

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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ney Skolsky: THE LOWDOWN ON HOLLYWOOD WOMEN

Marilyn Monroe



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Based on 2-year clinical tests.

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60% fewer cavities than from
ordinary methods



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USING ORDINARY METHODS.



NO NEW CAVITIES FOR ALMOST 2 OUT
OF 3 PEOPLE USING THE IPANA WAY.

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modern screen

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On the Cover: Color Portrait of 20th Century-Fox star Marilyn Monroe now appearing in *River Of No Return*. Photograph by Beerman and Parry. Lingerie by Arlene Dahl. See page 74 for other photo credits.

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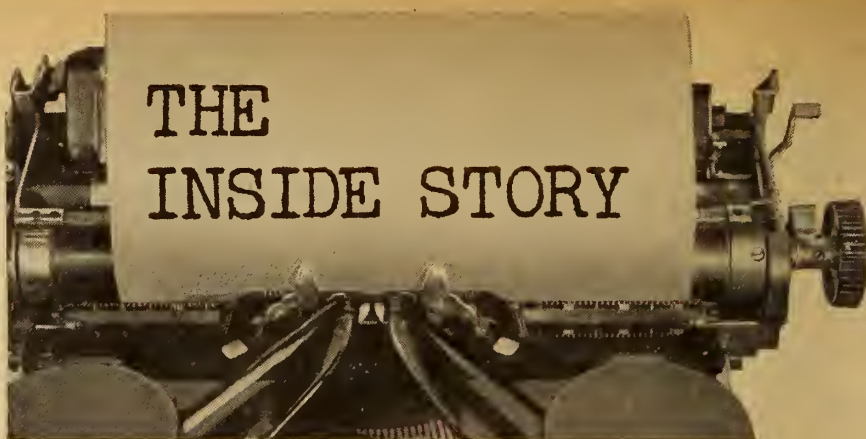
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Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Is it true that when he first came to Hollywood, Marlon Brando moved in with his agent, Jay Kantor? And is it true that a little while later, Kantor's wife, actress Roberta Haynes, divorced her husband, hoping to marry Brando?
—R.M., N. Y. C.

A. Although Jay Kantor is now divorced from Roberta Haynes, he is still one of Brando's few close friends, and he still handles him for MCA, a talent agency.

Q. Can you give Zsa Zsa Gabor's exact age?
—E.D., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. No. According to some of those who knew her in Budapest, Zsa Zsa is somewhere between forty-two and forty-seven.

Q. Are Walter Pidgeon and Irene Dunne grandparents?
—F.E.R., MUSKEGON, MICH.

A. Pidgeon is; Miss Dunne is not.

Q. Before Michael Wilding married Elizabeth Taylor wasn't he a chorus boy in London musicals?
—S.A., SALEM, MASS.

A. Yes, seventeen years ago in Home And Beauty.

Q. Would you please give me the name of the Paris plastic surgeon who performs uplift breast surgery on Hollywood actresses?
—J.G., MEMPHIS, TENN.

A. Dr. Jean Boivin.

Q. I knew Gail Russell when she was the prettiest girl in Santa Monica. Will you please tell me why she has turned so frequently to alcohol?
—G.V., SANTA MONICA, CAL.

A. Insecurity and unhappiness, according to friends.

Q. I understand that Bela Darvi is scheduled for a tremendous buildup at 20th Century-Fox, that she will play the top feminine role in *The Egyptian*, that she is a Polish refugee. True or False?
—Y.M., ANCHORAGE, ALASKA

A. True.

Q. Why has Janet Leigh bleached her hair?
—E.L., STOCKTON, CAL.

A. She considers it attractive.

Q. Is this a good time for a young actress to try her luck in Hollywood? Who are the biggest agents there?
—G.F., DANTE, ILL.

A. This is not a good time. The largest talent agencies are MCA, William Morris, and Famous Artists.

Q. Why does June Allyson refuse to have anything to do with her father?
—J.R., PATERSON, N. J.

A. June and her father have been estranged for years.

Q. Is there any possibility of Bob Wagner's marrying Barbara Stanwyck?
—H.R., FRESNO, CAL.

A. Practically none.

Q. Is it true that Jacques de Bergerac cannot get a top role in a Hollywood movie unless his wife, Ginger Rogers, plays opposite him?
—R.O., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

A. That's about it.

Q. What lies behind the Martin & Lewis-Abbott & Costello feud?
—B.L. SEA GIRT, N. J.

A. Costello once advanced Martin some money for surgery, had him sign a personal management contract, later threatened a law suit. It's all been amicably worked out, and the feud is no more.

Q. Can you tell me what part a girl by the name of Edna Murphy played in the life of director Mervyn LeRoy?
—T.E., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

A. She was his first wife.

Q. Isn't true that for the past several years Robert Taylor has been seeing Gary Cooper's old friend, Countess Di Frasso? Haven't they secretly met in Rome? How old are they, anyway?
—B.I., WASHINGTON, D. C.

A. Taylor is forty, the Countess Di Frasso is sixty-five; they have met in Rome on a purely social and business basis.



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THESE WONDERFUL YOUNG
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CASS DALEY and introducing
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ESTHER WILLIAMS VOTED UNCOOPERATIVE . . . JANE POWELL'S NEW ROMANCE . . .

LOVELLA PARSONS' GOOD

A gala studio talent show, "Inside Universal International," brings the charms and skills of the lot's young



Susan Cobot plays a scene from *The Fourposter* with Rock Hudson. Rock is an outstanding example of U.I.'s successful star-making policy; on unknown when he started there, he is now a top box-office draw.



After the show Kathleen Hughes and Hugh O'Brien confer with their pleased coach, Estelle Harmon, who directed the production. Hugh's two humorous skits got a big hand and lots of laughs from the audience.



Susan Cobot, Borbora Rush, Momie Von Doren formed a trio. Appearing before live audiences gives the performers poise; U.I. believes that these shows, drama lessons, rigorous training can produce good actors.



Borbora Rush, of *Magnificent Obsession*, joined her co-star Rock Hudson and Momie Von Doren, of *Yankee Pasha*, for a scene. Besides acting many U.I. hopefuls take courses in diction, fencing, riding and singing.

NEWS

stars to Hollywood attention



Universal-International's annual show drew praise (and ports) for its talented participants.



Kathleen Hughes and Sara Shane check their shoes before the grande finale of the show, which consisted of scenes from famous plays plus songs and dances. Sara's latest movie is *Magnificent Obsession*.



Susan Cobot is now playing in *Ride Clear Of Diablo*; she has had more acting experience than most of the youngsters in the show. Her companion at the mirror is Ruth Hampton, who has a role in *The Glenn Miller Story*.

WHEN ESTHER WILLIAMS was alerted that she had won for two years running the dubious title of "the year's most uncooperative actress" from the Hollywood Women's Press Club, she glanced at her brand new baby daughter asleep in her bassinet.

"Anyway," she cracked, "I'm cooperative with my husband!"

But make no mistake—Esther is deeply hurt. I must say, myself, I am a bit puzzled by Esther's getting the raspberry in 1953. I am sure the press girls have their good reasons for voting the way they did—Roy Rogers and Dale Evans as the "Most Cooperative,"—Dale Robertson and Esther as the booby-prizers.

But I took a little time out to investigate and here is the Swim Queen's record for 1953:

For two months she was out of the state making *Easy To Love* in Florida.

She was pregnant when she returned and went on automatic suspension from MGM—which means off-salary during which time

studios are prohibited from calling stars for publicity.

Nevertheless, during the time she was pregnant, Esther granted eight interviews.

After the birth of her baby daughter, as soon as she was able to be up and around, she gave nine interviews to newspaper and magazine writers.

It's an unwritten rule that publicity departments do not ask stars to pose with new babies until the infants are three months old. Esther posed with her daughter when the baby was two months old.

And I doubt if you would get the men in the various branches of the service, stationed near Hollywood, to vote her uncooperative.

At the invitation of the Navy, Esther officiated at the launching of the newest sea plane in San Diego.

She has also appeared twice in shows at the Veterans Hospital in Long Beach.

Not a bad record for "Miss Non-Cooperation

of 1953," I would say, not bad at all.

THE LOOT was terrific this year. The Hollywood wives and sweethearts opened Christmas gifts more like booty from the Arabian Nights tales, and this is supposed to have been an off year for many stars.

Ray Milland's combination Christmas-and-reconciliation present to his lovely Mal was a huge square-cut diamond ring.

Tony Curtis did no economizing on his gift to Janet: an antique silver cigarette case from London encrusted with diamonds.

Janet gave Tony a 35-mm imported German camera with all attachments and a hand-tooled leather carrying case.

On the romantic side, Pat Nerney commissioned artist Paul Clemens to paint an oil of Janie Powell.

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz gave each other a week's vacation trip to Honolulu, with Lucy wearing a beautiful new diamond link neck-

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Report No. 66174—11/18/53

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

lace with her cocktail gowns.

Even the sunglasses went snazzy. Debra Paget gave her ever-present mama, Margaret Griffin, a pair framed in pearls and rhinestones.

Didn't sound too much like the Michael Rennies are separating, either: he wrapped up a Black Mist mink coat and sent it to her in London.

Jeff Hunter surprised Barbara Rush with two complete outfits, including accessories—one for daytime, one for formal evenings.

JANE WYMAN and Freddie Karger separated (for a week) while I was in New York and as they were still apart on my return, I called Janie on the phone.

"Come on over here and tell mama all your troubles," I said to my girl friend. "Don't you know you're almost like a daughter to me and I'm not going to have you unhappy?"

Janie arrived about five in the afternoon. For the next two hours we sat talking, or rather, she was talking and I was a'listenin'.

When she had finally poured out all her woes, she looked at me for my reaction. I promised her I wouldn't reveal what she said. But I didn't promise I wouldn't tell what I said:

"Honey," I told my favorite star-child, "you've been making mountains out of molehills. None of this is really important. I can't think that Freddie has done anything terrible, and if you stop to think it over, I'm sure you'll agree."

Just at this moment the doorbell rang and who should walk in but Freddie? Now how in the world did he just happen by at this particular time? I couldn't have been less surprised.

For about five minutes there was a bit of a strain. Then suddenly we all broke out laughing. "Mother," chided Janie, "you planned this."

"How could you ever think such a thing," I protested as modestly as I could under the circumstances.

Anyway, the important thing is that when they left, the Kargers walked out hand-in-hand and the next day I broke the story that the Kargers were back together again.

I'm not saying that Janie and Freddie are completely out of the woods, maritally speaking, yet.

But, if they just use a little common sense,



Terry Moore dressed conservatively for party; her bathingsuit (p. 29) was banned in Korea.

sprinkled with some good, old-fashioned give-and-take, they can save their marriage.

If they don't—it will break up again, and I would feel as bad as they. I love Janie and I have grown fond of Freddie, too.

JANE POWELL is trying to play it cozy with her new romance, Pat Nerney. "I don't want to fall in love again," says the little blonde singer who got her fingers burned in *l'affaire* Gene Nelson.

But, from the looks of Jane and Pat when they are together, maybe she can't help herself.

There's no doubt that the Janie of these days is a disillusioned girl. She doesn't want to be hurt again—but I repeat, there's a warm, warm gleam in her eyes when she looks into Pat's.

SOME ASTOUNDING STATEMENTS OF 1953:

Esther Williams: "I will have many more children. I have them so easily. Ben (Gage) and I are the best baby-making factory I know."

Robert Mitchum (after speeding away from a traffic cop giving him a ticket): "Sorry, Dad. I thought you might be a bandit."

Arthur Godfrey anent Julius La Rosa: "He's lost his humility." What a cloud of dust that blew up!

Dolores Donlon, new starlet: "My husband owns a medical building he could fill with just psychiatrists—they are so busy taking care of Hollywood people crazy for fame!"

Jane Powell about her break-up with Gene Nelson: "I suppose I high-pressured him too much, forcing him to make decisions he didn't want to make."

Ava Gardner after her estrangement from Frank Sinatra: "I wish he had left me with a baby to remember him by."

Errol Flynn, describing his co-star Gina Lollobrigida: "What a department store! Something desirable on every floor!"

I CRIED SO HARD at *The Glenn Miller Story* première that it's a good thing I looked around before the picture started to see who was there. I was too busy sniffing and wiping my eyes when it was over.

Jeff Chandler and **Marilyn Maxwell** sat behind me, holding hands.

"What happened to your engagement to Jerry Davis?" I asked Marilyn, not too tactfully as I look back.

Jeff looked real pleased when she shrugged. "It didn't work out."



Mitzi Gaynor, Jack Beon attended Jay Rabinson's party for Terry Maare, Susan Zanuck.

All the way inside the theatre you could hear the fans screaming and yelling as Jimmy Stewart and his lovely Gloria arrived. In fact, Jimmy was pushed so many ways by radio announcers, autograph hounds, photographers and press agents that he got separated from Gloria.

"My wife, fellas," yelled Jimmy, "Let me get my wife!"

Of all things, Donald O'Connor, with Sheila Connolly, forgot his tickets! "Just wait till the house fills up," he told the usher philosophically, "and just put us where there's a gap for two!"

Whoops! Was Shelley Winters in a low-cut gown? She was half in and half out of a startling gown of salmon and gold. Cute old Charlie Coburn's monocle almost fell out of his eye as he stood up to let Shell get to her seat.

Debbie Reynolds was surprisingly subdued (for her) with Richard Anderson.

And what's all this steady dating with Rock Hudson and Julia Adams? This is beginning to look very serious.

I thought Janet Leigh looked beautiful but much too thin. Tony's on the thin side, too.

After the delightful musical was over I kept thinking how sad it was that little June Allyson, who is so wonderful as Mrs. Miller and who gives her best screen performance, had to miss the première. She was in the hospital following an appendectomy.

Bravo, Junie and Jimmy! You are both great.

TERRY MOORE looked cute as a button when she dropped by to tell me goodbye before taking off for her Christmas show in Korea.

She was wearing a white jacket trimmed with white fox collar and cuffs, a white skirt with red and green Christmas trees of sequins, red and green jewelry and a tiny white hat.

"Terry," I accused her, "did you ask to go to Korea because B. Johnson is stationed there? And are you going to marry him?"

"Maybe," Terry dimpled, "if he asks me."

If Terry does become Mrs. Johnson she'll become a member of the fabulous Texas family which owns the even more fabulous King Ranch.

FRANK SINATRA celebrated his birthday dinner with his three kids at home.

His thirteen-year-old glamour girl daughter, Nancy, Jr., baked him a cake, coconut, with six candles.

"What's the six for?" asked her old man.



Host Rabinsan chatted with Anne Francis. Party was among year's most enjoyable events.

NEWS-

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LOUELLA PARSONS' good news *Continued*

"Oh, it's just a good round number," replied the eldest Sinatra offspring.

Frankie groaned, "Isn't it bad enough that your brother is another George Burns? Do you have to be Gracie Allen?"

All in all, it was a very festive occasion. After dinner, Nancy, Jr., and Frankie, age ten, played piano duets for Daddy—and very good, too.

Five-year-old Tina Sinatra sat on Frank's knee during the recital and suddenly piped up with:

"I can't play the piano. I can't even tell time!"

P.S. All right, all right. I know what you're wondering—where was Nancy Sinatra, Sr., while all this was going on? She was very much present and a charming behind-the-scenes hostess at the children's party for their father.

LANA TURNER and Lex Barker slipped back into Hollywood so secretly they had time to move into Lana's house and get the phone number changed before friends and business associates realized they were here. Obviously, they didn't want any welcoming "Hellos."

Steve Crane, father of Lana's little Cheryl, didn't like that unlisted telephone number business. "Maybe they want to be alone," he said, "but no one is going to keep me from being in touch with my little girl."

Cheryl and her father became fast friends during the time Lana was making two movies in Europe.

Almost every night she was having an early dinner at his cafe, the Luau, with Steve and Lana's mother.

As of this writing, Lana has taken her \$200,000 home off the market. It was for sale during her absence, but apparently she's changed her mind for a couple of good reasons:

First, no one came up with \$200,000 even for the privilege of living in a glamour girl's house.

Second, Lex is assuming the payments on the house—his Christmas gift to his bride.

WENT TO LAS VEGAS to see Marlene Dietrich in her nightclub debut, and believe me, no one can see more of Marlene than is on display in a gown that creates the

impression of being completely nude on top. It isn't—it's net covered chiffon—but it might as well be.

It isn't often that Hollywood people are too shocked about things, but Frances and Van Heflin and little Joan Evans and her handsome husband who sat with me at the Sahara, were—well, disappointed—that the fabulous Dietrich would resort to such burlesque-type costuming.

I covered all the Las Vegas spots before I returned home. Vic Damone was on the same bill with Jimmy McHugh and his singing stars at the Sands, and between shows I had a talk with Vic.

He told me there's no real, serious romance in his life these days. He is devoted to Joanie Benny, Jack and Mary's sweet daughter, "but, we're just pals now," is the way Vic puts it, "more like brother and sister than the engaged pair we've been rumored to be."

THE LETTER BOX: Marie Priffer writes from New York to thank me for the two fine friends she has made, via letters to Korea, through names of service men I have printed from time to time in this department. And, thank you, Marie, for making it happier for two G.I.'s in the bitter loneliness of Korea.

In this season of assorted polls, I got a kick out of the letter from "ten grade schoolers" in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, who sent me the results of a poll of the fifth, sixth and seventh grades as follows:

Favorite actor: Bob Wagner

Favorite Girl: Susan Hayward

Most Beautiful: Ava Gardner

Favorite Musical Girl: Betty Grable

Favorite Musical Boy: Donald O'Connor

Favorite husband and wife team: Roy Rogers and Dale Evans, Marge and Gower Champion, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, tied.

Amusing, in view of the above, that Mrs. Pia Szymkiewicz, Stoughton, Mass., writes: "Frankly, I'm sick to death of opening movie magazines and reading about Robert Wagner, Robert Wagner, Robert Wagner. What has he done on the screen to rate all this ballyhoo? He is just a fair actor—and just fairly good looking."

Mrs. S., let me refer you to the winner of the grade school poll as to why Bob rates all the attention.



Rosemary Clooney goes out with brother Nicky when husband José Ferrer cannot squire her.



Shirley Temple, now expecting her third baby, attends a première with husband Charles Black.



Mr. and Mrs. Tyrone Power (Linda Christian) with daughter Romina in the Bahamas

"Why Be Fat?" says Mrs. Tyrone Power "I Lose Weight Without Any Trouble!"

Nowhere in the world will you find women so figure conscious as in Hollywood. You know that Ayds really works when lovely women like Linda Christian tell you how it has helped them lose weight easily, pleasantly and safely!

Proved by Clinical Tests!

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

When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want—all you want. No starvation dieting—no gnawing hunger pangs. Ayds is a specially made, low calorie candy fortified with

health-giving vitamins and minerals. Ayds curbs your appetite—you automatically eat less—lose weight naturally, safely, quickly. It contains no drugs or laxatives.

Guaranteed—A Lovelier Figure!

Users report losing up to ten pounds with the very first box. Others say they have lost twenty to thirty pounds with the Ayds Plan. You, too, must lose pounds with the very first box (\$2.98) or your money back.



Ayds has helped many famous Hollywood stars to a lovelier figure. It can do the same for you! At drug or department stores.



Linda Christian vacationing in Acapulco. "I discovered for myself that by taking Ayds I could lose pounds easily," says Linda.



Linda loves the sea, the surf and the sunshine. "I recommend Ayds," says Linda. "It has done wonderful things for my figure."



To Love and to
Cherish...

All the tender
sentiment...

All the beauty
of this moment-
of-moments,
captured for-
ever in the
graceful embrace
of your cherished
Orange Blossom
Rings.

Engagement Rings
—\$50 to \$5000
Wedding Rings
—from \$10

Write for illustrated Orange Blossom
Tradition Booklet

Genuine
*Orange
Blossom*

RING CREATIONS

TRAUB MANUFACTURING COMPANY
1938 McCraw Ave., Detroit 8, Michigan

movie reviews

by *florence epstein*

PICTURE OF THE MONTH



Jimmy Stewart plays title role of Glenn Miller.



June Allyson plays the wife Glenn left behind to entertain service men all over the world.

THE GLENN MILLER STORY. In the early forties when everybody went wild about dance bands Glenn Miller's name was on top of the heap—and that was no accident. Here's his story to prove it—the story of a musician who was searching for a sound he couldn't recognize until he heard it, a sound no other band had. Five years after he'd found that sound and with it opened the door to fantastic success, he disappeared somewhere over the English Channel in a single-engined Norseman C-64. That was in December, 1944; he was on his way to Paris to lead his service band in a Christmas Day program. This film is a tender, moving tribute to his memory. James Stewart's performance as Miller is so subtle and sensitive he actually seems to resemble him physically. June Allyson, as his wife, reveals a warm, courageous spirit. Their crazy courtship, their marriage, their struggle not to compromise and finally, their coming into their own, is the fabric of this sentimental but never mawkish tale. If you liked Miller's music, you'll enjoy the soundtrack—it took work to make any band sound that much like Miller's old crew. Louis Armstrong, Gene Krupa, Ben Pollack, Frances Langford and The Modernaires are around, and they, too, make some pretty noises. The cast includes Charles Drake, George Tobias, and Henry Morgan, all of whom do justice to a carefully researched script—which, by the way, had to have Mrs. Miller's approval of every page before production was begun. You might be interested to learn that the trombone Jimmy blows was the one Miller actually used, and even the glasses he wears were copied from a pair worn by the band leader. Technicolor.—U.I.

how to be fitted comfortably in

YOUR BRASSIERE



Measuring

It's worth a lot to get a comfortable brassiere—so be sure to get the right size. Your trained corsetiere will measure you around the diaphragm. Add 6" to that measurement and you have your brassiere size. Say you measure 28"—add 6", and your size is 34. If you measure an odd size and you like your brassiere snug, try the next size smaller. If you like it loose, try the next size larger.

Most brassiere cups are sized A, B and C—"A" being the smallest. Your corsetiere can



Pull down
in back

best tell you which of these sizes you need. The cup size is right when the bra rests close to the body at the breastbone.

When you put your brassiere on, be sure that it is pulled down in back to follow the bra's natural cut. If you don't it may gap at the armpits. Adjust the shoulder straps comfortably. When you try on a "Perma-lift*" Bra the support comes from the base of the bra cups and not from tight shoulder straps. If you follow these simple steps, you'll get more bra wear and comfort than you've ever had before.



Tight straps

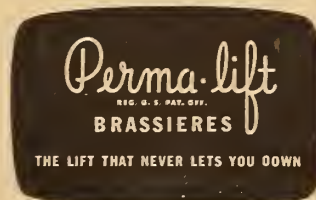


The Magic Inset

A "Perma-lift" Brassiere has one very important exclusive feature—the patented Magic Insets at the base of each cup. The Magic Insets gently support your breasts from below—and, best of all, neither washing nor wearing will ever affect its uplift or support.

"Perma-lift" Brassieres are priced so reasonably—from \$1.50 to \$7.50. You'll find them in most fine Corset Departments, so be sure to get yours soon.

*"Perma-lift"—A trade mark of A. Stein & Company
Chicago—New York—Los Angeles (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)





If your hero's cronies leave you cold—

- ☐ Hold your fire ☐ Demand a showdown

Though your new Sigh Man's old friends may be sterling characters—seems to you they could do with plenty of polish! Of course, you could ignore the guys. Yet wouldn't it be nicer to try winning them over, for *his* sake? (You'll boost your rating!) And win yourself an A for "assurance" at problem time, with the comfort of Kotex. For Kotex is an old friend you *trust* for softness that *holds its shape*; absorbency that saves panicky moments.



What can't a sharp dresser do without?

- ☐ A wolf call ☐ Knit wit ☐ Cashmere

You needn't put all your cash in cashmere! Just put your wit to knitting your own sweater wardrobe: those new, long, *bulky* jackets that copy-cat your beau's. Nylon and wool; won't stretch; wash easy. So, for a "purl" of little price—needle up! But on certain days, *bulk's* what you *don't* want—napkin-wise. Choose Kotex. Those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines. And Kotex gives extra *protection*.

Are you in the know?



How to cut a gabby phone belle short?

- ☐ Drop dead ☐ Disconnect ☐ Thank her

Connie's got you hooked—for hours. Just when you're expecting a *Very Important Call*! Wriggling off the line would be easy, if you knew her better. But try this: At the first semicolon, thank her for calling; say you'll see her soon. To free yourself from *calendar* dilemmas (such as which absorbency of Kotex to choose)—try Regular, Junior, Super. You'll find the very one you need.



More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

Which of these "steadies" does most for you?

- ☐ Romeo & Juliet ☐ Kotex and Kotex belts ☐ Moon 'n' June

Made for each other—that's Kotex and Kotex sanitary belts—and made to keep you comfortable. Of strong, soft-stretch elastic . . . they're designed to prevent curling, cutting or twisting. So lightweight you'll hardly know you're wearing one. And Kotex belts take kindly to dunking; stay flat even after countless washings. Why not buy two . . . for a change?



OTHELLO When Orson Welles puts his hand to something it's often overwhelming. Grandiose, ponderous, sensually sating are ways to describe his production of Shakespeare's *Othello*. You know the plot—Othello, a Moorish general woos Desdemona, daughter of a Venetian Senator and marries her against her father's will. He takes his bride to the Isle of Cyprus and with great good will puts Cassio (Michael Lawrence) in charge of a general celebration. This enrages Iago (Michael MacLiammoir) who is ambitious and hates Othello. That very night Iago plans to destroy Othello's love for Desdemona (Suzanne Cloutier). Patiently, cunningly, he arouses Othello's jealousy which grows very quickly into a towering rage. He murders Desdemona, then learns of her complete innocence and kills himself. At the state funeral given them Iago is imprisoned in a cage hoisted in the air, prey to circling vultures. The photography is magnificent, the settings are vast, gloomy, lordly. The acting is sweepingly rhetorical. Perhaps you'll be impressed. Cast includes Robert Coote, Milton Edwards, Fay Compton, Doris Dowling.—U-A.



MISS SADIE THOMPSON Rita Hayworth in 3-D is a heck of a lot of Hayworth, and when she starts to sing her sultry songs you dig them, brother. *Miss Sadie Thompson* is based on W. Somerset Maugham's famous short story, *Rain*. Hollywood's done it before—but now they've brought it up to date which doesn't mean it's an improvement, but still, it's new. A bunch of Marines stationed on a tropical island are transported with joy when Sadie—bejeweled, perfumed and awfully democratic—lands. (The boat that was to take her from Honolulu to New Caledonia is quarantined.) Also landing, though, is Alfred Davidson's party. Davidson (José Ferrer) is a fanatic reformer bent on keeping "evil" out of the island. One look at Sadie tells him he has a job. Sadie and Marine Aldo Ray get romantic. This agitates Ferrer to the point of apoplexy. He digs into her past, confronts her with accusations, arranges to have her deported and finally agrees to save her soul. Poor Sadie is overwhelmed with guilt and submits to Davidson—until he stops acting pious and, to her horror, starts making passes. In the cast are Harry Bellaver, Russell Collins. Technicolor—Columbia



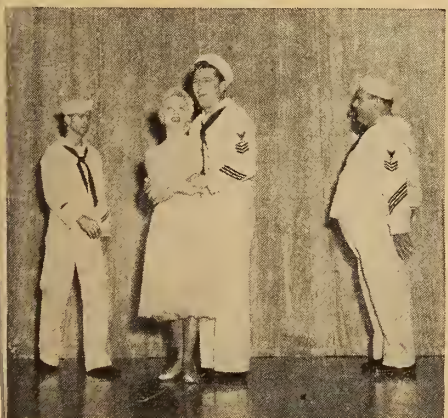
IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU One of the most delightful comedies of the normal screen, *It Should Happen to You* stars Judy Holliday, Peter Lawford and Hollywood newcomer Jack Lemmon. The scene is New York, the gimmick is that Judy, who appears to be a startlingly average girl, has a terrible yearning for fame and fortune. With her hard-earned one thousand dollars she rents a huge billboard overlooking Columbus Circle upon which she has her name emblazoned. Gladys Glover, it says, for all the world to see. Peter Lawford's soap company has traditionally used this billboard and to get it back Lawford offers Judy half a dozen other signs strategically located throughout the city. Soon her name is a byword, although no one knows for what. Until Michael O'Shea makes her his client and they rocket to giddy heights of notoriety. The humor is so fresh, the romance between Judy and Jack Lemmon so charmingly real, the acting so deceptively natural you're sure to love it. With Vaughn Taylor, Connie Gilchrist.—Columbia

Jackpot Of The Month

THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES In 1946 the war was over and fathers and sons came home. That was when *The Best Years Of Our Lives* was released and almost everyone who saw it felt personally involved. Now, eight years later the movie is back and a lot of people won't even notice it was about another war in another decade. They'll be thinking of Korea. Fredric March, Dana Andrews and Howard Russell are the tired heroes who discover that fighting was almost easier than readjusting to civilian life. March is a family man, a banker. Andrews is a soda-jerker for whom the Air Corps opened new vistas. Russell is an amputee. The lives of the three intermingle as each searches for his identity. Pathos and drama are still powerful in *The Best Years* which threatens to become not only an American classic but a perennial best seller. Cast includes Myrna Loy, Teresa Wright, Cathy O'Donnell, Virginia Mayo. —RKO



ACT OF LOVE A once gay, always romantic Paris is brought to nostalgic life in this film based on Alfred Hayes' novel *The Girl On The Via Flaminia*. Written by Irwin Shaw, directed by Anatole Litvak, *Act Of Love* is a poignant story haunted by the knowledge that if these lovers had met somewhere else at some other time they would not have lost each other. Kirk Douglas, an ex-soldier, sits on the terrace of a Riviera hotel and his thoughts go back to 1944 when he sought one thing of beauty, one moment of peace amid the coarse, ugly monotony of war. He meets Lisa (Dany Robin) a waif of exquisite, child-like loveliness. She accepts his offer of food and shelter which necessitates her sharing his room. Frightened and resentful, she nevertheless falls in love. But a broken city full of angry or apathetic people, full of black markets, suspicious police and an army of men leaves little space for fulfillment. Prominently cast are Barbara Laage, Serge Reggiana, Robert Strauss, George Mathews. —U.A.



THREE SAILORS AND A GIRL When you join the Navy you're supposed to see the sea and not come messing around Broadway with \$50,000. These three sailors (Gordon MacRae, Gene Nelson and jolting Jack E. Leonard) gathered the loot from their crew-mates, planning to invest it in stock. In stock! cries scheming Sam Levene. You mean show business! And proceeds to outline a script that will shortly lose them all their money. We're with you, say the sailors. Three, after sighting Jane Powell, Levene's star. Jane feels guilty about involving the boys, especially when she falls in love with MacRae. But a girl's got to eat and life is tough and oh, does that show flop in Boston (or New Haven). But bark! One of the boys can sing and one has feet that fly and one is so fat and funny you'll faint. I didn't faint. Technicolor. With Archer MacDonald. —Warners

(Continued on page 24)



Never let them go!



Beauty Bargain! 9-oz. DeLuxe bottle with handy pump dispenser . . . 69¢; other sizes, 25¢ and 47¢

He won't—if you don't! And 10 seconds is all it takes to keep your hands soft and smooth and heavenly to hold! Yes, this pretty-pink, Lanolined lotion actually smooths rough skin, soothes dry, chapped skin quicker 'n you can say "Cashmere Bouquet!" 'Specially formulated to vanish instantly. . . leaving no sticky feel, no oily film . . . just the flower-fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet.

cashmere bouquet
HAND LOTION



**What to do
when
"Young Skin"
problems
attack your face**

**Try to cover up with heavy make-up?
"Operate" on blackheads yourself?
Give up and hope you'll outgrow it?**

If your face has started sprouting blackheads, excess oil, enlarged pores—you can find remarkably quick help in Pond's special *greaseless* treatment. Hundreds of girls with complexion troubles like yours tell us how amazingly effective Pond's treatment is!

*Now—
a greaseless corrective
for oiliness,
roughness,
blackheads,
large pores*



In Young Skin, the oil glands often become over-active, the skin sluggish. Flaky particles pile up, roughen the surface. Dirt and oil, trapped by these dead skin cells, clog and stretch the pores. Then—blackheads and "bumps" are on the way.

Do something about "Young Skin," now! Just cover your face deeply, except eyes, with snowy-cool Pond's Vanishing Cream. Its "keratolytic" action loosens, dissolves away clogging oil and dead skin cells... frees tiny skin glands to function normally. After 1 minute, wipe off, rinse with cold water. Girls who use the treatment say: "Pores look much smaller" ... "My skin looks so soft, so clean!"

"Young Skin" doesn't like heavy make-up!
A powder base of Pond's Vanishing Cream gives a fresh, unshiny look.

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 last time I spent much time with Joseph Frank Lavecchio, a former Chicago choir boy better known as Frankie Laine, was when we went together to Johnnie Ray's opening at the Copacabana in New York City. As things turned out, it was a rewarding experience. At the end of the floor show, Laine and I dropped back to Ray's dressing room to offer our congratulations.

Frankie said, "Johnnie, you were wonderful—" But before he could finish, he choked up and suddenly began to sob.

Obviously, this was the behavior of an enormously emotional man. Watching it, I realized more than I ever had before why Frankie Laine is one of the most successful vocalists of our time. For one thing, he believes what he sings and, for another, he is marvelously capable of communicating his own feelings to his listeners. It explains why he has won seven gold records (which are awarded to an artist when one of his records sell one million copies) and is one up on Perry Como.

Some months after our visit to the Copacabana, Laine underwent surgery in order to relieve severe throat congestion. It was far from a minor operation and many people believed that he would never sing again. But he did sing, and he sang spectacularly. The first record he made after leaving the hospital was the affecting best-seller, "I Believe." It was a reaffirmation of his deep faith.

Frankie is a balding and chunky thirty-nine-year-old man. Since the operation, things have never been so good for him. Happily married to beautiful Nan Grey, he only recently signed a fat contract to make three movies for Columbia. Meanwhile, he also managed to score a resounding hit at the Palladium in London. This month he is on hand with a Columbia album called "Mr. Rhythm" that is immensely exciting.

"Mr. Rhythm" demonstrates that while Laine is a good singer to watch—one of the greatest of all so-called "action" singers—he is also quite, quite moving even without benefit of his physical exertion. "Mr. Rhythm" proves that his singing is impressive even if you can't see him thrashing his arms and stamping on the floor as though he were trying to break through to the basement.

This album contains some lovely songs. One is a heartbreaker out of the 1930's called "A Hundred Years From Today." Then there are such classics as "Someday, Sweetheart," "After You've Gone," "Lullaby In Rhythm," "Laughing At Life," "Willow, Weep For Me," and Hoagy Carmichael's memorable "Judy." In them,

Frankie gets wonderful support from his regular accompanist, a Cherokee pianist named Carl Fischer, and a fine orchestra conducted by Paul Weston, who is probably more celebrated for the skilful collaborations he has made with his wife, Jo Stafford. All in all, "Mr. Rhythm" is a good addition to anybody's record library.

RCA Victor has finally brought out its long and eagerly awaited 12-inch LP called "Show Biz." Aside from its infinite appeal as undiluted entertainment, this is an altogether remarkable document, spanning, as it does, the annals and personalities of show business from, according to the notes, "Caruso to Pinza, Smith and Dale to Milton Berle, Nora Bayes to Dinah Shore, Vaudeville to Movies to tv to 3-D." Based on the monumentally informative book of the same title by Abel Green and Joe Laurie, Jr., "Show Biz," which is narrated by George Jessel, is a cavalcade of fifty years of one of the most exciting and resplendent occupations imaginable.

One of the "hottest properties around today," as the expression goes, is Frank Sinatra, who, only a year or so ago, appeared to be finished. His performance in *From Here To Eternity* helped to re-establish him, of course, but so did his singing. Like Frankie Laine, Sinatra sings with immense conviction. If he is happy, his singing reflects it. If he is sad, it is almost impossible for him to conceal it in his voice. His new Capitol album is touching proof of this. It was made at the height of his difficulties with Ava and the fact is apparent in almost every selection. Here, in a collection that includes such enchantments as "Funny Valentine," "The Girl Next Door," "A Foggy Day," "Little Girl Blue," "Like Someone In Love," "I Get A Kick Out Of You," "They Can't Take That Away From Me," and "Violets For Your Furs," is one of the best Sinatra presentations in a long, long while. It is also an authentic torch song by a man who wants the whole world to know that he's in love.

The success of Universal-International's *The Glenn Miller Story* (in which Jimmy Stewart sometimes manages to strike an uncanny resemblance to the late orchestra leader) has, as was to be expected, inspired a number of record companies to get in on the act. Far and away the most successful of the efforts to capitalize on the movie's appeal is, of course, RCA Victor's "Glenn Miller Limited Edition," which includes many Miller broadcasts and costs a staggering \$24.95 per album. It has astonished practically everybody by selling close to 100,000 copies. (Continued on page 86)



Barbara Stanwyck

co-starring in

EXECUTIVE SUITE

An M-G-M Picture

YES, BARBARA STANWYCK uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. In fact, in a mere two years, Lustre-Creme has become the shampoo of the majority of top Hollywood stars! When America's most glamorous women use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn't it be *your* choice above all others, too?

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



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



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

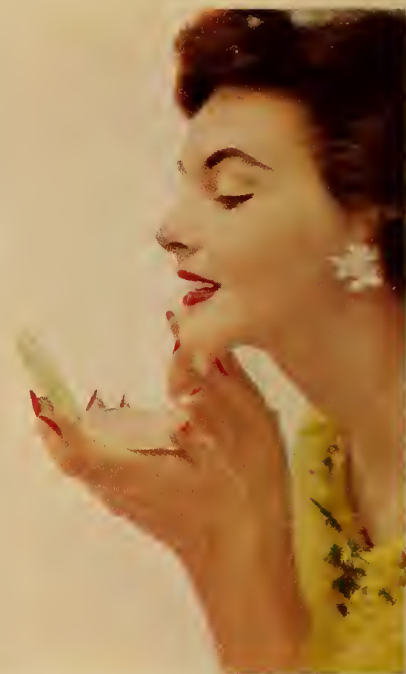


NOW in new
LOTION FORM or
famous CREAM FORM!

Pour it on . . . or cream it on! . . . Either way, have hair that shines like the stars! Lustre-Creme Shampoo in famous Cream Form—27¢ to \$2, in jars or tubes. In new Lotion Form—30¢ to \$1.

At Last! The make-up that keeps its promise!

Only **Creme Puff** makes you
look so pretty so quickly...
stay so pretty so long!



JUST THE kiss of a puff and this magical make-up—Max Factor's wonder blend of creamy make-up base and powder—brings a soft, lovely look to your skin.

It veils tiny imperfections instantly... yet always feels fresh and light.

Yes, Creme Puff is the smoothest of make-ups... blended to super smoothness with lanolin-rich creams. It can't dry your skin. It can't absorb the natural skin moisture that causes other make-ups to streak or turn orangey.

That's why only Creme Puff by Max Factor looks so lovely—so long.

Creme Puff comes in 7 complexion-true shades. In star-studded compact, \$1.25 plus tax; in De Luxe golden-tone compact (refillable), \$3.75 plus tax. At department and drugstores.



*Smooth, lasting loveliness—
with just the kiss of a puff.*

Creme Puff

made only by **MAX FACTOR**
HOLLYWOOD

Creme Puff (trademark) means Max Factor
Hollywood creamy powder make-up.

The heroic story of
Suzan Ball is one to be read
and re-read for its message
of courage and
honesty—and the faith
that can move mountains.

BY ALICE HOFFMAN



Extensive treatment, operations, have not injured the beauty that gave Suzan her start.

out of the shadows

■ Fate wrote a bitter script for Suzan Ball.

It marked her early as a beauty, it let her grow into a striking young woman with a record of small and large successes. She won recognition in Hollywood, and then, unbelievably, though she was only eighteen she was struck down by cancer.

The excitement of her proximity to fame faded. The loneliness that loomed ahead overshadowed everything else in her life.

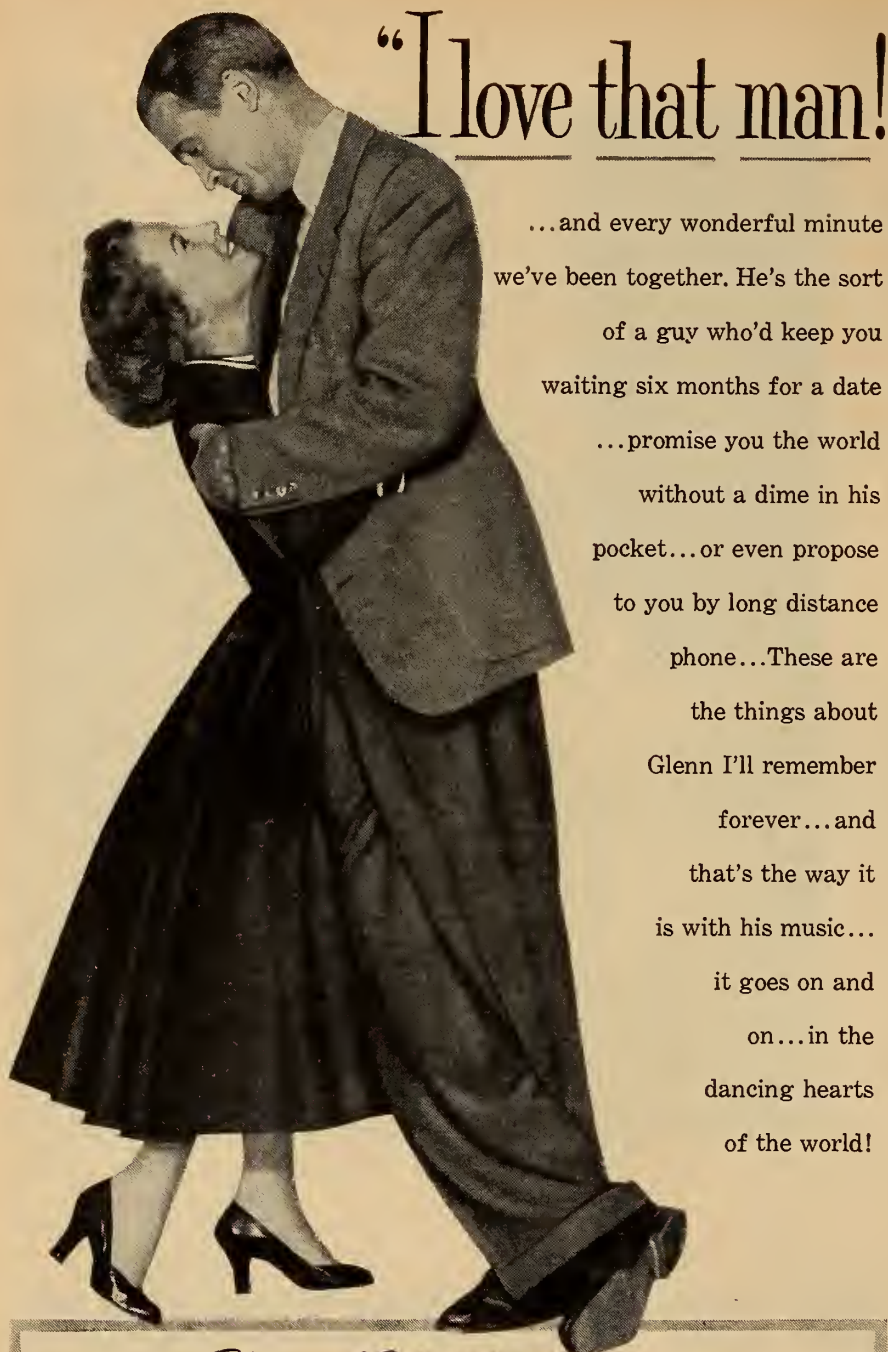
That was the script—but that isn't the way Suzan Ball is playing it. Out of her courageous wisdom, and the new love that came to her, the will to rewrite fate was born. The new scenes are not filled with despair but with hope, not death and the dread of death, but life and the special joy of new life.

Suzan Ball was born in Buffalo, New York. She remembers running through the streets there when she was a child with such a surge of life that she once cried out aloud: "I'll just never be sick. Not in my whole life I won't! I won't even get old. Not me!"

When her parents came to southern California (*Continued on next page*)



Dick Lang met Suzan when she was still using crutches; his love and his faith in her helped to speed her recovery.



"I love that man!"

...and every wonderful minute
we've been together. He's the sort
of a guy who'd keep you
waiting six months for a date
...promise you the world
without a dime in his
pocket...or even propose
to you by long distance
phone...These are
the things about
Glenn I'll remember
forever...and
that's the way it
is with his music...
it goes on and
on...in the
dancing hearts
of the world!

Universal-International presents

JAMES STEWART · JUNE ALLYSON

The GLENN MILLER STORY

COLOR BY *Technicolor*



HEAR THESE MEMORABLE
GLENN MILLER HITS:

"MOONLIGHT SERENADE"
"LITTLE BROWN JUG"
"IN THE MOOD"
"PENNSYLVANIA 6-5000"
"STRING OF PEARLS"
"TUXEDO JUNCTION"
"CHATTANOOGA CHOO CHOO"
and many, many more!

with
CHARLES DRAKE · GEORGE TOBIAS · HENRY MORGAN
and these Musical "Greats" as Guest Stars!
FRANCES LANGFORD · LOUIS ARMSTRONG · GENE KRUPA
BEN POLLACK · THE MODERNAIRES

Directed by ANTHONY MANN • Written by VALENTINE DAVIES and OSCAR BRODNEY • Produced by AARON ROSENBERG

(Continued from page 19) she was delighted. She attended North Hollywood High, won fair study marks and with her dark-haired, hazel-eyed beauty won a new beau every two weeks. She discovered she had a good singing voice. After her graduation at seventeen her parents wanted to move again, this time to northern California, but Suzan refused to go with them. There was a family scene.

"I've got a future here!" she cried. "I know I have. I'll succeed." She hoped to get into musical comedy. Finally she won. She went to live in the House of Seven Garbos from which Ruth Roman and Linda Christian and others have gone on to success in motion pictures. Her family went off to northern California.

She sang with small orchestras... sometimes for as little as \$15 a show. She took a job in a Beverly Hills cleaning shop, taking bundles in over the counter. And, incredibly, she got into pictures! The husband of a girl she knew was a writer. He arranged an interview for Suzan at Universal-International. They liked her, signed her and started her training.

Then in a dance routine in the studio, her foot slipped and her knee was hurt. Two months later, on a personal appearance tour in Boston, the same knee was hurt again in a minor automobile accident. Last April after a thorough examination, she heard the frightful diagnosis—not just the possibility of cancer, or the beginning of cancer, but cancer fullblown and raging through the bone of her right leg just above the knee. Her life was in danger unless the leg were amputated. The time for decision was short.

So much of the bone had been invaded by the tumor that if the malignant tissue were removed there would not be enough bone left to support her weight, she was told. Unless surgically removed the cancer would spread, leaving her, perhaps, only a few months more of life. This would be the risk she would take if she sought to treat the tumor with X ray: the chance of curing her leg would be slight, and the chance of fatal consequence unless she had surgery was considerable.

SUZAN had to take it from there alone. Roughly her choice seemed to be to lose the leg and live, or to keep it and die. Besides pure horror, she experienced then her first entirely honest moments with herself.

"After eighteen years of self-concern," she recalls, "the prospect I faced was so awesome as to seem impossible. Already, there was a dirge in the air. It came in the form of condolences. 'Gee, Suzie, I'm sorry to hear about it. If there is anything I can do...' they'd say, and then they would be gone. There was something frighteningly familiar about these phrases. And then it struck me. They all sounded just like I used to sound when I professed sympathy for someone and immediately forgot about him.

"It proved to me that I was worrying about what was actually a small indrawn life, this one I had led. It must have been so if I had not been able to muster up an honest sentiment for another person. Really, I asked myself, did my life amount to enough to be worth saving? Not until this question failed to shock me more than the fact that I had cancer shocked me, did I believe I was getting properly objective about my problem. You see, if I overrated Suzan Ball I might talk her out of taking a chance she perhaps should take."

This little conference with herself took place last April when she had been at Universal-International Studios for a year and a half. Even though Universal had high hopes for Suzan and had starred her in several pictures, she felt that she still had a long way to go.

Now that she had taken a good square look at Suzan Ball, Suzan Ball decided she was not so important that she couldn't take the risk of X-ray treatment. Her doctor's plan was to control and eradicate the cancer by X ray and then restore missing bone structure by the process of calcification. It might take a year or more and Suzan would certainly have to wear crutches through all this period.

Having made up her mind to go ahead, Suzan also decided there would be no dramatics about it, no living with pent-up hysteria ready to burst forth if she found that she had guessed wrong and the malignancy became general. To be even more thorough in her self-reformation she did not permit herself to brood. Rather, she sought ways of keeping herself busy.

INSTEAD of avoiding the studio and curious stares, she reported regularly. She began a course of study in English, Spanish and French. She even tried to talk writers into creating wheelchair parts that she would be able to play.

She talked to everyone and overcame her sensitivity about her misfortune. She didn't, as she first thought she must, avoid running into Tony Curtis. His favorite

Anthony Quinn and his lovely wife, the former Katherine DeMille, attended a cocktail party given by Kirk Douglas at his villa on the Via Appia Antica outside Rome. The Quinns, with their four children, planned to take over the villa when Kirk left. In preparation for the move, Kirk showed Katherine around, pointing out the beauties of the place, the grounds, flower beds, rose gardens, swimming pool, terraces, and the spacious house with its Italian architecture, art and furnishings.

"Well," he said to his guest at the end of the tour, "pretty great, huh?" "Lovely," Katherine said quietly, "but you left out the most important part of our tour. Where is the linen supply? And is there a place in the back yard to hang diapers?"

—Wanda Hale

greeting to everyone was always "Hi'ya, Gimpy!" and he would be sure to forget himself and say it to her. She was right. He did forget. But she was able to laugh it off, much to his relief, too. She was able to do more than that.

Her parents were divorced after they left North Hollywood. Her mother stayed in northern California with Suzan's younger brother, and her father came to live with her. Suzan needed help now and she advertised for a maid, staying home one afternoon from the studio to talk to applicants. The bell rang and on her crutches Suzan went to open the door. A young girl stood in the hall. Seeing Suzan she involuntarily cried out, "Oh, you're a cripple!" Then she looked terribly embarrassed. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to say that."

Suzan felt the blow but she was delighted to find herself smiling and answering easily. "Yes, a cripple, but just temporarily, I hope," she replied. They talked and the maid is with her to this day. She is a fine person and a mainstay at Suzan's apartment.

Suzan achieved an air of self-sufficiency despite the fact that she had to depend on her crutches—an air that stood her in good stead when she began to feel that a tall, brown-haired fellow around the studio was taking more than a passing interest in her.

Richard Long had come to Universal as an actor before Suzan but had left in 1950



Pretty housewife Mrs. Dolores Dalzell uses detergents daily — but doesn't take chances with her hands.

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but I'm proud of my pretty hands!"**

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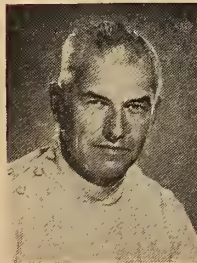
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For LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH-DECAY ENZYMES

for two years in Korea and Japan with the Army. While he was in Tokyo he saw a picture called *Yankee Buccaneer*, made by his old studio. Suzan was in the cast. He made up his mind to meet her as soon as he got back to Universal.

When he resumed his career, playing a featured role in the Barbara Stanwyck-Richard Carlson co-starrer, *All I Desire*, he saw Suzan in the studio commissary, got an introduction and talked to her for a minute. The next time he saw her they talked for ten minutes, the time after that for an hour and the fourth time they lingered at their table for three hours after lunch was over. It was then that Dick found the courage to ask Suzan what was wrong with her leg.

Suzan remembers this as the first crucial test of her acquired policy of honesty—to others as well as to herself. She felt a temptation to soften her answer, to lead up to the truth by speaking about a treatment which gave every promise of curing something that might have been serious. She finally gave a one word answer: "Cancer."

It shocked Dick all right. He'll tell you that. "But also," he recalls, "I felt an admiration I had never felt before for anyone I knew personally. I detected no self-pity in Suzan's face nor heard a trace of it in the tone of her voice. I said to myself that when I saw her on the screen in Tokyo I considered her beautiful, *merely* beautiful, but now I had found dimensions to her character and nature that made her, well—inspiring!"

AFTER A beginning like that neither of them was going to stoop to kid each other about anything, about themselves or their romance. When Dick worked in a scene and wanted honest criticism he knew just where to go for it. And he knew that was what Suzan wanted from him; her fling with pretense was over.

Handicapped as Suzan was, she was far from a restful influence on Dick's life. "She has a dynamic nature," he reports. "She is always on the go, impetuous, eager for every moment of life." But Suzan's impetuosity had its limitations, Dick learned, when he asked her to marry him last October. Before she could answer that one, she told him, she would have to do a lot of thinking. She didn't have to tell him that her thoughts would include the question of survival. Was she going to be around for any length of time? Up to now there had been medical reports that bone calcification was proceeding satisfactorily but there was no assurance that cancer was gone. So Suzan kept saying no.

Late last November Suzan's dog, a brown, miniature French poodle named Cezanne, brought on the hour of decision in Suzan's life when he knocked over his drinking bowl on the kitchen floor. Suzan entered a few minutes later, slipped on the wet tile and broke the twice-injured leg in the very same place where the process of bone building had been going on for such a long time. She remembers being conscious just long enough to think of this with a great pang of regret. Luckily Dick was present in the livingroom and heard her fall. He picked her up, telephoned the doctor and Suzan was in the hospital before an hour had passed. There, after an examination made on the operation table, she got the finest news she had heard in a year. There was no trace of cancer. Surgery could now be used to graft bone from her hip to the leg and within a few months she could be back on her feet. Cezanne had in effect told his mistress, "If you're going to be well, let's take the shortcut." There was another shortcut. Dick, who had been proposing on the average of every other Thursday, suddenly woke up to the fact that Suzan was saying yes.

"When?" he asked.

They went a little crazy and decided Suzan would be spirited out of the hospital somehow and flown to Las Vegas that very weekend for the marriage. But good sense prevailed. Instead, *that* weekend, just a fortnight before Christmas, the bone-grafting operation was performed. When Suzan came out of the ether, the doctor told her the surgery had been successful and there was nothing more to worry about. She remembered a quotation from Dickens' *Bleak House*—"A person is never known till a person is proved," and understood for the first time what it meant. She felt wonderfully strong and sure of herself, and certainly Dick had proved himself.

Then she and Dick made their plans, according to which they will have been married for weeks by now. She will be back at the studio, ready and able to work in a picture, and they plan an interesting future, perhaps eventually combining their careers on the stage. But whatever their professional success, or their lack of professional success, it is not to interfere with their personal lives.

SUZAN AND DICK want children. They want a baby of their own as soon as they can have one, and they plan to adopt one. They want their real life to go on with no interference from their efforts to interpret life on the screen or stage. They mean this even though they kid each other about it, and about the fact that with Suzan now able to hobble about they are everlastingly on the go.

"You see, like I said, Suzan is dynamic," commented Dick. "She doesn't want to miss a thing."

"I've been marking time. Don't you understand?" countered Suzan. "I'm well now."

"Yeah," said Dick, teasing her. "You had your chance and you had to get your leg well and pass it up."

"Chance for what?" asked Suzan, puzzled.

"To be a second Sarah Bernhardt, of course. She did her best acting on crutches!" said Dick—and then ducked. Suzan had pretended she was going to throw Cezanne at him. Instead she threw herself into his arms.

That's the way the script reads now . . . in the life of a girl who lived with death for months—to earn a chance to live with real happiness.

END

IT HAPPENED TO ME

The year was 1924 and I was visiting Los Angeles. Funny man Ben Turpin was the first movie star I met. I chattered, "It must be wonderful to be able to make millions laugh as you do. It seems so easy for you."



To my amazement, I saw that his comical eyes were full of tears and his face had a pained expression. I thought he was clowning until, with a little catch in his voice, he said, "No, it isn't easy. You see, I love my wife very much, and she is dying a lingering death. I have to keep working or hold up production. Besides, we need the money. But it's very difficult." Then, two big tears rolled down his cheeks.

Since then, whenever an audience howls with laughter at a fine comedian, I always wonder if some secret sorrow may not be eating at his heart.

Maurine Hathaway
Omaha, Nebraska

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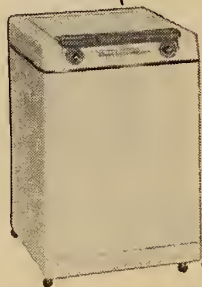


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the kind you just fill and turn on!... and it only costs...



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*why, that's even less than
lots of wringer washers!*



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It's *wonderful*! Does a full-sized 8 lb. wash, with new Super-Agitator cleaning action! Floataway-Flushaway draining keeps dirty wash-water from straining through clothes to re-soil them. Completely portable. Rolls anywhere, stores anywhere. New Flexible Metexaloy Wondertub is so durable, it's *guaranteed*, in writing, for 5 full years! Honestly, what other machine could possibly give you so much for your money?

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BENDIX HOME APPLIANCES, AVCO Manufacturing Corp., Cincinnati 25, Ohio

"GO, MAN, GO!" You don't have to be a basketball fan to know about or enjoy The Harlem Globetrotters. Like all champions, they're bigger than the game; they use the game to express themselves. Many years ago in Chicago there was a man named Abe Saperstein who could think about basketball the way other men dream of music or painting. He was driven to create a team that would be the best in the world, that would function like a perfect machine. It would be his work of art. The team had its beginning in barns, dry swimming pools, hilly courts all over the states with Saperstein looking for men who loved basketball more than food and played that way. But perfect teamwork wasn't enough for the big leagues when prejudice, slick operators and phonies called the plays. What made the difference, what pushed The Globetrotters over the barrier was Saperstein's frenetic energy, his stubborn defiance of all odds. Dane Clark plays him with boundless charm. The Globetrotters appear as themselves in this unique and rewarding film. With Patricia Breslin, Sidney Poitier—U.A.



BAD FOR EACH OTHER Real inspiring story about a fine young man (Charlton Heston) from Coalville, Pa., whose fingers keep itching for money. He's a doctor, late of Korea, who returns to his natal coal pit to be socked on the jaw by an old friend. What'd I do? he says. Not you, says this old friend. Your brother. Not only did he die in the mine explosion, he was responsible for it. My brother? says Charlton. Yes, says Mildred Dunnock, mother of both, your brother. I'll make up for it, says Charlton, falling into the silken arms of Elizabeth Scott. Liz is such a vampire her father (Ray Collins) must trot around warning boys away. She endears Heston to the idle rich and pretty soon he has an all-leather office. But in the back of his mind lurks an old sickness. That mine. That rotten brother. And Heston's nurse, big-eyed Dianne Foster, keeps looking at him sadly. Go back to Coalville, her eyes say, that's where you belong, hoy. A mine explosion brings him back and nevermore does this fine young man wander from home.—Columbia



WAR ARROW Out in Texas the Kiowa Indians are having a ball. They can't build teepees fast enough to hold all those scalps. But do you think Colonel John McIntire is doing anything but holding his head? He is not—which is why Major Jeff Chandler arrives. Chandler's plan is to enlist the Seminoles' aid. However, the poor Seminoles had the fight knocked out of them years ago and now roam about quite listlessly. McIntire sneers at Chandler. Maureen O'Hara doesn't. She lures him on to a proposal which, strangely enough, engenders in her a feeling of absolute hate. Chandler can't worry about that. He has the entire state of Texas to save and several dozen Seminoles to stir up and one Seminole (Suzan Ball) to simmer down. Chandler manages fairly well. With Charles Drake and Noah Beery, Jr., assisting, he gives the Kiowans a run for their wampum. McIntire objects to his tactics until the bloody end, though. As for that O'Hara lady, she has a dead husband to worry about. That is, she hopes to heaven he's dead. Technicolor.—Universal-International



BORDER RIVER I always thought the right side won the Civil War but now they show us a Confederate (Joel McCrea) who's got more guts than Dick Tracy and I'm thinking someone's putting the wrong slant on American history (even though most of my best friends are southerners). Anyway, McCrea divests a Union mint of two million dollars and swims all the way to *Zona Libre* which is on the other side of the *Rio Grande*. Smirking Pedro Armendariz rules this little province (but his days are numbered) with his captain, smiling Alfonso Bedoya. And Yvonne De Carlo runs a little cafe to which repairs every renegade of almost every country. Like Baron Kurt von Hollden (Ivan Triesault) whose days are also numbered. McCrea wants to buy arms from Armendariz. Armendariz wants McCrea to believe he'll sell when actually he, Pedro, is waiting to lay his hands on the two million and sink McCrea in the *Grande*. Therefore there is much secrecy, much moving among the brush at night, much suspicion and intrigue afloat in the Early Cosmopolitan air. Well, McCrea gets his supplies—and Yvonne DeCarlo. But history maintains it didn't do much good. Technicolor. —U.I.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE (MGM): Mel Ferrer as King Arthur, ruling the heroic Knights; Ava Gardner as Queen Guinevere ruling the romantic heart of Sir Launcelot (Robert Taylor). Also decorative in costume, CinemaScope and Technicolor are Ann Crawford and Maureen Swanson.

HONDO (Warners): Another big western, this one stars John Wayne, Geraldine Page, Ward Bond and lots of Indians. Wayne defeats them all with the help of a small hoy. Warner-Color.

THE MAN BETWEEN (U.A.): James Mason and Hildegard Neff meet and fall in love in postwar Berlin. Like most pictures turned out by Carol Reed, this one has excitement, suspense and a little more—fine acting and a poignant, tender story.

THE EDDIE CANTOR STORY (Warners): Sure to be one of the year's big hits. The story of Eddie's rise to fame stars Keefe Brasselle and Marilyn Erskine as the understanding Ida plus Cantor's own singing on the sound track. Exceptionally fine performance by Aline MacMahon as Grandma Esther. Technicolor too.

THE WILD ONE (Col.): Newcomer Mary Murphy falls for Marlon Brando, but he and his crowd of restless, motorcycle-happy friends bring brawling and hysteria to her small town.

HOW TO MARRY A MILLIONAIRE (20th-Fox): Another lavish CinemaScope production, this one stars Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, Lauren Bacall in a raucous story of three models who rent a penthouse as headquarters for their man-trapping expeditions into New York's night life. David Wayne, William Powell, Cameron Mitchell get trapped. Technicolor.

MURDER ON MONDAY (London Films): Ralph Richardson, Margaret Leighton in a tight, well-plotted English murder mystery, about a bank clerk who may be an amnesia victim—or a murderer.

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.

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.

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.



"Ex...
or
Exquisite?"



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

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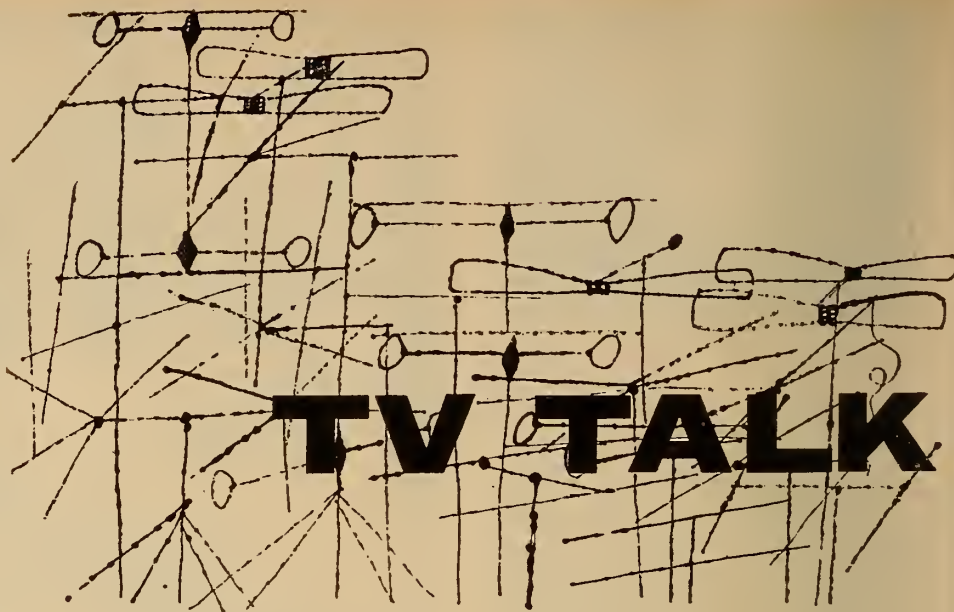


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 . . . Tallulah is
 svelter than ever.



Did you notice **Tallulah's** brand new figure when she played *Hedda Gabler* a couple of months ago? If you missed it, watch for it the next time *La Bankhead* appears on TV. She may do a weekly panel show à la Groucho, so you'll have plenty of chances to catch her. She's proud of her svelter new look, which she achieved by dieting and by surgery . . . All the talk about the **Gary Moores** breaking up was misinterpreted. As usual, everybody figured the husband was the one who wanted the end of the marriage. 'Twas on the contrary. But it's all straightened out, and the Moores—who have been married for years—will stay that way . . . Have you noticed how **Burr Tillstrom**, the creator and the voice of all the *Kuklapolitans*, always appears at the end of *Kukla, Fran, and Ollie* with one of his puppets? Next time notice how careful Burr is to make sure the puppet is still behind the stage while he stands to one side. He refuses to be photographed holding or maneuvering any of his creations because he's afraid it will spoil the illusion that they are real. This insistence may be one reason why people talk about *Kukla* and *Ollie* and *Dolores* and all the gang as if they were friends instead of puppets. Both Burr and **Fran Allison** talk about all the *Kuklapolitans* as if they were real people, and they want all the viewers to have that attitude, too. *Kukla*, by the way, has a bright yellow face and a red nose. And *Ollie's* hair is a chic shade of auburn. You'll all see for yourselves when you get a look at color television. It's not as perfect as Technicolor yet, but it adds a lot to shows . . . Many people are relieved that **Mike Wallace** is appearing without his wife, **Buff Cobb**. Buff is a cute little blonde whose looks complement Mike's tall, dark handsomeness. But when they were together on TV, she outtalked him and upstaged him. Now he's getting a chance to work by himself, and he's making a real hit . . . **Dave Garroway** is seen around New York with more good looking women than any other unmarried man in town. But he isn't hunting for a second Mrs. G. . . . When **Joan Crawford** works in television, she takes more pains with every little detail than any other actress. She watches all the camera angles and all the costumes and all the staging. If more stars had this conscientiousness about their TV work (instead of looking down on it as an easy way to make a fast buck), they'd be bigger TV hits—and get

more jobs on the small screen . . . **Carleton Carpenter**, who left MGM before his contract was up to appear on Broadway, has a couple of routines reminiscent of his old ones with **Debbie Reynolds**. But he certainly could use Debbie to add that wonderful pep . . . The reason **Dorothy Kilgallen** seems to ruffle so many viewers is the same reason she was hired—to get the right answers. She's a smart girl—very quick and very shrewd—and she's on the panel of *What's My Line* to guess the occupations. The others members are around for charm and humor. So don't hate Dorothy. She isn't getting paid to beguile you. That's **Arlene Francis'** job . . . **Marlin Perkins** really loves those snakes he fondles on *Zoo Parade*, and **Jim Hurlbut** really loathes them. Jim can't get used to working with the crawling things, but Marlin has been batty about snakes ever since he was a kid. The happiest time of the year for him now is when he can go out in the field and hunt for rare specimens . . . **Alistair Cooke** is one of the most debonair men around town. He's much more casual on TV, however, than he is in person. Off screen, he plays his cards pretty close to his chest. He's more consciously charming than anything else. You get the feeling, when he makes a *bon mot*, that he's made it before and liked it—so well he memorized it . . . **Mrs. Milton Berle** is an old and dear friend of **Henry Morgan**. They used to be seen together all the time—for years. And there probably aren't two comics less alike than Henry and Miltie. Ruth has always been able to be all things to all men. With one, she'd seem shy, with another, smart. Maybe that's how she finally got Milton . . . Don't let anyone try to tell you **Maria Riva** is as gorgeous as her mother, **Marlene Dietrich**. She never has been, and she isn't now. Marlene's unique, and not even her own daughter can match her. Maria, who is the mother of two young children, is a clothes horse just like her old lady—but no one has the class grandma has. Maria's marriage, by the way, is not as steady as it used to be . . . The rumors about **Red Buttons** are growing and growing. A year ago you couldn't have found a more humble lad. Now a week doesn't go by without another tale of how he's changed . . . Have you ever wondered why **Ethel Merman** never looks as good on TV as she does in the movies? There's one reason, of course, that holds true for everyone: movie lights are kinder to the

older stars than TV's. But Merman also doesn't seem to care about how she looks. When a wardrobe woman gives her a dress to wear, she puts it on and wears it. She never even looks in the mirror to see if it's flattering. As a result, it isn't . . . Another girl who could look better if she tried—and easily—is **Nina Foch**. Nina seems to go out of her way to look bad. She wears hardly any lipstick—and no other make-up at all. If she just wants to look "interesting," she succeeds . . . You'd never guess it to hear him talk, but **John Henry Faulk** has a Master's degree and used to teach English in college! His heavy Texas accent (which is heavier than any Texan's in Texas) is an acquisition—on purpose. Although he was born in the Lone Star State, he never drowled that much until he was teaching in the University of Texas. Then he found out that the easiest way to hold his students' attention was to be corny and lay on the drawl with a trowel. He even keeps it up in his private life. Every now and then he slips back and talks like the rest of us; but then he suddenly remembers and starts layin' it on ag'in . . . **Mark Stevens** was recruited from Hollywood to become *Martin Kane, Private Eye* for one main reason—to add "class" to the program. The producers decided they wanted "high class" murders—whatever that means—and so they needed someone like Mark to give the show a glamorous touch. He has succeeded, too: the rating's higher than ever . . . Did you know that **Sheldon Leonard**, whom you've seen in a thousand movies, is now directing the **Danny Thomas** show? Leonard has given up acting for work on the other side of the camera. This big switch has long been standard with established movie actors—it could become a TV fad, too. . . . Nobody has ever seen **John Cameron Swayze** looking messy, disheveled, or even casual. He is always as neat as that proverbial pin. And he's so fond of ties that he sends them as presents to women! . . . **Art Linkletter** pretends to be embarrassed every time anyone says anything risqué on one of his shows, but there never was a man less embarrassed—nor more frank-talking. The best acting he does is when he ignores a *faux pas* from a contestant. There are one million gay retorts on the tip of his tongue. But Art knows which side of his bread is buttered, and he keeps up the wholesome routine. He can even manage to look as though he's blushing on black and white TV. And that's a neat trick, too!

First time in Technicolor and 3D...and 3 times funnier!

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MARTIN and **LEWIS**

in the hilarious story by
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MONEY FROM HOME

A
HAL WALLIS
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MARJIE PAT RICHARD
MILLAR · CROWLEY · HAYDN

with Robert Strauss · Gerald Mohr · Sheldon Leonard · Romo Vincent

Directed by George Marshall · Screenplay by Hal Kanter

Adaptation by James Allardice and Hal Kanter · A Paramount Picture



* WILL NOT BE SHOWN IN ANY THEATRE IN THE UNITED STATES
UNTIL AFTER COMPLETION OF THE SPECIAL 3-D SHOWINGS





For \$15,000 a week, Shelley sang and made eyes at capacity crowds, lost friends, influenced managers to threaten murder.



Shell demanded (and got) attention. Annoyed at comedian's act, she demanded (but didn't get) changes in it.



Practice shots at dice tables are strictly against the rules—but Shelley, who makes her own laws, took one anyway.



Slot machines refused to shell out for Shell—but more easily an intimidated cashier came across with the money she used.

SHELLFIRE

On stage, Shelley was Las Vegas' biggest hit. Off stage, everybody wanted to hit Shelley!

■ "I won't stay another minute in this hotel!" Shelley Winters stormed at the fabulous Flamingo in Las Vegas.

"That's all right with us. We'll send up a man for your bags."

No hotel management sends a movie star packing. It isn't done. But this time the man meant what he said and amazingly, Miss Winters calmed down. Shelley had had a great deal to say about the comic who appeared on the show with her. She didn't like the way he kidded her act, nor the way the orchestra played, just for a start. According to the management, by the time she had finished ranting, they weren't too sure who was running the hotel.

About this time a MODERN SCREEN reporter-photographer arrived in Las Vegas to find out what the fuss was all about. There was no fuss at all, after Shelley kept him waiting a couple of days for his pictures. Then she showed up with her little daughter, Gina. They were all smiles, and not once did Gina show any evidence of the tornado temperament of her mother. After Gina had smiled for enough pictures, she was put to bed. Then Shelley set sail to investigate the wonders of Las Vegas gambling.

First stop: the dice table. Shelley barged in, picked up the dice and announced, "This is a practice shot."

The croupier turned grey. "Look, lady. There are no practice shots at any table anywhere in Las Vegas. Nothing is for free."

"This is a practice shot," Shelley announced, ignoring him and tossed the dice. The cubes came up seven and everybody winced. The customers egged her on, but Shelley would play no more. "The hotel is paying me a lot of money now; if I took any more away from them, they might start charging me for ice water."

Grabbing the photographer by one arm, she dragged him to the nearest quarter slot machine. She didn't have a purse and the photographer didn't have a quarter. She walked up to the cashier and said, "Gimmie some money!" The cashier nearly swallowed her gum. She looked at a house man standing nearby. "I said," Shelley repeated, "gimmie some money." The house man shrugged and the cashier shelled out two quarters. Shelley planted them in the slot machine. There was the usual grinding of the wheels but no payoff.

"See?" Shelley exclaimed. "This is no way to get rich!" With that she disappeared to rest for her evening show in which louder and longer than any performer in months, she sang and swayed to rocking applause. Evidently, although she was a thorn in the side of the show managers, she did please the customer and she was well worth the \$15,000 a week they paid her.

One boss said: "Next time I hear that doll is headed this way I'm heading for Paris—fast." He'd better not; Shelley may take her show to Paris. With all her startling behavior, she is beloved by the press, because she makes news a mile a minute. That's the press. As for her press agent, he's suing her. He claims she hasn't paid all the money she owes him, and he hints privately that she has exploded once too often.

Shelley retorts, "I'm the easiest girl in the world to get along with. What's wrong with everybody?"



it's a
secret...

(but soon it will be on everybody's lips)

Max Factor discovers a way to put "stay-on lustre" into a lipstick

Now at last the secret's out! After years of research, Max Factor has developed an amazing new non-smear type lipstick with "stay-on lustre" that won't blot away, won't fade away, won't wear away. You smooth on this lanolin-rich, creamy, non-drying lipstick. Hours later . . . after dinner, after coffee, after that last kiss . . . its satiny "stay-on lustre" will still be on your lips! In 9 glowing fashion shades. Only \$1.10 plus tax.



you can't blot away the lustre

MAX Factor's Color-fast lipstick



THERE'S
COLD

CREAM

NOW IN
CAMAY

HER
PETAL-SOFT
SKIN GOES
STRAIGHT TO
HIS HEART!

Pamper your beauty with new Camay!
Wonderful for complexion and bath!

Here's wonderful news about complexion care! Now Camay contains fine cold cream. It's yours at no extra cost, and Camay *alone* among leading beauty soaps brings you this luxury ingredient.

More delightful than ever before!
Whether your skin is dry *or* oily, new Camay leaves it feeling exquisitely cleansed, wonderfully fresh. And Camay with cold cream brings new luxury to your Beauty Bath, too!

You still get everything that's always made Camay a treasure . . . the softer complexion that's yours when you change to regular care and Camay, that velvety Camay lather, famous Camay mildness, and delicate fragrance yours only in Camay. There's no finer beauty soap in all the world!



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

At last one of
Hollywood's most popular
reporters (and man-about-
beautiful-women) bares
his soul. For the first time,
Sidney Skolsky tells all
about his love-life—and the
private lives of his loves—
including some of
Hollywood's hottest stars!

Sidney Skolsky gives
the lowdown
on Hollywood Women



Mr. Charles D. Saxon
Editor,
Modern Screen
261 Fifth Avenue
New York 16, N. Y.

Dear Chuck:

Once upon a time in a Marx Brothers picture, Chico, having a lot of trouble with Harpo, said to him: "I'd like to buy back my introduction to you."

I'm tempted to say the same thing to you, Chuck, because when you asked me to write an article exposing the Hollywood female, I thought you must be kidding. Who am I to be exposing these lovely creatures? Besides, anyone who tells you he knows all about women is either a fool or a phony, or both. The only thing I know about women is that (Cont'd)



I don't—and it took me many years to learn this.

So I'm wisening you up fast and cheap, Chuck. I'm a real friend and I don't like to see you buying an article from me about Hollywood women just because I know Marilyn Monroe so well. After all, Marilyn isn't the only girl in town.

During my years of covering Hollywood I guess I've come to know Lana Turner, Ava Gardner and Joan Crawford, as well as a lot of others among them, maybe better than some of their husbands. It's part of my job and I learned a long time ago that life is much sweeter if you like what you're doing.

One of the beauties of my job is that I'm not always aware that I'm working. Take Lana Turner, for instance. When I first knew Lana, she had only one sweater to her frame, and if I had told my readers what I knew about her they wouldn't have known who I was talking about. It takes every glamour girl a little while to become Somebody. For instance, Chuck, when Lana was in the first flush of her popularity a famous European visited (*Continued on page 81*)



ABOVE: When Ava kissed Sidney, he thought a truck had hit him. Few love harder than Ava; only real heartbreak makes her admit romantic failure.

LEFT: One of Marilyn's closest friends, Sidney pinch-hits for DiMaggia when the ball player is out of town, finds The Monroe bright and honest.

the lowdown

on Hollywood Women continued

Actresses are not like the girl-next-door.

Stars are dolls with a malady—more than any other women, they want to be loved!

Bathing suit by Rose Marie Reid



Terry Moore posed for Sidney in the white ermine bathing suit later banned from Korea. The reason: confused authorities thought Terry was doing a strip! So she finished tour in slacks.



ABOVE: Elaine Stewart will probably be a blow to many a masculine ego, Sidney predicts; like other glamour stars, she may be more flattered by her own pictures than by her men.

RIGHT: Debbie Reynolds' real nature was a surprise to Sidney; he knew that she led a Girl Scout troop, but didn't dream that she also fed her crowd of Hollywood sophisticates.



Jean cries "Peace! Peace!" and there would be

They Fight for each Other



at
Lo
Si
be
nu
the
the
cal

peace—if folks wouldn't call her home a bloody British battleground! ■ by STEVE CRONIN



■ While her towering, lusty, free-talking husband was hard at work with Elizabeth Taylor making *Beau Brummel* in London, Jean Simmons was out on the town. With Frank Sinatra and her agent, the dashing Bert Allenberg, the bewitching, brown-eyed little actress dropped in at the Coconut Grove to hear Lena Horne.

Jean Simmons loves nightclubs and Stewart Granger hates them. So while he was in England, Jean was indulging herself—and enjoying herself.

The very next day Hollywood was trying mightily to blow the Sinatra-Simmons item into an incipient romance. Ava had called it quits with Frankie and flown to Rome, and Granger

was in England. Otherwise, Sinatra and Simmons do not seem to have much in common.

Hollywood seers have always insisted that the Stewart Grangers' marriage simply cannot last.

Is it because Granger is seventeen years older than his wife?

Is it because he does the cooking and all the planning?

Is it because he is over-protective and masterminds his wife's career?

Is it because two careers in one family rarely mix?

Is it because he is an intellectual and Jean is a talented child?

Is it because eventually Jean (Continued on page 85)





I'm gonna quit

When a top star decides
to give up his career, a lot of
people want to know why.

His studio, for example,
his public . . . and his wife.

BY THELMA MCGILL

■ No matter what people say about Dale Robertson—that he takes himself too seriously, that he won't cooperate with his studio's publicity department or that he is a horse-crazy, frustrated cowboy, the fact remains that he always tries to tell the truth about himself. When this drawling young giant tells you something, he means what he says.

When he says, as he did a few weeks ago, "I'm gonna quit acting in another two years," he means it. He isn't reaching for a headline or a mention in a gossip column.

Robertson has always insisted that, "I came to Hollywood with one goal in mind. Wanted to get me enough money to buy a horse ranch.

"The way I figured it back then, the way I still figure, is that anyone can become an actor. I reckon you can walk out on Hollywood Boulevard right now and make good actors out of the first ten folks you run into. I'm not saying they'll develop into stars. Nothing like that. It's the public who makes the stars, not Hollywood. But anyone can act. When I learned that, I decided to do something about it."

So he went out and raised all the money he could and bought interest in a manufacturing concern called Everlast Laboratories. Now he's president of the corporation.

His business manager, Morgan Maree, who used to limit his spending money to \$20 a week, tried to persuade Dale not to buy into this business. "Why don't you invest in an (Continued on page 73)



TOP: Even in supposedly happy days before marriage, Susan had Jess sign a waiver renouncing his right to community property he now claims. BOTTOM: Susan has granted Jess weekend visits with his sons; her lawyers now claim he has been seeing them illegally.

From the first, Susan felt her marriage was a mistake. Now she's paying in public heartbreak for ten years of hidden bitterness.

BY IMOGENE COLLINS

still slugging

■ All married couples fight. Some verbally, some physically, some in subtler ways.

In the last ten years Susan Hayward and Jess Barker have tried them all, apparently. Some of these fights have resulted in temporary separations followed by loving reconciliations.

A few months ago, just after Susan had finished *Demetrius And The Gladiators* at \$5,000 a week, she and Jess were sitting in the livingroom of their Longridge Road home.

The atmosphere was frigid. Whatever love they had once had for each other had now turned into a battle of the sexes. The only bond which held their marriage together was the twins, Timothy and Gregory, who will be nine years old this month.

Susan Hayward, as Hollywood knows, is an iron-willed, tenacious young woman of thirty-six, who has long been suggesting that her husband give up his not-too-successful acting career. For years she has been advising Jess to "get into something else."

Jess has demurred.

"After all," one of his friends explains, "How could he possibly take a job in a filling station? People would drive up and say, 'See that guy over there? He's Susan Hayward's husband.'"

On this particular night, Susan again brought up the unpleasant subject of Jess and a new job. According to intimates, she salted her conversation with one or two aspersions on her husband's manhood.

Provoked, Jess slapped the beautiful redhead. She bit his hand. He cuffed her again. "He has slapped me many times," Susan said later, "but this time I could tell it was going to be worse, his face was so distorted with rage—"

Susan began to scream. Jess, according to her version, came after her again. She tried to get (*Continued on page 78*)





Despite co-workers' reports that Frank's career has hit new peaks and his disposition is remarkably cheerful, he suffers "nervous exhaustion."

■ Ever since last November when he was admitted to Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York, because of "nervous exhaustion," Frank Sinatra has been the target of suicide rumors.

It was whispered of Frank then that when he learned of Ava's determination to divorce him he grew depressed and in a subsequent fit of despondency tried to slash his left wrist.

Sinatra's physician said there was no truth to this report and that his patient had been suffering from fatigue.

Although Sinatra is not indefatigable, he is close to it. Thin, wiry, with an almost inexhaustible supply of energy, Frank has burned the candle at both ends for years with practically no sign of physical deterioration.

The one exception has been his hair. Despite consistent and expensive treatments it is thinning and he will probably be as bald as his father is.

When Frank checked out of Mt. Sinai Hospital on November 19, one of his acquaintances said, "With him suicide is always a possibility. He is a volatile person. He is either way up on top or way down on the bottom. No medium level for him."

"But I don't believe he would ever commit suicide because of a woman. He has known too many and he is too much in love with himself to love anyone so desperately that her withdrawal would make his life meaningless.

"A year or so ago, he was really low, and maybe he contemplated it then. As

an entertainer he seemed to be all washed up. He made *Meet Danny Wilson* at Universal for practically no money, maybe \$10,000 and a percentage, and it laid a bomb. His recordings were selling almost zero. His attempt to buck Milton Berle on tv was hopeless and the network dropped him. He had left Nancy and the three kids for Ava. Then he fought with Ava all the time. He was in hock to the Government for back taxes. Besides a few gambling characters, most of his friends and employees had pulled out.

"If Frank had put a gun to his head then I could have understood it. But now? I don't think so. Maybe he scratched himself or took an extra pill in order to (Continued on page 66)

His friends say
lost love could not make
life meaningless for
Frankie. But this is not
the first time Sinatra
has touched tragedy.

BY WILLIAM BARBOUR

The Trouble with Sinatra...



Frank laughs with Eddie Cantor, Eddie Fisher, but scar on wrist hints at suicide attempt.

FRANK'S ONE SECURITY IS HIS LOVE FOR HIS CHILDREN.

Despite the fact that much justifiable criticism has been launched against Frank Sinatra and his personal life, his singing, and his negative attitude toward friends and press, he has always been an exemplary father.

When Frank divorced Nancy Sinatra in 1951 to marry Ava, he never once quibbled about the resulting financial settlement.

He agreed that his family was entitled to a minimum of \$50,000 a year and a percentage of his earnings. Since his divorce from Nancy, the crooner has always provided well for his three children and their mother.

Last Christmas he took his children holiday shopping in Hollywood and spent more time with them than he had the entire previous year when he was traveling in Europe and Africa with Ava.

All three children resemble their father physically. In background and bringing up, however, they are very different from Frankie. For this he is profoundly grateful.

"I had a helluva youth," he has sometimes remarked, realizing that in many ways his boyhood was responsible for his being the restless, intense, driven, unpredictable firebrand he is today—though it also contributed towards making him a charming, popular and hard-working public idol.

For Sinatra's children, perhaps life is better in Hollywood than it might have been for them in Hoboken.

When little sister becomes big competition, hair-pulling usually results.
But Debra isn't scalping me—she says her throne is big enough for two.

by Lisa Gaye



THE QUEEN AND I



The only time people recognize me on the street (that's me on the left, you know!) they think I'm Debbie. In fact, I got my first break in movies when Debbie suggested me for a part originally scheduled for her.

■ If my sister, whose name is Debra Paget, ever plays the part of a twin in a movie the role won't be too unfamiliar to her. Once she was a near-twin. I, born eighteen months after her, was the other. That was the closest our mother ever came to getting the twins she had always wanted. She made the best of it. She dressed us alike and as soon as my size caught up a bit with Debbie's we actually began to get the kind of stares twins get. There was a resemblance, of course. The report on my first movie test (the first of nearly a dozen!) was unfavorable because I looked too much like Debbie to be accepted as a personality in my own right.

I can still remember that Debbie and I liked being twins. There was a special allure to it because we had our big secret (that we weren't twins really) and any time we wanted to be individuals again we could. That time came permanently for Debbie when she was nine years old. She fell in love with a pink and white dress which could not be duplicated for me and that was the end of our "twin" period.

Almost everyone asks me, sooner or later, what Debbie is like to live with. I guess what they have in mind is the question one girl put to me bluntly. "Is she like a queen or something?" she wanted to know.

Well, if by "queen" she meant someone who floats around in an aura of unapproachable regality, the answer is no. It's nothing like that. In fact, the queen is no queen. She is more accurately described as one of four sisters or as a girl who is interested in two things—her family and her (Continued on page 67)

DEBRA PAGET



RETURN FROM NOWHERE

■ Contrary to the prediction made by Hollywood almost ten years ago, Guy Madison does not live in oblivion. In those days people said his popularity was a freak in show business, that his appeal was based only on the fact that he was young and handsome. They said that since he couldn't portray emotion much more effectively than a wooden Indian, his burst of fame would shortly dwindle away.

The prophecy came close. Guy's wave of publicity subsided, he dropped out of sight, and for a long time hardly anyone knew what had happened to him. Then last summer Warner Brothers gave him a contract which pays him \$100,000 per picture and guarantees him at least five pictures at this remarkable salary. The brass hats who run movie studios have been known to make costly mistakes, but the promise of a half million dollars for the services of one young man implies confidence backed by solid reason.

The reason is Guy himself. He is different from the boy of eight years ago, but he hasn't lost his appeal. Gone is the roundness, the stolid muscularity of the curly-headed youth who attracted thousands of bobby soxers during the last years of the war. Guy is thinner, harder, a powerful man of thirty-one. His face is lean and his body

has matured into a lithe suppleness. On the surface his personality has changed very little. He is even more taciturn, limiting his conversation to terse "yups" and "nopes." Outwardly, he is developing into a young edition of Gary Cooper, with the same quiet appeal of a man who is happiest out of doors.

Naturally, there is more to Guy than meets the eye. In these last years he has learned that life is a difficult and exacting school. There is an old wheeze in the theatre that a man must have suffered in order to be an actor. Guy is living proof. He not only has the Warner contract in his pocket, but also the Wild Bill Hickok show, on radio three times a week and on television every Sunday. The long climb back to the top has been difficult for him, yet it is perhaps because of it that Guy has found his niche in acting.

At the beginning, it wasn't easy for him. His picture on the cover of a Navy magazine attracted the attention of an agent who eventually interested David Selznick in the young sailor. Guy was given a role in *Since You Went Away*, appearing in his Navy uniform for three minutes on the screen. The three minutes were enough to bring tons of mail to the studio, inquiring about the "handsome (Continued on page 75)



Guy shares his love of outdoor living with Rory and Lita Calhoun, his friends for years. For some time, his Wild Bill outfit constituted his entire wardrobe.



3-D hit *Charge At Feather River* re-established Guy as a top ranking star and solid actor, brought him a good role in director David Butler's *The Command*.



It takes guts to fall from phony stardom and climb back to the top again. Guy Madison made it the hardest way—but this time, it's for real!

BY ROBERT MOORE



Now separated, Guy and wife Gail Russell look back on early days of marriage with tenderness. Guy hopes for eventual reunion.



Forty feet long and built of polished aluminum, the New Moon, as Lucy and Desi call their trailer (right) handles like a baby carriage. Living-room (above) is tailored to Lucy's coloring, has two extra-big windows.



Drop-leaf table, matching chairs, seat six in livingroom. Partly hidden by partition, Youngstown Kitchen (below) features Florence Stove with window allowing, Lucy to watch her cooking without opening oven door.



LUCY AND DESI WORKED WITH IT IN AN

■ One afternoon after she had finished her umpteenth *I Love Lucy* television film, Lucille Ball, in her delightfully addle-pated but highly efficient way, decided to organize a weekend vacation trip to Palm Springs.

In the livingroom of her ranch house out in the San Fernando Valley, the tall carrot-head began to check a list of essentials required for the desert holiday. Bed linen, spice cabinet, stationery, canasta decks, paints and easel, and scrapbooks.

As she checked off each item, Lucy added it to the pile of paraphernalia in the front hall. As the pile mounted, the hall receded until Desi, coming in from the sunlit outdoors, tripped and fell across the fishing gear.

"Lu-cee," he shouted ominously.

From the kitchen: "Yes, dear?"

"Wha's all thees stuff?" Desi demanded, his Cuban accent growing hotter with the throbbing in his ankle. "Is pick-up time for the Salvation Army maybe?"

The preoccupied housewife, Mrs. Desiderio Arnaz shook her head. "We don't have time for jokes," she said. "Get up on your feet and load these things into the car."

(Continued on next page)

living on wheels



MGM MOVIE—AND LIKED IT SO MUCH THEY GOT A TRAILER OF THEIR OWN!

BY MARVA PETERSON



Compact Crosley Shelvador refrigerator boosts extra storage room in door; freezer holds 28 pounds. Ingeniously recessed, refrigerator door opens into kitchen, doesn't block entrance.



Even the floors are warmed in winter by the Coleman heater standing unobtrusively near door; in summer the unit becomes an air cooler, circulates fresh outside air through the trailer.

MORE >

HOUSE OF THE MOVIE

living on wheels continued



In answer to New Moon queries, Desi requested combination tub and shower in their completely equipped bathroom.



Favorite parking spots, when Lucy and Desi vacation, are near the golf course in Palm Springs and by the dock in Newport.



Yellow, white and gray kitchen has more cupboard and drawer space than many Hollywood apartments.

In simulated agony—after all, he is an actor—Desi slowly raised himself. He looked at the pile of equipment Lucy had stacked for the trip. He looked twice because he couldn't believe it the first time.

"I'm not going," he declared. "I'm not going to Palm Springs, have people say, 'Look those crazy gypsies. Everything they have they take with them!'" Pointing an accusing finger at his wife, he continued, "Last time you promised that if we take a trip, we travel light. You call thees"—his arm swept the room—"light?"

"All I promised," Lucy said sweetly, "was that I would bring the bare essentials. And if I'm going to enjoy my vacation, these things are essential."

"But, honey, we can only stay three days."

"Three days or three months—I need my home right along with me to be happy."

Desi muttered something dark and bitter and husbandly. To Lucy, however, he said, "Why don't you put thees house on wheels? Maybe then you be happy?"

Many months later when he and Lucy had signed to star in *The Long, Long Trailer* at MGM, Desi recalled this particular conversation with his wife.

He was talking to director Vincente Minnelli. Vincente said, "We're having a forty-foot mobile home driven here from Alma, Michigan. What you've got to do for the picture, Desi, is to practice parking and driving the trailer before the actual camera work begins."

Desi's eyes popped. "Did you say 'mobile home?'"

Minnelli nodded. "That's a fancy name for a trailer."

Desi smacked his hands with glee. "That's exactly what we need," he said. "Lucy and I—whenever we take a trip, she has to take everything. How much do thees mobile homes cost, Vince? Where can we get one?"

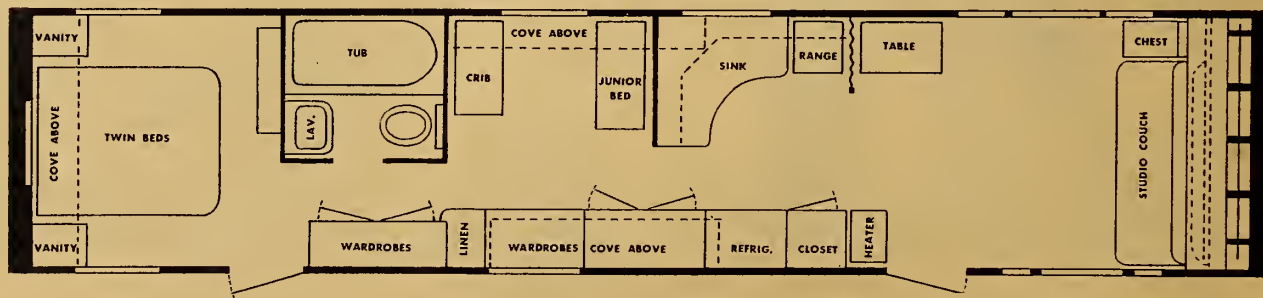
Minnelli shrugged a shoulder. "I don't know much about them," he said. "There's a fellow on the lot somewhere who represents the New Moon people. Maybe you can talk to him."

"You say his name is New Moon?" Desi asked.

"That's the name of the company that makes these trailers."

Two hours later, Desi Arnaz walked out of MGM with a smile as wide as the east gate. Via long distance telephone he had arranged with Jim Redman, president of New Moon, Inc., to have one of their (Continued on page 62)

THE AMAZINGLY COMPACT FLOOR PLAN OF THE EIGHT-FOOT WIDE NEW MOON MOBILE HOME:



Divided into four rooms, the trailer has extra sleeping space in livingroom where full-scale daybed stands; wardrobes and closets line one wall, are easily accessible from all sleeping quarters.



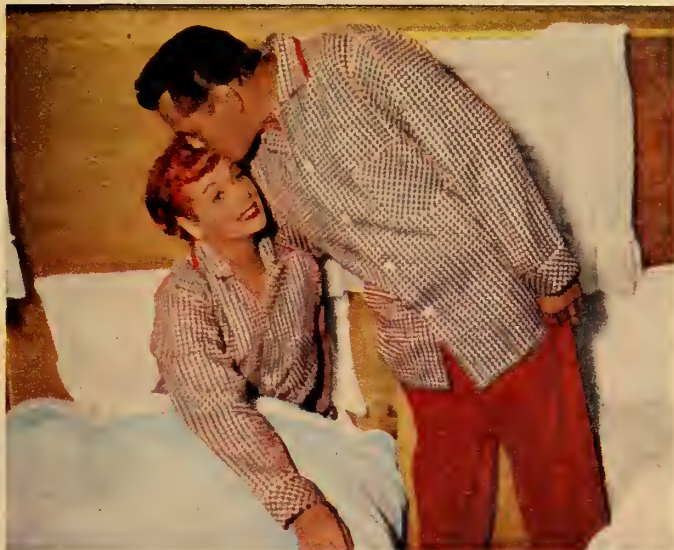
On Metro lot Lucy and Desi use trailer as office, guest lounge, private diningroom when Lucy wants to cook.



The children's room has nursery-size beds instead of the usual double-decker, allows Mr. and Mrs. Arnaz to take the kids on otherwise impossible trips.

The cheerful master bedroom has windows on three sides, ample space for either a double bed and nightstand or the twin beds Lucy and Desi prefer.

Lucy's much-used theatrical make-up mirror and dressing table were installed along one wall of the bedroom by Doris Christensen, New Moon decorator.



The years of fear are over for John Derek.
The birth of his daughter has
ended the anguish that made him Hollywood's moodiest guy.

BY SUSAN TRENT

new baby- new happiness



When Pati ended career to marry John, she was a Zanuck European discovery, John an unknown. They quarrel occasionally but believe trouble solidified their marriage.



Born with a split esophagus, 4-year-old Russell underwent major surgery when 14 hours old, still chokes dangerously sometimes. New daughter Sean is completely healthy, brought John new outlook on life.

■ One of the advantages of having a child by Caesarean section is that the mother-to-be can call her own shots. She can make an appointment for the birth of her baby. This method of delivery is also extremely convenient for such nervous husbands as John Derek. His wife doesn't wake him at three or four in the morning. There is no sudden panic, no mad race to the hospital trying to beat the stork. Everything is placid, measured and arranged before time.

John Derek's wife, a beautiful, pixie European named Pati, took care of all the details. Last October she called on Dr. Benbow Thompson, an obstetrician who has delivered the babies of more screen stars than any other Hollywood physician.

"I wonder, Dr. Thompson," Pati said, "if I could have my baby at eight or nine in the morning. Then John and I could have a good night's sleep."

Born in Turkey of Greek and Russian parents, Pati Derek has been in the United

States less than ten years. Her English grammar is perfect but she still speaks with a soft foreign accent.

"You can have your baby any time you want," Dr. Thompson told her. "Have John drive you in tomorrow and we'll do it then."

Early the following morning—a little after six—John loaded his wife into their 1952 Cadillac convertible and drove the eighteen miles from their home in Encino to the Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital.



At eight A.M. on October 16, his second child, a seven-pound, three-ounce girl, later christened Sean Catherine Derek, came pawling into the world.

A few minutes later the twenty-seven-year-old actor, one of Hollywood's most handsome men, was called to the delivery room. His daughter was held up for his inspection. He was permitted to count her toes and fingers, to see that she was born in perfect shape. As John Derek looked at his red-faced, black-haired infant, he smiled

as all fathers smile, but in his heart he prayed that this tiny girl would be saved the near-tragic suffering of his first-born.

You must have read or heard at some time that John Derek is immature, moody, difficult and humorless; that he is as tense and high-strung as an overtrained colt; that he is quick to anger and easy to annoy.

For the most part these stories are true, but John is not like that naturally. There was a substantial reason behind his displays of nervousness and irritability.

Four years ago his son Russell, a good-looking child, was born with a split esophagus.

The esophagus or gullet is the food tube in the body which delivers the chewed-up food, after swallowing, from the throat to the stomach. About one-half an inch in diameter, it extends from the pharynx to the opening of the stomach and is located behind the windpipe.

A few days before Russ was born the nurses at the (Continued on page 64)



miss Grable steps out

■ Just outside Barstow, California, a sleek streamlined train called the Super Chief made its brief stop after picking its way slowly through the Los Angeles slums and suburbs. Here, this de luxe train with a cargo of business tycoons and show world celebrities takes on ice and provisions for its swift dash across the Mojave desert. Inside, insulated against the withering heat, Betty Grable fell back luxuriously on the great sea-green cushions and exclaimed, "Think of it! Nobody to disturb us for the next thirty-five hours. Harry, what a blessing! The telephone won't ring an even once!"

No? On the heels of Betty's happy statement came a loud prolonged beep! It was the compartment door buzzer.

"That's something we'd better have disconnected," Harry James suggested, answering the summons.

"Telegram for Mrs. James," a grinning porter announced.

Into the outstretched hand, Harry dropped his usual oversize tip and closed the door. He dropped the Western Union message on Betty's tummy.

"I don't even want to look," Betty said, keeping her eyes closed.

"You'd better," Harry advised. "It could be important."

"Nothing," Betty intoned, sleepily, "could be more important than you."

"Than me. And the kids?" Harry asked.

Betty Grable sat bolt upright, clutching the yellow envelope and tearing it open. Wordlessly she scanned the message.

She snatched a *(Continued on page 88)*



Unlike some movie stars on tour, Betty and Harry took their act seriously, rehearsed eight hours a day for four weeks before opening in Chicago. Harry's famous drummer, Buddy Rich, was on hand, too; despite slump in the bond business, Harry kept his top artists with him, found this policy paid off in their show.

LO! THE POOR BETTY! SHE LEFT HER STUDIO, LEFT HER CONTRACT. NOW SHE HAS NOTHING LEFT BUT HARRY, HOME, HORSES AND HER HEPPE-UP CAREER! ■ BY CARL SCHROEDER



Pot Stanley, who played in Broadway's ill-fated *Carnival In Flanders*, is one of the girls Tab takes to Macamba on twice-weekly nights out.



Debbie Reynolds is a favorite date. Tab finds her gay and lots of fun, but capable of real warmth and sympathy when the accasian calls for it.



Good listener Lari Nelson is the girl Tab likes best, but there will be no going steady for him until he feels that he is really ready for marriage.



A lot of girls
in Hollywood are
keeping tabs on
Tab. And as for him,
his motto is simply
“Love and learn!”

What I Learned from Women

by **TAB HUNTER**

■ About women they say, “You can’t live with them and you can’t live without them.” That first part I wouldn’t know about, because the only woman I’ve ever lived with was my mother and I get along pretty fine with her. Once in a while she forgets herself and starts ladling out small warnings and reminders to me. Things like “Drive carefully” and “Don’t forget your keys.” When that happens I turn the tables.

“Say, Mom,” I tell her, “you’re getting too thin. Are you eating enough?”

She flusters a little and then looks straight at me and says, “Stop treating me like a child!”

“Okay, okay,” I tell her, “and you let go of me.”

It’s my only kick against Mom, so it rolls off my back. For the rest of it, my mother is a rare woman. Once she felt my brother Walt and I had the necessary upbringing, she adopted a hands-off policy and contented herself with cheering from the sidelines and giving advice only when asked for it. So Mom has been pretty easy to live with.

As for the tag part of the bromide, “you can’t live without ‘em,” I am inclined to agree. I suppose I would have lived, all right, but if it weren’t for the girls and women I’ve known I wouldn’t know half as much as I know now. Not that I know a lot—if you talked to me about suspension bridges, for instance, you’d find me silent—but I feel that the fair sex has done more than its share of teaching me (*Continued on page 90*)

Girls like charming Gloria Gordon have given Tab, once shy, the self-confidence he needs, taught him to look behind casual impressions for the full character of an individual.



crawford meets the



When Joan indulges
in three feuds in eight
months, even her best
friends say it's time to
stop telling people off and
start telling people why!

BY JACK WADE

nOBODY can please everybody. For a long time Joan Crawford came close. She has more fans and more friends than most of Hollywood's headliners, but she has enemies. Her fans are legion, spreading to every cranny of the world, of all nationalities and ages. Closer to home, she is treasured as a friend by many people, commendably including perhaps more "nobodies" than "somebodies."

There are others who feel that Miss Crawford should be put under wraps, and it is noteworthy that lately this small band of dissenters has some new members. Crawford is a smart woman in the ways of Hollywood, and it is surprising that at this stage of her career she should suddenly begin to create ill will.

Hollywood never was an easy town for making and keeping friends. Competition is wicked; jealousy and temperament spill through the tinselled air; feuds are rampant. For many years Miss Crawford did a remarkable job of staying off the battleground, and except for a long-standing miff with Claudette Colbert which was entirely personal, Joan managed to keep peace.

Then in the spring of 1953, eight years after her latter day movie life had been assured by the award of an Oscar, Joan burst out of her shell of security and her role of Hollywood's First Lady by blasting Marilyn Monroe. It would be more exact to say that Miss Crawford blasted about Marilyn for she had no idea that her searing criticism of Miss Monroe's plunging gowns and ungirdled curves would be repeated, much less printed.

It happened when an AP correspondent interviewed Joan. They talked about a recent award dinner and he asked as an afterthought if Miss Crawford did not agree with him that Marilyn's dress had been vulgar, also her behavior. This opinion was shared by many in Hollywood. Marilyn's own studio was trying to quiet the storm of protest arising over the Monroe's projected voluptuousness. Most people thought somebody ought to tell Marilyn, for her own good, that things were going too far. Which is precisely what Joan Crawford replied to the AP correspondent. She said, among other things, "It was like a burlesque show. The audience yelled and shouted and Jerry Lewis got up on the table and (Continued on page 92)

Big noise from Frisco

GUY MITCHELL



A bronco-buster at 14, Guy surrounds himself with animals even at work. Now he has added guitar-playing and acrobatics to his talents.



At Hotel Flamingo Guy thrilled fans with voice that made famous "My Heart Cries For You," "My Truly, Truly Fair," other hit discs.



Here seen with co-workers at the Flamingo, Guy is separated from wife Jackie Laughery, former Miss U.S.A.




Guy's own saddle pony, Scotch Boy, was brought from his parents' ranch so that he could do some riding between songs.

ONE morning last fall the middle-aged owner of a small ranch in Tarzana, California, prepared for a trip. From his stable he led a brown saddle pony into a horse trailer which he hitched behind a maroon sedan. When all was secure a woman came out of the house and joined him in the front seat of the car. They drove out of the yard and headed for the first mountain pass leading out of the valley to the east. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Cernik were on their way to Las Vegas, Nevada, to see their eldest son. The happy, husky boy who had always wanted to be a cowboy had somehow become the newest singing sensation of the entertainment world.

He wasn't called Albert Cernik, Jr., any more. Now he was known as Guy Mitchell. They knew that all over the country, in big theatres, hotels and nightclubs, his singing was in demand. He had even sung in England. They knew that he made records which sold by the millions and they knew that he made pictures in Hollywood. Mr. and Mrs. Cernik were still a little dazed about all this and about the Tarzana ranch he had bought them because he wanted his father to retire from work.

Sometimes they even found (Continued on page 71)



The gone-est of Guys
is Mitchell—and he's going
far and wide!

You can't fence in
a crooner who
busts broncos on the side!

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

SOMETIMES WHEN TRAGEDY STRIKES, WE CANNOT SEE THE BLESSING BEHIND IT.

BUT IT IS FROM OUR MOST DESPAIRING MOMENTS THAT TRUST AND LOVE CAN GROW.

whatever His purpose...

by June Allyson

■ I don't think I have ever made an entrance on the stage, or walked in front of a motion picture camera without the security of having prayed for confidence and command of myself—and having gotten it.

That habit was a great help to me when I first came out to Hollywood and ran into a curious problem.

It was all due to my efforts to avoid being known as a "Five-line Actress." A five-liner, if you haven't run across the term before, is a girl who can remember just about five lines of dialogue at a time—no more. After she has said them, the filming of the scene must be interrupted, and everybody waits while she tries to commit to memory another bare five lines. I didn't want to be like that so I went too far the other way!

I learned my scripts so well that when the director ordered changes in the lines, as he generally does at the last moment, I couldn't change. I had the original words ground into my memory and those were the words I spouted out when my cues came!

It may seem silly but actually it was serious. It made me feel as though I were dense. The director would explain to everyone in a scene how he was



To my daughter Pom, God is a friend of the family and prayer is as natural as a phone call.

changing the dialogue; everyone except me would quickly absorb the corrections and remember them when it was time to speak. Then, I, Cement Head, would talk and we were back where we started.

It began to look as though I needed more than I had in talent, self-control and, particularly, in elasticity of memory, to make good in Hollywood. There was a lot I could do to help myself, mostly technical things, tricks of acting, to give myself greater freedom from the script and yet not violate it. But the biggest thing I did, and that which gave me the greatest help, was to pray like mad!

The feeling that there is greater-than-mortal help to be had if one asks for it, and particularly if one has lived so as to deserve it, has been in me from earliest memory. I don't think there is a man or a woman in the world who doesn't, somewhere within, feel the same.

The first prayers I ever said were not so much prayers as conversations with God. I was hardly out of kindergarten and I was suffering my first tragedy. My grandmother, who had frankly made a pet of me to the disgust of various cousins, died suddenly. I heard it from one of these cousins when I came home after school.

"Now you won't be so smart!" she cried, running to meet me. "Grandma's dead!"

I didn't fully know what dead meant. It took me two days to find out, two days locked in my room most of the time and carrying on a running talk with God to find out what had happened. At the funeral they let me see Grandma. She didn't look right and I was convinced she wasn't happy because God hadn't taken her to Him. Back I ran to my room to plead with Him about it and it seemed to me that Grandma looked happier and more at peace after that.

I DIDN'T know it, of course, but I was about to have an opportunity to get really chummy with God. This opportunity fell on me in the form of the limb of a tree which cracked off as I was walking under it. My back was broken, my skull and a leg and an arm were fractured, the rest of my body crisscrossed with scratches and bruises. When my mother came running to the hospital all she could see of me that wasn't bandaged, plastered or tied up in pulley arrangements was my right eye. This must have looked none too healthy because my mother fainted.

I lay there, eight years old and sort of screened off from the living world for weeks in my cotton, canvas and plaster of paris cocoon. I kept asking God why He was mad at me. It seemed incomprehensible to me that He would cause half a tree to fall on anyone He liked!

I can recall going over my past and checking for sins I might have committed of such a grievous nature that they required me to be all but shattered in the course of penance. I was puzzled and I had to ask my mother to interpret the ways of God. Where was the divine justice she had told me about? What was His purpose?

"I don't know," my mother told me. "It is between you and Him. It is plain that He wants you to bear things."

It's funny. I was rather complimented by her answer. And I can still remember that in my own childish way I saw that He was getting at something worthwhile. He was teaching me to think with clarity and depth which had never marked my hinking before, and which was born of my very questioning of Him. In time I realized that whatever His purpose in decreeing that I should be under the tree when it split, He has made it up to me ever since!

Really, I know that it is given to few people that their dreams come true as

mine have. I know, or rather I have reason to know, what life is really like for most of the millions of people on earth. Most of us wish for something we never attain. I, for no reason that I myself can fathom, did attain what I wanted. Believe me, I am more grateful than proud, more wondering than smugly sure I deserved it!

Lying in my bed of pain at the hospital I was inspired to become a doctor. I marveled at these fine men who came to me every morning (the doctor and the internes with him) and concentrated all their skill and great knowledge (and handsomeness, I must put in here!) to ease my pain and get me well. No life, it seemed to me, could be finer than one devoted to healing the sick. And with this purpose as my secret, I gloated for weeks and months—a skinny, cracked-up moppet, lying content in her bed of pain because she visualized herself curing the lame and the halt and bringing ease to the sick of heart. I don't know a better way to suffer than to imagine curing the suffering of others. It not only makes you forget your own pain; it makes you glory in it. And time and again I saw myself as a physician, stethoscope hanging from my neck, patting the hand of a patient as I told him comfortingly, "Yes, yes, I know just how you feel. I, too, have suffered!"

WITH THE aid of a metal and leather back brace I finally left the hospital. Since I was now a person with an important mission in life I expected to be greeted with respect by my old playmates. It didn't work out that way. They were a little awed by anyone's having been kept so long in a hospital. At the same time there was that funny brace I was wearing—certainly something to laugh at. And they did.

I resented their jeers and I came to resent my brace as well, I suppose. At any rate, it was a challenge to me and as soon as I could, I stopped wearing it. Not only that but I tried to teach myself dancing to prove to myself and to the kids that I was far from being a cripple. I still had dreams of a medical career but I realized my mother didn't have the funds to finance medical training, and I made a slight switch in plans. Instead of treating people I would entertain them. I would go into show business. Before I really decided on my future I had two oddly unrelated ambitions for which I constantly solicited divine cooperation:

1. I would be a great doctor.

2. Some day I would dance with Fred Astaire in a movie.

I never even made a start toward medicine but, you know, I almost did dance with Astaire! We were talking one day at the studio and he said, "We must make a picture together." I thought he was kidding. Not long afterward I was told that he wanted me to play opposite him in *The Royal Wedding*. It was one of the biggest thrills I ever had and I was just on the point of cheering when I suddenly became sick at my stomach. The timing for this role which I wanted so much was very bad; I was on the way to motherhood at the moment and this was the first hint that I was not going to have a serene pregnancy.

When this dismayed fact became pretty well established and it was clear that working was out of the question, Judy Garland was named to replace me. By the time the picture was started Jane Powell had it. I had Richard Powell, Jr. God knew what He was about. I really needed my son. He was a blessing to me, an education, and the tie to the future which every woman needs.

Because of the curiously personal relationship I had with God as a child, it seems natural to me that my children speak of Him as someone close to the

family. For instance, after we had entertained at dinner for a series of evenings, little Pamela casually asked when we were having God over to dinner.

The only answer I could think of was that God is always with us.

If Pam prays and doesn't think her prayers are being answered she talks of it as people will talk about a telephone call that didn't go through. "I don't think God is home today," she will say. "I'll have to try again tomorrow."

SOMETIMES I, too, have to try again, and there are times when I have been filled with misgivings as to whether or not I have been keeping in tune with Him. I am afraid I have had renegade moments. When my husband Richard was seriously ill more than a year ago, and seemed to be getting worse after his operations, I suddenly became terribly afraid. There was a period in which the doctors said nothing could be done and time must decide whether he would recover. I was seized with the feeling that unless treatment was continued he would die.

I remember this crisis as the one time in my life when I withdrew into myself so deeply that I cut even spiritual ties; I know that in my anxiety I became resentful of what had happened and there was a morning when I told myself there could be no God. We all seem to have an instinct to blame someone or something for personal tragedy. Looking backward, I realize I was blaming myself for not being a better wife—just as I blame myself for not being a better mother whenever one of my children is ill.

Just the same it was prayer to which I finally turned. I am convinced Dick's recovery was due to this and to my urge to get a new doctor and follow his instructions completely. The situation reminded me of a picture I made with Margaret O'Brien called *Music For Millions*.

I was telling a writer how the story stayed in my mind. He said that when the greatest novel is finally written it will consist of a prayer recorded as it comes straight from the heart. I am inclined to agree with him. In my scripts I sometimes run across bits of such prayers and they always give the picture its most glorious moments.

THIS, THEN, is my form of worship—prayer. And it may take place at any time in my life and at any place I happen to be. If I do not get His response I am resigned to the fact that I am not going about it right—principally because I am not right with Him. Pamela has asked me about this, too.

"How do I know when I'm doing the right thing?" she'll ask.

Here I try to associate her conscience with God, the conscience being the pointer in God's hand, so to speak, showing her what is right and what is wrong. Like all children, Pamela is well aware that when mischief is afoot there is an inner prompting which wants to be heard, but which won't be heard unless one keeps listening for it.

To follow your conscience, even to the extent of going back and rectifying a wrong you have made, may seem irksome, but it has its compensations. You appreciate it during those moments in your life when you are alone and perhaps assaying your worth in terms of human values. It's funny how much satisfaction there is if you can honestly conclude that you are a pretty nice person. If ever you are close to God, and if ever He loves you . . . that is the moment!

END

June Allyson can now be seen in Universal's *The Glenn Miller Story*.

living on wheels

(Continued from page 48) deluxe trailers driven to Hollywood. The \$5,500 gift was to be a complete surprise to Lucy. In answer to a few company queries, Desi had specified that he preferred twin beds, twin sinks, and a combination tub and shower in his mobile home. Instead of the customary double-deckers, he requested two nursery-size beds for his children.

"As for the decorating," he told Redman, "I leave all that up to you. Just remember: my wife is a redhead."

Lucy's surprise package was timed to coincide with her arrival for work at MGM. Under the guise of showing his wife where he had been taking trailer-driving lessons, Desi drove out between the sound stages to the extremely realistic small town street known at the Metro lot as Andy Hardy Village.

Parked in front of Judge Hardy's white clapboard house was forty-one feet of streamlined, polished aluminum on wheels.

"It's a beauty," Lucy said, "but can you really drive that giant, Desi?"

Arnaz grinned. "Handles like a baby carriage." And taking the ignition key out of his pocket, he slipped it into Lucy's hand. "Go ahead," he suggested. "Try it."

Attached to the key was a tag reading, "To Lucy, with Love. Desi."

Lucy read the tag. Eyes brimming, she turned to her husband. "Does this mean that—"

Desi took her in his arms and kissing her near the ear, he said, "Surprise for you."

Lucy pulled back. "I don't believe it. This must be a gag. That trailer can't be real. It's a studio mock-up."

Desi howled. "Go inside and make sure."

TO LUCY the interior of the trailer proved twice as exciting as the gleaming exterior. Within its bright framework, it boasted four separate rooms and a full bathroom.

Each section of the Desilu mobile home is scientifically engineered for maximum comfort, livability and beauty. It was the beauty of it all that first took Lucy's breath away.

The livingroom, which is located at the trailer's front end, is decorated in shades complimentary to a redhead—rust brown, coral, and turquoise. The accessories add a bright, cheerful note—brass lamps, planters, and serving dishes. Although the trailer is only eight feet wide, the livingroom also boasts a full-scale couch tastefully upholstered in a durable tweedy fabric. The bolsters of this piece are easily removed so that it makes up into a single bed. A wing chair and a wrought-iron swivel chair make up the main conversational grouping.

Another corner of the same room features a drop-leaf table with matching chairs that form into an expandable dining unit, capable of seating four to six people. Unobtrusively beside the door stands the compact Coleman 3 Cond-Air combination heater and air cooler. In the winter it keeps the mobile home as warm as a house. In the summer the blower cools the trailer by a continuous flow of fresh air from outside.

When Lucy first stepped into her trailer and looked around, she was impressed that in such a compact area so much furniture did not look crowded. Knowledgeable planning has prevented that. Two large windows on opposite sides of the trailer give the room a look of spaciousness. The mirror behind the couch creates an illusion of extra length and even the storage shelf which now holds Desi's collection of

brass cooking pots, is adroitly spotted above eye level so as not to crowd into the room. The total effect is a triumph of design, or as Lucy puts it, "For a livingroom, it's the greatest."

"The greatest" is the phrase she used and still uses in describing every room in the mobile house. The yellow and white kitchen is partly hidden behind a corrugated partition of plexiglass. When the talented comedienne saw that, she was charmed.

"If this isn't the most compact, utilitarian kitchen!" she bubbled. "Really, this is absolutely the greatest!" She looked into the four-burner stove, then ran her hand over all the kitchen counters which are finished in grey formica. She opened the six-foot refrigerator which also has freezer space for twenty-eight pounds of food, and finally, as her eyes drank in all the furnishings, she turned to her grinning husband and said with amazement, "This

when april's issue
of modern screen
comes your way
lovely liz taylor
will be on the cover.
Watch for it at
your newsstand
march 5.

kitchen has more drawers and more cupboard space than you'll find in most Hollywood apartments."

It so happens that Desi and Lucy are both good cooks which means that they can appreciate their carefully designed Youngstown trailer kitchen. Through the years, even before they got their mobile home, many of their meals were joint creations. Desi specializes in well-seasoned salads and steaks while Lucille attends to the garlic toast they both love, and concocts too-rich desserts.

Because she is a mother, Lucy also appreciates the care and thought that went into her trailer nursery. Here is a room with two little beds, frilly curtains, and cute stuffed animals. When Lucy first entered it, she let go a scream of pure delight. "No, Desi!" she cried. "This is the end. The absolute end. Have you ever seen anything so darling?"

OF THE FOUR rooms in the trailer, the nursery probably means the most to Lucy and Desi, because they've always felt that their immediate family of four should spend lots of time together without the benefit of a nurse or a well-intentioned grandmother.

"There's something about the plain physical fact of being in small quarters that seems to give our children a feeling of warmth and family solidarity," Lucy says. "Before we got the trailer, it was always a federal case to take the children with us on any trip, no matter how short. We

had to move cribs, play pens, clothes, baby food, the whole works. Now, life is much simpler. We keep the trailer well-stocked and ready to roll at a moment's notice. If Desi wants to take a few days off and go to the desert or do some fishing off Balboa, we just toss the children into the nursery and we're set.

"At one time we thought seriously of building a weekend house. First, we thought we'd build it in the desert near Palm Springs. Then we changed our minds and decided to build one in the mountains. Then Desi said he'd like to have a house near the ocean.

"For us the trailer came as the perfect answer. In Palm Springs we own a piece of land near the golf course and connect our New Moon to the club's electric outlet. At Newport we park in the grounds of the Villa Marina Motel where we've always stayed to be near the dock. While Desi fools around on his boat, I can be at home with the children."

The trailer is more than a vacation home to Lucy and Desi. For the last several months they've used it constantly in their work. At Metro it followed them around from stage to stage, from back lot to special locations. They used it as an office, snack bar, private diningroom, and lounge for visiting guests.

As soon as *The Long, Long Trailer* was finished, they had the mobile job moved to their home business location at Motion Picture Center where from Monday through Thursday of each week, they labor on *I Love Lucy*.

Here again, it serves multiple purposes. The trailer's master bedroom has enough floor space to accommodate twin beds or a double bed and night stand. Windows on three sides keep the room light and well-ventilated. But what Lucy likes best about the room is the theatrical make-up mirror and dressing table which Doris Christensen, the company's decorator, had installed along one wall especially for the busy Lucy.

"I've worked in lots of studios," Lucy says, "but I've never had a dressing room I wanted to live in before. This one's got everything."

BY JOINING the ever-growing fraternity of trailer owners throughout America, a fact which MGM publicized during the production of their film, Desi and Lucy have attracted a whole new group of fans who write to them regularly. Letters pour in daily from itinerant workers who use trailers on special construction jobs, from servicemen and their families who live in trailers and move from post to post, and from newlyweds whose futures are so undetermined that they have invested in a mobile home rather than a stationary one. And of course there's plenty of new fan mail from the retired couples who live well and simply in trailer camps throughout the country.

All of these correspondents have complimented Lucy and Desi on making a picture about trailer life, and several hundred have volunteered to act as technical advisers on any future trailer film.

Only last week the Desilu organization received a letter from an old-timer who had been having a wonderful time trailer-touring the United States for the last thirty years.

"Dear Desi and Lucy," he wrote, "I understand by the morning paper that you two folks have bought yourselves a trailer. For folks who live in Hollywood that shows a lot of good common sense. I've owned a trailer on and off for the past thirty years and I can tell you that you only live once and that a trailer is the best way to see this world before you leave it."

Lucy plans to frame that letter and hang it in her New Moon trailer. **END**

CELEBRATING M-G-M's 30TH ANNIVERSARY

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Announcing the first
appearance on the big, big
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of America's most mirthful
married couple!
Their first picture together
since they became the
nation's love-and-laugh
favorites! And what a
wonderful story! It thrilled
millions as a best-seller
and in Reader's Digest!



Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz "The Long, Long Trailer"

It's fun on a
honeymoon with
Lucy and Desi
driving a house
on-wheels into
hilarious adventure!

WITH
MARJORIE MAIN • KEENAN WYNN
Screen Play by
ALBERT HACKETT and FRANCES GOODRICH • CLINTON TWISS
Based on the Novel by
Photographed in ANSCO COLOR • Print by TECHNICOLOR
Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI • Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN
An M-G-M PICTURE

new baby—new happiness

(Continued from page 51) hospital were given a lecture which included the symptoms of a faulty esophagus. In a new-born child the tip-off is the inability of the infant to swallow anything.

On the day Russell Derek was born, the nurse noticed that he couldn't swallow his sugar water. She reported her suspicion to Dr. Louis Earle, the pediatrician, who promptly examined the infant. He confirmed her suspicion. Russ had been born with a damaged esophagus.

Unless major surgery could be performed at once, John and Pati Derek would have no son to take home from the hospital. And even if surgery were performed, the chances were only fifty-fifty that the child would survive.

Pati Derek lay on her hospital bed, chatting happily with her husband. John sat beside her, holding her hand and telling her what a great horseman he would make of their son. He was proud of his son. Both he and Pati had wanted a boy. Then the doctor walked in to speak to the unsuspecting couple. "I sensed something was wrong," John now recalls, "but I didn't know what it could be."

"I want you to brace yourself for a shock," the doctor warned Pati. Then he told them. Their little son was dying. No food of any sort could pass down the baby's gullet. Intravenous feeding might keep him alive for a little while, but not for long. There was only one thing to be done. The infant would need an operation immediately. He recommended that Dr. J. Norton Nichols, who had specialized in that particular technique, be called in to perform the operation.

Pati looked at John. She could not speak of the anguish in her heart and the fear in her mind. John was immediately decisive.

"Let's get him," he urged. "For God's sake, let's get Dr. Nichols here at once."

They called the surgeon and he came. Fourteen hours after he was born, little Russell Derek was wheeled into the operating room. He was anesthetized, and then the nimble fingers of Dr. Nichols went to work. The scalpel cut through the baby's chest, laying bare the trachea and the gullet. Dr. Nichols found the break in the esophagus and repaired it. The chest incision was sutured. The surgery took hours. Pati and John waited in Pati's room. They hardly spoke. They sat looking at each other, silently praying. Waiting was eternity, a seemingly endless torture.

Finally, the doctor came in. "I think he's going to be all right. But he'll need a lot of care for a long time."

They kept Russell in the hospital for weeks. And even now that he's four, Pati and John have to be careful that nothing gets stuck in his throat and that he doesn't gag on food.

THIS VIGILANCE is part of the reason John Derek has been so edgy and nervous. In the last four years he has made many a wild dash to the doctor's office with Pati clutching her son, seeing the boy's face turn blue, afraid that he would strangle on a piece of bread before they could get relief for him.

With this kind of trouble you can understand John Derek's worries when he was about to see his baby daughter for the first time.

"Was she really perfect?" he asked himself. Maybe she just looked fine and then when the pediatrician came, he'd find something wrong. Maybe it would be Russ all over again; the near-tragedy, the surgery, the countless hours and weeks of strain and worry.

There's nothing like that. Sean is a healthy, happy baby. Her big brother is coming along fine, and now that they've weathered their first big crisis together, John and Pati Derek seem to be more in love than ever.

"Quarrels and differences that we had in the past," Pati says, "now seem so small, so insignificant, just part of our adjustment."

People used to say that John and Pati quarreled incessantly. They predicted the marriage would never last. Too many differences in background, taste and outlook. For instance, John likes meat and potatoes. Pati, born in the Near East and brought up in Paris, was a gourmet. She loved to prepare elaborate dishes, garnish them with rich sauces.

A few months after they were married, John came home from the studio to find that Pati had worked all day preparing a gastronomic delight—crêpes suzette, chicken cooked in wine, some other tasty delicacies.

Her husband took one look at the lovingly prepared food. "Looks great, honey," he said. "But this sort of stuff isn't for me. Throw on a steak. I'm all in."

Pati, discovered by Darryl Zanuck after

IT HAPPENED TO ME

I was just a cub reporter on a San Antonio newspaper a few years ago when Dorothy Malone and the stars of Two Guys From Texas came to the Alamo City to promote the film.

It was Miss Malone's biggest role until then and, since she was a Texan, she rated an interview. I got the assignment. I was excited. It was my first press breakfast with a real movie star.

"I hope you'll excuse my nervousness, Miss Malone," I blurted out. "But you're my first movie star!"

I'll never forget her smiling response. "I know just how you feel," said Dorothy Malone. "You're my first reporter!"

Keith Elliott
San Antonio, Texas



World War II when she was dancing in a Paris nightclub, had given up her career at 20th Century to marry John.

Now she wondered why. In no uncertain terms she voiced her doubts. John said he couldn't help it if he happened to like steaks. This gooey French stuff just didn't settle well in his stomach. Tears, temperament, recrimination.

Pati finally accepted the fact that her husband is strictly a meat and potatoes man. Nowadays that's what the Dereks eat.

"Actually," she says, "it took me about two years to get adjusted to John, to understand his ways. He has an enthusiastic nature. If he likes sailing, then he will buy a sailboat. Maybe he doesn't know how to sail and will wreck the boat the next day, but it's best to let him have his own way. I've been told that I spoil John, that I have the European woman's attitude toward marriage. You know, that the man of the house does not belong in the kitchen, that he shouldn't wash dishes and make beds.

"Well, I believe that. Certain things in the house are women's work, and do not fit a husband's dignity. In an emergency if a husband loves you he will do everything, but it is not fair to make him share the

housekeeping chores after a day's work.

"Not that John hasn't done these things. When I was pregnant with Russell, I had to stay in bed for many weeks. John would get up at six in the morning to take care of my dog and make breakfast for me. He would serve it to me in bed. At night he would carry me a dinner tray and he would clean all the dishes and straighten the house. That's when I learned that what counts most in a husband, what counts most in any man, is the way he acts in an emergency when his family really needs him.

"Like the trouble with Russell. I don't know what I would have done had John turned out to be a weak man. It was his strength, his how do you call it?—his drive, his will power—that has made things turn out well. It is very difficult for an actor to work and concentrate and at the same time to realize that he has a baby son at home and that maybe the son can die any minute.

"It has not been easy but I think we are now out of the woods."

IN CONTRAST to Pati who is quick to express her feelings about anything, John Derek has lived within himself for so many years that he finds it extremely difficult to talk about the crises in his life.

When you ask him to tell you about the solidifying effect of Russell's illness on his marriage, he comes up with, "Well, it was a little rough with Russ. Had some trouble with his esophagus, but he's okay now."

He cannot bring himself to talk about the terror he experienced in the hospital as he waited for the doctor to bring some news about the success or failure of the operation on his son. He cannot talk about his suffering, physical or mental.

Instead, you hear that John was worried sick about the big mortgage on his home, that he sat up nights wondering if he could pay his bills. Derek could talk freely about financial matters, but such discussions were substitutes for the major worry in his life, the health of his son.

Nor did he ever talk about the monthly trips with Russ to the hospital. He never described how the little boy's esophagus was stretched with a glass tube. He never told about how long it took to feed the child or what nerve-racking meticulous care was necessary. He never told how, despite this precise care, the baby would sometimes choke. Pati would scream, clutch the infant to her breast, and they would race to the car. Then the life-saving dash to the doctor's office.

JOHN DEREK is an only child and the child of divorced parents. He was born into the motion picture business. His mother was an actress and his father a director. They separated when John was five.

The boy was passed from parent to parent. He was insecure because he didn't have the kind of home other children had. Children need to conform. When circumstances make this impossible, they develop defenses or compensatory reactions. John became withdrawn.

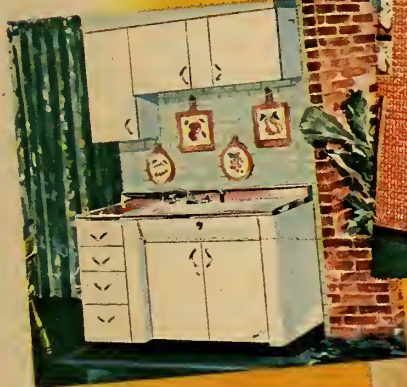
Later, he tried to kid people into believing that he was the happy-go-lucky type, but he never succeeded. In his youth he never got the love and discipline he needed. He went from one school to another in Los Angeles and Santa Monica but didn't graduate from high school.

Fortunately, he was handsome. He had the friendship of Russ Harlan, a photographer at the studio where his mother worked. Harlan was a kind of father to John. "He taught me how to ride, how to box, how to hunt, how to do all the things every kid wants to learn. My son is named for him."

One night when he was bowling at an alley in Westwood, John was spotted by

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Henry Willson, a talent scout who has discovered more than one handsome young man. Willson was working for Selznick then and he signed Derek at \$150 a week.

John attended drama classes and was given a bit in *I'll Be Seeing You*. "He loused it up real good," a director recalls, "but he was only a kid then."

After serving with the Paratroops in the Pacific, after eleven and a half months in the Philippines, the kid returned to Hollywood a man. Again his face, not his acting ability, got him a contract—this time at 20th Century.

It was here that he fell in love for the first time in his young life. He fell in love with Pati Behrs, a young dancer Darryl Zanuck had discovered in Paris.

"Pati was making a good salary," John says. "She was living it up in the Bel Air Hotel while I had a crummy little apartment, and it looked as though the studio meant to make her a big star. They kept her around for three years, gave her a few bits, and then out.

"We took a liking to each other while we were in dramatics class, and then we began going around. Down to the beach, rides around town, a few shows. No night clubs. I hate night clubs. And then one night in 1949 we decided to drive over to Las Vegas and get married."

With his marriage, John at twenty-three found screen success. He had read a novel, *Knock On Any Door*, and was convinced that he was born to play the role of the juvenile delinquent. He begged his agent to get him in to see Humphrey Bogart who was producing the picture independently.

The agent tried to high-pressure Bogart. "You'd better sign this kid right now," he told Bogey. "He's so hot Metro is dangling a big fat contract in front of him."

"Nobody is dangling anything in front of me," Derek interrupted. "I just want to play this part, Mr. Bogart. I want to play it real bad."

Bogey took a chance on the kid, and as he says, "He was tops. Just tops. Gave the part everything he had. The kid's okay."

Columbia Pictures signed John to a seven-year contract (with options, of course) on the strength of his performance and then cast him in *All The King's Men* which won the 1949 Academy Award.

Anxious to capitalize on his popularity with the teen-age crowd, Columbia cast Derek in a couple of Grade D pictures. He didn't like them but he was in no position to complain.

When Alfred Hitchcock wanted to borrow him for a role in *Stranger On A Train* and the studio said no, John began to gripe. A few weeks later, Paramount, having been notified of Alan Ladd's intention to leave the lot, tried to buy up Derek's contract as a protective move. Again, Columbia said no.

This time, John gave vent to his feelings. The studio boys accused him of getting the "fat head."

"The kid should take it easy," one of them explained. "This high-pressure routine won't get him anywhere. He's doing okay."

Only John wasn't doing okay. Russell Andre Derek had been born. The medical expenses were astronomical. The repeated

operations, the special care. This was an ordeal that was almost impossible for outsiders to fully appreciate.

Not only did Pati and John see this ordeal through together but they decided to have more children and face another kind of ordeal. John was determined to get out of his contract with Columbia.

All during Pati's second pregnancy he clamored for his release. The studio refused. They loaned him out to Republic for *Thunderbirds*. Then they cast him in two adventure spectacles, *Posse* and *Prince Of Pirates*. Then they made him star in a tv film for the Ford Theatre. And only when the video picture was completed would they finally consent to give the young man his freedom.

Now that he has his occupational freedom and a healthy new daughter, John's entire behavior pattern has changed. He is again the relaxed, cheerful young man he was before he came close to losing his son. And he is again ready to devote himself unreservedly to his career.

"I've already done one picture for Republic on my own; *Fortune Hunter* it's called. I've got confidence in myself after working in fourteen pictures and I know I can make a go of it. I like this business and I want to work hard in it.

"In four years of marriage, Pati and I have had more than our share of worries. With Sean's birth, I've got a feeling that our luck is changing. When that little girl was born she brought glad tidings with her. From here on in, the keynote around our house, as long as the children have their health, is going to be happiness." END

the trouble with sinatra

(Continued from page 40) frighten Ava into returning to him, but the chances are he wouldn't."

That was on November 19, 1953.

The next day Sinatra flew into Los Angeles, seeking another reconciliation with Ava Gardner. At the airport he was surly, irritable, and unsmiling. He wore a long overcoat, completely covering his wrists. Reporters who questioned him were brushed off with "no comment."

On November 26, Ava announced that she had talked to Frank and had decided finally and definitely to divorce him. Then she took off for Rome where she is starring in *The Barefoot Contessa*.

On November 29, after moving into a suite in the Beverly Hills Hotel, Sinatra reported to El Capitan Theatre in Hollywood for a rehearsal of the Eddie Cantor television program. He was to be a guest on Eddie's show along with singer Eddie Fisher.

At the rehearsal where visitors are allowed, a fan of Eddie Fisher asked if she might take a photograph of Sinatra talking to the two Eddies. Permission was granted, and the girl, Mary Noguerras of San Bernardino, California, began to shoot. In one of his poses, Sinatra put his left hand up to his jaw, thereby exposing his left wrist.

When Mary developed the film and made a print she noticed the inch-long scar on Frank's wrist, a scar which, you can see, looks as if it were the result of a knife wound, perhaps a superficial slash, but a slash deep enough to have drawn blood.

Mary sent her photograph to a Los Angeles newspaper. The paper sent reporters around to talk to Sinatra. As he had previously refused to talk to the representatives of MODERN SCREEN, Frank at first refused to talk to reporters from the Los Angeles Mirror. Later, however, he

agreed to talk, spoke to them over the hotel house phone.

"Is it true that you recently attempted suicide?" he was asked.

"That's ridiculous," Sinatra snapped.

"Don't you have a deep cut on your left wrist?"

"No," the crooner said.

"But we have a photograph showing your wrist with a slash mark," Sinatra was told.

"Oh, that," Frank suddenly recalled. "I got it when I bumped into a corner of a desk and scratched it—and that's all there is to it."

"When did it happen?"

"Don't remember."

"Where did it happen?"

"I told you," the singer repeated. "I don't remember and that's the truth. Why should I lie about it?"

Actually, there are several reasons why Sinatra should lie if he had made a suicide attempt.

First and most important of all, it could reveal an instability, a neurosis, great unhappiness, and an inability to adjust to circumstances.

In fairness to Sinatra, however, it must be said that besides Ava's loss, he has no apparent motive for suicide and had none as far back as November 15.

Frank's career, in fact, has rarely been better than it is now.

His role in *From Here To Eternity* has sent his film stock soaring. His salary for guest appearances on tv has jumped from \$5,000 to \$7,500. His agent is asking and getting a minimum of \$75,000 per picture. He has a new recording contract with Capitol Records. His nightclub salary has jumped to \$10,000 a week. He owns 2% of the gambling casino at the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas. He has been offered a new CBS radio show.

Moreover, people who are currently working with him on the set of *Pink Tights* say he has never been more jovial, has never worked harder, and has never been more cooperative in his life.

Yet this is not the first time that rumors of Frank's attempted suicide have reached the newspapers. A few months before he and Ava were married, they had a fight at Lake Tahoe. Then Frank took a few too many sleeping pills.

Sheriff's deputies and other persons who were present said that it looked like an attempted suicide.

Los Angeles newspapers duly reported the news. Frank said the stories were not true and threatened to sue.

"The rumor that I took an overdose of sleeping pills last Tuesday," he insisted, "just isn't true. Last Sunday night Ava and I and Mr. and Mrs. Hank Sanicola went to the Christmas Tree restaurant. When I got back to my quarters I found that I didn't sleep well. I took two pills."

"When Ava went to Reno to take the plane back to Hollywood I drank two brandies and later broke out with a rash. That's all there was to it."

That was in August, 1951.

Most of Sinatra's unhappiness might be dated from the time he first began to go with Ava. Miss Gardner has a way of sending her lovers to great heights and great depths.

Howard Duff, for example, who was her steady before the "Thin Man" moved in, was desperately in love with Ava and made no secret of the fact that he wanted to marry her.

Ava's attitude was to refer to him as "Puppy," a dog she might lead around on a leash. Duff has never recovered from this humiliation and the mention of Ava Gardner still inspires his friends to say bitter things.

There is no doubt that Sinatra had a tremendous and overpowering love for Ava. Otherwise he never would have defied convention, the church and the public by leaving Nancy and his three children.

There is no doubt that he still loves Ava and would do practically anything short of killing himself, to get her back.

One actress who knew Frank well ex-

plained his behavior when she said, "This boy specializes in the dramatic approach. I don't think he really attempted suicide. I think maybe he was just rehearsing—firing blanks."

"I do think these rehearsals were done well enough to fool his friends who picked up the phone and called Ava from New York."

"You've got to take Frank back," they probably screamed. "He tried to kill himself. We got him in time, but you're the only one who can save him."

"It's my guess," this actress said, "that Ava refused to fall for this routine after it had been worked a couple of times, and called it quits."

"Ava is a soft-hearted dame, a good dame and a nice dame. And I'll give you dollars to doughnuts that when she returns from Europe, she and Sinatra will announce a reconciliation. Unless, of course, she finds someone in Italy she likes much better than Frankie. Chances are against that."

"When Frankie wants to pour on the charm, he is absolutely irresistible. I think he is the greatest charmer the world has ever known. He has a tremendous ego, too, and because of that I think his suicide is completely out of the question."

"He would never think of suicide, genuine, complete, death-producing suicide, unless maybe he could do it in the Los Angeles Coliseum before 120,000 people and be promised a twenty-year contract in heaven."

END

the queen and I

(Continued from page 42) work. She is quiet. She not only does her chores regularly (cleans her room, dressing room and livingroom and cooks dinner if she is the first one home) but she loves to do them and does them well. (Maybe I ought to list my chores: the two upstairs baths, the playroom, my father's room and also the cooking if I get home first.)

She doesn't parade her likes and dislikes, nor her ability. She talks less about boys than I do, but it is pretty well agreed around our house that she knows a lot more about them. She is more analytical about men than I am. She can tell the true from the false more readily.

I can remember having dozens of crushes when I was in high school—some so devastating that I would go running to my mother convinced that "this is it." Debbie had few, if any. Today I can't remember what half of my mad crushes looked like, and I can't imagine what I saw in those I do remember. All this waste motion (and emotion) was something Debbie didn't have to go through. She already knew puppy love for what it was (it was "for the birds," she said) and saved her energy for more important things.

She thinks a girl, particularly one whose career places her before the public, should always be self-possessed. I don't know how she does it, but Debbie keeps her head even when she has lost her temper. What I know about handling a flirt I think I've learned from observing her. She likes good-humored kidding, but she hates the hand patters. ("Hand pattery is a disease," she says.)

SOME OF OUR friends think Debbie is a little too serious in her relationship with people; not easy to meet and certainly not easy to get to know. The answer to that is simple—Debbie, whom I can recall as a regular tomboy in her childhood, has had sobering responsibilities for a girl of her age—both as an actress and as an elder daughter in her family. The

I SAW IT HAPPEN

*Bing loses a match
and takes a toupee!*



Bing accepted a toupee from Arthur Anderson of Everett, Washington, mc of ceremony.



The Grooner interrupted his vacation at Hayden Lake to drive over for the fund-raising match.

■ Know what an "eagle" means to a golfer? Bing Crosby does, and he ought to! It's a hole-in-two—exactly what *Der Bingle* shot on the third hole at an exhibition match he played in Wenatchee, Washington, to raise funds for a new municipal golf course. The club that done the deed, lifting the ball over 110 yards, was a nine iron.

Just luck? Maybe. But every one of the spectators crowding the galleries felt it was luck well deserved. Bing was playing with spectacular golfers. His partner was Washington's own Jack Westland, Congressman and National Amateur Golf Champion for 1952. Opposing them were a pair of youthful champs, Bruce Cudd, Northwest Open Champion for 1953, and Eddie Draper, Washington State Amateur Champion for the same year. These three thrilled the gallery with long drives, good approaches and phenomenal putting. But it was only Bing, Mr. Lucky of the day, who took time

to chat amiably as he walked down the fairways, turning every fan into a personal friend. It was Bing who despite the blistering August heat joked good-naturedly when he was introduced to the crowd and when he was presented with a toupee! "Thanks for the divot!" he quipped, and then spoke briefly about his love for golf. "If it helps a little," he finished, "I'm happy to be here."

Maybe it did help. Maybe it helped not only the fund drive and the spirits of the perspiring spectators—but Bing himself. Maybe it was just this air of casual, friendly good nature that made it possible for him to beat three top golfers on the third, fourteenth and eighteenth holes and sink that beautiful eagle. Bruce and Eddie took the match that day. But it was Bing who took with him the hearts of the crowd. And that takes more than luck!

Joy Arch
Wenatchee, Washington

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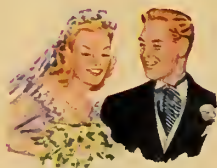
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work she has had to do and the decisions she has had to make were at the expense of her playtime girlhood years. She has always known that her career is not only important to her but can mean (and has meant, for that matter) a lot to all of us. I'm in pictures simply because Debbie got me into them. She encouraged me, she helped me study, and she practically placed me in my studio.

Actually, Debbie has gone to a great deal of trouble to keep from growing away from people. I can remember when she decided to give up going to school in the studio, even though it was so convenient, because she thought she would develop more normally if she went to a regular high school. Even today few of her friends even know she ever made such an attempt. She applied at Beverly Hills High, was admitted, and attended classes there for exactly three days! The girls there just wouldn't accept her!

We realized later they couldn't understand why a girl who could spend all her time at a movie studio would want to waste any of it in a school. They were actually suspicious of Debbie, as if they felt there must be something wrong with her! And Debbie, who just wanted friends of her own age and the kind of life that went with them, was broken-hearted when she had to give up the idea.

I am pretty sure that our twinship, even though it didn't last, set a pattern of close relationship that is with us even today. We do a lot of our dreaming and planning together, and certainly our working and playing.

MANY NIGHTS we talk acting; we concoct wonderful roles and then the stories to go along with them. No writer has ever worked according to the formula we follow! We start creating for ourselves the kind of role we feel we can best portray; then we fit in the plot any old somehow! The way we figure, Shakespeare was wrong when he said "The play's the thing!" (You know I'm just kidding.)

We do a lot of ballet practice and vocalizing together; that takes some of the monotony and hardship out of it. And if you want to go bicycle riding and the nearest place is a city street you know how silly you can feel by yourself, whereas it becomes fun when there is another girl along.

As we grew older Debbie and I learned that we were different in a number of ways—including one that really hurts me. I shall refer to it as our rates of metabolism. Debbie, who has a wonderful shape, can eat what she likes when she likes without gaining an ounce. The food gets burned up and disappears without burdening her down in any way. What I eat, however, just wants to stay with me forever. Consequently I must diet while Debbie doesn't.

If only my appetite were small! But it isn't. It's titanic. I have to work at dieting. Only once a month do I indulge my craving for sweets. The whole family generally goes along and we head for a place famous for its hot fudge sundaes. A half hour after everybody else has finished I am still nursing my sundae along, trying to make it last.

We differ in our philosophies, too. Debbie has her sights always set on the future, mine are usually extended no further than maybe a half day beyond the present (in other words not past the next meal)! While I cotton to people more quickly than Debbie does, she is the one who likes to have visitors at our home on Sundays when we are not working. (I just want the family around.) Quiet as Debbie is, and ready to do anything to avoid a commotion, she occasionally sets off a riot around the house by getting an impulse to play a

practical joke. The biggest scare I ever had in my life I got from Debbie one night when I was watching television and thought I was all alone.

The program was a suspense play and I was already enjoying goose pimples when Debbie sneaked into the house. She went to her room and pulled a silk stocking over her face so that her features were fearsomely distorted. She covered her hands with white cream. Creeping up behind me, she lifted the hands in front of my eyes as if she were about to choke me. I screamed and looked around to see a horrible brown smear of a face and my heart nearly exploded. If ever I was sore at Debbie and if ever we had a real fight, it was that night!

ORDINARILY, we get along beautifully. Once in a while something comes between us—something, say, like the two peasant-style slips bought for us by mother. One was black and the other white. We both wanted the black one. We talked about it at night without settling the matter, and when I got up first in the morning it seemed only sensible to put on the black one. Why argue further?

IT HAPPENED TO ME

I was chosen from the audience at a radio show as the amateur to appear with a panel of experts. Most charming of the experts was Vincent Price. As we sat backstage in the last few minutes before show time, I gathered my courage to remark with a smile, "Mr. Price, I saw you in House Of Wax, and you were such a villain that I just hate you."

"Madam," replied the tall, handsome actor with a bow, "that is the nicest compliment I have ever received!"

*Gene Desmond
Hempstead, New York*



Of course, just as I was leaving the house somebody had to think about it and somebody had to call her mother to call me back, and then we had to go into it all over again, the talk running something like this:

MOTHER: Lisa, which slip did you put on?

ME: Who, me?

DEBBIE: She put the black one on and I'll need it today because I'm wearing my Moulin Rouge gown. (This gown was created for Debbie by Nikki, of Hollywood, and is a semi-cocktail and evening gown.)

ME: I'm wearing my strapless gold and the white slip won't do for that. Goodbye.

DEBBIE: Mother! She's going!

MOTHER: Lisa!

ME: Who, me?

MOTHER: Take it off.

ME: Who, me?

MOTHER: Take it off, take it off, take it off!

And so I sniffed at everybody and said something about some people who are so inconsiderate just over a little old slip. And I took it off and I was sore. But when I got back from the studio that night I'd forgotten all about it. And the same with Debbie. I mean in cases where she has lost the argument, and sometimes she does, she harbors resentment no longer than I do.

Of course Debbie can get really angry if sufficiently provoked. Then she is something to handle! Nobody who knows her quiet ways today would ever believe that as a youngster she was a tree climber, a dare taker and a yelling leader of the neighborhood gang. For that matter, no one who knows my reputation as an extrovert (by comparison to Debbie, anyway) would believe that I spent most of my spare time in school writing poetry.

I wish I could let you read a sample so you would know I'm not kidding and because none of my stuff was ever printed!

Debbie gets some ideas out of my poems, she says. Also some laughs. I love to hear her laugh. When Jimmy Stewart and Debbie played in *Broken Arrow*, a Technicolor picture, she had to wear contact lenses over her blue-green eyes to make them look brown because she played a brown-eyed Indian maiden. In a scene that ended with a clinch, Jimmy was supposed to whisper, "I love you." He did. Then he added, "but your right eye is slipping." Debbie howled so loudly that Jimmy claimed she disgraced her whole tribe.

DEBBIE had less trouble getting started in pictures than I did. She made it on her second test, but not until ten terrible days of waiting had passed. I'll never forget the night we got the news. We were having a spaghetti dinner and were half way through when the telephone rang and someone asked for Debbie. She went to the telephone, talked quietly for a few moments, and then returned to the table to announce, still quietly, that Billy Gordon of 20th Century-Fox said she had been accepted because the studio had nobody like her.

Two years later I took my first test at 20th and was turned down because the studio already had someone of my type—Debbie, of course. From that day nearly five years ago, until last year, I was tested periodically by every studio in town. The answer was always no. Then one day my present studio, Universal-International, wanted to borrow Debbie from 20th for a picture. She couldn't accept but she suggested that they test me for it. They did and signed me, but not for the role they were going to give Debbie. I didn't care. I was started. Since then I have had small roles in a half dozen pictures but, in my last film *Drums Across The River*, I play opposite the star, Audie Murphy. Next on the list for me is *Francis Joins the WACS* with Donald O'Connor. From now on nothing can stop me except, maybe, hot fudge sundaes. (And how I wish I had one!)

IT IS STILL much easier for me to meet people and talk to them than for Debbie, but why shouldn't it be? People don't get that odd "Oh!-she's-a-celebrity" look in their eyes when they see me. They don't recognize me at all most of the time. When I do seem familiar to them it's because they think I'm Debbie.

But anyway, Debbie is no queen, and I shall never be a queen either—mainly because of the lady who is our mother. Margaret Griffin (Mother's stage name) knows what life is about and has given us the benefit of her knowledge. One of her big lessons is that pretense belongs strictly on the stage—not off it. She can spot false temperament, or even just plain temper, while it is still aborning. That is why Debbie is no queen in our domicile and that's why I'm not even a princess! We're just two of mother's four daughters—the middle two. Let us know if you want to come to see us. We'll ask Mother if it's okay.

Debra Paget can now be seen in 20th Century-Fox's *Prince Valiant*. **END**



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Be sure to see Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz, and Mercury in M-G-M's "The Long, Long Trailer"—coming soon to your favorite theater.

NEW 1954
MERCURY

(Continued from page 58) themselves thinking of this Guy Mitchell as maybe a stranger. That's why, when he had telephoned them to be his guests at the Flamingo hotel in Las Vegas where he was now playing, they were secretly pleased when he also begged them to bring his pony along so he could do some riding. That boy, always crazy over horses, they knew well, no matter what you called him!

That's Guy Mitchell, a surprise to most people, even to his own folks—but a pleasant one.

You'd think that a boy who actually broke wild horses to the saddle at the age of fourteen would be a rugged-looking customer by the time he reached his middle twenties. Guy Mitchell is. He stands medium tall, weighs 175 pounds, has a heavy cast to his features and probably the biggest pair of fists in show business. Extraordinary fists which can probably check a horse dead when wrapped around a pair of reins. But the face smiles easily into blond, blue-eyed friendliness and those fists open to become unusually expressive hands when he is singing in a baritone that can boom or croon over a range of two and a half octaves. Most characteristic is a wholehearted impulsiveness about everything he does. When his mother and father got to Las Vegas he not only fell on their necks with joy but had to run back to the trailer and kiss his horse, Scotch Boy, as well.

This combination of outer strength and inner warmth makes for a telling personality when he is before the public. He bounces onto the stage and hits his full singing stride within the first three notes. As an English theatre manager put it: "He works close; he reaches right out from the stage to tap the shoulder of the fellow sitting in the last balcony seat." In his first two movies, *Those Sisters From Seattle* and *Red Garters*, it was quickly decided by his producers to let him be his natural self rather than make him conform to any specifications of the writers or directors. Even when he is not seen, but just heard, as in his recordings, most of his personality comes through in his voice. "He sings inside of you," the song experts say when talking about his style.

Guy's first real taste of success came only three years ago when he recorded "My Heart Cries For You," his sixth platter for Columbia Records. It has sold almost two million copies. Since then, with such hits as "Sparrow In The Tree Top," "The Roving Kind," "My Truly, Truly Fair," "Feet Up, Pat Him On The Po-Po" and "She Wears A Red Feather," the cumulative sales of his records have reached the ten million mark. Figures of this kind, including the multi-thousand dollar salaries he receives today for his radio, tv, theatre and nightclub appearances still awe him. He wants nothing to do with the business end of his work; the figures mentioned in the checks and contracts are always for amounts of money which convey little meaning to him. After all, just before he made good as a recording artist his income was in the sub-low brackets; he used to find it difficult to pay a New York landlady who asked only \$5 a week for her room. She would be sad for months about him, generally two months' worth of sadness or \$40 in back rent.

When he was in New York his only income came from making demonstration records for songwriters who nowadays prefer to submit their compositions to music publishers in this form. Guy made his

*He's the quiet
kind you suspect is
really a Man
of Mystery—*

MR. TRACY: KEENER THAN MOST PERSONS

■ Funny thing about Spencer Tracy. He's made more big, quality motion pictures than any other star in Hollywood. Yet in the last decade, practically no lengthy stories about him have appeared in the magazines.

Tracy, with his practiced understatement, says, "I lead a quiet, simple life."

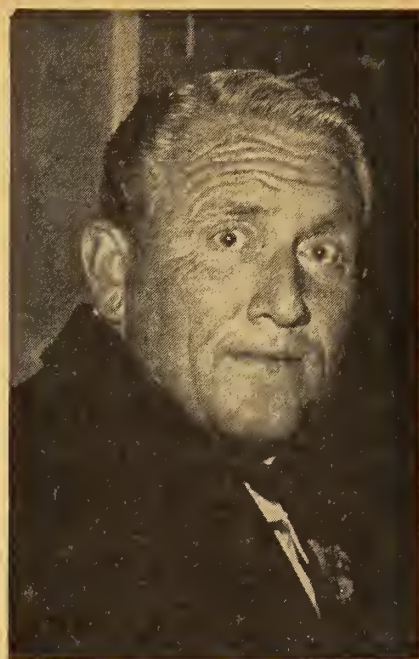
Known to directors as "the quiet type of lover" or "the kind of husband most women want their husbands to be," Tracy's favorite home is his San Fernando Valley ranch.

When he is working, he keeps an apartment in a Beverly Hills hotel convenient to MGM. He gets up at five A.M. and with the help of a pot of black coffee he goes over the day's dialogue. He is on the set by eight-thirty, ready for work and sore at players who turn up late.

His heart is as soft as custard. His ranch is stocked with horses, turkeys, hunting dogs, and two or three polo ponies. The horses never race. No one ever kills the turkeys because Spencer likes them for pets. The dogs haven't hunted for years, and the polo ponies haven't seen a mallet since Tracy gave up the game before the war.

He loves to worry. He insists that his last role was always "my worst. I did a really lousy job." He has said this so many times, even about *Captains Courageous* and *Boys Town*, his two Academy Award winners, that no one pays attention to him any more.

After he finished a picture, he used



World War II gave him a break when leading-man shortages let him get the girl!

to drive up the coast highway, park his car, and do a little painting. "It's good, nerve-soothing occupational therapy," he used to say.

The last few years, however, he has left for Europe upon completion of films. He has a son, John, and an eighteen-year-old daughter, Susie, who looks very much like him.

He is with them practically any night he's in town. He usually takes them to dinner at Chasen's or Romanoff's in Hollywood.

He began his acting career almost thirty years ago and he has never been out of work for more than two consecutive weeks.

When he first came to MGM, he was placed in a series of films in which the other fellow always got the girl, "the other fellow" usually being Clark Gable. Tracy wasn't handsome enough to sweep a beautiful woman off her feet, they said.

During World War II, however, when most of the lovers had gone to war, Tracy tried their parts.

In *Cass Timberlane* he snatched Lana Turner. In *State Of The Union* he won Katharine Hepburn, and as a Romeo, he's still winning, although he is now fifty-three years old.

His hair may be white and his weather-beaten Irish face lined and he may be as he says, "on the verge of retirement," but he generates enough quiet sex appeal to make him one of the most reliable box office attractions in the country.

headquarters on the sidewalk in front of the publishers' offices on Broadway and you could get him to sing for five dollars a song—less, if you cared to bargain. One afternoon he cut his regular rate to help an impecunious songwriter with a novelty tune. The writer sold the song and it became one of the biggest hits in the history of popular songs. It was "Rudolph, The Red-nosed Reindeer." The writer made a small fortune out of it. So did almost every artist identified with it. Guy, the first man ever to sing it, got two dollars for his efforts, and as he says, "I could use the money, too."

Guy, whose folks are Yugoslavian, was born twenty-seven years ago in Detroit on Washington's Birthday, but he has been caught telling lies in his time. His mother was the victim of one of his biggest fibs. While attending Mission High School in San Francisco after his family came west he would come home day after day with various injuries—skin lacerations, muscular sprains and even suspected concussions. His story was that he sustained all of this damage in football practice. The truth, as she found out years later, was that he had taken up bronco busting.

He was spending his spare time at the local stockyards, helping the cowboys in their corral work and trying to ride the

wild horses which were occasionally shipped in. As Guy's skill grew, he seriously decided to take up rodeo riding.

He was only fourteen when he spent \$25 for an outlaw colt headed for the glue works because nobody could break it to the saddle. A month later he was able to sell it for \$100. It was a well-behaved animal, amenable to final training. That summer and the next he found cowpoke work on ranches in the San Joaquin Valley.

Guy lied to his mother because the family had agreed that his destiny was singing. Whenever there was a spare dollar or two it was used to pay for singing lessons. This didn't bring much training because spare dollars were rare, but the idea was there. He knew his parents wouldn't consider it a bit sporting of him to go around courting a broken neck with his horse wrangling.

But he could not stop. He had western fever and he still has it. He even apprenticed himself to a saddle-maker when he was in his teens because he loved the feel of leather. He still makes all his own riding gear. Playing anywhere in the west he will usually be seen sporting riding garb. If he happens to be missing in a new town his road manager, Marty Horstman, checks saddle and leather stores first. Invariably, he finds Guy at one of them. That little ranch he bought for his

parents in Tarzana is not the last land transaction Guy plans; there will be another one some day, in Nevada probably, and it will be for a real cattle outfit, he says.

Guy's family moved from Detroit to California when he was eleven, living in Los Angeles for a year before going on to San Francisco. At that time Guy's singing, overheard by a scout while he was riding on a Greyhound bus, won him a grooming contract at Warner Brothers Studio and regular singing assignments at the studio's radio station KFRW in Hollywood. Nothing came of this nor of subsequent radio work as a singer in San Francisco with Dede Martin on his KYA and KGO radio shows. Guy left Dede to join the Navy in 1945 and returned to Dede in 1947 feeling that nothing was any different except the feel of a horse—he hadn't been on one for sixteen months. He decided he could never stay away from horseflesh this long again. During his tour of England, playing London and the provinces, one of his manager's principal duties was to hire horses and bring them to the stage door. Guy hadn't the time to go riding but at least he wanted the satisfaction of sitting a mount once in a while. When there were no horses to be had the manager appealed to mounted policemen for their co-operation. They would always understand and plod their steeds to the stage door to dismount and let Guy climb on.

LATE in 1947 Guy switched from Dede Martin to Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra as a male vocalist. The next summer when Carmen's outfit went to New York for its annual engagement at the Astor hotel, a date Guy had been looking forward to all year, he had a serious attack of laryngitis and a bad case of ptomaine poisoning. Cavallaro gave him two weeks' salary and a plane ticket home to San Francisco for a rest. Guy cashed in the ticket, and with a total bankroll of more than \$500 figured he had enough to invade the sanctums of those who control the music world and prove to them that he deserved their support. For a long time he got no closer than the busy curb outside their offices.

There were moments of glory. One night, while singing in a small night club, a \$50 bill was thrown at him by a customer. In the fall of 1949 he placed first on an Arthur Godfrey Talent Scout Show. This seemed to impress nobody and he was soon back at his sidewalk stand.

One day a tunesmith named Ned Washington asked Guy to make a demonstration record of a song called "My Foolish Heart." It was accepted for publication by Eddie Joy, vice-president of the Santly-Joy company, who liked Guy's voice and wanted to meet him. Joy also manages singers and is credited with master-minding Mindy Carson to top recognition. He placed Guy under personal contract and told him to study the leading vocalists for guidance toward achieving a warmer and more personal style of singing.

Joy obtained the Columbia Records contract for Guy and his career really got under way when "My Heart Cries For You" began tear-jerking buyers into the record stores at the rate of a quarter million a month. Guy, who was still faithfully trying to figure out what a successful singer did to a song to make it a hit, was told he could stop now; all he had to do was sing like Guy Mitchell.

If you are a young American citizen, male, who can sing like an angel and ride like the devil, you might as well start house hunting in Hollywood—you'll be out there sooner or later. Guy's records caused talk and the talk got to the ears of talent heads at Paramount Studios. Both of his pictures

What's eating you?

No, we're not being belligerent . . . we just want to know. Do you have a mad on—or a crush? Who do you think should get bigger roles, more publicity, better breaks? Whether you're in the mood for bestowing bouquets or giving vent to your gripes, we'd like to hear about it. So fill out the form below as soon as you have read this March issue of MODERN SCREEN. Then mail it to us at the address given—and do it right away, because we're sending a crisp new one-dollar bill 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 which stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ Out of the Shadows (Suzan Boll)
- ☐ The Lowdown on Hollywood Women
- ☐ They Fight for Each Other (Gronger-Simmons)
- ☐ I'm Gonno Quit (Dole Robertson)
- ☐ Still Slugging (Hoyword-Borker)
- ☐ The Trouble With Sinotro
- ☐ The Queen and I (Debro Poget-Liso Goye)
- ☐ Return from Nowhere (Guy Modison)
- ☐ Living on Wheels (Lucille Boll-Desi Arnoz)
- ☐ New Baby—New Hoppiness (John Derek)
- ☐ Miss Grable Steps Out (Betty Groble-Horry Jones)
- ☐ What I Learned from Women (Tab Hunter)
- ☐ Crawford Meets the Critics (Joan Crawford)
- ☐ Big Noise From Frisco (Guy Mitchell)
- ☐ Whatever His Purpose (June Allyson)
- ☐ Shellfire (Shelley Winters)
- ☐ I Sow It Hoppen (Bing Crosby)
- ☐ Mr. Trocy: Keener Than Most Persons (Spencer Tracy)
- ☐ The One That Got Away (Simmons-Mitchum)
- ☐ No Olé for Avo (Avo Gardner)
- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Movie Reviews
- ☐ Just for the Records
- ☐ TV Talk

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

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

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

are Technicolor musicals. In *Red Garters* he co-starred with Rosemary Clooney, Joanne Gilbert, Pat Crowley and Gene Barry. The cast of *Those Sisters From Seattle* included Rhonda Fleming, Agnes Moorehead, Teresa Brewer and, again, Gene Barry.

During his months at Paramount he got to know everyone in the studio and had only one unhappy day. This was the afternoon he was handed his new cowboy outfit, made in resplendent white and tan, for his role in *Red Garters*. Strictly a blue jeans man himself, Guy was ill at ease in his new costume. He slunk in and out of doorways and killed time on the set in dark corners.

HIS PARENTS and his younger brother, Donald, who is seventeen, paid him a visit at the studio. They met Bob Hope and afterward Guy thanked him for being so affable with them. "That's all right," said Bob. "You just be nice to my folks when they come. I'm no fool." This, according to those who know Bob, is no mean compliment to Guy's talent and his future, even if it sounded like kidding.

It is fairly certain that for the next few years he is going to be a busy boy; he is one of the most solidly booked entertainers in the world, and in every medium of show business. Working so steadily and with so many different kinds of performers has extended Guy's talents. He used to confine his work to singing. Now he has added some dance steps, does nice things with a guitar and has developed an easy, conversational relationship with his audiences. There may be more to come. He has been caught practicing tumbling tricks, acrobatics and bouncing about on a trampoline like a circus clown.

His only serious illnesses occurred before he was seven years old when he had pneumonia a couple of times. Since then his health has been perfect. He can sleep up to fourteen hours a night, preferably on what he calls a "basketball court"—two three-quarter beds shoved together. He likes to read, but because he hasn't much time he reads only best sellers. He insists that he was a good student in school but his mother remembers him as "just a passing one." He was a half credit short when he left Mission High School in San Francisco. He recently went back there and sang for the students in the assembly hall. Afterward, principal Alvin C. Morse awarded him the missing half credit.

In October, 1952, he married Jackie Loughery who was Miss U.S.A. in the annual Miss Universe contest at Long Beach, California. The cast and crew of *Those Sisters From Seattle* gave a surprise luncheon for the couple at Paramount on their six months wedding anniversary. Five months later they had separated. Jackie is suing for separate maintenance, charging cruelty. Guy has said, "I want to be married. I want children. When I get my ranch my life won't be complete until I have a wife and children on it."

END

I'm gonna quit

(Continued from page 37) apartment house?" he suggested. "Why don't you buy some real estate?"

"That's not for me," Dale said. "Whatever money I've got saved up, I reckon I'll put it in this Everlast setup. I like the looks of the place. I've talked to the chemist down there. We can turn out some wonderful products, products the country needs."

Other friends listening to Dale told him he was nuts. "Look," advised one, "it's only been a year or so that you've been earning a thousand bucks a week. Why

Fabulous fashion for '54: Chandelier earrings, tipped with crystal raindrops



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have no odor

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only **FRESH** has this
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don't you invest that dough in blue chip stocks? This manufacturing business is too risky."

ROBERTSON had heard that kind of talk before. After World War II when he returned to Oklahoma City and told people he was going to try his hand in Hollywood, they gave him the same routine. Too risky, you'll spend all your money.

Dale drove out to filmland. It was plenty rough before he got his break. "But once I made it," he recalls, "they all became back-slappers. 'Knew you'd make it, boy.'"

"Same with this Everlast thing. We're turning out an innertube rubber coating, makes the tires on your car absolutely puncture proof. You squeeze the stuff into your tire tubes. They do it for you at filling stations. Costs \$2.50 a tire. An' for ten bucks you've got yourself four puncture-proof tires. It's a good deal.

"We've been selling the compound all over the country. Safety Seal. It's our own secret formula. And we've been in the black since we got under way.

"Funny thing. All these folks telling me I was plumb crazy, now they're coming around. 'Dale boy,' they're saying. 'How about buying in with you? How about selling some stock?' Nothing doing. There's no stock left. I hocked myself to get things going. Now I reckon I'll just sit back a bit and see what goes.

"In this company of mine, we got lots of plans. We propose to turn out a special hand lotion for secretaries. Then we got a face cream. We got big plans but we're moving slow. Maybe I shouldn't say this, but I'm getting as big a kick out of this business as acting in films."

The thirty-year-old Oklahoman explained that acting was pleasant and exciting. He was grateful for the opportunity.

"Only thing about it," he pointed out, "is there ain't no one can tell you how long you gonna last."

When Dale was first signed at 20th Century-Fox some of his fellow employees were Linda Darnell, Anne Baxter, Betty Grable, Joanne Dru, Bill Lundigan, June Haver and Gary Merrill. Today, for one reason or another, they are no longer there.

Early this year when Robertson's contract came up for renewal, it was touch-and-go whether or not his option would be picked up, despite the fact that for the last three years he has been ranked one, two, three in fan mail popularity. He began to look for additional income.

He had met a chemist, an elderly European, who said he had worked out formulae for many salable products. Dale decided to do some careful investigation.

It all seemed very complicated and anyone else might have dropped the whole thing to concentrate on acting.

After all, he did have a good job. He did have to report to the studio and he did have to learn his lines. Could he possibly do two jobs well at the same time?

But then he decided as did others such as Bing Crosby, that every star should have a financial pillow to weather bad times. His friend Betty Grable had her Baby-J ranch with seven race horses,

three of which, Big Noise, Laughin' Louie, and James Session, have won more than \$150,000 in prize money. What did Dale Robertson have?

"The answer," Dale says, "was nothing. So I decided to get me into something just the way all the smart money men have done. I got me into Everlast Laboratories.

"I brought my brother Chet out from Oklahoma, hired my old buddies, and we went to work." Dale's factory in West Los Angeles is a fairly large plant. It employs twenty-odd people and it is growing.

One of the employees who prefers to remain nameless, says, "I've worked for an awful lot of men in my time, but I've never worked for anyone like Dale Robertson. He's a new breed of boss. You can knock off at three or four in the afternoon. He doesn't care just so long as the work is done.

"He wants you to get that work done, and if you can do your job in three or four hours that's fine with him. You'll do anything for a boss like that. He's a regular guy. I'm telling you Mr. Robertson is going to be a big success in business. He's a man of his word. When he tells you something, that's it.

"He himself keeps strange hours. Comes in ten or ten-thirty; sometimes doesn't come in at all when he's working in a movie. But the work gets done.

"He's got a big office with all the trimmings but I've never seen him wear a tie yet. First president of a company I've seen without a tie. Doesn't mind working with his hands either. He's loaded the truck. He's run the canning machinery. He's done everything."

How DOES Dale's wife, Jacqueline, feel about her husband's business venture? The Robertsons still live in a \$52-per-month G.I. tract house.

Her friends say that Jackie deserves better. "After all, she was accustomed to a much better standard of living as a single girl. Her father is Sering Dunham Wilson, of the social Philadelphia Wilsons and her mother is Fairy Burney, the actress. Jackie was born in Paris, brought up in Princeton, and sent to private schools.

"I wouldn't say that she married beneath her, exactly, but I would say that now that Dale is making some good money, he should have moved his family into a more comfortable home. Instead he takes everything and plunges it into this business. After all, he is making a thousand dollars a week. If he were my husband, I'd demand a higher scale of living."

But Jackie Robertson is not the sort of wife who makes demands.

Her faith in Dale is limitless. He is not an easy man to live with; he tends to be moody, opinionated, and a little spoiled. But Jackie is very much in love with him, and now that she understands what makes him tick, they have made a satisfactory marital adjustment.

Dale Robertson does not come out of the mould that usually makes an actor. He is no self-centered exhibitionist. He is a man who loves the outdoors and a great deal of action. He likes to work with his hands as well as with his mind. He knows his first responsibility is his family.

He likes being an actor but he dreads being a "has-been" actor at forty.

When Rochelle grows up and people ask what her dad does for a living, Dale doesn't want her to stammer and pause and finally say, "Well, my father used to be a movie star."

He'd much rather have her say something about the old man not only having been a great movie star, but also president of Everlast Laboratories.

"Reckon that's why I'm beating out my brains," he explains, "holding down two jobs at once."

END

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue.

6, 7, 8, 9, 10—Beerman, Parry; 19—Universal, Beerman, Parry; 28—Parry; 31, 32, 33—Beerman, Parry; 20th Century-Fox; 34—INP; 38—Engstad, Beerman, Parry; 40, 41—INP, Nogueras; 42, 43—Beerman, Parry, Universal; 44, 45—Warner Bros., Beerman, Parry; 46, 47, 48, 49—Beerman, Parry; 50, 51—Beerman, Parry; 52, 53—Beerman, Parry; 54, 55—Globe, Beerman, Parry, Snyder; 56—MGM; 58, 59—Desert Sea News Bureau, Paramount; 60—Beerman, Parry; 67—Arch.

return from nowhere

(Continued from page 44) new actor.' The Selznick studio immediately went into action, giving the youngster a class A (colossal) publicity buildup.

If they weren't prepared for such an overnight sensation, neither was Guy. He had never given acting a thought and knew nothing about it. He had thought he might go into forestry after the war. And here he was, suddenly made a star by public pressure, and soon afterward bumped into a leading role opposite Dorothy Maguire in *Till The End Of Time*. It was a frightening experience for him, shouldering half the responsibility of a top budget picture along with a star of experience and magnitude. He knew that he was becoming the butt of jokes around town. 'As good as Guy Madison' became a standard gag, and Guy tried to shrug it off. "What am I supposed to do?" he asked. "If they want to give me the work and pay me the money, I'd be crazy to turn it down."

DESPITE his wooden performances his popularity increased, and along with Frank Sinatra and Van Johnson, Guy became the idol of the teen-agers. He had hit the movies at the right moment. Most of Hollywood's actors were away in the service, and those who weren't needed 4-F papers to excuse themselves for being loose. Guy was in the service, and therefore a double-dyed hero. He was exceedingly good looking, and twenty-one, a proper age for the adulation of girls whose lives were so empty of young men.

He was loaned to RKO to make *Till The End Of Time* following his discharge from the Navy, and then to make *Honeymoon* with Shirley Temple. Selznick never used him in a picture after his brief appearance in *Since You Went Away*, but instead cashed in on him as a popular property. Possibly Selznick knew how unprepared Guy was for starring roles and preferred to let other producers take the chance. At any rate, Guy was released in 1947 from his Selznick contract. On his own, he found that the going was not easy. Producers had seen him struggling with his lines and concluded that Guy Madison was, after all, only a flash in the pan.

Guy had mixed emotions about it all. He figured the publicity was still heavy enough to insure future movie roles, but if anything drastic happened, he thought, he could always go into commercial fishing. He hadn't asked to be let in, and now if they wanted to let him out, he could find something else to do. But in his heart he wanted the movies to be his livelihood, and braced with optimism, he married Gail Russell in July, 1949, after a courtship of three years. That the two were deeply in love no one doubted but in April of the following year they had their first spat. There was an argument at a party, after which Gail moved to an apartment and Guy went hunting. "He always goes hunting when he wants to think," she said when they were back together again. The rift lasted only a short time, but it was the first indication that all was not well with their marriage.

At that time, Guy had been a year without work, and shortly afterward Gail asked to be released from her contract with Paramount. Gail never wanted to be an actress, any more than Guy wanted to be an actor. Her sultry beauty had been discovered while she was in high school in nearby Santa Monica, and she had been booted to stardom, much as Guy had. Both of them, but especially Gail, lacked self-confidence. After years of leading roles she left Paramount. It was a



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move that helped their marriage. But Guy wasn't doing well. He did theatre work around the country and made a few pictures for independent producers, notably *Red Snow* and *Drums In The Deep South*, but without the backing of a major studio these films were scarcely noticed.

In 1950 a pilot test film was made of *Wild Bill Hickok*, with Guy in the title role. The series was planned for television, but as is true with every TV program, it took time, and lots of it, to find a sponsor. Because the show might be sold at any time, Guy couldn't make other commitments, and the doldrums made a lean and hungry period of waiting.

Ironically, this was the period during which Guy, for the first time since finding himself within the gates of Hollywood, had confidence in his own ability. During the years of erratic employment he had been working with dramatic coach Eda Edson, who after talking with him two hours gave him his cue. Guy was not an actor, per se, but he had the makings of an excellent performer. And so Miss Edson told him, "To thine own self be true." That was a valuable bit of advice for Mr. Madison. He began to realize that if he felt out of place wearing a tuxedo in real life, he would be unconvincing in a tuxedo on the screen. He learned that if he wanted to be a success in Hollywood or in the theatre, he must seek out roles he could understand, parts in which he could react naturally. It is a method that has paid off handsomely with many of Hollywood's top performers—John Wayne, Gary Cooper, Esther Williams—the list is endless. Guy had his cue, at last, and chafed with impatience for the chance to prove himself to his former critics.

WHEN GAIL went home from Paramount to be Mrs. Madison, the budget was taut. Guy's income was sporadic, yet his new confidence gave him the courage to hang on and wait and hope.

Perhaps all would have worked out had it not been for Gail's tragic addiction to drinking. It was a habit brought on from long years of insecurity and a childhood that left much to be desired. Gail was, and still is, one of the best-liked girls in town, and her friends have understood the fact that she was a sick girl much in need of help. Modern medicine has proved that the alcoholic is not to be blamed, but rather the circumstances which have led him to drink. From those who knew her

secret there was no censure, but understanding and sympathy for Gail in her battle to conquer the habit. She tried hard, with Guy at her side to do all in his power for her.

This sort of thing is tough on any marriage. With this friction, their incompatibilities began to show more each day, and soon Hollywood was speculating on how long the marriage would last. No one wanted to see it break up, as both Gail and Guy, despite their retiring manners, were liked and respected even in the extrovert town of Hollywood. People knew they were in love, but there was trouble. Their friends were not surprised when they separated a year ago.

In the time that has since passed, they have remained the best of friends. This is a speech worn thin by Hollywood divorcees, but it is true of the Madisons. They have deep feeling for each other, but they cannot make a go of marriage, and have given up trying. The decision wasn't made without a great deal of effort. Only last August Guy said in one of his rare statements to the press: "I admit I am heartsick over our separation, but for various reasons we can't seem to make a go of it. I am still devoted to Gail and anything she needs from me she will always have. I have only appreciation for the wonderful years she made possible. I have no regrets. After all, I'm lucky—I had the chance to experience a strong and honest emotion."

At this writing there is no legal separation but chances are that Guy and Gail will make the situation legal, either by separation or divorce. Whatever happens, there will always be a bond between them, and Guy's continued support of Gail, acting still as a pillar of strength to bolster her extreme insecurity, is one of Hollywood's most admirable stories. Whatever happens, both of them have the respect and good wishes of the whole town.

BY THE TIME the Madisons had separated Guy had become known once more to the public, this time through his TV role of Wild Bill Hickok. It had been rolling for a year, and Guy in buckskin was a familiar sight to the kids of America. Many of their mothers, seeing him ride across the screen in their living rooms, remembered the days when they too had been fans, and felt a renewed interest.

The Hickok role brought him his chance for a movie comeback. During the first

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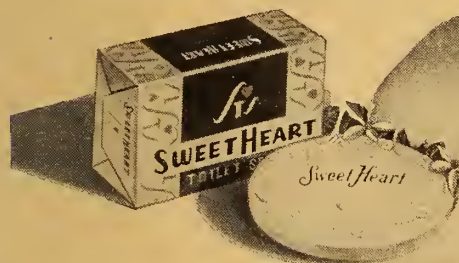
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flaring of 3-D fever, Warner Brothers studio planned a batch of these films and one of them, to be called *Charge At Feather River*, was hurriedly prepared for production. The stumbling block was the casting of the leading man. Gary Cooper, John Wayne and many of the screen's outdoor men had been approached but none of them could take the role because of other commitments. Only one week before start of production Warner executive Steve Trilling mentioned the problem at home. His eleven-year-old daughter said, "Why don't you get Wild Bill Hickok?" Trilling took his child's suggestion, and Guy was brought to the studio.

His performance in *Charge At Feather River* surprised everyone, not the least of whom was director Gordon Douglas, whose serious reservation about Guy changed to astonishment. After working with him a few days, Douglas saw to it that the script was strengthened to give full play to Guy's surprising new ease before the cameras. Television experience had made movie work much easier for him, and he stuck to his cue from Eda Edson and acted like Guy Madison would act. It was important, too, that Guy's new job came only two weeks after his split with Gail. To erase his unhappiness he dedicated himself to doing the best job possible, and as a result the press did nips-ups of surprise the night the picture was previewed. As one young fan put it in a letter to Guy, "I have seen all your tv shows plus *Charge At Feather River*. My big sister said she didn't think you could make love until she saw you in that movie. Now she says gee."

Guy's appealing love scenes were only a small part of his charm for his new-found public. They discovered another quality—the lithe, panther-like way he moves. Director Douglas told him, "You

give the most beautiful action since Tom Mix," and director David Butler has nicknamed him "The Cat." Women were quick to notice this agility, and the fan letters once more poured in for Guy, this time more than 3000 a week.

His appeal stems from the fact that he is a man's man, and therefore a woman's man, too. He is quiet, not in the shy way of ten years ago, but in the way of a lone wolf. He is the kind of man who gets along more easily with children and animals than people his own age, and greatly prefers conversation with a man to that with a woman. Still ill at ease among strangers, he doesn't talk much when he's with a crowd. Some say Guy wishes he could unbend, but he doesn't know how. He has been known to be closely associated with people for more than two years before they feel they have broken through one small part of the wall that surrounds him.

Without knowing what he is thinking or what makes him tick, they do know he is generous, thoughtful and sincere. He is completely unaffected, deeply sensitive, and has a horror of hurting people's feelings, though he hides the sensitivity and shies away from obvious sentiment.

His thoughtfulness is shown by his refusal to help his brother break into movies. "There are too many people out of work in town," he told Wayne. "If I went in and pitched for you it would only create resentment." Instead, Guy invited his brother to visit him at the studio, and when his directors saw Wayne they put him to work as Chad Mallory.

GUY THINKS nothing of appearance for appearance's sake. He drives a pick-up truck "because it's useful for hunting, and for the rest of the time it takes me where I want to go." He has been criticized for

wearing his cowboy clothes around town. "Guy Madison is taking the Wild Bill Hickok thing too seriously," was a typical comment. The reason was that Guy had no other clothes. One afternoon he kept an appointment at a swank restaurant with Louella Parsons. He had come directly from work, wearing a dress cowboy outfit, and somebody said they wished he had taken time to go home and change into street clothes. "I wish I could," said Guy, "but I don't have a suit. I've been too busy to grab time to buy one."

He pals with men who also shun the elegant life of Hollywood—Rory Calhoun, Andy Devine and Howard Hill—with whom Guy often goes hunting with bow and arrow. It remains his chief interest in life, besides his work, and because of these two things Guy is seldom home. He lives in a small Westwood apartment which is sparsely furnished. The living room contains only a television set and his archery equipment. He sleeps and showers at home, and sits on the floor to watch television. He eats at the homes of friends or in restaurants and doesn't even make coffee in his kitchen.

He has a new respect for money—"A couple of bad years taught me"—and his way of living allows for a nest egg which he hopes to apply some day to the purchase of a ranch up near Marysville. "Some people spend money on Cadillacs," he says, "but I probably put just as much into hunting. It's more important to me."

Last November he went on a month's hunting trip in Idaho, packing in twenty miles up in the mountains, and except for eight free days in the previous six months, this was his only time off. Guy devotes himself to his work and allows little time for living. Now that he is so earnest about acting, he is showing a surprising understanding of plot, script and dialogue. After reading the script for *The Command*, his

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second film for Warners, he wrote producer David Weisbart a letter which began, "It's been my experience that to come across believably I have to be able to believe that I, personally, could act and react the same way as the character I am playing." He followed with ten suggestions, including long scenes full of dialogue. The studio considered his changes valuable enough to be incorporated into the script.

"I'm not inclined to try sophisticated roles," he says now. "Before, I went too far too fast and had roles beyond my capacity with the result that my work wasn't up to my publicity. I don't go for false publicity. I think it should be angled according to what you're trying to accomplish."

still slugging

(Continued from page 38) away but he caught her outside at the edge of the swimming pool and lashed out with a short left jab to the cheek.

Her screams of "No, Jess, no!" and "Somebody, please help me!" aroused the neighborhood. The neighbors called the police. By the time they arrived, Susan's eye had begun to turn black and blue. She looked like a battered passenger emerging from a wrecked car.

Now there are some wives who don't mind an occasional beating. They absorb the punishment as a manifestation of their husband's love. Susan is not this type.

She called her lawyer, Martin Gang. "This is the end," she wailed, "the end, Martin. He almost killed me. I want you to file for a divorce as soon as possible."

Like all good lawyers, Martin Gang tried to discourage a divorce. Before this, he had recommended that the Barkers consult Dr. Maurice Karpf, a marriage counselor in Beverly Hills.

Susan and Jess had gone to see Dr. Karpf rather regularly. Their problem was a simple one; for Hollywood, an ordinary one. The wife was the breadwinner, and an uncommonly successful one. She was earning \$250,000 a year while her husband was earning \$500.

This situation would hurt any man's vanity. Jess' ego was suffering badly. While Susan was at work in the studio, he was staying at home and taking care of the children.

In short, their marital positions were reversed. Jess was playing the mother and housekeeper and Susan was playing the dominant wage-earner.

The solution, of course, was for Jess to take any kind of a job that would restore his self-respect and Susan's.

But that brings up the other problem of pride. When Susan and Jess were married they were equally successful movie actors. Although Susan has far outstripped him, professionally, Jess is still an actor.

At thirty-nine, he thinks he is too old to canvass new employment fields. He has no second profession and of course he would have a difficult time finding a job in a field in which he has no training.

Gradually, he began missing his appointments with Dr. Karpf. Then came the fist fight with Susan.

In living with Jess Barker for almost ten years, Susan Hayward was deceiving herself. She must have known that she didn't love her slender, handsome husband.

Susan might have divorced Barker after a short marriage, but the twins came along in the first year and she decided to make the best of what she already considered a mistake. She hoped that things would improve. Instead they got worse.

By 1947 she had decided that life with Jess was impossible. She went to see her

"From now on I'm going to concentrate on Wild Bill Hickok on the radio and tv, plus the movies for Warners, and I'm free to produce one picture a year on my own."

This is a long statement for Guy Madison, but it neatly summarizes his plans. It shows a man who is devoted to his work, certainly through deep interest and careful training and possibly because of heartbreak. The last five years have been full of pain for both Guy and Gail, but out of it all each has found some happiness. Gail is doing what she has always wanted to do; she is using her remarkable artistic talent to illustrate a book. And Guy has come into his own as a performer who, from the look of things, is here to stay, this time.

END

attorney, then Kenneth Chantry, and divorce papers were filed. Chantry suggested that Jess and Susan talk things over with Dr. Paul Popenoe, the Institute of Marital Relations counselor.

This advice prevented a divorce but never reached the heart of the Barkers' marital problem, possibly because Susan failed to tell the whole story of their marriage.

Anyway, as Susan's marriage disintegrated, her career reached new heights. In 1947 she was nominated for an Academy Award on the basis of her performance as an alcoholic in *Smashup*. She has always been single-minded about her career and as she achieved more and more prominence, she didn't have much time to worry about her domestic difficulties.

Once those difficulties deteriorated into fist fights, Susan decided that she could not stay with her husband any longer. She filed for divorce, claiming that there was no community property and that Jess was entitled only to visitation rights.

Jess' lawyer, Sam Hahn, countered, "My client is not interested in a divorce. He is thinking of his children. He wants to preserve his marriage. Miss Hayward has no cause for divorce. We want this case to be heard by the conciliation commissioner."

You all know what happened then. Susan agreed to go to the Conciliation Court with Barker but she was adamant about giving up any idea of divorce.

"I just want to be free of him," she said. "There is absolutely no chance of reconciliation. I simply do not love him."

She asked the court for an order forbidding Jess to go near her property or bother her. She also agreed that he might have the two boys every weekend.

After putting her mother in charge of the twins and the house, she flew down to Mexico to star in *Garden Of Evil*.

A few days later, in violation of the court's restraining order, Jess Barker moved back into the house.

According to Mrs. Cleo Miller, the housekeeper, Barker said, "I'm back and I want you to start cooking for me as well as for the boys. Do you understand that?" He demanded to see his sons.

"It's past their bedtime," Cleo told Barker.

"Don't you worry about that," the actor allegedly announced. "I'm the boss."

Barker picked his boys up at the Buckley School one afternoon and didn't bring them home that night. Aggravated and agitated, Mrs. Marrener, Susan's mother, called the lawyers.

Immediately, they filed a show cause order asking that Barker be cited for contempt of court and punished for violating the previous restraining order. It looked as though Jess Barker might go to jail.

Jess explained his violation of the restraining order. "I returned home because I learned that my son Timothy was sick. When I dropped by to see how he was

feeling, I found that the person left in charge of the house was not in and the children were not under proper supervision.

"My wife's mother wasn't on the premises when I arrived and she hadn't been at the house for two days.

"I am as fully concerned about my children as any normal and right-thinking parent would be. And I think any parent has a perfect right to be with his children—especially since the other parent is in a foreign country."

Susan was in Mexico unaware of the goings on at home. Her mother and her housekeeper were ordered to appear at the California Superior Court in Burbank for a new battle against Jess Barker.

When Barker, nattily dressed in a brown glen plaid suit, yellow shirt and brown tie and carrying a thick red-bound law book under his arm, showed up in the court lobby with his lawyer, Susan's lawyer engaged them in out-of-court conversation.

"Now, look," he said, addressing himself to Barker's counsel, "you promised the last time that your client would not occupy Miss Hayward's premises. You said he'd stay away. As soon as my client left town, Mr. Barker was back.

"We don't want to get tough, Sam. We don't want to ask the judge to throw Mr. Barker in the jug, but please understand this, Miss Hayward is afraid of her husband. She's afraid that he's going to beat her up. That's why we got a restraining order. We don't want him around."

"We understand that very well," Sam Hahn said. "But there are extenuating circumstances in this case. My client learned that his son was sick. This was an emergency. As an emergency move he went back into the house. He wanted to make sure that his son was taken care of.

"The mother-in-law was supposed to look after the boys. But where was the mother-in-law? Don't forget that Miss Hayward is in Mexico and that these boys are entitled to some parental love and attention."

Susan's lawyer said he realized all that but Barker had been granted visitation rights. Moreover he had the boys every weekend and could take them wherever he liked in California.

"I know," he went on, "that Mr. Barker hasn't been getting on with his mother-in-law, but I don't want to get into that angle of the case. All I can say is that she was in the house when he was there. Mr. Barker wouldn't even let the boys talk to their grandmother. All he would let them say was 'Goodnight, Grandma,' and then they were shoed off to bed.

"I'll tell you what, Sam. We are willing to drop contempt proceedings against Mr. Barker this time, but I'm going to ask for a new restraining order keeping him away from the property and making it mandatory that he obey the temporary custody agreement. We'll drop contempt proceedings, providing you agree as his agent to accept subpoena for any of his violations."

"It's a deal," Sam Hahn said. And then the principals in the case filed into the court room.

Susan's mother, Mrs. Kate Marrener, sat in the front row.

"I just wish," she muttered to a reporter, "that they'd give me a chance to testify. Boy, I could tell them some things. Tried to kill her. Yes, kill her. That's what he did."

"Really wasn't that bad," a reporter said, "was it?"

"Just shows what you know, young man," Mrs. Marrener sniffed. "Fell into a tub of butter. That's what he did. Never had it so easy in his life. My girl going to work every day while he hung around the house. Unnatural, that's what it was.



And those poor little boys. All mixed up. The Lord knows what ideas he puts into their head.

"He's spent so much time with the boys. He's been mother and father to them. Of course they love him. I came home. The boys were gone. Didn't know where he'd taken them. He'd picked them up at school. I was worried sick. I called the lawyers right away.

"I hope my daughter doesn't hear of this. Think she'd hear down there in Mexico? My poor girl. What a life she's had! Lord knows how long this has been going on, his beating her. Too proud. Too much pride. That's the trouble with her. Tried to keep everything to herself. Should've left him years ago, years ago."

Roy L. Herndon, the presiding judge, entered the courtroom and looked at the calendar. The case of "Barker versus Barker" was called.

Both attorneys stood up and asked the judge for a private conference in his chambers. Jess Barker went with them. After fifteen minutes, they returned to the courtroom.

Barker was given a seat at a desk next to the judge and told to listen carefully.

"Your Honor," began Milton A. Rudin, speaking on behalf of Susan Hayward, "we are prepared to drop contempt proceedings against Mr. Barker at this time, pending two stipulations. We want him to stay away from the premises at all times except when he is calling for his two sons.

"We have agreed, Your Honor, that Mr. Barker is entitled to have custody of his boys from Saturday at ten A.M. until Sunday at six P.M. until such time as a definite custody ruling is made.

"With reference to the Christmas holidays, we agree that Mr. Barker is entitled to pick up the children when the holiday commences on December 18. He is to keep them until ten A.M. Christmas Day. Their mother is flying up from Mexico where she is currently employed on a picture, especially to spend Christmas Day with them. She is to have them until December 27, after which Mr. Barker is to pick them up again and return them when school begins, which I believe is January 4, Your Honor."

The judge turned toward Barker.

"You understand you are restrained and enjoined from occupying the premises?"

"Yes, Your Honor, but I've got my clothes there. I'd like permission to go back there and get them."

At this moment, Mrs. Marrener jumped up and whispered something to Rudin.

"I've been told, Your Honor," Rudin interrupted, "that Mr. Barker's clothes are no longer at the residence. They've been packed and moved to Bekin's Warehouse."

In a second, Barker's little lawyer, Sammy Hahn, was on his feet.

"See, Your Honor," he shouted. "It's the mother-in-law's fault. Right away as soon as my client's back is turned—gone! The clothes are gone. This is pretty unfair, Your Honor. My client is a professional man, needs his clothes. She has no right to move them out. A man's house is his castle. My client is a professional. You see what I mean, Your Honor? This trouble with relatives. Right away the mother-in-law. Who asked her to send his clothes out?"

Opposing counsel grew angry. "Your Honor," he said, "we're not arguing a custody case here. Neither is Miss Hayward's mother on trial. We entered into an agreement with Mr. Hahn to drop contempt proceedings against his client who was definitely violating an existing restraining order. Now, all of a sudden he wants to try my client's mother."

The judge agreed with Susan Hayward's lawyer. "Eventually," he said, "the conduct of relatives will be considered by the court in granting custody of the children. But right now, Mr. Barker, I want to impress upon you the importance of giving complete obedience to the pending court order. You are not to occupy Miss Hayward's premises and you are to have visitation rights with the children only as previously stipulated. This Court will view any violation or breach of that order as a very serious matter and will take suitable action. I want to impress that upon you. Is it understood?"

"Yes, Your Honor," Barker said, "I understand."

"But how about his clothes?" Barker's attorney asked. "How does he get his clothes?"

"After this case is over," Rudin said, "I'll go to the warehouse with Mr. Barker or have someone go with him and see that he gets his clothes. I realize, Mr. Hahn, that he's a professional man."

Jess Barker got his clothes and custody of his twins during the Christmas holidays, and when Susan Hayward found out what had happened during her absence, she saw it as another manifestation of her husband's antagonism.

Unfortunately, the divorce trial is going to be ugly. Susan refuses to give her husband one cent of their community property which comes to about \$350,000.

Susan maintains that she made Barker sign a waiver to all his community property rights before they were married. In a deposition given to Miss Hayward's lawyers, Barker says that perhaps he did sign such a document, but he signed it without reading it and without benefit of counsel.

The question arises as to what sort of woman, in love and about to be married, would expect her fiancé to sign such a document.

The Hayward-Barker marriage, according to one friend of the family, "was a mistake to begin with. Susan has paid for that mistake in pain and heartache. Now, she doesn't want to pay for it in money."

The battle rages on. No matter who gets what, the twin boys of this marriage will wind up the losers. In this kind of struggle, it is the innocent children who suffer, always.

THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY

For Jean and Bob, loan-out oft loses both itself and role.

■ Two of the most coveted roles of 1953 were Burt Lancaster's role in *From Here To Eternity* and Audrey Hepburn's part in *Roman Holiday*.

These two roles were originally scheduled for Robert Mitchum and Jean Simmons.

Mitchum was sent the script of *Eternity* and was so excited about the part offered him that for two months "I tried to get RKO to loan me out. I called the man in charge of those things every single day for sixty days. I never could get him. I even went to Las Vegas looking for him. No soap. After weeks of waiting for me, Columbia gave up and signed Burt Lancaster. Burt did a bang-up job, just great."

Jean Simmons has a similar story to tell. She was offered the lead in *Roman Holiday* opposite Gregory Peck. The start of the picture was even delayed for her. She was doing nothing at the time, and she begged her own studio to loan her out.

"Sorry," they said, "we have something big coming up for you." It never came, and Audrey Hepburn was signed for the role of the princess.

When the film was released, Jean went to see it, living every moment of it, so well did she know the script. When the screening was over she drove home with her husband, Stewart Granger, and telephoned Audrey Hepburn.

"For weeks," she confessed, "I've wanted to hate you, Audrey. But I couldn't. I've just seen you in the picture, darling, and you were wonderful. I'm glad you got it."



Jean Simmons lost *Roman Holiday* role to Audrey Hepburn.



Bob Mitchum lost role in *From Here To Eternity* to Burt Lancaster.

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lowdown on hollywood women

(Continued from page 32) this country, and he asked, "What is a Lana Turner?" It sounded like a gag and it made the newspapers. But it really wasn't so funny. And what's more, it isn't easy to answer.

If I really intended to expose Hollywood females for MODERN SCREEN, I'd have to explain that a long time ago I was well acquainted with Lana's best friend Zelma, who worked in the studio publicity department. Zelma lived only a few doors from Schwab's drugstore, my real home. And it happened that I had a friend in Zelma's apartment house who shared her telephone party line. It was only natural that while visiting my friend I'd pick up the telephone and find myself in the middle of Zelma's conversations with Lana. Normally, I'm not the sneaky type, but a sort of paralysis would set in, and I couldn't put the telephone receiver down. That's how I happened to learn that Lana was rather fond of a young attorney by the name of Greg Bautzer—and that her mother wasn't. And I got all the news about Judy Garland and the other MGM kiddies they talked about.

So I COULD tell you what a Lana Turner is. She is a good kid, for one thing. I've seen her pick up the tab often when she was on a date back in the good old days at Sugie's Tropics restaurant. Frequently, her escorts couldn't afford to. I've watched and listened in on her romances with not only Mr. Bautzer, but with Artie Shaw and a few others. Off the record, let me tell you about Lana, Chuck, but don't you go printing it. In her romances, Lana has always been the aggressor, even with that Tarzan fellow who is her husband. When Lana decides she wants a man, she goes out and gets him. One night Lana defended her method, saying, "Ever since Eve chased Adam with an apple, women have pursued men—in a way to make men pursue them." This may be true, but to Lana's misery it generally happened that her pursuit of a man either made him too sure of her or frightened him away, leaving Lana without the love and affection she sought.

Just between us, the majority of Hollywood females suffer from a common malady—the most beautiful of them and the most glamorous became actresses because they wanted to be loved. Maybe if you printed that they'd be offended, but it's the truth.

Marilyn Monroe admits it. She told me only recently that she realized the basic reason she became an actress was she was seeking a love she never got from her

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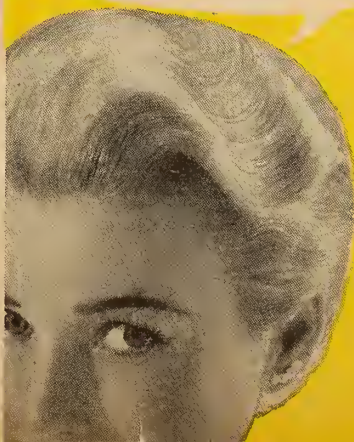
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parents. "I didn't go into movies," Marilyn explained, "to make money. I wanted to become famous so that everyone would like me, and I'd be surrounded with love and affection."

It takes a mighty bright girl to discover a fact like this about herself. On the other hand, dozens of actresses go to psychiatrists to learn that their unhappiness stems from their struggle to find approval in some form—the love of family or the admiration of friends. They learn that their lives are lonely because they depend on applause and the love of an audience to feed their emotional appetites which are hangovers from childhood.

That's why when anyone says an actress is like the girl next door, I want to laugh. No matter how hard they might try to be ordinary, actresses are different. This was brought out in the movie, *All About Eve*. One of the characters had a speech which went something like this: "Once in a while somebody writes an article saying that actors and actresses are just like other people. We're not. It's because we're not that we are actors and actresses."

See what I got into with this little letter trying to explain why I can't do a piece for MODERN SCREEN exposing the Hollywood female? First thing I know you'll be calling me Sigmund Skolsky. Little did I think I'd ever be discussing females in this manner. I like to be with them and prefer their company to that of males.

BESIDES, most actresses are good talkers.

Sometimes, though, I manage to get my word in with these gals. Like the time I told Ava Gardner not to worry, she'd be a big movie star. A fellow wouldn't have had to be very bright to predict this, but in Hollywood such a forecast will make you a genius and get you a friend for life.

I gave Ava this pearl of wisdom while she was a nobody divorcing Mickey Rooney. Ava lived over on Fountain Avenue, also close by my residence at Schwab's drugstore, with her friend, Peggy Maley. Now, there's a character! Peggy is the blonde, you remember, who made the front pages a few years ago when she toured Buckingham Palace and stepped out of line to have herself photographed sitting on the throne. Peggy is featured in Marlon Brando's new film *The Wild One* and could provide plenty of copy.

Well, Ava had a stock contract at MGM at the time and was actually afraid that the studio would keep her only so another studio wouldn't cash in on the Mickey Rooney name. She was a scared chick. I used to go over to her place, sit on the floor and play gin rummy until the early hours of the morning. I'd listen to her, look at her and blitz her.

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Ava has much in common with Lana. They're very buddy-buddy. Their taste in men is often alike, and they both go after what they want when shopping for emotional response in men. The difference is that after Ava makes her conquest, that's it until the roof falls in. The fun for her is in the chase, after which she becomes almost a peasant-type, one-man woman, and puts up with an almost endless amount of grief before she will admit the failure of a romance or a marriage.

Lana and Ava are both ex-wives of Artie Shaw. As if this didn't give them enough in common, Lana, you recall, went with Frank Sinatra for about a verse and two choruses. Ava's marriage to Artie Shaw was a real jam session. Artie was always urging her to read a book, smarten up. Then, late one afternoon, Artie returned to their apartment and found Ava proudly curled up with a real book, *Forever Amber*. Artie grabbed it from her, hurled it across the room and shouted, "How can you read such junk?"

Artie's next wife was Kathleen Winsor, the author of *Forever Amber*. A few years later, Ava told me that the incident, coupled with Artie's marriage, helped her to regain her composure after the shattering effect of their divorce.

Of course Ava went right on to stardom, which makes me a great man with a crystal ball. She had some other romances, climaxed by her marriage to Frankie Sinatra. You'll have to admit, Chuck, that in her latest breakup with Frankie she has conducted herself in a fashion that approaches real dignity and maturity.

It happens that I was present and a participant, so to speak, with Adlai Stevenson in the first makeup after the first breakup of the Sinatra-Gardner marriage. Ava adores Stevenson's blue eyes and wouldn't stay away from the big political rally, even though she knew Frankie, who was campaigning for Adlai, would be there. Ava gave me the story. I was there when she kissed and made up with Frankie. She also kissed me, and I want to tell you that no actress in Hollywood kisses as hard as Ava. It has the impact of a truck backing into you, and with her, non-smear lipstick smears.

As editor of MODERN SCREEN, Chuck, you have been around actresses for a long time, too, but you aren't on hand every day to watch them struggle. Statistics and even honest stories in your magazine can't record the real sweat and tears the effort to stay on top takes from these girls with the angel faces.

How MANY times have I heard a young unknown actress say she should play the leading role in a current best-selling novel? "I'm the girl!" she declares, and she probably is right. "The author had me in mind when he wrote it." She sincerely believes this, aware of the fact that you know she has never met the author.

I've sat in theatres and watched movies with many struggling actresses and heard them wish they were up there on the screen in the role. When Shelley Winters was a nobody I went to a movie with her. She suddenly pinched me and exclaimed indignantly, "I belong up there! I can play that part better than she does. But nobody will give me a chance!"

That was true at the time, but I knew nothing could stop Shelley. It would be easier to stop Niagara Falls. There is no possible way to halt the drive, determination and singleness of purpose in a Shelley Winters. Sadly, too, there is nothing to be done about the unhappy private lives of these sexy volcanoes while they are in the midst of their struggles. They know what they want and go after it, while at the same time their inner beings struggle desperately to stay normal. Observing

these battles, you have a feeling that you should run for the hills. A lot of men don't, and they get hurt.

No matter how many people put Shelley on the pan, I always wait to hear Shelley's side of the story. Mind you, I don't always say she's right. But for the most part, I buy Shelley. Most actresses are over-age children. They are using the screen to show themselves off, using their dramatic ability to hold attention and win approval. Shelley made her first appearance when she was five years old, and it was right in line with her present kind of behavior.

She was taken by her mother to see a vaudeville show in St. Louis. The main act featured an amateur contest. Shelley watched several of the performers and then whispered an excuse to her ma. In a matter of minutes Shelley's mother was watching her daughter on stage in the amateur contest, singing Shirley Temple's "On The Good Ship Lollypop." She finished a chorus, then put her hands on her little hips and yelped to the orchestra leader, "Can't you play it faster?" He did and she romped through another chorus. Then she took her bow and before the applause could die down she was onstage singing some more. They had to give Shelley a prize to get rid of her. "That taught me something," Shelley told me. "The louder you do a thing, the better it pays off." And the only thing in Hollywood that is louder than Shelley is a pair of Van Johnson's socks.

Now, on the private life side, let me tell you what goes with Shelley. Once, long before she had even heard of Vittorio Gassman, whom she married, she went on a date with a fellow by the name of John Hudson who had just come to Hollywood to do his first movie. I joined them in a booth at Google's restaurant, along with Director Jerry Epstein. All of a sudden, a stranger in a nearby booth began to make disparaging cracks about Shelley, both as an actress and as a person. We all ignored the fellow up to a point. When he went past it, Jerry said to him, "Why don't you keep quiet?"

This was all the guy needed. He hauled off and punched Jerry in the nose and then picked up a table knife. Johnny Hudson stepped in with his face carefully averted because he didn't want his career ruined before it started. It was a comic sight and I had to laugh. The knives at Google's would have a tough time cutting butter.

After it was all over, Shelley invited us to her hilltop house where she gave Jerry a glass of wine to calm his nerves. After that she sat on the floor and proceeded to demonstrate how she had played the role of Billie Dawn in *Born Yesterday* in summer stock. Mr. Hudson read the leading man's part and the party broke up around four in the morning.

When I woke up in my own bed around noon, I reached for the morning newspapers and there was a full front-page story with all the details. An unknown assailant had pulled a knife on Shelley. So I called her and asked if she had seen the papers. Had she seen them? She had given out the story before she went to sleep! She honestly believes that the worst thing in the world is a secret about Shelley Winters.

On the other hand, Chuck, you editors of MODERN SCREEN have had plenty of experience with the exceptions among actresses. You recall the time your photographers went over to Elizabeth Taylor's house and managed to put a sweater on her while an editor kept mama upstairs engaged in conversation. And how Liz, who had not yet experienced her

first romance turned to photographer Bob Beerman and said, taking a deep breath and filling out the sweater, "What sort of an expression do you want on my face—like I'm waiting for time to go by?" That should have been the tip-off right then. Liz was and is more interested in her personal emotional life than she is in being a big movie star. Maybe she'll change, but I doubt it.

WOMEN seldom change from the form into which they are molded in the beginning. Take Terry Moore. She told me: "Ever since I was four years old I have wanted to be an actress. Like some girls want to marry a millionaire, I wanted to be a movie star. Not for money and not for love. I did it because I wanted to express myself. I've got all the love I can use in my young life."

And how this young lady expresses herself! She believes not only that one picture is worth a thousand words, but she believes that one sexy picture is worth thousands of words in a movie contract. Terry started out by playing sweet little girls, but she didn't really get anywhere until she turned sexy. This got her the role in *Come Back, Little Sheba*, and an Academy Award nomination. When people commented on how she changed by acquiring sex appeal, Terry replied, "I've always been the same. I guess it's just how you sell it."

To draw a significant comparison, Terry works as hard as Shelley Winters at the career game, but without being as bombastic, and by curbing the frankness which can get a girl in a jam. Terry hears about new pictures before they are written; she visits producers and directors and flatters them. She can call every photographer covering night clubs by his first name. Terry is hep. She's not afraid to argue with a reporter, but she will always leave him loving her.

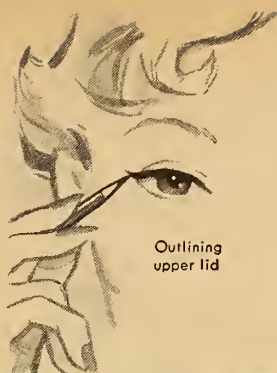
Not long ago, I asked Terry if she'd give up her career for marriage. She looked at me as though I'd said something obscene. She explained that today's woman can mix marriage and a career successfully, and that if a man truly loved her he wouldn't want her to stop acting. "I want," she said blandly, "to be swept off my feet by a man I can dominate!"

YET, WITH ALL this concentration on self, Terry can take a look around at her sister stars and admit that they have class, too. "Little Debbie Reynolds," she says, "is one of my best friends, if not my best. And I admire the way she usually gets what she wants. She is a born leader. She was a leader in the Girl Scouts, and she is a leader now. When our crowd gets together, we find ourselves going *where* and doing *what* Debbie suggests."

I told Terry I had never suspected this of Debbie. "Of course not," Terry retorted. "That's why it's so wonderful. Debbie's ambition is looked upon as enthusiasm, pep, youthfulness. I've often told Debbie I wished I had her qualities."

I could hardly keep from smiling, listening to Terry on this "youth" bit. She went on to tell me that Debbie knows exactly what she wants, professionally. She said that Debbie's goal is to become another Lucille Ball. "And that Debbie won't miss," Terry continued. "She's a strong character. Once she wanted to go to a premiere real bad. Bob Wagner had phoned her to invite her that very afternoon. But as much as Debbie wanted to go, as much as it meant to her, she turned Bob down to teach him a lesson for calling so late. I admire her for it. I couldn't have done it."

You see the type of stories I'm liable to start telling if I ever do a piece for you exposing the Hollywood Female. Mr.



Outlining upper lid



Accenting eyebrows

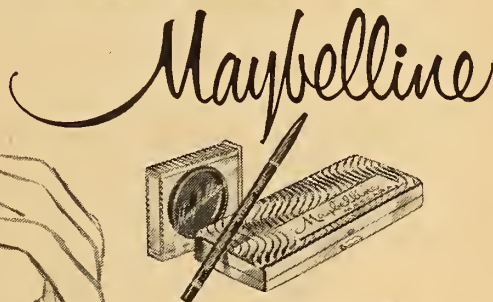


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**DELL
BOOKS**

Editor? While I'm at it, let me ask you another question. You've been to Hollywood, Chuck. Did you ever try to romance a movie actress? (If your wife is looking over your shoulder, don't answer that.) If you have tried, you probably understand why so many movie romances don't last. You understand the behavior of a Jane Powell or a Rita Hayworth.

THIS is what a man is up against when he starts a romance with any actress, from Debbie Reynolds to Joan Crawford. The minute an actress comes to the studio, she is pampered and catered to. No queen in history ever had it so good as a movie queen. There's a wardrobe woman to hand her all her clothes. There's a make-up man to powder her face. There's an assistant director to run and get her a container of coffee, somebody else to answer her telephone. The director is courteous no matter how sore he might have been about yesterday's temperament, and these are only the heads of the big parade of people who start to compliment her at seven in the morning and don't stop until six in the evening.

It's pretty tough, as a result, for a movie queen to go home and be treated like a civilian. The gal's got to be supremely well-adjusted and smarter than a psychiatrist to pull the big switch and start bowing down to just one lone male to whom she happens to be married.

Sooner or later that male ego is going to explode and then there's real trouble. But how can you hold the interest of an Elaine Stewart, for instance, when she's used to seeing herself on the screen five times as big as she really is? No offense to Elaine. She can't help it. She's going to be even bigger. So are a lot of others. With CinemaScope they're all going to be bigger than ever and maybe even more difficult to get along with.

Now, you take our girl Marilyn Monroe.

I include you in this, Chuck, because of the cover picture of her that you requested for this issue of MODERN SCREEN. As you suggested, I asked her if she'd pose for it and she was pleased. I even went over to the gallery to watch the job being done.

The posing started at twelve-thirty and was still going on at a little past four P.M. when I left. I was tired just from watching. Maybe your readers would like to know that when you see a photograph of Marilyn or any other actress on a cover it isn't just a case of "hold it, honey" and "thank you very much—that's all." To illustrate, Marilyn brought along her favorite hairdresser, Gladys, and her own make-up man, Whitey. She wanted to look her best and these efficient people understand her. Marilyn made several costume changes to get exactly the right pose for MODERN SCREEN's cover and when I told her I never realized how much trouble a thing like this was, she said, "I act when I'm posing. Just as hard as I do when I'm playing a role in front of a movie camera. I think of something for each pose so I'll have the right expression." (I don't know what she was thinking of for this cover, but wow!)

I know what Marilyn said is true. When Marilyn is making a picture, she doesn't care to go out. She often forgets to eat and she completely forgets such practical things as time and money. She is almost in a trance. Let me give you a for instance:

She telephoned Schwab's to send over some toothpaste, face cream, etc. By the time the boy arrived, Marilyn had forgotten all about it. She was surprised to see him, but she took the package, looked at the bill which amounted to \$7.95 and said, "Wait a minute, I'll give you a check."

When the delivery boy returned to the store, Leon Schwab looked at the check and said to him, "What's this? The tab is \$7.95 and the check is for \$2.50. What happened?"

The boy said, "I'm sorry. I never looked at the check. I couldn't take my eyes off Miss Monroe."

So he had to go back for another look and another check. Marilyn told me that when all this happened she was reading a new script and there was a line in it about two dollars and fifty cents. So she wrote the check out for that amount, naturally.

She just never wants to get out of her dream world. And this place called Hollywood is a dream world for the girls who come here and for those who don't. It will always be that way in spite of the nightmares most of our Hollywood females go through, sooner or later, even though these nightmares are public gossip.

Need I say more, Chuck? I hope that

you will finally get it through your head that I would rather write you a letter like this than to try to sell you a story for MODERN SCREEN. Exposing the Hollywood female, my hat! If I tried to sit down at my typewriter and come off with anything like that I'd tense up and hand you a mess of wordage that would wind up with the tons of publicity copy you receive every day—right in the wastebasket. I'm sorry I goofed, but then who cares about money? And who could expect me to sit alone at my desk figuring out words about Hollywood females when I can be out on the town with one of the real live articles?

Sincerely,
Sidney Skolsky

EDITOR'S NOTE: *With no apology to our readers, we publish Mr. Skolsky's letter. Only next time we hope he will put enough postage on his letter. An editor has to complain about something!* **END**

they fight for each other

(Continued from page 35) Simmons will revolt against a marital setup in which she is treated as an innocent child who requires strong supervision?

Undoubtedly all these and many more reasons are the basis for the prediction of a short marriage.

Right now Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger are more in love than ever and they are fighting for each other with such verve and loyalty that it looks as though the prophets of marital dissension have made another error.

STEWART GRANGER has been reformed. When he first came to Hollywood a few years ago, he was known as "Snarling Stewart," the most unpopular actor in motion pictures. He fought with practically every director assigned to his films. He seemed to have appointed himself the leading authority on matters cinematic. He refused to see London visitors. He frightened newsmen away from his young wife. In no time at all, he succeeded in making himself as popular as a leper.

He spoke of hunting trips in Africa, of buffalo, of his adventures with Michael Wilding of Her Majesty's Regent Street Rifles, and he sought to prove that he was more Hemingway than Ernest himself.

It wasn't long before Hollywood newsmen were giving Mr. Granger a wide berth. They believed that Granger was an uncooperative blow-hard. True, they appreciated his protests. "I'm sorry. My wife and I just can't be demonstrative in public places. I simply can't move myself to keepissing her in a restaurant so that photographers might have visible proof of our affection."

Yet if a man is a motion picture star, earning his livelihood from his public following, that public is hungry for knowledge of his private life. Surely such a star might drop some crumbs of information.

Not Stewart Granger. Perhaps the drop in Granger's popularity with movie-goers as the result of his staunch defense of his privacy. One month he was ranked number one on MODERN SCREEN's popularity poll. Sixty days later he was down to twenty-seven.

Granger receives the same salary from GM whether he is ranked one or forty. He is not the sort of man who will compromise with principle, but the fact remains that his general attitude was resented in the press. It may have cost him thousands of admirers.

His youthful, girlish, incredibly talented

Jean sometimes gives the superficial impression of being a flighty, irresponsible, absent-minded wife. But Jean Simmons is a sensitive, perceptive girl. Loving her husband and knowing him better than anyone else, she has tried to tell people about him as he really is and not as the press sees him. She is the best press agent Stewart Granger could have. Certainly, she is helping to make friends of his former enemies.

Like everyone else who knew Granger when his name was James Stewart, she refers to him as Jimmy.

"Jimmy is really a shy man. Now, I know," she'll say, "that sounds strange. But he really is.

"When he is afraid of something or merely nervous about it, he hides his nervousness by going to the offense. He attacks with gusto. He argues furiously.

"Some people resent this behavior, but only because they don't understand what motivates it. It is purely defensive.

"I've heard that Jimmy is rude. I have honestly never heard him or seen him in any rude behavior unless someone provokes him. He does retaliate in kind. After all, he is a man who believes in speaking his mind. But he is not the sort who will ever go out of his way to start a fight.

"They say he doesn't particularly like people. He does, but here again he's shy about making friends. One must not forget that our backgrounds are British, not American. When Jimmy makes a friend he keeps him forever. Michael Wilding is an example. They've known each other for twenty years. He was best man at our wedding.

"As for these stories about our quarrels, Jimmy and I have our tiffs. I'll scuff his hair and he'll nip my neck, but ours is a wonderful marriage. And Jimmy is really a fascinating man. But you do not get to know him easily, and you can't pass judgment on him fairly until you do know him."

THIS SORT of exposition has persuaded Hollywood to take another look at Stewart Granger.

At first he seemed to be too high-handed in his treatment of his wife. In America wives are treated as equals. In Europe they are not.

In Stewart's first marriage his wife was about ten years older than he. At the outset of their life together, she was a successful actress and he a neophyte. Probably his ego suffered because of that. Anyway, he has come full circle. The next time he married, Granger chose a hero-worshipping girl who had loved him since she was fourteen.

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A WORLD LEADER FOR
OVER SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS . . .

Makes Skin Lovelier as Pimples* Clear Up



Softer, Smoother Skin starts
in 7 days . . . or money back!

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Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Here's
why:

Cuticura Soap, alone of all leading soaps, is superfatted—the mildest, best kind of soap for the skin. And emollient Cuticura Ointment actually *improves your skin* as it helps clear up blackheads, oiliness and *externally caused pimples. In 7 days you'll see the start of thrilling new softness, freshness, radiant new tone.

Use Cuticura Soap several times daily, Cuticura Ointment at night. You'll get the "all clear" sign in record time! Get Cuticura at your druggist today!

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NEW! For faster results, use new "invisible" Cuticura Medicated Liquid during the day, under your make-up.

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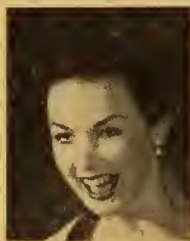
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Lighter Safely—gives
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miss grable steps out

(Continued from page 53) a newspaper, folded it neatly, stood up, took two steps to the window where her husband Harry sat, watching the landscape run by. Taking a crisp stance, she whacked her beloved firmly on the head with the morning's final edition of the Los Angeles Times.

"My dear wife," Harry asked groggily, "What was that for?"

"For horses," dear wife Betty retorted. "Horses which do not send telegrams."

"Let me look at that!" Harry grabbed the telegram and read aloud: "Dear Betty. Sorry you two couldn't make good in Hollywood. But next time you stop by a race track look me up. I'll cop you a fortune. Signed James Session."

"Well, bless his happy heart!" he laughed. "Good old James Session. Good old horse. Isn't it wonderful to have somebody in the family with talent!"

You know the story. You know that after ten years of helping to make 20th Century-Fox into a kind of mint, Betty Grable was what is known as an "ex-movie star." In this capacity she has not enjoyed the good wishes of producers, columnists, writers and hangers-on. She seemed to be that unforgiveable Hollywood commodity, "a has-been." And that's the one thing no one in Hollywood wants any part of. How did it happen to Betty?

Was she, perhaps, borne screaming and kicking from the gates of her studio? Did she demand a pension, an annuity? Was she, before the eyes of the world, thrust out into the California snow? Well, no.

"I figured it was time to leave the studio. I had wonderful years there, but I don't think it's smart to stay with any one studio for more than ten years. Enthusiasm begins to wane and executives lose their excitement about your possibilities every time they see a newcomer."

So the shoe is on the other foot, is it? It is Miss Grable who heartlessly junked the studio, home of her youth and patron of her career? Well, no.

After a couple of suspensions, accompanied by hints from stockholders that her salary checks were bigger than the studio finance department, Betty amiably but firmly decided she wanted out. And out she got.

Of course, one thing is sure. Any out wants in again. No bargainers, these Hollywood has-beens; they'll settle for a walk-on in a horse-opera mob scene. And Grade C at that. Take Betty Grable, for example. She's practically begging.

"I won't sign another studio contract unless I have the right to do outside pictures of my own choosing. I'll never sign another contract with a 'good girl' clause that cuts off the money every time I don't do exactly what the studio executives have planned. tv? Maybe yes, maybe no; it all depends. I'm the kind of girl who never plans her career. I just let nature take its course."

BUT WHAT next? What if the tour is a flop? What will that mean to a changing career? What will it mean to a marriage? And when the register has been signed in Chicago's famous Ambassador East Hotel, does the confidence of many years' success fade before the nervousness of an all-important debut?

Those are questions only this long shot can answer. In the Chicago Theatre the big house went dark. Standing in a shimmering sequin version of her famous, fabulous bathing suit pinup costume, Betty shivered a little from the backstage chill.

Suddenly, the fanfare. The curtains inched apart. There was a hush. A seemingly endless hush before the great au-

dience broke into a storm of applause, and backstage a husky musician's voice was heard, "Man, ain't she the end? The ever livin', ever-lastin' end!"

Well, he said it. He said it not only for the audience, but for the kids at home and the anxious friends in Hollywood. He said it for the mob of fans who crammed into the alley outside the Chicago Theatre chanting "We want Grable! We want Grable! Some has-been!"

He said it, too, for the audience out front. They broke into quick little rushes of applause during Betty's "Honey Man" number. "Let's give 'em the tickles, Harry," she stage-whispered as she danced around the stage looking into the faces of her dancing partners in search of her "honey man." Then, sotto voce, she let the audience in on the byplay. With each rhythmic swing of her slim hips, Harry played hot little rills and burbles on the trumpet. Betty, with a meaningful look at the far reaches of the balcony murmured, "Talk to me, daddy boy. Listen to that, my daddy's talkin', talkin' to me."

No doubt about it, when Betty finally ran off the stage and into the arms of Harry, she had completely captivated the toughest of critics and tamed an audience famous for being hardboiled. An audience so callous that entertainers have been all but driven from the stage by a rain of pennies. One unfortunate performer nearly fainted when someone tossed an iron bolt. He ducked and the deadly missile sailed right through a big bass drum.

But Betty wasn't having any of this trouble. The reason is simple enough. Most big-time stars on personal appearance tours whip up a pleasant little act, then walk on stage with every posture implying, "Ah, you lucky peasants to get a close-up look at magnificent me." If anyone criticizes the act, the star is bewildered. As one of them said, "After all the trouble I went to, leaving Hollywood for this tour, do you mean they expect me to perform?"

The surprise reaction to the Betty Grable-Harry James show both at the Chicago Theatre and afterward at the Michigan Theatre in Detroit was expressed by the Detroit Free Press. "There's only one thing wrong—it's too short. From the first note of the famous band leader's trumpet to the colorful finale, the audience applauded for more."

BILLY DANIEL, Betty's old friend, as well as her dancing partner and director points out that this terrific show just seems short and is designed to leave the audience "hungry."

"Betty is responsible for my being in pictures," Billy says. "After they created this girl they threw away the pattern. She's trouper all the way through and what show folks call a real pro. This show is a slam bang success because it was rehearsed eight hours a day for four weeks, with both Betty and Harry working themselves to a frazzle, and Harry even composing music to go with the slightest variation in Betty's dance steps."

"Harry kept pushing Betty along in her rehearsals until she finally protested, 'Baby you'd better take it a little easy or I'm liable to do el foldo.' But she didn't. After the eighth curtain call at one performance she turned to Harry and said, 'Shall we fuss with another retake, old boy?'"

Billy Daniel has known and worked with dozens of stars, but Betty is his idol. "People always ask what it's like to dance with Betty. All I can say is that when she begins to sing, 'Put your arms around me, Baby,' and struts into your vest pocket looking you right in the eye, it's like taking a great big living doll in your arms. You start dancing and you're all gone, man, all gone."

You'd think that any man married to

girl who generates so much excitement would tend to be a very jealous guy. Not Harry. You don't have to worry about a wife with Betty's attitude.

"I don't know anything about statistics," she says. "I don't know if there are more divorces in Hollywood than other places. I don't read the gossip columns and I couldn't tell you who isn't getting along with whom. I wouldn't tell you if I could. Some stuff you can't help hearing, and most of that I pay no attention to, because so much of it is wrong. But you do get a little tired of being regarded as a creature with two heads because you've got a happy marriage in Hollywood. Lots of picture people are happily married. There's nothing weird or mysterious about it.

"To me, loving someone means that you want to make him happy. You don't make a man happy by secretly going 'out on the town' when he has to hit the road. You're not privileged to travel the 'what's just a little romance on the side mean?' road just because you're a movie star. Marriage demands loyalty and integrity."

Somehow, it's the loyalty and integrity in Betty Grable that make her attractive both to dowagers who drive to her shows in Cadillacs and to teen-agers who hitch-hike to see her in person. Betty is living proof that you needn't indulge in scandal to have a big name. The fact that the Chicago Theatre paid Mr. and Mrs. James a real cool \$45,000 for their stand there also proves that clean entertainment can be glamorous and packed with wallop.

BETTY GRABLE knows that loyalty is a two-way street. She insisted on the pin-up pose at opening curtain because, "I want to be the Betty Grable the kids think I am." The electricians couldn't believe their eyes when they saw their cue sheets, calling for multiple light changes during Betty's numbers. One of them said, "Shucks, she's Grable! She doesn't need to put everybody to so much work. What's all this macaroni for? Why not just throw a big white spot on her?"

When he saw the results, though, he exclaimed, "The gal's right. If she wants to trick it up some more I'll sit up all night and re-wire the theatre."

Hollywood is always sending out good will ambassadors to let the public know that it's a nice town full of good people. Sometimes these ambassadors have created an impression so bad that it would have been better if they'd have stayed home.

The studios ought to take up a collection on Betty's hep way of making friends and influencing people. In Chicago Betty had to make seven or eight costume changes or each turn, and she had only four or five minutes between numbers. She caught old and refused to believe that she was ear nervous exhaustion. She insisted on going out to sign autographs between numbers while she was perspiring heavily and her cold got worse. She was ordered to stop it and the stage door was locked. The orchestra replayed her next cue before she was leaning out the window, seeking autographs to her fans.

One of her most loyal admirers is a tiny middle-aged lady who has gone to every one of her pictures for years. Betty saw her between acts and accepted a cute pair of aprons the lady had made. The two fell on each other's shoulders and wept.

BETTY GRABLE doesn't object to anyone's knowing that she was born December 1916. To find someone with more youthful wallop, you'd have to go look at the playful colts on the Harry James ranch. Yet Betty's youthfulness is no miracle. She doesn't do it with massage and face lifting. She says she's lazy and she's no athlete. To skirt a deep subject, youth seems to have a lot to do with honesty.

Betty Grable is honest about her age and herself and her two children, Vickie and Jessica. Hedda Hopper once reported that when she came to interview Betty, Vickie came in and whispered, "Mommy, can I stay here while you talk?"

Betty replied. "You certainly may, honey. You can stay wherever mommy is."

Hedda went on to relate that she recalled another star whose child wandered in during an interview. The star stalked out of the room, hissing to the nurse the ill-disguised order, "Get that child out of here!" Then she returned and cooed at Hedda, "Isn't she sweet? Goodbye now, little sweetheart."

It's just possible that Betty Grable has no harsh lines in her face because she hasn't spent her life trying to look and be something she isn't. Her performance is consistent. When Ted Fio Rito offered her a job, she said to him: "There's just one thing you ought to know. I can't sing."

"Who," replied Ted, equally honest, "is going to notice?"

AFTER THAT, Betty suffered a couple of unhappy loves. Then she became Mrs. Harry James and the mother of two daughters. She has retained her earliest fans and the loyalty of her fellow workers.

It's impossible to report honestly on Betty Grable without telling a lot that is true of no other star, largely because most of them are afraid to be honest with the public. More than a year ago Betty told MODERN SCREEN that she was going to "quit" her studio. Everyone scoffed at that, even those who went backstage in Chicago to say they are sorry they ever let her go. Let her go? They couldn't hold her.

Then there's Betty's mother and father, Lillian and Conn Grable. With many movie stars it takes a private detective to discover the whereabouts of the parents. Although Betty's parents are divorced, Betty insisted that both come to her opening in Chicago. They were overwhelmed by this evidence of love for them both.

Then, not a few stars avoid being photographed at the race track for fear that their public may resent their interest in the sport of kings. Betty figures that those who love her will allow her the sports and hobbies she likes. Which brings us to the place we came in with this story, for it was on the way back to Hollywood on the Super Chief with Mr. Harry James that Betty burst into their compartment, *Daily Racing Form* in hand. She shook Harry awake and showed him the paper.

"What's the matter?" Harry muttered. "Nothing, honey," Betty exclaimed, "nothing at all! But maybe you remember the horse that sent me a telegram two weeks ago saying he'd win? Well he did! Look here—James Session wins Salinas Handicap at Bay Meadows."

Mr. James woke up a little. "What did he pay?"

"Oh, not much," Betty retorted. "At \$10.30 to win, if you had a thousand dollars on his nose, all you got back was a little over five grand, figuring the odds on a two dollar bet."

"Yeah—that's what I figure."

"You mean we won \$5,000?" Betty exclaimed.

"No," Harry replied. "I mean all I put on him was \$2, which wins us \$10.30. I didn't really think he'd win."

"Oh fine!"

"I'm sorry," Harry James said. "It looks like we'll both have to go back to work!"

And so they have. If you go to Las Vegas soon, you may be able to see their show at El Rancho Vegas. If you can't make it, you can see Betty next in the Columbia Picture, *The Pleasure Is All Mine*.

That, in case you've been wondering, is what happened to that ex-movie star, Betty Grable.

END

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what I learned from women

(Continued from page 55) about life and how to live it.

Mom, of course, contributed the most. I don't know who writes Mother's scripts, but they hand out a lot of fine advice. "Soap and water are cheap," Mom used to tell me. She taught me to try to learn a little bit every day. I used to clam up with strangers, but Mom loosened me up. "When you meet people, speak up," she said. "You're as good as anyone else—we all come from the Infinite." Because Mom thinks good thoughts, she's a good woman. I've tried hard to have some of those thoughts rub off on me.

There are females of all ages who've been sprinkled through my life and I've come away a little wiser by knowing each one of them. Some guys in their teens have a lot of trouble talking to girls, but I never did. I always felt at home with them. Even when I was a little kid I'd walk home from school with a girl, and lots of times pick a flower for her. The gesture never was awkward for me. When I got older I sort of slid into friendships with girls without any self-consciousness. I never had to go through that stiff-necked stage in which a guy has his first real date and regards the girl as a frightening creature from another world. Maybe it was because I was lucky enough to have interests in common with girls. For instance, I was crazy over horses. I dreamed about them at night and drew pictures of them in class when I should have been tending to my algebra. There was a bunch of girls who used to go riding after school from a barn in the neighborhood. I learned to know them easily because all we ever talked about was horses. Mary Lou lived around the corner from our house, so I'd usually ride with her and always walked her home afterward. It wasn't what you'd call a romance—I guess I had a crush on her—but I always relaxed with her.

IT WAS THE same way with Joyce Lockwood, only with her, it was ice skating. We skated as partners. I think Joyce was the first woman whose quality of beauty from within struck me. It was something you couldn't quite put your finger on. When she walked into a room everyone turned to look at her as though she had some magnetic force. Maybe it was because of her remarkable outlook on life, but whatever it was, Joyce always expressed pure beauty when she was on ice, and also when she wasn't. From her I learned that you get beauty out of life if you put beauty into it.

Barbara Jones was another skater, a girl who was really dynamic on ice. We used to work out in the afternoons, and since she was a far better skater than I ever hoped to be she really put me through my paces. It was the way she did it that made working with Barbara such fun. She never nagged, but if she saw a point that needed improvement she put it over to me in such a way that my male ego wasn't offended. That took some doing, considering the fact that I was painfully aware that this girl was a champion and that next to her, I looked like a Tahitian who had never even seen ice. Barbara taught me how to put both my pride and my humility in their proper slots.

Miss Joost was a plump, jolly music teacher in high school. Instead of joining the guys in batting practice during recess, I used to hang around Miss Joost's classroom where a gang of us played the piano and sang. My voice wasn't any better then than it is now. I knew how bad it was and I kept it down to a whisper. Then Miss Joost gave me a cue that I have

found applicable to many things. "Let yourself go," she said. "Relax and sing the best you can. Let your voice and yourself be free." If she had kidded me or let the other kids do it, I'd have shrunk right back into my shell. This way she helped me to get over being self-conscious, and without that, I'd never had had a chance in the acting game.

Last December I toured with the play *Our Town*, playing opposite Marilyn Erskine. In that brief run I learned more about the movie industry than I'd ever known and most of what I learned came from Marilyn. I'm a greenhorn at this business. It's all so new to me that I go around waving my ears like an elephant trying to pick up valuable advice. I've always been impulsive and forgetful, and spent money as soon as I had it. Marilyn advised me to plan my career carefully, setting a goal and working toward it step by step. While she was at it, she explained that this can be done without stepping on other people's necks. She taught me how to be selective about parts that are offered to me. Through her tutoring, informal lessons over coffee cups in assorted towns, I learned to be more critical of performances—including my own. Marilyn is a great actress and a fine technician. I listened and listened until I thought I couldn't absorb another idea.

The nice part of listening to Marilyn was that she didn't try to change me in any way—she only pointed out ways to take advantage of what I am and what I have to offer. I notice lots of guys trying to change their girl friends and vice versa, and I don't go for that. It isn't right. It's like telling Deb Reynolds not to be so happy all the time. You can't tell the sun not to shine.

Debbie is one of my favorite people in this town. Underneath all that crazy gaiety of hers she's a warm, sensitive person. I don't think I realized this until the night I took her to see Jane Powell at the Coconut Grove. I was watching Janie who was singing the last song of her opening night there. Suddenly I looked across the table and there was Debbie, crying softly.

"Well," I said, "this isn't the Debbie Reynolds I know."

She laughed through the tears and threw her napkin over her head to hide her confusion. Deb is like that—all heart. And despite her great success she still has a fine sense of values. She instinctively knows what's right and what's wrong—which is as it should be, considering her wonderful family.

LORI NELSON is like that, too. I guess I like Lori better than any girl I know. At first glance she looks like the drawing room type who'd feel uncomfortable without her pearls. She isn't like that at all. She rides and swims like a demon, and wants to learn to ice skate. I might add, I'm just the guy who would like to help her. And I want to take her up to the mountains and teach her to ski. Lori looks wonderful in old clothes, blue jeans and shirts and stuff, just like Deb. And like Deb, Lori is one of the best sports I've ever known. One of the best little actresses, too. I watched her act in the dress rehearsal of *Inside U. I.*, the live talent revue her studio puts on every year, and she was unrecognizable in the role of a metallic, disillusioned woman. I was so proud of her that afterward I rushed into the dressing room and picked her up and whirled her around. "You were wonderful!" I yelled, and I was so excited that I didn't even notice that the other girls were screaming and ducking for cover. Lori is wonderful. She's intelligent and hard-working and soft-hearted, and she has the same quality I admired so much in Joyce

Lockwood; a true beauty from within. Plus which she's a good listener, an attribute that builds my confidence.

Looking back over this it occurs to me that I'm giving the impression my life so far has been filled with nothing but romances. I don't mean to. These are girls I've known who have taught me something or helped me in some way, girls to whom I'll always be grateful. The idea seems to have got around that I'm fickle because I date so many girls so often. Actually, I date once, maybe twice, a week and as far as dating different girls is concerned, I never did go steady and don't think I shall until my marriage is in the offing. Joyce Lockwood's dad, a man I look on as a second father, told me long ago, "I don't believe in this steady routine when you're young. Go out and meet a lot of girls. You'll be more sure when you finally decide to get married." I've stayed with his advice and so far it's working out fine. I figure that people change a lot when they're young, and it's better to get yourself settled before you get hooked up. Of course, I do want to get married some day and have three kids. As the line in *Our Town* goes, "people are meant to live two by two—it ain't natural to be lonesome." I remember once when Mom and Walt and I lived down in Long Beach, Walt had a date to take a girl to the movies and for some reason I tagged along with them. I remember how cute she looked in her new Easter hat and how lonely I felt when Walt wouldn't let me sit with them. I vowed to myself then (I guess I was about eight) that soon I'd have a girl, too.

I HAVE BEEN lucky, I guess, not to have tied in with any women who are schemers. I don't like women who play games, or women who are cheap or vulgar, and if I don't like them I'm not apt to get mixed up with any of them. I've met a lot of types, and I've learned what I don't want in a wife as well as what I do want.

I remember the girl I met on the roller skating rink in New York when I was in the service. I had a buck to my name and I was lonesome. So I went in and pretty soon I was talking to this girl and I bought her a cup of coffee. That left me with one thin dime. I had to borrow twenty cents from her to take her home and for my own subway fare. I was only sixteen, maybe less, because I lied about my age to get into the Coast Guard. I had a rough time getting up the nerve to ask her for a date. I was to get my paycheck the following week and promised to take her out on the town. Well, we had dinner at a fine restaurant and then went to a lot of nightclubs, all good places, like The Embers, and I was getting a big boot out of just sitting there over coffee and listening to a tinkling piano in the background. It was my first big date and it was just the way I'd always dreamed it would be, sharing a romantic, relaxed evening with a beautiful girl. Then she leaned across the table and said, "I don't know how people can just sit around like this and talk. Let's go someplace where there's some life. Someplace where we can dance."

"Sure," I told her. To myself I said, "This girl has just flubbed the whole thing."

It seems to be a little thing, but I like a girl who can be content with quiet rather than one who has to be chasing around, running away from herself all the time. Like I say, it's what's inside that really counts.

I've known girls who are naggers, whose voices tend to whine, and just having that kind of a thing on a date should steer any guy away from a lifetime of it. I've known some girls liked very much but

somehow I wasn't able to get through to them. Our conversation was stilted and strange, and I sensed a wall around them. Sometimes I've thought perhaps I could help a girl like that to learn how to enjoy herself. After a few dates, if I can't break down the reserve, I've given up.

WALT WAS ALWAYS a little nonplussed at the fact that I went around with so many girls. For Walt it was girl friend No. 1, then girl friend No. 2, and then he got married. "My brother's harem," he used to snort, but our own ways have worked out fine for each of us. Walt got a wonderful wife, and I feel I'm a better guy for having known a variety of girls. They've given me the self-confidence I need in this business. Heavens knows I didn't have it at first. On my first interview, when the reporter asked me to repeat my name, my mouth opened but no sound came out. When I took my first test I was half dead with fright. When I began to meet movie stars and get invitations to Hollywood parties I was petrified. But then I began to think that we're all equal (Mom's advice coming back to me) and if other people failed to be polite to me, all I could do was feel sorry for them. You must care for the complete character of the human being in this life.

It's a little easier now, but I have so much to learn that it makes me dizzy to think of it. I'm in sort of a funny position in Hollywood. I've made four pictures but I'm not under contract to a studio. In these days studios aren't rushing to sign up every new kid who comes along. I've been picked for a movie here and there, but in the meantime I'm on my own as far as learning about the business is concerned. Mom's on my side—she's happy as long as I'm interested in something and trying my best to make a go of it. And Walt is interested in my work in his own quiet way. Last time I saw him he grinned and said, "Saw you in *Gun Belt*, kid. How are you?" Which, from Walt, is the same as "Go to it!"

SO HERE I am, on my own two feet, and learning a business that I love. I'm still surprised when somebody asks for my autograph and sometimes, when headwaiters bow and say "Good evening, Mr. Hunter," I have to laugh inside. I say to myself, "Art Gelien, boy skater, lookit you!"

If I should ever hit the top the most important thing I'd have to learn is to keep my head out of the clouds. Already I see danger signs. Two years ago I wouldn't even have hoped that I could take a girl to a lush Hollywood restaurant for dinner. Yet just the other night, when I took a girl to La Rue, she mentioned what a good dinner we'd had there last fall.

"Last fall?" I said. "I don't remember being here with you before."

And then I remembered. It had been a great evening, and I had been so concerned since with what I considered a big thing that I had forgot that evening—an evening which should be a big one in anybody's book. I rapped myself on the head.

"What's the matter?" said my date.

"Nothing," I said. "I'm just teaching myself a lesson."

And if I do hit the top, I'll never forget that in great measure it's the ladies who put me there. Not that any girls have taught me about acting, specifically. But we are all composites of those we have known and a lot of girls have, to put it in a corny phrase, made me what I am today.

I've known a lot of men who grumble about women, but as far as I'm concerned, bless 'em all!

END

(Tab Hunter can be seen now in UA's *Screaming Eagle*.)



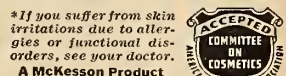
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write
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crawford meets the critics

(Continued from page 57) whistled. But those of us in the industry just shuddered . . . Apparently Miss Monroe is making the mistake of believing her publicity. Somebody should make her see the light. She should be told that the public likes provocative feminine personalities; but it also likes to know that underneath it all, the actresses are ladies." She added, "I think she'd better become a comedienne—or something."

When this bit of hemlock hit the papers, verbatim, those in the industry shuddered once more. What had happened to Joan, the woman who had made a ritual of keeping within the bounds of good taste, that she should suddenly let fly such an unprovoked attack? When they realized that Joan had been practically tricked into it they first made a mental note to keep their own mouths shut (inasmuch as everybody had been saying the same thing but had had the good fortune not to say it within earshot of a reporter) and then they felt genuinely sorry for Joan.

It put Miss Crawford in a great spot. Everyone was talking about it and Miss Monroe was weeping softly into her mink. The awful part of it was that Joan had said it. She told Louella Parsons that she wished she had saved her opinions as a bit of private advice to Marilyn, and she said, "There's still room in this town for both of us. I feel if I were to meet Marilyn face to face I'd say 'Hi, there' and we'd shake hands."

To our knowledge there never has been a direct apology, an omission which may be for the best, as it would have had to be a hollow gesture. Instead Joan said, "I wish I could say I didn't say those things but I did say them. But, believe me, in the future I'll think twice before I talk so openly." That much had a ring of sincerity.

NOT ONE month had passed before Miss Crawford was slogging around in another bit of mire. To make *Torch Song* she returned to MGM for the first time in ten years. She began her career there in 1925 and she spent eighteen years at MGM before career doldrums set in and she left, only to defeat the slump by making *Mildred Pierce* elsewhere and winning an Academy Award.

Metro gave her a cracking big party to celebrate the return of their conquering heroine. It was a neat example of the sticky sentimentality which Hollywood reserves for its own. Verbal flurries of by-gone years were forgotten in the blare of trumpets, the expanse of red carpet and the glitter of brass hats on hand to welcome their own Joan. For her part, Joan retaliated with her usual generosity. Her opening day gift to director Charles Walters was a tremendous salad bowl filled with two dozen bird of paradise flowers. On these were hung a cashmere sweater, bedroom slippers, four bottles of lotion and cologne for men, the mixings of a Caesar salad, and two lamb chops. There wasn't a dry eye in the house.

Then they began to work on the picture. Miss Crawford's co-star in *Torch Song* was Michael Wilding, husband of Elizabeth Taylor. Mike was visited frequently and lovingly by his wife. According to reports which seeped from the guarded walls of MGM, it wasn't long before Miss Crawford was upset about visitors on the set. No specific visitors were mentioned, but in the process of closing the set to all outsiders Miss Taylor found herself, despite her own importance on the lot, unable to see her husband during his working hours. A new queen had arrived and Miss Crawford's omnipotence, cemented by the fact that at the welcoming party she had been

soundly bussed by every upper bracket man on the lot, gave her seniority. The result was that relations between leading man and leading lady in *Torch Song* were strained.

Differences between the two leading lights never came into the open, possibly because of the Herculean efforts of Metro to keep the matter quiet. Witness the reporter who tried to find out if Joan did the singing in *Torch Song*. Somebody had said that India Adams had done the warbling. Joan was not happy over the report. Investigation proved it was India's voice when the picture had its first preview, and the story went that Crawford then asked to re-dub it with her own voice. When the movie had been completely completed, a reporter phoned the studio with the question, "Whose voice was used for Crawford in *Torch Song*?"

"We do not give that information out," droned the voice at MGM. It is small wonder that the tiff with the Wildings was kept within the confines of Hollywood.

JOAN'S NEXT picture was *Johnny Guitar*, made at Republic, and since Republic's walls are not so soundproof as those of MGM, the whole town soon knew that Crawford and Mercedes McCambridge were not seeing eye to eye. The story goes that Crawford did not want Miss McCambridge, a magnificent actress, to appear in the picture with her. Miss McCambridge was made aware of this from the first day she reported to the lot. Things grew worse the day Mercedes did a scene so adeptly that the crew gave her a hearty round of applause. It is said that after that the air surrounding Miss Crawford's dressing room was below zero, and the big freeze was on. McCambridge, just as honest as Crawford, did not hesitate to report the shenanigans.

There are many people, however, who find it difficult to accept any criticism of Miss Crawford. One columnist even broadcast an open letter to Mercedes McCambridge, telling her she should be ashamed of herself for saying such things.

Said he: "Ever since Joan Crawford and Mercedes McCambridge started work together in *Johnny Guitar* the gossip columns have been filled with hints of a feud. Joan Crawford has patiently refrained from making any comments, but Miss McCambridge has not hesitated to make sly insinuations, among which was the statement, 'Joan's chief trouble is that she's lost her sense of humor.' Frankly, I'd say this is a case of one actress who always takes her work very seriously and another who takes herself too seriously."

The last sentence stirred considerable speculation as to which was which. Miss Crawford was undoubtedly grateful for the comments on her behalf, and Miss McCambridge was duly unhappy about the partisan pitch, aired throughout the country. *Johnny Guitar* was completed without a mend in the rift, and odds are that the Misses Crawford and McCambridge will never have compliments to exchange.

For Joan, this made three dips into dueling within the space of eight months. Why? It has been said that Joan Crawford, regardless of her huge success, is an insecure woman whose happiness thrives on manifestations of love and perpetual flattery. With adulation surrounding her, she is calm and benign as a June night, softly shedding silvery light on those near her. Allegedly the storms arise only with the suspicion that she is losing her grip on a situation or a person. "Joan Crawford," said one producer recently, "is an angel as long as she's also the whole show." In this sort of thing as in everything else Joan is a perfectionist, and therefore it is believable that she would have wanted, once the news leaked about India Adams' voice in *Torch Song*, to remain replete in the spot-

light by singing her own songs.

And so Hollywood pondered the reasons for these recent uprisings. Nobody came up with any answers nor did anyone understand why, last October, Joan Crawford was rude to a member of the press for the first time in her life.

Johnny Guitar was made in part on location in Sedona, Arizona, about 200 miles from Phoenix. With such a celebrity in the vicinity Phoenix's *Arizona Republic* assigned its drama critic, Maggie Wilson, to interview Miss Crawford. According to Miss Wilson, the interview was arranged for her by the publicity director of Republic Studio, and cleared by the unit publicist working with the picture company. It

IT HAPPENED TO ME

When Debbie Reynolds was making a personal appearance in Cincinnati, hundreds of people turned out to see her. We wanted to take pictures of her, but we could barely see her over the heads of the crowd. In desperation, we finally shouted, "We can't see you, Debbie! Get up on the table."



She looked doubtfully at her slim, straight skirt, then grinned and scrambled up on a table to pose for our pictures.

Jane Wehrman
Batavia, Ohio

was assumed that Miss Crawford had agreed to the impending interview. Miss Wilson set out for Sedona, via devious mountain roads, and arrived, mused and dusty, only to be told that Miss Crawford would not submit to the interview. This is known as being stood up, and Miss Wilson did not take it lying down. The following day her column consisted of a violent attack on Miss Crawford.

Miss Crawford said nothing. Two weeks later the *Republic's* competitor, the *Phoenix Gazette*, carried a three-column, five-inch ad written and presumably paid for by members of the *Johnny Guitar* company. It read: "To whom it may concern: anyone who happens to be suffering with what might be diagnosed as chronic sour grapes poisoning." (To the snubbed Miss Wilson, this was rubbing it in.) "Hear this: We would like the world to know Joan Crawford. We have worked with this great lady in a wide variety of circumstances, in oftentimes difficult and exhausting situations, at all hours of the day and night, and in all kinds of weather. And we are prepared to testify that if there is a more cooperative, charming, talented, understanding, generous, unspoiled, thoughtful, approachable person in the motion picture business, we have not yet met him or her..."

The ad was signed "Members of the *Johnny Guitar* company who have previously worked with Miss Crawford."

This ebullient defense of Joan Crawford is a typical reaction. It happens every time a word is said against her. Nevertheless, her refusal to keep an interview appointment made people wonder. The press has always found Joan Crawford the most cooperative soul in the industry. With both the fans and the reporters she has ever been anxious to make friends and influence people. She has personally answered every fan letter written her, and

keeps a running correspondence with her admirers that consumes a wad of hours every week. She amazes reporters by remembering their names through long months between meetings. In two consecutive years, 1945 and 1946, she was awarded the golden apple by the Hollywood Women's Press Club for having been the most cooperative star. Each year she accepted the award with a hint of tears in her eyes. It is a systematic thing with her, this minute personal attention to her relations with people who can be her friends, and so it is all the more surprising that she should suddenly put the plan into reverse.

ON THE other hand, Joan Crawford has never been noted for her stability. She flits and flies as her fancy dictates, and the Crawford part of it is that Joan herself is unaware of this inconstancy. Her interest patterns are kaleidoscopic. One month she will take a passionate interest in her home, regaling friends with her troubles in ironing the children's dresses. The next month she will be determinedly the great lady, and only things of the greatest elegance will catch her attention. During the early days of her marriage to Franchot Tone, dinner was served on a long, candlelit table, with Tone seated at one end and Joan, in the distance, at the other. One night when guests were present Mr. Tone happened to drop his napkin, whereupon Joan leapt from her seat and sprinted the length of the table to recover the linen from the floor and, kneeling, to press it lovingly into his hand. At one time she conceived a deep interest in all things botanical. Learning about male and female trees, she devoted approximately a month to the personal purchase and planting of young fruit trees, determined to create her own orchard. In the romance department it is the same, and while usually she limits herself to one beau at a time there was a period after her divorce from Philip Terry when she seldom went out without an escort of three, four, or sometimes five young men.

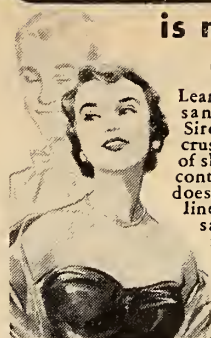
In the spring of 1945 when she was awarded the Oscar for her performance in *Mildred Pierce* she did not attend the Academy affair because of illness. Her severer critics hinted that the excuse was a hoax, made to order for the dramatic photograph of the Oscar with Joan at her bedside. It was a cruel suggestion, but these same people hooted triumphantly the following year that they may have been right after all. For in the spring of 1946, when Olivia de Havilland won the Oscar for *To Each His Own*, previous winner Crawford was not on hand to make the customary presentation. The reason given was illness, yet Joan was seen the next day at Palm Springs, attired in tennis shorts and in the best of spirits.

These events with their dramatic possibilities, might conceivably be Joan's own ideas. She is a woman of great imagination and one who understands the ramifications of publicity. And they are things one can expect of Joan Crawford because she is Joan Crawford. She is a legend and a myth, in some ways a Rock of Gibraltar, in others as skittish as a horse in a high wind. There is no valid reason for anyone to be too deeply disturbed about what Crawford says or does in a moment or a day or a week, because the following moment, day or week she probably will be a different kind of person, with different points of view. The real Joan Crawford was lost long ago.

Nor is there any real advantage in pressing the point of an altercation, no matter how angry or hurt the antagonist may be. For every single person who attacks her in any way, Joan has an army of faithful friends who spring to her defense. Nothing, by this time, can hurt Joan Crawford. **END**

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