

EXCLUSIVE! MARILYN MONROE'S HONEYMOON

B 46304 FIVE PAGES OF SCOOP PHOTO:

modern screen

DELL
MAGAZINE

20c APR

LIZ TAYLOR:

What bust-up?





Babies have That Ivory Look . . . Why shouldn't you? The milder the beauty soap, the prettier your skin. And Ivory is mild enough for a baby's skin . . . in fact, doctors everywhere choose it ahead of all other soaps—for baby's complexion and for yours.

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*Young America has it...
You can have it in 7 days!*

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No dentifrice can stop all cavities—but...

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...with new Ipana® containing Anti-Enzyme WD-9



New minty flavor encourages children to brush teeth. As you know, youngsters don't like to use a tooth paste if it doesn't taste good. But Ipana with WD-9 has a new minty flavor so that children will enjoy brushing with it. In tests, new Ipana was liked 2 to 1 for taste.

Confused by recent promises of tooth-paste "miracles"? Here are facts well worth knowing:

1. No tooth paste can stop all tooth decay. This includes our new Ipana with WD-9.

2. But if you want far fewer cavities, no other tooth paste has ever been proved more effective for helping you.

And you can be sure of this:

*Two-year clinical tests showed that brushing teeth after eating can reduce tooth decay up to 60%. This means when you use new Ipana with WD-9 this way, the Ipana way—you can expect the same results. Be sure to follow easy directions on the package.

What's more, if you do this, there's an excellent chance that *you will never again be bothered by excessive cavities.*

The way most dentists recommend

We make these statements confidently because the benefits of the Ipana way were proved by two full years of clinical testing. Most dentists recommend this way (ask yours).

In stopping bacterial-enzyme action that produces tooth-decay

2-year tests showed 60% fewer cavities than from ordinary methods



One or more new cavities for almost 2 out of 3 using ordinary methods.



No new cavities for almost 2 out of 3 people using the Ipana way.

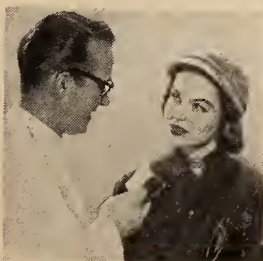
acids, WD-9 in new Ipana is one of the most effective ingredients known.

Don't forget your gums

Only your dentist can correct cavities that have already developed and remove hard tartar that may bring on gum troubles—so see him regularly. Between visits, the Ipana way can prevent most tooth decay from starting. And brushing with Ipana from gum margins toward biting edges of teeth helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

When you can get a tooth paste that does all this without paying a penny extra for it, why not make your next tube Ipana?

Every single brushing fights tooth decay!



Even if you can't always brush your teeth after eating, as you should, new white Ipana with WD-9 still helps you fight tooth decay. Every brushing combats the very causes of cavities . . . checks the bacterial-enzyme action that produces tooth-decay acids.

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Same package
No increase in price



Student nurses are needed
—inquire at your hospital

modern screen

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On the Cover: Color portrait of Elizabeth Taylor is by John Engstead.

Miss Taylor can be seen currently in MGM's Rhapsody.

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in beauty salons.
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THE INSIDE STORY

Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to **THE INSIDE STORY** Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal.

Q. Does Cary Grant really get irritated when he is asked about his early days as a Coney Island stilts-walker? Is it also true that when he married Barbara Hutton, he signed a waiver of his rights to any of her fortune, just as Porfirio Rubirosa did? —G.U., BOSTON, MASS.

A. Yes on both counts.

Q. Has Ingrid Bergman really become an opera star? Has she given up all hope of seeing her daughter Pia again? —M.H., SCRANTON, PA.

A. Miss Bergman made her opera debut at the San Carlo Opera House, Naples, two months ago in Joan Of Arc At The Stake, but she didn't sing. She received twenty-one curtain calls. She expects her daughter to visit her in Europe this summer.

Q. When *Roman Holiday* was shown in my neighborhood, the advertisements carried Audrey Hepburn's head on top of Terry Moore's figure. What was Audrey's reaction to this? —C.L., SAN CARLOS, CALIF.

A. Said Miss Hepburn, "It is an indignity and a frightful insult."

Q. Is there a full-fledged romance between Pat Crowley and Vic Damone or is it publicity? —E.T., MIAMI, FLA.

A. Publicity.

Q. How old, really, are Spencer Tracy, Fred Astaire, Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, and Richard Arlen? —V.U., AMES, IOWA.

A. Tracy, Astaire, and Arlen are fifty-three. Cooper and Gable fifty-two.

Q. Can you tell me the name of the plastic surgeon who recently "lifted" Sonja Henie's face in a New York Hospital? —H.R., SPRING VALLEY, N. Y.

A. Miss Henie insists, "I have never had my face lifted."

Q. Sid Luft, Judy Garland's husband, once worked for Eleanor Powell, now Mrs. Glenn Ford. Exactly what work did Luft do for Eleanor Powell? —E.D., DENVER, COL.

A. He was her private secretary.

Q. Is it on the level that Debbie Reynolds has been getting \$8,000 a week from RKO for working in *Susan Slept Here*? —T.R., DALLAS, TEX.

A. No. MGM has received that sum for loaning out Debbie. Her salary is \$750 a week.

Q. To whom was Sir Laurence Olivier married before Vivien Leigh became his wife? —H.O., LONDON, ENG.

A. Actress Jill Esmond.

Q. Doesn't Ava Gardner have a secret romance in Madrid? Isn't that why she always vacations there? —E.R., SMITHFIELD, N. C.

A. No. Ava's close friend in Madrid is Mrs. Doreen Grant.

Q. Bing Crosby used to own KXLY and KXLY-TV in Spokane. Can you tell me how much he sold it for? —E.R., SPOKANE, WASH.

A. The corporation owning both properties was sold for \$1,750,000.

Q. I've been told on good authority that all the motion picture fan magazines are controlled by one central organization in Hollywood. Is that true? —E.V., PATERSON, N. J.

A. No.

Q. How long was singer Guy Mitchell married and how much did his divorce cost him? —U.G., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. Mitchell was married to Jackie Loughery, Miss U.S.A. of 1952, for eleven months. He now pays \$1500 a month alimony and \$10,000 in legal fees to his former wife's lawyer.

Q. Did Greer Garson's husband really give her a \$50,000 fur coat for Christmas? —F.R., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

A. Miss Garson received from her husband for Christmas a full-length, pale blue mink coat valued by furriers who have seen it at between \$10,000 and \$15,000.

Q. Jane Powell has been dating Pat Nerney. Who has Gene Nelson been dating? —V.L., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

A. His wife.

PARAMOUNT presents

BOB HOPE
JOAN FONTAINE
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**CASANOVA'S
BIG NIGHT**

co-starring

BASIL RATHBONE
AUDREY DALTON
HUGH MARLOWE

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GREATEST
LAUGH-MAKER...
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It's Hope at his funniest . . . in the role he was born to slay! He'll murder you . . . as the imposter who's shy of swords, but a devil with the damsels! Follow his hilarious trail . . . from boudoir to dungeon . . . in Paramount's fun-packed tale of romance and mirth!



Produced by PAUL JONES

Directed by NORMAN Z. McLEOD

Written for the Screen by HAL KANTER and EDMUND HARTMANN • Based on a story by AUBREY WISBERG

The talk of the town was the huge welcome-home-from-Korea party given at Ciro's for Terry Moore,



Ciro's owner, Hermon Hoyer, hosted the party. Asiatic-style dresses worn by Terry and Susan were created for them on their Pacific tour.



Ann Blyth attended with her husband, Dr. Jim McNulty. Mother-to-be Ann noted that For Eastern styles made wonderful maternity clothes!



Debbie Reynolds, Terry's best friend, was on hand to welcome her. Deb's escort, Mox Anthony, seemed to prefer western attire.



LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD

SHELLEY VS. VITTORIO . . . JUNE HAVER FINDS FRED MACMURRAY . . .

WHAT THE WORLD doesn't know about the blowup between Shelley Winters and Vittorio Gassman in Italy is that it did not originate in Rome as advertised via headlines, but right here in Hollywood as far back as October.

It was on October 17, 1953, that Shelley, sporting a black eye, walked into Jerry Geisler's offices and asked her lawyer to draw up divorce papers.

He advised her to wait. Vittorio was going to return to Italy anyway and their battle might subside during the weeks in which she had to make a movie at U-I.

I guess Geisler knew his client, our gal Shell.

The absence from Vittorio certainly made Shelley's heart grow fonder. She nearly broke her neck and wore out the cast and crew of *Play Girl* working overtime so she could fly to Rome to try to make up with Vittorio. She really loved that guy!

The first shock came when he failed to meet her plane in Rome after she had cabled him the hour. Of course he was on tour with

Hamlet, but those things can be arranged.

When Shelley finally caught up with the company she was so hurt and mad she completely blew her top, not, believe me, over Gassman's acting in *Hamlet* but over his "acting up" with his eighteen-year-old leading lady, Anna Maria Ferraro.

Reports about Anna Maria had reached Shelley's ears in Hollywood but she didn't believe them.

She returned to Rome and cried her heart out on the shoulder of her old pal, Farley Granger, before she finally couldn't stand it any longer and shouted her heartbreak to the house-tops, not to mention the wire services:

"He'll have to give me \$95,000 to support our baby and he'll have to marry that Ferraro girl! . . . I don't want our baby to know her father or learn to love him . . . he'd just break her heart by neglecting her. . . . How dare he put me in this unglamorous position because of an eighteen-year-old girl!"—and so on and on.

Vittorio, too, had plenty to say. The parting

shot was, "She's a liar."

Certainly it can be said on Shelley's side that she did everything in the world to put Vittorio over in Hollywood, even to paying for his first trip here before he got an MGM contract.

Maybe Shelley is loud. But she's honest and loyal—even to trying hard to protect Gassman when everyone in Hollywood knew how he was neglecting her.

AS THE OLD YEAR died out and the New Year rang in, Fred MacMurray and June Haver were wrapped in a clinch, whispering sweet somethings to each other and completely oblivious of about 200 other guests dancing around them at a "private" party.

These two are the hottest romance in town and seldom have I seen such ardor as they staged, seemingly unable to stay more than two inches apart the entire evening.

June looked like a pretty doll in a very décolleté pink satin gown with her blonde hair in short ringlets all over her head.

I must say that everyone seems very much

Susan Zanuck and the troupe.



Mitzi Gaynor, with Jock Beon, wore Bob Wagner's *Prince Valiant* wig. Ciro's was closed to public for entire evening.

NEWS

... DALE ROBERTSONS SPLIT

in favor of this new love story between two people who have had such tragedies in their lives. They were two lonely people before they met at the Gay '90's holiday party given for John Wayne by Ned Marin.

Fred had come alone. Junie's escort was A. C. Blumenthal. But just as it happened in the song, "the strangers saw each other across a crowded room," and it was nothing but enchantment for them from there on.

The handsome Fred took Junie home from the party and they have been an every night date since.

Such stars in their eyes!

In addition to the almost visible physical attraction between them, another close bond will be Junie's love of children. Fred is devoted to his motherless youngsters.

In fact, right after he kissed Junie "Happy New Year," he went to the telephone and held a long conversation with his little brood, and June was right beside him.

ALTHOUGH MEL FERRER and his wife separated frequently and spasmodically

made up, they seemed to stall on an actual divorce until Mel fell head over heels for charmer Audrey Hepburn.

Then, Mrs. Ferrer took herself to Mexico and obtained a divorce so quietly that nothing was printed about it for ten days.

Since then Mel and Audrey are practically an every night date around New York, chaperoned by her mother!

(Incidentally, for your information, all the time Audrey was supposed to be having torrid romances with Gregory Peck and a couple of other attractive gentlemen in Europe last summer, Mama was also very much in evidence, keeping an eye on her talented daughter.)

Getting back to the Mel Ferrer divorce, I heard an amusing story about ten-year-old Mark Ferrer's reaction (if the remarks of these children of divorce can ever be said to be amusing).

The morning after his mother returned from Mexico, a free woman, young Mark greeted her at breakfast with, "Well, good morning, Miss Pilchard"—her maiden name.



Bing Crosby brought Mana Freeman to the Pebble Beach Golf Tournament. (See the real story behind their romance on page 46!) Among the stars who played in Bing's Professional-Amateur tourney were Dean Martin, Phil Harris, Randolph Scott . . . the rest of Hollywood watched.

DALE ROBERTSON and Jackie haven't been hitting it off for some time. Even so, he was completely taken by surprise when, as Dale lunched in the commissary at 20th Century-Fox one rainy afternoon, a process server up and put Jacqueline's intention-to-divorce papers in his hand.

Jackie isn't being too secret about why their marriage went on the rocks. Her side of it is that Dale took his stardom big, believed everything the fans and his press agents wrote, and was generally a little potentate around the house.

So far, Dale has had nothing to say except that he is sorry they couldn't make a go of it, particularly for the sake of their one-and-a-half-year-old daughter.

You'd be surprised if you knew who was making a pitch for Dale the minute his wife's divorce plans became known.

ABOUT MARILYN AND JOE: He calls her "Baby," but because he doesn't like to be called by smooch names, she calls him Joe . . . He's the boss . . . Every move of

"Doctor,

please tell me"



Countless women have asked their doctors questions like these:

"Is it true that Tampax may be used by any normal woman?"

Absolutely. The principle of internal absorption, on which Tampax is based, was prescribed by many doctors long before the product was introduced. One of them decided to extend the benefits to all women. He would never have done so, had he not been positive Tampax could be used universally.

"I've heard that Tampax prevents odor from forming. How?"

Tampax prevents exposure to the air, which is the chief cause of odor. The product is easy to handle and dispose of; user's hands need not touch the Tampax.

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Many women, whose viewpoints are colored by their experiences with external pads, fear that an internal protection might be even more uncomfortable. Actually, once the Tampax is properly inserted, it can't even be felt!

There is no more reason for modern women to be held to the cumbersome belt-pin-pad harness than there is for them to wear a bustle or hoop skirts. Tampax is available in 3 absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) at drug or notion counters. Month's supply goes into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news Continued

her suspension was dictated by Joe, an old hand at bringing baseball teams around to his terms, financially. He used to go into hiding every time his Yankee contract came up for renewal and he always came up with more moola . . . She likes nightclubs and cafes . . . He doesn't . . . So they compromise by eating in popular cafes in off-hours . . . like steak dinners at three o'clock in the afternoon . . . One of their favorite hang-outs is the Hollywood Brown Derby . . . They like having breakfast in the bar around two in the afternoon . . . He likes women in black . . . They got a kick out of the fact that while reporters, cameramen and 20th's press agents were staked out in front of her swank apartment, waiting their arrival on their honeymoon, they were secretly ensconced on the secluded Idylwild estate of Marilyn's lawyer, Lloyd Wright. Only the caretaker knew they were there. . . . Her wedding gift to him was a new Cadillac . . . He gave her a new home on the Peninsula in San Francisco . . . She's beginning to love his hometown as much as Joe does . . . They registered at the motel in Paso Robles as "Mr. and Mrs. Joe DiMaggio, San Francisco" . . . When they argue (and they do) Joe gets very excited and waves his arms and talks . . . Baby just gets quieter and quieter and hardly opens her mouth until the battle is over and they kiss and make up . . . Then they both beam and laugh and talk and swear they'll never fight again. Which they do—even as you and I.

THE REGISTRAR at Scripps Clinic in La Jolla looked up, smiled, and handed the young man standing on the other side of the desk an admittance blank.

"Just fill in your name and address now," the nurse said, "and we'll get the rest of the information later."

When the patient handed back the paper after complying, the nurse gurgled, "Oh, yes, Mr. Lanza. Just go to your room, please, it's 204. Someone will be with you immediately."

When the "someone" went to the room, 204, he took a look around and walked right back to the desk.

"There's no one there," he reported.

And you know what—there was no one there!

It developed that Mario checked into the famed clinic for a complete overhauling, walked into the room assigned him and then walked out the back door and drove away.

They haven't seen hide nor hair of him since.

One report came that he had gone to Las Vegas, where they also give you a "going over" but not of the type endorsed by Scripps Clinic.

Mario's completely unfathomable behavior would be slightly amusing if it weren't so basically tragic.

MY HEART SALUTES beautiful, brown-eyed Suzan Ball, one of the most courageous girls I have ever known.

As I write this, it is only a few hours after the amputation of her leg. Her doctor just called me to say that Suzan is doing as well as can be expected. Dick Long, who was with her during the surgery, has gone home to get a little rest.

He says, "I am going to marry Suzan the day she leaves that hospital!"

The thing that hurts so deeply is that Suzan had believed right up to the time that the doctor was forced to tell her the bitter truth—that her leg was cancerous—that her faith would cure the malignancy.

And it was this same wonderful faith that gave her the courage to tell them to go ahead with the operation. At the same time she requested that an artificial limb be ordered right away, "so I can get used to wearing it as soon as possible."

The real reason why Suzan broke her engagement to Dick a few months back can be told now, too. She said, "I didn't want him to be saddled with a cripple. I love him too much."



Fred Morin's Gay Nineties party in honor of John Wayne was fun. The borbershop quintet included Fred MacMurray, Jeonne Crain and Red Skelton. Later, at this party, Fred met June Haver.

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Beneath the 12-Mile Reef

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King of the Khyber Rifles

TYRONE POWER · TERRY MOORE · MICHAEL RENNIE

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Hell and High Water

RICHARD WIDMARK · BELLA DARVI

CINEMASCOPE

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NIGHT PEOPLE

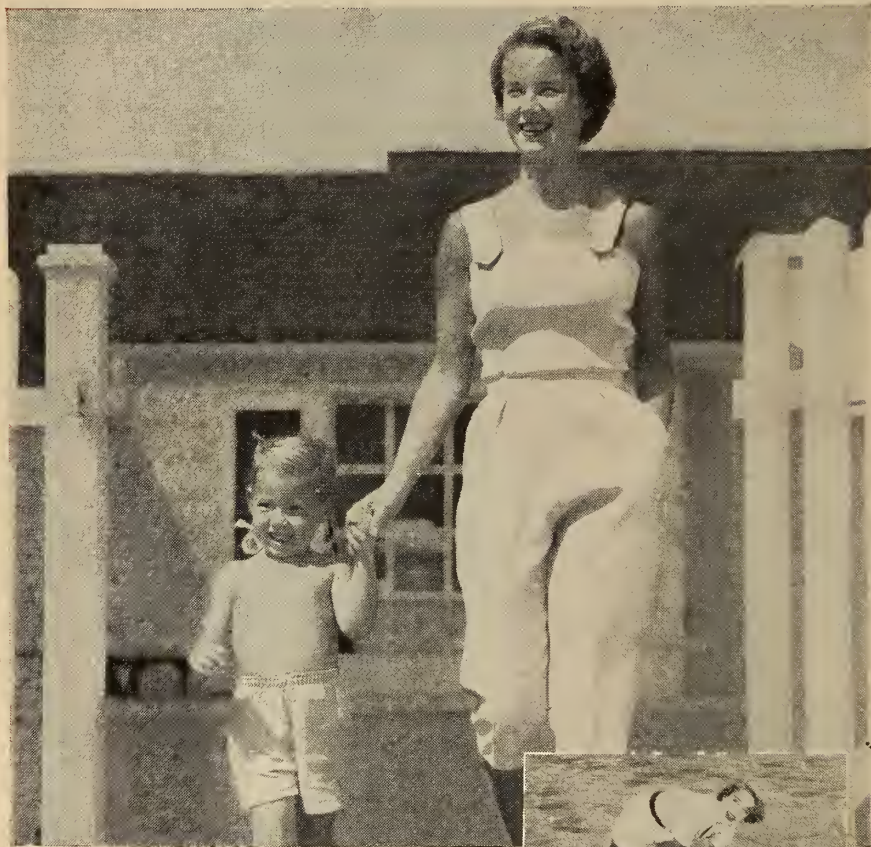
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Guaranteed—A Lovelier Figure!

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. At drug or department stores.



Mona Freeman loves the sea and the beach. "If you want to have a lovely figure, I recommend Ayds," says Mona



Swimming is Mona's favorite outdoor sport. She says, "Whenever I am putting on too much weight, I start taking Ayds."



LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

So she told Dick that the doctors had told her that her leg was cured and that she didn't want to get married because she wanted to concentrate on her career and make up for the time she had been forced to lose.

Suzan did such a wonderful acting job that Dick believed her—but not for long. The minute he read she was back in a hospital, he rushed to her side and said, "Honey, you wonderful liar. But don't you ever tell another one to me. You aren't going to lose me for the rest of your life."

Just before the operation Suzan said to a close friend, "Please never feel sorry for me. I don't feel sorry for myself."

"There are still many roles I can play on the screen. I have the love of a wonderful boy. And my studio has assumed all financial burdens and is continuing to pay my salary for life."

"I still have many wonderful things in my life and I am deeply grateful for my blessings!"

God bless you, Susie, and your beautiful, fine spirit.

THE REAL REASON back of the breakup of Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas is that the Señor is not of a marrying frame of mind and Arlene is of a mind to have no more of it—or him.

I had a hunch that all was not well with this romance long before it came out in the open. Arlene had called to tell me goodbye when she was off to New York.

"How can you bear to leave Fernando?" I asked this redhead, who had really been off her rocker about the guy.

"Oh, that isn't hard," she flipped, "all men are a pain in the neck!" When a lady says that—she usually has one particular man in mind!

ASKED THE REAL CAUSE of trouble between himself and Leslie Caron, Geordie Hormel said with admirable honesty:

"I haven't accomplished anything in the last eighteen months to win her respect. My career in music has not kept pace with Leslie's career in films and the ballet."

"But she is a changed girl, not like the sweetheart I married. She doesn't want to be married any longer."

I hear there is another big problem between Leslie and her husband. Money.

(Continued on page 15)



The guests of honor were John Wayne and Pilar Pallete. Many believe these two will marry.

Time Magazine reports on recent medical findings about

SKIN OF WOMEN'S HANDS DAMAGED BY SOAPS, DETERGENTS!

NOW! YOU CAN PROTECT YOUR HANDS FROM IRRITANTS!

USE **PLAYTEX® LIVING GLOVES**

LATEX, FABRIC LINED

HAVE LOVELIER HANDS IN ONLY 9 DAYS



- Made of Non-Allergenic "Living" Latex.
- Water-proof.
- Fabric-lined—for "bare hand" comfort.
- Non-slip surface—for "bare hand" grip.
- Extra-long turn-back cuffs to prevent drip, splatter.
- Easy on and off.
- Finger free, can pick up pin or dime.
- Never sticky, never clammy.

Hands protected by Playtex Living Gloves cannot possibly be harmed by soaps, detergents or cleansers.

Strong soaps, harsh detergents continually dry out the skin (see photos at left), may even create ugly eruptions. Household cleansers, bleaches, waxes, polishes may aggravate already sensitive skins. Lotions, creams may create fertile "soil" for germs.

Hot water, oven heat, refrigerator cold, irritating household chemicals, can complete the drying, roughening, cracking — and ruin of your skin and nails.

**Yet You Can Prevent It All! Yes, All!
Proof In Only 9 Days**

Do all your housework — dishes, laundry, cleaning, scrubbing — with Playtex "Living" Gloves. The makers of these gloves, world's largest producers of dipped latex products, give you —

A Daring Promise Never Made Before:

In only 9 days PLAYTEX Gloves can help restore the natural smoothness of your hands.

Playtex "Living" Gloves give your skin's natural oils a chance to bring back the natural loveliness of your hands. Give your hands and manicures the protection they can never get out of any bottle or jar. *And: The very first manicure you save pays for your Gloves.*

Get them today! Have lovelier hands in only 9 days!

The attention of the medical profession is called to the article in Time Magazine, Nov. 9th, 1953, and recent article in Sept., 1953 Archives of Dermatology etc., dealing with the effects on women's hands of soaps and detergents.



\$1³⁹

Prices slightly higher outside U.S.A.

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In Canada: Playtex Limited, Arnprior, Ontario

The latest on recording stars, new releases and equipment, written exclusively for MODERN SCREEN by one of America's leading record experts.

JUST FOR THE RECORDS

by George Franjier

■ Of all the performers I know, the most versatile—except, perhaps, José Ferrer—is Jackie Gleason. Jackie's range of interests and accomplishments is enormous, extending all the way from trying to outdo Toots Shor to composing ballet music. I'm not being facetious. Jackie's problem as well as his great gift is his refusal to adopt part-way measures. His drive is prodigious. He wants to do everything and to do everything better than anybody else. Even when he goes to the hospital in an effort to cut down his weight, he does it in a grand way. I'm always astonished when I drop in on Jackie at the suite he retains in Doctor's Hospital. I always thought of a hospital as a place for rest and seclusion, but Jackie destroyed that idea. In the genuine sense of the term, he holds court, lying in bed while a small army of attendants scurry back and forth serving his visitors food and drink. In all the years I've known him I have yet to see Jackie take things in stride. A couple of years ago, for example, he moved into the Park Sheraton Hotel in New York. Most men of his means would have been content

with a good suite. Not Jackie. He had to take the fabulous penthouse—at the price, I understand, of \$25,000 a year.

That's the lighter side of Jackie. Infinitely more important is his talent—and that is boundless. Singlehandedly, he has succeeded in raising the CBS-TV network to a number one position on Saturday nights. Jackie and I discussed this a couple of weeks ago. What I learned from Jackie should, I think, be of value to anybody who wishes to get ahead in the entertainment business. To paraphrase it he stressed the fact that you must—or you must try to—know everything.

"Look at me," he said. "I'm a clumsy guy, George, but you've seen me on my show. I dance, sing, make jokes, play skits—I lead the orchestra every so often. I even write tunes." Jackie does write tunes—and some pretty good ones. Anybody who is inclined to doubt it should examine a new Capitol LP called "Tawny."

"Tawny" is a ballet which Jackie composed for his Saturday night show. I dare say other people have composed more en-



TV star Jackie Gleason records favorites on LP.

during music, but this is pleasant listening. The other night, Jackie and I spent some time listening and listening again to it. Like all of us, I suppose, Jackie has had his share of shattered romances. And like all of us, he has been affected by them. We all express things differently. Jackie's outlet was in writing "Tawny."

To those who know him only from his television show, Jackie probably seems like the complete clown. He isn't. He is vitally concerned with public affairs. He is deeply conscious of social problems. He reads constantly.

When we discussed "Tawny," he said, "You know Guy de Maupassant. Well, this cat had a line somewhere about a dame. 'She fills you to the marrow with desire,' he said. I had a girl like that and I guess I'll never forget her. But what do you do? You can't go around the rest of your life crying in your beer, can you? My own personal purgatory made me write this music. Maybe it isn't great, but it does happen to be sincere."

I agree with him. If it is nothing else, "Tawny" is sincere. But what always has amazed me—and always will amaze me—is that Jackie cannot read music. In his case, I guess it's a blessing. He does unconventional things that no trained musician would attempt and the results are exciting. Someday, I suppose, Jackie will settle down to what most of us consider a normal life. In the meantime his prodigious drive and versatility will keep him trying rash things that most of us would shun. If Jackie marries the girl with whom he is now in love, we can expect something a lot different from "Tawny." Until then, though, "Tawny" will be the expression of Jackie Gleason's feeling about a beautiful woman. On the other side of this 10-inch LP Jackie and his band play "Little Girl," "If I Had You," "Some Day" and "I Cover the Waterfront."

For MODERN SCREEN Readers Only!

Jackie Gleason's New LP—Personally Autographed Plus a Special Discount!

MODERN SCREEN has arranged for you to get Jackie Gleason's fabulous new Capitol LP with Jackie's personal autograph on your copy! You'll get Mr. Saturday Night himself, playing "Tawny," "Little Girl," "If I Had You," "Some Day" and "I Cover The Waterfront" for the special discount price of only \$2.50—including mailing costs! Send the coupon below (with \$2.50 in cash, check or money order) and your autographed album will be shipped to you immediately.

Jackie Gleason

P.O. Box 125

Murray Hill Sta., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

Please rush me postpaid my autographed copy of your new Capitol LP "Tawny."

\$2.50 is enclosed in cash ☐ check ☐ money order ☐

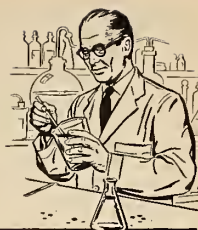
NAME _____

ST. AND NO. _____

12 CITY & STATE _____

PROBABLY I've spent more than enough time in recent issues writing about Glenn Miller. You'll have to excuse me if I do so again. I do it here mostly in the interest of economics. As you doubtless know, RCA Victor brought out a Glenn Miller "Limited Edition" (limited, as one executive of the company said, to as many people as will buy it) at \$24.95. It is a handsome job, wrapped in simulated white leather and adorned with draw- (Continued on page 14)

Here is proof of the greatest scientific discovery
in toothpaste history—proof that Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol*,
Colgate's exclusive anti-enzyme ingredient, gives the best protection
against tooth-decay enzymes of any toothpaste!

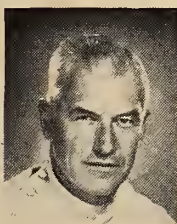


ONLY NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HAS THE CLINICAL PROOF

that brings new hope to millions for

Lifetime Protection Against Tooth Decay!

Actual use by hundreds of people has proved the
long-lasting protection of New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol!
Tests supervised by leading dental authorities—for a full year—
proved this protection won't rinse off, won't wear off!
Proved just daily morning and night use guards against
decay-causing enzymes every minute of the day and night!



**A JURY OF
DISTINGUISHED
DENTISTS HAS
APPROVED THIS
EVIDENCE . . .**

All the facts, published in authoritative dental journals, have convinced these dentists that Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol is far more effective against decay-causing enzymes than any other toothpaste. And because Gardol is the *only* long-lasting anti-enzyme ingredient with clinical proof, these dental authorities agree that New Colgate's with Gardol gives the surest protection against tooth decay ever offered by any toothpaste.



**PROTECTION
THAT WON'T
RINSE OFF
OR WEAR OFF
ALL DAY**

**NO OTHER
TOOTHPASTE**
Offers Proof
of Such Results!

**NO OTHER
TOOTHPASTE**
Contains
Anti-Enzyme
Ingredient
GARDOL
*SODIUM N-LAUROYL
SARCOSINATE



Large Size 27¢
Giant Size 47¢
Economy Size 63¢

CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH!

For **LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH-DECAY ENZYMES**



Mrs. Georgia Elliot, Tenafly, N. J. uses detergents regularly, yet still keeps her hands soft.

"I wash 24,000 pieces of silverware a year... but I'm proud of my pretty hands!"

Only 10¢ to \$1.00
plus tax



Candlelight and gleaming silver make a perfect setting for Georgia Elliot. But to keep that silver bright, she uses detergents to help her wash and polish thousands of pieces a year. (As many as you!)

Detergents cut grease, but they can also rob hands of natural oils, and leave them rough and red.

But not Georgia's hands! After detergents . . . after any harsh soap or cleanser, she puts on pure, white Jergens Lotion, right away.

It penetrates instantly (doesn't just "coat" her hands) with two important softening ingredients. It actually helps *replace* necessary softening moisture.

Keep your home detergent-bright, by all means. But be sure to use the world's most popular hand care *daily*, if you want to keep your hands soft and lovable.

(Continued from page 12) ings of Glenn. But here's really good news for the many fans who don't have \$24.95 to plunk down for an album. RCA Victor is bringing out the album music on single LP's. The first of these is called "Glenn Miller Plays Selections From the Film, *The Glenn Miller Story*." I'd like to emphasize the fact that *this* is the Glenn Miller band, just as it was in its heyday. The band in the movie, naturally, is a facsimile—and a reasonably accurate one at that. But not the Miller band! (I suppose that this is what has troubled Helen Miller, Glenn's widow, so profoundly. This woman clings so desperately to a memory that she refuses to believe that her husband is dead. And for all anyone knows, he may not be.) The significant thing is that this is part of the Limited Edition at a fraction of the price.

THIS MONTH the good Eartha, which is to say Eartha Kitt, is to be heard in an RCA Victor LP called "The Bad Eartha"—which may be as it should be. This is quite a gal. Just before she left for Europe, Eartha and I had dinner at the new place in New York called the Harwynn. We talked about, among other things, her choice of tunes. She told me that such things as "*C'est Si Bon*" just happen. Dave Kapp, who was then with RCA Victor, suggested the tunes, but it wasn't until they were in the actual process of recording that she and he got the idea of "Cadillac car" and the other English words that have, of course, made it so very special.

Incidental reports on forthcoming items: Decca is highly excited about the faces recorded by Jeff Chandler. My information has it that they are excellent . . . Joan Crawford writes me that she would like nothing so much as to make some "good" recordings . . . For those of you interested in acquiring rare records, I strongly recommend a magazine called *The Record Changer* (address: 125 LaSalle Street, New York City) which carries, among other things, a complete listing of all records up for auction . . . Rosemary Clooney phoned a day or so after she and her husband, José Ferrer, arrived in Europe to say that she was delighted and flabbergasted to discover that she has apparently achieved international fame. Found her records everywhere.

THERE has been a great deal of undependable talk about high fidelity machines. I've spent approximately four months listening to all the new brands and, at this point, feel qualified to pass a measure of judgment. If you can afford something really special and expensive, by all means try a Phillips, which is of Dutch manufacture, or have a set custom-made by a firm like Fisher Radio (41 East 47th Street) which is probably tops among the companies that install equipment. Assuming, though, that you are of more modest means, try any of the sets made by Columbia and RCA Victor. They can be recommended without reservation. You might also listen to a model (at \$119) manufactured by Magnavox. It's one of the most exciting I've heard. Last month, I mentioned a tiny portable machine called the Capri. I've listened to it quite a bit in recent weeks and I am able to report that its assets include durability. It is just about the most serviceable portable I've come across. But it's not hi-fi.

Use Jergens Lotion — avoid detergent hands

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

When the petite French danseuse married the scion of the famed meat-packing family, it was believed that the bridegroom was loaded. Most of the Hormels are.

But as their marriage went on, a friend of Leslie tells me, Leslie was carrying more and more of the financial burden—toward the last, practically all of it.

Geordie didn't give up without a struggle. He went to New York to meet Leslie's boat and morosely announced later, "She granted me a ten-minute interview. Since then she hasn't spoken to me. I guess it's all over."

I guess it is.

THE LETTER BOX: To many of you who have written asking me to give you the "confidential diet that keeps the stars thin," I'm obliged to say there ain't such a thing. All the stars who diet sensibly do so under the care of their personal physicians and their diets are made up for their particular dietary needs. You kids get your parents to take you to a good doctor if you want to lose weight. There's no magic formula.

Lisa, St. Louis, writes that she's giving up Frank and Ava, "because they can't give each other happiness or give each other up. How juvenile can two adults be?"

Eleonore Malone, Ottawa, says I never write of Mel Ferrer in this column. Oh, yes I do, Eleonore—this month.

More weight-conscious readers (and writers) this month. Anna Stamonova of Brooklyn wants to know the most I ever heard of any star's weighing at his or her heaviest. Mario Lanza, I believe, who once hit the scales at 235. For a glamour girl, Joan Crawford, who weighed 164 many years ago when she first came to Hollywood.

Mrs. Fred McNamara hears: "Ava Gardner is supposed to be furious because Cyd Charisse has cut her hair like hers (Ava's) and looks so much like her these days. True or false?" This rumor is, at most, only partly true. Ava isn't too pleased over the resemblance but I doubt that she is "furious." Certainly, she has not "ordered" Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to "order" Cyd to "look different."

That's all this month. See you next month.



June Haver danced with Laurence Harvey, but spent most of evening with Fred MacMurray.

It costs
so little
to look
Lovable



Ringlet Bra with Dualift-Control...only \$1.50

You'd think a bra like this would be expensive...from the way Dualift straps lift oh-so-comfortably from center and sides...the way continuous single-needle stitching molds such precious curves. Yet this Lovable RINGLET with so much quality, so much flattery, is only \$1.50. Ask for it by name! Other Lovable Bras from \$1.

Also in Canada.



The Lovable Brassiere Co., Dept. MS-4, 180 Madison Ave., New York 16



New Help
for those 81 girls out of
every 100 in despair over

"Young Skin" problems

Out of every 100 girls, 81 have "Young Skin"—blackheads, large pores, oiliness or flakiness a recent survey shows. What is the cause? Is there any help for it?

In the teens, the oil glands start to over work. The skin turns too sluggish to slough off dead skin debris. These dead flakes mix with the oil and choke pore openings. Next come large pores, even blackheads.

Dermatologists say oil and dead skin must be cleared off. And now—Pond's brings you a *greaseless* corrective based on this medical theory!

"This treatment
works wonders!"

"I saw a change
in 3 days!"

"My skin looks
clearer, smoother!"



Hundreds of girls with "Young Skin" tested Pond's greaseless treatment! Many saw a real change in under 2 weeks! Just cover face, except eyes, in a thick layer of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave on 1 minute. The Cream's "keratolytic" action *dissolves off* dead skin cells! Frees skin glands to function *normally*. After 1 minute—tissue off. Your skin feels smooth, ungreasy. Looks fresher, clearer!

For a sheer, greaseless powder base—Use a light touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Never shiny. Holds powder!

HOLLYWOOD ABROAD

AN M/S WIRE SERVICE OF LATE NEWS FROM AROUND



THE WORLD

ROSEMARY CLOONEY, twenty-five, and her forty-one-year-old husband, José Ferrer, finally got to Europe on their delayed honeymoon. In London, Rosemary demonstrated what reporters described as "slavish devotion to her husband."

When questioned about this, Rosemary said, "Well, why shouldn't I? Joe is a real genius. There's nothing he can't do. I'd like to be in a Broadway musical. What a coach Joe would make!

"My voice? Well, it's just a voice. I never studied. My voice had no training. I just make a commercial sort of sound that sells records. People ask me if I need a warm-up. I've got nothing to warm up!"

Ferrer was then asked if he were really a genius.

"I won't deny it," he said, "if genius is just a capacity for taking pains. The trouble with Rosemary is that she always underestimates herself."

GREGORY PECK, in Ceylon, finishing *The Purple Plains*, visited director John Huston in Kilcock, County Kildare, Ireland, just before he took off for India.

Huston has apparently left Hollywood permanently to settle down in Ireland with his wife Ricki and their two children.

Besides working on the *Moby Dick* script, Huston rides on hunts with the Killing Kildores and tries to talk all of his guests into joining him. When he tried to persuade Peck, the tall, Lincoln-esque actor said, "I'll tell you what, John. You go fox hunting on your horse and I'll follow by car." Peck and his son had been skiing in Switzerland, and Peck explained that enough exercise was enough.

That morning, both Huston and his horse landed in a ditch. "Bad break, kid," Huston explained to Peck. "People die in their boots hunting the fox in Ireland, and all I do is wrench my back."

PAULETTE GODDARD, working in London on a film called *The Stranger*, took time out to give her views on life, love, money, work, and husbands.

Said Miss Goddard, now forty-three and still sleek, "I have had three husbands, Charley Chaplin, Burgess Meredith, and Edgar James. These marriages did not work out. I always admit my mistakes. And these marriages are my mistakes.

"I'm without a husband now and that's why I'm working, but as a general rule I don't believe a woman should make a career out of work. All she'll have is a scrapbook, and clippings are no consolation when you're old.

"But every woman should have a hobby. Otherwise, she'll go crazy. My hobby, as you probably know, is acting."

AVA GARDNER, who was dining in Rome with Vittorio Gassman while Shelley Winters was eating with her old pal Farley Granger, has confided to friends that a complete reconciliation with Frank Sinatra is not beyond probability.

"The trouble with me," Ava said recently, "is that each time I see Frank I fall in love with him all over again."

RICHARD BURTON, who couldn't resist the temptation of squeezing Greta Garbo's leg at a Hollywood party, will be leaving London shortly. Burton returns to 20th Century-Fox for *The Egyptian*.

"Frankly," he says, "I have a guilty conscience about taking all that Hollywood money. In the theatre you really get to believe that you're earning your keep. The work is so hard and the strain so great. But in films, especially CinemaScope, it's rather easy. In CinemaScope, as you know, the shooting is so much faster. There aren't so many different angle approaches."

When Burton was last in Hollywood it was rumored that he and Jean Simmons were developing a warm friendship.

ERROL FLYNN, now the father of a fourth child, would like to return to Hollywood. He's just a wee bit tired of Europe and just a wee bit tired of trying to raise enough money to finish *William Tell*.

What's holding up his return trip? Flynn is afraid of lawsuits. Second wife Nora, for example, claims that he owes her support for their two children.

Says Flynn, "I'm not a millionaire but I like living like one. My main problem is reconciling my gross habits with my net income."

Says third wife Patrice Wymore, "I intend to stand by Errol."

Says second wife Nora Haymes, "I intend to stand by him, too, only in court."



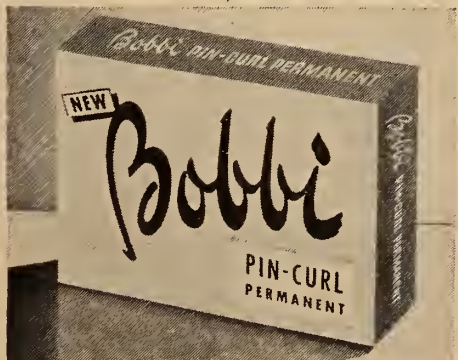
Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft waves needed for this "Bobbi Bob"—the 1920 bob gone modern. Bobbi gives waves exactly where you want them.



Casual, carefree—that's the "Skylark," thanks to Bobbi! Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls and waves right from the start.



Bobbi is perfect for this gay, casual "Florentine" hairdo, for Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, natural-looking curls. No help needed.



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



Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Note the easy, natural look of curls in this new "Starlite" style. No nightly settings needed.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

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

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

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

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



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

Something thrilling happens



Your skin feels soft and
smooth as a rose petal

Simple two-way treatment helps blemished skin. Suddenly your skin looks like a little girl's. Gone are hateful blackheads, pimples, oily shine, flaky dryness. That's your thrilling reward for making Cuticura Soap and Ointment your daily routine . . . How does Cuticura work such wonders? Cuticura Soap is superfatted, the mildest, best kind of complexion soap. It preserves the natural moisture as it cleanses. And Cuticura Ointment softens, gently stimulates, visibly improves your skin as it helps clear up externally caused blemishes. Millions of women thank world-known Cuticura for their exquisite skin—why don't you try Cuticura!

Cuticura

Get Cuticura Soap and Ointment
—at drug counters everywhere!

movie reviews

by *florence epstein*

PICTURE OF THE MONTH



When Tacy (Lucille Ball) fell in love with a trailer, her bridegroom-to-be, Nick (Desi Arnaz) reluctantly gave her one as a wedding gift. They started their honeymoon-wheels in the wrong direction—and discovered it's not easy to U-turn a trailer.



Tacy's carefully planned first dinner landed on the floor—with Tacy—when Nick tried to jack up the trailer. They ate bread and cheese.

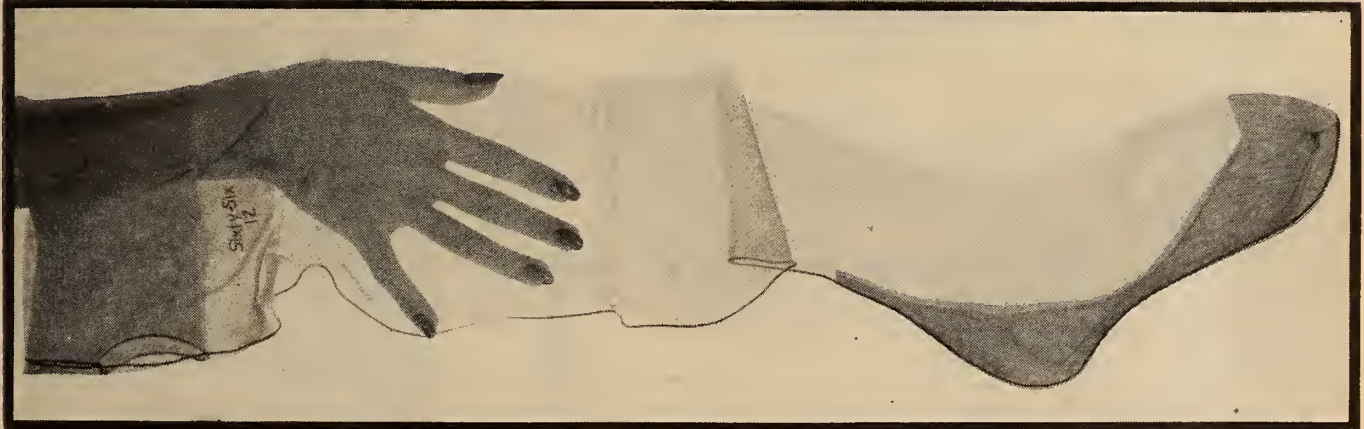


Trailer camps were too public for the honeymooners so they parked in the woods and sank into a mudhole!

THE LONG, LONG TRAILER TV fans don't have to read this review; they know what to expect of Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz. A laugh a minute. Sometimes the minutes surely drag, times when Lucy is rolling on the trailer floor wrapped in flour and salad greens. But in general *The Long, Long Trailer* will hit the spot. Desi is a bandleader whose home is any convenient hotel on the road. When Lucy marries him she changes that. She strongarms him into buying a trailer (and a convertible to haul it). Like turtles, they'll carry *their* home on their backs. The trailer is a beaut—looks eighty feet long and is so compact you can serve breakfast in bed without budging from the stove. Honeymooners Lucy and Desi travel across the west in it and everything—but every conceivable thing that can go wrong with a trailer—goes wrong. Through it all Lucy wears this tentative, hysterical smile and doggedly collects boulders as mementoes. Get rid of those rocks! Desi is always shouting, and she's awfully sorry she didn't when they tackle a hill the shape of Mount Everest. I don't know—did you ever live in a trailer when all you ever really needed or wanted was a cot at the Y? That seems to be Desi's problem, and he's stuck with it. Technicolor.—(MGM)



*Elizabeth Taylor, star of
RHAPSODY,
an M-G-M Technicolor picture,
finds Leg-O-Genic glamour easy
with Bur-Mil Cameo nylons.*



“Your shining moments
call for misty dull stockings...”

says Elizabeth Taylor. “There’s no doubt that when your stockings shine—you don’t,” says beautiful Elizabeth Taylor. Miss Taylor relies on Bur-Mil Cameo nylons for leg glamour on the screen and off. Cameo stockings, the *only* nylons with Face Powder Finish, veil your legs with misty dullness.

And breathlessly sheer 66 gauge, 12 denier Cameo nylons are a practical luxury. These new, ultra-twist Cameos assure better fit and longer wear by actual test. Ask for Bur-Mil Cameo stockings. Full-fashioned 66 gauge ... \$1.65. Other full-fashioned and seamless styles from \$1.15 to \$1.65.

BUR-MIL
Cameo
*the stocking with exclusive
Face Powder Finish*

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

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

Double-Crosser!



movie reviews continued from page 18



RIDE CLEAR OF DIABLO Audie Murphy looks mild as baby food but try to outdraw him, brother, and you're dead. That's the thing crooked Sheriff Kenyon (Paul Birch) doesn't realize the first time he sets eyes on him. Murphy is in town to nab the rustlers who murdered his father and brother. Sure, kid, says the sheriff, tossing him a deputy's badge. Bring in Whitey Kincade (Dan Duryea); he probably did it. Whitey is a killer who resents being classed as human. Shoots everybody in the back and laughs like Richard Widmark. Wouldn't you know Audie drags him back alive? All through this movie Audie keeps bringing back everything that got lost or stolen away, and does it with such gentle manners it's no wonder Susan Cabot gives up her murdering fiancé (William Pullen) for him. Well, it gets so bad that the sheriff, Susan's uncle, is nearly driven to distraction. If Murphy hangs around any more there's liable to be law and order in the town. (First guy to hang would be old sheriff.) So there's nothing for it but to wipe Audie out. My money's on him and his (by now) best friend, Kincade. Technicolor—and good, too. With Abbe Lane, Russell Johnson.—Universal-International.



THE COMMAND Here is Warner's first film in CinemaScope. They'd better try again. 1878 it is, in Wyoming and danged if they have run out of Indians yet. Must be thousands of 'em swarming across the plains, screaming their heads off. And shooting arrows. An arrow in the back of Captain Gregg Barton turns Doctor Guy Madison into Commander. All the way home Harvey Lembeck mixes wry comments with his chawing tobacco about this indignity. Indignity of a cavalryman obeying a doc, that is. Seasoned James Whitmore just braces himself for the ordeal. They come to this town where they're attached to Infantry troops and a wagon train filled with Joau Weldon and various children succumbing to smallpox. Pretty soon the Infantry commander has a stroke. If that Madison doesn't watch out he'll be in charge of the entire American Army, but he takes his responsibility with aplomb. He has to escort the whole kit and kahoodle to Paradise River, Indians notwithstanding. I'll tell you one thing: those Indians aren't standing long—there's a pox on 'em.—Warner Brothers.

Sue blamed Marge for dancing half the night with Joe while she stood on the sidelines. She blamed Joe, too. But Sue was wrong. She had only herself to blame . . . but she would be the last to suspect why. Nobody wants to spend an evening with anyone guilty of halitosis (bad breath). And it's so foolish to risk offending this way when Listerine Antiseptic is such a pleasant precaution.

No Toothpaste Kills Odor Germs Like This

Germs are, by far, the most common cause of halitosis. They're trouble-makers because they start fermentation of proteins in the mouth. That's why research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.

No toothpaste, of course, is antiseptic. No toothpaste kills germs as Listerine does. Listerine Antiseptic

kills germs . . . instantly . . . by the millions! Listerine Antiseptic stops bad breath . . . instantly. (And not just for minutes but usually for hours on end!)

Listerine Clinically Proved Four Times Better Than Toothpaste

Toothpastes don't do for you what Listerine does. Recently, this was dramatically proved in scientific tests made on Listerine Antiseptic and leading toothpastes. The results: In an average of test after test, Listerine Antiseptic stopped bad breath four times better than the toothpastes!

Don't ever "double-cross" yourself by taking a chance on your breath. Every morning . . . every night . . . before every date, make it a habit to gargle with Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.



A Product of The Lambert Company

LISTERINE STOPS BAD BREATH

4 times better than any toothpaste!



BAIT For fifteen years Marko (Hugo Haas) has been pointing vaguely at a range in northern California and shouting, Dere's gold in dat hill! Once someone believed him and shortly died. Not only do people think Marko's cracked but they're admitting he's a murderer. However, farmer John Agar is broadminded. He and Haas drive up a mountain and scuttle to find the stuff before snow sets in. Agar has beginner's luck. Walks around back to chop some firewood and elbows right into a mine. Haas nearly chokes with rage; now he'll have to split fifty-fifty with Agar—unless. The devil, who's been lurking around in Cedric Hardwicke's clothing (Hardwicke introduces the film), enters here. He plants Cleo Moore in Marko's shifty brain. I'll marry that gorgeous, starving waitress, bring her to the cabin as bait for the farmer, thinks he. If the farmer makes a pass—and considering that there's barely eight feet of space to dodge in it's likely—Marko can kill boldly in what you may laughingly call a crime of passion. But that devil's work is sure undone—by that farm boy.—Columbia.

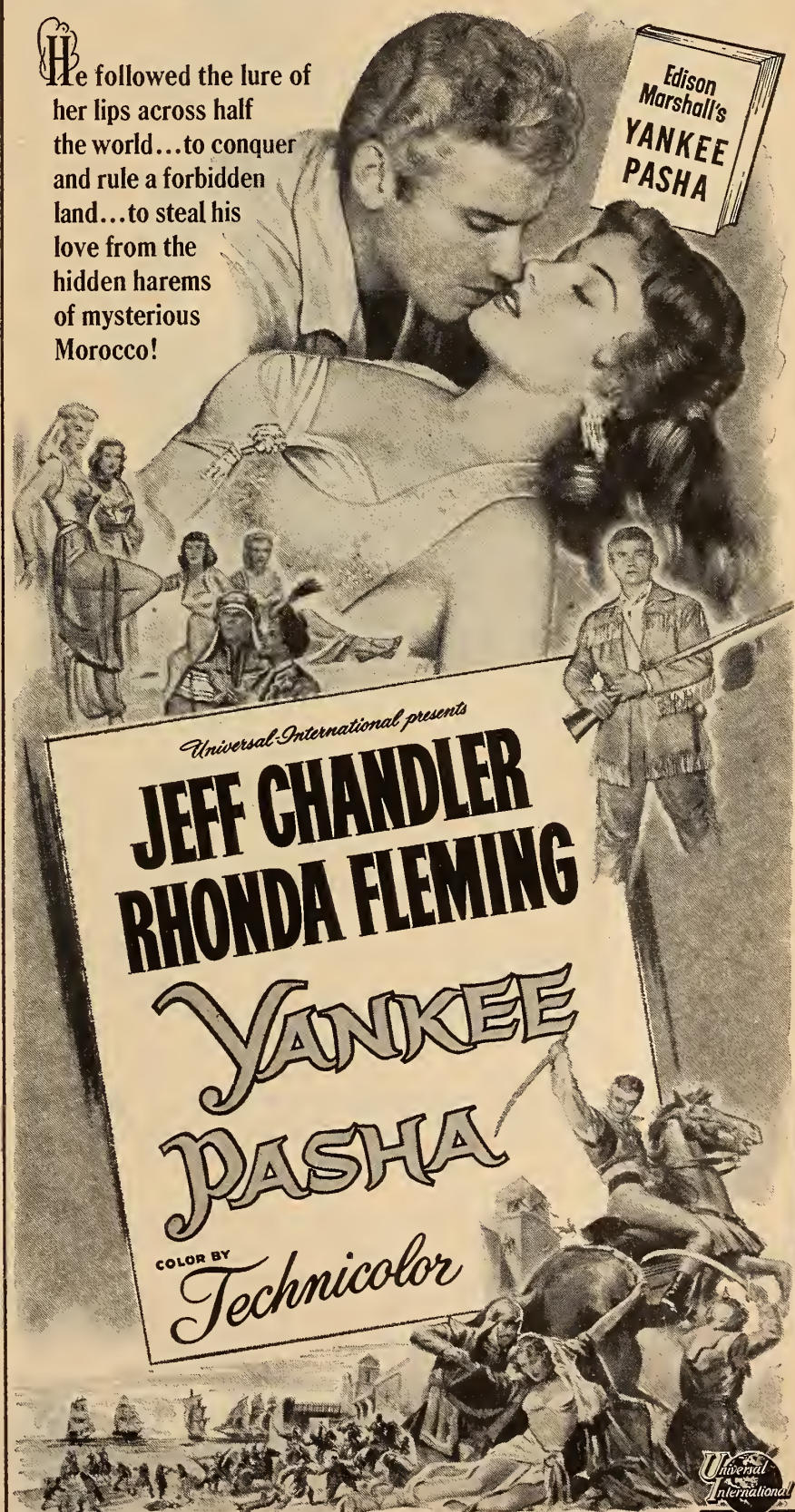


MAN IN THE ATTIC Anyone interested in terrorizing a city can take lessons from Jack Palance. Here's a boy who murders his own mother—and five or six other chicks who live alone in London. What a cut-up he is! They don't call him Jack the Ripper but *Man In The Attic* is a remake of that famous horror. Palance rents a couple of attic rooms in the home of Rhys Williams and Frances Bavier. He says he's a medical pathologist, that he works at night and that the odors that come from his room aren't burning flesh at all. Constance Smith, a beautiful music hall star, niece of the couple, comes to stay with them. She and Palance get along swell even though he breaks into cold sweats and hot rages at the oddest moments. Scotland Yard Inspector Byron Palmer is less susceptible to Palance's unique charm but you can't arrest a man just because he gives you the creeps in broad daylight. You've got to watch and wait.—20th-Fox.

EVERY PASSIONATE MOMENT OF THE STRANGEST ADVENTURE EVER TOLD!

He followed the lure of her lips across half the world...to conquer and rule a forbidden land...to steal his love from the hidden harems of mysterious Morocco!

Edison
Marshall's
**YANKEE
PASHA**



with **LEE J. COBB • MAMIE Van DOREN • BART ROBERTS**
and the **MISS UNIVERSE BEAUTIES**

Directed by **JOSEPH PEVNEY** • Screenplay by **JOSEPH HOFFMAN** • Produced by **HOWARD CHRISTIE**



*I dreamed
I went to the opera in my
*
maidenform bra*

I'm the darling of the diamond horseshoe, the rage of the dress circle—ilting, lyrical, fabulously composed in my Maidenform bra. Lifted so high and loving it, I'm the most spectacular figure in the audience! And listen, the bra-vos are all for Maidenform and me!

Shown: Maidenform's Etude* in white braadcloth or nylon taffeta; A, B and C cups...from 2.00. Now also available in AA cups for the teen-age figure, 1.75. There is a Maidenform for every type of figure.* Send for free style booklet. MAIDENFORM, N. Y. 16, N. Y.



HAMLET If you didn't catch Laurence Olivier's *Hamlet* first time round, here's your chance. Or if you've seen it once, see it again—the magic of Shakespeare never fades. You know the plot. The ghost of Hamlet's father appears at Elsinore to assure the young Dane that something's rotten in Denmark. Namely, Hamlet's uncle, who murdered dad and married mom two months later. Hamlet seeks revenge, but he's one of those neurotic boys always caught halfway between thought and action and for a while all he can do is drive himself nuts with these desires, giving his uncle plenty of time to plot his—Hamlet's—sudden demise. Olivier as Hamlet, Jean Simmons as Ophelia, Felix Aylmer as Ophelia's platitude-happy father, Polonius, give stirring performances. Others in this beautifully staged production are Eileen Herlie, Basil Sydney, Terence Morgan, Stanley Holloway.—Universal-International.



RED GARTERS Movies ought to be like life? ask the makers of *Red Garters*. No sir, they say, life ought to be more like the movies, with which sentiment I can't fully agree, although *Red Garters* is a very entertaining musical. Rosemary Clooney is in it. She's Calaveras Kate, dance hall queen and sweetie of Jack Carson. Carson is a funny man who spends his time enforcing "the code of the west." Shoot first and dance at the funeral is the code as I found it. You may have gathered that this is not an ordinary film. It's a satire on a lot of worn out westerns. There's a little boy who runs around picking off strangers with what he takes to be a Colt .45. And there's Guy Mitchell who rides into town to avenge his brother's untimely death. Guy falls for Pat Crowley. Joanne Gilbert is paired with Gene Barry. It's all kind of gay in candy Technicolor.—Paramount.



SAADIA Mel Ferrer is a moody doctor in Morocco. His eyes keep saying some woman wrecked his life but his lips are sealed. Another fellow whose lips are sealed is Cornel Wilde, a native ruler of a province. They're both in love with Saadia (Rita Gam) but if you think they're going to let her know it you're mad. She's a village girl, ostracized by her countrymen because she's supposedly under the spell of a witch called Fatima (Wanda Rotha). Wanda lives in some sort of cave and is forever sticking pins into little dolls and falling into deep comas. When Saadia's appendix starts acting up her neighbors would like to burn her but Mel and Cornel take her out of that backward environment, cure her, set her to work in a hospital. Saadia, who is beautiful, silent and brave, performs a couple of heroic feats and wins the natives' respect. She wins a husband, too. Technicolor, with Michel Simon, Cyril Cusack.—MGM.



KING OF THE HYBER RIFLES Here's Tyrone Power stretched across a CinemaScope screen and they'll have to think up a new process to top that. The setting is India, 1857, and the British Army is becoming very irritating to certain violent insurrectionists. Guy Rolfe, an Indian with an unnatural lust for power, has holed himself up in a hill from which vantage point he kidnaps and tortures young soldiers. Captain King (that's Power) arrives at the Army post to help stop all that nonsense. He's proud, handsome and a cinch to knock out Terry Moore, fair daughter of commander Michael Rennie. It's a set up, or would be, if Ty weren't a half-caste. His mama was a Moslem so he can't go to any of the officers' dances and pure white girl Terry is taboo. Also, Ty and Guy Rolfe were kids together, practically brothers, and you have to have a lot of conviction to kill your own brother. There's plenty of action, loads of color and spectacle in this film which happily doesn't claim to be anything more than fun (although some of that bloodletting is a little much). —20th-Fox.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

THE GLENN MILLER STORY (U-I): A tender, moving tribute to the memory of a great bandleader, this film will let you laugh and cry to your heart's content. Jimmy Stewart does a great job as Miller, and June Allyson, as the girl he married, contributes a delightful performance. If you liked Miller's music, you'll love the soundtrack. Louis Armstrong and Gene Krupa help out. Technicolor.

MISS SADIE THOMPSON (Col.): Rita Hayworth, as the movies' most famous bad girl, does some dancing that tops anything you've ever seen before for sheer, sultry excitement. Among those impressed are Marine Aldo Ray, who likes Rita just as she is, and reformer José Ferrer, who discovers to his horror, that he likes her too much. Technicolor and 3-D.

IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU (Col.): One of the most delightful comedies of the normal (that's 2-D) screen, this one stars Judy Holliday as a startlingly average girl who indulges her craving for fame by renting a huge billboard and emblazoning her name thereon! Peter Lawford plays the worried representative of a soap company desperately in need of the billboard and Jack Lemmon is the young man who loved Judy before she was famous.

ACT OF LOVE (U.A.): This is the poignant story of a soldier and a girl who meet and love in a world of blackmarkets, police and war. Kirk Douglas is excellent as the G.I. who offers shelter to the frightened Lisa (Dany Robin) and tries to protect their romance in the face of impossible odds. Irwin Shaw wrote the fine script.

"GO, MAN, GO!" (U.A.): Dane Clark is immensely charming as the man who dreamed up, organized and made famous the Harlem Globetrotters, professional basketball's most amazing team. Even if you are not a rabid basketball fan, you'll enjoy this story of a wonderful bunch of guys—and the people who helped and hindered them.

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.

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 tenderness.

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.

AN 11-DAY, EXPENSE-FREE Win VACATION for TWO in Hawaii

Or One of 35 Other Prizes!

(2nd) Diamond-studded Lucien Piccard wrist watch.
(3rd) Crosley TV set. (4th) Solid gold bracelet from Marchal of 5th Avenue. (5th) Pedigreed French Poodle from Wilson (makers of Ideal Dog Food).
(6th) \$100 U. S. Savings Bond from Daeskin Tissue.
(7th) \$100 Jantzen Sportswear Wardrobe.
(8th-12th) Elgin American Compact, Lighter, Lipstick Holder Set. (13th) Lady's Suit by Rasenblum of California. (14th) Crosley V.I.P. Radio. (15th) Luxite Lingerie Wardrobe of Gowns, Negligees, Slips.
(16th) Sportswear Separates by Tabak of California.
(17th) Leather Makeup Case filled with Max Factor Cosmetics. (18th) Shae Wardrobe (3 pairs) of Grace Walker shoes. (19th-24th) Three Pairs of Luxite Hosiery. (25th-30th) Two Pairs of Harms Gloves. (31st-36th) 16 oz. Tabu Calagne by Dana.

ENTER THIS EXCITING CONTEST!

Just name the Gayla Golden Jubilee hair style! You can win a luxurious 11-day, expense-free, vacation for two in enchanting Hawaii! You'll fly by Northwest Airline Strato-cruiser to and from romantic Honolulu, stay at the palatial Moana Hotel on Waikiki Beach...eat exotic foods...dance...swim...and relax under the stars! Hurry! Enter today...you can be one of the lucky winners!



Gayla® HOLD-BOB®

World's Largest Selling Bobby Pin

To mark our 50 years of hair-accessory leadership, we introduce the newest, most startling bobby pin creation! It's the new, improved Golden Jubilee Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pin with new *Flexi-Grip*, the patented, exclusive Gayla scientific design that makes the world's best bobby pin even better!

Enter Today! It's Fun...So Easy to Win!

MAIL
THIS ENTRY
BLANK TODAY!



"CONTEST"

Gaylord Products, Incorporated, Dept. DM-4
1918 Prairie Ave., Chicago 16, Illinois

Here is my Gayla Contest entry. I am enclosing my name suggestion for the Golden Jubilee hair style, the top of a Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pin card or a Gayla Hair Net envelope, 25 words or less telling why I prefer this Gayla product, and the name and address of the store where it was purchased.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....

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JOHN ROBERT POWERS

World's Foremost Beauty Authority
John Robert Powers and his famous Powers Models have selected Gayla HOLD-BOB as the perfect bobby pin.

HERE'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO!

1. Suggest a name for our "Golden Jubilee" hair style.
2. Print the suggested name on a plain piece of paper. Each entry must include the top of a Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pin card or Gayla Hair Net envelope, 25 words or less, telling why you prefer this Gayla product, your name and address, and the name and address of the store where you purchased the Gayla product. Submit as many entries as you wish, but each entry must consist of only one name suggested.
3. Mail entry to CONTEST, Gaylord Products, Inc., 1918 Prairie Ave., Chicago 16, Ill. Make sure your name and address and that of the store are legible. Entries with insufficient postage will not be accepted.
4. John Robert Powers and his staff will be the judges and their decisions will be final. Entries will be judged solely on basis of originality and aptness. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. All entries become the property of Gaylord Products, Incorporated, and name will be returned.
5. Contest is open to all except employees of Gaylord Products, Incorporated, their advertising agency, and their families. Contest is subject to all Federal, State, and local regulations.
6. Contest closes June 30, 1954. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight of the closing date and received not later than July 7, 1954.
7. Winners will be notified by mail within a month after the closing date. A complete list of winners will be sent to persons sending a stamped self-addressed envelope.



Jane's last marriage, to Fred Karger, seemed idyllic but lasted little over a year.

through with love?

By Jack Wade

More than a marriage may be over for Jane this time. How often can a loser pick up the pieces and start all over again?

■ On January 4, Jane Wyman celebrated her fortieth birthday in what seemed to be matrimonial harmony.

On January 5, Louella Parsons reported that Jane and husband Freddie Karger had separated and that Jane had instructed her attorney to file for divorce.

Since Miss Wyman took home her Oscar in 1948 her private life, which was once free and open, has become almost cloistered as far as her public is concerned. It has become, in fact, her private life. Her marriage to musician Karger in November, 1952, took everyone by surprise and her decision fourteen months later to call the whole thing off was equally surprising. During their marriage Jane and Freddie had been hand holders. That tends to discourage gossips from hints of rifts. If two people hold hands all the time, says Hollywood, they must be in love.

And Jane and Freddie did hold hands. They held hands while they looked at houses for sale, they held hands at cocktail parties and they held hands when Freddie visited Jane on the set. They were a charming couple. Hedda Hopper said this was a popular union and the next day she received a note from the Kargers. "Happiness is difficult to find, and having found it, it is our turn to say best wishes and thank you."

Late in 1953 Hopper had something else to say. "The marriage of Jane Wyman has hit the rocks. Freddie, who has moved into his mother's home, verified the situation but said, 'Please, no comment.' Jane (Continued on page 99)

New! a shampoo that
Silken
your hair!

You'll be head over heels in love with the way your hair shines and shimmers . . . silky soft, silky bright, silky smooth—after you've used new Drene. So gleaming, so glamorous . . . your *silkened* hair!

New Magic Formula . . . Milder than Castile!

Silkening magic! That's what you'll find in Drene's new formula! It lathers like lightning, rinses out like lightning—it's milder than castile! Magic, sheer magic, the way this new Drene silken your hair. Leaves it bright as silk, soft as silk, smooth as silk—and so obedient!



Lathers like lightning —

no other lather is so thick, yet so quick.

Milder than castile —

so mild you could use this new formula every day.



This is a
New
Drene!

A PRODUCT OF PROCTER & GAMBLE

No wonder so many women are changing to Camay!

THERE'S
COLD CREAM

NOW IN
CAMAY



"The most wonderful thing
that ever happened
to complexion care!"

Mrs. Robert Steller, an exquisite new
Camay Bride says, "New Camay with
cold cream is so luxurious! I love it!
It's the only beauty soap for me!"



NEW LUXURY AT NO EXTRA COST!

Women everywhere tell us they love the added
elegance of cold cream in Camay—the *only* leading
beauty soap with this precious ingredient.

TRY IT YOURSELF! Whether your skin is dry
or oily, new Camay with cold cream will leave it
feeling exquisitely cleansed, marvelously
refreshed. And, of course, you still get everything you've
always loved about Camay—that skin-pampering
mildness, silken-soft Camay lather and exquisite
Camay fragrance. Try exciting new Camay tonight.
There's no finer soap for your beauty *and* your bath!

Now more than ever...

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

the only complete story of MARILYN MONROE'S HONEYMOON



BY ALICE HOFFMAN

■ Joe DiMaggio made up his mind to marry Marilyn Monroe last Thanksgiving.

He had fallen in love with her and she with him two months after they met in June, 1952. But Joe is a shy, emotionally inhibited man and Marilyn has always been a skittish, constrained sort of girl, despite her calendar art and her sexy buildup. Although they loved each other and spent as much time together as their careers would permit, they retreated from discussion of marriage.

Both of them remembered their first marriages with regrets. Joe had been married to Dorothy Arnold and Marilyn to Jim Dougherty. As Joe says, "Each of us (Continued on page 30)

268 CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH OF MARRIAGE 1074 195

NAME	JOE	PAUL	DI MAGGIO	30
DATE	11/20/1917	11/20/1917	11/20/1917	11/20/1917
PLACE	San Francisco	San Francisco	San Francisco	San Francisco
STATE	Calif.	Calif.	Calif.	Calif.
NAME	MARILYN	MONROE	1	1917
DATE	1/1/1917	1/1/1917	1/1/1917	1/1/1917
PLACE	Los Angeles	Los Angeles	Los Angeles	Los Angeles
STATE	Calif.	Calif.	Calif.	Calif.
NAME	JIM	DOUGHERTY	25	1917
DATE	1/1/1917	1/1/1917	1/1/1917	1/1/1917
PLACE	Los Angeles	Los Angeles	Los Angeles	Los Angeles
STATE	Calif.	Calif.	Calif.	Calif.
NAME	DOROTHY	ARNOLD	25	1917
DATE	1/1/1917	1/1/1917	1/1/1917	1/1/1917
PLACE	Los Angeles	Los Angeles	Los Angeles	Los Angeles
STATE	Calif.	Calif.	Calif.	Calif.

1954

MARILYN MONROE'S HONEYMOON

continued



Joe and Marilyn, with Betty Barsocchini, wife of Joe's best friend and Marilyn's matron of honor, plus newsmen tipped off by 20th Century-Fox, walked to Judge Peery's chambers, where wedding took place.

Wedding was delayed while typewriters and marriage licenses were located. Newsmen fussed impatiently; Joe and Marilyn were calm.

The first 24 hours were joyful bedlam for Marilyn and Joe —their honeymoon began in a motel by a roaring turnpike.



Joe signed guest register "Mr. and Mrs. Joe DiMaggio," at honeymoon motel.



After a candlelight-and-steak dinner at the Paso Robles Hot Springs Hotel, Joe and Marilyn remarked that they were heading for Los Angeles. They drove away in that direction, then, to avoid publicity, doubled back for a wedding night at the Clifton Motel in Paso Robles. They left the following morning in Joe's '52 Cadillac.



Manager E. B. Sharp and wife kept newlyweds' whereabouts a secret overnight.



Typical of the many attractive motels along the highways of California is the well-kept cottage in which Joe and Marilyn began their marriage—the second for each.



The DiMaggios preferred their municipal ceremony and this quiet motel room to the elaborate wedding on the Hayworth-Haymes style offered them by a Las Vegas hotel.





"We want six kids," the happy bride announced. Joe, who comes from a huge family, was less specific but guaranteed at least one.



Joe's ex-wife, actress Dorothy Arnold, is mother of his son, 12-year-old Joseph Paul, Jr., and Marilyn are good friends.

In San Francisco the newlyweds hid in Joe's

(Continued from page 27) wanted to be sure."

Marilyn's warm, folksy, unpretentious behavior at the DiMaggio Thanksgiving Day dinner convinced Joe that he must have Marilyn for his wife.

Joe loves kids. When he saw how his twelve-year-old son, Joey Jr., reacted to Marilyn, when he saw her on her hands and knees playing with the children of his brother Mike, the fisherman who died last year in Bodega Bay, his eyes grew moist. He edged over to Marilyn and lovingly passed his arm around her shoulder.

"You're okay," he said softly.

Marilyn looked up at Joe and smiled

her gratitude. In that moment, the great baseball player knew in his heart that his days of loneliness were over.

But Joe didn't ask her to marry him until New Year's Eve. Marilyn had to fly back to Hollywood. He had to take little Joe back to Black Foxe Military Academy. The time wasn't propitious and Joe delayed his proposal.

Marilyn returned to San Francisco on Christmas Eve and drove immediately out the now-familiar road to Joe's three-story ten-room house on Beach Street. Now it's her house, too.

She brought a sweater for her sweet heart and gifts for the rest of the DiMaggio



Joe DiMaggio's Famous Restaurant on Fisherman's Wharf is managed by his friend Reno Barsacchini, who served as best man at the wedding. Photos of ball players line the walls.



Newsman established a 'round-the-clock dragnet around Marilyn's Hollywood apartment—but the honeymooners were safely hidden in Idylwild, tiny San Jacinto mountain resort.

home—here photographed for the first time!

io family. They are a tremendous clan, our brothers living, four sisters and a dozen children.

She was very tired. "They kept me at the studio until the very last minute," she explained to Joe. She told about posing for stills and retakes for *River Of No return*. "But now I'm going to take it easy."

When Marilyn takes it easy in the DiMaggio household—well, listen to Marie DiMaggio, Joe's older sister who has kept house for him. She is closer to Marilyn than the other relatives are—"She doesn't sleep very late, maybe until nine, occasionally until nine-thirty. But it's her job to

get breakfast, and she always does her job.

"She puts on the coffee, although she usually doesn't drink any—Marilyn is a tea and milk girl—and then she squeezes the oranges and cooks up the bacon and eggs. She's really very handy in the kitchen.

"When Joe first started going with her, a few of us in the family wondered what sort of girl she really was. Maybe she was one of these stuffy, conceited stars.

"Not Marilyn. You couldn't ask for a sweeter sister-in-law. You can go all over this town—Joe's introduced her to all his friends and all our relatives—and find nobody who will say one unkind word about that girl. (Continued on page 84)



They expect to spend much of their time in the three-storied Beach Street home Joe shares with his sister, Marie DiMaggio.



Marie, who could not attend the wedding because of an attack of the flu, keeps the house filled with pictures of her brother.



Avid TV fans, Marilyn and Joe spend many evenings in traditional livingroom. BELOW: For family dinners, Marilyn sets the table.





All Hollywood wants to know what happened to Jane and Gene. Here at last is Jane's answer—in one of the frankest interviews ever given.

BY IMOGENE COLLINS

"I loved and lost" says jane powell

■ In Hollywood's hectic, passion-ridden history there have been countless victims of countless unhappy love affairs. For years the community has been dotted by tear-stained actresses who have picked up their shattered hearts, cemented them with their own will power, and faced the world anew with hope and faith.

Yes, Hollywood has seen many such women. But rarely have we seen anyone with the guts and honesty and indomitable courage of little Jane Powell.

Last year when she was twenty-three, this petite, lively, singing star happened to fall in love with Gene Nelson, a blond, blue-eyed dancer in his middle thirties.

Both of them were married, unhappily so; both were parents. Both were and are respectable and both were starring in Jane's first loanout, *Three Sailors And A Girl*.

Both knew they had no right to fall in love. "I did everything to avoid it," Jane says. But the chemistry of attraction and the propinquity—"I'd just look at her across the table," Gene recalls, "at the cute little face and my heart would start to beat in double time"—all of it seemed to be a manifest destiny, a conspiracy of circumstance to throw them together.

Studio executives told them their behavior was adolescent. Friends warned them not to break up their separate homes, but passion was spinning the plot. The hope for the future was laden with promise. ("Gosh! When I think of how well it might have worked out. We could have had a husband-and-wife dance act. We could have done so much together. After all, Gene is such a sincere person.") It's hard to condemn Jane Powell for divorcing a husband she no longer loved.

But Hollywood does not have as many understanding people as you might imagine. Furtive love and infidelity might (Continued on page 65)



ABOVE: At Palm Springs Racquet Club Janie primps with Terry Moore, Susan Zanuck. LEFT: Then joins new romance, Pat Nerney, for the day.



LEX BARKER:

"I didn't marry an angel"



Determined to save money, Lana and Lex bought little in Europe, rejoice that Lana didn't sell her California home; too big for just Cheryl and her, it will be perfect for three.



Lex prefers his wife as a natural brunette, observes that her eyes change color to match her clothes (or his)! Admiring Italians predict their children will look like young gods.

When love is
blind, lovers get hurt.
But Lana and
Lex have their eyes
wide open—and
they love what they see!

JIM NEWTON

■ When I asked Lana and Lex if they used "Until love do us part" in the marriage ceremony, as Eugene O'Neill did for his second wedding, I saw right away I was downbeat.

They both looked solemn.

"How could love part us?" asked Lex, casting an ominous glance at a long, antique Sikh sword with blade thin and supple as a Gillette.

"Oh, ha," I said lightly. "It might not be an outside job. Might be too much love inside."

Lana looked perplexed. Lex was still looking at the slicer.

"With too much love," I plunged on, "husband gets jealous, wife possessive. The old 'green dragon' stuff."

Lex said: "I am not jealous. You can look at her. But don't wink unless you want to lose your arms and legs."

I looked at Lana and tried to control the right eyelid, but it was difficult.

Lana said: "I am not possessive. Lex asked if I would mind if he flew to Paris for a few days. I said, 'Of course not, dear.' He said, 'Are you sure?' I said, 'Certainly, provided you leave your arms and legs with me. But would you have a nice time in a basket, sweetie?'"

In their amputating mood, they weren't fooling. They did not want this marriage to get away from them. They slipped on a double wedlock, and they aim to make it burglar proof with bambini and Sikh sword.

They married first in Europe. To make sure (*Continued on page 63*)



TO MILLIONS OF TEEN-AGERS, EDDIE'S THE MOST. BUT

why Hollywood is sore at Eddie Fisher

by Alice Finletter

■ Eddie Fisher, the hottest kid in show business, flew out to Hollywood on a business trip. He was going to make a guest appearance with Eddie Cantor on the Comedy Hour and discuss signing a motion picture contract with Paramount.

Eddie Fisher spent his early working years singing in New York nightclubs. Since nightclubs feature beautiful chorus girls and chorus girls have a way of turning up in all show business centers, while Eddie was in Hollywood he did mix business with pleasure.

It turned out to be a sour concoction. As one of Eddie's many admirers pointed out, "This is the first time since he got out of the Army last April that the kid has loused it up."

Unwittingly, he gave the impression that he thought he was too big for Hollywood. Too big for the studios and too big for the citizens.

Paramount offered him \$75,000 per picture but the twenty-five-year-old tv and recording star blithely spurned the offer because the studio wanted him to submit to a screen test.

"I'd like very much to sign with Paramount," Eddie said, "but I've (Continued on page 94)



Ruckus started when Eddie, usually cooperative, ran out on photographers trying to snap him at Mocamba with Mamie Van Daren.



Mamie had dated Eddie when both were trying to crack New York nightclub circuit, thinks success has changed him a little.



Paramount believes that Eddie, very popular with fans, could become a top movie star but balked at signing him when he refused to take a screen test. Eddie claims he's only following his manager's advice.

IN FILMLAND HE ALMOST BECAME *PERSONA NON GRATA*—IN OTHER WORDS: THE LEAST!







Still writing to European friends, Audrey calls London, New York, "home."



As a girl she didn't learn to drive or play tennis, saw few movies.



After childhood privations, rich food makes Audrey very happy, very sick.



Her mother, Baroness Van Heemstra, came to U.S. to visit Audrey.

Dutch Treat

by Kitty Baskette



From Europe's Netherlands to Hollywood's Never-Never Land comes a pixie queen, a stately sprite, a shy cosmopolitan—Audrey Hepburn!

■ One fine spring day, a few years ago, a slim, fifteen-year-old girl called Edda van Heemstra slipped on a sunsuit and crept out of the cellar of her house near Arnhem, Holland, into the garden where she wasn't supposed to be.

She breathed deeply and, because she hadn't sampled any fresh air for weeks, she found it intoxicating. Then she stretched out on a pad in the sun and the bees in the orchard blossoms buzzed her to sleep. But she dozed fitfully because in her dreams the "whump, whump, whump" of artillery seemed to march up the River (Continued on page 91)

Rumor says the Wildings are no longer happy.
Rumor says there may be a divorce. Rumor says
so—but the Wildings don't! ■ BY HERB HOWE

LIZ AND MIKE:

EVERYTHING'S OKAY!



Mike, Jr., has been called a trouble-maker by self-styled experts who claim that he has replaced Mike, Sr., in Liz' affections. Liz replies, "Rubbish!"



■ A threatening cloud over the marriage of Liz Taylor and Michael Wilding was reported by a weather witch in America, while in London a magazine seer went so far as to finger The Other Man.

Liz was in London at the time, working in *Beau Brummell* at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. She and husband Michael I and son Michael II, were living in an apartment in the Dorchester hotel.



Plans for the future, according to the Wildings (who claim to be the world's laziest couple) include some work and a lot of loafing at home.

When this investigating committee of one knuckled their door he was received by Michael, looking debonair and carefree in old tweed jacket and flannels. Appearance, as we all know, is often treacherous. The waistcoat of gay tartan may conceal a bleeding heart. Mike wore no waistcoat and his shirt was free of bloodstain.

At the far end of the large room on a davenport Liz was holding The Other Man

in her arms. The amber light from a standard lamp made an aureole. Liz was smiling down upon the face of her baby. It was a Raphaelite study of Madonna and Child.

Intent in her rapture she did not seem to notice Michael and me until we had crossed the room; then she looked up with a smile.

Michael I presented me to his son, Michael II. The blue eyes of the baby looked straight into mine and his handclasp

was firm. His smile reflected his mother's. Little Mike is magnetic. He is more than a baby; he is a personality.

He is also a threat, according to the London writer who said Michael I felt Liz was absorbed in the baby to the exclusion of every other interest, such as papa.

Having known and adored Liz when her love was a scampering chipmunk and her chief interest in *(Continued on page 60)*



The den, equipped with private bath, cabinet space, entrance to patio, will eventually be converted to a nursery, Tony and Janet hope.



The large livingroom is set two steps below level of other rooms; there Janet hangs Tony's paintings and keeps his favorite loose candy!



Although perfect for big parties, the livingroom is seldom used; the Curtis' busy work schedules prevent large-scale entertaining these days.

HOUSE OF THE MONTH

The old apartment was fine for parties, but now home is casual. Janet and Tony can kick off their shoes and say, "Our very own!"

■ The bright blue truck from the Elgee, Beverly Hills' fanciest meat market, pulled up sharply in front of a picturesque brown and white California bungalow. The delivery boy checked the information on his order slip: "Mr. and Mrs. Tony Curtis, one block east of Doheny, corner house." He backed his pick-up truck into the patio entrance around the corner and hopped out. Then he heaved the meat bundle to his shoulder and whistled as he walked to the kitchen door.

"Elgee!" he called, beating a fast tattoo on the screen door.

Janet Leigh answered the knock.

"Hiya, Mrs. Curtis," greeted the smiling delivery boy. "How you like the new house?"

"We love every inch of it," Janet said. She opened the door. "One more month of climbing those steps to the penthouse, and we would have had it." (*Continued on next page*)

More pictures on next page



The Curtis' Spanish style, California bungalow occupies a corner lot.

Bungalow big enough for two

by Marva Peterson

The comfortable, shuttered den boasts sturdy custom-made furniture, framed photos and a magazine rack cleverly built into the door.





Bungalow big enough for two

continued

The paneled bar is the most popular room in the house because the cork and wood surfaces can take punishment. Tony and Janet eat dinner-on-a-tray there nightly because the room holds the family TV set.

(Continued from page 43) The delivery boy grinned. "Me, too," he said. He looked around the kitchen. "Say!" he exclaimed. "Two refrigerators! That's pretty neat."

Janet smiled. "We've got so much ice-box space we'll only have to order food once a month."

"Now, you wouldn't do that," the delivery boy kidded. "You'd get lonesome without my daily visits."

"At Elgee prices?" snapped Janet. "I can afford to be lonesome!" She reached for the receipt and signed the tab. "So long, Charlie."

Last year when MODERN SCREEN showed the Curtis home, Janet and Tony had just settled into a spectacular, \$400-a-month, seven-room penthouse with a roof garden and a three-year lease. They intended to remain in an apartment for at least three years. According to Janet, who loves to plan, they would then be ready to build a home of their own. She estimated that by 1956 they would have enough money to build a really large house to meet the potential needs of an expanding family.

The news early last summer that Janet was pregnant upset the timetable. All thought of three-year leases and waiting for the fat bank balance disappeared.

Tony put his foot down and said, "When the baby arrives we must have a house. That's all there is to it." In (Continued on page 88)



Well-loved diningroom has Janet's favorite hand-blocked linen draperies (ABOVE) and crude-finish furniture. Hanging rack, sideboard (BELOW) display wedding silver; screen hides the kitchen entrance.





Tony's hobby room holds his pipe collection (above curtains), rag rug that won't show paint spots, family collection of awards and photos.



The quiet pink and green master bedroom is simply furnished and contains many adored stuffed animals. Janet's newly-acquired love for fine woods is indulged in the attractive, light-colored cabinet.



Comfortable, brightly-patterned chairs enliven bedroom corners. The mirrored doors conceal a large walk-in closet and the light curtains are drawn to show part of Janet's convenient little dressingroom.



Meet Margot James, the girl Bing *has* been dating. She looks like Mona and shares her measurements; met. Bing when she was Everett Crosby's secretary.

If you saw it in a movie, you wouldn't believe it. The Crosby-Freeman romance is merely a case of mistaken identity! ■ BY WILLIAM BARBOUR

BING'S SECRET LOVE'S NO SECRET ANYMORE!

■ For eight months, Hollywood's Monday-morning quarterbacks believed that little Mona Freeman had the inside track in the Crosby Marriage Sweepstakes. Supposedly, she and *der Bingle* saw each other privately and occasionally went out to some quiet, unobtrusive restaurant.

At least, they were seen together in such places. But now it turns out that there has been a mistaken identity.

Bing Crosby hasn't been dating Mona Freeman often. He has been dating his brother Everett's former secretary, a charming girl named Margot James who happens to be a dead ringer for Mona Freeman.

Mona is five feet, four inches tall, weighs 110 lbs., has a thirty-four-inch bust, twenty-three-inch waist and thirty-three-inch hips. Margot James has exactly the same measurements. The only very noticeable dissimilarity is that her hair is darker than Mona's. Like Mona, she is a one-time loser in marriage. She was born in New York, brought up in Los Angeles, and she went to work at the Crosby office some six years ago when she was nineteen.

A few months ago when she began to date Crosby, she resigned from his office and took a job with a theatrical producer.

Asked about her association with Bing, she said "Why, it's (Continued on page 89)



Mona Freeman has been
"seen" constantly with Bing
... only it wasn't Mona!

■ About the middle of December, Johnny Grant, an amiable Hollywood disc jockey and banquet emcee, decided to take off a dozen pounds, no more, no less. His chances of doing so were thin, since he was about to make one of his periodic USO tours of Korea where, he says, a man can eat like a horse. Grant, no fellow to disdain the table in any climate, sighed then and bowed to the inevitable. As he had after other Korean junkets, he would return looking like a barrage balloon and quite possibly he would have to be tethered to his microphone to keep from floating out the window.

He was wrong. He did not—in a deceptive manner of speaking—even have to worry. Five days after his arrival in Seoul, he had shed twelve pounds plus three and was still dwindling. Worry had done it.

As boss of the troupe, Grant was smack dab in the middle of the greatest fuss and fury—or so it seemed at the time—to come out of Korea since the Inchon landings. At the core of his trouble was a white ermine bathing suit, and at the core of the bathing suit a pint-size, irrepressible beauty named Terry Moore, who was about to push Vishinsky and guided missiles off the front pages for a few days. The whole episode was real George, characterized then (*Continued on page 74*)

the case of the SMUGGLED ERMINE

—or—

Terry and the Irates

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

by John Maynard



PROLOGUE: With Bob Wagner's help, Terry chooses warm clothes for Korea, displays leanings toward striptease.



Bob says goodbye to Terry's mother, who went along because "The Army thought it would be wonderful for the boys to see a mother!"



Susan Zanuck, who toured Korea with Terry, almost wore controversial ermine bathing suit; suit fit Terry better so she was the one to step into it—and trouble!

Respectably clad in long red flannels, Terry is confused about the fuss. "Why, one corporal told me that whoever ordered me home must have rocks in his head!"



LOVE IS WHERE YOU



Jeanne and Paul brought a sports car home with them from England and celebrated their family reunion by taking the kids for a long drive in it. Left to right, the young Brinkmans are: Jeanine (called Dolly), Michael (in front), Timothy, and Paul, Jr.



The big packing box in which Jeanne and Paul shipped their belongings was promised to the boys as a playhouse; as a result, they showed eagerness to help with the unpacking.



Wooden cabinets for their home are among the finest of the Brinkmans' imports. The fact that she and Paul chose them together makes them doubly beautiful for Jeanne.

■ Some years ago a boy and a girl in Hollywood found themselves considering a unique romantic problem—they were so much in love with each other that they were beginning to wonder if it would be wise for them to marry.

It was the girl who was first so disturbed that she put her fears into words. As she talked, the boy began to realize she was bringing something to light which had been bothering him, too. What she was saying was that she thought they might be too in-

fatuated to see what they should be seeing in each other. Their love was growing but, curiously enough, not their actual knowledge of each other. Aspects of character which should have been apparent were overshadowed by the fact that they had stars in their eyes when they were together. Facts they should have been exchanging about themselves and their attitudes were never gotten around to.

Therefore, in the courtship of Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman there came a

pause. The hand-holding was skipped while they discussed themselves as individuals whose habits and ideas were part of their personalities. They tried to examine these in a sober, analytical light instead of a love light. Getting down to brass tacks when they were so much in love wasn't easy.

And if today Jeanne and Paul and their four children are one of the happiest families in Hollywood, it is not altogether a break of fortune. As well as they could

FIND IT

"Whither thou goest I shall go also" might be the Brinkman family motto. They won't allow any separation, however temporary, to endanger their perfect marriage.

BY LOUIS POLLOCK



A huge, elaborately scrolled silver server was discovered by Michael and commandeered as a helmet. Jeanne, proud of her purchases abroad, rescued it.



The hand-carved oak door they bought in England is reputed to have belonged to Cardinal Walsey. It bears his famous coat of arms on the lower panel.

With a lot to consider, Jeanne and Paul planned it that way.

Jeanne was frightened by the failures of the Hollywood marriages around her. It bothered her particularly because so many of the principals were people she had known well and considered level-headed. It seemed that there was little one could be sure of. "When Paul and I had our talk," Jeanne recalls, "we dug up differences, all right. And that was the time to get them out and go for them. If we (Continued on next page)

MORE PICTURES ON NEXT PAGE





Hunter George Michael worked with Jeanne on *Duel In The Jungle* in Africa's Kruger National Park.

**"You'd look svelt in the Veldt," Jeanne's studio said.
So she and Paul departed on a safari built for two!**



In a Mukumba River village, Jeanne made friends with native children while Paul and George hunted. Snapshots and letters kept the Brinkman kids, at home with their grandparents, in touch with Mom and Dad.



Jeanne frequently took packages of badly needed food to the African natives in the areas she visited. They were "so polite," she reported to friends, and always thanked her for the gifts.



Steaming tropical weather sent Jeanne frequently to the Zambesi River for a cooling swim. Flying over the Nile was another thrill.



From a famous native hunter, M'taka, Jeanne received lessons in holding and throwing the traditional African spear. Paul preferred to do his hunting with a gun.

(Continued from page 51) accepted them then, we would not be so easily inclined to resent them later. But, heaven be praised, on most things we found ourselves in accord, particularly the most important things. We had a common religion which would give our union a good foundation, and each of us had projected a pattern for marriage that was not unlike the other's. I don't mean that we planned all our steps ahead. You know no one could. But we did know the kind of home we wanted and we wanted the same relationship to each other and to our home. It cut down the unpleasant surprises that can come up when two people begin to live together. We knew where we were going with our marriage."

Jeanne and Paul still know where they are going. And if they feel that they won't go the way of too many wedded Hollywood couples it isn't a case of being too sure of the unsure. It is rather a quiet confidence based on the fact that the security of their marriage is something they have guarded from the very beginning. A lot of people remember that Paul was an actor when he met Jeanne and think that he switched to manufacturing because he wasn't catching on in the movies. The real story has never been told before.

Paul was considered a fine prospect by RKO. He has a nice personality and is not only handsome but (Continued on page 79)

MODERN SCREEN proudly
presents a truly brilliant profile
of one of the screen's
greatest, most glamorous women!

BY JOHN MAYNARD

What makes Stanwyck tick ?

■ Those spooky members of the motion picture industry known to the public as "star makers" must have gotten something of a jolt from this magazine's recent poll showing its readers' 1953 favorites.

The amiable youths, male and female, did not exactly bulk large in the proceedings. Some might say that they hardly bulked at all. Among the gentlemen preferred by blondes were such downy-cheeked upstarts as John Wayne, Alan Ladd, Bing Crosby, fast-greying Jeff Chandler, Robert Taylor, Clark Gable and Gregory Peck. And sandwiched among the ten most admired of the ladies, up or down a trifling notch from the likes of June Allyson, Susan Hayward, Lana Turner and Betty Grable, was Barbara Stanwyck, who is not only fast-greying but greyed. You might call Miss Stanwyck's close-cropped hair "silvered," but not through any preference of hers.

Miss Stanwyck was a little surprised by her appearance on the list again, although she took it in her stride, having in the past been acknowledged as rather more than competent. But in this, the era of the star makers and the time of the Jaguar, she didn't seem to have done anything to deserve so handsome an accolade.

No artillery division had voted her "Girl We Would Most Like To Shoot Out Of A Howitzer." She had not become embroiled with a single Hollywood committee over what she did or didn't wear. And she absolutely did not sashay up and down the length of any continent with a man to whom evidently she was not wed.

All in all, Miss Stanwyck's contribution to her own career was neither more nor less than it always has been: she continued to be one of the best, if not indeed *the* best, actress in the business.

"That," said Miss Stanwyck recently, "I don't admit for a moment, although I'm so moved by your saying so that I would buy you a lunch if you hadn't eaten. But even if it were true, doesn't it sound sort of immaterial? I've been having a hunch that talent, as a barometer of popularity, has ceased to exist. Or maybe it never existed. Don't think for a moment I'm carping. The men who run this industry usually know what's best for the boxoffice. But there was a time—when I broke in, around 1932—when you weren't a star until you became a star. It may sound a bit medieval and fuddy-duddy now, but it was true. We thought of it then as orderly progression, like building a house from the foundation up. It never seemed practical to start with the roof. First you learned to act, then you became an actress; then if you worked very hard and if you were lucky and if the breaks came your way, you finally were called a 'star' or a 'name' and at the very end, if you keep right on doing your best year after year (*Continued on page 96*)





by Steve Cronin

MARRY THE GIRL!

HOLLYWOOD'S WEIRDEST DIVORCE CONDITIONS

■ In her room in Rome's fashionable Hassler Hotel, Shelley Winters had cried her heart out the night before. Now there were no tears left, only pain, anger and the soul-racking hurt of a rejected woman.

Defiantly, Shelley turned to the reporters at her press conference. Her eyes flashed as she spat out her announcements.

"Tomorrow morning," she said, "I'm having my lawyers file for legal separation from Vittorio Gassman. The suit will be filed in Los Angeles."

"Are you Catholic?" Shelley was asked.

The blonde firebrand shook her head.

"Then, why a separation? Why not a divorce?"

"I'll divorce Vittorio," she virtually shouted, "just as soon as he pays me \$95,000. And he'll have to guarantee in writing that right after the divorce he will marry Anna Maria Ferrero."

The reporters looked at each other in consternation.

"Does your husband owe you \$95,000?" one of them asked.

"I want \$5,000 a year for my little girl until she's eighteen years old."

"But that's only \$90,000," a newsman interjected. "What's the other \$5,000 for?"

"Expenses," Shelley snapped. "My daughter is now ten months old, and I don't want her to know Vittorio or to love him because all he would do would be to neglect her and break her heart."

The photographers at this point began to shoot. Shelley held up her hand. "Please," she said. "You'll have to shoot from the left. I have a bad eye and I don't want it to show."



Vittoria, 13 months, knows her grandmother, Mrs. Jonas Schrift, better than her father. Shelley's divorce terms, indignantly rejected by Vittorio Gassman, refused him the right to visit his baby daughter.



Anna Maria Ferrero, playing Ophelia to Vittorio's Hamlet, reports from Milan that Shelley has no cause for concern. But Shell reports telephone calls from Anna's mother to complain about Vittorio.

HAVE BEEN SET BY A FURIOUS SHELL: \$95,000 AND VITTORIO'S PROMISE TO WED THE OTHER WOMAN!

"Is that the result of too many tears?" a reporter asked.

"It's a little infection," the actress said.

"Do you want your daughter to grow up without a father?"

Shelley thought for a moment. "I'm sure I can still find a better man to be a day-to-day father to her and accept his responsibilities."

"Didn't Mr. Gassman accept his?"

"No," Shelley said flatly. "He did not."

"Isn't it true," one reporter interrupted, "that you and your husband started this whole fight because you didn't like the way he played *Hamlet* in Genoa last week? Isn't it merely an artistic difference? That's what your husband told us in Padua."

Shelley bristled. "I know. That's what he's been saying, and it's not true. He asked me to say nothing, and until now, I haven't. But he's been running off at the mouth, giving out lengthy statements.

"I guess his business is bad, and he needs the publicity. But I've been made out to be the heavy. I'm not.

"Two years ago when I met Vittorio he told me that he was one of the greatest actors of our time. I believed him. He told me that he was as good as Laurence Olivier and almost as good as Barrymore. I told this to everyone in Hollywood. I even hired a press agent to tell the people I couldn't tell.

"But our fight is not about artistic interpretations or how he plays Shakespearean characters. He has made it seem that I wanted a divorce because I didn't like his work. That's ridiculous. He has placed me in a very unglamorous position because of an eighteen-year-old girl." Shelley referred to Anna

Maria Ferrero, Gassman's leading lady in his stock company. Actually Miss Ferrero is only seventeen.

Long before Shelley arrived in Rome after the Christmas holidays, it was rumored that Vittorio was quite taken with Anna Maria and she with him. When Shelley insisted that she would not divorce Vittorio without his promise to marry Signorina Ferrero, people started asking questions. Embarrassing questions.

Had Gassman compromised the seventeen-year-old dark-haired Italian beauty? Once she divorced Vittorio, was it any of Shelley's business whom he married?

In Milan where Anna Maria was working with Vittorio, each of them made it clear to the press that Shelley's unusual protection of Miss Ferrero was unnecessary.

In Hollywood, Jonas Schrift, Shelley's father, tried to explain his daughter's demands.

"Shelley has always been for the underdog," he said. "She always wants to help people. I can't tell you how many starving actors she's supported.

"If she insists that Vittorio has to marry this girl she must have a reason. She can't stand injustice, my Shelley.

"I was puzzled, too, when I read that she wanted Vittorio to marry this Ferrero girl. I asked myself why.

"The answer must be that it is the right thing for Vittorio to do. I'm sorry that this marriage hasn't worked out. He's an intelligent boy, this Gassman. Very cultured. But he's European. You know how those Europeans are. They don't believe a woman should be treated as an equal. (Continued on page 101)

Rock's religion has little to do with ritual, yet he finds strength and love in many churches, and God in every facet of his life.

the HAPPY FAITH

by Rock Hudson



■ I promised to talk about my faith and it is too late to go back on my word. But I surely wish I hadn't. Discussing his spiritual beliefs, a man really leaves himself naked. Even though I did give my word, I don't think I'd go through with it if it involved an affiliation with a particular church. Every member of that church might get the feeling I was talking for him and explaining his views. This, I have no right to do.

It happens, however, that I cannot label my religion. I can hardly explain it, to tell the truth. The best I can do is define it as a sort of warm feeling within, mysterious but helpful, and in its essence optimistic.

It cannot be classified by its doctrine but I can say that its effect on me is to create the feeling that *no matter what happens, all is for the best, all will be all right.*

I suppose this sounds terribly informal as a religion; too simple, perhaps, or even too easy to follow, but there it is and it has given me all the spiritual comfort I have ever wanted.

It should be plain that I have great confidence in my belief.

There have been bad times in my life. But never, because of my faith, have there been any hopeless ones. There never will be.

I think the groundwork on which I have built my spiritual views was started with an incident that occurred when I was six years old. After a Sunday lunch my grandfather went out to burn some prairie grass off his land and I tagged along to watch. Somehow, I found myself with my back against a fence, angry, crackling flames closing in on me. I could not escape. The fence was too high for me to climb and everywhere else were flames as high as my head. It takes a six-year-old to get himself into a mess like this. Yet, as I remember, I wasn't worried. I just knew that I had to be saved and I knew that someone certainly would save me. I didn't understand then

that this somebody should really be designated Somebody, a deity. God was just a word to me then, and not a particularly significant one, I think. But I was certain that someone was looking after me. And I was right.

What actually happened was that my grandfather came charging through the fire, caught me up and slung me over the fence—and then he managed to climb over after me.

BUT THERE remained in my mind the feeling that Grandfather had just been the agent of the Someone I knew I had relied on. And between myself and this Someone, at that moment, was fostered a very personal relationship. At least, I have always felt this. It has seemed to me that the intimacy of this relationship is threatened every time I begin to think of this Someone as One to be identified only with this or that religion. Many religions tend to consider Someone their personal property.

I know perfectly well that this sounds rather selfish, like an exclusive arrangement between God and me. But perhaps in this regard, and only in this regard, every man has a right to exclusive relationship. Considered this way, I hope it doesn't sound too bad. In any case, I didn't plan it this way. This is how it came about; this is how it is and must be with me.

I remember that my grandmother used to talk to me a great deal about the church into which I was born and which I used to attend. She made it come alive for me, made it a place where I felt I could belong. But my grandmother died when I was eleven. I remember that at her funeral I had my first and last (I hope) case of hysterics. After her death, I couldn't continue any longer as a member of any specific church.

The religious ritual of any church interests me and often inspires me. I never count myself a stranger when I attend services; I believe that prayers offered up to the Lord encompass all and not just a selected few.

As I interpret my own particular faith, it is a benevolent one, completely. It has no fear or threat of any kind. It may be that I have conceived for myself a very convenient religion, but I have never had the sense of creating it; it has taken whatever form it has naturally.

My faith to me is like the water I swim in. I do not see water as an element in which sinking is possible, but as one which has the power to buoy me up. How else could anyone swim? How else and why else would I trust myself to Someone great and beyond if I were not certain of his love and support? Before I got to thinking about this, such phrases as "love is strength" meant nothing to me; afterward, they meant everything.

The help I get from my faith is positive. My confidence in it has helped me say, during a bad crisis, "Okay, let things turn bad. There'll be good to follow."

ONCE (anyway) I fell in love. I found out that I am pretty much of a wreck at such a time; all I did was stand around and moon. I couldn't do anything else. I was awful. So you can imagine how hard I was hit when we decided it would be best if we parted.

I can't remember any time in my life when anyone else's I ever heard about when life seemed so empty, so useless. It, away off in the distance, was the promise of good days, conveyed to me only by my faith, and though it has taken me time for them to arrive, those days are here at last. To replace the love I lost came a free-

dom; not only the passive freedom releasing me from the heaviness in my heart, but an active freedom to go out and experience again the great wide world I had lost sight of during my love and heartbreak.

IT SEEMS to me that one of the greatest signs of the existence of a divine plan in our lives is the way hard luck and suffering can return unexpected compensations. Whoever invented the wheel must have had a backache first from the strain of the heavy loads he was carrying on it. And by his inspiration the backs of countless millions of men have ached that much less. Many of mankind's problems and troubles are well-disguised blessings.

I remember last summer thinking that I should take some time off and away from the studio to think over my life in general and my career in particular; I needed some objective thinking and planning. In acting, the lucky break is very important, but it never hurts to look ahead and lay a course. The trouble was that I never could seem to get time off to do this.

Then, one fine afternoon, I had a bad accident. I went swimming at Laguna

the adorable queen
of the **may** issue,
esther williams,
will be on the cover of
modern screen
at your newsstand
april 6

Beach, tangled with a rock, and broke a collarbone. After it was set I was resting and wondering why my luck was so stinking, when I suddenly realized that the convalescent period facing me was exactly what I had been looking for. It meant time, time to think ahead and do my planning. It may well be that some of the decisions I made during this period are among the most important ones in my life. (One of them was to stay away from rocks when swimming in the ocean. The wave that threw me in on my shoulder could just as well have tossed me in on my head!)

I have had the experience of losing out on a role I wanted in one picture, only to get a better role in another picture—because I was available. It's getting so that when anything bad happens I find myself automatically awaiting the good break which always seems to follow naturally on its heels.

Down through the ages, religious arguments have turned on one question—can God be proved? Never, apparently, has

one man proved this to another man. But there are many men, I believe—and I am one of them—who are confident they have felt His existence as a palpable force in their lives.

In many ways, at times of emergency and even in quiet periods, I have been utterly conscious of a Presence. I remember when I faced an abdominal operation. With modern day surgery there would seem to be little danger. Yet, like most people, I did have to say to myself, "Well, I could die. It is possible." Having said I could, I was quite convinced, warmly and serenely convinced, that I wouldn't. It is hard to explain how sure I was; surer than I am of my name.

In *Magnificent Obsession* I play the part of the surgeon. For technical advice we engaged a nurse from the county hospital and I asked her a lot of questions about surgery procedure. One of the things she told me which I shall never forget is that at all operations the doctors and nurses sense a spiritual presence.

"When a surgeon finishes an operation he feels that he deserves neither credit nor blame. He has only been an agent of the real Doctor," she said.

It reminded me of my grandfather's rescuing me from the fire and that I had the feeling then that he had been delegated by the Someone I had depended on to save me.

ALTHOUGH I do not belong to any specific church I am strongly attracted to them when I travel. When I was in England one of my first visits was to St. Paul's Cathedral. I also attended services at Westminster Abbey. Standing in St. Paul's I found myself thinking not so much of the church as of the people who had built it. As I watched them in their house of worship, quietly praying, as they had through all the bombings, through the years of their austerity economy, and even now when things were easing up a bit for them, I began to get a small measure of the strength of their character and their devotion.

When I get a yearning for this sort of spiritual inspiration in Hollywood I generally pay a visit to one of the big churches in the old part of Los Angeles, often the Third Congregational Church. I think that which I am seeking (that which we all seek, probably), is confirmation that life is a blessed experience and not just a phenomenon that could have no ultimate meaning.

I never wanted such assurance so badly as when I attended the funeral services of a beloved friend and teacher, Sophie Rosenstein, who had been the drama coach at Universal-International. Her appreciation and understanding, not only of talent, but of the hopes and fears that fill the heart of a young newcomer to the studios, was, it seemed to me, and I believe the others would agree, almost Heaven-inspired.

Standing there in Forest Lawn with the other boys and girls who had known Sophie, I recalled the warmth of her voice, the sympathetic, inspired insight into human nature she had revealed, and I became convinced that no mere combination of chemical elements called the human body could produce this kind of personality. There had to be something more to make a Sophie Rosenstein, and that something could never be destroyed.

The moment this thought came to my mind the sadness of the occasion lifted. If that part of Sophie, the best and most significant part of her, were not gone, we need not feel bereaved. Rather, we should think of her in terms of the living qualities she had left with us. There was no death as long as these lived on as they did in our hearts.



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Hollywood's favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Never Dries—
it Beautifies!



Jane Powell co-starring in A BRIDE FOR SEVEN BROTHERS

An M-G-M Production. In CinemaScope. In Color

everything's okay!

(Continued from page 41) life outside the studio was roller-skating madly with chums along Elm Avenue in Beverly Hills, I exercised the paternal privilege of speaking freely. I asked her if the old German philosopher Schopenhauer was right in saying, "With woman, man is only the means; the end is always the child."

"Rubbish," said Liz.

With Schopenhauer smacked to the floor, Liz looked across the baby to her husband, relaxed in a deep chair.

"Do you suppose Mike's love of the baby makes me think he cares less for me? How silly. It shows that he cares more."

Baby Mike laughed and lifted a small fist of applause. He is a scene-stealer, little Mike. His eye was on the camera every minute when Cecil Beaton, the London photographer, made pictures of him. Beaton declared Mike knows all the angles.

"A real hambone," said Mummy Liz, smiling over him.

"A born actor?" I asked.

"I hope not," said his father. "There are more important vocations."

"Such as?"

"A doctor," replied Michael père.

Liz murmured, "Doctors are most important."

MICHAEL got up and crossed the room to a desk. He came back with a sheet of letter paper.

"This is Michael's first letter," he said with controlled pride. "He wrote it to me when I was in Ireland."

The first two lines of the letter read: "dear daddy come home soon

"love from michael and mummy."

Following these was a cryptic line, apparently code. Mummy said, "I guided his fingers on the typewriter for the first lines. Then he took over and wrote the third."

Sure sign that Mike is a writer, the kind of genius who is impatient with editorial guidance. As if to confirm the portent, little Mike nipped a bright red pencil from my pocket.

"A writer!" I said.

"A pickpocket," said mummy.

Whatever profession Mike elects, his precocity marks him a genius. At age three weeks he looked around and uttered his first observation. "Okay," he said.

His philosophy, summed up in a word, is likewise his mother's. Everything always has been "okay" with Liz. She never has been known to quarrel or complain.

At three months Mike was swimming. At eleven months he walked twelve steps. His father counted each step aloud. At the sixth step Mike took a spill, got up quickly and said, "Seven!"

Liz chortled softly. "It sounded like seven."

"He *did* say seven distinctly," said Michael turning to Liz. "You could not mistake it."

Liz continued to smile. She did not dispute.

The baby's nurse, an Australian girl named Yvonne Lang, entered the room quietly. It was the young genius' bedtime. Liz kissed him. Then he said good-night to all with a smile and wave of his fist.

"He is very good," Liz said. "He never protests when we put him to bed. He smiles and falls asleep at once. He is no trouble at all."

She added, without tone of complaint or even of wistfulness, "We lead a regimented life. I get up at six in the morning to go to the studio. I don't get back until seven-thirty at night. I have just

forty-five minutes with the baby when I'm working."

WHEN SHE was not working, and during his first few months, Liz fed him. The first time she fed him the food smelled so good she ate half of it. Now the nurse prepares enough for two.

Mike has eaten like a man practically from the first. His real interest in life, says his mother, are his three square meals. His menu is typed each day and after it gets his okay it is presented to the hotel kitchen.

Mike had an angel food birthday cake with lighted candle in January. Mummy ate the cake, all but one slice. Mike settled for the lighted candle but got sold down the river. Mummy blew out the light just as he reached for it. Mike was mystified.

Liz shares Mike's love of food. She eats everything.

"I never worry about my weight. I gained forty pounds," she said, then added, "That was when I was pregnant."

She lost it all in two months, she observed, a bit wistfully. She also lost, during pregnancy, the wave in her hair. But it is returning now.

Liz and Michael had a big wedding in London. When they got to their apartment in the Berkeley Hotel at eleven o'clock that night they had a nuptial feast of pea soup and bacon and eggs. Michael is a pea soup fiend.

"I can't cook," said Liz, "but I open a nice can of pea soup."

THE MOST striking thing about Liz, to one who has not seen her since her racing girlhood, is her composure, a serene stillness. But the subject of food quickly animates the calm queenliness and the enchanting child comes through.

"My favorite dish is brownabona," she said warmly. "I don't know how it is spelled. It is a Dutch peasant dish. My mother used to make it. You cook dark kidney beans and crisp bacon. Over them you pour the boiling fat from the bacon. You cover with diced dill pickles and diced Spanish onions, and drop a big blob of French mustard in the center. Yum-yum!"

Liz was all but overcome with the fragrant memory. Turning to Mike she said, "Do you think the hotel could prepare it tonight?"

Another delirious recollection was the hot garlic toast with raw tomatoes she had on the island of Capri. Liz ate two platters. They threw her.

"I never was so ill in my life," she said happily.

A favorite dessert is *zabaglione*, the nourishing Italian *dolce* made of eggs, cream and Marsala wine.

"And Gaelic coffee. Have you had Gaelic coffee?"

In the bottom of a tall glass you pour Irish whiskey, add coffee, top with cream. It's heartening after a hard day at the office—or at the studio.

The dignity of her twenty-three years slips again at the sight of beautiful clothes. Liz loves clothes. Again she favors the Italians. Her two favorite outfits were designed in Rome. From the celebrated couturier Fontana she got a black velvet coat trimmed with fur and lined with white satin to wear with a white satin off-shoulder gown he designed. Her other favorite is a ball gown from Antonelli—pink chiffon trimmed with straw lace, pearl and sequin diamante. With this she wears six petticoats to give flare and bounce. While bouncing—but not in the ball gown—over the hills of Capri she bought fisherman's jerseys, cardigans and tight trousers. (Continued on page 62)



Leaving baby Britches in their London apartment, Liz and Mike headed for the continent where they shopped and sight-saw with well-traveled Liz playing guide for her British husband.

I QUAPISIMA ELIZABETH!

The Wildings took Spain by storm—a storm of roses, cheers and beauty!

■ Bullfighting is more than the Spanish national sport. It is a rite signifying man's supremacy over beast. From April to October on late Sunday afternoons and sometimes on Thursday, the only place to go in Madrid is the *Plaza de Toros*. There are other bull arenas in and around Madrid, but this is the biggest. It seats 25,000. It is the most desirable, because only the top *matadores* can fight there.

All visitors to Spain are expected to attend a bullfight. The gracious, hospitable Spanish people expect you to go and they get tickets for you before you can say no, even if you should want to.

There is as much excitement at the *Plaza de Toros* as there is at Yankee Stadium during the World Series. In a way, bullfighting is more exciting. It moves faster and it's always a fight-to-the-death. The bull is the loser 999 times out of a thousand.

One lovely September afternoon a flower-festooned box in the *Plaza de Toros* was conspicuously empty in the fully-packed arena. Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Wilding were scheduled to arrive in Madrid on Monday. But in case they should arrive early the *Madridleños* were

prepared. A box for the bullfight was decorated and reserved.

Flash rumors spread around the bullring. Elizabeth Taylor might be coming in. The *aficionados* would rise *en masse*, look toward the vacant box and yell, "Elizabeth Taylor! Elizabeth Taylor!" with as much enthusiasm as they yell "*¡Olé!*" when a *matador* has bested a bull. It's a rare day when a bullfighter must share the attention of the crowd with a beautiful woman.

But that Sunday the crowd was disappointed. Elizabeth Taylor did not reach Madrid until Monday. She was received with a warm, in fact a rousing welcome, and further endeared herself by her charming and gracious response.

The Spanish have a word for a woman who has beauty, sex appeal and style—*quapa*. It sounds like wah-pah, with accents on both syllables. When a woman is *quapa* and has charm and graciousness besides, she is *quapisima*, wah-pee-see-mah.

A Madrid movie critic telephoned Elizabeth's hotel:

"*Quapisima*," he crooned. "I worship Elizabeth Taylor and I am going to ask her if she is interested in divorce."
—Wanda Hale



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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.

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Her favorite flowers go well with her complexion and eyes, and her husband keeps her supplied. They are lilies of the valley and violets. Though her eyes actually are a deep cornflower blue they appear to be violet in the shadow of the thick black lashes fringing them.

Press reports of her great jewel robbery amuse her.

"My jewels!" she chortles.

Somewhere between the Rome airport and her hotel in London a pair of earrings, a bracelet and clips vanished from the bottom of the vanity case. Total value, \$1200.

Her treasured pieces, of great value, are gifts from Michael—two antique diamond and ruby brooches, designed in the nineteenth century by the famous Parisian jeweler Faberge. They come from the household of Nicholas II, the last of the Russian czars.

Liz was born in England of an English father and an American mother, but she went to America when she was eight and she thinks of herself as American. Still, London is home, too. She has visited England every summer since she was a child and she has countless relatives and friends there.

"Every place is home if you are happy there," she says.

Liz is happy everywhere. Rome is one of her happiest homes. Mike said he might do a picture in Rome. Liz was elated at the thought of spending a month there with him.

"I might make enough to buy you a Roman villa," he added.

Liz tossed him an indulgent smile.

"We haven't paid for our house in Beverly," she said.

Their house in Beverly is situated in the hills above Pickfair and Fred Astaire's mansion.

"We bought it for Mike," Liz said.

Mike was not yet born but he was on his way and already making friends and winning property. The people who sold the house to the Wildings presented Mike II with a pre-natal gift of one and a half acres.

The house is composed of two bedrooms, a livingroom and kitchen.

"A huge kitchen," said Liz. "Kitchens are so important." There is also a guest house with a kitchen and two rooms of less importance.

Mike's domain comprises playground, gardens and swimming pool. Besides this he has his own private property. Four dogs and four cats form an entourage for the young Wilding heir.

Liz said she wants to retire before age takes its toll. She has no ambition to die in harness.

"Career is interesting but anyone who thinks it's more important than home is plain silly," said Liz.

Husband Mike would retire with her. Their aim, she said, was to loaf.

"We are the laziest people, Mike and I. We are content just to sit."

When someone asked her to make a wish she said, "I would like another baby."

Mike nodded: "Boy or girl, doesn't matter."

"Then you have everything," I said.

"I have everything," Liz repeated, looking at me with steady, beautiful eyes.

As for Mike: "I only wish that everything continues as it is," he said.

Liz looked child-size, without shoes, standing with her tall, charming husband at the door, bidding me goodnight.

Congratulating them, I quoted the first word of a certain genius: "Okay. Everything is okay."

"Okay," they said together.

END

(Elizabeth Taylor can be seen in MGM's *Rhapsody*).

"I didn't marry an angel"

(Continued from page 34) the marriage was made in heaven they flew there. To Italy, that is, which is heaven in a way, because Italian marriages stay stuck. At Italian weddings the guests do not speculate on how long the marriage will last, but on how many bambini will bless it.

In Turin, the beautiful Italian city where Lex and Lana first plighted troth, the copious bosoms of old signoras heaved rapturously. "Bellissima! Bellissimo! Venus e Appollo vero. All their children will be little gods and goddesses."

The prophecy of the old Italian soothsayers is supported by advocates of eugenic marriage who declare that when men exercise as much sense in mating as they show in the matchmaking of livestock they may produce a race of gods. Vero, vero.

Moved by the auguries, Lana said earnestly: "If wanting will do it, we will do it."

Lex said, "You can't foretell the sizes the bambini will come in. I am tall but my father is a little man. Every fourth generation you get a small one."

Lana's face clouded.

"I feel ours will be a shrimp," she said.

"Shrimps are all right. I like them," said Lex, always on the upbeat.

SOME EIGHT years ago, I met Lex. He had just arrived in Hollywood. Sol Lesser, impresario of the Tarzan classics, had scrutinized two thousand photographs of muscular males, sent scouts to college campuses, model agencies and gyms full of muscle men. He wanted the All-American Apollo for the next Tarzan. "Because," said Sol slyly, "we find women are coming to see Tarzan along with the kids."

When Lex was unveiled the old Tarzan studio hands agreed he was a production to beat the Greeks. They were staggered when they found he could give the jungle scream in French as well as in literate English.

Apollonian of brow as well as of torso, Lex, a son of wealthy parents, had lived abroad with a tutor and taken on a load of culture. Consequently, he knows art and antiques and how to bargain sharply for them in the flea markets of Europe. That's how he came by that old Sikh pruning knife.

With the Tarzan jungle well behind him, he is a star of rising stock because of his linguistic talent. Wearing a tweed jacket and grey flannels, clear-eyed and fresh of complexion, he had the bounce of a cheerleader.

"You look younger than when I first saw you," I said.

"I'm happy," he said.

He was alone. Bride Lana was working with Gable in *Betrayed* at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. Lex suggested lunch. Over steak and kidney pudding and a glass of English lager which he recommended, he briefed me on the bride.

Only after lunch was safely tucked in was I so rash as to ask if Venus had no law.

Startled, Lex said: "Of course she must have. I could not live with an angel."

The effort to specify threw him into the stance of Rodin's *The Thinker*. After cogitating he said, "She will give you an argument."

"Has a mind of her own, hm?"

He raised an emphatic hand and laughed. That she has. She can get mad. But she cannot hold a grudge. If we have an argument at night, each tries to be first to say hello in the morning."

Carefully summing up the faults she did not possess, he said, "Lana is not small.

LANA'S SECRET MARRIAGE

The Barkers aren't looking for loopholes in their wedlock!



■ The "It-Will-Never-Last Club" has suspended operation. If Lana Turner and Lex Barker are not happier now than they were the day they were married, they are giving Academy Award performances. Lana, it seems, is not a "new" Lana, but an "old" or original one. Her hair is as brown as it was before she became a star. And that's not all.

Time was, when Lana returned to Hollywood after a long absence, she made her first appearance in a night club. This time, she was not seen at all until she turned up in the marriage license bureau in Santa Monica. She and Lex filled out the necessary papers for a second ceremony, just on the chance of legal loopholes in their European "I do's."

Not one reporter was present when Lana and Lex took their vows again at her home on Beverly Glen Drive, although Lex's press representative was his best man. An unusual switch—a press agent keeping Lana's name out of the papers. Lana provided the topper when a photographer did a double-take and touching her on the

shoulder exclaimed, "Hey, aren't you Lana Turner?"

"Me? Lana Turner!" Lana laughed merrily as she took Lex by the arm and waltzed to the elevator. Later, the photographer was kicking himself for being so naive.

He needn't have. A MODERN SCREEN reporter who has known Lana more than ten years, failed to recognize her. At the Cock 'n Bull restaurant, a friend introduced his luncheon companion.

"You remember Lana Turner, don't you?" he asked.

"Sure," replied the MS man. "How are you, honey?"

Lana laughed. "You *don't* remember me, do you?"

She was right. He had failed to recognize this face, famous the world over. He pulled up a chair and talked. He felt that for the first time, Lana has found a man she loves and will be married to for a long time. In fact, your reporter would like to stick his neck out and predict that it won't be long before a little Tarzan is on the way.

There is no pettiness about her. She is incapable of meanness, envy, malice, scheming."

Agreeing that this was my impression of Sweetie Pie, I got invited for cocktails in their apartment,

LANA WITH her own lustrous rich brown hair seemed to me a lot warmer than the blonde she used to be, and that blonde was salutary to the circulatory system. Lex prefers the brown hair to the blonde.

"It softens her face. The natural thing is always best," he says. This explodes the theory that gentlemen prefer blondes. Gentlemen prefer Lana.

Lana's eyes have the chameleon's gift for changing color naturally. At times they are green, other times blue or grey. They accommodate by matching the color

she wears. When she wears grey they are dove. With a blue dress she says they look like the eyes of a china doll. This day they were grey. Lex was wearing a grey suit.

"If you want to see her blue eyes I will change to my blue suit," said Lex obligingly.

"I can think of something better," Lana said.

She was wearing a Christian Dior dress of Chinese red, no jewelry except her wedding ring, a plain gold band. When she disappeared from the room I assumed she was changing to a blue frock. But she was gone only a moment. When she sparkled back the room was flooded in blue radiance from a ninety-five carat star sapphire, guarded by a squad of diamonds. (Continued on page 64)

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"My engagement ring," she announced. Lex discovered it in Capri and it looked like a piece of Capri heaven at the deep blue twilight hour with the single evening star.

Lana looked long at it, and when she looked up at Lex, sure enough, she was starry-eyed. He was too. They were co-starry! They'd like to be that way in a picture.

Only the night before, a student of Shakespeare and of Lana who had seen a performance of *Antony And Cleopatra* by the Stratford-on-Avon players, declared that Lex and Lana would surpass in the roles.

"I should be terrified of speaking the lines," Lana said.

"Your lines," said the authority feelingly, "are letter perfect."

The Shakespeare pun goes for eye and for ear. Although Lana says she still suffers tension during the first couple of weeks in a production, her voice is beautifully modulated and under control. And though she was wearing this Christian Dior garment comprising more material than *Cleopatra* would approve, it was obvious to the naked eye that her lines might make Marc Antony go A.W.O.L. and lose an empire.

"She was wearing a swim suit the first time I saw her," said Marc Antony Barker. "I was in a pool at Palm Springs. Behind me I heard a chug-chug-chugging. I looked around and there she was."

"It was then you first met her?" I asked.

"No. It was then I got the gleam in my eye," Lex said.

Lana in a swim suit weighs 118 pounds.

"Just right for her height, five, three-and-a-half," Lex said. "She takes bending exercises every morning with me. I am ten pounds over my average 202."

"So I take exercises," said Lana, "to reduce him."

THEY WERE sitting on a davenport, Lex with one leg crossed horizontally over the other. When tea arrived with a tray of pastries Lex reached for an éclair and Lana reached for a smack at Lex's ankle.

"I thought you were keeping to 750 calories a day," she said.

Lex said: "You can eat what you like so long as you keep your stomach muscles hard."

"He eats like a horse," Lana said.

He passed her the pastries. She said she never ate them, had not touched sweets since she was a girl.

"Sugar is not as fattening as salt," Lex countered.

"I don't eat salt, either," said Lana.

Lex said salt is fattening because it calls for liquids, and liquids make you bulge. He reached for another pastry and got another smack.

"We will play a lot of tennis and eighteen holes of golf," said Lex. "Lana and I like the same things."

"Eighteen holes of golf," said Lana. "I can barely walk around nine."

I asked Lana what her favorite exercise was.

"Lying in bed," she said.

"With me," said Lex.

"With a book. You!" said Lana, smacking hard.

"With a book, me!" said Lex, getting up from the davenport to escape a busted ankle. From the secure height of six feet, three, he again helped himself to calories before resuming his place beside her.

Speaking of lying in bed, an exercise beloved by all book lovers, I was reminded of those New York socialites whom an advertising man approached for an endorsement of mattresses. He told them they would confer a great favor if they permitted a photograph of their bed in an adver-

tisement. In return for this great favor his company was prepared to offer them five thousand dollars. He awaited their reply with trepidation. It was not slow in coming.

"For five thousand dollars you can have a photograph of our bed with us in it," they said.

Lex and Lana laughed. Under cover of the laughter I suggested that a photograph of the Lex Barkers in bed with their favorite books would be inspirational in the promotion of the classics, such as MODERN SCREEN.

"Are you offering us five thousand dollars?" asked Lex who has a sordid side.

"The studio allows us to endorse only soap. And we get paid in soap. I have two rooms filled with soap," said Lana. "I would like to endorse stoves. I want a new stove."

Lex said they should endorse automobile tires. The Jaguar needed two new ones.

ASKED WHY they didn't just endorse checks, Lex said, "We endorse them over to the tax man. I divide my salary by three, figuring a third for us."

Lana remarked impressively that she had saved money while working in Europe. She bought only two little wool dresses which she needed when weather over there turned cold. She got the Dior dress she was wearing in America. Simple frocks in Paris cost from three hundred to seven hundred dollars. "That," she said practically, "is for the birds."

Her greatest stroke of fortune, though, was in saving on her house. She would have taken a loss had she sold it.

"I didn't want to sell it; I love it. But it was much too large for Cheryl and me. Luckily I found a big man to fill it." Her hand reached Lex's ankle but this time it was a caressive pat.

The big house should bulge with bambini, if wanting will do it. And they'll all be little gods and goddesses, if prophecies are fulfilled. **END**

I loved and lost

(Continued from page 32) be understood. But when Janie announced that she was going to divorce Geary Steffen and Gene announced that he was contemplating a divorce from Miriam, how the high and mighty bellowed!

"You're out of your mind," Janie was told last spring, "to even think of divorcing Geary. Don't you realize that all over America you have been played up as the happiest couple in Hollywood. You have two darling children and a great career. People everywhere remember you as that sweet little darling from Portland. How can you do this? You're ruining your life. For what, Janie? In heaven's name, for what?"

For love, she said. On August 6, 1953, Suzanne Burce—Jane's real name—filed for divorce.

TOWARD her husband, a pleasant, garrulous young man addicted to surf-skiing, she demonstrated good will. She gave him more money than he had contributed to their four-year marriage. She gave him real estate, a promissory note for \$16,000, a promise to pay the income tax—everything he wanted. She did this because her heart was running over with love for Gene Nelson.

When her lawyer, Sam Barchis, said, "Now, wait a minute, Janie. Let's fight some of Steffen's demands," Jane shook her head. "No, Sam. Give him everything he

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I came down here on one of Greyhound's new "Air Suspension" buses (no metal

springs in them!) and it was the most comfortable, scenic trip I've ever made. The people you meet on a bus seem to be more informal, neighborly—lots of fun...and the service was just grand all along the line.

Lots more to tell you about people and places when I get back!

Drene

P.S. You and the Mrs. ought to try a Greyhound Tour! Here's the kind of coupon that got me started...

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GREYHOUND



wants. I must have my freedom at once."

Freedom for what? Freedom to be with Gene Nelson, freedom to sit at his table and watch as he danced for the nightclub crowds, freedom to snuggle up in his arms on the dance floor, freedom to go to the races with him, to be next to him, to look into his eyes and feel his presence and know all his hopes and desires and dreams—freedom to be his wife.

For a few fleeting months Jane Powell knew most of this freedom and luxuriated in her love. Spending her spare time with her children and Gene was a kind of paradise. These were the three people she loved best in all the world.

Gene's wife Miriam went to see her lawyer, Bernie Silbert, to discuss financial settlement preceding the anticipated divorce. Miriam is a fair and understanding girl. She and Gene had separated before. If Gene wanted someone else for his wife she would not be the insurmountable obstacle. She told her lawyer that all she wanted was a guarantee of \$400 a month, less than \$100 a week for herself and her son Chris. This was to come out of 25% of Gene's gross income. But it must be remembered that his net income is small by Hollywood standards.

Fred Martino, Gene's lawyer, thought this was too much to ask. Gene began to think so, too. And from that moment on the great, overpowering love he had felt for Jane Powell began to change. Gene began to ask himself questions. In leaving Miriam and Chris was he doing the right thing? If he married Jane Powell, wouldn't people always refer to him as Jane Powell's husband? Wouldn't she be the big breadwinner?

If love starts to wane, it's hard to hide the waning from the girl you loved if she has any perception at all. Jane Powell knew instantly that something was wrong.

JANE began to ask questions. "I couldn't help myself. I'm that kind of a person. I've got to know where I'm heading. I need a goal. I just can't live in a vacuum. I could tell from Gene's behavior that he was having a lot of problems. Finally, I asked him if he wanted to stay or go.

"He said that he wanted to go. There was nothing I could do. I let him go."

"Perhaps you put too much pressure on him at the wrong time?" Janie was asked.

"Perhaps I did," was her reply. "But I had a lot to consider. My children, my future. I had to bring the whole thing to a head. I forced the situation and I admit it. I began to ask questions and Gene couldn't answer them."

"What questions?"

"Questions about the future. You see, in many ways Gene is a wonderful person. He's self-sufficient, for instance. I'm not."

"Do you need a lot of people?"

"No, just one. Just one and I'm fine. But I'm not happy alone. I need someone."

"Do you think you've found that someone in Pat Nerney?" (Mona Freeman's former husband.)

"Well, he's very nice."

"Are you planning to marry him?"

"I can't say. I wouldn't dare say. My divorce isn't final until August. He's nice to go around with. I'm very funny. I don't like to be a girl around town. It's nice to have a steady escort."

"There's a rumor that Pat is going to Africa on a safari this summer with the Pat Di Ciccos, and that he plans to take you along as his bride. What about it?"

"This is the first I've heard of it."

"It is all over between you and Gene, isn't it?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Well, in retrospect, would you say that what you felt for Gene was more infatuation than it was love?"

"It was a real love affair. I'd never chalk

it up to infatuation. It was love, all right. I loved and I lost."

"Are you heartbroken?"

"No, I wouldn't say that. After all, you can get over pretty nearly everything."

"Even love?"

"Even love."

"Have your feelings for Gene changed?"

"He is one of the most sincere people I've ever known and I'll never change my feelings about him."

"Have you seen him or spoken to him since you broke up?"

"No, I haven't. He's a quiet sort of fellow and you don't hear much about him around town. Have you seen him?"

"He was in New York for an *Omnibus* tv show, you know, and he's been down to the desert and down to Balboa and on the Ethel Merman tv rehearsals—If Gene were to come back tomorrow and say,

A NEW LOVE FOR JANE

■ As soon as Gene Nelson stopped seeing Jane Powell, Pat Nerney, the thirty-three-year-old former husband of actress Mona Freeman, moved right in.

Nerney makes no secret of his love for Jane and his wish to marry her.

"I think she's wonderful," he says.

"I've known her five or six years and I've always thought so. I first met her while I was married to Mona. We just ran into her at different places."

"A few months ago I took her to Chasen's. I haven't dated anyone else. I haven't found a girl like her for a long time. She's one in a million."

"When we were out a few weeks ago we saw Pat Di Cicco and his wife. I had seen Pat last year in Europe and we began to talk about different places we had been and wanted to go and Pat said, 'How would you like to go on a safari to Africa this August?' Jane got very excited. She said that had always been one of her secret desires. If things work out, maybe we can go together. Her divorce isn't final until August 7."

Nerney, who owns a Ford dealership with his brother, was married to Mona Freeman for six years. He has a daughter by that marriage, little Mona, five, for whose support he pays \$75 a month. The Nerneys were divorced in 1952. Pat began an active social life and Mona began to concentrate on her career at RKO.

About his feeling for Jane Powell, Pat recently told newsmen, "I'm madly in love with her. We're just friends."

After August 7, he hopes to say, "We're just man and wife."

'Let's take up where we left off,' what would your reaction be?

"Would you take him back?"

"WELL, I just don't know. This whole thing upset me very much. I was very much in love with him. I guess I still am. I thought we would have a very wonderful life together. If he was worrying about being the top man in our house—I'd never have made him feel anything else. The difference in earning capacity—well, I've never worried about money. You just have to go out and do your work as well as you can. With a man I guess it's very difficult. I guess Gene had a lot of things on his mind."

"It was he, then, who suggested the break?"

"Yes."

"But would you still take him back?"

"Is Miriam going to take him back?"

"She has taken him back before. She'll

probably take him back again. I think she understands that he's a complex man and in the past she has always been patient and forgiving. But would you take him back? That's the question."

"I just don't know. Just don't know. I hope Gene will straighten himself out and find happiness."

"Are you happy?"

"I'm very happy—don't have the time to be sad. I'm finishing a picture, *A Bride For Seven Brothers*. Then I fly to Italy and sing there at a benefit for crippled children; then I fly to Brazil for the film festival. I won't be home before March, and then we're moving into a new house, so you can see."

"You're sure you're not running away from something?"

"What do you mean?"

"Aren't you carrying a torch for Gene?"

"I guess I am."

"If Gene hadn't come along, would you have divorced Geary, anyway?"

"It would have happened sooner or later. This I know. If I really wanted to go back to the old ways, I could have, couldn't I? I'm glad it happened when it did because now it's better for everyone concerned. And I'm still young and have my life before me. No, I don't regret the divorce one bit."

"Does Geary visit the children frequently?"

"Yes, he's very good about that."

"DON'T you ever look back and wonder why you ever got married in the first place?"

"I was insecure and always afraid of loneliness. And there comes a time in every girl's life when she feels that she simply must get married."

"How do you feel about the future?"

"I feel wonderful about it, especially about all this travel. When I was a girl in Portland I used to say, 'My, if some day I could only get to New York.' And now I'll be traveling all over the world. It's really very exciting."

"Maybe you'll find some exciting new man overseas. Have you got your eyes open for that?"

"In the future I hope to pick the right man. I certainly don't want to go through this again."

"Deep down in your heart, do you think the decision that you and Gene arrived at—not to see each other any more—was the right decision? Don't you believe that perhaps you have thrown away the one great love in your lives?"

"That's hard to tell. It's difficult to evaluate anything when you're close to it. And love is hard to sustain when there are so many obstacles. After a while they just wear you down. And one shouldn't live in the past. I'm going right ahead and I guess Gene is, too."

That conversation with Jane helps to show why many interviewers say that no actress in Hollywood is more candid, more honest or more lovable than Jane Powell. Hurt and disappointed she may be, but there is no bitterness toward anyone. She doesn't permit herself to brood.

The wonder of it all is that any man could give her up. In relinquishing his hold on her heart, Gene Nelson gave up a young woman who has sex appeal, top-flight talent, a sunny disposition, a tremendous earning potential and the respect and admiration of her fellow-workers.

In the years to come Gene Nelson may look back and wonder—and this wondering, this pondering, this debate between heart and mind, this pent-up anguish may be the price for Jane Powell's love, once his, then discarded.

END

(Jane Powell can be seen currently in *MGM's Athena*.)

TERRY MOORE *starring in*
KING OF THE KHYBER RIFLES

A 20th Century-Fox production in CinemaScope

Color by Technicolor



TERRY MOORE

models a new Jolene design voted
the 1954 Modern Screen Hollywood
Fashion Award



Jolene
HOLLYWOOD-INSPIRED SHOES

from \$8.95 slightly higher Denver West and Canada

HOLLYWOOD LOOKS TO SPRING

■ Filmland takes its fashion straight—loves *basic* clothes that can be glamourized with accessories and jewelry. This spring's fare includes full, full skirts, classic blouses and a blossoming of colors. Shoes, smartly styled but practical. Jewelry exciting. Dainty underpinnings, of course, complete the perfect wardrobe.

1. Terry Moore models a colorful, clock-printed cotton frock. Sleeveless with a princess waistline and full skirt. Black braid trim. 10 to 16. About \$13. By McArthur, Ltd. At Gimbel Brothers, Milwaukee, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh; J. Magnin, San Francisco and branch stores; John W. Thomas, Minneapolis. Capri's startling white sharks tooth earrings (\$1*) and bracelets (\$1* each). Dorset-Rex bag. See Terry in the 20th Century-Fox Cinema-Scope films *King Of The Khyber Rifles* and *Beneath The 12-Mile Reef*.

2. Terry poses in a colorfast cotton broadcloth skirt and blouse outfit. The blouse has saddle-stitch trim and comes in a dozen wonderful colors. About \$3. By Ship 'n Shore. The skirt has unpressed pleats, a wide waistband with a deep V yoke in front. Wide color range. About \$8. By McArthur, Ltd. Separate belt, Caldernon. The blouse and skirt are at leading department and specialty stores. Capri's gold ball drop earrings (\$1*) and fabulous bead bracelets (\$1* each). Terry takes time for college courses along with her career—we caught her doing homework at her Underwood Finger-Flight Champion portable typewriter.

3. Debbie Reynolds chooses a spring costume of navy blue—full, pleated, crepe skirt, blouse with white scarf accent. Debbie wears Bur-Mil Cameo stockings. She puts her best foot forward in her handsome pumps of navy calf called *Nina Hi*, also smartly accented with white trim. Shoes by Jolene (for complete details see next page). Skirt from Saks Fifth Avenue. Blouse by Lanz of California. See Debbie Reynolds in her new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Technicolor films, *Athena* and *Give A Girl A Break*.

*plus taxes

RITE-FIT DRESS-of-the-MONTH SELECTIONS

Left: Here's rayon and silk . . . powdered with a crisp white print. American Silk Mill's washable Siltussa in navy, lilac or aqua. Sizes 14½ to 24½. **About \$9.** Right: All-over embroidered cotton schiffle on Belding Corticelli's "linen-look" rayon. Hand washable, with a high resistance to wrinkles. Navy, lilac, blue or shrimp in sizes 14½ to 22½. **About \$9.**

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DASH HI—corded faille ankle strap high heel sandal, button on vamp. Black, brown or navy with white. About \$9.



LA PETITE—calf pump with rhinestone trim on vamp collar, high heel. Benedictine, black, blue or red calf. About \$9.



NINA HI—navy calf pump with white stitching and trim. Also black, red or eggshell calf or black patent. About \$10.



DANCE STEP—halter sandal, high heel, cobra trim. Blue or red calf; black or blue suede; or black patent. About \$11.



Board members Mr. and Mrs. John Ericson look at Jolene shoes from two viewpoints—a man's and a woman's—and seem to agree.



Whether she dons dancing shoes for fun or for her salary, dancer Ann Miller chooses a pretty, comfortable shoe for a glamorous foot.



Eleanor Parker, with hair cut short and career stretched long, selects a two-color pump, a practical shoe, right for almost any costume.



Another long-stemmed MGM dancing star, Cyd Charisse tries to make her choice between two good-looking, easy walking Jolene shoes.

Hollywood Looks to Spring

ALL ABOUT



Metro's lush beauty, Elaine Stewart, displays two sandals from the winning shoe designs lined up at the left for your inspection.



Chairwoman of MODERN SCREEN's Fashion Board, Metro's Debbie Reynolds detains Dick Anderson for comment on her new shoes.



The MODERN SCREEN Hollywood Fashion Board (left) and Debbie Reynolds, Chairwoman, awarded Jolene shoes the M. S. Fashion Trophy for spring. Debbie models Jolene's sandal, *Dance Step* (see opposite page). Dress by Lanz of California. Bur-Mil Cameo stockings. Dorset-Rex bag.

SHOES



JOLENE SHOES MAY BE PURCHASED IN PERSON
OR BY MAIL FROM STORES LISTED ON PAGE 81.

*Hollywood Looks
to Spring*

Right out of heaven—Stardust lingerie. Long known for beauty, it is practical, too—guaranteed for one year's wear, no ironing and so economical. The slip shown is cotton plissé—the bodice and hemline trim are of beautifully embroidered nylon sheer. White only. At about \$2. In the cedar chest more Stardust lingerie, nighties and petticoats also of cotton plissé with embroidered nylon sheer trim. Pearls by Richelieu. Holeproof hosiery "Personally Yours" for brunettes, *Parisian Nude*. Satin mules, *Powder Puff* with nylon net frou frou trim—the slippers on the floor, *Sibyl*. Both by Daniel Green. Cedar chest—Lane Company.

STARDUST LINGERIE AVAILABLE
AT LEADING SPECIALTY,
DEPARTMENT AND VARIETY STORES



SPRING LINGERIE



Today's young figure is exquisitely molded to give even more glamour than Dame Nature endowed—direct contrast to the feminine fripperies of grandmother's time (note old-fashioned chemise, far left). The "Three-Quarter Time" bra shown here is by Hollywood-Maxwell. It has a built-in nipper waist that extends three inches below the waistline. It is made of nylon lace and fine *Nyacel Leno* elastic—wire support and supple steel boning for complete freedom of movement. White or black. About \$11. Pearls by Richelieu. Holeproof hosiery "Personally Yours" for blondes, *Champagne*. Satin slippers, *Sabot*, by Daniel Green.

HOLLYWOOD-MAXWELL BRAS
AVAILABLE AT LEADING DEPARTMENT
AND SPECIALTY STORES

NEWS

the case of the smuggled ermine

(Continued from page 48) and thereafter by almost impenetrable confusion.

MODERN SCREEN, after consideration, undertakes to put history back on the track.

The legal mind probably would break the business down in concise and orderly fashion: The Case, The Prosecution, The Defense, and The Summation. But the legal mind wouldn't have much fun and would be courting a nervous breakdown. This way looks easier: In the drama, lasting not much more than ten days, there is a prologue and three acts. The two pertinent scenes are Los Angeles International Airport, whence the troupe took off, and Korea, where ultimately it landed. Props and personnel include:

The bathing suit.

Miss Moore.

Grant.

George Murphy, screen star and head of the Hollywood Coordinating Committee (USO Camp Shows).

General Maxwell Taylor, commandant of the Korean Theatre, and subsidiary brass.

A lieutenant (unnamed).

A sergeant (unnamed).

Mrs. L. W. Koford, Miss Moore's mother.

Abandoning Grant for the moment and trotting around to that which touched off the mine, the camera focuses first on a Los Angeles hotel one night last autumn. The occasion was the annual Hollywood Press Photographers Ball, the action a skit Miss Moore had agreed to do.

The skit was just a little more forthright than Korean camp shows would have permitted. And it involved The Ermine Bathing Suit. These two points, and these alone, are undisputed. In the following few days, things got pretty weird.

Newspapers reported that (1) the bathing suit was a Bikini, (2) Miss Moore had done a striptease, (3) she was going to do the same skit in Korea.

"Look at it," demanded Miss Moore, a few days after her return from Korea. She had twice been ordered to leave Korea and twice held fast to have the order rescinded, while Stateside newsrooms whirled and boiled and got out the red type. She held The Ermine Bathing Suit at arm's length, spilling mothballs like marbles. "Is that a Bikini?" It was not. It's just a little old run-of-the-mill ermine bathing suit, and a cute one, too. "A Bikini," expounded Miss M., "is—is nothing but a G-string for the underneath part, and—a kind of a wispy bra. Why, I wouldn't wear one!"

It had not been altered since?

"Certainly not! It is not now nor has it ever been a Bikini? Look, it's even cut extra high on top so there's no cleavage. I saw to that."

Well, how about the striptease business?

"What nonsense!" said Miss M. "For the skit at the ball, I wore a coat at first. Then I went offstage and took off the coat and came back in the bathing suit, but you don't call that a striptease! Do you? And anyway, it was especially written material, nothing to do with what I was going to do in Korea."

JOHNNY GRANT confirms this categorically. "She didn't do a thing risqué there. Sang a couple of songs and worked in a clean little skit with me. The boys loved her. She's a good trouper. But the first part of the mix-up—I just don't know."

The first part of the mix-up occurred at International Airport early on the morning the troupe took off. George Murphy, speaking for the Coordinating Committee, was heard by responsible newsmen saying to Miss Moore: "If you're going to wear that bathing suit, you might as well turn around and go home right now."

More important, he was admittedly heard by Miss Moore to say the same words. She laughed and answered: "Oh, George, you don't have to worry. It isn't even packed."

But it was.

Miss Moore, for defense summation: "Here's the way that happened. Mother and I had talked about the suit, and then decided to leave it behind. But at the last minute, mother thought she'd pack it for—you know—some publicity shots, or something like that. But she forgot to tell me. So when George was talking to me at the airport, mother had already got on the plane, and I thought I was speaking the truth."

On the flight from Los Angeles to Tokyo, there was friction between Terry and Grant, whatever the affability of their relations afterward, and Grant stalked out of one of their post-flight discussions at a Korean base. Let the door slam while he was about it.

And for five performances, Miss Moore wore the ermine bathing suit, to the piercing delight of the soldiers. "Some of them," Terry has said since, "go for months without seeing an American girl. Imagine how long they go without seeing an ermine bathing suit!"

Their pleasure was not wholly shared by the guiding hands of what their entertainment should consist of. On Christmas night, Grant dragged his weary, hungry frame into an enlisted men's mess, where he was told that Tokyo was frantic to get him on the phone, had called five times. Experiencing a premonition and an abrupt loss of appetite, he called the operator.

It was a wire from Hollywood. Miss Moore later was to tell the Los Angeles *Examiner* in an exclusive interview that the first notice of her recall came from the Army in Washington. That is not Grant's recollection. He can quote the wire, addressed to him, word for word, today. As a document, it perhaps should be offered in somewhat immaterial evidence:

"USO Camp Shows and George Murphy request the return of Helen Koford, known as Terry Moore, to the zone of the interior immediately for violation of an agreement with George Murphy. She is not to appear before any more U.N. troops." It was signed by the Coordinating Committee.

Rather regretfully, Grant delivered the tidings to Terry and her mother.

AFTER THAT, somebody kicked down the barn door.

At least one person, presumably close to the chain of events, has said it was Terry herself: "She and this sergeant in the Public Relations Office got together and called United Press. U.P. had five stories out before any other wire service got off its duff. Last I heard of the sergeant, he was loading ammunition within whistling distance of Manchuria."

Terry says positively no. "U.P. called me. There was a sergeant who was sympathetic toward me, but if he'd done anything like that, he would have been court-martialed."

In addition, she says, that night was a tough one. "Mother and I cried and cried. How can they say it was for publicity! Why, that would have been the same as a dishonorable discharge! It could have ruined my career! It almost did! I guess it's mostly blown over now, but for a little while it could have gone either way."

Rescue came the next morning. An hour after the rest of the troupe had been flown out for a point further north, the ejection order was countermanded. Terry and her mother were put in two separate planes to follow them, and Terry arrived in time

to walk on-stage just as Grant had introduced Penny Singleton, another member of the company.

"Surprised?" said Terry to Grant, as Grant remembers it.

"Very," said Grant. "Shall we dance?"

But at noon that day, Grant received another call, and had to give Terry the bad news all over again. "I don't know," he told her, "where this one came from. But you'll still have to go."

But a second countermand came through, and that was the clincher. Terry had won out—but not the bathing suit. The bathing suit was through.

This final countermand reputedly was the doing of General Taylor himself, who was supposed to have called Grant and asked in bemused exasperation what in the world was going on up there. Grant told him, as well as he was able, and Taylor asked him: "Listen, is everything all right? The girl and the show and everything?" Grant assured him that everything was. "Okay, then," said the general. "Stop worrying."

It was too late. Johnny had shed fifteen pounds, already.

The papers Stateside—or "zone of the interior"—continued to yodel and click their heels. Korea had at last broken out something divorced from grief, stagnation and death.

Immediately on her return to Hollywood, Terry was inclined to blame the Army for her humiliation. A few days later, though, she had switched to the view that darker and less identifiable forces were to blame—not the Army nor the USO, but a kind of pressure lobby she labeled feelingly as "You know." "Everybody," she said, "was pressurized."

That is not impossible. "Even before she left the country," a man well acquainted with the shambles has deposed, "people were sending wires and letters to the War Department protesting against what she hadn't even done yet. They were misled by the Bikini and striptease talk. I wish the joes who write these stories and captions would find out what a Bikini bathing suit is before they begin to use the term."

"I wish they would, too," Terry Moore said, again in summation. "I'd never wear one of those because I think the more you have on, the sexier it is."

TERRY MOORE lives a nice family life on a nice family street in the part of West Los Angeles called Westwood Hills. It is not far from UCLA, where she is studying for a degree and may well have one in a year or a year and a half. Four days after her return, a friend and occasional historian of hers drove up to her house, blew the horn and invited her to come down and tell him all about it. The two have an informal working basis, wherein he drives her around the neighborhood while she thrashes her verbal way out of whatever buzzsaw she has encountered recently.

She is difficult not to believe. She is small, earnest and cute, and she does not hide behind double-talk. On the contrary, she may well talk herself into a kind of film purgatory one of these days. And if once in a while there comes into her voice a crisp, hard undertone when she speaks of publicity values, the tendency is just to imagine you heard it.

This day, there was no doubt that her feeling was genuine.

"The terrible thing is," she wailed in part, "that from now on anything I do will be tagged, 'publicity,' and they'll be saying I'll do anything for it."

Do not write Miss Moore off as a prophet. A powerful columnist wrote: "Somebody but somebody, should talk to Terry Moore. The ermine bathing suit episode has gone to her head (Continued on page 77)



KEEP YOUR BABY "SOCIALY ACCEPTABLE"* WITH PLAYTEX BABY PANTS

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Hollywood Looks
to Spring



THE GIRDLE STORY

PERMA.LIFT PANTIE GIRDLES,
AND BRAS BY A. STEIN AND HOLEPROOF
HOSIERY AVAILABLE AT LEADING
DEPARTMENT AND SPECIALTY STORES

■ Precious as jewels, new as spring—Perma.Lift's mere wisps of nylon mesh pantie girdles with a new patented "Magic Oval" crotch for comfort and assurance that the pantie girdle will not ride up. White only—detachable garters. Pantie girdles—*l. to r.*: \$5.00; \$5.95; \$8.50. Perma lift bras (all have "Magic Insets")—*l. to r.*: nylon, \$1.50; padded cotton, \$1.95; all nylon with embroidered sheer upper cups, \$2.95. Pearls by Richelieu. Hosiery—Holeproof's exciting new idea called "Personally Yours" that features a particular color for every feminine type. Brunette—left, *Cinderella*; blonde—center, *Champagne*; redhead—right, *Charm Beige*.

(Continued from page 74) and now she'll do anything for publicity!"

The day after that, the columnist had mellowed, attributing to Terry a sense of humor. She had received, she wrote, a letter from Miss Moore bearing the post script: "I'm majoring in psychology, but I guess it didn't take."

"Publicity!" now chirped a distraught Miss M. for the second time. "That's what really hurts—their saying that. Look, I gave up my Christmas to go over there! Couldn't I have got more publicity right here at home, posing for magazine layouts and doing interviews?"

Fortunately for *auld lang syne*, the question was a rhetorical one. But the answer is no.

Not everyone did think Miss Moore made the trip for publicity. Another faction, not conspicuously more charitable, thought she'd gone to see a Texan friend, a lieutenant now stationed over there. What was there to that?

"Nothing," said Miss M. flatly. "I know him, sure, and we had a couple of dates in Tokyo, but there's nothing to the story. And I don't want to mention his name because his family wouldn't like it. Nobody would care, anyway."

But the romance was over?

Said Miss M., "It never began."

And what of the report that she'd had some difficulties getting home (via a stopover in Honolulu) but had them straightened out by a powerful business acquaintance in Los Angeles?

"Who, me?" said Terry.

And all that over a bathing suit!

"All that over a bathing suit!" she echoed. "And I almost didn't wear it. It would have been Susan Zanuck, but it was a little too small for her. I had a dress I'd much rather have worn, one that Mother made for me, with Christmas dec-

HAVE YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO LAND YOUR GUY?

Well, you can get it—for only ten cents! Be sure to see the special coupon offer on page 80 for your complete booklet of wedding do's and don'ts.

orations" and spangles all over it. I guess my good deed for 1953 backfired, all right." Susan Zanuck, daughter of 20th Century-Fox production chief Darryl, was part of the troupe, and a much liked and respected part. Grant nearly blew a fuse in his relief that this was so. He confessed to her that he had a phobia about bosses's daughters, and had prepared for the worst. Then he barely stopped short of throwing his arms around her.

OTHER post storm rumbles were not so unequivocally cordial. Murphy was accused in some places of having blown his stack because the bathing suit bit could have put a crimp in Washington political ambitions he is reported to harbor. An opposite and larger faction contends he not only did not authorize the telegram of recall, but did not even know about it, and was embarrassed when he found out. This school of thought believes another USO officer primed the whole deal, using Murphy's name.

While Terry stoutly maintains that the entire troupe stuck by her, one or two of the troupe were heard to snort that to salvage any personal mention out of the ermine bathing suit ruckus, they'd have had to wear sable-tipped antlers and swallow thousand-dollar bills.

Among other exhibits for the defense, Terry is able to offer a tape recording of an Army radio commentator's rhapsodic review of her performance, a high-ranking

chaplain's approval both of the bathing suit and her act, and a mass of shoulder-patches, insignia and medals, and badges bestowed on her by a grateful encampment. Of this, there can be little doubt—they loved her in Korea. She murdered 'em in Seoul.

But that still left unexplained the go-for-broke question: Why, when in effect it was agreed between her and Murphy that she would not wear the bathing suit, had she gone ahead and worn it?

Terry blinked once, and said: "They ordered me to!"

Eh? Who?

"The Army!" said Terry. "The chaplain approved the bathing suit. And a general. And Johnny Grant said I should go ahead and wear it! Wouldn't you call that an order?"

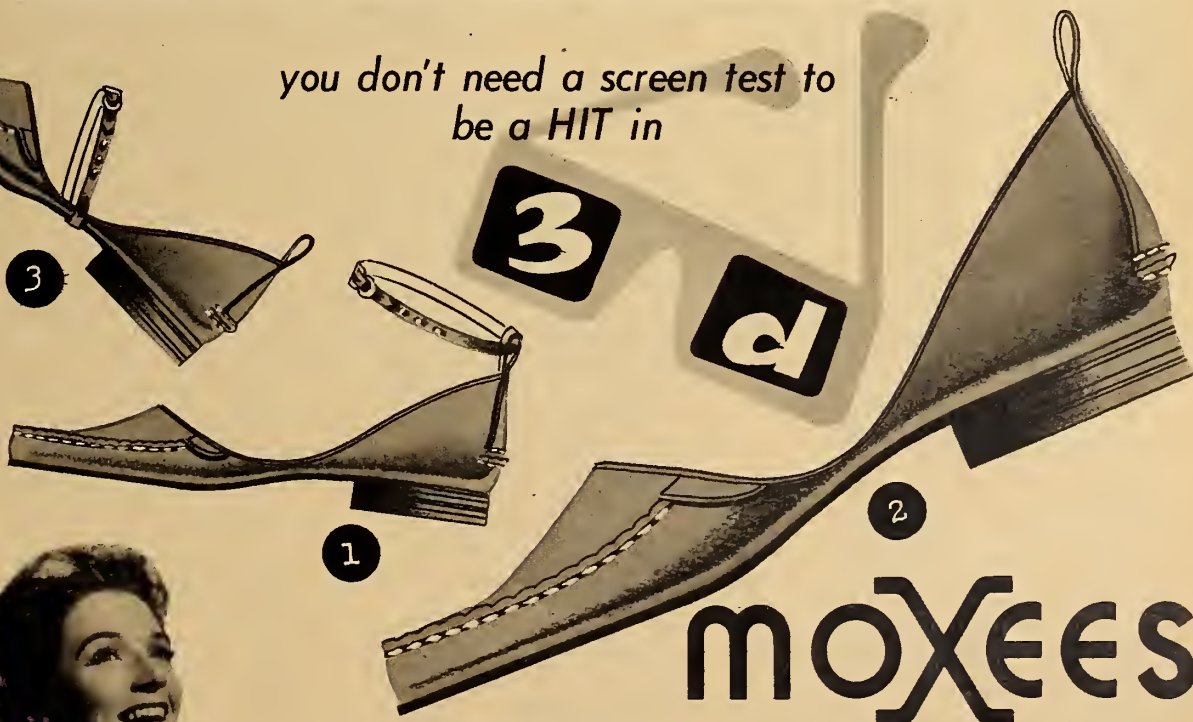
On the other hand, there is one other possible solution, perhaps not too far-fetched. It is that Terry didn't know whether she was wearing a bathing suit or a dress. At least once she has demonstrated alarming myopia toward large, flashy objects.

A few weeks ago she was out driving with a friend in a sort of beige-colored, unwashed Cadillac convertible with red leather upholstery and a back seat that suggested he had been using it to transport sheep. Bear the description in mind.

By and by they stopped at a newsstand where Terry expressed the wish to pick up a couple of magazines. She picked up \$2.75 worth and staggered beneath this load back toward the car. But she got into the car parked next to it—a robin's-egg blue Ford station wagon, impeccable and glossy with pearl grey upholstery and a back seat as pristine as Tiffany's window.

Hey, called her baffled escort. Wrong car.

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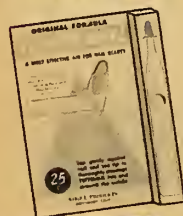
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"Oh, really?" said Terry, changing cars with no apparent awareness of the difference between them.

Of course her mind was on something else. She had to take a final exam at UCLA that night and she had been cramming most of the day.

What was the subject?

"Oh, it's a play by Bill Saroyan. 'I'm supposed to read it and write a review.'"

Which one?

"I forget the name. Something about 'happy.' Happy World—something like that."

The Time Of Your Life?

"That's it," said Miss M. "You know. Happy."

So it could have been this cram-session that had distracted her. But the cars were spectacularly dissimilar, almost like an ermine bathing suit and a long dress with spangles. It might have helped if the Army and the newspapers and the USO and all had known of this myopia. It might have saved everybody, notably Terry Moore, a lot of grief.

And it could have saved her a few surplus pounds. For Terry does not, like the luckless Mr. Grant, shrivel in adversity. She expands. Let the ominous frown of

impending misfortune show itself, and Terry begins to pack away the victuals like an escapist going for the needle.

"It's simply terrible," she has said. "My stomach goes boinnnggg, and I have to eat to pacify it. Just like ulcers, only I haven't got ulcers. But when I'm worried, I eat like mad, and when there's a crisis—oh, my! If things get bad enough, I won't be able to get out a door without turning sideways."

Things were no more than moderately bad at that moment. The tumult and the shouting were dying down, and Terry had obliterated just two modest chili hot dogs, two root beers, and a small stack of potato chips. Dinner was a good hour and a half away, long enough for any solid eater grappling with catastrophe to work up an appetite.

She and the MODERN SCREEN operative were sitting in the open inner patio of the Brentwood Market, a charming establishment where screen stars are a dime a dozen and potato chips not much more. It seemed a good place to be winding up The Case Of The Ermine Bathing Suit—too hot next to the fire and chilly and indifferent once you were away from it.

"I'm cold on my right," said Miss M., "and toasted on my left. Let's go." **END**

anatomy lesson

It may be comforting to bury your head in the sand, but personally, MODERN SCREEN prefers to stick out its neck and take it on the chin. Take what? Why, your criticism, of course—if you have any you'd like to deliver. On the other hand, if you'd rather award a pat on the back, we'll be starry-eyed over it and all ears for your compliments. Just let us know what's on your mind by filling out the ballot below. Then hatfoot it to the mailbox, because if yours is among the first hundred forms we receive, we'll send you a crisp, new, one-dollar greenback!

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

- ☐ Through With Love? (Jone Wymon)
- ☐ The Complete Story of Marilyn Monroe's Honeymoon
- ☐ I Loved and Lost (Jone Powell)
- ☐ "I Didn't Morry an Angel" (Lono Turner-Lex Borker)
- ☐ Why Hollywood Is Sore At Eddie Fisher
- ☐ Dutch Treat (Audrey Hepburn)
- ☐ Everything's Okay (Elizabeth Taylor-Mike Wilding)
- ☐ Bungalow Big Enough For Two (Janet Leigh-Tony Curtis)
- ☐ Bing's Secret Love's No Secret Any More (Bing Crosby)
- ☐ The Case of the Smuggled Ermine (Terry Moore)
- ☐ Love Is Where You Find It (Jeonne Croin)
- ☐ What Makes Stonwyck Tick? (Barbara Stonwyck)
- ☐ Morry The Girl! (Shelley Winters-Vittorio Gossman)
- ☐ The Hoppy Faith (Rock Hudson)
- ☐ i Quopisima Elizobeth! (Elizobeth Taylor)
- ☐ He Didn't Corry The Ball (Aldo Roy)
- ☐ Power-ful Dynasty (Tyrone Power)
- ☐ The Tryst That Foiled (Donald O'Connor)
- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Just For The Records
- ☐ Hollywood Abroad
- ☐ Movie Reviews
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ TV Talk

Which story did you dislike?

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

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

Who is your favorite MALE television star?

Who is your favorite FEMALE television star?

My name is.....

My address is.....

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

Occupation..... I am yrs. old

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

love is where you find it

(Continued from page 53) quick and intelligent. But when he decided to marry Jeanne, they agreed that two public careers in one family was an invitation to trouble. A month before the wedding Paul quietly got his release from the studio. He is head of his own plant today, manufacturing electronic and radar equipment. He likes his work and believes that he has had far greater and more stable success than he would have had if he had remained an actor.

Jeanne has always been thankful that Paul has had studio working experience. "He knows that making a picture is hard work," she says. "He knows what an actor must contribute in terms of nervous energy and he knows that when I go to the studio I don't just sit around trying to look glamorous."

NEITHER Jeanne nor Paul takes any stock in reports about marriages that have blown up overnight; they cannot believe that this actually happens.

"No one breaks up because somebody has danced too long with somebody or smiled too often at them," Jeanne has declared. "This can't be. There is a bigger and deeper reason. There was something basically wrong that should have been attended to. But it was allowed to grow until it overcame the bond of attraction the husband and wife originally had for each other."

"As a matter of fact, I can't persuade myself that people who get divorces within three years were ever really in love. I don't mean that my marriage has made me an expert. But in my judgment, anyone enough in love to get married, and enough in love to stay married for three years, could not have gotten over that love overnight. On the contrary, a marriage is or should be just beginning to knit in that time. Love doesn't just fly out the window; it is killed or allowed to die little by little. That's why I wonder if they ever could have been in love."

"I remember that when I was a young girl my fanciful conception of love was a wonderful musical composition with the sweetest of that music played at the very beginning. It didn't strike me then, as it does now, that if this were the case the music would have to peter down to a most insipid melody. Marriage can be like a symphony, opening on a theme of love, and then developing and exploring this theme in ever finer and more soaring passages."

Not long ago Jeanne was saddened by the divorce of a couple who had been married for three years and had two infants. When she and Paul discussed it they both remembered that right from the start this marriage had puzzled them. In the first place, both husband and wife seemed bent on going out to seek social gaiety. They appeared happy, but they seemed to need the stimulus of convivial society to keep them happy. By contrast, Jeanne and Paul remembered, they had retreated from their everyday world during the first months of their marriage; it had seemed natural to require no other amusement.

"It seemed to us they were getting little out of their marriage," commented Jeanne. "They were awfully casual, even cold, about something which should be the most important and exciting event of their lives!"

NO ONE has yet asked Jeanne for advice on marriage but she is accumulating quite a stock of it—for good reason. She is the mother of three boys and a two-year-old girl.

When Little Jeanne gets around to ask-

The Cocktail Veil '54 — interpretation by John Frederics



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ing questions she is going to find her mother prepared to elucidate. The first piece of advice she will hear, probably, is that girls romantically touched should make sure they are really in love and not playing a game. (Later on, when Little Jeannie is married, her mother will have something to say about developing her life in all possible ways and avoiding reducing wifehood to a routine of checking the power of her femininity.)

The advice about playing games will go something like this in her mother's words: "A girl may have all the boys in the stag line climbing over each other in their efforts to win her favor but this doesn't necessarily mean that the fellow who beats the others out is automatically Number One choice for a husband. He may deserve a dance, but not her whole future. She may make a good dancer, but not a good wife. Sometimes there is a little confusion about this which, sadly enough, isn't straightened out until after marriage.

"Without a whole stag line to play to, with only her husband's attention to get and to hold, she may find herself getting a little bit uneasy. Now, she learns, the job is not just that of giving a smile or a clever word. She is no longer just the person she dressed herself up to be. It is time to be the person she really is.

"I think the tip-off Paul and I had that we had a good chance for a successful marriage is that we didn't have to make any special adjustments—love made our little individual sacrifices easy; it was fun fitting one's plans to please the other fellow's. For us it still is."

ANYONE keeping an eye on the Brinkman family would soon note that they follow another wise policy—they do not subject their marriage to undue strains. For instance, take the matter of enforced separations, a common evil in the home life of a movie player in these days of location shooting or filming abroad. These days a husband or a wife leaves Hollywood for far-away work every day. Always there is a statement, issued jointly by the one leaving and the one staying, that the parting in no way affects their marital status. Both express perfect confidence in each other and make sure that every columnist in town gets this straight. What is six months, or a year, or two years apart when there is perfect love? Sooner or later the answer to this question is publicized in legal terms. Inevitably, "unavoidable separation" is listed as part of the story behind the end of the marriage.

It isn't happening to Jeanne and Paul. Her career has sometimes threatened to keep them apart for long periods, but it never has. Last August she had to go to Africa to make *Duel In The Jungle* with Dana Andrews. The trip and filming would take months. The very length of her absence from home was the best reason for her going without Paul. He had his business to handle, it was inadvisable to take young children all the way to Africa, and if they were left home for such a long period one of the parents should be with them. They considered Paul's staying behind. But when departure time neared—well this is how Jeanne tells it:

"We looked at each other and knew this couldn't be! We were not worried about our love for each other fading. But when you are in love and that love is important to you—you just don't take chances! Besides, this was one of the most romantic journeys on earth—a trip to fabled Africa—a place that had always intrigued us. This was exactly the sort of wonderful experience two people in love should share. We weren't going to miss it.

"If ever Paul and I made a wise move it was this one. There are unforgettable

sights and imperishable moments on this sort of trip and Paul and I had them together. When someone mentions Africa, I don't remember it only through my own knowing but through Paul's as well. This, I know, is what is meant by an extension of one's personality in marriage and is, of course, an extension and enrichment of one's life.

"I think of the night we reached Africa and flew over it. It was midnight when we got to Cairo and knew the Dark Continent lay ahead. The pilots told us that their course would follow the ancient Nile south for hours to the very heart of Africa. They didn't have to tell us that there was a full moon overhead. This is a phenomenon Paul and I still have eyes for. Neither of us could think of sleeping. We sat up the whole night through, the only passengers awake on the plane, peering down at the Nile. At such a moment—mystic, exciting, romantic—it was a privilege to be together; it would have been a tragedy to have been apart.

"There were other moments, much more rewarding, much more significant because we were together and could appreciate



them through each other's eyes as well as our own."

Jeanne and Paul were away four and a half months while she made *Duel In The Jungle*. Jeanne had to work quite steadily, but she did manage to get away to tour and camp with Paul in Kruger National Park where Africa's wild game can be seen in its natural habitat. They slept in the little thatched huts that accommodate travelers and cooked their dinners over open fires. On the way back from Africa they spent three days seeing Rome, on foot and by horse and buggy.

THEY FOUND the children, who had been left in Hollywood with the elder Brinkmans, in fine shape. Their lovely home was there waiting for them and the plant, due to Paul's long distance supervision, was getting along fine.

Soon after their return they attended a well advertised industry affair and had to walk through a throng of movie fans waiting outside for autographs. As they passed two high school girls, they overheard themselves being described.

"There's Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman," one miss said to the other. "They're married."

"Well, that's for sure," agreed her companion.

END

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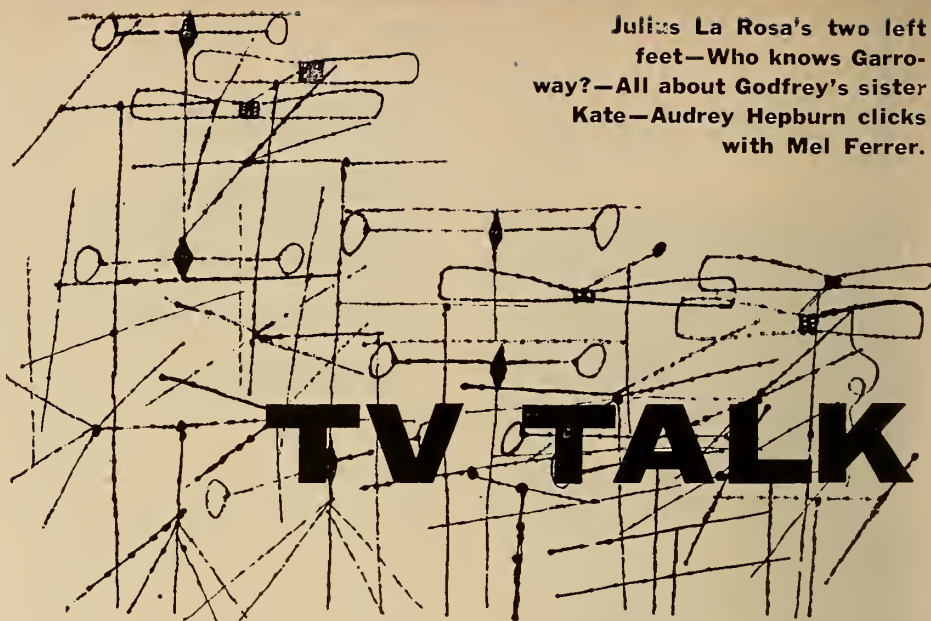
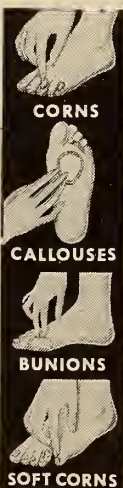
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Julius La Rosa's two left feet—Who knows Garro-way?—All about Godfrey's sister Kate—Audrey Hepburn clicks with Mel Ferrer.

When Arthur Godfrey fired Julius LaRosa, he claimed that the young singer had been playing hookey from the ballet sessions all the little Godfreys have to take. To top it off, Arthur said he'd caught Julie practicing being awkward. But the people who work with Julie on *Toast Of The Town* swear that he doesn't have to practice: He was born that way. One of the girls from the dancing line has to take Julie's hand and guide his steps around the stage during rehearsal. There may be a lot of singing, but there's little hoofing in Julie's



future... Everyone in TV circles is wondering why Arthur's sister Kathy came to New York. She has a good-looking doctor husband and two children—a boy, nine, and a girl, fifteen—in Phoenix, Arizona. And she had a very successful radio and TV career there. Her husband can't leave his pediatric practice to live with her in New York, and she can make it home just once out of two or three weeks. But Kathy seems determined to carve out a network career for herself, and New York is the place to do it. So she lives all alone in a hotel and orders all her meals from Room Service. The closest thing she has to home is a refrigerator stuck in a closet. Kathy is better looking than you'd think from seeing her on television; she's a very handsome forty (ten years younger than Arthur) with a figure that would look good on a woman of thirty. Her limp is quite noticeable, although not so bad as Arthur's has been since his operation. She had polio when she was a girl, and uses a cane for most of her walking... Speaking of the Godfrey family, the little-publicized mother of Arthur and Kathy (and three more non-show business little Godfreys) lives right in midtown New York, and is just as busy as her son and daugh-

ter. Mrs. G., who is nearly eighty, composes music, plays bridge, and goes to concerts and lectures all the time. She doesn't see too much of her busy son, and neither does Kathy. Kathy, in fact, hardly knows Arthur. He had left home by the time she was six, and she has gone as long as four years without seeing him. Now that she's in New York, too, she visits him once in awhile at breakfast. Arthur eats a big meal in his office right after his morning show, and sometimes spends as much as an hour and a half being sociable before he goes back to work... His health, by the way, has everyone worried. His hip just isn't mending fast enough, and people wonder when he'll get off his crutches and into a better mood. One reason Arthur got so much bad publicity when he buzzed the control tower in his DC-3 is that reporters were still rankling over a similar incident in Boston last summer. When he landed at the airport there, his plane came a little too close to the newsmen for their comfort. They thought it was deliberate but when they interviewed him in his hospital room the next day, Arthur almost charmed them out of their bad moods. But not quite... Some observers think that all the bad publicity is going to boomerang. People might start feeling so sorry for Godfrey with all his troubles (and he does have them) that he would become more popular than ever before—and that's popular!... Peter Lind Hayes is the heir apparent, of course, in case anything should happen to Godfrey (like his taking a leave of absence). Peter's probably going to have a hard time switching from his sophisticated type of nightclub humor to the folksy kind he has to come up with when he replaces Godfrey. He has already been given a long list of things that are "not done" on the Godfrey shows—it took two hours for Arthur to itemize the list. But Peter took the job because it will leave him some time at home with his wife, Mary Healy, and their two children—and more time on the golf course... Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer are pretty inseparable these days, and have been for longer than you think. Audrey's mother is usually with them, though. When she isn't, Audrey is her vivacious self; when mama is around, she's as quiet as five mice. Audrey, as you know, is a little lady, and when she is unhappy about something in *Ondine*, the play in which she and Mel co-star, she

tells Mel and *he* tells the bosses. Mel's divorce, incidentally, came as a complete surprise to his family. They read about it in **Louella Parsons'** column. It's not the first time Mrs. Ferrer has divorced Mel; she did it once several years ago when they had just one child. Then Mel married another girl, became a father again, got divorced and remarried the first Mrs. Ferrer. They then had another child. But they had been having troubles for a long time before Audrey entered the picture. Mel is not the easiest man in the world to live with. He even insists that his wife iron his shirts herself; no laundry can measure up to the Ferrer standards . . . You don't see him much on television, but cbs board chairman **Bill Paley** is ultimately responsible for every Columbia show you hear or see. He takes his job so seriously that he once wore one of those new-fangled vest-pocket radios to a dinner party. The other guests noticed that he wasn't paying any attention to their conversation, and they finally discovered that he was sitting there eating—and listening to the radio! He was tuned in to the competition, too! . . . **Barry Nelson's** wife is so jealous of her husband that he sometimes can't pose for publicity pictures with his *Favorite Husband* co-star, **Joan Caulfield**. Mrs. N., who used to work for MGM, allows Barry and Joan to be photographed on the set together, but she draws the



line when it comes to any pictures away from the set. Won't even let Barry and Joan pose in the restaurant across the street from the studio. Barry doesn't seem to mind, though. He told the network before he started the show that he wanted it that way . . . **Vanessa Brown**, whose feud with **Tom Ewell** has finally quieted down, wins the prize for baby-talking. When she walks into a cocktail party in an elegant, low-cut dress, it's mighty incongruous to hear those little-girl words and that little-girl voice . . . **Celeste Holm** has never been a small woman, but you should see her now! She has it all over **Jane Russell**. Celeste's hit play *His And Hers*, is all about a woman fighting with and reconciling with her ex-husband. One of the members of the first-night audience was Ralph Nelson, who directs *Mama* and who used to be married to Celeste. But he went and married someone else about a month after the play opened . . . **Nina Foch** is seen everywhere with a young actor named **Jimmy Lipton** who plays young Doctor Grant on the tv soap opera *Guiding Light*. This is a long-standing romance . . . Even **Dave Garroway's** admirers admit that Dave is a hard man to get to know. They say that he doesn't have any really close friend—that even singer **Jack Haskell** and **Betty Furness** have trouble knowing Dave's innermost thoughts. They claim that you can get close to him only up to a certain point; then Dave lowers the curtain and withdraws behind it. He's one of tv's few real mystery men.



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**DELL
BOOKS**

marilyn monroe's honeymoon

(Continued from page 31) "She's plain and honest and warm and shy. Just like Joe. They were made for each other. I know it sounds corny, but it's true. They like the same things. They never go out to night clubs. They hang around here watching television, making idle talk.

"Marilyn washes and sets her own hair. She's always thinking of doing something nice for someone. When she was up there in Canada working on location she bought me a compact and a cashmere stole.

"I knew she was a good girl the first time Joe brought her up. Right away she was helping with the dishes. All she wants to do is to be with Joe. That's a good sign. And another thing, so much of the stuff that's been written about her is just bunk. It really gets me mad.

"That stuff about her not wearing any underclothes. I've spent a lot of time with Marilyn. We've had a few heart-to-heart talks and we've also gone shopping. And I can tell you that she wears bras and panties and a girdle and all the things other girls wear.

"We went shopping for her wedding suit in San Francisco. She bought two suits, one at Joseph Magnin's. I think she paid \$149.50 for it. It was none of my business. I mean the price. But it was a lovely suit. Of course, she was recognized and mobbed by all the people in the store. She wouldn't leave until all the little girls who wanted her autograph got it.

"I'm glad Joe married Marilyn. Best thing in the world for both of them. I'm just sorry I wasn't at the wedding. I had the flu. But I was one of the few people who knew they were going to do it.

"They told me a couple of days before, and of course all the arrangements were made from here. And Marilyn was so happy. 'Marie,' she said, 'Joe and I have decided to get married.' I kissed her, and tears of happiness came into my eyes, and I said, 'I'm so glad, Marilyn. I'm so honestly and truly glad.'"

JOE ACTUALLY proposed to Marilyn on New Year's Eve.

Earlier that evening he and Marilyn had been at DiMaggio's, the famous restaurant on Fisherman's Wharf run by two of Joe's brothers, Tom and Dom, and Joe's closest friend, Reno Barsocchi. They had gabbed with the boys and then Joe had said, "Let's go back to the house."

They got into Joe's 1952 Fleetwood Cadillac and drove home. They climbed the flight of stairs to the living room and sat on the rose-colored sofa before the bay window.

Joe turned on the television set. Then, he came and sat down beside Marilyn. The tv program showed various New Year's celebrations. Presently, Joe turned it off. "It's 1954," he announced.

Marilyn looked at him expectantly. "Here's a kiss for the New Year," he said. Then "How about getting married real soon?"

Marilyn's answer was a long embrace. When she decided to speak, Marilyn said, "Whenever and wherever you say, Joe."

She made no demands, set no requirements. She knew Joe would want a simple ceremony—quiet and tasteful. Joe, of course, tried to keep the whole thing private. He did a masterful job.

"We planned to get married first," he explained, "and tell all our friends afterward. But Marilyn had promised the studio she would notify them of her marriage. A half hour before the ceremony she did. In that half hour, the studio had time to notify most of the world.

"We were amazed when we walked into

the City Hall and saw that mob of people."

Marilyn's failure to report to her studio on January 4 for the start of *Pink Tights* caused many movie-goers to suspect that Marilyn and Joe were planning to be married. Some columnists said that they were already married. Marilyn's agent, however, said that the only two reasons Marilyn didn't report for work were money and script approval. She wanted her contract re-negotiated and she wanted to read the script of *Pink Tights*. The real reason was that Marilyn needed time in which to get married, time to shop for a trousseau, time for preparation.

From January 7 to January 14, she and Joe were working out the details of the ceremony. In those seven days, all sorts of ridiculous rumors about them spread.

One wire service reported that "Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio accompanied by Rock Hudson arrived in New Orleans last night. They were met by a chauffeur and limousine and scurried away five minutes after alighting."

Joe and Marilyn read this item in San Francisco and smiled.

A day later, there was a story from Las Vegas. "George Solotaire, old friend of baseball star Joe DiMaggio, arrived at El Rancho Vegas from New York this morning. It is believed that Solotaire is setting the wedding arrangements for Joe and Marilyn Monroe. He spent the day conferring with owner Belden Katelman."

A few hours after this item appeared, most of the hotel managers in Las Vegas tried to get DiMaggio on the phone. Abe Schiller, who helps run The Flamingo, called Reno Barsocchini.

"Now, look," Schiller said, "we have word that Joe and Marilyn plan to get married in Las Vegas. You know what the Sands did for Rita Hayworth and Dick Haymes. Well, we're willing to take care of everything for your two kids if they'll get married here in The Flamingo."

"I don't think they plan to get married in Las Vegas," Barsocchini answered. "I don't know anything about it at all."

Schiller, however, stuck to his guns. "I know they plan to drive to Las Vegas," he asserted. "Tell them we'll charter a plane. No one will know."

A few hours later, Schiller was back on the phone. "We think those two are on the way to Las Vegas. In fact, we know it."

"I don't think so," said Reno Barsocchini. "Joe is here in the restaurant right now, eating."

"Oh," Abe Schiller said. "Oh!"

AT THE TIME, Joe was lunching with an old friend, Judge Charles Peery, of the San Francisco Municipal Court. Joe had called the judge a day before and had invited him to "have a bite with me down at the restaurant. I'd like your advice."

Joe, always direct and simple, told Peery, "Marilyn and I would like to get married. Very quiet. What's the best way?"

Judge Peery suggested that they take their blood tests and keep it very quiet. He advised Joe not to apply for a license. "We'll have the marriage license typed in my chambers," he said. "Then none of the reporters will find out." He also suggested that the ceremony be held between noon and two P.M. "when there's a lunch period and a court intermission." "When do you plan to do it?" Judge Peery asked.

"Tomorrow," Joe said.

"The thirteenth?"

Joe shook his head. "Gee! I didn't know tomorrow was the thirteenth. How about Thursday, the fourteenth?"

"All right," the judge said. "In my chambers at one P.M."

They shook hands. Joe told his brother Tom and Reno Barsocchini.

"Reno," he said, "I want you as my

best man. And Tom, will you be a witness? Tell Lee." Lee is Tom's wife.

In the meantime, Marilyn called Patty Barsocchini. She knew Patty and liked her. When Joe had been godfather to Patty's little girl, Rena, Marilyn had attended the christening. After it was over, she had said to Patty, "If I ever get married I'd like you to be matron of honor." She reminded Patty of that conversation. Patty was overjoyed. The details of time were worked out.

Tom and Lee DiMaggio with Mr. and Mrs. Barsocchini were to meet at Joe's house at twelve-forty-five Thursday.

These two couples would leave the house first. Marilyn and Joe would follow in their Cadillac. The whole wedding party would slip into City Hall by the basement entrance. None of them would be seen. Top secret.

Joe and Marilyn almost got away with it. But Marilyn is a young woman of honor. She had promised the studio that she would announce her marriage.

At twelve-thirty she called the studio from San Francisco. "Joe and I are going to be married in some courtroom in a few minutes." Then she hung up.

When Joe and Marilyn arrived outside Judge Peery's chambers, reporters, photographers, newsreel men, and movie fans were waiting. There were about 440 uninvited guests.

Tall and erect, wearing a blue suit, white shirt, and blue polka dot tie, Joe didn't seem to be ruffled.

Marilyn, in her dark broadcloth suit with ermine collar, laughed as someone told her that she and Joe would have to wait until an official came with the marriage license. During that wait, the photographers and reporters went to work.

"Do you two expect to raise a family?"

"We expect to have at least one child. I guarantee that," Joe said, grinning.

Marilyn giggled. "I'd like to have six."

She blinked her false eyelashes.

The photographers asked them to move closer together. "Kiss her, Joe. Kiss her."

Joe kissed her and the bulbs flashed.

"Are you going to give up your career for marriage?" Marilyn was asked.

"What difference does it make?" she answered. "The studio has suspended me."

"When did you and Joe meet?"

"Two years ago on a blind date."

"Okay, fellows," interrupted Joe. "I don't want to rush you. But we've really got to get on with the ceremony."

JUDGE PEERY came out. "Everyone out," he said goodnaturedly. "Everyone out. Just the principals."

The judge's chambers were cleared and the door to the sanctum sanctorum closed. One reporter jumped on a desk and looked over the transom.

He called back, "They're not getting married. They're all in there drinking martinis." The wedding party was waiting for the man with the marriage license.

Presently David Dunn, the deputy county clerk, fought his way through the crowd and into the chambers clutching half a dozen marriage license blanks. Only there was no typewriter. Out he came again. The cry went up for a typewriter. One was found and the marriage license filled in. It shows Marilyn's age as twenty-five, Joe's as thirty-nine.

Marilyn signed the license first. Then Joe signed it.

Judge Peery called, "Quiet," just as they do in movies when an important scene is to begin. As the silence settled, the judge began the single ring ceremony omitting the word "obey." Marilyn smiled all through the ceremony which lasted exactly two minutes and twenty seconds. Joe was serious. After the marital pronouncement, he took Marilyn in his arms

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HE DIDN'T CARRY THE BALL!

*When Aldo Ray plays
football—it's kept
a deep, dark secret!*



Aldo's best girl, Jeff Donnell, approves of his gridiron maneuvers, but studio bosses say, "Too dangerous."

■ Although the San Francisco sports writers overlooked the matter, a semi-pro football team up that way called the Crockett Rockets had a ringer in the lineup one day last fall, a line-backer named Aldo Da Re.

Da Re used to play with the Rockets but then he got mixed up in the picture business down in Hollywood, turned in his last name for a model spelled simply Ray, and turned in his helmet.

This fine autumn weekend, Ray had turned up in Crockett for auld lang syne, and was pressed into service again. Seems the Rockets were up against a deadly rival named the San Francisco Windbreakers and their regular line-backer was in no condition to perform—was, in fact, what pro football calls "racked up."

Aldo received an inquiry flavored with tart guesses about the inroads the life of a film star might have made on his physical shape.

Ray, the shape of whose nose presumably is worth hundreds of thousands of dollars to Columbia Pictures, suited up and went forth to do battle, schnoz or no schnoz. If Columbia President Harry Cohn had known, he might have blown his stack, Mr. Cohn being a stack-blower of considerable dimensions under less trying circumstances. But Mr. Cohn didn't know. Neither, fortunately, did the San Francisco Windbreakers quite get hep to Ray's identity until the closing seconds of the game. If they had, things could have been different. Pro footballers are said to have a peculiar antipathy toward film actors, even film actors from their own ranks.

86 This may stem from the ease with

which stars make 98-yard touchdown gallops when Everything Is At Stake.

Aldo didn't do much galloping that day. Line-backers are for defensive action, a bruising chore with little or no headline glory in it. He turned in a good game, and he was happy. The only flaw was that the Windbreakers turned in a better one.

It is Ray's contention to this day, however, that if the Crockett Rockets had turned him loose on offense, giving him a football to lug from time to time, the outcome would have been different. It wasn't the second billing he minded, just the Rockets' refusal to make the most of their opportunities.

If Columbia's pride and joy had been given a football to lug, he might possibly have returned to Hollywood looking just enough like Rocky Marciano to be out of a job, while Mr. Cohn and his stockholders went out and got crying drunk together.

Nor is all over. The Da Re football dynasty lives on because Aldo's kid brother, Mario, is playing a lot of line for the University of Southern California under the proper family cognomen.

Meanwhile, Aldo and Jeff Donnell, who sounds like somebody's kid brother herself, continue to be a Thing. Aldo has made his stage debut in La Jolla in *Stalag 17*, and she was there every minute to catch him in case he fainted, which seemed altogether likely. It was another case of premature tension. Once the curtain was up, Aldo played the part as if he owned it, and the notices were superb.

Let the San Francisco Windbreakers put that in their pipe and smoke it.

and kissed her. The room was stuffy and the judge turned to open the windows.

As he did, the door was thrown open. Photographers swarmed in. Joe kissed Marilyn again for their benefit. Tiring of the fuss, he clutched her hand and said, "Okay, let's go."

Joe's brother Tom and Lefty O'Doul, the baseball manager who had given Joe his start, formed a flying wedge and began to move down the corridor. Marilyn and Joe followed behind. Scores of persons tried to beat them downstairs.

"This is a fine thing, Marilyn," someone called, "dodging your loyal fans."

Marilyn waved with one hand, the one that clutched her bridal bouquet of three white orchids, but hung on to her husband's coat tails with the other. Unfortunately, Joe went the wrong way and headed for the Real Estate Department.

The flying wedge thereupon reversed itself and fought back through the crowd once again. This time Joe and Marilyn reached the elevator. They were about to disembark at the first floor, but Joe saw another tremendous crowd waiting and said, "Let's keep going to the basement."

There was still another crowd in the basement, but the newlyweds fought through to Larkin Street where Marilyn jumped into Joe's baby-blue Cadillac.

As they left, Marilyn smiled and shook her head. "And this," she remarked, "was supposed to be a quiet wedding."

Upstairs, Judge Peery was also shaking his head. "I forgot to kiss the bride," he muttered. "Gosh! I'm sorry."

THE DI MAGGIOS spent their wedding night in the Clifton Motel in Paso Robles. Their wedding supper, just for the two of them, was served at the Paso Robles Hot Springs Hotel.

Both Marilyn and Joe are heavy eaters. They ordered thick steaks. In a few minutes other diners recognized them and the manager diplomatically moved them to a secluded corner, providing them with privacy and candlelight.

Supper over, Marilyn told Ned Lutz, the coffee shop manager, that she and Joe were driving south to Los Angeles, that she had to report to her studio for work.

Joe and Marilyn started down the highway and doubled back and took a room at the Clifton Motel. When Manager Ernest Sharp saw their name on his register he congratulated them on their marriage. Joe exacted from Sharp the promise that he wouldn't notify newsmen.

Sharp promised. Not until the Di Maggios had left the next day did he reveal their whereabouts. He released his secret to radio station KPRL. By then Mr. and Mrs. Di Maggio were far away.

Actually, the honeymooners continued south. They came through Los Angeles but decided not to stop at Marilyn's apartment or the Hotel Knickerbocker just off Vine Street in Hollywood, where Joe hung his hat in his bachelor days.

This was lucky for them, because dozens of reporters and photographers were camped out waiting to interview them. In fact, the publicity men from the studio spent the entire weekend in shifts patrolling Marilyn's apartment house, and every half hour or so phoned Harry Brand, publicity director of Twentieth Century-Fox, with the same sad report—"No sign of life."

Meanwhile, reports began to emanate from various parts of the country from Joe's and Marilyn's friends saying that the couple had gone fishing off Ensenada in Mexico, that they had secretly flown to Hawaii, that they were hidden in a cabin in the High Sierras. Reporters scoured the countryside in the greatest manhunt Hollywood has ever known.

The plain truth was that while they had

dropped from sight, they were in a mountain retreat less than a hundred miles from Hollywood enjoying a rapturous honeymoon on the Idylwild estate of Marilyn's lawyer, Lloyd Wright.

After leaving Paso Robles they drove to Palm Springs, then traversed the winding icy road which leads up the San Jacinto mountains overlooking Palm Springs.

While some reporters looked for them there, Joe and Marilyn were secretly laughing up their sleeves only a stone's throw away—but some several thousand feet up in "a poor man's paradise" which few movie stars have ever seen.

It had snowed the week before and the road was covered with ice, but Marilyn and Joe made it and no one recognized them en route to Idylwild, or even in the tiny resort town, except Harry Gibbons, caretaker of the Wright estate, who had been notified that they were coming. Gibbons, however, would tell no one, and even today if you ask him about his famous honeymooners he clams up and refuses to confirm or deny.

Oddly enough, the most publicized of all actresses has given her sister stars a great lesson in how to disappear and behave sedately on a honeymoon.

When MODERN SCREEN finally was first to break down her secret, Marilyn confessed, "That's right. Joe and I spent our honeymoon there, and it was heavenly. We had absolute privacy and no one disturbed us. How did you find out, anyway? We kept it a big secret for more than a week and never suspected anyone would find out, including Joe's family."

The fact is that a publicity man living in Idylwild was driving by the Wright estate late one morning, and saw a tall, well-built, family-looking type man sitting next to a snowbound swimming pool with a beautiful blonde taking a sunbath. The publicity man didn't recognize the nearly undraped lovely, but did recognize Joe because he was a baseball fan. He told nobody but his wife who is a MODERN SCREEN reader—and the secret was out!

Romping in the snow and taking rides down into the desert at night, completely undisturbed by studio, family or friends, these two had a honeymoon of which Marilyn says, like any other bride, "It's something I'll remember the rest of my life."

When he read the news of the Di Maggio wedding, Hollywood business agent David March smiled and felt "good and warmed and fulfilled." It was he who first brought the lovers together.

"In view of what's happened," March says, "I'll never forget the sequence of events. It was June, 1952. I was leaning against the bar at the Villa Nova on Sunset Boulevard. Joe happened to walk in. 'What's cooking?' he asked.

"'Nothing much,' I answered. 'I'm trying to drum up a little business, trying to get Marilyn Monroe as a client.'

"Well, Joe was kind of taken back by that. 'Listen,' he said, 'Do you really know Marilyn Monroe? I sure would love to have a date with her.'

"'I'll try and fix it,' I said. 'But I'm not guaranteeing.' Then I phoned Marilyn and said, 'How'd you like to meet a really nice guy?'

"This wasn't one of her good days. I guess she was moody and depressed and she came back with, 'Are there any?'

"This guy's name is Joe DiMaggio,' I told her. 'He's a gentleman, Marilyn, in every sense of the word. I think you'll like each other.' She agreed to give it a try.

"On the afternoon of the date, however, she changed her mind, tried to track me down all over. No luck. That night she walked into the Villa Nova. I was sitting there with my date, Peggy Rabe, and with Joe. She was wearing a low-

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■ Tyrone Power comes from a dynasty of actors, famed for good looks, stubbornness and charm—not to mention ready wit.

Although great-great-grandfather Power was a minstrel of sorts in County Waterford, Ireland, it was his son Tyrone, taken to England after his father's death, who really established the Powers professionally and financially. Success did not come to him until he was middle-aged, but when it came it was solid. He was lavish in his care of his lusty family of four girls and four boys.

But the theatre wasn't considered

respectable. Although many a proper young man boasted of his acquaintance with pretty chorus girls, the girls were seldom invited to his home for dinner. With one accord, the young Powers, established financially and socially, turned their backs on the theatre, looking down their elegant noses at the profession that had made their father both rich and famous.

All, that is, except Harold, grandfather of the present Tyrone. Grandpa was bored with the stuffy London life. He married a pretty actress and then decided to have his fling on the stage. The family was aghast but neither threats nor pleas could move him. To soften the blow, he agreed to carry out his degrading experiment on the other side of the Atlantic and to bill himself as Harold Page.

In New York Harold Page and his wife were an instant success. Their skit was a take-off on modes and manners then current in London and it kept their audiences rolling in the aisles. But back home the rest of the family didn't think it was funny. They hadn't anticipated that grandpa would title the skit, *An Afternoon With Mr. And Mrs. Power!*

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cut dress and she looked the berries. I could see that Joe was flipping his lid.

"He was really impressed and I think she was, too. They hit it off right from the start. They were just getting warmed up, conversationally, when Mickey Rooney came over.

"Well, Mickey starts talking to Joe about baseball. This was one time when Joe didn't have his mind on baseball, but Mickey keeps yacking away, yack, yack, yack, and finally Marilyn, who didn't know a squeeze play from third base, gets tired of it all and says she has an early morn-ing call and has to go home.

"You know what Joe did? He jumped up. 'Dave,' he said, 'take care of every-thing.' And then he turned to Marilyn. 'Would you mind driving me to my hotel?' he said. She just smiled and they left.

"A day or so later when I asked her what she thought of Joe, she said, 'He seems to be a real nice guy. But maybe he doesn't like me.'

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well,' Marilyn said, 'he asked me if I'd drive him to the airport today and I said yes and I waited all afternoon but he hasn't called.'

"Don't worry,' I told her. 'He'll call. He's real gone on you.'

A few hours later Joe called from San Francisco, and from that day on Marilyn Monroe has had a steady boyfriend.

The courtship was slow, steady, and even paced. DiMaggio is neither fast nor slick. He got to know Marilyn gradually. He refused to take her to premieres and big Hollywood parties—Sidney Skolsky escorted Marilyn to those—but the young actress didn't mind. She came to under-stand his shy nature.

Marilyn knew Joe was in love with her when he began to take her with him to San Francisco to see his family. The first time, she went fishing with Joe and Tom.

"We just trolled," Tom recalls, "and caught our limit of salmon. Marilyn was tops. Never a peep or a complaint out of her. When I came home that night, my wife Lee said, 'What do you think of Joe's girlfriend?' And I said, 'Funny thing. She's just like Joe. She's quiet and plain and shy and I like her very much.'

The entire DiMaggio clan feels like that about Marilyn. Now that she's in the family, Marilyn says, "It's hard for me to believe that I have so many friends, so many relatives in the world. When I was very little, I had no one. Now I have so many fine people to love."

THE DiMAGGIOS will divide their time between San Francisco and Hollywood.

In San Francisco, Joe owns a large white house overlooking the bay. It is jammed with his baseball trophies. His sister Marie has been taking care of it ever since his mother died three years ago. She will probably continue to live there.

In Hollywood, Marilyn rents a small, tastefully furnished apartment on Doheny Drive. Joe describes it as "cozy."

One of Joe's brothers says that he thinks it will be too small very quickly. "Espe-cially," he adds, "if Joe is half the guy our old man was. Pop had nine kids, all big, healthy, and strong." Whenever Mari-lyn is reminded of this, she breaks into a broad grin.

"I said when we were married that I'd like to have six kids. I know that's not as good as Mamma DiMaggio. But would you call it bad?"

END

bungalow big enough for two

(Continued from page 44) a pink and blue fog, Janet agreed.

But before they could execute their new plans the anticipated event was can-celed. Janet lost the baby. It was a terrible disappointment. The sudden end of hope and the mounting fear for his wife's health frightened Tony badly. During the ordeal he was on location in Honolulu, and he was frantic. Janet refused to let him quit the picture and fly home because, as she puts it rather shakily, "These things hap-pen in the best of families."

She was right. Her obstetrician ex-plaind that miscarriages are fairly com-mon in a first pregnancy, particularly when the mother is an intense, active per-son like Janet. The doctor reassured the young couple and advised them not to be downhearted. "You're young," he said. "There's plenty of time, so let's wait and see what next year will bring."

"Of course," Janet explains, "we listened to him very carefully. But mentally we were already parents. After the shock of losing the baby wore off a little and we could talk about it—that is, without my crying—Tony suggested that we go ahead with our idea of getting a house. He thought we had both outgrown the glam-orous penthouse. It had been good for a year and marvelous for parties and won-derful as a showplace but it was no home for people who intended to become par-ents."

"What we want," Janet explained to her mother (who has always done most of their house-hunting) "is a place around Bev-erly Hills near all the studios.

"We made the usual list of impossible demands," Janet recalled. "We were having a pickup dinner with my folks one Sunday, and we told them all about our require-ments. The only thing Tony and I don't have strong feelings about is architecture. I told Mum the house could be anything on the outside—English, modern, Spanish. Just so long as the inside fitted our needs."

"Once Janet put the housing project in her mother's lap," Tony says, "she felt much better. She had something to look forward to and she forgot about the mis-carriage. It's a wonderful thing to have a family helping you all the time. We knew that Janet's mother would keep going and looking until she found something that would make us happy."

With her "outline for a home" in trusted hands, Janet plunged into work. She was playing in *Prince Valiant* with Bob Wag-ner and this absorbed most of her energy. From time to time her mother would re-port on the housing situation and on sev-eral occasions, her "kids," as she likes to refer to them, inspected vacant houses. For one reason or another, Janet and Tony re-jected them.

Finally last October, after Janet had fin-ished *Prince Valiant* and had flown to De-troit where Tony was making *Johnny Dark* on location, her mother found what she thought was the right answer to the prob-lem.

"Mother met me at the airport," Janet remembers, "and when she started telling me about a little remodeled California bungalow, I knew intuitively that it was the place for Tony and me. I was so sure she was right that I made her stop and phone the people who owned the house to ask if I could come right over and see for myself.

"They said sure and we went. Of course it was exactly what we needed. The location was perfect and the Spanish style—well, it's a lot like the house I grew up in when we were living in Stockton.

"My only dilemma was to stall the owners until Tony could give his approval. I needn't have worried. Tony took one look at the place and signed all the papers. For the last six months we've never been happier. We look upon this as our first real home."

THE EIGHT-ROOM house that Tony and Janet refer to as "our first real home" is a fine example of the type of compact, one-story house that everyone was building along the palm-lined streets of Beverly Hills in the early thirties. It earned the deceptive name of "California bungalow" because of its single story, but most of these houses occupy a considerable area. They aren't bungalows like those east of the Mississippi.

The Curtis residence, for example, boasts a large livingroom, a diningroom, a kitchen, two bedrooms and baths, a bar, a book-lined den, and a glassed-in breakfast room. Some bungalow!

All the rooms are high-ceilinged and there are such conveniences as a special dressingroom for Janet, a roomy service porch, linen closets, and a sky-lighted central foyer.

Traditionally, the California bungalow features an entrance garden and an enclosed patio in the rear to allow for outdoor living. Set on a corner, the Curtis place contains a lawn larger than most and several big old trees.

"Matter of fact," Tony comments, "it's a nice neighborhood. The fellows around here take pride in their gardening. To most of them it's not a chore, it's a hobby."

Mention of "hobby" brings up the fact that Tony Curtis is one of the busiest hobby men in the film colony. Janet decided that the second bedroom would be Tony's hobby headquarters. She and Tony moved in the sectional cabinets in which he keeps his paints and modeling tools, and later Janet talked her mother into helping her line the shelves with a red and white plastic paper. Then she covered one wall with framed photographs and awards which she and Tony have won.

"It's a cheerful room for Tony to enjoy all by himself," Janet explains. "If he spills paint and glue anywhere I can hardly tell."

The room they have ear-marked for the baby is the den. This restful, shuttered room is in one corner of the house, away by itself. It has its own bath and a door that leads to the patio. There are plenty of built-in cabinets and it's close to the kitchen. It would make a perfect nursery. In the meantime it is fine for studying scripts, reading and practicing magic tricks, another Curtis specialty.

Of all the rooms in the Curtis house the richly-paneled bar probably gets the most

use. Not that Tony and Janet are heavy drinkers—Tony specializes in carbonated beverages—but merely because this snug little room boasts the only television set in the house.

Tony and Janet eat dinner-on-a-tray here every night as they watch tv. If their friends—Jeff Chandler, Marge and Gower Champion, or the Jerry Lewises—wander in no one ever suggests moving elsewhere. The bar's cork floor, natural woods and oatmeal-colored upholstery make a pleasant, easy room.

THE CURTISES do not go in for elaborate, formal dinners or large parties of any kind. Six days a week they are up by five-thirty A.M., gulping coffee and rushing to their studios to report to "make-up."

"Of course," Janet says, "our schedule could change. It's nice to know that we have a large livingroom and a large diningroom, just in case we wanted to invite ten or twelve for dinner!"

About the livingroom Janet admitted, "I just don't know what to do with it. I guess I'll leave it alone unless Tony gets some idea for it. The diningroom, though! I really love it. The hand-blocked linen draperies and the silver lighting fixture—you know, it's not until you've rented badly-furnished places that you appreciate a good one. This one shows real taste."

In the last year or two Janet has learned to like the feel and looks of hand-hewn furniture. She dotes on unique pieces like the hanging rack in the diningroom on which she displays some of her wedding silver. And she's learned how to bring out a room's strong points and hide its weak ones. The white woven screen in the diningroom, for example, masks the entrance to the kitchen. It's her idea.

Fortunately, the kitchen is practically perfect. It has counters of yellow and white tile and a big bay window to let in the sunlight. There are the two refrigerators. Ida Mae, the housekeeper, always has one of them stocked with Tony's beloved soda pop. Now that they have known the luxury of two refrigerators Janet and Tony swear they'll never have less. "In fact," Janet says, "we're thinking of putting in a third, probably behind the bar."

Tony grins. "Everyone knows," he says, "that's the best place for a baby's bottles. Kidding aside," he adds, "we've learned that it's not really living until you're living in a house. There's no one underneath to complain about the noise."

Wait until Mr. Curtis hears the cries of an infant demanding his two-o'clock bottle. Only then will he know what real noise is.

"Even so," they answered, "it's the only noise we need to make our happiness complete. We'll welcome it with happy hearts and open ears."

END

(Janet Leigh is appearing in MGM's *Athena*, and Tony Curtis in U-I's *Johnny Dark*.)

bing's secret love's no secret anymore

(Continued from page 47) ridiculous! It really is. He took me out to dinner and right away the newspapers were playing it up as a big romance. It's no such thing. It's just that Bing has known me a long time and we went out to eat. And really! I don't know how this whole thing got started. I'm not a movie star. Nobody ever heard of me. How did they find out who I was?

"We went to a restaurant and the next day a reporter was sitting in my office waiting for me to get back from lunch. And when I did, right away, 'Are you Bing Crosby's new girl friend?'"


"As I said before, I'm nobody and I'm

not used to that sort of questioning. Bing is just an acquaintance.

"Can't a girl go out? Does it have to be a big romance? This whole thing is ruining my social life. Other men don't call me up. They think I'm Bing Crosby's girl. I'm no such thing. I guess Mona Freeman is his real girl friend."

Mona, however, denies this. "I've seen Bing maybe two or three times since he got back from Europe last summer," she asserts. "People keep calling me up and saying, 'I saw you with Crosby the other night.' I must have a double. I wasn't with him. All of these stories about my

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marrying Bing are just bunk. Bing and I are—well, I guess you'd call us pals. But there isn't the slightest chance of our getting married.

"He sent the cutest little puppy over to our house for a Christmas present. It's a little white Maltese dog. We've named him Smog. I did date Bing New Year's Eve but not since then."

CROSBY left Hollywood after the various New Year's celebrations to take care of his golf tournament up at Pebble Beach. Mona Freeman was his guest there, in spite of having denied any close friendship with him. One amateur photographer got a picture of them together, although they tried to avoid photographers. Before Miss Freeman was recognized, Bing was his usual nonchalant self.

"Of course I know Margot," he admitted. "And of course I've taken her out. She's a fine girl—wonderful secretary, too."

"Are your intentions serious?" Bing was asked.

"I'd like to take her out to dinner again." He chuckled.

"Would you like to marry her?"

"I'm not marrying anyone right now," he answered.

"How long have you known Margot James? Is she your girl?"

"We've had wonderful weather up here," Bing said. "Just perfect for golf."

A few minutes after that conversation Bing called Margot James in Hollywood.

"Reporters bothering you?" he asked.

"They sure are," Margot said good-naturedly.

"See what you're up against," Bing offered, "when you go out with me."

"I've got the answer," Margot said. "Don't go out. Just die."

Bing chuckled.

"How did they find out?" Margot asked.

"They find out everything," Bing said.

"Next time we'll have dinner under my car."

Just how serious they are about each other no one knows, perhaps not even Margot and Bing. All Hollywood knows is that Crosby apparently prefers young, beautiful, refined women.

As he approaches fifty, a young bride might help him to feel that he is younger. Conceivably, that young bride could be Margot James, Mona Freeman, or any girl of their type. Bing may not have stated his intentions, but certainly he has shown his taste—at least in dinner dates.

CERTAINLY Crosby needs a wife. Although he has thousands of acquaintances there is something about his nature that forbids very close friendship.

He keeps people at arm's length. Basically, perhaps, he is a sentimental Irishman embarrassed by sentiment. That might be why he has adopted a nonchalant façade.

In the presence of women he does not exude warmth. He is a fast man with a *bon mot*, but he gives the impression that he will bare his soul to no one.

Young women like Rosemary Clooney and Audrey Hepburn are attracted to Bing immediately, perhaps more because of their veneration for him than because of his personal magnetism.

Besides his wife Dixie, Bing has never had any really close women friends, never any confidante to share his problems.

Bing's close friends have always been men, fellows like his gag-writer Bill Morrow and his attorney John O'Melveny.

O'Melveny says quite frankly, "From here on in, Bing plans to taper off. He and I are working out his gradual retirement. We've set up trust funds for the boys. We've taken care of the other business angles. And one of these days, Bing will just slip out of the limelight. His career is fulfilled and he has plenty of money,

BING CROSBY'S ASSETS

Bing Crosby has one of the largest personal fortunes in show business. By 1954, he was worth an estimated \$14,850,000.

Most of his money comes from the following sources:

1. OIL WELLS in Scurry County, Texas, which he owns jointly with Bob Hope and millionaire Texan Monty Moncrief.

2. DECROS CORPORATION, a partnership with Decca Records.

3. CROSBY INVESTMENT CORPORATION, a holding operation for securities, real estate, and the trust funds of the four Crosby boys, plus a 20% investment in the Pittsburgh Pirates.

4. CROSBY-JAYSON, INC., a partnership with a shirt company that makes the Bing Crosby Casual Shirt.

5. BING'S THINGS, INC., a company which produces toys and children's games.

6. BING CROSBY ENTERPRISES, an organization which owns the existing contracts between Bing and CBS, Paramount Pictures and General Electric. For those three companies Crosby turns out radio programs, motion pictures, and TV shows.

7. BING CROSBY ENTERPRISES, INC., another corporation with an electronics division and a TV film production division. The TV division produces films, already more than 150 half-hour jobs for Procter & Gamble and other sponsors. The electronics division distributes Ampex Tape Recording equipment.

8. BING CROSBY MINUTE MAID DISTRIBUTING CO. which owns the distribution rights in five western states for frozen fruit juices. Crosby also owns 20,000 shares of the parent company, Minute Maid, Inc.

9. BING CROSBY ICE CREAM SALES, a licensing operation for the use of Crosby's name on ice cream items.

Crosby used to own radio and TV stations in Monterrey, California, and Spokane, Washington, but these have recently been liquidated to pay the inheritance tax on the estate of the late Dixie Lee Crosby.

Crosby says that of all his enterprises he personally takes care of only three. "I look after the golf tournament up at Pebble Beach, the ranch in Elko and my own personal expenses. Jack O'Melveny takes care of everything else."

and my own opinion is that he wants to play a little and work a little. Eventually, he'll probably abandon his radio show. Every now and then, if he particularly likes a script, I think he'll make a movie."

No one in the entire Crosby organization will dare to comment on Crosby's marital intentions, his dates with Margot James and Mona Freeman and Ghislaine de Boysson in Paris last summer.

One brave girl who has worked intermittently for Bing, says, "I feel very sorry for him. Every time he goes out with a girl the eyes of the world are upon him."

"I guess he likes young girls. He's rarely seen with anyone over thirty. But how would it seem if he married a girl who was only a couple of years older than his oldest son, Gary?"

"I guess you know that he takes a dictaphone wherever he goes. When he has a spare minute he answers his personal mail. Maybe if he married a secretary he'd have more time for golf!"

"Choosing a wife is a private decision, and most men can marry any girl they choose. But Bing has such tremendous fame that it impinges on his private life, and that's what he hates the most. For twenty years, he has been hounded and followed and tracked down by the press. I think that's why he goes to Europe so much. Nobody bothers him over there."

THE GIRL who marries Crosby will have her hands full. Aside from the many Crosby business enterprises, there are the four Crosby boys.

"Now that Dixie's gone," he has said, "they really need a lot of attention. They're normal, healthy youngsters. If they're not taken care of, they'll run wild."

Bing's wife would necessarily share in raising the Crosby clan. This would call for tact and diplomacy, since all four boys remember their mother with overwhelming love. Certainly, no one could substitute for Dixie.

Bing also owns a few homes. There's the mansion in Holmby Hills, the big house in Pebble Beach (known to real estate men as "Everett's Folly"—brother Everett took bids for its construction and the house has been up for sale for more than a year with no buyers). There's the summer lodge at Hayden Lake, Idaho, the tremendous ranch at Elko, Nevada, and the newest Crosby house in Palm Springs.

That makes five residences. To move in and become mistress of these properties takes courage, knowledge, experience and background. A wife who could do it would be extremely difficult to find. Bing's friends are mostly athletes, show people and plain, unsophisticated people. Where is he likely to meet a girl able to help him to oversee his vast holdings?

A girl who wants to continue a career would hardly be suitable. When he took out Audrey Hepburn one time, there was speculation that Audrey was one of the few young women in the movies with the proper background for a Mrs. Crosby.

As far as it went it was true, but probably Audrey Hepburn would not give up her career at this point for anyone. Bing has always insisted that two careers in one family are one too many. Dixie abandoned hers although she was much more famous than Bing when they married.

BING KNOWS that he must be extremely careful in choosing his dates. That is why there have been so few. Bing likes to hunt, fish, ride and golf. Few girls are able to keep up with him in these. Presumably, they wouldn't be expected to.

A girl who has sung on Crosby's radio show many times says, "I'd be scared silly to marry Bing. To begin with, he's settled in his ways. That means the wife would have to do all of the adapting."

"Then, too, I'd always know that people were staring at me to see if I measured up—to see if I were good enough for him. Everyone would compare me to Dixie."

"Bing is almost fifty years old. In another ten years he'll be an old man, probably a grandfather. He should marry a woman who is forty, at least, maybe a little older. He needs a woman of experience who can cope with things."

"I can see his going out with young girls for kicks, but I'm sure he's not thinking of marrying them. He's too sensible."

What does Bing think of a future marriage? What does he have to say?

"I might get married again," he admits, "if I could find the right girl, and if the right girl would have me. It's all up to God."

END

dutch treat

(Continued from page 39) Rhine right to her garden which was smack in the Nazi battle lines. Only when the earth shuddered beneath her and a blast tumbled her off the pad did she wake up and realize this wasn't her routine nightmare. It was real. Bits of gravel peppered her skin and shell fragments whined wickedly past her ears.

Edda dug the earth with her nails. For agonized seconds she quivered there expecting to be blown to oblivion. Finally the barrage moved on and she crawled back to her cellar door, shaking. She never wanted to try that again.

Edda van Heemstra shed her Dutch alias after the war. She uses her real name now—Audrey Hepburn.

Last October Audrey faced another kind of bombardment in Hollywood where she was making her first American movie, *Sabrina Fair*. This time the big guns could be labeled Skepticism, Challenge, Envy and Resentment. They were loaded, aimed and set to wham away at her. After all, Audrey was a foreigner, also a one-picture sensation with a royal aura collected in *Roman Holiday*. She was young and deliciously attractive. Worse than that, she was extravagantly hailed as the new wonder of the film world. There were rumors of attractive Hollywood men like Gregory Peck and Kirk Douglas going mushy over the girl abroad. What a target!

But the battery never opened up. Audrey spiked it. When she flew away to Broadway in December, Hollywood had capitulated. Audrey Hepburn did more than conquer Hollywood. She enchanted it.

Humphrey Bogart, who usually snarls at his colleagues on the set, especially if they seem high and mighty, cooed like a turtledove when Audrey was around. He gave a dinner party in her honor and Baby Bacall loved her. Hepburn's other co-star, William Holden, who can be belligerent about his privacy, even served tea (which he hates) to Audrey and her friends in his dressing room. Bing Crosby, who never visits any sets around Paramount, visited Audrey's like a little boy lost with the excuse that he wanted to keep his French from getting rusty. Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, on one side of Audrey's dressing room, lapsed into reverent sanity for the entire two months. Danny Kaye, on the other side, confined his brash gags to one mild attempt. "I'm going to bore a hole through this wall," he threatened. "How nice. Please do," invited Audrey.

No ONE was exempt from Audrey Hepburn's amazing spell. Director Billy Wilder, who spends his days prodding stars into performances over their heads, raved, "She's Mickey Mantle. She can do anything. There's no one like her." Hardbitten grips, props and juicers conducted themselves like courteous pageboys around Audrey. "I don't know exactly why," one confessed. "Here this kid has the red carpet rolled out all over the place, and ordinarily that's a sickening sight to a working stiff. But for her it looked right." Disillusioned Paramount press agents mooned like schoolboys and dug the dictionary for high flown adjectives. They produced "mesmerizing, fey, stately, elfin, wise, ravishing and vibrant." Everyone else on the Paramount lot, from studio chief Don Hartman to the lowliest messenger boy, sang praises and cooked up excuses to collect a glance from her tilted eyes or a phrase from her Mona Lisa lips. Cynical reporters arrived primed to debunk Audrey and departed as putty-noodled as the news-hawk Greg Peck played in *Roman Holiday*—and with blank notebooks.

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THE TRYST THAT FAILED

*The O'Connors tried,
but their reunion
laid a bomb!*



■ At the moment, Donald O'Connor is the box office champ of Las Vegas, having topped both Red Skelton and Marlene Dietrich in the Sahara Hotel's Conga Room. For each two-week engagement the attendance score reads—Red Skelton: 13,011. Marlene Dietrich: 17,800. Donald O'Connor: 13,466.

Donald's achievement is unique in that his fast moving show was not naughty. The public is convinced that young Mr. Show Business can do no wrong.

Backstage, viewpoints differ. Don's friends agree that he is a confused young man, much of his confusion coming from his soon-to-be-former

wife, Gwen. She came to his opening performance and word got out that the O'Connors would reconcile. Photographers and newsmen gathered outside Donald's dressingroom as Gwen entered—shyly. Twenty minutes later, she burst forth, a violently angry young lady. "There's going to be no reconciliation!" she snapped, slamming the door behind her.

Moments later, the door opened again and Donald peered out. Grinning sheepishly, he exclaimed, "I wonder what she's so upset about!" Then he withdrew.

What Mr. O'Connor said to Mrs. O'Connor may never be known. All sources refuse to comment. Some say Donald stipulated that Gwen must never see Dan Dailey again.

On Gwen's flying trip home from the reunion that didn't jell, Mr. Dailey met her at the airport. There are those who add that jealous as Don may be of Dan, Mrs. Don is more jealous of the ladies with whom her husband cavorts in his dancing acts and the money he gambles away.

Psychiatrists are now trying to untangle this unhappy situation for the young O'Connors. Perhaps Don loves Gwen and Gwen loves Don, but neither of them can understand it. 91

drey Hepburn said and did nothing provocative enough to make the "Personals" column of a weekly paper. She never entered a nightclub. She attended four dinner parties—at the Bogarts', Jack Bennys', Billy Wilders' and Stewart Grangers'. She went to the Ice Follies and the Sadler's Wells Ballet. On these occasions, Audrey's escorts were men much older than she. Groucho Marx took her to Bogey's and Bing Crosby to Benny's. Funnyman Phil Silvers beamed her to the ice show. Audrey took herself to the ballet.

She did nothing more startling than wearing pink matador pants a time or two and riding around the Paramount lot on the green bicycle Billy Wilder gave her. A studio limousine whisked her to and from a modest two-room penthouse apartment on Wilshire Boulevard, where the only verified steady visitor was a stray cat. There she cooked most of her own meals and usually sacked in from Saturday to Monday watching tv, listening to records, snoozing and reading scripts. Her free days around Paramount she trotted over to the dance barn and worked out with ballet exercises. A couple of times she went swimming in Jean Simmons' pool.

In short, about all Audrey Hepburn did in Hollywood was to make *Sabrina Fair*. By the time she left she was the most talked about actress in modern Hollywood history.

How come? What is this Hepburn magic? How can a girl on the spot spend nine weeks in a sensation-jaded place like Hollywood and, by doing nothing spectacular, leave it babbling poems of praise in her wake? How, for instance, could she make a glamour-gorged guy like Bill Holden get lyrical about her "elegance and fascinating formality?" Or a vet like Joan Crawford, who only caught a glimpse of her, call her "the greatest thing to happen to Hollywood in years." How, for that matter, could fans all over the land boost Audrey to the top box-office ten after only one picture? What's the girl got?

A first impression of Audrey is that the girl could stand a square meal. Five, seven, but only 110 pounds and with a twenty-inch waist, Audrey sports nothing

up and down her chassis that would make the boys in the front row cheer. She wears a size eight shoe and she has a small face perched on a long, gazelle-like neck. She holds her back straight and her slightly slanted nose seems always to be pulling everything up. She looks like one of those Pharaoh's daughters on an ancient papyrus scroll.

Looking at Audrey carefully, you can see that her teeth are not perfectly aligned, her nostrils flare and her dark hair seems to be carelessly cut. She has deep brown oversize eyes that come across in a curve, high and outside. Her black eyelashes are long and the thick eyebrows are perfect. The effect adds up to a new deal in Hollywood glamour. Neither pure beauty nor raw sex is what Audrey Hepburn gets across. Her personal charm is elusive, sophisticated and subtle. It's continental but cute—dignified but disarming.

AUDREY is gracefully informal. She takes you in but holds you off. The Dutch treat with the English accent talks well but tells nothing. If you ask a personal question she smiles sweetly and is silent as the sphinx. You wonder how you could ever, ever have been so *gauche*. She can sit as primly as a princess, wearing a suit by de Givenchey and kicking off her patent leather pumps to reveal pink toenails peeping through her nylons. It seems so correct that you wonder if you shouldn't kick off your own shoes. She can slop her coffee over the cup and it looks as though that's the only proper way to handle a teacup. She's in command of every situation all of the time. Audrey's undeniable attraction, in one word, is presence. Most Hollywood stars affect it but never quite attain it. That's why Audrey Hepburn has bowled them all over. With her it comes naturally, as it does with some other girls known as princesses. Playing a real one flawlessly, of course, is what brought Audrey to Hollywood.

Because that stock title sheet line, "resemblance to any living person is purely coincidental," is a joke when applied to *Roman Holiday*. It's common knowledge that the story was inspired by the English Princess Margaret's frolics on the Isle of Capri and the picture was released when

the rebellious young lady's romance with Commoner Peter Townsend was hot news. Choosing Audrey Hepburn to play Princess Meg on the screen was a happy piece of casting. In *Roman Holiday* you watched Audrey romping around Rome but you were also seeing Margaret Rose.

It wasn't all illusion. Audrey's resemblance to Princess Margaret was good luck. But a lot of what came across in *Roman Holiday* was the result of the same sort of disciplined, tutored childhood that the British princess had.

Audrey's mother is the Baroness van Heemstra, of a noble Dutch family. At one time their ancestral castle was Doorn, where the exiled Kaiser Wilhelm spent his last years chopping wood. Audrey's ancestors served Holland's royal house for generations. One of them, Baron Aernoud van Heemstra, governed the colony of Surinam for Her Majesty, Queen Wilhelmina. A cousin was adjutant at the royal Dutch court. Audrey's father was J. A. Hepburn-Ruston, an Irish-English businessman. Her parents were divorced when she was ten, and since then Audrey has had practically no contact with her father, who lives today in Ireland.

Audrey Hepburn was born in Brussels on May 4, 1929. Her first memories are of a big comfortable estate outside Brussels with servants, governess, pets and plenty of room to race around, playing with her two older half-brothers, by her mother's first marriage. Serious whooping cough almost killed her at six weeks. Later, she became a skinny kid, but healthy and never coddled for a minute. Her program was rigorous. She learned French as well as English. At four she was sent to school in England as her parents shuttled between the British Isles and Holland. Audrey's clothes were especially made for her; her behavior carefully coached. She was introduced to opera and ballet as soon as she could sit still in a theatre seat. She traveled all over Europe with her parents.

This left little time for play or such frivolities as the movies. "I never knew what a 'fan' was or what the word 'star' meant until I made pictures myself in England," Audrey confesses. "Until I was eighteen I had seen only three—and they were Austrian or German."

So you couldn't call Audrey Hepburn's childhood normal in the American sense. It was sheltered in the aristocratic European manner, with emphasis on training in the arts. There was something to study and master every minute. Soon a determined passion for ballet dancing and then the war made her all but isolated.

SHE HAD started dancing classes at five. At ten she attended a performance of the Sadler's Wells Ballet and walked out with visions of a ballerina's career dancing in her head. But the thunderclouds of war were already rolling up, and before them the violent gusts of political struggles. They swept away Audrey Hepburn's security. Her father joined Sir Oswald Mosley's Fascist Black Shirts. Her mother soon divorced him and took Audrey back to Holland and the family home outside Arnhem. Then one day the Nazi tide swept across the Low Countries and remained for six years.

At first the conquerors were painfully correct. Audrey's life went on about as planned. She studied violin, piano, singing and, of course, dancing. She was one of the first pupils at the Arnhemse Dansschool, whose leading ballerina, Madame Winja Marova, still sighs regretfully, "She should never have entered pictures. A fine ballerina was lost." Maybe so. Certainly Adriaantje (Dutch for "Little Audrey," as they called her) was as graceful as a sprite and for a long time lived the almost

the soothsayer said it



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cloistered life of a ballet novice. Soon she used her dancing in another way—to help raise money for Dutch resistance.

The Nazi screws tightened. Hobnailed boots clattered over the brick pavements at night and people Audrey knew vanished as the terror spread. Her cousin was executed and her uncle was shot for implication in a sabotage plot. Audrey changed her name to Edda van Heemstra and spoke only Dutch in the streets. At night she slipped out to *verboden* gatherings at homes of underground leaders, dancing and passing the hat for money to help carry on the resistance. By day, sometimes, notes that could have sent her to prison nestled in the toe of her stocking—messages to Dutch underground leaders.

Understandably, Audrey Hepburn doesn't like to talk about those days. Besides the Nazi terror there was the hunger and cold, the desperate problems of trying to exist in a plundered land. The winters were bitter with no coal and often only runty greens to eat. Audrey still drools when she sees rich food—but she still gets a stomach ache when she eats it.

The worst time of all came right before liberation. Around Arnhem hopes leaped wildly when the British picked that town for the first airborne landing. The Union Jack came out of hidden places and people cheered as Tommies dropped from the skies. But somebody blundered. A Nazi panzer division, undetected, was waiting and moved in. It massacred the British in one of the greatest fiascos of the war.

"After that," remembers Audrey, "we lived in a ghost town, although you couldn't say we lived. We stayed alive."

The Germans evacuated the city, taking everything. Arnhem was dead. Audrey's house was outside Arnhem, right in the German lines. For seven months she huddled with her relatives in the cellar as bombardments made the earth heave around her. She risked her life every time she popped her head out. That's when the craving for fresh air overcame the fear of being blown to bits and she took that sunbath and almost got killed.

In April, 1945, Arnhem was liberated by General Montgomery. Audrey could breathe again, but she was a different person. Maybe it's that background that makes Audrey Hepburn a baffling personality in Hollywood, surprisingly mature in some ways and shyly naive in others.

Things were easier for Audrey Hepburn after V-E day, but the family fortune was wrecked. Her mother went to work as a decorator helping to restore ruined Dutch homes. Audrey went back to ballet school. She studied in Amsterdam and The Hague, helping to pay her way by working as a fashion mannequin. At nineteen, when she had made enough progress and saved a small stake, she went to London alone to try out for Madame Marie Rambert's famous advanced ballet school. She

bought a round trip ticket in Holland, but tight money restriction allowed her to take only five pounds—then about fifteen dollars. Madame Rambert took her into her own house with some other promising pupils. There was no money from home. To keep her body, soul and ambition together Audrey didn't act like either a princess or a *prima ballerina*. She acted like a chorus girl.

AUDREY landed first in the second row chorus of the English production of *High Button Shoes*. Even in that obscure spot, both her grace and appeal stood out. She kicked her willowy legs in other spicily titled revues like *Sauce Tartare* and *Sauce Piquant*. She picked up jobs in night clubs and bits around London's movie studios. It was a big moment for Audrey Hepburn when she actually played a talking bit—as the cigarette girl in the opening shot of *The Lavendar Hill Mob*.

She landed a honeymooning bride bit in a minor British film romp called *Monte Carlo Baby*, mainly because she could handle both the English and French versions. That took her on location to the gamblers' Principality of Monaco. The day Audrey played her quickie role in the lobby of the Hotel de Paris she also hit the jackpot.

The aging French author, Colette, whose novel, *Gigi*, was being dramatized for Broadway, spied Audrey from her wheelchair. There was the teen-age heroine of her sophisticated book. "There's *Gigi*," she said. Colette was right.

A few months later Audrey opened in *Gigi* at the Fulton Theatre in New York, playing the title role. She had never before acted on the stage. Besides a few dramatics lessons in London she had no training for such a debut. She had never been to America and knew no one. The pressure on the twenty-two-year-old untitled, unknown girl was terrific. If she flopped . . . ! But Audrey Hepburn didn't flop—she made a hit. The first night, walking off stage, the manager complained, "I don't know how you're going to get inside your dressing room. It's full of flowers." When Audrey did get inside there were Helen Hayes and Marlene Dietrich, fabulous names to her, waiting to hug and congratulate her. Critics raved about the new star. They've been raving ever since. It looked easy for Audrey Hepburn. But it wasn't.

Butterflies fluttered in her flat tummy then. The next day Producer Gilbert Miller said, "Audrey, may I see you for a minute, out in front of the house?" She remembers thinking, "This is it. I'm going to be sacked." Miller gravely walked her out under the marquee. Then he grinned. "Take a look!" Workmen on ladders were hanging up new letters. They spelled out, "AUDREY HEPBURN."

LATER in London director William Wyler was poking around for a girl to play Princess Anne. He has said frankly, "When she first came to see me I thought she was skinny and colorless. I didn't think she had a thing." He granted a short film test anyway—the bed scene from *Roman Holiday*—but he wasn't interested enough to stay in London and see how it came out. If the cameraman hadn't kept shooting after the scene and caught Audrey hugging her knees with a relieved giggle, Paramount might have scribbled "N.G." on the effort back in Hollywood. But in that brief flash the real Hepburn charm came through and Don Hartman has a quick eye for charm. He cabled, "Sign her." The butterflies are still with Audrey. "Every night is opening night to me," she says. "After all, you have to deliver the goods." They were there when she delivered the goods in Rome for a notoriously



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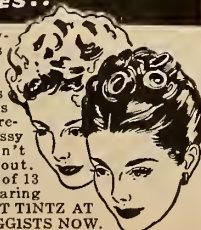
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critical director, William Wyler, and in spite of a very sympathetic Gregory Peck. They were with her when she stepped on the set of *Sabrina Fair*. They're with her right now on Broadway playing in *Ondine*. They're always with Audrey Hepburn beneath her cool, calm exterior. They are with most champs. But they never make her lose her head.

Audrey Hepburn may become the biggest star in Hollywood, as William Wyler has predicted. Or she may be only a morning glory as far as Hollywood is concerned.

"This is the most trying time of my life," she says. "I'm just a publicity star now. I've been made by good writers and directors, but I'm still a shadow. I can't have substance until the public gives it to me."

Well, the public gave it to her in both *Gigi* and *Roman Holiday*. But the sensitive European girl of Colette's play was almost Audrey Hepburn herself. And so was hookey-playing Princess Anne of *Roman Holiday*. Will there always be naturals like that for her? The odds are against it. Audrey Hepburn is so extraordinarily fascinating because she is unique. First reports on *Sabrina Fair*, where Audrey plays a chauffeur's daughter, say she's every bit as enchanting as in *Roman Holiday*. But Audrey herself has admitted, "I haven't any real acting ability. I'm still learning." And her staunchest supporter at present, Billy Wilder, has said, "I don't know. Maybe she's too good for the general public." In short, the jury is still out on whether or not Audrey Hepburn will continue to be a Hollywood sensation. There are a couple of other things that could line up against that prospect, too: Absence—and a heart that has no trouble growing fond.

Audrey left Hollywood last December and she may not return until 1955. That's when her next picture commitment comes up at Paramount. Her contract binds her to only one a year and she has already made it for 1954. It may be a full year or more before Hollywood sees her again. Few great movie careers have been built that way. Audrey herself has shown no burning desire to concentrate on one. "I don't want to stay in one place. I want to go everywhere and do everything," she has said. "It's the only way you learn." One ambition is to do a musical in London or New York. That's why, even as she made *Sabrina Fair*, Audrey worked on her dancing and singing.

Asked when she would return, she shrugged. "I don't know. It depends on how long my play runs and whether I'll make a picture in Europe after that or not. But I think I'll take a holiday—per-

haps in Italy, or in the south of France. Or maybe I'll take a long trip."

"Alone?"

Audrey smiled. "With my mother perhaps," she said. "I might visit relatives." Audrey still has relatives scattered all over, as far away as Indonesia where her two half-brothers, Ian and Alexander, work for the Royal Dutch Oil Company.

SINCE CHRISTMAS, Audrey has lived with her mother in a New York apartment. She has no other home. She isn't planning to have either a husband or a home soon. Audrey is very positive about that in a general sort of way. "Not with a career," she explains. "I don't want a sloppy, long-distance marriage. You have to give up something." If she does fall in love, she says, that will come first and a home and the hope of children will end her career—like that—the minute she says, "I do." On her record, you might not buy that. But it's a possibility.

Audrey Hepburn has already demonstrated that she is no cold potato beneath her placid poise. She has already been engaged to James Hanson, an attractive and wealthy young English businessman. She was picking out her trousseau in Rome during *Roman Holiday*. But when she went back to London—and returned to Italy for retakes—the marriage was off.

At the same time it was noted that Gregory Peck and Audrey were having fun together in the Eternal City, not all recorded by a camera. Greg was then estranged from his wife Greta—and people put two and two together. They didn't quite add up to four and there's no indication that they ever will.

The Pecks seem to have made up and Audrey says she didn't even get a postcard from Greg in Hollywood. But if Audrey is as free as the birds right now, no one who knows her expects her to stay that way. Every man she works with gets gone on the girl and already rumors are that Mel Ferrer, her co-star in *Ondine*, is no exception. Audrey will be twenty-five this May and it's hard to imagine her winding up playing *The Old Maid*.

But whether all these ifs and buts keep Audrey Hepburn away or bring her back to Hollywood, the town will never be quite the same. On her Hollywood holiday, Audrey may not have lighted up the playgrounds of the movie capital the way she revved up the ruins of Rome—but the general effect was the same. The girl who arrived on the spot left in the spotlight—simply by doing and being nothing but her own enchanting self.

END

why hollywood is sore at eddie fisher

(Continued from page 36) been advised against taking a test."

Why should Eddie Fisher refuse a screen test? Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, Rosemary Clooney, Nelson Eddy, practically everyone in the business has gladly submitted to a test. Not Eddie.

One Paramount executive who had talked with Eddie and his representatives said, "It sure beats me. We explained to the kid that the screen test would serve as a protection for him as well as for us. 'After all,' I said, 'you wouldn't want to be in a picture if you looked silly or your real personality didn't come across.' He just wouldn't give ground."

Fisher's representative, on the other hand, retaliates with, "Why should he take a test? He's on television twice a week. Anyone who's interested in buying him can see exactly what he looks like, exactly how he projects his personality, exactly

how he delivers a song. What else could be necessary?"

"Besides, I think it's pretty important that the studio offered to sign him without a test a year ago. I think that was for some picture Freddie Finklehoff had written. Now all of a sudden they want to test him. Eddie isn't an unknown quantity. They can see what they're getting."

STUDIO executives insist that you can't see anything until it's on film shot at the home base in Hollywood. "There was plenty of film on Audrey Hepburn," one of them remarked, "stuff made of her in Europe. But we wouldn't take a chance on her for *Roman Holiday* until a top-notch director like Willie Wyler tested her himself.

"I know Fisher has made plenty of money. His records have sold more than five million copies. I know he doesn't



Eddie Fisher, on TV's *Youth Wants To Know*, with moderator Chuck Saxon (Modern Screen ed.) said he was eager to be in movies.

need the job. But I still can't understand why he won't go for a test.

"He says he doesn't need one, but how does he know? He's never been in pictures. He's only a kid. We think he's making a big mistake. His agents say that we're making a mistake. Maybe so. Only we can't afford to invest two million dollars in a picture and have the singing star come out a great big flop.

"I remember only a year or so ago when Metro brought out a kid, Russell Nype, who starred with Ethel Merman in *Call Me Madam*. He was great on the stage but on film his personality didn't come over. He's good on tv but on tv the problems are different."

In all fairness to Eddie, it must be said that the young crooner finds himself in an awkward spot. He's in the middle of an argument which he didn't start.

He keeps saying, "I've got unlimited faith in my manager, Milt Blackstone. When I was really down on my luck and things looked blackest, he's the guy who set me up. A couple of years ago when I went back to Philadelphia convinced that I'd never make a go of it in show business, it was Milt who got me back in at Grossinger's, and it was Milt who helped me get most of the breaks.

"It would be stupid and ungrateful of me not to follow his advice."

Fisher is also represented by MCA, the largest talent agency in the world. These men know most of the answers. Probably they want Paramount to sign Eddie first; then if his screen test should not turn out well, he'd still get a lot of money.

So Paramount is testing another tv singer, Julius LaRosa; and it may well be that if he gets the right roles, LaRosa will develop into the motion picture star that Eddie Fisher might have been.

Some think Julie doesn't sing as well as Eddie, but he does have warmth, good looks and an electric charm.

THIS is not to say that Hollywood has irrevocably turned thumbs down on Eddie Fisher. The kid from Philadelphia may yet wind up on the Paramount lot. But right now the negotiations are finished, and the studio is looking elsewhere for young talent. And there's an unkind rumor in the wind that Eddie's success has gone to his head.

A Hollywood photographer who covers the nightclub beat, says, "He acted like a prima donna out here. One night he came into Mocambo with Mamie Van Doren and some other people. Naturally, we moved in and began to focus.

"Next thing you know, he jumped up and yelled, 'None of that. No pictures.' And he ran out of the room.

"We were kind of flabbergasted. He'd flown out here from the east to appear on a tv show with Eddie Cantor and Frank Sinatra. The network boys took pictures and he had no objections. We want to photograph him with this babe and he balks.

"All I can say is that if Eddie Fisher doesn't want to be photographed with any of his dates, particularly a luscious armful like that Van Doren doll, then he shouldn't be taking them to the Mocambo."

Mamie Van Doren, the Universal-International starlet who dated Eddie in Hollywood, says, "Of course he's changed. He has more confidence in himself—more assurance. It's only to be expected.

"I first met him in New York when we were doing *Million Dollar Baby*, a Monte Proser show in his Cafe Theatre. I was a showgirl and I think this was Eddie's first show. He was very sweet and I guess maybe a little scared, but he'd been around and he knew the big city. I was from South Dakota. I wasn't in love with him—it wasn't anything like that—but we did go around on dates.

"He didn't have much money and someone, I think it was a girl in the line, told me Eddie was crazy about a little Irish girl named Joan Wynne, who was working at the Copa. But I didn't mind.

"Eddie has always been a nice guy. His career has always come first with him. I knew that right away. Girls were just incidental to him.

"We used to take walks near Central Park and down Broadway at midnight. And with all those neon signs and the crowds milling around and the restaurants open, it was very glamorous, very big-time, and it was wonderful being with Eddie.

"I'll tell you this about Eddie. He's got a very warm personality and he's very lucky because he's always known what he wanted in life. He wanted to sing and to entertain, and that's what he's doing.

"After he went into the Army I came out to Hollywood. One day he called. He was in uniform and I can't remember if he was on his way to Korea or coming back from there. Anyway, he said he was down at the Beverly Hills Hotel and wouldn't I go out with him. And of course I did. He looked fine.

"And then this last time a few weeks ago. He was here for the Eddie Cantor show and after it was over he called me again and asked, 'How about dinner?'

"I'm always glad to hear from Eddie and I said, 'Sure.' First we went to Romanoff's. After that we drove with another couple to the Mocambo to hear Eartha Kitt. Eddie was absolutely a perfect gentleman. He always is. The captain seated us, and then in a little while the photographers came over and began to take pictures of us. All of a sudden Eddie jumped up as if someone had lit a fire under him. He pushed the table away and ran out in the lobby, and there I was, sitting by myself and wondering what was wrong with the guy.

"Afterward he was sore at himself and felt kind of silly for behaving that way. He tried to make up for it. 'Look,' he said. 'I promised Guy Mitchell we'd go over to Ciro's and catch his act.' But by then I'd had enough. 'Just take me home,' I said. 'This isn't our night.'

"He apologized again and took me home, and he was just as sweet as he could be.

"Do I think he's changed? Of course he's changed. He's got more money for one thing. He can take a girl to Romanoff's for dinner. When I met him, Romanoff's was just a place he read about in a movie magazine. And naturally money has done things for his ego, his security.



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But it hasn't given him a big head or anything like that. He's always had both feet on the ground. He never puts on airs and I don't think he ever will.

"Eddie is loaded with common sense. I hope we'll always be friends. The thing to remember is that he's under a lot of pressure. And when a guy is under pressure he's bound to flip his lid once in a while.

"I'm sure Eddie would never do anything to harm anyone. He'll do anything to be cooperative and running away from those photographers—well, it was just one of those things."

Another of Fisher's friends interprets the Mocambo incident differently. "This kid," he says, "is blessed with a lot of professional wisdom. There he is in the Mocambo with one of the sexiest starlets in the business. He is sponsored on radio and tv by Coca-Cola. He realizes that his following consists mostly of teen-agers. How are these teen-agers going to react to a picture of him in their newspapers with a sexy blonde at his left, a scotch and soda at his right? (Fisher doesn't drink.) How will his sponsor react? He can't take chances on a question like that.

"He did the right thing. He got out before the photographers loused him up. No one is going to look after Eddie unless he looks after himself. This boy lives a clean life. The only thing he's interested in is his career. Anything you hear that conveys a different impression is 100% wrong.

"For some reason everyone seems anxious to marry him off. He's young. He's got plenty of time for marriage."

Eddie himself says, "I think thirty might be a good age for marriage. But who knows? I'd like to find a girl who was right for me. Just what she'll be like or where I'll find her I don't know. I certainly don't expect to remain a bachelor

or to rule out marriage because my career takes so much of my time."

Eddie Fisher has been fabulously lucky in that he came on the show business scene at a time when the younger set was ready for a new singer. Most of his popular recordings were originally scheduled to be sung by Mario Lanza, one of RCA Victor's top money-makers.

For the last two years Lanza has been unable to do any sustained work. He has recorded only four sides.

In that same two years Eddie Fisher has been busy. He not only took over Lanza's number-one recording berth at RCA, but he replaced Mario on the Coca-Cola radio show and inherited his tremendous teenage following.

Should Lanza ever return to the recording wars, should he start making motion pictures again or go out on personal appearance tours, possibly Eddie Fisher would lose some of his amazing popularity. Although Eddie is a competent baritone, his voice has not developed classical range yet. Music lovers don't make the concentrated rush for Eddie's discs that they once made for Lanza's.

Eddie hopes to come to Hollywood and to make motion pictures. He is sorry for his behavior at the Mocambo. In the future he will be more circumspect. But right now he is riding the crest of his popularity. The whole world seems good, golden, and glorious. Teen-age girls outside the stage entrance of New York's Paramount Theatre are still writing on the walls in red crayon, "Eddie Fisher is the most."

Under these circumstances it probably doesn't seem too important to Eddie that he has ruffled Hollywood's sensitive feathers. Next time he will straighten out everything. And there undoubtedly will be a next time. Hollywood doesn't give up easily on money makers. **END**

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what makes stanwyck tick?

(Continued from page 54) and got to know your business cold, you were a success. After that, there are no problems except staying a success—and that's no more a problem than walking a tightrope across Niagara Falls. But it helps—it does help—if you know one helluva lot about tight-rope walking."

MISS STANWYCK paused, considered, stubbed out a cigarette, got a light for another, sat back in a modified lounge chair with the prim, straight-backed posture of a little girl whose mother has taught her to sit like a lady at all times, and considered some more. She was wearing a short, full skirt and a sweater, a hunk or two of casual jewelry and a somewhat furrowed look around the brow.

"No doubt," she said after a while, "I've gone on about this before. You might even call it one of my favorite go-on-abouters. But probably there's something to it. Look, you take a man, a young man—or a girl—who has been in your particular shop for, say, a year, and say to him suddenly: 'You are now our star salesman.' Or your star front man, or what have you. 'We will send out a barrage of letters and fanfare,' you say, 'announcing you as such. Thus customer resistance will be beaten to a pulp before you even show your face. From there on all you have to do is keep breathing.' Well, it isn't as easy as that. Or if it is—and once in a while it is—it shouldn't be. Where does the poor kid stand? He doesn't know—oh, shipping—he doesn't know production, he doesn't know the clerical end, he doesn't know tooling or purchasing. He

just doesn't know. But he's Mr. Big. Without the background. So if he falls on his face, who's to blame? A person? A system? I don't know. But I'm not sure it's the best way in the world to run a railroad."

Nor even the second best, offered another person, muttering about balloons. A balloon was a little, limp nothing. You blew it up and it was a big, fat nothing. But it was still nothing.

"That's true and it isn't," said Miss S. "Because sometimes they shoot it full of helium instead of just air and it keeps rising. It's a funny thing, but the phony inflation of a personality *does* sometimes work, and all your arguments fall apart. You're right but you're wrong—and they can prove it. Pictures are no business for the scientific minds or the engineers. They'd go berserk in no time. There are stars, big stars, out here who have traveled to the moon on nothing but a gimmick—and more power to them. May I make a point of that, by the way? I wouldn't want you to think that as one of the busy beavers myself, I envy or—deplete success of any kind. That's not Girl Scout talk; it's true. I like to see it happen, whether it's rigged to a gimmick or what they call in the front office, genius. But you have to feel sorry for the youngsters who haven't got genius or a gimmick either, because then there's nothing left to fall back on but the things in the middle—some talent, a capacity for hard work, genuine ambition. And those things, all three together, aren't common. And even if the kid does have them all he's pretty vulnerable to premature publicity."

Vulnerable how?

"The talent's vulnerable because it's brought along too fast, like a flashy young

fighter being overmatched. I could name you names, but what would it prove? Please don't conjecture. I'm not talking about Marilyn Monroe, for instance. She's trying hard to leave the launching phase of her publicity behind her and she's developing into a fine comedienne. She's really ambitious. I'm coming to that. All right. The capacity for work is blunted by a kind of surface success being handed to you before you know what work is. You see? A youngster makes two pictures, has empty-ump magazine stories written about him, gets the A-treatment at Mocambo and he's in. Without working. So why work? And in a little while, when he's out again, he won't know why and perhaps he's incapacitated from ever learning, which is even worse. He's been a star, even if he wasn't really one. What is there after that?

"And ambition. By ambition, I mean wanting, truly wanting, to act, not simply to be an actor, a star. There's a world of difference. One wants in his heart and in his mind to learn to move an audience. The other wants only to sign autographs and be pointed out in nightclubs. That's not an ambition, it's a daydream. What the second wants may come to the first in the natural, healthy order of events. But the second should never leave home. They start with nothing, seek nothing and will get nothing."

MISS STANWYCK, as the foremost exponent of the husky, breathless, catch-in-the-throat delivery, has a bit of a gimmick of her own, but on her it looks incidental. Now in her twenty-second year of unquestioned stardom, she has incited inestimable millions of people to tears, wrath and the deepest sort of male breathing (e.g., *Double Indemnity*, in which Miss S. portrayed a trollop so artfully as to make the Johnston Office uncertain whether to write a new rule or just wash its hands of the whole business). For such undeviating polish, Miss Stanwyck has a word of her own, which covers all the adjectives in splendidly succinct fashion. She necessarily does not apply it to herself—although it certainly does apply—but to such highly respected colleagues as Shirley Booth, Thelma Ritter, Clifton Webb, Bette Davis, Ingrid Bergman, Ralph Bellamy and many others. The word is "pro."

"It says everything," avers Miss Stanwyck. "There are the pros and the non-pros. The pros have it. They are the actors. One of the classic examples here in pictures is Bill Holden. I'm prejudiced, sure. The Holdens are dear friends. But Bill did it the slow way, the sure way, the quiet way. He had good pictures and fair ones and bad ones. The bad ones got him down. I told him to forget it and learn from them what he could. He would have anyway, but I told him. He plugged ahead, another beaver like me. Bobby-soxers didn't mob him. He didn't get empty-thousand letters a month before he'd opened his mouth on a screen. But he learned and he grew. Now look at him, this wonderful run of great pictures, beginning with *Stalag 17*—and you won't mind my mentioning *Executive Suite*? That's what I'm talking about. Bill can be around forever if he wants to, just because he built and was built from the bottom instead of the top. It can be cruel the other way around and sometimes needlessly so. I'm not trying to tell the masterminds how to run their business, because they know how. But what can be good for the business can be bad, very bad, for the player. I have no reforms. It's the way it's done. The rules of the jungle didn't come from Frank Merriwell. But, now and then to survive you've got to be good and tough. Or tough and good."

Well, who, for example, had been clawed and survived?

"Bob Taylor was one," said Miss Stan-

wyck without breaking stride. "He had this 'Pretty Boy' label pasted on him. Girl fans hiding under the bed. It was nonsense and all the wrong kind. It antagonized people more than anything else. It almost knocked Bob cold. He'd come home some nights and—Well, that's beside the point. But he stuck with it. Because he's an actor, a good actor, and now he has proved it. But I don't think those days were easy."

Miss Stanwyck would please excuse it, but there had been reports that—

"No," she said sharply. "We're good friends again. At last. It took some doing. But—no. A flat and final no. I am good and sick of conjecture, too. Conjecture is the cheapest thing in the world. We'll eat dinner together or go out to a nightclub, and yackety-yackety-yack. People simply don't know what they're talking about. I know what I know; Bob knows what he knows. They don't."

But a partial reconciliation had been affected—?

"I don't know what you call a reconciliation. We've gone back to getting on well, that's what I'm trying to say. And that's all."

But even that much had not been easy?

"Easy? It was terrible. For a year I was so bitter, I—I— Well, I don't know. Bob wanted to be friends right along. Not me. Then gradually— Well, he's a nice guy to be with. Always was. You've got me off the track, though. My point was that Bob was exposed to cheap publicity and ridicule, and survived it. Not many do. The ones that can survive are the good ones. Vic Mature. He got off to a bumpy start. Too fast, too bumpy. The beautiful hunk of man and so forth. It might have seemed great then but he knows better now. But Vic got by it, too, because he's a fine actor and he's proved it and it can't be denied. But take those two and only a handful of others, and I can't name you a single player who was victimized—and I do mean victimized—by freak promotion who's up there today. Up there solid, I mean. It just doesn't do them any good."

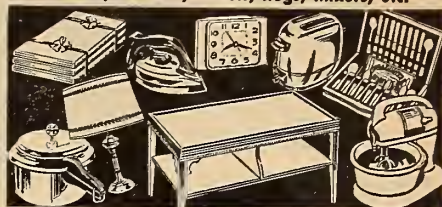
THE CAUSE of Miss Stanwyck's decision to divorce Robert Taylor after more than eleven years of marriage is not, of course, wholly unknown, but neither are any of the guesses notably documented or authorized. A close friend of Miss Stanwyck, queried point blank on the subject, has said with a kind of tired frankness: "Certainly I know the answer. Why should I lie to you? I'm one of the very few who do. And to provide it to you or to anyone else would be an inexcusable invasion of privacy. And that's about the truest statement you can hear or read on the matter."

As to whether Miss Stanwyck has a new male interest, the reply is substantially the same. That portion of her private life open to general survey these days does not tend to encourage any reckless chitchat about romance. When she's not working—which is rare—she's up at about eight-thirty in the morning, in her pool by eight-forty-five and tearing into a breakfast steak by nine. A little later she'd just as soon play tennis if her partner will swear not to hit her over the head with his racket, because Miss Stanwyck's tennis isn't what it once was. Nor her golf. In fact, her golf never was. Golf looked like a cinch to Miss Stanwyck after tennis, merely a problem of hitting a little old stationary object from here over to there. But first there was the problem of hitting the little old stationary object in the first place and that was the one she failed to master. Always raising her head to gaze with the look of eagles down the fairway to see where the ball had gone, which was nowhere, largely because she'd raised her head.

"In golf," Miss Stanwyck has snarled on

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occasion, "either you hit it and can't see it or you see it and can't hit it."

Evenings, she likes to have friends in for music and conversation but absolutely no word games like Scrabble. They set Miss S.'s teeth on edge. Maybe an early movie with her close friend and personal publicist, Helen Ferguson, one-time screen star who now operates a glossy public relations salon in Beverly Hills. Maybe reading until four A.M. Miss Stanwyck is an omnivorous reader, who'll sail happily through anything from a pocket whodunit to Arnold Toynbee. She has no taste for nightclubs and will go only to hear a favorite entertainer—and then only to the early show. Then back to West Los Angeles as fast as her very fast car and the Los Angeles ground rules will permit.

She is a woman to whom "order" is a word with obsessive overtones. She clocks her engagements and diversions to split seconds and is actually pre-punctual for dates. "You wouldn't think," a friend has said, "of dropping in on her without calling first. It would shatter her schedule." With intimates she is utterly relaxed; with strangers or casual acquaintances, shy but with a shyness she contains well under surface volubility and a trace of discernible tension. Like so many persons with neat minds, she is a furious ashtray emptier. Let more than one and-a-half butts sully a tray the size of a wagon wheel, and swoosh! It is emptied, wiped and in position for the next trip.

THAT IS Miss Stanwyck away from a studio. When she works—she works.

Ruby Stevens, as the kids around Broadway correctly called Miss Stanwyck in the latish Twenties, was born in Brooklyn one hot July 16, 1907, and was orphaned four years later. She did not, however, go to an orphanage or to any other charitable institution, no matter what you may have heard to the contrary. She was boarded out by her sister Mildred with various families. First she wanted to be a dancer like Isadora Duncan. Second, a missionary to China. Then she went back to Isadora again and at the distinctly tender age of thirteen, Ruby was hoofing on Broadway's Strand Roof.

In those days she was one of an inseparable triumvirate, of which the others were Mae Clarke, later to crack pictures herself, and Wanda Mansfield, today the widow of songwriter Walter Donaldson. While at liberty (a near-chronic condition then) the three hung around a tavern run by Billy LaHiff (whose niece got to be known here and there as Nancy Carroll) until Billy, apparently in self-defense, decided to get Ruby a job. Willard Mack, a top producer of the day, was the lad who took the chance and presently he had promoted Miss-Stanwyck-to-be from a chorus slot to a poignant and juicy role. This she performed right tastily and that was that and has been ever since. But while he was about it, Mr. Mack took care of her name. The story is that he was standing near an old playbill reading, "Jane Stanwyck in *Barbara Frietchie*." And that he just took one fast look, held out his hand and said, "Hello, Barbara Stanwyck." Well, it could have been like that.

The Noose ran a year in New York and led to *Burlesque*, a sad and tender play in which Miss Stanwyck and the late Hal Skelley sustained two performances which couldn't have been much better or more affecting. Then came Hollywood.

The roll of drums that accompanied Miss Stanwyck's entrance made the sort of noise that indicated that the drummer had gone out for a smoke. She tested for nine roles and got none of them. Her tenth time at bat found Director Frank Capra looking for someone for an item titled *Ladies Of Leisure*. Would Miss Stanwyck test? "No,

thank you," said Miss Stanwyck. "I've already had some." According to Miss Stanwyck's official biography this moved Mr. Capra to hire her on the spot, and if that is not precisely so, it's too much trouble to check right now.

Ladies Of Leisure was a good picture (although two predecessors resisted the strongest deodorants with total success) and Miss Stanwyck, in it, a brilliant actress.

Nor has she been anything less since. Just—even in the misfires—better and better and better.

Such whole-hearted conscientiousness and application deserve a footnote. A few weeks ago Miss Stanwyck was asked, as she is frequently asked, if she hadn't had enough, if she wouldn't care to get out while she was on top and raise Herefords in Calabasas?

"Nope," she said. "Herefords and I aren't simpatico. Besides, I love to act."

Or return to the stage?

"Nope. Not enough variety. In this business it's always something different."

What, then, if she did slip, if recession, as it must to all, came to her?

"Slip and act at the same time."

And if the point came when she were forced to take character roles with sleazy, run-down studios?

SALT OF THE EARTH



Lunching in the Astor Pharmacy one noon, I overheard the man next to me order a malted milkshake. To my surprise, he asked me to pass the salt and started to add it to the malt. I naturally took a

second look at the man and saw that he was Frankie Laine. I must have looked pretty startled because he started to laugh—and then he paid my check!

Joan Fitzpatrick
New York, New York

"Try to make it the best character performance the sleazy, run-down studio ever had."

NOT MENTIONED by Miss Stanwyck's current history, but an item of record nonetheless, is that before Taylor she had been married to Frank Fay, a superb master of ceremonies and later a gifted serious actor, but not a fellow of predictable behaviour. Miss Stanwyck once pronounced her own epitaph on this union.

She was asked if she wished to attend *Harvey* in New York, a spectacularly successful play in which Mr. Fay played in triumph an amiable spouse opposite a non-existent, six-foot bunny.

"I think not," said Miss Stanwyck. "I've already seen all the rabbits Mr. Fay has to offer."

Miss Stanwyck, for all her perfectionism in the professional sense, is not one to raise much of a rumpus while her picture is in production. She raises it all beforehand and gets it out of the way. She's impatient of small talk, would as soon not use the telephone if it could be avoided and has managed somehow to channel her tensions into creative endeavor.

The chances are, moreover, that she is quietly really happy over your citation to her, via MODERN SCREEN. She likes to have accomplishment designated as such. END

through with love

(Continued from page 24) Wyman does not answer her phone."

On December 7, Louella reported their reconciliation. "Jane and Freddie have kissed and made up and I told them they were equally to blame. There were a few problems, but not important ones. It looks as if everything will be all right because they were holding hands when they left."

There it was again—hand holding. It fooled everybody except Jane's closest friends. They know her too well to be duped by a gesture. During the Christmas holidays she was as nervous as a cat in a cage. When her son Mike accidentally set the dining room on fire it was several days before Wyman got her feet back on the ground. Admittedly, a fire in the home is enough to upset anybody, but Jane was out when it happened and the fire was out by the time she got home. An exquisite table was damaged beyond repair and the ceiling was blackened. Mike was duly penitent, having only lighted the candles of a centerpiece to show the maid how pretty it was. There was no reason, under normal circumstances, for more emotion than downright remorse for the table. But Jane blew sky high and friends noted that she shook like a leaf at the slightest disturbance all through the holidays. There was even a rumor of a second blow up with Karger but if that was fact, it was kept from the press.

IT CAME to a head just after the start of the new year. Jane arranged to file for divorce, charging grievous mental suffering, and Freddie took his own action, filing for legal separation, to be followed by suit for divorce, charging mental cruelty.

"What's the matter?" Louella wanted to know.

"The same old thing. You know," replied Miss Wyman. "We just weren't able to work out a reconciliation. However, believe me, we parted very amicably. We both realized our problems couldn't be solved so we decided to go through with the divorce."

"Any chance of making up?" inquired Miss Parsons.

"Absolutely not," said Miss Wyman. The way she said it left no doubt.

Said Mr. Karger, "I don't want to say anything. I'd rather Jane made all statements. Anything she says is all right with me."

All of this conversation left unanswered the big question in any Hollywood divorce. Why?

Part of the answer might be found in a list of names by which Jane Wyman has been known in the past: Sarah Jane Fults. Jane Durrell. Jane Wyman. Jane Futterman. Jane Reagan. Jane Karger. With this new divorce, she is asking to resume the legal name of Jane Wyman.

Obviously, this list shows a restless nature. She was born Sarah Jane Fults but the rest of the names were taken on voluntarily. She called herself Jane Durrell when she came to Hollywood twenty years ago. Eventually, she became Jane Wyman. Some say the Wyman was acquired through an early marriage, but Jane has always denied it. The next, with Myron Futterman, ended with divorce in 1938 when Jane was twenty-four years old. She refuses to discuss this marriage or the one rumored to have taken place when she was in her teens. Two years after her divorce from Myron Futterman and a stormy romance with Tyrone Power, Jane married Ronald Reagan. Although this was a marriage blessed with a home and children and regular church attendance

—all the things the books say will make a lasting marriage—it, too, came to an end after eight years.

Then came a four-year stretch in which Hollywood said it was worried about Wyman. She wasn't showing any signs of wanting to marry again, and Wyman, they said, was a girl who has to be married in order to be happy. There was a fiasco with a young man named Travis Kleefeld, a boy whose family had enough money to permit their son to play the Hollywood field. 'Trav' and Jane dated steadily and nightly and after an acquaintance of ten weeks became engaged. Three weeks later, when they became un-engaged, Jane explained the betrothal. Pressure from friends and from the press had led her to think a marriage with Kleefeld would be advisable. Those same pressures had influenced her to break her engagement.

This is a strange statement from a woman who takes marriage seriously. Such an attitude could not possibly stem from reason; it must necessarily have been emotional. There are those who insist that Jane's near-tumble into another mistake was the result of a rebound from Greg Bautzer. Mr. Bautzer is the man-about-town lawyer who has squired practically every glamour girl you can name, but married none of them. Each new fancy thinks she will be the one to land him, and each new fancy eventually learns the awful truth; i.e., Mr. Bautzer is not about to marry anybody.

WITH ALL this going on, small wonder Jane's friends worried about her. Most of them, along with all of Hollywood, were stunned by the restless Miss Wyman's marriage to Karger. Not that anyone disapproved. It was the suddenness of it. She had known him three months. She had rehearsed with him her musical numbers for *Let's Do It Again*. Fred Karger is an able musician, employed as a musical supervisor by Columbia Pictures when there is a musical film in the making. He comes from a family in comfortable circumstances. His father was a businessman; his mother had been in vaudeville. He and Jane seemed to have a great deal in common, and this time she didn't consult anybody. "When you're going to get married," she said, "you don't need opinions. You have your own." And so they went to Santa Barbara to be married, with Freddie's friend, Dick Quine, and Jane's hairdresser, Betty Lou Fredricks, as witnesses.

The marriage had a good chance. Both Jane and Freddie were very much in love. Both of them are thoroughly nice people. Jane's two children, Maureen and Mike, got along famously with Terry Karger, Freddie's daughter by his only previous marriage. Said the new Mrs. Karger: "It must have been a kind of providence that brought Freddie and me together. He not only thinks the way I do, I find myself agreeing with him as soon as we begin to discuss something." She was objective enough to refuse to live in the house she had shared with Ronnie. Following the breakup with Kleefeld she had said, "I would certainly never subject a new marriage to the pressure of living against an old background. You know how that can ruin things. I began to wonder where we would live—" With Karger there was no hesitation. They rented a house on Beverly Glen Boulevard. It was big enough to hold their collection of pianos (three) and children (three).

THEIR CAREERS went booming along. Jane made *So Big* the following summer and *Magnificent Obsession* the following fall. Freddie was out of Columbia with the fin-

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ish of *Let's Do It Again* but back to write the theme song for *From Here To Eternity* and back again at the end of the year for *The Pleasure's All Mine*. Between picture assignments he had his orchestra, a band much in demand for private parties.

The marriage should have gone along swimmingly. Instead, within the space of one year, something went terribly wrong.

At first there had been a tremendous physical attraction. If that were the sole basis of their love it would naturally lead to trouble. When attraction wanes the problems seem bigger than they do in the first flush of a marriage. Jane herself has said, "I'm madly impulsive. I do things and then I think, 'What did I do?' When I have that doubt I must pause and get things straightened out."

Did Karger's health have anything to do with it? It is said that his doctor has warned him against strenuous physical exertion because of his heart. Did this mean any loss of activity for Jane, who loves activity? After her marriage she said, "I'd like the chance to travel now. I've been too busy up to now." Instead they stayed home, pinned down to her work or his, and somewhat confined because of his health.

Was the financial situation too difficult to bear? In his capacity of musical supervisor, on and off, Karger's income did not nearly measure up to the sums brought in by his wife. There must have been the old Hollywood bugaboo of the husband who ran second as a breadwinner. The man whose wife receives a jeweled bangle as a Christmas gift from her agent, while the best he can afford is a nightgown, must always be in a difficult position.

The Kargers were on an eternal house hunt but they never bought a house. While house hunting one day the Kargers looked at a mansion priced at \$96,000 and Mr. Karger said, "Now, this is one I can afford." This leads to speculation about Karger's attitude and income, and whose money the Kargers were living on.

It must be remembered that it is hard for any man to be married to a woman so prominent that he himself must be self-effacing. To be Mr. Wyman is no fun. It was embarrassing when the Kargers were invited to a party and Freddie Karger's band was invited to play for the same occasion. It happened several times and Karger had to turn down the job. This meant less income provided by him.

You will recall that Jane told Louella Parsons, "Believe me, we parted very amicably." 'Believe me' has the sound of a plea and suggests that the lady doth protest too much. It could not have been so very amicable when both parties, within the space of a few days, filed for divorce from each other.

Freddie Karger is, above all, a gentleman, and a gentleman does not file for divorce unless he is very, very angry, or unless he is a publicity hound. Karger is far from being a publicity hound. He has always been the kind of man who shrinks from the glare of the spotlight. So it must be assumed that Mr. Karger had reason to be angry.

A lawyer who handles many Hollywood divorces has said, "Whenever two people file simultaneously for a divorce, it's a sure bet their respective attorneys have had a finger on the failing pulse of the marriage. They know it is spoiling for a fight and when the moment comes for it to break into the open it becomes a race to see who can file first."

Karger's lawyer, Milton Cohen, said: "There will be no fight. All Mr. Karger is interested in is his freedom."

It would appear that Freddie Karger is a proud man who wants to live again in a

house that belongs to him, that he is a man who believes in an old-fashioned marriage. And that Jane Wyman is a proud woman who is not going to give in to circumstances, a woman who admires a modern marriage. It is possible that she realizes that sooner or later such a marriage would reduce Karger to a man without self-respect. Perhaps, in a way, the divorce will be the best thing for both of them.

KARGER might have had a better chance if he could have married Sara Jane Fuls. Jane Wyman has changed a great deal since her initiation into Hollywood. In the early days she was a bouncing blonde known by everyone from the gate-men on up. She was in love with life, merry and unspoiled by success. She wanted desperately to do a dramatic part rather than the chorus cutie bits that were handed her, and when she got her first crack at it, in *Johnny Belinda*, she walked away with an Oscar. They say this did something to her. She became inaccessible, aloof, and suddenly high-strung. In short, Jane Wyman fell victim to what ails most of its stars. She had so much that there was little left for her to want.

IT HAPPENED TO ME



At a party I once gave for the drama department students at the University of Miami, I tripped and fell down several steps and cut my face on a tray I was carrying. A guest named Bob came to help me

clean the cut. I was about to wash it with tap water, when, remembering his Army medical experience, Bob stopped me. He looked over the contents of the medicine cabinet and chose some articles with which he made a dressing. My doctor later told me that Robert Horton had probably saved me from having an ugly scar on my face.

Nancy Chapman
New York, New York

This sort of thing lies coiled behind almost every Hollywood divorce. Divorces here are asked for and granted on the same grounds as in the rest of the country; adultery, alcoholism, mental cruelty, etc. But in Hollywood there is something else, something that doesn't go into court records. Many of the plaintiffs aren't aware of it themselves. It is a restlessness that underlies the lives of stars, an unhealthy restlessness that comes when there is nothing left to want. It comes, too, because a star is accustomed to having every wish granted, and when a mate refuses to agree with him or her, the star blows a gasket. When you are a movie star there is less inclination, to buckle down to working out disagreements than there is when you are a housewife dependent on your husband's weekly take-home pay.

Hollywood feels sorry for both Freddie and Jane. It was a good try, but it failed. Like every divorce, in its wake lie a lot of bitter memories, as well as the sweet ones that are even harder to bear.

We wish Freddie good luck. And we hope that Jane is not yet through with love, that she will find what she is looking for.

END

marry the girl

(Continued from page 57) My Shelley says what's on her mind, what's in her heart. "She was, very much in love with this fellow. But after all, he's an actor. You know how actors are. The whole world revolves around them. Very selfish, these European men.

"My Shelley, she says what she means and she means what she says. At least she has a wonderful girl out of the marriage. Of course the baby from the nose up looks just like the father. But even so, she's a wonderful child. Not because she's my grandchild. Ask anyone. You just have to look at her and you know that she is a superior child."

In Milan Gassman heard Shelley's stipulations for a divorce: (a) \$95,000, (b) marriage to Miss Ferrero, (c) abandonment of all visitation rights to his daughter. He clenched his teeth in anger, his face reddened and for a few moments he couldn't talk.

When he could, he exploded. "Absurd! Who ever heard of such a thing! She must be out of her mind. I don't object to her financial demands. But this business of not letting me see my own child is crazy.

"As for my marrying Miss Ferrero, why, that's absurd, too."

"Maybe you and Shelley will reconcile," a reporter suggested.

"Not likely," Gassman snapped. "Not after this."

"I am a friend of them both," interrupted Pietro Ardenzi, Gassman's manager, "and I will try to reconcile them. But many of these things Mrs. Gassman has said about her husband are not true. Not true. He has never used a publicity agent in the United States. Vittorio is a great artist. You cannot deny such a man the right to visit his child."

When Shelley read her husband's statement, she summoned reporters again and told them that she would fight tooth and nail and exhaust every legal possibility to retain complete custody of her child.

"Vittorio was too busy acting on the stage in Italy even to come to Los Angeles when Vittoria, our little girl, was born," she thundered. "Then he finally did come. He stayed with us for a couple of weeks, and in all that time, he played with her maybe for five minutes.

"It has always been his work—his work and himself—that mattered. Nothing else.

"Why, I had to throw his clothes out on our front lawn before he finally agreed to take out any life insurance. There isn't a judge living in America who would give him custody of the child after I get through testifying."

WHILE SHELLEY was discussing the legal aspects of the case, her attorney in Los Angeles, foxy old Jerry Geisler was saying nothing. Instead, he drove down to the Superior Court House in Santa Monica and unobtrusively filed, on behalf of his excitable client, a suit for separate maintenance.

In that suit Shelley charges mental cruelty and agrees that her husband is entitled to reasonable visitation rights. She wants custody of the child, which is all right with Gassman.

The truth of the Shelley-Vittorio battle is that Anna Maria Ferrero had little to do with it, although she undoubtedly roused Shelley's jealousy. Before Shelley left for Rome, she had a pretty good idea that her marriage was finished. She had battled with Gassman all over Beverly Hills, accusing him of selfishness, egoism, lack of consideration, conceit and a dozen or two additional inadequacies as a husband. Most of all, she could not tolerate Vit-

torio's seemingly cold attitude toward their child, about whom she is completely daffy.

Gassman is not an emotional man. "I don't get excited," he once said. "I am logical and self-controlled. Shelley is just the opposite. I put my work first. A man does not throw away his life for love or the lack of love. My work dictates to me how I must live. My work, not my love.

"I always have been calm. I practice intellectual control. Other people say that show business is hectic, all mixed up. Not for me. I like to know what I am doing and what I am capable of doing.

"To me love does not mean childish things. It means companionship. But I cannot remake Shelley's personality, and she cannot remake mine."

VITTORIO has another daughter, Paula, eight, by a previous marriage, and although she lives in Rome, Vittorio's headquarters, he sees relatively little of her. He is always working. As a member of his troupe put it, "He is married to the stage. He is not the perfect father."

Shelley tried to mask her feelings but when Vittorio failed to show up for the birth of their child last February she was badly hurt.

She felt in her heart that he no longer cared for her. Perhaps she was right. Apparently, she has always loved him infinitely more than he loved her. The sad part of it all is that she still loves him.

Perhaps by now they have reconciled or are planning to. Certainly it's not beyond them. Shelley will take her Vittorio on practically any basis, even one which permits him the privilege of being a part-time husband, which is exactly what he has been.

Shelley's lawyer, Jerry Geisler, admitted that "Shelley is still in love with that guy. I think she hoped for a reconciliation when she went to Italy. That was my understanding. But after she left this country in December I didn't hear from her.

"Not until the middle of January. Then she called from Rome and said, 'Go ahead with the suit. I want you to file it first thing Monday morning.'"

Gassman has said many times that Shelley, a great saleswoman, has tried to Americanize him too quickly.

"She wants me to dress like an American, to talk like an American, even to drive like an American. After all, I am a human being, entitled to retain my own nature.

"The demands of my work have kept me very busy. But in eighteen months I have spent \$3250 in long distance calls to Shelley and more than \$6500 in plane tickets. How much can you ask of a man?"

"I cannot help it if the movies I have been in have been shot in Mexico and New York. I cannot tie myself to Shelley's apron strings.

"That I love our daughter just as much as Shelley does, I swear. I cannot get as emotional about her as Shelley does because that is just not my nature."

SHELLEY AND VITTORIO were an unlikely combination from the beginning. It is not true that Vittorio married the blonde bombshell merely to gain entrance to the United States and Hollywood. But perhaps their great love for each other wasn't quite that.

Shelley was ripe for marriage. For years she and Farley Granger had been involved in a phony love affair for publicity. She had really loved Marlon Brando and Liam O'Brien. Those loves came to nothing in 1950 and 1951. She had played according to their rules, and was left with memories, presumably not happy. The happier Shelley's professional life, the emptier her private one.

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In November, 1951, when supposedly she was touring Europe with her "Farfel," her favorite name for Farley Granger, she left him and flew to Rome. Frank Lattimore, the English actor, introduced her to Vittorio.

He moved in quickly, with charm and tact. Poor Shelley's Hollywood romances had hardly prepared her for such an approach.

Gassman took Shelley to the Passeto, then to the Caballa, another wonderful little café on the banks of the Tiber. He introduced her to his mother and sister. Soulfully, he confessed that although he was separated, he was still married to the daughter of Italian actor Renzo Ricci. He told her about his seven-year-old daughter, Paula. He told her how he had been drafted into Mussolini's army. It wasn't long before Shelley was giving out with her biography. They stayed up until five-thirty A.M.

They spent one week together in Rome. In that one week, Shelley fell for Vittorio like an atom bomb. When she got back to the States, she sent him a cable: "I'm lonely and I'm sending you a kiss."

"I'm lonely, too," he cabled back, "and I'm returning your kiss." Then he walked down to the TWA office in Rome and got a reservation on a flight to Los Angeles.

When he turned up in Hollywood, Shelley was overjoyed.

"But I can only stay six days," Vittorio said.

"You mean you flew six thousand miles just to spend less than a week here?"

Vittorio nodded.

"It must be love," Shelley cracked. And she really felt that way. She took Vittorio around to all her friends, showed him off with great pride. Before he left to make a film in Spain, they discussed his impending annulment and their subsequent marriage—by proxy in Mexico, or a regular marriage in Mexico. Shelley wasn't sure of the details. "All I know is that I'm going to marry him."

Vittorio is sharp and observant. In his first week in Hollywood he learned a lot about Shelley. He saw that she was aggressive and verbose in order to hide her insecurity. He learned that childhood rejection lay behind her unbridled ambition.

Stories of her childhood in St. Louis and Brooklyn meant relatively little to him but he was impressed because Hollywood respected Shelley as an actress. Maybe she was sloppy; maybe her posture and her frankness left much to be desired. But certainly she was a grade A actress.

To Vittorio that was 90%. He loves talent.

Shelley was nominated for an Academy Award for her performance in *A Place In The Sun* and that, too, added lustre.

Vittorio was sure he was right in obtaining his annulment. Presently Shelley joined him in Italy. Then they flew to Hollywood and when the annulment came through, down to Juarez, Mexico, where they were married. This was in April, 1952.

PEOPLE are optimistic everywhere, but especially in Hollywood. They believe that marriage changes the partners involved. It doesn't change their basic personalities, although after her marriage Shelley kept saying, "I'm a new person, a new woman. Honestly. You have no idea how much I've changed," she elaborated. "I guess it's because I'm in love with an extraordinary man. He's given me security. For the first time in my life I have security."

"I'm not so frantic any more. I wasn't upset when I didn't win the Academy Award. Two years ago I would have cried my eyes out. Now I just don't care. I see everything in its proper perspective."

"Remember how scared I used to be about money, how frightened when they took me off salary? Now, I don't worry. I have someone to take care of me, and he's just wonderful. In all the time we've been together we haven't had a single fight."

Soon the fights began. Shelley tried to get Vittorio to take an American haircut. "Those Italian barbers cut hair so funny," she said. Vittorio told her to mind her own hair.

She said she loved Italian food and was going to specialize in learning how to prepare it. Vittorio said, "Never mind. I really prefer French cooking."

In a little while it became obvious that he preferred Italy to California. He agreed

to sign a contract at MGM but only if he could have six months free to return to Europe and his stock company.

Shelley, of course, went all-out for her new husband. She praised him to the skies. She took advertisements in the trade papers. She told everyone who would listen that he was the greatest actor Italy had ever produced. She clung to him with a desperation that was almost pitiful, as if she secretly knew that her time and her happiness with him was limited.

THERE WERE many quarrels. Presently, she was pregnant. It was a miserable pregnancy, and most of the time Vittorio was out of the country. When the child was finally born, she almost choked to death and had to be put into an incubator. Shelley needed help and encouragement and a husband. But the husband was 6,000 miles away.

"Shelley is a mature young woman," Gassman told a reporter. "I know she will understand. I will be in Hollywood in a few weeks." His encouragement was entirely by telephone.

When Vittorio arrived last spring and saw his daughter, Vittoria Gina, for the first time, he was pleased but not over-demonstrative. Shelley was bitterly hurt. In a voice that might have been heard in Cucamonga she gave vent to her feelings. Vittorio began to look at timetables. He went to Switzerland after he finished *Rhapsody* with Elizabeth Taylor. Then he told Shelley he had to return to Rome. She recognized an awful truth—that her husband seemed always anxious to leave.

Hollywood suspected last December that the marriage was almost over, but Shelley publicly refused to admit its failure. After Vittorio left town she insisted that their relationship was excellent and that she would follow him in a few weeks and that they would co-star in a picture, *Mambo*.

Then, just before she left for Rome, she asked Jerry Geisler to draw up separation papers and hold them until she telephoned from Europe. If she didn't phone, everything was fine. She and Vittorio had worked out their differences. If she did phone then Geisler would file the suit.

On January 16, the call from Shelley Winters in Rome came through. **END**

DRESS REHEARSAL

When the Shelley Winters-Vittorio Gassman separate maintenance suit comes up in the California Superior Court, it is going to be a vindictive battle. But the dialogue will be clever. Here is a prelude to that battle staged by the two participants in Rome a few weeks ago. Point for point, Shelley commented on Vittorio's remarks.

GASSMAN: Unfortunately, it is all over. Once two lovers have separated their friendship is finished.

SHELLEY: Bunk. We were never two people in love. I was in love with him. And he was in love with him.

GASSMAN: Divorce is now the only possible solution.

SHELLEY: He can have a divorce when he agrees to support our baby. Until then it will remain a separation.

GASSMAN: In letters to each other almost six months ago, Shelley and I agreed upon a divorce.

SHELLEY: Baloney. He asked me for a divorce when the baby was 11 weeks old. I told him I'd come to Italy with the baby and that we'd try to make the marriage work. Then I came and found he had an-

other interest. He was the one who asked for the divorce. I loved the guy. But now all of that is in the past tense.

GASSMAN: From now on I am more interested in art than finance.

SHELLEY: That's a hot one. I got two Academy Award nominations and now I'm more interested in finance.

GASSMAN: I will never, however, drop my rights as a good father to my 10-month old daughter.

SHELLEY: As a good father he should know his baby is now 11 months old.

GASSMAN: I want people to know that it was only after a long series of quarrels that I asked for a divorce.

SHELLEY: We were never together long enough for a long series of anything. The only time he stayed at my house was when he was making a movie—and probably only because he wanted to save rent.

GASSMAN: I must say something in defense of Anna Maria Ferrero. I have only a sincere friendship for this girl.

SHELLEY: Then why did he ask me to leave him because—and these

are his own words—he had "an important sentimental relationship with the girl." I insist that he must marry her. Something must be done to compel him to treat her as a human being instead of a toy. I cannot blame her for what's happened, and I don't. But the truth is that their affair goes back a long time. I'm no dummy and I know they were constantly seen together last summer at the film festival in Venice.

GASSMAN: From now on, my main interest will be the theatre, not the movies.

SHELLEY: That's great. As you probably know, Metro dropped his option.

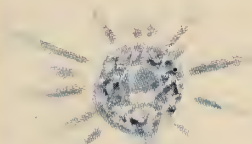
GASSMAN: A lot has been said about my not being in Hollywood when our baby was born. That was because I was working in a play here in Rome.

SHELLEY: He asked me to stay out of Italy because he didn't want to be bothered with a pregnant woman. As soon as he had a picture offer he dropped his play like hot cakes and hustled right over.

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and women smokers everywhere —
you rate the cigarette that rates tops in
America for mildness and flavor... *Camels!*
Yes, Camels lead all other brands in
popularity—by *billions*. You owe it
to yourself to try Camels for 30 days
... see how much pure pleasure
you've been missing. See how
well Camels agree with you!



**MAKE THE 30-DAY
CAMEL MILDNESS TEST**

Only your own 30-day
test can tell you best
which cigarette is
best for you!