

MARILYN TALKS about Joe and babies
modern screen

ELL
AZINE

SEPT.

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

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brand new
this issue!

LOUELLA PARSONS
8 PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA

plus bonus pin-up section in full color

APR 1954

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loveliest naturally curly hair!



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If you eat sweet treats (like Stasia Linder of Massapequa, N. Y., and her daughter Darryl), here's good news! You can do a far better job of preventing cavities by brushing after eating... and using remarkable new Ipana Tooth Paste. Here's why:

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Try all-new IPANA®!

New taste, new cleaning, new anti-decay WD-9



Ipana A/C (Ammoniated Chlorophyll) also contains anti-enzyme WD-9 (Sodium Lauryl Sulfate)

*Tests prove new Ipana with WD-9 destroys most bacteria with one brushing.



AFTER EATING—Tooth-decay bacteria thrive on food particles... form acids that attack the enamel.



AFTER BRUSHING—New Ipana with WD-9 destroys most tooth-decay bacteria with just one brushing.

NEW! DOCTOR'S DEODORANT DISCOVERY*

**SAFELY STOPS ODOR
24 HOURS A DAY!**

*New Mum with M-3
won't irritate normal skin
or damage fabrics*



Proved in underarm comparison tests made by a doctor. Deodorant *without* M-3, tested under one arm, stopped perspiration odor only a few hours. New Mum *with* M-3, tested under other arm, stopped odor a full 24 hours.

1. *Exclusive deodorant based originally on doctor's discovery, now contains long-lasting M-3 (Hexachlorophene).
2. Stops odor all day long because invisible M-3 clings to your skin—keeps on destroying odor bacteria a full 24 hours.
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6. Gentle, safe, dependable—ideal for sanitary napkins, too. Get new Mum today.

NEW MUM®
cream deodorant
with long-
lasting M-3
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SEPTEMBER, 1954

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

MODERN SCREEN'S 8 page gossip extra

LOUELLA PARSONS IN HOLLYWOOD.....

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OUR NEW LOOK

Color portrait of Marilyn Monroe by FPG. Marilyn's next picture is 20th Century-Fox's *There's No Business Like Show Business*. See page 61 for other photographers' credits.

CHARLES D. SAXON

editor

DURBIN HORNER

executive editor

CARL SCHROEDER

western manager

PAIGE LOHR, story editor

BARBARA J. MAYER, assistant editor

KATIE ROBINSON, western editor

FERNANDO TEXIDOR, art director

BILL WEINBERGER, art editor

BOB BEERMAN, staff photographer

BERT PARRY, staff photographer

RUTH RAKOW, research editor

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CINEMASCOPE



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BEN BORROWED DORCAS!



EPH ENCIRCLED MARTHA!



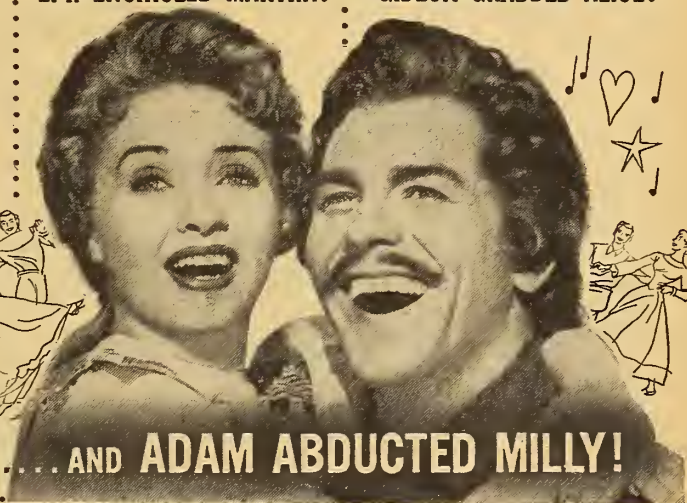
GIDEON GRABBED ALICE!



DAN DECOYED LIZA!



FRANK FETCHED SARAH!



AND ADAM ABDUCTED MILLY!

Seven village beauties are kidnapped, courted and kissed by seven lusty brothers. That's why America is talking about M-G-M's fresh-as-a-daisy musical with the shotgun weddings. The best music, the fastest-paced dancing, the most fun you'll have this year!

"SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS"

Starring
JANE POWELL · HOWARD KEEL

With **JEFF RICHARDS · RUSS TAMBLYN · TOMMY RALL**
Screen Play by **ALBERT HACKETT & FRANCES GOODRICH** and **DOROTHY KINGSLEY**
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READY Capture your hair-do at the peak of its perfection



SET In a soft, invisible net of shimmering highlights . . .



GO yet keep that perfection all through the day and night.

Yes ladies, at last a hair spray that makes your hair *obey* perfectly, yet never *punishes* it with stiff, heavy lacquer. It conditions your hair with life-giving lanolin. It shines your hair with miraculous silicones. It sets your hair in minutes without water. Truly, a new kind of hair spray that holds your hair firmly hour after hour, yet leaves it soft to the eye and soft to the touch.

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YOUR SET FOR THE SUMMER

Charles Antell
Hair Spray



NOW —
\$1.25 VALUE
ONLY

\$1.00

EVERYWHERE
MONEY BACK
GUARANTEE

THE INSIDE STORY

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

Q. Can you tell me if Bette Davis has retired from the movies for good?
—H.T., HAVERILL, MASS.

A. No; she is merely shopping for the "right vehicle."

Q. What's with Pier Angeli and Gene Tierney's ex-husband, Oleg Cassini?
—N.E., NEW YORK, N.Y.

A. A friendship.

Q. Isn't there a big feud between Eartha Kitt and Dorothy Dandridge?
—W.L., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. It's all over.

Q. Can you tell me Jane Russell's religious affiliation?
—V.Y., SPOKANE, WASH.

A. Non-denominational Christian.

Q. What is the current status of Doris Day's relationship with the press—good or bad?
—H.G., SEA GIRT, N.J.

A. Good.

Q. Do the stars generally have secretaries to answer their fan mail or do they answer it themselves?
—C.W., ROBBINSDALE, MINN.

A. They dictate replies to their secretaries.

Q. What do movie-star mothers do to strengthen their breast muscles?
—R.M.C., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

A. A series of exercises prescribed by their physicians.

Q. So many good movies are being made in CinemaScope. Many small town theatres are not equipped for such showings. What will happen?
—N.L.B., CUT BANK, MONTANA

A. Eventually, the industry will decide on one basic photographic process.

Q. Where are the first two wives of Clark Gable?
—M.W., MILTON, ORE.

A. In Los Angeles and Houston, respectively.

Q. Once and for all, when was Mickey Rooney born?
—D.U., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A. September 23, 1920.

Q. Is it true that Wanda Hendrix turned down the "Margie" role Gale Storm plays on television?
—R.E., ERIE, PA.

A. Yes.

Q. I understand that Liz Dailey does not want her ex-husband Dan Dailey to have custody of their son. Is this true?
—B.T., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

A. Liz and Dan are working out an amicable custody agreement.

Q. Is it true that Clifton Webb was once a fandango dancer?
—I.R., AKRON, OHIO

A. Mr. Webb did all sorts of dancing, at one time.

Q. What is the relationship between Kathryn Grayson and MGM executive Benny Thau?
—B.J., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. They admire each other.

Q. Our local newspaper just carried a series of articles on Joan Crawford in which she was described as tyrannical and very much hated by several other Hollywood stars. Is this true?
—B.V., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. Miss Crawford will win no intra-trade popularity honors.

Q. Is it true that Benny Goodman will not let his life story be filmed unless Mel Ferrer plays the lead?
—D.O., DENVER, COL.

A. No. Goodman merely suggested Ferrer as one possibility.

Q. Does Montgomery Clift really hate Hollywood?
—W.O., DALLAS, TEXAS

A. No. He simply prefers to live in New York.

Q. I understand that Lana Turner is taking target practice. Is this on the level?
—D.L., LAS VEGAS, NEV.

A. Lana is being taught how to shoot by her crack marksman husband, Lex Barker.

Q. Doesn't Glenn Ford teach Sunday School at the Beverly Hills Community Presbyterian Church?
—S.Y., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

A. His wife, the former Eleanor Powell, does.

Q. Grace Kelly has dated so many men. Who is her number one?
—F.K., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A. Clark Gable.

Alfred
The Master



Hitchcock
of Suspense

brings you
his masterpiece!



PARAMOUNT presents

James Stewart

in

Alfred Hitchcock's

Rear Window

co-starring

GRACE KELLY · WENDELL COREY · THELMA RITTER

with RAYMOND BURR

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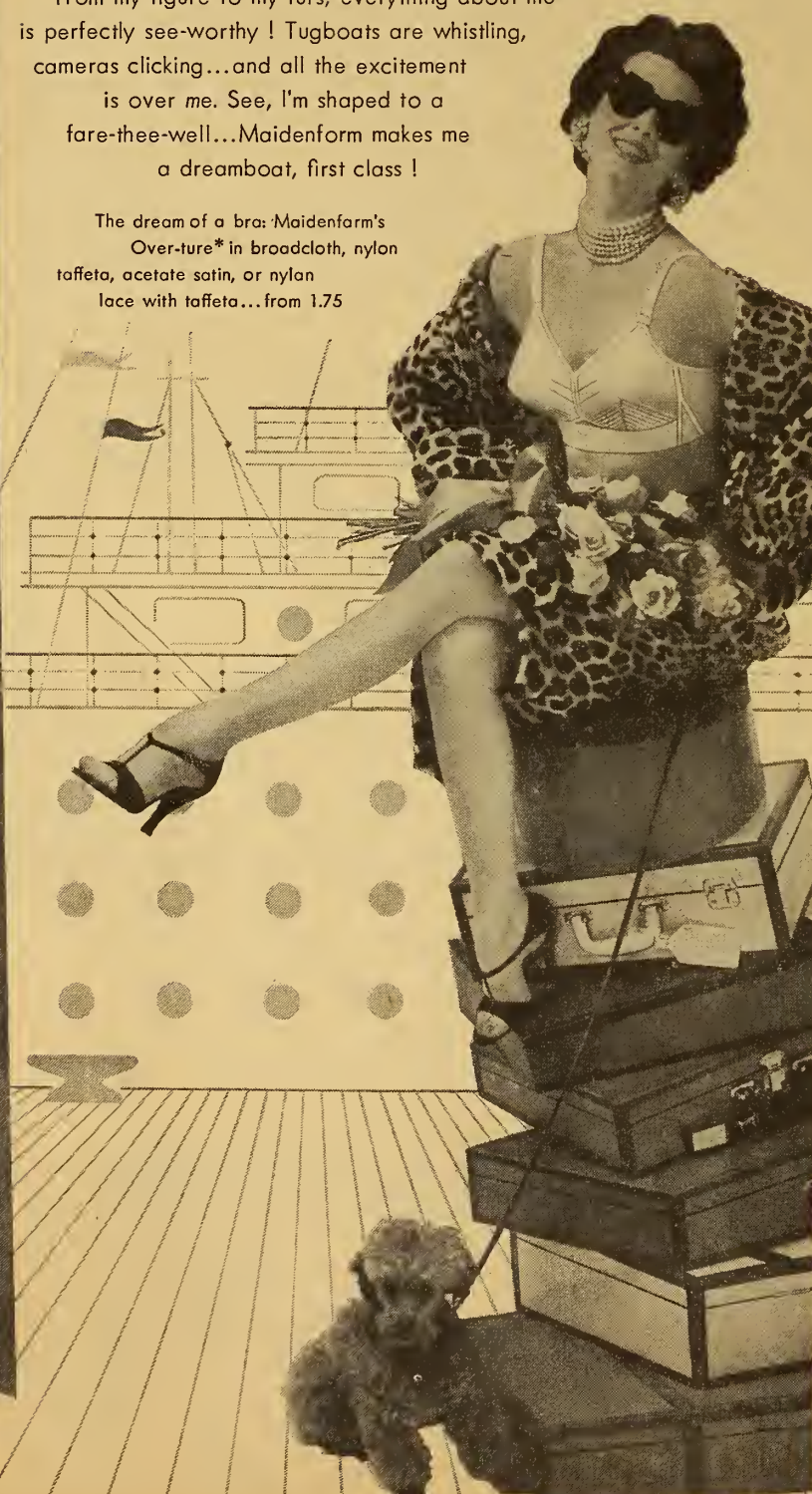
BASED ON THE
SHORT STORY BY
CORNELL WOOLRICH



I dreamed I sailed for Europe in my maidenform bra

Mine is the figure that launched a thousand dreams !
From my figure to my furs, everything about me
is perfectly see-worthy ! Tugboats are whistling,
cameras clicking...and all the excitement
is over me. See, I'm shaped to a
fare-thee-well...Maidenform makes me
a dreamboat, first class !

The dream of a bra: Maidenform's
Over-ture* in broadcloth, nylon
taffeta, acetate satin, or nylon
lace with taffeta...from 1.75



MORENO THE MERRIER

*Wherein Rubber Face Rita
discovers that mugging is a crime.*

■ Rita Moreno moved from Puerto Rico to New York when she was ten. And on her first day in the New York school she went home in tears. The kids had called her "Rubber Face!"

Rita's mother said, "Never mind. The day may come when you'll be glad to have such a face. It isn't everybody who's blessed with the power to express thoughts and emotions so easily." Once convinced that "mother knows best," she actually worked at developing her expressions.

"Sometimes I overdid it," she admits. "Like the opening night of *Skydrift*." There was a scene in which a mother thought she saw her son who had been killed in the war. Rita, as one of the daughters, was supposed to be quietly eating her spaghetti, unaware of the son's ghost. But that rubber face got out of control and the audience was laughing at Rita's mugging instead of sympathizing with the mother. Rita will never forget the lecture she got on the evils of stealing scenes.

She has danced since she was four. She was doing Spanish dances in nightclubs when she was fifteen, and even her rubber face didn't convince police she was old enough to work.

"The owner of one little club locked me in the ladies' room every time the police came in," says Rita, "so I decided to quit and grow up."

In films dubbed for export to Spanish-speaking countries, she has been the voice of Elizabeth Taylor, Margaret O'Brien, Peggy Ann Garner and many other young players.

Rita still looks younger than she is, but she's old enough to vote and she has fourteen pictures to her credit. Next: *Garden Of Evil*.



OUT OF THE ADVENTURE PAGES OF THE AGES!

King Richard the Lion-Hearted in sweeping grandeur! From Warner Bros. comes the magnificent presentation of Sir Walter Scott's undying story of the mighty quest for the Holy Sepulchre. Kings and Captains of the Western World charging into strange lands and thundering tumult! Here is the crafty Saladin of

the Desert with his two thousand Saracen tribes—the Castelain warriors, seven feet tall, proud giants in armor—the wicked cohorts of beauteous Queen Berengaria—the savage abduction of Lady Edith the Chaste—and the Knight of the Leopard whose faith still rings through the long corridors of courage.

KING RICHARD AND THE CRUSADERS

FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT'S 'THE TALISMAN'

CINEMASCOPE

**WARNERCOLOR AND
STEREOPHONIC SOUND**



PRESENTED BY **WARNER BROS.**



STARRING
REX HARRISON · VIRGINIA MAYO · GEORGE SANDERS · LAURENCE HARVEY
WITH
ROBERT DOUGLAS SCREEN PLAY BY **JOHN TWIST** MUSIC BY **MAX STEINER** PRODUCED BY **HENRY BLANKE** DIRECTED BY **DAVID BUTLER**



Your hair is romance...

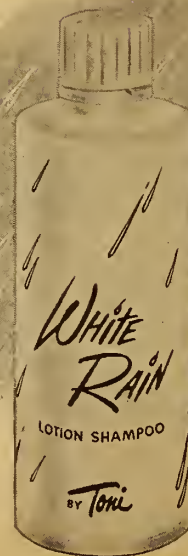


...keep it sunshine bright

with WHITE RAIN

As surely as sunshine follows rain, romance follows the girl whose hair is bright to see, soft to touch, fresh as a spring breeze—the kind of hair you always have when you use New White Rain. This fabulous shampoo sprinkles your hair with sunlight. And with sunshine all around you, love and laughter follow after. Love and laughter . . . the essence of romance. Ask for White Rain . . . the lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rain water.

*Use New WHITE RAIN Shampoo tonight
and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!*



FABULOUS LOTION SHAMPOO BY TONI

modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS **in hollywood**



**Greta Peck welcomes Greg home—
but for how long?**

IN THIS SECTION:

**Louella Parsons' Good News
Hollywood Snapshots**

I nominate Maggie McNamara

I had a ball at the Eddie Fisher party

Tony Curtis was really surprised

**I challenge Bob Mitchum
the letter box**



louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

"I'LL NEVER DO ANYTHING to let our boys down. They mean everything to me—and to Greta," Gregory Peck told me as we sat in my garden. "She's been wonderful about everything and she's a fine mother."

I believe the marriage of Greta and Gregory Peck has reached the end even though there may be no move to an actual divorce from either side for years.

As I write this, Greg is back in Hollywood, living at home and spending as much time as possible with his sons. But soon he will be on his way again, this time to London to make *Moby Dick* for John Huston.

While he was here, Greg came to see me and while he was reluctant to discuss the situation with Greta, he admitted for the first time that they are estranged.

I got the impression that neither of the Pecks plan any definite move, although the latest word is that Greta intends to file for divorce.

Greg told me he plans to spend much more time in Hollywood making films after *Moby Dick*—because he wants to be with his boys as much as possible from here on in.

The shortest reconciliation on record: Betty Hutton and Charles O'Curran patched up their differences Saturday, then separated again on Sunday morning. Now she has her interlocutory decree.

The trouble seems to be that Charlie and Betty's agent, Abe Lastfogel, can't get along for five minutes—and Betty, a very ambitious girl, always listens to her agent.

THERE'S SOMETHING VERY MYSTERIOUS about the affair of the story about Marilyn Monroe which ran in a London newspaper.

Marilyn was furious when she talked with me over the telephone about her shock and distress over the supposed story of her life, under her byline (but actually authored by Ben Hecht).

Titled "My Own Uncensored Story," the articles told shocking things including dramatic and heartbreaking anecdotes about her mother.

"I am going to sue," Marilyn told me, her voice shaking, "how dare Mr. Hecht, who pretends to be my friend, do such a terrible thing and without my permission! Joe is just as indignant as I am." (Continued on page 12)



NO RECONCILIATION seems possible for the Gregory Pecks; but they have reached an understanding.



JIM STACK, one of the popular Stack brothers, married pretty Wanda Hendrix. This is her second.

hollywood snapshots

Here are this month's prize
candid photos of some of your
favorites—taken when they
weren't looking!



EXIT AVA from *Frankie's life*. Next stop: probably marriage to Dominguin.



LOVE WALKED IN for June and Fred MacMurray, now in their brand new home



SHORTEST RECONCILIATION on record was Betty Hutton's one-day return to husband Charlie O'Curran—who's still torching for her.



RECONCILIATION IS TAKING for my "adopted daughter," Jane Wyman, and Fred Karger, since they met at Joan Benny's wedding.



BOB STACK met Terry Moore on Juke Box Jury. They liked each other right away, started dating. Romance rumors flew, of course.



I KNEW Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas were getting married when I spotted one of their friends buying a wedding hat!



MONROE BURNS—and I don't blame her!—about the stories being printed under her name!



CRAIN CUDDLES with husband Paul Brinkman. These two are always so happy.



BOB FRANCIS FLOATS—he's a real athlete. Careerwise, he's walking on air, too.



I nominate for stardom: **MAGGIE McNAMARA**

■ The cuter-than-a-button Broadway actress is a half-pint package of Irish delight in *Three Coins In The Fountain*.

The ironic part of it is—ninety-five-pound Maggie, flattered as she is with her new found film success, really prefers life in New York. She tells me, "I guess my husband, David Swift, and I just have New York in our blood."

She doesn't look old enough to have a husband when she wears her favored low-heeled shoes and sweaters and skirts. But she's very proud of Swift, one of the writers on the popular *Mr. Peepers* tv show.

The Swifts live in a one-room apartment near the campus of UCLA in Westwood. They're both nearsighted, wear glasses and seldom touch anything stronger than beer.

All the time Maggie was working in *Fountain* they never attended a nightclub. With the exception of the actors and actresses she worked with at Twentieth, she knows no screen stars. "But I like to see them in public," little Maggie says. "I saw Judy Garland in the book store in Beverly Hills and I got such a kick out of it."

Missy MacNamara was born in New York City and came up the model route—posing in teen-age clothes.

Her first stage appearance in *The King Of Friday's Men* wasn't too hot. But the show folded just in time for Otto Preminger to discover her for the Chicago presentation of *The Moon Is Blue*. Maggie was so great in it she got the movie lead. I think she'll be with us a long time.

(Continued from page 10) This was my cue to contact fireball writer Hecht who lives nearby at Oceanside.

I've known Ben a long time—and he's liable to do anything. But he sounded sincere when he told me, "The story was sold by my agent without my permission. I knew nothing of the publication of the stories on Marilyn until your call."

It's difficult to believe that an agent to a writer as important as Hecht would dare to sell a story without permission.

Anyway, in this case, most of the sympathy goes to Marilyn because Hecht reveals that he has nothing but utter contempt for Hollywood and most of the people in it in his autobiography, *Child Of The Century*.



Pier Angeli and Anna Maria (who feel sooo grown-up) kidded Eddie and Jimmy McHugh.



Eddie Cantor and I spoke to Debbie Reynolds. So did Mr. Fisher—practically all evening.

THE PARTY OF THE MONTH was hosted by composer Jimmy McHugh in honor of the new darling of the debs, Eddi Fisher, and seldom have I seen so many teen agers at a cocktail party, seemingly most of them with a crush on Eddie.

The garden of the McHugh home was abloom with flowers and sweet young things in summery dresses—among the sweetest and the youngest, Anna Maria Alberghetti and Pier Angeli.

Later on I went to dinner with the two dark eighteen-year-old Italian beauties and Eddie. Although the girls are the same age, Pier seems far more mature because she dates without a chaperone.

She told me confidentially that her mother

had had a talk with Anna Maria's parents and told them that they should give Anna Maria a little more freedom. "It's amazing," Pier whispered to me, "she can't go anywhere without a chaperone."

I have a feeling that Pier considers herself something of a woman of the world, particularly as she is supposed to have "suffered" over the break-up of her romance with Kirk Douglas who just recently married Anne Buydens.

Someone had asked Pier if she had sent Kirk and his bride a message of congratulation. She shrugged her shoulders, "Why should I?"

But to get back to the cocktail party, one of the most stunning girls present was dancer

Vera-Ellen in a banana-colored chiffon cocktail dress. It was just a few years back that Vera was regarded as one of the worst dressed gals in pictures. Remember the comment she stirred up when she attended a premiere wearing a bouffant pink net gown, ballet slippers and a beret!!

Ever since Vera has been dating suave, witty Richard Gully she has shown the most excellent taste in clothes. Methinks the sophisticated assistant to Jack Warner has had a lot to do with Vera's smart appearance these days and nights.

I simply didn't recognize Debra Paget when she arrived. What in the world has this girl done to her hair? It's suddenly flaming pink—and I mean pink! (Continued on page 14)

I had a ball at the Eddie Fisher party



Eddie really feels at home here now, and everyone likes him. He was a big hit at the Coconut Grove—all the stars turned out for his opening.



Debra Paget (that's her mother in the background) has dyed her hair pink! I can't say I like it . . . but it really attracts attention.



Ann Miller looked lovely as usual—and I am just delighted with the big improvement in the way Vera-Ellen dresses these days.



(Continued from page 13) Even though she is recently divorced, Gloria De Haven looked pretty, fresh and happy. She wore a pale pink jacket over a black cocktail dress. I think Jeff Chandler has something to do with the new happiness Gloria has found.

A few days after the party, Eddie opened at the Coconut Grove and not since the old days when Joan Crawford used to win Charleston contests there have I seen so many stars sitting under the coconut trees. Joan, herself, was there with Jennings Lang. So were Dinah Shore and George Montgomery, Jane Wyman and Freddie Karger, Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman, Vera-Ellen and Richard Gully, Anna Maria Alberghetti with Vic Damone (yep, he was her date without a chaperone), Betty Hutton, Debbie Reynolds and practically all the local younger set who are real "gone" on Eddie.

IT WAS A BIG MONTH for parties—Judy Garland's birthday shindig being one of the most luxurious affairs.

For the gala occasion, Sid Luft took over the new private room at Romanoff's—which has a magnificent view of the whole city—and the motif was pink—tablecloths, candles, flowers—all very flattering to the femme guests.

Judy was like a kid showing off the new big diamond ring Sid gave her. "It's the first diamond ring I ever owned in my whole life," said the happy Mrs. Luft.

I got a kick out of Ethel Merman when I asked her if she was working in *No Business Like Show Business* the following morning.

"That all depends on Marilyn Monroe," said the queen of Broadway musicals who, I understand, has been patience herself waiting for the Queen of Hollywood glamour girls to show up on the set—or not show up.

When Rocky and Gary Cooper walked in just about the same time that Peter Lawford and his bride, Patricia Kennedy, arrived, every eye in the place was on this foursome. Or had you forgotten that during several separations from Gary, Rocky Cooper and Pete Lawford used to be dancing dates?

Those who expected fireworks were doomed to disappointment. Rocky and Peter were extremely cordial to each other—and I later saw Gary dancing with the new Mrs. Lawford.

It turned out that the big surprise of the evening was Humphrey Bogart's singing! With all this professional talent in attendance—Bogey got up at the microphone and gave with "September Song," and he was plenty good.

Lauren Bacall remarked, "The old boy can do anything," but she was plenty proud of "the old boy," believe me.

Mona Freeman, who is Judy's closest girl friend, came with Bob Neal (Frank Sinatra being up in Las Vegas). All Mona can talk about is how wonderful Judy is in *A Star Is Born*.

"If she doesn't get the Academy Award," Mona told me, "they should stop handing out Oscars."

The Dean Martins seem absolutely lovey-dovey since their reconciliation. I didn't see either of them dancing with anyone else the entire evening.

Van and Evie Johnson are always so sweet and thoughtful to everyone. I had to go home early—too early for such a good party—and they brought me to my door.

I had to tell Van how good I think he is in *The Caine Mutiny* movie.

"Thank you, Louella," he said, "my days of the howling bobby soxers are over. But I'm thankful that my career has moved into maturity without too big a jolt."

Evie told me that she and Van were bent double the other evening going over some of his old fan magazine stories. The worst was titled, "The Kutesh Kid In Town."

AVA GARDNER'S NEW LOVE is costing her plenty—in more ways than one. She is completing her six-weeks stint in Reno divorcing Frank Sinatra and my money says that she will be heading immediately to Madrid to marry—and I said marry—bullfighter Dominguin!

MGM has suspended her, which means no more fat salary checks, for refusing to do *Love Me Or Leave Me*, the story of singer Ruth Etting.

Ava took a beautiful house on Lake Tahoe and imported practically her entire family to be with her while she sat it out. Two sisters were with her, one brother-in-law and her secretary.

If the Reno-ites expected her to go into seclusion, as have many stars in quest of freedom, they were pleasantly surprised.

A fan writes, "Ava is at a nightclub or at one of the gambling palaces almost every night—all dressed up and looking anything but unhappy."

"When Ann Sothern opened her nightclub act in Reno, Ava, sitting ringside, attracted almost as much attention as Maisie Sothern. When Ann introduced her, she stood up in the spotlight and took a bow and threw kisses. She was very gracious to fans who came to her table and autographed menus for several of them—including me.

(Continued on page 16)

Tony Curtis was



Tony never suspected a thing when Janet suggested hearing Sammy Davis, Jr., at Boston's Latin Quarter.



Party idea was Mitzi Green's. She's Mrs. Joe Penney; Joe is directing Tony's *Five Bridges To Cross*.



"Don't help!" Janet begged, but pals Julia Adams and George Nader puffed at the candles anyhow.

really surprised



Then all of a sudden a party of their friends, singing "Happy Birthday," appeared—with a cake!



Janet got gifts and congratulations, too, because it was also the Curtis' third wedding anniversary.



Tony and Janet really seem happy now; everyone's so glad their recent troubles were just temporary.



on my soapbox:

I CHALLENGE BOB MITCHUM

■ I'm challenging Robert Mitchum to make me eat my words that he is the most miscast actor of the year as the sensitive young doctor in *Not As A Stranger*.

In the right role, I say there are few better actors than Bob. And most of the fans agree with me. But Bob should see the letters I've received from fans who have read Mort Thompson's best seller—and not one believes that Mitchum is the star for the part.

I even discussed this with Stanley Kramer, the producer. He said, "Wait. I think Bob will surprise you." I'll wait. And I'll be the first to say that he's great—if he is.

Here are some of the objections to Bob I've received in letters:

"He's too old to be convincing during the large part of the story when the young doctor is a medical student."

"He has been associated with too much personal sensational publicity to be acceptable to the medical profession."

"He represents physical, almost animal, appeal which will be a jarring note in the playing of a sensitive, misunderstood man who is dedicated to medicine."

"All the time I'm watching him, I'll be thinking of that picture he posed for in France with that girl who stripped off her brassiere."

And so the letters go.

With all these strikes on him before he goes to bat, I say that Mitchum has the hardest assignment ever handed an actor. But if he overcomes all this in a fine, fine portrayal I'll be the first to say so—and also to say that he deserves an Academy Award.



the letter box



CAROL LEVIN, Buffalo, New York, is furious over the "snide hints that Jerry Lewis is most responsible for the troubles between Jerry and his partner, Dean Martin. I have relatives in Los Angeles who are closely associated with Mr. Lewis and they hold him to be as fine a man as he is funny. Let's remember, it takes two to make a quarrel." *Right, Carol.*

PHYLLIS EMMY, Ogallala, Nebraska, believes that Gene Nelson is the most wasted talent in Hollywood. "He's a greater dancer than either Gene Kelly or Fred Astaire and yet he gets just mediocre musicals." *Buck up, gal. Your boy has one of the two top male leads in Oklahoma! and that's no mediocre musical.*



KAY KEEGAN, of Texas City, Texas, is crazy about Sterling Hayden in *Johnny Guitar* and wants to know if he's married and has any children! *I'll say! Married, separated, and four (or is it five?) children—I've lost count.*

CATHERINE CARTER says she hears that Kathryn Grayson plans to retire when she marries Pat Nerney. *Wait a minute, Catherine. It's Jane Powell who will marry Pat Nerney—and neither she nor Kathryn Grayson have retirement plans.*

Betty Grable is not only PAUL CONN's favorite star, she's inspired him to write a poem which goes:

"A shapely young matron
named Grable
To buy ermine and sable
is able,
Since her figure divine
Is a box-office mine
In pictures that carry her
label."

Betty, attention please!

(Continued from page 14) "The only time she seemed disturbed was when a fresh guy asked her if she knew that Mona Freeman had gone to Las Vegas to visit Frank Sinatra.

"Ava frowned and snapped, 'I care nothing about that.

"She wears simply scrumptious clothes. Even her denims have pearl and rhinestone trimmings and her slacks outfits are divine. A boy who makes deliveries to her house says that Ava has pictures of her bullfighter boy friend all over the place—even in the kitchen!

"At cocktail time she wears the cutest matador pants in bright red or green satin."

Thank you, Miss Fan, for this inside peek at Ava getting her divorce.

PERSONAL OPINIONS:

If you think 20th Century-Fox isn't sold, sold, sold on Robert Wagner, listen to this: the studio took up his option eighteen months ahead of time.

I have a hunch Jeff Chandler and Gloria De Haven will marry when both are free. They're soooo gone on each other.

Everyone is so happy for Wanda Hendrix—now Mrs. Jim Stack. Wanda was a miserable little girl when her marriage to Audie Murphy went on the rocks. Now she's living in the clouds again, so in love with the handsome and wealthy socialite who is Bob Stack's brother and who recently came into about \$4,000,000 inheritance on his thirty-seventh birthday.

Back in the days when Peter Lawford was romancing various Hollywood beauties, he never liked them to visit him on the set. But that's all changed since Patricia Kennedy became his bride. She lunches daily with him while he's making his TV series and remains on the set till he's finished for the day.

A certain little doll-faced ingénue is hitting the bottle too hard and she can't disguise it under the guise that she's just "peppy" much longer.

A fashion I wouldn't exactly advocate—unless you are another Marie Wilson—is her new gag of wearing colored wigs to match her evening gowns.

The night I caught her, Marie had on a soft pink wig that exactly matched a décolleté gown she was wearing.

She also has one in pale blue, another in white and she's toying with one in orange!

There is no bigger fan than that great actress Shirley Booth who is just as wonderful in her new movie, *About Mrs. Leslie*, as she was in her Academy Award winning *Come Back, Little Sheba*.

Whenever Shirley sees a picture or a play that impresses her she sits down and writes a personal letter to the actor or actress. Most of them are bowled over by such recognition from a great actress.

"But there are two," says Miss Booth, "who didn't answer—or didn't send me a photograph with an autograph. I'll give them a little while longer. And then, I'm going to name them," she laughs.

There's a bit of a catch to the contract Mario Lanza has signed with Howard Hughes. It is effective only if the singer loses at least fifty pounds.

To many actors, this might seem like a slight stipulation. I'm not sure it will be so easy for Mario. A very close friend of his tells me that he will diet strenuously for a day or two—and then he just can't resist spaghetti.

Poor Marie MacDonald. Even before she was picked up by the Beverly Hills police for ramming three parked cars, and was booked on charges of driving under the influence of sedatives, I had suspected that she was a sick girl.

She frequently called me for no apparent reason. But not too long ago she called to say that she had come to the conclusion that she could not go on with her marriage to Harry Karl.

Within a week she called again to say that Harry had bought her a station wagon, filled it with fishing poles, "and now we have reconciled our differences." This is hardly the reasoning of someone in control of herself.

As for the charges brought by two newspaper cameramen that Harry Karl deliberately tried to run them down when they tried to take Marie's picture—I can only believe that he was distraught and hardly knew what he was doing—except blindly trying to protect his ill wife.

I talked with Ann Blyth McNulty exactly twenty-six hours after the arrival of Timothy Patrick McNulty, who weighed in at seven-and-a-half pounds, a big baby for such a little girl.

"Now that Timothy is here, Ann," I laughed, "break down and admit you and Dr. Jim wanted a boy all along."

"That's right, Louella," Ann chuckled, her voice strong and happy. "we did want a boy first and we couldn't be happier."

"You always get what you want," I said.

"And, I'm deeply grateful," she agreed. "I guess I'm just lucky."

If you ask me, I'm sure it's more than luck. This beautiful and religious girl is just getting back some of the joy and helpfulness and consideration of others which she gives out.

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. SEE YOU NEXT MONTH!



Bobbi is perfect for this new "Stewardess" hairdo. Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, casual looking curls. No nightly settings necessary.

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.



Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the soft, natural look of the new "Sweet Heart" style. Bobbi is so easy—no help is needed.



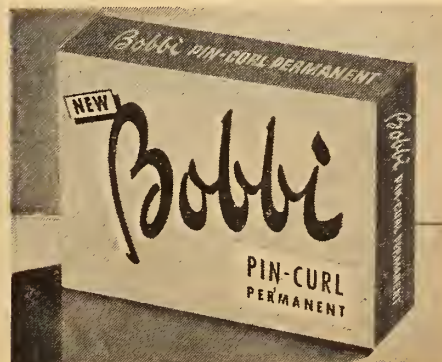
Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft waves needed for the "Bettina" hairdo. With Bobbi you get curls and waves *exactly* where you want them.



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



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.



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

if you
were



a
Powers
Model



... you'd know
the secrets of
romance,
glamour, success!
John Robert
Powers would
have taught you.



NOW! You can get
the BEAUTY SECRETS of the
famous POWERS MODELS

Gayla offers you these priceless secrets, by John Robert Powers, on a new double-face 78 rpm record. Just by listening, you can learn the secrets of lovely, lustrous hair, and how to achieve the most attractive hair styling. You can't buy it anywhere but YOU can get it by sending in the top of a Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pin card or a Gayla Hair Net envelope with 25c (for handling). Remember, Gayla HOLD-BOB is the bobby pin the Powers Models prefer.

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HOLD-BOB®

World's Largest
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1918 Prairie Avenue, Chicago 16, Illinois

Yes, I want the record telling Beauty Secrets of the famous Powers Models. Here's the top of a Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pin card or a Gayla Hair Net envelope plus 25c (for handling).

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City _____ Zone _____

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TV TALK

Wedding bells for Wally...

New stars: Eva Marie Saint
and Kaye Ballard



Mr. Peepers and his TV bride are happy, too.

Wally Cox was so secretive about his wedding that only a handful of people know much more than the name of the bride, **Marilyn Gennaro**, and the name of the town (Bozman, Maryland). Here's the rest of the story. Wally and Marilyn had been going together for about four years—not steady hut pretty frequently. Wally had lots of other dates, hut he kept going back to Marilyn, whom he met when she was in the chorus of his first Broadway show. He had been wanting to get married for a long time—partly because he is dying to have a family. One of the reasons he decided Marilyn was the girl for him was that she liked him before he became famous as Mr. Peepers. He was always afraid that his other dates were going out with him because he was rich and famous. But he knew that Marilyn liked him for himself. (Wally is so tired of people calling him "Mr. Peepers" when they see him on the street that he has been known to scream, "Cox! Cox! Cox is the name!" at them in a fury.) And he always felt at home with Marilyn. The reason you read so little about the wedding itself was that Wally believes that marriages are sacred. Hardly anyone knew that he was going to be married, and when a few reporters did find out and follow him to Maryland, he almost called the whole thing off. If you'd seen him hawl them out for twenty minutes, you wouldn't have recognized the meek and mild Mr. Peepers you see on the screen! Marilyn and Wally's best friend drove down to Maryland three days before the wedding to get the license; Wally didn't go—which helped keep things quiet. And very few people were invited. The minister was the most nervous person there; it was his first wedding. No relatives of either the hride or the groom were present. Wally and his mother are not too close, and his father was at Wally's farm in Michigan (where he and Marilyn spent some of their honeymoon). Marilyn's parents are separated. Wally and Marilyn took them out to a fancy dinner and told them the good news. (They undoubtedly didn't celebrate riotously. Wally, you know, can take about one drink of beer and feel a little dizzy.) Marilyn gave up her dancing job in *Pajama Game* a few days before she married Wally, hut she wasn't out of a job long. Wally insisted that she have a part in the play he did in summer stock, and a special one was written in for her—just so she wouldn't be lonely while he was working. Wally may not like being called Mr. Peepers, hut he surely seems to be just as considerate of Marilyn Cox as Robinson Peepers is of Nancy Peepers!... Everybody who knows **Eva Marie Saint** loves her. She's just as pretty and slim off screen as on—and could pass for a college freshman any time she wanted to even though she's in her thirties. Her voice surprises you a little when you meet her, though; it's deeper than you'd think, and has that little crack in it like Jean

Arthur's. You won't be seeing as much of Eva Marie on tv as you'd like to because she's fussy about her parts. She prefers live hour shows—and topnotch ones. They're hard to find. She also won't be in the movies as much as you undoubtedly wish if you've seen her in *On The Waterfront*. She won't leave her husband, who's a tv director in New York. That's one reason she agreed to make *Waterfront*. It was made in Hoboken. The other reason, of course, is that Eva Marie is a serious young actress and she couldn't turn down a chance to work with director Elia Kazan and Marlon Brando. (Eva Marie's husband, by the way, thought the love scenes between his wife and Marlon Brando were some of the most moving and powerful he had ever seen.)... One person whose success hasn't gone to her head is **Kaye Ballard**. All in one season, she made a hit in *The Golden Apple* on Broadway and got an NBC television contract. Most people with that kind of luck would pack up, move to a fancy apartment and hire at least one servant. Not Kaye. She still lives in her old tiny one up three flights of steep stairs. Notice sometimes how Kaye is reminiscent of Judy Garland when she sings a sad love song. . . . When **Walter Cronkite** moved to New York, he found a pretty snazzy place for himself and his wife and two little girls—a big modern apartment overlooking the East River. When they lived in Washington, their furniture was mostly Early American, hut it wouldn't fit in with their New York picture windows, so they got rid of all of it and started all over again. Walter is all recovered from his operation. It was an old ailment and he kept putting off having it taken care of. But he finally went off to the hospital one night right after he finished *You Are There*. Incidentally, Walter is one of the few men who is really nuts about his mother-in-law. She stays with them quite a hit of the time, and he loves it! . . . You'll notice the change in **Ray Milland's** show this fall. It's going to be much more sophisticated and much more like Ray Milland. He just felt that the shows last year were too silly, and he put his foot down . . . You should see behind the scenes on **Ed Murrow's Person to Person**. It looks so easy, you almost forget that the people's homes are full of men and equipment. On the afternoon of the day of the show, a big CBS crew shows up. They take up rugs and stick big batteries in odd corners, and generally turn the home into a tv studio. But no one has ever complained. Ed has given his crew strict orders to leave the houses the way they found them, and they do. By midnight, after the show, you'd never know they'd been there. Ed, by the way, sometimes never meets the guests except when he's interviewing them (and then, of course, he's in a CBS studio and they're at their homes). But sometimes they go out for drinks and dinner together before the show. That's why, sometimes, the guests are so relaxed!

Women Astounded By Make-Up Miracle On TV

MODEL SHEDS 10 YEARS IN 10 SECONDS

Now Available For The First Time! — The **SECRET**
That Famous Screen, Stage, TV Stars Learned From Their Make-Up Artists

Why Do Famous Actresses Look So Young and Glamorous So Long?

Your own common sense will tell you a multi-million dollar movie can't be held up because the star comes on the set with dark circles under her eyes or because nature was mean enough to make a pimple pop out on her nose.

You always assumed that nature played favorites—or else that they did it with make-up. But the truth is make-up alone cannot do it because make-up must be translucent enough to let your skin show through. Otherwise, you'd look as if you were wearing a mask.

If the stars used make-up alone, their dark circles, blemishes, lines would show.

The Secret That the Stars Had to Learn

After all, they can't touch up motion picture film. So they must touch up the stars themselves. That's why the make-up artists in Hollywood had to develop a new cosmetic.

Before any make-up artist thinks of applying make-up, he first touches up all imperfections. Then and only then does he apply make-up. That is what keeps stage, screen and television stars looking so young.

Remember When Only "Hussies" Used Lipstick?

Remember—actresses used cake make-up, lipstick, eye make-up and mascara long before the general public did. And they never shouted from the housetops that they owed all their glamour to make-up secrets.

Charles Antell hates to give away their last and most carefully guarded secret. But business is business. So now, at last, Charles Antell is making this secret cosmetic available to everybody. We call it Touch-Up Stik.

The Cosmetic the Whole Family Will Use

In the morning, if you're in a hurry, a touch of Charles Antell's Touch-Up Stik, a touch of lipstick—and your husband will look at you, instead of the morning paper.

For the beach, Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik will conceal unsightly broken blood vessels on your legs.

Teen-agers use Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik to hide the blemishes and pimples that always seem to pop out just before a date.

ALWAYS TOUCH-UP BEFORE YOU MAKE-UP



WITHOUT TOUCH-UP STIK



WITH TOUCH-UP STIK

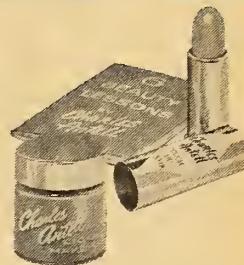
Make this miraculous difference as easily as applying lipstick.

Your Friends Will Think You Found "The Fountain of Youth"

To look your glamorous best, blend your make-up over the Touch-Up Stik. Instead of looking more made up, you will look less made up—because it takes far less make-up to give you the smooth, even, creamy-looking complexion that every woman wants and every man admires.

Remember—Touch-Up Stik is invisible. People see the results—not the Touch-Up Stik itself. And it's actually good for the skin. The ingredients have been blended together with beautifying, softening lanolin. It will not flake, peel, crack or rub off. It will stay on until you wash it off or cream it off.

Stars' Secret Now Yours During FREE Introductory Bargain Offer



Is it expensive? No. A Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik that will last you up to a year is only \$2. But to induce you to try it now, to see for yourself how easy it is to shed ten, fifteen or even twenty years from your appearance, here is what we are going to do.

With each Touch-Up Stik, we are going to give you FREE a \$1.50 bottle of Charles Antell's Liquid Make-up with Lanolin that matches your Touch-Up Stik. This is a revolutionary new kind of liquid make-up that has a natural affinity for the skin. That's why it stays on longer, looks better and is actually good for your skin. It needs no foundation under it, it needs no powder over it. It is the first complete make-up.

Now besides that, we are going to give you FREE a series of beauty lessons to teach you all the simple little make-up tricks of the make-up artist.

In other words, you get the \$2 Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik, the \$1.50 matching Liquid Make-up with Lanolin, plus the make-up lessons—for the cost of the Touch-Up Stik alone. Only \$2.

This is a limited offer and may be withdrawn without notice. So act now!

If your local store has not yet received or has sold out of Touch-Up Stik, use money-saving coupon below.



The Greatest Beauty Revelation Since Lipstick

Many of you have seen the miraculous demonstration on TV where a model shed ten years in ten seconds right before your eyes. You know that a touch-up stick has been working for years for stars of stage, screen and radio.

Now, at last, it is available to you. Think of how you will look without dark circles under your eyes, harsh lines softened, freckles, scars, birthmarks and blemishes all made invisible. The kind of perfection you always felt was out of your reach is now as easy to achieve as putting on lipstick.

**Charles
Antell**

TOUCH-UP STIK

MORE THAN YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

You must look ten years younger in 10 seconds or you get more than your money back. Keep the \$1.50 matching Liquid Make-up with Lanolin. Keep the Make-Up Lessons. Send back only the Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik and your full purchase will be refunded immediately, no questions asked.

WE HAVE THE PERFECT SHADE FOR YOUR COMPLEXION

Select Proper Color Below

CHARLES ANTELL, INC.

115 South Street, Baltimore 3, Md.

Please rush me your Touch-Up Stik (up to a year's supply) for \$2.00 and send me the FREE matching Liquid Make-Up worth \$1.50, plus FREE Beauty Lessons.

☐ I am enclosing \$2.00—
you pay postage

☐ Please send C.O.D.—
I will pay postage

CHECK COLOR DESIRED

☐ Fair ☐ Medium ☐ Brunette
☐ Natural ☐ Light Brunette ☐ Suntan (very dark)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Forgotten something?



Bags all packed, tickets all bought, and here you are—ready for that long-awaited vacation. But if you don't have a certain product tucked into a suitcase, at least a part of your vacation might be spoiled.

For what's more likely to spoil a vacation than not being able to go swimming? Yet, if you use external pads for sanitary protection, you may even feel an understandable reluctance to go to the beach. (External pads with their belts and pins are so bulky!) In fact, you may feel self-conscious about shorts, tapered slacks or clinging dresses.

How different—how delightfully different—when you have Tampax with you. Tampax is *internal* sanitary protection. It never "shows" under a wet or dry bathing suit. And is it *comfortable*? Actually, you don't even feel the Tampax, once it's in place. (No chafing, not a speck of irritation.)

Tampax is made of highly absorbent surgical cotton in disposable applicators. The Tampax itself is so easy to dispose of that you just don't have any worries. And of course you can wear Tampax in your shower or tub.

One last bit of good news: Tampax actually prevents odor from forming! Choice of 3 absorbency-sizes at any drug or notion counter: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply goes into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

NEW MOVIES *by florence epstein*



The story of *The Egyptian* revolves around the splendid but corrupt court of ancient Egypt, where Pharaoh Akhnaton (Michael Wilding) clashes with the priests over his belief that there is only one God. Peace-loving, the Pharaoh refuses to arm against his enemies, the Hittites.



Hero of the film, Sinuhe (Edmund Purdom) celebrates becoming a physician by getting drunk, is taken home by army cadet Victor Mature.



Mature and Purdom save Akhnaton from a lion, are received at court and meet the Pharaoh's proud and passionate sister (Gene Tierney).

Picture of the Month: THE EGYPTIAN

■ Twentieth Century-Fox emptied its treasury for *The Egyptian*, a lavish CinemaScope production which recreates a culture that existed 33 centuries ago. Based on the best seller of the same name, it is a highly involved story of the days when men worshipped many gods and were tied by superstition and ignorances. Yet, even then, some groped for new truths and died fighting old misconceptions. The movie revolves around a young physician named Sinuhe (Edmund Purdom) who was cast on the Nile as a child and rescued by a poor physician and his wife. Purdom actually was the Pharaoh's son, although he never acknowledges it. An early idealist, he seeks the meaning of life but finds instead violent passions, greed and malice. Akhnaton (Michael Wilding) the present Pharaoh, is probably the first Egyptian to believe in the concept of one God. This naturally leads to his downfall since it threatens the livelihood of a great many priests. The idea that only truth (not Pharaohs) is immortal and that evil must be condemned divides the characters into two camps. Among the corrupt are Bella Darvi, a Babylonian seductress who lures Purdom away from the good Merit (Jean Simmons), Victor Mature, a husky, power-loving warrior who finally ascends the throne with Gene Tierney (Akhnaton's sister). Colorful, exotic, full of intrigue and the decadent splendor of a fascinating civilization—that is *The Egyptian*.

All the Passion and Pageantry of Knighthood's Epic Age!

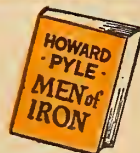
The Story of England's Outlaw Knight
who pledged his life to save a throne and
his love to win the forbidden lips of
a kingdom's ravishing beauty!

Universal-International presents

THE Black Shield OF FALWORTH

COLOR BY *Technicolor*

IN **CINEMASCOPE**



starring **TONY CURTIS • JANET LEIGH**
DAVID FARRAR • BARBARA RUSH • HERBERT MARSHALL

with Torin Thatcher • Daniel O'Herlihy • Rhys Williams

Directed by RUDOLPH MATE • Screenplay by OSCAR BRODNEY • Produced by ROBERT ARTHUR and MELVILLE TUCKER





Emilio of Capri: In summer, to be in style you've got to be in *Playtex* first! Slims and trims like magic.

Top Designers Agree:
Slim summer fashions start
with a Playtex figure!



See how

Playtex®

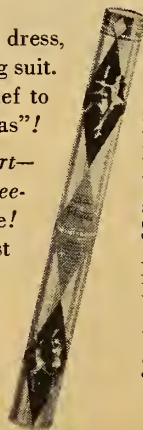
Fabric Lined *Panty Brief*

narrows your silhouette in new freedom . . . widens
your choice of new sun clothes, new fun clothes!

You don't have to be tiny to shine in the briefest sun dress,
loungue in skin-tight slacks, swim in a shape-showing suit.
Not when there's Playtex Fabric Lined Panty Brief to
trim away the inches, slim away those little "extras"!

And Playtex performs its wonders in such *comfort*—
thanks to that cloud-soft fabric lining! In such *free-*
dom, too—since it hasn't a seam, stitch, stay or bone!
Just a smooth latex sheath—*invisible* under the most
figure-hugging fashions.

Wear it from dawning to dancing, wash it in sec-
onds—see how fast it dries! At department stores
and better specialty shops everywhere.



**PLAYTEX . . .
known every-
where as the
girdle in the
SLIM tube.**

Playtex Fabric Lined
Panty Brief, \$4.95
Other Playtex Girdles
from \$3.50 to \$7.95

(Prices slightly higher
outside U.S.A.)



HOBSON'S CHOICE Charles Laughton, as Henry Horatio Hobson, is an unusually obnoxious father. He's so tight with a pound he'd rather his daughters were old maids than have to pay a dowry. Besides, life is comfortable as it is. His three girls work (without pay) in his bootshop and when he staggers home after a day at the Moonrakers Inn dinner had better be on the table. Eldest daughter (Brenda De Banzie) brings this blustering tyrant to heel. She drags his bootmaker (John Mills) out of the cellar, dusts him off and marries him. Somewhat shocked, Mills acts like a lamb going to slaughter but he recovers fast. And with a shop of his own he is soon pushing Hobson out of business. That's the framework of a film rich in humor and warmth. Excellent acting makes ordinary situations into freshly comic events and a "merry England" flavor runs through it all.—U. A.



THE COWBOY If you've seen so many westerns you've forgotten what cowboys are really like this will refresh your memory. It is a documentary about the men who first came out to the west, started rounding up cattle and driving them to market, started catching wild mustangs and breaking them in as working cow-horses, started putting up fences and laying down laws. Narrated by Tex Ritter, Bill Conrad, John Dehner and Larry Dobkin, the movie has a pastoral quality to it. The life of the cowboy was hard and lonely but there was something about the vastness of the land and of the job that seemed to catch his imagination. You'll get a glimpse into the life of two modern cowboys whose long working day starts at 4 a.m. Tired they may be, but they'll ride 20 miles to a square dance on Saturday night and risk their necks on Sunday in a country rodeo. Music by Carl Brandt. Eastman Color.—Lippert Pictures.



THE VANISHING PRAIRIE Walt Disney's second True Life Adventure (his first was *The Living Desert*) more than lives up to its promise. You marvel at the wizardry of the cameramen who catch the animals and birds of the prairie at their most un-guarded, most typical moments. (To film the birth of a buffalo calf cameramen draped themselves in buffalo hide and moved right in with the herd.) Courtship, death struggles, nesting habits of mountain lion, antelope, prairie dog, marsh bird and others are all here in Technicolor with music that sets a lively, often humorous pace. You move from spring to winter in that great expanse of land between the Mississippi and the Rockies, from tender moments of birth to the stark drama of survival in flash floods, drought and fire. The camera, always alert and inquisitive, beautifully recaptures that time when these animals not only roamed the American prairie but presided over it as well.



THE ROYAL TOUR OF QUEEN ELIZABETH AND PHILIP Queen Elizabeth and Philip traveled 50,000 miles in six months, visiting their empire. It was an historic tour and here it is recorded in Technicolor on a CinemaScope screen. The scenery is impressive, so are the hordes of loyal subjects in Australia, Africa, Malta, Gibraltar and other small islands of the realm. Colorful native dances, various celebrations, drills and garden parties for the royal entourage are shown. Twice Elizabeth wore her coronation gown to open Houses of Parliament. Once, part of a fleet plowed out to sea single file to welcome the Queen's yacht with 21-gun salutes. Interesting as a document, the film never descends from its high level of formality and is therefore somewhat exhausting. After an hour and a half you've more than sensed the intense discipline and rigorous routine which rules Queen Elizabeth's life—you've almost experienced it yourself.—20th-Fox



SABRINA The Cinderella story never goes stale and when Audrey Hepburn plays her it even seems inspired. She's the chauffeur's daughter on an immense estate in Long Island. Ever since childhood she's been secretly in love with young heir David Larrahee (William Holden) who lives in the mansion and not above the garage. Pop sends her off to cooking school in Paris. Forget David, he pleads, he's beyond your reach. But girls learn more than cooking in Paris and when Audrey comes back she's a chic sophisticate with French poodle. David drops his fiancée (Martha Hyer) to woo her. Older brother Humphrey Bogart, who long ago married the family's business, takes desperate steps to stop this romance. That is, he woos Audrey himself. But his intentions aren't honorable—not at the beginning, anyway. You'll love Sabrina (that's Audrey). It's gay, sweet and funny. With Walter Hampden, John Williams.—Para.



LIVING IT UP Martin and Lewis aren't funnier than ever but if you're a fan you'll probably enjoy *Living It Up* which is vaguely based on Broadway's *Hazel Flagg*. Concerns a small town boy, Homer Flagg (Jerry Lewis), who thinks he's radioactive. Reporter Janet Leigh sees a story in him and saddles her publisher Fred Clark with all the expenses of bringing Homer and his doctor (Dean Martin) to New York. After all, says Janet, the poor kid has only three weeks to live. On the strength of that she proposes to him, Mayor Edward Arnold hands him the key to the city and Homer, wild with joy, turns his lavish hotel suite into pandemonium. Clark foots the bills while everybody waits around with tears in their eyes for Homer to drop dead. Trouble is, he won't. Not only is he a fraud, but you couldn't kill him with a cannon. Technicolor, with Sheree North.—Para.

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Works instantly to stop Bad Breath!

One brushing with New Colgate Dental Cream leaves your mouth cleaner, fresher for 12 hours or more—helps keep you socially acceptable. Tests show Colgate Dental Cream stops bad breath *instantly* in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth.



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ONLY COLGATE'S GIVES YOU FULL GARDOL PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY!



Are you in the know?



Just met—what's your chatter cue?

☐ Take over ☐ Proceed with caution

Maybe you point out another newcomer, and coo: "What a creep! Hope he doesn't cut in!" He won't. Neither will the lad you're talking to—who happens to be the creep's brother! Lesson: be kind, or be quiet! You can be *confident* (at calendar time), with Kotex. Those *flat pressed ends* prevent outlines. And here's an added worry-saver: Kotex can be worn on either side!



More women choose **KOTEX***
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Which of these "steadies" does most for you?

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Made for each other—Kotex and Kotex sanitary belts—and made to keep you comfortable. Of strong, soft-stretch elastic, they're designed to prevent curling, cutting or twisting. So lightweight! And Kotex belts stay flat even after many washings. Buy two... for a change!

How would you rate this dipper gal?

☐ Shy ☐ Fun ☐ Dracula's daughter

For parched gullets, nothing beats a cold draught of aqua, country style—but who wants a cascade down his back? That's Minnie the Ha-Ha for you. Up to another practical prank. *Funny?* Ask Pete (of the drenched shirt)! How can Minnie's victims know that such buffoonery conceals shyness; a need for notice? Being *herself* is a gal's better bet. And on "those" days, comfort helps. Remember, Kotex gives softness that *holds its shape*... doesn't chafe!



Should a back-to-school shopper be —

☐ Lobel-conscious ☐ Loaded with lucre

Budgeteen or million dollar baby—look for labels on togs before you buy! Little tags that tell about shrinkage, fade-resistance; whether a fabric's sudsworthy or should be dry cleaned. Helps you choose what's best for you. So too, when choosing Kotex, look for the labels Regular, Junior, Super. Of these 3 sizes there's one exactly suited to you; gives the *complete absorbency* you need.

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



SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS When you base a movie on a story by Stephen Vincent Benét you can't lose. It's bound to be whimsical, unique and full of homespun charm. This musical has all those qualities in addition to dances by Michael Kidd and lyrics by Johnny Mercer. The seven brothers (headed by Howard Keel) are a bearded, sloppy crew who live in the hills. One day Keel goes to town to pick a wife, and comes back with Jane Powell. Jane shudders at the sight of her in-laws but she's trapped. Only thing to do is reform them. Pretty soon the boys want to get married, too. Keel tells them a story of the Sabine women who were carried off by Romans. Swell idea, say the brothers, and proceed to kidnap their would-be brides. The frightened (but thrilled) girls are their prisoners all winter because the pass is blocked by snow. Comes the thaw, comes the irate fathers, comes the grand climax. CinemaScope.—MGM.



GARDEN OF EVIL There's this fellow lying near to death in a gold mine and his wife (Susan Hayward) wants to rescue him. She strides into a saloon and behind a beaded curtain finds Gary Cooper, Richard Widmark, Cameron Mitchell. Come with me, fellas, she says, and I'll give you two thousand dollars apiece. So they go with her up hills and over cliffs—riding, riding, riding through Mexico's remote Indian country. Cooper doesn't talk much, but you know he's masterful. Widmark talks maybe too much but he's barmless, always with the card tricks. Mitchell doesn't talk. Attack's his game. Well, they reach this mine where lies Hugh Marlowe near to death. "So you come back?" he sneers at his wife. She swallows tears of humiliation. Sure, she came back. Now the problem is to come back to the saloon where the fellas can spend their two thousand bucks apiece. The Indians save Susan a heap of dough. CinemaScope.—20th Fox.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION (U-I): Rock Hudson and Jane Wyman star in this poignant love story of a man and a woman who discover a new way of life. By Lloyd C. Douglas. With Barbara Rusch, Agnes Moorehead. In Technicolor.

THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY (Warners): John Wayne and Bob Stack are the tense pilots of a plane in trouble. Claire Trevor, Laraine Day, Jan Sterling are among the passengers, who range from calm to terrified. An exciting film. CinemaScope.

DEMETRIUS AND THE GLADIATORS (20th-Fox): This CinemaScope epic picks up where *The Robe* left off, follows Victor Mature as Demetrius through encounters with Susan Hayward, Debra Paget, Michael Rennie and numerous hungry lions. Technicolor.

ON THE WATERFRONT (Col.): One of the year's best films, this tense and exciting story of longshoremen vs. corrupt union bosses stars Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, lovely Eva Marie Saint. Directed by Elia Kazan.

DIAL M FOR MURDER (Warners): A topnotch thriller, this is an adaptation of a hit play. Ray Milland stars as the jealous husband trying to get his wife, Grace Kelly, indicted for murder. Bob Cummings is around to add to the terrific suspense. Warnercolor.

OH MY PAPA!



The MacDonald Careys' fifth is a half-pint of note!

■ It's not every baby who can be a long-awaited Blessed Event and at the same time almost wreck Papa's career. Edward MacDonald Carey, Jr., almost managed it, though, merely by showing up in Hollywood while MacDonald, Sr., was on stage in New York, doing a performance of his hit Broadway show, *Anniversary Waltz*. A helpful friend in the wings made signs to Papa indicating that he was a father for the fifth time. MacDonald, naturally thrilled (and possibly impressed with his own record), promptly forgot his lines and stood in full view of the audience, making signals like telephoning so that there would be a line open to the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital on the coast as soon as the act was over.

Producers being men of heart and MacDonald being an actor of note, he was not removed from the cast nor even gently reprimanded. If anything, it was felt that he had once more proved his claim to have one of Hollywood's happiest home-lives as well as rosiest careers. In the fifteen years between his discovery in Broadway's *Lady In The Dark* (which also sent Vic Mature to Hollywood) and his latest, most important movie, *Fire Over Africa*, with Maureen O'Hara, Carey has received almost nothing but praise from critics for his scores of films. This last one, in fact, has drawn forth rhapsodies, causing one lady reviewer to murmur soulfully, "He's even younger and more romantic than he was fifteen years ago!" Which would seem to prove that MacDonald need fear no competition, even from Junior, who, like his father, is growing more handsome daily, but unlike Papa, is beginning to show his full age (about four months) and will probably go right on getting older!

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Says
Candy Jones
(Mrs. Harry Conover)
Director Conover School

M
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New! a shampoo that

Silken your hair!

So alluring—so enchanting . . . this silken shimmer for your hair!

Just one shampoo with New Drene and your hair—
yes, yours—will shine like silk, feel like silk, act like silk!



This is a *New Drene* formula—
so **Mild** you could
shampoo every day!



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Our new look...

■ With this gala issue, MODERN SCREEN introduces a brand new, exclusive gossip extra—eight pages brim-full of last minute news, special reports and off-guard photo features brought to you by Hollywood's First Lady, Louella Parsons. We are proud to add this exciting bonus section, another great step forward in making MODERN SCREEN the most complete coverage of Hollywood you can buy. In addition to *Louella Parsons in Hollywood*, you'll find nine gorgeous pages in full color and our newly expanded portrait gallery in every issue from now on. Naturally these added features will in no way limit the regular features that have made MODERN SCREEN America's most popular fan magazine on the newsstands: we will continue to bring you the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth with more full length stories, more on-the-spot exclusive news-breaks, more exciting photographs of your favorite stars than any other publication.

Cordially yours,

Charles D. Saxon

EDITOR

Marilyn Talks About Joe And Babies

The most intimate interview ever given by Hollywood's most exciting star

■ "I'd hate to think that marriage was Joe's only interest," said Marilyn Monroe. "There are twenty-four hours in each day. How many hours can you give to being a husband or a wife? You must have other interests, too, to make for a full, happy life." This is "The Monroe Doctrine."

Marilyn was giving me the frankest interview of her life, revealing her most secret thoughts on marriage and babies—and she threw in the famous calendar for fascinating good measure. She's a trifle old-fashioned. She believes a wife should not be separated from her husband and she believes a mother should not be separated from her children. She has definite ideas about child care—having been a neglected child herself. She discussed all of this with the honesty that has always existed between this reporter and the blonde, beautiful and most exciting movie star of our generation.

Some of the women reporters in this town have given Marilyn a bad time. They've called her cheap, tawdry, a bad actress. She has always been grateful to me because way back, even before the bit in *Asphalt Jungle*, in the days when only the late diminutive agent, Johnny Hyde, believed she would one day be a great actress, I regarded her as a nice girl, caught in the Hollywood jungle. I must confess I didn't think she had much chance of breaking out of the overgrown forest into the bright sunlight of stardom. I like her even more now, because success has loosened the tight bonds of an inferiority complex that used to bind her tongue when you asked her the simplest question. But now?

"Joe," said Marilyn, "will always come first with me. He is the human being closest to my heart. He's the most important person in my life. Everything else is second. But he understands that my career is very important to me. I fought hard to get it. Sometimes starved. And the same goes for his career with me. We both had our jobs before we (Continued on page 67)

by Sheilah Graham





SO, SUE ME!



"Being careful isn't living. I've been . . .



in clover and I've been in jail and busted . . .



flat. But I've loved every minute of it."

When a lady gets something off her chest, who gets involved? Mitchum, of course. Even when he's innocent, he's fall-guy supreme!

BY TONI NOEL

■ Any accident that's on its way to happen just waits around for Robert Mitchum to stroll by. Then it happens to him. He is philosophical about it. He knows he must take the falls, but he doesn't know why.

The trouble is that Mitchum thinks he's just like other men. He isn't. "Mitch is a classic in himself," said an admiring Jane Russell, his longtime stablemate at RKO. "He can do anything—act, write, sing—just a little bit better than anyone else."

Mr. Mitchum is a mere six-foot, one-inch, hundred-and-eighty pounder, but he looks immense, possibly because of the tremendous breadth of his chest and shoulders. Physically, he's a man women must look up to, which makes him different from the average run of Hollywood males. And there are other differences.

Male stars tend to fall into two camps as to hair-style. The younger heroes like the swirl-about that results in careless curls; the aging idols prefer the crewcut as a means of maintaining the illusion of youth. Our Robert wears his light brown hair in a spiky, bristling in-between that goes nowhere. Ladies tenderly describe it as "stubborn."

The Mitchum profile, altered if not improved by a broken nose, strikes them as exceedingly manly. If any other gentleman appraised them with sleepy-eyed boldness equal to that of his hazel eyes or with such a curling lip, they'd exclaim, "How dare you!" To Mitch they murmur, "Why don't you?"

Other guys could walk on their hands without attracting the amount of feminine attention Mitchum achieves simply by putting one foot before the other in the prescribed manner; the delighted distaff reaction to his relaxed amble is that of hep cats to catnip.

Women he has never seen before in his life make outrageous requests ranging from "one kiss" to his autograph on their unmentionables. To comply would require an abundance of (Continued on page 86)

AVA and her BULLFIGHTER





Inseparable in Spain, Ava and Dominguí (world's greatest matador, the Spanish say) were chaperoned by Ava's sister Beatrice.

■ Ava Gardner settled down on the Nevada shore of Lake Tahoe to wait for her third divorce. But she was being questioned as much about prospective husband number four as about her divorce.

The prospect was in Madrid and his name is Luis Miguel Gonzalez y Lucas—better known to the Spanish-speaking world as Dominguí, the bullfighter.

"What's this about you and Dominguí?" Ava was asked. "Is he going to be your next husband?"

Ava is basically a gentle, good-natured girl and a truthful one, but when it comes to the men in her life, she is capable of making up some whoppers.

For example, a few months before she married Sinatra three years ago, she said, "Why should I marry him? I know that men in show business usually don't make good husbands. I've had two of them and I've learned my lesson."

Of Dominguí on June 11, Ava declared, "He is just a friend—as is Clark Gable."

In Madrid Luis Miguel said there was a possibility of his coming to the United States sometime in July or August, and the chances are very good that he will have arrived by the time you read this.

"Would you visit Señorita Gardner?"

"Of course, that would be one of the main reasons for coming!"

"Do you and Señorita Gardner have an understanding?"

"I do not understand," Dominguí said.

"Do you and Señorita Gardner plan to get married?"

Dominguí laughed.

"How long have you known Señorita Gardner?"

"Many months," Dominguí said.

"When she was in Madrid, didn't you take her out steadily? When she was in the hospital, didn't you visit her every day? Didn't you take her out to a famous ranch where they breed fighting bulls? Didn't you go to the bullfights with her? Wasn't it you who introduced Señorita Gardner to Ernest Hemingway?"

(Continued on page 88)

With the ashes
of her marriage to
Frankie barely cold, Ava
is involved in
a flaming new romance—
with the fabulous
Dominguí—of Spain!

BY STEVE CRONIN



At the Madrid airport Dominguí started to give Ava a brotherly goodbye kiss, but it turned into a Hollywood embrace and made international headlines. Ava promptly took off for Nevada to start divorcing Sinatra.



**There is
nothing
like a dame**

■ A man named Harry James, famous for the sweetest trumpet this side of heaven and for being married to Betty Grable, was wakened from his slumbers at the unearthly hour of eleven A.M., one Saturday not long ago. Groggily, since any hour before noon is before sunrise to a band man, Harry staggered to the window and looked out upon the lawn of his five-acre Beverly Hills estate. Then he weaved his way back to bed, nudged the pillow on which the beautiful face of his wife Betty reposed.

"Wake up, doll," he muttered. "They're at it again." Then he fell back upon his bed.

So Betty Grable rose, dressed in pure white slacks, slapped on a touch of lipstick, ran a brush through her hair and went down to the side lawn. As she approached a group of four people enjoying a picnic lunch on the cool green grass, Betty said, "Hi!"

The little grey-haired, round-faced man who was picnicking with his plump and pretty wife and his two plump and pretty daughters, responded graciously. "Sit down," he said, "and help yourself to the deviled eggs, Kansas style."

Betty sat down, helped herself and talked to the people from Kansas. Sally, the older of the two girls, about fifteen, grinned. "If I were reading about this in a movie magazine," she declared, "it would say that I told you that you looked exactly like Betty Grable. But this is for real. We know that you are Betty Grable and that this is your place. That's why we're having a picnic here. We were sure you wouldn't mind."

Betty assured them that she didn't mind and said she'd have another shot of that delicious lemonade. After a while the picnickers packed up, thanked Betty for her hospitality and prepared to move on. Betty started back to the house and to Harry, but she reckoned without the sense of humor to be expected from a Kansas tourist.

"Wait a minute, Betty," he ordered. "When we have a picnic, we always leave the place clean."

Obediently, Betty stopped, (*Continued on page 58*)



And there's never been a dame like Grable! It's twelve years since she posed for her famous wartime pin-up (right)—but get a load of Betty today, on the left. The times may change—but Grable doesn't!

BY RICHARD MOORE



GIVE HER MOUNTAINS

by Ida Zeitlin

Marriage is no happy ending for Suzan Ball. It's the happy beginning of a life filled with love and hope—and work!

■ As Black Shaul in Universal's *Chief Crazy Horse*, you'll see Suzan walking straight and true into the arms of Vic Mature. After which, if you care to do her a service, forget she's the girl who lost her leg. Think of her as she thinks of herself: Suzan Ball, working actress, and Suzan Long, cherished and cherishing wife to Dick.

"I won't be able to leap fences, but I wasn't doing much fence-leaping anyway. I can learn to ride horseback again. I'm already driving."

"Neither more nor less dangerous," comments her lord, "than other women, including the three-legged."

Through his dry foolery the tenderness shows, free of mawkishness. Suzan is not mawkish either, merely aboveboard. "I'm sticking a sign on him: *Attention All Girls! He's Married!*"

"And I'm sticking blinders on her." Then he relents. "But very fancy blinders!"

If you're listening for sobs beneath the surface, you'll hear none. She's a gipsy-faced beauty, her passion for life so intense that he calls her Tiger. He's poised and mature, his reflective spirit deepened by two years in Korea. The past is past, the present and future are theirs. They teem with plans. "Mainly," says Dick, "to live happily ever after." As they tell the story, shifting from grave to gay, a picture emerges of two young people who found in each other the same will to accept reality, the same need for honest thinking, the same release in humor. They also found strength in love. But only because they had forged their own strength to build on.

Suzan, eighteen at the time, was undergoing deep-ray therapy for what she'd been told was a tumor of the knee. Little by little, suspicion took root. "People talk very strangely to me," she told a close friend. "They call up and say they're praying for me. I (Continued on page 72)



Before the cameras for the first time since the loss of her leg, Suzan played opposite Dick on a television show.



In the script, as in real life, Dick encourages Suzan to leave her wheelchair and learn to walk again. She makes it.



TO CLIMB

by Marva Peterson

the private world of **BILL HOLDEN**



Relaxing on weekends, Bill swims or plays lifeguard for the kids and their friends, who are not allowed to use the pool unless Bill or Ardis is watching. Gardening is another favorite—and keeps the ground soft for kids falling off the brick wall (background, below).



Ardis uses the Early American trestle table in the den for Bill's mail, magazines and messages; they spend most of their evenings in this comfortable room, listening to records and talking.



Furnished to survive any number of Cub Scouts, the cool green and white livingroom boasts tables imported from English taverns.



The picture-gallery bar adjoining the den houses the Holdens' photo collection but is not yet filled. Ardis is considering removing the pictures and pointing the walls.

The Holdens don't own a movie-star mansion; they do their living in a Sunday kind of home.

■ Bill Holden was hard at work cleaning out the area behind his garage when he suddenly spotted hundreds of empty beer cans dumped into the compost pile.

"This called for a little investigation," he said, "so I got hold of the boys and questioned them." It seems that his sons, Scott and West, and some of their pals had, for reasons known only to small boys, started to collect different kinds of beer cans. They had traveled all over the neighborhood asking for different brands. They'd even ridden their bikes over behind some restaurants and searched through the trash barrels. It was an impressive assortment. Once they had grown bored with the game, they had simply dumped all the cans into the most convenient hole.

Bill had the boys gather up their empties and carry them outside for the rubbish collectors.

Early next morning when the (Continued on page 61)

by Elaine Stewart

I reached for His



No one has to walk alone. No matter how poor you are, how far off your dream—nothing is im

■ If you are any kind of actress at all you become what you play, saint or sinner, while in the role. There is no other way in which you can give your portrayal realism. But believe me, some of the girls I have played—the hard-eyed queens of dubious morals—are strangers to the mother who raised me.

Mother didn't even think I could *pretend* to look and act like that. I knew I had to in order to win recognition as an actress. But I do not find any familiar

reference to my actual past in these parts.

I would like everyone who has seen me on the screen, and perhaps wondered about me, to know this. Not because I am concerned about my reputation or that I may be misunderstood. This is not important. What worries me is that I remember how much I was affected back in my home town of Montclair, New Jersey, by the actresses I admired when I was growing up. I remember that I stayed "clean-faced" for a while because

I was crazy about Ingrid Bergman. I remember the struggle I had with myself before it began, because Susan Hayward, whom I also admired and who had long hair like mine, *did* use make-up. And I still recall how the relationship fashion to femininity was emphasized by the way Lana Turner wore her clothes (plus, I might add, the extent and richness of her wardrobe). If I could have such influence on the girls I was, the thought has come that I

hand

possible with God by your side.

may be some girls today who might model themselves, to some extent, after me. In that case, to present some truths about myself might be of some importance to younger fans.

I am a girl who was raised in a religious home. I taught Sunday School when I was in my teens. When I came west to go into pictures it was only after I prayed for guidance. On leaving for Hollywood, the only going-away present I got was a Bible (*Continued on page 75*)





WANTED! Evading wedlock
ROCK HUDSON

Description: 6'3", 197 lbs., brown hair, brown eyes. At present in custody of Betty Abbott, Rock has been previously reported captured by Vera-Ellen, Barbara Ruick, Marilyn Maxwell, but has always made clean get-away before being taken to the altar. If interested, see *Bengal Brigade*. Operatives note: He is very wary of ties that bind, may persuade pursuers that he can be trusted to stay put. WARNING: Don't you believe it!

MODERN SCREEN presents the Royal
Rogues' Gallery of the year: Holly-
wood's eight most wanted men—with
a few hints for bringing them in alive!

BACHELORS-AT-LARGE



WANTED!

For hit-and-run dating

BOB WAGNER

Description: 6', 160 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes. Alias "R. J." Bob's most serious casualty to date is Debbie Reynolds. Others possibly sideswiped include Terry Moore, Susan Zanuck, Mona Freeman. Clue: He is suspicious of women who have money and can cook. Those willing to risk traveling with R. J. can locate him in theatres showing *Broken Lance*. Prosecuting attorneys note: his victims usually refuse to testify against him.



WANTED!

For girl-rustling

TAB HUNTER

Description: 6'1", 175 lbs., blond hair, hazel eyes. Alias "Handy Hunter," Tab operates on horseback, has at various times corralled Gloria Gordon, Debbie Reynolds, Pat Crowley, Lori Nelson and up to fifty thousand fan club members. Girls interested in heading towards the last roundup with Hunter should avoid fawning on him, learn to love sports, get used to traveling with a large fun-loving gang of youngsters.



WANTED! EDDIE FISHER

Charge: Setting the world on fire. Description: 5'8", 140 lbs., black hair, brown eyes. Fisher is specifically charged with carrying torches (simultaneously!) for Joan Wynne, Terry Moore, Debbie Reynolds, Mamie Van Doren. **WARNING:** These females are playing with fire as they don't fit Eddie's marital requirements for an outdoorsy girl with no career.



WANTED! SCOTT BRADY

Charge: Assault with sweet talk. Description: 6'2", 180 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes. Scott has been recently identified by Dorothy Malone as "the guy who's been pounding 'Let's get-married' into my head." Milder charges have been made by Elaine Stewart, Kim Novak. Others interested in putting the finger on Brady should see *The Law vs. Billy The Kid*.



WANTED! CRAIG HILL

Charge: Stealing hearts. Description: 5'11", 160 lbs., light brown hair, blue or green or grey eyes (reports of witnesses vary). Notorious on Sunset Strip as "a good man in a dark corner" and a "concentrator," Hill prefers to make off with affections of one girl at a time. Also alleged to have almost stolen Tony Curtis' thunder in *Black Shield Of Falworth*.



WANTED! RICHARD EGAN

Charge: Hiding out. Description: 6'1½", 180 lbs., dark brown hair, blue eyes. For thirty-two years Egan kept out of sight, was finally brought to public attention in *The Big Rainbow*. **WARNING:** Can be dangerous to girls due to superior intelligence (M.A. from Stanford U.) and (double warning to parked car operators) expert knowledge of judo.



WANTED! On the lam

MONTGOMERY CLIFT

Description: 6 feet, 155 lbs., brown hair, blue-green eyes, wry, sophisticated smile known to have dropped females in their tracks at a hundred yards. Monty may never be apprehended because he never answers the phone, can be two hours late for a first date and thinks perfect marriages occur only in novels. Suggestions for capture: take up sailing, don't believe him when he says he prefers books to blondes.



JANET LEIGH KNOWS THE VALUE OF PRESS RELATIONS, WILL ALWAYS POSE, GIVE INTERVIEWS. RESULT: GOOD PUBLICITY.

who says

BEAUTIFUL BUT DUMB?

by George Sidney

One of Hollywood's most famous directors of winsome women reveals a little-known fact: those pretty-eyed babies are pretty wise babes—or they wouldn't be where they are!

■ If I were asked to select the smartest screen beauty I know, I would pretend to be deaf or retire behind the Fifth Amendment. A man can get a terrible bump on his head falling off a limb like that.

Certainly *one* of the smartest is Esther Williams, whom I happen to be directing currently in Metro's *Jupiter's Daughter*. I don't know how much you know about Esther's off screen activities, but I can tell you they are extensive, the tireless work of a good business woman and a wonderful wife and mother. The Ben Gages, of whom Esther is half, are seeing to it that their children will be off to a flying start.

Probably you know about some of her business ventures—the filling stations, the West Los Angeles restaurant (which began modestly enough and is now breaking in big name acts for Las Vegas) and the partnership in a nationally known bathing suit business. She has on paper the blueprint for the time she will no longer be in pictures.

She has worked out a personal appearance routine, beginning with a “dry” aquacade. This she will try out in Vegas in October. In it (I am a trifle vague on this myself, but Esther has it mapped to the last detail) she will do all the things out of water that (*Continued on page 78*)

More pictures on next page

MAMIE VAN DOREN CASHED IN ON HER RESEMBLANCE TO MONROE UNTIL SHE COULD GET MORE INDIVIDUALIZED PUBLICITY.



BEAUTIFUL BUT DUMB continued

These four top lovelies used their clever heads to make their pretty faces famous



Talented Barbara Rush fits smoothly into the perfect-young-wife-and-mother spot left vacant by Jane Powell. Overseas without husband Jeff Hunter, Barbara has had no extra-curricular romances, spends her free time chaperoning co-workers Rock Hudson and Betty Abbott.



▲ Jeanne Crain relies on her own judgment rather than others' advice; ignoring warnings that she would wreck her home and career, she chopped off her long hair, dyed what was left red and took to low-cut gowns. Result: terrific upswing in her career, no damage to home.

◀ Sometimes the modest escapades prove the most intelligent. Anne Baxter smoked a cigar for newspaper photographers and made headlines across the country. She also made a full-fledged screen siren of herself and moved from supporting roles to stardom.

Knowing that opposites attract attention, Audrey Hepburn made no attempt to conform to Hollywood standards of beauty and behavior, has established a new trend toward big-eyed, thin-bodied nymphs. Now she is backing her skyrocket rise with intelligently chosen films. ▶



You'll re-live a deep
emotional experience in this
true story of what is
happening to Judy, in her
career and in her marriage.

BY WILLIAM BARBOUR

IF YOU LOVE



All of her life, Judy Garland wanted what most girls want. But most girls get it more easily than Judy did.

"I've been married before, you know," said Judy, "But neither Dave (Rose) nor Vincente (Minnelli) ever gave me an engagement ring. I don't know why. They just didn't."

"But I've always dreamed somebody would give me one, ever since I was a little girl. And when Sid said he had a little 'thing' for me and slipped the ring on my finger, I just cried. I really did. Honestly, Sid's the most thoughtful guy!"

So on the second anniversary of her third marriage, Judy Garland received her diamond engagement ring and her girlish wish was fulfilled. Judy and Sid Luft had celebrated this anniversary with a party at the Mocambo. After the festivities were over, Judy and Sid climbed into their Cadillac convertible and Sid drove to their picturesque new four-acre estate in Holmby Hills. There, in the wee hours of the morning, he gave his wife the ring she had always wanted.

A few weeks before their anniversary, Judy and Sid had been down in Palm Springs at Jimmy Van Heusen's house with Mona Freeman and Frank Sinatra. Judy and Frank sang and sang and both couples had a wonderful time.

The next (Continued on page 81)



Photos like this of Sid, Judy and Frank Sinatra serve to dampen rumors of a romance between Judy and the crooner.

JUDY...



This was the romance they said
would never end in marriage. Now it's
become the marriage they say will never end.

BY IMOGENE COLLINS



I knew we would marry in due time





But there was no sense rushing.



Arlene is what a man wants in a woman.



I know. I've been lucky with women.

DAHL- that's all !

■ Fernando Lamas has showed up the prophets.

The wise guys who thought they knew his kind kept saying for months, "He'll never marry Arlene Dahl. He's just using her to keep his name alive, to get jobs. He knows that marriage would ruin his reputation as the great Latin lover."

But Fernando did marry Arlene.

He is not the shrewd, conniving, razor-sharp cookie he has been made out to be. He is so forthright that no one could fathom his directness. Therefore he was accused of the most devious motives.

He was blamed for breaking Lana Turner's heart. But Lana almost cost him his career by refusing to star with him in *Latin Lovers*, a picture written specifically for the two of them.

Worse yet, the Argentine actor was accused of the most ungentlemanly conduct. It was said in confidence (so that most of the world could hear it) that Fernando had "roughed up" Lana because she and Lex Barker had danced too cozily at a Marion Davies party.

Fernando was described as a violent, jealous, uncontrollable hothead.

Then it turned out that Lex Barker was crazy about Lana. He pleaded with the actress all over Europe to marry him and finally broke down her resistance in Italy last year. In retrospect, Fernando's annoyance doesn't seem odd.

Fernando Lamas is experienced in the ways of love. He understands women and he is extremely practical about them. And he understands marriage. He was not in any great hurry to marry Arlene Dahl, but when Arlene's divorce from Lex Barker became final on October 15, she was anxious to get married.

Arlene was waiting for Fernando to propose. She had told practically every interviewer, "Fernando is really the only (Continued on page 84)"

No sad songs for Janie Powell now—
and maybe never again! She has
a brand new life to match her bright new
love—and a new way to forget
what she calls “the trouble.”

BY JOHN MAYNARD

THE BEST



Before love's young dream became a nightmare, Jane and Gene Nelson were confident that their romance was worth the price of two broken homes.



But soon a broken-hearted Janie learned that Gene wanted to return to wife Miriam, was willing to give up Jane in vain attempt to reconcile.



Today, however, Jane is radiant again, secure in the more stable affection of Pat Nerney—who, character-wise, resembles Jane's ex-husband, Geary Steffen, more closely than her lost love, Gene Nelson. By the time you read this, Jane and Pat may be on their honeymoon.

IS AHEAD

■ Jane Powell has had a rough year. After basking in the sunshine of public approval for most of her life, she found herself groping through one of Hollywood's longest, darkest tunnels.

Now light is showing up ahead. Both Miss Powell and her friends will tell you that. But their separate statements are not quite the same.

The friends—or, as they say in Hollywood, those on top of the situation—have the feeling that Jane's present state of mind, gay and healthy, is neither more nor less than the consequence of her love for a young man named Pat Nerney who sells cars—and Pat Nerney's love for her.

These witnesses are reasonably certain that the two will marry this summer, more than possibly by the time you read this, and live happily either ever after or for a somewhat lesser time.

Jane does not deny this but she does not affirm it.

Her public utterances do not include the name Pat Nerney, although it is unlikely it has slipped her mind.

She does confess to dating one man a great deal of the time. She concedes that she cooks for him more nights than several. She even allows that he peddles automobiles. But she doesn't tell his name. Therefore, if you prefer to regard it as Nerney, you do so on your own.

—As to the happiness, Miss Powell is considerably more voluble. She attributes it to a kind of re-grouping of inner forces, new values, a new design for living. She does not say her association with Nerney *didn't* trigger these, but she doesn't say it did.

We come now to the long, dark tunnel through which Miss Powell presumably has been groping. Most people sidetracked into excursions of this sort prefer not to discuss them afterward and Jane Powell is no exception.

"I won't talk about it any more," she told an acquaintance recently. "It's *finis*. Taboo. And if you want to know something else, I don't think the public's curious about it. I don't think they want to hear about things like that—personal unhappiness and mix up. I'm a fan and I know I don't. I like to hear about the up-beat side. Then again, how intimate can you get?"

"I know the goldfish bowl argument—that if you happen to be in the public eye, you owe the public every last scrap of information about yourself. I guess I even once subscribed to it."

There was a phase of Jane's career in which she was less than reticent. There were incidents *about* which she was less than reticent. In the flush of what she now refers to guardedly as "the trouble," she talked with much more freedom than she does today. But if the broad picture is no longer available from her, it is available elsewhere. There are no cones of silence in Hollywood.

"All right," said Jane. "Get it then. But I don't believe any more in total revelation. There are limits. During the—the trouble—for instance, a friend of mine, a reporter, came to me, and said, 'Break down, Janie. Give me the real.' (Continued on page 77)



They're Married!

by Alice Hoffmann



In a quiet civil ceremony June the start of a new life—and

■ A man cannot sever himself from his past at any given moment. But if he knows he must, he can succeed in finally blocking out of his consciousness the sadness of a loved one's death.

This purge of sorrowful memory came to Fred MacMurray only a few weeks before he married June Haver. Without it, Fred might have postponed indefinitely his marriage to June. For sensitive men have been known to remain in love for countless years with the memories of wives long gone.

It happened to Fred at the old house in Brentwood, the one he and Lillian had bought many years ago from Leland Hayward and Margaret Sullivan. And it happened one evening after Fred had finished a hard day's work on *A Woman's World*.

He walked into the bedroom where his wife had lain hopelessly ill for so many years. He sat down on the bed, and he tried, really tried, not to think about it. But the whole ebb and flow of their seventeen years together came back to him, the unforgettable years of their youth and struggle and climb, the years when Bobby and Sue were freshly-adopted little children, the years in which they had built and planned and formed their life. And thinking of Lillian, Fred MacMurray began to cry.

It is heart-rending to hear a big man cry. You know his sorrow lies deep, and you must feel for him. That evening when Fred walked out of Lillian's bedroom, his face wet with tears, Cleo Howard, the housekeeper who had been with the MacMurrays for many years, saw him. And she, too, began to cry.

She ran down to the kitchen where Lee Martinez, Fred's other servant, took the girl in her arms and tried to comfort her.

"It's good for Mr. Fred to cry," she explained. "Good for him to cry away all his sadness." Then wisely she pointed out that it does a man no good to love one woman with his mind and another with his heart. "When Mr. Fred marries Miss June, he's got to start all over with a clean slate."

Fred had come to the same conclusion. There could be no going back, and even if he could, he didn't want to.

"June has turned the shadows into sunshine," Fred says. "She and the kids love each other."

LIBERACE AT HOME



Mother Liberace drops backstage to odd her bit of grooming to her popular son's high polish.

*Hollywood hasn't seen an artist like Liberace in years—
and maybe there should be a few more like him!*

■ Tourists from the outside world who motor into Hollywood no longer ask for the shortest route past the homes of Errol Flynn, Tyrone Power or Clark Gable. Their motto is, "Leave us know where lives Liberace." On a corner, they can spot Liberace's \$75,000 mansion by the big white mail box in the shape of a grand piano. In case they should miss, his name is inscribed thereon, and at night the glamorous façade of his home (with gold plates on either side of the door) lights up, spelling his name. Floodlights play a gentle magenta light over the front lawn with its Chinese modern garden blooming out of white crushed rock that looks more like ice cream.

All this causes Hollywood's weary sophisticates to complain about Lib's extreme bad taste. But jaded Hollywood could use characters like this in large doses. In recent years it has become fashionable for popular new favorites, once they begin earning three or four thousand dollars a week, to assume an attitude of utter boredom with the public.

Not so Liberace. If he's at home when people ring his front doorbell, he comes out, greets them cheerfully, signs autographs, poses for pictures. He is so popular that the City of Los Angeles may have to put on special police to handle the Sunday traffic. Celebrities who have lost the knack of showmanship reveal their jealousy with wisecracks about "Lee" Liberace; who says, "The people gave me all this and they have a right to say hello to me if they want to."

Proof of the handsome Milwaukee pianist's great popularity is that 17,000 people packed Madison Square Garden in New York, paying the artist better than a gross \$60,000. Of a Sunday Liberace can be heard accompanying the St. Cyril choir on the organ.

Currently, Liberace has completed fifty-four television shows for 1955, and is at work on thirty-nine more, in addition to planning fifty-two new radio programs, completing records of "Oh Promise Me" and "I Love You Truly" for Columbia, and planning other fall releases with his brother George. He still has time to improve his suntan, basking by his backyard pool, built in the shape of a grand piano with a flagstone terrace of black and white "keys." For this enterprise he wears over his muscular torso loud black and white checked trunks.

It is true that Liberace is flamboyant. Insincere he is not. It is not true that he shuns romances. (He has been engaged and disengaged three times waiting for the right girl to come along.) His manager says, "He is the least egotistical artist I have ever known."

The miraculous Mr. Handsome loves show business more than himself, which is a unique attitude. And if there were more like him Hollywood might gain back some of the glamour which rubbed off when it became "the thing" for stars to consider themselves above the public, by whose happy and unreasoning affection they all live and prosper.

and Fred MacMurray welcomed
said goodbye to the past forever.

He and June must start afresh and give
their marriage every chance to succeed.
They must never burden it with an anchor
from the past.

The next day Fred paid \$135,000 for
a new Colonial house in Brentwood, a
lovely, rambling structure built by Nelson
Eddy. Then he ordered that the
furnishings from the old house be moved
to the new one gradually.

At the same time he, who had formerly
gone to very few parties, began making
the social rounds with his fiancée. Fred
MacMurray, who wouldn't even go to see
his own pictures, was now attending pre-
views. And as far as June was concerned
—well, she and Fred were inseparable.

Hollywood has rarely seen a mature
couple so much in love. June would
breakfast with her mother, but she would
usually turn up for lunch and dinner
with Fred and his two children, Bobby,
ten, and Sue, fourteen, both of whom
are very fond of her.

Early in June, Fred called his bride-
to-be one morning and said, "Know some-
thing? I've forgotten all about your en-
gagement ring. Let's go around and pick
one up today."

June was so excited she could hardly

Here are June's engagement and wedding rings.



Here are June's engagement and wedding rings.

talk. "Okay," was all she could manage.

Little did she know that a few days
previously Fred had phoned Ruser's jew-
elry store in Beverly Hills. "I may be
coming in shortly for a couple of rings,"
he said. "I want only the best."

When June and Fred arrived at the
shop, June took one look at a single
tone 2¾-carat ring in a platinum setting
and gasped. She slipped the ring, size
ve, on her finger. It was a perfect fit.
he looked up (Continued on page 70)

there is nothing like a dame

(Continued from page 35) picked up her paper plate and napkin.

"Thanks for stopping in," she said, "thanks a lot."

Harry James was having his two P.M. breakfast in the kitchen. "You know, Harry," Betty said, "I think it's time we stopped living like a couple of movie stars. It's not that I mind meeting the public, but I'm afraid it disturbs your sleep. Besides, only ten miles away is Griffith Park, than which there is none larger, and they are much better equipped to handle the tourist trade."

THIS MAY seem to be entirely unbelievable. But there are other stories that could be told—and Betty wouldn't tell them—which are far less charming. Mr. and Mrs. James gradually found themselves fed up. Unlike most Hollywood homes, their graceful and spectacular Doheny Road mansion, a stone's throw from the Sunset strip, was not surrounded by a high wall. It was as public as U. S. Highway 66. Having cost upwards of \$150,000 to rebuild, it could best be afforded by a retired steel magnate.

"You might say that I've had it," Betty told Harry.

There is more to the sudden purchase

of a new home by Betty and Harry than meets the eye. Shortly after they gave out the news that their Beverly Hills establishment was going up for sale, an eastern columnist printed an item to the effect that the Jameses had just enjoyed one terrific battle and suggested that this one meant the beginning of the end. This set off a chain reaction, with other reporters repeating the story.

One columnist finally got Betty on the phone around midnight. "What's this about you and Harry breaking up?"

"Glad you asked," Betty replied. "No truth to it."

"But you did have a fight?"

Betty laughed. "You mean this morning or this afternoon?"

"Gosh, is it that bad?"

"Of course not," Betty said. "I can't help being a little facetious. I'm just leveling with you. As I've told you before, we have our arguments. Thank heaven we do. If we didn't we'd be a mighty abnormal couple. The way I feel is that any member of the press has a right to ask any one who lives in the limelight a question like this. I know there's no offensive personal curiosity involved. It's just your job."

NOW, ABOUT that argument: this is what it turned out to be, just for the record. Seems that the James family has two canine members. Punky the poodle is crowd-

ing fifteen years of age. Bugle the beagle is a little more than one year old. They hate each other. To make it worse, Bugle has a natural affinity for Harry and thinks that so long as Mr. James is boss of the establishment, he is the top man in the dog department. Even the fact that the James home is about the size of the Yankee Stadium, making it possible for the dogs to have separate quarters, doesn't settle the matter. It turned out that if Punky the poodle joined Betty and Harry in the livingroom, Bugle the beagle's nose got out of joint for days.

So they worked out a compromise. After one big brawl Bugle was sent out to the Double EE ranch in the valley to learn some manners. This was fine for Bugle, because (honest to Pete) there is a swimming pool for dogs who like that sort of exercise, and during the holidays they even have a Christmas tree on which hangs presents for each of the pups. Every now and then Betty, Harry and the kids take a run out to see Bugle, and they take Punky along to see if they'll make up. They never do.

Betty isn't quite sure, but during the couple of days recently during which Mr. and Mrs. James weren't speaking much to each other, the irritation began because Harry decided after dinner one night that he ought to take a run out to the Double EE and take Bugle out for a short ride. He wanted Betty to go along, and they'd stop by a drive-in restaurant in order to buy Bugle a meatball sandwich which he dearly loves.

Betty wouldn't go, indicating how completely unreasonable a wife can be. Her attitude was you can go too far pampering a dog. "Are you kidding?" Harry wanted to know. "How about the way you are always pumpering Punky?" Betty thought that was pretty funny, so she laughed when she shouldn't have.

Anyway, that's our story.

BETTY AND HARRY JAMES will have their little arguments. Every now and then they will be reported. But, they'll stay married for the sake of their children, Victoria, age ten, and Jessica, age three; also for the sake of their mutual custody of a string of horses known as Laughing Louie, Big Noise, James Session, Count Cool (named after a trumpet player), Piperess, Fly Quest and four weanlings, still to be named. There is another solid reason Betty and Harry will never head for the divorce courts, and it's not that their personal and livestock family is too big ever to work out the custody problem. It's that they love each other very much.

Harry James is still as gone on Betty Grable as the day he married her over eleven years ago. Pressed for the reason why, he could refuse to answer on the grounds that any man married to Betty would obviously be in love with her. Then he'd probably relate a story credited to him some time back about the time a man first took a look at what is known as a female. He examined her with dubious eye and said, "It's beautiful, but it will never work." Well, Betty has worked for twenty-one years. And for eleven years, she has worked not only at show business but at her marriage. She has done a stand-out job, and so has Harry. He could have packed the trumpet away in moth balls, Betty could have handed in her make-up kit and they both could have retired with the fortune they had melted together along with their hearts.

They kept on working because they both love show business. Harry likes to be a big wheel band man and Betty loves being a movie star.

"It's a wonderful life," she says. And therein lies the difference between Betty Grable and nine tenths of her glamorous

Have You Voted Yet?



If you haven't voted for your favorite stars to win the famous MODERN SCREEN Silver Cup Popularity Awards, then here's your chance! Carefully fill out all the blanks on the coupon below and rush it to us right away. Your votes will determine the winners of the 1954 Awards, so be sure to tell your friends to get busy, too, and cheer their favorites in! We'll announce the winners in the February issue, on sale January, 1955!

I VOTE FOR _____ MY FAVORITE FEMALE STAR OF 1954

I VOTE FOR _____ MY FAVORITE MALE STAR OF 1954

MY OTHER FAVORITES FOR 1954 ARE:

1. _____	MALE	1. _____	FEMALE
2. _____	MALE	2. _____	FEMALE
3. _____	MALE	3. _____	FEMALE
4. _____	MALE	4. _____	FEMALE
5. _____	MALE	5. _____	FEMALE

FOR THE TOP NEW STARS OF 1954, I NOMINATE:

_____ MALE _____ FEMALE

MY THREE FAVORITE STORIES IN THIS ISSUE WERE:

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

THE STORY I LEAST ENJOYED WAS _____

NAME _____

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AGE _____ OCCUPATION _____

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sister stars. Most of them, once they attain riches and stardom, profess to be bored by the whole thing. They can no longer recall the names of those who helped boost them along when they started. Betty can. So she has a personal following of loyal friends no other star can match.

Someone was talking to Betty about how simply awful it is that young girls have to do such silly things to become famous in pictures. And how girls with practically no talent become famous over night. "For instance, that Marilyn Monroe calendar, and all those pin-up pictures of you that are floating around. I'll bet you're sorry you ever climbed into a bathing suit."

"Stop right there," Betty retorted. "I don't work for 20th Century-Fox any more, but no one can trap me into saying I don't like Marilyn Monroe or that I was ever jealous of her, because it simply isn't true. I know Marilyn too well not to like her. She's a great girl, a real down to earth type. Now she's settling down as a fine actress and I'm happy for her."

TV's Wally Sherwin, when his studio audience didn't respond as he desired, told them: "Thank you. You've been a swell bunch of seats."

*Sidney Skolsky in
The New York Post*

"As for pin-up pictures, don't ever talk to me about 'cheap publicity.' How I hate that phrase, and actresses who complain about it are just plain phony. Why, almost none of us would have what we have today if it weren't for an army of hard-working publicity men and camera men who dream up those ideas. I certainly wouldn't be anywhere near my happy station in life if it weren't for pin-up art.

"I'll never forget the old days when I'd go into the still gallery at eight a.m. and not be out until seven. Nothing but 'leg art.' Easter, I popped out of the newspapers from fancy shells, or with my bottom perched on a big colored egg. Thanksgiving, I waved an ax at prop turkeys—in a bathing suit, naturally. Doesn't everybody? Christmas, I was stuffed into long silk stockings and the top half of a Santa Claus outfit. Silly it was, maybe, but that started me on the way up the ladder. I could never take exception to it!"

HAVING DELIVERED herself of this pertinent interview on the set of her Columbia picture, *Three For The Show*, Betty turned her back on the offending questioner. Back in her dressingroom, she got to thinking about the one picture that had made her Hollywood's all time Pin-Up Champion.

Anyway, Betty picked up the telephone and called the publicity department.

"I have an idea," she began.

So when the picture was finished, Betty showed up early one morning in the still gallery for a conference with veteran photographer Charlie Rhodes. He had a copy of the famous Grable pin-up. He put it up beside his camera, Betty went into her dressingroom and stepped out in a sleek yellow bathing suit. Charlie whistled. Then he went to work with the notable result on page 34.

Afterward, someone looked at the proofs and said to Charlie, "I don't believe it! Why, Betty is thirty-eight years old!"

"You're kidding," Charlie replied. "Why, this dame has the figure of a well-stacked teen-ager. Look! Not one of these pictures has been retouched. But don't give me any credit—I just borrowed the original pose and shot what was in front of the camera."

"I wish some day a magazine would promise to print a complete list of all the people I know who have helped me," Betty said, remembering the day she posed for the famous photo. "The trouble is it would



Yes, Elizabeth Taylor uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

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Hollywood's favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo

**Never Dries—
it Beautifies!**



Elizabeth Taylor co-starring in **THE LAST TIME I SAW PARIS**
An M-G-M Production. Color by Technicolor.

ANYWHERE THEY WANDER . . .

. . . any show they do,
*Peter Lind Hayes and Mary
Healy will stick together!*



Mary joined Pete's nightclub act in 1945.
"All she did," he says, "was bow and bow!"

■ When Peter Lind Hayes is called upon to perform without his pretty wife, Mary Healy, he experiences a sense of loss he can only compare to losing a leg. "I've become so used to having Mary there beside me always ready with the right words at the right time," he says, "that when she isn't, I feel I'm toppling over."

Mary shares this feeling, and claims that when they are working together onstage, she and Pete unconsciously lean toward one another. It's been like that ever since they eloped to Arizona on December 19, 1940.

"Even when we argue, which is seldom," says Pete, "I always know what Mary's next line will be."

This fall Pete and Mary will begin a new phase in their career together. Signed by CBS Radio and CBS Television to an exclusive long-term contract, they have more than half a dozen top guest spots scheduled. Pete will also be Arthur Godfrey's regular substitute when the redhead gets grounded in Florida. This spring they began a weekly CBS radio show (Saturdays) which will soon have a TV version. 1954 will be a big year.

There have been a lot of big years since Pete and Mary met in 1939. Mary was a 20th Century-Fox glamour doll then, and Pete was under contract to Paramount. "We thought it was all set," says Pete. "We'd just stick around Hollywood, grow a few years older, and end up as movie stars with twin Cadillacs and an in-laid swimming pool."

But the war fixed that. Pete went to the Pacific with the Army Air Corps and played before more than 1,000,000 G.I.s while Mary played leads in three Broadway shows.

Pete came home from the Pacific, polished up his act and debuted at the Copacabana in New York. The audiences laughed the coconuts out

of the fake palm trees and Pete signed a nice, fat contract with Universal-International and went west.

Hollywood was nothing new to Mr. and Mrs. Hayes. Pete had made his film debut at eighteen and had been comedian Ted Healy's stand-in for nearly three years. At his mother's nightclub, the Grace Hayes Lodge, he had met everyone in films. Bing Crosby occasionally lost money at golf to him. That sort of thing.

Mary and Pete bought a home and furniture, and settled down to live on the scale of the future predicted by Pete's studio.

But although his four or five pictures were good, especially one called *Mr. Peabody And The Mermaid*, critics said they were a bit too sophisticated. So Pete tried radio—a comedy show with Dinah Shore that started about the time radio was gasping for breath. All of a sudden, Hollywood got sort of quiet for Pete.

At this point Mary entered the act and everything looked up. They made a sensational nightclub tour across the country and ended up in New York just as television began its first boom. That winter they played every important TV guest spot and ended up with a CBS Television show of their own—*Star Of The Family*. They have been easterners ever since.

Three years ago, Pete and Mary bought a home in New Rochelle, New York, and moved in with their children, Peter Michael and Cathy Lynn. They still own their home out in Hollywood, but they don't miss it any more. Someday they may want to go back to the west. But not now, while their future in TV looks so bright. They don't know exactly what's in store for them, but one thing is certain.

"Wherever we go, whatever we do," says Pete, "it will be together."

take about ten pages in small type. I do hope, though, to get one in right now. That's Frank Powolny, the head portrait cameraman at 20th Century-Fox. He'll tell you it was nothing. That I just happened to stand in front of the camera. But it wasn't easy, even if it was an accident.

"We were making a picture called *Sweet Rosie O'Grady* at the time, and in one scene an artist was to draw me for a cover on *Police Gazette*. He wanted the measurements and the figure just right, so I climbed into the tight bathing suit and posed for a bunch of pictures. Frank, as usual, wasn't quite satisfied. Then he got the idea for the pose with me looking back over my shoulder. It never was really intended for publication, but when the boys in the publicity department saw it they had a few thousand prints made. Thanks to the service men overseas it turned out to be a pin-up sensation and it did a lot for me. But back of the picture was Mr. Powolny and his camera genius."

THAT WAS MORE than twelve years ago. Sadly, Betty has no secret to divulge to girls everywhere on how to keep a figure perfect for more than a decade. She says, "I watch what I eat sometimes, mostly a couple of weeks before I start a picture. I don't have any set exercises. I'm just real lucky, because the minute I start to work the extra pounds come off. I swim a lot, but not with the figure problem in mind. It's just that I love swimming."

That's another thing. One of these days the two little James girls are going to be bathing suit wows in their own rights. Victoria and Jessica go to Westlake School for Girls, along with Shirley Temple's daughter. Susan takes swimming lessons with them and sometimes is dropped by to swim with the James sisters. "I'm looking forward someday to being *Grandma Grable*," Betty says. "In the meantime, they've built a pool for us at our new house. I took a friend by to look at the place the other day and she looked into the empty pool which is twelve feet deep at one end and not very shallow anywhere. 'Goodness!' she yelped, 'You're not going to allow your kids to swim in that!'"

"Sure I am. The youngsters aren't a pair of Esther Williames, but they're good."

The new home of the James family is quite a contrast to the one in which they've been living for the last five years. It's Hawaiian modern, a style Betty loves. It's an eight-room house that could be duplicated in most communities for around \$35,000, and it's perched on a hill, looking down toward Beverly Hills. Unfortunately for the visiting tourists, there'll be no more picnics on the front lawn. Not that Betty and Harry want to be inhospitable. They just want a little more privacy, which is now provided by an electric gate which only opens on signal.

THE PIN-UP QUEEN of Hollywood hasn't abdicated. "People keep asking me about my next picture. I think *Three For The Show* is a good one. I don't have another one right now, but don't think I haven't had offers, because I have. Some from television. Like the one from Colgate—oh my! But my feeling right now is, why should I? I know when the time is ripe whether it's with Harry or alone there'll be a lot of people who'll help make it good. Right now I don't want to rush into that. What a magnificent egg you could lay on tv!" "I know I'm a bit of a disappointment when it comes to living up to the gossip stories that circulate every now and then, but honest—I'm happy, and so are Harry and the children. I'm just a dame who never had it so good!"

Yes, there's nothing like a dame—and nothing approaching the dame named Betty Grable!

END

the private world of bill holden

(Continued from page 39) North Hollywood garbage truck drove up, the garbage men were disillusioned.

"Must be more than 200 cans in that barrel," one of them said, with proper awe. "Yeah," said the other. "And all this time I'm thinking those Holdens are a nice moderate family."

Well, the garbage men were right the first time. The Holdens are nice and they are moderate.

You wouldn't be able to distinguish their home from any of the other nice, unpretentious homes on the street—except for the white Cadillac in the driveway and the extra-large pool.

The Bill Holden swimming pool in North Hollywood is something of a community project. Bill has two boys and a girl who are always inviting the neighborhood gang in for a dip. That's fine with Bill as long as he or his lovely wife, Ardis, is around to act as lifeguard.

A few Saturdays ago Bill volunteered for lifeguard duty. He had an appointment later in the afternoon so he didn't bother to put on swimming trunks. He just sat on the sidelines watching the kids enjoy themselves, once in a while calling out a word of instruction.

When it was West's turn to dive—West is Peter Westfield Holden, age ten—he announced ceremoniously that he was going to try a jackknife dive.

The husky little boy leaped off the board with a good spring. He cut the water so cleanly it hardly rippled. Bill Holden watched his son with pride. A few years back, before they had put in the pool, West didn't know how to dog-paddle. Now he was diving like a junior champion.

Suddenly Bill realized that West hadn't come up for air. The other boys seemed to be watching the water anxiously.

Bill didn't wait. He dived in, clothes and all. As he plunged to the bottom desperately searching for his son, he caught sight of West grinning and holding on to the drain. West pushed himself up to the surface and scampered out of the pool.

The act was a plot to get Bill into the pool with his clothes on.

Bill came up mad and sputtering. "Don't you ever do that again," he warned angrily, trying to shake the water out of his watch. Quickly, the humor of his position dawned on him. And he laughed as loudly as the boys who went around North Hollywood for weeks telling about the "old gag Bill Holden fell for."

THEN one Sunday afternoon the senior Holdens had to go to a cocktail party. Bill called Scott in and placed him in charge of the yard.

"No one must use the pool," Bill

cautioned, "because Mother and I won't be here to watch you."

"What else is there to do?" Scott and West asked.

"There's plenty else to do," their father asserted. "Just remember. I'm putting you in charge of the yard. No swimming."

A few hours later Bill and Ardis returned home to an ominous silence.

"Scott," Ardis Holden called out. "West! Where is everyone?"

Hannah Reeves, the Holdens' reliable housekeeper came running out of the kitchen, tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Hannah!" Bill demanded. "Where are the boys?"

"Mr. West is in his room and Mr. Scott is in the hospital, I think," Hannah answered.

Ardis was horrified. "What do you mean, you think Scott's in the hospital? What's happened?"

"Well, you told the boys not to go in the pool," Hannah explained, looking at Bill, "and they didn't. Instead Mr. Scott decided to walk on the brick wall. He fell and broke his arm. Mr. Lerner from next door took him to the emergency hospital."

Ardis turned to her husband. "Oh, Bill," she sobbed. "Why didn't you just tell them to go ahead and swim?"

Bill threw out his arms and turned his face skyward in the traditional stance of the martyr.

"I," he said, "am blamed for everything."

YOU CAN SEE that Bill Holden's family life is just about typical of upper middle class life in America.

Of course the Holdens have more money than most people. But the windfall is relatively recent. It hasn't been so long since Bill was making fifty dollars a week at Paramount.

There is nothing ostentatious about the Holdens. Their way of living is simple.

An actor's house is probably more indicative of his values than any other tangible thing. The Holden house is a solid, unpretentious stucco and stone job designed for growing children and harried parents. It is located in North Hollywood which is not so fashionable as Beverly Hills, Bel Air, Holmby Hills or Brentwood. That doesn't disturb handsome Bill.

"When Ardis and I were first married," Bill explains, "we bought a little six-room house. It was neat, cheap and very comfortable. But our family increased." In addition to Dee-dee (Ardis' daughter Virginia by a previous marriage) there were two sons, Scott and West, born during World War II.

"With the passing of every week," Bill continued, "the kids seemed to grow bigger and bigger. Soon it became a question of getting a bigger house or suffering a nervous breakdown."

"You can say that again," Ardis interjected. "We were pretty close to living on top of each other. So Bill and I got up one morning and decided that the next thing on the agenda was house-shopping."

"Well, we started looking and it was quite a job. We didn't want to get in too deep, financially speaking, and yet we needed a spacious place."

"Most of the homes we looked at lacked something or other—closet space, yard space—or the rooms were too small. Bill just can't abide small or low-ceilinged rooms. He likes them big and open."

IT WASN'T UNTIL they walked into the home of Leon Errol, the famous stage and screen comedian, that Bill and Ardis felt they'd found the place. This two-

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Betty Rose

story English country house on a quiet dead-end street in a family neighborhood fulfilled their every need.

Upstairs are three complete bedroom suites. The largest went to the boys. Dee-dee has her own bedroom and bath, and Bill and Ardis took the end rooms so that they might convert a sunporch into a larger dressingroom for Bill.

Downstairs there's a large, folksy livingroom and a smaller den. The Holdens spend most of their evenings in the den. As Hollywood stars go, they are not particularly social.

"Frankly," Bill confesses, "we're not members of the Hollywood party set. I don't see much point to those big wingdings filled with noise and smoke. As far as I can see, they're run on the basis of taking your wife and losing her for the evening. In the meantime you shout across the table to strangers. That's not for me."

"In five years Ardis and I have gone to

one premiere and the Academy Award presentations this past March." (Bill won an Oscar for his performance in *Stalag 17*.)

Bill Holden loves people but not publicity, and he refuses to patronize nightclubs and stylish restaurants just to have his picture taken. In the last three years he has starred in ten major films. That makes him Hollywood's busiest actor.

"At the end of a day," Ardis explains, "he's really beat. He gets home after seven, usually, and then he freshens up. I guess we eat later than most families do."

"When dinner's over Bill likes to sink into his favorite leather chair. It's in the den beside the fireplace. He turns on a background of recorded music and we talk. He tells me about the day's shooting and all the crazy incidents that happen at the studio. I bring him up to date on the mail and the bills and what's new in the life of two Cub Scouts."

A unique feature of the Holden house

is a picture-gallery bar which adjoins the den. This was one of the delightful extras that first caught Bill's eye. The bar used to be lined with an amusing collection of Leon Errol photos. Now, some eight years later, two sides of the room boast Holder shots, but there are still dozens of frames left to be filled.

"As a matter of fact," Ardis says, "I'm seriously considering painting over the walls and getting a simple scrapbook for our pictures. The trouble with this gallery is that you've got to get pictures the right sizes to fit the various frames. Then the glass comes out and has to be held in place while the frames get nailed back."

"Don't quote me, but Bill's not very handy and lots of times he hammers his thumbs and breaks the glass and gets thoroughly aggravated."

ANOTHER DISTINCTIVE part of the Holden house is the outside stairway that leads to the second floor. When the real estate agent was showing Bill the house for the first time she pulled the kind of boner that could have cost her a sale.

"Just think, Mr. Holden," she suggested, "when you have an early-morning call you can tiptoe out of the house without disturbing a single soul. And sometimes," she added coyly, "you can slip in without anyone's seeing you."

Bill shook his head violently. "There'll be no tiptoeing in this house, in or out. Do you understand?"

The agent was silenced and Ardis started to giggle.

"If a man gets up early and goes to work," Bill carried on, "and I'm that man, then I want the rest of the family to know about it. I want 'em to know that I'm working long and hard for a living."

Bill meant that. He's an early riser who sings in the shower and stomps down to breakfast. He doesn't like to eat alone.

SINCE THEY bought their house the Holdens haven't made any basic changes. They have added a pool on the extra lot that adjoined their property and recently Bill installed a high fidelity music system. But that's about all. The rooms were furnished slowly.

"We've tried to stay with the 18th Century English," Ardis says, "because it's informal and it's solidly built. All but two of our wooden pieces in the livingroom are genuine antiques so you can see they've passed the test of time. There's not a table that will suffer if you put your feet on it. Most of them came out of English taverns. There's really nothing the boys can break or destroy—no fragile bric-a-brac, no delicate fabrics."

Bill Holden maintains the strong conviction that no dinner party should include more than eight people—if you really want to enjoy your guests. With this thought firmly in mind, their decorator imported an oak diningroom table from England and specified "only eight chairs."

Asked what one thing he likes best about his home, Bill had a funny answer. "Sunday afternoon," he said. And what he enjoys about Sunday at home, oddly enough, is what is known in the Army as "policing the area." This is a general clean-up in which the boys work with Bill, sweeping out the garage, hosing down the walls, gathering up old magazines and empty bottles—and, on occasion, beer cans. When the job is done, they all go for a swim.

It may not sound to you like a movie star at play, but in the private world of Bill Holden the quiet family life is the good life.

END

(William Holden can now be seen in Paramount's *Sabrina*.)

modern screen fashions



os by John Engstead

Nylons—Holeproof Hosiery

■ Jane Russell, United Artists' star, poses in a lush coat of wool fleece with *Milium* lining. A Debby Rose creation by Betty Rose. Red, navy, nude, gypsy rose or blue. Junior sizes. About \$45. Jewelry by Monet. Dawnelle gloves. Samsonite luggage. Jane's compact, *American Beauty* (see page 68).

■ A favorite gadabout dress for fall modeled by Mona Freeman is made of acetate and rayon *Petit Point*. Black, navy or brown, woven with white. Available in hard-to-find half sizes. About \$9. A Rit-Fit dress by Max Wiesen. Bracelets by Capri. See Mona in the CinemaScope film *Battle Cry*, Warner Bros. Pictures.

Modern Screen Fashions can be bought in person or by mail from the stores listed on page 68

MORE ►

All-occasion

Jewelry by Monet. Nylons—Holeproof Hosiery



■ New and exciting Debby Rose coats and suits by Betty Rose featured on this and the opposite page (also the coat worn by Jane Russell on page 63) have been awarded the MODERN SCREEN Hollywood Fashion trophy by top Hollywood stars. Jane Russell, Richard Egan, Terry Moore, Mitzi Gaynor, Craig Hill and Piper Laurie served on the MODERN SCREEN Fashion Board. Models displayed the clothes before the enthusiastic stars who gave a wholehearted okay for their appearance in MODERN SCREEN. Board chairwoman Jane Russell and members Piper Laurie, Mitzi Gaynor and Terry Moore drew straws to see which star would pose in which winning outfit. Piper Laurie wears a wonderful double-duty wool coat of Deering-Milliken Chinchilla—flattering collar, deep turn-back cuffs. This coat is also lined with Deering-Milliken Milium. Red, nude, navy, grey or rum. Sizes 8 to 18. About \$65. Gloves by Dawnelle.



Important notes about your new coat—Terry Moore and Craig Hill suggest exciting colors, classic lines and fine fabrics

classics



HOLLYWOOD APPROVES
YOUR FALL FASHIONS

Photos by John Engstead



Richard Egan with Jane Russell,
Chairwoman of the Board, approve
Mitzi's Debby Rose suit (shown left).

■ Mitzi Gaynor, slim and trim in an *American Supersheen* wool gabardine, single-breasted Debby Rose suit with up or down collar, turn-back cuffs. Black, navy, charcoal, red or brown. Sizes 7 to 15. About \$45. By Betty Rose. The members of the MODERN SCREEN Hollywood Fashion Board can be seen in the following films: Jane Russell co-stars with Richard Egan in RKO's *French Line*—color by Technicolor; Piper Laurie can be seen in Universal-International's *Dawn At Socorro*; Mitzi Gaynor is now in the 20th Century-Fox CinemaScope production, *There's No Business Like Show Business*; Terry Moore will soon be in the 20th Century-Fox CinemaScope film *White Feather*—both in color by Technicolor; Craig Hill can be seen in the 20th Century-Fox film *The Siege At Red River*.

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS
CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR
BY MAIL FROM THE STORES
LISTED ON PAGE 68.

glamour for the tall girl



Photos by John Engstead

■ If you are over five feet, seven, *tall girl* fashions are for you! Where to buy them? In Over 5' 7" shops! Elaine Stewart, an MGM glamour girl, poses in two favorite *tall girl* styles. The dress of rayon and acetate has white contrast buttons and detachable rayon and cotton bib—short sleeves, sheath skirt. Black or navy with white pin check. 10 to 20. About \$12.95. The *tall girl's* pet is the box jacket wool suit. The jacket features patch pockets with flaps—the lining is in the same fabric as the printed cotton blouse. Oxford grey, Oxford brown or Oxford blue. The blouse fabric has a gay colored geometric print on a beige background. 10 to 20. Ensemble, about \$35. In Over 5' 7" shops in Lane Bryant stores (as well as other shops listed on page 68). Elaine stars in Walter Wanger's CinemaScope film, *The Adventures Of Hajji Baba*, a 20th Century-Fox release.

marilyn talks about joe

(Continued from page 28) were married. And we expect to continue them in the same way. But with one big difference. If we can help it, and we can, we'll never let our work separate us. It's no fun to be married and parted all the time."

This is why Joe DiMaggio told his tv sponsors in New York that he would not renew his contract with them. "It meant," said Marilyn, "that Joe would be away for weeks at a time. And he had to travel backwards and forwards and every which way for us to be together. I was always making a picture and I couldn't leave Hollywood. We decided that when we married Joe would work from San Francisco or Hollywood so we never would be away from each other by more than an hour's plane trip."

I HAD HEARD from a usually reliable source that the famous Yankee ballplayer was so infatuated with his wife that he was giving up his own line of work to be a co-producer in the pictures Marilyn plans to make independently (allowed in her new contract, eventually).

There was another story that Joe was planning to turn actor. When I asked about it, Marilyn yelled, "God forbid! I couldn't take that. And I'm sure he doesn't want to be an actor. I hope not, anyway. And as far as I know, he wouldn't want to be a producer. Of course he could do anything he wanted to do. He's the most intelligent man I ever met in my life. And if he were an actor, he'd be good. But he loves his own profession. I just can't see him in mine."

... Leo Guild reports that Frank Sinatra, who wears a gun in his picture, **Suddenly**, broke up the crowd by saying: "Fellows, get me a gun for my other side. I'm beginning to tilt!"

Earl Wilson in
The New York Post

"How about the previews and parties, now that you're married?" I asked Mrs. Joe. To my knowledge (and Marilyn confirmed it) Joe, who is shy and unhappy outside his own crowd, has never escorted the blonde he loves to any party, nightclub or premiere. Rumors have a way of starting when a star attends functions without her husband. "If you won an Academy Award or something like that, wouldn't you like to go with Joe?" I wondered.

"It wouldn't matter what I won or whether I'd want him to come with me or not. He never would," Marilyn replied. "At least Joe's very consistent," she continued. "He hates premieres and parties. So do I. But it's my business to go. It makes no difference that we're married. Joe has always been like this. I knew what he was like before we married. He wouldn't come then, and I don't think it's fair to him to try to change him now. I married him for what he was when I fell in love with him."

I think she has something. How many women fall in love with a man because of what he is, then immediately after the wedding try to make him over into their preconceived dreams of what a husband should be. But not our Marilyn. She doesn't want Joe to change her, so why should she change him?

YET THE FACT that Marilyn will always have to attend certain "career must" functions, and apparently without Joe, will present some possibly irritating situations. "Because," Marilyn told me, "Joe doesn't mind my (Continued on page 69)



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"L'Elegance"—ball gown of gleaming golden brocade, by Philip Hultar. Her deodorant—sure, new Fresh

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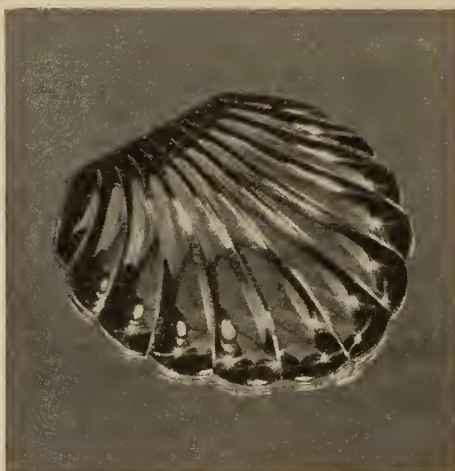
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modern screen fashions

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DEBBY ROSE COATS AND SUITS BY BETTY ROSE—Pages 63, 64, 65

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LANE BRYANT'S TALL GIRL FASHIONS—Page 66

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(Continued from page 67) working in the day time. But he wants me home at night." I think that if the situation ever became really difficult, Joe would swallow his antipathy to Marilyn's world. Or Marilyn would sacrifice her movie stardom. I believe her when she says Joe will always come first. And I believe they are going to stay married. Forever? That's a long word. But, yes, forever. They're so intelligent about each other. Especially Marilyn about Joe. "I'm not too interested in baseball," she told me. "I've been around Joe long enough to pick up a few rules and expressions. But I wouldn't break my neck to go to a game with him. I'm not crazy about watching television either. But Joe loves it. That's his idea of real fun, staying home and watching television. Don't tell anyone, but I don't care for watching television too much. I like to read and I have to study my scripts."

A WIRE STORY from Korea reported that Marilyn had announced that she and Joe wanted to have six children. "That isn't true," she told me candidly. "It's too many. Joe already has a child (with his first wife, Dorothy Arnold). Of course I'd like to have a baby with Joe very much. Maybe two. But when you have children you must give them a great deal of your time. With my own unhappy childhood, I know this too well. Joe comes from a big family and they're all so devoted to each other. Right now our work is important to us both, and it wouldn't be fair to raise a big family. But whatever Joe wants will be all right with me."

"How does Joe feel about the calendar?" I asked. And perhaps I shouldn't have asked. Because even though Marilyn smiled, she said quietly, "Will you please pretend you didn't ask me that question?" So I assume that Joe isn't crazy about the calendar. And you can't blame him. But it never has visibly embarrassed Marilyn, even though she is one of the few people in the world who does not own a copy.

"If I had one," she told me with a grin, "I'd save it for my grandchildren." She meant it seriously and I knew what she meant. It's the most beautiful body ever exposed to the not-so-casual scrutiny of the world, including Manet's Olympia, Goya's Duchess of Alba, all of Renoir's nudes put together. And Venus de Milo.

"You mean that when you're an old woman, you'd like your grandchildren to know what you looked like once upon a time, and they'd be proud of such a body." She flashed me a thoughtful look and said, "You really do understand, don't you?" Understand! All I know is I'd give my eye teeth to have a figure like the Monroe's.

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*TRADEMARK

"People are sometimes so embarrassed for me about the calendar," she continued. "In Korea, for instance. I arrived at one place and they weren't expecting me. In the middle of the hall, there was a huge blow-up of the calendar. There was complete silence when I came in, and everyone seemed to be looking down. Well, I couldn't hide my head in the sand. I had posed for it. So I went to the mike and told them all, 'Gentlemen, I'm deeply honored that you have put my picture in the place of honor.' Everyone laughed and we were all friends. But you know, Sheila, I really was honored." Today, I'm sure that Marilyn would give ten years of her life not to have posed, but she has never been a girl to cry over the past or even look forward to the future too much. This so-called dumb blonde has learned the happy knack of living in the present.

She was reading my thoughts. "I've often been asked," she revealed, "does it bother you when someone refers to you as a dumb blonde? It never has, Sheila. You see, I've always known I wasn't. Things go on in my mind that no one knows about. I've always figured things out and done them according to plan. Oh no, I'm not calculating or tricky. But I know what I want." And she certainly knows how to get it.

MARILYN INSISTS to this day that her refusal to do *Pink Tights* had nothing to do with wanting a new contract. It was the story she didn't like. At the time, the hottest property in Hollywood was earning \$750 a week. It could have jumped to \$1,250, but on advice of agents she didn't accept. When she went on strike, Darryl Zanuck who has never professed to like Marilyn (she has kept him waiting too many times) was ready to forgive her any time. But she took her time, made the boss sweat it out, even after he signed Sheree North to take her place. Marilyn knew he was bluffing. She didn't have to be told that no one can take her place. Today she is paid by the picture—\$100,000 each, and she'll do at least two a year.

She was just as unhurried and determined about Mr. DiMaggio. "When I started going with Joe, people said, 'Oh, you shouldn't get married.' That my career would be ruined and my appeal would be all gone. They said all men liked to dream they had a chance with me. All that so-called friendly advice. But when I went to Korea it didn't make any difference. No one asked me there if I felt different because I was married. And they didn't care. All they knew was that I was there and they were happy about it. And I'm so happy I went. All those men—it was the biggest thrill of my life. They didn't care if I was hot or cold, married or single—

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MS-1

just so long as they could see me."

According to studio count, Marilyn's fan
mail has not decreased since her mar-
riage to Joe. But I remember passing a
shop window in Hollywood just after the
sudden San Francisco wedding of Joe and
Marilyn, and the famous calendar had a
line through the price of \$1.50, and under-
neath, "\$1—due to marriage." And a friend
of mine in the locker room at UCLA re-
ported a general tearing down of her pin-
up pictures. But I don't think marriage
with Joe will hurt Marilyn's career. She
never professed to be a saint when she was
single. There's no real difference now.
Marriage merely gave her a partner as
glamorous as she is—but in the world of
sports. And fans who did not care for her
before, now love her because DiMaggio
is her husband. Ask any small boy.

"We're going to build our own house in
Hollywood," Marilyn told me happily.
"Nothing large or flashy. Neither of us
wants the bother of a huge home." So I
asked what kind of home, "Maybe a two-
bedroom house somewhere in Beverly or
Brentwood. Not in the valley. We looked
there and it's too hot. We'll probably have
a pool, but that's not essential. I'm not
very much the outdoor type. But maybe
Joe's son would like to swim. How will I
furnish it? I know how I won't. I hate
early American. Let's say modern rustic.
I don't really care what, as long as it's
warm and cozy." Meanwhile Joe and Mar-
ilyn have rented decorator Barbara Bar-
oness McClean's fancy two-bedroom-
with-pool home in Palm Drive. And if you
want to know which house it is, look for
two new Cadillacs, one all black (Mar-
ilyn's) and one pale blue (Joe's).

"What about the report that you and Joe
bought a house in an expensive San Fran-
cisco suburb?" I asked Mrs. Joe. "Honest-

ly," she exclaimed, "there've been more
wrong stories about us than anyone else.
Joe owns the family house in San Fran-
cisco. He bought it for his parents, but
now they have both passed away. And
we live in the house when we are there.
That's where we'll live mostly, when we
don't have to work in Hollywood."

You'd be stretching a point if you called
Marilyn the domestic type. But she can
cook. "Nothing fancy though. But Joe is
terrific." He learned in his father's restau-
rant, which is now operated by his brother.
"He's teaching me to make spaghetti the
way he likes it," said Marilyn. Joe is teach-
ing his beautiful bride something else—and
that's even better for a busy reporter. Mar-
ilyn was actually on time for our lunch. In
fact, she was waiting for me! For a girl
who took seven hours to prepare for the
Millionaire première, it's a revolution.

**Fortieth Infantry Division in Korea
captioned its publication photo of
Marilyn thusly: "If You Don't Know
Her Name, Soldier, Lie Down—
You're Dead."**

Mike Connolly in
The Hollywood Reporter

But more important than anything, Mar-
ilyn's marriage is giving her emotional se-
curity. She's still keyed up before the
camera. This makes her break out in a
rash sometimes. But her contentment
shines clear through her lovely blue eyes.
She's singing, "I've got my man." And she
doesn't ask for very much more. **END**

(Marilyn Monroe's next picture is 20th
Century-Fox's There's No Business Like
Show Business.)

they're married

(Continued from page 57) at Fred, grati-
tude in her beaming eyes.

"Another ring comes with this," Ruser
offered. Then he showed the marriage
ring, a band of five round diamonds. "I
know," he said, "that there is some sig-
nificance in the number, five, to you and
Fred." Fred and June had first met or
had first started going around together
last November 5.

In the shop, the lovers kissed and the
next day the engagement was formally
announced.

A reporter asked Fred, "What kind of
ring?"

"Diamond."

"How many carats?" Fred was asked.

He said he didn't know.

"If it's not too personal how much did
it set you back?"

"They haven't sent the bill yet."

Mr. Ruser said later the rings were
worth approximately \$10,000.

A week after June was given her rings,
she returned to Ruser's jewelry shop and
ordered a house gift for Fred—a gold-
plated key to the front door. On the key
there is engraved a gnarled oak tree and
on the oak tree the figure of a very small
heart and the legend, "J. H. loves F. M."

Last week Fred gave June an identical
key. Hers says, "F. M. loves J. H."

"When are you and Miss Haver getting
married?" the reporter persisted.

"Pretty soon," Fred smiled.

"Church or civil ceremony?"

"Civil."

"Where?"

"I don't know," Fred answered, "and
even if I did I wouldn't tell you. I was
talking about this with June last night. I
wish I had a yacht and a private plane like

Bob Taylor," I said. "Then we could do it
very quietly." Actually, they were mar-
ried at Ojai Valley Inn, June 28.

JUST WHY Fred and June were so secre-
tive about their marriage no one knows.
Fred has always been chary of private-
life publicity. For years he paid a press
agent to keep newspaper people away
from him. He likes reporters as people but
not as interviewers.

June, on the other hand, has always
been accessible to the press, but when she
started going with Fred, she, too, clammed
up, at least about Fred.

When Mrs. Carl Johnston, a friend of
the family from Rock Island, Illinois, had a
shower for June on her twenty-eighth
birthday, the little actress finally con-
ceded, "Fred and I have known for months
that we'd get married."

At the shower were Gail Patrick, Claire
Trevor, Mary Cummings, Fred's mother,
Mrs. Melita MacMurray, and his aunt,
Mrs. Hazel Martin. "They gave me
enough lingerie to last a lifetime."

A week later, Mrs. Bo Roos gave an-
other shower for June. Result: more
lingerie. Mrs. Roos is the wife of Fred's
business manager. Bo has managed June's
money, too. In fact, June has never made
a sizable investment without consulting
Bo Roos.

Not that she needs her own money. Mac-
Murray is wealthy in his own right. Early
in 1940 Bo Roos insisted that he invest his
surplus funds in Los Angeles real estate,
and as a result Fred's holdings have ap-
preciated tremendously. Undoubtedly, he
is a millionaire. But June Haver has no
intention of abandoning her career.

"There's a very good chance," she said,
"that I may do a musical with Gene Kelly
later in the year. I'm also interested in
making some recordings for children.

Whatever I do, I certainly want to stay close to Fred. That's why I didn't do *Catch A Thief* with Cary Grant. I would have had to go all the way to Cannes."

Asked if she and Fred considered the South American trip a pre-honeymoon trip, June answered, "It was wonderful fun meeting all those movie fans in Brazil and Peru and the other countries. Fred and I would be walking along a street and suddenly a little girl would come up to me and press a rosary into my hand and I'd look around and she'd be gone."

"Irene Dunne and Joan Fontaine went to several South American schools with me, and it was really an educational trip."

RIGHT NOW, June's primary interest in life is her husband and her step-children and, of course, her new home, in which she will have a new domestic staff, understandably.

The actress is an experienced decorator and she says, "I'm very much on a merry-go-round buying this and fixing that."

June is so busy that it's difficult to believe that less than a year ago she was a quiet, reclusive ascetic who was prepared to devote her whole life to God and the Catholic faith.

She is still extremely pious but the transformation in her personality is absolutely amazing.

Her hair is very blonde, her eyes sparkle, her wardrobe is spanking new. Her mother says, "She has spent a small fortune on clothes ever since she began going with Fred." Her voice is vibrant and her behavior lively.

No one would ever imagine that last year at this time, June was a novitiate in a Roman Catholic convent in Kansas.

One of her friends said, "June Haver is today the luckiest girl in Hollywood. In Fred MacMurray she's landed the best catch of the season."

"Fred's got everything: money, looks, career, position—well, you name it and he's got it. He's understanding and tolerant. He comes from a strict Presbyterian family. His grandfather was a Presbyterian minister. So was June's. But June converted to Catholicism, and Fred believes her religion is her own business. And he admires her piety."

Texaco Star Theatre introduced Bruce Cabot, who was supposed to bring on the much heralded figure of history, Julius Caesar. But instead he said: "And now the conquering hero and leader of armies—Sid Caesar."

*Leo Guild in
The Hollywood Reporter*

"As you may know, he suggested a civil wedding ceremony because that was best for Junie. She has been seeking a Papal Dispensation for her marriage to Jimmy Zito, and if she and Fred had been married in a Presbyterian Church, for instance, then the chances are she never would get the Dispensation."

HOLLYWOOD has seen so many marriages turn sour that the community is now ultra-sophisticated about weddings. A prophecy of divorce usually goes hand-in-hand with a wedding announcement. But that didn't go with the wedding of June Haver and Fred MacMurray, two people who are widely loved and deeply respected throughout the community.

No one has ever suggested that Fred married June on the rebound or that June married Fred because she wanted to further her career or establish a nest egg.

The key to this whole relationship has been love—simple, beautiful and binding. Love from the very beginning.

END

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If writing for organ-
ization, give name

give her mountains to climb

(Continued from page 37) want to know
the truth. Do I have cancer?"

"No one can answer that except your
doctor."

So she asked the doctor and after that
she brushed evasions aside. If it was
cancer, why pretend it was something
else? But her nature turns toward the
light. Fully aware of the connotations
of her illness, she still refused to meet
shadows halfway. "Given the choice be-
tween brooding or not, I don't. It changes
nothing." Or, as Dick explained: "She'd
rather escape into laughter than gloom.
It's a healthy instinct. In her darkest
hour you could make her smile at a joke."

DURING THOSE MONTHS of treatment her
smile seemed unforced and, swinging
on crutches, she followed pleasant pur-
suits. Always self-reliant, she moved
from the home of friends to her own apart-
ment, furnished it with antiques inherited
from her beloved grandmother. There her
cronies gathered—Julia Adams, Mala
Powers, Shelley Winters—and presently
Dick Long, returned from war to resume
his U-I contract. They fell in love.

Last October he asked her to marry him.
With her heart crying yes, her lips said no
and stuck to it. "It wouldn't be fair. Not
till I know about the leg." Respecting her
integrity, unwilling to complicate her
problems, he agreed to shelve the ques-
tion as unfinished business and continued
to see her constantly. One day he came in
to find her bubbling over an ad in the
paper. "Poodles for sale! Let's buy one."
They drove to the kennels and bought
Cezanne who, in his clumsy innocence,
proved the *deus ex machina*. Suzan slipped
in a pool of water from his overturned
bowl and broke the bad knee.

After three hours in surgery at Temple
Hospital, she woke to find Dick bending
over her. "Honey, they had to open your
leg to set it. The tumor's inactive. Every-
thing's going to be great. Will you marry
me now?" The words rang like a peal of
joyous bells. If Dick said it, it was true.
Dick wouldn't lie just to make her feel
good for a minute. The leg was saved.
She closed her eyes against the great tide
of thanksgiving and opened them to smile
at her love. Their engagement was an-
nounced from the hospital next day.

Dick had told her what the doctors told
him. They had found the tumor inactive.
By that miracle which happens once in
ten thousand times, it seemed to have
died. They would do a bone graft and
within weeks Suzan would be walking
on her own two legs. Thus ran the first
reports.

The second showed some divergence of
opinion. Dr. Francis Engelman, newly
called to the case, agreed that the signs
were encouraging but refused to commit
himself until he had gathered and ex-
amined material from all the other spec-
ialists and tissue from the leg had been
further analyzed.

FOR TWO WEEKS Suzan lay in traction,
spirits high, convinced that everything
was going to be great, steadfastly ignor-
ing any ominous alternative. Then Dr.
Engelman had to walk in and perform the
most agonizing job a good physician faces.
The laboratory tests showed malignancy.
The leg must be amputated. Dick stood be-
side her. Eyes huge in a face gone sud-
denly white, she broke the silence. "May-
be—there's still a chance?" It was less
a question than a desperately faltered plea.
"I'm sorry," said the doctor.

She said she'd like to talk to the other
doctors. The talks brought no comfort.

She said she'd like to think for a while.
A dismal rain dripped outside, matching
the cheerlessness within. She stared
through the window. This girl not yet
out of her teens wrestled with the facts
and at length reached her decision, fool-
hardy and magnificent. "I won't let them
take my leg off. I'll make myself well."
Advice fell on deaf ears. A resolve once
taken, Suzan draws from some inner source
the iron to stand firm. Against all sound
opinion, against all odds, she determined
to fight this battle out by herself.

"Little Miss Medical Association," she
scoffs now. "Doctors were idiots. I was
the kid who'd show them."

"She was dead wrong, of course. But,"
added Dick, "what a show of pluck!"

Up to her neck in casts, she had her-
self transferred to a sanatorium. The
experiment lasted a week, while Dick
stood by leadenhearted and, for the first
time in her life, Suzan lost weight steadily
without trying. At eight one Saturday
night Dr. Engelman came in with fresh
reports, which showed rising infection.
He spoke quietly, without mincing
language. "I feel the deepest admiration
for your spirit, Suzan. The mind can do
tremendous things. But it can't do this.
Unless you agree to amputation, you're
committing suicide. Unless you allow me
to operate, I'm leaving the case. I'll be
back for your answer in the morning."

THE DIE HAD BEEN cast. Between your
leg and your life, there is no choice.
The room was very still. Into the still-
ness Dick dropped a gentle question. "Do
you want to talk about it?"

"No."
This he could certainly understand.
"There are times when words are sense-
less and serve only to embroil you." The
scene that followed may have seemed
strange to some people. It didn't seem
strange to Kay Biddle, Suzan's nurse, who
took one look at dark head and fair
bent over a board, and withdrew. They
were playing gin rummy. If terrors gath-
ered, neither girl nor boy gave them voice.
Through the deepening night and into the
dawn, all you could hear was the slap of
cards. At four, Kay broke it up.

Under sedatives, she slept for a few
hours. Dick lay wide-eyed in a nearby
room. When the doctor arrived, Suzan
was ready for him. "All right, you can
go ahead and operate."

Within ten minutes she was whisked to
the hospital. Dick stayed behind only
long enough to pack. For two days they
built her up with transfusions. On the
third day they operated. Coming out of
the fog, her eyes rested on Dick who had
to stoop to catch the murmured words. "I'm
going to get that artificial leg . . . and buy
me a red, red dress . . . and walk into the
studio and knock 'em dead . . ."

"Since when," says Dick, "we've been on
the merry road to happy ever after."

Not quite, so far as Suzan was concerned.
She had a piece of unfinished business
pending. "It wouldn't be fair," she had
told him months earlier. "Not till I know
about the leg." Well, now she knew and
now she gave him every chance to depart
in good grace. He laughed the outrageous
suggestion off, but that wasn't the answer.
He grew angry at last, but that wasn't the
answer either. Her smoky eyes held his.
"Look at it my way, Dick. Put yourself in
my place."

There he found the answer. "I'll do
that, honey, and you put yourself in mine.
Suppose I'd lost a leg. Would you love
me any less?"

"More," she was bound to admit, against
his tweed shoulder. Which settled that.
Three factors sped her amazingly rap-
id recovery. Dick's singleminded devo-



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tion. Dr. Engelman's understanding. Her own valor and sanity. She'd have no truck with invalidism, in which course the doctor egged her on. If she wanted a crew of chattering kids around, he said, "The more, the merrier." If she craved a hamburger instead of hospital fare, he said, "Let her eat what she likes; it'll do her good." With Dick, it wasn't a matter of dropping in to see her. Except for two days on *Playgirl* or a necessary errand, he never left her. She neither dragged in nor avoided mention of her leg, no more self-conscious than if it had been an appendix. Reporters clamored for interviews. In rosy bedjacket over a black gown, she received them exactly one week after surgery.

"Nobody wants to lose a leg or his eyesight or even his teeth. It's an inconvenience. But if you're asking me if I feel sorry for myself, the answer is no. In return for my leg, I've been given my life. That's a pretty wonderful exchange, and I'm about to enjoy every minute of it."

She glowed over letters from war amputees and others. "At first you're a little uncertain. You wonder how it's going to look and feel. These kind people told me how easily they'd adjusted, how normally they lived. Suddenly I had a whole new world of friends. They gave me not only an emotional lift, but practical help. I'm forever indebted to them."

"And to my studio, which spared no expense in taking care of me. I didn't have to worry about the money. One of the few times I cried was when they told me and wouldn't even let me say thanks. They can't prevent me from saying it now in print."

TOWARD THE END of February she went home with Kay, bent on a triple goal. To walk again, to become Mrs. Richard

Long, to go back to work—in that order. Once the prosthetic leg had been made and mastered, they'd set the date. But that process takes weeks, often months. "We're in love," Dick pointed out. "We should be together. What are we waiting for?" "So your bride can walk down the aisle."

"Does it matter, Suzan?"

"Since you put it that way, no."

They picked April 11 as the day, Santa Barbara as the place. They drove up and down house-hunting, but the rents

don't miss HEDDA HOPPER'S

story of

Edmund Purdom's

fantastic rise from

Pauper to Prince in

the October MODERN SCREEN

were awful. "How about staying here?" Suzan waved an airy arm around her modest apartment. "Save all that beautiful money for the beautiful time when we can buy or build."

"A tent suits me," said Dick, "as long as you're in it."

They got busy at U-I, too. Bill Thomas came over and laid a sketch before her. It showed a bride in a floor-length gown of rose-point lace over ruffled petticoats of palest pink chiffon and a peach satin underslip. Empire sleeves billowed to the elbow, tapered to the wrist, delicate em-

broidery traced the neckline. A tulle veil, hand-appliquéd with matching lace, flowed from a tiny coronet. Each detail had been wrought by Thomas with exquisite care to set off Suzan's slender dark loveliness. She looked from the sketch to him, from him to the sketch and struggled for words. "Oh Bill, oh Bill—"

He cleared his throat. "Any changes? Speak now, or forever hold your peace."

Her head went down on the drawing. "I'm so happy," she wept.

NOR DID IT sadden her when, among other preparations, she found them wrapping a pair of crutches in white satin. "I just think it's silly. You're wasting your good time. I'm going to walk." They reasoned, cajoled, bullied. "You'll have all that froufrou around your feet. Even on two sound legs, it's a nervous business. Fine thing if you tripped. Please, please Suzie, forget it."

Six days before her wedding, the artificial leg was delivered—only a practice leg at that. Painfully, doggedly, she began trying it out. Three evenings later Dr. Engelman called to say he wanted to come by with a wedding gift. "I'm going to meet him at the door," said Suzan. By a heroic effort, Kay kept her mouth shut. Torn between admiration and dread, she watched the tortured progress across the room, heard the breath drawn in gasps, saw the perspiration break. But when the bell rang, Suzan was at the door. "Hello, doctor, how are you?" she said, and fell against his chest.

He helped her to the couch. "That was swell, Suzan. But your wedding's three days off. Better use the crutches."

From the swelling chorus of protest, only one voice was absent. Dick knew what lay behind Suzan's insistence. It was neither pride nor stubbornness, but **73**



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her love for him. He never had seen her walk. She had been on crutches when they met. Walking into wifehood would be a kind of symbol, a gift and pledge to him, another of those things that you can't put into words without getting embroiled. Dick said, "It's up to Suzan. If she thinks she can make it, there's no reason why she shouldn't."

FIVE TIERS of tall pink candles flickered softly above the oaken altar of El Montecito Presbyterian Church. Two hundred guests rustled—and quieted as the Reverend Paul Gammons took his place, followed by Dick and his brother Philip. The groom looked self-possessed, but probably his pulse could have been registered on a seismograph. Whether Suzan would walk or not was still uncertain. Studio spokesmen said no. Even Dick wasn't sure. She might have turned jittery or let the judgment of others prevail.

The first notes of "Lohengrin" brought Kay, matron of honor, into view. Then the doorway framed Suzan on her father's arm. Without crutches, with the barest trace of a limp, she came down the aisle, luminous face turned toward the altar and Dick. A great sigh rose from the guests. All such moments are touched with mystic solemnity. This one held more. It crowned the affirmation of faith over fear, of courage over darkness—the soaring triumph of life and love over death. It humbled and lifted the hearts of all who bore witness.

She placed her hand in his. The brief ceremony started. "What token of your

Danny Kaye's finger was infected from hypnotizing a lobster. You hypnotize a lobster by rubbing its belly. This puts it to sleep. Danny ordered a lobster in Bookbinder's in Philly and rubbed its belly. The lobster clawed his finger. And that's how Danny's finger was infected from hypnotizing a lobster.

Mike Connolly in
The Hollywood Reporter

love do you give?" The rings were offered. "These are precious metal, symbolizing the quality of your love." Each slipped a ring over the other's finger. "I now pronounce you man and wife, joining your gallantry, Suzan, with your devotion, Richard, as long as you both shall live."

Her head went up, tossing the veil aside. Their lips met. On her husband's arm she walked back.

"I always knew I'd be married without crutches," she cried.

"My spine," said Dick, "was jelly until I saw her coming. Then it stiffened with pride."

HER THIRD objective was to get back into harness. Only on that score did she ever fret. "If I can't work again, I'm not going to be happy." Six weeks after their marriage she and Dick appeared together on tv for Lux. Suzan played a girl whose husband's death had tied her psychotically to a wheelchair. Dick played the doctor who needed her to her feet.

The chair angle didn't appeal to her at all. "I'd rather do something that shows me dancing at Ciro's. I don't want to stress the loss of my leg." On the other hand, she'd be working, and working with Dick. Besides, she'd walk at the end.

"This hypoeed me," she laughs. "It was like a deadline. They had taken my practice leg away. The permanent one wasn't even ready yet. You think you have three months to learn, then suddenly you've got to walk. So you do."

It wasn't that simple. The first try had been for Dick and 200 friends. This would

be for millions. Frankly scared, Suzan played a small trick on herself. Rising to her feet, she hung on to one thought. "This is a movie," she pretended. "If I stumble, they'll just cut the scene and do it over again." She made it like a breeze.

Next day the studio called with the top-per. "Any girl who can do live tv can make a picture. We're sending you to the Black Hills of South Dakota. To be an Indian with Mature and Lund. On one condition. If it's okay with the doctor."

"On one condition," echoed Suzan joyously. "Give me mountains to climb."

AT HOME THEY have fun doing nothing much. Dick painted a bedroom wall, paused for two weeks, and clambered out one fine midnight to tackle the second.

"Why?" asked his wife drowsily.

"Inspiration," he explained.

She found this reasonable. "I used to have to scrub the kitchen floor on Saturdays. So I'd gambol in from a Friday night date at twelve and scrub it then."

"What were you doing out until twelve?"

"Twelve isn't very late and besides, it's none of your business. I wasn't married to you then."

"You've got a point," he conceded, and went on painting. She went back to sleep, being an early riser. Dick fails to share her ardor for activity at six and insists that she drags him out of bed by brute force. Once out, he likes it. They drive through the fresh morning into the country where a curious thing happens. Inevitably, at gas station or coffee shop, they met some boy Suzan went to school with.

"Must have been a terribly large school," comments her husband.

"Average," Suzan assures him primly.

Nights, they mostly stay home. When Dick turns on the fights, Suzan escapes to the tv in the bedroom. "Come out!" he yells. "You're missing the battle of the ages." To her all fights look alike—a couple of guys pasting each other. But she indulges the male till he's engrossed again, then sneaks back to her own program. Or they go to a drive-in theatre, where she falls asleep and never sees more than fifty per cent of the picture. "I'm trying to get her in half-fare," says Dick.

As a cook, she works by flair rather than book. Uninhibited, Dick calls her, though never dull. "Dumps shelves of stuff into everything, don't ask her why, and it turns out deliciously." The first time his folks came to dinner, they set and re-set the table nine times before it seemed worthy of the banquet Suzan prepared. Now they haul out the tv tables and toss a salad.

DELIGHTING IN today, their dreams for tomorrow include a house in the hills, where it's quiet enough to hear the birds sing. Dick's only other requirement is a king-size bed. "So I won't be kicking him all the time," says Suzan. "Me, I need fireplaces in every room."

"Mr. and Mrs. Richard Long," he muses. "At home in a barbecue pit."

Their dreams include children, but not yet. "Suzan is only twenty. I don't think she should take that responsibility now. We have things to do—like seeing Europe together, like working together in pictures or on the stage. We both feel strongly that a mother should dedicate herself to her children. The time comes when you're ready. We'll wait until then."

One wonders where two people so young gleaned all their wisdom. One feels that, hand in hand with Dick, Suzan has climbed her mountain and won the top, where the view spreads wide. It's a view rich with the sweetness and splendor of life. Unlike most of us, she'll never take it for granted.

END

I reached for his hand

(Continued from page 41) from the Grace Presbyterian Church of Montclair, inscribed by the minister and all the deacons. They wrote, "Stay close to the Word of God." I have.

For me it has been a lifesaver to have faith. I can't imagine anything more important to the members of today's younger generation who face times in which clear thinking is almost impossible.

The other afternoon I saw a young couple walking slowly with downcast faces and it seemed to me that I knew their story—the story of hundreds of thousands whose future the state of the world has thrown almost into dishevelment. They know for sure only that the country's military needs spell enforced separation for them. They know also that if and when they marry they face trying times in which to keep a family together. I know what it's like. I've never been married, but my folks had a difficult time from the start, and since I was the oldest child, I soon shared their burdens.

MY FATHER AND MOTHER met on the boat coming over from Germany. He had ideas about studying law. She was a seamstress. Before the boat docked in New York, he had proposed to her. This was in 1927, almost ten years after the end of the first World War. Mother, who planned to go to Chicago, had old fashioned ideas about being swept off her feet—and wasn't. Three years had passed before Mother thought they were sufficiently well-established to marry. And then they weren't. Dad was down to his last nickel, and I was just born when he got his first steady job as a member of the Montclair police force. From then

until the day I became well-established as a model, poverty was never a stranger in our home. But neither was God. My first sense of Him came to me in words my mother always spoke as a sort of report of her prayers. "It will happen for the better," she would say. I was sure none other than God was whispering assurances in her ear and this cheered me in the face of many a skimpy meal, clothes I couldn't have and parties I could not attend.

There was little material comfort for us

REAL GEORGE!

At a Hollywood drive-in, late one night, the battery in my '36 coupe failed. The car was so situated that the only way to move it was to push it back toward the street. A tuxedo-clad man got out of the sleek new convertible parked next to me and offered his assistance. He told me to get into the car and steer while he pushed. To my surprise, my assistant turned out to be George Sanders!

B. W. Owens
San Diego, California



in those days, which made spiritual comfort all the more important, of course. And we got it. Even when religion was just a word to me, I would experience an awareness of the presence of Holy Love in our household. As a matter of fact it was a long time before religion was anything more than just a word. I will never forget how actual understanding of it came, or rather

how I taught it to myself. It did not happen until I was teaching a Sunday School class. My pupils were a dozen children, none older than six years, and I used to spend my time trying to put the story of Christ to them in simple words. Eventually, I must have put it so simply that one Sunday afternoon I began to understand it all myself! Ever since then I have had a pretty good idea of what my mental age is, and any time I find myself getting a little egotistical about my accomplishments I remind myself of this episode and get my feet back on the ground.

THIS REVELATION of faith which came in my Sunday School work awoke quite a hunger for spiritual activity and I remember I kept after my mother to help me to satisfy it. One summer she went with me to the "Stony Brookers" series of religious conferences for young people, in Stony Brook, Long Island. I don't think I have ever had a better time in my life, up to and including anything Hollywood has had to offer. Perhaps this was because I was so young and eager for experience, and the conferences were so different from anything I had ever known.

Up to now I had been terribly conscious of the mechanics of living because ours were always so close to the breakdown stage. But here in Stony Brook all this faded; my stay was provided for and I was transported into a different realm, a world in which the mind and the spirit were most important.

Mornings we would have services amidst the fragrant pines. In the afternoons many of us would swim. Evenings there would be get-togethers in which we exchanged experiences and sang hymns. Great men who had been to such far-off (and to me, mystical) places as India and Africa talked to us and reported how



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they had helped spread Christianity there. There was such a unanimity about the acceptance of Jesus Christ and secure faith in eternal life ahead, that one almost glowed with it. And when I left Stony Brook something shone clear and sure in my mind, lighting up all the shadows. It was that no one has to walk alone. There was a hand—His hand. I only had to reach out for it.

I am almost certain that strongly contributing to my success has been a conviction, then born to me, that very little is impossible if God is on your side. I had it when I got back to Montclair, and the power of it was amazing. No longer did our poverty seem like a weight preventing me from holding my head as high as I wanted to; no longer did a career as an actress loom insurmountably high; no longer was I consumed by fear that if I attained high places I would be tumbled again by inborn inadequacies.

It is amazing, perhaps, that the strength of my faith gave me not only religious solace, but made me feel fit for a practical world. I could not have such a feeling without my faith. It helped me to become a better model then, and later a better actress before the cameras.

I know that many readers here will wonder how it is that a girl who speaks of such a background would accept the roles that have characterized my movie path—the sexy queen, the playgirl, the hussy. I can only say that because of such a background I can throw myself into this sort of part and feel confident that in no way will it reflect on me personally. There must always be someone in any film involving the study of good and evil, to depict the Mary Magdalene before her repentance, for instance.

Many people do not seem to understand this—and I used to be one of them! Following my first important screen role, as a sort of adventuress in *The Bad And The Beautiful*, I made a trip home to Montclair and posed for magazine pictures with my dad and our minister, the Rev. Frank Hunger. Dr. Hunger got a letter suggesting that it was a sin for him to pose with a movie star.

Well, some similar fear of Hollywood must have been in my mind when the opportunity to sign a studio contract originally came to me in New York. I worried, too, and I asked Dr. Hunger about it. He felt I shouldn't accept. I remember his questions. "Isn't it a wild kind of life?" he asked. "How will you fit?"

His words disturbed me, of course. It may surprise some people but I have an old fashioned streak and I visualized the extent of my discomfort if I did find myself out of place in Hollywood (I'm so old fashioned that I still wear my hair long, and any time you see it cut short you can be sure it isn't mine, but one of the hair-dressing department's illusions). I spent a day thinking and praying for help in making my decision. It finally came to me that whatever Hollywood is like, it need have no bearing on me personally; that if only I could make sure of this it would be all right to go.

LET ME BE truthful. Of course I wanted to go. I was crazy about the idea. But I would not have gone if I had felt that all my time there would find me upset. I would never be able to stand the strain of having my emotions in turmoil all the time. And believe me, if the life I had to lead was to be a questionable one, my emotions would really whirl!

Well, I had little to worry about. Without comparing Hollywood with Montclair or any other place, the important thing is that no one here stands between a person and his own morals or conscience.

Here you can be whatever you want to be—and a lot of people want to be good.

I think that one of the first times I found myself talking to a man in a Hollywood studio our conversation concerned not acting, but religious faith. The studio was M-G-M and the man was Mel Ballerino, a casting director. I remember that when the announcement was made that I would play with Kirk Douglas and Lana Turner in *The Bad And The Beautiful*, I got my first gift from a man in Hollywood. The man was an assistant director and the gift was a St. Genesis religious medal.

Whenever I am on a set in a picture and meet new people it is surprising how many times the conversation turns to matters of faith; I am beginning to think that acting, because so much of the strength of it comes from the spirit within, naturally inspires one to thoughts about the why and wherefore of being. The minister tells people about themselves. The actor shows people themselves. He sometimes plays the good man, sometimes the bad. It is not surprising that he thinks about the difference.

MAYBE THIS can help explain why I can play the roles I do and still be me, why a Jane Russell can do the same and still join her mother in running that wonderful chapel of theirs in the San Fernando Valley which I have visited so often. My

lovely liz taylor

ushers in the autumn

on modern screen's

october cover.

on your newsstand

september 7.

religion has never interfered with my roles—and my roles will never interfere with my religion. On the contrary, my work, involving so much traveling, has showed me faith brings comfort.

I make a guest appearance in a Philadelphia radio station and when I leave a woman steps up and hands me a crucifix. I cross the country in a plane and the girl next to me talks of the many times she has prayed that her husband, an Air Force pilot in Korea, would return to her unharmed; when we get off the plane in Los Angeles—there he is to meet her. I share an apartment with another girl when I get to Hollywood, the wild and wicked film capital, and when Sunday comes around she wants to know if I will spend it as she likes to spend her Sundays. I agree. We go to the Westwood Presbyterian Church.

And as I sit in this beautiful church listening to the sermon of Dr. Haven N. Davis, I feel, for the first time since I have come to California that at last I am again anchored to something secure. I am back again walking with Him. **END**

(Elaine Stewart is co-starring with John Derek in *The Adventures of Hajji Baba*, released by 20th Century-Fox.)

the best is ahead

(Continued from page 55) confidential dope, the inside story. The readers want it. Well, I wouldn't. He was my friend, but I wouldn't. There's some place you have to draw the line as to what is people's business and what isn't, and that was the place. Well, he didn't like it. He didn't like it a bit. He thought I was trying to make things rough for him. But then—now listen to this—then later on, he, mind you, got into the same kind of difficulty. And one day he came to me and apologized. He said he understood now how I'd felt about it. He didn't want to give the real, confidential information, either, you see, now that he was on my side of the fence."

JANE POWELL was married in 1949 to a man named Geary Steffen (pronounced Gary, not Geery), a blondish fellow with a good deal of chin and a talent for figure skating so exceptional that he was, at the time of their wedding, leading man for Sonja Henie's annual tours. When they married, however, Steffen put all that behind him to stay home and become a solid and industrious citizen, a successful insurance man.

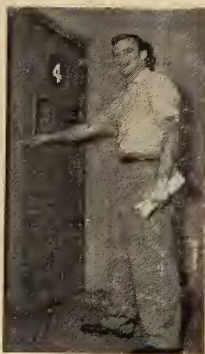
Roughly 125,000 rhapsodic words were written about the union of Geary and Jane Powell Steffen and that's the way it seemed to be. There were two children, a boy and a girl, a quiet and dignified life on a leafy, pleasant street in Brentwood.

WHO DO YOU LIKE, I HOPE?

I was standing in the lobby of a San Diego movie theatre when a young man came up to me and asked, "Don't you like movie stars?" "To tell the truth, I don't know," I said. "I've never been lucky enough to talk to one and find out." He said, "Well, when the picture is over, how about telling me how you like me?" I agreed, though I hadn't any idea who he was.

When the movie was over he waited for me at the door. "Well," he said, "what do you think?" All I could say was, "I think you are swell, Mr. Ray." He smiled and handed me a photo. On the back I found written, "I think you are very nice," signed, "Aldo Ray!"

Frances Brooks
Union Springs, Alabama



It was not until after the birth of the second child that fissures began to show in the marital structure.

You can get yourself an argument both ways here, but majority opinion holds that Janie was getting a little fed up some months before she became actively aware of a dancer named Gene Nelson, alleged to be the cause of the ultimate split. At least one prominent woman star has said that Janie had only one beef, but it was a big one: Geary, after a good start, was letting the insurance business slide in order to sharpen his water-skiing. A less pleasant way of saying this is that Janie, though

conscious that few husbands can match a film star's salary, still felt that her mate ought to go through the motions.

The Steffen camp, on the other hand, contends that Janie, along about then, was getting to be the Movie Star in spades and that Geary wasn't liking it at all.

Given this much, the time may have been fairly ripe for a break, and this came along when Jane met Nelson on a picture.

TO PUT IT not too delicately, there was hell to pay. Nelson had left his wife Miriam and their child. Soon, there wasn't a doubt in the world that Gene was fond of Janie and Janie of Gene. The cover-up was attempted but reporters broke through. Steffen set his considerable chin and growled to a friend that he'd reconcile but Janie would have to make the first move. Janie wasn't doing that. By and by, Janie played Las Vegas. Steffen was there. Janie's opening night songs could not have been more unfortunate. Knowing her personal story, the audience became acutely embarrassed. Goodbye, baby, she sang, I'm leaving you. How could you believe me, she sang, when I said I love you, when you know I've been a liar all my life? Ouch!

But Steffen came backstage later and kissed her—on the forehead. Then he went back to Los Angeles. Onlookers reported faithfully that he looked like a man who'd been hit by a pool ball.

Janie told the press she was going to think things over. She did. Then she came home and divorced Steffen, decree effective momentarily.

FOUR LIVES had been damaged, excluding children as no more than problematical casualties. Jane and Geary had gone their separate ways. The Nelsons' estrangement has not proved other than hopeless. But fate had still another rabbit-punch to wing Janie's way. She fell out with Nelson, and so came to the darkest, most noisome part of her personal tunnel. There was, it seemed, nothing left to salvage.

But there was. There was life to salvage.

Although Nerney, too, maintains silence under a mutual consent pact with Jane, there is no doubt in the minds of those who know him that they will marry at their earliest convenience. Nerney is an engaging, hard-working man, not wholly unlike Steffen in personality but a rather far cry from Nelson. He is devoted to Janie's children. And the word is that he can take water-skiing or leave it alone.

Steffen no longer talks for publication on the mess in general, feeling with some correctness that anything he said now would be superfluous. But Hollywood thinks that he, too, is finding his way back to a normal life, appearing on the town now and again and reportedly working harder than he has for some time.

Nelson has been seeking reconciliation with his wife, but without any conspicuous success. Miriam Nelson, thought by many to have been the one clearly outraged party seems to be the happiest of the four today. She gets around, shows every evidence of genuine gaiety and none of emotional strain.

JANE POWELL and Miriam Nelson ran into one another at a party the other night. Jane saw Miriam first and made a motion as though to leave, but it was too late. Miriam had turned. A few seconds later, the two were in warm conversation, punctuated by chortles. Thus they relieved their host of the necessity of shooting himself.

There is no word to date of Steffen and Nelson's setting up shop together, but perhaps it's only a matter of time.

"It'll seem funny," Jane said, "coming from me, but at last, happiness is getting

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to be something I know about. I have learned this for a beginning: the future is a dream and the past is dead. When something is done, it's done, and you turn your back on it. You live in the present, and if you do look forward a little, it's to something real and tangible and not so far ahead you can't even see the outlines.

"Right now, I'm working on this picture, *Athena*, for Metro. And when I go home tonight, I'll cook or I'll be with the children—excuse me, I'll cook and I'll be with the children. On Monday nights, I go to painting class. Busy. Oh, it's so important to keep busy, keep active. Or it is for me. That's what I've found out—the wonder of living from day to day."

HOLLYWOOD is now on a terrific kick about the power of positive thinking, but Janie denied that this was precisely what she had in mind.

"No, it's just *living*, instead of regretting or dreaming. I never want to look back again. I never want to look too far ahead. I want to be, right where I am and at the moment I'm there. Does that make sense? I've found happiness in the simplest things, like eating and seeing the sun rise and set or be any place it happens to be. In being with people or being alone. There's so much I've never imagined.

"Here's another one—reading. I've discovered reading! Can you imagine that? I've never read before. Now I read all the time. In the Powell household, reading has threatened television. I don't watch tv much any more—and I used to be one of those who couldn't live without it.

"And painting! I mentioned painting. I'm simply terrible at it but I love it. I started with houses. I've graduated to elbows now. Some day I'll even paint something you can recognize. I could paint tonight. Maybe I will. Play with the children. That's how it is with me these days. I'm a shut-in but I love it. No nightclubs. Not many parties. Once in a while is all. Now and then I go downtown to the theatre. That's a big night. But this evening—well, maybe he won't be by until nine because he has to work late, and we'll just sit for a while."

You note the bland use of "he."

"You know," said Janie. "My date."

And why wouldn't he be there till nine?

"Because of his work."

Which was?

"Insurance," said Janie. The silence was appalling and prolonged. "What did I say?" said Janie. "Insur— Oh, no! Cars! He sells cars! *Insurance*, yet! My goodness!"

HAPPINESS, as someone must have said before, is an elusive thing. Often it is not for those whom life embraces too fiercely and too soon—child screen stars, for example. Whether these become emotionally jaded, or suffer the let-down common to youngsters who are given their dessert first, or simply are not allowed to grow in the orderly progression that is supposed to lead to well-adjusted adulthood—that's for the experts to decide.

But a lot of times they have it rough—as rough as Janie Powell has had it.

Janie was born on April Fool's Day, cute as any baby, the daughter of Paul and Eileen Burce of Portland, Oregon. But she grew up with a remarkable singing voice, and her life became unlike that of most cute babies.

Janie Powell says all she has missed from not having a normal childhood is playing with other children. She regrets that, but she will not link it with marital catastrophe—nor blame heartbreak on premature fame.

Besides, you know, all that is past. Dead. She's turned her back.

Yet Hollywood is curious to know whether she can turn her back forever. The optimists think she will marry Nerney and enjoy a happiness greater than any she has ever known. Others have a foreboding that the past never can be left fully behind, and that one dark day the shock of another setback will possess her.

But the optimists are more numerous and more convinced.

They point to the poised, courageous comportment she has exhibited from the start of the trouble, to her unflinching acceptance of a none too sympathetic role that became public property, to a touching dignity throughout an excruciating ordeal.

If she can weather all that, her admirers say, she's already over the hump, and the best is ahead.

END

(Jane Powell is now appearing in MGM's *Seven Brides For Seven Brothers*.)

who says beautiful but dumb?

(Continued from page 47) she ordinarily does in it. Presumably this does not include a dive from a ten-foot tower onto a nightclub floor, but the rest—yes.

I see no immediate danger of Esther's departure from our midst—indeed Leo the Lion likely would burst his appendix if she decided to check out tomorrow—but none of us lasts forever. Esther has the fine intelligence to be conscious of her limitations. Some recurrent trouble with an eardrum may have spurred her decision to design the future. Whatever it may be, Esther Williams' mind never stagnates for a moment.

Beautiful? Assuredly. Dumb? I wouldn't say so.

THEN ONE MIGHT have said Ann Blyth had everything—certainly enough that she could rest on her oars, had she wished. Beauty, talent, great popularity, a handsome, successful husband, a loving family. But for Ann—and for so many like her—complacency does not exist. She wished to use her charming singing voice on the screen, to add a new dimension to an al-

ready versatile personality. It meant a tremendous amount of work, but what of that?

Let me get this point in now: The clearest mark of intelligence in the successful screen star is the absolute willingness to work, the recognition that without that willingness, one's career is in genuine danger. Laziness is the unforgivable stupidity and the majority of those who have failed have failed because of it.

The film star's life is not an easy one. Besides the constant battle for self-improvement, it is a life of appalling hours and often appalling drudgery. She gets to the studio about seven, is busy until nine when she arrives on the set, ready to go. The actual shooting creates strain, tension and stifling boredom—the waiting period when sets are struck or cameras realigned. During breaks, she may be called on for fittings, interviews, rehearsals, one of a hundred related chores. She is always studying. When she gets home she's dead tired—sometimes too tired to eat more than soup with comfort. But she still has the next day's lines to go over.

I contend that no woman beautiful but dumb would subject herself to such an ordeal. Your answer might be that she's too

smart. But I do not think so. The rewards for such rigorous, unstinting application can be great, both the material ones, and the tremendous compensation found in doing what one likes to do as well as one can do it and with every last ounce of energy. I may be prejudiced but that, to my mind, is smart. It is more than smart; it is an order of high intelligence, the artist's sort of life.

IN *Annie Get Your Gun*, another directorial *éclair* of mine, Betty Hutton, had to learn to shoot and shoot so well that there would be no suggestion of fake. We wanted it so that Annie Oakley herself would have approved. Skeet is a hobby of mine so I'm pretty fair at it. I took Betty out to the back lot and put a gun in her hands. She handled it at first as though it were a golf club with a cobra wrapped around the shaft. But in a few days she was knocking the tops off bottles. I'm not fooling you. She gave hours at a time to nothing but shooting and became a crack shot. For what? Just for a few scenes. Conceivably, a double could have been used in most of them. But doing it that way is not what has made Betty Hutton what she is.

Look at her now. She's in a fascinating phase of her career—nightclubs and other personal appearances—helping to get vaudeville back on its feet. She is not doing it for peanuts. If she feels she made the move at the right time, who am I to argue with her? She's too smart to have made it any other way. As I understand it, she didn't like the pictures she was getting so she took her case to the country. When she comes back to Hollywood, she'll be writing her own ticket.

Rosalind Russell, a truly brilliant woman, did the same with that superb New York show, *Wonderful Town*. So did Judy Garland, an incredible talent.

Jane Powell, one of the sweetest and most intelligent mothers I have ever known or seen, will be striking out on her own one of these days (Las Vegas last year was an impressive preliminary) and so will Kathryn Grayson.

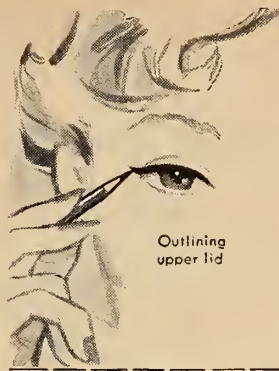
KATHRYN'S LAS VEGAS engagement wasn't just a routine, agented deal. Katie set up every last detail herself. They wanted her, of course, but she took care of her own end right down to the way the costumes should be stitched—and that niggling matter of dragging down \$90,000 for three weeks.

She wasn't sure whether a classical program would be welcome in nightclubs. Normally the procedure would have been a kind of sneak preview on a modest tour. But that wasn't for Katie. She let Vegas pay for her gamble—what better patron would there be?—and then went on to the double satisfaction of proving that supper clubs *did* like her. Very, very much.

The point of Kathryn's beauty has been satisfactorily settled long ago. Now you can see what else there is.

JEANETTE MACDONALD, like Judy Garland and Betty Hutton, has a feel for live audiences and is on the road much of the time. But she can't be said to leave things to chance, which is intelligence on her part as it would be on anyone else's. I am quite impressed that she carries with her her own lighting, setting it up in each new auditorium. And I am very much impressed by the fact that in one night recently, she drew down \$17,000. Beautiful but *what*?

Mae West has a similar gimmick for her tours, but on a very special scale. Miss West still is a big apple of the public eye and after each of her performances large numbers of her fans swarm to her dressingroom. They're entirely welcome—but not until Mae has lighted herself at her



Outlining upper lid



Accenting eyebrows

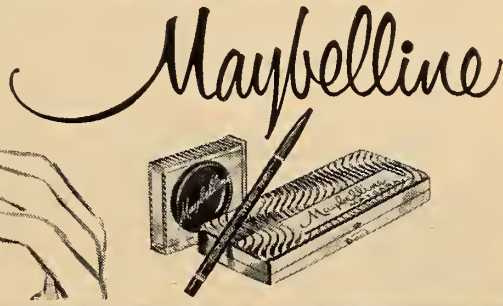


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dressings table with a special battery focussed and adjusted for Mae and Mae only. Thus she makes sure she looks as striking off as she does on—and Mae, believe me, is still very much something to see.

YOU MAY TEND to look down your nose a bit at capers like this. But I don't. I speak here from a rather insular point of view, as part of the film industry, but I think they're great. We're showmen out here, and showmanship is as much our business as body-lines are Henry Ford's. I want to cheer when Marilyn Monroe makes one of those entrances, when Terry Moore cuts loose with her latest nip-up, when Joan Crawford never for a second behaves like less than a movie star—and would you say that dumbness has kept her on top for twenty-five years? Janet Leigh, a prime example of the hard-working, level-headed girl, continues to consent to those eye-filling picture layouts. That's a piece of this business, and it is a very vital piece. It's wonderful—and it's smart!

Then there are samples of what I think of as cool, no-nonsense intelligence. They may not seem like much as isolated episodes, but it's trouper stuff, little victories of poise and common sense over the sort of upset that unstrings a low-calibre brain.

I directed Ava Gardner in a scene in which she was to fondle a monkey. It was rather long but she played it without a hitch. This was noteworthy, for throughout the sequence, the monkey had been chewing steadily and painfully on Ava's forearm.

She could have stopped the action immediately. But it would have (1) cost money, (2) necessitated a re-take.

Ava declined to be heroic about it. A re-take, she explained, would simply have meant more chewing, so she wanted to get it over with the first time.

If I had been chewed by a monkey, I never would have thought of that—and I haven't the excuse of beauty to defend my short-sightedness.

YOU MAY RECALL the cat in *Cass Timberlane*. Now Lana Turner is kindness itself to animals but she has, like many persons, an aversion to cats. She feels about them much as some people feel about snakes. There is nothing to be done about it. Judy Garland is that way about horses.

That presented us with an impasse, of course, since Lana was one of the stars of the film, and she was called upon to lug that cat around. I defy you to this day to read the slightest trace of fear or revul-

sion in her comportment throughout the picture.

If Lana were feather-brained, she might have refused to touch the animal or succumbed to hysterics. But she swallowed an authentic phobia and went ahead with her job.

No one has ever suggested that the magnificent Ethel Barrymore is in any way dumb. But she plainly is beautiful and she is incontestably an actress. One of my favorite stories bears on my point.

I had done some early scenes with Miss Barrymore and afterward I asked if she would like to see the rushes to determine for her own satisfaction whether she was happy with the way she was screening.

She asked me, "Were you satisfied with them?"

I said I was.

"Well, then," she said, starting to walk away.

"But, Miss Barrymore!" I called to her. "Aren't you curious in the least about your performance?"

"Mr. Sidney," she said, "I have appeared in many, many plays, and have yet to see myself in one. Why should I start now?"

ON THE METRO lot, we have yet another highly intelligent young woman. Her mind dominates her moves and decisions which usually are cagey ones. She is witty and cool, well-balanced and well-read, humorous and highly receptive and sensitive to direction. All this proves is that she is not dumb. It does not establish her beauty. But as one who knows every plane of Elizabeth Taylor's face, I will leave that to you, confident I am in safe hands.

FINALLY, real stupidity, dumbness, would come through on the screen; not mock dumbness in character parts, but the true, rapid expression of low-cell mental equipment.

So why should anyone be surprised that film beauties are not dumb? Intelligence registers vividly and on occasion it is even misnamed "personality."

The faces of the new crop are alive with intelligence. This is an integral part of their beauty, not a contradiction.

Beautiful but dumb—all these lovely women of Hollywood? Not a bit of it. *A contrario*, as they were saying in high school French the last I took note of it. END

(Lana Turner can be seen in MGM's *Betrayed*, Elizabeth Taylor in MGM's *Bea Brummell*.)

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If you love judy . . .

(Continued from page 50) weekend, Mr. and Mrs. Luft turned up at the racetrack together. Sid was so attentive to Judy that several fans commented on his solicitude and Mervyn LeRoy, who had directed Judy in *The Wizard Of Oz*, remarked, "You are behaving like honeymooners!"

At Romanoff's, Chasen's, Sun Valley, Palm Springs, Warner Brothers studio—wherever you see Judy—chances are that Sid Luft is at her side or on his way there.

DOES ALL THIS sound as if the Luft marriage might be foundering?

Of course it doesn't. But Hollywood skeptics insist that Judy and Sid have yet to find true happiness. They tell of an incident which occurred several months ago in Holmby Hills.

"It was late at night," one neighbor recalls, "and I heard all this screaming and yelling and shouting. I knew Mr. and Mrs. Luft were in their house. And yet I didn't know what was causing the commotion."

"Of course it wasn't any of my business. But the Lufts do have children, wonderful kids, and we have had robberies in this neighborhood, quite a series of them. And I thought for a minute that maybe it was just a domestic quarrel. What couple doesn't fight once in a while? But the noise seemed to be too loud for that."

Anyway, the police were called and a prowling car whizzed up to Judy's house. The officers knocked and Sid answered. It was a quarrel all right, he explained, but it involved one of the domestic staff.

Hollywood pessimists have tried to blow up the incident into a marital crisis. But Judy and Sid refuse to be disturbed.

"I used to mind all those things they wrote and said about me," Judy admits. "But now I don't care. I've found some peace of mind."

A SECRETARY who knows Judy well, says, "The best thing that ever happened to her was Lorna. I can measure the change in Judy's personality from the day she gave birth to that cute baby girl."

Jay Dratler's line about people who spend their time in Palm Springs playing cards around the swimming pool: "Obviously, dolling, they want their cards should get a tan."

*Mike Connolly in
The Hollywood Reporter*

"Childbirth does many things to many women, but it settled Judy and matured her. It gave her a new set of values. It solidified Judy's marriage and changed her outlook. She looks back on her own stormy, hectic youth, and she knows that Lorna and Liza, who is eight now, must be prepared all that confusion."

"The most important thing in the world to Judy used to be Judy Garland. Now it's her children who count. So long as they're well and happy and she's capable of working, she isn't worrying about what the wise guys have to say about her, Sid or A Star Is Born."

"I remember not too long ago, someone suggested to Judy the possibility that Sid was merely using her to establish his eminence as a motion picture producer."

"In the old days, the girl would have blown her top and cried and gone off on a weeping jag. This time she merely spoke a short, sharp word that left no doubt in the reporter's mind as to what she meant. And what she meant was that he was talking through his hat."

Judy Garland insists, "I am happier now

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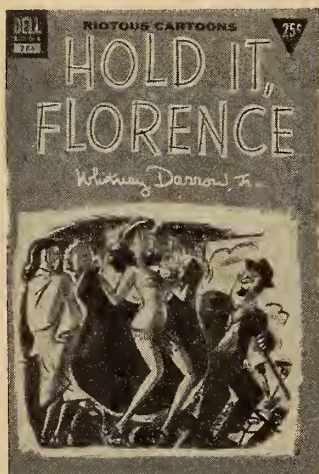
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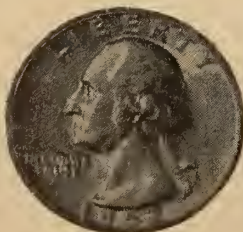
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than I've even been." And she certainly looks it. Her weight is 110 pounds. Her luminous brown eyes are sharp and clear. Her voice is bigger, better and more controlled than ever. And she is optimistic.

Perhaps Judy has gained some confidence from her new system of periodic physical checkups. Every six months or so, she checks into the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Hollywood and submits to a thorough examination.

After each visit to the hospital, the rumor goes around that, "Judy Garland is on that pill-kick again." Not true.

Judy sleeps well these nights because she has found peace. How lasting it will be no one knows. Judy's nature is volcanic and may erupt without a moment's notice, especially if another marital disappoint-

ment were to spark the flame. But she had the strength and will power and stamina to finish *A Star Is Born*.

Undoubtedly you've heard and read about Judy and *Star*.

Last year when she announced that she was going to use its musical version as a screen comeback vehicle, most of Hollywood was doubtful.

"Maybe Judy will start the picture," one producer offered, "but she'll never finish it."

"I don't care what anyone says," another executive confided. "This kid's strung tighter than an E-string on a violin. Worse yet, her husband is producing the picture. Luft knows a lot about horses, but what does he know about pictures? You'll hear them scrapping way off in Cucamonga."

WITH THIS RING...

Lydia became engaged to Charlton (Speedy) Heston—ten years late!

■ Lydia Heston stepped off the stage of *The Seven Year Itch* and walked into the arms of her tall and terrific husband. After a kiss longer than is allowed on the screen, he fumbled around in his tweed jacket and pulled out a tiny package.

"Tenth anniversary," he mumbled.

Lydia unwrapped the package. It contained a diamond engagement ring and a matching wedding band.

Speechlessly, she admired the fine stone. Then Charlton remarked, "Now you can put away that gold band you've worn for ten years."

"Nothing doing," she retorted. "My wedding ring stays on for every day. The finery is for state occasions."

Taciturn Charlton Heston is not really a forgetful husband, allowing his bride to wait ten long years for her engagement ring. When he does a thing he wants to do it right and it's only recently that he has had the money for such a spectacular gesture.

The Hestons just can't bring themselves to live like Hollywood stars. The days in which they honeymooned on a household budget of ten dollars a week are not forgotten. Yet in another ten years they'll be the same, for neither of them wants to settle into what they call the "glamour rut." Stardom to them simply means the opportunity to choose their roles.

Few are the Hollywood wives who would want to appear in a Chicago company of any play while married to a star of Heston's stature. Equally rare is a star like Charlton who would take third billing in a play just for the thrill of doing it. That happened when Heston opened for a



Lydia and Charlton Heston photographed in one of their rare moments together.

short run on the stage in Bermuda, playing the bookish young man in *Born Yesterday*, with Jan Sterling and Paul Douglas in the starring roles. "Paul told me," he says proudly, "that during the New York run the highest price ever paid to scalpers for tickets was \$50 a pair, but in Bermuda we had 'em going for \$200."

"Of course we want to have a family before too long," he adds. "But in the meantime, Lydia is not the type to stay home while I bounce around the country. I'm proud of the way in which she puts her talent to work and I'll venture to say that this fact brings us closer than most couples in our profession." It is also bringing them greater success.

So put it down in your book. He's a man who may take ten years to buy an engagement ring, but he'll be around ten years after most of the male stars of today are forgotten.

These were the prophecies of gloom and disaster that accompanied Judy last October when, clad in sweater, slacks, and ballet shoes, she reported to Warner Brothers for her first screen work in four hectic years.

It would be nice to report that everything on *Star* was sweetness and light. But that isn't the way it happened.

Bad luck dogged Judy at every turn, and the fact that she could face this trouble and conquer it is what counts. At the outset, Judy offered the old Fredric March role to Cary Grant. Grant turned it down. Disappointment number one.

Then the film was begun in a photographic process called WarnerScope. After a few weeks, the photography was changed to ordinary widescreen. Disappointment number two for Judy. Then someone made another decision. "Widescreen is no good for such an important picture. Let's switch to CinemaScope." So all the old film was scrapped—disappointment number three—and the film was begun all over again.

With each change in photographic process, there was a change in cameramen. Add three more disappointments for Judy. The next trouble was with a musical arranger. So he was replaced. Then a sketch artist was sent on his way.

George Cukor, the director, began to experience a bit of difficulty. This was Cukor's first CinemaScope picture, and he was trying to shoot it in long, sustained scenes rather than short takes. Only Judy Garland doesn't happen to be a "long scene" actress. Never has been. She throws herself into her acting so completely that she uses up her reservoir of emotional energy very quickly.

There was one hassle after another and Judy, via the unknowing gossips, was blamed for everything.

The \$5,000,000 budget, the eight months

I've been used to singing on the stage in London and New York and San Francisco. So he just quit. Otherwise, everything's been fine.

"Go around," she suggested. "Ask anyone on the picture. You'll find out."

GEORGE CUKOR, a knowing and sensitive man who has directed some of Hollywood's foremost pictures—*All Quiet On The Western Front*, *Royal Family*, *Camille*, *The Philadelphia Story*—was kind enough to explain his position just before leaving for Europe on a vacation.

"It's amazing," he exclaimed, "absolutely amazing how these stories get started."

"Judy was perfect in this picture. Cooperative, tireless, energetic—and I say this objectively—absolutely magnificent."

"Before the film started my friends would call me up—I guess they meant well. 'George,' they warned me. 'Don't make *Star* with Judy. She's not well. She'll hold you up. Her husband will interfere. You'll never finish it. She's an unhappy girl. She can't find herself. Don't do it.'"

"Not a word they said is true. Judy is in wonderful condition both physically and mentally. And the performance she gave—well, you'll have to see it for yourself."

"This girl has always been one of the rare, one of the truly great talents in this town. And now that talent has matured."

A studio executive agreed heartily.

"I've heard so many stories about Judy Garland and *Star*," he said, "that I'm sick. The plain truth is that we're overjoyed with this picture and that Judy was marvelous all during the production."

"Sure, it took a long time and cost a lot of money, but it's one of the finest pictures ever made. It runs more than three hours and we're going to road-show it and Judy will probably win an Academy Award. In all my years at this studio I have never witnessed a finer performance."

A DOCTOR FROM Iowa, wandering around the Warner lot one day, had somehow stumbled onto Judy's set.

"She was sweet and down-to-earth," the doctor recalled. "I asked her to pose for a snapshot with me and she said, 'Gosh! I look like death warmed over today.' But she did pose and very graciously."

During the production of *A Star Is Born* Judy might very easily have ordered a "closed set" with "no visitors" signs plastered on each door. But she wouldn't.

"I've spent my whole life entertaining people," she said. "Entertaining people makes me very happy."

Despite this outlook and philosophy, a segment of the movie colony continues to discount Judy's present happiness, probably because up to now Judy has had so much unhappiness in her young life.

Over the years she has suffered from poor health, unsuccessful marriages, unrequited love, basic insecurity, maternal estrangement and a fatherless adolescence. One of her old friends has said, "If I'd been put through the wringer as many times as Judy has, I'd be emotionally bankrupt and a candidate for the booby hatch."

It is a great credit to Judy that she has survived with her courage intact.

Judy says that she "loves to work and work hard. I've always felt that way ever since I can remember."

She was born in 1923 to Ethel and Frank Gumm, a pair of vaudevillians who owned a small theatre in Grand Rapids, Minnesota, at that time a town of 2,500 people.

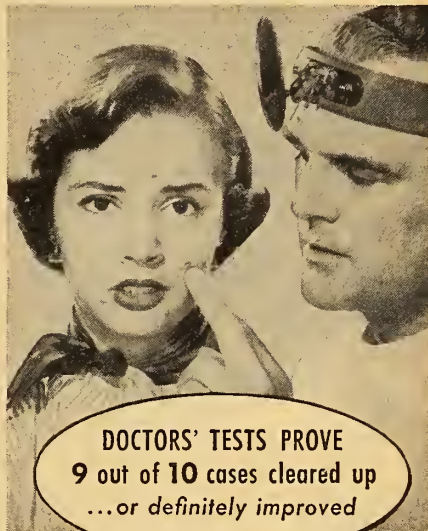
The third of three girls, Judy was christened Frances Gumm.

She made her debut in the family theatre at the age of three. The family moved to Lancaster, California, a small desert com-

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Mike Connolly in
The Hollywood Reporter

of production time and the changes in personnel were all attributed to Judy or her glands or her eating habits or her husband or her temperament or her past.

The delay and the mounting costs were attributed to every reason but the right one—that at thirty-one, after twenty-eight years of show business experience Judy Garland has developed into a mature, intelligent perfectionist who knows that in today's market the movie-going public must be given top-flight entertainment, or the picture will flop.

"When you have your own money in an independent company," Judy explains, "there's a tendency to cut corners. You know, speed up everything, hire five extras instead of twenty, print the first take."

"I just refused to do that. This was my first picture since *Summer Stock* and I was scared stiff when I started in. I'm always scared when I begin. But I was determined to do this picture as well as possible. And I honestly feel Sid and I have."

Asked about the reported trouble with Cary Grant and her musical arranger and George Cukor, Judy said, "There was no trouble. Just an honest difference of opinion."

"Originally we tried to get Cary for the Freddie March part. He said no, so we got Mason."

"As for my musical arranger, he kept saying during the picture that I was singing too loud. Well, I don't have that small movie voice any more. I'm a big girl now."

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munity eight miles north of Los Angeles where her father took over management of the local theatre. Judy was enrolled in a children's dramatics school where she learned to project her precocious voice.

Last year, a few months before Judy's mother died—she was working in an aircraft plant at the time—she spoke of her daughter's childhood.

"People blame me," she said, "for all of Judy's unhappiness. They say I deprived her of a normal youth, that I drove her into show business, that I tried to make her the big star I never was.

"That's not true. Not a word of that is true. Even as a little girl Judy was obsessed with entertaining. She never could get enough of it.

"She always loved to sing. It wasn't true of my other girls. But it was with Judy. She made her own youth. I let her do what would make her happy."

WHEN JUDY WAS twelve an agent named Al Rosen caught her act at Lake Tahoe and took her around to MGM. The buxom child sang one song in her full-throated, uninhibited style and within a week she had a movie contract.

A month later her father died of meningitis. This was the first in Judy's long list of heartbreaks.

Her second came at fifteen when she fell in love with a married man. Sometimes these puppy love affairs are trivial developments in a girl's growing-up. But Judy's first love affair was intense and important, and long after it ended, she carried a torch. Somehow her great open faith in people was irremediably damaged.

Her first marriage, to Dave Rose, was a bust, perhaps because they were both more interested in their individual careers than in their life together. The divorce left Judy with an emotional scar.

To compensate she worked harder. She starred in three great pictures, *Meet Me In St. Louis*, *The Clock*, *Ziegfeld Follies*. Vincente Minnelli, aesthetic, thin-faced and artistic, offered to fill her emotional void. A year after their marriage their daughter Liza was born.

After that Judy's great trouble started.

One day she would be ecstatically happy, the next day tragically sad. One day she took pills to gain weight, the next day to reduce. One day she imbibed stimulants, the next depressants.

One doctor blamed it all on the aftermath of childbirth. MGM, the studio where she'd worked for fifteen years, suspended Judy. It looked like the end. Judy thought so, too. At twenty-seven, hopelessly mixed up, she half-heartedly attempted suicide. After that she was under a doctor's supervision.

BUT ALL OF THAT is part of the past. The present begins with Sid Luft.

No matter what you hear about Sid and his troubles with his ex-wife Lynn Bari, he is Judy's perfect complement.

It was he and he alone who infused her with the desire to sing and entertain again. It was he who, with the help of the William Morris Agency, booked her into London's Palladium, New York's Palace, Los Angeles' Philharmonic and San Francisco's Curran. It was he who talked David Selznick into selling the musical rights to *A Star Is Born*, and it was he who helped raise the capital to form their independent company, Transcona, Inc.

It is Sid who, knowing of Judy's old friendship with Frank Sinatra, is so understanding about having the singer visit them. Other husbands might be jealous. But not Sid. His faith in his Judy is limitless. And it should be, for these days with three children at home much of the time—Lorna, Liza and her stepson John—Judy no longer permits herself the luxury of moodiness.

"I hope to keep working," she asserts, "because I've worked since childhood and the whole pattern of my behavior would be changed too much if I were to stop.

"I do realize, however," she adds, "that there are some things much more important than a career."

"What, for example?"

"Children," Judy answered. "I want more children."

It has taken a long time, but at thirty-one Judy Garland has grown into a happy and fulfilled young woman. **END**

dahl—that's all

(Continued from page 53) man I've ever loved. I can't tell you what joy I've known playing opposite him in these last few pictures."

Arlene had been considered cold and aloof, so this frank confession of love and passion was a surprise to everybody but Lamas. He kept saying, "I don't understand how Arlene gets this reputation. She's very warm-hearted and responsive to the right man."

Fernando was not boasting, although many girls thought he was. He was merely being Fernando, outspoken and charming.

ONE TIME when the tide of rumor was mounting against him, Fernando was asked if his intentions toward Arlene were honorable.

"Deep in your heart, do you have any intention of marrying this girl? Did you ever have any intention of marrying Lana—or any girl, for that matter?"

Lamas smiled. "About Lana," he said, "that's finished so we will not discuss it. About Arlene—she has done very much for me, and I would love to make her mine. But what is the sense of rushing into marriage? I am not a little boy who cannot control his emotions.

"I am not going with Arlene to pass the time of day. She is everything a man wants in a woman. I realize that. But I

will not rush into marriage. I did that when I was very young and I lived to regret it. And I will not do it again. Probably we will get married, but in due time."

Two weeks later, Fernando was in New York watching Arlene play Roxanna in *Cyrano de Bergerac* at the City Center. But he refused to make his intentions public.

Arlene, of course, won't admit it now, but she was hurt, deeply hurt. She'd gone overboard for Lamas, she had committed herself, she'd told the world that he was everything she had dreamed about, that despite her previous marriage to Lex Barker, Fernando was the only love in her life. She had bared her heart and mind, had given tongue to her innermost thoughts and saw them in the cold light of print. Now she began to wonder and doubt.

Suppose Fernando didn't want to marry her? Suppose she had made a bitter mistake? Suppose Fernando had been using her?

A proposal from Fernando would have destroyed these doubts at once. But the proposal didn't come.

Fernando was having trouble of his own. His second wife, Lydia, wanted the Nevada divorce decree and financial settlement validated in the California courts. His back was giving him trouble. There was the question of whether or not MGM would grant him the release he was requesting. Fernando was hardly in the mood for marriage.

If he doesn't want to marry me, Arlene thought, I don't want to marry him. They broke off their relationship without rancor or recrimination.

Fernando went down to Palm Springs. He began to date Mary Castle.

Arlene, admitting to no one that her heart was breaking, went about her many businesses: designing lingerie, writing her beauty column for the *Chicago Tribune*, discussing a new picture (*A Woman's World*) with Twentieth Century-Fox.

All this time the wise guys had Fernando written off as an "angle boy," a self-seeking, ruthless woman-user.

"He made a few pictures with Dahl," they said, "and then he kissed her off. Who will be the next victim?"

THEY SPOKE knowingly, but few people in this country know much about Lamas. This is his own story:

"I was born in Vincente Lopez, a suburb outside of Buenos Aires on January 9, 1916. My father died of double pneumonia when I was one. When I was four my mother died of peritonitis.

"I lived with my two grandmothers, one week with one, the next week with the other. They finally took the case to court to determine custody rights. The magistrate decided that I was to live with my grandmother Lamas from Monday to Friday so that I could attend the good city schools in Buenos Aires. On the weekends I was to live with my grandmother Fernandez in the country.

"I had no mother, no father, no sisters or brothers. Ever since I can remember I have had to work out my own problems, solve them by myself. As a boy I made my own decisions. I think this gave me some sort of self-reliance.

"Things have not been easy for me. I have had to fight for what little success I've had. No one has helped me much.

ARLENE'S GOOD-NIGHTIES

Arlene Dahl knows how to turn her spare time into a pretty penny. She has been designing lingerie for many years. Naturally for her own trousseau, Arlene created something special. It took more than a month to make the pink, sheer negligee.

"After all," Arlene explains, "I couldn't possibly wear something that Fernando had seen in department stores throughout the country. I had to whip up something just for the occasion."

If Arlene decides to release this model for public consumption she will call it "Wedding Night."

"I got into acting in the usual way, I guess. School plays—things like that. I finished high school when I was fifteen. I had an uncle who was a stage actor, José Lamas. I went to him and told him I wanted to become an actor. He warned me that I was being crazy but he got me a job in a play, *Navidad des Pobres*. I had five lines, a bit. When I was eighteen or nineteen I got jobs on the radio, Radio Mitri.

"I swam a lot. One year I won the South American free style championship.

"I never went to college although at one point I thought I'd study law. I was twenty-four when I got my first lead in a play, *Evacion*. . . . I've been lucky with women. They've always been kind to me, and I have tried to be kind to them, to give them all my attention.

"I think the first girl I ever felt romantic about was Estella Diaz, a fiery Spanish

dancer from Asturias. I fell in love after seeing her perform at the Avenida. I think I was twenty-one at the time, just a kid. It probably wasn't love, just puppy love. I went backstage and told her she was great. I took her out to dinner and we went steadily for almost nine months.

"My first wife was Azuzena Mus, her nickname was Perla. She was a movie actress and singer. She was nineteen. I was twenty-three. We went together six months, not nearly enough time. We were in a hurry to be married.

"Times were hard. There is a Spanish saying, 'When poverty comes in the front door, love flies out the window.'

"It was terrible being poor. I don't ever want to be poor again. I will drive a taxi, work in an aircraft plant, do anything but be poor. When you have plenty of love and no money, somehow the love begins to disappear. Anyway, there is no divorce allowed in Argentina, so we went across the river to Montevideo and got a divorce there. That was the end of the marriage.

"Then I met Lydia at the Hindu Golf Club outside of Buenos Aires. I was having lunch with Eduardo Schlieffer, an importer. Lydia was working as a secretary. Schlieffer introduced us. She was very attractive. We went together for six months; then we were married in a civil ceremony attended by her family.

"At the time I was all alone in the world, my grandparents having died. Alexandra, my daughter, was born on April 14, 1947. And there is another old Spanish saying, 'Sometimes children are born with a loaf of bread under their arms.' It means they bring good luck.

"Alexandra brought good luck into our lives. A month after she was born, I got my first break in the movies. A friend introduced me to Manuel Romero, a director. He asked me to come out for a screen test. I was signed. Then when Republic Pictures came to Buenos Aires to shoot *The Avenger*, I was signed for the Spanish version. Then Republic brought me to the States."

JOHN CARROLL's wife at that time was Lucille Rymer, a talent executive at MGM. She recommended Fernando to her studio. Fernando sang for L. B. Mayer and was put under contract.

His American film debut was made in *Rich, Young And Pretty*, and after further experience in *The Law And The Lady*, he was assigned the plum role opposite Lana Turner in *The Merry Widow*.

There is no point in going over the Lamas-Turner love affair again. Everyone knows that Lex Barker wound up with Turner and Fernando wound up with Arlene Dahl.

Lex rushed Lana into a marriage which is apparently very successful. But Fernando approached marriage to Arlene with great caution. He made triply sure that life for him was impossible without her.

DURING THEIR estrangement, Fernando tried not to think of Arlene. But she was too much in his heart and mind.

Finally, he arranged to meet her in the lobby of the Beverly Hills Hotel, and he asked her out for the next day. It seemed to both of them that they had never been separated. They had never fallen out of love with each other, of course.

And this time, Arlene received the marriage proposal she had been expecting for more than a year. Arlene said yes.

"I'll marry you," she said, "but it's got to be a double-ring ceremony."

Lamas laughed and took the beautiful redhead in his arms.

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so, sue me!

(Continued from page 31) hormones unknown outside the realm of rabbits, which Bob Mitchum has never claimed. It is to his credit, however, that he doesn't hold a low opinion of the feminine gender because of this tendency to melt into absurd puddles in his presence. He probably thinks it happens to all the boys.

Nor is his impact limited to those age groups which should still be receiving such emotional charges. At a recent dinner party an exquisite dowager of seventy years sought to question a screen writer closely about the Real Robert Mitchum. When the writer admitted that he hadn't met Mitchum, he might just as well have gotten lost.

"Now, there," she stated unequivocally, "is the only actor in pictures I'd walk across the street to see. And the only man in the world I'd still like to meet."

The other guests were amused, since she was such an elegant little thing, and they began to tease her.

"Dulcie," said one, "I don't think Mitchum is your sort, really. His choice of words is rather Edwardian, you know."

She was unperturbed. "I never knew a real man who didn't use strong language when it was provoked."

"But Dulcie," protested another, "he's supposed to be a terrible roué! I've heard that his leading ladies fight over him."

Dulcie smiled. "If it's true, it certainly proves that he's a man, doesn't it?"

Dulcie's husband thought that the conversation should have exhausted itself by now. "Dulcie," he said irritably, "may I remind you that your charming Mr. Mitchum has been suspected of getting his kicks from something stronger than corn-silk?" It should have worked, but this was Mitchum they were discussing. In the loaded silence that followed, Dulcie leaned forward. "Tell me," she asked sweetly of her husband, "is it fattening?"

THE FIRST picture of Robert Mitchum drawn by the pens of Hollywood writers was that of a crude, rough-and-tumble character possessed of nothing more than pure animal magnetism. Having been variously a longshoreman, a carny, a bouncer, a truck driver and a hobo, he was a tough guy and it showed; he appealed to a lady's baser instincts. When that characterization palled, the present one was superimposed. Bob Mitchum isn't a tough guy any more. Instead, he's a brilliant, shy, sensitive introvert, hiding his feeling of personal inadequacy behind a façade of cynicism and blasphemy.

This is the stuff of which fables are made. Certainly Mitch is bright, talented and acutely sensitive to the vibrations of his fellow beings—but never be deluded into thinking he's a shrinking violet whose virility is confined to his press clippings. When the men were separated from the boys, Mitch was there to be counted among the men. He can take care of himself, as he proved a few years back when he had a donnybrook with a large gentleman in Colorado. The gentleman was a professional fighter whose record indicated that he had knocked out nineteen of twenty-eight opponents in the ring. The record of Robert Mitchum wasn't available. The cause of their altercation was never established, but when the dust settled there wasn't a mark on Mitchum and his antagonist was resting as comfortably as could be expected in the local dispensary. Said an apologetic Mitch to the press, "All my fault," which was certainly the truth; there was nothing to indicate that the pugilist had planned a rest cure at that particular time. Then Mitch added, "An actor is always a target for

belligerent guys who think that they are tough and Hollywood he-men are softies. Sometimes you have to fight."

BOB MITCHUM believes he is a cynic about humanity. Once he said, "I've been places where men would kill you for the shoes on your feet. I don't have to think twice about what they'd do to you here in Hollywood for a million bucks." From what bitter experience he gained this profound knowledge he didn't say, but it did absolutely nothing to prevent him from hiring a business manager who absconded with \$83,000 of his money. It wiped out the Mitchums after five long years of working and saving.

Even now he is no less susceptible to the blandishments of people who entertain similar intentions. A case in point is his recent venture into the field of popular music. Though he's no Cole Porter, Mitch has a good feeling for music, and when he can't think of a song to fit his mood, he makes one up. Now and then they're pretty good.

He showed one such improvisation to "a guy"—Mitch never identifies them beyond that—and after a little time the guy approached him enthusiastically. "I think I have a good chance of getting your song published. Will you sign this, so I can get a rating?"

Bob signed. A few months passed, and he heard his song played on a disc jockey's program, just as you probably did. That was absolutely all he heard, however—his song being played—until an agent from the Bureau of Internal Revenue asked him for an accounting of his royalties!

"I just told him the truth, that I hadn't made a dime. I didn't mind the guy making money off my song," he said wryly, "but I thought the least he could do was pay the taxes on what he made."

CYNIC OR NO, Mitch is oddly philosophical about getting rooked. Maybe it's easier to practice philosophy than to admit people aren't always good. But according to him, it's the breaks. The man who stole his \$83,000 is in prison, and he doesn't write songs to make money, anyhow. The big shoulders shrug in ageless acceptance. "You get a bad break, you just fight a little harder."

It isn't the way most men would think. Mitch doesn't think like other people, and because he doesn't, because he is literally a free soul, he is terribly vulnerable. He hasn't done half the things with which he is identified—but he might if he felt like it. Therefore any story about him is credible. Accuse him of anything in the world, and at least a few of his best friends will believe it. Why not? It's possible.

Mitch can't shake the character traits that make him vulnerable, but he's getting used to being a sitting duck on the pond. There was quite a newspaper spread last year about his being arrested for driving his Jaguar seventy miles an hour down Wilshire Boulevard. At the preliminary hearing Mitchum sat slouched down, talking to "a guy" who might have been a reporter, a lawyer or even a policeman. The guy said, "You'll be cleared if you take it to court; you're innocent on the evidence against you. Heavy as the traffic is on Wilshire at eight o'clock at night, you couldn't go seventy unless you were in a helicopter."

"So I take it to court and I'm cleared," Mitchum said. "Then what happens?"

The guy was elaborately casual. "Oh, the officer who made the mistake will get suspended or dropped from the force. He probably has a family, and the rest of the men on the traffic detail aren't going to forget that you cost him his job. Natural enough, isn't it? You can afford a traffic citation a lot easier than he can afford to

admit a mistake that may cost him his job."

Mitch pondered. "So?"

"So, if you're smart, you plead guilty to speeding, reckless driving, resisting arrest, or whatever you're charged with. Pay your fine and forget about it. Otherwise, you get a lot of unpleasant publicity and the assurance that every time you run an amber light from now on, you'll get another ticket. Cops aren't mean, but they're human."

Bob Mitchum, boy cynic, shook his head. "Look, I just don't get it. This other actor, the one they caught last week—he was doing ninety. The only way they stopped him was to pump five bullets into his car, and when they opened the door he was so drunk he fell out on his face. How come he gets off with a fine for drunk driving and three lines in the newspaper, and I get the book?"

"Ah," answered his adviser, pointing the finger of sardonic truth. "They don't want to read about him. They want to read about you."

Mitchum meekly pleaded guilty and paid. He's getting used to it.

NOT UNEXPECTEDLY, publicity-seekers take wide advantage of the fact that people want to read about Robert Mitchum. It was this and nothing more that precipitated the now-notorious breast-baring incident when Bob and his wife attended the Cannes Film Festival. Summing it up, a hitherto unnoteworthy actress cornered Mitch on a terrace at the very moment a swarm of photographers happened by, affording some rather staggering newsphotos of one Robert Mitchum leering down at an overlush, half-clad young female.

The leer was unquestionably Mitchum's, the one he was born with, but the circumstances were absolutely beyond his control. Asked to pose for a publicity picture, he had agreed amiably and without any inkling that the girl involved planned to shuck the upper portion of her costume. Later, pressed for an explanation, Mitchum gave reporters a statement which should go down in the annals of history with those of other doughty warriors—of one kind or another. "My back," he said laconically, "was to the sea."

Typically, he bore the girl no animosity, though he thanked his stars that Dorothy, his wife, was along on that sightseeing tour of the Iles de Lérins. Dottie saw some sights, all right. At least this time she knew that the mischief her husband was in was not of his own making. Of the misguided actress Mitch said indifferently, "She was all right. She said that she had been trying to get to Hollywood for three years and figured that this was the only way she'd ever make it. Afterward," he added with the fleeting, wry grin so typical of the man, "she said she hoped she hadn't caused me any trouble!"

It was too bad, someone said, that it had to happen to him, of all people. The big guy shrugged and spread his hands, palms up. "Who else?" he asked simply.

IN THOSE TWO WORDS he said a mouthful of wisdom learned the hard way. If the same thing had happened to George Murphy, who winced at Terry Moore's ermine suit, or Ronald Reagan or a dozen other staid Hollywood citizens, there would have been no international

incident. With due local indignation and apologies to the distinguished gentleman so embarrassed, it would have died aborning. There were, in fact, a number of celluloid celebrities present at the Cannes Festival before Mitch arrived, but none had his exploitation value, as Miss What's-her-name well knew. She has since sunk back into the anonymity from which she briefly emerged, having gained nothing for herself that she could sensibly want. Unless for reasons of her own she cherishes the enmity of Louella Parsons, who is without a peer in her struggle to keep the name of Hollywood clean.

Any attempt to whitewash Bob Mitchum would be a farce. He is loaded with human failings, even some of the common garden variety. He's as lazy as a three-toed sloth. If he holds still for an interview, you can bet that otherwise Dottie would have had him painting the patio furniture, and he has simply chosen the lesser of two evils. Getting him to talk is like pulling teeth—and once he is started, the experience can be as painful as pulling teeth to the uninitiated listener, since the nature of his eloquence would raise hair on an egg.

He's painfully honest, which can also be defined as disastrously tactless. Once, when he was beset by about as much trouble as a man could find, Mitch declined to meet the press. Although he did so upon the request of his studio and the advice of sager heads, he was nevertheless awarded the Hollywood Women's Press Club "Sour Apple" for being the most uncooperative actor in Hollywood. In the true spirit of Lord Chesterfield Mr. Mitchum immediately sent the ladies a telegram, to wit: **YOUR GRACIOUS AWARD BECOMES A TREASURED ADDITION TO A COLLECTION OF INVERSE CITATIONS . . . WHICH INCLUDE PROMINENT MENTION IN SEVERAL '10 WORST-DRESSED MEN' LISTS AND ONE SOCIETY COLUMN'S '10 MOST UNDESIRABLE MEN GUESTS' LIST, WHICH HAPPILY WAS PUBLISHED ON THE DATE I WAS MADE WELCOME AT THE COUNTY JAIL.** Women scorned are traditionally to be reckoned with—but again, this was Mitchum, which puts an altogether different light on things. They not only forgave his irony; because of it, they recognized the fact that he needed this final slap on the wrist like a hole in the head. He has friends and fans among them to this day, stubborn, uninhibited and tactless as he is.

HE DOESN'T LIKE phonies and doesn't hide it, which means that he has made his share of enemies in Hollywood, and he never met an oddball who didn't strike a responsive chord in him. If you ever saw an actor holding a calm, rational three-way conversation with a two-headed monster, the actor would have to be Robert Mitchum. What he looks for in people is his own little secret, but he finds it in some pretty remarkable characters. As a matter of fact, this—Bob's choice of friends and the amount of time he spends with them—has been the only public issue of his marriage. Even his severest critics can't contrive anything more intimate. Let's face it: old Mitch, who makes the red corpuscles of grandmothers stir around like a hill of ants, is a one-woman man. He fell in love with one girl, Dorothy,



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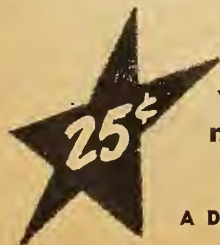
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and married her—and that's it. She and the kids, Jimmy, Chris and Petrine, hold the meaning of life for Bob Mitchum. On that score, at least, he isn't mistaken; he knows how it would be without them.

After years of yes, no and maybe, things are beginning to groove for Mitchum careerwise. He's busier than ever before, higher on the popularity polls. And now, he has to put up or shut up on the score of acting. Stanley Kramer has signed him to play the lead in *Not As A Stranger*, which is certainly the dramatic plum of the year. Moreover, with Paul Gregory, Mitch has invested money of his own in the screen rights to *Night Of The Hunter*, in which he will portray the most hackle-raising villain to appear on the American scene in many a year. In both pictures he'll either have to act up a storm or start thinking about one of his earlier professions, like selling shoes. While he's waiting, he's on loan-out to Wayne-Fellows Productions for *Track Of The Cat* and is also scheduled to be reunited with Susan Hayward in *The Untamed* at Twentieth Century-Fox.

ON THE FACE of things he ought to be happy as a clam—but you never saw a more miserable guy. He's behaving, he's working hard, and he ends up with an old, familiar companion: trouble. "I've gotta get sued," he said sadly. "If the picture I'm doing with Duke comes in on schedule,

I'll have fifteen days left on my contract with RKO, and they're committed to lend me to Fox. If I don't finish the first picture, Wayne-Fellows sues me. If I refuse to go on loanout for the second, RKO sues me. If I do go on loanout for that one, Stanley Kramer sues me for a million dollars because *Not As A Stranger* doesn't start on schedule. And—isn't this a pistol?—if I don't meet the production date on *Night Of The Hunter*, I have to sue myself! That's right. Paul Gregory and I, as co-producers, have to sue me, as the star, for failing to meet my commitment. We have too much money tied up in it to do anything else."

What does a guy do in a case like this? Mitch's shoulders gave a familiar, characteristic roll. "Take them as they come," he said. "My first impulse was to say, 'I'm not making any pictures until all this blows over,' but I have to work. I have four families to support."

He brooded a moment or two, then the corners of his mouth curled in a wicked grin. "Of course, there is something I could do; I could be so insulting to one of my future leading ladies that she would go to her boss in tears and say, 'I refuse to make a picture with that uncouth boor!' Maybe I'll do that."

But you knew he wouldn't. Like all the rest of the problems, he'd take them as they came. **END**

ava and the bullfighter

(Continued from page 33) In Spanish, Dominguin conceded that all of this was true.

"Señorita Gardner," he confessed, "is one of the most fascinating, one of the most beautiful women I have ever met. She is an *aficionada* (a bullfighting fan). So is your famous writer *el señor* Hemingway. He is also my old friend and when the Señorita said to me in the hospital that she had acted in some of his stories and would like to meet him, I asked Ernesto to come to the hospital with me to meet her.

"There was a lunch in the hospital and then before the Señorita Gardner returned to London we went to a breeding ranch. She and Ernesto are very fond of each other."

Would Dominguin marry Señorita Gardner if he had the chance?

"But she is already married to the singer Sinatra," he protested.

"But she is getting a divorce."

"She is my friend," Dominguin asserted, "and I like her very much but I do not discuss these personal matters."

But in Lhardy's, an antiquated saloon near Madrid's old Puerta del Sol where Dominguin meets his friends, the word is that, "The American actress has cast her spell over Luis."

ONE VETERAN bullfighting critic says, "Now that he is retired, Dominguin is ready to settle down. He has more than a million dollars. Much of it is deposited in the National City Bank of New York. He owns much real estate in Spain and coffee plantations in Brazil.

"That he is crazy about her, few of us in Madrid would deny. When she came to Spain last May she was very tired and weak. Dominguin instilled in her new life, new vitality.

"She even said that she would buy some property in Madrid and build a house here. Of course, she never has liked Hollywood. But I believe it is Luis who is the big attraction for her. She is not the kind of woman who can be without a man.

"Besides, she is very much loved in Spain. She tries to speak Spanish and

learn the ways of the people.

"When she was ill, Dominguin visited her every day. She was afraid, the doctors said, to be operated on. She thought the kidney stones could be dissolved. Some days it was very painful. One she fainted from pain.

"She is a wonderful girl. But in my heart I do not think she is the girl for Dominguin. The Spanish people are devoutly Catholic. There is absolutely no divorce. Ava and Dominguin might make a successful marriage in Hollywood but not in Spain."

In a matter of days Ava will have her third divorce. One might imagine that she would be in no mood to consider marriage—for a little while. But for Ava, marriage is necessary to happiness.

"All I want," she has always said, "is a good husband and a flock of kids."

HER CAREER has never meant too much to the thirty-one-year-old Carolina beauty. "But let's face it—it's much better than being a secretary," she has said.

Ava has been married to three Americans—Rooney, Shaw, and Sinatra. Each marriage failed.

Suppose for husband number four Ava should choose a Spanish bullfighter. For years she has loved bullfights. Whenever she can, she drives down to Tijuana in Mexico to watch the imported matadors. Some women find the spectacle too bloody, but not Ava.

If Ava were to marry Dominguin—and undoubtedly she will say she never has given the idea a thought—she would have to live in Madrid which is perfectly all right with her.

Spanish wives are not regarded as equals by their husbands. This is one avenue of nonsense down which Ava Lavinia would not be likely to tread.

Ava is a headstrong girl. She believes in fair play from the opening gong, which is why she dropped F. Sinatra. She didn't believe he was playing fair.

In Spain, Luis Miguel happens to be much more famous than Ava. His father was a second-rate bullfighter who taught his son how to toss the cape in front of young heifers when the lad was only five.

By the time Luis was twenty, he was

receiving \$15,000 a fight, and he was considered Spain's second greatest bullfighter.

The first was the immortal Manolete who was fatally gored in 1946 while trying to equal Dominguín's incredible mastery with the cape. Dominguín had performed ahead of Manolete.

Three weeks later when Dominguín turned up in Barcelona, police advised him to leave town. "The feeling against you is so strong," they explained, "we cannot be responsible for your safety. We suggest you do not fight here." But Dominguín fought with such unforgettable bravery that the crowds cheered him as the new king of bullfighters.

Last January, Luis Miguel came to Mexico. Already a millionaire, he seemed to lack his previous enthusiasm for the sport. He went to Venezuela where a bull drove a horn into his right thigh. It was his eighth and worst wound. But he continued fighting, mostly for the money.

In Bogota he announced, "I once loved bullfighting like a madman. But now I've lost the joy of fighting. That's when accidents, fatal accidents, happen. Today I'll make ten or twelve thousand dollars. But now it doesn't matter."

After this fight in Colombia, Dominguín cabled his mother. "You can be calm now. I have fought my last bull."

AVA KNOWS Dominguín's story. She is three years older than Luis. But he has more money, more fame, more education. Inequality in intellect has never disturbed Ava. She has always thought her husbands much smarter than she.

But she is disturbed by inequality of affection. She seems to love much more than she is loved. Certainly this was true of her first two husbands, Mickey Rooney and Artie Shaw. Whether it holds true for Frank Sinatra is open to dispute.

Deborah Kerr said recently that when she was in Hawaii making *From Here To Eternity* with Sinatra, "I never saw a man so much in love with his wife. Frank spent every spare minute trying to get phone calls through to Ava in Spain."

But it was too late by then.

What will develop between Ava and Luis Miguel Gonzalez y Lucas, we shall have to wait and see. Should the "close friends" have a rendezvous in Hollywood within the next few weeks the newspapers will be jammed with predictions.

If Dominguín cannot come to this country, he and Ava will meet again in Madrid. Ava has much more privacy there.

Dominguín is the best thing that's happened to Ava this year. In January she said that she was divorcing Sinatra. No one believed her. Then she flew off to Spain and Italy. She looked thin and wan when she showed up in Rome for *The Barefoot Contessa*. She was mentally torn when Sinatra kept up his barrage of long distance telephone calls but she decided that when she returned to the States she would file for divorce. Reconciliation, she told herself, was hopeless.

Frank sent her a chocolate coconut cake via Lauren Bacall who was flying to Italy to visit Humphrey Bogart. But although Ava appreciated the cake, and even ate it, she knew in her heart that the marriage was finished. She threw herself into *The Barefoot Contessa*.

In February when the company moved to San Remo she almost lost her life.

One Friday Ava went sightseeing off the coast with director Joe Mankiewicz, Italian stars Valentina Cortese and Rossano Brazzi. The sea was calm when they left in a tiny boat. But they lost control of the craft as the Riviera currents sucked it out to sea.

When Ava failed to show up for some scheduled shooting, the film crew became alarmed. A large yacht owned by the

Rizzoli Film Company was ordered out. After a four-hour search, Ava and her friends were sighted and towed to safety.

Ava was taken to her room and put to bed. "I was scared stiff out there," she said.

When *The Barefoot Contessa* was finished in March, Ava, accompanied by her sister Beatrice, flew to Spain for a rest. Ava had met Dominguín the year before. In Madrid they became inseparable.

Then she had an attack of kidney stones. She was hospitalized in May.

Later that month, after kissing Luis goodbye, Ava took off for London and returned to Hollywood.

Reporters asked her about Sinatra and Dominguín. Of Sinatra, Ava said, "I told you six months ago that I was going to divorce Frank, and I'm anxious to get it over with. Unless MGM has an immediate assignment for me I would like to establish residence in Nevada and do it there."

"If not, I will get the divorce in California. I can't make any plans until I've talked to my studio."

Dominguín?

"He is just a very good friend," she asserted. "If he's coming here I don't know anything about it."

A WEEK LATER, Ava, between hospital examinations, was suspended by MGM for refusing to star in *Love Me Or Leave Me*. She blithely drove down to Tijuana to see the bullfights.

Then she picked up her two sisters, their maid, and Ben Cole, business manager to the ex-wives of Artie Shaw. In two cars, they drove to Zephyr Cove, a resort on the Nevada side of Lake Tahoe.

Here, in a rented house named Twin Cedars, Ava said she would establish residence for a Nevada divorce from Frank Sinatra.

Because he owns a two per cent interest in the Sands Hotel on the Las Vegas Strip, Frank is registered in the State of Nevada as a licensed gambler. Reporters wondered why Ava wasn't securing the divorce in Las Vegas.

"I've had fun around Lake Tahoe before," she explained. (Three years ago she visited Sinatra at Lake Tahoe.) "And I like Reno very much. That's why I chose this spot."

Ava might have been avoiding Las Vegas because all of the men she had been married to—Mickey Rooney, Artie Shaw, and Frank Sinatra—happened to be entertaining there.

"Not at all," she said. "I simply prefer Tahoe and this whole district."

"What will be your grounds for divorce?" She shrugged her shoulders. "The usual grounds." (Mental cruelty.)

A photographer asked for a picture.

"Honest, fellas!" Ava exclaimed. "Just look at me!" She was dressed in an old blue wool shirt and a grey tweed skirt belonging to her maid.

"These aren't even my clothes," she explained. "I look like the devil. We shipped a trunk up to Reno and we can't find it. I don't have a stitch to wear."

"Why don't you come back tomorrow? Say at two-thirty. And I'll be glad to pose for you then."

The photographer said, "Fair enough." Next day when he turned up, Ava was gone and her sister Beatrice said she was terribly sorry but Ava said she couldn't pose for any photos. Later, Ava changed her mind when she was accused of having double-crossed the press. She posed for a few shots. But the newspapermen were more interested in hearing about Dominguín.

And as Ava discussed her plans in Nevada, Luis Miguel was making plans of his own in Madrid some 6,000 miles away to visit his "amiga Americana," presumably at this very minute. **END**

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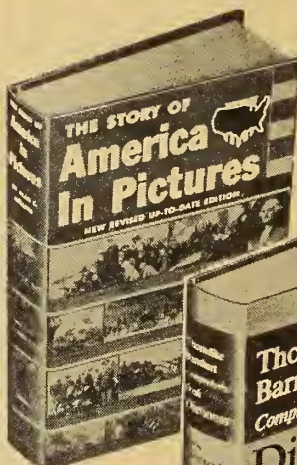
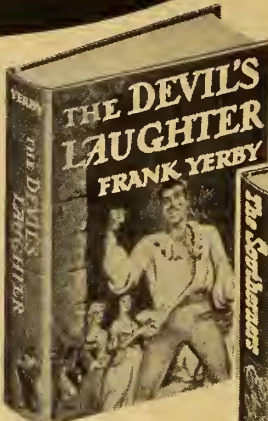


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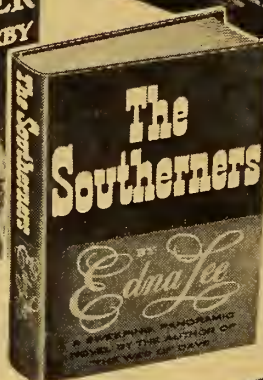


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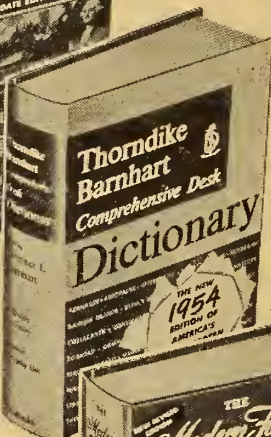
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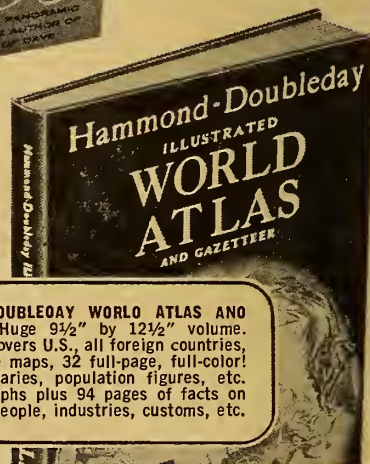
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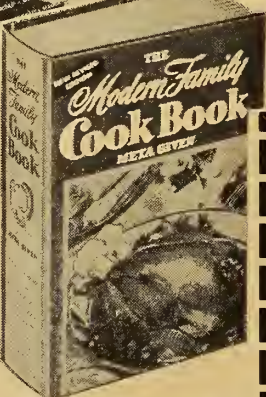
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