

modern screen

ELL
AZINE

AUG.
20c

HOLLYWOOD'S
HOTTEST KIDS

GIRL CRAZY

RUSS TAMBLYN

WHISTLE BAIT

KIM NOVAK

LONE WOLF

JIMMY DEAN

Surprise Bonus!

POCKET PINUPS

ROCK HUDSON, DEBBIE REYNOLDS & TONY CURTIS

SEE PAGE 50

r Angeli

at last!



A LIQUID SHAMPOO

that's **EXTRA RICH!**

IT'S LIQUID
PRELL

FOR

'Radiantly Alive' Hair

Something wonderful has happened—it's fabulous new Liquid Prell! The only shampoo in the world with this exciting, extra-rich formula! It bursts instantly into luxurious lather... rinses like lightning... is so mild you could shampoo every day. And, oh, the look and feel of your hair after just one shampoo! So satin-y soft, so shiny bright, so obedient—why, it falls into place with just a flick of your comb! Shouldn't your hair have that 'Radiantly Alive' look? Try Liquid Prell this very night!



JUST POUR IT...

and you'll see the glorious difference!



Some liquid shampoos are too thin and watery... some too heavy, and contain an ingredient that leaves a dulling film. But Prell has a "just-right" consistency—it won't run and never leaves a dulling film.

PRELL—for 'Radiantly Alive' Hair... now available 2 ways:

The exciting, new extra-rich liquid in the handsome, easy-grip bottle!

And the famous, handy tube that's ideal for children and the whole family... won't spill, drip, or break. It's concentrated—ounce for ounce it goes further!



CREATED BY PROCTER & GAMBLE

JUL 29 1955



Small-fry experts at work...testing NEW IPANA -the best-tasting way to fight decay

Here's a break for the sub-sub deb set: the tooth paste that's so wonderful for their teeth now has a brand-new flavor! It's minty and marvelous—invites pint-size experts to brush often (the best way to save pretty teeth).

And new Ipana with bacteria-fighter WD-9 gives extra protection to precious teeth. This new formula destroys decay

bacteria *measurably better* than any other leading tooth paste... *even better than fluoride!*

So with every happy brushing, your family's teeth get Ipana's extra protection... the *pleasantest* way—good reason to change to Ipana today! It's at all toiletry counters in the yellow and red-striped carton.



New-Formula IPANA®

WITH BACTERIA-DESTROYER WD-9



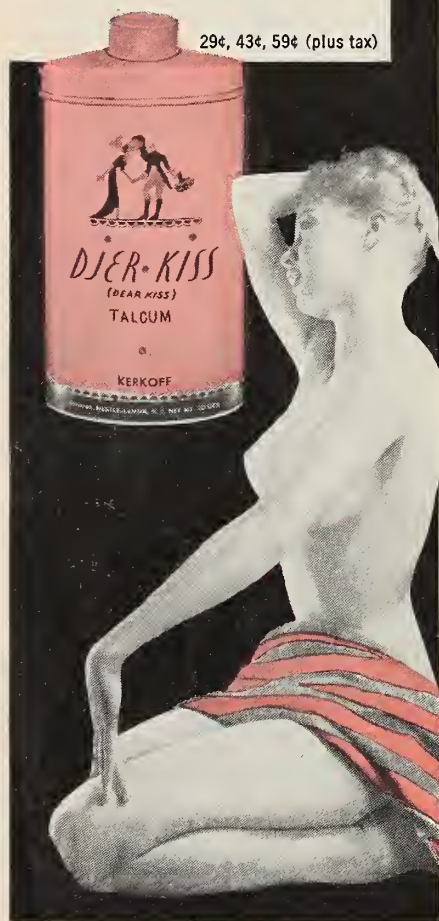
Ipana A/C Tooth Paste (Ammoniated Chlorophyll) also contains bacteria-destroyer WD-9 (Sodium Lauryl Sulphate).

PRODUCTS OF BRISTOL-MYERS

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FROM HEAD TO TOE...

Your skin .satin-smooth, gloriously
fragrant - soothed, cooled, *pampered*
by DJER-KISS—finest of
imported tales. Djer-Kiss Talcum
helps prevent chafing, absorbs
perspiration...keeps you exquisitely
feminine all day long!



29¢, 43¢, 59¢ (plus tax)

You're thrilling tonite

...when you wear Blue Waltz.
This heart-stirring perfume
makes dreams come true!
Try it—when you're
ready for love!



BLUE WALTZ
PERFUME

25¢
PLUS TAX



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 tell me how old Frances
Dee was when she gave Joel McCrea
another son this year?

—V.H., SAN JOSE, CAL.

A. She was forty-seven years old.

Q. Who sang for Eleanor Parker in *In-
terrupted Melody*?

—R.L., BLOOMINGTON, IND.

A. Eileen Farrell.

Q. Is the Gloria Grahame-Cy Howard
marriage just about over? Isn't it
stormy? —B.F., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. It's stormy.

Q. Did Joan Crawford have anything
to do with the removal of Brian Keith
from *Queen Bee*?

—V.L., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. Miss Crawford has the approval
right on leading men in her films.

Q. What is the relationship between
Danny Kaye and Lauren Bacall?

—F.L., PALM SPRINGS, CAL.

A. Good friends.

Q. Who or what broke up the Anne
Francis-Bam Price marriage?

—H.F., FRANKFORT, KY.

A. Career differences and general in-
compatibility.

Q. Now that Marlon Brando has
learned how to sing and dance, is it
true he's been offered \$50,000 a week
to appear in Las Vegas?

—B.D., OMAHA, NEB.

A. \$25,000 a week.

Q. Is Deborah Kerr washed up in
Hollywood? —V.H., LONDON, ENG.

A. No, she is scheduled to play the
female lead in *The King And I*.

Q. Why are there hard feelings between
Arlene Dahl and James Mason?

—C.L., PORTLAND, ORE.

A. No hard feelings. A professional al-
tercation on a TV program caused the
misunderstanding.

Q. Is it true that Doris Day and Mar-
lon Brando were both born at the same

time? —N.N., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

A. Yes, at 3 P.M., on April 3, 1924.

Q. I've been told that Jimmy Stewart
refused to make *Strategic Air Command*
unless June Allyson played opposite
him. Is this on the level?

—G.L., MEMPHIS, TENN.

A. June was Stewart's first choice, but
he would have played opposite some
other actress if Miss Allyson had been
unavailable.

Q. Can you tell me whatever happened
to Sonny Tufts? —Q.I., BANGOR, ME.

A. He played with Marilyn Monroe in
The Seven Year Itch.

Q. I understand that Tony Curtis is
leaving Universal-International this
fall. True or false?

—A.L., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. Tentatively true.

Q. Can you tell me something about the
law suit filed against Columbia pictures
by Mary Michalski? Who is she, any-
way? —D.L., BOSTON, MASS.

A. Mary Michalski is the real name of
shimmy dancer Gilda Gray who claimed
similarity between the leading charac-
ter and herself in *Gilda*, starring Rita
Hayworth.

Q. I've been told that Frank Sinatra
was originally scheduled to play the
Marlon Brando part in *On the Water-
front*. Is this so?

—B.L., HOBOKEN, N. J.

A. Sinatra says it is and has filed a
\$500,000 breach of contract suit against
producer Sam Spiegel.

Q. Who is richest: Humphrey Bogart,
Gary Cooper, Jimmy Stewart?

—V.L., VINCENNES, IND.

A. Probably Stewart.

Q. Isn't the Arlene Dahl-Fernando La-
mas marriage going very quietly on the
rocks? —B.L., PHOENIX, ARIZ.

A. No, it is working out well.

Q. Can you tell me how much money
June Allyson received for making *The*
(Continued on page 85)

Now-be a Pin-up Girl with the Pin-up Curl!

PIN-IT

WONDERFUL NEW EASY-TO-DO PIN-CURL PERMANENT

NEW! For today's softer hair styles...
gives that picture-pretty look!

NEW! No ammonia odor!

NEW! Exclusive hair styles in every kit!

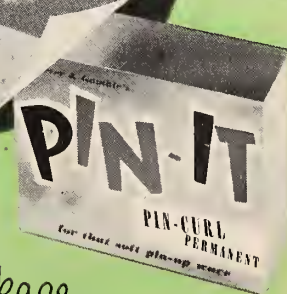
In hairdos, today's look is the soft look, and Procter & Gamble's wonderful new pin-curl home permanent is especially designed to give it to you. A PIN-IT wave is soft and lovely as a pin-curl set, *never* tight and kinky. PIN-IT is so *wonderfully* different. You can tell the minute you open the bottle. It contains absolutely no ammonia. It's *easy* on your hair, too, so you can use it more often. And PIN-IT is *far* easier to use. Just put your hair up in pin curls and apply PIN-IT'S Waving Lotion. Later, rinse and let dry. With self-neutralizing PIN-IT, no resetting is needed. You get a permanent and a set in one step. For a wave that looks soft and lovely from the very first day and lasts weeks and weeks—try PIN-IT!



\$1.50
plus tax

PIN-IT

BY PROCTER & GAMBLE for the curl of your dreams



... look for it in the smart gold-foil package

**EVEN IF YOU
BRUSH YOUR TEETH
ONLY ONCE A DAY**

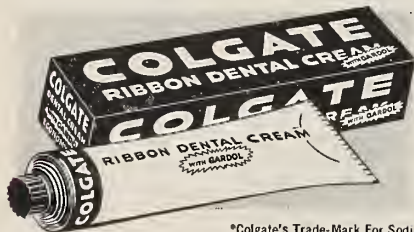
Colgate Dental Cream Gives The Surest Protection All Day Long!



**Brushing For Brushing, It's The Surest
Protection Ever Offered By Any Tooth-
paste! Because Only Colgate's—Of All
Leading Toothpastes—Contains Gardol*
To Guard Against Tooth Decay
Longer—Stop Bad Breath Instantly!**

ASK YOUR DENTIST HOW OFTEN YOU SHOULD BRUSH YOUR TEETH!

But remember! Even if you brush only once a day, Colgate Dental Cream gives the *surest* protection all day long! Gardol, Colgate's wonderful new decay-fighter, forms an invisible shield around your teeth that won't rinse off or wear off all day! And Colgate's stops bad breath *instantly* in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! Fights tooth decay 12 hours or more! Clinical tests showed the greatest reduction in decay in toothpaste history!



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

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

August, 1955

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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*On the cover: Color portrait of Pier Angeli by MGM.
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BARBARA J. MAYER, associate editor	FERNANDO TEXIDOR, art director
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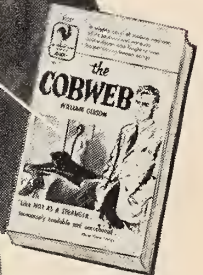
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CAUGHT IN THE COBWEB OF HUMAN EMOTIONS!

This is an unusual picture. It goes where no story has ever gone before—down the twisting corridors of its characters' desires, behind the doors where psychiatrists share the secrets of their patients—and sometimes are victims of the same strange loves and hates!



PRESENTED BY M-G-M IN
CINEMASCOPE
AND IN **COLOR!**

From the
novel about
the strange
Mansion on
the Hill!

RICHARD WIDMARK • LAUREN BACALL • CHARLES BOYER • GLORIA GRAHAME • LILLIAN GISH

The Doctor
learned secrets

The Nurse
was love-starved

The Director
liked women

The neglected Wife
found trouble

Despot of
the Mansion

and introducing
JOHN

KERR and **SUSAN STRASBERG** with **OSCAR LEVANT • TOMMY RETTIG**

Screen Play by **JOHN PAXTON** • Additional dialogue by William Gibson • From the Novel by William Gibson

Photographed in **EASTMAN COLOR** • Directed by **VINCENTE MINNELLI** • Produced by **JOHN HOUSEMAN** • An M-G-M Picture

**Amazing
stick deodorant!**



**keeps
skin
and clothes
safe
from
acid-damage!**

The remarkable non-acid formula of Tussy Stick Deodorant stops odor instantly...without acid damage to underarms and fabrics!

It's neat-to-use! Cools hot underarms as it stops odor with wonder-working hexachlorophene! Yet, unlike other deodorants with acid-action, Tussy's amazing non-acid formula won't irritate normal skin! **Keeps even** the most delicate fabrics safe from acid-damage. \$1 plus tax



TUSSY
stick deodorant

BY LYLE KENYON ENGEL

music from hollywood

ALL THE LATEST NEWS ABOUT STARS, DISCS AND D-J'S FROM HOLLYWOOD'S MUSIC WORLD!



No matter what the reports from Cannes, don't try to tell Columbia Records that Doris Day is uncooperative. They threw a cocktail party for her when she stopped in New York on her way abroad, planning to record "I'll Never Stop Loving You," from *Love Me Or Leave Me*. (See Month's Best Movie Albums.) There are so many rumors about her being cold and stand-offish that they were afraid she wouldn't show up at all. At most, they hoped she'd arrive before all the guests left and spend half an hour or so, as many visiting stars do. But to everyone's delight she arrived at six o'clock—and they couldn't drag her away. Her son Terry came in briefly to be introduced around, Marty Melcher showed up to crack jokes with the press, and the only reason the party ended at all was that Columbia had rented the hotel suite for only a few hours and had to give it back! "It's a pity," Dodo said afterwards. "I was having a ball!"

When Buddy Kaye heard that *Not As A Stranger* was being filmed he promptly sat down, wrote a title song and sent it to United Artists—who promptly sent it back with a note saying that the song had already been written by Jimmy Van Heusen. Buddy asked around and learned that the lyrics weren't definitely set . . . just almost. So he requested one day's grace, took the score home and in twenty-four hours came up with a new set of words. This time he went straight to Sinatra and sang his version to The Voice—who grabbed it. Which (sometimes) is the way hits are born.



With his face, his band and his music stretched out all over the *Daddy Long Legs* CinemaScope screen, Ray Anthony has every reason to be the happiest bandleader in the country. But the thing that really tickles him is a happy coincidence. Not his much-talked-of resemblance to Cary Grant, but the fact that Glenn Miller once made a film for 20th-Fox—and Ray has always wanted to parallel Miller's career.

"Thirteen years ago," Anthony reminisced, "I played trumpet with Glenn Miller's Band in *Sun Valley Serenade*."

"I'll never forget it, either. I got with it during a take and exuberantly flipped my mute, like you do when you get hot. I didn't realize I had ruined the take, until they told me I was distracting attention from the stars—Sonja Henie and John Payne and Milton Berle—with my musical acrobatics. I learned the hard way you don't improvise either music or action for the screen the way you do on a bandstand."

"That's the toughest thing about picture-making. We pre-record our music. Then, in front of the camera, we have to play exactly what we've already recorded. No after-thoughts, no improvisations, not a single added hot lick or you don't synchronize!"

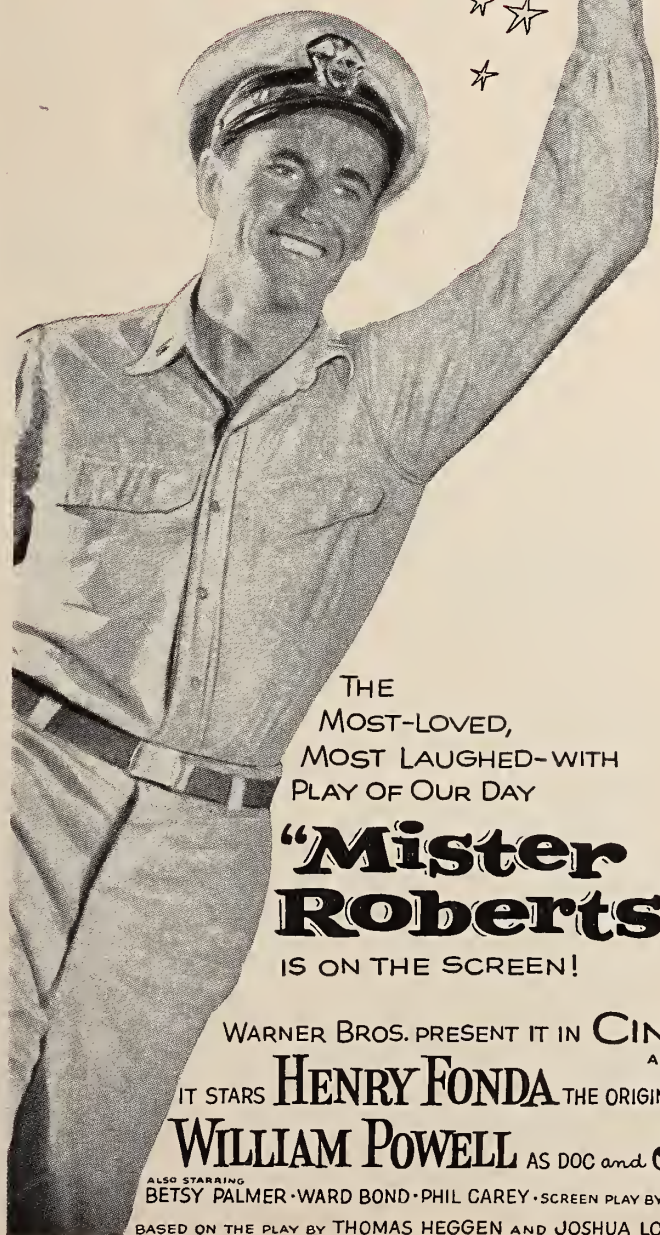
In *Daddy Long Legs*, Ray synchronizes on "Sluefoot," "Something's Got To Give," "Dream," and "Thunderbird." In private life he synchronizes very nicely with Mamie Van Doren. At this time he and Mamie are vacationing in Europe, and busily denying the marriage rumors that have flown around their heads ever since they started going steady. Not that we want to add fuel to the fire, but we wouldn't be at all surprised. . . .

The blackest Monday on record at CBS belongs to Peter Potter. It started out innocently enough, with Peter, as usual, spending the day picking out records for Juke Box Jury, the TV show on which four celebrities predict whether the new songs Pete plays will be hits or misses. His jury for the coming Saturday was nothing short of spectacular—Zsa Zsa Gabor, Tony Curtis, Billy Eckstine and Marilyn Maxwell. Mid-morning the phone rang and Pete found himself talking to Juror Zsa Zsa. The message was short, Hungarian and anything but sweet. "Pete, honey," said Zsa Zsa, "I stepped on my poodle, tripped and broke my knee. I cannot be on your show Saturday. Some other time, yes?"

"Yes," said Pete, and started phoning around. It was pretty short notice, but Constance Moore said she could make it, and Pete relaxed. Then the phone rang again. Billy Eckstine. He was most apologetic, but this engagement had come up in the (Continued on page 70)



Hi, Mister Roberts!



THE
MOST-LOVED,
MOST LAUGHED-WITH
PLAY OF OUR DAY

"Mister Roberts"

IS ON THE SCREEN!

WARNER BROS. PRESENT IT IN **CINEMASCOPE**
AND WARNERCOLOR

IT STARS **HENRY FONDA** THE ORIGINAL MISTER ROBERTS and **JAMES CAGNEY** AS THE CAPTAIN

WILLIAM POWELL AS DOC and **JACK LEMMON** AS ENSIGN PULVER

ALSO STARRING BETSY PALMER • WARD BOND • PHIL CAREY • SCREEN PLAY BY FRANK NUGENT AND JOSHUA LOGAN • PRODUCED BY LELAND HAYWARD
BASED ON THE PLAY BY THOMAS HEGGEN AND JOSHUA LOGAN • DIRECTED BY JOHN FORD AND MERVYN LEROY

MUSIC COMPOSED AND
CONDUCTED BY
FRANZ WAXMAN



DOCTORS PROVE A ONE-MINUTE MASSAGE WITH

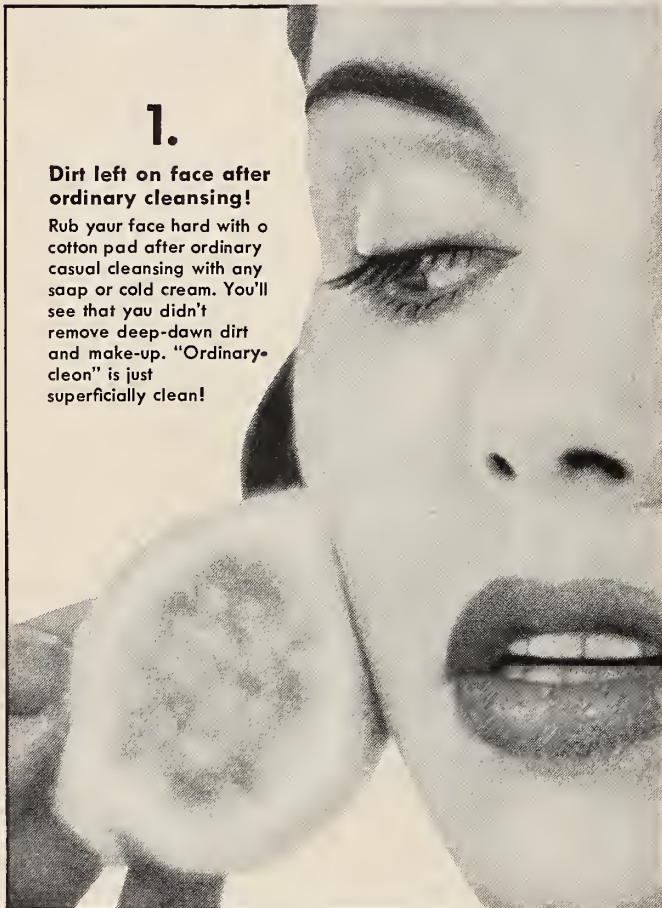
PALMOLIVE SOAP CAN GIVE YOU A *Cleaner, Fresher Complexion...Today!*

GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!

1.

Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing!

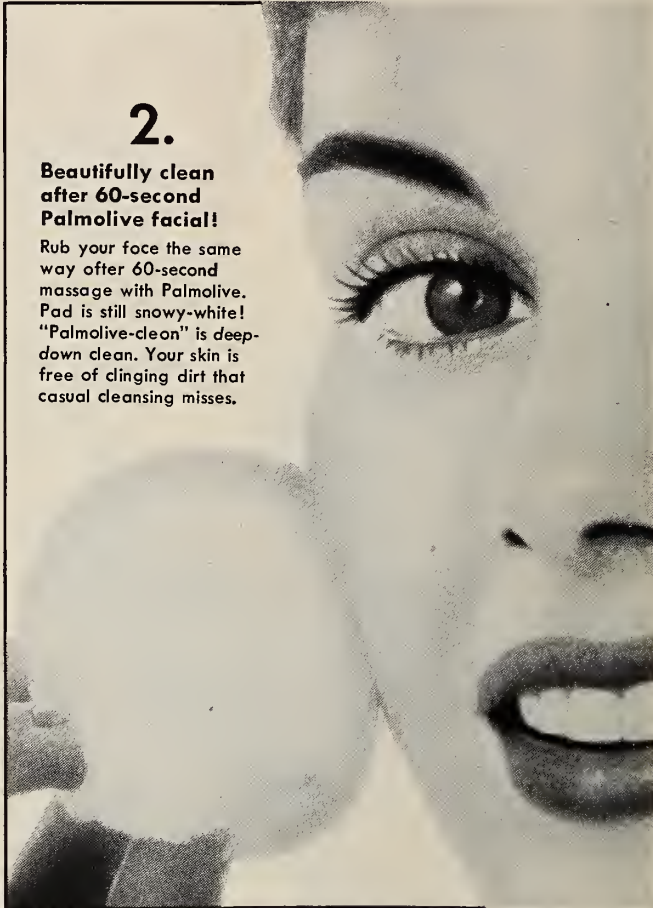
Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You'll see that you didn't remove deep-down dirt and make-up. "Ordinary-clean" is just superficially clean!



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.



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.

Here's the easy method:

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. And Palmolive's mildness 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!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!



Mild and Gentle



modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS **in hollywood**



IN THIS SECTION:

Good News

Debbie and Eddie

Rosie's baby

My hat's off to Terry Moore

The letter box

GRACE KELLY:

"Yes Jean-Pierre has proposed!"

(see page 12)



The Daddy Long Legs première was the biggest Hollywood has



Piper Laurie went to the première with Gene Nelson—just when David Schine was supposedly filling out a marriage license for them.



Anita Ekberg, the Swedish beauty getting so much attention these days, just may be serious about Steve Crane, Lana's ex-husband.



Margaret O'Brien—who came with young Rad Fulton—is finally making her comeback in *Glory* with Bing and Gary Crosby.

louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

"NO MATTER HOW THINGS TURN out between my daughter and Eddie Fisher, he will always seem like a son to me," said Debbie Reynolds' mother to me right in the thick of all the talk that the Debbie-Eddie idyl was on ice.

"I can't tell you what our family has gone through since this talk of a broken engagement started," Mrs. Reynolds went on. "A reporter broke into our home by force demanding that he be told the truth. You can't imagine what this did to Debbie!"

I knew very well what it did to Debbie. She was in bed three days, under sedatives and a doctor's care, suffering from a bad case of nerves.

Mrs. Reynolds went on, "The truth is there has been no open break between the children. They are going through a time of sincerely trying to work out their problems, the most important being that Debbie's work keeps her on the Coast and Eddie's tv sponsors want him to work in the east."

"There is absolutely no basis for the gossip that a difference of religion stands between them. And, it certainly is not true that this has been a publicity romance."

She didn't have to tell me that. When I was in Las Vegas with Debbie and Eddie when they first fell in love, time after time Eddie would ask me, "Do you think she really loves

me? Do you think Debbie will have me?"

The day before Debbie left for Korea with the Johnny Grant troupe to entertain our servicemen there and in Japan and Honolulu, Eddie called her three times. And sent dozens of red roses.

Debbie wore her beautiful engagement ring on the proper finger when she planed out.

What eventually will happen, I don't know.

I just hope that these two nice young people will think things out for themselves without outside influence and be guided by their hearts and not anyone's advice that marriage might hurt Eddie's career.

It won't!

I THINK JOAN WILL RETIRE. Seems that every time Joan Crawford gets married (or divorced) I hear about it in the middle of the night. Sure enough, when Joan eloped to Las Vegas with Pepsi-Cola president Al Steele, my 'phone started ringing off the hook at 2:15 a.m., just fifteen minutes after the wedding ceremony.

Already I'm getting letters asking me, "Will Joan retire?"

Let me tell you what I sincerely believe: I think Joan will make one, two at the most, more pictures—and then move to New York to live.

Despite the "revival" of her career after

some bleak years, I think *Our Girl* has had it!

There is a whole new field for her to conquer in cafe society and social circles in the east. As Mrs. Al Steele, Joan will be The Queen Bee of her husband's circle of friends which she may find much more gratifying than being The Queen Bee of Columbia's newest film.

On her marriage license, Joan gave her age as forty-seven. For thirty years she has worked and slaved (yes, I mean slaved) over her career, which has brought her great triumphs but which also has brought her heartaches and disillusionment.

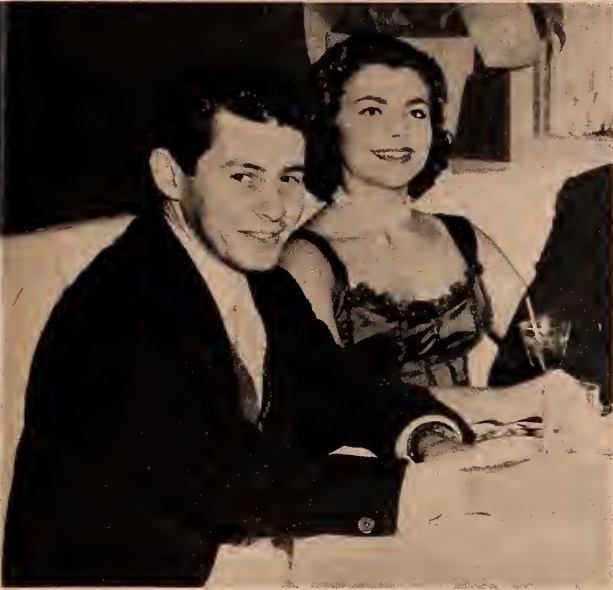
For many years, Missy Crawford has wanted a man she can look up to and who is as important in his field as she is in hers. She has very much wanted her children to have a father they can respect.

My money says she has found him in the wealthy Mr. Steele.

SIMMER DOWN, KATHRYN

Bing Crosby's pretty date, Kathryn Grant, went out of town on location and gave an interview to a small-town newspaper blasting Hollywood columnists, including me. She said we all "made up a lot of stuff" and that I, particularly, printed the most intimate romantic items about her although we'd never

seen in months—and everyone turned out!



Heads turned at The Harwyn Club when Eddie Fisher walked in with Paulette Ames—but she wasn't his date. She and her beau hosted a small dinner for Eddie—that's all.



What would Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer do without a photographer to dodge? They always look as if they enjoy those frantic runs from the press—even on the warm, lazy Isle of Capri.



Just before she left for Korea Debbie went out with two old friends—Bill and Dean Jargaro. She was still wearing her ring and smiling a lot—but to me, she looked a little tired and her eyes were sad.



Liberace crashed Jeff Chandler's act during Jeff's opening in Las Vegas. Lee wore a coonskin cap and carried a rifle (now, who was he supposed to be, I wonder?) and did some impromptu cutting up.



When Grace Kelly and Jean-Pierre Aumont found each other in Cannes it looked too obvious to be real. But Grace fooled all the experts! Jean-Pierre is expected to follow her home—and nobody is making predictions about them now!



(1) Before Grace arrived in Cannes, Jean-Pierre took actress Nadia Gray (above) to the beach, was seen with many pretty starlets. But he remembered Grace well; he had dated her in New York before she became famous. At that time, though, his heart still belonged to the memory of his wife, Maria Montez, who died so tragically.



(2) As soon as Grace showed up she was invited to dinner at Elsa Maxwell's. It was for American stars only, but Jean-Pierre wangled both an invitation and a seat next to her. The sparks flew between them from the first moment.



(3) After that evening they were inseparable. Once Grace took advantage of Dorothy Dandridge's arrival to sneak out for a swim with Jean-Pierre—but photographers caught her in rare déshabille. They followed her and Aumont as they dined, walked, danced.



(14) The eligible Prince of Monaco invited Grace to tour his gardens. She went, but everyone—including the Prince—could see her mind was elsewhere.



(15) Some said the romance was merely a publicity stunt dreamed up by reporters—but when Grace left Cannes to join Aumont in Paris, the cynics were stumped.

(16) And when they parted—temporarily—Grace said, "Yes, Jean-Pierre asked me to marry him. I haven't said yes—or no!"



Now, I'm not mad at Kathryn. I suppose she thought her statements would never come to my attention because they appeared in such a small paper.

But, it just isn't good for a new player to take on the press. Frankly, "us" columnists do a great deal to put over promising young players. Suppose no columnist had printed that Bing Crosby took Kathryn to the Academy Awards. Half the publicity she has received since then has been hinged on this date.

Kathryn was upset when she learned I knew about her panning and she wrote me a very gushy letter saying I had done more for her career than anyone else.

Whether that is true or not, Kathryn should watch what she pops off about in the future. Particularly as she used to be a "columnist" herself, writing Hollywood tidbits for some Texas newspapers.

P.S. No. I don't think she and Bing will get married.

THERE'S NOTHING FUNNIER than watching Bob Hope in an easy chair in his own living room watching a kinescope of one of Bob Hope's tv shows. Bob recently invited a few friends to his and Dolores' home to see the show he did with French singer Line Renaud and to wish her farewell before she returned to Paris.

As the Charles Boyers, Line and her husband, Dolores and the Hope children, Jimmy McHugh and I sat around the tv holding our sides with laughter, Bob would jump up and shake his fist at his televised self.

"Oh, you silly so-and-so," he yelled at the Bob on the screen, "How many flubs can you make? Have you got mush in your mouth? I can't understand a word you are saying, old boy!"

It was really one of the funniest shows he's ever done—so we just let him rave, getting as much fun out of his off-TV antics as the ones on the screen.

I like the way the Hopes have their children in to meet their friends. Their eldest daughter, Linda, now fifteen, is a beauty, but so modest and charming.

Bob pointed to a harp standing in a corner of the huge room which is English in feeling. "Linda plays the harp," he explained. "It's cost me exactly \$7500 in lessons over a period of years for her to learn one piece, 'Happy Birthday,' which she strummed out for me on my birthday. But never say it wasn't worth it. She looked like an angel sitting at the harp."

NOW WAIT JUST A MINUTE: I'm talking to all of you who have written me letters similar to this one from Carol Kennicott, Atlanta, who pops off: "I'm so disillusioned about Hollywood movie stars after reading terrible things about them in a national magazine that I shall never go to a movie again."

I'm surprised at you, Carol, and at many others of you who feel the same way. I'm going to have my say on this once and for all—and then not mention the subject again.

There are many fine men and women in motion pictures—to try to list them would fill this entire department—who are a great credit to their profession and to their country.

These are the first to respond to calls from

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood



Fess Parker is so funny when he talks about his romance with his steady, Marcie Reinhart. I get a kick from the way he carries his Davy Crockett character into real life!

all charities, civic promotions and worthwhile endeavors. Their talents have brought millions and millions of dollars to the aid of the helpless, the needy and the sick.

The good and sincere people so far outnumber the bad apples that they shouldn't be mentioned in the same paragraph with the few but conspicuous backsliders.

I cannot understand the attitude of "fans" like Carol who are willing to condemn all our fine artists and citizens because of the smut being cast on some of the personalities in the entertainment world, many of them not in motion pictures.

Think it over, you who feel like Carol, before you forego the golden hours of entertainment given you by the great artists and fine people of the screen.

MEMO TO FRANK AND BOGIE:

Frank Sinatra has lots of friends. For example: Bing Crosby. There's hardly a weekend when they're in Palm Springs that Frankie doesn't cook up a batch of spaghetti for Bing.

But young James Dean isn't so enchanted with Frankie—or with Humphrey Bogart.

Both Bogie and Frankie Boy are rugged when it comes to kidding someone they consider to be timid and shy, as James is.

One night at the Villa Capri, an Italian cafe where many singers and movie stars hang out, Frankie and Bogie kept ragging Dean, particularly about his hair.

"Why don't you comb it with a comb and brush instead of a towel?" the Messrs. Bogart and Sinatra kept heckling the Eden boy.

James tried to take it in good grace and smile, but his face kept getting redder and redder and he didn't tarry long after his meal was finished.

I say, okay, boys—kid and have fun, but pick on somebody who has been around

WHERE /S THE DIMPLE, ROSIE? I've never seen such darling pictures as these—the first



The José Ferrers named first child Miguel José.



He was born February 7, 1955 in New York.



The "Dimple" song was released the same day.

the business as long as Bogart and Sinatra!

I HAD TWO VISITORS: I've made some wonderful new friends this month. Never had any more fun than when Fess Parker, Davy Crockett himself, dropped by my house. I was so busy getting autographs for all the children I know I could hardly interview Fess.

But this corn-pone character interviews himself. "I come from a long line of folks who saucer-and-blow their coffee," he said.

When I asked this new idol of the juvenile world if his romance with Marcie Reinhart, his steady girl friend, is serious he cracked, "We aren't fractious—we're just grazin'."

Of course, I think some of this backwoods' talk is a bit put on, but it certainly fits in with Fess' Crockett craze.

Another young man going places is Jack Lemmon (wait till you see him in *Mister Roberts*—his best yet and he's made some good ones), who brought his wife when he came a'callin'. (What am I saying, must be the Fess Parker influence!)

The Lemmons are so much in love, and she is such a darling and so proud of their brand-new baby. I couldn't help kidding them a bit. Jack is going to work on the same lot with a certain woman star who has the reputation for overly charming married men, even happily married men.

"She won't get a chance at Jack," laughed Mrs. Lemmon. "I'm going to take the baby in my arms and show up at the studio every day he's working on that lot!"

She won't have to worry. Jack doesn't know another woman exists.

HEY, MARLON—THEY LOVE YOU

If Marlon Brando isn't careful he's going to sweep the popularity contests and turn into one of the most lovable lugs of Hollywood history.



**My
hat's
off
to
TERRY
MOORE
(this time)**

Rosemary Clooney's baby boy!



"We'll call him Mingo," Rosie told Bing.

■ Terry Moore has indulged in some silly publicity in her time. But my hat's off to her for not standing still for those stories from London that she is "engaged" to singer Johnnie Ray.

"Nothing could be more ridiculous," Terry scoffed. "I had two dates with Mr. Ray. I'm afraid his press agent is working overtime keeping Johnnie's name in print."

Terry, my girl, I say the same!

It's really nonsense for a man with Johnnie's talent to fall back on these baseless engagement yarns to get space in the papers.

Now, it's supposed to be definite that he will marry Sylvia Drew, 21-year-old singer with Vic Lewis' band in London.

When he was in Australia, Ray was supposed to be about to marry Beverly Stewart Dawson, young socialite. When he flew home without marrying her, reporters met all planes because said socialite was rumored to have left her native land to marry The Crier in America. Nothing happened.

Meanwhile, Johnnie's ex-wife, Marilyn Morrison, with whom he rated so much publicity about whether they would or would not remarry, seems to be concentrating on James Dean these evenings.



the letter box

MRS. C. ABERSON, PUEBLO, COLORADO, resents my printing that Doris Day underdresses. "Good gracious, a little underdressing is to be commended, not criticized, what with most of the other actresses outdoing one another in nudity." No comment.

PAT EVANS, WAYLAND, NEW YORK, wants the world to know that her favorite, Farley Granger, is the tops for answering his fan mail. "I even received a letter from his mother thanking me for the intelligent letters I write her son," says Pat. *That's really something, Pat!*



Farley

Gail

QUIDA BENCHFIELD, DERMOTT, ARKANSAS, makes a charming and thoughtful request. "Please let Gail Russell know that her many fans are still rooting for her. She has had much trouble and she must feel lonesome reading about Guy Madison's new baby and his happiness with Sheila. We wish the Madisons nothing but continued happiness. But one of the happiest days of my life will be when I read in Louella Parsons' column, 'Gail Russell Comes Back To Pictures.'" *What a heart-warming message.*

"Why do so many movie stars—who have fame, fortune and the love of many fans, go to psychiatrists?" asks FRANCISCO GOMEZ, VICTORIA GENERAL HOSPITAL, NOVA SCOTIA. *Man, that's a big question. I can only quote a nationally known psychiatrist: "A feeling of insecurity is the basis of many trips to the psychiatrist." Now don't ask me why movie stars, who have so much, feel insecure.*

It's ironic to think that just about a year ago, Marlon was walking out on contracts, getting himself sued by 20th Century-Fox for running out on *The Egyptian* and dashing to his psychiatrist's couch in New York.

If you ask me when the big change came in Marlon, I believe it was the night of the Academy Awards, when this boy who had been resentful and had a chip on his shoulder, heard the wonderful, warm roar of applause when his name was called as the winner.

It was as though that audience, composed of the people of his own profession, was saying to Marlon, "Don't fight us—we're on your side. We've voted for you to win the highest honor an actor can receive from his own people. Good luck, boy."

It seems as though the subtle change in Brando came right after the night he won his Oscar.

When he started work on *Guys And Dolls* everyone was more or less waiting to see how Mr. Big would take it. They found out. He has been nothing short of an angel from start to finish of the musical.

In fact, he has been such a good boy that his boss, Sam Goldwyn, gave him a car, the first Marlon has ever owned. On the steering wheel Sam tied a card reading, "This is just my way of expressing my admiration for your work and cooperation both on the set—and off."

Jean Simmons and Frank Sinatra and other members of the cast and crew will tell you that Marlon was the first on the set every morning and one of the last to leave.

It's very difficult to get actors into the "still" gallery to pose for pictures to exploit a film. So you can imagine the surprise of the photographers one balmy morning when Marlon walked in and said, "Look, I've got a couple of days off the picture. I thought maybe you fellas would like to get me in here and out of your way later on." It's the only case on record of an entire department swooning!

As for the kids—they simply adore Marlon. Mrs. Frank Loesser (her husband wrote the music for *Guys And Dolls*) tells me that her nine-year-old daughter is madly in love with Brando. "He makes me feel like I'm pretty, and I'm not," the youngster told her mother.

A pretty teen ager of my acquaintance who attends one of the exclusive schools in Los Angeles told me, "Marlon is really the 'doll' of *Guys And Dolls*. Why, do you know that once he let us take souvenirs out of his garage when a whole carload of us drove up to his place? One of the girls got his cap from *The Wild One* and wears it to school every day!"

Yes, it would seem we have a new Brando around these parts.

But there's still one subject he balks at—and that's whether or not he's going to marry Josanne Mariani.

My guess is no.

LIZ TAYLOR may still not be feeling well, but she was anything but cooperative before *Giant* started.

After being invited four times, Liz finally showed up on the Warner lot for a luncheon conference with director George Stevens and James Dean (Rock Hudson was working).

Elizabeth seemed roundly bored with the talk about the script and the locations in Texas and excused herself immediately after lunch.

Nor was she happy with her wardrobe fittings. The outlandish styles of the roarin' Twenties, which she wears at the start of the Edna Ferber story, are not becoming to her petite figure.

And nothing, but nothing, the make-up department can do can make Liz look old as she needs to toward the end of the story.

Oh, well—they say bad beginnings make for good endings—so could be that *Giant* will win an Oscar for Liz.

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



Rita Moreno and Jeff Hunter are a new couple around town—but both go out so much that no one takes their dates seriously.



Thelma Ritter, who is wonderful in *Daddy Long Legs*, attended the premiere with her husband, advertising executive Joseph Moran.

THE HILARIOUS STORY OF
THREE CAPTIVATING CONVICTS!

VISTAVISION
MOTION PICTURE HIGH-FIDELITY



*They've got bad names to live up to . . .
but they can't keep their
good deeds down!*

HUMPHREY

Bogart

THE MURDEROUS ANGEL

ALDO

Ray

THE GIRL-CHASING ANGEL

PETER

Ustinov

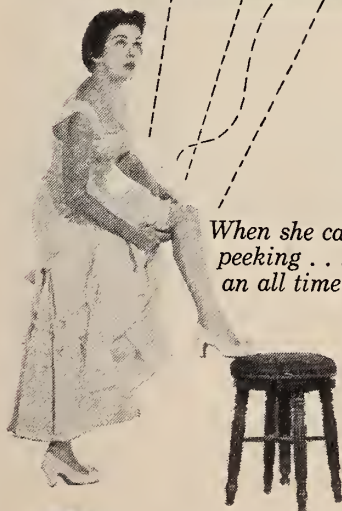
THE SAFE-CRACKING ANGEL

ADOLPH - THE MYSTERY ANGEL

in
**We're
No
Angels**

Color by
TECHNICOLOR

*When she catches them
peeking . . . laughter hits
an all time peak!*



JOAN

co-starring
BASIL

LEO G.

BENNETT · RATHBONE · CARROLL



Produced by PAT DUGGAN • Directed by **MICHAEL CURTIZ** • Screenplay by RANALD MacDOUGALL
Based on a play by Albert Husson • A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

adds
egg-stra
sparkle to your
hair!



Helene Curtis



**shampoo
plus egg**

WITH HAIR-CONDITIONING ACTION

2% fresh whole egg

See how exciting this new luxury lather makes your hair! Glowing clean, silky... so manageable! Conditions any hair. That's the magic touch of SHAMPOO PLUS EGG! Try it! 29¢, 59¢, \$1.

NEW MOVIES

by *florance epstein*



Mister Roberts: "Maybe that's why we're on this ship—because we're not good enough to fight."



Crew's solution to their voyage "from Tedium to Apathy and back:" Make the most of their rationed shore leave.



Ensign Pulver's answer to boredom of sea: Invite the nurses over for "Scotch."

Picture of the Month: Mister Roberts

■ The Broadway play had everyone caught between tears and laughter. The movie—directed by John Ford and Mervyn LeRoy—possesses that same quality. *Mister Roberts* (Henry Fonda) is about as frustrated as any hero can be. At night, he peers through binoculars at huge task forces plowing through the Pacific—but what's his mission? His mission is the successful distribution of toothpaste and toilet paper to Navy personnel. The Captain of the *U.S.S. Reluctant* is an officious pigeon of a man (James Cagney) who drives the crew mercilessly. Considering that the crew doesn't have much more to do than chip rust and stare at a nearby "cruddy island," the Captain is not well loved. But *Mister Roberts* is, and his efficiency leads the Admiral to gift the Captain with a potted palm. The Captain is loathe to let *Mister Roberts* be transferred. Here's a view of life at sea you don't often get. Much of what happens—especially what happens to and because of Ensign Pulver (Jack Lemmon)—is hilarious. The pathos stems from Mr. Roberts' realization that the ship he's so anxious to leave is full of men who've become important to him. Among these men are Doc (William Powell), C.P.O. Ward Bond and a crew of husky young sailors who almost flip their lids when a batch of nurses descends on them. CinemaScope-Warner's



when
the U.S. MPCl..
the Japanese
Security Police
and a kimono
girl moved into
action against
the seething
underworld of
the Orient!



CINEMASCOPE

brings you the
sights and sounds
of TOKYO...its
bizarre streets,
its teeming life,
its dangerous
waterfronts, its
modern skyscrapers
and its eternal
pagodas.

house of bamboo

from 20th Century-Fox
starring

ROBERT RYAN · ROBERT STACK
SHIRLEY YAMAGUCHI · CAMERON MITCHELL

with BRAD DEXTER · SESSUE HAYAKAWA · BIFF ELLIOT · SANDRO GIGLIO

Produced by

Directed by

Written by

BUDDY ADLER · SAMUEL FULLER · HARRY KLEINER

Color by DE LUXE · in the Wonder of STEREOGRAPHIC SOUND



COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!



When invited to a formal tea, should you —

- ☐ Be punctual ☐ Go formal ☐ Talk about people

Sooner or later comes the bid to your first formal tea. Must you dress formally? Stay the full two hours? What should you say to the V.I.P.s you meet? Answers: Wear your best *daytime* outfit. Arrive and leave when you like. As for the Very Important People:

a word from you about their interests and your what-to-say worries are *phf-f-f!* No problems! That goes for calendar worries, as well—with Kotex* to keep you comfortable. For Kotex gives softness that *holds its shape*. Doesn't chafe! Made to *stay soft!*



Do you think the lady in the limelight is —

- ☐ Devastating ☐ Obnoxious ☐ Dramatics coach

Her captive audience—*they've had it!* But Cora the Cube "must" act out the merest trivia she tells. Overworked gestures mar your word power, your poise. Practice describing a spiral, a dance step, a circle without demonstration. Poise on "those" days, too, is a matter of being self-confident. So, you choose Kotex—assured no revealing outlines show, thanks to *flat pressed ends*.



Which gives your sports outfit a new "ladylike" look?

- ☐ Bermuda shorts ☐ Bermuda skirt ☐ Ruffles

If you like shorts, but find they *de-flatter* your figure—the Bermuda walking skirt is for you. It's the feminine, flattering version of Bermuda shorts: but newer, smarter! On certain days, why not be smart about getting the right-for-you size of Kotex? Try all 3: Regular, Junior, Super; each gives the *complete absorbency* you need. See which suits you exactly.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

Have you tried new Delsey? It's the 2-ply toilet tissue with Kleenex* softness. Only Delsey is clean-cut to tear evenly. It ends waste — saves money — because it can't shred like ordinary toilet tissues. And Delsey* comes in your favorite towel colors: pink, yellow, blue and green, as well as white. Be thrifty—buy quality—buy Delsey.



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



SUMMERTIME Even if you've been to Venice, this movie will turn up views you probably haven't found. Not in a picture post card way, either, but in a way someone who's never seen Venice comes upon it—with a sense of discovery and excitement. That's for the scenery. The story's even better. Katharine Hepburn is a secretary from Ohio who feels that the years she's spent working and rarely romancing owe her a fling. So here she comes with camera and hope to a little *pension*. Everybody's got somebody, but she's got nothing but good will, wisecracks and a tortured loneliness. A handsome stranger (Rosanno Brazzi) is anxious to pick her up at an outdoor café, and she's anxious. In fact, she starts trembling whenever somebody under eighty just looks at her. Brazzi's persistent, though, and Hepburn's so dazzled she'd fling herself into a canal for the sheer joy of it (As it happens she does fall into the canal, for a different reason.) Things would be great if Brazzi weren't married, or even if Hepburn were more like *pension*-owner Isa Miranda, who takes love as lightly as anti-pasto. But this girl has an American conscience and cannot be happy without being proposed to legally. Very moving and sensitively done. Technicolor.—U.A.

P. S. Take everybody hut your old-maid aunt.

MOONFLEET Orphan Jon Whiteley comes upon a pack of cutthroat smugglers led by dandy Stewart Granger. "Get lost," says Granger. "No sir, I'm with you," says Jon, "peril to life and limb notwithstanding." Little hoy like that should have a Mama and not go losing himself in graveyards or hanging in huckets at the bottom of wells (looking for jewels). Yet there he is. Hard to see him, though, it's so dark in England.—Technicolor, MGM.

P. S. Guaranteed to scare the wits out of your kid brother



THE SHRIKE The wonder man of stage and screen (José Ferrer) here brings his considerable talents to what, a couple of years ago, he turned into a Broadway *tour de force*. A shrike, before we go any further, is "a little, soft downy bird with a long beak, on which she impales her victims." Naturally, it was no bird that drove Ferrer to attempted suicide, it was his wife (June Allyson). June has no idea her strong little character could bounce her husband off his rocker. She just loves him, wants to make sure he gets the most out of life. This she does by constantly pointing out his faults so he can correct them. For nine years she's been pointing, and otherwise lousing up his career as a stage director. The camel's back is broken shortly after his latest stage production, which is a failure for him but a personal triumph for his star (Joy Page). Joy tells him that even his flops are better than most people's successes. June tells him, why don't you quit the theatre, honey, and take a job in Pop's store. Next time she sees him he's lying in a hospital bed, having flopped even in his suicide attempt. Just shows you what the wrong woman can do to the right man when they sign up for a lifetime partnership.—U-I

P. S. You'll be glad you're you after this one.



**SMART
GIRLS
NEVER
GO
OUTDOORS
WITHOUT IT...**



Helene Curtis **spray net**^{*}

Going places? Keep your hair in place the SPRAY NET way...it's such a joy!



^{*}TM

Now There Are Two Fabulous Formulas
New **SUPER SOFT SPRAY NET**, without
locquer, gives hair gentle control.

REGULAR SPRAY NET for more elaborate
styles, harder-to-manage hair.

Whether you're working, playing, shopping...
we can take one worry off your mind. Your hair!
A whisper of Helene Curtis **SPRAY NET** will
keep it just the way you set it... soft, natural,
and *in place* the whole day through.

For Helene Curtis has found a way to put
"holding quality" into a hair spray without
making you hate the feel of your hair. It's the
wonderful, wonderful spray that leaves no
stickiness whatsoever.

A pretty hair-do will always pick you out of
the crowd. Smart girls never go outdoors
without Helene Curtis **SPRAY NET**—it's
America's favorite hair spray because it really
is the best... in every way.

4½ FULL OZ. **\$1.25** plus tax
GIANT ECONOMY SIZE \$1.89

only Helene Curtis Spray Net contains spray-on lanolin lotion



When You're Late For A Date...
Just set your pin curls with
Helene Curtis **SPRAY NET**.
They'll dry in minutes!



Ever Made This Test?

Curl two strips of paper, spray
just one with **SPRAY NET**...
then *blow* on both and see which
one keeps its curl! **SPRAY NET**'s
the answer—every time.



Be an adorable BLONDE

Be the girl with "sun in her hair!" If time has darkened your hair, bring back blonde glamour with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Safely, easily, at home. Or you can lighten just a bit . . . add golden highlights, gleam dark hair with bronze. Golden Hair Wash, the complete-in-one-package safe home hair lightener, has been a favorite for 50 years. Use to lighten arm and leg hair, too. It is sold at fine drugstores everywhere.

60¢ and 90¢ plus tax



MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

If you're not going to lighten . . .



another
famous
MARCHAND
product

Marchand's Hair Rinse after each shampoo blends in aging gray streaks . . . adds sparkling lights and richer color to your natural hair shade. Govt. approved colors, wash out easily. 12 smart shades. At all drug and variety stores.

6 Rinses 25¢ 2 Rinses 10¢

THE MAN FROM LARAMIE When a man travels a thousand miles just to shoot another man it's convenient to know his name. James Stewart does not know, which may be why he is given to long pauses and is not hep to the cue Cathy O'Donnell keeps tossing him (this is a romantic cue and a man hardly has time for that anymore). Donald Crisp, who owns most of Coronado—to which Stewart journeyed from Laramie—is always dreaming about him in his sleep. Dreaming that Stewart is going to kill his son (Alex Nicol). Well, somebody ought to kill him—he's an overgrown juvenile delinquent. Crisp's foreman Arthur Kennedy wouldn't mind killing him, but then Crisp might be offended and not give Kennedy his share of the ranch. Stewart, meanwhile, keeps looking for the man who sold rifles to the Apaches which the Apaches used to wipe out an Army battalion among whom was his kid brother. So *that's* the why and wherefore Stewart hangs around. Even though there is plenty of violence in Coronado, all of it pinned on him. Technicolor—Col.

P. S. Why curl up with a good Western when you can curl up with Stewart?



WE'RE NO ANGELS There are people who will be shocked by this movie—it takes murder so gaily. For repressed characters like me it's delightful. Anybody who's under the thumb of a nasty, rich, tyrannical relative would hardly believe his good fortune if that relative went to bed one night in blooming health and did not wake up in the morning. And if the relative had a traveling companion and nephew just like him who succumbed to the same mysterious malady, that would be pushing luck too far. About as far as Humphrey Bogart, Aldo Ray and Peter Ustinov push it. They are three escaped convicts loitering on Devil's Island, who invade the shop of Leo G. Carroll, his wife Joan Bennett and their daughter Gloria Talbot. The family only run the shop—and not very well—for their ruthless cousin. It's Christmas time and these convicts have murder and robbery in their minds, but their souls are made of finer stuff. They weep before kindness, melt before love. They'd be terribly frustrated if ruthless cousin (Basil Rathbone) and ruthless, jr., (John Baer) did not arrive to check up on the shop's books, books which prove Leo G. Carroll to be hopelessly inept. Well, those angelic convicts set things right for the meek and good of this world. Their methods are novel, but certainly efficient. VistaVision.—Para.

P. S. Enjoy yourself but remember it could only happen in a movie.



THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS If your Dad was around at the turn of the century you've heard of Eddie Foy. Bet he didn't know what went on at the Foy home! There were all these children being born to a man who didn't even want to get married in the first place. His wife (Milly Vitale), a former ballerina, liked kids, so she had kids while Eddie was off making a name for himself in show business. Same night he cops the Friars' award for Father Of The Year his wife dies. It's a little late for Foy to realize he has a family, but it hits him like a bomb and he can't think of anything to do but drink it off. When the kids threaten to dismantle the house out of childish exuberance Foy pulls them all together and—kicking and screaming—takes them on the road. All seven. Bob Hope as Foy is very touching and likable. He also lends some amusing Hope fast-talk to his portrayal. VistaVision.—Para.

P. S. It'll give you the lump.



Susan Strasberg and John Kerr, two young stars to watch, play key roles in MGM's *The Cobweb*.

THE COBWEB Maybe you suspected there is only a fine line between the normal and the abnormal. In this movie, which takes place at a home for the emotionally disturbed, you are not altogether sure the right people are being treated. Here's a brief run-down on the staff. Richard Widmark is the doctor in charge. He's harried but otherwise very competent. It's his wife (Gloria Grahame) who verges on hysteria due to boredom. Charles Boyer, who was once head doctor, now leans toward drink and general deterioration. Lillian Gish, the housekeeper, is a lonely, embittered old maid who pinches pennies. Lauren Bacall, social worker, hopes she'll help herself over personal tragedy by helping others. While all these people are getting involved with each other, the patients sniff dissension in the air. There is not a better sniffer than Oscar Levant; or a more fragile one than 16-year-old Susan Strasberg. But John Kerr's the prize. He's a young artist you just have to touch to send flying in every direction. The story hinges around him and I found it all completely fascinating. Technicolor—MGM.

P. S. You think you have troubles?

THE SEA CHASE I know there were plenty of nice Germans in the Second World War, but a couple more pictures like this and you'll think there were only one or two Nazis. Aside from that, I didn't find anything not to like in *The Sea Chase*. John Wayne I would like in any chase. He's captain of a rusty old freighter which is tied up in Australia when war's declared. Wayne is anti-Nazi, but that doesn't mean he's going to hand over his ship to the enemy. He's going to take it to some calm, neutral water, some tropical paradise where he can disembark and make love to Lana Turner, (I forgot to mention—Lana's on board. She's a German spy wrapped in mink.) To get that old tub moving is quite a job, as is evading the entire British fleet and keeping first mate Lyle Bettger down (he's dreaming of dining with the Fuehrer). David Farrar's a British officer whose long friendship for Wayne turns into hatred. CinemaScope.—Warners.

P. S. Here's a man's movie that any woman would love to be asked to see.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

GREEN MAGIC (IFE): An exciting, prize-winning, color film about a trip through the South American jungles. Snakes, cattle get eaten alive before your eyes.

NOT AS A STRANGER (U.A.): Bob Mitchum, Frank Sinatra, Olivia De Havilland, Gloria Grahame and Broderick Crawford in a moving, sensitive adaptation of the best-seller. An important film.

DADDY LONG LEGS (20th-Fox): A completely delightful musical, with Leslie Caron and Fred Astaire delivering their usual, incomparable performances in the story of a French girl brought to America by her rich, anonymous guardian.

LOVE ME OR LEAVE ME (MGM): Doris Day stars as Ruth Etting, the showgirl who wanted success at any price. James Cagney and Cameron Mitchell are among the men she meets on her way up. Off-beat musical.

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 in this prize-winner.

Antibiotics in Your Daily Life



by
William I.
Fishbein,
M. D.

The antibiotics are responsible for saving untold numbers of human lives. Infections, once fatal, have been brought under almost complete control. Illnesses formerly causing long periods of hospitalization are now quickly relieved and convalescence materially shortened.

Many ailments, while not responsible for loss of life, nevertheless are responsible for much loss of time from work, are nagging, productive of much discomfort, disfiguring, and in general interfere with normal happy existence. Among such illnesses are colds, sinus infections, ear infections, sore throat, ulcers of the skin, and acne or pimples, particularly when small abscesses are present in the latter disorder.

Tyrothricin, the antibiotic which has been incorporated in a number of products adapted for application to the skin and mucous membrane by McKesson and Robbins, is especially effective against many of these disorders. These preparations have been subjected to prolonged clinical and laboratory studies to demonstrate their usefulness.

They showed particularly low toxicity with extremely rare reactions to usage, thus increasing their range of possible utility. Preparations have been formulated specifically for treatment of naso-pharyngeal infections, especially pustular acne or pimples, for long continuing slow healing ulcers of the skin, such as may occur in those with varicose or dilated veins in the skin.

Drugs have been formulated for many purposes—pain relief, muscle relaxation, soothing action and stimulation. Tyrothricin preparations, including those limited to cosmetic fields are welcome additions to modern treatment.

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.

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DEODORANT

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!



SCIENTIFIC FACTS ABOUT HARSH, IRRITATING CHEMICALS FOR UNDERARM USE

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

SCIENTIFIC FACTS ABOUT REVOLUTIONARY NEW ANTIBIOTIC YODORA

New Yodora contains no harsh, dangerous chemicals. Antibiotic Pertexol* in New Yodora protects your underarm skin—checks underarm irritations before they start! New Yodora not only gives you safer, longer lasting protection from perspiration odor, but its light, creamy base also keeps your underarm area softer—smoother—lovelier! No other deodorant ever gave you safer protection from perspiration odor!

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Try at our risk for one week; if you are not amazed—entirely delighted—return and get your money back! At all cosmetic counters.

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Imagine... A Deodorant Recommended for Shaving!



1. Apply soft, antibiotic New Yodora—rub gently into skin.

2. Shave underarms with slow, downward strokes.

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

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Y-4



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Why put up with chafing... irritation... odor problems and disposal problems... when Tampax is as handy as your nearest drug or notion counter? It gives the wearer such a remarkable sense of freedom that many users say they almost forget it's "time-of-the-month" for them. Certainly, you feel much more poised, much more relaxed, with protection that's both invisible and unfelt when in place. You can be your dainty, fastidious self *at all times!*

It goes without saying that you can swim while wearing Tampax, that you don't need to remove it while taking your shower or tub. This doctor-invented product *must* be the *nicest* way of handling the trying days of the month—so many women say so! Buy Tampax now in your choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply goes into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



TV TALK

Everyone watches Marilyn... Brando makes a boo-boo... Roses for Audrey Hepburn

Tony Randall has hit it lucky. With *Mr. Peepers* fading from the channels, he needed a steady acting job, and he sure got one. As you probably know, he plays the character based on H. L. Mencken in *Inherit The Wind*, the smash hit that stars Paul Muni. Tony's New York apartment, by the way, is all white—ceiling, walls and carpet... It looks as though Texas is taking over tv, the theatre and the movies, too. The biggest hit from the Lone Star State right now, of course, is **Fess Parker**, known to everybody in America as Davy Crockett. While Fess is still enjoying the first flush of success, there is another Texan making his mark on the East Coast. **Pat Hingle**, who knew Fess at school, decided to try his acting luck in New York, and now, after a couple of years of struggling, can match success stories with anyone. His first important Broadway part was in *End As A Man*, the play that gave **Ben Gazzara** his big push. Then Pat showed up in *Festival*, a comedy that didn't last very long but that proved he was an excellent comedian. Now he's playing Gazzara's grasping, not-very-bright brother in *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof*, the award-winning play that every actor wishes he were in, and finds time for tv drama shows, too. Few people realize it, but *Cat* director **Elia Kazan** had hired Pat once before—for *On The Waterfront*. Remember the scene where **Marlon Brando** and **Eva Marie Saint** went into a bar for a beer? Well, Pat was the waiter. Not only don't most people know this, but, at the time, Brando didn't either! Just before the scene was shot he realized he was hungry, saw Pat hanging around, and sent him out for a sandwich. Pat, not saying a word about being an actor, not a delivery boy, willingly went and returned with the food. After Brando had eaten, Kazan started to shoot the bar scene. Brando nearly flipped when he looked up and saw the delivery boy acting in it! It broke him up completely, and the scene had to be completely reshot. What with Fess and Pat—not to mention Kim Stanley and Eli Wallach—Texas really does have something to brag about... **Marilyn Monroe** has always been something to see, but you should see her walking around New York at night! She goes at a fast trot and, as often as not, wears clothes that would look more at home in casual California than in midtown Manhattan. One Saturday night recently, she was whipping around in black-and-white striped treader pants, a sports coat and no make-up. In fact her face looked as though she'd smeared it with cold cream just before she left her hotel. But don't think for a moment that all eyes didn't turn. Everyone recognized her, and everyone stopped and stared. Lots of times celebrities can walk all over town for all the other pedestrians care. **Janis Paige**—even with her bright red hair, her extra-fancy sun glasses, and her constant-companion poodle—can go unrecognized. **Franchot Tone** doesn't have to stop and sign autographs all the time either. But Marilyn—and **Greta Garbo**—never fail to turn every head. We saw Garbo grocery-shopping one day. Even in those unglamorous surroundings and even with her unglamorous appearance—moccasins, socks, a bundled-up coat, no make-up except a little pale lipstick, and a very red nose from

a cold—Garbo was the target of every clerk's and customer's eye... Which makes us wonder about **Arthur Godfrey's** perennial complaint that he cannot walk down a street without being bothered. He claims, you know, that he cannot even ride in the back seat of his limousine without covering his face when the chauffeur has to stop for a red light. His face is one of the most familiar ones in the United States, but we suspect he could walk around a little with the common folk—which he says he is dying to do—without creating a mob scene. If Monroe and Garbo can grace the sidewalks of New York without having to call the cops, so, we suspect, could Godfrey... **Jack Paar** is a very unhappy man. He knew that his *Morning Show* hadn't lured the sponsors the way it was supposed to, but he had no idea he was being fired until he read it in a trade paper. You'd be surprised at how many times the stars find out facts about their careers from the papers. The tv world is a big one—but a small one when it comes to leaks. Speaking of sidewalks, **Judy Holliday** was as excited as any fan when she passed Marilyn Monroe on the street one day. She was also amazed at how young The Monroe looks—"like fourteen," said Judy. She was extra amazed that her split-second take-off on Marilyn in a *Spectacular* brought such raves from the press and the public. Its success gave her an idea: Maybe she could start a whole new career doing imitations. The only drawback: Judy is a perfectionist, and she works for hours, for days, for weeks, before she will mimic anyone on tv. She reads up on her subjects, she goes to see all their movies, she watches all their television performances. She freely admits that she is not a natural mimic. She can't take one fast look at another performer and go into a funny routine. Which is one reason her impersonations wow everyone...

Audrey Hepburn and **Mel Ferrer** write all their personal letters in Nile-green ink. Audrey's handwriting is the straight-up-and-down type, and she hardly ever crosses a "t." Audrey, by the way, loves all white flowers. Her extra favorite is white roses. You can bet that Mel presents them, too. This is a happy couple... Poor **Ray Bolger**. He put pots of his own money into his tv show this last year, and it's being dropped. He honestly loved it, but the sponsor and the public didn't quite agree. He'll probably still be around next year, however—on some of the big NBC color *Spectaculars*.



Martha Raye celebrates million-dollar contract with Robert Q. Lewis, assistant Mimi Miller.



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"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Joan Crawford. 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.

Never Dries— it Beautifies!

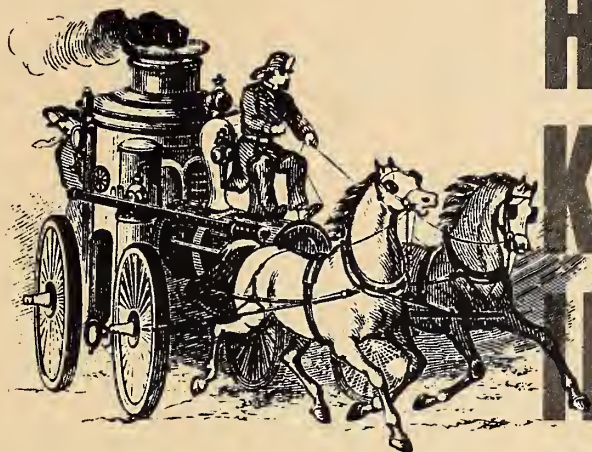


Joan Crawford

starring in

"FEMALE ON THE BEACH"

A Universal-International Picture



THE HOTTEST KIDS IN HOLLYWOOD

■ Day in, day out, we watch the horizon for new stars. We eavesdrop at studio commissaries, burrow through reams of photos, chat with the new kids. Sometimes it's like hunting for a needle in a haystack and other times—right now, for instance—we come up with the greatest bunch of youngsters ever. There are so many of them that the sky lights up like the Fourth of July. And these kids are different! They're not look-alikes, act-alikes, stamped "Made in Hollywood—glamourized!" They're individualists like moody, unapproachable Jimmy Dean, self-possessed like Russ Tamblyn, who's been around show business for years. They're sweet-but-not-simple like Kim Novak, who learned fast how to side-step the wolf pack, grown-up like Peggy King, who hit bottom hard before climbing to the big-time. These kids spark because they have natural greatness. They know where they're going and exactly how to get there. On the following ten pages—and elsewhere in this special issue—you'll meet the hottest of the hot. Some you're crazy-gone-for already and a few you never even heard of—but you will. In this issue we want to give you a good close look at all of them, all at once. So here are their pictures and all the info available—and some of the most intimate looks behind the scenes MODERN SCREEN has ever brought you.

■ Several weeks ago Warner Brothers tossed a press party to announce the production start of *Giant*, starring Elizabeth Taylor, Rock Hudson and James Dean.

The shindig was held at the studio, and unlike any of the other principals, Jimmy Dean arrived late. He wore blue jeans and an old red flannel shirt. When the producer introduced him to the audience, Jim refused to rise or smile, or even acknowledge the applause. Moodily he sat in his seat, stared at his boots. When a photographer came close to photograph him, he quickly put on his dark sun glasses.

"Would you be kind enough to remove your glasses, Mr. Dean?" the photographer asked.

Jimmy made out as if he didn't hear.

"Why don't you give the guy a break?" a reporter asked the twenty-four-year-old acting genius from Fairmount, Indiana. "After all, he's got a job to do."

Dean shook his head. "I didn't mean to be rude. It's just that I've got bags under my eyes, and I need a shave."

In another corner of the room, a studio representative, watching the entire scene, muttered under his breath.

"That's typical of the guy. I hope the Army drafts him and teaches him a little cooperation."

Jimmy is not particularly well-liked by some of his studio colleagues these days, because he refuses to show up for interviews, declines to be photographed, breaks appointments with reckless abandon and insists upon keeping his private life private.

"Maybe publicity is important," he admits.

"But I just can't make it, can't get with it. I've been told by a lot of guys the way it works. The newspapers give you a big build-up. Something happens, they tear you down. Who needs it? What counts to the artist is performance not publicity. Guys who don't know me, already they've typed me as an odd ball."

So, too, as a matter of fact, have a lot of Hollywood girls who've met Jimmy at various private parties.

One young actress, who prefers to be nameless, tells about the recent time Dean came to a bongo-drum "kick" with his girl friend Lilli Kardell.

"After we were introduced," she recalls, "I said, just by way of starting a polite conversation, 'You're getting a lot of good publicity these days, all about your wonderful performance in *East Of Eden*.' His answer to that was, 'Most of it is a bunch of ———.' Only he didn't put it that delicately.

"I don't know," this actress continues, "whether he was trying to compensate for his shyness or what. He certainly is not typical of Hollywood actors. He will come into a room and for twenty or thirty minutes he'll say nothing. He won't even open his mouth. Then, mention something about drums or acting or bull fighting, and you can't stop him. He talks on and on with great power and intelligence. He's a strange one, all right."

Lilli Kardell, the nineteen-year-old Swedish actress, once under contract to Universal-International, has dated Dean more than any other girl in movieland. Although she declines to use the word love, she admits she's "gone" on the little guy.

"Jimmy," she explains in her (Continued on page 75)



Daredevil Dean is hell on wheels. Racing his Porsche in local meets, he wins handily at 120 mph plus, earns the respect of racing pros but the word around the studio is "that crazy kid is going to kill himself."



James Byron Dean is a free-wheeling individualist who breaks all the



LONE WOLF

rules except one—he travels fastest who travels alone / by Richard Moore



When you look like Kim in a town like Hollywood you learn to handle the wolf-pack—fast. The lady's young—not foolish

WHISTLE BAIT

by Kim Novak

■ When I left Chicago with a girl friend for a vacation trip to California I kept telling my mother that I wasn't movie crazy and hadn't the slightest idea of getting into pictures. And she said she knew that, but she kept giving me some advice which she admitted wasn't original, but just the same I had better listen!

"There are a lot of wolves out there," she said. "You know, men who talk big and make promises they couldn't keep even if they wanted to."

Then she turned to *her* mother and asked, "Isn't that right, Mom?"

And Grandma agreed and added her favorite piece of advice; that it's all up to the girl; that you can make a wolf out of any man if you don't conduct yourself as a lady always.

So armed with this advice, I went west and found out that both Mom and Grandma were right—Wolf Number One phoned the second day I was in Hollywood.

I was sitting at the pool in the Beverly Hills Hotel when an attendant told me that a Mr. Hooper was



telephoning. I didn't know any Mr. Hooper. In fact, I didn't know one man in the whole state of California. So I knew right away this Hooper was a wolf. But I was terribly curious and couldn't help accepting the call.

When Mr. Hooper introduced himself over the telephone he seemed to be saying that he was well known in the movie industry. When I went over his words later, I realized he hadn't really said that at all—he just sounded as if he had.

"I noticed you at the pool this afternoon," he went on. "You are exactly the kind of girl the studios are looking for."

It would have been easy to let myself believe him, but I heard a duet in my ears—Mother's and Grandma's warning voices—and I told him that I was sure the studios couldn't be interested in me. "I haven't had any acting experience," I said.

"Oh, that doesn't matter," he assured me.

"It doesn't!" I exclaimed.

"Not a bit," he declared. "Tell you what . . . I'm not far away from (Continued on page 60)





He may be under-age, but Russ has been around. And for those who think he needs mothering—h

■ Not so very long ago, Russ Tamblyn was given what might be called A Hard Time. This sort of thing is so rare in his young life that it had the effect of warping his entire attitude toward women. Obviously, the trouble was a girl. To quote Mr. Tamblyn, looking back: "There was this romance I had. Real weird. I went with this girl for a year, and I never saw her more than two weeks. I went East to see her between pictures; she came out here once, properly chaperoned, of course,

to visit me. So I was bowled over when her family decided that we were seeing too much of each other. They were scared to death that we were going to get married. They were scared to death we were going to get married even after I told them that I couldn't even think of it for at least two years. They decided we shouldn't see each other again until she was eighteen, and they said she'd be too young to marry even then. Funny how people get hold of an idea and can't let go. I

GIRL CRAZY



Five-foot-ten-inches, brown- (not red) haired, twenty years old, Russ has had his own apartment in Beverly Hills for some time, enjoys living alone, crazy hours.



Venetio Stevenson, eighteen, is Russ' current—and most serious—love. A model and cover girl, she is working in England now, which leaves Russ lonely but resigned—he has conducted romances by mail before.



Like Brando, Curtis and Deon, Russ is a drum addict, has many records. His great idol is his brother, a missionary in Germany, who, like Russ, is a devout Mormon.

loves being somebody's baby! / by Alice Finletter

was too young to get married, too, and we weren't planning anything like an elopement. We were taking things easy, getting to know each other, letting the future take care of itself.

"But they couldn't believe it. They couldn't believe it, so they handed down this verdict that we shouldn't see each other again till she was eighteen." Russ grinned, but his tone was pensive. "Out of sight, out of mind. She turned eighteen a few months later—and married (Continued on page 62)



MARISA PAVAN



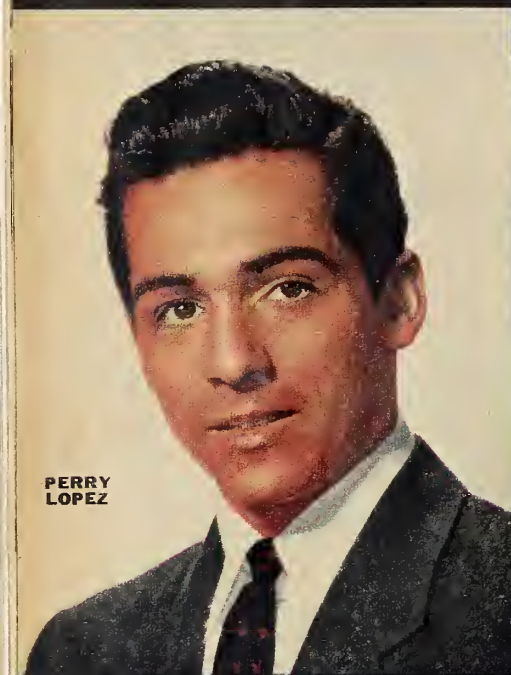
WILLIAM CAMPBELL



MARISA PAVAN Most likely to avoid the sister jinx now that she's in *The Rose Tattoo*, Marisa struggled with it for years while producers assumed that Pier Angeli had all the talent in the family. Now Marisa seems set to justify Alan Ladd's claim that she "should turn out to be one of the finest acting talents of her generation!"

WILLIAM CAMPBELL Most likely to become Mayor of Hollywood, Bill has savvy of an earthy sort, sharpened by a college education, three years in the Navy. Six feet tall, Bill wanted to be a journalist, switched to acting for more kicks, more dough. Married—and liking it—he's in *Cell 2455* and *Man Without A Star*.

PERRY LOPEZ



RICHARD DAVALOS



PERRY LOPEZ Most likely to become a legend, Perry grew up as tough as they come. Twenty-three, he has been a top amateur lightweight. (His faint scars, though, are not from a left hook, but an auto accident.) Discovered by Josh Logan hanging around the stage door for a date with a showgirl, he's in *The Darkest Hour*.

RICHARD DAVALOS Most likely to be another Spencer Tracy, Dick's ambitions are for great parts, not big dough. At six he decided acting was for him, made it via jerking sodas (in the Schrafft's where Kirk Douglas once worked). Now in *The Sea Chase*, Dick works harder, studies more than almost any other kid in town.

VIRGINIA LEITH



ORESTE KIRKOP



VIRGINIA LEITH Most likely to rival Grace Kelly as a lady born, Virginia was voted the girl with the most talent least recognized by the public. Single, an ex-hatcheck girl and drive-in waitress, and leading lady of *A Kiss Before Dying* she's been called by Richard Egan "An actress who makes the male star look better than he really is!"

ORESTE KIRKOP Most likely to be more electric than Lanza, according to Paramount workers, the Malta-born sandy-haired, green-eyed tenor made a name for himself in European opera. He dates a lot, goes in for sports, and doesn't want to be a great big star. "I just want to sing and have fun." He does both in *The Vagabond King*.

MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED

Here are nine new names, rated top star-material by the shrewdest of judges — the stars and studio workers who've seen them all in action



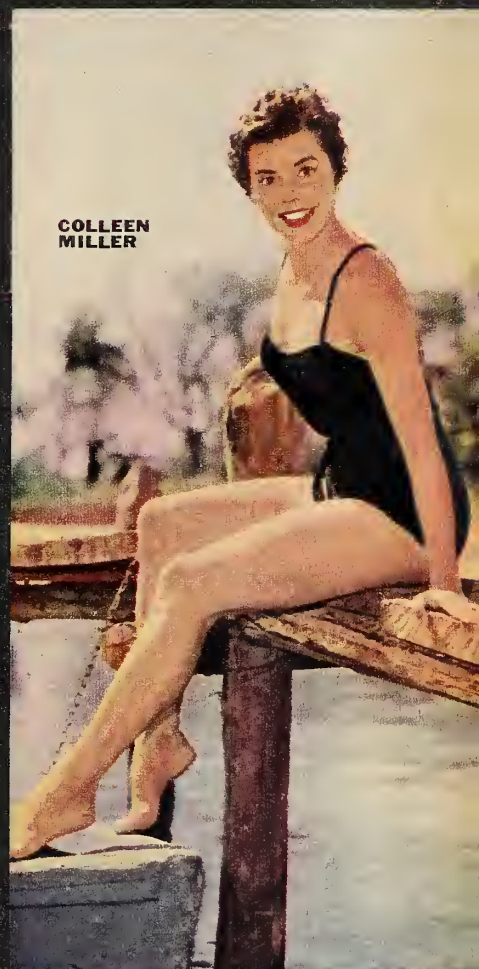
JOAN
COLLINS

JOAN COLLINS Most likely to make you forget Marilyn, she has already replaced her in 20th's affections as the darling of the lot. A big star in London, Joan has no complexes, no snobbery, dark brown hair, green eyes, 126 pounds and the sort of talent that shows up as dynamite in *The Virgin Queen*.



MARTHA
HYER

MARTHA HYER Most likely to be the Number One Glamour Girl Of Tomorrow, ash-blonde, green-eyed, twenty-four-year-old Martha has the delicate voluptuousness of a Lana Turner, even more sex appeal in *Kiss Of Fire*. In one year and a half she was in nine movies, twenty tv shows, hates being idle—ever.



COLLEEN
MILLER

COLLEEN MILLER Most likely to be Oscar's sweetheart, the former Miss Portland goes in for hard work because "A girl should never kick opportunity in the teeth. It might get mad and never come back." Opposite Tony Curtis in *The Purple Mask*, he predicted she'd eventually walk away with an Academy Award.

Turning points (high and low) and key figures in the King comeback

PRETTY



MODERN SCREEN gave Peggy a Golden Key in 1952 through sponsor Howard Keel. But Peggy kept insisting that she was washed up in Hollywood.



Debbie Reynolds helped Peggy hit her stride (Korea, Christmas '52) and taught her to believe in herself. This friendship put Peggy on the right track at last.



George Gabel encouraged Peggy to be herself, not poor man's Garland. Result: she's now a household word even though Peggy still can't quite believe it.



How does it feel to be a failure? Ask Peggy

■ She wasn't always pretty, perky Peggy. Only three years ago she was glum, gloomy Peggy who thought the world had passed her by. Those who figure her as an overnight sensation who clicked instantly on the George Gobel show and before that became a fluke success thanks to a singing commercial are well advised not to say so to Peggy King. She's too young to have a bad memory. The hungry days when nobody wanted her are too recent. "I was a has-been," Peggy says, "before I was a been."

Those who knew her during the black days had no doubts about her talent but they wondered privately whether this sensitive slip of a girl could stand up under the punishment. Peggy had the works. Her current success is most remarkable because the biggest victory is deep inside of her.

In those terrible days Peggy thought she was the only one who was scared. Now she knows everybody is. And she knows, too, that fear can drive you to make the wrong decisions, give up too soon, pick the wrong people to lean on. "The things that happen to you at fifteen," Peggy can say now, "you can laugh about at seventeen. It's hard to believe at the time, when you're miserable, but if you can just let the idea sink in for

PERKY



PEGGY



King who was washed up at 20, who had no place to go but up / by Toni Noel

a minute, things won't seem so awful." Peggy still can't bring herself to laugh about the tough years but she can say, "Everything that happened has gone toward making me the performer I am. I think I'd do it all over again."

You look at the record and wonder how she could even consider it. She looks too frail to take disappointment, shock, criticism. She admits she's vulnerable. "I even cry over menus." She is simply tiny—all but the dark eyes that loom out of her face. Off-stage they are the wide, clear, innocent eyes of a twelve-year-old. "Innocent," Peggy giggles. "George says they're about as innocent as a boa constrictor's."

Peggy got to Hollywood because she was a talented kid who looked like Judy Garland, and she withered there for the same reason. She'd been typed to a professional death. That resemblance to Judy Garland is something Peggy can discuss now, but it used to hurt. "Sure," she admits, "I've imitated her, especially in night clubs. If the audience wasn't interested in Peggy King, if they had only come to see the poor man's Garland, then I'd give them the best Garland I had. Now that

I've more or less made it on my own I don't care. But it really hurt when I was trying to get started. Show people protect their own. They couldn't seem to see what was so obvious: that I couldn't possibly become a singer just *because* of an uncanny physical resemblance. I had to have the voice to begin with."

No wonder Peggy gets such a bang out of it when guys like the notably restrained Bill Holden walk up and exclaim, "I love you! Every time I watch the show I'm overwhelmed." Peggy bubbles happily when she tells about it. "I'm so thrilled when a big star says something nice that I'm tongue-tied, but I'm just as thrilled when people recognize me and ask for autographs." Then, the old fear Peggy can't quite shake takes over, and she shivers, "I'm frightened by talent." She should be. She was cursed by too much.

Without conceit Peggy says, "The trouble was I could do a lot of things—but. I have the bones for a model but I'm too short. I have a huge voice, just the thing for a Broadway musical, but I'm also good in supper clubs. I got lost trying everything." Among her talents was an instinct (*Continued on page 89*)

Life with Elizabeth is

definitely my cup of tea. We have two
sons and a happy home on a hilltop
and not a cloud in the sky.

There's just one thing—one
little thing that bothers me—

I don't understand my Wife *says Michael Wilding*



She can do the most outrageous things—smiling so innocently. Sometimes I want to clobber her, but what's the use?

The trouble with Liz is, she's not afraid of anything—including me. And when she brings Mike, Jr. to visit the set and meet Anne Francis, work stops, everyone stares—and I'm the proudest family man on the lot!

Oh, that Madonna on the opposite page, holding Christopher—that's my Liz, too!



■ Living with Liz is a delightful experience, one that I am privileged to enjoy. The situation requires nothing from me but a pinch of patience, an ability to roll with the punches and a boundless capacity for admiration. Liz, you see, is a girl to be admired, but she is also filled to the brim with all sorts of surprises. I hold the mistaken idea that I know this young woman quite well, yet within a fortnight she reminds me fourteen times that I don't know her at all.

I suppose you might attribute this to the fact that she is a female. If Liz is nothing else, she is feminine—completely feminine on every level. And so I, as a male, am in a state of perpetual astonishment.

In the first place she should, according to every book I have read about women, be terrified of all sorts of things. Electricity, bugs, mice, gas. I had thought I had the right to expect, as a male endowed with even the minimum quality and quantity of muscles, to be clung to adoringly when danger became imminent. But Liz is a female, and as such, exercises her prerogative to be contrary to the rule. She isn't afraid of a solitary thing. Not even that enormous horse of hers—and he scares the wits out of me. But then of course, Liz is wonderful with all animals. I remember the time we were driving up near Malibu and Liz decided to visit her horse King Charles. When we got out of the car there was this huge beast, not tied to a bloody thing, just a horizontal string stretched in front of him—not nearly enough restraint, to my mind. The only thing between the creature and us was this cord, strung horizontally near the ground, and as we approached (Liz leading the way, of course) the horse flattened his ears and showed the whites of his eyes and (Continued on page 64)



For many stars an evening out isn't a date—it's a production! But for Barbara Rush and George Nader, nothing could be simpler—or more fun!

OVER TWENTY-ONE



7 P.M. The doorbell rang. Barbara answered it and found George, somewhat pooped, on her doorstep. "Hard day at the studio," he said by way of greeting, and added that, as he had just played midwife at the birth of four kittens to his Siamese cats, he hadn't much appetite. Barbara, ordinarily the sympathetic type, spotted his new Mercury and didn't hear a word he said. "Stunning," she was muttering, "gorgeous. Even cute." George roused himself. "Some cute!" he snorted. "I had to get my option picked up to buy it!"

7:30 P.M. His usual interest in food reawakened by a cooling drive, George headed for his favorite Mexican restaurant. (Like most members of *The Set*, he and Barbara prefer the casual to the ostentatious, have no objections to ordering across a counter.) "What are you having?" Barbara, the novice, asked. "Everything!" said George, and ordered a taco, an enchilada, a tamale, fried beans, rice, guacomole with tostadas—and a glass of milk! To his amazement—and the waitress' horror—Barbara not only ordered the same, but ate it!





8:45 P. M. The season being summer and the evening being cool, they strolled through the romantic Palisades. Ever the gallant, George perched Barbara on one of the gnarled trees for a view of the sea. "Guess what I want most right now," she whispered. "What?" George asked tenderly. "A Kleenex," announced Miss Rush, stifling a sneeze and possibly destroying a few illusions.



9:30 P. M. In the mood for music, they drove to Hollywood and Vine and browsed through Music City. Barbara (still fresh from the Auld Sod) wanted a new Irish record. George found himself some mood music. "Don't cause a riot with the autograph hunters," he cautioned, teasing—and although they called each other by their full names as loudly as possible, neither caused even a ripple. At Music City no one gets noticed unless he or she is a disembodied voice on a disk.

■ Lately, Barbara Rush has found herself an extremely active member of Hollywood's Slightly Older Younger Set. Since her divorce from Jeffrey Hunter she is in demand for dates ranging from official premières-and-night-clubs to long-drives-with-hamburgers, which she vastly prefers. The latter are frequently demanded by one George Nader, tall, dark and a fellow set member.

On one such occasion, MODERN SCREEN begged permission to tag along—at a discreet distance, of course—and report the proceedings. For a star in a strapless gown and a bright white spotlight, smiling prettily for the photographers, is not necessarily the same girl who throws a coat over her shoulders and dashes off for an evening she really expects to enjoy. And it's evenings like these, reported the least, that tell the most about these young stars.

Like their Slightly Younger counterparts, members of The Set usually find their real (as differentiated from publicity) dates heavy on fun. They laugh a lot, tease each other and are likely to take off on a moment's notice for a medium-to-crazy excursion. They're past the age of flagpole-climbing, but George and Barbara have been known to give way to a sudden impulse and break into a wild, leg-waving dance in the middle of the street. (Being of the Slightly Older Set they're most likely to do so on a fairly quiet (Continued on page 79)



10:30 P. M. After downing two ghastly, gaudy milk shakes, they headed home. (Both had 6 A. M. studio calls—George for The Second Greatest Sex, Barbara for Kiss Of Fire.) At her door George asked Barbara to write; he was going to the Virgin Islands. "Of course," Barbara said, knowing her mouth should be washed out—she's the world's worst correspondent. But she meant it when she said, "Thanks for a lovely evening," which, even in Hollywood, is all that counts.

DISNEYLAND



YOU'LL ENTER FANTASYLAND THROUGH THE PORTALS OF A MEDIEVAL CASTLE, COMPLETE WITH A REAL DRAWBRIDGE AND MOAT.

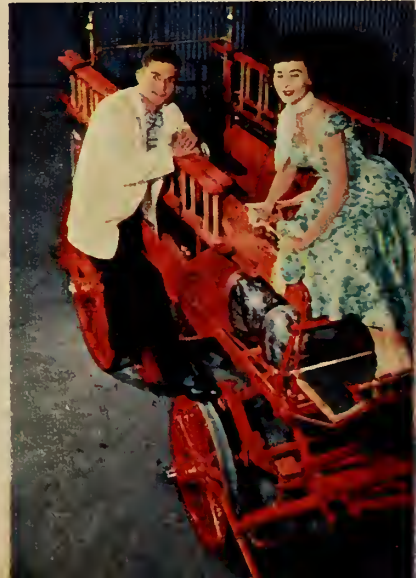


MR. DISNEY BUILT HIS DREAM WORLD

You can't see Morla and Lorry for the trees in Disneyland but you did see her in *Shield For Murder* and you will see him in *The Far Horizons*.



Rolling stock in Disneyland includes this old-time fire engine. No museum piece, this red wagon will take you to follow the fire.



Your sneak preview of 152 fabulous acres of fun and enchantment. Your guides are Marla English and Larry Pennell, two young stars who did all the things you'll do. Like them, you'll have a ball!

■ Everybody talks about Disneyland and now MODERN SCREEN has done something about it. We've dug up the answers to your questions about this magical dream world—questions about cost, transportation, hotels, food. You could see Disneyland in a day but you wouldn't want to, so here's how to do Disneyland right. Where is it? Southeast of downtown Los Angeles about twenty-two miles. Disneyland can be reached only by car or bus. You can drive it in half an hour and there is special bus service from downtown Los Angeles to the park. Admission cost is a dollar plus tax for adults, fifty cents including tax for children under twelve. All exhibits are free. Charges for the various rides run from 10¢ to 35¢ for children, slightly more for adults. Food, ranging from the elegant Delmonico-style restaurant to the buffeteria will be popularly priced. Disneyland will be open every day except Monday from ten a.m. to ten p.m. You can stay at the Disneyland Hotel, a ten-million-dollar hotel and motel project which has been built just across from Disneyland, where rates are as low as \$7 a day. And in and about Los Angeles there is hotel and motel space for thousands of visitors. For campers many state parks offer accommodations. Bring cameras (still or movie) and use them in Disneyland, but leave your pets at home. A visit to Disneyland might well be the focus for a complete tour of Southern California. Movie-land is only half an hour away, the beaches can be reached in an hour and you can drive north to Santa Barbara or south to Mexico in something over two hours. Last question: when does it open? Scheduled date is July 18 but you'd better watch your papers to be sure. You can't miss the announcement. Disneyland is the biggest entertainment news of the year.



AERIAL VIEW of Disneyland. You'll leave the present behind when you step through the portals of this dream land, board an old-fashioned train that circles the area clockwise. First stop—Adventureland, devoted to natural wonders; next the old Frontierland; then Fantasyland; last Tomorrowland.



ADVENTURELAND will satisfy your explorer's urge. You'll leave the Tahitian settlement above and take a boat through the tropics past wild animals, birds, reptiles, natives—lifelike replicas of what you'd see in far-off Central America, South America, Africa, Asia and Australia. You'll feel a million miles away.



FRONTIERLAND paddle-wheeler, all of 105 feet long, will carry you back into American history, back into Davy Crockett's time. You'll steam past replicas of colorful river towns like New Orleans, Natchez, Mobile, pass historic national shrines like West Point and Mount Vernon as the "S.S. Mark Twain" puffs on.

Frontierland stagecoach junket leaves from a Wells Fargo station and bounces through the Painted Desert. Marla and Larry stopped off at the Golden Horseshoe bar for "drinks."





**ALL DISNEYLAND
IS DIVIDED INTO
FOUR PARTS**

Marla English and Larry Pennell visited the four kingdoms of Disneyland, just the way you will. They started with Adventureland (1) a lush tropical paradise, went on to Frontierland (2) where the American past comes alive, reminisced in Fantasyland (3) where Disney characters disport themselves, and ended up appropriately in Tomorrowland (4) where you can even ride a rocket to the moon.



Marla boards old-time horse car on Disneyland's Main Street, where turn-of-the-century relics have been reproduced to create nostalgic memories.



Nature's half-acre is well stocked in Disneyland with thoroughbreds. Marla and Larry admire a pair of horses raised especially for your pleasure.



Fantasyland rides include Mr. Tood's rickety high seater. "No worse than your jalopy," Marla reminded Larry.



Lifelike alligators roam the swamps of Disneyland, obligingly allow you to test their jaws. Marla comforted Larry, "They're just actors."



Hippo takes a shine to Marla, or vice versa. You'll ride on the explorers' boat as she did and see such tropical beasts in their habitat.

never marry an Actress

That's what the man said—but when Ray Danton made his first screen test with Julie Adams it was all over but the elopement.

BY STEVE CRONIN

■ When the Broadway friends of brilliant young television actor Ray Danton heard what was going on, they were willing to bet him fifty-to-one that he'd never marry Julie Adams. Or they'd take equal odds the other way—that intelligent, incredibly lovely and talented Julie wouldn't take the lusty, unpredictable Mr. Danton for a husband. To a man, Ray's Manhattan cronies marked the impending event as a publicity stunt.

They had heard Ray hold forth too often on the type of girl he'd marry one day. The type he'd said was out of the question, for a great many logical reasons, was The Actress. Furthermore, they knew Ray was the kind of fellow who might, just might, give up bachelorhood when he reached thirty-five or so. He was a free soul who didn't want to be tied down.

They had plenty of evidence to back up their *(Continued on page 72)*



the bridge is love

*This is, perhaps, one of the
strangest stories you will ever read.
It is also one of the most
moving. It is Pier Angeli's story.
About her expected baby,
yes, but more important—it is
the story of the love
of a father and his daughter
which continues to this very day,
though Pier's father
passed away five years ago.
Thornton Wilder explained this
kind of communication perfectly.
He said "There is a land of
the living and a land of the dead,
and the bridge is love."*

BY IDA ZEITLIN

■ For the first few days after the plane accident, Pier lay in a state of shock. She knew that Vic and her mother were there, she knew she'd been hurt—but all in a dreamlike way. As the hours passed, some nameless dread gnawed round the edge of consciousness, making her restless, until at length a thrust of terror pierced the dream. If she'd been hurt, then what about the baby? Was the baby safe? Her eyes flew open, moving from Vic's drawn face to her mother's. The question faltering on her lips remained unasked. Great sobs tore through her.

The doctor ordered sedatives. When she awoke, she said: "I want to hear the truth."

He gave her the truth. "We don't know, Pier. We won't know for some time. There's a chance either way. To help it go our way, you must do two things. Lie absolutely still. Above all, don't cry. Emotional control is even more important than keeping your body quiet. Hysteria will harm whatever good chance we have."

From then on, she remained dry-eyed. If tears threatened, she turned the more steadfastly to prayer. At the end of three weeks, the doctor brought her hope. "We think it's going to be okay," he told her.

For a moment the small face on the pillow glowed, then a shadow crossed it. "I am foolish," she apologized. "But I like when people say it's for sure."

He shook his head gently. "Not yet, Pier. It will take another three weeks before we're sure."

Now she prayed all the harder. Blessed with perfect faith, Pier finds her strength in God. Having prayed, she talks to Him trustfully as to a friend. About the day's happenings, about what she's done right or wrong, about how to do better. After talking to God, she talks just as simply and naturally to her father who died five years ago.

This sense of communication holds no mystical overtones. Thornton Wilder said it one way: "There is a land of the living and (Continued on page 79)"





BY ALICE HOFFMAN

■ If ever there was a woman in love with love that woman is Joan Crawford.

For ten years now Joan has prayed nightly "for the love of some good, strong man who would love me for myself, who would marry Joan Crawford the woman, not Joan Crawford the actress. If only such a man came along I would do everything for him, cook, sew, clean. I would love him so completely because there is so much love in my heart for the right man."

Joan's prayers—a pleading for escape from loneliness—have been answered.

Several weeks ago, on May 9 to be exact, the forty-seven-year-old actress, as nervous and excited as any teen-ager, flew off to Las Vegas and married Alfred N. Steele, fifty-four, president of the Pepsi-Cola Company.

The newspapers made it sound like a spur-of-the-moment elopement. According to their reports Joan and Alfred Steele were dining in Romanoff's one night. They were talking about how happy they were in each other's presence. Somehow, the conversation veered toward flying and Joan supposedly said, "You know, I've never flown." Whereupon Steele supposedly answered, "Let's fly to Vegas tonight and get married."

"Okay," Joan agreed. "Let's go."

The papers made it sound impetuous, impulsive, the result of a love-at-first-sight infatuation. They said the marriage came as a complete surprise. They said there had been talk of Joan marrying Milt Rackmil, president of Universal-International Studios, or Charles Baron, a Chicago automobile dealer, or Nick Ray, the movie director. But not Al Steele. After all, who had seen Joan Crawford with Al Steele? Where had he come from, anyway?

They just didn't know. They didn't know how long, how desperately Joan had been hoping that one day Steele might obtain his freedom to marry her. They didn't know the inside story, and understandably enough, Joan has never told it. Why?

Because when Joan first met Al Steele at Sonny Werblin's New York apartment four years ago, Al was a happily married man.

Vice-president of Coca-Cola then, charming, wealthy, and at the same time down-to-earth, he was married to the former Lillian Nelson, a beauty who had given birth the year before to a son.

When Joan Crawford and Al Steele were introduced to each other that first night, they smiled, greeted each other pleasantly. And that's all there was to it. Joan never for a moment thought that she would ever meet Steele again except on a casual social level.

Joan has been accused of being ambitious, ruthless, determined and wanting; while there may be some professional justification for these accusations, never in her life has Joan made the slightest play for any married man.

If there is one institution she has always respected, that institution is marriage.

"To me," she once said, "marriage is the most beautiful, the (Continued on page 87)

Joan Crawford had
everything—children,
fame, fortune, glamour—
everything except
the love of a strong man.
Then she met Al Steele and
knew she needed . . .

Someone to watch over me



Joan Crawford became Mrs. Al Steele May 9, but he didn't become Mr. Crawford. Not this big businessman. With her fourth marriage Joan finally learned to separate the men from the boys.

ROCK HUDSON SAYS:

**“I wish
I had married
at nineteen”**

ROCK • DEBBIE • TONY

Your letters say
you dig these
three the most.
So here is our
surprise gift to you —

POCKET PIN-UPS →

Exactly the right
size to cut out
and carry in your
wallet or purse.





You may be Janet's
On the dotted line—
But secretly
You're mine all mine.

**personal
stuff** BORN JUNE 3, 1925
NEW YORK, N. Y.
HEIGHT 5'11"
WEIGHT 158 LBS.
BLUE EYES
BLACK HAIR
REAL NAME —
BERNARD SCHWARTZ
LATEST FILM—
U-I's THE RAWHIDE YEARS

a modern screen pocket pinup

'Til Deb, I never
Had an inkling
One star could do
So darn much twinkling!

**intimate
info** BORN APRIL 1, 1932
EL PASO, TEXAS
HEIGHT 5'1"
WEIGHT 100 LBS.
HAZEL EYES
BROWN HAIR
REAL NAME —
MARY FRANCES REYNOLDS
LATEST FILM—
MGM's HIT THE DECK

a modern screen pocket pinup

Rock's my boy
So what's the fuss?
It's bigger than
The both of us!

**the
facts
m'am** BORN, NOVEMBER 17, 1925
WINNETKA, ILLINOIS
HEIGHT 6'5"
WEIGHT 197 LBS.
BROWN EYES AND HAIR
REAL NAME —
ROY FITZGERALD
LATEST FILM—
U-I's ONE DESIRE

a modern screen pocket pinup

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

■ She was Italian, her name was Franceska (pronounced by him "Fran-ches-ka, honey,") and she had ideas about love and marriage. He was an American, his name was Rock Hudson (pronounced by her, "R-R-Roock? R-R-Rock-a? Mama Mia! Maybe Roccaro?") and he was a good listener. Rock hasn't forgotten what he learned from Franceska about love. Even though a year has passed. Rock was in Europe working on *Captain Lightfoot* when he met this girl who set him wondering if he'd made the right decision to wait for marriage.

Franceska had been quite frankly surprised when she learned that he was twenty-eight and still unmarried.

"What's everyone's hurry around here, Franceska?" Rock had kidded. "I know the young can catch fire. They do that back in America, too. But you must admit that quick love is not necessarily real love."

Franceska, who was not yet twenty, had shrugged. "Nor need slow love, that you wait for over the years, be real love," she replied. "Perhaps for the young who get married there is this quick love to light their way to real love, yes?"

They were both guests at an island villa in the Bay of Naples—a ridiculously tiny island just seventy-five feet from shore. As a matter of fact, what delighted him most about the villa was that it was so small that parts of it were elsewhere—the kitchen and the telephone were on the mainland.

Franceska was fair-haired but dark-eyed, wore the most simple dresses, and had seemingly done nothing for her hair except let it flow back from her forehead. But the sun shone on her and was welcome, her body lounged in a curve that was soft and graceful, and there was no jarring note in her femininity.

Yet he listened more than he looked, because she had more than just beauty; she could say wise things for a girl. And Rock had known for some time that there is a place for wisdom in love.

He's thought of Franceska and Franceska's words since. He thought of them just a few weeks ago when he lunched with friends in his dressing room on the set of Universal's *One Desire* in which he co-stars with Anne Baxter. (His next is Edna Ferber's *Giant* with Elizabeth Taylor.) One of his guests, a middle-aged man who was a three-time loser at the altar, said, "Rock, you're practically thirty. You must be thinking of getting married now."

Rock frowned and said something about not being able to understand why age should be the most important factor in marriage.

"Because it is an ideal age," he was told. "By the time a fellow is thirty he is more settled, knows what he wants out of life for the long run rather than for the immediate thrill."

Rock had to laugh. "You just mean you should be past the wild-oats stage at thirty," he said.

He got up and went to the record player. They all knew Rock can't go ten minutes without music, so they waited. In a moment (Continued on page 85)



Phyllis Gotes can't be pinned down on Rock's intentions but those who know him say the jewelry he's given her means nothing, only expresses his characteristic generosity.



Betty Abbott, script girl on some of the Hudson films, was linked romantically with Rock until they made *Captain Lightfoot*. She went home; he went to Italy and sowed Francesco.

Yes, it's true that Rock wants to get married—the sooner the better.

He's even blueprinted the kind of girl he hopes to make Mrs. Rock Hudson

bride's-eye view of Brando

Undismayed by what
other people say, Josanne Mariani
speaks matter-of-factly
about her marriage plans

BY IMOGENE COLLINS



■ "I'm so tired of all these stories. Marlon and I will be married some time this summer. No matter what they say."

This was Josanne Mariani speaking. I had called her long distance, Hollywood to New York, to find out if there was any truth to an item I had read saying: "Marlon Brando's marriage to Josanne Mariani is definitely off."

"Here's another one," I continued. "Josanne Mariani very quietly sneaked into Hollywood today, so look for the Brando wedding announcement any minute now." I could hear Josanne chuckle to herself.

"But of course," she said in that soft Gallic voice, overtone with a touch of weariness, "it is ridiculous. How could I be in Hollywood? I am here in New York talking to you."

I felt suddenly very sorry for this twenty-year-old girl. Since she met Marlon two years ago, Josanne hasn't been floating on Cloud Seven. The envious have compared her unflatteringly to other actresses Marlon has dated. Her dramatic ambitions have suffered.

"A normal romance for us," she told me, "has been very difficult. So many girls are in love with him. They want so desperately to see him. I remember one time. We were sitting in his apartment in the Carnegie Hall building. Yes, in New York. He had been bothered so much that he had placed in his door a one-way mirror. He could see who was outside.

"This day there were a bunch of girls who came calling. Marlon told them to leave. He was most polite. They wouldn't listen. They broke the mirror and came through the door. They pushed over all the furniture. Marlon and I—we stayed in the kitchen watching these wild, crazy girls. Finally when they heard the elevator coming they ran off."

It wasn't much better in Hollywood last year. Josanne came out to watch Marlon make *Désirée*.

"Practically every time we sat down at some quiet restaurant," Josanne recalls, "someone would come up to Marlon and say, 'You're Marlon Brando, aren't you?' Marlon would answer in many different accents. 'I just look like the guy, that's all,' or 'You don't think I'm an actor, do you?' It was amusing, at times, very funny. But you'll understand, not much privacy. That's why I returned to Bandol and told Marlon I would meet him in Paris. In Paris one may know privacy."

This year while Brando was making *Guys And Dolls* in Hollywood Josanne remained in New York, sharing an apartment with her girl friend, a dog and the Myna bird Marlon gave her last Christmas. In the past few weeks she's taken singing and drama lessons, worried a little about her re-entry permit into the U.S., and waited to hear her fiancé's views on their wedding plans.

When I asked if she and Marlon would have a large wedding, Josanne declared, "Definitely not. We want it to be very secret, very simple, very private."

"Then it will probably take place in Paris," I suggested. "Maybe July, eh?"

"Even if I knew," she said, "I wouldn't tell you. No one is going to know until it is all over. The most wonderful moment in our lives isn't going to be made into a circus. Of that we are determined."

They say Hollywood's climate is hard on love, worse on marriage. Then how do they explain Suzan and Dick, Ardis and Bill, Virginia and Mike, Carol Lee and Dick, Patti and Jerry—whose love has weathered crisis and conflict to bloom as sweetly as ever? These couples prove love creates its own climate and, well-tended, will flourish anywhere. Their secret: it's not enough to make a marriage, you have to help it grow.

Hollywood's FIVE GREATEST LOVE STORIES

SUZAN BALL—DICK LONG

He knew what she needed—
better than she did

■ They met in the shadow of tragedy—a boy just back from Korea, a girl on crutches. "What's wrong with your leg?" he asked casually, expecting something minor like a broken ankle. "Cancer," she replied, without evasion or heroics, and he felt as if a truck had hit him. In Korea he'd seen courage rising against odds, and he saw it again in the dark eyes facing him. In Korea he'd seen her vivid beauty on the screen and thought he'd like to meet her. It proved simple enough, since they both worked for U-I. But Dick Long is a sensitive young man, whose mind probes beneath the surface. Not until he caught this glimpse of her valiant spirit, did a deeper interest stir. As they learned to know each other, they fell in love. Dick asked her to marry him. "I'm not going to pull one of those phony scenes," answered Suzan, "where girl spurns guy just to get him off the hook. I love you, but I won't marry you. Not until I know what's going to happen to my leg."

They soon found out—when she slipped and broke the bad knee. It was Dick who held her, agonized with pain, until the ambulance came. It was Dick who bent over her as the anesthesia wore off. "Honey, the tumor's inactive. Will you marry me now?" (Continued on page 83)



MORE ON NEXT PAGE →

Cannes Cinderella Betsy Blair stole the spotlight, dethroned every queen there except Grace Kelly who



KELLYS MEET: GRACE, GENE, BETSY.



KELLY GRIPS PAL VAN JOHNSON.



DORIS DAY GUIDES HUSBAND, SON.

REPORT FROM CANNES

GRACE KELLY saved the day for Cannes publicists when her romance with Jean Pierre Aumont put the Film Festival on the front pages. The Festival was getting no attention before Grace arrived. Many big stars had come from near and far, but no headliners. Marilyn Monroe had canceled her trip to Cannes at the last minute. Gary Cooper had turned the committee down flat. Where were the delectable scandalous tidbits of other Festival years? The spotlighted quarrels of Zsa Zsa Gabor and George Sanders, the tender romance of Richard Todd and Nicole Courcel, the historic meeting of Olivia de Havilland and Pierre Galante? Without Grace's love story the Festival would have fizzled. Proof that the Kelly-Aumont news was no publicity stunt: *The Country Girl* didn't win at Cannes.

VAN JOHNSON refused to cooperate with the press agents who tried to fire the Festival with some Johnson scandal. Van persisted in talking about wife Evie to the glamour girls instead of getting involved. Did he remember the juicy publicity Gary Cooper created with his Gisele Pascal interlude at the Cannes Festival two years ago? Not that Van wasn't seen with Italian actress Sophia Loren, but he stuck close to the Marty Melchers and other American couples. The best-liked American star at Cannes this year, Van gave so many autographs the black market on his signature fell from 500 francs (\$1.50) to 300.

TERRY MOORE took a few days' leave from

her London picture-making to join the crowd at Cannes. Dropping hints all along the trail from Paris that her heart was at liberty, she lost no time in leasing it. An introduction to young French actor Daniel Cauchy was the springboard for a short but torrid affair. They romped together on the hot sand of the Carlton Beach and held hands constantly. Terry's mother kept them well-chaperoned and buttonholed everyone to ask anxiously, "Who is this boy?" Luckily for Daniel she found out he was an up-and-coming young actor but didn't hear him confide to a pal that the Moore romance would boost his career. When Terry left for London, Daniel gave her a medal inscribed, "The sweetest of joys is to be loved when one loves."

ESTHER WILLIAMS reigned like a queen at Cannes. She threw kisses to the crowds of fans in front of the Festival Theatre; she swam in the royal pool for the Aga Khan and his Begum. She was interviewed and photographed round the clock. Paris-*Match* even shot her swimming in the Dubonnet pool, a series of photographs unflattering enough to make Esther blow up in front of the Begum. You can't blame her. She'd been on stage every minute, carrying the ball for the U. S. A. Only time Esther relaxed was when she retired to her rooms during the afternoon Gina Lollobrigida came to Cannes and conquered the Festival the way she does every year.

DORIS DAY and Marty Melcher turned the Festival into a family picnic. They avoided

most social functions, embarrassing the Festival committee. While other stars put on their most elaborate dresses for the evening affairs, Doris and Marty slipped out, camera in hand, for a quiet dinner in Cannes. Doris even refused to participate in the Battle of Flowers, the French version of the Rose Parade. She sat it out on the front row while Esther and Grace exchanged floral bouquets with the crowd. Doris and Marty may not have been enchanted by the Festival but they liked Cannes enough to postpone their sailing to North Africa, where Doris was due for the first scenes of *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, until the last minute.

BETSY BLAIR stole the show at Cannes, won first prize for Marty and everybody's affection. She loved every bit of it, in contrast to husband Gene Kelly who has a horror of big shindigs. She didn't miss a party or reception, except for the few days she attended a U.A. convention in London. She returned to Cannes by plane the same day Gene arrived with daughter Kerry by car. Gene couldn't take it for more than two days and returned to London for work on *Invitation To The Dance*. Betsy makes no bones about her love for France and everything French. She remembers the five months she and Gene spent in Paris during their voluntary expatriation two years ago. After the Festival Betsy resumed conferences for the picture she will make this summer in France with Jean Gabin. No Cinderella could wish for a finer Prince Charming.

was running her own show



TERRY TRIES CAUCHY FOR SIZE.



THE GAGES MEET THE BEGUM.

GENTLEMAN VAN ESCORTS ITALIAN SOPHIA LOREN.



CLOWNING VAN RELAXES WITH AMERICANS.



CORNERED GRACE SMILES LIKE A LADY.



His father taught him
a lesson that stuck—
honesty gives you size, and
makes you a big man. But it was
rough the first time Duke
Wayne's faith was jolted . . .

*"I can
stand
anything
but
a liar"*

by JOHN WAYNE

■ One day I was riding in Sonora, Mexico. I passed a rude hut, just a mud sort of hogan it was, as the cowherder who lived in it stepped out. He was no gay caballero, this Mexican. He was wearing what was probably his only outfit and it looked it. In and out of the hut tumbled a half dozen ragged children. Through the open door I could see the family stove—a steel drum. There was no doubt about it. He was a poor man.

Then he waved to me, this citizen of Sonora, as do all people to each other out in the open country. And he did it in a big-hearted way which proved that there was nothing missing in his life at all, because he had the most important of all human qualities—human dignity. I stopped to talk. It was clear that here was a complete man, a man who had found all that he needed from life within himself—a place too few men look for it. (Continued on page 66)



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*Squeeze a Lemmon
and you find he's*

FULL OF THE OLD KNICK



■ When Jack Lemmon, now in *Mr. Roberts*, finished Harvard, he arrived in New York with high hopes of success as an actor and composer of popular music.

"Neither Broadway producers nor music publishers were impressed with my experience in the Hasty Pudding shows at Harvard," he recalls ruefully, "but *The Old Knick*, a nightclub on 54th and Second Avenue, wasn't so choosy." *The Old Knick* (long since a memory) wasn't exactly swanky, but it was a godsend. They took Jack on as master of ceremonies, a job that included playing the piano, dancing, singing, doing comedy skits, composing songs and waiting on table. On several occasions he was also pressed into service as bouncer.

"I did six shows a night, got a free meal and plenty of training of the kind actors used to get in vaudeville. I never had any money but as far as I was concerned, I was living it up!"

One of Jack's stunts was to sing "By The Sea, By The Beautiful Sea" faster than anyone in the audience. He could do it in twelve seconds. The words were flashed on the screen and the club had a standing offer that if anyone could sing the verses faster than Jack he would be awarded a bottle of champagne.

Nobody ever won a prize.

"Of course not," says Jack. "I wanted to keep that job."

whistle bait

(Continued from page 31) you. I'll come over now and explain."

That was Wolf Number One and I never heard his explanation because I told him he was further away from me than he thought, and not to bother cutting down the distance. When I met Wolf Number Two I was again at the Beverly Hills pool—and so was he. Wolf Number Two was different only in that he didn't claim to be a part of the film business himself. No, sir. He was a valuable man for me to meet, he let it be gathered (by a hint here and there), because he "knew people."

He would wag a finger before my eyes impressively and keep repeating, "I know the real people in town."

"Oh, good," I told him. "I wouldn't want to meet any fakes. Who do you know?" (Later on, when I got diction lessons at the studio, I realized I should have said, "Whom do you know?" But it didn't make any difference. This boy didn't know anyone.)

"Who do I know?" he exclaimed. "Listen, I'll tell you who I know. Let's go somewhere. We'll go to the beach, see? Then we'll have dinner. And then we'll get into the whole story."

"But that'll make it a kind of date," I protested. "And I don't like to mix business and my social life."

"You're absolutely right," he said. (The bright boy.) "We'll forget about the studios and just have a good time."

Well, I told him I didn't want to forget about the studios, and he said he didn't understand, and I said I did, which ended that.

Thus Wolves Number One and Two; and that, as I say, was when I first came to Hollywood, about two years ago. The other night I got a call from Wolf Number Eighty-three or Eighty-four or Eighty-five—it's hard for any girl in Hollywood to keep an exact account unless you are interested in this kind of zoology. And I just want to report that while the wolves generally sound the same, they have progressed with the times—they talk about television now, too. (I suppose this is something I'll be able to warn my daughter about.)

Yet, as Mother and Grandma pointed out, men who talk big in Hollywood are really very, very small, whether they talk TV or movies. Actually, if a girl is really ambitious, she'll let no chance acquaintance guide her. It's not only what they can't do for you, it's what they *can* do—and they can waste your time like nobody else, and give you as wrong a picture of show business as you could possibly get.

I suppose I sound awfully suspicious, but I had more than just Mother and Grandma to make me wary. As a matter of fact I had bad luck with boys all through my younger years. They either stood me up, were too loud, too rough, or, worse than all the rest put together, they didn't give me a tumble at all! And what killed me is that whenever this happened it seemed to arouse the hunting instinct in me—I felt like doing the chasing and a couple of times I did!

When I was an eleven-year-old blonde ("smoky blonde" was the way I described myself to my friends) I was sent to a children's camp near Chicago and promptly fell in love with a twelve-year-old killer who had all the girls after him. I remember that I got to sit near him several times at meal times. I saw him go hiking once and ran myself silly taking a shortcut so that I could be leaning against a tree, all by myself, when he came by. I telephoned home to my mother to send me a special bathing suit (though I didn't tell her why)

and when camp was over I found out where he lived in the city and made it my business to take slow walks through his neighborhood (back and forth in front of his door, to be exact). Yet, never did I get out of him as much as a look that I could be sure was intended for me!

Believe me, all I have to do is to touch my heart to still feel the scar of the wound made by this young killer! It was at least a year before I could even think of another boy. Yes, come to think about it, just about a year, and I was modeling at a department store teen club, *The Fair*, when I ran into Bill. He not only looked at me, he talked to me and he danced with me; and then he asked me for a date.

Bill is the boy specifically responsible for my habit of being late for appointments. (I always am.) Need I tell you that he never showed up? I waited, literally, for hours, and I made more excuses for him than he could ever think up for himself. But he never came. Even now I get angry when I remember it and I ask myself again, "How could he? How? How?"

I guess you get the connection between Bill and this constant lateness of mine. This isn't a calculated habit on my part, something I do to give myself an air of exclusiveness or unattainability; I just have a deep dread of being stood up again.

Because as if these two horrible experiences weren't enough, I had to have others. At fourteen I was elected Snow Queen of Chicago and when I appeared at a show at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station in Fort Sheridan, Illinois, a young sailor asked me for a date.

Since he must have been at least eighteen to be in the Navy, and he was downright handsome, I was flattered pink. We set a time for the following week end, when he had a leave coming, and he promised to call for me at my home.

For this date I decided I would wear make-up, which I had never used in public before, and that I needed high heels, which I had never worn before. My sister Arlene, who is three years older, agreed to let me wear her patent leather pumps with Cuban heels. My mother grimly watched me put them on, watched me take a few steps, and then ordered me to take them off again.

"You're not used to high heels," she said. "You'll fall over and hit your head!"

Then she vetoed the lipstick and ruled out an older-type dress which I had borrowed to take the place of my own (to me) too youthful dresses!

I howled. For hours. And then my sailor never showed up! My theory is that he did come to the house and was about to ring our bell when he heard my howling. What else could he do but run? I, who was fourteen and wanted to look like eighteen, was screaming like sixty!

It was then that my confidence in men was shaken, and it took time to regain it. And when Hollywood wolves start their fast talk I lose it again. With good reason.

I remember a photographer who kept telling me that it would take only one word from him to lift me to the dizzy heights of stardom. It was his idea that he would get to "know" me, he wanted to study and understand my personality; this would enable him to make photographs of me that would startle every studio head in town, plus loads of TV producers, into bidding for my signature on a starring contract.

But I learned later from a friend of mine who knew him very well that this great artist and star maker couldn't take pictures of anybody for a while—he had pawned the lens of his camera!

There was a good chance that if I had posed for him, it would have been for a camera not only without a lens, but empty

of film. And I should have revealed myself empty in the head for doing it!

Of course, wolves not only come arrogant—they come meek, too. Just to fluff off one man who spoke to me at a bus stop (I don't drive, and I use the public transportation system regularly, so there is no point to anyone's making with the Cadillacs as far as I am concerned!) I told him that I washed dishes at a restaurant.

Well, that was all right with him; it seemed he wouldn't at all mind going out with a dishwasher ("as who isn't a home dishwasher these days?"). He wanted to know where I worked and what time I got through at night.

The only restaurant I could think of was one which I often patronize. I told him the name and that I didn't get through until two o'clock in the morning. Just by chance that night, or rather early the next morning after a preview and party, my escort headed for this restaurant for a late snack. As he was about to stop and park I suddenly had to tell him to keep going. Standing at the corner and waiting for the date he thought he had with me was my friend from the bus stop!

I have often thought that maybe I made a mistake about this fellow. If he would wait for a girl who made no more of herself than that she washed dishes for a living maybe he was a nice guy.

A Broadway character, Charles Green was impressed only by wealth and strength. He heard Billy Rose speak of Einstein, and Chuck scoffed at the scientist. Rose replied by pointing out that Einstein had predicted the birth of a new star almost half a century in advance—and, on that exact night and at that exact place and moment, the new star did appear. Green remained unimpressed. He sat back and shrugged: "The kid was guessin'."

*Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post*

But a girl certainly doesn't have to worry about not going out with every man she happens to meet. Dating many men (and here I go back to my grandmother again for advice) is no proof at all of popularity. "It's just proof that there isn't much to you as a person if you have to be going out all the time," is the way Grandma puts it. "You can be sure of this—if you can't be content with yourself, by yourself, no man will be content with you long."

I guess this is one of the real reasons why I continue to live at the Studio Club, instead of having my own apartment, even though I am now off to a pretty good start in the movie world. Staying at the Club means I have more time for myself, and time is important to me if I am going to study (I really had to study for my last picture, *Picnic*!) and also get to know myself well. This last assignment is a very important one for a young actress. To know what you can do you have to know *you*—and until you really get down to think of yourself analytically, objectively, in session after session, it's surprising how much of a stranger you can be to yourself!

At the Club, all calls and callers are screened before they can get through to you. If a man wants to reach a girl there he doesn't get through unless he actually knows her, and either has business with her or she really wants to talk to him. And the person who stands between him and the girl, when he calls, is an expert at detecting a phony. In Hollywood she has to be. The wolves come a-howling from all sides!

END



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girl crazy

(Continued from page 33) someone else!"

According to most observers it was that shattering experience, certainly his most traumatic to date, that did it. Perhaps it was also influenced by the normal desires of an active young man for girls-in-the-flesh rather than for sheets-of-paper-in-an-envelope. In any event, Young Russ suddenly became quite the boy about town.

At a sneak preview of *Blackboard Jungle*, he spotted Margaret O'Brien and sent phone stock up several points, calling everyone who might possibly have her number. Then he wore his phone out dialing it. But Margaret wasn't the only one. The freckled face and puckish grin of Mr. Tamblyn showed up nightly, everywhere from the hot bop joints to even the Sunset Strip—and never alone. There was always a pretty face and a cute figure with Russ—but seldom the same combination twice.

Gradually, though, the field began to narrow, and Cindy Robbins, pert and blonde, held first place. For the truth of the matter is that Russ is a one-man woman—whenever possible. Much of his active dating is just a search for the one woman to be true to, when the last one has disappeared.

As of this writing, there's a new one-woman. Russ knew her slightly during the Cindy Robbins chapter, and when that was over, promptly began the next. Her name is Venetia Stevenson and this time it really looks serious. She's blonde, beautiful, a model (she has been on the cover of *Modern Romances Magazine* twice) and so many pictures of her crowd the Tamblyn wallet that there's scarcely room for his Social Security card. No one who meets him gets away without looking at those pictures, but if he is asked about future plans, Russ says, "Not yet." The way he says it, the feeling is not that they haven't made any plans. Just that they aren't ready to talk about plans publicly. When Venetia gets back from England, where she is currently modeling, both of them may be ready.

In that case, of course, Russ' standing as boy-about-town will be considerably altered. But it will probably have no effect on the number of feminine hearts (now in the millions) yearning youthfully for this second Van Johnson. Russ Tamblyn, who can beat feet, croon a tune and act up a storm, can also grin his way into your heart more beguilingly than just about anyone else around. He should be able to. He has been doing it for more years than you can count on your fingers. Since he was six or seven, he calculates.

"The way it started, I used to go to the movies on Saturday like all the other kids—the Granada in Inglewood, this was—and one day during intermission I got restless, so I hopped up on the stage and improvised a little dance. When nobody threw me off that time, I did it again the next week and so on until the kids came to expect it."

A puckish grin curved his mouth. "Somebody wrote a very nice story about that, saying that when I didn't show up one week, the kids made such a fuss that the manager had to send for me. That isn't exactly what happened. He got my name from one of the other kids, called my mother, and said I was making a nuisance out of myself!"

While Mrs. Tamblyn was actually pleased with her young man's interest in the arts, she wisely elected to keep her pleasure a deep, dark secret from his father. Edward Tamblyn, who had made quite a name for himself as a comedian in the media of both stage and screen, was

up to here with show business and might conceivably have snapped his twig at the idea of his Number One Son being groomed for a career in same.

Russ has a curious speech mannerism, repeating the last phrase of one sentence as he goes into the next, like this: "She started me taking dancing lessons, but she didn't tell my father," he said. "She didn't tell my father until we were ready to give our first big recital. Was he sore! At first he said he wouldn't even go, but she finally talked him into it. She finally talked him into it—and it's funny, after that his attitude changed completely. Where he had been dead set against show business, now he was all for it and all for me. We were closer than we had ever been; I could feel it."

With the encouragement of both parents Russ continued the dancing lessons, but these and schoolwork were scarcely enough to keep a normal, healthy, California boy-genius occupied. He tried singing on for size and found that that came easy, too. So did acrobatics; he was doing backflips by the time he was an old man of ten. Then it was juggling that captured his interest, as did piano—and he has been beating out that rhythm on the drums since an age that puts Brando to shame. Still finding time on his hands, Russ worked up a really professional magic act, which took care of a few idle hours but did absolutely nothing about expending all of that energy he had left, so he took up tumbling in addition. In his first year he merely placed in the citywide contest. Very poor. After he applied himself a little, he swept the honors in the city and went on to win sixth place in the national competition, in which little fellers like himself vied with college athletes. About these various achievements Russ says in the matter-of-fact voice of one for whom nothing has ever been difficult, "It just came easy to me. Like the tumbling. I don't know why. But I think you have to be born a tumbler. You have to be born with a lot of confidence in yourself, and not mind if you break your neck!"

He does so many things so well that a studio publicist was joshing him a few weeks ago, saying, "You've done everything else, Russ—how come you haven't tried your hand at writing?"

The easy grin crinkled his eyes. "I did once; in high school I wrote a short story. I wrote a short story, and it won first prize in the contest."

All of his other activities fell by the wayside, however, when Russ discovered through a dancing partner the wonders of dramatic school. This was it, his real love, he even abandoned dancing lessons in order to concentrate his full attention on serious acting. He may not have learned all there was to know overnight, but his debut in a Little Theatre production was sufficiently outstanding to win him a role in a picture called *The Boy With Green Hair*. That was in 1948, and he has had at least two picture credits a year ever since.

When he was sixteen, Warner's called him over to test for an important part in *Retreat, Hell!* which he now considers his first important picture because it brought him to the attention of the MGM moguls. It was a highly dramatic role—and it called for a boy of eighteen. No one seemed sure that Russ could age! While the argument raged pro and con about whether he was too young, he kept his mouth shut. He tells it this way: "They decided I was too young, and they didn't want me in the picture. The producer didn't want me in the picture, the studio didn't want me in the picture, maybe even the Marine Corps didn't want me in the picture. The only one who had faith in me was the director, Joseph Lewis. Be-

cause he believed I could do it, I got to go down to Camp Pendleton with the company. One of the first things we shot was a big scene of mine, where this kid learns that his brother has been killed.

"I thought it went well, but when the studio saw the rushes, they said, 'This boy has got to go. We'd better replace him now.' I didn't know it; when I got sent back to the motel for a couple of days, I thought they were just shooting around me. But if I had known it, it wouldn't have done any good to tell them I knew I could do it. The way it turned out, there was a showdown with Mr. Lewis; he said, 'If you take him off the picture, you'll have to take me, too.' They must've figured it would be too expensive to replace us both, so they let me keep the role." He grins happily. "They let me keep the role, and I got pretty good reviews, too."

On the strength of that performance Russ was brought over to the MGM lot. He didn't tell his new bosses what he could do, either. Maybe he simply doesn't know what he can't do, since that situation hasn't arisen yet, perhaps just because of his "doesn't everybody?" attitude toward his accomplishments. All in good time he was cast in a straight supporting role for *Take The High Ground*.

"First day on the set I was clowning around, and they must've said to themselves, 'So that's what this new boy does—he's a comedian.' They did some fast role-switching, and I ended up doing the comedy bit."

He didn't happen to mention that he was a dancer, either, so his original role in *Seven Brides For Seven Brothers* didn't call for anything other than some square dancing. But one day he was sitting on the sidelines, watching Michael Kidd make futile attempts to teach a couple of his 'brothers' an intricate step. Being actors rather than dancers, they were having a bad time when this mild voice said, "I can do it."

The famous choreographer looked like manna had dropped from heaven. "You can? Get on over here, boy!" Which established him so firmly as a dancer that when Richard Brooks was casting a dramatic picture, *The Last Hunt*, he asked for Russ, and the studio said, "Are you nuts? This is a serious role; Russ Tamblyn does musical comedy!" But he got the part and with it his movie career has already come full cycle.

Although young Mr. Tamblyn expresses a specific preference for straight dramatic roles, he continued to show as one of our finest young dancers. And like others of his ilk—Fred Astaire, Gower Champion and Donald O'Connor—he faces a constant

battle to keep his weight up. One hundred and forty-eight pounds is simply not enough for his five-foot, ten-inch frame, but neither a hearty appetite nor gallons of milk produce a longed-for extra ounce. All recommended diets are enthusiastically tried; all have proven ineffectual. "The only one of them that worked for me was weight-lifting. Exercise, of course, not diet. I hated it—so monotonous and unimaginative—but I did it for a few months and gained thirteen pounds. Then I started rehearsing dance routines for *Hit The Deck* and the pounds melted right off again, so I realized that there was no future in that."

The slim, brown-haired youngster who, after dye jobs for two pictures, has given up trying to convince people that he isn't a redhead, lives alone in a small Beverly Hills apartment and likes it. His working schedule is as frenetic as that of any other star, but between pictures he is usually awakened around noon by a call from either his mother or the studio publicity department with a job for him to do. "When I'm not working," he admits with a blissful beam, "I'd stay up all night and sleep all day unless somebody woke me. See, there's this guy in the apartment upstairs who plays guitar like I'm crazy about. That's what I did last night, went upstairs. I'm lucky. I get to sleep till noon. I don't know what he does; he works all day and plays guitar all night."

As could be expected, Russ is an authority on music. Along with drums, he plays piano beautifully, though he always warns people, "You won't recognize anything I play—they're all my own compositions." His record collection, an imposing 1,500 discs, ranges from classic to progressive jazz, with the accent on a California phenomenon named Dave Brubeck, who also plays piano. "When I was in high school, I went for rhythm-and-blues, same as the kids do today. I'll admit I can't stand it now—I've given all those records to my brother—but I went for it. But I think everybody outgrows that stuff."

Having been a pro most of his short life makes Russ Tamblyn a little bit different from the other kids of nineteen or twenty in Hollywood. Where they have just arrived, he has long since been. Where they have a frantic need to be noticed, he has an air of quiet self-assurance. He drives a modest 1954 Ford instead of a Cadillac, dresses so conservatively that he might be portraying a budding young banker instead of an actor. The only attribute of the young artist which he lacks is sufficient suffering. Hopefully, he offers you the story of his lost love. But he is so obviously happy with his found one that it hardly works.

If you won't buy that, he insists that he does have an ego which has been badly fractured. On account of the press. "A guy comes out from New York, a singer or something, not an actor, who has one spot in a picture. He has one spot, and the writers are lined up ten deep for interviews. Why hasn't anyone asked me to be their Cover Boy? That really hurts my ego!" That doesn't quite come off, either. The doleful voice and the sad face are realistic enough, but mischief is glinting in his large, brown, faun-like eyes. Russ is reaching for something that smacks of the struggle, the tragedy, the heartbreak traditional to show business because, superstitiously, he knows he should have had it by now. Because all he has had instead is fantastic talent. All he has had is an exciting life in which everything came easy. Because, as he figures, "Something bad has to happen to me—someday. Nobody ever had it so good."

But, nobody ever asked him to be a Cover Boy. Shall we all join hands and cry?

END



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I don't understand my wife

(Continued from page 38) looked very much as though he was going to ignore the cord entirely and go for us. I took a tentative step backward but Liz, being Liz, kept going. I got busy calculating how long it would take me to sprint back to the car, but there was my wife, approaching the maddened beast as though he were a newborn kitten. A man just can't go off and leave his wife to be trampled to death, so I got a grip on myself and stood my ground, and within less than a minute the horse's nose and Liz's shoulder were nuzzling each other like lifelong friends.

On second thought, Liz is afraid of something. Height bothers her, a fear I can't understand as I spend a good deal of time playing around the edges of parapets and mountains and things. I see no danger in this sort of thing, but she feels there is, somehow. On the other hand, flying in a plane doesn't even ruffle her. I know that an airplane is liable to fall apart any second, but she considers that mode of travel no more dangerous than a trip in a pram.

Her courage is remarkable, I think, in that she has babies. The bravery required by this act of nature is beyond my comprehension, and while I am aware that thousands of women do it every day, the fact that Liz has *my* children makes her, at least to me, a woman of extraordinary valor. Then there was the time she had that piece of steel in her eyeball and was blinded for three days. It was touch and go there for a while and I was trotting about the hospital in a frenzy, but Liz was calm and very, very brave about it. I suppose all women are more stoical than men where pain is concerned, but my wife has a curious serenity about such things that never fails to astound me.

In contrast, she has many childlike qualities that make her delightful. Once, though, her youth frightened me to death and almost put me on a boat back to England in an effort to drive her from my mind. It was before we were married and I was in this country and mentioned to Liz's parents that I hadn't yet seen her on the screen. They remedied my omission by taking me to a screening at MGM of *National Velvet*. I sat there looking at this tiny child cavorting across the screen and was overcome by revulsion for myself. Not that this is an unusual occurrence. I revolt myself a great deal of the time, but this was special. What was I doing? Apparently giving considerable thought to marrying a girl of twelve. Prison was too good for me. And the film had only been shot eight years before. For some time afterward Liz would occasionally catch me looking at her with a horrified expression and each time she ranted against her parents for having taken me to see her as a twelve-year-old.

It turned out, of course, that I married a perfectly adult girl of twenty, even though I had a momentary qualm when Liz giggled through the entire ceremony in the registry office at Caxton Hall. It was nerves, of course. But my poor mother must have found it all rather puzzling.

But, Liz is childlike in her enthusiasm for all new things, for exciting events and is a joy because of it. Usually, however, her enthusiasm carries her over into exaggeration. Liz can sit there with me right beside her and tell the most astounding stories, seemingly forgetful of the fact that I had been with her when this fanciful happening took place. The fish that was seven inches long suddenly grows to a whopping thirteen inches—that sort of thing. This cool, bland lying virtually puts my hair on end, but I am happy to report that I am a sensible husband and let

her get away with it, even at the expense of questioning my own honor. She has so much fun, and honestly believes every word she says.

Her enthusiasm extends to surprises, which she loves. If I bring her some sort of trinket she flies apart in all directions, and no matter how small its worth, from the do that goes on you would think I had just presented her with the crown jewels. No one can ever accuse my wife of being blasé.

I might add here that Liz is definitely not blasé when it comes to jewelry, furs and clothes. This is one subject on which she never throws me—I know precisely what to expect. She has excellent taste, but too much of it. She and Peggy Rutledge, our secretary, go to a dress shop which has chosen ten dresses for Liz's perusal, and I know beforehand that all ten will be borne back to the house. Then I am given a fashion show, replete with the model's stance and gliding walk, and hands shoved dramatically into pockets. She pirouettes about the place, obviously pleading for my approval, and this is when I turn crass. I have to say "I don't like it very much," to seven of the ten in sheer desperation to keep the bailiff out. Liz doesn't mind too much—she gets to keep three.

Some men claim to be amused by their wives' anger, and although Liz is even-tempered, when she does get angry she flares up and it's over quickly. But I hate rows, so I put the lid on my own emo-

Walter Kinsella tells of walking by the open window of a ground-floor apartment, and hearing a boy complaining: "Gee, Pa, why can't I go out and play like the other boys do" . . . The father replied: "Shut up—and deal."

*Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post*

tions and rather than flare back and make a dingdong I have to swallow my ire and then get accused of sulking. I can't win. She gets around me with incredible ease, pulling little tricks and pretty faces. And although I'm aware of what's happening (i.e., she is getting her own way) it is entirely worth it. My wife is quite beguiling.

She may go around a few dozen corners to achieve her purpose, but the result is always the same: what Elizabeth wants, Elizabeth gets. Take the case of Muggins, the ridiculous little mutt. When Liz set her heart on having Sylvia, a dog of equal charm, I blustered that to have another, we must rid ourselves of one. Liz promptly gave Muggins to Peggy, with the stipulation that Peggy bring Muggins to our house every day. The upshot was that Liz did what I wanted, but still enjoys all four dogs.

I believe the one time I shouted her down was the incident of her portrait. I was painting this masterpiece while we were in England and I was making a film. Evidently Liz had grown bored at home for when I telephoned her from the studio one day, she was in a wildly excited state. "Guess what I've been doing," she crowed.

"All right," I said. "What have you been doing?"

"I've been finishing your portrait of me!" As I recall, I choked back a scream of anguish. "You've what?"

Liz backed down immediately. "Just the dress, Mike, just the dress! I only painted in the dress. I didn't touch the face."

I redeemed the ebbing strength in my vocal chords and tried desperately to sound firm and commanding. "Young lady! Don't you know you *never* finish anybody else's

portrait?"

That night she came to me like an apologetic kitten. "I've learned a lesson," she purred.

"And what is that?"

"I am never, never to finish anybody else's painting." The awful thing was that she had improved it.

Her own authority is frightening, at least to me. Liz has a clever and regrettable habit of attacking me first, and so suddenly that I quite often lose my footing. She will announce that I have neglected to do something I should have done, or done something I shouldn't, and with such jurisdiction that I am paralyzed. I apologize all over the place for my mistake until it dawns on me that it was Liz who made the error or omission, as the case may be.

I never know when she is going to suddenly trip over some new thing about me that frets her. Unless, of course, she addresses me as "Michael, dear." The formality bodes bad news. Only last night I got another surprise. I was happily ensconced in an armchair, watching the fights on television, when I heard Liz's determined step approaching.

"Michael, dear," she said, and I knew at once that I was going to miss the end of the round.

"Yes, dear?" I said, feeling terribly like a husband in a cartoon.

"I do wish," she said, "that you would use only one piece of Kleenex at a time. You use two at a time, you know. It's wasteful."

I looked at this minx standing in front of me, blue eyes smoldering as though I had tossed her pearls into the automatic disposal unit, and dismissed the thought of the six pairs of shoes she bought last Friday. Instead I reminded myself how really dear she was. Two pieces of Kleenex, indeed!

This woman, you understand, has no conception of money. She has no idea what it means. Sometimes I suspect she thinks I spend my leisure hours turning out crinkly new bills on a printing press behind the garage. As a case in point, there is our visit to the estate of the Peter Cazelets, English friends of Elizabeth. They have a beautiful estate and magnificent training stables and there train magnificent racing horses, some even for the Queen herself. Peter said one day he thought we ought to buy one horse in particular, and forthwith had the animal led before our eyes. It was a handsome Irish gelding, a horse with a high neck and proud step. Liz, of course, crumbled into a thousand craving pieces.

"Oh, Mike! Let's buy him!"

"What's the price, Peter?" I said, and when he answered two thousand pounds I felt the bottom fall out of my billfold. Translated, that means over five thousand American dollars. I coughed discreetly.

"Oh, Mike, I'd love to have him!" said my wife in exactly the same tone she would have used had Peter said the horse would cost us one shilling.

"We haven't the money," I informed her.

"Oh, but we have!" she said.

And of course I bit and asked where, because knowing Liz, I thought she might possibly have been stuffing thousand dollar bills into a bustle to improve its looks.

"Why," she said, wide-eyed, "that sable coat I didn't buy!"

As I said before, my wife is an utterly bewitching woman, and I am never, never bored.

It is a gay existence for many reasons, and foremost among these is Liz's humor. It is all-embracing—she laughs easily at all types of humor, and has a delightful sense of the ridiculous. People are convinced, somehow, that Liz finds me amusing, but I must confess that I'm the

dullest thing around her. She doesn't laugh at me at all, you know. But whenever she's in another room the air is sure to be filled with shrieks of merry laughter, laughter so contagious that I'm forced to smile myself.

You could expect, I suppose, that one of the reasons for Liz's happy nature is the fact that she knows she is behind that beautiful face. The truth is that Liz is proud only in the finest sense of the word. There is no conceit with Liz, no vanity. Her pride consists solely of a reasonable self-respect, plus a slight smugness about her singular talent for making the best bacon and eggs I've ever had the pleasure to eat. There is also the Dutch dish that her mother taught her, and when Liz put this concoction on the table, I really think she expects me to bow to her. I would, too, if I weren't so old.

About her looks she is quite modest. As a matter of fact, she really thinks she isn't a very pretty girl. They write so many stories extolling her beauty that I suspect she feels she must live up to the legend. At any rate, I sit for hours on end while she gets her face arranged the way she thinks it should be, and this anxiety about the perfection of her hair and make-up is a prime reason why Liz is always, endlessly, interminably, late.

If I were to name another fear held by Liz, I would say it is the fear of being on time. I believe it is actually impossible for her to be prompt. Liz runs late, like a clock that is inaccurate. The timing is set, of course, by the hour she gets out of bed, and this is the basic cause of the whole thing. I myself don't exactly shoot out of bed at dawn, but no matter how long I languish, Liz languishes longer. I spend many a morning tiptoeing around the house, thanking Providence for the wall-to-wall carpeting that cushions my footsteps. I don't even dare break open a hard-boiled egg for fear of waking mama. And as for banging my two Kleenexes together, of course it's unthinkable.

If it is true that all babies are born angels, then I lost my own wings and was grounded at the age of two, when I cracked my Aunt Agatha in the shins with a truncheon. I have steadily progressed in the wrong direction ever since and by now am completely impossible. Only Liz could live with me and put up with me. However, there are a couple of habits peculiar to my wife that I can always hold over her head as rebuttal to any complaints about me. One is her habit of hanging every single, solitary garment she puts on her back on the floor, which seems to her a perfectly logical resting place for anything with which she has finished. The other is her nasty practice of squeezing the toothpaste tube in such odd ways that it looks like a mutilated finger. These are the things I cannot understand or condone; all other idiosyncrasies of Liz I find, in some way or other, to be enchanting.

There is, for instance, her embarrassment when she discovers herself to be wrong. Liz is completely unseated when she feels she isn't mistress of a situation. Such as the time we went over to the Granger's home, and Jean wasn't feeling well and wanted some warm milk.

"I'll fix it," I said, and was suddenly aware of a wifely eye piercing my back. "And I'll go along to make sure you do it right," said Liz, and I knew she was determined to assert her feminine right to lord it over the kitchen. I went about my business blithely, putting a bit of water into the saucepan before I poured in the milk.

"Why," inquired Liz politely, "did you do that? The water will make it taste awful."

"You put a bit of water in first to keep the milk from sticking to the pan," I said.

She'd have none of it. "I'll take care of this," she said, filling the pan with water. She plumped the milk bottle in the middle of it, and turned on the heat full strength.

"What are you doing?" I said.

"I do this all the time," she said. "To heat the baby's milk."

"There is quite a difference between a baby's milk bottle and a dairy's milk bottle," I said. "The whole ruddy thing will explode, you know."

She straightened haughtily and her nose went up in the air. I should have liked to let her have her own way, but after all it wasn't our house and we had no right to blow it up. So I removed the bottle and warmed the milk in my own way. The only thing that blew up was Liz herself, but she was soon over it, as always.

She really takes disappointments quite well, unless the object in point is a dress, and then she's horrible. But for the most part I find her quite easy to get along with. When I am ill, which is seldom, thank heaven, she shows a great concern for my welfare, even an endearing tenderness. I don't quite see her with a lamp in her hand, like old Florence, you understand, for she doesn't know a splint from a suture, but she is anxious for my comfort, and I do appreciate it.

Liz is an affectionate creature and a gregarious one. She hates to be alone, a fact which has blown our enjoyment of television to bits. She has a penchant for those dreary mystery programs, and in her estimation an evening without at least a half dozen murders is a wasted one. For my part I like sports, particularly the boxing matches. The contrast in our taste grew serious and I bought a second tele-

vision set so that I could creep off and watch the fights undisturbed. It hasn't helped matters one whit, for Liz gets through only two shootings and a poison case in the den before she wanders into the living room and announces, quite appealingly I admit, that she is lonely.

As I've already said, I admire her for everything but the towels and toothpaste tubes, but the thing I admire most in Liz is her wisdom. Her emotions may guide her thoughts, but she is no fool, and time and again has proven it to me. She is wise far beyond her years, with an insight and judgment I respect tremendously.

New abilities are always coming to the fore, each more surprising than the last. When our first son was born Liz wasn't a bit nervous about caring for him and the doctor himself said, "The way Mrs. Wilding handles that baby, you'd think she'd had six before him."

Of course, I'm astounded at the mere fact I'm a father. Not once, but twice. After all these years of nothing, children are suddenly sprouting out all over the place, and sometimes I feel like Moses, that eventually I'll be a benevolent old man in a white beard, with a great herd of young people trailing along behind me.

Liz has given me children, and more than that, she has done what every good wife should; she has made her husband a happy man. For me, that's a pretty soppy statement, and I refuse to go any farther in public. All I can say is that life with Elizabeth is indeed a rare one.

END

Michael Wilding can be seen in MGM's *The Scarlet Coat*, Liz Taylor in Warners' *Giant*.

ALL BOGIE'S BABIES!

■ When Humphrey Bogart showed up for work on the set of Paramount's *We're No Angels* with his entire family in tow, no one was surprised. Since his marriage to Lauren (alias Baby, actually Betty) Bacall, the scourge of the night-club world has settled down to blissful domesticity. It's just as well, of course, since Bogie has been banned from most of the nighteries he used to patronize—and demolish—that he no longer feels any desire to enter them. And for a man whose fun in marriage (he's on his third) used to be highly publicized and seemingly highly enjoyable battles royal with his spouse, Bogie is taking pleasure in remarkably peaceful pursuits. In fact, the only recent disagreement recorded between Humphrey and wife was over whether Seaman Bogart could take four-year-old Stevie on board his boat. "Not," Lauren said firmly, "until he can swim home if need be." When that time comes, as it is sure to, Bogart-and-family will no doubt become Bogart-and-crew—and more inseparable than ever!

When Baby Number 1 (Lauren) presented Babies 2 and 3, Bogie became a family man.



At one-and-a-half, Stevie said his first word, "Money!" Bogie was delighted.



"Leslie," Lauren says proudly, "has big blue eyes. That's good for a girl!"

I can stand anything but a liar

(Continued from page 58) You saw it in his eyes and felt it in the warm strength of his hand when he clasped yours in a farewell. And there was no doubt about what you saw and felt. It was his honesty—and this was the basis of his dignity. My mind went back to my father, who could never stand a liar, and who taught me to hate one, too. It made me feel that my father, who never had much money, had somehow managed to leave me with a rich gift.

Dad was always for me, no matter what trouble I got into, if only I was straightforward about it. I came to depend on him at first; later, I came to depend on being straightforward, depend on the truth and the power of the truth. His was a sort of day-to-day process of teaching me moral values, if you like, without actually setting me down and handing out long lectures. Dad just wouldn't accept a lie and I don't think I ever did lie to him on any important matter. It just never entered my mind that such a thing was possible. So far as I know, none of my own children has ever lied to me. They may not know it yet, but they are going to enjoy not being liars.

For one thing, honesty is going to give them size; it's going to make them bigger than the trouble they are sure to run into

in life. That Mexican I left standing beside his hut in Sonora—there was one thing sure about him. He was bigger than his surroundings. He was not to be kicked around by them, to be so humbled by his poverty that he whined before the more fortunate, or fawned upon them. He was a big man anywhere. And he knew that is the only size for a man to be.

When I got into business in Hollywood (and being an actor is a business, don't let anyone tell you differently!) I was a young man with two years of college study and twenty years of my father's training behind me. I kept expecting from other people the same respect for truth that my father had, and I didn't always get it.

I thought that when I made a deal with another man he would give me a true go, no matter what happened. But he didn't always. And because it was my policy always to go through with what I had agreed to, the venture would cost me. Yet in the long run, these occasions when I gave full value although I was getting cheated in return didn't hurt me a bit.

Fairly early in my Hollywood acting days a producer for whom I had done a number of pictures submitted a proposition that seemed very interesting. He promised to get me a much better return

for my work, a percentage of the profits of my pictures in fact, if I would put myself under personal contract to him for three years. To have an experienced man helping to push you in your work can be a big help. I agreed to do it.

The first thing this producer did after he got my promise was to get himself a profitable association with a top studio on the strength of having the exclusive right to my professional services. One of the points he made to the studio was that he could put me into any kind of pictures he wanted to, and wasn't committed to paying me a top salary. In a technical sense he was right. Since he had interested me in all the fine things he was going to do for me, I hadn't for a moment considered that I should carefully list a number of bad things he *shouldn't* do. Wouldn't this be a mark of my distrust? I wouldn't think of it.

Mind you, all of the above I didn't even know for a while. That all came out later. All that I did know at the beginning of our agreement was that when the contracts came to me in the mail to be signed there was nothing in them about the profit percentage he had promised. I telephoned his office and told his secretary that this clause was missing.

"Oh, that must be just an oversight on his part," she told me. "Why don't you sign the contracts anyway and we'll straighten all that out later?"

And I did!

Not only were there no profits for me, not only did I make less money than I had bargained on, but the pictures I was in were cheaper ones, produced with smaller budgets than the ones I had starred in before. And if that wasn't bad enough, soon the exhibitors who played these pictures began catching on to their lack of quality. Did they blame the studio? Or the producer? No. They blamed the star of the pictures—me!

I could have called for a re-deal with that producer. I certainly might have won the legal right to walk out before making any more of the pictures which I knew now were harming me. But I didn't. I finished my contract. The net result? Pretty good. Few of the tricky details by which I got rooked are remembered around Hollywood; what is remembered is that I kept my word—I didn't lie about what I would do.

I was told once about a conversation among a group of film men in which the following assertion was made. "If you talk a deal with John Wayne and he says it's it, it's it!"

The man who told me about this may have been trying to flatter me, but I felt good anyway, because the statement, whether it was made or not, is true. To renege on a contract would be to make a liar out of myself. And to lie would be to renounce the most valuable heritage my father left me: my pride in myself.

It sometimes seems to me that nothing you can own up to is as bad as the lie it would take to alibi out of it. If you ask me whether I have this or that bad trait, and I have—well, then I will admit it.

Do I have a temper? Sure, I have a temper. Sometimes I have to count to ten before I blow up. I can remember clear back to a winter when I was six years old, back in Keokuk, Iowa, when my temper got me into trouble. I was visiting my grandfather's house and had made a snowman that other kids were knocking down. I not only defended my snowman, but I cussed the kids out with unprintable words I had heard, but was far too young to understand. My father came out of the house and heard me.

He gave me a real spanking, not because of the oaths I had used. He knew I

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didn't know what they meant. But because I had spoken them in anger, and temper was a bad habit and form of misbehavior I did know about.

Have I ever made any mistakes? Plenty. Enough so that I could never walk around acting like I was the cock of the walk. And have I ever been scared in my life? Oh, brother, have I been scared!

I was once so scared I actually didn't know I was scared! The time was World War II and the scene was a small island off New Britain, just a few miles from a Japanese-held island. There was intermittent artillery fire between the two.

But all was quiet when a plane landed a USO entertainment group in which I acted as the m.c., and we proceeded to present a show for the GI's encamped there. The theatre was a ravine, a natural sort of amphitheatre. The boys ranged themselves down the sides of it, and there was a temporary stage at one end. But what we actors didn't know was that there was a battery of our heavy guns, 105's, not 200 yards away.

I had just introduced one of our singers, a good sized fellow who sang a fine baritone, when all our guns let go in one nice, fat salvo.

"Don't be scared," I said. "Look at me." And at that moment I caught sight of my hand, holding the mike. I was shaking so hard you couldn't see it. Hand and mike were just a blur!

I think this was the island, too, in which the boys had dug one-man foxholes, and I was standing near one of these, with three other fellows, when a bombing-attack alarm was sounded. Scared? All four of us jumped for the same foxhole and all four of us got in!

I think that what I am trying to say is that I never want to kid anyone, least of all myself, and to lie is nothing but self-deception. I realize that my father wasn't worried about the harm I might do other people by lying, but by the illusions I might build up about myself. I think the force of honesty in man's life is the greatest force there is, and that there is a direct relationship between a man's honesty and the power of his love.

I remember meeting a young Marine in the South Pacific during the war and getting to know him fairly well just before he took part in one of the bitter island invasions. Three days after the invasion I saw him again, suffering in the base hospital at Finchhaven in New Guinea.

Because of his youth, and his obviously serious condition, I was really stricken when I saw him, and I wondered what to say. But I needn't have worried. He had something to tell me. Not about himself. Not about his pain.

"I bet you're wondering how I got here," he said. "Do you know that when we Marines hit the beach the Seabees were right behind us, and that the doctors were right behind them? Do you know that I was picked up and worked on and all taken care of inside of an hour after I was hit? How's that for guys doin' a square job?"

He had to stop talking to shake his head in wonder. "Gee, what a fellow can't do when he's got guys like that to depend on." Then he turned to me suddenly, and his eyes had a shining look in them.

"You know something?" he began eagerly. "From now on there is going to be only one kind of man I ever want to have anything to do with in this world—the man I can trust. Who would want to waste any time with any other kind?"

I never heard of a good way to live put that way before, or put any better. I knew what he meant, all right. Privately I was only hoping that I could be what he meant.

END



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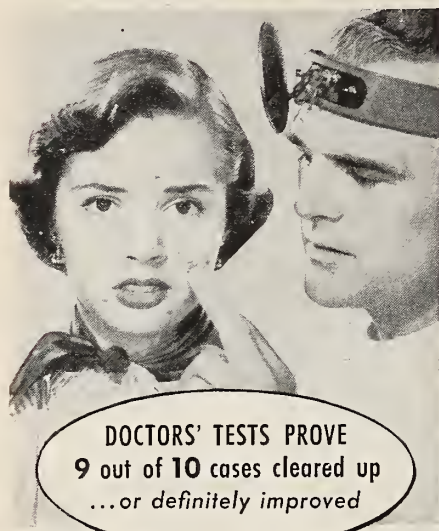
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MY FIRST LOVE by May Wynn

*Greater love hath
no man than to let May
hit him with a bat!*

■ I guess everybody thinks that his or her first love was different, but mine really was. The name of the party of the second part was Eddie; he was the tallest boy in the neighborhood and so handsome that all the girls used to congregate at the candy store because that was where he hung out. They giggled, talked loudly and did everything they could to attract his attention. Except me. I couldn't stand him, didn't even want him to play on the same football team, so naturally I was the one who sent him.

All this happened back in my home town, Elmhurst, Long Island, when I was thirteen. That year I got into a fight with another boy, who hit me in the head with a rock, and Eddie was the only one of the gang who came to my rescue. After he brought the battle of the century to an end he took me over to the drug store, where the pharmacist patched up the hole in my head. From that moment on, love. What else could I do?

I gave Eddie a terrible time. He was always telling me how much he loved me and, because I knew it upset him, I'd say, "Thirteen years old! What's love?" I'd make him get down on his knees before the rest of the guys and say he loved me, just to prove it. When there was a dance, I danced with everyone else and saved only the last one for him, but Eddie just stood against the wall, not even dancing with the other girls, and waited for me.

What did turn our romance slightly sour every now and then was athletics. I especially remember a baseball game. I was a pretty good hitter, and I wanted to show off a little that day. But Eddie was pitching, and he wouldn't throw anything I could hit. Finally I got mad and yelled, "Eddie, love or no love, if you don't throw the ball over the plate I'll hit you with this bat!"

He should have known better, but he still wouldn't pitch to me, so I threw the bat at Eddie. It hit him across the knees and knocked him down. When I walked over to where he lay, he said, "If I could get up, I'd kill you!"

I folded my arms righteously and answered, "I'll wait!"

We made up, of course, but shortly after that Eddie did something really serious. We were walking along a railroad trestle one day when he grabbed me and kissed me. Nothing ever shocked me so much; I felt defiled, unclean, as if I had been involved in something terrible. Being a deeply religious child who went to church every day, I really had something to pray about the rest of that week. I kept to myself, slinking along back streets, staying in my room at home.

On Friday I entered the confessional, took a deep breath, and said, "Father, I have committed a mortal sin."

The priest, who has since become a good friend of mine, asked, "What have you done, my child?" It must have taken me an hour to say that Eddie had kissed me.

I can't describe the relief I felt when he assured me that my world was not at an end. He said, "You have not done anything wrong and neither has the boy. But you are right to feel concern, my daughter, for such things do sometimes lead to excesses."

Knowing that I wasn't a lost soul made me feel better about myself, but it didn't change my feelings about Eddie. Insult was added to injury because I felt foolish as well as outraged. I wouldn't have anything further to do with him. Next time I saw him, waving and calling out a cheerful, "Hi, honey!" I crossed the street to avoid him.

Kids are funny. I had always been so mean to Eddie that he didn't even know anything was wrong when I refused to speak to him.

In fact, my ignoring him wasn't the reason Eddie finally gave up on our romance. My first love ended, as it began, on the football field. Because I never had forgiven him, I always played against him with a vengeance. This one day I tackled him a little too hard and knocked the wind out of him—and that did it. Making him get down on his knees in public, making him a male wallflower at dances, making him run all the way from his school to mine to carry my books every afternoon were minor items. But taking his feet out from under him in a football game—well! He said I humiliated him in the eyes of the rest of the guys, and our romance was officially over.

To me, the extraordinary thing is that he never wondered *why* I tackled him too hard, never realized that that kiss of his had been the kiss-off for me. Years later, when we were both grown up, I ran into Eddie again. We sat down to talk over old times, and suddenly, as if it had been puzzling him a long, long time, Eddie said, "Say, remember that day you snubbed me and walked on the other side of the street like I was contaminated? What ever made you do a thing like that?"

Isn't that just like a man?
(*May Wynn is appearing in Columbia's The Violent Men.*)

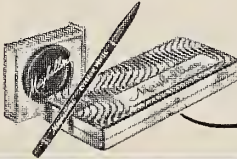


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music from hollywood

(Continued from page 6) east and it was a previous commitment—and what could he do?

"Nothing," said Pete, and picked up the phone book. It took work, but he got hold of Sammy Davis, Jr. It was still a great panel, and he went back to picking records. The third time the phone rang he almost didn't answer it. It turned out to be Universal-International, and they were apologetic, too. "Pete, Tony won't be back from his tour in time for your show. Sorry."

"Quite all right," said Pete in somewhat of a daze. Then he just sat patiently and waited for the phone to ring the fourth time. It did. "Hello, Pete," said Marilyn Maxwell.

"Hi," said Pete. "Why can't you make it?"

"How did you know?" Marilyn said. "My husband's ill and I honestly can't leave him."

"Think nothing of it," Mr. Potter said. "Happens every day. Every time I have a nightmare." So, after a little solitary weeping, he struggled through a maze of hasty acceptances and rejections and came up with Jeff Chandler and Maxine Andrews. And of course he had a great show, and being a man of will-power, was back at the office the following Monday, and didn't even disconnect the phone.

● Until recently, Bill Hayes was the little man who wasn't anywhere. He began his career at the age of thirteen as a singing messenger for Western Union and worked his way through a B.A. at DePauw, an M.A. at Northwestern and opera courses all over without attracting much attention. Eventually he wangled a job in the chorus of *Carousel* by scratching his brother's name off the audition card and substituting his own. "I cracked on a high A," he reports, "but I got my first real singing job." His brother, who had a sore throat anyway, was kind about the whole thing, but the fates weren't and before long Bill found himself singing for a mortician at fifteen dollars a funeral. ("Danny Boy" was his specialty.) Eventually, of course (this being a success story) he was discovered (not at a funeral) and placed on the *Sid Caesar Show*. After that

D-J Choices of the Month



**Harry Nigocia—
WJBW—New
Orleans, La.**

"My favorite MUSIC FROM HOLLYWOOD is 'Strange Lady In Town' because in my opinion the song is great and Frankie Laine does a great job. This song is also tops with my listeners. . . ."



**Bill Harrington—
WNEU—New York,
N. Y.**

"My favorite MUSIC FROM HOLLYWOOD currently is Ray Anthony's recording of 'Dream.' Not only because of the music by Anthony but also the great caliber of the music by Johnny Mercer brings back memories, too, of it's first time around."



he copped the lead in Broadway's *Me And Juliet*, made a successful recording of the song from *High Noon*—and some thirteen less successful discs. But with *Davy Crockett* he came into his own, turning out the top recording of the ballad, and selling over two million copies. The grateful type, he is to be seen regularly these days attired in a coonskin cap and showing no disposition to remove it, except for the most formal occasions.

● The weirdest assignment in town went to Walter Schuman, who was asked to do the background music for *The Night Of The Hunter*. One scene proved just a little difficult. Bob Mitchum giving vent to maniacal laughter as two children elude his attempts to kill them! Mitchum is standing in water up to his waist, knife in hand, screaming and watching the two kids in a rowboat paddle away just out of his reach. The music for it will be out on records soon, and we wouldn't miss it for the world.

● Perry Como is officially the most relaxed crooner around, but Bing Crosby is in a class by himself. Hat on head and pipe in mouth he's been known to record while drifting down a channel in a boat, while surrounded by forty basketball players, with a golf club in hand, between holes and—most incredible of all—at seven in the morning. He has done his show from the maternity wing of a hospital and from a spot in Canada so cold that while he sang "In The Still Of The Night," all around him ice-blasters were going full speed. And the song had all the quiet grace it would have had in a candle-lit room. The secret, according to a producer who's known Bing for nineteen years, is that nothing—but nothing—fazes him. "He's so well organized, he's relaxed."



**Ralph Phillips—
WFBR—Baltimore,
Md.**

"My favorite MUSIC FROM HOLLYWOOD is by Frank Sinatra. Two movies mark the high point in his career. *From Here To Eternity* won him an Academy Award and his recording from *Young At Heart* won him a gold record. It couldn't happen to a greater guy."



**Jay Michael—
WCAE—Pittsburgh,
Pa.**

"My favorite MUSIC FROM HOLLYWOOD is the great big top movie song 'Unchained Melody.' When you hear that haunting strain it really does things to you. My listeners feel the same way about it."

Month's Best Movie Albums

"MOVIE THEMES FROM HOLLYWOOD" by Dimitri Tiomkin and his orchestra. Coral Records CRL-57006 (12" LP)

"High And The Mighty," "The Champion," "A Bullet Is Waiting," "Strange Lady In Town," "Dial M For Murder," "Return To Paradise," "High Noon," "Land Of The Pharaohs," "Duel In The Sun," "Lost Horizon," "I Confess." Dimitri Tiomkin, who won this year's Academy Award for his scoring of "The High And The Mighty," presents brilliant and sparkling arrangements of movie themes in the grand Hollywood manner.

"LOVE ME OR LEAVE ME" by Doris Day with orchestra conducted by Percy Faith. Columbia-CL-710 (12" LP)

"It All Depends On You," "You Made Me Love You," "Stav On The Right Side, Sister," "Mean To Me," "Everybody Loves My Baby," "Sam The Old Accordion Man," "Shaking The Blues Away," "Ten Cents A Dance," "I'll Never Stop Loving You," "Never Look Back," "At Sundown," "Love Me Or Leave Me." From the soundtrack of the MGM film Doris Day really shines right out with her wonderful voice and personality in presenting ten tunes made famous by Ruth Etting, whom Doris plays in the film.

WALT DISNEY'S "THE LADY AND THE TRAMP" by Kay Armen and The Marion Sisters. MGM Records X1145 (45EP)

"Bella Notte," "La La Lu," "The Siamese Cat Song," "He's A Tramp." Four sides from the score of Disney's feature cartoon, two of them by Kay Armen, who sang in MGM's *Hit The Deck*. The other two sides are by The Marion Sisters. Two novelties and two ballads.

"ACADEMY AWARD FAVORITES" by Jack Shaindlin and his orchestra. Mercury Records MG 20061 (12" LP)

"Three Coins In The Fountain," "Secret Love," "Mona Lisa," "It Might As Well Be Spring," "You'll Never Know," "White Christmas," "The Last Time I Saw Paris," "When You Wish Upon A Star," "Thanks For The Memory," "Sweet Leilani," "The Way You Look Tonight," "The Continental."

Twelve of filmdom's most nostalgic songs brought to life by Jack Shaindlin's scintillating arrangements. Will Bradley and Al Gallodoro are featured instrumentally. The beauty and sound of this record album is due to the most modern recording techniques. Note the fuller-sounding strings, richer bass tones, and clearly distinct reed tones.

"THE BEST OF FRED ASTAIRE" Epic Records LN 3137 (12" LP)

"A Foggy Day," "They All Laughed," "Cheek To Cheek," "I Can't Be Bothered Now," "They Can't Take That Away From Me," "A Fine Romance," "Let's Call The Whole Thing Off," "Slap That Bass," "Change Partners," "Things Are Looking Up," "Nice Work If You Can Get It," "Dig It."

Featuring such great bands as those of Johnny Green, Ray Nobile, Leo Reisman and Perry Botkin we find ourselves in the land of Fred Astaire. Outstanding songs from such movies as *Shall We Dance*, *Change Partners*, *Damsel In Distress*, *Top Hat* and *Swing Time* make this record album a delight to every Fred Astaire fan.

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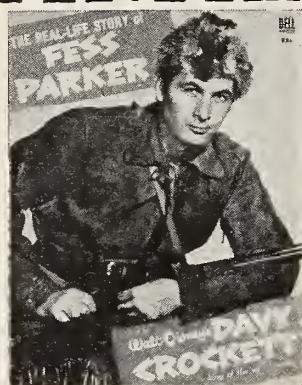
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never marry an actress

(Continued from page 45) opinion. After Ray had finished the London run of the stage play *Mister Roberts* with Tyrone Power, he didn't hurry on home to America with the rest of the cast. He had money in his pocket and the yen to live a little. He didn't know when he'd get the chance again, so he hopped over to Paris and had himself a time. Not the tourist-type time. He wanted to see the Paris that was Paris, so he prowled around until he found some characters he liked and settled down to do everything, from museums to dives, on his own. He learned French, got on famously with a few dozen native guys and dolls. After more fun than the average young guy will have in a lifetime, he packed up to go home. Not that the French people were getting under his skin. Not that a small inner voice told him he had a great future ahead in Hollywood.

"Nothing like that," he grins. "I just ran out of money."

Meanwhile, events were conspiring to become landmarks on the circuitous trail leading Julie Adams and Ray Danton toward each other.

A certain Betty May Adams, born in Waterloo, Iowa, educated at the Junior College in Dick Powell's hometown of Little Rock, Arkansas, was attracting considerable attention in Hollywood. She had changed her name to Julie Adams. A board of judges made up of famous American artists had just judged her long, supple and perfectly formed legs as "the most beautiful in the world." Miss Adams winced a little, inside, at the build-up. Her object was to become a competent actress and she did not want to join the legion of forgotten "cheesecake sweeties." Miss Adams wanted to get where she wanted to go the honest way. It was the hard way, that she already knew, because before Universal studios signed her, she had turned to secretarial work.

Returning from his jaunt to Paris, Ray Danton went back to radio soap operas and occasional tv work, in which he was a complete professional. At age twelve he had more than a nodding acquaintance with a microphone as a boy announcer, and at fourteen he had already completed a summer with the MacArthur Summer Theatre in Waitesfield, Vermont. In other seasons he had worked with such stars as Tallulah Bankhead, Margo, Liz Scott and Sarah Churchill. In such fast company, he had absorbed great theatrical know-how.

He was on his way and so was Julie, whom he'd never met—let alone expected to marry. On his way in this year of 1951—smack into the U.S. Army. It happens to most young men these days, and Ray Danton wasn't in the least thrown for a loss. He didn't cry about being taken out of show business just as he was on the verge of becoming important. He turned G.I. with a don't-give-a-damn attitude. Two years in the Infantry hardened Danton into the type of man he is now, and he gravitated to Officer's Training School.

About this time, two events occurred. Julie Adams married, and if someone had mentioned the name Ray Danton to her, she couldn't have cared less. And soldier Danton wound up in the Army hospital at Fort Benning, Georgia, his right leg in a plaster cast from the hip down. A unique casualty sustained playing football.

Recuperating in a ward with a dozen other ailing soldiers, he met Julie Adams for the first time. Not in person. Ray's first opportunity to cast an appreciative male eye upon the loveliness that is Julie came in the hospital theatre then showing a picture called *Mississippi Gambler*.

Ray, who had known Ty Power well because of their stage work together, enjoyed watching him again in the movie. He was also well aware that Julie, as Ty's leading lady, was a fine actress.

No prude, Ray found himself reluctant to join in the after-movie bull session, in which his fellow soldier patients discussed the charms of "this Adams doll" in some detail. Julie obviously meant something special to him from the moment he first saw her, but Ray was a realist. He didn't write her a fan letter or dream that night of holding her in his arms.

When his buddies got around to discussing Ty, they asked Ray what kind of guy ex-Marine Power was, and he told them: "I don't know what you guys think of

Nelson Algren, author of *The Man With The Golden Arm*, was invited to Hollywood to discuss a movie version of his prize-winning novel. He later declined the checks offered him for his fare, expenses and for having written a 12-page memorandum. "I feel no moneys are rightfully due me," he wrote. "Yet your thoughtfulness does not cease to move me. Should this concern for me derive from simple gratitude for diversion offered you by 'an interesting person' as you so happily phrased it, I do not feel you are so much indebted."

"Upon the basis of mutual amusement, therefore, I am the debtor. And since you are decidedly more uncanny than I am interesting, I must at a rough estimate, owe you close to \$40—and forward this sum confident of your satisfaction in alms from any quarter however small, and remain, Your obedient servant—Nelson Algren."

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post

actors, including me, but for my money no one ever has to be ashamed of Tyrone Power when he's traveling around the world. You know how some actors pour it on, get the big movie star attitude. Not Ty. He's always a gentleman. Never reminds anyone he's a Hollywood big shot."

Then Ray told them how Ty had put him in his place one night at the Palladium Theatre in London. Ty was going through a difficult scene with others of the *Roberts* cast on one side of the stage, while Ray, near the wings, didn't have any lines or business. A couple of girls in the front row began making signals at Ray, who responded with the lifted eyebrow and the long look. Afterward, when the curtain came down, Ty came around, asked Ray what he'd been doing during the scene. Ray swore he hadn't been doing a thing.

"You must have been," Ty replied. "Something was distracting me."

"That," Ray cracked, "must have been my electric personality."

"Could be," Ty agreed wryly, "either that or your lack of experience."

Ray offers the anecdote as a frank admission that he had a lot of cockiness and not too much humility in himself at the time. "But there's nothing like mixing with a veteran like Ty Power to get straightened out. I learned concentration from Ty. I grew up in the Army, and I learned an awareness of the problems of others, too, while wearing the uniform."

This last development in Ray's character is one of the reasons he became much more aware of Julie Adams the second time he saw her. Again, the meeting was not in person, but through a movie.

"The picture was lousy," Ray remembers. "A sad little Western epic. Now that I've been around pictures for awhile, I know that they can't all be good. Everybody from the writer on up works like the devil and the thing turns out a turkey. I remember feeling sorry for Julie. She was not the same girl I'd seen in *Mississippi Gambler* and I recall wondering how anyone could miscast such an obviously fine and sensitive actress. I made a mental note that some day I'd like to talk shop with her. I wasn't thinking about romance."

In the two years that intervened before their meeting, other events began to occur which made possible the recent climax in their lives. For one thing, Julie Adams' marriage to a writer turned out a failure. The two had tried, but it just didn't work. Ray Danton, who didn't know that she was married, wasn't aware that she had secured a divorce. He was too busy with tv in New York. He'd turned down half a dozen bids to sign Hollywood stock contracts, because he didn't want to gamble his future with those lads who went into movies in wholesale lots on the chance that they might be lucky.

Abruptly, the plot thickened. In Hollywood, Universal-International executives were planning the filming of *Six Bridges To Cross*. At first, they figured that it might be possible to sign some completely unknown actor to the role which was later played by Tony Curtis. Talent scouts reported that Ray Danton was by all odds the most promising young actor in tv. He had magnetic masculine appeal. Better than that, he was no beginner with nothing more than a hot profile.

Ray was contacted. He agreed that this role was worth a fast screen test, and in a couple of days he found himself boarding the TWA champagne flight, heading west. He was thinking about his future and not about a girl named Julie Adams. On the plane he met Jack Palance, another tv acting discovery who had a couple of years before plunged into movies with spectacular success. And, because there were few travelers on this particular flight, Jack and Ray stayed up all night, relieving their travel boredom by killing off the extra champagne. In the morning, Ray got off the plane, unshaven, wearing blue jeans, and in his aching head he had an idea that all he wanted to do was get this test over and return to New York.

At the studio later that afternoon, after swinging his profile left and right, dutifully reading the lines given him, the paths of Ray Danton and Julie Adams finally met. Julie had volunteered to help with the test.

Ray looked at Julie's hazel-eyed loveliness. Something happened to him as they say in the romance magazines, "deep inside." But the best he could offer by way of greeting was, "Hello, Miss Adams. I want you to know that I've always admired your work."

"How nice," Julie smiled. To her he was just another actor making a test.

They worked in the scene for two hours. If you saw *Six Bridges To Cross*, you'll remember the scene in which Julie comes to visit Tony Curtis in jail. That's the one she did with Ray in the test. As the cameras turned, Ray forgot his aching head. The dialogue came easily, but he wasn't thinking about how well he was doing. He just gazed on the beautiful scenery of Julie's face and let himself go.

The test was a huge success for Ray. He didn't get the part, which went to Tony for a multiplicity of reasons, but he was put in another picture, signed to a contract, and he never did go back to New York. Up to that time, Ray Danton was a lot like most other young men. He was working hard, doing well, but his life had no real

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definition. As single men will, he avoided "nice girls" like the plague. He had been through the usual quota of "girl capers," and had a horror of being tied down.

At the studio, he was acutely aware of Julie's presence. They ran into each other constantly in the commissary, crossing the lot, on sound stages. Ray was aware that Julie's attitude toward men was one of cool and cordial wariness. He let it be known among her friends that he'd like to take her out. There was no response. Ray was cast in *Chief Crazy Horse*, sent on location with Vic Mature and the rest of the cast to South Dakota. While there, he suffered another accident similar in a way to the broken leg episode in the army. Riding an Indian pony not trained to picture work, he was dumped when the nag refused to take a jump, stopping abruptly and throwing Ray into a pile of rocks. He got up, rode the pony in the next take with exactly the same results. He felt a jar in his left arm and thought he'd sprained his wrist.

A couple of weeks later, encountering Julie on his return to the studio, he decided to see a doctor on her advice. Result: the X-ray showed that he had a multiple fracture. Assigned to an important role in *The Looters*, he played most of the picture with the bandage carefully concealed. Julie was still cool, until one day as he was having lunch with Mara Corday, she came into the crowded commissary and sat down at the same table. Almost immediately, Ray asked if he could call her. Julie said she wouldn't mind, sometime.

"All right," Ray persisted, "what's your phone number?"

Julie rose from the table. "I'm late for an appointment. I'm sorry, I can't give you the number now."

Ray fumed. That afternoon he secured the number from the casting office. He got Julie on the phone. "Look," he said, "it's about time you ran out of excuses. How about a date tonight?"

That evening he took her to see *Porgy And Bess*. They had dinner at the Tail o' the Cock in the valley. After that, Ray, who never in his life had chased a girl, didn't let up. "It was damn irritating," he says now. "Julie didn't run away, but she sure as the devil didn't make it any easier. I'd have a date one night. Then for three or four nights she'd be 'busy.' I had the feeling that she liked me a great deal. You know how you can tell, when people are with you. I took her to see my happily married friends, like the Jack Lemmons. I made with the phonograph record and flower bit. Then I got sore. I asked her to go on a picnic one Friday night. The day before, the studio called and told me I had to leave in the morning for location in Colorado, so I got in touch with Julie. Told her I couldn't see her Friday night.

"I know," she said, "you're going on location. How about tonight?" I knew she hadn't been tied up as she told me, so I faced her with it. She said she hadn't been seeing me because she was getting too fond of me. That did it."

On February 20th of this year, Julie Adams and Ray Danton were married in Santa Barbara, California, by a Presbyterian minister. They remember the utter simplicity of the ceremony and in talking about their several-months courtship, which in the harsh simplicity of newspaper headlines was referred to as "another Hollywood elopement," they agree that the infinite power in charge of such things seemed to have planned their lives for this moment from the beginning.

There was no honeymoon, for both had to be back at work in front of the cameras the next morning, but they like it that

way. A honeymoon, they both believe, is a traditional period in which two people in love try to escape into unreality before they settle down to what is supposed to be the "serious" business of living.

Ray says it this way: "Life is a very good thing. It never has to be grim. Julie and I have a wonderful apartment home in the hills overlooking the San Fernando Valley. She let me select our first furniture which I did with the stark tailored taste that is typical of the male beast. She has since warmed up the place with her perfect taste for color. She has not only changed our home, but me, too. Basically, she is the same girl I saw that day in the hospital. Her fine qualities of kindness, her warmth, were obvious then in her work, and I'm a lucky man.

"Julie is a truly mature, though conventional woman. In the beginning, I was a shock to her. Before our marriage the state of 'love' to me was a complicated business of intrigue and deception. I have

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learned that none of that is necessary in the happiness of marriage.

"I learned that any lie, no matter how small it might be, couldn't exist between us. Julie has changed, too. Before our marriage, her job was her whole life, a necessity for her security. Now, her entire income goes into a trust fund for our future together, and for the children we hope to have. Now, her work is no longer a "must" but simply a form of expression which makes her life richer. A career for any woman, if she has the ability, is a healthy thing. I may sound like a press agent for both of us, but I think that what we've been achieving since we've been together will be apparent when Julie is seen with George Nader in *Away All Boats*. I can't make any great claims for my own work in *The Spoilers*, with Jeff Chandler and Rory Calhoun. (Ray is currently filming *I'll Cry Tomorrow* on loan-out to MGM.) I'm beginning to really learn my business, one in which I want to work in every aspect, with the hope that one day I can tackle the hardest form of the art—directing."

To those who are thinking about marriage, Julie and Ray Danton offer this thought: "Your marriage will be as strong as each of you are individually. If you fail, it will only be because you lose the proper sense of values when one or the other becomes weak. And that will never happen if there is always absolute truth as a bond between you."

So ends the case history of events leading up to one of the most secure young marriages in Hollywood. No small miracle brought these two people together, and only a major catastrophe could tear them apart.

END

lone wolf

(Continued from page 28) Scandinavian accent, "is a nice man. Some of those things he does, it is because he is youthful, and it takes time to handle fame. One must first learn how. But he is really very polite, very kind. They tell me he does not smile enough. Not true. He smiles much. He has a good sense of humor."

In other film quarters, however, the Dean sense of humor is generously described as "slightly perverse."

Jimmy himself, for example, likes to tell how he scared the wits out of a supposedly sophisticated and worldly photographer.

"A couple of months ago," Dean narrates, "this fellow, you know Dennis—well, Dennis went back to Indiana with me. Wanted to shoot me on the farm. Hometown stuff."

"One day we went into town, and I stopped by Wilbur Hunt's. Wilbur runs a kind of general store in Fairmount. He's also the town mortician, and in the back he's got a selection of caskets. 'Mind if we shoot some stuff in here?' I asked Wilbur."

"He's a wonderful guy. 'Help yourself,' he said. So we went into the back. There were these caskets. I got into one of them and lay down. 'Go ahead,' I said to Dennis. 'Start shooting.' He thought I was kidding, but I always wanted to see how I'd look in a casket. Besides you should've seen the expression on Dennis' face."

"Anyway, he shot the pictures. Great stuff. Sent them into *Life*. Know what? The editors wouldn't publish a single one. Printed some stuff of me around the farm. Country boy—that routine."

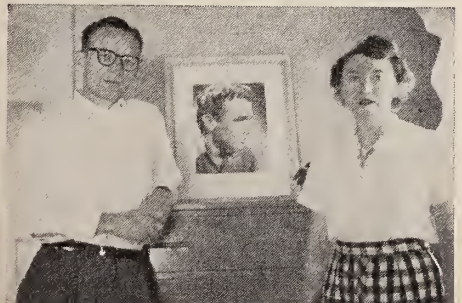
Country boy—those two words—offer the key to Jimmy Dean's seemingly strange behavior. He acts awkward and this awkwardness is interpreted as rudeness. Actually, it seems that Jimmy retreats into his shell when he can't handle a new social situation, such as a studio shindig or a top-level interview or a swank Hollywood get-together. He appears sullen and non-cooperative, but largely because he feels out of place and doesn't know what to do. Also, he is by nature fiercely independent and resents doing anything that rubs against his grain.

Let him like something, however, and he goes the whole hog.

Not too long ago he was at a party with Eartha Kitt and a bunch of other talented entertainers. Eartha started to sing. Jimmy sat down on the floor and grabbed a bongo drum. Two friends joined him. Eartha singing and Jimmy on the bongos. You should've dug it. Simply crazy, wild, out of this world.

Later that night they began to use the tape recorders. Jimmy has three or four which he uses all the time. "Great," he says. "Help me in my work. Like this part of Jett Rink I play in *Giant*. I had tape recordings of fellows with Texas accents. The thing to do is not to exaggerate the drawl. Get it just right."

Jimmy and Eartha sang and played the whole night with about ten other Holly-



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wood characters. Dean recorded the festivities, and next day in the sanctity of his one-room garage apartment, played the tape recordings over and over again.

He has a great collection of African chants and knows a lot about tribal customs and mores. He is also a bull-fighting aficionado and one of the crack stock-car racing drivers in the country. This love of racing is currently giving the Warner moguls a fit.

During the filming of *Rebel Without A Cause*, for instance, Jim Dean raced his Porsche in the Palm Springs and Bakersfield Meets. As soon as he was finished with his Saturday scenes, he'd take off for the racing grounds. He was a winner in both races, hitting over 120 mph.

According to a veteran California driver, "This Dean kid is fearless. He drives as if he had some secret agreement with Death to lay off him. He's relatively new to speed-racing out here. Matter of fact we never heard of him until he showed up down at the Springs. We thought maybe he was one of those Hollywood characters looking for kicks or publicity. Hell, no. This kid really knows the business. He's one helluva fine rider. Knows what he's doing every minute."

In addition to his Porsche, Jim recently bought himself a hopped-up British Triumph motorcycle. Frequently he tears into the studio astride his mount to give one executive heart failure. The executive watches Jim zoom down the road, then sadly shakes his head and mutters, "That crazy kid is gonna kill himself."

At this point in his life James Byron Dean is living strictly for himself. He has no one to support, no one to please, no one in the world to cater to except James Byron Dean.

Although his father and step-mother live only eight or ten miles away from his Hollywood hideaway in the hills, he rarely visits them. Just why he isn't there more often is hard to tell.

Winton Dean, Jim's father, has what he thinks might be an adequate explanation for his son's behavior.

"I'll tell you this," he says. "My Jim is a tough boy to understand. At least, he is for me. But maybe that's because I don't understand actors, and he's always wanted to become one."

"Another reason is that we were separated for a long period of time, from when he was nine until he was eighteen. Those are the important, formative years when a boy and his father usually become close friends."

"Jim and I—well, we've never had that closeness. It's nobody's fault, really. Just circumstances. I came out to California in 1936 with Jim and his mother. Came right out here to Santa Monica. Worked in the Veterans Hospital, dental technician. Did the same thing back in Indiana. Back there I worked for the Veterans Hospital in Marion."

"A few years later, Jim's mother came down with cancer. She was only twenty-nine. The doctors told me it was hopeless. I didn't know what to do. How do you tell an eight-year-old boy his mother's going to die? I tried. In my own stumbling way I tried to prepare Jim for it. Tried to tell him about the sorrow that was coming. Many times I tried to tell the boy what was coming. I just couldn't make it."

"Jim's mother passed away before she was thirty. I was broken up. So was the boy. I couldn't look after him and work, too, so I sent him back to Indiana to live with my sister and her husband. They raised Jim on their farm. And what a fine job they did. In high school, you know, he was a standout athlete, specializing in track and basketball. Absolutely tops."

"When Jim came out here," Mr. Dean continues, "to go to Santa Monica College,

he stayed with us—I was remarried by then—and we got along just fine. He was always crazy about acting, and I remember saying to him a couple of times, 'Jim, acting is a good hobby but why don't you study something substantial? Why don't you become a lawyer?' But no, it was acting with him all the way."

"Nowadays, he lives in a world we don't understand too well—the actors' world. We don't see too much of him. But he's a good boy, my Jim. A good boy, and I'm very proud of him. Not easy to understand. No, sir. He's not easy to understand. But he's all man, and he'll make his mark. Mind you, my boy will make his mark."

On the basis of only one film, *East Of Eden*, Jimmy Dean has already made his mark. After *Rebel Without A Cause* is released and *Giant* is completed, the studio expects that the boy will become "the hottest actor in the business."

By then, however, Jim may not be in the business. He may be enrolled as a private in the Army of the United States. Only a few weeks ago he was called down to the Los Angeles induction station for his Army physical. Although he's extremely near-sighted and can't see very well without glasses, he is otherwise in good physical condition.

A stint in the service doesn't faze Jim one bit. Other actors bemoan the loss of revenue that military service entails, but Dean has never built his life around money. "Never had much," he says, "and don't need much. If the Army wants me I'm ready."

When that particular remark was relayed to a Hollywood beauty whom Dean had been seeing frequently before he took off for *Giant* location work, she pursed her lips and wrinkled her brow.

"Sure, he's ready to go," she repeated. "Jimmy Dean is ready to go anywhere, any place, any time. He's a free soul. Only," she pouted, "I don't want him to go. With all his crazy ways he's the cutest little guy we've had around Hollywood in a long, long time. A regular little tiger, that one."

END

DEAN'S (ON STAGE) DAD

As a personality Jimmy Dean may be a little on the wacky side but as an actor, this young man is respected as one of the most powerful and authentic dramatic talents Hollywood has produced in years.

Jim Backus, who plays Dean's father in Rebel Without A Cause, recently explained to friends what it meant to act with Jim.

"In this particular scene," Backus began, "Jim and I were supposed to have a fight on the stairway of the family home. I played his father and he played my son. He's just seen a boy who's been knifed, and his mother wants him to go tell the police. He doesn't want to, and so we fight."

"I've played fight scenes before, but nothing like this. Jim is so carried away. He works himself up into such a pitch of intensity, I thought he was going to kill me. No kiddin'. In one rehearsal he grabbed me by the lapels, half-carried me down the stairs, fought me across the living-room sofa."

"This kid is as strong as a bull. In another rehearsal, he broke off parts of the stair railing, but even though we grappled, he always held onto me so that I wouldn't get hurt."

Although Dean is only 5 feet, 8 inches tall and looks like a studious bookworm, he is all muscle and sinew in addition to being all talent. Great talent at that.

ardis and bill holden

(Continued from page 54) of separation. as war rang up its toll of tragedy, her scale of values began shifting for Ardis, the basics began to assert themselves. Bill was the basic core of her life. Her longing to act faded against her greater longing to be with him. Only a contract kept them apart. She asked the studio to release her and flew East to join him.

During the war years she stayed with him when she could and, when she couldn't, free-lanced to keep the budget balanced. Peter was born in '43, Scott three years later. By that time Bill was back at Paramount. The enforced partings, the fears, the loneliness had left their mark on Ardis. They could all be together again and that seemed heaven enough. The career could wait. She never said, "I'm quitting." He never asked her to. "Of course I'd rather have you here, smelling of Chanel No. 5 when I get home, and ready to enjoy a cocktail with me. But I know how you feel about acting. I feel the same way, and I don't want you frustrated. So why not get an agent and do a picture?" "We'll see," she smiled. If he hadn't left the door open, she might have felt frustrated. Free to step out when she chose, she chose not to.

Her knowledge of his preference probably swayed her. The wisdom of instinct swayed her more. It troubled them both that Deedee was a shy, ingrown child—possibly because Ardis had been compelled to work. For emotional security, kids need a full-time mother. They had one now, and the rewards were solidly evident. The boys threw like healthy young saplings. Ardis grew close to her daughter. Bill, taking equal responsibility, gave Deedee even more attention than his sons, invited confidence without intruding himself, fathered her well. Under their

care, she grew out of her shell into poised and lovely young girlhood. If the children gained, so did their parents. Unless you're with children in their formative years, you suffer a loss for which nothing can compensate.

As an actress, Ardis could never have won Bill's accolade—"only my good right arm." The energy that could have been drained by her own career goes into his work, his home, his happiness, his ever-widening interests. He respects her professional judgment. Together they read his scripts over and over, analyzing the part until it comes alive. Together, they decide what's good or bad for Holden. Through him, she's still part of the world she once sought to conquer. She's also his balance wheel. He's the more volatile of the two, soaring into the blue on wings of impulse. Ardis brings him to earth. From all his co-workers, you get the same picture of Holden—a man of courtesy and grace, holding the dignity of every person on a par with his own. Even to such a man, stardom with its hothouse atmosphere may spell danger. Take his own word for it. Time and again he has paid tribute to his wife. "If it weren't for Ardis, I'd have gone off the deep end."

She's no brooding dove spreading protective wings between her husband and reality. She believes in the truth, even when it hurts. (Especially when it hurts, since that's when it strikes home.) Individualists both, they can disagree and mix it up verbally without shaking their steadfast faith in each other's love. On the contrary. They've cleared the air and strengthened the bond between them.

Mrs. Holden loves acting and always will. Now and then she looks back a little ruefully, but knows it's unrealistic. Straight-thinking, she drives to the heart of the matter. "For whatever you get, you have to give something else up." She gave up the lesser prize.

END

patti and jerry lewis

(Continued from page 55) of Jerry Lewis's life. Jerry's dream came true.

Jerry's Mom and Pop were always on the road. Their son was forever being thrown out of school. Assorted relatives assured him loud and often that he'd wind up a bum. "Don't you believe it," smiled his grandmother. "You're a good boy. I don't worry about you." She alone understood his inherited passion for the stage, so all-consuming that books made no sense to him. "Remember, whatever you want, you can have it. Only let your heart show you the way." He was ten when she died, leaving him utterly bereft, but her spirit stayed with him. He let his heart show him the way to Patti. Like "Grams," Patti is warm, gentle, compassionate. Describing her, cynics shed their shells. "She's what every man dreams of in a wife," said one.

Gary was born a year after their marriage. They adopted Ronnie and plan to adopt more kids. A natural and devoted mother, Patti's still aware that Jerry's the kid who needs her most. He's the kind of clown you read about, self-tormented under the lunatic grin, self-driven toward some unattainable perfection. The lonely years, the want of emotional security, the single-handed struggle to prove himself—all left their scars and their unaccountable terrors. You used to get the feeling that Jerry was somehow haunted. He slept with a gun under his pillow. His idea of a pleasant Sunday at home was to ask two or three dozen people over. Unless completely surrounded by boon com-

panions, he'd grow uneasy. Money and strength went down the drain. Patti's quiet hands soothed his fever. Not overnight. A woman less wise, less loving and understanding might have put her foot down, courting disaster, driving a wedge between them. Jerry's no guy to be shoved around and Patti's allergic to shoving. She married him not to reform him, but to make him happy. She bided her time and, when the right moment came, advised without pressing, suggested without demanding. Step by step, her patient, steady influence pulled apart and re-arranged the pattern of his days—and nerves. The gun is gone from under his pillow, the crowds from his house. Now they entertain a few friends at dinner, and the atmosphere has changed from frantic to serene. Under her imperceptible guidance, he has cut down on his prodigal spending. If only for her sake he takes care of his health.

As in all true marriages, this couple grows closer with the years. They have a wing of the house to themselves. They're not afraid of sentiment. "We cry together," said Jerry once. "That's why we're happy." Hollywood glamour holds no lure for Patti. Home is her kingdom. If she's out when Jerry gets home, he wanders around like a woebegone puppy. When he and Dean were honored by the Friars in New York, Patti had to go along, though it was only for twelve hours. To her, that seemed fitting. What's a wife for, if not to aid and comfort her man? Complex Jerry adores her for the simplicity of her goal—to create within the troubled world a sanctuary for those she loves.

END

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a word from the wise

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*So you think
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singer? Well,
so did I . . .*



■ If I were breaking into the entertainment field all over again (and may I add that I'm quite happy that I'm not) I would find a field of daisies entirely different from the days when I was testing my pipes for profit.

It seems that when I started singing for a living, there were comparatively few people in my business. The going was a lot easier then than now.

Today, what with radio, television, night clubs, films and the musical comedy stage, there are many more good boys than there were.

Now, when the mood strikes me, I like to think of just how I'd hang up my shingle in the entertainment field today. Of one thing I'm certain. I'd make just as many if not the same mistakes that I made when I first started whacking out the best on that tin cymbal with Harry Barris and Al Rinker in that combination we called "The Rhythm Boys." I'd choose many a wrong song, back many a blooper. I'd try for the low ones that weren't in my range. I'd try to go serious when I should have stayed light, and I'd attempt frivolity when I should have been in a more serious vein.

These mistakes, made once, I'd probably repeat. But certain mistakes being made by some of the young fellows just starting out today, I'd try awfully hard to avoid. I may be wrong but I pass along a couple of hints for just what they're worth—probably nothing.

First of all, in picking your material, remember to keep it simple and familiar. I honestly think that a lot of today's newcomers are choosing songs that are too little known and too complex. Remember, people like to hear songs they know, what we in the business call "the old standards."

When folks hear a newcomer sing the old familiar ditties, they're half won over at the start because they're hearing material they've heard before and often have themselves sung. So don't be afraid of the oldies. They usually remind the listeners of some pleasant time. They're nostalgic.

Having chosen songs that ring a bell with your listeners, give a lot of thought to their arrangements. And here again I have a word or two for beginners. Keep those arrangements simple. It seems to be the vogue today to overarrange songs that are obtuse in the first place. I say that if you have a good, simple song, don't be ashamed of it. Don't spoil it with trimmings and trappings.

Like anyone else, I have my favorites in the popular song division. Of the men, I like Perry Como best. He can sing high, he can sing low, and he has a feeling for what he sings.

In the gals' division, with me at least, it's Ella Fitzgerald all the way. It's always been that way with me and Ella, and I see no reason to change today.

But while I'm on favorites, let me say a word right now for my favorite entertainer of all time—Danny Kaye. He can do more things and do them better than anybody in the entertainment business.

78 Danny sends me, and I don't send easily.

virginia and mike o'shea

(Continued from page 54) a nose dive. He offered no alibis, she suffered no guilt complex. They accepted the situation with sanity and perspective. Stardom itself failed to impress them. Acting was a livelihood, not a showcase for exhibitionism. They weren't in competition; they were partners, share and share alike. If Virginia brought home a bigger share of the bacon, Mike contributed otherwise—mended fences, fixed leaks, strung wires, repaired roofs and kept his dignity as a human intact. His self respect came from within. Self pity, which would have made Virginia wretched, found no place to root. "Am I such a gutless chunk of ego that I can't face the world because my wife's doing better than I am? Am I supposed to be ashamed? I'm not. I'm proud. Of her and our marriage and that I can hammer a nail straight and don't mind doing it. I had my chance. Let Virginia take hers while she can. You're up, you're down. Maybe the wheel'll come spinning my way again."

There were jobs in New York. With Virginia's approval, he turned them down.

Three thousand miles of continent between them didn't appeal. Mike didn't want his wife living alone half the time. Nor any of the time. He has the old-fashioned notion that man should be the protector in a very literal sense. Supported by his good right arm, Virginia blooms. His sparkle infects her, his mind stimulates her, his poise puts her at ease. "It's amaz-

Jim Backus and Joan Davis went on a personal appearance tour to plug their program. "We checked into a local hotel," says Jim, "and naturally we asked for different rooms on different floors. But the clerk assumed we were married, and wanted to know why we didn't want the same room. Joan quipped, 'No—he snores!'"

—Paul Denis

ing," she said in a rare confidential moment, "how much you can come to depend on the mere presence of the man you love. I'm never really serene unless Mike is there."

When the first Mrs. O'Shea won her alimony suit, columnists howled "Poor Virginia!" One story had her paying the whole sum, another had Mike mortgaging the house to pay her back. Nobody knows how they arranged things. That's their own affair and beside the point. The point is that Virginia never thought twice about doing for Mike what Mike would have done for her. Even that's not accurate. Doing it for him, she was doing it for them both, since their peace of mind is indivisible. Virginia felt anything but poor. Granted, \$25,000 ain't hay. It's a nice wad to count and stick in the bank. But you can't count the riches of devotion nor measure the capital gains of unbroken faith. The court judgment disturbed Virginia far less than the uproar, and the uproar only as it affected Mike.

The year '53 brought them Mary Catherine, a redheaded elf and the light of her parents' eyes; '54 sent the wheel spinning Mike's way again. It's *A Great Life* rates so high that they're planning repeats for the summer. O'Shea copped an Emmy nomination as one of TV's outstanding new personalities. Sooner or later, it was bound to happen. Sooner or later, it made no difference in their feeling for each other. It's a mean trickle of love, shaming the word, that runs dry at a dollar sign. The love of Mike and Virginia flows steadily wide and deep. **END**

over twenty-one

(Continued from page 41) street. The Even Youngers would probably choose Sunset and Vine.)

Unlike the kids, they go light on the romantic angle, unless they're sure it's for real. Many of them having been burned once—or having had to do considerable dodging to avoid it—they take their affairs of the heart seriously and are not given to making extravagant, impulsive avowals, either to the press or to each other.

Like that of everyone in Hollywood, their chatter inclines toward shop talk. After all, they spend their days on a set, and most of their friends are concerned with movie-making, one way or another. Barbara and George, both blessed with good senses of humor, get a kick out of their work and rib each other unmercifully about their publicity. But having that essential touch of maturity, they know when to stop. When she is done making faces at the free advice handed her in print, Barbara has been known to sit down and re-read it intently. And George, when he's through laughing at his press notices, silently folds them up and takes them

the bridge is love

(Continued from page 46) a land of the dead and the bridge is love." Pier said it another way: "I loved him so dearly that for me he is not gone, but will live while I live. If it's something important, I ask him and it seems to me that he answers. Of course, not with words. But when he was here, we understood each other without words. If a feeling of peace comes into me, this is his answer. If I have nothing to ask, I have always something to tell."

In her passionate protectiveness toward the baby, she recalled the last evening she'd spent with her father. They'd gone to her uncle's house for dinner, and Papa thought he felt a draft in the room. "Go get your jacket, my child."

"I'm not cold, Papa."

"You know," he said slowly, "if something happened to make you ill or to hurt you, I think it would kill me."

Puzzled by his sudden gravity, she ran for the jacket, if only to please him. Now, years and miles away from that little scene, it took on new meaning.

So did his illness. Lying flat on her back for six weeks, she thought of his weary months in bed, of his patience with pain, of his gaiety when he felt even a little better. As a child, she'd ached for him. As a woman, she accepted the human heritage of sorrow. "Only now I know how you suffered, Papa. Only in going through such an experience, does one understand what other people feel. This at least I have learned, and I will not forget."

He called her Annarella and, from earliest childhood, she was conscious of the special bond between them. He'd take her along to football games—a high adventure for a four-year-old because of the color and the crowds, but chiefly because she'd sit next to Papa and yell when he yelled, never mind that she didn't know what the yelling was for.

Both were intense, high strung, perceptive, quick to feel and express emotion. They thought alike, responded alike to the same stimuli, shared a common devotion to animals. As Pier grew older, no day passed when a dog or two didn't follow her home from school. With ample justification, Mama decreed that sixty-five birds and a duck in the house were enough. The duck was a gift from her father and lived in Pier's room. The birds lived in a long case

home for his scrapbook. On this particular evening Barbara caught him doing so with a more-than-usually gloppy item she had clipped to read to him over their tamales. "Why?" she asked.

George turned serious for the first time that evening. "Because," he said, "I still don't believe it; I haven't from the beginning. Me, a movie star? Craziest thing I ever heard! That's why I keep the scrapbook, so when someone cuts the string on this beautiful balloon and it soars off out of sight, I can prove to myself that this incredible thing was. It really did happen."

Barbara smiled with the complete understanding of one who has felt exactly the same way—and also with complete disbelief that George's solid-as-a-rock career was about to disappear over the horizon. Then she giggled. "Anyhow," she said, "I like that last part where it says that you admit that you like girls. That's nice to know, George, it really is!"

George grinned back. "They had to pry it out of me with a crowbar," he said. "And don't go taking it personally. I love every blessed one of you." And, laughing, they could have been members of The Slightly Older Set of Anywhere At All. END

of crystal and gilt. Pier and Papa took care of them and adored them. Mama and Marisa enjoyed their beauty but regarded them as something of a cross, especially at moulting time.

Except for his strikingly deep blue eyes, Pier looked like her father. "Why didn't you give me your eyes?" she'd mourn.

"Take them. Whatever I have is yours."

Which was almost the literal truth. When Mama or Marisa wanted something—like a new dress—they'd make Pier their emissary. "To you, he'll say yes." She knew how to handle him, because he reacted as she did. A blunt request ruffled them both. Coaxing worked wonders. All you had to do was snuggle into his lap, curl his forelock over your finger, make a little fuss over the man and he became butter.

It was a sunny household, filled with music and laughter. Even when Father was ill, he wanted happiness around him, never long faces. An engineer-architect, he'd gone to Sardinia to build bridges and contracted malaria. Recurrent bouts sent him to bed for two months at a time. Every morning before school Pier would run out to get the paper for him. On her return, he'd have her ice-cream money ready. Every afternoon she'd put on a show in his room—sing, dance, mimic comedians, any crazy thing that came into her head to amuse him. When he was well, he'd always come home from the office at seven thirty. Turning the corner, he'd whistle their signal and she'd go flying down the stairs to greet him.

Sure of his sympathy, she took her problems to him. Mother was busy with the house and, if the truth were told, Pier felt she'd get a more indulgent hearing from Father, especially in the crisis she faced at fourteen. Pier was no scholar. Painting and music and poetry she loved. But Greek was black magic and algebra gave her a headache. Piteously she'd beg Marisa, head of the class, to let her copy. "What good will that do you?" demanded her practical sister. "You must learn it as I did."

After dinner one evening she got Father off by himself, snuggled into his lap, curled his forelock over her finger and staged her one-girl revolt. "I don't want to go to school any more."

"Why not?"

"Because I hate Latin and Greek and I don't need them."

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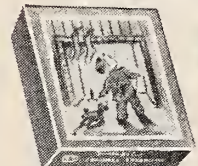
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Bloodthirsty in *Run for Cover*.



Bad man in *Bad Day at Black Rock*.



Brutal in *From Here to Eternity*.



Butcher in the poignant *Marty*.

■ Ernest Borgnine (pronounced nine as in fine) is one of those character actors whose face you remember and whose name you don't.

A big-boned hulk of a man (6 feet, 215 pounds) who's spent ten of his thirty-seven years in the Navy, Borgnine until recently was regarded as one of the top-notch villains in Hollywood.

In fact, Ernie was assigned to a total life of screen villainy until producer Harold Hecht last year decided to cast him as the fat, ugly Bronx butcher in *Marty*.

The rave reviews set Hollywood's casting directors to thinking. Why can't a fat, ugly man play a lover? Borgnine proves he can. "In *Marty* my mother's always after me to get a girl. I keep telling her, 'Mom, no girl will have me. I'm fat. I'm ugly.' Then I find a girl with the same problem. She's plain-looking and lonely, too. And we fall in love with love."

Borgnine who was born in Hamden, Conn., on January 24, 1918, started working as a truck driver after high school. Then he joined the Navy. "Where I grew up and met my wife." In 1945 Ernie left the Navy and entered dramatic school. Following a series of small character bits in Broadway plays, he was brought to Hollywood.

Today Ernie lives with his wife and three-year-old daughter Nancy, in the San Fernando Valley. He wonders from time to time whether his lover's role in *Marty* was a freak or a lucky omen.

"I just hope," he says modestly, "that the picture shows once and for all that an ugly man can be interesting and sympathetic. Remember Wallace Beery? Maybe it will turn out that way for me. Anyway, we're hoping."

"What do you need?" he asked patiently. "I'd like to go to art school and study to be an interior decorator."

"That's fine," he said, leaving her light-headed. Wiles and all, she'd expected a token argument even from Papa. But he believed that people, including daughters, should follow their bent and so he entered her at the best art school in town. There she found herself in her element, which delighted him, for he saw in her a potential collaborator. A year later he exploded his own bombshell. "How would you like to help me decorate La Bomboniera?" La Bomboniera was the new apartment house he'd designed, so beautiful that they named it after the crystal basket of bonbons given to guests at traditional Italian weddings. It featured an unbreakable glass floor, lighted from beneath, and a terrace with an angel fountain. Through the weeks that followed, Pier floated in pure bliss beside her father, picking fabrics and colors, glorying in his confidence, creating with him a thing of loveliness which remains one of the ornaments of Rome.

Thus, except that destiny willed it otherwise, they might have gone on working together. Destiny's first move was to send the twins and a French film director to the same art gallery on the same fateful afternoon. The stranger approached them. "I beg your pardon," he said, looking at Pier. "Are you by any chance an actress?" But well-bred Italian girls don't talk to unknown men, however courteous. From his billfold he extracted a card. "Will you give this to your mother and ask her to call me?" They took it and fled. At home they told Mama the story, knowing better than to breath a word of it to Papa.

Papa's modern attitude toward the right of self-expression excluded the theatre. Maybe Mother's career had something to do with it. At five, she'd gone on the stage. At twenty, she'd given it up to marry Luigi Pierangeli. But the fever persisted, and she nourished a hope that one of the girls might pick up where she'd left off. It was a dim hope. Neither girl seemed interested and her husband was firmly, even fiercely, opposed. For two years Pier and Marisa took ballet lessons. For two years Papa was miserable, fearful of where such beginnings might lead. Any attempt to discuss it bounced off a stone wall. "No and again no. The dust of the stage is very bad for young people."

Ballet classes led nowhere. The chance encounter in the art gallery led Pier and her mother to the director's office. He told them he was looking for a girl to play the lead in a film to be called *Tomorrow Is Too Late*. He thought Pier was a possibility. Along with other possibilities, she'd be required to go through a six months' training course, after which tests would be made and the winner chosen.

Pier remained cool to the whole idea at first. "I don't want to be an actress, Mama. I want to be an interior decorator."

"It's a great opportunity, Anna. Why not try? If it fails, you can always go back to school." Wisely, however, she didn't press the issue. Instead, she talked of the colorful world of her girlhood, of its magic and romance, of her own nostalgia for it.

Little by little it began to sound attractive. "But what will Papa say?"

"We mustn't tell Papa."

"Not tell him!"

"Listen to me, Anna. It will be hard to keep a secret from your father. Maybe harder for me than for you. But we both know he would stop everything, and your chance would be lost. If you want this chance, take it. If the test goes well, then will be the time to tell him. Not now."

So Pier took the chance, but with a

burden on her spirit. She loved the acting sessions and hated her secret. Where all had been clarity between herself and Papa, a barrier rose and of her own building. Mother consoled her. "Anna, I know your father. If you succeed, he will be pleased. I promise you."

With twenty-four others, Pier took the tests and won. Jubilant and relieved, she hugged her mother. "Now I can tell Papa."

"Now you must tell him," laughed Mama. "There are contracts to be signed."

They agreed she should break the news at dinner that night. When the time came, she couldn't. He was feeling so good, eating so peacefully, she hadn't the heart to ruin his mood or his meal. Ignoring her mother's pointed glances, another plan shaped itself in her mind. Hidden safely in her dresser lay three big photographs, made by the studio. One was for him, already inscribed, "To my father, because I love him so very much." She waited till coffee was served, then jumped to her feet. "Papa," she said, "I have a surprise for you," and ran to her room.

A few minutes later he was smiling softly at the pictured face and the inscription below. "Beautiful words from a beautiful girl. Thank you, Annarella." Then he looked up, perhaps sensing the tension around him, looked from Pier to her mother and back to Pier while the smile faded and the atmosphere chilled. Dawning suspicion crisped his voice. "Why did you have this picture taken?" he asked.

Her eyes widened. It couldn't be Father using such a voice to her. "Some—people took it," she stammered.

"What people?"
She had no choice, the story came tumbling out. Wistfully she watched for his face to relent, show some sign of forgiveness. In bleak silence, he heard her to the end, pushed his chair from the table, strode to the door, slammed it and left the house.

For three wretched days they didn't see him. Pier wept. Over the hurt she'd dealt him, over his anger, he who'd never been angry with her before, over her own disappointment. The studio phoned impatiently about the contracts. "Shall I tell them no?" asked the weebegone, would-be actress.

"I think," said Mama, "you should see your father first."

On the fourth day she went to his office. From the street she could see him at his drawing board by the open window. "Papa!" she called.

He stuck his head out. "Why aren't you in school?"

"I want to talk to you. May I come up?"

"Of course."

She started bravely enough. "I think you didn't act so nice to run away from us." He smiled at that, rather a sad smile which sent Pier into his arms, clinging and crying. "I'm sorry to make you unhappy, Papa. But I like this work, better even than art school, and you said always we should do the work we like. Maybe the dust of the stage is not bad for young people. If it is, I'll stop. But, please, can't we just try?"

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He smoothed the hair from her forehead. "You want this so much?"

"I want to see if I can."

"I understand. And now you must go, Annarella. I'll see you at home tonight."

Three subdued women waited at the dinner table. He didn't keep them waiting long. "Where are the papers?" Pier brought them. "Before I sign, there is one condition. That your mother will never leave you, even if only to go and get your hair washed. Never until you marry."

They gave their word. As he put his signature to the contract, Pier realized that he was making the sacrifice of his life.

Yet Mother proved a true prophet. "If you succeed, he will be pleased. I promise you." She succeeded beyond their wildest dreams. At the Venice Film Festival, Tomorrow took the Grand Prize, Pier the best-actress award, and Father became a man transformed. He made not the smallest effort to mask his elation. When magazines ran her picture, he'd buy fifty copies to hand out among friends. When they went walking together, he'd beam like the sun at everyone who recognized her. When people commented on their resemblance, he'd steer her to a mirror. "Look at us! Aren't we the handsome devils!" Reminded of his earlier disapproval, he'd counter with the Italian equivalent of so-what? In theory, he still disapproved. For Annarella, he didn't mind being inconsistent.

His joy, alas, was short-lived. Having seen Tomorrow, MGM asked her to make Teresa in New York. "Never," said Papa. "Never will I let you go away and leave me."

"But Mother will always be with me," she pleaded.

"I want my family together."

For a week he stuck to his guns, knowing all the while that the forces arrayed against him were too strong—his daughter's eagerness, his wife's feeling that they had no right to stand in her way, even his own pride that she should have been chosen. When he asked one morning, "If you go, for how long will it be?" the battle was over.

"Three months," said Pier.

"Very well. We will take three lawyers. To make sure that nothing is written in this contract to keep you longer in America than three months."

When the day of departure came, both Pier and her mother would gladly have consigned her contract to the bottom of the sea. Father was sick again. Too sick to see them off. Recurrent attacks of malaria had affected his kidneys and—temporarily—the sight of one eye. Grandmother had come to look after him and Marisa. Heavy of heart, Pier went in to say goodbye.

His hand welcomed her. "I can see only half. When shall I see you again?"

"It won't be long, Paparino. I'll write to you every day. And I'll—" The rest froze on her lips, for suddenly Papa was crying like a baby. It was the first time she'd ever seen a man cry. And of all men her father, the strong, the happy one! Her head spun, her knees threatened to crumple. But in that moment Pier grew up a little. Controlling her own anguish, she cradled his head in her arms. The child who'd always gone running to Papa for comfort became the comforter.

She wrote to him every day. She talked to him on the phone. As his health improved, her spirits lifted. MGM's brass watched the rushes on Teresa, and offered her a five-year contract, which she turned down.

The three months passed and the great plane crossed the ocean to Italy. As they circled low over the airport, she caught sight of a gray-clad figure struggling with guards who tried to keep him from dashing through forbidden gates. He paid them

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*This is the story of a
dream-come-true, for three
little girls in a row.*



VIVIAN, MY DOLL by Gene Tierney

■ Once upon a time there was a little girl who loved her dolls passionately. She had a great many dolls, some Santa Claus had brought, some her aunts had brought from Paris when they made the Grand Tour, but there was one doll she had seen in the window of a Children's Apparel Store. This was a great big doll, as big as she was, with brown eyes and golden curls.

No one ever gave her the one doll that she craved so much. She grew up and had a little girl of her own, but she never forgot the big doll.

So one day she went into town, found out where a big doll like that could be bought. You couldn't buy it in a toy department because it really wasn't a toy doll. She was much too big for little girls to carry around. The mother finally bought the big doll and went to all the different departments for size four clothes. When the doll was fully outfitted, from a short distance you would think she was another little girl. On Christmas morning the daughter woke to find the big doll, who was just her size, seated in a high chair.

She thought this was the most beautiful doll in the world and should have the fanciest name, so she called her Vivian. She played with her doll until she was quite a big girl. Even when she outgrew dolls Vivian stayed in her room in the high chair. When it was time for the little girl to go away to school, Vivian was taken to the attic and gently laid on a cushion in a closet. All through her grown-up years, each time she came home from school she would go up to the attic and gently and tenderly take Vivian out and look at her and then carefully put her back on the cushion. Finally she went to Hollywood and became a movie star. But when she made trips to her mother's home, she would always go to the attic to see Vivian.

The years rolled on and the girl was married and had a little girl of her own. Although Vivian never had been broken, her joints became loose and her golden curls were tangled. So off to the doll hospital she went.

Just before the fifth birthday of the little girl who was now to be Vivian's new mother, she came home looking like Cinderella dressed for the ball.

On Christmas morning Vivian was not seated in a high chair any more, but on a lovely French chair that was the same shade of pink as her beautiful ball gown. The new little mother was overjoyed with her beautiful new doll and all the neighborhood children were invited to come in and see her.

Of course, the new little mother knows that Vivian was once her mother's doll and that her mother took such good care of the doll that she lasted all these years. So she is taking the same care of Vivian, and I'm sure some day



no mind. Foiled here, he darted elsewhere, the guards ever at his elbows. "Look, Mother, look!" she squealed in delight, because it was really funny to see Papa, so courteous as a rule, fighting down there with policemen. When the plane landed, she was first at the door. "Annarella, Annarella!" he called and came running through the crowd to meet her, to hold her so tight she could hardly breathe.

"Let me look at you, Father. Father, you look so well. How do you feel?"

"Now that you and Mother are back, like a king," he said.

They had fifteen perfect days, with Pier chattering her head off. Father couldn't hear enough—about the strange and wonderful city of New York, about Teresa and how she'd learned her lines like a parakeet but now she could speak a little American. One thing she didn't tell him, lest it make him uneasy—about MGM's offer. Even as it was, he'd break off in the midst of laughter now and then. "If this film is successful—you didn't promise to go back?"

"Of course not, Papa. I'm going to start a picture right here in Rome."

Except for the little moment with the jacket, he was his buoyant self at her uncle's that night, pulling his handsome-devil's line at the mirror, egging her on to talk American, infecting them all with his own high spirits. But after dinner he turned quiet. Pier noticed that he kept rubbing his temple. "Is something wrong, Papa?"

"I have a headache. I don't understand why I should have such a headache."

"Let's go home, you're tired."

By the time they reached home, he looked haggard. The doctor came. All through the night Mother and Marisa went quietly in and out. Pier stayed. Father slept a little, then woke and smiled to see her sitting beside him. "Annarella."

"Yes, Papa."

"You know the drawer in my desk which is always locked? Take the key from my chain and open it. There is something inside. I want you to see it now."

Inside lay a large scrapbook. She turned the pages. Her blurred vision showed her that every picture of Anna Pierangeli, actress, every magazine story, every newspaper item had been carefully pasted up. To the cover a note was clipped. It read: "For my Annarella—from the proudest father in the world."

Trusting herself to say no more than "Thank you, Papa," she moved back to her chair.

Just before dawn he drew from his little finger the ring he always wore. "Where is your hand?" She gave it to him. He dropped the ring into her palm. In the morning he died.

He was forty-three, too young, too good, too well-beloved for dying. But God's will be done.

There is a land of the living and a land of the dead and the bridge is love. While Pier lives, her father lives, sharing joy and grief. At the end of six weeks in the Palm Springs Hospital, it was joy. "Now we can say it's for sure," the doctor told her. "Your baby's right there. And he has blue eyes."

Headless of the fact that all babies are born with blue eyes, Pier pounced on this pearl of information. An extra dividend. "Like my father's eyes. He didn't give them to me, so he'll give them to the grandchild."

From the desert she went home to her mother's house in an ambulance. Two more weeks in bed, three on crutches—since then she's been navigating under her own steam, taking only the precautions of any sensible mother-to-be.

The baby's due in July, the nurse is engaged, the nursery's decked in off-white French furniture. Pier's knitting little

sweaters. So are both grandmothers. She laughs at the folly of all three. "This baby will have sweaters that he'll never wear. But who can have a baby without knitting?"

They say *he* because it comes more naturally than *she* and it would be downright insulting. But the gender doesn't matter. Pier wanted a boy at first and Vic a girl. All they want now is a baby. Her biggest thrill was his first kick, which came right on schedule. The first indication of life is always a thrill. Under the circumstances, it was more so. Lying perfectly still, Pier felt herself soaring skyward, shouting hosannas. She's used to it now, though none the less charmed. "He is giving me so much trouble, this little thing. At night he is going all the time. It's the most beautiful trouble I ever had—"

Her next biggest thrill was the house. Obviously they had to give up the honeymoon place on the hill with its hundreds of steps. Just as obviously, Baby needed a home. When Vic's tour was over, they began looking. Rather, real estate agents looked, since Pier couldn't drive and Vic was preparing for *Kismet* at MGM. It took three months and involved a disappointment. Contrary to the general impression, movie stars—at least the more solid among them—live on a budget. Bigger maybe than yours or mine, but still a budget. They fell madly in love with a Colonial house. "Uh-uh," said their business manager. "Too much money." With an effort they swallowed their hopes, and said goodbye house. One day the agent drove them to Bel-Air. He stopped in front of a two-story dwelling. At sight of its graceful Colonial columns, Pier grabbed Vic's arm. "This is it."

Turned out she was right. Once the deal was clinched, they drove up alone. Midway, Vic pulled over to the side. "Why?" asked his wife.

"To count our blessings. God has been so

good to us, I'm married to the loveliest girl in the world and now we're going together to see our house."

"About the girl, it's nonsense, but thank you very much. That God has been good to us," said Pier reverently, "we can say that twice."

They expect to move in well before the baby's born. Meantime they live comfortably in a big bedroom at her mother's, with their private tv set and telephone number. They make small expeditions, to Chinatown, for example, and throw nickels into the wishing well, with no need to tell each other what they're wishing. When Vic wins ten dollars at golf, he buys her a present for exactly the same ten dollars, no more, no less. Last time it was a maternity shirt. They go to movies, where Vic reminds her of Papa. "In the theatre, if a man would sit next to me or Marisa or Mother, Papa would always change seats. Vic does it, too. Like Papa, he is jealous in little things, as with any man who loves. And in other ways he is also like Papa. So gentle, so understanding."

He understands the mixed feelings that sometimes bother her. "I love my acting but I want to be with my baby."

"It's for you to decide. However you decide will be good with me."

"Many actresses have babies and work. They feel all right. Only I don't know how the babies feel."

"Let's ask them." Then he turns serious. "Today's happiness is enough, Anna. When tomorrow comes, we'll find the best way."

Every night he comes home with two red roses. "One for you, one for little Darnone." Every night she thanks God for the miracle that saved their baby. Every night she talks to her father. "I hope he'll be a healthy baby. I hope he'll be like Vic. You know, Papa, Vic's such a wonderful boy."

And the feeling of peace comes into her. As if Father were saying, "Yes, I know, Annarella."

END

suzan ball and dick long

(Continued from page 53) It was Dick who stood beside her when the doctor came to shatter those first high hopes. Further tests had shown malignancy. "You have no choice, it's your leg or your life," he said, and left them alone with the truth. "Do you want to talk about it?" asked Dick. "No," said Suzan, and all through the long dark night they played gin rummy.

At every crisis he'd been there, and she'd taken comfort from him. Once the operation was done with, she fell back on her own strength, her own sense of justice. She gave him his freedom—which he returned with thanks. He might have quoted Shakespeare—"Love is not love, which alters when it alteration finds..." Instead, he spoke bluntly to convince her that he'd given his heart to a girl, not to her leg—a girl whom he cherished for her pluck and sanity, and her faith in life, for her rejection of any trace of self pity.

Three months later she walked down the church aisle—an all but incredible feat after only six days of practice on an artificial leg. Her doctor said: "Better not." Her friends pleaded, her studio prepared a pair of satin-wrapped crutches. Dick alone said: "It's up to Suzan." And as she came pacing toward him on her father's arm, his eyes misted and his heart grew big with pride. For though they'd never discussed it, he understood her great need to walk that day. It was her gift to him, who'd never seen her walk. It was her way of saying, "I am whole."

Emotionally, they're both whole. Over a year has gone since their wedding day: Suzan's limp still shows. It takes a long time to learn the proper use of an artificial leg. Suzan and Dick treat it as casually as you'd treat a cold. You take walking lessons and make no more ado

Rocky Graziano came into Shor's, where a fight fan mistook him for his old friend and contemporary, Jake LaMotta. "How could you think I wuz LaMotta?" Graziano protested, sadly. "Even if my face wuz run over by a train, I'd still look better'n LaMotta."

*Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post*

about it. They team with plans for the future—tv, records, the stage, a home of their own, a trip abroad—later on, children. Together they prepared a night-club act, which they've played in Tucson, Palm Springs, Buffalo. At home they fix breakfast together, market together and, while Suzan's not up to golf yet, she walks around the course watching her husband's game. On her twenty-first birthday last February, he threw a coming-of-age party—darkened the living room except for one corner where the birthday cake blazed, hid presents all over. This was their private celebration. Later, some friends came in for champagne. One offered a toast: "To Romeo and Juliet—with a happy ending."

Fate dealt them what might have been a knockout blow. But love sent fate down for the count of ten.

END

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simply love
adopting children!*



They found Marion—who may be the Rogers' sixth!

■ It isn't official, because fourteen-year-old Marion Fleming is a British subject and as such can't be adopted by aliens, but it looks very much as though Roy and Dale Rogers have themselves a sixth buckaroo. Two years ago Mr. and Mrs. Rogers took Sandy and Dodie into their hearts and home, and last July Marion joined the Rogers clan.

It happened like this. In February, 1954, Roy and Dale went overseas to tour the British Isles and opened their show in Glasgow. The Chief Constable of Glasgow offered to act as their unofficial guide, and in this capacity he steered the Rogers to all the orphanages and children's hospitals. Roy and Dale make it a point to visit the children who can't come to their show.

At the Dunforth Home for Children, Dale and Roy were treated to the youngsters' own show. Each of them recited or sang. Marion stood up and sang a plaintive little ditty called, "Who Will Buy My Pretty Flowers?" Both Roy and Dale are susceptible to all children but occasionally, as with Dodie and Sandy, they fall in love with them at first sight. It happened again with Marion, and they were even more interested when they learned her story. The oldest child at the orphanage, she was always by-passed when couples came searching for little children.

Immediately Roy and Dale wanted to adopt Marion, but as aliens residing in an alien country, such a thing was impossible under British law. They asked the Chief Constable to see if he could arrange to have Marion visit them in California. Then they went on with their tour.

It was summer before the big-hearted Scot could arrange the visit, and in July Marion arrived at the Rogers ranch for a month's stay. The Chief Constable then wangled permission for her to stay through the Christmas season, to return to the orphanage early in 1955. That was great news for Marion, who had learned to love not only Dale and Roy, but the other five Rogers youngsters as well. Then in October came the best news of all. Again the Chief Constable had been at work, and the latest development, still standing, is that Marion may stay in America until she finishes school, at which time she may make her own decision as to whether or not she wants to remain with the Rogers family.

The girl once more has a loving family around her, she lives in a fine home and attends an excellent school. In Hollywood, nobody is betting that Marion will want to return to Scotland.

carol lee and dick anderson

(Continued from page 55) them deepened. On the way down from Arrowhead, Dick told her he loved her. Her heart sang but all she could manage was a tremulous smile. Back home, Sue came to her room as usual. "Did you have a good time?" Carol Lee's face lifted like April flowers in the rain. "What's the matter, honey? Are you in love?"

That was Sunday. On Tuesday she dined with Dick and his family. Later, they went for a drive. At a quiet spot, Dick pulled off the road and asked her to marry him. Carol Lee is poised, reserved, not given to impulse. But she said "yes" with no hesitation at all, thinking how strange, how quick. Did she think back to the girl who'd wanted insurance, wonder how you could feel so strongly about someone you'd known so short a time?

Alan insisted that they wait six months to make sure and, while six months seemed

Jack Benny stayed at the Waldorf last week. Benny is notorious for his poor memory for names. "I saw a fellow in the elevator, coming down from the Towers but I can't remember his name," said Benny. "He wore dark glasses and had a corn-cob pipe. When he stepped out, he told the doorman, 'I shall return.' He must be a nice fellow, this man whose name I can't remember—because when he, with the dark glasses and corn-cob pipe said to the doorman, 'I shall return,' the doorman answered, 'Okay, Mac.'"

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post

forever, she could see his point. After an eternity came the wedding night with its fairy-tale setting—the back garden enclosed in transparent Lucite, the candle-lit altar and aisle banked with white flowers, the satin bridge spanning the pool. Wrapped in bridal mist though she was, some memories stand out sharply for Carol Lee. Her dad in tails, unworn since 1947, when he met the Queen. (Two minutes after the ceremony he changed to a dark blue suit.) Laddie, leading her mother down the aisle, a sight that made her choke up. Lonnie, pale after a siege of chicken pox, but the proudest maid of honor who ever served. David, with his satin cushion, looking gravely up at the minister. What a dear life she was leaving. Then Dick's face as she placed her hand in his and repeated her vows.

She is slim, fair and lovely. He is tall, dark and handsome. Theirs is a storybook romance. But it's more than that, for Carol Lee knows the score. She is glad Dick is an actor, but not for glamour's sake. She belongs to Hollywood's second generation. A child of the industry, she grew up in the atmosphere that surrounds stardom and kept her balance, alive to its rewards and equally alive to its pitfalls, as no outsider could be. Because she's at home in the world he's chosen, because she understands its people and why they make their mistakes and how they tick, she feels she'll make Dick a better wife than if she'd been a secretary. Before their engagement, she'd never seen him in a picture, so MGM ran all his tests for her. Like Cary Grant, who discovered him, she's sure he'll make his mark and she has tossed her own career overboard to devote herself to him. But Carol Lee is wise enough to know that being a man's helpmate is all the glory any true woman needs.

END

inside story (Continued from page 2)

Shrike with José Ferrer? —E.P., LAMAR, KY.

A. \$125,000.

Q. Was Marlon Brando ever an unsuccessful real estate agent in Santa Ana, California? —S.L., SAN DIEGO, CAL.

A. It was his father, Marlon Brando, Sr.

Q. Is it true that Robert Taylor cannot understand his stepchildren because they both speak German? —O.H., RACINE, WIS.

A. Taylor's stepdaughter Manuela speaks English competently; his stepson Michael is learning English rapidly.

Q. Was Susan Hayward's suicide attempt caused by an unhappy love affair with any man other than Jess Barker. If so, name him. —G.K., BROOKLYN, N.Y.

A. No other man was involved.

Q. Are Jeff Hunter and Dana Wynter really blazing? —F.S., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. They are extremely fond of each other.

Q. What is the status of the Rock Hudson-Barbara Rush friendship? —R.T., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

A. Still friends.

Q. How much does it cost Mickey Rooney in alimony, child support and unsuccessful marriages? H.H., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A. Approximately \$1,500 a month.

I wish I had married at 19

(Continued from page 51) the room was filled with a melody so beautiful, so laden with romantic implication, that everyone turned their faces toward him in query, and it was clear they had never heard it before.

"An Italian song called 'Luna Rosso,'" said Rock. "I think it means 'blushing moon.'" And then, in an unexpected return to their conversation, he added abruptly, "I wish I had married at nineteen!"

It was at that moment that Rock had remembered Franceska. He had heard "Luna Rosso" for the first time, coming across the waters of the Bay of Naples in such a perfect intermingling of song and scene that you felt someone must be back of a curtain somewhere staging it all. And when he first saw Franceska the next morning, the music was still stealing through his head.

Their dialogue on love began almost immediately. When Franceska asked him point blank why he wasn't married Rock heard her out in the case for an early marriage. Then asked, "Where does companionship fit into all this, Franceska?"

No one who knows Rock would have considered this question strange. Rock, to whom friends are as important as the air he breathes, has always made it plain that he wants friendship to be a part of the quality of love he hopes to find some day.

Nor did Franceska seem to consider the question out of place. She fell right in with his thinking, perhaps, as women can, divining what motivated it.

"Companionship is something wonder-

ful that a husband and wife can build, not only around themselves," she said, "but in a stronger way around their children and themselves if they are all not too far apart in ages."

That talk with Franceska was one reason why Rock had burst out in his dressing room with his statement about wishing he had married at nineteen. But it wasn't the reason he gave his luncheon guests. Instead, he told them about a friend of his, a fellow who works as a grip at the studio.

"He married at eighteen, right after high school," Rock said, "and at thirty-six he and his wife have two grown young people as companions, their daughter and son; one seventeen, the other almost sixteen."

"Does that really interest you as a family plan for a happy life, Rock?" asked one of the other guests. "I just hadn't thought you felt that way."

"It does and it did," Rock answered simply. "I'm thinking of marriage now. But if I could have met someone when I was nineteen or twenty, and maybe I would have if I hadn't gone into the service, I certainly would have married then. Look how rich I'd be today, and ten years from today!"

"Rich?" someone put to him in a puzzled tone.

"Sure," Rock replied. "I'd have a ten-year-old boy or girl. In ten more years when I am forty I'd have twenty-year-olds. Why, that's like owning great big extra shares of life as far as I am concerned!"

They all knew, because Rock has admitted it, that his loneliness as a boy, when his parents divorced and his mother was away most of the day working, is probably the main reason he craves a happy home life. The one place now where he cannot spend Christmas morning is in his own house, alone. Invariably he will make a date to spend it with friends who have children.

Last Christmas he was at the home of a young couple who have three youngsters and he went without smoking most of the day because the gift wrapping strewn all over the floor made the place a fire hazard. He had a great time.

"If you had a family of five would that enhance your life?" someone had asked him later.

"You bet," Rock replied. "If joy came to any of the other four in my family it would come also to me. If grief came I would also suffer. You see you have increased the intensity of your living by the power of four! You can be happier four times oftener, and sadder four times oftener. Which is also like saying you have four times less chance of being bored or disinterested in life."

Because Rock, like most big, easy-going men, has a deep streak of sentimentality to him, he likes to make gifts to his friends, and when these happen to be feminine friends and the story of the gifts get around, they are often wrongly construed as having romantic implications.

Maybe he loves Betty Abbott, who has been the script girl on some of his pictures, and maybe he doesn't. You could never tell from what either of them has said. Maybe it's Phyllis Gates, newly promoted to be an assistant to his agent Henry Willson, who has won his heart. Phyllis can't be pinned down and Rock won't even come close to you if he thinks you are going to poke around in his life with any questions of that sort. Most of the talk has started because he gave them gifts. And he just naturally enjoys giving his friends gifts.

For instance, there was a great flurry of expectation that an engagement would be announced because he gave Phyllis a solid gold necklace. The truth was that it was



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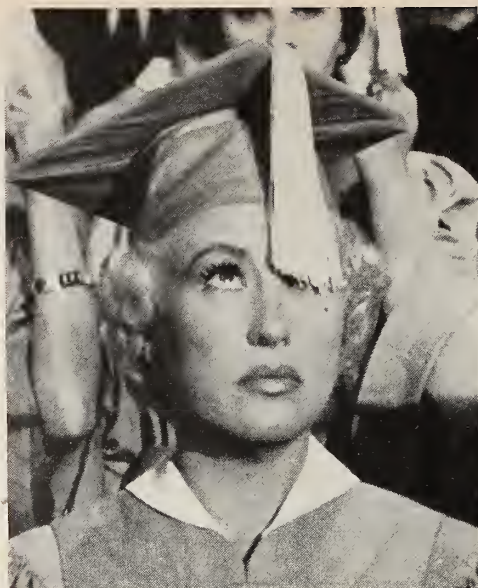
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the return of the GRABLE

*Kill the fatted
calf — Betty has
come home!*



Betty returned to 20th-Fox to play in *How To Be Very, Very Popular*, co-starring Sheree North.

■ "This year," Betty Grable said, "Harry and I will celebrate our wedding anniversary together. It's only the second time in twelve years of marriage—always before there have been career commitments."

There are other celebrations, too, such as her temporary return to 20th Century-Fox as the star of *How To Be Very, Very Popular*. The policeman at the studio gate salaamed when Betty's milk-colored convertible drove in for the first time in two years. But once on the sound stage, it seemed as if she'd never been away. There was Director Nunnally Johnson's basket of red roses waiting for her, Sheree North's telegram: "It's wonderful to be working with you. It's wonderful to be working—period," and all of Betty's regular gang, including hairdresser Marie Brasselle and prop man Fred Simpson who hadn't missed working on a Grable picture in the twelve years Betty had been at 20th. Also present was her special all-mirrored portable dressing room, which had been transferred to Marilyn Monroe, but was promptly returned.

Of course, there were some changes, too: Betty's boosted salary of \$150,000 for just five weeks' work; her figure: two inches slimmer around the waist and hips; her streamlined film wardrobe: one beaded costume and a coat.

Betty's first scene was her most difficult. It called for her to run down a rain-soaked street. "I was awake the night before," she confided, "partly with opening-day nerves, but mostly worrying about that chase. I was still wearing the steel brace on my back and the elastic band around my foot where I had fallen in a freak home accident. I could just imagine running on the wet pavement in high heels and breaking a leg."

For the first take Betty raced down the street as if Joe Friday himself were hot on her heels.

"We'll have to do it again," called Johnson.

"Didn't I run fast enough?" Betty puffed.

"You were great, but there was too much rain. Turn the sprinklers down."

Betty did it in the second take, which caused a crew member to grin, "Grable can do anything." But he was wrong. At noon, she couldn't force herself to go to the commissary. Betty had always reserved the big table in the center of the room where she, Dan Dailey, choreographer Jack Cole and Angie Blue were wont to sit. "The same gang wasn't there," Betty explained, "and I just couldn't go in and sit by myself at some wall table." There were too many memories. It was at this table that Dan Dailey found out via a custard pie in the face that Grable is a prankster. It was at this table that Betty's daughter Jessie lost a baby tooth, and where her older daughter Victoria's reddish-blond hair caused a visitor to ask, "Where did she get that color?" Betty turned to Harry James, who was lunching with them, pointed to his new raven-toned lip-duster and quipped, "From her father's moustache."

Such memories were too much for her, so she simply sent a note to the commissary explaining her absence. When her lunch was delivered, there was an answering note on the tray. It said: "Grable's back, and we're glad!"

By Reba and Bonnie Churchill

more than just a solid gold necklace. There was also a ring. And what's more, they were set with beautiful opals! Yet how much did they mean when the purchasing of them was a matter of impulse, and the giving an old, old story for Rock and his friends?

It amounts to little more than that. When he was in Ireland working on *Captain Lightfoot* a Dublin actor who had to have ready cash to finance a personal project decided to sell some family heirlooms. Rock went partners with one of the technicians of the company, Edie House, and they bought the lot. Having bought the jewelry, Rock immediately sought to distribute it.

Talk once was stirred up connecting Rock with one of the actresses in his studio because it was reported that he was very attentive to her during a personal appearance tour. But this was no reason as far as those who know Rock are concerned. They are aware that he is always attentive to people in his party; he enjoys being attentive. It is another way in which he demonstrates his friendship.

Once he made a six-city tour with three women from the studio, two of them actresses and one a member of the publicity department. All three came back to report that it was as if each of them had had an individual escort for the whole trip, even though Rock was the only man along!

"He just naturally sensed that we might be a little uneasy, a little frightened, traveling through strange territory and he sought to be protective," the publicity girl said. "And you would get such a sense of security flowing out of him to you that you didn't mind going anywhere with him."

Yet, it is true that Rock wants to get married, and now. He has admitted it often this year. And he has even classified the kind of girl he wants to marry.

"I'd like her to be an independent kind of girl," he said at the farewell luncheon in his dressing room. "I mean, I want her to have a life for herself, as well as the life she will lead in wifehood. In that way I am sure there would be so much more chance of both of us keeping our interest in each other."

"You're sure now?" Rock was asked, and a quick laugh escaped him.

"Well, of course you can't put out a blueprint of the sort of girl you want," he said. "She might set up strict specifications for the husband she expects and then where would I be? But mainly I would like her to have a strong interest in life besides the normal interest in her marriage. To have a hobby or profession, to have some kind of work she likes to do, to be a person who is developing herself as she grows, and hasn't called a halt to her mental growth because she has become a wife, promises a healthy future for a marriage, I think."

Oddly enough, this isn't what Rock was told by beautiful and brilliant Franceska, whose general ideas on marriage he thinks so good.

"Is it true," he reports having asked her once, "that Italian wives put their husbands on a pedestal?"

"Yes," she smiled back. "Isn't it appealing?"

"No," he laughed back. "It could get lonely up there."

"No, you are thinking of being on a pedestal in America," she told him earnestly. "There, to keep on the pedestal, the husband thinks he must get his wife the new car, the best apartment, the fur coat, always something more. Not in Italy. Life is so much simpler. Marriage is so much simpler."

"The Italian girl is never dominant, like the American girl. It is a wrong role for

a woman because she can win the fight maybe, the fight to control her husband, but that kind of winning is exactly what makes a woman unhappy. Here we are happier with less, and maybe we get more. No problems. A dinner, a glass of wine, a place to sleep. This is mostly all a wife asks here. If she asks for more, then she has him less while he goes out to get this more! And so, she finishes up with more this, more that, but less husband!"

"You Italian women are different," Rock had told her, and she'd wanted to know if he thought Italian women were attractive.

"The most beautiful women I have ever seen, and also the most ugly," Rock says he told her. Whereupon Franceska built upon his words in a way he doesn't think he'll ever forget.

"She asked me," he says, "if it would not be interesting if a man loved an ugly woman so much that to him she appeared beautiful! 'Wouldn't that be a great love?' she wanted to know!"

So, this is Rock Hudson, and this is the way he feels about his life and the question of his marriage. And it might as well be said here that he is going back to Italy, and he will see Franceska. But he doesn't think he will marry Franceska. He doesn't think he will have a chance.

"She wasn't kidding about marrying young," he says. "She had her pedestal all ready and I am sure she has a boy she loves perched up there by now." **END**

Rock can soon be seen in U-I's *All That Heaven Allows*, co-starring Jane Wyman.

someone to watch over me

(Continued from page 49) most holy relationship that any man and woman can ever have. It represents the greatest love affair that ever happened. The words of a marriage ceremony, they're not just words. They're a benediction from God. As a married woman I know what it is to have a husband tempted. To me death, yes death, is preferable to breaking up a home."

But marriages dissolve. Husbands and wives get on each other's nerves. Happiness one year turns into bitterness the next. It happened that way with Al and Lillian Steele.

As for Joan during the 1950 to 1954 period, she threw herself into work. "I was unutterably lonely," she honestly confesses. "I was unfulfilled. Stories that I've always had scores of men waiting around to date me, they're not true. I can't tell you how many nights after I put the children to bed I've stayed up alone, all alone. I am a woman with a woman's need, a husband."

Because she possesses tremendous energy, Joan at one time supervised the rearing of her four adopted children with unusual discipline.

Once after Christopher had run away from home and returned for the third time, she was asked, "Joan, aren't you being too tough on the kids?"

"You don't understand," she said. "They need the security of discipline. I'm mother and father both. I have a very great responsibility to those children. I love them so much it hurts. I know they need a father. They know they need a father. But we can't let one of us selfishly destroy the serenity of our household."

On another occasion, Christina, fifteen, unexpectedly came home from the Chatsworth School one week end. Joan wasn't prepared for the arrival of her oldest daughter. They had a heart-to-heart conversation, and a few weeks later Christina was enrolled in the Sacred Heart Academy, a Catholic school, which she currently attends.

Running a screen career, managing one of the largest and most magnificent homes in Brentwood—it's equipped with swimming pool, bathing house and special motion-picture theatre—looking after four growing children and supervising her many business interests—that's quite a load for any woman to carry. And until she became Mrs. Alfred Steele, let's not forget that Joan Crawford handled that load alone.

Sure, she made mistakes. Sure, she feuded with other actors and actresses. Sure, she needlessly criticized Marilyn Monroe. But as a former secretary of hers points out, "Joan has always had to do her own fighting. The movie game is rough,

very rough. There's back-stabbing and infighting and politics. An actress has got to battle for every close-up, for every good scene. Joan's whole life has been a battle. Professionally she's hard, because in Hollywood the soft-hearted usually finish last.

"Besides, and this is very important, Joan for the past ten years has been the support of her whole family as well as a dozen other people. Suppose she got ill, suppose the children got ill, where would the money come from? She had no man to fall back on, no husband to support her, no one to go to for financial help. Criticize her for being aggressive, but she had to be. She learned very early that in show business the meek don't inherit a damn thing—they starve."

But aggressive or not, Joan has always been willing to admit her mistakes. In doing so, she has profited from them. For example, she accepts total blame for the failure of her three previous marriages.

"With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.," she confessed, "I didn't know the score. I was over-emotional. With Franchot Tone I suffered from a very bad inferiority complex. With Phil Terry, I married not so much for love as to escape loneliness."

When it came to Al Steele, therefore—the Joan Crawford of 1955 was a wise, experienced and prudent woman. She told no one, and hundreds of newspapermen are her good friends—that Steele had filed for a divorce in Acapulco, Mexico, earlier this year. She told no one that after the filing, Steele was taking off for Europe with her close pal, Ben Goffstein of Las Vegas.

Instead, she kept her silence. This time she would not force the play. She had seen Steele quietly and intermittently. If after he returned from Europe he wanted to propose, she would accept immediately. But for the time being she would hold her love in check. Also her tongue. And for Joan this is difficult, because when she's in love she wants to shout it from the roof tops. And she was ecstatically and tempestuously in love with Al for many, many months.

While her husband-to-be was traveling in Europe, visiting one Pepsi-Cola installation after another, Joan was devoting her time to pictures, children and prayer. She was hoping that Al would come back with enough desire in his heart for marriage.

Steele returned in March. But only after he picked up his divorce, did he begin to court Joan ardently. The gossip columnists missed the entire play. They were way off base. They kept jotting down items linking Joan with Milt Rackmil while all the time she was seeing or phoning Steele.

Early in May, Steele told Joan that he wanted very much to marry her. Tears came into Crawford's eyes. "Thank you, darling," she said. "Whenever and wherever you say," Joan went to work at Colum-

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does LINDA get what LINDA wants?

■ Less than one week after she slithered into a court room and won a million-dollar divorce settlement from Tyrone Power, Linda Christian tearfully admitted, "If Ty asked me to come back to him tomorrow, I certainly would."

But ever since 1952 Ty has tried his level best to get away from this wild, carefree, hedonistic girl he married so impetuously in Rome six years ago.

Ty has wanted "out" of this marriage so desperately that he gave Linda:

1. Custody of their two children for ten months a year.
2. The Power home in Cuernavaca, Mexico.
3. Fifty per cent of their \$150,000 home in the Pacific Palisades.
4. Thirty-six per cent of his profits from *Mississippi Gambler*.
5. Forty per cent of his profits from *The Long Gray Line*.
6. A percentage of his earnings for the next eleven years unless Linda remarries. For the first two years the minimum is to be \$15,000 a year, the maximum \$50,000 a year.
7. From 1956 to 1965, Linda is to receive a maximum of \$43,000 a year.

How was Linda Christian Power able to drive so hard a bargain in the divorce settlement? She made no mention of Ty's friendship with Anita Ekberg. And he said nothing of her conduct with actor Edmund Purdom.

What did it for her was a letter Ty sent her a few years ago.

According to Linda she and her handsome husband were vacationing in Nassau during the Christmas of 1952. Ty pleaded for his freedom.

"But I'm expecting another baby," Linda cried. "Doesn't that make any difference to you?"

"Let me think about it some," Ty said. Whereupon Linda went home to her mother in Mexico City.

A few days later Ty phoned, "Did you get my letter?"

"What letter?" Linda asked. A few days later it arrived.

"My dearest," it said, "I'm sorry I behaved like I did in Nassau. It seems we cannot help hurting each other, which is why I want my freedom. It seems we get further and further apart.

"You have often said I give you everything except the most important thing of all—understanding. I'm desperately sorry for my thoughtlessness."

This short letter from Ty to Linda may yet turn out to be the most expensive ever written by a freedom-hungry husband. It cost Ty Power a million bucks. But Linda is ready to renounce it all if Ty will take her back.

The whole history of Linda Christian reveals that she usually gets what she wants, particularly in the man department. Whether she'll snare Ty a second time remains to be seen. His friends say she doesn't stand a chance. But that's exactly what they said when, as Blanca Rosa Welter, this fascinating creature first hit Hollywood eight years ago and stole Power from right under the pretty nose of Lana Turner.

Men who know sirens best say, "Never sell Linda Christian short."

bia, making *The Queen Bee*, knowing full well that once the picture was over, she was facing the greatest trial and experience of her life.

Is it any wonder, therefore, that she was unusually nervous during the production of *Bee*? Her colleagues couldn't understand it. The closer she came to finishing the film, the more nervous she grew. She kept blowing her lines in scene after scene, something she hasn't done for twenty years.

"I don't know what's the matter with me," she kept saying.

The matter was marriage. She and Al had tentatively decided to get married in New York or New Jersey on May 23 and to leave for a European honeymoon on May 26. In fact the boat reservations had already been made. And secret of secrets, Joan was in the process of buying her all-white trousseau. Moreover, Joan had decided that following the marriage she would either sell or rent her Brentwood mansion and move to New York.

No wonder the girl was nervous. No wonder she was blowing lines all over the place. She had plenty on her mind. So, too, had Steele.

On Monday, May 9, he decided that there was no point in waiting another two weeks. "Why don't we hop over to Vegas tonight?" he whispered into Joan's ear as they were dining at Romanoff's.

"Fine with me," Joan said.

Steele grinned from ear to ear. "I'll make the arrangements."

He called Benny Goffstein in Las Vegas and told him to "get ready for a little marriage."

Goffstein who used to work for the Flamingo Hotel in Vegas, was overjoyed. He phoned Municipal Judge John Mendoza, rang up Abe Schiller, the Flamingo's publicity man, told him to keep the penthouse available, and then raced out to the airport to await the arrival of the wedding party.

They landed in Steele's private plane and were driven to the Flamingo. Neither Joan nor the groom was at all nervous during the ceremony. It was the fourth marriage for Joan, and the third for Steele. But the Pepsi-Cola executive had forgotten to purchase a wedding ring. It was too late—2 A.M.—to buy one—so they used Dorothy Goffstein's wedding band. Next day the newspapers said that "Ben Goffstein, realizing that something was imminent, just happened to have the ring—a platinum band with six diamonds—on hand."

What they didn't tell was that Ben leaned over to his wife when the ceremony began and said, "Honey, slip your wedding ring off and let me have it."

After the ceremony was over, Joan and Al kissed. Joan said, "We didn't even have time to pick up a toothbrush." She did, however, have time to pick up an orchid which she attached to her black-and-gold evening gown.

Joan claims that she is determined to make her fourth husband "the best wife in the world. From here on in," she asserts, "he's the boss. Whatever he says goes. If he wants me to give up my career, I'll do it gladly. I've already told the children that we're moving our headquarters to New York. They know Al and they love him. I'm a lonely woman no longer. This is everything I've ever wanted.

"I've got one more picture to do for Columbia—that's in July after our honeymoon. After that I plan to commute to Hollywood if Al will let me. In my book he comes first. I've never been so happy to put my career in the back seat. I've waited a long, long time for this fulfillment."

Almost thirty years.

END

pretty perky peggy

(Continued from page 37) for picking the wrong advisers. "I think they all signed me up because they figured I had something and I might just get to be a star and they'd be in on it. But they didn't want to help me. Ever since I've gotten good advice my career has gone right."

There were some painful years before she learned to spot the phonies. It's taken Peggy a long time to learn to believe in herself, enough to read a bad notice without letting it throw her, enough to relax and enjoy success.

"I can't get used to the attention," she said in New York recently, "people driving me to the airport when I used to struggle out there in the dead of night. I guess it'll hit me soon, all of a sudden."

In the next breath Peggy confides, "I've just done the greatest thing of my career, really the greatest. I recorded an album for Mitch Miller called *Boy Meets Girl*. You know what Mitch said about my talent? The nicest thing that's ever been said to me, the kind of thing you tie up in a silver ribbon and put close to your heart and nobody can ever take it away from you. He said, 'Your talent reminds me of a young Mildred Bailey.'"

Out of step all her professional life, Peggy just can't believe she's hit her stride. The talent's the same, polished a little more and backed up with poise and timing, acquired from George Gobel. ("When I'm working with George I can feel the cue coming and I never miss; he's helped me turn from a blubbing idiot into a grown-up.") But essentially she's the same Peggy who could do everything except make the big time. There was always the dedication, the drive but never the confidence.

Peggy has a curious history of falling in for other performers at every significant turn in her career. Example: Peggy might still be sitting in Cleveland (where she worked as a secretary until she won an amateur contest) if the staff singer at the radio station which had sponsored the contest hadn't broken a leg. "Sure," said Peggy, "I'll fill in." And she started up the long, hard road to fame, a road that for her turned out to be one detour after another.

Charlie Spivak heard her perform and hired her to sing with his band. Detour number one: romance. Peggy took a shine to one of the trumpetmen, Knobby Lee. This personal detour led to marriage. And a solid one it is, too. "Knobby is very good

for me. He's wise beyond his years. He has the one thing I lack—calmness."

Peggy suffered during those early years when she traveled fast but never arrived. Under option to a major studio: nothing happened. Back to Cleveland and the night clubs: no overnight sensation. Another band job, this time with Ralph Flanagan: one-night stands with the will-o'-the-wisp called stardom still eluding her.

She remembers the year that nearly destroyed her. Coming back to Hollywood after MGM's Arthur Freed heard her sing at the Blue Angel in New York, was captivated by her physical and vocal resemblance to Judy Garland and signed her to a contract. This was it, coming back to the town that had treated her rather shabbily, brought back with great fanfare to star in a production called *Jumbo* immediately. Which she did not—then or ever, because the picture was never made. Peggy had one bit part followed by a year of enforced idleness; she was under contract, yes, but in that whole studio, busy as a hill of ants, there was nothing for her to do. Except study. "I took every course they had—singing, dancing, acting." But the loneliness plus the idleness convinced Peggy she was unwanted. And she developed all the unattractive symptoms of the rejected.

"I don't think you'd have liked me then," she is apt to say to a total stranger, having every reason to believe she is well-liked today. "I was very noisy. Always making a commotion in the commissary, trying to entertain people, to attract attention to myself. All because I was so terribly unhappy, my confidence completely gone. I thought I was ugly; I even thought I couldn't sing. The unhappier I got, the more I ate, and the fatter I got, the more unhappy I was. I was the noisiest, roundest ball of misery you ever saw."

Peggy looks back on that terrible year with understanding and, strangely enough, gratitude. "If nothing else happened to me at MGM I met my greatest friend, Debbie Reynolds."

Debbie gave Peggy support and the first good advice she'd had; "Don't quit." Peggy didn't, even when her contract was dropped, even though she felt Debbie couldn't understand why she felt licked. "Debbie hadn't even wanted to break into the movies and when she did, by accident, she went straight to the top." Maybe that was good. Debbie had so much faith in people and talent that there was more than enough left over for Peggy who still marvels, "Somebody thought I wasn't finished."

Debbie backed up her advice with real help. She let Peggy lean on her—and nobody had done that. The Reynolds' house was Peggy's second home. If, as she says, she didn't feel like one of the gang it wasn't Debbie's fault. Debbie shared her friends, contacts, wardrobe with Peggy. "I even borrowed her shoes," remembers Peggy. The two toured Korea together, Christmas 1952. The next summer Debbie played stock in Texas and insisted that they give Peggy a part. Peggy's luck didn't change materially but she began to get her bearings. She began to value herself because she was valued (by popular, successful Debbie). And she learned an important lesson—"The world doesn't end."

Peggy may have resigned herself to something less than stardom when her big break came. But she wasn't resigned enough to welcome the chance to record a tomato sauce commercial. (How could she know then that the now-famous Hunt's commercial would catapult her to fame?) She only did it because she'd been told her voice was unrecognizable. "I'd never had an album because they said nobody would remember me so I thought I'd be safe doing the commercial."

As usual Peggy was second choice; Les



Perky Peggy, musician-husband Knobby Lee and little bitty buddy pose for family portrait

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Paul and Mary Ford couldn't keep their commitment at the last minute. The radio time had been bought, the recording date set, and network ulcers were blossoming when someone thought of Peggy King, who might be available. Peggy is eternally grateful to the man from Young and Rubicam who wrote the commercial and talked her into doing it. And to husband Knobby. "He read me off. Told me I thought I was too good to do it." And to Johnny Grant who was emceeing a charity affair she had promised to sing for at the time the recording was set. Peggy doesn't break promises and it took all Johnny Grant's persuasion to convince her that "people will understand." She needed the money so Peggy went over and recorded a little item about "cook and cook and cook"—and the next thing she knew she was touching foreheads with George Gobel of a Saturday night.

Ask Peggy about George Gobel and she lights up with double her usual impressive candlepower. Let anybody say a word against him (if anybody would) before Peggy. She even gets mad at Alice, George's tv wife (not that Peggy holds Jeff Donnell responsible—"A real great, honest girl.") because she screams at George on-stage. "How could she? He couldn't do anything that would make anyone scream at him. He just couldn't." The Gobel Show was tailor-made for what ailed Peggy—insecurity. She found a haven where everybody loves everybody else. "We're all so affectionate, always kissing each other. Everybody's in on this show." Peggy has another, big reason for loving George. "On this show I'm Peggy King, nobody else."

Being known as the Hunt's girl and then the Gobel girl was better than being typed as the Garland girl. But Peggy wasn't satisfied until she became the King girl. Which she very definitely is. With a great deal of satisfaction Peggy relays a story told her by a press agent who heard a director turn down girl after girl at a tv audition with: "Look honey, what we really want is another Peggy King."

Peggy took the final hurdle to being herself when she recorded *Boy Meets Girl*. "When I saw that I had to sing 'The Boy Next Door' all through the album I said, 'now wait a minute.'" Mitch Miller convinced her that she could sing the Garland song and still be Peggy King. Says Peggy, "I listened to the records and I knew I'd never sung like this before. When I heard that album Judy Garland went down in orange flames for me."

The old Peggy King has gone down, too, in dust if not flames. The new Peggy says, "I've got lots of time," when pressured for a decision on a new show, an album, a movie. "I've never been able to wait a couple of years," she says. And you get the idea that Peggy believes in herself enough to hold out for what's right for her. Besides, "I know I've got the right people now. I'm not afraid to put myself in their hands."

Peggy refuses to be pushed around, even by well-meaning friends. When she went back home to Ravenna, Ohio (pop. 16,000) recently, it was open season on Peggy. After the parade in her honor, after two hours of autograph-signing in the gym of her old school, the session began. Her girlhood friends could hardly wait to find out about life in Hollywood and life with the Knobby Lees. First thing one of them asked her was, "Now that you're married, when are you going to have a baby?"

To which Mrs. Knobby Lee retorted, "We've been married since 1953 and we don't know when we're going to have a baby. You've all stayed right here at home, you've been married since you were seven or eight, you've got nothing else to do but

raise a family. We have—and, as a matter of fact, if I did have a baby now, it would probably set my career back five years. Naturally we want a family, but I hope it doesn't happen until we're both better established, until our future is more secure, until we can afford a trained nurse for the baby from the day it is born."

"In my opinion," said one friend, evidently an expert needler, "You aren't a good wife and mother if you don't prepare every meal your husband eats, change your baby's every diaper, and look after their needs yourself."

"And in my opinion," was Peggy's emphatic answer, "You are nuts! I was an only child, I've had no experience with little brothers or sisters, nephews or nieces, I don't know the first thing about babies. Would I be able to make my child as happy and comfortable as a nurse trained to do the job? Should it have to suffer for my ignorance? Should it endure an illness, for example, because I didn't know enough to recognize the symptoms? Should Knobby have to put up with meals I've scratched together after a long day of re-

HOW THE GOBEL GAGS GREW

■ According to Peggy King, and she should know, the Gobel trademarks you see every Saturday night weren't scripted. They just grew. Like that forehead-touching bit between George and Peggy. Writer Hal Kanter was determined to keep George innocent. No wolfishness. Peggy says that Kanter "didn't want anybody wondering what George and I might be up to after the show." But on stage with Peggy he'd have to react, or lose his human touch. How could he show he knew she was there and at the same time stay in character? One day the problem was solved at rehearsal when Peggy and George gravitated to each other out of sheer exhaustion and touched foreheads. "That's it," cried Kanter and a Gobelism was born.

■ As for the "pretty, perky Peggy" line, that too was a rehearsal baby. Says Peggy, "they used to kid me when I looked sort of dressed up. I'd come on stage and George would say, 'Why, here comes pretty Peggy,' and John would say 'and she's perky, too,' and one day Hal came up with 'pretty, perky Peggy.'"

■ See how easy it is? You, too, could write the Gobel show—if you could only get to rehearsals.

hearsals instead of well-planned, tasteful ones prepared by the cook? Would that prove that I'm a loving wife and mother?" She was practically hopping.

Peg gives considerable attention to the proper care and feeding of a thoroughbred husband—whenever she gets the chance, but she sees entirely too little of Knobby. He is currently making his music with the orchestra of George Liberace, and when Lee plays Las Vegas, can George be far behind? Knobby is off on tour from time to time and, when he is companionably home with the parakeets and dachshunds, that will be the time Peggy has to go to New York to cut an album of records.

Offstage, Peggy prefers to live quietly for a number of reasons. She isn't very strong physically, having picked up an ill-begotten bug in Korea. That one still lays her low every so often. There is also a chronic ear condition which, though it is in no danger of causing deafness, renders her balance somewhat less than perfect. "If I tried to play tennis, for instance, I'd fall on my face every time I ran for a ball," is the way she defines it. So swimming, tennis,

golf and other robust activities are out. In their stead Peg does more leisurely things: she likes to cook "if I have time," relax in the sun, listen to records, watch tv—and sing, sing, sing! She neither drinks nor smokes, watches her diet very carefully. Her best fighting weight is ninety-three pounds, and she is so diminutive that three pounds over or under that weight make a noticeable difference. At ninety pounds she's so gaunt that her friends get to muttering sadly about Camille; if she balloons to a great big ninety-six, the same friends pointedly call her Chubby.

What she doesn't like about her size is people's tendency to describe her as a Dresden doll, chiefly because she's foggy about how a Dresden doll is supposed to act. "And, too, I get uncomfortable when writers do stories about me that are all favorable. I'm tired of being little Miss Muffet. I'd rather it be human and tell the truth, that I've got as many faults as anyone in the world." Such as? She's tidy and punctual and, according to the people who work with her, her temperament never shows. Maybe she is deathly ill every Saturday night at ten o'clock, to which she admits, but she doesn't infect the rest of the cast with her nervousness. So, where are all the glaring faults she talks about?

There is one, a whopper. Peggy is still the world's worst worrier; fear of financial insecurity dogs her days like a long, menacing shadow. "I don't ever want to be poor again," she says, and you know she has said it a thousand times to herself, fiercely, in prayer, with crossed fingers. "When I think of my parents, well, I'm working as much for them as for Knobby and me. My father and mother have had nothing, simply nothing, all their lives. A living. Now I want it to be different. I guess it's because I never had any, but I spend too much money. My business manager keeps telling me."

She worries about her future, about the status of her career. "I still don't have a hit record. Ten years ago I'd have been a real success—but now? I don't know. I hate this rhythm-and-blues kick, just hate it, but you have to be a really big star to sell ballads these days. Rhythm-and-blues is what they want, and it's pretty hard to turn down a song that will earn you a couple of thousand dollars if it hits. Even if you don't think it's music."

"I worry," she said broodingly, "because I want to know what I'll be doing tomorrow and next year and the year after that. Which nobody in show business ever does. I want to know whether I'll have a hit song, or a baby, or both. Whether I'll make a movie. I've been testing over at Paramount, and somebody over there said they had only seen one test greater than mine in the whole history of the studio. But I don't know whether I'm going to make a picture. I don't even know if I'll be on the Gobel show next season!"

When Peggy King and George Gobel, two of the most refreshing young talents to be seen in many an age, met for a rehearsal the other day, both were wearing anxious little frowns. They stopped short, staring at each other, then Peggy said, "For heaven's sake, George, you don't have anything to worry about. After the hit you've made this year, you certainly have your future cut out for you."

George shook his punkin head, but he wasn't smiling. "You know something, Peg? That's exactly what I was going to say to you when I saw the way you looked. Comedians, well, you know about comedians. But a real talented singer like yourself—why, you ought to be sitting on top of the world!"

Peggy, meet George. And one of you up there, move over. **END**

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