

modern screen

ILLUSTRATION
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in this issue:

AVA and FRANK
tell the truth to'
LOUELLA PARSONS

behind closed doors—
the
JOHN WAYNE
story



Susan Hayward

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CREAM

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CAMAY



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modern screen

stories

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On the cover: Color Portrait of 20th Century-Fox star Susan Hayward by John Engstead. Other picture credits appear on page 75.

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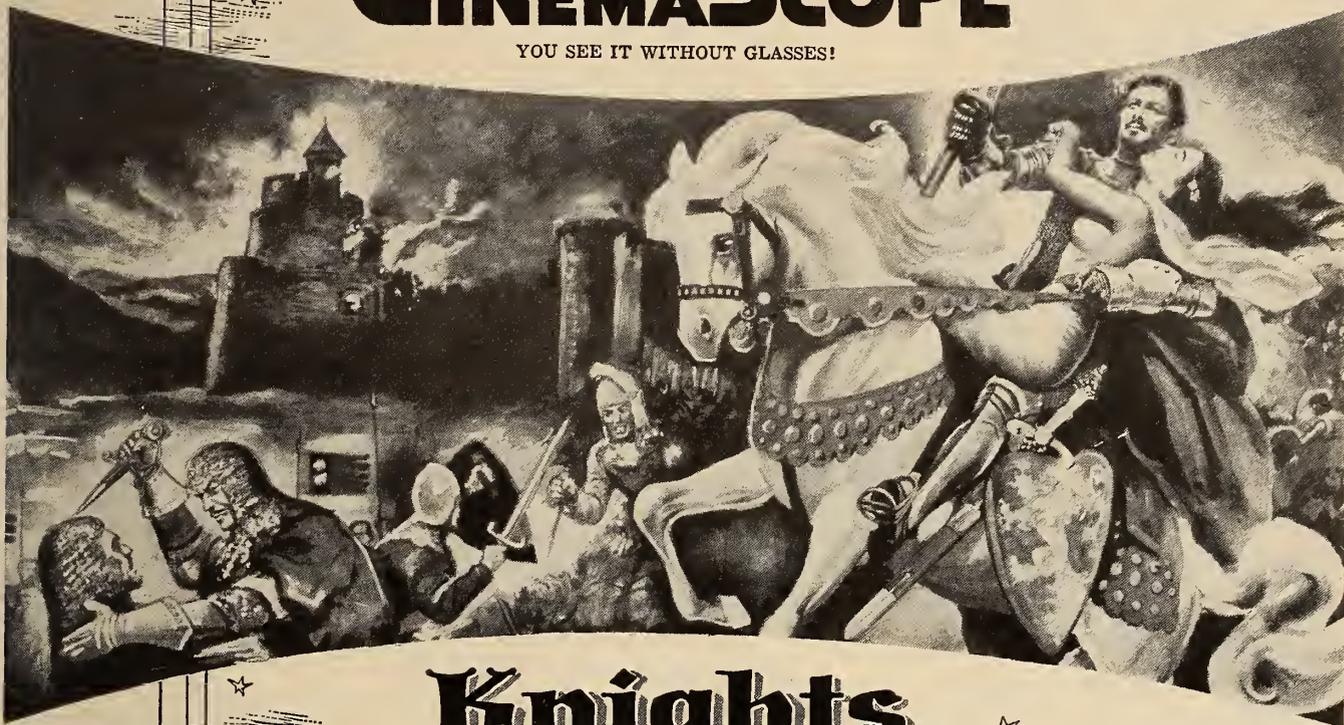
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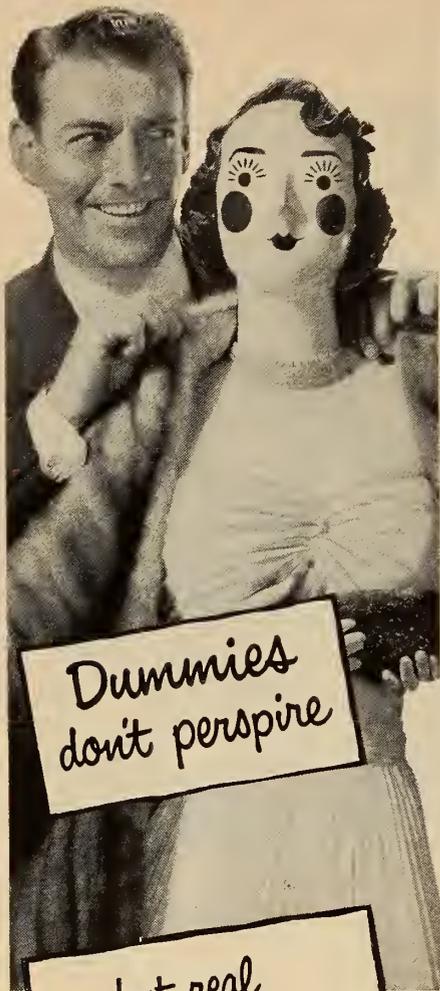
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HOLLYWOOD ABROAD



AN M/S WIRE SERVICE OF LATE NEWS FROM AROUND

THE WORLD

ELIZABETH TAYLOR has had more than her share of hard luck in Europe. She not only collapsed in Denmark from nervousness, fatigue, and "an upset heart," but while touring the Continent on vacation, before she started to work on *Beau Brummell*, she lost or had stolen from her maid of the jewelry Mike Wilding had given her.

A pearl, ruby and emerald pin, a gold bracelet and a beautiful pair of jade and gold earrings were missing when Liz arrived at the London airport from Rome.

Whether the jewelry had been stolen in Italy while the Wildings were vacationing in Capri, or whether it had been stolen or lost on the plane, no one has been able to find out. Liz thinks the jewelry was insured but whether or not the insurance coverage takes care of theft outside the U.S.A. she doesn't know.

Her secretary believes that the insurance does not cover it, but whether it does or not, Wilding knows now what he can buy his wife for their second wedding anniversary.

YVONNE DE CARLO, who has made more films overseas in the last three years than any other Hollywood star, keeps giving out information about her new European romance. Newsmen in London, where the actress has just finished *O'Leary Night* with David Niven and Barry Fitzgerald, are now convinced that Yvonne has no romance either in Europe or in the U.S.A.

One reason de Carlo makes so many pictures abroad is that her agent is able to sell her in London for \$50,000 a picture. In Hollywood she has virtually no takers at that price. Involved with many lovers by a hard-working press agent, Yvonne now claims, "I will no longer be a party to those phony love matches." The last one involved actor Carlos Thompson, who finished *The Flame And The Flesh* a few months ago. This one was played up as a tempestuous love match. It subsequently fizzled. Yvonne is now in the familiar position of the boy who cried "wolf." If she should find a serious romance now, she would have no trouble keeping it a secret.

DAWN ADDAMS, rumored to be engaged last year—both to Farley Granger and French actor Claude Dauphin—announced in Rome that she plans to marry Prince Vittoria Massima there this spring.

"How about Farley Granger?" someone asked the British-born actress. "Weren't you going with him?"

Dawn shook her head. "At various times," she explained, "a girl gives her heart to various people. Then, when the right man comes along she gathers up all the pieces."

GREER GARSON, a sweet beauty with hair the color of carrots, was in London to plug *Julius Caesar*, a film which had received rave reviews. Greer disillusioned many of her countrymen. Wrote one critic, "She not only looks as glassy as a Hollywood star, she also talks like one."

What exactly could Greer Fagelson (her married name) have said to the Englishmen?

"Hollywood is misunderstood," she pointed out, "especially by English people who go out there, accept its hospitality, then come back and malign it. There are plenty of people of culture and understanding in Hollywood. There are Hindu groups, musical circles, stamp collecting groups, and psychiatry circles."

Miss Garson was then asked why so many talented Englishmen who had gone to Hollywood at one time now refused to return.

"In all probability," the actress explained, "they did not have good enough offers."

Did Miss Garson miss her homeland at all? "Oh, yes," she admitted. "I miss the antiquity, the accent, and the green parks. But then I also live a quiet, simple life in my paneled country house in Bel Air. There are two sycamores and a swimming pool. You would think it was England."

General British opinion of Greer Garson—she is irrevocably lost. She has gone completely Hollywood.

Because Eddie Cantor is more than just the world's greatest living entertainer, this is more than just his fabulous show-business story. Here's Cantor the man—the showman, the human—who carries almost as big a torch for America as that Liberty Lady in New York Bay. Rub the black grease-paint off that eye-popping face and he's all red-white-and-true-blue underneath.

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Musical Numbers Staged and Directed by LeRoy Prinz PRODUCED BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

WITH ALINE MacMAHON and **WILL ROGERS, Jr.** AS HIS DAD



JANE AND GENE BREAK UP . . . BARBARA STANWYCK PREDICTS BOB



LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD

The fabulous Press Photographers' Costume Ball brings top stars to balloon-filled Mocambo for social



Tony Curtis wore one of Richard Burton's *Robe* costumes; Janet continued the family classical motif by wearing a Grecian Goddess dress.



Vero-Ellen, who came as a Christmas tree with real lights that could be turned on and off, received a souvenir from m.c. Art Linkletter.



Mitzi Gaynor's belly dance received a lot of publicity; so did her new, slim figure. (Her steady, Jack Bean, had asked her to lose weight!)

ALMOST MORE startling than the breakup of Jane Powell and Geary Steffen over Gene Nelson was the out-of-the-blue breakup of Jane and Gene as a romantic team when they seemed so much in love.

Certainly they had paid a high price for their love in the shocked criticism of fans and friends.

Two homes had gone on the rocks.

And yet Jane calmly announced one day, "Gene and I shall not continue seeing each other. It's all off between us."

To ask why is certainly not unreasonable and I must say Jane was honest when she tried to explain:

"I guess I high pressured Gene too much; forced too many decisions he was not ready to make.

"No, not seeing Gene any more won't have

any effect on my divorce from Geary. Our marriage was over before I ever met Gene. I mean it was finished in spirit and heart."

Asked if she thought Gene might try to woo back his wife, Miriam, Jane said, "I don't know. I really don't know—" her voice trailed off.

Obviously, Jane feels that Mrs. Nelson asked so much as a property settlement to divorce Gene that his hands (and who knows?—perhaps his heart, too) are tied.

So, if he can't move one way or the other—it's best to say goodbye.

Make no mistake about it, she is a broken-hearted girl no matter how many dates she makes with other men—and she's dating Nicky Hilton, Pat Nerney and Jacques Mapes.

Strange, isn't it, that one of Hollywood's most startling "triangles" should end like this

—something a little sad about the whole thing.

P.S. Not trusting Hollywood "triangles," I should say, this is the way it's ending as of now.

BARBARA STANWYCK, who was seated on the right of Bob Taylor, looked across the dinner table at Eleanor Parker and said, "I predict that you and Bob will be the next big Hollywood romance!"

To say that you could have knocked over the other guests with a cocktail napkin is the understatement of the social season.

Bob had borrowed publicity agent Helen Ferguson's house for the purpose of a little farewell party. MGM had cast Eleanor and himself in *The Valley Of The Kings* and they were leaving the following day for Egypt.

NEWS

season's most elaborate party.



Joan Crawford arrived in blackface and the greenest, tightest dress of the evening. She wore sequined stockings on those still-famous legs.

Bob and Eleanor had known one another around the MGM lot and were on a friendly basis—and that was all.

Eleanor had been too busy having babies by Bert Friedlob—and more recently, divorcing him—to know any other male was alive.

She had arrived this very evening at the party, her eyes still red from the crying session she had had following her appearance in court divorcing Bert that morning.

Eleanor was so surprised at what Barbara said, she gasped. Bob flushed a bit.

But perhaps Barbara is a better fortune teller than either realizes.

Eleanor is at the end of an unhappy marriage. Bob is at the end of a two-year romance with Ursula Thiess.

At this crucial emotional time in both their

(Continued on page 10)



Jane Powell, now dating frequently, looked happy with Pat Nerney. Friends say she is heartbroken about her sudden split with dancer Gene Nelson although Jane has stated that they may eventually resume their romance. (See story on page 32.)



Marie Wilson received a kiss and a radio from m.c. Art Linkletter while Bob Fallon looked on. Morie's popular TV show, *My Friend Irma*, takes up most of her time these days, but she found time recently to make a movie, *Marry Me Again*, for RKO.

A new, exclusive MODERN SCREEN feature:
 a nationally-known record expert gives you the latest
 on recording stars, new releases and equipment.

JUST FOR THE RECORDS

by George Frazier

■ The era of the 1920's had its enchantments, but good dance bands were not among them—or at least there were none that still sound fresh and exciting when we play their phonograph records today. The golden age of the dance band did not arrive until the late 'thirties. Anyone who doubts this has only to listen to RCA Victor's new album containing two 12-inch, long-playing records of broadcasts made by Artie Shaw from the Blue Room of the Hotel Lincoln and the *Café Rouge* of the Pennsylvania during 1938-39. It is magnificent.

These broadcasts are evocative of the barrelhouse (the "cool" of its day) years when the giants in the land were Benny Goodman, Harry James, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Glenn Miller, and Shaw himself.

Those were the years when people

shagged in the aisles of the New York Paramount and when Shaw occasioned more than a minor furor by branding his followers morons. Nowadays Shaw, his head shaven and his autobiography, *The Trouble With Cinderella*, behind him, is a complacent and amiable man. At the time of these broadcasts, he was anything but.

Artie Shaw, who was born in New Haven, Connecticut, came from a poor family and grew up to become one of the most gifted clarinetists in history. He was never less than good copy. He had a habit of marrying extremely attractive girls—Ava Gardner, Betty Kern, Lana Turner, Kathleen Windsor—and divorcing them rather peremptorily. (It should be stated as a matter of record that he is now married, and blissfully so, to the former Doris Dowling.



Artie Shaw's clarinet, band produce great LP.

They had a son last July 4.) He was a romantic figure, trim and darkly handsome. Had he wished, he could conceivably have become a successful motion picture leading man. He handled himself with enormous effectiveness in *Second Chorus*, a movie he made with Paulette Goddard, Fred Astaire, and Burgess Meredith. But he was also, as he would be the first to concede, a complicated and confused individual who was undergoing the pain of psychoanalysis. He always had his talent, though, and that was bountiful. The band that played the *Café Rouge* and the Blue Room has rarely been equalled. One night without warning he failed to appear for work. The next day it was announced that he had departed for Mexico. Fortunately, before he left he had made the broadcasts you'll hear in this album.

This is vigorous, high-riding music, with the brass biting against the cushion of the reeds, and the Shaw clarinet, and every minute the band swinging like mad. Here are redoubtable interpretations of "Carioca," "At Sundown," and "El Rancho Grande." Here, too, a version of "In The Mood" that runs more than six minutes and is completely out of this world. It is my own opinion that the Shaw band had a greater variety of soloists than Benny Goodman's. This album confirms that impression. Frankly, I cannot imagine anyone's reluctance to spend \$8.95—an authentic bargain—for one of the most stimulating albums of dance music ever released.

Mention of the (Continued on page 71)

FOR MODERN SCREEN READERS ONLY: SPECIAL ARTIE SHAW COLLECTORS' ITEM

The new Artie Shaw Album is going to be one of the most prized additions to your record collection, and we know you'll want to be in on the first edition. That's why MODERN SCREEN has made special arrangements with Artie Shaw to reserve your album in advance, plus a personally autographed inscription page with Artie's photograph and special message to you, made to fit right into your album. This offer is limited, so hurry!

HERE'S WHAT YOU DO: Fill out the coupon below and take it to your favorite record store. Reserve your first edition of The Artie Shaw Album. If you wish, place a small deposit or pay in advance. Have the dealer sign this coupon; then mail it directly to Artie Shaw at the address below. Your personally autographed collectors' page will be sent to you at once.

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Adaptation by Gina Kaus

Directed by
HENRY KOSTER

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oiliness, blackheads,
flaky
skin



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"Young Skin" doesn't like heavy make-up!

A touch of *greaseless* Pond's Vanishing Cream makes a *fresher* powder base!

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news Continued

lives, fate (and MGM) brings them together for a movie to be made in far away Egypt.

Two lonely people . . . two very good looking people . . . thrown together for many months in a strange country, yes, I'm inclined to go along with Barbara and predict that the first new "romance" news of 1954 may very well be Eleanor Parker and Robert Taylor.

I might add that Barbara's prophecy also proves that she knows Bob better than any other human being in the world—and perhaps her real understanding is the reason he always comes back to her friendship time and time again—no matter how many romantic interludes ensue.

THERE IS a tiny little strawberry birthmark on the cheek of Shelley Winters' baby, Vittoria, which Shell says will be removed when her daughter is a little older.

There's an old superstition that babies with birthmarks are destined for unusual and important paths in life—many of the world's geniuses had birthmarks.

I STOLE a month away from Hollywood—and had a time for myself in New York, even if it was a bit like a busman's holiday seeing all the Hollywood movie stars in their Broadway successes.

Deborah Kerr gives one of the most inspired performances I have ever seen in *Tea And Sympathy* and of course I went backstage to congratulate her.

We also talked about the absurd rumors linking her with Frank Sinatra and Deborah laughed and laughed about them. (But I must keep most of this for my feature story in this issue on the Frank-and-Ava affair.)

David Wayne got me wonderful front row tickets to his hit, *Tea House Of The August Moon*, an enchanting play. I'm afraid we've lost David from the movies for a while. He's moving his wife and family East because from all indications the show will run for years.

I ran into Van and Evie Johnson while on a shopping tour. I saw them before they saw me, so I said in a loud voice to the clerk, "Charge my purchases to Van Johnson." He nearly fell over when he saw his old pal from Hollywood.

Ginger Rogers and Jacques Bergerac passed through the big town on their way to Paris where they will make a movie together. Earl Blackwell gave them a party at the Pen

And Pencil and there were so many stars present I wondered who was left in Hollywood.

I say it does us all good to get to New York, particularly in the heady-wine months of the autumn. Sort of recharges our batteries—or something like that.

IF THERE had not been so much at stake, the meeting between Susan Hayward and Jess Barker in the Children's Court of Conciliation might have been the comedy highlight of the month.

Jess had insisted that a reluctant Susan be brought to this court where the State of California does everything possible to reconcile divorcing parents for the sake of the children.

At the appointed hour, Susan, Jess and several newspaper photographers arrived and Judge Georgia Bullock stepped down from the bench to be photographed with the movie stars.

With this, Conciliator Margaret Harpstrite who was to have the actual job of trying to reconcile Susan and Jess, broke into tears and rushed from the courtroom weeping:

"She (Judge Bullock) gets all the publicity—and I do all the work. Let her try to reconcile those movie stars. I'm not going to miss my lunch hour again listening to their troubles!"

Suddenly, Susan and Jess who had not previously looked at one another, were around the weeping woman, patting her on the shoulder and telling her they wanted her to hear their troubles!

Susan and Jess sent out for coffee and sandwiches so their "reconciler" wouldn't miss her lunch again and pretty soon they settled down into a discussion—with the sniffles not from Susie.

But apparently, even the smiles the Barkers could hardly restrain when they looked at one another, did not help their private situation.

Susan says she no longer loves Jess.

Jess will file a countersuit asking for half of the \$400,000 worth of community property he says Susan has tied up and for half-year custody of the twin boys.

Everyone is hoping this divorce will not become as bitter or black as the John Waynes'.

Not even in March has there ever been a gustier première than the one the California



Marilyn Monroe, Lauren Bacall attended preem of their *How To Marry A Millionaire*.



June Haver made first public date with Joe Campbell of Screen Producers' Guild dinner.

RITA IN 3D!



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In The Torrid Story
Of A Lady And
A Hundred Men!

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*Miss Sadie
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Check your local newspaper for
time and station

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news Continued

weather man blew up for Joan Crawford's Torch Song. By showtime a gale forty-five miles an hour was howling through the lobby of the Warners Beverly Theatre and the lovely gals, arriving in their best finery, were literally "gone with the wind."

Zsa Zsa's (Gabor) white satin bouffant skirt was tossed so far over her head the TV cameras had to hastily turn away!

Jerry Lewis kept running up and down the sidelines sandwiching himself between the gallant, but frozen, fans and squealing in his little high voice, "I'm cold. I'm cold!"

Rory Calhoun took off his overcoat and wrapped it completely around his tiny Lita—already completely wrapped in ermine.

Everybody laughed when the TV camera boys asked Marge Champion to stop long enough to show her new Italian hair-do. A blast of wind hit her at just that minute and her hair stood straight up on her head like a fright-wig or as though it had been stiffened with an eggbeater.

But when Joan arrived, to the tune of much excitement and hurrahs from her loyal sidewalk fans, even the wind cooperated. It died down long enough for her to make a graceful little speech with neither her beautiful gown blowing nor a single hair getting out of place.

ENVY ME, girls, envy me. I had to come all the way to New York to get kissed by Robert Wagner who had always seemed a little nervous and buck-shy about me in Hollywood.

I guess New York just helps us let down the barriers because when I ran into Bob at a nightclub he threw his arms around me and gave me a big kiss.

He said he would take me out on a date and we'd do up the nightclubs except that he had to leave for the coast that same night.

I suppose, back home again, when he sees me he'll call me "Miss Parsons" again.

OF ALL PEOPLE, Marilyn Monroe (who usually is a mouse at social affairs) and Shelley Winters (who isn't) had a "set-to" at Nunnally Johnson's house following the premiere of *How To Marry A Millionaire*.

The cause? *Bob Mitchum*!! No, the girls weren't battling over his favor. Far from it. It was over his ability as an actor and whether he managed his career wisely! I ask you!

Later, Shelley said, "We weren't fighting—it was just an argument—about another actor's work."

Honest little Marilyn agreed, but piped up, "I guess we did raise our voices and talk real loud so it might have sounded like a fight."

HIGHLIGHTS of the Press Photographers' Costume Ball at the Mocambo:

Vera-Ellen was the cutest and most original. She came as a Christmas tree, covered from neck to knees in ornaments and wires. You could switch her on or off by pressing a battery in her hand.

Joan Crawford came in blackface for all the world like a feminine Al Jolson, only her dress was the tightest, tightest and greenest of the season.

Jeff Hunter and Barbara Rush were the most gruesome—ghastly pale, in long, ragged, black garments, straight out of a Charles Addams horror cartoon. Barbara even balanced a stuffed (dead) bird on her hand all evening.

Janet Leigh's Grecian Goddess outfit was just a bit of *this* in front and *that* in the back, but what there was of it was beautiful—and so was Janet.

Tony Curtis wore one of Richard Burton's costumes from *The Robe*.

Debbie Reynolds was a cute clown with a big red nose as bulbous as *Cyrano's*.

After promising to show up, the boys were a little miffed with Marilyn Monroe when she didn't.

ANN BLYTH, the happiest girl in the world, hopes her baby will be born on the first anniversary of her wedding to Dr. Jim McNulty, June 27.

"The doctor (not Dr. Jim!) says there's a chance," softly smiles Ann.

PERSONAL OPINIONS: The Ray Millands have made up—which is as it should be. The actress who, 'tis gossipped, caused all the trouble between them, has brought her mother to Hollywood to live—just as well, too.

All the redheaded glamour girls, Lucille Ball, Rhonda Fleming, Greer Garson, Arlene Dahl are wearing bright lipstick red dresses. On some it looks good. On others (?).

Donald O'Connor seems to have snapped out of his difficult mood—and high time. He



Down Addams, Kurt Koszner chatted with Shelley Winters. Shell later tiffed with the Monroe.



Mother-to-be Ann Blyth hopes baby will be born on anniversary of her wedding to Dr. Jim.



Mrs. Jane Carlsan of New York City is a busy wife and mother, and as pretty as a picture.

"I use detergents 2500 times a year... but I'm proud of my pretty hands!"

Six years ago, pretty Jane Carlsan had never even heard of "detergents." Now she uses them (just like you) thousands of times a year!

Detergents are a blessing when they *dissolve* grease and grime. But when they dissolve away natural oils and softness from your hands, they're a problem!

But Jane's hands stay so smooth and lovely, you wouldn't believe she ever touched a dishpan or mop. How does she do it? After detergents — after any harsh soap or cleanser, Jane puts pure, white Jergens Lotion on, right away.

A few drops help *replace* necessary softening moisture. Jergens penetrates instantly, doesn't just "coat" hands. It contains two ingredients doctors use for softening. (That's one reason why it's the world's most popular hand care.)

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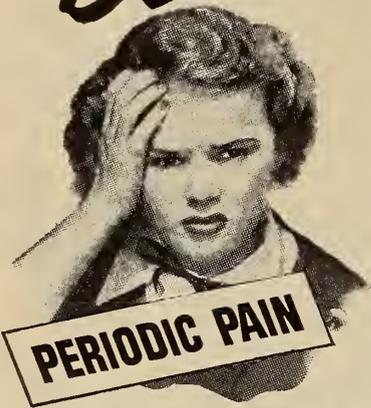
Detergents are here to stay. Make sure *your* hands stay pretty, too. Keep Jergens Lotion and use it regularly after each chore. You can do a housewife's job, but it's nice to have a sweet-heart's hands.



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Don't let the calendar make a slave of you, Bonnie! Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water...that's all. Midol brings faster relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

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

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LOUELLA PARSONS' good news Continued

was really getting to be a headache.

Too many of our young stars are not paying the right attention to health: Joanne Gilbert has again dodged an appendix operation the doctor says she needs.

Rosemary Clooney has been working through *White Christmas* with a severe cold.

Ava Gardner's doctor tells her she must undergo surgery either here or in Rome before starting *Barefoot Contessa*.

The way Virginia Mayo and Mike O'Shea quickly shifted the "M. C." they'd already had embroidered on the baby things from Michael Christian to Mary Catherine—was pretty cute.

THE LETTER BOX: Lillian De Becker writes such an interesting letter from Ohain-Bragant, Belgium, I'm going to let you peek over my shoulder:

"Maybe the views of a Belgian movie fan will interest you? Well, here they are:

"Are there so few interesting things going on in Hollywood that only Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis and Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas supply copy? We like them all, but fear indigestion.

"Unlike (what we read) American fans—we wish Rita Hayworth happiness in her marriage to Dick Haymes and want to see her in more pictures.

"On the other hand, we were definitely shocked by Jane Powell's behavior. Falling in love can happen to anybody—but her cynical attitude is beyond understanding." (Jane is more cynical than ever, Lillian. See our "lead" story this month.)

"We fans here believe that marriage to Michael Wilding has been a fine thing for Elizabeth Taylor whether or not he is 'too old' for her.

"Will you ask Olivia de Havilland why she never answers requests for letters or photographs? Isn't she interested that many of us think she is the finest of all screen actresses?"

"Something must be done to get Mario Lanza back on the screen. We really miss this great artist.

"Other stars we hold in affection here are Barbara Stanwyck, Alan Ladd and William Holden—and you, Louella Parsons."

Thank you for your kind and interesting words, Lillian.

If you had three wishes

for your magazine, what would they be? A feature story on a new starlet? The inside tale of someone's rise to fame? Or perhaps an article on the happy home and family of your favorite personality. Well, you needn't rub a lamp or bribe a leprechaun. You can have your three wishes—or your three-and-twenty if you like—just by telling us about them. Read all the stories in this issue of MODERN SCREEN and then fill out and mail the form below. Just to make it all a little more magical, a brand new one-dollar bill will go to each of the first hundred people we hear from.

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.

- MODERN SCREEN'S Top Ten For 1953
- The Iran Man and The Redhead (Susan Hayward-Jeff Chandler)
- Ava And Frank Tell The Truth To LaueLLa Parsons
- Jane's Strange Interlude (Jane Pawell-Gene Nelsan)
- A Fish-eye View Of Terry And Bab (Terry Maare-Bab Wagner)
- Behind Closed Doors (Jahn Wayne)
- Catch Me Cookin'! (Jane Russell)
- The Waiting Game (Gregary Peck)
- Heston's Ivory Tower (Charlton Heston)
- Get Lost, Cupid! (Elaine Stewart)
- The "Wolf" At Farley's Door (Farley Granger)
- Mama Maya (Virginia Maya-Mike O'Shea)
- They Did It The Hard Way (Rory Calhaun-Lita Barran)
- Storm Over Hollywood (Gale Storm)
- The Road Straightens (Lucille Ball)
- Tany Throws Na Bull (Anthony Quinn)
- Her Paol Runneth Over (Debra Paget)
- Dawn's Disorganized Nights (Dawn Addams)
- Hollywood Abroad
- Louella Parsons' Good News
- Just Far The Records
- Movie Reviews
- TV Talk
- The Inside Story

Which of the stories did you like least?

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

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

What MALE star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

My name is.....

My address is.....

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

Occupation..... I am yrs. old

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

● If you aren't entirely satisfied with your complexion here's important beauty news for you!

A famous skin doctor worked out a different kind of beauty routine—with a special beauty cream. It's actually a new cleansing method and a wonderfully effective home beauty treatment—all rolled-in-one!

Why it's so successful

This new beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. This famous *greaseless* formula is a combination of softening, soothing, and cleansing ingredients offered by no other leading beauty cream. It's *medicated*

—aids healing—helps skin look clean and fresh! Here's all you do!

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

2 **Night Cream:** *Medicated Noxzema* supplies a protective film of oil and moisture—helps your skin look smoother, fresher, lovelier. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them—fast! It's *greaseless*, too! No smeary pillow!

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

Results are thrilling. Surveys show over a million women all over America have changed to this sensible beauty care. Hundreds of letters praise Noxzema's quick help for dry, rough skin; *externally-caused blemishes; and especially for that dull, lifeless, *half-clean* look of many so-called normal complexions.

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Look lovelier offer! For a limited time only, get 40¢ size Noxzema for only 29¢ plus tax at drug, cosmetic counters.

NOXZEMA skin cream



movie reviews

by Florence Epstein

KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE. The huge screen of CinemaScope lends itself beautifully to MGM's spectacular *Knights Of The Round Table*, to the cavernous, baronial halls, the masses of armor glinting in the sun during jousts and battle scenes. The story itself, based on Sir Thomas Malory's epic *Le Morte D'Arthur*, is rich in romance and sweeping in movement. Mel Ferrer as King Arthur (who easily draws the sword Excalibur from its anvil thus asserting his right to rule) and Robert Taylor as Lancelot, star in the tale of a kingdom rescued from darkness only to be plunged once again into desolation. Arthur ascends the throne, despite the scheming of Modred (Stanley Baker) and Morgan Le Fay (Ann Crawford), with Guinevere (Ava Gardner) as his bride. Guinevere is Lancelot's only love whom he must forsake because of loyalty to Arthur. Lancelot weds Elaine (Maureen Swanson) who lives far from royal Camelot and has a son, Galahad. But Elaine dies and Lancelot returns to have his pure love for Guinevere distorted into a plot to overthrow Arthur's rule. Tragedy follows but Lancelot, tossing Excalibur—symbol of England under Arthur—into the sea, pledges his life and the life of his son to the restoration of peace and union.



HONDO is a little like *Shane* but has a charm of its own. John Wayne's charm. He may be a gunman but if he couldn't draw first he'd have been dead long ago. It's the Southwest in 1874 which means he's just lost his horse—and nearly his scalp—to the Apaches when he appears on the ranch of Geraldine Page. My husband isn't here today, she tells him. From the way that ranch looks, he hasn't been there in months. Geraldine's small son (Lee Aaker) likes Wayne immediately. So does Geraldine. And Wayne—tough, cynical, a lone wolf—finds himself changing under their spell. There's still that husband, though, and those Apaches rising like yeast. Chief Michael Pate gallops in after Wayne's gone and looks longingly at Geraldine's blonde hair. Her son saves that day. Wayne saves all the rest in this moving Western. With Ward Bond. Warner-Color.—Warners.



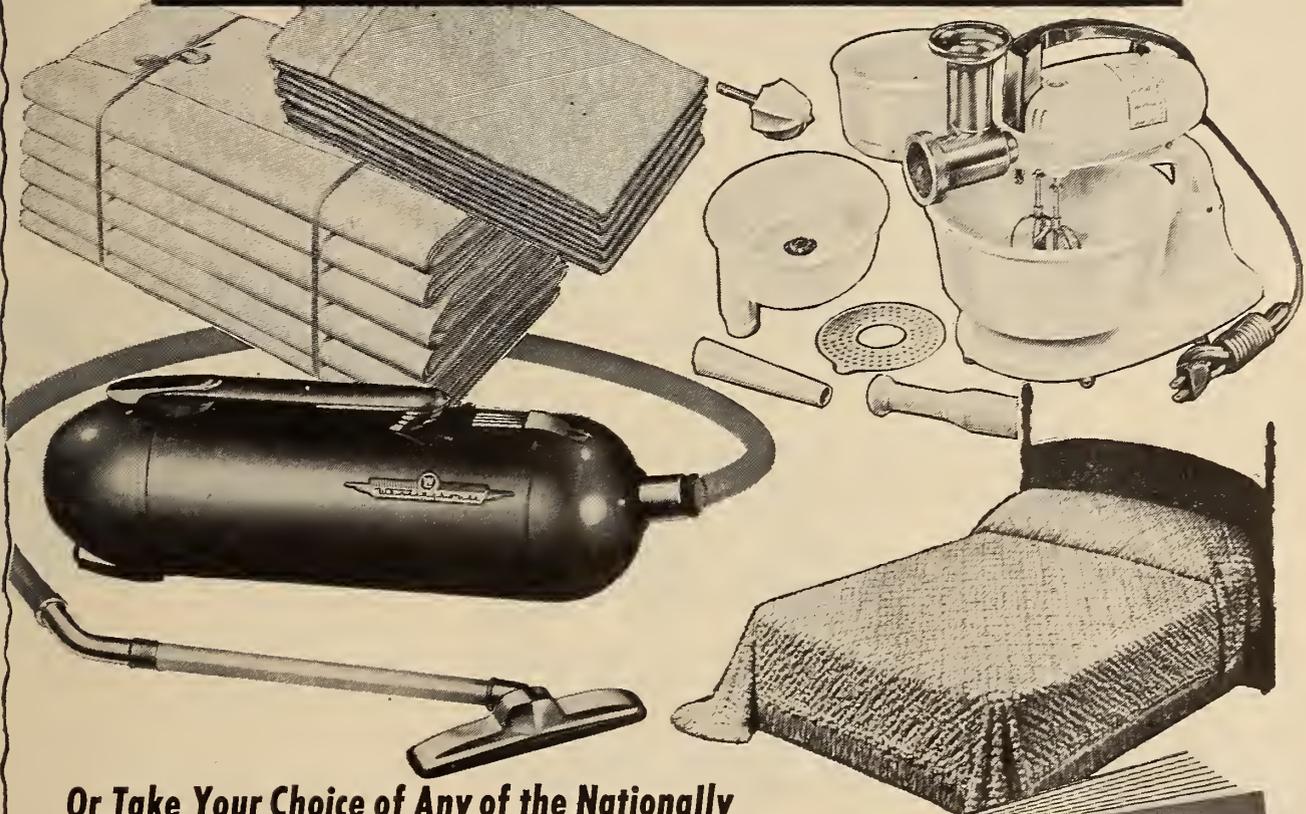
THE MAN BETWEEN is set in postwar Berlin, a city torn in half. Hildegard Neff lives in the Western Sector with her English husband Geoffrey Toone. They're visited by Geoffrey's sister Claire Bloom who is puzzled by Hildegard's tense, wary behavior. Hildegard introduces her to James Mason, an ex-lawyer turned black marketeer. As it happens, Mason is Hildegard's husband (she had thought he was dead) and he works with a kidnap gang that snatches Claire by mistake. She and Mason fall in love—their feelings heightened by a pervasive sense of doom. In a thrilling flight over the rooftops, through the broken down houses, across the ruined foundations of East Berlin they share a brief if somewhat frantic happiness. This is a poignant film, beautifully acted. In the cast are Aribert Waescher, Dieter Krause.—Carol Reed Production, U.A.



THE EDDIE CANTOR STORY It starts on New York's East Side in 1904 where a lonely runt wants to be part of the Henry Street Sluggers (whose leader winds up in the electric chair). Richard Monda as little Eddie Cantor probably resembles him more than Eddie did. The runt's grandma (Aline MacMahon) fears he'll grow into a "bummer," reluctantly lets him join Gus Edwards' kiddie revue. The rest is the building of one of the biggest names in show business. Keefe Brasselle (displaying remarkably athletic eyes) plays Cantor, the man whose singleminded devotion to fame almost cost him his marriage and broke his health. You'll hear all the songs, sense Ida's strength (Marilyn Erskine) and the strange emptiness a life in the limelight sometimes brings. Cast includes Arthur Franz, Alex Gerry, Jackie Barnett. Technicolor.—Warners.

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THE GLASS WEB John Forsythe is a crime writer for tv and an otherwise honorable man. How did he ever get mixed up with siren Kathleen Hughes? How is he going to pay all those thousands she demands to keep his past a secret from wife Marcia Henderson? That's a problem, but nothing like the one he has to face when Kathleen gets murdered. She had lots of admirers, among them Edward G. Robinson, researcher on Forsythe's show. Robinson's ambitious; he wants Forsythe's job and is so convinced of that boy's guilt he's willing to write a script about it for *Crime Of The Week*. Go ahead, says director Richard Denning who likes to keep his boys on their toes. Forsythe's mad—but that Robinson is a corker! Anyway, a couple of detectives are in the studio that night. They watch Forsythe, watch Robinson. They're so suspicious they even watch the commercial. *The Glass Web* is slick and suspenseful.—U-I



ESCAPE FROM FORT BRAVO Captain Bill Holden gets a bad reputation among his Civil War prisoners when he comes into camp dragging a runaway Southerner at the end of a rope. But Holden's not mean—just hard. It would take a woman to soften him—someone like Eleanor Parker who floats into camp for the wedding of the Colonel's daughter (Polly Bergen) to young officer Richard Anderson. Holden falls in love so fast it startles him. That's what Eleanor wanted—while his head is in the clouds her feet are covering ground with Southern officer John Forsythe. She's planned his escape from the fort along with buddies William Demarest and William Campbell. Holden tracks 'em down, would drag 'em back, too, if those crazy Indians would stop shooting arrows. But they don't. Maybe the palefaces are doomed, maybe not. Either way, Eleanor Parker makes those last few moments worthwhile for Holden.—MGM



FORBIDDEN Some girls are just unlucky in love. Like Joanne Dru. Every guy who proposes turns out to be a gangster. Except Tony Curtis—and she jilted him. When her last husband was bumped off Joanne had to leave the States or his ex-partners would've done her in. All around the world she goes, to Maçao where Lyle Bettger pops the question between dodging assassins. Tony follows her to Maçao—not for love, for the money he'll pocket by bringing her back alive to Philadelphia (his boss wishes to lay hands on the incriminating evidence she has tucked in a vault). One look at Joanne and Tony knows he's still nuts about that mixed-up kid. And vice versa. Lyle doesn't take this kindly. And Tony's boss who's having him shadowed by a thug (Marvin Miller) wasn't planning a wedding party.—Universal

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



EASY TO LOVE There's a water sequence to end all such sequences in *Easy To Love*, but it won't. Esther Williams comes skimming over the Atlantic Ocean on skis in the company of a flotilla of 4-H boys waving hanners. Suddenly she hoists herself up on a trapeze conveniently suspended from a helicopter and dives into what looks like Niagara Falls (if you can picture Niagara falling up instead of down). This movie is spectacular, to say the least. Water, water everywhere and not a plot to speak of. Well—there's Van Johnson. He owns The Cypress Gardens concession in Florida, Esther is the star of his aquacade. She's mad about him but he can't see her for the money she pulls in. John Bromfield, her muscular swimming partner, would wed her. Singer Tony Martin would woo her lavishly (no ring, though). Esther strings them both along for the love of Van. Technicolor.—MGM



FLIGHT TO TANGIER Jack Palance is stuck all the way out in Tangier because the folks at home think he's a war hero when all the time it was some other guy. So here he is flying crates for anybody who'll pay him, and some pretty shady characters have money in Morocco. Lucky for Palance he wasn't flying the plane that just hlew up. His friend was flying it, delivering a man who'd hought his way out of Communist territory. No hodies in the dehris. Could he Palance's friend forced that poor multi-millionaire to parachute right into the arms of Commies. Nice scenery. Corinne Calvet, Joan Fontaine. Joan says she's engaged to the flyer who "crashed" but she didn't flick an eyelash at his disappearance. Corinne is in some funny business with men who have "spy" written across their faces. It gets hot in Tangier for those girls. Also for Palance, who's being hunted by everybody. Confused? Wait till you see the movie! Technicolor.—Paramount



BOTANY BAY Eight months at sea can be real boring unless you have the ingenuity of James Mason. Mason is sailing this load of prisoners to Australia and to pass his time he metes out justice in the form of flogging, keel-hauling, weeks in solitary. You don't have to be guilty to get justice, just handy. Alan Ladd always is. I don't belong on this ship, he keeps crying as they wrap him in rope and pull him under the keel. A lot of people don't belong—like Pat Medina who belongs at the Copacahana. Anyway it's a tough voyage full of small dramas. A little hoy (James Hardy) pays for his heroism with death. His mother (Dorothy Patten) tries stahhing Mason but you can't stah stone. Mason gets his, though, in Australia which begins to look like heaven. Technicolor, with Sir Cedric Hardwicke.—Paramount

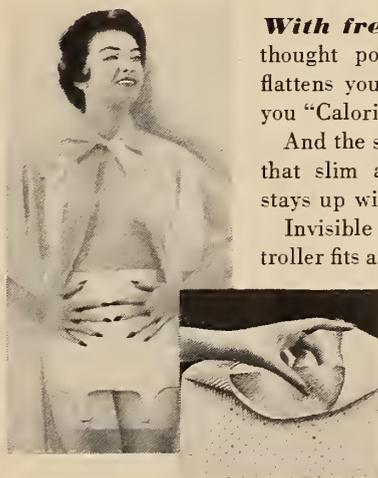
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I've told as much truth as I dare...in the
interest of good taste I've not blue-printed
all my delinquencies. I've ducked the truth
only when it would injure an innocent.

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dalliance, and have no regrets. I'm a single-
standard girl. I found no surprises in the
Kinsey report.

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dahlings. I hope you have as much fun as I've
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THE WILD ONE Marlon Brando is the leader of the Black Rebels Motorcycle Club. What they're rebelling against they can't tell you. Forty of 'em, looking like hopped-up hoodlums, zoom over the highways in an endless flight to nowhere. Violence rides with them into a small town where Mary Murphy lives with her ineffectual police officer father Robert Keith. Brando goes for Mary who is attracted but mainly frightened by this inarticulate, quick-tempered fellow. Another bunch of cyclists led by Lee Marvin roll in. Turns out Lee's bunch are enemies of Brando's bunch. Pretty soon there's a lot of fighting and hysteria. *The Wild One* is a study of lost men lashing out at a world they can't claim. It's also a graphic account of what happens when others, no less lost, but perhaps more resigned, try to control them. Stanley Kramer production. Jay C. Flippen, Hugh Sanders, Yvonne Doughty.—Col.



HOW TO MARRY A MILLIONAIRE This is 20th Century-Fox's second venture in CinemaScope and all it proves is: a good movie is good, no matter how you serve it. Three models—Lauren Bacall, Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable—rent a penthouse they can't afford. It isn't the view they like, it's the vision of millionaires. Bacall won't even talk to a man unless he's groaning under the weight of thousand-dollar bills. Marilyn will talk to anyone (she's so blind she can't even tell if it's human) and Betty, the naive, warmhearted type, goes up to a lodge in Maine with Fred Clark on the assumption that it'll be swarming with Elks. The adventures of these three are too long and complicated to relate. For Bacall there are wealthy William Powell and "gas pump jockey" Cameron Mitchell. For Monroe, Alex D'Arcy and nearsighted David Wayne. For Grable, Rory Calhoun. Go see *How to Marry a Millionaire*. It's lavish and lots of fun. Technicolor.—20th-Fox



MURDER ON MONDAY Ralph Richardson is a bank clerk and so methodical you could wind him instead of a clock. He and his wife (Margaret Leighton) live in a cozy English town, belong to a social club, grow chrysanthemums. One night, precisely at seven, Richardson crosses the threshold of his home into disaster. His distraught wife assures him he's been away for twenty-four hours. Absurd, he says, isn't today Monday? Well, no. It's Tuesday. Whatever happened to Monday? Doctor Jack Hawkins calls it amnesia. Police Inspector Campbell Singer demands a better explanation. Because on Monday the social club's steward was murdered. Richardson bated that steward. He also needed money and it seems that the club's treasury has just been looted. Is Richardson capable of such heinous crimes? With Michael Shepley, Meriel Forbes.—London Films



SINS OF JEZEBEL Paulette Goddard, as "the most wicked woman in history," descends on Jezreel in the 9th century, B.C. to become the crafty bride of Eduard Franz. Franz is King of Israel. Paulette is the Phoenician Princess Jezebel who has some ideas, all of them crazy. Bewildered Franz builds a temple for Paulette's god, Baal, and sits there waiting for rain. As Elijah (John Hoyt) prophesied, there'll be no water in Israel while Baal's burning bright. All Baal's prophets get in a circle on Mt. Carmel and ask the sun to move over. It won't hudge. Elijah steps forth, opens his mouth and—Bam! lightning strikes. Shortly followed by Paulette. She orders Elijah and all his followers (Ludwig Donath among them) killed. Franz goes forth to fight the Syrians and that's the end of him. As for Jezebel—her days are numbered. Pity.—Anasco Color, Lippert.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

KISS ME KATE (MGM): A glorious, riotous dish that has just about everything—Cole Porter tunes, Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel to sing them, Ann Miller to dance to them and top comedy performances by everyone in the cast. Technicolor.

THE JOE LOUIS STORY (U.A.): Coley Wallace giving a sensitive performance in this fine film about the great champion. An honest and moving portrait of the Brown Bomber on the Glory Road as well as a picture of the years before and after he earned his title.

CALAMITY JANE (Warners): Doris Day and Howard Keel at their top singing, loving and comic form, straightening out all sorts of improbable and hilarious mishaps involving the charming Miss Allyn McLerie. Technicolor.

SO BIG (Warners): Jane Wyman giving a beautiful performance as Edna Ferber's beloved character, Selina DeJong. The picture takes Selina from young womanhood through her life as a wife and mother on an almost barren farm. Sterling Hayden and Nancy Olson are around to make it all worth while.

CRAZYLEGS, ALL-AMERICAN (Hall Bartlett): The true story of one of the greatest of gridiron heroes, with Elroy (Crazylegs) Hirsch playing himself, assisted by Joan Vobs and authentic football scenes.

TORCH SONG (MGM): Joan Crawford as a spoiled and gorgeous prima donna, rescued from a nervous breakdown by blind, but affectionate Michael Wilding. All this and Crawford's gorgeous gams, too.

MOGAMBO (MGM): Ava Gardner switches from c basing mabarajahs to hunting bunters when she bumps into safari-leader Gable in Africa. Gorgeous scenery, wild animals, and Gable's love for Grace Kelly can't compete with Ava's Technicolored talents.

THE ROBE (20th-Fox): This widely-heralded epic of early Christian days tells in sensational new CinemaScope (realism without goggles) the story of Lloyd C. Douglas' best-selling novel. Heading the huge cast are Richard Burton, Jean Simmons, Victor Mature. Technicolor.

LITTLE FUGITIVE: Wonderful newcomer Richie Andrusco as a seven-year-old who thinks he has killed his brother and runs away to Coney Island for a mixed up, riotous day. Independently produced, this picture took top honors at the Venice Festival.

THOSE REDHEADS FROM SEATTLE (Para): 3-D, Technicolor and music! This one is just good fun, as could be expected when singing sister Teresa Brewer, writing sister Rbonda Fleming and loving sister Cynthia Bell arrive in a wild Alaska frontier town.



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2. Security. What a sense of security Tampax gives you! No bulky ridges, no tell-tale outlines. What's even more wonderful is that Tampax actually prevents odor from forming.

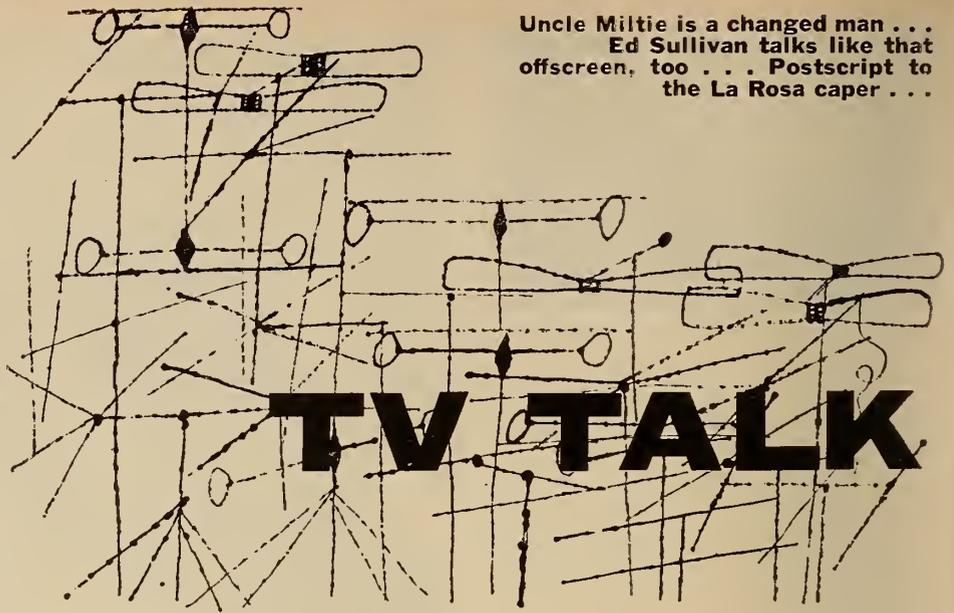
3. Convenience. Tampax is easy to carry, easy to conceal (a whole month's supply slips right in the purse), easy to dispose of.

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Get Tampax at any drug or notion counter in your choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Economy size gives average 4-months' supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association



Uncle Miltie is a changed man . . .
Ed Sullivan talks like that
offscreen, too . . . Postscript to
the La Rosa caper . . .

Jerry Lester, whose career is not exactly booming, still thinks he's a big star. Jerry is followed everywhere he goes by a small retinue that knocks itself out laughing at all his sallies. The followers look daggers at anyone else around who doesn't double up in hysterics every time Jerry pulls a funny. It's not the way to win extra friends offscreen. . . . Yet someone like **Milton Berle**, whose career has never been in better shape, has never been so subdued. When you hear about Uncle Miltie's temperament, throw in a few grains of salt. He still blows his whistle during rehearsals and clammers around demanding changes in everything from the cues to the music. But he is a changed man—just as his show is a changed production. Milton knew he was in trouble with his old show, and he pays out of his own pocket every week to Goodman Ace, who writes the new one. He also knows his lines most of the time now. Remember how he used to stumble and ad lib his way through the hour? Watch him closely now, and you'll see that he's learned his lines. He's also learned his lesson: You can't slop through and come through. A few other comics could profit if they'd wake up, too . . . Milton and his steady girl, **Ruth Cosgrove**, are the center of attention everywhere they go. Ruth—who gave up her publicity job to give more time to Miltie—is not beautiful; she's the handsome, full-blown type. She dresses simply and wears vibrant colors that go with her dark hair and eyes. She's very quiet. One thing's for sure: You can't even hint that he's ever had a fault around Ruth . . . Some of the best reading around is the mail that's written to **Dorothy Collins**. Some of the *Hit Parade* viewers want to know if her father was killed in an accident at a tobacco plantation—and if that's why her cigarette sponsor hired her. 'Tain't so, of course. And some people still wonder if the little white blouse she wears is her only one. It used to be, but it isn't now. What with her income, and her husband's (the show's bandleader, **Raymond Scott**) she can buy a lot more now . . . **Evo Gabor** is more than just one of the fabulous Gabor sisters. She is also a very kind lady who will pitch in and work for a friend. In her summer stock appearances, she's been known to paint posters, sort tickets, and all but sweep out the theatre—just because she liked the people who were running the place . . . **Peter Lind Hoyes** and

Mary Healy almost didn't get married because Peter's mother, the famous vaudevillian **Grace Hayes**, hated Mary. She's changed her mind now, and they're the best of friends . . . **Martin Agronsky** is one of the happiest married men in Washington or anywhere else. The little dark commentator lives in a rambling modern house on the outskirts of the city with his ebullient redheaded wife, Helen, and their four young children. It's a casual-seeming household, with the children and the Agronskys' cats running in and out; but Helen can whip up a meal faster than anyone in town. She never has to fix breakfast for her husband, though. Martin's up and out of the house and off to work before the baby cries in the morning. He just grabs a quart of milk and heads for his office . . . One way **Theodore Gronik** gets the high-caliber guests he does for *American Forum Of The Air* is with his yacht. He takes people sailing on the Potomac, and first thing they know they're on his program . . . **Mortho Rountree**, the thin girl with the so-Southern accent, uses her elegant Washington home to snag her guests. They show up for cocktails and go away committed to the next Rountree show. Most of them are quite happy about it, however, because then they get to spout on television without paying for the privilege. It's a rare Congressman who would pass up that opportunity . . . **Ed Sullivan**, in person, is one of the slowest-talking gents around. His low-pressure introducing on *Toast Of The Town* is no act. Ed's just a careful man when it comes to talking. He can take forever to get through a sentence, both on and off the screen. He and his trim wife live in a small New York hotel-apartment. It's so small that it doesn't even contain a diningroom. They don't really need one because they eat out all the time. Ed wouldn't be much fun to cook for anyway. He's had ulcers for years, and his diet is almost as restricted as **Fred Allen's** (Allen eats hardly anything but fruit and lettuce). The Sullivan apartment is also his office. He writes his column and plans his tv show there. Now that their daughter is married, he and Mrs. S. have no one left when the secretaries go home except Boj, a barking black poodle named after Ed's old friend, the late **Bill "Bojangles" Robinson** . . . **Sarah Churchill's** slim and bandsome husband **Tony Beauchamps** (pronounced Beecham) watches every detail of her work. When

they look at kinescopes together, Tony watches every little camera angle . . . Of all the people making television films, **Lilli Palmer** is probably the most definite about what she wants. She saves her ladylike charm for when the cameras are rolling . . . **The Continental** (Renzo Cezana) is one of the most intelligent, unassuming men you could meet. He's likely to carry on a conversation about the 17th century popes if you don't watch out. And, in private life, he doesn't try to impress the ladies. He'd rather talk to the men than court the women . . . **Arthur Godfrey** is still scared about the public's reaction to him after the firing of **Julius LaRosa**. One trouble with Godfrey is that he cannot be diplomatic with the press—as CBS well knows. When he starts talking, he talks too much and ends up with his foot sticking in his mouth. The whole incident about Julie would have blown right over if only Arthur had kept still. But he had to go and start talking about "humility"—a word that will dog him forever. He's still sulking, saying that the press gave him a raw deal. He thinks they had it in for him, and some of them might have, too—because for years the great Godfrey had been one of the most inaccessible and aloof of all stars. One thing that no one mentioned during all the publicity was Godfrey's aim to hold a government post. He very much wanted a job in the Eisenhower administration, but he doesn't have a chance now . . . It may be sour grapes, but **Eddie Fisher's** rivals talk about how he can't stay on key. It doesn't seem to hurt his popularity any, though . . . **Ezio Pinza** takes his onstage lovemaking more seriously than anyone else, or so the ladies in his show say . . . People are still talking about **Orson Welles'** temperament when he slipped into New York to do *King Lear* on *Omnibus*. He kept everyone hopping with his demands, even sending abroad for certain garments that he could not go on without. The shops in New York were full of the same thing, but Orson had to have his own imported . . . **Faye Emerson** writes her column in record time. One day she called her lunch date and said she'd be twenty minutes late because she had to do her column before she could leave! She's been the envy of every other writer ever since . . . Another by-product of the Godfrey-LaRosa incident was the publicity about **Janette Davis's** age—thirty-six . . . Away from the tv screen, **Ed Murrow** leads one of the most luxurious lives of any of the stars. The main reason, of course, is that he is also a member of the board of CBS—which would help anybody's income. Ed also owns part of his new show, *Person To Person*, which gives him a nice capital-gains deal. The Murrows—Ed, Janet, and young son Casey—own and live in a very large, quiet apartment on Park Avenue. A subdued place—which suits Ed and Janet—its only really informal note is Casey's room. It's full of the paraphernalia of all boys. The final touch: His electric trains are sometimes set up so that they go from his room into the hall, through the guest room, across the bathroom, and back into his room! The Murrows' home life revolves around Casey, who was born many years after they thought they'd never have a child. The Murrows' country place—which Ed, in his typical understatement, calls a "log cabin"—is a real layout. Now that his shows have been shifted to weekdays, he's free to use it, too. And he's a mean duck-hunter. One of the hardest-working people in the business, Murrow still manages to have his fun . . . **Peg Lynch**, who writes *Ethel and Albert* and plays the part of Ethel, is a fanatic gardener—and a good one.



OUTDOORS A

Peach

...INDOORS A

Pest



Men found Sue extremely attractive in the clear, bracing outdoors where it* wasn't noticeable, but indoors where the air was heavier and contacts closer, her trouble became all too apparent. Admiration turned quickly to indifference . . . the penalty a girl usually pays when she is guilty of *halitosis (bad breath).

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No Tooth Paste Kills Odor Bacteria Like This . . . Instantly

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste can possibly do. Listerine instantly kills bacteria—by

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

Q. Is Joan Crawford a tyrant as a mother? Do her four adopted children really love her?—C.L., FINDLAY, OHIO.

A. Miss Crawford is a well-loved disciplinarian.

Q. What is Zsa Zsa Gabor's real name and when, if ever, was she elected Miss Hungary?—T.W., WOONSOCKET, R. I.

A. Zsa Zsa's real name is Sarri Gabor; she was runner-up in the Miss Hungary contest of 1938.

Q. Is it true that Lou Costello of Abbott & Costello is slowly dying of a rheumatic heart?—V.E., COLTON, CAL.

A. Costello has had several bouts with rheumatic fever.

Q. I understand Humphrey Bogart is renouncing motion pictures in favor of television. True or false?
—R.D., CORPUS CHRISTI, TEX.

A. Bogart plans to do both. Right now his agent is offering to co-star Bogart and his wife, Lauren Bacall, in a filmed series of TV shorts.

Q. In pictures like *Mighty Joe Young* and *King Kong*, are the gorillas real?
—M.W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

A. No.

Q. I understand that Loretta Young, Mitzi Gaynor, Betty Grable, Doris Day, June Haver, and Betty Hutton were all raised without fathers. Is this true?
—T.C., TRENTON, N.J.

A. Each of these actresses is a product of a broken home.

Q. I keep reading all the time of the many trips Spencer Tracy takes abroad. Never once have I read of Mrs. Tracy's going with him. What goes with these two?
—R.A., ALBANY, N. Y.

A. Mrs. Tracy has devoted much of her life to the John Tracy Clinic for the benefit of deaf children. She is one of Hollywood's really great women.

Q. Is it true that Glenn Ford wears a girdle?—B.V., WEST SACRAMENTO, CALIF.

A. No.

Q. Is it true that Liz Taylor's hair went

straight after the birth of her baby and that she gained fifty pounds?

—P.K., HUTCHINSON, MINN.

A. There was no hair change but an eighteen-pound increase in weight. Diet has now removed this excess.

Q. Will you please tell me why Doris Day puts her tongue against her teeth when she is photographed? Also what happened to her first two husbands?
—J.T., COLUMBIA, S. C.

A. Miss Day does not put her tongue against her teeth before being photographed. Her two former husbands are musicians who play with bands.

Q. Did June Haver ever receive a Papal annulment of her marriage to Jimmy Zito?
—F. B., SMYRNA, GA.

A. No.

Q. Michael Rennie, James Mason, Stewart Granger, Ronald Colman, Michael Wilding, Ray Milland, Cary Grant—why is Hollywood filled with so many British actors?
—E. E., WORCESTER, MASS.

A. These men are competent, well-trained professionals who like the California climate and the American dollar.

Q. What has Lauren Bacall been doing the past few years?
—G. E., DES MOINES, IOWA

A. She is a busy mother.

Q. I understand that the Nevada Tax Commission has granted Frank Sinatra a State gambling license for a 2% interest in the Sands Hotel, Las Vegas. How much did Frankie pay for that interest and what is his financial condition?
—G. T., RENO, NEV.

A. Sinatra paid \$54,000 for his 2% interest. He owes the Government \$90,000 in back taxes which he pays off at the rate of \$1,000 per week when he's working. He also pays his first wife a minimum of \$25,000 a year for the support of their three children.

Q. Is it on the level that Ann Blyth and her older sister, Mrs. Dorothy McElligott have had a long-time feud and that Dorothy was not invited to Ann's wedding?
—G. E., NEEDLES, CAL.

A. Ann and her sister are not on the best of terms, but Ann insists she sent a wedding invitation to her sister at Barstow, California. Dorothy claims she never received the invitation from Ann.

Q. Does Jimmy Stewart own a cattle ranch next to Bing Crosby's in Elko, Nevada?
—Y. E., DENVER, COL.

A. Stewart paid \$700,000 for a one-third interest in the 150,000-acre Wilkins ranch which adjoins Bing Crosby's.

Q. About the Arthur Godfrey-Julius LaRosa case: they tell me that everyone in show business has known for years that Godfrey is an absolute tyrant on all his programs. Is this true?
—B.E., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. Godfrey has long ruled behind scenes with an iron hand.

Q. Why is it that Shelley Winters can't get along with people? Why was her salary attached at Las Vegas?
—E.D., ELLENVILLE, N.Y.

A. Miss Winters is temperamental. Her salary of \$15,000 was attached by her ex-press agent Russell Birdwell for alleged unpaid percentage fees due him.

Q. We have a very large bet. Can you tell me who said, "Flowers in Hollywood smell like dirty old dollar bills?" Thank you.
—J.F., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. Writer Dorothy Parker.

Q. What is the exact relationship between Deborah Kerr and a tall dark man named Bert Allenberg? Is that why Deborah plans a divorce?
—H.E., LONDON, ENG.

A. Bert Allenberg is Miss Kerr's agent. She plans no divorce.

Q. Did MGM really refuse to take Mario Lanza back for *The Student Prince*?

A. Yes.

Q. Is it true that Richard Widmark was offered the lead in *The Caine Mutiny* but that Fox refused to loan him out, whereupon Columbia signed Van Johnson?

—V.R., VICTOR, COL.

A. Yes.

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have it... so can you!*

"If your income depended on your complexion the way mine does," says famous Mary Killeen, "I'll bet you'd do what I do—wash your face faithfully every day with pure, mild Ivory Soap. Believe me, it works *wonders!*" Ivory can work wonders for *you*, too!

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Yes, that's how fast this lovely new look happens! Just change today to regular care and pure, mild Ivory. Then watch your skin grow prettier! In only 7 days your complexion will be dramatically softer, smoother, younger-looking! You'll have That Ivory Look!



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New! a shampoo that
Silkens
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You—yes, *you*—can know the thrill of silken hair!
After one Drene shampoo, your hair will shine
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lightning—it's milder than castile! Magic, sheer magic,
the way this new Drene silkens your hair. Leaves it bright
as silk, soft as silk, smooth as silk—and so obedient!



Lathers like lightning—
no other lather is so thick, yet so quick.

Milder than castile—
so mild you could use this new formula every day.



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- June Allyson* 1 *John Wayne*
Elizabeth Taylor 2 *Alan Ladd*
Marilyn Monroe 3 *Bing Crosby*
Jane Powell 4 *Rock Hudson*
Susan Hayward 5 *Jeff Chandler*
Doris Day 6 *Robert Taylor*
Lana Turner 7 *Clark Gable*
Barbara Stanwyck 8 *Tony Curtis*
Ann Blyth 9 *Gregory Peck*
Betty Grable 10 *Dale Robertson*

modern screen's top ten for 1953

■ MODERN SCREEN's editors are devoted to the job of making this magazine exactly what its readers want it to be. We make no bones about it. We ask your advice each month in selecting the stars you want to read about; we ask your criticism of the way we cover your favorites. And you really tell us! This year's list of winners, announced on this page, is your list; you chose the winners and you did yourselves proud. Let's look at the record, as you set it down in MODERN SCREEN's Popularity Poll.

The Duke is King once more. You crowned him for the first time in 1951 and none of the cute youngsters has deposed him yet. The Crown Prince, again, is Alan Ladd; his European-made movies (you're seeing them now) are the latest proof of his consistent top performances.

The Queen this year is our June. She slipped from her seat of state in 1952 after holding it for two years, to make room for Jane Powell—who holds fourth rank this time. And your favorite couple, our figures tell us, is Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh. We couldn't agree with you more heartily.

A newcomer to the poll (but no surprise to anyone, especially to you who put her there) is the most talked-of doll of 1953—Marilyn Monroe. Right now she's busy proving her claim to third place by turning out top-notch comedy performances. Last year, you remember, you placed her on the list of promising new stars. This year you've chosen Keefe Brasselle and Elaine Stewart as the screen's most hopeful discoveries. Next year their names may appear on the MODERN SCREEN Popularity Poll as two of your favorite ten stars. We're sure you're as (Continued on page 65)



THE WINNERS: John Wayne captures the top spot for male stars for third consecutive year; June Allyson regains first place among the women after slipping to second in 1952.



Childhood sweethearts?
Tearful twosome?
Or Hollywood's hottest
new romance? What's
with these two
from Brooklyn?

BY JIM NEWTON

The
IRON MAN
and the
REDHEAD

■ Jeff Chandler is a nice guy—frank, self-effacing, straight-to-the-point.

Ask him about his relationship to Susan Hayward, and he cocks that handsome, greying head of his to one side and gives you a slow, sheepish grin.

"This is a pretty ticklish spot we're in," the iron man says. "I'm separated from my wife. Susan is separated from her husband. Sure, we're allowed to go out, but technically we're both still married. What do you want me to say? That she's a very fine actress?"

You know that. What you'd like to know is whether or not he and Susan have any plans. How friendly are they?

An actor whose conduct has always been exemplary, Jeff says honestly, "I'm not qualified to talk about anyone's future except my own. Right now, my wife Marge is shopping around for a lawyer, so I can say definitely that in the future I'll be divorced. After that, who knows?"

According to the newspapers, Jeff and Susie Hayward are a big romance. Supposedly, they were high school sweethearts and now that they are both in Hollywood and both getting divorces, they are taking up where they left off in Brooklyn twenty years ago.

Jeff smiled. (*Continued on page 64*)





AVA AND FRANK

Tell the truth to Louella Parsons

Behind the mocking
headlines is the true and
tragic story of the Sinatras—
too much in love
to tell each other so!



"I'd give up my career and anything else to be with him," Ava says. But she failed to appear at his Sands opening, claiming he had not invited her. To Frank's anger and dismay, she consulted a lawyer.



A tragic-eyed clown, Frank said goodbye to fellow-workers in Las Vegas, returned to Hollywood—and separation announcements.

■ If Ava Gardner had only picked up the telephone and talked to Frank Sinatra, or if Frankie had overcome that innate stubbornness and said, "Let's forget it, darling. We love each other," Frankie would not have been in such a state that he landed in Mount Sinai Hospital and Ava wouldn't have consulted a lawyer and threatened divorce.

But this was much too simple a procedure for two people who have always chosen the hard way and let their quarrels become public knowledge. The night before Frankie's doctor put him into a New York hospital, he was in a state bordering on a nervous breakdown. He was so bitterly depressed that he told me he didn't care about his career. He wanted to give it up. He didn't care whether he lived or died. Strangely enough, it was the first time he hadn't berated Ava since their separation. On the contrary, he told me what a great girl she is. But he couldn't understand why she had accepted a picture in Rome that would again put miles between them.

In Hollywood Ava was just as sick and unhappy as Frank but she confided to a close friend that she couldn't stand any more and it was for her own health and peace of mind that she decided she must leave Frankie even though she adored him. So she accepted *The Barefoot Contessa* that would take her miles away.

But when she heard that Frankie was sick she telephoned him three times—and he rushed to the coast to see her. If they make up again, how long will it last? No one on earth can possibly answer that baffling question.

I was in Las Vegas twice while Frank was singing at the Sands Hotel at that fabulous resort which is becoming the entertainment center (*Continued on page 74*)



Jane's strange interlude



"Even when they dance," a columnist said, "they seem to be putting on an act." Later, in public, they had nothing to say to each other.

Jane and Gene
destroyed two homes,
and did it all for love.
But now the idyll seems over
and Hollywood is asking,
"How long is a
temporary goodbye?"

BY ALICE FINLETTER

■ The prophets of gloom and the countless members of the I-Told-You-So League have gathered to mourn the passing of the Jane Powell-Gene Nelson love affair. Undoubtedly, you have read their comments

"That Gene Nelson! Why doesn't he marry the girl?"

"Right at the start, I knew no good would come of it."

"I feel sorry for Jane, but it serves her right for leaving her husband."

"Maybe Geary Steffen wasn't glamorous, but at least he loved her. How long can she say the same about this dancing fellow?" That's the kid of post-mortem currently making the rounds in Hollywood.

At this writing, even though they have separated, Jane Powell and Gene Nelson are still in love. Eventually, if this love stands the test of time and the test of separation, they hope to get married.

"We have decided," Jane announced through her studio last November, "that this is the best thing for both of us at this time.

We hope that the situation can be worked out, but in the meantime we both will be seen with other people."

The significant part of the announcement is, "We hope that the situation can be worked out."

No one said, "This situation is hopeless. Gene and I have decided that we're finished. We have no intention of seeing each other again."

All of this means simply that Jane and Gene have decided on a trial separation to test their love.

They must find out what their lives would be like without each other. They want to date other people in order to evaluate the constancy of their affection (*Continued on page 70*)

IT TOOK A SPECIAL BATHING SUIT FOR TERRY, A STRONG PAIR OF LUNGS FOR BOB, AND AN AQUA LUNG TO



a fish-eye view of **TERRY & BOB**

story and pictures by Peter Gowland



Modern Screen
sank a photographer,
camera, stars
and all, to get these
amazing and
exclusive underwater
color shots.

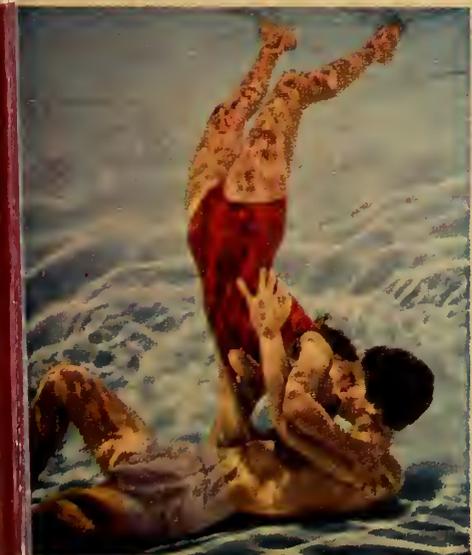


■ This is the story of one of the wackiest days I ever spent with a couple of actors. Wacky, but instructive, exciting and a lot of fun. I am a photographer, probably because I once wanted to be an actor. After 20th Century-Fox and Universal-International looked at the tests they'd made of me, they turned thumbs down. I had enough sense to pick up a camera to earn a living.

But I still like actors, which leads me to this day with Terry Moore and Bob Wagner. As you know, they appear together in a whale of a good picture called *Beneath The Twelve-Mile Reef*. When I ran into them in the studio commissary one day, I kidded them about not being able to play their scenes under water.

"Don't be ridiculous," Terry said. "It's just that the love scenes in the script were set above the ocean. We could do the same scenes under water if anybody wanted us to."

So I took up her challenge. It was a lot of work, but I'm right proud of the results. First I had to send up to San Francisco for a French Aqua Lung. Then I had to find the exactly right (Continued on page 74)





When the shouting was over, Jahn and Chata passed each other without speaking. Accompanying the Duke as he left the Los Angeles courtroom



Possibly next Duchess of Wayne is Peruvian beauty Pilar Pallete, Jahn's constant date.

A MYSTERIOUS LAST-MINUTE CHANGE IN BATTLE PLANS BROUGHT

■ A few months ago when the sensational divorce trial of John "Duke" Wayne versus Esperanza "Chata" Wayne began, it was expected that this headlined case would last at least five weeks, so extensive, lurid and detailed was the planned mudslinging. Both Chata's lawyer and Duke's lawyer had filed lengthy bills of particulars.

Chata said that Duke, after drinking to excess, had frequently struck her without provocation. Wayne said his

wife was all wet, that she "has consumed intoxicating liquors in such amounts that she frequently became intoxicated and was thus prevented a great portion of the time from properly attending to the customary household duties ordinarily performed by a wife."

The lank, lusty, forty-six-year-old actor also charged his wife with:

1. Staying out all night.
2. Sleeping until three and four in the afternoon.

What really happened at the John Wayne Divorce

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS!

By Imogene Collins



where, on October 8, Judge Allen Ashburn awarded each party a divorce, were John's business manager, Ba Raas, and press agent, Bev Barnett.

THE WAYNES' FIVE-WEEK SIEGE DOWN TO A THREE-DAY SKIRMISH.

3. Spending his money on drinks for strange men.
4. Gambling in Las Vegas to all hours of the morning and then returning home with swollen ankles.
5. Falsely accusing him of striking her.
6. Impolite, discourteous behavior.
7. Periodic intoxication.
8. Extravagance and viciousness.
9. Against his protests and without justification, walking out on their marriage for long periods of time.
10. Drinking bouts and fistcuffs with her mother.
11. Feigning illness and claiming to be in a highly nervous and exhausted state.
12. Staying out all night and returning the next morning with grass stains on her clothes.
13. Entertaining a male guest for one week at their residence in California while Mr. Wayne was working on a (Continued on page 66)



Definitely ex-Duchess of Wayne, Chata last Cadillac, was reduced to driving truck.



There's nothing wrong with sex appeal, according to Jane. It keeps the world going 'round—and Jane out of the kitchen!

BY JANE WILKIE



She and Bob Waterfield are opposites who attract!



catch ME
cookin'!

■ Editors usually send men to interview Jane Russell. Naturally, they like to give the boys a break. But this time MODERN SCREEN sent me. "You've never met Russell? Good. We'd like to know how she impresses another woman. And while you're at it," they said, their eyes gleaming, "find out how she keeps that sex appeal routine rolling along with the years."

"The years" alluded to the ten that have gone by since *The Outlaw* was released. With the splash of billboard advertising for that film, Jane Russell's name became familiar throughout America. (Continued on page 77)



The waiting game

For more than a year the gossips have asked, "Why don't you leave Greg?" But it isn't divorce Greta thinks about.



A fond father, Greg asked Greta to send their oldest son, 9-year-old Jonathan, to join him in Paris for the Christmas holidays. Greta cheerfully agreed to send him.



BY COLETTE MAURIER

■ According to Hollywood legend the typical actor's wife is a spoiled, fatuous, self-centered zany who has little to do but waste her husband's money on an ever-growing army of leeches—psychiatrists, interior decorators, and cloying perfume salesmen. She is the kind of grating chatterbox Billie Burke used to play so perfectly in the movies.

Admittedly, many motion picture stars have mates who still fall into this caricatured category, but lately Hollywood has produced a new kind of wife—brainy, tactful, understanding, and incredibly tolerant.

Mrs. Gary Cooper, Mrs. Ray Milland, Mrs. Jerry Lewis, Mrs. Mario Lanza, and Mrs. Gregory Peck are all cases in point.

It's been a year now that Greta Peck has been separated from her wandering husband. In those twelve months she has been subjected to the most aggravating and constant questioning about her marriage.

Week after week, friends, well-intentioned acquaintances, and travelers from Europe have been urging her to divorce her tall, gaunt, Lincolnesque actor of a husband.

"How can you let him play around with all those European beauties," somebody asked Greta, "and not do anything about it?"

"Pride, if nothing else," they tell her, "should compel you to file for a divorce."

"What point is there in perpetuating the fiction that in the end everything will work out?"

A few months ago, just before she left for Mexico with Valery and Donald Nelson for a much-needed vacation, Greta gave a small party for Audrey Hepburn with whom Greg had starred in *Roman Holiday*.

Following the party, one gossip turned to another's receptive ear. "I wonder if Greta knows about all those dinners Audrey and Greg supposedly had in Sam Spigle's London (Continued on page 72)



Located in new Lo Brea Towers, the Hestons' apartment overlooks the Sierra Madre mountain range and Hollywood's famous Farmers' Market.

FOUR HOMES IN FOUR STATES HAVE CHUCK AND LYDIA—BUT

HESTON'S IVORY TOWER

by Marva Peterson



Designed by Gladys Miller, who decorated Washington, D. C.'s Blair House, solidly constructed livingroom furniture was created especially for the huge room. Gladys accented neutral sofas and draperies with bright cushions, hassocks.



The birch dining table was a gift from two friends—actors, whose hobby is cabinet design. The two-color chairs were Lydia's idea, and the simple framed Toulouse-Lautrec original lithograph on the wall is the Hestons' prized possession.

HOUSE OF THE MONTH

IT'S THE HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT THAT HAS THE LIVED-IN LOOK.

■ In Hollywood, there is a relative newcomer who has four homes. His name is Charlton Carter Heston. To the unsophisticated, this broad-shouldered young giant lumbering down Hollywood Boulevard, might give the impression of a young man taking a day off from his milking stool.

Dressed in T-shirt, blue jeans, and moccasins, his customary get-up, Heston looks like a charter member of the Marlon Brando Institute for Sartorial Splendor.

In short, he gives the impression of not owning a bean, and yet he pays rent on a Tudor City apartment overlooking the East River in midtown New York, more rent on a beautifully furnished duplex around the corner from the Ambassador East in Chicago, taxes on a hunting lodge and 1,388 acres of timberland along the Osaba River in northern Michigan, and still more rent for a two-bedroom apartment in Hollywood.

Heston at thirty is a movie star. He has *(Continued on next page)*



The ultra-modern, convenient kitchen is a necessity for Chuck's all-too-frequent bachelor life when actress Lydia is out of town with a show.

MORE >

HESTON'S IVORY TOWER continued

appeared in *Greatest Show on Earth*, *Ruby Gentry*, *Pony Express*, *Arrowhead*, *The Savage*, *Naked Jungle*, *Legend Of The Incas*, and a few others. His latest apartment is typical of Hollywood apartments leased by successful young actors, and it's the most dramatic and glamorous of the four Heston residences.

You may well ask why a new actor like Charlton needs four homes for his T-shirts.

In addition to T-shirts, Heston owns a wife and an original Toulouse-Lautrec lithograph. This wife, whose name is Lydia Clark, is also in the acting business. Maybe you caught her with Chuck in *Atomic City* and *Scalpel*. Right now she's in Chicago starring in a play, *The Seven Year Itch*.

Before that she starred in several other plays, all of which took her away from her husband.

In the ten years of their marriage, the Hestons have spent approximately six years away from each other. That's why they need all of these apartments.

Charlton and Lydia were college sweethearts at Northwestern University, both scholarship students majoring in dramatics. Lydia's first impression of her husband-to-be was that he should be returned to the cage from which he'd escaped.

Heston, however, who has a primitive sort of appeal and a persistent approach of rustic simplicity, extended the coed a *carte blanche* marriage proposal.

"I just love you all the time," he once told her, "and whenever you get ready to marry, just say the word."

In 1944 the Army Air Forces had laid claim to the Heston bulk and shipped him off to Greensboro, North Carolina, for a little basic training. Lydia, in a moment of common sense she has never regretted, decided to make life easier for the boy and for herself.

She became his wife. A two-day honeymoon, and Charlton returned to the base and was subsequently shipped off to the Aleutian Islands, nobody's favorite Army location.

Chuck Heston says now that dreams of his Lydia kept him safe and sane, and when he returned to Chicago at the war's end, he was heavier and healthier than ever before. "Only I didn't have any money, so we took a small furnished flat and lived on about ten bucks a week."



Chuck and Lydia have spent six of their ten happily-married years apart—usually at opposite ends of the continent. They need and keep homes in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles for under \$500 a month.



The dark, Chuck-resistant corduroy spread allows him to read and listen to music comfortably stretched out. The shantung draperies are repeated all over the apartment for spacious appearance.



The spare bedroom serves as a den for Chuck; provides a quiet place for him and Lydia to learn lines. The turquoise cotton covers turn the daybeds into couches when the Hestons have no houseguests.

Acting jobs weren't numerous in the midwest, so the young couple moved on to New York. They rented a small, cold-water tenement flat in Hell's Kitchen—"it cost us thirty a month and we kept it until the building was condemned"—and then started making the rounds looking for work.

Chuck landed a job in Boston with a play, *The Leaf And The Bough*. Lydia was signed for the Chicago run of *Detective Story*.

The Leaf And The Bough had a short run and Chuck returned to the New York coldwater flat. Lydia stayed on in Chicago for over a year, and it was during that year that Chuck Heston caught on in television.

Hal Wallis offered him a job in Hollywood just as *Detective Story* ended in Chicago and Lydia returned to New York. This exit-and-entrance schedule is an occupational hazard when there are two acting careers in one family.

"Neither of us pretends it's the greatest way to live," Lydia points out. "But Chuck has his work, and I have mine, and somehow geography always stands in the way."

A larger family might take care of geography and do away with the necessity of having apartments in New York and Chicago, but the Hestons haven't got around to children, yet.

THE HOLLYWOOD apartment started with Toulouse-Lautrec. The Hestons' Lautrec lithograph is a sketch of the great actress Sarah Bernhardt playing the role of the tragic character, Phédre. Chuck and Lydia were so thrilled when they found themselves in actual possession of the work that they decided to furnish a Hollywood apartment around it.

"Ever since I saw my first Lautrec in college," Heston recalls, "I've wanted to own one. Then when I really started studying drama I realized that Lautrec was one of the few really great artists who spent a lot of time painting actors and actresses. Just as Degas immortalized the ballet, Lautrec immortalized the theatre. To me he has always represented the perfect alliance of art and theatre. I don't want to sound hammy about it, but owning one of his originals represents a milestone of accomplishment in my life."

The Hestons bought their one great picture with the help of Chuck's agent, Maynard Morris, who for years now has been collecting the works of the French artists, especially the impressionists.

A few years ago when his salary began to hover above the \$100-a-week mark, Chuck casually approached Morris. "Maynard," he said, "if you ever run across a reasonable Lautrec, let me know."

Six months later, Morris called Heston to his office on the pretext of reading a script. Instead, he showed the actor the Lautrec. "Take it home," he urged, "and show it to Lydia. Try living with it for a few weeks. Don't rush into buying something you may not want to keep for a lifetime."

Once Lydia glimpsed the beautiful little picture, there was no turning back. The Hestons not only bought it immediately but decided that the time had come to stop traipsing around Hollywood from one hotel to another. What they wanted and needed was an apartment they could furnish in their own way. You don't want to hang an original in a hotel room.

Last January they moved into the La Brea Towers, an enormous housing project erected by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. These "Towers" are tremendous apartment houses unlike anything Los Angeles had ever seen.

They are the most un-California-like buildings in California. They look as if they belong in New York or Chicago. They were built tall (Continued on page 72)

Every minute flames
with furious action!

Walt Disney's

Rob Roy



Rob Roy struck back at tyranny to save his name, his honor and his people—a true story that became a deathless legend.

REBEL, LOVER, OUTLAW—that was Rob Roy, chief of the fighting MacGregor clan. Fearless Highland warrior, he outfought armies. His true exploits dwarfed the deeds of fiction, kindled the flame of freedom in oppressed men. The story that stirred imaginations for two centuries now becomes a spectacle of rugged grandeur—supreme entertainment!

Starring
RICHARD TODD and GLYNIS JOHNS

An All Live-Action Picture
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

Produced by Perce Pearce • Directed by Harold French
Screenplay by Lawrence E. Watkin
Distributed by RKO Radio Pictures
COPYRIGHT WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS

Dig this crazy Elaine Stewart!
She takes great pains
to avoid the men who fall for her
because she's afraid she might meet
the right man too soon!

BY JACK WADE

get lost, cupid!



■ Describing her role in an early picture (*A Slight Case Of Larceny*) Elaine Stewart says, "I fall in love with Mickey Rooney—but not for long." And she sighs thankfully.

Elaine means to cast no reflection on Mickey. She's just shunning the state of emotional bondage known as love. She wants no part of it right now, not even the faintest ache. Serving tea the other afternoon, she remarked, "Marriage—that's all I need! Just as my career is getting started! Please! Let me have just a couple of years as I am."

She was holding a new brown teapot as she said this—holding it fondly. She loves the teapot as she loves everything about her one-flight up, one-bedroom apartment: its random layout, the warm walnut furniture pieces, the gay prints on the wainscoted walls, even the flower-decorated garbage can which she doesn't mind emptying herself. She loves them all; she reminds you of a bride in her new home.

She waves a scoffing hand at such a suggestion. "That's an illusion," she says. "Actually the apartment will help to keep me from becoming a bride for a while. It gives me a chance to express my domestic instincts without going domestic. At twenty-three a girl *ought* to be thinking of marriage. I'm thinking about it, all right. I'm thinking about *avoiding* it until I have had a chance to realize my investment—the years and the work I have put into becoming an actress.

"People simply don't take the ambitions of girls seriously unless those ambitions are matrimonial. I can remember my friends laughing at me and my hopes to get on the stage. 'You'll forget all about that when you grow up,' they said. 'You'll meet someone and suddenly the dream of acting will fly out of the window as love flies in.'

"Well, that's no way to treat a dream! Love can fly into my life and love (*Continued on page 60*)





REPORT FROM VENICE: HOW FARLEY MET THE COUNTESS—AND THE COUNTESS MET "THE WOLF."

■ Venetian Countess Marina has twenty-eight pocketbooks, loaded.

Accessories to this strategic stuff are titian hair, aquamarine eyes to match her name, a treasure-stuffed *palazzo* in Venice, a house in Paris, one in Rome, a *villa* for summers in the Italian hills, another for hibernating among orange blossoms and Arabs in North Africa.

The Countess is not without shelter and carfare.

Of all her treasures, the one attracting the most attention now is her grey chromium, red-leathered convertible. It contains Mr. Farley Granger.

Placed in his service by the Countess, it enables him to highball from location each evening to the crested motorboat waiting in the Venetian canal.

Romances between well-muscled, well-heeled young Americans and European countesses, not so young nor so solvent, are old seasoning for Sunday supplements. This is no such horse-radish.

Countess Marina Cicogna-Mozzoni is nineteen; her title is authentic and she holds it in her own right along with her properties; she is related to the noble Volpi family which can shoot marbles with Rockefellers.

In her palatial bedroom a maid attends her rising in the morning and some twenty others stand by to (Continued on page 62)

the "wolf" at Farley's door



ABOVE: Farley left Venice with a wave for the Countess, but a seat beside him for Janet Wolfe: friend, secretary, traveling companion and bouncer. LEFT: 19-year-old Countess Marina called Farley as soon as he arrived, "sick and friendless." He recovered quickly in her motorboat and *palazzo*. BELOW: But through it all, Janet never left his side.



For five years the O'Sheas
dreamed of their family-to-be.
But baby Mary Catherine
was worth waiting for!

BY SUSAN TRENT

MAMA MAYO

■ There's a new baby out at the O'Shea place, name of Mary Catherine. There is also a new house, or practically a new one. For a creature who weighed in at seven pounds and three ounces, Miss O'Shea has displaced more than her share of plaster, roofing, bricks, paint and wallpaper.

It all began quite sensibly, in what Virginia and Mike prefer to think of as an orderly routine. When they got married back in 1947, they agreed that they wanted children but would prefer to postpone them until such time as their careers were on an imperturbable beam. This decision is wise in Hollywood, where careers are easier to build if they are not interrupted by maternity and the consequential inactivity. Said Mike, whose own place in show business had been established with the years, "We—meaning myself and any children we might have—will make way for Virginia's career. It

has begun to go, and if anything interrupts it, her success might get sidetracked." In tune with this decision, he turned down a handful of movies in order to stick by Virginia while she was on her way up. When she went to Europe to make *Captain Horatio Hornblower*, Mike planned to go with her. "But—" his agent spluttered, "but we have pictures for you."

"You do 'em," said Mike. "I'm going to Europe with my old lady."

He believes that marriage thrives when the man and his wife stay together, instead of wandering around the world separately. So when Virginia had chances in Hollywood, Mike turned thumbs down on a couple of Broadway plays (one was the smash hit *Goodbye, My Fancy*) knowing that if they were successful he would be away from home for at least a year.

So it went, and (*Continued on page 58*)



"Girls are wonderful," Mike said. "Men want sans as saps to their own egos." "Boy or girl," Virginia added cheerfully, "I want a redhead."



The O'Sheas waited five years for their new daughter, Mary Catherine (Kate), whom they named after a pair of their favorite saints.





They did it the hard way

■ Ever work for two years for exactly no dollars and no cents? Ever been accused of ingratitude toward a friend? Been broke, in debt and had the credit company come after your automobile? Or still more incredible, have you ever tried to get out of a job paying you upward of \$2500 a week?

Any one of these experiences is enough to send the average citizen into an emotional tailspin. For an actor to go through them all is sufficient to send him bleating to the plush offices of a Hollywood psychiatrist to have his emotional wounds bathed and treated.

It happened to Rory Calhoun—all but the psychiatrist.

He is not trying to be a real life hero when he says: "I guess I could go around finding reasons to snarl at the acting business. Granted, it seems a little crazy, but that goes for any profession, whether you're a sandhog or a sculptor. The breaks come and the breaks go. I've had my share of them, both good and lousy, and now I'm on what you might call my third movie career. There have been some mighty bitter years, and some wonderful comic opera experiences."

Perhaps you have read about Rory's romantic ranch which is situated near Ojai, California, about seventy miles north of Los Angeles. That (*Continued on page 80*)

Some take lessons
and some pose for beefcake
art. But Rory Calhoun
became a star
by letting his wife sing
while he laid bricks
for a living!

BY STEVE CRONIN



Lita mounts Smaky when they ride maintain paths; her own horse, Duchess, is too spirited for trails.



Rory met Lita in Mocamba where she sang with the band. At the time, he couldn't picture her in jeans.

STORM over hollywood

Gale is the hottest star since the California fire—but it took a TV screen and *My Little Margie* to tell Hollywood so!

BY WILLIAM BARBOUR

Gale (then Josie Cottle) and husband Lee Bonnell won first prizes, movie contracts, new names and each other on a radio talent show.



As a child, she had heard the phrase, "God is your conscience." She had a very active conscience. Whenever she did anything wrong retribution came not in two weeks or two years, but instantly. God seemed to be right there when she went astray, for who else would have found her out so quickly? It was quite natural to acquire the idea that He was never far away. From that idea, the habit of talking to Him was just a logical step, it seemed to her.

The first time little Lucille smoked a cigarette she got sick on the second puff, sick as she never had been in her life. In her earliest attempt to run away from home, the very first person she met was a woman on her way to see Mrs. Ball.

There were other quick failures. Once she had just got out of the house only to have the year's biggest thunderstorm break over her head. No wonder she began to feel that He was right at her elbow always, quick to see when she had a crazy idea and even quicker to make sure she didn't carry it too far.

This youthful conception of God's proximity is still with her, but today she is doing something about it. She is taking a step even closer to Him. By the time this is read, or soon afterward, she will have formally joined the church. Not the church into which she was born, but the church toward which, by marriage and blood ties, she has been moving for some time. Events have proved to her that its spiritual comforts are powerful, its shelter necessary to her. She firmly believes that her happy wifehood, her long desired motherhood, are closely and inextricably intertwined with the faith she is now embracing.

UNHAPPINESS first came into her life when she was four years old. Her father died. The shock and sorrow of her mother caused a real illness and for some time she could not handle the burden of maintaining a home. Lucille was placed in the care of an elderly relative, a woman whose ideas were still those of nineteenth century Europe. She meant well, but under her old-fashioned restrictions, Lucy withered.

Play was sinful. So, certainly was vanity, even if it was but the natural vanity of a little girl. Any boisterousness, any impetuosity or craving for fun was interpreted simply as a sign of nervousness which required, and got, suppression.

She did not like to see Lucy look in the mirror. Girls would get wrong ideas about themselves in this way, she said. She didn't favor Lucy's playing with other children and restricted it severely. Whenever she was active at all, whenever she was caught running or jumping, Lucy was set to cleaning house. This was the sensible way to use up excess energy, her guardian declared. She frowned upon sudden joys.

She thought surprises were not good for a little girl. When other relatives planned a surprise party for Lucy, she told her about it in advance so it wouldn't be too big a surprise!

Lucille was resentful then, but she doesn't resent this treatment now. She still thinks it was wrong, but she can understand the reasoning behind it. In the old country, where custom established that girls could look forward to becoming chatel wives and nothing more when they grew up, they were prepared for a life that their mothers knew would never be too gay. It was considered wise to minimize expectations. Lucy's expectations were minimized plenty. When Mrs. Ball re-established her home and Lucy went back, she was a mess.

She was withdrawn, frightened both of other children and of grownups, and always possessed of an urge to find a corner where she could curl up and not bother anyone. Yet, her return to her mother's

house was in a sense something she knew would happen. She had talked to God steadily, asking not why he wasn't going to make a change in her life, but, with all confidence, why it was taking so long.

Mrs. Ball worked hard (and still does) trying to overcome the pretty bad sense of "old country" inferiority Lucille had picked up while she lived with her relatives. She filled the house with other children and kept it filled as Lucille grew up, so there would be young people for her to talk and live with all the time. When she saw that Lucille was interested in plays, she helped organize them—in the house, at school, anywhere people would fall in with such an idea. All of her children had music lessons. They had a piano, violin, and cello going all the time.

Whatever their problems, she was always in there, helping her children to lick them. It was wonderful, and, to Lucille's mind, an illustration of God at work. She knew it was God because, greater than anything else was the fact that her mother had recovered her spirits and the zest for life she had lost when their father died. After years of seeming to be lifeless, she had turned into a person who seemed to be touched with glory—and such glory must be divine, Lucille figured.

Lucille's future, which had been steadily stitched shut before, was now being thrown wide open. One day she tried to tell her mother what she thought that future would be like. She really painted it with extravagant colors.

"Do you think it will really happen?" she asked her mother.

"Will happen?" she answered. "It is happening. You're living it right now in your

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I was thrilled and a bit awestruck to meet the famous actress, cover girl, and Hollywood businesswoman, Anita Colby. She was as glamorous, beautiful, and brilliant as I had heard. But I was shocked when I noticed that the lovely lady bites her nails—right down to the quick!
Phyllis Warren
Sacramento, California



heart and that's the best place to live anything. The best life in the world doesn't mean anything unless you feel it in your heart and once you feel it there it's exactly as if you have it!" Remembering, Lucille says, "I've never forgotten that in my work I must try to reach through to the hearts of people—the only place where it counts."

When Lucille was eleven she was already as tall as she is now, five feet, six inches. "All through high school I seemed to fascinate nobody but short guys. At dances I never had anyone to talk to—just heads of hair." So she fell into the habit of stooping to get down where the faces were.

BECAUSE of her height, because of her old feeling of inferiority (she says "maybe because it was true!") she had always considered herself an ugly duckling. All right, not the ugliest duckling, but no swan, just the same. She prayed about it but when the time came for Lucille Ball to go on the stage it didn't seem to her that any great change for the better had transpired. Whereupon a great thought was born in her busy head. "All right," she told herself, "if you are afraid you are going to be laughed at for trying to pass yourself off as a beauty, beat the world to it.

Be a comedienne and go after the laughs.

As far as she can judge, the biggest difference a career makes in a girl's life is that she has four goals instead of three. In addition to seeking love, marriage and motherhood she has the prior (and in Lucille's case continuing) ambition to make good in her work. And the only difference that makes, as far as she can see, is that you have a busier time of it. But one thing is most important—work alone does not make up for the lack of the other three great essentials in a woman's life. Lucille Ball was not a fabulous success when she married Desi Arnaz, but already she knew that with each success and *without* love, life would be quite empty.

Marriage should mean parenthood, but for the Arnazes it didn't—not for twelve long years. This was certainly something to take up with God, and she did, but to no avail. As time passed, both Lucille and Desi fell into the conviction that they were not fated to have a baby; it just wasn't going to happen, that's all. That isn't an unusual attitude among unblessed married couples, as you may have noted. It is an oddly sad one, a feeling possessing both that somehow they have been shunted out of the mainstream of life and are living their time out in some little lost creek.

In her youth, Lucille had attended variously the English Lutheran, the Methodist and the Episcopal churches. Desi was a Catholic. Because of that and because they were both on road engagements at the time of their marriage, the ceremony was a civil one. Nine years later they were married again—in the Catholic Church.

Lucille wanted the second ceremony. During all the years of their marriage, she had seen how much comfort Desi derived from his faith and could understand how much more the marriage would mean to him if it were a sacrament rather than a civil arrangement. But almost immediately, and without any intention then of assuming his faith, she felt the warmth of a great comfort. And something happened to their feeling that they would never have a child. It disappeared. They felt sure they would. And they did.

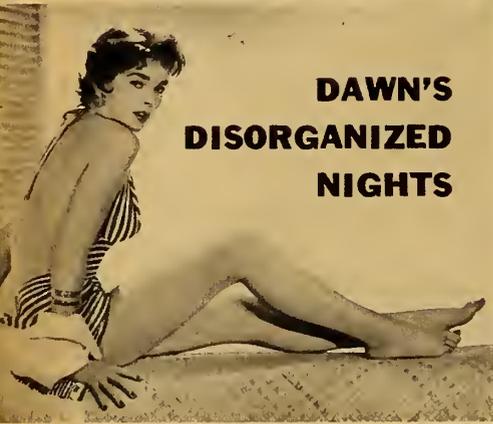
She says, "I am not proselyting, attempting to convert, nor preaching a revelation. I have always known that I could assume any faith if the underlying predication affirmed God. For me the chosen faith became Catholicism. Two years ago, my mother joined the Catholic Church. I am taking instructions now to follow in her footsteps. I think I made the final decision when our second child, Desi, Jr., was born. When I look at him, when I look at our firstborn, Lucie Desiree, I know that for them, and for myself, I am doing the right thing. I know our children came to us from the church. I say this fully realizing that physicians can supply another answer; that there may be a psychological explanation. The effect of having our marriage sanctified could have wrought physiological changes in both of us. But where else, and how else, could such changes have been brought about?"

When people ask Lucille Ball where she's from, she tells them she's a small town girl from Jamestown. Actually, she came from a town just outside Jamestown—Celoron—that Jamestown citizens used to call a "small town." Lucille's way from Celoron to the Arnaz ranch has been a long, wandering trail with some rough stretches here and there. It may still be rough ahead, but there will be no more wandering.

"I've picked a straight road now. And on it I walk with my husband and my children and all the loved ones of my family—all of us together." **END**

(Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz are soon to be seen in MGM's *The Long, Long Trailer.*)

Be it ever so
mixed-up, there's no
place like Rome!



DAWN'S DISORGANIZED NIGHTS

■ With Hollywood's avenues and boulevards turned into miniature Romes and Parises by the influx of foreign sports cars, it seems only fair that the vias of the Italian capital should be populated by Hollywoodites. Most of these wandering stars are working in Italian films, though some are looking for work and others are just on a holiday.

A reporter on a European assignment, I spotted my first familiar face above a pair of gloves being purchased by Dawn Addams. Picture-making in Rome, Dawn told me, is far less regimented than in Hollywood. At home she is accustomed to working on a schedule; in Rome no one has ever heard of schedules. Pictures just grow. She laughed and admitted that while she has not gotten used to the disorganized days, she loves the disorganized nights.

I was inclined to agree. Evenings there are wonderful. Everybody goes to the Excelsior Hotel around nine o'clock for a drink before dinner. (That's right, the dinner hour is nine-thirty.) In the Excelsior bar you meet your friends from home who are looking for friends from home and a very pleasant evening develops, usually ending at someone's garden or at one of Rome's beautiful outdoor nightclubs.

That evening I saw Dawn again—at the Excelsior bar. William Lundigan came in, looked around, spotted her, went over and kissed her, sat down at her table. After a cocktail, they went out together. As she passed, Dawn stopped and muttered happily, "See what I mean?" I saw.

—Wanda Hale

mama mayo

(Continued from page 50) Miss Mayo eventually was contracted by Warner Brothers and became a fixed star. Five and a half years after their wedding, Mike and Virginia said, "Now is the time."

It happened just like that, as though they had written the order on a sales slip. To this day Mike looks in wonder at anyone who suggests that the O'Sheas were lucky to have their order filled so promptly. This was the way they had planned it, you see. Why shouldn't it happen?

So, things were going along just right. The baby would be born in November. That gave Virginia time to finish *Devil's Canyon* and Mike the opportunity to clear up some tv chores and make *It Should Happen To You*. Then all they had to do was sit and wait.

"We ought to get the space problem settled, though," said Virginia.

"Space problem?" said O'Shea. "A baby doesn't take up much space."

"Well, with your room and my room and the housekeeper's room, where shall we put him? Her?"

"Build a room."

"But where? The kitchen's on one side, and our rooms are too close to the property line to put it on that side, and if we put it on the back—"

"We'll build up," announced Mike. "Put on a room upstairs. The foundation should be able to take it."

From that moment, orderliness disappeared from the atmosphere, and a cloud of confusion rolled in. True, a baby doesn't take up much room, but as anybody knows who has remodeled a house, every stone unturned means another \$500 worth of work. It began with the foundation. Mike's optimism about the strength of the existing one turned out to be a mistake, and a good deal of shoring up had to be done. This was followed by the problem of slicing off the roof. It had to be sliced low, or the second story would sit up so high that the whole house would look like a shoe box standing on end. So it was sliced so low that Mike and Virginia spent a week of evenings sitting in their livingroom and looking up at the stars. They lived in the diningroom, kitchen and bedrooms, skirting the hole in the middle, and thanking Providence that it doesn't rain in the California summer.

The chimney had to be raised nine feet, so they decided they might as well have the whole thing rebuilt with new brick. The new roof made the old roof look like a stray cat, so the entire thing was recovered. The entrance, in order to match the new facade of the house, was graced by a new porch, and Mike decided they might as well have new screens and new sashes all over the house. The addition had to be painted, spanking new, of course, so they repainted the whole house white.

They agreed that the room and bath upstairs wouldn't be the best place for a baby, that a baby should be downstairs. Mike relinquished his old room downstairs for the nursery and planned the new one upstairs for himself. Virginia's bedroom, redecorated in yellow and shades of brown, adjoins the nursery. This leaves Mike free to continue his night owl habits, reading into the wee hours, while Virginia hits the hay at her customary early hour.

MIDWAY through this Operation Upset, it occurred to them that insulation might be advisable. It would keep the neighborhood noises from the baby's ears and the baby's noises from the neighborhood ear. In addition to new roof, new ceiling, new foundation and new paint, they found themselves with new walls. And, naturally, new paint and new wallpaper.

It was a bumpy, busy four months of construction, and before it was over, Virginia announced that it was time for her appointment at St. John's Hospital. That was on the morning of November 12. On hearing the news Mike made a motion as if to leap for the garage and the car.

"Sit down," said Virginia. "Eat your breakfast."

Mike insists he was not nervous, that in any situation of impending danger he grows gimlet-eyed, his nerves become steel, that the adrenalin surges through his system, making him icy calm. He cannot, however, claim that he was as nonchalant as Mrs. O'Shea. Fatsò, as he lovingly called her in those days, ate a substantial breakfast and sat around a while before she deigned to begin the trip. On the way they made occasional stops, at Virginia's request, to ogle the furniture in Wilshire store windows. She wanted a lamp for a table in the front window, and the lush lamp displays could not be ignored. Mike put his foot down when Virginia showed a willingness to tour an open house.

"Oi-veh!" he said, taking his hands from the steering wheel and holding the sides of his head.

"Couldn't we go in?" suggested Virginia. "There's plenty of time."

"No," said Mr. O'Shea, who was silently calling on his system for a fresh supply of adrenalin.

At the hospital they found a substantial group of reporters who had been notified by Virginia's studio that the event was about to take place. The collective press was one jump ahead of a fit. Virginia swirled calmly past, with Mike trailing.

Mike spent almost every minute with his wife before she went into the delivery room. He used the remaining few minutes to case the joint. There were signs here and there which read, "No Admittance," but no one seemed to care, so Mr. O'Shea passed blithely by them and under them. The long row of labor rooms leading to the delivery room sheltered several women in the same boat with Virginia. In spite of their condition, some of these patients took time out to notice that Mike O'Shea was scooting around the corridor. Mike is a gregarious guy, and summoned by some of these damsels in distress, he trotted happily into their respective rooms and chatted briefly with them. As Mike says, "A maternity ward in a hospital is like a jail or the Army—everybody there is everybody else's friend." Nevertheless, he was shaking his head at the fact that he'd been asked for his autograph. Of all places!

VIRGINIA was wheeled into the delivery room shortly before seven o'clock that evening. The doctor, leaving Mike, shook hands and said cheerily, "Well, this is it." "Don't be nervous," grinned Mike, "whatever you do. Everything's going to be all right."

It was, Mike says, the greatest performance of his life.

At the doctor's suggestion, he went back to Virginia's room to wait. It may have been an eternity to Mike, but by Greenwich mean time, it really wasn't long before a nurse came in and told him his daughter had been born. Mike went down the hall to the waiting room where the press gang was sitting, minus fingernails. He wore a smug expression and rocked on his heels several minutes, building suspense. Finally somebody giggled nervously, "What's new, Mike?"

"It's a girl," he announced, and when the reporters, half of whom were women, buckled into a mass of sentiment, Mike fled.

He scurried down the hall toward the nursery, and posted himself where he couldn't be seen. By this time he knew the layout and he was sure that the next

baby to be admitted to the nursery would be Mary Catherine O'Shea. It was a name chosen by Virginia and Mike as a salute to the grand old names. When they had discussed the problem they had concurred on the fact that people nowadays tend toward embroidery. Names like Snap, Clutch and Katch seem to be fashionable for boys, and girls are being snowed under with tags like Dawn, Sundown and April. The O'Sheas wanted something simple, a name that was a name and not a cereal slogan. "Mary Catherine" seemed to fill the bill. Where did the choice come from? "From nowhere," said Mike, "except from a couple of pretty good saints." Besides, they figured that eventually their child will be called Kate O'Shea, a monicker that tickles Mike because it is the name of the only illustrious ancestor he could dig up—the colleen who was the sweetheart of Charles Parnell, Irish Nationalist leader of years gone by.

Standing near the door, he didn't have long to wait before a nurse wheeled a newborn infant toward him. Mike stepped into her path. "Whose little demon is that?" he inquired.

The nurse stiffened. "This is no demon. This is a beautiful little girl—the O'Shea baby."

Pop O'Shea grinned. "She's mine. Let me have a little look at her." He noted with pleasure that the baby had red hair. This would please Virginia. All these months she had said that, boy or girl, she hoped the baby would be a redhead. Once the nurse had taken the baby inside the warm nursery, she unwrapped her and held up a naked Kate O'Shea for her father's inspection through a big window. Across the baby's derriere was a strip of cloth labeled, "Girl O'Shea". Mike smiled. "Okay," he said. "We'll keep her."

He went back to Virginia's room to wait

I SAW IT HAPPEN

In Los Angeles on vacation, we saw a grey convertible running right up on the sidewalk. A policeman was standing nearby. We were so curious about who could get away with that kind of thing, that we backed up to look. And there was Spencer Tracy, parked on the sidewalk.



Carmen Allred Ogden, Utah

for her, and when she was brought through the door he kissed her and she said, "Mike—she's a redhead." Mike told Virginia he had already seen their daughter and that her first performance had been a striptease.

HE WANDERED around a bit after that, visiting various new acquaintances who had become mothers since his first meeting with them in the labor rooms. Being Mike O'Shea, he sat on the beds and shook hands and asked about their babies—and the husbands sat there and beamed. He went back and told Virginia about it—"What a place, a hospital!" When she laughed at him he suggested that if any strange men came into her room, she should throw them out.

The next morning Mike mixed cement for the patio with the air of a man not quite in this world, and for the next few

days kept himself so busy with mortar, brick and flagstone between hospital visits that he managed to talk himself out of noticing the emptiness of the house. Mrs. Young, the baby's nurse, arrived before Homecoming Day, and he bragged a bit to her about having a daughter. "Girls are wonderful," he said. "Boys—well, men want sons as sops to their own egos. Give me a girl any day."

He didn't give Virginia a gift. The O'Sheas are not gift-giving people, at least on holidays or occasions. They pick up assorted surprises for each other on odd days of the year, and dislike any custom that makes people obligated to buy presents. When a baby shower was suggested for Virginia, Mike had said, "No, please—she wouldn't like that." Nor did he give cigars after Mary Catherine's arrival, or send out announcements. "That's a corny bit," he said. "It's like saying 'Look at me—Look at us.' It's nothing special to anybody but us." And so, when asked if he gave Virginia a gift, he smiled and said, "I gave her the baby." That is Mike's way of saying that if a man gives his wife love and devotion all through his life, it is the best gift he can give.

One day, several weeks after Virginia and Mary Catherine were settled in the "new" house, Mother O'Shea had a thought.

"You want more, don't you, Mike? More children, I mean?"

"Sure," said O'Shea.

"There will be a space problem."

"Oi-veh!" said Mike.

"What would we do?"

"This one," said Mike, "this one room cost us as much as a complete five-room house. Next time we'll build same, and make it all bedrooms to accommodate the influx."

"Yes, dear," said Virginia.

END



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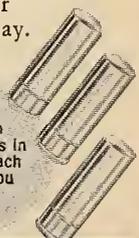
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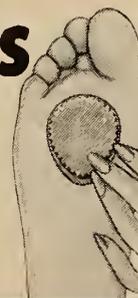
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get lost, cupid

(Continued from page 46) can fly right out again—until I'm ready for it!"

The most sensational brunette to hit Hollywood since Ava Gardner came west from Carolina, Elaine is getting some pained reactions around Hollywood. According to her escorts, she is not kidding.

Among the men who have taken out Elaine Stewart it is pretty well agreed that her dark beauty has an inscrutable "Mona Lisa" quality to it; the better she likes you the less chance you may have of ever dating her again. Any time a friendship gives signs of growing into a romance she makes sure it doesn't. She has admitted it. "I get to thinking I don't want it to go too far and from that point on I shy away, I guess."

As one man reported after he had taken her to a few parties and considered himself a suitor for her hand: "Suddenly I got closed out." Yet this man is better off than some notable eligibles who can't even get a date with her.

More than one fellow has been driven to attempt lyrical appreciation of Elaine's beauty. A rich Hollywood business man felt sure he would win her favor by sending a lovely, gold-backed mirror together with a quatrain about "... beauty should see herself in beauty." Elaine returned the mirror, automatically rejecting the poem. When he telephoned her for a reason she gave him an old fashioned answer: "I don't know you well enough to accept presents from you."

ELAINE's stand against romantic hanky-panky at a time when she is getting her career under way was apparent from the moment she arrived in Hollywood. It just took a little time for the word to get around. The first male star she met (and a boy she still likes even if it isn't going to go any further than that) was Scott Brady. The circumstances of their meeting were not original. Elaine had been brought to a party by her first agent and was standing alone for a moment when Scott introduced himself to her. There ensued an exchange of dialogue so dull that they both cringe when recalling it. Here's the way it went, word for word.

"I'm Scott Brady. What's your name? I can't believe I don't know you."

"Elaine Stewart."
"Where've you been keeping yourself?" (He stopped the question there—he didn't say "... all my life.")

"Around."
"What's your telephone number?"
"It wouldn't interest you."

Scott looked at her as if she were crazy and assured her, "I'll get it!"

Elaine never gave Scott her number and he did get it—through studio connections. He phoned her at least a dozen times before she consented to have lunch with him one day. But from that day to this, when Elaine has control of the conversation, they talk only about the business of acting and the conducting of one's professional life in Hollywood.

When Elaine faced the problem of changing studios (from Hal Wallis to MGM) which eventually became a problem of changing agents, too, it was Scott who came to her rescue and introduced her to her present agent, Johnny Darrow. Darrow, it might be mentioned, is a presentable and successful man, still in his forties, who finds it no hardship to escort his beautiful client to Hollywood affairs. Elaine makes no bones about the fact that she spends a lot of her weekends down-at Johnny's Malibu home. The house is almost always filled with many of his other clients, including Jane Powell and Gene Nelson.

The fellow most people talk about as Elaine's steady escort is Johnny Grant, popular Hollywood disc jockey and a leader in war entertainment work. Johnny's comment is, "I wish it were true." They are good friends, but the friendship is without a romantic future.

"Johnny knows it," says Elaine, "and I know it. But no one else seems to be aware of it."

SOME OF Elaine's friends criticize her for being too systematic about herself. "Maybe you can plan a career but you can't plan love," they say. "Love has to happen. Elaine is trying to live a timetable for success."

To some extent Elaine agrees with her friends. She believes that nineteen is the ideal age for a girl to marry, and that after that her chances for happiness decrease directly as the years increase. "I'm sure that living alone tends to make a girl more and more complete in herself. In that sense, she can become selfish and less qualified for the partnership attitude necessary to a successful marriage."

It may be wiser for Elaine to be a twenty-six-year-old bride than to have been a nineteen-year-old one. She has always felt that the ideal husband for her would be a man ten or fifteen years older than she. The reason for this feeling, she thinks, stems from her childhood. She was

IT HAPPENED TO ME

I was strolling along Fifth Avenue on a lovely spring morning, young and chipper in my Easter bonnet, a saucy froth covered with poppies and bright red net that trailed behind me. A tall, wonderful-looking man passed me. When I realized that it was Jimmy Stewart, I turned to stare after him. Imagine how disconcerting it was to turn and find that he had stopped and was staring at me!



Gene Desmond
Hempstead, New York

the eldest daughter in a family beset by debts. In such a situation, children tend to grow up fast, mentally and emotionally. Elaine knew the value of a dollar before she was six years old. If you had it you were safe; if you didn't have it you got bad headaches as her policeman father did.

As a child and as a young girl, the only frivolity about Elaine was her desire to become an actress. Because this seemed most unlikely, she played safe and prepared for another career—as a doctor. She graduated from Montclair High School with a B plus average and a scholarship to Green Mountain College for her pre-medical studies. Had she not become a model in New York, and then an actress in Hollywood, Elaine might be almost ready to hang up her shingle as a doctor—certainly the most beautiful physician in the world.

This tendency to think and plan carefully has not changed with her success. It is not something she can control. On her last trip east she went to the Saturday night party of a college group including some of her old friends from Montclair. She enjoyed seeing them again, she loved the dancing and the songs they sang. Yet in their interests, they were from a different world. Most of these kids had not yet felt the weight of responsibility which Elaine has been carrying for years.

A girl whose duties and plans have nec-

essarily been heavy for her age is not going to be lightheaded about romance. Her head isn't likely to whirl because somebody is holding her hand. Since she knows this, Elaine realizes that married happiness for her is possible only if her husband is mature. "I want him to be a man with widespread interests. I don't want to be the only thing on his mind," she says. "From what I have seen of love it dies more quickly from strangulation than from any other cause. I want both of us to drink the same wine, but not from the same glass, as the poet writes. I don't want each of us to live narrowly just for the other, but to live together in a big, wide world."

WHEN ELAINE was still in high school in Montclair, New Jersey, she had a long talk about her future with her mother, Mrs. Hedwig Steinberg. Her mother delivered a pronouncement Elaine says she will never forget.

"I don't think it is good for a girl to know too many boys," said Mrs. Steinberg, "because she tends to think that only boys matter and that her happiness will depend strictly on whether she will choose the right one. It should work the other way. First the girl should choose the kind of life she wants to live, and with this to guide her it is easier to decide what kind of man would make the best partner. She already has an interest in life so she doesn't expect so much from her husband. In the second place, her interest makes her a person in her own right as well as a wife, and that adds to her stature in her husband's eyes."

Few men realize when they meet Elaine and take in her warm, dark beauty that her attitude has such a solid, rational foundation. But they soon find out, as do all her friends and professional associates. Elaine considers all of her steps carefully, whether it's a question of getting an Italian haircut (which she didn't) or one of buying a silly-looking but cuddly doll (which she did).

After her fine work as the star of *Take The High Ground* and the news that her studio had cast her in two of its biggest new pictures, *Brigadoon* and *Athena*, many of her friends advised her to change her personality. They thought that she was too approachable and would benefit by taking on a degree of reserve. They suggested a manner somewhere between Olivia De Havilland's aloof sweetness and Greer Garson's regality. Elaine didn't laugh it off. She thought it over and she talked it over. And she decided to remain as she was. She felt she would fool herself more than anyone else if she carried her play acting into real life.

Her salary, heading toward the thousand-a-week mark, has not dazzled her because she knows how to subtract. Take away all the deductions and professional expenses and she has to live quite modestly if she is going to save anything—and Elaine does save regularly. She spends only for essentials. That apartment of hers, in which she lives with a roommate, Suzanne Scheirer, is nice but it's just like hundreds of apartments in Beverly Hills. Any two girls with fairly good jobs could afford to live on the same level. Her car is not a Cadillac nor a Mercedes-Benz nor a Jaguar—it's a '47 Ford. The dress you'll see her wearing is not likely to be the product of a famous couturier, but the handiwork of a girl who can sew and whose name is Elaine Stewart. It was because of their mutual interest in sewing that she and Suzanne first met.

All of this makes Elaine sound like a very sensible girl, the kind of girl who would make a fine, thrifty, intelligent—and beautiful—wife. And that is perfectly true. But the man who wants her had better not show up just yet. The lady is too busy.

END



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HER POOL RUNNETH OVER

Debra Paget's all wet—and loves it!

■ Debra Paget has four swimming pools!

One pool is standard equipment, taken for granted. Four pools rate a raised eyebrow even in Hollywood.

But Debra needs four pools. Her folks all live together in one big house, but they can't all swim together in one big pool.

One night Debra read "The Three Bears" to her little sister Meg. You remember about the three bears and their three chairs—big chair, little chair and middle-sized chair.

Miss Paget got the idea. Big bears, big chairs, little bears, little chairs—mama Griffin, papa Griffin, big sister Lezli, little sister Meg, brother Frank, married sister Tela with her husband and two babies, all in the swim.

First Debra got a tiny pool, hardly bigger than a dewdrop for Tela's Kim, aged one. Then she added a wading pool for niece Jeanine, aged



three. Little sister Meg, who is six, had to have a slightly larger one and there is the big pool for adults only.

The four pools sit side by side and everybody stays in his own depth.

Extravagant?

"Goodness, no!" says Debra. "The four together cost less than the average pool. And I can even take them with me when we move!"

They're all made of plastic.

the "wolf" at farley's door

(Continued from page 49) assist her through the day.

One evening, telephoning Farley's hotel on location, the Countess was told that Mr. Granger was working that night.

"What do you mean, working?" the Countess inquired.

No snob, the Countess is not so insulated in velvet as to be unaware of work, a curse on man since that sorry affair in old Eden, but she probably thought night work was laying Adam's curse a little heavy on Farley.

The Countess gets around. A cosmopolite, though only nineteen, she knows America and Europe; her name pops into Cholly Knickerbocker's news during the New York shindig season, and last summer she made a safari to Hollywood. On a set at Warner Brothers studio Farley was presented. Neither felt a temblor, they say, though it was earthquake weather as usual in that jungle of steaming passion.

On August 15, Farley flew to Europe to make a picture in Italy. Corks popped salute in Paris, TWA poured vintages in a party to honor him, Zizi Jeanmaire for whom he acted as ballet master in *Hans Christian Andersen* danced him around the Champs Elysées and Montmartre.

FROM PARIS Farley flew to Venice for the International Film Festival and the annual Venetian regatta. He fell sick in Venice, happily. The telephone rang. Someone said, "The Countess is calling." Farley got well.

They went dancing at the grand ball in the Volpi palace. Then a gondola sequence of luna-looking with music from serenaders floating at a discreet distance.

At the parties in the great Venetian palaces, at the theatre and yachting, tennis and bathing on the Lido, Farley was not alone in the queue winding round the Countess. There were princes, millionaires, playboys. And Errol Flynn. And Orson Welles. These old operators in ser-

vice amour, bearing wound stripes and service ribbons, with now and then an alimony attachment, make Farley look a rookie although he must have had sound training during his long enlistment with Shelley Winters.

Though Farley had to quit the field before the finals he left in the Countess' car with promise of daily telephone calls.

With all her pokes and palaces you would think the Countess had a clear line, but when she calls Farley she gets Janet Wolfe. Everyone gets "the Wolf." She drives the Countess' car, accompanies Farley to the set, fetches him raw eggs, interprets, sits in on interviews and dines and dances with Farley. She has even climbed on to the screen with him in a newsreel.

Officially she is Farley's "Public Relations." After her newsreel bow, newspapers received an anecdote from her. Seems the hotel maid on seeing them at the movies exclaimed, "Why there is room No. 134 and room No. 128!"

It was corrective news for people who may have thought their rooms adjoined because of always getting "the Wolf" when calling Farley.

An old mug from Hollywood's Tobacco Road dropped into the hotel to investigate the status quo. He called Farley and sure enough didn't get. A buoyant voice said she was too beat up to see him for a couple of hours and then Farley would be back from location.

Turning from the desk phone the mug recognized a round little Italian who was a pooh-bah with the Granger company.

"What goes with Granger?" asked the Tobacco Road bouncer.

The pooh-bah regarded him with the baleful eye of a ruffled pigeon:

"Of Mr. Granger I do not speak; Wolfe speaks," he said with clenched teeth. Then, puffing dignity, he added: "For me they are two steps down, Granger and Wolfe. I speak for Mr. Visconti the director, for Miss Valli the actress."

Feeling a rift in Italo-American amity the boulevardier of Tobacco Road suggested a healing martini. Warmed by sen-

timent and martinis, the little man gave: "I am at the service of America and Hollywood," he said. "Of Granger and Wolfe I speak nothing. It is because here in Italy, as with Hollywood which we respect much, we do not like smothers on sets."

The mug melted the Italo-prose in a sip of martini, swallowed a superfluous "s" and said:

"But 'the Wolf' is not Granger's mother."

His pal shrugged, rocked his hands in the air, and said: "Is same—public relations, agents, smothers. We know that in Hollywood it is not permitted these in studio. No?"

"They seep in," said the mug, "guns blazing."

SUDDENLY the little man glowered at the descending *ascensore* and scurried into a far corner. Out of the *ascensore* shot "the Wolf" like a guided missile. She had a casing blue eye and she wore a steel blue matching gown. The face was not as young as the voice on the phone, but the body was svelte and rhythmic.

She flung a hand to the mug, gave him her back, raced toward a man sitting elegantly aloof. For him she spread a wide smile which, with her small turned-up nose, gave to her face an Irish urchin look suggesting an elder Jane Withers.

After a few minutes of crouched discourse with the gentleman she raced back to the mug.

"That is Visconti the director. I want the job of dialogue director. He has hired someone, but he likes me," she said, her fingers gesturing to bosom, pleasing in the low cut gown.

A young man drifted unnoticed into the lobby. He wore brown cords and a sport shirt of shrieking greens, blues and dashes of scarlet. It might have been titled "The Battle Of The Parakeets," and it might have set Bing Crosby to gnawing knuckles in envy were Bing not color blind. Personable, tall, bland of face, looking not more than twenty-one, he might be any one of the good looking young Americans prowling around Europe. There was no professional aura about him.

"There's Farley now," said "the Wolf."

Farley smiled and sat down. "The Wolf" ordered drinks. Farley declined. He had only a chance to say he found Italy marvelous, that he was playing the part of a monster which he found marvelous and that he was glad to get away from Hollywood which is chaotic now, when "the Wolf" reminded him that he had a costume fitting upstairs.

He excused himself. "I will come down as soon as it is over."

"The Wolf" flung him a look, said he had other business.

"Then I will say goodnight now," he said, returning to shake hands.

"The Wolf" said she must interpret for him, as the costumer spoke no English. She spun away without a bow or a *buona sera*.

When she had vanished the little pooh-bah emerged from his corner, a gleam in his eye, not a gleam of triumph but a gleam of sympathy.

"You can talk with Farley on the set tomorrow," he consoled the mug. "You will be my guest. I will send a car for you at noon."

At noon when the car arrived it was the Countess' car, "the Wolf" was at the wheel, and the little pooh-bah was a dump on the back seat.

On the drive to the villa Valmarama, where scenes were being filmed, the little man draped scarves over the bare brown shoulders of "the Wolf," or removed them, according to her temperature and mood. For this he got the free ride and a *grazie*.

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Italians seem uncertain whether to address "la Wolf" as *signorina* or *signora*. She herself murmurs vaguely of having had "husband trouble." Says she was a washout in Hollywood where she did something to scripts in the Fox studio. In 1950 she shook free of scripts and husband trouble by joining up with the Red Cross for service in Italy. She drove a jeep, which she turned bottom up, denting jeep and all occupants except herself. "La Wolf," you feel, is of quality non-dentable and non-shrinkable.

After her distinguished service for the Red Cross she shipped back to New York. There Farley called her up and invited her to join him on his first film expedition into Italy.

"I jumped at the offer to get back here," she said. "I adore Italy."

"And Farley?"
"Old friends," she said. "We've known one another ages."

In the *villa Valmarama*, a maze of vast rooms frescoed by pupils of the Veronese school with bare-bottomed babies and pink fleshy mamas of the Mae West school, "la Wolf" raced for the director on her campaign, no doubt, for that dialogue director's job.

Farley appeared on the set in the uniform of an Austrian officer of the year 1866 when Italy fought the war of her Risorgimento against Austria.

His natural altitude of six-feet-two was increased by high military cap and accentuated by long white cape. He was as imposing as the Empire State building.

His sky-blue pants were so tight they appeared to be painted on his legs. He lowered himself into a chair with apprehension.

"They say the material is strong," he said. "I hope."

The picture for which Tennessee Williams wrote the script and dialogue is from an Italian novel titled *Senso*—roughly *Sensuality* in English. Farley's own current romance so resembles that of the picture a Hollywood press agent would be suspected of cooking it up for publicity. In the film, he makes love to a rich Venetian countess and takes her money.

Of course Countess Marina's twenty-eight pocket books are safe, none missing. Mr. Granger is no monster in person. The Countess did not give him her car though she did offer it for 1,500,000 lire, around \$2500, which is three thousand less than she paid for it.

Being no monster, Mr. Granger replies like a gentleman to all inquisitors. The Countess is a friend. A wonderful person. A noblewoman in the true sense of nobility. Telephoning him when he was ill in Venice, a stranger to the city and a person she had met only casually, was in the tradition of *noblesse oblige* plus the natural kindness of a sweet nature.

"La Wolf" also is wonderful, an old friend, who was invaluable to him in Italy. He calls her Janet.

"Janet!" he howled suddenly. "Janet, get me a couple of raw eggs. I have had no lunch. Janet!"

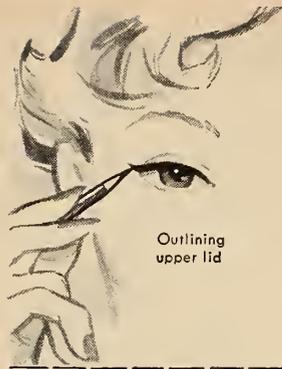
Janet apparently was on business of her own at the moment.

Later when asked if she thought Farley would buy the Countess' car she smiled and shook her head. This led the mug to observe that Farley wouldn't need to buy it if he married the Countess.

"She will not marry him," said "la Wolf" authoritatively. "They marry in their own crowd."

The Countess' car was all right, she said, a special job, but Farley thought he wanted an Alpha Romeo. "La Wolf" thought that foolish.

"We," she said plurally, "are going to buy a Jaguar." **END**



Outlining upper lid



Accenting eyebrows



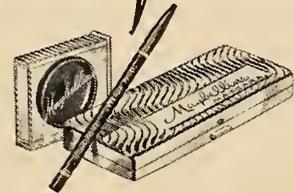
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the iron man and the redhead

(Continued from page 28) He'd heard and read all that before, he said tolerantly.

Sure was funny how some people could louse you up. He had taken Susie out. He'd taken her to a première. Thousands of people saw them together. And he was proud to be Susie's escort. But the very next day, that fact was blown up into a full-fledged romance, and it wasn't so. He hadn't been taking Susie to the nightclubs, to out-of-the-way restaurants, or for long rides up the beach. They hadn't commiserated with each other.

Susan had left for Mexico and the *The Garden Of Evil* on November 18. He hadn't seen her since.

Then Jeff and Susie were never high school sweethearts?

"Look," the iron man explained. "She attended Girls' Commercial High. No boys allowed. I went to Erasmus Hall High School. Both high schools are in Brooklyn, and they're not far from each other.

"We did go to elementary school together. Public School No. 181. I guess we were about eleven, maybe twelve years old. After that I didn't see her for years.

"When I came out to the coast, we ran into each other a couple of times. Once we were on a Red Cross radio show, and another time on a Hedda Hopper program. Susie and Lew Ayres were playing the leads in *Magnificent Obsession*. I was in the supporting cast. That was it until a few weeks ago. Then I called her up. We were two people who used to know each other, and I said, 'How are you? Would you like to go to this thing with me?' And she said, 'Okay,' and that's it.

"Right away the newspapers played it up as a big thing, and it became embarrassing not only to me, but to my wife. That's the whole truth."

Jeff is scrupulously honest. When he talks with the press, there are no curves, no wild throws, no fast ones. It's straight down the middle.

SUSAN HAYWARD corroborated Jeff's explanation when she appeared at the Court of Conciliation to frustrate her husband's final legal attempt to reconcile their marital differences.

"I've been out with Mr. Chandler once," Susan said, "and it was a purely professional affair. Right now, all I'm interested in is getting a divorce from my husband.

"There won't be any reconciliation. The only reason I'm down here is because I believe the idea of this court is an excellent one. It should be used by more people."

Asked if she still loved her husband, Susan answered with a definite "no." She asserted that she loved only her two children, Greg and Tim, eight-and-a-half-year-old twins.

She was asked to pose for pictures with Barker. At first she refused. Gradually, however, she thawed out and consented to have photographs taken with the husband she has accused of beating her up and Superior Court Judge Georgia Bullock who is responsible for the workings of the Court of Conciliation.

Mrs. Harpstrite, the Conciliation Commissioner, heard both sides of the story. First she interviewed Susan, who told her that a reconciliation was completely out of the question. She had married Jess Barker on July 23, 1944. The twins came along soon after. She and her husband fought incessantly. On several occasions he had slapped her around. They had separated in 1947 and she had hired an attorney to go ahead with divorce proceedings.

Fully dedicated to her marital vows, however, she had even then made an effort

to save the marriage by going to the Institute of Marital Relations, where a well-publicized sociologist had talked both of them into trying a reconciliation.

Late in 1953, however, after she and Jess had returned from a trip to Europe, Barker had beaten her so badly that her screams had brought the police to their home.

She felt sorry for Jess, she explained. He was a fine actor, and her career had out-distanced his. His ego had been hurt and his will frustrated.

She was perfectly agreeable to fair visitation rights. If he wanted to see his sons every weekend, that was all right with her, but a reconciliation was out. She had filed for divorce on grounds of mental cruelty. She was determined to get away from Barker once and for all. The divorce would proceed.

MRS. HARPSTRITE then interviewed Jess Barker, tall, thirty-nine, sandy-blond and good looking. Jess said he was interested in preserving his marriage. That was why when Mrs. Barker had filed for divorce he had insisted upon a reconciliation proceeding. No effort was too great to save his marriage. He had even switched lawyers. He had gone from the famed Jerry Giesler to Sammy Hahn. All he wanted, he urged, was that Susan try living with him just one more time.

Susan and Jess were then interviewed together. There was no meeting of minds. Finally, their lawyers were called in, and it was announced that "a very amicable visitation arrangement has been reached. Miss Hayward is to have custody of Timothy and Gregory, the twins, and Mr. Barker is to have custody of them each weekend."

That night Susan flew off to Mexico City where Gary Cooper and other members of the cast were waiting to start production of *The Garden Of Evil*. Her mother, who had arrived from the East, took charge of the boys.

Since Susan had refused even to discuss reconciliation, the very next day Jess Barker asked the Superior Court to deny Susan a divorce and to give him half of their community property, which he estimates as currently exceeding \$300,000.

As his lawyer pointed out, "Jess doesn't want a divorce. He isn't asking for one. He claims his wife has no grounds for a divorce. She says he hit her. I say how about all the times she hit him. My client has behaved like a perfect gentleman all through this mess. He hasn't said a word against his wife.

"He is worried about the future of his

children. He doesn't want them to grow up in a broken home. He is sure the marriage could work.

"If Miss Hayward is willing to try to make it work, he's willing to renounce all his rights to their community property."

The following is Jess Barker's list of community assets:

| | |
|---------------------------|-------------|
| Cash savings | \$59,878.95 |
| Tax reserve | 8,064.76 |
| Accounts receivable | 401.90 |
| Unempl. ins. rec'ble. | 235.50 |
| Life insurance receivable | 4,570.00 |
| Accred. Fed. old age ben. | 488.47 |
| Stocks and securities | 93,529.83 |
| Bonds | 20,150.00 |
| Automobiles | 10,923.12 |
| Real Estate | 51,577.29 |
| Furnishings | 16,702.33 |
| Personal effects | 24,252.42 |

\$290,774.57

Barker also points out that there is "additional community property in plaintiff's possession, the nature and extent of which is unknown to affiant at this time."

Susan has five more years to run on an employment contract with 20th Century-Fox which brings her \$5,000 a week, fifty-two weeks a year.

"That contract," according to Jess' lawyer, "is also community property. And my client is willing to waive his rights in that, too."

When Susan first filed her divorce complaint, she stated, "There is no community property belonging to plaintiff and defendant. All of the property, both real and personal, in plaintiff's possession is her sole and separate property."

Miss Hayward's husband has also requested that Susan be compelled to pay the fees for his attorneys since all the community funds are under her control and he doesn't have any.

This divorce case threatens to develop into a no-holds-barred contest, equal in antagonism to the recent case of John Wayne versus Chata Wayne.

Is Jess Barker entitled to 50% of the community property, practically all of which was earned by his wife? That is the crux of the case.

When it comes up on January 19, Edythe Marrener Barker (Susan's real name) is going to offer evidence to the court, a document allegedly signed by Jess Barker, in which he agreed to waive all rights to any future community property.

Susan had Jess sign this document in a pre-marital agreement. Apparently she was well-prepared to safeguard her interests, even ten years ago—if the signature is Barker's.



Susan and Jess discussed break-up with Mrs. Margaret Harpstrite, of the Court of Conciliation.

JESS BARKER is determined to fight his wife, Susie is prepared to fight back, and when this girl fights she pulls no punches. Somebody has said Susan Hayward wears brass knuckles on her tongue, and that she has the kind of hard brown eyes which look out but into which no one can look.

One of her few Hollywood friends says, "Don't judge Susie by her exterior. For the last ten years she has been living a lie. She's been too proud to admit defeat. She tried to make people believe that she had everything—a happy home, a great career, a wonderful, understanding husband.

"The truth is that, at thirty-six, she has nothing but a career and some money. They've never brought her any great happiness. Security, yes. Happiness, no.

"She came up the hard way. She fought and scrapped and worked hard. She is a proud girl and her pride is responsible for most of her trouble.

"Right after she married Jess, she knew it wouldn't work. But she was pregnant, so she stuck with it hoping things would

grow better. Domestically, they didn't, but her pride held her back. She wouldn't admit failure.

"Now that she has admitted it, she's got a fight for freedom on her hands. I don't know what will happen to her after she gets the divorce. She has many qualities which will frighten the potential husband she wants and needs. After all, you can't find many men who can equal her earning power.

"You read a lot about Susie and Jeff Chandler. Jeff is a well-balanced man, and a strong man. As an actor, he hasn't realized one half of his potential. He would make her a fine husband if in another five years Susan would abandon her career and let him take care of her.

"In another five years she'll be forty-one, and maybe by then she will be ready for domesticity. But for the last nine years, she has not only worn the pants in her house but she has controlled the purse strings."

When Susan filed for divorce, she asked the court to issue a restraining order to prevent Jess from visiting her and slugging her.

"Defendant," she claimed, "has more than once during the last two months inflicted physical harm upon affiant. Since the separation of the parties, defendant came to affiant's residence and used physical violence on affiant. By reason of defendant's conduct, affiant has reasonable grounds to fear that unless restrained, defendant will attempt to see affiant, will attempt to annoy and molest her by physical violence and otherwise."

END

m. s. top ten for 1953

(Continued from page 27) right about them as you were about Marilyn and we wish them as much success. For you are discriminating judges. You may promote stars slowly, rung by rung, up the ladder to popularity peaks or you may whirl them high on the strength of only one performance. They have to be good to make it—and they have to be great to stay there.

So don't go away. We're proud to present your choices and we congratulate you on your good taste. The editors join you in congratulating the winners, and extend our thanks to all of you who voted in our monthly popularity poll. Thanks, too, from Hollywood's movie-makers who recognize in your opinions the most accurate indicator of star popularity. They are grateful, as we are, for your judgment.

END

I SAW IT HAPPEN

On the night of President Truman's Inauguration Ball in 1949, I was among those gathered outside the back entrance of the Armory, waiting to get a close look at President Truman.



After a long time, someone from behind the crowd shouted, "Attention!" And Lou Costello bowed, skipped, and hopped into the Armory. He was such a cute little man I wanted to hug him. And after the long wait he left the crowd laughing and happy.

Delores Ligon
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behind closed doors

(Continued from page 37) film in Honolulu.

14. Going to Mexican night clubs with men other than her husband and drinking excessively.

All of this, Duke charged, caused him such "grievous mental suffering, embarrassment, and humiliation" that he wanted a divorce at once.

Chata, his thirty-one-year-old Mexican wife, charged America's number-one movie attraction with:

1. Pulling her out of bed and beating her.
2. Dragging her down the hallway of the *Del Prado Hotel* in Mexico City by the roots of her hair.
3. Blacking her eye.
4. Calling her obscene names.
5. Manhandling her in the presence of guests.
6. Swearing at the servants and thereby causing her great pain and humiliation.
7. Refusing to escort her home from parties.
8. On occasions too numerous to specify covering her body with bruises which her masseuse might readily see.
9. Excessive drinking and resultant intoxication.
10. Violent temper and bad manners.
11. Going out with actress Gail Russell on a party and not returning home until the wee hours of the morning.
12. Giving Gail Russell money for a new car.
13. Throwing towels all over the dressing-room of their residence because he was dissatisfied with the number of towels in his bathroom.
14. Belligerent attitude and demeanor which once manifested itself when at a party he tossed his wife's shawl into the mud.
15. Attending a stag party where call girls were brought in and strip teases performed; "and when defendant returned home in the early morning hours, he was very intoxicated and had a large black bite on the right side of his neck."
16. Throwing alcohol in her face.
17. Forcing her to escape into another bedroom, screaming and calling her vile names through the door.
18. Without her consent, moving her effects out of their large residence in Encino into a small Beverly Hills apartment.

DESPITE all this potent ammunition, the Wayne trial ran only three days.

What happened? Who called a halt to the proceedings and why? Why, after weeks of fruitless out-of-court bickering, was a financial agreement satisfactory to both parties reached in a matter of hours?

Before they went into the courtroom Duke Wayne had offered his wife \$40,000 for two years and \$35,000 a year for the next seven years. He had insisted that there was no community property to divide because Chata, in their seven years of marriage, had spent more than he had earned. Chata, in turn, had demanded approximately \$9,000 a month in alimony. Whereupon Duke had said, "I hate to do it, but I'm going to fight this one through."

MODERN SCREEN is the only magazine with the inside story of the Wayne case—why it wasn't battled out according to plan, why the trial was cut short and how the settlement was reached.

On the morning of the trial's third day, half an hour before Duke, Chata, the lawyers and witnesses were scheduled to appear in Judge Allen Ashburn's courtroom, Lloyd Shearer, a writer who was covering the trial, rapped on the door of

the judge's chambers. He introduced himself to Judge Ashburn, a stern-looking bespectacled man of sixty-eight, and asked permission to use a noiseless wire recorder while Mr. and Mrs. Wayne were testifying.

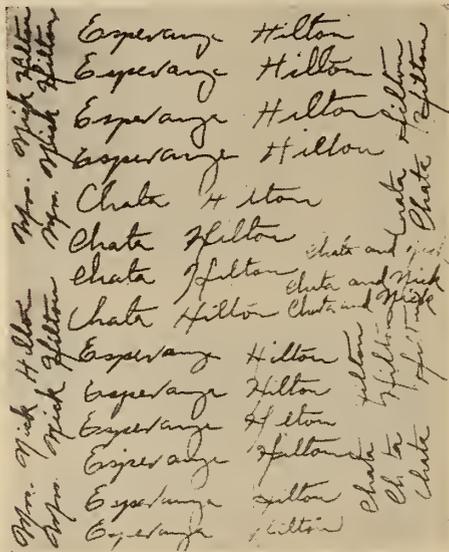
"I'm very sorry," Judge Ashburn said kindly, "but if I let you use a recorder, then I've got to let the newsreel men come in and the TV men come in, and the whole thing will become a circus. It's hard enough to keep order as it is."

Mr. Shearer nodded. "I know, Your Honor," he conceded, "but the recorder doesn't make any noise. I also know both of the principals in this case, and neither of them has any objection."

Judge Ashburn ran a hand through his short iron-grey hair. "If you know them," he said good naturedly, "why don't you get them to settle this mess?"

The writer then agreed that the case was getting out of hand and he said, "The terrible part of it all, Your Honor, is that nothing is involved but money. If children were involved or a matter of principle were concerned, I could see a last-ditch fight. But to parade this sort of evidence because the wife wants more money and the husband won't give it to her seems pretty senseless."

Judge Ashburn expressed the opinion that both Duke and Chata had employed



Chata's doodles, made during Nick Hilton's stay at her home, were produced in court by Wayne.

competent counsel. He assumed that every effort had been made to settle their clients' differences out of court.

"There's no doubt about that, Your Honor," Shearer said. "They were pretty close to a settlement at one time. I still think, however, that if somebody puts his foot down and insists that a settlement be reached, such a deal can be made." The writer asked once more for permission to use his wire recorder, and again the judge denied him.

Fifteen minutes later when Chata Wayne strode into court—she was late because she'd been stopped and ticketed for speeding by a highway patrolman—she learned that her lawyer and Duke's lawyer, Frank Belcher, were closeted in chambers with Judge Ashburn.

What Ashburn said in essence to both lawyers was that the case was taking a nasty turn and that he felt a property settlement could be reached if all the parties concerned really got down to business. He was recessing court until two o'clock that afternoon, and he wanted both lawyers to return with a settlement.

While court was recessed, Duke, Chata, their two lawyers, and Bo Roos, Duke's

business manager, succeeded in making their way into an adjoining court room. The door was locked and the final settlement conference began.

There was much haggling over financial details. Chata wanted her debts to be paid. She insisted upon having her community property rights recognized.

In the end, Duke agreed to pay Chata approximately \$50,000 a year for the next six years, to pay all of her debts (estimated at \$22,000), sell the property they own and give her half the proceeds and pay her legal expenses. The settlement ran to \$500,000 give a little, take a little.

One reason Duke wanted to settle was that he was afraid his two oldest children might be subpoenaed and asked to testify against their father.

Duke felt sure that if the trial continued, his children would be forced to share his humiliation, that they would be compelled to answer the most soul-searing personal questions, that the battery of photographers and newsmen would descend upon them and that the two children, Mike, eighteen, and Tony, sixteen (the daughter's name is Mary Antonia but everyone calls her Tony), would bear the stigma of this experience and would carry the memory forever.

He was determined to avoid this no matter what the price in cash or future financial indebtedness.

WHAT HE did not and could not know was that before the trial got underway, Chata had emphatically told her lawyer, Jerry Rosenthal, "I love Duke's children, all four of them. They are fine children, and under no circumstances must they be called or connected with this trial in any way. If Duke wants to fight, I'll fight him. I'll fight him all the way. But those children are not to be called. Is that understood?"

"I agree with you 100%," Rosenthal had said. "They will not even be mentioned." "Good," Chata said. "I will fight him alone."

And what a fight this fiery Mexican lady put up. Sparks flew the very first day she and her lawyer stalked into court. The lawyer, shrewd, boyish-looking, well dressed, painted his client as a frightened, innocent young girl from Mexico who came to Hollywood only to find herself enmeshed in an alcohol-saturated net.

"Are you going to show," the judge asked, "that her husband taught her to drink?"

"I surely am," Rosenthal said. "She was swept into a mode of living where life came from the mouth of a whiskey bottle."

He offered to prove that naive Chata came to the United States and lived with her "hard-drinking" actor for two years while he was still married, technically, to his first wife, Josephine Saenz, the mother of his four children.

Chata Wayne then took the stand. She was dressed conservatively in a dark blue suit (\$165) a white and blue pin-striped blouse (\$15.95) and white gloves (\$2.98). She toyed nervously with her fingers as in an almost inaudible voice, she told of Wayne's alleged mistreatment.

Here are random excerpts from her testimony:

"In December, 1946, we went to Honolulu with friends (Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Grant. Grant is Wayne's writer) . . . We were at the Grants' suite at the Moana Hotel. Mr. Wayne was intoxicated. Mr. Grant was even worse. They were talking and I was tired, so I lay down on a twin bed.

"Mr. Wayne grabbed me by the foot and dragged me to the floor. I said, 'What's the matter?' He just insulted me and berated me and I cried. I was so upset. My eyes

were swollen from crying and I was unable to go to another party we were supposed to attend. Mr. Wayne later apologized and asked me to forgive him."

"What did you say to that?" Rosenthal asked.

"That I would," Chata replied. "And then I said, 'If that's what liquor does to you then you shouldn't drink so much.' He said he would never strike or swear at me again."

But not long after when they were in Mexico City where Wayne was producing *The Bullfighter And The Lady*, they were staying at the *Hotel Del Prado*, and one night, "He grabbed me and threw me against the wall and pulled my hair. He kicked me, then dragged me the full length of the corridor. He called me terrible things and punched me in the eye. Next morning my eye was black and swollen. I wore dark glasses to hide it."

While Chata was testifying in this nostalgic vein, Duke was shaking his head. He looked around as if to say, "Where is she getting this stuff?" During periodic recesses, he said, "She must be awfully nervous, or maybe she doesn't feel so well. There's no other reason why she should be making up these stories."

Chata wanted more money than Duke was willing to pay, and she was determined to prove that life with the handsome actor had been no bed of roses and that she was entitled to a high standard of separate maintenance. Any sum from \$9,000 to \$13,000 a month would do.

At the home of actor John Carroll, she testified, she once made the mistake of objecting to Wayne's drinking, "So he knocked me down, hit me while I was on the floor, and kicked me. I was completely bruised the next day. And quite upset, of course. I was sore all over and had to stay in bed."

THEIR FIRST separation came in December, 1951, after they had fought all over Acapulco, Mexico. "He threw a glass of water at me, and then I threw a bucket back at him. Then he threw rubbing alcohol straight into my eyes. It blinded me for a moment and I said, 'That wasn't water.' And he laughed and said, 'Of course it wasn't water. It was alcohol.' I stumbled into the bathroom and splashed my eyes to see. The next morning I packed and left for Mexico City."

On another occasion, Chata testified, she almost shot her husband when he broke a glass panel and let himself into their home in the early hours of the morning after spending much of the night with actress Gail Russell. She thought he might be a robber.

"I asked him if he had been at a motel," she said, "and he said no, that he had actually gone to Miss Gail Russell's house with her alone and spent the night there. He said he left the restaurant with Miss Russell—just the two of them—and went straight to her house."

"I was quite hurt and very upset for two or three days. He apologized but didn't explain why he had done it and asked me to make up."

She then told Duke that she had been given a tip that he had given Gail Russell a new car, and she wanted to know if that were true.

"He said he had given her the down payment. I wondered why unless there was some relation between them, some friendship or closeness. He said there was nothing wrong and that he wasn't running around or going with Miss Russell."

"I told him it was very strange that he would spend the night with her and give her a down payment on the car."

"And what did Mr. Wayne say at this point?" Chata's lawyer asked.



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"He said," she replied, "that I shouldn't be upset about it."

When Chata finished testifying, one little old lady sitting in the rear of the courtroom, turned to her friend and reflected the general opinion of the fans who had crowded the quarters. "I don't believe a single word that woman has said," she whispered.

Duke Wayne was prepared to take the stand and tell his side of the marital dispute when Judge Ashburn sent for the lawyers and ordered them to reach a final property settlement.

Once it was announced that a settlement was reached, the case was postponed for a week so that the final agreement might be couched in the proper legal terms.

One week later, the property settlement signed and sealed, all the principals returned to the nineteenth floor of the Los Angeles City Hall Building.

This time Chata had amended her plea to include a divorce. She no longer wanted separate maintenance. She wanted to be rid of Duke, and he wanted to be rid of her.

Now that a settlement had been reached and Chata was willing to give her husband a divorce, everyone wondered if Duke would take the stand and elaborate on all the charges he had made against his wife. Or would he say just enough to get a decree on mental cruelty grounds?

Lloyd Shearer, who had been instrumental in bringing about the financial settlement, asked him, "You going to blast her, Duke?"

Wayne shook his head indecisively. "If I were you," Shearer said, "I wouldn't. Why put yourself in the same mudslinging category. Why don't you just tell the judge that you could say plenty but that you'd rather not. Just give one or two examples of mental cruelty."

"I wish to God I could," Duke Wayne said. "I hate this. The whole mess is repugnant to me. I didn't want any of it. You know that. I offered to give her every buck I could afford, but she was really unreasonable."

"If she had merely testified against me, that would be a different matter. But getting up on that stand and making white look black, dragging in my friends — someone like Gail Russell. You know Gail. The poor kid went to work for us on a loanout from Paramount. She was getting practically nothing. She did such a good job in our picture that we tried to get her some of the loanout money but Paramount said no soap. So what happened? Jimmy Grant — it was the first picture he'd directed — he and I chipped in \$500 a piece and gave it to her. Chata knew all about it. Jimmy and I had discussed it half a dozen times.

"Sure I took Gail home after a party. But her folks were there and her brother came in. This attempt to make everything look dirty! I hate to do it, but I'm going to take the stand and tell what really happened. I've got an obligation to defend my friends, and I'm going to do it."

BUT ON this final day of the trial, it was Chata who took the stand first. Having obtained the settlement she wanted, her testimony was now brief and generalized: "He caused me physical and mental grief. I got sick several times. I went to the doctor regularly, and he said there wasn't — well — there wasn't much he could do for me."

It was now Duke's turn. He was sick with the flu, and his glassy blue eyes showed it. He took the stand and not once in the next forty minutes did he ever sit comfortably on that chair. He leaned forward all the time, playing with his USC ring or his gold king of hearts cuff links and rubbing his left

eye. Once in a while when he couldn't find the right word, he snapped his fingers impatiently.

Of his wife he said, "She put me in a position where I had to cover up the fact that she was not acting like my wife. I had to keep up the public relations for us. It was humiliating to have her get drunk, fall down in cafes, cause disturbances at private parties. It affected my work and embarrassed me on many occasions."

One time, Duke testified, after Chata had had too many drinks and called the police, he said to her, "Chata, you are really acting like a bum."

Another time, he continued, when she was drunk and dancing with Bill O'Connell at Charley Foy's Supper Club, she slipped and fell to the floor and then accused Duke who was twenty feet away, sitting at a table, of having thrown her down.

OF HIS evening with Gail Russell following the party celebrating the completion of their picture, *Angel And The Badman*, Wayne said:

IT HAPPENED TO ME

It was my first day in the hat-check room at Lindy's. I was only twenty years old, and I was awed by the tradition of the restaurant, famous for its Broadway customers. I was scared.



As I stood alone near the door, I was approached by a very attractive young lady who appeared to be about my own age. She was dressed simply and she wore little make-up on her turned-up nose and freckled face. I was not especially impressed — and not so scared any more. She was just another pretty New York girl.

"My, it's cold out there," she said. I replied easily. She stood there a moment, looking around the restaurant.

"I'm expecting some friends," she said. "If they come in will you tell them where I'm sitting?" And with that, she walked toward the other end of the restaurant.

I went after her. "Who'll they ask for? What's your name?" I stammered.

"Garland," she said, smiling at my embarrassment. "Judy Garland."

Howard Jay Friedman
Tallahassee, Florida

"I offered to drive Miss Russell home in her car. We were following some friends who wanted to stop in a bar for a drink. We lost them in traffic and couldn't find them again. We looked in several bars, then wound up at Carl's cafe on the beach-front.

"We had some food and I saw some old friends from Glendale where I went to high school. They called me Marion (Wayne's real name is Marion Mitchell Morrison) and then an artist did a charcoal drawing of Miss Russell, and I took her home. Her mother was there and we talked. I took a cab home at about one A.M.

ATTORNEY: Were there any improprieties between you and Miss Russell?

WAYNE: Absolutely not.

ATTORNEY: Were you together at a motel any time that evening?

WAYNE: Absolutely not.

ATTORNEY: What happened when you arrived home?

WAYNE: All the doors were locked. I could hear Chata and her mother inside z-zz-, buzzing all the time, and I said, "Come on, Chata, open the door." But she wouldn't. I rang the bell and she still wouldn't open up. Finally, I broke a glass pane, unlocked the door and went in. I lay down on the seven-foot sofa in the living room. Mrs. Wayne and her mother were in another room blabbing, blab, blab, blab. Then they came charging in with a .45. They talked it over for a few minutes. Then they left.

Wayne was then shown a typewritten list of profanities which he supposedly employed to call his wife from time to time. He studied the list for a moment and then agreed he had called her a couple of them on occasion, but nothing else.

He said, "She had nothing to do but see that the servants kept the house in order and she wouldn't do that. Sure, I got irritated when I stepped out of the shower to find that I had no towels. So I sneaked into her dressing room and took all her towels so she wouldn't have one when she got out of her shower. It was kind of silly, I guess, but I was sore."

As for having "sloshed" his wife in Mexico with alcohol, Duke admitted that one, but only after she had doused him with a bucket of water. "She started to charge me, and I said, 'Chata, so help me, if you come closer I'm going to slosh you with this alcohol,' and she came at me, so I sloshed her, and she ran out crying."

And then Wayne threw the bombshell of the case. After he returned from Honolulu in June of last year, he testified, his butler, Hampton Scott, came up to him and said, "Mr. Wayne, are you sure you're through with Mrs. Wayne?"

When Duke said he was absolutely finished with his Esperanza the butler gave him a piece of notepaper on which Chata had doodled dozens of times such things as "Esperanza Hilton, Chata and Nicky, Mrs. Nick Hilton, Chata Hilton."

Up until that moment, Duke said, he had not known that Hilton, twenty-six, former husband of actress Elizabeth Taylor, had stayed in his house for a week.

That note also conjured up memories, poignant memories, for Wayne. He remembered that before he married Chata, when he was ardently in love with her, she used to practice these same doodles. Only then she used his name. She would write, "Chata and Duke Wayne, Mrs. John Wayne, Mrs. Esperanza Wayne."

Wayne's attorney asked him, "What was

your reaction when you saw that paper?"

A look of complete disgust came into Duke's eyes. "I went into the bathroom and threw up."

Later on, just before the trial ended, Mrs. Wayne was called to the witness stand and asked to explain what Nicky Hilton was doing in her house.

This was her explanation: "Betsy von Furstenburg was my house guest. One day she called me from a doctor's office and said Mr. Hilton had been hurt in an accident. She said he lived in a hotel by himself and it wouldn't be nice for her to go to his room and nurse him; so she asked if she could take care of him at my house. I said, 'Fine, yes, so long as you are here to take care of him.'"

After the financial settlement was reached both lawyers agreed to forestall any cross examination; so that Chata was never asked why she doodled Nicky Hilton's name on her stationery if Nick was being looked after by Betsy von Furstenburg.

Reporters asked her that question after the trial, however, and she said, "Oh, I doodle all the time. There was never anything between me and Nicky. He's such a nice boy."

"But didn't you secretly hope to marry him?" one girl reporter asked.

"Not at all," Chata insisted. "I'm an incurable doodler. Only this morning I was doodling the name of my lawyer. I was doodling, 'Esperanza Rosenthal.'"

The reporters laughed, and so did Chata. None of them asked her why Hilton couldn't have called a hotel doctor to treat him, or why Betsy von Furstenburg couldn't have taken a next-door suite to him. After all, Nicky's father, Conrad, owned the hotel. Why did he have to move in on Chata Wayne and impose upon her hospitality?

When Duke had finished his testimony and both sides had spat their venom into the public record Judge Ashburn took a deep breath. "In a case of recrimination such as this," he announced, "the court may grant to each of the parties a divorce. The court finds that this is a case in which it is eminently proper to follow this procedure."

HE REMINDED the couple who were originally married in the Long Beach, California, Presbyterian Church on January 17, 1946, that they would lay themselves open to a charge of bigamy if they remarried before a year had elapsed.

"Do you understand that, Mrs. Wayne?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," Chata said meekly.

"And do you understand, Mr. Wayne?"

Duke nodded. "I do," he boomed, shouting the very same words which had gotten him Chata and all his ensuing trouble.

After the trial, Duke went home where the doctors put him to bed and prescribed a long rest. A week later he was vacationing in Mexico City.

As for Chata, she began living the hectic social life long denied her. She showed up at the premiere of *How To Marry A Millionaire* with Steve Cochran.

When asked if she and Steve were serious about each other, the former Mrs. Wayne described him in terms she had previously reserved for Nicky Hilton. "He's such a nice boy," she said.

As she entered the Fox Wilshire Theatre on Cochran's arm, one of the many autograph hunters swarming around the place, pointed to her and said, "There's the dame who dragged John Wayne through the mud for thirty pieces of silver."

A photographer who happened to overhear the girl, tapped her on the shoulder. "You're wrong," he said, "by exactly 450,000 pieces of silver." **END**

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COMIC RELIEF

■ During the entire John Wayne divorce trial there were only three times when the actor managed to laugh: once when a reporter sent him a note saying, "I understand this whole trial is a publicity gimmick for a Wayne-Fellows production entitled *I Married A WAC*." He laughed again when an extremely ardent female fan brushed against him in the hall outside the courtroom and said, "John, you can give me a subpoena any time you want." The third time, a girl sneaked up behind him while the trial was in progress, threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him on the cheek. Photographers made Kathryn Koulos, eighteen, a Los Angeles city stenographic clerk, do it all over again. Wayne said he didn't mind one bit, and even Chata laughed.

jane's strange interlude

(Continued from page 33) for each other. Before they plunge ahead into second marriage, they want to be as sure as possible that they are right.

Jane married the first young man who came into her life. Before she met Geary Steffen (Marshall Thompson introduced him) she had a successful career in Hollywood. But that's all she had.

"I have no real friends here," she used to say. "If you don't drink, smoke or go partying, you're left to yourself. I'd like to get married."

She was unhappy at home; her parents were involved in divorce; she was drowning in loneliness, she felt that she was a wayfarer between two worlds; and she unwittingly used her marriage to Geary Steffen as an escape. Maybe that's one reason the marriage didn't last.

Of course there were lots of reasons. Although Jane had been miserable at home, she found that marriage per se is not the answer. From the outside her marriage to Geary Steffen looked idyllic, but Jane didn't find it easy.

THAT WAS the situation when she started working on *Three Sailors And A Girl*. That's when she fell in love with Gene Nelson. And that's why Jane left Geary and Gene left Miriam.

Jane doesn't want to make the same

mistake twice. She doesn't want to try to escape from an intolerable situation by the first route she finds open to her—only to find her situation intolerable again. Gene Nelson agrees.

That's why they are not seeing each other for a while. They have not made a permanent break. The day after MGM issued Jane's statement, Gene telephoned her to say, "Darling, I think I'll go down to Palm Springs for a few days. The phone's been ringing like mad. Everyone wants to know about you and me. You'd think the world had come to an end."

That Saturday, Gene had custody of his little son. He went fishing with Chris in the morning, took him to a horse show in the afternoon, returned him to Miriam that night.

A day later, Gene was down in the desert, away from it all. He takes flying lessons and he managed to add four hours in the air to his log. From Palm Springs he called Janie again, just to find out how she was. Does this sound like a final, conclusive break?

Jane couldn't go to Palm Springs because she was rehearsing for a picture. She went to the *Julius Caesar* premiere and the Mocambo and the annual Screen Photographers' Ball escorted by Pat Nerney, the former husband of Mona Freeman.

Twice during the evening, she ran into her former husband, Geary Steffen. Somehow or other Steffen always seems to be

seated near Jane. At the Photographers' Ball with Ann Alexander, he sat right next to Jane. Jane asked to be moved.

"I don't mind these things myself," she says, "but it is sometimes embarrassing to my escort and the other people around."

If Jane wanted Geary back, she could probably have him. Apparently, however, Jane is determined to maintain her freedom for a while.

It cost her a great deal. In the divorce settlement, she gave Geary three lots worth \$15,000 adjoining their apartment house in North Hollywood. She gave him a \$16,000 note which she has been paying off at the rate of \$200 a month plus interest. She agreed to assume all the financial obligations and liabilities of the marriage, including income tax. Geary got his insurance business (in which policies on Jane's life are a major asset) stock in an automobile business, and some other financial advantages.

Jane Powell's lawyer was against this kind of financial settlement, but Jane was adamant.

She believes in making firm decisions and plans and acting on them at once. She cannot abide temporizing and indecision. Gene Nelson goes slowly.

At the cost of half her worldly goods and some debts, on August 6, 1953, Jane obtained an interlocutory divorce decree scheduled to become final on August 6, 1954. She assumed that Gene would follow suit and that his wife would file for divorce a few weeks later. At this writing it hasn't happened. That's the "situation" which Jane mentioned in her announcement.

GENE NELSON has been discussing divorce with his wife for months. Through her attorney, Bernie Silbert, Miriam Nelson has agreed to give Gene a divorce "but she wants a fair and equitable settlement for herself and their child." She wants 25% of his gross earnings and a minimum of \$450 a month as a guarantee.

Gene says, "The way my lawyer figures it out, that comes to about 65% of my net income. I think that's a little too stiff. I don't see how I can pay that and have enough money left to support another household. I don't want to go into another marriage and get behind the eight ball, psychologically, because I can't hold up my end of the expenses."

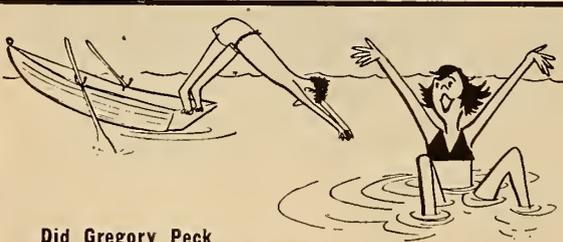
In other words, Nelson doesn't ever want to find himself in Geary Steffen's position. "I can't commit myself to an agreement," he says, "in which I am prevented, financially, from re-marrying."

What does Miriam Nelson have to say about all this? "I'm not talking to anyone about Gene and me," she states. "Ever since he and Jane decided to stop seeing each other for a while, my phone has been buzzing every few minutes. Reporters want to know if Gene and I are reconciling. They should ask Gene, not me."

Just before Gene took off for New York to appear on *Omnibus*, he said, "There's been no breakup between Jane and me. We sat down and had a heart-to-heart talk. We've been seeing an awful lot of each other, maybe too much. I've got problems to solve and at the same time I've got to go on making a living and planning for the future."

"I want to do what's right for everyone. I explained that to Jane. She's a wonderful girl. She understands. She's willing to give me time to put my house in order and to take the steps that have to be taken."

"Under these circumstances, it wouldn't be fair for her to sit around, twiddling her thumbs, waiting for me and my lawyers to reach a decision, if a decision can be reached. She's entitled to do anything she wants to do. It certainly is not fair for



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nopolize her time, and I know it.

"We decided that until I straighten out my affairs, it will be best if she dates other fellows. She's a free agent now, and perhaps she'll come across some guy she's nuts about. Then again, maybe she won't. But certainly, she's entitled to the opportunity."

Jane, on the other hand, would be satisfied to continue dating Gene on an exclusive basis if only he would reach some financial settlement with his wife.

JANE DOESN'T say this but it's hard for her to understand why—since she was willing to give Geary Steffen practically everything he asked for—Gene isn't willing to do the same thing. She feels that Nelson should give Miriam what she's asking for, get his divorce, and then make plans with her for a 1954 marriage.

Gene, on the other hand, knows that he must be able to support two households. But his lawyer and Miriam's had reached an impasse and Jane, having divorced her husband, ostensibly to marry Gene, was finding her position untenable.

Gene asked for the right to work things out in his own way without pressure.

Jane said okay, but she just wasn't going to be caught holding the bag. Suppose Gene didn't get a divorce? Suppose the financial settlement was never reached? What was she supposed to do?

It was then that both Jane and Gene decided to stop seeing each other until Nelson can work out his problem. Once he decides what he wants to do, he and Jane can take up where they left off, provided Jane finds no new loves in the interim.

Once they reached this decision, Jane, forthright as ever, said, "I'm not going to sit around the house waiting for Gene to make up his mind. I know he can't help feeling like this about things. I know he wants to be sure, and maybe I've been pressing him too hard, but while he's

making up his mind, I'm certainly going to have other dates.

"Stories to the effect that we've had a big fight are not true. It's just that the timing has been bad. Our agreement not to see each other for a while was a joint decision. We're not mad, and we feel friendly toward each other. I speak to Gene on the telephone all the time."

Gene Nelson may well worry about his financial status. Last year, after grossing \$43,000, he had a net of only \$14,000. If he were to give his wife 25% of his total earnings, he would wind up with about \$8,000.

Now, \$8,000 is not an awful lot of money for a Hollywood star. As a single man Gene might get along on that sum very well—he has gotten along on much less—but that \$8,000 annual income would look extremely small in comparison to Jane Powell's earnings. Her Metro salary is \$2,500 a week and in night clubs she's good for as much as \$10,000 a week.

Gene has no intention of becoming "a kept husband." He is also worried about having two careers in one family. Miriam obligingly broke up her career to give all of her time to being Mrs. Nelson when Gene got his Warner Brothers contract. Jane has had a career all her life and she has no intention of renouncing it.

Jane feels that love and the togetherness of marriage will solve these problems. She's impatient, but she's willing to give Gene all the time he needs to make his final decision.

If he takes too long, he may lose her. This is a risk they are both willing to take. Jane is gambling that her presence will strengthen Gene's resolve to get a divorce. If her strategy doesn't work, she is prepared to take the consequences.

As a friend of hers recently remarked, "it's better to have loved and lost than to have lived only in a vacuum." **END**

(You may see Jane Powell in MGM's *A Bride For Seven Brothers*.)

just for the records

(Continued from page 8) Shaw album brings up the trend of which it is a successful part—that is, recording broadcasts by bands rather than having them recorded in studios. Broadcasts, as this album shows, are greatly superior in several ways. A recording studio has no audience to encourage the musicians. And in a studio a band is supposed to play a number for three minutes. An inspired extra chorus or two is verboten, and lost to the customers. Naturally, the spontaneity and vigor and enthusiasm of such recent albums (all made from performances during broadcasts, concerts, or dances) as the superb Columbia sets by Goodman, Harry James, and Turk Murphy, the Louis Armstrong jobs for Decca, M-G-M's Woody Herman album, and certain of the "Jazz At The Philharmonic" compendiums on Mercury, would be impossible to catch if these same bands had tried to do the tunes in a studio.

The record industry is changing, expanding, and, I believe improving. I think it is all to the good that Ava Gardner took her assignment to make some MGM faces with George Shearing so seriously. I think it is good that the record companies have finally recognized the value and appeal of movie music—not hit songs, but background music. Background music is sometimes very, very good, as in *Limelight*, *Moulin Rouge* and *The Robe*. But most of all I am taken by high fidelity—or, as it's usually called, hi-fi.

Not the least of its delights is that it is not necessarily expensive. It would, of

course, be misleading to suggest that a custom-built set costing more than a thousand dollars doesn't have a considerable edge over cheaper models produced on a mass basis. It would be equally unfair not to point out that for less than \$150 one can buy an impressively good set. RCA Victor sells its excellent "Victrola" Table Phonograph for \$139.95. Columbia has one—the 360 Table Columbia—for the same price, and for \$24.95 more, you can buy the X-D roving speaker attachment. The Webcor, another splendid brand, costs \$149.50. I am also greatly taken with the qualities of the celebrated portable known as the Libertyphone, which costs \$199.50. This set plays both sides of records in sequence, and the price is an agreeable surprise.

Since price is always a vital factor, there should be plenty of interest in the new Camden label, which is being produced by RCA Victor. An EP (which plays at 45 rpm and includes some seven minutes of music on each side) retails at only 69¢, while a 12-inch LP costs \$1.89. There have been inexpensive labels before, but none I can remember that offer as much as Camden does. This is absolutely top quality stuff, most of it taken from the RCA Victor catalogue. To prepare it, they made tapes of the old masters, edited the tapes, equalized the levels and increased the frequency response. The Camdens are marvels of technology as well as of music. I have one quarrel with the project. Victor is saving Marilyn Monroe, whom it has under contract, for its own more expensive label. I believe that Miss Monroe, who doesn't sing badly, should be made available to the largest public possible. **END**



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Heston's ivory tower

(Continued from page 45) and sprawling, because that's how profits are made in rental units.

The La Brea Towers are near all the motion picture studios. This is particularly convenient for Chuck since his contract with Paramount is a very special one. He not only has the right to appear on as many TV shows as he can crowd into his schedule, but he also has the right to do outside pictures. He doesn't have much opportunity for outside work since Paramount suffers from a dearth of contract players who can play straight dramatic leads.

LAST JANUARY, the Hestons signed the lease for their new apartment and had worked themselves into a fever of enthusiasm about furnishing it when Paramount decided to shoot *The Legend Of The Incas* in Peru.

"Just think of it," Chuck was told. "You can take Lydia to Peru with you."

"But she wants to furnish our apartment," Heston pointed out. "After all my time out here, we finally got a place of our own."

"Let her stay behind," someone suggested. But the only trouble with the Heston marriage has always been the separation of wife and husband. Now, they had the opportunity for a trip together.

There wasn't a doubt in Lydia's mind. "I'm going with you," she said, and with that, she called up three friends and turned over the job of decorating the Heston apartment to them.

Two of the friends, Milburn Stone and Walter Sande, are actors who own a custom cabinet shop on the side. They made all the major furniture pieces in the apartment. They designed the intricate music cabinet that houses all the electronics de-

vices—the TV set, the wire recorder, the high fidelity unit. They made the simple birch dining table and the marble-topped coffee tables in the living room, also the all-inclusive headboard that goes with the Hestons' over-scale bed.

This fine example of well-wrought cabinetwork contains everything but a towel rack. There's a speaker that connects to the hi-fi system. Reading lights snap on when you open the little compartment doors; and night tables are integral parts of this whole surprisingly utilitarian unit.

The third friend helping to decorate the Heston apartment was Gladys Miller, an interior decorator who was responsible for doing over Blair House in Washington, D. C. and supervising the decor of the new Statler hotel in Los Angeles.

Before Chuck and Lydia left for Lima, they told her that "what we like is good contemporary furniture, solid colors, and things without legs."

"I hate chairs with thin, pipestem legs," Chuck said. "I have a feeling they'll never be able to support me."

For Gladys Miller, decorating the Heston place was no snap. Every time she found some exciting new fabric or an interesting lamp base, she'd have to fly samples and snapshots to South America for her clients' approval.

The intercourse was extensive but eventually it was agreed that she would furnish the living-dining room in two contrasting woods: dark mahogany and birch. Gladys covered the contour couches in neutral grey and saved the splashes of solid color for the two oversize hassocks and the dining chairs.

For economy and for a pleasing uniformity throughout the apartment, Gladys used one continuous carpeting, and she repeated the same shantung draperies at every window.

In the extra bedroom which also serves as Chuck's den, she slip-covered two day beds in eye-opening turquoise cotton. She

arranged them at right angles with a lamp table at the head of both beds. When the Hestons have no houseguests, these serve as couches.

Knowing Chuck's habit of stretching full-length while listening to his recordings, the decorator used a wonderfully practical bedspread of moss green corduroy on the master bed.

THROUGH the years the Hestons have been traveling so much that they've made it a point to acquire few belongings. Now that they regard their Hollywood spot as "more or less permanent," they've begun to acquire modern candelerabras of wrought iron and brightly colored ceramic ashtrays, and other bric-a-brac.

Up to now, they have tried to limit their possessions to clothes, books, recordings, and a camera.

When Chuck and Lydia returned from Peru, their apartment was just about done. They had moved in and settled down when Lydia was offered the irresistible lead in the Chicago company of *The Seven Year Itch*.

The same old story. Only this time, Lydia had such fond memories of the Hollywood apartment she'd left behind that she rented one in Chicago and had it re-decorated.

The three great centers of show business in the U. S. are New York, Chicago, and Hollywood. Between them, Chuck and Lydia have all three centers covered. No matter where he's working, whether it's on screen, stage, TV, or radio, Chuck Heston has a home for his T-shirt. It is more economical for the Hestons to pay rent than it is for them to pay hotel bills.

All three apartments cost him less than \$500 a month, and the way the big boy from the Michigan backwoods has been going lately, five bills a month is not extravagant. On Hollywood's success ladder Charlton Heston is climbing quickly and he's getting close to the highest rung. END

the waiting game

(Continued from page 41) apartment? I understand she and Greg took up in London from where they left off in Rome."

GRETA PECK has been accused of being dull, blind, skittish, naive, stubborn, foolish, fearful, and unknowing. Actually, she is the world's number one authority on the loves, the trials, the thoughts, the moods, and the ways of Eldred Gregory Peck.

No one need tell her about Audrey Hepburn, Hildegard Neff, Veronica Pasanie, Jane Griffiths, or any of the women with whom her husband has been linked. She knows about all of them. She knows which of the affairs were professional, which were innocent, and which were flirtatious. And she holds none of them against Greg.

Audrey Hepburn, she asserts, is as sweet and honorable as any young actress who has ever stepped in front of a camera. Audrey is, in fact, much closer to Greta than she is to Greg.

In Mrs. Peck's own words, "She is one of the nicest persons I have ever met. My house and hospitality are hers whenever she cares to use them.

"As a matter of fact, I refuse to be disturbed one bit about Greg's social life. We've been separated since last January. The separation was by mutual consent. There's nothing legal about it. Neither of us has consulted a lawyer."

"But what about all those stories," Mrs. Peck was asked, "to the effect that you admitted that you and Greg had separated?"

"I think I did say that," the Finnish-born Greta conceded, "but I didn't mean that Greg and I had decided upon any legal separation, or that we were angry with each other."

"But isn't it true that last winter before you decided to take the three children back to the States you and Greg had a slam-bang fight in Paris? Isn't it true that you blew your top because of his indiscretions and started throwing plates at him? Isn't it true that when you left Europe you weren't on speaking terms with him?"

Greta Peck laughed. "I've never thrown plates in my life. That's for a Mack Sennett comedy. None of that is true.

"Here is what I know and most people don't understand. Greg has never had a fling. He's the child of divorced parents. As a boy he wasn't very happy. He went to school on a scholarship, never had much money. He came up the hard way, and he's always worked long and hard.

"In Europe he decided that he wanted his fling. I think he has a terrific right to it. He would never deliberately hurt anyone. Neither of us discussed anything pertaining to a divorce.

"I think he should have as much time as he wants to think things out. It's not as if he were some foolish young playboy. I think his conduct abroad has been circumspect. He has been working, working, working. He has been going from one picture into another. I know it sounds very romantic here, but jumping from London to Berlin to Munich to India isn't exactly a picnic.

"Wherever he has been, he has thought of his family. He writes frequently, and as you probably know, he's an extremely

generous man. When his agent, Lou Wasserman, flew over to Europe a few months ago, Greg loaded him down with all sorts of wonderful German toys for the boys.

"I think Greg is entitled to do whatever he feels he must do at this point. No matter what you hear or what you read, we're perfectly good friends. Anything I can do for him, I certainly will do. He is still my husband, and I am still his wife."

THERE IS no rancor in Greta's heart, no hate in her soul, no bitterness in her mind. Many people in Hollywood, petty and smug and venomous, cannot understand the fundamental goodness of this woman. They cannot abide her patience and understanding.

They say, "She just doesn't know anything about men. She is letting Greg have his cake and eat it, too. Anything he wants is all right with her. Just imagine her sending the boy over to Paris to spend Christmas with Greg!"

They were referring to the flight of Jonathan Peck, age nine, across the Atlantic a few weeks ago to see his father.

Late in October, after he had finished *Night People* in German, Greg wrote to Greta, saying he was scheduled to make *The Purple Plains* in India early in 1954. He was wondering if Jonathan might spend the Christmas holidays with him in Europe before he pulled out for Asia.

Greg has always been close to his three sons. They used to take long hikes together, go on beach parties, and attend ball games. Apparently, none of the children has any idea that there is any strain between their mother and father.

Had Greta Peck been a vengeful, preda-

tory sort of woman she could have said to Greg when she received his letter. "If you want to see Jonathan, you can catch the first plane home. You've got some nerve asking that a nine-year-old boy fly the Atlantic both ways alone!"

But Greta Peck answered, "Jonathan would love to go."

And then she began to make the arrangements. Her first-born who looks very much like his father, took off from the Los Angeles International airport on December 6. He was met in New York by Greta's sister, Ann Whalen and a TWA representative. A little while later, thrilled and excited he was winging across the ocean, bound for Paris.

Greg was waiting for his son at Orly Airport and took him to his apartment, a fashionable flat in a fashionable building on the Avenue d'Iena which he had sublet from an English friend, Rodney Soher.

As for Greg, you can imagine what the sight of his son did to him! You can imagine how he felt as Jonathan told him tales of his other sons; of Steve, six, and

Tropaz? Who met him the last time he arrived in Paris? Who flew into a rage at photographers who took her picture?

It was twenty-one-year-old Veronica Pasanie, the half-Italian, half-Russian *journaliste*, who knows how to slip into a resort unobtrusively, who has no fame, arouses no attention, and lives seemingly only for Gregory Peck.

ONE OF Veronica's friends who lives not far from her on the Avenue Franklin Roosevelt in Paris, says, "Veronica is one of those European girls who has lived more in a few years than most American women live in a lifetime. She speaks half a dozen languages, and her eyes have seen many sights, some good, some terrible. She hopes that Gregory Peck will marry her.

"But she is too smart to broach the subject of marriage. She is content to do whatever Greg says. If he says, 'Meet me at Cannes,' she will meet him at Cannes. If he says, 'I think I'll go to St. Moritz,' she will turn up at St. Moritz.

"In France, except for Paris, there are no such creatures as career women. That's true of most European countries. In America, they say at least 20% of all married women work. In Europe, wifehood is a girl's career. If Veronica can ever marry Gregory Peck, that is all she wants.

"Why does Peck like Veronica so much? She is not nearly so attractive as Mrs. Peck. She is younger, maybe more knowledgeable in a way. She never talks of marriage, and she wants only to please him. It is flattering.

"I have seen him and I have talked to him. He is a prudent man, and I don't think he will ever marry her. But he is tremendously fond of her, all the same. She never nags, never complains that he does not want to go to night clubs or prominent hotels, or that he won't have her around while he is working.

"When he was in Berlin and Munich with all those people from Hollywood, the 20th Century crowd, Veronica was back in Paris.

"Maybe she will show up in India when he goes. The chances are good. But I don't think she will win him from Mrs. Peck. This Mrs. Peck is a smart woman. I guess it is because she has a European background. She was born in Finland, you know, and in Finland, too, they teach young girls that marriage is not one eternal glow of sunshine.

"If Mrs. Peck were the typical Hollywood wife, shouting and screaming and threatening to ruin her husband, the contrast between her and Veronica would be so great that Greg wouldn't have so much to think out. But she is not only the mother of his three sons. She is behaving like the Christian lady she is. No temper tantrums, no outraged interviews; only impenetrable calm.

"He wants to see his son; so she sends his son. He wants to come back to Europe after *Purple Plains* to do *Moby Dick* with John Huston, so she says, 'Fine. Do whatever you think best.' There is no traditional American high-pressure.

"I know Veronica Pasanie and I have seen her operate. She is very smart, but not the smartest young chick can triumph over a tolerant wife. The wife who finds inconstancy intolerable usually loses.

"Greta Peck is not such a wife. She knows what all European women know, that transgression is a factor in most marriages, and that it must be handled with tact, forbearance, and forgiveness.

"Greta knows that fundamentally her husband is a good man, a kind man—and such men are hard to find.

"I predict that some time this year Greta will have her husband back, and Veronica will have her memories." **END**

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My own feet were killing me, and I looked up to see who could be courageous enough to go shopping barefoot. Gail Russell and Guy Madison smiled pleasantly at my dumbfounded stare. Mrs. William S. Wiebur Miami Springs, Florida

Carey, four, and of how they missed him, especially on Saturdays and Sundays when they all used to go down to the beach.

GREGORY PECK is a complex introvert and a man of conscience. Words don't form rapidly on his tongue. He launches them one by one, and when he is asked such questions as: "What, exactly, is the status of your marriage?" he thinks for a moment, starts to answer, and then, as he answered in Berlin recently, he says, "I'd rather not talk about it. Any word on the subject should come from Mrs. Peck."

When pressed, he does answer. Of Hildegard Neff: "You can take my word for it. That's all nonsense, just nonsense. The only time I met her was in London, before the Christmas of 1952. We met at the premiere of *Snows Of Kilimanjaro*. I haven't seen her since."

Of Audrey Hepburn: "I haven't seen Audrey for months and months. She's been in the States and I've been in Europe. We played together in *Roman Holiday*. She's a wonderful girl and a talented actress and a friend of the whole family."

Of Veronica Pasanie: "Well, sure I know her. I've seen her in Paris a couple of times. But there's nothing to it."

"Nothing to it," Gregory Peck says—but how about a few months ago at the Villa Sunshine in Sardinia on the French Riviera? How about a few months ago at Cannes? How about last year in Italy? He was always with Veronica Pasanie.

When he had to fly back to London, who drove him to the airport from St.

He's a hard
guy with a car
or a cow but

TONY THROWS NO BULL

■ When Anthony Quinn arrived in Rome he soon found that he had to have rapid transportation from one studio to another for the three pictures he was working on simultaneously. He asked the director of one of the films to help him buy a car.

The director took Tony to a popular automobile agency. The first car he was shown was a beauty, costing four and one-half million lire, approximately seven thousand dollars. Tony was flabbergasted, trying to conceal his shock by saying nonchalantly, "That's a little more than I want to pay."

The next car Tony looked at cost about six thousand dollars in American money. He said, "Too much money." The director seemed a little upset but he took Tony to another agency where they found a pretty snappy car for about five thousand bucks.

Tony told his friend that he did not have that kind of dough, either. The friend exploded. Throwing his hands up he said, "What's the matter with you? A big American movie star can't go riding around Rome in a cheap car! You have to make a good impression in a suitable car. I give up. You can find the automobile you want without embarrassing me!"

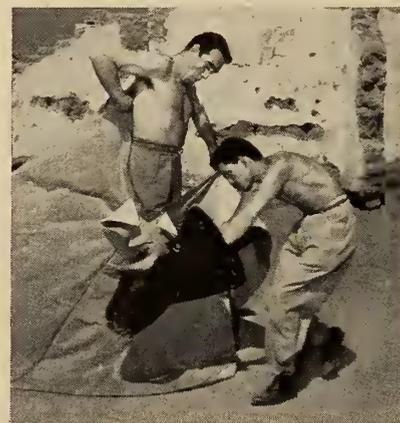
Tony let the matter drop. When he went to Paris for a short vacation, he happily bought a secondhand Jaguar. When he returned to Rome, he didn't have the nerve to tell his friend that he had purchased a used car. His story is that a friend in Paris who was going to America for six months lent him the Jaguar. And he sticks to it.



In a Mexican bull fighters' training school, Tony learned how to hold a *muleta*.



Instructors Paca and Pepe Rodriguez taught him the technique of *paso de pecho*.



Pepe helped Tony with the *chicuelina*, described the star as a very apt pupil.



As a grand climax to his lessons, Paca taught Tony the way to "put in *banderillos*."

terry and bob

(Continued from page 35) swimming pool, because most pools are not clear enough for color photography. Finally I found it—an oval, forty-foot pool on the estate of author John Tucker Battle, who wrote *The Frogmen* and is now working on the Walt Disney epic, *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*. Then I called Terry and Bob, my wife packed a picnic lunch and we set off on our undersea adventure, deep in the heart of Encino.

Me, I never had it so easy. With all my equipment, including the watertight French Undiphot camera case, I just sank to the bottom of the pool, ready to take pictures. With Terry and Bob, it was different. First we had to find the right bathing suit for Terry—a special tank suit, designed by Jo Lathwood. It's sort of like the suit that famous oldtime swimmer, Annette Kellerman, used to wear back in grandma's day, except without the skirt. Bob was no problem, except that he put one toe in the water and yelled, "Wow!" I didn't blame him; Mr. Battle's pool is completely unheated, and no matter what they say about the famous California climate, the water in December out here is so frigid the fish sometimes come up to shore hoping to spot a bonfire.

At any rate, my two actor folk jumped into the ten feet of water and began to act. These two kids are terrific swimmers. I don't have to say this; the pictures speak for themselves. My wife timed them as they went under water, and they stayed down as long as a minute, enabling me to shoot two color pictures at a time. We started at ten-thirty, then broke for our roast beef sandwich lunch and fifteen minutes later we were at it again. I know you're supposed to wait for an hour before going back in after eating, but these kids had studio work to do and couldn't play all day.

Fun? Bob and I turned blue, but that incredible Moore girl—while we climbed in and out to get warm, she stayed right in there, splashing merrily around between shots.

I just wish we could have had an audience down there with us, but the next best thing is to have these pictures reproduced in MODERN SCREEN's terrific color. Any resemblance between these pictures and honest-to-pete love-making is real and not coincidental, but I promised both Bob and Terry after it was all over that I would make this announcement.

Once someone announced the engagement of Terry Moore and Bob Wagner. It wasn't true. "Don't," they said in practically one voice, "let it happen again."

I won't. The editors of MODERN SCREEN won't. But can we blame you for suspecting that it might really happen one of these days? **END**

ava and frank tell the truth

(Continued from page 31) of the west. Ava was in Palm Springs, but she and her crooner husband were much more than miles apart. They were widely separated by that ole debbil "pride."

I saw Frankie many times during his singing engagement in Las Vegas. At his opening he sang his heart out. Never had he sung love songs with such feeling. He was singing right to Ava. This we all knew. He expected her momentarily and he was a happy boy. He was also proud that he had put on weight. Every time I saw him he said, "I think she will be here

any hour." But the hours lengthened into days and no Ava. The impulsive, unpredictable beauty chose to go to Palm Springs instead of joining Frankie. After their reconciliation in New York, he had expected her. Ava says Frankie had never invited her to come to Las Vegas.

Finally, when his tension had built up to such a point he couldn't stand it any longer, Frankie opened his heart to me.

"I can't eat. I can't sleep. I love her." "You should be telling that to Ava, not to me," I told Frankie. "Why, in heaven's name, don't you telephone her and tell her how you feel? I know she's carrying a torch for you a mile high."

Frankie's lean jaw became set. He shook his head and said, "No, Ava doesn't love me any more. If she did, she'd be here where she belongs—with me. Instead she's in Palm Springs having a wonderful time."

In vain I argued that Ava was just as unhappy as he was and had poured out her heart on more than one occasion.

"C'mon, Frankie," I said, "why don't you telephone?"

"No," he replied. "Ava's wrong this time. I've been wrong other times, but this time it's all her fault. She'll have to call me."

"Why 'wrong'?" I queried.

He hesitated a moment as though he were afraid that what he was going to say might sound foolish. Then he blurted out like a small, hurt boy, "She doesn't understand that I've got a career to worry about, too. Why, Louella, she didn't even come to my opening here! Why would she do a thing like that to me?"

"That's only part of it," he continued. "Ever since our marriage, I've been at her beck and call. No matter where she's been, Louella, I've flown to her regardless of the fact that I also had some important engagements. But I was willing to neglect them for her."

I said nothing—just listened. Frankie has a way of disappearing when he doesn't want to talk, and then I defy anyone to locate him. Now he wanted to talk. In fact, he had sought me out. It isn't the first time he's told me his troubles.

Perhaps he wouldn't have been so eager then to unburden himself if he hadn't been so deeply hurt by Ava's failure even to send him a word of greeting on his opening night at the Sands. Frankie is much more sensitive than you'd think. He takes every little thing to heart.

This wasn't a little thing. It was his love for his wife. But a series of little things had piled up until they became veritable mountains in his mind.

"Things happen. The public reads about them and in time forgets them," he said sincerely, "but it isn't as easy for those who experience the supposedly trivial incidents to forget about them."

"For instance, that incident in Italy, at the theatre," he explained. "I've never told anybody what really happened there. I'll tell you so you can see why I wasn't very happy in England afterward."

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue:

6,7—Beerman, Parry; 10—Beerman, Parry, Wide World; 12,14—Beerman, Parry; 28—Universal; 29—Engstead; 30—MGM; 31—Wide World; 32—Snyder; 33—Beerman; 34,35—Gowland; 36,37—Wide World, Beerman, Parry; 38,39—Kahle, RKO; 40,41—Bosio; 42,43,44—Beerman, Parry; 46,47—FPG; 48,49—RKO, INP; 50,51—Warner Bros., Beerman, Parry; 52,53—Beerman, Parry; 54,55—Beerman, Parry; 56—Davis.

I knew Frankie was referring to all those stories about how he refused to go on and sing in Naples.

"I was already singing," he said. "My representative in the wings beckoned for me to get off the stage. Seems he had a disagreement with the management over money. I walked off when he called me. The press said I didn't keep my part of the bargain. Then when we were in England, I was upset about it."

"Well, Frankie," I said at the risk of his walking out on me, "you can't blame Ava for that!"

"I'm just trying to show you," he said defensively, "that I needed her sympathy and understanding."

"She wanted me to stay on in London. I didn't want to leave her, of course, but I had to get to New York to rehearse my act at the Riviera. I only had three weeks to get it ready. Ava had to stay in England those three weeks to finish her picture. She simply couldn't understand why I wanted to fly home without her."

I nodded sympathetically. Career vs. Career is an old, old story to me after my years in Hollywood.

"You see what I mean," Frank said eagerly. "My career didn't seem important to her. We were cool when I left England, but I didn't know it was a definite break. Then when I read in the New York papers that Ava was in town and hadn't even let me know when she was arriving, it made everything worse. She didn't come out to the Riviera when I opened. We didn't talk. Finally, she saw my mother. My mother said to her, 'All this fighting is no good. Why don't you telephone Frank?'"

I didn't get out of Frankie whether it was he who first called Ava or whether it was she who telephoned him. The important thing was that they did make up in New York. Ava went to the Riviera and became a wild Sinatra fan. When she's with him, she never can resist him.

So once more they made up. Ava and Frankie always reconcile in the most spectacular manner. I remember well when they were separated in Hollywood about a year ago. Frankie was on the Adlai Stevenson Committee and attended a Democratic Rally. I didn't happen to be there, but those who were did a double take. There were Frankie and Ava on the stage together as happy as happy could be. I have learned through years of experience to stand on the sidelines and watch with the rest of the world for their next move.

All I know is what Frankie and Ava tell me. They both say that they love each other. Well, this is a curious kind of love, but I suppose when two people are so madly in love anything can happen.

When he repeated to me that this time it was all Ava's fault, that she would have to be the one to break down the barrier between them, I took his hand. "Frankie," I said, "you're wrong. Ava's no more at fault than you are. You're proud. She's proud. You're both acting like teen-agers. If you love a girl and she loves you, forget about the things that have happened and try to salvage your life together."

Shortly after that, I returned to Hollywood. I telephoned Ava. She had been avoiding me, saying, "Oh, you're all on Frank's side and wouldn't understand my side of the story."

"You're making the mistake of a lifetime, Ava," I told her. "Frank loves you dearly."

Her voice trembled. "Do you mean it? Do you think he does really love me?" she asked again in wonderment, more like a shy school-girl who isn't sure of herself than a famous movie star and one of the most beautiful women in the world. "You know he does," I said.

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"If he really loves me and thinks my career interferes, I'd give it up and anything else, just to be with him," she said softly. "He means more to me than anything else in the world."

As things happened, Ava called her attorney, Neil McCarthy.

That added fire to Frankie's already burning resentment. The finality of consulting an attorney and the resulting publicity made Frankie more adamant than ever. He was right and she was wrong.

There are those who say that both Ava and Frankie are glad to be out of a bad situation. Ava is reported to have said, "You can't compete with three children." She never said it to me. Frank does love his children dearly but Ava has never objected to his seeing them.

Perhaps Ava is right. Perhaps the shadow of Frank's three beautiful children is too much to forget. He took me aside one night in Las Vegas and said, "Have you seen the kids?"

I told him I had seen the children. "Aren't they wonderful?" he said. "Did you ever see anything cuter than little Tina? She's a smart one!"

Little Frankie has inherited his father's talent and plays the piano beautifully. Nancy, Jr., thirteen, feels keenly any adverse publicity about her adored and adoring father. Perhaps Ava is right.

Yet I firmly believe that Ava also is so much in his heart that he can't forget her. I believe that Ava loves him, but she's so jealous she believes everything people say.

Maybe it seems incongruous that a girl as beautiful and famous as Ava Gardner could be jealous or unsure of her own ability to hold a man. Yet it happens all the time in Hollywood. The make-believe lives these glamorous actresses portray in movies are over when they leave the studio. Offscreen, they can be scared and uncertain about their ability to hold a man.

Ava was jealous. She believed everything she heard or read about him. The most ridiculous story was the one about Deborah Kerr's being the girl Frank was in love with and the real reason for his split with Ava.

Deborah talked to me about this. She scoffed at the gossip and said how foolish it all was. She and Frankie did talk together. Deborah knew he was unhappy and miserable over his estrangement from Ava and he told her his troubles. Deborah and Frank became friends when they worked together in *From Here To Eternity*.

"We were never anything more than friends," Deborah told me. "I tried to comfort Frank about Ava."

Unfortunately, Ava believed that Deborah and Frankie were talking about their love for each other.

When I was in New York recently, I saw Frank several times. We first met at a party. I thought he looked bad. His nerves were on edge and although every woman in the place had her eyes on him, he chose to draw me aside and sit on the stairs with me so we could talk. Frankie, however, was as stubborn as ever.

"Let me call Ava," I suggested.

"You can't," he said, "I don't know her number. She changed it. My mother telephoned me yesterday," he told me, "and said she had talked with Ava."

"I asked my mother, 'Why didn't Ava call me?'" She still thinks Ava and I should get together again.

"Why don't you telephone Ava?" my mother said.

"Why don't you, Frankie?" I asked him.

"She has to come to me first," he said.

"You mean you want to wreck your whole life just because you're stubborn and she's stubborn?" I asked him. The time and place were different but the situation had not changed. Neither had Sinatra.

What can you do with two people like that? I read that Ava had said to some reporter that she couldn't take Frank any longer, that he was ruining her life. Ava never said that to me. She was a very unhappy little girl who spoke of her love and her problems.

Ava and Frank have had anything but a peaceful marriage. After several delays, they were married in Philadelphia in November, 1951. Almost from the beginning, there were bickerings and quarrels. Frank would leave home in a burst of temper, and reports that Ava had said it was all over between them, that she had all she could take, reached my ears.

Before they were married, Ava went to Spain to make a picture and the papers were full of the love letters and poems dedicated to her by Mario Cabre, the handsome bullfighter, actor and poet.

Cabre was crazy about Ava. Many men have been crazy about her. When Frank heard about this competition, he hurried to Spain, taking along an emerald necklace as a bejewelled token of his love.

It was then that the tempestuous romance between the singer and the actress came out into the open. They had to overcome many obstacles, both legal and financial, before they could marry. But marry they did. No price was too great.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Last summer in Oslo, Sonja Henie was backstage at the ice show describing the robbery of her furs and money in London.

"Oh, it was awful! He came right into the room and took everything and I woke up and chased him—" Then she turned quickly and whispered joyfully, "But did you see the headlines?"

*Marilyn Scarbrough
Fort Worth, Texas*



As beautiful as Ava is, I've never known her to look twice at any other man since she married Frank. He seems to think she does, but he's wrong. Ava's whole heart has belonged to Frankie from the time they discovered they were in love. She has told me again and again of her love for him.

Curiously enough, Ava was much more tender, kind and thoughtful when everyone was against Frank. She worried over him and worked as hard as I have seen anybody work to get him the part of Maggio in *From Here To Eternity*.

Frank wanted to play Maggio more than anything in the world. He paid his own way to the coast to take the screen test. He received only \$10,000 for his work. That is comparative chicken feed to Frankie who's earned over \$50,000 a week in theatre appearances. He seemed to have an intuition that Maggio would save his career.

And it did. He needed that success.

Frank had throat trouble shortly after his marriage to Ava. His voice seemed to have left him. He couldn't get a job making a picture. He had one terrific flop, *Meet Danny Wilson*, an embarrassingly bad picture, a sort of semi-biographical story of Sinatra's own career.

Frankie, who is very sensitive, felt he was finished after this film venture.

But happiness, not only with Ava but with his career, brought back his voice. He started to sing as the old Frankie had

sung. As one critic said, "There hasn't been anybody as good as Sinatra since Sinatra."

It had been a bitter pill for this boy born in New Jersey to feel he was losing his grip on the fancy of the public. When everyone was asking, "Is Sinatra finished?" no one was more anxious to know the answer than Sinatra himself.

Ava, who stuck by him so closely during those worried months, never for a moment doubted that he would recapture his hold on his fans.

After *Eternity*, Sinatra's stock soared. Offers poured in. His voice which had troubled him so long was better than ever.

Despite this, Ava insists careers had nothing to do with their troubles. She said, "Will you please say that careers had nothing to do with our separation? There were many things leading to it, but they are all too personal to even tell you. Our problems are our own affair. I won't say I won't make up, but I can't go on with the war we're having."

That was as much as Ava would say, as much as she ever said about her troubles; beyond assuring me she loved Frankie, adored him and would give up everything for him.

I'm sure she meant that. Frankie's high temper and his many quarrels with her were too difficult to take. On the advice of her lawyer, she has said little, but what little she has said had a lot of meaning.

Ava has always felt I was completely on Frank's side. That's because I know Frankie so much better. I've known him so much longer and I've been so much closer to him. He was a friend of my late husband and used to come to the hospital to see Dr. Martin, bring him a book and tell him a story. I could never forget that.

This hasn't influenced me, however, in trying to be fair to Ava. I know she has her difficulties but I do think Frankie needs her and she shouldn't let little silly things break up their marriage. In Hollywood, the town is sharply divided. Frankie's friends are all for him. Ava's friends think she got a raw deal. As for me, I'm on both their sides.

Ava, like Frankie, has tasted the sweet nectar of adulation and success. That's a thing that's hard for any man or woman to give up. There have been instances in which an actress retires at the height of her career but I've never heard of any woman's being really happy about it.

Giving up her career doesn't seem to me to be the solution to Ava's problem. It's not that simple. I know that these two high-strung, highly emotional people believe now that it's all over because this is the first time an attorney has been consulted. The fact that Ava did consult an attorney hurt Frankie deeply and every time I've seen him since, he has mentioned it with great bitterness.

I asked him one night to go out to a nightclub with a group of us.

He reached over and kissed me and said, "I love you, but I'm not going any place in New York where someone will say I'm out on a party where there are girls."

How can you figure out a man like that? He didn't want to hurt Ava by being seen with another girl, no matter how innocently, and yet he is hurting her much worse by his stubborn silence.

Once more I said to him that Ava was miserable and that she, too, hasn't been seen with anyone.

"Then why is she going to Rome to make a picture? How are we going to make up if she's going to be so far away?" he pleaded.

"Do you want to make up again?" I asked.

The look he gave me would have melted Ava had she been anywhere in sight. **END**

catch ME cookin'!

(Continued from page 39) Whether or not people saw the picture, they were actually aware that Miss Russell was the new queen of sex appeal. Hollywood sweater girls come and go. The turnover is so rapid that most of them barely get accustomed to their claim to fame before a new doll steps into the spotlight and sweeps away her predecessor. This didn't happen to Jane. Through the years she has remained the epitome of the lusty bustline, maintaining a reputation that has defied competition. When she landed opposite Marilyn Monroe in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, Jane not only held her own, but in many cases copped the better reviews.

As a matter of fact, critics on the whole seemed slightly dazed by the fact that Miss Russell, after all these years of hullabaloo, gave a solid performance marked by a definite talent for comedy. "And," Hollywood screamed in delight, "she can sing! She can even dance!" So they put her in a picture called *French Line*, in which Russell digs deep into the talent she's had all along and comes up with a performance that runs the gamut and will again snap heads to attention. She has been a myth in America for a long time and has finally come into her own.

Jane Russell doesn't look like the girl next door. She looks like a movie star. I don't mean that she sashays into a cafe dripping with diamonds and mowing down headwaiters. The day of our interview she wore a black velvet vest over a red silk blouse opened at the neck, and matorador pants with some kind of gold print. But you don't pay too much attention to her clothes because the first thing you look at (if you're woman) is Jane's face. In repose it is aloof, giving a split second impression that this is a haughty creature. The illusion is dispelled the minute she speaks, and then her face is saucy and friendly and filled with humor. The contrast makes it an interesting face, but the most fascinating thing about it is the smolder. That's the only word for it—a kind of smolder that comes from the eyes, tip-tilted and dark amber in color, that seem to reflect an inner fire. This face has done more than its share in giving Jane Russell her long-standing reputation.

"What about this sex-appeal business?" She threw up her hands. "I've had it for ten years," she said. "It can be overdone. It's like—well, it's like too much of one thing. You've got to have something else. I think a person who has nothing but sex appeal might as well drop dead.

"Maybe I'm just resigned to it by now. I get awfully sick of it—and of those awful Jane Russell jokes—but I have to remind myself, where would I be without it? No place, probably. So I go along with it." Still, she isn't the kind of star one photographs in an apron.

SHE laughed. "I'm never in the kitchen. And even if I did slave over a hot stove I wouldn't want to talk about it. Me, I'm just as big a fan as anybody else, and I don't like to know about my favorite movie star's talents with mixing spoons, or how much starch she puts in her old man's shirts. You couldn't catch me in the kitchen if you tried."

"Do you want to kill the legend of Jane Russell?"

"I guess you can't kill it. I don't think I'd want to, not entirely. But I want to do something besides curl my lip and slither."

"You've already done it. I should think you'd consider *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*

a milestone, because in it you proved you can handle comedy. And now they've given you *French Line*, which ought to prove even more to a lot of doubting Thomases."

"It was a milestone," she said. "For years I've wanted to do a musical comedy, and from now on it looks as though I'll get my wish."

"Is that all you want to do? Musical comedy, I mean?"

She picked up a fork and banged it on the table with the exuberance for which she is famous. "I want to do everything! Musicals—comedy—tragedy—"

"Tragedy?"

"Sure!" She laughed. "I probably can't do it, but I want to try. I was reading yesterday about another actress and the writer said she was smart because she knows her limitations. I don't! I'll tackle anything to find out if I can do it, even if I fall flat on my face."

"Have you noticed any difference in other people's attitude toward you since *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*?"

"Lots. The mail is a lot heavier. And people keep coming up to me and saying, 'Gee, Jane, I didn't know you could sing! Gee, you can carry a tune!' And you know something? All this back-slapping comes a little too late to please me. I've known I could sing since I was in high school, but nobody would give me a chance to prove it. By the time people have found out about it, I'm ready to make another move. Do a *Camille*, or something like that. If people compliment me on something I don't know I can do, I curl up in appreciation. But that doesn't go for this amazement at my singing. Singing's old hat with me, and I'm not even gracious when people mention it."

Asked if she'd always wanted to be an actress, she shook her head. "Nope. Because my mother was an actress. When I was in high school I came near to flunking anything that bordered on mathematics, but I got top grades in art and music and drama. So I thought I'd do one of those three. I picked on designing and started three different times to designing school but always ended up going to a dramatics school with some buddy of mine." She grinned. "I don't say I learned anything in dramatics classes. It was just the line of least resistance, and okay as long as Mother wasn't pushing me into it.

"I guess I was doomed for it, though. I used to raid Mother's old trunks full of show clothes and dress up in all those silks and satins. I even put make-up on my brothers and draped them in all that stuff and we'd give shows in the back yard."

THERE is one question I consider a clincher; its answer can tell a lot about a girl. "As a rule, do you like other women?"

"Sure, I like 'em. I think women are real great—I have a lot of friends. Some, though—you know the type—" Here she grimaced. "The kind that drop broad A's when they didn't grow up with them, the kind that put on airs and are real grand and call me 'Miss Russell.' I'm not Miss Russell to anybody. I'm just old Jane."

As I went on talking with her I found out a lot about this girl whose name has become a household word. I learned that Jane Russell says what she thinks and has about as much subterfuge as a mirror. She is uncontrollably honest. If she likes someone they sense it immediately, but if she dislikes a person she can shed them before they are aware of the great void. She has little conceit. When asked if she is easily recognized she said, "Only when I look like the devil and am trying to scuttle from one place to another without being seen. When I'm dressed up, they think I'm somebody else."



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In clothes she prefers opposite extremes, loving slacks or shorts around the house, but favoring the exotic when she puts on glad rags. "When I dress up, it's got to be the end. Then I'm still in my mother's trunk."

The decor of her house stems from Jane's vivid imagination, and here again her taste leans toward the exotic. Her bedroom is sparked by a headboard and tables in an old Chinese pattern of silver leaf. The walls are mauve, there is an immense couch in deep purple, and the cushions are assorted colors which Jane terms 'strange.' It is a job, done entirely by herself, that is admired by professional decorators, and Jane says she will turn to decorating if the day ever comes when she leaves the movie industry. "This is a house," she says, "that looks as though I should go dripping through it in gold lamé and a long cigarette holder. But I don't. It's blue jeans for me."

She admires feminine women, and periodically determines that she will surround herself in a cloud of trailing chiffon and perfume, but somehow there is never time. She adores perfume, but keeps forgetting to use it, and the weeks stretch into years without her buying that chest full of lacy lingerie she has promised herself. Beauty salons? "They take too much time. You have to get gussied up to go to them and drive there and back. So I do my hair and nails myself unless I'm working in a picture. Then the studio takes care of these things for me."

JANE RUSSELL has been known for some time around Hollywood as a character. She is dimly aware that such is her reputation, but does not comprehend the reason for it. The reason is that Jane's personality is refreshing; she is honest and direct in everything she does. She says what she believes, does what she feels like doing, without giving a thought to the consequences. She moves fast, with a characteristic forcefulness. The saying goes that if you are behind a door when Russell makes an entrance, you will be knocked flat by the door when she bursts in. She enjoys an occasional tantrum, not because she wants to hurt anyone, but because she likes to hear herself howl. There isn't a drop of malice in Russell, and if anyone is ever cut by her she is completely unaware of it. There was once a new publicist assigned to one of her pictures—we'll call him Jim Jones. He was ready and willing to work with Russell, but it so happened that every time he got near her she went barreling off in another direction. After a few weeks of this, during which Jim Jones was growing an ulcer and barking at his wife and children, someone broached the subject to Jane. "I wish you'd be nicer to Jim Jones," they said.

Jane's eyes opened wide. "Who is Jim Jones?" she said.

She is unconscious of time or space, with resulting confusion. She never wears a watch, figuring that somebody else can tell her the time. Once she agrees to do something she can be depended upon to do it. This is accomplished by her informing everyone—her husband, her mother, her Japanese houseman and the studio personnel—of the appointment. Russell herself would never think of keeping an engagement book.

Hers is a one-track mind that concentrates on the job of the moment, while everything else flies out the window. It is the mind of a creative person who cannot be bothered by details, and in many ways she is like the proverbial absent-minded professor. She will tackle any chore with every confidence that she will accomplish it. This, despite repeated proof that her stamina is not sufficient for constant physi-

cal strain. She awakens in the morning like a bronco released from a chute and goes through her day like a whirlwind until she suddenly collapses. Production of her last two pictures has been held up because of a brief illness, yet she is anxious to do musical comedies. This type of movie requires twice as much work as the straight drama, with long weeks of song and dance rehearsals. Is Jane aware of this? "Sure, but I'll do it anyway. Just give me a week in the middle of the picture to break down, and I'll be okay."

She once went on a fox hunt in Georgia, replete with red coat and bowler hat, despite the fact she had never been on an English saddle in her life. "They asked me if I could ride, and I said sure I could ride. I'd grown up with horses in the west, I told them. So I got up on this thing that was no bigger than a service plate."

She is the same way with all sports—determined and filled with drive. "I like the hammy kind of sports, the kind of games I can get into myself. Football? Well, I live with football, of course, and there's a kind of psychological security that goes with it for me. I'm interested in the Rams of course, or whenever Robert plays, but I wouldn't walk across the street to see a game if I didn't know anything about the teams. In other words, I can't play football, so I leave it alone. I like tennis and swimming and skiing because

I SAW IT HAPPEN

While I was at Alfred's Italian Restaurant in Atlantic City last summer, I saw Eddie Fisher come in. A newsboy came in and Eddie bought a paper from him for a dollar. As he left, he saw the newsboy again, bought his stack of papers and started selling them. The customers were delighted when they recognized their newsboy.

*Mary Anselmo
Brooklyn, New York*



I can dig in myself. But there's never enough time for these things."

THERE'S never enough time because Jane Russell can't say no. If she's asked to appear at a benefit, pin up a hem for a friend or model for charity, she can't refuse. Chaos is the result, with days jammed to the hilt with things to do. Between *French Line* and Jane's next movie, she called up a friend and screamed, "I'm getting sore! I don't understand it, but I'm busier between pictures than I am when I'm making one! And I'm not going to do anything more! I'm gonna rest!" This resolution lasted until somebody asked her to help hang some new paintings.

She is an inveterate pill taker, not because she needs them but simply because she can't stand to see anybody else take a pill and leave her out of the act. A friend once swallowed an aspirin reinforced with codeine, and Jane held out a hand automatically. "Give me one."

"They're pretty strong," cautioned her friend. "They have codeine in them."

Jane waved a hand in disgust. "I don't care what they've got. Give me one!" And a half hour later she almost passed out. She and husband Bob Waterfield don't travel much. Once in a while there's a jaunt to New York, where Jane joins Bob in seeing a few football games. The rest of the time they go their separate ways. She likes to swim—swimming isn't good

for football muscles. He likes to hunt—she can't bear to shoot a deer. She likes New York shows—Bob can't stand New York or shows. He likes basketball—she can't play so she doesn't go. "It's a good thing," she says, "that opposites attract. Robert and I have little in common when it comes to hobbies, so it's sort of to each his own. Home is our center, with the kids—and we're nuts about the house—and this is our real life together. We're not really happy unless we're at home."

So when they're in New York Bob goes off on a hunting trip with other men, or to play golf with other men, or to see a basketball game with other men. And Jane goes to shows, gussied to the teeth every night while in New York. Afterward she gathers a group of cronies and goes to the rathskeller bistros of Manhattan where the top jazz musicians jam into the wee hours. Russell can sit for hours in these smoky dens, paralyzed with happiness at the moan and blare of Dixieland and bop. Aware that her energy depends on at least eight hours of sleep, she anxiously consults somebody else's watch about eleven p.m. "Let's see," she says, counting on her fingers to compute the hours, "appointment for lunch tomorrow—whee—I don't have to go to bed until three a.m.!" And some of her cronies sigh in their beer.

JANE gets very positive ideas, not all of which make sense. Such as her refusal to fly on a night flight. "I can't sleep on a plane," she announces. "A night flight makes me lose my sleep." So she always leaves California at eight in the morning, and the minute she lands in her seat makes preparations that have become ritual. She takes off her shoes, puts on an eye shade, plugs her ears, wraps a blanket around herself and, wearing slacks, curls up in the seat. "Wake me when we get to Chicago," she tells her companion, and then knocks off for eight hours. The stewardess comes and goes with trays of food, but Russell sleeps on. Stewardesses invariably assume that the lump under the blanket is airsick, and they pass by in clucking sympathy, never knowing that the bundle is only Russell, who claims she can't sleep on a plane.

These are the things she does that build her reputation as a character, but she is blithely unaware that she does anything differently from other people. She is an avid fan of show business celebrities, and when she appeared on Talullah Bankhead's *Big Show*, was wildly happy that she could observe at close quarters such people as Bankhead, Oscar Levant, Toni Arden, etc. It never occurred to her that they might be interested in her.

The fact that a fan mail service in Hollywood reports Jane Russell's mail now ranks second in the long list of Hollywood personalities helps prove that Jane has at last arrived. There has been a long interim between *The Outlaw* and this arrival, a period during which Jane felt she was coasting. "I was waiting for the chance to spring," she says with a laugh. She is kidding when she says it, but it is the nearest Jane Russell comes to blowing her own horn. She has been quiet about it, but she has known all along that she could turn out a professional job that would fuse the myth of her name and the reality of her personality into one.

There are some who claim that Russell's drive, her force and her personality have only begun to be tapped for the screen. They say she has greater potential than most people realize, and that given the opportunity, she can become a truly great personality in the entertainment world. Certainly, Jane Russell has more than sex appeal and a reputation for being a character. She is a great dame. **END**

storm over hollywood

(Continued from page 55) That's what Gale Storm did to Las Vegas. In Hollywood she has spent some mediocre years since 1940. She was delightful a couple of years back in a picture with Donald O'Connor called *Curtain Call At Cactus Creek*, but all she got out of the studios were little six-month contracts and parts in "B" pictures.

Today, with or without Charlie Farrell, her television daddy, Gale is as "hot" a girl as there is in movies. She is not excited about all the furor. She is concerned about something more important.

"What worries me," she said recently, "is whether my sons should have a mother who works. You know—whether I am really able to give them the right amount of attention. Nothing, but nothing, has gone wrong, you understand. Honestly, I think I see more of them than a lot of mothers who go to bridge parties or play canasta see of their children. Every hour I'm away from the studio goes to them. Every night, and Saturdays and Sundays, particularly, they come over to the studio lot with me."

This is an incredible note. As a rule, Hollywood mothers never bring their offspring to work with them except for publicity photos. But then, much of what Gale does happens to be different from the things most Hollywood actresses do. Working or not, she rises about six-thirty A.M., does a few light setting-up exercises, feels momentarily debilitated as a consequence, and goes back to bed again. By seven, Mrs. Bonnell is at the table. Her husband gets up at dawn, too, and they tuck away a steeplejack's breakfast. Life as Margie can be strenuous.

The Bonnells live in Sherman Oaks, part of the San Fernando Valley, and Miss Storm is honorary mayor out there. It's a thirty-five minute drive to the Roach lot, which makes Miss Storm precisely five minutes late each morning. She never has figured a way to get around that. The best she has been able to come up with is to set the shooting schedule ahead five minutes, but there seems to be a slight flaw in that somewhere. More logically, they might shorten a few of the curves.

Gale Storm takes all of Margie's wacky stunts in her stride. She is a Texan,

born in a place named Bloomington and moved to Houston before she was old enough to say anything about it. She was the youngest of five children and never did get to meet any oil well folks or even any ranchers.

"I did, however," she says with a sly grin, "once hear of a neighbor who struck it rich and decided to collect miniatures as a hobby. The first thing he bought was Rhode Island."

By and by, Miss Storm, who was then Josie Cottle, quietly started working in amateur theatricals. One fine day she won a statewide competition for her appearance in a number called *Madame President*, a one-act affair. She was a good student, too, walking off with first prize in a Houston declamation contest. It was about then that show business stepped up and introduced itself in the form of a nationwide talent hunt radio show titled *Gateway To Hollywood*. Gale won the girls' title, and just like in the movies, the winner for the boys was a fellow from South Bend, Indiana, who turned out to be her future husband, Lee Bonnell.

Part of the contest's gimmick was that the girl winner was to be re-named Gale Storm, the boy Terry Belmont. Terry Belmont does not translate into much and could be scored as "too corny" for a movie star name. Gale Storm, however, means roughly the same thing as Frightful Hurricane or Helluva Wind. At the time she would have taken any of these names without a fight, even though she was not ashamed of being Josie Cottle. "The thought of becoming a girl named Gale Storm sort of bucked up my morale," she recalls. "I needed a change of name, but bad."

Be that as it may, Terry Belmont fell in love with Gale Storm and vice versa, which is how come Mr. and Mrs. Lee Bonnell today. Gale was a spirited girl and it wasn't long before she realized that winning a chance to act in Hollywood is a long way from becoming a movie star. She had a contract at Monogram Pictures which at the time was shooting its films almost as fast as tv films are shot today. Since she was a married woman happily adding to the population, Gale was a lot of trouble to her bosses. One of them called to ask her bluntly, "Can we cast you in a picture, or are you pregnant again?" Gale remembers that one picture was shot so fast that they never did bother to finish it. On the last scheduled day of shooting, time was up, so they just rolled up the film and released it. "No one," she swears, "ever noticed the difference."

Happily, not being a top star never bothered Miss Storm. More happily, being a top star doesn't bother her now. She has an idea that she is lucky enough without being a star of any kind, and that her success with *My Little Margie* is just so much gravy.

That is about the way she says it. And she says it without the heroic sighs and misty looks that usually accompany this kind of declaration from a Cinderella in show business.

"Here's what you're supposed to say," someone reminded her crossly during an interview: "It's all like a wonderful dream. I have to keep pinching myself to make sure I'm awake."

"It's all like a wonderful dream," said Miss Storm. "I have to keep pinching myself to make sure I'm awake."

MRS. LEE BONNELL is a very happy woman whose professional life is now in the middle of a staggering turn for the better. But she does have a few minor crosses to bear.

There is the matter of socks. She busies herself in her spare time by (what did you expect?) knitting socks for the electricians

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on the set. But knitting is a slow business, and up to now, she has only finished one pair each for the boys upstairs—the ones up on the catwalk. That leaves the boys downstairs walking around in their bare feet. So the boys downstairs have delivered Miss S. an ultimatum: no socks, no lights! That would leave Miss Storm lighted only from above and looking like Dracula's stepdaughter.

She has something to do with her spare time, what there is of it, besides knit. She likes oil painting, when she can get around to it, which isn't often. Maybe that's why her oils aren't turning out well, at all. She says she painted a landscape and it looked like an impressionist interpretation of a barbed wire fence. She painted a pine cone and it looked like a wicker basket. She painted a friend's portrait and he looked like a drunken mastiff. She tried a *gouache*, too. *Gouache* is not easy painting. Her *gouache* was terrible.

Well, besides awkward painting, has Miss Storm any vices? Non-punctuality? Furtive gnawing on marshmallows? Taking a little dollop of cooking wine now and again?

"I can't keep a checkbook," conceded Miss Storm. "Few things bother me more than addition. Three things, to give you a round number."

they did it the hard way

(Continued from page 53) ranch has been one of his pet dreams ever since his grandfather used to take him prowling over the ten-acre place years ago. Much later, when the big movie money began to roll in, and Rory had himself a bride, he acquired that property and a lot more—some 150 acres.

"I'll admit that I didn't consult my bride about it too carefully," Rory recalls. "I guess I was afraid to. Lita didn't look or act too much like the outdoor type. I couldn't picture her in blue jeans, but I felt I had to get the ranch, as a matter of self preservation. Growing up with the land does something to a man; he never forgets it, and while he may be bored as a boy—as I was with milking cows and feeding pigs—he learns in manhood that being close to the land is mighty important."

To cut a long story to simple tragedy, Rory managed to buy his ranch. Many were the pictures taken there. He even planted a hay crop which almost paid the running expenses when he was eased out of his contract with David O. Selznick. He had a lot of ground to keep his feet on.

Let Rory tell it: "When the contract was gone things were no picnic. I had an agent who worked hard, but every time he suggested me for a part producers sneered politely. 'Rory Calhoun? He hasn't learned to fall off a log yet.' Meanwhile, I didn't cave in with remorse. I went up to the ranch and put in some more crops while I hoped an acting job would turn up.

"Then one day a guy with a breezy suit and a stormy manner turned up at the front door to inform us that unless a payment was made the credit company would take away our car. Simultaneously, the telephone rang to inform me that Monogram wanted me for a picture. In those days working for Monogram was like being planted in a cemetery, but I was grateful. Good old Monogram gave me two that year, and I've never been so happy about getting jobs. It's a funny thing; some people can owe a mountain of bills and be nonchalant about it. Not me. It hit me hard to learn that my credit wasn't good any more.

"Thank heaven for Lita. She went to work a couple of times and grabbed off

Would she tick them off?

"Gladly. Subtraction, division and multiplication."

So she messes up the family accounts?

"Certainly not. I don't go near them. Lee does them."

Doesn't she believe in something revolutionary—like woman's place is in the nightclub?

"What's a nightclub?" said Gale Storm.

YET, WHO is to say Miss Storm's life has been so much whipped cream? By and large, things have worked out nicely, but there's been adversity to push along the growing and maturing.

Sometime ago, her oldest son, Philip, suffered agonizing burns from hot oil from a vaporizer. His mother was panic-stricken at first, but mercifully his father was home, and his father is the kind who becomes calm and efficient in a crisis.

"One glance," Miss Storm recalled, "told Lee what had happened. He stripped off Philip's night clothes and sent me for white vaseline. The child was burned front, back and middle. And screaming. Lee applied the vaseline and quickly rejected an idea I had about wrapping him in a bath towel. Too rough. Lee knew that. He asked for a sheet and my woolen comforter. Maybe there's not much to it,

large hunks of money as she always does. I didn't ask her to, but I've never felt that it's a sin for a man's life partner to pitch in and help if she wants to. After all, Lita has been in show business ever since she was four years old. She enjoys it, and I would have been selfish, also a snob and a slob if I had tried to stop her. I knew I didn't have to stick to acting and could have started pumping gas again. Only now we had the ranch, and I put every spare minute into working the ground so that it would begin to pay for itself."

I SAW IT HAPPEN

In May, 1950, the big race at Indianapolis Motor Speedway was only a few weeks away. To add to the excitement, MGM was hopefully trying to shoot scenes for *To Please A Lady*.



The cameramen were trying to get shots of Barbara Stanwyck coming down the back steps of the Pagoda, but they couldn't get into the correct position because of the crowd.

Suddenly everybody started moving infield, and I, wondering what ruse they were using to distract the crowd, followed and saw four State Troopers. Walking in their midst was the handsome, smiling Clark Gable. This enabled MGM to shoot their scene, and enabled me to see my favorite actor.

Mrs. Daniel M. Root
Indianapolis, Indiana

IT WOULD BE nice and cozy to say that with all this hard work between the two of them, Lita and Rory saved the day and paid the mortgage, but ranches and real life don't seem to work out that way. Rory's luck changed, and he became an important star at 20th Century-Fox. Recently, that studio shaved a lot of actors off the payroll in switching over to CinemaScope, but they kept Rory on at big money for such pictures as *River Of No*

but I want to tell you. So we wrapped him in the sheet and the comforter, and the doctor who gave emergency treatment told me later that what Lee had done was exactly right. The wrappings didn't chafe but kept Philip warm when shock set in. Do you see what I'm trying to say? It has never occurred to me to be bitter or cynical because Philip was burned. I never felt anything but gratitude because Lee was home and he did know what to do, and Philip was saved. I didn't pray for his life but I didn't think God would mind if I asked Him for some surcease from the pain. And I guess He didn't. Do you see my point?"

That, in general, is the way Miss Storm likes to regard things. When the good breaks come, they are something to be grateful for. Success, fame, nice meaty contracts—they're all wonderful, but they are not to be confused with the parts of living that make up real happiness. Those are stable and sure, like her husband and her children. And when the bad breaks arrive—well, you have fun at Monogram and think cheerfully and hopefully about the days when your options may be picked up in slightly plushier style. For Gale, that day has come with a bang—and has now fitted itself quietly into the smooth, happy pattern of her life.

END

Return and How To Marry A Millionaire. He was kept so busy that he decided to turn the ranch into a sort of guest hotel.

That should have been great. But all of a sudden there was no water. For two whole years Rory and Lita had been making personal appearances and tucking the money away in a sock in order to buy enough pipe to irrigate the whole place. Net result: two years of hard labor for nothing. There wasn't as much as a single glass of water to give to a guest, simply because a big oil company and a neighbor above his property had drained it all off. Not intentionally; it was just one of those mix-ups that happen to ranchers.

"I was sore as hell," Rory confesses, "and I felt like suing somebody. But nobody ever seems to win anything in a courtroom, so we're talking it over. Meanwhile, the ranch is a big, sprawling, bone dry dream."

In the beginning actors are humble. Later on, as the bank account fattens, so, frequently, does the head; the star begins to feel that he reached his position strictly by his own efforts and against the deadly opposition of producers and reporters who separately conspired to keep him from becoming famous. In this respect, Rory Calhoun is refreshingly unique.

"The truth is," he says, "that my career was an outlandish accident, more or less. I didn't contrive to meet Alan Ladd, way back in 1944. But Alan did happen to meet me on a bridle path when I was down from Santa Cruz to see my great-grandmother. While we were getting acquainted, he wanted to know if I happened to be an actor. 'No!' I retorted, rudely, and I guess he was a little miffed by the way I said it. But he just grinned and began talking about my working in movies. I figured I might as well take a fling at it even if it kept me working indoors a lot. Then, it wasn't long before I had a contract, which was so unimportant you could have squeezed it into the barrel of a water pistol. And even though my scenes with dialogue were cut out of the picture, it brought in eating money. I wasn't a good actor, and I wasn't the only one who knew it. The studio soon dropped my option and I found myself fairly broke—far away from the country I loved."

Now, you've heard of actors who used to be bookkeepers or lifeguards or lumber-

jacks, but you seldom hear of one who has the courage to go back to menial labor once he has had a taste of the soft life.

"When I was out of my contract I could have taken a job as a miner or something, but I liked acting and decided to hang around. When some people say they are busted, it means they have no job and only a few thousand dollars in the bank, plus a few stocks and bonds and a paid-for mansion in Beverly Hills. When I say I was broke I mean that I didn't own anything except the clothes on my back and I was in hock \$300. So I worked during the day at a brickyard, where I stacked and fired bricks. Then at night I slung gas in a service station. A few people I knew in Hollywood thought I'd gone off my rocker. 'You're an actor,' they said. 'You shouldn't do menial jobs like that.'"

It strikes Rory as funny that people should figure that way. In the first place, just because he had been slapped in the face a couple of times with greasepaint didn't make him, he figured, a full-fledged actor. Besides, as he puts it, "If a guy's got two arms, why starve?"

Rory admits that he's had his low spots. And that they really got him down. Once he poked a guy in the nose when he was feeling lousy and admits that it was a foolish thing to do. But if he makes mistakes, he alone is responsible for them. Criticism of the way he lives doesn't bother him.

RORY CALHOUN says that his becoming an actor, making good and finding the great love of his life was just one big series of lucky situations.

"From the time I left high school I'd been banging around the western part of the United States, picking up jobs wherever I could. There was logging and cow-punching, hauling nets for fish, truck driving and fire fighting. When I got fed up with one of them I'd count my money and run off with it to some new place. I had a bad case of wanderlust. The picture of my life didn't have any focus at all until my friend, Les Gumm suggested that I try my hand as a forest fire fighter. I didn't go for that because it paid a lot less than what I got at logging. Les was a friend of my dad's, too—a California ranger who'd been popping up at our dinner table ever since I could remember. Maybe it didn't pay as much money, Les pointed out, but the war was on and they needed men badly. It offered more opportunity and if I could swing the financial end of it, I'd learn a lot more that might come in handy to a man. That part got me. I started thinking that if I learned about woodcraft and botany and how to take care of myself in the wilds, I might use the knowledge some day to go exploring. I was just a kid then, and I was a real dreamer, but I wouldn't have dreamed anything so fantastic as doing my exploring in the wilds of Hollywood. Anyway, with the dreaming and the working, six months later I was a foreman with six men in my crew.

"It was during that time that I came to Los Angeles because my great-grandmother got sick. And then I met Alan Ladd. You should have seen the letter I got from Les after I wrote him that I was going to stay down in Hollywood and try for the movies. He called me six kinds of a dog and then, being the great guy he is, wound up with, 'If you can't make the grade you can always come back here.'"

"I haven't taken him up on it yet, but there were times when I was tempted. I forgot about the drawingroom scenes I'd been in and kept on breathing brickdust by day and gas fumes by night, adding up sixteen hours of work every day.

"Then came the break (Alan and Sue gave a dinner for me and invited agent Henry Willson) that got me a contract

with David O. Selznick. This one was considerably fatter than the pact I'd had with Fox. I learned more about acting and got better parts, but I never really got very far there. In those days my pal Guy Madison was getting the super star build-up at the studio, and it was Guy who made the big splash. I only got wet around the edges.

"Funny thing, Guy kept telling me that I should be getting the breaks he was and that it just didn't make sense. In the passing years I've often thought that the public ought to know as much about the guys who don't land the big fat acting parts as the ones who do. For instance, my big break came when I grabbed off a part in *The Red House*, starring Eddie Robinson. It meant my whole future. But do you know who tested for the part and did a much better job than I did? Bob Horton. And Bob is just now getting the attention he deserves. The fact of the matter is that I felt so acutely that he should have had the part that I looked him up and apologized for getting it myself. I'm not trying to make myself a swell guy—Bob did a better job; that's all." All of which leads us to the spectacle of Rory's asking 20th Century to release him from his present contract. There are a couple of hundred actors who would give their eye teeth for a regular pay check. But Rory feels that swell as it is to be on a studio contract list there's an awful lot going on that he'd like to explore—like television and other aspects of show business—but he can't as long as his plays have to be called by studio bosses. He knows he can see tough times again if he goes it on his own, but there'll be water on the ranch again soon, so he won't starve.

HE AND LITA have their first home now—a two-bedroom place in Beverly Hills. They have lived in assorted apartments, none of them elegant, and one of them consisting of a single room. They kept moving around, but Rory liked to putter and when they finally achieved the house they weren't in it two days before he began to panel the den.

"The house isn't anything elegant; it isn't so big that we're slaves to it. Lita is busy decorating, and between pictures and on Sundays we drive up to the ranch.

"It took her about a year to get used to the rugged life. I bought her a little horse and a saddle, and now she rides with me. I think she's pretty well converted. Guy Madison and I took her duck hunting for the first time last fall, and she bagged her full quota. Not only that, but when we got home she announced that from now on she's going to insist that I go duck hunting at every opportunity. 'And I'm going with you,' she said. So I bought a fourteen-foot boat and built a half deck on it. Lita and I have spent many a night aboard it, tucked in sleeping bags up in the duck country.

"The ranch is coming along nicely, too. With water I can plant a crop of alfalfa, and as soon as we can get the feed, we'll raise calves on spread. There isn't enough land to graze cattle, but we'll have sheep. I'll share crop with the man who lives on the place, and it will be a place to go if times get tough again.

"We're hoping to have children, and already Lita has decorated our extra bedroom as a nursery. I figure three boys would about do it, and I have daydreams about the time when they'll be working the ranch and I'll be an old man, sitting in a boat all day long and fishing.

"Things have been difficult at times, but right now we're on top of the world. Once I was insulted at being mistaken for an actor; now I'm insulted if people think I'm not an actor. To top off my blessings, Lita looks wonderful in blue jeans." **END**



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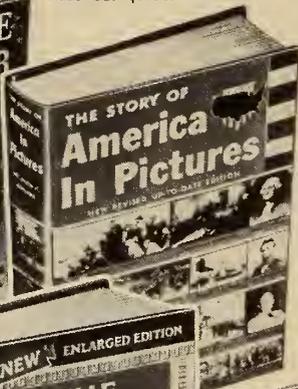
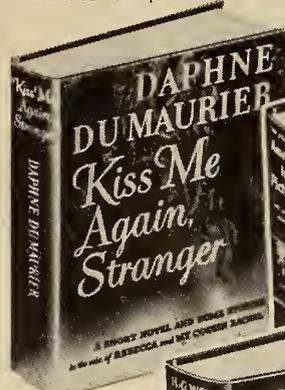
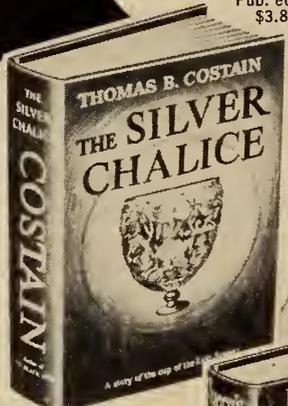
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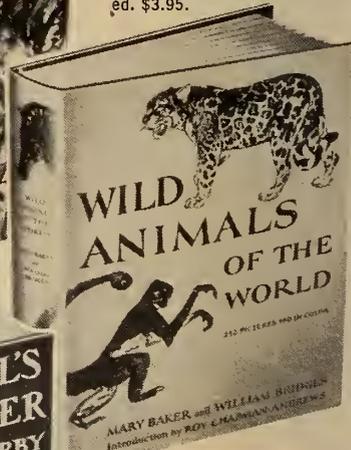
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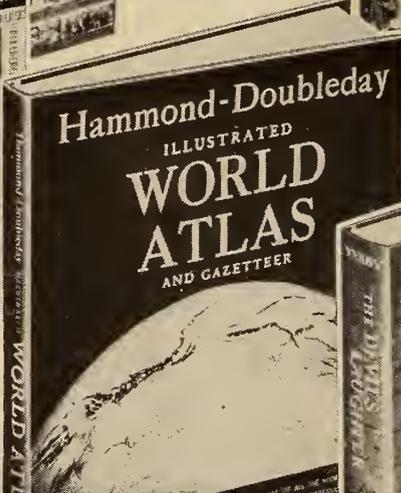
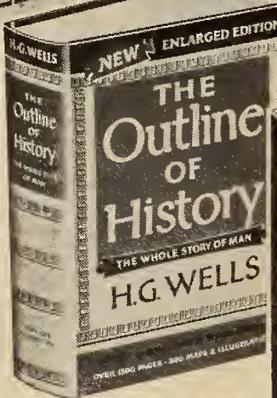
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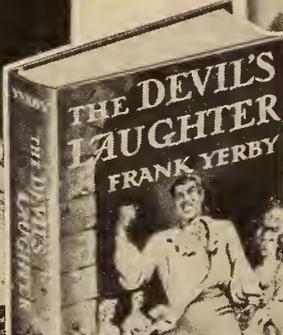
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