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

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6. Gentle, safe, dependable—ideal for sanitary napkins, too. Get new Mum today.

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lasting M-3
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November, 1954

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

MODERN SCREEN'S 8-page gossip extra

LOUELLA PARSONS IN HOLLYWOOD

9

stories

THE TWO WORLDS OF MARILYN MONROE	by Jack Wade	37
*SHE LOOKS LIKE A BRIDE (Debbie Reynolds-Eddie Fisher)	by Steve Cronin	38
REPORT FROM EUROPE: WHY CAN'T THEY BEHAVE?	by Sheilah Graham	40
A TIME TO THINK THINGS OUT (Jeff Chandler-Gloria De Haven)	by Alice Finletter	42
HOW TO TAKE CRITICISM (Terry Moore-Rita Moreno)	by Terry Moore	44
WHY TRY TO CHANGE ME NOW? (Jane Russell)	by Toni Noel	46
WHAT MAKES MONTY RUN? (Montgomery Clift)	by Richard L. Williams	48
GOOD FOR EACH OTHER (Fernando Lamas-Arlene Dahl)	by Marva Peterson	50
THE GRANGERS CALL IT LOVE (Stewart Granger-Jean Simmons)	by Ida Zeitlin	60
GRANDMOTHER AND THE GOOD LIFE	by Janet Leigh	63
NOBODY TOLD HER SHE WAS A STAR (Doris Day)		64
IT'S A BRAND NEW BRANDO	by Alice Hoffmann	66

bonus pin-up section

I'VE GOT A SECRET . . .

Linda Darnell	52
Jan Sterling	52
Donna Reed	52
Anne Baxter	53
Marilyn Monroe	53
Virginia Mayo	53
Mary Murphy	54
Jean Simmons	54
Mitzi Gaynor	54
June Allyson	55

MAN, MAN, IS FOR THE WOMAN MADE

Robert Wagner	56
Frank Sinatra	57
Rory Calhoun	57
Bob Mitchum	58
Jimmy Stewart	58
Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis	58
Alan Ladd	59

featurettes

OF POOLS AND PONIES (Alan Ladd).....		6
HOW DOTH THE LITTLE BUSY B?.....	by Barbara Stanwyck	25
WORDS AND MUSIC (Peggy Lee).....		26
MY FIRST LOVE.....	by Mitzi Gaynor	28
FOR DANCERS ONLY (Cyd Charisse).....	by Reba and Bonnie Churchill	32
ADAM'S FALL (Julia Adams).....		34
CLARK GABLE.....		35

departments

THE INSIDE STORY.....	4
NEW MOVIES.....	by Florence Epstein 18
TV TALK.....	30
MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS.....	70

*Color portrait of Debbie Reynolds from MGM. She can be seen next in *Athena* with Jane Powell and in *Hit The Deck*. For other photographers' credits see page 82.

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Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address, enclosing if possible your old address label.

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3578 and copies returned under Label Form 3579 to 263 Ninth Ave., New York 1, New York

MODERN SCREEN, Vol. 48, No. 12, November, 1954. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Dell Subscription Service: 10 West 33rd St., New York 1, N. Y. Chicago advertising office, 221 No. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. Los Angeles advertising and editorial offices, 8701 West 3rd Street, Los Angeles, California. George J. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-Pres.; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-Pres. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the Protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price 20¢ in U. S. A. and Possessions, and Canada. Subscriptions in U. S. A. and Canada \$2.00 one year, \$3.50 two years, \$5.00 three years; Foreign, \$3.00 a year. Entered as second class matter September 18, 1930, at the post office at Dunellen, N. J., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1954 by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Names of characters used in semi-fictional matter are fictitious — if the name of any living person is used it is purely a coincidence. Trade mark No. 301778

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F. Scott Fitzgerald's famous story
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*"We love each other... need each other,
but we're no good for each other!"*

*They met
and they kissed...
for this was Paris,
the city of love,
in its hour of joy!*

ELIZABETH
TAYLOR
and VAN
JOHNSON

*entwined in a
bittersweet romance
by the spell of
the song...*

"THE LAST TIME I SAW PARIS"

Technicolor color by

co-starring **WALTER
PIDGEON**

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("From Here To Eternity")

with **EVA GABOR • KURT KASZNAR**

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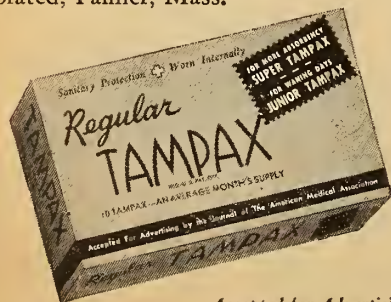
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Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. I understand there's an actress in Hollywood named Mary Trouble-In-Front. For whom does she work?
—V.E., NEW ORLEANS, LA.

A. *Mary Trouble-In-Front is the name of a Sioux Indian girl hired by Universal-International in South Dakota for a bit part in Chief Crazy Horse.*

Q. How many times has Donna Reed been married, also Marge Champion?
—N.N., BATH, N. Y.

A. *Both twice.*

Q. I've been told on good authority that Victor Mature is afraid of horses and that doubles are used for his riding scenes. Is this true?
—E.K., DETROIT, MICH.

A. *Mature does not feel at home on a horse.*

Q. Was Cleo Moore ever married to Huey Long?
—J.J., MONROE, LA.

A. *She was married to his son when she was fifteen.*

Q. Would you please settle a bet? Who has more hair: Fred MacMurray or Gene Kelly?
—L.H., BORDENTOWN, N.Y.

A. *MacMurray.*

Q. How much money did Cary Grant get for making *Catch A Thief*?
—J.H., RICHMOND, VA.

A. *Ten per cent of the picture's gross.*

Q. Does John Wayne wear a toupee or a hairpiece in pictures?
—G.K., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

A. *Sometimes.*

Q. What is the name of Mario Lanza's new son and how many children does he now have?
—Y.R., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A. *Lanza's new son is named Marc. There are now two girls and two boys in the family.*

Q. I've read that the richest woman in Hollywood is Sonja Henie. Does she have more money than Loretta Young?
—N.R., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. *Yes, according to reports.*

Q. What is the relationship between Mona Freeman and Bill Holden?
—H.H., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. *Good friends.*

Q. That woman Bob Wagner is supposed to be crazy about—isn't she really Barbara Stanwyck?
—V.E., SPENCER, IND.

A. *Yes.*

Q. What is the connection between two women named Jill Winkler and Jean Garceau and Clark Gable?
—E.D., VAN NUYS, CAL.

A. *Jean Garceau is Gable's private secretary. Jill Winkler is the widow of press agent Otto Winkler who was killed in a plane crash with Carole Lombard, Gable's third wife, on January 16, 1942. After the tragic accident Gable generously bought Mrs. Winkler a house in the San Fernando Valley.*

Q. Wasn't June Haver's engagement ring once owned by Mrs. Red Skelton?
—F.E., FENTON, NEB.

A. *Yes. It was turned in by Mrs. Skelton to a jeweler who repolished and reset and resold it to Fred MacMurray.*

Q. Who has the most expensive house of all the movie stars?
—R.G., SALEM, OREG.

A. *Probably the Gary Coopers.*

Q. Has Ann Sheridan ever gotten over the death of Steve Hannagan?
—A.L., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. *Not yet.*

Q. Will Deborah Kerr ever make motion pictures again or is she through with Hollywood?
—A.D., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. *Miss Kerr is currently making a film in England, plans to make many more in Hollywood.*

Q. Is it true that Corinne Calvet followed her lover all the way to Rome?
—B.R., FRANKFORT, KY.

A. *Corinne didn't like being separated from Jeffrey Stone (who under the name of Johnny Anderson was once married to Barbara Lawrence). So she followed Stone to Rome, where she is working in a film.*

Q. Is there any chance of that rich Mexican mogul's marrying Maureen O'Hara?
—S.L., PHOENIX, ARIZ.

A. *There are religious difficulties involved in securing an annulment or dispensation.*

Q. What's happened to Peter Lawford since his marriage to Patricia Kennedy? I've seen him in no pictures.
—H.D., DANBURY, CONN.

A. *Lawford is starring in a TV series, Dear Phoebe, about a male lovelorn columnist who uses a female name.*

Q. Is it true that Rock Hudson and Julia Adams once were a big thing?
—T.W., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *Yes.*

JUDY GARLAND JAMES MASON

IN
"A STAR
IS BORN"

WARNER BROS.
PRESENT IT IN
CINEMA SCOPE
TECHNICOLOR
AND STEREOPHONIC SOUND

*The most
anticipated
motion picture
of our time
is now ready
for your
acclaim.*

ALSO STARRING

JACK CARSON
CHARLES BICKFORD

WITH TOM NOONAN SCREEN PLAY BY MOSS HART DIRECTED BY GEORGE CUKOR PRODUCED BY SIDNEY LUFT A TRANSCONA ENTERPRISES PROD. PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.
6 NEW SONGS BY HAROLD ARLEN AND IRA GERSHWIN "THE MAN THAT GOT AWAY" • "IT'S A NEW WORLD" • "GOTTA HAVE ME GO WITH YOU" • "HERE'S WHAT I'M HERE FOR" • "SOMEONE AT LAST" • "LOSE THAT LONG FACE"





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Clearasil
The specific medication for pimples



OF POOLS AND PONIES



■ Hollywood editors and reporters are lucky people. They have Alan Ladd's private telephone number. On the still warm October days in California they can give the star a ring and announce, "I'm coming over for a swim." They don't even have to bring their own towels. Such generous hospitality is rare in Hollywood, not because of the towels, but because most big stars pretend to be horror-stricken at the idea of an advancing photographer or newshound.

The latest poolside report on the Ladds is that they are ready to swing into action with their newly formed Jaguar Productions (named for a car Alan liked) as soon as they decide which is the best of three scripts.

Meanwhile, Alan is going into *The McConnell Story* on his Warner contract, with June Allyson as his leading lady. While resting, the whole family is shuttling back and forth between their town home and the ranch where Alana is having a ball riding her horse, Key, a Spanish stallion which she rented to her dad to ride in *Drumbeat*. The horse is one of eleven Spanish horses, all of which were named after Alan Ladd pictures. One is called Dahlia for *The Blue Dahlia*, another Beret, a third, pardon the expression, Hell for *To Hell and Back*. It tickles Alan to report that the horse named Shane was sold for about five times what it was really worth before it got that name, and he says he's been getting fan letters from new mothers who are calling their new sons Shane. "It's all right, I suppose," he says, "but I hope the fad doesn't grow. Imagine a lot of little tikes running around answering to the name Drumbeat!"

It doesn't bear thinking on.

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News from Playtex Pa-

some of the world's largest-selling girdles

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side it!
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latex outside, with kitten-
soft fabric next to your

The one and only Girdle with
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outside... kitten-soft fabric
on the inside...
and not a single stitch,
seam or bone
anywhere!



No other girdle whittles away so many inches... yet stays so comfortable! Only Playtex has the slimming power of miracle latex *plus* kitten-soft fabric inside to caress your skin. Washes and dries in a flash. Slip into a freedom-giving Playtex Girdle soon... and get that slimmer-trimmer look—no matter what your size! PLAYTEX fabric lined Girdles & Briefs, \$4.95—\$7.95. Known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube—at department stores and better specialty shops.

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more spectacular than the splendors of Kubla Khan!

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Photographed with the revolutionary new anamorphic lens in

CINEMASCOPE

Color by **DELUXE** Laboratories



Who's HAJJI?

Hajji was the most romantic barber (and masseur) who ever lived, the joy-boy of every beautiful babe who ever lost her veil, the hot-shot of every harem from Ispahan to Istanbul!

starring
**JOHN ELAINE
DEREK STEWART**

with **AMANDA BLAKE • THOMAS GOMEZ • ROSEMARIE BOWE**
Directed by **DON WEISS** • Screen play by **RICHARD COLLINS** • Music written & directed by **DIMITRI TIOMKIN**

Produced by Allied Artists Pictures Corp.
Released by 20th Century-Fox

In the Wonder of 4-Track High-Fidelity, Directional **STEREOPHONIC SOUND**



modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood



Timothy Patrick McNulty makes his debut with Mama, Ann Blyth.

IN THIS SECTION:
Love story of the month

Good News

Hollywood Snapshots

The letter box

I was miffed at Jane Powell

I nominate Martha Hyer



louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

"I FEEL FREE AND HAPPY for the first time in two years," Susan Hayward told me. I had thought Susie would be down in the dumps over Jess Barker's decision to fight Judge Walker's ruling that he is not entitled to any community property in their divorce and that Susan gets custody of the children with only rights of visitation for Jess.

But I didn't know my girl. She telephoned me and said, "I've been through so many months of horror I'm completely accepting the judge's decision as final.

"At no time did I want to drag our dirty linen through the courts. I even offered Jess a settlement because of the children. This he turned down, preferring to make a bad fight of it."

I had heard that Susan wanted to give Jess \$100,000 to get her freedom and he turned it down! If this is true he must feel like jumping out the closest window, now that he gets *nothing*!

The irony of it is that at the time of their marriage it was Jess who insisted that Susan make a pre-nuptial arrangement that the California Community Property Law be waived and that she would get nothing from him, should they separate!

He was earning much more at that time than Susan was.

What few people know is that they separated in a matter of months after their marriage. She came to see me at that time. It never has been my policy to advise my friends about their marriage troubles. That's a personal thing. But I couldn't refrain from saying to the weeping Susan, "Oh, Susie! If he hit you and walked out on you once there's nothing to keep him from doing it again."

Susan, today, says: "You were right, Louella. But if I had taken your advice I might not have my wonderful twin boys."

WHEN THE BELLES GET THEIR HEADS TOGETHER at parties and talk "girl talk," they say Gene Kelly is the actor who puts the least ardor into love scenes.

Gene heard about his "rep" and cracked: "I don't mind roughing them up if they like it. I just worry about their make-up."

Jack Palance admits that he blew his top and was way out of line when he shouted and raved at two extra girls playing (Continued on page 12)



PARTY OF THE MONTH was tossed by Cyd Charisse to celebrate Tony Martin's Hollywood Bowl debut.



GLORIA GRAHAME and Cy Howard were married at Cy's home. Gloria wore black, carried sweetpeas.

hollywood snapshots

It was a big month for
romance—with all the fellows
taking their best girls out
on the town.



THE NEW GUY Madison is quite a man-about-town now. A favorite date is Sheila Connolly.



OLD FLAME burns for Zsa Zsa and Rubirosa, but whether they'll marry is unsettled.



BING CROSBY and Phil Harris caught salmon. Bing wrote, "Fishing with Harris is a lot of laughs. He talks to the fish, even sings to them."



ROY ROGERS and Dale gave awards to high school kids who won accident prevention contest, talked to some who had been accident victims.



JUDY GARLAND is in Monte Carlo with Sid and Jack Warner. I hope pictures like this stop the silly talk of a feud between Judy and Jack.



GENE KELLY and his lovely wife are almost strangers, they've been overseas so much for Gene's films. Betsy still hopes to do some acting.



HEAVY RUMORS of Grace Kelly and Oleg Cassini marrying, but Grace's friends disapprove.



LIGHT TALK for Pier Angeli and James Dean. He's a Brando type—no car, many T-shirts.



BRIGHT PAIR are cute Rita Moreno and Geordie Hormel, Leslie Caron's almost ex-husband.



Like father, like son

The resemblance between Jerry Lewis and his 9-year-old Gary just amazes me—especially when they're doing their "mugging duet." (These special photographs are the cutest I've ever seen!) They learned that mournful look from a cocker spaniel!

(Continued from page 10) slaves just because they were chattering on the set of *The Silver Chalice*.

The company was shocked by his language and Jack is sincerely sorry it ever happened.

He called me to say, "The reason for my outburst is that I was working with a terrible case of poisoning from a snake bite on location. My doctor advised me to stay at home for several days under medical treatment."

"I didn't want to do this because there were about 1000 extras working in the scenes we were shooting and I didn't want to put the director and producers to the expense of keeping these people idle because of my illness."

"All I can say is that my nerves snapped when the girls kept chattering between scenes when I was trying desperately hard to memorize my lines under my terrific physical strain."

Okay, Jack. What more can you say than that you are sorry, and I'm sure you told the girls as well as me.

ALTHOUGH BARBARA RUSH and Rock Hudson sent me a beautiful scarf from Ireland when I was in London, I didn't get to see them emote in *Captain Lightfoot* for the very good reason that I didn't get to Ireland and they couldn't get to London.

So I was surprised my first day back at my desk in Hollywood to get a phone call from Barbara who returned home the day after I did.

She was both happy and upset—happy to be home and upset over rumors which had been flying that she and Jeff Hunter were on the verge of parting.

"The only parting we've had is that my work took me to Ireland and Jeff's picture took him to Mexico City."

"Really, there's not a bit of truth in the reports of a rift," she told me, and I believe the gal. In fact, she was so eager to see Jeff she was flying to Mexico to catch up with her traveling bridegroom.

Speaking of Rock, he stayed on in Europe for a holiday on the continent, not a honeymoon with Betty Abbott, as had been freely touted.

Betty was the script girl on *Captain Lightfoot* as well as being Rock's best girl, so she had to return with the company to Hollywood to work on the cutting of the film and so on.

Sooner or later I believe Rock and Betty will get around to getting married. He dates others now and then, but she seems to be the real heart interest in his life.

THE PARTY OF THE MONTH was the lovely affair hosted by Cyd Charisse for her ever lovin' husband, Tony Martin, following his debut at the Hollywood Bowl.

Cyd took over the new room at Ciro's and turned it into a garden of flowers. At first some of the candid camera boys got miffed because Cyd wouldn't let them in to take pictures. But when Tony, who is a very easygoing guy, showed up, he had a little chat with Cyd and said, "Come on in, boys."

Esther Williams surprised everyone by dancing all evening in her bare feet. Someone asked her, "Do your shoes hurt?"

Esther said, "Nope, I just like to dance this way," and that was that.

Late arrivals were surprised to see Nancy Sinatra, ex of Frankie, apparently teamed up with Harry Karl, estranged husband of Marie McDonald. But Nancy laughingly explained that Harry wasn't her date. He was just her supper partner and later drove her to her car which she had left in front of Barbara Stanwyck's house.

Speaking of Barbara, she decided to have some fun and showed up in the red wig which she wears in her new movie. Everyone thought it was striking but preferred her own natural silvery locks.

Gary Cooper and Rocky looked thoroughly made-up. They danced mostly with one another and he was quite devoted to her.

Judy Garland and Sid Luft were excited about leaving the following day for Europe, all expenses paid by the boss, Jack Warner. Judy looked cute in a black and white chiffon.

No one admires Audrey Hepburn more than I. She is a superb actress.

But I've got some news for her firsthand: She has hurt a lot of friends and estranged many of the press by making—then breaking—interview appointments in New York and by later refusing to talk with even the people who have helped her build her career when she arrived in London.

I was in London at the time and some of her closest friends told me they were unable to reach her even by phone.

She left immediately for Switzerland where she again went into hiding.

There are many reports that Audrey's health is bad. It is also pretty generally believed that she is emotionally upset over Mel Ferrer, the big romance in her life.

Although Mel is divorced, he is devoted to his children and is in constant communication with Mrs. Ferrer.

Audrey, apparently, is so deeply in love with the actor, without whom she made no appearances in New York, that she is unduly jealous and unhappy about him.

SPEAKING OF AUDREY, I bet she never expected to be compared to cute, peppery Debbie Reynolds. But one of the London critics wrote:

"Debbie Reynolds in *Susan Slept Here* is the logical successor to Audrey Hepburn." Pretty nice compliment to Debbie, I calls it.

I GUESS I'M THE LEAST SURPRISED person in the world that Vic Mature and his wife, Dorothy, got in such a battle at Del Mar that they went flying to their lawyers to talk divorce.

Like the Matures, I used to spend my own vacations at the little racetrack by the sea, and each season Vic and Dorothy staged some sort of a head-on collision.

This one was more spectacular than usual. They had been sitting in the cocktail lounge of the hotel before going in to dine, apparently very friendly.

Then, Dorothy (Continued on page 14)



I was really miffed about JANE POWELL

■ I really don't know what got into Jane Powell to deny so vehemently that she had any idea of marrying Pat Nerney—and then, a bare ten days later, to announce to the world that she had received her engagement ring and that the marriage would take place soon!

As I told you in this department last month, I didn't believe Jane's denials even when she herself was making them to me.

Who in the world did she think she was fooling? She and Pat have been inseparable ever since they fell in love and all the stuff about their "never even discussing marriage" was a lot of nonsense and I knew it. And printed it!

A reporter friend of mine wasn't so lucky. This writer spent two hours with Jane at her home interviewing her about her romance with young Nerney. Now get this:

Not only did Jane say she wasn't marrying Pat, she indicated that she was still in love with another man in her life!

My friend wrote her story as Miss Powell gave it to her and it was in publication, too late to stop, when the blonde actress sprang her plans to marry Nerney just a few days later.

All we reporters ask is a little fairness and honesty now and then. Is this asking too much?



I nominate for stardom: **MARTHA HYER**

■ She has the same look of quality Grace Kelly has and an even more exciting figure. In *Sabrina* Martha loses Bill Holden (temporarily) to Audrey Hepburn but she's so lovely to look at it's understandable that she gets him back.

She's twenty-five years old, weighs 116 pounds, is five feet, six inches tall and is currently redheaded. Her hair has been bleached, dyed and tinted different colors so often she has almost forgotten she's a natural brownette.

Every time she's cast in a new picture she has to switch her hair color to contrast with that of the woman star.

She says she will know she has reached official stardom when another girl has to dye to contrast with her.

She was born in Dallas, Texas, where her father is an assistant district attorney. She's one Texan who doesn't hesitate to admit she prefers living in California.

For two and a half years she was married to Ray Stahl, the writer-director son of the late John Stahl. At that time she rated (careerwise) only leads in westerns.

It's probably just a coincidence that her career took a sharp upturn just about the time she divorced Stahl. She had excellent roles in *So Big*, *Sabrina* and *Lucky Me*.

Unlike many babes in the Hollywoods, Martha has had solid training in her profession at both Northwestern University and the Pasadena Community Playhouse.

An important man at Paramount tells me, "Watch Martha Hyer. She can and may be another Grace Kelly."

(Continued from page 13) went to a phone booth. Suddenly, in a towering rage, Vic went to the booth, jerked the door open, stepped inside and other cocktail loungers were treated to a full view of the battle through the glass door although not a sound came through!

Sooooo, they say they are headed for divorce although you can pick up some easy bets that before this latest vacation brawl reaches the judge, these two ardent battlers will make it up as they have done three times in the past.

SHORT SHOTS: Two new children are living at Lana Turner's house these days. Don't get excited, they are the son and daughter of Lex Barker who have come to live with Lana and Lex while their mother is in Mexico City for a year. Lana is a good mother, wonderful with the kids, and they adore her.

Can't make up my mind whether I like Arlene Dahl's new short and straight hair cut or not. But with that face she can do almost anything.

The reason Ava didn't divorce Frankie when her six weeks were up in Nevada is because not only does she want him to pay all court costs but also defray all expenses on the big house which she occupied with her family at Lake Tahoe. And he ain't about to do it, he ain't.

Ethel Barrymore is crazy about Frank Sinatra, whether Ava is or not. The Grand Lady of the theatre took to Frankie and vice versa like chocolate syrup to ice cream. Ethel couldn't get over Frankie's blowing her to a champagne and cake birthday party on the set of *Young At Heart*. "Frank is," drawls the one and only Ethel in that magnificent voice of hers, "a livin' doll."

Speaking of dolls, no one in years has given such expensive gifts to the crew and cast following a picture as those Johnny Ray handed out after *There's No Business Like Show Business*—gold watches and cuff links, traveling bags, cases of champagne, expensive briefcases, and to the assistant prop boy, a new TV set!

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



Joan Crawford got award as *Fur Fashion Woman* of 1954 from top furrier Al Tietelbaum.

My favorite love story of the month: The Glenn Fords relive their romance.



It all started on their 11th wedding anniversary when Glenn and Ellie discovered a trunk full of their old letters, written during Glenn's Marine Corps days.



Next, the scene of Glenn's proposal—a sidewalk ice cream cafe. (Glenn had wanted an un-Hollywood atmosphere.) "I can't recall what I said when I asked her," he confessed. "But I know that I ordered a chocolate soda—and I hate chocolate!"



Glenn dragged out his uniform, swore he could get into it, but didn't. He was a sergeant when he married Ellie—who had her pick of Hollywood's most eligible stars.



First on their memory lane was the house they were married in. Pat O'Brien had introduced them, told Ellie, "I know a guy you'd get along with real good."



Glenn gave Ellie a tiny diamond ring—all he could afford on his Marine Corps pay. Ellie, then at the top of her career as a movie star, insisted that he take her to St. Augustine's Episcopal Church (where Glenn had been a teacher) to put it on.

MORE PICTURES ON NEXT PAGE



the letter box

(First, a word of explanation to those of you who complain that I fail to use your letters in this department: I try to use comments of general interest to all fans and if you'll just bear this in mind, I'm sure you'll see print. Thank you.) Now let's hear from:

JUDY TIKWORTH, Bradenton, Florida, who resents a letter from Pat Kennedy (*not* Mrs. Peter Lawford) criticizing Robert Wagner's upstage conduct while on location. "I, too, had the opportunity to watch Mr. Wagner making scenes and I found him gracious to the fans and a delightful young man to meet, very modest and a gentleman."

"In my opinion," pens BETTY CAMPBELL of Dorchester, Mass., "John Agar is the best-looking man in Hollywood and one of the finest actors. I am glad Universal-International is giving him the break he has so long deserved." Evidently John is *very* popular in Massachusetts. CAROL SHEIL, of Boston, also writes glowingly of him in *Bait*.

RUTH VILEISIS, Naugatuck, Conn., spent part of her vacation in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, and writes: "As I came out of a small cafe I saw a crowd gathered around a big car—and there were June Haver and Fred MacMurray. They were all smiles, giving autographs right and left and *thanking* the people for asking for them! How do you like those dolls?" *Pretty nice, I agree.*

MARGARET CANELLIS would like to make three comments: "One, *Three Coins In The Fountain* is the year's most delightful picture. Two, Robert Stack is the year's most improved actor in *The High And The Mighty*. Three, I had Fernando Lamas all wrong. He's my favorite again since he married Arlene Dahl."

Wow! Did I start something when I challenged Robert Mitchum to prove himself in *Not As A Stranger*. Lots of letters, mostly agreeing with me. But *not* BETTE COLLIER, Coal City, Ill., who blasts:

"I bet you won't be able to dig yourself out of the mail you'll receive from Robert Mitchum's many fans protesting your comments. He is perfect for Mort Thompson's novel about the young doctor." *Don't say I didn't give you your say, Bette.*



After their honeymoon Glenn shipped out for a year. (That's when they wrote those letters!) When he came home they lived over a garage, thought the beach the world's most romantic place.



They ended their reminiscences with a trip to The Beachcombers, their favorite restaurant, then drove down the Old Ox Road near Malibu, where they had first told their dreams to each other.

Lustre-Creme Shampoo OFFERS A FREE CADILLAC A WEEK

FOR 6 WEEKS and \$1,000 to help pay your Income Taxes on the Cadillac you win...

Here's your big chance to win a gorgeous, new Cadillac like mine! You'll be as thrilled with it as I am! What a car... complete luxury on wheels... and wonderfully easy to drive! //

Jane Russell
Beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl—
starring in

HER NEW
UNDERWATER PICTURE

Produced by
RKO-Radio Pictures.
Color by Technicolor

plus **\$27,000**
in cash prizes

IN THE
Lustre-Creme Shampoo
JINGLE CONTESTS

Enter Now! Try for these
EXCITING PRIZES!
6 Weekly Contests

FIRST PRIZE EACH WEEK

One new 1954 Cadillac Series 62, 4-door Sedan *plus* \$1,000 to help pay your Income Taxes on the Cadillac you win!

SECOND PRIZE EACH WEEK

\$1,000 in cash!

10 THIRD PRIZES EACH WEEK

Ten \$100 prizes in cash!

100 Additional Prizes Each Week

One hundred \$25 prizes in cash!

You have many chances to win...
6 weekly contests for weeks ending
Sept. 18, 25 and Oct. 2, 9, 16, 23, 1954.

It's easy to enter!

Go to your favorite cosmetic counter; get Lustre-Creme Shampoo and the Official Contest Entry Blank*, on which you'll see the jingle at right. Then, just fill in the last line of the jingle, ending with a word that rhymes with "shampoo." Example:

"Leaves hair like satin, too!"

These tips may help you win!

- Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin... never dries your hair... it beautifies it!
- Even in hardest water, its rich lather leaves hair soft, shining, fragrantly clean and easy to manage!
- The favorite shampoo of 4 out of 5 top movie stars! Try it—in Cream or new Lotion Form! You'll be inspired to finish the jingle in winning form!

HERE'S THE JINGLE:

No wonder the movie stars' choice
Is Lustre-Creme Shampoo.
It never d... s...
It beautifies!



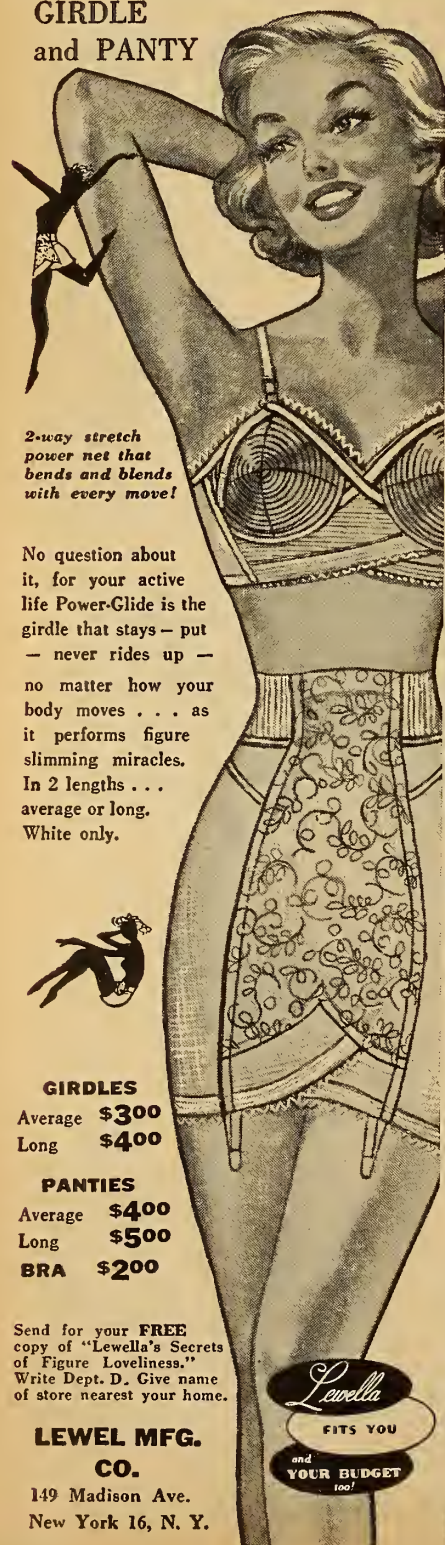
*Get Your Official Entry Blank today—available only at your Lustre-Creme dealer's—for complete Contest Rules.

wherever you go . . .
whatever you do . . .

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**GIRDLE
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2-way stretch
power net that
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it, for your active
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girdle that stays — put
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In 2 lengths . . .
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of Figure Loveliness."
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of store nearest your home.

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NEW MOVIES *by florence epstein*



Brigadoon isn't on their map, but Gene Kelly and Van Johnson wander into it on the dream town's one day of existence in the 20th Century.



Gene and Brigadoon's prettiest girl, Cyd Charisse, fall in love, dance together, sing "The Heather On The Hill." Gene did choreography.



After taking part in the festivities for a wedding, Gene and Van return to New York—but not permanently. Other songs in this adaptation of the Broadway musical are "Almost Like Being In Love," "Come To Me, Bend To Me," "Waitin' For My Dearie," "I'll Go Home With Bonnie Jean."

Picture of the Month: **BRIGADOON**

■ For those who fancy fantasy here's *Brigadoon* rising in the Scottish Highlands like a misty dream. And that's what Brigadoon is, a dream town whose perfection is preserved because it comes into existence only one day in every hundred years. The day that Americans Gene Kelly and Van Johnson stumble on it while grouse hunting. A wedding is in progress and gaiety prevails—until the jilted suitor (Hugh Laing) declares he's leaving Brigadoon. If he does, the village will disappear forever. Van Johnson saves the day. Giving Gene Kelly time to fall for Fiona (Cyd Charisse) and sing that popular ballad, "Almost Like Being In Love." Trouble is, Kelly has a fiancée in New York. Not that he really cares. She (Elaine Stewart) is a social climber. But if Kelly stays in Brigadoon he'll be lost to our civilization, swallowed up, as it were, in a dream. Johnson persuades him to come home. However, it isn't easy to forget Fiona. Kelly broods about her and finally goes back to Scotland. "I know Brigadoon isn't there," he says, "but I've got to see where it was." You know what they say about true love. They say when you love someone anything is possible, especially miracles. It's a warm, romantic musical with excellent dancing and the Technicolor is beautiful. A smash hit as a Broadway musical, it should be just as much of a success as a movie. Cast includes Barry Jones, Virginia Bosler, Jimmy Thompson.—MGM

In these 3-hour danger periods your skin *"dies"* a little

Every day for periods of 1 to 3 hours, your skin is "open" to trouble, dermatologists say. This is immediately after you wash your face. In washing away dirt, you also remove natural skin protectors. Your skin takes 1 to 3 hours to re-establish its defenses. Meanwhile, real trouble can "breed":

Dryness . . . "shriveling"

Stretched pores . . . roughened, grainy texture

*Read what skin specialists recommend
to prevent these serious skin problems . . .*

After each washing— "re-balance" your skin

Some signs of skin "un-balance" show up right after washing:

The "drawn" feel of your face.

Flakiness; often a splotchy look.

These are the first warnings of skin "un-balance." But in the 1 to 3 hours Nature takes to re-protect skin, more disturbing problems can take root. Dry lines deepen. Inside moisture evaporates away. Outer skin "shrivels." Skin secretions harden in pore-openings—cause enlarged pores, blackheads.

Should you avoid washing your face? "Of course not," say leading skin specialists. "But after each washing, 're-balance' your skin instantly . . ."

60 times faster than Nature

A quick Pond's Cold Creaming right after washing "re-balances" your skin in one minute—at least 60 times faster than Nature does. It combats dryness, shriveling. Keeps pore-openings cleared—keeps skin texture fine and smooth.

More women use this one cream than any face cream ever made. Get a large jar today. Begin giving your skin quick daytime "re-balancings" . . . deep clearings each night with Pond's Cold Cream. *It's the world's most famous beauty formula—never duplicated, never equalled.*

Always leave on a bit of Pond's Cold Cream for continuing skin "balance" under make-up.

A deep clearing at bedtime

Besides a 7-second "re-balancing" after each washing, most skins need a thorough clearing at night. A deep Pond's Cold Creaming dislodges water-resistant dirt from the pores. Keeps skin looking clear, vibrant!

Start this *complete* beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream *today*. Soon your friends will be saying—"Your skin looks *marvelous* lately!"

Among society beauties who use Pond's

MRS. FRANCIS IRÉNÉE DU PONT II

THE DUCHESS OF LEEDS

LA COMTESSE JEAN DE CARAMAN

MRS. GEORGE WHITNEY, JR.

LA COMTESSE DE LA FALAISE



Mrs. Amory S. Carhart, Jr.

Young Mrs. Carhart, of New York and Southampton, shows her love of simplicity and perfection not only in her choice of dress—but also in her complexion care. "I find that the simplest skin care is also the most effective," she says. "It's a quick smoothing with Pond's Cold Cream the moment after I wash my face. And I always give my skin a deep clearing with Pond's Cold Cream every night at bedtime."



Now—a pressed powder for dry skin!

New "Puff Magic" is rich in lanolin!

New make-up clings longer, softens skin—
comes in 5 flattering new shades



My dear friends,
Some of my friends with dry skin have problems with pressed powders—they don't cling long enough, and the shades are too pale. These women need a lanolin makeup, like my new Puff Magic. This pressed powder with lanolin foundation comes in five radiantly flattering shades:

Natural Magic—a stardust finish for your skin.

Honey Fair—for that "lit-from-within" look.

Honey Brunette—flattering as candlelight.

Bridal Pink—soft and natural as a blush.

Tan Magic—rich as Riviera sunshine.

If you have dry skin, try exciting new Puff Magic. It will help your skin look younger and lovelier always.

Sincerely,

Lady Esther

NEW

Puff Magic

by LADY ESTHER

PRESSED POWDER WITH LANOLIN FOUNDATION

Mirrored case. \$1⁰⁰ + Tax • Scroll case. 59¢ + Tax

ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA



THE DETECTIVE A comedy that's gentle, soft spoken, unexpected, can be lots of fun. This one is. It stars Alec Guinness as a priest with the refreshing point of view that anyone can commit crime but most people don't because, fortunately, they don't want to. His self-appointed mission is to convert criminals into good citizens. He'd rather save their souls than send them to prison. This doesn't sit well with Scotland Yard but it sits rather jauntily on Guinness who for his work has acquainted himself with jujitsu and various thugs. Now he becomes involved with a master thief, Flambeau (Peter Finch), who makes off with a treasured cross that Guinness is taking to Rome. Guinness resolves to find Flambeau, lead him into the fold. Flambeau is a tough customer, but Guinness exhibits saintly patience and persistence along with quite human frailties that delightfully pay off. With Joan Greenwood, Cecil Parker.—Col.



SHIELD FOR MURDER Any killer is dangerous but when a cop turns homicidal in the name of the law that's worse. Detective Nolan (Edmund O'Brien) has a reputation for being trigger happy. Now he shoots a hookmaker in the back, lifts the 25,000 dollars he was carrying and claims to Detective John Agar that the shooting was accidental. But Nolan was observed by a deaf mute and even if he hadn't been, his actions are suspicious. He overplays his hand by taking his girl friend Marla English to see an expensive model home and telling her he'll buy it. The story builds to a high pitch as Nolan's sanity gives way and he fights desperately with himself, with a gang boss to whom the hookie was delivering the 25,000 and with his friend Agar. Nolan is a hot-headed and somewhat simple minded guy, but Edmund O'Brien gives depth to his characterization that raises it above the usual chase theme.—U.A.



DAWN AT SOCORRO Too bad there weren't any psychoanalysts in New Mexico in the 19th century. Would have saved a lot of gunpowder. Take Rory Calhoun, a gambler with an odd sense of honor. It surely made him sad to kill people but he had such good aim. And it made him sad to see a flower like Piper Laurie plant herself in David Brian's gambling casino at Socorro. (Piper's father had disowned her because he thought she was wicked which, of course, she wasn't.) Right from the start Calhoun doesn't want to do anything but retire to Colorado Springs because he has a racking cough due to a bullet lodged in his lung. But he has to shoot down about six men before he can get to the railway ticket office and gamble away his life's savings and rescue Piper from herself—and from David Brian. That's a large order for a man with a cough that shakes his ankles. Technicolor—U-I.

YOU'RE SO FASHION-RIGHT IN GLEN RAVEN HOSIERY

everything comes **Alive**
in
CINEMASCOPE

As in the 20th Century-Fox Romantic Comedy

"WOMAN'S WORLD"

Color by DeLuxe



the natural beauty of your legs comes **"alive"** in

GLEN RAVEN HOSIERY

new LIBERALACE top . . . g-i-v-e-s perfect fit



"Fashion-Right"

Reveal the true beauty of your legs in Glen Raven Full-Fashioned Hosiery. New, slim-whip seams and fashion-trim heels spell total glamour in "true-life" colors . . . that show *him* it's a woman's world.

Excitingly feminine in 66 Gauge Hosiery.



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ROCK HUDSON...that "Magnificent Obsession"
star sensation
IN HIS MOST EXCITING ROLE!

The story of a
Love that was greater
than Honor...and a
Courage that stood alone
against the fury of
India's Great Rebellion!

BENGAL BRIGADE

COLOR BY *Technicolor*

A Universal-International Picture starring

ROCK HUDSON • ARLENE DAHL

co-starring **URSULA THIESS**

with **Torin Thatcher • Arnold Moss • Daniel O'Herlihy**

Directed by LASLO BENEDEK • Screenplay by RICHARD ALAN SIMMONS • Produced by TED RICHMOND



THE LAW VS. BILLY THE KID The law wasn't good enough for Billy The Kid (Scott Brady). He didn't even trust the governor, a nice old guy, who promised him freedom if only he'd stop drawing blood. Billy wanted freedom and he wanted Betta St. John for a bride, but most of all he wanted revenge against a crooked sheriff and his men who planned to take over all the ranches in the territory. Billy had found a little peace on this particular ranch owned by Paul Cavanaugh. He might have gone straight, too, under his influence if Cavanaugh hadn't been shot down in cold blood by said sheriff and men. There are some kids whose destinies are marked by violence and tragedy, and I suppose Billy was one of those kids. Although it gets kind of boring to hear them tell it. Even in Technicolor. With Alan Hale, Jr., James Griffith.—Col.



AFRICA ADVENTURE If you want to go to Africa, go alone. After seeing what it's *really* like I'm not budging. Robert C. Ruark, the newspaper columnist who made this documentary, has omitted all the fraud. "So much nonsense about African safaris" has been pawned off on the public, he says. I like the nonsense; it made everything so romantic. Now we see the heat, the drought, the nomads digging for water, the vultures fighting over a carcass, the bull rhino showing his temper. "And if the camera shakes," says Ruark, "it's because the cameraman was frightened." Well, the camera doesn't shake too often. A rather absorbing record of an African safari that starts in Nairobi, Kenya, heads for the northern frontier, moves along the Abyssinian border. You'll see some fascinating shots of native tribes and of Ruark's party turning Africa into a bit of home. Pathecolor—RKO



NAKED ALIBI With all this emphasis on brutality in movies it's no wonder some teen-agers take it for granted. Sure the murderer pays, but first he has a ball. Slaps cops around, drives toward Mexico to live it up with a blonde night club singer (Gloria Grahame) and almost gets away with three slayings. Only thing that stops him is Detective Chief Sterling Hayden, who is fired because newspapers think he's sadistic. Hayden spots Willis (Gene Barry) for a killer the minute he's hauled in on a drunk charge. Next day detective Casey Adams, who questioned him, is murdered. But Willis leads a respectable life, has a wife (Marcia Henderson) a child and a bakery, so what if he acts insane? Nobody can prove it. Hayden proves it on his own time, trails him to Border City, kidnaps him, brings him home kicking. It's exciting, it's suspenseful—and Hayden gets his job back, which apparently puts this film on a high moral plane.—U.-I.

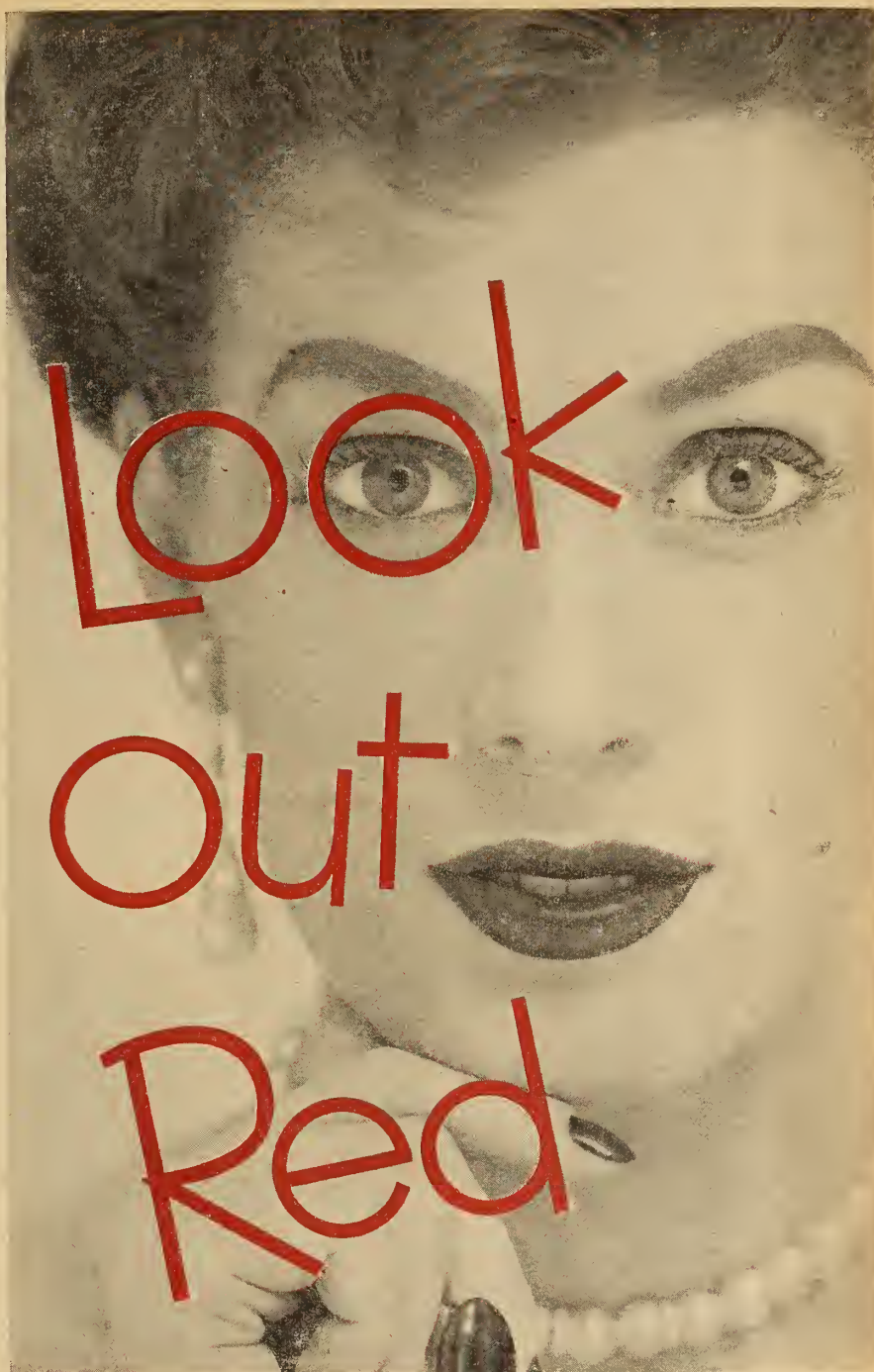


**Jackpot of the Month:
WHITE CHRISTMAS**

If the title *White Christmas* is familiar, it should be. It's the song Irving Berlin wrote and Bing Crosby introduced twelve years ago in the musical *Holiday Inn*. Aside from that there's nothing old about this film. Its score includes fourteen fresh-off-the-piano hits by Berlin. It's the story of a retired Major General (Dean Jagger) who has no place to go when the Army has finished with him. So he opens an inn in Vermont. But even a general can't order snow or requisition customers. That's where Bing Crosby and Danny Kaye come through. They met in the Army, teamed up afterward and hit it big on Broadway. The boys found out about the inn when they went to Vermont to visit a sister act (Rosemary Clooney and Vera-Ellen). Now they want to do Jagger a good turn, promote a little business for him. Naturally, the sisters misunderstand Crosby's and Kaye's intentions; they think they want to promote themselves. Naturally, the sisters are in love with Crosby and Kaye. There are all kinds of romantic, sentimental complications that resolve themselves in snow flakes and good will on Christmas Eve. Meanwhile there's dancing on costly Technicolor sets, and singing and a kind of glow which these four stars can project like nobody's business. Besides all this, *White Christmas* is the first picture ever filmed in VistaVision, a really exciting development that gives you an even larger picture than the other new techniques. It's unusual, too, in that VistaVision can be adapted to any size screen—even for drive-in movies—and still give you a clear, sharp picture.—Para.



THREE HOURS TO KILL When Dana Andrews comes back to town everybody reaches for a gun. Dana is not liked. Dana makes everyone in Furnace Flats feel guilty because three years ago they tried to lynch him for a murder. The corpse was Donna Reed's brother (Richard Webb) who opposed her marrying Andrews. Now the sheriff (Stephen Elliott) gives Dana three hours of freedom. Who was guilty—saloon owner James Westerfield, barber Whit Bissel, gambler Lawrence Hugo? Maybe it was Dick Coogan who married Donna and was supposedly her brother's best friend. Anyway, all of these boys were right up there with the noose and tree three years ago. It's quite a shock for Donna to see her lost fiancé again. Hotel owner Dianne Foster is more thrilled than terrified. Anyway, a few hours is plenty of time for Andrews, who not only finds the murderer but also patches up his love life.—Technicolor.—Col.



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!

7 Cover-Girl Colors **49¢** plus tax



**Conover
Girls Pick
Cashmere
Bouquet**

Advice from the Beauty Director of the Conover School: "Use a lip brush for a sharp, clear outline. Then fill in with short, down strokes of your Cashmere Bouquet lipstick."

Candy Jones

cashmere bouquet

INDELIBLE-TYPE LIPSTICK

Super-creamed to Keep Your Lips Like Velvet



Should the hostess be served—

☐ First ☐ Last ☐ In turn

If you lived in the days of the poison-dealing Borgias, you might want to de-jitter your guests! So—you'd be served first, to prove no cyanide lurked in the soup. But today, etiquette scowls on "me first" hostessing. Here, service should start with the femme in foreground (at right)—continuing clockwise; hostess to be served in turn. Being sure builds poise. That's why, on *those* days, you choose Kotex—assured no outlines show, thanks to special *flat pressed ends*!



To dress up a plaid suit, add a —

☐ Frilly blouse ☐ Faille purse ☐ Tam

All wrong—the answers above! It's a sad plaid that's teamed with ruffles, a silky purse; instead, add an elegantly simple blouse or sweater, good leather handbag. Smart *tailored* accessories are what's needed. And for certain needs, try the 3 sizes of Kotex—there's one just "tailor-made" for you. P.S.: No mistakes with Regular, Junior or Super, as Kotex can be worn on *either* side, safely!



Know someone who needs to know? Remember how puzzled you were when "that" day arrived for the first time? Maybe you know some youngster *now* who's in the same boat. Help her out! Send for new *free* booklet "You're A Young Lady Now". Written for girls 9 to 12, tells all she needs to know, *beforehand*. Write P.O. Box 3434, Dept. 10114, Chicago 11, Ill.

Are you in the know?



What's a good wampum-magnet?

☐ Your piggy bank ☐ A bureau

Need extra mazuma? Have Mom help you set up an after-school-jobs bureau. Neighbors phone you for help wanted (to rake leaves, wash cars, run errands). Job minded kids apply to you, pay you 15% of their earnings. And at calendar time, let Kotex keep you *comfortable*. That chafe-free softness *holds its shape*; and you get non-fail absorbency!



More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

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



SUDDENLY Here's an interesting, fast-paced little study of a man who tries to assassinate the President of the United States. Happens in a small town called Suddenly where nothing has happened in years. One day the place is flooded with FBI men. They're clearing the way for the President who'll get off his train at Suddenly on his way to a fishing trip. Frank Sinatra (the assassin) and his huddies arrive about the same time and take over a bouse above the station in which live Nancy Gates, a war widow, her young son (Kim Charney) and her father (James Gleason). Nancy is terrified of violence, terrified of life and for months has been turning down Sheriff Sterling Hayden's offer of marriage. The ordeal she goes through now teaches her plenty. And Sinatra, as the "nobody" who became a "somebody" when they handed him a gun in World War II, sheds a lot of light on what makes madmen kill.—U.A.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

BROKEN LANCE (20th-Fox): This dramatic story of early ranchers is not an ordinary Western. Fast-paced and well written, it deals with the struggle for power between rugged Spencer Tracy and his scheming son, Richard Widmark. Bob Wagner, Katy Jurado are on Spencer's side. There's romance with Jean Peters as well as plenty of action. CinemaScope and Technicolor.

REAR WINDOW (Para): The best Hitchcock thriller in some time, this one has Jimmy Stewart, Grace Kelly, Wendell Corey, Thelma Ritter and a quietly terrifying performance by Raymond Burr. Besides top-flight suspense, the dialogue sparkles, there's humor, romance and Technicolor.

THE BLACK SHIELD OF FALWORTH (U-I): If you like Tony Curtis in armor and Janet Leigh in danger, you'll love this one. Barbara Rush is in it, too—and enough jousting, intriguing and revenging to satisfy the most avid knighthood fan.

THE LITTLE KIDNAPPERS (U.A.): This one is destined to become a classic. One of the most charming, warmly humorous movies ever centered around children, this deals with two wonderful little boys, Jon Whiteley and Vincent Winter, who steal a baby because they think their grandfather, Duncan Macrae, doesn't love them enough.

BETRAYED (MGM): Clark Gable, Lana Turner and Victor Mature star in a story of spies and counter-spies (though no one knows which one is which) during World War II. Filmed in Holland in Eastman Color, it is suspenseful and exciting.

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.



HOW DOTH THE LITTLE BUSY B?

by Barbara Stanwyck

*Here's Barbara's secret for
keeping young at heart.*

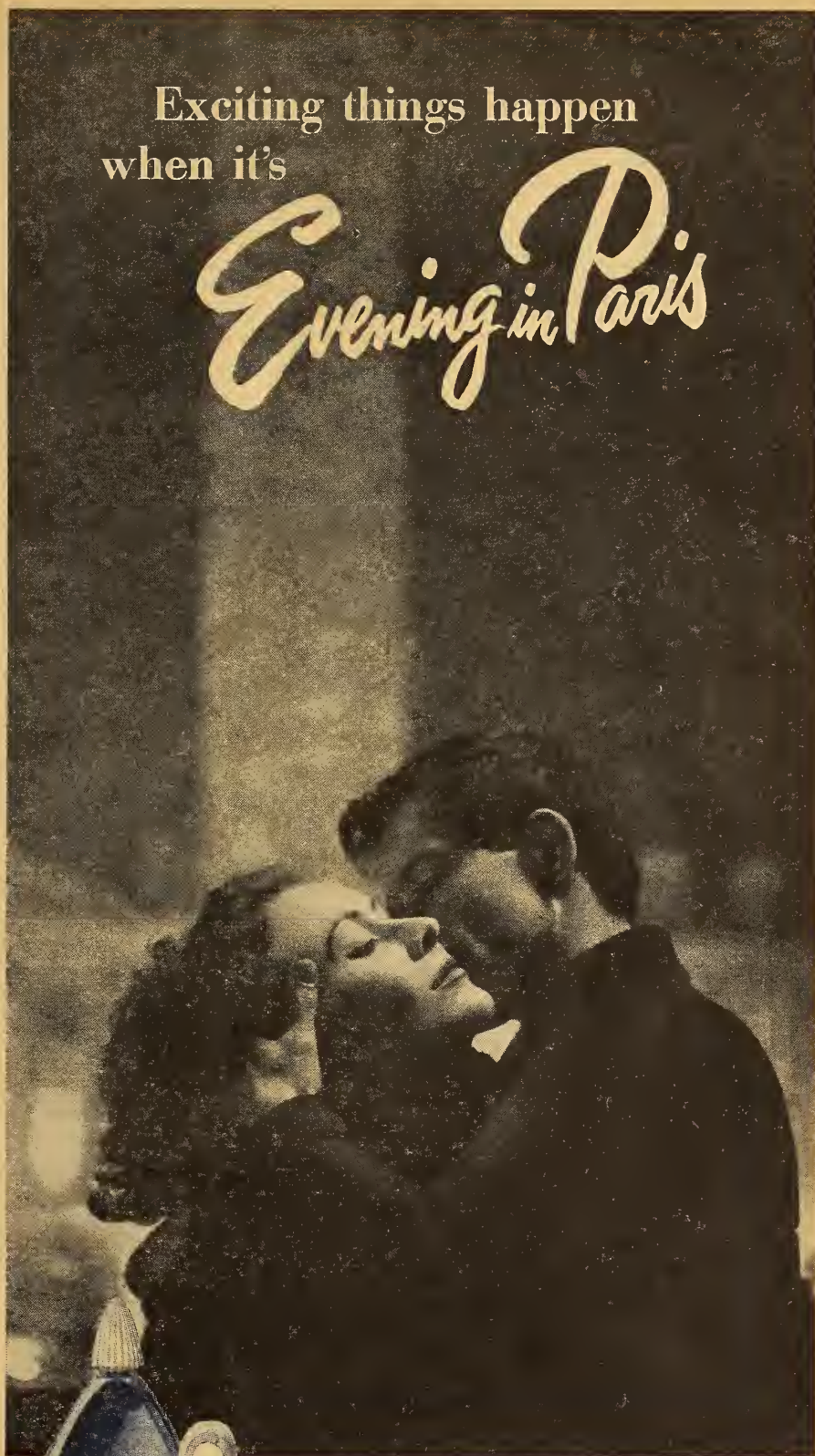
■ Every woman should accept the necessity for thinking outside herself. An actress must do it; otherwise, how can she depict a variety of characters from the study she has made of others? A mother must think outside herself; otherwise, how can her children benefit from her observations and understanding? But women who are neither mothers nor actresses sometimes must train and discipline themselves especially hard to think of others—or drift into thinking that life revolves around them.

There is less danger, of course, of becoming self-absorbed if one is busy. Idleness is a destructive force. I sympathize with people who do not have enough to do. I, personally, get into a black mood when I'm not making a picture or preparing for one. I feel vital—alive—when I have so much to do I don't know how I am going to make hours in a day for it. And I'm sure all busy people feel the same way. An interest in others and in many things will make one more interesting to others and more interested in other things.

I try to give Stanwyck as little thought as possible. Keep her neat and clean and healthy—then forget the mirror. I find this a more satisfying existence—and a good way to keep really young.

Exciting things happen
when it's

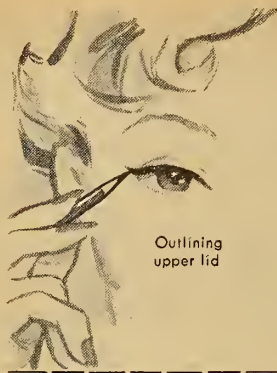
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Outlining
upper lid

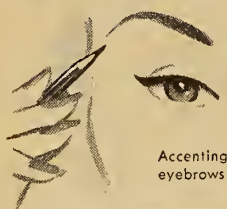
3 quick tricks to eye beauty

① With Maybelline soft Eyebrow Pencil, draw narrow line across upper eyelids, at base of lashes, adding short up-stroke at outer corner. Soften line with fingertip.

② Next, use short, light upward strokes of the Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, to form beautiful, expressive brows. Taper lightly at outer end. Soften effect with fingertip.

③ Apply smooth Maybelline Mascara from base to tips of lashes, brushing upward. (Hold a few seconds to set "up-swoop.") For an extra touch of mysterious eye beauty, blend a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow on upper lid.

The world's smartest women depend on Maybelline soft eye make-up for heart-stirring beauty. Today, let Maybelline magic bring out the unsuspected loveliness of your eyes!

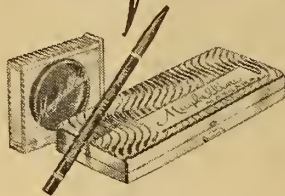


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eyebrows



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Eye Shadow)

Maybelline



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more convenient.



WORDS AND MUSIC

*Peggy Lee wanted fame and fun
... and got them for a song!*

■ Shoppers on Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles sometimes see a tall, leggy blonde making her way into a smart shop and, because she looks like one, they usually think she's a model. But the natives regard the young lady with knowing admiration. "There," they will point out for visitors, "goes the lady Irving Berlin!"

In Jamestown, North Dakota where she was born; this blonde was known as Norma Egstrom. To Hollywood, New York, nightclubbers and TV viewers, she is Peggy Lee.

In fewer years than it takes most people to get started on just one career, Peggy has enjoyed several. First she became a favorite as a singer of popular songs. Now she writes them.

When she started her motion picture career it was as a star, opposite Danny Thomas in *The Jazz Singer*. Now she is making two more, one of them *The Benny Goodman Story*. She was a featured vocalist with his band. She has not neglected nightclubs and her appearances in San Francisco and Reno have added to her fans.

Peggy has published more than seventy songs. "It's A Good Day" and "Mañana" sold over two million platters. She did the lyrics for the title song of *Johnny Guitar*, the theme song for *About Mrs. Leslie* and an entire score for Walt Disney's soon-to-be-released *The Lady And The Tramp*. She is the voice of five characters in the picture. She has just written and recorded for Decca a song with her guitarist titled "The Gypsy With The Fire In Her Shoe."

"I just drifted into composing," Peggy says. "It sort of comes naturally to me."

When she isn't really busy, she writes poetry—some of which is soon to be published.

I Saw BLACKHEADS GO IN 10 MINUTES!

By CLAIRE HOFFMAN

NEW YORK, N. Y.—A skin specialist today demonstrated a simple 10-minute way to rinse away blackheads. To the face of a woman who had suffered from blackheads, enlarged pores and a spotty complexion for nearly 12 years, I saw the doctor apply a peculiar, plastic-like cream, 10 minutes later . . . when he rinsed this cream from her skin with a moist facial tissue, I saw ugly blackheads rinsed away! They were clinging to the tissue that the doctor held out for all to see—actually rinsed away from the skin with a simple 10-minute home medical treatment anyone can use at home!

Actually Draws Pimple and Blackhead Material Out of Clogged Pore Openings—In Minutes!

"You will notice," continued the doctor's aide as he motioned us in closer, "that not all the blackheads are gone. That would be too much to expect from just one treatment. Especially since our subject, Miss —, has suffered from these externally caused blemishes for a good many years. "But now, watch closely! Because you will notice that this first 10-minute treatment has not merely floated away a considerable number of blackheads, but it has also so loosened and softened the more stubborn pus formations, that I can now gently tissue even more of them away. Here is the tissue for your examination!"

As we all strained forward to see the results of this amazing medical demonstration, a large magnifying mirror was now placed before the woman's face, revealing the pore openings with startling clarity!

Why Many Women Confuse Enlarged Pores With Clogged Pores

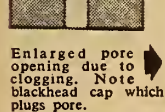
"The next part of our demonstration concerns the pores. I will now

STEP-BY-STEP

Here Is How Doctor's Skin Treatment Acts To Draw Out Blackheads And Clear Enlarged Pore Openings



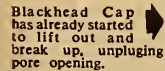
Here is what a normal pore opening looks like. Note narrow, healthy shape.



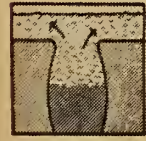
Enlarged pore opening due to clogging. Note blackhead cap which plugs pore.



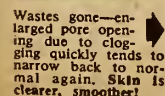
Argilla in Doctor's Cream-Mask now starts drawing, lifting action.



Blackhead Cap has already started to lift out and break up, unplugging pore opening.



Blackhead gone, hardened wastes in pore openings may now be drawn out by Argilla.



Wastes gone—enlarged pore opening due to clogging quickly tends to narrow back to normal again. Skin is clearer, smoother!

place this woman's hand next to her face. Now, as you look through this magnifying mirror, you will notice that, unbelievable as it seems, the stretched pore openings on this woman's face already appear even smaller in size than those on her hand! And you will also notice that where we have applied the cream more heavily—especially around the nose—that the pore openings actually appear to have collapsed and tightened!

"Why? Because much of the dirt which we have drawn out of the skin and then rinsed away into this facial tissue—had been cemented into this woman's pore openings not only for days, not only for weeks, but for months! But when we remove this dirt, when we draw it out with this skin treatment, the pores have a natural tendency to collapse back to normal. The simple chart shows why."

What Happens When You Apply This Doctor's 3-Way Formula!

First, to prepare your skin for treatment, we are going to soften and loosen the buried filth cemented into your pores. The laboratory-developed pore cleanser which is part one of this famous specialist's treatment, is unlike any other cleanser you have ever used in your life, regardless of how much you can afford to pay. And here is how you can prove it on your skin.

Apply the specially compounded pore cleanser. Tissue it off! Now look at the tissue!

When you see the dirt and filth pouring out on that tissue . . . when you see the infectious filth and indescribable wastes that may have been causing your skin eruptions since adolescence . . . then and only then will you begin to understand why you need a drastic change in complexion care.

2) The second part of your treatment is a medicated cream designed to get at those ugly blackheads, whiteheads and externally caused pimples which cause you so much misery.

Apply it to your face with your fingertips as you would any cream. A little thicker around the "danger areas" . . . mainly around the nose, lips, eyes and cheeks.

The first 3 or 4 minutes you will feel a strong stimulation. This is the massaging action of the medicated ingredients going to work on your skin. Your face will feel hot and cold. You will like it. Your face will feel refreshed. It is like a massage without irritation, bringing fresh, purifying blood to your face to draw off the poisonous wastes in your skin.

After 3 or 4 minutes this hot and cold action goes away, and a wonderful relaxation of all your tense, overworked facial muscles sets in. In another moment, you will feel your skin getting tighter and tighter. What is happening is this: A wonderful medicated absorbing agent called ARGILLA is drying on your skin. It is turning the cream on your face into a firm, plastic-like mask. You get a pleasant drawing feeling, a relaxing feeling. There is a corrective action, and an astringent action. You feel the ARGILLA drawing on the pus-heads. Everything it touches it draws into itself, including the hardened oils, the dirt, the waste matter, the fatty acids, whatever filth is buried in the pores, including some of the blackhead materials, perspiration and poisons given off by the skin.

After 10 minutes rinse the mask away. Hot or cold water makes no difference. It dissolves in a second. Your skin feels clean, refreshed, sparkling, smoother! Like velvet! But wait . . . you haven't finished your first treatment yet!

Now Apply Step 3 of Your Treatment . . . The Astringent

This is not merely a perfumed alcohol that tickles your skin for a few seconds. It penetrates into your pore openings, performs a final necessary sponging, dissolving action. But even more important, tightens the pore openings and leaves an invisible film on your skin that lasts for hours. You cannot feel it, you cannot see it, but it is there to help protect your pore openings!

Now Look Into Your Mirror

Some of your blackheads should be gone with very first treatment! Look for softened pimples and whiteheads that may break or be drawn out in your next treatment or two. Look at the corners of the nose, around your mouth, your cheekbones! See how your enlarged pores have tightened. Your skin will feel alive! You should actually see minor wrinkles gone . . . and this fresh, buoyant, youthful effect will last for hours.

Is This for "Normal" Skin, Too?

Certainly. Simply because this is a medicated formula doesn't mean that you have to have a "sick skin" to use it. You may be a woman past 30 who has never had a really serious skin problem, but who finds herself annoyed by occasional blackheads, whiteheads, enlarged pores or periodic skin eruptions. You may be a woman who suspects that your skin is not as beautiful and as fresh-looking as it could be . . . but your cosmetic creams can't give it to you. In that case . . . we think you'll be thrilled by the sheer, smooth, silken beauty that one or two treatments can give you.

On the other hand . . . if you have an adolescent, broken-out skin, if you are a man who is troubled by blemishes or a "sandpaper skin" and you are sensible enough not to be ashamed to use a so-called "woman's treatment" in the privacy of your own home . . . or if you are a woman who has chosen to abuse her complexion with improper and inadequate care . . . then this is vital.

You will see positive improvement with your first 10-minute home treatment. Your mirror will show it to you. And we say you will see further rapid improvement for the next 14 days. After 14 days, you will discover whether you have to keep using all or part of the treatment every day, once a week, or once a month depending on how fast your complexion begins to clear.

How You May Try This Skin Treatment In Your Own Home Without Risking A Penny!

The name of this 3-way formula is the Queen Helene skin treatment. Your Queen Helene 3-way formula, enough



Miss V. L. . . . Age 27, a victim of externally caused blackheads, whiteheads, pimply skin eruptions since adolescence. Above photo reveals one of many women who have achieved a remarkably clearer skin, thanks to a skin specialist's amazing 10-minute demonstration described on this page.

for 42 home treatments, includes your laboratory developed cleansing cream, your medicated mask cream and your pore astringent. The cost is \$3.98 . . . less than 10c a treatment. Yes, less than 10c for a skin specialist's 3-way skin and beauty treatment.

Follow your daily progress in your mirror and after each treatment. If your Queen Helene treatment does not do for your skin everything we have led you to believe it will do, if you don't see definite improvement after just one 10-minute treatment, if you don't see a faster improvement each day for the next 14 days, return the unused portion. We'll thank you for trying it, and refund your full purchase price.

But act today! The longer you wait . . . the worse your skin is bound to get. And like any other condition . . . the worse it gets . . . the longer it takes to get well! So right now, while you're determined to help yourself . . . send the coupon today!

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Please rush me by return mail my complete Queen Helene 3-Way Skin Treatment, including: 1. LABORATORY DEVELOPED CLEANSING CREAM
2. MEDICATED MASK CREAM
3. ASTRINGENT

I will pay postman low introductory price, plus postage and handling. If I don't see definite improvement in my skin after just one 10-minute treatment — if Queen Helene doesn't do for my skin everything you have led me to believe it will do, I will return unused portion for my money back.

QUEEN HELENE PRICE LIST (Check Size Desired)

- ☐ \$3.98 size (plus Federal Tax). Enough for 42 home treatments at less than 10c a treatment.
- ☐ \$5.95 economical professional size (plus Federal Tax). Enough for 90 home treatments for one person — enough for 45 home treatments for 2 persons, at less than 7c a treatment. (You save \$2.01.)

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Controlling care for short hair



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Exclusive with professional beauticians...sold only in beauty salons and barber shops.

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ORIGINATOR OF FINE SHAMPOOS • CORAL GABLES, FLORIDA

Being the
tender tale of
two star-cross'd
lovers,
doomed to part.

MY FIRST LOVE

by Mitzi Gaynor

■ My first fellow happened to me at the same time as my first show. The show was *Song Without Words*, which we were playing in San Francisco. He was one of the ushers and his name was Fred.

I didn't know him from nothing till a girl in the show uttered those famous last words, "There's a fellow working here who's just *dying* to meet you."

"I have no time for men," I answered. "I am an artiste!" Knowing nothing about men or artistes.

I thought Fred was terribly old—nineteen—and terribly romantic looking. He always went around with a pipe. It never had any tobacco in it, but it gave him such an air.

We were madly, but madly, in love. Every night after the show we had dinner together in a little French restaurant. We fought about *everything*. If Fred said it was a nice day, I retorted, "It is *not*!" Just to show him that I was pretty sophisticated and knew my way around, too.

Then the show moved to Los Angeles. When Fred came to the train to see me off, he brought me an orchid. An *orchid*! And said, "Mitzi, do you know what this means?"

Not wanting to show my naiveté. I said in my most regal manner. "I certainly do not. Perhaps you had better explain yourself."

"It means we're engaged," Fred said, and I could have flown to Los Angeles under my own power. When we got there, oh joy, there was even a letter waiting for me. He must have written it between the matinee and evening performance on Saturday. He had a nickname for me, "Almond Eyes." I pictured myself as a sort of Theda Bara.

Letters—that was the sour note in our love song. I hate to write letters.



Here's why it's easier than ever to be the girl with the wide-awake look

Now—a new KURLASH* to give you sparkling eyes, the wide-awake look.

It's so easy! You just touch your lashes with KURLENE cream... then, curl them with new KURLASH.

Shaped to your eye, KURLASH cushions lashes gently up in a laughing curve... your eyes look bright...

your whole face—wide-awake!

And, after months, when KURLASH rubber wears down—exclusive new automatic refill snaps instantly in place.

Try new KURLASH eyelash curler tomorrow. \$1 at drug, department, variety stores. KURLENE, 50c plus tax.

For personal advice—write Jane Heath, Eye-beauty Consultant, Dept. M.

*Patented

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Poor Fred would write and write without getting an answer, and finally I'd get a cheery, impersonal note, saying, "Well, I'm engaged again." He never was, of course, but I knew I had better write or else.

I think our Great Romance lasted about a year and a half. Did I date anyone else when I was away from him? Certainly not. I had the soul of an artiste—would I betray the Man I Loved? Besides, I didn't know any other boys.

It all ended when I went to New York. Fred came down from San Francisco to see me off.

Oh, that leavetaking. When the train pulled out, I really played the scene to the hilt. There I was, hanging out the window, waving my handkerchief, shouting, "Farewell, farewell! I shall never forget you!" while Mother held on to my ankles. How I loved suffering.

In spite of my fine words, I did forget him. New York was so exciting I just didn't get around to answering Fred's letters. But I overplayed it. This time I got a *wire*. It said, "Engaged. Wedding set for such-and-such a date. Too bad you can't be here." Not even "love."

That wedding didn't come off, either. Fred is still single—but not carrying any torch, heaven knows. He's in the Army now and writes to me now and then. And the things we remember about our big, dramatic romance are funny enough to break up both of us and send Jack Bean, the man I'm *really* going to marry, into hysterics!



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FRESH KEEPS
UNDERARMS DRY

NO ODOR

FRESH KEEPS
UNDERARMS DRY

You and your lovely clothes are safe with Fresh

Are you always Lovely to Love?

You're lovely to look at, lovely to be near—only when underarms stay dry, odorless.

That's why lovely women use FRESH Cream Deodorant, always!

Tests in a leading university laboratory show that new FRESH with "Moisture-Shield" formula has up to 180% greater astringent action than other leading cream deodorants. And it is this astringent action that keeps underarms dry and free from odor. Use gentle, effective FRESH daily.



**ONLY FRESH HAS THIS NEW "MOISTURE-SHIELD" FORMULA
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Enchanting
cover girl
JEAN BALL

9 OUT OF 10
LEADING COVER GIRLS PREFER

SWEETHEART SOAP

"Its More Luxuriant Lather

**KEEPS ME
FRESH ALL DAY"**

"Beauty is my business," says lovely Jean Ball, "and SweetHeart is my beauty soap. Making my living as a model. I find that SweetHeart's rich, fragrant, more luxuriant lather keeps me fresh all day—even after long sessions under hot studio lights. Best of all, SweetHeart Cover-Girl Facials keep my skin as soft and smooth as flower petals."

• Change today to thorough care—with pure, mild SweetHeart. In just seven days, your complexion looks softer, younger.

SWEETHEART
*The Soap that
AGREES with
Your Skin*



TV TALK

Steve Allen is moody . . . Audrey Hepburn has future in-law trouble.

Jack Paar, whose career is really zooming, is one of the most relaxed characters in the business when the cameras are turned on. In private life he is a nervous wreck. He eats hardly any breakfast, gulps iced tea or coffee for lunch, and keeps taking pills to keep himself going. His dialogue offscreen comes so fast that you wonder how he can keep it up and not collapse. He's a worrier, too. He frets over stories about him when they appear in the papers and keeps seeing double meanings in them when there aren't any. He keeps thinking his whole career is in jeopardy from one innocuous sentence in somebody's story. It's amazing that detrimental things aren't printed about him, in fact, for he has an uncanny—and unfortunate—knack for sticking his foot in his mouth. He's a little like Godfrey in that way (although much easier to see, of course). Both of them, once they start talking, can't stop; and both of them come out with statements that make them look pretty silly when they show up in print . . . Don't think that **Audrey Hepburn's** family and friends are the only people against her possible marriage to **Mel Ferrer**. Some members of Mel's family don't approve either. It isn't that they don't like Audrey—they all do—but they are very religious and do not recognize divorce. They still consider Fran Ferrer (who divorced Mel in Mexico a few

months ago) his wife . . . **Steve Allen** seems like one of the easiest-going guys in the world. But he's not. He gets into blue-indigo moods, and no one can get him out of them. And his show sometimes suffers from Steve's funks; when he's in one, he's not so quick with the quips—and sometimes just a little high-handed with his studio audiences. Any little thing can set him off—a misplaced camera, a wrong note, a slow stagehand. The worst time to meet Steve, however, is in the morning. He doesn't start operating, or even thinking, until around noon. It's a good thing his show is a late-night one. He'd probably flop with a thud if he had to take over Garroway's work . . . It's surprising in such a suave guy, but **Robert Montgomery** has a stutter. The more he talks, the more pronounced it is . . . One reason you don't read more about **Arlene Francis** is that she's so nice many editors claim that any story about her would be dull . . . Even the smartest producers make mistakes, and **Howard Lindsay** is no exception. **Kim Stanley** once went to him to audition, armed with a letter from a mutual friend, and Lindsay told her to go back to Texas. Kim, who is essentially very shy, had spent two years getting up the nerve to use the letter and she was heartbroken. But she is also a very determined girl and she went on to her tv and Broadway successes. She had her moment of triumph

when Lindsay saw her act and marched right up to her to say, "I'm so glad you didn't go back to Texas." . . . **Al Hodge**, who has been playing *Captain Video* practically since tv was born, is a big, husky, amiable boy who is the envy of many actors for one reason: They might not want to spend years playing in a science fiction tv show, but they wish they could learn their lines as fast as he does. He doesn't even have to go to rehearsals sometimes! He can just take the script, read it over and go on! . . . **Rex Thompson** is unique among child actors. The adult thespians just give up and let him steal their scenes when he's on stage. But—show-business miracle though it seems—they don't mind. They like little Rex. He's a very self-possessed boy—but not at all in an obnoxious way—and he's been known to cue far more experienced actors in their lines because he often knows their lines as well as his own! He's a real trouper, too.



Steve Allen and Jayne Meadows at wedding.

One time he had laryngitis and the doctor said he could not act that night. But Rex was determined that the show would go on—and it did, and he did! Another thing that's amazing about Rex is that he doesn't have to have his directors explain a part to him. Even at his age, he understands the characters he plays. Rex's accent is legitimate, by the way. His father is English, and has kept his accent even after some twenty years in this country. And Rex Thompson is his real name, although his father, a part-time actor, uses the name of **Jack Beanwell**. Seems that when he came to this country, there was another actor named Jack Thompson, so he changed his last name, taking his mother's maiden name. But his son uses the family's real name . . . Lots of people have commented on how much **Leo G. Carroll** sounds like the late Roland Young when he plays the role of Cosmo Topper. What few of them realize, however, is that although Carroll and Young were friends for years, Carroll has always talked the way Topper does. Carroll is a little bit like Topper, too—a dry wit and a befuddled air that belies the brains underneath. Carroll, in fact, is quite a scholar: he's an omnivorous reader who likes nothing better than a good philosophical or literary conversation. But he also has a side interest in magic and is not averse to placing a few bets on the horses . . . You wouldn't think it to see **Tony Randall** and **Wally Cox** (one with a pale face and the other with a skinny frame), but they often work out in a gym during their lunch hour . . . **Color television** is going to be very hard on some female stars. Dyed blonde hair shows up as just what it is, and every little scar on a girl's cheeks looks like a cave. Quite a few actresses who don't have perfect complexions are doing something about them right now. Some are even undergoing those sandpaper or wire brush operations to smooth up their faces. One musical comedy star who does quite a bit of tv work had one a few months ago, and the difference is amazing! They're very painful and take weeks to recuperate from (weeks when work would be out of the question), but this particular star never could have sung in front of a color tv camera without one . . . **Walter Cronkite** was a very unhappy man when CBS gave his *Morning Show* spot to Jack Paar. Not that he was delighted to get up every morning before five to make it to the studio, but the pay checks were mighty nice—and mighty necessary with a fancy apartment on the East River and two young girls in private school. Walter's ambition, however, is—and has been for a long time—to have a straight fifteen-minute news show. The trouble is, you can't get one just for the asking. Walter, although he enjoys emceeing, still considers himself primarily a newsman.



Rex Thompson proves to be a real trouper!

*"We pay twice the Money?
Don't be Funny!"*



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To work like this
you gotta be nuts—
or be Cyd Charisse!

FOR DANCERS ONLY

■ At the climax of the music Cyd Charisse leaped energetically onto partner James Mitchell's shoulder. They held the position like statues.

Director Stanley Donen turned to the group around the camera. Eugene Loring nodded his approval of the intricate choreography. Jean Coyne was positive not a strand of Cyd's hair was twirled out of place. A woman from the censor's office affirmed that Cyd's skirt, which was slit above the knee, had remained provocative, but not too provocative. Finally, a short eternity later, the director called, "Cut! It's a lily."

A "lily" means great, perfect. To Cyd Charisse it meant the completion of 160 hours of work for a guest specialty in *Deep In My Heart*. The number would last a slim seven minutes on the screen.

According to Cyd, "My shoes go flying off in the middle of an arpeggio, my hair tangles in my partner's teeth as I lean against his arm doing a high kick and my earrings take off at the slightest spin."

She has found several off-beat remedies. She brushes the inside of her shoes with toupee paste. "Then they stay on like paper on the wall. The paste is washable so it doesn't harm stocking, foot or shoe."

"I feel like a wired candelabrum every time I wear earrings in a dance. They're spin-tested first to see how long they'll stay on the ear before the force of the twirl will snatch them off. Then they run a wire around my ear and connect it to the back of the earring and dab the front with paste."

Eugene Loring, who has known Cyd for eleven years, helped to remind her of other dance "eccentricities" that had to be developed. "Cyd, as you know, has the longest legs of any dancer in town. We always used to have trouble keeping the opera length hose she wore from twisting." Now, she wraps a penny in

the top of her stocking, binding it with elastic and tying it to the stocking belt. Those nylons hug her leg for dear life, and she's never lost a penny yet.

The most nerve-racking accident is the run in the stocking. The entire costume has to be taken off section by section since it is entirely sewed or hooked together.

"The dance for *Deep In My Heart* was a rough one," Loring explained. "We couldn't shoot it in sequence since neither Cyd nor anyone else could endure the pace. We'd film the harder leaps and spins in the morning when she was fresh and taper off after noon."

"There are so many other items to check besides the correct steps," Cyd sighed. There are the dance skins, flesh-fitting leotards made of porous latex. Every dancer wears this flesh-tone second layer of skin to keep the perspiration from soaking the costume. "As it was I had four rehearsal costumes worn out before I ever tried on the white lace and jersey one I wear for the number. They had a duplicate of it just for protection."

A good thing, too, for after testing thirty-four pairs of shoes, Cyd had finally chosen the high heels that would have balance, style and endurance. She hadn't taken more than a few steps when the rubber-tipped heel caught in the hem of her dress. It was good to know there was an extra.

She must remember other details: lacquering her hair until it fits like a cap and removing all rings so they won't cut her partner or herself. She tries to keep daisy fresh by packing her wrists in ice cubes. If these aren't available she uses cologne.

So next time you see Cyd gliding over the dance floor like whipped cream on a banana split, just be content with your comfortable seat in the theatre, your box of popcorn and your two left feet.

by Reba and Bonnie Churchill



Debbie Reynolds, co-starred in "Athena,"
MGM's musical romance in color.

Modern Lowboy in blond oak, with convenient drawer in base. Model #2920. **\$79⁹⁵***

DEBBIE REYNOLDS agrees: Planning is the first step to happiness

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A Lane Chest has a way of gathering fine linens and lingerie, and the girl who starts

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Lane Chests are sold at most leading furniture and department stores. And

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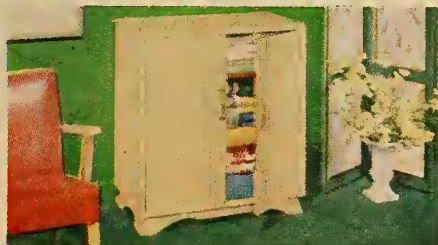
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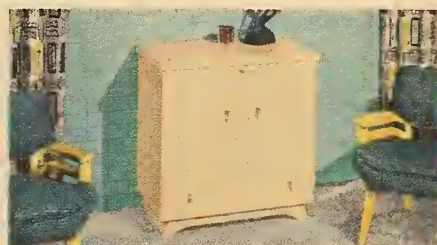
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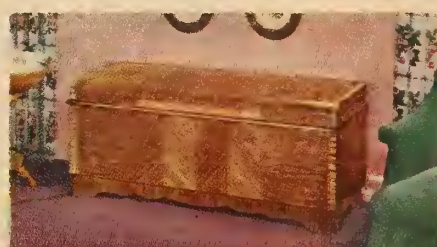
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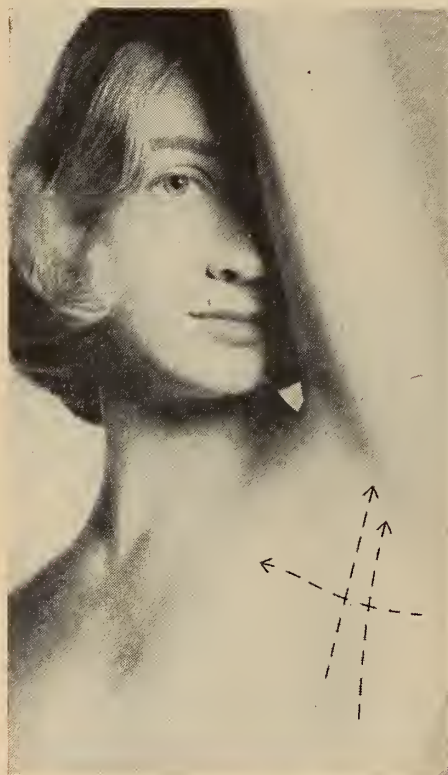
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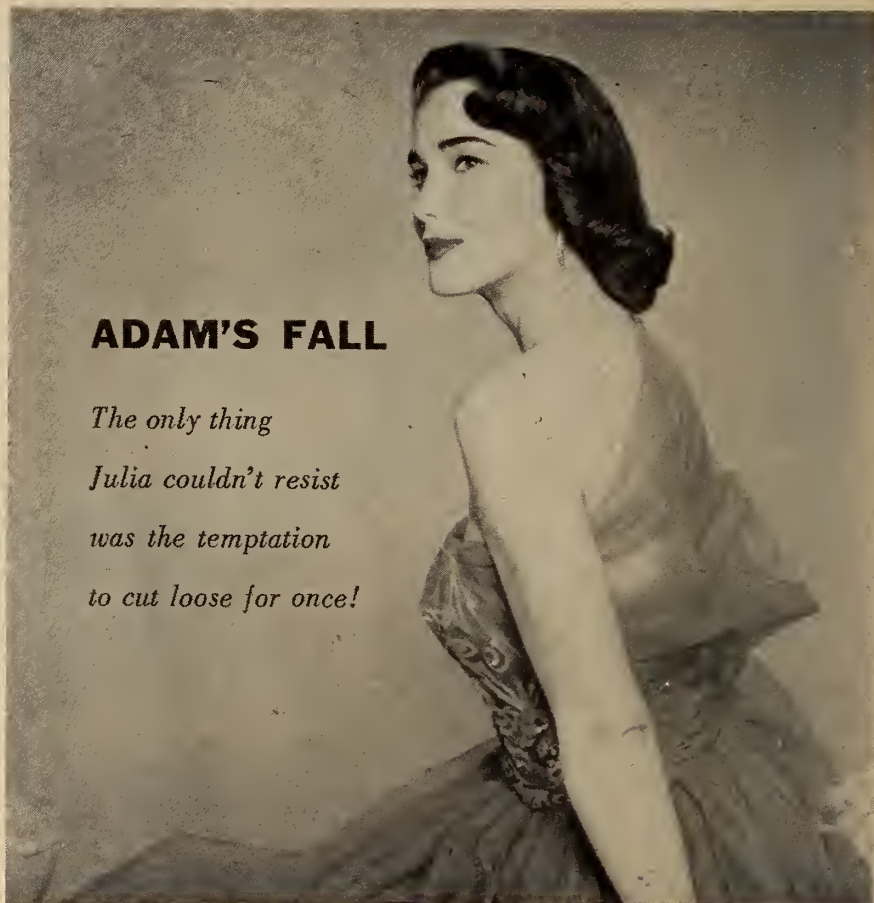


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prices plus tax

ADAM'S FALL

*The only thing
Julia couldn't resist
was the temptation
to cut loose for once!*



Until recently, every time a movie villain shot a flaming arrow into the air it fell to earth in Julia's hair. As an invariably long-tressed, demure heroine, she was slapped, drowned and incinerated. Finally, tired of taking her life in her hands, she took her scissors to her hair.



"No more demure darlings," she thought happily, having chopped off a hank in the middle. "From now on I'm the fiery type."



Netless result: the "crazy cut" above, the role of an un-battered wife—and a nice long wig to wear in part of the film!

■ Julia Adams was in a rebellious mood, which was unusual. She stomped into the office of U.I.'s chief hairdresser, and shook loose her hair. "Cut it," she exclaimed. "And no arguments!"

"Very well," the hairdresser replied, and excused herself to check with the front office. Julia bit her lip. She knew that by the time Joan came back she'd doubtless have word that she'd better let the hair stay the way it was. She reached for the scissors, pulled out a big strand from the top of her head and snipped same emphatically. That's how Julia's new "crazy cut" was born.

The sequel to the crazy cut is that one week later Julia flew to Boston to start work in *Five Bridges To Cross*, in which she stars with Tony Curtis. For the early sequences, the studio had to slap a wig on her head, but then came the lapse of twenty years, the way they do it in movies, and Julia gets a chance to introduce her crazy cut on the screen. "And if anyone likes it, I don't own the copyright," she says, "only they're forewarned that I'm not responsible for the way it looks on any head but my own."



CLARK

GABLE... Rumor or no: the

King hasn't chosen his Queen!

■ When Clark Gable made a fast trip to the hospital to pick up his old friend Kay Williams Spreckels who had suffered a slight accident, many people jumped to the conclusion that romance was in the air. Actually, Clark maintains friendship of long standing with Kay, as with Virginia Grey, and if he ever talked of marriage to either, no one says so.

Clark, who will be fifty-three on February 1, has confided to intimates that there is only the slimmest chance that he'll ever wed again. Furthermore, he is not going to dispose of his ranch on Petit Avenue in Encino, as rumored. "Every time I think maybe I'll let it go because it's a huge place for one man to rattle around in," Clark has said. "I visualize other people living there, and I just can't bring myself to put it up for sale."

About ten years ago, this place was considered way out in the country, and he liked it that way, with the mountains between himself and the studio, but the San Fernando Valley population has grown so swiftly that the Gable ranch is now considered the center of town. The only way Clark's life has changed is that he no longer hangs out of a Sunday morning with the hot rod car specialists who used to count him one of their regulars. Too many Sunday drivers spotted him and clustered around for autographs.

Clark's chief interest at the moment is in his new 20th Century-Fox picture, *The Tall Men*. It will be his first picture since he left MGM. Starring in it with him will be Jane Russell and Guy Madison, as Clark once again becomes the hard-riding cowboy in a story about the Old West.

Mrs. America

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"Mrs. America" is lovely Wondo Jennings of St. Louis, pictured above with her husband. They visited Morinelond, stopped at Ellinor Village, toured Miami, other fun spots.



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Both hands of Mrs. Janice Mulcahey were soaked in detergents. Only her right hand was given Jergens Lotion care. The difference is remarkable! We believe this is the most important skin news in years.

Found: A positive way to stop "Detergent Hands"

A national research laboratory* proves Jergens Lotion more effective than any other lotion tested for stopping detergent damage.

Recently, 447 women spent many weeks looking for a way to stop "detergent hands."

Three times a day, they soaked both hands in detergents. After each soaking, Jergens Lotion was applied to their right hands. Their left hands were not treated.

The results were astonishing. In 3 or 4 days, left hands were roughened, red, even cracked and bleeding. Right hands were smooth, unblemished, soft, and white!

Many other lotions were tested the same way. Not one proved as effective as Jergens Lotion. *Not even 100% lanolin did better* (no hand care has more than 15% lanolin).

The famous Jergens Lotion formula, perfected over fifty years, positively stops detergent damage. This means it's ideal for roughness, chapping, and all the hand problems a woman has to face. It's your guarantee of romantically lovely hands.

If you haven't tried Jergens Lotion lately, now is the time. You'll find it a heavier, creamier lotion, with a pleasing new fragrance. It's never sticky or greasy. And it's still 10¢ to \$1.00, plus tax.

Jergens Lotion positively stops "Detergent Hands"



***NOTICE to doctors and dermatologists. For a summary of this report, write to The Andrew Jergens Co., Cinn., O.**

The Two Worlds Of Marilyn Monroe

By JACK WADE

■ Since her wedding Marilyn Monroe has been living in two worlds. One is at home with Joe in the evening—which she considers most important—and the other is her own daytime career world which keeps her famous and content.

These two worlds are separate and Joe wants Marilyn to keep them that way. And she, of course, is willing.

The vital question is: Are these two worlds antagonistic or complementary?

Can Marilyn be one sort of woman during the day and another sort at night?

Can she have one set of friends from eight A.M. (Continued on page 72)





Debbie: "What do I want from marriage? Well . . . I need a lot of security, a lot . . . hey! Let me ask you something for a change!"



"What's with this marriage-expert business? How come everyone's asking *me*? I'm just a working girl, I guess I always will be."



"Ohhh . . . you want to know about Eddie and me. . . Why didn't you say so? In that case—why don't you ask Eddie!"



Eddie: "Naw don't throw questions at me. Let me think. Well . . . er . . . we're just good friends!"



"Who's stalling? *Me*? Well, all right, you can have it straight. I've got it bad for Debbie. I think she's wonderful."



"But look . . . don't say we're married! Don't even say we're engaged. Why, I don't know if Debbie loves me that much!"

BY STEVE CRONIN

■ Are Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds married?

There is no point any longer in asking if they plan to be married. Any eye which fell on them during Eddie's trip to Hollywood, before he took his European vacation, any ear which caught their words to each other, saw and heard enough to clinch the fact that matrimony was in the air.

"You've got a career started and I wouldn't want to interfere with it," Debbie said one day at a Beverly Hills gathering when someone kidded both of them about seeing a minister.

Eddie came back quickly and earnestly. "The best thing about my career is meeting you," he said.

The ordinarily blithe Debbie, who has no trouble fluffing off a compliment when the fellow doesn't mean anything, turned as rosy as the tomato-colored shirt she was wearing (with matador pants) and started tripping over her consonants before she was able to reply.

"That's different," she said. "Maybe it won't be interference then."

It wasn't long after this exchange that Debbie and Eddie met in New York—with both their mothers. At the airport Debbie was in her old form when she was questioned about Eddie. Her replies were quick and easy, but not exactly answers. But when she started back to California, Debbie was wearing a new ring and planning a wedding, probably to be in January in California.

About that interference, maybe they could be wrong. Back of Eddie stand men who have helped him to success and for whose show business judgment he has great respect (much more than he has for his own, as he will frankly admit) and even as they insist that they are open minded about Eddie's acquiring a wife, the possibility of it makes their faces set (Continued on page 77)

There's a ring on Debbie's finger and a gleam in
Eddie's eye; there may be wedding bells right after New Year's—but only weeks ago (left)
look what they were saying!

She looks like a bride



Only A Few Of Our Stars Abroad Forget Their Homes And



Ingrid Bergman, once regarded here as the perfect wife, shocked America by her conduct with Rassellini—but Europeans accepted it calmly.

REPORT FROM EUROPE:

WHY CAN'T THEY BEHAVE?

By Sheilah Graham

■ The British just couldn't believe it. There was a stunned silence as Errol Flynn, grinning fatuously and foolishly, followed his wife Pat Wymore off the London Palladium stage. It was the *Night Of A Hundred Stars*—the "Midnight Matinee" organized by Noel Coward for a charity. Royalty was in the stalls, represented by seventeen-year-old Princess Alexandra, daughter of the Duchess of Kent.

For no reason anyone could guess, Errol Flynn, late of Hollywood, had elected to read *The Kinsey Report* from the stage. It was shockingly tasteless, and to make it worse, Mrs. Flynn performed a just-as-vulgar semi-striptease.

"But why was there no mention of this strange exhibition of bad manners in the press?" I asked a newspaper friend of mine a few days later.

"That's what Flynn wanted," he replied, "so we decided to punish him by ignoring the incident."

Insult Their Hosts—But They Make Many Horrifying Headlines!



Shelley Winters, temperamental anywhere, really cut loose in Italy. Few and far between were the times when the jealous Shell calmed down to pose smilingly with Vittorio, Michael Rennie, Silvana Mangano.



No one is more poised in Hollywood than Gene Tierney, but she throws caution to the winds in Europe. The Aga Khan (left) smiled tolerantly at some of her antics but turned thumbs down on her as Aly's wife.



Although usually accompanied by mutual friends, Ava and her bull-fighter shocked the public by disappearing together for days in Spain. But Ava was the one shocked by Dominguin's behavior in America.



Bob Hope and his wife, photographed in a rare nightclub appearance, are as circumspect overseas as they are at home, do a great deal to make up for the bad impression left by other Hollywoodites abroad.

Errol has always loved to shock and startle. But I was amazed on my recent trip to Europe, to discover that other movie stars who are usually cautious in their statements and conservative in their behavior, had lost popularity because of sounding off and acting up.

I was surprised, for instance, to find that Clark Gable had lost face in Paris over the Suzanne Dadolle affair. Now it's one thing *not* to marry a girl. But in France you are *not* a gentleman if you deny you are engaged to a lady, after *she* has announced it. It is not gallant. Actually, poor Suzie might have grabbed Hollywood's best bachelor if she had realized how easily film stars are frightened by ladies who announce, "We are engaged to marry." But all the same, I'm sure that if the same thing had happened in Hollywood, Clark would have remained noncommittal and gone off shooting or something instead of flatly denying that his intentions

were matrimonial. Such ungraciousness wasn't like the King.

And Gene Tierney. No one is more sedate in Hollywood than Gene—when she's here. Gene was born and raised in Brooklyn. She has a passion for titles, and she longs to be a princess. All this palaver about trying to decide whether she should or should not marry Prince Aly Khan is stuff and nonsense. If the old Aga Khan would give the word, it is my opinion that Gene would marry Aly faster than she could say yes. Ironically, one of the Aga's objections to Gene as a daughter-in-law, I'm told by one of his close friends, is that Gene tries too hard to act like a princess—or rather she conducts herself as she thinks a princess does—haughty, cold and disdainful. I haven't met many princesses, but the real article has always been warmly gracious.

And Gene's technique with Aly was, shall we say, a little clumsy. True, she was surrounded (Continued on page 79)



Every week Jeff drives from his studio dressingroom ("my town headquarters") to his new house in the Apple

New love has brought
new happiness to
Jeff Chandler's lonely life.
But this time
he wants to be sure!

BY ALICE FINLETTER

A time to work things out



"We've both been through emotional upsets," Jeff says. "My divorce won't be final till next year and Gloria doesn't want to be tied down yet."

■ Jeff Chandler must rearrange his life, now. In his new kind of life, there must be a woman, sooner or later.

Most of Hollywood believes that woman will be pert, petite, beautiful Gloria De Haven. Jeff and Gloria have been going around together ever since their estrangements and divorces.

That they care deeply for each other is obvious. When Gloria recently opened at El Rancho Vegas, a swank nightery in Las Vegas, Jeff flew in from Hollywood to lead the opening night applause. A few weeks later when he was on location in Kingman, Arizona, making *Foxfire* with Jane Russell, Jeff again took off to visit Gloria on the week-end.

This jaunt from Arizona was supposed to be a surprise, but it backfired. When Chandler arrived in Las Vegas, he found that Gloria had another guest—Marty Himmel,

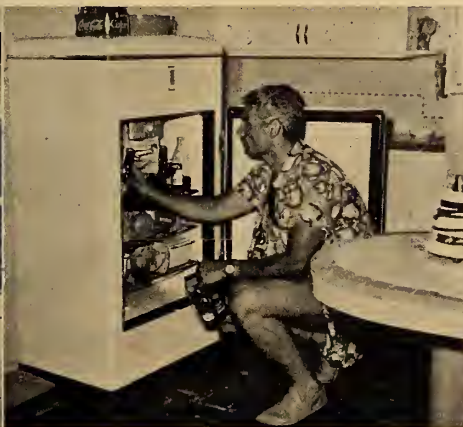
the husband she was then in the process of divorcing.

The newspapers said that Marty and Jeff exchanged strong words, that the tall, burly actor invited Himmel to step outside and that while Gloria was singing to the cash customers, the two men in her life squared off. But Gloria says it isn't true.

"I read in the newspapers, too, how Jeff and Marty were supposed to have fought over me. It's a lot of bunk.

"Jeff happened to fly up to see me. I didn't know he was coming. And Marty happened to fly in from New York. My divorce from Marty was very friendly and I was glad to see him. I was glad to see Jeff, too. There was no fight of any kind.

"After the week-end, Jeff flew back to his location and Marty went on to Los Angeles. Two weeks later I got my divorce from Marty. (Continued on page 70)



Valley desert. Friends say he rented the lonely place just to escape "all those Hollywood dames who call him up."

I seem to have done it again. I didn't think the dress was so shocking, but the roof fell in, as usual. And there I was, as usual—flat on my face!

How to Take Criticism

BY TERRY MOORE

■ The editors of MODERN SCREEN have nominated me a likely authority on criticism and how to take it.

Thank you. I think.

Well, it's true that I have had a little more practice in this particular field than a lot of people I could name. Certainly there have been more times than one when I have felt that the world was not a hundred per cent behind Terry Moore.

But on the whole, I think I have benefited more than I have suffered from the barbs—and I am *not* talking in the sense of publicity. I'll get to that. I believe I have benefited by evaluating *constructive* criticism and turning it to my own uses. I believe that—by a somewhat painful process, I grant you—I have learned to accept criticism and even antagonism, with some grace.

I have a friend who collects quotations the way some people collect stamps, and he has lent me a couple of them for this occasion.

He says that Ernest Hemingway has defined courage as "grace under pressure." I like that. I don't say I'm a brave woman yet, but I'm trying to learn to be one.

And it was Oscar Wilde, this friend says, who once remarked: "Experience is the name men give to their mistakes." It seems to me Mr. Wilde was being more clever than sound. This would be true only of a person who never learned a thing from being wrong. The value of criticism lies in what your critic might be able to teach you, doesn't it? And if you do learn from it, then that *is* experience. I didn't come here to tangle with Oscar Wilde, but sometimes a girl has to speak (Continued on page 80)

WHEN TERRY DECIDED TO SHOW



Terry piloted her mother and Rita . . .



In the afternoon they went swimming



Later that day they rode—and rested

CITY-BRED RITA MORENO THE GREAT OUT-OF-DOORS THEY HEADED FOR THE HILLS—AND A DUDE RANCH!



but Rita drove the jeep. They turned out to be equally gleeful at wading in icy brooks—and at eating, of course!



and next morning got up early to explore. First discovery: a calf. Second: novice Rita could handle a horse!



... until the prospect of a square dance sent both girls (slightly bowlegged) to change for the party and goodbyes.



J.
A.
R.
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B.



Trips to her beloved seashore are a necessity for Jane, who overworks when making a picture, has been known to crack up from the strain.



Bob prefers fishing in the mountains for vacations, so, Jane says, "We compromise. He goes to the mountains—and I go to the beach!"

Why try to change me now?

JANE'S STUBBORN AND SHE KNOWS IT, TEMPERAMENTAL AND ADMITS IT—BUT YOU CAN'T TEACH "THE OLD ONE" NEW TRICKS!

■ Shortly before she left for Europe this fall to star in the first Russfield production, *Gentlemen Marry Brunettes*, Jane Russell sat with a couple of friends in her beach house at Malibu. The dove-and-pink livingroom with the clean modern lines has almost become a trademark of hers. This was during the time that she was making *Foxfire* with Jeff Chandler and, as always, Jane was dog-tired midway through the picture. She isn't a girl who takes her film emoting lightly. Because she was tired, she had done what she always does when a blessed free week-end unfolds—beat feet for the seashore.

It was particularly quiet there that Sunday afternoon. After an active morning on the beach, her kids, Tracey and Thomas, had needed no urging to fall into bed for their naps. Robert had gone fishing with a couple of cronies. The beach house had no (Continued on page 89)



By TONI NOEL

It isn't arrogance that makes
Clift hide from the public, flee
from romance. It's a deep-
rooted fear of failure that's turned
him into Filmdom's Vanishing Man!

BY RICHARD L. WILLIAMS

WHAT MAKES MONTY



After every film Monty disappears, usually turns up somewhere like Varadero in Cuba, where he can relax, go yachting with friends like Italian socialite Marcel Grief—and feel fairly safe from reporters.



Monty has dated girls like Judy Balaban (above), Liz Taylor, but the women he admires most are older, "complicated" ones like Libby Holman, Natasha Lytess (Monroe's dramatic coach), Mira Rostova.



Serious about his work, Monty appeared for minimum salary in *The Seagull* in New York and in DeSica's *Indiscretion Of An American Wife* in order to work with artists he admires.

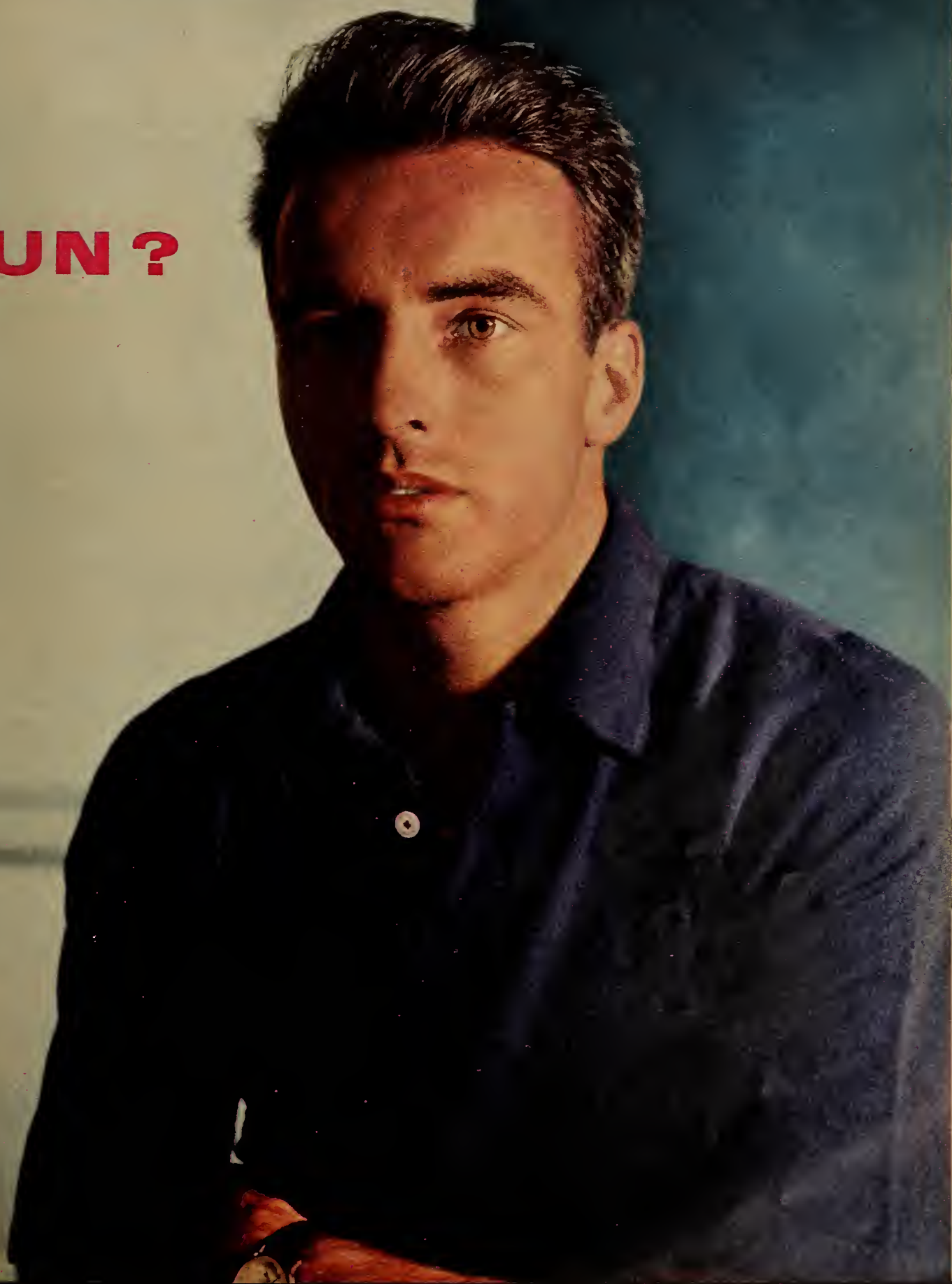
■ It's always shocking to discover that a good friend has it in him to be a heel. It can be just as surprising to learn that a person you've written off as impossible is really a nice guy, after all.

Well, Montgomery Clift is really a nice guy, after all. The reportedly snobbish, standoffish, elusive, boorish, reserved Clift has given the infuriating impression that he just can't be bothered with people and that he has stayed single all this time for the want of a good enough girl.

The only trouble is, you've got to get to know Monty to find the niceness under his hard-shell—and it's very hard to get to know him because once he gets the idea that you want to, he scuttles away like a crusty turtle. Or, more exactly, a frightened one. For Monty has a peculiar defense mechanism: he's so afraid of not being "true" to his own picture of himself, that he'll readily risk offending people rather than let them think, perish the thought, that he's a glad-eyed hail-fellow in pursuit of them. So he runs away.

A typical incident occurred in New York last summer. Late one night a young photographer mounted the rickety steps backstage at the Phoenix Theatre on lower Second Avenue. From the alley below rose the hub-bub of the departing audience (Continued on page 83)

RUN ?





Good for each other

by Marva Peterson

IN THEIR NEW HOME FERNANDO AND ARLENE DISCOVERED THAT THEY DON'T HAVE TO HAVE EVERYTHING IN COMMON—JUST AS LONG AS THEY DO HAVE SOMETHING VERY SPECIAL!



The Lamas' Dutch Colonial house stands in a quiet Bel Air canyon. Built against a mountain slope (for privacy), it has glass-walled patio and livingroom. Fernando promptly named it "Happy House."



The livingroom is furnished with pieces from Fernando's former apartment and Arlene's. For two months before they were married they secretly decorated the house.



One of their very few brand new purchases was a spinet piano; now Arlene can accompany Fernando, who loves to sing at parties. "Most of the adjustments," Arlene admits cheerfully, "have been mine."



One month after they moved in their home was ready for a housewarming. Both Arlene and Fernando work best under pressure, have to be rushed and to meet deadlines.

■ The picturesque California coastal town of Carmel is such a popular honeymoon spot that the citizens are especially considerate of newlyweds. They are friendly and courteous and they leave them to their blissful ways.

When Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas strolled into a Carmel curio shop recently, the saleswoman retired discreetly into the background.

She had recognized the movie stars immediately. Only the night before she had read of their elopement to Las Vegas. And it seemed perfectly natural that they, too, should choose to honeymoon in Carmel-by-the-Sea.

"Darling," Arlene murmured as she glanced around the curio

shop. "This place is jammed with treasures. We can get simply wonderful things for our livingroom shelves."

"Why not buy books?" Fernando asked with masculine logic.

Arlene shot her husband a wifely look. She prowled and poked among the curios, examining and pricing every object. Some minutes later she found a black and gold musical cigarette box. She carried it to Fernando.

"When you open it," she explained, "it plays two tunes—'Smoke Gets In Your Eyes' and 'Two Cigarettes In The Dark.'"

"I like it," Lamas announced. Arlene noticed that he, too, had made a purchase.

"What did you buy?" she asked (Continued on page 68)

"I've got a secret!"



LINDA DARNELL: As a young star, Linda was nervous, chewed her fingernails, forgot errands, needed to relax but didn't know how. Then she found a way. Her secret: "Music. I keep my radio or recorder going practically 24 hours a day. I eat to music, drive to music, study scripts to music (her latest is *This Is My Love*) and even sleep to music all night. My friends sometimes jokingly refer me to their favorite psychiatrists, but I find music—from swing to symphony—a great relaxer." (This, by the way, is the secret of many famous people: find something that always relaxes you—whether it's music, murder mysteries or finger painting—and turn to it when necessary.)



JAN STERLING: Jan takes even more pains than most Hollywood stars to keep looking her best. Yet her extremely unglamorous role in *The High and The Mighty*, in which she wiped off her make-up before the cameras, and her equally unattractive part in her latest film, *Women's Prison* failed to frighten her. Her secret: "I remembered that the most important person in my world—my husband—often sees me at my worst. If he can forgive this face, I can show it to the rest of the world!"



DONNA REED: Danna wanted to go to college. To support herself, she took the first job offered at the first price that was suggested—washing dishes for meals and a dollar a week. Too late she learned that the regular salary was \$10 a month. Now she's a high-priced, high-rated star in *The Last Time I Saw Paris*. Her secret: "Take your time, investigate, don't make a decision until you know the facts. And most important, don't underrate or overrate yourself . . . know your own value and stick to it at all times."

Here are little-known facts about well-known stars; secrets that account for their success with people and with careers—and may be the answers to your problems, too!

MARILYN MONROE: Marilyn knows that her primary appeal is her sexy beauty. Her secret: "Variety. For example, I change my hair color for almost every film. Honey, champagne, amber. Now silver blonde for *Show Business*. I experiment with different shades of lipstick often too. A woman can't really change her face, of course, but subtle coloring can make an interesting difference."



ANNE BAXTER: In *Ten Commandments* Anne wears ornate toe-rings, popular in Biblical times. On impulse she ordered a few for her personal wardrobe—and she'll wear them! Then just watch her start a new fad! Her secret: "Do at least a few of the things that really seem fun. Nobody should be afraid to have fun . . . even if it's silly."



VIRGINIA MAYO: In her high school days, Virginia never dated, was so shy that others thought her aloof and snobbish. Now starring in *The Silver Chalice*, Virginia is poised and charming. Her secret: "I learned that people are basically kind. When they didn't seem friendly it was usually something in me that was pushing them off."

"I've got a secret!" continued

JUNE ALLYSON ➤

Like every popular star, June has critics. Unlike most, she isn't bothered by being called a "professional sweetheart with a knack for nasty niceness." She just grins and admits that no one is perfect. Her secret: She pokes fun at trouble. She has organized "The Allyson Obnoxious Club" and includes among the other revolting members Dick Powell and Jim Stewart.



MARY MURPHY

Starring in *Love Is A Weapon*, Mary is a conversationalist. She can discuss philosophy—then switch in a second to baseball! Her secret: "I've found that men can't bear a girl who takes over the conversation, but they like her to hold her own."

JEAN SIMMONS

Jean's wardrobe is a trademark. Her secret: "I'm an extremist. I love really elegant gowns for evening, rather boring and of lovely, fine fabrics. But I prefer jeans and shirts for everything else—whenever I can get away with them!" Jean's in *Desirée*.



MITZI GAYNOR A

Mitzi has a new look—you'll see it in *There's No Business Like Show Business*. It's a combination of beauty, grace, sincerity—and sophistication, carried just far enough. Knowing where to stop took a lot of thought, planning and effort. Her secret: "Sophistication is wonderful if you really understand yourself. But don't forsake your own personality by trying to be someone else. Be yourself. It's the starting point for all real self-improvement."







The higher and faster a guy climbs,
the more successful and secure he becomes,
the more you can be sure
there's been a woman's love behind him!

Man, man is for the woman made



FRANK SINATRA

Marriages may come and go, but Nancy Sinatra gets the sole credit for being the backbone of Frank's sincerity, for having an uncanny knack of bringing out the best in this turbulent man. Now, his stormy second marriage a failure, Frank seems to realize that he has found peace only with Nancy and his family. He may not be the world's best husband, but he is a truly fine father, proud of his kids and conscious that Nancy is responsible for their turning out so well. Since she has known him, during their marriage and even after the divorce, Nancy has given Frank unwavering loyalty. May their most recent happy date not be their last!



RORY CALHOUN

In private conversation she's his Moll and he's her Blackie—and when you see them together you know why. Lita has all the loyalty of the moll for her man—even goes sailing with Rory though the sight of the ocean turns her green. And he's as tough as they come—ex-logger, miner, cow-puncher. Rory was once the guy who'd just as soon take a poke at a producer as say "Good morning." Now that she's reformed him, Lita occasionally takes a job (she is a successful professional singer) just to prove she can be independent. But neither she nor the head of the house wants to roam. One might say they're thicker than thieves.

ROBERT WAGNER Not one but several women have had the molding of Bob. Perhaps the most influential now is Barbara Stanwyck, who has shown him the intricate ins-and-outs of Hollywood living, from how to take direction to how to avoid gossip. He learned the ways of young love from his romance with Debbie Reynolds (though neither was ripe for marriage then) and lovely Jean Peters taught him the importance of pure friendship. But no one knows which woman will eventually show Bob the beauties of adult love.



ALAN LADD ▶

"Give-everyone-else-credit" Ladd is less the product of the women of his love than of his own stature as a genuinely honest human being who concentrates more on others than himself. Yet it is Sue Ladd who has managed his career, advised him, added the smooth finishing touches to the hardy gentleman from Hot Springs, Arkansas. And together they are a team that has never been matched in Hollywood, the people's choice as the town's most ideal married couple. Not only do they have a wonderful family of kids, but Alan, for more than a decade one of Hollywood's ten most popular stars, seems headed for another long stretch of big box office pictures and admits, "I never could have done it without Sue."

◀ BOB MITCHUM

Few Hollywood wives envy Dorothy Mitchum. Hers has been the hardest job in town, keeping her big, tough mug's feet on the ground when everyone, including Bob, had almost given him up. But Dorothy has succeeded. She once told him, "Before you do something, ask yourself how it will reflect on your boys." Since then, most of what has reflected on his sons has been Mitch's superb acting and now his courage in leaving the soft berth of a studio to start his own producing company. The job has been a tough one, but now the rewards are in—and they are big ones in the fields of love and laughter. Though she will always need a supply of patience, Dorothy Mitchum, secure at last, envies few movie wives.



◀ JIMMY STEWART

At age forty, Jimmy The Paradox was the shy one, the glamorous war veteran who played the field as an untouchable bachelor. At forty-one he found Gloria and plunged like a pleased puppy into the sea of matrimony and family life. Twin girls joined Gloria's two sons to fill out the family and Jimmy's famous smile became less wistful, more contented. The magic influence became suddenly apparent when career-conscious James paid less attention to movies and more to picnics, even letting Gloria select his scripts . . . a job which she handled with such success that *The Glenn Miller Story* and others made him approximately \$4,000,000 richer than he was as a bachelor. Two, it seems, don't have to live as cheaply as one!

▼ DEAN MARTIN AND JERRY LEWIS

It's not always funny to be a comedian's wife. Dean's wife, Jeanne Biegger, had to come from way behind in the care and handling of her man . . . but today she has the upper hand—and rules well with it. It took her encouragement to help Dean break into recording, it required her stabilizing influence to bring Dean home from his wanderings as Don Juan Supreme. Jerry's wife Patti had it equally rough; she found herself married to a lovable guy who trusted people so little that he slept with a gun under his pillow! She gave him the first home he had ever known, calmed his nerves, became more important to him than his beloved audiences. Someday, under the same management, he will have big money in the bank—and all his much-needed security will be courtesy of Patti.







THE GRANGERS

And no matter what
kind of madness Hollywood
calls it, the tyrant and the
martyr are about to
celebrate their fourth
happy anniversary!

BY IDA ZEITLIN

■ "Cough once," said Granger. Jean coughed like an ailing butterfly. "Cough *big*!" She coughed big while he leaned from his height to bend a judicial ear.

Flu had felled her on the set of *Desirée*. Just out of bed, she was bound for the doctor's. "You think I'd better go back to work tomorrow?"

"Over my dead body."

"Why?"

"Because I'm bigger than you are."

Though the day sweltered, even on their sky-reaching hill, Jean was winter-clad. A scarf tied snug under her chin. A dark wool slack suit covered her from throat to ankle. She looked small and woebegone, a bunny huddled against nameless perils. To ward them off, she clasped her husband's waist, dug her head against his chest. His arm went round her. "Can I have some moola?" she asked, piteous.

The other hand fished out bills. "This one? Or are you planning to take a boy friend out to dinner?"

She plucked the larger one. "I'm a gold-digger."

"Come along, gold-digger. The taxi waits."

This homespun domestic scene (*Continued on page 62*)

CALL IT LOVE



THE GRANGERS CALL IT LOVE

continued



Despite their preference for hearth and home, the Grangers do go nightclubbing occasionally when Jean feels like dancing. Both have excellent senses of humor, enjoy wits like vivacious Shelley Winters.



Their new home is smaller, more convenient than their first mansion in Hollywood . . . yet gossip insisted their change of homes meant the marriage was shaky!



On location for *Green Fire* with Grace Kelly, Stewart has the distinction of being one of the few leading men whom Grace has not been linked with off-screen!

(Continued from page 60) left a pleasure feeling as of bells rung in tune. It's a tune that has always sounded good to the Grangers. For reasons hard to assess, Hollywood seems to enjoy playing it jangled.

Consider last winter. Granger works for MGM. By and large, although with an occasional struggle, he goes where they send him. They sent him to England to make *Beau Brummell*. Jean stayed behind. Columns, having subsided for a while, broke into new and fevered rashes. He was sore because she'd refused to go along. She was sore because he'd left her flat. While she moped at home, he was living it up with the Wildings. Even—tsk, tsk—dating Elspeth March, his ex-wife.

So much for creeping innuendo. Now for the facts. With more weariness than ire, being past ire, Granger lays them on the line. Yes, he saw Elspeth March. "She's the mother of my children. We had matters to discuss concerning their welfare. I also happen to be fond of her. So is Jean. We're rational people. That Elspeth was once my wife doesn't now make her my arch enemy." The Wildings, baby and all, shared his apartment. "If this be living it up, make the most of it." As to who got sore, his look said louder than words that some asinities sink too low for comment.

Jean stayed behind for the same reason he went. She had to—by the terms of her contract with Hughes. In the hope that she'd be able to join him later, Granger took what he calls a woman's apartment. "Double bed, silk sheets. Wouldn't be caught dead in it by myself." At the last minute she was shoved into a picture. "Which was rather worse than saying goodbye, period. Knowing it's for months, one steels oneself. But this other sort of teasing thing—she's coming, she's not, she'll be here, she won't—that's murder. Someone else said it more tastefully. 'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.'"

It's true that he kept her in tears while he was gone. By his own peculiar methods. When she was sixteen, Jean's father died, but he remained a living part of her life. "You loved him so dearly," said her husband. "I can't understand why you don't have a photograph of him." "Mummy's got the only one and she won't let me have it."

This offered no insuperable obstacle. In England he asked Mummy for the photograph, vowing to guard it with life and honor. As she went to fetch it, he insists he grew panicky. "I'd heard so (Continued on page 87)

Grandmother and the Good Life

There's nothing so helpful in keeping a marriage happy as learning to get along with yourself!

by Janet Leigh

■ When I got back from Hawaii a year ago last summer after losing the baby I had expected, I learned that my grandmother Lita was dying of cancer. For two months all of us were in attendance on her, my mother and father, my two aunts and their husbands. To help out, I made it my business to have dinner for everybody cooked in my house every evening, and when I got home from work I would bring it over to my grandmother's house where they were gathered.

While the others, who had been with grandmother all day, ate, I would sit with her, stroke her forehead with a cool cloth, and hum or sing to her if she didn't feel like talking. Sometimes this could soothe her to the point of forgetting her pain and she would drop off into blessed sleep. When this happened we used to weep sometimes in gratitude at her surcease from agony—and perhaps weep all the more because she never once complained.

Grandmother's trust in ultimate goodness, as shown by her acceptance of her lot, was a beautiful one. She never moaned, she never asked once why this had happened to her, she never once lashed out at anyone or anything in retaliation as stricken people sometimes will. More than this, she even retained a sense of responsibility; she could not, even in the teeth of convulsive pain, shirk what she felt was (Continued on page 85)



Nobody told her she was



At every stop, kids gathered. Doris signed six dozen pictures, answered questions. One girl asked what they did on the train. "Not even Scrabble," Doris laughed. "We're just resting this trip."



Doris posed for many snapshots with the train's crew. She and Marty preferred the leisurely train ride to flying direct to their destination, New York. "We're not in a hurry," they agreed. "Why rush?"



Breakfast, in the famous Harvey manner, consisted of ham and eggs, potatoes and steak! The Melchers ate in their compartment. At Chicago their car was transferred to the New York train.



"I think Marty and I never talked so little as during that breakfast," Doris recalled later. "No, we hadn't quarrelled; mostly we couldn't take our eyes off the scenery. Indian country . . . so beautiful."

"Next time I take a vacation," Doris said happily, "I won't bother with going somewhere. I'll just

a star



Doris' favorite fan reminded her of her son Terry, who, Doris told everyone proudly, was off to camp all by himself. She spent much time writing him postcards.



At a station stop Doris bought an Indian bow and arrow for Terry. "Say," she asked the Indian, "are these from Brooklyn?" "No," said he, "but I am!"

get on a long-distance train and stay!"

■ When Doris Day and her husband Marty Melcher boarded the Super Chief for Chicago, en route to New York, it was with the distinct understanding that they were just ordinary passengers. "No autographs," Doris had said firmly. "No special favors. No publicity. We're on vacation. See?" The management of the Super Chief saw. In fact for twenty minutes after Doris boarded the train, the superintendent refrained from inviting them to dinner on the house. And for almost ten seconds the ever-hungry Marty refrained from accepting. Although the telegraph operators wired ahead to every station on the line that there were celebrities aboard, no one except porters, waiters, conductors, passengers and assorted fans gathered at the Melcher's compartment door for autographs. And as to Doris Day, girl hermit, it was at least five minutes before she got lonesome in the peace and quiet she had requested and flung open the door of the compartment to the first fans, settled happily down to signing autographs and told Marty, "Gee. Isn't it just awfully nice of everyone to make such a fuss?"



But even on the train there was work. "At least," Doris said, "it puts me to sleep!"

IT'S A BRAND- NEW BRANDO

BY ALICE HOFFMAN

The T-Shirted Terror is
tame at last—in more
ways than one. Here
for the first time is how
Marlon himself explains
his sudden change of heart!

■ "Look," Marlon Brando said. "I'm not going to pose in any T-shirt. I'm tired of that screwball routine. From now on, I'm not going to have people say I'm a souped-up wack."

Brando was talking to a group of photographers who were trying to shoot him on the set of *Desirée* where he had a few minutes off between scenes.

He looked around and borrowed a jacket from a friend. Slipping into it, he said, "Okay." And the shutters started clicking.

"Got enough?" Brando asked presently.

The amazed photographers looked at each other. Was this docile, gentle, pleasant young man really Marlon Brando?

Was this the *enfant terrible*, the holy terror, the actor with the blazing, unpredictable temperament? Was this the very same fellow they'd been warned against, the actor Twentieth Century-Fox had sued for \$2,000,000 because he'd walked away from *The Egyptian*?

He was humble, cheerful and helpful—and on the Twentieth lot, too. Jean Simmons, his leading lady in *Desirée*, passed by and said voluntarily, "Marlon Brando is the greatest."

The publicity men, notoriously jaded and sophisticated, agreed that they never had worked with a more cooperative player.

Were they all sincere or were they merely climbing on the bandwagon because Brando is expected to win an Oscar for his superlative performance in *On The Waterfront*?

The answer is that Marlon Brando, the most enigmatic and talented young actor Hollywood has ever known, has turned over a new leaf. Ever since April, Brando has been a relatively new man—new in his attitude and in his behavior.

He has become outgoing. He has developed great warmth in (Continued on page 92)



good for each other

(Continued from page 51) nonchalantly, thinking she was hiding her curiosity.

Fernando shook his handsome head. "Not until we're home."

Arlene tried but no amount of teasing or pleading could make him divulge his secret. "Honestly," she said, looking as though she might stamp her foot a little. "I think you're terrible." They both smiled.

THE MORNING after Mr. and Mrs. Lamas officially moved into their small Dutch colonial house in Bel Air—they had been furnishing it secretly two months before their wedding—Fernando unwrapped his mystery purchase and hung it on the wall outside the master bedroom.

At the sound of the hammering Arlene stopped unpacking and began investigating. Her eyes fell on a brightly painted wooden disc about the size of a ten-inch pie plate. The disc had one clock hand, and around its outer edges were painted such adjectives as "tender, sullen, hungry, passionate, tired."

"It's called a marriage barometer," Fernando explained. "Especially designed to help a new wife anticipate her husband's moods."

At that Arlene burst out laughing and collapsed weakly against her husband's chest. "Of all the crazy things," she began. And then she was off on another wave of laughter. "I promise," she announced between giggles, "to check it every morning, noon and night."

Although Fernando planned the barometer as a gag, it has its semi-serious aspects as well. Of all the recent Hollywood marriages, none might use a barometer quite so well as the Lamas-Dahl union. This was one love affair most of the movie colony's observers did not expect to see grow into a marriage.

These two people are completely opposite in background and temperament.

ARLENE'S ANCESTORS are pure Scandinavian from away back. Born and reared in Minneapolis in a neighborhood that is still a section of transplanted Denmark, Arlene was taught to be reserved, poised, composed and always in control of her emotions.

Fernando, on the other hand, suffered a disruptive childhood in Buenos Aires where he was brought up by his grandmothers. He fought and struggled for everything he ever won. Emotionally, he has a low threshold, sizzles suddenly and boils over quickly.

A great athlete, he loves all outdoor sports, riding, hunting, swimming. Arlene does not. Her hobbies run to painting, cooking and sewing.

"And yet despite our differences," Fernando says, "we are becoming more alike all the time. I am not sure of the reason for this. Is it because we are very much in love or is it because we are only now discovering the fundamental ways in which we are truly the same?"

ARLENE AGREES that she and Fernando are growing together but this is because in every marriage someone has to make adjustments. "And most of them," the tall redhead adds good-naturedly, "have been mine."

"For example, Fernando happens to like women with straight hair. I don't know why. So I've changed my hairstyle to a loose page boy cut."

"Fernando likes to sing at parties, so I've started practicing on the piano again so I can accompany him. His favorite colors for me happen to be black and green so I now find myself buying only

black outfits. And I had our friend and interior decorator Larrie Mako, change the color scheme of my bedroom from pink to green.

"Then there are Fernando's eating habits. He comes from Argentina where dinner is served at ten P.M. As a result we eat late. Not that I wait until ten, but sometimes I can last until nine."

"Also he has a habit of falling in love with certain foods—French toast or breaded veal cutlets or Bologna sausage and crackers. When one of these spells hits him I dutifully accept my fate and serve his current specialty for breakfast, lunch and dinner."

"I don't have to share his enthusiasm, however, so I specialize in liver which the doctors tell me I should eat regularly."

The Lamas' good friend Larrie Mako says that she too, has noticed a growing of similar taste in Arlene and Fernando.

"Six months ago," she says, "I would've agreed with everyone else that they are as different as night from day. But now that I've been working with them on getting their little house furnished, it's surprising to learn that they do have a good deal in common."

"They both love movies, good wines, formal parties and surprises. They're both ambitious and strong-willed and they both

hollywood's hottest
star, glamorous
grace kelly,
will be on the
december cover
of modern screen
on your newsstand
november 9

love to work. I don't think there's anything they can't accomplish. They love to have their fingers in many pies."

Arlene is busy these days designing a new line of lingerie for an eastern manufacturer. She also writes a beauty column twice a week, and she's just finished *A Woman's World* for Twentieth Century-Fox.

Fernando is rehearsing a nightclub act for Las Vegas in addition to starting an import-export business and reading half a dozen scripts.

Their friends expect that within a year Fernando and his bride will have organized a corporation to be called Lamas-Dahl Enterprises, Inc.

BETWEEN THE TIME the false prophets predicted that Fernando would never marry Arlene and the wedding day, these two stars began to shop for a home. They searched together on Sundays and they hunted apart on weekdays. They wanted a smallish place that combined beauty with complete privacy. Ultimately they found their honeymoon home in one of the garden-like canyons of Bel Air.

Their house is Dutch colonial with two bedrooms, a den, and a charming garden.

It nestles gently against a mountain slope so that the glass walls in the livingroom and patio are completely protected from neighborly curiosity.

Fernando calls it "Happy House."

Two months before they moved in, the couple began to work on the furnishings. Happy conspirators, they had great fun working together while many of the gossip writers insisted that it was all over between them.

"First off," Arlene recalls, "we started decorating the livingroom. We decided to do it black, grey and gold, using old pieces that we owned. I took my four television chairs and had them covered in a grey and gold print. Fernando had his couch covered in grey."

"Practically the only new things we had to buy were a few lamps and a spinet piano for Fernando."

The Lamas den was another joint operation. Fernando covered the floor with one big square of cotton shag carpeting, and Arlene installed a white plaid couch from her old house.

"This room," Fernando likes to point out, "doubles as an office for our business affairs. We wanted it to be light and pleasant and I think it is."

The diningroom and foyer were left untouched but upstairs Arlene turned the second bedroom into "Fernando's Hideaway."

"We kid about this room," she explains, "with its sign on the door and everything. But the truth is that it is a nifty hideaway for Fernando. He answers fan mail here and watches television and studies his lines. It's the perfect escape spot for a man."

All the furniture in this room is simple and utilitarian. The room has two walls of hanging space for Fernando's rather extensive wardrobe.

WHEN FRIENDS marvel at how quickly the Lamas got settled, the man of the house generously attributes the speedy success to Arlene. "We both work better under pressure," he says, "so Arlene gave us a deadline of one month. 'After one month,' she said, 'I want us to be ready for a housewarming.'"

And the Lamas were ready, even though Arlene had to sit up until two A.M. the night before finishing the curtains for Fernando's Hideaway.

The housewarming party was memorable. It showed a lot of skeptics that the Dahl-Lamas marriage was well planned and carefully executed—not an impetuous thing.

A pair of white doves in a huge gilt cage hung above the door set the theme for the party. There was a buffet dinner for sixty-five, ten to a table. The tables were covered with red organdy and the centerpieces were gilt birdcages filled with red and white carnations.

"There were no place cards," Fernando says, "because I don't believe in place cards. What kind of thing is it to take friends who are enjoying cocktails and say, 'Sorry, but you must separate now. You sit here and you sit there.' I think guests should choose their own company. That's why at our house, never place cards."

THE PARTY was a huge success and it went on until the small hours of the morning, and after the last guest had departed, Fernando took his wife in his arms. "Tell me," he said, "and you must be honest. If you had to do it all over again, would you still marry me?"

Arlene made a cute, pouty face at her husband.

"Ask me in the morning," she said, "after I've checked my barometer." **END**

*I dreamed I was a living doll
in my maidenform bra*



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a time to work things out

(Continued from page 43) "As to the future and Jeff—that's hard to say. He's a wonderful guy and I enjoy his company. He's not hard to look at. He's got a sharp but subtle sense of humor. And no matter what they write about his being moody and complex, I've never known him to take himself too seriously. You can't say that about many actors."

How does Jeff feel about Gloria?

Notoriously careful about discussing girls, all he will say is, "Gloria is as fine a young woman as I've met in this business. She's sweet, she's sparkling, she's a lot of fun and she knows her way around."

"I like to be with her or I wouldn't be seeing her. But we've both been through emotional upsets. My divorce won't be final until next year, and if I know Gloria, she doesn't want to tie herself down, either. After all, she just got divorced."

Still, Jeff Chandler is not one to lead a lonely life. Nor is he likely to turn sour on marriage because his first one failed.

"What I need most of all," he says, "is time to work things out. Basically I'm a simple guy. I confront problems as they come along."

"I've got the kind of face that makes me look moody or miserable, so that people are always attributing deep and complex motivations to my behavior."

"They say that I'm carrying a torch for Marge (Jeff's ex-wife) or that I'm pining away for Gloria or that there's a big thing between me and Joan Crawford. They say that I'm lonely and in search of a wife."

"The only thing that I've been searching for lately has been a house on the desert and I've found it." Two months ago Jeff decided that the Hollywood pace was too fast for him, so he moved out of his apartment in Westwood and rented a house in Apple Valley in the Mojave Desert.

It's a small house with two bedrooms and a swimming pool. On week-ends when he isn't working, this giant of a grey-haired actor races his Cadillac into Hollywood, picks up his two daughters, Dana and Jamie, and speeds back to his desert retreat. Here he plays and swims with them, cooks dinner for them or takes them to the Apple Valley Inn. And here he finds the peace which eluded him in Hollywood.

On Sundays Jeff gets his little girls back to Marge in time for dinner and then drops in to see Gloria De Haven.

If he has to report for work the next day he spends the night in his dressing-room at Universal-International. He uses the dressingroom as his town headquarters. But his home, he says, is Apple Valley, 104 long miles from the bright lights and the beautiful women of Hollywood.

How long Jeff will go for the simple, quiet and solitary desert life, no one knows.

A friend of his says, "This desert kick Jeff's on is just a stage. It's a reaction to his divorce. He can't take it for any appreciable amount of time. He's a city boy, born and bred in Brooklyn. All of a sudden he's crazy about the desert, in love with sand and driftwood."

"You want to know why? He's tired of all those dames calling him up in Westwood. De Haven is something else again. He's really stuck on her. But she's not about to give up show business and even if she were, she's not about to take her two kids and live twelve months a year in the Mojave Desert. I don't care who she loves."

"Not that I've got anything against the desert, mind you. It's a wonderful place for a couple of months. But I don't think Chandler can take it all year round."

Jeff says time will tell. That is why he rented a house instead of buying one. But he did spend \$4700 for an acre and a half of land in Apple Valley, and if he doesn't tire of the place, he plans to build his own house there next year.

His divorce will be final then and he will be in a position to marry again, which brings us back to Gloria De Haven.

ALTHOUGH SHE is not yet thirty, Gloria has been married and divorced twice.

Her first husband was actor John Payne, by whom she had two children, Kathy, eight and Tommy, six. Her second husband was wealthy New York contractor Marty Kimmel.

One reason these two marriages ended in divorce was that Gloria was not ready to renounce her career in favor of domesticity, a demand of both of her ex-husbands.

"Show business happens to be in my blood," Gloria says, "and I just can't get it out. Not yet, anyway. Jeff understands that and I'm sure he appreciates it."

Gloria is the daughter of the late Flora Parker and Carter De Haven, one of the greatest of all the stage and screen teams of yesteryear.

She was sent to various dramatics schools, music academies and dancing schools. When she was twelve, David Selznick signed her to play Becky in *Tom Sawyer*. But by the time Selznick was ready to roll, Gloria had outgrown the part.

A few years later, director George Cukor who was a family friend, begged Gloria's parents to let their daughter play a small part in *Susan And God*. "Just for the sake of theatrical tradition," he urged. They said yes and Gloria was in show business.

She was a featured soloist with Bob Crosby's orchestra, sang next with Jan Savitt's band, and presently went to MGM for a role in *Best Foot Forward*. She played with June Allyson and Gene Kelly, Judy Garland and Van Johnson.

After her marriage to John Payne she went to work at U-I and Twentieth Century-Fox and then did a musical at RKO. Early this year she went to U-I and starred in *So This Is Paris* with Tony Curtis and Gene Nelson.

IT HAPPENS that Jeff Chandler and Tony Curtis are close friends. One afternoon Jeff wandered onto the *So This Is Paris* set to see Tony and took one look at De Haven. One look is all that's necessary.

Jeff's growing interest in music added fuel to the fire. Sonny Burke, head of Decca Records on the west coast, had talked Jeff into singing some solos for the kids at Balboa Beach. Jeff had done so well that Sonny had offered him a Decca recording contract.

Gloria is under contract to Decca, too. So these two handsome people had something in common right from the very beginning—records, royalties, disc jockeys, Sonny Burke, orchestrations.

Jeff spoke about his first two recordings, "I Should Care" and "More Than Anyone." He was afraid they'd flop.

Gloria said, "I don't think so." She was right. More than 150,000 copies have been sold so far.

Jeff was so encouraged that he began to do something he had always wanted to do—to write—"to create something out of my own imagination." He wrote the lyrics to a melody and entitled them "That's All She's Waiting To Hear." Then he recorded the song and backed it with "Lamplight."

He made exploitation recordings for the disc jockeys and drove down to the Broadway department store in Los Angeles and autographed his records for hundreds of admirers. Gloria De Haven remained in the background, happy and glad at heart that he was finding himself with work that gave him satisfaction and stimulation.

Jeff Chandler is a paradox, and Gloria De Haven realizes it.

Jeff likes to say, "I'm lazy and all I want to do is sleep and take it easy." But give him a modicum of spare time and he's renting an office in Beverly Hills, organizing the Chandler Music Company, working on the plans for a series of Jeff Chandler comic books or doing research for a transcribed radio program he hopes to put on the air any day now.

Gloria understands this apparent contradiction because she herself is blessed or handicapped by the same nature.

"I'd love to be able to relax," she says, "and just do nothing." But the minute she has nothing to do, guilt assails her and she's after her agent pleading for work.

Although they come from different backgrounds, Jeff and Gloria are two of the same kind. Superficially they appear phlegmatic. Inwardly they are both ambitious workers. Ambition is necessary for screen stardom but frequently the bugaboo of Hollywood marriages.

For example, it is commonly held that one of the reasons Jeff's marriage to Marge Hoshelle failed was that Marge coveted fame and subconsciously resented Jeff's success. Marge was under contract to Warner Brothers when she married Chandler eight years ago. He was completely unknown. As Marge took time off to bear his children, her career waned and his rose.

The same thing happened at the same time to Gloria De Haven and John Payne.

Gloria's career was really gathering momentum in 1945. Following *Best Foot Forward*, MGM predicted that De Haven would achieve topflight stardom within a year. Gloria married John Payne and three months later she was pregnant. Temporarily, she abandoned her screen career, and because of that, MGM switched the build-up to another newcomer—June Allyson.

Gloria was having another baby and it wasn't until the spring of 1948 that she was ready to return to screen work. By that time John Payne was the family breadwinner and Gloria De Haven was regarded as a promising performer who had passed up show business in favor of housework and child-rearing.

Gloria set out to disprove this allegation and to regain her former standing as a bright young actress. This led to arguments with John Payne and a divorce.

Gloria has learned from her past mistakes and so has Jeff. They aren't kids any more. They have no intention of repeating the same errors. They fully realize the cares and responsibilities of marriage and the price, tangible and intangible, of failure.

SO JEFF WORKS almost all the time. He doesn't play golf or tennis. He owns neither a plane nor a boat. He used to play a little softball once in a while.

Because he has achieved a fair degree of stability as a motion picture actor, he is currently concentrating on the things he's always wanted to do: writing, singing and living in the desert, knowing that financially he can afford the luxury of possible failure in these lines.

Jeff realizes that no matter how enthusiastic a man is about his new work, there comes a time when without the love of a good woman, life deteriorates into mere existence. He wants a complete life, and this must include a woman.

Since he started going around with bewitching, good-natured little Gloria, he has dated no other girl. And he seems to be happier than he's ever been before.

Whether the romance will eventually lead to marriage or fade before Chandler's divorce becomes final, no one can say for sure. But certainly at this point, Jeff and Gloria are making beautiful music together. It might lead to wedding music. **END**

modern screen fashions

bewitchingly

feminine



A fashion-first in movie-going is the 20th Century-Fox romantic comedy in CinemaScope, *Woman's World*, with June Allyson, Arlene Dahl and Lauren Bacall wearing the wonderful clothes designed by Charles LeMaire.

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the two worlds of marilyn monroe

(Continued from page 37) to six P.M. and another set from six to midnight?

The chances are good that as you read this, Joe and Marilyn have been separated, geographically speaking.

Joe should be somewhere in the east covering the World Series, and Marilyn should be somewhere in the west making a comedy called *The Seven Year Itch*.

It is probable, too, that you will read—in fact, may already have read—that the Di Maggio marriage isn't exactly paradise. The idyllic twosome has become more realistic with the passage of time, which is the normal course of marriage.

BUT MARILYN'S marriage happens to be unusual in several ways.

She married a great athlete who was

already retired when she met him. At the time of their marriage, January 14, 1954, Marilyn was approaching the zenith of her career; her husband no longer had one.

Besides their mounting and undeniable love for each other, the Di Maggios have relatively little in common. Joe knows very little about acting and dramatics, and Marilyn knows just as little about baseball.

Marilyn has no intention, certainly, of becoming an athlete, and Joe refuses to try to mastermind his wife's career.

Joe and Marilyn have completely different backgrounds. Joe was raised in a large, happy, healthy household filled with laughter and companionship. Marilyn lived the youth of an unwanted orphan, alone, afraid, insecure. Because of all this, some people are now saying trouble will come.

Some of these have gone so far as to suggest that Joe is jealous of his wife.

"Why," they ask, "does he refuse to visit her on the set? Is that normal for a loving husband?"

They ask further, "Why won't he pose with her for home layouts? Why does he object to publicity? One of his best friends, a sports writer, telephoned from New York and asked if he'd pose for some photos. Why should Joe turn down his friend?"

"Why won't he take Marilyn to parties or previews or premières? Why won't he make the slightest sacrifice for her career?"

"Sooner or later the girl has got to resent his indifference."

WHAT THESE PEOPLE don't seem to realize is that beneath her exterior of naivete and breathless bewilderment, Marilyn Monroe is one of the most sensible and naturally bright beauties in Hollywood.

She can hold her own with any sophisticated glamour star you care to mention. And she knows in her heart that Joe's so-called indifference is not indifference at all. It is independence and self-reliance.

"It may be okay for other guys to manage their wives' careers," one of Joe's friends says. "Sid Luft and Judy Garland, Marty Melcher and Doris Day, Freddie Brisson and Rosalind Russell, Tom Lewis and Loretta Young. But they've all got show business backgrounds."

"Joe's background is baseball. Just because he was one of the greatest outfielders the game has ever known, he doesn't feel entitled to call the shots on Marilyn's career."

"The only time I've ever heard him give her any advice is when she and Twentieth were negotiating a contract. 'The publicity is swell,' he told Marilyn. 'Only be sure to get the money.'"

As for Joe's refusal to pose for pictures with Marilyn or to visit her on the set, he isn't being contrary and he isn't trying to be difficult. He's just being himself.

But finally, toward the end of *Show Business*, the rumors of Joe's indifference became so widespread that he decided to dispel them by visiting his wife on the set.

Quietly and unobtrusively, he showed up and stood in a corner while she sang her tempestuous heat wave number.

"I'm here," he announced, "because the newspapers insist that there must be something wrong between Marilyn and me because I don't visit her at work."

When she finished her song, she ran over to him and said anxiously, "I hope you liked it, dear."

"I liked it all right," Joe said, "but it takes so long to shoot so little. It makes me nervous hanging around here watching everybody get ready."

A moment later, Di Maggio posed for a picture with Irving Berlin and then as quietly as he had entered the studio, he drove out in his 1953 Cadillac.

"He never has liked parties or previews," Marilyn says, "or show business celebrations. And before we were married, he never would take me to any. I didn't expect marriage to change his habits or his likes and dislikes."

So far as anyone knows, Joe has posed in the studio with Marilyn for only two shots. On each occasion there was a third person along.

One time Joe visited Marilyn on the set of *Monkey Business*, a film she made with Cary Grant. Joe agreed to stand up for a photo with Marilyn and Cary. After the negative was printed, Grant's face was cropped out.

On another occasion Joe visited Marilyn with David March, the agent who had arranged their first date. This time March's face was cropped out.

Joe has been offered large sums of money to pose with Marilyn at home.

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|----------|------|----------|--------|
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| 2. _____ | MALE | 2. _____ | FEMALE |
| 3. _____ | MALE | 3. _____ | FEMALE |

THE THREE FEATURES I LIKED BEST IN THIS ISSUE ARE: (place a check (✓) in the box next to your favorites)

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Louella Parsons in Hollywood | <input type="checkbox"/> Nobody Told Her She Was a Star (Doris Day) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Two Worlds of Marilyn Monroe | <input type="checkbox"/> It's a Brand New Brando |
| <input type="checkbox"/> She Looks Like a Bride (Debbie Reynolds-Eddie Fisher) | <input type="checkbox"/> I've Got a Secret |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Report From Europe: Why Can't They Behave? | <input type="checkbox"/> Man, Man, Is For The Woman Made |
| <input type="checkbox"/> A Time to Think Things Out (Jeff Chandler-Gloria De Haven) | <input type="checkbox"/> Of Poals and Panies (Alan Ladd) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> How to Take Criticism (Terry Moore-Rita Maréna) | <input type="checkbox"/> How Doth the Little Busy B? (Barbara Stanwyck) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Why Try to Change Me Now? (Jane Russell) | <input type="checkbox"/> Wards and Music (Peggy Lee) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> What Makes Monty Run? (Montgomery Clift) | <input type="checkbox"/> My First Love (Mitzi Gaynor) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Good For Each Other (Fernanda Lamas-Arlene Dahl) | <input type="checkbox"/> For Dancers Only (Cyd Charisse) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Grangers Call It Love (Stewart Granger-Jean Simmons) | <input type="checkbox"/> Adam's Fall (Julia Adams) |
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"My private life is private," he says, "and that's out. Right now too many kids know where we live because the picture of the house we're renting was published in the magazines. They ride up and down the street and even ring the front door bell."

"As soon as our lease expires," Marilyn says, "we're moving. I don't know where, but we're moving."

After ten months of marriage, Marilyn still insists, "Joe comes first." But the studio has pre-empted most of her time.

Marilyn has said on many occasions that Joe has no objections to her continuing her career so long as she spends her evenings at home with him.

During the day Joe likes to play golf or go to the races or listen to the ball games. Marilyn has no interest in these.

Since sports, spectator or participation, are no fun for her, Joe figures that it's best for Mrs. Di Maggio to do what keeps her happy. And Marilyn is happiest when she's working in front of the cameras.

"Lots of times," she recalls, "I starved so that I could have the chance to act in pictures. Joe sees no sense in my giving it up. Besides, what would I do? Act as his caddy on the golf course?"

IN THE STUDIO Marilyn is surrounded by talented craftsman and artists whose appeal to her is primarily intellectual.

Natasha Lytess, who is probably Marilyn's closest friend, is a great dramatics coach, one of the finest in the business.

Years ago when Marilyn was fired from Columbia, Natasha took the young girl into her apartment. In Marilyn she recognized a totally unprepared, uneducated but potentially acceptable actress.

So Natasha, the widow of an outstanding German novelist, introduced this young, lonely girl to the fascinating world of Shakespeare, Freud, and Thomas Wolfe. She taught her about the various schools of acting, about art and literature and life. In Marilyn she found a responsive mind.

Subsequently, writers who interviewed Marilyn, expecting to find her a dumb bunny, were startled when she spoke briefly but knowledgeably on George Bernard Shaw, the Stanislavsky method of acting and the works of Eugene O'Neill.

It is Natasha Lytess who is responsible for much of Marilyn's acting success, and Marilyn is the first to acknowledge this. It is Natasha Lytess who still coaches Marilyn on every line. But once the day's work is done at the studio, Marilyn closes the iron door. Intellectual stimulation is over for the day.

ONE DOES NOT find Natasha Lytess dining with Mr. and Mrs. Joe Di Maggio. Nor are the Di Maggios found at Hollywood Bowl listening to a symphony or at the Biltmore Theatre engrossed in a play.

Chances are they are watching a good, old-fashioned western on TV or perhaps visiting Joe's friends, Vic and Marguerite Massi, or maybe entertaining Joe's sister Marie and her daughter, down from San Francisco.

At these gatherings Marilyn does not expound on the virtues of Marlon Brando as an actor. She doesn't talk about the excitement she felt when she watched Brando perform on the set of *Desirée*. Nor does she talk about the dance teaching of Jack Cole or studio politics.

By the same token, Joe does not discuss the various idiosyncrasies of Casey Stengel or Ted Williams' batting average or the bases Jackie Robinson has stolen.

The Di Maggio family discussions are usually limited to immediate plans and problems: where to move, to buy or to build, the welfare of Joe's relatives (since Marilyn has virtually no family and practically no close friends). By nature, neither

Joe nor Marilyn is talkative. Nor do they crave excitement and wild times. They are a peaceful, very-much-in-love couple.

Marilyn did not marry for scintillating conversation, sparkling dialogue, or the furtherance of her career. She married purely for love, a family and a home.

"I never had these things as a child," she says. "With Joe beside me I'm never alone any more."

Loneliness is frequently a state of mind. When Marilyn was single there were hundreds of men in the motion picture industry intensely anxious to cultivate her friendship. But still, she was lonely because she felt in her mind that she belonged to no one. In case of illness to whom would she turn? In case of unemployment, who would lend a hand?

All of that is different, now. No matter how she fares in her career, Marilyn feels that she still has Joe, and this situation gives her more courage and independence and security than she's ever known before.

It also helps her career immeasurably, since the studios rarely take advantage of a girl who has a financial alternative. Before she was married to Joe, Marilyn was suspended by her studio because she refused to make *Pink Tights*.

Marilyn's salary at the time was \$750 a week. The studio knew that she had saved practically no money, that sooner or later she would be hard up.

Once Marilyn got married, the situation changed completely. The girl had someone to support her. This called for new tactics. The studio signed Sheree North in an attempt to stampede Marilyn into *Pink Tights*, a script she had refused.

Movie Director Mike Curtiz told Peter Arnell he was looking for a week-old baby for a movie role. "Preferably," he said, "one with experience."

Earl Wilson in
The New York Post

But Marilyn refused to be stamped. She had Joe for a husband, and she didn't care who the studio signed.

In the end, it was the studio that capitulated. Monroe was given a new contract, the lead in *Show Business*, and she was told to forget about *Pink Tights*.

THIS WAS HER first triumph in studio negotiations, and Marilyn realizes that she won largely because she had a husband to back her up.

You can see therefore what Joe means to this girl, and why she is willing to live in two worlds on his terms.

When Marilyn is with Joe in San Francisco, there is no studio discussion whatever. She helps her sister-in-law Marie with the food, occasionally cooks spaghetti for Joe—he has taught her how—makes the rounds of the relatives, dines at the Di Maggio restaurant on Fisherman's Wharf which is run by Joe's brother Tom, and in short, she does everything to please her husband.

In most homes it's the husband who goes off to work in the daytime and returns at night to the waiting arms of a loving wife. When Joe and Marilyn are living in Hollywood the setup is reversed. This doesn't necessarily mean, as many detractors imply, that the marriage will founder. All it means is that Joe and Marilyn have developed a way of life that fits their own particular set of circumstances.

Right now their strong love is the bridge that spans Marilyn's two worlds. Tomorrow it will be a baby, perhaps, and when the baby does come, Marilyn's career will be relegated to third position behind Joe and bambino.

END

modern screen fashions



Roger Prigen

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BESTFORM GIRDLES AND BRAS AVAILABLE AT DEPARTMENT AND SPECIALTY STORES

More fashions on page 7

modern screen fashions



Roger Prigent

Celebrity makes a wonderful padded bra for those who desire a little added figure form. This *Secret Charm* bra features a two-section cup with elastic support—comes in either cotton or nylon with embroidered nylon sheer trim. The narrow self-fabric straps are adjustable. Available in white only. About \$2.

SECRET CHARM BRAS BY CELEBRITY CAN BE PURCHASED AT DEPARTMENT AND SPECIALTY STORES

she looks like a bride

(Continued from page 38) in grim lines.

"You never can tell about the reaction of feminine fans to a young, romantic singer who is no longer eligible," said one representative of Eddie's management group. "The women don't seem to hold the more mature crooners, Crosby, Como or Sinatra, personally responsible for the sentiments expressed in the lyrics of their songs. Or if they do, these older fellows have been around long enough to develop a following strictly on the basis of the music in their voices rather than on personality alone. But when a youngster like Eddie sings about the loneliness and heartbreak that is so often the subject of ballads, he is much more convincing if he is single. After all, married men are not supposed to be lonely!"

THIS PSYCHOLOGICAL notion about the girls who make up the bulk of his audiences is something Eddie is well aware of; so are his friends, and of course Debbie knows about it. She is strongly career-minded, having many times said she must get her own career going before she thinks of marriage. She still talks like that even though, with her success in *Susan Slept Here* and the great work she is doing in *Hit The Deck* at MGM, there is no doubt about the firm status of her stardom. And it is a safe bet, too, that if she marries Eddie, theirs will be a double star family. Debbie won't abandon her career.

"I'm a working girl, you know, and I probably always will be," she told him late one afternoon when he laid plans for a great evening and she begged off so she could rest for an early studio call.

Few young couples who are altar-bound can keep from revealing their plans in one way or another. So much like a loyal and dutiful young wife has Debbie acted toward Eddie, and so close to the attitude of a young bridegroom does his become sometimes, that a report claiming they have already secretly eloped has got a lot of credence. Probably those who do believe this are the type who not only are quick to add fact to rumor, but often multiply the one by the other. Yet if you were at the Hollywood Bowl the night Eddie sang there, or at the Mocambo on an early morning date with them as he crooned in Debbie's ear on the dance floor, or heard their dialogue the dozens of times she "dropped in for a minute" to see Eddie and was still having her hand held by him hours later . . . you would admit that the best description was "newlyweds."

ALL SUMMER, when they didn't happen to have a formal date they had a little informal routine that picked up the slack in this phase of their romance. The big white mansion Eddie lived in was on the Coldwater Canyon route Debbie always used driving home from the studio. You could always tell when Eddie was in because he never parked his black Cadillac in the garage—always in the driveway right at the front door. It is doubtful if on her way home after work Debbie once drove past that "standing" invitation to drop in. She would pull up behind the Cadillac in her salmon and cream Pontiac, slip inside the main hall of the house and peek through the back windows to the pool in the yard. That was all she had to do. Eddie, whose eyes are as sharp as his singing notes are true, would jump up from whatever he was doing (usually lounging in the sun) and run to get her.

Then would begin the business about her being able to stay only a little while. Eventually, to hold her around, Eddie began to use counter-strategy. He would

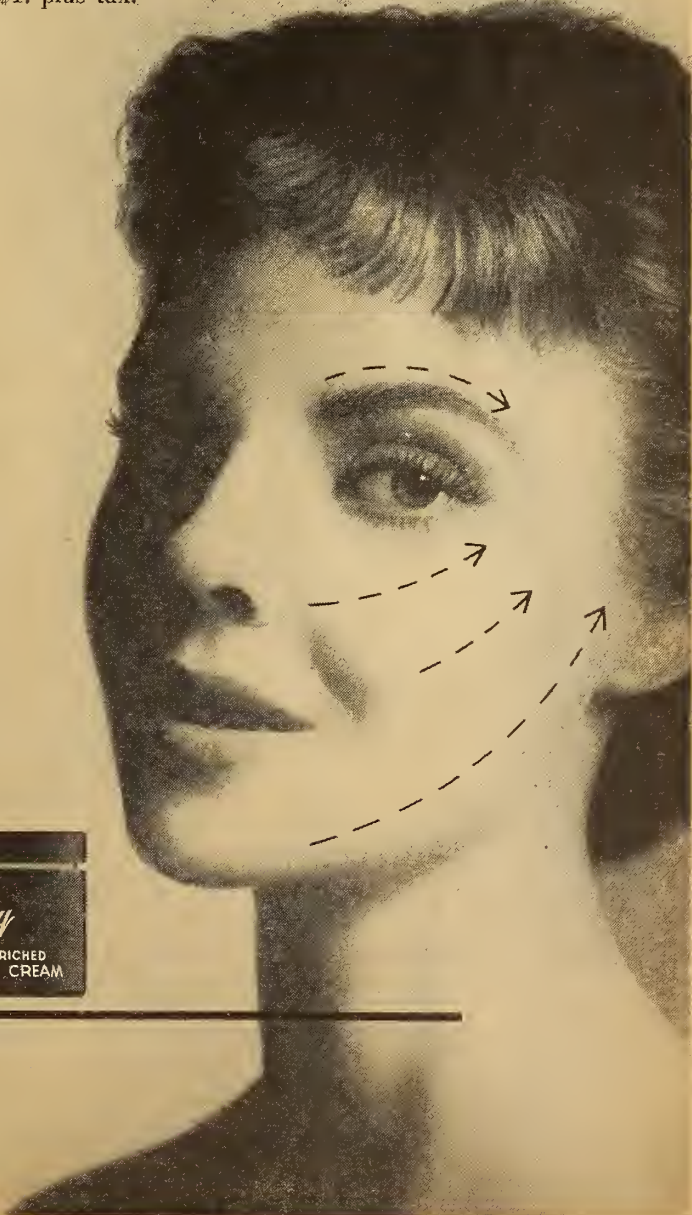
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claim that the drive home would be too much for her unless she had something to eat before she started. Or else he would insist that if she loved him she would go into the pool with him. "Isn't it true," he asked her one such evening, "that this is the best time to swim in California? Just before dinner?"

Debbie replied that this was true of the San Fernando Valley, where she lived, but she didn't know about the fancier Beverly Hills area where his house was. But she did stay around and that was the big idea.

YOU COULDN'T be blamed for thinking that Debbie acted very much like a conscientious wife and daughter-in-law if you saw her the night of Eddie's concert at the Bowl. Eddie got the best seats in the place, Box No. 32, for Debbie and her parents; center and smack in front of the stage. Debbie's folks were in it, all right. But not Debbie. She quietly walked to another box where Eddie's father, Joseph Fisher, was all alone, and sat with him.

Before the concert began she was backstage with her folks and they all gave Eddie their good wishes, Debbie sealing them with a kiss—and re-sealing them several times. And Debbie came back again after the show, of course, and you could tell it meant a lot to Eddie. After which Debbie went even further and revealed a fine understanding of the professional niceties involved in the event. She took a chair out of everyone's way—and let the rest of the world come and deliver accolades to the young artist.

Besides other singers, actors, musicians, managers, songwriters and producers who trooped into Eddie's dressingroom to congratulate him, a whole girls' club had somehow wangled permission to get autographs en masse. They lined up to see Eddie. At this, Debbie, for fear she might be recognized and thus intrude on his big night, shifted further into the shadows to be sure no one would recognize her.

Eddie had sung some of Irving Berlin's songs at the concert and there are plans for him to do Berlin's life on the screen. When the famous songwriter came back stage he wanted to take Eddie out for the evening. Eddie ran to get Debbie.

There were others in Irving Berlin's party that night but, except for rare moments, it was a twosome as far as Eddie and Debbie were concerned.

"You've got a real flip girl there," Berlin said to Eddie once, as they took seats at a Mocambo table.

"Yeah, she comes up with the good ones," Eddie agreed.

Up to that particular period in the evening Debbie had been talkative. But a little later when they were on the dance floor, and Eddie was singing to her, she was a girl existing in rapt silence.

"They were really sufficient unto each other that night," said a friend of the pair who was there that evening. "Believe it or not they had one drink—a soft drink—between them from the time they came in until they left. One drink and two straws. If it weren't for their evening clothes they would have looked like small town kids on a soda fountain date."

Eddie's birthday gift from Debbie was a pair of gold cufflinks inscribed, "A wonderful thing happened today—you."

Almost everyone Eddie meets seems to think it important to point out his youth to him (he's twenty-five) and emphasize that he has a great future if he doesn't make any false moves. No one tells him to his face that marriage would be a mistake but it is plainly the general idea. Eddie, a kid who hasn't had an easy life (although he always says, "It was okay with me having been poor; I didn't know any different"), sometimes gets fed

up on this trend of conversation. And he often can be heard unconsciously trying to create the impression that he is older than his years.

"I bet you think I haven't been around much," he said to Irving Berlin once, "but how about this song?" And he sang one of Berlin's own numbers, written so long ago that Berlin barely recalled it.

"You weren't even born yet, when I wrote that one," Berlin said.

"Well, I grew quick," Eddie replied.

He is also a little sensitive about complaints that his tremendous success has so complicated his life with an endless round of rehearsals, shows, interviews and conferences that nobody can get in to see him. He can't forget that for most of his life nobody ever wanted to get to him.

HE WAS A judge on Peter Potter's *Juke Box Jury* TV program in Hollywood last summer when Donald O'Connor guest-sang a song published by O'Connor's firm. "That's the kind of song I would have liked to do last season on my Coca-Cola program," Eddie commented.

"Why didn't you?" Potter wondered.

"Nobody asked me," Eddie replied.

Potter turned to O'Connor and asked him why he hadn't brought the song to Eddie's attention since its use by Eddie would help make it a hit.

O'Connor raised helpless hands. "How do you get to Eddie?" he asked. "You have to climb over people."

PRESS-AGENT SUPREME

Two years ago, I was standing outside of Lucey's Restaurant in Hollywood when a group of movie stars came out. A crowd of autograph seekers formed, and above their excited cries a husky voice was heard booming out, "Get Jean Simmons! Get Jean Simmons!" Presently the owner of the voice, a tall, broad-shouldered man, approached me and suggested that I get the autograph of "that fine British actor, Robert Newton." To my surprise, the man giving out the advice was Victor Mature! Miss G. H. St. Paul, Minnesota



The others laughed but there was truth to Donald's excuse and Eddie was a bit embarrassed. For a simple boy from south Philadelphia the high levels of the amusement world to which he has ascended present many complications. The demand is not only for his professional services as a singer; his personal life gets involved. Take his love for Debbie. One way or another there'll be repercussions in his career if they marry, maybe good, maybe not.

It was clear last August when he was on his way to Europe that his romance would certainly be one subject he would discuss with his manager, Milton Blackstone, whom he was to meet in London.

"Milton is not just my manager, but my friend," Eddie pointed out a few days before he began his trip. "When things have come up I have listened and come to my own conclusions, but always, too, I have passed the problems on to him. He's got my interest at heart, I know."

END

why can't they behave?

(Continued from page 41) by other guests and servants when she stayed at his houses in Paris, Ireland and Deauville, but I would have bet more on her chances of becoming a princess if she hadn't. And that dash to join Aly in Mexico was a trifle less than discreet.

BUT HOW CAN movie stars be discreet? Rita Hayworth didn't have any chance for privacy when she traveled with Prince Aly Khan half way around the globe before they were married. And when the deluded film star hoped to have their baby in Switzerland without any publicity, she was surrounded by reporters from practically every newspaper in the world.

The same or worse befell Ingrid Bergman. I want to put on record that I knew about the baby before the story broke, as Ingrid's former press agent, Joe Steele, can testify. I had received the amazing news from a close friend of Ingrid's in Rome. And I talked about it with Joe, who was very worried, but I assured him I would never break such a story. I felt too sorry for Ingrid, who until then had been regarded in this country as almost saintly. I'm sure she herself had no idea of what the warm Italian sun and the warmer Italian director would do to her northern personality—or I know she would have taken her daughter Pia with her. She did not mean to abandon Pia. But Ingrid was trapped by her emotions. This could never have happened here.

Naturally she loves it over there. Apparently, no one was shocked by her behavior and no one refers to it. When I saw her in Paris, surrounded by her three children and doting husband, she told me she was completely happy—and

the situation with Pia was improving.

"I've decided not to fight any more; there have been too many fights. But I am in touch with Pia and I know that one day she will forgive me and come to see me of her own free will," said Ingrid with calm assurance.

AVA GARDNER's big romantic escapade in Italy and Spain didn't turn out so well. She fell with a thud that was heard all over Europe for the fascinating charms of bullfighter Luis Dominguin, and she planned to do a Shelley Winters and help him to a movie career in Hollywood. But the best laid plans of mice and movie stars sometimes go astray. The matador came to Hollywood while Ava was in Nevada to shed Frank Sinatra. He left her there after a short visit and was seen with this and that glamour puss around the night spots of Hollywood. And if there's one thing Ava can't take, it's having her man make eyes at another woman.

But it was fun while it lasted. When I was in Rome, I was told that Ava had made herself inaccessible to the press, the public and her alma mater, Metro, that she would disappear for days at a stretch with the handsome bullfighter.

To go back to Sinatra, it wouldn't be correct to say that he behaves badly in Europe. Sinatra is himself whether he's in London, Paris, Rome, Las Vegas or Hollywood. And himself can be pretty sweet sometimes and sometimes on the very sour side. I don't know what happened at the fashionable Milroy Club in London, but owner John Mills canceled Frankie's membership card. And London clubs fall over themselves to have Hollywood stars for members.

Shelley Winters is usually herself wherever she happens to be working. And I've seen her very temperamental in Holly-

wood. But when she was making *Mambo* in Rome, Shell really let herself go. I was told the intimate details of the fracas. It seems that Shelley was working in a scene with her husband, Vittorio Gassman, from whom she was then estranged. His girl friend, eighteen-year-old Anna Maria Ferrero, was on the set.

"Get her off," hissed Mrs. Gassman between takes. Vittorio's reply was to go over to the younger actress and embrace her. I find it hard to blame Shelley for losing her temper and throwing a glass of water into the pretty face of her rival.

JANE RUSSELL was very worried about returning to England where she filmed part of *Gentlemen Marry Brunettes* for two reasons. The last time she was there, Janie had made the headlines as the heroine of a raucous party. Jane denied the story and it seemed very strange to me at the time because in Hollywood Jane is a quiet, easygoing, church-going girl.

The other reason for Jane's fear of Europe is to her credit, although the actual facts were just as surprising to me. I refer to Jane's leaving England with the little boy she later adopted. The emigration authorities over there were on her neck for taking a British subject out of the country without official sanction. And more foolish, when there are so many unwanted *anonymous* babies here who could use Jane's good home, why did she take a European child whose parents knew her and might try to regain the child at any unforeseen time? In fact, I heard recently they were planning to come here to live within a few acres of Jane's home in the valley in order to be near their son.

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he and Greta separated, but they both explained it was an unimportant quarrel and didn't mean a thing. It took a long stay in Europe to reveal the serious state of the Peck marriage. I've always contended that the woman has yet to be born who can break up a happy home. The Pecks came to the parting of the ways in Europe before he met Veronique Passani. I knew there was something wrong when Greta flew here suddenly with the boys, leaving Greg to carry on alone in Europe. He carried on, but not alone. And last reports had Miss Passani decorating the big house he bought near London. As of now, she is slated for the position of Mrs. Peck, number two. But there might have been only one Mrs. Peck instead of a bushel, if Greg had made his pictures here.

GARY COOPER came back to this country just in time to regain his equilibrium and his wife Rocky. Coop is an easy target for a designing female. They tell me that Gary is available for the asking, but he's too lazy to make the first move. I believe he was really in love with Pat Neal, but the complications of getting his freedom represented too much work for this easy-going guy. But that girl in France, Giselle Pascal, had Gary spinning.

But don't get the idea that *all* Hollywood stars kick up their heels and kick over the traces when they leave the four hundred or so reporters who watch over them here. Some of our top luminaries are great ambassadors for our way of life.

VICTOR MATURE, for instance. No one appreciates a buck more than Victor, but no one can be more generous or more charming where it does the most good. Little things, but they count in a big way. Like when Vic was in Holland co-starring with Lana Turner and Clark Gable in

Betrayed. His driver was a young Dutchman whose whole family had been killed while he worked for the Allies in the Underground Army. Now he was setting aside some of his earnings to pay for his neglected education. Came the last day of the picture and the chauffeur looked as blue as his uniform. Then spake Mr. Mature to wife Dorothy, "Let's not fly back to England. Let's drive through Germany and then stay in Paris for a week. And I must have my chauffeur, of course. They say those French drivers are dangerous!"

Vic could have hired anybody in Paris. He could have driven himself through Germany. But the extra money and the trip meant so much to the Dutchman.

And Lana Turner, aided and abetted by Lex Barker, was just as kind. Some of the picture was shot in front of a Catholic Orphanage in The Hague. There were eighteen little orphan girls and Lana promised to take them to the circus. They were all dressed up and ready to go when Lana discovered there was no matinee. Could have been a tragedy, but Lana took them to her hotel, fed them ice cream, cake and soda pop and took them to a show in a park instead.

The British recently sent an appreciation plaque to Bob Hope for the money he has raised and donated to the British version of Boys Town. On one visit, Mr. Hope who is always charitable, gave his entire earnings in London to the project—some fourteen thousand pounds. And then there are the dozens of stars in Hollywood—Danny Kaye, Jack Benny and many others—who go regularly to Army bases in Europe, Asia and wherever there is a lonely G.I. These make up the real aristocracy of Filmland. And it is good that Europe can see and meet them in order to erase the bad behavior of what is still, thank goodness, a minority. **END**

how to take criticism

(Continued from page 44) her mind. And sometimes not.

I personally find it hardest to keep silent when the charge is made that I'm publicity mad. Perhaps I should let it pass. My advisors usually tell me: "Don't get into a hassle, dear. It'll just make it worse." But I get into a hassle anyway, because if you do not reply sooner or later to criticism that is merely destructive or plain untrue, then there comes a point where you can't live with yourself.

I'm told that someone once said of me that I sought publicity with all the ardor of a salmon fighting its way upstream to spawn. Even if this were true, which it is not, the simile is wrong. The salmon knows perfectly well it's going to lay an egg. I always have hopes to the contrary.

Here's an example. I came my latest cropper at Las Vegas—latest at the time of writing, that is. It was over a gown I wore in the finale of my act there. It was considered overdaring.

I was in Vegas on account of criticism anyway. Friendly and good-natured, but it was a challenge. Eddie Fisher told me I had the worst singing voice he'd ever heard. So naturally I had to get together an act and sing. Show Eddie Fisher, who—if my dear friend Debbie Reynolds doesn't mind—is my idol among singers.

NOW THE GOWN bit went like this: in the act, I was to go through three phases. First I was costumed and made up as a very young girl, no more than high school age. In the middle part, I was post-debutante size, and in the finale ultra sophisticated, something like Lana Turner. For that, naturally, we'd ordered a sophis-

ticated dress—but not an ultra daring one. You'll see.

Here is what the papers didn't bother to report:

The gown arrived no more than an hour before show time, so there couldn't have been a change even if we'd thought it desirable. But why should it have been desirable? The gown *wasn't* transparent above the waist, as written. It had a flesh-tone foundation. (I think Miss Dietrich's did, too. Didn't she say something about a camera being able to see through anything? And how right she is if she did!)

I tried it on for the kids in the company and they loved it. So I wore it in the last number with no forebodings at all.

Jack Paar recalls the time he was under three-year contract to **RKO**: "But I didn't do a day's work. In fact, they wouldn't even announce me for pictures due to be canceled." —Paul Denis

Then the roof fell in. It seems to me I'm climbing out of the debris of some roof or other every time I look around.

The newspapers wrote what wasn't true—and never let anyone tell you a camera can't lie because a camera can, often does.

Newspapermen later admitted to me that the pictures of me and the gown had been retouched for a shocking effect.

But the damage was done. Everybody got into the act. The affair of the ermine bathing suit was resurrected and Terry Moore was back in the soup.

I made my big mistake then and there. I turned chicken and put away the gown. Opening night was its first and only appearance. It shouldn't have been. I should

have kept right on wearing it. By not doing so, I seemed to plead guilty.

I kept it hanging in the dressing room, though, and friends would drop in and say, "What ever happened to *that* gown?"

"That's it," I'd say, "hanging over there."

And the inevitable response: "You mean, *this* is what all the fuss was about?"

Yet I can hear my advisors now as they look through these words: "Yes, but why bring it up again? Let sleeping dogs lie."

No. Not so long as they let cameras lie, I won't. To my mind, that wasn't criticism, that was wanton damage, and wanton damage is something I must fight back against—or give up and live in a cave.

I SUPPOSE there are all kinds of degrees of criticism, and you have to sort them out. I got a rough press stateside—never from the Army—when I wore the ermine bathing suit in Korea, and part of it I could understand. No, not understand—that isn't quite right. But it struck me that if people thought I had lapsed from taste in wearing it, then they had a right to think so. Wait. My quotation-happy friend may have one that goes with this—and he has. "I do not agree with a word you say and will defend to the death your right to say it." That was how I felt.

But when they called the suit a Bikini, I cried. Because it wasn't and I have never worn one of those and never will. I've made a lot of mistakes in my young life-time so far and will make a lot more. I expect to be called on the carpet for them and hope to learn from the lecture. But I hope just as hard that I shall never bow to untruth or unjustified abuse.

There's always such a good chance that your critic, who is looking at you from a comparatively objective viewpoint, may be right.

One writer said that I was always trying to please everybody, and in that way sort of crossed myself up, if I got his idea correctly.

That was true at the time. As a consequence of the piece, it is not so true now. It would be nice to please everybody, yes, but I'm afraid it won't be practical until we get the forty-eight-hour day.

Roger Price, who divorced his last wife, Anita Martell, recalls how he persuaded her to marry him: "I threatened to hold my breath until she gave in."

—Paul Denis

Not that I've broken away from the habit completely, or probably ever will. This eagerness to please goes hand-in-glove with being sensitive to criticism and both are very much a part of me.

For instance, a few months ago I put on a little weight between pictures, and a friend mentioned it to my mother.

"For pity's sake," Mother told him. "Don't tell Terry. She'll go right out and starve to death." I imagine she was right.

But that has to do with vanity as well. This other trait, this wanting so badly to see it the other person's way can have serious consequences.

It's supposed to be Christian to put yourself in the place of others, and I'm reasonably sure it is, but it's surprising how thoroughly you can stumble doing it.

I made a well-meant effort to cooperate in a campaign involving some cheese-cake poses, brief costumes but cute, and positively nothing offensive.

Therefore, I was startled, to put it mildly, to read a few weeks later that I had instigated the whole thing, practically announcing my candidacy for Miss Sexy Dish of that or any other year.

Now this sort of fiddlefaddle doesn't do a girl any good—and it *was* fiddlefaddle. Not a word of it true, not even the sub-

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stance of it true. Indeed, my attitude was the opposite. So I hit back as hard as I could. Just made the hassle worse, as they say. I don't know if it was what you'd call graceful acceptance of criticism. But there we are again. This is criticism? No, this is misrepresentation.

I'M NOT COMBATIVE by nature. When experienced and wise Hollywood commentators like Louella Parsons and Hedda Hopper take me to task—as they have—I accept what they say and try like fury to take their advice and use it. Miss Parsons, to paraphrase her, wrote that I was pressing too hard in a promotional way, that it had begun to look to her as if I'd do "anything for publicity." I hadn't meant to be like that, really, but I could see the point to her censure and I put the brake on the Terry Moore calliope. I think she has forgiven me.

Miss Hopper, during a gadabout period of mine, suggested I begin getting to bed earlier. So I began getting to bed earlier. Miss Hopper is worth listening to.

Indeed, if all counsel had the wisdom of Hedda's and Louella's, Terry Moore wouldn't spend so much time behind the eight-ball. But all counsel doesn't.

And this you should know about me—I am one of the most avid takers of advice in all Hollywood, where advice is as free and as plentiful as smog. I take good advice when I can. If it isn't available, I take so-so advice. And when they're finally out of that, too, I take any old kind.

I'm like the inveterate gambler in the place with the crooked roulette wheel. Told it was dishonest, he replied, "I know, but it's the only game in town."

ALL THAT may seem a trifle far afield from the subject of criticism and me, but I assure you it is not. It's all part of the package. The time may eventually come when I will go for a year or even a decade without putting my foot into my mouth or myself into an ermine bathing suit. That's what I'm working on now.

It's not that I'm ashamed of anything I have done. I'm not. I might be if I had actually done some of the things I've been accused of, but since I didn't, then the only shame would have to be that of the misinformed writers for themselves. But no girl, emphatically including Terry Moore, likes to be in the middle of a certain type of uproar. No publicity is worth it. I don't believe for a moment the axiom that any publicity is good publicity, and if it were so, then I'd rather skip publicity altogether. No, what I want to stay clear of from now on is misunderstandings, misinterpretations of my motives. Like most people, I mean awfully well. But my toe seems to stub more easily than the average.

In New York quite a while ago, at a party, someone wanted me to pose with an ape. I was in a bit of a spot at the time, as usual, and I thought it might strike my hooting section as undignified, so I declined. Word got around fast: Terry Moore's so hoity she won't even pose with an ape. So I agreed. Word got around fast again: Terry Moore's so nuts for publicity, she'll pose with an ape! How do you win? Incidentally, I had plenty of advisors on both sides, but not one to advise me to get up and go home.

Another time, at a Hollywood premiere, I was escorted by an officer from the Korean theatre, a friend of mine. We stopped in the lobby to be photographed, and when the pictures appeared in the papers, my friend was a little in the background. I, of course, didn't realize it. I'd looked where the photographers asked me to look, as anyone does when having a picture taken. But at least one of the columnists next day couldn't see it like that. Do you know what I had done? I

had upstaged a Korean war hero. It's not terribly easy to forgive the person who wrote that.

Don't misunderstand me. I'm not a saint and I don't claim privileged immunity from attack. In my line of work, it's foolish to cry every time you're hurt.

AND AS I SAY, criticism can be a good thing, beneficial and constructive.

But where it is not, where it is malicious or disorderly, I guess there are two alternatives: ignore it with grace or fight back. Under no circumstances, I believe, should you let it get you in any other way. I know a few hypersensitive people who get sick, physically sick, when they hear something adverse about themselves. I'm sorry for them. No one likes it. We like to think everyone sees us in our own conceptions of ourselves. But that's a rarity. A man of great understanding once put the situation in these terms:

"You're like everyone else," he told another actor, who had been worrying about his personal popularity. "Some people like you, some people don't, and the other ninety-nine per cent don't give a hoot one way or another. Now forget it."

I thought it advice—another rarity—to remember. The actor to whom he spoke had abandoned grace under pressure and was, so to speak, crying on our shoulders.

When I think of grace under pressure today, I think instead of another player, a very famous star who had become involved in a truly sordid scandal. I neither stone nor condone him. That's not my department. But I do know that two days after the headlines broke—and they were still breaking—he lunched at Romanoff's with his lawyer. That in itself was a pretty brave thing to do. But his entrance was almost magnificent. He walked to his table easily and jauntily. He wasn't swaggering; heaven knows, there was nothing to swagger about. But his chin was up and his smile was on and you knew he wasn't going to flinch, whatever happened. I believe most of us—and remember, he was still presumed innocent in the eyes of American law—wanted to stand up and cheer.

YOU KNOW, that's for me. Not a sordid scandal, I mean; on the contrary, perish forever the thought. But that kind of courage—well, Mr. Hemingway must have given his definition some thought.

Mother says it takes a really big person to swallow and digest honest criticism and then use it for nourishment, and that the honest kind frequently is the hardest to take. That's about it, I guess. It's like some health foods. They may not taste very good going down but they can work small wonders once they're there. And one more point: making a face while you're swallowing won't make them taste any better. Smile instead. **END**

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what makes monty run?

(Continued from page 48) that had just applauded the final curtain of Anton Chekhov's moody masterpiece, *The Seagull*. On the dark landing the youth tapped on a dressingroom door, and blinked in the bright light as it opened to reveal the grease-painted face of Kevin McCarthy, one of Clift's closest friends.

"I—I wanted to see Mr. Montgomery Clift," the youth said a little timidly.

"Then come on in and see him," said McCarthy, and pointed to the dressing table where his old friend and roommate, bare to the waist, was at work with towel and cold cream. Clift half turned around, said "Hi," and gestured with one hand to show he couldn't shake hands yet.

The photographer introduced himself. "I know everybody has been after you," he said, "but my editor and I thought if I showed you some of my work, maybe we could make an appointment to take pictures of you—you know, the kind you'd like yourself."

"Sure, I'd like to see your stuff," said Clift, and a few minutes later he and McCarthy were examining the natural-lighted portraits. While Clift sized up the work, the photographer sized up Monty Clift: the tousled dark hair, the hazel eyes looking a bit tired this night, the ruddy skin, the naked chest far from muscle-bound but looking healthy, hairy and suntanned.

"I like them; I really do," Clift was saying. "I think you *would* take the kind of pictures I like—natural, no posed-looking stuff, me and all my pores. But here's my problem: I've had to turn everybody down till the run of this play is over, because I'm putting everything I've got into it. And while you probably wouldn't distract me, if I said yes to you I'd have to say yes to them all and I'd be run ragged and I just can't have that; I gotta concentrate on this job till it's over." The eyes and the frank voice seemed to implore the young man to believe this.

"Well, all I'd need would be an hour or so some morning," the photographer persisted, "and it'd be a real break for me—" But Monty Clift shook his head. "Let's get in touch the day we close here, or the day after, and I'll see what I can do. Okay?"

After a few minutes the young man made a disconsolate goodnight to Clift and the sympathetic McCarthy and picked his way down the stairs. Monty Clift heard from him the day *The Seagull* closed after a successful run. But the photographer didn't hear from Monty Clift because the actor fled almost at once to rest (and to grow a beard!) in Ogunquit, Maine, from the labor of love which had netted him the Equity minimum for playing frustrated sweetheart to Mira Rostova and frustrated son to Judith Evelyn.

THE YOUNG CAMERA artist still feels snubbed and baffled. But he has the consolation of being in good company, for with rare lapses Clift has been running away from the press for years. Except for the George Evans agency, which built him up as a natural, T-shirted, male Garbo, he has been frustrating to press agents, too. He vanishes just as rapidly after a million-dollar movie, when he's needed for publicity. Not that he's truly uncooperative or boorish (as his loyal friends have grown a little weary of explaining), but

that he's less afraid of seeming that way than of seeming to be on the make. He remains grimly determined to sell himself on his work alone.

At thirty-four (October 17) this fear of seeming pushy would seem a little unreasonable, if not actually groundless. But it is not Monty Clift's only fear. Apart from all his positive attributes he retains an abiding fear not of success, but of what success might do to him—make him lose touch with the "real" world. And it is fear of failure in marriage that keeps him running away from serious romance.

THERE HAVE BEEN, and still are, women in Montgomery Clift's life. His friends say that he has been in love, and not just once. But he has seen love enter nearby lives only to go out the window leaving bitterness behind. He hates the thought of having this happen to him or to one he loved.

"I know it sounds trite," says his brother, William Brooks Clift, Jr., director on the NBC-TV *Home* show, "but I think Monty's still waiting for the right girl to come along. Sure, he could have been married long ago, have had kids by now, have had all the fun of being married—but who's to say? Maybe he's been right in waiting. Right now, though, no matter what you hear, I'm pretty sure there's no 'romantic interest' in his life."

The lack of one has not always stopped writers from inventing one, like the mythical Mary, a wealthy Eastern girl who was on the point of marrying him only to marry, for no apparent reason, someone else.

During and after the making of *A Place In The Sun* Monty had many dates with Elizabeth Taylor. It wasn't for the sweet uses of publicity alone; they enjoyed each other's company, but they never considered that they were cut out to marry each other. He used to be seen often in the company of Judy Balaban of the theatre-owning clan. Off and on for years now he has dated Libby Holman, the torrid torch singer widowed by Smith Reynolds. Many commentators have jumped to the conclusion that he "prefers older women," where the truth is merely that he prefers complicated women he can respect and with whom he isn't bored. Because his fear of phoniness keeps Monty out of New York's bigger, brassier celebrity hangouts, he and Libby have been seen most often in smaller East Side bistros in the neighborhood of his tastefully furnished East 61st Street bachelor apartment. What they find to talk about, Monty and Libby don't say. Some columnists have sworn they talk of love, others say they just talk.

In Hollywood he also used to date Natasha Lytess, who is Marilyn Monroe's dramatic coach. But the real mystery woman of Monty's life—because nobody can quite figure out where she stands with him—is the one who has been his own dramatic coach. Mira Rostovskaya Letts, billed in her United States acting debut in *The Seagull* as Mira Rostova, is a petite blue-eyed brunette, at once bird-like and intense, whom Monty and Kevin have known for more than ten years.

MIRA, BORN IN RUSSIA, was an actress in Europe before the war. Monty formed an immense respect for her from their first meeting. She was attractive, with some of the forlorn and frightened-looking beauty of a Luise Rainer, and she had the same kind of small, appealingly-accented voice. She also had brains. She became Monty's



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coach, a sounding board off whom he could bounce all his deeply-felt urges to improve himself as an actor, a judge of all his experimental striving toward naturalness—which does have to be striven for.

She even went onto the sound stages with him, rehearsing him between takes, unobtrusively cueing him when he was on camera. Nobody on the set was ever quite sure what she did do, but as long as Cliff came out good, nobody minded. Not until *From Here To Eternity*. Mira was absent then, some said at the studio's request, and Cliff still came out good—and stronger than ever—as Private Prewitt.

Mira Rostova had a lot to do with Monty's doing *The Seagull* for peanuts this year, at a time when Stanley Kramer was hounding him to play in *Not As A Stranger*, when John Huston wanted him for Ishmael in *Moby Dick*, and when the late Leonard Goldstein was after him for *The Leather Saint*. They were waving up to \$200,000 under his nose.

"Kevin, Mira and I had been promising ourselves for years that some day we would get together and do a play," Cliff said. "We read plays by the dozens," (nothing new for Monty, who chain-reads screenplays and treatments while chain-smoking and chain-drinking cups of coffee, ever searching for just the right part) "but the only one we felt was right for the three of us was *The Seagull*. People like me need a live audience . . . Many an actor on top of the world and his career at the same time, does his soul good with a little comeuppance, which he gets most effectively across the footlights."

BEING A TRIO of perfectionists, Cliff and McCarthy and Rostova couldn't accept a standard translation. Night after night (usually in Monty's roomy living room) they worked at constructing their own version, with Mira translating from the original Russian and the three of them worrying out each line of dialogue!

Add it up and undoubtedly there is affection between Monty and his Mira, but if it were ever to ripen into marriage it should have done so long ago.

Just where does all this leave the people who (in print) have been stubbornly trying to marry Monty off to one of the women in his life? It leaves them holding the bag. If he had been the eccentric they had mistaken him for, he might have rushed into marriage long ago. But he's not really an eccentric, and certainly he isn't a radical, despite his reputation as the pre-Brando Marlon Brando who went to Hollywood with one suit, two ties and a built-in sneer. (He happens to like grey flannels and grey tweeds, often dresses today as he did yesterday—but not necessarily in the same suit!)

ON THE CONTRARY, he is one of the most conservative actors on either coast. It is conservatism, as well as seriousness about his work, that makes him fear losing contact with the "real" world where an actor finds his roots and inspiration. He feels that once he starts throwing his money around, or trades in his 1940 Buick coupe on a 1955 Caddy convertible, or gets to spending his time with famous people to the exclusion of ordinary people, he'll be lost. Playwright Arthur Miller once put this feeling as one of "having to have a neighborhood around me."

It was the same kind of earnestness that led Monty and Kevin to take seven months off and go to Europe with Mrs. McCarthy and their son Flip, so that Monty and Kevin could labor over a screen treatment of *You Touched Me*, the Tennessee Williams play that shot Cliff to Hollywood and thence to stardom in Howard Hawks' *Red River*. No studio ever bought their

product, but they believe it was worth doing anyway—because they had to.

"Monty's that intense, earnest and dedicated about everything he does," his brother says admiringly. "He could have been a tennis champion if he'd wanted to bother. He still goes to the gym all the time and keeps himself in great shape. . . . I think he'd make a great director; he has a director's point of view and an uncanny sense of what an author means by a part. He treats every movie as if it were a play, working on his part the way he'd work on a theatre part and not settling for anything but his best."

DEBORAH KERR, who can be pretty intense herself, tells this story:

"When we were making *From Here To Eternity* all of us, naturally, were most excited by the work," she recalls. "The book was gripping, and Danny Taradash's script was wonderful. We all worked very hard toward understanding our roles. It was rewarding, but it was intensive work too, and at the end of the day we'd often discuss something else."

"One afternoon Fred Zinneman, Burt Lancaster, Donna Reed, Frank Sinatra and I were having tea. We were talking about Harry Truman, what kind of person he was, how you could dislike him or like him, but couldn't ignore him or deprecate him at all as a fighter. Monty joined us when the conversation had already reached the pronoun stage. He pitched into it fervently for fully twenty minutes—before we realized that he was talking not about Mr. Truman but about Maggio, the part Sinatra was playing in the film!

"That was all he cared about then. He lived for that film when he was working on it. And bear in mind that he wasn't just concerned with his own part, he was involved, deeply involved with the other characters. I've never known any actor who works so thoroughly and completely on whatever he does. We would sometimes relax, but Monty always thought of the film and of every aspect of it."

It was because he admires thoroughness, sensitivity and directorial greatness that Monty sought out Vittorio DeSica in Italy a few years ago and applied for an acting job knowing very well that the pay, if he landed it, would be closer to off-Broadway scale than to his \$150,000-per-film Hollywood price. DeSica said he'd think it over, and thanked Monty for saying all those nice things about *Bicycle Thief* and *Miracle In Milan*. Monty got acquainted with Cesare Zavattini, the happy, humane, gnomelike genius who writes most of DeSica's screenplays, and convinced Zavattini that he was really serious about it. So Monty got the role opposite Jennifer Jones in *Indiscretion Of An American Wife*, the poignant vignette laid in Rome's modern railway terminal. No picture part in the world would have made Monty happier, because only this one gave him the opportunity to sit at the feet of DeSica.

BEFORE HE BRANCHES into directing himself—and it appears plain that this is where he's headed—Monty would like to do some comedy roles, either in films or on tv. He'd also like to play in *The Emporium*, a no-scenery play about a country store, if his good friend playwright Thornton Wilder ever gets through tinkering with it. Beyond that Monty would like to keep on making an occasional pile of Hollywood gold. "It gives a guy wings."

But whether he'll keep on winging about the world alone, or in the company of a wife, remains a baffling question. Maybe it even baffles Monty. Please, somebody, marry him! It isn't right for a guy so nice to be alone so long when marriage could make him so much nicer!

END

grandmother and the good life

(Continued from page 63) still her duty. "Has Grandpa eaten his dinner?" she'd want to know. What did he have? Were we sure we didn't give him any greasy gravy? Were things going well generally? How was I doing in the studio?

Thoughts of death might be in our minds, but not in hers. She was too occupied with thoughts of the living. And sometimes, as she lay sleeping, I would look at her and become again conscious of the convictions I have come to in my life.

Her body, I saw, was just a shell, a place in which was stored love and experience and learning and skill—certainly not to be lost when the shell cracked and had to be laid away! Why, this little gentlewoman, as she lay dying, was still developing in stature. She showed it in her superiority over her pain and her indifference to her mortal fate! Why, this was beyond the flesh and into the realm of the divine; this must go on. There could be no doubt.

This, in essence, is my faith.

I AM PRETTY SURE that I am held to be a lighthearted person, not only by those who know me, but also by those who have had occasion to read about me. And this is true. So what I have said, or rather the way I think, may be a surprise. Let me then make it clear that if I am associated with the quality of happiness, credit should go to the fact that I do think the way I do.

I have always, even as a child, had a sense of being which did not depend wholly on the flesh. Don't all children? They never for a second think of themselves as temporary in nature, existing between never was and never will be again. But as I grew older I needed a little more than just this "sense," I needed the support of logic behind it and I got this out of a realization of what I have to call the *continuity of goodness*—continuity in the sense that I knew my grandmother's goodness must continue somewhere.

Esther Williams spent all the day climbing down a mountainous Roman wall via an anemic rope. Before she started her first descent Esther looked down at the craggy rocks, which furnishes the "bed" at the bottom of the wall in this particular scene for *Jupiter's Darling*, then glanced nervously at Howard Keel, and said, "What happens if I slip?" "Don't worry, Esther," said Keel, "it's the last scene in the picture."

Sidney Skolsky in
The New York Post

When people anywhere in the world talk about a "fully developed man" don't they always mean that in addition to whatever fields of knowledge he has specialized in, *he is also a good man, morally?* Is it not acknowledged that a clever man who is not good is *incompletely* developed?

TEN YEARS AGO (just to use a good comparison point in my life) it is my opinion that I was about as bad a person as I was good. About this time my leanings toward either direction were about equal, I figure. There was a desire to be good, a series of temptations to be bad. Before this my major impulses belonged to childhood and can be discounted. Since then, I know I am definitely a better person than I was. I may even in time become a good person. To be good is the basis of my belief.

Maybe I should make what I said more clear. I don't mean that I am less evil today than I was as a child, but rather that I am better for having improved those

qualities of character that come with time; wisdom, tolerance, understanding. After all, a child can be willful, greedy, argumentative, noisy, impolite—and yet truly innocent in that he is not any of these things by intent. Only if he persists in them beyond the phases of growing up, would he take on guilt.

In my religious lexicon there is no such word as punishment, so that a state of guilt does not mean that one is damning himself in an active sense. That you are not good does not necessarily mean that you are bad. I don't think any of us are all of one or the other.

I know there are days when a test will find me wanting and other times when I will undergo it in a manner to make myself feel quite proud. And it takes energy to be good. While driving the other day I found myself trapped behind a truck making an improper left turn, and I just knew I wasn't going to be able to fight off the temptation to be angry. So I let go. "Go ahead and have yourself a ball, girl," I told myself. And I did. I out and out swore. (Not that he nor anyone else could hear me!) But such relinquishment of my main drive to improve myself as a person is pretty infrequent. I'll never even be nearly perfect; but I'll never quit trying.

In this I am not just working for benefits to come in another world. Believe me, it is making me stronger, better, happier in this one. What I can face today I never could have faced when I was younger. It is pretty comforting to feel this about yourself. It is worth striving for in itself even if it were not part of a whole faith.

THERE IS NO one religion which interprets existence for me, both here and beyond, as I have come to interpret it for myself. Not Presbyterianism, into which I was born and will forever hold fondly; not Unitarianism, which has stimulated so much of my thinking; nor Christian Science, which I devotedly read. Yet in all three of these, and partly in others as well, I have found inspiration I needed. They have helped me come closer to knowing that which, perhaps, I shall never know—but must always go on seeking.

This search began seriously at the time my first marriage was breaking up.

I didn't find it easy to contemplate divorce; I was sad and frightened. I would sit and try to imagine how it would feel to be single again. And though there were pleasant aspects my predominant reaction was uneasiness.

At this point my husband's mother suggested that he and I both read Christian Science. I know she did this not only because she felt it might help keep the marriage, but because she knew it would bring us comfort. She was right about that and I will always be grateful to her.

As I read, and mulled over what I read, curtains seemed to be lifted between me and the future; and I saw that with courage I could walk through glorious vistas ahead. With courage, that is, and with truth. To fear the end of my marriage was not being in truth, but in weakness.

To continue to be a wife when wifehood was not making me happy was simply to be afraid of losing a label which supposedly gave me distinction because it read "Married." Actually it was a misrepresentation, and I was the one most fooled by it.

I am not a Christian Scientist but I still read Science. I need it as I need essentials of my Presbyterianism and Unitarianism. I discovered that my mind was of a type which was not satisfied to stay on any one path to spiritual understanding and thereby close off all the others. Being what I was I had to *think* my way spiritually, and my thinking is still going on. God has to make sense to me—at least as far as I can understand. It is good that His teachings

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through Jesus did not encourage passivity, that religion is properly dynamic, because God to me represents a search I must make, not a goal I have achieved.

It may seem that life might be a little disturbing for someone of my type who cannot accept a formal faith because none answers all my questions. And it is true that for those who can fulfill their spiritual needs by worshiping in the established church of their choice there would seem to be less time-wasting indecision. But for a Janet there can be no other spiritual disposition; because wherever a question remains unanswered she cannot forget it, but must keep asking it.

What would be the point of sitting in any one church if your mind kept asking a question that might only be answered in another church; or sitting in the second church when queries arose that could best be satisfied in the first church? And so I feel that all who seek God are joined, no matter how separated their temples.

I know that to many I would seem to be floating nowhere, but I can assure you that here and there I find a marker which tells me I am not astray. It may be just a line, like the one in Mary Baker Eddy's Christian Science writings, "Life is a showing forth of God." From this, in a simpler interpretation, I came to understand that if there is a God the only way He can be expressed on earth is through people. And there was a singular happiness in this for me. I was not only able to think, "Well, my job is to express God through me," but that I will be able to see God now many times in what other people do. I have. In the little things as well as the big.

I sat in the Brown Derby restaurant with friends the other day as a waiter—a little, old waiter—gave me a second cup of coffee when he saw that my first one had gotten cold, what with all the time I had taken out for talking. It came to me as he did this that while being attentive was part of his duties, he was really at an age where a gabby girl could rightfully be a nuisance to him. But instead of annoyance there was a fond, almost fatherly, look of understanding in his eyes, as he put the second cup down and took the first one away. For a split second as we looked at each other, we were more father and daughter than we were waiter and patron. And that meant, of course, for that split second we were human and real and doing good—God's good.

NOW COMES further benefit from this phase of my faith. If God can do His work through others, then these others become important to me; the waiter, the truck driver who delayed me, the girl who waits on me in the drugstore—there is as much to their lives as there is to mine. And with this my relationship to my fellow man becomes clearly a responsibility I must never evade or hold cheaply.

A few years ago I met a group of people, and when we began to talk of religion I mentioned some of the ideas I have given here and they acted as if I were silly. It threw me a little. I admired a few of them and I began to wonder if I could be wrong, if perhaps I had no right to spread my particular kind of "good." Then a few nights later I found myself alone with one of the women, and out of a clear sky she told me she had been greatly helped by my words of the previous evening. More than this—she had needed the help inherent in my viewpoint. But she hadn't wanted to reveal her trouble to everyone, of course, so she had said nothing. She hadn't wanted to tell me either, for that matter, but she had to in justice to the comfort she had gotten, and, you might say, to practice the preaching which had helped her. Here was the continuity of

good again; from Grandmother to me to this friend and back to me again; enriching all to whom it came.

There are side benefits to such an attitude. I remember last spring when I sprained my ankle at a time when I had dozens of plans which necessitated my being on my feet, not off them. My first reaction was to get myself steamed up into as mad a mood as I could achieve. But then I talked myself out of it. I decided to see if I could possibly profit from that sprained ankle. I did. Tremendously.

I did it by thinking. For the two weeks that my ankle kept me home I tried to do all the thinking I could about my life and the problems in it. As a matter of fact, I did my thinking for practically the next five years in that two weeks, and then went back and did it all over again for Tony as well. And the things I got to know, as a result of this, of what we should and shouldn't do, in our private lives and in our professional ones, and all the reasons for same; I mean the actual worth of the information made us feel twice as rich.

IT'S INCREDIBLE what you can do for yourself just by keeping quite still and letting those little wheels in your head turn; you can't afford not to!

Last May, for instance, Tony and I were getting ready for a real vacation—a three-week hideout in Connecticut. Then one night Tony walked in with his face way down to here and announced that he was in a new picture and would have to leave for Boston location for those three weeks.

Anger flared up in me. Something was wrong somewhere. Either the studio had an awful nerve to intrude into Tony's vacation period or he had said yes when he should have said no. But where previously this would have been the extent of my thinking and I would have acted on it, now my mind carried on unbidden to a saner and better conclusion.

If I raised the devil and demanded that Tony keep to our original plan for our vacation, he would. This would mean notifying the studio that they would either have to change the schedule for the picture, or use someone else for the lead. This in turn would mess up the studio's production plans, affect Tony's relationship with the studio so that he would feel miserable, and when it was all over what would I have gained? Answer: nothing.

Mike Connolly reports that Corinne Calvet calls the décor of Johnnie Ray's new house "Early Miscellaneous."

*Earl Wilson in
The New York Post*

"Boston?" I asked. "Well, at least Boston is in New England and being in New England was to be the main feature. We'll still have our week-ends together."

Tony's face lit up as if he thought I were wonderful. Well, I'm not wonderful. But any time he wants to think so—

I see the power of goodness as something as mysterious as the power of the atom, but far more enduring. Whence comes the power of the atom? The scientists can't tell you. They only know that something which holds an atom together, and which they label "the binding force of nature," is where this power originates. Man has a binding force just as mysterious in its persistence; the power of good. Even the mighty power of the atom is depleted in its explosive death. But the power the human heart exerts is never gone—the more good we do the more good there is. Somewhere here is the secret of living past life itself, I believe.

END

(Janet Leigh can now be seen in MGM's *Rogue Cop*.)

the grangers call it love

(Continued from page 62) much about him. Suppose I hated to look at his face!" The face was strong, sensitive, beautiful. He stared for a good two minutes and paid tribute. "No wonder she loved him." He had it enlarged and framed, reproduced in sizes small, big and various—for a billfold, a locket, a dresser—sent them all to Jean. From having no picture of her father, she was suddenly surrounded. She cried.

The trip was something she'd hungered for. "I want to walk up the London streets," she moaned, "and get lost in the fog and smell the Thames. I'm homesick for London." The cry echoed in Granger's ears. By good chance, he met an artist who specialized in London scenes—fabled places like Fleet Street and The Mall. With a certain diffidence he broached his scheme, which involved a tiny little street in Hendon. "Its artistic interest may be nil. It's not very beautiful except that my wife was born there. Would you go down and draw it for me?" The artist obliged, delivering his sketch to the studio. The cameraman on *Beau Brummell*, an old friend of Jean's, took a look. "Very nice," he said, "only she wasn't born there. Family moved to Hendon when she was three. If it's her birthplace you want, go to Holloway. Right near the Holloway Jail. Wonderful old pub on the corner. You'll like it." Both sketches flew the Atlantic, arriving on that strategic day when Jean's hope of joining her husband was finally quashed. She cried again.



BALCONY SCENE

In the Chicago Theatre Rosemary Clooney was midway through one of her songs when she came to a line something like, "I'm just a little girl with no place to go." A joker in the balcony immediately let out a long and loud "Come-on-a-my-house!" and the audience went into hysterics—while Rosie giggled so hard she had to stop singing!

Jack Ramsey
Pocahontas, Virginia

Let's concede there's nothing noteworthy about a man's thoughtfulness for his wife. It does, however, indicate sound relations. Yet the snipers snipe, taking what seems to be almost gleeful aim at the Granger marriage. They can do it no real harm. But when the peppering grows so heavy as to bring phone calls from Jimmy's mother in England, it acquires nuisance value. It also begins to bore those who hold no personal stake in the game.

GRANGER IS the target, not Jean. Jean is the martyred darling. (A darling she is, though singularly unmartyred.) What makes him a target is what we profess to admire—individualism. He refuses to be—more accurately, he's incapable of being—anyone but himself. In many communi-

ties, life goes more smoothly if you're cut to a pattern. Granger isn't.

He's a fighter for one thing, and fighters risk treading on people's pet corns. When his spirit yells no, you won't hear his mouth mumbling yes. His are honest battles over issues he honestly believes in—be it a script that seems ill-suited to himself, a contract he considers one-sided or further lengthy separations from his wife. Returning from five months in England, he delivered an ultimatum. "I won't leave Jean again." "Sorry, old boy," they told him, "but you're going to South America for *Green Fire*. Relax, it's only two weeks." He stood his ground, and collision threatened. Though you may have heard hints to the contrary, studios are often human and Granger is reasonable. They pared the two weeks to six days. Granger went.

Moonfleet, which he's making here, presents no problems. But a cloud lurks over the horizon. They want him to do *Bhowani Junction* in India. He'd be all for it—if Jean could play the girl. "Or even if they'd let her do a film in Burma," he suggests dryly. "At least we could nip across and see each other. It's this awful sensation of 8000 miles between you that's soul destroying. Cables and phone calls don't help much. Hang up the phone and you're lonelier than ever. Not that I'm blind to MGM's viewpoint. We'll have to work it out together, that's all."

THIS HARDLY sounds like the mulish truculence with which he's sometimes charged. That he's no Job for patience he'd be the first to grant. Inefficiency irks him. His standards of workmanship are high. He won't sacrifice them on the altar of popularity. Universal popularity doesn't head the list of things-he-can't-live-without. Hollywood is an open-armed town, where yesterday's stranger is tomorrow's darling. Not so with Granger, a Britisher and a Scotsman, to boot. If one Britisher is more self-contained than another, it's the Scot. Those friends he has and their adoptions tried, he keeps for life. Easy intimacies fail to attract him. "We ask people up here because we want to see them, enjoy talking to them. You can't talk to four hundred at once. So we have six or ten or even two. What's wrong with that?" The answer, of course, is nothing. You like big parties or you don't, and neither inclination is a subject for censure. But tell that to the critical, who tag him snooty and bewail the fact that he won't even take poor little Jean out dancing. Poor little Jean feels no pain. True, she likes dancing and he's tepid about it. "It's a difference," she points out, "not a yawning abyss." He recognizes the difference. Often as not, he'll strangle his reluctance. "There's this little jive joint somebody told me about." (Both prefer little jive joints to glamour clubs.) "Come on, you can dance your head off." Often as not, she'll be the one to protest. "Darling, I'm tired. Anyway, Groucho's on tonight."

Others may cavil. His wife feels not the slightest yen to change him. She's purringly content with him as he is. They talk the same lingo, the same kind of nonsense exhilarates them. Where Hollywood is effusive, they thrive on understatement. Any public display of sentiment makes them squirm. "In simple affection," he explains gravely, "we call each other idiot." If she does it, it's cute. If he does it, eyes glaze and paragraphs get into all the papers. "What Granger said." Most are perceptive enough to realize that one man's "idiot" can hold more tenderness than another's glib "sweetheart." But they need fillers.

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been so constantly assaulted on such flimsy grounds. Take the oversize house he bought on arrival. He had made a mistake, rectified it, paid for it with his own hard cash, and whose business was it anyway but their own? Yet the town sliced it up until it sounded like a misdemeanor, if not a slight felony perpetrated against his bride. Take Jean's early unhappiness in her work, which sometimes reduced her to tears on the set. These were promptly translated into rows with her husband; why else should a girl weep? Take home economics. He's handy with a skillet. She'd rather go hungry than fix herself a meal. Domestic details aren't up her alley. He can manage them with a twist of the wrist, and does, seeing no reason to impose on her distasteful burdens. This is bad? Apparently. Why? Because he's invading her realm, robbing her of her feminine right, treating her like a child. Take even the matter of a couple of tv sets. How can they love each other when they watch different programs? Yes, it gets that silly.

They've been under fire along other fronts. But here, at least, they're in company. No British actor has ever drawn a Hollywood salary check without being prodded, more or less gently, on the subject of American citizenship. Some ignore the prodding, some react off the record. Ask Granger a straight question, and you get a straight answer. "I'm forty years old. I've spent nine-tenths of my life in England. I have two children, a mother and sister there. Jean has a mother, a brother and two sisters. Our roots are there. You can't tear them up because you've worked elsewhere for three years. Put yourself in the same position. England means to us what America means to you. If we changed citizenship now, any thinking person must know we'd be hypocrites, acting through shabby motives—to help us over taxes, to make travel easier on an American passport. This would be an affront to America, not a tribute. Hollywood has given us a lovely way of life on this hill. But obviously it's not the American way. We don't know enough about America to form opinions. Later, perhaps, especially if children were born to us here, we'd make it our business to travel up and down the land, study it, learn it, and become citizens, if we did, not as a convenience but because we loved it and wanted to spend the rest of our lives here."

THEY HOPE to have children, though not yet. Through her former contract, Jean's career stagnated. Now it's blossoming again. She'd like to concentrate on it for a while. "We don't believe in turning kids over to nannies. That way, you have a little thing in the house and never get to know it. Baby cuts his first tooth on Nanny's finger, takes his first step and topples into Nanny's arms. All agog, she phones Mummy at the studio. Mummy wails to high heaven, feeling cheated and with good reason. When Jean becomes a mother, she'll do one picture a year."

Their work has kept them apart more than they like. In three and a half years, they've had no time for a holiday together. Last summer they planned to go to La Paz. *Green Fire* was due to finish the first of the month, *Desirée* to start on the sixteenth. Reservations were made, fingers crossed, eyes fixed on the promised land. Then *Green Fire* dragged on through the twelfth and La Paz went a-glimmering. They sighed and swore, each according to his gender, and resigned themselves. The twin career holds no terror for them. "What," demands Granger, "would I do with a woman who's never known the exhaustion of a day at the studio? What would she do with a man who wants only to flop and put his feet up? Words, I

imagine, would flow like Niagara, and words have been known to lead to drastic action. Jean and I understand without too many words. We've been pricked by the thorns of the same profession."

REAR WINDOW



A few years ago as I was driving to a friend's house, I noticed that a man in the car in front of me was looking out of the back window and making faces. He was so funny that I couldn't help laughing. I followed his car for about a block and he continued to make faces at me and other cars that went past. Then I recognized that versatile face—it belonged to Bob Hope!

Linda Young
Austin, Texas

With an adult outlook, each respects the other's need for fulfillment in work. Granger's masculinity doesn't require the prop of a little woman dancing attendance. So long as Jean wants a career, he'll encourage her in it because of the bred-in-the-bone conviction that every person has the right to express himself in his chosen way. In acting, she has found her medium. He hasn't.

Physically equipped as few men are to play doughty heroes, doughty heroes give him a pain. "They're dull creatures. Nor do I consider that by donning a wig and sword, you achieve anything much." Here too, however, he sees the studio's viewpoint. His derring-do films bring home the bacon. "And who's to argue with bacon? Yes, I'd like to slip out of ruffles now and again into the skin of a real character. But if I don't fight too hard for a change of pace, it's because I'm not all that keen about acting. Acting leaves me feeling fenced in, a little frustrated. I fancy myself creative along some line."

His far-from-secret goal is to be a director. Although it's a serious ambition—more likely, because it's a serious ambition—he kids it. "I've yapped about it so much, I'll probably never do it. In which case, I can always tell my grandchildren what a fine director their granddaddy might have been. Better than maybe risking the ghastly chance that you're lousy."

DIRECTOR OR NO, he's bent on owning a farm, getting down to such basic creative activity as crops and calves. Jean stipulates only that none of the calves shall ever be sent to market. Meanwhile they pursue their lovely way of life on the hill. "Lovely to us," says Granger, "and dismally unspectacular in the telling."

Since his return from England, something new has been added in the person of Rushton, who used to work for him over there and agreed to temporary transplantation. A quietly glowing gem, Rushton runs the household, does the marketing, rises virtually with the dawn to fix Jean's breakfast when she is working. Which ought to leave Granger slumbering undisturbed. Only it doesn't. "When Jean gets up, nobody sleeps. For a small girl, she makes disproportionate noises. She falls down, she trips over things. I hear her mutter 'Excuse me' to the bedpost, 'I'm sorry to the door.'"

"Creative fancy," says Jean, returned from the doctor's now and comforting herself with a spot of tea. "Some day he'll stick that bit into a movie."

Heedless, he plunges on. "Whereas my wife can sleep through thunder, earthquakes and dogs licking her face. On those rare mornings when we're both unemployed, Rushton brings in the coffee. I drink it, with this dead body beside me. I shower, I dress, I go out and putter round the garden. Contrary to printed report, I do not uproot trees with my bare hands. My horticulture consists in meditating on what to tell the gardener to do next. I change into trunks. I take a plunge in the pool. By now it's ten, so I look in on my sleeping beauty. She continues to lie motionless. I drop a heavy object. Nothing happens. I grow uneasy. I clunk her over the head three or four times."

"With a soft hammer," she prompts. Then they eye each other. "Uh-uh. Somebody might believe it. Delete jokes."

"Hammer deleted. What I actually do is open the door to the clustered animals and let them climb over her."

The animals number four. Two cats called Traybert, in combined honor of Spencer Tracy and agent Bert Allenberg. Two miniature poodles—Young Bess from the movie of the same name, Old Beau after Beau Brummell. Granger is this kind of despot. Jean says: "I would like a cat." He says: "Darling, you don't want a cat," and orders a couple of Siamese.

FINALLY DRAGGED from unconsciousness, Jean breakfasts in bed with the newspapers. "She's a diligent reader. First, the funnies. Every picture and word of the funnies from stem to stern. Then the columns. If she's mentioned, she yells. If I'm mentioned, she yells. If a friend's mentioned, she yells, though not quite so loud. If she devours them in silence, it's a sign that nobody she knows got a tumble that day. I'm not sure whether she's relieved or disappointed."

"A smidgen of both," she tells him.

They putter some more, they inspect

their once barren hillside, now blooming like paradise. They bask in the sunlit hours of a lazy day. "How can you itemize them?" he asks, forever astonished that anyone should be interested in the trivia of their daily lives, but doing his best to oblige. Friends may drop in. Their reputedly British circle is liberally sprinkled with Americans—Tracy and Allenberg, Garland and Luft, directors Cukor and Kazan. Jimmy cooks up some dinner. Jean hovers. The culinary arts fascinate her at a distance. She eats what he gives her, criticizing all the while. "This meat's too well done. There's not enough pepper."

"Shall I hand in my notice, madam?" "I'll think about it. Ask me in fifty years."

WHEN THEY'RE ALONE evenings, TV holds them enthralled. "Being competition, it makes us feel slightly guilty. We swallow our guilt and tune in just the same." He's mad for baseball and the fights. She plays her own favorites, then wanders over to him. Baseball she likes. "Unless the blokes paste each other too hard."

"Then she ducks. Our attachment to TV stems less from the programs than the sociability. It's cozy lounging together on the couch with a bottle of beer in your hand. You watch the Rheingold commercial and take another slug of Budweiser."

"For that remark Rheingold will doubtless crown you."

"It's a typographical error. It's also time for you to pop back into bed."

We caught a final glimpse of them in the doorway. Bess' tufted head poked out of the nest of Jean's arms. Looking for something to chew, Beau took a sniff at Jimmy's shoe. The Grangers, big and little, stood close. They stand close in more than the literal sense. They're nice people. They're happy. They love each other. Let's leave 'em be. **END**

why try to change me now?

(Continued from page 47) telephone, no TV set, not even a radio to invade one's privacy. There was only the hypnotic tone of the surf beyond the picture window... only the bittersweet nostalgia of the blues coming softly from a pint-sized phonograph on a nearby table—and Jane Russell sitting quiet, her dark eyes brooding over the sea she loves so well.

Suddenly she spoke, shattering the illusion of serenity. "Next time a writer asks me for a story idea," she announced, "I'm going to come up with one for him. A story to be called *If You Don't Like It, Lump It*."

Ah, ha! you might well think. Now that she has formed her own picture company, now that she isn't tied down by a contract, Miss Jane can't concern herself with what the public says.

No such thing. In spite of, or perhaps because of, the controversial storms she has shrugged her way through with apparent indifference, Jane has always needed approbation more than most movie stars. She goes out of her way to avoid antagonizing people, she cares very deeply how the public feels and she isn't about to develop one of those "I'm-bigger-than-all-my-critics" complexes.

THERE WAS A reason for her saying what she said, however. One of the friends relaxing with her that Sunday was a writer, who had been giving her some tiresome, uninvited "for your own good" advice about a certain current Russell project which had nothing whatever to do with the making of motion pictures. The

unwanted counsel had been offered some hours earlier, at which time Jane neither sulked nor argued her point. But now she came up with this like-it-or-lump-it routine. Although it was a pretty sneaky way of telling a friend to go climb a tree and not up to her usual standard of forthright insult, there are mitigating circumstances. First, she was tired. Besides, the writer was a guest in her house, and Jane is never rude to guests. Well, hardly ever. And finally, she wasn't mad at anybody. She made the remark without a trace of malice, and when comprehension dawned on the guy, she grinned at him fondly. Just so he knew where she stood.

WHERE SHE STANDS is on her own two feet. She'll make mistakes in her new-found independence, maybe, fall flat on her face, maybe, but the point is that at least they'll be her mistakes. One of the things Miss Russell is most tired of is being slapped on the wrist for obeying orders. "If people think a thing is in bad taste, it's their privilege to make a fuss—but before they criticize me or anyone else for what they see on the screen, couldn't they at least ask whether our contracts permit us to object to scenes in the picture? I can insist on script changes now, but I couldn't always." This is one desirable aspect of independence, but it has its drawbacks, too. With the announcement that she wears no man's collar, any future goofs must be laid at her own door.

OF COURSE, what constitutes a goof is a matter of personal opinion. Earlier this year Jane made a trip to New York and, on a nocturnal search for some real

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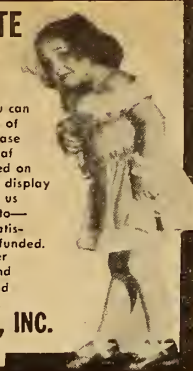
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crazy music, ran into a columnist who reported the following day that Miss Russell considered the Almighty "a Livin' Doll when you get to know Him." A national magazine duly noted the comment, and there were sanctimonious howls of outrage at her blasphemy and retorts from cooler heads pointing out that if Old Jane knew the Lord well enough to call Him a Livin' Doll, she was in much better shape than people who didn't know Him at all. Jane was mildly surprised but not at all upset by the to-do. "I guess I did say it," she confirmed placidly. "It sounds just like me—why, you've heard me say it a hundred times." She doesn't regard that as one of her mistakes. But she's a wicked one, all right. At the end of her nightly prayer she has even been known to implore the Lord to take care of Himself.

WHEN MAGAZINES break out in a rash of stories asking whether success had changed Jane Russell, they'll just be words. Currently the Old One's (Miss Russell's four brothers' pet name for her) favorite song is a standard called, "Why Try to Change Me Now?" and it ought to be her theme song. Nobody is going to change Jane, for her own good or otherwise. She's as stubborn as a mule, unshakable in her loyalty—and she'll stay that way. She indulges whims she knows will land her in hot water up to her chin. She always listens to people who know more about making movies than she does and, unaccountably, she sometimes listens to people who wouldn't know a camera angle from a hole in a doughnut. She's convinced that she's a sound judge of character and yet, jokingly or not, she sets quite a store by astrology. "I don't even know why I like you," she often complains to one of her friends. "Everybody knows that Geminis can't stand Taureans!"

She's curious as a squirrel about strangers—some strangers—but never try to make book on which ones will appeal. When they don't, she ignores them. "I've never been so embarrassed in my life," relates a member of the RKO publicity team. "We were in the gallery, shooting some art for a magazine cover, when the editor of the magazine came in. I introduced them, and Jane said, 'Hi,' in that disinterested voice that I ought to recognize by now. Then she proceeded to look right through that woman for two hours. I nearly wore myself out trying to make small talk."

"Still, you can't get mad at her. After all, just to do these pictures, she was giving up a day when she could have been at the beach. She made every costume change we asked; she did everything the photographer said. Only her mind was somewhere else—and if I had said anything to her about it, she'd have answered with something sarcastic, like, 'Who's going to put my mind on a magazine cover?' You can't change that dame."

WHEN SHE THINKS a stranger is bright or cute or funny, believe it or not, Jane is shy. The high-voltage eyes look hither and yon, sneaking only an occasional glance of appraisal. She becomes a model of decorum, causing studio representatives to shift uneasily in their seats.

If she's satisfied that this one is worth the time, for instance, she might pull a complete switch in the next moment and become the Legend. This myth, perpetrated and carefully nurtured by her devoted crew, insists that Miss Russell is mean as a snake, arrogant, temperamental, unreasonable—and her mother should bite her when she gets back to the kennel. No one can become a crew member in good standing without adding to this canard.

One Legend victim was a serious young man who came out from New York to

write a story about The Real Jane Russell. He was introduced to her in the RKO commissary and they talked briefly, but Jane was bored, indifferent, uncooperative—which to the initiated meant that she liked him and was feeling playful. Calmly she outraged his artistic integrity by suggesting that he go on home and create any little piece of fiction that came into his head.

Smarting somewhat, the young man persisted. He was bound to write nothing but The Truth. Finally, Jane shrugged. "If you want to know what I'm really like, why don't you go over to the set and talk to my crew? I guess they hate me the best."

The crew greeted his appearance with fish-eyed coolness, and when he diffidently explained his mission, they responded with variously uncouth noises of derision.

"Why waste our breath, telling you what she's really like?" scoffed hairdresser Steffi Garland. "When your story came out, it would be the same old watered-down version!"

"That's not his fault," stand-in Carmen Nesbitt pointed out sympathetically. "If he wrote the real story, they wouldn't allow it in the mails."

Behind his horn-rimmed glasses the young man's eyes were beginning to glaze ever so slightly, a fact which the crew noted with complacency. They led him to Miss Russell's portable dressingroom, sat him down, and began relating the reasons why she was an impossible employer.

At this point Jane entered. Although there was some shifting about to make room for her at the dressing table, she was otherwise ignored. She glanced in the mirror at the writer and asked, "Well, what have they been telling you?"

"Uh—nothing," he lied uncomfortably.

"That doesn't surprise me," Miss Russell remarked, applying mascara with a deft hand. "I'm surrounded by fools and idiots."

Nobly the writer stepped into the breach. "Miss Russell, there's something I'd like to ask you about. In looking over your studio biography, I ran across something rather peculiar. It said that when you were a baby, your mother used to leave you out in the snow in your buggy for hours on end. Would you—"

"What's so peculiar about that?" interrupted wardrobe mistress Mary Tait. "If you had given birth to something this horrible, wouldn't you encourage pneumonia?"

It broke up the whole bunch, Jane Russell most of all, and gave the writer his first indication that they were pulling his leg. To date Jane has given her best acting performances as the Legend.

THE REAL JANE RUSSELL is so untemperamental and so cooperative that she feels defensive about making a reasonable adjustment in her daily routine. As everyone knows, she habitually tries to do too much, and has cracked up on several of her recent pictures. Worried, her family and friends persuaded her to cut down.

"Say, Old One," teased a friend who didn't know the circumstances, "you been taking lessons from So-and-so?" naming a star well-known if not well-liked for the regard in which she holds herself.

For once, Jane didn't smile back. "Taking lessons in what?"

"Well, all of a sudden I hear Russell does not permit luncheon interviews—"

Jane looked stricken. Then, "I don't," she said tightly, "and I haven't on my last two pictures. I just have a sandwich in my dressingroom and use my lunch hour to rest or pray or cry or whatever I feel like."

It's probably the smartest move she has made in years, and there isn't a reason in the world why she should feel uncomfortable about it—except that she always has given up her free time in the past. The way it used to be, Jane was up at the crack of dawn in order to drive in from

the valley and arrive at the studio on time. She worked through the morning, ate her way through a lunch interview, and hurried back to the set to work all afternoon. Usually there were other writers visiting the set, waiting to talk to her between scenes, and a member of the RKO publicity department once tabulated forty phone calls—all urgent—that came in for Jane in the course of a single day. Small wonder that she cracked up.



THE WOMAN'S TOUCH

I went to the premiere of Lucky Me in Miami Beach and sat next to a man wearing a black sports outfit with a blazing white tie. When the lights went up for the floor show I must have been staring at this strange outfit for the man smiled at me and said, "Kinda loud, huh? But my wife made it for me and I love it." It was Robert Cummings.

Stella Kamp
Miami Beach, Florida

Now she has cute Penny Sweeney of the dandelion coiffure to screen the calls and the visitors, and she keeps her lunch hour free. Know what she does with it, besides resting, praying and crying? She answers the calls that worry her the most.

Let's say that you're in trouble. The phone rings, you answer, and this flat, unemotional voice says, "Hi. This is Jane. How are you today?" After the first time, you won't need to be told who it is. After the third or fourth time you stop puzzling about the rest of it. There doesn't have to be a reason why she concerns herself with you; she just does. Her voice doesn't ooze solicitude with every syllable, she doesn't comfort you in wildly affectionate terms of affection a la Hollywood, she doesn't preach the gospel. Instead, she says with simple, hard-headed logic, "Look, do you have a really good doctor?" Or lawyer or candlestick maker, depending on your particular need. "... Because if you haven't, mine is the best." It's entirely possible that Jane's doctor, lawyer and candlestick maker do more charity work than professional philanthropists, and apparently they're happy about it. They eschew payment for whatever service they have rendered warmly but firmly. "Anyone who's a friend of Jane's—" is what they say.

OF COURSE she believes in miracles and kill-or-cure methods. There is a reporter in Hollywood rumored to be sitting in a corner, gibbering to himself and playing with a piece of string, on account of Jane. It seems that he had a blue-ribbon assignment on her, one of those directives that said, "IMPERATIVE. DROP EVERYTHING ELSE. DEADLINE." So he went to U-I to visit her on the Foxfire set.

He was moping around her dressingroom when she came in, and immediately Jane asked, "What's the matter with you?"

"I dunno," he answered. "Picked up some kind of bug; I guess."

"So what are you doing here?"

"Well," the reporter was vague, as reporters usually are, "I had this assignment on you."

Jane clobbered him with a look. "I'm not going to talk to you," she said with abso-

lute finality. "You look horrible. Go home and go to bed."

"But my story—"

"I said, go to bed. I'll call you later."

She did. She called that day and the next and the next. The second day she had a personal physician at hand. The third day she turned up with the most novel idea in publishing history; she had a writer from a competitive publication in her dressingroom when she called. "I told him about you," she said, "and he says he'll be glad to help you out in any way he can. Write your story for you or anything." Big joke.

The only thing she was steadfast in refusing to do, over the telephone or otherwise, was to hold still for any interview. "My doctor says you're too sick to work," she said stubbornly, "and if I don't give you any material, you can't write a story." And if he didn't write the story, he's probably peddling pencils on a street corner, or playing with that piece of string.

BUT WHY TRY to change her now? She's a magnificent, complex creature of fantastic impulses and pedestrian caution which are almost always in conflict.

Like quicksilver and the sea, Jane is changeless. She's only in a different mood right now. A grave, adult mood acknowledging that this might well be the most important year of her life. For the first time since she appeared on the Hollywood scene, Jane is a free agent.

While she was under contract to Howard Hughes, Miss Russell probably didn't realize how relatively sheltered she was. When she read a script, she didn't have to look into a crystal ball and decide whether the picture would be a hit or lay an egg; she merely had to play the role written for her. The outcome involved neither her money nor any responsibility.

Now that's all changed. She and Bob Waterfield will sink or swim on the strength of Russell, and Robert admittedly knows nothing yet about making movies. Jane has got to read a script and visualize a picture, buy it or turn it down. Dicker for co-stars and directors. Rely on her own judgment regarding promotion, publicity and a dozen other facets.

IT'S ENOUGH to make anyone serious, but Old Jane faces the future confidently because she labors under the delusion that she has mastered a very dirty word: compromise. She hasn't, of course, since in her books compromising doesn't include making concessions or ending up with anything less than she wanted originally.

How does she compromise? "Well, take music. Bob Thiele of Coral likes me to make a certain kind of record a certain way. I like to make another kind my own way. So I do four that he wants, and then he lets me do four of my own."

"Or in picture making. Universal wanted me for Foxfire and we want to borrow Jeff Chandler for a Russell production. So we compromised."

"Or in private life. If Robert wants to go fishing in the mountains and I want to go to the beach, we can't do both so we compromise—he goes fishing and I go to the beach."

She was perfectly serious, explaining all this, although in every instance she cited, Jane Russell ended up getting what she wanted. Apparently "compromise" means the difference between getting what she wants immediately or five minutes later.

Lazily, the Old One smiled, and her eyelids dropped to cover some secret thought of her own. "But I'll let you in on something. There are some situations where it looks like I'm compromising. I let people think I am. Only, I'm not—I'm just bidin' my time." The thought had mischief in it, but why try to change her now?

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it's a brand new brando

(Continued from page 66) his personal relationships. He likes people instead of fearing them. His conduct with Josanne Mariani, is different from his old manners with women. Josanne is a black-haired, brown-eyed Corsican actress Marlon had met in Europe. When Josanne came to Hollywood, she visited him on the *Desirée* set each day.

He was kind, considerate and attentive to her. In the past he's been chary of showing any affection to a girl, particularly in public. But with Josanne he was every inch the courting gentleman.

When newsmen asked if they might take her picture with him, Brando grinned and shook his head.

"You better not," he said. "Don't you think so? We've got no right to intrude on her privacy." Because Brando was so gracious, the photographers agreed.

They saw Josanne around Hollywood a great deal. Phil Rhodes, Brando's friend, used to drive her to and from the studio, and they could have photographed her a dozen times. But why get Bud Brando sore when he'd gone out of his way to help?

Who is responsible for Brando's new attitude? Why has he changed his tune?

Only a year ago he was saying, "I've had enough of Hollywood. Came out to the movies for only two reasons: loot and experience. Now I've got 'em both and I'm pulling out." He talked about going to Europe and to the Far East and making pictures there but he was definitely soured on Hollywood and its ways. He claimed that unjustifiably he had been depicted as an irresponsible screwball. After *Julius Caesar*, he said, it would be a long while before he hit the West Coast again.

For a while he was true to his word. He flew back to the East and presently his girl, Movita Castaneda, joined him there. Gradually, Movita helped weaken Bud's prejudice against Hollywood.

"You're too sensitive," she told him. "You take everything so much to heart. Why do you care what they say about you? They think you're rough and crude and crazy. But all the people who know you, all the people who've worked with you like and respect you."

But Bud was still hurt.

When *Julius Caesar* opened in New York, he declined to attend, explaining, "I just couldn't go through it."

Asked if he'd read the wonderful reviews, he said, "I never read reviews. They either praise you or kick you. But they don't help you."

THEN STANLEY KRAMER, the producer for whom Brando had made his first Hollywood movie, *The Men*, telephoned to say that he was making a picture to be called *The Wild One*, and he wanted Brando, that he needed him badly. Would Bud come out to Hollywood and do this one favor?

Bud went. He has an indomitable sense of loyalty and friendship.

He understood that certain of his pals would get minor parts in *The Wild One*. They didn't and he resented it deeply. After the film was finished, he said, "I'm getting out of Hollywood and this time I'm really staying out." Once more he flew to New York where he signed to play in summer stock for a friend at \$125 a week. Bud has great admiration for Elia Kazan, the talented stage and film director. It was Kazan who gave Brando his first big break by casting him as Stan Kowalski in *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

In New York, Kazan began to talk with Bud about a script by Budd Schulberg dealing with waterfront scandals.

Brando agreed to make the picture. Most of it was shot in Hoboken, New Jersey.

Bud loved making the picture. He reported to work each day in work trousers and leather jacket. He rode the trains and subways home hardly ever being recognized. When he was, he signed autographs until his fingers were numb. Never in his life has he refused an autograph.

In the *Waterfront* film, for example, Sam Spiegel, the producer, was a bit late in paying some of the featured players their salaries. Marlon raised a fuss about it.

"Sam," he said, "you've got some nerve keeping these people waiting for their money. Where do you come off with that stuff? Spiegel paid off quickly."

After *On The Waterfront* was completed, Bud heard from his father Marlon Brando, Sr., that a cattle ranch was to be put up for auction in eastern Colorado.

"I've got about 800 head of cattle out in Nebraska," Brando says, "and I always thought it would be a good idea to have them feed on my own ranch. I'm partners with my father—we have a company called Marsdo, Inc.—and my dad said we needed another \$150,000."

"Just about then MCA, my agents, called and said that Fox wanted me for *The Egyptian*. I could get \$150,000 for the picture. That seemed to be the answer."

When Brando arrived in Hollywood early this year, he knew in his heart that he was going to work in *The Egyptian* for only one reason—money. That realization ate into him. He is a sensitive young man who from time to time has denounced money-

Howard Hawks is in Egypt, filming *Land of the Pharaohs*. He hired 3,000 extras for the opening scene. It was at the quarry where the stones for the Pyramids were cut. The preparations began before dawn. At 1:30 P.M., after long hours in the sun, the 3,000 extras finally were in their proper places. Just as Hawks signaled for the cameras to start grinding, his Hungarian aide noticed that an extra's toupee was askew.

He shouted a signal in Hungarian, over the loudspeaker, to another Hungarian who was in charge of that section. In less than a minute, all 3,000 extras had rushed off. Hawks and his aide later learned that the Hungarian word sounded like the Egyptian word for "LUNCH."

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post

mad persons as "unconscionable hucksters."

The resulting struggle with himself turned Marlon so sick that he felt he must have the help of a psychiatrist. So he got on a plane before *The Egyptian* started and flew to New York and the care of psychiatrist Dr. Bela Mittelman.

Immediately, the studio filed suit and replaced him with young Edmund Purdom.

A few weeks later Brando was told that his mother, Mrs. Dorothy Brando, was ill in Pasadena. He flew back to California at once. When Bud arrived, she was dying.

Bud and his mother had always been very close. Mrs. Brando knew that in Marlon she had something of a maverick. She loved her son and sympathized with him and tried to bring him comfort and hope. Before she died, she said, "Bud, I want you to get along with people, to love them instead of fighting them. Don't fight with the studio, Bud. Don't fight with anyone. Sometimes it's hard but you must get along with people. You must love them. It's the only way."

Marlon said he would do his best.

His mother died on March 31. A few weeks later Brando made his peace with the studio and agreed to report for the role

of Napoleon in *Desirée*.

The studio believed that he would be vindictive and antagonistic.

Instead Bud has been all sweetness and light, and extremely discreet. "I promised my mother that things would be okay."

WHEN BUD was asked about his reported breakup with Movita, instead of blowing his top as he would have done in the old days, he said calmly, "We're still friends and Movita is still a very lovely person. But let's not pursue that subject."

Movita spoke more freely.

"Isn't it possible," she asked, "for a man and woman to have a friendship without its ending in marriage or a quarrel? Bud and I are still good friends. We talk over the phone every few days. But I never had any intention or desire to marry him. Apparently he's not yet ready for marriage."

"Before he settles down to family responsibilities he wants to travel. Marlon is a wonderful person involved in the sometimes painful process of finding himself."

Another young beauty who dated Bud in Hollywood and is convinced that he possesses all the virtues is Rita Moreno.

"I went out with Marlon a few times," Rita said, "and he was a perfect gentleman. He's relatively quiet, but when he speaks he says something worthwhile."

Marlon's explanation of the stories of his alleged weirdness is simple. "The press," he says, "is responsible for spreading all those wacky stories. When I was in *Streetcar* in New York a woman came backstage to interview Jessica Tandy."

"Jessica was about to introduce her to me but I said quickly, 'I know, Jessica—your mother!' I wasn't trying to be smart or sarcastic or anything. I didn't have my glasses on and I'm nearsighted. But this woman never forgave me and has been giving me the business ever since."

"Then when I came out to Hollywood to do *The Men*, the publicity guys told me to go around and visit another columnist at home. I didn't have anything to say, and when they told this columnist I wasn't about to go visiting, I became 'naughty, naughty Marlon Brando.'"

"Then I was interviewed by some writers and frankly I was shocked by the questions they asked—so intimate, such an out-and-out infringement on a man's privacy."

MARLON ADMITS he wasn't "too diplomatic" years ago. "But I've learned," he says, "and that's why I'm not posing for any pictures in blue jeans and a T-shirt. I've got suits. I've got shirts. I know how to knot a tie. I want to destroy the impression that I'm constantly bumming around."

As a matter of fact, Brando is now pursuing the opposite tack. At a recent Hollywood party, he was the only guest to show up wearing a tie and jacket.

The girls he quietly dated in Hollywood also report that he was dressed formally when he came courting.

When Marlon finished *Desirée*, he was heading for the Venice Film Festival where *Waterfront* was to be entered in the contest.

"How about that Mariana girl?" he was asked. "Will you see her in Europe?"

Brando grinned. "I'm trying to be very cooperative with all the press people," he explained. "I'm trying to be nice and helpful. But somehow I don't ever think I can get to the point of discussing girls I know. A man is entitled to his private life even if he is an actor, and attempts to invade it—well, I still consider them outrageous." But he said it good-naturedly.

A year ago he would have grown sullen and morose and stalked off.

There's no doubt about it—it's a new kind of Brando, with love and kindness conquering inhibition and fear. **END**

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