

WILL DEBBIE SAY "YES" TO EDDIE FISHER?

modern screen

OCT.

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

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Liz Taylor

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8 PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA

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October, 1954

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

MODERN SCREEN'S 8-page gossip extra

LOUELLA PARSONS IN HOLLYWOOD

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Color portrait of Elizabeth Taylor by John Engstead. Her next picture is MGM's *Beau Brummell*. For other photographers' credits, see page 102.

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bagpipes,
the gathering of
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the glory of
the Highland
setting
and
more!

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"Almost Like Being In Love"

"There But For You Go I"

"I'll Go Home With Bonnie Jean"

...and others!

AN M-G-M PICTURE STARRING

GENE KELLY

VAN JOHNSON

CYD CHARISSE

with
ELAINE STEWART

BARRY JONES
ALBERT SHARPE

IN

CINEMASCOPE

Screen Play, Book and Lyrics by

Music by

Color by

Directed by

Produced by

ALAN JAY LERNER • FREDERICK LOEWE • ANSCO • VINCENTE MINNELLI • ARTHUR FREED

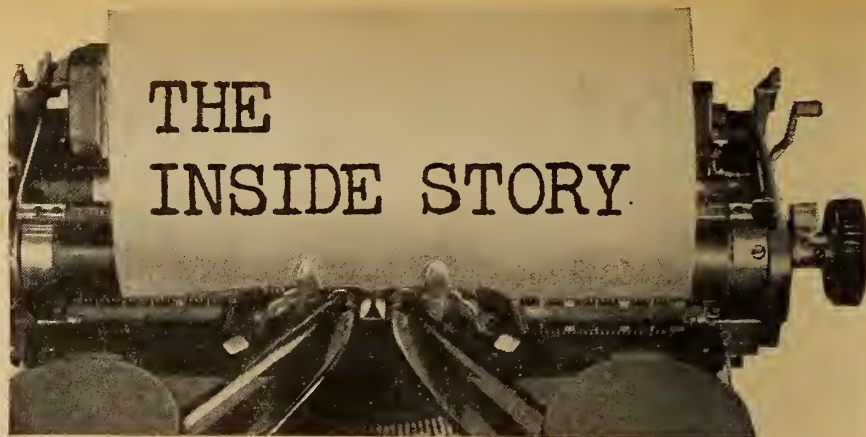
AN M-G-M PICTURE

We want to talk about the 5 most trying years of your life

Few women realize that "those days" every month actually add up to an average of 5 full years! Turn that figure over in your mind for a minute. Does it make any sense whatsoever for you to compromise on the type of sanitary protection you use for such a long time . . . to accept chafing and odor and bulk as "necessary evils?" Why don't you try Tampax?

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

Q. Didn't Betsy Drake go to Europe with Cary Grant because she was afraid of Grace Kelly's winning ways?
—N.T., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. No. Betsy and Cary are married, like to spend all their time together.

Q. I understand that Donald O'Connor has to pay his wife \$100,000 alimony every year. Is this on the level?
—B.V., KANSAS CITY, CAL.

A. Gwen O'Connor receives 20% of the first \$100,000 of Donald's adjusted income, 10% of the second \$100,000, \$150 a month for the support of their child.

Q. Isn't Burt Lancaster shy about admitting to his real age? I'm told he's 46 years old. True?
—E.R., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. Lancaster, according to official records, was born in New York City on November 2, 1913.

Q. Is it true that Rosemary Clooney and José Ferrer own and manage a string of prizefighters?
—F.J., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A. They have a financial interest only in several pugilists.

Q. Isn't Bob Wagner going around with a divorcée who is really his secret love?
—D.R., LA JOLLA, CAL.

A. Yes—for the time being.

Q. What is the relationship between Frank Sinatra and Jackie Loughery, Guy Mitchell's ex-wife?
—S.J., MARLIN, TEX.

A. They are good friends.

Q. Why did Linda Darnell keep her marriage to Phil Liebmann secret for so many months?
—H.T., TRINIDAD, COL.

A. She didn't want to answer questions, so she waited until she was out of Hollywood to make the announcement.

Q. Is there any actor in Hollywood who has more money than Jimmy Stewart?
—P.S., KINGSBURY, CAL.

A. Bing Crosby, Bob Hope.

Q. Why did June Allyson turn down a percentage of the profits on *The Glenn Miller Story* in favor of straight salary?
—E.T., ST. LOUIS, MO.

A. Miss Allyson's reply: "I must have had rocks in my head."

Q. What is Esther Williams' real name? Can she see without glasses?
—V.V., OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

A. Esther's real name is Esther Williams; she wears contact lenses or

glasses when not working in pictures.

Q. I was in Hollywood last summer and wanted very much to visit a studio. Every studio I went to told me that no visitors were allowed. Why?
—F.T., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

A. Visitors' requests are so numerous that if complied with they would halt production.

Q. I've been told that the one reason Clark Gable signed a contract with 20th Century-Fox was that they agreed to give him a percentage of profits on his pictures and MGM would not. True or false?
—H.H., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. True.

Q. Wasn't Sheree North really signed by 20th to keep Marilyn Monroe in line?
—G.R., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. Possibly—but avowedly to star in *Pink Tights*.

Q. Will Vittorio Gassman ever make another film in Hollywood? I understand he's against the town.
—M.H., SAN DIEGO, CAL.

A. Gassman has nothing against Hollywood, something against ex-wife Shelley Winters.

Q. I have just seen *Gone With The Wind*. What ever happened to that marvelous actor, Leslie Howard?
—T.N., DEL RIO, TEX.

A. Howard was killed during World War II when Nazi agents in Portugal ordered the Luftwaffe to shoot down a passenger plane which they mistakenly thought was carrying Churchill to England. Howard was aboard that plane.

Q. Is it true that Debra Paget's mother was once a famous burlesque queen?
—V.D., LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

A. Mrs. Paget was in burlesque.

Q. What's happened to the famous dog, Lassie? I understand she's dead.
—D.J., EDISTO ISLAND, S.C.

A. Lassie is 14 years old, begins a television series on CBS, September 12.

Q. Didn't Gilbert Roland's arrival in Spain delay the marriage of Olivia de Havilland to Pierre Galante?
—J.Y., COLORADO SPRINGS, COL.

A. Not at all.

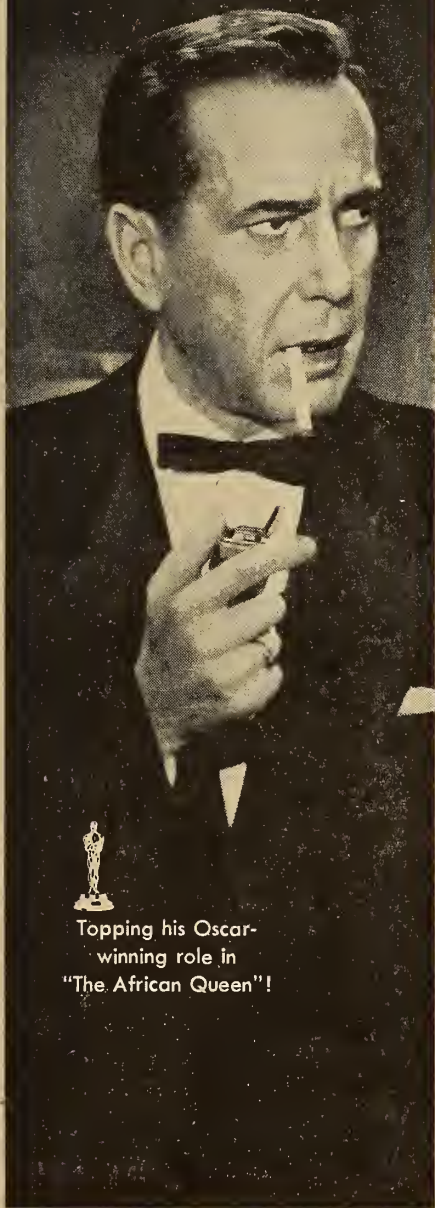
Q. Isn't there domestic trouble in the Janet Leigh-Tony Curtis household?
—J.Y., MOUNTAIN HOME, IDAHO

A. No. Both have been overworked, both are tired, both want a baby, both are weary of moving from one house to another.

"Sabrina" is a motion picture as great as its great, great cast!

It's bubbling with Laughter... Romance... Drama... Exciting Entertainment and Academy Award Stars!

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BOGART



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AUDREY
HEPBURN



Surpassing her Academy Award success in "Roman Holiday"!

WILLIAM
HOLDEN



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in *Sabrina* ... the chauffeur's daughter who learned her stuff in Paris!



Produced and Directed by the Academy Award winner who brought you "The Lost Weekend" and "Stalag 17."

BILLY WILDER



with WALTER HAMPDEN • JOHN WILLIAMS • MARTHA HYER • JOAN VOHS

Written for the Screen by BILLY WILDER, SAMUEL TAYLOR and ERNEST LEHMAN

From the play by SAMUEL TAYLOR • A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



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For damaged hair that's been dyed, fried, bleached, broiled... Charles Antell has now perfected *Super Lanolin*! Not just a new and better lanolin... but actually *3 times more effective* than any lanolin product for absorbing and holding vitally-needed moisture!

Tonight, *saturate* your dried-out hair with amazing new *Super Lanolin Formula 9*. Give it a chance to drink up precious moisture. In the morning, shampoo with Charles Antell's specially created lanolin shampoo. *See the difference instantly!* See your hair come back to new life — healthier-looking, more beautiful, more manageable than you dreamed possible!

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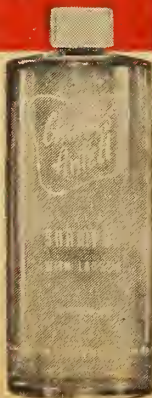
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package at drug and
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TV TALK

*Eva Marie Saint stays
home . . . Kim Stanley meets
her kids . . . Arlene Francis
realizes an ambition.*



As a child, Arlene hated the way she looked!

Arlene Francis always seems happy and gay on television, and she's even more so in her private life. In fact, she's probably one of the happiest women around anywhere. The people who work with her claim they do not know how she does it. She can be tired, beat, and exhausted; have twenty people surrounding her, asking for something or calling her or plucking at her sleeve—and she never will complain. She just keeps on smiling, and never loses her patience. Yet she isn't one of those women who are saccharine sweet and get on your nerves. She is the one gal on tv whom everyone loves. She can travel all over town without finding one enemy or even one person who's lukewarm. There may not be another big star who can say that! Arlene is also one of the happiest wives and mothers in town. She's been married for eight years to Martin Gabel, a short, bespectacled actor-producer who looks a little bit like an older Rod Steiger. They have a little boy, Peter, who is *not* one of those children who are ignored by their famous parents. Arlene and Martin spend a lot of time with Peter. He does not go away to school (he goes right in the neighborhood), and he isn't sent off to camp in the summer. Arlene and Martin even eat dinner at sixty-three most nights so that they can be with Peter. Arlene likes to stay home. One of her lifelong ambitions was to own a New York town house, and she and Martin finally have one. It's a four-story one, on New York's upper east side, but it's not quite as toney as it sounds; you can hear the Third Avenue El very clearly. Arlene not only bought it, she also contracted for all the workmen who did it over, and supervised every bit of the work, even the new roof and plumbing! And she did a good job, too: everything works, and she hasn't had one repair job yet. So she really knows what she's talking about on *Home*, her NBC show for women. She had the outside of the house painted pale yellow with black trim, and in the summertime she has bright orange awnings at all the windows. The kitchen and the diningroom, on the ground floor, are yellow and beige. Up on the second floor, which contains the livingroom and study, all the walls are beige because Arlene thinks it's a becoming color for women, no matter what their complexion or hair color. And both rooms are chock full of pictures and flowers and books. The walls in the study are completely covered with either bookcases or pictures—from floor to ceiling. Up on the

next floor, Martin's bedroom-study is beige, too. For her own room, though, Arlene went wild with purple and lavender. On the top floor, are the two servants' rooms and Peter's. One whole wall in Peter's room is a huge map of the world. None of the countries are labeled because Arlene and Martin wanted Peter to recognize the shapes first and then look up the names in an atlas. Arlene is probably very happy that Peter has light brown hair. When she was little, she used to be very sensitive about how dark-skinned and dark-haired she was. She looked like her father, who is Armenian. Her mother is English and very fair, and Arlene always wanted to look like her and her mother did, too. (Arlene was born Arline Francis Kazanjian; she dropped her last name when she went on the stage, and her first radio contract spelled her first name with an "e.") She thought it was lucky and kept it. Arlene's mother is very proud of her daughter, as is Mr. K., who fought Arlene's acting career for years. They're a very close family, in fact: the Kazanjians live about three blocks away, and see the Gabels all the time . . . Everyone is wondering why, after all these years of living alone in two small hotel rooms during the week, **Arthur Godfrey** brought his wife Mary up from Leesburg, Virginia, and moved into a big, fancy apartment . . . **Jinx Falkenburg** is a little miffed. She has to share a bare dressing-room with Faye Emerson, while, right across the hall, Arlene Francis has one all to herself—with a star on the door and a carpet on the floor! . . . **Kim Stanley** got her stage name in a strange way. Most people think up their own, or find one in a phone book, or take a friend's suggestion. But Kim's mother gave her hers. Kim is the name of one of Mrs. Reid's grandsons, and Stanley is one of her family's names. Mrs. Reid lives in New York now, in a small Greenwich Village apartment, so that she can take care of Kim's two children when Kim is rehearsing or acting out of town. In fact, she had to leave the children for a month because Kim had been so busy that her youngest child thought his grandmother was his mother! So Kim stayed alone with the children out on Long Island and re-established herself with them. Kim is just beginning to be bappy again after a miserable marriage that left her a nervous wreck. Now that she is divorced, she is devoting herself to her children and her career, which is really booming . . . Some of (Continued on page 36)

SGT. JOE FRIDAY for the first time in a motion picture theatre!

"7:55 P.M. All days off were cancelled. All officers placed on standby. This was the hottest case to ever hit the department"

JACK WEBB

IN THE FIRST FEATURE-LENGTH PRODUCTION OF

DRAGNET

THE TRACK-DOWN STORY NEVER TOLD BEFORE!
SO BIG IT HAD TO BE TOLD ON THE WIDE, WIDE
SCREEN IN **WARNERCOLOR**

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STANLEY MEYER

DIRECTED BY

JACK WEBB

DISTRIBUTED BY

WARNER BROS.

'Frank' is in it too!

**BEN
ALEXANDER**

as Officer
Frank Smith





Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the soft, natural look of the "Missy" hair style. Bobbi is so simple to give, no help is needed.



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



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

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.

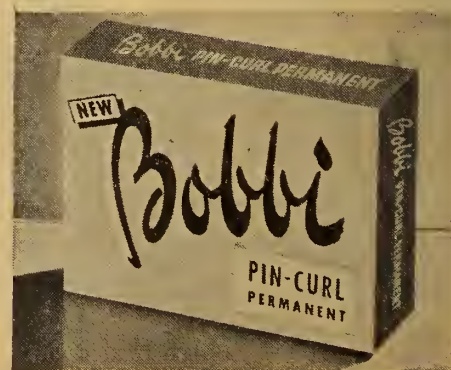
Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion — if you can make a simple pin curl — you'll love Bobbi.



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



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.

modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS **in hollywood**



IN THIS SECTION:

Louella Parsons' Good News!
I nominate Gary Crosby
Doris Day's green thumb
About Ava's bullfighter
the letter box

Jane Powell: Will she, won't she?

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



louella parsons' GOOD NEWS



I chaperoned Debbie Reynolds in Las Vegas—with some help from Jimmy McHugh. Debbie spent all her time with Eddie Fisher. It looks like love to me!



Everyone on location for The Conqueror showed up at Susan Hayward's birthday party in the Utah desert. Director Dick Powell was there, Susan's co-star John Wayne and her two boys. Susan doesn't look too well, these days; the divorce has worn her out.



It was exciting to learn that Linda Darnell had been secretly married to Philip Liebmann for four months before they told a soul—except Linda's daughter Lola.

I CALLED JANE POWELL about her marriage to Pat Nerney because I heard she had received a diamond ring and was wearing it on an "unofficial" finger.

This is exactly what she said: "No ring. No marriage plans. All this stuff about our marrying as soon as my divorce is final is very premature.

"I'll tell you honestly I haven't made up my mind, and I mean it!"

I said, "But honey, just about the time I quote you on this in *Good News*, you'll be eloping with Pat!"

She said, "Whether you believe it or not, Louella, Pat and I have not talked marriage. Don't forget that both of us have had marriage failures. We are very happy together and value deeply what we have found in each other's friendship. That's the way it is now and may be for a long time."



Terry Moore made her nightclub debut in the dress above. It cost \$3,500, and weighed 22 pounds! Terry called it a "nude soufflé" and I don't know which was a bigger sensation—her terrific act or the gown!



Jeff Chandler was quite taken with Grace Kelly and her lovely roommate, Rita Gam. Grace's latest beau is Oleg Cassini, Gene Tierney's ex. Oleg says he and Grace will be married. This could be a big surprise.



I bumped into Judy Garland during one of her rare nights on the town and was so pleased to see that she's still looking well and gay. All the hard work she had making A Star Is Born didn't hurt her new happiness.

This is awfully hard to believe, baby.

When I saw these two in Las Vegas, they looked sooo much in love I thought they might be married by the time you read this.

BEFORE I LEFT FOR LONDON on my summer vacation, I had a whale of a fling in Las Vegas which was absolutely packed with stars doing their nightclub acts at the assorted hotels and casinos.

Frankie Sinatra (jamming them into the Ziegfeld Follies show at the Sands twice nightly) got the bright idea of holding a two A.M. preview of his new movie, *Suddenly*, and inviting all the stars and chorus girls on the Strip to attend.

(The Strip, kids, has nothing to do with taking off clothes. It's the name of the section of Las Vegas on which the swank places are located!)

Even in Hollywood, I've seldom seen as many Hollyites as turned up for Frankie's wingding. Ann Sothern, enjoying a big success herself with her nightclub act, looked absolutely stunning. If you ask me, Ann is one of the best dressed gals in Las Vegas—where they do a heap of dressing and undressing.

Speaking of undressing, Terry Moore, whose debut in the nightclubs was scheduled for the Flamingo the following night, looked very modest in a high-necked white piqué when she arrived for the Sinatra showing.

My constant pals in Las Vegas were Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher—but I've written a whole story about them, which you'll read on page 42 of this month's MODERN SCREEN.

(I can add that since our return Eddie has gifted Debbie with a strand of perfectly matched pearls and also a ring!)

Tony Martin and beautiful Cyd Charisse

with their pals, the Mack Millars, were almost everywhere we went. I continue to be amazed at the few fans who recognize Cyd, for my money, one of the true beauties of the movies.

Several places I was asked, "Who is the gorgeous doll with Tony Martin?" The only way I can figure it out is that Cyd is just even more beautiful off the screen than she is in her movies.

There was plenty of excitement around Las Vegas about Ann Blyth's nightclub debut which occurs in September. Everyone loves this girl and has such respect for her.

Designer Helen Rose who is doing Ann's entire wardrobe reports: "No nudity for Ann's nightclub act. Just sheer talent!"

Before getting off the subject of Frank Sinatra's showing *Suddenly* in unusual spots—when he returned from Las Vegas he took

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood



Gary should give Eddie Fisher some stiff (but friendly) competition.

I nominate for stardom: GARY CROSBY

■ I nominate for stardom Gary Crosby—provided he takes off about thirty-five pounds! This eldest heir of the Crosby clan is not only a hot hit on radio already but Paramount, where his old man toils, is searching diligently for a story for Gary—and without Bing!

He's one of the nicest kids I've ever met. None of the Crosby boys likes risqué jokes. Once during a rehearsal for his radio show replacing Bing for the summer, a line of dialogue got a bigger laugh than Gary thought it rated.

"Say," he whispered to his writer-producer Bill Morrow, "that doesn't carry a connotation I'm not hep to, does it?" It didn't!

His favorite "mature" friend is Nancy Sinatra, Frankie's ex. He likes to drop by the Sinatra home, take pot luck with the family and sing to the accompaniment of Frankie, Jr., or Nancy. He thinks "the children" have talent.

He is extremely easy to work with and has great respect for the men behind the scenes who make the show go. He addresses men with the slightest touch of grey as "Sir."

He worries about little things—but he is trying to cure himself of the habit. He worries about his father's health, is upset if Bing goes to the hospital for a mere check-up.

Don't let anyone tell you that he has a serious romance. "The older I get (he's just turned twenty-one) the more I realize I'm not old enough to think of marriage."

Nor does he think of himself as rich. "They give me some (never quite enough) and save the rest," says he.

the picture out to the home of his children and held a special preview for his ex-wife Nancy, the kids and his musician pals.

THE PARTY OF THE MONTH: Hate to say it, but it was the combination birthday party for Jimmy McHugh and an au revoir affair for me the night before I left for London—and if there ever was a more festive occasion I'd like to know about it. Let me give you an idea:

At midnight Vera-Ellen was staging a wonderful dance in the livingroom and wonderful Rosalind Russell was putting on one of her numbers from *Wonderful Town* for the group in the patio at the same time!

And Judy Garland, Dinah Shore and Margaret Whiting were harmonizing "Shine On



Ever since she recovered her health and good spirits, Dodo has wanted to try gardening.



Then she found out about all the transplanting and hoeing and weeding for rare flowers.

Harvest Moon" and "I Can't Give You Anything But Love!"

The girls in their summer dresses were lovely to look at against the backdrop of a moonlit night, candles a-glimmer on tables set with pink tablecloths and all the flowers in the garden in full bloom.

Jane Wyman's deep suntan shone like copper against the deep-cut white chiffon dress she wore.

Judy was in pink—even to the cloisonné cigarette case, compact and lipstick you could see through her plastic evening bag.

Dinah Shore looked like a big flower in her white dress with the full white-and-green whirling skirt.

Janie Powell was so completely surrounded by Pat Nerney most of the evening you could

hardly see that she looked chic indeed in peppermint-stripe chiffon.

It was a sentimental night for me because I won't be seeing all these people I love so much for six weeks and you can bet I wiped away a tear or two when they all, including Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds, lifted their voices to sing "Louella" to me as the party ended.

"I'M NO HATCHET WOMAN," I told the London reporters who came to interview me the day I arrived in England. I got a kick out of their expressions when they asked me if the movie stars are frightened out of their wits whenever I show up.

"No," I replied, "I'm much milder with age!"

I don't know whether they believed it or not. Probably not. But they were surprised by my answer and showed it.

The stars they are most curious about?

Marilyn Monroe, first and most often mentioned. They particularly wanted to know if all the lurid details of the "life story" of Marilyn, written by Ben Hecht and printed in British newspapers, are true. (All I know is that Marilyn is furious about the articles and says she never authorized them.)

There's also big interest in Jane Russell. Does she look like she does on the screen? Is she a religious fanatic? If so, why is she so sexy on the screen? (Jane does look like herself on the screen; she's no religious fanatic although she's active in the affairs of her church; she believes she's more sinned

Doris Day developed a green thumb!



Marty wanted roses but Doris wanted only exotic blooms and went to a nursery.



It was discouraging to Dodo, who hadn't planned to make it a full-time job.



So she phoned Marty, for some husbandly advice. "Roses!" said Marty. "Azaleas at least!" begged Doris, seeing all her pretty plans—and plants—disappear. So they compromised on African violets!

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



The rough-and-ready men really had themselves a ball!



Gene Autry and Roy Rogers attended the party thrown by the western stars in honor of Norman Nudie, the tailor who outfits them all.



Audie Murphy and Rex Allen showed up, too—in Nudie-created outfits, of course! Pretty Cathy Marlowe looked only semi-western.



The testimonial dinner was very lively, with the men swapping tall tales across the table. Note Rex's famous horseshoe ring, by the way.

POOR MARILYN! THREE ATTACKS OF THE FLU HIT HER WHILE REHEARSING HER SCENES WITH DON O'CONNOR FOR SHOW BUSINESS



against [lurid camera angles] than sinning in her screen roles.)

The British reporters asked if Jane Powell has lost much of her teen age following because of her divorce. (I told them the initial hue and cry about Jane's leaving Geary Steffen and her romances with Gene Nelson and Pat Nerney seems to have died down lately. The reaction was violent in the beginning, much disillusion at first.)

Another question: Is Gregory Peck now very unpopular in Hollywood because of leaving his wife Greta and their three sons? (I wouldn't say so. Greta's dignity and the way she has conducted herself through their separation have won her great respect and admiration in movietown. But this doesn't mean people consider Greg a louse.)

Last, but not least, they wanted to know: Is Frank Sinatra going back to Nancy?

"(They both say they have no such intention. But who knows? Since he got Ava out of his system, Frank spends more and more time with his children and at the home of his ex-wife. He's pretty likely to drop in any time. Frequently he has lunch or dinner with the children or takes them to a cafe for an outing. Sometimes Nancy, a very popular gal, is at home on these visits. Sometimes she isn't. Not long ago, everyone was agog when they showed up in the same party at a nightclub—but when reporters frantically started checking next morning about a reconciliation, both replied, "No reconciliation.")

These are the topics the British press seemed most interested in. You fans probably knew the answers already.

IF EVER A PICTURE WAS BLIGHTED

by illnesses it's *No Business Like Show Business* with everyone in the cast and most of the crew being down with something or other most of the time.

Mitzi Gaynor had the worst breaks. After spraining her ankle and being on the sidelines for two weeks, the very day she reported back for dance rehearsals, she turned the same ankle and—boom! She's laid up for another seven days!

Poor Mitzi had just moved into her new apartment—incidentally, the first time she has lived alone minus mama's watchful eye—and she was so excited about getting things arranged.

On this same musical on the Twentieth lot, Marilyn Monroe came down with the flu on three separate occasions, was reported pregnant twice—and firmly denied the reports that she and Joe Di Maggio are expecting. "I feel too miserable to have a baby," Marilyn wailed—although I'm not exactly clear about her meaning.

Director Walter Lang, Dan Dailey and Johnny Ray were all bedded with severe colds at one time or another, causing songwriter Irving Berlin to remark, "There's no business like slow business—getting started and finished."

SHELLEY GETS HER WISH. She once demanded that her (then) husband, Vittorio Gassman marry his leading lady Anna Maria Ferrera ("because they were carrying on a torrid romance while he was still married to me"). She is going to get her way. If she cares any more, which I doubt.

From Rome I hear that Vittorio and Anna Maria will be married by late fall and that



on my soapbox:

ABOUT AVA'S BULLFIGHTER

■ Miss Gardner's friend from Madrid is one of the least gallant gentlemen to visit our parts in some time. In fact, I'll go so far as to say that this whole episode of Ava's sitting out her divorce from Frank Sinatra in Reno while Luis Dominguín makes unflattering remarks about her in Hollywood and then planes up to be her house guest has been very short of dignity of any type.

Interviewed by reporters and asked about possible marriage plans with Ava when he first flew into California, el señor, the fighter of bulls, says in good enough English to be understood: "No Ava! She marries and divorces too much."

Yet he and la Gardner were all over Lake Tahoe for five days holding hands and gazing into each other's eyes. (Maybe Ava hasn't been reading the papers.)

Upon Dominguín's return to movietown he was again asked about matrimonial intentions toward the glamour girl (not unreasonable considering that about-to-be-divorcées seldom entertain gentleman house guests while being unhitched unless it means something), and he goes up with: "No marriage to Ava. I am too *infirm*." He's twenty-eight!

Whether or not they eventually marry when Ava leaves off being Mrs. Frank Sinatra, I cannot hold high hopes for the success of a union in which the husband is so ultra frank—to put it mildly.



the letter box

MRS. J. HURBAN, of Berea, Ohio, feels deeply for Gail Russell: "I am sure Guy Madison has done all he can. But can't some producer give this talented and charming actress the morale boost she really needs? I mean, give her a job!"

"B.P.," Detroit, doesn't believe that Rock Hudson is in love and planning marriage. "If he were—what's to keep him from taking out a license? This business of saying he's improving himself as an actor and becoming firmly established is a silly excuse. I feel he just hasn't found the right girl." *Maybe you're right, B.P.*

Nothing in the world can convince RUTH LIEBERMAN, of Mattapan, Massachusetts, that there is any serious difficulty between Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin. For one thing, Ruth is president of the Martin-Lewis fan club! She loves both boys and she's very upset about reports of trouble. *Don't worry too much. After a few rough spots, Martin and Lewis are seemingly very happy these days.*

BARBARA SIVGARD, Stockholm, Sweden, writing in perfect English, wants the world to know: "Elizabeth Taylor is far more popular in my country than Marilyn Monroe. And we still regard Farley Granger as Hollywood's top male star."

JAN SHEPARD, Riverside, California, writes: "I am not cynical about Hollywood marriages. I believe that if people will leave them alone, Lana Turner and Lex Barker will stay married and so will Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis."

MARCELLE HARRISON, Fairhaven, Massachusetts, didn't let just fair reviews on *Demetrius And The Gladiators* keep her from seeing the picture: "I think it is the greatest, just the greatest, and Vic Mature is a marvelous actor."

I can hardly believe JOYCE PHILLIPS, Canton, Illinois, when she asks, "Does Joan Crawford answer her fan mail?" *Doesn't everyone know that Joan is the fan-mail-answeringest gal in movies?*

My apologies to MARGOT DANIEL, of Buenos Aires, for misspelling her name when I printed her very interesting account of our film stars attending the Argentina Film Festival. Margot Daniel is correct.

the Italian girl is now in Paris for her troupeau. You can bet she isn't in London. That's where Shell is making her movie, *Million Dollar Baby*. Shelley is still a bitter girl about her marriage. Even now she can go into a tirade about Gassman and how much he cost her in good old U.S.A. dollars.

PERSONAL OPINIONS: Did Elaine Stewart develop into the big glamour star MGM expected her to be? Anyway, she's No. 1 glamour girl in the life of Dr. Herman Platt, whom she is expected to marry.

Oleg Cassini keeps telling friends he and Grace Kelly will be married. The studio is worrying. Sometimes, but not often, such worries have some basis.

Susan Hayward is too thin and too tired looking. Her troubles with Jess Barker are taking their toll. No wonder she is looking for a ranch (near St. George, Utah) where she and the boys can be far, far away from Hollywood when she isn't working.

Lana Turner looks lovely now that she's almost blonde again. I'd stay that way, honey. You're a blonde personality.

Julia Adams and Vic Damone may be serious—or they may not.

Best recipe for being the wife of a comedian I've ever heard: A friend, describing Eden Hartford, the new Mrs. Groucho Marx, says: "She laughs at all his jokes. Never tries to crack one herself. . . ."

I have a hunch Mitzi Gaynor misses living with mama.

I have another hunch that Marilyn Monroe will enter a famous clinic for a complete physical check-up when she finishes *No Business Like Show Business*. Catches too many severe colds.

Vera-Allen's teeth aren't straight but for some reason (good to her) it doesn't show when she smiles on the screen.

Must say Amanda Blake was honest about her reasons for calling off her marriage to Don Whitman, good-looking tv director.

"Just too much interference from his family," Amanda told me. "If you can't take

it before marriage it's going to be worse after.

"I still think a lot of Don and I believe he feels the same toward me. We'll remain friends and maybe date now and then. But, marriage? That's out, thank you."

Lana Turner's gown as Goddess of Love in *The Prodigal* cost MGM \$15,000—and with just a bead here and some semi-precious stones across the bodice—it's said to make the outfit worn by Marlene Dietrich in Las Vegas look like a Mother Hubbard.

The gown is so daring, it was tested for the censors on a closed stage with only the producer and the cameraman present.

Our girl friend has shed twenty pounds—but don't think for a minute she doesn't fill out that dress in the right spots!

IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU DEPARTMENT: Bob Wagner consented to date one of his fans for a picture layout for a national magazine—and now he's dating her more than any of his other girls. She is twenty-one-year-old Aleen Warthen from Wilmington, California—and a real looker.

Well, Gregory Peck fell for the French girl who was sent out by a newspaper to interview him and now they say he's going to marry her.

Keep your fingers crossed, girls. Who says the amateurs are out of the running with Hollywood glamour boys?

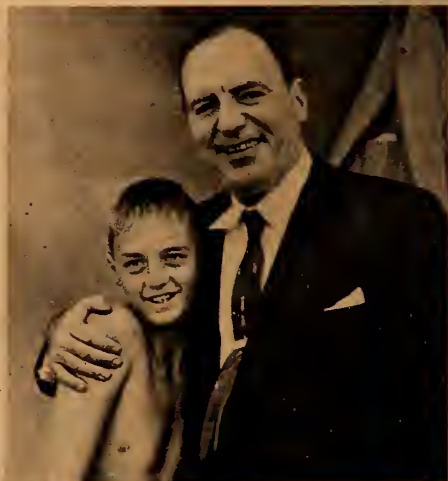
Despite her denials, everyone around Warners believes that Pier Angeli is head over heels in love again—with James Dean, the New York actor who is out here for one of the top roles in *East Of Eden*.

The reason Pier is being so secretive (if you can call lunching with him daily a secret) is because Mama Pierangeli approves no more of young Dean for her daughter than she did of Kirk Douglas, which was not at all. Dean belongs to the Marlon Brando school—you know, no car (uses Pier's), wears blue denims and T-shirts, and grunts when he's spoken to.

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



May Wynn and Bob Francis made an appearance when *The Caine Mutiny* opened in New York, gave out Lenthéric "Rocket Red" lipsticks.



A winner met a winner when Pat O'Brien, just named Catholic Man Of The Year, congratulated Johnny Rackin, junior swim champion.

No wonder so many women are changing to Camay!

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beautiful *New Way* to bewitch



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Because your cute little nose
is *never* shiny. Because your
cheeks are smooth and soft
and rose-petalled as a baby's.
Because you look too irresist-
ibly kissable *not* to kiss!



the boys — Pond's New

Make-up Mist



New — Out of a divine squeeze bottle comes a make-up that's new, that's *different!* Its softening emollients actually *smooth in* to your skin leaving only a dream-lovely MIST of color—a delicate MIST that's pure flattery! pure enchantment!

New — Smooth on one drop at a time! Make-up Mist's squeeze bottle gives just *one* drop at a time. No waste, no drippy globs. Circle on each drop—it becomes a creamy film. Circle over again—only a MIST of color remains! Never oily, never streaky. Just color that clings as never before—won't smear off on *your* collar—or *his* lapel!

New — Carry with you, keep your fresh look! Slip this slim, light squeeze bottle into your purse—for a fresh "face-do" at any hour. A drop of Make-up Mist retouches—*without streaks!* You can even powder over Make-up Mist, and your powder clings as it never has before!

New — Six clear, clean shades! One that's *yours*—to transform your complexion with born-beautiful color!

Try it today!

Maybe the one thing, the *only* thing that a beautiful rival has that *you* haven't got is—Pond's enchanting new Make-up Mist!

Only 59¢
plus tax

*Unique SQUEEZE bottle
you'll tuck
in your purse!*

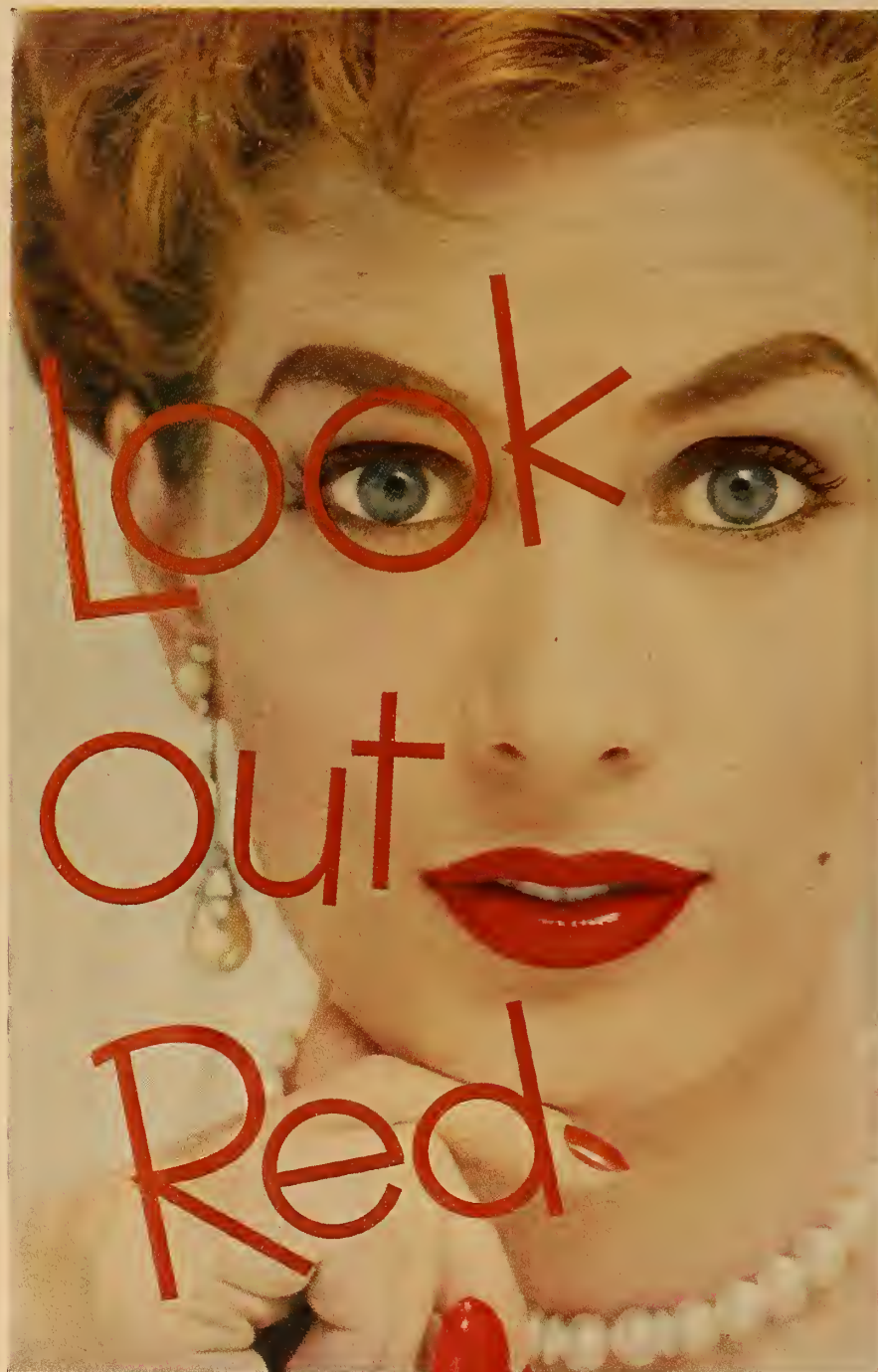


Easier to use. Gives one drop at a time

No waste, no spilly mess

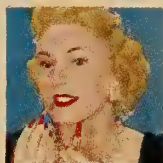
Can't leak, can't break

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Slow down—this is a red you have to see! A bright, blazing, stop-and-look red . . . hard to miss, but awfully easy to wear. For Look-Out Red is *all* red—no trace of orange or blue—and perfect with every stitch you own. It's a Cashmere Bouquet red that *stays* red and stays on—hour after hour!

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Candy Jones

cashmere bouquet

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Super-creamed to Keep Your Lips Like Velvet



GUY'S CATCH — AND EVA'S CATCH

*It took Eva Gabor
to bring Madison in from
the fields and streams!*

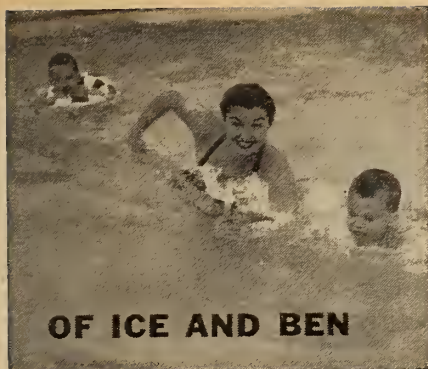
■ The outdoorsy bow and arrow man, Guy Madison, has been enjoying the company of delightful, cosmopolitan Eva Gabor since his divorce from Gail Russell was filed. But those who are taking bets on a marriage are likely to lose money. Guy fought hard for his first marriage and its failure has made him wary.

According to Guy's friends, Eva (the sensible Gabor) has wrought a miracle. She has brought him back into the social swirl—or at least to the edges. A year ago wild horses couldn't have dragged him to a black-tie party. But when Hedda Hopper invited him to her party for Mary Martin he came rolling down the mountains from Big Bear Lake where he was filming *Wild Bill Hickok*.

"Even bought me a new tux for the occasion," he said. "For the *High And Mighty* première I trotted out my old double-breasted outfit and I had a feeling that people were looking at me as a second cousin to Rip Van Winkle."

In spite of the social antics, hunting and fishing are still Guy's chief interests when he can get away from Hollywood. When he can't, his address is the Lakeside Golf course.

Guy is a home-loving type and will probably marry in a couple of years. But right now he is planning a small bachelor home in the hills of Hollywood's Outpost section. He will build part of it himself, and no doubt, half of Hollywood's marriageable girls will be trying to help him with the decoration.



OF ICE AND BEN

Also of Esther Williams and how she keeps her kids afloat!

■ November 25, Esther Williams will have been Mrs. Ben Gage for nine years. Of this long union she says, "I've never had it so good." She has also said to Ben: "Now look, don't buy me anything expensive for our anniversary this year." So far, except when he plunged for a diamond and star sapphire bracelet, Ben has been a good boy. He's keeping mum on this year's surprise, but he'll have to go some to top the practical gift of last year. Then Esther put the kids to bed, drank a toast in champagne and figured that was all, when she walked right by the present. Then she did a double-take at the biggest refrigerator she'd ever seen. Ben had bought a restaurant size!

Of swimming and children, Esther says: "I've never been an exponent of the 'throw them in and let them sink or swim' school. We have a fence around the pool and both Benjie and Kimmie know that they can never enter into the pool area without a rubber tire around their middles. The truth is that neither of them has ever been afraid of water. But they do respect the danger of it when their mom and dad aren't around. Just the other day, Benjie, without any urging, tossed away his rubber tube and swam two lengths of the pool without hesitation. Now Kimmie can't wait to do likewise."

Esther's concentration on her family still leaves time for strenuous rehearsals for the nightclub act she'll do with Ben at the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas, now that *Jupiter's Darling* is finished. "This," she says, "will mark the first time I have faced the public *all dry*, and I hope they like it."

One more thing Esther hopes. Now that she has that huge refrigerator, maybe this year Ben will give her a truckload of groceries to fill it.

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NEW MOVIES *by Florence Epstein*



His cattle poisoned by waste from a copper mine, Matt (Spencer Tracy) summons his sons, Bob Wagner, Hugh O'Brien, Earl Holliman and Richard Widmark to force the mine owner to remedy the case.



His Indian blood (from his mother, Katy Jurado) may prevent his marrying Jean Peters, daughter of the governor, but Bob continues to court her. Meanwhile, a rift between the brothers widens, becomes real feud.

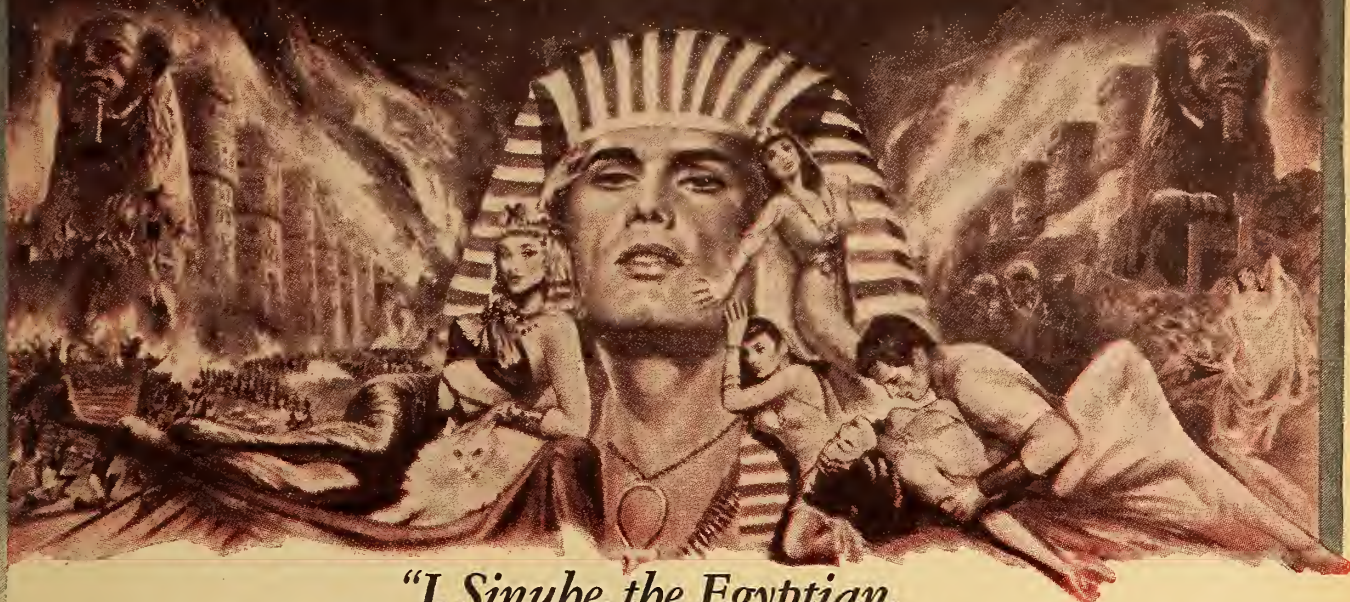


Matt dies while Bob is in prison on a frame-up. At his father's funeral he throws down a lance as a symbol of the warfare-to-the-death between his scheming brothers and himself. The ending is happy.

Picture of the Month: **BROKEN LANCE**

■ You needed a rugged, pioneer spirit to build yourself a life in the west. Spencer Tracy, owner of Devereaux Ranch, had this spirit in the extreme. He came out in the early Eighties with a wife and three sons, tamed the elements and became one of the richest, most powerful men in the state. He survived, all right, but his wife died a year after they settled and his three sons did the work of six men. When Tracy married again he picked an Indian maid (Katy Jurado) and the son they had (Robert Wagner) became his pet and worshiped him. Now all the boys are grown. Richard Widmark, the eldest, resents the fact that Tracy never acknowledges him as an adult and doesn't trust him with responsibility. His two brothers (Hugh O'Brien and Earl Holliman) weakly follow where Widmark leads. Wagner fights them all for his father's sake, but he has troubles of his own, having fallen in love with a girl whose social position is far higher than his own. When Tracy's wilful violence carries him too far, Wagner accepts a jail sentence to spare his father, but the results are almost disastrous. Tracy is broken by a bitterly vengeful Widmark, leaving Wagner with a longing for vengeance. *Broken Lance* is a gripping drama and Tracy gives a brilliant performance as a tough old tyrant whose many virtues were necessarily undeveloped because of the constant demands of ambition. Rich in action and psychological insight, *Broken Lance* is further helped by CinemaScope and the scenic beauty of the west. Among the cast are Jean Peters, Edward Franz, E. G. Marshall.—20th-Fox.

"THE GREATEST GIFT ANY MAN CAN BRING TO A WOMAN IS HIS INNOCENCE — WHICH HE CAN GIVE ONLY ONCE." — *The Egyptian*



*"I, Sinuhe, the Egyptian,
have forsaken eternity and everlasting life
for the perfection of love..."*

"I committed every crime against man, woman and the gods. I gave my innocence to *Merit, a tavern maid*, who bore me a son. I surrendered my parents hope of immortality to *Nefer, shameless temptress of Babylon*. I committed the sin of sins, with *Princess Baketamon*, who coveted the throne of Egypt!"

Before your eyes, "The Egyptian" comes to life! The graven images become flesh-and-blood realities. The ancient hieroglyphics become transformed into living vistas. The Rivers of Babylon flow once again in the wrong direction. *The Forbidden Land of the Hittites and the Pyramids of the Nile* relive their golden age.

20th Century-Fox presents DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S production

THE EGYPTIAN

Photographed With The Revolutionary New Anamorphic Lens In

CINEMASCOPE

starring

Jean SIMMONS • Victor MATURE • Gene TIERNEY • Michael WILDING • Bella DARVI • Peter USTINOV

and Edmund PURDOM as "The Egyptian"

with Judith Evelyn • Henry Daniell Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ Screen play by PHILIP DUNNE and CASEY ROBINSON From the novel by MIKA WALTARI

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satin with lace. Also in nylon taffeta and
in broadcloth with lace... from 1.50



REAR WINDOW *Rear Window* is a new kind of Hitchcock thriller. It gets you excited little by little. You're not even sure anything happened until the end. James Stewart, a successful free lance photographer, is immobilized with a broken leg. He doesn't have much to do but wait around until nurse Thelma Ritter comes to tidy him up and his exquisite girl friend Grace Kelly glides in to plead unsuccessfully for his hand in marriage. So he sits in his wheelchair snooping on the neighbors. Interesting types—including a bedridden wife and a solicitous husband (Raymond Burr). One rainy night Stewart sees Burr going out with his wife, a valise and a suspicious air. Murder, says Stewart, a few clues later, and tries in vain to enlist detective Wendell Corey's aid. What happens? Take a look through *Rear Window*—Paramount



DUEL IN THE JUNGLE Unless polar bears turn up in Africa, this picture hasn't missed a trick. Everything from waterfalls to elephant stampedes is thrown at you with astounding abandon. Seems that adventurer David Farrar has just taken out a two-million-dollar insurance policy with Dana Andrews' company. Next day Farrar is reported drowned. His fiancée, Jeanne Crain, is led into the jungle on a mysterious safari by African Michael Matara. Farrar's ma wants to see her, he says. Happens that Ma isn't anywhere near that jungle. Andrews chases after Jeanne and they find Farrar at the end of the trail, wielding his whip and having his sadistic way with the natives. Jeanne's disappointed in Davey but it's too late. One false move and he'll have his sadistic way with her. Never saw so many evil leers, so much jumping. The grand finale looks just like the Sunday comics. Technicolor—Warners



THE BLACK SHIELD OF FALWORTH Tony Curtis and Barbara Rush are of noble birth but they live like peasants until the day a nobleman tries to assault Barbara. Then their guardian (Rhys Williams) takes them to Mackworth Castle where the Earl (Herbert Marshall) allows Tony to train as a squire and Barbara to become lady-in-waiting to Janet Leigh. Okay. Only Tony is dying to discover his heritage (turns out his noble dad was falsely accused of being a traitor) and a certain Earl of Alban (David Farrar) is planning to overthrow Mackworth and then King Henry IV. He'll stop at nothing. But Torin Thatcher's building Tony into a champ and, by a ruse, Mackworth gets the king to knight Tony so he can challenge Alban to combat. The story's fun—like a big picture book for children. And if you haven't had enough of knights in armor (they're almost as popular as cowboys) you'll enjoy it. Technicolor—U.I.



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and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!





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THE LITTLE KIDNAPPERS This is the story of a hard old Scot (Duncan Macrae) whose philosophy of thrift and Godliness is distorted to the point of cruel tyranny over those he loves. And it is the story of two little boys (Jon Whiteley, Vincent Winter), his grandchildren who come to stay in the harsh, poor country of Nova Scotia. The boys, orphaned and needing love, meet only rigid discipline and pallid emotion from their grandmother (Jean Anderson) and aunt (Adrienne Corri), who are afraid to displease the master. One day the older finds a baby, hides it in a little hut he's made and bovers over it like a mother. Only eight, he's unaware of crime but is nevertheless accused of kidnapping and brought to trial. Only then does the grandfather realize the extent of his arrogance and begin to make amends. A magnificent film classic, the children's acting is unbelievably expert and charming.—U.A.

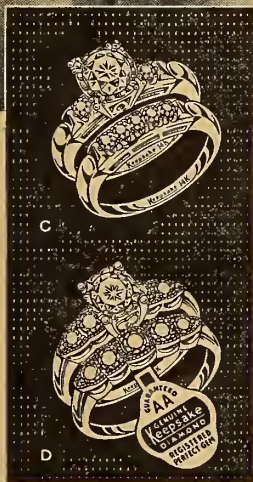


BETRAYED In case you've forgotten, back in 1943 half the world was fighting the Nazis. MGM has concocted a spy story using this information and set it in Eastman Color against the pale green, misty background of Holland. The color is great. The movie itself might have been terrific if MGM hadn't gone and messed it up with a lot of necking. Involving Clark Gable, Dutch Intelligence Officer, and Lana Turner, his protégée. Otherwise the story's about a bloodthirsty Dutchman (Victor Mature) an underground hero whose daring accomplishments move British Intelligence to link up with him. Lana's the link. She leaves a shady, rather gay life to pose as a schoolteacher in Mature's home town. Funny thing. As soon as Lana's in on secret operations Mature starts losing most of his buddies. Question is: who's betraying whom around there? With Louis Calhern, Wilfrid Hyde White, O. E. Hasse.—MGM



RING OF FEAR The whole Clyde Beatty Circus is in this CinemaScope production which means thrilling, authentic shots of big top activities, including black-maned lions being subdued by the master (Beatty) himself. Otherwise it's the tale of a homicidal maniac (Sean McClory) being stalked rather casually by that famous author of detective fiction Mickey Spillane. McClory has broken out of an asylum and recovered his old job of ringmaster at the circus. When his ex-girl Marian Carr spots him she cries with fright. Her aerialist husband, John Bromfield, shortly plummets to the ground from his flying trapeze; Beatty narrowly eludes death as a training harness falls free of its tiger, and a little alcoholic clown named Twitchy (Emmet Lynn) is found feet up in a water tank. There's foul play afoot, you can bet, and Spillane eventually gets on the scent. With Pat O'Brien—Warners

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PUSHOVER One thing this fast-paced thriller teaches: you have to be a stronger man than detective Fred MacMurray to resist the lure of 200,000 bucks and siren Kim Novak. Kim's old boy friend has just robbed a bank and MacMurray and Phil Carey have been assigned to watch her every move from a vacant apartment opposite hers. They expect old boy friend to show with the loot. In the course of duty MacMurray has struck up a warm friendship with Kim, so warm she's talking about \$200,000 being adequate for a honeymoon. All MacMurray has to do is hump off old boy friend and run. Meanwhile, detective Phil Carey, alone with a spy glass, spots nurse Dorothy Malone who lives across the courtyard. She's his type. They don't really get together until MacMurray, playing both sides of the cop and robber game, gets increasingly frantic and turns trigger-happy.—Col.



KING RICHARD AND THE CRUSADERS If not for the Crusades those knights of old would surely have died of boredom. Here they are again—English, French, Germans, Spaniards—encamped on the Plain of Jaffa in 1192 A.D. King Richard (George Sanders), attacked by an assassin, lies helpless in his tent while Sir Giles Amaury (Robert Douglas) plots against him. Loyal Sir Kenneth (Laurence Harvey) encounters a dehonair Mohammedan (Rex Harrison) on the desert who saves Richard's life. Sir Kenneth is honored but then he's caught making love to Virginia Mayo, Richard's cousin, and is stripped of knighthood, given to Harrison as a gift. That's only the beginning of this intricately plotted tale. The cast is large, the setting elaborate and you'll get your money's worth of jousting, hot tempered knights. CinemaScope—Warners

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

THE EGYPTIAN (20th-Fox): A really big film, this epic of love and excitement in ancient Egypt stars Edmund Purdom, Victor Mature, Jean Simmons, Michael Wilding, Gene Tierney, Bella Darvi and has Technicolor and CinemaScope as well.

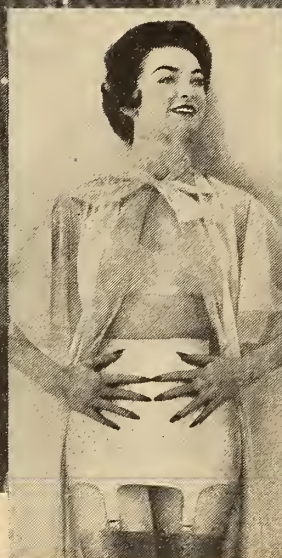
SABRINA (Para): Wonderful Audrey Hepburn and her co-stars, Humphrey Bogart and William Holden, make this charming comedy about the chauffeur's daughter who falls in love with the rich man's son an absolute delight. Light, and lots of fun.

HOBSON'S CHOICE (U.A.): A really funny British comedy, this one stars Charles Laughton as a father so stingy he'd rather have his daughters stay single than give them a dowry. But daughters have minds of their own—and husbands, too, eventually.

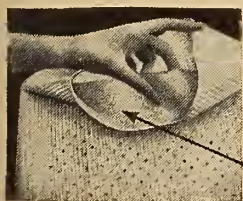
SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS (MGM): One of the best musicals to come along in ages, this one even has a plot in the shenanigans of seven uncouth, woman-hungry he-men who kidnap their brides. Jane Powell and Howard Keel, Technicolor, CinemaScope, good tunes and top-notch dances.

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.

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COMPLIMENTARY ANGLES



by Doris Day

Here are wise hints on how to say "Thank you" prettily.

■ Giving a compliment is one of the easiest of the social graces—but accepting it can be one of the most difficult. People are beset by all sorts of complexes when they are told something pleasant about themselves. These complexes are unnecessary if we remember three simple things:

First, we must assume that the compliment is given in honesty. Second, we should accept it in honesty. And third, we should accept it with humility.

I learned the first of these rules the hard way. I used to be very negative. When people told me something nice about myself I thought they were really just trying to help me bear up under some basic flaw. When I was a child, many people told me they thought my freckles were "cute." I hated my freckles. And when people mentioned them in a complimentary way I was sure they were merely trying to alleviate a great affliction.

But today I receive thousands of letters from people I do not know, complimenting me on those freckles!

Some people are suspicious of what they consider "cheap flattery." In my book, there isn't any such thing. If telling a person she sings well, or dances nicely, or looks pretty is "cheap flattery" I'm in favor of it.

We should not assume that others have ulterior motives. We have to learn that people are basically sincere, and when we accept that we will have gone a long way toward mastering the art of accepting a compliment.

To accept a compliment honestly means to accept it without false modesty or blasé nonchalance and without deprecating ourselves. We are all pleased at being told something nice, so why not show it?

I used to respond to compliments
(Continued on page 32)



Helps Heal: "Eight years ago," says Louise Hepburn of Canaan, N. Y., "Noxzema quickly helped heal my teenage blemishes*! Now Noxzema helps my dull complexion look so much fresher and more alive!"



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2. Night Cream: Use Noxzema before going to bed. Pat a bit extra on any externally-caused blemishes. No messy pillow—Noxzema is *greaseless*!



3. Powder Base: Before putting on make-up, apply Noxzema. It helps protect your skin all day!

It works or money back! In clinical tests, Noxzema helped 4 out of 5 women to have lovelier looking complexions. Use it for 10 days. If you don't look lovelier, return the jar to Noxzema, Baltimore — your money back. *externally-caused

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Limited time offer! Big 6 oz. jar only 69¢ plus tax, at drug and cosmetic counters. Enough for months at a big saving!

...and the night shall
be filled with music



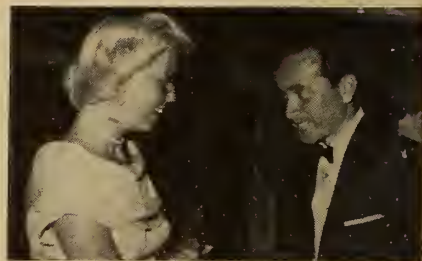
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COMPLIMENTARY

ANGLES continued



Doris exchanges pleasantries with Vic Damone.

by disparaging myself. If someone said, "I loved your recording of such-and-such a song," I'd say, "Oh really? I thought it was awful!" If they said, "How nice you look!" I'd reply, "Oh, my hair's a mess!"

This is a sadly mistaken attitude. We have to take people at face value, and stop measuring their opinions by our own. Just because you do not happen to like the dress you're wearing, doesn't mean it isn't pretty by someone else's standards.

Some people "talk down" their attributes when receiving a compliment out of a mistaken desire to be humble. This is false humility.

True humility, on the other hand, is perhaps the most important of all three of my rules for accepting a compliment. Our talents are not exclusively ours, and of our own making. We are merely instruments through which pleasures of various sorts are brought to others.

I receive many compliments from people who enjoy my singing. But I didn't create my voice. It was entrusted to me as a means of bringing happiness to other people—and I never get over being grateful to God for allowing me this privilege.

When people say to me, "I love your singing," I try to express in my reply both my pleasure at the compliment and my deep gratitude that the gift has been given to me.

One more word: don't hoard compliments! A compliment is one of the little pleasantries that brighten our daily living. Everybody likes them, even though they may pretend otherwise. But I like to think that compliments are not *given*, but *lent*. Whenever I receive one, I consider that I am temporary custodian of a pleasantry which I must pass along as soon as possible. I make a special effort to seek out someone whose talent I can admire, and I tell him so.

I try to deliver the compliment in honesty and friendliness, and assume that it will be accepted the same way.

These M-G-M stars wear
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MY FIRST LOVE
By Jane Russell

*Herewith the tragic
tale of a tender maiden's
unrequited affection.*



■ To tell the truth, I chased my first boy friend shamelessly for years without getting to first base. He couldn't see me for dust. His name was Don Ben Bolt, we were both about eleven years old and we entered the sixth grade together. Right away I could tell he was the type I go for—he was sort of an eleven-year-old Marlon Brando. Not shy, exactly; he just couldn't have cared less about things. Girls, especially.

That boy really sent me. I used to nudge and kick and scuffle with the other fellows to see if he'd notice me, but he never did.

When, wonder of wonders, his family moved right next door to mine in Burbank, I thought I had Don trapped for sure. He couldn't get away. That's what I thought. Oh, he was a rough one!

Winter afternoons he'd be out, barefoot, kicking a football till the sun went down. I could watch—he knew I was there, all right—but he wouldn't let me play. When we played tag and I was It, I always chased Don. He *never* chased me. He could eat like a horse, so I made pot after pot of candy and took it next door. He just ate it, that's all.

Once he told his mother, who told my mother, who told me, that Don liked me, and I was richer than if I had a pocketful of gold nuggets. I think about the kindest words he ever said to me personally were, "Get away, will ya? Leave me alone!"

Even when the Bolts moved down to San Diego, I never stopped badgering that boy. I used to go down and visit, and the family took me for granted; I was one of them. In fact, it was accepted—by everyone but him—that I was Don Ben Bolt's girl. I did have a date with him down there, if you can call it a date. I said,

"We're going skating, and *you're* going to take me!"

"What for?" Don asked, but we went and we had a real fun time.

Then things changed, as they do when you start to grow up. We both got interested in other things, other people, which must have been quite a relief to Don. Time passed so quickly that before I knew it, five years had elapsed without my seeing him. One night, being in the town where he went to school, I called his fraternity house. The boy who answered the phone said Don was washing dishes or on duty or something—I don't remember exactly. What I do remember is how long it took him to come to the phone, and I lit right into him. "Donald Bolt," I said, "who do you think you are to keep me waiting like this?"

He didn't even ask who it was. After five years. "Oh," he said in his patient tone, "it's you."

Don is still around here somewhere, happily married to a girl who must have been able to run the 100-yard dash faster than I could. I hope he reads this and gets the devil razzed out of him. And I hope he knows that if his family hadn't moved to another town, he wouldn't have the distinction of being The One That Got Away From Jane Russell. Because there is one final little twist I like to remember about my first love. That night when I called Don at the fraternity house, we had our one and only real date. It was such a lovely evening that he would have had to be less than a gentleman not to kiss me good night when he took me home. I like to remember that kiss, because then and there I discovered that Don Ben Bolt wasn't *nearly* so indifferent to my charms as he had been pretending since he was eleven years old!



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Illustrated—On figure. "Perma-lift" Bra #161—\$2.50 in fine cotton.

Left panel, #160 finest quality broadcloth—\$3; Right panel, beautiful embroidered cotton—\$3.

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"Perma-lift's Magic Oval Crotch Pantie"*** just can't ride up ever. Run or walk, sit or stand, the scientific design guarantees that your "Perma-lift" Pantie will stay comfortably in place all day long. Let the Magic of "Perma-lift" make your dream of a beautiful figure come true. Get a personalized fitting at your favorite corset department today.

Illustrated—Magic Oval Pantie #3803—\$7.50—others \$5 to \$10.95.

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



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GREYHOUND



(Continued from page 6) **Robert Montgomery's** old friends, who knew him when he was just a movie star and not a White House adviser, are pretty miffed with him. One of them acted in one of Montgomery's TV shows, and says Bob ignored him completely and sent word, via an underling, on how he should say his lines . . . It seems odd now that their names are always spoken together, but **Hume Cronyn** and **Jessica Tandy** haven't been married for too long. She used to be married to Jack Hawkins, the British actor you see in so many movies . . . **Eric Sevareid** is unbelievably fussy about the way his office help type. There had better not be any erasures! . . . **Eva Marie Saint's** favorite form of recreation is sailing in her and her husband's two-passenger Chris Craft. They go out every weekend they can. Sometimes they ask friends out for the day, but they purposely bought a small boat so that they could be alone together some of the time. You've never seen a woman more in love than Eva Marie. She talks about her husband constantly, and when he's with her she lets him do all the talking—hardly says a word herself. He's the reason she doesn't want to make any more movies: it would mean leaving Jeff . . . **Pinky Lee** lies

about his age. He's more than forty-two. But he doesn't lie about liking children. He is crazy about them, and you couldn't find a father more fatherly than Pinky is with his three offspring . . . **Charlie Ruggles** used to be a championship handball player . . . **Pat Barry**, who plays the young wife on *First Love*, is the daughter-in-law of the late, great American playwright, Philip Barry. Her husband, Philip, Jr., works for ABC, and they used to run summer theatres together—a cuter couple couldn't be found anywhere. One time, when they were running a theatre out on Long Island, Phil almost died before the doctors found out what he had. It was Pat who told them! He'd been bitten by a tick, she said, and he had Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever. She was right, too—and a good thing. It could easily have been fatal. One of Pat's few Broadway parts—and her only big one—was in the only play **Steve Allen** has ever done—*Pink Elephant*. It wasn't a very good play, but Pat and Steve had a lot of fun. She rewrote some of her lines herself to make the character she was playing sound more like Vanessa Brown's role in *The Seven Year Itch*—which Pat was dying to play. (She never did get to.) Steve just rewrote his to have fun!

Last Chance To Vote

If you haven't voted yet for your favorite stars to win the famous MODERN SCREEN Silver Cup Popularity Awards, then here's your final chance to do it! 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 and cheer their favorites in. We'll announce the winners in the February issue, on sale January, 1955!



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| 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 _____

ADDRESS _____

AGE _____ OCCUPATION _____

MAIL TO:
SILVER CUP BALLOT BOX
MODERN SCREEN
BOX 125
MURRAY HILL STATION
NEW YORK 16, N. Y.



what every girl should **"NO"**...

You're so smart to say *NO*... definitely *NO*... to paying a dollar for lipstick now that Cutex Stay Fast is here! This new indelible-type lipstick comes in the creamiest, dreamiest colors ever created! Stays on when you eat, smoke, *even kiss*. And because of lanolin-rich "Moisturizing Action,"

Stay Fast keeps lips soft as a rose!

You're so smart too—to say *NO* to paying 60¢ or more for nail polish! For that perfect, finishing touch of color at your fingertips, "jewel" them with fabulous Cutex. It's America's largest selling nail polish because it looks loveliest, wears longest!

CUTEX *Stay Fast* **LIPSTICK**



WHY PAY MORE? Stay Fast Lipstick is just 59¢ or 29¢. Spillpruf Cutex is only 25¢ or 15¢. Prices plus tax.



LOOK!
BRIGHT NEW
PACKAGE!



CREATED BY PROCTER & GAMBLE

so easy to love—your Prell-washed hair!



so easy to have —

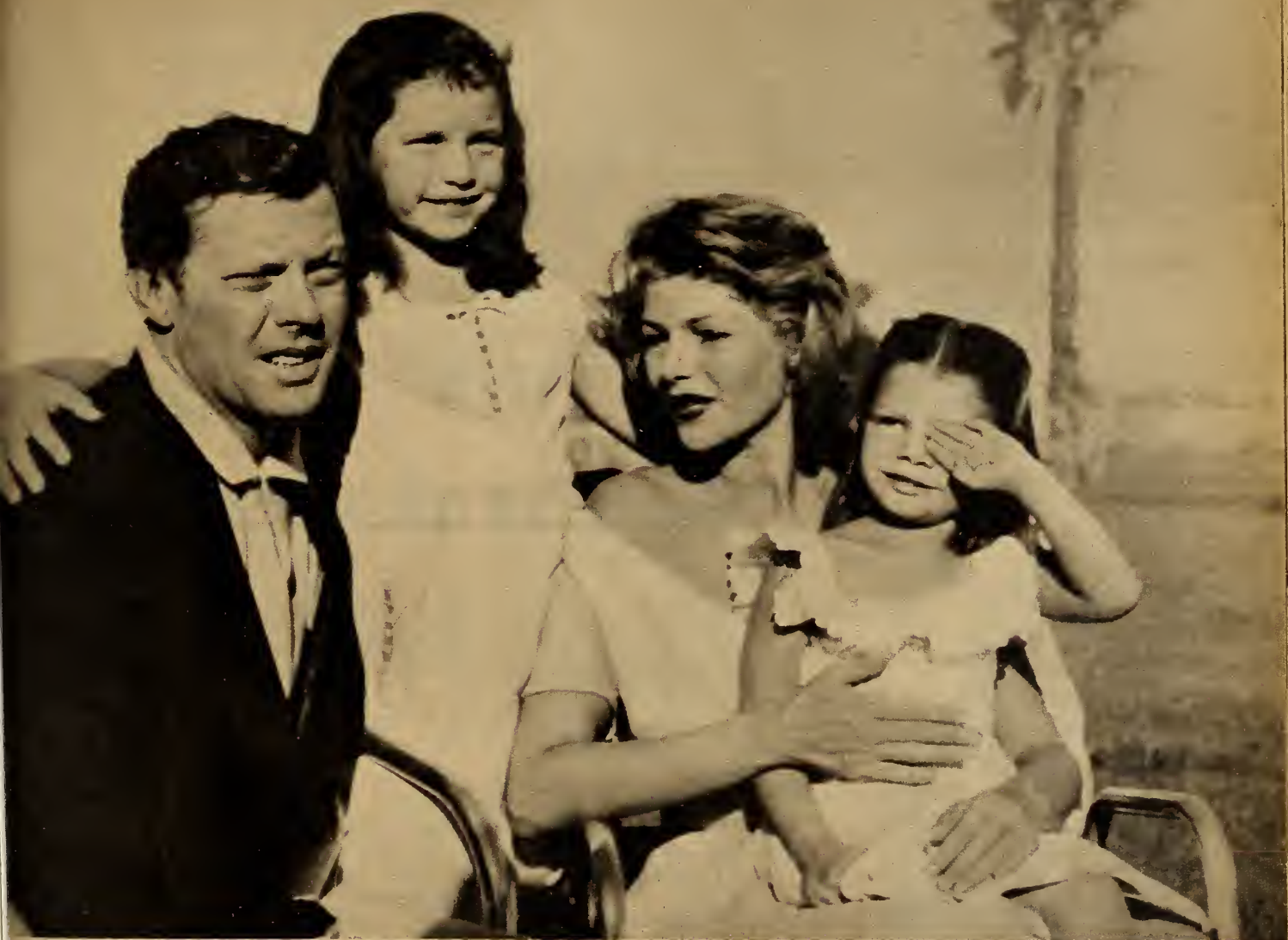
'Radiantly Alive' Hair

with **PRELL SHAMPOO**

SO SOFT, YET MANAGEABLE... SO SWEETLY CLEAN!

Come-hither loveliness—that's what your hair has after a luxurious Prell Shampoo!

It's caressably soft, yet so *obedient*! Yes, angel-soft, smooth as satin, glowing with that 'Radiantly Alive' look *he'll* love! And Prell leaves your hair *really* clean . . . fresh and sweet . . . and free of embarrassing dandruff! Prell is easy to use, too—so convenient. No spill, drip or break. Try Prell tonight—it's *wonderful*!



Being charged with neglecting her children while vacationing with Dick was only one of the calamities dogging Rita since her marriage.

Who is the mysterious mastermind making trouble for Rita and Dick?

■ In Hollywood's bizarre and colorful history many actresses have been condemned, pilloried and victimized. But no one has suffered more than Rita Hayworth.

She is a beautiful young woman who has never harmed anyone, who has gone out of her way to help countless people. Yet she now finds herself in the incredible position of fighting for the custody of her own children,

fighting for her own husband, fighting for her own survival, fighting for one modicum of love and public understanding.

"What do they want from us?" Rita asks in desperation. "All Dick and I want is to be left alone, to be allowed to work out our own salvation. Still, we're attacked on every side. And all we want is a little peace."

The only peace Rita has known

lately, she enjoyed at Lake Tahoe, Nevada, where she rented a house for herself and her two daughters, Rebecca, ten, and Yasmin, four.

Rita rented this house (only a few miles from the house where Ava Gardner was sitting out her divorce) while her fourth husband, Richard Benjamin Haymes, was fighting a battle in a Los Angeles court to prevent his deportation (*Continued on page 74*)

Everyone knows that Liz has
not been well. But is it true that
her recent illnesses stem
from being sick at heart?

BY ELLEN JOHNSON

Time of trouble for Liz?



All Liz needs, Mike says, is a husband to love and protect her. Gossip, though, wonders if Mike is the man for the job.



Louella found Liz cheerful about her injured leg—but it's only the latest of her ailments—including hepatitis, nervousness.

■ Lazy as they like to be, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wilding were lounging peacefully beside their pool. Mike went into the house for something or other, returned, sat down—and soared upward like the flying young man on the absent trapeze. He had sat on a bee, which took umbrage at the familiarity and expressed its displeasure with a direct hit. Maybe Mike sat a little gingerly for a few moments, but that's all there was to it. A bee had stung him.

Except that a short time later another bee stung his child bride, and the next day she was bedridden, unable to walk on a badly swollen leg. Same sort of bee, same sort of sting, but while Mike had forgotten his injury in half an hour's time, Liz could not have been more devastated by a machine gun bullet.

Which adds to the persistent and ubiquitous rumor that all is not well with Elizabeth Taylor. As the know-it-alls point out, she certainly has become fragile lately. In her childhood she was such a tomboy that admittedly she felt awkward and clumsy in feminine apparel. Romping about with her dogs, horses and chipmunks, she may not have been the most rugged kid on the block, but neither was she the most sickly. Her health didn't start to fail, in fact, until her present marriage.

She was on a holiday tour with Michael and the baby last year when she suffered what has been variously described as a heart attack, a heart cramp, a nervous heart, an undiagnosed nervous condition affecting her back, and complete nervous exhaustion. To the realistic, it didn't make sense. *Something* was wrong with Liz, but what? As the Wildings are not a fanatically athletic couple, it was hardly likely that she had overdone physically. And how could a vacation trip cause complete nervous exhaustion? It seemed odd—if she was happy.

Back home and at work in *Rhapsody*, Liz sustained a leg ailment which necessitated its being placed in a cast. There was no cause for real alarm, apparently, but production on the picture had to be held up because the injury inexplicably refused to mend. (Continued on page 104)





FRANTIC ROMANCE

By Louella Parsons

Here's the real story of the Debbie

■ In all the years I've been covering Hollywood, I've never been closer to the inception of a romance than the current heat wave blowing up between Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher.

We were all in Las Vegas together. In fact, Eddie was on the plane with me when reporters from rival papers were frantically checking the story that he was eloping with Debbie, who didn't actually



Reynolds-Eddie Fisher romance—told by Hollywood's greatest reporter, who was there when it all began!

arrive with her mother until the following morning!

When Mrs. Reynolds was unexpectedly called home a few days later, she put Debbie, an unusually well-adjusted, well-balanced, intelligent girl for her years, in my care. I suppose one word from me and Debbie would have done as she pleased. But she was very cute about reporting to me after her mother left.

One night—morning rather, it was about one A.M.—I found a note in my mailbox at the Sands Hotel.

Dear Ma: (it read) We're catching both Frank Sinatra's and Ann Sothern's shows tonight, so won't be in till late. Don't worry. And don't ring either of us until noon tomorrow. Will meet you at the pool for lunch. Debbie and Eddie.

Are they really in love?

Will they marry?

Let's take those questions one at a time.

If these two popular, phenomenally successful young people aren't completely out of this world, completely gone on each other as of now, then I don't know exciting young love when I see it!

One day when Eddie and I were alone, sunning (Continued on page 90)



Lonely on locotion trips, John olwoys has his kids join him, finds work on the movie for Pat ond Mike to make sure they're not excess boggage.

THE TWO YEARS OF EXILE ARE OVER. SURROUNDED NOW BY THOSE HE LOVES, THE DUKE'S IN HIS DUKEDOM



"From now on I'm going to do all my traveling on my own seven acres," John soys. His redecoroted home no longer holds sad memories.



Pilar takes over soon, but until then Melinda is lady of the house—however odd her duties!



Indian wrestling with Pat, exploring the countryside, John seemed relaxed and happy again.

ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD!

■ A large man in a white shirt and apron opened the door and stepped out on the porch.

"Good evening, Mr. Wayne," he said. And then he grinned. "Welcome home."

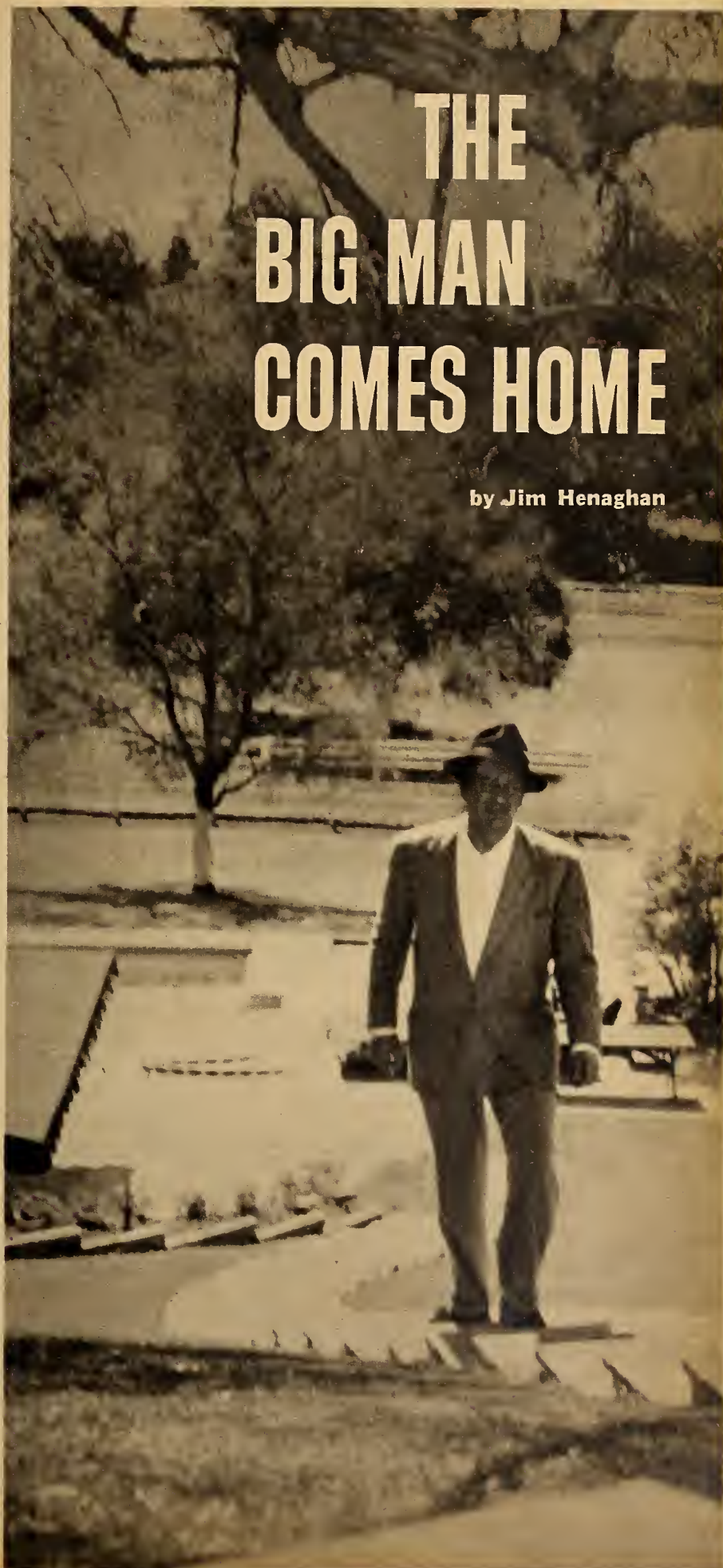
"Thanks, Scotty," John Wayne said. "It's good to be here."

And then he threw himself into a comfortable chair, dropped his hat on the ground beside him and lay back. Through narrowed eyes he gazed about the land that was his and the house that he hoped would be his final home.

It was no pasture land. Seven acres of neatly clipped green grass stretched out and curved in a broad sweep to the top of (Continued on page 96)

THE BIG MAN COMES HOME

by Jim Henaghan



by STEVE CRONIN

The whole town's talking about **KELLY!**

■ If ever a girl was in the running in Hollywood, it's Grace Kelly. And what the whole town wants to know is, how did she get so far so fast?

Some say it's the luck of the Irish. But that's too easy. Some say it's talent or sex or what she knows or whom she knows. But one who knows her well says, "I've read dozens of articles about Grace—how beautiful she is, how well-scrubbed, soft-spoken, ladylike, how smart and subtle and sophisticated—how talented and genuine and hard-working. But nowhere have I seen a mention of the one quality that is most characteristic.

"That quality," the friend continued, "is ambition. Grace Kelly is one of the most ambitious girls I know.

"How do you think she gets all her marvelous roles? By sitting back and waiting for producers to beat a path to her door? Hardly.

"This girl really knows how to operate. She's got a highpowered agency, MCA. And she knows what she wants."

And in the last three years this quiet blonde from Philadelphia has got what she wanted. Although she is only twenty-six, no other young actress has touched her record, qualitatively speaking, of eight top-notch movies with eight top-notch leading men.

No other young actress has such a record of romance rumors, either, some with the aforementioned leading men.

According to the gossips, Grace Kelly is a *femme fatale*, an American combine of Greta Garbo and Ingrid Bergman, who has allegedly toyed with the affections of Gary Cooper, Clark Gable, Ray Milland and Bing Crosby, to name only a few of the more famous men in her life.

Grace has still a further distinction: she is the envy of practically every other motion picture actress in the world. A few of these were gathered in a Beverly Hills restaurant discussing their sister actress.

"For my money," said one, "Grace Kelly is the most overrated actress to hit this town in years."

"I saw Clark Gable taking her to the Academy Awards," added another, "and all I can say is that the King's eyesight must be slipping."

"Compared to Lana Turner," a third volunteered, "she's got about as much sex appeal as a string bean."

When actresses start talking about one of their colleagues in this salty fashion, the conclusion is inescapable: Grace Kelly has arrived.

Now, what makes Grace so distinctive, so desirable, so (Continued on page 79)





LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT

Don't look for trouble
in the Allyson-Powell
ménage. Junie has learned
a few small ways
to keep a marriage happy!

BY ALICE HOFFMAN



On location in Utah with Dick, June surprised stepdaughter Ellen with a Sweet Sixteen party.



Among the guests was John Wayne's son Mike, who is making his movie debut under Dick's direction in *The Conqueror*—starring his father.



Ellen's brother Norman is appearing in the picture, too, brought his sister along for a vacation—and "just to be with Dad."

■ When June Allyson told some of her friends that she was going to St. George, Utah, "to be on location with Richard while he directs *The Conqueror*," they told her she was making a mistake.

"Look," one of them said, "you've just finished *Strategic Air Command*. You've been knocking yourself out in Ft. Worth and St. Petersburg and New Orleans. You're dead tired.

"St. George is a nice little town, but in the summer the mercury shoots up to about 130 degrees. It's no place to go for a rest, Junie."

Mrs. Richard Powell cocked her cute little head to one side.

"I'm not going to St. George," she announced in that perennially husky voice, "to rest. I'm going there to be with Richard."

So June climbed into her Ford station wagon and with the Edgar Bergens beside her, headed for the miserable Utah desert. When she got to St. George she was assigned a room with her husband Dick in the Twin Oaks Motel.

Susan Hayward and John Wayne, who play the leads in *The Conqueror* (the story of Genghis Khan, the great Asiatic warrior), (Continued on page 103)



Despite the heat, June spent much of her time on the desert location with Dick, was furious at rumors that their nine-year-old marriage was in trouble.

abra-ca-Debra



Most of the rose velvet and white satin furnishings in Debra's huge corner suite came from her room in the Griffins' former home.



The Chinese room was the only spot in the twenty-five-room mansion not redecorated. Mama loved its vibrant tones, decided to mingle Chinese and modern motifs throughout house.



Over 300 yards of white carpet were laid down to lighten the large, dark rooms. The old-fashioned fireplace was re-done as a planting area for tropical greens. Note artificial flamingoes, toy dog—the Griffins have a live menagerie, too.

A dream-come-true is Debra's new home—but it took Paget magic to keep it from being a nightmare!

BY MARVA PETERSON

■ The house looked like something out of an old Boris Karloff movie.

Vacant and slowly decaying, it stood surrounded by its own jungle of weeds and overgrown shrubbery. Here and there a window was broken and a part of the stone masonry had fallen away. Compared to the usual immaculate houses in this part of Beverly Hills, it seemed dilapidated and antiquated.

Debra Paget was so disappointed she could have cried.

For as long as she could remember, her indomitable mother, Maggie, had promised the five children that if they were good, watched their weight and worked hard, some day they'd live in a big house with a swimming pool. And now on this cool star-bright evening, her parents were seriously considering moving into a "white elephant."

It was all Debra could do to stifle her tears. This deserted relic was hardly her dream of the ideal family homestead, particularly for a rising young movie star.

She looked around to see if anyone else shared her disappointment. In addition to her parents, there was Teala, her married sister, and William Barry, the friend who had (Continued on page 84)



Three-dimensional mermaid mural was painted in the hall by family friend, artist Arne Nybak, as a housewarming gift. "It sets the tone of the whole story-book house," Debra says.

EDMUND PURDOM:

From pauper to prince



BEFORE:

Without a cent for passage home to England, unable to find work at a studio, not permitted by his visa to work anywhere else, Ed and wife Tita lived in this garage without hot water or refrigeration, ate when friends fed them. Three days after baby Lilan was born Tita was back to scrubbing diapers, washing Ed's one shirt and her only dress.



AFTER:

Now living in this charming home, Ed and Tita regard the past as a nightmare, are grateful for big break which came when Mario Lanza refused to complete *The Student Prince*. Ed took over the role—with Lanza singing—and won raves. With four big productions coming up his future seems secure though some say he has a temperament problem.





BY HEDDA HOPPER

Ever hear of

Horatio Alger?

He created the American
rags-to-riches idea.

Ever hear of

Edmund Purdom? He
brought it to life!

■ Edmund Purdom is the man I was prepared to hate. When this English actor was given Mario Lanza's part in *The Student Prince* and Mario's God-given voice along with it, I rebelled. I had heard those Lanza recordings for the picture and thought they were the finest he'd ever done. To me it was unthinkable that Metro would hand the part over to an unknown Britisher. I said so in my column and, among other things, predicted the picture would be laughed off the screen.

Words don't taste bad. I know. I've just finished eating some of my own. I went to the preview of *The Student Prince* as a Lanza rooster—I still am. But when I left the theatre I was predicting that Edmund Purdom would be one of the biggest stars in Hollywood. He was terrific in the part—he really was a prince.

It's an uncomfortable experience watching such a replacement as this, but I can't blame MGM. They had lots of money tied up in the picture and when Lanza refused to work, they had to finish it somehow. The same thing happened after Marlon Brando walked out on *The Egyptian*. Purdom inherited that part also and after I watched him do some scenes on the set I came to the conclusion he was better in the part than Brando would have been.

Purdom didn't want to meet me until I'd seen *The Student Prince*. He has a (Continued on page 72)



WHAT'S

SHE

GOT?

It takes much more than beauty to give a girl a glamorous life.

Here's how it's done by eight of Hollywood's most exciting stars.

← ESTHER WILLIAMS

She's got size. Esther is the tall girl's inspiration; she's proud of her height and capitalizes on it without making the fellows feel she's bigger than they are mentally or physically. How? By being healthy and vital instead of languishing; by being able to do anything the men can do—but not *quite* so well!

More pictures on following pages



ELAINE STEWART

She's got a surprise for everyone. She has the face of a dreamer—and the mind of a business woman. That fragile, famous form you'll see in *Brigadoon* conceals the muscles of a wrestler (no kidding—prowlers beware!) and behind her reserved, seemingly conceited manner lurks a girl who hates compliments on her looks!



KIM NOVAK

She's got everything. What Monroe developed, Kim was born with. A sultry voice, a taste for luxury, a frank enjoyment of being voluptuous... plus an air that tells a man she doesn't care if he's five feet tall and homely—just as long as she knows he'd love her if she didn't look so good either. But she'll be frank about it if he doesn't interest her at all.



ANNE BAXTER

She's got that rare combination: sex appeal and tact! She may be a *femme fatale*, but men know she'll conduct her romances on a kiss-and-never-tell basis. She may win a top role in *Ten Commandments*—but her dates won't have to listen to her crow about beating Jane Russell, Ava Gardner, Susan Hayward and twelve other beauties for it.

WHAT'S SHE GOT? continued



MARLA ENGLISH

She's got the knack of talking with her eyes and keeping her mouth shut! You'll see her do it in *Living It Up*. Men relax with Marla; she's a good listener. Other talents: she paints, and can chin herself twelve times in a row!

PAT CROWLEY



She's got enthusiasm. Morning, noon and night, pretty Pat effervesces, never holds still long enough for a man to get bored. Dates find her more fun than a barrel full of monkeys—or raving beauties!

TERRY MOORE



She's got energy. Terry can do anything—fly a plane, do a nitery act, make headlines daily. She's apt to tell a man what she thinks he'd like to hear; it may have a faint flavor of double-talk—but it's sure to be both kind and clever!

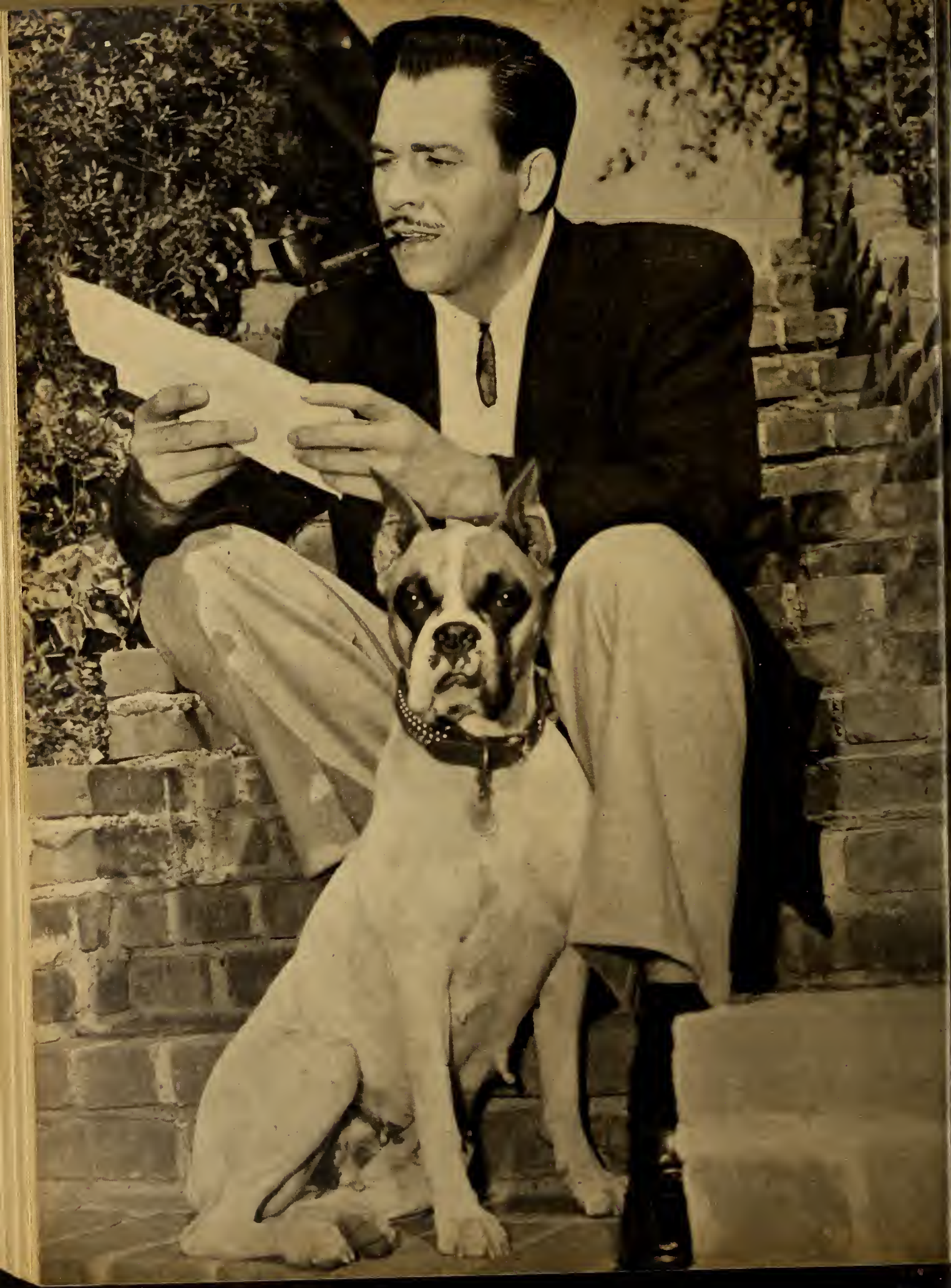


JULIA ADAMS



She's got a grown-up, happy way of life. Her favorite word: Upbeat. Her philosophy: Never dislike anyone or anything. The result: Stardom in *Five Bridges To Cross*.

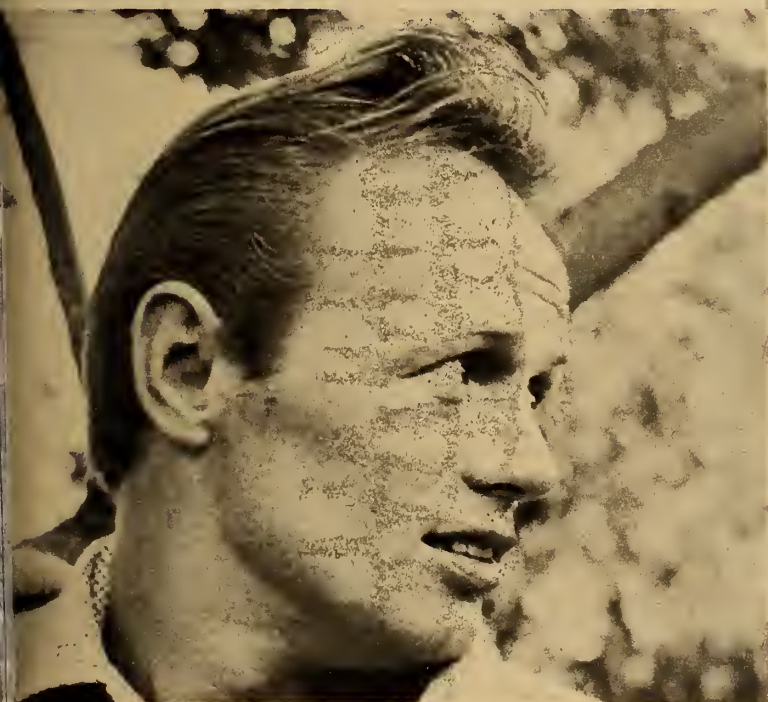




← **HOWARD KEEL** There's a guy! Keel wants to be told—told what he's having for dinner, who's coming, what time it is. Demanding, though. You are a perfect wife and mother, or else! He'll let you have cooks, maids and nurses, but woe to you if you can't take over on servants' day off. This is the cover-up expert. Strangers say he's unsentimental, and true, he'll give a present like he's handing you a wet fish, but he'll shop frantically for your Christmas jewelry in July. The handiest man known to man, he can paper the house, fix the plumbing, paint the furniture. Don't call him up; he hates telephones, and has two in the house so he can detest them double. (Most actors can't live without four.) He barely holds still for photographs in public but surely he's a dream boat in one respect: he'd rather sleep late than make another million. When his kids rush in at six A.M., he groans, but he gets up and fixes breakfast, before reporting for work on *Jupiter's Darling*.

IF HE WERE YOUR HUSBAND...

here's what you'd have to know . . .
and put up with . . . and laugh at . . .
be proud of . . . and love!



← **RICHARD WIDMARK** You'd never be happy unless you appreciate a high I.Q. and have one yourself. But intellectual snobs need not apply. A small town boy (Sunrise, Minnesota) Dick was an instructor at Lake Forest U., and it's never quite brushed off. His modesty approaches timidity, yet he finds equal satisfaction in conversations with truck drivers and sophisticated authors. Adults find him hard to understand, but kids know instinctively that he's a kindred soul. If you were married to Dick you'd never attend boring dinner parties with business friends—he refuses to “cultivate” people. Mr. Widmark stays close to home and has brushed off numerous little Hollywood blondes. Yet he has two girls he loves, his wife and eight-year-old daughter, Ann. When he vacations, the family lives the champagne life because he doesn't propose to take it with him. All he asks in return is companionship, and some day, he'd like a son to carry on his name. His latest film is *Prize Of Gold*.

VICTOR MATURE He might hand you a \$3.98 doll → for your birthday to see if you loved him enough to keep quiet. Then two days later he'd pick you up and show you a new Caddy in the garage. He'd demand chili for breakfast, cut your allowance to lend money to a pal, then send your mom and dad to Honolulu for their anniversary. He'd disappear for days, and when you were about to consult a lawyer, he'd return, having been on a hunting trip in some remote spot where the only “other woman” was a 107-year-old Indian. He hates routine so much you'd get to bed at six A.M. or four P.M. You'd be expected not to complain if he played golf from sunup to sundown and your only defense would be to take up the game yourself. Any girl who weds Mature needs the balance of a lady juggler to stay happy in the perpetual emotional blizzard, but he's a spectacular provider, a wonderful father, loads of fun and a top-flight actor as he proves again in *Betrayed*.

More pictures on following pages



IF HE WERE YOUR HUSBAND... continued

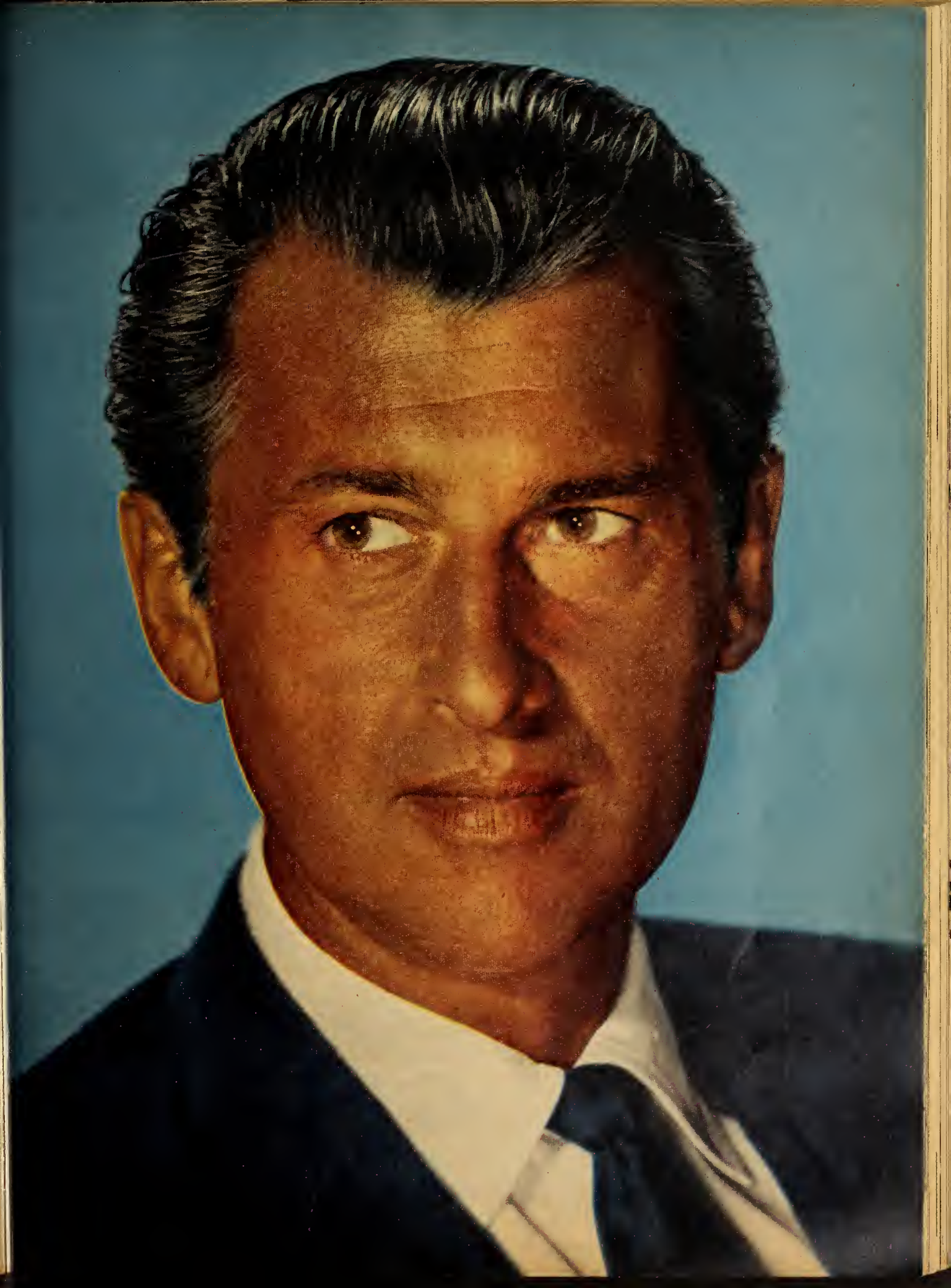


← **BURT LANCASTER** The only genuine Hollywood non-conformist (and proves it by staying out of headlines) 41-year-old Burt can lick his weight in men half his age. Other men speak softly in his presence, and you'll find him generous. But he'll expect you to prepare dinner for fourteen on an hour's notice and get sore if you protest. He'll expect you to stay calm amid the bedlam of five kids and a couple of pals because noise doesn't bother him. He'll make you stand in line at a restaurant rather than use his name to get a table. He can drop a week's salary in a poker game (until he grows older and more mellow) and not go sour or raid the sugar bowl for your household money. You'll wish his conscience wouldn't hurt because he has five dollars more than the next fellow, but he's a great guy to grow up with. He'll always frighten you a little when you watch him in pictures like *Vera Cruz*—you'll be afraid that when he holds you he'll crush your ribs. But he won't. He has a heart like a wild animal but he's gentle as a lamb.

STEWART GRANGER The lazier the gal the better he likes her. Marry Granger and you don't have to worry about boiling water. But there are drawbacks. He prefers his female beautiful, but she'll spend most of her life in blue jeans. He likes to stay home and really does prefer a good book to people. His girl must love to swim, own a good pair of lungs and a sense of humor. She'll have to learn to take being ducked in the pool and give as good as she gets. He has an atom bomb temper, but when a row is over it's over for good. He hates intellectual snobs, but you'll have to argue intelligently—and loud. He takes pride in being a terrific host, will tell the servants to get lost while he serves the buffet. Know your shortcomings, because he will be the first to admit his. He'll also admit he's got a magic wallop for the opposite sex. But though he'll battle the world in his profession, and rise to new heights in a film like *Beau Brummell* he'll wind up just like a kid at night, with his head on your shoulder. Wow!



← **AUDIE MURPHY** Warn your friends never to cross him. He has a memory to shame elephants. When he's moody he may not talk for hours; then he snaps out of it, but won't say what he was thinking. No matter how famous he becomes his friends remain the same, and he likes his wife to entertain old pals. He's not a heavy-handed father, and your son will be his shadow-companion. He likes horses and dogs but is not overly sentimental about them; his deep affection, not freely expressed, is strictly for his wife and family. Even when you're in the money he'll be content (and you'll have to be, too) to live slightly on the wrong side of the tracks because he has an abiding suspicion of too much luxury. In a movie like *To Hell And Back* he'll concentrate completely, but you'll find his understanding of the deepest variety and know that he'd give his life for you at a moment's notice. Disapproval he voices with a bleak look that delivers the message but doesn't linger. Trouble comes only if you dote on horror tv shows. He'll shut off the set in front of your nose.





This is Fred and June's honeymoon bungalow.

FOR LOVERS ONLY

by William Barbour

If you've ever been in love you'll rejoice for June and Fred—and for their happy honeymoon. And you'll forget their troubles—recent and past—as they already have.

■ For June Haver and Fred MacMurray there was no honeymoon hideaway. Their bridal suite was a glamourless bungalow overlooking a forest of cameras and floodlights. Privacy? Not much, but June and Fred thought it was heavenly.

They drove to Moran, Wyoming, a picturesque village in the beautiful Grand Teton National Forest. Fred was on location working in *Blue Horizons*, a film about the Lewis & Clark Expedition, "trying to earn some money to pay for the house we just bought." (A month before they were married, June and Fred bought Nelson Eddy's Hollywood estate for \$130,000.)

While Fred was emoting with Charlton Heston and Donna Reed in front of the VistaVision cameras, June remained in their one-room bungalow, fighting the Wyoming mosquitoes and ironing her husband's shirts on an ironing board borrowed from the prop department.

One morning Fred returned from the location

with a little grin playing across his face. June was busy rinsing out a few of her own clothes.

Fred took her in his arms and kissed her lightly on the lips. "Listen, Shorty," he said, "how about a little fishing up in Yellowstone this afternoon? I finished early today."

"Just great!" June agreed. "I'll pack a picnic lunch and we'll have a ball."

Thirty minutes later the newlyweds were sitting in their grey Cadillac convertible, and Fred was driving to one of his favorite trout streams.

Arriving at the picnic site, June began to unpack the hamper while Fred with his fishing rod made a bee-line for the trout.

Once she had her picnic lunch set out neatly and properly, June flopped down on the grass, clasped her hands behind her neck, and closed her eyes. This was joy and love and peace and contentment—resting here on a river bank, waiting for the sound of a (Continued on page 64)



Fishing on Fred's afternoons off allowed them to be really alone—though tactful co-workers always respected their privacy.



Fred took photos of June wherever they went. Both behaved, according to the crew, "like people who knew what marriage was all about. Not mawkish, but loving!"



The photo above, Fred's favorite honeymoon snapshot of June, was mailed home to the MacMurrays' adopted children, Sue and Bobby. The kids were the first to know about the marriage; they approved of it wholeheartedly.



Talking shop with cost members, June admitted that she wants to return to pictures. "The kids are in school," she said, "and I've always liked to stay busy."

The mosquitoes were awful, the heat bad and the dust even worse—but the honeymoon? That was perfect!

(Continued from page 63) loved one's voice or the soft touch of his hand. And then it came, the moist pressure upon her forehead.

"Ah, Fred," June murmured, her eyes still closed in ecstatic bliss.

Another kiss, this one extremely wet. And then June MacMurray opened her big blue eyes and found herself looking up at a full-sized grizzly bear, one of the hundreds that are allowed to roam at will around Yellowstone National Park.

"Fred!" June shouted, scampering to her feet. "Fred!" And with that she broke all existing speed records sprinting down to the trout stream.

"A bear," she called out. "A bear, Fred. He's eating our picnic lunch. I thought he was you."

MacMurray edged his way out of the stream. He grabbed a small log. "You stay behind me," he cautioned. Then he advanced toward the grizzly, slowly and carefully.


He succeeded in frightening the bear away from the picnic lunch but not for long. The bear sniffed more food in Fred's car and shuffled toward the Cadillac. Fred was afraid the animal might dig its claws into the convertible top and rip it, so he took a sandwich and using it as bait, drew the bear from the car. Then he and June slid in and drove back to Moran, laughing most of the way.

That night when Fred and June told producer Bill Pine what had happened to them, Pine grinned.

"That," he said, "is exactly the kind of story the publicity department is accused of making up."

But to June the bear incident "will always remain one of the highlights of our honeymoon."

This honeymoon began on (Continued on page 94)



My Everyday God

by Talb Hunter

At any time,
wherever I am,
I am apt to pray.
It isn't a formal
thing with me—
just a simple matter
of keeping in touch!

■ There is a stained glass window in the roof of St. Paul's in Los Angeles which is a replacement. About eleven years ago I smashed a baseball through the original pane. I was a student at St. Paul's parochial school and my class was playing ball in the yard during recess. When I saw what I had done the bat slipped from my fingers and I stood there trembling. At the age of twelve, having made my first Holy Communion only a few months before, I had brought the wrath of God upon myself—or so it seemed to me.

* You know how boys are. Some of the other kids laughed nervously, and enough of them were so shocked—and looked it—that the enormity of my offense was something I had to believe. I watched dully as my older brother, Walt, ran into the church to find the ball and came out yelling to show that he had it. And then I went slowly to tell the priest what I had done.

Never again, since that day, has the church ever been a heaviness in my soul. I don't remember what words the priest used to make me realize that love, not fear, is the keynote of worship, but in time, the effect of his words was complete. I am not on formal relations with faith and I never shall be. The business of coming to Mass late, and leaving early, and for that short duration being a religious man, has no (Continued on page 92)

24 hours

■ MODERN SCREEN photographer Bert Parry spent a day with Tony Curtis—trying to find out where he's going in such a hurry.

Knowing that the average man should go into training for at least six weeks before such a rash undertaking—and being an intelligent type—Bert did the next best thing. He bolted a mouthful of super-charged vitamin capsules and conned an overnight invitation from Janet and Tony in order to start his day the night before.

Arriving shortly after the dinner hour, Bert suggested that they get some art of a warmish nature while the opportunity presented itself, and the kids fell to with a goodly will. As the camera—which never lies—recorded every detail, Tony looked tenderly into the eyes of his beautiful wife and said, "Sweetie, I saw an ad in this morning's paper about a house in Coldwater Canyon that looks like just what we want."

"Kiss!" commanded Photographer Parry.

They obeyed with alacrity; then Tony lifted his lips from hers, and Janet asked, "How much?" When Tony told her the asking price on this paragon of houses, she winced. All *that!*

"Just one more," said Bert Parry.

The Curtises rubbed noses and puckered up again until they heard the shutter click. "It has a tennis court, sweetie," Tony wheedled.

"Well," said Janet, "but all that money—"

"Just one more," interpolated the voice of Mr. Parry like a broken record.

Janet fell into Tony's embrace with renewed ardor while the camera made noises like a Gatling gun. When it stopped, Tony made his big pitch. "I—uh—talked to the real estate agent today. He said that if we sign a two-year lease, they'll put in a pool!" His expression of triumph was a thing of beauty.

"Don't go 'way," muttered their guest. "Just have to reload the camera."

They ignored him. "I don't know." Janet was still evasive, but her protests were growing feeble. "Two years is a long time. Maybe we'll be able to save enough to buy our own home before then." That's the agreement between Janet and Tony; they'll pay cash on the barrelhead for the house they buy. Partly to escape monthly notes at a high rate of interest, but mostly because it has to be *theirs* right from the beginning.

"All set," announced Bert. "Let's get back to work."

"This is work?" Tony murmured as Jan leaned invitingly close.

Fifty-five shots later they broke it up. Bert Parry reclined on the couch, doubtless dreaming of a dark darkroom and all those exclusive pictures. Janet, having made a tentative promise to look at the house tomorrow, was let off the hook and disappeared. Tony settled down with the (Continued on page 68)



Tony: (tenderly) I saw a house advertised for sale.



Janet: Hey! Pay attention to your gracious hostess!

with Tony

Want to know what
keeps Tony going? Stagger
along with him
and a MODERN SCREEN
photographer—and
don't forget the aspirin!

BY TONI NOEL



Jonet: How much? . . . (sweetly) All that!



Tony: (seductively) It has a tennis court, sweetie.



Jonet: Well, maybe if they put in a pool . . .



You like this pose? Mrs. Curtis at home.



This is really part of my new dance routine . . .



But it's just as good for cleaning walls!

More pictures on next page

(Continued from page 66) evening papers. Houdina went over and bit Bert on the ankle. All in all, it was a sweet domestic scene.

The peaceful silence was short-lived, however. Suddenly Tony shook his dark head disgustedly. "Jeez!" he said. "How do you like that!"

Bert looked up from the limb he was examining in the light of a possible damage suit. "Like what?"

"Listen," asked Tony. "How many pictures did you shoot this evening?"

"Sixty-seven, maybe?" offered our modest cameraman.

"At least that many. So I just get finished kissing my wife sixty-seven times, now I pick up the paper and read that we aren't getting along. The Curtises, it says in this column, are headed for a showdown!"

Their brooding over the injustice of it all was male, companionable—and of short duration. "Well," Bert said facetiously, "you know what they say about a kiss in time. Maybe you ought to try giving Janet a great big buss."

The smile Tony gave him was like sucking lemons. "For that witticism, pal, I'm going to let you walk the dog tonight. And it's past her usual time, so beat feet."

"That's supposed to be your job," Bert protested, trying to feel like a put-upon guest. "And she doesn't like me, anyhow. What are you going to do?"

"Read the box score on the game the Giants played yesterday," retorted his host.

Which just goes to prove that it's pretty tough to earn a living in Hollywood. The skills of an expert cameraman are many and varied, but they don't include walking the dogs of movie stars. At that, Bert was lucky; during his stroll with Houdina, she only nipped him twice.

When he returned to the house, bleeding ever so slightly from the ego, he found Tony doing exactly what he had said—reading the sports section—with a broad grin of satisfaction. Janet was practicing a dance routine for her forthcoming *My Sister Eileen* to a playback, and Mr. Parry's countenance brightened at the sight of lithe convolutions intended to incite a man's baser instincts. His admiration was constrained, however, by the fact that he had no wish to invite a jealous belt on the dewlaps from Miss Leigh's husband, who was reportedly not getting along with his wife.

Maybe they weren't getting along, but Mr. Curtis was keeping an interested eye on the gyrations of Mrs. Curtis. Once, when she collapsed to the floor and lay supine, breathing deeply, he lowered his paper, regarded her with a jaundiced eye, and deadpanned, "If you're ever going to learn this number, may I suggest that you elevate your exquisite derriere from the floor and get with it?" Or words to that effect.

Janet answered, "Yes, master," and didn't move a muscle until Tony rose, extended a hand and pulled her gently to her feet. It's too bad that Bert hadn't time to grab his camera again before she had thanked her husband with a feathery kiss, but then, that picture would have been no more spontaneous than those he had already shot. Shared by these two, a kiss is a kiss is a kiss.

A little later they all said good night, and Bert retired to the couch. It seemed to him that he had no sooner rested his head on the pillow next to Houdina's (she either loved him too much to endure a separation or hated him enough to assure him a miserable night) than he was shaken roughly by the shoulder. "Rise and shine!" sang Tony Curtis, happy as a clam by the dawn's early light. He looked so young and vital and handsome that a mere mortal cameraman shuddered to view his own unshaven image in the bathroom mirror.

Better that Bert hadn't taken time to shave, because as a result he had no breakfast. Janet, whose picture was still in the rehearsal stage, sat down to a reasonably leisurely (Continued on page 87)

"You must be exhausted!" said the



Tony: Some photographer! Rise and shine—it's dawn!



C'mon, George, smile pretty for the man. Like me!



Gotta hurry, Nick. Gotta date to see a house.

photographer, panting after Curtis. "Who—me?" said Tony. "This was nothing—just an ordinary day!"



We'll finish breakfast at the commissary. Bye!



What's new today, hey? Brooklyn *beat* us? Them buins!



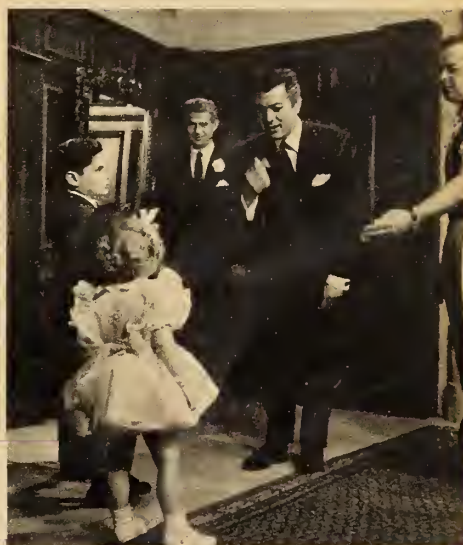
Enough with the powder! Let's roll!



Yeah, Mom's better, Julio. I'll see her later.



Directors, producers . . . think they know baseboll!



This is my leading lady. What o doll!



Gee, it's nice of fans to send you things.



Welcome the conquering hero! Hey—going somewhere?



Aw, honey, I'll miss you. Dorn the P.A. tour!



THE FIRST YEAR IS THE

By Jack Wade

"WE VOWED," LANA SAYS, "NEITHER OF US WILL EVER SAY 'I'M LEAVING!' WE'VE STUCK TO IT!"



Lana feels that she, as well as Cheryl, is growing up under Lex's influence. "He's the first husband I've ever had who tells me anything," she says—and listens to his advice even when he makes her give Cheryl more independence.



Entertainment, like living, is strictly family-style now. Lana and Lex believe that even a temporary separation is unhealthy, not only accompany each other everywhere, but take Cheryl along too—even an second honeymoon.

■ For Mrs. Alexander Crichlow Barker, 2d, of Holmby Hills, California, it was one of those times when a lady doesn't know whether to laugh, cuss or cry.

Here she was on her dainty knees, scouring the bathroom tile with her newly restored blonde coiffure wadded up in a scarf and a feeling of desperation beneath it. The couple who took care of her big house had walked out that morning and the upstairs maid had given notice. Fourteen dinner guests were due in a few hours and out in front the newly widened driveway was a fresh mass of gooey tar. A cement mixer rasped dismally beside the new guest wing which gave no indication whatever that it would be ready for the arrival of her sister-in-law from the east. The carpenters had just built the steps in front of the place instead of behind it as designed and the warm grey paint she'd chosen had come out an asphyxiation blue and would have to be done over. There was silver to polish, the house to clean and a hundred urgent items hammering at her nerves.

A discordant crash of piano keys smote them next, along with a frustrated wail from her daughter Cheryl, "I'll never *learn* to play this silly thing!" Mrs. B. had all she could take.

"Cheryl Christina!" she yelped, using the full, formal tag reserved for discipline, "you put your mind to your practicing and not another peep out of you! I'm in no condition." Then, unkinking her cramped legs, she dragged herself wearily into the den and collapsed on the sofa, with feet propped on the arm for relief. At this point of surrender a blandly handsome giant, irritatingly cool, calm and dripping pool water, strolled into the room and inquired pleasantly, "Hi, Mama—taking it easy?"

Mama leaped to her feet as if a bee had stung her. "Taking it *easy*!" she cried indignantly. "Why, (Continued on page 99)

Nights on the town are rare now and always end early.



HARDEST

from pauper to prince

(Continued from page 53) justifiable ego and he was angry at what I had written before seeing him on the screen. But my enthusiasm was so great when I did see him that the atmosphere was cleared, and we were buddies when he and his wife Tita sat down to tell me the story of their Hollywood struggles. I'm a sucker for a sob story.

They're a stunning couple. He has had \$15,000,000 invested in him by two studios before the public has even had a chance to see him. Purdom is handsome in the romantic tradition—wavy black hair, dark eyes and classic features. Hollywood has tied the "glamour boy" tag on him but he's a lot more than that. He has a fiery temperament, a cultural education, musical knowledge, talent and a world of charm. And his bubbling blonde wife Tita is as frank and communicative as a child; gay, pretty, talented (she's a ballet dancer) with a rare zest for life.

WHEN PURDOM was thrown out of a Shakespearean acting bit at Stratford-on-Avon after what he describes as a "disagreement with the management," famous director Tyrone Guthrie commented: "It won't hurt him. He'll either starve or be a star in five years."

That was four years ago and both predictions were correct. It's hard to think of these two as hungry, cold and so broke they didn't even have bus fare. They were many times without a roof over their heads during a grisly year in which they fought for a foothold in movies. It's harder to understand how some of their compatriots gave them nothing but such advice as: "Go home. There are too many Britishers here already." Nor is it easy to conceive that agents told Edmund: "Your accent is hopeless. We can't get parts for any more British actors." But it's heartwarming to learn that helping hands with folding money were held out by sympathetic strangers the Purdoms had met casually in their search for work—new friends who fed them.

Purdom's salary jumped overnight from \$350 a week to \$2000 per. We met for dinner because he was working day and night and mealtime was his only chance to talk. The Purdoms arrived in a sleek Alvis.

"This is a celebration," he told me. "We got our things out of hock this afternoon. Tita's wedding and engagement rings and her father's watch—they've been in and out of pawnshops a dozen times this past year. We paid interest so they wouldn't

be sold—two dollars a month—and sometimes we went without dinner to scrape the money together."

"But how," I asked, "did you ever get into such a jam?"

"I came here for a contract test at Warners," Purdom said. "We had been in New York. I had a small part in *Caesar And Cleopatra* with Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh. The arrangements for the test had been made in London when a scout saw me there. At the close of the play Warners advanced me \$600 and a ticket to Hollywood. By that time practically every studio here had offered me a test, but I was committed to Warners. I felt if that didn't work out, I was pretty certain to land something else. Twentieth offered to test me for *My Cousin Rachel*, among other things. When I accepted the \$600 advance I cut myself off from having my fare paid back to England by the Olivier company. So I made the Warners test with Mike Curtiz, but nothing came of it.

"It didn't happen so quickly, however. There was a month of encouragements and delays before my option was dropped. Tita had joined me here. My chance at *Rachel* was gone as Richard Burton had been signed. Other things were cropping up and Mr. Curtiz advised me to stay on and Tita and I talked it over and agreed this was the time to gamble as both Universal-International and Twentieth were offering tests for a contract. I decided on Twentieth. The test was made by Sammy Fuller. It was a sort of a Scotland Yard thing, a fast-talking detective. It was without meaning and when studio heads saw it they lost interest. Then our finances were almost gone but I wasn't afraid. I thought I'd take a job at anything, any sort of work, to keep going. But when I tried to get work at a market I learned that my visitor's permit allowed me to work in America only in a picture studio."

TITA TOOK UP the story: "We were in real trouble; we were entering on what we call our abject misery period. We were living in a garage on Berendo Street which cost thirty dollars a month, but that was an unreasonable amount considering our lack of cash. Sometimes we had ten dollars a week for food, but the time came when food became a matter of luck. We had a bed, two chairs, cold water only, no refrigerator. There was no insulation and in August the heat was indescribable. I was expecting a baby—our first. I lived in one dress and Edmund had one good shirt which I washed out every night."

"Americans we'd meet would ask us to

dinner or slip a ten-dollar bill in my coat pocket along with words of encouragement," Purdom said. "There was always something in view but the timing was bad. Timing is so important, not only in acting but in being available for opportunities when they are offered. You feel sure you can make good if you get the chance, but in my case so many things were contingent on opportunity timings. Our visa was running out and we were terrified of being deported. If you're sent out of the country it's almost impossible to get back in. We were conscious, too, of how our parents were worrying. Either Tita's parents or mine would gladly have helped but they were not allowed to send money into a dollar country."

"We couldn't go to a clinic when it was time for the baby to be born," said Tita, "because we were here on temporary stay. I'll never forget Millie Gusse's face when I asked her where the charity hospital was located. Millie has been one of our most faithful friends from the day we met her. She was casting director at Universal-International. She was horrified at the idea of my having a baby under such circumstances, so she arranged to have her brother-in-law, Dr. James Winsberg, see me. He was wonderful and kept me supplied with pills and vitamins and things and told me he'd deliver the baby without fee since my father and brother both were doctors. Millie tried so hard to get Edmund into U-I and when that didn't work out she introduced him to Paul Gregory and to some TV people who were casting. She gave us all the clothes for the baby—blankets and everything. She has the greatest heart in the world."

"Then when Tita was due for the hospital I got a job in *Julius Caesar*," Edmund told me. "A small part—two days' work. I had to stab James Mason and say, 'I am sorry, my lord.' That's as close as I ever got to him. That day I hitch-hiked a ride to Twentieth to check on a part in *Titanic*. Nothing was decided, so I started walking to Culver City. I was so nervous I'd be late that I ran half the way. But I got the part and I immediately borrowed \$150 advance from my agent Paul Small and went right over to the Culver City Hospital and arranged for Tita to enter. The night Lilan—we call her Mrs. Doody—was born, I walked over there to see her."

"Strange things happen when you're in trouble. I remember once we were evicted for non-payment of rent. Liz Fielding appeared out of nowhere and took us to live with her. She was like the hand of God."

"Another time when I was up for the part of Mr. Lightoller in *Titanic*, I had little hope since they turned me down on a contract. But I held onto that one-in-a-million chance. I waited and waited, but no word. It seems everyone knew I had the part but they thought I had been told and through some oversight neglected to tell me. We were going around in circles. We couldn't go home, we didn't have any money. Our parents were worried—they were slowly going out of their minds. Then we heard the good news."

"In another desperate moment I put an advertisement in a local paper to sell my gramophone equipment so we could eat. Then in the mail came a check for \$100 from another American who insists on not being named. He merely told us to use it and pay it back when we could. Those were the wonderful things."

WHEN TITA PURDOM went into the hospital on that \$150 advance, she could stay only three days.

"Then back to the garage," she said. "I was up washing diapers and dishes and everything else the day after they brought me home. There was an old two-burner



The lean year is over. Ed can laugh at the shoes he once could not afford to have repaired.



Proud of his Alvis, Ed learned being a star meant that his repair bills would be higher!

stove but only one burner and the oven worked. Fortunately I breast-fed the baby because, having no refrigerator—not even an old ice chest—we had no way to keep milk in summer weather. But my brother, who is a doctor, used to work in the East End of London and made a discovery that's practically infallible. Children who have been breast-fed for at least three months seldom get infantile paralysis. It isn't proven, but statistics indicate it."

Right after *Titanic*, Edmund got his contract at Metro and they moved into a little apartment above the Sunset Strip. He was still getting \$350 a week when he went to Twentieth as the star of *The Egyptian*.

Others who helped them were Sidonie Esposito and John Steel. When the worst was over they ran into Linda Christian and Ty Power. "I went to school with Linda in Palestine," Tita told me. "When Edmund was set in *Titanic*, they took us on a trip to Mexico and when we returned we stayed in the guest room at their house until we got a larger place. We were expecting another baby in July, our apartment lease was up and we had to have more room. The day we moved our things were carried over in the bureau drawers from Linda's; we had no suitcases and no luggage left."

Purdom was secure by the time they moved into the comfortable three-bedroom house in Beverly Hills they now occupy. "Ty Power's business agent found the house for us," Tita said, "and we had to move in on Sunday since I was unable to help and it was the only day Edmund had free. He had to be at the studio early Monday morning for make-up tests. We couldn't get a moving van so Edmund and Alabam Davis, his stand-in, and John Bryant, another friend who had been splendid through it all, made the move themselves."

THIS NEW STAR with the strange up-and-down history is a genius at electronics; he has assembled his own high fidelity equipment and built one for the Tyrone Powers. He is probably the one person who could pick up Mario Lanza's sound track and complete a polished and inspired performance. His father is an authority on Shakespeare, and a well-known drama critic and author in England. Charles B. Purdom is now working on books about Bernard Shaw and Harley Granville Barker. His father objected to Edmund's acting ambitions because he believed his talent for electronics could give him a more substantial life. Edmund was born Edmund Anthony Cutlar Purdom and hung onto the first and last names in spite of our best efforts to call him Edmund York. He was born at Welwyn Garden City near London and raised in a Benedictine monastery where the rugged routine included ice cold showers even on winter mornings. He attributes much of his freedom from colds to this Spartan beginning. He earned his first money by delivering newspapers. At nineteen he went into the theatre. He was in England's Bedfordshire and Hartfordshire Regiments in World War II but was later transferred to the entertainment division. He is not yet thirty and has a long movie future before him. Metro has a long list of big productions lined up for him including *The Prodigal* and *Ben Hur* after *Athena*.

His wife Tita was born Anita Mary Esther Phillips. She's half English and half Swedish but was born in France. Her father, who died last year, was once a physician to the Sultan of Johore. She traveled extensively when he was in the English Colonial Service. She is a ballerina, having joined the Sadler's Wells Ballet during the war. She has done both legitimate stage work and cinema in Eng-

land and has played one part in Hollywood, a Cockney maid.

BEING BITTERLY poor is no fun anywhere. But in Hollywood where life is glossy and luxurious, where there are more long cars and swimming pools than people, where even the dogs have their own beauty parlors, it's cruel indeed. Edmund Purdom walked from one casting office to another until the soles were out of his shoes and often had a full meal only when some thoughtful person invited him and his wife home for dinner.

"When I think back on how we literally clawed our way into a desperate survival," he told me, "how we had to beg and borrow and go without—I wonder how we came through it. At the time we accepted it and made the best of it from day to day. Looking back, it seems as unreal as a nightmare and I hope it will fade from our minds as quickly as dreams do."

But the sour side of stardom has already reared its ugly head. Among the fan letters have been many roundly abusing him for daring to take over the Mario Lanza role.

After news of his increase in salary was printed, he had to have the gearshift of his English car repaired. He located the salesman, who told him the cost should come around \$100 or \$125 at the most and told him where to go. But the car came back with a \$530 bill. "Worst of all," he fumed in telling the story, "the thing worked only in one gear."

ITALKED WITH Millie Gusse, their good angel. She had been to an auction with Tita Purdom the night before and tells me she sees a great deal of them. She tried hard to sell Purdom to U-I. It's amazing how many studios missed the boat.

"You know the boy now, Hedda, and you know he would attract anybody who looked at him," she said. But when I told her that the Purdoms had enumerated all the things she had done for them, she tossed it off with: "All I want in exchange is the baby, Mrs. Doody, but they won't give her to me. When you meet her, you'll want her, too."

Tita fascinates everyone who meets her. "She was five months pregnant when I met her," Millie told me, "and she still hadn't been to a doctor. She has amazing courage and she asked me quite casually where the charity hospital was. I nearly fell down. You don't permit this. So I sent her to my brother-in-law who is an obstetrician and she was in good hands. He delivered the second daughter on July 9—nice, isn't it?" Millie Gusse thinks Tita is terrific as an actress. "She's a young Gracie Fields," was her summing up of Tita's performance in *Man In The Attic*, which she did between babies.

Tita Purdom has a professional career of her own if she wants it after the little family is all straightened out. While she was living with Liz Fielding she had her nose bobbed. Liz drove her back and forth to Long Beach during the ordeal. It was her husband's first present to Tita after he got his MGM contract.

Some of Edmund's friends think his temperament may get in the way of his progress. He's a nervous fellow; quick, highly intelligent, with strong likes and dislikes. He admits he is thoughtless. "I never remember birthdays or anniversaries, my own included. And I don't like imposing my birthdays on other people." Others hint at a tremendous ego. From what I have seen of his work I feel it's justified. Those who know them both say they have never seen so much courage in any two people. They faced the facts with no gripes, and that's what attracted so many people to them.

END



THOMPSON'S HIDEAWAY

Let others go to parties—

Carlos would rather stay home and write a good book!

■ Shades of the day when Peter the Hermit was more famous than the stars—Hollywood now has another man who is forsaking its glamorous streets. Carlos Thompson, MGM's famous import from Argentina, has moved out of Beverly Hills to a retreat in Topanga Canyon, two thirds of the way up a mountain. There, surrounded by his books in a rustic house, safe from prowlers because of the rattlesnakes outside, Carlos intends to live.

The blond, six-foot-two star of *Valley Of The Kings*, who first attracted attention in this country in *Flame And The Flesh*, simply became weary of having people continually dropping in on him in his Beverly Hills home. Carlos, despite his extreme popularity as an escort for eligible glamour girls, is not simply long on profile and short on brains. He writes books—cracking good ones. His first, a collection of short stories under the title *All Is God* has had a fabulous sale in South America. His second, a highly controversial novel under the title *The Other Cheek*, will shortly be published. So far none of his writings has been translated from the Spanish, but he's working on that in his hideaway.

In South America Carlos played heavy, sadistic roles and he's a little frightened at suddenly popping out in movies as a singer. "I'm afraid that when they see me in my home country the audiences will rise up and shout, 'Oh no, not that, Carlos!'"

He needn't worry. Even among hostesses, Carlos is second in popularity only to Gable. South of the border, it's no doubt the same.

who is the mysterious master mind?

(Continued from page 39) from the United States.

Rita's peace at Tahoe was purely physical. She and her two little girls swam in the lake and sunned themselves on the shore and stayed very much to themselves. But Rita was wracked by thoughts of persecution.

In her own mind, she is convinced that a powerful Hollywood motion picture executive is determined to ruin her life unless she gets rid of Dick Haymes. And this is one move she will not make, one threat she refuses to bow down to.

She is deeply in love with the Argentine-born crooner, may even be carrying his child at this very moment, and no matter how tough things are made for her, she is determined to sacrifice everything for love and family.

RITA HAS HAD rough sledding ever since she married Haymes in Las Vegas last summer. After the wedding, which was staged at the Sands Hotel under the supervision of press agent Al Freeman, Rita and Dick and her two little girls flew to Greenwich, Connecticut, where Rita had rented a fourteen-room house from a Mr. Joseph Kraeler.

Last summer when she was asked why she was leaving Hollywood, she said, "I think we'll be happier in the east. Things are less frantic there."

It didn't work out that way. For example, when Rita and Dick decided to leave Connecticut early this year and move into the Plaza Hotel in New York City, a deputy sheriff held most of their personal belongings, charging that they owed \$675 back rent and had inflicted \$4000 worth of damage on Kraeler's house. In order to obtain their belongings, the Haymeses had to post a \$5000 bond.

Once in New York, Rita and Dick were exhausted and decided that they could do with a little Florida vacation. So they put Rebecca and Yasmin under the care of Mrs. Dorothy Chambers, an old friend of the Haymes family. She is a wonderful woman who owns an antique shop in Westchester County.

While Rita and Dick were in Florida, a mysterious "someone" filed charges with the Westchester County Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children that Rita's two daughters were being shamefully neglected.

Rita has a pretty good idea who instigated the charges but she's keeping the identity of the culprit to herself.

You can imagine how Rita felt, however, when she picked up a newspaper one morning last spring and read that a Children's Court Judge had issued an order placing her two little girls in the protective custody of the Westchester sheriff.

If the person who had made the charges were really concerned about the welfare of the girls, he could have picked up the phone and made a collect call to Rita in Florida to say, "The woman in charge of your children is neglecting them shamefully."

Why didn't he do that instead of filing charges with the Children's Society? As Mrs. Chambers herself said at the time, "I wish to God I knew who started this. I'd slap him with a suit for defamation of character. It's beautiful and it's pathetic. Nobody who is really thinking of these children would do a thing like this."

Rita, of course, raced home from Florida while newspapers everywhere carried sensational charges: **RITA HAYWORTH ACCUSED OF CHILD NEGLECT. RITA FACES NEGLECT CHARGES.**

It was ironic. Rita has looked after those two children from the days of their

births while their two fathers, Orson Welles and Aly Khan, have been cavorting all over Europe with beautiful women. They contribute practically nothing to the support of their children, although every now and then one reads that Aly is about to settle a million on Yasmin. One is prompted to ask, "A million what?" Thus far, he has only promised to pay \$3,000 a year for her support, and Rita has yet to see the \$3,000.

When Rita turned up at the Children's Court in White Plains, New York, on April 26, Judge George W. Smyth absolved her of neglecting her daughters. She was told she could keep custody of Rebecca and Yasmin, but at the same time she was cautioned to keep Rebecca in school.

There was a closed hearing for two hours after which the judge disclosed that he had been in contact with Prince Aly Khan and actor Orson Welles and that they both had characterized Rita as "a loving mother."

The judge intimated that the neglect charges had been filed because Rebecca was out of school while her mother was away. Just who was keeping such close

debbie reynolds

is in the headlines again

and on modern screen's

november cover, too!

at your newsstand

october 7

track of Rita and her children no one is saying. Certainly, Rebecca's education hasn't been neglected. She is a bright child.

BEFORE RITA had got over the heartache connected with the rearing of her daughters she was faced with the prospect of losing her husband.

As practically everyone knows, the U.S. Immigration Department began proceedings last year to deport Dick Haymes. By claiming to be a citizen of a neutral nation, Argentina, Haymes had managed to remain draft-free during World War II. Because of this he was not allowed to leave the United States. Last winter, however, he flew to Hawaii to visit Rita while she was making a picture there.

Upon returning to California he was told that he was liable for deportation to Argentina because he had left the country. Haymes swears that before he left the country he asked the Immigration officials if there was any law against his taking the trip.

Richard Cody, a former Immigration employee, has sworn in a closed hearing that he was ordered not to tell Haymes anything, that, in fact, "an entrapment" was set for the singer.

Haymes' lawyer, David Marcus, is convinced that, "someone has been trying to make Haymes the scapegoat. Just who wants him out of the country, I don't know. I've heard it said that if Haymes gets shipped, Hayworth will be more tractable. I don't think so. If Haymes is deported, I'm sure Mrs. Haymes will follow."

"But at this point it doesn't look as if Dick will be deported so easily. His warrant of deportation has been canceled and the Immigration Department's Board of Appeals has been scrupulously fair."

IT IS SIGNIFICANT that while Haymes' hearing was in progress, Rita's studio gave out the assertion that in no way was it interested in the outcome. This is meaningful because it has been suggested in many quarters that it is Rita's studio that lies behind all her heartache and trouble.

Rita has her own film producing company, Beckworth Productions. Only recently her company filed suit against Columbia Pictures asking for an accounting of \$13,000,000 worth of film product.

One well-known Hollywood observer says, "It's really very simple. Some of the big shots think that Dick inspired the suit against Columbia. They think that if they can get rid of Dick, Hayworth will be very easy to handle. They think Haymes is 'the heavy' in the case."

Columbia Pictures describes this and similar allegations as "ridiculous." Rita is under suspension for refusing to make pictures at Columbia, and as soon as she returns, expressing her willingness to work, she goes back on the payroll at approximately \$5,000 a week.

It is no secret that Rita wants to get out of her Columbia contract. She will do anything to sever her association with that particular studio. She will give up her lawsuit, her claims to any money due her, her residual interests in films, everything. She just does not want to make another picture for Columbia.

As a result of this adamant attitude, she is dead broke and living on borrowed money.

Haymes, of course, has no money, and is being sued for non-support by two of his former wives, Joanne Dru and Nora Edington.

So, all things considered, it's really pitiful. These two people have devoted the best, most fruitful years of their lives to show business.

The woman, Rita Hayworth, is broke, harried, condemned, subjected to the most unfair attacks, private and public, ever directed at any famous figure.

The man, Dick Haymes, is broke, too, threatened with jail and deportation.

IN THE WHOLE WORLD these two have only each other to count on for support and encouragement. They are both convinced that eventually they will fight their way through the darkness that threatens now to engulf them. And the beacon of light that will see them through is their potent and continuing love.

"It is very easy to love and be happy," Rita once said, "when you have your health, when your career is going well and things are good at home. When the bottom drops out, it's much more difficult."

The bottom of pretty nearly everything has dropped out for Rita and Dick. But they still have their love. And with that for a foundation, there are no heights to which they cannot ascend.

Certainly after all these months of persecution, anguish, and heartache, they deserve one good break. It is hard to see who could be served by deporting Haymes and thereby driving Rita and her children from their country.

modern screen fashions



Engstead

New and exciting shoe style for fall! Jeanne Crain, Fox star now in Warner Bros. *Duel In The Jungle*, accents her wool costume with smartly styled flats of cork tan glove leather, a Connie Shoe Creation. See this flat style and other new fall Connie styles in detail on page 76. Costume ensemble by McArthur.



Glenn Embree

Cyd Charisse gives stocking hints—choose evening and day shades to complement your skin tone—choose the right stocking style for each shoe style! Cyd enhances her olive skin with Cameo's *Rose Beige* for evening, *Rose Mauve* for day. All about Bur-Mil Cameo stockings on page 77. Ceil Chapman gown. The jewels are by Volupté.



FASHION RIGHT-

John Engstead



Jeanne Crain, Chairwoman of the MODERN SCREEN Hollywood Fashion Board, looks over award-winning Connie Shoe Creations. She holds the style she wears on page 75—wears another winning style here. Details of shoes at the right. Two-piece dress by McArthur. Other Board Members at the MODERN SCREEN Connie Shoe Creations party included: Polly Bergen, Terry Moore, Jeff Hunter, Sheree North, Debra Paget, Cameron Mitchell, Peggy Ann Garner, Roberta Linn and John Raven.



Leather flat. Cork tan, multi-tan trim or black, multicolor trim. About \$5.95.



Leather crepe sole wedge, contrast trim. Tan, black or cream. About \$6.95.



Classic d'Orsay pump, gunmetal strip trim. Black or blue suede. About \$7.95.



Open-toe, sling back suede pump, nail-head trim. Black or brown. About \$6.95.

CONNIE SHOE CREATIONS
CAN BE PURCHASED
IN PERSON OR BY MAIL
FROM STORES LISTED
ON PAGE 84.

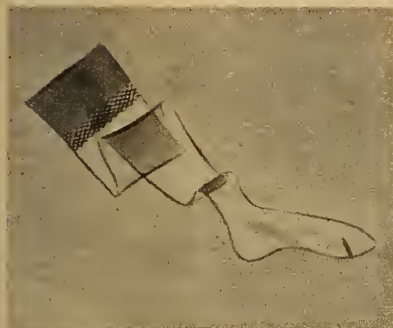


Roberta Linn and John Raven, two of the MODERN SCREEN Board Members at the fashion party who chose Connie Shoe Creations.

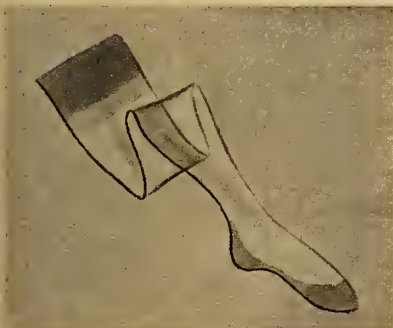


Board Member Peggy Ann Garner makes her choice of shoe styles that go around the clock—flats for casual wear, sling pumps for dress.

STAR BRIGHT



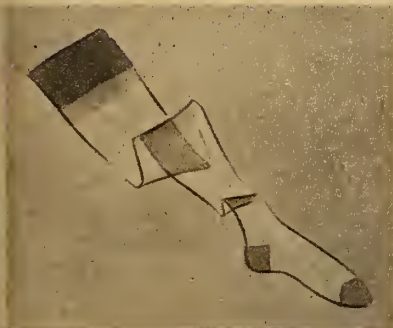
For sandals: Complete nude-foot seamless. \$1.65. Worn by Cyd Charisse on page 75.



For pumps: Ultra twist 66 gauge, 12 denier. Full-fashioned, self seam. \$1.65.



For Cuban styles: 60 gauge, 15 denier, black outline heel and seam. \$1.50.



For flats: Famous Burmilace—60 gauge, 15 denier, shadow heel and toe. \$1.65.

Ann Miller wears Bur-Mil Cameo's newest complexion stocking shades to flatter her *pink* skin—*Peachbloom* for evening, *Crackerjack* for daytime. Bur-Mil Cameo makes daytime and evening stocking shades to complement the five key complexion tones—*olive*, *ivory*, *pink*, *medium* and *radiant*—in a complete range of stocking styles. Ann wears sheer full-fashioned stockings; Cyd chooses complete nude-foot seamless, page 75. Both stars are in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures. Ann's next picture is *Hit The Deck*; Cyd's, *Brigadoon*.

BUR-MIL CAMEO
STOCKINGS ARE AVAIL-
ABLE AT LEADING
DEPARTMENT AND
SPECIALTY STORES.



John Engstead



modern screen fashions

■ A new fashion star is born! The Playtex *Living Bra!* Peggy Castle, next to be seen in United Artists' *The White Orchid*, was Chairwoman of the MODERN SCREEN Hollywood Fashion Board that approved this wonderful new item. Minus wiring, boning or stiffening, the Playtex *Living Bra* (worn by model below) lifts, controls and separates; gives you a flattering uplift, comfort and ease. The bra cups are a combination of nylon taffeta with nylon marquisette, the low-cut back, bias-cut sides and V-plunge neckline are batiste elastic. Will not wrinkle, creep or ride up. 32A to 40C. White only. About \$4. This award-winning bra by Playtex at leading department and specialty stores. Other MODERN SCREEN Board Members included Polly Bergen, star of TV's *Hit Parade*, Rita Moreno, now in 20th's *Untamed* and Renie, 20th clothes designer for *Untamed*. Golden metal compact by American Beauty.



United Artists



talking about kelly

(Continued from page 46) popular with men and so much in demand by the industry?

When she came out to Hollywood four years ago to test for a role in *Taxi*, she was turned down for the lead. One cameraman says, "Because on film she just didn't come across. She generated absolutely nothing—no sex, no vitality, just a kind of subdued prettiness."

A few months later when Grace was signed for a small part in *Fourteen Hours*, she again made little or no impression. Of the millions of people who saw the film, hardly anyone can remember Grace in it.

FROM THIS standing start, how did Grace Kelly suddenly burgeon into "the hottest young actress in the business?" How, for instance, did she outdistance all the acting ladies in Hollywood who were plotting for the role opposite Bing Crosby in *The Country Girl*?

The old acquaintance who believes that it's Grace's ambition that moves her along tells how it was done.

"Grace told her agent that she wanted the role very badly. Then she called the producer, Bill Perlberg. She told him the same thing. Perlberg hedged. Grace had done a wonderful job for him in *The Bridges At Toko-Ri*, but Bill knew that MGM wanted Grace back for *Green Fire* with Stewart Granger. And he knew something else. He knew that Bing Crosby wasn't particularly anxious to have Grace as his leading lady. So Bill stalled for a while, diplomatically, of course. He was convinced Metro wouldn't let Grace remain at Paramount for a second picture.

"But Bill didn't reckon with Kelly's ambition. She pressed for the part, day after day. When Metro finally told her a loanout was impossible, Grace led with her trump.

"If I can't play the roles I want," she said, "there is no point in my being in this business. I'll pack up and go home."

"Grace has a big advantage. She doesn't need money. Her father is rich. Metro knew that of course, and in Hollywood as in Wall Street, people who have money are not kicked around—not very much, anyway. So Metro gave in and Grace was cleared for *The Country Girl*."

Bing says now that he never did object to Grace's joining the cast of the picture. And apparently he didn't. Of course Bing was aware of Grace's alleged affinity for leading men—as in the case of Ray Milland.

No sooner had *Dial M For Murder* started when stories that Milland was leaving his wife and hoped to marry Grace began to circulate.

At that time Bing was being mentioned in connection with both Mona Freeman and Margot James and he didn't want any more publicity like that. When *The Country Girl* began, Bing and Grace were polite to each other.

Bing has never been a man to offer his friendship freely, and Grace sensed that. She has an unerring facility for judging men. At the start of the production the Kelly-Crosby relationship was purely professional. Gradually it thawed and grew into a personal relationship. Bing and Grace have a great deal in common. They are both of Irish descent, both Catholic, both hard-working and both emotionally restrained.

Before the picture was finished, Bing was dating Grace quite frequently. Once, Bing took her dancing at the Mocambo, where the photographers gathered around and shot him without his hairpiece, an indelicacy which always arouses the Crosby ire.

MITZI GAYNOR

starring in

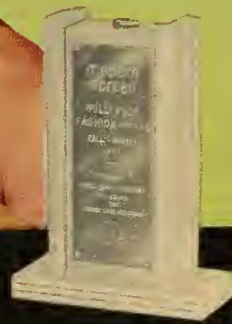
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SOME OF Grace's rivals would have you believe that she appeals to men like Crosby, Gable, Milland and Cooper "because they are well on in years and are always searching for a leading lady who won't make them look too old." They say that Grace's outstanding professional virtue is the maturity of her appearance.

Last year when Clark Gable was in London, he was, as usual, reluctant to say anything. Asked about Grace, he answered, "She is a very sweet and refined young lady with lots of inner warmth and talent."

Was it true that while they were making *Mogambo* in Africa, they fell in love? "Ridiculous," Gable said. "We went hunting together a couple of times. That's about all."

A British newspaperman who had accompanied the *Mogambo* troupe all through Kenya, was a bit more expansive.

"Very quickly," he reported, "Grace Kelly became the darling of the outfit. John Ford, the director, took a liking to her right away. He gave her one of his favorite caps and began calling her Kelly."

"The general feeling among members of the cast was that Kelly was one regular girl, normal and easy to get on with."

"I don't know whether she fell for Gable first or vice versa but they certainly struck up a close friendship. When they returned to London, they took up where they left off in Nairobi."

"I saw them dining together several times and I later ran into them at the New Theatre and Her Majesty's Theatre. In fact, I believe they were sort of mobbed when they tried to see *Paint Your Wagon*."

"Once when I rang up Kelly, I asked her if she were engaged to Gable."

"Don't be foolish," she said. "Mr. Gable is a very dear friend and a very kind man who was very considerate on location. Yes, I've gone out with him a few times. But it's nothing serious."

The friendship may not have been serious then. But somehow Grace's mother, Mrs. Margaret Major Kelly, got wind of it in Philadelphia. The next thing anyone knew, Mrs. Kelly was in London living with Grace in the Savoy Hotel and Gable was staying over at the Connaught. Al Menasco, his old pal from California was on his way to join Clark for a tour of the continent.

When Mrs. Kelly took her beautiful young daughter back to the States, Gable and Mr. and Mrs. Menasco went on to Paris. It was there that Gable met Schiaparelli model Suzanne Dadolle d'Abadie.

Suzanne joined the wanderers and soon rumors began to drift back to Hollywood that in this statuesque French beauty, Gable had found his fifth wife.

How these rumors affected Grace Kelly nobody knows. Nobody but Grace, that is, and she is not one to talk about her personal life. She's a sensible girl, and perhaps she realized that there was no point in pining for a man who was thousands of miles across the Atlantic, apparently having a great time with a French model on the sands of Capri.

GRACE THREW HERSELF into her television work in New York, starring in one playlet after another until the day Jay Kanter, her agent at MCA, called her to ask, "How would you like to go to Hollywood and play opposite Ray Milland in *Dial M For Murder*?"

Grace had seen the play on Broadway and she was enthusiastic—in her own quiet way. Little did she know that she was destined to be attracted to Reginald Truscott-Jones, formerly of His Majesty's Household Guard. Mr. Truscott-Jones acts under the name of Ray Milland.

Grace's friends say, "She never would have fallen for Milland if she hadn't been

under the impression that he was separated from his wife. She has far too much self-control for that. She is an idealistic girl, and she would sooner cut off her arm than break up any going marriage."

Anyway, Milland was extremely taken with Grace during the filming of *Dial M For Murder*, and it was no secret on the Warner lot that he planned to divorce his beautiful wife Mal and marry Grace Kelly.

Naturally enough, Milland, now reconciled with his wife, refuses to discuss the affair. For her part, Grace airily acts as if it never even happened. The approximate truth is that once she learned that Ray had not been separated from his wife when they met—that is, that their friendship had begun under false pretenses—Grace called the whole thing off.

As in the Gable problem, Grace's mother came to her daughter's side in the problem of Ray Milland. It was said that henceforth Mrs. Margaret Kelly would act as Grace's chaperone in Hollywood.

Of course Grace Kelly needs no chaperone. She is self-reliant, blessed with integrity and righteousness, and would never do anything embarrassing to herself or to her family. Her best chaperone will always be her own conscience and her parents know that.

Once the Milland rumors blew clear, Mrs. Kelly went back to Philadelphia, and Grace took off for South America to star in *Green Fire*.

When she returned she began to see Clark Gable again, but the time she had for social life was limited. She had to leave for Cannes and *Catch A Thief*.

GRACE KELLY is near-sighted and wears glasses, is blessed with natural beauty and unerring understanding of men.

From whom she got this understanding it is difficult to say. Some believe it came from her father, a rugged athlete who started a bricklaying business in Philadelphia with \$7,000 borrowed from two wealthy brothers. That bricklaying business is now an eighteen-million-dollar contracting outfit.

Others say Grace learned how to handle men by handling her brother John, a world champion oarsman. But a girl who attended the Stevens School with Grace and knows her background well, says, "She learned about men from a boy in Philadelphia named Harper Davis. She was very much in love with him and eventually they might have been married. But he died last year."

Someone else insists that Kelly, before movie fame, used to go fairly steady with Gene Lyons, an excellent stage and tv actor. Supposedly Lyons was smitten by her born-to-the-purple manner.

Grace's technique apparently consists of being natural, quiet, and attentive.

Bill Holden said, "I've never known her to take advantage of being a woman. In *Toko-Ri* she was always on time, always knew her lines, always contributed a good deal to the scene." And Grace has a wonderful way of contributing without being pushing. She talks in modulated tones and makes it a point never to hurt anyone.

GRACE HAS MADE her own living, more or less, since she was seventeen or eighteen. Her family wanted her to go to Bennington College in Vermont but scholastically she couldn't make the grade. Then she decided to study acting.

In 1947 she went to New York, enrolled in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, and found work as a model. Since she is extremely photogenic, she soon became a very popular photographers' model. She appeared on magazine covers and gradually she worked her way into tv where casting directors said she looked like "the typical young British bride."

One night a talent scout from 20th Century-Fox saw Grace on his tv set and suggested that the studio test her for a bit in *14 Hours* since much of it was being shot on location in New York.

Grace got the part, but Fox didn't find her sufficiently promising for a term contract. Her appetite for fame had been whetted, though.

She worked hard. She played Bucks County in Pennsylvania, then Ellitch Gardens in Denver, then back to tv in New York, always learning, always listening, always studying and waiting for that one all-important wedge in the door of fortune.

It wasn't long in coming.

In 1951 Stanley Kramer had signed Gary Cooper for *High Noon* and needed "a young leading lady at not too much dough." MCA sent over some film on Kelly and Kramer ran it off. He liked what he saw. So did Cooper.

Grace was signed for the role of Cooper's wife. *High Noon* turned out to be the best western of the year, winning an Oscar for Coop and critical acclaim for Kelly.

MGM then offered Grace a contract, the salary starting at \$750 a week, an opportunity to play opposite Gable in *Mogambo* and plenty of time for stage work. Grace affixed her signature to the contract. And she was off to the races.

So much of Hollywood beauty is belt-line processed that Grace's natural good looks immediately registered with the critics—and with her leading men. They began to describe her as "one of the few ladies in the picture business—reserved, refined and restrained."

She is smart enough not to compete with her escort. When she's with Gable she gives him the impression that she is honored to share his company. With Crosby she makes Bing feel like a gay, young, dancing blade. She dresses simply and conservatively and makes her escort feel that she will be very much at home no matter where he takes her.

Gable says he was afraid to take her hunting with him in Africa but that she acquitted herself nobly. "Never griped a single time."

BECAUSE GRACE KELLY is genuinely reserved, she does not make a particularly rewarding interview. She answers questions briefly, competently and respectfully, but she rarely offers an elaborating anecdote.

One newsman said, "She gave me the feeling that I was being presented at Buckingham Palace."

Grace has adopted a quasi-British accent or as Cary Grant explained, "She speaks English in a very special way as if she belonged to both America and Great Britain."

Despite her sensational success, Grace never has gone Hollywood. On the west coast she sublets reasonable apartments and in New York has kept her small apartment on East 66th Street.

Ask her how she feels about things and her blue eyes light up and she says modestly, "I've been very lucky and I know it. Once in a while that happens to someone in Hollywood and it's happened to me. I'm hot at the moment. But how long it will last I don't know."

Grace, incidentally, had good luck at the gaming tables in Monte Carlo before *Catch A Thief* got started.

"I went with Betsy Drake and Jessie Royce Landis," she told a friend, "and they had the most complicated gambling systems. All I did was put my money on number six. And I won."

Grace insists upon describing herself as "just lucky." Certainly she's been lucky in birth, background, beauty, career, and lately, in gambling. One wonders if she will be as lucky in love. END

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modern screen fashions

■ Here is a new girdle called *Magic Gold* that we'll may have dropped right out of heaven. Its styling promises slim, easy and flattering lines, its price a boon to your budget. No wonder this Perma.lift *Magic Gold* girdle by A. Stein won the MODERN SCREEN Fashion Star medal. Nylon power net with scalloped satin *lastex* front panel. Black or white with gold threads. About \$5.95. The Perma.lift bra that features the famous *Magic Insets* is also by A. Stein. It is made of cotton broadcloth with embroidered nylon trim. White with gold only. About \$2.50. Both in Junior sizes. Perma.lift *Magic Gold* girdle and bra are at your favorite stores.

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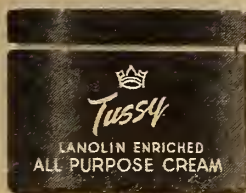
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At bedtime, use it freely to soften skin through the night. It costs only \$1.



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Noreen
COLOR
HAIR
RINSE

abra-ca-debra

(Continued from page 51) found this house.

Obviously, they were all too overcome by the sheer size of the three-story mansion to notice that it was terribly run down. Wisely, Debra kept her thoughts to herself. She climbed out of her Cadillac convertible and followed the rest of them as they filed up the flight of stone steps leading to the main entrance. Bill Barry turned the key in the lock and ushered them into the vast emptiness.

There was no electricity in the house so Bill and Debra's dad had to carry flashlights. As they moved from the livingroom to the solarium, from the diningroom to the Chinese room, the two men played their beams of light into the farthest dark corners. Their footsteps echoed loudly on the bare floors and there was dust everywhere. Debby shivered.

It took Bill Barry over an hour to show the Griffins (Debby's real family name is Griffin) the complete house from the basement to the top floor. He didn't omit one of the twenty-five rooms or seven baths. He pointed out how the various bedroom suites included their own small kitchenettes so that they could function as separate apartments in case anyone wanted to live independently of the family and yet under the same roof.

He showed them three different playrooms with outside entrances so that a gang in one room needn't disturb a party in another. He demonstrated the hotel-size stove and refrigerator which are permanent equipment in the kitchen. He flashed his light along the walls of built-in closets and the marble-lined bath with the steam cabinet. He even included a side trip to the small guest cottage beside the three-car garage. Then he led his visitors around the outskirts of the property so they might see how completely private the pool and gardens were.

When the inspection trip was completed, a kind of contagious excitement spread through the Griffin group. "Can we afford such a big place? What did you think of that rustic gameroom? Where will we ever get enough furniture to fill twenty-five rooms? Won't the pool be heavenly?"

Only Debra and her mother were completely quiet. Debra was trying to fathom Bill Barry's reason for bringing them to this creepy place. And Mother Maggie was silently figuring and weighing the alternatives before making up her mind.

Finally, Mrs. Griffin declared herself. "We can either go forward or slide back," she said, voicing one of her pet beliefs, "but we can't stand still. I think we should take it. What do you say, Frank? Teala? Debby?"

"I think we should talk to the others," Debby's father suggested.

AND so, like every other big decision that faces this unusual show-business family, the question of moving to Beverly Hills was debated around the diningroom table late that night. It's the custom among the Griffin clan to give everyone a voice in family affairs. And there are nine strong voices in Debra Paget's family.

First, of course, come her parents. Next come Teala and her husband, Gene Bennett, who live at this same address along with their two little girls, Kim and Jeneene. Between Teala and Debra comes Frank, Jr. Frank is an actor under contract to RKO. Debra follows Teala in age. Eighteen months younger than Debby is Leslie, or Lisa Gaye, as she is called professionally. And last of all is their precocious little sister, six-year-old Marcia.

With so many different theatrical personalities under one roof, you'd expect

nothing but jealousy and continual friction, but there is none. With an admirable spirit of cooperation, the Griffin family manages to live together in harmony. Mother Maggie explains this by saying that "my kids are all too busy to fight."

But there is more to this remarkable family spirit than just keeping busy. The Griffins happen to like each other. The girls are good friends. All the grown-ups pamper and love the children. And everyone admires and adores Mama.

In addition, the family has evolved a workable system of living. Each capable member contributes to the family fund, and everyone has a say in how the money gets spent. All share in the housework. Over the years, they've found that by pooling their incomes and energy they can live better together than apart.

The move into the big house in Beverly Hills is a wonderful example of the "Griffin System" in operation.

"The night after we saw the house on Crescent Drive," Debra recalls, "we sat up until two in the morning arguing. At first, I was completely against our taking such an old house. It seemed to be a hopeless wreck, but Mama soon set me straight. She said that all it needed was a thorough cleaning indoors and out. Dad agreed."

"Then she outlined some of her ideas about how we'd furnish the place. She

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Pages 75, 76

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said she'd like to put white cotton carpets all over the house to lighten the rooms and to mix a lot of big comfortable modern chairs with some Chinese chests. It sounded pretty wonderful.

"In the end we all decided that the house had everything we'd always wanted—a home with plenty of rooms and a pool. We were willing to work to pay for it."

Two nights later, Mr. and Mrs. Griffin signed the lease for their new Beverly Hills home, a three-year rental with option to buy. With that the work began.

IT HAPPENED TO US



While we were in high school a friend and I attended the opening of a new theatre in New Orleans. After the performance we went backstage for the autograph of the guest star, Dan Duryea. He signed the white cards we presented and then drew mine back to see what it was—and laughed. Because he had signed the only papers we had available: our report cards! Mrs. Cleo Crawley Gulfport, Miss.

According to Maggie, "We really should have taken before-and-after pictures. Without photographs people can't begin to appreciate what a wonderful transformation the decorating firm of Mann & Field wrought on that out-of-date house."

The first stage was the clean-up. Mr. Griffin and Gene Bennett worked on the yard, while Debra and her mother tackled the house. "To give you a small idea how wild the grounds were," Debra's dad explains, "Gene and I worked around outside for a week and we didn't know we had a huge outdoor barbecue and grill hidden under some ivy."

The changes were almost as surprising inside. Right from the beginning Maggie worked with Bob Gilbert, Mann & Field's head decorator. She ordered over 300 yards of white carpeting through them. She chose her big comfortable couches and chairs in their showrooms. Bob Gilbert helped plan the seating arrangement in the livingroom. He also suggested that she move the old diningroom furniture into the breakfast room for everyday use. Then he sold her a very striking new diningroom set for parties and company dinners.

AS SOON AS the utilities were turned on and the house was reasonably clean the Griffins moved in with their entire menagerie. They own two parrots and a macaw who were quickly installed in a sunny room on the third floor. The dogs, Gypsy and Honey, were let free in the big back yard. Cuddles, the baby monkey, got a stylish new black wrought iron cage and now he's allowed to stay in the front hall. The five cats were allowed to roam at will. And all the pet goldfish were unceremoniously dumped into the lily pond.

The human members of the family had a much tougher time deciding which set of rooms they'd occupy. After much indecision, Debra finally chose a big corner room with a fireplace and a lovely little balcony. "It's heavenly," she claims, "especially early in the morning and at dusk. I can lie on my bed and listen to the birds and watch the squirrels. You'd think we were living in the country instead of on a busy block in Beverly Hills."



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ANNOUNCING THE ARRIVAL

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she is going to have a baby.
As you can see for yourself,
there was simply nothing to it!*



"Hon," I said, "I have something to tell you."



"I'm pregnant! . . . Charlton . . . don't choke!"



"I saw the doctor today. He says I'm fine."



"I won't need a hospital bag for months!"



S6 "But I don't want to go to bed. I feel great."



"And don't boby me . . . well, if you insist . . ."

Most of Debby's white satin and rose velvet furnishings came from the Griffins' old Hollywood Boulevard house, but Mrs. Griffin did have some adorable cupid lamps made especially for the new room. Leslie chose the sleeping porch overlooking the pool for her private world. The furniture in this room has a Cordovan finish and is as tailored as Debby's is feminine. Leslie has twin beds because she loves to have girl friends like Lori Nelson and Julia Adams spend the night.

Teala and her husband have a separate apartment with rooms for their tow-headed little daughters. And for the first time in his married life, Frank Griffin has a den of his own where he can go off by himself, read the paper, and take a midday snooze. He also has a new desk for which he can thank little Marcia.

On about the 428th trip to the Mann & Field headquarters, Marcia and Debby were waiting while their mother looked at curtain material for the solarium. Debby was engrossed in her favorite pastime of clipping recipes from magazines. Suddenly little Marcia suggested, "Let's buy Daddy a desk. He needs one terribly. He has to keep all his papers in boxes."

Debra threw her arms around her baby sister. "Angel, what a divine idea!" she agreed. And so Debra bought one.

THE WHOLE FAMILY received a wonderful surprise from an old friend and artist, Arne Nybak. Arne's specialty is commercial murals and stage sets. His commissions keep him busy all over the country. When he dropped by the Griffins' place one Sunday to see the new house, he was so struck by its dramatic quality that he promised to give the family a special housewarming gift.

"Why not a sample of your work?" Debby asked. She never dreamed he'd take her seriously.

A few days later Arne arrived at the door with his paints and brushes. He tied an apron around his business suit and went to work. For three days he painted a wonderful three-dimensional mermaid mural in the front hall.

"It's the first thing people see when they come to visit us," Debby says, "and it really takes their breath away. Honestly, the jeweled mermaids kind of set the tone for this whole story-book house."

Debra and her family have been living in their new home a little more than three months. By now, they're used to the luxury of private rooms and adjoining sun decks and five telephones. They've got the housework down to a science. This is one movie star's family that doesn't have a servant problem. It has no servants.

Each girl looks after her own clothes and cleans her own room. Maggie and Teala share the cooking but Debby likes to do some of the baking. All the children help with the dishes and bed-making. Then race outside and sit by the pool.

"If people used to criticize me for not dating and always sticking close to home," Debby says, "they're really going to blast me now. I plan my whole day just so that I can spend the best sun hours swimming. I even had my hair cut to make it easier to manage when it gets wet. I really love this beautiful place. Honestly, it takes a pretty sensational date to lure me away."

To be sure, a lot of the younger movie crowd gather at the Griffins' place. And you never can tell when one of them may prove to be the man in Debra Paget's life. But this much is certain. If a man does win Debby's heart, he'll have to marry her fabulous family, too. This is one clan that believes in sticking together. **END**

(Debra Paget can be seen in 20th Century-Fox's *Gambler From Natchez*.)

24 hours with tony

(Continued from page 68) repast, but Bert accepted the fruit juice and coffee Tony handed him on the wing, along with the explanation, "We'll grab something at the commissary." Then Tony gave Janet a quick, hard kiss and said, "Bye, sweetie. Don't work too hard. I love you," and was gone. Tony had begun to run.

Bert opened his mouth to utter a few nice words of his own, but outside a car horn blared, warning him that if he didn't want to get lost before his day with Tony Curtis started, he'd better make tracks. "Goodbye, Janet. Thanks," he said hastily—and sleepily.

Tony pointed the nose of his Cadillac convertible toward the Cahuenga Freeway and the studio like a racer on the last lap at Indianapolis. He was humming a cheerful little scrap of song. "Didja know I'm gonna be a crooner? No kidding, I signed a contract with Decca. Will Cowan, the producer, is helping me out with the arrangements and stuff, because I don't know from nuttin'. Remind me, I've gotta find some time to talk to him today. What a sweetheart of a guy!" New projects—those make Tony run.

"Yes sir, the next voice you hear will be that of Anthony Curtis, boy balladeer. Cochise did it—and what has he got that I haven't, except a great talent?" Tony was speaking of his buddy, Jeff Chandler, who recently commenced to bend the public ear with gratifying results.

HE SWUNG IN at the gates of U-I and beamed broadly at the guard. "So, what's new this morning?"

"Seen the papers yet?"

"No. Why?"

"Brooklyn beat us last night."

Tony's grin vanished. "Them bums!" he said bitterly. "They ought to be flattered to carry the Giants' gloves."

"I like the Dodgers," Bert Parry said mildly.

Tony wheeled and stared at him. "Who's this layout for? MODERN SCREEN? Remind me, never, never to do another layout for MODERN SCREEN. Nowhere in my contract does it say I've got to consort with Brooklyn rooters. Let 'em suspend me—I'll sue." He parked the car, hopped out and departed in a cloud of dust, yelling over his shoulder, "Meet me in the commissary in ten minutes, Bert. We'll have breakfast!"

Off on some errand of his own, Tony ran all the way. On his way back he met a close friend, Nicky Blair, and invited him to breakfast. "How'd Willy Mays do last night?" he asked.

"He got another homer," Nick answered, and Tony was happy again.

In the commissary he chucked his favorite waitress under the chin. "Good morning, El-ee-nor! How's my sweetheart today?" She likes it, she likes it, and she wishes he didn't always have to eat in such a hurry. It's bad for his stomach.

He does have to hurry, though, because he has only a few minutes to get over to wardrobe and into his costume before he's due on the *Five Bridges To Cross* set. Tony always has only a few minutes' grace.

On this particular set he was met by make-up man Frank Westmore, who refused to be baited into a discussion of baseball. "We're running late," he squelched. "Hold your head still."

By nine o'clock the cameras were rolling. Sporadically they rolled, but the set constantly seethed with activity in preparation for them. The stage was finally set. Director Joseph Pevney had rehearsed the scene to his satisfaction, an assistant director shouted out the warning, "Quiet,

please, everyone," a bell clamored, and they were in business. With luck, the second or third take was good; if not, they would do the scene another dozen or so times before they heard the welcome words, "Print it!"

TONY RETIRED to his dressingroom to go over his next lines. His door is never closed, so he had little time to relax alone, listening to the new Frank Sinatra album. "Absolutely the greatest thing he's ever done!" he said to Jeff Chandler, who had ambled over to the set.

"Yeah, and you're not going to give him much competition," needled the big guy.

"I know it," Tony admitted.

Co-star Julia Adams appeared to ask about his mother, who was in the hospital after surgery. Tony hadn't had time to call yet, so he did it that minute. "She had a good night," he reported cheerfully to Julia, then said into the phone, "Give Momma all my love, and tell her I'll see her later."

George Nader, getting his first big break in the picture, loomed in the doorway to report that Sherman Clark, still photographer on the picture, wanted them on the set for some candid. Tony rose immediately and went out with him. "C'mon, you bum, smile pretty for the man," he ribbed the more serious young actor.

"Can't," George answered with marked gravity. "You get wrinkles that way. I never smile unless the script calls for it."

Another scene and another before the company broke for lunch. Tony walked over to the studio with Julia Adams, holding hands; en route he was heard to say, "Jeez, you're cute enough to be mascot to the Giants. I'm gonna speak to Leo about you."

At lunch he sat with Joe Pevney and his producer, Aaron Rosenberg. There was very little horsing around; the three men

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conversed quietly as they ate, and their faces were uniformly sober. Trouble with the picture? Not at all. They were discussing the won-and-lost record of a Giant pitcher named Antonelli and wondering if he could keep up the pace. Big business.

TONY WAS BACK on the set in an hour. He is anything but flippant about his career, and he's a bear for punishment. For instance, he's always two weeks ahead of the shooting schedule in memorizing his lines. It's the intense way young Mr. Curtis is built. This character he's playing—he has to have time to pull it apart, examine all the facets of its personality and put it back together as an understood integer. What makes Tony run? His career, maybe.

He was dead serious, talking on the set. "There are times," he said, "in every guy's life when he has a choice of two roads to take, and if he knows what kind of person he is, he always knows which is the right road for him. Me, I spread myself in six directions at once, and you know what that is? Wasting energy, throwing it away.

"Like I said, I just want to understand one guy—me. I don't want to overreach myself, which is easy to do in a business where there are always people around to tell you how good you are. But I don't want to waste anything I've got, either, I want to know." What makes Tony run? Tony?

Then he dropped the subject to demonstrate a purely personal talent for entertaining. Children, that is. There are three little ones in *Five Bridges To Cross*; they're great favorites of Tony's and they know it. Between scenes that afternoon he performed simple feats of magic until the two boys, Ronnie Anton and Larry Turner, were bug-eyed. Then he captured one of them.

"Tell me, young man," he asked, "what are you going to be when you grow up?"

Ask a silly question and get a silly answer. "An actor, of course," replied the Tony Curtis of 1974.

This year's idol frowned fiercely at his young colleague. "That is merely secondary, my friend," he corrected. "What you grow up to be first is a Giant rooster. Shall we live it up a little and have a coke?"

Nearby stood tiny Kathleen Hooper, at whose diminutive feet Tony's heart lay. When his wooing of her brought no response, he turned his attention to her rag

doll; he crooned to it tenderly, rocked it, performed ridiculous aerial antics with it until Kathleen's solemn little face broke up in delighted chortles. She was won, and until Tony was called for the final scene of the day, she nestled contentedly in his arms.

SHOOTING OVER, Tony and Nicky Blair loped over to the projection room to look at the day's rushes. At a more sedate pace followed a photographer named Bert Parry, who was beginning to feel the effects of Tony's day. Tony was still in a hurry, though, because one of the things that makes him run fastest is his wife. He has caught up with her careerwise, and that evening he had to catch up with her and a date to look at a house.

The rushes looked fine, they emerged from the projection room, blinking in the afternoon sun, and were trapped by Bob Palmer of the casting department. "Tony," he said, "you've got to come in Wednesday."

Tony looked outraged. "You promised I could have next week off!"

"Can't help it," Bob insisted. "We've got to have you next Wednesday."

"All I ask," murmured the martyred Mr. Curtis, rolling his baby blues heavenward, "is one week off. One week—seven beautiful days—and you have to break it up in the middle! Publicity gave me the week off; Betty Mitchell said I didn't have to do anything next week. Do you realize I haven't had any time off in a year?"

Nobody's in the least impressed by his histrionics. Tony loves being needed. He also loves to horse around about how abused he is.

"See you next Wednesday," said Palmer.

"Sure thing, you bum," Tony waved an amiable hand at his departing back. "See you tomorrow, Nick. Let's go home, Bert." He had just played his biggest scene of the day, since he's known to be about as cooperative with studio and press as an actor can get.

HE ALREADY HAD the Cadillac's engine running when Bert Parry dropped into the seat beside him with a tired sigh—but he didn't get away. Somebody called his name frantically, Tony slapped on the brakes, and Jay Thompson of the Publicity Department raced up with a huge package.



it could be worse!

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"Been trying to catch up with you all day!" he panted. "I guess you got another present from a fan. Will you sign here, Tony?"

Finally they were out the gates and in the heavy late afternoon traffic. Bert thought he might as well have a catnap on the way and afterward he said, "Maybe it's a good thing I didn't look. We got back to the house so fast that my nerves probably would have given way if my eyes had been open."

Tony parked before the house and took the stairs two at a time, fresh as he had been at six that morning. "Hi, doll!" he greeted Janet, who opened the door. Then his mouth stayed open, because she definitely wasn't dressed for a house inspection. "Hey, what gives?"



NURSERY RHYME

Last summer I sat at the table next to Dinah Shore and her little girl in a large hotel diningroom. Everything was quiet until I heard the familiar Shore voice softly singing,

"Mabel, Mabel, big and able,
Take your elbows off the table!"

With that her little daughter Melissa removed her elbows and smiled an adorable smile.

Mrs. Johnny Apple
Kansas City, Missouri

"Thank heaven you got here, sweetie," Jan said, lifting her lips for a kiss. "I've been trying to call you, and I just wrote you a note. I've got to meet Dean and Jerry in Cleveland; we're doing a PA for *Living It Up* tomorrow for the matinee."

"Oh," Tony said. Then, uncertainly, "Can I drive you to the airport?"

"No, honey. The studio car is on its way to pick me up now. There wouldn't be time."

In less time than it takes to tell, she was gone. Tony sat down and started shucking clothes. Every two minutes the telephone rang. "Hello?" Tony would say. "Gee, sweetie, I'm sorry but I can't. You know me and my mind—I never write anything down. Well, it turns out that I have to do an interview and they're due in about five minutes. No, it would be too late afterward—but thanks for calling."

AFTER A WHILE he said to Bert Parry, who was studiously avoiding the attentions of Houdina, "I don't really have an interview to do tonight."

"But you must be tired," said Bert, who certainly was.

"No, I'm not tired. I'm lonely. You know what I think I'll do? I'll go look at the house anyway—and then I'll stop at a drive-in and have a hamburger for dinner. You want to come along?"

"Not without Janet," Bert admitted truthfully.

"I don't blame you," Tony agreed dolefully. "Neither do I."

END



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by **CHERAMY**
PERFUMER

frantic romance

(Continued from page 43) ourselves by the pool, I asked him, "Do you love Debbie?" And before he had a chance to catch his breath, I hurled another one at him, "Do you want to marry her?"

He literally gasped. "Gee, Ma," he said when he was able to get anything out, "that's a large order to fill on a second's notice."

I was amused by my young singing friend's fluster. "I repeat the questions," I stated.

Eddie, who had been stretched out beside the pool, sat up, moved his towel closer and sat down beside me, suddenly very serious.

He didn't answer right away. When he did, he said: "I've got it bad for Debbie. If you want to say that you think a girl is the most wonderful girl you've ever met and that you want to go only with her—I suppose it could be called an engagement."

"But, look, Ma," he went on, "don't say we're engaged because maybe Debbie doesn't love me that much. Maybe she doesn't want me."

NONSENSE, I thought. I had been spending a lot of time with these two and if Debbie isn't equally, maybe more, in love with Eddie than he with her, I miss my guess. But being loyal to my sex, I didn't speak my thoughts.

I was thinking back over the five or six evenings Eddie and Debbie and I had spent together in Las Vegas.

I had watched Debbie when the autograph fans had swarmed around them as we went on our rounds in this playground of America.

Every place the kids went they were mobbed. But much to my surprise, whenever a pencil was shoved into Debbie's hand and an autograph book pushed at her, she immediately handed over the pencil and the book to Eddie first—as if to say, "Here, it's your autograph they want."

And I claim a Hollywood girl as cute and popular as Debbie is doesn't make this gesture toward a man unless she means it!

Another thing. If we were sitting in a cafe and some of the chorus girls in the assorted revues dropped by to meet us, I could just feel Debbie watching Eddie to see if he was attracted to any one of them—which he wasn't.

She was happiest, I think, when we were driving from place to place, the kids sitting on the back seat with their arms around one another. Sometimes Eddie sang to her—his beautiful voice sending chills down even my back.

He is such a sweet, thoroughly unspoiled kid I don't see how anyone can resist him.

Only once during the whole week did they faintly approach a tiff.

This was the day Debbie had promised her mother she would return home and Eddie didn't want her to go. He even asked me to call Mrs. Reynolds asking permission for Debbie to stay over.

But before I could move, Debbie said to Eddie, "Please, darling. There's nothing I want to do more than stay with you. But I promised Mother. Some of her relatives whom I haven't seen in a long time are visiting us for this one day, and I promised I would be home to meet them. I have to keep my word."

Eddie, thoroughly piqued, turned and started to walk out of my suite. Debbie just stood her ground and watched him disappear.

Then, before either of us could say, "Scoot," he dashed back, took Debbie in his arms and kissed her neck and pretty face.

"I understand, baby," he whispered, "I'm just disappointed."

I thought this was about time for me to do a disappearing act into my bedroom. And I did.

IF THEY ARE SOOO much in love, and everything is going so brightly in both their careers, what then is to keep these two from immediate marriage?

Now, we did not discuss this point but I am sure it is important with both of them. Are they as yet mature enough to take on marriage at this moment when girls are making fools of themselves over Eddie in the same way they once did over Frank Sinatra; and when a lot of young men, whether they know her or not, look on Debbie as a favorite dream date?

You think this is a small matter? Don't fool yourself.

Both of these kids know the game they're in. They know the temptations and pitfalls. And, they've worked too long and too hard not to be wise beyond their years.

They also have responsibilities to their public and to their families.

Eddie was brought up in Philadelphia and his singing records, his nightclub appearances, his TV show and public appearances have made him in a few short years one of the most popular singers our country has ever known.

It is so characteristic of this boy that when he opened at the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles he had an entourage of about ten people who had been good to him when he was a child!

Groucho Marx went shopping along Beverly Hills with his daughter, Melinda, eight. She lingered in front of the shop windows, and he called her to, "Hurry up!" She snapped back, "Don't yell at me! I'm not your wife!"

—Paul Denis

There was the woman who owned the candy store and used to give him candy when he minded the store for her. There was his father, to whom he sings his favorite, "Oh My Papa." There were the two successful young song writers, Dick Adler and Jerry Roth, boyhood friends of Eddie's—and he is as delighted as they are over their Broadway hit, *The Pajama Game*.

At Eddie's table also was Jenny Grossinger, of Grossinger's Hotel where Eddie once sang and where he was discovered by Eddie Cantor.

And last, but far from least, Debbie was there—her eyes shining over his success on the West Coast. It would take the rest of this article to list all the celebrities and socialites who turned out to welcome young Fisher—in fact, the Cocoanut Grove lists his opening as the biggest in the history of this famous room. This, definitely, was Eddie's night.

A FEW NIGHTS later, it was Debbie's.

Along with Eddie's close friend, Jimmy McHugh, Eddie, Debbie and I attended the Hollywood premiere of my daughter Harriet's picture, *Susan Slept Here*, which stars Debbie and Dick Powell. Not because it's my child's picture—and I'm deeply proud of her work—but Debbie has never been as cute in her career as she is as Susan.

When we came out of the theatre, everyone flocked around Debbie, congratulating her, telling her how wonderful she is, doing raves, really.

Her eyes were dancing with happiness. Her cute, pert little face shone as though there were an electric light behind it. Yet, always she reached for Eddie's hand and kept him close beside her.

We went to the Brown Derby for a bite to eat, and for the first time I realized how very serious Debbie is about her career.

"I look like a kid. I'm really twenty-two," she said as though that age is beyond



THE NUMBERS RACKET

● None of us is getting any younger no matter how young we are, as the cliché goes. But you may find some surprises in the ages of famous movie folk, many of whom have the same birthdays—perhaps even the same as yours. Here is a partial list of stars who made their first appearance on some bright fall day in the not-too-distant past. MODERN SCREEN publishes these vital statistics with no guarantee that there hasn't been a little cheating here and there. But what does it matter so long as they all stay glamorous and exciting?

Star	Birthday	Age
Peter Lawford	Sept. 7	31
Claudette Colbert	Sept. 13	49
Scott Brady	Sept. 13	29
Dick Haymes	Sept. 13	38
Lauren Bacall	Sept. 16	30
Anne Francis	Sept. 16	24
Greta Garbo	Sept. 18	48
Shelley Winters	Sept. 18	31
Paul Muni	Sept. 22	57
Martha Scott	Sept. 22	38
Marge Champion	Sept. 22	28
Walter Pidgeon	Sept. 23	56
Mickey Rooney	Sept. 23	34
Gail Russell	Sept. 23	30
Aldo Ray	Sept. 25	28
Greer Garson	Sept. 29	46
Lizabeth Scott	Sept. 29	32
Bud Abbott	Oct. 2	59
June Allyson	Oct. 7	31
Diana Lynn	Oct. 7	28
Cornel Wilde	Oct. 13	39
Rita Hayworth	Oct. 17	36
Joan Fontaine	Oct. 22	37
Jack Carson	Oct. 27	44
Teresa Wright	Oct. 27	35
Dale Evans	Oct. 31	36

youth. "I have seven years of bucking this game behind me. And I'm just now hitting the headline spots.

"I've watched the careers of other girls," she went on, "and I've noticed the ingenuities don't last long. Not after the dew of youth is off 'em. I honestly want to do something serious. I hate sappy kid parts."

Eddie, surprised at his baby's vehemence, said, "But, honey, most of your fans think of you as a teen ager."

Debbie batted those big, beautiful eyes at him. She winked. "But I'm not, my boy," she giggled.

The more I see of her the more I am convinced that there is a strong cross streak of real maturity in Debbie's youthful appeal. I think she knows what she's doing all the time.

Once, when I was interviewing her on the set of *Susan Slept Here* toward the finish of the comedy, she said:

"I'm good in this picture. Ask Harriet. I know that doesn't sound particularly modest—but I'm not particularly modest. I know what I can do—and what I can't."

Despite her cuteness and her ability to sing, dance and imitate almost from her cradle in El Paso, Texas, her birthplace, making headway in her career has not been too easy for Debbie.

WHEN SHE WAS eight, she moved to Los Angeles with her parents (her father was an employee of the Southern Pacific Railroad) and her older brother Bill. They bought a modest home in Burbank. It is indicative of Debbie's character that she still lives with her family in the same house.

She was no smash getting started in films. Even in high school plays, the leading parts went to other girls and Debbie took what was left—usually a bit.

But in 1948 she put on such a hilarious imitation of Betty Hutton in a talent contest, she was chosen "Miss Burbank of 1948" and her luck started to turn.

Her first screen role in *Daughter Of Rosie O'Grady* led to a job at MGM playing Helen Kane, the boop-boop-a-doop gal in *Three Little Words*, and from there on she was on her way.

She first came to my attention in a publicity way when she and Robert Wagner were touted as being "madly in love." Perhaps they were. What happened to this youthful romance, I don't know. But its ending is supposed to have left Debbie a little disillusioned.

Since that time, she's dated many boys. But I don't believe she's been in love before Eddie came into her life.

One big, bright factor the kids have in favor of an early and successful marriage is that they both come of happy homes. Eddie is devotion itself to his family of four sisters and two brothers—and Debbie's home life is ideal.

THE LAST TIME I saw the kids, before leaving for my vacation in Europe, was at the birthday party I gave for Jimmy McHugh. Jimmy had asked that they be seated at his table and knowing how fond of him they are, I was surprised when they were not at the house at eight o'clock.

About nine they called. "Ma," they chorused, "we're lost."

And, I guess they were—lost in a fog. They didn't arrive until dinner was over.

"Who can eat?" Eddie said, gazing into Debbie's eyes.

And, until two o'clock in the morning there they sat, Eddie never more than two inches away from Debbie, holding her hand, kissing her and reaching for her, and she putting her head on his shoulder and looking up at him—lost in a little world of their own while Judy Garland, Jane Wyman, Margaret Whiting and Roz Russell sang love songs in their direction.

You can take it from there.

END

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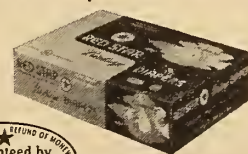
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my everyday God

(Continued from page 65) attraction for me. Instead I live generally conscious at all times, no matter what I may be doing, that I have a spiritual affiliation. I don't mean that I walk with pious manner or expression. My faith doesn't get in my way. I just try to live so it is my way.

Maybe I should explain about my Catholicism. When some of my friends have said that I am an "amazing kind of Catholic," they don't mean my devoutness. They mean the way I came to enter my church. I like to tell the story because it illustrates so graphically the wonderful and tolerant philosophy of a lady whose outlook on life has always inspired me—my mother. My mother is not a Catholic. She is a follower of Unity. In a sense I was taken from her arms and conveyed to Catholicism while her attention was engaged in earning a living for my brother and myself. When she learned what had happened she uttered no protest, insisted on no change, permitted both my brother and me (it happened to both of us) to consider ourselves Catholics and continue as such. She gave us no reasons, but in the years to come we felt we knew what they were.

MY PARENTS SEPARATED early after my birth so that I don't even remember my father. Mother got work as a ship's nurse with the Matson Lines and had to leave Walt and me (neither of us yet five) with a Catholic family. With Mother away for long periods, these good people felt more than an ordinary responsibility for us; they felt we should have a religious identification and since our lives were so closely entwined with theirs they took us with them to their church.

Later, at a time when Mother was seriously ill, she consented to having us baptized in their faith which was already so familiar to us. To Mother, as I came to realize in time, there is a divine plan to life. The baptism of her children in another church might well be a part of it. She would not interfere.

And so, in what was probably a unique family relationship, we continued to live together thereafter, Mother in Unity, and her two sons in Catholicism. There was no clash. Instead, the fact that she granted us, just two small boys, such autonomy and independence, not only gave us a feeling of freedom we'll never forget, but more than this, the rich sense of individuality so important as a source of self-respect and well-being.

In Unity the teaching is that thought is omnipotent. Mother would put it to us this way, sometimes: "Thoughts are things. If you think right thoughts, the right things will happen." I fell into believing her and I have never fallen out. This, added to my Catholicism, worked out into a basis for what I have mentioned before—the feeling that my God is an everyday one, not just a Sunday divinity.

AT ANY TIME I am apt to pray. If this sounds a little stuffy I should make it plain, perhaps, that to me prayer is not the formal thing others too often take it to be. To me prayer is just being "in touch." When I drive, for instance, I talk to St. Christopher a lot. If a near-accident occurs I am apt, quite naturally, to speak to him. I guess friends have heard me burst out, "Oh, thanks, St. Chris!" No matter how tired I am at night, I pray—no matter if I am so tired I know I'll never finish. What better way of falling asleep than in the middle of your prayers? If I see a little raggedy child in the street I don't go by without a thought, a prayer-thought for her. When I pass a church I don't keep looking straight ahead as if I haven't seen

it, or as if this isn't the time for such matters. I turn and look and I say a sort of prayer-hello.

I don't want to sound naive about this, or childish. What I am again trying to make clear is that I am not one for formal piety—I don't even like such a picture of myself—but that I consider that my church is my friend as well as my source of salvation. For instance, I love to go to Lake Arrowhead on a Sunday and attend Mass outdoors at the Shrine of Our Lady of Fatima. But if on a Sunday morning I also want to waterski, and the water is best for this at just about the time of the two Masses, eight o'clock and ten o'clock, wouldn't it be all right to miss the Mass?

Maybe you are a little ahead of me and figure that the answer is yes and that is why I call the church friendly. But it doesn't work out that way. When I was faced by the problem I decided I should not miss Mass. Having made this decision, I was given a helping hand by my friend, the church. I found a small Catholic hospital at Lake Arrowhead where a six A.M. Mass is held every morning for the patients and nuns. The next Sunday there was in attendance at that Mass, held in a small chapel in the hospital, ten patients in wheelchairs, six nurses and one water skier. This was a matter between "friends," and my friend the church was naturally serving me a good turn.

I DON'T WANT to sound forgiving about myself. I would like to sound forgiving about everyone. I have told lies, I have hurt people and I have stolen. But I have never done it easily and my hope is to make it so much harder that I won't be able to do it at all. And maybe because I know how much understanding I need, I always want to have understanding in stock for anyone else.

Robert Q. Lewis was being interviewed by a group of high school editors. One editor asked, "Who is responsible for getting you where you are now?" Bob answered: "The elevator man."

—Paul Denis

The kindest face I can think of belonged to an old workman in the West Indies who used to shuffle down every day to open the gate of an estate in Jamaica where we were shooting scenes for *Isle Of Desire* about four years ago. I noticed two things about him quickly—his benevolent look and the fact that his feet were bare and unprotected from the hard rocks and gravel of the path. One day I gave him one of the two pairs of new sneakers I had bought. But next day he was still walking barefoot.

I wondered about it and some of the others in the company kidded me. They said they had heard that my noble looking gate man was one of the biggest drunks in the district, and that he had undoubtedly pawned the sneakers for rum.

"The fact is," said one of the fellows, "you probably contributed to his downfall, rather than helped him."

They all laughed and I felt foolish and rather annoyed about it. One of the other men noticed this and talked to me later about it. "You know, you have no right to resent the old gate man in any way," he said. "You had reasons for giving him the sneakers and nothing he did with them can in any way lessen what the giving meant to you. Now what was it those sneakers had to do—which they haven't done—that has bothered you? If he is an old man who has had the curse of heavy drinking on him all his life were you going to cure it with your small gift? Did you wish to commit a miracle? And are you angry because you didn't?"

I saw what he meant, of course. I'll never

in my life again ever give anything to anyone without also giving the understanding that it does not commit them in any way.

SINCE I NEED such understanding for myself, how can I deny it to others? I pray that I'll stop telling lies, for instance. Yet this, as I know, doesn't guarantee that I will stop. When an occasion turns up in which I get the idea that a lie can help me, out comes the lie, as likely as not. And of course it comes out even though I know that more often than not it won't help me at all, that, in fact, it will jam me up!

Back in Jamaica, when we were making that same picture, the director asked me two questions in succession and my answer to each was a lie. He asked me if I could throw a javelin and I said yes. He also asked me if I could shinny up a coconut tree and I said yes. I had, of course, never thrown a javelin and had never climbed a coconut tree. About the javelin—I learned one night that on the next day I would not only have to throw it, but hit a bunch of papayas with it. I started practicing and kept at it so furiously that the next day my arm was so sore I couldn't flip a toothpick, let alone hurl a javelin.

About the tree—that was a mess, too. Talking over some forthcoming scenes with an assistant director, I learned that one was coming up which required me to climb a coconut tree. Again I practiced and again too late. When it was time for the scene I was a very good climber of an eight-foot tree. But the one they showed me shot straight up for forty feet. I hadn't a chance and they had to fall back on some make-shift handling of the problem which embarrassed me plenty. They filmed me doing my eight-foot climb from the bottom of the tree. Then they chopped off the top of the tree, stood it up on the ground and had me climb that small section, filming me so it looked as if I had climbed all the way.

SO I DON'T NEED to get hit over the head to realize I must have a spirit of understanding and forgiveness for others. I need only to review how much understanding I have taken from others all my life. I can even go back to a time in San Francisco when, as a four-year-old, I was a sore trial to my usually understanding brother who was all of five. Wherever his adventurous soul drew him he had to take me, not only because he was supposed to look after me, but because I was such a cry baby in those days I'd get him in a jam if he didn't. (I continually jammed him up anyway, I guess, because I have a tiny piece of scar tissue just northeast of my left eye where he caught me with a BB pellet one day for "telling on him.")

My mother had to show a lot of understanding, too. One day Walt and I, still pre-kindergarten age, wandered away from home and found ourselves down at the Fisherman's Wharf at nightfall. We had lost our shoes and stockings (or had thrown them away most likely) and of course we hadn't had a bite to eat. Then Walt got a wonderful idea. Seeing fishermen around he figured they needed bait, so we started digging for worms we could sell to them. It worked indirectly. A man asked us what we were doing and, giving us carfare, put us on the trolley for home.

When I got into my early teens I went horse-crazy. I just had to go riding every day. Naturally I didn't have the money to ride as much as I wanted to and I got a little sticky-fingered to take care of the emergency. The victim was my mother. I would take loose money from her coat pocket, I would keep the change when she sent me to market and I'd snatch anything that was lying around loose. For a long time this went on without a word from her. Then one day I stole from her pocket-book. That was the end of it.



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These days Johnny feels at home in Hollywood.

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■ "Last year I came to Hollywood to make a movie test for 20th Century-Fox and I was so nervous I had to excuse myself in the middle of the filming so I could steal away and be sick to my tummy." So said Johnny Ray on the set of *Show Business* where he's "having a ball." What relaxed him?

He was waiting for his first scene, jittery as a hangover. A young fellow walked up to him, shook his hand, and said, "Johnny, you're the greatest. The best of luck to you!" That was Bob Wagner, and Johnny has felt at home in Hollywood ever since.

The famed cry singer is on the spot

and he knows it, for he sings only one song in the picture and in the later scenes he plays a young priest. The tension is eased by an amusing situation. Johnny, with Mitzi Gaynor and Donald O'Connor, plays one of the children of Ethel Merman and Dan Dailey.

After hours, Johnny and Dan have been dating the same girl, Charlotte Austin. The morning after Dan takes Charlotte out, Johnny buttonholes him. "Pop," he bellows for everyone on the set to hear, "you stay away from my girl. You're too darned old to be running around with such a sweet young thing!" Next day it's Dan's turn to grouse. "Look here, infant," he'll bellow. "I don't want a son of mine hitting the nightclubs. Charlotte is a lovely kid and I'm warning you to stay away from her." When they reach the stage of a mock fight, Mother Merman breaks it up.

Mitzi Gaynor tried to settle the feud by offering to chaperone them while the two dated Charlotte together.

The studio workers are more than impressed with Johnny. Most of them expected another conceited singer, and are amazed to find a down-to-earth guy, long gone from the headlines.

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She sat me down and let me know she had known about my stealing all the time. She named the amounts so there could be no mistake. She said that each time she knew I had stolen she had wanted to mention it, but hadn't because she hoped I would stop by myself. And she had kept on hoping.

"Today you went into my pocketbook," she said. "What happens now?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Do you do something about this or must I? I will leave it up to you. What's the answer?"

I DIDN'T HAVE an answer for a while. And then one came to me. I told her I was going to find some kind of job to make the extra money I wanted. (And I did.) Her eyes became gentle for a moment. I knew

she was smiling inside and the moment had a certain wonder in it for me—how quickly we had gone from desperation to hope again, and how quickly her love for me had wiped out the memory of my ugly thefts!

A nice girl, my mom, and a nice viewpoint she has helped give me. She had a right to be bitter about many things in her life and she never was. How could I ever be? She used to see right through our poverty and hard times toward something I could tell must be wonderful to make her eyes light up as they did. And now I know what she saw. Another day and another place—where we would belong forever! I wouldn't want to be here now if I couldn't have been there then! **END**

(Tab Hunter can be seen soon in Warner's Battle Cry.)

for lovers only

(Continued from page 64) June 28 when Fred and June slipped away from Hollywood and were married in a double ring civil ceremony at the Ojai Valley Inn.

"It was really very exciting," June recalls, "because Fred worked until two o'clock in the afternoon on the day we were married."

"We tried to keep the wedding a secret because we didn't want to get married in front of a hundred reporters and cameramen. I have lots of friends in the press and I love them all, but there's a time and place for everything."

"Anyway, I was sure that when Fred left the studio on Monday one or two press cars would follow him. Hedda Hopper had called me a day before and said, 'I'm sure you're getting married on Monday. Where's the wedding to be held?'"

"I said we weren't sure, and that was really the truth because Fred and I didn't even have a marriage license. As a matter of fact, the license bureau in Ventura stayed open after five o'clock on Monday so that we could get a license."

"Then we drove back to the inn at Ojai, and it was there in Don Burger's apartment—he's a friend of ours—that we were married."

The rites were performed by Superior Court Judge Charles F. Blackstock with Mr. and Mrs. Bo Roos of Beverly Hills as witnesses. Bo is Fred's business manager. Fred's mother, Mrs. Melita MacMurray, and June's mother and stepfather, Mr. and Mrs. Andy Ottestad, were present.

The ceremony was short and neither June nor Fred was nervous. June never looked lovelier. She wore a champagne-colored silk dress with a full skirt, pearl buttons, a Peter Pan collar and a tiny silk hat. Fred wore a dark blue business suit.

The actor slipped a wedding band of five diamonds in a platinum setting, on June's finger. His ring was a plain band of solid gold.

AFTER THE CEREMONY, Fred and June phoned his two adopted children, Susan, fourteen, and Robert, ten, who were staying at the MacMurray cattle ranch in Healdsburg.

"We just got married," Fred announced.

"That's great!" Bobby shouted. "Let me talk to Mom."

June took the phone and her luminous blue eyes were filled with tears of happiness. In her heart she knew that her days of sorrow and loneliness were over. This, for her, was the beginning of a new life, a life in which the most important thing was to keep Fred happy.

That night the newlyweds drove to Fresno. They spent the first night in a small motel at the edge of the city. The

following morning they read in the newspapers that they were on their way to St. George, Utah, to visit actor John Wayne at whose Christmas party they had met, thus beginning their love affair.

The papers gave other erroneous information about their plans which they enjoyed reading. But the newspapers were correct about one thing. That was the effect of June's marriage upon her status in the Catholic Church.

By marrying MacMurray, a Presbyterian, in a civil ceremony, June deprived herself of the sacraments of the Roman Catholic Church of which she has been a devout member since she was converted to Catholicism twelve years ago. This is because the Catholic Church does not recognize June's divorce from musician Jimmy Zito.

Before she married Fred, June consulted the marriage court of the Archdiocese of Los Angeles, hoping for a special Papal Dispensation, praying that the Church would annul her marriage to Zito. But when she was told that such a procedure might take years and that even then, the decision might go against her, she decided to marry MacMurray anyway.

She knew she would be ineligible for such sacraments as Holy Communion and Penance, but in her own words, "I fell in love with Fred, and I had a great decision to make—one of the greatest in my life, and now I'm glad I made it."

FROM FRESNO the honeymooners went to Yosemite National Park. There they ran into Red and Georgia Skelton and all the little Skeltons, vacationing.

Red has known Fred and June for years, and when he saw them he threw his arms around their necks and kissed them both.

"Just got married!" he shouted. "These two just got married. A wedding present, Georgia. Gotta give 'em a wedding present."

Red always carries three or four cameras. This time he had a new Polaroid, a camera that gives a finished photograph in one minute. Red not only snapped the honeymooners but gave them his Polaroid as well.

"Where you heading?" he asked.

"I'm doing a picture up in Wyoming," Fred explained. "Jackson Hole."

"I know Jackson very well," Red kidded. "Once got stuck in the same hole with him." Everyone laughed. "Kidding aside," Red continued, "got a radio with you?"

June shook her head.

"Who ever heard of going on a honeymoon?"

John Barrymore said, after the opening of his last play on Broadway: "If I had a stomach I'd be sick to it."

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post



WEIGHTY PROBLEM

Presenting Roberta Linn—
and one of her favorite secrets!

■ While Shirley Temple stays home with the kiddies these days, and many another child star has long since been forgotten, the name of Roberta Linn is going down in Hollywood history as the movie moppet who proved it can be done.

Once upon a time, Roberta worked with little Miss Temple in *Little Miss Marker*. She worked in *Our Gang* comedies and in many other pictures. But when she graduated from high school, she ran smack into the wall marked, "No Hope for Kid Stars." She turned to singing, filling the solo spot with such bands as Joe Reichman, Jan Garber and Lawrence Welk. Then, before she could worry about movies again, television took her to its heart and in two years she has captured seven statuettes, sixteen scrolls and twenty-one laudatory certificates, including the "Emmy," for being the "Most Outstanding Female Performer of 1953."

Roberta, just twenty-two years away from her birth in Gravity, Iowa, simply doesn't have time for sports to keep her figure superb. Like Laraine Day, Arlene Dahl and other glamour notables, her secret is a little machine, smaller than an overnight case, called a RelaxAcizor.

"Let's face it," Roberta says. "Every girl has some part of her proportions that can stand conditioning. While I don't have to lose weight in a hurry, I could if I wanted to with my RelaxAcizor, which can trim inches off your tummy in jig time. I use mine for the thighs. All I do is put the pads in the proper place, connect the cords to the little machine and lie back while the electronic impulses go to work."

If Roberta knows any other beauty secrets, she keeps them locked up in her clever little head—and the heart from which emerges that inner sparkle that is making her one of Hollywood's top personalities.

moon without a radio?" Red demanded. "How can you keep up with the baseball scores?" And he handed Fred a large portable Zenith.

Later that evening the MacMurrays headed for Reno. "And there," June recalls, "Fred won two dime jackpots playing the slot machines. He got a big kick out of it."

The MacMurrays spent the first week of their honeymoon on the road and while they were recognized everywhere there was no invasion of their privacy. Fred is a dignified, conservative man.

WHEN HE AND JUNE arrived in Wyoming on July 6 (when *Blue Horizons* got under way) it was Fred who suggested that they stay at a lodge that was thirty-five miles away from the location.

"I think this is better," he said, "than staying at the same place with the rest of the crew." Fred isn't snobbish. He was afraid of the usual honeymoon kidding.

June, as ever, was completely agreeable.

"Anything you say, darling."

So Fred drove up to a dude ranch and asked the manager what the rates were.

"Forty to fifty dollars a day."

"Sorry," Fred said. "That's too much."

"But doesn't the studio pay while you're on location?" June asked later.

Fred nodded. "Sure the studio pays," he said. "But I don't throw my money around and I'm not going to throw Paramount's around either. Come on, Shorty. We'll stay up at Moran with the rest of the crew." That night Fred and June MacMurray checked into Jackson Lake Lodge.

They occupied a one-room bungalow with double bed and throughout the entire production not one member of the location crew made "honeymoon" remarks.

"I've never seen two finer people," one of the production assistants said, "than June and Fred. Never a gripe, never a complaint. The mosquitoes were something awful and when the wind blew, our rooms were full of dust. But Fred and June never blew their tops. They are calm, polite, friendly. They seemed to be very much in love but they didn't act like honeymooners."

"They acted like people who knew what love and marriage was all about. June used to come down for lunch and Fred would always kiss her hello and goodbye but there was never any mawkish or silly or embarrassed love-making."

ALTHOUGH FRED's welfare and the happiness of her two stepchildren come first for June, she says she has no intention of giving up her screen career.

"I've spoken to Fred about it," she asserts, "and he's said anything I want to do about it is okay with him."

"I was offered a part in *Oklahoma* but if I had taken it I would've had to give up my honeymoon with Fred. And there isn't a screen role big enough to make me do that. However, if any good parts come along, I'm certainly in the market for them."

"After all, Bobby is ten and Sue is fourteen, and they both go off to school, and we have help to take care of the house; and I've always liked to stay busy. And pictures is the one business I know a little about, so I might as well stick to it."

DESPITE RUMORS to the contrary, June has no intention of altering her religious affiliation. She is still a devout Catholic. On her honeymoon she said a rosary for Fred each time he went fishing.

"I wanted him to catch his full allowance of five trout a day," she explained.

MacMurray, who is seventeen years older than his twenty-eight-year-old bride, is happy. And for one reason: "Life isn't too much fun unless a man can share his living with someone he loves." **END**

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the big man comes home

(Continued from page 45) a hill on which sat the house, almost obscured by pepper trees. He had parked the car and cut off across the lawn, past a caretaker's house, a riding ring and a series of horse stalls and a stable. Then he had climbed to a wide play area beside a large swimming pool. He had inspected the water before he trudged up a steep incline of fieldstone steps that hugged the contour of the hill.

Here at the top was the house. A large house of fourteen rooms, two stories high and built to complement the hill top and take advantage of the many trees.

Yes, it was a homecoming. This was the first evening in more than two years that John Wayne had come home to a house that was really his. During that time he had lived in rented houses and had spent many months of his time in far places, mainly because he had no base in Hollywood that offered the security, comfort and peace he craved. He had owned this property for a long time, but until he started remodeling a year ago it had been a deserted barn on a hill of burned grass—a place that held unhappy memories—and he had shunned it.

Now it was a home again, and the girl who had made it so, Pilar Palette, the Peruvian beauty he was going to marry and who had supervised the remodeling and decorating, would soon come driving through the gate to share dinner with him. John Wayne grunted in anticipation and he spoke aloud to nobody in particular. "From now on," he said, "I'm going to do all my traveling on this seven acres."

And like an old movie stringing through a familiar projector, the journeys he had made, the junkets to far places he'd staged ran through his mind. They were episodic fragments of the past that he'd think of once more and then banish to some small storehouse in his head. Of course many of them were necessary to his movie work.

LOCATION TRIPS are hardly considered journeys by movie stars, maybe because about fifty per cent of the movies made in Hollywood require them. But it is interesting that to John Wayne these enforced departures from his base are the most trying. And he suffers like a lost dog for his fireside and family. Consequently, on every location trip he makes he somehow manages to have his four children go along for a short time, at least. They went to Honolulu for *Big Jim McLain* and to Mexico for *Hondo* and to St. George, Utah, for his latest film, *The Conqueror*.

But true to a code he established long ago, the two boys must work to earn their pocket money. In Mexico they had to keep the huge water tanks filled for the hordes of thirsty horses on the location. In St. George, Pat worked (on a union waiver) in the wardrobe department, and Michael, the nineteen-year-old, was selected by director Dick Powell to play an outpost guard.

In Mike's scene, Duke, playing Genghis Khan, strides up to Mike, who, in the story, has been accused of laxity on his post. The father looks at the lad in great anger. He turns to an aide.

"Is this the man?" he asks.

"It is," says the aide.

"Hang him," says Wayne and walks

away.

On the trip to Utah, the children, Mike, nineteen, Patrick John, fourteen, Toni, seventeen and Melinda, thirteen, came with their future stepmother, Pilar Palette, who herded them in a private plane and delivered them to Dad's doorstep. The kids adore Pilar and she is crazy about them.

JOHN WAYNE was a local boy. That is, he was raised in Glendale, a suburb of Los Angeles like Hollywood. Like most normal boys he wanted to travel, but the farthest he had ever been by the time he was twenty-one was the half-way mark to Honolulu. The trip was not blessed by authority. He wound up in jail.

He had been working in pictures as a laborer when he could get the work and money for travel didn't come fast enough. So Duke hitch-hiked to San Francisco and smuggled himself aboard one of the Matson liners bound for Honolulu. With the surf at Waikiki almost audible in his ears, he secreted himself in a stuffy out-of-the-way locker. The ship set out to sea and as the hours passed the pleasant surf sounds were replaced by a more immediate noise, the growling of his own belly.

On the third day out, all of young Duke Wayne's dreams of Honolulu sunlight and moonlight exploded and were replaced by a vision of food, so he staggered out, tagged the first ship's officer he saw and suggested the fellow pinch him immediately as a stowaway and lead him to the dining room. This was done. Then Mr. Wayne was escorted to the captain, given a thorough tongue-lashing and the liner lay to while Duke was slipped to the deck of a freighter bound to San Francisco.

In the city by the Golden Gate, he was promptly locked up in the pokey and charged by the company that was later to enjoy his patronage many times—as the occupant of the best suite on the ship—with stealing a ride.

"I sure sweated out those three days in the can," says Wayne, "but I got a real break just before I was to come to trial. I knew George O'Brien in Hollywood. His father was the Chief of Police of San Francisco and he came to see me. He went to bat for me and had the charges dismissed. And I walked out a free man with an admonishment never to board a Matson liner again unless I had a ticket. I thought of how close my stomach got to my backbone and decided to take the advice. But I was still a frustrated traveler."

ALTHOUGH HE'D been born in Iowa, the eastern part of the United States was a really distant place to John Wayne and he always had wanted to go there. But they weren't passing out railroad tickets on street corners, so Wayne stayed west. He made his first trip shortly after he met John Ford. It held little significance at the time, but just this year he thought of it again. They had gone to Annapolis, Maryland, and Wayne had played a small part—as a midshipman—in a service picture. Director Ford stood behind the camera and eyed the young actor not too pleasantly. But after the shot was taken to his satisfaction, he drew Wayne aside.

"Young man," he said, "you're probably the worst actor in the world. But I have a feeling that someday we'll do something together that will make you a star."

That was really the beginning of a re-

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MODERN SCREEN

lationship between a star and director that has become a Hollywood legend.

In the summer of 1954, John Ford was to make a picture called *The Long Gray Line*. He is meticulous in his choice of actors, often spending weeks searching for just the right player for even a minor part. One day he called Wayne.

"Duke," he said, "I took you to Annapolis to play a midshipman more than twenty years ago because I thought you were the right guy for the part. Now I want to ask a favor. There's a small part in this thing I'm doing now that I haven't been able to find the right guy for, but I just saw the face of the lad I want. It's your boy, Pat. Let me take him along."

Pat, all six feet of him, and only fourteen, went. His dad was so pleased that he flew east and drove to West Point and stood behind the camera with Ford and watched his son step into his own footsteps.

SOME OF THE more amusing anecdotes in the life and travels of John Wayne have to do with the publicity jaunts he has been obliged to make.

Shortly after he was signed by Fox Films and starred in an epic western called *The Big Trail*, Wayne was informed they were going to change his name from Duke Morrisson to John Wayne. He didn't like the idea much, but he had little choice. And then he was told that he was leaving immediately for a tour of the east, in order to familiarize the country with Fox's new star. Duke and a publicity man boarded a train and had an uneventful ride to within fifty miles of Manhattan. Then the press agent opened a suitcase and took out an outlandish costume and told Wayne to put it on.

Wayne took a look at the get-up and said he wouldn't even wear it in a movie.

Marge and Gower Champion gave a "hodge-podge pot-luck" dinner party for six couples—everyone to bring his favorite dish. Each couple arrived with a cake! And Marge, knowing they were coming, baked a cake.

Sidney Skolsky in
The New York Post

The suit was buckskin, with plenty of shredded fringe on it. The shirt was the loudest thing Wayne had seen that didn't explode and there was an improvement on a ten-gallon hat. Duke shuddered and refused to get into the clothes.

"Look, Bud," said the press agent, "you're supposed to be a gunfighter, a frontiersman. Now get into the suit."

"But I'll look like an idiot," said Duke.

"You just get into the suit," said the press agent, "and leave all the thinking to us. And remember your name is John Wayne."

Fresh from the days of dining in hamburger joints, Wayne got the message.

"Yes, sir," he said.

It was a sight to behold in New York and Philadelphia. Wayne was attempting to hide behind pillars and in doorways as he was led about for display by the press agent. But the payoff came in Chicago. Wayne was at a press conference and fed up to the neckline of his loud shirt.

"Do you always dress this way, Mr. Wayne?" a reporter asked.

Wayne turned his back on his keeper (who was nodding his head vigorously) and almost snarled an answer.

"What do you think I am? A monkey?" he roared. "I not only don't always wear this outfit, I'm never going to wear it again!"

And he stalked into the bathroom where he began to tear off the clothes and fling

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them into the other room in the center of
the group of reporters. He has never
worn Western clothes off screen again.

THERE WERE rough years after that, but
John Wayne never would go on a pub-
licity tour unless he was well briefed in
what was expected of him. He wanted
honesty in his contact with the public,
and honesty from his producers.

A few years ago, though, he fell into a
well-laid trap. Herbert Yates, the head
of Republic Studio, called him on the phone
and said he was going to London to chat
with some of his representatives there. He
casually suggested that Wayne come along.
Duke wasn't working, so he agreed.

In London, after checking into their
hotel, Wayne happened to look into a
closet he hadn't used and saw a large
Stetson hat perched on a shelf. He called
in one of Yates' assistants and demanded
to know what it was doing in there.

"Well," said the assistant, "the boss
wants you to drop in on a few theatre
managers with him and we thought it
might be nice if you were in character."

"I am in character now," said Wayne,
pointing to the plain snap-brim he had
tossed on a chair.

But for once he was dissuaded. He agreed
to wear the hat. The next morning a
small group of Republic people piled into a
car and set out to see the theatre man-
agers. As they pulled up to the first thea-
tre, Wayne thought there was considerable
activity around the place. They went inside
to the manager's office and chatted a few
minutes. Then came the shaft.

"Duke," said the man who had dug up
the Stetson, "there are about three thou-
sand kids sitting out there in the theatre
waiting to see a morning show. It might
be nice if you just stepped out on the stage
and say hello."

"Now cut it out," said Wayne. "I came
over here on a pleasure trip. Not to make
personal appearances."

"I know," said the fellow, "but those kids
know you're here and it would be a pity
if they didn't get just a peek at you."

"Okay," said Wayne, "but this whole
thing looks like a set-up to me."

"How can you say such things?" asked
the man, pushing Wayne toward the wings.
Then, just as Wayne was about to step
on the stage, the chap waved his hand and
the Stetson miraculously appeared on
Duke's head.

Although he was inwardly fuming,
Wayne spoke to the kids for about ten
minutes and then started to take his leave.
The manager stepped forward.

"Children," he said, "don't you think
we ought to sing our song for Mr. Wayne?"

There was a roar of approval, and while
Duke stood in complete embarrassment,
every kid in the theatre stood up and
they sang "She Wore A Yellow Ribbon."

When it was over Duke thanked them
and then charged into the office. He poked
his finger into the innocent face of the
man with the Stetson.

"You might be able to tell me," he said,
"that it was just a coincidence that those
boys and girls were in this theatre when
we came in. But nobody is going to tell
me that three thousand English kids all
know the words to 'She Wore A Yellow
Ribbon' when the picture hasn't been
opened here yet! I've been framed!"

He made the rest of the tour as planned,
visiting some twenty London theatres that
day—and in each one the kids stood up
and sang "She Wore A Yellow Ribbon."

"I was sore," Wayne said. "But I couldn't
get too mad at a guy who taught half the
kids of London to sing a song just for me."

IF YOU SAW *The Quiet Man* you probably
remember the scene in the small town
pub in which the citizens, looking upon

the stranger among them as something of
an upstart, refused to have anything to
do with him. Well, that scene came from
real life. There was little to do in the
village in which the picture was being
shot, so the second evening the troupe was
in town, Wayne wandered down to a local
pub and set his foot on the bar rail. The
place was well filled with Irishmen—and
they quieted down in their conversation
when Duke came in and eyed him suspi-
ciously. Nobody recognized him.

Wayne had a drink, then offered to buy
one for the barkeep. The man, with a
nose as red as a tulip, avowed he never
touched the stuff. After a while Wayne
tried again. He asked the man standing
next to him if he'd join him. The fellow
muttered something about being a tee-
totaler. Wayne stood at the bar and
fumed. Finally, he addressed the bar-
tender in a loud voice.



FLIGHT OF THE HUMBLE BRANDO

*Walking in New York City, we recog-
nized Marlon Brando and Movita, stroll-
ing in the opposite direction. We turned
to look and impulsively started to fol-
low. Maybe they heard me gasp, "That's
Marlon Brando!" and feared we would
start an avalanche of autograph hunters.
In any event, Movita dashed across the
street and Brando ducked into a cafe.
Really! That wasn't necessary. We were
just admiring Streetcar fans who would
have been too shy and considerate to
invade their privacy.*

Marian Rundell
Black River, New York

"Set up a drink," he said, "for every-
body in the house."

The bartender did so and Wayne raised
his glass. "Ireland forever!" he said, and
downed his drink.

There was a long pause; nobody touched
an alien glass. But here was a toast few
men could ignore. And what Irishman
will waste whisky? Finally, one chap
picked up his shot and raised it high. One
by one the others silently followed suit
until all the glasses were empty. Still not
a word had been spoken. Wayne was just
about to give it up when a small fellow
down at the end of the bar raised his voice.

"Bartender," he said, "I wish to buy
everybody in the house a drink—so that
we can toast our friend from America."

Wayne was no more a stranger.

These were pleasant journeys, even
though there were minor annoyances and
hard work involved in many of them. But
there were unpleasant trips.

About the time his marriage to Chata
Wayne was headed for a reef, John Wayne
spent no more time in America than he had
to. Duke used to take off and go anywhere
an airplane would land. And they landed
in some unlikely places. Small airfields
in the Andes. Remote military establish-
ments, for Duke never missed an oppor-
tunity to drop in at some outpost to say
hello and chat with Marines in the field.

HE TOURED every South American country and, as usual, played fair with the press. Some of the journalistic methods of our South American friends were quite shocking to him, though. There was the time he had just fallen asleep in the nude on top of his bed in a city in Brazil when he was awakened by a bright light. He snapped open his eyes and saw a photographer just lowering his camera at the foot of his bed. The light had been a flash bulb. The cameraman took off like a deer and Wayne, with a mighty roar, leaped out of bed and chased after him. He caught the terrified photographer at the door and dragged him back into the room.

Although Wayne doesn't speak Spanish, the man knew what was expected of him. He withdrew the plate from the camera and handed it to Duke.

"Now," said Wayne, "if you'll just sit there and wait until I get dressed I'll pose for all the pictures you want. But there'll be no cheesecake, see!"

Wayne got dressed and they took pictures for an hour.

It was on one of these exile trips that John Wayne first met the girl who is to be his wife, Pilar Pallette. It was in Lima, the capital of Peru, where she was employed as an actress. He saw her across a room full of people and paid little attention to her. Somebody intro-

duced them, but neither stayed to chat. It was not love at first sight. They found nothing in common, even though both were unhappy because of marriages that were on the rocks.

But he met her again in Los Angeles a year or more later, and, as time has proven, they meant a good deal to each other after that meeting.

The sun was beginning to slip behind the row of elm trees across the valley. The large green gate began to swing open in response to a button pressed by Scotty in the kitchen. A car pulled on to the macadam road and threaded through the shrubs and trees toward the house.

Duke got up and walked to the parking strip and helped the small Peruvian girl out of her car. He kissed her lightly on the cheek and led her to the terrace.

"Scotty," he called, "you can serve dinner out here any time you're ready."

"Yes, sir," Scotty called back.

Wayne turned to Pilar. "I don't know how you feel about eating outdoors," he said. "But you might as well get used to it. You and I are going to be eating dinner out here for a long time. This is going to be home."

They smiled at each other—and you could tell they both had been looking forward to the day the big man finally came home to stay.

END



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the first year is the hardest

(Continued from page 71) why—" and amid tears Lana Turner sputtered out her woes.

HALF-WAY THROUGH the outburst the strong arms of Tarzan reached out for his mate and lifted her up even with his six feet, four. "It must be very rugged," grinned Lex Barker sympathetically. "But tell me—sorry you married me?" And he didn't let her down until the answer came—"Not for one minute!" And along with it a contentment for Mrs. Barker that kicked away all the cares—real and fancied.

Legally speaking, you might say Lana Turner's statement that recent trying day was obtained under duress and therefore should be stricken from official records. But just for this record, she meant every word she said. Lana wouldn't trade places with any other girl in the world. As Lana and Lex Barker toast their first anniversary in champagne she can count almost as many blessings as bubbles.

For the first time in her life Lana has a husband who treats her as a partner—not a toy.

For the first time, too, Lana is solvent—and with money in the bank! Only a few months ago she was heavily in hock. Today she doesn't owe a penny outside current bills; she has annuities, blue chip stocks and interest in some oil wells.

For the first time the playgirl aura that palled is gone. For the first time Lana isn't escaping from an anxious, unhappy home life to court the frantic "pleasures" of Hollywood's glitter mills. She's running her home instead of letting it run her away. The girl who used to make sensational headlines every week, hasn't made even a mild one in fifty-two weeks.

For the first time, too, she has a happy, congenial and rounded family—the sister that Cheryl always longed for in Lex's Lynn, her exact age, eleven, and a little brother "Zan." What's more, there are plans and good prospects for new babies of her own.

Lana's career has jumped back into high gear, with the high powered, glamorous kind of pictures that made her famous. She's playing super-sexy Astarte in *The Prodigal*, MGM's showiest effort of the

year, so expensive that it doesn't even have a budget. And this on a brand new contract for five more years at \$5000 a week, with an option for two more.

MOST OF THIS—and more—Lana Turner well knows is a direct result of the happiness, peace and stability she has found in her marriage with Lex Barker. And that is a solid surprise to almost everyone—including the lucky lady herself. If cynics viewing Lana's past marital storms—and Lex's—didn't give the union an outside chance at the start, Lana herself gave it an even harder time. Not much more than a year ago, "marriage" to Lana was understandably an unpleasant word. No girl ever gagged more at the scent of orange blossoms.

Lucille Ball has been telling her studio crew her favorite psychiatrist joke: A man was notified by his psychiatrist, "If you don't pay your bill, I'm going to let you go crazy."

—Paul Denis

The big house on Mapleton Drive that she had salvaged from the wreck of her marriage with Bob Topping was up for sale. Lana never thought she'd be needing it again. She had grabbed at the chance to leave Hollywood and its memories for Paris to make *Flame And The Flesh*, taking her mother Mildred and Cheryl—all the family she had—with her. But before she left, she made the happy mistake of accepting an invitation to dinner at Lex Barker's Westwood apartment. After a home-cooked meal she almost dropped her wine glass when that calm character observed, "Now, when we get married—"

"I beg your pardon!" gasped Lana. "When *who* gets married?"

"Us, of course," grinned Barker. "Who else?"

"I think," Lana cooled him off, "you've had too much of this wine and I think you had better take me home." Which he did. But he's pretty stubborn.

Only a few weeks later when Lana boarded the transatlantic plane at Idlewild airport there was A. C. Barker II, in the seat next to hers pretending to be surprised, as she definitely was. He explained that he'd been to see his folks in

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New York and was on his way to Italy to make a couple of pictures for Cinemex. He didn't say why he was going by way of Paris or why his seat happened to be next to hers. But she could guess—and so without mincing words Lana corrected all mistaken impressions before they took off.

"I'll look forward to seeing you in Europe," she promised. "But marriage is out. Never again. I've had it." But that, of course, was where Lana Turner was wrong.

When you review an actress' courtship, marriage and what has followed on a first anniversary eve, events are prone to be tinted in rosy hues, especially when things have worked out as happily as they have for her. But Lana is not the type to paint any lily. "Believe me, I was putting on no act. I wasn't being coy about anything," she says, frankly, "or playing hard to get. I just plain didn't want to get married. I thought certainly experience had proved it wasn't for me ever again."

LEX WAS NO stranger to Lana before all this began. Most people remember their highly publicized exchange of escorts at Marion Davies' big party. Lana came with Fernando Lamas and Arlene Dahl came with Lex—and after the public fireworks they switched partners. Since then Lana had seen Lex off and on.

She knew he was from a good New York family, a graduate of Phillips-Exeter Academy headed for Princeton until a weakness in math and a break on Broadway changed his plans to be an engineer. She knew he was variously talented—formerly a Manhattan commercial artist, had been the liaison officer with the French Zouaves in North Africa whose language he spoke like a native. She knew he had all the social graces, was well-traveled and a gourmet who liked his own cooking, that he was an athlete of proportions at golf, tennis and skiing. She knew he was witty, affable, friendly and of course handsome as all get out with a Greek god body. He'd had reasonable success although he considered himself destined for better things than his ape-man roles. She also knew he had a way with the ladies and that she liked him herself.

But if Lana Turner had been on the prowl for her fourth husband—which she wasn't—Lex Barker definitely would have been the last man in the world she'd have picked as her quarry.

She knew about Lex's unhappy first marriage and even more about his brief marriage to Arlene Dahl. Strangely enough, these domestic demerits—both Lana Turner's and Lex Barker's—actually drew them together and have held them that way ever since. Both appreciate what they've found in each other.

As Lex says today, "Lana's the first woman I've ever known who listens to what I tell her." And as Lana says, "Lex is the first man I've ever known who would discuss everything with me." In short, they have companionship in addition to adult love. And Lana's discovery of Lex Barker's capacity for that is really what changed her mind. In Europe she saw a side of him she hadn't known before, a side she liked too much to lose.

For eight months Lana and Lex carried on a European courtship. Mostly it was a courtship family style, with Lex's children and their governess in Italy, Cheryl and Lana's mother in Paris. Both the things they did—their sightseeing rambles throughout Italy, France and Spain—and the places they stayed—Naples, Paris, London, Capri—were with kids and in-laws around. When picture locations pulled them apart there was something missing, not only for Lex and Lana, but for Cheryl, Lynne and Zan.

Lana found herself in the puzzling posi-

tion of refusing to admit she was seriously in love with Lex Barker—and at the same time knowing she was kicking fate right in the teeth. "Even when I was saying 'uh-uh' to Lex I wrote the real estate agent back home and yanked my house off the market," she remembers. "Now why would I do a thing like that?"

Bank Holiday—the time when all England closes shop tight—was when Lana's resistance finally weakened. She was in London for interiors of *The Flame And The Flesh* when Lex flew up from Rome. They drove up to Maidenhead on the Thames, and a lovelier place, Lana thinks, she's never seen—with willows sweeping the shimmering river and antique beauty all about. "Anyone who could be in Maidenhead and not get romantic isn't human," she sighs. "Nobody ever accused me of that." So when Lex asked for the 900th time, "When are you going to marry me?" she found herself answering that she was going to the minute the picture was finished. And that is about what they did, one year ago September 7.

Among Lana's first-year memories naturally the ceremony in Italy stands out above all. There was another ceremony, of course, last Christmas Eve in Hollywood—just to wrap up the union without question. But the rites in Turin are the ones that Lana and Lex Barker are celebrating this September as most of Turin did at the time, despite Lana's careful plans to make a "quiet affair"—still remembering the showy rites with Bob Topping and the disastrous results.

At a preview, a fan rushed up to Walter Brennan and gushed: "May I have your autograph, Mr. Hayes?" Brennan, playing it straight, wrote, "I'll never be the actor that Walter Brennan is—Gabby Hayes."

Sidney Skolsky in
The New York Post

They chose Italy because Lex's children were there and because, as Lana explains, "People in Italy get married to stay that way. We wanted all the good omens we could find, because both Lex and I wanted this to be for keeps." That charm, so far, has worked like a charm—but the memory of their cloak-and-dagger precautions for privacy and the way things turned out, still makes Lana laugh.

"We took a villa up on a hill overlooking the Po River to get all the family together. A place with high walls and hedges. We paid off half of Italy, I think, to keep the secret. We arranged to have the wedding at six o'clock after the registry closed, swore the mayor and our attorney to secrecy. On our wedding day we pulled down the blinds because the bushes were jumping with reporters wondering what was up, but with a pretty good idea.

"The afternoon of the wedding Lex drove out in the Jaguar alone—or so it seemed. But down on the floor in the back was the bride—me—covered with a car robe. I wasn't exactly blushing but I was mussed and smothering. I've always thought he kept me there too long just to make me suffer. But there was one thing we didn't know—in Italy there's a law that all civil weddings must take place with the doors wide open. We might as well have been married in the town square! I wouldn't say it was a romantic setting. Scrubwomen with mops and pails crowded around us and, because the ceremony was in Italian, interpreters had to tell us what was going on all through the event. It was hot, it was confusing and it was crowded. But it was very, very real to me and the people couldn't have been sweeter. I still have the bouquet of white bovardia the mayor

who married us gave me. How he knew that was my favorite flower I'll never know."

THE HONEYMOON was more romantic although Lana worked throughout most of it. Mildred Turner spirited all the kids back to Paris by train, then off to Hollywood for school. The newlyweds drove back, picking out every idyllic inn they could find on the way. They stayed in Lana's Paris apartment while Pierre Balmain fitted her wardrobe for *Betrayed*. Then Mr. and Mrs. Barker went to Holland on location. They spent most of the time there in the romantic forest of Arnhem in the *Koonings Jaght*, a king's vast hunting lodge. The leaves were turning crimson and gold, deer came right up to their window and in the evenings geese streaked south across the sky. No wonder Lana remembers *Betrayed*, despite its ominous title, as the most heavenly picture job she ever had. She worked almost every day while Lex caught up on his golf with Vic Mature. There were relaxed evenings by the fireplace and good companionship with Vic and a fellow Lana's been soft on in a filial way for years, Clark Gable. By the time they flew back to Hollywood last December, Lana and Lex realized what they

same house Lana and Bob Topping bought, the one that was up for sale when she left for Europe—and reasonably so. Just Lana and Cheryl would never need a fourteen-room mansion. Like all honeymooners, the Barkers dreamed of something new, designed just for them. "But then," says Lana, "we asked ourselves why. It's perfect—handy for both of our studios, big enough for our family, a huge yard for the kids, a tennis court and pool. All it needed was changing for our particular needs. Instead of selling and finding something else probably half as good, we just fixed it up."

Actually, the big *chateau* looks very much as it did before Lana left it. The décor and furnishings are of the Topping era. Besides Lex's sword, dagger and gun collection in the lanai, some paintings and souvenirs brought back from Europe, there's nothing different inside. They added a new guest wing over a double garage. Lex's sister, Fredricka and her son Peter stayed there and Lynn and Zan sleep there when they come over from Jack and Connie Adams' house in Westwood nearby. The garage and expanded driveway is to handle their collection of cars—Lex's Lincoln Capri, the red and black Volkswagen baby bus, and Lana's new yellow racer, the Ghia Fiat that's already the talk of car-happy Hollywood. The other improvement was to convert an upstairs porch into a walk-in wardrobe closet for Lana, although there's not too much to fill it with these days. Here again, Lana has changed.

THERE WAS a time when Lana would romp off to "kill a couple of hours and spend \$1500," as she remembers a little unbelievably now. Then if she saw a dress she liked she'd buy it in all colors. Now she's lucky if she brings one home. Another smart move Lana made the minute she returned to Hollywood was to hire a business manager. "I never used to know where my money went. I didn't know whether I had fifty cents or \$5000. I still don't prize money for money's sake, but for the first time in my life, I know what a comfortable feeling a little nest egg is."

Lana has more than that—although as late as 1952 she wondered how she'd ever pay off her back taxes. Beatrice Halstead, the shrewd woman who handles her finances helped work the miracle. She tells Lana, "This is for expenses. This is for taxes. This is to play with—and this is to be saved." There's no back talk. Lex and Lana are just as sensible about their family finances. He makes less than half Lana's salary and the arrangement they have divides the household expenses in proportion.

ALL THIS DOESN'T mean that Lana has turned pinchpenny. Nor does she have to. The Ghia Fiat is proof of that. Lana bought the flashy sports car and herds it around Hollywood considerably under the 150 m.p.h. it can do, but actually it was Lex who had his eye on the beauty ever since he and Gary Cooper took a spin in one at the Paris auto show and drooled. Knowing that, when Lana spied hers at Dutch Darrin's shop in Hollywood she said, "Wrap it up," although the price equals a down payment on a fair-sized house. There's only one other like it in America. So far she hasn't collected a traffic ticket—although the other day when Lex called her at the beauty shop and said he wanted to see her, he had hardly put down the phone before the racer screeched to a stop in the driveway. "How did you get here?" he gasped, "Fly?" And that's another thing.

SINCE LANA AND LEX were married they've hardly been apart longer than brief hours like that—consciously, too. Both know how two careers can split up a home,



STRANGERS ON A TRAIN

Once while riding a train, the gentleman next to me engaged me in conversation. As we passed some snow-covered mountains I remarked, "If only I had some skis, I'd get off at the next stop and go skiing." The gentleman leaned over to the passenger in front of us and said, "Could you oblige, ski nose?" The passenger lowered his paper and laughed. It was Bob Hope!

Elizabeth Bitz
Brooklyn, New York

had together and made some resolutions.

"They were pretty simple ones," Lana reveals. "Just these—that no matter what happened we'd never say two things—either, 'I'm leaving' or mention the word 'divorce.' If you don't say those things they just can't happen. Of course, we've had arguments," she admits frankly, "some hot and some heavy. The first year is always the hardest. Neither Lex nor I are perfect. We've had our adjustments to make. But we've never gone to sleep without saying 'I'm sorry' and we've never held a grudge. I know the word seems strange applied to me—but the thing Lex and I try to be is sensible."

LANA'S RIGHT. On past performance not even her best friends would beam that level-headed adjective in her direction. "Maybe I've caught some sense from Lex," she guesses, "or perhaps I've finally grown up. After all, it was about time." Anyway, on the first year's record both Lana and Lex have demonstrated sane thinking.

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that in Hollywood absence is not likely to make two hearts grow fonder. So they've resolved to stick closer than glue. When Lex was called back to New York at his father's last illness Lana went with him. When he went off to the drab desert town of Mojave to shoot *Yellow Mountain*, Lana trotted along, too, living in a motel where there was nothing to do night or day—except be with her old man. But that's where she was.

How long they can keep up that side-by-side resolve, of course, is questionable now that both careers are starting to roll again. Lex's new contract with Universal-International might take him almost anywhere and Lana herself has no assurance she'll check in forever at Culver City after *The Prodigal* and *My Most Intimate Friend*, which follows, with Lana's most intimate friend Ava Gardner. One of the bitter-sweet breaks they've had since they came home is career idleness. It's been great for companionship but as both complain, "By now we're getting a little buggy." There's nothing a contract actor can do when the studio doesn't call except wait.

Fortunately, they've had plenty to do with the house projects, catching up with their friends in the evenings and keeping three kids happy by day. Lex and Lana have Lynne and Zan every weekend and they're hoping to have them more and more. That's what they really built the new bedrooms for. Fortunately, Lex and his first wife, Connie, and her husband, Jack Adams, are on friendly terms. As for Cheryl, she's pretty crazy about the new daddy she calls "Po." Lex is the type who understands ladies of all ages and knows how to please them. He started Cherry off on her present ice-skating kick and when the piano lessons get too tough takes her side against mama as Lana wails "he does in most everything"—but she's not really too mad about it.

WHEN CHERRY begged to leave for a Girl Scout camp, Lana acted like a flut-tery mother hen and forbade the overnight excursion. There was quite a scene, with tears and stormy protests until Lex sauntered in, learned the issue and broke it up with, "Why not? That's what Girl Scouts are for, isn't it?" Outnumbered, Lana gave in and wound up driving the whole troop to the mountains and bringing them back. Almost every day it's a family struggle to see who picks up Cheryl at school, and it was Lex's idea that Cheryl go along when he took Lana to Acapulco for a second honeymoon after their remarriage.

Of course, life is not all kids for the Barkers. Both Lex and Lana are still out for adult good times, although what they call good times today aren't escaping from nervous loneliness to the nightclub circuit. They get around—with Liz Taylor and Mike Wilding, Ursula Thiess and Bob Taylor, Cubby and Nedra Broccoli and a lot of others, both at their houses, and out on the town—but not so often. The other night they took their house guest, Fredricka, to see Joe E. Lewis on the Strip and pulled in, a little shocked at themselves, around two-thirty A.M. But mostly it's a prosaic married folks back-and-forth dinner deal, at which Lana confesses she's hopelessly in debt. "We owe everybody in this town," she sighs, "and that's one thing my business manager can't fix." This delinquency leaves Lex Barker strangely un-moved. He has another new and sensible idea about Hollywood social life.

"Hollywood actors just get in trouble when they party around," observes Lana's husband, who should know. "Sports are the thing. There are a lot of things people don't know about Lana. Guess what I married. An athlete! You ought to see this girl swim, play tennis and golf. Why the pro at Bel Air says she has the most per-

fect natural swing of any pupil he ever had!" That may be a surprise to the Mocambo set, but it's gospel.

Lex dragged Lana practically by her hair onto a golf course in Holland. To his surprise, she made four bogeys on her first round. Back home he trotted her pronto to the Bel Air clubhouse and today she gives him a fair match, although Lex is a ten-handicap swatter. Now he's teaching her surfing. When the next mutual vacation comes up, they're off to Hawaii. For that idyll, Lex has been taking some instruction, too—on a guitar. Vicente Gomez, the virtuoso, dropped in at the house not long ago and when Lex heard him romp on the melon box he just had to learn. For a long time he kept it secret, hoping after their anniversary dinner to casually yawn, "Oh, let's have a little music," trot the thing out and make it ring with "Romance," Lana's favorite tune. To pull off this feat, he had to hide in the bathroom, the basement and a few other confining places to practice, so he finally let the secret out in order to get hot for the occasion.

All these activities, besides keeping Lex and Lana Barker together and out of possible mischief, have banished another nightmare that used to haunt Lana, particularly when she wasn't on a set. "I used to let myself gain weight between pictures," she admits, "then go through agonies getting in shape for the cameras. Now it's no problem." Already Lana has dropped nine pounds despite eight months vacation—and lucky for her, too.

Lana will be making the greatest bid for high style sex and glamour of her entire career as Astarte in *The Prodigal*, where she can use every curve she's ever owned. With slanted eyes, gold leaf make-up, and dripping half the jewels in Solomon's Mines, (one pair of shoes cost \$500 and an opal-studded dress \$5000) Lana is out to make all the sexy sirens of Hollywood's past look like schoolmarms.

If you know your Near East mythology, this Astarte doll was just about the end-all of femininity, a gorgeous creature who signified the ultimate in love and beauty.

Nobody thinks Lana Turner is exactly miscast and naturally she's tingling with excitement about reviving the seductive, glamour-stacked Lana the customers have always cried for.

Both Lana and Lex Barker would welcome a family of their own. Lana's mate is christened Alexander Crichlow Barker, the Second. His son is the Third and his dad is the First.

"They call Lex's father 'Al,'" says Lana, "He's 'Lex, and our boy is 'Zan.' There's just one syllable missing. All we need is a 'Der.'"

Right now Lana and Lex Barker can't think of much more happiness than their first year of marriage has brought them both. But there's just one thing that could top all that by the time their second anniversary rolls around. That's one more Barker to fill out the family name. **END**

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little things mean a lot

(Continued from page 49) had rented private homes for their location stay in St. George. All Dick and June had was a single motel room. Here, June washed Dick's socks every evening and hung them in the window to dry. Here, too, she gabbed with Dick's two children by a previous marriage, Norman and Ellen.

Norman and Mike Wayne (Duke's son) have roles in *The Conqueror*. Ellen came along just to be with her dad.

June knew that Ellen's sixteenth birthday was coming up and she arranged a surprise party for her stepdaughter.

In short, June worked herself to a frazzle just keeping her family happy. She hates flying, but one weekend she flew back to Los Angeles to bring her daughter Pamela to St. George. She even rode with Dick on his new motorcycle.

She was wonderfully kind to the citizens of St. George. They would knock on her motel door and ask for autographs or ask her to step outside for pictures. June was always gracious and compliant.

One time when Dick was out in the middle of the parched desert, June insisted upon driving eight miles over really rough terrain to lunch with him.

The production crew had warned her that a cloudburst was in the offing and the roads would be impassable. But June went ahead, anyway. While she was there, a bridge was washed out and she couldn't get back to the motel for hours.

When news of her many family activities wafted back to Hollywood, some local observers, jaded and skeptical, found the news difficult to believe. Perhaps they didn't want to believe that June, in the most trying of circumstances, was a model wife. For months they had been whispering that "there's trouble in the Powell-Allyson household."

FRIEND IN NEED



Leaving a Fifth Avenue store with my arms full of boxes, I tried to get a cab but I found myself dropping bundles. A nice, tall man asked if he could help, took two boxes from me and found a taxi. Gratefully, I said there should be more fellows like him. He thanked

me and as he spoke he removed his sunglasses. It was Jimmy Stewart.

*Miss Mary Squitieri
New York, N. Y.*

This rumor began several months ago when June and Dick were out to dinner with friends. The Powells began to quarrel. June (who is so emotional she cries at card tricks) jumped up from her seat, ran out, and hailed a cab.

Next day Hollywood was whispering that the Powell-Allyson marriage had turned sour. Said one know-it-all: "It figures. Let's face it. They've been married nine years. That's par for the course."

Said others: "She's just tired of playing Trilby . . . Two careers in one family just don't mix . . . I never expected it to last!"

June was disturbed by these rumors. "Richard and I quarreled," she admitted. "So what? All married couples have disagreements. It was nothing important. It's over and done with."

Yet June was deeply hurt. She couldn't

understand why people were ready to write off her nine years of marriage.

Didn't they understand that she and Richard had been through so much together, they had become inseparable parts of each other's lives?

Didn't they realize that only a few months before she had come close to losing her husband on the operating table?

"I'll never forget it," she says, "so long as I live. It happened last winter just before I started the *Glenn Miller* job. Richard got up in the middle of the night. He thought he was suffering from indigestion. He took some bicarbonate of soda and went back to bed. Then he took a little brandy. But that didn't help either.

"When morning came I called a doctor. By then the pain had spread all over his stomach and his skin was red and I was really frightened.

"The doctor said it was just a virus and told me not to worry. He gave Richard some sedatives and told me everything would be fine. Only Richard's pain got worse and worse and he was in agony for the next three days.

"I stayed with him all the time but on the third night I just couldn't keep my eyes open any longer. I fell asleep right on top of the bedspread and when I awoke, Richard was sitting on my bed and water was running down his face and I remember saying to myself in a daze, 'That's funny. Why is he taking a shower at this time of the night?' And as I tried to shake the sleep out of my eyes, Richard mumbled, 'Help me, June. Please help me.' And then he collapsed in a heap at the foot of the bed.

"I don't know how I managed but I dragged him to the bed, and it was then that his appendix burst. We rushed him to the hospital for an emergency operation. Richard is allergic to penicillin, so they couldn't use that to kill the infection and it began to spread through his system.

"Then the terrible mental torture began. Suppose he dies, I asked myself. What will I do? How will I ever be able to tell Ricky or Pam?

"And Richard was dying. There was no doubt about it. Another operation was necessary. They were giving him blood transfusions and feeding him intravenously and it looked like the end for sure.

"A priest went into Richard's room and then walked out to me and said, 'You'd better go in, Mrs. Powell.'

"And I can't tell you how I felt when I walked in and saw Richard on that bed, almost lifeless. I began to talk to him, telling him that he must live, must live. I don't know what I said. But after a while his eyes opened ever so slowly and he mumbled, 'This is a helluva way to quit smoking. Isn't it, June?' And once he said that I knew he'd pull through."

Such experiences bind a man and wife together and to June it's incredible that anyone might think a picayune quarrel could nullify such love as theirs.

TO OTHERS it is not incredible at all. A prominent director, for example, who has known the Powells for years, says, "The reason many Hollywood people expected June's marriage to fail is relatively simple. At the time of their marriage, June had nothing in common with Dick except a show business background. She was twenty years younger than he—naïve, insecure and incapable of helping him socially, domestically or professionally.

"She couldn't sail, couldn't play tennis or golf, didn't know how to run a house, was wracked by an inferiority complex, stammered when speaking to the servants. In short she was a New York City kid who had been raised in poverty.

"Her acting career, however, was going great guns, and Dick's was not. The wise

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guys thought that sooner or later jealousy would ruin the marriage. They didn't understand that June and Dick are intelligent and have great strength of character.

"In the years he's been married to Junie, Dick has taught her a great deal. He still chooses scripts for her, and she still abides by his decisions, because they are wise decisions born of extensive experience.

"Some actresses resent their husbands' counsel. Not June. She respects Dick and loves him for all he's done. And in the dark days several years ago when his career seemed to have slumped, she always maintained great faith in his ability.

"That faith has paid off. Today Dick Powell is one of the biggest men in Hollywood. He owns a TV series, *Four Star Playhouse*, produced by Powell Enterprises and sponsored by Singer Sewing Machine. He alternates with three other top names, Charles Boyer, David Niven and Ronald Colman.

"Dick is one of Howard Hughes' favorites at RKO. Hughes signed him as a director in 1952 and Dick did an excellent directorial job on *Split Second*. Last year Hughes made him a producer and this year Dick is not only directing and producing but he's just finished starring with Debbie Reynolds in *Susan Slept Here*.

"June's career is in high, too. *The Glenn Miller Story* is one of the big money makers of the year, and she has just signed a share-the-profits deal with Alan Ladd. Under the circumstances, it seems impossible that career problems could cause Dick and June to split up—and unlikely that anything else could.

"But the rumors persist because people don't realize how much Junie has changed in the last ten years. They think she is the same clinging, bewildered kid who married Powell in 1945 and that Powell is envious of her success. Or that she is currently resenting his guidance."

POWELL SAYS, "Who has time to deny silly rumors? I'm too busy making a picture."

In St. George, June said. "Dick and I have never been happier. It just hurts me to see him working so hard. Every night after the day's shooting he holds long conferences with his staff. He's really a very fine director. I'm sure this picture will prove it.

"The reason I'm out here with Richard is because I love him and want to be near him. I was away from him during the shooting of *Strategic Air Command*. And I don't like being away from him."

That does not sound like two people on the verge of separation. Of course, conditions might change but this isn't very likely. Ever since Dick married June, he's had eyes for no one else. No matter how *gauche* she was, he never strayed, never grew angry, never got fed up. And as June says, "It began to penetrate my thick

skull years ago that Richard loved me for myself. And when I became sure of that I began to grow up."

June was wise enough to ask for children to solidify the marriage.

At first Dick was chary of adopting children. (He had two by his previous marriage to Joan Blondell). But only because he wasn't at all sure that June could handle children.

In 1949, when Joan Crawford told the Powells about an adoption home in Memphis, Tennessee, they adopted their daughter Pamela from there.

Two years later on her way back to Memphis to adopt a brother for Pam, June found that adoption wouldn't be necessary. She gave birth to Richard Keith on Christmas Eve that year.

It has surprised many people, but June turned out to be a model mother thereby winning her husband's lasting respect.

When Dick married June she had relatively few friends in Hollywood. He introduced her to his own world, a conservative world of prominent, wealthy, influential people. June had to do some drastic adapting, and while she made many errors at first, she gradually learned to feel at home with all kinds of people.

During this adaptation, she dropped the chorus girls she had known and grown up with in New York (Betsy Kelly, Gene's wife, and Jane Ball, Monte Prosser's wife) largely because they rarely crossed her path, but partly because she did not feel capable of mixing the two worlds.

LAST YEAR after ten years in Hollywood, June seemed to have conquered her inferiority complex.

She refused to sign with MGM again and struck out on her own, fully confident that she would do well. And she has.

She hired a secretary who once worked in the Copacabana chorus line, even as June had.

Simultaneously she became the mistress of a vast new estate in Mandeville Canyon, refurbishing the place and supervising it with dispatch and precision.

There were suggestions, of course, that she was revolting from Powell's domination, asserting her own personality at last. But actually June's real personality never has been submerged. It has been merely in the process of development. It has taken June a long time to get over her fear of assuming responsibility. Now June is sure of her own values and does not hesitate to act on them.

"In my book," she said a few weeks ago, "Richard's happiness and the happiness of our family come first. If there's any time left, I'll think about my career."

So long as cute little Junie adheres to that program, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Powell are destined to go on with many years of domestic bliss.

END

time of trouble for liz

(Continued from page 40) Now Liz is suffering, "but not seriously," from hepatitis. Anyone with hepatitis has a serious liver condition. The charm and beauty of Elizabeth cannot except her. So maybe it's psychosomatic, suggest some. Maybe it's pseudo-hepatitis brought on by the fact that she's desperately unhappy.

ADD NASTY STORIES. A busybody on the MGM lot reports an unmistakable warmth in Liz' attitude toward a certain handsome young man under contract to that studio. Just flirting, perhaps, teasing a little—but isn't it significant that this gentleman is much closer to Miss Taylor's own age than her husband is?

"Sure, she's making eyes at some other

guy," say those who consider it a privilege to cast the first stone, "and it's long overdue. Look at the record."

Well, let's look at the record, in honesty and fairness to the girl. Liz was seventeen, not even graduated from the studio high school, when she met Lt. Glenn Davis. They were in love or not, depending on how you look at it. Liz says it was hero-worship and, being a gentleman, Glenn says nothing—but a full-page picture of one of their embraces in *Life* magazine said a mouthful. And Mrs. Francis Taylor, in a story about her daughter, wrote, "That September Elizabeth was sent to England for *The Conspirator*. She wrote Glenn every night and never went out on a date the five months we were there." If that isn't love, there are plenty of Hollywood-ites who would accept it gladly as a substitute.

Unfortunately, however, in pursuit of his Army duties, Lt. Davis went too far and stayed too long. In one of his absences she met a handsome and wealthy young man named Bill Pawley in Florida, and her dancing heart was gone again. Bill was on his way to the West Coast to see her again before Liz faced up to the fact that Glenn had to be told. He must have been astonished to find himself in the position of the rejected suitor, not having known that he had any competition, but Glenn retired from the field gracefully and without recrimination.

The engagement of Liz and Bill was announced on June 7, 1949. Three months later, at the request of his fiancée, Mr. Pawley, Jr., announced that the engagement was off. An optimistic lad, he hoped that the new arrangement was only temporary. Yes, they were in love. The problem was that his work kept him in the East while Liz labored in Hollywood—a full continent away. He hoped that things could be worked out, Bill told the press. They couldn't. The truth is that he wanted her to give up her career and live in Florida, his home. Possibly in the first blush of romance the picture looked rosy, but within three months Liz showed a marked reluctance to part with California, career and limelight. She couldn't promise and, since Bill couldn't be dissuaded from his conviction that a wife's place is with her husband, the engagement was off.

It was at this point that the London *Sunday Pictorial* suggested someone "should administer a series of resounding smacks behind the bustle of (Liz's) latest Paris creation" for silly and irresponsible behavior. For the first time in her young life Elizabeth Taylor was getting a bad press, particularly notable because it was a British newspaper taking her to task. Having spent the first eight years of her life in England, she had always been a favorite daughter.

When you look at the record, she hadn't done anything so terrible. She had been engaged twice, and twice she had disengaged herself when it became clear that happiness lay in some other direction. Is that wrong? Should she instead have allowed each romance to reach its ultimate end in marriage, becoming a two-time loser in the divorce courts before she was out of her teens? It seems bad enough to make a mistake without deliberately compounding the error, which Liz would have done if she hadn't backed away from those two early engagements.

A month after the Pawley situation had been disposed of, Liz met Nicky Hilton and did not fall in love at first sight. Liz was growing cautious, as well she might, since Hollywood's reaction to her third engagement was, "Oh, really? And who's next?" She was wary, she wanted to be sure, and Nicky courted her a full eight months.

At that time Liz told no less a reliable source than Louella O. Parsons. "There is no doubt in my mind that he is the one I want to spend my life with. Since we met we have never had one quarrel, one moment of misunderstanding. Every day I love him better." They were married on May 6, 1950, in the Beverly Hills Church of the Good Shepherd. Liz had even begun taking instruction in the Catholic faith because Nicky is a Catholic.

The Hiltons' blissful state of mutual understanding must have ended a day or so after they exchanged vows. First reports from Europe, where they honeymooned, were that the youngsters' marriage didn't have a ghost of a chance. By the time they

came home, it looked pretty much confirmed; Liz had lost too much weight, was overtly miserable, and the usually affable Nicky had turned surly, difficult.

PEOPLE IMMEDIATELY and inevitably took sides. "Nicky is a spoiled brat," said the Taylor camp. "Even on their honeymoon he left her alone while he drank and gambled and chased around. He used language abusive enough to crush a sensitive girl like Liz."

To which the Hilton retinue retorted, "Nobody's denying that Nick is headstrong or even spoiled. But he's also a very intelligent guy, and she's only beautiful. There's nothing below the beautiful surface. He probably went out because he was bored silly." Cruel words, accusing them both, helping them not at all.

The doom-shaped pattern was unfolding. In October Liz Taylor went to Palm Springs alone "to rest," denying that she had had another fight with Nicky or that she intended to give up her career in an attempt to save her marriage. "My husband has no objection to my career," she said then. "We are very happy."

Yet, within four weeks, she filed suit for divorce after a little more than six months of marriage. The charge was cruelty, which covers a multitude of sins and nobody knows how much heartbreak. By her own admission, Liz cried for days and nights on end after receiving her interlocutory decree. Was it the right thing to do? She didn't know, and apparently Nicky didn't, either, because two months after that initial decree was granted, the manager of the Thunderbird Hotel in Las Vegas reported that Liz and Nicky were there, dining and dancing, holding hands and kissing for all the world to see.

They got together still another time before it was all over. That October Hollywood was rocked by the news that Elizabeth Taylor, accompanied by Nick's brother, was flying to Houston to see her erstwhile husband. "It's news to me," Nick said with a poker-faced shrug. "I'm here on a business trip." But when Liz was bedded down with a cold in New York and unable to make the trip, he flew up to keep the rendezvous.

"Liz is emotionally upset by rumors that Nicky is engaged to Betsy von Furstenberg and will marry her as soon as the divorce is final," said a New York representative of MGM. Assuming that it was true, there was still nothing to get upset about. Miss Von Furstenberg has been engaged to practically every eligible male in the American theatre without having once been brought to altar.

The story was not allowed to be true, however. MGM's West Coast office rushed into print to deny it and said, instead, that Liz and Nicky were meeting to discuss a property settlement. It was a likely story, except that there was no property to discuss. Liz had already said she wanted nothing from Nicky other than a divorce. What's more, Nicky's father had given her a huge chunk of Hilton Hotel stock for a wedding present.

The odds are that the two confused kids got together to talk about a possible reconciliation one last time. Who knows, except the people involved? All the world knows is that if such was their intention, someone's proud neck still refused to bow.

This was the most trying year of her life for little Elizabeth Taylor. She went home to her family when she left Nicky Hilton, then moved away into an apartment of her own. Talk around town was that the breach between the Taylors was



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a bad one, which Liz refused to dignify with either a confirmation or a denial. "I moved out because I have to learn to rely on myself, to make my own decisions," she said. "I have to grow up some time, don't I?"

Judging from the defiant and often childish statements she made in the months that followed, Liz didn't grow up very much. She said, "Nicky was a big mistake. I think the idea of a June wedding appealed to me more than anything." Having been married in May, that is.

And she said, "Nick and I had a fairy-tale courtship. Then, after the marriage, we weren't on our good behavior any more, and we found out that we didn't even like each other very well. . . . Two weeks after the wedding I knew I had made a mistake—but it was a beautiful wedding, wasn't it?" Yup, just like in the movies.

And she said of Stanley Donen, "We're good pals. We're together constantly, and we're good for each other. But it isn't love." Why, then, did the columnists find it necessary to rebuke them in print for the amount of necking they did in public?

And she uttered one truism that will live forever. She said, "I've been able to wear a plunging neckline since I was fourteen years old, and ever since then people have expected me to act as old as I look. My trouble all started because I have a woman's body and a child's emotions." In the case of Liz Taylor that remark was either astute or instinctive self-analysis, but it could also be made, incidentally, about actresses considerably older.

LIZ HAD fallen into the trap laid for unwary, unhappy celebrities. Trusting as a puppy, she gave interviews far and wide, and every time she opened her mouth, something wrong came out in print. When she decided—or was advised—to stop talking, she got hurt another way, because any star who refuses to discuss personal problems is automatically tagged "temperamental."

Granted, her marriage to Nick Hilton was a bad mistake. Liz has always acknowledged more than her share of blame for the failure. "I thought I was mature enough to cope with marriage, and I wasn't. I had always had my own way. Instead of pointing out my faults, people always told me how good I was. I never learned responsibility." And after the breakup, she erred further in expressing herself too freely. But Liz had never been through the Hollywood marriage mill before—how was she to know?

Through the mistakes she learned about responsibility—and humiliation and heartache. In her brief marriage she learned that she couldn't be emotionally dependent on Nicky, because he was equally immature. Then she went home to her family and was startled to discover that the role of baby daughter no longer fitted. She could no longer give her life blindly into the hands of her parents. No more a child, no more a wife, she had to go forward. Liz went out and rented an apartment of her own—for precisely the reasons she gave: she had to learn independence. "That incredible child" was growing up in self-defense.

SHORTLY AFTER her final meeting with Nicky in New York, Liz was shipped off to England again to portray Rebecca in *Ivanhoe*. Indicative of her emotional growth, this time she was accompanied by her secretary instead of her mother. It caused no stress within the family, rumors to the contrary. The Taylors understood and accepted that their daughter must stand or fall alone.

She fell—like a plummet—at the feet of a sweet, shy, sensitive fellow named

Michael Wilding. This, curiously, was their second encounter. Mrs. Taylor, in writing of the five-month sojourn in London when Liz was seventeen, spoke of their meeting and added, "I knew that except for Glenn, the man in Elizabeth's life would be Michael Wilding." This time there were no "excepts" or "ifs." Liz was ready to know adult emotion.

Way back when she was seventeen, Mike had said lightly, "Some day you should marry me, you know," and now he said, "You see? I told you, you should have waited for me!"

When word of their love leaked out, it was received with almost universal skepticism. They were totally different from each other. Mike was twice Elizabeth's age. He was a man already settled while she still had a dainty fistful of wild oats to sow. This was going to be murder. Too bad—and he was such a nice guy, too.

A few people believed in them. One was Michael Wilding, who said, "She wants to be married to someone who will love and protect her, and that someone—by some heaven-sent luck—turns out to be me. I won't let her down."

His best friends, the Stewart Grangers, believed and gave them courage. After all, Jean Simmons' beloved Jimmy is six-

THE RIVALS

When Julius La Rosa appeared at Loew's State in New York a group of girls gathered outside under his dressingroom window and to the tune of "ta-ra-ra-boom - de - ay," chanted, "We're Eddie Fisher fans, we're Eddie Fisher fans!" Grinning, Julius yelled back, "So am I!" and dragging his portable record player to the window sill, he put on one of Eddie's records and played it—but loud! The girls listened a moment and then roared back to the same tune, "Now we're La Rosa fans, and Eddie Fisher fans!"



Betty Vogel
Brooklyn, New York

teen years older than she, and Hollywood cynicism has used a battering-ram on their marriage with absolutely no effect.

Elizabeth Taylor believed—in all but her own good fortune. Michael loved her. She told reporters, "I want to be married as quickly as possible, because happiness is a fragile thing, and we have so little time for it." She had yet to be convinced that happiness isn't a sometimes thing, but she had found the man who could give her whatever there was of it.

LIZ AND MIKE WILDING have now been married almost three years. Career-wise, if Mike's child-wife soars any higher, she's going to be lost in a cloud. His own reputation as an actor's actor grows more solid every day. They have the baby boy of their dreams, and the world's warmest welcome is extended to any brothers and sisters who might join young Michael Howard in the house. And they have each other, Liz and Mike. Seeing them together, it's plain that they still have each other so utterly and completely that if there is trouble, it will have to come from something outside this marriage.

We hope there is nothing—ever. We hope that Liz Taylor's times of trouble are all behind her.

END

in his hand

Wrap the big hand around the little hand . . . for now begins a little heart's journey into prayer . . . the guide is Dad, the goal is a security not even he can provide.

But the pattern is security, and it is Dad's privilege to supply his part of it for the little hearts in his care.

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