

# modern screen

NOV.

ouella Parsons:  
THE SHOCKING  
FAILURE OF  
SUSAN HAYWARD'S  
MARRIAGE

Ava Gardner

DELL  
MAGAZINE

440398

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"Young Skin" doesn't like heavy make-up. A sheer touch of greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream makes a fresh, un-shiny powder base.

NOVEMBER, 1953

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

# modern screen

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\*On the cover: Color portrait of MGM's Ava Gardner by Globe.  
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*Fooling the M.P.'s!*



# “TAKE THE HIGH GROUND!”

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From the same great  
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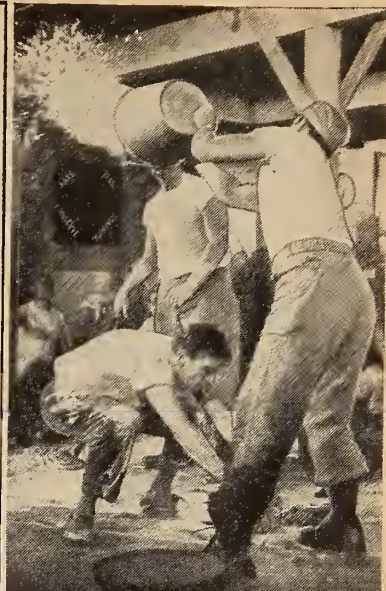
**RICHARD WIDMARK**  
**KARL MALDEN**  
**CARLETON CARPENTER · RUSS TAMBLYN**  
and **ELAINE STEWART**

Story and Screen Play by **MILLARD KAUFMAN**

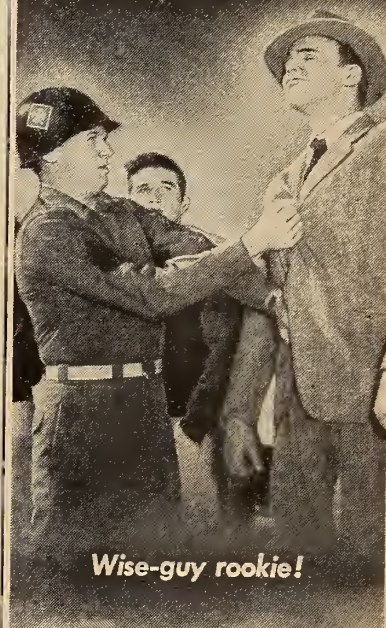
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An M-G-M Picture



*Laugh riot in the barracks!*



*Wise-guy rookie!*



*Boys become men!*



*The girl with a past!*



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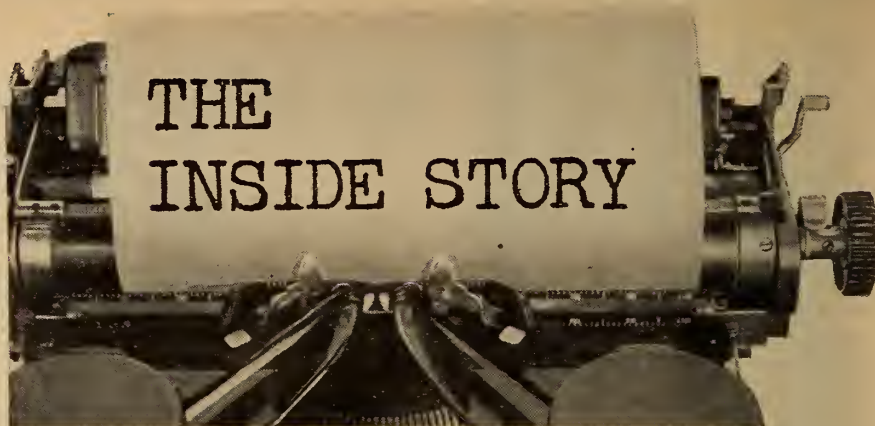
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Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. I keep reading that John Wayne's first wife was either Cuban or Dominican. Where was she born, anyway?

—J. J., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A. Josephine Saenz was born in Mexico.

Q. How much commission did Mario Lanza's manager, Sam Weiler, take from him? Are they back together again?

—G. T., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. Weiler took 20% of Lanza's gross earnings, 10% of their radio show, insisted on 5% of the singer's earnings for the next 15 years, before he would agree to leave Lanza's employment.

Q. Who is most responsible for Yvonne de Carlo's motion picture career?

T. R., VANCOUVER, B. C.

A. Walter Wanger "discovered" Yvonne and gave her a buildup as "The most beautiful girl in the world."

Q. Could you tell me if Dale Robertson did his own singing in *The Farmer Takes A Wife*?—G. H., PADUCAH, KY.

A. Yes.

Q. Was Cyd Charisse ever in love with MGM producer Jack Cummings? I heard this rumor when I was in Mexico some years ago.

—T. S., WILSON, CONN.

A. Cummings and Charisse are good friends, have been so for a long time. Cyd is married to Tony Martin, Cummings to the former Betty Kern.

Q. Who is the highest-priced actor in the motion picture business?

—G. K., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. Toss-up between John Wayne and Gary Cooper.

Q. Marilyn Monroe's former husband lives only twenty miles away from her. Are they still friendly?

—T. T., VAN NUYS, CALIF.

A. They have nothing to do with each other.

Q. Is it a practice in Hollywood for top-name actresses to insist upon all the close-ups? If a young actress looks good in a scene, doesn't the top-name actress insist upon having that scene deleted? —G. F., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. It depends on the actress.

Q. I've read that Esther Williams has the best money mind in show business. Is that on the level?

—C. Y., MIAMI, FLA.

A. She understands the handling of money.

Q. Why was Anna Maria Alberghetti dropped by Paramount?

—S. L., LIMA, OHIO

A. The studio had no pictures for her.

Q. Leonard Goldstein, the producer who goes around with Piper Laurie, must be much older than she. How much? —C. L., CLEVELAND, OHIO

A. Twenty-eight years older.

Q. What kind of eyelashes does Ethel Merman wear, and how many children does she have?

—E. R., DENVER, COLO.

A. Miss Merman wears artificial eyelashes made of nylon; she has two children.

Q. Is Marlon Brando going to a psychiatrist? —F. F., COLUMBUS, NEB.

A. Not any more.

Q. A friend told me that Rock Hudson is more interested in other things than he is in girls. What about it?

H. R., VENTURA, CAL.

A. Hudson is primarily interested in his career at this point.

Q. Doesn't Judy Garland become a very difficult girl when she goes on a diet? —J. G., PROVO, UTAH.

A. She just becomes edgy.

Q. Is it true (or is it just publicity) that Leslie Caron makes her own clothes? —F. Y., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. True.

Q. Betty Hutton's husband, Charlie O'Curran, stages all her acts. Why doesn't she give him any credit for that? Are these two fighting?

—R. E., LAS VEGAS, NEV.

(Continued on page 12)





**FLAMINGO**  
The wildcat in skin-tight blue jeans — she was his back-door queen!

**CASTLEBERRY**

A spotless record — except for the blood on his hands!



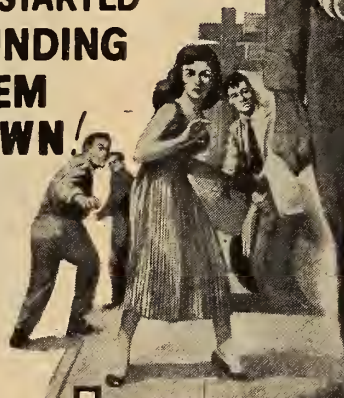
**JEB BROWN**

His heart was too big — it made an easy target!



**THE CHISELERS,  
THE CHEAP  
TIN-HORNS,  
THE TWO-TIME  
LADIES AND  
TWO-BIT  
CROOKS--**

**THEY ALL MADE  
THE LITTLE GUY  
A BIG, BIG, WHEEL--  
AND THEN  
HE STARTED  
GRINDING  
THEM  
DOWN!**



**JAMES CAGNEY**

*in a roaring role of fury from the roaring best-seller!*

**WARNER BROS.**  
PRESENT

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IN THE STREETS!"**

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# LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD

Bob Hope breaks a long standing rule against pictures of his family and invites MODERN SCREEN to a



Bob chats with Father English, friend of many stars, Jeanne Crain, Paul Brinkman. Fears that Jeanne's new glamour would injure her marriage have proven false. Not so lucky was guest Jane Withers, whose divorce is imminent.



Bob waltzes with mother-in-law, Mrs. Teresa Defina. One of Hollywood's best citizens, Bob is constantly active in charity affairs; his home is one of Hollywood's happiest.



Bob's 12-year-old son Tony, and daughters Nara, 5, and Linda, 14, help Dalores Hope blow out the candles while members of famous Trapp Family Singers, who entertained at the party, look on. Tony wore full-dress military school uniform.

## LOUELLA SHARES BIRTHDAY WITH

**S**O DETERMINED is Rita Hayworth to marry Dick Haymes that neither lawyers, studio nor friends can talk her into changing her mind.

Incidentally, unless Dick can persuade Nora Eddington Haymes to get a divorce in Nevada or Alabama, Rita cannot marry Dick for a year. Nora insists on a California divorce, since out of state divorces are vulnerable to legal attack.

The serious trouble Dick had with the Immigration Department came as a terrific shock. Few people knew that he was an alien, was born in Argentina and had signed away his rights of ever becoming an American citizen when he avoided the draft by registering as an alien neutral.

Dick's attorney insists that the McCarran Act does not hold in the case of the singer, since he sang twice in the Civic Auditorium in Honolulu and did not go to the Hawaiian



# NEWS

gala party at his home.



Newlyweds Ann Blyth and Dr. James McNulty toast each other over a flower-decked table. Most of the ladies wore or carried sproys of fresh garden flowers; Mrs. Hope wore a lei of white cornations over a pleated pastel dress.



Loretta Young and Mory Livingstone find an almost quiet spot in the spacious Hope livingroom. Among the many other famous guests were Robert Young, Jerry Colonna, Fred MacMurray and Pat O'Brien, all old friends of the Hopes.



Mory Livingstone feeds a cherry to husband, Jock Benny. Gracie Allen, half of another famous husband and wife comedy team, looks on while she waits for George Burns.

## LUCILLE BALL . . . JANET LEIGH SAYS NO TO NUDITY. . . GLORIA DE HAVEN HAS NEW IN-LAW TROUBLES

Islands for the express purpose of seeing Rita Hayworth. That he did see her every night and every day has nothing to do with the case, according to the Haymes attorneys.

At the time the story broke, I must say for Nora that she came to Dick's rescue. She said, "Poor guy! I don't believe he ever tried to dodge the draft. I know he went twice to the draft board and tried to enlist, but was turned down on account of high blood pressure. If he wants me to, I will stick with him in his troubles."

Rita was equally loyal, but she couldn't very well make a public statement, since Dick was still married to Nora. She was so upset by the whole thing that she took to her bed in a state of nervous collapse.

Is there anybody in the world who gets herself into more awkward situations than this redheaded glamour girl? With every husband, with every romance, there is trouble

and good copy.

The big question around Hollywood these days is—who put the finger on Dick? Or maybe the boys in Washington have a long memory.

**T**HE new love in Olivia de Havilland's life, the charming Frenchman, Pierre Galante, will probably be her husband by the time this reaches MODERN SCREEN.

Olivia confided to me that she wouldn't wait too long to marry Galante, who is a writer and an executive on "Match" magazine, a French publication comparable to our "Life".

I met Livvy's fiancé at a party given for Rosemary Clooney and José Ferrer. He is young, he is charming and he is desperately in love with Livvy.

She tells me that he was born under the same sign as Marcus Goodrich, her first husband, and that they both love cheesecake, but

I believe she will be happier with Galante than she was with Marcus.

Livvy seems to favor writers, but Pierre has none of Marcus' moodiness and critical appraisal of our Livvy. Besides, he has never been married before and Marcus had a number of wives.

**I**T CAN be told now that there were two days when Donald O'Connor was very ill in Cedars of Lebanon Hospital and his doctors feared it might be polio. Only a few people know this. Thank God, it was just tropical fever and Don will soon be well.

Added to his high temperature was an emotional upset. He worried about every little thing and telephoned me in a panic because someone had printed that his ex-wife Gwen O'Connor, had never been near him.

This was entirely untrue, because Gwen has not only been with him, but has tele-



# LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

phoned to inquire about him almost every day. Of course, she probably didn't want to run into Marilyn Erskine, although the two girls are not unfriendly. Gwen is the one who asked Don for a divorce.

The thing that everyone regrets so much is that Don lost his role in *White Christmas*. He would have been just as wonderful dancing again with Vera-Ellen as he was in *Call Me Madam*.

**T**HE saddest little woman in Hollywood is Jane Withers, who fought with grim determination not to break up her marriage, but the one thing her rich husband, Bill Moss, seemed to want was his freedom.

"With three children," Jane told me, "I think it is wrong for us to divorce and I wanted to wait a little longer. But when a man wants his freedom as much as Bill does, what can I do?"

Jane's health is not good and her doctors tell her that she must rest and not get emotionally upset. How can you help getting emotionally upset when the man you love says he doesn't love you?

**I** SHARE the opinion of many people that Suzan Ball's faith will cure her knee if anything in the world can. She has a new doctor who has put her on a special diet. I hear this is a new treatment for this kind of case.

Also, Suzan is in love. Dick Long is courting her, but she won't marry anyone until she is sure she is all right. Suzan is that kind of girl.

**P**ERSONAL OPINIONS: In my opinion, Deborah Kerr was trying to disguise her personality on a TV program when she answered the question, "Are you from Hollywood?" with "Unfortunately, yes." I don't think she meant a slam at Hollywood . . .

I still can't see James Mason as Judy Garland's co-star in *A Star Is Born*. Maybe I'm remembering Fredric March's great performance with Janet Gaynor too vividly . . .

Even with Jeanne Crain's pretty legs, I can't stand the knee-short skirts. So far, Jeanne is the only glamour girl to fall for the Dior fad.

Kinda cute, the way Tony Curtis, who has never been a fast boy with a dollar, cut loose with the bankroll and bought himself a



Jahn Hodiak has been seen at Ciro's with pretty socialite Kay Williams Spreckels, John's first date since his breakup with Anne Baxter.

new \$6000 car and Janet Leigh a diamond bracelet, after U-I upped his salary in a big, big way.

Rosemary Clooney and José Ferrer are denying the stork rumors now, but I'm betting Rosie will have a baby as soon as possible. She loves children.

**T**ook myself to Del Mar, the little racetrack where "the turf meets the surf," for my birthday and really had a time!

It was also Lucille Ball's birthday and after the last race, Desi Arnaz tossed a surprise birthday party for Lucy in the Turf Club.

Poor Lucille! She was so sick she could remain just long enough for the guests to sing "Happy Birthday" and then she had to take off for home. It wasn't anything too serious with Lucille. She was just tired and overworked and a reaction set in when she went on her holiday.

But I was feeling in fine fettle and got such a kick out of little Desirée Arnaz, looking like a doll in her blue dress and coat, warbling a special "Happy Birthday" to me.

I just can't remember having more fun. Jimmy Durante—just love that man—was on hand at my birthday party at the Del Mar hotel and he sang and sang. The crowd didn't want to let him off, but he finally said it was enough. Then pretty May Wynn, the former Copacabana chorus girl who got the plum part of the season as the only girl in *The Caine Mutiny*, came on and delighted



Jahn Payne and Sandy Curtis have taken out a marriage license, will wed when Jahn ends current film. This will be third marriage for each.

everyone with Jimmy McHugh's song, "I Can't Believe That You're In Love With Me". Wait until you see May. I think you'll agree she's going to be one of our big stars.

Glamorous Elaine Stewart drove down from Beverly Hills with her fella, Johnny Grant, especially for my party. Some of the columnists have been insisting this isn't a serious romance. I don't agree. In fact, I think Elaine and Johnny may surprise everyone, including her MGM bosses, by marrying when he returns from staging his disc jockey show in Korea.

Johnny told me, "I'm very much in love with Elaine. She's the only girl for me."

To switch from romance back to the races—the next day Betty Grable's and Harry James' nag, Big Noise, won the \$40,000 feature race.

A wag said, "Betty's horses seem to know when she isn't working and they always seem to win when she can use the moola."

**H**ERE'S hoping the trouble between Gloria De Haven and her wealthy bridegroom of just a few months, Martin Kimmel, isn't serious.

I get it straight that Kimmel's family, veddy, veddy social, never approved of his marriage to Gloria because she is an actress. Thought that sort of attitude went out with the dodo bird.

At this writing, the Kimmels have not yet received Gloria, but I hope they will change their minds. She's a very nice girl.

## LATE NEWS FROM LOUELLA PARSONS

■ Hardly had the public heard about the Ida Lupino-Howard Duff separation (supposedly a result of Howard's interest in Gussie Moran, famous for her lace panties and her tennis game) when it was all over.

My telephone rang and a happy Ida said, "Howard and I want you to know we've reconciled."

By this time, Gussie was in Buffalo with her fiancé, Edward Hand, and Howard hadn't heard from her. Gussie had a small part in *The Bigamist*, written and produced by Collier Young, Ida's ex-husband, and directed by Ida. Howard and Ida were both in the picture, as was Joan Fontaine, Young's present wife.

Ida, like any woman in love, took much of the blame for the separation, saying, "I guess I was too self-centered and too involved in my career. Now I'm just going to be a wife and mother and I'm going to let somebody else direct *The Story Of A Cop*, Howard's next picture. A career, to my way of thinking, should never interfere with a marriage."

She added that Howard's big complaint was that they never saw each other.

**I**T's a lot of stuff and nonsense that Janet Leigh's swim scene in *Prince Valiant* is as nude as Hedy Lamarr was in *Ecstasy* or as Marilyn Monroe was on the calendar.

Janet tells me, "I have to admit that the scene makes me look as though I were in my birthday suit! As a matter of fact, I'm quite well covered in a bathing suit made of a flesh-colored net material."

"However, after I did the scene, I flatly refused to let the still cameramen snap pictures of me—because I have no intention of becoming this kind of calendar girl."

Janet says that when the swimming scene was shot, the only men present were the cameramen, director and Bob Wagner, all vitally necessary to the action.

No, Tony Curtis did not kick up a fuss. But it is not his favorite screen appearance of his pretty wife.



ANN BLYTH, co-starred in MGM's

"ALL THE BROTHERS WERE VALIANT"

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR



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are given regular  Lux Toilet Soap care

Just about every Hollywood star uses Lux and will tell you so.

They use it because they're convinced—because they really believe Lux Toilet Soap is as **mild and fine** a soap as you can buy. **Ann Blyth**, of course, uses Lux Toilet Soap—and isn't her complexion really something? Use Lux care—and Lever Brothers makes a money-back guarantee that **you'll be glad you did**. Incidentally, you can see Hollywood stars every Thursday night on the Lux Video Theatre.







Presenting

# Waltz of Spring

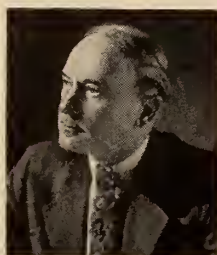


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WALTZ OF SPRING captures the always treasured spirit of youth. It will never grow old . . . only more beautiful . . . forever!



THIRD DIMENSION BEAUTY\*STERLING

William S. Warren, famous for his masterpieces of sculpture in sterling silver, is the creator of: STRADIVARI, GRAND COLONIAL, ROSE POINT, GRANDE BAROQUE, SIR CHRISTOPHER, ROMANCE OF THE SEA. And now . . . WALTZ OF SPRING.

Six piece place setting, Waltz of Spring, \$39.50.  
Settings of other patterns from \$35.75 to \$47.75  
—all prices include Federal Tax.

\*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

## WALLACE STERLING



# Sandpaper Hands feel *Caressable* in 10 Seconds!



## Cashmere Bouquet *Hand Lotion*

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

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

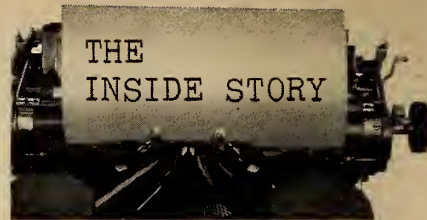
**NEW! Cashmere Bouquet  
French Type Lipstick!**



*Stays Moist!  
Stays Bright!  
Stays On!*



**25¢ and 47¢**



(Continued from page 4)

**A.** Miss Hutton credits her husband in private; they are not fighting.

**Q.** Which stars are the biggest tipplers?  
—V. T., PHOENIX, ARIZ.

**A.** Martin & Lewis, Jack Benny, Mario Lanza, and George Jessel, among others.

**Q.** Was Jane Russell's recent illness caused by the premature birth of a child?  
—A. J., SEATTLE, WASH.

**A.** According to Miss Russell's doctors, she suffers from anemia.

**Q.** Does Joan Crawford have many dates in Hollywood? If so, why isn't she married?  
—B. R., CAMDEN, ARK.

**A.** Miss Crawford has many beaux; she is being extremely careful about a fourth marriage because she has had three marriages that didn't last.

**Q.** Doesn't Fernando Lamas slip away from Arlene Dahl for quiet dates with his second wife, Lydia?  
—N. M., BOULDER, COL.

**A.** Lamas calls upon his second wife frequently in order to visit with her and their daughter. He is a most considerate father.

**Q.** I've heard tell that since he left school at the age of ten, Red Skelton has difficulty in reading and writing. What is the truth behind this rumor?  
—B. E., VINCENNES, IND.

**A.** No truth to that rumor at all. Skelton did leave school at an early age, but his first wife, Edna, saw to it that he was instructed by private tutors.

**Q.** How come Olivia de Havilland was traveling around Europe with a prize-fighter named Frings?  
—H.T., SEATTLE, WASH.

**A.** Kurt Frings, a former pugilist, is now Miss de Havilland's agent.

**Q.** According to their written agreement, doesn't Jerry Lewis get 65% of the Martin-Lewis earnings?  
—C.H., PROVO, UTAH.

**A.** There is no written agreement; the split is 50-50.

**Q.** Does Judy Garland refuse to pose with her new baby because it was premature?  
—W.T., WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.

**A.** She has not refused to pose.

**Q.** Why is it that certain actors refuse to answer fan mail and that someone big like Alan Ladd always does?  
—V.T., YORK, PENN.

**A.** Ladd is a man of vision; those stars who don't answer are short-sighted.



## LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

**F**UNNY story back of how Johnnie Ray's movie career at 20th got "hot" after being very, very "cold."

After the studio signed the cry-singer, he managed to get quite a bit of bad publicity in various parts of the country, and he made tactless remarks at the time of his separation from Marilyn Morrison Ray.

It had been all set for the weeper to be in Ethel Merman's *There's No Business Like Show Business* until all this came up. Then, without any fuss or bother, it was agreed it might be better to let Ray sit out his contract.

But boss Darryl Zanuck was summoned to Washington to be a dinner guest of President Eisenhower at the White House. By coincidence, Ray was singing in a local theatre the same week.

Darryl had never seen Ray perform and having a bit of idle time on his hands, he decided to drop by the theatre just as Johnnie's act went on.

Result? The boss thought the "cry-Ray-by" was just terrific and telephoned 20th that his contract was very much "alive" again.

**T**HE LETTER BOX: Mrs. P. M. J., of Kansas City, wants to know if the movie stars spank their children or discipline them by the more "progressive" methods. Screen star parents are just like private-life parents on this score, Mrs. P. M. J. Some believe in mild spankings (Joan Crawford, for one). Others adhere to the "progressive" school of thought.

Doris Waterstram, Johnstown, Pa., is a strong rooter for Richard Carlson, "that fine gentleman and actor" who, she feels, doesn't get his share of good screen parts.

Marlene Oechsner, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, writes: "I believe that Jane Powell and Gene Nelson cannot possibly know the terrific disillusionment their actions have brought to the teen-agers of this country."

I haven't been printing service men's addresses lately, but I couldn't resist the plea of two who say, "We are probably the two most unknown people in Korea, as far as receiving mail is concerned." We can't have that, so write to:

CPL Fred W. Ponder RA19378184  
HQs & Hqs Battery, 75th FA Bn  
APO 264 c o Postmaster,  
San Francisco, California

And to his buddy, PFC Robert G. Larue RA13425501, same address.

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



Donald O'Connor attended Joanne Gilbert's Mocombo opening with frequent date Marilyn Erskine just before illness sent him to hospital.

## 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



The quiet Wayne marriage exploded into court last summer and hasn't left the headlines yet. Now after months of trial by rumor, Duke can answer back.

# the big guy takes the stand

BY SANDY CUMMINGS



■ Barring a last minute out-of-court settlement, Hollywood and the public are going to be treated, on October 19, to one of the toughest, roughest legal battles ever waged between a movie star and his wife.

John Wayne, forty-six, and his hot-tempered, excitable, thirty-year-old wife, Esperanza, are scheduled to throw the book at each other in a divorce suit that will make world-wide headlines.

These two handsome people, once so tenderly and romantically in love, now dislike each other with such violence and intensity that they are prepared to make public the most private aspects of their marital confusion.

"Chata," as Mrs. Wayne is known throughout the film colony, has charged John Wayne with beating her. That charge is already part of the public record.

So, too, is Duke Wayne's denial. "I have never in my life struck Mrs. Wayne," the actor testified in court last May. "But there have been many times," he continued, "when I have had to protect myself from her temper. I've held her hands and feet but only to protect myself."

When Wayne made that statement in court, his wife, sitting next to her lawyer, suddenly crimsoned. "Why! That's a lie," she blurted out.

Spectators smiled. The picture of Duke Wayne, six feet, four inches tall, weighing 200 pounds, protecting himself from Chata, five feet, seven and 135 pounds, conjured up such a comic scene, that several of the more uninhibited people in the courtroom were startled into laughter.

There is no doubt (*Continued on page 76*)





**"HI! I'm  
Pat Crowley**

I haven't been in Hollywood very long but here I am a star in Paramount's new picture "Forever Female." You KNOW all the other stars in the picture but you probably don't know me from Adam! Well, maybe from Adam because I'm a girl. And that's what "Forever Female"

is all about... girls and naturally men. Jeepers, isn't that what everything is all about? But in "Forever Female" we've got a new—and very funny—slant on it.

First, there's a TRIANGLE composed of three big stars... Ginger Rogers as a glamorous Broadway actress; Paul Douglas as a producer and Ginger's last year's hubby; William Holden as a playwright and Ginger's this year's hobby. Then I step in and throw the whole thing into a QUADRANGLE! WOW!"



starring  
**GINGER ROGERS**  
**WILLIAM HOLDEN**  
**PAUL DOUGLAS** WITH JAMES GLEASON  
AND INTRODUCING **PAT CROWLEY**



Produced by Pat Duggan  
Directed by Irving Rapper • Written  
by Julius J. Epstein and Philip G. Epstein  
Suggested by J. M. Barrie's play "Rosalind"  
A Paramount Picture.



20th Century-Fox  
presents

# The Robe

TECHNICOLOR

The New Dimensional Photographic Marvel



① ② ③

Produced by  
FRANK ROSS

20th Century-Fox presents A CinemaScope Production **The Robe** starring RICHARD  
with Jay Robinson • Dean Jagger • Torin Thatcher • Richard Boone • Betta St. John • Jeff Morrow • Dawn Addams



# in **CINEMASCOPE**

You See Without Glasses!



Acclaimed the  
Greatest Step  
Forward in  
Entertainment  
History!

## about **CINEMASCOPE**

No. 1 shows how the flat ordinary screen is dwarfed by the newly created curved Miracle Mirror Screen.

Nos. 2, 3, 4 show how CinemaScope's superior new Stereophonic Sound enhances the scope of audience participation.

No. 5 shows how the new Anamorphic Lens creates infinite depth and life-like reality to engulf you in the action on the screen.

## about **The Robe**

The supreme novel of our time as it was meant to be seen, heard, lived! The Miracle Story "reaching out" to encompass you in its awe-inspiring spectacle and breathtaking grandeur.

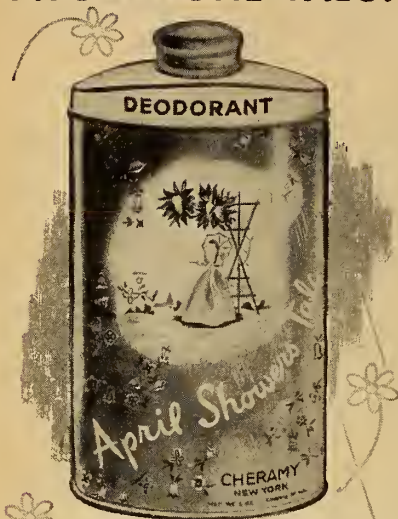
BURTON • JEAN SIMMONS • VICTOR MATURE • MICHAEL RENNIE  
• Ernest Thesiger • Leon Askin    Screen Play by PHILIP DUNNE • From the Novel by LLOYD C. DOUGLAS

Directed by  
**HENRY KOSTER**



# 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

SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN:

# hollywood report

by Mike Connolly

famous columnist for  
The Hollywood Reporter



### LONG HUNCHES:

Gene Nelson's best friends, Gordon and Sheila MacRae and Marge and Gower Champion, deserted him when he left his Miriam for Jane Powell. They're sticking by Miriam's side . . . And Jess Barker's pals have deserted him because of that black eye he gave Susan Hayward . . . I've got a feeling Ingrid Bergman will give up her fight to obtain the custody of daughter Pia. Ingrid is completely surrounded by children, now—her own brood of four, including Roberto Rossellini's son by a former marriage, plus what Ingrid describes as "family children," which category includes Roberto's brothers' and sisters' children . . . Her studio fears that Rita Hayworth's romantic interest in Dick Haymes will harm her career.

Shirley Temple, back in Hollywood, tells us she wants to remain "just a housewife." It may be just an attempt to find out whether her fans want her back on the screen or not, but this is what Shirley told me about family life and housekeeping: "I'd rather be doing this than anything I know. I've found great happiness in my marriage and in running my home" . . . Of all the critical raves for *From Here To Eternity*, the lion's share went to Frank Sinatra. Frankie Boy should never have to wait in another nightclub after his performance in this fine movie . . . Ann Blyth asked that the newshounds let up for a while. "We had so much publicity during our courtship and at the time of our marriage," Annie explains.



Lawford

### WHO'S MAD AT WHOM:

Judy Holliday's husband was reportedly looking down his nose at the many, many public—and private—huddles Judy and Pete

Lawford were having concerning the staging of their nightclub act . . . The noise when Gloria Grahame and Cy Howard broke up was almost as loud as the Susie Hayward-Jess Barker bust-up, the difference being that Gloria and Cy were back together again next day . . . Their friends were pulling for the John and Patti Derek marriage to hold together, and this just before the new baby was due! . . . Joan Crawford is sore at the person who gave out the story that Joan herself doesn't sing the songs in her new picture, *Torch Song*. As a matter of fact, it wasn't Joan's voice when the picture went out for its first sneak preview—it was that of a new singer named India Adams. Next thing we knew, Joan

had asked studio boss Dore Schary if he would let Joan re-dub it, this time with her own voice, and as we go to press I don't know whose pipes have been decided on, Joan's or India's.

Just before they separated, John Carroll and his wife, casting director Lucille Ryman, tossed a gigantic "breakup party" to which 300 guests were invited . . . Gossip is that Bette Davis' poor health is not being improved by the return from Europe of her ex, William Grant Sherry.

### ODDS BODKINS:

Bob Taylor cabled a birthday bouquet from abroad to his ex, Barbara Stanwyck . . . And once a year Bill Holden sends roses to this same Missy Stanwyck because she once upon a time insisted that he co-star with her in *Golden Boy* . . . Linda Christian, Ty Power's spouse, has three astrologers: one in Hollywood, one in Mexico City, one in Rome . . . Paulette Goddard's Switzerland home is a diamond's throw away from her ex, Charlie Chaplin's. (Continued on page 20)



Temple



Crawford



Davis





Mrs. Lily Rekas of Connecticut may be a hardworking wife and mother, but she's also a very attractive woman.

## "I wash 9000 pieces of glassware a year... but I'm proud of my pretty hands!"

When Lily Rekas lifts a glass to toast her husband, he can see that her hands are as soft and pretty as a bride's.

Yet those hands have to wash *thousands* of glasses a year. (And so do yours!)

Detergents make lighter work for Lily. Detergent suds really *melt* away dirt and grease. But — those suds can also take away the natural oils and youthful softness of your hands!

How does Lily keep her hands so nice? She never forgets this simple step. After detergents or any harsh cleanser—pure, white Jergens Lotion goes right on her hands.

Being liquid, Jergens penetrates instantly (doesn't merely "coat" skin). In seconds, it helps *replace* softening moisture hands need.

It has two ingredients doctors use for softening. And women use much more Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world.

You ought to see Lily's lovely hands. They're two of the best reasons for remembering Jergens Lotion!

So keep on using detergents, and keep on using Jergens Lotion. You can *tell* your husband about your hard work — but don't ever let him feel it in your soft and pretty hands.



**Use JERGENS LOTION — avoid detergent hands**

Now—lotion dispenser **FREE** of extra cost with \$1.00 size. Supply limited.



Laraine Day listed herself as "Housewife" while paying a \$5 traffic ticket . . . Aldo Ray left Del Mar with \$237 for the Daily Double.

## HOME FIRES BURNING:

Audie Murphy hopes the March stork arrival will be a girl . . . Janet Leigh was working on the set of *Prince Valiant* when Tony Curtis came back home from Honolulu. Janet's director, Henry Hathaway, gave her the day off, explaining that he wanted Janet and Tony to "catch up" . . . Whenever Ginger Rogers and Jacques Bergerac are invited to a dinner party, Ginger insists on being seated next to her groom. It's love, kiddies . . . When you ring the bell at Yvonne De Carlo's below-the-road cottage in Coldwater Canyon she sticks her head out the window and hollers. "Come on down but watch out for rattlesnakes!" And y'know something funny—there's something about those dark canyon roads that may mean she ain't kiddin'! . . . Loretta Young and Tom Lewis celebrated their Lucky Thirteenth wedding anniversary.



Rogers and Bergerac

Newlywed Rosemary Clooney is miffed already that spouse José Ferrer doesn't have enough time to be as domestic as she'd like him to be . . . Dinah Shore flew back from an eastern trip in one plane, George Montgomery in another. They never fly together, which is insurance for the children—just in case . . . A recording company asked Katie Grayson to record an album of lullabies with her five-year-old Patty Kate—and Katie says she's willing if Patty is!

## FINANCIAL PAGE:

Bing Crosby, in trying to sell his Beverly Hills mansion for \$300,000, didn't get many nibbles because it takes a staff of five to run the estate properly . . . Alan Ladd and Kirk Douglas hoped to return from making pictures in Europe with \$1,000,000 apiece; because of the Government's action on stars spending eighteen months abroad, they'll be lucky if they make \$200,000 apiece. But that, of course, ain't hay! . . . Ann Sheridan has been trying to sell her house, too. It



Palance

cost her \$125,000 originally, plus \$3,000 a month to run it . . . Guy Madison signed a contract to make five more pictures for Warners, in addition to *Feather River* and *Rear Guard*, at \$100,000 each, that's how hot he is! And Jack Palance, who couldn't get a job eighteen months ago, is now getting \$50,000 per picture. He should thank Joan Crawford every day of his life for insisting that he be her leading man in *Sudden Fear* . . . New York's Hotel Pierre offered Van Johnson \$3,500 a week to do his nightclub act in its Cotillion Room . . . The Betty Grable-Harry James deal to play the Chicago Theatre in Chicago is for seventy cents of every dollar taken in at the box office. The Shuberts are after Betty, too, to star in their stage revival of *Ziegfeld Follies* while Harry leads the band.

(Continued on page 22)



## Are you in the know?

When planning a blind date for Sue—

- ☐ Choose a lad you like ☐ Brief the doters

You figured Steve's the answer to any gal pal's blind date prayer. 'Cause Steve collects be bop (grade A); keeps everyone spellbound for hours with those albums! Everyone except Sue, you discover. Her hobby's photography, remember? Moral: choose a couple with kindred interests. And brief the daters about each other, so they'll be set for conversation. To set a gal at ease at problem time, Kotex is the answer; gives softness that holds its shape.



To add greenery to your allowance—

- ☐ Try tontrums ☐ Present a statement

Shrewish tactics won't budge Dad. For "green thumb" results in wallet care and feeding—present a statement of your living costs; offer to meet Dad halfway by foregoing a few luxuries, phone sessions. Of course, as to "certain" needs, it pays to buy the finest . . . Kotex. For what's more important than peace of mind—with the extra protection this napkin gives?



If you'd hoist a receding chin, check—

- ☐ Your hat ☐ Your hairdo ☐ Your neckline

If your profile tends to backslide, check the 3 items mentioned above. Keep your hats simple, forsaking all angles. Your hair? Soft—(and shorten that mane!) Also, duck the draped or cowl neckline: definitely not your dish. Come "those" days, you can build up your confidence—via one of the 3 absorbencies of Kotex. Try Regular, Junior, Super.



More women choose KOTEX<sup>®</sup> than all other sanitary napkins

Want to get "certain" facts straight?

- ☐ Ask Sis ☐ See a librarian ☐ Read "V.P.Y."

Hazy about what happens and why—at "that" time? Read "Very Personally Yours"—the new, free booklet filled with easy-to-understand facts, plus lively illustrations (by Walt Disney Productions). Hints on diet, exercise, grooming . . . do's and don't's a girl should know. Send for your copy today. FREE! Address P.O. Box 3434, Dept. 13113, Chicago 54, Ill.



© T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



At last... a "Calorie-Curve Control" girdle!



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."



## New Playtex<sup>®</sup> Magic-Controller!

Now available in all **3** styles:

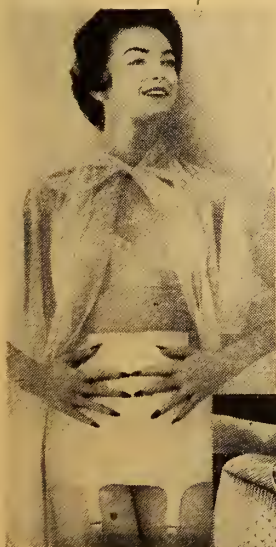
Garter girdle — Panty with garters — Panty brief

**With freedom and comfort** you never thought possible, Magic-Controller firms and flattens your figure from waist to thighs—controls those "Calorie-Curves" as never before!

And the secret? Those hidden "finger" panels that slim and smooth, that non-roll top that stays up without a stay!

Invisible under sleekest clothes, Magic-Controller fits and feels like a second skin. Cloud-soft fabric lining inside, lovely textured latex outside, it's one piece and wonderful! Wash it in seconds—you can practically watch it dry.

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



**Playtex Magic-Controller\*...  
Now in all 3 styles**

**Garter Girdle** . . . with 4 reinforced adjustable garters, \$7.95

**Panty Girdle** . . . with 4 reinforced adjustable garters, \$7.95

**Panty Brief**, \$6.95

Fabric Lined Playtex Girdles, from \$5.95

Other famous Playtex Girdles, from \$3.50

Extra-Large sizes slightly higher.

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



# Let LISTERINE help you get through the winter with fewer COLDS or SORE THROATS



Take A Tip from the Nelsons! See and Hear  
"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"  
Two different shows, radio and television, every  
week. See your paper for times and stations.

**Used Promptly and Often, Listerine's Germ-Killing Action Can Often Help Head Off Trouble Entirely or Lessen Its Severity.**

At the first sign of a sneeze, snuffle, cough or irritated throat, start the family on that wonderful Listerine Antiseptic gargle . . . and keep it up!

You may spare yourself and your family a long siege of colds. That is also true of sore throats due to colds.

## Kills Germs on Throat Surfaces

Listerine fights infections as an infection should be fought . . . with quick, germ-killing action.

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including those called "secondary invaders" (see panel above).

These are the very bacteria that often are responsible for so much of a cold's misery when they stage a mass invasion of the body through throat tissues. Listerine Antiseptic attacks them on these surfaces

Kills germs like these  
way back on throat surfaces



(1) *Pneumococcus* Type III, (2) *Hemophilus influenzae*,  
(3) *Streptococcus pyogenes*, (4) *Pneumococcus* Type II,  
(5) *Streptococcus salivarius*.

These, and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

before they attack you. Tests showed that germs on mouth and throat surfaces are reduced as much as 96.7% fifteen minutes after gargling . . . as much as 80% even an hour after.

## Fewer Colds for Listerine Users

Remember that tests made over a 12-year period showed that regular twice-a-day users of Listerine had fewer colds and generally milder ones, and fewer sore throats than non-users.

We repeat, at the first symptom of a cold—a sneeze, cough or throat tickle—gargle with Listerine Antiseptic. It has helped thousands . . . why not you?

At the first symptom . . . **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**  
... Quick and often!

## hollywood report continued

### SEX APPEAL:

Hey, how about that Clark Gable, shaving off his mustache after all these years! . . . And wait until you gals get a load of Clark's hare-chested scenes in *Mogambo* . . . The Swiss press calls Elaine Stewart "Miss Everything" . . . The fans really mobbed Stewart Granger at the Hollywood preem of *All The Brothers Were Valiant*.



Gable

And did he love it! . . . . . Gail Russell is in top shape again, thanks to her sessions with a psychiatrist, and is expected to be back at making movies soon. Make you happy? Does me! . . . Marlon Brando ordered a dozen monogrammed polo shirts. Getting fancy-pancy, haa?

Sight-of-the-month: Jane Russell on Sunset Boulevard in a green, orange, gold and purple get-up . . . Shelley Winters shaved her waistline to twenty-four inches, which is two inches smaller than it was before she met Vittorio Gassman! . . . The scar left over from Burt Lancaster's operation rules out all beefcake photos of our boy for months . . . Zsa Zsa, Jolie, Eva and Magda Gabor all had nose hobs by the same doctor . . . The one gal I know who looks good with her nose fixed: Jan Sterling. I saw Judy Garland jouncing along out at Warners, where she's doing the musical remake of *A Star Is Born* wearing tight blue jeans and pink shirt, and must say Judy sure didn't lose weight where she hadn't oughta!

### HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

Marilyn Erskine brought a five-pound box of candy to Donald O'Connor in the hospital . . . Lew Ayres and Mona Knox are getting to be a habit . . . Diana Lynn discovered a U. S. Navy Commander in London and told a pal she prefers him to anyone she's met in years . . . Gene Tierney was in London and Aly Khan was in Paris—so the French phone strike had them speechless! . . . While doing a personal appearance at *El Rancho Vegas* in Las Vegas, Vic Damone started dating a showgirl there named Sandy Sims. Sandy got one of the new Italian haircuts to go with her new date.



O'Brien

Dick Egan and Ann Sothern now tell chums they'll never marry . . . Tennis is Topic B with Marie Windsor and Craig Stevens . . . It has been whispered around that the Vera-Ellen-Dr. Al Meitus pairing is sure to end at the altar . . . Steve Rowland, the new young actor, sent Margaret O'Brien a dozen orchids when she did a stage stint in Chicago.

Terry Moore, who has been dating Nicky Hilton, Liz Taylor's ex, has this to say about him: "Lots of people don't understand Nicky like I do." Where've I heard that before? (And of course you knew that Terry's ex, Glenn Davis, used to date Liz!)

Ginny Simms lent silverware to her ex, Boh Calhoun, for a party he tossed . . . Jennifer Jones and husband David Selznick arrive at dinner parties in separate cars. I just don't know why and they're just not saying.



"Keep that soft misty glamour

**RIGHT DOWN TO YOUR TOES,"**

**says Ava Gardner**



*Ava Gardner, star of  
M-G-M's Technicolor  
MOGAMBO,  
finds Bur-Mil Cameo  
stockings the greatest  
aid to leg flattery  
since nylon itself.*

Ava Gardner and dozens of other M-G-M stars know that shiny stockings pick up ugly highlights, make lovely legs look unshapely. That's why M-G-M stars wear Bur-Mil Cameo stockings on the screen and off. Cameo's exclusive Face Powder Finish glamourizes their legs with a permanently soft, misty dullness.

And Cameo adds more Leg-O-Genic glamour with Wonder Top nylons—the top stretches for new comfort, the stockings fit beautifully! Personally proportioned Bur-Mil Cameo nylons give up to 40% longer wear by actual test, too!

Cameo Wonder Top nylons . . . \$1.50  
Other Cameo nylons from \$1.15 to \$1.65

**BUR-MIL**  
**CAMEO**  
**STOCKINGS**  
WITH EXCLUSIVE  
*face powder finish*

ALSO MADE IN CANADA BY BURLINGTON MILLS HOSIERY COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD.

BUR-MIL, CAMEO, FACE POWDER FINISH AND LEG-O-GENIC ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BURLINGTON MILLS CORPORATION.



# movie reviews *by florence epstein*

## PICTURE OF THE MONTH



**THE ROBE** The long-awaited Technicolor version of Lloyd C. Douglas' famous novel is a movie milestone in which 20th Century-Fox has unveiled its new super-wide CinemaScope process for the first time. Heading the all-star cast is Richard Burton as Marcellus, the young Roman officer assigned to the Crucifixion. Having incurred the hatred of the Emperor's son Caligula (Jay Robinson), over the purchase of the Greek slave Demetrius (Victor Mature), Marcellus is sent to garrison duty in Jerusalem while Caligula takes the opportunity to make advances to Marcellus' fiancée (Jean Simmons). Marcellus and Demetrius arrive in the Holy City on Passover eve, witnessing the Messiah's entrance into Jerusalem. Demetrius is converted to the new religion, but Marcellus is contemptuous, gambles for Jesus' robe on Golgotha. When he puts it on he becomes violently conscious of his guilt and feels he has gone mad. Demetrius picks up the robe and escapes. Returning to Rome, Marcellus finds that the "bewitched" robe has become a symbol, is ordered to find and destroy it. But Marcellus himself is converted, and with the disciple Peter (Michael Rennie), witnesses the torture and death of Demetrius and his miraculous resurrection. CinemaScope, by the way, is neither 3-D nor just wide screen. It is a wide angle on a curved screen combined with three-dimensional sound for a new kind of realism. No goggles.



**THE CADDY** In case you've wondered how Martin and Lewis teamed up, *The Caddy* will tell you. You see, Jerry's father was a golf champ. Jerry could have been one, too, it crowds didn't panic him, and if every time he eyed the ball the ball didn't wink. Martin's father owned a fishing boat, but a glass of water could make Martin seasick. It was inevitable Martin would meet Lewis. Martin's sister (Barbara Bates) was engaged to him. Jerry persuaded Martin to enter golf tournaments. Lewis caddied and was always left holding the bag. Martin got invited to swank parties; Lewis got the gate—watchdogs pursued him, butlers snubbed him. But whenever Lewis fell on his face, or into a swimming pool, there was always a little fat man standing about three feet away, helpless with laughter. You ought to be in show business, he kept saying. And it was this little fat man who put them there, that is, according to *The Caddy*, whose cast includes Donna Reed, Fred Clark, Clinton Sundberg and Romo Vincent.—*Para.*



**GIVE A GIRL A BREAK** When a star turns prima donna and walks out on a Broadway musical, what are you going to do? "Give a girl a break," says Gower Champion, director and co-star of said musical. Next day the theatre's flooded with anxiety-ridden hopefuls, among whom are Debbie Reynolds, Marge Champion and Helen Wood. These three are great but they can't all fit into one costume. Gower is with Marge, Bob Fosse—general assistant and coffee runner—lapses into a coma over Debbie, and composer Kurt Kasznar turns calf-eyes toward ballerina Helen Wood. Colorful dances, based on daydreams of love and glory enter here. The Champions float against a backdrop out of the Modern Museum; Debbie and Bob break up a jungle of bright balloons and Kurt, uncomfortable in fuchsia tights, hurlesques a *pas de deux* with swan-like Helen Wood. Ira Gershwin wrote the lyrics to music by Burton Lane. And Stanley Donen directed.—*M-G-M.*

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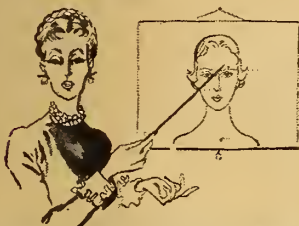
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# The deep secret of Dry Skin care

by Rosemary Hall  
BEAUTY AUTHORITY

There's no mystery about the problems of dry skin. The flakiness, the "grainy" look it gives make-up, and the little dry lines that hint of wrinkles are all too familiar to many of us. The puzzle is why more women don't learn how lovely dry skin can be.



Dry skin, with proper care, is apt to be far more delicate-looking, clearer of blackheads, enlarged pores and blemishes than any other type. And the finest care I can recommend is a single cream so effective that a five-minute application really gets results—Woodbury Dry Skin Cream.



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Eleanor Parker  
writes a  
"thank you"  
note



Eleanor Parker

Dear Helen—  
Thanks for saying I looked nice in my latest picture! And I'll report, since you ask, that I use Woodbury Cold Cream. It has an ingredient called Penaten (exclusively Woodbury's) which makes the cream penetrate deeply into pore openings and loosen every particle of hidden dirt. I find Woodbury cleanses and softens more thoroughly than any cream I ever used. (And now the dollar size is only 69¢!) Try it. You'll find Woodbury Cold Cream leaves your skin so fresh and soft. Thanks again. Eleanor





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**THE STAND AT APACHE RIVER** Most pictures starring Stephen McNally seem pretty good to me. *The Stand at Apache River* is a tense, exciting western. It concerns only the siege of an inn at a stage-coach stop by a band of Apaches. But what emerges amid the violence and terror are several effective if somewhat sketchy portraits. There's the Colonel, Hugh Marlowe. Killing Apaches amounts to a disease with him, giving you more than a glimmer of how corruption turns power into evil. Pitted against Marlowe is McNally, a sheriff. He also stands for power, which he tries to temper with reason. Even so, his reason often explodes into self-righteous wrath and he has the muscle to back it. Among the women, Julia Adams is more or less a sweet, brave thing, but Jaclynne Greene, the innkeeper's wife, is a bitter, frightened person who deteriorates rapidly under pressure. This isn't 3-D, for which you'll be thankful when the arrows start whizzing by. Technicolor—U.I.



**LITTLE FUGITIVE** As any psychologist will tell you, it isn't easy to be somebody's kid brother. Especially when you are about six years old and big shot and his friends think you're nothing but a pest. *Little Fugitive* started out as a study of a couple of siblings caught in Brooklyn, but what it turned into was a day at Coney Island. If you've never been to Coney, this will be instructive. Big shot (Ricky Brewster) sprinkles ketchup on his chest and falls down. His kid brother (Richie Andrusco—and that is a darling boy) has a gun in his hand, so he thinks he has committed murder. He runs away, via the subway, and has a ball at the amusement park with everybody accepting his dough and no questions asked. Big brother repents, finds him on the beach and takes him home again, not much the worse for wear. But it will come out on the analyst's couch some day, don't worry. Where was Mama? Out visiting a sick relative. Ray Ashley and Morris Engel produced *Little Fugitive*. What it lacks in professional polish is made up in eager intensity.



**THE ALL-AMERICAN** All-American Tony Curtis quits football the day his parents are killed en route to a game. His father had wanted him to be an architect, so he picks up a scholarship to an Ivy League school. He belongs in that place the way Marilyn Monroe belongs at Radcliffe. Richard Long, whose father (Donald Randolph) owns most of the school and possibly the entire United States, would like Tony to pack up his pinstripe suit and leave. He is not alone in this desire—until Tony clobbers into his cleats and knee-guards to heap glory on alma mater. Pretty soon you can't tell Richard Long from an alcoholic, he's that depressed about democracy in action. Anyway, Long passes out in a beer-joint under the guidance of his off-limits sweetheart, Mamie Van Doren. When Tony tries to save Richard from himself, Mamie opens a beer bottle on his head. The eve of the big game, too. Want to bet Tony plays in that game? Richard, too. Cast includes Lori Nelson, Gregg Palmer, Herman Hickman—U.I.





**DEVIL'S CANYON** Five hundred men and a girl (Virginia Mayo) are serving time together in the Yuma Territorial Prison, a prison that makes Sing Sing look like heaven. Virginia has it easy—she works in the hospital. But Stephen McNally, a brutal killer, Dale Robertson, who shot McNally's brothers in self-defense and 498 other prisoners, including Arthur Hunnicutt, aren't ecstatic. The warden (Robert Keith) is okay, but the chief guard (Jay C. Flippen) is slightly sadistic. He figures it's a good day when three or four prisoners expire on the rock pile. He doesn't like Dale. Neither does McNally, who throws a knife at him in the mess hall. Well, McNally and Mayo plan a break, and McNally is bent on turning all the inmates in the direction of Yuma, trusting they will lift the lid off that town. He, personally, will lift the lid off Dale Robertson. But you know what happens to the best laid plans. Naturally, this is in Technicolor and 3-D.—*RKO*.



**THE DIAMOND QUEEN** Fernando Lamas' old man (Richard Hale) shatters a diamond he's cutting for the crown of Louis XIV. Gilbert Roland throws senior to the guards, but takes junior to India. India is rife with diamonds. India also has a jungle, in the middle of which is a pool, in the middle of which is, of all people, Arlene Dahl. She's bathing. Arlene is Queen of the Nepalese who are currently dying of thirst. It hasn't rained out that way since the diamond eye of their goddess was stolen. To get it back, Arlene will marry Sheldon Leonard, the Great Mogul. He promised it to her for a wedding gift. Give me the diamond, says Fernando to Mogul, and I'll give you France's secret weapon, so you can conquer India. Sure, says the Mogul, much to Arlene's displeasure. That Mogul gets blown to kingdom come during an impromptu demonstration. But Arlene never liked him, anyway. Sujato and Asoka revive interest with their Indian dances. Technicolor.—*Warners*.



**THE MOONLIGHTER** A lynching mob breaks into jail to hang Fred MacMurray for "moonlighting" (rustling cattle after dark) but they nab some poor critter instead and MacMurray rides back to Barbara Stanwyck. Not that she wants him. You're bad, Wes, bad, she tells him. I don't want no part of you. I and your kid brother are going to be married. Kid brother is a hulking young fellow in his thirties (William Ching) who works in a bank and is dying to rob it. MacMurray and Ward Bond give him the opportunity. Danged if Stanwyck isn't sworn into the posse to track 'im down. Time she catches up to Mac he's pretty disgusted. He didn't want to be a "moonlighter." He *did* want to get even with the lynchers, which vengeance he effected by lassoing a few of them and dragging them over the rocks behind his horse. But somebody forced him into this sordid life. Somebody's initials are B.S. who urged him to get off the farm and make something of himself!—*Warners*.



*Out of your Dreams*

Somewhere softly,  
you hear an organ play.  
And in your dreams you happily  
glide down the aisle  
to the one you love.



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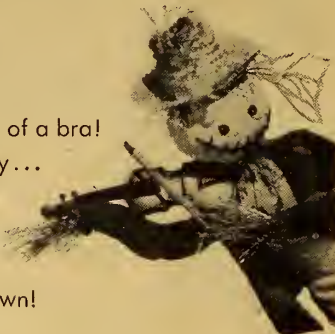
# *I dreamed I went square-dancing\* in my \*maidenform bra*

Circle round and watch me whirl  
—I'm promenading in my dream of a bra!  
I'm stepping lively, looking lovely...  
with Maidenform to call the tune  
this country style is city-slick.  
And don't you love the lift  
it gives an old fashioned hoe-down!

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for every type of figure.\*

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**THE GOLDEN BLADE** Picture Bagdad in Technicolor—the bazaars, the palaces, the rabble rousers in the square shouting their lungs out. Unrest, you see. The Princess Khairuzan (Piper Laurie) and her pop, the Caliph, (Edgar Barrier) are being plotted against by the chief minister (George Macready) and his sub-normal son (Gene Evans). Nobody counted on Rock Hudson to come galloping in, brandishing the Sword of Damascus, a golden blade which hacks through iron like nobody's business. The blade has magic powers, and it's always falling into the wrong hands at the most crucial moments. It finally gets plunged into a stone wall at the palace and the legend goes that he who would rule must unsheathe it. Plenty of blood is spilled meanwhile; there's an old fashioned joust and enough plots and counter-plots to make you dizzy—but not bored. *The Golden Blade* has a delightful Arabian Nights flavor.—U-I.



**INFERNO** Bob Ryan was just another millionaire until his wife (Rhonda Fleming) and a clean-cut chap named William Lundigan left him in a western desert to rot. It isn't really murder, is it? Rhonda asks Lundigan who has been studiously covering up their tracks and throwing evidence all over the Rocky Mountains to make it look like accidental suicide. It's murder, says Lundigan, the realist, but he overlooks one thing: Robert Ryan is not about to die, even though he's perched like an eagle in an aerie with nothing but a broken leg and a canteen of water to occupy his mind. When he realizes what his treacherous bride has in her mind he leaps—or limps—into action. Displaying all the ingenuity of a caveman with a 20th century brain, he gets the devil out of that wasteland. How he does it is what makes this picture. Watch out for the snake—it'll leap right into your popcorn.—20th Century-Fox.

## RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

**FROM HERE TO ETERNITY** (Col.): A brilliant portrait of Army lives and loves adapted from James Jones' best seller. Excellent performances by Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, Burt Lancaster, Deborah Kerr and Donna Reed.

**GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES** (20th-Fox): Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell in tights and Technicolor as Anita Loos' uninhibited gals with diamonds on their minds. Also involved: Charles Coburn, Tommy Noonan, Elliott Reed.

**LATIN LOVERS** (M-G-M): Lana Turner doesn't know what to do with all her money and can't decide whether to let millionaire John Lund or masterful Latin Ricardo Montalban help her out. Technicolor.

**THE BAND WAGON** (M-G-M): Fred Astaire and Cyd Charisse team for top-notch dancing in this above-average musical; delightful songs and a lot of Technicolored fun with Oscar Levant, Nanette Fabray and Jack Buchanan.

**ISLAND IN THE SKY** (Warners): John Wayne and a crew of Army pilots are downed in a Greenland snowstorm; Colonel Walter Abel makes a desperate attempt to locate the lost men before their supplies run out.

**EAST OF SUMATRA** (U-I): Jeff Chandler, Marilyn Maxwell, and Suzan Ball get involved in a South Sea tussle with native chieftain Anthony Quinn over a tin mine. When the engineers find their supplies cut off they decide to settle matters by duel with flaming torches and daggers. Technicolor.



# sweet and hot



by leonard feather

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

## RECORD OF THE MONTH

**PEGGY LEE**—*Black Coffee* LP \*\* (Decca).

Superb singing by Peggy in her mellowest mood, with the simplest and most effective accompaniment she's ever had—just Pete Candoli (alias "Cootie Chesterfield") on trumpet, plus piano, bass and drums. In addition to the title song, *Easy Living* and *A Woman Alone With The Blues* are highlights.

## FROM THE MOVIES

**AFFAIR WITH A STRANGER**—title song by Vicki Young (Capitol).

**AFFAIRS OF DOBIE GILLIS**—*You Can't Do Wrong Doin' Right* by Barbara Ruick (MGM).

**ANNA**—title song by Perez Prado\* (Victor). *If You Said Goodbye* by Bob Santa Maria (MGM).

Prado has the last word on this popular musical subject with his unusual Latin treatment. Other side is an original Prado composition dedicated to the star of the film and called, aptly enough, *Silvana Mangano*.

**DANGEROUS WHEN WET**—*Ain't Nature Grand* by Blue Barron\* (MGM).

**FROM HERE TO ETERNITY**—title song by Frank Sinatra\* (Capitol).

**THE GIRL NEXT DOOR**—*Nowhere Guy* by Ella Fitzgerald\*\* (Decca); Beryl Davis (MGM); Bernice Parks (Mercury). *If I Love You A Mountain* by Jane Froman\* (Capitol); Johnny Prophet (Coral). *You* by Beryl Davis (MGM); Johnny Prophet (Coral).

**LIMELIGHT**—*Eternally* by Vic Damone (Mercury).

**MOON IS BLUE**—title song by Doris Drew (Mercury).

**THE PRESIDENT'S LADY**—title theme by Jackie Gleason (Capitol); Leroy Holmes\* (MGM).

**RETURN TO PARADISE**—title song by Lita Roza (London).

**SCARED STIFF**—*When Someone Wonderful Thinks You're Wonderful* by Peggy Mann\* (Coral).

**SHANE**—*Call Of The Far Away Hills* by Victor Young\* (Decca); Ken Curtis (MGM); Paul Weston (Columbia). *Dolores Grey* (Decca). *Eyes Of Blue* by Richard Hayman\* (Mercury).

**SO THIS IS LOVE**—title song by Leroy Holmes (MGM).

**SOMBRERO**—*Ufemia* by Ken Remo (MGM).

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They were married twice—  
to each other,  
and now they've come to  
their second separation.  
After seven years of trying,

# "It just didn't work"

BY ALICE FINLETTER

■ A tall young actor was sitting in his room in the Hotel Sherry-Netherland looking down on New York's Central Park.

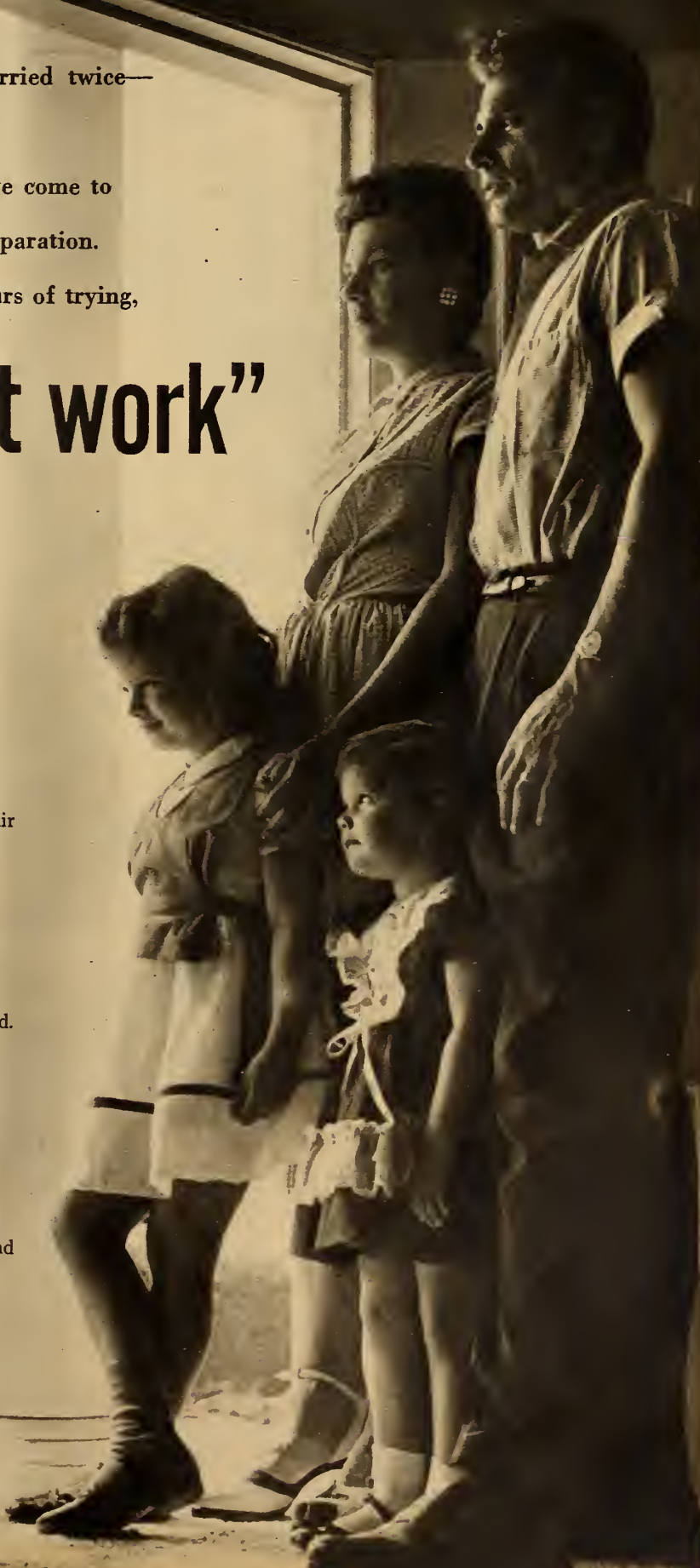
His name was Jeff Chandler, and he had come to the big city to do promotion work for a film, *The Great Sioux Uprising*, in which he was playing the lead.

This thirty-four-year-old giant with the deep bass voice and the prematurely grey hair should have been happy. After all, this was his home town. This was the return of the native, a classic example of the local boy who had made good to the tune of almost \$3,000 a week.

Only Jeff wasn't happy. He had just finished speaking to his wife in Hollywood, and Marge hadn't changed her mind. She wanted a divorce. No hurry about it, but after seven years of trying, they both knew it was hopeless. Divorce was the answer.

Jeff got up and paced his room, and as he did, a soul-searing realization overwhelmed him—the more successful his career, the less successful his marriage.

In seven years he had worked his way up from nothing to full-fledged stardom, and in those same seven years his marriage had deteriorated (*Continued on page 81*)









A MODERN SCREEN EXCLUSIVE, AS IT WAS TOLD TO HOLLYWOOD'S GREATEST REPORTER.

# THE SHOCKING FAILURE OF SUSAN HAYWARD'S MARRIAGE

by Louella Parsons

■ She had been in hiding for the few days after the story of their startlingly sudden separation broke. When she came in, I noticed she was trying to keep one side of her face away from me.

"Susie, darling, don't do that," I said, "I already know about that black eye Jess gave you. Don't you know, by now, that you don't have to keep anything from me? I'm your *friend*."

Suddenly, she was in my arms, not crying or sobbing, but holding me tight, just as she used to do when she was one of my little starlets on our stage road tour and someone had hurt her feelings.

No, she was not crying as I patted her shoulder, because she was past that stage. The tears had dried up long before this, or else they were dropping back inside instead of spilling down her face.

That poor eye. So discolored and swollen. The whole side of her face was puffed, distorting one of the loveliest faces in the world.

It was as though an artist with a misplaced sense of drama had made one side of a woman's face perfect and the other bruised and discolored.

The girl I have known and been fond of for so many years sat down and started talking almost in the middle of her story, as though the deep hurt were crowding to come out.

"We had been quarreling, and I saw he was going to slap me. He had slapped me many times, but this time I could tell it was going to be worse.

"His face was so distorted with rage I knew he had lost control of himself. I knew I was in great physical danger.

"I was brought up in a tough section of Brooklyn and I've seen men get drunk on their pay nights and beat up their wives, but it was nothing like this.

"He went after my face and I kept running from him, first all over the house and then down by the swimming pool where he caught me."

In a voice so low I had to lean close to hear her, she told me how he beat her unmercifully, blacking both eyes and bruising her body. Susan's screams brought the police to the house. Neighbors had telephoned them. (Continued on page 87)



# "Hi, honey— so long, dear"

By Kirtley Baskette



The Hestons have had only one joint vacation in ten years of marriage—and even then, they read scripts.





**They say goodnight on the telephone and they see each other on a movie screen  
—but the hectic Hestons are making their long-distance marriage work!**

One lonesome evening, a dainty, brunette doll called Lydia Clarke was happily watching her favorite actor, Charlton Heston, perform Shakespeare's *Macbeth* on a television program. Suddenly she screamed, clapped her hands over her hazel eyes and blanked out, mercifully.

Mrs. Heston had swooned at the sight of a grisly head—unmistakably her husband's—hacked off at the neck, dripping blood and lifted up by its familiar curls before her very eyes.

Luckily, Lydia came to in time to see the man she loved taking bows with a perfectly sound Adam's apple and telling his public he hoped that they had enjoyed the show. Obviously, one of these—his wife—had not. Lydia hadn't known about the flesh colored, rubber head, carefully molded to a perfect likeness of Chuck's features for that gory touch of realism. Her big, lovable, exasperating husband had neglected to tell her about that.

Fortunately, Lydia Heston's recovery from the shock was complete, although she wasn't quite herself for days. She had time to reflect that the long distance married life of two actors left a few things to be desired. At other times, Charlton Heston has had the same misgivings.

On a recent night, for instance—this time when Chuck was in Hollywood and Lydia in New York—he put in a midnight phone call and soon heard the familiar feminine tones of his wife saying, "Hello . . . hello." But at the same time he heard an unfamiliar baritone saying the same thing. Chuck clicked the operator impatiently. "Something's wrong," he complained, "Try it again." She did; same result. Back came the wifely greeting—and the same disturbing man's voice too. Well—you know how husbands are.

"Look," barked Chuck, "I may be old fashioned—but just what the hell is a man doing in your apartment at three o'clock in the morning?"

There was, Lydia came back sharply, no man in her apartment, but obviously some obnoxious male character on her party line. "Get off!" yelled Chuck to the unknown kibitzer and was invited in colorful language to get off, himself. So all that came of that tender long distance contact was a three-cornered hassle, rising blood pressure and some sleeplessness for the Hestons.

Both Charlton and (Continued on page 83)



Chuck feels he has a lot to learn about acting, does TV and theatre work besides movies. Major ambition: to be world's greatest Macbeth.



Both Hestons like outdoor living; hope to settle down in a rustic hunting lodge on their 1300 acres in Michigan's wild north woods.



Evenings together are rare. The Hestons spend many domestic hours in railroad stations, wave anniversary greetings from separate planes.



# PERFECT BALANCE

No two people have ever been so together around the clock—

by Jack Wade





how ever can they stay so in love?



■ To the sleepy gas station attendant, the slim figure rapping at his glass door looked like some little girl lost. It was plenty past midnight in Hollywood and he'd seen her scurry across Sunset Boulevard from the darkened front of Schwab's Drug Store. Her round, brown eyes under the blonde, bun-tucked hair looked anxiously troubled, and he thought, "Some dame who got ditched by her date after a hassle."

So when she said, "May I use your telephone?" he just grunted, "Help yourself," and went back to the race track results. But he looked up again when she told the operator, "New York, please," and started feeding half-dollars into the slot as if it were a Las Vegas one-arm bandit.

You couldn't blame him for eavesdropping a bit after that but he didn't hear much. Just this girl telling some Joe across the country, that she loved him and couldn't sleep until she heard (Continued on page 60)



The impromptu "badminton ballet" shown in these exclusive photographs was created for MODERN SCREEN's photographers—who innocently asked for a few pictures of Marge and Gawer Champion at home, "just behaving normally!"





Dress her in jeans, hide her in timber. When Marilyn takes to th



Marilyn has traded Hollywood for the north woods—but just till her new picture is finished. Now she's sitting on fences instead of cushions, wearing blue jeans, and falling into rivers!

by Richard Moore

■ Wrapped in blue jeans instead of marabou, Marilyn Monroe was camping in Jasper National Park with the rest of those who were working on *River Of The Sun*. No matter how Marilyn is costumed, she doesn't look as though she belonged in the north woods. As a matter of fact, although she'd surely look more natural in southern California, she doesn't seem to notice where she is, just now.

For Marilyn Monroe is the most married girl you've ever seen!

For months, everybody has been reading about Marilyn's romance with Joe DiMaggio. Would she marry him? Wouldn't she?

Here's the answer to that. This is a girl in a dream. True, she's wrapped up in her career. So wrapped up that when a visitor arrived on the location scene, he found her pacing back and forth between takes muttering lines. She looked up, caught his eye, said, "When did you get back?" and kept right on pacing and rehearsing.

Later she sat down with him to talk it over. "There may be a surprise for you on the train tonight," he told her, repeating the rumor he had heard (Continued on page 80)

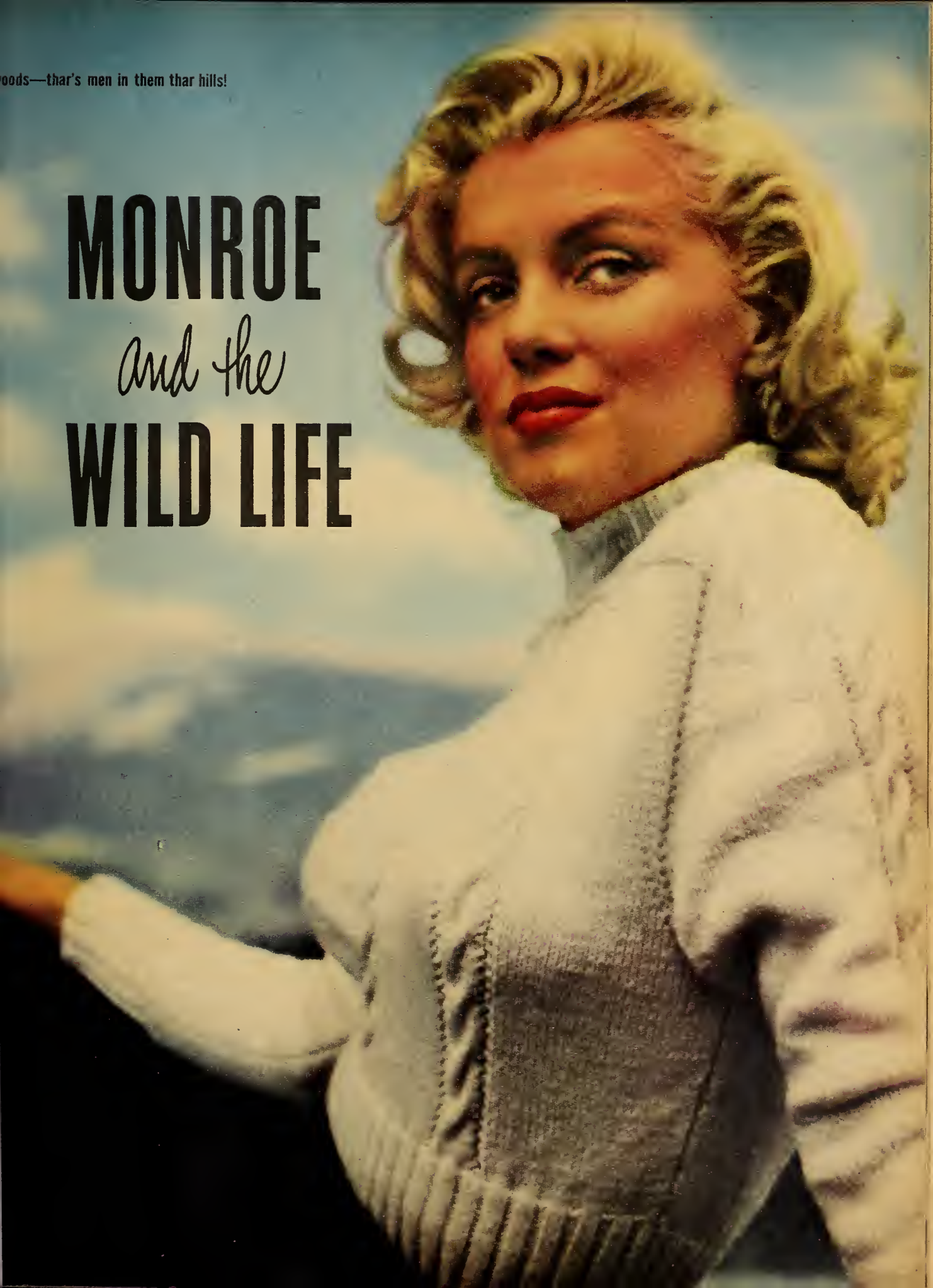


oods—thar's men in them thar hills!

# MONROE

*and the*

# WILD LIFE





At twenty-six, Ava's carefree  
air hid two tragic marriages and  
a mixed-up heart. But  
see what four years with  
Frankie have done!

BY WILLIAM BARBOUR

# love begins at 30



■ During Ava Gardner's playgirl period, before she had become the second Mrs. Frank Sinatra, she frolicked in a Hollywood night club with that perennial escort of beautiful women, Peter Lawford.

Ava danced with verve and abandon and grace. She sang as she danced, and occasionally her lips would break into a wide smile as Lawford whispered sweet nothings. Back at her table, she imbibed freely, chain-smoked, greeted friends with warmth and delight; in short, she appeared to be a classic Hollywood Sybarite.

One man, a wise old MGM executive sitting in a corner booth with his wife, wasn't fooled. "You see Ava Gardner?" he asked. The wife nodded.

"There," said the old man, "sits the most mixed-up girl in Hollywood. This one," he went on, "doesn't know whether she feels sad or glad."

"A very beautiful girl," the wife of the MGM executive said. "In fact, the most beautiful girl here."

The studio executive nodded slowly. "Unfortunately," he said, "it's all exterior beauty. All on the face. Inside," he tapped his chest lightly, "the poor kid is bedeviled. A million little devils scurrying inside her soul. I don't think she'll get rid of them until she is thirty. Maybe not even then. Time will tell."

A few weeks ago, he was reminded of his appraisal of Miss Gardner and assured that she is thirty years old now. Does he think she is emotionally unscrambled?

The executive smiled wryly. "To begin with, Ava is now Mrs. Frank Sinatra."

Does that make so much difference?

The executive paused (*Continued on page 88*)







A MODERN SCREEN PHOTOGRAPHER CATCHES UP

# Homesick but happy





■ In my pursuit of the Alan Ladds, I checked in at the lush and famous Banff Springs Hotel. Getting lost is a hazard in this tremendous castle-like structure which can accommodate 1200 people. Although it was dwarfed by the huge peaks of year-round-snow-capped Mount Rundel, this place is busier than Times Square on a Friday before a long weekend. Eventually, with the aid of a college student—one of a couple of hundred employed during the tourist season—I made the mile-long trek to my room. There, on the door, was a sign that read:

"Bert: We're waiting for you. Please get in touch."

When I went downstairs, I found the Alan Ladds in a beautiful oak-paneled room, having dinner with the hotel manager and his friends. Sue threw her arms around me and exclaimed, "Golly, it's good to see someone from home." Alan, right behind her, stretched out one sun-tanned paw and gave me a grip of the sort that will break three fingers unless you're braced for it.

(Continued on page 74)



Alan is an enthusiastic golfer; usually averages a near-professional score. Loyal to the links of home, he claims that the Canadian scenery ruins his game!



Ladd believes that being an actor's child may be a handicap; gives kids minimum of pampering, maximum of love.



Alan calls his newest dachshund, Red Beret, "that dope!" The dog practices retrieving on the golf course; once brought Alan an irate young lady's best drive!



David, Alana, and one of the ever-present canine crew pose with Mom and Dad before Banff Springs Hotel.



The experts on Lana's love life have  
been wrong every time. This time no one—  
not even Lana—is predicting a thing!

BY CONSUELO ANDERSON



# anything can happen

■ When Lana Turner is in love, anything can happen. And it just did.

After months of rumors and counter-rumors Lana married Lex Barker at City Hall in Turin, Italy. The wedding came as a surprise in Italy, since the American Consulate had not been informed of the date in advance, as is customary overseas.

At home the wedding was a different kind of surprise. There had been no question of Lex's intentions. The superlatives Barker had used to express his admiration and affection for the 33-year-old actress are endless. Certainly a proposal from the one-time Tarzan was expected to be forthcoming the moment his divorce from Arlene Dahl was final. But nobody knew what Lana's answer would be. Nothing she does seems inevitable. In fact, she didn't know, herself, what she would do. At least, so she said. Here is a portion of a conversation she had only a few weeks ago with a (Continued on page 72)











The 50 x 40, two-story living room typifies the grand scale of the Lanza home; doubles as auditorium for Mario's impromptu concerts.

# LANZA LIVES BIG

by Marwa Peterson

■ Among the rumors you might have read about Mario Lanza, are the rumors about his home—stories that his handsome Bel Air house is equipped with gun turrets, secret trapdoors, a tremendous wine cellar, and a great, big gymnasium. All of this is interesting, if not true.

Mr. Lanza does enjoy large-scale living. But he expresses this in outsize livingroom and bedroom furniture—not in arsenals and playing fields.

The Lanza's house is a tremendous, rambling, Mediterranean-style mansion that occupies a knoll overlooking Bel Air, the swankiest residential district in Los Angeles. It is a two-story job, well concealed by lush foliage. Years ago it cost \$250,000 to build.

"Few people can afford to build homes like this any more," Mario says. "The walls are at least two feet thick. We have a private patio paved with beautiful Spanish tiles. We have our own fountains, our own statuary. Really, it's out of this world."

With a housewifely shake of her (*Continued on page 48*)





Betty holds Domon, 8 mos, the latest Lonzo, while Mario beams proudly over his two girls, Colleen, 5, and Elliso, 3.

The Lanzas live in a *casa* in Bel Air—and all of their fourteen rooms overflow with children, guests and singing—and just plain happiness!

HOUSE OF THE MONTH



Muted rose sofas and gold lampshades accent the quiet, cream-colored fireplace and pale green rug; the gold motif is continued in the Chinese scroll design of the mantelpiece.



Mario's favorite combination of green and rose reappear in deeper tones in the farmol dining room. Another Lonzo favorite: the wrought iron chairs and window design.



The paneled library holds Mario's oldest, most prized possessions. Located in a remote corner of the house, it is his private haven. Only Betty is allowed in to dust and straighten up a bit.



The Spanish patio is a completely walled outdoor room, displaying a magnificent tile floor and a barbecue featuring the same tile design and supplementary gas burners.





## LANZA LIVES BIG

continued

An office is a necessity for Betty, who must supervise four servants, three highly active children, and a fourteen-room home. Her oversize desk stands at one end of the sun-porch. Note early-model Victrola: Mario's first, it has been treasured for twenty years.



The master suite, in a separate wing of the house, boasts a private stairway, two balconies, and on \$1800 bed—huge, even for Hollywood, but just big enough for the Lanzas' early-morning romps with the kids.



Mario believes childhood is the time for fun, provides kids with plenty of toys. The big pink nursery adjoining the youngsters' sleeping quarters is their first try at a joint playroom for the children.

head, Betty Lanza admits that her house is beautiful. "Only," she adds, "the architect did some pretty funny and impractical things. Maybe he didn't worry about mundane matters, but he forgot to provide sufficient space for hanging clothes. This house is built on a hillside, you know, and the only level spot we could find to hang our clotheslines is under the master bedroom. Also our dressing room closet—it's only large enough for Mario's wardrobe, so I've had to use the linen closet for my things. I took out the shelves and put in some portable racks. On the whole, however, the good features of the place certainly outweigh the bad ones."

The Lanzas have had five homes since they first arrived in California, and this is the only one in which Mario has ever had a music studio where he could work without interruption. He rehearses at least two hours every day, usually from one in the afternoon to three. Many days, however, he will sing for five or six hours, then knock off, play some recordings, or watch tv. The Lanzas have three television sets in the house.

The most striking room in their house is the living room which is really a miniature concert hall. It is fifty feet long, forty feet wide, and thirty feet high. There is a dais at the far end. When the Lanzas entertain and Mario is asked to sing, he mounts this dais and gives out. Singing, of course, is the great passion of his life, and once he is sure the audience is with him, he'll go through his amazing repertoire even if the party lasts until four in the morning.

At a recent Lanza shindig, Della Russell, Andy's wife, asked Mario to sing "Song Of India." By the time the tenor had finished it, Della was crying unashamedly. Mario repeated the song four times before his father insisted upon his doing an old Neapolitan tune.

When the Lanzas first moved into their new home last fall, there was (Continued on page 70)



"Most of us are problems to ourselves.

I have had to be honest and admit it.

But I'm working on it. That's the most

—and the least—a man can do."

# to all as to myself

by Dan Dailey

■ It is not to my credit, religiously, (at least it isn't a clear credit) that I served as an altar boy at St. Christopher's in Baldwin, Long Island. Unfortunately, the part of my position I liked the most was the opportunity to appear before an audience. I was more the actor than the acolyte.

When sometimes, as during Holy Week, I was permitted to read to the congregation from the Gospel, I was really in my glory. And I did a good job. Just the same, it ought to be pretty evident that my piety was not all it should have been. It still isn't. But if there are hurdles I still must take, some thinking about myself I still must do to straighten out my views, I am a man of faith, if not in steady church attendance, at least in my overall view. There is a bond. I seek to be deserving of a stronger one.

As I see it, getting to be the person you should be, religiously, takes in more than just your relationship to your church. What you are to your family, to your neighbors, and to your fellow worker must match. I might add that what you are to yourself must be examined sometimes, and straightened out, if you want to do an honest job. This isn't always easy. I've had my troubles.

You can put yourself into the hands of the experts on this sort of thing, the psychiatrists and psychoanalysts, but even they will tell you that ultimately the cure rests with you; it rests on your ability to adjust to a world that is rarely as you would have it.

I remember talking to the administrative head of the Menninger Clinic in Topeka, Kansas. He was posting me on my relationship to the institution (*Continued on page 78*)







On Debbie's schedule, friends come first. She keeps her busy young life in order by scribbling notes to herself on an official Girl Scout Calendar.

# Is it Bad To be Good?





Debbie's friends let her "go Hollywood" to the extent of owning a pool, but promptly and firmly deflate her when they think she is putting on airs.



Murray Miller and Buddy Scandland give Debbie a hand. She finds asking for help breaks the ice when people are overawed by her stardom.



The kids around Debbie's pool are usually friends from Burbank, rather than members of the movie colony.

She's got  
a big thing on  
baseball, and  
she drinks her  
root beer straight.  
How natural  
can Debbie get?

BY JIM NEWTON

■ A few months ago, the spectators at an industrial league baseball game in California's San Fernando Valley saw that one of the pitchers was blowing up. And they knew why. Seated among the crowd in the crude, wooden stand behind home plate was a young girl who was riding him expertly. "What's the matter?" she would call. "Just because you're cute can't you put the ball over?"

Ever since she had arrived, in jeans and light pullover, people had turned to each other and speculated about her identity. In her attire and manner she was like any of a dozen other girls present, yet everyone agreed that her face was familiar—they had seen her somewhere before. The girl resembled the third baseman on one of the teams, and it was apparent that she was rooting for his side. Several innings passed before everybody found out who she was. Word got around after some old men, retired gaffers who came daily to smoke their pipes and watch the games, were heard speaking to her. "Been watchin' ya, Debbie, while you were away," they said. "Been seein' how you been doin' in the movies."

Debbie Reynolds, after a round of personal appearances through South America and a season of playing summer theatre in the middlewest and southwest, was back home in Burbank and again fitting happily into the ways of the community she loved.

"Oh, you robber!" she screamed at the umpire, as he called a questionable strike on her brother Bill, who was playing for the Burbank Blues against the Blanchard Lumber Nine.

"That's the old Debbie," murmured one of the oldsters approvingly. "That's tellin' him. You hain't forgot your baseball."

Debbie "hain't forgot" more than her baseball. She "hain't forgot" her old friends, her Girl Scout activities, the taste of a double root beer float at Bob's Drive-In around the corner from her home, her mother's sewing room where she always got in her mother's way—and still does—and a thousand and one other warm elements of her girlhood. Riding high in glamourland, where the pitfalls, both social and professional, are as deep as the heights are dizzy, she is so heart-tied to the old and beloved associations of her youth that new ones—the kind that so often trip up a young star—have no undue attraction for her.

As one of her old school friends puts it: "Debbie hasn't pulled a 'boo-boo' yet and she isn't going to. Hollywood isn't going to get her because Burbank's got her!" (Continued on page 62)



Paul Lillard wrote Debbie from Korea; she gave his name to Korean-bound Dan Sites. Now, squired by both, she claims they ignore her!







# AUDREY HEPBURN

*She is the most exciting new star of 1953—and here is her own story, told in her own words to JANE WILKIE*

■ Everything Hollywood has ever accomplished, all the actors it has ever discovered, all the pictures it has produced, have been 'sensational', 'terrific' and 'colossal'. The words have been used so often that by now nobody listens to them.

So when Hollywood got its first look at Audrey Hepburn on the screen, in *Roman Holiday*, the press was left without suitable adjectives. It was necessary, and accurate, to describe this new, young actress in the most complimentary terms, but somehow the correct words sounded empty. She is truly great, but the critics who saw the press preview agreed it was going to be difficult to convince the public that Miss Hepburn is that magnificent.

After the showing was over, the editors present immediately began to plan Audrey Hepburn stories, certain that the minute *Roman Holiday* was released to the public, there would be a surge of curiosity about her. The next morning, Paramount's publicity department was swamped with questions. Where did Audrey Hepburn come from? What was she like? Was she under contract? What did she eat for breakfast? Was she married?

They didn't know a great deal. She had been born near Brussels and educated in England. She had studied ballet, and she had played the title role in the Broadway production of *Gigi*. Her performance drew rave reviews. The show had toured the United States, and William Wyler had contracted her for *Roman Holiday*, to be made in Rome. Before Miss Hepburn was whisked away to eastern cities and eventually to Italy, Paramount publicists managed to learn enough about her to write a brief biography. Unfortunately, Miss Hepburn was not available for interviews. She was in England and would not return to Hollywood until September, when she would star in *Sabrina Fair*.

This was a disappointment to everyone, MODERN SCREEN included. *Roman Holiday* would be released in September, and everybody would want to know all about Audrey Hepburn, at once.

MODERN SCREEN had an idea, though. "It must be done, and there's a way to do it. Tape an interview and send it to her in England, and with Paramount's cooperation, she will tape record her answers and send them back."

So over at Paramount studio, a very uneasy reporter was hooked up to a frightening machine that looked like the instrument panel of a Stratocruiser. Then they stuck a microphone in her hand and said, "Go ahead." (Continued on page 90)



# It's been a good life

Ty Power has been  
many things—soldier,  
playboy, wanderer—  
in his search for  
inner peace. Now he  
is finding what  
was there all the time.

BY JOHN MAYNARD

When a film star decides to buck the stage, somebody always wants to know why in thunderation he does it and the star replies that it is a challenge. It is an innocent colloquy, predicated on the knowledge of both that the star is at least temporarily washed up in pictures and is needful of maintaining his wardrobe, his alimony, and his three meals a day.

In the case of Tyrone Power, there occurred a mildly interesting switch. Power, who is not washed up in any sense, still did not bother to reach for the "challenge" handle. He said "security."

"Work," he said, sweating frankly in 106 degrees of Lone Pine, California, heat, "is the actor's only provision for security. It's his back door, the old escape hatch. That goes for the rich ones, too, and how many of *them* do you know? I know some. Got enough money in the bank to last them till they die. Last 'em real fancy, too. But *they* haven't got security. They're stagnant. You know who I mean? Wealthy, idle, miserable in the knowledge of their own limitations, actually very unhappy people. I don't care how well-upholstered a vacuum is, it's a vacuum. Nature hates its guts, as somebody has said before me. And better. You go forward, you go backward, or you die. And if you're going backward, you might as well send the mortician a memo anyway. Just so he can begin scratching around, getting things ready. But the squirrel cage is worst of all." (Continued on page 67)









A tragic sidelight on hollywood glamour

# RITA'S





# FORGOTTEN CHILD



This 1951 news shot shows Yasmin and her nurse; Rebecca typically in the background. Rebecca is rarely photographed these days.

■ A bored little girl shuffled through the steps of the *Seguidilla* and brought her castanets to a languid stop.

"Rebecca Welles! Please do it right, just once, for me, then you may go."

Eduardo Cansino's pretty, hard-working, second wife, Pat, was again entreating Rita Hayworth's older daughter to work with the rest of the children in the Saturday dancing class. Rebecca thrust out a defiant chin and went through the steps again, mechanically.

Her hair was carelessly combed and

her brown and white checked gingham dress was not particularly becoming. There was no spark of interest or pleasure in her brown eyes.

Across the room, with Rita's housekeeper and two nurses, Rebecca's step-sister, the Princess Yasmin, sat quietly watching the class.

Yasmin, an exquisite little creature, was dressed just as a baby Princess should be dressed. She wore a handmade, pink, French organdy dress. Her softly curled hair shone from careful brushing and her

pink hair ribbon was placed just right.

None of the dancing class mothers or nursemaids seemed to pay attention to the tragic difference between these two daughters of Rita Hayworth. The doting mamas on the sidelines watched their own darlings. Many of them, and a large portion of the American public, have forgotten, perhaps, that Rita Hayworth has an older child named Rebecca.

Suddenly, Rebecca's face brightened. Grandpa (Rita Hayworth's father) had come into the (Continued on page 92)





The nation's newest heartthrob is casual about his success; sprawls happily (and untidily) all over the Sutton Place apartment he took over from Eddie Cantor.

## the kid from Philly

Eddie sings about love

but his only love is singing.

Here is the story of America's  
new dreamboat—

and the girl he didn't marry!

BY JOAN KING FLYNN

■ Studio 6 B at WNBT-TV was humming.

Outside the door, an usher had a list of those who were to be permitted inside during the rehearsal. It was a long list. In the tv theatre the audience seats were occupied by an assortment of producers, writers, kibitzers, tv technicians, press agents, song-pluggers, fans and friends. They were all there to see Eddie Fisher or to attend to business connected with some offshoot of his career.

The person who seemed least affected by the activity and excitement was Eddie Fisher himself, the star of *Coke Time*.

Because of his vivid coloring, his black curly hair, deep brown eyes and tanned skin, the tall tv star is better (*Continued on page 64*)





Former GI Fisher loves sleeping late,



and well made, sporty clothes.



Life-long pal, Bernie Rich,



drops in for lunch and sociable chat.



Eddie's friend and valet, Willie;



cook, Gypsy, pick up after him,



and advise him as to what to wear.



He goes to TV rehearsal where



he kids guest star Martha Wright



and stops for friendly chat with fans.



Day's end with book on idol, Bing.



and everyone's music but his own.



## perfect balance

(Continued from page 37) his voice. He didn't know that for this soothing assurance, Marge Champion had rolled down from the top of the mountain and her lonely house, which didn't have a telephone then, to haunt Schwabs' booths for three hours until they swept her out, trying to talk a Manhattan hotel into violating "Do Not Disturb" instructions. He didn't know how important it was to her just to hear a tall, boyish-looking and undeniably drowsy fellow say the words she had to hear. But then, of course, he didn't know Marge and Gower Champion.

Since Gower had gone to New York, everything had gone wrong. First, the plumbing at their house had burst in the middle of the night. In the studio, three feet of water had poured onto the expensive cork dance floor they'd laboriously sanded to just the right slipper touch. It took Marge, two patrol cops and assorted friends until dawn, bailing and swabbing in hip boots, to save the place. Then a windstorm had whipped up, sending the spare shutters Gow had stacked whistling around the place like boomerangs. After that, a tipsy milkman whirled into the drive and knocked over part of a brick wall and three prize camellias. Two cherished cats had vanished and, just to wrap things up dandy, a cop had ticketed Marge that morning for crossing a white line!

Of course, Marge hadn't let "the Boss" in on the bad news that night—he had the choreography of a Broadway show on his mind. But just saying hello made things better. And he would soon be home. She gunned her roadster back up the hill and flopped into bed.

Luckily, the absent lover blues have seldom seized Marge Champion in her half dozen years of marriage. Marge and Gower have been as inseparable as shadows—walking, eating, working, playing, sleeping.

A few days before last October 5, the graceful, crewcut stringbean Marge Champion loves pulled the gold engagement ring off his dainty wife's finger and took it down to Tobias, the Beverly Hills jeweler. This year the diamond he added to the glittering arc of five is the brightest of all to Marge and Gower—and with good reason.

When he bought that ring, Gower Champion had to scrape the pockets of his lone tuxedo to do it. The Champs were a struggling dance team then, chronically in hock for Marge's gowns, fighting to pay the rent on a basement apartment. They had prospects, it's true, but few dance dates.

Now things are different. As anyone knows, the Champions are the most popular, highest-paid dance duo in America. Since they dazzled Hollywood four years ago with their fairyfooted, romantic grace, they've been the highspots of such picture hits as *Mr. Music*, *Showboat*, *Lovely To Look At*, *Everything I Have Is Yours* and *Give A Girl A Break*. They've also been, and still are, record smashers at the best hotels and nightclubs all over the land and on tv, too. Last year they collected \$130,000 and many awards for this and that. They've got what both have always wanted—a big time career.

The grey house with the black shutters tucked into a Hollywood hillside is also what they've both always dreamed about. And the two barrels of knickknacks, the Lautrec poster and the unpaid-for piano with which they started housekeeping are surrounded by rich (and paid for) antique and modern furnishings, good prints and sketches, shelves of books,

racks of records—all the things that make a house the kind of home both Champions love. They've got relatives all around them, friends galore, five spoiled cats, and two white cars in their garage. But most of all, they've got each other, and a marriage that grows richer and firmer every hour. And that, considering Marge and Gower Champion's Siamese twin setup, is the most amazing accomplishment of all.

Now, ideally the ancient rites of marriage should result in a perfect blending. But in practice, many brides and grooms who have shaken the rice out of their hair will attest that it is nothing of the sort, although it is true that sometimes they get to looking like each other even by the tin anniversary. They talk alike. A sort of mental telepathy develops so that they think the same things at the same time. That's evident in the Champions' dancing which, as one critic marveled, "seems as if they had radar in every muscle." For example, Marge tripped, making an entrance, and fell on her face. Behind her, Gow immediately made the same stumble and flopped the same way.

When they played the Statler hotel in Cleveland, Marge got woozy with a fever. The doctor came and gave her sulfa. Next day she was all over red spots. "Measles," he said. So they slapped her into the contagion ward of the City Hospital with barely time to tell Gow goodbye, and no way of communicating with him—no phone, not even notes that might carry germs. A City doctor took over, and for a couple of days Marge might as well have been in jail.

The place was swarming with speckled kids. One of them peeped at her and blurted, "You don't have measles—you don't have measles eyes." Marge began to wonder. That noon, her original doctor came in. "I'm not supposed to be here," he said, "but your husband keeps insisting you don't have measles. To keep him quiet, I came over." Well, she didn't have measles. Just flu and a sulfa reaction. But how did Gow ever know that, with Marge incommunicado?

That phenomenon is sometimes weird, but it's also fairly common with any Mr. and Mrs. What's remarkable in the Champions' case is that the side-by-side, round-the-clock, foot-away life they lead, constantly under the nervous tension of creating, pressed by deadlines, exhausted by physical exertion, remains a lovebird affair. As a good pal of theirs, a star whose home broke under similar Hollywood strains marvels, "By now, those kids should be sick of each other, but they get sick without each other. The way they live they should be throwing rocks. Instead, they throw kisses. How do they do it?"

MARGE and Gower Champion are very different. The Midget has a personality as open and airy as a barn door. Gower keeps his corked up like a bottle of champagne; when he pops it, the boy can bubble in sparkling style, but usually he's standoffish, even shy. As a new acquaintance put it a little bitingly, "Somebody left the 'I' out of Gower's name." Another long-time friend, warm, demonstrative Nanette Fabray, always used to greet Gow with a hug and a smack until Marge took her aside one day. "Nanny," she said, "if you don't mind, please don't swarm over Gower like that. It makes him miserable." Yet, Marge is inclined to do the same thing to her friends' husbands, or to practically anybody she's fond of.

Marge's piano smile is easily her best feature. Often you wouldn't know Gower had teeth. He's a worrier, she seldom creases a wrinkle. He's the grand sweep boy; Marge ties the ideas down. Gow writes and Marge edits. In most other ways you stack them up they're different.

Marge is a gourmet; food is just food to Gow. She has to watch stuffing; he has to be coaxed to eat. Marge will have a drink or two; her husband doesn't touch the stuff. He likes to get up early; she clings to the hay. In money matters he is extravagant and Marge makes like a Scotch housewife. Gow will shoot the roll on a canvas while Marge argues with a housepainter over how much thinner to use. And so it goes up and down the line—big things, little things—they're no double exposure. But this, some people think, is exactly what keeps their sandwich style married life from going stale.

"You see," explains the same Nanette Fabray, "Marge and Gow don't blend at all—they balance. What Marge lacks, Gower has; what he's missing, she makes up. They need each other every hour. It's as simple as that."

Another factor, as Miriam Nelson (Gene's estranged wife) points out rather wistfully, "is a little item called love." Stanley Roberts, a screen writer, once observed, "When Marge looks at Gower her eyes tell him he's the most important person who ever lived—and to her he is." Experts agree that even in their dancing Gow's "I-could-eat-you-alive" look is a big reason why both sexes, from sixteen to sixty, get mushy inside and stay breathless when they float out on a stage. A huddle of terpsichore critics, analyzing their success, explored every egg-headed angle of technique, training, art and what-all. Finally one blurted, "You can plant me in rows for a corn crop, maybe—but in my book, the extra factor that makes them great is this: You can tell they're so damned much in love!"

WHEN you look beyond moonlight and roses for the ties that bind the Champion marriage, they aren't hard to find.

One of the strongest, of course, is the mutual life's work. It throws Marge and Gower together in what could be explosive proximity. Like the husband and wife who run a chinchilla farm together, they both work every day toward the same goal. They worked toward it separately, as kids, before either looked sideways at the other.

To say that dancing is the mutual driving force of Mr. and Mrs. Champions' lives is an understatement. They never get away from it and never really want to. Of course, what Marge gets asked, ad infinitum, is, "Do you ever have any fun just going out dancing?" Her answer is always, "Of course. If we don't have to perform." Nowadays, what the Champs call "Arthur Murray dancing" is for them, curiously, a rare treat. Not long ago they decided, sentimentally, to step out to the Del Mar Club at the Beach. As teenagers, they had gone on dates there.

But after just one dreamy waltz, sure enough, the bandleader spotted them, stepped to the mike and—there went the romantic evening. They were on exhibit. That happens all the time. They're glad it does, of course, but admittedly it's one of the things that keeps them at home, or sends them scurrying back early. "At midnight," laughs Miriam Nelson, "Gower and Marge turn into pumpkins." But there's a bigger reason for that. Their home is another powerful binder for their marriage. Both Marge and Gower fervently appreciate it.

For one thing, neither of them ever really had a home until they had this one together. Gower was a divorce orphan from the age of three, brought up by his mother. Marge had the same story, only it was her father who brought her up. In both cases, the job, though done singly, was done well. Still, it wasn't what the rest of the kids had. Now, a couple of families have, in effect, joined up.



ALL this is more than either Marge or Gower Champion dared dream about when they first teamed up to dance. Their love story started when both were junior high adolescents, but between that groping time and their marriage they both collected some beautiful bruises going through separate mills.

While she was still in her teens, Marge had the shattering experience of a broken marriage. Gower racketed around, too, with disappointing attachments. Both tackled New York alone and when they met again they finally knew what they wanted—each other. They didn't launch their lives together with champagne, nor even beer. When they were married six months after their first dance engagement, they couldn't afford a honeymoon.

Marge still can't stand the taste of boiled eggs, because in those newlywed years she bubbled so many over a hot plate in their hotel rooms. There's a battered portable refrigerator in their studio today that helped keep them alive on the road when they couldn't afford to buy a meal where they danced.

But if Marge and Gower Champion were sometimes short of cash, they've never been short of love and courage. It took a helping of moxie, in the first place, for Marge to ditch the best chance she'd ever had at Broadway fame, when she passed up the lead in Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Allegro* to join Gower chasing their rainbow. Later, it took some more to leave the east, where they'd made a name, and take on Hollywood. That shrewd show business queen, Sophie Tucker, for instance, told them they were crazy to come to Mocambo in Hollywood. "You'll die on that small floor with that tough audience," she predicted. "But," she sighed, "you're both young and you'll bounce back."

As everyone knows, at Mocambo the Champs bounced not back but ahead—right into pictures. And on the first Hollywood hop they bought the house where they live. They couldn't afford that then, either; the price was as steep as the hillside it clung to. But they know it's been worth every penny they mortgaged themselves for—not only as the security anchor both Marge and Gower craved, but also as the escape valve for their high pressure two-career marriage.

Marge has a deep affection for flowers. She still keeps three pressed roses which Anna Pavlova gave her the first time they met. That was following a performance, during which the ballerina slipped to the floor in a rare fluff of her art. Afterwards, taken to her dressing room by her dad, Marge noticed roses scattered helter skelter in a corner. Although at that point Pavlova rated with her like Babe Ruth would rate with a boy, Marge, five, indignantly spoke her piece.

"You oughtn't to throw roses like that," she lectured. "They can't help it if you fell down!" The dancer laughed, promised never to mistreat flowers again, and gave her the three posies.

GOWER is not so romantic about flowers, but just as artistic outdoors as he is in. As in his dance numbers, he does the spade work, lays out the plots and manages a ballet effect, sometimes with the strangest things. Last spring they set out some deep blue delphinium. That called for a color contrast, Gower felt, so he backed it with a hedge of rhubarb. In front, he planted parsley. And on a bare slope that threatened to run mud with the rains, he dotted artichokes. It looks surprisingly good, and tastes good, too.

Once you penetrate the Champion jungle and step inside the house, there's evidence all around of Marge and Gower's relaxing outlets at home. Marge, by now, is a cook

## UNIQUE SUCCESS STORY

*Denise Darcel, the Cattle Boat War Bride*

■ Although the love has long since gone, French-born Denise Darcel arrived in this country as a French war bride, aboard a cattle boat. Later divorced, she began to concentrate on her singing career, and oddly enough her extreme beauty has been her greatest handicap. She first created a sensation in the picture, *Battleground*, in which she had the only feminine role in a costume that out-Russelled Jane Russell. From that point on, producers couldn't see her talents as an actress for her statuesque and startling physique. Slightly snubbed by those who failed to realize that she had both dramatic and comic ability, Denise took to the night club circuit. One evening she volunteered to substitute for Danny Thomas and went on with such competition as the Ritz Brothers and Jane Powell, and completely stole the show. She kept the promise she made to herself not to go back to Paris until she had made good. When she returns to this country this time, not on a cattle boat but on the *Ile de France*, she will begin work in the life story of Jane Avril, the magnificent character played briefly by Zsa Zsa Gabor in *Moulin Rouge*—a far cry from her first effort as the slave girl in Lex Barker's initial Tarzan picture.

That will still leave her with one unfulfilled ambition: she'd like to fall in love again, for keeps. In Hollywood she has yet to meet the man who will look not at her figure, but into her eyes, which, by the way, are about as disturbing as a pair of eyes can be.



supreme. As for Gower, he's eternally got some Rube Goldberg device underway. The latest is a dumb-waiter to their pool, four flights down the hill from the kitchen. He overlooked the small matter of motive power, so you have to haul it up and down by hand, but he thinks it's wonderful. Sensitive to noise, he's got all the phones artfully padded with some sort of fluff so, as Dick Pribor, their accompanist, says, "they don't ring—they purr."

The Champs have flocks of friends in all sets and circles and by now about everywhere you can name. In Hollywood, their house, which has Victorian ice cream parlor chairs in the kitchen, antique bird cages in the front room, modern paintings on the wall and functional pieces under Gay Nineties fixtures still blend in what they call "modern-baroque" for a colorful, cozy effect. As Lisa Kirk has noted, "Marge and Gower's house says, 'Come in' and after that, 'Be yourself'." And that's a compliment.

Their friends do come in, constantly and endlessly, despite the Alpine climb. The favorite open house is Sunday around the kidney shaped pool when Marge whips out the herbs and prepares her famous 'California hamburgers.' Regulars include Lisa Kirk and her husband, Bob Wells, Paula Stone and Mike Sloane, Nanette, Miriam Nelson, Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh, John and Jeanne Champion, Marge's brother, Dick, and family, Dick Pribor—and of course the five haughty pussy-cats—Clarabow, Flowerpot, Muggins, Lester and Albert.

In their friendships, neither Marge nor Gower are passive. Their outgoing natures, one demonstrative, the other reserved, seem to be equally spontaneous and sin-

cere. Almost everyone they know can come up with a story wherein the Champs have been actively friends in need.

Nanette Fabray moved into her new house last spring, and got the flu on moving day, a dismal ordeal anyway. But Nan is a lone divorcée, and she couldn't have been more depressed, with everything piled in a mess and her temperature up to 102. Although they were busy getting together new dances for their last tour, Gower and Marge rattled right over, shifted all the furniture into place, screwed in the light bulbs, hooked up this and that, hung pictures and cooked her dinner, too.

PEOPLE are so used to seeing the Champions *a deux* that when either shows up publicly without the other, it's a natural gossip item.

Last time, that happened after one of those Sunday night parties when the Nelsons, Nanette, Lisa Kirk, Curtis, Leigh and company wanted to go on to Mocambo. Gower shook his head because he had a dance idea on his mind and wanted to block it out at the crack of dawn on Monday. But Marge got talked into going on alone. "You'll be sorry," kidded her boss. She was. That brief exposure without Gower made the room buzz and next morning the columns had question marks after their names.

It will take mightier crowbars than those to pry the Champions apart. After six solid years, they're still happy with each other, although they are together every hour. That could be because, as one critic recently observed, "They dance, not from their feet up, but from their heads down." It could also be because they keep dancing from their hearts out.

END



## is it bad to be good?

(Continued from page 51) Debbie hasn't sworn off Hollywood's social circles; her life just isn't confined to those orbits. She had a well rounded, satisfactory life before she ever got into the movies. She gets a kick out of the after-première parties, the gay Bel Air affairs and the Strip-club shindigs she sometimes attends, but she walks and talks best to the tempo of the life she was born into. The real Debbie Reynolds is the girl who spent her last vacation exactly as she used to spend vacations when she was a school girl; she slept a lot, cleaned the yard, helped her father paint the back fence, got whacked at tennis by everybody and put in a week as a counselor up at the Girl Scout Camp in Fraser, California.

She was at Ciro's when Peggy Lee was singing there. She is crazy about Peggy's song technique. She spent a lot more nights at the Melody, an unpublishized jazz grotto in Burbank, where the musicians turn real "cat" while the bopster-patrons, Debbie included, sit swaying ecstatically with the beat and whispering, "Go! Go! Go!"

It is true that she was squired by such Hollywood men as Dick Anderson, Hugh O'Brien and Tab Hunter. But much more often her escorts were Paul Lillard and Danny Sites—together at that—a couple of Korean war veterans who love Debbie like brothers. Paul is the soldier-fan who wrote such interesting letters to Debbie and her folks from the battlefield that they invited him to visit them when he came back. Now, they have informally adopted him into the family. Danny has lived near Debbie since they were both children. When he was leaving for Korea two years ago, Debbie gave him Paul's address. The boys not only met but became fast friends. Now that they are back they are writing a book about their war experiences—much to Debbie's discomfiture, sometimes.

"I often wonder if they know I'm with them," she complains. "Each one carries a little pad and pencil, and every few minutes one of them thinks of something for the book. Out comes the note pad and they scribble away like mad. If I want to dance they offer to find someone for me!"

LIKE the rest of Debbie's friends, Paul and Danny see her as a sweet, bright girl, not as a movie star, and they aim to keep seeing her that way. They are not a bit bashful about straightening her out when they think she needs it. Like any girl, especially one with an inborn gift for mimicry, Debbie will sometimes unconsciously take on the color and manner of people around her; she'll return from the studio, for instance, acting a bit like the *grande artiste*. When this happens the kids go to work. They look at her coldly and ask, "What's with you?" And before she can figure out what they mean, they add, "So shut up and sit down!" Then Debbie knows she has been "glorifying."

Her mother, Mrs. Maxene Reynolds, takes a hand at this, too. Not long ago, Debbie came home after a fashionable reception attended by many of Hollywood's English set and began talking like a female David Niven. After she had "rawthered" all around the place for a few minutes Mrs. Reynolds interrupted to ask Debbie to please swallow.

"Swallow what?" asked Debbie.

"All that mush you've got in your mouth," her mother told her.

Debbie swallowed and talked straight again. She is grateful to her mother and the others for jerking her back into character every time she starts riding a high horse.

"If ever I get away from being just me," she says, "I'd be sure to wake up some

day and hate the person I was pretending to be. I spent years, from the time I was nine, developing the friends I have around home. I've got all those years invested in them, and they'll keep me happy for the rest of my life. That's my way of being rich and secure. They make me content to come home when otherwise, well—who knows what would happen, where and how I would seek to express myself if I didn't have them?"

In Hollywood, where the next flower, you pick up can sting you, it isn't bad to have this sort of background, this incentive to settle for the good and not seek the overgay.

DEBBIE is still "investing" in friendship.

Between her South American tour and the summer theatre work, last season, she had just five days in Hollywood in which to study scripts, learn the musical score of her first show, *Best Foot Forward*, and be fitted for costumes. Any other star would automatically have gone into seclusion under the stress of a rugged schedule like that. Not Debbie. She not only called and talked to her old pals, she took a day off to give a baby shower in her home for one of her three closest friends, Diana Higley, now Mrs. Barry Cheek. The other two members of this high school

the crowd, enters the theatre—and then sneaks back out to a convenient corner where she can watch the other stars arrive. That's exactly the program she and Tab Hunter followed when he took her to the *Stalag 17* première in his salmon-colored convertible.

After the show he checked his money and told Debbie they could have as wild a time as could be squeezed out of two dollars. It turned out that they only needed forty cents for a root beer float and a lemonade in a drive-in.

When Debbie is with kids she grew up with, being herself comes easy. With others she sometimes has to work at it. And she does. She can't stand the strangeness that falls like a damp cloak between her and people who are overpowered by her professional identity.

"The most important things about the kids I know is that they are down to earth, yet very reasonable about other people's lives. If you are wealthy, that's okay with them, just so you don't pin the dollar sign on your sleeve. They know I'm doing well in the movies, but when they hear about my getting up at five o'clock, morning after morning, to get to the studio, and not getting back until way after dinner, they begin to think I'm crazy.

"Hey, that's not like you," they say. "You're working too hard, girl. Slow up."

WHEN she went to Girl Scout camp, Debbie had a different problem. She had never met the seventeen-year-olds placed in her charge and her first two days with them didn't go well. She knew they couldn't accept her as a real person. She was a movie star and they insisted on being overawed about it. They were shy; none of them ever cut up and whatever they were asked to do, they did without any back talk.

That was bad. Debbie felt that she was not only spoiling their vacation, but her own as well. She quietly discussed with her mother, who had come along, the advisability of slipping away and leaving the girls free to enjoy themselves without the distraction of her presence. But her mother urged her to stay for another day, anyway.

Debbie worked hard at it, kidding the girls, poking fun at herself, asking their advice on a whole series of subjects including diet, make-up, etiquette and boys. When one kid tentatively suggested that Debbie didn't eat enough, she felt she was getting somewhere with them. When, by nightfall, another girl let something slip about Debbie's being too skinny, she knew the girls were getting to be themselves again and everything was going to be all right. For the rest of the week they all had a hilarious time together. The last night the kids staged a gag ballet performance for her. They ran around under the stars, tripping over huge blankets they were using as veils. Debbie fell off her cot laughing.

When she got back to Burbank, she got in touch with Jeanette Johnson and they had a conference about a matter that has had them thinking a lot the last few months. Out of the eighty girls in their graduation class at Burbank High, only Jeanette and Debbie are still unmarried. At first they kept asking each other: "What's the matter with the boys around here?" Now they are beginning to take a more objective view of the situation. "Do you suppose it's us?" Debbie asked.

"Wouldn't that be, positively the end?" asked Jeanette.

"We better check," Debbie replied grimly.

That's what they've got a thing about right now.

END

(Debbie Reynolds can be seen in MGM's *Give A Girl A Break*.)

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foursome, Barbara Christie and Jeanette Johnson, suggested that Debbie might not have the time to spare. "Of course!" responded Debbie. "Diane's first baby? Why nothing could be more important than that!"

That wasn't all. Debbie had just returned from playing Hinsdale, Illinois and Dallas, Texas, when Diane went into the hospital to have her baby. Her three pals got hold of her husband, Barry, took him to Debbie's home, fed him and tried to talk him out of his worry. Three times, they pulled him out of the pool into which he kept falling while he wandered around the place in his distraction. "This boy is positively the end!" the girls agreed, and kept a sharp eye on him until the baby was born.

Debbie keeps her appointments straight by using a system unlike any other star's. She has no book. She just uses the annual calendar issued by the Girl Scouts of America. It hangs on the wall of her room. Whenever she makes an appointment, she jots down a note about it in and around the particular date on the calendar. Noodled between the numbers in the month of July, for instance, are fragments like "HOB Tennis" (tennis with Hugh O'Brien), "P. O." (piano lessons), "PR-TH" (attend première with Tab Hunter) and "B" (bowling with Paul and Danny).

When Debbie attends a première she is both star and fan, of course. She drives up in style, makes her little speech over the public address system for the benefit of





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(Continued from page 58) looking in person than he is on the television screen. He moved effortlessly among these people, stopping to say "hello" to a friend, to confer momentarily with his manager or to step onstage and rehearse a number with Ann Crowley, the pretty singing guest of that day.

Eddie had a word of greeting, a smile, a nod for everybody. Virile, vibrant and personable, he seemed to be exactly what a young American star should be.

Since he got out of the Army last April, after a two-year hitch, ex-private Edwin Jack Fisher's rise to fame has been meteoric. While he was in G.I. garb and maybe on some Army detail, entertaining in the front lines at Korea or another U.S. base, or recruiting on the home front, his singing voice rang out on radio and juke boxes around the country. Some \$300,000 in record royalties from his long string of song hits was piled up and waiting for him on his return to civilian life.

Eddie Fisher alighted in New York from a Washington train one morning last April, and still in uniform, went directly to the Paramount Theatre. His fans were lined up, impatient to see their singing hero.

Backstage, a tailor and a hurriedly-hired valet were waiting for him in his Paramount dressingroom. His clothes for the opening had been ordered long distance. Cashmere sports jackets, slacks, blue suits and two tuxedos, all fresh from the tailor's workroom, were hanging neatly on the racks. The transformation from Private Fisher, soldier, to Citizen Fisher, singer, was completed.

An hour or so later, onstage at the Paramount where Frank Sinatra rocketed into fame via bobby-soxers' swooning, Eddie Fisher was crowned the new "King of Sing." To make his coronation official, the first week after his Army discharge, he launched his twice-weekly TV and radio show, *Coke Time*.

LEST he have time to catch his breath, the bachelor baritone temporarily suspended his American activities to take his place in the spotlight of the London Palladium where Britishers flocked to see and hear the slender singer. He was making a benefit appearance at the Red, White and Blue ball, a big charity affair at the Dorchester Hotel, when he received a note from a young lady in the audience.

"Don't be nervous," it read, "the response may not be like that at the Palladium, but I shall lead the applause and they will love you." As everybody knows by now, Princess Margaret Rose, sister of the Queen of England, was Eddie's royal cheerleader. After he sang, she invited him to her table.

This acclaim abroad and his popularity at home might turn another's head, but not Eddie Fisher's. He's grateful for it.

He lives unobtrusively in a 4½-room, furnished apartment on New York's Sutton Place, which he took over lock, stock, furnishings and books from Eddie Cantor. He got his headlong start to success four years ago, when the older Eddie heard the younger Eddie sing at Grossinger's, a Catskill Mountain hotel, and hired him for a cross-country personal appearance tour.

A hospitable host, the singer welcomed MODERN SCREEN into his home. In the diningroom, an alcove off the livingroom, a round pedestal table was attractively set for luncheon. One whole wall consisted of windows opening on a view of the East River with its bridges and barges.

The singer's personal belongings were strewn with wifeless abandon around the room. In one corner on the floor, there was

a big movie projector and photographic equipment. Against one wall was a piano, and piled atop bookcases and a combination TV set and phonograph, were stacks of long-playing records, classical and modern.

On the lower shelf of an end table were mementoes of Eddie's trip to London, "Golden Book Of The Coronation," "The Connoisseur, Coronation Book, 1953" and "King George V, His Life And Reign."

There was evidence of the life and reign of King Eddie Fisher, royal crooner, too. He has a plaque in crest form, imprinted "Eddie Fisher, London Palladium, Variety Season, 1953." A glass-encased gold record of RCA Victor's "Anytime" was shining testimony that his recording of that song had passed the million-sales mark. In a corner cupboard was a trophy, a sculptured figure holding a gold disc and inscribed, "The Cash Box, in behalf of the Automatic Music Industry of America, the Best Male Vocalist of 1952."

There were no personal pictures around the apartment, no likenesses of pretty blondes or brunettes.

IN HIS bedroom, besides the unmade bed were well-stocked closets and dresser drawers. Hanging alongside his expensive suits was a khaki souvenir of his Army days, his G.I. jacket with the Korean and

december's gala issue  
of modern screen  
presents four pages  
of liz taylor, mike  
and their baby in  
exclusive color photos  
with liz and "britches"  
on the cover.  
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Overseas medals still fastened on the front.

"I like to keep it where I can see it. It reminds me how lucky I am," civilian Fisher said.

Being able to buy all the clothes he wants is a comparatively new experience for him and he doesn't pretend not to enjoy it. Cashmere jackets, shirts and sweaters are his sartorial weakness, he admitted. Black is his favorite color in suits. Not funeral black, but the shining richness of mohair cloth or shantung.

"Somebody gave me a black cashmere sports shirt," he explained, "and I just liked the color." Argyle socks, colored handkerchiefs (which he wears in his jacket pocket in preference to white), sweaters and sports shirts were tossed about in the drawers. It looked as though the owner had dressed in haste.

"I have a valet, but he's away on vacation and I'm kind of lost without him." His one other servant, Gypsy, an attractive, poised maid, prepared luncheon.

"Bring some melted butter for the lobster, will you please, Gypsy?" he re-

quested, gawping unglamorously on an ear of corn. True to his sponsor, he drank several Coca-Colas.

When Eddie excused himself to answer the telephone, Gypsy discussed her famous boss.

"He only has dinner home on Tuesday and Thursday nights," she said, "and I never know how many there'll be for dinner. He often calls up an hour before and says he's bringing several friends home to dinner."

During luncheon, relaxed and easy to be with, Eddie talked.

He had celebrated his twenty-fifth birthday on August 10.

"I think back when I came to New York eight years ago and it seems like yesterday," he said. "I think I should be about eighteen now and I'm twenty-five. Otherwise, I feel very young. I'm ready to go . . . I'm kept busy these days, but I was just as busy in the Army. I always had to be up early. I used to record at 9 A.M. for the Army shows. At least I don't have to do that now."

"I sing best when I feel good, when I'm not under pressure and when I sing what I like. When I was in the Army, I didn't always sing what I liked, but when you're in the Army you do a lot of things you don't want to do."

His face and voice are very expressive as he speaks, although he says he was bashful and shy as a kid. The fourth of Kate and Joe Fisher's seven children, he had a tough life as a youngster in Philadelphia. The Fishers didn't have much money, and Eddie used to accompany his father's fruit and vegetable wagon, vending his wares in song.

He has sung ever since he can remember, in the synagogue, in amateur contests, over radio station WFIL in Philadelphia. His mother nicknamed him "Sonny," because as a little boy he used to imitate Al Jolson's "Sonny Boy."

When he was seventeen, he came to New York to seek fame and fortune—and a singing job.

"I went down to the Copa and auditioned for Monte Proser," he recalled. "I sang many songs. Afterwards, Proser told me, 'I'll pay you \$125 a week. Is that enough?' I would have paid him to let me work there if I had had the money, but I didn't realize I'd be singing with girls. I wanted to sing alone and I wanted to sing what I liked. That's why I didn't want to sing with the bands."

"I woke up wearing a costume and singing with eight girls," he said. "I was at the Copa for three months. It was like home. Joe E. Lewis was the star while I was there. I sang songs like 'The Great Big World Is Yours And Mine,' 'Simon Bolivar' and 'They Say That I'm Too Young To Know'—and they're so right," he ad libbed. "I was and I still am."

A special evening at the Copa is a bright spot in Eddie's memory.

"They would have informal evenings," he said, "when Joe E. Lewis would introduce the celebrities in the audience. One night Frank Sinatra, Eddy Duchin and Vic Damone were there. Vic had just started to work at the Martinique. Joe E. Lewis introduced all of these people. Then he said, 'Now I got a kid. This is my kid.' And he pointed to me! I felt like crying. I went on after all these people and sang. Afterwards, a couple of people wanted to be my manager, but Milton Blackstone, a friend of Monte Proser's and head of an advertising agency, became my manager."

"Everyone said to him, 'What are you messing around with this kid for? He's not good enough. He's not going to be that big.' But Blackstone was one of the few people who really had faith in me. He has



taught me many things. He taught me patience, which I didn't have."

Eddie needed patience. After his thirteen-week stint at the Copa he was out of work for nearly a year, with an occasional singing engagement at some small club, or the steadier but financially not very remunerative work of singing on the staff of Grossinger's.

As he sat on one of the modern sectional couches in the livingroom, looking casual and comfortable in brown slacks, a white, long-sleeved sports shirt and brown and white loafers, the tv star discussed many things: that he likes to get presents; he doesn't smoke, although once in a while he'll pick up a cigarette, but doesn't inhale; that when he first came to New York he saw a Perry Como picture. He couldn't remember the title but he remembered that Perry sang "Here Comes Heaven Again."

When he played in a recent golf tournament, he was in the foursome behind Perry Como.

Eddie sang his own song hit which was particularly apropos, "I'm Walking Behind You."

Perry's answer was his favorite quip, "You crazy, mixed-up kid," and then Perry burst into song, kidding back, "Mine, Tell Me That You're Mine."

Eddie's buddy, Bernie Rich, dropped by. Bernie has his own apartment, but while his mother or visiting friends use his abode, he bunks at Eddie's.

This is very convenient for Bernie. He gets to wear Eddie's shirts, socks, and ties which as he says, "are so much nicer than the ones I can afford."

Bernie can have delusions of grandeur, too, for Eddie lets him drive his new navy blue Cadillac convertible. They're used to sharing what they've got because for a long time they had nothing between them.

FIVE YEARS ago, Bernie and another friend from Philadelphia, Joey Forman, came to New York. Bernie wanted to be an actor and Joey a comedian. Eddie was living in a hotel room and his two pals moved in. Since Eddie was the only one working he got the bed. Joey used to take the mattress off the bed and sleep on the floor. Bernie didn't have it so good. Frequently he found himself relegated to the bath tub.

Bernie had one phrase to describe his friend Eddie: "Completely selfless." "There's nothing he wouldn't do for any of his friends," he said, and told how when Eddie was booked into the Paramount after being discharged from the Army, he insisted that Joey Forman be signed as the comic for the stage show.

Excusing himself with, "You don't mind if I borrow one of your shirts, do you, pal?" Bernie left.

Eddie called after him, "See you at rehearsal. Do you want to borrow the car?" "No, I'll let you use it this afternoon," Bernie said generously.

Laughing after him, it was evident that the comfortable-as-an-old-shoe friendship he enjoyed with Bernie helped to relieve the strain and tension of many a day. As long as Bernie and Joey Forman were around it was pretty hard to think of himself as anything but Eddie Fisher, the poor kid from Philadelphia who used to play "Slick" on a teen-age program there for 15¢ a week carfare.

"Ever since I was a kid, or ever since I can remember, show business was a big dream," Eddie reminisced, "show people and people like Bing Crosby, John Garfield and Al Jolson weren't like other people to me. They weren't earth men. But when I came to New York this whole bubble burst. It wasn't what I thought it was. It's glamorous but not as glamorous as I thought it would be. There's only one

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thing left—the movies. I was out there in 1949 and I had a taste of it.

There was a chance he might go to Hollywood, the tv star said. His agent was talking over a one-picture-a-year deal with Paramount.

"If I made a picture I'd like to play opposite Debbie Reynolds," he said, "but I don't suppose Paramount could borrow her."

It was the first time in all his conversation that Eddie had mentioned a girl. Except for an occasional line in a column, linking him with a pretty model or an aspiring actress or a young singer, there have been no stories about his romantic life. But there have been theories and speculation.

"He's carrying a torch for a girl he was in love with," some said:

"The truth is," whispered others, "and I have this right from the horse's mouth, that he has been told not to get married for fear he'll lose his bobbysox following."

"Nah, that's not the reason. He won't marry anybody unless his mother approves of her."

IF A fellow won't talk about his girls, other people will, especially if he's famous, for when a man becomes successful there are all sorts of people who knew him when, the "I remember" friends.

"Eddie went with a girl by the name of Joan Wynne," a Fisher expert had told MODERN SCREEN a few days before the meeting with Eddie.

"He met her when he sang at the Copa. She's in the chorus at the Riviera now. Nobody knows why they broke up."

Joan Wynne was sixteen, brown-haired and blue-eyed, when she first met Eddie Fisher at the Copa. She's twenty-four now, and still single, as cute, pretty and shapely as ever, but her hair is tinted a soft red and she wears it short in the current fashion. Backstage in the dressingroom of the Riviera nightclub, where she has worked for three seasons, she was willing to discuss Eddie.

"Eddie and I were a big romance for a long time," Joan Wynne admitted, "something like five years. When we first met we were both just out of high school, a first



Joan Wynne: the girl he didn't marry.

job and everything. There wasn't any of this glamour or anything there is now. It was completely different.

"Besides working in a nightclub, we never saw the inside of one. In the first place, Eddie never had any money. He only worked at the Copa for three months. I was there for a year and a half. After he left, he didn't have a job for almost a year, I'd say, but he still came around to the Copa and waited for me. He never came into the club because he didn't have the money. He didn't like to be around like a bum.

"When he was working at the Copa, we used to go for walks along Fifth Avenue and Central Park between shows. In the afternoons, we went to the movies on Forty-second Street, sometimes two and three double features a day. Eddie loves the movies. Afterwards, we'd have a hot dog. That's all we could afford.

"Sometimes we visited his family in Philadelphia. We talked about a lot of things, our future, religion. His career was

always uppermost in his mind. It came first, which is the way it should be, I suppose.

"We used to have a lot of fights and arguments, then two years ago at Christmas we had a big fight. That was the beginning of the end. He wrote to me when he was in the Army, and we're still friends. A couple of weeks ago, he was out at the Club with some friends. I went out and sat down with him.

"I don't think he's changed at all. He has good instincts. He isn't flighty or fickle. It's just that there are always millions of people around him, a million phone calls, a million things to be done. It's as though he hasn't had time to rest. He thinks nothing of working hard and singing and meeting people.

"Eddie always said I was the only one he could ever really relax with, but after we had our big argument, I started seeing other people. I want to be happily married. I met someone who is just about the finest person I ever met. He's wonderful, but Eddie was on my mind when I met this person and I know that was bad."

Why, then, if this love of Eddie's had consumed a fifth of his lifetime, was he so reluctant to talk about it? Or maybe there was some truth to the report that Eddie's mentors thought it better if he remained single.

THESE were questions that only Eddie could answer.

He was there for the answering, relaxed and handsome, sitting in his livingroom, one of the most successful entertainers in America, today, and an eligible bachelor.

Because he is a nice person—honest and anxious to be liked and understood he broke his long silence about his love life, his romantic interests and told his side of the story.

His dark eyes flashing, he unleashed his feelings.

"I have never been advised by my managers nor anyone else about my personal life," he said adamantly. "I'm free to do whatever I want, when I want, and how I want.

"It's just that I have been so tied up with my career, with the tv show and radio, that I haven't had time for much social life. This is the first time since I've come back from the Army that I've been in one place so long.

"As for Joan Wynne, she's a wonderful girl. We're friends. We went together for a long time. I was just starting out in show business. I didn't meet many people. We always went around together. I was struggling and she was very, very nice. We were good company. I went steady with her, but I was out of town a lot. I never knew anybody when I came to town. I'd call her up and we'd go to a movie, sometimes two or three," he chuckled.

"Although we went together for a long while, I guess I just didn't love her enough, if I didn't marry her. All my time was spent with my work, with my singing. There was never a girl in my life who came before singing.

"This business of not getting married because it might affect my career is nonsense. I won't get married until the right girl comes along.

"I like the outdoor type, the natural girl. I would prefer that she not be in show business. It wouldn't be good to have two careers. There'd be a conflict. I'm very jealous. I would want my wife all for myself.

"So far," he said simply, "I haven't met the right girl. When she comes along, it'll be wonderful."

With fervor and feeling, the bachelor baritone had cleared up the secrecy surrounding his love life. He proved another thing, too—that he's an all right guy looking for the right girl.

END

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11/3



(Continued from page 54) Lone Pine had promoted another half-degree of heat while he was talking. This was August and Lone Pine was really leaning into it. The scene was location for 20th Century-Fox's *King Of The Khyber Rifles*, the fourth week the company had been at it, and everybody looked a trifle wilted. Power and his leading woman, Terry Moore, were having a rough time of it in a dismantled fortress looking out on what was presumably India's Khyber Pass. Although Power and Miss Moore had spent most of the day in the fortress, they now were just getting ready to reach it, a piece of directorial sequence too complicated to go into. They had to grope in out of a dust storm, and not even Darryl Zanuck can will a dust storm in the Mojave Desert. Explosive had to be detonated and wind machines set to work. Visitors to the set were being urged to step aside a trifle—say about a mile down the road. "Please, please!" said an assistant to Director Henry King. "Anybody not connected with this sequence, please! Take to the hills!" The wind machines snarled into action and Miss Moore, who is not fond of noise of any kind, squeaked and cowered.

She and Power, among others, were seated on canvas chairs banked forward on a slope of earth, directly behind the cameras. Power wore boots, rather snazzy campaign breeches and a T-shirt, having divested himself of tunic and kepi shortly before. Miss Moore, on the other hand, was dressed to kill—any male, for example, who happened to be lurking around Khyber Pass in the middle of the nineteenth century. What she was doing in a besieged fortress thus toggled out was anybody's guess, with the script writer the probable winner.

"I'm not just generalizing," resumed Power, over the noise of the machines. "I'd be a fool not to know this thing's going to blow up. My association with pictures, I mean. I'm pushing forty. The younger men are pushing up behind me. The kids are pushing up behind them. But the trouble with that figure of speech is, they're not boosting me, they're dislodging my handhold, and sooner or later, there's not going to be room for everybody. All right. Last come, first served. That's how I got there, too. But now's the time to get the net ready, the one that has to break the fall. Not later. And there you have *John Brown's Body*."

Paul Gregory's production of *John Brown's Body*, as just about everybody knows by now, is the dramatic reading of Stephen Vincent Benet's poem, in which Power, Raymond Massey and Judith Anderson have been touring the country. It is significant that of the original group, only Power was reasonably firm in pictures. "When," he said, "you're through in this business, you've got to have established that you can do something else."

AS HE spoke, Power's professional standing, as closely as can be determined, was approximately this:

When he first went out with *John Brown*, he was slipping. He was, for instance, no longer the apple of Fox's eye, no longer tendered their gaudiest parts as a matter of course, and there had even been talk of a loanout to a lesser studio, worthy picture makers but sometimes an oasis on the escalator down. Instead, the loanout was to Universal-International and a film titled *Mississippi Gambler*, made in five fast weeks but mother lode as far as boxoffice was concerned. Since there was no discernible reason for this, save Power's presence in the cast, he found himself promptly back on top of the chute again



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and tossed by his home studio into *Khyber Rifles*, big budget stuff for these days. Yet the resurgence appears neither to have excited him nor settled his qualms. His verbal animation he reserved for his upcoming *John Brown* reprise and his problem as a whole. Indeed, the process of *Khyber Rifles* seemed to affect him as no more than a chore he had done before, likely would do again, and where was a good place to eat that night?

"Forty," he repeated, as though the idea both fascinated and oppressed him. "Forty years old. Not quite but almost. There's no such thing as forever. That loanout was the first I'd had since I've been with Fox. Seventeen years with one studio, take or give a dime. That's all right in a way. In another way—well, it's the old squirrel cage again. This kind of picture here—" he indicated all of the *Khyber* set with a wave of his hand, "I guess it's fine for the studio. I've made enough of them. Dashing fellow under the kepi, and all that. Stand the varmints off and tell the little lady to keep her head down. But the edge wears away and wears away until one fine day you're looking down a one-way street and no room to turn around. That's when you need an out.

"Mine, in a sense, came with the war." Power served with honor as a Marine flier, first lieutenant when he returned to peace time. "A man would be a dangerous lunatic to speak of war as a blessing in any way, shape or manner, but I did come back to pictures with an entirely new perspective. That lasted two, three years. Then I could feel the staleness setting in again, the edge going. You know? Over and over. Swash and buckle, damn the torpedoes. One picture I liked. Nobody else seemed to. *Nightmare Alley*." *Nightmare Alley*, re-capsuled here simply to illustrate the divergence between Power's point of view and his employers', was derived from a book that featured the degeneration of a carnival performer to the role of what carnies call a "geek." A geek does not rescue distressed females. He bites the heads off living chickens in a sideshow. Power later named a plane in which he toured the world *The Geek*. "I thought that picture would do something for me," Power said. "My mistake."

"Here's where I earn my money," said Power. "Don't go away." He and Miss Moore walked out into the desert about fifty yards, turned and oriented themselves toward the fortress setup. They joined hands. The spectators were clear. There was a deep, coughing blast, three converging wind machines boiled into high, and dust writhed and billowed up in an impenetrable cloud. A few onlookers were genuinely scared. Presently Power and Miss Moore appeared out of the holocaust. They were the dustiest people you ever saw, their eyes staring out in pale, dark-ringed surmise. It developed they couldn't see a thing in there.

"All I could think of," said Miss Moore, "was, what if we walked into a wind machine?"

"A hell of a thing to happen to a man up in Khyber," said Power.

There was excitement and confusion up forward. Power grunted and turned sideways with his hands up. "A hair on the lens," he translated obligingly. "Got to do it again." A hair on a camera lens makes for a picture that is divided and tricky indeed. "Well, what's the difference? You know what they'll say anyway, when the picture's released. 'Doubles. They always use doubles for shots like these.' That's what they'll say."

POWER does not, as you know, look forty. He looks, as you know equally well, like an amalgam of all the gentlemen in the toothpaste ads with the redeeming qualities of animation, humor, and high,

articulate intelligence. He no longer has the juvenile façade of the pre-war years—his features are set now—but there are few lines, few departures from symmetry. He could still bound onto a musical comedy stage in flannels, carol "Tennis, anyone?" and get away with it, were he so a-mind. He is not so a-mind.

"After every picture," he said now, while functionaries were chipping off the lamp-black, "I'd go to the front office and ask for another formula, a change of pace. It was like talking down a rainspout. I don't have to tell you. They knew best. Well, they did know best—for them. And for me, too, looking at it in a different way. You know, I sit here barking like a seal with colic, but this is strictly shop. I mean, you take the broad view and I owe pictures everything I've had in life, or adult life, and that's been plenty. And by pictures, I've got to mean Fox. Besides all the other stuff, money and whatever the polite word for fame is—public interest, I guess—I've been all over the world, met kings and presidents—there's just been no limit to it. I've got to say that. Every star's got to say it if he's not the world's bottom slob of an ingrate. But the mistake is to ride with it, sit back and figure you've got it taped once and for all, I've made it, this is the end, I'm up to my rump in the pot at the end of the rainbow, amen. Accept that and it's the beginning of the end. You haven't arrived. You're dead."

**A while back, when Tony Curtis first landed in Hollywood, voice coaches went to work on his Bronx accent to eliminate its traces in his film roles. Now Tony is working with a voice coach—to get back some of that Bronx accent for his role as a hoodlum in "Drifting."**

Sidney Skolsky  
N. Y. Post

He stretched out his dusty boots, leaned his head back and closed his eyes, blood-shot from dust and sun and ready for the little man with the drops. "Take Hollywood," he said. "I mean, the industry, the climate of Southern California, the whole set-up. It's not really a good place to work. And it's a worse place not to work, to lay off between pictures. Hollywood's a lotus land. The sky is blue, the air is soft, the swimming pools are the right temperature, flowers everywhere, even the outdoor furniture is comfortable. Oh, you could lie back between jobs and vegetate in those lush surroundings, and God help you! What you ought to do—what I ought to do, what I have to do and do do—is get out right after a film and stay out till the next one. Complacency is too easy down there. They say death comes like a lover sometimes, and when I breathe night-blooming jasmine, I believe it. No, lotus land is no good for work. The thing now is, make two pictures a year—you can't make more anyway—and when fall comes, go out on the road and work at your trade. Keep at it. Stay alive, or that monkey with the jasmine breath will get you yet."

ONE PINE proper, 1000-odd population, twenty-seven miles distant, drowsed heavily in the late afternoon sun. It would have drowsed in the shadow of Mt. Whitney, the United States' biggest, if Mt. Whitney had been casting a shadow that day, which, oddly enough, it was not. Lone Pine is a village long inured to movie locations. In a combination restaurant and bar, a waitress said to another: "You seen Tyrone Power yet?" giving it a pretty big *Ty*. Power thinks of his first name as *Tuh-rone*. "Unh-uh," said the other. "One I want to

see some time is this Robert Wagner." Both girls are under twenty. At the bar, a derelict of sensational aspect was in the custody of local law, who had orders to have him on the next bus out of town. "I threw a guy through a plate glass window last night," he said tiredly. "I wish I wouldn't ever again throw a guy through a window. They run me out of Frisco for the same thing."

In the evening, it was cooler, down to about a flat ninety-five. Power, in his room in a motel south of town, was crisp and shaved and dapper in grey slacks and sports shirt, ready to take local friends of his to a farewell dinner in a nearby cafe. The friends had a filling station out the road.

"When you're a so-called rising star," he said, "which I was back around the time Alcock and Brown flew the Atlantic, or so it seems right now, the psychological outlook is entirely different. You live from one picture to the next, there's no tomorrow, and you never had it so good. Then one day you're what they call an established star. Don't ask me when or how that day comes about because I don't know. But that's when you're supposed to have it made, really made. Naturally, that's not the case. That's the day you begin building for the future. That's the day you remember that sooner or later you start down the other side. You asked me about the difference in psychology, that's the best I can do for you. Come to think of it, it's good enough, at that." He changed the subject.

"You know, these four weeks up here have really been something. Work, eat, sleep, read, go to the movies if you feel very footloose. Nothing else. It's wonderful, except that I ought to be home."

Linda Christian Power was, roughly two weeks thence, expected to present her husband with the Powers' second child, confident it would be a boy. The prospect momentarily derailed Power's train of thought.

"Linda is truly the one to ask," he said. "The mother's so much closer to these things. For my part, any child of mine, boy or girl, would have free rein until he reached the age of reason. What's that—seventeen? Then I'd want to steer them as best I could, then implement for all I'm worth the decision they reach. Doctor, lawyer, merchant, nurse—or actor. I haven't any fixed ideas right now, but then our first child, Romina, is only two, you know. There's time. By the time she does reach that age, I'll be close to fifty-five and ought to have made up my mind in some way. One thing, if either or both do decide that acting's the deal, then I think we can dispense with some of the formal education. It's not necessary to an actor, and I think I speak with some authority. A different sort of schooling and environment would be better. That's pretty sweeping speculation, though. They'll make up their own minds."

Power, of course, is as much the product of theatrical forebears as the Barrymores are. His great grandfather started it all on the Dublin stage in 1827. That was Tyrone Power, the original. A grandfather declined this particular tag, but Power's own father, a noted Shakespearean actor earlier in the century, was Tyrone Power II.

TYRONE POWER may be ready to say goodbye to Hollywood now, or *au revoir* at the least. It is fairly well established that he wants to set up his own producing company in Rome and that plans are, at this time, well along toward completion. When he's not doing that, he'll be play-acting wherever audiences can be found. The circle that, for him, began in earnest in 1936 with the Fox picture, *Lloyds Of London*, has come complete now. The dossier above is offered in evidence.

But it was quite a circle for all of that,



and considerably slow in beginning. The first breath took place in Cincinnati, where testimony indicates he was a well-behaved if not prodigious infant. After that, there was a spell of being trunked about from one theatre habitat to another, and a sitting out of World War I on the sands of Coronado, California, while his mother supervised troop entertainment in and about San Diego. Power was roughly thirteen years too young for the draft.

The legitimate theatre took rather kindly to Power as a child mime, although veteran player Fritz Lieber almost tore his head off with a knife—purely by accident—during a rendering of *The Merchant Of Venice*. By and by, he was ready to forego this and sniff around the edges of the Hollywood cheese. But the time was not yet.

Furthermore, his associations with the place had been jarred shockingly by the death of his distinguished father. While working on the film, *The Miracle Man*, he collapsed, and, hours later, he died in his son's arms.

There was stage and radio work further east for a longish spell after that, usually under expert tutelage. Don Ameche helped, Eugenie Leontovich helped, Helen Mencken helped. Katharine Cornell helped. You can't get much better help than that.

Followed then summer stock, followed then more Broadway (notably the role of De Ponlengey in Miss Cornell's *St. Joan*), followed then Darryl Zanuck.

Nor is it, nor has it ever been, at that time or later, fair to say of Power that his prime asset was a supremely photogenic face with an overlay of animal magnetism. Spectacular refutation, at any rate, of this quasi-slur is contained in the observation of Edmund Goulding, a stage and film director of sound critical faculty, who has referred to Power categorically as "the greatest actor of this generation." The effulgence of that one is thought by friends sufficient to warm Power for a lifetime.

ONCE set in films, Power played his cards as they fell, but with the increasing restlessness of an authentically sensitive and creative talent. The timely—as ever—arrival of the United States Marines intervened. Sensitivity was not precisely what they sought, but Power proved an asset, anyway. He moved up from boot camp at San Diego to ocs at Quantico, into Squadron 353 of the Marine Transport command, and flew out of such rest spots as Kwajalein, Saipan, Iwo Jima, Okinawa and Kyushu.

A new grip on things subsequently brought him in the post-war years to his greatest stature as a film actor, but, as duly recorded, the inroads of what he believed to be a static situation began to gnaw at him again. The hair in his personal lens diffused the frame into several Tyrone Powers: star, world traveler, international gadabout in a quiet way, some disposition to a scholarly bent to which he has always been more or less subject, and finally the flowering of his professional growth in *John Brown's Body*. Here was a cleavage, an incisive turning away from one thing and toward another.

Power's official Fox biography, a rip-roaring document of eleven pages, states among other musings that its subject's favorite color is blue, his favorite fruit the avocado, his favorite classical painter Van Gogh, and his favorite illustrator Petty, he who throws perspective away when it comes to girls' legs. Assuredly, the biography is thorough. Its one manifest failing is that it comes to an end. There is a strong feeling here and there that this is not the case at all, that there is a great deal more to come, and that the second part will be better yet. The hair in the lens may have moved aside now; the picture should be clearer.

END

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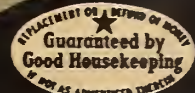
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## lanza lives big

(Continued from page 48) no gate around it. One night they entertained at a buffet dinner, and afterwards Mario was asked to perform. He sang six numbers, the last of which was "Call Me Fool."

Applause, bravos, shouts of "More. We want more. Don't stop now," began to emanate from outside. Betty went to the window. "You wouldn't believe it," she recalls. "People in cars going down the highway had heard Mario singing. The drivers had stopped. They had followed the sound of the music. They had parked their cars in our driveway, and a whole audience had formed outside our windows. Mario was giving a free concert, and these people didn't want to miss a single trick."

"Mario didn't mind. He was pleased and flattered. Only the very next day, the word spread around. Soon we had coeds from the university banging on the door, and that surprising woman who saves Mario's old clothes (she wanted to know if he had anything to throw away) and all kinds of salesmen and crackpots; so in self-defense there was only one thing to do. I ordered one of those photo electrically-controlled gates installed across the driveway. That was the first change we made in the house."

Others followed. A complete inter-communications system was placed in the fourteen-room mansion. Betty insisted upon this very quickly. "I always want to know what's going on in the nursery," she says. "Besides, this house is so large that if I didn't have an intercom I'd walk my feet off going from one room to another." Betty also made sure that the garden fish pond was well-fenced. And a month after the Lanzas moved into the place, they found Ellisa climbing up the Chinese carved balustrade that adorns the living room balcony, whereupon the railing was backed with smooth plywood boards.

At about the same time, there was a series of robberies in the neighborhood, so Mario had the house rigged with a complete burglar alarm system and then flooded the grounds each night with exterior lighting to keep the prowlers away.

MARIO'S favorite room is, of course, his studio, which he also uses as a den and office. It is a large room, equipped with sliding glass doors and furnished in contemporary style. It contains all his recording equipment, his vast record library, his books, and his scripts.

The furniture is oversized and covered with a green and white worsted to match the draperies. There is a green leather easy chair and a small upright piano. There are no rugs in the room because of the acoustics. The studio has its own private patio, and Lanza usually has his lunch there. Two hard-boiled eggs and coffee.

The house is built in the form of a large "H" with the enormous living room as the center line. Running parallel to the living room is a glass-enclosed sun porch, one end of which Betty Lanza uses as her office. She has four in help plus Mario and three children to look after, and this takes quite a bit of careful planning. Betty works at a large-top desk with a telephone at one elbow and a filing cabinet at the other. Near her desk, as a memento of Mario's childhood, she keeps the phonograph which his family bought for him when he was a boy of ten.

The sun porch is done in Nile green. It boasts a brick floor and contains in addition to some solid oak furniture, another television set, a radio, a fireplace which backs up the one in the living room, and an octagonal table good for card-playing.

The eating rooms are downstairs, the nursery and sleeping quarters upstairs.

The children's bedrooms are grouped around one large playroom with Colleen and Ellisa sharing the nursery, and Damon, eight months old, coming in once in a while for his bit of fun with his sisters. The nursery is decorated in pink and equipped with quantities of toys.

"We don't believe in spoiling our children," Mario says, "but childhood is the time for fun, and Betty and I just live for the smiles on those little faces. When I see Ellisa and Colleen and that Damon—that boy is really a bruiser—when I see them all playing together in that nursery, I just want to sing until the rafters shake."

There used to be two nurses for the three Lanza children, but now there is one nurse who looks after Damon while Betty supervises the two girls.

The Lanzas have two rather small dining rooms, small, that is, for a family that rarely dines out. The breakfast room is bright and gay, and exactly right for the children, who take their meals there. The dining room, on the other hand, with its well-cushioned wrought-iron furniture and its \$1000 tea service, is a mite too small for the large dinner parties Mario likes. Of late, however, the Lanza family has limited its guests to ten or twelve and gone in for barbecues. Thick charcoal-broiled steaks are the main dish. This Christmas, as usual, Mario plans to have open house with brunch served from noon until midnight. Ordinarily, from two hundred to five hundred people show up at these festivities. Sometimes the activity gets so hectic at this affair that Mario and Betty go upstairs, lock themselves in the master bedroom, and toast each other with pink champagne.

THE master bedroom is dominated by one of the largest beds in the entire film colony. In Betty's own words, "It stretches from here to eternity." The room, however, is extremely large and the oversize bed is therefore in proportion. It cost \$1800, handmade bedspread included.

"The reason we like a big bed," Mario says, "is because the children come in every morning and climb all over us and we like to rough-house with them. Betty screams when they jump up and down on the mattress, but I don't mind. It's much better than their jumping up and down on my chest."

Green and red are the dominant colors of the room, and there's a balcony which looks out on the garden. The room also contains a small desk at which Betty does some of her work. All the furniture is modern and utilitarian, with no period pieces whatever.

The Lanza house is a happy home, and stories to the effect that Mario and Betty are constantly quarreling simply amuse them.

"For years," Betty says, "those rumors used to upset me. Now, we realize that they're just an integral part of the Hollywood grapevine, and we don't pay them any attention. A few weeks ago Mario bought two of the cutest boxer puppies for Colleen and Ellisa. He built a play pen for the dogs, and the girls have just been having the greatest time with them. There's one columnist in town, however, who insists that our puppies are really ferocious Great Danes, guarding the property."

In a home where people sing and children smile, happiness must play the major role. The size of the Lanza estate, the Cadillacs, the equipment, the gadgets, the physical property—all these are nothing compared to the light in Colleen's eyes, the smile on Damon's lips, the clapping of Ellisa's hands, and the beating of Betty's heart when Mario comes into his house, looks around that tremendous living room of his, and at the top of his lungs, shouts, "How's my family today?"

END





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## anything can happen

(Continued from page 44) reporter. Lana was at Elstree, outside of London, finishing up *The Flame And The Flesh* when the newsman called.

"Is it true, Miss Turner," he began, "that you and Lex Barker plan to get married some time after October 15, when his divorce becomes final?"

"I don't know anything at all about it." "But you do know Mr. Barker, don't you?"

"Of course," Lana said.

"Well, Mr. Barker has never made his fondness for you a secret. In fact, he has told many friends that he's in love with you."

"Is that bad?" Lana Turner smiled.

"No, I'd say it's good," the reporter continued. "After all, you two have been going together for almost a year now. Will this friendship culminate in marriage?"

"Look," Lana said, "I don't have any marriage plans. I don't know what I'm going to do."

"There's a story making the rounds that you and Lex have quarreled. Is that one true?"

"No," Lana said. "It certainly isn't."

"Have you seen Lex since he went to Italy to make a picture and you stayed in London for *The Flame And The Flesh*?"

"Yes, I've seen him."

"Isn't it true," the reporter asked, "that Lex missed you so much that for the weekend, he flew in from the continent for a rendezvous with you?"

"Had a rendezvous where?"

"In Maidenhead, twenty-seven miles west of London."

"Yes, that's true."

"How is he?"

"Just fine," Lana said. "He has had his two children visiting him in Italy."

"Isn't your daughter, Cheryl, with you?"

"Yes, she is. She came over with my mother."

"Had they ever been to Europe before?"

"In 1948."

"How does Cheryl like it? In fact, how do you like it? Have you been working hard?"

"Very hard," Lana agreed. "And it's been so dull, but Cheryl loves London. She has a tutor, and we're not going back to Hollywood for a while. She's going to stay over here with me."

"How does Cheryl like Lex Barker?" the reporter asked.

"Very much. She likes him very much."

"Don't you plan to meet Lex in Paris after your picture is done?"

"I don't know. I don't know what I'm going to do."

"Suppose Lex proposes to you. What will your answer be?"

Lana thought for a minute. "I don't know."

"You don't know or you won't say?"

"I just don't know. When and if the time comes, then I'll make up my mind."

"Are you in love with Lex Barker?"

Miss Turner's voice stamped its foot a little. "Look, it's my personal life, and I'll live it the way I see fit. Some magazine carried an article saying that Lex and I scandalized Europe by traveling around together. Why! The nerve of them! It's my life, and it's my business, and I'm going to run it."

"Of course it's your life, Miss Turner. All we're trying to find out is whether you are in love with Lex Barker and, if so, if you intend to marry him."

"I honestly don't know. Right now, I have no marriage plans. How things will be in the future I can't say."

"Would you say," the reporter persisted.



"that you have no intentions of ever marrying Lex?"

"I'd never say that."

"Then there is that possibility?"

"Of course," Lana Turner said, "but right now I don't know."

"Is that because, Miss Turner, you've been going around with Carlos Thompson in London?"

Lana was angry. "I should say not. I haven't been out with anyone."

"What do you do at night?"

"I told you. It's dull. I just work and sleep."

Not very long before this conversation took place, Lana had told another reporter, "I'm being attacked in Hollywood for seeing too much of Lex Barker since I left. We've been misquoted as saying we're deeply in love with each other. We're just close friends, and we've definitely no marriage plans. I want a rest from marriage."

What is the truth? Will Lana marry Lex or won't she?

According to an intimate, "Lana doesn't know, herself. She says she wants a rest from marriage, but that's only because her marriages, thus far, have been unhappy. This girl is completely without self-sufficiency. She's got to have a man. Now, for a girl like that, marriage is indispensable. That's why I think she'll marry Lex before the year is over."

This same source, a leading figure in the motion picture industry who has known Lana since she was fifteen, goes on to point out that Barker would probably make the actress an excellent husband.

"One of Lana's biggest mistakes," he explains, is her poor judgment when men are involved. Artie Shaw was too smart for her. Stephen Crane wasn't good enough for her, and Bob Topping had too much social background for her.

"This Barker boy, however, seems to fit her needs perfectly. You'd never call him dull, but certainly he's no mental heavy-weight. Neither is Lana. He got a few more years in high school than she did, but intellectually, they're on a par. That's one reason they get on so well together. Primarily, they're physical creatures, both very attractive, both very charming, both very kind.

"Lex has been married a couple of times and so has Lana. What have they got to lose?"

THIS seems to be the consensus of Hollywood opinion about Lex and Lana, but where the Turner beauty is concerned, one rule has always held true—anything can happen.

Lana is a mercurial woman who falls in and out of love quickly and unexpectedly.

Just look at some of her past performances. Supposedly, she was in love with Greg Bautzer when she ran off and married Artie Shaw. Supposedly, she was in love with Turhan Bey when she ran off and married Steve Crane. Supposedly, she was engaged to Tyrone Power when a few months later she became Mrs. Henry "Bob" Topping. Supposedly, she had been in love with Fernando Lamas when, not long after, she flew to Europe with Lex Barker.

How do you figure a girl like that? Is she a creature of whim, a victim of circumstances, a child of impulse?

Adela Rogers St. John, a writer who has watched Lana in action at MGM for more than a decade, says, "Lana is an exaggerated, unconventional, slightly mad, utterly enchanting creature unlike anybody else in the world, with plenty of brains but practically no sense."

All of which means that Lana Turner is absolutely unpredictable, or as one girl on the set of *The Flame And The Flesh* confided to a columnist, "She'll marry Lex Barker, I think, provided she doesn't fall



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in love with somebody else before she gets around to it."

Friends of Lex Barker say that Lex knows this, that he realizes how susceptible Lana can be to masculine charms, and they attribute his European stay to that very understanding.

When Lex flew over to Paris with Lana this past spring, he was scheduled to return to Hollywood in the summer to make a film for producer Eddie Small. Only Lex didn't return. He had his agent, Paul Kohner, find some film work for him in Europe. Lex wanted to be near Lana. For weeks during the months of April and May they had been inseparable, traveling through France, Spain, and Italy. Lex had even accompanied Lana to England. He had spent so much time courting this beauty in Hollywood and Palm Springs, he was taking no chance of losing her to some European dandy. He asked Eddie Small for an extension of *Cannibal Island*, the picture he was scheduled to make in Hollywood. Small said, "Sure."

**O**DDLY enough, there wasn't too much difficulty in getting Lex a job or two in Europe, despite the fact that most continental film producers had never heard of him except in connection with Lana Turner. This isn't surprising. As an actor, Lex is a relative beginner.

Anyway, Paul Kohner signed him to a role in a picture tentatively entitled *Tiger Of Malaya*, and then booked him for work in a French film, *They Still Fish On Sunday*.

As a result of these bookings, Kohner is now asking \$25,000 per picture for Lex Barker, and Lex has had enough money to phone Lana in London practically every night. Not too long ago, Lex wrote a friend in Hollywood, explaining that he was very upset about items in the newspapers to the effect that he had quarreled with Lana.

"We've been apart for about a month," he wrote at the time, "but we call each other every other day. It's expensive but helpful."

A few days later, unable to stay away from his love, Lex flew to London. He and Lana saw each other at Maidenhead over the weekend. Then Lex flew back to work.

When Hollywood heard about Lex's fast flight to London, one columnist quipped, "Boy! That's a switch."

The reference was to the time in 1947 when Lana was very much in love with Tyrone Power. She was making *Green*

*Dolphin Street* at MGM and Ty was on location in Mexico. Undaunted, Lana decided that she simply had to see her sweetheart. She flew to Mexico where bad weather prevented her from getting back to work for two days. Luckily, a kind director shot around her while she was absent.

Lana isn't that foolhardy any longer—either that, or she doesn't care for Lex in the same way she cared for Ty—but she still believes in obeying her impulses. As a matter of fact, that's how her friendship with Lex began—on impulse.

Last year, at the extravaganza thrown for Johnny Ray at the Marion Davies mansion, Lana was escorted by Fernando Lamas.

Lex came to the party with Susan Morrow. During an interlude, Lana impulsively asked Lex Barker for a dance. Lex said it would be an honor. It's a matter of record that Lamas blew his top when he saw Lana and Lex together. He called Lana some choice names, challenged Lex to a fight, and then drove Lana home.

Lana will not tell what happened after Lamas brought her to her house on Mapleton Drive. The next morning, however, she was in a sorry state, and admitted that she and Fernando were finished.

**S**EVERAL weeks later, Lex Barker began to lay siege to the Turner heart, and his ardor has never diminished. For almost a year, he has been Lana's trusted friend.

When Lana announced that she was going overseas to make pictures, Lex, through his press agent, announced that he was seriously thinking of forming his own independent production company in Europe. What this meant, of course, was that Lex intended to follow Lana, to be with her as much as possible. An MGM executive, upon hearing this, expressed the opinion that it would not be in the best taste for Lex and Lana to travel all over Europe together.

Like Rita Hayworth and Ava Gardner, two other children of impulse, Lana Turner has never catered to public opinion. When she flew to Paris this past April, Lex Barker was with her. When she arrived in Spain, Lex Barker was close at hand. At Cannes, Capri, in Rome, in London, it was Lex and Lana. Tongues wagged but the lovers paid them no heed.

Allegedly, Lex said that it was okay for him to travel with Lana, because his intentions were honorable; and they certainly have been.

Flynns." He stays close to his wife and family. Also, much has been made of the fact that Alan, due to the number of pictures he has made abroad, was partly eligible for the "tax dodge."

I know these things. Many another reporter-photographer knows them, too. I know that Ladd, like every other star, is open to criticism. Wide open in every move he makes. Yet, here at Banff, in this conservative crowd of people, many of whom had never seen a movie star and had a pardonable antipathy for celebrities, Mr. and Mrs. Ladd got along as though they had known the other guests all their lives.

It was not until I woke up the next morning at ten—with a guilty conscience—that I was aware that Alan was still a movie star, and he was still the same old Alan Ladd. He and Sue never have been the up-and-early-chest-beating type. When I called their room I was given a D.A. (Don't answer). So I knew that their telephone would be shut off until around noon. Not that they sleep that late. It's only their way of squeezing in a little private family life before they expose themselves to an admiring, but endless public. As I

When Lex left Lana in London to continue work on *The Flame And The Flesh*—some background shots had been made in Naples previously—Lana had dyed her hair from the familiar blonde to dark reddish.

Lex was sad to leave her. Lana, however, threw herself into the picture with enthusiasm and vigor. "I've got more acting to do in this one than I've ever done before," she explained to one newspaperman. "It's really very tough. I play a young Italian girl, cynical, tough, jaded. She's not exactly a prostitute, but she wanders from man to man, and I'm trying to make the girl look very real."

"I don't want people to say, 'Turner's bitten off more than she can chew.' I spent a lot of time in Italy watching how girls of this type dress and walk and behave, and in this picture, I just wear a dress and an old suit, and my hair. Well, you can see for yourself. Pretty dark, isn't it?"

**T**HE reporter asked if, after thirty or forty films, she had conquered her stage fright.

"No," she said, "I still almost have a nervous breakdown before a picture starts. I'm afraid I'll forget my lines or trip over my feet or just make a fool of myself."

Reputedly in financial trouble (the story goes that she had to take a whopping advance from MGM in order to meet her back income taxes) Lana admitted that she is trying to sell her Holby Hills house, the one with the six TV sets. "I don't intend to return to Hollywood for a while, so I might as well sell the place." No one has met the asking price of \$175,000.

Lana also said that she did not favor her daughter's future entrance into show business. "I once said I'd try to keep her out of this rat race, and I mean it. It's okay if you stay up there among the winners, but everyone can't be lucky."

As for being in love with her latest suitor, Mr. Alexander Crichton Barker of Rye, New York, Lana insisted that she had been misquoted. "We're just good friends."

There's nothing wrong in a girl's marrying a good friend especially when he's tall, handsome, slavish in his devotion, and capable of making a good living.

Now, that *The Flame And The Flesh* is finished, and work is no longer on her mind, Lana has done that very thing. If she hadn't, all of Hollywood would have been disappointed.

Lana has been in love with the idea of marriage for a long, long time. **END**

## homesick but happy

(Continued from page 43) "This is some reception," I said. "What's to be so excited about?"

"Don't flatter yourself," Alan advised. "You're the first of the Old Guard we've seen for a long time." He handed me the kind of drink that separates the men from the boys.

As we mingled with the guests, I kept a reporter's eye on Sue and Alan to see whether or not their extended European trip had changed them. I confess that even if I hadn't liked them for many years—even if I had been looking for trouble—I couldn't have taken a poke at their behavior. I suppose ten or twenty million words have been written about the Ladds, and I've never seen them referred to as "homey people." Oh, I know that people write a lot about their magnificent home and their still more magnificent ranch. The fact is that Alan is perhaps the richest of the present generation of movie stars, and possibly he is a little dull for reporters, because he never engages in what we refer to as "Errol

stepped off the elevator, I saw Alan sneaking through a side corridor, a frisky dachshund tugging ahead on a leash.

He never has been the type to stroll through a lobby to let the people know there's a movie star around. As a matter of fact, in order to reach Banff Springs, he and Sue had arranged their schedule so that they could leap into a cab (two cabs to be exact) with their family, directly from the *Queen Elizabeth*, and land on a Canadian Pacific railway car, spending only a half-hour in New York. Alan has more friends among reporters than almost any other star, but he can't get used to the fact that every move he makes is an event.

"I'll meet you at one o'clock on the first tee, if you're not doing anything else," he said, knowing full well that my camera and I were there only to take pictures of him.

"It's a date," I replied, and went into the dining room. A captain came up to me. "Mr. Parry? Mrs. Ladd just called and suggested that you'd better have a big breakfast. She ordered orange juice, wheatcakes and ham and eggs. Will that be satisfactory?"

I said it would, realizing that, as always,



Sue had automatically adopted me as one of the family. It was a good feeling. I ate the breakfast with considerable relish. And while I was at it, I pondered the talk that Alan and I had fallen into the night before. I think his thousands of friends should know this, too: that for many years Alan had planned his trip to Europe. He is not the type of actor who starts counting his money when he wakes up in the morning. His business manager does that kind of worrying for him. Alan did a couple of pictures in Europe and he's going back for another one. But he didn't do these pictures in order to take advantage of the eighteen-month tax exemption. All of his earnings have been impounded by his own business manager, and whatever taxes are to be paid will be paid. Like any other tax payer, if he has a legitimate deduction, he'll be grateful for it, and he reserves the right to beef about the amount of taxes he pays, just like the rest of us. But he knows, too, that the movie business has been wonderful to him and to his family. He wants no more, nor less, than what is coming to him.

As I say, Alan Ladd is family. With many another actor the emphasis is on the big "I am." With Alan, it's different. He's not an actor first and a human being second. That's clear enough if you have seen him with Sue and their children, Carol Lee, Laddie, Alana and David. Any of these kids, stripped of the glamour and wealth that surrounds them as children of Alan Ladd, could walk into a schoolyard and "get with it" with a gang in a matter of minutes. They have never been pampered and do not expect any favors.

Only in one department are the Ladds "too soft" in their family relations. They are suckers for their dogs. The boxers and the dachshunds can ruin their gardens, jump through plate glass windows and ruin

the rugs with no more punishment than a harsh look. The newest arrival in their canine division is an impudent little hound they've named Beret, for the picture, *Red Beret*. They picked up this important little monster on their European trip, and he acts just like what he is—a German dog with a French name.

I made Beret's acquaintance out on the golf course right after breakfast. Alan had been making some practice shots while waiting for me, and Beret was showing how smart he was by retrieving the golf balls. As I arrived on the tee, a young lady was having words with Alan. She flounced away with no small degree of petulance.

"What was all that about?" I asked.

Alan grinned. "That dope, Beret. I hooked out into the next fairway. What did this guy do but run over and bring me back two golf balls. I tried to explain to the lady, but she wouldn't buy my alibi."

We settled down for eighteen holes of golf, with Beret tagging along and giving us dirty looks because we wouldn't let him retrieve every shot we made. Alan played his usual steady game in the middle eighties. "I can't say I care too much for this course," he said. "The scenery is so great you can't keep your eye on the ball, and the grass grows so fast you feel as though you ought to run to the next tee before it's up to your ears."

Later, at the nineteenth hole—the one golfers find in the tavern when the game is over—he grew serious. "This trip has been wonderful for my family," he said. "Long before I earned my first dollar in pictures I thought about having a family and getting around the world a little. I know how many other people spend years saving for a trip, and I wanted my kids to have the experience before they settle down to the serious business of getting an education, working for a living and raising

their own families. I'm proud of my kids. They have some special talents, but being an actor's child can be a handicap, I know. I hope that Sue and I have taught them to meet their problems on a level with everyone else. Sue, like every other mother, has had most of the responsibility, and I think she is doing a tremendously fine and normal job."

I am not a writer, but as an old friend of the Ladds, I think I can explain them better than most writers. Carol Lee, soon to graduate from her teens, took a year off from college to make this trip. She is second mother to the Ladd children, while Laddie, now fifteen, is the big brother. The only discord I noted was the kind that is normal in all families.

TALKING with them, I discovered that theirs was nothing but a "fun trip" through Europe, during which Alan was kidded unmercifully because he couldn't get used to the foreign food. Everywhere they went, the rest of the family delighted in trying strange dishes in interesting restaurants but Alan kept asking for hamburgers. Despite their jeering that he could get a freight car of them when he got home, Alan finally located a sympathetic chef in Heidelberg, and talked him into preparing hamburger with chili.

"I still think," Alan told me, "that nothing would perk up those countries like a few chains of motels and hamburger stands."

On the second evening of our stay at the Banff Springs Hotel, one of the college kids invited the Ladds to their dance. It was held on the ski lift, which was bereft of snow at that time of year. Alan and Sue mingled with the kids and had a wonderful time.

Unfortunately, this is not the best place in the world for fishing. Due to the altitude,

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## REPORT ON A SWEETHEART

*Joanne Gilbert is 21,  
In Love and Engaged*

■ Ever since MODERN SCREEN introduced Joanne Gilbert to its readers some months ago there has been a flood of mail asking for more news about her. This is it: Joanne has just turned 21, and to celebrate she returned to sing at night club Mocambo where she was discovered a year ago. This time she smashed all records, including the one set by veteran comedian Joe E. Lewis. Among the big stars who flocked to see her was Rosemary Clooney, who is Joanne's Number One Fan and vice versa. Rosemary brought Joanne a piece of wedding cake, a "residual" from her own marriage to José Ferrer, and was greeted by the news that Miss Gilbert, too, had cause to celebrate. She is engaged to marry Danny Arnold, ace writer for Martin and Lewis. Joanne, who has the most exciting pair of legs since Marlene Dietrich, and a figure that doesn't take second place to Marilyn Monroe, has always been a "one man" girl.

Her first night's appearance at Mocambo was torture, "like being put in an arena with wild lions," but Joanne has managed to suppress her timidity, and in the Paramount picture, *Red Garters*, the report is that she comes over like Gang Busters. Bold though her costumes may be, Joanne Gilbert is a definite introvert. To the annoyance of other actresses, her ceaseless appetite for sweets has no negative effect on her supple figure.

or for some other reason, the fish don't spawn in the multitudes you would expect. Still, Alan and David had a fine time. As Alan explained it, "When a boy and his dad go fishing, it's not what they catch that matters, it's the companionship they get out of tossing their lines into the water, talking and being together."

It's the "being together" that makes the Ladds a great family. Alan Ladd is not put together like the movie star who feels that he is not being "manly" unless he gets away from his family and carries on some minor or serious flirtations with local belles, wherever he goes. Somehow, young people sense the integrity in this man and respect him for it.

We were sitting in the tavern, having a last glass of beer. Outside, the rain poured down in a flood. The tavern keeper came over and said to Alan, "There are a lot of kids outside, waiting for your autograph."

Quickly Alan replied, "I know there are too many for you to ask them to come in. And if I went outside, they would have to stand around, soaking wet, waiting for me to sign their autographs. Why don't you ask them all to sign their names, bring them to me and I'll see that autographs are mailed as soon as I get back to Hollywood."

The tavern keeper thought that was a considerate plan, so he went out and told the kids.

I don't have to tell you that Alan kept his promise. He always does. By this time he's back in Hollywood, and it's like he said to me: "This trip is the greatest thing that ever happened to us, but we've been homesick as the devil, most of the time. We're happy to be home in Hollywood where we belong."

END

(Alan Ladd can be seen in *Saskatchewan*, a Universal-International picture.)

## the big guy takes the stand

(Continued from page 16) that Mrs. Wayne is going to amplify her charge of physical cruelty against America's number-one box office attraction.

The elaboration of that charge is certainly going to be one of the most fascinating aspects of the divorce action.

Mrs. Wayne has been seen with a black eye on occasion, and she is sure to testify or offer depositions as to how, where, why, and from whom she received such tell-tale bruises.

It is no secret that in preparation for the divorce trial, private detectives have been hired "to get the goods" on each of the participants. Both the plaintiff and the defendant in the pending trial have made that clear.

A FEW weeks ago, Mrs. Wayne's lawyer hired a couple of detectives to see what they could find out about Wayne's behavior while he was in Mexico making his latest film, *Hondo*.

He explained to the two investigators that Mrs. Wayne did not have enough money to pay them at the time. Should the private eyes return to Los Angeles with evidence that could be used in court—either photographs or recordings—then they would be well taken care of. That is, they would be paid at the end of the divorce trial when the Court ordered a final financial settlement.

The detectives were also told not to undertake the job unless they sincerely believed in the righteousness of Mrs. Wayne's cause—that out of the \$500,000 John Wayne makes each year, she was entitled to more than the temporary alimony allotment of \$13,200 per year.

The two detectives made their way to Camargo, Mexico, where Duke was on location. They attempted to install small, hidden microphones in Wayne's hotel suite. Instead of entering Wayne's suite, however, they got into the apartment of the governor of Chihuahua, the top official in that area.

They were arrested and (with their recording equipment) tossed into the Camargo jail. A few hours later, the news services were carrying reports to the effect that the two detectives, both of Los Angeles, were in jail for installing "bugs" in the suite of the governor of Chihuahua. These two detectives were sent to Mexico by attorneys representing Mrs. Esperanza Wayne, John Wayne's estranged wife. Allegedly, they were below the border to gather evidence against Wayne who is in Camargo working on a film. His two sons are with him there on vacation.

According to Ward Bond, one of Duke's best friends, who was down in Camargo at the time, this is what happened.

"One afternoon," Bond recalls, "Duke gets a phone call from one of the Mexican police officials. He tells Duke that the Mexican police have picked up two guys from Los Angeles who were attempting to 'bug' a room at the *Santa Rosalia Motel*. He also says that after searching these two characters they found one with a letter addressed to John Wayne."

"Duke says he never heard of the guys. The police say, 'We've got 'em in jail, and we're holding them on four or five different counts, entering the country illegally, working without a working permit, forced entry into a room, tampering with the mails, spying on the governor, and a lot of other stuff.'"

"One of these two detectives is fat and the other is lean. One lives in Glendale, and the other in Los Angeles. They're interrogated by the police, and they say that they were hired by Chata's lawyer, Jerry Rosenthal, to come down to Mexico to investigate Duke. They say very frankly, and mind you, they swear to this in a signed statement to the Mexican authorities, that they were trying to find Duke with some girl. This is a very funny thing in a way, because at the time, Duke's brother, Bob Morrison, was down there with his fiancée. These two guys apparently got some wrong information from someone and figured that Duke was with a girl who'll probably be his sister-in-law eventually."

"Anyway, the governor of Chihuahua didn't know what to believe. He didn't know whether these two guys were private detectives or spies or Communists or what."

"Being the kind of decent fellow he is, Duke explained that they had been hired by his wife to tail him and that they had no evil intentions toward the Government of Mexico."

"The police official then stepped in and said, 'We're gonna try these two men, and I think we can send them to jail for thirty years. One of them is sick. Looks as if he's got a ruptured appendix, but we'll get that fixed up and then we'll try them.'"

"Duke and I went to see these two private eyes, and they told us everything. They had come down on speculation with cameras, microphones, and the whole works, just to get the goods on Duke, just to catch him with some girl, just to get some pictures they could show in the divorce trial."

"One guy, I forget which one, he pleaded with Duke. The sick one. He said, 'Please, if I'm operated on down here and something happens to me! I've got three kids and a wife back in the States.'



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"I'll tell you frankly," Bond goes on. "I said to Wayne, 'Duke, let these guys rot in jail. They knew what they were doing when they came down here. You're trying to make a picture for Warner Brothers. It's tough enough without these guys. They upset you, me, everyone. To hell with 'em. Let 'em rot.'

"But you know Duke, a real soft-hearted, good-natured guy. He goes to the police officials. He goes to the governor, and he pleads for the release of these two private eyes who came down to Mexico specifically for the purpose of ruining him. I know it's their job to get evidence. But there's evidence and there's evidence.

"After these two jokers give a complete statement of their whole background (and this statement is part of the record in the possession of Duke's attorney) Wayne springs the men.

"Not only that, but he charters a private plane to fly them to Chihuahua, and then he sees that they're flown back to L. A.

"I was there. I witnessed the whole incident, this attempt to crucify one of the nicest men on earth. And that's what happened. With such tactics as these, you can get an idea what an unholy mess that divorce trial's gonna be."

FROM the other side, Chata's side, also comes stories of private detectives. Wayne's attorney, Frank Belcher, says, "At no time has Wayne ever had his wife followed or shadowed by detectives."

Mrs. Wayne, however, insists that "I've been followed for months. I have positive proof," she states. "I've seen the cars outside the house, men in the cars.

"Only a few weeks ago—well, I will tell you the whole story. I was riding with my cousin Charles—Carlos Baur, he is fifteen years old. He is my cousin from Mexico City.

"We are riding along. I think it is Ventura Boulevard. I see in the mirror we are being followed. The same car is following me for weeks. I jam on my breaks, and this car runs into me.

"I get out and I run back to him. 'You've hit my car,' I say. 'And you've been following me. I'm going to call the police.'

"This fellow, this detective, he says it's part of his job. And I say, 'What do you want to know?' And he says, 'Who is that young boy you've been riding with?' And I say, 'It's Carlos. My cousin.' He puts it down in his book, and he apologizes, and then he rides off. So I know very well I am being followed."

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icably? This is the question many people in and out of Hollywood have been asking. Why all this cloak-and-dagger routine? Why can't the Waynes get a divorce quietly and preserve some dignity?

The answer is money.

Duke's wife claims that Duke earns \$500,000 a year. She claims that they used to spend \$13,000 a month. Under the law, she says, she is entitled to live after the divorce, in a manner similar to her way of living before the divorce. She wants approximately \$9,000 a month in alimony after seven years of marriage to Duke.

Wayne admits that his monthly earnings average \$40,000—this is all part of the public record—but he has also said that after taxes and expenses, all he has left at the end of the year is \$60,000.

Moreover, he has to support his four children by his first marriage; and they get twenty per cent of his earnings.

A few months ago, in an attempt to award temporary alimony, pending the divorce trial, California Superior Court Judge William McKay ruled that Chata would have to get along on \$1,100 a month until the final divorce settlement.

Not long after this decision was handed down, Chata's Cadillac was attached because of failure to pay \$2,367 in grocery bills. Mrs. Wayne, in this case, testified that she knew she owed the money, but that she had expected it would be taken care of in her separate maintenance settlement. She lost the case and was given ten days in which to raise the money or lose her car. She now rides around in a half-ton pick-up truck.

What are the reasons behind the failure of the John and Esperanza Wayne marriage? Are the partners equally to blame? Is one more wrong than the other? Was Duke really physically cruel to Chata, as she charges? Was Chata's extravagance, as Duke testified, responsible for much of the stress and strain, and for the final break?

Adultery, alcoholism, sterility, extravagance, physical cruelty, mental cruelty, aggravation—all of these have been advanced as possible reasons for the Wayne marital mess.

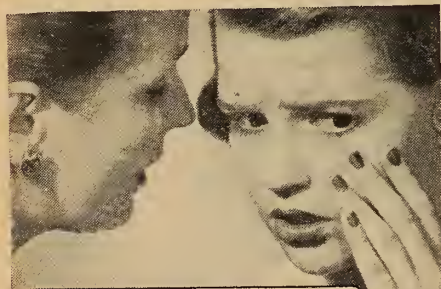
This magazine, of course, takes no side in the case.

On October 19, unless there is a cancellation, postponement, or private settlement—and lawyers for Chata and Duke say none of these are probable—the truth will emerge in the Domestic Relations Court.

Of one thing you may be certain. In this particular divorce case, the truth will sizzle, and two fundamentally decent and respectable human beings will emerge from the trial hurt and bitter.



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## to all as to myself

(Continued from page 49) as a patient, and one of the things he mentioned was that I should "feel free to express myself."

"How far can I go along this line, doctor?" I asked. "No restraint at all?"

"Well, let us say you want to express an anger which has gripped you," he said. "An anger at me, for instance. You are privileged to double up your fist and swing it at me as hard as you can. But the instant you hit my nose you are no longer privileged. The point is that that's the way of the world. I am your doctor and you are my patient. But I, too, am privileged to express myself. I can be just as angry as anyone else and can retaliate as fast as anyone else because I have my own life to live and to protect. Does that make sense?"

Everybody ticks in his own way. Most of us can do with some regulating of the works. That's why I had the experts check mine. As a result, I think I'm running a little smoother and my alarm is not so liable to pop off when there is no need for it. Nobody wants to hear it and I want to hear it least of all. The main corrective I required was oil—the oil of understanding; not only of others, but of myself.

WHAT makes a fellow become wound up too tightly is not always easily explained. Very early in boyhood I began holding my fists in front of me and people started to call me cocky. Maybe it was because I was raised in one of the world's most competitive spots—New York's west side—where nobody needs any special reason to pop you in the eye, and I got popped. Or it might have been the sum of my particular reaction as a child to the bitter realities of life. You go along with them, but not always as the same kid. I remember, for instance, that it was years before I got over the shock of my grandmother's funeral. She was a favorite of mine and died when I was only eight. When she was laid in her grave, when I saw the first shovelful of earth thrown on her coffin, I broke down and cried out in resentment. It seemed to me that someone I knew to be a wonderful person was being treated cruelly, while other people, not at all as nice as she, were escaping this punishment.

I'm guessing at the psychological effect on me but it could be that I got badly twisted as a result of this, developing a feeling that not even being good (and to me my grandmother was the epitome of goodness) could save you from being a victim of life. And very probably (but still guessing) I could have felt that a fellow had best protect himself from this fate at all times. At least that's the way I acted as I grew up—pugnaciously protective about myself.

At home, on the street, in all my contacts with people, I was touchy, very conscious of my rights. When we bought a loaf of bread and it wasn't fresh, I was the kind of kid who liked to go back to the grocery store with it and plank it down, saying, "This bread is stale!" No, sir, nobody was going to put anything over on me! (Nobody, that is, but myself—by getting a little hipped on the subject!)

I can look back now and put my finger on what was wrong with me—I was afraid of life. A lot of us are. But even worse than fear itself was the fear of having the fear known. This, too, is a common reaction, and among kids that's exactly the kind of personality you need to get yourself booked for a steady series of scraps.

Of course, I didn't know it as fear, then. I accepted others' appraisal of it and they called it temper. When on my grammar school graduation day I took a swing at a lad a lot bigger than I, I analyzed my ac-

tion afterward as a case of my temper overcoming my brain. Most kid fights are over with quickly. This one turned into one of those long, terrible sessions that seemed to go on forever. Long after my "temper" had cooled off, when I was sick to death of the fight, yet wearily swinging away, I can remember thinking how stupid it all was. But I couldn't stop. I had to keep punching. To quit, to be thought a quitter—that was worse than anything.

I THINK that fight did me some good, but also because I had held my own with a larger fellow and that gave me a measure of confidence in myself. I didn't walk around with my hands up in front of me so much. Since I really had confidence, it wasn't so necessary to show it by my demeanor. It was there if I needed it. But it wasn't all there, yet. I know that when the time came for me to go out with girls, as it must to all boys, scared or not, I played safe. I wasn't a one-gal man for a long time. I was the kind who comes to the dances to look over the field and then leaves, unattached—the lone stag. I was as unsettled on what I wanted romantically, you might say, as I was in every other way. And when, eventually, I did pick out a girl whom I wanted to know better, she happened to be someone else's—a football hero's, no less.

I had no car, no money, yet life was good to me and gave my confidence another boost. I learned that what you are comes through. What I was she liked, and she overlooked what I lacked in position or possessions. Now I know that if a girl doesn't go out with you (or if you can't impress a boy) you might as well not try to reach her with outside accoutrements or veneers. If you can't reach through to each other for what you are, you can't do it by pretending to be something better.

The way we got along was quite a boost to my ego, but the cure was by no means complete. Many years later I was still fear-bound and swinging out, figuratively, when I should have kept my hands at my side. Even when my big chance came up in Hollywood I nearly scared myself out of it by behaving in a crude manner born of my fear of not making good.

At MGM, I was asked by the dramatic coach, Lillian Burns, whether I wanted to do a light or heavy scene for my first test. I will never forget the look on her face at my reply:

"Why ask me? What do they pay you for?"

I actually cringe at the memory. One of the reasons I even mention it now is as a sort of additional apology to the lady. She came out of this little set-to a much bigger person than I. She came to downtown Los Angeles to see me in the legitimate show, *I Married An Angel*, and decided I had possibilities despite my rudeness.

She had told Billy Brady, head of the studio's talent department, that personally I was "... a most revolting young man." Later, she changed her opinion (I hope!) and we became very good friends. But because of fear I had been rude and had darn near frightened myself out of a movie career.

I think that if I had enjoyed a stronger spiritual identification with my faith during my early days as an actor I would have been able to accept my later success without having it affect me temperamentally as much as it did. I was nervous about the kind of roles offered me, the dramatic values involved and the theatrical level of the productions. A man with trust in the ultimate meaning of his life is not inclined to be overwrought about its day-to-day phases. I am still concerned about the way I am represented to



the public in my pictures but now I am much more aware of the problems of the directors and writers.

WHEN I was making *I Can Get It For You Wholesale*, the director and I made a pact to meet each night in my dressing room for a talk, no matter what happened during the day's shooting. Plenty happened. Some mornings and afternoons we couldn't lay up a scene because of the arguments we had to go through first. But every evening the director and I got together and worked out our differences with an honest discussion and a handshake that washed out all bitterness. We recognized that no matter what else was involved, we had a common cause—a good picture. People thought the production was going to pieces, but because we trusted each other's hearts, if not each other's ideas, we finished up with a good job.

I should have had this sort of tolerance long before I got to Hollywood, but I didn't. When I was bouncing around on Broadway, trying to get a part in a show, and getting turned down, I used to get pretty bitter. Everyone said I was a good actor, but no one had anything suitable for me. Even when I got going a bit, and won top comment as a good comedian and dancer, I would hit against stone walls of opposition. A good friend of mine was (and is) Jack Nonenbacher, manager of José Greco, leading male exponent of Spanish dancing. Enviously, I had mentioned to him some big names who were in Broadway shows.

"I know I can do better than those fellows," I said. "Why can't I get a chance?"

"Look, Dan," he replied, "you'll be better off, eventually, if it isn't too easy to get started. The very thing that holds you back, now, keeps you up there when you make good."

"But what do I do in the meantime?"

"Have faith," was the simple answer. "That's what faith is for."

That's what every man needs—a deep trust in himself and in his future. He needs it in everything he tackles, particularly in the job of being a human being. I know faith can move a mountain; I moved one when I was in the Army.

This particular "mountain" was a problem handed to me when I attended Signal Corps Officers School at Fort Monmouth, N. J., in 1942. If I passed, I was to graduate and get my officer's commission. If I didn't, back to the ranks. I took one look at the problem and knew I was licked. It consisted of a map of the communications system of Berlin, and I, on the premise that the whole system had been wrecked, was to tell exactly how I would go about restoring it to working order if I were to be the first American Signal Corps officer to enter the city.

I found just a small job in the communications map—a generator to provide power. Then I located a switchboard which could be run from this generator. And from this I progressed via small segments of the problem until the whole thing was done!

I don't think it matters much that I didn't turn out to be the first signal officer to enter Berlin. I was sent to Italy and never had a thing to repair. It didn't matter much to the Army, that is. But it made a lot of difference to me to learn that small gains plus strong faith can add up to big victory.

A great many of the fears I used to have are not with me any more. Over the years, I have learned that when I have stewed and worried it has been for nothing. I am not speaking here of actual danger to life or limb. As a matter of fact, whenever I have actually been on the point of breaking my neck, my mind has always refused to accept the fact and busied itself with an inconsequential aspect of what was hap-

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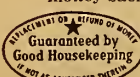
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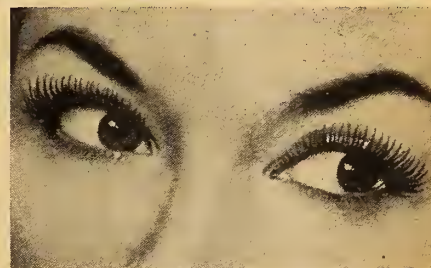


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pening. A year or so ago, while driving a new car, I was forced off the road and turned over. The thought in my head while I was in mid-air was, "Gee, this is going to scratch up the car!" Only recently, my horse failed on a high jump. Even as I knew I was falling, I was conscious only of the fact that I would probably rip my riding coat and it was the only one I had.

What I have in mind is the sense of peril to your well-being that settles on you like a weight and very often makes you a hard man to live with.

I HAVE no desire to become the biggest star in my profession. There may have been a time when I was dedicated to that proposition. I'm not sure. But I am certain it forms no part of my thinking, now. I am more tolerant of people, now, because I judge them by the basic level of their relationship to me, not by all their outward manifestations. I can forgive a friend any mistake if there is no mistake about his friendship for me.

I am trying to enjoy each day as it comes along, and without causing others any harm. I am remembering, always, that if I want to antagonize someone, it is within my power to do so. And therefore it is within my power to accomplish the reverse—to win them over. This, I have actually demonstrated to my satisfaction a number of times, and I have come to the conclusion that if I can win other people

over to me, I can definitely win myself over to a better way of life.

From what I can see, most of us are problems to ourselves. I have had to be honest and admit it to myself. But I'm working on it. That's the most—and the least—a man can do. **END**

## monroe and the wild life

(Continued from page 38) that Joe DiMaggio planned to check in a day early. The dreamy look left her eyes.

"Honest?"

"Not honest," he covered himself. "It's just what I heard."

"Maybe you heard something I didn't," she said, anxiously.

"No, I don't think so. After all, you talk to him every day, don't you?"

"Every day," she agreed, "when he can get a call through." Then she added as an afterthought, "If for no other reason, we'll probably get married to cut down on the long distance telephone expense."

Marilyn grinned as though she had a secret all her own. That secret may be that she and Joe are already married. Nobody could swear to that, although Louella Parsons may confirm it one day in an exclusive scoop. It is safe to say, though, that no girl's heart ever belonged as thoroughly to any man as Marilyn's does to Joe. If they have some complications, they have already been settled, spiritually and

mentally.

"What's to be so nervous about?" he asked her as they discussed Joe's arrival. "Everybody has been telling me how relaxed you are."

"I'd be relaxed," she flashed, "if Joe were here."

An assistant director on the set of *River Of No Return* called her, and she walked toward the camera with that deliberate, slouchy gait that has become so famous. If she had been Betty Grable or Jane Russell, somebody would have whistled. But they wouldn't whistle at Marilyn. The easygoing fun and harmless wolf passes accorded a glamorous star aren't tossed her way. Because, clearly, she is deeply in love and would resent any of the rough fun that passes for nothing when a star has been married a long time. Then it's a mark of respect. Now, Marilyn behaves like a bride, and the studio crew treats her like one.

THIS was a scene in which Rory Calhoun and Marilyn were caught on a raft running wild down the churning Athabasca River. Bob Mitchum is supposed to toss them a rope, r'ar back on his steed and pull them to shore. When Marilyn walked past Bob, for just a moment he started to register some overt, masculine appreciation. He didn't. He never even dropped a lazy eyelid in her direction, and Mitch usually does that with every female in the cast.

It took an hour to go through the scene. On one occasion, Marilyn slipped into the river. Casually, Bob pulled her out. It was a little thing, but big enough to make headlines in the next day's newspapers.

That night, back at the location lodging, Marilyn chatted for a few minutes after dinner.

"Coming over to the tavern, tonight?" someone asked.

"No, thanks," she replied. "I've got some work to do."

Now, almost every other member of the cast was there that night, and to be friendly, Marilyn would normally have dropped in. Everybody knew she was waiting to hear from Joe. It isn't that Marilyn isn't a trouser, or couldn't be—it's just that building a career which will make up for all that flamboyant, early publicity is the important thing with her, just now. The career—and Joe.

At five o'clock the next morning, the camp was up and roaring in order to catch the private train which had to leave at 6:30 to reach the location scene in time for early shooting. Everyone was aboard on time, but Marilyn. She showed up almost fifteen minutes later. If her fellow workers wanted to complain, they didn't. There were no wisecracks. Apparently, everyone knows that Marilyn is living in a world of her own.

At times, she snaps out of it, though, and does extra favors for people—as she did for the engineer and the Canadian Pacific Railway people who wanted her to pose with their train. She made like a switchman, a brakeman and a conductor.

There's something new with Marilyn. Instead of her short haircut, she showed up with golden strands hanging twenty inches down her back. The visitor exclaimed in amazement, "Where did you get that hair?"

"Makeup department, of course," she replied. "They put it on for me, every day, because I have to wear my hair with a bun in the back and there's not enough of it. Now I like it long, so at the end of the day I just let it down and parade around as if it were my own. When I get some time off between pictures I'm going to sit around and grow my own."

She looked at him gravely to see if he understood that she was kidding. Much of what this girl tosses off, ad lib, is con-

# easy money!

Got a yen to see the world? Or get to know your own state better? Remember—big travel funds from small deposits grow—and MODERN SCREEN can get yours off to an easy start. All you have to do is read all the stories in this November 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 now. You may be one of the lucky ones.

**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
- ☐ Movie Reviews
- ☐ Sweet and Hot
- ☐ The Big Guy Takes The Stand (John Wayne)
- ☐ "It Just Didn't Work" (Jeff Chandler)
- ☐ The Shocking Foilure of Susan Hayward's Morriage
- ☐ "Hi, Honey—So Long, Dear" (Charlton Heston)
- ☐ Perfect Balance (Morge ond Gower Champion)
- ☐ Monroe and the Wild Life (Morilyn Monroe)
- ☐ Love Begins At 30 (Ava Gardner)
- ☐ Homesick But Happy (Alon Lodd)
- ☐ Anything Con Hoppen (Lana Turner-Lex Borker)
- ☐ Lanzo Lives Big (Mario Lanza)
- ☐ To All As To Myself (Don Doiley)
- ☐ Is It Bad To Be Good? (Debbie Reynolds)
- ☐ Audrey Hepburn
- ☐ It's Been A Good Life (Tyrone Power)
- ☐ Rito's Forgotten Child (Rita Hoyworth)
- ☐ The Kid From Philly (Eddie Fisher)
- ☐ 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?

Do you eat candy at the movies?

My name is.....

My address is.....

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

I am..... yrs. old.

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



sidered dumb or accidental by some listeners, razor blade wit, by others.

MARILYN doesn't appear to be overly enthusiastic about the rugged life in the north woods. After all, she has just settled down in a magnificent little apartment on Doheny Drive in Beverly Hills, and it has all the comforts that she never has known before. She's hardly the type whose idea of fun is getting up for a before-dawn breakfast ride, but she did fool the boys when they asked her to pose with a horse. The horse took one look at her and plainly fell in love. They nuzzled each other for fifteen minutes, to the delight of all cameras present.

In a way, Marilyn is a little pathetic. She's so darned pretty and sexy-looking that everyone expects her to be stupid in the bargain. She isn't. She obviously follows every direction and suggestion made by her coach, Natasha. For two days I watched for director Otto Preminger to blow his top. He is a shrewd, always fair, but sometimes extremely sarcastic veteran. On some takes it was obvious that he wasn't getting things his way. But he patiently did the scenes until he was satisfied. It's problematical whether the finished version belongs to him or to Natasha, to whom Marilyn is so intensely loyal.

That's the word—loyal. That's the way Marilyn Monroe is to Joe DiMaggio, too. She is like the bride waiting for her new husband to come home, behaving as though no matter what his excuse for being late, it's all right with her. But in this case, "the bride" is always working late, and she isn't going to let anyone whisper to Joe one legitimate word of real or imaginary misbehavior on her part. She's loyal and in love, and she doesn't care who knows it. **END**

## it just didn't work

(Continued from page 31) into a series of bickerings, clashes, and almost constant domestic quarrels.

Meyer Mishkin rapped on the hotel door and entered. Meyer is Jeff's agent. He hero-worships Jeff, his most profitable client, and spends most of his working day in an effort to convince the world that Chandler is the kindest, greatest, most talented actor on earth.

"Here is a for instance," Meyer will explain to a reporter, "about Jeff's versatility. You think he can only act? You're wrong. Did you hear him with Peggy Lee on the radio? Nothing but sensational. She asked him to come back again. Not as an actor, as a singer. Chandler is also a singer, a great voice. He was in Chicago recently, plugging his picture. Vic Damone was on the stage. He called Jeff up. They sang a duet and brought the house down. Now they want Jeff to sign a recording contract. Make records. I'm telling you. The guy is sensational."

Meyer Mishkin, the cheer leader, is also a perceptive man. When he entered the room, he knew at once that Jeff was unhappy.

"Just spoke to Marge," Chandler said. He shook his head, and by that one movement, Meyer understood that between Jeff and Marjorie it was all over.

THE following morning, the news came out of Hollywood. Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Chandler had decided to call it quits. The studio issued the brief announcement.

The truth, of course, is that Jeff and Marjorie decided to separate before he left for New York, but no one else knew about it.

While Jeff was on tour, he phoned Marge every night to ask about the children. In

his heart, he hoped that he might effect a reconciliation.

When announcement of the Chandlers' impending divorce was made in Hollywood, reporters, remembering that Mrs. Chandler two years before had called off divorce proceedings against her husband, wondered if she might not do the same thing again.

"This isn't just a separation," Jeff's wife explained. "I think we've had it. Jeff has moved to an apartment in Westwood, and I'm here in the house with the children.

"What caused the break? Another woman? No, nothing like that. Nothing like that, at all. Just a bunch of little things. Incompatibility covers it. It's been two years this month since we reconciled. We tried. We really did. Very hard. Call it differences in personality, temperament, outlooks. We just can't see eye-to-eye on the things that count.

"Jeff is a wonderful man, and we're both adjusting to the situation. No, I haven't got a lawyer yet. The same lawyer I used last time? I don't know. We're going about this whole thing very slowly. There's always time for a divorce. He's in no big hurry to get one and neither am I.

"Will it be one of those Nevada quickies? I don't think so. In fact, I'm sure it won't. We'll get the divorce in California."

Marjorie Hoshelle Chandler was under contract to Warner Brothers long before her husband first set foot on a sound stage. She was asked if she contemplated a renewal of her career.

"I think so," she said. "I'm the kind of girl who needs to be busy. I like to have a lot to do. With my children and any jobs I can pick up, I should keep occupied."

"When you file for a divorce," a reporter asked, "what will the grounds be?"

Marjorie thought for a moment. "I guess it'll have to be one of those mental cruelty things."

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Only new Tangee contains the miracle ingredient—Permachrome! This means that Tangee is really smear-resistant—really STAYS PUT!

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"You mean," the reporter said, "that no one is going to give out with the real reasons."

"It has been very nice speaking to you," Mrs. Chandler said.

WHEN Jeff was approached and asked to comment on the divorce, he shrugged his broad shoulders. "What can I say?" he asked. "It just didn't work out."

But there are others in Hollywood, friends and acquaintances of the Chandlers, who have much to say.

One radio actor, for example, who has known the Chandlers ever since Jeff got his start on the *Our Miss Brooks* show, says, "I think it's a case of jealousy, pure and simple. Two acting careers in one family never work. Marge used to be much bigger than Jeff. So what happens? She becomes the wife and mother and he becomes the star and the celebrity. Unconsciously, she resents that."

"Look," an actress points out, "I know women, and I understand what makes them tick. Marge Chandler is the kind of girl who dies a thousand deaths every time Jeff hits the road."

"Marge Chandler has been in show business a long time. She's nobody's fool. She knows all the angles. She has friends. She hears what Jeff is doing wherever he is. She knows that girls go nuts over her guy. My feeling is that the minute she lost sight of Jeff, she began to worry."

"Mind you, I'm not saying this is exactly what happened between Marge and Jeff. I'm just suggesting the possibility based on my own analysis of the situation."

IN ALL fairness to Mrs. Chandler, it must be pointed out that when a man and wife separate in Hollywood, the person who is under contract to a studio usually receives the better press. Studios must protect their investments and cannot afford to have their stars subjected to close scrutiny.

This, for example, is what happened with Shirley Temple and John Agar. To this day, Agar has never given his version of their marriage and divorce. "I would never do anything to hurt Shirley," he said.

Marjorie Chandler feels the same way about Jeff, which is why, in the interest of fair play, it is equitable to hear from a director who believes that in every marital failure, blame may be attributed to both parties.

"I like Jeff," this director points out, "and as actors go, he's a pretty nice guy. He's level-headed. He has both feet on the ground, and he has a good mind. But let's face it. He has changed. He has arrived."

"The guy has confidence in himself. He knows he's a star. Whatever humility he once had—well, it's gone. There's nothing wrong with that. It's inevitable. Same thing has happened to a lot of kids who were born poor. They may deny it, but money makes a lot of difference to them. It introduces them to a new kind of life. Humility is not one of its large components."

"Jeff got himself a wonderful agent in Meyer Mishkin. What I'm waiting for is the day that Meyer goes up to Jeff and in all honesty says, 'Jeff, you know that last performance you gave? Well, it wasn't great. I'm waiting for that sort of objective appraisal. Idolatry is what most actors love and what they receive from the subordinates around them. Especially Jeff! He may step out of line once or twice, but who is going to tell him? Well, I think Marge told him and told him in candor and honor and objectivity. And I think his vanity was hurt. That's how quarrels start, and sometimes they never stop."

"Also—and this is very important—there comes a point in a woman's life when she realizes that her husband no longer needs 22 her advice. He's a big shot. He has got it

made. His stardom is achieved and from here on in, if necessary, he can go it alone. There was a time when Jeff needed his wife's advice, her encouragement, the benefit of her experience. That's no longer true, and Marge knows it. The realization must hurt."

"Marriage is very tough for a career woman. She is torn by two instincts, the maternal one and the professional one. She wants fame, and still, she wants to take care of her children, to supervise their growing up. It's very tough."

"I've been very long-winded about it, I know. But I just want to be sure that you don't make Marge out to be all wrong and Jeff to be completely right. There is always that temptation when you write about a movie star. We forget that movie stars are also made of flesh and blood and have weaknesses as well as virtues."

Now, Jeff Chandler would be the first to

## I SAW IT HAPPEN

When Rosemary Clooney came back for a visit to her hometown of Maysville, Kentucky, we were standing on a wall watching her dedicate a street in her name. Before she broke the bottle of champagne she rolled up the sleeves of her mink coat. Everyone wondered at this, but we understood when she said, "It took a long time and hard work for this coat."



Libby Yarber  
Marsha Vanlandingham  
Maysville, Kentucky

admit that. I remember not too long ago when he was discussing his first break with Marge. "A funny thing," he said, "but success can be an influence in any separation. When you're very poor you don't have enough time to analyze and figure out why you're not ecstatically happy all the time. You're too busy making a living. When you do make a few bucks, you have some leisure to stand back and evaluate and criticize. One of my main troubles in my marriage was my moodiness. When something bothered me, I didn't speak out; I clammed up."

WHAT hurts him most about the failure of this, his first marriage, is the effect it will have upon his children. Both he and Marge are children of divorced parents. Jeff's youth, as a matter of fact, is something he has almost succeeded in blocking out of his consciousness. It was tragic, jammed with heartache, and he hates to think about it, much less to talk about it.

So more than anything else, he wants his two little girls to enjoy a normal childhood. If there should be another reconciliation, the welfare of his daughters would be his primary motivation. One of Jeff's most acute little sorrows lies in the fact that he was separated from Marge and away from home when his daughter, Dana, began to mutter her first few words. It was Dana, too, who didn't recognize her daddy in 1951, when he landed at Los Angeles International Airport. Marge and Jeff had decided on a reconciliation over the long distance phone. When Chandler pulled in from New York, Marge and the two girls were on hand to greet him. Only Dana had to be told who her daddy was.

A sensitive man, Jeff remembers all this with poignancy and pain. He remembers the glowing pride and the wonderful hope when, seven years ago, he and Marge were

married in the home of their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Solloway, in Beverly Hills.

Jeff had been out of the Army only one year. He had practically no money, and Marge married him because she loved him and for no other reason. They spent their honeymoon in a motel out in North Hollywood. It was a small motel off Ventura Boulevard. No scenery. No de luxe accommodations. Only the smell of gasoline and the roaring of the trucks bound north for San Fernando. But they cherished every minute of it, and when it was over, they moved into a one-room apartment in Hollywood. No kitchen. One Murphy bed. A small hotplate. Seventy dollars a month and plenty of love.

The early years were the good years, so good, in fact, that the Chandlers were remarried in Glendale, a second ceremony just in case there had been some legal hitch in the first. And then there was the little house they bought on Jeff's G.I. Loan, and the arrival of little Jamie, and Jeff's contract at Universal and another deal at 20th Century-Fox. It all seemed too good to last. And it didn't.

After five years and two daughters there was a separation. It lasted seven months, and in that time Jeff learned that he was in demand with the ladies. It was very flattering to have many of the biggest names in the business make a play for him. But as he says, "I found it was no substitute for marriage."

So he called Marge from the east, and they both agreed to let bygones be bygones. Marge had bought a new home, and she introduced Jeff to the domestic staff. He felt a little awkward at first, especially with his new daughter, Dana, but gradually he got used to it. After three months, it seemed to all of the Chandlers that Jeff had never been away and they were very happy.

THEN Chandler's contract was renewed by Universal at a large increase. The studio rushed him into one picture after another. His fan mail tripled. He began to dream up a Jeff Chandler comic book. Demands for benefit appearances grew geometrically.

Jeff decided to branch out. He began to take singing lessons. And his marriage began to crumble. One columnist said it was because he worked too hard. Another expressed the opinion that Jeff's agent who was also Marge's, should spend less time praising Jeff and more time finding jobs for Marge. Other bystanders declared that Marge was jealous, Jeff was jealous, Marge was ambitious, Jeff was flirting, Marge was an extrovert, Jeff was an introvert, Marge was retrogressing, Jeff was developing, Marge was frustrated, Jeff was neurotic, and on and on *ad nauseum*.

Quarrels at the Chandler household became incessant and all of the Chandlers were unhappy. One night Marge and Jeff decided it was senseless to continue. Perhaps they were mismatched. Whatever it was, their unhappiness was certain to tell eventually on their children. This, neither of them wanted.

Secretly, Jeff hoped to bring off another reconciliation via long distance telephone. In New York, just before he returned to the coast to do *Yankee Pasha*, he learned that he hadn't a chance. The die was cast and the announcement was made.

Fortunately, Jeff and Marge are mature, intelligent adults who decline to lead their private lives in public. As a result their marital difficulties have never inspired fault-finding, recrimination, or name-calling.

It is sorrow enough for both of them to realize that after seven years their marriage will end in a divorce court. This is a high price to pay for success, but it is the price Hollywood chronically demands. **END**



## "hi, honey—so long, dear"

(Continued from page 35) Lydia Heston can rattle off half a hundred upsetting domestic *contretemps* like those, brewed by the zig-zag, water spider pattern on their ten years of hectic, but still happy, married life. There was the time for example, when Lydia, after a year-and-a-half's separation from her Charlie, came back from a Chicago run with *Detective Story*—all set for a few cozy months of married life in Manhattan. When she boarded the train, she was sure Chuck would be still safely involved in his tv work.

But when he met her in Grand Central Station he was lugging a suitcase.

"Well!" she gasped, "where are you going?"

"Hollywood! Got a contract at Paramount." It was the first she'd heard about that. What's more, his west-bound train left in exactly one hour—so the long anticipated home life turned out to be a couple of stools at a coffee shop while crowds of people scuffed suitcases around their toes, redcaps dashed in and out and the clock hands circled ominously.

About the time you read this, too, the big, blond bruiser will be giving a hasty bear hug to his cute life's companion and dropping her off a flight from Bermuda in Chicago before he hustles back west to finish *High Andes* in Hollywood, while Lydia opens on a Windy City stage in *The Seven Year Itch*. For all she knows, the run might be seven days, seven weeks, seven months or seven years—but the itch to get back together will still be there, as indeed it has been ever since the Hestons swore their hurry-up marriage vows back in 1944—and two weeks later lost each other for two long years via Air Force

duty in the Aleutians for Chuck. Their "Hi, Honey—So long, Dear" domestic pattern has been more or less the same ever since, and seems a good bet to continue.

Meanwhile, they've got two separate sets of furniture on two coasts, two Packards parked 3000 miles apart, two complete wardrobes, right down to lipstick and shaving kits, two maids who've never seen each other, and sets of unacquainted friends in the three first cities of the land.

Now, all this sounds like a sure-fire formula for domestic disaster. It's certainly true that the Hestons have had the odds stacked against their married life. "Goodnight" is too often relayed over telephone wires, and on at least one anniversary, Chuck and Lydia actually passed each other in mid-air, headed in different directions. It's true, too, as previously hinted, that there are moments of long distance stress and strain, misunderstandings, and mixups brought about by their stop-and-go home lives. Not long ago, Chuck invited forty-five people to a gala dinner completely unknown to Lydia, then breezed off east on some career summons. She was amply paid back for the day she hopped away from New York, leaving him to prepare food and drink for the eighty-five guests set to swarm into their flat.

But none of these harassments seem to have altered the firm status of a happy union which one of their best friends, Jan Sterling, calls, "so perfect it's a little embarrassing." There's only one word to explain it—love—but it's two kinds of love, love for each other and love for the thing that's terribly important to them both—acting.

That might sound a little on the serious side, considering the subjects—a deceptively Dulcy faced girl who's as full of beans as a Boston belle and a super-

charged husky whom one critic recently described as "A 3-D Mister Coffeeneerves." Chuck and Lydia Heston maintain a life of love on the run without wilting in the race because all their lives they've never been in love with anyone in the world but each other. And all their lives they've never really wanted to do anything else but act.

Seventeen-year-old Charlton Carter Heston first met Lydia Clarke, or rather stared boorishly at the back of her pretty neck, in a drama class at Northwestern University. He had never had a date in his life. "And, to tell the truth," says Lydia, "he looked it." She got this impression when she turned the neck in surprise at a statement Chuck made regarding a play they had studied, and about which the instructor asked for critical comment. The voice back of her boomed, "It's skeletal," as Lydia remembers, and when she swivelled around to see just who came up with that, she thought, "Brother, so are you!"

Charlton had gone to a one-room school in the backwoods of the Michigan peninsula where the ink froze in the inkwells. That's where he was born and spent his boyhood. It's a boyhood that Chuck Heston still looks back on today with a fond longing tugged by strong family roots. The 1300 acres and the hunting lodge, that he recently bought for a getaway is part of a whole wild county which his speculator grandpa bought up for taxes years ago. Russell Lake, on his place, is named after Chuck's dad.

As a kid in this wilderness, Charlton (that's his mother's maiden name) had roamed happily around by himself, lugging a string of rusty traps, for muskrat and beaver. He tangled with scrappy bass on a bamboo pole, was trusted with a .22 almost as soon as he could go out alone.

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\*Ann Pinkham, modern-day voice of Lydia Pinkham.

At eight, he'd been lost in the woods—no light matter, even for adults, in that country—but got home by himself, following a flight of ducks for direction.

But there weren't many kids around to play with. About the only girl he ever knew was his little sister, Lilla. Chuck was a lone wolf, hunting his romance in adventure books, then going out to his 'woody' hiding spots and pretending to be every character in the tattered volumes. "There's no doubt in my mind," Chuck says, "that my acting kick started in those days. I was acting all the time. I never did anything else."

Once, spurred by an adventure tale, he wrapped up a book and an apple inside a shirt, tied it on a stick for bundle and set out to see the world. Way down the road, about dusk, his father met him, coming home from work.

"Where do you think you're going, Son?" he inquired.

"I'm running away," stated Chuck.

"Well, goodbye," said his dad, passing calmly on. That wasn't the way Chuck's script was written. He had envisioned his parents in tragic tears. He turned, ran and caught up and was glad he had when the owls started to hoot.

BOTH Chuck and Lydia had won scholarships to Northwestern University. She wasn't as lost in the clouds as Chuck, and Lydia Clarke arrived in Evanston a much smoother article all around. Undoubtedly, this accounts for her reaction to Chuck after she had given in to his awkward advances and granted a date. Lydia scribbled home to her mother: "I've just gone out with the most uncivilized, crude and rude, wildly untidy, impossible man on the campus!"

With that impression, naturally Charlton Heston's first and only dream girl gave him a pretty hard time, or if you prefer Chuck's description, she was "interestingly combative." When he pestered this contrary cutie with reckless, absurd proposals she would yawn, "I'm just not interested in getting married."

"Well," he'd press, "if you ever did get married, do you think you'd be interested in marrying somebody like me?"

"Not possibly!" she'd dust him off, but in the end Chuck outhammered her.

At that time, he was running the night elevator in a swank North Shore apartment house, inhabited mainly by rich, retired tenants. You could tell just about when they'd go out and when they'd come in. There were long, idle hours when Chuck could stalk out of his cage and emote to the overstuffed furniture in the lobby. Sometimes a querulous guest would ring to ask if somebody was being murdered, but usually it worked out fine. At Christmas, too, there was a jackpot of tips which added up to the magnificent sum of \$75 and gave Chuck his chance to make an impression on his reluctant lady love.

He took the \$75, rented a swank suit of tails, top hat and boiled shirt. Then he called up Lydia at the campus cafeteria where she worked. She almost dropped a stack of plates when he invited her to do the town. "We'll dress, of course, white tie and all that" she actually heard this untamed bumpkin declare.

They went to the Pump Room at the Ambassador East—Chicago's finest—and even though they rolled down and back on the bus it was pretty high style. The awkward moment of the evening came when the captain steered the elegant revelers right past the table of a resident of his building who had unwittingly contributed a ten-dollar tip to this spree and was stunned speechless to see his elevator boy sweep by in full dress and wave a chummy "Hello!" Looking back, Lydia thinks it was then and there that she knew resistance to

Chuck was no longer possible. But she didn't let him know that, of course.

In fact, Charlton Heston was quite surprised when a telegram from Miss Lydia Clarke arrived. It stated rather primly and right out of the blue, "I have decided to accept your proposal." Chuck had been canned from his hotel job, but had been picked right up by the Army Air Corps and was in basic training at Greensboro, North Carolina. Lydia had spring vacation coming up. They were married on St. Patrick's Day in Greensboro when Chuck promoted a pass from the sarge by pretending he was an Irishman. Being a pair of true artists, they wandered around town until they spied just the right setting—a church with a white cherry tree blooming in front. They went in and even though it was almost six o'clock, they managed to do it up right.

So—you can see that romance and acting have been twisted together like sweet-peas on a trellis ever since Charlton Heston and his Lydia spotted each other—although usually the peas themselves have been in widely scattered pods. In fact, on Chuck's brief leave the newlyweds took in a theatre performance—and the usher placed them in separate seats! "We should have known then how things were going to be," Chuck grins. Pretty soon he found out for sure. In a matter of days, the groom was at Port Heiden, in the clammy Aleutians, hunched over a radio transmitter, and the bride was back at Northwestern.

When the conquering hero came back he had never looked better in his life. "He weighed 225 pounds," remembers Lydia. "I thought, this is war?"

It was peace. And, of course, peace to Mister and Missus C. C. Heston meant launching a couple of green acting careers—a project guaranteed to reduce overstuffed figures. In the first year, Chuck regained his Lincoln-esque look with no effort at all. He settled with his bride in a shabby furnished room in Chicago. They stored their food in a foot locker, cooked on a hot plate and washed dishes in the bathroom basin. The family budget for feasting was \$6 a week.

In New York they lived in a railroad flat in rough, dockside, Hell's Kitchen. It cost \$30 a month and it meant sleeping on a bed Chuck had hammered together from a few boards. The Hestons look back from these affluent years on those hungry ones with special tenderness. Until a few months ago, they sentimentally kept the Hell's Kitchen flat as their eastern hangout. They would have it yet, if the city hadn't condemned the building.

The reason is simple. They were together then. The clicking sound in their two careers was also the snapping of their poor, but permanent, home ties. Chuck, for instance, blew off alone to Boston for his first big break in *The Leaf And The Branch*. When Lydia's turn came with *Detective Story*, it was back to Chicago for her, with most chances to see her husband coming via a tv set in her dressing room. Then there was Hollywood for one, New York for the other. Separation has been the price of their success.

"It would be silly to say we like it that way," Chuck will tell you honestly. "But," he asks just as earnestly, "what can we do?"

One thing the Hestons could do—if they were the types—would be settle down cozily in Hollywood and never move. Ever since *The Greatest Show On Earth*, Charlton Heston hasn't had to beg for screen jobs. He's the heroic toughie type who's box-office bait as his jobs in *The Savage*, *Pony Express*, *Ruby Gentry*, *The President's Lady*, *Naked Jungle* and others have proved. Lydia did perfectly all right, too, in *Atomic City* and *Scalpel* with Chuck. Both are tailor-made for Hollywood's tv radio and the west coast stage stops

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which are multiplying season by season. Unfortunately, that's not the antidote for their particular acting bugs—as virulent as ever, after all these years.

Chuck's goal is to play *Macbeth* better than anybody has ever played it. Already, he has done some pretty terrific performances of it, the last being this summer in an ancient British fort hanging over the surf in Bermuda.

By now, Chuck and Lydia Heston are conditioned to settle down like tabby cats wherever they are. But anywhere at all Chuck is in levis or shorts and a T-shirt the minute he slings his bags to the floor.

Except for Charlton's sketching kit, a couple of cameras and the necessities of a peripatetic existence, the Hestons travel light—and they almost live as light as they travel. Long ago, they learned that collecting plunder is just a headache when you're hotfooting around. Luckily, neither is interested in rich trappings or fine feathers. It took Lydia years to talk her husband into investing in two suits. He had a collection of antique ties, hoarded since college days, and as rag-tag as kite tails, which she spirited to their incinerator, replacing the shabby lot with seventeen bright new ones. It almost caused a rift in the family. Probably the only other time Chuck got as riled at his wife was when he impulsively bought her an elegant mink stole as a surprise. But when she opened the fancy box Lydia popped his balloon. "Why, it's a mink stole!" she exclaimed. "I don't need a mink stole. Wherever would I wear one? Take it back."

Both Chuck and Lydia are used to separation rumors and don't get too upset, knowing what the score is with themselves and what they're in for as movie celebrities. They know that as long as they keep hopping here and there, rift rumors are an occupational hazard. But the lack of a solid homelife, as the years tick by, worries them a lot more. For one thing, there's the matter of a family. "Sure, we want kids," Chuck will boom from under a wrinkled brow, "but not in a suitcase." The only live dependent they've owned was their Great Dane, Caesar, whom they parked with Chuck's dad as they rambled around. The big pup died when he was only four. "Ulcers," explained the veterinarian. "Purely from loneliness for you two." So thoughts of a family give them real pause.

In fact, the only way Chuck Heston has figured out to carry on the line is to revert to his rustic beginnings, hole in on the shores of Russell Lake and commute to Hollywood and all directions by rocket plane. The Michigan place is paid for. There's plenty of wood for the fireplaces and the big eight-room lodge could take care of all comers.

"Snows are deep in the winter," muses Charlton Heston at that pipe dream, "and we could just hibernate—like the bears. Lydia could have a baby every spring and I could grow a long beard like Father Abraham." On him it might be becoming, but probably it will be a while before we see it. At twenty-nine, and with things going the way they are, that would be strictly a thought for the hustling Hestons' future.

END

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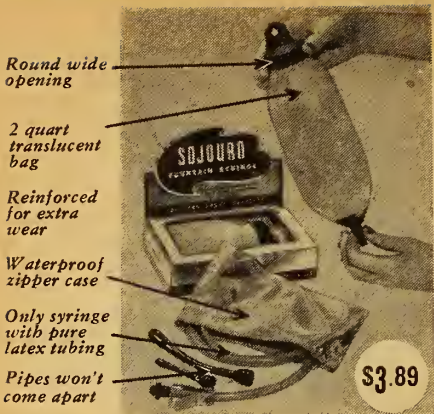


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**GREGORY PECK** who has been accused of having more girls overseas than an Arab sheik has wives in his harem, is miffed about reports that he was responsible for Audrey Hepburn's wedding cancellation. Audrey, twenty-four, Belgian born and British bred, was scheduled to marry Jim Hanson until she co-starred with Peck in *Roman Holiday*. After that, she called off her wedding, and gossips attributed her precipitous action to falling in love with Greg.

When questioned about this in Munich, where he is starring in *Night People* for Nunnally Johnson, Peck said, "Miss Hepburn is an excellent actress. I enjoyed working with her. I know she will be a great success back in the States, and my schedule being what it is, I probably won't run into her for another six months."

Greg was also rumored to have fallen in love with Jane Griffiths, his leading lady in *The Million Pound Note*. But when the last scene was shot in this film at Pinewood, near London, Miss Griffiths scotched the rumor once and for all by going out and getting married to Gerald Nell-Nichols, company director.

As to his marital status, Peck insists he contemplates no divorce—which is exactly what his wife says. The eldest Peck boy, Jonathan, is scheduled to join his father in Switzerland this Christmas for some skiing provided Greg hasn't returned to Hollywood by then.

**PATRICIA NEAL**, whose heart was broken when Gary Cooper refused to divorce his Rocky and marry her, was recently in Rome on her honeymoon. She is married to an English writer, Ronald Dohl. Coincidentally, Cooper was in Rome at the same time. He had gone there with his wife and daughter, both Catholics, for an audience with the Pope. Although Pat and Coop lived in hotels less than half a mile apart, they fortunately didn't run into each other. Mrs. Cooper says her husband can have a divorce any time he wants one. He doesn't. It's much safer for an American actor in Europe to remain married, at least technically.

**GENE TIERNEY** is wearing a five-carat engagement ring from Aly Khan who is being most faithful to her. When Aly was in New York several weeks ago selling some of his father's horses at Saratoga, the only woman he had anything to do with was his ex-wife Rita Hayworth, who refused to let him take their daughter, Yasmin, overseas for a visit. It has been rumored in Paris that Aly's father does not approve of his son's companionship with Gene Tierney. This isn't true. Knowing Aly, he feels that only a European wife might be able to tolerate his son's behavior as a husband. Gene, once married to an Italian dress designer, feels she is well-qualified to get along with Aly Khan who is half-Italian.

**CLARK GABLE** is no longer making a secret of his love affair with Susanne Dodolle d'Abadie. They're seen all over Paris together and make no effort to avoid publicity. Gable, who knows one sentence in French ("C'est beau."), seems happier now than he has for a long time. He and Susanne took strolls on the Champs-Élysées, and Gable doesn't mind being stopped by the autograph hunters. One afternoon he spent more than an hour signing two hundred autographs, and a smile never left his face.

When asked recently to explain his turnabout in public accessibility, Gable said, "I like France so much that it's just impossible for me to turn down any Parisian. This is a great country and I'm happy to be here for a while."

Susanne, who speaks excellent English, gave up her job as a Schiaparelli model to tour the continent with "the King," is confident that he will marry her eventually.

**CHARLES BOYER** saddened many hearts in Europe when he announced, "I am through with love. Now I'm going to act my age, which is 53. Love, kisses, the deep voice... can I help it if I am French? But let us have no tears because my lover's role is gone. There are still new horizons to be met." Boyer just finished *Madame de X*, his first French film since 1937, starring opposite Danielle Darrieux. He says that instead of the lover, he plays the role of the sophisticated husband who struggles to save his son from a cunning lady ambassador.



## shocking failure of susan hayward's marriage

(Continued from page 33) My mind went back many years to that time when Susan was pregnant with her twins. She and Jess had a battle royal in front of the Tom May home, following a party. It was a secret she had asked me to keep, and I had.

At that time, as now, she had come to see me; but then she had been forgiving of Jess. She said she was not going to divorce him.

"Jess is miserably unhappy," she had said. "Only I know how miserable. His work has gone against him; there don't seem to be any parts for him in pictures. I don't know why; he's really a good actor."

"Maybe being my husband, sort of a Mr. Susan Hayward, has affected his career. If that's true, I am sorry. The least I can be is understanding."

"I don't believe in divorce. I'm going to fight to keep our marriage together, not only for ourselves, but for the babies we expect. I took a vow when we were married—for better, for worse—and I'm sticking to Jess. I hope for the better from here on in."

I was pleased, after the twin boys were born, that things really seemed much better between Jess and Susan. In the early years of their nine-year marriage, Susan would often see the question in my eyes and she would always assure me, "Things are all right, Louella. Honest!"

Of course, the very big obstacle of Jess' not working was still a large factor and a problem. Always it was Susan who comforted him and sympathized, although it became increasingly difficult, for her own career was zooming. She was one of the most important stars on the 20th lot and was being given outstanding pictures and fine roles.

Now the end was here, and there was no more strength in Susan to keep trying.

HER lovely red hair was moist against her forehead as she sat talking with me across a table in my playroom. I had ordered coffee, and she sipped it gratefully. This girl, I realized, was exhausted, not only physically, after the beating she'd taken, but emotionally and spiritually as well.

Her voice was calmer as she said, "I don't have to tell you that Jess has never contributed any money to my support or to the support of Timothy and Gregory. You know all about that."

"And I know you realize that I was deeply sympathetic with him, at first. I believed him when he said he was an actor and couldn't do anything else. But there must come an end to the unnatural way of living in which the woman is the wage earner and the man sits home with the children."

"The little boys couldn't understand why I got up early every morning and went to work and Daddy stayed home. It was not that way in the homes of the children they played with. Children can be cruel. I'm sure their playmates often taunted Greg and Timmy about their father's going to the market and driving them to school, when in their homes it was the mother who did these tasks."

"A mother can give her children love and tenderness, but she cannot set the example of a father, a leader—a man who is head of his home. Boys need to respect their fathers, and Jess was letting things slide to the point where he didn't even try to get work—as an actor or anything else."

"We began to quarrel about this more and more bitterly. Jess would be angry. But this last time it was blind rage."

"I was not only terrified when I saw

Jess' fury, but I realized he was trying to ruin my face—the very means by which I earn my living.

"Well, I've already told you what happened: the nightmarish scene at the swimming pool, the police. Then I sneaked away. I had to be by myself for a few days. I knew they were saying I was hiding because of a black eye, but I didn't care. The end has finally come, Louella. There is no turning back."

And what a heartbreaking ending, I thought, to the love story of the gallant, spirited, redheaded little Susie, who was born Edith Marriner in Brooklyn and who came to Hollywood as one of the original contestants for the role Vivien Leigh played in *Gone With The Wind*.

Of course she did not get the role, but there was to be much glory and success for Susie in Hollywood. Not at first, however. She almost died out as a perennial ingénue and milktoast heroine in many Paramount pictures.

Just about that time, I asked Susan to join some other young starlets for a Hollywood stage act I was going to take on tour for eight weeks, playing all the key cities.

She was delighted to join Jane Wyman, Ronald Reagan, June Preisser, Arleen Whelan and Joy Hodges, and she was her cute, completely honest self when she told me right to my face that she thought being associated with me "will help my career".

You come to know people well when you travel with them, and I was surprised that with all of Susan's luscious, sexy beauty that she was at heart a real Miss Prim, easily shocked by the backstage "stories", even when they were mild. And her feelings were so easily hurt she dissolved into tears if anyone even looked at her crossly.

She seldom went out, even when we hit such big towns as Philadelphia and New York. If she did go, it was usually with a relative or friend from Brooklyn.

She was an ultra moral and conventional little thing, a quality which endeared her to me fully as much as her loveliness and sweetness. Many years have passed since then. I brought myself back to the present and to the heartbroken girl who had once again come to me with her troubles.

She said, "My reputation is highly valuable to me, or I would not be telling these things against the man I have loved for so many years."

"But I am shocked to my soul about some of the terrible stories being circulated about why we separated. What I have told you is the truth."

"Since I first met Jess there has never been any other man for me, and I really believe there has never been any other woman in his life."

A little sigh escaped Susan; she leaned back against the wall and closed her eyes as though she were consciously remembering Jess as he was when they first met and fell in love.

SHE had known Jess when they were both on the Paramount lot, he playing young leads just about as important and lasting as Susie's ingénue parts.

It wasn't a case of love at first sight—but they had much in common, particularly their being on just about the same rung of the ladder of fame.

They began to see more and more of one another and discovered their tastes were delightfully similar. Neither liked the nightclub circuit, both liked to save money and they spent hours driving up

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the beach roads talking about their careers.

Jess was really more ambitious than Susan. He was (and is) a sensitive actor and he had had a greater sampling of real drama at that time than she.

In 1944, they were married, and to all outer appearances, very happy. They continued their simple manner of life, invested their money and continued to keep abreast in their careers. Then, gradually, so gradually that it was hardly important—Susan began to forge ahead. Success wasn't a blinding thing, in her case. It came, picture by picture, year by year, until today she is one of the most important stars on the 20th lot.

And, picture by picture, year by year, until there were few and then no offers, Jess' career moved backward.

A resentment he must really have felt against fate and himself, Jess began to take out on Susan. They fought frequently and he became very unreasonable about how she spent her money.

"But even then," went on Susan, "there were many wonderful times of happiness between us, particularly after the boys were born.

"Jess can be so charming. He is handsome and young and no one has insisted louder than I that he has real ability as an actor.

"Recently, he has been getting some offers. I hope they keep coming for him. If so, I'm sure Jess will be himself again. He is easily discouraged and he had only three days' work in his new picture."

"If Jess does change, is there any chance of your taking him back, Susan?" I asked. "Perhaps he has learned his lesson."

"No, no," she cried, "Never. It's too late. There have been too many 'lessons,' too many 'new' starts, too many times to forgive. When I could keep things to myself and no one else knew about it, I could take it. But this time there were not only the police, but we had a house-

guest, Martha Little, staying with us. She is the sister of one of my old schoolmates from Brooklyn.

"Soon—just as soon as Jess signs the property settlement—I shall take the children to a ranch in Nevada and file for my divorce," she said. And I knew she meant it. "Now that the end has come, I want it over as soon as possible."

She picked up her bag and prepared to leave. She had talked as fully and as much as she could. The wounds were literally so fresh that she could go no further.

But as she rose she said, "There's just one thing, Louella. Despite the sad memory of what brought on our final break, don't be too bitter against Jess in the future. In every marriage breakup there are two sides, and I'm not pretending to paint myself as an angel and Jess as a devil.

"I have a temper and a hot tongue, and I work so hard I'm frequently tired and almost sick with nerves. Movie stars are never easy to live with, and no one knows that better than I."

I said, "I suppose a psychiatrist might say that Jess' sudden violence was a defense mechanism against living in a set of circumstances intolerable to a man's pride, or perhaps a guilt complex from doing nothing about the situation.

"Perhaps, Susie," I added as I walked with her to the door, "Jess' violence was not really directed so much against you as it was against himself."

"Maybe," she replied softly, "I don't know. I just know that my marriage is finished and done with—a sorry, shabby ending to many moments of happiness. My heart aches very much, but it is closed forever on the past." **END**

(Susan Hayward can be seen in 20th Century-Fox's CinemaScope, Demetrius And The Gladiators.)

## love begins at 30

(Continued from page 40) and lit a cigarette. "Being married to Frank Sinatra," he said good-naturedly, "would not exactly simplify any woman's life. Another thing," he added, "Ava's been abroad a great deal of the time. I don't see as much of her as I used to."

Weren't you in London recently?

"Yes, and I saw her there. She had a very nice apartment out at Regent Park and a very nice secretary. And when I was there, Frank was with her."

How were they getting along?

"I will tell you," the executive continued, "Ava gets more beautiful with the passage of time."

Do you think Ava's rid of all those little devils that used to plague her?

The executive thought for several moments. Then he mashed his cigarette in the ash tray. "Well, Ava is happier now than she was five years ago. She has grown up intellectually and emotionally. She has also discovered that as an actress, she has talent. Not so much talent as Sinatra. Did you see Frank in *Eternity*? A sensational performance. Academy Award caliber. The guy is really great.

"Ava," the producer continued, "has developed her talent through hard work. It's a source of satisfaction to her. What you must never forget about Ava is this: when she came out to Hollywood, she had nothing. She couldn't sing, she couldn't dance, she couldn't act. All she could do was pose for cheesecake. As for her mentality—well, you remember. She didn't show much judgment in her private life.

"But she has come a long way since then. A long, long way. And shall I tell you something? The guy most responsible for her mental development is Artie Shaw. Whatever you say about Artie, you must admit that primarily he's a scholar, a man who worships the intellect, a student of art and literature and good music. In my opinion, he's the one who really developed Ava. He showed her the door to knowledge. He forced her to read books. He made her brain come alive. As a husband, the dames say he's impossible. But certainly, he stimulated their pretty heads. He attracts intellectuals.

"All right, so his friends are all in analysis—that's neither here nor there. The point is that he taught Ava plenty. She began to assess herself, to take stock. Unfortunately, she is more emotional than intellectual. I mean she knows when she's doing wrong or taking chances, but she goes ahead, anyway.

"A few years ago when Sinatra was down in Texas, she knew she shouldn't have flown down to him, but she did, anyway. I'm sure her brain told her not to marry Frank, but her heart told her just the opposite. She listens to her heart.

"Why do she and Frank fight? They both have violent natures; they are both creatures of emotion. Ava is happier now than she has ever been before. Her new contract calls for \$5,000 a week for the next five years, so she doesn't have any money worries. She didn't like most of the pictures we put her in, but she's no Garbo. She doesn't like Hollywood because she doesn't have very many friends here. Just Les Koenig, Fran Heffin and a few others. She says she wants six kids, but I don't think she'd ever give up her career.



"Maybe, now that she's financially fixed, she and Frank will adopt a couple of kids. Maybe that's what she needs to fulfill her life. You ask me if, at thirty, Ava Gardner is a happy woman. I think she is happier than she was five years ago, but she is still an unfulfilled woman; she is unrequited. She has found flashes of love but she is still bedeviled.

"As I told you before, that's just my opinion. Why don't you interview her friends and acquaintances? Ask people about Ava. See what they say."

**D**IRECTORS, producers, publicity men, old friends, old lovers, old schoolmates, shopkeepers, people who somewhere along the line had made contact with Ava Gardner—all had different interpretations of Miss Gardner.

A director said, "I don't know Ava except professionally. She's a good actress if you don't ask too much of her. She is cooperative. She doesn't hold you up, and she's easy to work with. One of these days she's going to get a role she falls in love with, then watch out. She's going to surprise the world. Is she really thirty? You'd never think it."

From a publicity representative: "Ava Gardner is a lot better than some actresses we've handled. You know what they say about actors and actresses—they need you on the way up, and they need you on the way down, and in between you can go to hell. Ava has never been like that. Of late, she has regarded us with a jaundiced eye but the still men swear by her, and you could never call her anything but cooperative.

"She's really a level dame. If she gives you her word, you can count on it. She never pulls rank, either. At heart, she's a nice kid. I'd say that she has given us less trouble than practically any other actress. To a large extent, she owes her success to publicity, and she knows it."

Said one reporter: "She's okay, I guess. I've written about twenty stories on Ava. I've always asked my photographer to get her best angles. Never once has she sent me a thank-you note. I wrote one yarn about her fights with Frank and right away I was the prize heel of all time. A lousy double-crosser. Boy! You should have heard her."

And a man who used to take her out says, "She's a beautiful girl. No doubt about it. But when she's got you on the hook, she can really give it to you. Maybe deep down she hates men. Some of them have given her a hard time. Anyway, I'm glad she's married to Sinatra, and not to me."

An old schoolmate from Newport News, Virginia, says, "I haven't seen Ava Gardner since she was twelve or thirteen. Her family came from North Carolina, I think. I don't know how long they lived in Newport News. She was in my class at school and seemed very shy, almost backward. Maybe it was because she was new. I never thought she would become famous. Just goes to show you."

A fellow-citizen of Grapetown, North Carolina: "She comes from good old stock. Her daddy never made much money. He shared crops around here. I think there were seven kids in the family. Her mother died of cancer a couple of years back. A fine woman she was. They say she was plumb crazy about her brother, Ava was. Family kinda scattered now. Lot of nephews and nieces. They all speak very well of her. She used to send money home. Very proud of Ava Gardner in North Carolina. She and Kay Kyser. Right nice girl, Ava Gardner. They say she married that Italian crooner fellow, Perry Como, or somebody like that."

A Hollywood girl who knows Ava well:

"Ava's a doll, a beautiful doll. Not a phony thing about her. Speaks her mind. When L. B. Mayer tried to take care of her because she was dating Frank, she told him right off, told him, but good. Anything she's got she's earned the hard way. She's very honest. She thinks that making movies is a whole lot easier than working at a typewriter. She doesn't mind saying so, either. None of this dramatic coach business with her. She calls the shots as she sees them."

**A** BRITISH newspaperman reports, "Ava's a good interview, speaks frankly, once in a while claims she's being misquoted. I was down in Africa with her on that Mogambo location. I heard some funny stories about her and Sinatra. I don't know how true they are, but here's one.

"One night when she and Frank were way out on location—no cities or towns nearby—they got into a battle royal. 'I've had it,' Frankie said. 'I'm finished. I'm getting out.' And with that, he walked out into the jungle. Incredible! Where could he have gone?

"I think they wanted Lana Turner for that picture, originally, and I don't think Ava was a particular favorite of the director, John Ford, but she gave an excellent performance. The British fans like her quite well. She had an apartment in London when she was there, and she had English friends.

"I understand she suffers from an inferiority complex and is wary of people. Oddly enough, she never seems especially happy. Do you think her marriage with Frank Sinatra will last? Over here, we don't."

A Hollywood actor indulges in a little professional jealousy, perhaps. "I judge Ava on the record. She married Mickey Rooney in 1942. She divorced him in 1943. She got \$25,000 for her heartache. She married Artie Shaw in 1945, divorced him in 1946. She got \$5,000, a liberal education, and an introduction to psychiatry. I read all the time about this poor, fear-ridden, insecure little girl from North Carolina. This poor lil' ole Ava honey-chile is gettin' five grand a week, and I wish I were she. I can't work up one ounce of sympathy for Ava."

A Hollywood agent discusses her: "Ava's a sweetie but when it comes to men, she has no judgment at all. She is attracted to men in show business because she speaks their language. That's why she married Rooney, Shaw, and Sinatra.

"My wife said to me only the other day, 'Ava Gardner should have married a doctor,' and I said, 'And what would she have talked to him about?' With people in other professions—doctors, engineers, lawyers, scientists—Ava feels strange. She doesn't belong with them.

"She's like Lana Turner. They are lusty, frank, down-to-earth, laugh it up, live it up, tell-him-off girls. Ava has a lot of bounce; so has Lana. An unhappy marriage? Okay, try again. These girls go out and do things."

Another former escort from Hollywood says, "Ava likes the simple things, informal clothes, plain food, staying at home and having a good time. In Hollywood she stays out of the night clubs now. She's crazy about kids and if she has any sense she'll adopt a few. Joan Crawford has four, and they keep her darn busy between pictures. That's what Ava needs. From *Here To Eternity* should make it easier for Frank to get jobs in town. Maybe he won't have to be on the road so much, and maybe Ava won't have to spend so much time worrying about him. Both of them are truly wonderful people, and I hope they do settle down and be happy now."

END

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## audrey hepburn

(Continued from page 53) This type of interview had its limitations, of course, for there is no possibility of a normal flow of conversation. The reporter remembered Miss Hepburn's dignified manner in *Roman Holiday*, and began with "Well, Miss Hepburn, I'm going to have to ask you a lot of sassy questions."

If she objected to such personal questions, fired at her for a solid half hour by an utter stranger six thousand miles away, her reply gave no sign of it. Her answering tape arrived from England within a few weeks, and was equally long and extremely gracious in tone. The most immediately remarkable thing about it was her voice. Having been educated in England she speaks with the precise and clipped diction of the British, yet there is something so soft, almost sleepy, about her voice that it is enchanting. It is unfortunate that, along with a report of the questions and answers, it is not possible to allow the reader to hear this voice. It is expressive, sometimes lilting in laughter, sometimes, when speaking of tragic things, barely audible. Maybe you can imagine it as you read her answers.

Q. Would you describe the house near Brussels in which you lived as a child? What was your father's occupation? Did you have any brothers or sisters?

A. The house we lived in outside Brussels was a very charming, quite large country house where I lived with my father and mother and my two brothers, both of whom are older than myself. My father was a businessman. I was very fond of my brothers. We had the normal squabbles, but they were always happy ones.

Q. Were your parents strict, or do you feel you were spoiled? Were you a tomboy? Do you think you were particularly difficult to raise?

A. My mother, I think, has brought me up as well as any mother ever does. I think she did a wonderful job, with three children, and I don't feel she was over-strict or that we were spoiled. She brought us up in a very natural, healthy way.

I don't think I was a tomboy. I'd say I was a rather moody child, quiet and reticent, and I liked to be by myself a great deal—which made me quite an easy child to raise. Nevertheless I needed a great deal of understanding, which I always got from my mother.

Q. You were sent to school in England? Did you like school?

A. I was. I went to a little private school in England as, at the time, we were living in Belgium and my mother thought it was right for me to speak English, being brought up as an English child. I spent the first years of my life there, with periods back home either in Belgium or wherever my parents happened to be at the time.

"Did you like school?" you ask me. Well, I liked the children and my teachers, but I never liked the process of learning. I was very restless and could never sit for hours on end, learning things. I enjoyed learning the subjects I liked—I always loved history and mythology and astronomy—but I hated anything to do with arithmetic or that sort of thing. School in itself I found very dull and I was happy when I finished.

Q. Your biography says you were ten when the war broke out and your mother took you back to Holland, where you later studied ballet. Why did you attend school in Holland under a Dutch name? What about your entertaining in Underground concerts to raise money for the Dutch resistance movement?

A. Actually, my mother was in Holland when the war broke out, and I was at school in England. I flew over to join my mother in Arnhem—that was Christmas of 1939, just before the Germans entered Holland—because things were beginning to blow up all over Europe, and Mother thought the safest place for a child of ten was with her mother, after all. No one knew where it was safest at the time.

Yes, I did go to school under a Dutch name. I used my mother's name because it wasn't too good an idea to draw attention to the fact that I was English. My nationality just might have got me into trouble.

I was there all during the war, and I started studying ballet very soon after I arrived in Holland. I had taken various lessons in England and loved dancing, and once I'd started in Holland, I decided I wanted to be a ballerina. I had a rather sketchy and erratic training because of the war. Malnutrition stopped me on one hand, and conditions got more and more difficult.

I did indeed give various Underground concerts to raise money for the Dutch resistance movement. I danced at recitals, designing the dances myself. I had a friend who played the piano and my mother made the costumes. They were very amateurish attempts, but nevertheless at the time, when there was very little entertainment, it amused people and gave them an opportunity to get together and spend a pleasant afternoon listening to music and seeing my humble attempts. The recitals were given in houses with windows and doors closed, and no one knew they were going on. Afterwards, money was collected and given to the Dutch Underground.

Q. Would you tell me about your family and your life during the war? Did your family suffer any hardships because of it? Didn't the English parachute into Holland near your town of Arnhem in an attempt to deliver the Dutch from the Nazis?

A. I couldn't really talk about the war without talking for hours. It's five years out of my life. I was living there and saw the landing and was there all during the fighting.

Q. An impertinent question. Are your parents still living, and if so, are they still married? I ask this because your biography mentions only your mother in your later life. Does the family still own the home outside Brussels?

A. No, they are not. I mean, they are divorced. They are both living. No, we don't own the home now.

Q. When you went to England in 1948, did you go alone? How did you get the part in *High Button Shoes*?

A. Yes, I went alone to England. It wasn't until I had my first job, in *High Button Shoes*, that I was able to afford the luxury of having my mother come over. At the time, there was a great deal of restriction where money was concerned, and I couldn't get any money out of Holland. I did an audition for *High Button Shoes* and, with many other girls, was put through my paces and then was engaged by the producer of the show at the time—a man called Archie Thompson—who gave me my first real break.

Q. How old were you when you came to America to do *Gigi* on Broadway? Did you sail or fly? Would you tell me your impression of New York? Was there anything in particular you wanted to see, or eat, or experience in the States? How did our cities impress you? What did you like about Americans the most?

A. I was twenty-two when I went to New York to do *Gigi*. I sailed, especially, as I wanted to approach America by sea for the first time, and was dying to see the New York skyline and the famous



Statue of Liberty. Of course it was my luck that we arrived about three o'clock in the morning. It was pitch dark, and I stood freezing in a nylon nightie in front of my porthole, and saw nothing.

I had a great day. I was shown New York, and went to my first baseball game immediately. Within two hours of my arrival in New York, I was standing in the Yankee Stadium, cheering my head off at a great game which I knew nothing at all about, but found very exciting. Naturally, I wanted to see everything, but I wanted to absorb America slowly, to take it as it is, as everybody sees it and lives it. The food? Well, I must say—all those steaks! Very exciting! Incidentally, they did a great deal for my health as I needed them at the time, and I've been a much healthier person since.

The cities showed me America. We went through Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Detroit, Chicago, Washington, Wilmington, Richmond, Los Angeles, Seattle, San Francisco. San Francisco's a great city, isn't it? Oh, boy! I found it exciting to see America this way—working my way across—and thought it particularly exciting because each city was so different. It was like arriving in a different country each time.

I liked the unaffectedness of the Americans. They're warm, they're kind, and whatever they've got to say, they say it.

**Q. Were you homesick when you were making Gigi? Tell me about your meeting with William Wyler.**

**A. Never.** I was too happy to be homesick. I was too excited about what I was doing. This was something I'd been longing for all of my life. I would have loved my mother to have been with me, and to have seen it all with me, but otherwise there was too much to be grateful for to nibble away at it with petty homesickness.

Mr. Wyler came to London and I met him and his wife at his hotel. We talked about the picture and he agreed I could be tested for it. I made the test, which he arranged for me, as he wasn't able to stay in London, and it wasn't long before I heard the great news I could do *Roman Holiday* and that I was under contract with Paramount.

**Q. Did you enjoy making Roman Holiday, and American methods of picture-making?**

**A.** The American method of picture-making was slightly diluted by the Roman and Italian atmosphere. I don't think I'll get the real American method until I work in Hollywood. I thought it was a great combination—good Hollywood organization with a bit of Roman sunshine thrown in. We had great fun, and it was a fantastic experience.

**Q. Has anyone ever told you that you resemble Gregory Peck? Some people here have said your face looks like a feminine version of his.**

**A.** I must say I haven't noticed, because I've never thought of it. I'd like to think so because—I mean, he's a pretty good looking man. Isn't he?

**Q. Do you consider London your home?**

**A.** London is my home. We have a little apartment here and my mother lives here. But I'm quite used to the idea now that I shall be commuting for the rest of my life—I hope—between America and England. I hope to spend a lot of my time in New York. I love New York. I'd love to settle there. I love San Francisco and it's a beautiful city, but you can't compare the two. I like New York because there you're in the center of things. Whatever's going on in the world seems to sort of center around New York. People pass through, and I have the theatre there. If it were not for the theatre, I might very well live in San Francisco.

**Q. What about your appetite? What are your favorites?**

**A.** I don't say I eat a lot. I eat small meals, but I love to eat quantities of the things I like. I love meat. I love a steak. And I adore sweets and chocolate and things like that. But I try to take myself in hand.

**Q. How about reading? How much? What type of thing?**

**A.** I read as much as I possibly can, not as much as I'd like to. Anything, as long as it's by a good writer. My great hero has always been Rudyard Kipling—right now I'm a fan of Graham Greene's. I've found that my life has been spent so much in ballet class or studios or working that I haven't spent as much time in studying these things as I'd like to. In short, I'd like to see and read and know a lot more than I do, and I'm working hard on it.

**Q. What about love life? What can you say about your romantic life and your ideas on it?**

**A.** Oh, boy. (pause) I've been asked the question often enough—I should know the answer. Everybody knows I was engaged and no longer am, at this point. I've not as yet discovered a way to combine a career and married life, both of which are full time jobs and entail a great deal of responsibility because mainly they involve other people. It would be simple if it involved only one's self. You've got to be pretty sure, and to be able to say with certainty that you can cope with the combination, and until I find a way of doing that, I don't think I dare get married. Right now I'm still pretty level-headed about it. I'm not a great girl for going out with a lot of people. I have my particular friends and like to see a lot of them. This is all a lot of talk—you realize that, don't you? One day I'll just fall in love and get married, career or no career. That doesn't mean I wasn't in love last time—I was very much so. Perhaps too much so to dare embark on a life I didn't know too much about. Well—at this point I'm free lance, and I think it's the best.

**Q. What about Sabrina Fair?**

**A.** I read the stage play but haven't yet read the screen script. I love the story, I love the idea. I think Paramount bought it for me partly because I like it so, and I'm very happy about the whole idea—and that Billy Wilder is going to direct. How lucky can a girl be? She makes her first picture with William Wyler and her next with Billy Wilder. It almost seems too good to be true, and I'll try to live up to all this.

I'd like to add something to this now I've finished it. Dear Miss Wilkie, I want to thank you very much for this interview. On hearing it played back, I find it rather incoherent and hope you will forgive me for being so. I do hope to meet you very soon when I come out to Hollywood. I'll say goodbye, and thank you very much.

If Miss Hepburn thinks she gave an incoherent interview, she should know that the most vitriolic profiles ever written were those in which the writer reported verbatim the conversation of his subject. It is an unflattering method, usually. Miss Hepburn had no idea her replies would be set down verbatim (and they wouldn't have been if she had been less competent). Yet she comes out of it a charming and articulate girl.

At first glance, the story seems to give little besides the statistics of Audrey Hepburn's life. Examined more closely, it establishes the fact that she is a girl of tact and refinement. She is a grateful and devoted daughter. The utter silence on the subject of her father suggests that the



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family rift disturbed her considerably, yet she has the taste to bypass the subject. She is a candid person, being one of the few actresses to admit delight when school was over, and to admit a feeling of inadequacy where self-education is concerned. Reading between the lines, one understands that Miss Hepburn suffered considerably during the war, yet she does not dwell on the fact. She glosses over the fact that she has been a victim of malnutrition, that she was a spectator of bloody fighting, and that today she can't get enough meat or chocolate. She treats lightly the fact that she contributed to the Dutch resistance movement, an activity for which she could have been caught and put into a concentration camp. She modestly neglected to answer questions that would necessitate a bit of boasting—such things as her linguistic ability and the extent of her travels. She discloses a delightful sense of humor, a zest for life, a

sincere liking for Americans and the adoption of American slang. She seems to be a self-reliant, ambitious and courageous girl who has a deep capacity for love. Her recent engagement to a wealthy British businessman is discussed, however briefly, in a frank and refreshing manner, and her ideas about marriage would prove her to be an unusually thoughtful girl.

This is all we know. This, and the description of people who have met her. They are the only ones, at this writing, who are capable of describing her in terms slightly new to the Hollywood vocabulary. They include coquettish, saint-like, alluring, hoydenish, disarming, sensitive and captivating. The American press will soon be swamped with news about her, but in the interim MODERN SCREEN has copied the first interview for a fan magazine. Despite the revolutionary method of interviewing, it was successful because the new star is, among other things, coherent. **END**

## Rita's forgotten child

(Continued from page 57) room. He beckoned and she darted to his side and put a trusting hand in his. Eduardo Cansino is a kindly man who has worked hard for all of his fifty-odd years. He loves and understands children. A few minutes later, Rebecca was laughing in the tiny kitchenette, while Grandpa was fixing her a cheese sandwich.

THE Cansino dancing studio swarms with children. Eduardo goes through class after class, pointing his stick, demonstrating intricate steps. Between classes, he tucks his castanets into his belt, sits briefly at his desk and goes over his accounts. Some stars are very slow to pay for their children's lessons. Eduardo's life is not easy. "It is strange. They expect me to carry their accounts when they are not working, but so often when they are successful they are too busy to remember to pay me."

Perhaps Eduardo is the most normal influence in the lives of Rita's children. Simple, unassuming, he is a man with natural sympathy for the awkwardness of kids, and takes pleasure in encouraging them. His pupils adore him, and most of the youngsters knock themselves out trying to please him.

At Grandpa's studio, Rebecca has a chance to be with other children like any normal eight-year-old. "Normal" is a word that could not be used to describe the life of the little girl up to now. Before she was born, on December 17, 1944, Rita had announced that she wanted a boy "just like his daddy—another Orson."

Rebecca's proud father declared that he wanted seventeen children. Nothing was said, then, about Christopher, his daughter by his first wife. Christopher is now eighteen and lives in North Africa with her mother, who is remarried to a British diplomat. Even Orson's best friends admit that he never has contributed consistently to the support of Christopher, although he has shown great interest in her during recent years and carries on a steady correspondence with her. He has displayed a similar attitude toward Rebecca, contributing little or nothing, financially, but showing concern for her welfare.

Even in the beginning, a hectic life eddied around Rebecca. During her first year of life, her parents raged and quarrelled. When Rebecca was four months old, Mrs. Volga Haworth Cansino died, and Rita was grief-stricken.

Work became an escape for the film star. Rita wanted to forget her personal life. She

became feverishly active. A few days after Rebecca's first birthday, Rita told reporters she would keep working with the "exception of a few days during the Christmas holidays" which she planned to devote to her daughter.

Rita has always professed devotion to Rebecca. She has a great deal in common with other working mothers who are constantly torn from their children. Some of Rita's yearning that things might be different came out in her statement following her divorce from Orson Welles.

"Right now there is a young person named Rebecca Welles who means more to me than career or anything else. I will always be grateful that I have her. You don't know what it means to me to come home and have her put her arms around me and hug me. She's awfully smart, too."

Rita's alleged romance with Haymes is one of the latest items of Hollywood gossip—and it is amazing how much of that gossip is known to the small fry of Beverly Hills, who repeat to each other morsels overheard at home. Ugly reality and cynical wisdom can come during childhood in this tinsel town, and more than one famous parent has come to the point of asking, "What have I done?"

Rita, as everyone knows, has made mistakes of judgment, but not of the heart. No one knows how she may have suffered during the long hours of the night. Surely, her intention has not been to harm Rebecca.

Rita's turbulent existence—the demands of her career and her need to rest and relax between pictures—has kept her away from Rebecca four to six months of every year of the child's life. Yet she listened attentively five years ago to the counsel of Dr. Maurice Bernstein, a surgeon in Beverly Hills, who has been Rebecca's doctor since she was born and her former guardian. He advised Rita, "You are leaving Rebecca alone too much. I would suggest you spend more time with her. She cannot grow up normally and develop as she should without the love and attention of her mother. I feel that a child needs the closeness of her parents, and I strongly advise you to spend more time with Rebecca."

Rita probably did not intend to ignore Dr. Bernstein's advice. But her personal life was becoming more complicated and she was on her way to Europe again.

While she was abroad, the doctor and his wife, Hazel, did all that they could for Rebecca. The child's serious little face would light up when Dr. Bernstein made his daily visits. He provided toys and gifts from Orson Welles, who is the doctor's



best friend. The doctor also brought drawings made by Orson in Paris, which delighted Rebecca, who enjoys a talent for art. The little girl must have felt that she was loved, even in her mother's absence. During the period that Rita was making international headlines, the doctor brought Rebecca steel bars, paints and brushes, a swing and a sandbox.

Rita provided every necessity and luxury for Rebecca, and did little to attempt to collect from Orson Welles the \$50 weekly support awarded by the court. Frank Belcher, the attorney who represented Rita at that time, says that to the best of his knowledge the sum due Rita is now almost \$15,000. Rita would never press Orson for the money, knowing that times were difficult for him.

Neither attorney Belcher nor Dr. Bernstein ever see the film star any more. Dr. Bernstein just shakes his head sadly and says, "Something has happened to that girl. What, I don't know. I am not allowed to see Rebecca any more, and I love her like my own. I write; I wire; all my communications are ignored. I don't know if the letters and gifts I send on to Rebecca from her father ever reach her. There is a wall. Rita seems to be so suspicious now."

When did the change in Rita begin? It is difficult to tell. She seldom associates with any of her old friends any more. Even so, her co-workers are still loyal to her and only reluctantly admit that she has changed.

**M**ILLIONS of words were written about Rita's mad fling with the still-married Aly Khan, just as the presses are rolling now with stories about the still-married Dick Haymes. But in the midst of her idyll with Aly, Rita dashed home, took Rebecca and her nurse and kept them with her for several months.

While Rebecca was traveling with her mother, her father hoped for a chance to see her. When he learned that they were at Aly's *Chateau L'Horizon*, Orson sent Rita a wire stating that he wanted to see his daughter and giving the time of his intended arrival. He practically bought out the Paris toy shops. But when he reached the *chateau*, Rita, Rebecca and Aly were gone. Orson waited two days for Rebecca to return, amusing himself by playing with the toys he had brought. He waited in vain.

Finally, there was the belated wedding of Rita and Aly on May 27, 1949, six and one-half months before the royal birth of Princess Yasmin in Lausanne, Switzerland, on December 28, 1949.

This event was regarded as so important that it stopped traffic in Lausanne and made banner headlines in newspapers all over the world. There was some criticism of Rita by church and women's groups, but there was no condemnation of Rita at home by Dr. Bernstein. He waited patiently, regarding the Aly episode as a "fling." He hoped that Rita would have time for Rebecca, now that she no longer toiled before the cameras.

Instead, Rebecca was packed off to Gstaad, Switzerland, with her nurse shortly before Princess Rita's regal *accouchement*. The advent of Yasmin completely eclipsed Rebecca. Months went by while Rebecca waited in a lonely hotel for her mother to return. Meanwhile, the world press spewed millions of words over the birth of the Princess Yasmin.

Finally, in February, 1950, Rita and Aly joined Rebecca in Gstaad, and she no longer played alone in hotel corridors.

But the months that followed were no happier than before. Rita and Aly led a tumultuous life. Rita's old complaint against Orson—"he was not interested in making a home"—was also directed against Aly. Does Rita now see twice-

married Dick Haymes as her future defender of the home?

**W**HILE she decides, Princess Yasmin, the \$3,000,000 baby, and Rebecca are at home with the servants. Rita said that she needed a rest. She had been working hard at the studio for the last year. When she is making a picture, there is little time for her family. If she has an early call, she seldom can see the children before she goes to work. When she is not working, she sleeps late.

Only on weekends, when the warm, family-loving Cansinos gather at Rita's house for Sunday dinner, are they really together. When Rita is depressed and mistrustful of the glittering existence she has sought—then she turns to her family. And they come—father, aunts, uncles, brothers and in-laws. In Hollywood, where dependent relatives are the rule, Rita's family is a well-known exception.

It is a pity that Rita, who came from such a warm and loving family, has not succeeded in duplicating such a home life for herself. She has complained loudly of her husbands' lack of interest in "home life." Has she ever shown them what a loving home life is like? When she is busy with her torrid romances, doesn't she neglect her family?

Rebecca has needed protection from stupid people. More often than Princess Rita cares to remember, little Rebecca has overheard such careless remarks as, "Isn't it a shame she isn't as pretty as Yasmin? . . . too bad, she looks just like Orson . . . well, at least, people say she's smart. . . ."

Thoughtless "friends" have said these things. Rita's secretary, Margaret Parker, has shuddered as she saw the impact on little Rebecca, who has grown more and more silent, more and more given to bursts of temper and outright rebelliousness.

But four years ago Rita thought she had gilt-edged insurance on happiness for herself and Rebecca with marriage to the Prince of the Moslem world.

When Rita married Aly Khan her father remarked, "Now, all we know about Rita is what we read in the papers." Then he wrapped up a bottle of perfume and mailed it to his daughter as a wedding present.

**F**AMILY ties were renewed when Rita came home with Rebecca and Yasmin in tow. Rumor has it that she was absolutely broke. According to the stories, the film queen had spent her entire fortune during her two-year tenure as Princess Margarita, and she had to borrow \$50,000 from her agents to get started again.

Even her hope for a settlement on the Princess Yasmin came to nothing. All she has is an empty court order awarding her \$48,000 annually for Yasmin's support, signed by Judge A. J. Mastretti in a Reno courtroom. Announcement of the award drew this comment from her father-in-law, the Aga Khan: "Aly need not pay one penny, as the court order applies to Nevada, and, at most, to America, where Aly has no money."

Rita finds herself in the same position as thousands of other American mothers who are divorced and unable to collect support for their children from their ex-husbands. Fortunately, she has enough earning years left to be able to compensate for some of the income she has lost. But this film star has much more to recover than her fortune.

Rebecca Welles lives in her mother's shadow. When Rita devotes herself to making her daughter's life happier, she may find more contentment in her own life. Rita will learn that the sparkle in her child's eyes can outshine Aly's diamonds, her own name in lights, and the fleeting glow of romance.



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