

WHY BOB WAGNER DATES A GIRL ONLY ONCE

# modern screen

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Y CROCKETT  
FULL COLOR  
PIN-UP

JUNE  
20¢

DELL  
MAGAZINE

W it can be told:  
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AYLOR'S  
SECRET  
IGHT  
OR LIFE



"in defense of MARILYN"  
by earl wilson



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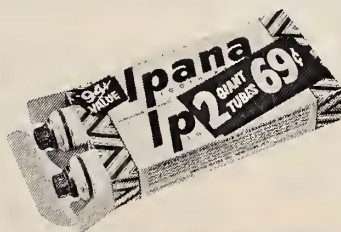
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WITH BACTERIA-DESTROYER WD-9



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\*Colgate's Trade-Mark For Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate.

**IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH  
While It GUARDS YOUR TEETH!**

# modern screen

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\* On the cover: Color portrait of 20th Century-Fox's Marilyn Monroe by Berg-Topix. Other photographers' credits on page 91.

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**Woman's  
beauty and  
man's  
temptation  
in the  
City of Sin!**

This is the story of  
The Prodigal Son who left  
his father's house for the  
fleshpots of sin-ridden Damascus!  
M-G-M's mighty love-drama...  
spectacularly presented! The Biggest  
Picture Ever Filmed in Hollywood!  
Two years in the making!  
A fortune to produce!



# THE PRODIGAL

FROM M-G-M IN CINEMASCOPE AND IN COLOR!

Starring

**LANA TURNER • EDMUND PURDOM**

LOUIS CALHERN with AUDREY DALTON • JAMES MITCHELL • NEVILLE BRAND

WALTER HAMPDEN • TAINA ELG • FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN • JOSEPH WISEMAN • SANDRA DESCHER

Screen Play by MAURICE ZIMM Adaptation From the Bible Story by  
JOE BREEN, JR., and SAMUEL JAMES LARSEN Photographed in EASTMAN COLOR

Directed by RICHARD THORPE Produced by CHARLES SCHNEE An M-G-M Picture



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easy-to-manage hair  
right after shampooing!

When you "just can't do anything" with your hair, use Halo! Whether it's dry, oily or normal, your hair will be softer, springier, look pretty as a picture—*right after shampooing!*

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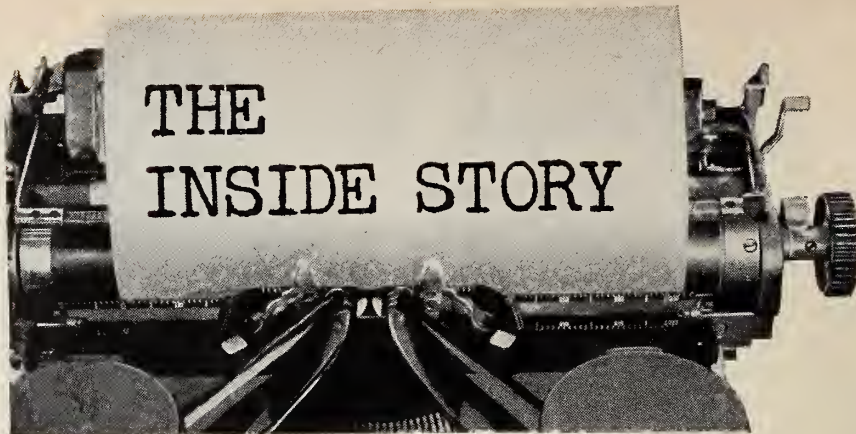
**Halo**

the shampoo  
that glorifies  
your hair!



for dry, oily, normal hair

## THE INSIDE STORY



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

Q. Can you identify the lady (she's older than he) Montgomery Clift has been secretly visiting in New England?  
—V.Y., NASHUA, N.H.

A. Torch singer Libby Holman.

Q. Why did Dominguin, the bullfighter, marry Italian actress Lucia Bose instead of Ava Gardner? I understand Dominguin was not married in a Catholic ceremony after all. That was supposedly the reason he didn't ask for Ava's hand. What is the truth?  
—D.L., MADRID, SPAIN

A. Dominguin's family objected to thrice-married Ava. Dominguin and Ava fell out of love last summer. Dominguin and Lucia Bose were married by a Justice of the Peace in Boulder City, Nevada.

Q. Is there any truth to the rumor that MGM paid Liz Taylor's salary all through her second pregnancy?  
—C.L., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. Yes, in exchange for her granting a one-year extension on her contract time.

Q. Is it true that Leslie Caron hopes never to return to Hollywood?  
—R.I., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

A. Miss Caron is in Paris, playing the lead in Orvet. Her contract at MGM has four more years to run. She hopes to play it out.

Q. Is it true that Olivia deHavilland's mother is Japanese?  
—L.J., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A. Her stepmother.

Q. Why does Marilyn Monroe have no close girl friends?  
—G.K., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

A. Marilyn is basically shy, insecure, has never invited feminine friendship.

Q. Why is it that Universal-International Studios has had such great success in developing actors like Rock Hudson, Jeff Chandler, Tony Curtis, Audie Murphy and George Nader and yet hasn't come up with a single outstanding young actress?  
—V.G., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. There is no explanation. U-I executives say it's a matter of luck. They are trying to build up some new actresses, too.

Q. Who is older and who is richer, Sonja Henie or Liberace?  
—H.K., DENVER, COL.

A. Sonja Henie on both counts.

Q. Why is it often denied that Bob Wagner's parents are wealthy?  
F.L., PHILA., PA.

A. It is generally considered not good publicity to say that an actor was born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

Q. Is it true that Kirk Douglas recently fired the press agent who was largely responsible for his build-up?  
—D.L., NEW YORK, N.Y.

A. Yes.

Q. What is the relationship between Ann Miller, Bill O'Connor and pianist José Iturbi?  
—S.L., BUTTE, MONT.

A. They are three good friends.

Q. Is it true that former President Harry Truman has signed a movie contract and will shortly go to Hollywood to become an actor?  
—G.K., ST. LOUIS, MO.

A. No. Mr. Truman has agreed to appear on a television program, Person To Person, sometime in May.

Q. I understand that Mel Ferrer will not make movies in the future unless wife Audrey Hepburn is in them. True or false?  
—B.L., BRONXVILLE, N.Y.

A. Ferrer has just finished Oh! Rosalina in London, opposite Ludmilla Tcherina.

Q. Can you tell me which movie stars own gambling casinos in Las Vegas?  
—E.L., COLUMBUS, OHIO

A. Frank Sinatra and Tony Martin have financial interests in Las Vegas hotels.

Q. What figure in show business is considered the greatest lover of all time? Is it Charles Boyer, John Barrymore or Frank Sinatra?  
—D.K., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. Authorities on the subject claim the honor belongs to French actor-playwright Sacha Guitry, now seventy. Guitry is married to a thirty-six-year-old beauty, Lana Marconia. Before her there were four other young and beautiful brides.

Q. What motion picture actress once played under the name of Elaine Peters?  
—D.M., DES MOINES, IOWA

A. June Allyson.

Q. Is it true that Bette Davis shaved her head for Sir Walter Raleigh?  
A. Yes.



Only  
exciting . . .

VISTAVISION

MOTION PICTURE

HIGH-FIDELITY



. . . could bring you all the scope of it . . . all its human intimacy . . . its unmatched impact!



THOSE "GLENN MILLER STORY"  
SWEETHEARTS CATCH FIRE AGAIN!

JAMES                      JUNE  
**STEWART** and **ALLYSON**

It's the great human drama of the men  
who guard our skies and the women who wait  
and wonder and sometimes weep!

# Strategic Air Command

*The picture with a striking force second to none!*

Color by **TECHNICOLOR**

co-starring

FRANK              ALEX              BARRY              BRUCE  
**LOVEJOY · NICOL · SULLIVAN · BENNETT**

Produced by SAMUEL J. BRISKIN • Directed by  
ANTHONY MANN • Screenplay by VALENTINE DAVIES  
and BEIRNE LAY, Jr. • Story by Beirne Lay, Jr.



A Paramount Picture





When an argument gets hectic, should you—

- ☐ Tape record it      ☐ Break it up      ☐ Take the laser's side

One man's politics (or ball club or disc collection) can often be another man's poison ivy! So before either arguer blows his stack, take over. Shatter the chatter—tactfully. Maybe with music; or a funny story; anything to change the subject and

save the party from bogging down. You can save yourself many an anxious moment at calendar time, as well. For when you choose *Kotex*\*, you're getting the softness, safety, complete absorbency you need—to maintain your poise, your peace of mind.



Quick way out of your hero's heart?

- ☐ Confess you can't cook      ☐ Kiss and tell  
☐ Be a mamba maniac

All those sweet nothings he whispered in her ear, last night . . . all cancelled, in nothing flat! Why? Because today a complete playback reached his blushing ears! Only a chrome dome babbles to her cronies. It's a fatal mistake. On certain days, you need make no mistakes about sanitary protection—not with *Kotex*. For this napkin can be worn on either side, safely; and you get special softness that *holds its shape*.



Is the longer torso line strictly for—

- ☐ Beanpole stature      ☐ Chubby cantaurs  
☐ Little middles      ☐ Laughs

That long, lean midriff look—got it? Better get with it, especially if your competition's hand-span waisted! Do bending, stretching exercises that pull in your tummy. And of course avoiding greasy or gooey goodies can help whittle your middle. At "that" time, too (even in a *slim skirted* dress) you can meet all eyes serenely—what with *Kotex* and those *flat pressed ends* preventing telltale outlines. Try all 3 sizes of *Kotex*; learn which suits you.

**More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins**

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



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

*As a man-about-town,  
Travis was the most. As a  
baritone, he's more!*

## EX-ESCORT



■ He used to be known around Hollywood as an escort to glamour girls, as a fiancé to Jane Wyman, as a builder, as Travis Kleefeld.

Now he's known in the same place as 1955's singing sensation, as a frequent date to Cleo Moore, as a newcomer with a chorus of famous voices singing his praises, as Tony Travis.

Dinah Shore heard his demonstration record at a tennis club and introduced him on her NBC shows. "I flip," she said. "This boy sings up a storm!" And Jane Russell said. "This boy has the sexiest voice to come along since Sinatra!" All of this by the time he had made his third record for RCA Victor.

Tony Travis had played trumpet, tuba and drums at Beverly Hills High School, but he had no intention of becoming a singer. He had friends in show business, but no plans for joining them. He went into his father's construction business to stay. But people who heard him sing urged him to go into the profession. He didn't take the idea seriously until Dinah Shore heard his home recording.

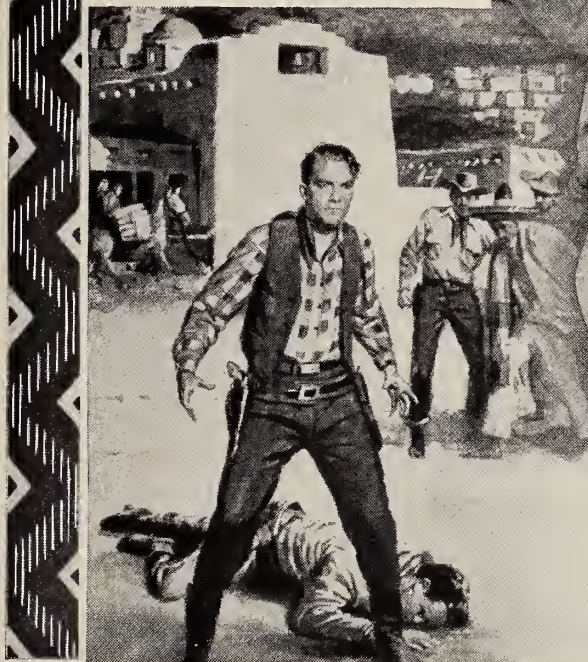
Tony is six feet, one, weighs a well-built 160 pounds, has wavy black hair and hazel eyes. He sings—with a flair for phrasing—in a strong romantic baritone, and his current hit is the bouncy "We Oughta Be," backed by the plaintive "I'm Gonna Be A Long Time Forgetting You."

He has had only one bit in a picture, but 10,000 teen-agers in San Diego's "Hi Debbers" club picked him as the most exciting new singer of the year. "His S.Q. is terrific!" they said.

Swoon Quotient, they meant.



How could  
Rork drive her  
out of town—  
when he couldn't  
even get her  
out of his  
heart?



IT'S A BLAZE OF EXCITEMENT THAT NEVER LETS UP  
WHEN THAT LOVELY LADY LETS HER RED HAIR DOWN!



WARNER BROS.  
PRESENT

# "Strange Lady in Town"

CINEMASCOPE

WARNERCOLOR • STEREOPHONIC SOUND

PRODUCED AND  
DIRECTED BY  
MERVYN  
LEROY

STARRING  
**GREER  
GARSON**  
CAMERON MITCHELL



**DANA  
ANDREWS**

LOIS SMITH WITH WALTER HAMPDEN • GONZALEZ GONZALEZ

Hear the voice of FRANKIE LAINE singing 'Strange Lady in Town'

Story and Screen Play by FRANK BUTLER

MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY DIMITRI TIDKIN





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# Palmolive Soap Can Give You A Cleaner, Fresher Complexion...Today!

GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!

*See the difference with your own eyes!*



## 1. Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing!

Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You'll see that you didn't remove deep-down dirt and make-up. "Ordinary-clean" is just superficially clean!



## 2. Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial!

Rub your face the same way after 60-second massage with Palmolive. Pad is still snowy-white! "Palmolive-clean" is *deep-down* clean. Your skin is free of clinging dirt that casual cleansing misses.

DOCTORS PROVE  
PALMOLIVE'S  
BEAUTY RESULTS!



*Only a Soap This Mild* CAN WORK SO THOROUGHLY  
YET SO GENTLY! PALMOLIVE BEAUTY CARE CLEANS  
CLEANER, CLEANS DEEPER, WITHOUT IRRITATION!

No matter what your age or type of skin, doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care *can* give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin *deep-down* clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember... only a soap that is *truly* mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. That's why Palmolive's mildness is so important to you. It lets you massage a full minute *without irritation*.

Try mild Palmolive Soap today. In just 60 seconds, you'll be on your way toward new complexion beauty!



*Mild and  
gentle*



**modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!**

# **LOUELLA PARSONS** **in hollywood**



**Oscar-winner Marlon Brando  
applauds other winners  
at Academy Awards!**

## **IN THIS SECTION:**

**Good news  
Foreign press awards  
Big day for Doris  
I nominate Lucy Marlow  
On my soapbox  
The letter box**





# louella parsons'

## GOOD NEWS

### JUDY GARLAND WAS WIDE-EYED

and laughing and talking happily ten minutes after her first son was born by Caesarean section at the Cedars of Lebanon hospital.

It was the morning before the Academy Awards were presented and Judy said, "I've got my Oscar, already!"

Judy and Sid Luft had just said goodbye to their dinner guests, Frank Sinatra, Lauren Bacall (Mrs. Humphrey Bogart) and agent Irving Lazar, when Judy said, "I feel kinda funny."

"Funny" is hardly the word for it. Three hours later, she gave birth to a five-pound, eight-ounce, bouncing baby boy. She had previously told me that if it was a boy she wanted to call him Joshua. But Sid said that sounded too much like a kid in an Eton collar.

"I want to call him Joe," Sid told me over the telephone. "He's the prettiest baby you ever saw." Whatever they finally decide on, Joe evens up the Lufts' children at two boys and two girls.

It's Judy's third Caesarean operation. "And they say a woman can have four," she said. Well, she has told me often that she's never so happy as when she's pregnant!

**WHAT'S VERONIQUE PASSANI**—the girl who won Gregory Peck's heart—like? Is she a rarin', tearin' beauty? Is she glamorous? Is she a siren? No—to every one of these questions.

She dresses very plainly, wears no jewelry and is not even a beauty. But she has something much better, intelligence.

Greg brought her to see me. Vera, as he calls her, wore a very simple dark blue dress. She doesn't watch her figure, doesn't diet. Her eyes are lovely—her best feature—blue, almost violet colored. Her nose is large, and her figure is not particularly slender in the accepted "model" sense, but there is something about her that is extremely likable.

I thoroughly dislike coy women, most of whom get that way after they capture a prize like Peck. Veronique is not in the least coy. She's very down to earth.

She and Greg stayed about two hours. We discussed everything. She knows where you can get wonderful antiques in Paris and the places that are not good. She knows art. She was on *Paris Soir* and other French newspapers and she talks with the air of an educated woman.

I believe Greg will marry her as soon as



*Gregory Peck was there to receive his award—as the most popular actor in the world! Maureen O'Hara helped arrange the presentations.*



*Just a little while before her baby was born, Judy Garland and Sid Luft spent an evening out with John Ireland. Judy looked so well and happy—but not half so much as she is now with the baby boy she and Sid wanted so. I'm so glad for them.*



out for the Foreign Press Awards — given by the newspaper representatives of more than fifty countries!



*Ann Blyth, with Dr. Jim, of course, looked so sophisticated with that startling new hairdo that I hardly recognized her at first!*



*It always makes me feel good to see Rocky and Gary Gooper together. In spite of the troubles they had in the past, they are right for each other.*



*Rock Hudson brought his best girl, Phyllis Gates. I hear Rock has taken out a few other young ladies—but Phyllis is far and away his favorite!*

*The reconciliation of the year took place when Jeff Chandler and his nearly ex-wife Marge called off the divorce. Jeff had been very lonely.*







## I'm on my soapbox to laugh and laugh and laugh

■ What I'm laughing over this month is these "inside" stories in self-dubbed "inside" magazines that the romance between Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher is a *publicity stunt*!

This absurd gossip gained momentum when Debbie and Eddie postponed their marriage date from early June until the end of June. The decision was made by the kids because they will be clear of all professional dates by late June and can enjoy without interruption the two months' honeymoon in Europe they promised one another.

If Debbie and Eddie aren't sincerely in love, neither were Romeo and Juliet.

I sometimes think this skeptical idea about them was born because I, a newspaperwoman, happened to be on a trip with them to Las Vegas when they were just beginning to fall in love and weren't yet sure whether it was real enough for marriage.

If you remember, I wrote a story about the beginning of this romance which appeared in this magazine. Later, someone sniped sneeringly, "If they are so sincere about their romance—how come it 'bloomed' under the watchful eye of a columnist famous for her scoops?"

What utter nonsense!

These two famous young people are deeply in love and, God willing that nothing unforeseen happens, they will become husband and wife in June.

he's free. Theirs is not one of those fly-by-night romances. He and Veronique have been seeing each other for a long time. She is the first and the only woman in his life since he and Greta parted and, Greg insists, she was not the cause of their separation. Their marriage was already almost over.

There are always two sides to every marital tangle. Only a man of Greg's stature couldn't and wouldn't tell his side despite all the gossip.

The fact that the Peck boys adore Mlle. Passani is proof that there's something very nice about her because you can't fool children.

I asked her the usual question, "What do you think about California?"

"It's amazing," she said, "to walk out of the snow and sleet and bad weather into this glorious sunshine." She wanted to sit on the patio and breathe in the sunshine. But even for a Californian such as I have become, it was a little too chilly.

"This is the only call we've made so far," Greg told me. "I promised you that when Veronique came to California I wanted her to meet you. I think two newspaperwomen should have a lot to say to each other." And we did.

**AFTER THE JEFF CHANDLERS'** reconciliation, I heard a very cute story about how it came about.

Seems Jeff was in the habit of dropping by his home to visit Marge and the children (it was happening more and more frequently) and this particular night was no different from other times he came for dinner.

Only, after the kids had been put to bed and he and Marge were sitting listening to hi-fi, Jeff suddenly said to his about-to-be-divorced wife, "How would you like to go up to Phoenix with me and watch the Giants work out?"

Marge gasped. "But Jeff," she said, puzzled, "that would look awfully funny, wouldn't it, with our divorce final in just a few days—and everything?"

Jeff said, "It wouldn't look funny, would it, if we told the world we are together again and that I'm moving back home? Would it, Marge?"

What happened immediately after that is very much Jeff and Marge's own business—but you know the happy outcome. From Phoenix, from the ball park, came the happy news that the Chandlers are together again—and will be remarried.

If only all Hollywood divorce stories could end like this one what a happy town this would be!

**I SINCERELY HOPE** that Ruth Roman and Mortimer Hall have called off divorce plans by the time you read this. As of this writing, he's still living at the house and I can't help feeling somehow that Ruth does not want this divorce.

The rumors have been circulating about Ruth and Morty for well over a year. They had a big and loud argument in front of Chasen's one night. But the next day, both were laughing it off, saying, "Name us a married couple that doesn't have a battle now and then."

Let's hope their sense of humor returns be-



**When Doris Day reported to Metro for the first time, the whole studio turned out to make her welcome!**



*The studio police were the first to say hello when Doris drove onto the lot.*



*The picture was Love Me Or Leave Me, about the singer, Ruth Etting.*



*Dodo and director Charles Vidor looked at Ruth Etting's scrapbook.*



*Producer Joe Pasternak went over sketches of the sets with Doris.*



*Then Doris ran over the music with musical director Johnny Green.*



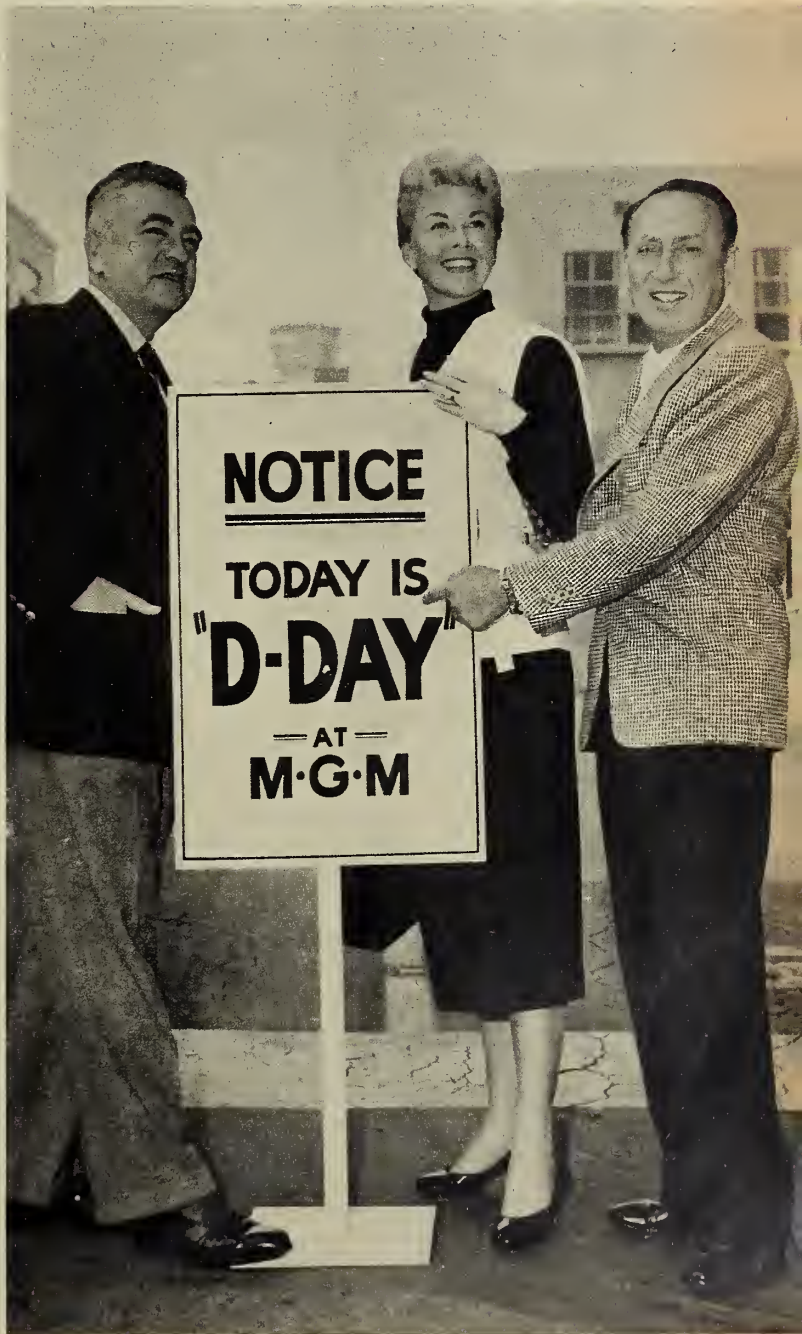
*Designer Helen Rose showed Doris drawings of the 1920-style dresses.*



*Then Dodo joined husband Marty Melcher for lunch at the commissary, said hello—and goodbye—to Stewart Granger just before he left for India.*



*Jane Powell came over to say hello and good luck to a fellow-songstress. Everyone on the lot was so friendly to Doris, who just beamed all day.*



*And she got such a big kick out of the sign Pasternak and Vidor had put up! It really shows how much Dodo is liked by Hollywoodites.*





Hollywood was a happy town despite illnesses this month; I saw s



*Ruth Roman and her husband Mortimer Hall have been talking about divorce, but I hope they won't go through with it. They haven't been fighting lately, I believe.*



*Brenda Marshall is certainly one of the best-looking women in Hollywood—and one of the happiest. She's never regretted giving up her career for Bill Holden.*



*Marlon Brando, who certainly does seem a different—and very respectable—boy these days, came to Marguerite Piazza's party and spent the evening laughing and chatting in the most friendly way. He was dressed perfectly for the occasion, too.*

fore they make that final leap which means, "The end."

**IT WAS A MONTH OF ILLNESSES** and near casualties for many stars. Pier Angeli and Mrs. Guy Madison, both expectant mothers, had similar shocking mishaps on airplanes.

Pier fell in the ladies' room of a plane flying between Los Angeles and Palm Springs and at first it was feared her injuries might bring about the loss of her expected baby. Vic Damone was so concerned, he canceled an engagement in Milwaukee to be at her hospital bedside. He was threatened with a lawsuit for failing to appear.

Said Vic, "I don't care. A million lawsuits won't make me leave Pier at this time."

Sheila (Mrs. Guy) Madison is another mother-to-be who became very ill after a particularly rough airplane trip from Mexico City. Guy was so worried about her that he gave up their house at Malibu even though they had six months to go on their lease and

moved Sheila into an apartment in Hollywood to be near her doctor.

Elizabeth Taylor had a very bad time during the birth of baby Christopher Wilding and was a very sick girl indeed for weeks afterward.

She lost ten pounds in three weeks following the arrival of her second son, could not regain her appetite and underwent four blood transfusions.

With Mike Wilding facing surgery, the cook down with the flu and even the dog at the vet's, Liz wistfully says their household is like a clinic.

Even the rugged he-men were getting bad breaks. Tony Curtis and Arthur Kennedy collided on horseback, making a thrill scene for *The Rawhide Years* at Lone Pine, California, with the result that Kennedy had to be rushed to a hospital with a broken ankle.

And on a ski slide at Sun Valley, Dick Powell took such a tumble that he broke his

shoulder. "Poor Dick," sympathized June Allyson, "it was his first real vacation in eighteen months."

**MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN'S** invitation to meet the charming Irish couturière, Sybil Connolly, brought out such distinguished guests that I won't say this cocktail party was the closest thing to a good old Irish hoedown I've ever attended.

Such dancing of Irish jigs—such inspired singing of Irish tunes by Maureen O'Hara and her attractive mother, Mrs. Fitz-Simons, held two brothers!!

The party started at five in the afternoon and it did not end until way after midnight.

You'd hardly call the two exotic Gabor sisters, Zsa Zsa and Eva, Irish lassies, but the two beauties certainly entered into the spirit of the occasion. Eva's gown was white satin printed in huge red roses with which she wore ruby earrings shaped like roses. Zsa Zsa was in a much more conservative salmon-colored chiffon.



many smiling faces all around me.



Eleanor Powell is another star who gave up a career that might have hurt her marriage. She and Glenn Ford always seem happy together.



Janet Leigh and George Nader met at a premiere, stopped to chat. Janet is letting her hair grow again; it's most becoming, I must say.

Perhaps it was because the guest of honor is Ireland's most noted stylist—and certainly one of its real beauties—that all the gals were turned out like fashion plates for that party.

Evie (Mrs. Van) Johnson's cocktail dress was of sheer black mesh over a vivid Spanish red sheath.

Mrs. Charles Boyer looked charming in a shirtmaker style beige satin blouse with rhinestone buttons and satin skirt piped in kelly green.

Joan Fontaine's dress was of chiffon in various hues of grey ranging all the way from charcoal to mist.

Gracie Allen, always one of our best-dressed women, wore a beautiful red cocktail suit and Maureen O'Hara (a redhead) was really vivid in a red taffeta full-skirted dress.

Dolores Hope was another who wore a suit—she couldn't stay too late because she brought with her the oldest daughter of the

## I nominate for stardom: LUCY MARLOW

■ The newcomer who played the giddy starlet in *A Star Is Born* played it so well that a real new star is born—Lucy Marlow herself.

Columbia Pictures immediately signed this sparkling five-foot, 116-pound, brown-haired, brown-eyed charmer to a long term contract and after giving her short workouts in *Lucky Me*, *Tight Spot* and *My Sister Eileen*, handed her a role almost equal in importance to Joan Crawford's in *Queen Bee*.

The studio bosses believe it will do for Lucy what *Mildred Pierce* did for Ann Blyth.

The twenty-two-year-old honey is a local gal, born in Los Angeles on November 20, 1932. The name on her birth certificate is Lucy Ann McAleer. Her family has been prominent in civic matters for many years. Her uncle, Owen McAleer, was mayor of Los Angeles from 1908 to 1912.

"I attended Los Angeles High School and, like most of the other girls who go to school in movietown, I was movie struck. Used to read all the fan magazines and wrote my favorite stars for their autographs and photos. I was always disappointed when some of them didn't respond. I'll never make that mistake, believe me."

The first actor she ever met in "real life" was James Mason the morning she reported to work on *A Star Is Born*.

"He was very gracious to me and treated me as though I were an important star," glows the excited Lucy—who is well on her way to becoming one.







## the letter box

BARBARA ELEN, DOWNEY, CALIFORNIA, is already an ardent James Dean fan: "At the première of a movie in Hollywood, I was standing on the sidelines behind the ropes, and I was amazed when the m.c. at the microphone failed to recognize Mr. Dean. I called to him from the sidelines and asked him to sign my autograph book. He said, 'Thank you very much for recognizing me. It makes me feel like a movie star. You are the first to ask for my autograph. I won't forget.' Imagine!" *Thanks for your nice close-up of James.*

MRS. MARY LEONA CLEMENTS, 6545 ST. HELENA AVENUE, BALTIMORE 22, MARYLAND, writes that her eleven-year-old daughter, Mary Leona, has a favorite Hollywood married couple—"Guy Madison and his lovely wife, Sheila. They can make a little girl very happy by sending her a picture of both of them." *Are you listenin', Guy and Sheila?*

KATHLEEN MURPHY, NEW YORK, thinks Grace Kelly dates men too old for her. "I'd like Grace to meet Tyrone Power now that he's back in the open market."

"Why do you hate Marlon Brando so much?" EVA ST. CLAIR queries from BUFFALO. "He's only the greatest actor since John Barrymore." *You've got me wrong, little Eva. I don't hate Marlon and I agree that he is a fine actor.*

CATHERINA GIREE, STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN, has plenty of nice things to say about Ava Gardner: "Whatever she may have said or done in Brazil, Miss Gardner was extremely charming and lovely when she visited our city for the première of *The Barefoot Contessa*. She was graciousness itself to fans and press. As for her beauty, she is out of this world!"

FRED DALIAS, STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK, is finished with the Academy Awards. "When this group (whoever they are) completely ignores Richard Burton's magnificent performance in *Prince Of Players*, I'm through with them." *So take that and that!*

Hopes, a really lovely looking, tall, blonde child who whispered in my ear that this was her third cocktail party, "My mother and father gave the other two," she explained to me. A charming girl.

**DAN O'HERLIHY WAS ANOTHER** one of Maureen's guests attracting much favorable attention. The good-looking Irishman told me he was more surprised than anyone else when he was nominated for an Oscar for his performance in *Robinson Crusoe*.

His charming wife laughingly remarked, "When his name was called at the Coconut Grove and he stepped in front of the television cameras, I thought he was going to faint. And I knew I was!"

Dan said that what surprised him most was that he didn't have a big studio behind him—or even a high pressure press agent. "I wish the votes weren't secret," he smiled. "I'd like to shake the hand of every voter who selected me."

**PERSONAL OPINIONS:** Robert Mitchum is just wonderful in *Not As A Stranger*. I hereby publicly eat my words that Stanley Kramer had pulled a boner in casting Bob in the best-selling novel. So don't accuse me of always refusing to admit I am wrong.

Never, in all the time she has been married to Alan Ladd, fourteen years, has Sue Ladd been as slender and pretty as she is these days.

Lori Nelson wears clips or pins on the sleeves of her cocktail dresses and pretty sweaters—something new in the fashion department.

Ingrid Bergman's radio interview in Stockholm, answering the critics who panned her acting in *Joan At The Stake* was a scorcher, the first time she has referred to her troubles publicly since she left American shores. Said an angry Ingrid, "In America I am considered a fine actress but an unmoral woman. In my own country, I am considered a brave and courageous woman and a bad actress!"



Marilyn Monroe and Milton Berle appeared at the opening of the circus in New York for the benefit of the Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation. At one point Marilyn rode an elephant!



# Here's Why Listerine Stops Bad Breath 4 Times Better Than Tooth Paste!



## Germ—The Major Cause of Mouth Odor

Far and away the most common cause of bad breath is fermentation, caused by



germs, of proteins which are always present in the mouth. Research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth.

## Listerine Antiseptic Kills Germs by Millions

Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions on contact. Test after test has shown that even fifteen minutes after gargling with Listerine Antiseptic, germs on tooth, mouth, and throat surfaces were reduced up to 96.7%; one hour afterward, as much as 80%.

## No Tooth Paste Kills Germs Like This ... Instantly

Tooth paste with the aid of a tooth brush is an effective method of oral hygiene. But no tooth paste gives you the proven Listerine Antiseptic method—banishing bad breath with super-efficient germ-killing action. As a result, Listerine stops bad breath instantly, usually for hours on end. No tooth paste offers proof like this of killing germs that cause bad breath.

### LISTERINE ACTS ON 3 AREAS WHERE BREATH ODORS CAN START



## LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

... the most widely  
used antiseptic  
in the world





*All the Fun of Life is in it!...*

**STEP OUT**  
with Fred and  
his loveliest  
entertainment  
date!

It's all  
enchantment...  
and pure delight...  
because "Lili's"  
in love with  
**Daddy Long Legs...**  
all the way from Paris  
to the Waldorf.

Oh Daddy! What Songs!  
SOMETHING'S GOTTA GIVE • DREAM  
HISTORY OF THE BEAT • BLUEFOOT  
WELCOME EGGHEAD  
C-A-T SPELLS CAT

**Terry Moore · Thelma Ritter**

WITH FRED CLARK  
RAY ANTHONY (AND HIS ORCHESTRA)

co-starring



*All the Joy of Love is in it!...*

It's the whole world dancing to the music in your heart!

Fred Astaire Leslie Caron

Starring in  
20th CENTURY-FOX'S



# Daddy Long Legs

America's best-loved story becomes its most enchanting musical in

## CINEMASCOPE

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PRODUCED BY Samuel G. Engel • DIRECTED BY Jean Negulesco • SCREEN PLAY BY Phoebe and Henry Ephron  
FROM THE NOVEL BY JEAN WEBSTER • BALLET BY ROLAND PETIT



# Why are more and more business girls using Tampax?

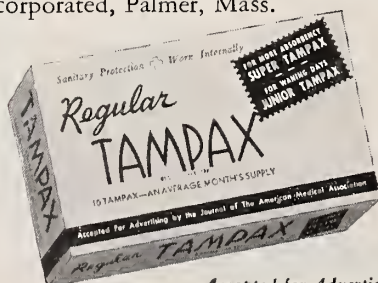


Ask the company doctor or the staff nurse. They're very apt to tell you that the Tampax user is much more likely to take "those days" in her stride. But the girls themselves are still most impressed by the freedom and assurance that doctor-invented Tampax gives. Here are some of the things they say:

"I can't be bothered with all that other rigmarole; Tampax is quick and easy to change." . . . "I *must* have protection that prevents odor." . . . "No telltale bulges for me; not, of all places, in the office!" . . . "Tampax is so comfortable, I almost forget it's 'time-of-the-month.'"

Girls starting work often decide on Tampax because of admiration for some older, perfectly poised woman in the organization who uses it. From its daintiness of handling to its ease of disposability, Tampax seems made for the woman who has to be on the go all the time, who has to meet people with charm and assurance under any circumstances.

The druggist or notion counter in your neighborhood carries Tampax in all three absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply goes into purse or tucks in the back of a drawer. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

*With a hopeful heart,  
Ingrid Bergman  
set off for  
Sweden—and found a  
chilly welcome from*



## THE COLD FOLKS AT HOME

■ For the last year, Ingrid Bergman has been touring Europe with *Joan Of Arc At The Stake*, a speaking opera directed by her husband, Roberto Rossellini. The notices have not been good.

The climax came when the beautiful Swedish actress returned to her own country. At a charity in Stockholm, Ingrid had been invited to draw the lucky numbers in a lottery. She raised her right hand for silence.

"I was happy to come home to my own country and my own language," she began. "I was received with warm, spontaneous applause when *Joan Of Arc* opened. After the curtain fell I said to my husband, 'Now I can lay myself down to die and feel happy.'"

"But after reading the critics the next day, I wished I had died.

"Only last night," the actress continued, her eyes growing misty with tears, "I read an article which said that I am a woman who is showing herself for money and that the fire at the stake resounds to the crinkling of bank notes.

"The writer wants to make out that I first made my name in America as the well-bred young lady of the manor from Sweden and that later in Italy I played the part of the good mother who has taken her life into her own hands.

"And that now nothing remains to me but to rove from city to city, from land to land, like a woman outlawed.

"I know I am not the only artist to suffer this fate. The Swedes cannot suffer anybody to differ from the crowd."

In the Grand Hotel the next day Ingrid Bergman, still mortified, locked herself in her hotel suite and received no callers. But she did accept a small mountain of flowers rushed to her by many Swedish admirers. These did not neutralize the letters, mostly anonymous, mailed to her by Swedish detractors.

"I cannot tell you," she wailed, "how many of these I have received from my own countrymen in the last few weeks. I am at the point of desperation. I cannot sleep because of the mental torture."

Financially, *Joan* was a tremendous success in Stockholm. Ingrid, however, has rarely been interested in money. To her love and career are important.

As for love, she still has Rossellini and three children. As for career, Darryl Zanuck of 20th Century-Fox recently flew to Europe in an effort to sign her for the Hollywood version of *Anastasia*, a hit play on Broadway.

Ingrid may yet return to Hollywood where she built her world-wide fame.





*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!



FABULOUS LOTION SHAMPOO BY TONI



## Antibiotics in Your Daily Life



by  
**William I.  
Fishbein,  
M. D.**

The world hears a great deal of "miracle drugs" and most of them represent years of patient and diligent study in the laboratories and clinics.

For example, in 1931, Rene J. Dubos, then associated with the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research, discovered tyrothricin. Tyrothricin is one of the most powerful of the antibiotics—stated simply, it is effective because it aids the defenses of the body in combatting harmful bacteria. The general use of tyrothricin has been delayed until research has definitely shown that it would cause no harmful effects or reactions. In the forefront of this research have been the pharmaceutical companies, and no company has been more zealous than McKesson & Robbins.

Tyrothricin is effective in preventing perspiration odor by inhibiting the growth of skin bacteria responsible for this condition—and this "magic" antibiotic is equally effective in skin infections, in sinus infections, for wounds, abscesses and burns, and for hemorrhoids or piles. Research also indicated the amount which may be used without causing sensitivity reactions, yet produce the maximum benefits.

Laboratory and clinical research has enabled McKesson and Robbins to announce a series of preparations for the specific uses outlined above. It is to their credit that they have not introduced them until they were convinced that excellent results would be obtained and that there would be no reactions. Tyrothricin used externally is not absorbed into the blood stream as are certain other antibiotics.

That is one reason why it is particularly suited for direct application to a localized spot of irritation or inflammation on the skin, nose or throat. McKesson and Robbins have developed special products for use on these portions of the body.

Look for these  
**McKesson Antibiotic Products**  
at Your Drug Store

**NEO-AQUA-DRIN LOZENGES**—for the relief of minor throat irritations.

**NEO-AQUA-DRIN NOSE DROPS**—for the relief of congestion due to head colds, sinus, etc.

**UTOL**—for relief of pimples and minor burns and skin abrasions.

**POSITOS**—ointment and suppositories for the relief of discomfort due to hemorrhoids.

**BORIC ACID  
OINTMENT  
AMMONIATED  
MERCURY  
OINTMENT**

**ICTHAMOL  
OINTMENT  
ZINC OXIDE  
OINTMENT**

# To Every Woman Who Has Suffered Underarm Burn, Rash...or Worse...

**NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME...  
THE PROTECTION OF  
A MIRACLE ANTIBIOTIC  
IN A DEODORANT!**



Revolutionary antibiotic New Yodora stops perspiration odor—gives safer, longer-lasting protection. Its light, creamy base keeps sensitive underarm area softer, smoother, lovelier. And New Yodora never cakes—always stays fresh—delicately fragrant. No other deodorant ever promised better, safer, surer protection from perspiration odor.

New Yodora is unconditionally guaranteed by McKesson & Robbins.

Large Size **43¢** plus tax Economy Size **69¢** plus tax



**The First... the Only  
Deodorant with  
Miracle Antibiotic  
Pertexol\* for  
Sensitive Skin!**

**A McKESSON PRODUCT**

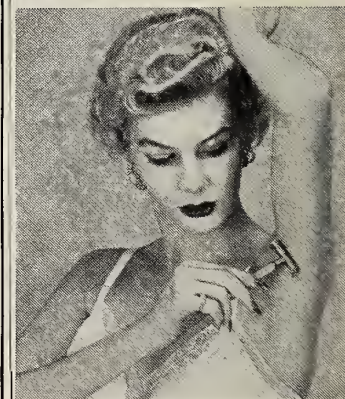
**NEW YODORA**

## Scientific Facts About Harsh, Irritating Chemicals for Underarm Use

Laboratory tests show that these dangerous chemicals often invite trouble to sensitive underarm area. This is why you may have noticed redness, roughness of underarm skin.

## Scientific Facts About Revolutionary New ANTIBIOTIC Yodora

Only New Yodora contains Pertexol\*, the miracle antibiotic that combats bacteria responsible for skin irritations. New Yodora gives longer-lasting protection from perspiration odor because its exclusive antibiotic destroys odor-causing bacteria on contact. New Yodora is guaranteed not to contain harsh chemicals that irritate skin and chemically ruin your clothes.



## Imagine a Deodorant Recommended for Shaving!

New Yodora with antibiotic Pertexol\* is so mild and gentle we can even recommend shaving with it. No other deodorant would dare suggest this!

1. Apply soft, antibiotic New Yodora—rub gently into skin.
2. Shave underarms with slow downward strokes.
3. Remove excess with tissue—smooth remainder well into skin.

That's all you need do to stop perspiration odor. Whether you shave or not, one application daily of New Yodora is the new, sure answer to your deodorant problem.

\*A brand of tyrothricin



For Esther Williams,  
teaching blind children can  
be an education.



## JUST LIKE A DANDELION

■ The seven-year-old blind girl who was talking to Esther Williams at the Home for the Visually Handicapped Children in Los Angeles, touched gently at a silk ribbon in the movie star's hair. "This feels smooth and nice," she said. "What color is it?"

Most of the children at this home where Esther teaches a swimming class twice a week, have been blind from birth, but she knew that this particular child had vision until she was four. Yet, thought Esther, naming the color wouldn't mean anything to her, probably. So she sought to answer by illustration.

"It's like when you look up at the sun," she replied, knowing that when the blind turn their faces to the sun, most of them can sense its radiance.

"Yellow!" exclaimed the girl instantly, sounding very pleased. "The ribbon is yellow." Her fingers moved now from Esther's hair and touched at the dress which was white. "What color is this?" she asked.

"Why that—that's like a dandelion," replied Esther. And she was annoyed with herself for not being able to think of a better comparison.

"Like when it's ready to go 'poof?'" responded the blind child.

"Yes," marveled Esther. "You do remember, don't you?"

"Oh, yes!" said the little girl. "I remember all the things in my old world. They help me see the things in my new one!"

# Introducing the first girdle to give you That French Look and the Freedom you love

## NEW PLAYTEX *High Style* GIRDLE



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 you 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!* The Playtex High Style washes in seconds—and you can practically watch it dry.

Look for Playtex® High Style Girdle. Other Playtex Girdles from \$3.50. At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.

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known everywhere  
as the girdle  
in the SLIM tube.



New Playtex "High Style" Bra in coal cotton! Party-pretty embroidered cotton gives you that French li-ft plus fabulous fit! Only \$2.95

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**BLOTS OUT  
HICKIES  
INSTANTLY!**



**Blots out embarrassing  
blemishes instantly! Blends  
with your skin best of all!**



**Dries up hickies quicker! Keeps  
'em out of sight, concealing  
better while healing faster!**

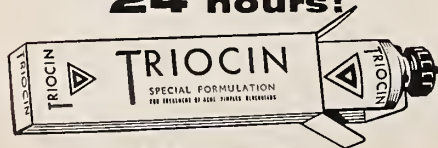


**Clears up acne faster! Often  
in 24 hours, your skin can  
meet your date-line!**

**O**n the job—or on a date—don't let unsightly acne rob *your* confidence, now that TRIOCIN can rescue you! Hateful eruptions can be concealed *instantly*—can be *improved*, often in *24 hours*! TRIOCIN relieves over-active oil glands and thickening pores. It discourages bacteria growth, thus preventing further infection. Get TRIOCIN right away! It's 3 *ways better*! A \$1.29 tube can save a lot of heartbreak!

Also use TRIOCIN Blue Foam first, the mildest bubble-foam designed for cleansing sensitive skins. 89¢. Both products available at druggists.

**improves acne...  
OFTEN IN  
24 hours!**



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# NEW MOVIES

by *florence epstein*



Starting as a dime-a-dance girl, Ruth Etting (Doris Day) makes her way to the top—but with the help of the people who destroy her.



In the process she loses the one man (Cameron Mitchell) who could have made her happy. But she does win the great fame she wanted.

## Picture of the Month: LOVE ME OR LEAVE ME

■ Maybe you don't know who Ruth Etting was. She was a dime-a-dance girl fired with such ambition that she let a racketeer help her to singing fame. She had a one-track mind about singing, so it never occurred to her that someday she'd have to pay back Mr. Snyder for all the favors. It occurs to him, though, and he never forgets. The unusual thing about *Love Me Or Leave Me* is that unlike most screen biographies it has the harsh ring of truth. Behind the tinsel of glamour you not only see the tawdry struggle, it hits you right between the eyes. The other unusual thing is James Cagney's performance as a hostile, crippled, little big-shot who inspires your pity as well as your distaste. They call him the Gimp and he buys Chicago for Ruth (Doris Day); later he gets her into Ziegfeld's Follies, but he doesn't leave her there. What Ruth never considers is that she might have gotten to the top on her own, and had the love (Cameron Mitchell) she wanted with half the pain. Instead, she has to marry Snyder and lose most of her will to live. He, feeling cheated and like a nobody, is literally driven out of his mind. Long enough, anyway, to shoot the man she loves. Along with this sensationalism there's singing by Doris Day which is always a pleasure to hear. CinemaScope—MGM.



DO ME LIKE YOU DO ♪ DOWN, BOY ♪ WHICH ONE ♪ I'VE GOT A CRUSH ON YOU ♪

THE MUSICAL SHOW THAT'S GOT EVERYTHING!!!

Fun is bustin' out all over  
in this honey of a hit  
with lively tunes...  
luscious lovelies...  
and laughs galore!

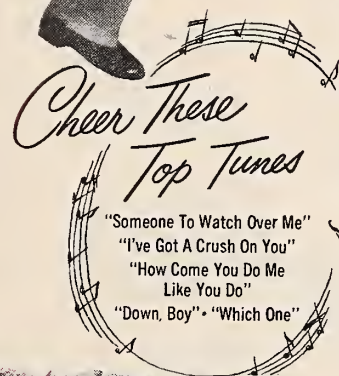
SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER ME ♪ I'VE GOT A CRUSH ON YOU ♪

HOW COME YOU DO ME LIKE YOU DO ♪ WHICH ONE ♪ DOWN, BOY ♪



**BETTY GRABLE** ★ **MARGE and GOWER CHAMPION**

**JACK LEMMON**



# THREE FOR THE SHOW

with **MYRON McCORMICK**

Screen Play by EDWARD HOPE and LEONARD STERN

Based on a play by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

Produced by JONIE TAPS • Directed by H. C. POTTER

A COLUMBIA PICTURE



**CINEMASCOPE**  
Color by  
**TECHNICOLOR**



# Betty's BLUE



## PERIODIC PAIN

Don't let the calendar make a slave of you, Betty! Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water... that's all. Midol brings faster relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

**"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"** a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep't F-65, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

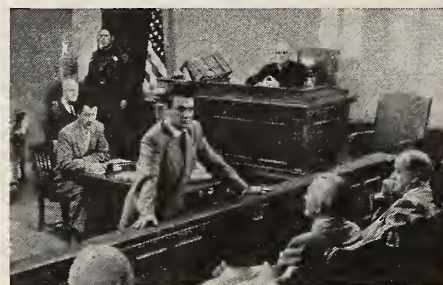
# Betty's GAY WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores  
have Midol



**END OF THE AFFAIR** Van Johnson is a writer and Deborah Kerr is married to a civil servant who wears horn-rimmed glasses. They all meet during the "blitz" days in London. And what starts out to be a casual affair turns into the most painful kind of romance. It is very sensitive; it is very haunted (as are all the novels by Graham Greene—and this movie is based on one) and its underlying theme is redemption. Johnson, madly in love, is full of jealousy and suspicion. Deborah Kerr, torn between passion for him, pity for her husband and guilt for her feelings calls out to God one day, and to her shock and disbelief He answers. Then her tortured struggle toward salvation begins: the first step of which is to give up Johnson. Adding a touch of lightness is John Mills' neatly drawn performance of a private detective whom Johnson, at one point, hires to spy on Miss Kerr.—Col.



**CELL 2455, DEATH ROW** The man who wrote the book that made this movie is sitting in Death Row right now. And no wonder they can't decide whether or not to pull the switch. Here's his story from the day he was a kid making faces at animals in the zoo. That was the day his mother became paralyzed in an auto accident and his life fell apart. Teen-age gangs, reform school, months in solitary and escape from Chino, the model prison without bars, into a career of more crime. He gets the death sentence for being a murdering sex fiend—but that's the charge no one can prove and to which he pleads innocent. Although his defense is as shaky as the state's case against him. One thing, William Campbell turns in a good job as the accused, but you don't come away exactly liking the guy—even though you know he grew up with plenty of strikes against him. With Robert Campbell, Marian Carr.—Col.



**CULT OF THE COBRA** The same curiosity that killed the cat makes short shrift of several nice G.I.'s who were looking for a little fun in Asia. Of all people to come up against, they have to find some who get a glassy look in their eyes and turn to cobras. The boys sneak into their temple and in the middle of a snake dance G.I. James Dobson pulls out his camera and wants everybody to pose. "The Cobra Goddess will avenge herself!" the high priest shrieks, as the boys hightail it for their jeep. Right away one of them drops dead. Snakebite. Back in New York they all feel pretty safe. Another one drops dead. Snakebite. You'd think it would get boring, but it doesn't. All the deaths look violently accidental and what cop will buy that hocus-pocus story? And how can lovesick young Marshall Thompson look his slinky girl friend (Faith Domergue) in the eye and call her a cobra? With Richard Long, Kathleen Hughes.—U.I.



**5 AGAINST THE HOUSE** Maybe you can break the bank in a Reno gambling joint, but you can't break into the safe and get away with it. That's what two college buddies (Kerwin Mathews and Alvy Moore) keep telling Brian Keith, when a third buddy (Guy Madison) isn't begging him to go back to the Army hospital for psychiatric treatment. Rich boy Mathews worked out a foolproof scheme just to test his ingenuity, and he's anxious to prove it for laughs. Trouble is, Keith can't laugh anymore. Every minute he's getting sicker and sicker. Thanksgiving arrives and the boys are rolling down to Reno in a trailer. Kim Novak is in that trailer, too. (She didn't come with it. She came with Guy Madison to marry him.) Kim and Madison don't know what's cooking until Keith starts boiling over and produces a pistol. From then on it's exciting business, even though hardly a gunshot is heard.—Col.



**MAMBO** Here's a movie (filmed in Italy) with plenty of good atmosphere and important things to say about lost people—so why it makes you laugh instead of cry I can't figure. Although it may have something to do with the dialogue, which sounds like it was written in a deep coma. Anyway, Silvana Mangano is a beautiful product of the slums, loved (but not well) by a cynical, generally unemployed croupier (Vittorio Gassman); and lusted after by a cynical, fatally ill count (Michael Rennie). Into this decadent setting comes the wildly dedicated dance troupe of Katherine Dunham and their manager (Shelley Winters)—a frustrated, lonely devotee of the art. She makes a dancer out of Silvana in an attempt to live through her. But Silvana—like everyone else in this movie—can't even live for herself. At least, not until she suffers some soul-shattering experiences.—Para.



**SEVEN ANGRY MEN** The angriest man of all is John Brown, fanatic abolitionist. The other six are his sons, whose wrath is unevenly divided between slavery and their father. John Brown was not an easy person to live with. He didn't actually believe he was God, but he harbored the notion that he was God's right hand man. Since his cause was great, it wasn't simple for his sons to rebel. Raymond Massey plays Brown with his usual eloquence. His sons work with him in his Free State camp in Kansas. When border ruffians destroy a nearby town, Brown, Bible in hand, feels perfectly free to take an eye for an eye and orders death penalties. A couple of sons leave in revulsion. Always loyal is Owen (Jeffrey Hunter) the oldest boy, who promises his fiancée (Debra Paget) that he'll quit The Cause for farming. But he can't quit, is there at Harper's Ferry when Brown's plan to raise an army overnight fails.—Allied Artists.





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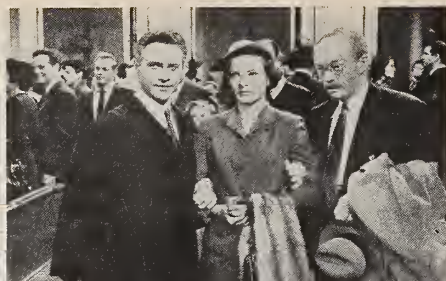




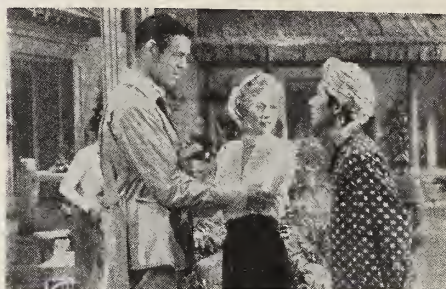
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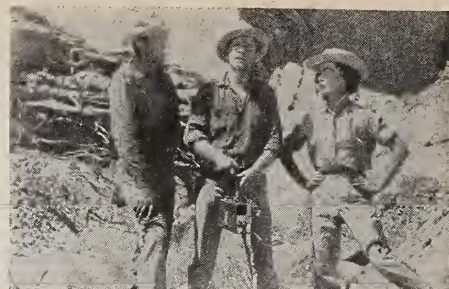
**A MAN CALLED PETER** The book was a best seller, and the movie will probably be. It's an inspirational story of a man who found God early in his life and who served Him nobly the rest of his days which, unfortunately, were less than most. Peter Marshall (Richard Todd) was Chaplain of the U. S. Senate when he died. He began life in Scotland, worked in the mills by day, studied at night and finally saved enough money to come to America where he trained for the ministry. His career, once it started, steadily brought him acclaim. Even more important, it brought people who had rarely seen the inside of one, into church. Marshall's heartfelt sermons changed the life of a young college girl (Jean Peters) whose love for him was happily returned. Their marriage was inspiring, too. And you are treated to many of Mr. Marshall's exciting sermons. All of which is reason enough to see this movie. CinemaScope—20th-Fox



**ESCAPE TO BURMA** I liked the part where that old Sawbwa of Sakar is having Bob Ryan whipped in the back yard of his palace while Barbara Stanwyck stands around waving an envelope that proves Ryan is innocent. Time she gets that envelope open Ryan's half way to his final rest. That's how justice moves in Burma—slow. Slow as all those elephants Miss Stanwyck charms into docility around her teak forest. For years she's been in that forest, living in lonely splendor with a gorgeous wardrobe going to waste. Till the day Ryan comes galloping out of the jungle with a bag of rubies round his neck and a murder rap on his head. Talk is he killed his best friend—the Sawbwa's son—for the loot, and cops of all nations, including Britain's David Farrar are after him. Ryan, being a strong, touchy type won't say if he's guilty or not. But love he'll talk about anytime. With Murvyn Vye. Technicolor—RKO



**BLACKBOARD JUNGLE** The stories you hear about violence in our schools are enough to curdle your blood, and if nothing is done to remedy this situation you can't blame MGM, who pulled out the stops in this highly dramatic film. Glenn Ford, sensitive young teacher, is thrown into the "garbage can" of city schools to pit his ideals against a group of hoodlums (his students). At times his struggle is pathetic, and he's surrounded by apathy in tired teachers like Louis Calhern. Ford gets beaten up, his wife (Anne Francis) gets poison pen letters, his pet peeve (Vic Morrow) pulls a knife on him. And early in the game he's saving teacher Margaret Hayes from attempted rape. How Ford makes a dent in the wall with the aid of Negro student Sidney Poitier provides a moving, if slick, solution. But you'll watch every second and you may learn a lot about tough kids and how to handle them.—MGM



**CANYON CROSSROADS** There's such a mean ole critter in this movie you wonder how he lived so long. Old man that ought to be sitting in a rocker instead of up in the dusty hills of Colorado dynamiting entrances to mines and shooting people in the back. But there he is—making life hell for Richard Basehart and Phyllis Kirk who, after days of rough riding, are absorbed in a Geiger counter that practically jumps out of their hands, the rocks are so full of uranium. Naturally, where there's uranium there's greed, and where there's greed there's shooting, and where there's shooting there's dying, and where there's dying there's a hero (that's Basehart) fighting for all he's worth. Only this time his target is a man in a helicopter (Stephen Elliot, who's too rich for mere horses). That's a switch, the only one I noticed in this episodic film. With Russell Collins.—U.A.

#### RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

**EAST OF EDEN (Warners):** One of the best films ever made in Hollywood, this is a violently dramatic tale of a boy (James Dean) who longs for love. Richard Davalos, Jo Van Fleet, Raymond Massey give excellent performances as his family, Julie Harris is splendid as the girl who understands him. Dean is nothing short of marvelous. Don't miss this latest Elia Kazan production.

**DAY OF TRIUMPH (Century):** Sensitive and tastefully told, the story of Christ comes alive in this movie. And there's a fictional plot involving the Zealots, a group of fanatics. Lee J. Cobb, Joanne Dru. Eastman Color.

**MARTY (U.A.):** Ernest Borgnine and Betsy Blair turn this simple story into a beautiful little movie. Adapted from the tv play, it tells of the love between two ordinary people leading ordinary lives. There's comedy as well as tenderness.

**THE GLASS SLIPPER (MGM):** Leslie Caron and Michael Wilding do a charming job in MGM's idea of the Cinderella tradition. Not as good as *Lili*, but fun.

**MAN WITHOUT A STAR (U.I.):** Kirk Douglas is the man, Jeanne Crain the woman, in a western mostly about wandering men. With William Campbell, Richard Boone.

**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 is fine, as usual, 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.

**TIGHT SPOT (Col):** A really exciting thriller about big-time crime and the people caught in it. With Ginger Rogers, Edward G. Robinson, Katherine Anderson, Brian Keith.



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## "SOMETHING ON MY SHOULDER"



■ Betty Hutton reads the Bible every night of her life before she goes to sleep. She never has given a performance that hasn't been preceded by a prayer. She has abiding faith in God.

She feels deeply that the success she has had in show business is a direct result of prayer, that she was meant to entertain others, and that God has helped her constantly.

"How else could it have happened?" she asks. "When I was a kid I had no talent. I was just plain loud. I've learned a lot since then, sure, but all the odds were against me. It *must* have been God helping."

She is a fatalist, believing that things are meant to be or not meant to be, and she accepts the good and the bad with gratitude and humility. When she has a stroke of good fortune she says, "Something's on my shoulder," and if she has a disappointment she feels it has happened for her own ultimate good. Again she says, "Something's on my shoulder."

When both Hollywood and circus people were astounded by her courage and skill in learning trapeze work for *The Greatest Show On Earth*, Betty merely attributed the whole thing to Providence. And when now she looks back on it and shudders to think of the chances she took, she is doubly sure that Something was on her shoulder.

Every coincidence that has evolved into a break for Betty is, according to her, the result of her faith. And while it may be true, we cannot help thinking that Betty, with her talent and penchant for hard work, is helped, perhaps, because she helps herself.



# the victory of JOHNNIE RAY



With ex-wife Marilyn Morrison, Don Dailey

■ A strictly self-taught, pick-up pianist with a natural love for singing, Johnnie Ray started at an early age performing at church socials, school assemblies and with a boys' club. One day when Johnnie was about ten, some of the club members tossed the small fry in a blanket. Johnnie bounced too high, missed the blanket and landed on his ear, which caused him to lose more than fifty per cent of his hearing.

For a long time, nobody knew what had come over Johnnie, not even Johnnie himself. When he failed to understand what was being said to him people thought he was obstinately refusing to pay attention. He became sullen and solitary.

When he was fifteen, Johnnie's trouble was discovered and he was fitted with a hearing aid, which he has worn ever since. As he rediscovered the world he lived in, he felt the need to express all the pent-up emotions he had experienced during his years of withdrawal.

Johnnie's rise in the entertainment world has been slow. He tried recording. And he took out his heart-aches penning some 154 songs, among them, "Cry" and "The Little White Cloud That Cried," which has sold around 2,500,000 records so far.

Successful and happy today, Johnnie remembers those years of frustration and loneliness. He has been active in raising funds for helping the deaf, particularly children. And he has contributed generously himself. He doesn't talk about that.

"Be careful what you say around me," he grins. "I can read lips!"



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Shades of Scheherazade! I'm soaring over the shifting sands  
...higher than the minaret spires  
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The dream of a bra: Maidenform's Etude\* in white  
nylon taffeta or broadcloth; A, B, and C cups...from 2.00;  
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# TV TALK

The Emmy Awards  
are handed out . . .  
Berle may lose his  
Ace . . . everyone's  
surprised at Kim Stanley  
. . . the Sinatra-  
Vanderbilt romance . . .  
Brando wants variety



George Gobel and his writers collected.



Danny Thomas accepted for his show; Loretta Young won as best actress.



Art Linkletter had top day show; Ralph Edwards audience-participation.

Well, the **Emmy Awards** have come and gone, but they're still the talk of tv. The Academy of Television Arts and Sciences did not, of course, put on the show that the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences did when the Oscars were handed out. But, after all, it was just the seventh time that the tv people have handed out their statuettes—and the very first time a big network gave them a coast-to-coast hookup for their party. Also, when you come right down to it, tv doesn't yet have all the glamour of Hollywood (we have to admit it; after all, Marlon Brando wasn't there). But tv was sure trying. You don't have to apologize when you have Steve Allen (flown all the way from New York), Dave Garroway, Jimmy Durante, George Burns, Danny Thomas, Jack Benny, Ralph Edwards and **Dr. Frank C. Baxter** for emcees! It's amazing, by the way, how at home Dr. Baxter is with all the stars. He just loves show business, you know; and he's never happier than when he's rubbing elbows with the big names in entertainment. It shows, doesn't it? He didn't make one fluff in his speech—which is more than can be said for **Durante!** He really did break the glass over the Teleprompter, but he's never been funnier, and that's saying something. Most of the fluffs came from New York, of course. It almost looked as though the sound man had it in for **Garroway**; his voice was hardly ever heard. He just stood there, obviously talking, but no one knew what he was saying. (The

next night, by the way, **Ernie Kovacs** did one of his hilarious take-offs on his local New York show, and the shots of a bespectacled man standing there moving his lips in silence wouldn't have made Dave happy at all, if he had seen it.) It never was explained who the little balding man was who picked up the Emmy for *Omnibus*. It was **Bob Saudek**, who has been boss of the show ever since it started—and who will be again next year. One of the worst mistakes of all was when an announcer said that someone else was picking up **John Daly's** Emmy for him at the very moment John, grinning all over, walked over to Garroway to get it. And we kept wondering what one of the cameramen in New York was thinking because every time one of **Ed Murrow's** shows was mentioned and someone else won the statuette, you could see Ed. It could have been one of two things. Either the cameraman was mad that Ed's shows didn't win (and maybe wanted to show what a good loser Ed was being) or he's the kind of guy who likes to show losers. Maybe, on the other hand, Ed was just sitting at the table that was right in line with Garroway, and the guy behind the camera couldn't help it. Anyway, it seems to us that next year, when the Emmies are handed out again, an announcer should tell us who some of the people are that are sitting around. He couldn't cover everyone, but wouldn't you like to see Mrs. Murrow and Mrs. Art Carney and Alice Gobel—the real-life one, (Continued on page 87)



Dinah Shore was voted best female singer.



Robert Cummings received acting award





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It's not so much beauty as it is personal vibrancy and sparkle, and all those indefinable qualities that make everyone instantly aware of her.

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It's always darkest before  
the dawn. For these two people,  
tortured and tired, dawn  
didn't come a minute too soon!

BY WILLIAM BARBOUR

## Rita and Dick: THINGS ARE LOOKING UP

■ Rita Hayworth is back in Hollywood. With her fourth husband, Dick Haymes, she is living in an elegant apartment overlooking Wilshire Boulevard.

She is working in a Columbia film, *Joseph And His Brethren*. It is her first movie work in two years, and she is happier than she has been in a long, long time.

But as a home town, Hollywood is not for Rita.

"From now on," she explained, "our home is Nevada. We will work in Hollywood, of course. But Nevada is where my two daughters are going to school. And that's where we have our home. It's a small town on Lake Tahoe called Crystal Bay.

"After *Joseph*, I have one more picture to do for Columbia. Then my husband and I will enter independent production for United Artists."

Rita Hayworth has always been reticent. She opens her heart to few people. She has always borne her own sorrows, and they have been many.

She has been criticized and denounced for letting her heart rule her head. But never has she shed her tears on someone else's shoulders. She has courage and fortitude.

Back in Hollywood the happiness light shone in her brown eyes. There was a wry little smile on her lips. Her hair, long and lustrous ("Dick likes it that way") shone as it caught the light.

Rita is happy for good reason. At last, the financial, legal and personal problems that clouded their marriage from its very first day are almost over.

Dick can now enter and depart from the State of California without being pursued by process servers. He is no longer charged with contempt of court. Nora Eddington Flynn Haymes, his third wife, claimed that she gave him his freedom to marry Rita on his express promise to pay her \$100 alimony per week. (Continued on page 92)





now it can be told:

# LIZ TAYLOR'S SECRET FIGHT FOR LIFE

This is the story behind the  
news—the story that only a handful  
of close friends knew—and  
no one even whispered about!

BY RICHARD MOORE



Before, during and after Elizabeth's ordeal, Mike was with her constantly.

■ For two days it was touch and go whether Elizabeth Taylor would live.

On February 27 she gave birth to a baby boy, born by Caesarean section. He wasn't due until March 10, but Liz wanted him on her birthday, and Dr. Aasberg, who had delivered her first child, gave his consent.

The doctor anticipated no trouble from the actual birth, and encountered none—except that Liz' blood count dropped. Immediately after the birth, she was given a blood transfusion. It was an emergency measure. That was the start.

The next day Liz insisted that she felt well enough to see her new son. They wheeled her down to the nursery, because Christopher Edward was in an incubator. He wasn't in danger at any time, but the incubator was prescribed as a precautionary measure; once, when taken out of it he turned blue and had to be put back at once. He had weighed only five pounds, twelve ounces, at birth, and his weight dropped soon after. The nurse took Chris out and showed him to his mother. Liz beamed. Then she was taken back to room 367, where Mrs. Underwood, her nurse, made her as comfortable as possible.

The next day the *real* trouble began.

Liz Taylor never has been a strong girl. She has suffered over the years from a variety of ailments, including anemia. Pregnancy places strong demands on the bone marrow—where blood cells are created—and Liz' body was unable to (Continued on page 85)







# It'll be an old-fashioned Wedding



Surrounded by Eddie's pictures and presents, Debbie says, "I'm living for the future, when we can stop corresponding!" The future starts late in June.







Mrs. Reynolds, who made all of Deb's clothes for years, is helping with the bridesmaids' outfits, designed by Debbie and MGM's Helen Rose. There will be six bridesmaids.



Househunting, with and without Eddie, has taken much time, produced no house. Debbie and Eddie plan to make Hollywood their home, commute to New York when necessary. "Everything will work out," Debbie tells pessimistic critics.



Luckily, Debbie is as fond of Coca-Cola (Eddie's sponsor) as her fiancé is. Cooking, managing the household, will be up to her. Eddie will handle the finances, support them both.



Deb's collection of toy monkeys features contributions sent by friends from all over the world. She will no doubt buy more on her honeymoon, touring Spain, France, Italy.

With the big day only weeks away, Debbie finally talks about her plans for the most talked-about wedding of the year!

BY MARVA PETERSON

■ Proudly, Mary Frances Reynolds held out her small, slender left hand. The light reflected brilliantly from the large, emerald-cut diamond. Her audience was more than appreciative—they were overwhelmed. "How dreamy!" "It's gorgeous!" "What a rock!"

Debbie beamed at them. A few years ago she had been a girl like these. Now she was the object of their admiration. Or at least, the ring was. All afternoon at Glendale High, where she was visiting her friend, Jeanette Johnson, and Jeanette's pupils, the girls' eyes had been straying to the diamond. They glanced at it even while they questioned Debbie about Eddie and her wedding plans. They clustered around her on the school playground (Jeanette had achieved what used to be Debbie's ambition: to be a gym teacher) and stared at that left hand, until finally Jeanette interrupted the questioning and said, "You may each take a quick look at Debbie's ring." Then they were satisfied.

At first, they had been a little shy. When Jeanette had arrived on the playground with the star beside her and called, "Girls! I'd like you to meet my best friend, Debbie Reynolds," they had dropped their chatter and subsided into an awed silence from which finally emerged a collective and worshipful, "Hello."

"Hi, gang," Debbie had said, airily.

In pink corduroy pants and flat-heeled shoes, she was as short and as young looking as most of the high school students. Except for her poise and professional demeanor, Debbie might easily have passed for one of them.

"Last fall," Jeanette began, (Continued on page 82)







# WHY BOB WAGNER DATES A GIRL ONLY ONCE

He meets a pretty girl, has a wonderful evening—and never sees her again! Nobody digs it. But R. J., fancy-free, has his reasons.

BY JACK WADE

■ Bob Wagner woke up in a Wichita, Kansas, hotel one morning last February, officially a year older than when he had turned out the lights the night before—twenty-five to be exact.

Sleepily, he yanked a fan of yellow Western Union greetings from under his door—happy returns of the day from his mother and dad in La Jolla, California, his married sister in Claremont, pals at 20th Century-Fox and interested parties, male and female, around Hollywood.

He read them all before he scraped his face, pulled on his clothes and ordered his breakfast. Then, bucked up and happy, he breezed into an auditorium packed with 3000 high school students. That was the reason he was in Wichita—to make new friends for himself, and to publicize his latest picture, *White Feather*.

The gang greeted him singing "Happy Birthday." For an hour he had a ball holding open forum on movie-making and Hollywood life in general. He answered questions about everything—screen stunts, camera tricks and techniques, the joys and headaches of a screen star's life. When they yelled, "Hey, Bob—when you kiss Marilyn Monroe on a set how do you *really* feel?" he came back, "When you kiss a girl how do you *really* feel?"—and the meeting turned into a good-natured riot, as ordinarily happens when Bob hits a town.

He was just making his exit when a deeper voice hailed him, this time in a cynical tone. "Say, Wagner," needled a reporter, "you're a big boy now. What's the matter with you? Why don't you fall in love? When are you going to get married?"

Bob Wagner felt his face get hot, and suddenly the starch drained out of his act. "I'll have to pass on that one," he said. "So long, everybody. Got to make a plane." But his voice was flat. For him the party was over.

The bellhop was slinging his bags into a cab at the hotel when the clerk beckoned him. Hollywood calling. And the gossip columnist's insistent voice was too familiar. "About this Anne Stebbins, Bob," (Continued on page 65)

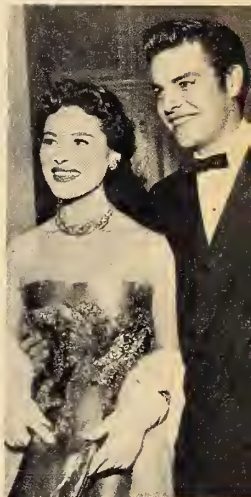
Barbara Darrow:  
They went to the movies.



Debra Paget:  
She never goes out.



Bella Darvi:  
They're just friends.



Debbie Reynolds:  
She's Eddie's girl now.



Jean Peters:  
She married somebody else.



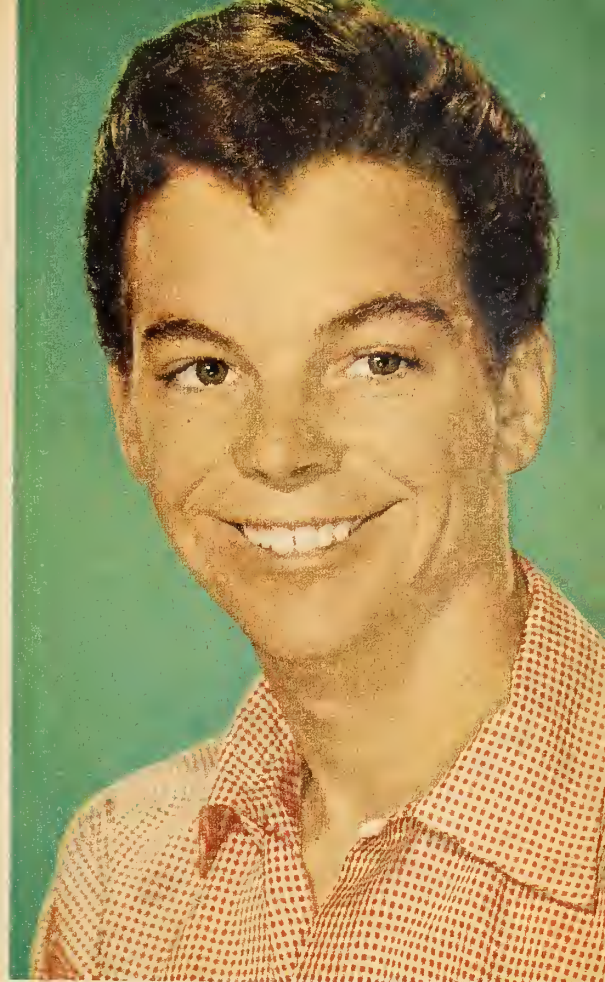
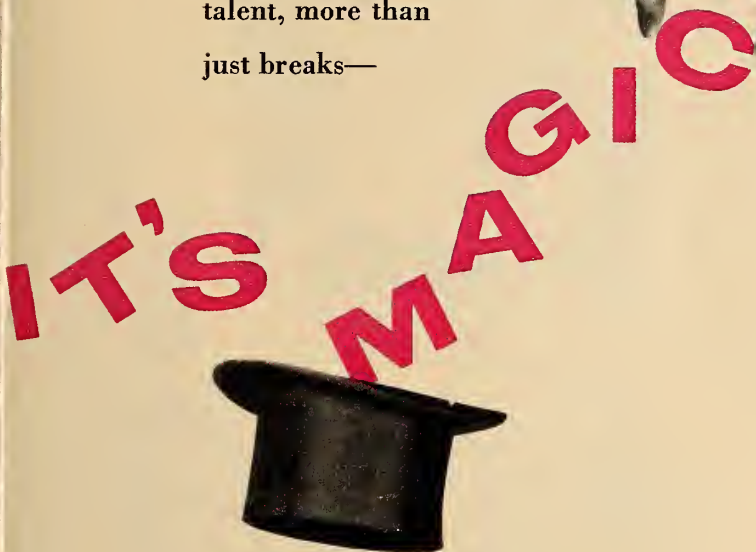
Terry Moore:  
The publicity got frantic.







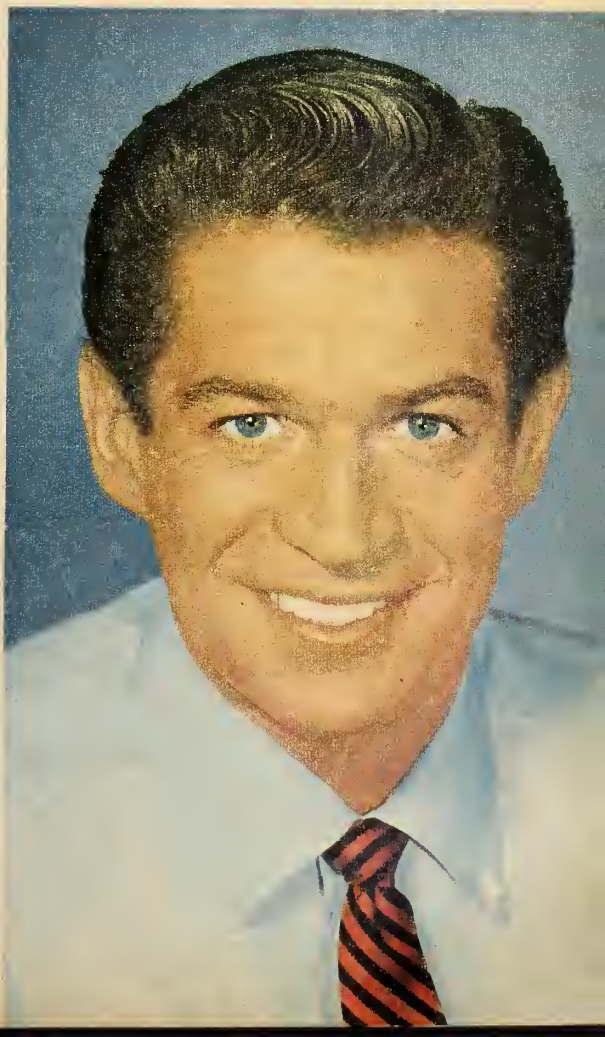
Becoming a star,  
being a star, is more  
than just good  
looks, more than just  
talent, more than  
just breaks—



**RUSS TAMBLYN:** This boy's magic is love. Not the romantic headlines type: just an unaffected, vital liking for people in general or in particular. It comes across in his friendly grin, his young, eager voice—and is enthusiastically returned. Five feet, ten inches tall, he weighs 148, is twenty years old, and hasn't lost a bit of the enthusiasm that got him his start. This occurred at the tender age of five, when neither convention nor theatre ushers could prevent him from climbing out of the audience and onto the stage of the Granada Theatre in Los Angeles to do an entirely spontaneous and unrehearsed dance. Since that day he's never regained his amateur standing. His one unfulfilled longing is to do as much for others as his brother, a Mormon missionary in Germany, is doing. His romantic interests are reported to be centered around one Cindy Robbins, blonde. His latest picture is MGM's *Hit The Deck*.

**GEORGE NADER:** To George, miracles, like most good things, come in threes. His first happened shortly after he appeared on TV's *Fireside Theatre*. He opened an envelope, expecting a check, and lo and behold—it was something better, namely, his first fan letter! He read it twelve times, pasted it in his scrapbook. It came from one Florence Lewis. He doesn't know the name of the girl who worked his next miracle for him. He was driving down a street in the San Fernando Valley (in dark glasses, mind) and, as he went past Corvallis High, heard her say, "Why, there's George Nader!" That was just after *Six Bridges To Cross*. The third—and probably not the last—occurred before he went to work on *The Second Greatest Sex*. A fan asked for his autograph! This so overwhelmed him that stalwart Navy veteran George shakingly signed, "Thank you very much"—and left off his name!

**FESS PARKER:** His great loves are adventure, the outdoors, women and fighting. He's had more than his share of all four, though, "Competition for girls is very tough in Texas, where I come from, and I lost out." He's six feet, five inches tall, and is Davy Crockett to millions of TV fans. He has a knife scar, chilly feet, veteran status (he was on a mine sweeper in World War II) and a new house. It stands in Benedict Canyon, has plenty of room ("... in case I should find me a girl to marry") and radiant heating in the floor to keep his feet warm. Twentieth wants him for *The Tall Men*, Disney has big plans for him (*Davy Crockett*, *King Of The Wild Frontier*, a full-length film), everyone likes him—but the magic spell of stardom didn't hit until he was introduced to a four-year-old. "The little fellow didn't say a word, but all of a sudden he gave me that quick bear-grin, like in the picture. Just about bowled me over and I said to myself, 'Fess, looks like you're getting to be somebody!'"





**The new, sexy-but-dignified Monroe took blasé New York by storm! Despite some skeptics she won friends and influenced famous columnist Wilson!**

■ People have been saying to me lately, "Marilyn Monroe must be all mixed up."

I disagree. I think Marilyn knows exactly where she's going—and that it's forward. It's just possible that she'll turn out to be not only the sexiest but the smartest blonde of our time.

Marilyn has a knack of getting what she wants—especially from men—by acting rather vague. Some superficial observers would think she's just a frivolous blonde.

But she isn't. In New York recently she posed with some posters advertising the Rheumatism and Arthritis Fund. Several reporters turned out for a press party at Sardi's, and some of them began to pepper her with questions about whether or not she was going back to Joe DiMaggio.

"Oh, let's talk about arthritis," begged Marilyn.

The reply was just preposterous enough to make the reporters laugh and drop the questioning.

Marilyn got what she wanted—no more questions—by this little trick. Right now she wants to act and to get well paid for it. I predict she will. I was present at a big Actors Studio party which she stole completely although the biggest stars were there. And I witnessed something that shows she is respected as an actress around Broadway.

"Could I get her autograph?" asked Lawrence Langner of the Theatre Guild, who has directed or employed the greatest stars, including Katharine Hepburn and Helen Hayes.

I transmitted the message to Marilyn. She inscribed a card, "Love and Kisses," and then her name—and when I mentioned who he was, she said:

"I should get *his* autograph!"

And he gave her one of the most glowing messages I've ever seen. It said:

"Dear Marilyn: We need you for our Shakespeare Theatre. Yours admiringly, Lawrence Langner. P.S. For *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. What a dream!"

Langner told me the last time he had asked an actress for an autograph was in London in 1908—forty-seven years ago—and that her name was Zena Dare.

At first Marilyn was believed to have made a mistake by leaving Hollywood and coming to New York when she battled with her studio. But with the help of photographer Milton H. Greene and agent Jay Kanter of MCA, she did a good public relations job for herself in Manhattan.

She has so much warmth and charm that she won everybody she met—and she met many.

When she went to a première of *East Of Eden* to be an usherette, Marilyn was such a sensation that some of the other glamour gals did some jealous muttering.

A tv commentator interviewing Denise Darcel when Marilyn came in couldn't, or didn't try to, conceal the fact that he wanted to finish with Denise—and get to Marilyn.

Marilyn was also smart in refusing to sing "Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend" at this party.

She hadn't had time to (Continued on page 64)



At the première of *East of Eden*, usherette Marilyn handed out programs to Milton Berle, Sammy Davis, Jr., other celebrities.

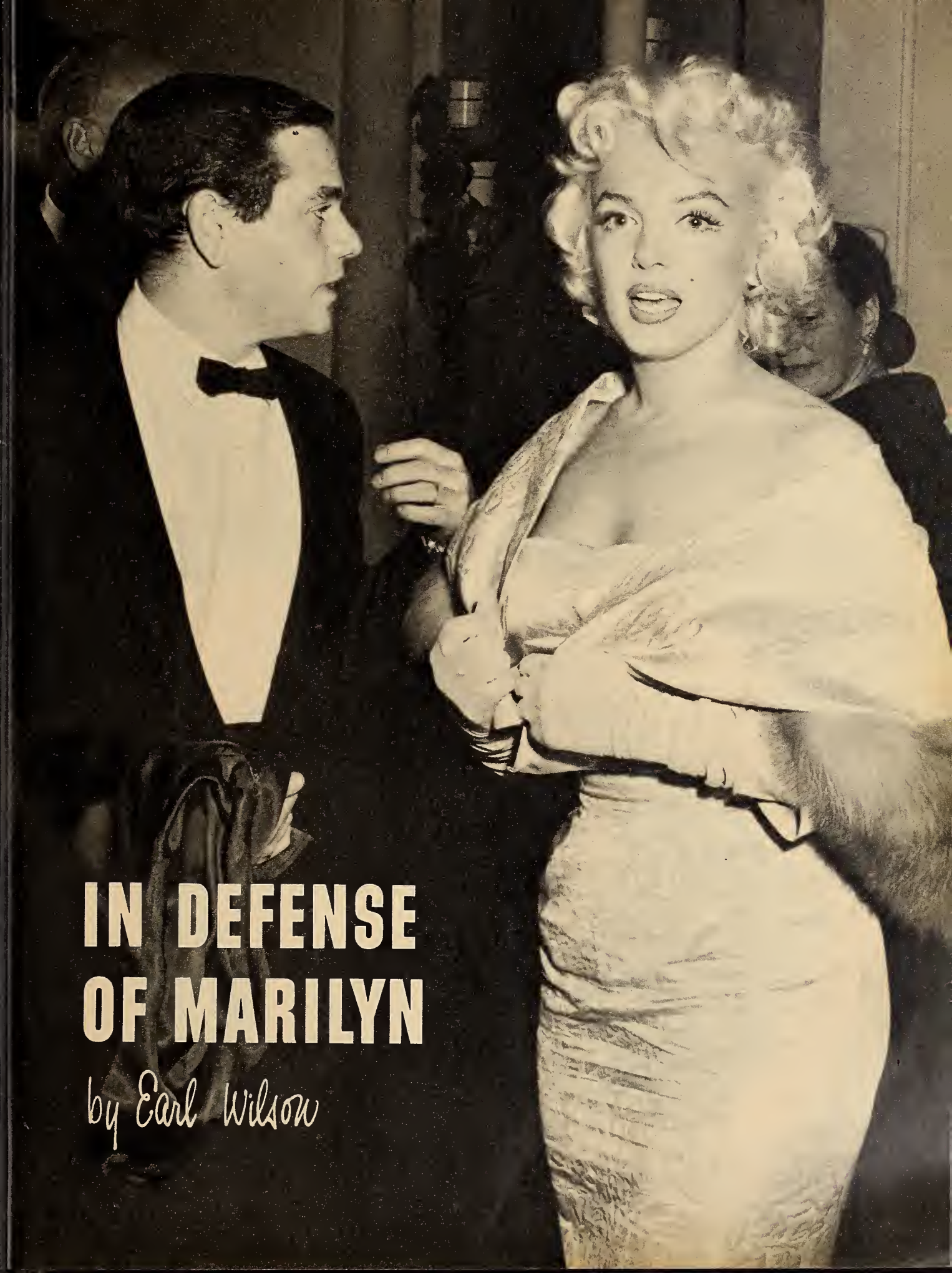


Anxious cameramen stalked Marilyn everywhere. They caught her even as she left the powder room, comb in hand.



She chatted sedately with columnist Earl Wilson, but her entrance—with Milton H. Greene (opp. page) had been spectacular.



A black and white photograph of Marilyn Monroe and a man in a tuxedo. Marilyn is on the right, wearing a light-colored, strapless, form-fitting dress with a draped shawl over her shoulders. She has her signature blonde curls and is looking towards the man with a slight smile. The man is on the left, wearing a dark tuxedo with a white shirt and a dark bow tie. He is looking at Marilyn. In the background, another person is partially visible, and the setting appears to be an indoor event.

# IN DEFENSE OF MARILYN

*by Earl Wilson*







by DEBRA PAGET

as told to Louis Pollock

# why I went

# Redhead

For ages I tried to  
look sophisticated. And  
nothing worked because  
I just didn't *feel* sophisti-  
cated. Then Mama  
said, "Change your hair!"  
—and overnight  
*everything* changed!

■ Four years ago, I got a bad scare. George Jessel, who was to produce *Anne Of The Indies*, in which I had been cast, suggested that I change the color of my hair for the role—to red! I was startled by the request and pretty well upset. It's a major step for any girl to take, of course. But when you are in a profession in which your appearance can make or break you, it's triple major!

But then a counter order came down from Mr. Darryl Zanuck, the head of our studio.

"I don't want a hair on that girl's head changed!" he told Mr. Jessel. Mr. Jessel passed the word on to me. I heaved a sigh of relief and remained a brunette. Yet only a few years later I was to turn redhead all by myself. That's women for you. That's this woman, anyway!

"Today I am a redhead and it is one of the happiest things ever to happen to me. The new color to my hair seems to have triggered a big change; I feel like a new person. I have discovered a new zest, not only in dressing my new self, but just in *being* my new self. I feel that I have added immeasurably, and in many, many ways, to the old Debra.

There was even a mystery reaction at first. People kept telling me that I not only looked better, I *sounded* better. Then, of course, I realized that with my new appearance I had adopted a new personality; nine girls out of ten would do the same thing, I am sure. You unconsciously try to live up to yourself—if you can only get yourself to looking right!

When I was a small girl, and even during my first months at the studio, I was a strawberry blonde. Then my hair began to darken quickly. Fortunately this was right for the kind of parts that came my way; I was a Polynesian, an Indian, a Creole, an Oriental and an Egyptian—but never a blonde.

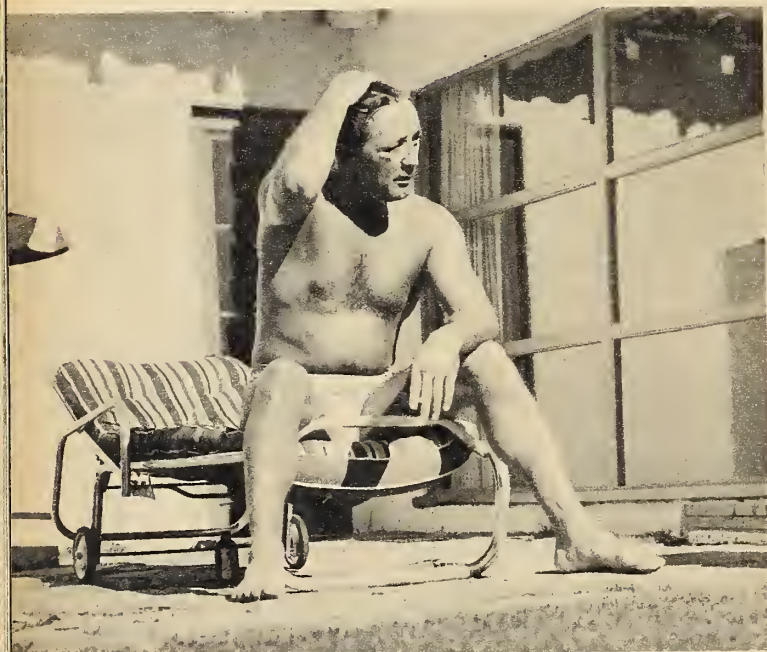
It was all right with me at first, but after a few years I thought I saw a sort of relationship between the color of the hair and the kind of part which came my way. I think my mother got the idea first, to tell the truth. I think that's what made her figure it would be a good idea to encourage producers to think of me when they had roles other than Indian maidens and temple dancers. And from her own experience on the stage, when she was known as Margaret Gibson, she knew that the most (Continued on page 79)



# MITCHUM'S WAY



These pictures, from the Mitchum family album, were taken during a recent vacation in Palm Springs. Bob rented a bungalow there, and partially fulfilled a strong ambition to spend his life basking in the sun.



Daughter Petrina, sons Jimmy and Christopher regard their father as a model one. No one has accused Dorothy of calling Bob a *perfect* husband—but she has few complaints about their hectic, usually happy, life.

They're telling tales out of school about Badman Bob again. And he, as usual, is grimacing and bearing it—as long as possible. But when the last straw falls—stand back!

BY TONI NOEL







One thing Bob's kids will be is honest. Bob is—to the point of rudeness, sometimes. Occasionally people refuse to believe that he means what he says. "Bob, you're a character," they say. Mitchum grins, repeats what he said, and gets fired.



There are many facets of the Mitchum personality not often mentioned—such as his intellectual inclinations, his generosity to his family and co-workers, his real popularity with those who know him well—including stars who've worked with him.



■ A few months ago Robert Mitchum received what might be considered a surprising and flattering offer: a two-week engagement with Britain's Stratford-on-Avon company, to play King Richard. Except that nothing surprises Mitch very much, and flattery will get you nowhere with him. Predictably, he declined the bid.

"Demmit, Bob," said Charles Laughton, who was then directing him, "you ought to do it. It would be the first time they had a living, breathing actor in the role in quarter of a century!"

Mitch's big shoulders shrugged lazily. "What would it prove? That I can do Shakespeare? For two weeks? I'd rather be a bum."

"Than an actor?" "Than anything," Robert corrected; he had already dismissed the honor, if such it was, and gone on to other things. "I've worked at just about everything a man can do to earn a living, and the longer I think about it, the more I'm convinced that I just don't like to work."

Yes, but you can't not work when you have a wife and three children. Bob snorted derisively. "Look, I can be a bum and still make half a million dollars a year to take care of my family. Don't you see? I *am* a bum. And I have nothing to prove, so why should I go to England to play Richard when I'd rather travel with my wife? . . . Besides, if I worked myself to death at acting, the same people would be saying I was wasting myself. No matter what I did, they'd still say it. Why bother, since being a bum is more natural?"

There are these people who believe Mitchum is an undeveloped genius. Like Mr. Laughton, who found nothing odd in the idea of his playing Shakespeare.

Like young (Continued on page 95)





# I never had a Doll

by Barbara Stanwyck



Just before this picture was taken my mother died and my father left. I was two.

I'm a movie star and  
this is the story of my life.  
I wouldn't say it's a  
very glamorous story,  
maybe not even a happy one  
—till the most recent chapter.  
But I've learned almost  
as much from telling  
it as from living it—so here  
it is—straight.



When I was fifteen—and saying eighteen—I got my first job as a dancer.



At twenty-one I married Frank Fay and came to Hollywood with him.



I started in pictures, trying to fill the long, dreary hours when Frank wasn't home.





Seven years after my divorce I met Robert Taylor. In 1939 we were married. In 1950, divorced.

■ I don't remember them at all.

Catherine, my lovely Irish mother, died when I was two and my English father, Byron Stevens, just up and disappeared soon after. He had loved my mother madly, and when she died he went gypsy; working—when he worked—as a laborer.

Millie, my youngest sister, took on most of the responsibility of looking after me. She managed, through some miracle of ingenuity, to stretch her skimpy chorus-girl wages to pay for my room and board with various families in Brooklyn.

In the environment in which I grew up, kids existed on the very brink of domestic or financial disaster. We were alert, precocious and (Continued on page 88)



# AUDREY ON THE RUN

BY COLETTE MAURIER

■ No one since Roger Bannister has run so conspicuously as Audrey Hepburn did during her Paris holiday. From the moment she and Mel Ferrer got off the plane from London until they took off again three days later, Audrey was on a continual sprint.

She ran—from the plane to her car, from the car to her hotel, from the hotel lobby to her rooms on the first floor. Later, wherever she went, she ran—always with her head down. When she wasn't running she was hiding or disappearing or ducking in and out of doorways—and all to avoid having her picture taken.

It would have been so much simpler to have cooperated, but Audrey felt that she had done her duty. During a press conference arranged by Paramount, she had politely answered questions which were sometimes banal and often indiscreet. She had grinned obligingly at a hundred photographers, all of whom got the same shot, that of Audrey seated at a table.

This she did for the sake of Paramount and *Sabrina*, then playing to capacity audiences at seven Paris movie houses. But that was absolutely all she intended to do.

The hide-and-seek routine she used the rest of the time was aided and abetted by the Ritz Hotel, which assigned ten men to patrol the entry to Room 24; by restaurant keepers who threatened mayhem to cameramen who invaded her privacy; by all the persons she visited; and especially by Mel Ferrer, who performed his duty with unconcealed relish. But the photographers never gave up.

Audrey and Mel landed on a Monday afternoon. They leaped into the Cadillac Paramount had sent and sped to the hotel. Their first appointment, after a quick change of clothes and a visit to the hotel cashier, was for cocktails in the apartment of John Nathan, head of Paramount for Europe. Right behind them as they drove to Avenue Foch came several cars, filled with reporters and photographers.

Audrey seemed to be (Continued on page 94)



Surrounded by guards, Audrey and Mel lunched at the Dutch Embassy . . .



then, laughing at reporters chasing them unsuccessfully, drove off . . .



and didn't pause on their dash to privacy until trapped for autographs.





*The only time  
Audrey consented to  
sit still for color  
pictures during  
her entire stay in  
Paris produced  
this photo - taken  
by Paris-Match*



Ask Van Johnson  
to go through fire,  
fight off tigers,  
handle dynamite—  
he's ready, willing  
and able. But ask  
him to look you  
in the face and  
sing, and . . .

# It's Murder Man!

BY GEORGE SCULLIN





■ Charlie Morrison is one of Hollywood's most beloved institutions and so is Charlie's club, the Mocambo. So when Charlie had a stroke and landed flat on his back in the hospital, half the stars in Hollywood took over for him, providing the entertainment and personal touches that Charlie had always given his place. The other half came to watch. And there was plenty to see. For ten days Charlie's friends knocked themselves out, putting on performances such as not even Las Vegas ever saw. And then they sent tape recordings to Charlie, just to let him know that someone was looking after the club.

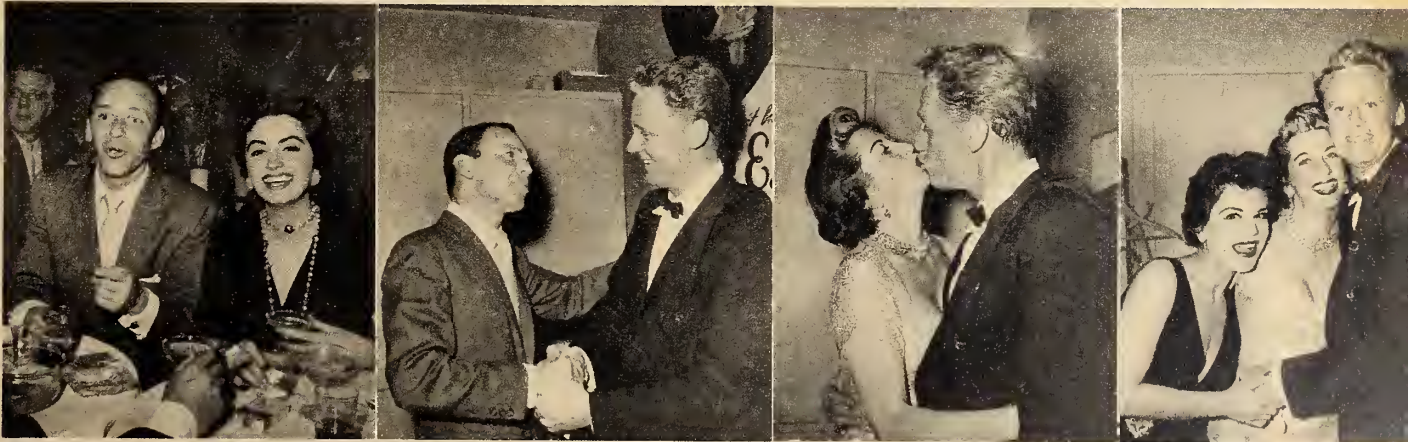
Van Johnson found himself scheduled to do the fourth night's show, all by himself. Being an old friend of Charlie's he accepted the offer for the honor it was, and said yes promptly. Then, very quietly, he had a fit. There wasn't enough money in the whole of Hollywood to have lured him back onto a stage. There wasn't anything but friendship that could possibly have bought him for what he knew would be a repetition of the most terrifying moments of his life.

Which moment? Well, there had been the times when his life appeared to be in danger every time he set foot on the street. There were the days when, if he had his coat buttons sewed on too tight, the fans would tear off half a lapel and maybe a sleeve with them. There were the nights when they climbed through the windows into his house and wrote messages to him in lipstick on his walls, his tables, even on his car and the hotel to which he fled for refuge. It was great for the lipstick manufacturers, but for Johnson, it was altogether murder.

But he wasn't expecting that now. Those days were pretty well over, which was more than all right with him; for years he'd been trying to finish them off. But he was subject to different attacks these days, and no *(Continued on page 97)*



**AT MOCAMBO, FORMER CHORUS BOY VAN SANG, DANCED, JOKED—AND WAS SO SCARED HE COULDN'T REMEMBER A MINUTE OF IT!**



**FRANK SINATRA, HIS DATE PEGGY CONNALLY, VAN'S WIFE EVIE AND EILEEN BARTON, WERE AMONG THE STARS WHO SAW HIS SHOW.**



# DIARY OF A LONESOME WIFE



Stewart suggested that she shop, so Jean made out a list, bought things she thought he would like.



Even reading, watching her own TV favorites seemed dull without him—but preferable to going out evenings.

■ "I'll be back before you know it," Stewart Granger told his wife, trying to make light of the five months he expected to spend half a world away.

Jean Simmons agreed brightly. But in the back of her mind ran a phrase, a typically American phrase, which seemed to be a more appropriate answer. "I hear you talking," it went, "but are you making sense?"

Well, maybe he was. If you are an actor, you play your cards where the game is best. After all, their profession brought them a good living, a darn high level of living, to tell the truth, and it didn't make sense to cry about the unavoidable drawbacks. As the old cliché says: "Play the game, darling."

Jean knew she must. And she does. But it isn't too easy.

After Jimmy (his real name is James Stewart) had left for Pakistan last February to make *Bhowani Junction* with Ava Gardner, Jean began to go for long walks along the fire trails over the hills around their Beverly Hills home. She took along not only her two beloved miniature poodles, "Young Bess" and "Old Beau," but a third companion who was Jimmy's latest present to her, a bright-eyed, long-nosed, black and white quadruped classified by Jimmy as a "true-blooded" Tibetan water spaniel. (Continued on page 63)

Jean does the chores.  
She talks to friends.  
She works until she's  
too tired to be  
miserable—or almost.  
But with Stewart  
away on location  
once more—what is  
there to do?

BY NATE EDWARDS











BY LAURA OWEN MILLER AND ANNA KENDALL

■ Six hours after Vic Damone proposed marriage to Pier Angeli a few months ago, that fragile, doe-eyed little Italian creature went out on a date with a twenty-four-year-old actor named James Dean.

"I had a previous appointment with Jim," Pier recalls, "and it would not have been right for me to break it."

Pier Angeli is a girl of admirable integrity, and Jimmy Dean has plenty on the ball.

As anyone who has watched his electric performance in *East Of Eden* will testify, Jimmy has an inexplicable, boyish magnetism, a youngish sex appeal.

One senses latent passion, great depth and seething, smoldering energy, and wonders about a momentary eruption.

After seeing *East Of Eden*, one critic wrote, "Jimmy Dean is a rare and true genius." "As fine an actor as Marlon Brando," wrote another, "maybe better. 'The best thing to have hit the screen in years,'" attested a third.

And the columnists, not to be outdone, have climbed on the bandwagon. "Jimmy Dean is the greatest." "A screwball, sure, but what a talent!" "One of the most colorful kids in Hollywood history." "Of the T-shirt school of actors, probably the best."

Not since Marlon Brando has any young actor prompted such unanimous praise. And not since Brando has any young actor aroused so much controversy in the movie world.

One group steadfastly maintains that Jimmy Dean is copying Marlon Brando in both his personal and professional life.

"Marlon Brando has a motorcycle," one young actress points out, "so Dean buys himself a motorcycle. Marlon Brando plays hide-and-seek with the press, so Dean plays hide-and-seek with the press. Marlon Brando won't tell anyone about the girls he's dating, so Dean doesn't talk, either. He's a carbon copy of Brando. Absolutely no difference. There's nothing original about Jimmy Dean."



# James Dean: SMOLDERING DYNAMITE

Here is the life  
story of the boy who  
is frankly the most im-  
portant young man to  
rock Hollywood since  
Brando hit town!



As a young child, Jim lived with his parents.



When his mother died Jim, nine, was taken ...



to the farm in Fairmount, Indiana, where he grew up...

A co-ed who dated Jimmy in 1950 when he was attending Santa Monica Junior College, represents those who believe James behaves in the way that is natural for him.

"Jimmy," she says, "is the most individual young man I ever met. He was the way he is long before Marlon Brando came upon the scene. Everything he does is sincere and heartfelt. It is not calculated for effect.

"Unlike Brando, he is not a shocker. He is gentle, sensitive and masculine. Yes, he's moody and introverted. Sure, he's a non-conformist but he's very well brought up. His background is so conservative that he is not likely to defy convention in the brazen way that Brando does.

"I happen to remember when he was going with Pier Angeli. He was stuck on the girl. No doubt about it. When she was at Warners working on a picture, he used to leave the Eden set and watch her every day.

"One day I was out there and (Continued on page 60)



with his aunt and uncle. His father is seated left.





Later, he attended Santa Monica Junior College.

Jimmy was photographing Pier. They looked very much in love. And I remember saying to myself, "This is the same boy who once told me that he never would get married."

"Anyway, Jimmy took Pier to meet his father and stepmother. His parents live in Los Angeles, and Jim arranged for a lunch at Frascati's on Wilshire Boulevard. It came off very well. Now, what could be more conventional than a young man introducing a girl he's very fond of to his parents?

"They say that Jimmy is a recluse, that he drives around like a madman on a motorcycle, that he refuses to wear anything but a T-shirt and blue jeans. Most of what they say about him is nonsense or exaggerated. Investigate. Ask the people who really know him. They'll tell you the truth."

According to his parents, his teachers, his relatives, his colleagues and his friends, James Byron Dean at twenty-four does not fit the Hollywood mold stamped "Typical Young Actor."

He does not always wear blue jeans and T-shirts. He dresses in black boots, slacks, polo shirts, sports coats, sweaters—any kind of informal wear. He owns more formal clothes but wears them on special occasions. He has always done this.

Jimmy Dean does not "drive around Hollywood like a madman (Continued on page 70)

**PATRICIA ADAMS**  
Girls Basketball 1-2  
Girls Volleyball 1-2  
Girls Softball 1-2-3  
Pat is the one who has never stayed away, but her heart will always be in our class to stay.

**JORETTA LOUISE AVERY**  
Basketball Club 4  
Girl Scouts 3  
Spanish Club 3  
Joretta is liked by everyone from her class to the school's cheerleaders.

**WILMA JEAN BANNON**  
Spanish Club 3  
Breeze Staff 4  
Black & Gold 4  
Wilma is a very hard worker. It's said she's never a shirker.

**VINCENT BOURNICOUE**  
Band 1-2-3  
Orchestra 2-3-4  
Glee Club 4  
Basketball 1-2-3-4  
Baseball 1-2-3-4  
F Club 2-3-4  
Where you find Vince, there's said to be trouble. But he gets out of it on the double.

**REX BRIGHT**  
Basketball 2-4  
Basketball 1-2-3-4  
Track 1-2  
F Club  
Watch your breath. Rex will take it, and if he does, he sure will break it.

**ELSIE BROWN**  
Prayer Band 1-2-3-4  
Choir 1-2-3  
Honor Society 3-4  
Laborian 2-4  
Elsie never does anything bad. There are few like her to be had.

**JERRY BROWN**  
Band 1-2-3-4  
Play 1-2-3-4  
Choir 4  
Theophanes 3-4  
Track 2-3-4  
F Club 2-3-4  
Jerry is one of Vincent's closest but really they aren't in touch in their rooms.

**JACK CALLAHAN**  
F. F. A. 1-2-3-4  
Play 1-2-3-4  
Jack is a trustworthy lad. He's sometimes good, never bad.

**PHYLLIS COX**  
Y. Teens 2  
Girls Basketball 1-2  
Girls Basketball 1-2  
Choir 1-2  
Stage Prompter 2-4  
Phyllis is happy to be here today. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we all were that way?

**JAMES BYRON DEAN**  
Basketball 1-2-3-4  
Track 1-2-3-4  
Play 1-2-3-4  
Theophanes 3-4  
F Club 1-2-3-4  
Band 1-4  
Jim is our regular basketball guy, and when you're around him, you'll find him.

Time still flies



FAIRMOUNT HIGH TRACK TEAM

Date	Team	Field
March 29	— Sweetser	At Sweetser
April 12	— Mission and Swayzee	At Sweetser
April 18	— Van Buren	At Fairmount
April 20	— Converse	At Marion
April 23	— Converse Relays	At Converse
April 30	— Kokomo Relays	At Kokomo
May 8	— Converse and Montpellier	At Converse
May 14	— Sectional	At Marion

The following track boys are ones who were outstanding in events from Fairmount High School:

100-yard dash	Earl Scott
440-yard dash	Rex Bright
800-yard dash	Charles Lewis, Charles Johnson
1 mile	Gene Stone, Lawrence King
High Hurdles	Jim Grinble
Pole Vault	Jim Dean, Jerry Brown
High jump-broad jump	J. Brown
Mile Relay Team	Brown, Stone, Lewis, Brown, Grinble

Jim Dean, who was the school record holder in the 100-yard dash, was expected to break the school record at 14.4 seconds during the season.

Charles Lewis was expected to break the school record in the 100-yard dash during the season.

and only 5'-8 1/2"

COMPLIMENTS OF R. M. HALL & CO.



J.D., boy Monster



### "GOON WITH THE WIND" AND FRANKENSTEIN

The play, "Goon With the Wind," and "Frankenstein" were presented by the Theatopian Society during National Drama Week included "An Actor from Colos County" and "Junior Prom."

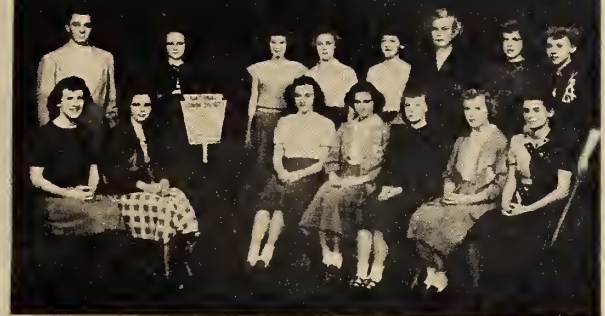
Forward initiation for new members was given during the year. Those initiated were scholars, Edith Thomas, Ethel Thomas, Virginia Payne, and Earl Vetter. David Work, Kathleen Titus, Paul Smith, Ross Brown, and Janet Sue Nose; and sophomore, David Hall.

The plays were under the direction of Gurney Mattingly.

Double feature guy  
from horror to hoops

COMPLIMENTS OF FAIRMOUNT HARDWARE

Pres of the Thespians



More  
Frankenstein?

### THE DEBATE CLUB

Those competing the debate club are:

Standing: Mrs. Adeline Brookshire, Barbara Leach, Earl Vetter, president; James Dean, and Dean Harlock.

Sitting: Shirley Hill, Sue Hill, Janet Roth, Betty Todd, secretary-treasurer; David Hall, and Paul Marvin Smith.

One of the greatest achievements of debate year was the National Forensic League Quarter 761, which was presented by Senator Earl Minto, at Talk of the Hour meeting in Marion March 21. N. F. L. is an honorary society for all phases of speech.

Resolved: "That the United Nations Now be Revised into Federal World Government proposed to a lively topic." The debate club was year.

Part of the year the two-day trip to Mount of the Forensic League and Legislative Assembly, December 2 and 4. Barbara Leach, senator, and Earl Vetter, representative, participated in the legislature.

Grant County Lions Club sponsored a "Voice of Youth" broadcast over WHAT at Martin Public Library. James Dean and Barbara Leach spoke February 13; David Hall and Earl Vetter, March 27, representing Fairmount.

Jim Dean won first place in the N. F. L. state contest held at Peru, April 2-9. This qualified Jim to enter the national contest of the N. F. L. held at Longmont, Colo., April 28-30. "Madman" by Charles Dickens was the title of his dramatic reading.

### STUDY HALL

Here we have the fourth period study hall with Miss Betty Ames supervising. Students have the privilege of using the reference room and they may take out library books and magazines for specified lengths of time.

### FRENCH CLASS

French is back again at F. H. S. We hope it will stay for quite a while. As you see there are a number of the students learning to say "Bonjour" and "Au revoir." Many of the students correspond with French children of their age.

COMPLIMENTS OF CITIZENS STATE BANK — MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

That was only the beginning!



JAMES DEAN  
N. F. L. state contest winner  
dramatic declamation



DAVID HALL  
F. F. A. state contest winner  
public speaking

P.S. Class prophecy: Jim Dean has his masterpiece of Barbara Leach hanging in Carnegie Hall



The people who scare you  
the most are probably the very  
ones who need your friendship  
the most. But you have to dare  
to be yourself to find out!

# CALL YOUR OWN BLUFF

by Jane Wyman

■ As a youngster I was terribly shy. I may not have been the original hide-under-the-bed-when-company-comes Nelly, but I couldn't claim to be far from it. I have a picture of my school days that I don't particularly want to remember but will never forget. I see a girl standing before her class making a simple book report. She sweats, she stammers, she trembles. That's me.

I also see myself telling lies to hide some simple truths that I wrongly thought were a disgrace—I was poor, lonesome perhaps, hadn't any clothes—and the lies fastened about me so that they constantly tripped me up.

You know, I never used to think of myself as a dancer when I was a youngster, even though I did have feet which seemed to know what they were doing. When Mother took me for lessons I had to be tied into my dancing shoes. I really used to believe that I didn't care about dancing. But today I am sure there was another reason. What really bothered me was the unconscious dread that if I became a dancer I would have to dance before an audience. (Continued on page 68)



(Continued from page 56) "His name," he told her gravely, "is Meetoo-Shih-Tzu, and among the Buddhists of Tibet, dogs of his breed are counted as temple dogs."

You could never tell about Jimmy, but you could soon tell about "Meetoo". He was a real companion. The poodles hated him at first, but he quickly won them over with a wild, ear-flipping kind of gaiety. And he was crazy about the walks over the hills, reminded by them of his native Tibetan mountains, she figured. So when there was nothing else to do Jean would walk herself and her dogs silly. And for the first few nights after Jimmy was gone she enjoyed a certain "liberty" around the house—or thought she did.

"At least, now I can see what I want to see on the television, without interference!" she told Bill Rushton, Jimmy's former orderly of his British Army days, who manages the household for them.

She meant that up to now she had always been obliged to give up looking at the dramatic and comedy shows she liked because Jimmy (and Rushton, too!) always tuned in the fights or other sporting events. But it didn't turn out as she had planned. Watching tv just wasn't the same, somehow, when Jimmy wasn't there. She would be watching some play which seemed never to get anywhere, Rushton would be out in the kitchen splashing the dishes about, and things were dull, dull, dull!

And that was when she began to feel grateful for being tired evenings. And for more than a week after her picture started, she would come home, eat sparingly (for good reason—she had really made a "porker" of herself during her winter trip home to England), and be happy to tumble into bed.

THERE WAS SOLID REASON for her weariness, of course. In *Guys And Dolls* she not only had an exacting characterization to fill, but there was some singing and dancing to do—something quite new for her. Once before, in an English picture called *Way To The Stars*, she had been asked to sing. The director, Anthony Asquith, had listened to her with deep concentration, after which he had advised: "You had better stick to plain acting, my dear."

Nevertheless, Joe Mankiewicz, who was directing *Guys And Dolls* for Samuel Goldwyn, and who had written the screenplay adaptation from its Broadway presentation, insisted that Jean use her own voice. He pointed out that in the picture she played the role of a Salvation Army lass, not a professional singer, and what she had to be was herself, not Lily Pons.

The singing and dancing, and working in strenuous scenes with such stars as Marlon Brando, Frank Sinatra and Vivian Blaine called for a big outlay of mental, as well as physical, energy.

She was going to write Jimmy about her singing; she was going to say something funny, like, "... and I did it all without once using a throat atomizer," but she didn't. In the first place, no letter from Jimmy came for her until almost a month after he had left—so wretched was the mail service from Pakistan. And, to tell the truth, no letter from her to Jimmy had even started—so horrible a correspondent was she, she realized with a guilty twinge.

BUT SHE CAME to think about that later. First there were the walks with the dogs. Then there were the rides she would take in her Jaguar. On one of these she came to realize that the unusual has an odd habit of occurring in a girl's life when events find her without the protection of the man she has depended on for so long.

She had stopped her car at a street cor-

ner for a red light when a strange man walked over and started talking to her.

"Back where I come from we admire beautiful women and fast horses," he said. "In Hollywood I guess it's a case of pretty women and these here scat cars. Ain't that so, Ma'am?"

Jean didn't know. When she saw the light change she "scat."

And during the first week or two after Jimmy left the only feeling she had besides the fatigue caused by her work was a certain apprehension which gripped her whenever she happened to pass the telephone. This, in fact, caused her to answer the phone with a certain edge of suspicious inquiry in her voice when it did ring. The last time Jimmy had gone off on location—last year when he went to South America for the outdoor shots of *Green Fire*, the telephone began to behave mysteriously. It would ring and yet, when she answered, there never would be anyone on the line. She didn't want that sort of thing to start again this time.

But this time the telephone behaved. And if anything threatened to get out of order, it was Jean. One day she looked out of the window and thought she saw a man down on the road below who was peering up at the house through a telescope. Taking a second look, she realized she had made a mistake. He was a surveyor looking through a transit.

Another time she found herself standing in the living room giving birth to an idle thought that concerned one of Jimmy's

**Bob Olin now hears a movie process is planned where the wide-screen will reach almost entirely around the theatre, to give the audience a little extra entertainment on the side.**

Sidney Skolsky in  
The New York Post

African trophies mounted on the wall—a fine rhinoceros horn. What would happen, she wondered, if she carved her initials on it? And knowing Jimmy, she was able to deduce the answer immediately; she probably would be shot and mounted on the wall beside it.

ALL THIS SHOWED that Jean wasn't enjoying being alone, of course. When you get used to living with a man you have to work at getting used to living without him; it doesn't happen automatically. Jimmy knew this, too. He had known it when he left and had managed to leave a lot of himself behind in a certain way. For instance, he had suggested that she go on a shopping spree after he left. He said he thought she should pick up a lot of sports clothes.

She did. She went to her favorite store and bought herself a slew of slacks, sweaters, shirts and accessories. But even as she went about selecting the very first article, she thought of Jimmy and what he would think of her choice, and she realized that he was going to stay right there in her mind with every purchase she made. Because he had always shown fine judgment about what she should wear, had in fact picked most of her clothes, she couldn't very well even buy a belt buckle without wondering what he would say about it.

Had he guessed this would happen when he told her to go shopping? She felt there was no doubt about it and she had to smile about him fondly. He had done more than this, as she now realized.

When they had been in London last winter, they had met one of his favorite painters, Sir Matthew Smith. Jimmy was already an admirer of his work to the extent of five of his paintings, gay floral works, acquired years before and now decorating the living room in their Beverly

Hills home. Yet when Sir Matthew said he would like to paint a portrait of Jean, she thought it could hardly be arranged because of their busy schedules. But Jimmy had reworked all arrangements so that she could pose in two sittings—and now that painting, a color and mood impression of her, was hanging in their living room along with the other Matthew Smiths.

It was a portrait of her which she couldn't help seeing every day. But it was also a reminder of Jimmy, of how much he had wanted the picture, of how happy he was to have his favorite painter put her on canvas.

BUT EVEN THAT JIMMY is a Jimmy you have to recall, not a Jimmy in actuality, and when he had been gone for some time, her days began to slow down. The thing to do was to go out; there were many "friends of the family," so to speak. Yet six weeks after Jimmy had gone Jean had been out only twice, both times escortless, in the proper sense of the word.

On the night of the Screen Writers Guild Awards Dinner she had gone along with Mr. and Mrs. Mankiewicz, the Danny Kayes and the Bert Allenbergs. She had a wonderful time listening to the clever satire of the men who wrote film's stories—but perhaps not so wonderful as she would have had had Jimmy been along. He liked good writing, and he liked the viewpoints of writers on matters of the world. She enjoyed these things more seeing them through his eyes.

Her second time out was a visit to Liz Taylor in the hospital when Liz' second child was born. And this had been the occasion when she had become a godmother for the first time in her life—to Christopher Edward, the Wildings' baby boy.

But after that she turned down the many invitations and decided to concentrate on her work. There were several demanding aspects about her role in *Guys And Dolls*. It would be in production for four months, so that she would be busy on it for almost the entire time that Jimmy was to be away. It was a picture on which she had to study almost every night to make sure she was "up" on her American accent.

Once before, when she co-starred with Spencer Tracy in *The Actress*, she had had to make sure she was speaking American, American as it was spoken around Boston, two generations ago. However, there was at least a token similarity between Bostonian English and British English. But the Broadway version of English, of the lingo as spoken in *Guys And Dolls*, was something else again.

AND SO, AS THIS is written, Jean Simmons is spending her time away from the set practicing the lines she has to speak on the set. And outside of this she has given up all other activities except one, which involves a present Jimmy gave her about a year ago—a .22 calibre rifle.

When she finds time, Jean goes out on the grounds in back of her house and practices shooting at a standard small target, about twelve inches in diameter, from a firing point thirty-six yards away. She has decided that she wants to be a good shot.

Anybody who knows Jimmy knows that he plans to go to Africa again soon to do some hunting. Before this he has gone alone. But he did agree that if Jean were a good shot she might come along. Just about now, Jimmy will be receiving something in the mail in Pakistan that will convince him of Jean's fine marksmanship.

It won't be a letter. Jean may never get around to writing. Instead it will be a target in which the whole bull's-eye center is shot away. Jean put seven out of ten bullets into that bull's-eye. And now she is content to wait for Jimmy to get back. For the next time he goes, she goes, too! END



## in defense of marilyn

(Continued from page 44) rehearse the song. Furthermore, she might have been compared with others who've sung it, and as a Hollywoodite at a Broadway party, she might have been resented. She wisely just sat there at the party—and let all of the curious stars stare at her. And they surely did!

Marilyn also went to the big Friars' dinner for Martin and Lewis, where she was the only woman on a dais of about forty celebrities.

Sitting between Eddie Fisher and Bobby Clark, she was the center of attention all evening. When she took a bow, and gave Martin and Lewis each a smooch, she won tremendous applause.

Marilyn admitted that she had one embarrassing moment that evening—when she left the dais to go to the ladies' room.

"The President of the United States does that," I told Marilyn. "At big banquets he leaves the dais to go to the powder room."

"Then I guess I can do it," said Marilyn. "I'm a president—of Marilyn Monroe Productions."

Marilyn discovered that New York

show people—supposedly hard and tough—have real respect for her. She hasn't had one bad experience with them. Carol Channing had been urged to trap her into getting up on the floor to sing "Diamonds" with her at the Actors Studio party. But Carol thought it over and decided not to do it. I talked to her about it when she came off the floor.

"I decided it wouldn't be fair to Marilyn," Carol said. "I just know that I'd kill anybody who'd do it to me, so why should I do it to her?"

Many actors seemed to be going around asking, "Do you think Marilyn would mind this?" One of those was comedian Joey Adams, one of the dais-sitters.

"I've got a gag about Joe and Marilyn. Do you think I should tell it?" he asked a friend.

"No," replied the friend. "There's nothing wrong with the gag, but it might be embarrassing to her."

So Joey chuckled the joke.

WHILE SHE WAS around New York, Marilyn doubled her contacts and acquaintances—and nearly every new one was on her side.

One of the funniest experiences she had

was at Jackie Gleason's thirty-ninth birthday party at Toots Shor's.

"I've got splinters!" she suddenly announced, patting the area where she had them. Everybody laughed—and several gentlemen volunteered to help remove them. Marilyn didn't laugh, though. She hustled off to the ladies' room.

My wife and another guest at the party happened to be there and they helped yank the big splinters out of the Monroe epidermis. Marilyn got them by sliding down into a chair. She demonstrated to my wife how it happened. And my wife said that Marilyn gives a chair a caress when getting into it—sort of oozing into it—and that the splinters are to be expected if one has watched her get into a chair. In Fort Wayne, Indiana, a group of fans got up something called "The Society for the Prevention of Splinters In Marilyn Monroe."

Marilyn was the hit of that party, too. Joe DiMaggio escorted her to it. Later on Joe happened to be at another party—and Gleason phoned him that he was coming to it.

"I just want to warn you that I'm bringing Marilyn," Gleason said.

Sure enough, he arrived with Marilyn—his girl friend, Marilyn Taylor of the June Taylor Dancers.

One of Marilyn's big excitements in New York was helping to stage a surprise party for Milton Greene, the vice-president of Marilyn Monroe Productions.

Greene's pretty wife Amy got Marilyn to help. So Marilyn and Agent Jay Kanter called a meeting of Marilyn Monroe Productions at about three o'clock on the afternoon of Greene's birthday at the Hotel Gladstone where Marilyn was living.

"Keep him out till six-thirty," Amy directed.

"We had a hard time with Milton," Kanter told me later. "We transacted all the business in a couple of hours. But we had to keep him another hour."

"So Marilyn would say, 'Oh, that reminds me of something else I've been wanting to take up.'"

"We'd dispose of that in a few minutes and Milton would say, 'I've got to be going.'"

"Then I'd say, 'Oh, here's something else to worry about.'"

Marilyn, Kanter and Greene finally arrived at Greene's studio at about six-forty-five and everybody shouted, "Surprise!" to Greene, who really was. Marilyn was wondrously happy, for she felt she had put it over—and she had.

"It's the first time Marilyn ever had a surprise party for anyone," Amy said.

GREENE, WHO IS thirty-three, has excellent taste, and is primarily interested in seeing that Marilyn is not cheapened or "pushed around."

Photographing her for one of the top magazines, he saw her as potentially a Great Woman. He didn't photograph her the easy way—with a towel on—but brought out her sex appeal in a more dignified manner. One of his prize pictures of her shows Marilyn in a black robe. She's well-covered. Only her bare legs show.

Yet this picture conveys the idea of Marilyn Monroe's sex appeal far better than most—and still nobody can ever criticize Marilyn for it.

That's the direction Marilyn wants to take with the help of the Greens, who invite her frequently to their home at Westport, Connecticut.

Toward respectability.

Marilyn has given serious consideration to the Broadway stage. She and Greene had a long meeting with George Abbott about the show, *Damned Yankee*, based

## SHORT SHORTS STORY

*Wherein Lana's happy vacation takes an unexpected twist.*

■ Lana Turner's favorite story is one she tells on herself with difficulty, as the telling is interspersed with giggles.

Lana and Lex were in Acapulco, land of leisure and sunshine. The vacation was idyllic and Lana had never felt better. She allowed as how she looked pretty good, too, being tanned to a rich walnut color. So she was in high spirits the afternoon she and Lex drove into the village to pick up some things at the general store. When they discovered there was no parking space Lana trilled happily that Lex should double-park and she would run to the store. She jumped out and waited for traffic to clear, standing there in all that tan and white shorts.

It was only natural that she would be spotted by the two American sailors lounging in front of the store.

"Hey!" said one in stentorian tones. "There's Lana Turner!"

"You off your rocker?" boomed the other. "Where? Where's Lana Turner?"

"There!" yelled the first sailor, pointing at the vision.

"Where?"

"There, you jerk! She's coming this way!"

They spoke as though no one in all of Mexico had ears and Lana, whose hearing is as faultless as her figure, was amused. She sailed across the street, cleared the high curb with a bound and stood face to face with the Navy.

"Well, I'll be damned!" breathed the doubting young salt. "It's the old girl herself!"

Telling the story, Lana chokes back her laughter. "You might think I'd been around for fifty years! I was even skipping, for heaven's sake!"

And after that, every time she suggested eighteen holes of golf, or racing Lex into the ocean, he'd shake his head in mock concern and say, "Aren't you getting too old for that sort of thing?"

For the record, Lana has been a Hollywood fixture for eighteen years, but is a supple, shapely age thirty-four.





on the book, *The Year The Yankees Lost The Pennant*.

"Marilyn should have a show written just for her," Abbott said afterward. "With that personality, she's entitled to it." He felt that her sometimes faint voice is of a special quality which would be excellent in the proper show.

She's had to take a lot of kidding in recent months because she said something about hoping eventually to do *The Brothers Karamazov*, by Dostoevski, and that's a little unfair to her. The idea got around that she wanted to become a longhair.

"Why do you want to give up sexy parts?" she was asked.

Actually, the part she had in mind is very sexy. And anyway, she was talking about a picture she would like to do at some distant time. Marilyn knew a great deal more about the Dostoevski masterpiece than people who were joshing her about becoming a longhair.

Curiously, she is a well-read young lady. One book she read recently was *Garbo* and another was Ben Hecht's *Child Of The Century*. The book about Garbo was given to Marilyn by a friend who in-

scribed it, "To one who is even prettier than Garbo." Marilyn was especially interested in the sections of the book which told of Garbo's battle with her studio.

At no time has Marilyn spoken out harshly against her studio.

"They're all a wonderful group of people," she says. But she has felt that she would have done better if she'd had a voice in choice of stories.

It didn't make her happy to be in *There's No Business Like Show Business*, alongside such expert singers and dancers as Ethel Merman, Donald O'Connor and Mitzi Gaynor.

"Ethel Merman is one of the greatest singers in the world," points out a friend of Miss Monroe.

"Marilyn's a good singer who's learning a lot. But her singing would be bound to be overshadowed by Merman's—just as Merman would be overshadowed if she tried to do a young sexpot role of the kind Marilyn can do so well."

In *The Seven Year Itch*, Marilyn comes into her own, and makes up, she hopes, for another mistake, *The River Of No Return*.

"We should have had a stronger story," is about all she'll say about that.

MARILYN is so celebrated at this point that a columnist must always be checking a new crazy rumor about her. A recent one was that she and Rory Calhoun had been secretly married once many years ago.

I checked this one myself, going to the extreme of phoning Rory Calhoun's Hollywood home. His wife, the lovely Lita Baron, answered at six-fifteen A.M.

She first said, "You're not serious!" Then she told me, "This is preposterous."

Suddenly, she said, "Oh, I know where that crazy story comes from. They were married in *The River Of No Return*."

To me, there's something significant in the way the autograph kids—the movie fans of today and tomorrow—talk about her. They'll tell you that she's wonderful, never too busy to stop and sign their books and pose for their cameras.

Never underestimate this gal. What other actress—during a suspension—has gone about making a million or so new friends? **END**

## why bob wagner dates a girl only once

(Continued from page 41) he pressed. "What cooks? Is it a romance? Are you engaged? Give me a quote."

"Okay," replied Bob wearily. "I will. She's a nice, attractive young lady—but we've never had a date. You're on a crazy, cold trail. I'm just a friend of her father."

"How about that picture of you two?"

Bob had been at the Friars' testimonial to George Burns and Gracie Allen down at the Biltmore. Alone. He ran into Artie Stebbins, his wife and their eighteen-year-old daughter. A news photographer shot a picture. He hadn't seen her since.

"Ha!" scoffed the skeptic. "Still kidding the public, hey?"

Bob hung up, thinking you can't win, wherever you are. The others they'd romanced him with raced through his mind—Barbara Stanwyck, Debra Paget, Terry Moore, Joan Collins—women and girls he'd never even taken out on a date. Suddenly he felt a hundred and two and as jumpy as a jack rabbit. In the rest of the twenty-three cities he visited he didn't dare show up with a girl in public, including New York, although a very beautiful one he knew lived there and he liked her a lot. But on his last visit he had escorted her to a premiere. One date and the columnists had him engaged to Josephine Abercrombie.

BOB WAGNER has been back in Hollywood since early spring, but in his own home town he's still a bachelor on the run. If he gets within two feet of a girl people say he's in love. If he is seen out on a date it's a Big Thing. He's had his telephone number changed twice since he got home and he's thinking of yanking it out.

Now, most eligible young Hollywood males learn to live with this hunted feeling, as others besides Bob—like Rock Hudson, Tab Hunter or George Nader—could easily confirm. Bob has been in pictures since he was eighteen, a swoon star for almost three years now, and except for a supposed romance with Debbie Reynolds, very hard to stick with a Valentine all that time. In fact, you practically have to dig out Wagner's dates with a Geiger counter, a fact that reporters find increasingly annoying as Bob's years and his fame grow.

Of late Mister Robert John Wagner has been popping in and out of his apartment in Beverly Hills like a restless gopher. He

came back from three months in Mexico to take off on this nation-wide personal appearance junket. Home again, he had barely rifled through his mail before he roared off in his Thunderbird to La Jolla to visit his folks. Before a phone call could reach him there, he had hopped on the invitation of Leo Durocher over to Phoenix, Arizona, to pepper it up with the New York Giants in spring training. Finally cornered at home, he was packing his bags to run up to San Francisco next day. Bob looked frayed and he confessed he was twelve pounds under his fighting weight. Asked why he didn't sit still for a while and cool off, he grinned.

"This town's too small," he observed nervously, gazing out the window at a sprawling community which approximates 4,000,000 souls. "It's the greatest when I'm on a picture, but right now I'm not." When *Lord Vanity* ran into leading lady trouble and was canceled until summer, Bob doped out this good will tour himself.

"When I'm not busy I blow," he explained. "If I hang around here on the loose I just get involved."

What's wrong about that?

"You mean with girls? You, too?" sighed Bob. But he can be reasonable.

"For some guys, nothing I suppose," he began reluctantly. "But for me everything. The main reasons are: I'm not in love. I'm not interested in getting that way. I don't want to marry yet. And I don't want to waste all of my time, my thoughts and my energies on something that doesn't yet make sense—I've got other places for those. On top of that, I find it sort of silly, embarrassing and undignified to have this heartbeat fiction floating around when it's so crazy. Now, if I did tumble I'd want everyone to know it. But I haven't yet, so why work up a storm over nothing?"

"I date girls all the time," allowed Bob. "But usually I duck in and I duck out because that's the way it has to be for me. Usually one date and goodbye. No entangling alliances. And when I do that I don't let anyone know about it or catch me if I can help it, because then it's the old story: I'm hooked, I'm going to get married, it says here, I'm this and that—and who cares? I don't believe my love life means a nickel to my career. I don't think anything does except what Robert Wagner does up there on that screen."

"That may sound selfish," Bob conceded, "but actually it's not. Nobody's in love with me either, and when a phony item gets out—well, I don't like to hurt anybody. Now I know reporters run out of something to write. So they take anything that looks promising and build up a story. I don't blame them. If they catch me with a girl, well they've got me and it's okay—an occupational hazard, I suppose. But frankly, I dodge."

A CASE IN POINT, Bob said, was Anne Stebbins. When Bob was in Phoenix working out with the Giants it wasn't mysterious that Anne was there, too. Her dad, insurance man Artie Stebbins, is an old friend of Leo the Lip's. In fact, he introduced Bob to Durocher. But even with that tie-in Bob figured it was risky to be nice. When he was asked to a party at Leo's it was natural for Anne to expect him to take her. Instead Bob had to dodge. "What do I want to waltz you around that gang for?" he kidded her out of it. "I want to spend my time with Willie Mays." He felt like a dog, but he also knew what would happen if they showed up together again.

"I made a silly statement once when I first hit pictures," grimaced Bob. "Said I'd get married before I was thirty. Now each birthday the heat's on. What a crazy crack! 'How could I possibly know then when I'd get married? You don't just wake up some morning and say, 'Nice day—think I'll get married.'"

"I'll give you a scoop," razzed Bob. "I like girls. Couldn't get along without 'em. I've dated since I was in knee pants. I've gone steady and I've thought I was in love. I've been unofficially engaged a time or two. I've tossed over some girls and been tossed hard myself. But I've never regretted it. Maybe if I had stuck with the steel business I'd have been married by now. But something else happened to me. And that something else makes a big difference. You don't just walk out and say, 'I'll have a career,' either. You work for it. I work almost every day, shooting or not. It's a full time job. So is marriage. Something's got to give."

A STACK OF MAIL three feet high stood by his desk. "Came in while I was gone," he revealed. "I get up at six o'clock in the morning and wade through it. Two thousand letters pile into this apartment every week, not counting the rest. It costs



## MR. FORD

### of the peach patch

■ Glenn Ford collects trees in the way other people collect stamps. His three-acre estate in Beverly Hills is an informal jungle of every tropical vine, bush or tree that will grow in southern California.

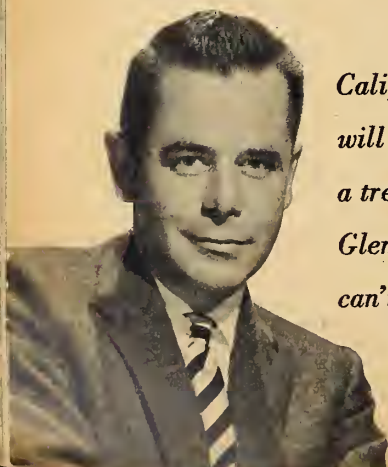
He has sixteen kinds of peach trees, a banana tree (no bananas on it because the climate isn't warm enough), walnut, pecan and almond trees and a hundred more.

Glenn can make anything grow. For delicate baby avocado trees, he rigged up a line to the house's hot water system, so that the trees would have a fine hot spray on cold nights. For weeks Glenn's wife Ellie complained that there was no hot water, but by the time she found out the reason, the trees were old enough to live without it.

When Pete Ford (who is now ten) was six years old, he went on an "I hate fruit" diet. So Glenn bought a peach, an orange, a grapefruit and a fig tree, and let Pete plant them. There never has been any trouble making Pete eat fruit since. On the contrary, he nearly drove his parents to distraction by asking every day, "When does my fruit come? Where's my fruit on my trees?" It's understood that the fruit from the four trees belongs exclusively to Pete.

Right now Glenn has a problem. "There's hardly room for another tree, and someone promised me a magnolia from Mississippi and a pair of dwarf figs. And there are some others that I'm sure will grow here. At least I'd like to try." Then he grinned and said, "I'll make room behind the swimming pool for the figs, but after that—"

After that, he will probably buy the acre next door.



*California  
will never see  
a tree  
Glenn Ford  
can't grow!*

me \$150 a month to take care of that. But a lot of it has to be taken care of by nobody but myself. I'm lucky to get it, of course."

Bob kept the phone hot. "I'm on this thing all day long sometimes," he explained. "Contacts. In this business you have to keep them warm. It's 'Root, hog, or die!' You've got to keep rustling jobs for yourself even when you have a studio contract. People say I'm too serious about my job. Maybe I am. But I'm not kidding myself. I'm not really a big star. I want to be so good they can't ever fire me. Then I want to make my own pictures. I tried to buy a couple of stories but I couldn't clear all the rights. That reminds me—" he dialed another number.

"I'm a quiet romance item strictly because I want to be," stated Bob later. "Truth is, I'm just in no hurry. My dad married my mother when he was thirty-seven and he went with her two years before that. They've made a great team. One of my best friends married first at forty-five—same result. In fact, when I look around I'm not sure early marriage is such a good idea in Hollywood. But of course," admitted Bob, "there are others who make you think it's the greatest idea on earth—like Rory Calhoun and Lita. I don't know about that side of the picture—it must be terrific. All I know is my side." He waved his hand around. "People say, 'But don't you want a home of your own?' Man, I've already got one!"

Bob has lived for a year in a house in Beverly Hills, five minutes from his studio and less from the best restaurants, movies and shops. Inside there's a big fireplace, sturdy furniture, soft rugs and soft music. Remington prints deck the walls, guns slant against corners and books line the shelves. Upstairs two bedrooms will put up his folks for the night. A phone exchange handles his calls, a valet and a cleaning woman keep things tidy.

"But the best thing of all," said Bob, "is that when I flip the key I'm off and free as the birds. No waiting around and nobody to run a check if I don't hurry back. Right now that's how I like it."

**BOB'S OFF** quite a bit these days. Up to Del Monte for golf, down to Palm Springs for some sun, away to La Jolla for home life. If you press him he'll admit he's got girl friends in each of those places and a few more besides. "Just girls you wouldn't know," he claims, "and I hope you don't find out about! But none of them threatens to change the picture."

"The truth is," he analyzed himself. "I'm not too sure I'm psychologically ready for marriage, even if the right girl walked into my life tomorrow. As of now, I'm not certain I'd make the ideal husband at all. I'm pretty independent and always have been. I've got a temper, too, and when I blow I can go real good. I haven't any sense of time—oh, I'm reliable for a set call or a business appointment, all right. But when I'm off the hook I don't wear out my cuffs digging a wrist watch. I'm extravagant. Maybe I'm selfish, too, although I don't think so. At least this doesn't look like it." He flipped over a jeweler's bill. \$3500. "Don't get excited," he teased. "Mostly for my mother."

Bob drags down \$75,000 a year now, but he's in a seventy-eight per cent income tax bracket, and he keeps around \$12,000. He could tally more if he wanted to on sidelines. But he's not interested. "Pictures are all I'm trained for and that's it for me," he said. "I don't really give a damn about money. I like to spend it, sure, but piling it up worries my business manager more than it does me. I'd rather have a good part than the pay check for it. Right now I've got one in mind I'd do for nothing—if they'd

let me. What would a wife say to that? Probably crown me with an egg beater!

"No, I've got a long way to go yet and the way I see it it's still a case of traveling fastest by traveling alone."

"Besides, there are lots of things I want to do before I settle for a picket fence. I want to travel all over Europe and South America, study the museums, see the country, meet the people. How can I ever get really good on the screen unless I keep putting things in here?" He tapped his hand—some noodle. "I didn't go to college. Until I made pictures I hadn't gotten around much. You know what I'm doing most nights when people think I'm out holding hands with some doll? I'm camped here on this couch, reading. Sometimes all night. They aren't romance yarns," he added.

"Romance just has to wait, that's all," stated Bob. "You get on a spin with a girl in my spot and you spend all your time answering questions. Get seen twice with the same one and you're on a hayride. True or false, your public believes it, even your best friends, and after you read it day in and day out, sometimes you do yourself, which is worse. It's insidious. So when the time comes—as it always does unless it's real—and you have to do something about it, well, you just take off with a bump because it's the only way. I know," declared Bob. "I've had experience."

It wasn't necessary to ask him with whom, because that was easy to figure—Debbie Reynolds. Publicity built that friendship up for Bob to a Big Thing—and publicity broke it up, too.

Bob Wagner isn't cynical, though. Nor is he a misogynist or a hermit. You can't blame him sometimes for his skittishness about *affaires de coeur*. But that can be a prescription for loneliness, too.

"Well," he conceded, "of course you can't have everything. I'm not saying this lone wolf routine is one step from Heaven. There are good things and bad. But I can't honestly say I'm ever lonely. It's no fun eating alone but that doesn't happen often. At breakfast I know all the waitresses at Armstrong Schroeders, at lunch I've usually got an appointment and if I haven't a date I've usually got an invitation for dinner. You know how it is with young, unattached guys in Hollywood. You don't pick up the phone—it picks up you!"

"Seriously, though," said Bob, "I'm very lucky. I've got some wonderful friends in this business—oh, a slew of them. They're not all exactly in my age bracket but somehow they let me hang around—and if I have a girl she's welcome, too. They don't have photographers around those places."

"Of course," he said, "maybe some day I'll wear out my welcome. I'm not kidding myself that I'll float along solo all my young life having a ball. I know things will change—me, too. I want to get married some day, for sure. I want children. I'm a nut about kids. Always have been. On this tour I can't tell you how many thousands of kids I visited and my heart flipped a hundred times because most of them were in polio and muscular dystrophy wards. You can't beat a family. Maybe though," grinned Bob, "when I tie up with one girl nobody'll believe it. Or they'll pull a switch—and try to break it up!"

Asked what kind that lucky girl might be, Bob confessed, "That I wouldn't know. I'm not too sure she'll be an actress. It might be rough having a professional rival for your wife. But on the other hand, when you're in this business you're really in a world apart. People who aren't actors can't understand a lot of things you have to do, ways you have to act. Why, even my own folks give me blank stares sometimes when I try to explain and they've lived around Hollywood quite a time. So, I don't know, I really don't. My type? Well, I guess I'm not being particularly original, but I like



Grace Kelly's type—smart, independent, beautiful—and a lady. Maybe it's a corny word but she's got class. I'm a great admirer of Jean Peters, too. There's an honest, sincere girl for you. I like Mona Freeman; she's really an old friend. Just say I like girls. And I only hope when the chips are down, the one I love loves me.

"When that happens I'll get married so fast it'll make your head swim," Bob promised. "And I hope for as long as the vow says. Tell you what, Dad, I'll call you first and tell you when I'm ready to take the gas. But meanwhile, come on over to Romanoff's. I've talked so much my throat's cracked. I need a drink. Got to kill those amoeba bugs I picked up in Mexico."

SO HE FLIPPED the key. At Romanoff's, Bob ordered a Martini and sipped it reflectively. "You know," he said, "it may sound silly and even superstitious. But I guess the really big reason I don't want to get mixed up with anyone in the heart department just yet is because I don't want things to change. I'm the luckiest guy in the world and I'm scared to rock the boat."

The Mexican bartender took Bob's empty glass. "Mas?" he asked in Spanish.

"No mas, gracias," refused Bob. "I don't need it," he explained. "I'm feeling on top of the world right now. Anyway, I've got to blow. Where you going?"

Home to the wife and kiddies, and how about him?

"I turned the key, didn't I?" grinned Bob. "That means I'm off—and don't you wish you knew where!"

END

Robert Carson, navelist and screen writer, finished a new book, *Quality of Mercy*, but didn't want to submit it to the studios. Carson told his agent he didn't want the galley proofs making the usual rounds. "The studios can read it when it's serialized, or when it comes out in book form." There wasn't anything the agent could do about it, but wait. However, Carson gave his friend, Marty Melcher, Daris Day's husband, a carbon copy of the manuscript to read. "Take your time. When you finish, let me know what you think of it," said Carson. When Marty finished, he said to Daris: "Bob's new book is great. Different. Fascinating."

"Is there a movie in it for me?" asked Daris. "Na," replied Marty, and he started to relate part of the story. "Don't tell me any more," said Daris. "Let me read it."

Daris Day was almost finished reading Carson's manuscript when she told her masseuse about the wonderful story she was reading. "I'd like to read it," said the woman. "It's not out yet," explained Daris, "but I'll let you have my copy when I'm through." This masseuse also takes care of Alfred Hitchcock, and while rubbing him told about the thrilling suspense story she was reading. Hitchcock asked who wrote it and the title. "Oh it's not published yet," said the masseuse, feeling important. She promised to lend Hitchcock the manuscript. Well, by the time Marty Melcher was returning the manuscript to Robert Carson, Alfred Hitchcock was trying to buy the movie rights to the unpublished novel. And Carson couldn't understand how Hitchcock had read it.

Sidney Skolsky in  
The New York Post

Cream or Lotion



"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Maureen O'Hara. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

**It never dries your hair!** Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

**It beautifies!** For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Hollywood's favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Never Dries—  
it Beautifies!



Maureen O'Hara starring in "LADY GODIVA"

A Universal-International Picture. Print by Technicolor



## call your own bluff

(Continued from page 62) For the same reason I never gave the slightest consideration to becoming an actress.

That I did, that I have achieved some success in my profession, cannot therefore be a personal triumph. The credit must go elsewhere and I know to whom. It belongs to the team—the team of human beings we are all a part of.

Let's go back to the day when I uttered my first line before the camera. The studio was Warner Brothers, back when they were making their famous *Goldiggers* series of musicals. I was just a chorus girl who had danced in a half dozen pictures and never had spoken so much as a word of dialogue. The very idea of it would have petrified me—and did right then and there, because the director's eye casually roved over me as he announced that he wanted one of the girls to exchange a few lines with the star of the picture, Dick Powell. He pointed me out, waved aside my protests, and the next thing I knew, the assistant director was coaching me.

"But I can't!" I told him.

"Ah!" He scoffed at my fears. "Sure you can, kid!"

I was telling my fellow man that I could not live up to one of the important moments life had for me. And my fellow man was telling me I could.

The scene began. I was standing in a line with the other dancers and Dick Powell came by slowly, inspecting us as candidates for a show he was supposed to be staging. The starch ran out of my knees; I knew that before this was over, my heart was going to beat itself into a rag.

"What is your name?" he asked.

Somehow I gave him the answer. "Bessie Phumplik." It was supposed to make him smile. He did smile a little, which in a sense meant I had done my part so far, and the scene hadn't fallen apart yet.

"What do you do?" he asked.

That was the time for my long line. I was sure I couldn't get it all out but someone else was sure that I could. And maybe that is why I did.

"I swim, ride, dive, imitate wild birds and play the trombone," I told him, without a fluff.

Instead of just briefly laughing, Dick broke up completely and howled at this. The fun became infectious, everyone had to laugh, and the moment went over as one of the gayest in the picture.

"You'll do!" Dick was supposed to answer. And he did. But the way he said it made me think there was a real life significance. (Later he told me he meant, too, that I personally, "would do.")

"Why!" I thought to myself. "I can act! I am an actress!"

I was such a typical actress at that moment that I forgot all about the assistant director who had given me the courage and confidence I myself didn't have. But later I did remember and understood where the faith I had found that day came from.

SO THAT EXPLAINS how I got my first speaking role, a terribly important step in our business. But how did I, who would never dream of appearing in public, much less speaking, ever get this much of a chance, ever get into a studio at all?

For the answer to this, we have to go back again—to the day I got a job as a dancer in the movies.

A girl I knew, who had gone to dancing school with me, heard that Warners needed dancers for *King Of Burlesque*, starring Warner Baxter and Alice Faye. She hurried over to my house and suggested that we both go over and apply. I was appalled.

"I don't dance well enough," I said.

"They'd get mad at me."

"Of course you do!" she argued. "You're a good dancer!"

Eventually I went, trembling all the way. And this time I knew I was right when the dance director, the well-known Sammy Lee, asked all of us if we could do a time step, and I didn't dare raise my hand with the rest of the girls.

He cast a puzzled eye at me. He wanted to know why I couldn't do a time step.

"I tried to learn once and it didn't seem to work out," I told him. "I specialized in ballet."

"What step do you know?" he asked.

"I can do a rhythm rhumba," I offered.

"Show me," he said, gesturing for me to go ahead. Even as I hesitated, the rehearsal pianist practically gave me a shove by breaking into a beautiful tempo. My legs did the rest. It seemed I heard Sammy Lee's voice the very next moment.

"You're hired," he announced.

"But what about the time step?"

He laughed. "Any girl who can dance like that can learn a time step in twenty minutes if she concentrates."

He was right. My feet had flown into a tangle each time I had ever tried. But now, with his confidence and my ability, I picked up the time step with no trouble at all. And I knew exactly what his confidence in me had done. I was not a better dancer than I had been before, but his encouragement had made me sure-footed where I had been hesitant.

**Marion Marlowe often saves time by loosening up her vocal chords in taxicabs between appointments. Mast cab drivers recognize her and comment on her fine soprano voice. But one cabbie, a non-musical grouch who didn't realize who she was, said dryly as she stepped out of his cab: "Better get a cup of black coffee, ma'am, and sober up!"**

—Paul Denis

DO YOU KNOW how it is when you try something new and don't seem to be getting far? Then someone calls out, "That's it!" How suddenly the courage flows through you and you know just what you are doing? This is what we need from the other person and what we can give him in turn, of course. My real life began when I came to know this.

Let's go back again. I went to the studio to ask for a dancing job because a friend had practically made me go. I was lucky to have such a friend, because for a long time I suffered from a false pride which ruined my friendships. Since I didn't trust people to like me for what I was, naturally they couldn't like me for what I was pretending to be. Ergo, as the scholars say, I was just not giving myself a chance.

One of my troubles was that I tried to pretend myself out of poverty. I have said I was poor. I was lucky if I had two dresses to my name; generally, I used to have to show up in school day after day wearing the same dress. I refused to accept the situation; I kept talking and acting as if it didn't exist.

When a girl whom I knew to be rich invited me to her birthday party and I arrived at her house, I lost my head completely, and went "grand" on her! She had two or three floors of luxurious home and an aristocratic looking mother. I simply became overimpressed. I began to brag about my family, "our" mansion, "our" chauffeur and "our" gold service. Toward evening, when it was time for them to drive me back to "our" home I was panic-stricken, of course, that I would be found out. While trying to lie out of it, I broke down altogether.

I remember that for a period I felt terribly bitter about this girl and her mother; I thought of them as enemies. As I know now, this wasn't true at all. They were fine people, would have made wonderful friends, but I had ruined all that.

That rich girl, as I remember now, was probably very much like the heroine of a novel I had run across about that same time. One I shall always remember.

The chapter which stuck in my mind concerns her invitation to a poor friend to come and see her. To greet her visitor, she had donned a new and pretty dress. But she happened to look out of the window as her little friend approached the house and saw that she was dressed in the same old middy blouse and skirt she wore to school every day. Instantly, the rich girl changed her dress—also to a plain middy and skirt, so as not to embarrass her schoolmate.

It was the most wonderful story I had ever read, I thought, and I remember that I kept wondering ruefully why people couldn't be like that in real life. It took a long time for me to realize that a lot of them are, but only to those who don't close themselves up as I did. By fearing the worst from others, by not opening up, I was not getting many hurts or many joys, and I was also not living very much.

I BEGAN TO REALIZE that I could go on like this, having little happen to me that meant anything, or I could open up and meet people on a you're-as-good-as-I-am level. Gradually I did, and gradually I began to be part of a much more interesting world than I ever had lived in before.

Girls always figure that it's their looks that win them happiness. I know differently. Looks make you a candidate only. The ability to think and feel in harmony with the thoughts and feelings of others is the thing that gets you elected.

"I love you," says a boy to a girl. This is not really true most of the time. You can't love a picture and quite often all he is talking about is her appearance. He still has to learn to love the person behind that appearance. If she is a person, a real person, that love he had for what she looked like may extend also to what she is.

I have come to believe that one of the first faiths a person must develop is faith in the other person. What I am today—the woman as well as the actress—I have been helped to be by people, as you can see. No special people, just people.

As infants we all begin to develop this faith; in our first weeks we discover that there is security and comfort in the arms of another. But for some of us our confidence in man doesn't go beyond this immediate relationship to mother or father, and this is a great pity.

It seems to me that without some confidence in the other fellow, until one really begins to like one's fellow man, such valuable personal assets as poise, humility and human dignity are impossibilities. After all, to have poise and humility means to be blessed with inner ease, not only when among friends, but among strangers as well. You cannot have this ease if you are distrustful of people or uneasy with them. You can only bluff your way. I know because I was distrustful, I bluffed and I was a darn unhappy girl because of it. I had to call my own bluff to come out of it.

An interesting thing happened to me during the war. Like many of us, I made trips to camps and hospitals to entertain and talk to the boys. About this time I had finished *The Yearling*, in which I played a young wife and mother, a most sympathetic part. Many of the boys had seen the picture, apparently, and I discovered, to my amazement, that to a lot of them I was still in that role. They talked to me not as if I were (Continued on page 70)



# LOVABLE



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IT COSTS SO LITTLE TO LOOK LOVABLE





(Continued from page 68) a movie star but as if I had all the wisdom and the tenderness and understanding of that young mother. Little by little, as I came to realize this, I began to play that role all over again. That is to say, at first I just played at being that mother, but as time passed I did begin to be like her, perhaps. At least, I began to develop, to take on the qualities they had endowed me with.

Today I know for certain that nothing in my life has ever helped me so much socially as my relationships with those young G.I.'s. If up to that time I had maintained a barrier between myself and the world, an artificial "me" between it and my real self, so to speak, my hospital visits wiped it all out. The boys taught me to speak straight and I think that teaching has stayed with me.

**I** THINK BACK to my early movie days and I remember a lot of us youngsters, all floundering around the studios, not knowing exactly where we belonged and always feeling so *inadequate*. But around us were fine actors like Jimmy Cagney, Dick Powell, Frank McHugh, Glenda Farrell,

who, we were to come to learn, were also fine people. You didn't have to look up to them; if you looked just straight ahead you would find them right on your own level of life and glad to be there. At first, I didn't believe that they were really this way; in time I came to know that not only was it true about most of them, but that they needed to be friendly to us as much as we needed their friendship. I hope it will always be true of me. The day I stop being human and start being a star with a perpetual capital "S" I know I will be back to telling lies about myself, and my chances for happiness will be gone.

The other afternoon a writer whom I was seeing for the first time paid me a compliment that had nothing to do with my looks, what I was wearing or my ability as an actress. "You are a comfortable person to meet," he said. What a lovely compliment. And how warm it makes one feel.

We both knew what he meant, without any further elaboration. Even ordinary conversations, let alone interviews, are terribly difficult if one or both of the people involved hide the best part of themselves behind some immaturity which often is

masked as shyness, or resentment or even overpleasantness.

What is personality? To me it is an attitude in life founded on a trust that your good points will be recognized by your fellow man. They need not all be good points. We are people, not gods. And that is what is interesting about us. Why be shy or hesitant or otherwise evasive about it?

**H**ERE WE ARE as we are. Isn't that a warm and comfortable spirit to spread about when you meet someone? And isn't it a sort of faith?

Out in one of our coast towns there is a man who stands on a busy highway junction and waves to people in the passing cars. Most of the motorists have never seen him before and they are puzzled by this greeting. But an astonishing thing happens. *Almost everyone of them waves back!*

That's the point about people. They always respond to kindness. **END**

Jane Wyman will soon be appearing in Paramount's *Lucy Gallant and U-I's All That Heaven Allows.*)

## smoldering dynamite

(Continued from page 60) on a motorcycle." He is the proud owner of a white Porsche convertible, approximate cost \$4,000. He takes care of this car with the solicitude of a new mother. Let the motor idle improperly, let one cylinder skip a thrust. Immediately the car is in Jay Chamberlain's garage across the road from Warner Brothers.

Like most actors he keeps odd hours, staying up until two or three in the morning and sleeping (in shorts) until eleven A.M. or noon.

When he's working, he's up at six-thirty and always at the studio on time.

Not only does he not look like an actor, but he is unusual in that he cares little for money or publicity. "Just don't go in for either," he says. "They don't interest me. I've been without money. And what good is publicity if you don't have talent? Then you're just kidding yourself."

**A**T WARNER BROTHERS, where Dean is under contract for two pictures a year, two pictures he approves of or he won't play, Jim is described by one spokesman as "a kid who spent his whole life on an Indiana farm, a regular, healthy farm boy with a flair for acting."

It's true that Jimmy lived on a farm for nine years, from the time he was nine years old when his mother died in West Los Angeles. His grandmother took him back to Fairmount, Indiana, where the Deans have lived ever since the late eighteenth century. Jim lived there with his Aunt Ortense and Uncle Marcus Winslow until he was graduated from Fairmount High. But in his mental outlook, he is hardly a rural type.

He is a bullfighting enthusiast. He sometimes goes down to Mexico to fight bulls. He studies art, literature and music.

Agriculture and animal husbandry have never interested him.

At Fairmount High School he was a crack basketball guard, an outstanding pole vaulter, one of the greatest debaters in school history. In 1949 he won first place in the National Forensic League contest held at Peru, Indiana. This qualified him for the national contest at Longmont, Colorado, where he recited Charles Dickens' *The Madman*.

He didn't win, but in the words of Mrs. Adeline Nall, his high school dramatics

teacher, Jim became impressed with "the power of the spoken word before a great audience."

Unlike Marlon Brando, who recently admitted, "I became an actor through accident," Jimmy Dean is an actor by design.

All through high school he took part in plays, character parts, roles that were difficult and challenging for a youngster.

When he came out to Santa Monica Junior College in 1949, he majored in Theatre Arts and received fine grades, but his father tried to discourage him.

Winton Dean reasoned, "Suppose you do have dramatic ability? Will you be happy living an actor's life? Why don't you study law? Your acting will come in handy."

But Jimmy Dean has determination. Ortense—he calls her "Mom"—will agree.

"When Jimmy makes up his mind to do something," Mrs. Winslow affirms, "nothing stands in his way."

"I can't tell you," says Mrs. Jean Owen who taught him dramatics at Santa Monica, "what an intense student Jimmy was. He worked on his voice. He studied Shakespeare. He did an awful lot of radio work. His whole approach to acting was intense and dedicated. He learned the rudiments. I remember one time he made-up another student to look like Lincoln. "The make-up job was absolutely mas-

terful. It had required excitement and imagination. Those are the two qualities that characterize Jimmy—excitement and imagination. His approach to problems is unusual. He plunges in head first. I think he was the same way at U.C.L.A."

At the University of California in 1950 Jim again was a Theatre Arts Major.

An instructor who remembers him, claims that, "Dean was an uncommunicative character who seemed to live within himself. He spoke infrequently but when he had something to say, he said it clearly and forcefully. James Whitmore, the burly, broad-shouldered actor who was under contract to MGM was the first, I believe, who spoke to Dean about going to New York and getting experience on the stage."

**D**EAN SAYS that his legal residence is New York City. "I like it there," he says. "I have an apartment in Manhattan. Very stimulating place. People leave you alone. Hollywood is okay. But for my taste, my whims, I go for New York."

New York, however, did not go for Jimmy Dean when he arrived there by bus from California a few years ago. The first few weeks the city awed him, and he spent most of his time "watching three cheap movies a day."

He eked out a bare living from odd jobs, but Broadway would have none of him. Neither would the Army, because of his near-sightedness which requires him to wear glasses nearly all the time.

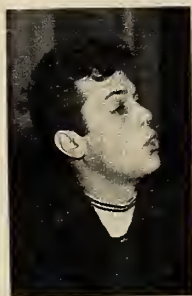
Jim could have wired for money from his father in Santa Monica or his "Mom" in Fairmount, but it is indicative of his independence and self-reliance that he refused to do so.

Instead, he talked himself into a crewman's job on a sloop cruising the Atlantic seaboard. To the skipper he confided his acting ambitions, and as luck would have it, the skipper knew a friend who knew a friend. James Dean wound up in the cast of *See The Jaguar*, a Broadway play written by Richard Nash.

Unfortunately, the play ran less than a week. But Jimmy had an opportunity to show his stuff. And the ability he demonstrated was good enough for him to win a role as a blackmailing Arab in Billy Rose's production of *The Immoralist*. He appeared on television at CBS and NBC, in such shows as *Studio One*, *You Are There* and *Television Playhouse*.

Last year Elia (Continued on page 72)

## PENNY A KISS



fifty. Hesitantly, I touched his sleeve. When he turned and looked questioningly at me I said, "What is the least you'll take?" He grinned and asked, "How much have you got?" I told him that I had thirty cents and he said, "Okay, honey!" and kissed me. Now, that's what I call a bargain.

Dorothy Ayers, Altadena, California

Last year, at a political rally in the Palladium, I stood near a booth where Tony Curtis was selling kisses. "Gee, I'd like to kiss him," I remarked to my friend, and she dared me to do it. The catch was that we had only thirty cents and the minimum was





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How good a Hayworth story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good  
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2. Did you read the TAYLOR story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it  
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How good a Wagner story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good  
☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Wagner story I've read
5. Did you read IT'S MAGIC? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it  
How good a story about new stars did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good  
☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst story about new stars I've read
6. 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
7. Did you read the PAGET story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it  
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☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Paget story I've read
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9. Did you read the STANWYCK story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it  
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How good a Hepburn story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good  
☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Hepburn story I've read
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How good a Johnson story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good  
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How good a Simmons story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good  
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13. Did you read the DEAN story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it  
How good a Dean story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good  
☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Dean story I've read
14. Did you read the WYMAN story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it  
How good a Wyman story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good  
☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Wyman story I've read

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

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

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BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

(Continued from page 70) Kazan, the director who had discovered Marlon Brando, asked Dean if he would be interested in going to Hollywood for *East Of Eden*.

JIMMY jumped at the chance. He came west and rented a tiny apartment over a garage in the Hollywood Hills.

He had no time for his father, his step-mother, any of the friends he had made at Santa Monica or U.C.L.A. In 1954 it was nothing but work, and he loved every minute of it.

While *East Of Eden* was in production, Jim fell in love with Pier Angeli, who was acting two sound stages away in *The Silver Chalice*.

He will not talk about Anna (all her friends call Pier Angeli by her real name) now that she's married to Vic Damone. But before Anna's surprise marriage, Jim spoke of her "wonderful soul and her soulful eyes and her overwhelming beauty."

He tried to spend every spare moment with Anna, and she with him. One afternoon he was chatting with her in her dressing room when her mother came in. Jim took off like a jet.

Jim's father is a Quaker and his mother was a Methodist. Mrs. Pierangeli always wanted Anna to marry "a good Catholic boy." And Vic Damone came along.

Before Vic, Jimmy Dean had been sure he had the inside track with twenty-one-year-old Anna. When she drove him to the Los Angeles airport one night several months ago, he hadn't the slightest idea that when he returned from New York she would be engaged to Vic Damone.

Jimmy Dean likes "plain girls." He doesn't go in for actresses. Anna seemed different to him from most actresses, more sincere, more artistic, more open-hearted.

At the moment, however, he is carrying no torch. Industrious he is studying the script of *Giant*, his next picture, in which he will star opposite Elizabeth Taylor and Rock Hudson. Next he is scheduled for *Rebel Without Cause*, a psychiatric case study.

NOW THAT HE HAS ACHIEVED a measure of fame, people who scarcely knew Dean a few years ago have become authorities on his life. For example, Dean was once a fraternity pledge on the U.C.L.A. campus. He left by request. "I just didn't have the dough." But quite a few of his so-called pals don't remember those days and refer to him as "one of my buddies."

There are several authorities on the life of Jimmy Dean, and two of the most prominently honest and factual are the delightful couple who raised him, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Winslow, whose prosperous farm is located on the Jonesboro Road, three miles north of Fairmount, Indiana.

Mrs. Winslow, Ortense Dean before her marriage, is Jimmy's aunt. He regards her as his mother. His uncle, Marcus Winslow, he calls "Mark." Their two children, Joan and Marcus, Jr., he thinks of as his step-brother and stepsister. This is his family, and he loves each one, though he does not speak about it often.

Apparently he has always been like that. When he was five and six, and his real mother would try to fondle him, Jim would always say, "That's for sissies."

James Byron Dean was born in Marion, Indiana, on February 8, 1931. His father is a tall, thin, bespectacled, sandy-haired, blue-eyed dental technician named Winton A. Dean.

The Deans have lived in and around Marion for more than 200 years. Jimmy's grandfather, Charles Dean, seventy-five, and his grandma, Emma, seventy-two, still live in Fairmount, a farm town of 3,000.

Jimmy's mother was Mildred Wilson, a short, slender, dark-haired farmer's daugh-



ter from Gas City, Indiana.

She and Winton Dean were married in Marion in a civil ceremony early in 1930. The following February Jim was born in a small apartment on West Washington Street. His father was a dental technician in a Veterans Administration Hospital.

The Deans came out to West Los Angeles in 1936. Winton was transferred to the Veterans Hospital out there.

An only child, little Jimmy was enrolled in the Brentwood Grade School on Bunday Avenue. In 1940 Jimmy's mother, not yet thirty, died of an incurable disease. Jim's father knew that death was coming, and he tried to prepare his son for it. "But it was very difficult for me," he recalls. "I just couldn't get through to the boy."

Jim went back to Indiana with his grandma Emma. His father asked his sister if she and her husband would look after his son. The Winslows said they would be only too happy.

They have brought him up as their own boy. They take great pride in his achievements and his rise to fame.

They recall that, "He got straight A's in art all through school and was given violin lessons but wouldn't practice. Now he could kick himself around the block because he didn't."

Dean himself says, "I enjoyed a pretty normal youth as a boy in Indiana, although my father remained in California, working." Since 1941 the American farmer has enjoyed a fair degree of prosperity. There was always enough money in the Winslow household. As a youngster Jimmy Dean did not have to pinch pennies.

One of his schoolmates at the West Ward Grade School in Fairmount recalls, "Mark Winslow always did well with his wheat and corn and livestock."

The farmhouse Jimmy Dean was raised in is old, big, white, roomy, well-furnished and comfortable. His foster parents are Quakers who are well-liked and respected.

As a matter of fact, Fairmount these days, basks in a good deal of glory reflected from James Dean's success. He is the local boy who made good, and nowhere in that small, clean town can you find anyone who will say a harsh word about him. The kids from Fairmount High are thrilled by his accomplishments. His former classmates remember him fondly as "an all-around guy, an outstanding athlete." His school teachers say with pride, "He was always blessed with the spark of brilliance. All he needed was application."

A few months ago, Jim came back to Fairmount with a photographer, and the town buzzed with excitement. Jim couldn't understand why the kids at the drug store stared at him or why he was stared at when he attended a high school dance.

He considers himself no celebrity, "only an actor trying to learn, trying to do my best."

**E**VENTUALLY, HE plans to direct. Sensible and intelligent, he realizes that he has a great job in trying to maintain the acting level he established in *East Of Eden*. He realizes, too, that he has now become a target for the envious and cynical. And for the columnists who want every crumb of personal information.

To these inquisitors, Jimmy is always out. He keeps his phone number a secret. He is also chary of interviewers. A Warner Brothers publicity man recently explained, "He's hard to figure out. Some people he'll see and others he won't. He's one kid you can't figure. The only concessions he will make are to his own conscience. He is determined to live his life in his own way—not according to the rules of a young actor's conduct as prescribed by Hollywood."

END

RITE-FIT DRESS OF THE MONTH SELECTIONS

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Left: White embroidered rayon linen sheath with white linen-look jacket...

pipeds pockets. Navy, lilac, coral, black or blue. 14½ to 22½.

Right: HAND WASHABLE! Garlands of white daisies trim the scoop neck

and huge pockets. Smooth Springmill broadcloth in Olive, navy, black, cornflower blue, charcoal grey or teal. 14½ to 24½. Each about \$9.

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## DAZZLING NEW SWIM FARE

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Rose Marie Reid



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Rose Marie Reid







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Form Control



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To help you shine under the sun, the season's  
choice swimsuits and eye-catching accessories

Film credits, descriptions, prices  
and where-to-buy information  
are on the following page



**VIRGINIA MAYO**  
Catalina-Tartan



**DEBBIE REYNOLDS**  
Rose Marie Reid



**DESCRIPTIONS OF SWIMSUITS  
AND ACCESSORIES  
ON PAGES 74 and 75**

Anne Francis, now in MGM's *Blackboard Jungle*, wears Sea Nymph's cotton swimsuit, shirred in front and elasticized in back to adjust to your figure. Bow converts into halter strap. Turquoise, pink or orange. 32-38. About \$8. Cap, U.S. Howland Hair Dry. Foot coverings, Peds.

Ann Miller, in MGM's *Hit The Deck*; wears Sea Nymph's glamorous pearl grey cotton *Ballerina* swim style. The bra is boned for strapless wear. The plaid ruffled top and full skirt enhance the long torso section of the suit. Pearl grey (as shown), pretty pink or ice blue. 32-38. About \$9.

Debra Paget, 20th Century-Fox star, wears Rose Marie Reid's *High Tide*, a long-boned, elasticized bengaline sheath. Tuck-away straps. Also in magentalite, sea amethyst, sapphire, jade or limonite. 8-14. About \$18. Suntan lotion, Skol. Cap, U. S. Water-Tite, *Tropic Lei*.

Jane Powell, in MGM's *Hit The Deck*, poses in Rose Marie Reid's *Ticker Tab*, a little-boy shorts silhouette with contrasting cinch belt. Piping trims the bra, button tabs and legs of this Celaperm (sealed-in color) Lastex suit. Black, red, violet or blue on white background. 8-16. About \$18.

Jane Russell, in U. A.'s *Gentlemen Marry Brunettes*, wears Form Control's Paraflex Lastex suit, built-in *Phan-tum girdle*. Button trim. Peacock, violet, Alice, coral or black. 32-38 or 10-16 Teens. About \$13. Cap, Playtex Contour Molded. Suntan lotion, Tartan.

Mitzi Gaynor, in Paramount's *Anything Goes*, wears a Sea Stars (Kerrybrooke) swimsuit, *Short Stuff*. An acetate cotton and Lastex model with Celaperm stripes. Tuck-away straps. White with navy or navy with white. 32-38. About \$14. Swim cap, Kleinert Sava-Wave. Suntan lotion, Coppertone.

Virginia Mayo, now in Warners' *Silver Chalice*, wears Catalina's *Tear Drop*, the Tartan Suntan suit of 1955. Batiste Lastex, pearl-encrusted cut-outs below the bando-bra. Black, white, pink, cherry or water hyacinth. 32-38. About \$16. Swim cap, Playtex Contour Molded, suntan lotion, Tartan.

Debbie Reynolds, in MGM's *Hit The Deck*, wears Rose Marie Reid's *Basquette*, a modified bloomer suit of two-tone Sanforized striped broadcloth. Bodice and halter ties, elastic-shirred back. Also in blue with rose or aqua with yellow. 8-16. About \$12. Cap, U. S. Water-Tite.

**IN THIS ISSUE:**

Sunglasses by American Optical  
All casual shoes by Cobbler  
of California (except those  
worn by Jane Russell)  
Sports jewelry by Capri  
Baskets by She-She Originals

THESE FASHIONS MAY BE BOUGHT IN PERSON  
OR BY MAIL FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 83

# DAZZLING



**Figure-molding swim style** of Paraflex Lastex, worn by lovely ballet dancer, Taina Elg, who came from Helsinki, Finland, to make films at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. This sleek and trim Surf Togs shirred-front swimsuit features the built-in bra for you. It comes in black, navy, brown, cherry red, lime or peacock blue with white piping. Sizes 32 to 38 or 10 to 16 Teens. About \$13. For swimming, keep your hair lovely and dry with a Kleinert *Gamin* Sava-Wave swim cap. Taina can soon be seen in the MGM films *The Prodigal* and *Dianne*, both in CinemaScope.



# NEW SWIM FARE



**Camisole top and lantern leg** are the style features of this one-piece Catalina *Chemisette* swimsuit worn by pert Terry Moore. Made of famous Dan River Cotton (wrinkle-shed finish), the camisole top has a stay-side inner bra for strapless wear and is smocked in white. It also has a puckerette zipped back, button-on straps and tie belt. Black, skipper blue, tiger lily, violette or powder pink with white trim. Sizes 32 to 36. About \$13. For a pretty over-all tan, Terry rubs on Tartan suntan lotion. She is currently appearing in the 20th Century-Fox film, *Daddy Long Legs*.



**Tucked and jeweled all-around** top and hemline give extra glamour to this Catalina Laton taffeta one-piece, long torso corselette suit called *de Gracia*. Stayed zipper back. Front and stay-side inner bra for strapless wear. Black, wild cherry, spice brown, violette or Siam sapphire. Sizes 32 to 40. About \$25. Before Janet dives into the pool at the Racquet Club in Palm Springs, California, she covers her long, blonde hair with a U.S. Water-Tite swim cap. Janet can soon be seen in Columbia's *My Sister Eileen*.



**Smooth-fitting  
princess sheath  
cuffed with white**

A new star on the Metro Lot, Luana Lee, wears Sea Stars (Kerrybrooke) *Twinkle Toes*. It's a stunning, one-piece sheath made of acetate cotton and white Lastex, and fits smoothly and comfortably. The cuff carries four glittering buttons that add a glamorous accent to the suit. The straps can be worn for swimming and tucked away for sunning. Comes in melon, navy or deep turquoise. Sizes 34 to 40. About \$13. Luana selects a U. S. Water-Tite swim cap, *Star Dust*, with nylon appliqué design. See Luana in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *It's Always Fair Weather*.

THESE FASHIONS MAY BE BOUGHT  
IN PERSON OR BY MAIL FROM THE STORES  
LISTED ON PAGE 83



## why I went redhead

(Continued from page 47) effective encouragement would be a whole new appearance. There was only one trouble with this. I balked!

MOTHER, WITH HER YEARS of show business behind her, knew what she was about. I had to be reasoned into it. She explained:

"Men tend to see a woman as she is, not as what she can become. That's why women are always trying for something new in their appearance, in their ways, in their interests; because they know it's their job to show that they are capable of growing; no one is going to guess it can happen. Producers are men. In your case—well, they still think of you as the little girl they see around the studio, wearing peasant blouses and bouffant dresses, who plays Indian maidens. You have to show them you are getting to be a young woman who does very nicely in a form-fitting gown and who can live up to the more sophisticated roles."

"Well, can't I just wear the form-fitting dress as a brunette?" I asked.

"Yes, but then in their minds you would probably still be the little Indian girl, but now trying to look sophisticated," she answered. "Make the change complete. Be a new Debra altogether!"

"Be a new Debra altogether!" It is powerful medicine for any girl to be a new edition of herself! But still I held back. I thought of it, I played with the idea, but I didn't have the courage to go ahead. Mother would talk. I would listen. But then the thought of remodeling myself would frighten me.

Then one morning I heard that Jeanne Crain had gone redhead. I will be very frank and admit that I was impressed by this; especially when I saw Jeanne. She was a bright, radiant, new personality.

Now my mother revived the idea, and this time I didn't say no, nor yes, either. I thought I would go along, but guardedly. So I said, "If I could be the same kind of redhead as Jeanne, get the same shade, maybe I'd consider it."

Mother was way ahead of me. She whipped out the name of the very place Jeanne had gone, she said. The Bentley Beauty Shop.

"The first thing I did after seeing Jeanne was to find out where she had her hair done," Mother said.

And while I was still wondering about it, Mother went to the phone and made an appointment. In no time I was no longer a brunette. My hair was flame red!

THE FIRST THING that happened when I went back to the studio was that I saw Mr. Zanuck coming up the studio street toward me—and I ducked! I remembered what he had told Mr. Jessel, and I just hadn't the nerve to face him. Next I bumped into Mr. Charles LeMaire, the studio's head wardrobe designer, and while I held my breath, and figuratively stuffed my fingers into my ears to keep out a critical blast—he started raving!

"It's wonderful!" he said. "The best thing you could have done!"

He talked to me about getting it cut short in the back, but keeping it fluffy elsewhere, and went away still raving over it. From that moment on I began to perk, really perk! I looked like a redhead. Something seemed to say, "Act like one!"

Of course, I was still sensitive to general reactions. They were very interesting in the way they reflected personal philosophies. For instance, all the old male friends of our (Continued on page 81)

## A SEA STAR FROM HOLLYWOOD

### GLORIA DE HAVEN

co-starred in Paramount's

"The Girl Rush"

filmed in VistaVision

color by Technicolor

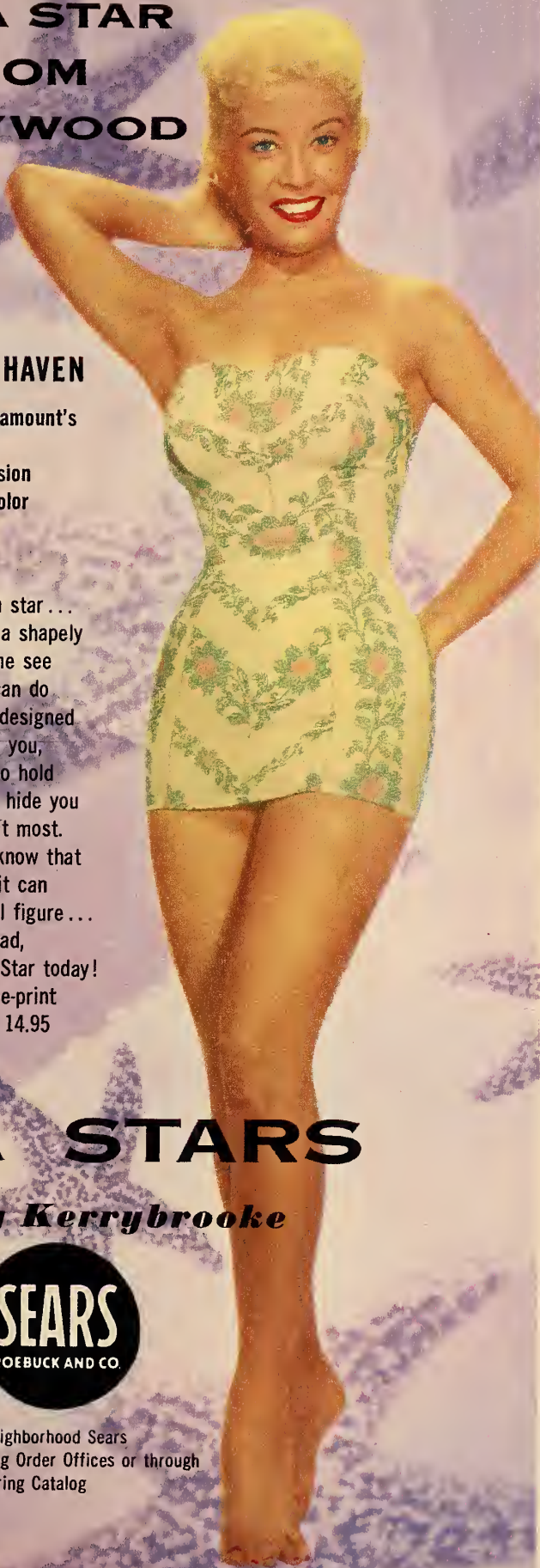
Ever wish upon a star... dream of having a shapely figure? Then come see what Sea Stars can do for you! They're designed outside to flatter you, designed inside to hold you, smooth you, hide you where you need it most. Hollywood stars know that the right swimsuit can create a beautiful figure... so follow their lead, choose your Sea Star today! "Chantilly," a vine-print elasticized faille, 14.95

## SEA STARS

by Kerrybrooke



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**Petals outlined by  
colored piping  
top slim suit**

Barbara Rush blossoms out in a petal-top clinging Lastex swimsuit by Sea Nymph. It has a figure-flattering princess cut outlined with multi-colored piping and a boned inner bra within the petal top for strapless wear. Celaperm (sealed in) shades of sky blue, ruby, pink, sapphire, yellow, jade, black or brown. Sizes 32 to 38. About \$9. Barbara is prepared for the sunshine with a bottle of Coppertone suntan lotion. Nylon foot coverings, Peds. Barbara is in U-I's *Captain Lightfoot*.

THESE FASHIONS MAY BE BOUGHT

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LISTED ON PAGE 83



(Continued from page 79) family, plus all the older or more mature men we knew in the studio, who were not in the creative end of the business—like the studio policemen, for instance, or studio technicians—didn't like my new hair at all.

"Oh, no, Debra! Change back to what you were!" cried one of them—and that's what they all felt. But all the producers in the studio (except Mr. Zanuck, who still hasn't seen it!), the directors, the writers, the other players, plus all the girls I knew—including many who aren't connected with show business—were highly in favor of my new coloring.

For some days I was puzzled by this sort of group thinking; one class of people hating my new hair color, the other liking it. And it was then that I understood the reason behind it had to do with how each group was motivated.

The studio policeman and technicians thought of me as they'd think of any other old friend, but not in terms of my duties, and certainly not in terms of the successful pictures I would have to make to continue on the studio's payroll. They were veteran employees who had nothing to do with the films being made, and their minds didn't run in that direction. But the producers and the directors were more like me. They knew *they* had to keep coming up with something new. They could well understand why it would be important for me to shine in a novel, bright light.

NOW I WAS BEGINNING to dig behind any words of praise or criticism I was getting for what they were based on. When I realized I was doing this, it flashed into my mind that I was finally growing up, and that this was a special bonus for me from my new hair color! Up till then I had heard people tick without knowing

why. Now I knew that if I listened to their ticking, and figured out why they were ticking just so, I might be able to be the kind of redhead who knows exactly what time it is in her life!

I hope I don't sound mixed-up, but what I am trying to say is that you can't always depend on your friends' advice as being the best advice for you to follow; you have to ask yourself why they think as they do, and if what they want for you is what *you* want for yourself! In my case it wasn't.

For instance, I had always been a quiet person, the kind who relies on "yes" and "no" more than any other words in the language. It was my nature to be quiet, but it wasn't to my liking to be *that* quiet. I had always wished to be able to talk interestingly, but somehow I never seemed able to.

It's different now. I do get away with a bit of a discourse these days—and it started when I stopped being brunette!

One of the magazine writers I know, but whom I hadn't seen since my "dark" days, was quite surprised. "You know, you seem to be able to express yourself so much better these days," he said.

It was true. And I knew why. It's because redheads have so much in them they have to express! And don't tell me I'm not a redhead. If I have found out one thing, it is that when you change your hair to red you become a 100% redhead.

It's really funny how you can go around making new impressions. And not only on new people, but new, fresh impressions where you already had made indifferent ones!

Honest! The fellow who smiled so-so yesterday gives you that old eyes-lit-up smile today!

Jeff Hunter, with whom I worked in

White Feather and who isn't given at all to soft-soaping, stopped short when he saw my new flaming locks, and just plain looked impressed. It was the nicest compliment I could have had.

Mr. Henry Koster, who directed me in *Stars and Stripes Forever* at 20th Century-Fox, took one look at the new hair color when he saw me in the commissary and said just, "Ah-h-h!" But he made that sound like a whole bookful of praise.

Dale Robertson, whom I hadn't seen for months, stopped me in the street to lavish approval that I knew came straight from his Oklahoma heart.

These are the people with whom I must work, and whose endorsements I must have if I am to continue successfully in my business. When they reveal that they think I am right, I *am* right! No wonder I can talk, and open up to strangers, instead of freezing up. I have the confidence that is born of security; and it all came that day when I had my hair turned red!

MOTHER THINKS that as a redhead I may get the urge to go out on dates, something I haven't done up to now. I don't know. That never was a matter of the color of my hair. I simply see no sense of frittering away time on someone in whom I am not completely interested. And I am not completely interested in anyone yet.

When he does come along, when I see the one I want, he had better look out. I won't hang back then.

And there is one thing he can be sure of. He will be going out with a redhead.

An assistant director we know told Mother the other day that he thought I should go back to being a brunette.

"Over my dead body," said Mom.

Over mine, too!

END

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(Continued from page 39) "Debbie promised to visit my classes some day when she wasn't too busy. She's not making a movie until September, so here she is. She has been kind enough to agree to talk to us informally. You've got fifteen minutes."

Squeals of delight interrupted the introduction. "After that," continued Miss Johnson, "I want you to divide into teams. I want you to show Debbie what sort of volley ball we play these days. Then she can see what kind of teacher I am."

The Glendale girls were thrilled, but for a second no one said anything. Then one asked the first question.

"Di-did you always want to be in movies?" she stammered.

Debbie smiled. "No," she answered. "I wanted to be a gym teacher, too. But when I was sixteen I won an amateur talent contest in Burbank. The prize was a contract at Warner Brothers. From then on I was in show business for keeps."

"Is it really as wonderful as they say?" another sophomore asked.

"It certainly is," Debbie assured her. "But it's hard work. Harder than school and the hours are twice as long."

"When do you and Eddie plan to get married?" someone asked.

"During the last of June," Debbie said readily. "Probably the thirtieth." Her friendly, relaxed manner put the girls so completely at ease that their questions now came rapidly. "How about the honeymoon? What is Eddie really like?"

At the question, "Will you have a large, formal wedding?" Deb Reynolds grinned from ear to ear. "I guess you'd call it large," she pointed out. "I'm planning to have six bridesmaids and my four-year-old niece is going to be my flower girl. As for guests, if we just invited our families we would have a good-sized affair. Eddie has six brothers and sisters, three of whom are married. Then there's his father, mother and stepfather."

"On my side I have my parents, my brother Bill and his wife, my grandmother from Texas, and a flock of cousins. We've met so many wonderful people in our work that we hate to leave anyone out. The guest list is already enormous, and I'm not even half finished."

"About the formal part," the pert little actress raced on. "Eddie and I want our wedding to be warm and memorable but not stiff or formal. I don't know whether I'm making myself clear. But we want it to be traditional, too. I want to do all the things brides are supposed to do."

"I'll wear something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue. My dad will undoubtedly be a little nervous, and I'm sure Mother will cry a bit, but it's going to be wonderful and beautiful. Then after I throw my bouquet, I'm even looking forward to having our gang of friends follow our car, honking horns and all that kind of kidding."

A girl from the outer edge of the circle inched forward. "Will it be a double-ring ceremony?"

Debbie winked. "Eddie says it will."

"What's your wedding gown like?" another voice whispered eagerly.

"Now, that," Debbie said, "is going to be a surprise—even to Eddie."

Just as she had promised, she stayed through a whole afternoon of gym classes. Repeatedly, she named her bridesmaids: Diane Cheek, Marian Weingarten and Jeanette Johnson, chums from her Girl Scout days.

Joyce Reynolds, her sister-in-law, would be her matron-of-honor. Little Peggy King, the cute vocalist on the George Gobel Show, Lori Nelson and Eddie's young-



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est sister Eileen would be her bridesmaids.  
Her honeymoon would start early in  
July with a plane flight to New York.

"After a few days in New York," she  
explained, "we'll sail to Europe. We had  
reservations on the S.S. America but we  
had to cancel when our wedding date was  
moved back from June 17.

"Eddie has been to Europe four times,  
and I've been to England just once by  
plane. Eddie says going by boat is the  
best honeymoon way, and I'm following his  
advice. When we get to Paris we're going  
to pick up a little car and drive all over  
the continent. Eddie's planning the itin-  
erary and I don't know it completely. But  
I do know we'll tour Spain. I speak a little  
Spanish. We'll also visit France, Italy,  
Switzerland, any countries that we have  
time for. We expect to be away three  
months, and I figure we can see plenty  
in two or three months. Any place that  
appeals to us—well, we'll just stop and  
hang around until we get tired of it.  
Then we'll move on."

Come September, Debbie told the Glen-  
dale girls, she and Eddie will be back in  
California. She and Eddie hope to buy an  
English-style house with a pool some-  
where in Beverly Hills or Hollywood.  
When Eddie's career takes him to New  
York they'll probably live in a midtown  
hotel.

At the end of the school day Debbie in-  
vited Jeanette home for supper. Zipping  
along in Debbie's new Ford Thunderbird  
—it's fireman red—the two friends rode in  
comfortable silence for the first few miles.  
Then Jeanette said, "I hope you aren't ex-  
hausted from talking."

"Now, when," Deb joked, "have you ever  
known me to get tired of talking?"

Jeanette smiled. All through school, she  
remembered, Debbie had been a regular  
magpie. Her report card had always sug-  
gested, "Mary Frances could improve her  
work if she talked less . . . She's inclined  
to be too sociable in study periods . . ."

"Well, if you aren't too exhausted,"  
Jeanette said, "how about filling me in on  
a few details. How come you changed the  
wedding date from June 17?"

Debbie looked at her pal for a fleeting  
moment. "Eddie and Mr. Blackstone. Mr.  
Blackstone's his manager," she explained.  
"They sat down one day and realized that  
Eddie couldn't possibly finish his tele-  
vision shows much before the end of  
June, so we postponed the wedding. We're  
both determined to get married and go  
on a honeymoon in the old-fashioned  
order of things. We didn't want to have  
any work days between the wedding and  
our European trip."

Originally, Deb ran on, she and Eddie  
had announced June 17 as the big day  
for sentimental reasons. It was the an-  
niversary of their first date. A year ago  
on that day Eddie had telephoned from  
New York. Would she go to the Coconut  
Grove with him? Only after she accepted  
did she learn that it was opening night  
for Eddie's engagement at the Grove.

"Of course," Debbie admitted, "it might  
be easier if we gave up our romantic illu-  
sions and got married right away. But  
frankly we can't see it that way. Because  
then our European trip would be a vaca-  
tion and not the real honeymoon we want.  
Eddie and I are sticklers for certain tradi-  
tions."

Debbie Reynolds is a stickler for conven-  
tion in other ways, too. In her own up-  
bringing her father was the indisputable  
head of the Reynolds tribe. Debbie feels  
strongly that this is as it should be.

In her marriage to Eddie, Mr. Fisher  
will take on all the financial responsibil-  
ities. Any further income accruing to  
Debbie will go into investments. Moreover,  
the Fisher career will be the dominant fac-

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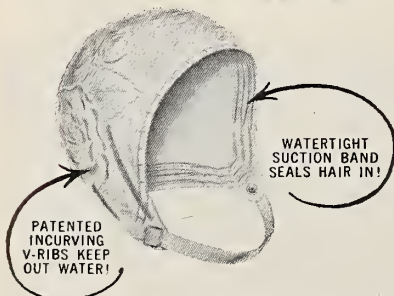
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tor in deciding where they live at any given time.

Debbie, in turn, will decide on furnishings and plan the meals, manage the household staff, and look after the children.

In the matter of bridal showers and parties, Deb told Jeanette that Lori Nelson and another friend, Milly Ericson, John Ericson's wife, had asked for the first bridal shower to include the old Burbank gang. Terry Moore had also spoken for a free evening early in June so that she could invite the show business friends who had toured Army camps. Then Helen Rose, the MGM dress designer, had asked if she might give a party for studio people.

"All they asked me," Debbie said, "was to name the kind of shower I needed. I had to laugh. Honestly, Jeanette. Because all I've got so far are six cut-work pillowcases, some doilies that my grandmother made for me and the Westmoreland footware that I got posing for an ad. Right now I'd appreciate an egg beater and a few dish towels."

Endowed with a touch of the practical, Jeanette said, "Where you going to keep the wedding presents and shower gifts?"

"Holy cow!" the future Mrs. Fisher exclaimed. "I never even thought of that. Oh, well, we'll work something out."

That sums up Debbie's philosophy about setbacks, major and minor. She's an incurable optimist. Everything will work out, that is, if you have faith in yourself.

There are some skeptics in Hollywood who predict that in the Reynolds-Fisher alliance, there will be a good deal of career competition. Debbie scoffs at this. "Things will work out for the best."

Critics also point up the religious differences between Eddie and his bride-to-be. Here again Deb refuses to worry. "What problems?" she maintains. "We both believe in God. As for any other problems that should arrive, Eddie is such a basically solid fellow that any difference we have can easily be settled with love and patience."

Debbie knows that Eddie's career is infinitely more complicated than hers. He has three distinct bosses: the Coca-Cola Company, sponsors of his tv show; RCA, owners of his recording contract, and NBC, his television employer. Debbie is simply under contract to MGM, who have obligingly scheduled no pictures for her until after her honeymoon.

For Eddie's sake the Coca-Cola people and NBC got together and agreed to let Eddie telecast from the west coast.

"For recording sessions, and business meetings about his records, however," Debbie points out, "Eddie will be in New York part of the time. He wouldn't think of working with any music conductor except Hugo Winterhalter. Eddie thinks he's the greatest. When he's working on his recordings, I will naturally go with him. I'll catch up on shows and concerts. Everything that is right will always work out."

When Debbie and Jeanette arrived at the Reynolds house later, Deb had great fun explaining some of the preliminary preparations for her wedding. In the sun porch Mrs. Reynolds and four of Debbie's friends had set up an operations center.

To date they've compiled a master card file of all the guests' names and addresses. They will also keep a record of invitation acceptances, and when the gifts start descending on Evergreen Street they will neatly identify each gift on a little card. Presently, Debbie will take this stack of cards and write hundreds of thank-you notes.

"You've really got a set up here!" Jeanette Johnson agreed. "How many people do you expect at the wedding, anyway?"

"Just as I told the kids at school," Debbie expounded, "we don't want to leave

anyone out. People's feelings are so easily hurt. So we've made up—or I guess, will make up—a double list. One group will be invited to the wedding and the reception, and the other group to the reception."

"Where can you get a place large enough?"

Debbie chuckled. "We've been wondering, and we haven't decided yet. I guess it could be in a large hotel, like the wedding for Joan Benny. We do know it's going to be held at night so that everyone who's working in the day can make it. Now, this means that Eddie and his best man will wear summer tuxedos. Helen Rose will give me the full bridal treatment—a floor-length gown, cap, veil—the works."

"And what about your bevy of beautiful bridesmaids?" Jeanette asked.

"Don't worry a minute," Debbie assured her friend. "You're in good hands. Lawrence Evans and my mother are going to make your dresses as soon as Helen and I can come up with a suitable style. Lawrence is doing my trousseau, too."

All her life Debbie Reynolds has had a clothes problem. Even when she was a small girl her mother was never able to

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buy anything that fit her daughter properly. As a result, she made most of Deb's clothes. This arrangement continued until a few years ago when Debbie's need for many clothes became too much for Mrs. Reynolds. She and Debbie set about finding a designer who had a definite talent for small-size figures. They found Lawrence Evans, a gifted couturier. He's made most of Debbie's outfits since then.

For her going-away trousseau he's planning "clothes that will travel well." Debbie and Eddie have agreed to take only one large suitcase each on their honeymoon. Debbie's wardrobe, therefore, must be carefully thought out. She's relying heavily on separates, clothes that will mix and match and offer variety in the change. She will take only sheath dresses because they take less room than full skirts and petticoats. The colors will be carefully coordinated so that two sets of accessories go with everything. Debbie plans to take one pair of black shoes and white summer sandals plus matching pocketbooks.

"When the honeymoon is over," she says, "we'll have some sort of house to move into. But whether it will be our own or rented I can't be sure. Eddie and I are so positive about the sort of house we want that I'm afraid we're going to have to build. We saw one house in Beverly that we both love but it wasn't for sale or rent."

When Debbie was a teen-ager she and her girl friends used to drive through Bel Air and Beverly Hills and look at the lovely big homes. The ones that always



appealed to Mary Frances, as she was called in those days, were vine-covered English Tudor houses with massive oak doors.

This past winter when it became apparent that she would soon need a home of her own, Debbie took to driving up and down the streets of Beverly Hills again. One day she saw her dream house. She summoned her courage and walked to the front door, cold. She knocked and waited. No answer, so she jotted down the address.

Next time she tried the house, Eddie was with her. On this day the owners were home. Eddie explained their interest in the house, and the owners invited them in to look around.

"It had just what we need," Debbie recalls. "A paneled living room, a small dining room, and two bedrooms. Only it wasn't for sale.

"When we do get a home of our own, it will be English outside but modern inside. We want to use contemporary furnishings rather than English period, which is too heavy for our taste. Eddie and I like large couches and plain modern wooden cabinets. We want simple fabrics and big handsome lamps, and we're going to bring back from Europe, if we have any luck, some paintings and art objects and maybe a grandfather's clock—things that will reflect our taste and remind us of our honeymoon."

The mailman's whistle cut into Debbie's speculations. She rushed to the door and handed the man an airmail envelope, addressed to Mr. Eddie Fisher, Essex House, New York City.

"This is one more reason why I'm living for the future," she laughed, "so we can stop corresponding and live happily forever after."

END

## elizabeth taylor

(Continued from page 36) meet these demands adequately. The supply of new blood cells was insufficient. The day after she saw her son she grew light-headed and dizzy. She felt weak and fragile, she seemed completely without energy. She lost strength rapidly.

The telephone rang in her room and she could hardly lift the receiver. It was a friend. "How do you feel, darling?"

"Terrible," Liz said. "Terrible and weak."

The blood seemed to be draining out of her face; she became frighteningly pale. She grew even weaker and refused all nourishment. A blood count was taken. Her haemoglobin content was down to fifty-five per cent.

Dr. Aasberg ordered an immediate blood transfusion. Liz had that. Then she had liver injections. It was not pleasant; Liz hates needles.

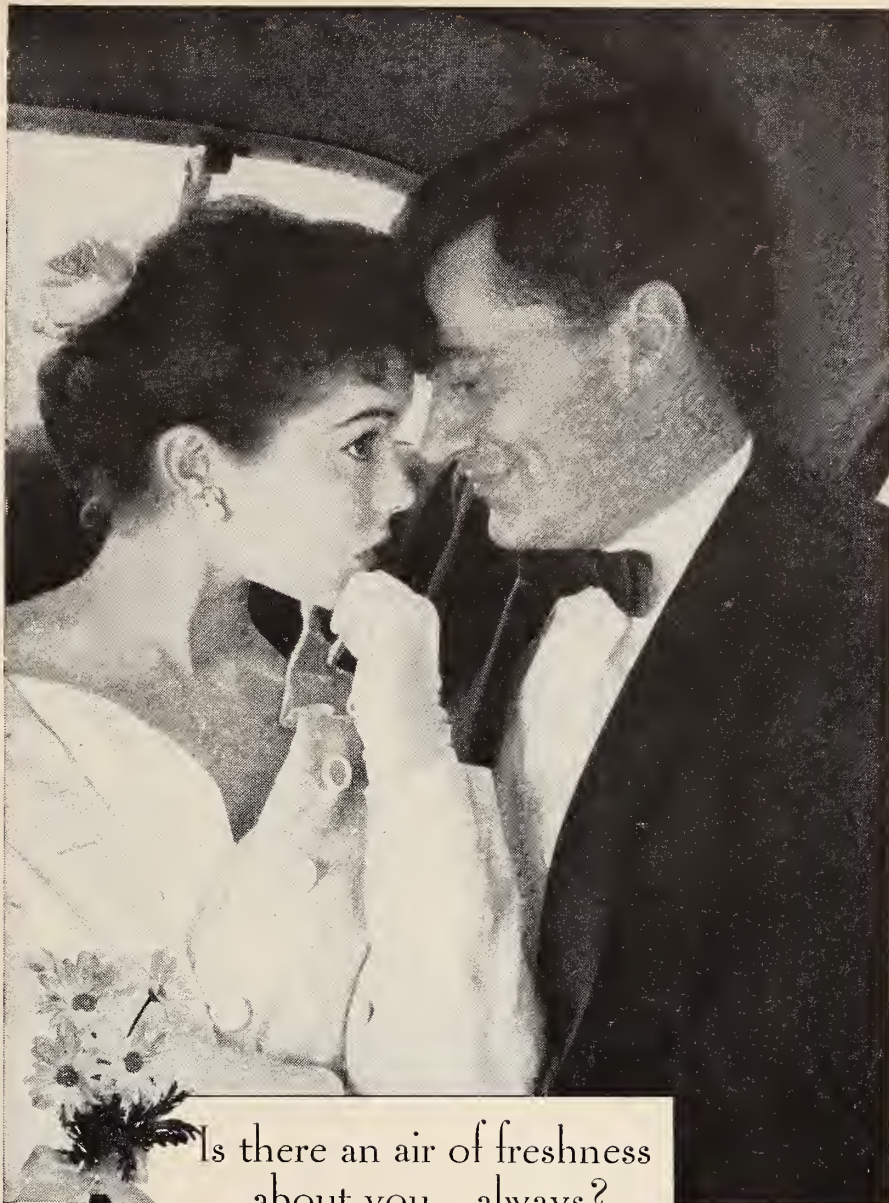
The next day she was not quite so weak but she was terribly depressed. She had not bounced back as hoped. She seemed completely inert, and was given a drug to make her feel a little more cheerful. Then they took another blood count. It was still too low.

"Prepare Mrs. Wilding for another blood transfusion," Dr. Aasberg said. Mike Wilding, who had been with his wife every day, knew real fear. The hospital staff buzzed worriedly.

They gave Elizabeth another pint of blood. And this was the one that brought her through.

After she had slept for a while, another blood count was taken. The haemoglobin content had gone up. It was seventy-five per cent, approximately normal.

Mike breathed again. Little Christopher Edward, who was out of the incubator after



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two days, was pronounced fit by Dr. Jurgensen, the pediatrician, and doing well on his formula. Dr. Aasberg replied to all questions about Liz, "Fine. Everything's satisfactory." And Liz began to recuperate slowly, because she had been a very, very sick girl. But the crisis was over.

Her first confinement had kept her in Santa Monica Hospital for five days. This time she was there for twelve. Toward the end of her stay Dr. Johnson, a plastic surgeon, removed some tissue which had grown up around her vaccination scar. Mike was with her constantly. He brought news of little Mike, of the English nanny taking care of him, of Peg Rutledge, Liz' secretary. He said nothing of the fact that he had been having severe trouble with his back, that it gave him more and more pain, that he might have to have an operation Liz had been beside herself with worry when, during the filming of *The Glass Slipper*, Mike had slipped a disk in his back. Now he said nothing, but he was seeing a doctor frequently.

A nurse at the hospital was asked about Liz and Mike as a couple. After all, there had been rumors.

"I've never seen a more devoted couple," she said. "Mr. Wilding would come every day a little after lunch. He would spend all afternoon and all evening with his wife. She had a television set in her room and they would take dinner together and talk and then watch a program.

"Their devotion wasn't obvious. I mean it wasn't ostentatious. But from the way they spoke to each other and looked at each other, you could tell that they're happy and in love. We couldn't get him out of her room until ten o'clock every night. I'm sure he spent about eight hours a day with her.

"I remember the day Mrs. Wilding was going home. Her husband had arranged for this big limousine from MGM to fetch her.

"Dr. Aasberg was around, and he loves to tease. He said, 'Elizabeth, there are hundreds of reporters downstairs, and when Mike wheels you out of the elevator, I want you to give them a big smile.'

"Mrs. Wilding shook her head and said, 'You're kidding,' and of course he was. But she surely looked beautiful sitting in the wheel chair, that little baby cuddled in her arms."

So the tragedy had been averted, and a healthy, though weak, Mrs. Wilding took her new baby home. But her entire pregnancy had been marked with trouble.

WHEN SHE DISCOVERED last summer that she was going to have a second child, Liz told no one but Mike. They shared their secret happily for weeks, taking long rides in their Jaguar, searching for a larger house. They didn't care whether Mike, Jr., in the exciting process of saying his first words, would have a brother or sister—either would do fine. They were very happy.

Hollywood should logically have guessed what was in the offing. Why were the Wildings looking for a larger house when they had just finished furnishing their hilltop one? But no one guessed. In the fall, trouble began. Liz hurt her leg and it was slow to heal. She came down with hepatitis and nervous tension. At this time a studio hairdresser did suggest the possibility. "Maybe she's pregnant again?"

"If Liz is pregnant," came the answer, "she's one girl who'll show it in a hurry."

The first time Liz was expecting, she certainly had. She had gained forty pounds and had had a miserable time trying to get back to 117 after Mike was born. No one dreamed that she would be able to hide a second pregnancy.

But this time she gained only nine

pounds during the entire nine months. She carefully followed Dr. Aasberg's instructions and when the coming event was officially announced many of the Wildings' acquaintances were amazed.

The announcement, however, explained more than Liz' nervousness. It explained the extra solicitude with which Mike had been treating his wife; it explained Liz' even greater than usual dependence on her husband. Without a blessed event in the offing, the Wildings are one of Hollywood's happiest couples. With, they are absolutely inseparable.

When Mike's parents were ill in London several months ago, and the death of one was imminent, Mike flew home. Alone, Liz grew worried and fretful. A few days after he left, she packed up and followed him across the Atlantic—and she was six months pregnant at the time.

WHILE HE WAS MAKING *The Glass Slipper* with Leslie Caron, she lunched with him every chance she got. One day, on the set, he slipped the disk in his back. Mike may have minimized the accident at first, but Liz worried for two. That was a trouble they haven't surmounted yet; surgery may still be necessary.

But about other things, Liz didn't worry. During her pregnancy, the Wildings, who have a habit of lavishing expensive presents on each other, even though they have bought, built and furnished two houses in two years, ran a little short of money. Money never has been a source of anxiety to Liz. She spoke to her agent, shrewd and charming Jules Goldstein. Jules drove down to the studio one afternoon and had no difficulty whatsoever in making a deal. As a result, Metro paid Liz her regular salary all during her pregnancy. In exchange, she granted the studio a one-year extension of her contract.

All in all, it was a complicated pregnancy, but no one anticipated the truly terrifying climax. When it was over, the Wildings were emotionally as well as physically exhausted. But the story has a happy ending.

When Liz took Christopher home, she was prepared to find some natural resentment on the part of Mike, Jr. Many first children are jealous of the second. To everyone's joy, little Mike adored Chris from the start. He considers him a riot.

No doubt that reaction is at least partly due to the fact that Mike, Jr., is still getting his share of adoration—and justifiably. He is one of the most charming children in the film colony. He's bright, full of life and spirit—and yet remarkably obedient. Tell him even to go to bed and he trots off without a murmur.

AS FOR HIS MOTHER, her health restored, she's one of the most contented young women in town. The other evening she and Mike were invited out to an elaborate Hollywood party.

"Want to go?" she asked Mike.

"How about you?" he countered.

"I'd rather stay home with all my men," Liz said. "Let's just have a couple up for dinner." So they invited Dr. and Mrs. Aasberg and made an occasion of it by serving Dover sole, a favorite of all four.

After dinner they chatted in the living room. Presently Liz Taylor rose and walked to the picture window overlooking Beverly Hills and Los Angeles.

Dr. Aasberg joined her. "How's my girl feeling tonight?" he asked.

Liz turned her back on the scene below and looked around the room. "Right now," she said, "I am the happiest, luckiest girl on earth." Having come close to death and having been restored to her full and happy life, she has every reason to mean what she says.

END



(Continued from page 32) not Jeff Donnell. One thing is sure: Not next year nor any other year could the voters make a more popular choice than the one for *Make Room For Daddy* as the best situation comedy. It's about time somebody who hands out awards paid some attention to this show. The only thing wrong was that **Danny Thomas** and **Jean Hagen** and **Sherry Jackson** and little **Rusty Hamer** couldn't each get an Emmy. The next-to-the-best award, for us anyway, was the one to **George Gobel's** writers, who got the salute they deserve for keeping the Gobel show on top practically every week. Those boys work, and work hard, for that thirty minutes of hilarity on Saturday night. George, by the way, couldn't stay to make a speech. He was due at another shindig right away. That's why he picked up his Emmy first—and then ran! Another well-deserved one was **Robert Cummings**; it's about time somebody handed him a statuette, too. This has been a good year for Bob—a new tv show that's going well, some top dramatic spots, a brand new baby girl and an Emmy . . . **Art Carney** is doing so well these days that he has set up an office with a full-time helper just to sort his mail and keep track of his interviews. Even has his own official office stationery . . . **Audrey Meadows**, Art's co-worker on the Gleason show (and co-Emmy winner), just may fool everyone by getting married soon. The possible groom-to-be is not in show business. He's a well-to-do businessman in Washington. Audrey has been spending a lot of time commuting between New York and the capital, and this is supposed to be it. Did you know, by the way, that Gleason almost didn't hire

Audrey because he thought she was too pretty for the role of Alice? She had to wash her face and screw up her hair before he thought she could look like Ralph Cramden's wife . . . Don't be surprised if **Milton Berle** and his ace writer **Goodman Ace** come to the parting of the ways. Ace, you know, is the man who devised Uncle Miltie's new format and made him stop wearing women's clothes and throwing pies. You've probably noticed that Milton has been sneaking in some of those old routines lately. If he's happy with the old slapstick, he and Ace just won't be able to work as a team. Incidentally, Berle is going to copy Gleason in one way if he has anything to say about it. He, too, wants to own a show (as Gleason will own the Dorsey Brothers show in the fall). Why? That same old tv reason: money. There Berle is, the man with one of the most publicized long-term contracts in broadcasting history, but a man who needs to own a property as well as earn a salary. The way things stand now, he could leave very little to his wife, Ruthie; with a production to call his own, he could rest assured she'd always be taken care of . . . **Max Liebman**, too, wants more than an astronomical salary. Everyone is singing those capital-gains blues! . . . Her friends are astounded at **Kim Stanley's** acting in the hit, *Bus Stop*. They've known she is a fine actress, but they didn't dream she could play such an unrepressed part as she does now. No two people could be further apart than Kim herself—a shy, sometimes speechless, girl—and her *Bus Stop* character—a honky-tonk singer with a loud voice and a shady past. Just playing the part may have helped Kim come out of her cocoon, incidentally; when she had to appear on a tv show as herself, she was tongue-tied. Yet, when she went over to **Steve Allen's**

*Tonight* right after opening in *Bus Stop*, she managed to chat and smile and ad lib with the greatest of ease—a real switch from the time she almost burst into tears. For those of you who saw her re-enact a scene from the play, by the way, here's a tip: It was toned down from the stage version for tv. This is often true. Sometimes the scenes you see, say on *Toast Of The Town*, are word for word like the Broadway scenes. But there are words that can be used on Broadway that are never uttered on tv! . . . That so-called romance between **Gloria Vanderbilt** and **Frank Sinatra** never amounted to anything. The only reason they even met was that Sinatra blew into New York from the west coast suddenly and needed a date. He called an actors' agent he knew, and she said one of her clients was free that night. It was Gloria. It's hard to imagine two such people on a blind date, but that's exactly what it was! Gloria, incidentally, apparently goes into all her projects with vim and vigor. People who visited her home when she was living with her husband, **Leopold Stokowski**, are still surprised that she ever left him. They say she was the very picture of a dutiful wife. She even, you know, insisted that her name be spelled Glor'ya Stokowska—the way it would have been done in her husband's native country . . . **Marlon Brando** is not planning any tv work, unfortunately, but he has many surprises up his sleeve for movie-goers. Don't think that his *Guys And Dolls* role is an "off-beat" thing and that then he'll return to his "tough guy" roles. He fully intends to play the biggest variety of roles he can find . . . **Joan Caulfield**, for all her lightheartedness in her role as Liz Cooper on *My Favorite Husband*, is a person who urgently needs company all the time. Joan just doesn't like to be alone.

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## I never had a doll

(Continued from page 51) savage. I endured this world by developing a bitter hatred of it, which I made no effort to conceal, and by retreating to a dream world of my own.

One blistering afternoon I was hanging around on the sidewalk watching a group of boys lazily playing catch in the street. I heard a kind of hissing sound and there was a dirty-faced brat shaking her finger at me. "She's a orphan!" she yelled. The kids ringed around me, a stealthy, menacing, yelling mob, jumping up and down and chanting: "Yas, yah, yah! Orphant, orphant, orphant!" I gritted my teeth, salt stinging my eyes. I stared them down as long as I could keep the tears from spilling. I hid for the rest of the afternoon in the darkest hallway I could find.

On Sunday afternoons, sometimes, Millie would take me to a movie. Pearl White serials, *The Perils Of Pauline*, *The Exploits Of Elaine*, were my passion.

From these sessions with dazzling adventure in hot and stuffy neighborhood theatres, I emerged, no longer Ruby Stevens, the orphan drab and desolate, but the counterpart of my idol.

In all my life, in all the parts I've played, I have never forgotten Pearl White. I'm bedeviled by the urgency, whenever one of my pictures has any kind of a stunt scene, not to have a double. True, the double is hired and gets her check but I have to ride over that cliff or under that waterfall or run through that burning building or scream through that train wreck—all in the best tradition of my intrepid Pearl.

The Reverend William Carter, Pastor of the little Dutch Reformed Church in Flatbush, always smiled at me whenever I walked by, and one day, he spoke to me. He asked me if I'd ever been baptized. I told him no, and he looked so sorrowful that I asked him to baptize me. I've always kept the New Testament Reverend Carter gave to me on my twelfth birthday.

Whenever Millie took me backstage for a Saturday matinee at whatever theatre she was working, I stood in the wings, promising myself, passionately, that I would, someday, be a great dancer—another Isadora Duncan!

When I was thirteen, I got a job as a clerk for the telephone company and got myself fired almost as soon as I was hired. An irate subscriber confronted me with a mistake in her bill. Where I came from—somebody yelled at you, you yelled back louder. I was out of my job in nothing flat.

I trudged from one place to another, in answer to every likely ad in the help-wanted columns and finally landed in the pattern department of Condé Nast.

One day a lady came to me for instructions in cutting some expensive material to the pattern I'd sold her. With the superb authority of utter stupidity, I gave her explicit directions. The lady trusting-ly followed them.

The management struck me from the payroll. This time, I bounced happily down the stairs. Now I knew where I was going. Show business. That was *my* business! As for trying to be anything but a dancer, I'd had it.

Confidence and the example of an indomitable serial queen are ripe assets in a teenster. I was fifteen—a statistic to be denied. I went winging my way in and out of casting offices, my hair plastered in "dips," mouth painted, eyes heavily, unskilfully outlined, my lashes loaded with mascara. I'm sure the man who hired line dancers for the Strand Roof knew how young and green I was, but he hired me.

I was a hoover!  
In my sole compatibility with the neighborhood kids, I had danced for "hat money"—small change tossed by passers-by. The ruthlessness I'd developed as a part of my survival equipment, because my fists were as important as my feet in getting my share of the tossed coins, was priceless.

When the Strand Roof closed, I shuttled from one chorus job to another. I loved going through the battered stage doors. I loved the scramble for places before curtain time; the music, the excitement, the color. I even loved the hazards. I didn't panic when I was broke between jobs, and like the rest of us hoofers, acted filthy rich when I had any salary coming in.

Between jobs, we all shared one precious resource. That was Billy LaHiff, our father confessor; Mr. LaHiff, my Good Samaritan. He owned The Tavern on 48th Street and a heart as big as a circus tent. He never refused a meal to a hungry chorine nor to an out-of-work actor. And he had no memory at all for what you owed him if your luck was slow.

Mae Clarke, Wanda Mansfield and I shared a cold-water, walk-up room. We were short on cash and tall on dreams in our "Three Musketeer" relationship. If one got a job we all ate; if we were all "at liberty" we shared our lack of resources just as thoroughly. We laughed a lot and kept worry a stranger.

One night Billy LaHiff collared me and said, "Ruby, I think I can get you a job. Willard Mack's casting—looking for a chorus girl. Come meet him."

Willard Mack! A top "legit" producer, actor, playwright, director. I was not awed. Legit had little to do with my beloved branch of show business.

Mr. LaHiff said, "Name's Ruby Stevens, Bill. Helluva little hoover—sweet pair o' gams, too." Mr. Mack said, after giving

Vincent Lopez, the bandleader, recalls the time he discovered little Betty Hutton in Detroit. "After she joined my band, I took her to breakfast. She ordered steak. She had lunch and ordered steak. At dinner she had steak again. And at a midnight party she ate steak again. Finally I asked her how she could eat steak four times a day. She explained, 'I've never had steak in my life. And I promised myself that when I ever got it, I'd stuff myself!'"

—Paul Denis

me a sharp-eyed inspection, that, yes, I could have the chorine bit in *The Noose*. "There are three of us hoofers, Mr. Mack," I said. "I don't accept any job except it's one for all of us."

Wrinkles of amusement splashed the corners of his eyes. "All right, Ruby," he said, "bring your friends."

The tryout of *The Noose* in Philadelphia was as dreary as a wake. It was a turkey. Mr. Mack went to work again. He re-wrote, re-cast and rehearsed, rehearsed, rehearsed. When he changed the story, he became possessed of the conviction that Ruby Stevens could be trained into an actress! I was never so shocked in my whole life. I felt like Pearl White, in a real big peril. But by now, I kept my mouth shut when Mr. Mack gave any orders.

Day and night he drilled, drilled, drilled me to play one of the most poignant dramatic roles he ever wrote. After a week made up of days and nights of endless work, work, work, it was again curtain time for *The Noose*. In Pittsburgh.

When the curtain fell on that second



performance everyone was ecstatic. Except me. I was just lightheaded—from no sleep and gallons and gallons of coffee and skipped meals. But, taking my first bow, I was lightheaded. If the applause was to be trusted, I hadn't let Mr. Mack down.

We tried out for three more weeks on the road. Then we went to New York for pre-Broadway rehearsals at the Belasco. We were all in the green room when Mr. Mack arrived. He walked over to me and said, "Ruby Stevens is no name for a star." He glanced around the room. The walls were lined with framed programs. One read, "Jane Stanwyck in *Barbara Fritchie*." Mr. Mack turned, held out his hand, "Hello, Barbara Stanwyck," he said.

That's what became of Ruby Stevens, who was going to be a dancer.

NOTHING WAS THE SAME after that. Mr. Mack introduced me to a world I entered resistlessly only because this great and kind man had staked his reputation on my performance. I lived, ate, slept, dreamed the part I had to play. Most of the time I was too tired to breathe.

I did get a wire off to my sisters in Brooklyn telling them I had an important part and that there would be tickets for them at the box office opening night. *The Noose* was a hit. I was besprinkled with the lavish excitement of a Broadway first night. Everyone else had friends and family galore backstage after the performance. Mr. Mack introduced me to lots of people but I kept watching for my sisters. Finally, when the crowd was all gone and only the eerie work lights were left on the stage, I gave up, took my make-up off and got to a telephone booth.

Well, they'd been at the theatre all right. They'd had fine seats, right down in front; they looked through the program, didn't see my name and when I didn't come on in the first act, they decided there was a mistake somewhere and went home.

I had forgotten to tell them I was Barbara Stanwyck.

*The Noose* ran for nearly a year on Broadway. Mr. Mack continued to coach me—to teach me what acting was all about. It was a lonely, concentrated, consecrated life. He made me learn a new play every week. He drilled me as carefully in each week's role as though I were going to open in it on Broadway. No one ever had so great a gift from so great a master. Willard Mack was theatre. Acting was his religion. It became mine.

I still missed Wanda and Mae, remembering our zany laughter whether we were in or out of jobs. In the midst of being a successful dramatic star on Broadway, I'd wonder, when I had any time at all to do anything except study the endless scripts Mr. Mack assigned me, what would have happened to Ruby Stevens if Billy LaHiff hadn't decided to get her a job.

She was a kid who never had been a child, really. Now she didn't exist at all.

One night Oscar Levant brought a friend to my dressingroom. Loving show business, I worshiped at the shrine of talent. I'd seen Frank Fay in his incomparable performances time and again at the Palace Theatre. He had, also, indisputably irresistible personal charm.

I met him. I loved him, I married him. I came with him to California.

I lacked the social ease which those who have always been welcome wherever they go wear as gracefully and casually as a model wears a mink coat, and our life was a series of glamorous parties where I sat in the corner attracting no more attention than the furniture. Listening to all the bright, easy, sophisticated conversation, watching Frank sprinkle his magic over everything, watching the women glow under the spell of his charm,



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by MARCELLA HOLMES  
NOTED BEAUTY AUTHORITY

(former beauty editor of "Glamour" magazine)

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watching Frank, gay and happy and unaware of me until going-home-time.

I polished the chip on my shoulder. I pasted a smile on my face. I hated everything but the hours I had with Frank alone. As these grew fewer I grew more silent. If I kept very quiet I could hear all the lovely, happy chatter of my dream-world people.

True, I was in Hollywood as Mrs. Fay, but as nothing in my background had fitted me to fill the endless hours of Mr. Fay's absence from the hearthside, I thought I ought to put Mr. Mack's teachings to practical use. I got an agent.

I made test after test—nine of them, by actual count. Each and all were deplorably unproductive.

One day a young director—his name was Frank Capra—sent for me. "I think you'd be great for this part. I'd like to make a test," he said. Bitterness overwhelmed me. Poker-faced, I walked to the door.

"No, thanks," I said, holding tight to the doorknob, hoping my trembling didn't show. "I've had some." I started out.

"Take it easy, Barbara," Capra spoke, real quiet. I stopped. I looked back.

Capra was grinning. He said, "Report for wardrobe, nine o'clock Monday. Our picture is *Ladies Of Leisure*. I've got faith in it—I've got faith in you, too."

That faith and *Ladies Of Leisure* changed my life in Hollywood. It also established Capra as a director of the first magnitude. Now I was a girl named Stanwyck—who had a hit picture. That's the nicest friend a girl can have in Hollywood.

Just as my marriage to Frank Fay was inevitable, so, I guess, was our parting after seven years. We were divorced in 1936.

Once again, I knew the world was alien and unfriendly and I didn't want to know any different. The chip on my shoulder held my shoulders straight and my chin up and my eyes were curtained so that no one would know I didn't believe in anything in the world.

Marian and Zeppo Marx refused to be snubbed by my indifference. Hepped on the idea of establishing a horse breeding business in the Valley, they urged me to join them. I found myself co-owner of Marwyck Ranch, as incongruous a bit of self-casting as I've ever heard of!

They built their house on one hill—I built mine on one adjoining. I built the swimming pool, they the tennis court—both of which we shared. The stables spread across the land beneath our houses. When all the building was done I had no interest in any of it. I sat in my house on that hilltop looking through eyes clouded with the bitterness inside me, across the acres which were half mine. I knew it was a far cry from the Brooklyn tenements. I knew there was beauty in my home. There was no beauty in me. I was still a bitter child cowering in a dark hallway.

**Z**EPPO AND MARIAN persisted in saying they wanted me to meet a man whose name, I gathered, was Artique. They insisted I'd like him. Finally, I gave in and said I'd go to dinner with them at the Trocadero.

A young man who was the latest motion picture box-office rage, was sitting at our table. I was introduced to Robert Taylor.

We made polite conversation, while I wondered what had happened to my "date." Then I confided, "I was supposed to meet a Mr. Artique here tonight."

Taylor's blue eyes twinkled like crazy; he grinned that famous grin, and gave with the warmest chuckle I ever heard. He murmured, "R.T., Ma'am, R.T. That's the one you were to meet, and—I am he!"

It was okay with me. Marian and Zeppo were right. I did like Robert Taylor.

For the next three years, R.T., my friend, held an absorbing place in my thoughts and absorbed most of my time. We were

not, we protested publicly and to each other, in love; we simply and frankly enjoyed being together.

Bob had to go to England to make *A Yank At Oxford*. When he returned, the old, good-companion relationship, the camaraderie that had been so rewarding, just wasn't there any more. We were possessed of an awareness of each other that made mere friendship impossible.

On May 13, 1939, we drove to San Diego with Zeppo and Marian and Ida Koverman and we were married by a Justice of the Peace at one minute after midnight. The Little People made pretty music in my secret world.

No sooner was the dream house we built a long-awaited reality, than Navy Lieutenant Robert Taylor left for duty.

The loneliness of waiting for the lieutenant's return was not like any other loneliness because I shared it as a member of an enormous family which stretched across the world. It was a family made up only of women—and men too old or too young to leave us. In this loneliness no wife was really alone; millions of wives endured the living in a state of suspense—of suspended animation—thinking life would resume, at the war's end, exactly as it was before. Eventually, it was over. Eventually, our men came home—those who could come home, I mean.

Soon after Bob's return he got his own plane and flew all over the country on fishing and hunting expeditions. One long location trip after another took him away, too. To England, Italy, Utah, New Mexico—we were weeks apart after years apart. Ten days before Christmas of the year 1950, we called Helen Ferguson and told her to prepare our divorce announcement for the papers.

I bought a new house, sold our house, and every stick of its furniture. Wandering through those empty rooms a wracking bitterness held me.

I started down the stairs. A sort of blackness enveloped me.

When I opened my eyes, Helen was leaning over me and the doctor was there. I said, "I've lost my husband." As though that explained everything. I expected her to comfort me. But, her face stern, she said, "What makes you so proud of that? It's a very commonplace accomplishment."

I could have killed her.

I turned my head away. I wouldn't look at her. She leaned close and said, in the softest whisper, "You're the daughter I never had." Helen has a mother-heart; only her lack of years disqualified her. I didn't move or hear her leave. My world was filled with what she had whispered. I'd been called "daughter."

I wish I could say that from that moment I began to let all the kindnesses friends held out to me reach me. It would be a lie. I didn't get rid of my bitterness. I went to parties dressed in my finest, and I talked with crackling bitterness—and too much. And I laughed a lot.

Then Nancy Sinatra planned a surprise party for my birthday. When I saw all the smiling, loving faces in her living room, I resented the invasion of my misery. But I made myself very gay.

I didn't want to open the presents piled high at the end of the room. But they made me. So I exclaimed over all the generous and extravagant gifts and everyone smiled, rewarded, and I felt like a worm in a spotlight. I came to Helen's gift. It was not extravagant. It was something she had written—something lettered on parchment, and it was in a little silver frame. It had a title, "A Prayer For Missy."

Even before I finished reading it the dam inside me broke.

And now the tears were sweet and cleansing and I heard, with my heart, the tinkling sounds of the joy of my Little



People. It was no strain to hear them, because there was no sound at all in Nancy Sinatra's lovely room. It was filled with the waiting, understanding silence of people who loved me.

Part of the miracle was that I wasn't embarrassed because I was crying.

In those tears, the death of my bitterness began. This was the start of my journey away from my childhood.

Next day, I showed "A Prayer For Missy" to Nana, (that's what we call Helen's mother). She smiled and I smiled and there was a glow about everything.

We were in Nana's room. She was surrounded by dolls of all styles and sizes and piles of paper and she was wrapping each doll very carefully. I knew the dolls had belonged to her granddaughter.

"Nana," I accused her, "aren't you a little old to be playing with dolls?"

"I'm just loving them a little as I put them away." She looked at me and said, "Never be 'too old' for anything, Bobbie."

It is said of Nana by all who love her, that she talks in Braille, but we've learned she has a special way of telling us what she knows it is time for us to hear. Nana never bludgeons us with her wisdom. She offers it with a bright unexpectedness; with a soft delicacy.

So I was quiet, thinking. I watched her tender inspection of each doll before she hid it in the paper. Then she looked up and asked, "Didn't you ever have a doll?"

"No," I said.

"Ah," said Nana. She looked again at the doll in her hands. Her face was sober.

"Well, it does take a lot longer to grow up without a doll." That's what Nana said.

Then she grinned at me, and we shared another secret. A peaceful secret.

That was three years ago.

Before I knew better, one of my proudest boasts was that I always prayed only for others. I still pray for others. But in all humility, I now pray for myself, too. And I know He listens. Nana taught me because her years are so many and her heart so young and trusting—not to be afraid to grow up. Nana's example brought me to restored believing, to faith, to daily prayer; to gratefulness for the blessings I have had—and which I truly love to share. I have had so many of them. I've given a lot of lip-service to God, but now I know how to properly thank Him.

When bitterness goes, there's plenty of room for a lot of nice things. Like—really wanting Bob and Ursula Taylor to be happy in their whole future together; like appreciating the things I receive, whether they are just exactly what I've asked for or not; like waking up in the morning knowing I've good hard work ahead of me at the studio, and friendly folk to help to do it; like laughing because I'm happy and not laughing at something or someone as a cover-up for disappointment and turmoil within me; like filling the hours I spend alone with hope instead of distrust; and like praying with confidence instead of being afraid to pray at all.

Last Christmas Helen gave me a doll. Tied to its hand was a card which said, "I belong to Ruby Stevens."

I laughed and laughed until I cried!  
I'm a big girl now!

END

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## things are looking up

(Continued from page 35) "After the first week," Nora swore, "he flew the coop." Nora sued for back alimony. Simultaneously, second wife Joanne Dru got a bench warrant for Haymes' arrest. Joanne claimed he owed \$5,000 in child-support payments.

As soon as Dick and Rita arrived in Hollywood in February, Haymes amazed everyone by voluntarily walking into Judge Doyle's court. He promised to pay all charges in arrears.

A few weeks later he did. Full-bearded and natty, he strode into the office of Nora's attorney, S. S. Hahn. He handed Hahn a check for \$7000. For a minute Hahn couldn't believe it, but the check cleared the bank.

"This check," Hahn announced, "not only takes care of back alimony payments but stops once and for all the payments of \$100 a week Haymes promised my client."

People were curious about where Dick Haymes was getting the money to square all his debts. Rita, of course, is tremendously happy, but she denies having given him one penny. She herself has little money until her own corporation, Beckworth Productions, can obtain an accounting of moneys due her.

The answer lies in the Crystal Bay Corporation. This corporation was founded by Dick and Rita to produce films for United Artists.

Several weeks ago United Artists advanced Crystal Bay Corporation \$100,000. It did not advance the money to Haymes, since the Government could have attached \$45,000 of it for Haymes' back income taxes. The money went directly to the corporation. As an official of the corporation, Haymes is empowered to disburse such funds as he sees fit.

The man who extricated Rita and Dick from their financial quagmire is Bartley Crum, the same brilliant attorney who finally negotiated a child-support settlement with Rita's third husband, Aly Khan.

"As a result of this settlement," Rita said recently, "I plan to take Yasmin (her five-year-old daughter by the Moslem prince) to Europe some time this summer, probably when my picture is finished. Her grandfather has been terribly anxious to see her."

The Aga Khan, who is near death in France at this writing, has wanted desperately to see Yasmin for the last three years, but Rita steadfastly refused until a definite support agreement was drawn up.

At five, Yasmin is a bright-eyed little pixie, open-hearted, cute and talkative.

Luck may smile on Rita again. Her older daughter, Rebecca, is the child of Orson Welles. It is said that Welles, in financial difficulty, has been unable to support Rebecca. But recently Welles was offered \$25,000 per week to appear in Las Vegas. If he does Rita will undoubtedly receive a wad of money for Becky's support.

**THINGS ARE LOOKING UP** for Rita. But what counts most to her is that in Dick Haymes she has finally found the great love of her life.

Dick has said over and over again, "What Rita has gone through for me—it's just impossible to talk about it. When things looked blackest, when I was being backed into one corner after another, it was her courage that saw me through. I give you my word we're man and wife forever."

Rita is not nearly so eloquent as Dick, but how loudly her behavior speaks!

Just look back at what this glamorous beauty has gone through. She married

Haymes in a circus-like wedding staged in Las Vegas. Deputy sheriffs and a special nurse watched her two children as she was interviewed by approximately 200 reporters and cameramen.

A threat of deportation hung over Haymes. He was also flat broke. Following the highly publicized wedding, however, Haymes received \$150,000 in nightclub offers.

He accepted a few, and Rita, temporarily abandoning her own career, stayed at his side. Her children remained in Connecticut.

You know what happened. Wherever Haymes entertained his salary was attacked. His former wives threatened to throw him into jail. While Rita and Dick were staying at the Roney Plaza in Miami, Rita was charged with neglecting her children and Rebecca and Yasmin were held in court "custody."

At the same time, she was suspended by her studio and Haymes was in danger of being bounced out of the country. There was constant bickering on the Aly Khan financial settlement.

A lesser woman would have retired to a sanitarium with a full-fledged nervous breakdown. Not Rita. Under no circumstances would she give up her husband. She loved him too much, no matter how much bad publicity, aggravation and heartache he had caused.

Rita Hayworth knows one thing for sure. The whole Haymes deportation confusion never would have occurred if Dick

**Jayne Meadows' and Steve Allen's big Park Avenue apartment had been Betty Furness' home and it has two and a half baths. Steve explains, "For the first time in my life, I can take two and a half baths when I feel like it."**

—Paul Denis

hadn't fallen uncontrollably in love with her.

In May, 1953, Haymes flew to Hawaii, ostensibly to sing at The Royal Hawaiian Hotel, but in truth to be near Rita who was then on location with *Miss Sadie Thompson*.

When Dick returned to Los Angeles three weeks later, he was told that his trip to Hawaii—for whatever purpose—had made him a deportable alien.

**HAYMES WAS BORN** in Buenos Aires, Argentina, September 13, 1918. His father was an English cattle rancher, his mother an American concert singer. He was brought to the United States when he was three months old. When he was twenty, he left the country and then came back under the quota system as an alien. After he had volunteered for induction in World War II and had been turned down for "bad eyes and high blood pressure," he made the mistake of requesting a deferment on the grounds that he was a citizen of a neutral nation, Argentina.

When Argentina entered the war, Dick voluntarily voided the deferment. He was classified 1 A, and ordered to report for induction in Los Angeles. Here he was examined and again declared unfit for military service, again because of his eyes and his blood pressure. But this time, Dick's draft board began to receive letters from one of Haymes' enemies, claiming that Dick had been taking benzedrine tablets several days before his physical in order to induce high blood pressure.

Whereupon the Army ordered the crooner to Governor's Island in New York Bay for another physical. This time he was carefully watched for three days and re-examined periodically. The results were



the same: bad eyes and high blood pressure.

Rita Hayworth knew all this before she married Dick. He told her everything—his hectic past, his legal and financial troubles. She offered to help with money. Dick wouldn't hear of it. He went to her attorney. "I love this girl so much," he said, "that I never want her to have the slightest trouble because of me. I want you to draw up some agreement which says that what money she has will never go to me and what debts I've incurred will never be held against her."

Bartley Crum drew up such an agreement and Haymes signed it. Today he can truthfully say, "My family is living on borrowed money, and I've never touched a penny of my wife's funds."

Last summer when things looked darkest and headlines boldest, the Haymeses, at Rita's urging, withdrew to Crystal Bay, Nevada. Rita had "waited out" her divorce from Aly Khan in this quiet little summer resort town. And she loved it.

WHILE THE NEWSPAPERS concentrated on Ava Gardner who lived a few hundred yards away, establishing Nevada residence requirements to drop Frank Sinatra, Rita and Dick, along with Yasmin and Becky and Brutus—Brutus is Haymes' boxer—moved into the Nevada cottage which is today their legal home.

Rita hired a Mexican woman, Louisa, to do the cleaning and the cooking, and announced that come Hades or high water, this simple two-bedroom cottage located on a small dirt road would be their hideaway, their escape from process servers and reporters and busybodies, for the next two years.

Although Rita has tried to live the life of a hermit this last year, to save her strength and marshal her forces, she has had to make certain concessions.

She was perfectly content to paint, to refurnish the cottage, to restore old furniture. She was blissfully happy without newspapers, magazines and telegrams from her agents. And so was Haymes. They dressed in blue jeans, never went out, were hardly ever seen except by the caretaker in the neighborhood. Their unlisted telephone seldom rang except when they were called by their respective attorneys.

But there were Rita's children, Becky and Yasmin, and Dick's children, Junior and Helen. There were visits from Dick's mother and Bartley Crum and Aly Khan's lawyer.

When Dick's mother came to Crystal Bay several months ago, Rita agreed to let her take Yasmin and Becky into nearby Reno. The children were recognized instantly.

Last fall, Becky, bright as a button, was enrolled in the school at King's Beach while Yasmin, too young at five to go to school, stayed home with Dick and Rita. When snow came early, Dick and Rita went skiing and Dick worked on his book, reportedly his autobiography to be published later this year.

While the Haymeses avoided society, their lawyers were hard at work, trying to make order of their clients' tangled affairs.

First on the agenda was the support settlement with Aly Kahn. Rita said she was perfectly agreeable to Yasmin's being brought up in the Moslem faith. She wanted the little girl to visit her father and grandfather in Europe, but first she must have definite assurance that the child would be returned to her. And there was the matter of financial support for Yasmin.

It took half a dozen trips across the Atlantic and months of legal haggling but last year Bartley Crum negotiated a deal. The result? There will always be plenty of money for Yasmin's rearing and she

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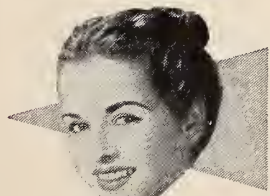


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will be allowed to visit her father every summer from now on.

Next then was the problem of settling the fight between Rita and Columbia Pictures. Crum worked that one out, too, and helped to make the United Artists arrangement with the Crystal Bay Corporation. Then he announced, "Rita Hayworth is returning to Columbia Pictures. Dick Haymes is to become a screen writer and producer."

Crum did not say that Haymes was becoming a writer and producer at Columbia Studios although many newsmen misinterpreted the statement. It is no secret in Hollywood that Columbia and Haymes don't see eye to eye. But Rita's days at Columbia are rapidly drawing to an end. Then she embarks on the dangerous but soul-satisfying voyage of independent production.

With Dick beside her, Rita feels that everything will turn out to be good

## audrey on the run

(Continued from page 52) amused by the frustrated efforts to get pictures of her. She often turned to glance at the press cars following her, grinned broadly and resumed her conversation.

From Nathan's apartment, Audrey and Mel hurried to La Crémallière restaurant for dinner with New York Herald-Tribune columnist Art Buchwald. It was the only private interview Audrey gave—a fact the French press naturally resented, accusing her of favoritism.

While Mel gulped down a dozen oysters, half a chicken and a platter of crêpes suzettes, Audrey, who claims she stays thin by "eating a little and working a lot," played with a bowl of consommé, a slice of salmon and a dish of ice cream. Photographers were not admitted.

The next day Audrey attended a private showing of *Sabrina*, with French dialogue dubbed in, made a radio broadcast and appeared at the press conference, which disclosed nothing more exciting than the fact that she "hopes one day to have a family." She denied the rumors that she was pregnant. The rumors continued steadily, however, and she has, as steadily, denied them.

While the press was busy in the Ritz salons below, one enterprising American photographer mounted to Audrey's rooms, hoping for shots of her return from the conference. Ferrer was there. He was furious at such audacity and called the manager, who seemed to be prepared to throw out the photographer by force. It was mentioned that this might occasion extremely unfavorable publicity for his hotel in the American press. He calmed down. But permission was not given.

That evening Audrey and Mel dined with Ray Ventura, who produced *Monte Carlo Baby*, the film Audrey was making when she was picked to play Gigi. They went to Berkeley's, a restaurant on the Rond-Point, whose policy is cooperation with the press. But not this evening.

At Berkeley's, Audrey asked the chef if she could make the crêpes suzettes. He willingly obliged. The photographers wrung their hands when they learned what ideal pictures they had missed. Audrey told Ventura that she had decided not to accept a role in his *Bonjour Tristesse*. "I don't want to play it because the lead is not a sympathetic character."

Wednesday she and Mel entertained Gigi director Raymond Rauleau at their hotel for cocktails. Around seven-thirty P.M. Rauleau informed lensmen waiting in the lobby that there was no reason for them to hang around—the Ferrers were

and golden and glorious. For almost a year she and her husband lived together twenty-four hours a day. In that mountain cottage on the shores of Lake Tahoe they enjoyed companionship and intimacy that few other couples have ever been destined to know.

For Rita that was, at last, marital fulfillment. All her previous marriages were to men who traveled widely, who had diverse interests, who left her alone for long periods of time.

With Dick it has been different. It has been the two of them and the children. It has been a time of peace and tranquillity and adjustment.

Now that Rita is back at work, there will be the usual items hinting at divorce and disagreements. These are inevitable for stars in the spotlight.

But after what Rita and Dick have been through these last two years, the rest of the way looks easy. **END**

eating in their rooms. The chauffeur of the Cadillac told reporters that he wouldn't be needed that evening, so he was going to put the car away. He drove away—to a back entrance of the Ritz.

The skeptical reporters followed the Cadillac. And saw Audrey and Mel racing to it from a side service entrance.

Just at that moment a Buick convertible coming from the opposite end of the street stopped dead. From it leaped Jean Pierre Aumont, who had recognized Audrey and Mel. He left his car parked in the center of the street, tying up traffic on both lanes, while they chatted. Photographers tried to snap them, but Audrey withdrew into the shadows of the car.

Once, she allowed a photograph—to *Paris-Match*, the French equivalent of *Life*. It was taken at the apartment of the late Colette, at the urging of Colette's husband, who was a personal friend of the photographer. Actually, it was this need to use personal contacts and cops-and-robbers techniques to out-manuever Audrey that aroused real anger.

**B**UT AT THE Dutch Embassy an incident occurred which became a minor scandal. Three guards had been assigned the task of keeping everyone away while Audrey was there. This ban included Dutch citizens, who were forbidden to enter the grounds of their own Embassy, because Audrey Hepburn was lunching there. The affair is even now being discussed in important circles in The Hague.

The French press, for whom the chase became more a matter of principle than anything else, ended by giving Audrey very little space. "I guess she took her part as a princess in *Roman Holiday* seriously." "She ought to take a few hints from a real princess—Margaret!"

Some people are saying that the *grand amour* is more on her side than his. She signs letters, "Audrey Ferrer," and is always grabbing people to say, "Have you met my husband?" Mel responds with what seems to be an embarrassed air.

The projected filming of *Ondine*, with Mel and Audrey co-starring, has been canceled. But there will no doubt be others. Ferrer did tell friends in Paris, "I don't think it would be a good idea for us to play together too often. I'll accept only those roles for which I'm ideally suited." But there probably will be a goodly number of those.

At this time, the French press can think of some roles for which both Mel and Audrey would be ideally suited. They would occur in films in which the dialogue reads frequently, "They went that-a-way!" **END**



## mitchum's way

(Continued from page 49) Tab Hunter, who said in tones of pure hero-worship, "You have to work with him to know. Walking from the parking lot to the set he would learn whole scenes—and give a performance you could never forget."

Or like Stanley Kramer, who was deafened but undaunted by the walls of anguish from the reading public when he cast Mitch in the role of Lucas Marsh in *Not As A Stranger*. Wrote Kramer, less in self-defense than pride, "We knew the instant we laid down the script after the first reading that Mitchum was Lucas Marsh. We consider Bob's crinkly-eyed loping through a decade of bad pictures not the faintest indication of his talent as an actor . . . there is no reason why a dedicated idealist has to look or talk like an underfed Shelley. Mitchum has the power, the sex, the violence and—above all—the brains to be Lucas Marsh."

IT GOES WITHOUT saying that Robert Mitchum had not sought the controversial role, though he might well have been the only star in Hollywood who didn't covet it. When he was approached, never having read the book, he said, "I'll read the script, and if I think I can do anything for the picture, okay. But I'll tell you this: after I've read it, if I think Monty Cliff or Brando would be better for you, I'm ready to say so."

This being the acting plum of the year, one of the men sitting in on the conference was understandably confused. "What gives with this guy?" he appealed to Stanley Kramer. "It sounds to me like he doesn't want to make the picture."

"No," answered the smiling Kramer. "He's just being honest and you can't ask for more than that."

As it happened, things didn't work out that way; Robert never laid eyes on the script before the deal was closed. He was on location while the final shooting script was being prepared, and when he got back he found Kramer in a bind for time. He needed an immediate yea or nay, because two other top stars were holding themselves in readiness to slip into the role if Mitch should turn it down.

The momentous decision took about this long: Mitchum asked, "Do you think I'm right for it?"

"Yes, Bob, I do," said Kramer.

That was all. Without even knowing what the role would demand of him, Mitch said, "I'll do it." A pretty big decision to leave to someone else, but he was serene and untroubled in mind. "I knew I could trust Stanley's judgment," he commented later. "Who knows more about making pictures?"

THE CRITICS who like to characterize Mitchum as an irresponsible slob who merely happens to affect women the way uranium affects a Geiger counter would have had a tough time recognizing him during this production. Working for a man he respects on a picture he believed in, Bob was a model of decorum. Granted that he, Frank Sinatra and Broderick Crawford present an explosive array of potential mischief, Robert was too busy riding herd on his supercharged pals to get into any trouble on his own.

There was the sentimental moment when they decided that buddies should not be separated ever, by anything, whereupon Brod calmly kicked the door off the dressing room in which they sat. The other doors soon followed—but Mitch was there to exercise restraint before the walls came tumbling down.

And there is the story that Frank him-

self has told all over town. "I went to a party one night, and the next morning I woke up in my dressing room at the studio. An icebag was on my head, pads were on my eyes—all the work of Mother Mitchum, who was hovering anxiously over me. After he got me some coffee, he went over to the set and stalled through a couple of scenes until old Snodgrass was ready to work." To this day The Voice is known as Snodgrass to the big guy, who goes under the unlikely name of Mother.

As insurance against the loss of his good intentions, it seemed advisable that someone should also ride herd on Mitch, a chore courageously undertaken by Olivia de-Havilland.

"You read in the columns about the time she slapped a can of beer out of my hand?" Bob shook his head, obviously tickled. "I never did find out what she's got against beer."

"We were shooting out at the airport for a couple of days, and during the breaks all the guys would go to this joint to have a beer. Except me. Olivia would grab me by the arm and say, 'Now you stay here! I won't have you wasting yourself, swilling that filthy stuff!'"

"One day I was having a beer with my lunch when she walked in. She looked to see what was in the paper cup, flirted around with it, and then—flick—over it went!"

"I asked her, 'Are you satisfied now?' She said yes, so I said fine and got myself another beer. They reported it as an incident in the columns, missing the whole point: Olivia was laughing so hard she could barely talk the whole time."

THAT WAS WHAT was missing from the then-current Robert Mitchum story—the incidents. He had been working hard, making in quick succession, *Track Of The Cat*, *Night Of The Hunter* and *Not As A Stranger* without incidentally making any headlines for misconduct. Not even a traffic ticket for burning up the roads in his hot little Jaguar. Mitch was beginning to look like the peace-loving guy his friends have always claimed him to be.

One such, Jane Russell, said, "All people see is Robert making a shambles out of some place because somebody gave him an accidental nudge. What they don't know or care enough to think about is that he has already been shoved across the room without opening his mouth before that last little nudge causes him to blow up."

People do anticipate the blow-ups, though, and they were not disappointed when John Wayne flew up to the San Francisco Bay area to replace Mitchum as the star of *Blood Alley*. The reasons given were numerous. It was said that Mitch carried his rough-housing too far when he dunked a crew member in the icy drink—which would be an incredibly childish thing to do. It was said that he created disharmony within the company—but those who work with Bob swear by him as well as at him. True, in Canada he once belted an inquisitive bear over the snout with a short-handled spade, but technically the bear was part of the scenery rather than the company. And it was said that Director William Wellman found him fractious and unmanageable, which has an odd ring. Mr. Wellman isn't called Wild Bill for nothing.

"A great story," commented Mitch laconically, "except that none of it ever happened." True to form, he was completely disinterested in telling his side of the rhu-barb. But Mitch never fights it; he couldn't care less for the sound of his own voice saying, "I wuz robbed!"

A PROPOS OF *Blood Alley*, what actually happened could be the story of Mitchum's life: he told the truth to a man who

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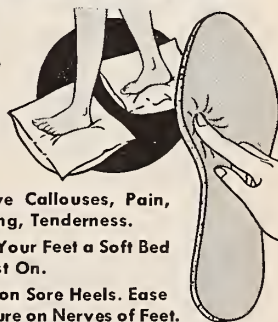


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laughed when he should have been listening. Mitch's is not a simple personality, to say the least, and he is shatteringly direct in his efforts to remain as uncomplicated as possible. On this occasion, a party, he was approached by a gentleman who wanted to make a film deal, and this was not the kind of man with whom Robert deals. If he had been evasive, suggesting that they discuss it over lunch at some nebulous time, the man would inevitably have called to set the date. So, in forthright Mitchumese he said instead, "Look, I'm not interested in a picture deal with you. I don't like you. I heard about you before I met you, and you're even worse than anything I heard." This is not to imply that it is the right way and it certainly isn't the tactful way, but telling the unvarnished truth is Mitch's way.

The film executive thought he was kidding, as people all too often do. With a nervous giggle he said, "Bob, you are a character!" and moved on to greet some other people. A few minutes later he was back, making the same pitch about a deal, and Robert, who thought he had made himself clear the first time, became irritated. He coupled a few words unsuited to these pages with the opinion that the gentleman was no less than the village idiot and stalked away.

What happened next? "What happened," was the dry contribution of Bob's alter ego, Reva Fredericks, "is that Robert's 'village idiot' figures rather prominently in the future of Batjac Productions. He went home and thought about it for a few days, and the next thing we knew, Robert was out of *Blood Alley*."

"Well, Duke Wayne and Bob Fellows couldn't afford to keep me in the cast once he started turning the screws," Mitch said reasonably. "After all, their pictures have to be released by someone, so these guys can't go around antagonizing important people for the sake of a principle. They couldn't let me make the picture, and if they had fired me without cause, I'd have sued for a million bucks. Robert Mitchum had to be made to look like a naughty boy." There was the familiar, artistic shrug. "Duke and Bob? Sure they're still friends of mine—why fight City Hall?" Now that it was over and done, there was no animosity in him. Only a mild, amused contempt for the man who would take out his malice in such a petty, underhand way.

THEY WERE AT lunch, Mitch, Reva and a friend. Reva Fredericks is Robert's secretary, a lively, cool-eyed girl endowed with more than her share of brains, who would just as leave be shot as to see her name in a story about the boss. She is also his friend, advisor and chief brow-beater, and at the time she was giving a working demonstration of what happens when you tell people the truth and they don't believe you. And Mitch was enjoying her frustration to the utmost.

Reva's problem was a waiter of the sort who relies on his talent as a comedian to cover up for extraordinarily poor service. The entire time she attempted to order, he was offering feeble jokes to Robert, so that she had to repeat herself several times. She told him to bring Mitch a large salad and some Melba toast; he brought a side order of salad and no toast and asked what Mr. Mitchum would like to have for lunch. He forgot to bring the basket of hot rolls, it escaped him that coffee had been ordered with the meal. When he did get around to bringing it twenty minutes later, it was stone cold.

"You," Reva addressed him, "are an inefficient moron." That fractured him.

Next time around, she tried again. "I've got news for you, you bumbling idiot. I'm going to sign the check for this meal, and

if you think you're going to get a nickel tip, you're crazy."

That made her almost as funny as he was, and he laughed fit to bust.

The service didn't improve, though, and finally Reva said, "Look, go away. Tell the *maitre de* I want to see him—and don't come back."

"Sure, sure, Miss Fredericks, you bet, first thing," he chortled, trying to chuck her under the chin.

She shook her head in desperation. "He thinks I'm kidding. I tell him exactly how it is and he thinks it's a big joke."

The entire time she belabored the waiter, Mitch grinned from ear to ear. "Did she learn this from you, Bob?" he was asked.

"No," he said, "but it's her defense against me. Any time I start acting up, she clobbers me, too."

"Before the smoke had cleared away on the *Blood Alley* situation, Robert had fired me fourteen times and I had quit fifteen times." Which nonsense probably ceased only because they ran out of harsh truths to hurl at each other.

MITCHUM YAWNED and stretched hugely. "Man, I'm tired! You know how I spend my life? Reading scripts. I've got one more picture commitment, a western for Sam Goldwyn, Jr., and that will be a hundred and seven I've made. When that's done, I'm gonna blow. Dorothy and I are going to get on a slow freighter for Spain, Portugal—around there. Spend four months, maybe. Sheldon Reynolds talked to me about making a picture there that would only take ten weeks. I may do that."

"But mostly, I just want to loaf. I've got a friend, a writer named Jim Phillips, who lives down in the Canary Islands." The sleepy eyes glinted with mischief. "Now, there is a bright boy. He liked it so much down there that he wanted to stay, but he couldn't find a place to live. All the houses are on the banana plantations, and of course the owners live in them. Jim looked the situation over and found that the house he liked best of all belonged to a beautiful, twenty-two-year-old contessa. Since he couldn't rent the place, he married the girl."

"That's for me. I'm gonna go down there and visit old Jim and just lie there under a banana tree."

HE ROSE to his not inconsiderable height, suddenly turning serious. "Now I've got to go. I'm going over to Beverly Hills to buy Dorothy a present."

"You think you'll make it this time?" Reva asked sympathetically.

"I'm going to try," he answered, looking grim. Then his awful secret came out: Mitch has demophobia. The guy who can call a studio head the village idiot without turning a hair is petrified by the perfectly ordinary people on the streets and in the shops. Not because they stare at him, though he doesn't like that any more than any one else. Not because he's so easily recognizable that shopkeepers pull out their higher price tags immediately—that's human nature, and Robert would be the last one to quarrel with nature.

"I don't know what it is; I can't define it," he said slowly, "but I've been that way all my life. I get the feeling that I can't breathe. Sometimes when I have something to buy, I drive around in circles, trying to make myself park—and then I light out for the hills."

"I'll buy it for you, Robert," Reva offered.

"Nope," Mitch answered as he jack-knifed his long legs into the Jaguar. "I've got to get over this some time, and today may be the day."

He didn't say goodbye or even wave when he roared off. But then, he never does.

END



## it's murder, man

(Continued from page 55) group of howling girls could make a dent in his aplomb like those butterflies in his stomach.

In the first place, he had completely forgotten the last act he had done before a live audience. It had been at The Sands in Las Vegas, and when it was over, Van had blotted it out of his mind. He'd been a hit, all right. But the praise and the applause and the not inconsiderable money and his wife Evie's pride in his success couldn't make up for the terror that gripped him before every performance. He was actually physically ill when he thought of going on. But everyone raved and for a while there, he almost thought he had it licked. But when that two weeks were over and the Chicago stint over, he realized what a terrific strain doing the act had been. Better the bobby-soxers. You wouldn't catch him letting himself in for butterflies again.

**B**UT NOW HE HAD TO. So he called the writers who had done his last show, and started over. Evie found some of his scores in the basement. The show began to shape up. And all the while he kept thinking that this would be even tougher than the other, that there would be Hollywood people there this time, his friends, his neighbors, fellow-actors. It had been terrible to think of flopping in front of strangers, but what if he fell down here?

He sought out Frank Sinatra, hoping to get some words of advice from the veteran of personal appearances. "What about make-up?" he worried.

"No make-up," said Frankie. Well, that was something learned.

On the day of the show Van couldn't eat. He couldn't pace the floor. He couldn't stay in bed. He went out into the yard to get some sun on his face. He had become so pale the freckles were standing out on his face like ink-spots. He spent an hour lying on his back facing the sun, but when he looked at his watch he had been there only ten minutes. By evening he was in such a state of nerves that when he went up to take a cold shower, the first drop of water that hit him nearly bowled him over. On the way to the show he looked like a man going to the electric chair.

**An odd Jersey character crashed the stage door at Minsky's in Newark last night, and roared: "Hey, is Horseface Louie here?" ... One of the chorus girls belted back at him: "Horseface Louie who?"**

Leonard Lyons in  
The New York Post

Mind you, going on stage had not always been such a nightmare. There had been a time when an opening night was the moment Johnson lived for, hoped for—and frequently went hungry for.

**H**E WAS BORN ON Ayrault Street, Newport, on August 25, 1916, and he still had a Swedish accent in his songs when he was ten years old. There were lots of songs. He sang while he mowed lawns, while he learned the rudiments of plumbing from his father, Charles Johnson, and he sang while he swept out the beach cabanas at the gold-plated resorts of Newport. Quite inevitably he was told he should go on the stage, and just as inevitably he was "discovered" at frequent intervals. Being a serious youth, for all his vocal exuberance, he took his advisors seriously, and since

this is a success story, it naturally led to a period in which when he had worked up to starvation wages he was at peak.

It was then that he discovered that while it was fine to have others discover you, it might be more practical if one discovered oneself. So Van discovered Van. With that he was off.

Said the dynamic Billy Rose, looking over one of his multitudinous casts at the Texas Centennial in Dallas, "Give me ten more like that redhead in the chorus, and we can let the other thousand go."

Work. Not just ordinary work, but what is known in his trade as beating your brains out. He worked with a group called Eight Men of Manhattan and a gal named Mary Martin, and Mary Martin said, "Come on, kid, you're going great."

He sang as the eighth man of Manhattan, when he sang, until his six feet, two inches of brawn was reduced to six feet, two inches of bone, and even the bones were getting on the emaciated side. By 1937, when he had reached the mature age of twenty-one, he had the relatively secure berth of a chorus boy in *New Faces of 1937*, and it was so good that it has continued to be up-dated. The latest new face of major excitement has been Eartha Kitt.

So he was discovered all over again, and of course this led to a big part in the chorus of a Broadway play—a real good one, incidentally—called *Pal Joey*. Opening night held no particular terror for him then. He even had a few lines to speak, and when he sang, it wasn't that he crowded the chorus, but the rest of them might as well have gone home. Being a hep town, Hollywood called him and assigned him to a role in a thing called *Murder In The Bighouse*.

Today Van could do what his part required, but at the time it was like asking a Boy Scout to take over for Al Capone. Months after the picture was completed and Van was back on his accustomed diet of frankfurters, one for breakfast, one for lunch and one for dinner, another hard worker called Lucille Ball, whom he had danced past along the way, said, "Hey, I know where you can be useful."

That was the one that did it. Lucille's suggestion led to a part in *The War Against Mrs. Hadley*. Van knocked it off in fine style, and he was in. In for what?

**J**UST FAME, FORTUNE, success and a hole in the head. The hole in the head is the only accident in the story. One day early in March, 1943, being the movie fan he is and always will be, he was on his way to a Katherine Hepburn movie. In the car with him were his best friends, Keenan and Evie Wynn, not to be lightly dismissed from his story. The other car appeared out of nowhere, and the resulting crack-up has been considerably garbled. Here from Van himself, is what happened:

"Honest, it was the war that saved me. Show business had taught me to save for a rainy day, so for months I had been donating blood to the Red Cross, figuring that with my low draft number, I'd be needing it back any day now. All told, I guess I had parted with about two gallons, and my body was getting well-adjusted to the drain by the time of the accident. When my coupe turned over, Evie and Keenan went out the side, but I went over the windshield, taking along the rear-view mirror with my forehead as I went. It wasn't a happy deal, and it took all the blood I had donated to get me back into the world again, and even then I might not have made it if my body hadn't been prepared to deal with a loss of blood. Talk about casting your bread upon the waters!"

Van spent three months in the hospital, bone and skin from his arm being used to patch the shattered bone and skin of his forehead. As far as his draft board

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was concerned his head injury and weakened arm put him out of the war. But he did a lot of thinking, and anybody who saw him as G.I. Joe and again in his unforgettable *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo* knows that if he couldn't go to war himself, he did a masterful job of bringing it home to the rest who couldn't go.

By that time the cries of the bobby-soxers were loud in the land, and they wanted Van. They demanded him with shrill screams, with 50,000 letters a month.

Not even Frankie Sinatra got the personal hounding that was Van's lot—and still is to no small extent. Frankie was a voice on the air and on records, and until he made a personal appearance in a town, he could walk a few blocks in reasonable security. Van, in the smallest town with a movie theatre, was better known than the boy next door, with the non-saving grace of being and appearing as much like himself onscreen as off.

As for the privacy of a home, it was routine for Van to be awakened at all hours, along with the neighbors for a block around, by bobby-soxers chanting, "We want Van," usually to the accompaniment of handfuls of gravel pinging on his windows. Small wonder he sought the sanctuary of a hotel and a secret room number.

Van, who had been a kid not long before, and had had his idols—though not so violently—understood and accepted it good-naturedly. What was harder to understand was that the bobby-soxers were allowed to grow up, but he wasn't. Even back in 1947, by which time his original fans had grown up, met their real-life heroes, and were wheeling baby buggies, a scream of indignation went up at the notion that he would desert them to get married himself. He who had been raised by his grandmother from the age of four, and bached it with his father from the age of ten, and lived alone all his professional life, was not permitted the joys and comforts of matrimony which his fans were shouldering the instant the right mate came along. That was unreasonable.

His long-time friends, the Wynns, had come to a parting of the ways, and what had been friendship between Van and Evie now materialized into something much more substantial. In a ceremony in Juarez, Mexico, they became Mr. and Mrs. Van Johnson, and the long-time friendship—now between Keenan and the Johnsons—has continued uninterrupted to this day.

So on January 25, 1947, Van took on not only a wife, but a couple of charming sons. Almost a year later, on January 6, their daughter Schuyler Van Johnson was born. There was no revolution. The bobby-soxers quickly adjusted to the shock and moved right back in, augmented by their older sisters who could appreciate a movie star with three kids.

In fact, so vast was the adolescent and mature sweep to Van that psychologists were compelled to make scientific note of it. They found in his popularity a healthy trend. The "kid next door" had moved into the top spot as "the national lover." Pointing out that heretofore female acceptance of screen lovers had tended toward the romantic, dashing types like Rudolph Valentino, Clark Gable, Robert Taylor, they saw in Van's grin, freckles, and unkempt hair a turn toward "the realistic acceptance of men as they are."

**WHAT MORE COULD** a movie star ask? Not only was he accepted by his millions of fans, but he had the approval of science!

Well, for one thing, he could ask for something that might be, maybe, a little bit important? Being an entertainer, Van has a high regard for entertainment as such, but so do Spencer Tracy, Humphrey Bogart, Gary Cooper, Jimmy Cagney and

the other dramatic actors. How about moving into that league? They provide entertainment, but they provide much more. It was that "much more" that Van wanted.

That was when he left the comfortable fold of MGM, where he had become something of an institution, and went out into the cold world of the free lance. Shortly thereafter Stanley Kramer, remembering Van's vivid portrayal of Ted Lawson in *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo*, suggested that he play Maryk in *The Caine Mutiny*.

It was a tough part, filled with mental and physical violence, and it was to be played without the make-up that concealed the scars on his forehead. Opposite him would be the master tough guy, Humphrey Bogart, from whom no one ever steals a dramatic moment. So big was the challenge that as Van says, "It scared me to death," but it was what he was after, and he knew that if he failed on that one, it would be back to the light entertainment for him for keeps. He passed the

## ROCK HUDSON

With malice toward some and charity toward most, Rock takes this occasion to pass judgment on just a few things.



Music	Basketball
Bonfires	Chinese Modern
Red	Parsnips
Change of weather	Very warm rooms
Feather ticking	Disaster
Stone	Blue enamel
Europe	Purple
Conversation	Medicine
Rivers and lakes	Blah-blah
Wine	Mexican-type kitchens
Painting	Poetry
Swimming	Gloomy days
Reading	Ceramics

first of the tests of professional maturity he had set up for himself.

But the second test was the agonizing one. Las Vegas nightclubs were hiring the top talent in the land, each club vying with the other to hit a peak of lavish entertainment never seen before in show business. The entertainer who could perform there, and survive the intense competition, could perform anywhere. With the help of his musical friends, Van got together an act that was part song, part patter, part dancing and all Van Johnson. He wowed 'em. He took the act to Chicago, and he wowed 'em there. But the price was tremendous.

"The critics were kind, and the people were just wonderful, but every night was opening night for me. I couldn't get used to it. Every night I'd sit in my dressing room in complete agony, drenched in cold sweat, and dreading the moment I had to go on. Other performers kept telling me that the 'opening night jitters' would go away, but instead they got worse. When I finished the Chicago run, I was so worn out that I knew I could never face an

audience from the stage again."

The memory of his pre-show torment haunted him until it became something of an obsession. He even turned down good stage roles because of his fear.

In pictures he was an entirely new man. He returned to MGM to star in the tender, sensitive *The Last Time I Saw Paris*, and then he went to London to make *The End Of The Affair*. Both required the utmost in acting ability, and the latter, with its deeply serious religious theme, will long be remembered. But the stage had somehow become impossible for him.

So actually, except on a superficial level, he hadn't passed his second test. He hadn't entirely become the new Van Johnson who was to replace the old. In a way he had given up. Well, so what?

So Charlie Morrison got sick. What do you do when fate hands you something like that, shoves you back against a wall you've given up beating your head against and says, "Try again; you've got a thick skull." Obviously, you get out the Band Aids and bang away.

And so, on the big night, in a state of semi-shock, Van headed for Mocambo.

"I remember," he said afterwards, "climbing the stairs to my dressing room, and that's all."

**BUT THAT IS NOT** what the vast audience remembers. They saw this redhead come out and put on a forty-minute show the likes of which they had never seen before. When it was over they hollered, they whistled, they bellowed for more.

Van listened in dazed disbelief. He had no more. His act had included everything in his repertoire, and it had exhausted the last bit of starch in him. But still the frantic din continued. And it got to him, deep inside. His grin came back. His freckles lost their prominence as some of the color returned to his face. He got up, and there was a bounce in his step. He didn't have anything more, but he could give them more of the same.

He did the part called "The Old Actor's Dream," and there was not a sound from the house as he sang the lines, "But nothing ever ends, as long as you have friends." He sang it like he meant it. The audience knew that he meant it. Charlie Morrison, hearing the tape recording of the show, knew the meaning of it.

But something did end that night. Mentally, that was the evening Van Johnson really handed in his crown as King of the Bobby-soxers. Once his fan mail had reached 50,000 letters a month and his freckled face had decorated the covers of eleven national magazines. Once there had been so much attention, so much sound and fury, that one Van Johnson had been buried under it. This can happen. There are more painful ways of getting lost than under a few million dollars, but there are few things nicer than being found. At Mocambo Hollywood had discovered Van Johnson once more, and he liked it fine.

Another thing that ended was Van's fear. This time he had really passed his second test. Not that he will be returning to the stage immediately. First he goes to New York to star in *Miracle In The Rain* for Warners. Then to the Salzburg Music Festival in Austria, where he will play in *Rosalinda*. That will occupy his summer.

And daily, scripts and offers come in. Parts for the new Van Johnson. Parts for the Johnson who sang at Mocambo,

"Here I am, back where I started, Back where I belong. I never thought at my old age, I'd ever want to go back on the stage— But here I am, back where I started— Started with a song."

And discovered, somewhat to his surprise, that he meant that, too!

END





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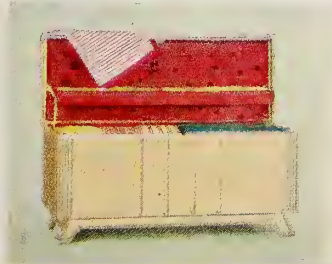
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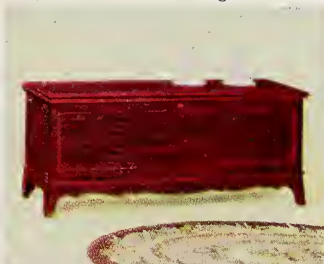
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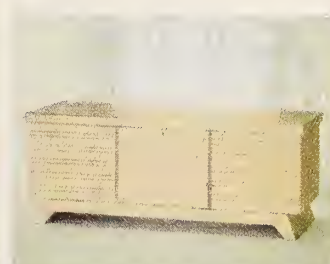
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