

1955 20 1955

modern screen

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JUNE and

PICK:

How long
in
last?



LOUELLA PARSONS tells

**HOW THE
LADDS
RECONCILED**

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THAT'S **EXTRA RICH!**



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**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
STOPS BAD BREATH**

**4 times better
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NEW! DOCTOR'S DEODORANT DISCOVERY*

*Safely stops odor
24 hours a day!*



PROVED IN UNDERARM COMPARISON TESTS MADE BY A DOCTOR

- Deodorant *without* M-3, tested under one arm, stopped perspiration odor only a few hours.
- New MUM *with* M-3, tested under other arm, stopped odor a full 24 hours.

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

1. *Exclusive deodorant based originally on doctor's discovery, now contains long-lasting M-3 (Hexachlorophene).
2. Stops odor all day long because invisible M-3 *clings* to your skin—keeps on destroying odor bacteria a full 24 hours.
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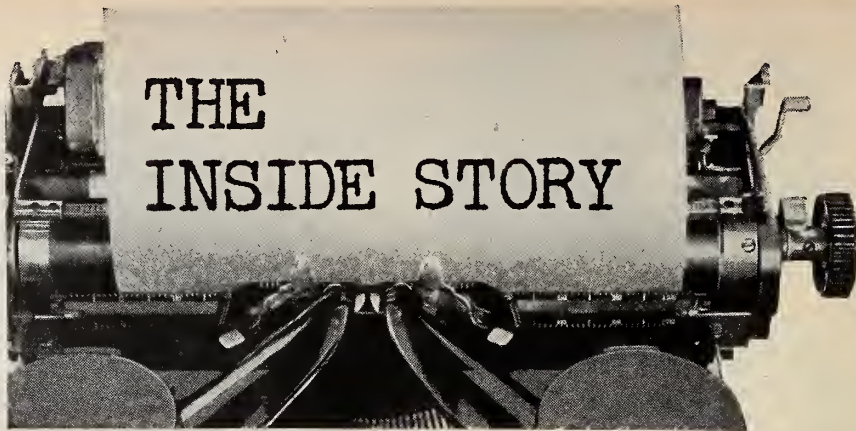
NEW MUM®

cream deodorant

*with long-
lasting M-3*

(HEXACHLOROPHENE)

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



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. Why did Doris Day ask for her release from Warner Brothers?

—J. F., RENO, NEV.

A. *She wants the independence to choose better roles than she thought were given her.*

Q. Is Terry Moore being given a rebuild-up by her studio?

—F. L., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

A. *Yes.*

Q. Can you tell me how many stars are under contract to RKO?

—P. G., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A. *As of this writing, three: Barbara Darrow, Ursula Thiess, Michael St. Angel.*

Q. Does Marlon Brando have a broken nose?

—B. Y., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Is Grace Kelly very well-liked in Hollywood?

—D. L., GERMANTOWN, PA.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Is there any truth to the story that Jack Palance broke an actress' ribs in *Sign Of The Pagan*?

—G. F., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A. *Palance accidentally bruised the actress. X-rays revealed no fractures.*

Q. Does Gina Lollobrigida wear a girle?

—B. V., ROME, ITALY

A. *Yes.*

Q. James Mason received \$450,000 for acting in *A Star Is Born*. Is this some sort of record?

—D. L., DENVER, COL.

A. *No. Stars who have profit-sharing deals occasionally earn more from one picture.*

Q. I've been told that Jeff Chandler recently discovered uranium on his 12,000-acre ranch in Apple Valley. Why has this been kept a secret?

—E. Y., SAN CARLOS, CALIF.

A. *Chandler's Apple Valley holdings consist of 1½ acres on which, to date, he has discovered nothing.*

Q. Is there any chance that George Gobel will become a movie star?

—S. K., DETROIT, MICH.

A. *Gobel has already been tested for movies.*

Q. Has Katy Jurado any children? Does she still see much of Gary Cooper?

—A. J., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *Katy has a boy, ten, a girl, eight; occasionally runs into Cooper.*

Q. Howard Duff and Ida Lupino keep fighting, separating and reconciling. Is this because Ida is older than Duff or is it because Duff is unstable?

—S. L., SEATTLE, WASH.

A. *Duff is unsettled.*

Q. Is it true that his leading ladies have to stand on a box when they play opposite Rock Hudson?

—C. L., CLEVELAND, OHIO

A. *With one or two exceptions, yes.*

Q. What is Tab Hunter's real name?

—V. L., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. *Arthur Gelien.*

Q. What's happened to the marriages of Faith Domergue, Cathy Downs, Vanessa Brown, Maggie McNamara and Dewey Martin?

—E. Y., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. *Ended for a variety of reasons.*

Q. How many times were Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas married before they married each other?

A. *Arlene once, Fernando twice.*

Q. Is Gregory Peck older or younger than his former wife?

—B. K., MOBILE, ALA.

A. *Four years younger.*

Q. Is it true that Jerry Lewis plans to divorce his wife and marry a red-headed chorine in Las Vegas?

—E. Y., LAS VEGAS, NEV.

A. *No.*

Q. Is it true that Lauren Bacall used to work as an usherette in a New York City theatre?

—J. E., GREAT NECK, N. Y.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Who is the highest-paid performer ever to appear in Las Vegas?

—C. S. NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. *Mario Lanza, who is to receive \$50,000 per week for his three weeks there.*

Q. Isn't new singer Tony Travis the Travis Kleefeld who used to date Janc Wyman?

—E. J. P., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Is it true that a prominent studio executive gave Polly Bergen a diamond bracelet during her stay in Las Vegas?

—H. K., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *No.*

Q. How did Bob Wagner meet Ann Stebbins? I hear he's been dating her a lot.

—R. B., OMAHA, NEB.

A. *Bob plays golf with Ann's father, says he's only dated her once—so far.*

Q. Does Suzan Ball sing in her nightclub act?

—Z. N., MIAMI, FLA.

A. *Yes.*

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WONDERFUL NEW EASY-TO-DO PIN-CURL PERMANENT

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While It GUARDS YOUR TEETH!**

Moy, 1955

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

MODERN SCREEN'S 8-page gossip extra

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* On the cover: Color portrait of June Allyson by Garrett-Howard. Miss Allyson will be seen next in Paramount's *Strategic Air Command* and Universal-International's *The Shrike*. Other photographers' credits on page 89.

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TV TALK

Fred Allen learns how to play . . . Shelley behaves . . . Nancy Coleman takes a gamble

Eric Sevareid looks so serious, so stolid, on his tv show that it's a surprise to all his fans to learn that he has one of the most modern houses in or near Washington. He and his handsome wife and their twin sons (who were born in France when World War II was beginning, when German planes were dropping bombs all around) live in the suburbs in a house that could be photographed for any woman's magazine as the latest in *avant garde* décor . . . Eric, and all the rest of the pundits on CBS, are carefully watched and listened to, not just by ordinary viewers and listeners, but by a man who does nothing but check their grammar. Every time a new name or place comes up in the news, an expert at each network informs every commentator how to pronounce it. At CBS, someone also sends a memo to a commentator every time he makes a mistake in grammar. In broadcasting, no matter how famous you get, there's always an English teacher! . . . **Henry Fonda** has a reputation for being rather remote. It's true. There are people he has met time and time again—people he should remember—whom he never recognizes. When they remind him, he is very gracious, very glad to see them once more—but, even then, uncommunicative. Fonda can sit by the hour and not say a word. When he does express himself, it's likely to be in monosyllables . . . Everyone who loves **Fred Allen**—and that's nearly everyone in the business—is so happy that he has learned how to play the game on *What's My Line?* When he first made guest appearances on the show, he was very funny but he didn't seem to understand how to play. Now he's in the groove—so much so that he often outshines the other panel members. These panel games are no cinch, you know. It takes a definite knack—and a lot of practice. Don't think for a moment that just anyone—no matter how quick—can sit down on a panel and make with the quips and the answers. It takes time. Goodson and Todman, for instance, never hire anyone without having them play the game time after time on a closed circuit . . . Not only do women have to be careful about their complexions when they appear on color television, they also have to be rather young. Some of

the old-time stars (who still look good on black and white) look absolutely ancient in color . . . One Hollywood actress who made a hit when she went to New York for a tv show is **Ruth Hussey**. She not only got the rave reviews from the critics who saw *The Women*, she also won over everyone who went to the big party NBC gave afterward . . . At the same party, everyone expected **Shelley Winifred** to do something extravagant or daring or at least a little risqué. She let them all down. Didn't do a thing except snap her chewing gum . . . You have no idea how much trouble some reporters go to, to get on shows like *Meet The Press* or *Face The Nation*. Some of them travel a thousand miles just to be on television for ten minutes . . . Some time ago the cast of the *Kraft Theater* was posing for pictures and one of the photographers noticed a young bum sitting in the corner. He told him to get out, that no one except the cast could stay in the room. The young bum was **James Dean**, the star of the show—and now the star of *East Of Eden*! Those old clothes and tennis shoes would have fooled everybody who didn't know him . . . Speaking of people who are a little reminiscent of Marlon Brando, **Paul Newman** is a surprise to tv fans who see him in *The Desperate Hours*. On tv, he had sometimes acted so much like Brando that you'd have sworn he was doing an imitation. But in the hit play he has a new style—courtesy of director **Robert Montgomery**, who insisted on it . . . You'll probably be seeing more and more soap operas with plots that last one or two weeks instead of going on and on for years. It's too hard on actors to do a soap opera on tv every day for months and years, and if different actors play the same part, it's most confusing for the viewer! The solution—new stories fairly often that require new actors. That way, better and more popular people can take the parts, too. When the same plot goes on, seemingly forever, it's hard to find people to play the parts . . . **Nancy Coleman**, who is in *Desperate Hours* on Broadway, got up at five o'clock in the morning for months when she played the lead in *Valiant Lady*. It was a pretty rough schedule, particularly with (Continued on page 22)



Ruth Hussey celebrates with husband Robert Longnecker, having won critics' praise for *The Women*, praise of NBC's guests for being nice.



Henry Fonda doesn't remember names or faces or when he saw you last. And when reminded, he is friendly, but then he forgets again.

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as the man who teaches
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and
JOHN DEREK
that there is a time to fight...
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modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood



Hollywood's most glamorous first (but not last!) date—Liberace and Sonja Henie at Sonja's party!

IN THIS SECTION:

Good News
Party of the month
I nominate Colleen Miller
Barbara Stanwyck stunts
The letter box



louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

THE PARTY OF THE MONTH: Sonja Henie wouldn't give an inkling, but the best guess is that the circus hoedown she gave at Ciro's (took over the whole place) cost her not a cent less than \$15,000!

It has been a year since the little blonde skater gave her last big party at her home—and the first time Hollywood has been treated to such a lavish and colorful wingding at a nightclub. And I mean *wingding*!

Three hundred guests turned out arrayed in every costume under the sun which has to do with a circus. When the curtains were opened on the main room of Ciro's, we found that trapezes were hanging from the ceiling, sawdust was all over the floor, the place cards

Sonja Henie turned Ciro's into a circus tent—and filled it with a hippopotamus, an



Jane Powell and husband Pat Nerney, looking like real kids, found a quiet corner and necessary elbow room to sample the pink spun sugar.



Peggy Lee, with a star in the middle of her forehead, danced with pirate Bob Calhoun, but both seemed to have eyes only for the acrobats.



Sonja awarded first prize for most original costume to oriental Esther Williams. Sonja's was pretty cute too.



Susan Hayward, chatting with Liberace, told me she hadn't been able to bring herself to cut her hair yet. But this way she makes a better gypsy!



Vera-Ellen and Vic Rothschild (another ring-master!) peeked around the lobster and champagne. No wonder Vera is getting less careerish!



Jeanne Crain came as a startlingly got-up nautch dancer, surprised no one by remaining at Paul Brinkman's side.



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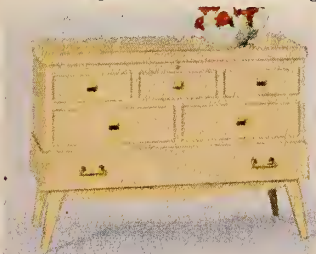
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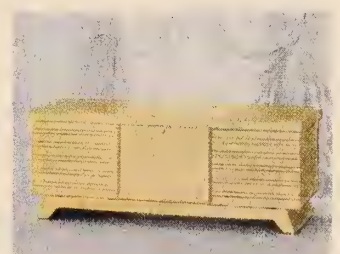
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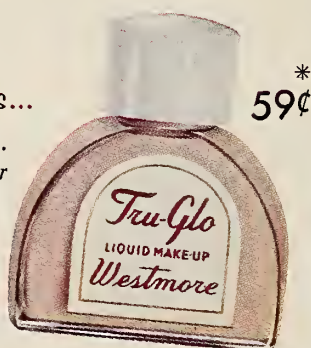
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Case

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nothing can be redder than this NEW COLOR

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Proved BEST in movie close-ups.
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*An extremely
handy man around a
house—or on
top of it—is Glenn.*

FORD AND SON, CARPENTERS

■ If Glenn Ford were ever lost on a desert island, he could build a house for his wife with his bare hands.

It's difficult to imagine a movie star's being cast up on a desert island, but if there were a tree for Glenn to chop down, Eleanor Powell Ford would have the most magnificent house ever built on any desert island anywhere.

Glenn Ford's three acres in Beverly Hills are honeycombed with things he has built. These range from a massive brick barbecue containing stones from every place in the world he has visited, including the jungles of Brazil and the peaks of the Alps, to a cage for the baby alligator the Fords used to own, to a paneled cabaña near the swimming pool.

Many years ago Glenn's father puffed slowly on his pipe and said, "Okay, son, be an actor if you like. But you'd better learn a trade, too."

Right now Glenn is saying the same thing to his son. Ten-year-old Pete Ford hasn't decided about his future yet, but he is already on his way to becoming a master carpenter like his father. He can saw straight, hammer straight and use a square, plumb and level. He usually brings friends home from school to do those errands beneath the dignity of a master apprentice.

Of course he sometimes hits his thumb with a hammer or cuts his finger with a putty knife. So does Glenn. But there are no tears—just a comparing of scars.

Their present project is CH III, and it started one morning last month when Pete looked up from his breakfast and said, "Dad, how about building a clubhouse?"

Glenn laughed. He had already built two clubhouses. The first was



taken over by the gardener. It was a good place to store fertilizer. The second was appropriated by Ellie. It was a good place to store trunks.

"Okay," Glenn said. "There's that half-finished attic over the garage. We could use that."

"And," Pete said, looking reflectively at his mother, "this time we'll make it for men only."

Now Glenn and Pete get up at six o'clock in the morning, have scrambled eggs, and start to work. Work stops when Pete has to leave for school. (Pete is probably the only boy in Beverly Hills who has been late to school a dozen times because he is helping his father build a house.) Work doesn't start again until three-thirty when Pete comes home. (Promising not to work unless Pete was home is the only way Glenn could stop his son from coming home for lunch and being late to school twice a day.) Then they hammer, saw and plaster until Ellie has called them three times for dinner. After dinner they work together until Ellie has called Pete three times for bed.

There are going to be two book-cases in CH III, one for Glenn's books and one for Pete's. The walls and ceilings are going to be covered with sports pictures that Glenn has collected for his son.

Glenn's pipes will be there for him to smoke when he sits and worries—as he occasionally does—about what a man's relationship with his son should be. And there will always be the sign on the door that tells him not to worry, the sign that reads:

"Property of Ford and Son, Carpenters."

(Glenn Ford can currently be seen in *The Americano* and in *MGM's Blackboard Jungle*.)

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the shampoo
that glorifies
your hair!



for dry, oily, normal hair



the horn blows at **DRAGNET**

Mr. Webb has traded in his plain clothes for tapered trousers and swapped his badge for a bugle. And that's not all he's changed!

■ The script of Jack Webb's new picture, *Pete Kelly's Blues*, describes him as a sharp Kansas City musician, 1927 vintage. This was quite a switch for Sgt. Friday but it didn't bother Jack.

"I've had four years to plan for this," he says. In 1951 Jack spent his summer launching a new radio show, *Pete Kelly's Blues*. It ran for thirteen weeks, ending in the fall.

Then Webb was going steady with *Dragnet*. His low voice, pepper tweed jacket and underplaying became a national trademark. The movie, *Dragnet*, was a huge success.

When it was time for his second Warner movie, no conferences were necessary. Pete Kelly was the first and only choice. Although it means another eleven-hour, six-cups-of-coffee working day for him, he likes it.

The picture marks his biggest career gamble. "I have to find out whether the public will accept me in a different role," he explained, "or whether I'll be penalized for tackling something new." If *Pete Kelly* is a whopping success, Webb hopes to launch it as a television series.

He and writer Dick Breen have seen to it that the characterization will be a complete and deliberate departure from Sgt. Joe Friday. For a while, they even have Kelly, as a bandleader in a speakeasy, leaning against the law.

"The film isn't about jazz; it's a

melodrama with a jazz background. The music is important, but it won't help to tell the story."

Webb's voice was sparked with enthusiasm as he continued, "I want to get that certain feeling of excitement into the picture that seemed to characterize the Twenties. That's why only the three leads will have complete scripts. The rest of the cast will be handed out sides with dialogue for just the scenes they are in. It's not that we're trying to keep the story top-secret, just that it loses something when every bit of action has been revealed. The audience anticipates the next scene."

Webb has a basket of original music to choose from. Two years ago he put songwriter Arthur Hamilton under contract, and he's turned out sixty-three tunes. Certain to be included are "Come to Fat Annie's" and "Midnight Blues."

It'll be Ella Fitzgerald, not Webb, who sings them. "I'm strictly a Saturday night shower baritone."

Rounding the cycle of departures from Joe Friday, Webb will have a love interest in the CinemaScope film. But he's unconventional. Webb plays a love scene in a crowded ballroom and initiates a speakeasy brawl, winding up on the bottom of the heap as often as on top.

by Rebecca and Bonnie Churchill

ELIA KAZAN'S EXPLOSIVE PRODUCTION OF JOHN STEINBECK'S

"EAST OF EDEN"



**A motion picture of
shattering power!**

**The most
shocking revenge
a girl ever let
one brother
take on
another!**



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seen James Dean—
a very special
new star!

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STARRING

JULIE HARRIS JAMES DEAN · RAYMOND · MASSEY

WITH
**BURL IVES · RICHARD DAVALOS
JO VAN FLEET · LOIS SMITH**

SCREEN PLAY BY

PAUL OSBORN

DIRECTED BY

ELIA KAZAN

PRINT BY
TECHNICOLOR



IT'S SHOWING NOW! WATCH FOR IT!



When inviting a house guest, should you —

- ☐ Limit her stay ☐ Leave the departure date open ☐ Say when

Let this visiting teen be a lesson—she who's taken over the family easy chair and favorite "funnies"! Can't blame her for staying on and on, though. After all, her hostess didn't specify how long. Be definite, time-wise, in inviting house guests; both as to

their arrival and exit—say *when!* Saves uncertainty, embarrassment all around. And when "that" time arrives, don't be vague about sanitary protection. Say *Kotex**, and get absorbency that doesn't fail... the trustworthy kind of protection you *need!*



If you play the coquette, can you—

- ☐ Lose Laver Bay ☐ Join the school band
☐ Triple your backings

Ever think you could soup up his interest by being unpredictable? Playing games—like breaking dates at the 11th hour? Make no mistake—such tricks will zoom you into social oblivion! Just be yourself. And never let your *calendar* trick you into date breaking; not when there's *Kotex* to give you chafe-free softness that *holds its shape*. And you just *can't* make a mistake—because *Kotex* can be worn on either side, safely!



To lose that winter white look, fast, try—

- ☐ Flying to Florida ☐ A tint stint
☐ Par boiling

You know that just-crept-from-under-a-stone feeling—when everyone else is a glamorous bronze? Outwit those stares before they start! Before you trek beachward, tan your snowy hide with a clear skin tint. No need to cringe on certain days, either, even in your siren-est date dress. For those *flat pressed ends* of *Kotex* veto revealing outlines. Why not try *Kotex* in all 3 sizes, to find the one for you—Regular, Junior or Super?

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

It's the wise lassie who doesn't take chances with personal daintiness on certain days, but trusts to *Quest** deodorant powder. Specially designed for sanitary napkins... no moisture resistant base to slow up absorption. Unscented *Quest* powder positively *destroys* odors. Use *Quest* to be sure!



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

tv talk (Continued from page 6)

young twin daughters at home. Nancy was lucky though. She took a leave of absence for seven weeks from *Valiant Lady*, and fixed the time so she could tell the producer if she'd return the day after *Desperate Hours* opened on Broadway! With those wonderful rave reviews, she knew she was in a hit—and quit. She still doesn't know what she would have done if she'd had to make a decision the day before the play's opening night! . . . **Mel Ferrer** is very sensitive about all the criticism he gets in gossip columns. He and Audrey couldn't be happier, but the ill-founded rumors that he married Audrey for her money and that he tells her everything to do make him and Audrey miserable—and the rumors reach them even across the Atlantic . . . Although **Gisele Mackenzie** has always been very pretty and capable on *Hit Parade*, people wonder why she had to go on **Jack Benny's** show to show all her delightful talent and really make a hit. Some say it's because Benny lets his cast members steal his shows from him because all he cares about is putting on a good show. Other stars refuse to give up the limelight. Could be . . . Do you know the main reason for **Horace Heidt's** success? It isn't his emceeing—he always muffs his lines—and it isn't his singing—he can't carry a tune. It certainly isn't his band. It's the extra service he gives his sponsors. When he does a show for an outfit, he plugs the product like crazy, traveling all over the country in cars and buses decorated with the sponsor's name . . . Incidentally, take a lot of the talk about "discovering" people with a few grains of salt. You'd be surprised at the number of people who resent someone they used to work for taking all the credit for their careers—especially when they were underpaid! . . . **Joan Davis** was tired after making three years' worth of tv shows, but she is a trouper and could have kept it up if *Disneyland* hadn't ruined her rating. Most of the time, when you read that a star is quitting a show, it means that the sponsor is dropping it and merely is polite enough to let the star make the announcement first. After all, few people are going to quit when the going's good . . . You'd think, from seeing his tv plays and his new movie, *Marty*, that author **Paddy Chayevsky** is such an understanding, wise man that he himself would be in fine shape. But he, too, is going to a psychiatrist now . . . Just wait until you see **Ernest Borgnine** in *Marty*. You won't believe it's the same man who played the sadistic "Fatso" in *From Here To Eternity*. You'll be seeing the beginning of a whole new career for him. He turns out to be, among other things, a perfectly wonderful comedian! . . . Watch **Claudette Colbert** very carefully in all her tv appearances and see if you catch a camera view of the right side of her face. Bet you don't—even on a live show. She still thinks her left profile is her flattering one . . . Did you know that Ed Murrow's co-producer **Fred Friendly** owns part of *Who Said That?* . . . You're watching the decline of one of television's best actors this season. He isn't long for this part. It's little **Rusty Hamer** on *Make Room For Daddy*. The cutest kid on tv is getting old! . . . Another excellent young actor, **Rex Thompson**, is very unhappy these days. He had to have his hair dyed for a part on *Omnibus*, and they didn't just color it so it could be washed out. They dyed it permanently so that it will have to grow out. And dark-haired Rex is most embarrassed to be going to school as a blond.



Only **Bobbi** is especially designed to give the softly feminine wave necessary for this new "Laura" hairstyle. No nightly settings.

Soft, natural right from the start... that's the "Bobbi Swirl" hairstyle after a Bobbi. Bobbi is so easy... no help is needed.



Bobbi's soft curls make a natural, informal wave like this possible. A Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent always gives you carefree curls as in this "Secret Date" hairdo.

Want a softly feminine hairdo?

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**It's the special pin-curl permanent—
never tight, never fussy.**

All Bobbi girls have soft, carefree curls, because a Bobbi can't—simply can't—give you tight, fussy curls. From the very first day your Bobbi will have the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And your waves last week after week. Curls and waves are where you want them. Bobbi is the easy pin-curl permanent specially designed for today's newest softly feminine hair styles.

Just pin-curl your hair in your favorite style. Apply Bobbi's special Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water. Let dry, brush out. Right away you have soft, natural, flattering curls.

New 20-Page Hairstyle Booklet! Colorful collection of new softly feminine hairstyles. Easy-to-follow setting instructions. Hints! Tips! Send now for "Set-It-Yourself Hairstyles." Your name, address, 10c in coin to: Bobbi, Box 3600, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.



Bobbi is made especially to give young, romantic hairstyles like this "Sapphire" hairdo. And the curl stays in—in any weather. Always soft and natural.



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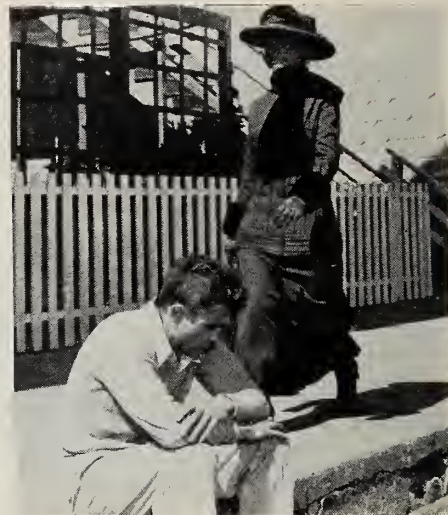
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NEW MOVIES *by Florence Epstein*



James Dean and his brother are rivals for the love of their father. Julie Harris, the brother's fiancée is the only one who understands James.



The high school boy is bewildered and confused by the discovery that his mother is the owner of a notorious gambling house in the next town.

Picture of the Month: EAST OF EDEN

■ It'll take some doing to make a better movie than Warners' CinemaScope production, *East Of Eden*. And if James Dean's performance is a forecast of things to come I want to be around for them. This boy, as everyone is eager to point out, acts like Marlon Brando. But the fact is, he has a vast talent of his own and an entirely different kind of personality. The story, adapted from John Steinbeck's novel, takes place in California in 1917. It concerns a self-righteous but benevolent tyrant of a father (Raymond Massey), the son he favors (Richard Davalos) and the son he can't understand (James Dean). Dean is one of those tortured adolescents trying to grasp a sense of himself. One day his worst suspicions are confirmed—his mother (Jo Van Fleet) supposedly off somewhere alone, actually owns and operates a gambling house of not very high repute. Dean wants to make up for this treachery by winning his father's love and approval but all his earnest attempts are cruelly thwarted or rejected. Dean's only ally is his brother's fiancée Abra (Julie Harris). It's a powerful, extremely moving, utterly real film—and some of the scenes will linger a long time in your memory. In the cast are Burl Ives, Albert Dekker, Lois Smith. Directed by Elia Kazan.

(More reviews on page 26)

WVILLE



You feel so very sure of yourself...after a *White Rain* Shampoo!

You're confident you look your loveliest... your hair soft as a cloud... sunshine bright... every shimmering strand in place. That's the glorious feel-

ing you have after using White Rain, the lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rainwater. Try it and see how wonderful you feel.

Use New *White Rain* Shampoo tonight and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!



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hair spray that holds your wave
softly . . . naturally!



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**You may turn up your pretty nose at ordinary hair sprays
 but not at Helene Curtis SPRAY NET!**

If you've often wished for a hair fixative that really kept your hair in place all day . . . if you've often wished for a hair spray that held your wave softly, naturally without ever drying it . . .

Stop wishing—here is the hair spray made to order for you!

From morning to night, Helene Curtis SPRAY NET holds your hair in place, regardless of wind or humidity . . . sets your pin curls for hurry-up hair-do's . . . keeps wisps and stragglers right in line. And it does it more softly than you ever dreamed possible, thanks to exclusive Spray-On Lanolin Lotion.

Do try it—you'll wonder how a spray so "like nothing on your hair" can do so much!



No drooping waves on rainy days, no flyaway curls in the wind with SPRAY NET!



When you're late for a date, set your pin curls in minutes with SPRAY NET!

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Now there are two types of SPRAY NET:
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If your hair is "baby-fine" or you like the casual look, new SUPER SOFT SPRAY NET, without lacquer, will be beautifully right. For hair that's thick and harder-to-manage, for elaborate hair-do's, choose REGULAR SPRAY NET, the favorite of millions!



TIGHT SPOT Here's a thriller that lets you have it—pow—right in the kisser. Good, I mean. With Ginger Rogers playing a girl con who is chauffeured out of prison and locked in a hotel suite with a few hundred detectives on guard while Edward G. Robinson tries to talk her into testifying against an underworld big shot (Lorne Greene). Ginger figures that if she puts her neck out, Benny (that's the big shot) will cut it off, and the way he operates she's right. Up in Ginger's suite are matron Katherine Anderson and detective Brian Keith, with whom Ginger toys while ordering lobster bisque and enjoying her relative freedom. But things start happening that jolt her out of that idyll. Someone takes a few pot shots at her from the living room window; Robinson puts on the pressure and Keith lets go with manly charm. Let me tell you, the tension mounts. And when you think you've had it there's a *real* surprise.—Col.



DAY OF TRIUMPH Right off, you can see there's something different about *Day Of Triumph*. There are no lions in the street and no Romans swilling wine. It's a movie that has sensitivity. Basically, it's a movie which highlights the extraordinary incidents in the life of Jesus—the Sermon on the Mount, the conversion of Mary Magdalene, the raising of Lazarus, The Last Supper, etc. Jesus and some of the Apostles are presented as they might have been when they first met and gathered a following. Weaving all these events together is a fictional plot involving The Zealots, a group of patriots conspiring against Roman rule. They don't believe that Jesus is the Messiah but they wonder if he'd make a good leader. The climax comes with Christ's trial, crucifixion and resurrection. Cast includes Lee J. Cobb, Robert Wilson, James Griffith, Joanne Dru, Lowell Gilmore.—Eastman Color.—Century Films.



RUN FOR COVER Wherever James Cagney has been (in this picture he has been behind bars for six years, innocent all the while) it's good he's back. He has a way with him—convincing enough to get himself made sheriff in a cow town out west called Madison. His real interest is John Derek, a homeless boy, who reminds him of the son he had. Trouble is, there's not much of a resemblance since Derek, whom a gun wound renders partially crippled, is a bitter, weak fellow distrustful of everyone. When a gang makes off with the town's assets (that is, they rob the bank) Cagney, Derek and a few other men start after them. The other men are suspicious of Cagney, considering his past, but he proves himself. Derek proves a couple of things, too, none of which I'll spoil by telling. And for love, there's Viveca Lindfors, who never seemed so radiant. With Jean Hersholt. VistaVision.—Para. (More reviews on page 28)

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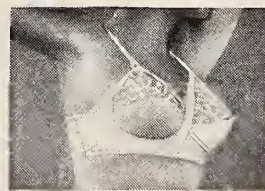
2. Hip-hip-hooray . . . what freedom! Not a seam, stitch or bone anywhere . . . and inside, cloud-soft fabric for extra comfort.

3. C'est magnifique! A new non-roll top you'll adore. All this—for an amazingly low \$5.95!

The chic lines of Paris—in carefree American comfort—are yours with this newest Playtex Girdle! We call it High Style . . . you'll call it wonderful! World's *only* girdle to give all three: miracle-slimming *latex* outside, cloud-soft *fabric* inside—and a new *non-roll* top. Trims you sleekly, leaves you free . . . *no matter what your size!* Playtex High Style washes in seconds—and you can practically watch it dry.

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The model in the photograph is wearing this exciting bra for the high, round look Paris loves—you will, too! And it's "custom-contoured" for perfect fit! \$3.95

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Remember, Gayla **HOLD-BOB** is the bobby pin preferred by the Powers Models . . . and by millions of women everywhere. Gayla's many patented features enable them to open easier, glide into the hair more smoothly, hold more securely, retain their springiness and holding power longer.

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USE EXCITING GAYLA MIST SPRAY HAIR NET FOR THE PROFESSIONAL LOOK. IT'S NEW!



MARTY Every once in a while you see a movie that makes you think—yes, that's the way people talk and that's the way people are—not all these other ways they try to palm off in fancy movies. It's this quality which makes *Marty* a beautiful little movie. The story is simple. Marty, a boy from the Bronx (he's 34, but still a boy) works in a butcher shop, lives with his old mother (Esther Minciotti) and never has anything to do on Saturday night. He's shy, lonely, not very handsome and he has a whole group of pals who sit around being bored or half-heartedly look for dates. Marty meets Clara (Betsy Blair) at a local dance hall. She's 29, a teacher and in the parlance of his friends, "a dog." This is the story of their love. More than that, it's the story of a whole class of people—their hopes, dreams and frustrations. Ernest Borgnine is great as Marty and the rest of the cast is fine. With Jerry Paris.—U.A.



CHIEF CRAZYHORSE When he was just a little Sioux, Vic Mature had a vision of becoming the great leader his old chief predicted would one day appear among the tribe. Years later, Crazyhorse (Mature) wins out over rival Little Big Man (Ray Danton) for the hand of Black Shawl (Suzan Ball) and begins to make the vision real. When prospectors try to take gold from Dakota territory Crazyhorse drives them out with white man's fighting tactics. And when Custer makes his last stand it's against him. The tribes he has rallied scatter to find good hunting when winter comes and, left with a small group and a dying wife, Crazyhorse agrees to stay at Fort Laramie. In the spring he gets permission to hunt, but another part of the vision has not been fulfilled. The great leader is destined to be killed by one of his own tribe. Go see this western—it's a true story. With John Lund. Technicolor.—U.I.



MAN WITHOUT A STAR This poor man is Kirk Douglas, who keeps wandering all over the west because he hates barbed wire and they string it up as fast as he can rip it down, faster maybe. The barbed wire is for cows but Kirk takes it personally. Anyway, he stops off for a while on a ranch owned by Jeanne Crain. And what *she's* doing there, aside from importing thousands of heads of steer who gobble up everybody's grass, is hard to say. Along with her increasing herd comes a very bad element (Richard Boone) who giggles when he shoots. This so unnerves Kirk that he takes sides in the war over who chews what grass. He's on one side, Jeanne's on the other, but secretly she wishes she weren't. Not that Kirk cares; he's a wandering man. Then there's William Campbell, young sprout who wanders part way with him, but Campbell finds his star (Myrna Hansen); Kirk never does. Technicolor.—U.I.



HIT THE DECK Just when you've decided musicals are marvelous they show this and you're wary again. Some of the songs, like, "Why, Oh, Why," (and a good question, too) are very nice, the talent is tops and I wouldn't want to foot the bill for all those backdrops. But throw them all together? Sad. There are these three sailors—Vic Damone, Tony Martin and Russ Tamblyn. Russ' father (Walter Pidgeon) is an Admiral, the kind who salutes himself in the mirror. Russ' sister (Jane Powell), hearing wedding bells when it's only ice clinking in the Scotch and soda, allows herself to be lured to actor Gene Raymond's apartment. Russ and friends try to rescue her, and Raymond, surveying the ruins of said apartment and his profile, calls out the shore patrol. It's that sort of plot, with Ann Miller and Debbie Reynolds courting Martin and Tamblyn. I love Russ Tamblyn—he's so alive he vibrates. CinemaScope—MGM.



THE GLASS SLIPPER What Leslie Caron did for *Lili* she tries very hard to do for Cinderella, but maybe Cinderella's been around too long and her magic (not Leslie's) is almost gone. Anyway, MGM takes most of it away. No pumpkins turning into coaches, no mice—well, a couple of mice but they never leave the cage, no fairy godmother. There is a Mrs. Toquet, delightfully played by Estelle Winwood. She's around to produce things like glass slippers, a ball gown and wistful philosophy, but she's more tetchy in the head than supernatural. Of course, there is a lovely glow about the whole film, imaginative ballets, soft, picture-book colors. Michael Wilding is okay as Prince Charming and Elsa Lanchester, Cinderella's stepma, is satisfactorily mean. But why tamper with a classic and turn it into only semi-fantasy when you can shoot the works, is what I want to know. Eastman Color.—MGM.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

JUPITER'S DARLING (MGM): Esther Williams momentarily diverts the course of Hannibal (Howard Keel) and ancient history with the help of her slave, Marge Champion. George Sanders plays the Roman emperor, Esther's fiancé. With William Demarest. Gower Champion, Richard Haydn. CinemaScope and Technicolor.

INTERRUPTED MELODY (MGM): Eleanor Parker plays the dramatic life story of Marjorie Lawrence, the Metropolitan opera singer who was stricken with polio. Glenn Ford as her doctor husband. Technicolor.

PRINCE OF PLAYERS (20th-Fox): The story of the Booths, America's first family of the stage in the 19th century. Richard Burton as Edwin, John Derek as John Wilkes and Raymond Massey as their father. With Maggie McNamara, Charles Bickford, Elizabeth Sellers, Eva Le Gallienne, Christopher Cook. CinemaScope, Technicolor.

SIX BRIDGES TO CROSS (U-I): Tony Curtis as a thief extraordinaire, in a suspenseful story based on the actual Brinks robbery of not too long ago. With Julie Adams, George Nader.

THE PURPLE PLAIN (U.A.): Gregory Peck being heroic in Technicolor, inspired by a lovely Burmese girl, Win Min Than. Lots of suspense, airplanes, Burmese jungle.

nothing
draws
a man to a
woman like

Crushed Rose



fashion's
magnetic
new color in

max Factor's Color-fast **lipstick**

You smooth it on, and suddenly love is just a kiss away! Fresh new color plucked from a garden and crushed to an unbelievable brilliance! (And that brilliance will last, for this is Max Factor's Color-fast lipstick.) Crushed Rose . . . *your* lips can wear it tonight. \$1.10

PLUS TAX



the only non-smear type lipstick with stay-on lustre

YOUR SKIN WILL LOVE

Camay's Caressing Care!



"There's nothing like it,"
says Mrs. Charles J. Gossner,
a radiant Camay Bride.
"Cold cream Camoy is the perfect
beauty soap as far as
I'm concerned. It's so mild and
gentle on my skin. And so
delightfully fragrant!"

THERE'S FINE
COLD
CREAM
IN
CAMAY

*No other Beauty Soap pampers your skin
like Camay!*

Let it help you
to a softer, fresher,
more radiant complexion!

New millions have tried it! New millions love it! Your precious complexion, too, deserves Camay's Caressing Care. With that famous skin-pampering mildness, luxurious lather, and exclusive fragrance, it's no wonder cold cream Camay is the beauty secret of so many exquisite brides. Let its gentle touch caress *your* skin to new loveliness. Change to regular care . . . use Camay alone. Your skin will become softer, smoother with your first cake. And remember, you get the added luxury of fine cold cream in Camay at no extra cost. For your beauty *and* your bath, there's no finer soap in all the world!



THE SOAP

OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

A personal letter
from Mario Lanza for you...

BECAUSE YOU BELIEVE



Dear Friends,

Something really great has happened to me. This letter is to say thank you, because I owe this incredibly wonderful thing to you, to the thousands of you who wrote to me via MODERN SCREEN.

I have read and re-read the mountains of letters that were sent to me after MODERN SCREEN published "If You Love Mario." Letters that tell me I have been given a great gift. Letters that say, "You have brought me courage . . ." "We need your voice in these troubled times." Letters from children, from invalids, from countries far away. Letters that close with, "God bless you, Mario." I am deeply touched.

For God has blessed me. And I have never forgotten that there is a very special tie between me and the people I sing to. It's something much more than the usual bond between an artist and the public; it's as though there is a real, living, flowing love between us, as though you people have reached out in some mysterious way and taken me to your hearts.

Mind you, I don't feel that I have *made* this happen. It's just there, that's all. And I feel, very strongly, that my responsibility is not to harm this wonderful love by ever doing anything cheap or shoddy or unworthy of it. That's why, for a while, I stopped singing. Now that I feel I can live up to what you have a right to expect, I am going to make more movies, starting with Warner Brothers' *Serenade*. I hope these movies will be good ones. If so, it will really be due to you. Because there is no better way to create something good than by going into it with the knowledge that you are loved and wanted and needed. You have given me that knowledge. I feel well and strong and able to work. Thank you for your wonderful gift.

And God bless you all.

Mario Lanza



They were exhausted. For ten days they had lived in a madhouse. Their nerves were jangled, tempers short. And then the top blew off!

by Louella Parsons

HOW THE LADDS RECONCILED

■ The Rock of Gibraltar marriage of the Alan Ladds suffered a shattering tremor when the gossips first hinted, then said right out loud, that Alan and Sue were having trouble!

To say there was no crisis in the Ladd family would *not* be telling the truth. Alan and Sue don't say this.

Because these two honest and straightforward people are among my close friends, I know how much this has hurt them and how much they regret all the publicity. Not so much for themselves, but for the children.

But one bright and shining thing has come of it all:

They have weathered this storm and they are closer than ever. They have a new and stronger sense of what their marriage of fourteen years has built. And they love each other with even deeper devotion.

I know what I'm talking about because I am the only reporter to talk to both Sue and Alan at their "reconciliation house," the charming place they took where they can be completely alone for a month, at Rancho Santa Fe.

The reason I didn't travel south to get the story from Alan and Sue is that he had chicken pox!

But, I have talked with them many times over the telephone, both separately and together, at Rancho Santa Fe, and before that at their Holmby Hills house when all the gossip started flying thick and fast.

Oh, it was hot and heavy in the beginning, first as blind items, then out openly:

"Which happily married couple of many years (their names will surprise you) are straining at the leash?"

"It's very cool between the Alan Ladds and the Dick Powells." (Continued on page 60)



By the time that the really serious ritt rumors reached the newspapers, Sue had left her relatives in Las Vegas and joined Alan at Rancho Santa Fe.



With a new and stranger-than-ever bond between them, Alan and Sue were on a reconciliation honeymoon—until he came down with chicken pox!

*How much gossip?
How much truth?*

THE STORM ABOUT MONROE

■ What is happening to Marilyn Monroe?
Has she reconciled with Joe DiMaggio?
Has she found a new lover in the east whose identity remains a coveted secret?

Is her relationship with Milton Greene, photographer and vice-president of Marilyn Monroe Productions, burgeoning into something more than a business affair?

Has success gone to her head?

Is she really going to play the nightclub circuit in Las Vegas?

These are just a few of the questions about Marilyn that Hollywood has been asking.

This blonde beauty whose rags-to-riches saga was once an open book to the entire movie colony, has now become a mysterious and controversial figure.

Executives who once spoke of her knowingly and glowingly, say now that she is misguided, cold-blooded and greedy.

"I once thought," says a friend of Johnny Hyde, the agent who befriended Marilyn in her struggling years, "that this girl had a good head on her shoulders, the kind of steady head success would never turn. Now I'm not so sure.

"I can't understand why Marilyn fought with her studio. What made her turn down a new contract at \$100,000 a picture? A few years ago the girl was starving. That's why she had to pose for those calendar pictures.

"Now, she's ready to start her own company. What does *she* know about producing pictures? I can't help feeling that she has been the victim of bad advice."

One of the few women in Hollywood who has worked with Marilyn closely for many years, is similarly puzzled, but about Marilyn's relationship with Joe DiMaggio.

"I have come to the conclusion," she said, "that Marilyn Monroe doesn't know her own mind. (Continued on page 76)

New men are running

Marilyn's new life . . .

Who are they? What

are they doing to her?

BY STEVE CRONIN



Milton Greene, 32-year-old vice-president of Marilyn Monroe Productions, says: "She likes to control a little of her own destiny."







PHYLLIS?



PHYLLIS WHO?

There's a new woman in
Rock Hudson's life, and it
looks serious—again.
Want to know all about
her? Ask Rock. Ask
him anything. You get the
strangest answers!

BY JANE WILKIE

■ Well sir, there I was again. Confronting Rock Hudson across a white tablecloth, and filled with despair. Not that it's bad, being confronted with six feet, four inches of all that. You can't hardly get them kind no more.

He had come to the restaurant straight from his role of gardener in *All That Heaven Allows*. He wore a sad sport shirt, a used suede jacket and tired denim trousers. The make-up department had tried to make him look dirty, but one of the nice things about Rock is that he can't look dirty.

The reason for my doldrums was that I had to come up with considerable information about Rock's latest and greatest date, Phyllis Gates. All Hollywood knows Rock is squiring Miss Gates, and all Hollywood also knows Rock prefers not to talk about it. And so all Hollywood is trying to find out about it.

There is the rub. A nicer guy you can't find, but he holds as how his own business is his own business, and there's no business like trying to pry it out of him.

"Well," he said, "what do you want to talk about this time?" Then he gave me an evil grin and added, "As if I didn't know."

I skirted the issue temporarily. "There's always Christmas and Thanksgiving. What did you do Thanksgiving?"

"Went over to my mother's."

When Rock makes a statement during an interview, the period at the end of his sentence (*Continued on page 62*)



There have been rumors before about Junie and Dick Powell. But never before have such shocking things been said about their "perfect" marriage.

BY WILLIAM BARBOUR

HOW LONG CAN IT LAST?

■ "What's with Allyson?" a newsman asked a girl on the set of *The McConnell Story* at Warner Brothers.

"Don't you know?" she asked. "It's all over the lot!"

"What's all over the lot?"

The extra smiled. "You're kidding," she said. "You must be kidding. Little Junie has fallen head over heels in love with Alan Ladd and he with her."

It sounds incredible, but that's the story that was making the rounds in Hollywood several weeks ago. There was no truth to it, but the vicious rumor caught on like a prairie fire.

A columnist had printed the tip-off: "June Allyson and Dick Powell are quarreling and it's serious."

The next thing anyone knew, Dick Powell and Sue Ladd were having a conference. They had been singed and hurt, but they were determined to extinguish the gossip.

Dick began to take June out practically every night.

"By practice," he explained, "June and I are not nightclub habitués, but we're determined to show people that our marriage is okay. There's nothing wrong with it, no matter what you hear."

Dick and June showed up at Ciro's to see Sammy Davis, Jr. They attended Sonja Henie's circus party. They made the club rounds, living and loving it up, and when they were sure they had dispelled the ugly rumor, they took off—just the two of them—to Sun Valley for a month of relaxation and winter sports.

Alan Ladd drove down to a resort, Rancho Santa Fe. (For details of his reconciliation (Continued on page 40)



HOW LONG CAN IT LAST?

continued

with Sue, read Louella Parsons' story on page 32.)

This year marks the tenth anniversary of the June Allyson-Dick Powell wedding. They were married on August 19, 1945, in the home of Johnny Green, the loquacious MGM musical director.

Dick is fifteen years older than June. She was his third wife, and at the time there were many who insisted that the marriage would not work.

They said that Dick was too professorial, that he treated June like a wayward little girl, that she never would be mistress of her own house, that sooner or later she would come to resent Dick's domination.

The record shows that the Powells have had several quarrels in the last ten years. "Which married couple hasn't?" Dick asks. But their marriage is more secure than ever, thanks to these very quarrels and to Dick Powell's great understanding.

There was a time several years ago when June was reported to be infatuated with Dean Martin.

While Dean and June were seeing each other in New York (June was there on a vacation) Powell back in Hollywood said there was nothing to worry about. June was a grown-up girl and could handle herself very nicely.

On another occasion it was said that Peter Lawford was June Allyson's ardent admirer. Powell wouldn't even dignify that particular rumor with a reply.

As to the gossip about June and Alan Ladd, here's what June confided to a friend. "I don't know how it got started. I really don't. Sure, I like Alan. Who doesn't? He's a wonderful guy. But how anyone could imply there was anything between us I don't know.

"After all, Sue was on the set a good deal of the time . . . Sure, Richard and I have had our spats. But the latest one had nothing to do with Alan. Thank heaven, Richard is sensible enough to discount these stories. He's an actor and he knows how easily rumors can begin about a leading lady.

"I've had reporters call me day after day. They want to know about Alan and me. I told them it was ridiculous, crazy. Who has time for that sort of nonsense? But once these stories start, what a time you've got!

"By the time we get back from Sun Valley, I sure hope the whole thing has blown over."

Thrusting the Alan Ladd canard to one side, what factors are there that could possibly cause dissension in the Powell household?

In Pamela and Rick, the Powells have two of the most adorable children in Mandeville Canyon. They have all the money they will ever need. They own a fifty-eight-acre estate, three cars, three corporations. They have far-flung financial interests. What could possibly be wrong at home?

First, June has been working too long and too hard. In the last two years she has made six pictures. In the past eleven months, she has worked unceasingly in *Strategic Air Command*, *Woman's World*, *The Shrike* and (Continued on page 86)



Headquarters for their stay was the Sun Valley Lodge—near the skiing.



He teases her about her skiing, but actually she's almost as good as Dick.



Later they relaxed during a long sleigh ride, chatted with the driver.



The first morning there they took the chair lift to the highest slope.



June learned to ski only a few years ago. Dick has been at it longer.



June spent as much time posing for Dick as she did for the newsmen.



Dick, a camera bug, snopped her, sent photos home to the kids.



Evenings were the only times they spent indoors. And then . . . calamity!



Dick took a bad fall on skis, broke his shoulder, went home—alone.



DON'T LET HER SCARE YOU!

BACK HOME IN HOLLYWOOD JANE SHRUGGED OFF HER FRACAS WITH THE FURIOUS FRENCH AND SETTLED DOWN TO A NICE, RELAXED FREE-FOR-ALL.

BY NATE EDWARDS

■ When she got home from Europe, eleven pounds underweight, Jane Russell announced a new Design For Living. There'd be no more of the too-frantic, too-exhausting rushing about and overwork that has characterized her life. There'd be no more collapses on the set of every picture she made. From now on, her time was going to be budgeted properly with everything in its season, and plenty of season for Jane to spend with her family.

So Jane made out a schedule. "I'll do publicity Tuesday and Thursday. I'll work out at Terry Hunt's Monday and Thursday. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings belong to my kids. Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings I'll spend going over things with Penny Sweeney (her secretary)."

So she made out her timetable, according to the schedule, for the next several weeks and someone noticed that the only time she had left to herself was one Wednesday lunch hour. "What's going to happen when you're asked to do a benefit?"

"I'll manage," said Miss Russell airily, having just returned from a four-hour jaunt, not on the schedule, to supervise the building of new houses by two of her four brothers. Kenny and Wally have decided to locate permanently on the Russell family acres and Jane is determined to be in on every step of the (Continued on page 92)

IN ENGLAND, JANE STARTED BRITISH TONGUES WAGGING WHEN SHE VISITED THE MOTHER OF HER ADOPTED SON—BUT THAT WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING.

BY KEVIN BURKE

■ When Jane Russell was here several months ago filming *Gentlemen Marry Brunettes*, she captured in one move of compassion the heart of virtually every mother in the British Isles.

Against the counsel of supposedly wise heads, Jane met with Mrs. Florrie Kavanagh, attractive, Irish-born wife of a local carpenter.

In 1951 Mrs. Kavanagh had given her baby son to Jane for adoption. Now she wanted to know how little Tommy liked Hollywood and how he was getting along.

Jane was advised against establishing or continuing any liaison with the parents of her adopted son. But by nature the brunette beauty is about as tough as butter.

When Florrie Kavanagh rang the Dorchester Hotel and asked about Tommy, Jane told Florrie to meet her at her lawyer's office. The meeting was supposed to be a strict secret. Within twenty-four hours all of London knew about it.

Arriving at the lawyer's office, Mrs. Kavanagh, dressed in her new grey skirt and red corduroy topcoat, was nervous. Jane greeted her warmly, put her at ease. Then she handed Florrie a batch of color slides showing four-and-a-half-year-old Tommy playing in California's sun-drenched San Fernando Valley.

As she peered at the slides through a viewer, Mrs. Kavanagh smiled, but her eyes grew moist. (Continued on page 61)



In 1951, Jane and Ma Russell found and loved Tommy, but worried about adopting a baby whose parents knew where he was.

Family Man on The Loose

Donald O'Connor is Hollywood's

bounciest, busiest—and most broken-hearted—guy.

With the whole world on a string, all he wants
is the peace he's never really had.



BY JACK WADE

■ One evening about this time last year, Donald O'Connor skidded his Jaguar to a stop before the Bel Air Hotel in Hollywood. He'd driven the 300-mile haul in from Las Vegas, where for four rugged weeks he had knocked himself out at the Sahara beating Marlene Dietrich's record.

Waving back the porter who reached for the stacked suitcases holding all his personal possessions, he yawned, "Get 'em in the morning. I'm dead."

Up in his suite, he shucked off his clothes and idly switched on his tv set. The minute the picture focused he let out an agonized groan. That minute they were starting to hand out the "Emmy" awards—television's Oscars for the year's best performers. Don O'Connor knew he was to get one, and it was a great honor. He had promised to be on this show, but in the rush he'd forgotten all about it.

For a second, Don considered dashing down to the studio and out on the stage in his pajamas. Then he raced half-naked through the lobby and out to his car, tossing bags right and left until he got to the bottom where his tux was packed. Upstairs again, he juggled collar buttons and studs, groaning when his name was announced and the emcee told embarrassed lies. But he might save face if he (*Continued on page 72*)

His career going great, he checks scripts with writer Sid Miller.



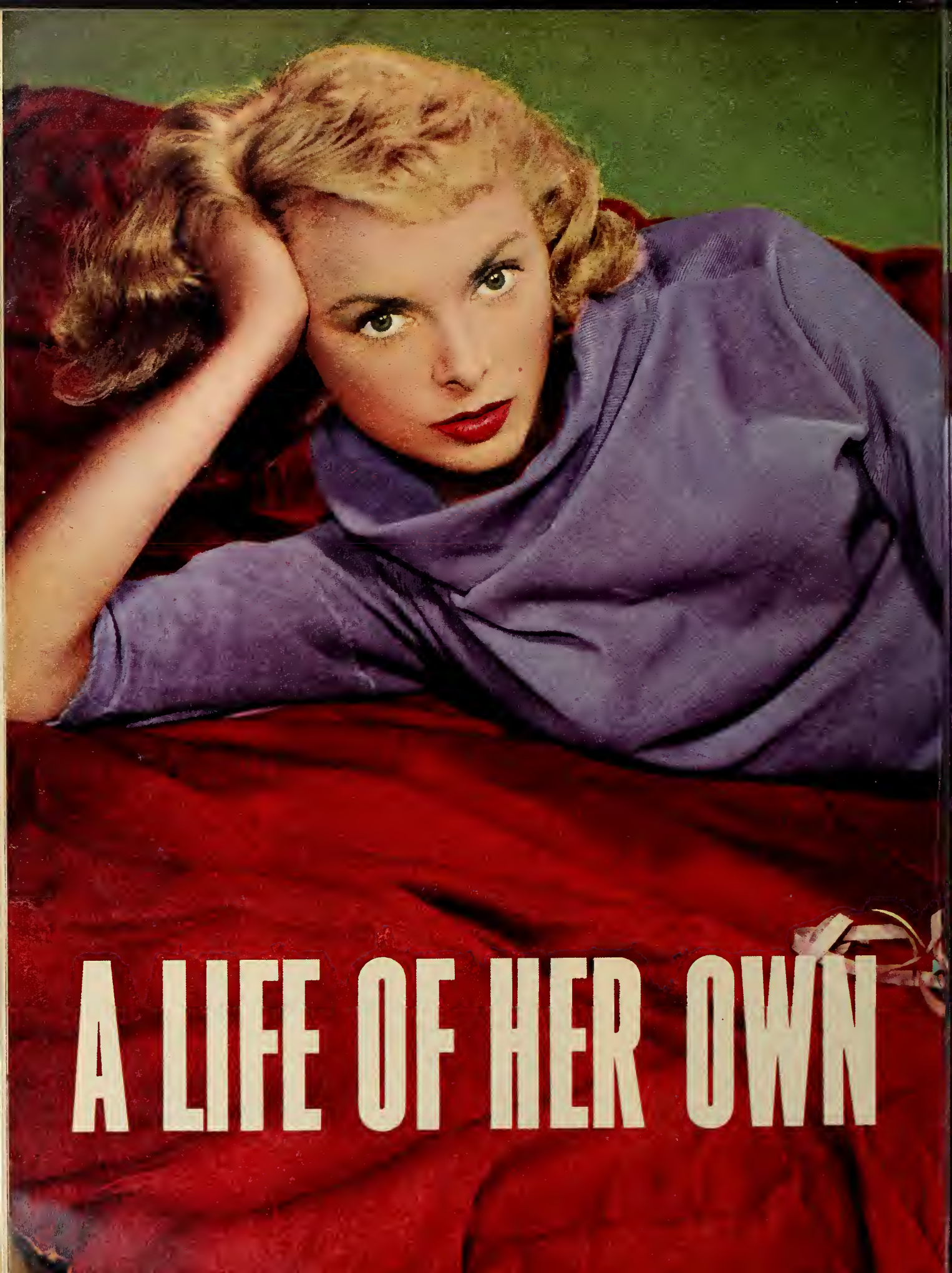
Now he lives for daughter Donno, also hopes to marry again.




"The O'Flynn," his beloved dog, is part of his lost home-life.



Morilyn Erskine, whom he doted after his divorce, got married.



A LIFE OF HER OWN



Sure, the lady is Mrs.
Tony Curtis—but that's
only half of it. She's also
Janet Leigh, separate and
distinct—and it's time people
remembered it!

BY TONI NOEL

■ When Mr. and Mrs. Tony Curtis moved from Beverly Hills to Coldwater Canyon, every phase of the operation was duly recorded by a magazine photographer. Legging it over to Beverly, hot little camera in hand, he found his glamorous subject engaged in a most unglamorous chore. "Hi!" Janet said with a bright and wholly unself-conscious smile. She was at the kitchen sink, furiously scrubbing ashtrays.

Which brings up two points. First, the kind of person Janet Leigh is. And second, the fact that since her marriage to Tony Curtis on June 4, 1951, there has been such an inundation of stories about what a cunning little couple they make, such careful documentation of their domesticity that their individual personalities have somehow blurred into the background. Janet without Tony? Ridiculous! Like Siamese twins, their destinies are as one.

People who didn't know her before her marriage haven't the faintest idea what kind of person Janet is. Those who did know her tend to forget. That she was already a star when she met Tony, for instance. That without dramatic training, without even the experience of playing bit parts, she stepped into the lead of a major production, *The Romance Of Rosy Ridge*, and gave a fine account of herself. Her press clippings say (*Continued on page 48*)

A LIFE OF HER OWN continued

that at the time of her marriage she was earning an assured \$43,000 annually, which is, no doubt, an exaggeration. Probably it was only \$40,000. But she was and is a star in her own right and, believe it or not, there is a Janet without Tony.

Janet Leigh, individual, is a perfectionist of the most extreme sort. Early in her career she said that she never entertained any ambitions to be an actress, adding, "I suppose every girl thinks of herself as a future housewife. I never thought beyond that." If she had stayed with that mundane dream, hers would have been a house capable of passing military inspection at any hour. The day they moved from Beverly Hills, Janet had hired some people to do the work. Her mother was also present, and Mrs. Morrison is not inexperienced in such things. But, no. Janet had to scrub the ashtrays herself; otherwise, she would not be satisfied in her own mind that she was leaving the house absolutely spotless, even to such a minute detail.

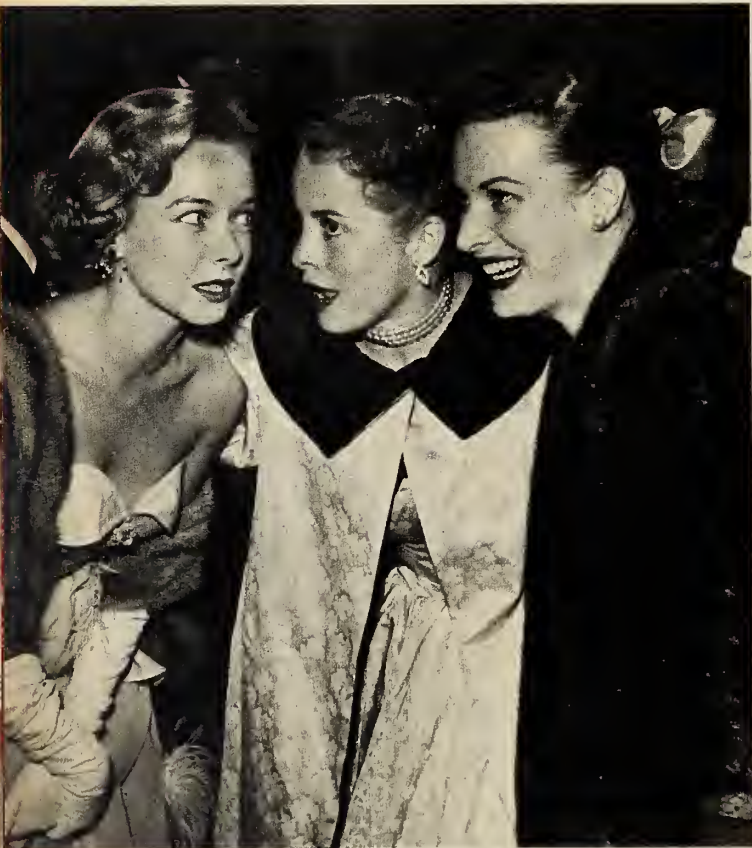
She supervised the packing, memorizing the contents of every crate, box, suitcase and odd-shaped package; arriving at the new house, she knew exactly where she wanted every last item stowed away. This meticulous approach to onerous jobs is laudable, but it is also a source of trial and tribulation—in minor key—to the

people around her. "Sweetie," they plead, "quit bustling. Sit down for five minutes."

She may sit, but she'll squirm. "What I want my home to be is a place where people can do whatever they like. If what they like to do makes a mess, let 'em mess up the whole joint. It's all right by me. But my fun is cleaning up, and if I let them do what they want, I think they ought to let me have my kind of fun, too. The thing is, I haven't convinced anybody that straightening up is fun; they always feel guilty about my doing it."

Her striving for perfection carries over into every facet of Janet's life. "I think she's the only actress in Hollywood really qualified to write advice stories for the kids," commented one of her friends, "because Janet actually practices what she preaches. She never takes off a blouse and hangs it up, thinking she can get by wearing it one more time. She never says, 'I can let my hair go one more day.' With her it's as if there weren't going to be any tomorrow. Whatever can be done by hand is washed the minute it comes off her back; the other things go to the cleaner immediately. Her hair, her nails are *always* done; grooming isn't a sometimes thing with Janet."

It carries over into her (Continued on page 58)



Although more reserved about offering friendship than Tony is, Janet has many "good acquaintances," like Diono Lynn, Moureen O'Hara—people not necessarily members of Tony's crowd.



When she travels alone for business (is president of a corporation now), or publicity purposes, she is swamped with shocked questions. "What's wrong with you and Tony? Why isn't he along?"

JEFF RICHARDS:

HE'S THE HUNK OF MAN HOLLYWOOD'S TALKING ABOUT—THE NEWEST THREAT TO KING GABLE'S THRONE!



by Kirtley Baskette

■ One murky California midnight a twenty-six-foot sloop nosed out past the jagged rocks of San Pedro's harbor and into a boiling sea. At the helm a rangy, square-cut sailor gripped the spokes and braced himself for what he was seeking—a scrap with the elements.

Ground swells tossed his slim boat around like a cork and angry whitecaps hissed over the deck. Howling gales whipped his black curls and salt spray peppered his ruddy cheeks like shot. He switched on the running lights, but he really didn't need them. Nobody else was crazy enough to be out bucking a storm like this.

It was sullen dawn when the lonely skipper steered back to the California Yacht Anchorage, tired and wet as a rain-barrel rat, but happy. As he tied up the boat and shook himself like a pup, Jeff Richards heard a hail from the deck alongside.

"Hey down there! Where the blazes have you been all (Continued on page 88)"

Poor but happy



They're living on
borrowed money—but
Judy isn't worried.
She's won back her public,
there's a new baby
to dream about and all's
right with the world.

BY JIM NEWTON

■ Judy Garland's third husband, Sid Luft, strode into the California Superior Court several weeks ago. He was present to answer charges filed by his former wife, Lynn Bari.

Lynn wanted to know why Sid had violated a court order. He had failed to set up a \$10,000 insurance fund for his son John as he had previously promised.

"Your Honor," Sid said. "I just don't have the money. In fact we're living on \$30,000 I've borrowed."

The judge listened attentively as Sid described his depleted finances.

Presently he said, "I see no point in sending this man to jail. He's paying for the support of his son each month. I'm satisfied that when his financial condition improves he will meet his obligations."

When Hollywood read that Sid was broke, that he had borrowed \$30,000 to support Judy and the children, it shook its collective head.

"Poor Judy," one friend mumbled. "Out of the frying pan, into the fire."

"And to think," another offered, "that Judy is pregnant, too. The baby's scheduled for the first week in April."

There were sighs and sobs, condolences and contributions. But one young woman carried on brightly and undismayed in face of the situation. That was (Continued on page 83)

Take it from Judy and Sid:
"Never underestimate the
power of love."





LEE SHARON



CYPSY

The Two loves of Ben Cooper

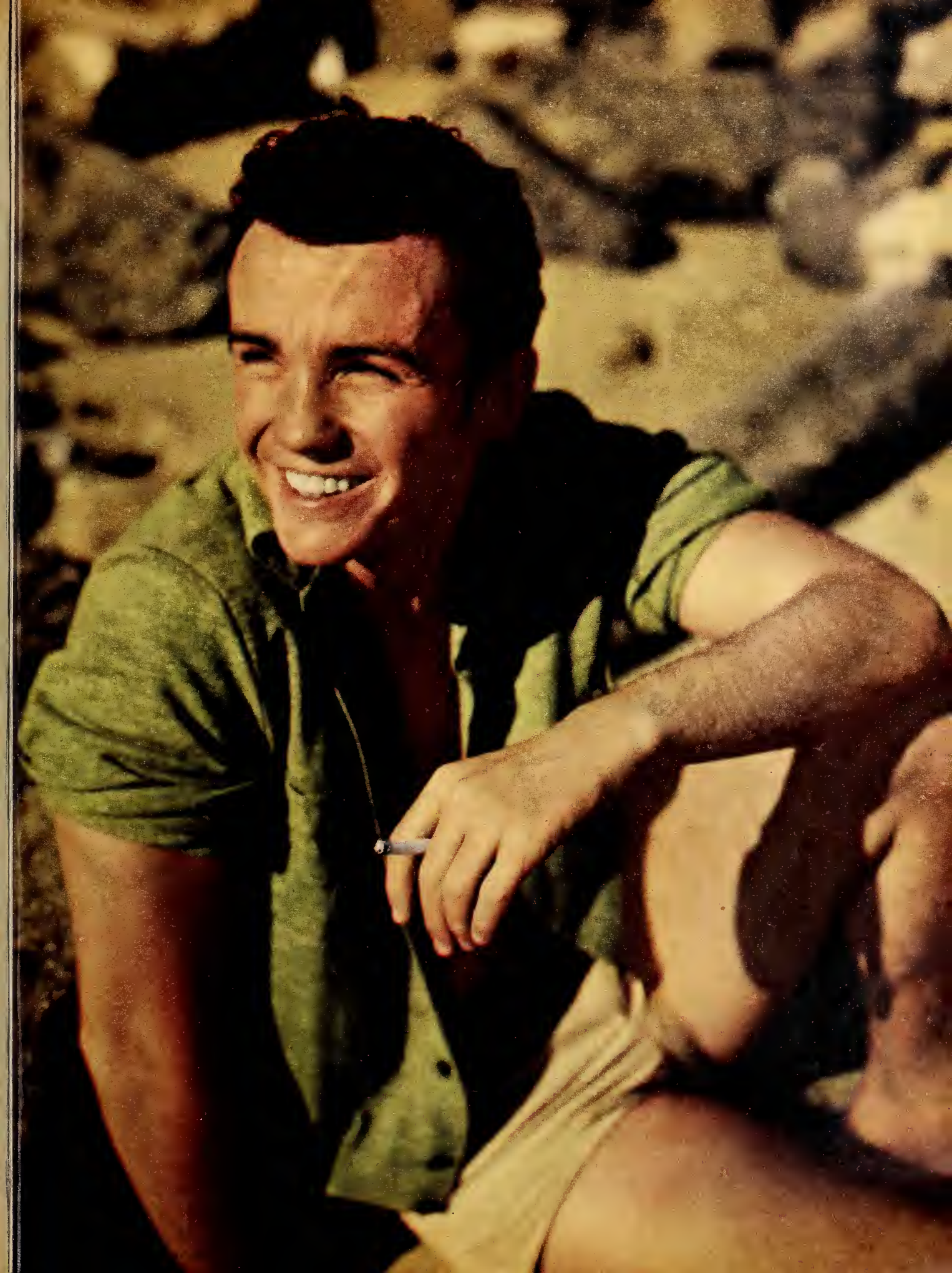
BY LOUIS POLLOCK

He carries two pictures in his wallet—
one is a showgirl, the other is a horse.
Both of them were part of the wonderful years
Ben Cooper will never forget .

■ John Wayne, except for a penchant for dark-haired women, perhaps, is not known to be easily impressed by anyone. But he went to a movie the other day to catch the performance of a new, young actor named Ben Cooper (who, incidentally, is already showing a penchant for both dark-haired and light-haired girls). Wayne was doing a service for his press agent, Bev Barnett, who represents such other veterans as Dick Powell, Gene Autry and Johnny Weissmuller. Barnett wanted to know if Wayne thought Bev had himself some fresh blood in Ben, his latest client.

Wayne came to the point. "You've got yourself new blood, all right," he told Barnett. "You've got yourself a star."

When you remember that Wayne is a tall, 200-pound westerner who prefers the company of big, mature men like himself in both his work and his play, you wonder what he found to like in a small, blue-eyed Irishman from New York who weighs about 150 pounds and stands only five feet, seven inches high. The real answer probably is that Ben Cooper is small in size only. In ambition and accomplishment he is beginning to stack up around the casting offices as a combination of Spencer Tracy, Kirk Douglas and Gary Cooper. Ben, in other words, can act, talk and ride. He was only eight years old when he made his theatrical debut before a Broadway audience. His roles in radio plays alone total (Continued on page 64)



EDITOR'S NOTE: Pier Angeli was flying to Palm Springs to join Vic Damone in the home he had picked out for them. Then suddenly the happiest story turned into tragedy. Crossing the mountain range just five minutes out of the Palm Springs Airport the plane struck turbulent weather and Pier was thrown against a bulkhead. She suffered a fracture of several bones in her pelvic area and it is anticipated that she will remain in the Desert Hospital for almost a month. At this time it is impossible for anyone to say whether her baby can be saved. Everyone knew how much Pier and Vic had longed for a child. This story was written just before the fateful flight—we believe Pier would want you to read it on the happy note, the way it was written.

THE WAY OF A BRIDE

BY IDA ZEITLIN

■ Hearing her husband's voice through the open doorway, Pier paused for a puzzled moment. First, Vic was alone. Second, the words sounded strange. "What do you say to your father? You won't go to *bed*? You say *no*, to your daddy?! Wait till I tell your mother—"

She flew in to find him, all red in the face, wagging a finger at the floor. "My goodness, who are you talking to?"

"Our son, our daughter, how do I know? All I know is this baby has no education whatever."

"But he isn't born yet!"

"Still, he should learn manners."

She collapsed in glee. While the routine's no longer new, it continues to enchant her. She suspects that's why Vic dreamed it up in the first place. He also dreamed up a child with a will of its own, which makes for livelier action. "You don't want to eat your soup?" he demands of the floor, scoops up an armful of air and deposits it in a visionary highchair. "You want daddy to feed you?"

So Pier gets into the act. "He threw away the spoon, *il bambino caro*." Then she feels of Vic's forehead and her own. "You think we have fever?"

If so, it's the normal fever of expectant parents. The baby's due next August. Which of the two is more delirious remains an academic question until the day dawns when you can measure pure joy. In Vegas, where Vic was singing, Pier didn't feel too well and flew home for a day to see the doctor, who promised to telephone her. The call came as she sat with Vic between shows. On (Continued on page 56)



Pier's beloved collection of stuffed toys keeps her company when Vic is working; has even supplied her with dancing partners!



THE WAY OF A BRIDE

continued



Pier's new, short hair-do was created at Vic's request. Pier isn't too sure she likes it—but figures that that doesn't matter, as long as it makes Vic happy. Their honeymoon house thrilled both of them—the view reminded Pier of Italy.



a cloud of glory she floated back to the table, mildly amazed to hear plain language from her throat instead of hosannas. "Vic, you're going to be a father. The doctor wants to talk to you." He sat like a stone. Exactly like a stone, except for the eyes on fire. "Go, Vic, The doctor wants to talk to you."

"I can't move," he moaned, but eventually made it, and returned, bearing aloft a glass of milk. "Here, you must drink this. You must drink for two."

"Suppose the baby isn't hungry?"

"The baby's starving. I asked him. He told me *si, si*."

Though they say *he* because most people do, Vic wants a girl who'll look like Pier. She insists on a boy who'll look like him. A boy he agrees to, if needs must. "But not with my nose." To ward off the nose, he took a cue from *Madre*, as he calls Pier's mother. While carrying the twins, *Madre* surrounded herself with pictures of beautiful babies. Out of a magazine, Vic scissored the picture of a beautiful baby and laid it before his wife. Instead of coos, he got an explosion of mirth. "You don't like him?"

"He's wonderful!"

"Then what?"

"Look at us both. How will we two ever get a blond with blue eyes?"

"Simple. As a little boy, I was blond."

Love works miracles. In tribute to the blond youngster who grew up to be her dark husband, Pier has got Blue-Eyes taped securely to the foot of her bed.

Brows rose all over Hollywood when her engagement was announced. Objective and reasonable, she recognizes the point of view of outsiders. "They ask, my goodness, what happened, Pier was just going with other people. They have a right to ask. Because Vic and I, only we know all as it happened."

Far from plunging into marriage, she hesitated on its brink. Impulsive she may be, but not when it comes to that sacred covenant. In Germany almost three years ago, Vic asked her to be his wife. She was working in *The Devil Makes Three*, he was in the Army. He fell hard. She was sufficiently attracted to see him almost every night for three months. Rumor had Mrs. Pierangeli breaking it up, but rumor has always been hard on (Continued on page 77)

BRIGHTEN THE CORNER

We say in our church:

"Pray as though everything depends
on God. Work as though everything
depends on you." I try to do that.

by Terry Moore

■ When I was still a child I learned that I wanted a warm life much more than a great one. I learned from experience and I learned from my church—the Mormon Church. It was (and is) an important lesson because I am a normally ambitious girl and perhaps my ambition, if not balanced by the non-professional side of my nature, could lead me to high but lonely places.

I know that as an actress I have made some kind of mark in motion pictures, but the movies must never be my all. I stint nothing when I work in them, but I *work* in them, and I don't live in them. My deepest interests are intertwined with the lives of those who know me for what I am out of the studio, not in it. From
(Continued on page 79)

a life of her own

(Continued from page 48) career: she has to be as nearly perfect in every role as Janet Leigh can be. She'll accept any part within reason, provided it's different from the last one, and she'll enter into it with awesome intensity. "This kid is going to kill herself," one worried studio executive said, watching her work. "She has the drive of a young Crawford without the physical stamina to bear up under it."

WORRYING about Janet is commonplace in the movie world. She is unquestionably frail, and over and over you hear that she has gotten much too thin again. This Janet denies. "My weight doesn't ever vary very much. What happens is that tension shows first in my face and makes me look sort of hollow-cheeked. Right now people are saying that I've put on a few much-needed pounds, but I haven't gained an ounce. I've just been in Palm Springs, resting and relaxing, and the tension is gone from my face." She is sporting a desert tan and a few becoming freckles on the nose.

The tension appears when she demands too much of herself, asking more than she believes in her heart that she can give. This is not a smug girl by the straining of anyone's imagination. She knew from nothing about dancing when RKO signed her for *Two Tickets To Broadway*, so she spent five months training under Marge and Gower Champion. In the brilliant young Mr. Champion Janet met a perfectionist every bit as dedicated as she is. She should have gone into the production with utter confidence, knowing he would never let her try until he was sure that her performance would be flawless, but Janet stayed scared.

She still isn't sure. In making *My Sister Eileen*, she was a living example of aplomb when she danced with Bob Fosse—but whenever she had a solo routine to do, her assurance faded fast. She was still just plain scared she wouldn't do it perfectly and, typically, she admits it.

THE KIND OF PERSON Janet is thinks about other people. One of the grim facts of life about a movie set is that there is never a place to sit; the moment one leaves a seat, someone else snatches it. This was an occupational hazard about which Bob Fosse complained bitterly and justifiably. Being choreographer as well as a featured dancer in the picture, he was on his feet for interminable lengths of time, and when there was a respite, there never was an empty chair. Janet spent many a moment when she herself could have rested, forcing inert forms off their roosts for Bob. And more. She gave a party for the company of *My Sister Eileen* when the picture was finished. In the middle of her living-room floor, where it could not be missed, was a chair with the name of Bob Fosse on it. Partly in humor, yes, but mostly in understanding and apology for the fact that he had not had a chair of his own on the set.

The individual Janet has faults, which she is quick to admit. One is that while she can take fair criticism with more than her share of equanimity, she's apt to snap her twig if she considers the words of her critic unwarranted. A good example is the time she and Tony were interviewed, a few months ago, by Edward R. Murrow on his *Person To Person* television program. This being an ad lib show, the way it would go was discussed only casually, Ed saying, "I'll ask you about this, and then you tell me—"

It usually works out splendidly, Mr.

Murrow in the studio in New York, his guests wherever they might be across the country. This time there was a near-catastrophe. Due to some mechanical failure, the Curtises could neither see Murrow's image on the monitor screen in their home nor hear his questions for twenty of the thirty minutes they were on live television. They went through it with crossed fingers, desperately hoping they remembered the sequence of questions, and afterward Ed Murrow said, "Under almost impossible conditions they came through like real trouper." And he is not a loose man with compliments.

Some of Hollywood's viewers saw nothing beyond the fact that the program had not gone off as smoothly as usual, however, and caustically blamed the Curtises. Janet still does a burn over that. "They could at least have asked what happened before they started roasting us!"

BY NOW SHE OUGHT to be used to it, because if there was ever a town in which you can't win for losing, this is it. If a star fails to cooperate with just one writer or photographer, the word goes around that her head is still growing. If she gives up her precious free time to oblige everybody—and Janet had four whole days off from July till the end of last year—she's publicity-mad. Miss Leigh is realistic about publicity, regarding it as

marilyn monroe—

more glamorous than

ever before—

on the cover of

modern screen's

june issue

on your newsstand

may 5.

a part of her job, just as performing before the camera is. She has always been extremely cooperative, so the inevitable happened. The very magazines for which she knocked herself out began to imply that the Curtises were a couple of ham-bones who couldn't even be happy at home unless a camera was trained upon them. That's for being nice. Said Janet to a newspaperman, "I finally got so mad that I composed a scorching letter to the writer of one of those stories. Then I had somebody correct the spelling and sent it off!"

It's possible. Any number of exceedingly bright people, including some who earn their livelihood by putting words on paper, can't spell c-a-t. And it's a matter of record that Janet was an A student who had to devise ways and means of correcting the impression that she was a square; the other kids didn't dig a pretty girl who actually liked school. She even cut classes one day just to prove how regular she was. And who got caught? Janet, of course, the one who hadn't had

enough experience at it not to get caught.

Anyhow, spelling wasn't the subject that interested her most. From her father, an accountant, Janet inherited a quite ungirlish fascination with figures. She is still level-headed about numbers, especially those preceded by \$. In explaining why she and Tony had rented the house in Coldwater Canyon, though last year they vowed that their next move would be into their own home, she said, "Once we started looking around, I realized how foolish it would be. We wouldn't live in any of the houses we could afford to buy right now, and I think it's very unwise for people our age to get into debt over their heads. Oh, sure, we live comfortably and drive crazy cars, but we aren't buying any mansion. Things happen, situations change—who can say for sure that either one of us will still be in pictures this time next year?" A few million fans have the answer to that, but it's difficult to quarrel with Janet's reasoning.

"You have to plan for the future," is a favorite remark of hers. The current phase of her own planning is one of the most exciting things ever to happen in the life of Janet Leigh. She is now president of a corporation, yet! Other actresses are thrilled by diamonds and mink—you should have seen Janet the afternoon her father brought home the books of the Leigh-Mor Corporation and those crisp green stock certificates! Her feet didn't touch floor for a full five minutes as she danced, kissed people indiscriminately and sang, "*Bon voyage*, everybody!"

"Who's going on a trip?" her father teased.

"Nobody—but we're launching a new business, aren't we?"

THIS IS STRICTLY a Morrison project. Probably Janet and Tony will incorporate themselves one day, when they reach the income bracket where such a move seems indicated, but this one is a family affair. And, incidentally, part of the trend to separate the Curtises. Not as husband and wife, but to allow them to resume their individual personalities.

The Morrison clan already had various holdings; the decision to incorporate was made when a New York manufacturer named Natlynn proposed to put out a Janet Leigh line of dresses. There will be eight frocks five times a year. Janet has every intention of helping with the designing. "It makes my flesh crawl when people endorse or lend their names to products that I know they wouldn't use on a bet," she said. "It isn't honest." She'll be photographed in these dresses and, what's more, she'll wear them.

Her ideas are well-defined and she is enthusiastic. "In the stratospheric price range, dresses are designed for the specific figure, but no one has ever done that for the woman of more modest means.

"That's one of the first things I have in mind—the basic dress for each type of figure. You know, I'm always writing these advice pieces on everything from hemlines to how to part your hair. I think I can do it more effectively this way. For instance, after they have seen a few dresses designed especially for them, girls with the more rounded figures will get used to the idea that a lot of frills and stuff only make them look bigger. If you show people once, it makes more of an impression than telling them ten times."

She talks with gestures, ruthlessly stripping imaginary frills off her own blouse. "For the teen-ager, it has to be separates. Mothers tell me they lose their minds with the clothes problem. You buy a girl that age a dress that fits perfectly; the next week, for no reason that anyone can explain, her waist—which was up here—is

down here. The only answer is separates."

It takes a heap of knowledge to be a successful designer, but Miss Leigh isn't worried. She's picking up helpful hints from one of the best: Academy Award winner Edith Head of Paramount.

THIS IS JANET without Tony: an intelligent young business woman. She has a head for figures; he swears that he counts on his fingers. And this is one of many ways in which they differ. Their feelings about friendship. Tony simply boils with boyish admiration, and there is always someone from whom he's inseparable. One month Jerry's the most, the next month it might be Jeff. After they have stood the acid test of constant companionship, they're his friends forever and Tony would die for each and every one. He has a boundless capacity for love, this lad, and an uncontrollable tendency to spread himself in seven directions at once.

Janet is more objective. Says she, "I have many acquaintances, people I like, but only a few friends. To me, true friendship entails an obligation—of time, if nothing else. And I don't have time to be a good friend to more than a few people."

Along with the usual talent and beauty and the not-so-usual brains, Miss Leigh has a characteristic unique in Hollywood. She never gossips. There are probably more juicy items tucked away in her pretty little noodle than all the columnists in town have access to. She isn't stuffy about it, just not interested in adding her contribution of, "Well, I heard—" The most anyone can expect from her is a remarkably astute summing up of the situation under discussion.

Recently someone was telling her the latest hair-raising episode in the life of a feminine star who has the town's most conservative gentlemen falling by the wayside. "I just don't understand how she does it," said one of the listening pussycats. "What has she got?"

"She has got," said Miss Leigh succinctly, "the ability to make every man in the room feel more masculine when she walks in." Period.

That's the kind of person she is. Tony's wife, friend to a cherished few, president of a corporation, caging the perfectionist's drive in an almost too fragile body. Janet has a fine philosophy that ought to check the drive, if she ever gets it to working. "There is only one me in the world," she says, "just as there is only one you. We each have our potentials and limitations; I just have to get used to what I can do and what I can't, and take it from there."

IT SOUNDS LIKE just what she needs, except it doesn't work at all. Janet is back on Cloud 7, straining in every nerve to be exactly what Jack Webb wants of her in *Pete Kelly's Blues*. Her eyes sparkle, her mobile face is in constant animation as she speaks of the picture—and her energy is probably burning up at twice the normal rate.

"Golly, they were so wonderful to me at U-I. You know, I have a picture deal with them, and when *My Sister Eileen* was finished, they had every right to ask me to report over there. But when I told them I had this chance to work with Jack Webb, they said, 'Sure, go ahead.' When people are that nice, you're willing to do almost anything for them. They were just wonderful.

"This picture? Well, it's about the jazz era in New Orleans and Kansas City, but it's also a love story. Jack is pretty excited about it, because he has never done a love story before. I know, I know. I should relax, take things easier. But if even Jack Webb is excited about it, imagine what a state I must be in!"

END

SIX-PART HARMONY

To be sung by: Rosemary, Betty, Gail, Nicky, José and Miguel!



Singer Joe Bushkin plays for Rosie and brother Nicky, a disk jockey, singer and composer!

■ Not long after José Ferrer married Rosemary Clooney he had to leave her and go to New York for a series of plays at City Center. This left Rosie singing to herself, and in spite of her husband's daily phone calls she felt cut off from the world. The worst was the night José called her from his hotel room. In the background she could hear the piano getting a workout and familiar voices raised in song. Self-pity enveloped Rosemary.

"You're having fun," she offered dismally.

"Sure," said José. "Got your family here. Betty and Nicky."

"But it's three o'clock in the morning there."

"Is it?" said Ferrer. "I hadn't noticed. Nicky and I are writing a song. It sounds pretty good. Listen. Betty will sing it for you."

By the time the AT&T had closed its circuits on this call, Rosemary had talked to them all, heard snatches of a tune that sounded promising, and collapsed into a heap of misery.

Since she can remember, Miss Clooney has been surrounded by music. Betty, with whom Rosie did a sister act for years, has famous pipes of her own and records for Coral. Brother Nicky went from high school into a disk jockey job in Wilmington, Delaware, and before two years had gone by, he had written a musical comedy score. When they were knee-high, the Clooneys devoted hours to singing, refusing to share their favorites. If anybody else dared to sing "It's A Sin To Tell A Lie," Nicky grew apoplectic, and Rosie clobbered the other two for humming a few bars of "The Old Covered Bridge."

So they grew up singing and Rosie topped it off by marrying Ferrer, a man who (among other things) sings, composes, dances and is an authority on jazz. Unlike many musically talented Hollywood people, Rosie and Joe sing a lot around the house, and often when they arrive home late their nightcap consists of an hour or so of song. Before Nicky was inducted into the Army he and Ferrer wrote many songs, including "Young Man," which is in Rosemary's recent album. Betty appears daily on *The Morning Show*.

This would seem to be enough music for one family, but Gail, Rosemary's nine-year-old sister, has decided that music is for her, too. On Rosie's radio show Gail matched voices with her famous sister in a duet of "Sisters," a recording previously made by Rosie and Betty. "Gail even likes to dance!" says Rosemary with some wonder, as she herself would prefer Terpsichore deleted from the list of Muses. "It's too early to tell about her voice, but it's a cinch she's earmarked for show business."

Possibly, Gail won't be the last melodic member of the family. On February 7, 1955, Rosie's first son, Miguel José, was born. He can't have missed inheriting a batch of musical genes. And if by chance he should prefer some other career, he'll still have music wherever he goes. He was born to it.

1000 FREE super charts

Here's another chance for MODERN SCREEN readers to obtain brand new 1955 editions of the famous MODERN SCREEN Super Star Information Chart! These amazing encyclopedias of information tell you all about almost five hundred stars—their marital statuses, vital statistics, current pictures, hobbies—just about everything you want to know—and they are to be sent absolutely free to the first one thousand readers who fill out and mail to us the questionnaire below. So hurry! The first one thousand win! Please check the space to left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. Did you read the LADD story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Ladd story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good
☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Ladd story I've read

2. Did you read the MONROE story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Monroe story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good
☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Monroe story I've read

3. Did you read the HUDSON story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Hudson story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good
☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Hudson story I've read

4. Did you read the ALLYSON story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good an Allyson story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good
☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Allyson story I've read

5. Did you read the RUSSELL story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Russell story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good
☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Russell story I've read

6. Did you read the O'CONNOR story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good an O'Connor story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good
☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst O'Connor story I've read

7. Did you read the LEIGH story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Leigh story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good
☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Leigh story I've read

8. Did you read the RICHARDS story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Richards story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good
☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Richards story I've read

9. Did you read the GARLAND story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Garland story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good
☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Garland story I've read

10. Did you read the COOPER story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Cooper story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good
☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Cooper story I've read

11. Did you read the ANGELI story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good an Angeli story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good
☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Angeli story I've read

12. Did you read the MOORE story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Moore story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good
☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Moore story I've read

13. The stars I most want to read about are:

a. _____	d. _____
MALE	FEMALE
b. _____	e. _____
MALE	FEMALE
c. _____	f. _____
MALE	FEMALE

14. Do you have a phonograph? ☐ 78 rpm ☐ 45 rpm ☐ 33 1/3 rpm ☐ Three speed ☐ None

15. How many records do you buy a month? ☐ Less than five ☐ More than five

16. Who are your favorite recording stars?

_____ MALE _____ FEMALE

AGE..... NAME.....

ADDRESS..... STREET.....

..... CITY & STATE.....

Mail To: READER POLL DEPARTMENT, MODERN SCREEN
BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

how the ladds reconciled

(Continued from page 33) "Alan has left the Holmby Hills house and gone to the ranch, all by his lonesome."

Most cruel of all was another blind item: "What wife, who completely dominates her husband's every move, is sitting home alone? The worm has turned."

These were the hurtful things being printed and said.

But the topper came when Alan himself, in a fit of pique, told a newspaperman that he and Sue had been having trouble ever since she made him go to Europe for over a year to make pictures. It was this that jogged me into getting Alan immediately on the telephone at Rancho Santa Fe.

When he came to the phone, he sounded like a chastened little boy, and not because he had chicken pox, you can bet! He said, "I don't know what ever made me say such a thing. It's ridiculous, of course."

"Sue has never in her life made me do anything I didn't want to do. Anything as important as that trip to Europe we first talk over pro and con and then make a mutually agreeable decision. We both thought it was the right thing to do then."

"I made that comment to a reporter because I was upset and angry that Sue had gone to Las Vegas with her relatives from the east instead of joining me here."

"My anger made me say the first impossible thing that came to mind. It was a stupid thing to do and I'm sincerely sorry."

ALAN'S VOICE was very meek when he suddenly said, "Louella, wait a minute. Here's Sue."

"Everything is all right, believe me, Louella," Sue began. "There isn't a chance of our marriage, which has been so perfect for fourteen years, coming to an end."

"I love Alan and he loves me. What was a personal and temporary problem between us—and will remain that—could easily have been solved in privacy and would have been forgotten by both of us now—if it had come at a different time."

"We had a quarrel when both of us were nervous wrecks. Looking back on everything, maybe our jangled nerves were the cause of our misunderstanding."

"Alan had been working too hard. He made too many pictures in too short a time. When he should have taken a rest because he was tired, he signed to do the physically and emotionally difficult *The McConnell Story*, about the hero pilot who was killed. His nerves were on the jagged edge—and so were mine, but for an entirely different reason. I was the mother of a bride-to-be!"

"At a time when we both should have been having peace and quiet, our home was a madhouse getting ready for the 500 guests who had accepted the invitation to Carol Lee's wedding to Dick Anderson."

"Everything was topsy-turvy—electricians, florists, carpenters, caterers were underfoot twenty-four hours out of twenty-four at least ten days before the wedding. The comfortable home I've tried to make for Alan and the children all these years was completely disrupted."

"So we blew up! Right after the wedding we had a quarrel, a serious one, about something that is still our private affair. And we both acted impulsively, each of us guilty of feeding the gossips."

"I suppose I shouldn't have gone to Las Vegas when Alan and I were having a quarrel—but again, timing played a big part in the decisions made."

"Before my aunt and cousin came out here from Chicago for the wedding, we had talked about going to Las Vegas on a visit. We had made the reservations—which

aren't too easy to get—and Alan was going to Rancho Santa Fe to get in some golf. I was to join him there after a few days. I really believe that these simple plans, made well in advance, looked doubly bad because they were carried out while we were quarreling."

It certainly is true that when Sue went one way and Alan another, the gossips felt free to proceed at full speed.

WHEN JUNE ALLYSON, Alan's co-star in *The McConnell Story*, admitted openly that she and Dick Powell were also having family problems, the lid blew off the kettle. What had been behind-the-hand whispers about Alan and June became shouts. The breaks between the two prominent and popular couples were played up on the front pages in one story carrying serious innuendos.

Now, let me tell you about this, the truth about it, I mean.

Nothing would have been made of this, if the Powells hadn't hit a snag the same time the Ladds did!

When I called June she admitted to me honestly that, like all married couples now and then, she and Dick were having problems.

"But as for another man's being in the picture, that's absurd," June told me indignantly. "I admire Alan Ladd as a fine man, a fine actor and a gentleman. Dick and I have had some problems but it doesn't involve anyone but ourselves—no other man."

When I asked June what the trouble was, she said, "Ask Dick."

I did. I've known him a long time and he's always been very square with me.

"If June and I were quarreling about Alan, we'd hardly have been at the wedding of the Ladds' daughter," he began.

"Our difficulty is purely family-style. I'm upset because my daughter Ellen (by Joan Blondell) isn't doing well in her grades at school. I've been stern with her and—well, June thinks maybe I've overdone it. They're good pals, you know."

"And, I've been touchy about not being able to get to Howard Hughes to show him the finished picture of *The Conqueror*, my first big directing effort. A lot of hard work went into the picture. I have high hopes for it and it's aggravating not to be able to get to headquarters about something so important to me, into which I've put so much time and effort and heart."

"But you know us, Louella, well enough to know that all this will pass. It's just a family matter, believe me."

"I tell you all this because of its unfortunate bearing on the Ladds at a vul-

nerable time, but there's the Ladds we are talking about. There was still another point I wanted to take up with them while I had them on the telephone.

I asked Sue, "Didn't Alan go out to his ranch by himself more than usual?"

For the first time during our conversation, Sue seemed to be amused.

"Alan always goes to the ranch by himself a few times when he's working on a picture," she explained. "Don't forget that we have a household of children of staggered ages, none of whom are very quiet around the place."

"Frequently, it's hard to concentrate and if Alan has a big day or a big scene coming up he'll take off to the ranch to hibernate."

"The most ridiculous thing printed about us is that I protect Alan so much and keep him so tied to my apron strings that he didn't even know how to turn on the heat at the ranch and had to come home at nightfall!"

Even though she made light of it, I know that Sue was, perhaps still is, deeply hurt over the talk that she runs Alan's professional and private life.

I'd like to say that I know of no woman who has done more to make a happy home for her husband—one where he is free from petty cares, but where he most definitely is the boss—than Sue Ladd.

If she made a mistake, and she has a tendency to blame herself for everything, it is because she has tried to be too perfect as a wife.

I know that if anything as trivial as a leaky tap goes wrong in the Ladd home, Sue has told the servants not to bother Alan with it.

Everything Sue can spare Alan she does, which may or may not be right, but believe me, he was never so helpless he couldn't turn on the heat!

EVER SINCE THEY met, when Sue was a well-known actors' agent and Alan a struggling young actor, he has wisely followed her advice.

Sue had been a big screen favorite herself and she had much experience. She could and did warn Alan of the pitfalls.

She is also a very smart girl in money matters. As Evelyn Lederer, she had been the daughter of a wealthy Chicago family and after she came to Hollywood more than one producer was heard to remark, "Sue Carol can handle her own contracts better than anyone else can handle them for her."

It was natural that after their marriage, Alan should seek her guidance in both his career and business matters.

If this sounds as though Alan Ladd is

henpecked or dominated by his brown-eyed wife, it is the most mistaken impression in the world.

In the first place, Alan is very much a man's man. Despite his great fame—and he led the popularity poll of this magazine for six years running—he has no conceit or actor-type vanity.

He loves motion pictures and is grateful to Sue that she makes it possible for him to give himself completely to the job at hand when he is working.

Between pictures he isn't "tied" at home. He plays golf, tennis, and rides with his cronies, Van Heflin and Dick Anderson. And while he is not crazy about big social events, he likes having people at his home for dinner, and all this is okay by his wife!

Make no mistake about it, he adores his Susie and he has often told me or anyone else who cares to listen:

"I couldn't get along without her. A lot of guys ask me why I never go anywhere without her. It's simply because I don't want to be anywhere without her. She's my best friend as well as my best girl."

Sue is the one who decided to end her many visits to the studio where Alan was working. She did this sometime ago because, as she says, "I have a big job at home with the children. The studio part is Alan's job."

She did admit to me while we were talking, "Maybe we shouldn't have gone to Europe for such a long time—although at the time we were enthusiastic about it. It seemed to be a wonderful way to see the world and at the same time for the children to have the educational advantages of living abroad for a while."

AND YOU CAN BET your life that if Alan hadn't wanted to go abroad, the Ladd clan never would have made the trip. It is Alan and Alan alone who is boss in matters of this kind and he was the one who rented the house at Rancho Santa Fe for a month. "Where we can be alone," said Alan.

Sue laughed. "So here we are. I'm doing all the cooking and the housework—and Alan's got the chicken pox!" She had all of her old humor back when she added, "Louella, isn't this whole thing ridiculous?"

Even the much-subdued Alan was laughing when he got back on the telephone. "Our happy second honeymoon with chickenpox," he chuckled. "I'm a mess."

I sincerely believe that as unfortunate as this trouble in their life has been, it has made them realize more than ever how very, very much they mean to one another. **END**

jane russell's tommy

(Continued from page 43) "May I keep these?" she asked softly. Jane nodded, and for a while the woman talked—about Tommy, of course.

That night in her tenement flat overlooking Lambeth, a working class district here, Florrie showed the pictures of Tommy to her three other children.

"Are you sorry, Mama," one asked, "that you gave Tommy away?"

Florrie Kavanagh shook her pretty head. "Jane Russell," she asserted, "is a truly wonderful person. She's the only mother Tommy knows. I'm glad I did it."

Four years ago, reporters asked Florrie Kavanagh why she did it, why she gave her baby to Jane to adopt.

"Is it because of poverty?" she was asked.

"No," she explained, "it's because my husband and I want him to have a better chance in life than we can give him."

"But my neighbors," she added, "are saying other things—cruel, spiteful things. They're saying, 'Fancy! Florrie Kavanagh is selling her baby to a film star.' And 'I wonder how much she got for her baby?'"

"I want you to know that I never asked or received one penny from Jane Russell. My last words to her when she went into the airplane with Tommy at London Airport were, 'I would like you to have this baby for always. I hope you will always love him.'"

When Jane flew away to New York with baby Tommy in 1951, a well-publicized row began in the House of Commons. Marcus Lipton, a member of Parliament, said, "We don't want to export babies to Hollywood or anywhere else. These bundles from Britain have got to stop."

Presently, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Kavanagh were called into court, charged with violating the Adoption Act. They told the magistrate that what they had done was entirely for little Tommy's benefit. They even showed the judge the warm and

kind letters they had recently received from Jane Russell.

Sir Laurence Dunne read them and handed them back. "She must be a very wonderful woman," he agreed. The Kavanaghs were discharged. But the hue and cry resulting from the case aroused in Jane Russell a desire to do something to facilitate the adoption of foreign-born children.

She therefore founded WAIF—Women's Adoption-International Fund—one of the most humanitarian child-adoption agencies in existence.

It is to this charity that she now gives her time, her effort and a good deal of her money. As chairman of WAIF she works long hours making speeches, raising funds, trying to get homeless children into childless homes.

In the years to come it may well be that Jane Russell will be remembered more for her WAIF work than for any of her films. Certainly she will be remembered as a good, kind, charitable human being. **END**

phyllis? phyllis who?

(Continued from page 37) looms larger than the moon. It is as if he had just closed the whole interview.

"What did you do on Christmas?"

He smiled engagingly. "I went over to my mother's."

I wondered why everybody likes him so much. I wondered why I like him so much. I sighed. "All right, what did you do Christmas Eve?"

"I went over to my father's."

"Did anybody ever tell you you're great copy? What did you do New Year's Eve? Don't tell me you spent New Year's Eve with your family!"

He looked at the ceiling, thinking. "Went to two—no three—parties. Got home at three A.M."

That about took care of the holidays. Except for one. "Valentine's Day?" I ventured. "Is there any statement you'd care to make about Phyllis?"

"Phyllis?" he said vaguely. "Phyllis who?"

"Phyllis who, Phyllis who," I said, Benny style.

He laughed then and I felt sorry for him. We have spent many hours over assorted tablecloths, sparring with each other. For years I've been trying to find out what he's like and have gathered the distinct impression that I never will, but the situation is eased by the fact that Rock does his best, in his inimitable way, to help me. We have fun. You might even say he trusts me. Which makes my work tough.

THE FISH BOWL existence of a film star is not for Rock Hudson. He views his work seriously, more seriously than most, but he has the understandable wish to keep himself to himself. He will tell you what he eats for breakfast, but he will not tell you what he thinks while he's eating breakfast. If he feels so strongly about such everyday things, it is conceivable that he is unwilling to exhibit the things that are closest to his heart. Phyllis Gates may possibly be one of these things. I had no intention of asking him, partly because I knew he wouldn't answer, mostly because it's no fun to needle somebody you like.

The reason for his reticence is quite obvious. His late romance with Betty Abbott is a thing of the past, very possibly because of too much publicity. A man can't court a girl, and make up his mind while he's courting her whether or not he wants to marry her, when the press is devoting long paragraphs to the pros and cons of the situation. If he should decide he doesn't want to marry her, it's a rather good bet by that time the girl will have believed the publicity and figured he ought to. Currently, Betty Abbott is dating Jeff Chandler and would seem to be quite happy about the whole thing.

With Phyllis, he is in the same potential danger. And understanding this—well sir, there I was.

"Gates," I said. "Her name is Gates. Now look, I'm not going to ask any impertinent questions, but at this point I can't very well ignore the subject. I'm supposed to be a reporter."

"Ha," said Rock. "You're using psychology on me."

"Some psychology," I said. "I'm not hinting—I'm telling you. I won't ask about your intentions, but I think I might be able to say something about this girl. What does she look like?"

"Well, she has two eyes, two ears, two legs, two arms and a body." On this last, his eyebrows raised ever so slightly.

"I understand she does," I said. "She goes to a doctor here in town and whenever she leaves, he makes large wolf noises."

Rock looked delighted. "He does, huh? How'd you find that out?"

"I'm a reporter, bub," I said. "I knew you wouldn't tell me anything."

"Doctor who?" he persisted.

"Doctor who, Doctor who," I said again. "Now tell me, if you can bring yourself to it, are you and Phyllis soul mates? I mean, can you share things with each other, things like humor, a well-turned phrase, a sunset?"

He nodded cautiously. After all, if he told me anything about her, he'd be obliged to tell everybody else in town.

"I understand you're teaching her to love music," I said. "How is she coming along?"

He laid down his fork and looked at me aghast. "How'd you find that out?" he said.

"Never mind," I said. "What's her favorite at this point?"

"Brahms' First," he said before he could catch himself.

"Have a care," I said. "You're growing loquacious."

WE TALKED ABOUT the house then. He bought it in January and he admitted that the house, at least, was love at first sight. It is situated in the Hollywood Hills, is of Pennsylvania Dutch architecture, barn-red with white trim, contains 1350 feet of solid construction. There are two bedrooms, the larger of which looks out on the patio, and the living room has a view of pine trees.

"Real pine trees," said Rock, and his enthusiasm is believable to a transplanted Californian who is up to here with palm trees. "There's a brick walk to the patio, and there are pine needles all over it."

"Spring-y under your feet?" I inquired.

"Uh-huh. And one day I said to a carpenter who was there working on something, 'What kind of floors are these?' And he looked, and he looked again, and he said, 'I can't believe it, but it's teakwood!' Imagine, real teakwood floors!"

There's nothing in the house but clothes, records and a borrowed seven-foot bed. His own eight-foot bed will be moved in as soon as possible. This is the end of a two-year search for a house, and Rock is as hysterical about it as a ten-year-old with his first electric train.

"Does Phyllis like the house?" I said.

"She likes houses," he evaded.

"What is she like?" I said, and when I saw he was bogging down, I helped. "She's a bubbling sort of a girl, a lot of happiness, but very solid in character. I believe radiant is the word for her personality."

"Say," he said. "Do you know Phyllis?"

"No, I don't. I'm just a reporter."

He leaned forward. "I'll tell you something else." It was as though he was afraid somebody would hear him. "She has confused eyelashes."

"You mean every which way?" I said, and he nodded.



At first Phyllis enjoyed being photographed with Rock, but pictures are becoming rarer now.

"How long have you known her?" I said. "About a year and a half."

"And your first date was in October?"

"How'd you know that?" he said.

"You told me, on our last interview," I said. "You took her to Ciro's and when the photographers crowded around, Phyllis was as excited as a kid. Don't you remember, you told me she got such a bang out of it that she posed like a real ham and forgot all about you?"

He grinned. "That's right."

"I guess I got in on the ground floor before you decided to clam up," I said.

"Anyway, you certainly took your time about asking her for the first date. Cautious, aren't you?"

"Yup," he said. "Cautious."

I ASKED HIM if he'd heard what Conrad Nagel said about him. Nagel had joined the cast of *All That Heaven Allows*, his first Hollywood stint in seven years, and he'd said some pretty nice things about the young Mr. Hudson. Rock hadn't heard it. As a veteran craftsman of the theatre arts, Nagel had been asked his opinion of Hollywood's new crop. He said he didn't think much of them, specifically because they didn't take their work seriously enough. He said they get star complexes too fast and they even object to working overtime. Did he hold out hope for any of them? Answering this, Nagel named only four and Rock Hudson was among them. I told Rock this and waited for his reaction. It didn't come, so I continued.

"He said you remind him of Gable when he was getting his start, that you have the same attitude toward your work and a great deal of the same appeal."

Rock didn't say anything. When you throw a compliment at this boy you get the feeling it isn't being absorbed. In fact, you can almost hear it bounce off.

"Nagel says you are rare in that everybody at the studio likes you. All the grips—everybody. They say you get nicer all the time."

Rock buttered a roll. I began to get desperate, felt I had to convince him. "He says you think all the time, that you use your head, particularly that you really think while you're in front of the cameras."

Rock cut a slice of corned beef. "Nagel was doing a goodness," he said.

I GAVE UP. "I suppose you'll stick with acting. Have you any plans for the future, like buying a farm?"

"It's not for me," he said. "I have no desire to go back to the soil. I was there once, on my grandparents' farm. One day I helped to deliver a calf, and I didn't enjoy it very much. Tell you what. I have two plans, both of them impossible. One is to own that Chateau Marmont on Sunset Boulevard and live in the penthouse. I'd get my own plane and a license and a place in Palm Springs and a beat-up car. When I wasn't working I'd fly to the desert and use the jalopy while I was there. Pretty silly, huh?"

"Why is it silly?"

"Because the Chateau Marmont probably costs forty million dollars, that's why. The other plan would be to own a yacht. I'd work very hard for a year, make maybe six pictures, and then take a year off. I'd sail the yacht through the Pacific, see the islands and Burma and the Red Sea, the Suez Canal and leave the boat docked somewhere in the Mediterranean. Then I'd work a year and then take the boat back the way I came. Alternate, you see, and eventually take in the whole world." He smiled. "Think of all the shrunken heads I could get for my house."

"In Pennsylvania Dutch?" I said, horrified.

"Why not?" he said. (Cont'd on page 64)

I dreamed I was a designing woman

in my maidenform^{} bra*



The dream of a bra: Maidenform's Chansonette^{*} in nylon taffeta, acetate satin, cotton broadcloth, dacron cotton batiste...from 2.00

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. ©1955 MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC. COSTUME: ARNOLD SCAASI SATINS BY SKINNER

"I've already got a mother-of-pearl jew's-harp. I like to collect interesting things."

"I can see you do," I said. "Well, I wish you the time to do it all. You've been pretty busy. I know you worked in *One Desire* all through the holidays. How'd you get your Christmas shopping done?"

"They rearranged the schedule, so. I could have a day off."

"One day? You did all your shopping in one day? But just the things you got for Phyllis alone would have taken a whole day or more."

He put down his fork again. "What?"

"The cashmere coat," I said. "And the sweaters and the solid gold necklace. And the fountain pen."

He lost all interest in his dinner. "Now, how did you know that?"

I smiled back. "Can't tell."

"Come on," he wheedled. "Who told you? Who?"

"The press cannot reveal its source of information," I intoned. "Do you and Phyllis agree on politics?"

He ignored the question. "How did you find that out?"

"Politics," I reminded him.

"I don't know what she thinks," he said.

"Me, I'm not a party-liner."

"Where do you go when you have a date with her?"

"Around," he said.

"Do you and Phyllis have the same religious faith?"

"Never asked her," he said, and then he looked at me. "I suppose this story's going to be about Phyllis."

"Now, what ever gave you that idea?"

"We both sang in a choir," he offered.

"Thank you," I said. "Have you gone out with anybody else? Publicity dates at premières or anything?"

He grinned. "Nobody asks me."

THEN I TOOK him back to the subject of the house. After all, he'd had a hard day at the studio and was hopeful of digesting his dinner. It seems that his main problem is to capture time for shopping. He expects to have two weeks between the finish of *All That Heaven Allows* and the start of *Giant* for Warner Brothers. That two weeks, as usual, will be disintegrated by interviews, still pictures, and the myriad chores that follow the finish of a film, but in that time he hopes to buy at least a few things. The décor bothers him. He toys with the idea of Old English, but he isn't too sure. "I saw six dining tables last week and I liked every one of them."

"Could Phyllis help you with the shopping?" I said.

He picked up a table knife and pointed it at me and said, "One was oak and round. Do you like round dining tables?"

"They give you trouble in the linen department," I said. "How do you intend to keep the place clean? Are you planning to leave the bourgeois bin and get yourself a houseman in a white coat?"

"I'll still have Truitt," he said.

"Truitt?"

"Sure. Good old Truitt. Haven't you ever heard about Truitt'll-do-it? She's

been helping me for a long time, wherever I've lived."

I bent over my notebook, pencil poised. "Two T's?" I inquired.

He laughed. "Three T's."

"Thanks," I said. "You're always right there with information I don't need."

And the worst of it is, he couldn't be more charming. We spent two hours over corned beef, cabbage and coffee, and while it was a delightful shank of an evening, I gathered from him only three facts about Phyllis. That she sang in a choir once, that she likes Brahms' First Symphony and that she has confused eyelashes.

ON THE WAY OUT to the parking lot, Rock disappeared into a phone booth. I passed the booth like I was minding my own business and hadn't even noticed him in there, hunched up like a Great Dane inside a poodle pen.

The attendant had Rock's car ready, the motor running.

"Are you with Mr. Hudson?" he asked.

"No, worse luck. I'm driving that convertible with the brown sidewall tires."

"He sure is a nice guy," said the attendant. "Not like most of them I see around here. Doesn't try to make an impression. He's so easy-going and quiet."

Quiet, I told myself, is not the word for it. Thank heaven I knew that girl who knew that man who knew that girl who knew Phyllis. I had arrived with a new notebook and was leaving with one written word—Truitt, with three T's. **END**

the two loves of ben cooper

(Continued from page 52) some 3,200 appearances. And just as a little bonus in talent, he handles a horse and a gun like a hero out of a Zane Grey novel—something he could do before he ever left New York.

BORN IN HARTFORD, Connecticut, and raised not forty-five minutes from Broadway in Beechurst, Long Island, Ben, as a sort of relaxation from soap opera work, bought a pony, named him Gypsy, and rode daily near his home in Queens.

In his wallet he carries two pictures. One is of a super-curved blonde named Lee Sharon who headlines nightclub shows in such seaports as New York, Miami and Tokyo, doing dances which Ben describes as modern but which more professional critics seem to think are strip routines. The other picture shows Gypsy, mounted by a headless horseman. The photo was too large to fit into the wallet and something had to be sacrificed—either part of Gypsy or part of Ben. So Ben tore off his own head.

As he explains, "Well, I know what I look like. After all, it was Gypsy I wanted to remember. And Lee, of course."

He didn't mean that he has lost his head over Lee as well, but that is what most of his friends think. He has gone out with Anna Maria Alberghetti, whom he admittedly likes; he gets really animated when he talks about Pat Crowley, with whom he used to go to high school in New York; and he'll slick himself up sharp and shiny for a date with Lori Nelson. But the plain fact, say those in whom he confides such matters, is that he is crazy about Lee Sharon. She, dancing lately at the Latin Quarter in New York, is said to have flashed into Ben's life last November. She was the date of a friend of Ben's, who dropped in to see him one afternoon and was thereafter minus one girl.

They dated around town for about six 64 weeks while Ben was working in *The*

Rose Tattoo, in which he has co-starring billing with Burt Lancaster, Anna Magnani and Marisa Pavan. Then Lee had to go to New York. While Ben didn't write home about Lee, word reached his folks and his father wrote to him. Father also telephoned. If, as reported, the affair is still on, so are the family discussions.

"Oh, it's just a case of Lee's being the first girl Ben has ever known well," explained Barnett. "You know what that can do to a young fellow."

"Yes!" chimed in Ben, as if happily remembering.

BEN IS VERY PROUD of his father, Ben Cooper, Sr., a mechanical designing engineer who graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and is the brains behind such devices as practical truck winches, tractor hoisting devices and the fearsome looking cranes on aircraft carriers that clear the landing deck of plane smashups by hurling them into the sea. Brian Donlevy once made the mistake of asking Ben about his father and was still hearing about him a half hour later. Ben's mother, Mrs. Berna Cooper, is closely identified with his first years in show business, practically managing as well as mothering him through that period. And his older sister Bunny, now modeling in New York, has received a number of offers to come to Hollywood and probably will be testing for a picture by the time this story is in print. So Ben doesn't want any trouble with his family about Lee. But he doesn't want any trouble with Lee about anything.

When Ben's birth was being awaited by his mother back in 1933, a year still depression-thin, she got quite a bit of sympathy from her neighbors. "What a shame!" commented one of them. "Here you are expecting another child and things still so bad off. Just the luck of the Irish to be taking on a new burden now!"

"Oh, him!" retorted Mrs. Cooper, who had already borne a daughter and was sure the second baby would be a boy. "Oh, he'll be earning his own way before he's ten!"

It was a wild guess but a good one. At nine Ben was making \$50 a week playing Harlan, the youngest redheaded son in *Life With Father* on Broadway, starring Howard Lindsay as the father. It was a play he was to stay with three years. No Cooper had ever before been on the stage. A friend of the family had heard that the producers were looking for an eight-year-old and while watching Ben romp around she got the idea that he would make a good actor. "You know, he doesn't pretend he's a cowboy or a policeman like the other little boys," she told his mother. "He seems to be pretending that he's pretending—just like I saw John Barrymore do once!"

The family had moved to Beechurst from Hartford by this time. Mrs. Cooper took Ben down to the old Empire Theatre, where the play was running, to join fifty other waiting mother-and-son pairs.

"How many plays has your little boy been in?" one of these ladies asked Mrs. Cooper.

"None," replied Ben's mother.

"Oh!" retorted the other patronizingly, while a few dozen of the other mothers gazed at her superciliously. Mrs. Cooper gripped Ben's hand and settled herself more solidly in her seat. Tired of waiting, she had been ready to leave. Now she was determined to stick it out. One week later, after a series of elimination tests, Ben had the job. Given a copy of the play and told to memorize about a page and a half of it for his audition, Ben, in four days, learned the complete role of Harlan, running fifty pages. That did it.

IT WAS ON THE FIFTH night of his career as an actor that he won special commendation from Lindsay. A prop man had forgotten to leave a copy of the catechisms on the bookshelf in one scene, and it became necessary for Father Lindsay to ad lib a request to one of his other sons, Whitney, to go out and get the book. Alone now on the stage with Ben, with whom he would have to ad lib further to cover the situation until Whitney returned,

Lindsay said, "Well, Harlan, what would you like to have me read to you?"

The moment the words were out of his mouth Lindsay was sorry. He was certain that an eight-year-old boy like Harlan could only reply to such a question by naming some comic book character like Superman—an awful boner, since the time of the play was at the turn of the century.

Instead, and for reasons which he cannot explain even to this day, since he did read many comic books then, Ben named a beautifully appropriate book, *Gulliver's Travels*. Lindsay practically got tears in his eyes in his relief and when Ben walked off the stage at the end of the scene his "mother," Dorothy Stickney, who was Lindsay's wife both in real life and in the play, gathered him into her arms for a rewarding hug. "A pro! A real pro!" Lindsay chortled when Ben came off.

With his first \$50 Ben fulfilled an ambition to buy his mother "a beautiful new dress" and to give his father "a whole dollar." He then wanted to enter a formal objection to the deduction of fifty cents from his weekly wages for Old Age Benefits (as explained by his father), claiming that by the time he got to be sixty-five years old the Government would never be able to remember whom they owed the money to.

His folks recall that Ben "aged" very fast after he became an actor. One evening his father was driving him to the theatre when they passed a car in which sat a four-year-old boy with beautiful curls.

"That's just the way your hair was when you were his age," Ben's father remarked.

Ben studied the boy, and after some thought asked, "Dad, how does it feel to have me all grown up?"

Ben wasn't nine years old yet, but his father didn't point that out. He just took a quick look at his son, saw that he was serious, and said, "Oh, it's a deep comfort, a deep comfort."

A year after Ben joined the show he was stricken with pleurisy and had to miss some performances. On the first night that he knew he wouldn't be able to go to the theatre he begged for an alarm clock. Timing himself according to the routine of the show he began playing his part in bed. He would have presented the entire play had the doctor not rung down the curtain with the aid of a sedative.

BEN ATTENDED SCHOOL regularly all through the run of *Life With Father* at St. Luke's Parochial School in White-stone, Long Island. Later, as he got into radio and television work, he went to Lodge High School (a private school in New York) and Columbia University. He finished his sophomore year at Columbia but never got to be a junior, because Hollywood was making noises like gold in the bank by this time. Hollywood knew what it was doing; Ben had accumulated a background of experience probably never before equalled by a youngster of his age.

He was in the cast of thirty-two soap operas before he was twenty. Among other characters he played were Dickie in *Portia Faces Life*, Brad in *The Second Mrs. Burton*, Ernest in *Joyce Jordan*, Billy in *Big Sister*, Mack in *Young Widow Brown* and Les Wentworth in *Tennessee Jed*. This didn't take all his time, by any means. Over the years he appeared in such top radio and television presentations as *Suspense*, *Kraft Theatre*, *Cavalcade Of America*, *Inner Sanctum*, *Studio One* and *Armstrong Circle Theatre*. And long before he came to Hollywood he had supported many Hollywood stars in New York broadcasts, including Helen Hayes, Joseph Cotten, Robert Mitchum, Gene Tierney, Claudette Colbert, Van Heflin and Basil Rathbone. He became known

as a player of wide versatility among many dialects; he has portrayed Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Spaniards, Mexicans and even Japanese.

Naturally, when he had to write a paper at Columbia, and chose "Soap Operas" for his subject, he was able to write it without doing any research. He had also learned a little bit about the economics of his profession by this time and it isn't likely that anyone in Hollywood will slip a bad contract or deal over on him. Ben was only nineteen when he was elected a delegate to the merger session of the radio and television actors' unions into the one organization, AFTRA, The American Federation of Television and Radio Actors.

BEN FAILED to make good on his first trip to Hollywood. This was in May, 1952, when a New York Warner Brothers scout signed him to test for a role in *Retreat, Hell!* The part went to Russ Tamblyn instead and Ben wasted no time brooding. Even while waiting for his plane back to New York he telephoned several producers there, got himself booked back into several radio shows and was ready to step into an *Armstrong Circle Theatre* play, an hour after he landed at La Guardia.

In the meantime, head men at Republic were shown the Warner Brothers test and decided Ben would be a good bet for a role in a war film, *Thunderbirds*, which

APPLE OF HIS EYE-TOOTH

I was buying bread in a Hollywood store when I noticed that one of my fellow customers was Johnny Weissmuller, of Tarzan fame. Imagine my surprise when I saw him pick up an apple as he walked out of the store, put the whole thing in his mouth and start chewing it!



Jeanette Curbow
New Orleans, Louisiana

they were planning. It was while he was working in this picture that Republic's president, Herbert Yates, saw Ben galloping a horse. In his time, Mr. Yates has had such western notables as Autry, Roy Rogers, Tex Ritter and Rocky Lane riding the celluloid range for him. He decided right then to corral Ben for a long run at the studio. Since then Ben has appeared in ten pictures, his best roles being that of Jesse James in *The Woman They Almost Lynched*, *Turkey*, the young desperado who is lynched in *Johnny Guitar* and Sailor Jack in *The Rose Tattoo*.

Just getting the role of Sailor Jack was harder than playing it, Ben thinks. Some three hundred young actors were after it. All were interviewed, more than a hundred gave readings, and about a dozen were tested. The day Ben's test was screened Wallis and the director, Danny Mann, announced that the search was over.

Ben has a small apartment in the San Fernando Valley almost across the street from his studio. He does his own cooking, and isn't as good at it as he claims to be, according to his friends. He has been plunking away at a guitar for the last year without becoming a Les Paul and he spends the rest of his spare time riding and practicing his draw with a six-shooter. He says he has timed himself and has it down to a fifth of a second.

"Is that fast?" Joan Crawford asked him recently, when he was demonstrating for

her benefit. Ben gave her another gun, and showed how he could pull his gun, cock the hammer and shoot it while she was still just pressing the trigger of hers.

"Well!" she exclaimed. "I should think you'd have to be born nervous to move that quick!"

Ben, a cool, assured performer when he is working, is apparently far from being a nervous man. But he does give this impression offstage because he is naturally spry, flit-quick with word and gesture, and very intense. He is also apparently one of those wiry Irishmen who are indestructible. During the filming of *Johnny Guitar* he fell flat on his back from a ten-foot-high wagon perch when his horse decided suddenly not to be where he should be. For two minutes thereafter Ben was unconscious while the director, Nick Ray, and the other cast members, Scott Brady, Ernest Borgnine and Royal Dana, worked over him. For the next three minutes, after he had opened his eyes, he was paralyzed, unable to move a muscle in his body, but five minutes later he was again jumping from the perch, this time landing on his horse as planned.

BEN LIKES HOLLYWOOD. He is young enough to be looking for laughs most of the time and he has friends on every level. One of his pals is the well-known part-time actor and part-time parking attendant at Ciro's, Jimmy Murphy. Ben stops by to see him often, and is therefore probably the only actor in Hollywood who goes to Ciro's usually to spend his time outside the place. Not that he doesn't occasionally attend as a guest.

When the popular Sammy Davis had his premiere at Ciro's following the tragic car accident which cost him an eye, Ben took Anna Maria Alberghetti. Practically every big name in Hollywood also attended, and after the show they all trooped out to vie with each other in having their Cadillacs brought up to them. But the first car was not a Caddie. It was a 1953, newly-washed, aquamarine Mercury convertible, registered to one Benjamin Cooper. Despite the "long green" most of the big stars were waving in their hands, Jimmy Murphy was already seated in Ben's car waiting for his pal to appear. The moment Ben lifted a little finger Jimmy scorched up with the Merc. After Ben and Anna Maria climbed in, the stars watched open-mouthed as Ben very solemnly handed Jimmy a dime tip.

"I don't get it," said a puzzled star who was ready to tip fifty times this amount. "Maybe I am losing touch with the people!"

Incidentally, after John Wayne told press agent Barnett that he thought Ben was a star, he also announced that he wants to make a picture with Ben. So does Dick Powell. And practically every studio in town is looking around for a story in which Ben would fit.

SO BARNETT IS QUITE happy about his new client except for one habit of Ben's. Ben not only loves to ride a horse, he loves to talk about it; and every time he talks about it he insists upon demonstrating that he has ridden himself bow-legged.

"He isn't bow-legged!" declares Barnett, who knows that a straight-legged star will go much further and last much longer in the business. "He pretty nearly breaks his legs straining them backward to make them look bowed, and as though he belongs on a saddle and nowhere else."

"I am too bow-legged!" Ben came back headily one night.

"G'wan!" retorted Barnett. "You're just trying to be true to your old horse, Gypsy!"

That stopped Ben. So that night he went home and wrote a long letter to Lee Sharon, asking her, among other things, to go see Gypsy for him.

END



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BASK IN NEW LUXURY WITH EXOTIC PRINTS AND REAL MINK

Above, Dorothy Lamour goes Oriental in Catalina's Japanese cotton print swim ensemble—*Yo Yo San*. The princess-line suit features a stay-front with draped-center bra. Puckerette zipped back and peg-top tapered shorts. The matching *Kabuki* kimono style coat has a wrap front, Mandarin collar, tie belt and is lined with white terry cloth. Orange or blue. Suit, 32 to 38. About \$14. Coat, S.M.L. About \$14.

Right, Terry Moore, soon to be seen in 20th's *Daddy Long Legs*, wears Catalina's Laton taffeta suit—*Swimming In Mink*. It has side-shirring and a flange bra banded with mink (especially treated for the water). Hyacinth with sapphire mink, black with white mink, cinnamon with ranch mink. 32 to 36. About \$25. Terry takes her Cortina French course (textbooks and records) on her vacations—study is fun this way.

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Photographs by John Engstead



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More fashions on next page

THE SPARKLE OF THE BRIGHT WHITE TOUCH

1. Dorothy Lamour wears a classic polka dot *Pat-a-sheer* all-rayon sheath dress. Lattice work trims the scoop neckline. It has a matching bolero jacket. Navy with sparkle white dots only. Sizes 14½ to 22½. Costume jewelry by Capri.
2. Spring daisies trim this *Stevens* baby-checked gingham, scoop-necked, sleeveless dress. It has two large pockets and a self-belt. The matching bolero jacket has daisy-edged sleeves. Black, red or navy with bright white. Sizes 14½ to 22½.
3. Again, white dots are important to the spring picture—in this lovely, sheer, 100% *Trend* nylon dress. It has pearl buttons and nylon marquisette trim on the collar and cuffs. Navy or black with luxurious white. Sizes 14½ to 22½.
4. The all-occasion coat dress of 100% *Mallinson's* puckered nylon that buttons all the way down the front. It has glass buttons, self-belt, tucked shoulders and concealed pockets at the shoulder. Royal, black, red or green with white. Sizes 14½ to 22½.
5. This flattering, double-breasted coachman style of *Stevens Highland Park* gingham has a wide collar and white scallop detailing on the cuffs and pockets, self-belt. Black, navy or red with white. Sizes 14½ to 22½. Straw sailor hat by Leslie James.
6. To climax the parade of Rite-Fit Dresses by Max Wiesen, Miss Lamour wears a smooth *Pat-a-Sheer* rayon printed sheath that has self-looping on the pockets and neckline. Navy, grey, green or periwinkle blue on white. Sizes 14½ to 24½. Capri jewelry.

These are washable Rite-Fit dresses by Max Wiesen that are priced at about \$9 each



DOROTHY LAMOUR, Modern Screen Mother of the Year

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Some Stores Are Listed on Page 72



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Write to the Fashion Department, MODERN SCREEN, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y., if there is no store listed near you.

family man on the loose

(Continued from page 45) could just make it under the wire. As he reached down to flip off the set and run, he heard, "Thank you—and good night"—and a cartoon commercial flickered on to mock him.

Donald O'Connor dropped like wet spaghetti and surveyed himself dismally in the mirror. His tie was cockeyed. His shirt cuffs flopped loose. His beltless pants rippled around his ankles. His hair stuck up and his "dress" shoes were brown.

"Get you," he told himself. "All dressed up and no place to go!"

Professionally speaking, it's too many places to go that's Don O'Connor's trouble right now. Donald David Ronald Dixon O'Connor sports a top talent for every one of his names, and it would be very convenient indeed if he had a separate body for each. Like another thirty-year-old (named Alexander) there isn't much left for O'Connor to conquer in his world of show business. As any casual tv twiddler or movie-goer knows, Don can dance with the effortless grace of Astaire, croon with the golden ease of Crosby, be as captivatingly nuts as Danny Kaye and act with the best of them. There's no business like show business for him and nobody in show business like Donald David Ronald, etc.—as he recently proved in the 20th Century-Fox musical of the same name. Ethel Merman, no slouch herself, tagged Don, "The greatest concentrated hunk of talent on the screen."

SO DON BUMPS into himself coming and going as he tries to meet the Hollywood demand. Five mornings a week he pushes open the door of a pink stucco bungalow on the General Service lot where, as producer, director and star of his hit tv show, *Here Comes Donald*, he spends \$50,000 of the Texas Company's money each week, meets a payroll of forty-nine employees. From his Mussolini-sized office he masterminds a galloping career which includes movies at \$200,000 a crack, Las Vegas bookings at \$30,000 a week, a song-publishing firm and a one-man idea factory which grinds out everything from movie scripts and nightclub skits to oil well ventures. From all this he figures to collect almost a million bucks in 1955.

For a guy who has been chasing show business rainbows since before he was born, this would seem to be a situation approaching Paradise. His mother was a dancer. Donald made his debut in the O'Connor Family act at four months. By his first birthday, his acrobat brothers, Billy and Jack, were tossing him back and forth over the audience like a football. All his boyhood the same shifting show business pattern prevailed as the O'Connor Family trouped vaudeville circuits, carnivals and clubs, gorging on chicken one week, feathers the next. In his twenty in-and-out years around Hollywood, Don had more ups and downs than an elevator—until he finally stuck on the top floor. Only last year he was picked to hand out Academy awards to his peers.

But Donald O'Connor floated in no transport of joy—nor does he today. In this flight to glory something is missing. The empty other side of the picture lent a wistful meaning to Don's self-appraisal that night as he stood before the mirror at the Bel Air. Because Don is a dangling man—all dressed up with fame and success, but no place to go for happiness. And ironically, the knots that tie him up professionally leave him at bare loose ends in his private life.

Since Don and his pretty wife Gwen finally called it quits a year and a half ago, after nine years of marriage, Don has rattled restlessly around like a loose bolt.

In that time he has lived in four separate places. First, the Bel Air Hotel, which he deserted because it was "too public and too expensive." Yet he paid almost as much as the \$1200-a-month there for the next place he picked—a modern hilltop hacienda in Benedict Canyon, complete with swimming pool, hi-fi system and plush furnishings, besides completely redecorating most of the rooms. This he abandoned soon on the flimsy excuse that it was "too buggy," with spiders, centipedes and other real and imaginary varmints swarming around. Came next a house in Malibu where the fishing he loves was swell, but that was soon "too far out." So he took a small apartment at the Villa Madrid, where he's camping today—and hating it.

IN ALL THIS TIME, Don has rocketed away from Hollywood, as if fleeing the plague, almost every week end and every free stretch after pictures and between tv seasons. Last fall he flew off to Hawaii on a day's inspiration for a week and jittered most of that time in the Royal Hawaiian Hotel because it rained five days out of the seven. The rest of the time he chased around Honolulu with a private detective, hunting thrills, à la Winchell. This winter he tore off after the final "Cut!" of each tv film to scattered refuges, including Snow Valley, where he ran into the heaviest fall of the year, got snowed in, couldn't budge on skis or anything else and almost went crazy. Next he went to Palm Springs for a rest and stayed up all night helping open a new guest ranch. Other exits to the Mojave, Mexico and scattered points have been just as fast, frantic and unrelaxing.

These are symptoms of discontent even in a natural skitterbug like Donald O'Connor. Of course, it's true that Donald is and always has been as charged as a bottle of pop, physically, mentally and nervously. His wiry body, which actor Bob Ryan, a physical culturist, calls, "the best physique, pound for pound, in Hollywood," requires exercise, and the natural coordination you see on the screen has made him an expert, easy athlete. Don learned to ski in two days, entered a race on the third. As a fourteen-year-old he competed in Bing Crosby's first golf tournament and, although he barely knew a mashie from a mid-iron, won a prize—twenty-four quarts of motor oil which he had to give away because he was too young and too poor to own a car. He's a deadly boxer and once broke his best friend's ribs teaching him to handle his dukes. Last year in Las Vegas the national convention of skeet shooters asked him to join the fun. He shattered eighty-five out of 100 clay pigeons although he'd never banded the game before.

Behind Don's bland, boyish face, too, is a mind that races on something or other every waking minute. Stuck one week end near San Diego, he stayed up all night in his room writing 200 gags. Another time he came home with ten new song lyrics. He always has been a speed nut, with a trail of Bugattis, Jaguars and other sports cars around him since his teen-age days when he hopped up jalaps with dual carburetors and twin pipes. For years he's tried to stop smoking but admits defeat "because you can't light a candy bar." Wherever he is, O'Connor jitters around unless something active is going on.

Don explains his fast week-end exits from Hollywood as therapy to "relieve the pressure and change the scene . . . charge my batteries and fresh up for more work"—which is certainly logical. To give out what Don gives day in and day out, it figures that he has to stay as wound up as a thirty-day clock. But allowing for other occupational therapy and his own native restlessness, there are other unmistakable signs that Donald O'Connor is unhappy

with his status as a Hollywood bachelor.

FOR ONE THING, Don has failed to find any satisfactory romantic attachment since he broke away from Gwen. For a while he squired Marilyn Erskine around Hollywood, but that failed and Marilyn got married. He has taken out Sylvia Lewis, a pretty young dancer, but nothing came of that. Most of Don's fun partners are girls who happen to be where he happens to be, with no meaning whatever except the evening's pleasures. In Palm Springs he sometimes teams up with Carol Morton, daughter of the manager of the Ranch Club where he likes to hang out. Around Hollywood he's seen mostly with Gloria Noble, a pretty brunette, tv actress and dancer, whom Don met at a *Colgate Comedy Hour* cocktail party two years ago. Gloria was married then and so was Don, technically. When he was free he called for a date and if there's anything halfway steady in his life it is Gloria. They know each other well enough to go off together on holidays with Don's pals, and last Christmas Gloria came through with two golden, diamond-studded, miniature dance pumps made into cufflinks and bestowed with a Christmas kiss. But when you ask Don about Gloria Noble he dismisses the subject with a curt, "Not serious." And if you press him, he'll argue, "How can you fall seriously in love with anybody when you haven't got any time to spend with her?"

This argument is a handy and perhaps valid explanation of Don's almost total lack of social life in Hollywood, usually extremely comforting and welcomed by young, attractive and successful divorcees. But as a stag Donald O'Connor acts like a lone wolf. He ducks Hollywood parties, shows up at the Strip's glitter mills only to catch acts he wants to study, and prefers to eat late at night in off-beat, remote cafes. Last New Year's he dropped into the Racquet Club in Palm Springs wearing riding breeches, a sport shirt and a white leather jacket, took a look around at all the formally attired Hollywooders sipping champagne, had a quick Scotch at the bar and departed.

Don's circle of friends today has shrunk exclusively to the people who work with him. His two-room apartment at the Villa Madrid is next to Sid Miller, a diminutive pal from his early Hollywood days who bosses the writers and capers with Don in the video funny business. Sid flew with him to Hawaii last fall along with Ralph Grosch, a former movie stand-in, now production assistant of *Here Comes Donald*. Another former stand-in, Phil Gerris, is his dialogue director. That trio, along with Don's press agent, Glenn Rose, and an associate of his song publishing firm, Jesse Stool, make up the current O'Connor set, double-date with him around Hollywood and take off with him on his escape excursions. Besides his niece, Patti, who writes for his show, and his brother Jack, who runs a dancing school in Encino, no one else in Hollywood can be called an O'Connor intimate.

TWO OTHER FACTS round out Don's loose-end picture: He has lost twenty-five pounds and he's still seeing a psychiatrist. The first he'll explain as, "I always lose weight when I'm working," and the second, begun when his marriage was faltering as a sensible attempt to save it, has become not only a deep interest but a part-time hobby. Don bought a batch of books on psychology and likes to study them intently far into the night. But neither loss of weight nor solitary self-dissection is exactly a sign of contentment.

For a long time, all this was explained on the theory that Don O'Connor was carrying a torch built for the Statue of Liberty. One friend goes so far as to say,

"They wrote that song, 'Let Me Go, Lover,' for Don." Gwen has let Don go officially, as of February 5, when she finally married Dan Dailey in Las Vegas after a yes-and-no courtship carried on ever since Don moved out.

But even before Gwen married Dan, Don gave small evidence of the green-eyed monster. Hopeful gossips were disappointed by the absence of explosions when Don bumped into Gwen and Dan around town. He even played Dan Dailey's son amiably and without incident in *No Business Like Show Business*. After Gwen filed for divorce, they were so friendly that reconciliation rumors blossomed every second week. Don has had Donna, his eight-year-old daughter, with him whenever he wanted her, once for two straight months at Malibu, and only chuckled when that sassy miss teased him with, "I saw *No Business Like Show Business* yesterday and I thought Dan Dailey was great!"

Just the same, there is a causative link between Don O'Connor's broken home and his restless, frustrated existence today—and an even longer chain reaching back to his earlier life. Every man is the sum of his experiences. A look at Donald O'Connor's shows why he can never be a happy man



Don frequently dates actress Gloria Noble in Hollywood—but, "It's not serious," he says.

as long as he's drifting around without ties.

His childhood was a blur of shifting scenery as the O'Connor family vaudeville act rambled around the forty-eight states chasing a living. The only permanent home Don ever knew was his Uncle Billy's and Aunt Josie's farm near Danville, Illinois, where the clan retreated when out of bookings and broke. The only formal schooling he can claim is two brief years there; the rest of the time he had to pick up his education on the fly—likewise his friends. They were trunk-raised kids like himself who, like himself, played in alleys outside stage doors between acts, or in the dim-lit halls of small-town hotels, making toys out of anything handy. Don remembers one child who used to take out his glass eye and play marbles with it. When he ran out of kids he tagged after elevator boys and bellhops—wherever he could find friendship. Once, when he was missing, they found him singing chummily with a Salvation Army band. Don still can't bring himself to say, "Goodbye." He says hopefully instead, "I'll see you."

But in this helter-skelter raising, there was always one word etched in his being—family. The O'Connor act changed names countless times for billboard purposes, but always the idea of a family group was there, not only in billing but in fact. Don's dad Chuck, an ex-circus acrobat, fell

over dead in the wings a few months after Donald was born and his sister Arlene was killed by a car in front of a Hartford theatre when Don was only one year old. But Effie, his dancer mother, Jack and Billy, the baby-tossing brothers, sister-in-law Millie and niece Patti, carried on, with Donald doing almost everything, including playing bearded old men. And whether collecting \$1200 a week for the act or \$6 and meals—as they did once—they stuck together. They played the Palace Theatre and strolled in glory down Broadway. They got pulled in by cops on suspicion of being the Lindbergh baby kidnapers (because Baby Patti looked just like the missing tot) on a forage into rural Canada. But Don never was without the warmth of homefolks, although there never was a home. "I used to have one big wonderful dream," he has recalled. "My own backyard."

Although his entrance into Hollywood was definitely unsettling (he was almost killed in California's destructive 1933 earthquake) Donald later made that backyard dream come true in typical family style. After he had finally clicked as a star at Universal, Don acquired not one but three back yards, complete with houses, for his mother, brother Jack and himself—all in one week at the combined outlay of \$45,000. By that time, of course, the knockabout kid had realized another dream—to have a wife, family and a home of his own.

MUCH HAS BEEN written about the marriage of Don O'Connor and Gwendolyn Carter. What made them find living together unbearable after nine years and a daughter who is firmly lodged in both their hearts will still stir up an argument in Hollywood. Some say Gwen jealously longed for a career of her own, which, perversely, Don encouraged by getting her an agent and spotting her in a few of his shows. Others say Don left Gwen alone too much after *Francis The Mule* and the *Colgate Comedy Hour* put him back on the frantic career merry-go-round. Gwen eventually secured her divorce on the grounds of "mental cruelty" which means nothing at all.

But certainly there were recurring crises in the O'Connor home, arguments both in public and private, and more than a few times Gwen barked, "I want a divorce!" and packed her suitcase. Usually consideration for Donna smoothed these over. "Donna always played Cupid in that home," as one friend has put it. Once when Don moved out to a hotel, reporters got wind of the rift and badgered Don into a press conference there. But when they arrived he was gone. They finally found him back at home playing with Donna and trying to explain why Daddy had been away.

In fairness to Donald it must be stated that, while he was undoubtedly at fault as much as his wife, the pressure to separate was on Gwen's part. Throughout the familiar pattern of Hollywood home deterioration, it was redheaded Gwen who wanted action. Don tried to hold on. It was during this unsteady time that he turned to psychiatry for help and talked Gwen into it, too. He took Gwen with him to England and Scotland on a triumphant personal appearance tour in 1951 and tried to turn it into a second honeymoon with excursions, sightseeing and fun between bookings. Back home the trouble started all over again, ending in final separation and divorce.

But until their happiness curdled hopelessly, two significant things about Donald O'Connor stood out. He wanted, needed and appreciated a home and home life. And he's strictly a one-woman man.

While he was married, Don never looked at another girl. He had tumbled

for Gwen Carter in the Paramount commissary when he was thirteen and clowning with Bing Crosby in *Sing You Sinners*. After he married Gwen, when both were in their teens, he brushed against cuties in the highly emotional business of acting—as all young male stars do—who were more than willing. But extra-marital scandals never touched his name.

And if Don fell short of perfection as husband—as he admits he did—it was not because he neglected his home. On the contrary, Gwen's complaints were that he liked it too much ever to change the scenery. One maid they had occasionally grumbled because there wasn't enough excitement around the place to keep her job interesting. But for Don O'Connor there always was plenty, although not in the way she meant. Gwen cooked up the parties and entertainment. Don's idea of heaven was to install a pool, a home-made bowling alley, to decorate and fix up the place every year, crowd it with playthings for Donna—and dogs.

Even after it was no longer his home, Don returned often to pick up Donna, chat with Gwen—and look wistfully around the place. The house is Gwen's now, of course, and since she has become Mrs. Dan Dailey she probably will sell it and Don will see it no more. But anyone who knows him is certain he never will be content until he finds another like it—and someone to live in it with him.

"The plain truth is, busy as he is, Don's lonely," says one close friend. "Remember, he's been a married man all his adult life—and before. Did you ever see a once-happy husband who didn't try it again as fast as he could? I don't say he's in love. But you can bet your roll he'll be a bridegroom before many months—especially since Gwen is finally out of the picture."

And Don himself backs this up, laconically but definitely. "Sure, I'll get married again," he says. "I fully intend to."

If and when Don takes that step what are his chances for finding happiness and making it stick on the second try? That depends on the girl he picks, of course—but just as much on Donald O'Connor.

As marriage material, Don has his credits and his debits, like everyone else. In some respects he has changed—in others he's the same as he always was.

PHYSICALLY, DON has hardly altered at all. He'll be thirty on August 28 but he could still pass for a college boy. He has all his thick, wavy hair and even teeth. There are no crowsfeet around his keen blue eyes and he walks as straight as a cadet. Down now to 138 from 160, which he considers his best weight, Don keeps in trim working out in a gym and resolutely working in all the sports interests that intrigue him, such as skiing, golf, tennis, boxing and horseback riding. This last led to the only serious illness outside of measles he's had in his life, a case of rare "Q" fever which, press agents have gagged, he caught from Francis the Mule, close to the truth but not close enough. Actually the strange malady, which comes from horses, was picked up at a Las Vegas stable. It turned into pneumonia, sent him to the hospital and brought on the most bitter career disappointment in his life when Danny Kaye took over his part in *White Christmas* with Don's old pal, Bing. Don is over the fever, if not the disappointment, and left with only a lingering tendency toward colds. And he is making up for the missed session with Bing in *Anything Goes*.

Financially, too, Don is in the best shape he's ever been. With his tv show, contracts at two studios and all those sidelines, he faces a golden future which Bing Crosby, for one, believes, "can go on forever." True, Don will keep less than ten cents on each of those million bucks he

may drag in this year and out of that come heavy responsibilities. Since becoming the financial responsibility of Dan Dailey, Gwen may take less of a cut of his earnings. But Don is generous with his relatives, and he'll always provide for Donna, now a third-grader at the Buckley School and a prize dancing pupil of brother Jack's.

Don's fiscal attitudes have improved with his multiple business responsibilities and good advice. The old cavalier approach to his income which naively forgot the taxes is gone. He has worked that off with the help of his hard-headed attorney, Louis Blau. Don still has expensive tastes but he doesn't toss around his money and he gambles only moderately.

In sum, Don can very well afford to support a wife.

But while that's important, marriage isn't all a matter of balancing income and outgo. Temperament, personal habits and emotional patterns which reach way back and seldom change, are even more vital, as is disastrously demonstrated in Hollywood and elsewhere every day. Even the people who know him best disagree as to Don O'Connor's basic character. "Don's really a tragedian wearing the mask of a clown," believes his sidekick, Sid Miller, which is another way of saying he's Irish. His wife Gwen, who found it impossible to live with O'Connor, still calls him "the greatest guy in the world." And his niece Patti, only three years younger and more like his sister, says, "Don's a pixie—he used to shoot me with BB guns." But in the next breath she states, "Actually he's a sophisticate."

Maxie Rosenbloom was very much impressed with Red Buttons' characterization of a dumb, blind, beaten-down prizefighter. Maxie went to the studio to tell Red: "I want to do that bit, too. I think I can make people cry like you, too." Red explained, "But people know you're not blind. So how will you be able to make them feel sorry for you?" Maxie brooded for a moment, then said, "I'll make out that I'm broke."

—Paul Denis

Don seems to be all of these and more. He's well traveled. Despite a skimpy education, his grammar is faultless, his reading deep. He's a connoisseur of art, he speaks a smattering of Spanish, Italian, French and Yiddish.

YET, OUTSIDE HIS OFFICE at General Service, where he's a show business tycoon, there's a square of cement with the ragged autograph, "DONALD O'CONNOR," scratched there as any ten-year-old would scratch it. Don couldn't resist when the stuff was fresh. He succumbs periodically to other impulses quite as junior grade.

Don and his stand-in, Ralph Grosch, wandered over to the *Désirée* set to catch Marlon Brando and Jean Simmons in a Napoleonic clinch. At the stage door a cop asked for a pass and Don told his name. The cop shook his head skeptically and anyway which one was Donald O'Connor? Don pointed to Ralph. "He is." "You don't look like Donald O'Connor," objected the guard. Ralph said that's just who he was, and the cop boiled, "Look here. How did you boys get in here?"

"We climbed over the fence," allowed Don.

"Well, you can get into a lot of trouble that way," he was told. "Now beat it."

Such caprices well up out of Don O'Connor's puckish, quick-change past as do his notoriously vague conceptions of time and place. For a while he was so vague about appointments that his publicist, Glenn

Rose, although he was an old friend, refused to handle him on the valid excuse that he was ruining Glenn's relations with the press. That rift was patched on Don's promise to reform and today he says, "I've improved." Yet not too long ago Don raced feverishly off to play a benefit in a California city, arrived on time by seconds—only to discover the event was the following week. He always has to buy new shoes and rent clubs when he plays golf—although he owns twelve pairs of shoes and two sets of clubs.

Balancing this are some solid adult virtues and habits that make Don a prize in any girl's hope chest. He has intense loyalty, as proved by all the vintage pals who work for him. He has absolutely no jealousy, as testified by the dozens he's lifted up the ladder with him, often in direct competition. And his temper is lamb-like.

It's significant that none of the usual slambang Hollywood domestic battles were aired when Gwen secured her divorce. "When Don gets mad," his friend Sid says, "usually all he does is turn pale and quiet. Disharmony actually makes him ill."

Besides a smooth disposition, Don packs few irritating personal habits likely to blow up household storms. He's as tidy as a racoon and always looks as if he'd just stepped out of a shower, which usually he has. A Sunday job he likes is shining all his shoes and lining them up across the kitchen floor. Don's biggest extravagance is clothes, which he buys in "hunks," custom tailored by Devore's of Beverly Hills at \$200 apiece. But for all the things he buys for himself he gives twice as much to others, being generous to a fault. And he'll eat anything. About the only valid complaint, in fact, that a housemate could make is Don's disdain of time, his habit of reading until all hours or listening to records twenty-six hours at a stretch. As a dad, of course, he's real gone. "Donna," he has said, time and again, "is really what I live for."

But precious as she is, there's a lot more than a darling daughter for Donald O'Connor to live for and a lot left of life for him to make meaningful and enriching to his private existence, so aimless today. Being born and bred in show business, that still and ever will come first in his time and attention, and he's terribly ambitious to do a dozen things he hasn't yet done. Television has given Don the long-sought chance to produce, write and direct, and after getting Francis through the Navy he'll stick to the big league movies where his sophisticated talents get the best showcase. That means he'll be busy. Maybe, as he says, "too busy."

AFTER THE TV season winds up and *Anything Goes* is safe in the can Don has a project. For years he's been cooking an idea to shoot a tragicomic tale of a Pagliacci-type clown in Europe with authentic backgrounds. So this year, he'll go abroad for a couple of months hunting locations. Meanwhile, he's hunting a house in Bel Air—and a new car. The house will be, he swears, "a big, roomy colonial that looks like a home." And the car—well, it was to have been a sporty Mercedes-Benz, but curiously at the last minute Don changed his mind. He ordered a Cadillac, the first big car he's had in years. "I don't want to drive around all by myself any more," he admits. "I like company with me. And you need a family-type car for that."

These are slim straws in the wind, of course. But puffing them along is a need and a hope, shared by all Don O'Connor's well-wishing Hollywood friends who hate to see him dangling around without the happiness he deserves. The hope, of course, is that before very long another O'Connor will suddenly show up smiling with the right girl and a license for a second try.

END



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storm over monroe

(Continued from page 34) I can't tell you how unhappy she was while she was married to DiMaggio. She felt closed in, a prisoner in her own house. She felt that Joe never would come to understand either her or show business. Her months of marriage to DiMaggio, despite all the fairy tales, were months of misery.

"When she divorced Joe, I know she felt as though a great weight had been lifted from her heart. She and Joe had nothing in common. She told me this a dozen times if she told me once.

"Marilyn has had very few friends in her life. Because of her sex appeal, women are afraid of her. The men she has known usually have been instrumental in helping her career.

"Joe was not one of these and she let him go. No sooner was he gone than they started seeing each other again. They were more lovey-dovey after the divorce than before. Not only that. When Marilyn flew back east, so did Joe. They met in Boston with Joe's brother and went out together.

"When Marilyn moved down to New York and into the Gladstone Hotel, Joe wasn't far behind. The columnists said he was serving her soup in bed. When Marilyn was asked if this meant a reconciliation, she said, 'No, but we're still good friends.'"

WHAT DOES ALL this mean? Does anyone really know where Marilyn is going? What does she want? What sort of woman has she become?

Messrs. Ziff and Friedman, entrepreneurs of The Last Frontier in Las Vegas, telephoned Marilyn in New York and offered her \$40,000 a week to appear in their casino.

"We'll build a magnificent show around you," they told her. "All you'll have to do is a couple of numbers."

Marilyn's reported answer: "Thank you very much. But I'm sorry. I get frightened easily in front of a lot of people."

One of the grips who worked on *The Seven Year Itch* set with Monroe, was asked if he'd noted any change in her behavior.

"I've been on a lot of pictures with her," he said, "and I must say I was surprised when she ordered a closed set. Didn't want any visitors, didn't want any reporters. That was the tip-off, at least to me. She was getting a little big in the head."

"Another thing, she had Bob Alton, the dance director taken off *Show Business*. Alton is one of the greatest in the business. Discovered Gene Kelly, Van Johnson, Sheree North, on and on. Marilyn said he wouldn't do for her. So they got her Jack Cole. Jack is a fine dancer. He did what he could with Marilyn. But let's face it, this kid takes time. It didn't go easy."

"I've seen a lot of players in my time. Tell 'em they're getting conceited, and they call you a liar. But gradually success has a way of swelling the head. It certainly has swelled Marilyn's, or she wouldn't have gone off half-cocked."

Billy Wilder, who directed her in *The Seven Year Itch*, says, "Working with Marilyn is not the easiest thing in the world, but it was one of the great experiences of my life. . . I have a feeling that this picture helped her in formulating an idea of what she herself is all about."

Milton Greene, the photographer who has been closer to Marilyn these last few months than any other individual, feels strongly that his business associate is being unfairly maligned.

"All she wants," Greene explains, "is to have something to say about the roles she plays. She has nothing against 20th Cen-

tury-Fox. She agrees that the studio has been very good to her. It's only normal for an actress to want to grow. The better the parts, the better the development. She'd like to make an outside picture occasionally. She'd like to control a little of her own destiny. Maybe she'll fall on her face. Maybe she won't. All she's asking for is the chance. Our lawyer contends that she's a free agent. The studio contends that she's under contract for another three and a half years. Eventually the thing will be settled."

When Darryl Zanuck was in London several months ago—before Marilyn's contract fight took place—the 20th Century-Fox production chief was asked about Monroe.

"Sometimes," he volunteered, "publicity can be more damaging than helpful. I mean it can grow and grow and get out of hand. Then you have to fight to control it. That's what happened with Marilyn Monroe. We gave her the publicity build-up at the beginning. But now it has gone too far. We have to stop it before

RECORD-SMASHER



In a Philadelphia department store, I waited to get an autograph on my newly-purchased record. But when I finally reached the singer, I dropped the record in my excitement and it broke.

Tony Martin gave me a big smile. I guess he knew by the look in my eyes that I couldn't afford another one. He turned to the salesgirl and said, 'Give her another record, on me!'

*Mrs. Wiegner
Cibola, Texas*

the public gets sick of her. As for the girl herself, well, she's temperamental. She's not very fit, either. Wave a script in front of her face and she comes down with a cold."

An executive at RCA Victor says, "Not too long ago we released a couple of Marilyn Monroe records, 'Heat Wave' and 'After You Get What You Want, You Don't Want It.' In my opinion this girl can become one of the most popular recording artists in America. She always has been very cooperative. That is, outside of being late. She's always an hour or two hours late for every appointment, but that's just a personal idiosyncrasy. When you want to see her at three P.M., you say, 'Marilyn, let's meet at noon.'"

THESE STATEMENTS reveal the conflict now raging around Marilyn. One camp says she is a sensible girl who knows what she wants and is determined to get it. The other side insists that she's all mixed up.

There is plenty of evidence that Marilyn, at this point, is muddled and confused.

When she married DiMaggio, she said, "I'd like most to have a baby." Whereupon she threw herself into her career with renewed vigor while husband DiMaggio stayed at home watching television and looking after the house.

No doubt Marilyn does want a baby, maybe many babies, but given the choice of wifehood or movie career, she will take movie career every time.

Why? Well, perhaps the answer lies deep in her background. She never had a happy home life. There is nothing sentimental about home to her. Family, home, mother, father, the relatives everyone

takes for granted—to Marilyn Monroe are unknown quantities.

She never has seen her father. She knows nothing about him, where he lives or whether he's alive or dead. As for her mother, the poor woman has spent much of her life in and out of sanatoria. Therefore, Marilyn hates to recall her youth.

TO HER what counts most is her relatively new success, the fact that she has pulled herself up by her own bootstraps.

Over the years Marilyn has demonstrated an amazing facility for connecting herself with people who will do her the most good.

Johnny Hyde, her first true love, was one of the most influential agents in Hollywood. Joe Schenck, one of the founding fathers of 20th Century-Fox, is still one of the great powers in the motion picture industry. Natasha Lytess, Marilyn's dramatics coach, is said to be largely responsible for Marilyn's superb performance in *The Seven Year Itch* which, incidentally, is the finest picture Monroe has ever been in. Columnist Sidney Skolky has given Marilyn more space than any other single Hollywood star.

What Milton Greene and Frank Delaney, her new associates, will do for Marilyn remains to be seen.

"I wonder," remarked an actress who dislikes Marilyn, "if she would still be fooling around with DiMaggio if the studio had met her terms."

"I would like to suggest the possibility," this actress continues, "that in Marilyn Monroe you are seeing the shrewdest cookie Hollywood has ever produced. No girl without brains can reach the heights this baby has scaled. She has played all the angles. She has made the most of her talents."

"She has become a big name. She can grab off a millionaire any time she wants. DiMaggio is begging to take her back. He's a lonely man with a few bucks salted away and no career. Marilyn's a good thing for him to show off. It balm his ego. But Marilyn is much too smart to be used."

"Perhaps I'm being hard on the girl, but I think if you study her history you will find that she has always received much more than she has given. For example, the publicity she got when she married Joe and then divorced him—you can hardly beat that. The honeymoon in Japan. The divorce scene on their front lawn. All of that did her no harm."

"The only wrong move she made in her career was to turn down that new studio contract. A girl who has had nothing wants more than \$200,000 a year. Why? To the public it makes no sense. 'Is Marilyn greedy?' her fans want to know. 'Is she unwise? What's the score?'"

"If she likes DiMaggio so much, if she loves staying in hotels watching television with him, why did she divorce him in the first place? Maybe she really didn't try to make the marriage work."

"There was a time when the international public regarded Marilyn Monroe as a twentieth century Cinderella. Now she has gone and destroyed the dream and the whole build-up. It's the first mistake she has made."

Marilyn Monroe's detractors insist that the girl has lost all sense of proportion, that dozens of persons are whispering constant and nonsensical flatteries in her ear and that she has momentarily lost the common sense she had shown for so long. The basic truth (and this is apparent in her fan mail) is that through her strange behavior she has disenchanted thousands of fans who for a long time felt that she had conquered adversity because she was endowed with the virtues of honor, selflessness and love. **END**

the way of a bride

(Continued from page 56) Pier's mother. True, she thought her daughter not yet ready for marriage. Daughter, however, thinks for herself and the answer she gave Vic was her own. "You have still a year to serve. Together a few weeks, then a long parting—this is no way to begin. We are both young. If it is meant to be, it will come about." Before leaving, she gave him a friendship ring.

Being no girl to sit home counting her fingers, of course she dated and dreamed, developed the normal crushes, got them out of her system, but never looked marriage in the face until Vic asked her again that day in the Retake Room.

"All afternoon I was on the set, hearing him sing an Italian lullaby which moved my heart. The song too, but the singer more, his eyes so soft, his voice so tender. As we danced in the Retake Room, he asked me, and though something inside said yes, my lips said, 'No, it's too quick.' That night I talked to my father. My father died four and a half years ago. He is buried in a place in northern Italy. But I loved him so greatly that his life is around me. For me he will live while I live. When it's something important, I ask him and it seems to me that he answers. 'Father,' I asked, 'what do you think I should do?' And it came to me how I always prayed God to let me find someone both strong and kind, who will love and protect me. Then I saw Vic's face, so true, so gentle, and the ring I gave him which for two and a half years he never took off, and I felt to run to him with all my love, and I knew the answer."

But Pier is realistic as well as romantic. Her face, with its swiftly changing moods, turned pensive. "You go to marriage, and who can give you the promise of happiness? You are engaged, and everything is rosy. Then come such thoughts—will the person you love understand you? You look back to the other life and you're frightened a little. I, for instance, am very close with my mother and sisters. To be separated, I think I will cry every day. I think I will even miss to hear my mother tell and tell, 'Why don't you put on your sweater?'—'The shoes are too high.' But I miss nothing. When my mother told, sometimes I got impatient. This is the daughter's way. When Vic tells, I like it. This is the way of the bride. Once my mother touched me to fix my hair. I said: 'Don't touch me. Only Vic can touch me.' It was of course a joke and we both laughed as she fixed my hair. But in the bottom of the joke lies a little truth.

"The truth is that a husband is to his wife as nobody else. I never thought you could be so happy in the world, only in a dream. Sometimes it feels like a dream. In the restaurant he says, 'Now I will take you home.' For a minute I think, home to my mother and sisters. But no. Home to Vic and me, and it comes over me again all new and beautiful. And how I worried if he will understand me. If he understands me!" She hugged herself, a small candle aglow. "I have only to look, and he knows what it means. Sometimes without looking. From the first day."

ON THE FIRST DAY they planned to drive from their wedding reception directly to Las Vegas. In the car, Vic said: "Let's stop at the house first." A sensitive soul herself, Pier also understood without looking. To carry her into the bridal suite of The Sands, with bellboys agape—no, thank you, from both. Across their own threshold, they two alone, that would be right.

Part way up they ran out of gas. "I think someone did a trick on us," said Pier. "Can you walk, Mrs. Damone?"

"Or else why did the dear Lord give me feet?"

They walked for fifteen minutes. Having been borne over the threshold, Pier suddenly felt too tired to move. Not from walking or climbing steps. From too many emotions. But she wouldn't say so. "We'll sit a little, then we'll start."

She didn't have to say so. "Would you like to eat dinner here and go tomorrow?"

"Vic, if you ever lose your voice, God forbid, you can be a magician."

The magician had the car rescued and dinner sent in from an Italian restaurant—lasagna and veal, salad and fruit—and a bottle of champagne, compliments of the innkeeper. Neither likes to drink. But since a celebration indicates champagne, each took a sip from the same glass. "To you," she said.

"To us," he amended, "and to our marriage."

THEY'RE LIVING now in the house leased from Bob Arthur just ten days before their wedding. The agent had been hunting for six weeks. At six-thirty one evening he called Pier. "This place is high in the hills and there may be too many steps, but take a look anyway." She drove up alone; what use to bother Vic if it wasn't right? Yes, there were too many steps—until she reached the top and caught her breath because it looked like Italy—green-girdled, drenched in stillness except for the singing birds, and all the little houses alight below. At the golf course she found Vic hitting some balls around. "Let's go see this house. Outside, it's like heaven."

"And inside?"

"I forgot to look. Never mind. We'll look together."

Inside it was fine—a real honeymoon house, just big enough for now. Half an hour later Vic signed the lease. While they were away, Mrs. Pierangeli moved their clothes in and refurnished the bedroom by her daughter's blueprint—all white with pink velvet, tulle curtains and femininity. "Maybe a little too feminine," Pier admits. "But Vic thinks a bride should have her way about this." Return-



LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT

When Debbie Reynolds was vacationing in Miami, I haunted the lobby of the Saxon Hotel, hoping for a glimpse of my favorite star. One evening I bumped into a handsome couple on their way into the coffee shop. In confusion, I said to Debbie, "You're tinier than I thought!"

"Yes," Eddie Fisher agreed, smiling, "good things are still coming in small packages."

Stella Kamp
Miami Beach, Florida

ing, she engaged a maid, installed a cat since Vic is allergic to dogs, and was all set for domesticity.

Or so she thought, discounting week ends when the maid is off. This brought about a small crisis. Pier can cook if she wants to. "But when I cook, the smell of the food makes me that I can't eat." So she prefers to have someone do it for her.

Came Saturday. "I would like," said the man of the house, "three eggs over easy. With sausage."

Masking her dismay, she repaired to the kitchen. In Italy you don't eat eggs for breakfast. What was this eggs-over-easy? To ask him would have made her feel stupid; she couldn't ask. For reasons clear only to herself, she decided they must be eggs with a little cheese. When she turned them over, they came out scrambled.

Ditching them, she tried three more. Scrambled again. Meantime the sausage, sizzling for fifteen minutes, had stiffened to rock, and how long can a man wait for his breakfast? Into the dining room she marched and dumped the mess under his nose. An excellent cook himself, Vic eyed it dubiously. "He thinks," she thought, "what kind of wife did I marry, at least she could do eggs!"—and fled to the hills where he found her weeping like a fountain. "I'll never do you anything again."

He tilted her chin. "That's intelligent. Don't you want to learn?" With a big handkerchief, he dried her eyes, kissed them, took her home and showed her how to fix eggs over easy. After which she made his breakfast every week end, but drew the line at dinner. On Saturdays they'd go to her mother, on Sundays to Pep de Lucia's. Tears were banished by decree of Vic. "You must always smile; I can't bear to see you sad. If something goes wrong, don't run away from me, tell me. We'll sit down together, and together we'll decide how to make it right. Without crying, without anger. Okay?"

Before long, she was trying out the method. "Vic, I have been unhappy today."

"Who hurt you?"

"My husband. Why do you say four and come home at five? Don't be like my mother. My mother says six and arrives at eight when all the food is gone."

"We'll send out for more food."

"No, I am serious, and I also see your side. You have been so long alone, answering to no one. I understand that for you it's a big thing even to say, 'I'll be home at four.' I don't care if you're busy till five or seven or ten. I would only like, when you say four, to be here at four. If you're late, I worry, I think accidents, my heart goes too fast—"

Since then, he says four and gets home by three-fifty.

To Vic, she's Ahnnah, not Pier—or more often, Ahnnah-baby. Our English Anna sounds flat, but the Italian caresses it to softness. She's teaching him Italian and he understands all she says—when she speaks slowly. He's teaching her chess.

WHILE HE FILLED an engagement at the Coconut Grove, life slipped into its routine. For Vic, there was work. For Pier no more pictures were planned before the baby. But time didn't hang heavy. She read a lot, listened to music, knitted, cleaned house—which, as opposed to cooking, she enjoys—and tried out her voice. As a child of ten she sang on Radio Italy and cherished a secret hope that some day she may be able to sing with Vic. Alone, she'd carol away, thinking, "I'll show him." Given the chance, she's too shy to utter a chirp.

Three times a week he rehearsed with piano and drummer—always at the pianist's house until Christmas time, when there in the living room, cellophoned and beribboned, stood their own piano, a gift

from *Madre*. The fact that neither plays more than the simplest scale failed to dim their pleasure. Now Vic could rehearse at home with Pier in the room—an advantage too obvious to go into. But when he records, he wants her to disappear. "My wife mixes me up. I look at her and forget my words." She would take her dismissal as the compliment it was, and an added indication that they were meant for each other, since she feels the same way. In a big scene she would never want Vic around. "It would make me too self-conscious," she explains gravely.

Only twice did she go to the Grove to hear him sing. For the rest, she waited at home, because down there she had no one to sit with and Vic didn't like her sitting by herself. Nor does he much care about having her stared at, even when he's right beside her as natural guardian. In a restaurant, he'll sight some stranger giving her the onceover. Down go knife and fork. "Why is he looking?"

"He has eyes, he looks. Why don't you eat?"

"I can't stand him."

"You never looked at a girl before you married?"

"That's different. She wasn't my wife. Wait, I'll fix him." He shifts her so the stranger gets a clear view of her back—a trick which reduces Pier to giggles and restores her husband to perfect humor.

This is one of the games of love. Another was their ritual each night before he left. Pier would hang on to him tight. "You know what happens now? Little animals crawl round the windows. The wind goes ooh-ooh. There are birds with big eyes—owls. I don't like owls."

"Are you frightened?"

"No. For this reason I got the cat."

"Just the same, you must lock yourself in the bedroom. I won't go until I hear

the click of the door. Are you locked?"

"I am locked. Goodnight. God bless you."

"God bless you." For however brief a parting, these are the words they use.

BETWEEN SHOWS he'd call her. "What are you doing?"

Obligingly she'd answer, "I just finished to paint the walls. Now I start the ceiling."

"Don't go to sleep. Wait for me. Watch TV."

"Nothing is on," she'd tease.

But she'd wait, even though forced to prop her lids open. For one thing, being locked, she'd have to wake up anyway to open the door. For another, Vic always brought home something to eat—like a big pizza. Besides, he'd expect to find a note on the bed and she couldn't disappoint him. "In Las Vegas I even put notes inside his soup and the ink came off. The soup he sent back, but the note with all its words washed away, he kept."

At length, hearing his voice at the door, she'd unlock it swiftly and scramble to hide, having left on his pillow the note which always said something original like "I love you," or, for variety, "So in love with you am I."

"There must be a woman in the house," he'd shout. "Where are you?" No answer. "I know you are here. I saw what you wrote. Is it true?" No answer if she could help it, though now and then a gurgle betrayed her. To encourage the gurgle, he'd open small drawers where even a doll couldn't hide. He'd startle the cat out of a sound snooze. "Where did you put my wife, you rascal, you?" Then he'd go hunting in earnest—behind chairs, in closets, under the dressing table. Sometimes she'd let him find her, sometimes she couldn't wait to fling herself into his arms. He'd fix lemonades and they'd talk and

eat and talk. The lion's share of the chatter came from Pier, the lion's share of the pizza went to Vic, ravenously hungry since he never eats much dinner before singing. Finally they'd settle down to sleep. But the game wasn't over yet. From Pier a small whisper: "I hear a sound. Oh my goodness, maybe a man is upstairs."

Up rose her hero, arming himself with a golf club. Snug in bed, she'd shiver deliciously. "But I make believe," she confesses. "I know there are just the little animals crawling round the windows. And I laugh to myself because it is so funny and cute that my husband protects me with a golf club."

SHE HAS HER OWN ways of protecting him.

Pier loves to go dancing. Dancing's fine with Vic, but a busman's holiday doesn't appeal to him. Earning his bread in nightclubs, he'd just as soon stay away from them when he can. On the other hand, his wife needed diversion. He promised to take her dancing on his night off. Knowing that he'd infinitely prefer to relax at the movies, her heart misgave her. Even more when she looked at him well and saw he was tired. To drag him to one of those places, to see the same people, hear the same noises—it would be unjust. "Let's not go dancing. I dance enough."

"Where do you dance enough?"

"At home. With Zip."

Zip is the first stuffed toy Vic ever gave her to add to her collection of stuffed toys. A large monkey, he wears red slacks and is very *simpatico*. When she's alone and feels like dancing, Zip is her partner.

"But he can't lead you," Vic objected, managing to look hopeful and doubtful at the same time.

"Then you will lead me. Before dinner, we put on your records and dance. After dinner we go to the movies. In marriage

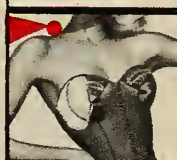


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ART BY *Amari*

advice they call it—what do they call it?"

"A compromise, and throw the advice away, you've got your diploma."

One night they saw *Young At Heart*, which gave Vic a revolutionary idea. "You're always down here in the bedroom, brushing and brushing. Why do you have to suffer so much with your hair? Why don't you cut it like Doris Day's?"

"Because I have a little face, I would look awful—"

"Sit down, I'll show you how you'd look." In front of the mirror, he combed all her hair upward. Though hardly a Guilaroff job, the result was short. "Sidney will do it better, but it's charming."

Unconvinced, she called two friends, who offered conflicting opinions. She called her mother. "You will look," said *Madre*, "like anyone else."

Vic took the phone over. "Why," he inquired subtly, "do you have short hair, and on you it looks beautiful!"

"Because I'm a lady."

"My wife is a lady, too."

"Your wife is a little girl."

He laughed and gave up. So Pier asked her maid, who solved the problem. "What does your husband want you to do?"

"He wants me to cut it."

"Then cut it."

Some agree with Vic about the new hairdo, others with *Madre*. Pier still isn't sure, but still considers her maid a very wise woman. "And if for my next picture, they like it long, there is time enough."

AS THIS IS WRITTEN, Vic's on tour. Before it appears, he'll be back in Hollywood, preparing for his role in MGM's *Jumbo*. The career-dragon, devouring so many marriages, won't find much fodder here. These young people, one born abroad, one in America, were reared to the same values—integrity of the home, faith to one's vows, and do as you would be done by. To protect isn't to dominate. Vic felt no wish to exact from Pier any promise to quit work. "If you want to act, act. I'll never be the one to say stop."

brighten the corner

(Continued from page 57) what you have read about me you may have formed a different opinion. But even young actresses have hearts, can be hurt, and want to be liked and loved for their true selves as well as for their film selves.

This is my feeling, and I have said that I have learned from experience and from my church. I was once asked if I didn't think I would be the same person even if I never had been close to my church. I had to reply that this could not be. It is true that I was born with my instincts and perhaps inherited a disposition to lean toward this or that view of life, but the mainstream of my thinking has come from my religion, and from this was shaped my character. The very words which come to my lips when I am confronted with a personal problem are words I have grown up with, words, as a matter of fact, which were familiar sounds before I was old enough to know their meaning.

I was a year old when prayers were first said over me. I had lobar pneumonia and an elder of the church came to minister to me when my condition went into a crisis. The story was told often in the family because in that same room in the Glendale Physicians and Surgeons Hospital there was a boy who also had pneumonia, but who was believed to be not so seriously ill and for whom no one prayed. He died and I survived. It was the kind of dramatic story that will stick in a child's mind, but beyond that, it established an unforgettable

Which left her spirit unfettered. "How I will decide, it's too soon to say. But the good is, that my husband lets me decide. I want my baby, that she or he has a father and mother in the family, not only a nurse. But this is for later, and I have nothing to worry, knowing Vic will not push me here when I feel to go there."

ON THE SURFACE she bubbles like the child her mother calls her. Underneath, lie depths of maturity drawn from instinct and sorrow. "People sometimes, when they marry, they think this first rosy love is enough. It is not enough. With it one must be patient and understanding and without the ugliness of jealousy. You can never keep a husband by telling, 'Where have you been, what did you do?' It means they don't trust. Without trust, there is nothing. I know that Vic is my man. I wouldn't hurt him. I love him too much. We have both faults; how could it be otherwise? But we never go to bed with resentment, we never sleep without saying goodnight, God bless you. Everyone tells that the rosiness passes; I am too new a wife to say. Then let it pass. The roots grow stronger, as with my parents they did. And it will always be this way. I'll make it this way because it can't be another way."

The great eyes deepened and wistfulness shadowed her face. "I look young, but inside I am not young. 'When you have seen war suffering, when you have had not too much to eat, when you have lost someone very dear, you don't forget. It makes the present more precious. You feel, not that the happiness must be so, you remember well how it could have been different, as for many others. You hold it like a little bird in your heart to keep it warm.'"


Ask her which of Vic's gifts she treasures most, and she'll show you her wedding band. This may be the way of the bride. But Hollywood's sourest cynic won't dispute the prediction that twenty years hence it will still be the wife's way. **END**

affinity between myself and the power of prayer.

It is not that I give proof that the prayer saved me, or that lack of prayer doomed the boy. One of the most powerful stories of prayer that I know concerns a twenty-six-year-old elder of our church whose sister had an incurable disease and found suddenly that he could not ask God to save her when he prayed. "I tried to say it, but the words wouldn't permit themselves to be spoken," he told us afterward. Instead he asked merely that her pain be relieved. And it came to me that the importance of prayer is not to be judged by a sort of box score of its results. One prays not for automatic blessing, but to be in communion—that is to say in harmony—with the spiritual. What warmer, greater satisfaction than this?

AS FOR THOSE things life has taught me, it didn't require major catastrophies to make an impression—small events did it very well. For instance, I got an odd lesson on the sin of selfishness when I was not yet ten, after I cheated my young brother out of a ride on a hay wagon during a farm vacation in Idaho. This was no great crime and I bear no cruel scar. But just the same, it led to some good thinking and to conclusions which are not forgotten.

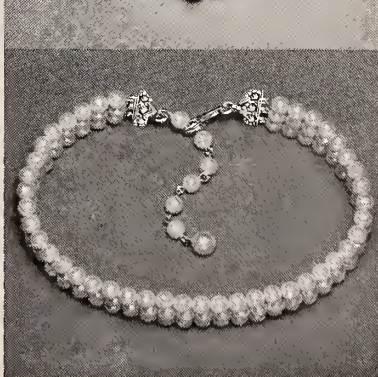
There was only one place left to sit on the wagon. I plopped myself down before my brother, Wallie, could make a move, and as we pulled away I laughed at the disappointment in his face. Yet I, who laughed and won this small victory, have thought about this stolen (Continued on page 82)



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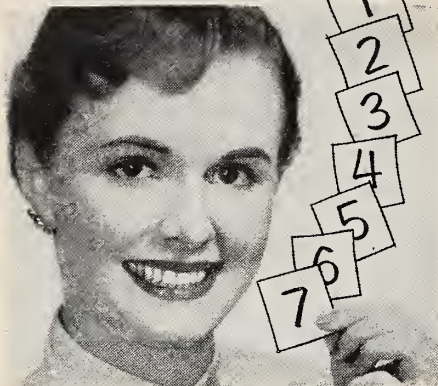
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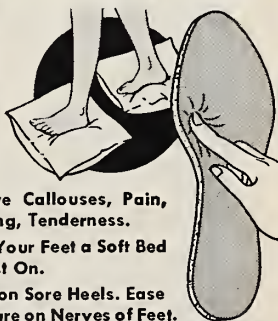
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HOWARD KEEL:

Some call him "Moose" and some call him "Puny"—and some call him younger than they ever dreamed he was!

■ The house in Gillespie, Illinois, where Howard Keel was born and grew up has a reputation for being indestructible. Even a tornado couldn't smash it. "Tilted the home—stead a little," Keel admitted, "but it's still standing."

The six-foot-four, 190-pound star is rather like the family house. When it comes to meeting adversity, Keel digs his heels into the ground and squares his shoulders.

Friends claim that if he put his mind to it he could expand his forty-eight-inch chest, unleash his powerhouse baritone and shatter a water glass. In the same way, when pushed too far, he has shattered many an ironclad bugaboo.

He can be provocatively likable, eloquently charming and completely outspoken. Unabashed Howard admits that he once fell asleep at a Hollywood party when his eyelids outweighed the conversation. And he confessed that he was as homesick as a three-year-old during his recent trip to England. He has been nicknamed "the Moose," but close pal Louis Calhern calls him "Puny."

Just before a concert in Scotland he became pretty disgusted with himself. Here he was in Glasgow, scheduled to do two shows a day, and with a sandpaper throat. "I had been touring the provinces for six weeks and only seen the sun three days during that time. I had a bad cold and felt so lousy I thought I'd have to cancel the second show."

"You'll be all right," his accompanist reassured him.

"I sound like a frog trapped in a kettle," Keel admitted.

"Not to the audience. During the first show, they weren't even aware that you had a cold."

"Well," Keel thundered, "if they don't know it now they never will."

He walked out on the stage, did his act, plus three encores, and stood for one hour and three quarters signing autographs. When the management asked why Keel drove himself so, he explained, "I just got mad. I couldn't let that cold lick me."

When Howard gets provoked, he's a man of decision. A smoker for ten years, he made up his mind last summer to give it up. "It was murder, especially with my pipe collection staring at me every time I went into the den. Before I could weaken, I packed up the pipes and sent them to my uncle. That ended that."

Disciplining himself, his conscience resembles a top sergeant, but it melts like butter on a hot stove where his family is concerned.

Because the Keel family is so close, his wife Helen agreed she couldn't leave the children for seven weeks even though she wanted to accompany Howard to England. Yet, when the day came, and she was helping him pack, his shirts were catching a steady deluge of tears.

Howard tried to cheer her up and finally said, "Doggone it, if you're going to be such a blubberpuss, I'm going to give you a surprise."

He had been saving for it five months and never hinted he had been planning such a long-range project. In a few minutes the goodbye tears were replaced with smiles. "All I said," he grinned, "was, 'I ordered you a full-length mink coat.'"

Howard's statements have always been refreshingly frank and to the point. Even when he first came to Hollywood in 1936 and was living in a small rented room, he philosophized, "A career should be considered from a businessman's viewpoint." But if he has a problem along these lines, it's that he's over-generous.

He took his mother's car to be repaired—or so he told her. When he returned, he asked her to go out and drive it around the block to make sure it was okay. When she opened the garage door, there stood a brand new Buick. His surprises are large-scale and have the appearance of being sudden. But like the mink coat, the car had been planned and ordered months in advance.

The one thing Keel doesn't sound off on—because he's too amazed to do so—is the reaction of his fans. While signing autographs after the preview of *Jupiter's Darling*, a young girl blinked into the face of her idol, and blurted out, "You're so much younger than I thought." She then let out a shrill giggle.

When the singer arrived in Hollywood, he found hostesses were also amazed at his youth. They considered his experience on Broadway, and at parties had seated him next to bejeweled dowagers.

Today, Howard Keel has a satin-lined future. He has a beautiful wife, a growing family, a fourteen-room house and an MGM contract that keeps him in steak well into 1961.

With all this, you'd think he'd get heady with success. "I may have felt my oats when I got my first stage break. I had a three-year contract with the Theatre Guild, but I learned that a contract carries with it certain responsibilities. Hard work has a way of puncturing the ego."

Keel enjoys this story on himself:

When he came home from Europe, he stopped off in his home town, Gillespie, to see his eighty-nine-year-old grandmother. There he saw an aged coal miner he had known as a kid and sat down on the front porch for a chat. It was obvious the old man didn't remember him.

Soon several other neighbors joined them. One of them asked the miner who he thought was the town's most famous citizen. "Well," answered the senior citizen, "the most famous one was John Dillinger." He paused. "Then there's another fellow named Howard Keel."



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(Continued from page 79) hayride a hundred times since, and never without a pang of shame; while my brother Wallie, who was disappointed and cried about it then, has never even been able to remember the incident! There must be something about illicitness that glues it to the mind. And that something can't be very good for one! The day I beat Wallie out for the ride I made a bad bargain, and ever since I have always been wary of making any quick profits in my relationships with other people.

I learned something, too, the very first time "fame" ever interfered with my life. I was only twelve years old when I was signed for my first movie, *Maryland*, starring Brenda Joyce, John Payne and Walter Brennan. And I darn near lost every girl friend I had in the school as a result of it!

You know how girls in their earliest teens develop a sort of mass taste; how they will all like the same thing at the same time—a new crooner, a fashion fad, a saying? And, of course, it is important for a girl to feel she is part of the group (individuality comes later!). I can remember that we used to fall for the same boy together, and switch from him to a new one all at the same time and chatter the same reasons. So you can imagine my feelings when, one fine day, I found myself gradually being shunted to the outer circles of the gang and then being ignored by all.

I don't know whether I had bragged about being an actress, but I did trace the whole thing to my work in the picture. I was resented, and so bitterly that when it developed that the studio was not going to use my scenes in the picture, but scatter all my wonderful talent over the cutting-room floor, not a smidgin of sympathy did I get. In fact, when the news got around, the comments were equipped with claws:

"She lied, I bet. She never was in the picture."

"She was so bad in it they had to cut her out."

"They previewed the picture and found out the audiences couldn't stand her!"

And having hurt me thus, the girls didn't stop there, but went further—they refused to vote for a part for me in the class play, *Alice In Wonderland*. I, who always felt that I even looked like Alice; I, who had already acted on the radio and, yes, even in movies (though my part was left out) was not to be in the cast at all. I started out wanting to be Alice, and from this I slipped down the scale of roles until I was willing to play anything. But all parts were allotted by class vote and they allotted me nothing! I went home crying.

When I reported to mother I probably had the thought of doing something against the girls in retaliation. But the first thing mother did was to lead me into a discussion of our church's interpretation of the Bible in a search for observations and findings which would apply to my case. Examining the lives, the experiences and wisdom of the saints soothed me and lent me a strengthening courage.

"Disappointment and heartbreak make character," mother pointed out. By this time she didn't have to urge against any words or action of spite on my part in school. It was clear that I would thus be indulging my worst side and wasting a wonderful opportunity to improve myself. "If you follow the line of least resistance," as our church elders tell us, "you become as crooked as the river which does the same."

I went back to my class in a mood of humility, yet I had strength, too. I didn't feel that my future in the movies was over because I had been cut out of my first picture. And I didn't feel that my school days were to be forever friendless. I can best describe my attitude by saying

that I looked as if I were at peace with myself—and I was! It's something you can't fake and you must get the strength and inspiration for it from spiritual sources.

I can tell you that it had a magic effect. It not only dispelled the girls' dislike for me but seemed to engender in them an eagerness to show their good sides to me. It worked so well that when the teacher assigned me to do a between-the-acts recitation at the *Alice In Wonderland* play (with my brother Wallie assisting) the girls still remained friendly although we turned out to be a genuine hit.

I HAVE ALWAYS believed I would be a success. And I still do. But I mean as a person, not as an actress. To succeed professionally is fine, but to have real friends, to be well-rounded and to be liked best by those who know you best is to me the difference between really living and just pretending you are living! I pray I'll never change.

We say in our church: "Pray as though everything depends on God. Work as though everything depends on you."

I have studied this a thousand times, and it always has clear meaning—if I break God's law it will break me. God's law runs not only through the books and sayings of the church, but through my whole life. It is remarkable how much comfort I get out of knowing this. When I am criticized on false charges—and I have been!—I don't fall to pieces or go around proclaiming my innocence. I don't have to do that to keep my peace of mind, my self-respect. Knowing that my salvation depends on me, I make sure always that my prime relationship—between my God and myself—is a close and understanding one. If I succeed here I cannot fail elsewhere!

Frank Sinatra played the villain in "Suddenly," and Pearl Bailey wonders if Frankie did it so people will speak of him as a "heavy."

Sidney Skolsky in
The New York Post

I know perfectly well that some who profess to be friends are not truly friends; but this does not mean that friendship must die. I have been taught not to let another's mistake become mine. If they are mistaken in not liking me I must not make the same mistake and dislike them! To my belief the time of hell is when you look back on your life and see the better person you could have been.

Perhaps I give the impression that because I have a set of rules to live by I am perfect. It's not so, of course. I err, sometimes knowingly, sometimes unconsciously, but less and less as my relationship to my faith strengthens with the passing of the years. When I know, as my church tells me, that there are no successful sinners in this world, there is little likelihood that I will sin. When I know that there is only one worthwhile victory in every person's life—to enter eternal life—it isn't so hard to give up all the small victories that can be had by over-looking one's principles. When, by living my religion instead of just sporting it as a label, I get an immense inner satisfaction, I know I am on the right path—and for me there is no other path.

I SUPPOSE THAT to many people I don't sound at all like the person they have thought me to be. That's only because no one ever asked me before about my faith; I mean as a subject to write about. But many of my friends (most of them, as a matter of fact) have put questions to me about it in conversations. You know, if you are a singer and you sing well, people interested in singing will ask you who

your teacher is. For the same reason, if you seem to be a happy person people who are interested in happiness—and who isn't?—will often probe about trying to know what your secret is. They are a little unbelieving sometimes when I tell them it is my church, but almost always they have become convinced if we have talked on.

I remember an Army sergeant in Korea asking me about this, and with his questions there began a conversation which lasted for hours, practically, and then had to be carried on by mail after I got back home. And almost every boy I have gone with has not only attended my church in Westwood, but a number of them have become members of the congregation. I know because I never miss a Sunday when I am in Hollywood, and I see them there.

You might be surprised to know what sort of subjects come up for talk at movie parties. I can tell you, for instance, of a Saturday night when we gathered early and went on until five o'clock the next morning, at which time the whole crowd—which included Jane Russell, Rhonda Fleming, David Brian, Connie Haines, Peter Potter and David Street—drifted over to my house to finish the discussion. What were we so deeply engrossed in? Answer: the origin and significance of baptism! If you don't think it is absorbing, read about it in the Bible.

I don't suppose anything is as interesting to us as the spiritual side of our existence, provided we take the time to think and talk our way deeply enough into the subject. And it's worth taking the time. In fact, not to do so is perhaps to miss knowing ourselves as we really are! A famous English astronomer, the late Sir Arthur Eddington, once said that the only actual difference between men and beasts could never be measured by any material means. Both were animals and in many ways remarkably similar. But there is this distinction which man enjoys alone—man is he who asks the question.

Who am I? What am I? Where am I? Where will I be? I have asked. And I have been answered. **END**

(Terry Moore is appearing in 20th Century-Fox's *Daddy Long Legs*)

poor but happy

(Continued from page 50) thirty-two-year-old Judy Garland herself.

Judy, as you probably know, is nervous and temperamental. When the news about Sid hit the headlines, people expected hysterics of her. Instead Judy was unruffled.

"I tell you," she says, "when I'm pregnant, I'm completely happy. No matter what, I feel wonderful. I sit and eat. I never worry about my weight. I'm really relaxed.

"When I'm not pregnant and I have to worry about my diet, I get terribly nervous. Dieting is tough for me. It's always been tough. But after this baby comes, you have my word. I'll get down to 110 pounds and stay there."

Not a word about her financial condition. Not a word about the fact that Judy threw most of her hard-earned money into *A Star Is Born*. Not a word to indicate that *Star* might prove to be a financial loss.

Judy is looking at the world through rose-colored glasses. At the Academy Awards nominations dinner, she sighed a little when *Star* was not even nominated for the best film production of the year. But she was thrilled to her very toes when she won a nomination for the best performance by an actress.

"How do you feel about it?" she asked. "I feel great," she asserted. "But I really



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instinctively he knew

the dark truth behind

the two words

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No one heeded John's

silent, stubborn warnings...

and he couldn't ever, ever

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a man who claimed

to be his father

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think Grace Kelly will win the Oscar. Did you see *Country Girl*? Wasn't she just wonderful in it?"

"She was great, but most people seem to think you'll win. Your performance in *Star* was magnificent."

"I hope so," Judy said. "I sure could use it."

BY THE TIME you read this, the twenty-seventh Academy Awards will have been announced. If Judy has won, there will be great rejoicing in her home. If not, there will be great rejoicing anyway, because her third child will have been delivered via Caesarean section on April 8. Either way, July will be a winner.

"If it's a boy," she told me, "we'll call him Josh. If it's a girl, we'll name her Tina. Sid and I will love any child that comes along. Sid's son John plays with our two girls around here, so the way I figure it, we've already got one boy in this family, anyway."

In some Hollywood quarters, it's been suggested that if Judy doesn't win the Oscar, she might never make another movie.

"I can't tell you," one of her associates confides, "how much of her life and energy and money she put into *A Star Is Born*. It took almost a year, \$6,000,000, five different cameramen, three different camera processes, and an endless list of struggles.

"Judy is a perfectionist, and in this business perfection costs money. In addition she knew that her husband's career as a producer was riding on the picture, too. That's why she gave it everything she had. She made a lot of retakes while she was pregnant. And it's lucky that her pregnancies are easy. No morning sickness.

"If she doesn't win an Oscar, I'm convinced that she'll be so discouraged that it'll be another five years before she tries another film."

This associate was asked what Judy would do for money if she made no more films.

"First of all, Judy has been offered scads of dough to star in a television series. Sid was back in New York kicking the deal around with NBC. No doubt he'd be the producer of such a series. So long as Judy can sing, there's no money problem. That's why she doesn't worry about it.

"My own opinion is that all she'll get out of *Star* is her house. She bought it from Hunt Stromberg and had it completely remodeled. I guess it cost her \$200,000. The dark wood walls have been bleached to a lighter shade. The bathrooms have been completely redone. Walls have been added and subtracted. It's a beautiful place right across the street from Lana Turner's. Judy loves it."

JUDY IS VERY MUCH in love with her husband. Although the wise guys said the marriage would last about ninety days, it seems to be more secure than ever. The reason for this is Judy's boundless faith in Sid.

"I can't tell you how bright he is," she maintains. "He's a wonderful father, a considerate husband. And he understands me perfectly. He's just right for me. He beats in my own particular rhythm. We're what you might call very well mated.

"I know when we started *Star* lots of people around here said, 'What does he know about picture making?' Well, Sid showed them. He knows a lot, and I'll tell you this. I don't think I'd ever make another picture or do any sort of show without him to guide me. He's a swell guy and I'll always listen to him."

These are the words of a young woman who has finally found herself, a young woman with hidden resources of inner strength. Judy is a girl who was counted out five years ago. They said she'd never make it again, never return to stardom.

She fooled them, and she attributes her comeback largely to her husband's faith. "Sid kept telling me," she says, "that my career wasn't over, that it had just begun. He was so right. He took me through the dark times, and I'll never forget that."

WHAT BROUGHT on the dark times, anyway? Judy, understandably, dislikes looking back. What she went through, all the horror and sadness, is something she blocks out.

The answer probably is love, unhappy love. That was the villain in her youth. She fell in love with David Rose, the composer. Dave was twelve years older than Judy. She hadn't known many boys before him. One was Barron Polan, a youngster assigned by Leland Hayward to squire Judy to parties and other Hollywood functions. When Dave proposed marriage, Judy, all of nineteen, quickly accepted.

The marriage was doomed from the beginning. It was difficult to tell who was more temperamental, Dave or Judy.

Then came Vincente Minnelli, the artistic MGM director who had guided Judy in *Meet Me In St. Louis*. This marriage was blessed by the birth of Liza, now nine. But not even Liza could save it. Mentally and physically exhausted, Judy started taking sleeping pills. She thought this might be the answer to overwork, too much weight, her squabbles with the studio, her falling out of love with Vincente. It was the answer to nothing. It led to despair and estrangement from her mother. It led to a nervous collapse.

When Sid Luft moved into Judy's life, the typical movieland reaction was that the brown-eyed little singer was all washed up.

No one expected Sid, former private secretary to Eleanor Powell, a pilot, a race track entrepreneur and a former husband of Lynn Bari's, to revive in Judy the will to entertain.

THE POWER OF LOVE should never be underestimated. With Sid to guide her, Judy made her comeback in London, then New York, then Los Angeles.

It must be said here that the funds for the comeback were supplied in part by the William Morris Agency, Abe Lastfogel directing. Neither Lastfogel nor William Morris represents Judy today.

In June of 1952 Sid and Judy were married. Then Lorna was born. Simultaneously, Sid began working on a comeback vehicle for his wife.

He wanted to remake *A Star Is Born* into a musical. But David Selznick who had made the original production had already sold the film to television. In fact it was being telecast every Tuesday and Thursday. A producer named Edward Alperson had the rights.

Luft went to see Alperson. They formed a partnership, Transcona Corporation, and the film was pulled out of tv. A release deal was made with Warner Brothers and playwright Moss Hart was hired to do the new screenplay.

There is no point in rehashing all the trouble that accrued to this production. Suffice it to say that Judy proved to everyone that she has what it takes.

"I know," she says, "that I've been blamed for all the production delays on *Star*. I know people said the picture took almost a year to make because of me. Let them make me the heavy, but the truth is there were a lot of factors that slowed down the production.

"CinemaScope was pretty new at the time. In fact we scrapped a month's film before we even started to shoot in CinemaScope."

But in time, *A Star Is Born* was finished, and pregnancy notwithstanding, Judy,

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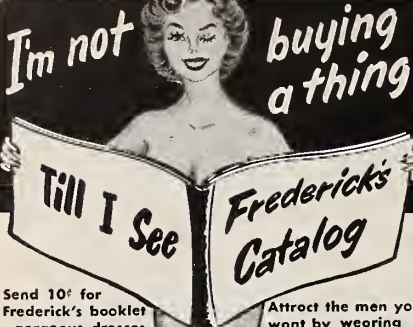
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many months ago, went on the road to help sell it. The picture cost so much that it very likely never will make any considerable profit. The foreign returns probably will tell the story.

There is no doubt, however, that it is a great picture. Once and for all, Judy proved to the doubting Thomases that she can sing and act superbly, that if anything, her talents have multiplied. She was so great in *Star* that she doesn't know how to follow it.

Rodgers and Hammerstein have suggested that she play the Mary Martin role in the film version of *South Pacific*. But in Judy's words, "I really don't know

what I'm going to do after the baby comes. That is, about my career. Sid and I are going to be very careful. We're certainly not going to rush into anything."

Right now, however, Judy is more interested in childbirth than any other subject. If she produces a son, friends jokingly suggest that she name him Oscar.

The chances are very good, however, that by the time she meets the stork, Judy will have already won an Oscar. Certainly she deserves one, not only for an incomparably memorable performance, but for courage and determination.

Win or lose, Judy Garland has won back the public. **END**

how long can it last?

(Continued from page 40) *The McConnell Story*. She's edgy and jumpy.

Between pictures she has gone on location with Richard, shopped for and decorated their new house. And most important of all, she has changed her way of life to include her stepdaughter Ellen, and her half-brother, Arthur Peters, twenty-one.

Ellen and Arthur came to live with the Powells this year. What this means is that June has a houseful of children ranging in age from four to twenty-one. Managing such a household is a wearing job.

Ellen Powell, at sixteen, is entering the problem years. Arthur is a medical student. Pamela and little Ricky see their mother much less than they'd like.

The Powells have about seven in service, plus four dogs, two cats and two horses. And it's June's job to see that the household functions smoothly, a job she insists upon fulfilling even though it's taking its toll in temperament.

Dick works hard on his various enterprises all day long—he has just finished editing *The Conqueror*, an outstanding film he directed last summer—and when he comes home, he likes everything to be in order. He wants his Scotch and water, his seat by the fireplace, and a few minutes of relaxation.

The trouble is that June, omitting the Scotch and water, wants pretty much the same things. After a day's work at the studio, she's tired, too. But then there's the house and the four children.

"As a matter of fact," she said, "Richard and I haven't had very much time together. That's why this Sun Valley vacation will be a very good thing."

ORIGINALLY, June and Dick planned to hire a tourist cabin in Ketchum, a small town near Sun Valley. June was going to cook for her husband. It would be another honeymoon, idyllic and peaceful.

"It's not that June doesn't cook well," Dick later explained, after he canceled the cabin routine. "It's just that we thought Sun Valley Lodge and the hotel service would be a little more appropriate for a vacation."

June and Dick are both pretty good skiers, because they are both supple and light on their feet. Originally a dancer, June surprised the Sun Valley ski instructors by learning how to slalom so quickly.

There's a story about their skiing that's told around Hollywood with great relish. When the Powells went to Sun Valley a year or so ago, June bought the most expensive clothes and ski equipment. She also hired the best ski teachers.

Dick thought it was all a lot of nonsense. But he's a camera bug, and likes to run family motion pictures, so he hired a man to take movies of him and June skiing down the mountainside.

When the movies were developed they

were sent to Dick in California. One night he ran them off at home to the accompaniment of explanations and wisecracks.

"See that figure coming down the mountainside?" he asked his children. "See that figure with her skis spread a mile apart? See that figure who looks as though she's ready to fall head-first into the snow? Well, that's your mother after five hundred dollars' worth of instruction!"

The figure Dick was talking about was rather fuzzy on the film. Once the camera moved in for a close-up, however, the figure Dick had lampooned turned out to be himself!

The family roared. Actually, Dick is a better skier than June but not by much.

"Another season on skis," says Leif Odmark, a Sun Valley instructor, "and Mrs. Powell will be very good. She has rhythm and grace. She's come a long way."

JUNE ALLYSON has come a long way in other ways, too. Ten years ago when she became Mrs. Richard Powell, she was scared stiff. She was shy, insecure, frightened, completely dependent on her husband. She knew nothing about house-keeping, nothing about personnel, nothing about budgets. It was Dick who did the hiring and firing, Dick who chose the furnishings, Dick who paid the bills.

June was ashamed of her background and avoided probing interviewers. Interior decorators reported that she had no idea of what should be in her home.

Lovingly, Dick used to refer to June as, "my little idiot wife." He judged her scripts, gave her his advice, tried to bolster her courage and inflate her ego.

It has been suggested that subconsciously June resented her total dependence on Dick. If so, she never showed it.

Until lately she always has let him make the major decisions. She didn't want to star in *The Stratton Story*. Dick said, "Don't be foolish. With Jimmy Stewart you'll be a big hit." Dick was right. He's been frequently so.

A little over a year ago, June said that she was tired of the stories MGM was giving her. She wanted to quit. "Only I lacked the courage to free lance. After all, I'd been at Metro almost ten years. My contract had been renegotiated twice. The studio had been kind to me, but I knew I couldn't go along forever playing opposite Van Johnson."

"Richard said if I felt that way, I should quit, that I'd have no trouble getting work as a free lance. I was hesitant. He told me to put my foot down. I listened to him and I left the studio. I've never been happier in my career."

"I've had the most wonderful offers. I've worked at Paramount, Warners, 20th, and I've been able to choose my own stories."

In one of these, *The Shrike*, in which June stars opposite José Ferrer, she plays for the first time a bit of a "heavy."

"Richard didn't want me to play in this picture," she explains, "but for the first time I disobeyed him. I said, 'I want to

play it.' And that's just what I did."

Before June and Dick left for Sun Valley, June gave her first dinner party. "It was the first time I arranged everything myself—ordered the food, arranged the guest list and so forth." The party was for Harold Cohen, a Pittsburgh screen critic, and it came off beautifully. June was tremendously proud of herself. "I knew I could do it," she said proudly.

Friends say that the quarrels in the Powell household have resulted from June's declaration of independence.

It has taken her ten years to mature, but now her personality is coming to the fore, ready to assert itself. June has found confidence. Her relationship with "my Richard" has changed to one of equality.

Being the kind of husband he is, warm-hearted, understanding and considerate, Dick Powell thinks June's growth is a very good thing. For years he has been telling her that she has absolutely no reason to suffer from feelings of inferiority.

"You've got looks and talent and ability," he once said, "and you can do anything you set your mind to!"

June realizes, of course, that she owes her character development to Dick, that it was he who brought her out. No one, for example, was happier than Dick when June insisted upon furnishing their new home herself. She picked the decorator and together they did a magnificent job.

Rocky Graziano once appeared on *What's My Line*, as the Mystery Celebrity. The experts were blindfolded and tried to guess who Rocky was. Finally, Louis Untermeyer asked, "Are you a pugilist?" Rocky blinked, consulted John Daly, then answered: "Nah—I'm just a fighter."

—Paul Denis

JUNE HAS REACHED the point where she is ready to assume all her wifely responsibilities. She is giving the orders in her house. That goes not only for Rick and Pam but for Ellen and Arthur as well.

When she has something to say, she wants Richard to listen to her as an equal, not as a precocious child feeling her oats.

Not too long ago, the Powells had a quarrel in public. June left the table when she felt the tears coming to her eyes. She went out, ordered a cab and went home. Next day, it was all over. But again, June had demonstrated her independence.

It has been hinted of late, that June's new success has given her a rate of growth faster than Dick's. They say, "Junie is outgrowing her husband. It's just a question of time before they begin to differ about major things. After all, she was elected the number-one box-office star of 1954. She's coming along fast."

Dick Powell is the mastermind behind June's new success. June is the first to admit that. Dick knows every avenue of show business. He started as a saxophone player and crooner. He graduated to master of ceremonies. He was a musical comedy star, then a straight actor. He organized his own radio programs. Presently he became a director, producer and president of three show business corporations. He is also a wonderful father, a charming host and a shrewd businessman.

Would June ever give all this up? She was once asked that question. Her answer: "I would sooner give up my right arm. The most important thing in my whole life is my husband. And he always will be!"

It looks as though the Powell-Allyson marriage will last a long time. Each of the participants has much of what the other needs, wants and loves.

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jeff richards

(Continued from page 49) night?"

"Oh, out for a cruise."
"Are you nuts?" cried his neighbor.
"Don't you know storm warnings are up?"
"Is that so?" replied Jeff innocently.
"Guess I just didn't see 'em." Then he went below to sleep.

Luckily for the cardiac conditions of some Hollywood executives fifteen miles away at MGM studios, that typical Richards stunt didn't travel beyond the rows of pleasure craft bobbing safely up and down at anchor. Luckily, that is, because that solitary, thrill-hunting sailor is pretty precious cargo at MGM right now. In fact, around the lot they're calling Jeff, "the next Clark Gable."

Now, that's a tag pinned hopefully on every new movie hero with muscles and a dark beard for the last twenty years—everywhere around Hollywood except Metro. The King was always king in Leo Land and that was that. But now that Gable doesn't work there any more, Jeff Richards looks like just the boy to fill the empty footprints he left behind. That is, if Jeff will stay alive and in one piece which, you might have guessed, is always a question.

Besides living dangerously, Jeff looks, acts and even talks like Clark. He's tall, dark and brutally handsome, with a rocky jaw, beetling brows, a reckless grin and deep brown eyes that send out that old devilish Gable beam. Last New Year's Day when a bevy of Pasadena Rose Princesses toured the MGM lot, the cuties quivered, "Oh, can we met Mr. Richards?" One cried, "He's so fascinatingly scary!"

Jeff Richards laughed when they told him that. He doesn't figure himself a menace to anyone except possibly himself. Like Gable, he's big, rough, and thrilling to see—six feet, three, and 210, with shoulders like a longshoreman, which he once was, snake hips like a sailor, which he was for three years, and the lithe, graceful get-along of an athlete, which Jeff's stretches as a pro baseballer confirm. Underneath though, just like Clark, he's a gentleman not inclined to toss his weight around unless it needs tossing. Then he can handle what occasions arise.

The other night Jeff strolled out of a Hollywood cafe where he'd bandied jokes with the waitress only to run into a roundhouse right to the jaw from her boy friend. In seconds, the boy friend was out cold. Later, he looked up Jeff, saying he wanted to thank him.

"Thank me?" puzzled Jeff, who was expecting something more like a knife in the back. "Why?"

"For not killing me," explained the boy, with real gratitude, "and for knocking some sense into my head."

RIGHT NOW the only people Jeff Richards seems certain to slay are a few million maidens all over the land—with his next picture, *The Bar Sinister*. It will be his thirteenth movie but that's not worrying Jeff a bit, nor his bosses either. They've had "more Jeff Richards!" yelps from exhibitors for months and sentimental fan mail for Jeff. Those sure signs began back with *Big Leaguer*, kept ballooning through *Code Two*, *Seven Brides For Seven Brothers*, *Crest Of The Wave* and *Many Rivers To Cross* until they finally made Jeff a star in *The Marauders*. In all of these epics, Jeff Richards had hair on his chest but never a girl in his arms. That sad situation will be emphatically corrected with the sock 'em, love 'em and leave 'em job Jeff undertakes next.

All this second coming of Gable talk got going after Jeff was summoned by a desperate Metro director named Herman

Hoffman, who was puzzling a mystery almost to the point of collapse. Why, oh why, he pondered, weren't there any primitive, young, straight-slugging lovers around Hollywood any more? Like—well, the old Clark Gable of *A Free Soul*, *China Seas* and *Boom Town*. Why were all the new heroes so neurotic? Were raw meat Romeos extinct? Hoffman had a star's part ready to roll and no one to fill it. Then Jeff Richards strolled by like a walking answer.

You'll see the results when *The Bar Sinister* hits the screens this fall. But after Herman Hoffman watched Jeff cuff sexy Jarma Lewis around the set like a punching bag, mop up the floor with what was left, then bring her to life with a kiss, he heaved a happy sigh. "Ah-h-h-h-h," said he, "at last a star who's not mental—just elemental!"

Wendy Barrie was interviewing Marlon Brando on her TV show. He was wearing a T-shirt, sneakers, one white sock and one blue and red sock. He stretched, scratched himself and yawned incessantly. Finally the interview was over and Miss Barrie offered him a gift watch, saying, "Keep this watch in the box. I don't want the ticking to keep you awake."

—Paul Denis

His studio boss, Dore Schary, calls him "the most virile young star on the lot." But, as Jeff's sun rises, so also does a headache. The trouble is, Jeff's just not geared for Hollywood glamour.

Jeff is a lone wolf, shy, remote and shrinking from the spotlight as it begins to bear down. He dwells all alone on this boat of his, without even a phone.

In five years at MGM Jeff has gotten around to one annual premiere, consented to a publicity date with exactly one starlet, and seen the inside of Mocambo once, six years ago. He declines all Hollywood party invitations politely, doesn't own a tux and drives an old DeSoto. Half the stars at his studio don't know him. His buddies are the set workers, one of whom owns a ranch in the remote Cuyama Valley where Jeff goes off for weeks between jobs and lonesomely rides fences by himself. The one big Hollywood star he knows intimately is Humphrey Bogart, on whose yacht, the *Santana*, Jeff often crews, but they never talk pictures. When Herman Hoffman suggested that Jeff take his *Bar Sinister* script along one week end and have Bogie give him some knuckle-lover pointers, Jeff was horrified. "I couldn't do that," he protested. "He's my friend!"

Part of Jeff's reticence can be traced to his own lowly estimate of himself as a Hollywood figure. And part of that stems from the fact that until lately he wasn't really sure whether he wanted to be a Hollywood figure or a baseball player. Jeff himself explains his rugged isolation by the fact that he's sweating out an unfortunate divorce that's keeping him broke. But what really augurs a stubborn tug-of-war is the more basic fact that he's been a freewheeling maverick almost from the day he was born, and he's not likely to change.

THERE WERE SEVERAL reasons why Richard Mansfield Brooks, as he was christened thirty years ago in Portland, Oregon, early acquired the independent custom of calling his own shots. He had restless French-Irish-Scotch pioneer blood and the northwest was a wide open land where most people did as they pleased. But the best reason of all was—he had to.

When Jeff was only five, his father, Carl

Brooks, dropped his mechanic's tools one day and just disappeared. That left his mother, Beryl, with no means of support and three children, a situation complicated by the rock-bottom depression.

Jeff remembers clutching his mother's skirts as she stood wearily in the bread lines of Seattle, where they had moved. He remembers heatless, waterless and lightless stretches in their paint-peeled cottage. He foraged in the woods with Clyde, his big brother, for firewood, and scrounged around markets pinching wilted vegetables for his little sister, Margaret. An aunt contributed clothes and, by taking care of other kids as well as her own, Jeff's mother made ends touch. Two years later she married an oil plant superintendent named Ernest Taylor and the pressure eased. But Richie never forgot.

While he had a warm house to live in and plenty of food from then on, proud Richie Taylor found a stepfather setup chilly. "I respect my stepdad for the obligations he took on," as he puts it today, "but maybe he didn't have much understanding—or maybe I didn't." Jeff kept on foraging like a coyote cub throughout his boyhood, going after what he wanted on his own and in his own way. Sometimes it was right and sometimes it was wrong.

Once, raiding a cherry orchard outside of town, the cops grabbed him with loaded gunnysacks and hauled him in to the station. "They scared the pants off me before they let me go," grins Jeff. "But they never did find out where I lived. I figured that wasn't my folks' headache, but my own."

IN MORE CONSTRUCTIVE adventures Jeff was just as self-reliant. He cleaned out garages, mowed lawns and peddled magazines, bought old bikes from junk shops and made them work, hammered together his own racing "bugs" for the soap-box derbies. He never asked for a nickel to finance his Saturday kick, playing hockey down at the Civic Ice Arena from five a.m. until the place closed. That and a dozen other sports built that lean-muscled body. "If there was any game I didn't play, I don't know what it could have been," he says.

He started football scrimmage on vacant lots and played center on his high school team, began basketball arching an old volleyball through a rusty barrel hoop over his shed door and later, while he was in the Navy, coached the game. But the real sports love of Jeff's life was baseball. It has been ever since the day at six when he happened to bump against the radio and tune in a Seattle Indians game. His mother explained what was going on and since then the crack of wood on horsehide has been like a siren serenade to Jeff.

HE WAS PLAYING semi-pro ball at fifteen, and never doubted for a minute what

his future would be—the big leagues.

When he was down in Florida on location three years ago, making *Big Leaguer*, Pitcher Carl Hubbell, the Yankee immortal, watched Jeff work out on the training camp diamond, and wagged his head in puzzled wonder. "Whew!" he whistled as Jeff scooped them up one minute and slammed them over the fence the next. "What the hell are you doing in movies? You're not acting—you're playing big league ball! How come you aren't in the business?"

"That's a long story," answered Jeff, which by then it was. "Just say I missed it." But he remembered a Brooklyn Dodger offer and a New York Yankee one, too—and he felt a pang that reached way back. Jeff is sentimental about baseball because that and his other athletics were the things he first starred at. Jeff's sports prowess was the one thing that made him feel important. At studies he was so-so and socially he says he was a pretty sad apple.

There was nothing wrong with him—he liked the girls all right, and they liked him. Rich Taylor's chiseled features and his powerful physique attracted them, but his native standoffishness and antisocial fix made him a bumbling figure at parties, where he lurked in the corners awkwardly, refusing to dance. He didn't dance, in fact, until he was in the Navy.

THE MOST DISTASTEFUL chore Jeff has had in Hollywood was dancing in *Seven Brides For Seven Brothers*. One circle dance group gave him the hots and colds until he decided just to be natural and caper clumsily around. Luckily, the result was so comic that director Stanley Donen kept it in.

All this distaste for social graces does to Jeff Richards today is keep him out of Hollywood's clip joints, but back then for a spell it routed his adolescent group instincts to the wrong side of the road. When he was seventeen he teamed up with a bunch of rowdies at Lincoln High who called themselves "The Boozer Boys Club." The tag was mostly juvenile braggadocio, justified by mild beer-busts now and then. But the BBC was hardly a Sunday School outfit.

The members were all toughies and they all wore cords, riding boots, T-shirts and a looping brass chain with a bottle-opener at one end. They had officers—president, treasurer and even, incongruously, a chaplain! Jeff was secretary. They hammered a clubhouse in his back yard out of an old garage, fixed it up to sleep eight, and proceeded to raise the roof generally.

Jeff's interest in the Boozer Boys dwindled when war struck and he had a chance to earn some real money longshoring on the Tacoma docks packing flour, sugar sacks and lumber into holds day and night on week ends. Sometimes he'd earn \$25 on a Saturday.

But what snapped him out of this harum-scarum phase for keeps was a real club with very different ideas to impart—the U.S. Navy. Richard M. Taylor got his greetings in May, 1943. It was his senior year and he received his diploma in advance and left for Camp Farragut, Idaho. By that time his club was famous all over Tacoma. As he registered, a secretary spotted his brass chain. "So you're a Boozer Boy," she said. "I think your next few years in the service promise to be very interesting!" They were. But *really* interesting. For a guy who was fighting insecurity, that made all the difference.

IT DIDN'T HAPPEN in one easy lesson, of course. There were a few things a black sheep like Boot Taylor had to learn. The hardest was discipline. On his looks



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they made Jeff platoon leader. But he lost that because he was too easy on the men and grumbled at petty officers' orders.

Luckily, Jeff had something the Navy could use. As a kid he had tinkered with radio sets, and at Lincoln High he'd specialized in radio classes. When he took an Eddy Test, his score was tops. They shot him to Chicago and pre-radio school, on Randolph Street, only two blocks from the Loop. It was there that Jeff had his first contact with show business. Mayor Kelly's town kept a big hello and welcome mat out for G.I.s everywhere. Jeff took in the nightclubs and girlie-girlie shows, although at the USO dances he still played wallflower. But the idea of being an entertainer himself never entered his butch-cut head. He'd never even been in a class play. The only play Jeff longed to make was short to second to first.

So, it was heaven on cleats for Jeff when, after primary school at Texas A. and M., he landed at Corpus Christi, Texas, for secondary radio-radar training. There were eight air bases scattered all around Ward Island. And those bases were loaded with big league baseball players in khaki—really greats like Johnny Sain, Sam Chapman, Eddie Sylvester. As shortstop on the Ward Island nine, Jeff played a game almost every week. The pros told him, "Say, Bud—you've got big league potentials—if you'll just stick with it."

JEFF HAD TEAMED UP with pretty Pat Sunden in his last year at Lincoln High for about the only gentling influence to offset the Boozer Boys. They had been writing, so on his first eighteen-day leave Jeff hitched down to Long Beach where Pat had a defense job. "Well, everything was swell," he recalls, "except that Pat was already in love with another guy!" Jeff rescued the situation with her roommate, though, and volunteered one day to go up to Los Angeles for some Yugoslavian light fixtures the landlady had ordered.

But when he called by the store, the clerk said, "It'll take me two hours to dig those things out of the storeroom. Want to wait or come back?" Jeff allowed he'd come back. He ducked into the Hollywood USO, latched on to a movie studio tour and pretty soon found himself inside Paramount watching Betty Hutton knock herself out. Someone else was rubbing at the rugged good looks of Sailor Taylor even more intently—a studio talent executive named Milton Lewis. The Hollywood he-man shortage was getting pretty desperate about then.

When Lewis inquired if Jeff was interested in pictures he got only an embarrassed snort. When he pressed, "Got a few minutes?" Jeff said he had more time than money. So he was trotted around to the Paramount brass that afternoon. They wanted to make a screen test the next day but there Jeff balked. "I've only got three days' leave left," he explained, "and I got plans for those." They made him promise to come back after he got out of uniform and not sign anywhere else. He said, "Oh, sure, sure." "But frankly," Jeff remembers, "I thought those people were all as crazy as coots!"

So he pushed the insanity out of his mind, delivered the light fixtures, kissed the girls goodbye and hitched back up to the base—and baseball. Because wherever he went Jeff kept his slinging arm limber. The only post-war future that glittered for him was on a dusty diamond. At Astoria, Oregon, where V-J day ended his training, and at Tillamook where he stored planes, Jeff kept in training on service nines. And when they were still processing him out in Portland, he hiked in his Navy blues to the Portland Beaver

field and begged Sid Cohen, a relief pitcher, for a workout. He was so sharp that every pitch Sid delivered Jeff sent over the fence. He did the same thing next day and the manager wasted no time signing Taylor on as a rookie, farming him out to the Salem Senators as a shortstop. "I walked out of one uniform right into another," marvels Jeff. But as most movie sagas prove, Lady Luck takes some very strange shapes. Jeff's was a trick cartilage in his knee that he had torn coaching basketball at Tillamook. He poked out two-for-three in his first game with Yakima, but he gimped around the bases. Frisco Edwards, the manager, broke his heart. "It's a shame to drop you, Taylor. Build up that sore knee and come back next year." But by next year Jeff was in Hollywood—although for a long time he wondered why.

It wasn't any burning urge to express himself that sent Jeff back down south but something much more elemental, like a growling gut. Out of baseball for a year and his dreams clobbered, Jeff had no racket to fall back on except mending radios, but he's not the type to hunch happily over a workbench. That's when he thought of this crazy studio offer. "I figured I had nothing to lose," he says, "and a job was a job." He had money enough for a bus to San Francisco and thumbed from there. Paramount took him.

FOR THE NEXT six months, besides drama lessons when he got around to them, about all Jeff did was play ball with the Paramount Cubs. He had so much time on his hands that at twenty-two he enrolled at USC on his G.I. Bill of Rights, showing up at the studio once a week to collect his \$150 pay check. A studio strike slowed things down and they dropped him.

That might have been the end of Jeff's Hollywood saga, because he'll confess stars didn't dance in his bright brown eyes—not then. "When you have things plop right into your lap," he reflects, "you don't appreciate them at all." A contract at Warners plopped right after Para-

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mount let him go and just as easily. He even drew more dough—\$250 a week. But it was the same story: nothing to do there—six months and out. Even after that Jeff picked up \$100 a day every now and then playing lifeguards, football players and flyers. The check was all that interested him.

Jeff Richards was happier at USC than around any studio. He pledged Sigma Chi, moved into the house, played interfraternity ball (his pro record kept him off all varsities) thumped a bull fiddle in a swing combo, studied business administration. He liked it all so much that he'd occasionally tell his brothers, "I'm going to quit this picture stuff altogether."

It took a girl again and a job to change his mind. And paradoxically because he didn't get either one.

The girl was a beautiful blonde Delta Gamma named Eleanor Pastori. Jeff tumbled like a load of coal on his first blind date, made it a steady twosome and in his third college year got engaged. About the same time a big Los Angeles dairy company picked him out of 200 applicants for executive training—with enough starting salary to support a wife. But it fell through at the last minute and with it Jeff's marriage plans. He was so discouraged he broke off with Eleanor, who soon got married and left him holding a large, illuminating torch. What the light re-

vealed to him was, as Jeff says, "that I'd been treating my Hollywood opportunities in very immature fashion." The business world wasn't a bit easier or more secure.

IN THIS CHASTENED state, Jeff met exactly the right man. Vic Orsatti is a Hollywood agent who used to play ball with the St. Louis Cardinals, and his brother Ernie starred with the Chicago Cubs for eleven years. A fraternity brother took Jeff out to Vic's house one night and the pep talk worked. "You can make the grade if you'll take it seriously," Vic argued, "but it's like baseball—you have to train long and hard before you make the team." Jeff walked out as Orsatti's client and two days later he was in Louis B. Mayer's office at MGM. After a test, he signed his third studio contract on the strength of his good looks.

They take the long-range outlook at Culver City, which is just the view Jeff Richards needed. Like a baseball club, MGM operates on the slow and steady buildup for rookies.

Jeff started with a low salary, \$125 a week, and a brand new name, Jeff Richards, because with Bob Taylor, Liz Taylor and Don Taylor on Metro's list, the place already sounded like a garment district. He began grimly repeating, "How now, brown cow," with diction coach Gertrude Fogeler and making clumsy entrances and exits for drama coach Lillian Burns. Both frankly told him, "You need a lot of work." Five years later, they agree, "Jeff is ready for big things."

They broke him in playing a policeman in *Tall Target*, and the eight lines Jeff spoke weren't deathless gems. If you saw *The Sellout*, you might have spotted him as a truck driver, and as a bombardier in *Above And Beyond*. It was all slow and easy. A lot of times Jeff hid his sex appeal behind black whiskers and rough clothes. He gained confidence with three naturals for a bona fide ball player in *Kill The Umpire*, *Angels In The Outfield*, where he played in the outfield and *Big League*, which broke him into the Hollywood big league with a respectable third baseman part. *Code Two* was a frank B-quikie, but Jeff drew a lead out of it with Elaine Stewart and learned so much that the Boulting Brothers picked him to go to England for *Crest Of The Wave* with Gene Kelly. Before he got back, MGM had ace writer Dorothy Kingsley penning a special part for Jeff in *Seven Brides For Seven Brothers*—and that really sent him rolling along at last, although it didn't exactly build up his ego.

Besides the ignominy of having a singing voice dubbed for him, and all that trouble with dancing, Jeff Richards was pretty miserable batting around with a lot of dancing boys and girls, his head spinning with arty musical jargon and choreography chatter on the set. Luckily, another maverick was around to prop him up. "I don't think I'd have got through it without Howard Keel," allows Jeff. "He talked my language and set me straight."

ALL THIS TIME, nobody has been able to bend Jeff Richards an inch closer to what his buddy, Keel, calls, "Hollywood fol-de-rol." For a long time Jeff lived with some USC pals in a shack at Venice on the beach, but that was really just a taking-off place for the yacht harbor. Jeff bought his first boat, an eleven-foot sailing dinghy, five years ago. Next, he rebuilt a Lightning Class sloop from the hull up, then traded it in on the twenty-six-foot Eric sloop where he sleeps today. Jeff's wild cruises aren't as reckless as they seem, because he's a well-seasoned sailor. He has crewed with Bogart on a lot of rough, blue-water races and with the nationally known racing sailor-

ette, Peggy Slater, too. He still studies navigation at night, chips, paints and varnishes every free day "around the house," because that's what his tub has been to Jeff since last November when his marriage broke up.

Jeff met pretty Shirley Sibre down in Cypress Gardens, Florida, a year ago this spring, on a publicity junket that turned into a whirlwind honeymoon. Shirley is a professional water skier from Miami, and for once posing didn't irk Jeff's retiring soul. All he had to do for a couple of weeks was skim over the waves with Florida's shapeliest mermaids perched on his bare shoulders while shutters clicked. He married Shirley four weeks after he first hoisted her up on his shoulders.

He brought his bride back to California, but right away there were a lot of rivers to cross. "What we found out," Jeff explains it shortly, "is that we just didn't know each other. There was a blank wall between us." They tried to get acquainted for five months in a Manhattan apartment, but no charms worked. Shirley flew back to Florida last November and Jeff went back to the boat, this time "purely as a matter of economics."

With lawyers' fees, court costs, separate maintenance and eventually a formidable settlement picking his pockets, Jeff frankly states that he's too financially flat to do much besides what he is doing right now. This April the divorce comes up and he'll know how things stand. But the unhappy experience hasn't soured him.

"Sure, I get lonely down here," he confesses. "A man needs a woman around. Right now I can't afford to take one out to a decent place. But, I'd give my eye teeth to meet the right girl and get married again."

MEANWHILE, JEFF RICHARDS is comfortable in his loneliness and, after a fashion, happy. When the sun dips past the yard-arm he opens a can of beer or has a Scotch straight, strolls ashore for his inevitable rare steak. Then he climbs aboard to puff one of his thirty pipes, delve into his stack of history, geography and nautical books or catch up on the batting averages. Sometimes he scuffs his sneakers up and down the wharf chinning with the other skippers.

But as the Hollywood heat turns on him, Jeff knows he'll have to give in and change residence sooner or later. "I'd like a little house of my own," he says, "where I could rig up a hi-fi set and hammer around the place. But I'll settle for a dressing room at the studio if they'll let me move in when I'm working." He'd like a lot of other things, too, he'll admit—like sports cars to tear around in, guns to hunt with, a ranch someday, a bigger boat and, of course, that wife who will be a real companion in all this.

There doesn't seem to be any reason why he won't get them. Because nothing succeeds like success, and with his own progress most doubts Jeff Richards had about acting are slowly evaporating. "Now that I've got my foot in the door at last," he muses, "I like it. It's a fascinating business. You never know where you are until you're there, of course, and you've got to keep hitting. But you could say the same about baseball, couldn't you? I want to be a professional performer now—but I'll never be an actor's actor. The way I figure, I'll always be just a personality."

Those words have a familiar ring. If so, it's because somebody else said them almost twenty-five years ago—another big, rugged, elemental he-man who went his own way in Hollywood and made the world love him for it. He's still around, too, and doing all right, although he'll never see fifty again. It worked for Gable. It can work for Jeff Richards, too. END

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Jane's fracas with the french

(Continued from page 43) construction. It's entirely possible that she would redecorate the interior of someone's doghouse if nothing else were available, and she's not going to be robbed of her role in this project.

"And on that same lunch hour," continued the friend, "you are going to do your charity work, squeeze in a recording session or two, and see those four million friends you've been complaining about never having time for?"

"Don't argue with the timetable," Jane said.

The friend retired. "Yes, Jane," she said meekly. For which conciliatory answer Miss Russell turned on her and snapped, "Stop treating me like a child!"

Carmen Cabeen, Jane's stand-in for close to ten years, is inured to anything that might be reported in this vein. "You just have to get used to the way she thinks. Her mind is cluttered up with people and personalities, and essential things make no impression at all. She might have thought about you all day yesterday and not say more than hello today. Or, while you're with her, she may make three important dates to be at different places at the same time; she expects you to stop her. One of the things she always says to me is, 'If I were with somebody as stupid as me, I'd remind her of things!'"

She needs reminders—which anyone with built-in radar could supply. On a typical day, supposedly neatly arranged, this is what Jane did. She was up at seven to breakfast and play with the children. At noon, wearing pedal-pushers, carrying a make-up case and mink stole, she departed with a friend, announcing, "I don't know when I'll be back."

They had lunch at a restaurant in San Fernando Valley, from which Jane forgot to retrieve her mink stole. When that was recovered, they went to Emeson's, where Miss Russell was half an hour late for a dress fitting, and there she forgot her make-up kit. They went to the Russfield office, so that Jane could countersign some checks and call Emeson's about her make-up kit, and as she was ready to leave, secretary Margaret Martine handed her a Manila envelope with the admonishment, "Now, for heaven's sake, don't lose it."

Jane didn't say what was in the envelope. She planted it on the front seat and said, "Don't let me forget this."

They were only an hour and a half behind schedule, Jane having an appointment with Bob Thiele of Coral Records to discuss two new sides she was to cut. "Should I take the envelope?" asked Jane's friend as they sprinted from the car.

"No! I'd leave it in the studio for sure!" Jane sat on a stool, went over the new arrangements with a pianist, muttered, "Oh, marshmallows," and then went off to answer a phone call. She was back on the double. "Hey," she shouted to her pal, "come on! We're late to rehearsal for the Police Benefit. The girls are on their way over to pick us up; we'll leave my car here." From here the plot is obvious. The girls—Connie Haines, Beryl Davis and Rhonda Fleming, with whom Jane makes up a best-selling quartet for charity—picked them up and zipped off to the auditorium for rehearsal. Jane had no sooner greeted the orchestra leader than she turned to the friend, whose feathers were dragging from the pace they had maintained all day. "My music!" she said accusingly. "You left my music in the car."

Exasperating, yes. But it's at a time like this that you get the Jane Russell bug. Not when she's doing a feverish

movie scene; she's almost always ornery during a production. You get the bug when you watch her, head thrown back, eyes closed, belting the daylight out of a song because singing is a part of her. Or, when someone else is rehearsing a number and you suddenly miss Jane. Looking around, you see her in the very back of the vast, darkened theatre, dancing alone. Not showboating, just dancing, because there's a beat and her feet can't keep still. Then she's happy, somehow released, totally different from the Jane who greets her friends with such a somber "Hi" that they suspect her of wishing they would all drop dead.

MOSTLY THESE suspicions are quite wrong, of course. That's just the Old One's way. But sometimes, every now and then, they are quite right.

In France, for instance, Jane was not what you might call happy. The sum total of her experience abroad would appear to be the successful completion of Russfield's first independent production, *Gentlemen Marry Brunettes*, and four of the most homesick months of her life.

Example: Having been exposed to the charms of Paris before, Jane became increasingly disenchanted with director Dick Sale for his insistent, "You've got to see this place we're taking you tonight!"

"He and Mary always wanted to make a night of it," Jane lamented, "and the idiots just couldn't get it through their heads that I need ten hours of sleep. They dragged me from place to place, with me complaining every inch of the way. And Dick saying, 'Why, you'll still have five hours to sleep!'"

John Carradine, reading Shakespeare at the Blue Angel, treks back to Hollywood soon for Cecil B. De Mille's epic about Moses. In it he plays Moses' half-brother. Explains Carradine, "I'm too thin to play a whole brother."

Barry Gray in
The New York Post

Those first eight weeks, spent in Paris and Monte Carlo, were rough, quite apart from the abuse of Miss Russell's sleeping habits. At times Jane began to suspect the entire French nation collectively of wanting her to drop dead. Not true, of course, but possibly close.

Jane started off on the wrong foot with the French and was too tired and homesick to bother about getting back in step. When she and Carmen flew into Paris, they found it bitter cold and wet. No exterior scenes could be shot, and the studio they had hired wasn't ready for interiors. Having worked out at Universal-International up to the very day she left, Jane felt she could well use the three days of rest that lay before her. But, unfortunately, she found herself in conflict with one of the innumerable French eccentricities—to wit: they do not turn on the heat before October, regardless of the temperature. The Parisiennes may not mind that, but Miss Russell was chilled to the marrow, racked by a cough, and was, as always a pioneer for the preservation of creature comforts. She remonstrated gently with the hotel management, which remained polite but adamant. Provide heat in September? An absurdment!

This was the moment someone chose to tell her that she should appear at some public function or other. Jane turned stone deaf and did not regain her hearing until a friend from the American Embassy said that the sun very often shone in Deauville while rain fell on Paris. Within the hour she and Carmen departed for a week end in Deauville.

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That was, to put it mildly, a goof. When they returned, their horrified Embassy friend met them, newspaper in hand. "Do you know what you've done, girl?" he demanded. "You've only insulted the entire French nation, that's all. Do you know what this headline says? 'Jane Russell refuses key to the city!' That's a very great honor and, as far as I know, this is the first time it has ever been offered to an actress—and you go off to Deauville. Why didn't you tell me?"

"Oh, fiddledee-dee," answered Jane. (Well, it's possible that that's what she said.) "I thought it was some publicity thing, and I couldn't be bothered. Besides," she countered reasonably, "what do I want with the key to a city where they let you freeze to death?" She would have accepted the key to the hotel furnace.

THERE WAS ONLY one way left to fracture the French ego, and the Old One did that, too. It had to happen that the Dior "flat look" was unveiled during her stay in Paris, and it figured that the press would fish for the Russell reaction. Jane was baited and she bit off a mouthful.

Despite the headlines it was not in the nature of an international incident. Thereafter, Carmen reported, "They just ignored her. The French didn't understand Jane."

She could've gotten a bad press from it. Said the blockbuster in her blandest voice, "I wouldn't know. I can't read French."

All Jane wanted was to go home. She worked on the picture with such ferocity that the assistant director, an Englishman with a bristling red mustache, called her the Black Bull of the Pampas and suggested she take up mule skinning if she ever retired from acting. She worked and, when the day was over, she huddled by the fireplace in the hotel suite she shared with Carmen and Boyd Cabeen.

"That weird place! The walls were hung with dark, brocaded tapestry; both Boyd and I hate overhead lights so we used nothing but candles. The French thought we were crazy and the Americans who visited us always did a double take; it looked just like a den of iniquity."

WITH ALL OF the glamorous activity of Paris going on in the streets below, the Old One sat by the fire and dreamed of home. She was so lonely that the appearance of Bob Waterfield precipitated an outburst that nearly startled him out of his wits. Normally, if she sees someone dear to her after an absence of a year or two, Jane can work up something really demonstrative—like, "Hi." It had only been a month since she had seen her husband, but this was different.

"The day Robert was due, I couldn't concentrate on my lines; I kept watching the clock. He came straight to the studio from the airport, and when I saw him I just grabbed him and started bawling. I never do things like that. Poor Robert. He held me off at arms' length and said, 'What's the matter with her?'" Jane loved the guy, and Robert understood her even if the French didn't—that was the matter.

BUT SHORTLY thereafter, the production moved to London where, unaccountably, the reserved British public took Jane to its collective heart with an enthusiasm that more than compensated for Gallic indifference. She couldn't leave her house on Belgrave Square without attracting a fascinated, but mannerly, mob. Her chauffeur, Miller, who came with the car provided by the studio, explained the mystery of guineas, pounds and shillings, accompanied Jane into stores on shopping expeditions, stood by every hour of the day. The Italian couple who constituted her household staff were equally solicitous. And at the studio? "They certainly never

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had seen anything like her," one of the company said, "but they loved her."

When her customary untrammelled bel-lows rang from the rafters there, her proper little hairdresser went around re-assuring the crew, "Its only the way she expresses herself," Jane brimmed with self-expression.

"You should see this poor little publicity girl," Jane wrote to a friend in Hollywood. "She comes pussyfooting in every morning with her little list of 'do's' and 'don'ts', and I let her have it before the first sentence is half way out of her mouth. She really scurries." They all scurried until they learned the harmless nature of the sound and the fury, and then, to their huge enjoyment, they found that they were shouting right back.

It was nice to be liked, but it still wasn't home. The last few days when the picture was winding up, Carmen reported, Jane threw temperament around like Confederate money. "She picked fights with everyone. She wanted everyone to be so mad at her that they'd want to get rid of her, so she wouldn't have to stay one extra day." They couldn't get very mad at her, but they let the girl go home.

EXCEPT THAT she didn't get there. A submarine premiere of her latest RKO picture, *Underwater*, had been arranged to coincide with Miss Russell's arrival from Europe, and though Miss Russell knew about it well enough, she wasn't about to go to Florida. Having arrived in New York of a morning, she had a reservation on a plane leaving for California that night and meant to be on it. The trick was to avoid talking to anyone connected with the studio, so every time the phone rang, Jane said, "I'm not here," and walked out of the room so it wouldn't be lying.

It might have worked, but Carmen got tricked. "We were expecting a call from someone else at a certain time, so I answered the phone. There was no operator saying Hollywood was calling; I just said hello, and I was talking to Edie Lynch at the studio. So I had to get Jane."

The RKO publicity department's Mother Lynch is a persuasive talker, but this time she bent the Old One's ear to no avail.

"No," Jane said. "I'm going home to see my kids."

Edie talked on. This premiere meant a great deal to the studio, it was a personal project of Howard Hughes; the press was being flown in from all over the country, it was going to be a spectacular do—but only if Jane put in an appearance. Otherwise, the whole thing would be canceled.

"All right, I'll make a deal with you." Jane was at her most sullen and unco-operative, which only happens when she's justified in feeling that way. "If you can get Robert's permission and have the kids flown here tomorrow, I'll go to Florida. You'd better call me before plane time tonight, though, because if I don't hear from you by then I'm coming home."

Neither of them entertained the slightest expectation that Bob Waterfield would consent to having Tracey and Thomas flown to New York. After all, Jane had already been gone four months, and a few more days wouldn't make any difference. That was the way he would reason, being a logical man—and that's the way Jane counted on his reasoning.

But Robert can throw logic to the wind as well as the next guy. Not that he does, very often. You get comfortably used to the idea that Bob Waterfield is sane and sensible about impulsive notions. And then he throws you a curve with his warm understanding of the impulse.

Edie Lynch called him and repeated Jane's ultimatum, bracing herself against a possible atomic explosion. Instead of which, Robert mildly said he'd call his mother and

see if she could take the children to Jane.

It was a nervous, fidgeting Jane Russell who met that plane the next morning. Four whole months she had been gone . . . they were such babies . . . suppose they didn't even recognize her. Did they?

"Aaaah!" Pride and inhibition fought it out on her face, and pride won in a broad grin. "The minute they saw me, each one grabbed me by a leg and started hollering for me to pick them up. And them grown so big and fat that it would take a derrick to lift them!"

THERE ARE these beguiling quicksilver glimpses. She recently negotiated a new contract with Howard Hughes which guarantees her an annual income of \$50,000 for the next twenty years. Hughes is an old, respected friend, the contract has been hanging fire for a year, and Jane's share of the loot could be delivered in bales even if it ain't hay. Is she dancing for joy? When she was congratulated, she said darkly, "Well, I don't know . . . I'm exchanging my freedom for security."

Probably she was thinking impatiently of the next Russfield production, *The Way Of An Eagle*. This is a project that has been close to her heart ever since Margaret Martinez wrote the original story some five or six years ago. Jane was under exclusive contract and hadn't a prayer of making the picture herself, but that didn't prevent her from knocking herself out on its behalf. She showed it to everyone who could be remotely interested; specifically, she induced Producer Harry Tatelman of one studio and Director Nick Ray of another to all but memorize it. Both agreed that the story was great, but neither was in a position to do anything about it.

What does one do with a great picture that no one is interested in making? If you're Jane Russell, you start casting it, of course. She saw a fan magazine picture of a guy named Jeff Chandler, and from that moment on he was her star. When she found a movie in which he appeared—Jeff did what amounted to bit parts in those days—she dragged Margaret off to inspect him. "Let's find him," Jane suggested. "I want him to read the story."

Somebody at Universal thought they had an actor by that name under contract, but he might be anywhere. It turned out he was in Hawaii.

"By the time we found him, I'd have called if he had been in China. I don't know why his wife didn't divorce him then —she couldn't have believed that an actress he'd never met named Jane Russell was calling him all the way from Hollywood because she wanted him to read something nobody was ready to produce! Jeff sounded a little suspicious, himself."

THINGS ALWAYS WORK out if you bide your time, according to the Old One. Jeff Chandler became a star. Years passed and the idea of Russfield was born. Jane was asked to make *Forfire* for Universal, and she did so on the condition that in return she could borrow her co-star, one Jeff Chandler, for a Russfield production. *The Way Of An Eagle*, naturally. To be produced by Harry Tatelman. Directed by Nick Ray with a brilliant writer named Ellis St. Joseph to do the screen play.

The wheel has come full circle, the story Jane loved so well will become a picture under conditions ideal beyond her wildest dreams. It is to be hoped. At the moment there is one final, infinitesimal stumbling block which can't be ignored. Ellis St. Joseph is in Hollywood, the stage is set, the players are waiting, Jane's timetable is prepared, but he has nothing to write a screen play from. Owing to circumstances which anyone who knows her could have foretold, Jane Russell has lost the original manuscript.

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