

Louella Parsons says farewell to BOB FRANCIS

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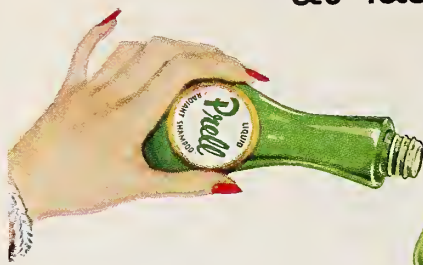
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than any other leading tooth paste

modern screen

stories

THE SECRET LOVE THAT HAUNTS JIMMY DEAN	by Imogene Collins	29
AND THEN THEY ELOPED (Clark Gable)	by Steve Cronin	30
LIFE BEGINS FOR MAGGIE (Margaret O'Brien)	by Kirtley Baskette	33
GUY'S DOLL (Guy Madison)	by Toni Noel	36
*THE VERY PRIVATE LIFE OF M M (Marilyn Monroe)	by William Barbour	38
A GOOD WIFE IS HARD TO LOSE (Glenn Ford)	by Ruth Loughlin	42
HIGH ROAD TO HAPPINESS (Ann Blyth)	by Ida Zeitlin	44
UNACCUSTOMED AS I AM . . . (Marlon Brando)		47
UNLUCKY AT LOVE (Leslie Caron)	by Susan Wender	48
HOW IT FEELS TO BE VERY, VERY BEAUTIFUL:		
KIM NOVAK		50
ELIZABETH TAYLOR		51
JEANNE CRAIN		51
A LETTER TO THE GIRL I'M GOING TO MARRY	by Robert Wagner	52
HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED (Esther Williams)	by Louis Pollock	54
THAT NICE YOUNG COUPLE NEXT DOOR (Jack Lemmon)	by Alice Finletter	58

featurettes

THE CASE OF THE MISSING GERM (Joan Crawford)	18
MY FIRST LOVE	by Jeffrey Hunter 26
THE CASE OF THE MYSTERIOUS WEDDING GOWN (Bing Crosby)	60
LIZ LETS HER HAIR DOWN (Elizabeth Taylor)	62
MEET THE PRESS (Sheree North)	82
TWENTY-FIVE WORDS OR LESS	by Van Hefflin 86

departments

LOUELLA PARSONS IN HOLLYWOOD	9
THE INSIDE STORY	4
TV TALK	6
MUSIC FROM HOLLYWOOD	by Lyle Kenyon Engel 20
NEW MOVIES	by Florence Epstein 22
LAST CHANCE TO VOTE FOR SILVER CUP AWARD WINNERS	72

*On the Cover: Color portrait of Marilyn Monroe by Sam Shaw.
Other photographers' credits on page 91.

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THE INSIDE STORY

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

Q. Is it true that Elizabeth Taylor's husband was once thrown out of a hotel training school in Lausanne, Switzerland? —C. L., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. Miss Taylor's first husband, Nicky Hilton, could not meet the requirements of the school and was requested to depart.

Q. The major cause of the Martin and Lewis fights—isn't it really their wives? —D. L., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. No, it's their individual temperaments.

Q. Could you possibly reveal June Allyson's real age? —J. K., DULUTH, MINN.

A. Approximately 37.

Q. Would you name the man who has secretly been visiting Ava Gardner in London's Kingdon House? —T. L., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. Ava insists she is not in love; dates Primo de Rivera, many others.

Q. That old Detroit scandal involving Johnnie Ray—wasn't that purposely covered up by his motion picture employers? —H. H., DETROIT, MICH.

A. No; they knew nothing of it.

Q. When Edmund Purdom met Linda Christian in Bilbao, Spain, recently, didn't these two decide on a winter marriage? —B. L., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A. Chances are they will never marry.

Q. Can you tell me why Bob Hope knocks himself out promoting his pictures, such as *The Seven Little Foys*? —H. K., DALLAS, TEXAS

A. Hope owns at least 30% of his films, likes to see them make as much money as possible.

Q. Is it on the level that Dick Powell is suing two scandal magazines for stories about him and his wife? —J. H., BOSTON, MASS.

A. Yes.

Q. The romance between Kathryn Grayson and Oreste Kirkop—true or phony? —E. L., BUTTE, MONT.

A. Phony.

Q. The meetings in New York between Terry Moore and Ty Power, I've been told, are a prelude to a love affair between these two. Weren't they secretly in love once before? —B. E., MIAMI, FLA.

A. Never.

Q. Can you tell me which is more important to movie producers—the star or the story? —N. J., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A. Currently, the story.

Q. Would you give me any information about Anthony Dexter, who played Valentino some years ago? —N. U., OLYMPIA, WASH.

A. Dexter's real name is Walter Craig; he has two children; he is being sued for divorce by his wife, Marjorie. He is 42 years old.

Q. What is the trouble with Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis? —H. E., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

A. They work too hard.

Q. Is it true that Pier Angeli and Vic Damone have had all the rooms in their new house sound-proofed to prevent baby noises from interrupting Vic's musicals? —B. E., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A. Some of the rooms have been sound-proofed.

Q. I've been told that Jack Webb's ex-wife Julie London hates him with a passion and won't see him ever. True or false? —H. Y., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. Julie London saw ex-husband Jack Webb for the first time in two years when he showed up recently at the 881 Club where she was singing.

Q. Warner Brothers, I've been told, objects strenuously to Jimmy Dean's automobile racing. Does he plan to give it up? —S. J., EL PASO, TEXAS

A. No.

Q. Every time Mario Lanza rents a house, he is sued for damages. Is he a home-wrecker? —C. T., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A. When he is frustrated or angry, Lanza throws lamps, destroys furniture.

Q. Has the reconciliation between actor Don Taylor and his wife Phyllis Avery taken? —M. M., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. No, there will be a divorce.

Q. The true story, please, about Kim Novak and actor Ted Cooper? —N. L., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. They were once close friends; no longer speak to each other.

Q. Is Ann Blyth pregnant again?

—H. E., MEMPHIS, TENN.

A. Yes.

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in ULYSSES

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TV TALK

Her neighbors say that **Martha Raye** had so many fires at her Connecticut home that the fire department finally refused to answer them! This must be an exaggeration, of course, but things are really hopping when Martha's home. And it's true that she puts on a show for the commuters in her car on the train. She's just plain irrepressible! . . . **Elia Kazan** is so taken with **Pat Hingle's** acting in *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof* that he is going to put Pat into his next movie—and this time with more than the bit part he gave him in *On The Waterfront*. Watch for Pat. We predict he's going to be a Hollywood star as well as a TV and theatre one . . . **Kathy Godfrey** and her brother may not be too close, but it was **Arthur** who got Kathy her summertime job on CBS radio . . . It has gotten so that TV writers are as famous as the actors that star in their works. **Gore Vidal**, for instance. A young man who is handsome enough to be his own leading man, Vidal spent several years being a critically successful but financially impoverished novelist. Nine novels and \$15,000 later, he switched to TV. Now, after a few hit scripts—including *Visit To A Small Planet*—he is almost guaranteed some \$35,000 a year from TV alone. And that doesn't count the money he may make from the Broadway version of *Visit* next fall. It, you know, will be produced by author **George Axelrod**, the young man who wrote both the stage and movie versions of *The Seven Year Itch*. Vidal lives in a big old Victorian house up the Hudson River from New York City—a house built for entertaining and used for it . . . Another author who is on his way up is **Reginald Rose**, the little sandy-haired man who wrote *Twelve Angry Men*, *The Incident At Carson Corners* and *Crime In The Streets*. He, although still in his early thirties, has sold both *Men* and *Crime* to the movies, and is doing well enough to insist on having his favorite TV director do his movie versions, too. His choice: **Sidney Lumet**, the estranged husband of **Rita Gam**—and, it might be added, the one man who's been linked with **Gloria Vanderbilt** who does have a romantic interest in the heiress. The feeling is mutual, too. Besides being top man professionally with Rose and romantically with Gloria, Lumet also has been signed by **Jack Barry** to direct *Conflict*, a big psychiatric show that's coming up in the fall. It'll be a sort of mental *Medic*—and the whole idea was conceived when Jack Barry started going to a psychiatrist. Barry, who couldn't seem more at ease on *Juvenile Jury* and *Life Begins At Eighty*, is probably the last man in TV you'd expect to find going to an analyst. However, he not only did and does—but is producing a show on the subject . . . You may not believe it, but **Sid Caesar** came That Close to playing *Marty* . . . We'd be willing to bet that you wouldn't recognize **Thelma Ritter** if you bumped into her—especially if you heard her talk. Believe us, there's no connection between the parts she plays, with their dowdy make-up and nasal voice, and the charming, urbane Miss Ritter of private life. The on-stage and off-stage Thelma Ritter have a sense of humor in common; that's about all. **Jan Clayton**, who plays the mother on *Lassie*, was invited to sing "The Star Spangled Banner" for the General Federation of Women's Clubs—unescorted by canines. But fate dogged Jan's footsteps and as she stepped on stage so did a local pooch. Turned out to be a collie, too!

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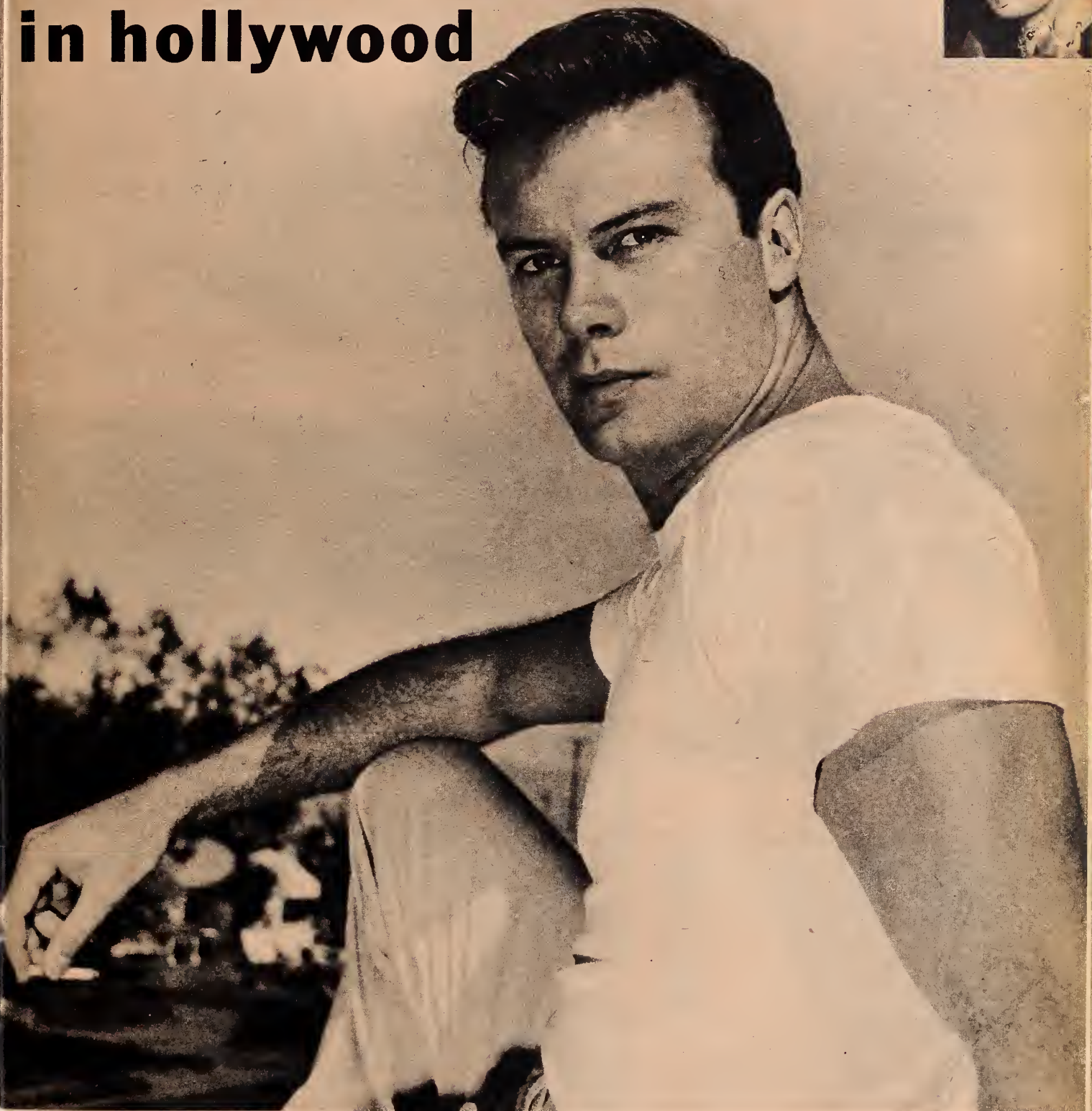
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LOUELLA PARSONS

in hollywood



HOLLYWOOD HEARTBREAKS (see page 14)

BOB FRANCIS: Not many young men leave such a warm, friendly memory

SUZAN BALL: Her greatest comfort was love and devotion

IN THIS SECTION:

Good News
Listen to me, Kim Novak
Judy does it again
Close-up of Richard Egan
The letter box

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



louella parsons' GOOD NEWS



Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer looked wonderful when I saw them in Europe—and so very happy together. This photo was taken at a bullfight, but mostly they don't leave their beautiful villa near Rome.



Kirk Douglas chatted with Mrs. Billy Wilder (she's surely one of the prettiest girls in Hollywood) at the Moulin Rouge shortly before Anne Douglas gave birth.



Sheree North was taken to the Stork Club in New York by Baron Polan. Last time there, in Hazel Flagg, she was so lonely—but this time she had a ball.

Jerry Lewis looks a little mournful here—but don't you believe it. He and Patti are just walking on air now that Patti's expecting a baby—due in February.





I hope no Western-fans will be offended by this! Roy and Dale have been married 8 years and this is their first kiss for the cameras!



Here's another child star grown up. Remember Natalie Wood? She's become quite a beauty—and popular. She dates Hugh O'Brian.



Doris Day got back from her travels all aglow. It seems as if all my friends were abroad this year—and we all had a wonderful time.

REPORT ON AUDREY AND MEL: I hope you aren't falling for the gossip that Mel Ferrer is bossing Audrey Hepburn to the point that she can't make up her own mind about anything and that she minds him like a baby rather than a bride. I know whereof I speak.

While I was in Rome, I was the guest of Audrey and Mel at the historic villa they leased in Vigna St. Antonio, just twenty miles from Rome. If these two aren't ecstatically happy, then there's no such thing.

Frankly, I was flattered by their invitation, for the Ferrers live completely to themselves, going into town only on business and while they were making *War And Peace*.

As we lunched in the garden, completely surrounded by flowers in full bloom and the beautiful fig and olive trees casting cool shadows, Mel suddenly turned to me and said:

"I doubt if anyone knows how very ill Audrey was at the time of our marriage. She was completely exhausted from picture making in Hollywood and our long run in *On-dine* on Broadway. The poor baby was so fragile, she had lost so much weight, that I made up my mind I was going to protect her from everything until she was well."

I stole a look at Audrey, who now looks so healthy and happy it was hard to believe Mel's words that she was on the verge of complete collapse.

She must have sensed my thoughts because she laughed as she said, "Oh, I'm as strong as an ox now, believe me. Do you know we grow all our fruits, vegetables and melons here, we have stock in the pastures, there are chickens, and beautiful vineyards—just everything necessary to good living if we never went outside the gates.

"I spend so much time in the open, tak-

ing walks in the gardens or pastures or basking by the pool, it has given me a big appetite." She smiled that cute elfin smile of hers as she indicated her plate of chicken and rice, fresh asparagus and side dishes of cheeses and fruits in aspic. But Audrey's particular pride is slicing the hot buttered homemade bread and serving it on a huge wooden paddle.

These two are so happy and content together that they do not realize how often they instinctively reach out to touch one another, Audrey to hold Mel's hand and he to caress her cheek.

Picture-making will keep them in Europe until late in '56—but wherever they work—they will be together—both assured me they would not permit their careers to separate them.

JERRY LEWIS is so happy about becoming a father again for the first time in ten years (their second son, Ronnie, is adopted) that he tells me:

"I keep checking with Patti every morning to see that she's still feeling terrible, thank heavens!"

Where his partner, Dean Martin, is concerned (as of this writing) Jerry's only comment is, "No comment."

I heard—and I'd like to believe—however, that when Dean heard the happy news about the Lewises expecting, he and Jean sent a telegram expressing their happiness.

I DOUBT IF ANYONE can kid Clark Gable as successfully as his bride, Kay. She keeps The King chuckling even about himself.

When they returned from their honeymoon, they accepted the invitation of their friends, the Ray Hommes, to go to the Mocambo.

As expected, the autograph hounds nearly ruined their evening both outside and inside the night club.

In the midst of furiously signing menus and what-have-you, Kay leaned over and whispered in Clark's ear, "See what you got by marrying me?"

WHEN DORIS DAY RETURNED

from her European holiday she sent charming little notes to the press—including the Hollywood Women's Press Club members who had voted her the year's most "uncooperative star." Doris said she had had a wonderful time but was glad to be home with her friends.

There were some rather red faces here and there!

LAUGH ALL YOU WANT about Liberace's eccentric sartorial splendor, his fancy coats, pants and vests. He would win hands down if it came to a popularity contest at Warner Brothers' studio where he's making his first movie, *Sincerely Yours*.

When it came time for the usual farewell party, Liberace asked that the telephone girls, who had never before been included, be invited; also the guards at the doors, the commissary waitresses and, of course, the full technical crew and the cast.

In all, there were 200 on the big stage.

Making a speech to his guests, Lee said, "I thought you'd enjoy some home cooking, so my Mom cooked the hams, turkeys, spaghetti and meat balls. Besides, it's cheaper!"

Moreover, the entire company that worked with Lee is quick to tell you there wasn't a single squawk out of him about anything all the time he was making his picture. And believe me, this is very rare in movie town.



Listen to me, KIM NOVAK:

■ I was disturbed to hear, not long ago, that you are postponing your marriage to handsome Mack Krim until your career is on "solid ground."

I've also heard that Mack is unhappy about this.

If this is true, I'm afraid there is danger ahead. No man in the world wants to think that he is playing second fiddle in the life of a girl he loves.

A career is great, particularly where there is great talent involved, which is so true in your case.

At Columbia, where you are under contract, they believe they have the next big woman star in you. They believe you are destined to take your place among the rare ones, Crawford, Turner, Gardner, Hayworth.

But I know that each one of these glamour girls could and would tell you that all the fame in the world is empty without love—a home and children and all the wonderful things that word means in the life of a woman.

Unfortunately, there is no such thing as "solid ground" where a career is concerned. Other girls have made great starts—and then lapsed into mediocrity with a bad picture or two.

I'm sure this will not happen to you because you have real talent. If you are in love, and I am sure you are, this is the really "solid" influence in your life and I say grab your happiness and treasure it above everything else.



MORE ABOUT ROME: Gina Lollobrigida was in Sorrento making a picture during my visit. But I got an earful from all the reporters who interviewed me in my first days in Italy.

Gina, they love. They think she's God's gift to womanhood. But her husband, Miklo Skofic, you can have as far as most of them are concerned. They feel he bosses her life completely. She won't make a move without him.

The Rome newspapers were full of Gina's tax troubles. She paid something like \$4000 and the government claims she owes something like \$96,000. But Gina's not the only one to get hit over the head. Other top Italian stars are in the same uncomfortable condition.

LAST MONTH in this department I told you something about our trip to Istanbul to attend the opening of the Istanbul-Hilton Hotel. But I find I have a few thousand



Tony Curtis is really learning to "mix it up" these days.

*Tony Curtis is getting instruction—the hardest way, I'd say—in the manly art of self-defense. It's in preparation for his role in *The Square Jungle*, in which he plays a prize-fighter—and it's no joke to Tony or his sparring partner, John Day, who's also in the picture. Tony's dad and his 14-year-old brother are usually on hand to lend moral support—and carry him home if they have to. And I hear Janet has taken to calling him "Punchy Schwartz" around the house.*



I never saw such funny pictures as these of Gina in the crazy-house!

Gorgeous Gina Lollobrigida and her handsome husband (you'll just have to take my word that he's good-looking because you certainly can't tell here!) got such a kick out of their first trip through an American penny-arcade. If you ask me, nothing can make Gina look bad—or stop her from getting what she wants. She's actually learned to sing opera for a movie role and when she really learns English—and she will—I bet she'll be just as big a star here as she is in Europe.

more words to say, particularly about Ann Miller.

You have to hand it to Ann. She literally dropped pounds making speeches, appearing at luncheons and dinners, charity events and heaven knows what. The astounding part is that they'd never heard of Ann in the middle-east before she arrived.

Believe me, they knew her before she left!

She learned to say, "I'm pleased to see you. I love your beautiful country," in Turkish, Lebanese, Arabic, Italian and Spanish. When all else failed, she said it in English!

Ann was given a fabulous wardrobe by MGM and she had her big studio back of her in every city we visited.

I'd now like to give Ann just one word of advice: You can play a good thing into the ground and the continuing beating of the tom-toms publicitywise can defeat its own purpose and become laughable rather than helpful.

Mr. Peepers goofed! Poor Wally Cox opened with such high hopes at the Dunes in Las Vegas—and got fired twice for flopping! His old friend, Marlon Brando, flew down. Eileen Barton, singing on the same bill, cheered him up—but the act just didn't go.



LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood



ONE OF THE BIGGEST heartbreaks Hollywood has ever known is that valiant, courageous Suzan Ball, again the victim of cancer, this time of the lungs, has died.

This beautiful twenty-year-old girl just months ago lost a leg from the same disease. Her studio, Universal-International, does not want it known, but \$60,000 in "salary" was paid to Suzan during her illness.

However, her greatest comfort was the love and devotion of her husband, Dick Long, who

has won the respect and admiration of an entire industry for the way he held up and bolstered Suzan's own spirits even when the hours were the darkest.

My hat's tipped to Wallace MacDonald, a producer at Columbia, who did something practical and gave Dick an important part in his new picture, *Law Of Gun Sight Pass*.

Hospital authorities report that the day Dick told Suzan about his good break was her best and happiest.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Next month we will tell you the story of the faith that sustained **Suzan Ball**, the legacy of hope she gave to the world. And give you an unforgettable portrait of **Bob Francis** in the last interview he had.

TRAGEDY has stalked Hollywood many times; but in my memory nothing has so shocked our town as the fiery death of twenty-five-year-old Robert Charles Francis, who rose to fame almost overnight.

Bob was untouched by all his success—unspoiled—a wonderful boy.

In my first story about him, I spoke of his gratitude to his teachers, Mrs. Botomi Schneider and her husband Benno Schneider, drama coach at Columbia Studios where Bob's first picture made him a star.

Bob never quite believed his 'good luck and he never got over being grateful. Perhaps if he had lived longer he might have become blasé, hardened, conceited, as many another young

My girl Judy Garland kicked off her shoes again and sang. Everyone in Hollywood went to see her and no



Frank Sinatra's chartered bus brought Humphrey Bogart, Debbie and Eddie, June Allyson, Betty Hutton—a busload of stars to Long Beach for the show.



Kept singing for almost three hours (she was scheduled for two!) Judy begged for help. She got it. Dean Martin sang, Sammy Davis, Jr. made like Jerry. Sid Luft, Mike Romanoff, David Wayne, Edgar Bergen and Judy roared.



Judy sang "Over The Rainbow." "That gal just takes your heart and breaks it. Isn't it wonderful?" a fan wept.

Frank was a self-appointed Save-Our-Judy committee, kept order all evening.



Hollywood actor has done; but I sincerely doubt it.

He came to see me several times to ask my advice about certain things, and he never failed to thank me if I had written something favorable about him. And I never found anything but good things to say about him.

Destiny played a cruel prank in snuffing out the life of this young actor, who was headed for even bigger things. But not many young men leave such a warm, friendly memory.

one would let her stop singing!



In robe and slippers, tired, almost crying with happiness, Judy begged Frank to sing, but he wouldn't. "This I cannot follow," he said.



Leslie Caron came backstage afterward. "I was crying and cheering," she said. "Everyone was!" So I say—who needs an Oscar?



Richard Egan met Dana Wynter while making View From Pompey's Head.

Close-up of RICHARD EGAN:

■ He has a wonderful romantic line. When he takes a beauty to dine, which is quite often, he devotes little attention to what he is eating. "I'd rather look at you," he explains to the flattered femme.

In this age of treating women as equals, he's almost old-fashioned. He always sends flowers thanking a girl for a delightful evening. If she lives at home, he always asks to meet her parents before leaving the house.

Even on the set, where manners become very careless, he always rises as his leading lady comes on the set. He makes a point of finding out thoughtful things about the women he works with and has delicacies they like brought on the set at tea time.

When he dates he prefers a quiet cafe to a night club. The music must be quiet in the background.

His most serious Hollywood romance was with Ann Sothorn. It lasted about two years.

He is deeply religious. One of his brothers is a priest. It's not unusual to see them in the bleachers at baseball or football games.

Recently, he has been seen much in the company of lovely Dana Wynter, but if I know this handsome young man, one of the most eligible young bachelors of our town, he will think long and seriously before he marries. Because in Dick's case it will be forever.



the letter box

MRS. CELIA HEFLIN (any relation to Van?) has some perfect casting she offers free: "Burt Lancaster is the perfect co-star for Grace Kelly. He's physical. She's ethereal. Another meant-for-each-other twosome—Guy Madison and Marilyn Monroe. He's shy. She's bold."



"I have been sick for four months and the doctor says I must remain in bed longer. But one of the things that really cheers me is the happiness of my very, very favorite Vera-Ellen and her husband Vic Rothschild," writes GAIL WINGEFELD, WALNUT CREEK, CALIF. Why don't you happy Rothschilds send this nice child a picture?

EVELYN CARSTAIRS, KANSAS CITY, MO., asks: "Is James Dean snooty and rude as I've read?" James is a rugged individualist, Evelyn, but I've never heard him described with your pungent adjectives.

DON RUGGLES, from BROOKLYN, sounds off: "I think I deserve to be heard because I'm one person who doesn't give a you-know-what whether Debbie and Eddie ever get married!" Consider yourself heard, boy.

"JEAN," DETROIT, MICH., is a teenager: "But I want to lift my voice to sing the praises of the finest and best picture to come out of Hollywood in years, *A Man Called Peter*." You are not alone, Jean. Even 20th Century-Fox was dubious about how this religious film would fare at the box office and it has been successful far beyond their expectations.

Well, I guess this is all the space we have for the letters this month. But please keep writing. I'm always glad to know how you feel about pictures and stars.

I'M SO GLAD FOR GAIL. The news of Gail Russell—is far more cheerful. The guests who accepted Bob Stack's invitation to a barbeque on the terrace of his home could hardly believe their eyes when Gail arrived, looking well and happy, on the arm of Andy McLaglen!

It's the first party Guy Madison's ex-wife has attended in over two years.

Gail is just as pretty as ever and she was wearing a white linen strapless cotton that set off her suntan to perfection. She sipped only Coca-Colas and laughed often.

I don't know whether she's still interested in a career, but several directors present seemed very impressed by Gail.

I personally believe she would be happier if she returned to work. It's the greatest healer of all, except prayer.

EVERYONE LOVED IRENE: I am more than ever convinced that it pays to talk in a calm, well-modulated voice and to be a lady. Irene Dunne, a real credit to Hollywood, was received like a queen everywhere we went abroad.

In Rome, Princess Pacelli, niece-in-law of His Holiness Pope Pius XII, gave a luncheon in Irene's honor and then took her guests into the tomb of St. Peter.

I can't begin to tell you how many offers Irene had to make pictures in Italy, but she will not leave her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, long enough to make a picture there.

Believe me, she is adored by the fans of all the countries we visited. In America, we go into raves over the youngsters, but in Europe the mature actresses are the real idols, loved and respected by all.

LEAVE IT TO MAMIE VAN DOREN to steal the thunder when twenty "Miss Universe" contestants from Long Beach came visiting in a body at U.I.

Until the unscheduled appearance of Mamie, the beauties from all over the world were having a ball, posing for pictures with

Tony Curtis, Jeff Chandler and other studio heroes and heads.

Then, into the commissary (where the festivities were taking place) entered *la Mamie*—and I mean, entered. In a gold lamé dress that was just shudderingly clinging to her ample form, shimmering and undulating like jelly, Missy Van Doren "explained" that she had been posing for stills in the gallery and thought she'd just amble over to meet the beauty queens!

(A check with the portrait gallery revealed that Mamie was not scheduled for pictures that day!)

Anyway, it was most obvious that the varied and assorted beauties did not appreciate Mamie's unscheduled visit.

Claudi Petit, "Miss France," snapped: "That dress she's wearing would be banned even in Paris. How in the world did she get into it and what is keeping it up?"

Apparently no one knew the answer, except Mamie—and she wasn't telling.

IN CONTRAST to Linda Christian, who seems to have done considerable traveling around with boyfriend Edmond Purdom, Tyrone Power didn't make the mistake of traveling with his new girl, Mary Roblee, while they were in Europe.

Tyrone, slimmer, more handsome than ever, sent me flowers in Rome. He was there for just a few days and he is very popular, whereas Linda has been bitterly criticized for her flightiness and extravagances.

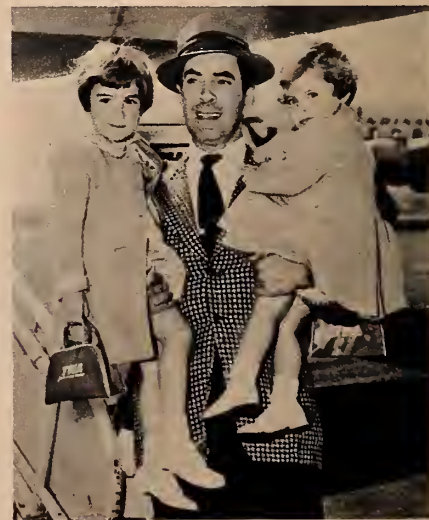
I was very pleased that Miss Roblee came to see me. She's blonde, very pretty, probably in her early thirties, and a charming, cultured woman. She, herself, has just obtained a divorce. She's a career woman and has a job on one of the fashion magazines.

She met Ty in Rome. Then he went on to pick up his two little girls in London while Mary went to Madrid to visit her identical twin, Peggy, who is married to General Donovan, of the U.S. Army.

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



On her way to Spain for a film, Linda Christian spent the week end in London with daughters Taryn, two, and Romina, three.



The kids were in England with Papa Power at the time. Ty has them for two months a year and is one of the fondest fathers I know.



Often a bridesmaid . . . never a bride!



Most of the girls of her set were married . . . but not Eleanor. It was beginning to look, too, as if she never would be. True, men were attracted to her, but their interest quickly turned to indifference. Poor girl! She hadn't the remotest idea why they dropped her so quickly . . . and even her best friend wouldn't tell her.

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the case of the missing germ

■ It started on the set of Columbia's *The Queen Bee* where eighteen-year-old Lucy Marlow had just finished a tense scene with Joan Crawford. "I feel weak," Lucy said. Miss Crawford commiserated. "Stomach turning somersaults?" Lucy nodded. "You worked yourself up to a high pitch for that scene. You just go in my dressing room and lie down." Lucy went, fell asleep and didn't wake until two hours later. She didn't feel much better, but she was prepared to do her job. Back on the set, Barry Sullivan choked. "Your face," he said, "is spotted." The doctor diagnosed Lucy's germ as measles, sent her home and informed the cast and crew that they would break out within the next two weeks. "That," said Barry, "is what we get for working with child actresses." He said it as a joke, but along with everyone else he was thinking of all the plans that a case of measles would disrupt. Joan took her place quietly for the next scene. "There's another scene to do," she said. As always Joan had the situation well in hand. No mere case of measles could bother her. Actually Joan Crawford was the most worried of all the people on that set. At that time she was the only person in the world who knew that in a few days she would be married. And it was unthinkable that she should come down with measles on her honeymoon. The sensible thing, she thought to herself, was to wait and make sure. But when the moment for decision came, love triumphed. She crossed her fingers and took the plane to Las Vegas. And because even germs have some respect for true love, the measles passed her by and continued its path to the next set where three actors, two cameramen and an assistant director caught it instead.

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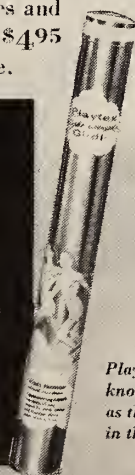
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BY LYLE KENYON ENGEL

music from hollywood

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

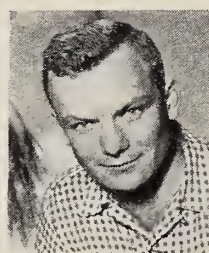
I'll Cry Tomorrow, new movie based on the best-selling autobiography of Lillian Roth, features Susan Hayward as Lillian Roth. Susan will sing for the first time on the screen. Heretofore undiscovered, her naturally rich, throaty soprano will be heard in four songs identified with Miss Roth's career on Broadway, in supper clubs and in Hollywood. Since announcements were made of Susan's singing ability, she has received offers from hotels in Las Vegas. Susan says, "At the moment I'll sing only in the movies for such roles as *I'll Cry Tomorrow*." But don't be surprised if Susan cuts popular records of songs from this picture.



Vic Damone will play the part of the Caliph in MGM's *Kismet*, and Monty Woolley will break a four-year film retirement to play an important role. Howard Keel, Ann Blyth and Dolores Gray will also star in this picture. Dressing the set, among other things, while Ann Blyth sang "Baubles, Bangles And Beads," was a sacred cow, idly chewing its cud. The scene was almost complete when suddenly and without warning the cow jumped to its feet and dashed toward a group of vendors, picturesquely grouped to one side. In one gulp the cow removed nine-tenths of their wares—pears, avocados, grapes, oranges, grapefruit and lemons. But the snack proved more colorful than tasty since everything was made of wax.



Don't be surprised if John Agar's name turns up on the list of Hollywood leading men eligible for top singing spots in musicals. Agar, currently playing opposite Mara Corday in Universal's *Tarantula*, spends several hours a day practicing vocal exercises with Johnny Scott. Scott predicts a great musical career for Agar and claims that the actor has the rare ability to croon and sing classical. Scott is the man responsible for training Piper Laurie's voice so successfully that the studio let her sing all the numbers in *Ain't Misbehavin'* without using a voice dub.



Some of the weirdest background music ever brought to the American screen will be heard in Columbia's *Sergeant O'Reilly*, and the music came about by sheer chance. Director Richard Murphy had obtained permission to shoot a dramatic sequence between Aldo Ray and Phil Carey in Heian Temple, oldest and most sacred Shinto shrine in Japan. Shooting had to be halted for one period while the priests held a Shinto service, which included music of ancient flutes played by exotically-garbed priests. Sound engineer George Cooper had the presence of mind to record the flute music while the rest of the company stood silently by during the service. Now the music will be heard as an off-stage background for the scene.

Names have always played an important part in the life of theatrical people. Remember the record of "Timptayshun" by Cinderella G. Stump? Well, Cinderella was Jo Stafford; and the reason for this change was twofold. The singing style on this record was so unusual that the record company decided to release it under a nom de plume to see if the public really liked the style. Another reason for the name gimmick was that the records were sent to America's disc jockeys to see if they and their audience could guess who did the singing. The promotion paid off and "Timptayshun" sold over one million copies.

Name changing is in style today. Remember Vinni DeCampo of a few years ago? Well, Decca Records is now building Vinni under the name of Joe Barrett. Karen Chandler, also at Decca, used to record for London Records as Eve Young. Columbia Records is promoting a new find called Steve Clayton. His real name is Pat Terry, and he's been around in night clubs for years.

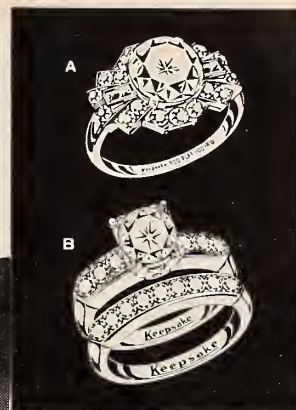
Guy Mitchell used to record under the names of Al Cernik and Al Grant. Tony Bennett once sang as Tony Bennedetto. MGM Records has a "new" recording star called Robbin Hood. Last year Robbin's name was Wendy Wayne, and she recorded for Coral. And MGM's Ginny Gibson used to be Ginny Blue.

Coral Records has Marco Polo on wax. He used to sing as Jimmy Saunders. Jeffrey Clay, who used to sing with Sammy Kaye's band, was signed by Coral for a build-up. He used to (Continued on page 70)



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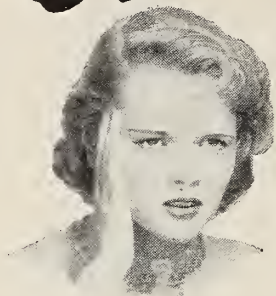
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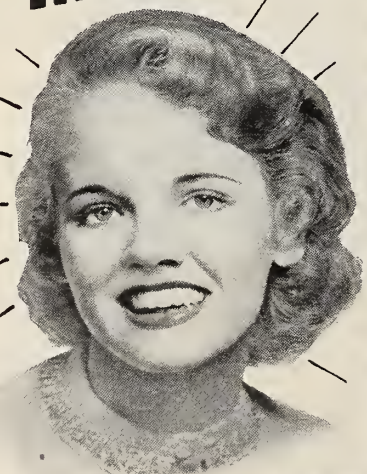


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Trial
House Of Bamboo
Rebel Without A Cause

FOR LAUGHS

How To Be Very, Very Popular
The Man Who Loved Redheads

FOR SPECTACLE

The Virgin Queen
The Kentuckian
Pete Kelly's Blues

FOR LOVE

To Catch A Thief
The McConnell Story
Kiss Of Fire



***PICTURE OF THE MONTH:** Pete Kelly's Blues presents not only Janet Leigh, Peggy Lee, and Jack Webb, but a host of top jazz numbers like "Oh, Didn't He Ramble," "Bye Bye Blackbird."

PETE KELLY'S BLUES

Melodrama of the flaming twenties

■ Melodrama, romance, hot jazz and the cool singing of Ella Fitzgerald and Peggy Lee ought to satisfy most of the customers. That's what Jack Webb thought when he put together this film of the "flaming twenties." It takes place in Kansas City during the prohibition era when racketeers like Fran McCarg (Edmond O'Brien) were always flanked by a couple of thugs who didn't need brass knuckles, they were so tough to begin with. Webb's a band leader (Pete Kelly) in a speakeasy. All he wants to do is make music. But there's a rich flapper named Ivy (Janet Leigh) who'd rather make whoopee; and McCarg is bent on taking over all the bands in Kansas. Webb's drummer (Martin Milner) doesn't scare easy, so McCarg's men wipe him out. Webb isn't happy, but he's afraid to fight back (besides, Ivy's always around, wanting to neck). Against a backdrop of wild, expensive parties (Ivy's parties) and long, jazzy nights (offered by "Pete Kelly and His Big Seven") the vice lord and his victims spin out the blues. Climax comes when Webb and McCarg turn an empty ballroom into a shooting gallery (while a player piano blares). Peggy Lee's fine as an alcoholic chanteuse who winds up in the loony bin. With Lee Marvin, Andy Devine. CinemaScope—Warners

THE KENTUCKIAN

Compelling American history

■ When you consider what made our country great, think of The Kentuckian and men like him, whose dreams embraced a continent. In 1820, civilization was closing in on The Kentuckian (Burt Lancaster) and his rugged spirit called for new land and vast

boundaries, so he headed for Texas. He almost didn't get there. This movie tells why. An untutored pioneer whose innate nobility was well concealed under buckskin, he was easily embarrassed into believing that his small son (Donald MacDonald) deserved a gentleman's education. The soft ways of a school teacher (Diana Lynn), the hard business sense of his brother-in-law (John McIntyre) and his own inability to cope with citified customs all conspired against his dream. To say nothing of the feudin' Fromes, a couple of brothers hot on his trail, who conspired against his life. An indentured servant girl (Dianne Foster) is his only real ally. There is a wonderful flavor of American folklore in this movie, also a warm, deep feeling for humanity. With Walter Matthau. CinemaScope—U.A.

TRIAL

The meaning of freedom

■ A teen-age girl dies at a moonlight beach party and a Mexican boy, Angel Chavez (Rafael Campos), is accused of her murder. More than a mere trial, his case sets the American idea of justice against the forces of race prejudice and the subtler demon, Communism, which manipulates both sides to achieve its own end. Lawyer Glenn Ford prepares Angel's case while his associate Arthur Kennedy goes to New York to raise funds. "Free Angel Chavez!" is Kennedy's rallying cry, until the Party bosses decide that hanging Chavez would be smarter, since it would increase the race prejudice on which Communism thrives. Unwittingly, Ford becomes Kennedy's dupe, but his own integrity saves him. It also strengthens Dorothy McGuire, law secretary and ex-fellow traveler, who loves him. Trial's only flaw is that in

(Continued on page 24)

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WATCH FOR PERMA-LIFT WEEK IN YOUR CITY

movie previews

(Continued from page 22) saying so much its emotional focus becomes a little blurred. Still, it is an important, finely acted drama that everyone should see. With John Hodiak, Katy Jurado, John Hoyt and Juano Hernandez.—MGM



TO CATCH A THIEF

Intrigue, romance and Grace Kelly

■ A black cat slinks over Riviera roofs and where he goes his master follows, stealing jewels worth millions. An American hero of the French Resistance (Cary Grant) known as "The Cat" used to earn enough money that way to buy himself a villa. The trouble is, the French police are not convinced he has left the profession. The only way he can convince them is by nabbing the thief himself. So he finds a likely victim (Jesse Royce Landis) who wears rocks on her chest (diamond rocks), and her slightly spoiled, thrill-seeking daughter (Grace Kelly). All the time Grant is being enchanted by Grace, she thinks she is cleverly provoking him to crime. Not that she cares if he's a criminal. She has too much money and gorgeous clothes to care. Now the question is: Is Cary crooked? That is a question director Alfred Hitchcock nimbly tosses to and fro as he leads us through this charming and very expensive movie. Vista Vision—Para.



THE VIRGIN QUEEN

Costume drama deluxe

■ The glory that is Bette Davis glows in this costume drama of 16th-century England. She is Elizabeth Tudor, the Virgin Queen, arrogant, clever, frustrated, lonely—but never resigned. Into her court of fawning hypocrites strides Walter Raleigh (Richard Todd) a Devon man, lover of the sea, who requests three ships to sail on it. Ships, indeed, scoffs the Queen. I'll make you captain of my palace guard. Captain yes, but no slave, Raleigh. He falls for a lady-in-waiting (Joan Collins) and secretly marries her. Elizabeth, meanwhile, dubs him Knight and gives him one ship to sail to the New World for treasure. But, oh, she is loathe to let him go. And when she discovers

his deceit (marriage) she has him hauled to the Tower of London, the better to cut off his head. It is a swagging, romantic film you'll love. With Herbert Marshall, Dan O'Herlihy. CinemaScope—20th-Fox

REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE

What makes a juvenile delinquent?

■ You can understand the kids who take to the streets because there's no food at home, but it's hard to figure out the ones like James Dean whose mother (Ann Doran) and father (Jim Backus) think they're doing the best they can. When Jim's hauled, drunk, into a police station for questioning about a recent case of teen-age brutality, he falls in with Natalie Wood and Sal Mineo who come from disturbed, if middle-class, homes, Jim is propelled into a world of hot rods and switchblades where he tries to act big, to make up for the weakness he resents in his own parents. It takes some doing, and a lot of violence ending in tragedy before this rebel comes to peaceful terms with himself and his family.—Warners

KISS OF FIRE

Western with a twist

■ The heiress to the Spanish throne (Barbara Rush) is living in Santa Fe when she gets word to come home and be queen. Easier said than done, m'boys, for New Mexico is rife with traitors and hostile Indians through whom Barbara must beat a path to the sea. Not only that. She insists on lugging her entire wardrobe along. Well, it's quite a trip. The Duke of Montera (Rex Reason) keeps pressing his suit (proposing, that is); Barbara's cousin (Martha Hver) keeps throwing herself at their fiery guide (Jack Palance) and their fiery guide, when he is not beating a trail, is tossing those fiery kisses away like candy. It's fun. Technicolor—U.I.



HOUSE OF BAMBOO

TNT in Tokyo

■ What might have been the Chicago underworld moves to Tokyo in this film, with Robert Ryan calling the shots. He heads a gang which is quickly divesting Japan of all its currency and much of its population by the old stick-'em-up method. Along comes Robert Stack—unshaved, unsung and apparently unscrupulous. He joins Ryan's club—for laughs, one presumes. Shirley Yamaguchi tags along, too (not for laughs, but for the love of a man this mob killed). The plot's complicated, but whenever the gunsmoke clears you glimpse some lovely views of that ancient country. CinemaScope—20th-Fox

HOW TO BE VERY, VERY POPULAR

A free-wheeling farce

■ A couple of chorus girls (Betty Grable, Sheree North) in flight from a murderer, land on a college campus where Charles Coburn presides like an m.c. at a benefit. He will give you any degree at all for money in the till. It is through sheer charity that Robert Cummings, Orson Bean and Tommy Noonan are allowed to attend classes. Tommy hypnotizes Sheree, who spends the rest of her time in a coma (except when you say salami, then she dances). Aside from the title, only the scantily-clad forms of said girls are apt to keep you entranced. CinemaScope—20th-Fox



THE MCCONNELL STORY

Legend of an airman

■ Obviously, Alan Ladd (McConnell) is not the man for June Allyson. He wants to fly; she wants to feather a nest. But marry him she does, and off he goes to become one of the most famous aces in air force history. Between wars, they manage to have a family, and are presented with a beautiful home by citizens of California who know how to repay a hero. Now we'll settle down, Allyson thinks. Ladd would—if he could. But he's off to test jet planes with his old buddy James Whitmore. There are thrilling scenes of flying, also scenes that tug your heartstrings. CinemaScope—Warners

THE MAN WHO LOVED REDHEADS

A sophisticated comedy

■ At fourteen, future peer and diplomat John Justin swears eternal love to a redhead. Naturally, he marries someone else, but the image of that redhead (Moira Shearer) lingers on. Balancing a wife, son and brilliant career in one hand, and a love nest in the other is a trick only a diplomat could manage. Justin manages superbly with models who remind him of the original Moira. But there's a moral here: you can fool some of the people all of the time, but you can't fool your wife. Nevertheless, by the time that good lady (Gladys Cooper) confronts Justin with his past he's nearly seventy-five! It's a delightful comedy. Technicolor—U.A.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

MY SISTER EILEEN (Col.): One of the best musical comedies in a long time is this hilarious and famous story of Ruth (Betty Garrett) and Eileen (Janet Leigh) who came from Ohio to seek their fortunes in New York. What they find is Greenwich Village, the Brazilian navy, and a wonderful assortment of people, including Jack Lemmon, Kurt Kasznar, Robert Fosse and Tommy Rall. Technicolor. CinemaScope.

TO HELL AND BACK (U.I.): This is Audie Murphy's story, a magnificent tribute to the unit with which he served in the Second World War. An exciting experience, it is one of the most honest movies ever made about war and the men who fight. CinemaScope.

THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH (20th-Fox): This is the happy tale of a summer bachelor and the Girl Upstairs. It's done in CinemaScope and belly-laughs, with Tom Ewell (of the original Broadway hit) and Marilyn Monroe (who should live upstairs from everyone). Color by DeLuxe.

SPECIAL DELIVERY (Col.): Another good comedy. The movie revolves around a baby left at a U.S. Embassy too close to the Iron Curtain for anyone's comfort. It features everything from Joseph Cotton to a Communist baby sitter, played by Eva Bartok.

THE PRIVATE WAR OF MAJOR BENSON (U.I.): Charlton Heston is splendid as the blood-and-guts Army man who finds himself in charge of a military encampment whose fighting men range in age from six to fourteen. Julie Adams is around to look pretty, and little Tim Hovey to steal most of the scenes. CinemaScope.

LAND OF THE PHAROHS (Warners): The plot of this spectacular film revolves around the building of the largest pyramid in Egypt and the Pharaoh (Jack Hawkins) for whom it was created. Joan Collins is the princess who plots his downfall. CinemaScope.



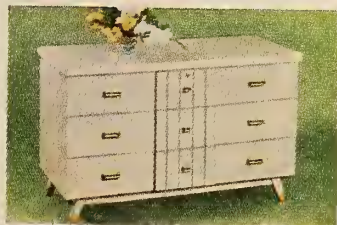
Modern Lowboy in blond oak. Storage compartment opens at top; drawer in base. Model #2920. Also in Seafoam Mahogany, #2929; or in Charcoal Mahogany, #3247.

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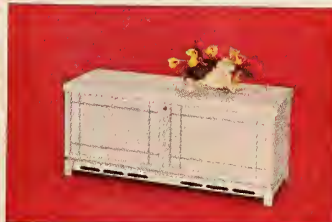
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Bross trim, base drawer. Blond Oak, #3213. Seafoam Mahogany, #3214; Pearl Mahogany, #3215; Cordovan Mahogany, #3216.



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18th Century, Satin Mahogany, drawer in base, simulated drawers above, #2221. Similar design, Casual Mahogany, #3173.

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*Herewith the tale
of young Jeff—who
loved not wisely,
but too well!*

MY FIRST LOVE

by Jeffrey Hunter

■ Forget Joy? Forget that pretty, plump, black-haired, blue-eyed, smartest girl in the class, who never had to crack a book? Never! She was my first love and even if it only lasted about three months, that has to go down as the steamiest one-sided romance of my life. I went steady—all by myself. Come to think of it, I can't remember Joy taking any active interest in my callow courtship, but that was beside the point. I loved her.

The big thing was the love letters I wrote her when I should have been

applying myself to my lessons. I must have written a thousand of them, and every time it was so thrilling that I could hardly stand it. First, the anticipation, composing the immortal lines I would pen. Then, the actual writing: "Dear Joy. I love you. I hope you love me, too. Love, Hank." This part was so exciting that I had to keep a vise-like grip on the pencil to hold my hand steady, the result being a few holes dug through the paper and dirty, sweaty smudges here and there. Then, the bit of sneaking the note into her desk without being seen by her or anyone else; by this time my heart was too big for my chest. And then—oh, beautiful climax!—I watched her read what I had written. She never answered the notes, she never even acknowledged them by looking at me. But right around here, around the cheekbones, she'd turn all pink. Never has a man gotten so much from so little.

After school I used to ride my bike back and forth in front of her house, willing to expend my last energetic erg in the forlorn hope of seeing her, which I never did. This patrol of mine wasn't entirely pure in motive, though. A friend of mine named Jimmy, who also had a crush on Joy, had the advantage of living right across the street from her and, what to my way of thinking was worse, he had a basement with a ping-pong table in it where they could get to know each other better.

I didn't have a pingpong table, but I had something else: a gasoline-powered train that my father had built me, big enough to seat two kids in the locomotive cab and a few in the passenger car behind. On the outskirts of Milwaukee, where we lived, there was only a dirt road in front of the house and no traffic, so I could run my train up and down the block all day long. Joy liked that. We'd sit up in the cab together, and it didn't matter to me that we weren't talking or holding hands or anything. She was *there*.

The train reminds me of something that maybe I shouldn't tell, except that it's so funny. One day Joy was riding in the passenger car with another girl while I was engineer, and my father took movies of us. Well, the first time he ran that film off, it nearly laid me out on the floor because when Joy got out of the car you could see at least an inch above her knee. Of course, I saw her in shorts very often without giving a second thought to anatomy, but this time, she was wearing a dress. Wow! I must

have run that reel until it was in tatters, and every time, that perfectly innocent, grubby little knee practically finished me. Finally it was too good to keep to myself; I had a showing for the other guys in the neighborhood, and for about 1/64th of a second they, too, got a view of Joy's knee. Stag reels at the age of twelve.

Except for that normal lapse into little-kid curiosity, we were a remarkably innocent bunch. If we went down to Jimmy's basement to play pingpong, for instance, that's exactly what we did. Not even spin-the-bottle or postoffice. Pingpong.

There was one day, though, that Jim went upstairs to get us some cokes, giving me the opportunity I had been waiting for, and I did something very daring. The minute he left the basement I tiptoed over to the record-player, put The Record on, and stood at my own end of the pingpong table, breathing hard, while Joy and I listened to the beautiful strains of "I'm Falling In Love With Someone." Her reaction? She probably beat me 21-0 while I was still overcome by my own audacity. After all, how forward can a guy get?

The greatest romance of the century ended as it had begun three months before: without an indication of pleasure or displeasure from Her. What happened was simply that football, which was to occupy me for some years to come, took over my life and left no time for girls. Whether Joy minded my forsaking her I never knew—but I'm sure that my parents, who had been suffering silently through it all, were greatly relieved. Even if I did come home bloodied and bruised now and then after a football game, at least the walls of the house no longer billowed in and out with my pensive, lovesick sighs.

Jeff Hunter can next be seen in Seven Cities Of Gold.



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These are the hands of Mrs. Anderson after she took the soak-test. *This photograph is unretouched.*

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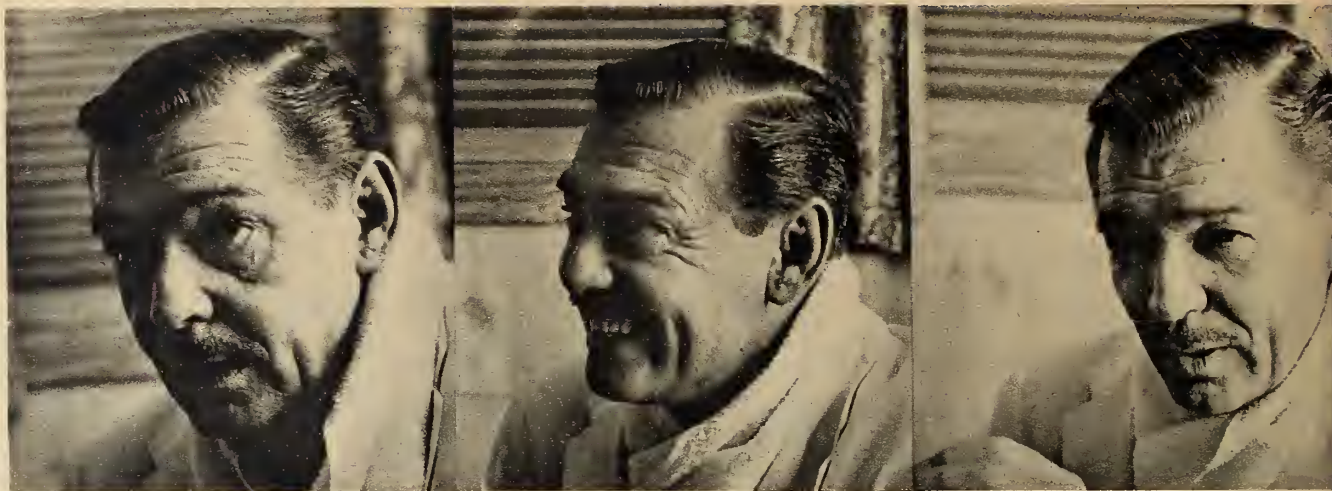
*Notice to doctors and dermatologists. For a summary of this independent research report, write to The Andrew Jergens Co., Cinn., Ohio.

the secret love that haunts jimmy dean

*Her name is Lili
Kardell. Not so long
ago, when no one
else cared, Lili and
Jimmy fell in love*
by IMOGENE COLLINS



■ Now that James Dean is Somebody in Hollywood, everything about him has become newsworthy. Nationally syndicated columns make note of his daily habits, his moods, his current companions. A girl he dated once was interviewed about him for newspapers throughout the country. But not so long ago, Dean was Nobody anywhere. Last October, he was just an obscure young actor lately arrived in Hollywood to make his first movie. Because Pier Angeli was interested in him, a few photographers snapped pictures of them together, but for all that, Jimmy Dean was just one of the anonymous, hopeful faces that make up the Hollywood landscape. It was then that he met Lili Kardell. She was another young hopeful. Both she and Jimmy were under contract to agent Dick Clayton. He introduced his protégés to each other. Right away, it clicked. Lili is a nineteen-year-old beauty with soft blonde hair and big blue eyes. She stands five feet, four and one-half inches tall, weighs 108 pounds and has a figure that offers the best of Marilyn Monroe and Anita Ekberg combined. Her (Continued on page 78)



I HAD IT ON MY MIND FOR . . .

. . . JUST ABOUT A YEAR . . .

. . . I KNEW I'D MARRY HER . . .

CLARK GABLE:

let's say she's just a friend of mine (and then they eloped)

by STEVE CRONIN

■ It happened on *The Tall Men* location a few months ago. It was down in Durango, Mexico. Clark Gable and a reporter were sitting on the patio of the Hotel Posada Duran, nursing a couple of beers.

"When are you and Kay Spreckels getting married?" the reporter asked.

Gable put down his beer and ran the index finger of his right hand across his moustache. His man had just trimmed it that morning.

"Why don't you cut it out?" the actor demanded. "Always trying to get me married." He half-smiled. "Why should I want to get married?"

"Because you're a creature of habit," the reporter answered. "Your whole life you've been a sucker for marriage."

Gable took another swig of beer and rolled a cigarette for himself.

"Maybe so," he agreed. "But a man learns. From here on in I'm staying single."

"Stop kidding."

"On the level," Clark insisted. "Kay's a great gal.

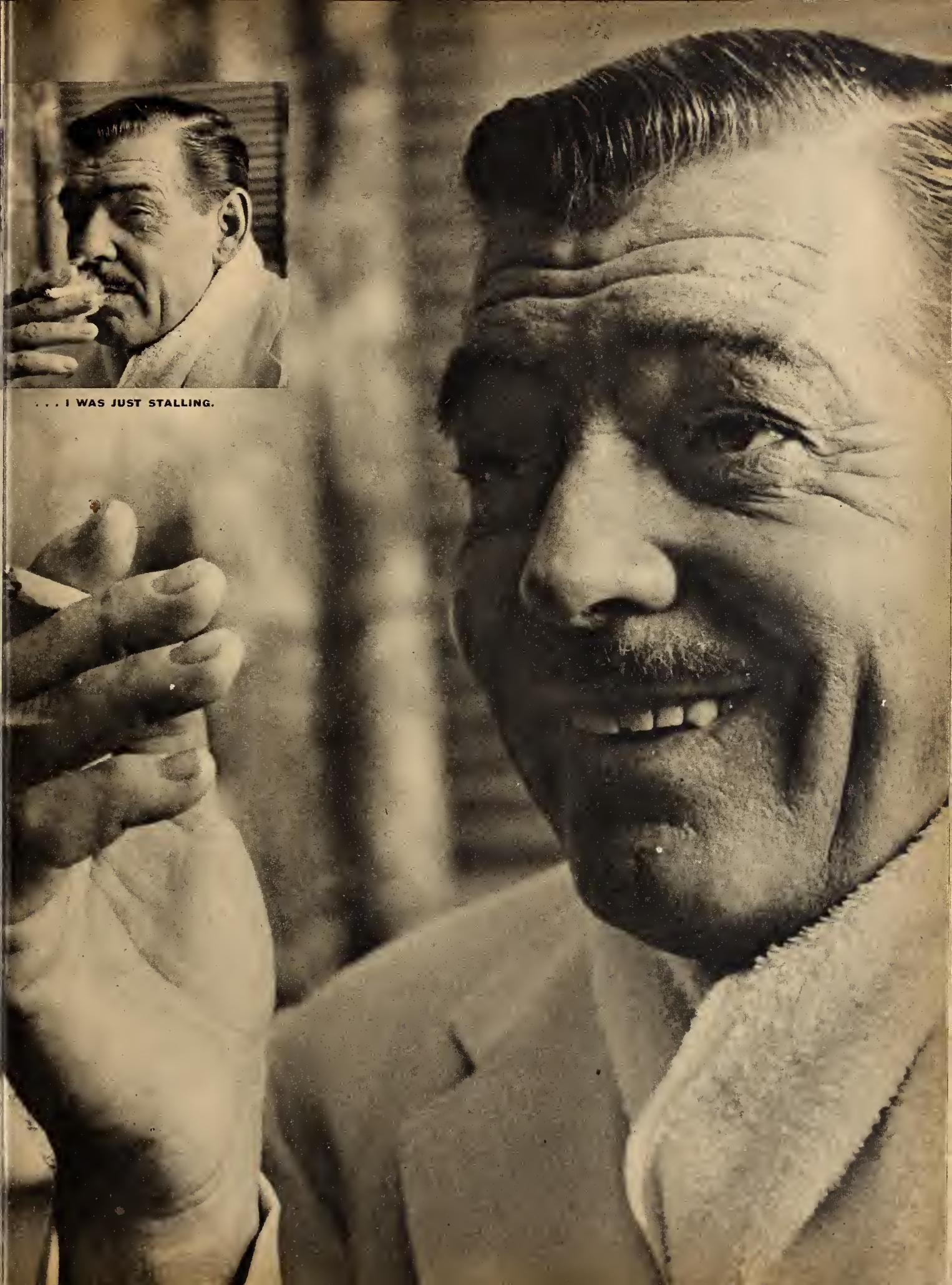
But we're both at least three-time losers in this marriage routine. Better we stay friends." (Continued on page 32)



Gable has always been a man for quiet elopements. After the ceremony the couple honeymooned in a friend's hideaway, then met the press.



... I WAS JUST STALLING.





NIGHT CLUBBING has never attracted Gable as much as the outdoors but he's a smooth dancer. He and Kay will keep right on getting around.

CLARK GABLE *continued*

It had to lead to a wedding. Kay Spreckels has always been in tune with Gable's moods and pleasures, the friend he turned to



FIRST NIGHTER Gable squired Kay to A Star Is Born and other premières, adding to rumors which pre-dated elopement by several years.



RANCHER GABLE took Kay on location for *The Tall Men*. Quipped Kay after wedding, "I read that I'm good for Clark because I'm an outdoor girl. Maybe we should pitch a tent and move outside with the bed rolls."



GOLFER GABLE played with Kay at Palm Springs. Friends say Kay is more like Carole Lombard than any woman he has known.

(Continued from page 30) "Is that why," the reporter asked, "you've been calling her in the States every day?"

Gable finished his beer and got to his feet. "Have to get over to Raoul Walsh's place," he announced. (Walsh directed *The Tall Men*.) "Have to talk about tomorrow's scenes." And with that the fifty-four-year-old king of the leading men picked up his little tobacco bag and slipped it into his shirt pocket. "And I'm not getting married." He bobbed his handsome head up and down as if to emphasize the point. The reporter was impressed but not convinced.

"Your father's moustache," he said.

A week later the same reporter was sitting in a Hollywood night club called the Mocambo when Kay Williams Spreckels walked in.

Kay is one of the most cheerful, best-natured women in Hollywood. Always smiling, always pleasant, always ready with a quip. She reminds everyone of Gable's third wife, the late Carole Lombard.

"When the King gets back from Mexico," the newsman suggested, casual-like, "you two kids tying the knot?"

"You a professional match-maker or (Continued on page 90)

The story of a little girl who didn't want to grow up but had to / by Kirtley Baskette

LIFE BEGINS FOR MAGGIE

It was just another morning recently when another picture started at another Hollywood studio. But for Margaret O'Brien the day held a special promise. She was up at 5:30 and at the RKO gate by 7. The cop checked off her name without a glance of recognition. Five years is a long time to be out of pictures.

Besides, maybe she'd changed. She sat in a boxy, portable dressing room waiting for the first scene of her comeback picture, *Glory*—and it was a tough one. She was to cry. She'd never had much trouble crying. She used to ask her directors, "How do you want the tears—inside or out?" But now a brief flicker of anxiety crossed her pretty, quiet face and centered in her expressive sherry-tinted eyes. The middle-aged woman with her noticed and averted her gaze. "Come on, Mother," urged Margaret. "Talk to me—you know, like you used to."

But her mother replied, "I can't, I'm afraid. Not any more." So she walked out alone when they called her into the scene. The director who watched her closely remembered something Lionel Barrymore said: "She's the only actress in the world, outside of my sister Ethel, who can make me pull out my handkerchief." The director's name was David Butler, and he has been around Hollywood a long time. Once, his specialty was directing kid actresses. Somehow he'd skipped this kid until now, but he knew what to say. When the scene was over he put his arm around the dainty five-foot girl. "It was great—just great, honey. You're the same wonderful kid—the same Margaret!" (Continued on page 35)

*"You'll never ask me
to do this again,"
Maggie gloomed, gazing
at this charming photo,
her very first pin-up.*

*"I look just like you'd
expect Margaret O'Brien
would look!"*

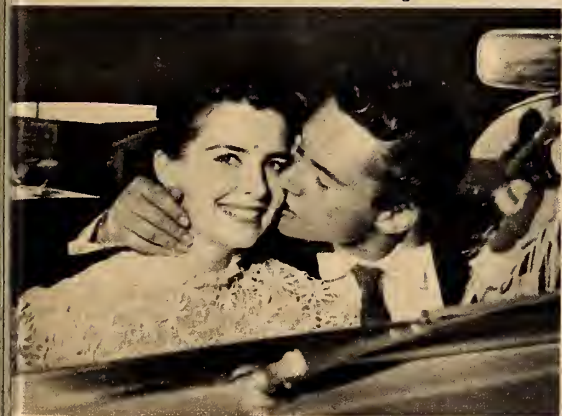




Overly dependent on Mama, Maggie has just learned to stand alone. . .



and to talk to boys like Harold Selson, Bob Allen, who watched her graduate.



Last year considered "too naive to date," Maggie is now in demand . . .



and has learned to dress and make up for her grown-up eighteen years.

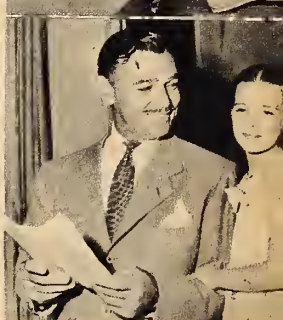
(Continued from page 33) But that wasn't quite the truth.

Margaret O'Brien obviously retains the same amazing talent which made her Hollywood's wonder child of the forties. But today she no more resembles the fabulous pigtailed moppet of that lost decade than a butterfly suggests a caterpillar. Today Maggie's a young lady, and a very lovely one indeed—but a lady with a problem. Briefly, she faces creating a new life for herself, a new career and—to make both a success—a new maturity. For far too long pretty Maggie has been holding back tomorrow because she couldn't forget her wonderful yesterday.

As a result, at eighteen Margaret O'Brien finds herself at least three years behind her age and on the spot to catch up. Only last year she had her first date with a boy, and only a few weeks ago her first without her mother by her side. As recently as last January 15, on Maggie's eighteenth birthday, Mrs. Gladys O'Brien had to get on the phone and rustle up a date (Tab Hunter) for her coming-of-age dinner party at Chasens, because her daughter didn't know whom or how to ask. Although Maggie's been eligible to drive a car for over two years now, she learned how only two short months ago. Just this past May—halfway into her nineteenth year—did she graduate from high school, at which formality she knew no one else in her class. Only in recent weeks has Maggie conducted a press interview without her mother, shopped for a dress, made a business decision, fallen halfway in love or fixed herself a sandwich. And she parted with her long, girlish tresses, never cut before in her life, just a few weeks ago, but only after her agent handed her an ultimatum: "No haircut—no parts!"

All of this is unique even in Hollywood, but still understandable. Because as far back as Margaret can remember she was no normal growing girl but a box-office treasure wrapped in cotton batting. Nonetheless it poses a crisis in her life today as she tries the near impossible—to be as great as an adult as she was a child. To pull that off Maggie must measure up to her present and break with her past. On that challenge hangs her future. And for her it's a pretty large order.

Because Margaret O'Brien has been Mama's girl ever since she was born in Los Angeles nineteen years ago come next January. She never knew her father, Larry O'Brien. A daring circus rider, he was killed in an accident in Mexico City a few weeks before she arrived, a fragile baby weighing *(Continued on page 74)*



Way back in the forties, when Maggie was the brightest child star ever, she was never without Mama, had few friends. But she met former child stars like Shirley Temple (whose on-screen growing-up was none too successful) and Liz Taylor (who grew up quite nicely). She also met Mr. Gable, who found out fast who she was!



Husband, father, home-owner, Guy feels proudly possessive of wife Sheila, red-haired baby Bridget and the solid, normal life he's earned.



GUY'S DOLL

by TONI NOEL

He married her when his world had fallen apart; she helped him build a new and better one

■ Sheila Madison can best be described by the lyrics of a recent song: "A doll I can carry the girl that I marry must be." The girl that Guy married is a doll, for sure. Add to that the following: lively as a cricket, piquant of expression, droll of wit, feminine without any compulsion to rub the noses of nearby males in an awareness of same and completely at home in the world.

Sheila is most frequently compared to Elizabeth Taylor, probably because they're both girls and in Hollywood you've got to look like some star unless you have two heads, and Sheila is small and brunette.

A surprising type to attract Guy Madison? No, the right type exactly, according to his friends. "Sheila's very good for Guy," commented Rory Calhoun's wife Lita. "He's getting from her what he never got from anyone before. She shows him the way because she's so outgoing with people and they respond to her warmth. He's learning to relax more with them."

"There was a time, before they met, when Guy had dinner with us almost every night. When Billy Daniel and I were at the Mocambo, Guy even came there with Rory—and neither of them is the night-club type. Guy was terribly gay then, he *seemed* happy living it up, but I know that it isn't his nature. With Sheila he can be himself. You know, quiet-like."

Probably one of the first qualities that attracted Guy to his bride, aside from the fact that he had all of his hormones, was her self-sufficiency and an honesty that insists on the truth, just the plain truth. If Sheila were Hollywood-struck, she might say of her father, "He owned the biggest racing stable in all of Ireland." Instead of which she states with complete aplomb, "He was a jockey."

Similarly, though any good press agent would tell her not to discuss a conflict in religions, she does, because it explains how she came to be born in America. "When my mother and father fell in love, her parents nearly had a fit, they being Protestant and he a Catholic. They came up with a great idea: separate the two, send her to New York to visit (*Continued on page 80*)



Guy and Sheila stay out of the gossip columns, are infrequently photographed out on the town.



She eats with playwright Michael Gazzo at a backstage party. . .

The very private life of MM

. . . strolls to Childs with actor Jack Lord. . .



by William Barbour

Marilyn Monroe is gone forever. Hollywood will get her before the cameras every now and then, but they won't keep her. What they'll be getting is a shell—the same dazzling shell their own publicity magicians created—but their girl is gone. It is even possible they won't recognize Marilyn when she walks in. This year in New York has wrought an incredible change in her looks, her personality, her inner being. It's the kind of reverse switch that would be outright fraud in anyone else, but in Marilyn it is the first breath of reality in her strange, bewildering life.

Unlike so many people running away from themselves, Marilyn knows exactly what she is running away from and where she is going. Much has been written about

Monroe's New Life, much of it sarcastically critical of a supposed attempt to be arty, intellectual, bohemian.

But Marilyn is too sure of herself to be hurt by criticism. She is simply appalled by her own image, the Myth of Monroe, the near-parody (Continued on page 40)



These photos, completely unposed, were taken during and after class hours at The Actors' Studio, where Marilyn is studying theatre in the company of other professional actors. Neither Marilyn, the other students nor school director Lee Strasberg (holding scripts in first row of picture below) was aware of being photographed. At first Marilyn found the other students unfriendly; now, convinced she's one of them, they accept her.

photos by Roy Schatt



... talks with Eli Wallach and students.

Broadway's curtain of

anonymity drops over Marilyn.

Minus make-up, she passes

for another stage-struck kid



Under the glare of floodlights

The Legend of Monroe blossoms like

a blast of heady perfume

but The Smoldering Siren is only a pose,

a part she plays but can't live



(Continued from page 39) of sex she has become. She isn't looking for a new personality. All she is seeking—desperately—is the real one. The woman buried beneath layers of make-up and years of posturing, long hidden from everyone, hidden even from herself.

For the first time, Marilyn is fashioning a life without love. As always her closest friends are men—men have always guided her life—but today friendship is just that. No more, no less. Marilyn has learned to shed The Myth like a Cinderella gown, and with it all the frightening insecurity that brought her to this year of decision.

A few months ago, she was escorted on the spur of the moment to a small, intellectual party in Brooklyn Heights. Introduced simply as "Marilyn," she wore a plain outfit and no make-up, and none of the guests recognized her.

For all they knew, Marilyn was a young actress trying to get a break in television, or perhaps a model with strangely simple, almost sloppy taste in clothes. She entered freely in the conversation, which was mainly about art and literature.

As the party was breaking up, one of the lady guests asked innocently what she did for a living.

"I'm an actress," Marilyn said, with equal innocence.

"Oh?" said the other woman. "Stage or television?"

"I'm in pictures," said Marilyn.

"What name do you use?" the woman asked politely.

"Monroe," she said.


"Monroe," (Continued on page 60)



...and the very public
life of MM

photos by Sam Shaw





A good wife is hard to lose

by RUTH LOUGHLIN

■ Had you asked anyone-in-the-know a few years ago about the Glenn Ford-Eleanor Powell marriage, you would have been told, "Not so hot."

Friends said divorce was imminent. They mentioned mother-in-law trouble, an overseas infatuation and too much foreign travel as the possible causes.

Today, however, as Glenn and Ellie approach their twelfth wedding anniversary (on October 23) theirs is one of

the most secure and happy marriages in Hollywood.

"We're so much in love," cries Ellie Ford, "you'd think we were newlyweds."

"I don't know," Glenn agrees, "when things have been better. I've just finished *Trial*; we sneaked it a few nights ago and it's quite a good picture. I'm a happy man these days."

What's happened? What new and strange magic rescued a marriage

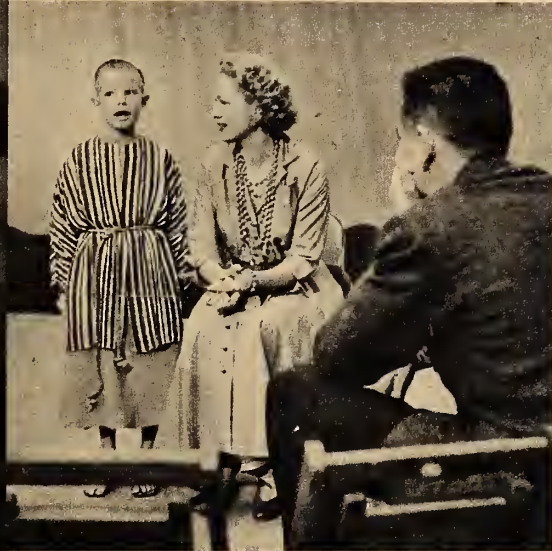
teetering on the precipice of disaster?

Who and what changed Glenn Ford from a moody, frequently sullen and unfulfilled human being into a man of stature, warmth and good nature?

How come things are jumping in the Ford household these days?

To these many questions there are many answers, major and minor, but the two really important ones are love and religion.

The trouble was, Glenn was taking "good old Ellie" for granted. Something had to bring him back to his senses



"Any time you bring religion into a marriage you make it better," says Ellie. The Fords televise a weekly Sunday School class called Faith Of Our Children. They audition participants, stage-manage sets, rehearse and write the show—without pay. Deeply religious himself, Glenn devotes free time to the project, supervises Ellie's performance as teacher (below) with help of son Peter.



Gwyllyn Samuel Newton Ford—Glenn to you—is a basically religious man.

It is significant, for example, that he proposed to Ellie in the old Methodist Church in Santa Monica. It was on a Sunday afternoon a dozen years ago. The church was empty. Glenn walked Ellie down the aisle and gently edged her into a pew.

"This is where I've always attended services," he (Continued on page 88)

High Road to Happiness



*From Ann Blyth to her children:
The gift of joy her mother gave her,
the same loving childhood she knew*

At ten, when Ann was confirmed at St. Pat's in New York, she had been singing on the radio for five years, loving every minute—especially the knowledge that her pay check meant "Mommy doesn't have to work so hard."



by IDA ZEITLIN

■ They're hoping the new baby will be here for Christmas. They're no less thrilled over the second than the first. Ann doesn't have to say so. The lovely way her face lights up speaks for her. "It's a new miracle," she adds simply, "every time it happens. Another link in that precious little family circle." They'd love to have a daughter, but a son will be just as welcome. They've already picked probable names—Terence Michael or Maureen Ann—Ann for Ann's mother, whose real name it was, though she was always called Nan.

Her mother's love, her mother's influence surrounds Ann always. At St. Vincent's Hospital last year after Timothy was born, the past stepped strangely forward to join hands with the present. On a quiet evening one of the Sisters came in. Ann smiled in greeting, and felt suddenly that this was no casual visit, that something significant was about to happen.

The nun drew up a chair. "I'd been hoping to catch you alone for a few minutes. I've long wanted to write to you, but I am glad now that I waited. For I have a story to tell you and this seems a most appropriate time.

"It goes back to when I was a child in rather poor health and was sent to stay with my grandmother in New York. She lived close to where you and your mother and sister lived on East 49th Street. One day I went to the candy store where you used to buy candy and ice cream—do you remember?"

"How well I remember!" breathed Ann. "I remember the owner. He knew my Mommy."

"Exactly. He knew how religious she was and how she loved praying for other people. She happened to be in the store that day. He said to her, 'This little girl hasn't been very well.' I'll never forget her look of loving kindness as she asked me my name and where my grandmother lived. I'll say a very (Continued on page 46)

A few years after the death of her mother, Ann made a sentimental pilgrimage to Ireland with beloved Aunt Cis and Uncle Pat (above). There she worshiped at her mother's family church, met her Irish Aunt Liz (right) and other relatives for the first time.





ANN BLYTH *continued*

Tragedy came in Ann's seventeenth year—but her nineteenth found her again hopeful, surrounded by friends



While Ann, recovered from the shock of her mother's death, was celebrating her first home with Liz Taylor, Jane Powell, other friends, Hollywood was playing *Let's Marry Ann Off*. "I'm in no hurry," Ann said, happily bridesmaiding for her friends.

Then she met Dr. Jim, brother of Dennis Day. "Right away I loved his face," Ann said. She was still in no hurry. Two years later, she and Jim were in love; a year after that Ann's friends went to a wedding.



The following year Timothy Patrick (Tim because they like the name, Pat after Jim's dad, Ann's uncle) was born. Now Tim's growing up and Ann is awaiting her second child, due to arrive as a Christmas present for the McNulty's.



special prayer for you,' she promised, and the promise gave me comfort. A few days later someone knocked at our door. It was your mother. She'd brought me a little gold medal of the Blessed Virgin and Jesus, Her Son—on a gold chain, so I could wear it around my neck. She'd had my initials engraved on the back. I wore it for years."

Out of her pocket she drew a small tissue-wrapped object and laid it in Ann's hand. "To be quite honest, I hate giving it up. It means a great deal to me. But I feel still more strongly that it belongs to you now."

Eyes blurring, Ann tried to thank her. She was grateful that no one else came to see her that night. Shaken by memories sad and sweet, she needed solitude. Alone, she unwrapped the medal with its holy figures, turned it over and stared incredulously. For the initials of that long-ago little girl had been A.M.—which stood for her own name, too—Ann Marie. Her heart lifted in almost unbearable thanksgiving. To Ann this was no coincidence, but God's mysterious way of performing His wonders. It was like a gift from Him through His servant and like a benediction from her mother on Timothy's birth.

"She was my great inspiration," says Ann. "By her teaching, by her example. By her supreme gentleness and compassion. She had the kind of charity that doesn't presume to judge. And a faith that never failed. This was her strength, and she did her best to instill it in me. Often when I'd read for a part I didn't get and maybe grow a little disheartened, she'd put me right. 'Setbacks are a necessary part of life, they make you try harder, they help to build character.' Most of all, she'd say over and over again: 'God in His wisdom has a reason for what He does and He always knows best. Even though the reasons may be difficult for us to understand.'" Ann paused for a moment, looking back. "There are some things we never will understand. But we accept them as part of His plan. That was the essence of my mother's faith. It's the essence of mine."

So her childhood was spent in an atmosphere of (*Continued on page 82*)



MARLON BRANDO:
**UNACCUSTOMED
AS I AM...**

Brando wasn't officially invited to the banquet. He just came, and this is what he said. His comments, candid and off the cuff, were recorded in shorthand by a very surprised fellow-diner

■ It happened at the annual UCLA Theatre Arts Banquet at Scully's Restaurant in Los Angeles. The Sam Goldwyn Award was to be presented, and one of the drama students invited Marlon to attend. No one really expected him (they didn't even have a cameraman!) and when he did show up, the delighted boys and girls turned the banquet into a forum and peppered Brando with questions—some of them loaded!

BRANDO: I've never made an after dinner speech in all my life. Most of them

are pointless and boring. Let's dispense with preambles and get to it.

QUESTION: *Do you feel that James Dean copied your style in East Of Eden?*

BRANDO: Jim and I worked together at the Actors' Studio in New York and I have great respect for his talent. However, in that film, Mr. Dean appears to be wearing my last year's wardrobe and using my last year's talent.

QUESTION: *Have you ever been psychoanalyzed?*

BRANDO: Yes, I was psychoanalyzed. It broadened my scope. I was frightened because actors are neurotic. This is due to their intensity and depth, their low irritability. Just for self education, psychoanalysis is important.

QUESTION: *How did psychoanalysis affect you as an actor?*

BRANDO: What draws most of us to the theatre is a neurosis to begin with. When I contemplated analysis, I had the fear that my level of sensitivity or "low irritability" (Continued on page 73)

Unlucky at Love

Leslie Caron has been hurt three times. Will she ever learn to stop falling in love with the wrong men?

by SUSAN WENDER

■ For the third time, Leslie Caron has lost at love.

At twenty-three she has been through a broken marriage and two subsequent, serious romances, each of which ended with Leslie's man marrying another girl. At twenty-three the sparkling, open, joyous child has become moody, unapproachable, absorbed only in her work. At twenty-three she is unloved and unloving. Why?

The unwitting villain of the piece—his motives perfectly innocent—was undoubtedly Geordie Hormel. He met her when Leslie was new to Hollywood and fame, new, in fact, to the world. He seemed then to represent the dream of every young girl—and most particularly of every French girl, brought up to believe in marriage and family life as the ultimate joy of life.

Geordie proposed on the second date. Leslie was swept off her feet with comparative ease. They were at the beach at the time, the night after they met. "Let's get married," Geordie said. "You must be crazy," Leslie remarked. "No," Geordie said. "I'm not crazy. I'm in love."

Leslie was in her teens. Geordie was charming, wealthy, very personable. The proposal had all the romance of love-at-first-sight. He took Leslie home to meet his parents, remarkably fine people. She knew he wasn't just talking—he meant it. The next thing she knew, they were in Las Vegas, getting married. But she didn't know Geordie. There hadn't been time for that. (Continued on page 86)



Worried friends say Leslie is too quiet, too much alone these days, devoted only to her dancing.



Here are the most important men in—and out of—Leslie's love life.



Geordie Hormel married her—too fast.



Roland Petit discovered her—wed another.



Robert Petit consoled her but had a girl.



Jack Larson is the latest but is he the one?

how it feels
to be
very, very Beautiful

Beauty is a mixed blessing—even a handicap—but these

^a Peter Basch



Their next pictures: Kim in Columbia's *Picnic*; Liz in Warners' *Giant*; Jeanne in UA's *Gentlemen Marry Brunettes*

famous beauties have learned to live with it at ease



KIM NOVAK distrusts beauty. She remembers the painful years when she was too tall and too shy to be at ease. Ignored by her classmates until she won a modeling contest, Kim pointedly observes, "I was the same girl I had been the day before but then no one talked to me. My picture was in the paper and everyone became friendly." Flattery is still hard for Kim to handle. She has finally learned to take beauty in stride but warms only to people who accept her looks with a casual lack of concern.



Bob Beerman



ELIZABETH TAYLOR ignores beauty. Indisputably one of the most beautiful women of our time, Liz Taylor was a beautiful child, a beautiful adolescent, a *femme fatale* at twenty. Liz wears her loveliness comfortably and assumes everyone else is similarly endowed. Completely informal at home, she is enormously susceptible to beauty in other forms, clothes and jewels in particular. Liz pays them the respect they deserve by taking pains to wear them well. "That's why Liz is always, endlessly, interminably late," observes Mike Wilding.



JEANNE CRAIN worships beauty and always has—beautiful art, music, people. But not just surface beauty. Recalling her first acting role, in the eighth grade, when she played a scar-faced Indian girl, Jeanne says, "But she was beautiful inside." Jeanne values beauty enough to cherish her own face and figure. She enjoys being "admired just as a woman." Ten years of marriage and four lively youngsters have only enhanced the fabulous Crain looks. A cherished tribute from son Paul, Jr., proves it: "Sure people like to write to Mom. She's so beautiful."

Wallace Seawell



ROBERT WAGNER WRITES:

*A letter to
the girl
I want
to marry*



Darling;

First of all, my name is Wagner.
Robert John Wagner, Jr. My friends call me
"R. J." I'm an actor—in motion pictures.

Somehow, because life is a tricky, complicated
and uncertain thing—confusing to all of us at
times—I haven't met you yet. So I don't
know who you are.

I wish I did. I've been thinking about you, as
best I can, for—well, for years, I guess.

But somehow, somewhere, some day we'll
meet. And when it happens we'll know.

It may be your laughter, the nice, rich kind, that
will make me turn and see you, all of a sudden.

It may be the way we look at each other
for that one bit of a second that neither of us
will ever forget all the hours and days of our lives.

Whatever it is, I'm sure that for a while
only two people on earth will know we're
in love—you and me.

But before I go further you ought to know
why I write a long letter like this to the
girl I want to marry and then allow it to be
printed in a national magazine to be read
by millions of persons.

Most Hollywood people wish it were simply a
matter of the public's seeing a picture
and deciding only that the actor was good or not
good "in that picture."

But it just isn't (Continued on page 67)

He doesn't know who she is. He hasn't met her



Career-conscious and proud of it, Bob spent half his rare day off (on location for *A Kiss Before Dying*) signing autographs, before taking off for his blind date with a University of Arizona coed.



The long hair he needs for his roles is the bane of his life. "Hey, Delilah!" he cautioned Ginny. "Hands off the property. If it comes loose they'll have to hold up shooting while I grow it again!"



Esther and Ben admit, adding that with Susan turning into a prize comedienne and the boys into athletes, the household is hectic, somewhat wacky!



As a mother, Esther has been termed, "A Brahms lullaby played by Stan Kenton!" All of her free time goes to her kids—and Ben.



Saying a temporary goodbye to Susie, Esther and Ben took the boys with them to Bakersfield for a full-day family excursion!

Ten years of marriage—

*plus motherhood—have made Esther
an old hand at playing*

the Gage home show for laughs

■ When Esther Williams first started to go out with Ben Gage, she used to do some planning about him—to herself. For instance, she would study him out of the corner of her eye and take in the big, black cigar that usually angled out of one corner of his mouth. "You don't know it, Ben," she would think, "but that cigar will have to go."

That was ten years ago.

Well, the other day they were driving out toward Palm Springs, and sharp words suddenly developed, as they will occasionally among the marrieds (and the unmarrieds, too, for that matter!) In the course of the debate Esther, as if seeing it for the first time, noticed something about Ben that carried her back to their courting days. There was that cigar again!

"Take that filthy thing out of your mouth and throw it away!" she blazed, and trained her eyes pointblank on him, as is her way when angry.

"Yes, dear," he replied soothingly, and made utterly no move to comply.

Having had her say Esther felt better, as wives will, and with serenity returning, found herself thinking about her marriage.

The fact that Ben still smoked cigars was symbolic of certain failures in her marriage, she realized. But then again she knew of certain satisfactions. Together they gave a pattern to her position as a wife and mother; a pattern that meant to her that she was living a pretty happy life.

She had not only married the man she wanted, but she still wanted the man she had married. She had the children she had always dreamed about having as a young girl, and, what's more, her real-life children outdid their dream counterparts in filling her heart with the warmth (Continued on page 70)

More pictures on next page

ESTHER WILLIAMS: "I haven't won any victories over Ben, but at least my flops are minor! I watch



"I don't like business unless it's pleasure," Esther said. Her idea of fun being family affairs, she took Ben and the boys on her charity junket to Bakersfield, California for motor-boat races.



"People think I keep in training because I'm an athlete," Esther told Ben. "Really, it's just so I can keep up with boys!" But the thrill of the plane ride had kept the kids up all night—so they dozed through the flight.



Ben keeps a watchful eye and a protective arm around his family. Though Esther has both feet on the ground, the movie business does get hectic. "Then Ben is the Rock of Gibraltar."



my sons like hawks for psychology to use on Ben!"



Active in charity, Esther teaches blind children, does benefits like this one for City Of Hope Hospital (where Suzan Ball was at the time). Stars raised over half a million dollars for the fund.



Eating a box lunch, Esther mourned. "That's the one trouble with being a star. I don't get to cook enough." "Any time you want," Ben offered, "you can quit and be a chef at The Trails!"



Her boys helped Esther judge the races. She has brought them up to regard the water as their second home and all sports as their best kind of play. "That way we can do things together."



Blushing, Benjie asked for an autograph from one racer. "I'm proud of the way you behaved today," Esther told her sons, beaming. "It was a nice day," she told Ben. "But it'll feel awfully good to get home."

that
nice
young
family
next
door





Enthusiastic chef Jack organizes big barbeque.



Showman Jack keeps family baby grand tuned.



Handyman Jack tackles do-it-yourself job.

This couple's for real—normal as burnt hot dogs on the grill, regular as the 8:05, corny as any doting parents. The brighter Jack's future gets, the more old-shoe his habits become

by ALICE FINLETTER



Family man Jack recalls recent memories with wife and disenchanted son Chris.

■ If a household loaded to the eaves with talent is within the realm of normalcy, the Jack Lemmon residence must be said to be absolutely normal. The house itself speaks for the people who belong there: airy and sunny, with just enough formality to reflect the tastes of a man from down east and a girl from the midwest. Nobody walking in cold would guess that a movie star lived here.

In fact, you'd be hard pressed to find anyone who thinks of Jack in those terms. "That nice young family," is what the neighbors call Jack and Cindy and Christopher Lemmon—and it isn't because they don't know that Jack works in pictures. When he leaves for the studio of a morning, Jack looks just like a prosperous young banker—or the doughnut salesman he might have been if he had entered the family business.

Between pictures the neighbors see him in slacks and what Cindy calls "the worst-looking shirt I ever saw," puttering in the garden or his workshop, practicing a chip shot with one of his short irons. They meet the Lemmons in a nearby supermart where (Continued on page 91)

the case of the mysterious wedding gown



MODERN SCREEN detected that Crosby and Grant were in cahoots!

■ Back in June, MODERN SCREEN stuck its neck way, way out and predicted that Bing Crosby would marry pretty starlet Kathryn Grant within two years. At the time, Hollywood had seen them together only once, at the Academy Awards dinner, but MODERN SCREEN produced a photograph of Bing and Kathy taken at his ranch months before—proving that their friendship was more than a passing fancy. As we go to press, indications are that our one boo-boo was allowing for as much as a two-year wait. The marriage may take place much sooner than that.

Word has it that Kathy has actually gone out and bought herself a wedding gown. Designer Danny Lanson is whipping it up for her, and Kathy hasn't made any secret of the fact that he has orders to finish it up before September 10. Many insiders still find it hard to believe that Bing would make such a momentous decision in such a hurry, but Kathy is reported to be taking instructions in the Catholic faith (to eliminate the big obstacle to their marriage). It's said the couple plan to post the banns in Bing's parish, The Good Shepherd, although the actual wedding may be in a more obscure place to avoid a wild mob scene.

Bing and Kathy were together at the National Open Golf Tournament to watch Bing's buddy Ben Hogan play, and reporters who asked the inevitable question got the inevitable answers. Bing said he had no plans to marry anyone, and Kathy wouldn't say anything. (Since the start of her romance with Bing, in fact, Kathy has developed a facility for side-stepping questions that is worthy of the master himself. Ask her if she's in love and she smiles at you blankly. "I made the most delicious baked beans for lunch," she says—and considers the subject closed.)

All we have to say is, if Kathy really did order the wedding gown—who else might she be marrying?



Annoyed by persistent reporters at the golf matches, Kathryn and Bing felt their privacy was being rudely invaded. Always conservatively dressed, quiet-mannered, Kathy never uses the romance for publicity, although it would help her own movie career.

private life of mm

(Continued from page 40) repeated the guest thoughtfully. Then she looked more closely at her and did a double take. "Good heavens! You don't mean—!"

Marilyn chuckled self-consciously at the guest's surprise. There was a good laugh all around. But for Marilyn it had been a pleasant evening because the secret was slow in coming out. She was accepted as a person, not doted on as a movie star. No one had even mentioned the dirty word Hollywood.

One of the principal reasons New York delights Marilyn is that it readily affords such anonymity. Although great crowds turned out to welcome her at public appearances, she could lose herself at will—and did—among its teeming millions. Without face powder and mascara, she became just another pretty blonde among thousands.

This vacation from fame, with all its time-consuming responsibilities, allowed her to pursue her dramatic studies. She had barely settled in New York when she was admitted to Actors' Studio, a sort of post-graduate school for established performers. It was in this atmosphere of dedication that she hoped her talent might at last mature.

Actors' Studio is a unique institution. Today, it may well be the single most important influence on the American theatre. It has helped to shape a whole raft of young actors, from Marlon Brando to Harry Belafonte. Its main emphasis is on realism, but not at the expense of imagination. Marilyn's great dream is to become a part of the school's tradition.

Not that she will ever forsake Hollywood. Far from it. Marilyn appreciates the rewards of success as well as the next girl. She is simply resigned to playing the dual role of movie queen and earnest student of drama. If the contradiction bothers her, she refuses to admit it. But a double life has obvious pitfalls.

Marilyn expects to commute between Hollywood and New York, making her money out west and improving her acting back east. It is significant that when one of her colleagues at Actors' Studio asked how long she intended to remain in New York, she blandly replied: "Why, I live here now."

The basic aim of her studies is versatility. As Brando has turned to song-and-dance after years of heady dramatics, so Marilyn wants to try her hand at serious roles. When she announced last winter her ambition to play Grushenka in *The Brothers Karamazov*, scoffers hooted from coast to coast, but the laugh was really on them. They neither appreciated how well-cast she might be in the part, if a movie version were ever made, nor did they understand what she had in mind.

"I wasn't talking about the present," she patiently explains. "I don't want to turn my back on anything. I want to do good musicals, good comedy, or anything good. Grushenka is just the juiciest part I know."

And it so happens, despite her disclaimers, she does know how to spell Dostoevski.

Marilyn's intellectual bent is nothing new. She has long tried to compensate for a sense of inferiority by improving her mind. Her well-educated musical taste runs from Beethoven to Bartok. Back in 1951, she was taking literature courses at U.C.L.A. Visitors to her home have often marveled that her library contained books by Rilke, Wolfe and Robert Browning.

When Dame Edith Sitwell came to Hollywood a couple of years ago, she was (Continued on page 62)



What have they done to WHITE RAIN?

Feel it! Gobs and gobs more lather!

Feel that rainwater softness!



What a clean feeling! Will my hair be soft and sunshiny...in better condition? I just know it!

NEW PACKAGE...

NEW
EASY-GRIP BOTTLE...

WONDERFUL NEW
LOTION SHAMPOO!



NEW *WHITE RAIN*

By *Toni* the people who know your hair best!

LIZ LETS HER HAIR DOWN

■ "Me?" Liz Taylor said, giggling. "No, I haven't got any beauty secrets." Which statement is indicative of Liz' best secret—for beauty or just living in general: She refuses to be concerned. She doesn't hurry, she doesn't worry, she relaxes right and left—and everything gets done. A good example is the way she handles her hair.

(1) When working, Liz has her hair and nails done in her studio dressing room. During the shampoo she chats with the operator (often Joan Roberts, but, "I don't fuss over who does my hair. They're all good at MGM.") or studies scripts. Hair stylist Sidney Guilaroff usually does the trim.

(2) When not working, Liz does her own hair, even "combs it with a pair of scissors" instead of having it cut professionally. Then she washes it under the shower, sticks a couple of bobby pins in to keep her natural curls in shape while damp, and dries it by hand in the sun.

(3) The combing into place is a long, unhurried bit, like all of Liz' dressing. Usually tan, she wears no make-up but lipstick and her expensive, well-cared-for clothes fit her perfectly. Still, it's hours before she's ready to go out. "Don't rush me, darling," she tells Mike. "Go look at tv. I'm tuning you out." Then she returns to her casual manipulations. Once ready, she forgets her appearance entirely, never primps in public or fusses in powder rooms. Why should she? She's Liz Taylor, The-Unbothered-By-Anything!



(Continued from page 60) asked to invite a movie star for tea. Her instant choice was Marilyn Monroe.

The invitation was duly extended as a lark. It was expected Marilyn would wonder who the devil Dame Edith was. Instead she proclaimed herself a great admirer of the British poetess and would be honored to attend. The two women hit it off famously.

This year, Dame Edith publicly invited Marilyn to visit England so they might meet again. "Of course I'd be delighted to play literary mother to her," she said. "Marilyn is a serious-minded girl."

Her native intelligence is similarly recognized by other students at Actors' Studio. At the start, her position was admittedly difficult. Not only is Marilyn retiring by nature, but her classmates were prejudiced by her notoriety as a movie siren. Furthermore, after years of being fawned over, she had to adjust to being treated as an equal, if not a downright inferior.

ON HER FIRST day, she arrived while class was in progress. All the chairs were taken, so she had to slump down on the floor as inconspicuously as possible. No one stood up to offer her a seat. Uncomplimentary remarks were made behind her back about her hair, clothes and profile.

When class was over, she was a lonely figure, unapproachable because of her reputation, yet anxious to make friends. Waiting on the sidewalk for her limousine, she looked for all the world like Little Orphan Annie abandoned by Daddy Warbucks.

She made plenty of friends, however, in the weeks that followed. Her colleagues found her bright, charming and self-effacing. They came to respect her motives, though many doubted she could attain her goal. Skepticism dies hard, especially on Broadway.

Marilyn turned up for school looking like an unemployed ingenue. After classes, she often had a bite to eat with her fellow students. Among her warmest friends were Eli Wallach and Ben Gazzara, both noted Broadway actors, with whom she had heated discussions at Childs about theatre and art.

One Sunday, she accompanied Wallach, his wife and their four-year-old son Josh on an outing to the country, where the youngster had the enlightening experience of going swimming with Marilyn Monroe. Wallach's straight-faced report is that no one batted an eye.

YET HER ROLE remained decidedly ambiguous among her new-found friends. On the one hand, she was no less dedicated than they, and earned their admiration for it. On the other, she came down each day out of the clouds like a fairy princess—down from her suite in the Waldorf Towers. And sometimes her descent had the impact of dynamite.

At the opening of *East Of Eden*, which was a benefit to raise money for Actors' Studio, a host of Broadway actresses obligingly volunteered to serve as usherettes. So did Marilyn, who stole the spotlight the instant she appeared, dressed to the teeth as a Hollywood star. There is a quality about Marilyn in that guise—part herself, part publicity build-up—which is positively explosive. Without her presence, the event wouldn't have been anything like the walloping success it was.

This public magnetism constantly reminded her classmates that, unlike them, she had already gone west and struck gold. What they perhaps didn't appreciate was her mixed feelings about California. Whereas they had migrated to New York for professional training, Marilyn had come east, in a (Continued on page 64)

LOVABLE



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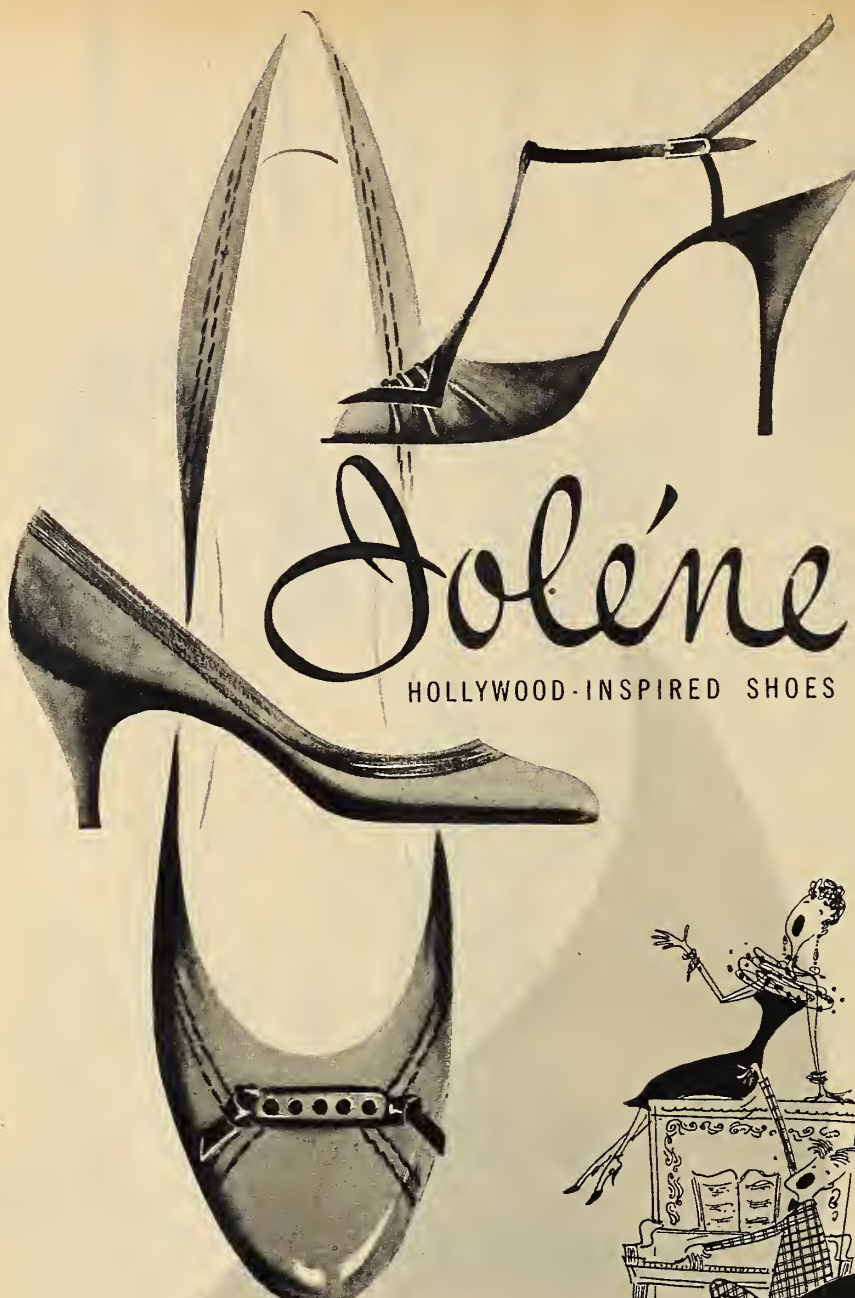
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FLITTERBUGS



(Continued from page 62) tual uplift, perhaps even salvation.

Whether consciously or not, Marilyn couldn't help resenting California. It was there, twenty-nine years ago, that she had been born in the charity ward of a Los Angeles hospital. (Her mother is still alive, supported by Marilyn in a nursing home.) Until her first marriage at sixteen, she was brought up by eleven different foster parents, passed around like a piece of goods. Naturally, such experiences left her starved for affection and grimly determined to prove herself.

For a long time, self-justification amounted to little more than keeping her head above water. Her first job was in an orphanage pantry, at five cents a month; later she was promoted to setting tables, at ten cents a month. In 1949, she posed for the famous nude photograph to earn enough money—a grand total of fifty dollars—to pay the rent.

MARILYN was almost indistinguishable in those days from hundreds of Hollywood starlets, all striving for recognition. She seemed to have neither the extra talent nor beauty to reach the top. But she was fortunately befriended by the late Johnny Hyde, an agent for the William Morris Agency. He gave her the will and contacts to get ahead.

Although she was put under contract by several studios, nothing much came of it until John Huston picked her for the brief role of a trollop in *The Asphalt Jungle*, which sent her stock skyrocketing. Huston and Hyde were the first of several masterminds who shaped Marilyn's career.

Her primary need has always been outside guidance. Lacking parents who might have instilled self confidence, she had to look beyond herself for values. Often life seemed chaotic and morality a hoax. In her drive for success, she was ready and willing to adopt whatever personality seemed to promise the biggest pay-off. With Hyde's approval, Huston came up with just the right model.

Like a chameleon, Marilyn readily adopted the character, so different from her own, which Huston's script called for. When Darryl F. Zanuck, production chief at Twentieth Century-Fox, signed Marilyn to a long-term contract, he was not signing the indecisive starlet of former days, but the open-mouthed blonde he had seen on the screen. Marilyn was stuck with it.

BUT HER SUDDEN success didn't give her the satisfaction she had expected. Plagued by illness and self-doubt, she took two hours to put on make-up for public appearances—including her celebrated press conference to announce her divorce from Joe DiMaggio—because she was terrified of being revealed as a fraud. That was the basis for what Hollywood cruelly called her "Narcissus complex."

As an actress, Marilyn relied heavily on her coach, a short, gray-haired woman named Natasha Lytess. She became critical of her own performances, and began to think of her talent as wasted on second-rate scripts. Gradually she discovered material rewards were not enough to compensate for her deep-seated guilt complex.

Meanwhile, Zanuck had managed to project Marilyn's image on the public as almost a parody of sex. People started laughing at Marilyn, rather than respecting her. On her trip to the Orient with DiMaggio in 1954, a Japanese radio commentator referred to her as "the honorable hipswinging actress." In February of this year, twenty-three California stockholders in Fox publicly requested her removal from the payroll as "a blight on the company." Her flaunting of sex

had gotten out of hand, and Marilyn knew it.

That was the background for her battle with Fox. She turned down their offer of \$100,000 a picture in preference for "some voice in the selection of stories." After they had wrapped up *The Seven Year Itch*, Marilyn fled to New York until the hassle was settled, hoping to find there what the west coast had denied her.

"Marilyn looked upon New York as a shrine of culture," says one of her intimates. "If only she worshiped reverently, all her dreams would come true."

THE CHIEF STRATEGIST for her revolt was Milton H. Greene, the *Look* Magazine photographer. A brash, intelligent man of thirty-two, from the first time Marilyn sat for him he treated her as a human being, not a papier-maché idol, and gained her trust for it. Together they set up Marilyn Monroe Productions to handle her business affairs. Marilyn spent much time as a house guest of the Greenes.

But for artistic guidance, Marilyn turned to still another mastermind—Lee Strasberg, the most respected drama coach in New York. One of the co-founders of Actors' Studio with Elia Kazan and Cheryl Crawford, Strasberg conducts private dramatic classes, which Marilyn also attended as an observer. She saw a good deal of Strasberg, including week ends with his family on Fire Island.

At last a serious artist of the theatre was taking Marilyn seriously. It was precisely the boost her morale needed. Now, by applying herself, she could scale the summits of pure art. But huge obstacles remained—and remain to this day.

Strasberg is a hard taskmaster. There is no "right" and "wrong" in his method of instruction, but only individual honesty. Under relentless prodding, the actor must project his deepest feelings to the audience. All else is phoniness.

Although Strasberg pales at the thought, his technique resembles psychiatric therapy. He strips his students emotionally bare and then forces them to parade in public. Several of his protégés, far less high-strung than Marilyn, have recoiled against self-exposure and fallen by the wayside.

IS MARILYN capable of facing the truth about herself? An old friend responds: "Perhaps this is one more case where truth is deadlier than fiction."

Her whole experience has been an escape from reality. It is her way of overcoming the spectre of her origins. As an orphan, she has adopted a long line of "fathers" to fill the void in her life—from Johnny Hyde to Lee Strasberg. But if Strasberg is to keep faith with his own system, he must change all that and liberate Marilyn.

Most of her classmates sincerely hope for the best. They are touched and awed by her personal courage, which they recognized as one of her unsung traits. Success or failure is almost beside the point—the effort itself is tribute enough.

But the risks involved are very great indeed. It won't be easy, at this late date, to change the vision her public has of her. The tightrope of her double life stretches dangerously from New York to Hollywood, and she won't get down for love or money. At the dizzy height of stardom, her whole future hangs in the balance, both professional and private.

This is a crisis that Marilyn has long foreseen. Several years ago, she made a prophetic observation: "Women who put on an act are going to reach a time—everything is just a matter of time—when they'll have to put up or shut up." Now that time has come for Marilyn, and she has gallantly chosen to put up. **END**



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(Continued from page 52) that simple.

People all over the world have a wholesome, honest curiosity about the lives of actors and actresses. It doesn't always please an actor to have to answer questions about his private life, but he does the best he can and hopes he says the right thing.

For people are my audience and, I hope, my friends.

That's why, to give you some idea of what it's like, I'm writing this to you and letting people see it.

I won't say everything, though. Because everyone knows there are some things a man can say only once in his life—to the woman he loves. There are some things he cannot say even once—only know.

These things I'll keep for you alone.

AND THERE'S something else we might have to face. There'll be a few persons who may not approve of our marriage.

They'll have reasons which they believe are sound. They'll feel, because they are older and wiser in the ways of the world than we, that their judgment is better.

We'll marry anyway and have good times and bad times and children and furniture and love each other.

Now, so you'll know what kind of a guy you'll be getting for a husband, I'll tell you a little about him.

Like David Copperfield, I was born. In Detroit, on February 10, 1930.

Nothing much happened to me until I was five. Then I saw my first motion picture. I don't remember how I got there, or what the picture was.

I do remember that I was fascinated watching the people on the screen. They moved and talked and got angry and got happy. And I guess in a childish way I realized that, through the movies, I could go places.

Actually I'm not sure what really happened to me in those few hours. But when I left the theatre I wasn't quite the same little kid anymore.

I was about nine years old when I made the big decision. When I grew up I was going to be in the movies.

AT JUST ABOUT that time the fates waved their wands over my life and moved my parents to Los Angeles.

During my school years I read every book on acting I could find. I read plays I didn't even understand and still don't. And I went to the movies. Hundreds.

When I was fifteen I got a job caddying at the Bel-Air Country Club. I guess I cartwheeled around all eighteen holes when I discovered that movie stars, including Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy, played golf there.

Two years later, with more nerve than sense, I bulldozed my way into the offices of Solly Bianco, casting director at Warner Brothers.

I learned later that Mr. Bianco was more amused than impressed, but he did give me the chance to read for a part in a picture he was preparing.

Well, as you probably can guess, I goofed.

It was three years before I had the courage to even think about trying for a part in a picture again.

During that time my dad, who had tolerated my "kid stuff" ambitions for so many years, decided that I should consider something else as a life's work, just in case I never made it in Technicolor.

Since he had worked all his life in the steel business it was only natural that he suggest a look at the steel industry.

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So we visited the plants in Pennsylvania, Indiana, Missouri and Maryland.

After the trip I still didn't go for the steel business, but I did learn one thing and I'm a little embarrassed to admit it.

For all the years of my life I had had a really great guy for a father. A man who cared for me deeply, not just as a son, but as a person. It was only because I knew this that I had the courage to tell him that I still didn't think I wanted a career in steel. (I didn't know until recently how much that decision had disappointed my father.)

But Dad didn't bat an eyelash. We had a long talk and agreed that I would have another year. If I didn't make some kind of real progress in twelve months, I'd give up my ambition to be an actor.

Dad even helped by talking to Director William Wellman, who got me a bit part in *The Happy Years*.

I KNOW there are thousands of kids my own age who have prayed for a break like that. But, as you'll see, "influence" doesn't really count. I had one bit line and a quick appearance on the screen in a catcher's mask in a baseball game.

Well, the film played all over the country and no one in Hollywood seemed the least bit concerned with the identity of the guy behind the chicken wire.

But a few months later, my parents and I went to a dinner party at a Hollywood restaurant. Strictly for kicks I joined an old buddy of mine, Lou Spence, at the piano and we clowning our way through a couple of songs.

When I got back to the table my father handed me a note from actors' agent Henry Willson.

It said: "If you are interested in a motion picture career, see me at my office." I was there at nine the next morning.

From that moment on things got rough.

IT WASN'T until I had appeared in more than fifty screen tests with other aspiring actors that 20th Century-Fox felt I was worth using.

Five years have passed since that first one, *Halls Of Montezuma*.

Now I'm working on a different kind of picture, *A Kiss Before Dying*. In it I play a killer and murder a very nice blonde girl named Joanne Woodward. (You'll be seeing more of Joanne in the movies, because she is a fine actress.)

So at twenty-five, with fourteen pictures completed, I guess I've done pretty well. But none of it would have been possible without the directors, cameramen, technicians, plus the all-important dramatic coaching of Natasha Lytess and Helena Sorrell. It has been work for them. I hope I'm worth it.

MOTION PICTURE acting is a full-time job. It demands nearly all the days of your life. If you're not working on one picture you're thinking hard about the next one.

Now we're talking about marriage. And I've seen too many Hollywood people regard that in much the same way as they regard a picture. If they aren't in the middle of a marriage they're thinking hard about the next.

That may be the reason I won't marry an actress. Acting would take as much of her time as it will of mine and we'd end up being strangers to one another.

I am the son of a man and a woman who have shown, not talked about, the kind of real happiness that God planned for the beings He made in His own image. My parents' affection for each other and their children will be part of me for the rest of my life. We can only try and hope for their kind of love. And it isn't that I'm pessimistic about marriage. Just cautious.

Sometimes I get the feeling that newspaper and magazine people are a little annoyed because I haven't picked the girl yet. Why should they be?

I date a lot. And for one of the best reasons a man can have. I like girls.

And I like them feminine. Lace, perfume, fluffy dresses, big smiles, bright eyes—and all the accessories.

And I like them gentle. Not only with me, but with everybody.

Your figure? It really doesn't matter if the guy loves the girl. I've never seen a woman yet who didn't have curves.

And because I'm the kind of a guy I am, we'll laugh a lot.

You will have all those things, I know.

BUT I DON'T think you'll be at all like a few of the girls I've dated.

I remember one date not too long ago. She is an actress. Young, happy and well-liked by everyone. But when the first date was over I knew I was through.

When I called her "Honey," she stood up and did the Charleston. When I said, "Baby," real casually, she sang "Tweedle-Dee." I was afraid of what might have happened if I called her "Darling." She may never get married. She won't sit still long enough for a man to say, "I love you."

She's the kind of a girl who tries too hard to be the life of the party. It may be that she reflects the attitude of a lot of girls these days. They just don't seem to want to settle down. Everything's got to be jumping. If it isn't, it's a bore.

There's the other kind of girl, too. The

Arnold Stang visited the set where Cecil B. DeMille is completing *The Ten Commandments*. He reports: "As of last week, they were only up to 'Thou Shalt Not Steal'."

*Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post*

one who takes eight reels to get dressed for a date and then needs a lap dissolve and color close-up for an entrance. This kind of girl will brush her hair one strand at a time and take at least a year to answer a simple question like, "Will you be my wife?"

I WANT to devote my life to acting. An actor's career, if he takes it seriously, can be rich, satisfying and full of excitement. It will let him look back when he is old and say, "I wouldn't have lived my life any other way." But to survive in the acting profession you must, somehow, learn what people are like.

What makes them laugh, sing, dance and cry? Why will one man curse the day he was born, and another love the future more than the past?

What gives two people a love so great that nothing on earth can destroy it?

If I ever expect real, honest, lasting success in my chosen profession, I must get to know the answers soon.

So I try to find them.

One newspaper columnist recently stated that I refused to be friendly with anyone who couldn't do me some good.

I think what this writer meant to say was that I deliberately sought to spend my time with persons who know a great deal more than I do about life and my profession.

A man interested in a career in politics would be a fool if he did not take the opportunity to sit down to dinner with a U. S. Senator, if he had the chance.

My associations with men like Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark and Clifton Webb are the kind that started out on professional ground and developed into real man-to-man relationships. They happened not because I was Robert J.

Wagner but because they found that I needed help as an actor. They know how important this assistance can be, because they've been through the mill themselves.

When I made *Titanic*, I met Barbara Stanwyck. My part called for plenty of emoting as a young man in love for the first time. She knew I needed help on this and showed me, word by word, through a long screenplay, what a woman should see in the character I portrayed. No male actor could have explained this to me.

And it isn't the first time Barbara Stanwyck has helped a young actor. William Holden never misses giving her credit.

Those are the simple, honest-to-gosh reasons why I spend as much time as I can with people who know more than I do.

BETWEEN NOW and the moment we see each other and fall in love you'll read other things about me which probably won't be true, either.

Try to read between the lines. For instance, some writers say I'm difficult to interview. I am. In the beginning, though, I wasn't. I had new questions tossed at me so I had answers.

Now some of those questions are pretty old.

Like the favorite: "Wagner, when are you going to get married?" At first I replied, because it was the truth, "I don't know." Then I tried, "When I fall in love." This prompted another question: "When will that be?" So there we were, right back to "I don't know," again.

What bachelor can answer that question?

One thing I do know. I will fall in love. And it will be with you.

I can only hope that you fall in love with me.

You'll have to put up with a lot though, not only with me but with the business I'm in.

For instance, R. J. Wagner has never been known as a model of promptness. I'm late for dates, dinners, dentist appointments and early curtains. I'm extravagant. I spend more money than I should.

But a very old rich man once told me a story about spending money.

He said that when he was young and had money he saved more than he should. Now that he was old he still had the money, but he couldn't spend it because people would think he was foolish.

"Now," said the old man, "it is the same as if I had wasted the money."

I'D RATHER wear sports clothes than suits, but I'll probably change on that. I dislike phony books, phony people and phony conversations. I'm crazy about golf, shredded wheat, milk and soft-boiled eggs.

I guess I'm not much different from any other guy my age.

The real problems of our marriage will occur during the shooting time. With transportation as speedy as it is in this modern age, movie companies go just about any place in the world to make pictures. And sometimes take months to complete them. That means long separations. But somehow we'll manage.

Well, honey, so much for me, which isn't too much when you get right down to it.

But I've been wanting to write this letter for so long, and I feel better, now that I have.

Keep happy, keep beautiful and keep hoping, with me. And some day when destiny is in a good mood we'll find each other.

If we don't, just remember this: A guy named Wagner wanted and loved you. It's his tough luck that he wasn't around when he should have been.

Always and always,
R. J.

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H & S ORIGINALS, INC., 48 WEST 37 ST., NEW YORK

music from hollywood

(Continued from page 20) record as Jeffrey Clef.

Tommy Lynn, who sang with Charlie Spivak's band, is now at Mercury as Tommy Leonette. And did you know that her nibs Miss Georgia Gibbs, who just had one of the hottest songs in the country, "Dance With Me Henry," sang in night clubs as Freda Gibson?

● Betsy Palmer, who is appearing with Joan Crawford and Barry Sullivan in Columbia's *Queen Bee*, has her heart set on singing in a musical film. The blonde actress is taking singing and dancing lessons like mad. "Twice a week I go to ballet classes," says Betsy, "and twice a week I study tap. The singing lessons are sandwiched in between." She adds, "I hope to develop a sexy style of blues vocalizing."

● Back in 1930 two young musicians playing in the pit band of a New York musical got together in the band room and were discussing their abilities to lead bands. One, a sandy-haired trombonist wearing glasses, looked over the black-haired clarinetist, also wearing glasses, shook his head sadly, and declared firmly: "You'll never make a bandleader. You don't have the right approach." The New York musical was *Strike Up The Band*. The sandy-haired trombonist was the late Glenn Miller. The clarinetist whom Miller believed did not "have the right approach" was Benny Goodman, whose fabulous rise as the King of Swing is the basis of Universal-International Pictures' *The Benny Goodman Story*. Valentine Davies, who scripted the stories of both bandleaders for the screen, did not use this incident in either for fear that the public would say: "There goes Hollywood again, lousing up somebody's life with corn." But it's the truth.

● The television networks are begging Fernando Lamas and Arlene Dahl to become the next Mr. and Mrs. Video comedy team. Currently starring with Rosalind Russell, Eddie Albert and Gloria De Haven in Paramount's new musical *The Girl Rush*, Lamas revealed that he and Arlene have received several attractive offers to do a comedy series on TV. The

offers have been pouring in since their recent appearance on the Milton Berle show. "Frankly, the money is good but we just don't know if we care to tie ourselves down to a steady series," he explained. "We don't mind an occasional guest shot but a weekly show might be too difficult. If we did it, it would have to be on film. We would never consider a live series." Grinning, Lamas added: "Arlene suggested the title *I Love Lamas*."

Month's Best Movie Albums

LOVE THEMES FROM THE CINEMA by the *Spencer-Hagen Orchestra* Label "X" 45 EP EXA-161. Four songs: "Not As A Stranger," "Forbidden Love" from the film *Tight Spot*, "How Can I Tell Her?" from the film *Lucy Gallant*, "You're Here My Love" from the film *The Seven Little Foys*. Four lovely renditions by the Spencer-Hagen Orchestra treated in a light and suave manner.

POP PARADE—Volume Five with Gene Sheldon, Leroy Holmes, Billy Eckstine, Art Mooney, Ginny Gibson, David Rose, Billy Fields, Cindy Lord.

"Unchained Melody," "Hey, Mr. Banjo," "Love Me Or Leave Me," "Honey Babe," "Whatever Lola Wants," "Take My Love," "Young And Foolish," "Cherry Pink." *MGM E313. A ten-inch 33 1/3 LP with contributions by top MGM artists of current hits, most of which are from the movies.*

MUSIC FROM JACK WEBB'S MARK VII LTD., PRODUCTION *Pete Kelly's Blues*. Ray Heindorf directing the *Warner Bros. Orchestra and Matty Matlock and his Jazz Band*. A twelve-inch 33 1/3 LP issued by Columbia Records CL-690.

"Pete Kelly's Blues," "Smiles," "Sugar," "After I Say I'm Sorry," "I'm Gonna Meet My Sweetie Now," "Somebody Loves Me," "He Needs Me," "Breezin' Along With The Breeze," "Hard-Hearted Hannah," "Bye Bye Blackbird," "Oh, Didn't He Ramble," "I Never Knew." Not a sound-track record from the picture, but it might as well be since it's the same musicians and the same songs. This album is a feast for lovers of jazz and the blues. Excellent record fare.

Disc Jockey Choices "My Favorite 'MUSIC FROM HOLLYWOOD'"



**Ray Schreiner—
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"Big as CinemaScope, warm as Technicolor, *Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing* is, in the words of Hollywood, sensational."



**Lee Case—
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"My favorite all-time Music from Hollywood is 'As Time Goes By' from *Casablanca*. My steady listeners like music from Hollywood old and new."



**Ed Meath—
WHEC—Rochester,
New York**

"My favorite music from Hollywood is 'Honey Babe' by Art Mooney. I'm an ex-Marine, and every time I play the song it reminds me of many happy moments. It's high on my listeners' request list."



**Stan Dale—
WJJD—Chicago,
Ill.**

"My favorite music from Hollywood is 'Rock Around The Clock,' as it brings out the current heartbeat of America's teens. Well chosen for *Blackboard Jungle*. If anyone didn't know who Bill Haley was, they know now."

happy though married

(Continued from page 55) she knew would come from them. And she had her work; work for which the financial rewards, as she had come to learn in these days of super taxes for super salaries, were not half so important as the opportunities it gave her to be useful. No, things hadn't turned out badly at all. Not at all.

So she swung back to Ben and said, "Oh, go on and smoke it if you like." And, of course, with the cigar still firmly clenched between his teeth, Ben had to act as if he were surprised he hadn't thrown it away. Which is the kind of play-acting which goes on between lots of happily married couples—the Ben Gages included.

ESTHER WILLIAMS has learned, as she has told many of her friends, that there are no clear-cut victories in marriage, as there are none in life. She is happy that she and Ben are in business together, setting up their lives for a future after her career is over, yet she is sorry that this means too much of their time is spent talking dollars and cents, instead of just Ben and Esther. In the middle of an important discussion with him one night recently, dealing with their plans to tour Europe next summer with a mammoth aquacade show in which Esther will star, she interrupted him suddenly to cry, "Oh, Ben, I don't want to hear any more!" And she got up from her chair to walk through the house, checking the furnishings, the linens, pulling the covers up over the children in their beds, and finding a deeper comfort from attending to these little things in her life than in the so-called important moves to which she and Ben had committed themselves.

Such sudden reactions are not unusual in the lives of professional people, Esther insisted, when she told about this incident. "Marge and Gower Champion, whose whole lives revolve about dancing, tell me there are days when they must talk and think about everything but dancing," she said. "They just have to turn their interests to ordinary things, the more ordinary the better."

The reason Esther hasn't wanted Ben to smoke cigars, she said, is that he is a big man, and a big cigar in a big man's face gives him an arrogant air. "But then, if Ben were a small man I'd say he looked ridiculous smoking a cigar," she shrugged. "I better let well enough alone, and take my gains with my losses."

BEN IS BY instinct a night owl, a man who would have time turned into just nights, instead of wasting half of it on days. For a wife who is also a movie star and has to report to work at sunrise, having such a nocturnal-minded mate has its awkward aspects. "You could spend your whole lives passing each other going in different directions," Esther points out.

But on the other hand, when they ran their restaurant *The Trails*, a place that didn't close until the small hours of morning, Ben made an ideal manager. He was the most wide-awake man in the place, with watchful eyes on every detail of the operation.

Just as Esther has had to compromise with developments as a wife, so has she had to be satisfied with less than a whole loaf as an artist. She was gratified to be invited to the Cannes Film Festival as a guest star early this year, she says, but vain enough to be a bit piqued because the Cannes judges rarely look with favor on the popular type of films in which she usually stars. And being Esther she even took the subject up with the director of the festival, an imposing Frenchman named Favre Le Bret whose regular post is that

(Continued on page 72)



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of director of the beautiful Paris Opera. "We love your films," he explained to her at their first meeting, "but the critics who make up our judging body always choose the 'art' form of movie when it comes to awarding the prizes."

Esther looked around at a number of stars standing nearby and directed the Frenchman's attention to them. "Yes," she murmured, "but I can never understand why it is that the stars the critics invite to Cannes are rarely those from the art films they profess to like, but instead those generally seen in the lighter kind of pictures."

Monsieur Le Bret was looking. A dozen feet away stood Doris Day. Near her was Van Johnson, talking to Grace Kelly. And also in the room was the curvacious Lollo-bridgida. Monsieur Le Bret took them all in and turned back to Esther to say something in French that she hoped was, "I see what you mean." But when he spoke again in English, it was merely to say, "Ah-h-h!" which could mean anything, of course.

WHEN SHE got back to the United States she met a fan, the father of several youngsters, who gave her a new slant on the kind of movies she made.

"He called them 'Drive-In Movies,'" she says, "and while I was still trying to figure out if I should feel insulted he elaborated on what he meant and made me feel pleased as punch. He said that about the

only place he and his wife could go for entertainment was a drive-in, and, not being able to afford a baby sitter, most of the time they had to take the children along. 'You may not realize it, Miss Williams,' he said, 'but half the children in this country are being raised on movies, and to be able to find entertainment that is always fresh and young in its appeal, rather than a quick and sometimes frightening course in the kind of abnormal beings people can sometimes become, is a lifesaver for us. No matter how well some of these psychocinemas are done, the kids hate them. They hate them so much they won't even sleep through them!'"

Anyone who talks children is talking Esther's language, of course. She thinks that whether Ben and she have always been aware of it or not, their lives have revolved around their youngsters, and will do so more than ever from now on.

When people ask her why she recently modified her contract with MGM so that she can have six months a year to herself, she replies, "Benjie, Kimmie and Susan," the names of her three children. She means, of course, that by achieving semi-independence for herself as an artist she and Ben can direct their activities toward building up a business for themselves and their children against a day when there will be no salary, "Unless we can pay one to ourselves."

The times in her life which mean the most to her, Esther has learned, are not necessarily related to her position in the show world. She remembers a moment which became very vivid for her, about a week after her return from Europe.

Jack Palance, the screen villain, tried his first Shakespearean role, as Cassius in Julius Caesar for the American Shakespeare Festival. Palance was conscientious at rehearsals, and followed all the director's orders—except that he refused to be photographed stabbing Caesar. "I went into Shakespeare," he explained, "to get away from being photographed as a killer."

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post

IT WAS EVENING and she was alone in the living room with the children. She was at her typewriter making like a writer. Little Susan, nearly two, was lecturing six-year-old Benjie and five-year-old Kimmie. Benjie didn't know Susan was talking to him because he was watching tv. Kimmie didn't know it because he was busy approaching Esther with a loop of nylon thread he wanted pulled, as she could tell out of the corner of her eye, because the other end of it was attached to a loose tooth in his mouth. The telephone was ringing and Esther knew it must be Ben calling with word that he would be a little late for dinner. And in the back of her mind she was already deciding to feed the kids early and eat with Ben later on their tv trays in front of their set.

"What more could a woman want than to be so completely and intimately involved with the business of living as I was at that second?" she asked later.

The fun of recapturing their full family life is probably the reason why Ben and Esther were seen at very few parties and premieres after their return from abroad.

And even more, for the first time in her career, Esther has been turning down pictures proposed to her by the studio. Her reasons, officially, have had to do with the parts offered, and their unsuitability to her, she claimed. But she admitted that it was nice to spend more time at home.

THERE ARE a few surprise benefits arising from the extra time she spends with her children, Esther is discovering. For one thing she is getting some good tips from Benjie and Susan on how to handle her husband.

"Psychology that works with Benjie is apt to work on Ben," Esther reports. "And the tricks that I notice Susan working on her father I can use—sometimes!"

Their children will accompany Esther and Ben when they invade Europe next summer with their giant swimming show. Not only that, but the home they will use as headquarters in London, while fulfilling engagements in Paris, Berlin, Rome and other cities yet to be chosen, was selected by Benjie.

He told his folks when they sailed for England, leaving him in Hollywood, that he would like to live in a house with a balcony on which red flowers grew in boxes. It may seem silly, but Esther and Ben spent days looking for such a place, and they found one, not far from the Mayfair section, in the city. Ben took a picture of it.

And when Benjie saw the photo and cried out, "That's the place I meant!" Esther and Ben knew they were repaid for all the time and effort they had spent.

A writer once asked Esther if she didn't owe most of her happiness to her career. Her answer came promptly. "My career brought me a great immediate happiness. But my enduring happiness I owe to my marriage and to my motherhood." **END**

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marlon brando

(Continued from page 47) would be lost that I might lose my touch as an actor. But you don't go into analysis because of concern over your acting ability. It is usually some other concern that draws you there.

Q: What is the basic difference between the stage and the screen?

B: What aspect? The money? Personally I would prefer to act on the stage. On the stage there is a feeling of integration within the company which is lacking in films. On the stage you're dealing with art, pure and simple. Remember, you're on the stage three hours a night. You have continuity you can't get in films. On the stage you are encompassed in your own world. On a sound stage there are fifty or sixty people standing around, and a camera right in front of you. There are more elements to distract you in movies. As a result, only concentration can stabilize you. I think I've confused the issue enough on that question.

Q: On the stage—what about doing the same part over and over again?

B: A good point. I was in *Streetcar* for three years on Broadway and was transformed into a scratching baboon. It certainly is a drawback to an actor. I attribute this largely to economic factors. To get your money back a play must have a long run, but after a while nothing is new to you in the part. Then you have to rely on technique. It takes the "juice" out of a role. It reminds me of what Jacob P. Adler used to say: "When you come to the theatre, feel 80 per cent of the part and show 50 per cent. If you feel 40 per cent, show only 20 per cent. And if you feel 20 per cent, don't come at all."

Q: I hear you collect jokes about other actors—can you tell us some?

B: I guess every actor collects jokes about other actors. Do I know a clean one—that's the problem. Many funny things happen on the stage. You mustn't break down, though, because the stage manager is glaring at you. I recall a night I was playing with Paul Muni in *A Flag Is Born*—a great, fine and sensitive actor, Muni. Anyway, one night he became so enthused with his part that he blew his false teeth right out of his mouth. He turned around and kept right on with his role. In the same play he died. When an actor like him dies it's like the birth of an elephant. It took him a half an hour to die! Another night he said to me before we went on, "I don't want to catch cold lying on the stage. Please cover me with the flag." When it came to the point in the play, I did so, and a moment later noticed a small tugging at the flag as Muni pulled it slowly down from his face so he could keep an eye on the audience.

Q: I read in a movie magazine . . .

B: (quickly) . . . You're dead!

Q: Have you had disappointments?

B: Yes, the making of *The Wild One* was a disappointment to me. There are so many kids who are confused today. This problem has not been intelligently articulated in entertainment today. *The Wild One* script ambled and was not focused. At that time Stanley Kramer was having difficulties with Columbia Studios and was not able to oversee the production as he usually did.

Q: Are you going to do a live show on television?

B: It wouldn't interest me at this time.

Q: What is the relationship between an actor and a director?

B: In films you are at the mercy of the director. He decides what "take" to print. You have no choice. Again, concentration is most important.

Q: How do you feel about building a personality such as your own?



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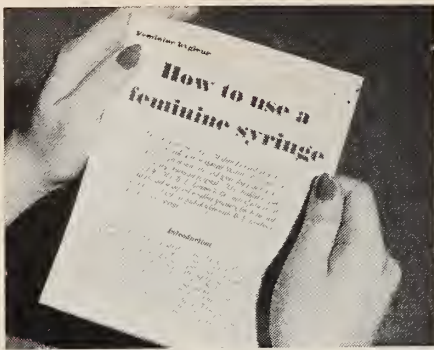
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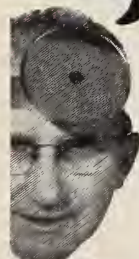
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B: I'm not in position to answer that very fairly. I didn't accomplish what I wanted to in *Guys And Dolls*. The only time I got a feeling of uniform style in a production was when the Kabuki Theatre came to this country recently. I sat there transfixed.

Q: Were you pleased with *Désirée*?

B: Do we blow up 20th Century-Fox or not? Remember, when you're acting on the stage, your whole face is the proscenium arch. In movies, you have a big camera stuck in your face.

Q: Would you identify your style as realistic?

B: I would say up to this point in my career it has been and at the moment still is realistic.

Q: With whom did you study?

B: I studied with Stella Adler and I highly recommend her. I also studied with Lee Strasberg. I feel that, as in any specialized field, it is important to get a good teacher.

Q: What is your view of the American theatre today?

B: The trouble with the American theatre is that we have no place for actors to work, just to keep working. If there isn't any specific part to do, they're out of luck. Year in and year out you find so many actors with nothing better to do than sit on a stool in Walgreen's Drug Store or hang around Radio City. There is no place for the actor to be recognized

because there is no repertory theatre in America today. It is a dreadful situation.

Q: I understand there is an organization in New York designed to help actors called the Actors' Studio. What is it?

B: Actors' Studio is a non profit organization headed by Elia Kazan and Lee Strasberg, located in New York City. It is geared for the professional in a workshop setting.

Q: How do you get in?

B: Five times a year they hold general open auditions. You work out with a partner. If you pass this preliminary, you are given an audition with Kazan and Strasberg. If you pass that one, you're in.

Q: Do you want to direct yourself?

B: For an actor to direct his own production, it takes a very rare talent. It requires a tremendous objectivity and a sense of theatrical acuteness. A director often times is the only one with a sense of "the whole." The actor can lose this perspective when directing himself or others.

Q: Have you started your own company?

B: Yes, I've started my own film company. Yes, I want to direct. But I don't want to get caught trying. I don't want to make a half-elbowed attempt at it. . . . I must go now. I'd like to come to your school again. It was most refreshing. I am as indebted to you for being here tonight as you are to me for being here. Good night.

END

life begins for maggie

(Continued from page 35) only three and a half pounds, but not insignificant. In fact, the obstetrical nurse ventured a prophecy as she deposited the tiny bundle in Gladys O'Brien's arms: "Here's a little lady who's destined for big things." Gladys never forgot that. It fitted right into her dreams. She was a circus dancer herself and had kicked her legs up until an hour before her baby was born. Her ancestors had been entertainers in Spain.

WITH THAT heritage and maternal resolve, it's not surprising that with *Journey For Margaret* the journey of a very uncommon child through a very uncommon childhood began. Margaret O'Brien was only four when she posed for magazine covers, just five when she made the appealing picture that made her a star. It isn't too strange that Margaret finds herself faced today with a very uncommon adult problem. If the memories of her childhood glories cast a shadow on her future, it's because she's afraid she can never match them. Yet it's also understandable why her mother says now, "If I had it all to do over again, I'm not sure I would let her be a child actress." Gladys O'Brien can see, if Margaret can't yet, the handicap this has placed on her daughter's development. What is harder to figure is how a critic could write at the height of Margaret's kiddie fame: "Her face is a perfect mirror for the sharp, deeply felt emotions of childhood." Because all the while Margaret had no real childhood in the normal sense of that precious word.

But he was strangely right. There was no one like her. Not even Shirley Temple had been able to tug such smiles and tears from a world-wide audience, as Margaret did in *Journey For Margaret*, *Lost Angel*, *The Canterville Ghost*, *Meet Me In St. Louis*, *Three Wise Fools* and the parade of pictures that are still pointed to as classics of juvenile acting. She was a hit from the start; she never had a bad review. Charles Laughton called her "the finest actress in the movies," and Lionel Barrymore, watching her perform, mut-

tered unbelievably, "If Margaret had lived two hundred years ago they'd have burned her for a witch!" She still treasures a pearl and diamond brooch the great Barrymore gave her, one his famous grandmother, Ellen Drew, had worn. "Until now," he said as he bestowed it, "I've never met anyone else fit to wear it."

There's no indication whatever that Margaret rebelled at any of this or was dragged by her mama into anything she didn't thoroughly enjoy. On her sets she slipped into her scenes with the delight of a child playing make-believe. Never an obnoxious tyke, still she revelled in her precocious importance and in those days often exhibited spunk and a wicked sense of humor. When Captain Clark Gable of the Army Air Force came back to Hollywood on leave, spied her in the MGM commissary and asked who she was, said Margaret, "Mister Gable doesn't get around much, does he?" Louis B. Mayer, boss of the studio, asked her once to name what she wanted for a present and Margaret came back cannily with "Bushier!"—then the pride of Mayer's racing stables and worth around \$150,000 on the hoof!

So it's no wonder that everything about those glorious days is still bathed in rosy hues for Margaret O'Brien. Life was a juvenile ball, on the set and off. General Marshall wrote her fan letters. Harry S. Truman gave her a Presidential Citation in person for helping sell \$17,000,000 worth of war bonds. Eleanor Roosevelt asked her to lunch. On a tour of Europe Prime Minister Atlee entertained her at dinner at 10 Downing Street, and she sat in the House of Commons before Queen Elizabeth did. The Pope blessed her in a private audience. She even dragged her mother to Algiers and visited the Casbah, just like Hedy Lamarr, even though they got scared afterward and hired a guard to stand outside their hotel room door—and then couldn't sleep a wink, afraid of the guard!

By the time she was twelve it would be hard to think of much that little Margaret O'Brien hadn't collected in world-wide adulation, honor and fame. In addition, she had climbed to the top ten of Hollywood box-office attractions, collected a

special Academy Award and earned \$5000 a week. But there was one important thing she sadly lacked—social contact with her own generation.

Because all this time, while Margaret's public world was wide, her private one was painfully narrow. She grew up, but she didn't "wise up," as the kids around her would put it. Until the night, this past June, when she donned a white cap and gown to officially graduate from University High in West Los Angeles, she had never been inside a school, public or private. She had only tutors—women tutors. The only club she ever belonged to was the Brownies—and that was an "honorary" membership. She never shared thrilling secrets with girl chums or had boys frisk around to tease her. Kids outside her buffered world loomed as menaces, who mobbed her in public and tried to cut off her pigtails for souvenirs. Once her mother snatched away a pair of scissors on the brink of that desecration. She never had a sweetheart. All Margaret's girlhood crushes were movie stars—Burt Lancaster, Clark Gable, Laurence Olivier—idols as unreal as she was.

"I was always somebody else instead of myself," Margaret recalls wistfully, and that was too true. She could be somebody else so realistically that often she confused herself. Once she informed an examining county health officer that she'd had scarlet fever, thoroughly believing it. She hadn't—but Beth, the character she'd played in *Little Women*, did. And sometimes when she did try to be just Maggie, well, that was against the rules.

LOVING HORSES and inheriting a talent for riding, Margaret wheedled affable Wally Beery into letting her ride his spirited horse once on location in Jackson Hole, Wyoming. The horse bolted off across the prairies and it took four cowboys to catch him and snatch Maggie to safety. But after that the taboo went out—no more horseback riding. Only recently has she dared take it up again.

Margaret sublimated her craving for friendship by harboring all sorts of less formidable companions—mice, parakeets, kittens, pups and colonies of dolls. But actually her two best friends were MGM and Mother. Of the two Mama was the closest. Until right now Gladys O'Brien has been protector, playmate, mentor, slave, right arm and very often her daughter's brain. Mother prepped Margaret for her next day's scenes every night, then hovered near her on the set. Wherever Margaret traveled Mrs. O'Brien was necessarily, but eternally, at her side. She prepared her food, picked up her clothes where she dropped them (she still does that) woke her in the morning, tucked her into bed at night. When she couldn't, Margaret's Aunt Marissa did, so often for one stretch that rumors flew around that she was Maggie's true parent. The trio lived together until Marissa Bogue left for Paris a few weeks ago, with her husband and eight-year-old daughter, named after Margaret.

But whoever took over, the result was to surround Margaret O'Brien perpetually with an all-feminine directorate and to make her completely helpless and dependent. Today she confesses, "I can't even make a cup of tea."

Then all of a sudden Margaret turned thirteen and into the inevitable awkward age. It was no smooth transition for her as it was for Liz Taylor or Janie Powell. With no parts for gangling girls, MGM dropped their great child star. One world was gone—but not forgotten. That left only Mama for Margaret.

To Gladys O'Brien's credit it must be said that when this happened she tried



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to do something about it. "I wanted to leave Hollywood," she has said. "I wanted to take Margaret to New York and put her in school. I felt she needed it; she was too dependent on me. She needed relationships with girls and boys her own age. Besides, I believed we had had all that Hollywood could give Margaret. In New York she could have studied the theatre and by now been a fine young actress. But Margaret wouldn't leave Hollywood. She couldn't believe she wouldn't go on there somehow as she always had. Sometimes I wish there had been a man to tell her what to do and make her do it. Our house needed a man."

BUT WHEN Gladys found a man, Margaret acted up pretty outrageously.

If you remember the headlined episode, back in 1949, he was a handsome band-leader named Don Sylvio—and on the record it seems he got a pretty frustrating deal out of the brief alliance. Apparently he couldn't get past Margaret's pouts to get acquainted with his new wife.

At the wedding in Miami, Florida, Margaret stained her white taffeta dress with tears, and when reporters asked her if they were tears of happiness or sadness she cried, "Oh, I don't know—I don't know!" When photographers asked her to kiss her new stepfather she whirled away in flat refusal. Next morning the bride rode off on a trip to Boston—not with her husband—but with her daughter. Four months later Mrs. Sylvio asked an annulment stating that the marriage had never been consummated, a claim which Mr. Sylvio vigorously denied, adding, "I don't know what this is all about but I'm not going to let Margaret or her mother make a sucker out of me!"

In the subsequent welter of charges and counter charges, Don Sylvio laid the rift squarely to Margaret's unwarranted jealousy. "Whenever Gladie and I wanted to go out, Margaret was hurt and sulked," he said. At night, he revealed, Margaret climbed into her mother's bed. In September of 1950 Gladys O'Brien won a divorce, charging that Sylvio had demanded \$200 a week for himself, a new car, a grand piano, a house for his mother and had declared, "I'm going to handle Margaret's affairs from now on."

BUT WHOEVER did this or said that, Margaret O'Brien came out of the mixup for the first time in her life with an unpleasant portrait—that of an ungrateful daughter who had wrecked her devoted mother's chance for happiness. Mail swamped her, some taking her side, but a lot calling her brat. In Chicago, one man stamped up to her on the street and hurled, "You bad girl! You ruined your mother's marriage!" Margaret gasped and ran. Nothing like this had ever happened to her before and the effect was shattering. About that time Margaret was supposed to be the voice of Alice in Walt Disney's *Alice In Wonderland* but the job was called off. Her mother said, "All this publicity has cost Margaret thousands of dollars in contracts." Around this time, coincidentally, Margaret was up for her first bad girl role in a stage production *The Intruder*. She played a stepchild scheming to destroy her parent's second marriage. When the parallel to what had happened in real life was pointed up by critics, Mrs. O'Brien was not pleased. But, "I've done more to hurt her than she has ever done to hurt me," she stated loyally.

Actually, few psychologists, in the light of Margaret O'Brien's life up until then, would have expected her to act any differently. She had only her child acting career—and her mother. One had started to tumble. A rival appeared threatening

the other. Unreasoned panic at an age when security is all-important seized her; a mature outlook was impossible. Mrs. O'Brien's tug between loyalty to her talented daughter and the desire for a life of her own is not hard to comprehend either. But the most significant revelation from it all was this: That while Margaret leaned on her mother and her mother depended on her as much, both were already subconsciously resentful and rebelling.

THERE WERE other signs of conflict. Mrs. O'Brien bought the Beverly Hills duplex where they still live. But Margaret was unhappy that her mother owned it. So Gladys O'Brien sold it to her daughter, although she says she could have gotten \$18,000 more on an open bid. Gladys wanted to move to New York; Margaret refused. Dresses, hairdos, lipstick, apartment decoration, career plans, etc., etc. became controversial issues. Margaret stayed in her room more and became "harder to reach." Mrs. O'Brien, it was noted, was often indisposed with headaches, particularly after her upset marriage. And there was the constant tension about Margaret's money.

Margaret left MGM with a fortune of around \$200,000 in government bonds. But under California's "Coogan Law" (enacted after Jackie Coogan's parents notoriously dissipated his fortune) it was administered by the courts. Each year she came up for an accounting (and will until she is twenty-one, unless she marries first). Periodically, judges noted that Margaret's fortune was dwindling too fast. Only last year for instance, one observed sternly that the principal had dwindled \$34,623 in the previous two years. Particularly he singled out items to question like frequent trips to New York, where each time expenses had exceeded her earnings. "And what," he demanded, "is that item of \$46 for lunch at Romanoff's?" At the end he ordered Margaret and her mother to cut expenditures drastically.

The uneasy implication was that Gladys O'Brien was being too free with Margaret's money. Actually, this was never quite so. Mrs. O'Brien got paid well all during Margaret's MGM contract for being a movie mama and she saved most of it. Today she has her own money and some comfortable annuities. Yet in the closest of family setups money matters are a not so subtle disturbance. Mrs. O'Brien explained that it was necessary to spend money to keep Margaret before the public and added, "Margaret wants nothing out of life other than to be a great actress."

At that point, and for too long before, that seems to have been only too true.

AT AN AGE when most girls discover the wonders of themselves, Margaret kept on striving to be somebody else. At a time when most girls dream, explore the opposite sex, the world around them, rebel and fashion brave new patterns, Margaret wanted most of all to do the same old thing. At the period when most teenagers are impatient to cast their childhood into limbo, Margaret clung to her golden years.

When Hollywood forgot her—after a teenage Columbia effort called *Her First Romance* which didn't set box-offices afire—she toured the East and Middle West in stock companies. Gladys O'Brien went right along, as ever, and so did a tutor. Demure and dainty, Maggie played juvenile roles in road show standbys like *Peg O' My Heart*, *Smiling Through*, *Gigi* and *Kiss And Tell*. She was as good a young actress as ever. In fact, after opening in *Clare Boothe Luce's* play, *Child Of The Morning*, one critic called her, "a young Helen Hayes." The story was the same on radio and tv—in *Studio One*, *Climax*,

Robert Montgomery Presents, *Lux Theatre*, *Toast Of The Town*, and others. She showed no more temperament than a turtle, was so confident and calm that one colleague remembers, "She made everyone else nervous!" She played Juliet to José Ferrer's Romeo without batting an eyelash. And when she flew to Japan to make *Girls Hand In Hand* she babbled the whole script in phonetic Japanese although she couldn't carry on the crudest conversation in that language.

But Margaret came home happily clutching a collection of Japanese dolls.

THE FACT IS that during the years when most girls eagerly grow into women, Margaret O'Brien stayed a child at heart. She clung stubbornly to her badge of girlhood, the long chestnut tresses. She dressed demurely, conversed primly and acted, as one disillusioned boy complained, "as if she'd just stepped out of a convent instead of fifteen years in Hollywood."

Although she delighted in dressing up and going to night clubs and cafes, Mama was always at her side. She went to Barbara Billingsley's New Year's Eve party at the Stork Club but left discreetly before midnight. Boys like Sean Downey (Morton's son) who danced with her found nothing much to talk about. Her first date was with a handsome young West Point cadet named Dick Bentley. Her mother arranged that introduction, knowing his father. He took Margaret out in New York and asked her up to the Point, but she declined. He didn't call again. Mrs. O'Brien, curious, asked his father, "What happened?" He grinned wryly. "He says she's too naive."

Right now, of course, Margaret O'Brien is too naive, but she's far from being unattractive. On the contrary, biology has outdone itself in transforming the rather plain little whiffet into a gorgeous young woman. With her burnished brown hair cut in a cute Audrey Hepburn bob, her dark eyes and creamy complexion with a dimple dotting her upturned lips, actually she's ravishing to behold. There's nothing wrong with her 32-20-34 figure either. The whole trouble with Maggie's charms to date is simply that she's lacked a provocative personality and a touch of adult sex appeal to bring it all to life. If she can just forget her little girl image and let nature take its course she shouldn't have any trouble at all. Fortunately there are some pretty sure signs that that's exactly what's taking place at last.

MAGGIE STILL lives with her mother, but the picture isn't quite the same as it was. For one thing, the phone jingles constantly and, as Gladys O'Brien sighs, "The chatter goes on and on." A herd of Hollywood stags, apparently just waiting for Maggie's awakening, are on the other end of the wire—young actors Rad Fulton, Harold Selsen, Richard Davalos (before his marriage), studio technicians Hal Belcher and Dennis Kingsley, to name a few. In fact, the extended courting line sometimes piles up on itself. One evening Maggie stepped out with Dick Davalos to the graduation dinner her mother gave her. When she came home, late date Bob Allen was waiting to take her for her first look at Mocambo. It was also her first excursion without her mother along. "I just locked myself in my room and hoped for the best," admits Mrs. O'Brien. But she needn't have worried. When Margaret came home she asked her how she liked the floor show. "Oh," her daughter came to, "I don't know. I didn't notice it."

But Margaret is noticing a lot of things recently that never absorbed her thoughts before—"Mainly Margaret," says her mother, "thank goodness!" She spends

hours before the mirror testing this and that make-up and worries about her hips to the point of counting calories and taking poundings at Terry Hunt's. New dresses already pose a closet problem, and undoubtedly will draw a reprimand from Maggie's court guardians when the bills come in. She goes for very bouffant-skirted numbers, size seven; shops for them herself and sometimes guiltily hides them around the house from her mother. Costume jewelry is another vanity kick she can't resist lately. She has stacks of gilded bracelets and one hundred pairs of earrings.

Since her driving lessons, Margaret guns around Hollywood with new freedom in a sporty white Ford crown convertible. In only two months at the wheel she has collected four traffic-tickets and a smashed headlight. She also collects Eddie Fisher and Perry Como recordings and nurses a secret crush on Rock Hudson. Still a rabid tv and movie fan, she drags most of her dates to theatres and recently complained, "There's not a show in town left to see!" She still doesn't smoke or drink but right now she doesn't need to. She's always in a hurry, usually late and chronically vague and scatterbrained.

BUT ALL THESE things—even the tickets—are considered healthy signs by everyone who knows Maggie—including her mother, who knows her best. They just wish it had started earlier. Sometimes Margaret gives evidence that she does, too. When she posed for *MODERN SCREEN* in a bathing suit recently and viewed the results, her reaction was definitely not what it would have been only a few months ago. "Well, you won't ask me to do this again," gloomed Margaret. "I look just like you'd expect Margaret O'Brien would look!" But she's wrong there, fortunately.

So far, the one important thing lacking to rev Margaret O'Brien's life up to speed is an all-out, absorbing, real-life romance. Right now the most likely candidate is Bob Allen, the dark-haired, personable young Douglas Aircraft worker who late-dated her on graduation night and has repeated many times since. But twenty-one-year-old Bob has just picked up his Service greetings and chances are she won't be seeing him much for the next two years.

"I'm not in love, anyway," Margaret nails down the subject. "Marriage? Not for two or three years, anyway. Right now I'm having too good a time to think about that. I don't want to rush things."

But time and events are rushing things for Margaret. With such a late start, there's still a lot of catching up ahead. The biggest threat to her half-hitch on maturity is still that she'll pass over the very necessary business of living her life to the full as she chases her new adult ambitions. Even as she makes her comeback picture, Maggie's praying each night to her patron saint for the chance to play Esther Costello in the story of that amazing deaf and dumb Irish girl, soon to be filmed in Ireland.

If she wins it she'll play, as in *Glory*, a girl younger than her own years. But soon, to realize her ambitions, Maggie O'Brien will have to tackle much more mature roles. Ironically, she can never act her age convincingly on the screen until she acts it in her own life.

As one old Hollywood hand, watching her breeze through her Kentucky farm-girl part in *Glory* observed, "I never thought I'd see a kid star who could do it again. But this one can, and be as great as she was before. Only, she'll have to be a woman first."

That seems to be the all-important first port of call on the second Hollywood journey for Margaret O'Brien.

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love haunts jimmy dean

(Continued from page 29) measurements: 38½-21-35.

When Lili met Jimmy Dean she was under contract to Universal-International. They were introduced by Dick Clayton, a handsome young agent from the Famous Artists office who handles both of them.

"It was outside the Warner studio," Lili recalls. "I was with Dick at the time, and he said to me, 'Lili, I have to pick up Jimmy Dean. Have you ever heard of Jimmy Dean?'"

"I said, 'No, I haven't. Is he nice?'"

"He is the most wonderful guy," Dick Clayton said. "Just wait and see."

"Well, Jimmy came along in a few minutes, and we were introduced, and Jim said, 'Let's go across the street and get a cup of coffee.' There is this drug-store right opposite Warners'. And that's where we went. And right away I was struck very much by Jimmy."

"I do not know how it is with American girls, how they judge a man. But in Sweden it is not the looks that mean the most. It is the intelligence. And a girl gets the feeling with Jimmy, right away, that he is very sensitive, a very intelligent young man. He does not lead with wisecracks. He is natural, quiet. After a while he looks up at you and grins. It makes you feel very warm."

"I was very impressed," Lili continues, her speech remarkably American for a girl who has been in this country only a year. "And I remember saying to myself, 'I hope he gets my telephone number from Dick Clayton and rings me and asks for a date.'"

A FEW DAYS later, when he got some time off from *East Of Eden*, James Byron Dean did exactly that. Back then he was earning very little money and had neither the car nor the motorcycle he now has. So on their first date they used Lili's car, a '52 Ford. Jim took Lili to dinner at the Villa Capri, one of Frank Sinatra and Vic Damone's hangouts.

"Just being with Jim," Lili remembers, "gave me a feeling of warmth and relaxation. I cannot explain it too well. But Jim is a man who does not like phonies. You must be yourself. And being yourself is much easier than trying to be someone else. Do I make it clear? When you are with Jim, it is all so easy. You do and say what you feel. You are not trying to impress."

That first night they went up to Earl Felton's—he's a writer, a friend of Dean's. Jim played the bongo drums. He plays them with a mounting intensity. His eyes become two narrow slits, his hands flail away, and he's really with it, cool, mad, crazy-gone. When someone else takes over on the beat, Jim likes to dance. He sways and beats his palms.

Bongo drums are rapidly becoming a standard prop for the Hollywood young set. If they're mentioned in any future history of this era it must be admitted that Jimmy Dean and Marlon Brando did more to popularize them than any advertising agency around.

Jimmy and Lili had a ball up at Earl Felton's that night. The newness of their friendship, the magic that springs up between two young people ("It is all so good and exciting and filled with promise.") brought about a growing fondness for each other.

On the way home they said very little. Dean often sinks into long silence, absorbed in the emotional depths he usually hides. When they got to the Valley Sands where Lili was living at the time, Jim took his date to the door and kissed her

good night on the cheek. "Good night and thank you," he said.

"Good night, Jimmy. Call me."

He called her again, of course. And he saw her night after night. On the way home from Warner Brothers he would stop by the Valley Sands and pick Lili up. They would go riding and eating and dancing. And then when Jim got his Triumph motorcycle, they would go speeding down Sunset Boulevard, Lili astride the cycle, her arms around Jimmy's midriff, holding on for dear life.

WHEN *East Of Eden* was shown at the studio, and everyone said the picture would make Jim a star overnight, Jim shared his joy with Lili. He took her to Chasen's, to the Crescendo, up to Arthur Loew's house. For a while they were inseparable. But there were no items in the columns. Neither kid was known in Hollywood.

Then *East Of Eden* was released. Jimmy went east. He proved the prophets correct. Critics touted him as "the most talented young actor since Brando."

Lili was ecstatically happy for Jimmy. She knew he wouldn't write. He never does. But she knew that the moment he returned to Hollywood, he would be out

Billy Wilder, director of the film version of *The Seven Year Itch*, working in CinemaScope for the first time, described it "as that dachshund of a screen."

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post

to see her. She thought of him all the time, too much of the time, in fact.

Out at Universal-International where she was enrolled in the dramatics school, they said Lili showed great talent, that she photographed beautifully, that what she most needed was lots of experience and hard work. Lili worked hard because the training ground for stars-to-be is no cinch, with elocution, diction, dancing, riding, singing and dramatics classes six days a week. But she could not stop herself from thinking about Jimmy. One night he called from the east. She was out and when she found out about the long distance call, she was furious with herself.

BUT CAME January and Jimmy was back in town, living as usual in his one-room apartment over a garage in the Hollywood Hills. Jim had something new: a gleaming white Porsche automobile. "I'm going to race it down the desert this Sunday," he said to Lili one afternoon. "Wanna come down and watch me?"

Studio executives tried to prevent Dean from racing. "After all," they said, practically, "You're starting *Rebel Without A Cause*. Suppose something happens to you? We'll have to strike all the sets, lose all that money."

Dean paid no attention. Fiercely independent, he always goes his own way. He and Lili drove down to Palm Springs. He won the event for novice riders and placed third in the race against the top veterans, all impressed by his racing ability.

Waiting for Jim at the finish line was Lili, proud and beaming. That week end in the desert with Jim and Dick Clayton and Lili's friend, Karen von Unge, was a wonderful one. After that, the two kids had dating time only for each other.

Then U-I failed to pick up Lili's option. "We simply don't have any pictures for the girl," her agent was told. He, in turn, advised Lili to head for New York, "where at least you can get some television experience."

Lili talked it all over with Jimmy. At

nineteen her acting career means more to her than just about anything else. She is too young to get married, and Dean feels the same way.

Any experience she could pick up in New York, Jimmy told his girl, would add to her stature as an actress. After all, most of her pre-Hollywood experience was work in Swedish musical comedies.

So Lili kissed Jim goodbye and went off to New York.

Jim went into *Rebel Without A Cause*. It was ridiculous for a young actor to sit home and brood about a young actress when it was obvious that their careers were going to keep them apart. Jimmy started dating. He went out several times with Marilyn Morrison, Johnnie Ray's ex-wife. He made a date with Ursula Andress, Paramount's new blonde beauty from Europe, and since Jim was most newsworthy by then, a columnist extracted a sizzling interview from her.

"He nice boy," said Miss Andress, "but he come by my house hour late. He come in room like wild animal and smell of everything I don't like."

"We go hear jazz music and he leave table. Say he go play drums. He no come back. I don't like to be alone. I go home."

"He come by my house later and say he sorry. Ask if I want to see motor-sickle. We sit on walk in front of motor-sickle and talk, talk until five."

Now, Jim Dean's a lad who, if not exactly conventional, has been brought up to have good manners. Why should he behave this way on a date?

Possibly because Jim's mind just wasn't on Ursula—nor on Marilyn nor on any of the other Hollywood girls. His thoughts were with a blonde Swedish girl, a continent away.

In New York, Lili Kardell was introduced to Aly Khan. This connoisseur of female talent took one look at the cute Swedish blonde, and he flipped. He was en route to Europe at the time, having arranged final custody agreements with Rita Hayworth concerning their daughter Yasmin. But he canceled his sailing to spend some time in New York with Lili. Separated from Jimmy, Lili went out with him. He took her to the Stork Club, to El Morocco, to all the night spots she had read so much about. He rushed her, no doubt about it. And she was immensely flattered. But her heart and thoughts were with the guy from Indiana.

When Lili heard that Jim had finished *Rebel* and was about to take off for Texas and the *Giant* location, she felt she had to see him. She flew back to Los Angeles.

"When do you leave for Texas?" she asked.

"Tomorrow," Dean said.

So they had one night in which to talk and catch up on what had happened. They went to the Villa Capri. Lili told about her New York experiences, the rv work, the big city, Aly Khan. Jim filled her in on the Hollywood data. Next day he took off for Marfa, Texas.

"See you when I get back," he said.

This was not exactly the farewell scene Lili bargained for. No protestation of love, not even an "I'll miss you!" After all, she had come all the way from New York to see Jimmy. Now he was disappearing with the most casual goodbyes. Piqued, she decided that this time she wasn't going to brood. She was going to get the elusive Mr. Dean out of mind.

So Lili started dating. She saw Jess Barker, Susan Hayward's ex-husband. She was given a whirl by Frank Sinatra, one of the most charming men in town. She met and spent time with other men entirely unconnected with the world of



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show business. To casual observers Lili Kardell was having a ball.

The only trouble was, she couldn't get Jimmy Dean off her mind. Every time she spotted a pair of horn-rimmed glasses, a motorcycle, even a leather jacket, she felt a pang.

Partly to provide diversion, she moved from her Valley Sands apartment to a new one south of Sunset Boulevard. The new one had no memories. Lili told herself she was glad. Then one morning, she woke up thinking "But how will Jimmy find me? He doesn't know I have moved!" At that point she capitulated. If she couldn't forget him, she couldn't. So she called her agent.

"Don't forget," she told him. "As soon as Jimmy calls, give him my new phone number." Then she sat back to wait patiently, somewhat buoyed up by the knowledge that she probably wouldn't have to leave Hollywood again. Twentieth Century-Fox was prepared to test her

"just as soon as Darryl Zanuck gets back from Europe."

In Texas, Jim worked hard. After all, work was just what a young actor—a serious young actor should think about. He refused to answer any questions about his love life. Especially questions that went, (as by this time they did), "Is it true that you're in love with Lili Kardell?"

When they asked him that, Jim just turned and walked away. But he couldn't get the name out of his mind.

One evening in the middle of this past July, the phone in Lili Kardell's apartment jingled. Lili answered it, unaccountably nervous. "I had a strange feeling," she recalls. "Something told me."

"Hi! Cat!" said a voice.

Lovely Lili threw herself tummy-flat across the bed. "It's you, Jim," she cried. "You, Jim." Then she swallowed hard. A lump welled up in her throat, and it wasn't easy to keep from crying. **END**

guy's doll

(Continued from page 37) relatives. They didn't know my Pop. All he did was to follow her to New York, where it was much easier to talk her into marriage. It's funny. My mother was a convert and she became the best Catholic of us all."

A romance could, perhaps, be broken up, but an established family could hardly be made to disappear into thin air, so after Sheila was born her father felt safe in returning to the Ould Sod, where his name was already well known in the racing world. And there Sheila grew up knowing the costumes, the customs and the ways of a little Irish girl. She was not to see the land of her birth again until she was fifteen. Her first impression? "That school here was so hard. I thought I should never catch up."

SHEILA'S INTEREST in acting was awakened in a curious, somewhat comic way. The first job she ever applied for was that of an unglamorous, ordinary telephone operator. She learned the mechanics of a switchboard easily enough; but perplexed customers of the telephone company were unable to translate her impenetrable Irish brogue. So Sheila learned to speak English. Dramatics was also taught at the school where she studied elocution and so she only had to take a single step in the direction pointed out by fate.

Before long her heart was set on Hollywood. Sheila worked regular shifts as a long-distance operator and picked up extra money as a beautiful model. "It didn't take long to save enough," she points out, "because I didn't need so very much. Friends had already invited me out to pay them a long visit."

Sheila got a screen test at Paramount by the simple device of walking in and asking for one. The clouds were her stamping ground—but only for the sweetest, briefest moment. Nothing came of the test, nothing came of anything. A few minor tv bits, but scarcely enough to keep beans in the dinner pot. When her resources were reduced to the price of a ticket home, she bought one.

Guy Madison didn't meet Sheila on her first trip west. He was busy surviving a pretty rocky time himself. Back in 1946, when he made Cinderella look like a piker by the magnitude of his overnight success, Guy told a reporter, "I felt a tap on the shoulder and I was in. I'm not expecting any joyride and I intend to work hard. Because all I need is another tap to be out again."

The trouble was, he hadn't time for all the hard work he planned before the second imperceptible tap came. With the total experience of about seven minutes on film in *Since You Went Away*, Guy was immediately cast in big-budget pictures which demanded far more of him than his limited knowledge of acting could produce, and he fell on his face with a thud heard around the world. Guy suffered. His audiences suffered. His boss David O. Selznick did not. While Guy was distinguishing himself by spectacularly wooden, self-conscious performances, he was on loan-out to other studios and incidentally earning Mr. Selznick some \$150,000. By comparison, his own top salary at the time was \$600 a week.

After three or four pictures that had best be forgotten, Guy Madison was washed up.

The incredible masculine beauty remained, the animal grace remained, but how did you sell them to an industry convinced that their possessor was the world's worst actor? Two people were not convinced: a very stubborn young man named Guy Madison, and Helen Ainsworth, the agent whose persistence had brought him to Hollywood in the first place. There was a difference, they believed, between a lousy actor and an inexperienced one, so the kid from Pumpkin Center, California, hit the road to learn the rudiments of his craft.

FOR EIGHT months Guy played summer stock, tackled any form of theatre that came to hand. Stubbornly, he held on until tv gave him the break that put him back in business. (tv and Sheila, too.)

With his comeback assured by the phenomenal success of *Wild Bill Hickok*, and picture studios making their usual preposterous efforts to outbid each other for his services, Guy's personal life became a trial by ordeal. His deeply-felt marriage to Gail Russell was admitted to be a failure. This is the time friends remember Guy's being feverishly gay. He had won one tremendous battle against all odds, only to find that he had lost another.

The stage was set for love when the lovely little Irish girl came riding back to Hollywood on a new and reinforced bankroll. Sheila and Guy met on April 15, 1954, when the annual Sportsman's Show was held at the Pan Pacific Auditorium. It figured that Guy Madison would be at any sports show anywhere, but Sheila Connolly was there only by chance. A friend of hers worked for the show's publicity director and got her in for free; otherwise she might have been ten other places that night.

They were strolling around from one exhibit to another when Barbara nudged her. "Look! There's Guy Madison!"

Sheila looked. She recalls thinking that he was extraordinarily handsome, even for an actor. They were introduced, inspected each other briefly and went their separate ways. "Ah, but then," as Sheila tells it, "we were invited to a little cocktail party upstairs, which was Guy's doing. He wanted us there. As soon as we came in, he came over and started talking. I never remembered to ask what happened to my friends that night. It was Guy who took me home."

To hear Sheila tell it he was a regular little old chatterbox on the drive to her apartment, musing over the sound of Ireland in her name, teasing her about the probably low flash point of her temper, talking about his own family, enthusing about hunting, fishing, Andy Devine and sundry other subjects. "He talked so much that I was surprised to learn that he had a reputation as the strong, silent type!"

One of the things they talked about was her phone number. Guy found a piece of paper, then slapped his pockets in disgust. "No pencil."

"Oh," Sheila's hand went to her purse, "I always carry one." Except this time. "Okay, I'll remember it, anyhow."

Sure you will, Sheila thought to herself as they said good night. An hour later the phone at her bedside rang, and she murmured a drowsy, "Lo?"

"You see?" said the triumphant voice of Guy. "I told you I'd remember!"

All of a sudden she was wide awake again. It was a distinctly pleasurable feeling, talking to him a little while longer, even if he said good night the second time with a vague, "I'll call you."

BBETTER THAT she didn't hold her breath until he did call. She read in the trade papers the next day that he was off on a hunting trip, she read about it when he got back to town. She thought it was nice of the columnists to report his activities, since she obviously wasn't going to hear about them first hand. Guy maintained his silence for two months, until the interlocutory decree in his divorce case was handed down. Sheila can take comfort from the fact that she was the first girl he did call as soon as he was free. By the time they were ready to leave her apartment on their first date, he had already learned that she wasn't much of a cook. At that point the telephone rang; it was Sheila's father, calling from New York.

"I want to talk to him," Guy said, and after identifying himself, announced to the astonished Hibernian across the country, "This is a pretty nice little girl you have here, sir, but she needs some training around the house, for sure." Sheila doesn't know what her father answered, only that their masculine agreement must have been instantaneous. Guy grinned hugely, and the last thing he said to his future father-in-law was, "Well, I think a couple of good beatings ought to do it."

How long did he court her before they decided to marry? "About twenty-four hours," Sheila will tell you, because she always teases a little first. "No, actually we went together for months. What I mean is that it *could* have happened in twenty-four hours. Have you ever met someone whom you felt you'd always known? That's the way it was with us. When he told me something happened before I knew him, it was like having something I already knew confirmed. And I didn't really have to tell him about my childhood in Ireland; he might just as well have grown up with me."

Guy never actually proposed—"He sort of got around to it by degrees"—but it

had been his decision to obtain that Mexican divorce so they might be married without further delay. When Hedda Hopper reminded him that Mexican marriages and divorces end up sometimes yea and sometimes nay, Guy answered, "Hedda, you're talking to a marrying kind of man who is really in love. I've been alone too long." And, having summed up his life in those few poignant words, Guy took his girl down to Juarez and got married.

GUY HAS changed since he first hit Hollywood. Many men fall apart under stress; Guy found unsuspected strength and maturity through pain, hardship and professional humiliation. He isn't an impossibly beautiful, golden-haired boy anymore, but a dynamic man tested and found true. To his credit, bitterness is still a stranger to Guy. Recalling the stark years, he is apt to shrug and say, "Hollywood gave me the chance to make more money than I could any other way. I have reason to be grateful."

Guy's still taciturn, but there is the steel of self-assurance behind his wariness, the diffidence has developed naturally into reserve and the naiveté is long since gone. More recently departed but equally unlamented is the solemnity; the slow smile starts so often in Guy's hazel eyes these days that his more intrepid friends presume to call him Laughing Boy.

The change has come about partly because Guy feels his responsibility toward the enchanting girl he wooed and won. (From his attitude toward redhaired Bridget born to them this year you would think no man had ever been a father before.) Partly because he is a settled, domesticated, brand-new home owner. And partly because he learned his trade the really hard way—from the top down—and isn't likely to make the same mistakes twice.

AS FOR THE GIRL that Guy married—she hasn't tried to change him, being as how she fell in love with the man that he is. There is the possibility, though, that he might be influenced by what she gives him: the simple life he craves, a sense of emotional security, her own love of life and her priceless gift of laughter.

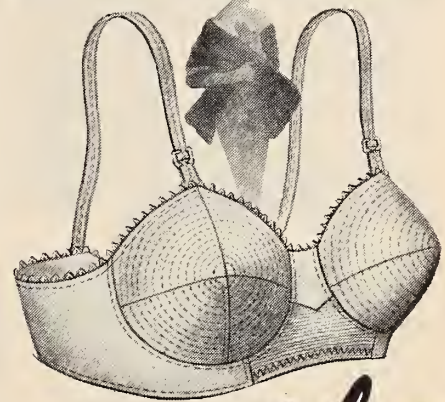
One friend described Sheila's influence this way. "Guy is basically simple. He doesn't feel like a movie star and he doesn't like to live like one. Sheila's good for him in that way, too. I believe he has bought her a little station wagon of her own now, but when they only had one car, she used to drive him to the studio like any other housewife driving her husband to his job. She looks after his clothes; when he comes home at night, she cooks for him. At the end of the day he's as tired as any other working man and has the same reluctance to go out on the town, which Sheila understands. That way life makes sense. Maybe he earns his living in an unusual way, but the normalcy of their personal life keeps everything else in focus for Guy."

Certainly not the least of Sheila's gifts is the ability to make Guy feel that he is her lord and master. Take last week, for instance. Guy had been on location for a fortnight, putting another tv series on film, and Sheila hadn't seen him for that long. She wore a properly doleful Irish face (just short of wurrah, wurrah) as she sighed and said, "He gets back tomorrow, but he's leaving right away to go boar hunting. But I know he won't let me go along; he thinks it's too dangerous."

Next day there was a brief item in one of the trade papers which said, "Sheila and Guy Madison are over on Catalina Island, hunting wild boars and things." Of course Guy's the boss. Everybody knows that.

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"I should have been warned what to expect when they asked me to wear zebra-striped pajamas when I got off the plane in New York," she said. "I refused. They insisted. I said I was a star, stamped my foot and shouted no. Luckily for me the pajamas were three sizes too small."

"The third day I was taken to the middle of the ocean and 'rescued' from a life raft by the Coast Guard. I was so seasick I burned up myself and everybody else setting off flares."

"An editor wanted a shot of the skyline from the thirty-fifth floor of a building with me in a bathing suit. When I recovered from my faint I was told the pictures turned out fine."

"The publicity department sent me to the Barbizon School of Models to teach the girl how to walk on Fifth Avenue with a Siamese Cat on a leash; they appointed me Queen of the Rock 'n' Roll and then sent me to a beauty contest at Coney Island, not as a judge but to pick contestants; then when I truly got sick from the heat everyone called it a cheap publicity stunt."

"But, the capper came when they wanted me to pose in a theatre lobby in front of Marilyn Monroe's *Seven Year Itch* poster. There was a fan down low to blow my skirts up like Marilyn's. That was one picture I refused to pose for."

"The next day I went to a party in Connecticut and Marilyn's friends, the Milton Greenes, were there. When I walked in they walked out. I guess a gal just can't win!"

by Joe Hyams

high road to happiness

(Continued from page 46) love and faith, fostered both at home and in the Catholic school she attended. It was therefore a happy childhood, despite hardship. Their father had left home while the girls were little. Ann barely remembers him. Mrs. Blyth worked as a laundress, as a hair stylist, at whatever she could find. "She had beautiful, talented hands," her daughter recalls. She managed so Dorothy could take violin and piano lessons—so that Ann, who'd sung and danced joyously from babyhood, could go to the Ned Wayburn School for training. "I think she hoped something would come of it, because she felt in her bones this was work I'd enjoy. And how right she was!"

Something came of it when the little girl was five. Through a friend, Mrs. Blyth heard that NBC was auditioning children for Madge Tucker's *Sunday Show*. "Let's go over and see if they'll listen to you sing." As Ann talks about it, the memories come clear—how she had to mount a big box to reach the mike, how she sang "Lazybones," how they stood outside anxiously awaiting the verdict, how the man appeared smiling and said, "We'd like to have you on our program." They kept her on it for seven years. Milton Cross was the announcer. Every time she hears his voice nowadays, she's back there for a moment.

FOR ANN these were sunlit years. She had her mother. She had her Aunt Cis and Uncle Pat, like second parents. Each summer the family went to their Connecticut farm, away from the hot city, where she could romp as she pleased.

By the time she graduated from the grammar grades, her plans had taken serious shape. Along with the *Sunday Show*, she was working on Miss Tucker's Saturday program which produced little plays. She wanted to be an actress. So it seemed advisable to transfer to the Professional Children's School, where they were just as strict about your lessons but gave you time off when a job came along.

There Herman Shumlin, casting for *Watch On The Rhine*, found the dark-haired twelve-year-old with the blue eyes.

On opening night she wasn't scared a bit. Not after all the rehearsals and try-outs, when Paul Lukas and Mady Christian—whose daughter Babette she played—and everyone else had been so wonderfully kind. It was simply the most exciting night of her life. With telegrams and adorable little corsages delivered backstage, so she felt like a real actress. With the warmth of the audience flooding across the footlights, so they knew they had a hit. With a midnight supper among family and friends at a small restaurant off Broadway, and by the time supper was over, the papers were out. Ann read them and wept. She won't tell you, but the papers will, that Babette reaped a goodly share of the raves. "It meant so much for so many reasons," she explains. "It meant that for the first time in years my mother wouldn't have to work so hard."

The play ran for eleven months on Broadway, and on tour for a year. Henry Koster, then with U-I, saw it in New York and again in Los Angeles. "The child," he said, "is as enchanting as I remember her. I want a test." To the Biltmore Theatre came a phone call from Mr. Koster, followed by a visit from the casting director. He told Ann she could choose her own scene for the test. At the studio a few days later, she did one of her favorites—the scene from *Peg O' My Heart* in which Peg leaves her father. The powers-that-be seemed pleased. But Ann, not yet fourteen, was well trained in self-

discipline and control. "What looks good to the eyes," she commented sagely, "sometimes doesn't come off at all on the screen." Refusing to set her hopes too high, she returned to work and to the paycheck envelopes that turned up in the mail regularly with her school assignments. The tour took them to San Francisco, where U-I called them. "We're sending a contract for your signature, to take effect as soon as the play closes."

How did she feel? "I guess everyone dreams about being in pictures. I was no different. I loved the stage. But children's parts, especially good ones, don't come along too often, and pictures promised at least the chance of a steady income. So Mommy and I said some prayers and signed the contract. Once it was signed, we felt everything would work out for the best."

IT WAS A wrench to leave Aunt Cis, Uncle Pat and all their friends for a wondrous place called California where they didn't know a soul. They continued to miss the family. That never changed. But new friends certainly helped. There was Donald O'Connor, with whom she made her first picture, *Chip Off The Old Block*—Donald the pro who gave her so many tips and such moral support. The sneak preview was shown way out in Glendale. It took forever to get there by streetcar and bus. Ann sat low in her seat and pulled on a handkerchief. Mommy liked it. "She probably realized I had a lot to learn, but there for the first time

Inspired by the success of Davy Crockett, George Jessel is writing one about "Ca-rrie, Carrie Nation, who knocked all the barrooms down." The middle part goes: "She worked on all the boys, and then on their pops—who wanted to drink up a bottle of schnapps" . . . Jessel plans to make the recording himself and is optimistic. "They'll buy a million copies," he insisted. "It'll be a 59c recording, which will be made of salami."

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post

on the screen was her daughter. Her daughter made little impression on anyone else. Nobody recognized me outside. Nobody asked me for an autograph."

Another early friend was Al Rockett, the trusted agent who guided her career from the start. He realized that, along with her sweetness, she had fire and spirit. In short, he believed in her as an actress and kept his eyes open for a chance to prove it. The chance came with *Mildred Pierce*, the Joan Crawford starrer at Warners. "The part of the daughter is open," said Al. "She's a bad character, and one of the juiciest roles I've ever read. U-I will lend you. Whether Warners would take you is another story. It stands to reason they'd rather use someone under contract. But I'll do my best to talk them into a test."

Mildred Pierce won her an Oscar nomination and a prominent spot on the Hollywood map. All horizons looked rosy. She started a second picture on loanout to Warners, called, curiously enough, *Danger Signal*. But Ann wasn't superstitious then, and isn't now. Any link between the title and what followed was coincidental.

SOME CLOSE FRIENDS had come visiting from the east. Though it was April and past the heavy-snow season, they decided to go to Arrowhead for the week end. Once in the mountains, they found a place called Snow Valley which showed enough snow to promise some fun. They rented

a toboggan. The older folk, including Mrs. Blyth, stayed behind having coffee.

Ann was last man on the toboggan. First time they went down, it felt kind of bumpy. A doubt crossed her mind. "I don't think it's supposed to feel like this." But the sun was shining, the kids were shouting, pulling the toboggan uphill again. Nobody realized how shallow the snow lay. Down they went for the second time, but fast. One of the bumps pitched Ann into the air and back against the hill. Pain stabbed through her. Instinctively she felt at her throat for the medal she'd been wearing, but the chain had snapped. Her hand went groping into the snow, found it, held it tight while she lay there, waiting for the pain to subside. For of course it would subside. It couldn't be anything really serious. A pulled muscle maybe. Pulled muscles, she told herself, hurt very badly.

The others had been tossed off, too, but with less violence. They came running now. One of the boys helped her up and over to a tree stump. "Just let me sit here a minute. I'll be all right." But in a sitting position, the pain grew worse—so excruciating that it forced a sob to her throat, which she forced back. Because she had to prove to them and herself—and especially to her mother, unknowing down there in the ski shop—that this was nothing, that presently it would pass. How she managed remains inexplicable, but manage she did to walk down the hill and into the shop.

"What's wrong?" asked her mother. "Oh, we were bumped off the sled. No harm done, though."

Nan Blyth took one look at her daughter's paper-white face. Turning almost as white herself, she assumed quiet command of the situation. They had friends in San Bernardino. "You can rest there. Then, if you feel better, we'll drive on home." Again Ann walked to the car. But by the time they reach town, she couldn't move and had to be carried into the house. There was no longer any possibility of pretense. All she could do was try to bear the pain. They got her to the hospital, where an intern, hearing that she had been able to walk, decided this must be a case of a strained back and taped her up. After which, on her mother's insistence, X-rays were taken. A mass of quivering nerves now, Ann heard the doctor say: "Well, young lady, that tape will have to come off."

She remembers flinching, she remembers his gentle "I'm sorry," answering the mute plea in her uplifted eyes, she remembers how they began peeling the tape off—then she remembers nothing.

THE X-RAYS showed a compressed fracture of the vertebrae. In a special bed that supported her back while her head and feet hung down, Ann lay stunned and incredulous, all the rosy future shadowed by dread, all her thoughts driven toward one she could hardly face—would she ever walk again? The physical discomfort was intense, but nothing compared to her emotional turmoil. She was little more than a child. Early hardship had been softened by her mother's care. She'd worked from the age of five, but at work she loved. Life, kind until then, now showed itself harsh. Lying there day after endless day, her head spun with the question all humans ask themselves when some seemingly senseless misfortune drops from the sky. Why should this happen to her? Why now, with everything in life going so well?

Each of us finds or fails to find the reply. Ann found it in her mother, who never left her side. Mrs. Blyth wrestled with her private anguish in private, resolved

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not to add its burden to Ann's. Courage and cheer entered the room with her. Her belief in God was no reed to break under storm. Faith isn't faith that doubts at the touch of affliction. What He sends one accepts, though one doesn't understand the reasons. And the power of prayer is great. Through her mother, the seventeen-year-old gained new insight, new maturity, new spiritual strength.

In the end their prayers were answered. Ann would walk again, though not tomorrow nor next week. For four months, the doctors told her, she'd wear a cast, and a steel brace for eight more. She couldn't go back to work for at least a year. But there'd be no permanent after-effects. Not only would she walk—eventually she'd swim, play golf, ride horseback again. To one of her age, a year seems longer than it is. But Ann was too grateful, too busy counting her blessings to lament on that score. Her head turned on the pillow, her hand sought her mother's. "I'm the luckiest girl in the world," she said.

Before she'd completely recovered, tragedy struck. During those months in the little apartment on Highland Avenue, while she nursed her daughter back to health, Nan Blyth began feeling ill. Not only did she keep the knowledge from Ann, but tried to dismiss it from her own mind, ascribing it to shock and strain. Once Ann was well, she'd be all right again too. But the time came when she could no longer dismiss it. One day they went out to San Bernardino for new X-rays of Ann's back, which showed the fracture to be all but healed. At home again, Mrs. Blyth steeled herself to the task ahead—the task of dealing her child a bitter blow. What had to be done, she did. "Honey, I've seen the doctor. He says I need an operation." The color drained from Ann's face, her heart froze within her. "I'm going to be fine, dear. But I don't want you here alone while I'm in the hospital. So I think we'd better phone your auntie and uncle and see if they can come out to stay with you."

After the phone call, after Aunt Cis and Uncle Pat had promised to come right out, Nan Blyth's face dropped into her hands. For the first time in her life, Ann saw her weep. With the world crashing around her, with the nightmare sense that none of this could be happening, she cradled her mother in her arms.

Through the weeks that followed they hoped against desperate hope. But the operation came too late. Ann's beloved mother died.

SUCH WAS Ann's grief that she cannot talk of these things today. In her first desolation, even prayer didn't help. The same heartbroken cry went up. "Why, why? Why should it happen to her, so good, so dear, so needed?" But she was fortunate in her dear aunt and uncle. No two people could have loved her mother better. To them, her loss meant less only than to Ann. Yet, once the first shock lay behind them, they refused to stand by, watching her shatter herself against the inevitable. Out of their larger experience, out of their clear good judgment and honesty they spoke. "Ann, we can go just so far with you in your grief. You must find your own way. Your mother isn't lost to you if you seek her through prayer and faith and the knowledge that she's still with you forever and ever. But you cannot find her if you nurse a sense of betrayal."

It couldn't happen overnight. But little by little Ann did find her way through the blackness back to the gates of prayer, where she drew close to her mother's spirit again. Again the beloved voice sounded in her ears. "God in His wisdom has a reason for what He does, and He always

knows best." Why it was best for her mother to be taken, she'll never understand. But she understands that it's not for her to question. As a child of faith, she need only accept His word.

She'll never forget how Aunt Cis and Uncle Pat left their farm and all their ties in the east to answer her need, to give her solace and support through the dark days, to make a home for her here, warm and sunny as themselves. They found a little house in the valley—Ann's first house with her first bedroom to herself—and none of your Murphy beds, but a real one.

When she was well enough, she returned to U-I and life began to resume its normal round. Her career thrived on loan-outs. Goldwyn borrowed her for *Our Very Own*. MGM for *The Great Caruso*. Even Lanza's brilliance failed to dim Missy Blyth's. Who that ever saw her will forget the lovely little figure dancing and singing "The Loveliest Night Of The Year?" Certainly not Leo, the astute Lion, who from then on made a habit of borrowing her—for *All The Brothers Were Valiant*, for *Rose Marie* and *Student Prince*. Last November, her U-I contract up, she signed with MGM, where she's just finished *Kismet*, first of her pictures under the new contract.

MEANTIME, Hollywood was playing a game called Let's Marry Ann Off. To be objective, she wasn't its only victim. For her name you can substitute Terry or Rock or Tab, since it's a game played with all eligibles. Ann didn't care for it. Speaking of the period when she was being tagged, her soft voice takes on an edge of firmness. "This is a phase of your life—even if you're in pictures—that's quite private and special. Not that you're unwilling to share a certain amount, but only so much. It took me a little while to get used to these stories which I knew were untrue both about myself and others—and in many cases, unfair. Of course I went to parties and dances and had wonderful fun. It's the natural way of youth all over the world. Yet in Hollywood some people seem to believe that girls and boys can't go out without marriage in mind. They seem to urge it on you. But it was my life, and I felt no sense of urgency. When I fell in love, I wanted to marry. Until then I had no intention of marrying, whatever anyone wrote."

It's been reported that Ann met Jim through Dennis Day. Not so. Five years ago during the holiday season she'd asked some friends to visit. They were also friends of Dr. James McNulty and thought these two might enjoy knowing each other. "Perhaps he and his mother and dad would like to come over," Ann suggested. So it was in her own home that she met him first and remembers that she loved his face at once. "Such a kind face, so warm and happy. And I loved the sweetness of his manner to his parents. I can't describe it but, if you knew him, you'd understand its quality. He had it then, he has it now, he'll always have it."

A week later he phoned. Would she care to go to the christening of Dennie's new baby! She's found out since that he asked her with some misgivings. Despite his brother's place in show business, it was a business foreign to the young physician. They were reminiscing about it last Father's Day. "I liked it," said Jim, "that you seemed to have such a good time, just playing and singing and talking. I didn't feel that you had to be entertained. I began hoping it wasn't true what they said, that movie stars live in a different world."

Through the next two years they dated on and off—went dancing when they could, since they both loved dancing, or just to a movie. But Jim was busy establishing

his practice, while Ann flew off to England on a picture commitment and to Hawaii and Alaska to entertain the troops. Therefore long periods elapsed when they didn't see each other at all. When they did, it was on the same basis of friendship.

Till a summer's day in 1952. Friends invited them down to Balboa for some deep-sea fishing. Their friends described the excitement of latching onto an albacore. But before day's end, something more exciting happened. Ann discovered that she was deeply, truly and beyond any shadow of a doubt, in love.

Aunt Cis had awakened her at 3:30. Jim came knocking at 4. They took along a picnic lunch of sandwiches and fried chicken. Out on the boat it was wonderful, the sky so tranquil, the air so sun-drenched, the hours with Jim beside her so perfect. Why the revelation should have come that day rather than another is one of love's mysteries. Ann only knows that come it did, with some new and poignant sweetness stirring between them as their eyes met, quickening her pulses. On the way home Jim held her hand. Both were rather silent, though Ann's frank to admit she kept hoping the man would speak up. He didn't. Not in words, anyway. But for the first time he kissed her good night. With a hug. It was enough, she told her joyously beating heart. The words could wait.

Not until almost Christmas time did Jim venture to say them, and then only with a spirited assist from his mother. At a family party his eye caught a pretty necklace worn by one of the guests, and his thoughts were on a Christmas gift for Ann. "Mom," he asked, "d'you think she'd like something like that?"

Mrs. McNulty's a woman who minds her own business but this was too much and she gave it to him straight in her rich Irish brogue. "Now, Jim, why don't you stop all this foolin' around an' give the girl a ring?"

The slow smile gathered, yet left his face grave. "Suppose she doesn't want it?"

His mother eyed the son whom she once called the tenderest of her children. "If I were in your boots, lad," she said gently, "I'd take the chance."

He carried the ring in his pocket for a week, still incapable of shaping the question that might bring him high happiness or the end of hope. On the 18th he helped Ann and her folks trim the tree—always an intimate family ritual. Maybe the fact that he was drawn into it lent him heart. The hour grew late. He took leave of Aunt Cis and Uncle Pat. Ann walked him to the door. They made a date for a couple of evenings later. He kissed her good night, started down the path, paused and turned back, reaching into his pocket. "I have something for you, Ann. Will you wear it for me?"

The box was blue, the diamond beautiful, the moment more so, as she threw her arms around him and whispered, "Oh, Jim!"

The rest of the story's been too well and recently covered for re-telling here. Ann will carry with her forever the memory of her wedding day in June. The honor of having His Eminence, Cardinal McIntyre, marry them. The good feel of dear Uncle Pat's arm as they went down the aisle. The smile on Jim's face at the altar as he stepped up to claim her. "Such a sweet smile," she recalls. "So sweet that apparently everyone noticed it."

With the birth of Timothy Patrick a year later—her cup brimmed over.

Now they're waiting for the new baby—the new link in their precious little family circle. Ask her how many links they hope for, and her head goes back in laughter delightful as Tim's. "Who am I to tell the dear Lord His business? As many as in His wisdom He chooses to send." **END**



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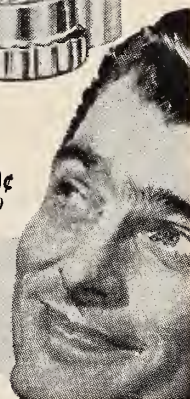
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"TWENTY-FIVE WORDS OR LESS..."

by Van Heflin

■ I'm a born contestant. Whenever I see a contest that starts off "I like movies because . . ." and the contestant has to tear the top off a neighbor and send it in, along with twenty-five words, I always want to enter. Unfortunately, I'm a cinch to be disqualified since I make my living acting in movies. The judges figure that's reason enough for anyone to like them.

But that's not why. I spent a great deal of my childhood being an avid fan of serials. Every single Saturday I went to our local cinema palace and watched the adventures of *Scotty And The Scouts* and other such educational films. This single-minded devotion made me a movie expert who was absolutely nonpareil on our block. Of course, the other kids were experts, too, but I was better.

Now I've got thirty-six movies behind me and number thirty-seven, *Patterns*, is about to be released. But my movie memories aren't about pictures I've been in. No, mine concern other voices, other plots.

The best part of a serial was that you could see the spine-chilling end of last week's episode over again to refresh our little minds. No one ever bothered to tell producers of serials that kids sat in movies until their mothers dragged them out. There was less chance of my forgetting what had happened the week before than there was of having the hero really run over by the Cannonball Express. Just to be sure, I committed every word to memory. That way, seeing the ends over wasn't a refresher, it was a pleasure.

El Brendel was my favorite serial comic. He said things like "Ay bane hongry, Ay eat with yew?" And I can remember one vivid scene from *Scotty And The Scouts* when an old bi-plane was taking off and Scotty's kidnaped dog was aboard. Scotty, always prepared, raced across the field and leaped onto the tail of the plane. That week I almost went crazy trying to figure what would come of it all. On Saturday I got seven cents together (a little ingenuity and two deposit bottles) and raced to the Drury Lane to see what had happened. Well, you just don't fool with Scotty. He grabbed the tail and was steering the plane and the kidnapers didn't dare shoot him. So, when they ran out of gas, they landed and gave him his dog back. I can't remember how he got home from there but he had tail-steering down pat and probably fooled the dog with the same trick.

I'm sorry serials aren't what they used to be. *Tim Tyler's Luck* and *Atlantis, The Lost Continent* are no longer seen on the silver screens. Instead they give you Van Heflin playing a vice president and kissing the girl. I'm sorry for all the kids but my children gotta eat, too.

unlucky at love

(Continued from page 48) Leslie had always glowed and at first marriage increased her aura of happiness. "To be married," she told reporters ecstatically after her honeymoon, "is the most wonderful thing for a girl!"

"My career? What is my career compared to marriage? Geordie is now the most important thing in my life. He will be the father of my children. Oh, we want so many, eight, ten, twelve. Remember I am French, and French women like large families.

"Why, if Geordie asked it, I would give up my career. If he says, 'We go to Minnesota,' then we go to Minnesota. Geordie is my husband. I follow his direction."

But Geordie's direction led up a blind alley, and Leslie walked straight into tragedy. When misery came, she was unprepared to meet it. Nothing in her past had taught her what to do when her dreams disappeared, and when she and Geordie lost touch, she was lost, utterly bewildered.

So when she and Geordie knew they were through, decided to separate, see other people, Leslie did the only thing she could. She fled. She went home to the only two things she still loved and trusted—France and her career. She re-joined Roland Petit's Ballets de Paris. Perhaps it was just a simple matter of being on the rebound. Perhaps it was because, the world of domesticity having let her down, she deliberately chose the least domestic man around. Perhaps it was because life just wasn't complete without a love. Whatever the reason, last year Leslie fell very much in love with Roland Petit.

SHE HAD KNOWN him for years. It was he who had given her a start when she was fifteen, a Paris kid who wanted to dance more than anything else in the world. Now he gave her stardom as a ballerina, choreographing a ballet just for her. It was called *The Beautiful Widow*, and with her hair plastered dramatically about her forehead, Leslie danced it all over the world. She and Petit, who traveled with the show, were together much of the time. Leslie began to smile again. She dated other men, made the columns often, but only with Roland did she look happy, animated. "I want to lead the intense, artistic life," she wrote Geordie, believing it. "I don't know what that is," Geordie said, and filed for divorce. He charged mental cruelty and Leslie did not contest the action. Columnists reported that the divorce did not seem to affect her appetite, nor her excitement over being nominated for an Oscar for *Lili*. When she failed to win it, when Geordie blamed her for the failure of their marriage, Leslie had someone to turn to. But he was the wrong man.

Right from the beginning, her friends knew it was no good. "Yes, Leslie fell in love with Roland," one of them said then. "She admires and respects and maybe hero-worships him. They were together in London, North Africa, New York, Washington, Monte Carlo. But the rub is that Roland Petit is in love with another dancer, Jeanmaire."

The friend was right. Only weeks later, Roland Petit married Jeanmaire, and Leslie had lost again.

Very few people go through two such experiences and come out sparkling. Leslie couldn't. More and more she withdrew into herself. She, who had always told everyone who would listen of her joys and loves, suddenly refused all interviews, was never available to the press. When her contract called her back to Hollywood, she went with the greatest reluctance. Hollywood

was filled with memories, and Leslie had no use for memories.

So she threw herself into her work. She made *The Glass Slipper* with Michael Wilding and couldn't help noticing how differently Liz Taylor had reacted to her first failure in love, when her marriage to charming, wealthy young Nicky Hilton went wrong. Elizabeth's second choice had been a stable, adept, confident, slightly older man, able to comfort her, take care of her and provide her with the home and family she wanted. Leslie had for her comfort a one-room apartment. She painted it grey and white to match her mood, and refused to date. "I get up early and work too hard to be out late at night."

It was true that she worked hard. Fred Astaire, himself almost indefatigable, marveled at Leslie.

"I've never met anyone who was willing to work harder," he said. "This girl has got a wonderful sense of organization. She listens very carefully as you outline the routine. She won't dance until she's sure she understands it. Then when she does, she insists on perfection. She is a wonderful girl and a marvelous dancer."

But as soon as she could, Leslie ran away again. This time she went to Paris. There she opened in Jean Renoir's play, *Orvet*. "I'm not sad at all," she told friends, shivering in her backstage dressing room. No one believed her. The blue eyes were dull, the once tousled hair sternly pulled back from the drawn face.

A French newspaperman was asked how his countrymen felt about Leslie.

"She is a strange girl," he said. "But that is true of all ballet stars. They live in a strange world, surrounded by men who care more for dancing than for anything else. Leslie, we feel, has been unlucky in love. She is again in that in-between-stage of getting over it."

"Then she is still in love with Roland Petit," the American said.

The Frenchman smiled. "You have got your Petits mixed up," he said. "I think she is very fond of Robert Petit!"

Leslie had done it again.

Robert Petit is the manager of the Ballets de Paris. Of late he has become its producer. Throughout Leslie's romance with Roland there had been rumors about Robert—talk that he was Leslie's real love. Just when she turned to Robert no one really knew. But turn she did. At that time, he had a lot in common with Leslie. There was only one trouble. Robert Petit already had a girl.

Her name was Lillian Montevicchi. Like Leslie, she was a ballerina, a Roland Petit discovery, a member of the troupe of the Ballets de Paris, a girl who had danced with Leslie many times. Like Leslie, she was under contract to MGM. Unlike Leslie, Lillian managed to keep her man.

She had to act to do it. When she heard that a deep friendship was developing between Leslie and Robert, she got back to Paris in a hurry. After all, hers was the prior claim. Her return was a success. Immediately, the usually affable Robert started snapping at reporters who asked him about Leslie. "That rumor is false!" he would bark, refusing to be photographed or interviewed. Lillian and Robert are to be married any time now.

And that leaves Leslie where? "It leaves her," a Parisian friend relates, "without a man. She sees Jeanmaire with Roland Petit. She sees Robert with Lillian. She thinks back over the days of her marriage to Hormel and it is only natural that she is sad. But she is young, attractive, there will always be others."

The point is, which others? Leslie has indeed been unlucky at love. But could it be that she has made her own luck? Three times she has loved the wrong man. Not

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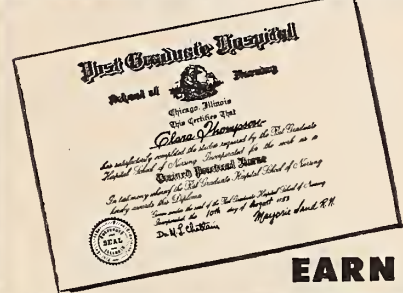


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Wif: you wear new suits and topcoats without one penny cost and agree to show them to friends? You can make up to \$30.00 a day even in spare time, without canvassing. Pioneer Tailoring Co., Congress & Throop Sts., Dept. H-1227, Chicago 7, Illinois.

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\$2.00 HOURLY possible doing light assembly work at home. Experience unnecessary. CROWN Industries, 7159-A Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles 36, Calif.

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PERSONALS

Borrowing by Mail. Loans \$50 to \$600 to employed men and women. Easy, quick. Completely confidential. No endorsers. Repay in convenient monthly payments. Details free in plain envelope. Give occupation. State Finance Co., 323 Securities Bldg., Dept. K-215, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

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U. S. SAVINGS BONDS ARE DEFENSE BONDS

one was the man to give her what she wants most—the home and family she has dreamed of all her life. Geordie came closest, giving her for a while at least the illusion that her dream had come true.

She had loved housekeeping. When she first married Geordie they moved into a small apartment in Laurel Canyon. They paid \$125 a month for it and Leslie did all the cooking and the housework. Eventually her in-laws sent Boots Shershing, a housekeeper, to help out. It was nice to have Boots there, leaving Leslie free to rest after her movie chores. But she would have been perfectly content without her. French women like housework, she said.

But when the idyll was over, to whom did she turn? Neither Roland nor Robert Petit was the sort to provide Leslie with a house to clean. Did the fact that Geordie had disillusioned her about her perfect love-nest mean that she must give up forever her dream of a home?

French women are economical. During her marriage Leslie saved money right and left, building a family nest-egg. She even made her own clothes, and did it happily. "Heck," Geordie told her, "I'm in debt to the tune of \$40,000!" But Geordie could afford to tease. He'd always known great wealth. Leslie had lived through a war and an occupation and had seen her father lose his pharmacy, leaving them in bitter poverty. But because her savings could not save her marriage, must Leslie feel that she should turn to that strange world of dance in which money is lavished freely upon luxuries, where material things count so highly?

Shortly after their marriage dissolved, real scandal broke over Geordie. He was accused of taking dope and tried for the

offense. He was acquitted, but the names of many of his friends became headline news for weeks. He is home in Minnesota now, under the watchful eye of his family, forgetting the jazz career for which he longed, and settling into a prepared niche in their fabulous meat-packing business. But because Geordie proved unstable does not mean that Leslie should give up her need for a stable man. Because a dream goes awry one does not have to give up the dream. But that is what Leslie has done.

Her first marriage having proved a failure, she seems to have given up the idea of ever making another one work. She has turned to men to whom her dream is foreign. The pendulum has swung too far.

Back in Hollywood for Gaby, Leslie is dating again. This time he's Jack Larson, a handsome, twenty-six-year-old actor she has known since 1951. Oddly enough, Roland Petit had originally introduced him to Leslie, and before her marriage they had dated. Now they have resumed their relationship. They dine together, spend much of their free time together. It was Jack who motored with Leslie to Long Beach to catch Judy Garland's show. He is an actor, regularly appearing on the tv Superman series. And he seems to care very much for Miss Caron.

"Leslie is a wonderful girl," he has said. "Sure, the years have changed her, made her more sharp, more alert. But I'll do anything to make her happy. She sure deserves a little happiness."

It sounds good. For Leslie's sake, we hope that this time she chooses wisely. Certainly one of Cinderella's gentleman callers should turn out to be Prince Charming—if only Cinderella learns to recognize him when he rides by. **END**

a good wife is hard to lose

(Continued from page 43) said softly. "I wanted you to see it, Ellie."

Eleanor Powell, the most famous tap-dancer of the decade, put her hand in his. "It's a very nice little church."

"I love you very much, Ellie. I want you to marry me. Will you?" The words tumbled quickly from the young actor's lips.

Ellie nodded. Glenn took her in his arms. He kissed her long and hard. His fingers traveled down to the right hand pocket of his coat. He took out the engagement ring and slipped it on Ellie's finger.

Glenn and Ellie are probably the only Hollywood couple who were both engaged and married in a church.

TO GLENN there has always been something holy about love and marriage. He has never treated either very lightly. The mistake he made a few years ago was to take Ellie for granted.

This is no great crime. Married men do it all the time. They get so accustomed to having a wife answer the phone, take the messages, lay out the clothes, do the cleaning, pay the bills and look after the children that they forget the small niceties, the little private attentions every wife must have.

In addition, Glenn was working an awful lot overseas three years ago. At the time there was a lull in Hollywood production, and if an actor wanted work, it meant only one thing: work in Italy, France, England or some other foreign country.

Glenn did *The Green Glove* in Paris and *Time Bomb* in London and *White Tower* in Switzerland. And there was talk, all of it unfounded, that the European sirens were throwing themselves at him.

Ellie says now, "I didn't mind any of the gossip. It's part and parcel of show business. It's just that I was lonely with-

out him. I had our son Peter and Glenn's mother to look after, and they kept me company. But there's really no substitute for a husband."

Friends say that when Glenn got home and pretty much took for granted that Ellie would be waiting for and on him as usual, she blew her top. He, in turn, grew sullen and moody. And it looked for a while as if both parties were fed up.

But then Glenn signed a deal to make *The Americano* in South America. This time Ellie decided to go along. She and Glenn and Peter, then nine, caught a tramp boat at New Orleans.

WHEN THE BOAT pulled into Rio de Janeiro there were signs on the pier, "Welcome to Rio de Janeiro, Eleanor Powell. Rio greets Eleanor Powell."

Waterfront reporters rushed Mrs. Ford. How long did she plan on staying? Did she know that her pictures were still playing all over South America? Did she realize that she was still one of the most popular Hollywood stars?

Ellie introduced Glenn Ford. "He's going to star in a picture called *The Americano*," she explained. "He's my husband."

"How do you do, Señor Ford?" The newsmen gave Glenn a quick brushoff. They were interested in his wife, not him. Glenn was more than a bit taken aback.

In Sao Paulo, the same thing happened.

On the beach at Copacabana this concentration on Ellie reached fantastic heights. "Each morning," she recalls, "I would go down to the beach with Peter to catch a little sun."

"The very first day I was amazed when a boy came over to where we were sitting. He delivered a large bouquet of flowers. Attached to it was a card. It read, 'You have the most beautiful figure I have ever seen. Is it possible for us to have a talk together?' A few minutes later I received more flowers. Then men began coming

over, began to make small talk, then serious talk. It was great for my ego."

Day after day Ellie was stopped by male admirers on the streets of Rio. It made no difference to them that she was a married woman, that her son was with her. Some of their propositions "were alarming, to say the least. They told me not to worry about Glenn, he could take care of himself."

Glenn could see what was happening. A member of *The Americano* troupe remembered. "The most amazing transformation came over the guy. He suddenly realized that he had one of the most sexy, beautiful, well-built wives in existence."

"Here were a thousand guys, many wealthy and handsome, who'd give a right arm for a date with Ellie. It came to Glenn that in some corners of the globe his wife was more famous, more desirable than he. She was loaded with charm, personality, tact, good looks and talent."

"Of course when Glenn married her, he knew all that, but over the years a man loses perspective where his old lady is concerned. Ford certainly regained his."

"All of a sudden he became possessive. Ellie belonged to him, and nobody was moving in. He became more attentive, more loving than I've seen him in years, and I don't think he's stopped since."

ELLIE'S ANALYSIS is a bit different.

"When Glenn married me," she points out, "I was a fairly big star. As a matter of fact I had been offered \$40,000 for a three-week appearance at the Music Hall in New York. Instead of accepting the money I went off with Glenn to La Jolla. He had joined the Marines, and we rented an apartment over a garage—it cost \$60 a month—and I did all the cleaning and cooking. And that's how we spent the first year. I retired from show business."

"Glenn didn't ask me to retire. But I'd been in show business since I was fourteen. And I learned one thing. No woman is wise who dominates a marriage. The husband has got to be the leader."

"When the war was over and Glenn went back to pictures, he was not a top star. He struggled and he worked hard. And because he's a fine, sensitive artist success for him was inevitable."

"As for me I was so happy when Peter was born—it opened up a brand new vista—I can hardly describe my feelings. Marriage, however, is not all excitement. And sooner or later things fall into a pattern. A husband begins to regard his existence as rather humdrum and boring. Where I was once the glamorous dancer, I guess I became 'just good old Ellie.'"

"I am sure that Glenn has never stopped loving me any more than I have stopped loving him. The love we feel for each other is deep and enduring. But like all love it occasionally needs a shot in the arm."

"Ours got one on that trip to South America. After those Romeos down there began making a play for me, Glenn sat up and took notice. Today he won't take any overseas jobs unless his family goes."

"The other saving grace in our marriage has been religion. Anytime you bring religion into a marriage you make it better. The tv show that Glenn and I put on each Sunday has brought more satisfaction and mutual respect than any other family project I can think of. Our son Peter, for example, isn't impressed by Glenn's standing as an actor. Doesn't mean a thing to him. But the fact that his mother teaches Sunday School and his parents put the Sunday school class on television—well, we've reached new highs in his estimation."

Eleanor Powell Ford started to teach a Sunday School class for children at the

Beverly Hills Presbyterian Church in 1949.

"She came to us," says Reverend Sam Allison, "with no fanfare, no fuss, no bother. She's a girl who loves church work and has that rare faculty of arousing the interest of children. In six years I don't think Ellie has missed a single class. She and Glenn and Peter are persons who give themselves and find pleasure in it."

About a year ago Reverend Clifton Moore, who heads the local presbytery, said to Ellie at a meeting, "Do you know that there are thirty-five church programs currently broadcast and telecast throughout the nation? Practically all of them are beamed at adults. What we need is a religious program for children, for young people. I wonder if you'd be willing to teach your class on television?"

Ellie thought for a moment.

"I'm extremely flattered, Reverend Moore," she said. "But I don't think it would work, not with me, anyway. You see, I've been connected with show business. So many people feel that show business and religion don't go hand-in-hand."

Reverend Moore insisted. "There are just as many," he stated, "who think they do. Won't you discuss it with Glenn?"

That night Ellie and Ford discussed the project in their living room.

"I think it's a great idea," Glenn insisted.

"Will you help me if I go ahead with it?"

Ellie asked.

You know what Glenn's answer was.

THEY CALLED the program *Faith Of Our Children*, and they broke it in on KRCA, the key station of the NBC Pacific Coast network. That was in November of last year. This year the show is scheduled for complete network presentation.

Glenn and Ellie do all the work, the casting, writing and auditioning, together.

The program, a half-hour show, consists of a choir, visual Bible aids, participating children, and guest appearances by show people and sports stars such as Jane Russell, Jeanette MacDonald, Ralph Edwards, Bob Lemmon, Henry Armstrong and Bob Richards. They talk about their religious experiences, and the audience is enthralled.

Half of the children on the program are replaced each week, and those auditioned represent all the different faiths.

While the show is being telecast Glenn usually stands in the wings or the control room, occasionally supported by son Peter.

Glenn receives no pay for his work but Ellie receives in accordance with union regulations, \$23.10 for each tv appearance. What's left of her salary after taxes goes into the fuel fund to transport the children from the church to the tv station.

A friend of Glenn's says, "I honestly believe that Ford gets a bigger bang out of that kid tv show than any picture he's been in. Of course he won't say that. But his enthusiasm for the program and his admiration of Ellie—you can read them in his eyes. This guy is so proud of his wife he's going to bust wide open one of these days."

When I checked this with Glenn, he grinned in agreement.

"She's an altogether wonderful woman, wife and mother."

As for Ellie, now that she's on tv, she's been bombarded with more show-business offers than ever.

Only a few weeks ago she was offered \$10,000 a week for a series of personal appearances.

"I'm very sorry," she politely told the booking agent. "There's not enough money in the world to make me give up my church work or to leave my husband and son—not even for a little while."

That's how great things are over at the Glenn Ford homestead these days. **END**



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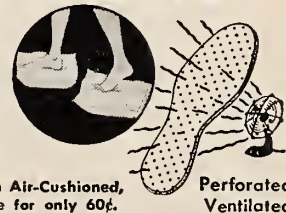
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gable elopes

(Continued from page 32) something?" Kay demanded.

"Level with me, Kay."

"I'm leveling with you," the blonde beauty said flatly. "I really am. Look at my arm." She held up a well-formed limb. "Full of holes. I've been taking shots, all kinds of shots for typhoid, cholera, yellow fever. I'm going on that junket to Istanbul. You know, the opening of the new Hilton hotel."

"Gable going with you? Maybe on a honeymoon?"

Kay Williams shook her head. "You must be sick, boy."

THAT WAS the official line the lovers took. They were "just friends, old, old friends." By the time Clark got back from Mexico, Kay would be off in Turkey. And probably it would have happened that way. Only when Gable flew up from Durango he had marriage on his mind.

He had spent a lot of time with Kay in Palm Springs before taking off for *The Tall Men* location. They had played golf together, visited old friends.

In Durango, Gable missed his "old, old friend" acutely. He refused to date any of the dozen Mexican beauties who made a play for him night after night.

Instead he spent his spare time and a small fortune gabbing with Kay on the long-distance phone. When the location work was over, the King flew up to Los Angeles where Kay, dutiful and pleasant as ever, was waiting at the airport.

That same night, out at Gable's Encino estate, he proposed.

"After this picture is over," he recalls saying, "why don't we get married?"

Kay smiled from ear to ear. "That might not be a bad idea," she agreed.

They kissed in the garden. And that's how Clark Gable proposed. Short, sweet and simple.

"Actually," he now admits, "I had it on my mind for about a year. I knew for a year that I'd marry her. But I was just stalling, just waiting for the right time."

ONCE GABLE popped the question, Kay stopped taking shots for the Istanbul junket. The plane-load of stars and celebrities and correspondents took off for Turkey without the thirty-seven-year-old Kay aboard. That was the tipoff.

But Clark is an old hand at marriage, and he wanted this one pulled off in complete privacy. So he phoned his best friend, Al Menasco, up in Northern California.

Gable told Menasco to scout around western Nevada "for some quiet place where we can get married."

A few days later Al was back with the vital information. Minden, Nevada, he reported, forty-five miles south of Reno, was a likely spot. There was a courthouse in Minden where Gable could get a marriage license very quickly, then scoot over to a nearby justice of the peace.

Gable talked it over with his bride-to-be. She said that she'd like to have her sister along as a witness, Mrs. Elizabeth Messer of Beverly Hills.

Clark agreed happily. He just didn't want to make a three-ring circus out of the ceremony with reporters, photographers and newsreel cameramen following them all over two states. Gable has always been a man for quiet elopements.

"We finally decided," he says, "that we would drive up to Gardiner—Kay, myself and her sister—and rendezvous with Mr. and Mrs. Menasco under a large grove of cottonwood trees. Then we planned to drive down to Minden for the wedding. Everything came off according to

plan. We got the license, popped in on this justice of the peace and went through the ceremony."

It was a two-ring ceremony. As a result Gable now wears a gold band on the little finger of his left hand. He hurt the knuckle of his ring finger in an accident and just as soon as it gets better "I plan to move the ring over." Following the wedding the newlyweds chartered a private plane piloted by Caesar Bertagna and flew to Menasco's ranch, named Top Of The Mountain, in St. Helena, California.

"This pilot Bertagna," Gable affirms, "is a peach of a fellow. He was the only outside man who knew where we were honeymooning. If he wanted he could've spilled the beans. He didn't. If you ever want to elope, ever need a plane, don't forget his name, Caesar Bertagna."

The honeymoon lasted ten days. Then the Gables came home to their twenty-acre Encino estate and Kay's two children, Adolph, six, and Joan, four. There were dozens of congratulatory telegrams awaiting them. But what thrilled Kay the most was "the welcome feeling, the feeling of acceptance I got from all his friends."

Hollywood ordinarily regards marriage with a jaded and sophisticated eye, but in this case the film colony is convinced that Kay is right for Clark.

THEY HAVE known each other for at least a dozen years. They met at MGM when Gable signed up for the Air Force during World War II, and they have been constant friends since Clark's divorce from Lady Sylvia Ashley.

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Intimates of Clark's once said that Gable would "lay off marriage because he is afraid of being taken to the cleaners." But Kay is wealthy in her own right as a result of her various divorce settlements.

She has been married three times, to Charles Capps, Martin Unzue (known as Macoco) and Adolph Spreckels, the sugar heir. Unzue, the Argentine cattle king, has long been known as one of the most lavish spenders in the international set. How much he lavished on the blue-eyed, shapely blonde in their eleven months of marriage, no one knows. But it was a considerable fortune. At one time Macoco sued Kay for the return of his extravagant gifts while they were married. Subsequently the suit was called off, and Kay got her divorce.

TWO YEARS later in September, 1945, she became the fifth wife of Adolph Spreckels, who fathered her two children, and showered her with stocks, bonds and jewelry. Subsequently, however, he beat her mercilessly, and was jailed for it.

The only thing Kay wants, so she says, is to make Gable a good wife. And there is no one who doubts her word. She landed Clark by insisting that all she wanted from him was friendship on whatever terms he cared to give it.

BECAUSE SHE wanted nothing from him and proved it, Gable fell for Kay. In her presence he felt relaxed, at ease, always amused. She has the knack of handling him cheerfully, without his noticing that he was being handled at all.

For example, after they came back to the ranch, she suggested a possible press conference to Clark. Now, Gable hates to answer personal questions. They always embarrass him. As a rule he shies away from all but a few reporters. Finally he agreed to talk to three or four reporters from the wire services. Soon the television network asked if they might cover it, too.

Gable has never appeared on any tv show, and he's wary of the medium. Came the day of the press conference, however, and the tv cameramen were parked outside his estate. They sent a message: Couldn't they come in?

Kay looked at Clark. "You're not going to keep those guys out there in that hot sun," she said good-naturedly. "Not you."

Gable grinned. "Of course not. Let 'em all in."

Clark beamed with pride as Kay wisecracked with the newsmen. "Every time I pick up a newspaper," she began, "I read that I'm good for Clark because I'm such an outdoor girl. Maybe we should pitch a tent and move outside with bed rolls. That's a great way of beginning a marriage."

"Tell me," a girl reporter asked, "how did you manage to win your husband?"

"In a crap game," Kay muttered beneath her breath.

"I beg your pardon?"

Gable interrupted politely. "I popped the question a few months ago."

"We understand your wife is a very good cook."

"Sure," Gable nodded. "She makes very good soup, also very good cole slaw, the kind the Pennsylvania Dutch make."

"That's true," the new Mrs. Gable chimed in. "But I always put in too much vermouth. That's when I'm making a martini," she quickly added. "I sure make lousy martinis."

KAY WILLIAMS GABLE bubbles over with an irrepressible sense of humor. She's witty and trigger-sharp but she never presses, never pretends.

Hedda Hopper, a few weeks after the marriage, rang her up one afternoon. "Well, dearie," she began. "Tell me, how did you propose to Clark?"

Kay answered forthrightly. "You've got that twisted, Hedda. He proposed to me. I've never proposed to a man in my life."

About her children and their stepfather Kay is equally frank. She realizes that for the first time in his life Clark will be living with two children.

"It will call for adjustments on all sides," she explains. "But basically what counts is that the children adore him, and Clark feels the same way about them. We plan to add on a couple of rooms for them. We also want to find a school out here. We want them close. Clark has been nuts about kids, and I know that I'm going to have a job in keeping him from spoiling ours. He's a man who loves to ride and hunt and fish. And you can imagine what that means to a pair of youngsters."

When I asked Gable how he felt getting a ready-made family via marriage, he smiled and his blue eyes shone brightly.

"You just write," he said, "that Clark Gable is one lucky son-of-a-gun."

With children to enrich it, Clark Gable's fifth marriage will undoubtedly be his last. The Gable ranch house, empty so long, is now alive with the voices of the young. Where once he owned a house, Gable now has a home.

the jack lemmons

(Continued from page 59) Jack is just another guy hefting lettuce instead of lotus blossoms, carrying a carton of Cokes instead of a case of champagne, patiently waiting his turn behind you at the checking counter.

Even people who are impressed by stars find it difficult to think of Jack as one. As Cindy tells it: "This girl I went to school with came down from Santa Barbara with her husband—she's a close friend of mine—and we gave them the full treatment. Ciro's, the Mocambo, everything. She was terribly disappointed, though, because there didn't seem to be any movie stars out that night. After she remarked a few times that here she was in Hollywood and not a single star in sight, I leaned over and said, 'Dear, you're with one.'

"She recovered fast enough afterward, but when she asked, 'I am?' she was only half-kidding."

DESPITE HIS everyday manner, Jack Lemmon is a major talent. He can sing, dance, play a straight role, pie-in-the-face or hearts and flowers flawlessly. And has done so on stage, screen, television and radio. Negotiations are underway for him to direct a major TV presentation next season. In New York Jack produced three TV series co-starring with his bride-to-be.

"Those were the days!" he says as if they were fifty years past instead of five. "We had one camera and, most of the time, two characters: Cindy and me. That was the show. If there was too much action, we'd lose the camera—and maybe you don't think it's hard to sustain pace with just a couple of people talking for ten or twelve minutes. But we did it and we must have been all right; we made a lot of money out of it."

It's typical of Jack that though there were some times in New York he had to scratch for an existence, he couldn't see asking the family for help. "No, I did borrow five or ten dollars a couple of times," he admits, "but I paid it all back—including the original investment." (Lemmon, Sr. staked his Harvard-bred, stage-struck son to \$300.)

While making the professional rounds in Manhattan, he met a fine young actress named Cynthia Stone. She is tall, too thin, a true blonde with clear blue eyes, clear tanned skin and impossibly perfect white teeth. When she first encountered Jack Lemmon, she was engaged to a Harvard law student.

"I did not break up their romance," Jack insists blandly. "Maybe I had an advantage because Cindy was interested in the theatre and I was the only actor she knew." He grins. "I just gave it a little nudge."

Cindy's version, related when Jack is elsewhere, does less fiddling with the facts. "Well, we were planning to be married, even though the engagement wasn't official yet. But, from the first time I met Jack, I knew it wouldn't be right for me to marry anyone else when he attracted me so much. Not that I let him know it at the start, since he didn't even give me a tumble—but I had to do some quick revising of my plans."

Sporting fellow that he is, Jack has enormous admiration for his erstwhile rival, chiefly because the guy had imagination. The night that he and Cynthia opened in an off-Broadway but nonetheless legitimate production, Jack walked his leading lady home. And in front of her apartment building they found a titillated crowd gathered about a gentleman who wore a sandwich board proclaiming in large black print the beauty and superb

talents of one Cynthia Stone. He had been hired by the law student.

Cindy, who had hoped that her serious dramatic aspirations were impressing the handsome actor with the thick, dark eyelashes and the impudent grin, dissolved into tears of embarrassment. Jack howled.

"Not only that," he'll tell you admiringly, "he was going to hire a sky writer, too, except that Cindy said she'd never speak to him again if he did."

SHORTLY THEREAFTER Jack gave Cynthia that earth-moving tumble for which she yearned. They did exactly what you would expect of two well-brought-up youngsters; they bided their time until they could go back to her home in Peoria, Illinois, to be married on May 7, 1950. It was like them to have a proper wedding, chapter and verse, rather than a hasty civil ceremony performed by a justice of the peace. They still go back to Peoria to celebrate Christmas every year. Nice and normal. Besides they miss the snow.

"I remember," Cynthia says nostalgically. "You're walking at night in New York either because you can't find a cab or can't afford one and it's winter, so cold that you almost can't stand it. There isn't anything more wonderful than turning in at the old brownstone house where you live, running upstairs, and putting a match to the logs in the fireplace. Or driving to Long Island or Connecticut on a clear, nippy day when the colors of the leaves make your throat ache. Or, after a bad winter, waking up on one of those spring days that only happen to Manhattan—crisp, clean, brilliant and, well, just exciting. It can't be explained; it's something you have to feel."

But the Lemmons aren't about to swap the warmth and friendliness of California for nostalgia. This is home now. "We love it and, besides, it's perfect for Chris. Where else could a baby be outside practically all day?"

Master Christopher grows so rapidly that Jack cautions Cindy. "Don't antagonize him, honey. He might turn on us." He wouldn't, of course, being a nice little guy who retires at seven in the evening and doesn't assert himself again until seven the next morning. And has followed this highly desirable schedule since he was six months old. "We didn't do it," his parents concede. "When he came home from the hospital, he had a nurse who allowed no one in Christopher's room after he went to bed. It seemed severe at the time, but she was the best thing that ever happened to us. We, being new parents, would have heard him stir and leapt up saying, 'He's awake! Get him up, change him, feed him, do something!' Since he was trained from birth not to expect all that attention, he entertains himself. If he wakes up during the night, he sings, laughs, talks to himself, plays with his toes until he falls asleep again. It's as simple as that."

The routine of the Lemmons' daily life revolves pretty much around Chris, as

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could be expected. Most important of all, the family has breakfast together every morning—a big one, too. Jack eats because he works so hard during a day's shooting. Cindy eats like a trencherman because she would otherwise disappear into thin air. But Chris is privileged to throw his food on the floor at such an early hour because it's his only chance to be with his father. He has retired for the night by the time Jack comes home from the studio, so breakfast is a big deal.

Now that Chris is a year and a half old, Cindy plans to resume her acting career but says, "I'll make my appointments and read for parts in the morning whenever it's possible; I want to be home by two or two-thirty if I can. That's when Chris is getting up from his nap. I like to have those hours with him, and I try to give Impi every afternoon off because she's so wonderful about the rest of the time."

Impi is the fourth talent in the Lemmon household, and you'd meet a shotgun head on if you tried to lure her away. "She's fantastic," Jack said recently. "Nobody ever tells her to do anything and nobody can figure out when she sleeps. If you get up at six o'clock in the morning, you find the kitchen stove in sections on the floor: Impi's cleaning it. If you get up for a drink of water at midnight, Impi is doing something to the silver. As for Chris, he loves her so much that we might as well not be around."

LIKE MOST geniuses, Impi is not without foibles. She runs like a deer at the sight of strangers and has an aversion to telephones that borders on a compulsion. Jack is making headway in overcoming this latter bit—but not very much. A few weeks ago, when the phone rang and Impi pretended that this hateful thing had never happened, Jack remained seated, asking gently, "Impi, would you answer the phone, please?"

Her dark, almond eyes were momentarily imploring, then Impi drew a deep breath and picked up the instrument. "Lemmon residence. Please call back later," she said, hanging up before he could stop her.

She's scrupulous about their other needs. Jack is still a little keyed-up when he gets home at night, and it's Cindy's custom to relax him with a leisurely cocktail and an hour or so of civilized conversation before they dine. This means that they will not sit down to dinner until eight-thirty or nine, but almost as often as Cindy says she will serve them herself, Impi is there. She'd rather do it herself.

On such an evening the Lemmons watch TV for a while after dinner, always with one eye on the clock if Jack has an early studio call. Even when he isn't working, they aren't much for living it up in the Hollywood sense. They like to go to the neighborhood movies; they enjoy having small groups of friends over for one of Jack's barbecue specialties or Cindy's mouth-watering spaghetti, after which, believe it or not, they practice the lost art of conversation.

Cindy has been trying to teach her boy to play bridge, but one of them is hopeless. "I know he'd be a sensational player because he has such natural card sense," she says. "In New York we used to play canasta with another couple every Saturday night because we were too poor to go out anywhere, and Jack was terrific at that. But bridge is so hard to explain. 'Yes, dear, I know you did that last hand and it was right, but you shouldn't have done it this hand.' He's perfectly reasonable; he just asks why not, and I'm lost."

When they really have some free time, like a week, Cindy and Jack slip into the station wagon and take off with a mini-

mum of fuss. Last time they went up into the High Sierras on a fishing trip, leaving Chris in the capable custody of Impi.

On the afternoon before, Jack came ambling through the house to find Cindy sitting on the study floor in a pair of crazy pants, surrounded by oddments of one kind or another. "Hi," she greeted him. "I have news for you, sweetie. We aren't having guests for dinner, after all."

"Oh? Why not?"

"I called and told them not to come."

"But, honey," Jack said mildly, "You've already made all that spaghetti. Why won't you let them come?"

"Well, you said you wanted to get an early start in the morning, and there's all this to sort out," Cindy gestured at the litter of boots, fishing gear and whatnot.

"Oh, sure. But we can go to the moon pitchers after dinner, can't we?" Reassured on that score, he went about his business. If Cindy wanted to invite people for dinner, that was swell. If she wanted to disinvite them afterward, that was perfectly okay, too. Jack's a happy man,

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not given to worrying about women and their whims of iron.

BUT, about that trip his eyes fairly sparkle with enthusiasm. "Man, if this isn't it! See, you make arrangements with this packing company; you bring your own groceries and equipment, then they supply you with all the essential things you left at home. They put you on horses, load your stuff on a couple of mules and take you up to some spot that's absolutely inaccessible any other way. After they pack you in, they leave, guides and animals. You're on your own until whatever date you told them to come back for you. We had five days there."

"You mean you can't get back and there's no means of communication?" asked the studio representative to whom Jack was relating his tale of adventure.

"Nope."

"But suppose a snake bit you?"

Jack thought it over. "Perfectly all right," he said, "they'd come up after my remains four days later."

Happily, they didn't encounter any snakes. "But I got claustrophobia," Cindy admitted in an unusually small voice.

"Top that one if you can," invited Jack, shaking his head. "We're so high up in the mountains that there isn't a building for miles around, and my wife gets claustrophobia!"

CINDY CAME to grief because of an Alaskan pup tent, in which there is barely room to sleep two people. Since she is quite tall and Jack is a lot of man, they were really wedged in. "Everything seemed all right until I turned over," she said. "Then there was the tent against my nose and right over my head, the ground underneath me, and Jack like a rock at my back. I was suddenly terrified; I felt that I couldn't breathe, couldn't move, that I'd die if I didn't get out."

Feverishly she clawed at the small opening of the tent, and by the time she did find it, she was so badly panicked that getting her head and shoulders out wasn't enough for her. She had to be free of that tent.

She stood in the open a long moment, shivering, sweating, panting, before the sleepy head of the man she had promised to love, honor and cherish emerged from the tent and his sleepy voice asked what was up.

"When she told me, I thought that the altitude had affected my hearing," Jack said, giving himself a demonstrative belt on the head. "Claustrophobia!"

He disappeared within the tent once more, and the grateful Cindy thought he had gone to fetch her a blanket. "Not my man! He put on his own pea coat and came back to ask me what this was all about."

"Well, Cindy, it was about a thousand degrees below zero, and I didn't want to catch cold. After all, I do have to sing in *It Happened One Night*."

What it was all about was exactly what she had said, claustrophobia, and no amount of persuasion was going to get Cynthia back in that tent. After a time Jack gave up and brought her sleeping bag outside. When he wormed his way into the tent a second time, Cindy assumed that he had gone after his own sleeping bag but he hadn't. Jack had simply gone back to bed.

"Warmer in there," he pointed out. But he couldn't sleep, thinking of Cindy lying outside by herself, so he hauled his sleeping bag out and, without a word, lay down beside her.

Cindy was feeling a little foolish and largely apologetic. "Jack, I'm sorry."

No answer.

"Jack, it never happened before. You know it didn't."

Practically tearful, Cindy turned her head to look at him. Jack was sleeping like a baby.

They don't tell you how the grandeur of the Sierras moved them to awe—that might sound phony. They don't say how wonderful it was to lie under the stars, talking about the things that matter—that would be too personal. They don't even tell you how many fish they caught, because there were so many that that might seem boastful. They tell instead about the problems.

Jack says. "We came back to find a little stranger in the house. Before we went away Chris and I had a great father-and-son relationship going. We were Pals. Now he's in that total-independence phase. We got home, I rushed in with outstretched arms, at which time Chris said, 'Glub gluow,' and staggered off to keep an appointment with two other guys."

Wanting a better topic of conversation, Jack might even tell you about the tribulations Impi had with Duffy while they were gone. Duffy is the fifth and last member of the family, a pooch, and her outstanding talent is for doing the wrong thing at the wrong time.

But anybody who's spent a day at the Lemmons can read between the problems to see that Jack, Cindy and Chris haven't really got a worry in the world. **END**

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