

Exclusive! LOUELLA PARSONS 8 PAGE EXTRA

modern screen



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MONROE'S divorce • HEPBURN'S honeymoon • PIER ANGELI'S engagement

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**New Mum with M-3
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January, 1955

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

MODERN SCREEN'S 8-page gossip extra

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* The color photograph of Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis on the cover by Wallace Seawell. Other photographers' credits on page 76.

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starring ESTHER

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MARGE and GOWER

CHAMPION

GEORGE

SANDERS



WITH RICHARD HAYDN • WILLIAM DEMAREST • Screen Play by DOROTHY KINGSLEY • Based on the Play "Road to Rome" by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD • Songs: BURTON LANE and HAROLD AGAMSON
Choreography by HERMES PAN • Photographed in EASTMAN COLOR • Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY • Produced by GEORGE WELLS • An M-G-M Picture

TV TALK

Steve, Jayne and Audrey—the happy triangle . . . everyone is mad about George Gobel . . . Lauren Bacall is scared . . .



Jayne Meadows has become a real housewife since she got married only a few months ago.



Steve Allen, who is, among other things, Jayne's husband, has seen changes made in their home.

You can tell from his Park Avenue apartment that **Steve Allen** hasn't been married very long. He lived in it for quite some time before he and **Jayne Meadows** finally confirmed all the rumors and were married last summer. It had once belonged to **Betty Furness**, who moved to a place in a smaller building off Park Avenue with her daughter. Steve did very little fixing up when he was single. But when Jayne moved in, the changes came. She knocked down a wall that separated two maids' rooms and turned the space into a small, but chic diningroom (which isn't quite finished). Then, in the large livingroom, she installed a smoky glass mirror that completely covers one wall. Right in front of it is Steve's piano. On top of it is a gigantic bronze bust of Jayne that looks at least three times life size. The room as a whole, however, gives a very subdued feeling because all of the colors are quiet—in real contrast to Jayne, who has lots of curly, bright red hair, is very vibrant, always wears those huge earrings that cover the entire ear, and usually sports a tight, low-necked dress. Jayne refused to buy curtains, insisting on using just those shutters that are so popular this year, and both the wall-to-wall carpeting and the upholstery are done in solid colors—beige and a soft charreusse, mostly. Back in the two big bedrooms you can still see the way things used to look because Jayne hasn't had time to completely redecorate them. One bathroom has new draperies, dark brown and very handsome, that Jayne hemmed one night while she was home looking at *Tonight*. She's very handy with her fingers, and loves to make "little things" while she's looking at television. Steve just sprawls on the floor to watch. He can, and does, look at tv by the hour. His current favorite is **George Gobel**, who's almost everybody's favorite new comic. But Steve's tastes, just like his humor, run to the off-beat things. He's mad for **Dottie Mack**, the girl who pantomimes the song hits, and he could look at kiddie talent shows for days on end. Steve just plain likes children—that's why. He also looks intently at the one thing most of us try to escape—the commercials. He thinks some of them are too funny to miss. Watching Steve watch television, you can almost see his mind clicking as he figures out what he can satirize, what he can comment on, what he wants to praise. When a man is on the air nearly ten hours a week—and more than that when he does a "spectacular"—he is really in the market for ideas! Steve, in fact, seems to be thinking his own thoughts most of the time. He's a very removed guy, even in his own home. Jayne does most of the talking there, and their friends say that she must because he won't. They also think that Steve needs Jayne very badly because she can meet people more easily and keep the conversation going. Just seeing them together gives you a feeling of contrast. Jayne is nearly always dressed up fit to kill while Steve will probably have on a casual sports shirt or an old jacket. One obvious thing they have in common, however, is a distaste for liquor. Jayne will accept a glass of beer or something light just to be sociable, and then leave it on

a table somewhere because she really doesn't like it. Steve usually refuses anything, although he too will accept a beer—or maybe some light wine. Jayne, for some reason, is trying to teach Steve to like *something* to drink—but she's not having much luck . . . **Jackie Gleason** has his best audience in the Steve Allen home, by the way. Jayne, of course, is **Audrey Meadows'** sister; and she and Steve never miss a Gleason show if they can help it. The sisters are very close even though Jayne has married. Jackie doesn't have to worry about getting laughs at the Allen house! One worry he does have, however, is with his network. The powers-that-be over there are very annoyed with his unabashed remarks to the press and his uncooperative attitude in general. They'd much prefer that he asked for their help when he needs it (like when he has to answer some embarrassing questions about **Marilyn Taylor**) and take their advice. They think he's practicing to turn into another Godfrey. And that CBS has had enough of. But every week that Gleason's show gets a good rating, Gleason gets to be more important. And that's every week! He doesn't have to be cooperative . . . Everyone who knows **George Gobel** loves him. You can't talk to him for five minutes without realizing that here is a modest man who loves his wife and three children and doesn't want anything so much as he wants to be with them. Before he was a regular on television, George used to be away from home some eight months of the year playing in nightclubs, and a lonelier man you never saw. Alice would occasionally fly out to be with him for a week or so, but she couldn't take care of the children and do that too often. George really suffered . . . All of her friends are worried about **Jinx Falkenburg McCrary**. She has lost pounds and pounds, and, pretty as she is, she looks haggard . . . (Continued on page 6)



George Gobel's new comedy show gives him a chance to be with his family more than ever.

CLOWNS ELEPHANTS LIONS WILD ANIMALS LAUGHS GIRLS GIRLS

NEW STARS ACROBATS
THIN MAN
SWORD SWALLOWERS
TIGHT ROPE WALKERS
GIRLS

SWORD SWALLOWERS
BEARDED LADY
TIGERS
GIRLS
GIRLS
ROARS
THRILLS
FAT LADY



HURRY,
HURRY;
HURRY....

IT'S THE MOST COLOSSAL,
TREMENDOUS, STUPENDOUS SHOW
since Barnum met Bailey...and Dean met Jerry.

IN
VISTA VISION
MOTION PICTURE ... HIGH-FIDELITY

SONGS:
"It's a Big, Wide,
Wonderful World"
"Hey, Punchinello"

DEAN
MARTIN and **JERRY
LEWIS**

IN
HAL
WALLIS'
PRODUCTION

3
RING
CIRCUS

Co-Starring
JOANNE DRU
ZSA ZSA GABOR
with
WALLACE FORD · ELSA LANCHESTER

Color by **TECHNICOLOR**

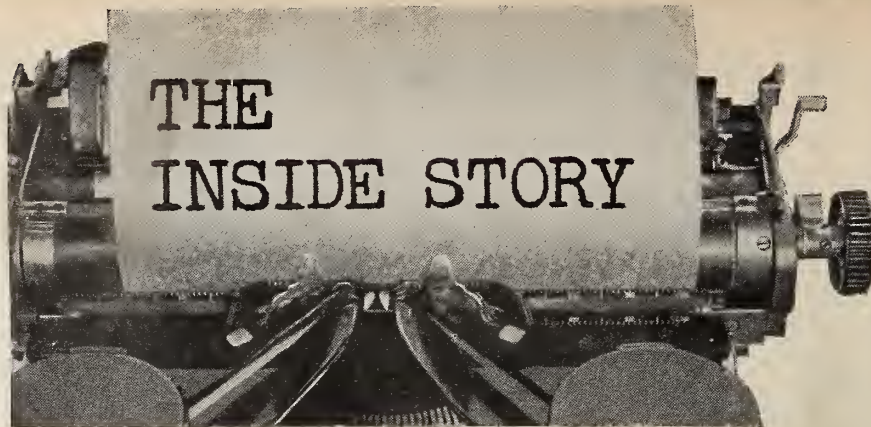
Directed by
JOSEPH PEVNEY
Story and Screenplay by
DON MCGUIRE
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

ENTERTAINMENT THRILLS FANCY TRICKS SONGS BEARS

(Continued from page 4) . . . One celebrity whom no one ever recognizes is **Burgess Meredith**. He's such a little man, and he affects such country-looking clothes—like a golfer's cap and an old raincoat—that he could walk up and down Broadway all day without causing a head to turn . . . It seems now that **Sid Caesar** and **Max Liebman** did have their differences on *Show Of Shows*. Sid used to want to sing and play his saxophone, but Max wouldn't let him. And Sid always felt that Max wouldn't let him stretch his monologues long enough . . . The reason **Imogene Coca's** show got off to such a bad start was that she turned down advice from all sorts of well-wishers (and smart ones, too) and took the advice of one close friend—who was wrong . . . **Arlene Francis's** husband, producer-actor **Martin Gabel**, is almost unrecognizable in his hit play, *Reclining Figure*. He wears a grey wig and a big grey mustache that completely disguise him. He steals the play, by the way. Poor Arlene and Martin hardly see each other at all any more. With her morning tv show and his nightly theatre performances, they have a hard time managing even to meet on the street! . . . **Lauren Bacall** is scared to death of television. It doesn't faze **Humphrey Bogart**, of course—what does?—but she was panic-stricken when she was on *Person To Person*. Bogie and the camera crew connived for days to make her relax . . . Everyone's head really turned when **Franchot Tone** showed up at the opening of *All Summer Long* on Broadway to see his ex-wife, **June Walker**, perform. The reason: he was not with a glamour girl. He took **Elaine Carrington**, the middle-aged woman who has written *Pepper Young's Family* and *When A Girl Marries* and *Rosemary* for years . . . People wonder if **Betsy von Furstenburg** will ever get another part in a play after the way she behaved on stage to **Tony Randall** (the Wes in *Mr. Peepers*) in *Oh, Men! Oh, Women!* . . . **Dane Clark** really has stamina! On the opening night of *Fragile Fox*, he left the theatre after the curtain calls and headed for the Steve Allen show, where he participated in a sketch with Steve. True, it was one they'd done before, but what actor can open in a play and have the strength to "go on" again? Not many. Steve, by the way, smeared butter all over Dane's suit in the sketch. It was by mistake, of course, but it was pretty messy.



6 Jinx Falkenburg's friends are worrying about her.



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 that Roy Rogers earned \$34,000,000 last year. Doesn't that make him the richest man in Hollywood?

—G.K., ROLLINS, FLA.

A. Roy Rogers Enterprises grossed \$34,000,000, selling some fifty different products. This is a firm, not just Roy as an individual. Many people share in the revenue.

Q. Can you tell me approximately how much Mario Lanza weighed at the time he made his tv debut?

—F.F., FRANKFORT, KY.

A. 255 pounds.

Q. What is the true relationship between Joan Crawford and Cesar Romero?

—B.T., PORTLAND, ORE.

A. Romero is an old friend who escorted Miss Crawford to premieres and other movietown functions.

Q. Is Rock Hudson responsible for the breakup of the Barbara Rush-Jeff Hunter marriage?

—V.T., LANCASTER, PA.

A. No. He is a close friend of both.

Q. Didn't Eddie Fisher's manager advise against Eddie's romance with Debbie Reynolds?

—G.T., NEW YORK, N.Y.

A. No, he merely cautioned Eddie to take his time and be sure of his true feelings.

Q. What role did Yvonne De Carlo play in the Aly Khan-Gene Tierney affair?

—O.R., URBANA, ILL.

A. Yvonne is a sometimes playmate of Aly Khan.

Q. Does Sheree North really wear a wig?

—B.T., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. Yes.

Q. I read that Esther Williams took a show on the road against the wishes of her husband Ben Gage. Is this on the level?

—E.R., NEWPORT, R.I.

A. Esther and Ben have planned a series of personal appearances together for many years. 1954 was the first year in which they had enough time to get it done.

Q. Wasn't there a secret romance between Marlon Brando and Pier Angeli?

—D.L., DENVER, COL.

A. Just a quiet friendship.

Q. After all that sensational buildup, why was Pat Crowley dropped by Paramount?

—W.T., JONESBORO, TENN.

A. Paramount had no roles for her.

Q. Is it true that Rock Hudson was 6 feet, 4½ inches tall when he was 16 years old?

—D.E., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. Yes.

Q. Is Bob Hope's screen popularity rapidly declining?

—D.K., CLEVELAND, OHIO

A. Hope's last few pictures have not been financial jackpots, but his latest, tentatively entitled *The Eddie Foy Story*, is expected to put him back on top.

Q. Is the Frank Sinatra-Gaby Bruyere combination serious or just another Sinatra romance?

—C.D., AKRON, OHIO

A. Another.

Q. What is the relationship between Dean Martin and a character named Sammy Cahn?

—E.D., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. Cahn is a song writer who likes to work for Martin.

Q. Is John Wayne's handsome young son, Pat, headed for the priesthood?

—E.E., HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.

A. Pat is undecided as to his future occupation; has given serious thought to religious work.

Q. Was Jeanne Crain's husband, Paul Brinkman, ever an actor?

—V.R., POMONA, CAL.

A. Yes, before he married Jeanne.

Q. Why doesn't Hollywood put Liberace in a big picture?

—A.L., WORCESTER, MASS.

A. Plans are under way to star him in a feature movie production.

Q. Whatever became of actress Nancy Guild who was given such a big buildup a few years ago?

—R.F., OCEAN GROVE, N.J.

A. She married Broadway producer Ernest Markowitz.

Q. Has Tony Curtis become a recording star? Can he sing as well as Jeff Chandler? Isn't Rock Hudson getting more fan mail than Tony?

—S.R., SAN DIEGO, CAL.

A. Tony has made two recordings. He has a pleasant voice. Hudson currently receives the most fan mail at U-I studios.

Q. What is the status of friendship between Richard Burton and Jean Simmons?

—T.H., MONTREAL, CAN.

A. Fellow Britisher Burton is a close friend of Jean Simmons and her husband Stewart Granger.

Q. The publicity says Vera-Ellen's marriage to Victor Rothschild will be her first. What ever happened to Robert Hightower?

—A.M., LIMA, OHIO

A. Vera-Ellen divorced dancer Hightower in 1946.

DORIS DAY AND FRANK SINATRA

mad
for
each
other
and
singing
their
hearts
out
for
you
in

"Young at Heart"

IN
WARNERCOLOR



**DORIS
AND FRANK
SING 'EM AS
ONLY THEY CAN!**

'YOU MY LOVE'
'JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS'
'ONE FOR MY BABY'
'SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER ME'
'YOUNG AT HEART'
'HOLD ME IN YOUR ARMS'
'THERE'S A RISING MOON'
'READY WILLING AND ABLE'



*Nobody knew what
Barney would do next—
and she didn't care,
just so he did it
with her!*

Another
sensation-role
for Sinatra,
dream-teamed
with Doris and
Xmas-presented
by **WARNER
BROS!**



ALSO STARRING

GIG YOUNG



ETHEL BARRYMORE



DOROTHY MALONE

WITH ROBERT KEITH

SCREEN PLAY BY JULIUS J. EPSTEIN AND LENORE COFFEE • PRINT BY TECHNICOLOR AN ARWIN PRODUCTION • PRODUCED BY HENRY BLANKE • DIRECTED BY GORDON DOUGLAS • PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.

AND WATCH FOR WARNER BROS' SPECTACULAR FILMING OF THOMAS B. COSTAIN'S FAMED BEST-SELLER
'THE SILVER CHALICE'— IN CINEMASCOPE AND WARNERCOLOR • A VICTOR SAVILLE PRODUCTION

In these 3-hour danger periods YOUR SKIN "DIES" A LITTLE

There are 1- to 3-hour periods each day, doctors say, when your skin is open to serious trouble: stretched pores . . . coarsened texture . . . cracking and "shriveling." These danger periods of skin "un-balance" are right

after you wash your face. In washing away the dirt, you also remove natural skin protectors. Nature takes from 1 to 3 hours to restore these vital protectors. In the meantime, your skin "dies" a little . . .

*Read how great beauties
of the social world prevent the
damaging effects of skin "un-balance"*

*After each washing—
"re-balance" your skin*

You can notice these little warnings of skin "un-balance" right after washing—

- flakiness . . . a blotchy look
- a "burning," stretched tight feel

Should you stop washing your face? "Not at all," skin specialists say—"but after each washing, 're-balance' your skin instantly . . ."

60 times faster than Nature

Light, swift-acting—Pond's Cold Cream "re-balances" your skin in one minute—at least 60 times faster than Nature does. It combats dryness, shriveling. Keeps pore-openings clear. Keeps skin texture fine and smooth.

A deep clearing at bedtime

Besides "re-balancing" after washing, your skin needs a thorough clearing at night. A deep Pond's Cold Creaming dislodges water-resistant dirt from the pores. Keeps your skin looking fresh, *vibrant*.

Start this complete beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream today. You'll be astonished at how quickly you have a *noticeably* lovelier complexion!



The world's most famous beauty formula—never duplicated, never equaled. Get a large jar today. More women use and love Pond's Cold Cream than any face cream ever made.



Romaine, Marchioness of Milford Haven

The lovely Marchioness, photographed in her charming Park Avenue apartment, is noted for her exquisite complexion. About her skin care, she says, "It's now second nature to me to reach for Pond's Cold Cream after each washing. And I never miss a good, deep Pond's cleansing at bedtime."

modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS **in hollywood**



**Official congratulations
for Eddie and Debbie**

IN THIS SECTION:

Good News
Party of the month
Guy Madison elopes
We went to an ice cream party
Biggest première in town
About Edmund Purdom
The letter box



Ida and Eddie Cantor got first peek at Debbie's seven-carat ring. The Cantors discovered Eddie, are very close to him and hosted the party.



Lori Nelson, in a lace dress something like Debbie's charming blue frock, was among the first to arrive. She's one of Deb's close friends.



I enjoyed seeing Jack Webb with his lovely date, Dorothy Towne. A lot of people seem to think they may be the next to get engaged.

Debbie and Eddie make it official at a wonderful party!



Virginia Warren (daughter of Chief Justice Warren) had trouble with her necklace, but her attentive escort, Hugh O'Brian helped out.



Gordon MacRae and his beautiful wife, Shirla, congratulated Eddie—who never has any trouble keeping other singers as friends.



This was a meeting! Remember when Bob Wagner was Debbie's big romance—even if she did deny it? Now they're really "just friends."

IT'S ONLY RIGHT that I should start out "Good News" this month with the June wedding of Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher. MODERN SCREEN published the first story about these young lovers which I wrote after I spent a week-end with them in Las Vegas. This was one of the all-time scoops because no one realized the seriousness of this romance.

No love story in years has so captured the imagination of the public. The first marriage for each. Debbie, cute and pretty enough to eat with a spoon, and Eddie, the slim, curly-haired singer, the bobby-soxers' idol. Where could you find a more attractive pair?

All this has been printed. What I want to tell you about is the cocktail party, the super-duper affair for over six hundred people, that Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Cantor gave in honor of

the popular engaged pair.

Everyone from Mayor and Mrs. Norris Poulson of Los Angeles to the gateman of MGM. and Debbie's Burbank neighbors came to wish the future Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Jack Fisher happiness. That, of course, included the parents of each—Eddie's mother, Mrs. Rose Stuppe, who has recently remarried, and his father, Joseph Fisher, who flew out with their son. They met Debbie's parents. Eddie's father kept whispering to me, "Let's go and get some herring."

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Reynolds, who are very fond of their only daughter's fiancé, posed for pictures before the party started.

Ann Blyth and her husband, Dr. Jim McNulty, were at the party before the host and hostess and prospective bride and groom ar-

rived, because Ann had to leave to sing at a studio affair.

Debbie, wearing a pale blue lace dress and displaying the seven-carat, square-cut diamond, walked in on the arm of her beaming bridegroom-to-be.

Lori Nelson, one of Debbie's closest friends, beautiful in a white lace gown, also arrived early. Robert Wagner, twenty pounds lighter, and once one of Debbie's greatest admirers, gave the future bride a big kiss.

Two engaged couples, Pier Angeli and Vic Damone, who will be married before this is printed, and Vera-Ellen and Victor Rothschild were happily talking wedding plans.

Pretty blonde Virginia Warren and her sister, Honey Bear, daughters of Chief Justice Earl Warren, were escorted by Hugh O'Brian,

GOOD NEWS



Pier Angeli and Debbie spent half the evening comparing their engagement rings. Pier and Vic Damone looked just as radiant as the future Mr. and Mrs. Fisher—and both girls were so thrilled at becoming engaged at practically the same time. They have been friends for years now.

youthful actor. Jack Webb escorted lovely, blonde Dorothy Towne, and this romance is very much on. Mary and Jack Benny, Gracie Allen and George Burns were in the crowd.

There was such a crush that I stood on a balcony to watch those who came and went. In the throng I saw Barbara Ruick, who is back with her husband, Robert Horton; Mary and Bob Cummings, Jimmy McHugh, who is one of Eddie's close friends, Arthur Freed, MGM producer, who plans a musical starring Debbie and her fiancé, Barbara Rush with a new glamorous hair-do, the Ames Brothers, the Eddie Robinsons, Joan Crawford, the Van Hellins, Terry Moore with Jacques Sernas, Milton Blackstone, Eddie's manager, all attending the biggest cocktail party ever given.

One very proud guest was Mrs. Jennie

Grossinger, who flew out for the party at the special invitation of Eddie Cantor. It was at Grossinger's resort in the Catskills that Eddie Cantor first saw young Eddie and said, "That boy is great and I'm taking him with me." And he did that, starting Eddie on his success.

The Cantor party cost close to \$4,000, but as Eddie Cantor told me, "Ida and I feel he is the nearest thing to a son we have ever had."

Oh, yes, just before I left, Debbie presented Eddie with black pearl studs and cufflinks.

I FOUND A NEW SWEETNESS in Gary's manner toward Rocky and she is certainly a different and warmer girl. If I hadn't dined with Rocky and Gary Cooper at their fabulous new modern home, I might have been skeptical about their reconciliation.

Almost everyone at the wonderful, huge party seemed to be in love!



I've never seen Vera-Allen so happy as since her engagement to Vic Rothschild.



Jane Powell and Pat Nerney had already set the wedding date—November 8.



I'm so glad Aldo Ray and Jeff Donnell made up their minds and got married.



Mala Powers' marriage to Monte Vanton won't mean giving up her career after all.



Surprise of the Month: GUY MADISON AND SHEILAH CONNOLLY ELOPE

■ Just as I was leaving the Cantor party, someone telephoned that Guy Madison was leaving for Juarez, Mexico, the next day to divorce Gail Russell. He married immediately after, as you know, beautiful Sheilah Connolly, twenty-four-year-old TV actress who looks like Elizabeth Taylor. They went to Miami on a honeymoon.

Guy had been begging Gail for a divorce, and finally on October 6, obtained one himself. Gail has been emotionally upset for a long time and Guy has been very patient, doing everything to help her until finally it became too much of a burden.

The new bridegroom is building a home for his bride. Guy has zoomed to fame in the last year in the *Wild Bill Hickok* TV series and in the Warner movies, *The Charge At Feather River* and *The Command*.



Gary has seen a lot of the world since the first time I met him. He's become wealthy and while his casual dialogue in pictures fools a lot of people, in private life he loves to talk and can discuss any subject.

He and I laughed over the first time he came down from Montana to play the lead in *The Winning Of Barbara Worth*.

"I certainly was green, wasn't I?" he said.

Well, he's a polished man of the world now. I know that one of the big bonds between him and Rocky is their mutual devotion to their daughter and in their new, tropical house everything has been built for Gary's comfort. Even such details as the washbasins having been put in at a level suited to Gary's height have been thought of. So he's very happy.

By the time this is in print, Jane Powell will be Mrs. Pat Nerney, Pier Angeli will be Mrs. Vic Damone and Vera-Ellen will undoubtedly be Mrs. Victor Rothschild. Of all these romances, the most surprising is Vera's.

I must say I was bowled over when Vera called me. For more than a year she had been seen everywhere with Richard Gully. Recently he had to go to Europe for a few months and during this time, Victor, who has been a very dashing young man about Hollywood discovered cute little Vera.

But at first, I'll admit, I thought this was just one of the little dancer's many flirtations. Do you remember when Rock Hudson was the one and only in her life? Then Dean Miller was considered serious.

However, when she and Victor came to a party I gave, I knew she was really in love this time. She was wearing a beautiful square-cut diamond ring and was full of her plans for a honeymoon at Acapulco in Mexico.

TWO NEW AND IMPORTANT babies will make their appearances in town this coming year. In the midst of all the excitement of Judy Garland's triumph in *A Star is Born*, she telephoned me to say, "I'm going to have a baby! I'm going to have a baby! I just found out and wanted you to be the first to know, Louella." With two little daughters, Judy won't mind a bit if this one turns out to be a boy.

About three weeks after Judy's premiere, Liz Taylor had the laugh on all of us. She and Michael Wilding expect their second baby in March and not one columnist knew it.

"I kept my secret well," laughed Liz when I queried her. "You never had any idea."

I laughed, recalling what Mike said to me soon after their son was born. "I keep picking up magazines with stories about 'Liz Taylor's baby,'" he said in his quiet, witty way. "I read them all, say to myself, 'That's also my baby and a really extraordinary child.'"

The newest Wilding will be named Virginia if it's a girl, and Christopher if a boy.

WHEN CLARK GABLE ALLOWS his picture to be taken again and again with the same girl at social events, it begins to look serious.

Well, the King has been photographed many times lately with Kay Williams Spreckels, beautiful blonde ex-wife of sugar millionaire Adolph Spreckels.

Kay was terribly in love with Clark before she married Spreckels and apparently he was in love with her. They went together for a long time, but then, without a word, Gable walked out of her life.

I'd be the last to prophesy that he will marry Kay now. But there's no telling with

Clark, though I do know he says he will never wed again. But he's said that before.

Kay had an ardent suitor in Hal Hayes, wealthy contractor. When Clark telephoned her for a date, she dropped Hayes and has been seen at all the premières with the King.

JOHN WAYNE IS SO PROUD of the success of his boy, Pat, that he doesn't care who knows it. Pat began his acting career with a very small role in John Ford's *The Long Gray Line*. Then he got a better part in *Mr. Roberts*, also under Ford's direction. It was shot in Hawaii, not far from where "The Duke" was making his own film, *The Sea Chase*.

But it was when Bill Wellman, the director, selected Pat to be in *C'est La Guerre* and to play Wellman himself, as a World War I flyer, that John got on the telephone to me.

"You know that Ford started me in this business twenty-five years ago," John said, "and that Bill Wellman has been one of my closest pals for ages. For them to have faith in this kid of mine—well, Louella, I'll confess to you, when they showed me Pat's tests I had tears in my eyes. It was like seeing myself, starting out again, so long ago. Except that Pat's much better and handsomer."

ROCK HUDSON HAS BEEN reported so many places this month with so many different girls that there may be more to it than meets the eye. Rock is a stay-at-home and his nearest to a steady has been Betty Abbott.

But since the Barbara Rush-Jeffrey Hunter split-up, a lot of people have been pointing out that while Betty Abbott went to Ireland when Rock made *Captain Lightfoot*, she came back as soon as her job as script girl was concluded. Rock went on to Paris. Barbara, of course, was the leading lady in that film.

I still hope that Jeff and Barbara will get back together. Barbara has glamorized herself and is different from the girl of a year ago.

When James Mason announced the other day that he was retiring from acting to become a producer, his precocious six-year-old Portie looked up and said, "Don't worry, Father. I shall carry on the Mason acting tradition."

And do you want to know something? I have no doubt that she will.

PERSONAL OPINIONS: I wish Liberace wouldn't wear red ruffled shirts, fancy shoes and black and gold brocaded evening clothes. He's too talented and too nice a person to go in for such extremes in clothes.

Dan Dailey and Mrs. Gwen O'Connor should confine their battles to privacy. It shows a want of taste for Dan Dailey, whose career has never been better, and for Donald O'Connor, who is so popular with the public.

All of us who love Marilyn Monroe were sorry to see her do all that posing for newsreels after her separation from Joe DiMaggio. For the first time in her life she didn't seem sincere. Marilyn is much too dear a person to put on such a show. Few believed she was as unhappy as she pretended.

We all hope that Ava Gardner will stop pouting with her studio. She's such a fine actress and such an asset to the screen, it's too bad to have her away so long.

All those who know and love Susan Hayward wish that Jess Barker would stop trying to make it difficult for Susie, who has had so much trouble over his shenanigans during their hectic divorce.

We had an ice cream party after Phffft!



Kim Novak (who's just terrific in the picture) joined Jack and Cynthia Lemmon, (Judy Holiday couldn't be there.) Jack's a star now—don't miss the story on p. 56.



Bob Francis split a sundae with Aldo Ray and his Jeff. No one worried about diets that night.



Kim's engaged to Marc Krim; she will soon be Kim Krim!



Terry Moore, almost sedate these days, came with hotel heir Nicky Hilton, Liz Taylor's ex.



Joanne Gilbert and Mort Viner shared sodas with Jack.

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



The spectacular premiere of *A Star is Born* was one of the most exciting events even Hollywood has ever seen!



I saw Liberace there; I love him, but I don't like that brocaded tuxedo jacket he wears.



Judy Garland was so glowing, so happy, not only over the success of her film, but because she's expecting another child. The men are Jack Carson, George Jessel, Sid Luft and George Fisher.



Clark Gable is almost always with Kay Spreckels these days. Watch this romance!



Suzan Ball, with Dick Long, of course, wore the latest rage—a satin-and-jersey combination.



George Jessel met happy-again Rocky and Gary Cooper; they're trying to keep it that way.



Frank Sinatra just gloried in Judy's triumph; he had a bad time before his comeback, too.



Rock Hudson brought—guess who?—Betty Abbott to the preem and party! They're dating.



Liz and Mike beamed all evening, now that the news about Liz' next baby is finally out.

THERE HAVE BEEN SO MANY good parties this month, besides the Reynolds-Fisher soirée, it's hard to choose which of the others were the best. Joan Crawford had so many stars crowded into the tiny Polo Loggia, in honor of Helen Hayes, moving was almost impossible.

There was Judy Garland, bubbling over with happiness, between her rave notices for *A Star Is Born* and the fact of her approaching motherhood. There was Clifton Webb bringing his popular mother, Mabelle, out for the first time after her serious illness, and Jack Benny with his Mary, getting around, too, for the first time since she was sick. Gary Cooper came stag, and so did Rock Hudson, while George Nader stayed close to the hostess' side. Sue and Alan Ladd came early, left early, and then came back. "This party is too good," they said.

Joan, as always, was the flawless hostess and the food was much too good.

A few nights later, after the preview of *Phffft!* there was an ice cream soda party at a malt shop across from the theatre. And for Hollywood, where people usually go to Romanoff's or the Mocambo, this was distinctive and fun. All the younger set were there.

Aldo Ray and Jeff Donnell were proudly displaying their matching wedding rings. Bob Francis brought pretty May Wynn. Terry Moore beamed on the arm of Nicky Hilton, Vince Edwards was with Connie Towers. The calorie consumption was something terrible.

THE TYRONE POWER-LINDA CHRISTIAN marriage failure wasn't surprising to those of us on the inside. Ty had been away for so long, first on the road with John Brown's Body and then on business. Now he has signed with Katharine Corriell in *The Dark Is Light Enough* for Broadway, which will surely take him away for more months.

Ty takes his career very seriously. He comes not only from a long line of actors but from a long line of Tyrone Powers whom you can find mentioned in theatrical histories back to the seventeenth century.

Linda is a playgirl. She is spectacular and she loves parties.

Ty fell in love with Linda at the time when everyone thought he was going to marry Lana Turner—including Lana Turner. He and Lana gave a big farewell party at the Mocambo on the eve of his flying to Europe, five years ago. He seemed to be deeply in love.

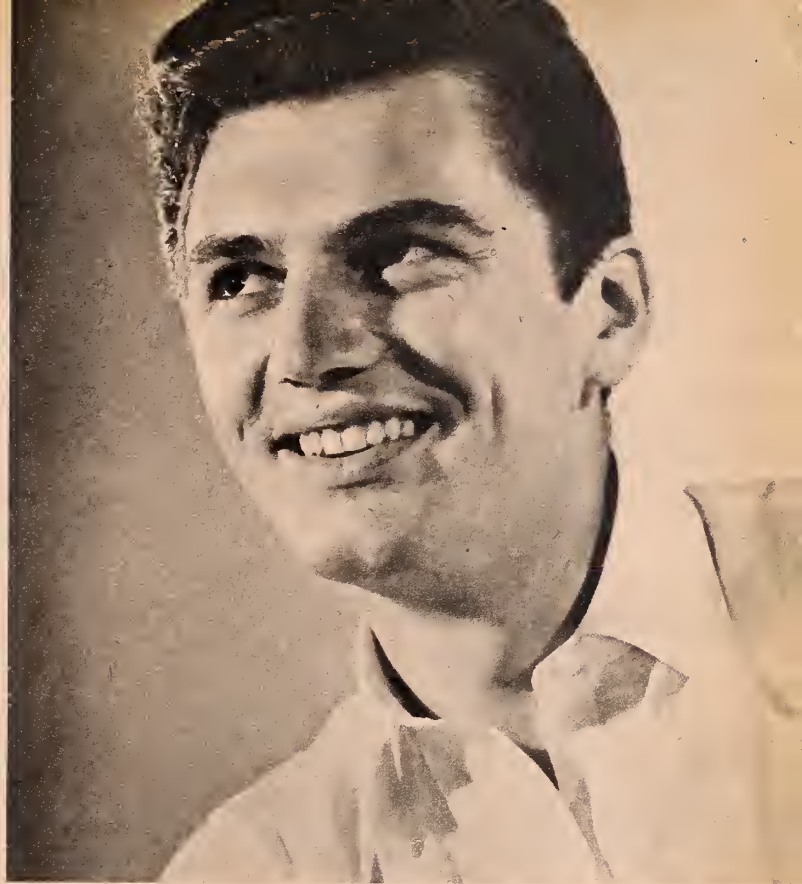
So he flew to Europe, met Linda, the Mexican beauty with the green eyes. She spoke several languages fluently. She had traveled everywhere. From that moment on, Ty never again wrote to Lana.

He and Linda were married in Rome and felt so romantic about the church where the ceremony was performed that they gave their first child an adaptation of its name.

Ty always wanted children of his own. When he was married to Annabella, he was a devoted stepfather to her daughter, and he was always very fond of Cheryl Crane, Lana's daughter.

It seems such a shame that his two little daughters still couldn't make it a happy home for him. Asked about a possible reconciliation, Ty said firmly, "This marriage has been over for a long while."

A MUCH HAPPIER STORY is the change that has come over the Fred MacMurray household since June Haver became Fred's bride June 28 at the Ojai Valley Inn.



on my soapbox: I'M DISAPPOINTED IN EDMUND PURDOM

■ In all my years in Hollywood I've never seen any talented young actor behave more unwisely than Edmund Purdom has since he received his big break of being cast in *The Student Prince* and *The Egyptian*.

Before these opportunities he was very modest, very poor—and very appealing. He had made numerous friends, all of whom believed in him and several of whom saw to it that he and his charming wife had food and lodgings. When the Purdom baby was on the way, other friends arranged for hospitalization.

So what happened with success? Edmund turned his distinguished back on most of these people. He became frosty with the press. And in this town where everyone is a "name" he became the biggest name dropper of all. When his second child was born, he just barely made it back to town—at the insistent urging of his studio—from a vacation he was having, without his wife, in Mexico.

Now that the Tyrone Powers have separated, the rumors that have been whispered in Hollywood are coming right out in the open. But I want to say that throughout all this Mrs. Purdom has behaved wonderfully, but she became so ill that she went into a hospital with a nervous breakdown when he left her to go alone to Europe.

He is a good actor. He has a lovely wife and fine children. If his head has been turned, there's no reason why he can't turn it back to where it was—and become again a charming human being, a good father and husband and a star with a great future.



the letter box

First, a word of thanks to all of you for your zippy letters. That's what I asked for—and you certainly responded. For instance:

AUDREY, DENNY, WILLIE WERTH and GEORGE W. BLACK sent me a joint letter asking how to break into movies, as also did PVT. RON SETLIK and PVT. GLENDON RHEA, among lots of others. To all of you I say if you live anywhere near a Little Theatre group, get into it, learn everything you can, and see if you can't distinguish yourself there. Little Theatre groups are thoroughly "scouted."

If this is impossible, you can do a lot worse than to send a clear—and flattering—photograph of yourself to any producer you know (from reading my column, naturally!) to be doing a picture for which you think you may be qualified. Write as detailed a letter as you can to send with it.

TO MRS. MAXINE DAVIS, of Minneapolis, I want to say that your cards and letters re getting Van Johnson better roles are certainly paying off. Van has the best line-up of pictures he's ever had.

LUPE NEIMAN of Havana, Cuba, takes me to task for what I said regarding Luis Dominguin, Ava Gardner's bullfighter friend. Says Lupe, "He was very charming and mannerly when he was here in Cuba." Incidentally, I received so many Brazilian letters regarding Ava I can't possibly acknowledge them all. I'm sorry that so beautiful and talented a girl got things so badly mixed up.

And I'm very amused by LILA OUTIERREZ of Coyoacan, Mexico, who says, "I am tired of seeing in every movie magazine pictures of that dull young man called Robert Wagner. I suggest you give us more information about real actors such as Stewart Granger." Lila also says she prefers Audrey Hepburn to Marilyn Monroe. I can honestly tell you, Lila, I like all these four. But it's differences of opinion which make horseraces and box office, and which make a good letter-box, too. So all of you keep on writing me what you think—and the hotter the better.



Joan Crawford's daughter Christina is quite a beauty. She and Joan double-date now! Joan's with Lee Trent and Christina brought Henry Harwood when they went to Ciro's together.

There was never a more devoted husband than Fred was to his beloved Lily, his first wife. But even before their marriage, she was in poor health and throughout all their lives together, she was virtually an invalid.

No girl is sunnier by temperament or more full of natural bounce than June. Fred's two children, Susan, fifteen, and Robert, ten, had been raised by a housekeeper, in a household which had always been hushed.

June got a new housekeeper, put the children on their own to be as noisy as they please, and has generally brought color and laughter into the life of all of them. Which makes June the good stepmother of whom every other good stepmother can be proud.

I NOMINATE FOR STARDOM: Kim Novak. She has a perfectly proportioned chassis, a lovely complexion. Her hair is blonde and her eyes almost green. She is a mere twenty-one—but the reason I go for her is because she acted so well she stole *Phffft!* from Academy Award winner Judy Holliday, no less

This was only Kim's second picture, but already other studios are trying to borrow her from Columbia. If and when *The Jean Harlow Story* is ever made, she seems to be the likeliest candidate.

She was born in Chicago and Novak is her real name. But for fame purposes, she had to

change her first name, which was Marilyn—and you know there's another blonde who has a patent on that one.

Her father was an employee of the Chicago-Milwaukee Railroad, and still is. Her mother had been a history teacher. The family was very well off, but just the same Kim liked working after school, so that during her high school days she worked in a five-and-dime, ran an elevator and served as a dentist's assistant. In college, she worked as a model and was quite successful.

It was the modeling that brought her to Hollywood and her hobby of bicycle riding that brought her to the attention of the talent scouts. You see, she was wearing very short shorts on her very long legs, and the blouse she had on was cut low and fitted close.

Pushover was her first picture and she played a low-down girl in a low-down way completely different from her high comedy portrayal in *Phffft!*—but both are so sexy you could see smoke curling up around the pre-view audience.

She isn't married. She's a great cook. She lives at Hollywood's famed Studio Club—which drives the wolves wild.

She'll go very far and quickly, too, take my word for it.

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



Margaret O'Brien is certainly grown up these days; I hope her career picks up again.



Lee Liberace's steady is Joanne Rio; they're always together but they aren't engaged.

THEIR LOVE DEFIED THE FURY OF

A RAVAGER'S RUTHLESS LUSTS!

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Attila thundered against the World and
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LUDMILLA TCHERINA • RITA GAM

with **JEFF MORROW • GEORGE DOLENZ • EDUARD FRANZ • ALEXANDER SCOURBY**

Directed by **DOUGLAS SIRK** • Screenplay by **OSCAR BRODNEY** and **BARRE' LYNDON** • Story by **Oscar Brodney** • Produced by **ALBERT J. COHEN**



NEW MOVIES

by *florence epstein*



The proposal scene is tender, but very Hollywood, taking place on a set between scenes of a film.



The biggest production number in the picture is "I Was Born In A Trunk," the musical biography of an "overnight sensation." It takes place in a picture-within-the-picture.



Early in the film Judy sings "The Man That Got Away," a really great blues number, sure to be a hit.



The major turning point in the film is the Academy Awards scene when Judy reaches the peak of her success and Mason hits rock bottom, drunk and jobless at the big ceremony.



James Mason delivers his finest acting to date as the alcoholic, once-great star who discovers Judy.

Picture of the Month: A STAR IS BORN

■ It's here at last—that long-heralded, long-awaited "comeback." Judy Garland is great, singing every kind of song her huge talent encompasses and socking every one across with that vibrant up-and-down moodiness. Warners' backs her up with costly sets, lavish Technicolor and a story about Hollywood itself. It starts at a benefit show for Motion Picture Relief. Big star James Mason arrives very drunk and Judy, singing onstage, covers up for him. Later he thanks her; still later he searches for her all over town because he can't get her voice out of his mind. After some delay, due to his being whisked off on location, Mason gets her a contract and tricks studio boss Charles Bickford into hearing her sing. Judy and Mason fall in love, marry. She rises, he drops from stardom and consoles himself with even more liquor, but liquor only takes him further away from any kind of happiness, and nearly destroys his wife's career, too. Mason's acting is fine as usual. Pathetic but sympathetic, he emerges as a really tragic figure. Jack Carson, a cynical public relations man, brutally hastens his final crackup. But the story takes second place to the acting, which in turn is overshadowed by Judy Garland, whose personality and enormous zest cover everything with a special glow.

More reviews on page 2



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THE COUNTRY GIRL Apparently the wonder of Bing Crosby never ceases; he outdoes himself in *The Country Girl*, a drama based on Clifford Odets' play. And Grace Kelly, formerly a golden glamour girl, is subtle, complex and extremely convincing as his long-suffering, devoted wife. The story: William Holden, dynamic Broadway director, wants to audition Crosby for a musical drama even though producer Anthony Ross calls Crosby a has-been who drinks too much. Crosby auditions well, is signed for the part but reads lines badly during rehearsal. In a man-to-man way he tells Holden that Grace is to blame for his lack of drive, his uncertainty. Naturally, Holden begins to resent Grace's interference and treats her with increasing contempt. He finds out later that Crosby—a weak, sick man—has been handing him a pack of lies. It's a poignant, beautifully acted drama, startlingly real.—Para.



THREE RING CIRCUS Here are Martin and Lewis again—much less mad but often hilarious. Discharged from the Army, Lewis joins up with a circus. He wants to be a clown but the only opening is for a lion tamer. Martin tags along and when his eyes light on Zsa Zsa Gabor (of the high-flying trapeze) his work is cut out for him—temporarily. Joanne Dru owns part of the circus and her kind of love is more solid. The circus is a wonderful background for Lewis' really wistful humor. Terrified, he's shot from a cannon, locked in a cage with lions, painfully embarrassed when his awkwardness as a propman steals the spotlight from an aerialist. In an almost Chaplinesque way he works toward clowndom where his woe-hogone make-up, his humane attempt to make a little paralytic girl laugh add moments of dignity to an otherwise simply entertaining film. Technicolor.—Para.



PHFFFT! Only unfunny thing about this movie is the title which sounds even worse than it reads. Aside from that, *Phffft!* is a delightful comedy about more or less ordinary people living up to their new roles of gay divorcees. Judy Holliday, TV writer, is bored with Jack Lemmon, attorney, and vice versa. After eight years of marriage they can't live with each other, but it turns out they can't live with anybody else either. Lemmon's bachelor friend, Jack Carson, converts him into a gadabout (with sportscar, weskit and wolf whistle) and sets him loose on Kim Novak who not only bewilders but scares Lemmon stiff. Judy, meanwhile, invests in a siren wardrobe, determined to offer herself up to whichever bidder bites. But she keeps yearning for the comforting boredom of her ex-mate. Quick, funny characterizations and clever dialogue (by George Axelrod, author of *The Seven Year Itch*) make a slim plot seem meaty.—Col.



CARMEN JONES The music is from Bizet's famous opera, the book is by Oscar Hammerstein and the result is wonderful. Dorothy Dandridge as Carmen—moody, passionate, a *femme fatale*—works in a parachute factory down south. Her prey is Harry Belafonte, a handsome young soldier headed for flying school. He resists Carmen manfully, but not for long, and pretty soon he has left his girl (Olga James) and his honor behind to flee to Chicago with Carmen and hide out in a tawdry room. Carmen feels boxed in—so she drops Belafonte for Joe Adams, heavyweight boxing champ, who has all of Chicago and much of its money to play with. Wildly jealous, Belafonte hounds her to death. The story is a classic tragedy; this CinemaScope version is classic, too. The cast (which features Pearl Bailey), the sets, the singing of Hammerstein's brilliant lyrics are all charged with vitality and excitement.—20th-Fox.



BLACK WIDOW There are all these jaded New Yorkers (like theatrical producers and great stars) living rather peaceably in their swank penthouses when along comes a small, innocent, intense young writer named Peggy Ann Garner and those jaded New Yorkers start falling apart. Peggy is so open and open minded and all that everybody wants to help her. The question is: what rat helped her hang herself in Van Heflin's bathroom? Heflin is a theatrical producer married to Gene Tierney and while Gene is away he plays father to Peggy, lets her use his apartment as a workshop. In the apartment above live Ginger Rogers, a star, and her grateful husband, Reginald Gardiner. Ginger doesn't like Heflin's carryings-on. But he can't help it if Peggy pursues him. This kid Peggy gets around—before the hanging, that is. Who hanged her? Detective George Raft figures that out. CinemaScope.—20th-Fox.



UNCHAINED In 1941 a man named Kenyon Scudder opened The California Institute for Men at Chino. It was a revolutionary event in penal history. Fifteen hundred criminals moved into Chino which had no gun towers, no concrete wall, no armed guards—and no bars. Instead, it offered dorms, vocational training, picnic grounds for visitors, a self-governing council. Heaven—except no prison ever is. *Unchained* was filmed at Chino. It's based on fact but achieves the rounded drama of fiction. Its main character is Steve Davitt (Elroy Hirsch) arrested for nearly killing a man he thought had robbed him. Now he wants out, but he comes to realize that escape is more than a personal affair. It involves all the prisoners, endangers the continued existence of Chino itself. Dramas of other men striving toward rehabilitation also unfold. With Barbara Hale, Chester Morris, Todd Duncan.—Hall Bartlett Prod.



BEAU BRUMMELL Improbable, sentimental, a regular tear-jerker, Beau Brummell (that's Stewart Granger) plays himself out against the beautiful, misty scenery of England and in the elaborate costumes and interiors of the early 19th century. Beau is a handsome upstart of the Royal Hussars. He speaks right out to the Prince of Wales (Peter Ustinov), insulting him roundly and thereby winning his passionate friendship. He also wins the love of a lady (Elizabeth Taylor) but she wavers between his recklessness and her betrothed's conservative nobility. Brummell's wit and daring make him a leading society figure and a great influence on Ustinov who's in love with Maria Fitzherbert (Rosemary Harris) instead of some German princess. Brummell urges him to become Regent (displacing his mad old father, Robert Morley, now King) but this plan fails and with it goes Ustinov's friendship. Beau flees to France, sinks into poverty and sickness but England, one gathers, suffers even more by his departure. Technicolor.—MGM

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

WOMAN'S WORLD (20th-Fox): Big, slick and entertaining, this one stars Arlene Dahl, Lauren Bacall, June Allyson, Clifton Webb, Fred MacMurray, Van Heflin and Cornel Wilde in a sort of female *Executive Suite*. CinemaScope and Technicolor.

HANSEL AND GRETEL (Myerberg): Recommended as heartily for the grown-ups as for the kids, this charming version of Humperdinck's famous opera has the benefit of Kinemins to look at and excellent actors and singers to listen to. Technicolor.

HIGH AND DRY (U.I.): Another wonderful little British comedy, this film has American Paul Douglas as a barried business man trying to inject efficiency into the lackadaisical, no-ulcer way of life of the Scotch captain of a somewhat decrepit boat.

ROMEO AND JULIET (U.A.): If you already love the play, go see this beautiful production, starring Susan Shental, Laurence Harvey and Flora Robson. If you haven't come to love it yet, run, do not walk, to see it. It's the best love story ever!

THE BAREFOOT CONTESSA (U.A.): An amazing mixture of love, sex, satire, tragedy and Technicolor that will keep you fascinated, if slightly confused. Ava Gardner, Humphrey Bogart, Edmond O'Brien and others turn in topnotch performances in this complex Cinderella-like tale.

BRIGADOON (MGM): Gene Kelly, Cyd Charisse, Van Johnson, singing and dancing all over the Irish countryside in a sentimental, Technicolored fable that includes hit songs like "Almost Like Being In Love."

THE DETECTIVE (Col.): Alec Guinness is at his best—and you can't beat that for laughs—in a delightful story of a priest determined to reform a master thief before the police get to him.

SUDDENLY (U.A.): Frank Sinatra gives another startlingly good performance as a half-crazed killer out to assassinate the President.

REAR WINDOW (Para.): The best Hitchcock thriller in some time, it features 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 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.

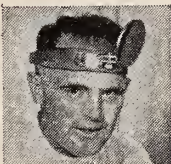
ON THE WATERFRONT (Col.): One of the year's best films, this tense and exciting story of longshoremen vs. corrupt union bosses stars Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, lovely Eva Marie Saint. Directed by Elia Kazan.



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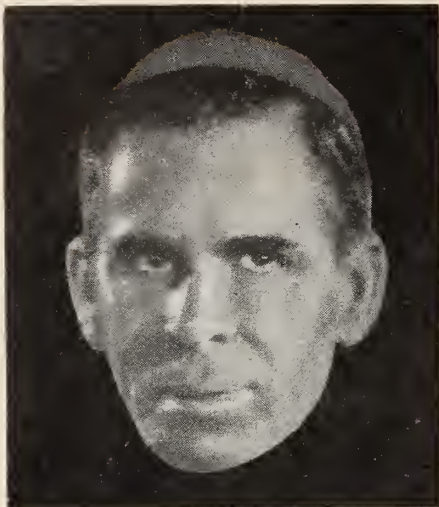
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BISHOP SHEEN

frankly answers those questions

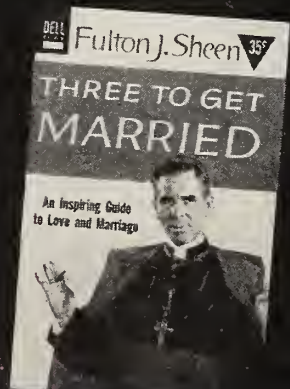
on *LOVE*
SEX and
MARRIAGE

that challenge *every couple*

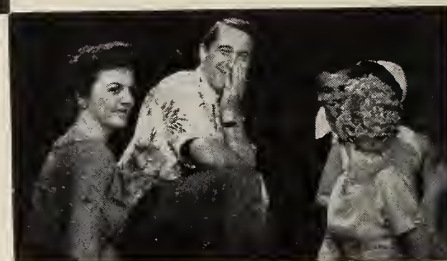
in **THREE
TO GET
MARRIED**

now a big-selling DELL book

ONLY **35¢** on sale everywhere



THE CASUAL TOUCH



*To Perry (Perpetual
Phenomenon) Como, life
is a never-ending
vacation—as long as he's
at work!*

■ A couple of weeks before his show was due to start its fall schedule, Perry Como, looking like a little boy lost, began to show up daily at his office in Radio City. He would shuffle through the mail, look through the stack of new tunes and make a few phone calls. He seemed edgy.

"What's the matter, Perry?" asked his brother-in-law, Dee Belline, who looks out for things for him.

"I got tired of sitting around the house," Perry replied. "Thought maybe I could find some new songs I liked or something."

It certainly wasn't that his summer had been dull. With his brother-in-law, he spent a couple of weeks in the north woods, catching the kind of big fish you read about. Then he went back to his Sands Point, Long Island, home and spent another four weeks with the boys. Ronnie, his thirteen-year-old son, got him interested in some more fishing. He played golf and took the family to the beach. It was an ideal lazy summer, but something was missing.

So much has been written about Perry Como's relaxed conduct as a television performer, that people tend to forget that the singing Perry does is an important part of his calm way of life. He has been standing up before a howling crowd of teen-agers three times a week for so long that he frankly misses it when he's away. "What do you think makes my home such a delight?" he

once asked. "A hard day's work."

During his first few broadcasts for Chesterfield this fall, Perry behaved like a spring colt let out to grass. Backstage, he kept the Fontane sisters doubled up with gags. Margie most of all; when Perry's feeling good, according to Margie he's the funniest man on earth.

At forty-two, Perry Como is one of America's leading popular singers, responsible for several million record sales each year. Without the aid of make-up, wigs or special attention to his looks, Perry seems to get younger every year. His voice is as mellow as ever, and more than likely, he will come up with another 1,000,000-sale-hit-record (he's had seven to date) before the season is over. His fan mail, mostly from girls, runs more than 2700 letters a week, principally requests for pictures. All this though he is happily married, and bitterly opposed to the dramatic staging of love songs on his show.

Last year, one advertising agency man worried overtime about Perry's failure to project enough romantic feeling during his ballad numbers. "He doesn't make me feel he knows what love is all about," the man said.

"Don't kid yourself," said one of the men in the band. "Our boy Perry could stand out there with both hands in his pockets, grin for eight bars, then read the lyrics off a prompting board—and gas the people. What more do you want—tears?"

The "Inside" Story of Fabulous Playtex Girdles!

★ ★ ★ News from Playtex . . . world's largest-selling girdles ★ ★ ★



This is the Magic-Controller* with the non-roll top . . . one of the famous Playtex Girdles. It has magic fingers to gracefully control your figure for every whim of fashion!

that way, Playtex offers you a full line of briefs and girdles with latex on the outside and fabric on the inside. . . .

SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE

A lesson learned from an animal made Mahoney a better man!

■ When I was ten years old I had a dog. He was brown all over—nose, eyes and body, so I named him "Shadow." One day I was crossing a busy thoroughfare and on reaching the other side, saw that Shadow had not crossed. Having trained my dog to obey, and he being ten years old, I commanded him to come to me. He obediently started to cross and was hit by a car. Hurt and dazed, he got up and started to limp uncertainly to me, whereupon another car hit him. By the time I carried him home he was drenched with blood—and my tears. He had trusted me and obeyed, and I had caused him to be hit by two cars.

As I bathed his cuts and bruises I decided that never again would I command another individual—animal or human, without thinking. That's why when I was given my chance between fighters and bombers in the Marine Corps, I took fighters—so if I goofed no one else would go with me.

That day almost cost me my dog—but he got better and I think I'm a better man for the experience.

By Jock Mahoney



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



P.S. You'll love the new PLAYTEX Living BRA! It's "custom-contoured" of elastic and nylon to flatter, feel and fit as if fashioned for you alone! Only \$3.95

*U.S.A. and Foreign Patents Pending



No other girdles whittle away so many inches, yet feel so comfortable! Only Playtex® has the slimming power of latex outside plus the comfort of kitten-soft fabric inside. Washes in seconds and you can practically watch it dry. Freedom-giving Playtex Girdles control those "Calorie-Curves"... give you that slimmer-trimmer look, no matter what your size!

PLAYTEX fabric lined Girdles & Briefs... from \$4.95 Known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube—at department stores and better specialty shops.

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9500 SKIN TESTS PROVE ...

Palmolive Soap Is Mildest! Better for Complexion Care!

BETTER THAN ANY LEADING TOILET SOAP...
FLOATING SOAP... EVEN COLD CREAM!



Skin Specialists Agree: Milder Cleansing is Better for Your Complexion!

A mild soap means: less irritation...more gentle cleansing...softer, smoother skin. Palmolive brings you all these benefits—yes, Palmolive is better for skin care . . . because it's the mildest of them all. That's why no other leading soap or cold cream gets skin thoroughly clean as gently as Palmolive!

So change today to Palmolive's Beauty Plan...gently massage Palmolive's lather onto your skin for 60 seconds, 3 times a day. Rinse; pat dry. In 14 days or less, see if you don't have softer, smoother, brighter skin—that Schoolgirl Complexion Look! Palmolive is the mildest—far better for complexion care!

LOOK AT THE FACTS — PROVED BY 9500 SKIN TESTS!



Palmolive Is Proved
Milder than Any Other Leading
Beauty Soap or Castile Soap!



Palmolive Is Proved
Milder than Leading White
Floating Soaps or Deodorant Soaps!



Palmolive Is Proved
Even Milder than America's Leading
Cold Creams!



PALMOLIVE SOAP HELPS YOU GUARD THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION LOOK!

Why Joe let her go!

THE STORY THE DI MAGGIOS COULDN'T TELL—THE TRUTH BEHIND THE SHOCK-DIVORCE OF THE YEAR!



by William Barbour

■ Just 263 days after Marilyn Monroe and Joe Di Maggio were married in San Francisco, Marilyn, through her lawyer, filed for divorce in Santa Monica, charging mental cruelty.

Hours later, those who had followed their story were asking, "Why? What really happened? We thought this was one of the happiest marriages in Hollywood."

There was disillusion, disenchantment and disapproval.

And there were plenty of answers from those who had been misleading the public for months with super-saccharine accounts of this supposedly idyllic marriage.

The reasons advanced for Marilyn's marital breakup were that Joe was jealous of Hal Schaefer, Marilyn's voice coach; that Joe was jealous of Natasha Lytess, Marilyn's dramatics coach; that Joe was jealous of the 20th Century-Fox publicity staff; that Joe was jealous of Hugh (*Continued on page 27*)

More pictures on next page



Why Joe let her go!

continued

Heartsick and exhausted
after facing newsmen, Marilyn
reported to her studio, tried
to work and smile but
was soon sent home by
doctors for a rest . . . be-
fore facing the ordeal of
the divorce trial and
the lonely weeks ahead





(Continued from page 25)
 French, Charlie Feldman,
 and several other agents who
 handle Marilyn; that Joe
 was jealous of Marilyn; that
 Joe was jealous of the men,
 some extremely prominent, in
 Marilyn's past; that there
 was a conflict of careers.

In short, Joe Di Maggio has
 been made the "heavy" in this
 divorce. That is unfair and
 not in accord with the facts.

There is no "heavy" in this
 breakup. Joe and Marilyn
 are both to blame. When each
 needed the other the most,
 they let each other down.
 They talked one way about
 their marriage, but they did
 the opposite. More important,
 they felt the opposite.

Marilyn kept saying, "In
 our marriage, Joe comes first.
 He's the boss. We want
 children as soon as possible."

Joe kept saying, "Her career
 won't interfere with our
 marriage, because we won't
 let it."

High-sounding words, good
 intentions—but how were
 they carried out?

A few minutes before
 Marilyn was married, she
 had phoned Harry Brand,
 publicity chief at her studio.

"Joe and I are on the way
 to City Hall to get married,"
 she announced. "I promised to
 let you know. And I am."

The significant part of
 this (Continued on page 62)



■ An illusion must be shattered now and then, and here and there a fond but misconceived conception disrupted, in the effort to show the real Hollywood. Jimmy Stewart has been called, usually, "the shyest guy in the movies." This is about as accurate as calling Marilyn Monroe demure. Marilyn certainly can act demure. But she ain't, intrinsically. And Jimmy has been successfully shy, *on the screen*, for more than twenty years. Yet he ain't when he's being himself.

Jimmy has made a specialty of playing the underdog in pictures, the tall, gawky boy who practically has to sort out his thoughts in public as he speaks. But is he actually? Two months ago the Air Force Association of the United States, in convention at Omaha, listened to an address by one of their members, a former colonel of the 8th Air Force in the European Theatre of Command in World War II. This speaker, addressing an assemblage which included such military air power giants as Generals James Doolittle and Curtis LeMay, was Jimmy Stewart. His words were crisp and to the point. His command of himself was admirable and there was no fumbling for words. What was more, remarkable, he was speaking extemporaneously. His speeches are always extemporaneous.

A guest turned to one of the older members and had to express his wonder. "I didn't know Stewart could talk so well—and with such authority!" he exclaimed. "All the pictures you see him in, well—the poor fellow is always sort of reaching for his words, never seems sure he is doing the right thing, and everybody's getting the best of him."

His listener laughed. "You're looking at the real man now," he replied. "He's not related to his screen self at all. This man you see here knows what he is doing. If he played himself in his movies he'd get the best of the villain so fast all his pictures would be over by the second reel!"

In his many portrayals of the perplexed hero, the long-suffering victim who doesn't even like to strike back at his oppressors because any sort of brutality is against his nature, Jimmy has become one of the best-liked actors in the business; (Continued on page 64)

Supposedly the shyest man in Hollywood, Jimmy seldom goes nightclubbing with Glorio—but shyness has nothing to do with it. Nor did he remain unmorried so long because he was too inarticulate to propose to any girl—these theories are just part of the Stewart legend, created by those who can't distinguish the real-life man from the gowky, overgrown boy on the screen!



the Truth about JIMMY STEWART

by Louis Pollock





Audrey's mother said,
"No!" Mel's family didn't
approve. All their friends
said, "Don't!" And then
one day, in a secluded Swiss
chapel, without a word
of warning they were married.

BY STEVE CRONIN

It Just **HAPPENED**

■ Until the very last moment before her marriage, Audrey Hepburn was under pressure to drop Mel Ferrer.

Audrey's mother, the Baroness van Heemstra, had opposed Ferrer from the very beginning of the romance. She had pointed out to Audrey that Ferrer had been married three times, that he had four children to support, that opinion of his character and talent was amazingly divided.

Audrey had made up her mind.

"I'm in love with Mel," she told her mother last September, "and I'm going to marry him. I don't care what anyone says."

The Baroness van Heemstra tried to reconcile herself to the inevitable.

"What she did not want," said one of her friends, "was the usual Hollywood clambake. She wanted her daughter to be married with dignity. She called Sir Neville Bland, the former British ambassador to Holland, and asked if he would give Audrey away. Audrey's real father is a notorious British Fascist, one of Sir Oswald Mosley's Black Shirts, and the family will have nothing to do with him.

"Sir Neville Bland said he would be honored to give Audrey away. The baroness wasn't sure when and where the wedding would be held, but she would certainly let him know in plenty of time." (Continued on page 70)





■ The way Pier Angeli and Vic Damone got engaged was really incredible—even to them. And it was romantic and unforgettable.

Vic and Pier were dancing to juke-box music, "September Song," in The Retake Room, a bar and grill across the street from MGM.

"Let's get married," Vic proposed.

Pier giggled. "I can't. I have a date tonight."

"I'm serious," Vic protested. "On the level, let's get married."

"You've been drinking too much champagne."

"I had less than you," Vic said.

"But I haven't been out with you for almost a year," Pier explained. "Now all of a sudden, you want to get married. You are kidding, Vic? No?"

The crooner shook his handsome head from side to side. He said he'd never been more serious in his life.

"By tomorrow morning," Pier insisted, "you will forget what you said. You are tired this afternoon. Just tired."

"Tell you what," Vic Damone suggested. "You have to come to the studio tomorrow?"

Pier Angeli nodded.

"On your way, stop at the driving range in Westwood. Say ten o'clock. Is that a date?"

Pier gave Vic a little smile, and in the juke box "September Song" faded out. The young lovers edged over to their booth. They sipped another small glass of champagne. Across the table they looked into each other's eyes.

Gene Kelly was in The Retake Room at the same time. "Hi, kids," he greeted.

How strange, Pier thought. What a coincidence that Gene Kelly should be in the same place as they on this very afternoon. Strange because in 1952 Pier Angeli was in Munich with Gene. They were making a picture called *The Devil Makes Three*.

Pier was twenty at the time. She was chaperoned by her mother. For the length of the production they had a double room in the Bayerische Hof Hotel.

One night a call came from a Pfc. Farrinola, Damone's real family name. "This is Vic Damone."

"Yes?" said Pier.

"I'm stationed over here with the Army," Vic explained. "And I heard you were in town."

"Yes?" repeated Pier.

"Well, we're giving a show tonight, an Army show. You know, for the soldiers. I wonder if you'd be kind enough to come."

Pier hesitated. "My mother is with me. Wait (Continued on page 65)

This is the way young love

should be—arriving fast but here to stay,

a little bit wacky, a little bit wonderful,

a little bit of a miracle for Pier and Vic!

BY ALICE HOFFMAN

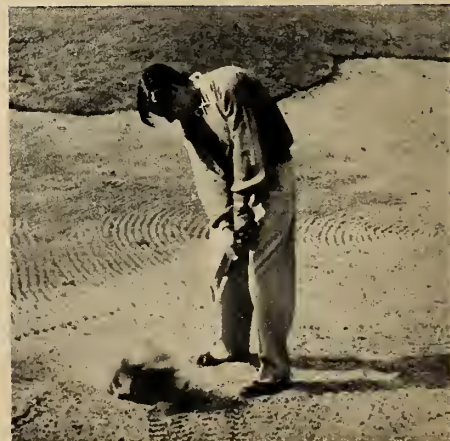
All of a Sudden MY HEART SINGS



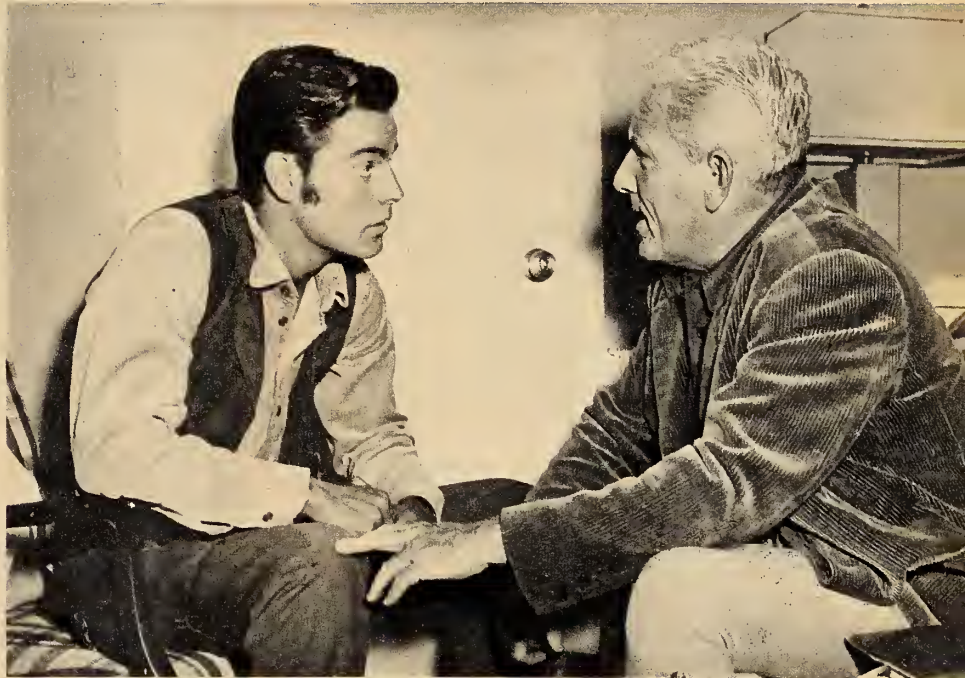
Their sudden engagement announced, Pier and Vic were flooded with congratulations. The most precious were from Pier's hard-to-please mother, who couldn't have been happier.



GOLFING WITH PAL LEX BARKER IS BOB'S FAVORITE RELAXATION—AND DOESN'T INTERFERE WITH HIS WORK AS HE FEARS HAVING A



MINDING HIS BUSINESS



Taking advice from old pros like Spencer Tracy is one of the things Bob does best—and most.

THERE'S A GOOD REASON WHY YOU DON'T HEAR OF BOB WAGNER'S ROMANCES ANY MORE. HE JUST ISN'T IN THE MOOD FOR LOVE!

SPECIAL GIRL ON HIS MIND MIGHT DO.



■ A still handsome, if somewhat grizzled, star of the screen had a short exchange of words with a younger leading man not long ago in New York which would have interested an odd million or two of the latter's fans. The veteran actor was Clark Gable. The younger one was Bob Wagner. Bob was being led to his table at the 21 Club where he had decided to splurge for lunch. He saw Clark Gable and went right over to him. It was about the first time they had seen each other since Bob used to caddy for Clark at the Bel Air Country Club—caddy for Clark and pester him with questions about getting into the movies.

"Well, you made it," smiled Clark, as they shook hands. "And I've been watching your work. It's been good. You're learning your business."

"Thanks from the bottom of my heart," replied Bob. "And you can be sure I've never forgotten what you told me about being an actor. That it is a business and that like any other business it needs strict attending to!"

That was all, but when an older actor so advises a younger actor these days, not the least of what he means is, "Don't get tangled up romantically before you have made solid and clear accomplishment profession- (Continued on page 74)

Like the song says, "Where can I go without you?" Like John Wayne says, "Not even to Hawaii." So, like a good girl, Pilar went, too—and married him!

BY JACK WADE



It took fast talking from John to persuade Pilar to leave her house decoration chores and make the three-thousand-mile, fun-filled trip. Later, when John became sick and needed nursing, she was doubly glad she had come along.



John's Hawaiian home was more modern than native.

THE DUKE GOES WEST



Evenings and Sundays were their only free time together. John and Pilar ate exotic foods, swam, skin-dived, fished and indulged in a favorite island custom—the *siesta*—when unusually rough location shooting wearied even the big Duke.





Thought of by their friends as the most lady-like of all Jahn's laves, Pilar made sure that she was well-chaperoned during the entire trip.

■ When John Wayne read the letter informing him that he would have to travel to Hawaii to film *The Sea Chase* he frowned deeply.

Later on in the afternoon, Pilar Palette, Wayne's fiancée, joined him on the patio.

"How would you like to take a little trip?" he asked.

"Where now?" Pilar answered. "It seems to me you'd like to stay around your house for a while after spending the summer in Utah."

"Hawaii," said Wayne. "A location."

"Oh, no!" Pilar groaned. "For how long?"

"Couple of months," said Wayne.

"I'll miss you," Pilar said.

"We'll have a lot of fun," said Wayne.

"I'll write you every day," said Pilar.

"It's beautiful in Hawaii," said Wayne. "Mary (his secretary) can be a chaperone."

"And by the time you get back," said Pilar, "I'll have the house completely finished. I'll bet you won't even know the place."

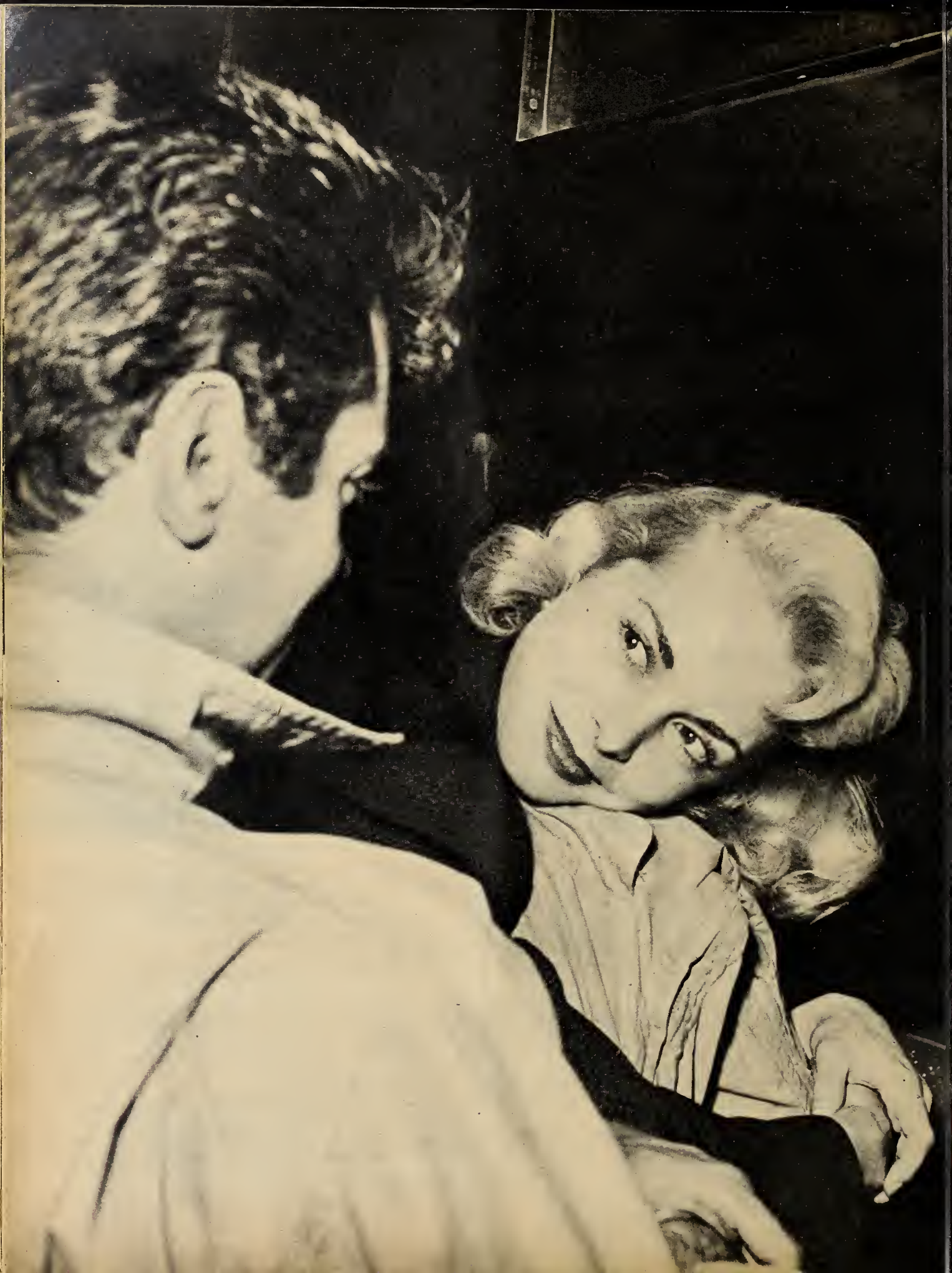
"We could leave a little ahead of time and have a vacation on the boat," said Wayne.

"I don't think much of a girl," Pilar said, "who follows a man everywhere he goes. Traipsing after him like a cocker spaniel."

"Neither do I," said Wayne, "unless she's crazy about him."

"I'll really miss you," said Pilar.

One week later the *Lurline*, the magnificent floating palace of the Matson Line, stood ready at the dock in Wilmington, California, while the passengers streamed aboard. A thousand relatives and friends lined the plank platform beside the ship waving goodbye to a thousand travelers lining the rails. Sailing (Continued on page 68)





**This is a love story, one of the nicest we've ever read—or printed. It should be.
It's written by one of the nicest guys we know—and he's very much in love.**

■ On Christmas trees you hang presents. On this Christmas story I'm hanging a few for Janet. Not the kind you wrap in fancy paper. Or in fancy words either. Mine are wrapped in a plain word. Thanks.

It's our fourth Christmas together, and the girl has had her headaches. You've heard about some of them, but only the half of it. In this case, half a loaf is worse than none. Might create the impression of Craig's Wife round the house, or Dietitian Mary. Than which nothing could be wronger. Unlike Craig's, my wife is too straight to finagle. Biggest deal she ever connived against me was four eggs. For my own good, naturally. But we'll come to that. First, I'd like to go back a little, not to excuse, just to explain myself. And what Janet was up against. And how she operates. Whether by psychology, intuition, horse sense or her own private brew, *you* name it. All I know is, it works.

Some guys are easier to live with, some harder. Being no worm to bite the dust, I'll call myself average. Stubborn here, flexible there. Except for a bunch of quirks. Only quirks don't grow overnight. We're all conditioned.

I was conditioned to potato pancakes for dinner. Eskimos live on blubber, Chinese on rice, I lived on potato pancakes—with a bottle of cherry soda to wash 'em down. My father had a tailor shop. We never went hungry. Day-old bread wasn't that stale that you couldn't chew it. Tomatoes you could buy for a penny at the corner stand. We didn't know from balanced diets or regular mealtimes. A.M. or P. M., (Continued on page 77)



JANE RUSSELL No one could be farther from the supposed norm—or have gone farther with what she's got. The Body weighs 132, stands five feet, seven, measures 37-22-37, reading top to bottom: She's now in *Underwater*.

DEBBIE REYNOLDS You'd have to be blind as a bat to believe it, but the rules seem to say that Deb's bust (34) must be too large for her waist (20) and her hips (32) ought to be larger . . . or is it smaller? We like it as is.

GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA The girl with the unpronounceable name (we're told it's Lo-lo-bridge-ih-dah) is famous as er-slender, but round. The statistics: 36-22-35. Anyone worried because she thinks bust is over-developed?

KIM NOVAK With only two pictures released (*Phffft!* is the latest) Kim has proved so successful that there are already several guaranteed authentic imitators of Novak! They have a sleek 37-22-37 to live up to.





VIRGINIA MAYO

YOUNG MEN IN A HURRY



JIM ARNESS



Ten new Lochinvars have shown up in the west. Most of these fast-rising youngsters are the rugged, outdoor type, but there's a sprinkling of the suave among them, too. So far they haven't exactly stormed the ranks of the top ten—but give them time (they won't need too much) and the Gables, Stewarts and Lancasters will have to look to their laurels. Good luck to the up-and-coming!



JOHN ERICSON



PAUL GILBERT

JIM ARNESS He may not be the fustest in Hollywood yet, but he's distinctly the biggest. Six feet, five, he towers over Bob Taylor in *Many Rivers To Cross* and even John Wayne doesn't top him in *The Sea Chase*. Blonde, blue-eyed and wearing a Purple Heart, he's quite a hunk of man.

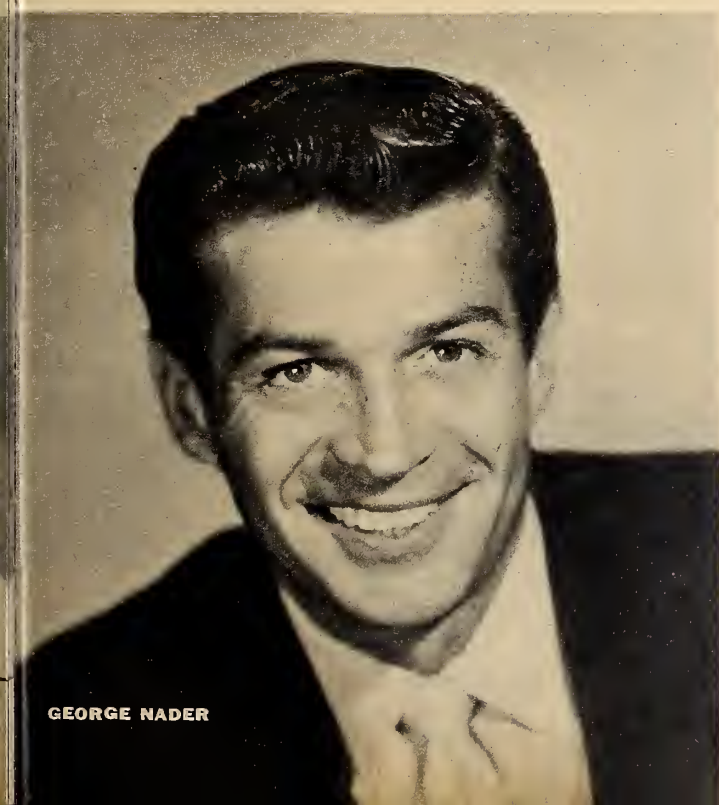
PAUL GILBERT This son of a black-face comedian and a circus aerialist has more talent than any other one-man band (he plays six musical instruments!) sings a balmy baritone, exudes sex appeal and acts so impressively that he scored a personal hit in *So This Is Paris!* with Tony Curtis.

JOHN ERICSON John got his start opposite Pier Angeli in *Teresa*. Pier's career has moved faster, but now John, blond, blue-eyed, six feet two, should catch up. A rare bird among serious actors, he makes no pretense of preferring the stage to the screen, wants his career in Hollywood.

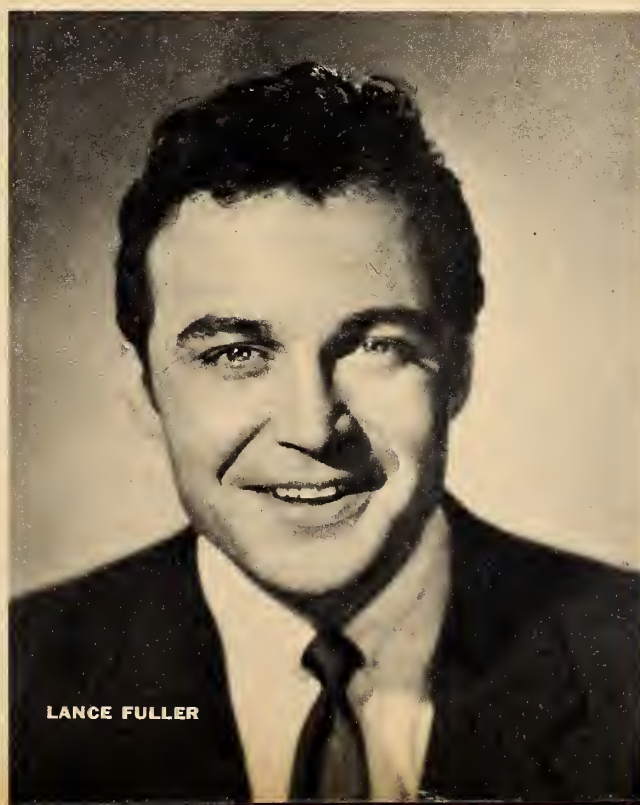
GEORGE NADER Six feet tall, weighing 173, gazing hopefully at producers with blue-gray eyes, you wouldn't think George could be overlooked. Hollywood managed to do so for three years, though, and is now in a large rush to make up time. *Shadow Valley* and terrific fan mail should help.

LANCE FULLER Publicity scares this guy, but he'd better get used to it, especially as, after one brief marriage, he is very much eligible. *That Other Woman* will mean stardom for the Kentucky-born actor; his cocker spaniel, loud sport shirts, local girls and foreign cars will be well publicized.

More Pictures on Next Page



GEORGE NADER



LANCE FULLER

YOUNG MEN IN A HURRY

continued

JEFF RICHARDS This ex-University of Southern California student has come up the hard way. As Dick Taylor he had a contract at Paramount for six months, another at Warners for the same amount of time, before anyone noticed him. Then his name was changed to Jeff Richards. Whether the change had anything to do with it is unknown, but Jeff attracted a lot more attention than Dick had. Now he is at MGM where plans are supposed to be big. He hopes so, and so do the MODERN SCREEN readers who have spotted him in small roles and keep hammering away at producers to give him a crack at stardom.

RICHARD EGAN The most amazing thing about Dick Egan, according to Hollywood glamour girls who live in a woodsy world of married men, is that although he looks like a likely candidate for the perfect movie husband, he's single. Susan Hayward, with whom he appears in *Untamed*, apparently thinks quite highly of this San Francisco-born Army veteran. He grabbed his biggest movie break when he took the role Vic Mature turned down as a running mate to Ty Power for Susie's affections, but unlike Tyrone, has carried this activity off screen. Watch him, he's due to make big romantic news now.

RACE GENTRY At age seventeen Race was working in a gas station under the name of John Shapiro, when an agent named Henry Willson stopped in to fill up. He signed up, too, and changed the lad's name to what it is now after helping cast him in a picture called *Lawless Breed*, starring Rock Hudson. When the public dragged its eyes off Rock to look at Race they saw 185 pounds distributed over five feet, eleven inches, and topped by brown hair and brown eyes. Although Race had made no romantic news, the studio was so deluged with fan mail that he got a long term contract and starred in *Black Horse Canyon*.

BEN COOPER Twenty-year-old Ben is half the age of the most popular movie idols and has twice the future as a result of his performances in *Johnny Guitar*, *Hell's Outpost* and now *The Admiral Hoskins Story*. A Hartford, Connecticut, boy who began his career on the stage in *Life With Father*, Ben has appeared in more than 3,000 radio shows since the age of eight. A slight five feet, ten inches and 160 pounds in weight, he is a rugged, blue-eyed lad and a born athlete, as he proves by his swimming record and the way he rides horseback, doing his own stunts in every picture that calls for horsey atmosphere.

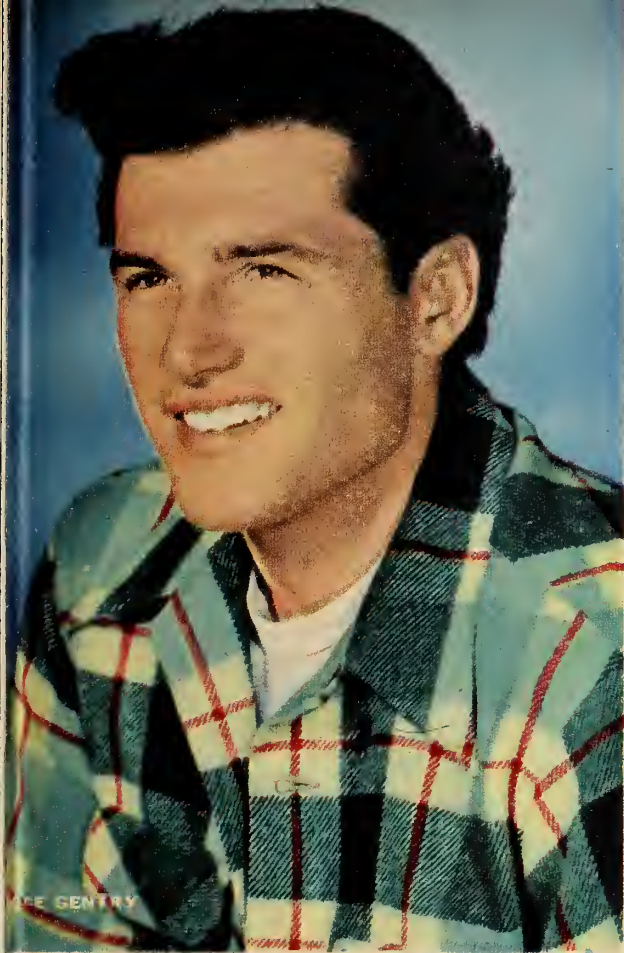
CRAIG HILL His is the story of a life guard who got into movies and played the role of a life guard. The public has taken it from there. His real name is Craig Fowler, and as such he tested and was turned down for a contract at 20th Century-Fox, only to be cast a little later in his swim trunks in *Cheaper By The Dozen*. He loves classical music, modern authors, football and water sports. He's prepared to love any girl who's mad for sailing, old cars, traveling and children. He is twenty-four years of age, five feet, eleven inches tall, and getting to be as popular as a just-starting Alan Ladd—once a life guard.



JEFF RICHARDS



RICHARD EGAN





Nightclubbing was Linda's idea; she had little in common with Ty, who took life seriously, concentrated on career though it meant separation.

THE POWERS HAVE FINALLY ADMITTED WHAT HAS BEEN SUSPECTED FOR YEARS—THE STORYBOOK MAR-

■ The five-year-old marriage of Tyrone Power and Linda Christian has been held together only by their children for the last four years. And most of Hollywood knew it.

Twice, as the marriage approached the precipice of disaster, Linda, gay, free-living and sparkling, announced a pregnancy and Ty told the world that he was the happiest man on earth.

When Romina Francesca, three, and Taryn Stephanie, two, came into the world, there was a feeling that things would now be different in the Power household, that the birth of a child would help to wipe clean the slate of past disputes. Ty and Linda would start all over again, and everything would be peaceful, placid and pleasant.

It didn't work out that way. By nature, Ty and Linda are too different. Ty is conservative, intellectual, serious, artistic and quiet. Linda likes to live it up.

The statement issued by 20th Century-Fox to the effect that "a conflict of careers" was responsible for the separation is not taken too seriously by most of Hollywood's insiders.

On many occasions Ty had said, "I have absolutely no objections to Linda's pursuit of a career, any career she wants." And it is true that Ty never did object to his wife's ambition.

Whether he objected to her casual friendship with the young English actor Edmund Purdom, with whom Linda worked in *Athena*, he doesn't say.

"Just say," Ty conceded, "that Linda and I have come to the end of the road."

A month before the separation was announced, Ty and Linda, despite their denials, had agreed to disagree.

Ty had gone to his lawyer, Judge Lester Roth, and Linda had consulted Richard Bergen, an attorney for the firm of O'Melveny and Myers. The lawyers were told that the handsome actor and his Dutch-Mexican wife were separating. They were ordered to draw up a property settlement.

After working on a settlement for a month, the attorneys discovered that it was unacceptable to both parties. The question of a divorce was also raised. Both Ty and Linda

TY AND LINDA CALL IT QUITS



For a while Linda and their first daughter, Romina Francesca, tried to follow Ty's tours.

RIAGE HAS AN UNHAPPY TWIST—AND NOT EVEN THE KIDS CAN BRING A HAPPY ENDING ■ by Richard Moore

are Catholic. Ty, however, has previously been divorced from the French actress, Annabella. That divorce cost him around \$200,000.

In the event of a divorce, would it be a Las Vegas "quickie" or a California "one-year job?"

Questioned about the details, Judge Lester Roth said nothing until the separation was announced. Then he admitted that the marriage was finished, "and a quickie divorce is unlikely."

Following the separation announcement, there was, of course, a great deal of comment and conjecture in the press.

Wrote one reporter, "There have been rumors that Linda was seeing a good deal of a masculine star under contract to another studio."

Said a second, "Tita Purdom won't budge, so the next move is Ed's in the Power-Christian-Purdom tangle."

Linda refused to say anything. So did Purdom. So did Bill Gallagher, Ty's cousin and business manager.

The only one who would talk (*Continued on page 71*)



Only months ago, at Sonja Henie's party, the Powers were still telling skeptical friends that everything was fine. The loss of his daughters will be unusually hard for Tyrone to take.



They've done an amazing thing,
Doris Day and her Marty. They've made
a marriage out of equal parts of hearts and flowers and sense!

BY ELLEN JOHNSON

HOLD MY HAND

■ While lunching with Mr. and Mrs. Martin Melcher, someone asked Doris about an interview she had once given. The subject was glamour and it had made pretty funny copy, Doris being of the opinion that they could put a wig on her, arch her eyebrows up to here, plaster the famous freckles with make-up—and still come up with nothing.

Less well publicized, the three-million-dollar corporation known as Doris Day also has eyes like star sapphires that focus intently on the face of a speaker. Now, listening to her own old words, she wasn't in the least inclined to deny them, but her expression indicated that she was a noodlehead for having uttered them in the first place.

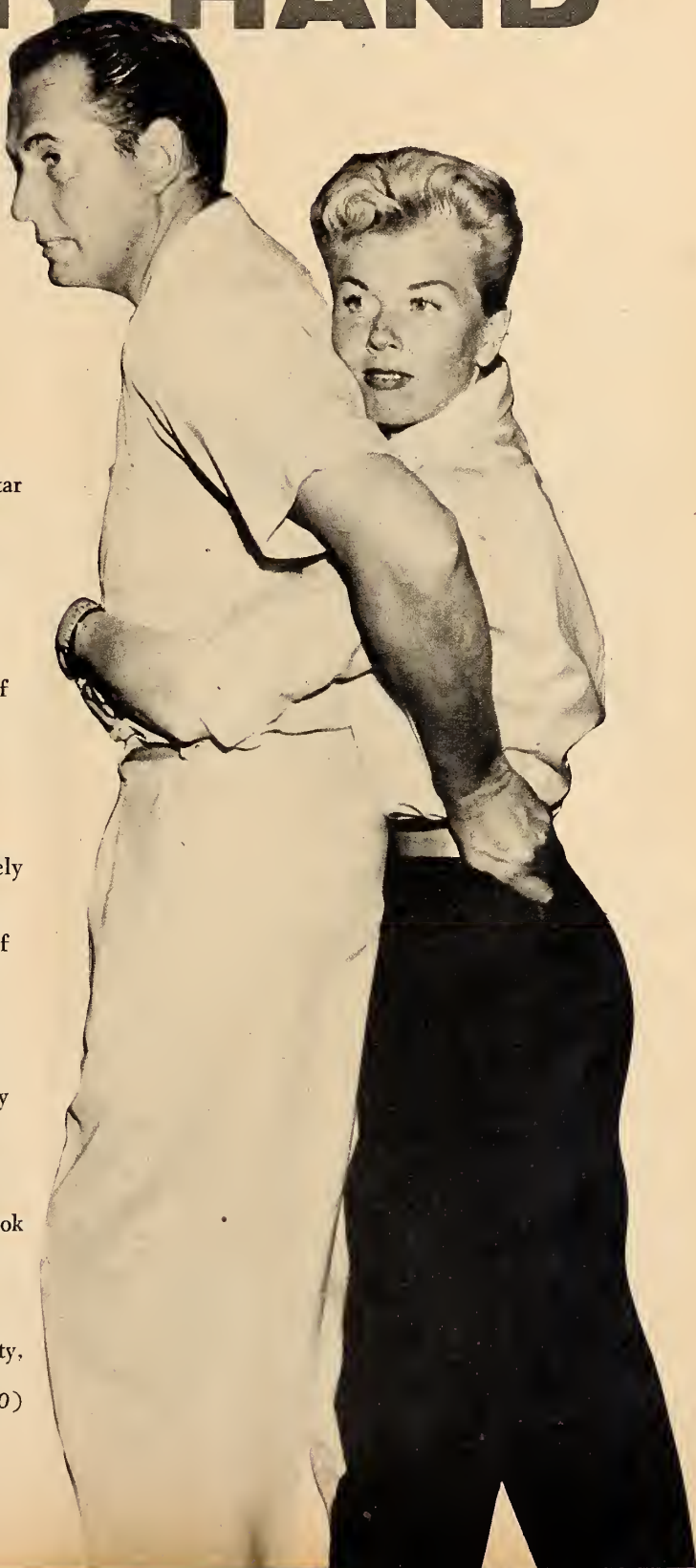
"That must have been a long time ago," she commented with a typically quick, vigorous nod, "because I've stopped knocking myself. Nowadays, if fans stop me for my autograph and tell me how beautiful or glamorous I am, I think it's great. Even if I don't happen to agree with them, I'm glad they think so."

"I think you're glamorous," Marty said with gallant promptness.

Doris gave him what might be described as a wifely look, composed about equally of love, appreciation and are-you-kidding? "Modesty certainly is a virtue," she resumed, "but the trouble with knocking yourself is that after a while you start believing it. You think you're an ugly duckling, you begin to act like one and then other people are convinced. Not any more! Anyone who wants to think I'm a dazzling, glamorous movie star—why, great!"

"Anyone but her," Marty interpolated with a wry grin. "Know what she said to me the other night? She was sitting at her dressing table, brushing her hair, staring at herself in the mirror. Frowning, sort of. Suddenly she turned to me and said, 'Do you think my face is right for pictures?'" Marty shook his handsome head. "She's only been making hits for eight years, and she wants to know if her face is right for pictures!"

"I'll tell you something," he continued. "She still doesn't know she's a movie star. Doris' greatest quality, besides her talent, is her complete naturalness. If she hears a car in the driveway, (Continued on page 80)



Well, here it is—
the successful Calhoun
formula for happy
marriage-making: "Don't
hedge me in, but
for Pete's sake,
don't stay away too long!"

BY NATE EDWARDS

Design for LOVING

■ There is a small, round table next to the bandstand at Hollywood's famous Mocambo, across which many of the most headlined movie star romances have been born. Across which, too, sad endings have been written.

It was at this table that Rory Calhoun sat a little more than seven years ago, an obviously lonesome guy. Johnny, the red-jacketed, diminutive waiter knew it. So did the half dozen blondes, brunettes and red heads who had danced with Rory right here at Mocambo for the last three weeks. In the wise way of Hollywood glamour girls, they sensed that here was a man who was looking for something, and that they obviously, individually and collectively were not it.

Rory was waiting for something, and not until the rhumba music stopped did the speculative people at nearby tables suspect why this most handsome of young stars, a bucket of champagne beside him, sat contemplating the two unfilled glasses at the table. As the band prepared to "take five" (five minutes off between numbers) the trivial mystery was solved. The actor stood up, barring the path of the tiny brunette singer just stepping down from the stand.

"Miss Baron—Lita—I'm Rory Calhoun."

Lita Baron looked way up at Rory's face, and remembers that she said,

"I know."

If her attitude at the time was a little on the cool side, she was to be forgiven, for as Xavier Cugat's star vocalist, and during her career as Isabelita, a very young girl with her own South American rhumba band, she was familiar with the techniques of actors and playboys whose sudden interest passes in the night. "I appear to be deserted tonight," Rory told her. "You (Continued on page 54)



Before she married Rory, Lita was distinctly the indoor type, didn't even like the country. Rory undertook her conversion with some hesitation. "I couldn't picture her in blue jeans," he grins.



Now, however, Lita attributes a lot of their happiness to the time they spend outdoors together, even goes duck-hunting with Rory and Guy Madison—and bags a full quota on almost every expedition.



Their boat, The Ro-Li (you figure it out!) is their favorite means of transportation and relaxation. They take it with them up to duck country, spend their vocations on it, cruising in Calhoun Cove.



WHERE RORY GOES, THERE LITA GOES ALSO—EVEN IF IT'S DOWN IN SHIPS TO THE SEA THAT USED TO TURN HER SLIGHTLY GREEN.



When it's too rough to take The Ro-Li out of the harbor, or they haven't time for the trip to the Colorado River, Rory and Lita clean up, freshen paint, make repairs and additions to the twenty-foot craft.



Week-ends they often make the run to Catalina, fish for barracuda, albacore and even sharks—which Rory has been known to attack with bow and arrow! They have no desire for a larger, less exciting boat.

More Pictures on Next Page



Now able to retire entirely, Lita once supplied most of the family income when Rory was getting his acting start, still can't resist singing professionally now and then.



Most of the Calhouns' friends are sportsmen, non-show business people Rory has known for years. Dole Robertson and Guy Madison are very close friends, though.



DESIGN FOR LOVING continued



"And to top off my blessings," Rory says, "Lita looks great in jeans!"

(Continued from page 52) won't remember me, but the last time I saw you was in San José when a gang of us came down from a lumber camp to hear Cugat. I thought perhaps you'd join me for a drink during intermission."

Lita explained with gentle finality that it was against the house rules to have a drink with a customer. Later as she rejoined the orchestra, she flashed Rory a smile, the same one she tossed at all Mocambo guests. But it gave him hope, so he stuck around, ignoring the cynical smiles of wolves at nearby tables who themselves had attempted and failed to win a date with this girl.

Later in the evening as another band replaced hers, Rory tried again, suggesting just one dance. He talked quietly and swiftly. She discovered they had friends in common. He was not on the prowl. He was a nice guy and so interesting that she wanted him to drive her home that night. She called her brother who customarily dropped by to help run the gauntlet of single male customers with late-hour ideas and explained that a friend was giving her a lift home.

"That's the longest ride home I ever had," Lita remembers as she considers the early days of her romance with Rory. "We had a cup of coffee at one drive-in. A hamburger at another and a piece of pie at a third. At four A.M. he pulled us up in front of my house in his little Studebaker roadster. The lights were all on, and my mother and dad and brother confessed that they were about to send out an alarm.

"Poor Rory. They invited him in for a cup of coffee. A half hour later, he confessed behind a smothered yawn that he had to catch a six A.M. plane for a picture location in San Francisco. I told him he'd get no sympathy from me. Keeping us up all night just so he could kill time before a trip was a mean trick. After he'd gone, I frankly doubted that I'd ever hear from him again."

Lita didn't know her man very well then. She didn't know that, unlike many another Hollywood actor, being a motion picture star was not the most important thing in Rory Calhoun's life, nor would it ever be. Friends told her on casual inquiry that the way they heard it, Rory didn't have much chance to be a great big star. For one thing, he wasn't prepared for such a career. He was just a great big handsome lumberman from Vera Cruz who came to Los Angeles to visit his grandma by whom he'd been brought up. And it just happened that while (Continued on page 76)

Wherever I find God I will go. It may be in my church or someone else's . . . or not in church at all.

■ One afternoon I plunged into our pool, and, after the impetus of the dive had spent itself, lay face down in a "dead man's float." No sound came to my ears, of course; supported as I was by the water, I had little sense of weight or physical being. And with this came the thought of how perfectly I was isolated from the material world—a sealed-off privacy. A fancy struck me that I was in a sort of cathedral, a liquid cathedral, suspended between heaven and earth.

"This is my church," I thought. "What a place to pray, to know one's self thoroughly, and thus come to the door of God."

To me there is peace in cool water, and there is beauty to the surface sparkling in the sun; to break from the depths out into the light. These are just impressions, I know, but when a person says that he or she sees God in beauty, and feels Him in peaceful moments (and I do), these, too, are impressions.

You never know when you are going to find yourself being led to contemplate the spiritual side of existence; it can happen anywhere and any time; for me a pool, for others a fox hole—or a classroom.

I remember my mother, a psychologist, telling me that she never thought she was undertaking anything of any religious significance when she started to practice her profession. Mother taught school in Kansas before she was married. To her it was a science she had studied in college (keeping her degrees up at UCLA after her five children were born!) which helped reveal man to himself according to findings which were well established but of no spiritual significance.

"But I was wrong," she told me. "I discovered that if one really believes in psychology as a working force one cannot avoid the word of God in both explaining it and practicing it. God seems to be in our lives to stay. You get so far with science, sometimes very far, but never all the way without Him."

The same thing is true of my work in the studio, I guess. For instance, one morning, some months ago, I was called to the office of Mr. George Sidney who was to (Continued on page 67)

SUNDAY and ALWAYS

by Esther Williams



JACK LEMMON:

He doesn't look like a comic or live like a star—but Hollywood's never seen anything



Jack and wife Cynthia (formerly actress Cynthia Stone) share an unpretentious Brentwood home, exhibit no longings for marble halls.



A comic offscreen as well as on, Jack kids around verbally but doesn't go in for practical jokes. Wisecracks come easily; he started as a nightclub mc.



The arrival of baby Chris definitely retired Cynthia; a talented actress, she had costarred with Jack in three TV series he produced.



Variously talented, Duffy has large repertoire of tricks, displays them all. Jack, on the other hand, worries about being typed, wants to try drama soon.

like this Lemmon appeal!

BY JANE WILKIE

■ Newcomer Jack Lemmon is supremely unusual in the world of Hollywood in that he does not look like an actor. Other film actors find the fact difficult to hide or difficult to prove, but nonetheless, one and all, they need haircuts, they affect a raised eyebrow or at the very least, they wear a scarf under a white shirt in the warmest weather.

Jack Lemmon, on the other hand, looks like a young man in his mid-twenties, possibly from Boston, possibly from Harvard. He looks as though he might be married, happily. He looks suburban. His suits are well-tailored with a Brooks Brothers cut. His pug nose has the tilt to put him out of the running as a Barrymore, but to make him suspiciously Ivy League. He looks for all the world like the rising young executive of a very old, very staid paper company.

He is all these things except the last, and therefore it is remarkable that he is a movie star.


From such a description he might seem to be a misfit in Hollywood. On the contrary, he is as welcome as the flowers in May. For one thing, he knows his craft. For another, he gives no sign of being at all like the Hollywood conception of the Ivy Leaguer. There is no stuffiness nor snob-bishness in Jack Lemmon. In his speech there is not a trace of a Boston-Harvard accent which could send Hollywood citizens scurrying for the safety of their own coteries.

Jack arrived unsung from New York in the spring of 1953 and promptly went to work in a delightful role opposite Judy Holliday in *It Should Happen To You*. During the following months Mr. Lemmon made only a small splash. Although New Yorkers knew him well (Continued on page 73)



modern screen fashions

AN INTIMATE FORECAST FOR GIRLS IN THE
KNOW BY ONE WHO REALLY KNOWS



Off with the old, on with the new! Fashion celebrates an exciting new era! Maidenform's Mrs. Ida Rosenthal, international authority on bras—and fashion, believes that the new look of 1955 will be—above all—the feminine look! The straight-line silhouettes, with slim natural waistlines, demand definite figure form—focus is on the bustline. There must be an uplift to the bosom—rounded, feminine look. Mrs. Rosenthal chooses around the clock, 'round the globe 1955 wardrobe for you—completely new, glamorous, practical and healthful. Exciting Maidenform bras that will make you look like you will want to look in 1955.

**NEW
LOOK
OF
1955**

Maidenform's *Pre-lude long-line Once-over* bra for evening glamour. About \$11

This season's new straight-line silhouette in fashion as created by four of America's outstanding designers. 1. Wool day dress with fullness released below the hipline, braid trim—Mollie Parnis. 2. Wool afternoon dress with satin frou—Samuel Winston. 3. Brocade taffeta short evening frock with low flowing pleats—Mollie Parnis. 4. Full length wool evening sheath with hemline flare—Harvey Berin.

Hats — Emme
 Furs — Leo Ritter
 Jewelry — Trifari, Boucher, Ciner
 Complexion-keyed "Skin Tone" stockings
 —by Bur-Mil Cameo
 Handbags: Leather Industries —
 Harry Rosenfeld
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All photos—Roger Prigent



Pre-lude Regular—for daytime wear....About \$2.50

Pre-lude long-line Strapless—for dressy clothes.....About \$5



Her recent life has made Ingrid more glamorous in appearance, more maternal in outlook. Her concern is for Roberto, Renzo, the three other children.

INGRID BERGMAN: **after five years with Rossellini**

BY JIM NEWTON

■ Five years ago in one of the most widely-publicized love affairs of the century, Ingrid Bergman left her husband, her daughter and her Hollywood motion picture career for the tempestuous love of the charming, balding, Italian movie director, Roberto Rossellini.

Today; five years and three children later, Ingrid is starring at the Stoll Theatre in London in her husband's new production of *Joan Of Arc At The Stake*.

With Ingrid are her children: the twins, Ingrid and Isabelle, two and a half, Robertino, four and a half, and Renzo, thirteen, Rossellini's son by a previous marriage. Also an Italian governess, a Swiss nurse and an interpreter for Renzo, who speaks virtually no English.

While their parents are resting or rehearsing, the Rossellini children are piled into a Rolls Royce with three bicycles—their father believes in ex-

pensive and expansive living—and driven to Hyde Park where they ride and play under the supervision of their nurses.

Ingrid, at thirty-seven, is still an incredibly beautiful and appealing woman. But life with Rossellini has changed her appearance, her personal philosophy and her values.

In Hollywood, Ingrid cared little about clothes or coiffure. She never wore make-up or jewelry.

Now she has a stylish Italian haircut, beautifully tailored suits, and an extensive collection of *boutique* jewelry: gold and diamond earrings, large cocktail rings, and half a dozen gold bracelets which she wears on both arms.

In her outlook, the change is even more pronounced.

"When I was young," she says, "I put ambition first and children second. Now that I am older, it is the other way around. I still want to act,

to take challenging parts, but now my children come first."

Is this truth or affectation?

Ingrid's friends, Humphrey Bogart, John Huston and Charles Chaplin, all agree that her children now mean infinitely more to her than any career. They don't know what motivates it. Maybe the definite decline of her motion picture career under her husband's aegis or a gradual change in personal philosophy.

They point out that it was she who a few weeks ago bundled all four youngsters into a train at Munich, made all the travel arrangements, and journeyed twenty-four hours across the continent to London while Roberto was speeding his Ferrari in the Swedish automobile races.

When Ingrid was asked, "Isn't that typical of an Italian husband?" she smiled good-naturedly and said, "No, it's typical of all husbands."

Earlier this year in Rome, it was Ingrid who insisted that her children needed a real home instead of being chronically moved from one place to another.

The fifty-seven-year-old Rossellini, who once slept in hotel elevators, finally agreed and rented a modern eight-room apartment in a futuristic building that stands on the slopes of Mount Parioli overlooking the city.

Here, Ingrid has worked out a schedule for her children. There are hours for eating, school and playing. Despite their protests that this is not the Italian way of bringing up children, the actress refuses to let the servants deviate from the schedule.

Rossellini (Continued on page 77)



Widely acclaimed in Europe as an actress, Ingrid attracts a great deal of attention.

LADIES' MAN

Cherchez la femme at nine a.m. and you'll find her with Garry Moore!



Showing how the ladies react to his jokes, Garry poses as a before-the-quip listener.



Then comes the joke. Hopeful listener smiles vaguely, sure it's funny, but not sure why.



Comes the dawn, the laugh, the applause. "The women," Garry says, "laugh prettier."



Finally, the return to apathy—but only while Garry catches his breath for the next one.

■ Monday through Friday, Garry Moore spends more than an hour a day working in front of some 4,000,000 housewives on his CBS television show. But his crewcut bristles at a mention of his "audience of housewives."

"I work for the *women*," he says, "and I don't like the way most people try to make a separate breed out of them. Women make up at least fifty per cent of the audiences for evening shows, and frankly, I don't think they change much between nine A.M. and ten at night."

By this fall Garry had appeared on more than 1100 individual shows on daytime TV. At forty, he presides over his daily potpourri of nonsense, games, animals, fashion information and world affairs with casual assurance, but he still blushes when an affectionate guest rubs his crewcut for good luck.

Garry's private life is strictly his own. His family is so little known to the public that when he launched *I've Got A Secret* two years ago, his wife Nell stumped the panel and audience with her secret—that she was Mrs. Garry Moore.

Her husband spends his evenings and week-ends at home in Rye, New York, not far from Long Island Sound where he harbors his only hobby, the thirty-six-foot yawl, *Red Wing*. Every nice week-end during the summer he takes out his boat, with his sons, Mason, thirteen, and Garry, Jr., eleven, as his sole crew. Without it, he claims, he would soon be laughing steadily without anything funny. It wouldn't matter to "the women" though—they'd just smile and murmur, "The dear boy—he has such a happy disposition!"

why joe let her go!

(Continued from page 27) conversation is that it was directed at a studio employee who has been important in Marilyn's career.

Any other girl would have phoned her mother, her uncle, her roommate, an old school friend. It is sad and pitiful that Marilyn had no one in the whole world she wanted to notify about one of the happiest events in her life. No one but Harry Brand. It was Harry who notified the rest of the world, and in this notification Joe Di Maggio encountered the first of his disillusionments.

JOE HAD WANTED a quiet wedding. "Just for the family," he said. He had planned everything with precision and meticulous care. He had spoken to Reno Barsocchini who manages the Di Maggio restaurant

at Fisherman's Wharf. He had called Judge Charles Peery, an old friend from the Municipal Court, and during lunch at the restaurant, he had asked the judge if he'd perform the ceremony "very quietly, very quickly, nothing fancy."

You all know what happened. The wedding became a Roman holiday—photographers, flash bulbs, reporters, questions. Judge Peery had to clear everyone out of his chambers except the principals.

After the ceremony, the mob, clamoring and congratulating, closed in. Joe's brother Tom and Lefty O'Doul, his old friend, had to form a flying wedge before the newlyweds could get out.

In the meantime, Marilyn's studio made every attempt to find out where Joe and their blonde were going on their honeymoon. Joe refused to tell anyone. He was fed up with publicity.

Marilyn never has liked to disclose the

exact location of her honeymoon retreat. If you ask her today where she and Joe spent the two happiest weeks of their marriage, she will say, "Idyllwild, a lovely place in the mountains about fifty miles from Palm Springs." She will tell you about "the lovely cabin we had . . . long walks in the snow . . . people and studios seemed so far away . . . Joe and I talked a lot . . . really got to know each other." But she will not tell whose cabin it was.

It was her lawyer's cabin, the lawyer who had helped her in her various studio negotiations. Always the studio, always the career, even though she was on suspension during the honeymoon.

There are many who say that if Marilyn had renounced her movie career after marrying Joe, they would still be living together today. This may be true, but would Joe Di Maggio ever have married Marilyn if she had not been a star?

If she had been plain Norma Jean Dougherty working in an aircraft factory, would he ever have given her a second look? Would he ever have seen her?

In all fairness to Marilyn, she never intended to renounce her career.

In fact, if Joe had made career abandonment one requisite for marriage, Marilyn would have walked out on him. No matter what she may have said in other ecstatic moments, career is the primary force in Marilyn Monroe's life. She has given her career everything she possesses.

Under the circumstances, who would ask her to abandon it? Certainly not Joe. He kidded himself into believing that co-existence was possible.

AS MARILYN said in New York, "I'm just a pretty girl, but Joe is one of the all-time greats."

She knew then that the marriage was coming apart and she tried desperately to stop the deterioration. But by then it was too late. Joe was convinced that he would have to play second fiddle to her profession. He knew in his soul that her career was everything to her.

This realization is what caused him such anguish while he was trying to cover the World Series for a Los Angeles syndicate.

One of the sportswriters who accompanied Joe to Cleveland and New York says, "Joe was tense and morose practically all the time. We were sure something was wrong with the marriage, and whenever we asked, he gave us the brush-off."

"After a while it got so that he would turn up at the ball park just a few minutes before the game got underway. He didn't want to talk to anyone. The only one who really knew the inside story was George Solotaire, the New York ticket broker. Joe slept in George's suite in New York, and George later flew out to Cleveland with Joe and listened to his tale of woe."

"Matter of fact, Joe wouldn't even stay until the last game of the World Series was over. He left at the eighth inning, went back to his hotel, got his bag, and flew back to Marilyn."

"Stories that he received some anonymous letter telling him that Marilyn was on the loose and that he'd best hurry back are a bunch of junk in my opinion."

"Joe just happened to realize that in Marilyn he didn't have a wife, he had a kind of public utility. I think he became convinced of that when he saw the mobs in New York that gathered to watch her work on location."

To date, Di Maggio has refused to discuss his private life in public, and it is doubtful if anyone, without his version, can reconstruct the immediate events that led to the marital rupture.

It is known that when Joe returned to the house on Palm Drive in Beverly Hills, a violent argument ensued.

Neighbors said that they could hear Joe

WHO'S ON YOUR MIND?

We want to know which stars you want to read about, what you like and what you don't like in MODERN SCREEN. We want to know all about *you*, because your opinions are carefully tabulated to direct all our future plans. And for those of you who like borgains, here's something extra-special—for a limited time, we are able to offer to *every reader* who fills out this questionnaire a fabulous reader-participation subscription at *less than half price!* Read the details below.

THE STARS I WANT TO READ ABOUT THE MOST ARE:

- | | | | |
|----------|------|----------|--------|
| 1. _____ | MALE | 1. _____ | FEMALE |
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| 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"/> Design For Loving (Rory Calhoun-Lita Baron) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Why Joe Let Her Go (Marilyn Monroe) | <input type="checkbox"/> Sunday and Always (Esther Williams) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Truth About Jimmy Stewart | <input type="checkbox"/> Magic With Figures |
| <input type="checkbox"/> It Just Happened (Audrey Hepburn-Mel Ferrer) | <input type="checkbox"/> Young Men in a Hurry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> My Heart Sings (Pier Angeli-Vic Damone) | <input type="checkbox"/> The Casual Touch (Perry Como) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Minding His Business (Robert Wagner) | <input type="checkbox"/> Shadow and Substance (Jock Mahoney) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Duke Goes West (John Wayne) | <input type="checkbox"/> Ingrid Bergman After Five Years with Rossellini |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Jack Lemmon | <input type="checkbox"/> Ladies' Man (Garry Moore) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> To Janet With Love (Janet Leigh-Tony Curtis) | <input type="checkbox"/> The Inside Story |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ty and Linda Call It Quits (Tyrone Power) | <input type="checkbox"/> TV Talk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Hold My Hand (Doris Day) | <input type="checkbox"/> New Movies |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Screen Fashions |

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and Marilyn screaming at each other. "Lots of nights," one neighbor recounted, "we could see Marilyn walking up and down the street alone. It was one A.M. or one-thirty A.M. One night I was parking my car and I saw her walking in the alley, and tears were streaming down her cheeks.

On Friday night, Marilyn had dinner at the home of Natasha Lytess, her dramatics coach. She cried all through dinner.

Natasha understands Marilyn. It is she who is primarily responsible for any acting ability Marilyn may demonstrate.

Marilyn confessed to her that she and Joe had been fighting for weeks.

Natasha knew it all along. When Marilyn, without notifying her, married Joe, Natasha, the widow of the German novelist, Bruno Frank, confided to a friend, "This marriage cannot last unless Marilyn gives up her career. She and Joe have nothing in common. This girl has an intellect. She hungers for the finer things in life; music, literature, art. The hunger is authentic and genuine and for years I have been trying to satisfy it.

"I know Di Maggio dislikes me, and I am sorry. But I am convinced this girl will not be satisfied lying on a sofa all evening watching cowboy movies on television. She is in the process of growing intellectually. This marriage is a classic example of mismatching. It cannot and it will not succeed."

On the night Marilyn confessed that she and Joe couldn't make a go of it, maybe Natasha remembered her prophecy.

She tried to placate Marilyn, but Marilyn was inconsolable, almost hysterical with grief.

Joe just didn't seem to understand her. He didn't want to understand. These demands on her time—rehearsals, voice coaching, line-study, people she had to see were part of her work. It was expected of her. Worse yet, the marriage wasn't getting any better. There was no adjustment, only quarrels, increasingly bitter quarrels.

While Marilyn was crying her heart out, Joe moved into the Hollywood Knickerbocker Hotel where he had stayed as a single man.

WHEN HE CAME back his mind was made up. He just couldn't be straight man for a rising movie queen. He told Marilyn to file for divorce. Jerry Giesler, the famous divorce lawyer, took the case. Marilyn had talked to Giesler previously.

On Monday morning when Marilyn was due at the studio to continue work on *The Seven Year Itch*, she phoned Billy Wilder, the director, a little after eight.

"I—I won't be able to come to work," she sobbed.

"Why not?" Wilder asked.

"Joe and I have had a—" At this point Marilyn broke down.

"I can't hear you," Wilder pressed.

"Joe and I have split up," the actress finally managed. "I don't know when I'll show up."

Wilder called Harry Brand and the studio publicity chief made the announcement to the press, offering as the official reason "incompatibility resulting from the conflicting demands of their careers."

"What careers is the studio talking about?" one newsman asked. "There's only one career and that's Marilyn's."

Marilyn Monroe's career is a big one, but it couldn't support two people spiritually. Undoubtedly she recognized that point. But she did nothing about it.

Was there anything she could do?

According to one of Di Maggio's relatives, "Sure, Marilyn could have done a lot, but it would've meant sacrifice. After she finished *No Business Like Show Business*, why did she have to go into *Seven Year Itch*?

"Why couldn't she have gone off some-

where with Joe? I understand that *Seven Year Itch* cannot be released until 1956. What was the big hurry? Maybe she would've lost the part. So what? Maybe they would've had to make a new deal. Again, so what?

"A man is entitled to some of his wife's time. All through *Show Business*, Marilyn came home tired and worn out. Joe is healthy and strong. I guess they started to quarrel even back then. I guess it's all for the best. There is no sense in living in misery. Why re-hash all the trouble?"

ON WEDNESDAY, October 6, Joe Di Maggio packed his bags and left Marilyn and Hollywood. His friend Reno Barsocchini had driven down from San Francisco the night before, and as Joe left the Palm Drive residence, Reno took his bags and bounced them into the back seat.

Joe then walked out into a crowd of sixty newspapermen. "Hello, fellows," he said. "I've got no comment."

"But where are you going?"

"San Francisco," Joe said lustily.

"You ever coming back home?"

Joe shook his head. "San Francisco," he announced, "is my home. It's always been my home." He took one final look at the three-ring circus on what used to be his front lawn. Then he dashed to the car.

Approximately forty-five minutes later, Marilyn emerged from the same house, leaning on the arm of her attorney, Jerry Giesler. Reporters and cameramen swarmed down and Marilyn swayed uneasily as if she were about to faint. Her face, despite her heavy make-up, looked ashen and drawn. She was weeping as the newsreel cameras began to grind.

Cedric Hardwicke, in Rome playing King Priam in *Helen of Troy*, told Art Buchwald that he wants to win an Academy Award someday so he could make this speech: "I am happy to receive this award which I so richly deserve and it means even more to me because I won it in spite of a bad director, a jealous, uncooperative cast, a group of unbelievably lazy technicians, and an unfortunate story which was turned into a tragic script with some of the most ridiculous lines an actor has ever had to say on the screen."

*Sidney Skolsky in
The New York Post*

"Don't ask her any questions," Giesler said.

The reporters paid him no attention. One said, "What picture are you in?"

"I'm sorry," Marilyn sobbed. "I can't say anything."

Giesler nodded. "Miss Monroe has nothing to say this morning," he announced. "As her attorney," he added, "this is what we can say is a conflict of careers. Anything else will be presented in the proper place at the proper time."

Just why this press conference was called, no one can understand. Marilyn was certainly incapable of describing her domestic woes. She was so sick that when she reported to the studio, an hour later, she was sent home to bed.

Two days later, however, she was back in front of the studio cameras.

Attempts were made at questioning Marilyn's psychoanalyst. He had treated her on and off for three years, but naturally he did not discuss his patient.

Some other psychiatrists talked. One claimed, "I doubt if Marilyn is capable of a lasting relationship with any man. When a woman becomes a big star, she has found a sure way to self-destruction."

Said another, "In this case we have two people who are insecure, emotionally and

intellectually. To have a workable marriage, a motion picture actress must find a very weak or a very eminent husband. The trouble with Marilyn is that she found a husband who *used* to be eminent. This is the one type of man she never should have married. Intellectually, however, she is incapable of judging character."

Said Natasha Lytess, "The marriage was a big mistake from the very beginning. Marilyn has known this for a long time. People just don't have one argument and decide on a divorce. There have been many quarrels, many quarrels.

"Why? Some people resent success in others. Mr. Di Maggio never could or never would consider Marilyn's feelings and sensitivities."

HOW ABOUT Joe's sensitivities? How long could a man brought up in a religious home watch his wife's sex appeal exploited?

You say Joe knew all about Marilyn's calendar pictures when he married her? You say he knew what to expect from an actress whose major forte is her figure? He should have known. But he didn't.

Joe thought that having reached the top, Marilyn would be content to taper off. He thought that perhaps he and his bride might work out the kind of relationship Laraine Day and Leo Durocher have, with Marilyn eventually doing only one picture a year. He practiced self-delusion, and that's understandable because Joe was in love with Marilyn.

He thought, somehow, that with marriage, Marilyn would be given more conservative movie parts. When he visited her on the set of *Show Business* and saw how scanty her costume was for the "Heat Wave" number, he refused to pose. Nudity or near-nudity embarrasses him.

There are millions of kids throughout America who still idolize Di Maggio as an upright, clean-living athlete. Joe didn't want them to see him posed beside a pin-up—even if the pin-up was his own wife.

In telling the judge why she was requesting divorce, Marilyn said, "Your Honor, my husband would give in to moods where he wouldn't speak to me for days. Five to even seven days. Sometimes as many as ten days. When I tried to appeal to him he'd say, 'Stop nagging me!' I was permitted to have no visitors at any time. I don't believe I asked more than three times in nine months for a visitor. On one occasion when I was sick he did allow someone but it was under terrific strain. I volunteered to give up my work but it didn't change his attitude at all. I hoped to have out of my marriage love, warmth, affection and understanding, but in our relationship there was only coldness and indifference." Jerry Geisler asked, "What effect did this situation have on your health?" Marilyn answered, "I was under the care of a doctor." She then stepped down from the witness stand and her testimony was corroborated by Inez Nelson, her business manager. A few minutes later the divorce was granted.

Right or wrong, Di Maggio is stuck with his basic nature. He cannot change.

To have saved her marriage, Marilyn would have had to give up *The Seven Year Itch*. She would have had to help Joe establish himself in a new career or some career allied to sports. She would have had to bolster his vanity. For a time she would have had to sacrifice her own career. She would have had to relinquish, at least temporarily, the limelight that placed her husband in the shadows.

She tried to do this with words. She told interviewers that Joe was the greatest, the most considerate, the most understanding and the more truly famous. She claimed that her marriage came first. But all the time she was working on her career, not on her marriage.

the truth about jimmy stewart

(Continued from page 28) but also one of the least-known, curiously. Who thinks of Jimmy as a strong individualist? Practically no one. Yet he is as independent-minded a man as there is in the industry. It wasn't because he was shy that he didn't marry for his first fifteen years in Hollywood. It was simply because he hadn't found the right girl. But having found her, there was no hesitancy. Take the word of the girl, Gloria Hatrick McLean:

"We were having dinner and Jimmy simply asked me to marry him. It was his birthday. He made it seem not only a romantic, but a logical thing to do. I wasn't a bit stuck for an answer."

Gloria might have added that the proposal took place at the dining table in his home—the quite ordinary, two-bedroom house he bought soon after coming to Hollywood, and in which he lived for fourteen years while many a star, not half so successful as he, was moving from one wide-flung mansion to another in the best spendthrift traditions of Hollywood.

"This suits me," Jimmy used to say. But in those days, Jimmy didn't spend much time home. As he says today, "The best thing about being married is that it makes the home really home. Before I was married I would rather be any place than home. After the marriage—well, that's where you'll always find me now!"

HE AND GLORIA didn't buy their house until they had medical advice that their twins were on the way and realized there would soon be four children in the family. When they first saw their present thirty-eight-year-old mansion, Gloria didn't like the ivy-covered walls.

"It looks like a dormitory," she said.

Jimmy thought a minute—about the twins and the boys, Ronald and Michael. "What else is it going to be?" he asked.

So they bought the house and the ivy still grows over the walls. Jimmy is by no means a martinet at home. But neither is he the self-effacing husband or father many of his fans imagine him to be. There is a lot of love used in raising the children—also discipline. There is warmth and understanding and there are spankings. The author of this policy and its chief administrator is Mr. James Stewart. And no one who sees him running his family will be reminded for a moment of the neutral-type individual he plays on the screen so successfully. Jimmy takes his duties as a father most seriously. When he was asked how marriage had changed him his quick answer was simply, "I have become the father of four children."

Most of Jimmy's ideas about marriage and raising a family are on the definite rather than indefinite side. It may come as rather a surprise to hear him admit he is a strict sort of father—no one ever thinks of Jimmy as any sort of "heavy." As a matter of fact, he isn't, in that sense. "I am strict but fairly so," he holds. "I was brought up by strict parents and feel that it is important that children are properly supervised. It builds character and self-control."

When a man marries a woman who has children from a previous marriage he is often tempted to retreat from any attempt to discipline these youngsters. All of Jimmy's friends agree that he makes no differentiation between his own twin girls (who are only tots) and the older boys by Gloria's first marriage. Yet harmony in the family is so evident that people often ask Jimmy how he won his children's affection. His answer is simple. "I didn't feel that I ever had to win their affection. It just came naturally. We are a family," he said.

Jimmy never considered himself a romantic and he doesn't today. "I'm romantic in the sense of appreciating the outdoors, a beautiful night or good music," he says. "But I'm past the Joe College days."

Yet when Jimmy talks about marriage or women in general it is apparent that Gloria is never far from his mind. If someone asks him for the name of the most glamorous actress he ever worked with he shrugs his shoulders and replies that he wouldn't think of putting himself on the spot by answering such a question. But ask him who Hollywood's most exciting woman is and he has a quick, two-word answer: "My wife."

Jimmy Stewart, so repeatedly called a shy, diffident man (and there will be more stories claiming that is so), does not bother to tell anything but the truth, and in Hollywood the truth does confuse some people. A writer asked him once if he were easily embarrassed and Jimmy replied, "Yes, when there is something to be embarrassed about." The trouble is that this first writer wasn't around when another writer asked Jimmy if he liked love scenes. "I certainly do," quoth Jimmy!

It is true that in the art of social communication Jimmy is a listener rather than a speaker, but this may not be at all a

BIRTHDAY SURPRISE



It was June 28, 1944. I was in a tiny room in a maternity ward waiting to be taken to the delivery room to give birth to my first baby. Through a haze I heard the nurses talking about an inspection tour. Suddenly there was a flurry in the hall. The door opened and a man peered into my room. I had a startled glimpse of the bluest eyes I have ever seen before he hastily withdrew, very red-faced. I am sure Brian Aherne was more cautious after that as he continued his inspection of the hospital!

Mrs. Dennis N. Chapman,
Oklahoma City,
Oklahoma

natural trait, according to those who know him best. "He is forced into listening because he doesn't like to shout the other fellow to get himself heard," reports a friend who has known him for twenty years. "But if Jimmy enjoys the topic being discussed and there is a give and take to the conversation, he is a darn interesting talker. If he weren't he'd never be able to get on his feet at such gatherings as the Air Force Association, the Boy Scouts of America conventions, and any number of national meetings, and make wonderful speeches."

A LOT OF PEOPLE have noticed that Jimmy is nervous and uncomfortable in a crowd. What they forget is that the word "crowd" when mentioned in reference to a celebrity should never be used so simply. The crowds that stars find themselves in aren't just crowds in the static sense, a gathering of many people in one spot. These are masses of people who are always moving and closing in on the celebrity; you have to be such a celebrity and feel the pressure increasing from all sides

to really appreciate what it means to be a Jimmy Stewart caught in a "crowd."

Jimmy has a simple answer when anyone asks him what makes him most uncomfortable when in a crowd. "The crowd."

Perhaps there is one more aspect of Jimmy which could do with clarification. He talks slowly, he stands with an easy balance most of the time, and it would seem that he is never under strain. Yet here is Jimmy's own opinion of his temperament. "I am relaxed outside, tense inside," he says.

NO PERSON is perfect. Jimmy isn't either.

He knows, for instance, that he is terribly forgetful. He is deeply grateful that Gloria accepts this trait about him with understanding and tolerance. As a matter of fact, Jimmy's forgetfulness, if it is the same type which often strikes hard-working actors, could come from his very ability to concentrate on his work.

Maybe it should be recorded here that there was a day, just a few months ago, when Jimmy was actually shy. He admits this himself. He was sitting in Romanoff's restaurant when one of the waiters approached and said that another diner would like to meet him. The waiter pointed out the man to Jimmy. It was General Charles Lindbergh. Jimmy rose and went to the famous flyer's table.

"I was so nervous at meeting this great American that I talked a blue streak and can't remember what I said!"

It is hard to get Jimmy rattled and it is hard to get him angry. Sometimes people will try. Any attempt to get him to gain publicity benefits from his war record (leading his own squadron of bombers over Germany) is the surest method of getting his dander up. On this subject he has turned white and hammered his fist on a desk top for emphasis. Jimmy the soldier and Jimmy the actor are never going to be confused with each other if he has his way. Nobody who knows him has any doubts that he will have his way.

But little things have never irked him. He used to be the target for a persistent autograph hunter who would besiege him repeatedly at every opportunity. When Jimmy finally wanted to know why the boy needed so many of Jimmy's signatures the boy replied with that old witticism about being able to get one autograph from another famous actor for six of Jimmy's. Jimmy, who had already signed his name once, quietly signed it five more times.

MAYBE INSTEAD of calling Jimmy Hollywood's shyest actor he should be called the happiest. He loves his work and he is that rare phenomenon—a highly paid actor who has never been heard complaining about being in the ninety per cent plus tax brackets. Nor has he ever tried to incorporate himself into a company in order to cut his tax payments down to a twenty-five per cent capital gains basis permitted by the Treasury Department under certain circumstances.

Oh, there will be deductions, all right. He will be entitled to and will take the deductions allowed a married man and a father who is the head of his own household. Even so the government will do nicely. And that will be all right with Jimmy. Mostly, everything is.

Someone asked him the other day if he felt that he had been lucky. "Yes," he said. "However, I feel that I have worked hard and honestly to help my luck."

Thus spake "The Shyest Man in Hollywood," who, of course, is nothing of the sort, as he or any of his friends will be very glad to tell you.

END

James Stewart can be seen in *Air Command* (Paramount) and *The Man From Laramie* (Columbia).

my heart sings

(Continued from page 33) a second. I will ask."

"Fine," Damone said. "She's invited, too. Tell her that."

In a few seconds Pier was back on the line. "I am afraid," she began, "that I, that we . . . You see, I must . . . Well, I have to work tomorrow early in . . ."

"That's great," Damone interrupted. "We'll be around to pick up you and your mama about seven-thirty."

"But my face is filled with make-up," Pier said. "And I—"

"Come just as you are," Vic said. And then he hung up.

"I changed quickly into a skirt," Pier recalls. "And in a little while Vic rode up in a jeep. Mama and I got in. Was our first jeep ride. And we went to the show. It was wonderful. When it was over, Vic introduced me to the crowd. I was scared. It was the first time I'd been on a stage. I told him not to. He didn't listen."

"But he said to the soldiers, 'There is a lovely girl in the audience. A young actress from MGM.' And I went up on the stage to take a bow. And all the soldiers, oh! They began whistling. Gee! I was so embarrassed."

"Then he said, 'Would you like me to sing a song for you?' And I said yes. And then he made me sit down and he sang 'September Song.' Everybody, all the soldiers, said hm-m, something's going on! But this was the first time I had ever been with Vic. Then he turned to the audience and said, 'Now I will sing a song for all the mamas in the world.' And he looked at Mama and sang that song, 'Mama.' But first he dedicated it to 'a lovely woman in the audience tonight, the mother of lovely Pier.'"

"It was a wonderful night. And after this night, we went almost every day for two months. I had my own car, and Vic would get off from the Army every night. But then I was so young, only twenty, and I was not yet ready for anything really serious. But on the last night when we were together, Vic said, 'Let's get married.' And I did not know if he was serious. But I knew I was too young. And I did not think Mama would say it was all right. So I said, 'There is always plenty of time.'"

SITTING THERE in The Retake Room with Vic, Pier reconstructed the Munich phase of her life. And she wondered if she hadn't always been in love with Damone.

After Vic, there had been Kirk Douglas, and after Kirk, so many other boys, just dates, nothing serious or memorable until Jimmy Dean came along.

Jimmy was gone on Pier and she seemed to be gone on him. He'd flown back from New York after Pier had finished her picture, *The Silver Chalice*. She had met him and they'd gone to Arrowhead with another group. Only last week she'd attended the preview of *A Star Is Born* with Jimmy.

"Jimmy Dean, the Brando-type of T-shirt actor," one columnist had written, "hopes to take Pier Angeli for his wife just as soon as he establishes himself."

On the evening of the day Vic Damone proposed to her, Pier went out with someone else. "I am sorry. I am not going to tell you his name. He is a friend. Just a friend. Besides, I really did not know if Vic was fooling or not. All that night I thought of him."

"Next morning I went to the golf course—the one on Wilshire Boulevard—it is funny that Vic and I should play at the same course. Vic was there. He was waiting for me. 'I'm feeling the same way,' he said. 'I haven't changed my mind. Let's get engaged. And I am not drunk.'"

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"Well, I have always felt very strong about Vic. There was always much love in my heart for him. So I said yes."

"That night when I went home, I was wondering how Mama would take the news. How should I tell her? So I said like a joke, kidding, 'Mama, I am engaged to Vic Damone.' And Mama said, 'Ah! You are crazy.' And she did not think it was serious. But at least I had mentioned his name. It was to prepare her."

"The next night Vic came to my house and he gave me my engagement ring. It's a beautiful diamond. It was seven o'clock when he gave it to me. And he said, 'Let's get married right away, right away.' I said, 'But we will have to tell Mama. When are you going to tell Mama?'"

Faye Emerson, guesting on a radio panel show, *You Take Your Word*, was asked to trace the derivation of the word "glamour."

"That's easy," said Faye. "Glamour comes from, 'Gee, I'amour.'"

—Paul Denis

"Vic said, 'Don't worry. I will tell her tomorrow. But I don't want you around. You stay in your room, and I will do the talking.' And when it came tomorrow, Vic drove up with a big box of spumoni."

"Mama was surprised. She had not seen Vic for five or maybe six months. The last time he had called for my sister. He had taken Marisa out on dates. Anyway, Mama began to eat the spumoni, and Vic began to talk. He said, 'Mama, I am going to marry Anna.' (Pier Angeli's real name is Anna Maria Pierangeli.) Mama got so excited she couldn't stop eating. For one hour she ate the spumoni. Not maybe an hour. But she was so shocked, so surprised."

"Finally, she said, 'Are you sure, Vic? Are you sure Anna is for you? You must

be sure because this marriage is for good. Does Anna know what she is doing? She is really a child.' I am twenty-two, but to Mama always I am a child."

"I am sure," Vic said. Then he came to my room and got me. In front of my mother he asked me again, 'Do you want to marry me? Are you really sure?' I was glad to get out of my room. I was so nervous waiting there, wondering what they were saying. I said, 'Yes, I want to marry you.' And Mama began to cry. She said, 'Oh, I am so happy.'"

"By then it was very late. After Vic went home, Mama and I—we had a woman-to-woman talk. It was four in the morning. Mama told me many confidential things about marriage. She told me Vic was a nice boy, a good boy, but that I must be sure. I said I was very sure. I did not go to sleep until five-thirty. Before I did I woke up Marisa. I told her Vic and I were going to get married. She shook her head and went back to sleep."

On October 4, Pier Angeli announced her marriage to Vic Damone on November 24 in the Church of the Good Shepherd.

"But I thought," one columnist said to Pier, "you were going steady with Jimmy Dean. Isn't this whole thing with Damone rather sudden? How did it come about?"

"I tell you," Pier said, "I met him in Germany two years ago. When he came back to Hollywood, I was going around with Kirk Douglas."

"Vic thought I was in love with Kirk. I know many people thought that. Just because we made *The Story Of Three Loves*. Anyway, it was never love. We are still good friends, Kirk and I. Anyway, Vic did not ask for any dates although in Germany we had plenty."

"I never drink here but in Munich Vic and I used to take a little champagne. 65

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Well, on this day I was working. I had finished early, and I just wandered onto Vic's set. He was making *Hit The Deck*. He was very happy to see me.

"Let's go across the street," he said, "and have a little champagne like we did in Germany. I'll be finished in half an hour. Will you wait for me?" I said, "Sure." So then we went to The Retake Room, and he ordered champagne, and he put a nickel in the juke box. Gene Kelly was there in the restaurant but we danced—Vic and I—we danced to "September Song." While we were dancing he proposed. Gee! I was surprised. I didn't know what to say. I thought maybe he had been drinking champagne on the set. I asked him. He said no. He was very serious."

PIER WAS ASKED if Vic hadn't been dating her twin sister. Wasn't Marisa angry?

"No, no," Pier explained. "Everyone is happy for me, even our parakeets. Between Vic and Marisa was nothing, a light friendship."

How about Vic's parents? Had she ever met them?

"Two years ago," she said, "Vic introduced them. They are fine people. Vic has three, maybe four sisters. I am so excited I don't remember. After our announcement, we called them on the phone. They are very glad Vic is marrying an Italian girl. They say we have a lot in common."

Vic, at twenty-six, is not only a show business veteran but a young man of sensitivity and understanding.

One night, a week after he and Pier had become engaged, he and his manager went over to his fiancée's house. Vic explained that he had signed to sing in a Las Vegas hotel starting December 1 and as a result some of their honeymoon would have to be spent there.

Pier was agreeable. "Anywhere you say. Anything you like."

"I'm a lucky guy to have you for the rest of my life," Vic said. "Honest! And you know, Anna, I'll do anything to keep you happy. People ask me if you're going to keep your career after the wedding. I don't know how you feel about it. But anything you want to do is fine with me. You're very talented. You're a fine actress. I know you like to work. And at times, you get moody. I've seen you. There are times you like to be alone, away from everyone. I know that, Anna, and believe me, I'll never bother you. I understand you."

BY THE TIME Vic was finished, tears of joy were trickling down Pier's cheeks.

Later when she told about it, Pier said, "It is so wonderful to find a man who understands. Vic will not resent my career. There will be no jealousy between us. Only understanding. And after the babies come, I can make my own choice—stay at home or continue my career."

In the weeks preceding her marriage, Pier was the busiest and happiest girl in Hollywood. Helen Rose, MGM's stylist, designed her wedding dress. Her "dear Mama" went shopping for her trousseau. Her sister helped with the wedding invitations. And all the while, Pier and Vic drove up and down the countryside looking for a house to rent or buy.

One real estate agent who saw the small, slim, green-eyed beauty with her tall, thin, wavy-haired Vic, said, "I've seen a lot of young couples in my time, tried to fix 'em up with homes, but I've never seen any pair more in love than those two kids. Must be their Italian blood. And they've got the most soulful eyes. One look and you melt."

"I ain't much on Hollywood marriages, but if these two can keep it up, they'll never fall out of love."

END

(Continued from page 55) direct me in my latest picture, *Jupiter's Darling*. I figured that some technical problems had come up. I walked into the conference prepared to breeze right on through whatever the trouble was. But when the talk was over I was in as thoughtful a mood as I have ever been because I had a really intriguing assignment—to become a new kind of Esther Williams!

Oh, I'd be the same girl in many ways, but it was necessary that I take on new dimensions in guess what! Femininity! I'd better explain—or let Mr. Sidney do it.

"So far in your pictures you have always been the American go-getter type of girl," he told me at the conference. "You see the man you want. You make plans. You launch a direct attack. And you win in this manner. But this time we are dipping into ancient history to show a woman whose ways were more subtle, a woman who wins by seemingly losing, by yielding. And yet, by so winning, conceivably also loses! It is for each woman in the audience to tell which, by the prompting of her own experience."

Jupiter's Darling, you may know, is based on Robert Sherwood's hit play, *The Road To Rome*. It concerns the perplexing failure of the great warrior, Hannibal, to attack and sack that city after crossing the Alps and finding it at his mercy.

According to Sherwood's play, Hannibal was dissuaded by the feminine logic, not to speak of feminine presence, of Amytis, wife of the then dictator of Rome, Fabius Maximus. Amytis had somehow managed to make her way to Hannibal's camp and into his tent, and had also somehow managed to make him forget his war plans. It was with that second "somehow" that my role was concerned.

Groucho Marx is an avid baseball fan. He finally went to see a game between two all-girl teams. "In all the years I've been attending ball games," he said, "this is the first time I've ever wanted to kiss the third baseman!"—Paul Denis

This was very interesting, but also a little bit worrisome. Any time anyone wants to give old Esther a crack at this deep, under-the-skin acting she is intrigued. But she'd also like to make sure of doing a good job. Here was a role that not only required hard study, but also a psychological knowledge and understanding of the character (we're back to my mom again). So I went looking for this girl Amytis . . . rather, I went looking for the kind of reading that would conjure her up for me. And where do you think I found her? Well, good bits of her were in the Bible in the book of Esther. And insights into her ways and kind of thinking were in other philosophical works, including Kahlil Gibran's *The Prophet*.

"And think not you can direct the course of love, for love, if it finds you worthy, directs your course."

"Love has no other desire but to fulfill itself."

"But if you love and must needs have desires, let these be your desires:

"To melt and be like a running brook that sings its melody to the night."

"To know the pain of too much tenderness,"

"To be wounded by your own understanding of love;

"And to bleed willingly and joyfully."

"And then to sleep with a prayer for the beloved in your heart and a song of praise upon your lips."

WHEN I READ these words of Gibran's I was beginning to come close to the sacrificial nature of a woman in love, and not only that, but I realized how near such ways are to the sublime theme of love in religion. That's what it took to get me in the frame of mind necessary to feel I could be an Amytis!

It's funny but I sometimes think that what adults have to study to learn about their spiritual world, most children often know instinctively. When my oldest boy, Benjie, who is not yet five, was heard saying not long ago that there was more to the world than his mommie and daddy, I knew he meant he had experienced already the feeling that there was a higher force, a mysterious guiding Something. I was not surprised. In talking to him I had seen this belief coming to life in his eyes.

Of course this God of Benjie's is a child's God; I can tell by the trust in his eyes that there is no wrath to this God—only love and sunlight and warmth. This is the same God I know, but I didn't get to Him until my childhood was over. This doesn't mean I never received religious training when I was young. I can remember hearing my first stories about the Bible when I was two. But no impression was made upon me then.

Today I feel that the faith I have never happened to me—I happened to it. I had to think and feel my way to it. On the way to the satisfaction of coming into belief there was a period when I had nothing. But I don't think of this as a time when I was an agnostic or an atheist; rather I recall it as a time of wander and wonder. I remember in my early teens crying out to my mother of my perplexity.

"Do you know I don't believe in anything?" I asked. "I just don't believe. Like being in a vacuum. What shall I do?"

Mother showed no alarm. "Do?" she asked. "Nothing. You are already growing into belief. You have become the kind of person who must reason her way to something as well as feel it. Now you are in an intermediate stage, but you'll come to what you want, to what you feel you need."

I did. There was no great revelation. Faith came bit by bit, rubbed off on me, sort of, when I knew or touched goodness. It is still coming to me and, I honestly think, more through the everyday things of life than through formal seeking. And because this is so I have for the last few years been convinced that mine is a work a day religion.

It shows no preference for Sundays but can make me aware of its presence at any time; as strongly when I am on my feet as when I am on my knees, as greatly when I sip a cup of coffee as at a time when my children are being christened.

DON'T LET ME take away from the power of such moments as one experiences in deep devotion at one's church; I value these as much as anyone. But I would no more divide life into faith and non-faith periods, or even strong-faith and weak-faith periods, than I would divide myself into devout and non-devout parts. I mean that if I am close to the true spirit when I am saying my amens in church I must also be as close to it in as seemingly pagan a place as a nightclub if there I am doing a Christian deed for someone. Wherever man helps man the Lord is being praised.

Since I have brought my mother into the cast of characters of this article in a prominent way maybe I should say a direct word about her. As far back as I can remember she was always a figure surrounded by books; books all over the house; in the parlor, in her bedroom, even at her side when she worked in the kitchen. But she never gave of her learn-

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ing to us as mere learning, as so many facts, but always as a way of living.

Mother is the same person today that I have always known her to be—a highly useful person. Working with three other psychologists she has a counseling service which is operated without thought of profit. To pay for the expenses of their group they make a charge of as little as one dollar and never more than five dollars.

Mother has never been too busy to be a mother to me, even today, but she is too busy to be my fan. Her work is as important to her as my work is to me—maybe I should say more so when I think of how serious she can be and how I, sometimes, cannot. And when she thinks of her children, she thinks of all of them on an equal plane. So I'm never surprised when people ask her if she isn't proud of me, and she replies that she is, but that she's proud of my two sisters and brothers, too. She never has appeared bowled over about my career. Then, one day, she

spoke on this subject in a different tone.

The place was the Westwood Hills Congregational Church in Los Angeles. The occasion was the christening of our three children, Benjie, Kim and Susan. (Being the disorganized me that I am, the christening was done at one time on a wholesale basis.) When Mother kissed me her first words answered the old question.

"Yes," she said (and for a moment I wondered what she was starting to say), "today I am really proud of you!"

THAT'S MOTHER. She was not so much impressed by the success of my professional life as she was by success in my personal life. I think she has a very mature attitude and one that I have adopted to serve me through the years in matters of faith as well as in matters of family.

It is important to recognize what is important and what is not. To believe is important, when how you believe may not be. I am struck by an illustration that

may seem rather light but makes sense to me. Maybe it will to you:

A fellow asks you for a date. Then before he arrives he sends a corsage. The corsage is fine, of course. It shows you that he considers the date important and does things properly. But the main thing is getting asked for the date. A date without a corsage is still a date. A corsage without a date—well, it's just a decoration.

My spiritual date in life is with God. Wherever I can find Him, or wherever I can find signs that attest His presence and His goodness, I will go. This may be in my church, or it may be in another church, using this or that form of approach. He is in all churches, I believe, and from all I borrow to know more about Him and His ways. Only this is important.

Two lines from Alexander Pope's *Essay On Man* say all this much better:

*"All are but parts of one stupendous whole
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."*
END

the duke goes west

(Continued from page 37) parties were just breaking up in the cabins. A dozen or so guests still milled around in Wayne's cabin, reluctant to go ashore. Pilar Palette was talking with Michael, Wayne's eldest son, who was going along. Wayne joined them.

"Why don't you and Mary go to your cabin and freshen up before we sail," Wayne said to her.

"I will go," said Pilar, "if you will just explain one thing to me. How is it I am going on this trip? Didn't you hear me when I said I wouldn't go?"

"Sure I did," said Wayne grinning. "But you're just a little cocker spaniel—and you're crazy about me."

THE ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL at Honolulu may never be the same. When John Wayne vacations he does so in an elegant and expansive manner. The trip over had been fun. The Wayne party included his son, his business manager, B. C. Roos, and Mrs. Roos, a Panamanian banker and diplomat, Tony Arias and his wife, Mary St. John, his secretary, and the cocker spaniel. A relentless perfectionist when he works, John Wayne is also a tireless playboy when he plays—and the voyage had been an endless round of games and rousing dinner and cocktail parties. The group took over half a floor of the Royal Hawaiian.

There are hotels in Honolulu that specialize in freedom of action and casual attire for guests but the Royal Hawaiian is not one of them. Natives call it the Pink Castle because it is painted pink and resembles a citadel of respectability and decorum jutting out somewhat reservedly onto Waikiki beach. You eat your meals at regular hours at The Royal Hawaiian and you don't go about in the bars and cafe without a jacket. And a couple of nights a week you wear a dinner jacket or an evening gown to supper.

After a pleasant dinner the day before Pilar's birthday, everyone retired to the hotel for a few last stories and a nightcap in Duke's suite. About eleven o'clock Wayne spoke to Pilar.

"Look," he said, "you're going to have a very busy day tomorrow. Why don't you go to bed and get some rest?"

"I'm not tired," said Pilar.

"To bed!" said Wayne. And Pilar went.

She had just fallen asleep. It was one minute past midnight, the dawn of her birthday. Suddenly the door of her room was thrown open. In filed an entire Hawaiian orchestra, complete even to a trio of native singers. Someone flicked on

a light and the music began. Pilar opened her eyes in disbelief. The troubadours filled the entire wing with their music and song.

"Happy birthday to you! Happy birthday to you!"

They sang the song twice and then Duke, grinning from ear to ear, told her to get up on her feet and get dressed, there was going to be a party.

And it was a party for fair. Pilar was whisked by her friends in a sleek, black limousine down the street to Don The Beachcomber's where the large banquet room had been reserved and had been filling up with scores of people for an hour. When she arrived, the birthday song was sung again and a hundred and thirty glasses were raised high in a toast to Pilar's health. The cream of the Island society was there and a good sprinkling of Hollywood folk. Mrs. John Ford and her daughter Barbara and Barbara's husband, Ken Curtis. The Van Heflins, the William Bendixes and many others. Along one side of the room the entire wall had been transformed into a magnificent birthday card, with "HAPPY BIRTHDAY, PILAR" spelled

out in script fashioned from thousands of orchids.

The merrymaking went on well into the morning and at the end, when Duke was driving her home, Pilar turned to him.

"Now I know," she said, "why I came along on this trip."

"Now you know," said Duke. "You're really not a cocker spaniel. I just wanted us to be together on your birthday."

BUT ONE DAY the vacation was over. The time had come to go to work. And the location wasn't in Honolulu.

"There's no point in your going home now," Duke told Pilar. "Mary is coming along and you can get a nice place at the Kona Inn. The studio has found me a little house and we can have fun evenings and on week-ends. What do you say?"

"Why do you talk so much?" said Pilar. "Make the reservations."

And so, the next morning, one of the sturdy little airplanes of the Aloha Airlines made a wide sweep off the Kona Coast of the big island of Hawaii, a hundred and seventy miles south of Honolulu and came to rest at the edge of the village of Kailua.

The party drove to the house. The Kailua area is made up of jungle and lava flows. The jungle is thick and lush and very green and the beds of the lava flows are black to dark brown rivers of cinders and solid rock that have frozen into a million different shapes as the anger of Mauna Loa, her crater hiding high in the clouds, subsided. But there is still excitement in the lava flows, because Mauna Loa is active and as recently as 1952 spilled millions of acres of molten rock down into the sea right at the edge of the village.

Duke and Pilar's car traversed a black hard road which had been built of crushed lava. It cut through the jungle, halting now and then to ease past crews of native boys who spent their days chopping down the growth which built up overnight. And then they came to the house, one of the most modern to be found in any corner of the world. It is open on all sides except for screens that keep out the hordes of flying insects that abound in the area. The main walls are of stained koa wood and alternate sections of white-painted brick. There is no convenience known that the owners, Senator and Ouida Hill of Hilo, Hawaii, have left out. But it is the setting of the house that is breathtaking.

The house is built on a promontory of black lava on the beautiful bay of Keaouhou (pronounced key-ah-hoe) and around a semi-circle of palms and fragrant bushes lie the primitive homes of the native



IT HAPPENED TO MY BABY

I have always admired Olivia de Havilland, so I wrote to her and asked for a photograph. She sent me one and we started a friendly correspondence. When my first baby was born, Miss de Havilland did a wonderful thing. I received a package in the mail. In it was a small pair of baby booties Olivia de Havilland had made for my baby. I shall always cherish them.

*Teresa Junghans
Monroe, North Carolina*

fishermen, each family with its bright red outrigger canoe pulled ashore onto a skidway of small logs.

DUKE AND PILAR stood and watched the activity for a long time before they went into the house. Across the small bay children of four and five were sport-ing in the warm water, swimming like Olympic champions. And from another bank a man and his wife went to sea after urchins, spiny cactus-like creatures that cling to the coral and rocks on the bottom. The man swam ahead and his wife followed ten feet behind towing on a rope a wash-tub that would carry their catch. Some distance from shore the man began his dives. He would plunge to the floor of the sea and, with a wire fork on the end of a short stick, snatch several urchins from their homes, bring them to the top and toss them in the tub. When they got to shore they offered Duke and Pilar some of their prizes, explaining that the poisonous spines must be broken off, the crusty skin of the fish opened and the meat eaten alive and raw. Duke and Pilar said they just weren't hungry.

ANY LOCATION TRIP during the making of a movie is rough, but *The Sea Chase* jaunt to Hawaii was a honey. The locale was a cove where the jungle grew thick right to the water's edge. There was anchored a large, rusty ship, looking so likely to sink that when it first dropped anchor off the jetty at Kailua all the natives for miles around came to look at it.

At six o'clock in the morning, Pilar and Mary St. John, still half asleep themselves, would come trotting down the road to the house, ringing a bell to awaken Duke. Then, while he dressed, they would pre-pare breakfast for him. And at a quarter to seven Duke would dash across the lava flow to a waiting car, which drove him to the jetty, where he boarded the ship for a long day of shooting at sea.

The evenings were fun, though. Duke would return to the house about six o'clock. He would join Pilar and Mary and any other guests who might be there in a half hour of swimming in the warm water of the bay. Then would come an hour of walking and exploring the rock-lined shores for shells or boating with a glass viewer to observe the lovely coral.

At about seven-thirty, dinner, prepared by a local Portuguese woman named Laura and her daughter Rose, would be served.

Another hour of chess, cribbage or gin rummy and Duke's eyes would begin to close, so Pilar and Mary would send him off to bed and then return to their own quarters for a bit of the same tonic.

Sundays were generally gay. Duke and Pilar would swim several times, fish a lot and take long *siestas* on the wide, flat benches on the lawn. And if they had the energy they would skin-dive (Pilar be-came a very proficient skin-diver) and bring back all manner of strange finny creatures for Laura to cook for lunch. Sometimes, although they preferred being alone, Duke and Pilar would ask other members of the company to come over for

cocktails. And one week-end, when a guest arrived from the mainland, they threw a bang-up party. From the names of the guests it might have taken place in Beverly Hills. Duke's son Pat was there and Henry Fonda and Mr. and Mrs. Ward Bond and the director, John Farrow, and Lana Turner and a half dozen others.

But the entertainment was different. Just as coffee was being served after dinner, a strange procession appeared a hundred yards from the house where the lava flow ran into the sea. A group of white-garbed natives carrying torches and several shrouded shapes walked slowly to the water's edge, chanting a dirge in a strange tongue. At the water's edge they raised the torches high and cast their burdens into the sea. The guests were awed.

"That," said Duke, "is a Hawaiian burial service. The lava beds are too hard to dig, so the natives bury their dead by torch-light in that manner."

When it was all over, Henry Fonda ap-proached one of the musicians.

"That was a very impressive chant you were singing during the burial," he said. "What do you call it?"

The Hawaiian grinned. "That was a joke we played on you," he said. "And when we chanted, we just kept repeating 'We are crazy Hawaiians.'"

THE VACATION or location, whichever you wish to call it, is over now and Duke and Pilar are back home in Hollywood. But there is one incident they won't soon forget.

Duke fell ill. He got an infection in his ear that was extremely painful and, for a while, really serious. He is a big man, proud of his size and his ability to take anything. But this tiny bug laid him low. A doctor was called from Honolulu who ordered him immediately to a hos-pital in Hilo on the other side of the mountain.

Pilar bundled her man into a car, cov-ered him with blankets against the chill night air of the mountain top, and, driven by a native boy, they traveled to Hilo where Duke was given emergency treat-ment and put to bed at the Naniloa Hotel. He passed into a deep sleep induced by the illness, the fatigue of the drive and the medication. When he awakened in the morning the first thing he saw was Pilar curled up with a blanket on a chaise longue across the room. She hadn't slept. Duke gave her a weak grin.

"What are you doing here?" he asked. "Away over here in Hawaii, three thou-sand miles from home!"

Pilar was wan, but she managed to smile. "I'm just a cocker spaniel," she said. "And I'm crazy about you. And now I really know why I came on this trip. Go back to sleep. I'll watch over you."

It was a surprise to no one that in the first week of November Duke and Pilar were married in Honolulu. District Mag-istrate Norman Olds performed the single-ring ceremony in the garden of Territorial Senator William H. Hill. The word "obey" was omitted, perhaps to persuade Pilar that she isn't treated like a cocker spaniel!



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it just happened

(Continued from page 31) Audrey and Mel decided to be married in Europe for several reasons. Audrey is European and most of her family lives in Europe. It would be easier to avoid the press in Europe. Mel thought he might have to start a film in Rome after their honeymoon. Audrey thought she might have to make a picture in London. She is under contract to a British film company which has loaned her out to Paramount.

On Saturday, September 25, Audrey and Mel were married in a tiny Swiss mountain chapel at Burgenstock, a resort above Lake Lucerne.

On Monday, MODERN SCREEN received this cabled report from Zurich:

Darling, elfin Audrey Hepburn married Melchior Ferrer, thirty-seven, on Saturday.

In fact, she married him twice, first in a civil ceremony, held in the back parlor of the mayor's house in Buochs. This is a small town that lies below Burgenstock. The ceremony was in Schweizer Deutsch (Swiss German). Ferrer did not appear to understand very much of it.

The second ceremony took place in the Burgenstock chapel. There are only 220 people in all of Burgenstock, and apparently few of them knew about the wedding. The chapel is French Protestant, and while Audrey is Dutch Protestant, Ferrer is said to be Roman Catholic.

It was a dreary, dismal, rainy day. Audrey was beautifully dressed. She seemed very small and fragile and frightened. She was wearing a white organdy gown designed by Balmain. On her head was a garland of white roses. She wore white gloves and carried a white prayer book. Ferrer seemed self-assured. He was wearing a dark suit with a white carnation in his buttonhole.

Until they both stood at the altar, some of Audrey's friends might have secretly hoped that Ferrer would go the way of Jim Hanson. You know that in 1952 Audrey was engaged to marry James Hanson (he was formerly one of Jean Simmons' constant dates) after she finished Roman Holiday. Invitations to their wedding were already out in England when Audrey canceled it.

In 1950 it had been the other way around. She was engaged to marry Marcel Le Bon, a French actor who was and is a crooner of sorts. Le Bon was offered a contract in the United States. He left Audrey and went to New York. She was then a chorus girl in High Button Shoes. Le Bon married an American girl instead.

Anyway, with such a background, perhaps some of the twenty-five guests were secretly expecting something unusual to take place at the wedding. Nothing did.

After the ceremony there was a wedding reception at the Burgenstock golf club. By this time a few of the townsfolk had heard of the wedding. A photographer tried to get pictures at the reception. One of the guests smashed his camera.

When newspapermen heard about this in Rome they were very angry. Ferrer had been staying in Rome. Reporters who had asked his press agent, Hank Kaufman, if anything was up, were told, "No, Mel is merely flying up to Switzerland for a little vacation. He will be back in a week."

Kaufman said later that Ferrer had never mentioned the wedding to him.

Audrey and Mel stayed at their reception two hours, drank a little champagne and then left for their honeymoon hideaway in the Swiss Alps for two days.

Then they took a train to Rome. At the railroad station, the press descended but Audrey and Mel were not giving interviews. They were still on their honeymoon,

they said, and they wanted to be left alone.

They got into a car and headed for Cinecittà, Rome's Hollywood, with the press in wild pursuit.

FURTHER CABLES from Europe reported that in an effort to escape reporters and photographers, the Ferrers went to Albano, a village 120 miles from Rome.

There in a twenty-room stone villa, Ferrer bolted all the doors and refused to talk.

Italian movie producer Vittorio Forges Davanzati, a friend, finally went out and announced, "The Ferrers have asked me to obtain for them police protection. After all, gentlemen, they are on a honeymoon. I assume many of you have been on a honeymoon. A man does not like having 150 reporters underneath his bedroom window at such a time!"

"All we want," cried one newspaperman, "is to ask them a few questions, just a few questions."

"That crazy chauffeur of theirs drove so fast we were almost killed following them," another reporter cried out.

Audrey and Mel decided to hold a press conference that night.

"When did you fall in love with Mr. Ferrer? When did you decide to marry him?" Audrey was asked.

"When Mel and I were acting together in New York, I said to myself that I would

On Marlene Dietrich's first day in America she re-did a movie scene a dozen times. The director's instructions to her were: "Walk through the door, count three to yourself, then turn around." The close-up was to her eyes. "We'll try it again," said the director. Then it was "count up to six," then "ten" and finally "count up to twenty." This was the big scene of the movie, and the critics said that in Dietrich's eyes the viewers could see years of sweeping tragedy.

"What I was thinking to myself, at the time," Miss Dietrich later confessed, "was if this is the way pictures are made here, I'm taking the first boat home tomorrow."

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post

like to get married to him. There was no day nor any particular moment when we fell in love. It just happened. There was an understanding between us after a while that we would get married. I have great faith that it will work out. I am sure it will."

Sadly enough, the general feeling in Hollywood is that Audrey's marriage will not work out. Many people believe that Audrey is somehow under Mel's complete domination. As soon as this breaks, they expect the marriage to come apart.

"I cannot, for the love of me," said one Hollywood actress who has played opposite Ferrer, "understand what Audrey sees in the man."

An answer to that comes from Mrs. Florence Vivienne Entwistle, a professional photographer, who is, incidentally, Sarah Churchill's mother-in-law. She made some portraits of the actor. These are now in Audrey's possession.

Said Mrs. Entwistle, "Some women are fascinated by the nice, miserable expression on Ferrer's bordering-on-the-plain sort of face. I know I was. He's a man you feel you must mother. He certainly brought out the maternal in me. It's that lean and hungry look he has."

Hollywood, of course, is often incorrect in predicting the courses of marriages.

There is no doubt that Audrey is com-

pletely and devotedly in love with her husband. During their courtship he wouldn't let her out of his sight, and she was content to let him manage her private and professional life. That courtship began last year after Audrey had finished her second Hollywood picture, *Sabrina*.

UNTIL THEN there had been no American love affairs for the Dutch-born actress. "I'm so busy with my career," she had said, "that I haven't even had time to analyze my innermost thoughts. I'm still in the process of learning about myself. Until I do, there's no possibility of marriage."

Then Audrey went to a Hollywood cocktail party and met Mel Ferrer. She knew practically nothing about him.

Later she was to learn that he had been born in New Jersey and had left school to marry sculptress Frances Pilchard. They had gone to Mexico where Mel had tried to write. They had two children, Pepa and Mark. Then Mel had drifted away from Frances. After their divorce he became interested in stage work.

He married Barbara Tripp and they had two children, Mela and Christopher. This marriage also ended in divorce and in 1942, Mel remarried his first wife.

After their second marriage Mel and Frances separated frequently. During one of these separations Mel found Audrey.

When Ferrer got the rights to a French play, *Ondine*, he convinced Audrey that she would be a natural for the lead. He talked the Playwrights Company into producing the play. Naturally, he would star opposite Miss Hepburn. The Playwrights Company agreed with alacrity.

Soon the word was all over New York: Audrey and Mel were inseparable. No one could talk to Audrey without first checking Ferrer.

In addition, Mel began to tell Alfred Lunt, the director of *Ondine*, what was wrong with his work. This antagonized several members of the cast who leaked to newspapermen the opinion that Ferrer's acting was mediocre, his ego enormous, and his hold on Audrey "practically hypnotic."

About the same time, Audrey's mother began to hear about her daughter and Mel Ferrer. And she began to worry. Ferrer was still a married man, for one thing.

But not for long.

According to his wife Frances, "He told me that he had fallen in love with Audrey Hepburn, so last December I went down to Juarez in Mexico and I got a divorce."

So in January, 1954, Mel was free to court Audrey. "Audrey," he announced, "must be protected from people as if she were royalty."

AUDREY'S MOTHER tried to intervene. Backstage in Boston where *Ondine* was being tried out, Ferrer asked her, "What have you got against me, anyway?"

The baroness didn't think he was the right sort of man for Audrey. Audrey was young. She'd had no father to guide her. She had gone to school in Holland during the Nazi occupation. She had gone to England as a refugee. The family had lost most of its money. She had worked as a chorus girl. She had come up the hard way. Certainly, she was entitled to enjoy her success alone. Besides, Mel had been married three times. There were four children to look after. Audrey, at twenty-five, was too young for him. She didn't want her daughter to get hurt. Her daughter had been doing marvelously well without his intervention. Why didn't he get out of her life and leave her alone?

Mel told the baroness that he was in love with Audrey, Audrey was in love with him, and that he had no intention of leaving her daughter alone.

He became even more possessive.

AUDREY HEPBURN is no fatuous, silly little girl. She reads the newspapers and she understands what she reads. She saw what was being written about Mel. She understood that her mother objected to him violently.

In Mel she had a man who would take care of all the details, leaving her free to concentrate on her art. Perhaps she and Mel would become another Lunt and Fontanne, another Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier. Here was a man who had been an actor, writer, producer and director. Was she really in love with him? How many men did she know, anyway? She began to worry and she lost weight.

The doctor said she needed a rest. Walter Winchell wrote, "Mel Ferrer is the chief

reason Audrey Hepburn's worn out. They're in love."

Audrey and Mel had been inseparable; she had seen him in all circumstances, and she believed he was a good and gentle human being.

She left *Ondine* and not very long after, Audrey and Mel then discussed marriage plans. Audrey said she would go to Switzerland for a vacation. Mel said he would go to Italy and then join her in Switzerland.

It was September when they were reunited. Audrey Hepburn, the charming, brown-eyed, actress who had started at the top by winning an Academy Award for her first full-length role, became the third Mrs. Mel Ferrer. **END**

ty and linda call it quits

(Continued from page 49) was forty-one-year-old Ty, and his talk was practically all about his profession.

"Linda and I haven't been getting along for some time," he admitted. "Call it incompatibility. So we might as well end our marriage."

"I'm leaving for the east. It's very exciting to return to Broadway. I'm going to do Christopher Fry's play *The Dark Is Light Enough* with Katharine Cornell. Twenty years ago Kit gave me a job as Buzz Meredith's understudy in *Flowers Of The Forest*.

"In order to do the play I've had to give up several film commitments, one in Brazil, one in Ireland, one with my own company. But I think I've made the right decision."

Ty then took off for a fast week-end in New York where he discussed the details of the legitimate production and the possible itinerary of the road show.

IN HOLLYWOOD a friend of his said sadly, "The poor guy wanted to be out of town when the studio announced his breakup with Linda. But he'll be back. He's nuts about those little girls of his."

Ty flew back to the coast a few days later, drove out to his house, one of the most fashionably decorated in the movie colony, and asked Romina if she'd like him to take her to Kiddyland.

Romina clapped her little hands and a half hour later, she was riding on the merry-go-round at La Cienega and Beverly Boulevards. Watching the little beauty enjoy herself, Ty looked sad. Perhaps he wondered, since he was going east, when he would see his child again.

Ty Power hoped against hope that his marriage would succeed. He tried everything. He took Linda to the Philippines when he went on location. He gave her freedom to travel around the world with Bill Gallagher and Mrs. Larry Kent. Knowing how much she loved Rome, the city of their marriage, he agreed to the purchase of a fashionable apartment there. He indulged Linda's every whim. He gave her every convenience money could buy—a lavish home, servants, nurses for the children, a Duesenberg, an Alpha Romeo, a \$12,000 Bentley. But material possessions are a poor substitute for love and almost a year ago Ty and Linda began to fall out of love.

This development came as a great shock to the movie colony because if ever there was a marriage that seemed to have everything, it was the Powers'.

Back in 1948 Ty Power was going steadily with Lana Turner. It was commonly accepted that Ty and Lana would be married, after the handsome young actor returned to Hollywood from a good will flight around the world.

What most of Hollywood did not know at the time was that Ty had quietly been dating Linda Christian, a vivacious Mexican beauty. She was widely-traveled and she could speak six languages.

Ironically, it was Lana Turner who introduced Linda Christian to Ty Power. One day on the set of *Homecoming*, Lana was talking to Linda when Power arrived.

"This is Linda Christian," Lana said. "How do you do?" greeted Ty. Linda took it from there.

SEVERAL MONTHS later when Power set down his plane at the airport in Rome, Linda was on hand to greet him. She showed him around the city she knew so well, dazzled him with her continental sophistication.

From this point, Lana Turner didn't have a chance.

By flying to Rome, "by getting there fustest with the mostest," Linda had outmaneuvered Lana.

Later, Ty and Christian continued their romance in Mexico City, another city that Linda knows well.

In Mexico City, it was implied that Ty was angry with Linda "for seeing so much of Mr. Big," supposedly an extremely powerful Government official. But when he was asked about this he denied it.

Linda Christian is, of course, a native of Mexico. She was born in Tampico, thirty years ago, of a Mexican mother and Dutch father. Her real name is Blanca Rosa Welter. Just how and where she conjured up the name Linda Christian she claims she doesn't know.

Linda followed her father, an oil executive, from station to station: Italy, Palestine, Holland, China and Switzerland.

"There was a time," she once said, "when I wanted to become a doctor but then I gave up the idea."

In Mexico City, however, she once worked for a plastic surgeon. After that she became a model, catching the watchful eyes of many Casanovas, some Mexican, some American.

WHEN LINDA first came to Hollywood in 1945, she was acquainted with Errol Flynn. She lived in the Commodore Apartments on Hollywood's Franklin Avenue. From there she moved to Angel's Castle on Sunset Boulevard and thence to the swank Bel Air Hotel.

To begin with she had an extremely limited wardrobe, but it wasn't very long before she was touring the night spots, bedecked in furs and jewelry. MGM gave her a screen test and signed her. In a matter of months, the green-eyed siren was dating the handsomest men in town.

Once she met Tyrone Power, however, Linda fell in love and began to concentrate on the dark, moody actor:

A year after they met they were married in the Roman church, Santa Francesca Romana. Three years later, they named



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their first daughter Romina. "We want lots of children," beamed Ty. Said his mother, "The baby looks exactly as Tyrone did at her age."

After Romina was born, Linda decided to renew her screen career. There were no objections from her husband. It was whispered around town, however, that Linda was perpetually restless, continually dissatisfied, that no amount of travel and adventure could sate her.

When Ty settled his contract with 20th, a studio he'd been with for twenty years and began the tour with *John Brown's Body*, it was said that Linda was getting awfully lonesome, that to occupy her time while Ty was on the road, she sometimes dined with men about Hollywood.

In 1953 there were a dozen rumors that the marriage of Linda and Ty was over, in fact, that they had even consulted a lawyer about a pre-divorce settlement.

Ty squelched these rumors with an irrefutable answer: Linda was pregnant again.

Taryn Stephanie was born in September, that year. Ty bought his wife and two daughters a beautiful new home in the Pacific Palisades, and the rumors died down. But not for long. All through 1954 they grew bolder and stronger.

WHEN EDMUND PURDOM, a tall, handsome, English actor, arrived in Hollywood with his ballerina wife, the former Anita Phillips, it was said that he had a good chance to star opposite Olivia de Havilland in *My Cousin Rachel*.

A fellow Britisher, Richard Burton, got the part, however, and subsequently the Purdoms were reduced to poverty.

"I was so broke," Purdom says, "that I couldn't afford to pay the doctor's bill when my daughter Lilan was born. I was nearly deported for being unemployed. In order to eat, I pawned my wife's wedding and engagement rings and her father's watch. I had no money for bus fare. I had to walk from studio to studio looking for a job. Once we were evicted for not paying the rent."

The twenty-seven-year-old actor does not mind discussing the hardships he encountered before he found a degree of Hollywood fame by substituting for Mario Lanza in *The Student Prince* and for Marlon Brando in *The Egyptian*.

He will not, however, discuss his friendship with the Tyrone Powers or any phase of his private life.

"I do not believe," he says, "an actor's private life is any of the screen magazines' business. I stand on my work."

Ed and Linda worked together in *Athena*, where their friendship blossomed.

Purdom does not care to confirm or deny the rumors that eventually he will divorce his wife and marry Linda Christian. Nor will he talk about the story that had him romping all over Mexico with Linda and Ty while his wife was awaiting the arrival of their second child. Nor will he dignify with any sort of reply the innuendo that his friendship with Linda was responsible for arousing Tyrone Power's jealousy.

On the set of *The Prodigal*, Purdom would only say, "I hope to be making a trip to London shortly. If the studio pays my way I'll have to do publicity for *The Student Prince*. Anyway, I do want to get back to England for a bit."

One cynical Hollywood citizen suggested the possibility that Purdom wanted to get out of town until the rumors subsided.

Thus it is probable that as you read this article, Tyrone Power is working in New York, Linda Christian is vacationing in Mexico City and Edmund Purdom is visiting in London.

Just how or where or when all three or even two of these extremely handsome people will get together again, no one can say.

END

Jack Lemmon

(Continued from page 57) from radio, television and Broadway, to Hollywood he was an unknown quantity. He seemed to be an unassuming lad, medium height, medium build, medium coloring (brown eyes, brown hair) with a boyish voice.

When *It Should Happen To You* was previewed, reviewers across the nation mentioned Jack with adjectives ranging from pleasant to laudatory, and hailed the medium young man as a rare find for the screen. They said he had a warm and appealing personality, that he was deft as all get out at comedy, that he was an actor of conviction and that the screen should see more of him.

The recognition of his talent naturally pleased Columbia Pictures, who had put him under contract after his debut performance on Broadway in *Room Service*. Noting the acclaim for Jack's comedy, they assigned him to *Three For The Show* with Betty Grable (comedy role) and scheduled him for *Phffft!* (comedy role).

Jack reacted in two ways. He was happy as a clam to have hit Hollywood's big time, but he was worried by the thought that he might be typed as a comedian. He knew, he said, that he could do other things, that he wanted to do all kinds of roles and that he hoped he'd have the chance.

There's a valid reason why Lemmon has been thrice cast in comedies, besides the fact that he is adept at this most difficult of arts. Personally, he is a very amusing young man. He speaks with a flair for phrase and a humorous twist.

HE ACKNOWLEDGES Boston as his birthplace but adds that the family moved to Newton (seven miles away) when he was a small child. He claims his parents were a rather soft touch for their only child, endeavoring to give him piano lessons and all the things they felt were ad-

In the village of Neauphie Le Chateau, outside of Versailles, lives a young lady with her husband and two children. She goes shopping each day with the other villagers, who look upon her as one of their own and address her as "Madame David." They know only that "Madame David" is a respected, happy member of the small community and that she once lived in America. They don't know she was a child movie star, nor that her name was Deanna Durbin.

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post

vantages and he felt were extremely dreary projects. There were his days at Phillips Andover Academy, prepping for either Yale or Harvard. This kind of thing was made possible by his father's success in the bakery business plus the invention of a machine that perpetually produces doughnuts. Jack can tell you all about doughnuts, how they are best made, and even the why of the hole in the middle, an interest which shows him to be a grateful young man who knows whence his blessings came. He has been unusually lucky, he figures, for he not only had all this, but when he took his V-12 tests at Andover he was assigned to a Naval Reserve unit at Harvard—ten minutes from home. Recalling those three years at Harvard he twinkles at the mention of the nearby Wellesley girls, gives a pitch for the pulchritude at Pine Manor, omits the fact that he was president of the Hasty Pudding Club and elaborates on his opinion that at college he was a horror. "I must have been a stupid

little jerk. I thought I was a big wheel on campus and it's interesting to me now that when I meet guys who were in my class I find them tremendously stimulating and not meatballs at all."

After three years of Navy training at Harvard he was assigned to a desk job in Boston's Fargo Building as Ensign Jack Lemmon, traffic officer. He spent his days picking up a phone and announcing meekly: "Lemmon. Jeeps."

A few months of this and he was assigned to the aircraft carrier *Lake Champlain*. During his few weeks aboard Jack had two hours and twenty-two minutes at sea—a trip from Norfolk to Newport News—and it turned into a fiasco worthy of a movie (comedy role). The Navy had the misunderstanding that Jack was a communications man and assigned him as communications officer of the big ship. This job ordinarily would have been held by a full lieutenant at least, but the war was over and the ship was being de-activated as quickly as possible. So Ensign Lemmon set happily to work taking inventories and figuratively chucking overboard everything he could find—including the code books.

The *Lake Champlain* had no sooner put to sea on Ensign Lemmon's sole sea voyage than a huge tanker was sighted, bearing down upon her. The tanker, according to Jack, was signaling by semaphore, by every flag the Navy had ever seen and by lights flashing so frantically that the hulk looked more like a Times Square sign. The captain on the bridge of the *Lake Champlain* leaned over the side and roared downwind to his communications officer. "Lemmon! What are they saying?"

Ensign Lemmon, who didn't know an S.O.S. from a Full Speed Ahead, didn't have a clue. And when he asked a Chief standing at his side the man said, "I've never seen such a signal in my twenty-two years in the Navy. And we can't find out. You've logged all the books over, sir." "It must mean something!" squeaked Ensign Lemmon.

"I can guess," said the Chief. "I'd say she's out of control—that her right rear screw's broken, maybe. In which case they've got the right of way, sir."

It was something, better than nothing, and so Ensign Lemmon howled the conjecture up to the Captain who shouted, "Great balls of fire!" and began spewing orders. Within minutes the two ships passed each other, missing contact by mere inches.

It turned out that the Chief's guess had been correct to the letter, and Ensign Lemmon was given a recommendation and shortly sent back to Boston where he took his leave of the U. S. Navy.

HE BORROWED \$300 from his father. Lemmon, Sr., wanted his son to join him in business, but Jack had set his sights on show business. The family was pleased, having been sprinkled with entertainers (before the bakeries Jack's father had done a soft shoe routine on the stage and his mother was a singer) but apprehensive about Jack's chances in a world where there are 2000 men for every job.

The \$300 was soon gone, spent for room and meals while the young genius composed show tunes that didn't sell and scores for Broadway musicals that never opened. Finally he got a job playing piano in an obscure nightclub. For a pittance he played all the tunes he'd ever written, and the customers growled through the smoke, "Hey, bud, play something we know!"

Later he got another job in another nightclub, this one owned by another Harvard graduate who fraternally allowed Jack to spread his wings. Mr. Lemmon did seven shows a day, writing, directing, producing and emceeing them and never re-

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peating once. "A young actor needs a place in his beginning where he can smell something awful, but he learns." In the early months in New York there were many jobs like these. Jack lived in a succession of cold water flats. One, priced at \$2.50 per week, was on the top floor of a seven-floor walk-up, over a delicatessen. The rising odors, captured for eternity in Jack's apartment, were more than made up for by Isaac, the delicatessen owner, who knew a hungry boy when he saw one. He donated sundry fat sandwiches without thought of reward.

There was a flat which boasted seven rooms, a piano and a library of 1000 volumes. They were all pocket size pulps, to be sure, but it was a library nonetheless, and it was in one of the two rooms Jack used. The other five were closed off because of mice.

There was the classier flat at \$5 a week. The door had no latch and no doorknob, just a padlock.

There was the attic flat with a skylight in lieu of windows, a nest for which Jack paid a flat \$3 weekly. The phone was in the basement and tenants who wanted phone service were asked an additional twenty-five cents. For this weekly sum, when they were phoned, the landlady belowered their names up the stairs. Jack was the only one who couldn't afford the quarter, so whenever there was silence following the phone's ring he plummeted down six flights of stairs in an effort to get there before Signora Graciana had hung up.

At this rate there wasn't much hope of paying back Lemmon, Sr., his three hundred dollars, but Jack had learned that his father had once borrowed \$1000 from his father and it took him six years to return it. This happy bit of news relieved his conscience and allowed him to plod on.

Eventually he did this, beginning with parts in radio soap operas and graduating to television, appearing in more than 500 shows, not including the three TV series which he produced and starred in.

He tells it all in high good humor. But Jack Lemmon is a great deal more than amusing. He has the rare sensitivity of the dreamer, he has quick intelligence and underneath the fun he is quite serious.

Some of this stems from his father, a man seemingly steeped in industry, who once said, "The first day I cease to find romance in a loaf of bread I'm going to get out of this business." Jack agrees with his father. He recalls with considerable sentiment and nostalgia the summer home in New Hampshire he and his dad built with their own hands. And he remembers his years at Phillips Andover when he wanted

more than anything else to be a painter. Before he was sixteen, *The Atlantic Monthly* carried an article written by young Lemmon's art teacher, Pat Morgan, who used Jack as a model for his story on the dreams and thoughts of a youngster who envisioned painting as his life's work. Pat Morgan and his wife made a deep impression on Jack, and he still treasures the stolen hours spent with them in their home "because when I was in their house they were not my teachers but my mentors, and they treated me as a person with my own thoughts and needs."

JACK WAS A serious young man. After his discharge from the Navy he went back to Harvard for a year's course in physics, in order to get his degree. And he was serious about his music and his acting. When he first went to New York—the first night he was there—he walked all night through its streets and along its rivers,

Tom Ewell's mother went to see her son perform in *The Seven Year Itch*. Later she confided, "Everybody in the theatre loved you." Tom asked, "How did you know?" She explained, "They told me because they knew I was your mother." Tom asked, "And who told them?" She answered, "I did."

—Paul Denis

dreaming of his future in the city. It was dawn when he walked down Shubert Alley and saw the old sign with its peeling paint, "Through these portals pass the great and ungreat of show business." To Jack it was a personal challenge.

"It was the first time I'd been away from family and friends—the people who used to applaud my efforts whether or not they were any good. And now that strangers didn't rise to the bait all the time I began to realize I was out of the parlor and on my own. I did a lot of growing up."

Lemmon watches other people, their words, gestures and deeds, their pattern of behavior. He speaks of being an actor, and of being a star. "There's no connection between the two. Wanting to be a star is a phase you go through. When things begin to move, you're too busy with craft, with worrying about your ability, to be impressed by autograph seekers. All your

values change. When I walked along the river at night I promised myself one thing if I ever made the grade—clothes. Now I'm too busy even to think about clothes."

He is serious, and after four years still excited, about his marriage to Cynthia Stone of Peoria, Illinois. He and Cynthia met when they had roles in an off-Broadway play, and married two years later, disregarding the fact they couldn't afford it. Just now, Cynthia is at home with Christopher Boyd Lemmon. He was a little late in his arrival, putting his prospective parents into a dither. Jack was working in *Phffft!* and every time the telephone on the set rang, he all but knocked over the rest of the cast and crew to answer it. But he finished the picture and was sitting calmly at home when the baby got ready for his appearance at Cedars of Lebanon, June 22, 1954.

Of Cynthia Jack says, "She can do anything and do it well. If she gives a party or decorates a home or visits the kids in the Children's Hospital or acts in a play, she does it beautifully. She has innate taste. I think the reason we're so happy is that we're on the same level of communication."

LEMMON thinks and philosophizes about people. He understands himself rather well. He can even explain the attraction show business has for him. "The first thing I remember is our move from Boston to Newton when I was about four years old. The woman next door wanted me to play with her son—his name was Billy Tyler, I remember—and it's all so clear to me that I can still feel the embarrassment and shyness that came over me. I didn't want to play with the kid because I felt I was a complete stranger. I think that's why I'm in show business—I feel the need for acceptance. My parents made me feel loved and wanted, of course, but it might be because I was an only child that I wanted acceptance on a large scale."

It would seem he is going to get that acceptance—and on a very large scale. He will capture his audience with his light, comic touch and then, when he is given the opportunity to prove that his acting ability covers the same range as his conversation—from the ridiculous to the sublime—he will certainly become one of America's favorites.

Jack's dabbling in paints and pianos, his charming singing voice, his directing and producing of TV shows, his talent for musical composition, all make him a Jack-of-all-trades. But he is master of at least one. Whether or not he looks the part, he is an actor.

END

minding his business

(Continued from page 34) ally." Further, for anyone who has ever wondered about Bob, and how his thinking about himself runs, this snatch of dialogue between him and Clark Gable has specific implication. It is a good bet that Robert John Wagner, Jr., is following a personal policy which is normal for a young and ambitious man of his age; his work comes first. Everything else, including girls just now, is diversion.

Of course, there is diversion. Bob is young enough to hunger for fun, and he gets a tremendous kick at the way the world has widened and doors have been flung open for him these past two years since his successes in *12-Mile Reef*, *Prince Valiant*, *Broken Lance* and *White Feather*. "It's a little staggering," he tells you with a grin, "but I've found an effective counterbalance—work. Good, solid work."

So Bob still talks to girls, but not with the kind of message that would start them making plans.

Yet that report that has been going around for more than a year now, about a hidden clause in Bob's contract forbidding marriage, has absolutely no basis in fact. There is an excellent reason why no such provision is written into the agreement between Bob and 20th Century-Fox. One of the studio's executives explained it in quick words:

"Bob's no fool. He knows that getting a marriage started is as important and requires as much attention as getting a career started. He will want to give his marriage everything he's got when it happens. But unless he falls in love accidentally—and violently—there is no chance he will propose to any girl within the next few years. And if by chance it does happen and he does fall in love hard—well, that's another reason why we don't

have any clause against it—no contract could stop him from going ahead and marrying the girl in that case!"

BOB HIMSELF made an interesting comment on the subject the other day when he was preparing for some tests in connection with the filming of his newest picture, *Lord Vanity*. "A fellow is practically twenty before, for the first time in his life, he really becomes an individual," he said. "I mean before he leaves his childhood home and is away from the parental influences. But no sooner does he attain this state—and boy it's sure a brief one for some fellows!—than his friends start making with the questions about marriage. Well, sir, it's sure going to happen to me, all right. I'm the marrying kind. But not yet. Not quite yet."

"Are you sure?" he was asked. Bob nodded. He was in one of the front offices and he went to the window and pointed

out toward the big buildings housing the various stages. "I only have to walk into one of those, just walk in, mind you, to get a real thrill," he said. "That's all I need so far. So I can't say I'm lonely yet as a man. Not really lonely when my work can give me such a wallop. After all, it's thrilling to be part of a business as farflung and colorful as this.

"Just yesterday a producer told me that no minute of a twenty-four-hour day passes without one of my pictures being shown on a screen somewhere; be it in Hong Kong, Thailand, Nome, Alaska or in deepest Africa. I suppose that's because a number of my pictures have been released internationally within recent months. Now for a kid who used to think his was the kind of face anybody could forget, and who washed dishes once for \$15 a week, this is rich stuff to take, and humbling, too. But I want to take it just a little bit longer. Then? Well, it'll only need the quickest flash from the right girl's eyes and there won't be any use looking for me amongst the stages any more—I'll be long gone John at the altar!"

"But don't you think you should have a certain girl in mind?" his questioner asked. Bob smacked a hand against his forehead. "Oh, no!" he laughed. "If I had a girl on my mind where would I do my thinking about work?"

IT SHOULD BE pointed out that the fascination the movies have for Bob involves more than just stepping in front of the camera as an actor. Even though he insists that he has no thought of ever getting into production he spends a great deal of time with people who are in the technically creative end of the business.

He got started at this because he didn't like to get involved in studio discussions, feeling abysmally ignorant while others talked mystifyingly about such processes as "scoring," "dubbing," "pre-recording," and "looping."

"What do you need to know all that for?" someone kidded him once. "All you got to do is look handsome. I bet you never took a girl out in your life who asked one question about dubbing or looping."

"No," Bob admitted, laughing. "But if a girl should ask me, what a dope I'd sound like trying to explain if I didn't know!"

Bob doesn't need anyone's urging in his quiet campaign to improve himself, nor is anybody's kidding going to stop him. When he was cast in *Lord Vanity* he was invited to discuss the story with Charles Brackett and Delmer Daves who will produce and direct the picture. As they dipped into the period and locale in which the action is laid (18th Century Europe and America), Bob found himself doing much more listening than speaking, and eventually he had to fall completely silent.

Bob had gone to work right after high school, and hardly anyone would expect him to be familiar with the historical details. Bob is nevertheless not going to lean on this for an excuse. Many a night when he could be dating around town he is digging into books. When you add to this stint the other pursuits he must attain proficiency in before he can successfully fill a role in a picture like *Lord Vanity*, it becomes apparent there is going to be little idleness in his life for a while.

He is constantly surprised at the amount of work involved in producing a picture, even though he has been in some twelve productions since he first attracted interest in *Halls Of Montezuma* four years ago.

"For instance, I thought when I made *Prince Valiant* the toughest part of my work would be in getting my lines down right," he said. "All I overlooked was learning such skills as jousting on horseback with a knight's long lance, swinging a heavy medieval battle-ax and dueling

with a broadsword. It took the noble knights of those days all their lives to get to be any good with these weapons. We in the picture had a few weeks to look as if we were good, even if actually we probably were terrible and couldn't slay even a midget-sized dragon."

Learning his lines and the proper delivery used to be a frightening bugaboo to Bob. In one scene, when he made *Let's Make It Legal* a few years ago, he blew up twenty-one times. But his improvement since then has been phenomenal. And, as he says with a smile when you talk about his social life, "It takes a lot of night work over my scripts at home to be able to keep on getting paid for day work in the studio."

This sort of attitude on Bob's part is beginning to make Hollywood realize that he isn't going to be the slough-it-off type of star who figures he can get by in his career with a smile for the camera and a wave for the crowd. Someone was reminding him recently about the long grinding years the great stars of the legitimate stage used to put in before they were considered as masters of their art. "Don't remind me!" begged Bob. "I can already see that I'll be years catching up with the prominence the studio has given me."

Everyone who knows Bob's story will recall that for a short period in his life he bowed to the wishes of his father, who is in the steel business, and undertook to learn that business. Actually he tried his hand at selling stainless steel.

He didn't work at it long, but he found there was one aspect of the job that he wasn't bad at—meeting people and establishing the warm personal relationship necessary in sales promotion. It was his father who first realized this.

They were talking about Bob's desire to concentrate on movie work, and his dad, who was arguing against the move, citing Bob's lack of acting experience as a handicap, unconsciously strengthened Bob's case. "Our steel customers all like you," he said. "My reports are that they like to have you come around and see you again. That shows you have a good personality." Then he had to laugh because what he had said was easily as good a reason for Bob's becoming an actor as it was for him to sell steel.

But though Bob's father opposed him originally, and Bob felt he had hurt him by leaving the steel business, he knows his success has pleased everyone at home and that he hasn't "flopped" as a son.

He also knows that with his kind of people a son is expected to make another sort of success. He is expected to marry the right girl and raise a fine family.

THIS MAY BE only in the back of his mind right now, but it's there. In the meantime he wants another big picture or two to his credit to further prove to 20th Century-Fox that they picked the right boy when he was put under contract. Not that his company needs any such additional proof. When Bob first went to work there he wrote to Darryl Zanuck, head of the studio, thanking him for the opportunity to act and assuring him that he would come through. Just the other day he met Mr. Zanuck at the door of the administration building.

"That was a nice letter," said Mr. Zanuck, who has a long memory. "I'm glad you have kept your promise. In fact you are doing a wonderful job."

Bob says that to him these words were like finding a firm handhold while climbing a steep mountain. "I really think that maybe I have a chance to make it now," he says. "If work will do it, study and work, I'll study and work." He laughed suddenly. "Boy, when I do meet the right girl I ought to be in a great mood for romance!"

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SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

design for loving

(Continued from page 54) he was out horseback riding Alan Ladd spotted him and with Sue's help managed to get him a job acting in *The Red House*. He had worked around here and there, had a stock contract at Selznick studios, but every time a big part came up the big boss hired a big star instead.

A lot has happened since that time, but before going into that, let's go to something that happened on location for Universal-International's picture, *The Looters*, a few weeks back. Rory had taken Lita to Colorado Springs for the location. Lita, not being what Hollywood knows as a persistent "location wife," was staying in a hotel in town. The phone rang.

"Rory is sending a car for you," a voice said. "He wants you up here right away."

"Oh no," Lita replied. "Tell him I'm doing all right. Not a bit lonesome."

The voice persisted. "He won't take no for an answer. Says it's very important."

Two hours later, full of anxiety, Lita arrived on the set, and as she walked past the cameras toward a huddle of cast and crew around a huge table the hills resounded with the singing of "Happy Anniversary." Lita almost wept, and cameras recorded the event which she says is one of the nicest surprises she's had in her life.

That night, as they sat around the campfire, everybody told anecdotes about his own courtship and marriage.

Finally it was up to Rory, who is far from the most talkative guy among actors. In fact, if it had not been that he was among close friends, and there happened to be a talkative one in the bunch, this story couldn't have been told.

Seems that after Rory caught his six A.M. plane for San Francisco after that first all-night date with Lita, he was a "gone guy." Every day he managed to get next to a phone and run up a whopping bill. Not long after his return, he built up their occasional dates into a steady thing, and on his birthday, August 8, again driving her home, he worked up the courage to say, "Let's fall in love and get married."

There may be other nightclub entertainers who, on receiving a proposal, have said, "You'll have to ask my mother and father." None are on record until now.

"Lita's mom and dad had a restaurant and parking lot on Cherokee Street in Hollywood at the time," Rory recalls. "I used to drop in there at odd hours, help park cars, work in the kitchen with Lita's brother, Pete. So Lita and I drove down there, and while she went in to talk to her mother, I buttonholed her dad."

"Mr. Castro," I said, "do you want to go to a wedding next Sunday?" He said sure, whose wedding? "Your daughter's," I told him.

"My daughter's? Lita's? For golly's sake, who would she be marrying?"

"Me," I told him.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Castro could believe it. Mother Castro, once convinced, held out for a church wedding. They were fond of Rory, but both being Catholic, they wanted their daughter to be married in the family faith. The urgency of first love not to be denied, Lita and Rory insisted that they were going to be married the following Sunday in Santa Barbara. The wedding took place on schedule in an Episcopal church with Rory's mother and stepfather present, as well as all of Lita's family.

SINCE THEN, this love that first blossomed in the dimly lit and improbable atmosphere of nightclub Mocambo has flourished beyond all the expectations of hard-boiled columnists who first made note of it. Except for an occasional experimental jab aimed by some irresponsible reporter,

there has been no sort of factual discord between Mr. and Mrs. Rory Calhoun.

A miracle? Not if you know Rory Calhoun. He doesn't think like a movie star and he doesn't behave like a movie star husband of the usual type. It isn't necessary for him to prove his manhood by occasionally "straying off the reservation," and coming home just short of the filing of divorce papers. For one thing, most male (and some female stars) sooner or later cease to think of other human beings as quite in the same class with themselves.

Rory Calhoun, on the other hand, is closer to "people" than he is to fellow stars. One of them asked him, "Don't you get tired of all these interviews?"

"How can you ask that?" Calhoun responded, incredulously. "Look, friend, when I talk to a reporter, I'm talking to people. Sometimes in this business we may think that we're mythical gods, but we are people. And when I am interviewed I'm not being a great, big, generous guy when I say that these are my people; at least those who have been kind enough to express an interest in me. Without them, I'd have been flat on my back long ago. Matter of fact, I was flat on my back and they saved me. Not just the 'movie fans' that so many Hollywood characters express in terms of utter boredom. I mean the sensible men, women and kids who have written me wonderful, intelligent letters. As long as I can talk and as long as they care, what they want to know about me they can know."

"When I say the pleasure is all mine, I'm not being a politician. The pleasure is mine! Did you know that these people were rooting for me when all I was on the screen was a few chin whiskers and a middle background camera shot? The people who pay for tickets at the box office are the star-makers, star-shakers and star-breakers, and I'm not apple-polishing when I say so. I hope that my life is going to be such that they'll always keep that personal interest."

ABOUT THAT LIFE, on a couple of occasions Rory was so discouraged that he nearly chucked his screen career for the outdoor life which he knew would support him. But his "people" always showed such strong interest that the gradual contract manipulations no one quite understands finally led him from studios where he was little or seldom used to his present seven-year contract with Universal-International. The pictures may not always delight the critics, but they pay off. *Dawn at Socorro* and *Four Guns To The Border* are two.

In the intervening years, Rory and Lita have had their good times and bad, but they've never done any public moaning. Two years ago, they finally managed to buy the home they wanted, a solid ranch style house in Beverly Hills, with a swimming pool and plenty of room for Rory's boat, which he built almost entirely him-

self, an archery set, and other sports equipment. Hardly had they moved into it when tragedy struck. Lita lost an expected child. She had been in a dancing picture and hadn't known about the expected event until she had overtaxed herself. Philosophically, they agree that they will be blessed again.

This year, too, Rory's beloved Grandma Mickey, whom he was visiting when he was first discovered, died while he was far away on a location he couldn't leave.

ON THE BRIGHTER side, Rory's ranch investments are finally turning out to be more assets than liabilities. Oddly enough, Lita's parents left Spain because they didn't like the country. Peter Castro didn't care for ranches and Mom always was "taken" with a severe sunburn when she stayed out in the sun for a half hour. They were desolate when the freeway construction ploughed under their nice home in Hollywood, but along about that time Rory's grandpa passed away, forgetting to leave a will. Rory helped them bid in his home and ranch near Ojai, not far from Rory's own place. It's not far from the Ojai Inn and it's across the street from a fabulous home Loretta Young is building.

This is why, on week-ends, you can seldom find the young Calhouns at home. If they're not winging their way toward Boulder Dam with Rory's boat on a trailer, they're visiting Mom and Dad. Lita confesses that at first she too, didn't like the country too much, and water made her sick.

"I got used to it, though," she says now, "and if you want to know the one big secret of the happiness Rory and I are having together, it's in leading our outdoor life together. We just don't come home, sit, and after dinner rush out to parties. Our favorite spot is Calhoun Cove. It's on the Colorado River and we like to go up there with some friend like Guy Madison, camp out with sleeping bags, stay out fishing all day, then come back and settle down to planked fish and tossed salad before a huge campfire."

"There's something else that's important, if any young people happen to be listening. A good marriage doesn't have to be confining. For instance Rory doesn't mind at all if I work now and then. Last winter I took a job at the St. Regis Hotel, dancing and singing with Billy Daniel. Rory was busy and away on a picture location. But we weren't separated more than three weeks. We've both seen people in show business rush off to Europe without each other. Human beings have a way of developing new interests when they are apart too long. When they get back together they don't have a genuine interest in their mutual problems. I guess the best formula for a sound marriage is a combination of 'don't hedge me in, but for Pete's sake, don't stay away too long.'"

Rory Calhoun seconds that, and adds: "It's nice if a fellow's wife can be handy with a rifle or a six-shooter when a man's away. I just got back from bow and arrow hunting with Howard Hill to find that Lita had filed a report with the Beverly Hills police on a prowler. Seems that in the middle of the night she heard a noise below our second floor bedroom window. She listened for a few seconds to make sure it wasn't a dog or a cat, then she sneaked into my den and grabbed a hunting rifle. It may have been silly for her to turn on the light, but the police say that the sight of her standing there aiming that artillery scared the daylight out of the prowler. He fell right through an awning and its a cinch he won't be around Beverly Hills again for a long time. If an efficient police force isn't bad enough, no sensible second-story man wants to face a wild-eyed little gal on the trigger end of a 30-30!"

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Ingrid bergman

(Continued from page 61) understands his wife's predilection for order and lets her rule the house. But he usually comes home for lunch. Then his Latin temperament and natural effervescence turn things into a turmoil. Rossellini is a sparkling conversationalist who shouts, gestures, laughs and acts out anecdotes.

He speaks a broken English, his wife speaks a broken Italian, and together they are ecstatically happy, no matter what the rumors.

DOES INGRID ever regret her runaway romance with Rossellini?

She says, "No, I have no regrets. I miss Pia." (Her fourteen-year-old daughter by her former husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom.) "But one cannot help falling in love, and I would probably do it all over again."

As to the censure and condemnation by the American public (she was denounced by many women's clubs and in some communities her films were banned), the actress admits, "Things were not easy. I was kicked and pilloried and damned. I have never been able to talk about this before, but one afternoon while I was still in the nursing home with Robertino, I was visited by a man from Hollywood indirectly representing the motion picture industry.

"I can't give you his name—it would serve no purpose—but he told me that he had been sent to Italy to help me solve all my problems. I could regain the respect of the American public, he said, if I would not marry Rossellini, if I would promise never to see him again and would return to my first husband, Dr. Lindstrom.

"But what will become of my baby?" I asked him. 'Don't worry,' he said. 'We'll put it in a home.' Then he said that when I returned to America I should make a radio broadcast, explaining that I had been a victim of infatuation. I should ask forgiveness. He assured me everything would then be all right.

"The more I listened to this Hollywood citizen, the angrier I got, I almost jumped out of bed. I screamed that I loved my child, that I loved Rossellini, and I told him to get out."

to Janet with love

(Continued from page 39) when I felt like eating, I ate. Mornings, a big bowl of coffee, mostly milk, with matzos broken up in it. At school, a hot dog which I paid for and the root beer they threw in free. Plus what I scrounged from my friends, like an apple or cookie left over in their tin boxes. Plus a couple of dirty dried apricots. We'd swipe 'em from wagons and stuff 'em in our pockets for emergency rations. Covered with two weeks' lint, they tasted fine. But potatoes were the mainstay, and the way my mother cooked pancakes they were also a pleasure. I never felt cheated, I never got sick, I never had so much as a cold when I was a kid. I enjoyed my food. I didn't know any better than to thrive on it.

SO ALL OF A SUDDEN I'm in Hollywood, and what happens? A conspiracy. At Universal they break for lunch on the hour. Okay, I can handle Universal. If I'm not hungry on the hour, I take a walk. If I'm hungry at three, I send out for hamburgers. But the plot thickens, I'm invited to parties where they serve full-course meals. With tidbits yet. Full-course meals destroy my appetite. Tidbits I don't appreciate. Food is secondary with me. To stay alive, I eat. But the oolala bit with the delicate palate, this I don't dig. And on top of insulting me with

Two years ago, Signora Rossellini believes, the tide of public opinion began to turn.

"People who kicked me began to change. They began to help me up from the floor. Maybe they just felt sorry for me."

One person who did not change was Ingrid's daughter Pia, now living with her recently remarried father outside of Pittsburgh.

In 1952 when Ingrid petitioned the California Superior Court to allow Pia to visit her in Italy, the golden-haired child, then thirteen, told the Court that she had visited her mother a year before and didn't want to return to Europe a year later.

Moreover, in the privacy of Judge Mildred Lillie's chambers, she confided, "I don't love my mother."

When asked why, Pia said, "I don't think she cares about me too much. She didn't seem very interested about me when she left. It was only after she left and got married and had children that she suddenly decided she wanted me."

Pia also testified that she saw precious little of her mother in Hollywood. Here is a sample of her testimony:

COURT: Pia, before your mother left for Italy, did you spend much time with her?

PIA: No.

COURT: Did you eat with her?

PIA: No.

COURT: Did your mother ever eat with you?

PIA: Not that I can remember.

COURT: When she wasn't working, didn't you see her quite often?

PIA: No, because then she went to New York.

COURT: Did she ever take you with her?

PIA: No.

INGRID BERGMAN feels that given time, Pia, too, will change, that one day she will relent and forgive her mother's transgressions. She writes Pia regularly and hopes her daughter will visit her in Europe next summer.

Until then, Ingrid is determined that none of her other children will ever be able to accuse her of not spending much time with them. In Signora Rossellini's new scheme of things, a career must always take a back seat to love and children.

END

filet mignon, there's something else. Filet mignon becomes a symbol. They're forcing their tastes on me, moving in on my idiosyncrasies, tampering with my likes and dislikes. It's an affront. Nobody's going to rob me of the things I grew up with, and hooray for my side. Of course I could've stayed home with a sardine in the first place. But who wants to be reasonable?

That's how things stand when I take a bride, God bless her, who's also conditioned. Only the other way. Three balanced meals a day. Right out of the book. For Janet's metabolism, it's great. She likes proteins. I like cherry pie and Pepsi-Cola. She likes to eat by the clock. I like to eat by a very whimsical stomach. This could drive most women ga-ga, but not Janet. Sure, she wants me to eat healthy, but she won't press. Hands off is her slogan, she respects my sacred identity. Till a crisis blows up.

My dad gets sick. The job separates me from my brand new wife. I do a Finn-twin. From 150 I drop to 130. I catch my first cold. Aha, I'm falling apart. When Janet sees me, she flips. She starts with the food. To build me up. A wife's natural anxiety. Who could object? Me.

I say, "Stop with the food!"

She says, "You can't sustain life on coffee and a doughnut for breakfast."

I come out with the hokey lines. "Man does not live by bread alone."

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"It helps," she says, and coaxes me into breakfast. Janet coaxes nice. I swallow one egg, scrambled. She gives me a kiss and tells me she'll up it to two. Without kissing or telling, the pile grows bigger. I look at the plate, I look at her. "How many eggs in this mishmash?"

She blinks a little. "Four." I get mad. But under the madness, my funnybone clicks. Here she's cheating me and I ask her and she tells me the truth. A female George Washington. Somebody else would've lied it down to three. Janet's relieved. It's even my fault a little. "You should've guessed sooner. It was killing me to keep the secret."

For dinner she dreams up dishes to please me. I turn them down. She's patient, she's rational, she's sweet. "We'll find out what you like by the process of elimination." I eliminate everything. I act like a chowderhead. What I don't know, I won't eat, even when personally introduced by Janet. I don't know lamb with mint sauce. I don't know green jello with carrots inside and mayonnaise on top. You've seen this dessert? Or salad? Or foolishness? To me it's *ersatz*. If you want carrots, serve carrots. Jello's for babies. Mayonnaise you can stick right back in the jar and clamp the lid on from here to eternity. Then there's something called chicken à la king. I don't even care to hear the name pronounced. So Janet gives me steak. I'd rather have a hot pastrami sandwich, but I'll do her a favor. A small steak, she says. Only it's nine inches high. And a nice glass of milk. But I can't mix milk with meat. More conditioning from the early years. With meat I drink orange soda. But orange soda's no good for me. Milk's good for me. Milk has nourishment. Orange soda has bubbles. I push away the milk and the steak together. I dine on halvah. (*An overpoweringly sweet candy.* Ed.) Janet loses patience, which she should have done long ago. "Eat what you like, Charlie, and if you don't like it, try living on air."

WHEN YOU'RE USED to being coddled and it stops, your eyes can fly open. Suddenly I see how tough it's been on Janet. Here's this lovely girl who should be saving her energy, knocking herself out trying to keep me healthy. For which I should thank her, not fight her. On the set I can't live with intrigue. At home I can't live with friction. Not because I'm a wonderful joe with more ideals than the next fellow. Because I'm a peace-lover. It's the nature of the beast. Also of the beauty, my wife. When you meet Janet halfway, she comes three quarters. What's compatibility, anyway, but trying?

We talk it over, we compromise, we adjust. I change my ways a bit, she changes hers. If we have meat, we have meat, and no cream sauce over it. I keep my soft-drink cellar. When there's pie for dessert, everything's cleared off so the meat doesn't show, and I drink milk with the pie. Milk and pie go together. Instead of four, I get two eggs for breakfast, and a strange thing happens. I become very concerned. Maybe she doesn't care; maybe she doesn't love me any more. I keep hoping she'll slip me a couple of extra eggs. I want it both ways—my individuality and my wife fussing over me, a very pleasant sensation which I miss. Still I get two eggs. I think maybe I should go starve again. I brood. Till I catch her peeking out of the corner of her eye to see how much I ate. So all right, now she loves me again and I'll be a good boy. So good, I'll even try a new dish now and then. Like Welsh rabbit.

Welsh rabbit used to be a bad word to me. I'd see soft, friendly little creatures killed by shotguns, dissected, stuff poured over them and here, take a bite! My stomach turned; it made me literally sick. One

day Janet mentioned Welsh rabbit for lunch. I went green. She brought me a cold towel, she held my hand, she waited till the fit passed. Then: "Tony, just what do you think Welsh rabbit is?"

"Let's change the subject."
"Tony, it's cheese. Plain American cheese melted over plain toast!"

"Th—that's all?"

"That's all."

"Where's the rabbit?"

"In the forest, in a Disney cartoon, never on toast."

From green, I got real indignant. I like American cheese. If they called it right, I'd have eaten it twelve years ago. But no, they have to call it a bunny from Wales. Just to eat my heart out.

SO MUCH for the food department. Now for the house. I can honestly say without fear of contradiction that I'm the world's sloppiest character, married to the world's most fastidious girl. The way I feel about rabbits in the diningroom, that's how she feels about disorder in the house. True, she lives and lets live. Muss it up all you like, as long as you let her straighten it out again. Like I'm lying on the couch, watching tv. "Janet, could I

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have a glass of water, please?" She puts it on this little table, I take a sip, I watch tv thirty seconds, I reach for the glass, my hand can't find it, I jump to see if I knocked it off, it's gone. "Janet, where's the water?"

"I thought you'd finished."

She brings another glass, I take a sip, same routine, same thirty seconds, only this time I know I didn't knock it off. "Janet, will you leave the glass of water alone?"

She gets the point. Now she takes it away, but not so fast as she used to.

I overdo things worse. Though sloppy, I'm clean—you have to make that distinction. I bathe three times a day. I come home from the studio, I change, and wherever I happen to be, I throw. If it lands in the middle of the livingroom, who cares? What's wrong with a pile of clothes in the livingroom? I don't even see them. Till my wife starts picking them up. Then I burn. Not because she invades my right to throw. This is a different story altogether. This offends my notion of what's becoming. It's not her job to clean up after me. "Janet, for Pete's sake, will you sit down and rest?"

"Look, I'm not asking you to put them away. For all I care, you can throw them into the pool. And I'll fish them out. Just don't resent it when I put them away."

Appeal to my sense of fairness, and I listen. I make a magnificent gesture. Janet's allowed to pick up my clothes. More than that, I sometimes pick them up myself. I realize I'm a big boy now and there's nothing cute about dirty socks in the livingroom. So I stick them in the

hamper. Not always. You don't break the habits of a lifetime overnight. But I try. My wife gives me an A for effort. For accomplishment, I'm worth maybe C minus. Once in a while I get carried away, and wash my own levis. You know how there's always a beautiful pair that faded just right, and that's the pair you can't live without tomorrow. I dump them into the washing-machine, I dump soap. Janet never bats an eyelash. "Enjoy yourself. Play." Only thing bothers her, they're still damp in the morning. "Where're you going in wet pants?" she might ask, but she doesn't nag. Instead I find on the bed a new pair of levis. With a note "Sorry darling, I couldn't buy them faded."

WHICH DOESN'T mean that everything goes like greased butter. It still upsets me to see her flying round the house after flying round the studio all day. But I'm big about it, I keep my mouth shut. Because, little by little, the light dawned. Especially after a simple exchange of questions. When we moved, she put away clothes and dishes herself. What she couldn't lift with her own two hands, she supervised. "Why, Janet? We can afford help."

"And you can afford to have your car washed, Tony. But you're always out there with the chamois, polishing. Why?"

"I get a bang out of washing cars."

"The same kind of bang I get out of keeping house."

That wrapped it up. I saw my wife had a hobby. Like I listen to records, like somebody else takes a steam bath, Janet cleans up. It relaxes her, soothes her, makes her feel good. Should I yap because her hobby's different from mine? Or spoil it for her by pulling an ugly puss? She lets me fool round with my model submarines, I let her fool round with the house. To merge 100% isn't necessary. Or advisable. It's enough to accept. And agree to a normal amount of disagreement.

There was a time when we yessed each other to a fare-thee-well. What Janet liked I had to like, and vice versa. You want to be happy? Share your interests. That was for us. We'd share every silly interest if it killed us. I'd say, "Let's go grunion hunting."

She'd light up like the Great White Way. "I'd love to go grunion hunting. Tell me, is it anything like autograph hunting?"

Or she'd ask me to meet her at Sylvia Frostbite's shower. Well, I could hardly wait! Good old Frostbite. I hadn't seen good old Frostbite in forty years, why don't we give her two showers, why don't we run, not walk, to the nearest Frostbite?

As I've mentioned, my wife is an open person. She couldn't take it. I was getting a little punchy myself without knowing what to do about it. Janet knew. She looked me square in the eye. "Tony, if I never see another grunion, it'll be too soon." I fell down with pleasure. And with Janet's blessing, I stayed home from Frostbite's shower.

IN ONE SENTENCE she blew away all that phony sweetness-and-light. She cleared the air. Married, we're still separate people with separate forms of expression. If we share love and the same basic outlook on life, the rest is a bunch of nothing. Our tastes aren't that precious that they can't stand a little kicking around. Now Janet says, "Why don't we put the flower pot here?"

"The hi-fi," I say, "is no place for a lousy geranium."

She says, "Very good," and puts it someplace else. Once I'd have worried about hurting her feelings. She showed me that's kid stuff.

For her humor, her honesty, her sense of proportion, I'm grateful. And for her

warmth. I remember the first time I took her home to dinner. We weren't engaged or anything. I just took her home as I'd taken other girls who were always welcome. My mother is an outgoing woman, though a little quiet with strangers. My father's still quieter. So I bring them a movie star. Their backgrounds are poles apart. It could have been awkward. Except with Janet, you can't be awkward. She's too natural. Her friendliness bubbles, her laughter infects you, the walls come tumbling down. In five minutes we were just people who liked each other.

Later, after our marriage, my mama done tole me, "From the first night, I hoped she would be your wife."

I kid her a little. "You're making it up." But she's very serious. "The heart tells you. And look how it turns out. A girl who takes care of the house, who doesn't throw money around, who watches to see that you're happy. Everything a mother dreams for her son, that's Janet." The way my mom talks, you'd think she invented my wife.

THE LONGER they know her, the better they love her, and with reason. Janet wears well. She's a mixture of softness and stamina. Her emotions are easily stirred. At a sad movie she's a four-handkerchief weeper, and the only girl I know who can cry at a Disney cartoon. But in the clinches, she's a rock. Her life hasn't been any bed of roses. Along the way she's met hardship, disillusion, grief. These are lessons we all learn, and we all react. They can shatter us, frighten us, make us cynical—or the opposite. With Janet, it's

The cast of *The Solid Gold Cadillac* received a message from co-author George S. Kaufman. He sent them a postcard from Europe: "When I think of all you people working away in New York while I am in sunny Italy, it makes me sad—but not very."

*Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post*

the opposite. They taught her more courage, more wisdom and sympathy. If I seem to be bragging about my wife, I'm not. Just the facts, ma'am, from one who's in a spot to know.

When my mother and dad got sick at the same time, I was off on location. In the middle of the night Bobby called Janet, and from then on nobody had any problems except to get well. Janet shouldered the rest, went to the hospital, saw that the folks were comfortable, took charge of Bobby. On the phone she told me what happened—without glossing over what I needed to hear, or building it up either. When I got home, she didn't make any fuss. We both knew how we felt, why pile up the words? But in a hundred quiet ways she spared me. Kept people away from me, laid my clothes out, saw that there was gas in the car, always left five or ten bucks in the clip on the dressing table, just in case. If I wanted to go to the hospital at four in the morning, fine, she didn't bother me about food and sleep. Every night after work she'd meet me there. If I wanted to talk, talk. If I wanted to keep still, she'd open a book. Her strength and tenderness were like arms around me. For *Bambi*, an animal story, Janet has tears. For the realities, she has character. And for character there's never been found any substitute.

On the lighter side, I also like her firmness. Which brings me back to Bobby for a minute. Whether because he's the baby, whether because Mom lost a son in between, Bobby can twist her round his finger. He doesn't feel like homework

right now, he talks her out of it. Easy. He talks me out of it. Takes him a little longer, but he'll spare the time. Not Janet. "Why don't you do it now, Bobby?" And he does it. Of course, I think my brother has a crush on my wife. He's reached the right age, fourteen, and he shows the signs. Calls her up on arithmetic problems. When I hear Janet say, "Eight's divided by seven," I know it's Bobby. Instead of "Hi!", he gets real formal with her. "How do you feel this evening, Janet?"—like he's bowing from the waist. Or he sits in the car with me, he clears his throat. "Janet's very pretty, isn't she?" We're married three and a half years, and all of a sudden Janet's pretty. It slays me, but I try to act offhand. "You like the way Janet looks?" He goes shy on me, stares out the window. Five minutes later: "Uh—yeah." I describe this bit to Janet. "Isn't that sweet?" she coos. Next time they meet, she tells him to do his homework. That's a gift, too. To make your husband's brother learn his lessons.

In the last analysis, marriage is companionship. All the words boil down to that. Janet's my good companion. We both don't get our kicks from running around, but from being together. Here's an ideal evening. The fire goes, the music plays, there's food on the barbecue and friends come in. Never more than six—maybe the Champions, Dick Quine, Blake Edwards, the writer who's about to turn director, Jeff Chandler when he's in town, Rosie and Joe Ferrer. A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and all six beside us in the wilderness, that's what we call fun. Here's another ideal evening. The fire goes, the music plays, Janet's on one couch, I'm on the other, we read, we talk over the day's work, we plan how to fix the house nice, I massage her neck so she relaxes. Once in a while we play Scrabble. Not very exciting, is it? But excitement isn't happiness or fulfillment. That's what my wife gives me. She gives me peace.

AND IF YOU WANT something tangible, I can tell you that too. The hi-fi's my baby. I planned and designed it. I talked to the guy who was building it, we went over the measurements—so long, so wide. "Where do you want the tv set?" he asks. "No tv set, this gismo's costing enough." "Look, there's a chassis and tube that go with it."

"Thank you very much, but what's the joker?"

Well, it seems Miss Leigh called and told him it's part of the outfit. I go home and find Miss Leigh. "Funny thing happened. Out of a clear sky drops a tv set."

"Oh?" she deadpans.

"Somebody phoned Bill, he forgot the name." I pause for effect. "I hate to say so, honey, but he thinks the person who called was a charming girl."

The charming girl giggles, the charming story spills. Not long before, she'd been on a tv show. Instead of money, she asked for a Fleetwood chassis and tube to fit the hi-fi. If you think I'm thrilled to get it, you're right. But not half as thrilled as my wife to give it.

So this Christmas I'm hanging presents for Janet. One's marked: I'LL DRINK MILK. One's marked: YOU CAN PUT MY RECORDS AWAY BEFORE I STEP ON THEM. One's marked: I'LL TRY TO MAKE B PLUS FOR NOT THROWING. One's marked: TAKE THE GLASS AWAY, ONLY BRING IT BACK. There's a big one marked: YOU CAN EVEN WASH MY CAR IF IT MAKES YOU HAPPY.

On top stands a star, shinier every year. That one's marked: LOVE. **END**

(Janet Leigh can now be seen in MGM's *Rogue Cop*; Tony Curtis will soon be seen in *Universal's So This Is Paris*.)

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(Continued from page 51) she's so anxious to know who's visiting us that she's hanging out the upstairs window, yelling, 'Who is it?' I have to haul her back and say, 'Honey, wait, wait! I'll go down and open the door.' I'd say that my wife isn't so much a movie star as a very talented girl whom circumstances have pushed into the lime-light. She still doesn't take to the idea."

DORIS DAY has to be one of the best investments the studio ever made, because she never has made a picture that wasn't a hit.

"If I have made progress," Doris says thoughtfully, "it's because I had to. I often wonder if I would really have worked this hard without the incentive of Terry's future. Someone once told me that Aries people are inherently lazy—fortunately, I haven't had time to find out from personal experience whether it's true."

She was attacking a steak with evident relish—but then, as Marty says, Doris can always eat. "I remember the day we got married. We went to Van Nuys and found out that they issued licenses for everything except marriage, so we had to go to Burbank. About this time Doris got hungry, so first I had to take her home to eat!"

"He said, 'Imagine anybody being hungry at a time like this!'" Doris chortled. "Then on the way to Burbank I decided to pick up some fabric for a chair cover, and we got into an argument about the color."

"A discussion," Marty corrected. "It was much too early in our relationship to start arguing."

Do not be misled by their casual words into thinking this was not a hearts and flowers romance; it was. Doris has got herself quite a guy, and she knows it. He's handsome and always impeccably dressed, he's one of the smartest business men in Hollywood—and if Doris consistently reflects a happy personality, Marty sets the mood with his eternal but gentle teasing. Since their marriage she wears a new air of assurance, knowing that Marty is there in the background, making the big decisions, quietly seeing that the necessary gets done and the trivial doesn't harass her, looking after her interests.

As Doris has expressed it, "I can't give Marty credit for starting me on my movie career, but I certainly do give him credit for managing it wisely and thoughtfully—and for being the right guy for me."

And she's the right girl. Their references to their marriage are a polite and subtle cue that you are off-limits in attempting to invade that area of their life. They aren't going to tell you any more than that about the way it was, because they share a conviction that how much they love each other and why is their own business. If sticky-minded reporters asked Doris whether her husband remembers to kiss her every time he joins her for lunch in the commissary (he does) she wouldn't answer. Similarly, while Marty is never an unreasonable man, he is very protective of Doris; if a subject is either sacred or, for some reason, painful to her, we just don't talk about that. And those who have insisted on stories on those subjects have discovered to their chagrin that Martin Melcher's memory is enviable.

MR. MELCHER is always welcomed by the press. Partly because he's an intelligent and witty man, but also because he relaxes Doris, who has a deep and unshakable antipathy to doing publicity. She does not—repeat, *does not*—consider herself too big to bother. She tends to be a little wary because—what's to write about 80 a perfectly normal, ordinary girl named

Doris Day who doesn't happen to like rigged-up publicity? She has a Cadillac and a pool and a volley-ball court in which she takes deep pleasure and which she is glad she can afford. She isn't about to be photographed in the kitchen pretending that she does her own cooking. Why should she, when she hates to cook? She loves her family, camellias, new clothes, food, singing, and playing with Terry—not necessarily in that order. She has an aversion to the modern contraption called a telephone. In her studio dressingroom there is a drawerful of chewing gum of every size, shape and flavor, and she's as tickled as a kid when she gets someone else addicted to her favorite vice of chewing away on the set. She has a list of hit records as long as your arm. She's going over to Metro to make a picture, her first time off her home lot. So, what's new? Who'd be interested in reading stuff like that? Nobody, in the opinion of D. Day—so what fantastic thing are they going to print about her instead? It's enough to make a girl wary.

But tall, urbane Marty is also there. He may start the ball rolling by telling a joke, which will be new and very funny. This reminds Doris of her currently favorite story and, completely unself-conscious, she launches into its recitation. Marty

QUIET, PLEASE!

One day in New York a friend and I went to a Marlon Brando movie. As we watched we talked about it, complimenting the star. All of a sudden there was a tap on my shoulder. I turned as the fellow behind me said, "Listen, honey, would you mind keeping quiet? What do you see in Marlon Brando, anyway?" I was speechless. It was Montgomery Clift, and sitting next to him was Marlon Brando!

Janet Bruders
Irvington, New Jersey



listens, chin in palm, and at its conclusion he ribs his wife with deadpan glumness: "You know, honey, this is the third time I've heard that story, and I still don't get it." A bright-eyed blue glance flashes at him; they're playing the typically married game, and Doris is amused. And this is how you get to know her, through the fine Italian hand of Marty Melcher.

NOW THAT the mood is set and the key is minor, Doris comes alive. If you mention a favorite record she made last year, she's likely to sing the first few bars of it, to the surprise of no one present. She confides the matchmaking plans she has for one of her friends, eyes sparkling. At this point Gordon MacRae enters, kisses her warmly on the cheek, straddles a chair, and drones, "I was born on May—"

"Who cares about the dull details of your life?" Doris joshes—and then asks to be brought up to date on them. "How're Sheila and the kids? What's doing with Oklahoma? You know, your hair's longer than mine now. Do you like it over on the Metro lot? I'm glad, because I'm going over there to do my next picture." She sends love to Sheila as Gordon departs, observes affectionately, "There's a really talented boy."

Herself? Lucky, she has called it. "The only acting I ever did before I came to Hollywood was in a Mother Goose play. I was a duck. There was a goose in it, too,

the star—but I wasn't even smart enough to play the goose!"

On her approach to her profession: "I have great admiration and respect for talent, enterprise and honesty; I have no patience with sloppy living or sloppy working. I think that fame most often comes to the people who deserve it, but for myself, I don't think I could have done it for the sake of seeing my name in lights alone. The incentive for me had to be more real, more immediate—my family. Not that I discount my picture work and the things that being an actress made possible, but I try never to over-emphasize that kind of success. I prefer to temper my enthusiasm for professional success with gratitude for the success of my marriage and home life."

RIGHT NOW the immense enthusiasm Doris gives to everything she touches is centered around the recently-formed company of Martin Melcher Productions, Inc.; this is going to be the greatest, the most. Apprised of her big dreams, Marty said with a grin, "My wife's business sense is keen, but she isn't half as relentless as she sounds. What she does about the company is to dart in and out of our conferences—and she's a darting expert. She always shows up at exactly the right time."

If Doris does have a good sense of business, it's just an extra doodad that she doesn't need with Marty around, and perhaps it gets a little rusty. There was the time, for instance, when her total contracts soared to a cool \$3,000,000 and Marty thought it expedient to make Miss Day into a corporation. This involved lawyers to be consulted, papers to be drawn, endless other legal mishmash to which he attended. Then he carefully explained to Doris the reason for and procedure of every step taken. She signed her name where indicated and asked indignantly, "Do you know what they want for those draperies I was pricing?" Business sense, yet!

It could be that in these times a cheerful, happy personality is suspect, but Doris Day gives the lie to those who would say that hers isn't for real. She has learned a profound lesson: that for her love is more essential to life than bread, that happiness is gained in precisely the measure it is given. Why else does she, between scenes, meet more visitors to the set than any other star in Hollywood? Why, when she could be resting in her dressingroom, does she stand patiently, smile radiantly, having her picture taken with the man from Kansas City whom she will never see again?

To Doris, it figures; *she* is happy, it only costs a little extra effort to make other people happy—and she pays for what she gets. Everybody does, one way or another.

SUCH A SUNNY, lovable girl. But nobody, not even Marty Melcher, is going to persuade this one that she GLITTERS in upper case letters, that the sound of her sigh or her smallest thought are of importance. She'd be an idiot not to be able to tell that she has arrived by the material things around her. But in her own pleasures, in her own mind Doris is still a simple and uncomplicated human being.

"You know what?" she says with the kind of candor that undoes her severest critic. "We were at this party and Marty pointed out Artur Rubinstein to me. In a little while he came right over and told me he felt that he had already known me a long time. I said, 'You do?' and he said yes, because his daughter collected my records. Can you imagine a great pianist like Artur Rubinstein bothering to say a sweet thing like that to me?"

END

(Doris Day will be seen next in Warners' Young At Heart.)



These are Beth Anderson's hands. She soaked them in detergents. Only the right hand was given Jergens Lotion care — and look at the difference. *This photograph is unretouched.*

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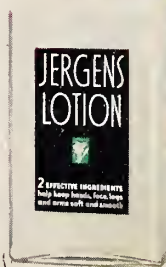
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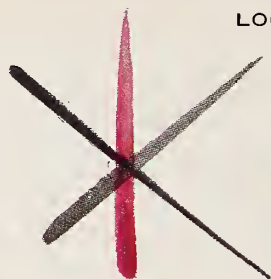
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*NOTICE to doctors and dermatologists. For a summary of this report, write to The Andrew Jergens Co., Cinn., O.



LOOK!

BRIGHT NEW
PACKAGE!



FOR *'Radiantly Alive' Hair*

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

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

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



star in his eyes — your Prell-washed hair!