatt's three children, was born in a fourth floor walk-up in a tenement in New York's lower East Side on February 5, 1919.

His parents were poor but happy. His father earned \$18 a week blocking hats in a millinery shop. He had a quiet dignity and an old world philosophy that children are the future of a country. Michael Chwatt wanted his children, Joe, Aaron and Ida, to be a credit to their parents and to their country.

Sophie Chwatt was born in Poland and immigrated to the United States when she was 16. She was short and plump and pretty with smiling blue eyes and curly red hair like little Aaron's. She was too happy being in America to mind being poor. All she wanted was to keep her children as clean and as well-fed and as happy as she could. There were worse things in life than being poor, Mrs. Chwatt knew, and a mother's love and freedom couldn't be bought at any price.

In these surroundings, Aaron was a lively, jovial, energetic kid willing to do anything for a smile. Skinny and small, he never let his size bother him. What he lacked in stature he compensated for in heart and humor and leadership.

Wiry and muscular, he could hold his own in any brawl, and fighting was the number one sport in Aaron's neighborhood, Third Street between Avenues A and B.

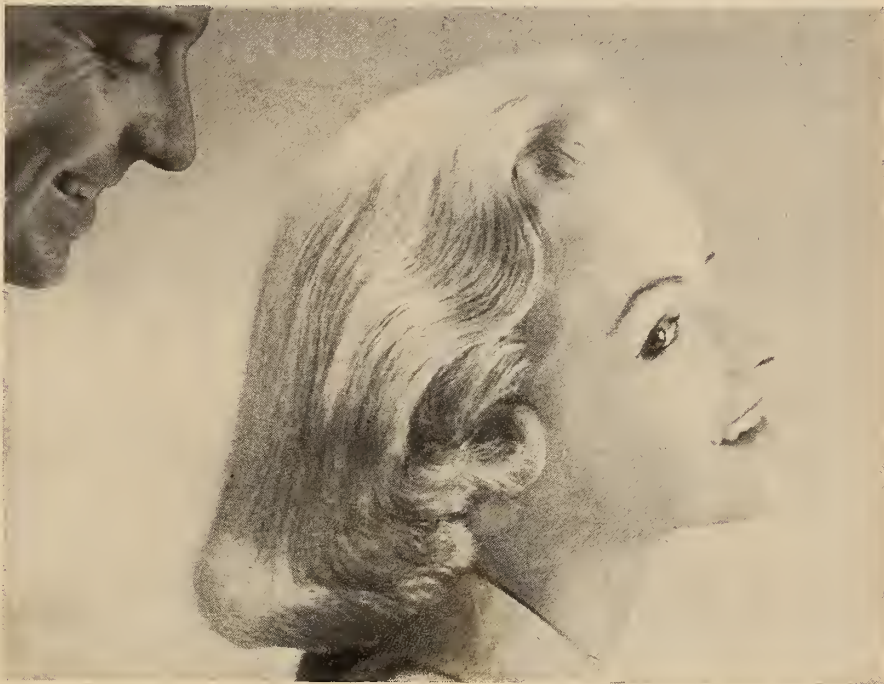
If the older, bigger boys challenged him to a fight and he felt he didn't stand a chance, he'd tilt his head to the side, assume the plaintive facial expressions of a whipped dog and plead mournfully, "I ain't got no mudder."

It always worked. Nobody would hit a kid without a mother, for the only security those poor kids had was a mother.

When Aaron was about seven, his

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mother cut his bangs and substituted a long pants blue serge suit for erstwhile Saturday and Sunday best, a sailor outfit with white stockings and black shoes. The blue serge was his choir singing uniform, worn when his sweet, clear soprano voice rang out in answer to the Cantor's chants in the local synagogue. If any fellow members of the "Rinky Dink," his own block gang of which he was the undisputed leader, ever referred to his angelic face or singing in any but the most complimentary manner, they had the soprano's fists in their kissers to prove he was no sissy.

WHEN Papa Chwatt got a small increase in salary, he moved out of the lower East Side uptown to East 176th Street in the Bronx, so his family could be brought up in better surroundings.

In P. S. 44 in the Bronx, ten-year-old Aaron quickly established himself as a popular, versatile personality. He played on the baseball team, portrayed one of the frenetic leads in the school's version of "The Katzenjammer Kids" and generally ingratiated himself with his teachers and fellow students. He would stop at nothing to keep his audience entertained.

His buddies, among them Arthur Brent, now a partner with Red's brother Joe in the ABCO Hardware store in the Bronx, knew that Red had one peculiarity. He couldn't pass up a mirror, whether in a store window, a livingroom or a washroom. Whenever he spotted a looking glass, he stopped whatever he was doing to peer at his likeness, not to admire himself but to distort his features into weird grimaces.

"Whatcha doin', Aaron?" his surprised companions asked at first.

"Practicin', just practicin'," he answered without getting out of character. "If I'm gonna be an actor, I gotta be able to act."

Mugsy Buttons, Rocky Buttons, Salty Buttons were conceived in a mirror. As Red watched the mannerisms and expressions of each one emerge before his very eyes, he also developed another characteristic. Shaking his finger at his mirrored reflections, he admonished them waggishly, "I like you. You, I don't like."

He wasn't too engrossed in his career to be unmindful of the fair sex. The girls tagged after the cute redheaded jester, but his favorite was a long-legged brunette. They demonstrated their mutual affection by playfully throwing stones at each other in lieu of cupid's darts.

Nothing but applause was hurled at the 13-year-old boy the night he appeared in an amateur contest at the Fox Cretona theatre a few blocks from his apartment house. When he sang "Roll On Mississippi, Roll On" and "Sweet Jenny Lee," he brought down the house and won first prize.

His reward was a singing spot in the overture to the vaudeville acts. Nightly, for 15 weeks until the Children's Society stepped in and stopped him, the slight, shinin'-faced, redheaded singer stood on a soapbox in the orchestra pit and in his good blue serge suit and budding alto bade the Mississippi roll on.

For a couple of years after the Children's Society rang down the curtain on him, his only brush with show business was when he subways downtown and went to the Palace to hang around the stage door or when he climbed over the fence of the old Biograph Film Studios in the Bronx.

On one of these excursions, he met Bud Pollard, a Biograph film producer who took an interest in the boy.

"Show business isn't easy, kid," the older man advised. "You've got to work hard to get there. You need all the breaks you can get and then when you do arrive, if you're one of the lucky few, the toughest thing is to stay on top."



But how was a kid with no background, no real experience and nobody to help him, going to break into show business? That was Aaron Chwatt's number one problem. No talent scout from Broadway was haunting the amateur theatricals of the Evander Childs High School. He couldn't afford to take an ad in weekly *Variety* saying "At liberty" so he did the next best thing. He answered an ad for a singing bellhop to work during the summer at Dinty Moore's City Island Tavern. He was 16 and impatient to get his theatrical career under way.

One night he confided his ambition to a customer.

"What's your name, kid?" the customer asked.

"Aaron Chwatt."

"Aaron what? That's no name for a comedian. You have to get something they'll remember. How about Red? Your hair's red." The customer paused a minute and studied the serious face of the brass-buttoned bellhop. Then he snapped his fingers. "I've got it. Buttons. Red Buttons. That's a name they'll never forget."

The newly christened Red Buttons realized that before people could remember his name they had to hear it. How? Where? When?

A movie star attended a show, in which an amateur was impersonating the star. After the performance, the amateur asked the star, eagerly: "Tell me the truth! What do you think of my impersonation of you?"

"Well," said the star, "one of us is really awful!"

Soon, he hoped. Occasionally during the winter, he sang for free at parties given by his father's co-workers. At one of these parties, Red met somebody who knew somebody who owned a hotel in the Catskill Mountains. The chain of hotels dotting the Catskills was known as the Borscht Circuit because good food, borscht included, was the chief attraction of these summer hostleries. The customers had to be entertained, too, but managements preferred to pay less to their entertainers so they could pay more to their cooks.

Red Buttons could be bought cheap. The Beerkill Hotel in Greenfield Park, New York, hired him as a singer at \$1.50 per week plus room and board.

That was the life. It seemed too good to be true and midway in the season Red awoke one morning to find his worst fears justified. Something had happened to change his luck—and his voice. Overnight the boy alto had become a boy bass and there was no place on the program, he knew, for a singer with a crinkly smile and a crackly voice.

"They'll fire me. They'll fire me," he worried. His desperation was readily apparent when he confronted the program director with his crisis.

"Don't worry, Red," the showman said, "the summer's almost over. I've seen you make with the jokes. You're pretty funny. Stay on as a comedian."

Red didn't find it hard to make the people laugh. He pretended the audience was his family and his friends. He always could make them laugh so why not these people who came from the same, warmhearted kind of background?

As the basis of his humor, he fell back on an exaggeration of his childhood experiences. He never wanted to be funny at anybody else's expense. His cute pixie face, impish expressions and slight stature made his memories of the lower East Side seem incongruous and funny.

"Where I came from," he announced, "anybody with teeth in his mouth was

considered a sissy. In school they used to have recess just to carry out the wounded. We were evicted so many times my mother made curtains to match the sidewalks." Then he'd swing into the swagger and gestures of Jimmy Cagney and the tough guy tones of Edward G. Robinson, the screen bad men of his youth.

Cupping his hand over his ear, he illustrated his alleged childhood miseries with "Oiy, oiy," and broke into a little dance. In time he was to change the "Oiy, Oiy" to "Ho-Ho" and add to it a musical introduction of more quips and patter, "Strange Things Are Happening."

His third summer in the Catskills when he was 19, a burlesque agent touring the Catskills for talent caught Red's act.

"Come see me after Labor Day," he told the comedian. "I'll give you a two-weeks' trial at Minsky's."

Mr. Harold Minsky was no Charles Frohman or David Belasco but he was the number one producer of burlesque shows. The Misses Gypsy Rose Lee, Georgia Southern, Margie Hart and Ann Corio were his stellar strippers.

Frank Faye, Bert Lahr, the late Rags Ragland, Robert Alda, and Phil Silvers were among the graduates of the burlesque comedy school.

Opening night he was so frightened that in a sketch called "Get Out Of The Car," in which he was to support a prop automobile, he was shaking so from stage fright that the automobile rattled in unexpected places, but rattled as he was, Red didn't forget his lines or cues. His natural pace and timing helped him adapt himself quickly to the fast turns and blackouts of burlesque. In time he learned to "cut it," burlesque lingo for making good.

His mother and father used to come down from the Bronx to the Gaiety at 42nd and Broadway to see him. Only a mother's desire to see her son on the stage could have lured Sophie Chwatt into a burlesque house. When the strip teasers were teasing, Mrs. Chwatt buried her face in her hands. She only looked up—and cautiously at that—when her son, Aaron (she still calls him Aaron), was singing "Sam. You Made The Pants Too Long," or doing some other such enlightening scene.

One of the proudest moments in Sophie's life came when Al Jolson, in a box seat, applauded her son's comedy. Afterwards the Mammy singer went backstage to see the young comic.

"You've got it, kid," Jolson told Red Buttons. "Someday you'll be a star."

STARS and would-be stars have to live and love, too. Outside of his school time romance when he pelted his favorite girl with stones, Red had been so busy trying to carve his name in lights that he hadn't given much time to romance. He fell in love, not with a girl from his old neighborhood, but with a stripper in the show. She was a tall brunette named Roxanne (not to be confused with the blonde Roxanne of television).

He was the most dazed and the happiest guy on Broadway when she said she would marry him. And he was the loneliest, unhappiest comedian in show business a couple of years later when she divorced him. The torch Red carried was bigger than himself. In the true Pagliacci tradition, he tried to lose himself in work; the Catskills, the night club dates, the one night stands, but in a sequence of bad luck events all the breaks seemed to be against him.

He was working in Margie Hart's *Wine, Women And Song* when the censors banned the play and burlesque from New York.

In 1941, he had his foot in the legitimate theater when it was ousted from the door.

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José Ferrer had chosen him for the juvenile lead in a musical with a Pearl Harbor locale. The play was due to open December 8, 1941, but that was the day after Pearl Harbor was bombed and *The Admiral Takes A Wife* was blasted off Broadway before it got there.

He was set for a role in a James Cagney film but another actor got the part because he also got less money.

The day he was due to leave for Hollywood and a Paramount movie, his draft notice showed up. It looked like the end of everything for him. According to the accepted movie tradition, his worst break proved to be his best. In the Army, Moss Hart picked Red for a lead in the Army Air Force musical production, *Winged Victory*, and later the comedian also appeared in its movie version.

In 1945, the khaki-clothed comedian emceed a show at the Potsdam Conference before Harry S. Truman and Winston Churchill. They agreed unanimously that Private Red Buttons was funny.

When he got out of the Army, he knew he could always earn a good living, at least \$500 a week or so, with his nightclub routine, but he still hearkened back to those days as an East Side kid when Broadway was his dream. He wanted to be in the bigtime. In order to do so, he took a salary cut to appear in the plays *Barefoot Boy With Cheek* and *Hold It*. His notices were better than the plays' notices.

BACK he went to his old faithful, the club dates and theaters. In the winter of 1949, he was playing a nightclub in Miami Beach, Florida. A petite black-haired girl with the elfin features of a Leslie Caron, Helayne McNorton from Ohio, was working as a manicurist in a Miami hotel. She saw the comic work and said to herself, "I'd like to know him."

After the show when Red came out front to sit with some friends, Helayne did meet him. They exchanged hellos and she realized he hardly noticed her, but she didn't forget about him.

That summer, she was in Lindy's restaurant in New York one evening and was re-introduced to Red. They exchanged hellos again but with little recognition on his part. Several nights later, they met once more in Lindy's. This time Red said, "Doll face, I'll drive you home."

There were other people in the apartment Helayne shared with her roommate and they made scrambled eggs and coffee for the late visitors. "I'll help you do the dishes, Doll face," Red offered. It was the first and last time he dried the dishes, but for Helayne, once was enough. Red Buttons was the boy she wanted to marry.

"How about meeting me tomorrow night at Toots Shor's?" Red suggested. Helayne had met actors before. Sometimes they didn't show up for dates so the next night on the pretext of being delayed, she called Shor's and asked for Red. To her surprise, he was there.

"I'll be right over," she told him. She fell in love with him that night. Her future was Red, she was sure. She knew he had been hurt deeply by the failure of his first marriage and that he didn't want to get burned twice. She was willing to wait.

Early in their courtship, she broke other dates to be with Red. He was somewhat serious offstage. He didn't joke and clown as much as when he was a kid but his ad libs were fast and furious.

When he questioned Helayne once about breaking a date she disarmed him with her straightforward reply, "I'd rather be with you."

"Why waste your time with me?" he said, "I don't want to get married."

"You will," she countered. Three and a half years ago they were married.

They lived in an apartment in the West 50's within shouting distance of Broadway. Helayne went to cooking school so she could wield the pots and pans with as much agility as Red dished out his humor.

Last fall they signed a lease on an expensive five-room apartment on exclusive Sutton Place, just 51 city blocks north of the East Side tenement where Aaron Chwatt was born.

THEN television, which devours talent like a hungry tigress, wanted new stars. Red Buttons was a comparative unknown outside of New York and Florida, but Marlo Lewis, a CBS-TV variety show producer, realized the capabilities and potentialities of the versatile comedian, who was 33 but looked 23.

Red was anxious to try the medium. It was his only chance for national recognition. The movies wouldn't hire him because he wasn't known so TV offered him the culmination of a dream.

"Where did this kid come from?" everybody wanted to know after his sensational debut. He had something in his act for everybody, an appeal that got to all kinds of Americans. Within a few weeks, the "Strange Things Are Happening" routine swept the country. Audiences chimed in and home viewers chanted, "Ho-ho, hee-hee, stra-a-a-ange things are hap-penning."

**Milton Berle had just returned from Hollywood, where it had rained almost unusually. He met Charlton Heston, who asked, "And how was California weather?"**

**Berle answered, "The sun was coming down in sheets."**

*Paul Denis*

Up in the Bronx on East 176th where they have lived for the past 24 years, Michael and Sophie Chwatt didn't think there was anything strange about their son's success. Their boy, Aaron, had to make good because he was good. He never hurt anybody. He just made them laugh. He was kind and generous. Every winter since he could afford it, he has sent his parents to Arizona for the cold months because the desert air is good for Mrs. Chwatt's asthma.

A darling, dimpled, plump version of her son, Sophie's story, too, is a success story. An immigrant at 16, she raised a boy who became an American Horatio Alger. When she goes to the grocery store or the neighborhood stationer's to buy a birthday card, the tradespeople point her out, "That's Red Buttons' mother," but for Sophie the greatest thrill is always her frequent visits from her second son, her Aaron, who says, "Hi, Ma," and kisses her.

Up in the Bronx, in brother Joe's hardware store, the school kids flock in to ask Joe to have Red autograph pictures for them. "Ho-Ho," he signs, "Red Buttons."

In her river view apartment on Sutton Place, Mrs. Red Buttons (he legally adopted the name) doesn't think it's strange that success in a bigtime way has come to her husband. He always went out of his way to help other entertainers, she knew. And Red was due for the big break.

She and Red wish they had some little Buttons tearing loose around the house. Monday nights after his TV show, and after he has had a masseuse limber him up after his strenuous shenanigans, the comedian takes his wife to Lindy's where they sit around like old times and chat with the other comics, Milton Berle, Jack Carter, Phil Silvers, all local boys who made good.

Over at CBS-TV Red Buttons puts in long hours each week. He's too busy preparing for Monday to stop and marvel at all the strange and wonderful things that have happened to him. Because to Red Buttons, every Monday is Opening Night. **END**



## love is a long shot

(Continued from page 39) seem, then, that any young MODERN SCREEN reader pondering matrimony would do well to ignore the advice of the big thinkers in favor of the "horse sense" apparent in the life of Betty Grable.

"Harry and I have one big mutual interest to which we anchor our love," Betty explains. "Then, too, there are other elements in our successful life together. We respect each other. I suppose I could feel sorry for myself because he spends more time on the road than a traveling salesman. I don't. I admire him for sticking with his band even though business hasn't been very good in the last five or six years."

DURING wartime, when the country took to the dance floors to relieve its tension, Harry James earned upwards of a half million dollars a year. Now, with the decline of interest in orchestras, his earnings have been cut to around \$200,000. Like a man used to earning a hundred dollars a week who is cut to fifty, Harry could well become morose and difficult to live with.

"He isn't," Betty points out. "Harry likes the band business more than ever and wants to stay with it, even though he doesn't have to. A lot of musicians don't know anything else; some of them can't even read music. But Harry can arrange and conduct. He could easily get a job in some studio or do radio and tv work. That would make life a lot easier for him. But he sticks to his band."

"He maintains the quality of his organization, too. Some band leaders disband their outfits when they come back into town. But even when he's home and not playing dates, Harry keeps five key men under contract and on salary. He pays them too money, too. Right now he's got Buddy Rich with his band, and he's great."

Although musicians are supposed to be a shiftless lot, Betty finds that living around music is the best possible existence for her. She refused for years to bring scripts home from the studio or rehearse scenes at home. Despite the fact that she held all sorts of records for being the biggest money maker in pictures, there is no evidence of movie star Betty Grable's triumphs in the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Harry James.

"Yes," Betty says, "I think it's true that 'love is a long shot.' Certainly, I'm the luckiest girl in the world. But I want to make it plain that with Harry and me it has never been a case of emphasis on fame or money, whether anyone will believe it or not. We've worked for happiness, not for money—and we've had setbacks that could have cost us our last dime in the end if we hadn't worked together."

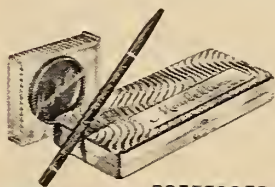
BETTY and Harry didn't start out in the racing and breeding of thoroughbred horses by throwing sevens and elevens. When they first decided to enter the "sport of kings," they took the plunge like a couple of naive chumps. Betty had been crazy about horses since she was a tiny tot. Her mother had to bribe her to take dancing lessons by promising pony rides afterward. And Harry James fell in love with horses while he was playing with circus bands.

A few years ago, they cut a huge slice out of their savings to purchase a string of horses at a fabulous price. The result was a big nothing. Only about one of these expensive buys amounted to a thing. Betty and Harry felt that they had a legitimate souawk, so they took the case to court, claiming rank misrepresentation on the part of the man who acted as agent. The case never reached trial. A settlement

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was made out of court, but Betty and Harry had learned a cold, hard, cash lesson the hard way.

Instead of brooding about this defeat, they talked it over and wound up with more determination than ever to breed and raise their own horses. They dipped into their savings still deeper to purchase a thirty-eight-acre ranch in the San Fernando Valley.

Meantime, the kidding about their folly was even more severe than the cheerful abuse heaped on Bing Crosby for his non-winning nags. Today, Betty and Harry have only six brood mares, but in the last three years from this small band have come two brilliant stakes winners. (In racing, "stakes" is a major race, like the Kentucky Derby or the Santa Anita Handicap.) One of their victorious horses is Big Noise, named for Harry's high falutin' trumpet, and Betty will never forget the day he ran under their colors at Bing Crosby's Del Mar track in the \$100,000 Futurity Handicap.

She was close to tears as she trained her binoculars on the big chestnut horse who was approaching the starting gate, kicking up his heels and giving jockey Ralph Neves a bad time. With her fingers crossed, Betty swung the glasses up toward "moocher's hill," where there were hundreds of people who couldn't afford the admission price to the track. In a moment, she located Harry, sitting in his sleek convertible, looking hot, glum and impatient. He should have been sitting next to Betty, but he was late for a band engagement in nearby La Jolla.

"They're off and running!"

Betty closed her eyes as the pack thundered past the grandstand the first time. Seconds later, she opened them to see that Grey Tower, the horse they feared the most, was a length and a half in front. Big Noise, number six, was trailing next to last.

"Come on Beautiful, get moving," Betty yelled in anguish. Her voice was lost in the roar of thousands, but the big chestnut horse began to gain on the leaders. He was on their heels as the horses rounded the far turn. Coming into the stretch, Jockey Neves barely touched Big Noise with the whip. They passed Grey Tower like a breeze and nosed ahead of the number four horse, Count Me Out.

As they swept across the finish line, Big Noise winning it by a length, Harry James stood up on the back seat of his car and clasped his hands above his head in a victory salute, hoping Betty could see him. Betty could as she walked on air down to the winner's circle to accept congratulations for their first big winner. To the delight of thousands, she planted a great big kiss on Jockey Neves' dirt-stained face, an act that caused the diminutive rider later to exclaim, "When I ride for the Jameses, it's not just my ten per cent of the winnings I'm after; it's the kiss I get from Betty when I win. Wow! She's the greatest thing that's happened to racing since the invention of the starting gate!"

THAT night at a ringside table as Harry James tootled his trumpet victoriously, Betty grew serious, explaining what the day had meant to them both. "When one of your own horses, whose mating you've planned by poring over pedigrees for months, wins a big stakes, your cup of joy runs over. Here is complete satisfaction that has no equal. The praise and profit are like bubbles in a windstorm compared to the urge—yes, passion—to have your own convictions bear such a marvelous harvest. To win like this is something you know cannot be assured even with the help of unlimited money. Many fortunes have been squandered by people who have accepted the challenge because they

thought they could "buy" success in breeding as they had in almost everything else. That's ridiculous. Too many people have the idea that money and happiness go hand-in-hand. Of course, Harry and I needed money to start with, but all it takes is one good colt to win a race, and plenty of people have done it on a shoe-string."

Betty went on to tell, two years later, of the excitement and misfortunes attendant to the ruling love of their lives. Early this year, their stable fell into a slump. Every time a horse won, neither of them was present. Each accused the other of being the jinx. When Harry went back east for band engagements, Betty trailed along for a vacation. Big Noise won another feature race and the stable manager wired them both to "stay lost."

---

**Arch Oboler, movie producer-writer, visited Africa in 1948, with a tape recorder and movie cameras. Once, he found himself far in the interior, in a place called Ruhengeri, where a couple of thousand of natives had gathered to sing and dance while he recorded the sounds. In that jungle clearing, a group of small children came forth to sing a tribal song to the accompaniment of native flutes. And as they sang, the melody became more and more familiar. Soon, there was no doubt about it. The children were singing the American melody, "Battle Hymn of the Republic." But, somehow, the title was now: "On the Place Where I Sit Down, You Kicked Me."**

---

However, Betty came home, defying superstition. It was then that their horses, Bingo, Laughin Louie and James Session won a batch of races. Betty was gleeful as a kitten with a ball of yarn. The pressure was all on Harry. Betty called him every night by long distance telephone to recreate the race and sent him air mail special photos of their horses winning. And wouldn't you know it? When Harry came home, Laughin Louie went to the post with their high hopes that he would win his first stakes race. Louie started from the gate in sixth position and finished a bad seventh.

"I think," Betty said on that first night Harry was home, "that you'd better hit the road again."

Harry didn't bend his trumpet over her head. He said he'd stick around and prove that the horses didn't win just for her, even though they act that way. The truth is that every member of the family feels personally responsible for their racing luck. Daughters Vickie, nine, and Jessica, six, are also wild about the nags. They take a personal interest in every horse from the time it is foaled. The little girls have seldom been to the track, however, because they're bored with adult conversation during the long waits between races.

BETTY is not a wild better on her own horses. When she decides to lay a wager she can usually be seen at the ten-dollar window, but she seldom bets on her own horses. "I figure if my horse wins and collects a purse, my small bet wouldn't make much difference in the take-home pay. Besides, if I don't wager on my own horses, I'm never sore at them when they lose!"

"But there is one wonderful thing about our horses. When I'm not making money, they are. When I went on suspension for turning down the role in *The Girl Next Door*, Big Noise eased the situation by

winning a hundred thousand dollars. When I was suspended for refusing to go to Columbia Studios on loan-out, James Session copped a \$20,000 stake race."

It may be hard to believe, but Betty was busting out all over with joy the day she parted company with 20th Century-Fox.

"I've been trying to get out of the studio for a year and a half," she glowed. "I kept reading in the columns that all I had to do was to ask for my release and I'd get it. It didn't turn out that way. Every time I asked, the bosses just shook their heads."

Of course, there are always two sides to every story, and the studio undoubtedly had its reasons, but this is the way Betty looks at the situation: "I couldn't see why the studio would want to keep me. They didn't seem to have any important pictures planned for me. The only thing I could figure was that they were worried that I might go out and make a lot of money for someone else."

"I figured that it was time to leave the studio. I had wonderful years there, but I don't think it's smart to stay with one studio for more than ten years. Enthusiasm begins to wane and executives are continually losing their excitement about your possibilities every time they see a new-comer."

Betty has made no secret of her unhappiness with the studio during the past two years. "I wasn't bitter about my first suspension," she says, "but I was a little hurt by the way it was done. I put in a request for a little rest. The next thing I knew they had suspended me. I didn't expect to get paid on vacation, but I didn't think I should be treated in such an impersonal manner."

The next two suspensions deepened the wound. Betty was unhappy with the scripts offered her; important stockholders rangled over her whopping salary.

"It was different in the old days," Betty explained. "Then I could go in and discuss my problems. Like the time Darryl Zanuck wanted me to do *The Razor's Edge*, later played by Anne Baxter. I went to Darryl and convinced him that I was wrong for the role. I'm still not sorry, even though the part was so beautifully played by Anne that she won an Academy Award."

Now that Betty has her freedom, she's not going to go dashing off in all directions, jumping into new enterprises. For the first time in a long while, hard-working Harry James took five weeks off from his band labors, so that the whole family could go to Del Mar for the racing season. At the time, Betty said: "I won't sign another studio contract unless I have the right to do outside pictures of my own choosing. I'll never sign another contract with a 'good girl' clause that cuts off the money every time I don't do exactly what the studio executives have planned."

A few years ago, Betty cut a "bootleg" record with Harry, because his vocalist got sick at the last moment. Betty filled in and the record came out under an assumed name. Now she wants to do more recording on her own. About TV she says, "Maybe yes, maybe no: it all depends. I'm the kind of girl who never plans her career ahead. I just let nature take its course."

BETTY chooses to ignore the fact that her career has been no snap all the way. While she was still a small girl in St. Louis, her mother installed a small dance floor in the family apartment so Betty could practice her dance lessons at home. From the time her mother brought her to Hollywood in 1929, Betty was being pushed toward the stardom she has so long enjoyed. There was a lot of heartbreak and disappointment along the way.

Still, when Betty became the unofficial Queen of Hollywood, she wore her crown



well. Although she claimed to be lazy, she always worked hard. Her pictures required weeks of tough dance rehearsal, consuming as much as six to eight months for the entire production.

A hardboiled old grip, learning the news of her leaving the studio, had tears in his eyes as he said, "I'm sorry as hell to see her go. Most stars have a bunch of flunkies hanging around to keep their egos boosted and their tempers cooled. Betty didn't go for that junk. She doesn't have an ounce of temperament. She never asked for anything unreasonable, but when she thought she had been done wrong she stood up for her rights, and everybody knew they couldn't push her around."

As for Betty, she says, "It's nice to be able to look backward and forward at the same time. I know that a lot of people have regarded my preoccupation with racing as a silly pastime engaged in by a more or less empty-headed movie star, and I'm glad to have a chance to talk about it.

"The fascination of racing and breeding is so intangible and heartfelt that it's difficult to explain, but I do know that it has given Harry and me the happiest days of our lives. Of course, it takes all kinds of people to make a world and I know a lot of folks will never understand me. But for those who can't see anything to racing but betting I say, 'Take a look at the names of the horses.' They're wonderful!

"Take Native Dancer, the big news horse of the year. He is the son of Polynesian and Geisha. Just the other day I noticed that Cherry Fizz, Quick Lunch and Bicarb all won at Jamaica. Oh, what a parlay! And of course, Bicarb is a son of Bride's Biscuit out of Hard Tack. If that isn't appropriate, what is?

"It was seven years ago that Harry presented me with my first brood mare (that's a girl horse who has been retired to become a mama and improve the breed). Her name was Lady Florise, and she had been some shucks as a racer herself. Before long she had a foal (baby) by a sire named Special Agent. We named the filly Night Special, and she was as fast as a Hollywood play girl. But like them, she had something wrong in her head, and this impaired her breathing. Rather than risk an operation on this sweet filly that we both loved so much we added her to our band of matrons. Her romance with King Abbey resulted in a colt named James Session, after one of Harry's recordings, and he won the coveted Haggin Stakes, at Hollywood Park this last summer. Do you wonder, now, that our horses are really loved, and that they are more to us than just nags running to win a race?

"Honestly, there is so much more to racing than most people even suspect. It has practically rid itself, by self-governing, of scandal. It is the number one spectator sport, and so far as the menace of gambling is concerned, I think that's greatly overplayed. For instance, a murder always hits page one of the newspapers. A happy marriage doesn't get into print. It is the same way with intemperance. We hear and read all the bad things, but rarely the good. Racing is a wonderful diversion and I'm happy to live in a country where I'm given the privilege of taking it or leaving it alone. I just happen to want to take it.

"And when we add it all up, Harry and I realize that despite the comic old warning—never marry a horse-player—it's the horse playing that has enriched our lives together. There are times when I have to agree with an old boy who hangs around the tracks when he says, 'The more I see of people, the better I like horses!'"

(Betty Grable will be seen soon in 20th Century-Fox's *CinemaScope*, *How To Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*.)



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## gable's mystery romance

(Continued from page 31) Grace Kelly, the beautiful young blonde with whom he starred in *Mogambo*, left London for New York, Gable has been touring the Continent with a tall, dark-haired, statuesque French model named Susan Dadolle Dabadie.

For a time, Gable was under the erroneous impression that he might keep this romance a dark secret.

In Venice he told his hotel manager that under no circumstances was his girl's name to be released. Newspapersmen quickly jumped to the conclusion that Susan was a wealthy American widow. They had Gable and the girl followed by photographers who snapped them touring the Grand Canal in gondolas, feeding the pigeons in front of St. Mark's, walking hand-in-hand across the hundreds of picturesque little bridges that dot the city.

When asked about his traveling partner, all Gable would say was, "She's just a friend."

Once photographs of Clark's "mystery friend" were released, however, her identity was no longer a secret.

In Paris, one Schiaparelli model, picking up the afternoon paper, turned to a friend and pointing to Susan's picture, asked, "Who does this look like?"

The second model grinned. "It is Susan Dadolle," she said. "Who else? Don't you know about her?" An explanation was forthcoming immediately. "A few weeks ago when Clark Gable came here to Paris he got in touch with Susan. I think they have known each other a long time or something. Anyway, she went to Madame Schiaparelli and said, 'I would like to have some time off.' And she is very understanding about these things, so she said, 'But, of course, Susan.' So she went away with Monsieur Gable, and now they are traveling all over Europe, and since his divorce from his fourth wife—I think she was his fourth wife, that blonde English one—I guess Susan is hoping to marry him. She has always been in love with him, you know. Susan would make him a very good wife."

WHILE such talk was making the rounds of Paris, Gable and his new love were sunning themselves on the beach at Capri. And in Italy, of course, no one interfered with the privacy of the lovers.

Occasionally, someone would ask a professional question such as, "What's your next picture, Mr. Gable?" and Clark would prop himself up on his elbows and say, "Really don't know. Everytime I call Hollywood from here I can't understand what they say. They can hear me but I can't hear them. I guess the studio will rope up something for me."

In Capri, Gable lived in the hotel suite formerly occupied by Egypt's ex-King Farouk which prompted him to quip, "Even I can be a king for a few bucks."

Natives who saw Susan and Clark said, "There is no doubt about it. They are both deeply in love. They are together always. They are always smiling. I am sure they have already married. I say this because what you see in their eyes is the light of honeymooners."

Gable has insisted ever since his divorce from Sylvia Ashley that "I'm not against marriage. I've believed in marriage for years, only the next time I'm going to be very careful."

Gable usually gravitates to mature, successful women. Susan has neither age nor a very large bank account. She is a brunette in her middle thirties who has a slavish devotion to Gable, a Gallic wit, a sophisticated outlook on life, a respect for

thrift—a quality very close to Gable's heart—and an acquaintance with the actor which goes back to 1950.

In December of 1950, Frank Burd, president of Prestige Hosiery of New York, flew to Paris. "I had an idea," Burd says, "that if I could make a tie-up between Prestige Hosiery and the leading dress designers in France, it would be a very good thing for everyone concerned. My company would sell more hosiery, and the French dress designers would sell more dresses."

"I spoke to Jean Patou, Jean Desses, Jacques Fath, Jacques Griffe, Robert Piguet and Marcel Rochas. They all agreed to go ahead with the scheme. We would get six gorgeous models, dress them to the teeth, then fly them to New York."

"Our next problem was getting the girls. Well, each of these dress designers had a favorite model. Unfortunately, some of these girls weren't equipped with great legs; so for our purposes that let them out. We managed to get hold of three or four swell girls—they were beautifully proportioned everywhere—and then I got in touch with a model agency."

"This agency sent over to my place a girl named Susan Dadolle. She's the young woman currently going around with Clark Gable. I looked her over—very attractive, nice figure, good legs—and said, 'Okay, Miss Dadolle, you've got the job.'"

### IT HAPPENED TO ME

*We were having dinner at a Chinese restaurant in San Francisco when a handsome man and a very beautiful lady came over and asked us to teach them how to use the chopsticks. It wasn't until we had helped them master the art that we were told by our waiter that our students had been Tony Martin and his wife, Cyd Charisse.*

Mrs. A. Wong  
Palo Alto, Calif.



In January, 1951, six French models, Catherine Fath, Michele Tevnard, Danielle Chevron, Nicole Tuchar, Josette Farges, and Susan Dadolle arrived in New York.

Now, of these six girls, two were dying to get to Hollywood. One was Susan Dadolle who kept telling the other models that she simply had to meet Clark Gable, and the other was Danielle Chevron.

UNFORTUNATELY, neither Hollywood nor Los Angeles was on the itinerary for the Prestige Hosiery Fashion Show. The models played Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Cleveland, even went as far west as Chicago, but no farther.

Susan and Danielle decided the time had come for a little independent action. The following day they caught a plane to the west coast, and in Hollywood, through the intervention of French friends in the movie colony, Susan Dadolle finally met her hero, Clark Gable.

Reportedly, Gable was not immediately smitten by the model's beauty. He exchanged pleasantries, showed her around town, then bade her *adieu*. Susan, however, was unforgettably thrilled. "If you ever come to Paris," she told the actor, "you must look me up."

There are friends of Gable who doubt the above version of the first Susan-Clark meeting.

"I was in Paris," one of the actor's in-

timates explains, "when he first met this woman. I spoke to her, and she told me that she'd never been west of Chicago. I think maybe Gable first ran into her in the lobby of the Crillon Hotel. Anyway, he moves around in fancy circles. I guess he met her at some French salon. Who cares anyway?"

"Gable was burned pretty badly by Sylvia, and he's playing it very cagey. You read a lot about him and Susan Dadolle in Paris, in Capri, in Como, in Venice, in Naples, on the French Riviera. But I can tell you there have been other girls, too."

"In England he saw Joan Harrison—that's no secret, and in Paris, well, there was a lovely American girl he was dating, and then at Como, it was another babe, an Italian with Turkish blood. Maybe he *has* fallen for Susan, but I don't think she's got him all wrapped up and ready for a trip down the aisle like they say."

"To tell you the truth, Grace Kelly seems more like his type than this Dadolle babe. My own feeling is that he's afraid of foreign women. I mean he likes them but he doesn't want to marry them. Grace is a lot like Carole Lombard, fresh and well-bred. I'd bet on the success of a Kelly-Gable marriage but with Dadolle, I don't know."

"Of course, Susan was very sweet, very diplomatic, gave The King his head all the time, but I'll give you dollars to doughnuts that he drops her within a month or two. Of course, I could be wrong. I said the same thing about Sylvia Ashley, and look what happened there."

GABLE has always been known to concentrate on one woman at a time, but in many European capitals it is currently being said that it is Susan Dadolle who is concentrating on him.

In Paris, however, they are saying that Susan is definitely Gable's romance and that he doesn't care who knows. Certainly he no longer objects to being photographed with the tall French model although he insists, "There's nothing to this mystery romance business. What's mysterious about it? You meet an attractive woman and take her out. That doesn't necessarily mean you're going to marry her. Susan is an acquaintance. I've got a lot of acquaintances."

The basic reason Gable is always being connected with one woman or another is that he prefers the society of females to males. Not that he isn't a man's man, but except for a few friends such as Al Menasco and Wayne Griffin, he likes to spend a lot of time with the girls. All of his really close friends have been women, usually older women in whom he confides.

It may well be, of course, that Gable has now reached the point in life where he needs young blood to maintain the illusion of perpetual youth. This is why actresses in their forties frequently marry younger men; and it may be why lately Clark has chosen Grace Kelly, a blonde in her early twenties, and Susan Dadolle, a brunette in her early thirties. But friends insist this isn't true.

One MGM director who probably knows the actor as well as any other man, says, "There are some men who, when they have nothing to do, read a book. There are others who go hunting or fishing. Clark Gable is tired of these pursuits. The one thing he will never tire of is girls—all sizes, all shapes, all ages. It makes no difference to the guy. He's very democratic where women are concerned. The minute a film is over he likes to relax. Right now he's re-laxing with this French girl, Susan Dadolle. How long she can hold him nobody knows."

"At least she has the opportunity to try out her charms. A million girls would give anything, well, almost anything, to have the same opportunity."

END



# HOLLYWOOD ABROAD



AN M/S WIRE SERVICE OF LATE NEWS FROM AROUND

THE WORLD

**LEX BARKER**, who is slowly being dropped by his one-time constant companion, Lana Turner, is in Paris to work opposite the French film light, Sophie Desmarets, in something tentatively titled *Always Look For Sunday*.

**VIVIEN LEIGH** and **SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER** have been running into some tough luck. While they were chatting in their Oxfordshire drawing room with Sir Ralph and Lady Richardson, a gang of thieves stole all of Vivien's jewelry. Next day, Olivier appealed to the thieves. "There is one piece my wife treasures most," he announced. "A ruby ring I gave her when I came back from Hollywood to join the Navy during the war. It's a sentimental thing. If she could have that one piece back I think she'd be satisfied." No reply from the crooks. Said Sir Laurence, "They seem to be quite heartless."

**ANNE BAXTER** grew so lonely in Munich for her one-year-old daughter, Katrinka, that she put in a long-distance phone call to Chorley Wendling, her agent back in Hollywood. "Isn't there any way," the actress asked, "we can get Katrinka over here? This is a very picturesque, bombed-out city, but it's been raining for a month now, and I'd just love to see Katrinka."

"Tell you what," said Chorley, who is Clouette Colbert's brother, "I'll fly the baby over myself." Which is how come Anne Baxter's baby daughter is currently in Munich with the *Carnival* cost. This picture, incidentally, is being shot in two versions, American and German. Eva Bartok plays Anne's role in the German version. She's the Hungarian actress MGM has talked about bringing to the United States. Relationship between Miss Baxter and Miss Bartok is strictly professional. B-r-r-r!

**RICHARD BURTON**, the young Welsh actor who created quite a stir in Hollywood by his uninhibited behavior—in some circles he was called "the British Marlon Brando"—is back in London working for the Old Vic Repertory. Burton who was paid \$100,000 a film in Hollywood is currently receiving \$125 a week for playing Shakespeare. The Old Vic will present nothing but Shakespeare, all of his plays, for the next five years, only Burton insists he won't be around that long. Fox plans to bring the young Welsh actor back to New York for the opening of *The Robe*, but Burton doesn't think he'll come. "I'm a contrary gent," he says, "who believes in obeying his impulses."

**AUDREY HEPBURN** who has been seeing a good deal of Gregory Peck in London and Paris—they starred in Rome together in *Roman Holiday*—has been given the stor buildup by Paramount in England. The 23-year-old actress whom everyone says will be a candidate for an Academy Award, was recently given a large reception in London's plushiest hotel. After it was over she said, "It's difficult to believe all this. I'm taking it with a grain of salt. Of course, I don't think I'm a stor." Had she been visiting much with Mr. Peck? "Not me; my mother."

**JOE MANKIEWICZ**, the director responsible for *All About Eve*, *A Letter To Three Wives*, and *Julius Caesar*, is currently in Europe trying to cast his new production, *The Barefoot Countess*. An actress who has read the script claims it's the story of Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan or a reasonable facsimile.

**DIANA LYNN**, freshly-divorced from architect John Lindsay, arrived in London recently to star in the stage version of *The Moon Is Blue*. Hollywood's perpetual teen-ager was a bit reluctant about revealing her true age but finally owned up to 27. "Are you disillusioned about marriage or about Hollywood?" she was asked. "Heavens, no," she answered. "I'm not even disillusioned about men."

**FRANK SINATRA**, chastened and much wiser, is now presenting himself to the press and public as a calm, settled, peaceful, and completely lovable Joe. After a not-too-successful European tour, he amazed London photographers recently not only by posing for pictures but by politely asking, "Is this a good angle for you fellows?"

"No matter what you hear," Frank went on to tell them, "I'm an easy-going character, now." Not only that, but when Ava told Frank how much she missed the dog they'd left behind in Hollywood, the crooner went right out and bought her a new Welsh corgi. They christened him "Rebel."

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## why shirley temple came back

(Continued from page 44) this. When I was a teen-ager I was very definite about everything. Now I am not so sure. But I cannot see myself ever returning to show business. Making pictures was a happy experience for me; and I have never regretted spending my childhood on sound stages, as some grownup ex-child actors would have you believe they did. But I started at three and feel that I've had enough."

"Is this the real cause for your retirement?" I asked.

"It's not the whole picture," said Shirley. "In 1950, David Selznick made me a very exciting offer. He wanted me to go to Europe and do films under his guidance. That would have given me a wonderful opportunity to develop as an actress, by working with great foreign directors. It also provided a situation in which I could do a lot of traveling, an idea that appealed to me.

"I had to make a decision; and I couldn't do it in this town. I had to get away and think. So I flew to Honolulu. On the plane over, I began to think of Susan. She needed my care. And I could never go to Europe and leave her behind. Also I didn't want to endanger another marriage by having a career. This was before I met Charles Black. Anyhow, before I reached Honolulu, I'd made my decision. I was going to retire."

"You mean you wouldn't make a picture or do a television show if good scripts were given you?" I asked.

"Hedda, as I said before, I'm a quarter of a century old and am not too sure about anything except my marriage. But I'll tell you this: The script would have to be—let's say irresistible—before I'd come out of retirement. Charles and I were amazed by a report that he and I were going to do a television series together. We had no such intentions. I may try a comeback like some people such as—let's see—no, Gloria Swanson isn't old enough."

"Where is Charles, by the way?" I said.

"Downtown," was her vague reply. Then she turned upon me a puckish smile that seemed to say, "He got away in time to escape this grilling."

"I understand he's going back to television," said I.

"I can't say what he's going to do," said Shirley. "It's so wonderful to be able to say that instead of answering questions about myself."

At this juncture, in bounced daughter Susan. "Do you want to say hello to Hedda?" asked Shirley.

"Fello," said Susan.

"Now, do you wish to shake hands or avoid it?" asked Shirley with a sparkling mirth in her eyes.

SUSAN thought the matter over and stuck out her hand to me. There certainly wasn't anything phony or repressed about that child. Shirley was teaching her to make her own decisions.

"Susan has on her President Eisenhower dress," explained Shirley. "She wore it to the White House when we visited the President just before returning here."

"Was she awed by Ike?" I asked.

"Awed!" exclaimed Shirley. "The first thing she said was: 'Good morning, Mr. President, man of the hour.' That positively wasn't rehearsed. Mr. Eisenhower tried to explain to Susan that during campaigns terms were loosely applied to candidates. Then Susan asked the President what he had for breakfast. Mr. Eisenhower said he had a businessman's breakfast. 'Oh, that's too bad,' said Susan. After that Charlie and I took a back seat. Susan sat down,

rested her chin in her hand, and gazed at the President like a teen-ager." She monopolized the whole conversation."

"I can play monkey music," said Susan. "Do you want to see me do it?"

I replied that the idea intrigued me no end.

Susan sat down at a small piano. "You do just like this on the keys," she explained, illustrating with one hand. "Then I can do lion and monkey music together with both hands. And there's tiger music."

"Susan," said Shirley, "Hedda and I are going to talk. You can go outside, or you can sit here and be very, very quiet. Do you think that's possible?"

The little girl, after reflecting on the problem, decided that silence would be too great a strain. She skipped out to a balcony where red geraniums shone brightly in the morning sunshine.

"We call her Sarah Heartburn," laughed Shirley. "Any minute now she'll make an entrance with hand on hip."

"At her age, you were a star," I said. "Would you have any objection to her going into show business?"

"She'll have to be old enough to make her own decision about that," answered Shirley. "I wasn't, but at heart I suppose I was a little exhibitionist. I loved working in films, as I told you. But I cannot tell whether Susan would or not. She has plenty of time to find out."

### I SAW IT HAPPEN

Gregory Peck was visiting in La Jolla, California, one summer. I was sunning on the beach, and he was standing a few yards away from me. Surrounding him was a group of giggling, flirting youngsters, each trying to get his special attention.

There was one girl who stood back from the rest. She was very pretty but extremely tall, and I could see that she was self-conscious about her height. Blushing furiously, with autograph book in hand, she looked as though she might turn and run at any moment.

Evidently I was not the only one who observed this girl. Mr. Peck looked up and strolled over to her. He took her autograph book, signed it, then said something to her which I was too far away to hear. At first she seemed tongue tied, but soon I noticed that she was smiling and chatting like he was an old friend.

Then with a wave of his hand, he walked on. All the other girls stood speechless, looking at the tall girl. Then they gathered around her, the heroine of the day and probably not self-conscious anymore.

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often been erroneously reported. For a couple it is ideal in size.

"Why did you ever sell this place?" I asked Shirley when she returned from the phone.

"I wanted to sell it," she said, "because I was a Navy wife. Charlie and I didn't know where we would land while he was in service. So I put the place up for sale, before we started driving East. We had got no farther than Palm Springs, before my parents called to say they'd like to buy the house themselves. So they did."

Shirley, incidentally, found a home in Beverly Hills a few days later, and rented it for a year. "I suppose I should be sentimental over Hollywood," said she, "but I've discovered that if you're happily married, where you live doesn't matter. Charlie and I always love best the place in which we've lived last. Our home, as you know, was very simple in Maryland, but we grew very sentimental about it."

SUSAN had come back into the room just as a small cry came from a bedroom. "Mommy—the baby," said she. Both mother and daughter dashed into the temporary nursery.

From it, soon I could hear Shirley and Susan singing "The Big Bad Wolf" for the awakening baby's amusement.

"He's got a bald head down here," said Susan.

"That must be because he is getting older," said Shirley.

I translated this cryptic language into the fact that on the previous day Charles Jr. had got his first haircut for the MODERN SCREEN photographers we were expecting.

Susan pranced back into the room, announcing, "We've got a little boy here." The baby, whom Susan insists on calling Barton is a husky infant, weighs twenty-six pounds, and looks much like his father. Shirley handled him with great care and competence.

"You know," said Susan, pointing to a spot on the back of her neck, "Barton used to have hair right down to here."

"But the barber cut it off. He's growing into a big boy like daddy," Shirley explained. Then like any mother she gazed upon the shorn locks and said to me, "He looks so different. His hair used to be cute and curly."

"I know," said I. "That haircut is the first step to manhood. It makes a mother feel that her boy is already starting to leave her."

"Yes," said Shirley with a sigh of resignation, as Susan sat down to the piano and began playing monkey music, but always with an ear cocked to our conversation. "After two years of absence I expected everything to be changed. Everybody looks the same. I'm no different, except my hair is black."

"My hair is black, too," said Susan, who obviously adores her mother and wants to be as much like her as possible.

"No, darling," Shirley said. "Your hair is honey-colored. I think it's very beautiful. It has gold in it."

"It used to have sand in it," said Susan.

"You'd better go outside again," said Shirley. "You can swing on the trees if you don't get your dress dirty."

"I'll get dirty," said Susan.

"Then," said Mommy, "why don't you go out to the yard and see if the flowers are awake yet."

That appealed to Susan's curiosity; so she left us. I wanted to know how Shirley disciplined her children.

"The baby's still too young to be affected by anything but a disapproving look," she said. "When Susan has done something wrong, I put one hand under her chin, hold her hands with the other, and make her look straight into my eyes. The system

The telephone rang. "More real estate people," sighed Shirley, as she went to answer it. At that time she was frantically searching for a home for her family. She, Charles, the two children, a brother, and her parents were all temporarily living in the famous "Doll House," where Shirley had dwelled during her first marriage. It is a small but beautiful place that got its name from a collection of 1500 dolls Shirley kept in a downstairs room. And it was never a playhouse for the child star, as has



has worked well, as I rarely have to spank Susan. Children, when they've been bad, just don't want to look at their parents. It seems to increase their sense of guilt, and makes them less apt to break the rules the next time. Susan gets good marks at school; but everyone agrees she has a bossy quality. She wants to be the leader." Suddenly Shirley stopped and said, "This must be fascinating to you—a mother talking about her children."

In the case of Shirley Temple it was.

WHEN Susan came back in, she asked her mother for a pencil and piece of paper. "I'll write you a letter so you can reverence it," she explained to me. She sat down at a table and began to scrawl, holding up the completed work for her mother's approval. "Now, what is that," said Shirley. "Santa Claus," replied Susan. "Oh, Santa Claus again," said Mommy. "The year round she writes him. In her class at school was a little Chinese boy. Susan had a crush on him because he painted so beautifully. So she asked Santa Claus for a little Chinese boy last Christmas."

"And what did you do about that?"

"I got her a Chinese doll," said Shirley.

"Now, what is this, Mommy?" asked Susan, again holding up her sketching paper.

"Oh, that's easy," said Shirley. "It's the danger signs you see along the roads. You know, we came out here by station wagon, stayed at motels, and often cooked our meals on the roadsides. It seemed that every time I took over the driving, I'd get lost and land up in a lumber yard. There I would be sitting and looking like a simpleton. At such times, Susan would always ask, 'Is this the way to California, Mommy?' She'd make me furious."

"We had clay in school. But we wasted it making turtles. I made all the turtles," said Susan. "Do you want me to make a spider for you?"

"Susan," said Shirley, "whose baby is this?"

"Why, he's mine," replied the little girl, as if almost surprised at the question, and resumed her sketching.

"That's the way Charlie and I want her to feel," explained Shirley. "From the beginning the baby has been her boy. Daddy and Mommy just take care of him for her. So she's never been jealous of him or felt that he was an intruder. She's a fine little nurse, too. Susan..."

"Yes, Mommy. I have now made a spider and a baby spider."

"But it's time for the baby's bottle to be warmed. If I put him on the floor will you watch him? Don't let him touch the flowers; and don't tease."

For a little while things went swimmingly. The baby became absorbed in one of his old shoes, while Susan examined an empty adhesive tape container. Then she suddenly started to do a somersault and bumped heads with the baby. Both began to cry.

In rushed Shirley. "What happened?" she said.

"We bumped heads," said Susan. "I have a headache right in the middle of my forehead."

"Oh, dear," said Shirley, picking up the baby and brushing his tears away, "and just after I told Hedda what a fine nurse you were."

THE bell at the electrically operated gate rang and got stuck. Shirley put the baby in a play pen in order to go out and let in the photographers. Susan rushed to Barton. "Not too much sympathy now," said Shirley.

"But he bumped his head," said Susan. "He's all right," said Shirley.

When the photographers began to set up

their equipment, Shirley was feeding the baby vitamins with a dropper. "Fish oil," she explained. Then she left the room for a comb and brush. Barton began playing with his shoes; and when Shirley returned, he was cooing to himself, oblivious to the commotion around him.

"Now, don't you men play with the baby," Susan warned the photographers. "He doesn't very much like men."

"He does, too," said Mommy, eyeing the effects of the comb and brush on Barton's new haircut. "He looks like an old tintype," she observed.

"An old tin pipe," echoed Susan.

"How's Hymie?" Shirley asked the photographers.

"He's fine," one of them said.

"And his little girl?"

"She's okay."

Shirley was referring to Hymie Fink, the photographer, who had worked with her in her acting days. The questions illustrated a salient point in her personality. She never forgets old friends. So I had to laugh when a Washington columnist once wrote that "old friends from Hollywood" were disappointed in not being able to get in touch with Shirley Temple. Well, I wasn't. I simply got in a cab and drove out to see her. Neither did John Ford (Susan's godfather) have any difficulty in locating her. Nor a hairdresser by the name of Annabel. The range of her friends is exceedingly great.

But those days in Maryland were busy ones for Shirley. She did her own house work, took care of Susan, and came nearer to death than most people ever knew in having her second baby. Then there was ragweed. Three acres of it surrounded her home and had to be cut about every two weeks during the season. Shirley borrowed a tractor from a neighbor and cut the weeds herself.

The photographers were ready, and after several shots, Susan said, "How about me and Barton?"

Shirley smiled at her two children, and said, "Well, how about you two?"

"How about me and Barton and no Mommy?" Susan explained to the photographer.

"You have to have a mommy in the picture," the photographer said, and Susan was satisfied.

"Don't you miss the excitement of show business; or are you completely domesticated?" I asked Shirley.

"I've been domesticated for a long time," she said. "Taking care of a family properly is much harder than having a movie career."

THE photographers wanted a shot of Shirley, Susan, and Barton walking together. (The baby, an adept crawler, still needs support when walking.) Before posing for the shot, Shirley went into the kitchen to get the baby's bottle. "He's getting hungry," she explained to the photographers upon returning, "and if he sees this bottle, we're dead."

Then she described to Susan what they were all to do in the next shot, ending by singing "I'm Walking Behind You." But when they started the walk, the little girl got a step ahead of mother and brother. "Now," grinned Shirley, "you don't have to take the camera angle in this one, Susan."

The photographers moved to another part of the room, leaving a piece of electric cord on the floor. "Men," called Susan, "please take the electricity with you. He" (indicating Barton) "likes electricity."

Shirley gave the baby his bottle; and I asked what happened to her dogs.

"Very sad," she said. "The Boxer and the Great Dane were great buddies. But in Maryland the Boxer got in a fight with a

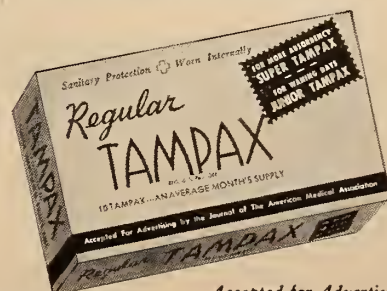


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skunk. It was terrible. He smelled so bad that he couldn't sleep in his own dog house without holding his head out the door to breathe. Finally, he walked in front of a truck and was killed. I think he deliberately committed suicide to get away from that odor. The Great Dane didn't get over his pal's death for a year. Before we left Maryland I had to sell him, not knowing whether we could find a place to keep him here."

"You shouldn't say that. It isn't nice." The voice was Susan's; and it was directed at one of the photographers who had been teasing her.

"Well, all men aren't nice," said the photographer.

"Oh, yes, they are," declared Susan.

"Remember that big word we used the other night," said Shirley. "Tell him he's that."

"What, Mommy?"

"You know—in . . ."

"You are incorrigible," said Susan triumphantly.

"And what does that mean?" I asked.

"It means," said Susan, "that the man is hopeless."

As the baby continued to drain the bottle, Shirley got into a discussion with the photographers about having her motion pictures—thirty-four altogether—cut down from 35 millimeters to 16 millimeters in size. She wanted to save them for her children. As the talk continued, Susan, who was holding Barton's bottle, said, "If the men didn't talk so much, the baby would eat better." Shirley cast an amused grin in her daughter's direction.

"What's your secret for housekeeping?" I asked Shirley.

"No secret," she said. "All you need is a little organization. We usually get up around six in the morning. Charlie's an early riser—Navy training, I guess. And we go to bed around nine or ten at night. Most of our eastern friends went to bed quite early, worked, and had children; so I followed their pattern. You can get a lot done around the house, if you start at six in the morning."

As the photographers packed their equipment, Shirley explained to them that two minute scars on her face had been caused by the chicken pox.

"I gave my Mommy the chicken pox," said Susan proudly. She was back at her drawing again; and this time came up with a pelican. "Well, goodbye, men," she said to the departing photographers, "you won't be seeing me again."

SHIRLEY suggested we go out to lunch and for a moment wondered if we should take Susan along. "No, I think we'd better not," she said finally. "But I'll have to have a private talk with her." What she said to her daughter I did not ask; but Susan, without the slightest protest, skipped away into the kitchen for her lunch as Shirley called, "And, darling, don't forget to take your nap on time."

We lunched in a small open air patio connected with a nearby market, where one chose food cafeteria fashion; and there were no waiters. For her luncheon, the ex-film star had an enchilada, beans, a carrot salad, and milk. There was but little ogling of Shirley by the other patrons. I doubt if the men, especially the younger ones, knew who she was. Nobody asked her for her autograph. But the girls dealing out the food knew Mrs. Charles Black. They inquired about Susan.

"We see a lot of friends, and read a great deal," said Shirley. "Oh, I've got to tell you this one. We went to see *Guys And Dolls* in New York, and during intermission, Charles said, 'Damon Runyon had a great flair for catching the personalities of New York people. You ought to get ac-

quainted with his writing,' I asked, 'Did you ever hear of a picture called *Little Miss Marker*?' He said, 'Yes. That was a picture you made as a baby, wasn't it?' I answered, 'Yes. And do you know who wrote that story? Damon Runyon.'

"How did you learn to drive that tractor?" I asked.

"It's very simple—like driving an old car," she said. "You can't get much speed. If you hit a rock—very bad practice—you get off the tractor, pick up the sickle bar and free it of the stone. Then," she mused, "you might dig up a wasp nest. I did. One of the wasps started buzzing my face. I headed full speed—about three miles an hour—for the garage. The wasp simply circled and dive-bombed me from the rear, stinging me right through my blue jeans."

"Charles, who was working in the garage, said, 'For immediate relief for sting apply gasoline,' and did so. The result was that I suffered from gasoline burn as well as the sting."

"Navy training?" I suggested.

"Maybe," laughed Shirley. "Another wasp got me, but that was when I was painting the well."

"Shirley," I said, "you're having too much fun just living to go back to the movie world. Have the producers really been putting the pressure on you to return to work?"

"I got a lot of television offers while I was in Maryland—we were close to New York, you know. And I've had two nice television series offered me here. Oh, don't let me forget to buy some milk before we leave here."

**Alan Wilson's definition of Cinema: A new movie process that will make Katharine Hepburn look like Jane Russell.**

Erskine Johnson

In the grocery store, she bought seven quarts of milk. As they were being placed in a sack, a man standing nearby said, "You must have some children."

"Kittens," said Shirley.

I helped carry the groceries into the kitchen, where Mrs. Temple was talking to Susan while she ate. She looked at me, shook her head, and said, "I knew it would be only a matter of time before that daughter of mine would be putting you to work."

WALKING to my car through the grounds over which the child star had romped, I began to reflect: Shirley Temple is gone. We now have Mrs. Shirley Temple Black. She might have been the most spoiled young lady in America. But instead she has worn her success with the dignity of a queen.

With equal poise she can talk to the President of the United States or a grocery clerk. Not only has she learned the true values in life, but has put them into application.

She may break into show business again; and if she does, she'll break big. As a child, she was beautiful and talented. As a lady, she has humor, depth, understanding, and above all, much common sense. She has known the glitter of fame; the power of wealth; but she has learned that they are meaningless unless accompanied by happiness.

So, Mr. Producers, if you want to get Shirley back into show business, you'll have to take these things into consideration. Your "irresistible script" will have to trump what Shirley already has: Contentment in the loving care of a mother for two adorable children, and tremendous respect and love for a fellow named Charles Black.

END



## operation skin dive

(Continued from page 52) cool drink, Jeff found himself telling the pleasant young man behind the counter about his trip to Europe to make *Sailor Of The King*, the fabulous trip which had included a six-week location on the island of Malta.

"It's great, down there on the Mediterranean," he was saying, casually. "Sun-bathing, sleeping, skin diving . . ."

The young man's face burst into such a sudden sunbeam of joy that Jeff anticipated a funny.

"Did you say skin diving?" the young man asked.

"Yeah, skin diving," Jeff replied, emphatically, bracing himself for the retort.

"Ever do any diving down at White's Point?" the young fellow asked. "Last Monday, I smacked a three-foot shark down there. Best shot I ever made in my life."

"Spear?" asked Jeff, relaxing.

"Nope. I cut him with my Tarpon gun from about six feet. He churned up the water for a block."

"No kidding?" Jeff got excited.

WHEN Barbara came in half an hour later, Jeff and the young bartender (who happened to be the owner's son, Bud Keyes) were still talking heatedly about skin diving. Snorkels, blow masks, CO<sub>2</sub> guns, fins—none of it made any sense to Barbara. But she sat patiently, as she has often had to do when her handsome young husband has become involved in sports talk, and waited. A few minutes later, Jeff and Bud were shaking hands and making a skin diving date.

"Maybe I can get Mel Fisher to go with us," Bud suggested as Jeff went out backwards, Barbara tugging him gently by the coat sleeve. "He's a real shark. He wrapped up that 438-pound black sea bass down in La Paz, Mexico. You must have read about it."

"Swell," Jeff answered, from the door. "And I'll try to get Rory Calhoun, too. He's a bear when it comes to swimming."

And that's how it all started. Bud and Jeff spent the next two nights on the telephone, talking about gear, water temperatures, and the best spots for clear diving. And sure enough, both Mel and Rory could make it. The trip began to shape up like a real deal, and so MODERN SCREEN was invited along to make a picture record of it.

On the morning before Jeff left home with all his gear, Barbara frankly became upset about the whole project. "Why don't you stay home like a nice civilized husband instead of trying to mix socially with the fish?" she pleaded.

"I'll be okay," said Jeff, with a big grin.

"Don't you dare come home with one of those old spears stuck in you," Barbara shouted after him.

"I won't, honey," said Jeff, throwing his gear in the car.

When he met Rory, Jeff asked him a few questions about his gear, and was surprised to discover that Rory, though dead game, had never tried skin diving before.

"Man, you're in for a treat," said Jeff, reassuringly. "There's nothing to it once you get used to the mask and learn how to breathe through the snorkel tube."

"Through the what?" asked Rory.

"Through this crooked gadget," said Jeff, pulling his snorkel out of the back seat. "You put one end in your mouth and the other end sticks up out of the water. It makes it possible for you to breathe while you are swimming around with your face underwater. Of course, if you get too deep it fills up with water and you have to blow it out."

"I can hardly wait to try it," said Rory.

Bud and Mel Fisher were already at the

Point when Rory and Jeff pulled up. Although there was a brisk breeze, they were sitting around in their swim trunks, apparently warm as toast.

"The water looks a little cold today," said Mel, surveying the surf with a practiced eye. "But it's clear as crystal over in the lagoon there. We ought to get some good fishing out toward the kelp."

"What about sharks?" Rory asked nervously, looking out at the deep water.

"They never bother swimmers, I've been told," said Mel. "But you do have to watch the seals. A seal with a pup can get awfully disagreeable at times. Not long ago, a buddy of mine came up out of a dive to find an old seal cow staring him in the eye. She gave him a whack with her tail that you could hear for blocks. My buddy got out of the water like a hydroplane."

While Rory and Jeff were putting on their gear, Mel gave them both a briefing on the underwater guns he'd brought along. He manufactures them in all sizes—from the little Peewee, a rubber-propelled model designed primarily for perch and other small species on up to the heavy CO<sub>2</sub> cannon which he uses on deep sea monsters weighing 50 pounds or more.

"You can't stop big fish with just one shot," he told them. "Even when they're hit with this blaster, big fish will run until the spear breaks them down."

A lot depends on a skin diver's skill in handling his gun or spear. Some experts like Mel can shoot accurately up to ten feet, but the best range for average skin divers is between four and five feet. It's pretty difficult to get much closer to fish without scaring them unless, of course, you happen to be an exceptionally stealthy underwater swimmer.

FROM the moment they entered the water, paddling around with their faces submerged, the fellows lost all interest in talking and became utterly preoccupied with the life going on beneath the sea. Rory was absolutely fascinated by his first look at the submarine formations along the bottom and the almost countless varieties of sea animals that he had never realized were there. As he cruised along on the surface, looking down through his glass mask plate, he saw school after school of tiny fish sweeping through eerie corridors of rock and sand, a lush multi-colored background that has no equal above the sea. Rory was thinking dreamily about a marine painting he'd once seen when a big perch zipped by his nose. It was gone before he even had time to aim his gun.

"Man, I just saw a big one," he yelled, after surfacing. "But he was moving too fast for me."

Then he saw Mel, swimming in from the kelp with a good-sized bass on his spear. "Hey, this is great!"

"It gets you the first time," Mel replied sagely, as if he had seen countless thousands of swimmers go through the same experience on their first skin diving trips.

"Hey, come on out here," Jeff yelled from the deep water where he and Bud had been exploring for fish. Rory churned out, pulling up alongside a jutting rock in 25 feet of water.

"Go straight down and take a look," Jeff suggested. "It's simply great."

Rory arched for a deep dive and submerged. Below him, in the glassy, limpid water, lay a bar of white sandstone perhaps 30 feet long, covered by hundreds of tiny purple sea urchins that looked for all the world like expensive Christmas tree ornaments. To his right, a school of golden Garibaldi perch were swimming along slowly, reflecting the sunlight like bright new pennies. Back against a rocky ledge, four or five flowering sea worms were rippling their feathery tentacles in the ebb and flow of the deep current. To Rory, the



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whole scene looked more like an enchanted fairyland than the bottom of the sea.

"That's the most beautiful sight I've ever seen," he spluttered enthusiastically when he came up. "If I never catch a single fish, I'll still be sold on this deal."

The fellows splashed around for another 15 minutes before Jeff spotted a big five-pound halibut lying dreamily on the bottom of a sand bar, and went down to spear it expertly. Bud spent most of his time working in close to the rocks and ledges along the edge of the lagoon, making a sample collection of the edible shellfish to show Rory. In just a few minutes, he piled up a basketful of abalone, rock scallops, and clams, more than enough for a hearty meal for any gourmet.

"Hey, let's get out," Jeff yelled. "There's no reason to turn blue."

"I already have," said Bud, his teeth chattering. "I always do when the water is below 65 degrees. But that's no reason to give up diving. I've even gone in when the water was down to around 50 degrees and it was so cold you couldn't hold your snorkel in your mouth because your teeth were chattering so badly. I guess I'm nuts."

"We all are," Mel agreed. "Skin diving gets into your blood like a fever. I've been going in for more than ten years and I still get a terrific kick out of it. If you have any feeling at all about nature, you can't help but marvel at the variety of life beneath the sea. It's like another world, and much as I enjoy cutting a fish—spearing it, that is—I think my greatest thrills have come from recording on film the fabulous marine scenes I've encountered."

Mel is perhaps the best underwater photographer in the west. He is frequently hired by the studios to film real submarine scenes which would be virtually impossible to duplicate on a process stage on land. He has shot dozens of famous color shots for the national magazines, and at the moment, is working in Florida waters for Walt Disney, shooting a vast amount of color film to be used in later Disney productions depicting the world beneath the sea.

"It's almost impossible to translate the beauty and excitement which skin diving offers to someone who has never tried it," Mel continued, while they were drying off and warming themselves with the hot soup in Bud's thermos. "Take the two of you. You are both busy, active in pictures, but I'll bet anything that you will never forget your first real look at life below the surface of the sea."

"That's for sure," Rory agreed. "Until today, I always thought that the whole deal was a matter of jumping in the ocean with a spear and sticking a fish with it. But today, I was too busy watching what was going on all over the bottom to shoot at fish when they swam by."

## the courage to fear

(Continued from page 49) church. Peter was a man who laughed a lot and joined in your fun; he had no need to enshroud himself or his friends with his belief. His favorite church was an odd little chapel on St. James Place, favored by the Grenadier Guards. He would attend service early every morning.

"When you knew Peter long you began to feel how strongly love and honesty must be part of true piety. Peter was a skipper of a landing craft in the British Navy during World War II. He was often very frightened. Yet his men loved him as I have never seen men love an officer, because he never for a moment pretended otherwise—and also because he stayed at his post though he couldn't hide the fear that gripped him.

Then Mel told them his most thrilling experience with a big fish. Two years ago, he shot a huge 91-pound yellowtail while diving off the coast of Guaymas, Mexico. Before the battling game fish finally expired, Mel had been towed for hundreds of yards into deep water.

"I hate to think what would have happened if that old mossback hadn't given up when he did. I might not be here to talk about it."

It is truly remarkable how rapidly the sport of skin diving has swept the southland. Today, there are more than 100 clubs like the Pacific Telephone Co. club that Bud belongs to, as well as more than 15,000 unaffiliated divers, going into southern California ocean waters each week during the summer. The sport has infected most of the robust young men of the movie colony, too. Jeff and Rory aren't the only lads who have given the underwater world a look. Big John Wayne usually goes skin diving whenever he is with his kids at Catalina or in Mexico. Former frog-man Aldo Ray spends more time in the ocean than a healthy seal. Rock Hudson, who loves to swim, anywhere, at any time, joined the enthusiasts a few months ago while resting up between pictures. Tony Curtis bought some equipment and gave the sport a try. And there will be others.

A large part of skin diving's recent appeal is the economical price of an entire outfit. Since American manufacturers began to make inexpensive swim-fins and masks, a complete rig may be purchased for as little as 20 dollars, including mask, snorkel, fins, and spear. And the skin diver need not be an expert marksman to enjoy the sport. He need only be a reasonably strong swimmer with no disturbing fear of ocean currents.

All along the California coastline are dozens of edible varieties of fish for the skin diver to pursue—perch, bass, croaker, corbina, halibut and grouper. The adventuresome also have the sharks and rays and larger game fish to tackle. But the real thrill is not in the hunt, if you would believe Rory and Jeff and Mel and Bud, but in the opportunity which skin diving gives you to appreciate raw nature as it is constantly unfolding before your eyes beneath the sea.

"Imagine my trying to sell that idea to Barbara," said Jeff, with a smile, as they were walking back to the car. "Me, a nature lover? She'd never believe me. I'll be better off, I think, if I just hand her my fish and say, 'Here, honey, is something for the pan.'"

END

(Rory Calhoun will be seen in 20th Century-Fox's CinemaScope *How To Marry A Millionaire*.)

"My favorite story involving Peter brings a picture to mind that makes me smile fondly about him every time I think of it. It concerns a time when his ship was being bombed and machine-gunned in Mediterranean waters by Nazi planes. Peter was on the bridge at the time, a bridge, incidentally, where he grew geraniums in clay pots. He ducked every time the planes dived; ducked, and grabbed at his geranium pots to save them from being hit, yelling alternately from fear and from desire for reprisal.

"Get that fellow! he would cry to his anti-aircraft crews, pointing upward at a plane even as he scrooched over with his arms full of geraniums. 'No! That one! The other one! He's after my flowers!'

"His men swear that one day, off an Italian beach, Peter's prayers saved them from certain disaster. They had just put a landing party of soldiers ashore and were



about to turn back to sea when an exploding shell put their port propeller out of commission. At this moment they were portside to the land with a stiff on-shore wind blowing and so close that only a sharp turn to right, or starboard, could take them out to sea and safety. But with the port propeller gone the starboard propeller would swing them right into shore.

"Nevertheless, Peter, they say, offered up quick prayers, then signalled for full power ahead. And the ship, against every rule of seamanship, not to say the mechanics of force and moving bodies, turned right! It is hard to believe. It is something like putting your car in reverse and yet having it go forward. And it must therefore come under the heading of miracle works. Yet I was intrigued some time ago to read that the scientists today hold that physical law is not absolute but merely a matter of high probabilities. A teakettle of water over a fire has never been known to do anything but boil, yet, scientifically it is possible for it to freeze instead! God not only performs his wonders, but has arranged loopholes by which they can appear to be natural happenings."

It is apparent that Stewart never had the advantage of as loving an introduction to religion as Peter had, and he bemoans the fact. When Stewart was born his father was already 50. When Stewart was old enough to understand a bit of what was going on, when he was about nine, his father was almost 60.

"We were almost two generations apart in our views and probably more than that in our habits," he comments. "Intimate father-son chats, like Peter enjoyed, were not possible. I never had one with him. My father's death when I was very young provided the occasion for my first intimate relationship with the church, and it was a most painful one for me.

"I stood close to my mother at the services and was conscious of her deep suffering; knew that for her the world had practically come to an end. When it came time for the minister to speak I was certain he would say something which would inspire and comfort her. Instead, he was a man who spoke in the most worn platitudes, spoke with professional dispatch and unctious, much like an auctioneer briskly disposing of his wares, and without a trace of genuine feeling or sympathy audible. Even at my age I sensed his inner disinterest in his assignment.

"Naturally I was bitter about it and no doubt youthfully revolted at the whole idea of the church. Later I rationalized, made a distinction between the man and what he represented. There is a difference. Yet, to this day, I wish more attention would be paid to eliminating this difference. I feel that our ministers should be our most sensitive men, our best minds, and, above all, gentle, conscientious, earnest talkers. I am forever offended by holy words spoken in routine fashion.

"I am sure the world of man needs religion. Peter proves that. A world full of men like him would be nothing short of the Promised Land. Peter is religion in action."

As it is for most people, it is difficult for Stewart Granger to peg his faith, tell how strong it is. One suspects that he feels it is certainly not as strong as that of some men he knows, yet stronger than that of others he has met. Is it strong enough?

The trouble with conscience, as far as Stewart is concerned, is that it can often make a lot of trouble for him. His friends report that in the Army he could not accept the presence and military functions of chaplains. It seemed wrong to him to assemble men before battle, for the purpose of blessing their assignment, when that assignment was to go out and slay their fel-

low men. He is credited with saying as much, and in the English Army, as probably in all Armies, such talk is not favorably received. Stewart, it is said, got his come-uppance in a steady fare of the more unpleasant duties his superiors could allocate to him.

All he had to do was to hold his tongue but even in Hollywood he is not noted for this gift. He has told off some of the biggest men in the industry, and whether seated in a studio office or on the witness stand in court, has always, and bluntly, made his thoughts plain. As a matter of fact, he doesn't think that holding one's tongue is always best described as the practice of tact. He thinks that more often it amounts to the practice of moral cowardice.

"A fellow who wants to get along without unpleasantness often finds himself silent while the God-awfullest things happen in front of his eyes," he declares. This harks back to his feeling about chaplains in the Army. He doesn't think war will ever be eliminated if people do not admit to themselves that it never can be sanctified religiously. Yet he does not make statements like these as if he were lecturing. He seems to be lost in his thoughts and they come out as if he were simply giving voice to his conscience.

THE distinction between moral cowardice and physical cowardice is one which Stewart is known to have studied for most of his life. He considers the first of these, moral cowardice, the root of the most serious evil in man's history. He thinks that it permits men to look on injustice with equanimity, or more often lets them turn their backs on it and pretend it isn't taking place. Whereas physical cowardice, in his opinion, while hardly an inspiring facet of man's makeup, is as necessary to his survival as his ability to breathe.

He points out that in dealings with his son, Jamie, born of his first marriage, he has had several opportunities to be a moral coward by pretending to the boy that he never had been a physical one. "No man wants his son to think he is a coward but I deliberately made a point of doing so," Stewart says.

When Jamie was about eight he made a visit from England to see Stewart in California. One late afternoon, after he had attended a Halloween party, it seemed to Stewart that Jamie was being unusually silent and giving evidence of inner anguish. The boy refused to tell what was wrong but from the nurse who had accompanied him Stewart learned that he had been threatened by three boys at the party and she thought he was suffering because he felt himself a coward—he had run.

"Were you scared?" Stewart asked Jamie. "Tell the truth. The truth never hurts. I have often been scared in my life." "Have you, really?" Jamie asked.

"Yes."

Then Jamie admitted it. "Look, Jamie," Stewart said. "This is something you must learn. If three boys are going to set on you, run. If two boys—run. If one boy and he is bigger than you—run. If one boy and he is your size, stay and fight. It won't be terrible. If one boy and he is smaller than you are, don't fight. Let him run. That's the way of the world."

"But isn't that wrong, Dad?" Jamie asked.

"What could I say," added Stewart, "knowing that if he doesn't learn to bend reasonably with the winds that will blow at him in his years to come he will be destroyed?"

STEWART reports that he answered "No." "More than anything else I want Jamie to be honest," Stewart declares. "I want him to know that the fox who flees the hunter's dogs is honest and without

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guilt, and similarly the man who runs from that with which he cannot cope. It is dishonest only to run and pretend you didn't or even that you are better than your fellow man and shouldn't have; morally dishonest, even moral cowardice. Such a man could also pretend that he is in the church because he loves it, when actually he trembles before it. Such a man comes to God as a hypocrite.

"Not all men bend before life, I know. But for every exceptional youth who has the qualities of true heroism, and, I might add, the stoicism to suffer prolonged martyrdom, you get ten thousand youngsters who become frightened, twisted, little souls trying to live up to impossible standards. In time to come we may all be noble. The lesson of today is that we are not, and most of us must come before our Maker at least honestly as human beings who have sinned, as what we are. Somehow, in admitting our weaknesses, there is a saving grace; enough, I hope, to count."

According to Stewart he spent much of his early twenties being a foolish pretender about himself. He worried so deeply about a fancied cowardice that he would deliberately pick fights when there was absolutely no provocation. He would challenge a man in a pub because he fancied the man was looking at him insolently. Before he made the challenge he would be shaking inside with fear of what would happen. But he had to do it. "It was a horrible thing," Stewart recalls.

HE used to know Freddie Mills, former light heavyweight champion of England, and would spar with him at exhibitions. They would go to events like picnics staged for the benefit of the English Ford company, and put on a bout before thousands of their workers. Stewart thought that out of such deeds he would rise in his

own estimation and be able to live with himself without being besieged by all sorts of doubts. But it didn't work.

"Nothing worked for me but the truth—the truth about who I am and what I am. And—I'm just another chap. No more—no less," he says.

"I remember that when I wanted to be an actor I held back from trying until after I was twenty because I thought acting was effete work for a man. I was hardly being honest with myself. What I was afraid of was being accused of being effete. That's quite another story.

"When I could admit this to myself I went on the stage. There were times when the very accusations I had feared were made. I coped with them the best way I could. I don't think a man is to be blamed for ducking a blow, but I do think he is wrong to hang back from some desired step because it might bring on a blow. The first is an act of self-preservation, the second is debasing one's self."

Out of this interview with Stewart Granger, dealing with matters that he would rather not have discussed (but from which it was against his principles to run), it became apparent that he does not consider it an easy matter to solve one's spiritual problems. In his honesty he gives the impression that he, for one, has not yet found the formula; the teaching of the Scriptures, multiplied by the number of times he has had to violate them to live in a practical world, has probably not yet equaled X for him—X, of course, being the possession of a pure faith.

"Man is to his God what he is to himself," is about the most direct conclusion Stewart ventured to make. "You might say I am working on myself." **END**

(Stewart Granger can now be seen in MGM's All The Brothers Were Valiant.)

## the lies they tell about bob wagner

(Continued from page 37) went steady or anything like that. After we had gone out for a few months, I felt it was unfair to Debbie to be monopolizing so much of her time. One night when I was driving her home, we talked about it. We both decided it would be better if we didn't see so much of each other. It was all very friendly."

But others decided that a big thing should be made of it. One magazine editor called him breathlessly and demanded to know the reasons for the breakup of their engagement.

"You were the ones who made this appear to be a big romance," Bob replied emphatically. "You were the ones who had us engaged. Now you can dream up the reasons why we are breaking up."

ANOTHER thing that makes Bob sore is the implication that his short-lived "engagement" to Terry Moore was a publicity stunt. When the two were locationing with 12-Mile Reef, the news broke from Florida that they would be married shortly. The report was quickly denied, and the scoffers then said it was all a grandstand play for newspaper space.

The truth is that Bob has no party to the fiasco and was genuinely upset by it. He immediately called the studio publicity chief to see what could be done about stopping the story and determining the source. No one at the studio has yet determined how the story got into print.

"I have to be more careful than some other actors. I have been fortunate in having a following of young kids. Although that has been great for my career, it also presents certain responsibilities. I can't do anything disillusioning."

Bob has a point there. The bobbysox following is not to be trifled with in matters of personal lives. Van Johnson discovered that. He was absolutely tops with the malt shop crowd until he ran off to marry his best friend's wife. His fans didn't think that was cricket, and his popularity took a nosedive.

The Bob Wagner-Barbara Stanwyck "affair" was an item that kept the gossip columnists busy for a spell. It was blown up in such a manner that it proved very embarrassing to both Bob and Barbara.

"There's another case of jumping to conclusions," Bob explained. "It happened this way: when we were making *Titanic*, Barbara, Clifton Webb, Thelma Ritter and I would always have lunch together.

"On Halloween, we decided to have our own tricks or treats. We were all going to Romanoff's for dinner and have a lot of fun. Thelma couldn't join us, so there were just Clifton, Barbara and I."

A columnist happened by their table that night and Clifton remarked, "I'd like you to meet our illegitimate son, Robert." It was all very jolly. But the next day, the columnist wrote that Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Wagner were doing the night spots together.

Then other columnists played with the combination, and the magazines took the items and blew the whole thing up into a big romance. The term has been misused in the Hollywood parlance, but Bob and Barbara have been and intend to remain merely good friends.

Bob's friendship with Dan Dailey has been another target for the self-appointed critics. These busybodies have promoted the notion that Dan is a bad influence on



the younger actor. Dailey, worldly-wise and from a different background from Bob's, was supposed to be giving him a liberal education in Hollywood night life. The fact that they had adjoining apartments added to the fable.

"Baloney," said Bob in reply to all of this. "It was by accident that I got an apartment next to Dan's. I had to have a place big enough to accommodate my folks when they got into town."

He and Dan have done some water-skiing and other sports together, but that's as far as it goes.

**W**HAT about the growing reports that Wagner is getting difficult about publicity? They are largely untruths, he said.

The lad has been the subject of more magazine articles than any other new player in screen history. He has done over 100 in the last 12 months. He has remained at the top of all the movie magazine polls for months, and writers continue to clamor for interviews.

Some players in a similar situation get concerned. Dale Robertson, for example. He says he has received too much publicity; he has turned down magazine stories because he fears he is burning out his career before his time. I asked Bob if he subscribed to the Robertson theory.

"No, I don't think you can get too much publicity," he observed. "But there is such a thing as getting the wrong kind of publicity. That's one thing I've tried to watch, and that's why I may have got some people mad at me."

"I present a problem, as far as publicity is concerned. I'm 23 years old and have led a fairly quiet life. Yet the magazines have to keep turning out more stories about me. They can tell my life story just so many times, and then they have to start resorting to gimmicks. Some of the gimmicks can make me look pretty silly if I submit to them. So, I've turned down some of them."

"But that doesn't mean I'm getting difficult. I'll do any interview I'm asked to do, as long as it's done intelligently."

A columnist recently carried the item that on Barbara Stanwyck's suggestion, Bob had hired her press agent in an effort to cut down his publicity. The truth is that Bob has known the publicist for years and has often gone to her for advice. But he hasn't hired her to work for him and is perfectly happy with the job that his studio publicity department has done.

Magazine writers have made much of the fact that Bob comes from a well-to-do family. Some have even gone so far as to assert that Bob used his wealth to get into pictures; that his father helped him to win his job.

What about these stories?

"More baloney," Bob snorted. "Sure, my folks are well off, but they're not loaded." It's true that R. J. Wagner, Sr., did

help out with Bob's career, but in a very businesslike way.

"My dad staked me when I was trying to break into pictures," said Bob. "I ran out of my own money, and an actor has to buy his own clothes and so forth. By the time I got my contract at Fox, I was \$3,000 in debt. I started at \$150 a week, and that was for only 20 out of 26 weeks. By the time I had paid Dad back, I had to start borrowing again."

As for his father's getting him the job, that's sheer nonsense. Bob's success was strictly a matter of his own hard work and good luck. He hustled himself around the studios with scant success. Then one night he was dining with his folks at the Gourmet restaurant in Beverly Hills. He clowned with a friend at the piano, and Henry Willson was struck by his pleasant personality. The topflight agent took over Bob's career and lined up a contract at 20th Century-Fox.

**H**ERE are some more untruths that need to be brought out into the light:

Lie: That Bob dated the boss' daughter, Susan Zanuck, in order to get ahead at the studio.

Fact: Bob's career was well on its way to success before he ever dated Susan. He and Susan had good times together, and their dates had nothing to do with business.

Lie: That Bob is a playboy who dates a different doll every night.

Fact: Like every young man who is not eager for marriage at this time, he takes out a lot of girls. But he's no wolf. "I don't think it's a good idea to take a different girl out to the night clubs three and four nights a week," he said. "They take your picture, and the shots end up in a layout in a magazine, each one with a different girl. It makes you look like a loose character."

Lie: That Bob is getting fed up with the movie star routine.

Fact: "I'm the luckiest guy in the world. I'm doing stimulating work and getting paid well for it. I get to live in California, which is the best place in the world to live."

"Sure, there are some drawbacks to being well-known. Sometimes I even get frightened when I go out on tour and I see the kids yelling and screaming at you as though you were some kind of god. But it's kind of wonderful, too. Any star who says he is sick of the routine of signing autographs and so forth is just plain nuts. He knew he was getting into that kind of life when he started in the picture business. The advantages far outweigh any disadvantages."

Lie: That Bob has gone Hollywood and is tossing his wealth around like an oil millionaire.

Fact: Bob earns \$350 a week, which is small potatoes compared with other movie star salaries. What's more, he draws no salary 12 weeks out of the year. Bob's expenses are not fabulous. He is currently driving a 1949 Ford while most stars of his caliber are motoring with Jags and Cads. Despite his sensible living, Bob found he couldn't save a cent from his salary, once he had paid his agent's ten per cent, insurance, clothes, rent, etc. So he had a talk with a business agent who handles stars like Humphrey Bogart and Dick Powell.

"If you can't save on \$350 a week, you probably couldn't save on \$60,000 a year," the agent chided. "Do you realize that some judges make only as much as you do and yet are able to maintain nice houses and cars, put their children through school, etc?"

Bob was convinced. He hired the man to supervise his finances. Now Bob is on a strict budget so that "I couldn't get an extra quarter to see an earthquake."

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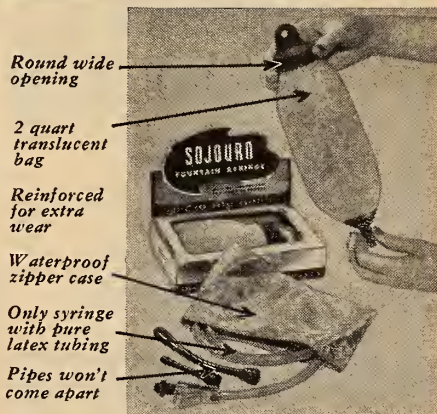


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He's a sensible boy where money is concerned. "I can't see how some of these actors can go in for big houses and expensive cars," he mused. "They can't possibly do it and stay out of debt. Then they start getting behind in their income taxes."

Lie: That Bob is mad at his studio for keeping his salary low.

Fact: Bob has no beef with 20th-Fox. A less level-headed performer might be pounding the executives' desks and demanding more money. After all, \$350 a week is pretty small change for a guy who has starred in *12-Mile Reef* and *Prince Valiant*, two of the big Technicolor CinemaScope epics.

"I'm grateful to the studio," said Bob. "After all, when I came here four years ago, I couldn't read the label off a jar with any dramatic value. I couldn't have had better training. Every picture I have been in has been a top attraction, with the exception of two. That's the kind of buildup you can get only at a major studio."

But don't get the idea that he is being a Pollyanna about this. He's shrewd enough to know that the present situation is in his favor.

"I could probably go to the studio now and get a new deal," he reasoned. "Or I could wait until my next option time in April. By then *12-Mile Reef* and *Prince Valiant* will be out, and I will be in a better bargaining position."

"*Prince Valiant* alone is worth five million dollars to me, as far as my future ca-

reer is concerned. It is a natural, the kind of picture that comes to an actor once in a lifetime. Why should I be mad at the studio?"

Bob looks at his career from a long-range point of view. If he signs a new contract within a year, he'll be about 30 when he gets out of the studio. By that time—if his success continues to grow—he will be able to grab off the really big money enjoyed by free-lance stars.

"I've got to get off the dime and prove myself," he said. "I've come to the point where I must move ahead into the field where the big competition is. I've done all right with the younger crowd, but now I must establish myself with the older audiences."

Unfortunately more and more lies will be told about him as he progresses. "I can't understand it," said Bob. "Most of the people who tell these lies make a good living from the motion picture business. Yet they continue to spread malicious gossip that does harm to the industry."

"Why, I can't believe people could repeat the twisted, distorted things that I hear are said about me. There are things you couldn't print. Now people spread these stupid lies about me as though they were the honest truth."

It's an old Hollywood axiom that the bigger the star the bigger the target. That's something Bob Wagner will have to face as his success grows.

END

## mistakes that made her famous

(Continued from page 50) Brentwood Park, West Los Angeles, California.

"Pulling a rock" is sports page *patois* for making a mistake. Make enough of them and you call it experience. (Oscar Wilde—roughly.)

"Wilde was a true cynic," said Miss Crawford. "Bitter, too. What a criminal waste of time, being bitter! Where is the point? Curling up with a—*a cud* of misery! Mistakes add up to experience only if you profit by them. But then they are experience, whatever Wilde may have thought about it."

But she had made them?

"Do I seem to you to have divine attributes? Of course, I've made them. I'd hate to count. I've made them and I've tried to learn from them, but if I had to do it all over again, I'd make the same ones, because I am what I am. A fresh start wouldn't change me. I'd be little Lucille Le Sueur just as I was before, the same weapons, the same frailties. Mistakes! Oh, yes."

And would she specify?

"I'd rather generalize. You can see the reason for that, can't you?" It was a very hot day in Brentwood Park, West Los Angeles, etc. Most unusual. There were parboiled publicists at the bottom of Miss Crawford's garden, and another interrogator waiting to come to bat. Here on the east patio of the lovely home that is in a constant state of growth or flux, there were exterior evidences of home-work well done—or so one could surmise. In the past, Miss Crawford has been charged by critics with being rather vociferously over-groomed. She wore a simple cotton dress now and she had kicked off her shoes. She has been scored, as a matter of record, with being on occasion oppressively regal in bearing, the Movie Star in spades. It may once have been so; it is not so today. She is amiable, humorous and self-deprecating. It has been said of her that her public utterances are, or were, painfully contrived. On the contrary, she is, with the possible

exception of Humphrey Bogart, the warmest, most candid and unguarded lip in Hollywood. Her friends in the press—and the press is very fond of her—tend to protect her for her own good. Miss Crawford underwent several nasty jolts before she learned the efficacy of the off-the-record pronouncement. Now she says, "No more talking off the record."

ANOTHER, much lesser, actress had that morning sounded off for a wire service on the subject of men in general. Men in general were foul balls. Wasn't that a corollary instance of indiscretion?

Miss Crawford grinned, a facial contortion not permitted many women, but on her it looks good.

"Very corollary," she said. "But maybe she has another reason for not liking them. I hear she smells a bit—uh—musky." There was a moment's tight silence, then strangled laughter. "Oh, no!" said Miss Crawford. "Tie me down and gag me before I—Dear heaven, where were we? Quick!"

"Generalize."

"Generalize. All right. You understand, I can't talk about my mistakes in terms of my husbands. Wouldn't if I could." Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Franchot Tone. Phil Terry. "They were fine guys. From each of them, I—oh, you know. Let's not sound as though I milked people for what they had to offer. They were fine guys, period. And I don't want to talk about the pictures I shouldn't have made because there we're involving directors or writers or producers or all three, and what's done is done. I'm not blameless, either, not by a very long shot. You know something, when I make a good, solid bloomer, like a picture a while ago that shall be nameless, it's because I think about the thing. I reason. With me, that's apt to be fatal. If I don't go by instinct, I'm wrong nine times out of ten. By instinct alone, I bat anyway .500, maybe a little better."

"But in general, my greatest mistake, only it's more a failing than a mistake, is



wanting so desperately to be liked. That doesn't make me unique, I know, but I work too hard at it. I—I seem to need friendship, not just enjoy, but need it like a plant needs water. I go overboard and press, and it makes people wary. I don't know, I think they're thinking, 'What's this?', and sometimes they shy away, and I know what I'm doing wrong but then I can't help it; the momentum's established. Friendship should come easily and naturally and even casually; I know that but I don't feel it. You understand? I've driven off people by just the intensity of my need for their affection. Isn't that funny? No, that's not funny. Not to me. Listen, I don't sound pathetic, do I? I'm not pathetic. I'm a certain way, that's all."

THE leather-bound book lay open on Miss Crawford's lap, the adopted conclusions of her elders painstakingly assembled in her own slanting hand. An educator who had greatly influenced her formative thinking had made his contribution, and she had noted it and stuck with it with rather touching accuracy and faith. "The world," (she must have written from memory or dictation), "is not interested in your troubles. When your problems are the deepest, let your laughter be the loudest."

"Not pathetic," said Miss Crawford. "Please not pathetic. All right, here's another. I've mistaken opportunists for friends. Let's be sure and get that one straight. I have to use a label I don't like to use. Movie star. But I don't mean myself, Joan Crawford, as a movie star, big wheel, anything like that. A movie star, however much she herself may happen to contribute to the process, is really in the end the product of a system. A—there's a good word for this—a—happenstance. A happenstance. But a movie star is a fact, too. And as a fact, a movie star is an exploitable asset. Mmm. This is one of my really glib days. So anyway, men would call me and want dates, but not with me and not even with Joan Crawford, but with a movie star, and only for the good it would do them, for a career boost or a little publicity or what have you. Frankly, it's not very flattering. I'll be franker than that. It's a little nauseating. I like guys who call for dates and I respect actors who look for jobs. But I wish they would make it two separate phone calls."

**Lauren Bacall tells about the friendly argument Humphrey Bogart and Richard Burton had recently about acting. Neither convinced the other he was right. Suddenly Bogie left the room, returned with his Oscar, slammed it down on the table and said, "See. This proves I'm right."**

Sidney Skolsky  
N. Y. Post

It should be noted here that Miss Crawford's voice was neither plaintive nor querulous. Evidently she had simply come to a conclusion and then thrust it behind her. "How active," Miss Crawford had written in her book, copying laboriously a random thought of Alexander Pope's, "springs the mind that leaves the load of yesterday behind."

Joan Crawford is a load-leaver of considerable adroitness and strength. ("I never look back! Never, never! What can be more stupid?") The motion picture industry calls her tough and it calls her shrewd, but with vast respect and in many cases actual affection. The jungle learns to appreciate and sometimes to love its own. Nobody ever thought she had it terribly easy, although that is a biographical phase she does not dwell on. But

neither has anyone felt she wasn't capable of protecting herself in the clinches. She has once in a while taken something of a beating from the ringsiders but like any good pro fighter, she hasn't let it distract her.

Or maybe she has—a trifle. It's her business. In lieu of direct comment, she underscored in the book a borrowing from Voltaire and read it aloud with somewhat more feeling than she had accorded the rest:

"I envy the beasts two things—their ignorance of evil to come and their ignorance of what is said about them."

Well, Miss Crawford shouldn't feel too bad about this. She does better than par for the course. A fast but thorough piece of research in support of this essay would indicate that among things said about her are these: She's honest, good-hearted, and generous to a fault. Her professional courtesy is impeccable, and she has many of the virtues customarily supposed to be limited to men, such as forthright willingness to acknowledge error where she is wrong.

BUT let us say that she is, by her own necessary lights, tough. Who wants to be used, maneuvered or exploited? Who wants to bite for the same dodge over and over again? That's where Cliquot comes in. Cliquot, in fact, did come in, right about then. Cliquot is Miss Crawford's poodle, smart even for a poodle and poodles are the nuclear physicists among dogs. Miss Crawford is unreservedly devoted to Cliquot. In her heart, he may occupy second place to her four adopted children. He may. Cliquot came in, offered a rubber ball in an advanced state of deterioration, was fussed over mightily, and went away again. There was something faintly moving in the scene, as there is in the scene of any person with fame, influence or authority in the presence of his dog.

"Here's a third thing," she said. "And this may be the greatest mistake of all; I don't care what I said to begin with. I'm too honest. You've heard people say they're too honest but give it that tone that means they want you to pat them on the head. Not me. There's honesty and honesty but you can learn to temper bluntness. You can. I can't. If my friends make mistakes, I have to run and tell them about it. Believe me, it's a form of well-meaning helpfulness that's likely to get you strictly nowhere. But strictly. Mistake? It's a mistake all right. Sometimes I think anything that costs you a friend is a mistake. And that has cost me some."

EVENING was coming on now and the air cooled a little. Miss Crawford leaned back in the lounge chair and her slightly tense face with the matchless bone structure assumed a kind of repose. She closed her eyes and for a brief moment looked tired. Was she?

The much-caricatured eyes opened wide again. "Do you know what they call me? They call me 'The General'. I'm not tired. I sleep two hours a night. Never any more. Being tired must be a little like dying. Here. Read this." It was a jotting in the book from a gent named Clark, who had felt it incumbent to declare: "I have lived to know that the secret of happiness is never to allow your energies to stagnate."

But on two hours sleep a night? "On two hours sleep a night! It's all I need. I guess it's because each new day is such a big deal to me. Whatever it brings, you know, it's exciting. I can't remember any one day when there wasn't something, something!" Edison, next to Miss Crawford, was a sack hound. "I go to bed fairly early but I read and read, and I'm never asleep before four or four-



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thirty. Then up early, and so forth. Truly,  
it doesn't bother me." And truly, she  
didn't look as if it did. The momentary  
dropping of the lids had passed.

When MODERN SCREEN walked in, Miss  
Crawford had just finished a high pressure  
conference with agents and writers  
apropos a script. Daily these were going  
on and on and Miss C. was surrounded by  
omniscient males, some of whom had  
begun to get her goat.

"Some of the men I work with resent  
a career woman!" she pronounced sud-  
denly, "in the same way they resent a  
woman with a sense of humor! It's an  
impingement on their egos, in case you  
can spell 'impingement'. I could make  
it reflection. They sit around and I can  
practically hear them thinking: 'Now, now,  
dear, you're only a woman. We know  
what's best.' So many are like that. The  
loyal opposition. Well, bless the oppo-  
sition's hearts. I don't know what I would  
have done over the years without enemies.  
They're like a home. Beloved enemy! Who  
said that? It doesn't matter."

She was not, then, affronted by enmities?  
Women do not snort but Miss Crawford  
came reasonably close to it. "Affronted!  
The book, darling, the book. Right—there!"  
Right there was this: "He that wrestles  
with us strengthens our nerves and sharp-  
ens our skills. Our antagonist is our  
helper."

She put the book back beside her.  
"You're going to ask me in a minute why  
I don't give up the battle and retire. I can  
see it in your kind, blood-shot eyes. It's  
a look I've learned to recognize. She's  
had fame, had success, had career, family,  
home, now why doesn't she sit back and  
take it easy? How much ambition, how  
much anxiety, does one person want or  
need? Oh, yes, you were, weren't you?  
Well, great heavens to Betsy, why should  
I retire? I'm geared to this sort of thing,  
I love work!"

Did the book contain a rule of thumb to  
cope with that one?

"I don't live by the book, darling. Not  
the way you mean it. By my book, yes.  
This is my book, remember. I didn't com-  
pose it but I collected it. It's me. Wait a  
minute. Uh-huh. Here it is." It was by  
Kahlil Gibran, a name somehow suggesting  
it might spell something backward. It  
went: "To love life's true labor is to be  
intimate with life's innermost secret."

"Besides," said Miss Crawford, "what  
would I do if I retired? In a month they  
would find me down there beside the pool  
with moss up to here. Breathing but im-  
mobilized."

AND time was running close, and what in  
the world had ever happened to those  
mistakes we had started off with so brave-  
ly? Remember the plot?

"Oh, those mistakes," said Miss Craw-  
ford. "Those mistakes, I mean. They're  
still there, darling. Made. Rooted. I  
could never call them back and I'd never  
want to. And I'd do it all over again. If  
I didn't, it wouldn't be me. You can see  
that, can't you? And a ladylike phooey  
on Oscar Wilde. This I like better." The  
book was all but inexhaustible. "A man,"  
Miss Crawford had written, "can learn  
twice as much from defeat as he can  
from victory."

The California twilight was getting in  
its licks in earnest now.

"You know," resumed Miss Crawford  
presently, apropos some privy thought of  
her own, "what a sad thing is? It's a sad  
thing that we're always too young to ap-  
preciate our parents. By the time we do  
appreciate them, it's too late. It's one  
of the very few things that are too late.  
Most things aren't too late at all. Never  
look forward, never look back. That defi-

nately is for me. Or forward just a little.  
Listen: "This day will bring some lovely  
thing. I say it over each new dawn. Some  
gay, adventurous thing to hold—and so  
I rise and go to meet the day with wings  
upon my feet."

On two hours sleep? No kidding?

"On two hours sleep."

A woman of remarkable nervous and  
physical stamina. With few if any qualms.  
"Oh, some qualms," said Miss Crawford.  
"I believe in omens. Like a few months  
ago, I enrolled for a course at UCLA. The  
very first night, there was an earthquake.  
You remember the earthquake. I went  
home and didn't go back again. I'd had it."  
Miss Crawford laughs low in her throat.  
"Nothing in the book about that."

A mistake, then?

"An act of God. I made the mistakes."

And would not unmake them if she  
could?

"Right. Could not. But would not if  
could. How horrible to lead a perfect  
life. How uninteresting. If you'll forgive  
a little homespun philosophy, aren't we all  
the sum total of our mistakes? Among  
other things? No, no, I'd do it all over  
again. That was what you wanted to know  
to begin with, wasn't it?"

That was it.

"And now you know."

SHE is an incredibly beautiful woman,  
this one, who apparently has bitten  
into life quite a lot harder than most  
have the guts to do. Also, and not quite  
incidentally, she is an avid admirer of  
guts, guts of all kinds and guts as evi-  
denced by anybody. That is one of the  
most clearly defined of the standards she  
lives by. You would know it without, so  
to speak, knowing it. Her look is level, her  
voice strong, her personality incisive to the  
point of being slashing. Indeed this is a  
trademark, as all filmgoers must be aware.

... Jeff Chandler tells me that he  
thinks Western movies should be  
called drawing-room dramas be-  
cause every time a guy comes into  
a room everybody else starts draw-  
ing.

Sidney Skolsky  
N. Y. Post

She enters a room like the edge of a  
buoyant sword. Whatever has hurt her  
—and reputedly she bears a wound or two  
—the scars are skillfully sutured over. Her  
friends, however, figure her a certainty  
to be hurt again and maybe seven or eight  
more times after that. She has a vulnerable  
streak there, which, in character, she  
would have to deny. It has to do with her  
great propensity for giving and her singu-  
lar bad luck, on known occasions, of not  
getting back. However widely sung the  
joys of generosity, its purveyors are oddly  
susceptible to the shrug of the ingrate,  
whose doubtful favors have been likened  
by Shakespeare to winter wind. Those  
closest to Joan Crawford suspect she'd save  
herself pain, if she stopped proffering gifts  
of the spirit and locked up the vault. It is  
here the lady herself has to snort again.  
but The Book, her own, betrays her. In  
it, she has inscribed in a place of honor  
an especially favorite utterance, stunningly  
Christian in sentiment but hardly the stuff  
of realism for an avowed General. Read it  
and see for yourself how tough she is:

"I shall pass through this world but  
once. Any good thing, therefore, that I  
can do, or any kindness that I can show  
any human being, let me do it now. Let  
me not defer nor neglect it, for I shall not  
pass this way again."

Amen, General, but keep the storm cellar  
handy

END

(Joan Crawford will be seen soon in  
Torch Song.)



## what's happened to hollywood night life?

(Continued from page 43) perhaps, like General Grant at Galena, waiting for someone to come along and open up with the seltzer bottle again. Today Hollywood night life, while by no means in doldrums, is like—oh like this:

The same Mocambo was pretty well jammed on a Friday night a few weeks ago. At nine P. M. there had been only four customers in the place but at eleven a deep breath was ill-advised. The green parakeets in their glass cage overhanging the south wall were in moderate frenzy, and the eyes of Texas were bulging in their search for famed identities. The eyes of Texas are extremely welcome in Mocambo these days, and in Ciro's as well, Ciro's being the other first-line Hollywood night club. Texans are about the only people the tariff doesn't seem to bother. Anyway, after a while, the Dallas table spotted a party that looked so familiar everybody figured "movie stars" and sat back happy. At the same time, the other party spotted the Dallas table and came to the same conclusion. A half hour of mutual ogling ensued before the dismal truth became evident. The two parties lived a block from one another in Dallas and frequently exchanged nods at the neighborhood supermarket. Their mutual disappointment was so violent that they all got up and went to Las Vegas on the next plane.

As a waiter observed dolefully, it never woulda happened when Lupe was around.

Actually things weren't so bad as all that. There were two stars of unquestioned rank in Mocambo that night, and stars that don't get out much any more, too. They were the Dick Powells, half of whom is June Allyson, and they were feeling frisky enough at one point to dance with their arms around one another and kick their heels. There was a Los Angeles disc jockey and with him a girl who had played a striking bit in a Metro film and now was being, as the deathless phrase has it, groomed for stardom. There was a short agent with a tall blonde whose mink coat the agent would take back at the end of the evening because it belonged to him, not to her. And when these two danced, the agent, who had to steer the couple, looked like an engineer sticking his head out of the cab. There was another agent with the divorced wife of a producer, and three tables away the producer with an unknown redhead, maybe the one who bopped Flynn, and a table away from them a Houston playboy who had had his name misspelled in four columns that week. As a matter of fact, the trade papers and columns two days hence would report all sorts of undercurrents and intrigue going on under Mocambo's roof that night, but none was apparent to the eyes of Texas nor to any other lay eye. Subtlety of so private a stripe does not nudge the turnstiles on the tourists' side of the tent.

Yet, the question posed by the title of this essay is in a way invidious. It's loaded, for instance, clearly implying that Hollywood night life is dead in its harness, and that is not so. It is, let us say, only suffering temporary anemia because star names and publicity are its life blood, and one cannot be legitimately sustained without the other.

Then again, the query can be answered in another way—and it has been. Nothing has happened to Hollywood night life. It goes on as before. Only now it takes place in Las Vegas.

Las Vegas is indeed, by remarkably well informed accounts, the primary villain of the piece.

"I give you," said a famed Hollywood Boniface the other day, "two words: Las Vegas. That answers your question. I run a night club here, I shouldn't be this honest. But why kid ourselves? Mocambo, Ciro's, the Cocoanut Grove, we all ask a two dollar covert. We have to. But Vegas with its gambling? You can see a twenty thousand dollar show there for the price of a beer. Have you checked on Vegas this week? Here's who you can see. Red Skelton. Betty Hutton. Milton Berle. Tony Martin. Only a few blocks apart. I'll give you salary figures. Betty's drawing \$20,000 a week, Berle \$25,000. Tony'll come in around \$15,000 and Skelton—get this now—\$32,500! I'm told Dietrich'll get fifty when she plays there! Non-gambling establishments can't pay that money. And if we could, the acts still play Vegas first. Then there's another thing. Vegas is between here and the East. Tourists on their way to Hollywood stop over there for a drink and a try at the tables. Two weeks go by and they're still there. Broke or flush, beat or healthy, they then turn around and go home again.

"That's the big item. Another is general economic conditions. This industry's divided and nervous and the old plush days are over. For the time being, anyway. The stars stay home. They do their partying there. The younger players are being forbidden by their studios to go to night clubs. That doesn't help us. Don't use my name now. I shouldn't be this honest. I should be like—" he mentioned a prominent rival, "—and tell you everything's great. But I can't. Finally, we get around to Vegas again. A star does have a week-end off, a few days to play, he heads for there. Less than three hundred miles from here, five hours' hard driving, and no restraints at all. You've asked me, I've told you."

But there was something this spokesman hadn't mentioned. Decorum. It is practiced in Hollywood night clubs these days. Rarely any more are jaws swung at or hair pulled. This is laudable. But there are few night club impresarios who do not know that uninhibited behavior is good for business. In quiet corners, they applaud the exhibitionism and fracas they deplore for the press. Once the owner of a place on the Sunset Strip sat and watched an argument between a second-rate actress and a Pasadena post-debutante come to an ugly boil. He was frankly interested, noting the presence at ringside of two columnists. When his staff showed symptoms of intervening, he waved them down. "Let 'em fight," he said. "We've lost money long enough."

Whether or not his psychology was correct is debatable. But certainly it is so that few Hollywood habitués can speak of the good old days of its night life—pre-war to a great extent—without choking back a tear or, in even less grammatical circles, winking back a lump in the throat.

There was the vivid, tragic, Mexican star who spent that night of undiluted gaiety in Mocambo, a white ermine coat over her shoulders, a super-big hello for everyone. As she left, she encountered a writer friend. "Tell me, beega boy!", she called. "Am I a bad girl?" She shook a finger without letting him speak. "You bedda not say yes!" The writer said instead: "See you tomorrow." The two had a tentative interview date. "Mebbe you see me," said the star. "Mebbe I dawns't see you. I dawns't know." She turned and surveyed the whole room lovingly. "G'bye," she called. "G'bye, now!" The next morning Lupe Velez chose to take her own life by the sleeping pill route. Perhaps she had chosen before that night. Her gaiety had had none of the con-

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strains of indecision. It is anybody's guess. But there was a memorable swatch of Hollywood night life history.

In happier, more tempestuous days, the same Miss Velez had once tapped an obstreperous wolf briskly across the pate with a champagne bottle, then leaped on a table and challenged anyone in the room. Just carried away, that was all.

The belligerent spirit apparently is more readily evoked by the atmosphere of Ciro's, Mocambo's elegant counterpart a few blocks east on the Strip and across the street, although old hands are inclined to regard Ciro's fisticuffs as strictly prelims. "The main eventers," one has said, "wait for Mocambo. Not so many stairs to fall down in case they trip."

Frank Sinatra and New York columnist Lee Mortimer did not wait. At the top of the stairs leading down to Ciro's old parking ramp, they had at it, with superficial wounds to Mortimer's frame and a much deeper incision in Sinatra's bank account, after he'd settled the damages out of court. Nat Dallinger, the veteran photographer of Hollywood night life who pulled the combatants apart, has remembered the details well. "It never would have happened," he has said, "if it weren't for a couple of Frankie's so-called friends. They egged him on. I might have got the picture of the year if I hadn't decided to be peacemaker instead. But Mortimer could have been really hurt. He'd been down twice, and there was broken glass on those steps that night. That wasn't funny."

It was at Mocambo, on the other hand, that in the heyday of the era, the punch of the decade was landed, one girl's uppercut catching the chin of another with such unswerving precision that the recipient was knocked clean out of her shoes.

And it was at Mocambo that Victor Mature, frolicking a bit after many arduous and perilous months with the Coast Guard on the Murmansk run in wartime, entered the gents' room and straightway ran into a civilian heckler who accused him of fighting the war in a night club. Mature is no professional hero but was forced this time to point to his ribbons as evidence that this was just a stopover. The heckler persisted. And since he was actually as big as Mature himself, Mature decided he was entitled to act. "Keep it up," he told the menace, "and I'll dunk you in this wash-bowl, even though I filled it for another purpose." The man kept it up. He will never have his head under water so long again; not without drowning.

VIRGINIA Hill, good friend of gangland's late Benjamin (Bugsy) Siegel, is not around any more, either. She got mad at the Government. Estimates of her are varied and have no special place in this account, but no Hollywood night life Bucko has denied her color and headlong generosity. An old friend has said: "She thought money was for only one thing—to make people happy." So Virginia, when night-hood was in flower on the Strip, made people happy. On each evening of wassail, she fared forth with ten one-hundred dollar bills in the bottom of her jewel case. These she distributed as tips among hat-check girls, powder room attendants, waiters, parking lot attendants, bus boys, photographers or simply people whose looks she liked. One night she entered a night club past a group of the awed little people who stand with cameras and autograph albums outside the Strip's swankier spots. She wore a full-length mink of sufficient pictorial impact to draw an anguished sigh from one of these, a young girl in rather shabby straits. "You ever see anything more beautiful?" the girl managed finally. Miss Hill, who later was to confound the Kefauver Committee with her ignorance of the tax structure, stopped in her tracks.

"You like my coat?" she asked her unknown admirer. "You got my coat." And she threw it to her.

Another time, by word of an eye witness, Miss Hill became sated with a Russian sable number. Arrived at Ciro's, she first dropped it on the floor, then kicked it pettishly under a table. A waiter hurried over and retrieved it. "Yours, madame?" he asked. "Yeah," snapped Miss H. "Take it. Lose it. Don't come back with it."

But even this, our fun-loving heroine was able to top. Hearing one night that the wife of a close friend of hers in the night club press had only a few hours past given birth to a son, she approached her pal, the proud father, for confirmation. He grinningly confided it was so, barely stopping himself from offering her a cigar. "Well, now," said Miss Hill. Next day the infant received a token from Miss Hill, a little gift to get it started off okay. Five thousand dollars in war bonds. The Hollywood night club atmosphere in those days plainly had a quality all its own.

A career or two has been made in Strip environs, or at least boosted along. Lana Turner, a one-time night club regular who doesn't bother so much any more, has been instrumental in several. A guy named Joe in Mocambo or Ciro's is a guy named Joe and nothing more. But if he happened to be Miss Turner's escort, they took the trouble to find out how it was spelled. And Miss Turner, a good-hearted girl, was glad to provide this information, hold still for pictures, or even lend the columnists a pencil. This sort of cooperation did not exactly poison the career leanings of Turhan Beys or Stephen Cranes.

But the switch didn't occur till later. A time came when starlets were in season and many of them bedecked Mocambo nightly, letting the breeze blow them across the range of whatever producers were present. Outside, meanwhile, a young man was too busy hustling arriving and departing Cadillacs to get his profile into a strong light. He worked there, but strictly. Nonetheless, he was observed one fine evening, and by and by, while the starlets returned to their own particular underbrush, he put away his jumper and got to be known here and there as Champ Butler.

THE good, the stimulating, the pugnacious old days of the Hollywood neon scene—may they come again and soon, with their Band-aids, thousand dollar bills, jeroboams of champagne, baked Alaska, and flying butterballs and breadsticks. While Errol Flynn was the busiest light heavyweight in the circuit, the most willing of the welter contenders was Humphrey Bogart, once faulted by a friend on the single flaw: "When he's had a couple of belts, he thinks he is Humphrey Bogart."

Like Flynn, Bogart was the victim in most cases of objectionable strangers, bums who tried to chivvy him into fights merely in the hope of a little stray publicity for themselves. Bogart, however, was not averse to playing ball with them, with the result that one fine day he found himself barred from just about every deadfall in the block.

So he stayed home—or confined himself to the saloons he professes to like better than night clubs anyway. But there came a certain time and a visit from an out-of-town friend who wanted to tour the brightest places. Bogart confessed his plight sadly. "I've reformed," he told the friend, "but who'll believe me?" The friend bristled righteously in Bogart's defense, and together they set out. Club after club rejected Bogart, who stood meekly in the background, but finally they found one whose manager was willing in a qualified sort of way to relent. Bogie, the friend said, was waiting out on the sidewalk, thoroughly chastened. He was a changed



man now and wished only to drink a glass or two of lemonade in an obscure corner and look on wistfully while others enjoyed the fun that was denied him. At this, the manager burst into tears and cried: "Go get him! The fatted calf's not on the regular menu but I'll have the chef run it up!" And the friend went out to get Bogie—who was rolling around the walk in fierce combat with a sprocket salesman from central Michigan.

Bogart lived dangerously in other ways during the salad days of Hollywood's public merriment. One early morning, he and a producer friend returned from an extensive junket up and down the Strip, having decided to adjourn to the producer's home after Bogart had swung at a fellow-actor and missed him by 30 feet, or precisely the distance the actor was away from him. Home again in a manner of speaking, Bogart felt disposed to curl up in the producer's fireplace and get a little shut-eye. This was all right with the producer but he felt Bogart's tie should be loosened, and got to work on the project. Bogart tried several times in a patient way to tell his friend that he was tightening rather than loosening the knot, but could not make himself any clearer than "Uk," and was registering straight magenta when the producer's wife intervened.

But on a third occasion, Bogart emerged triumphant. He was entertaining a visiting interviewer at Ciro's when, with stunning unexpectedness, the visitor went to sleep. He slept for two unbroken hours while Ciro's ebbed, flowed and bellowed. Finally he awoke and the two left. Bogart thought nothing of the incident until the next morning, when he had the invigorating realization that the writer doubtless would remember nothing of what had happened during his siesta. Immediately he called the man on the phone. There was nothing to worry about, Bogart began stoutly. Bogart would stand by in the event of any crisis. Wh-what crisis, croaked the poor writer, groping for his mental hinges. Oh, nothing, really, Bogart purred reassuringly. Of course, the clam juice down the woman's back might have seemed odd in some places but this, after all, was Hollywood. The writer groaned and shuddered. Naturally, Bogart went on, it might have been a wee mite better if the writer hadn't brought down the comedian with a flying tackle in the middle of the floor show, but the comic was a tolerant fellow and would understand. Furthermore, Bogart concluded, his friend should not worry a bit over having to be carried out in full view of a packed house. Happened every night in the year.

The writer was on his way to join the Foreign Legion before Bogart decided to pull the knife out.

So goes it no longer. Bogie stays home these days, or goes to Europe or whatever he does. Sonny Tufts, on whose blithe record is informal conducting of orchestras and turning flips down trolley tracks, is nowhere to be seen. Joan Crawford, too, has gone to ground, and when Tom Neal had at Franchot Tone over love of Barbara Peyton, it was in comparative private.

THE youngsters turn up from time to time. Mitzi Gaynor is about the most regular and a godsend to the photographers, who have a habit at present of showing up but leaving their cameras in the car. Jane Wyman and her bandleader husband, Freddy Karger, are on hand now and then, and Ginger Rogers and her husband, Jacques Bergerac, if they happen to be in town. Betty Grable you might see, with or without Harry James, who spends a lot of time on the road, but if she's not with him, she's with Betty and Harry Ritz. Terry Moore. Corinne Calvet and John Bromfield. A handful of others.

Not long ago, Joan Caulfield made the casual observation: "If you want to write a story about Hollywood night life, go from home to home, where it's really taking place. All the little cliques, you know. Who goes out?"

Not even Marilyn Monroe, who showed promise at first, has saved the day. She stays home now, too.

A few traditions are maintained. If a married or dating couple really want to have a knockdown, dragout, yowling fight, they save it till they reach a night club and the undivided attention of press and public. There's no sense throwing a natural like that away.

Likewise, almost any event smacking in some devious way of "charity" still flushes a fair quota of big names. Let a regulation eat-and-guzzle promise to devote 20 per cent of the take to the Society for the Prevention of Throwing Firecrackers Down Crocodiles' Throats, and it'll get a notable turnout of the old, familiar faces.

But whereas the Flynn omelette of another time was a thing of no more than passing interest, the big scuttlebutt among the press a few months ago was a paler incident by far: the reluctant agreement of Gene Nelson to pose with Jane Powell two days before Miss Powell and husband Geary Steffen announced their breakup. Nelson's consent rather affronted a number of folk who back in the days of Lupe and Virginia, Bogart and Flynn, Clara Bow or Jean Harlow or Paulette Goddard—would have been affronted by nothing less than a poke in the eye with a sharp stick.

IN yet another sense, the saga of Hollywood night life makes its own minor contribution to contemporary history. In January of 1949, for example, this magazine ran a story by-lined by Charlie Morrison, Mocombo's owner. It featured pictures made at the night club of couples presumably enmeshed at the time in various stages of amour. Less than five years ago, they were Diana Lynn and Bob Neal, "a steady Mocombo duo before her engagement to architect John Lindsay"—now divorced from Diana Lynn. They were Shirley Temple and John Agar, husband and wife, holding hands; "Errol and Nora Flynn" (remember?); Clark Gable with Nancy (Slim) Hawks. Quaint, as previously remarked, like the 'coon and the Duesenberg.

Or way, way back, when Saturday or Sunday nights were the big Sunset Strip deal, here by recollection of photographer Dallinger was a favorite group table, these an inseparable lot: Claudette Colbert and Dr. Joel Preston, her husband, whose marital status is said to be shaky now; Gary and Rocky Cooper, whose m.s. definitely is shaky; the Fred MacMurrays—the beautiful Mrs. MacMurray died earlier this year after a long and tragic illness; the Robert Taylors, when Mrs. Taylor was—and is again—Barbara Stanwyck; the Henry Fondas—Mrs. Fonda is dead by her own hand; last and most happily, the Ray Millands and the Jack Bennys, still live, together and content.

In Hollywood night life, history is a matter of which edition you read. And this phase, while reasonably stable and prosperous, is not the full and lusty, nor lustrous, thing that its predecessors made of themselves. Carole Lombard is gone—and there are no echoes of dead laughter because dead laughter has no echoes.

Cycle is inevitable. The "good old days" will come again. Lana will be back from Europe, Rita's in circulation, all is by no means lost. While glamor takes a break, stability and decorum will have to stand in for it. Some Hollywoodians applaud the change. But most are saddened.

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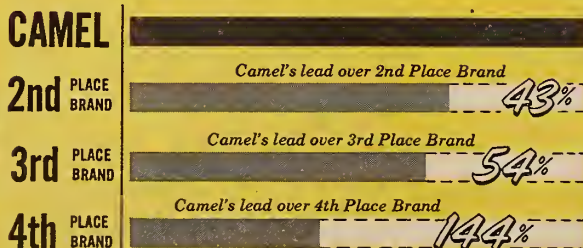
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