

modern screen

V. 20c

a great story to remember

SUZAN BALL'S legacy of hope



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ONE HOLLYWOOD SECRET
THE SCANDALMONGERS
COULDN'T SMEAR see page 29

Liz Taylor

AT LAST! **A LIQUID SHAMPOO**

THAT'S **EXTRA RICH!**



IT'S LIQUID **PRELL**
FOR *Radiantly Alive' Hair*

It's marvelous!—with radiant beauty in every drop—exciting, new Liquid Prell! It's extra-rich—that's why it leaves your hair looking so 'Radiantly Alive' . . . feeling so angelically soft . . . behaving so beautifully! You'll love Liquid Prell and its unique, *extra-rich* formula that bursts instantly into mounds of richer, more *effective* lather. Try it today!



JUST POUR IT...and you'll see the glorious difference!

Never too thin and watery like some liquid shampoos . . . never too thick with a "filming" ingredient that dulls hair like others. Extra-Rich Liquid Prell has just the right consistency—it won't run and it *never* leaves a dulling film!



PRELL—
the Radiant Shampoo
now available 2 ways:

There's the exciting, new extra-rich liquid in the handsome, easy-grip bottle!

And, of course, children and grownups alike love famous Prell in the handy tube! Won't spill, drip, or break. So economical, too—ounce for ounce it *goes further!*



CREATED BY PROCTER & GAMBLE



She was losing him...

and she didn't know why

SHE HAD ADORED HIM from their first meeting and he seemed no less attracted to her. But, recently, his desire turned to indifference, and tonight there was a suggestion of a sneer on his lips as he wormed out of two dates they had planned later in the week. She was losing him . . . and she knew it. But, for what reason she hadn't the remotest idea.

What she didn't realize was that you may have good looks, nice clothes, a wonderful personality, but

they'll get you nowhere if you're guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath).

No tooth paste kills germs like this . . . instantly

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste does. Listerine instantly kills germs, by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end.

Far and away the most common cause of bad breath is germs. You see, germs cause fermentation of proteins, which are always present in the mouth. *And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth.*

Tooth paste with the aid of a tooth brush is an effective method of oral

hygiene. But no tooth paste gives you the proven Listerine Antiseptic method—banishing bad breath with super-efficient germ-killing action.

Listerine Antiseptic clinically proved four times better than tooth paste

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine belongs in your home. Every morning . . . every night . . . before every date, make it a habit to use Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.



LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH
4 times better than any tooth paste

modern screen

THE GOOD NEWS TRAVELS!



Women in more than 70 countries use Tampax

In such far-flung places as Suez and Madagascar, and right here in the United States, the story about Tampax is the same. *One woman tells another!*

In fact, internal sanitary protection is the only kind of sanitary protection that has any real advantages to talk about! It's both invisible and unfelt when in place. It does away with the cumbersome, uncomfortable belt-pin-pad harness—does away with chafing and irritation, too. It prevents odor from forming. It eliminates disposal problems. It's so protective in such a natural, normal way that you keep right on wearing it while you take your shower or tub. Even its smallness is an advantage; it's easy to carry "extras" with you.

Is it any wonder that the use of Tampax has grown steadily, year after year, as more and more women find out about this modern protection? Don't delay trying it yourself a single month longer—for the only way you can appreciate the freedom it gives you is to try it! Choice of 3 absorbencies at drug or notion counters (Regular, Super, Junior). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR**



*Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women*

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*On the Cover: Color portrait of Elizabeth Taylor by Wallace Seawell. Liz can soon be seen in Warners' *Giant* and MGM's *Mary Anne*. Miss Taylor's furs by Al Teitlebaum. Other photographers' credits on page 90.

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OVERWHELMING THE CINEMASCOPE SCREEN WITH ADVENTURE AND VILLAINY, ROMANCE AND HEROISM! A SIR WALTER SCOTT STORY FROM M-G-M, PRODUCERS OF "IVANHOE"—AND TWICE AS THRILLING!



THE TERRIFIC ACTION-CLIMAX!

Mortal duel with deadly Battle Axe and Dirk in the flaming Bell-Tower!



Forbidden to love! Famed star Kay Kendall makes her American film debut in an exciting role!



M-G-M PRESENTS
The Adventures of
Quentin Durward

IN CINEMASCOPE AND IN COLOR

STARRING
ROBERT TAYLOR · KAY KENDALL · ROBERT MORLEY

SCREENPLAY BY ROBERT ARDREY · ADAPTATION BY GEORGE FROESCHEL · PHOTOGRAPHED IN EASTMAN COLOR · DIRECTED BY RICHARD THORPE · PRODUCED BY PANDRO S. BERMAN · AN M-G-M PICTURE

*The problem
every woman
faces*

There's a certain kind of body odor that perfumes can't conceal, deodorants can't help. Because of its embarrassing nature, *women won't even talk about it among themselves.* Therefore many girls grow up in complete ignorance of the need for douching—and *the particular need for a special kind of douching.*

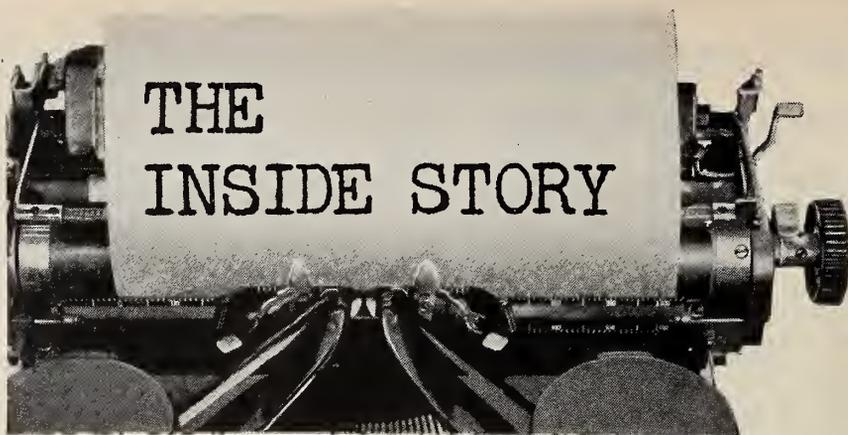
The wise, the informed, have already found in "Lysol" the *right* answer to this problem. For "Lysol" *kills odor-producing bacteria rapidly, on contact.* Just a teaspoonful added to the douche water both cleanses and deodorizes—gives you long-lasting daintiness. Yet the new improved "Lysol" is bland and harmless to feminine tissues. Actually, its antiseptic action is beneficial as well as gentle. And it spreads into each fold and crevice to give you complete assurance of personal cleanliness.

There are, of course, especially important times to use "Lysol" brand disinfectant. Married women naturally use more. But every woman faces the problem of "waning days," of extra secretions, of times when it just seems sensible and *right* to use it.

And don't ignore that feeling. Don't risk being guilty of "embarrassing odor." Not when "Lysol" is so gentle, so effective, so available, so easy! ... Write for free booklet on medically-approved methods of douching. (Sent in plain envelope.) Send name and address to "Lysol," Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. DM-5511



"Lysol"
Brand Disinfectant



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

Q: Can you tell me whatever happened to Montgomery Clift? Where is he, and will he ever make another movie?
—H.F., HENDERSON, KY.

A: *Clift has been touring Europe with singer Libby Holman, returns shortly to star in Sons And Lovers.*

Q: Is it true that Edmund Purdom is unbearable, that he tried to direct Linda Christian in a picture, that he will marry her?
—E.L., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A: *Purdom is highly opinionated, ran into trouble in Barcelona where, on a film, he tried to tell Miss Christian how to play a love scene. Linda claims she has no marriage plans.*

Q: I read that the late Suzan Ball's medical bills came to \$72,000. Who paid them?
—V.Y., CHICAGO, ILL.

A: *Universal-International Pictures.*

Q: Recently I dialed a phone number in this city and listened to a voice that claimed to be Jimmy Stewart. Was it really Stewart?
—C.L., NEW YORK CITY

A: *Yes, Stewart has been making recordings requesting the public to see his latest picture. When you dialed the phone number you heard the recording.*

Q: Can you tell me how Tyrone Power can afford to pay his first wife Annabella \$87,000 a year in alimony and his second wife Linda Christian \$50,000 a year?
—D.O., BOSTON, MASS.

A: *Annabella has agreed to a reduction in payments and Linda gets only \$15,000 a year.*

Q: Is the Frank Sinatra-Anita Ekberg love affair the real thing? Will it last?
—E.E., MIAMI, FLA.

A: *It seems to be cooling.*

Q: Does Olivia De Havilland really wear her husband's ties around her head—you know, as bandannas?
—S.W., SAN JOSE, CAL.

A: *Yes.*

Q: I've been told that Jimmy Dean and director George Stevens fought all through the filming of *Giant*. If this is true, why?
—H.F., DALLAS, TEXAS

A: *Dean is temperamental.*

Q: The Judy Garland personal appearance tour, the Eddie Fisher personal appearance tour, the Martin and Lewis personal appearance tour—I understand that all of these summer tours were financial flops. How come?
—B.T., MEMPHIS, TENN.

A: *Promoters claim the guarantee to the stars is too high, which means seat prices are too high, which means the public doesn't attend—especially when it can see these people perform pretty nearly the same act on television for nothing.*

Q: What is the connection between a dancer named Rita Green and Walter Winchell?
—B.F., NEWARK, MO.

A: *Miss Green was Winchell's first wife.*

Q: I understand that Liberace is the best-liked personality in Hollywood. When he gives a party, they say, he invites everyone, even the janitor. True or false?
—H.T., ELY, NEV.

A: *True.*

Q: Can Jane Russell act? What do directors really think of her talent?
—E.S., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

A: *Her performances are considered quite adequate.*

Q: They tell me that Bob Hope is buying up as much California property as possible. Only a few weeks ago, I understand, he paid \$400,000 in cash for the ranch of Fibber McGee and Molly in Ventura County, California. Why is Hope doing this?
—J.R., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A: *Hope is a shrewd investor who believes staunchly in the future growth of California.*

Q: Gary Crosby has been seeing a lot lately of Cleo Moore. Aren't these two secretly engaged?
—B.R., EVANSTON, ILL.

A: *Just dating.*

Q: Did Betty Hutton recently lose a baby? Is Betty finished with movies?
—H.K., MOBILE, ALA.

A: *Miss Hutton suffered a miscarriage, plans to do TV and films this season.*

(Continued on page 6)

**"I understand you now because
I've got the same
feeling in me...and if
anything happens to
my wife, my daughter
or the boy...I'll surely
kill you...SO HELP ME!"**

!
A sensation
as a Collier's
Magazine
serialization!

!
A best-seller
as a Literary
Guild selection!

!
A smash as
a Broadway
stage hit!

!
Now greatest
of all on the
screen!



Vote for
AUDIENCE
AWARDS
at your
favorite
movie
theatre
November
17-27

Paramount presents
HUMPHREY BOGART
and
FREDRIC MARCH
in
WILLIAM WYLER'S
Production of
THE DESPERATE HOURS

co-starring
Arthur Kennedy • Martha Scott • Dewey Martin
Gig Young • Mary Murphy

Produced and Directed by WILLIAM WYLER • Screenplay by JOSEPH HAYES
Adapted from the novel and play by Joseph Hayes



VISTAVISION
MOTION PICTURE HIGH-FIDELITY



Want a good group project this fall?

- An off-beat treat Bird watching A quilting bee

Ask the crowd—how about planning something special for their moms, come Thanksgiving? A really off-beat treat for the lady who cooks the turkey dinner? Then pool your wits and wallets; throw a theatre party with the mothers as honored guests. They'll love it—this fun way of thanking them for

being "the most," pal-wise! And wasn't it your mom, too, who taught you how to smile through *certain days*? Yes. Because she helped you choose *Kotex** for softness, safety you can trust . . . the complete *absorbency you need*. You see, she knew that confidence and Kotex go together!



Which helps "elevate" a low brow?

- Symphony sessions Dating the psych prof
 A bang on the head

Neither "long-hair" concerts nor brain bait can lift the kind of brow *we* mean! If your forehead's low, part your hair higher on your head, parallel to eyebrows. Now make a short bang that conceals your real hair-line. Different girls have different needs—in grooming aids, and in sanitary protection. That's why Kotex gives a choice of 3 sizes. Try Regular, Junior, Super. And try a new Kotex belt, too . . . it goes with Kotex for perfect comfort.



At first glance, would you say she's a—

- Gold digger Mixed up kid
 Shrinking violet

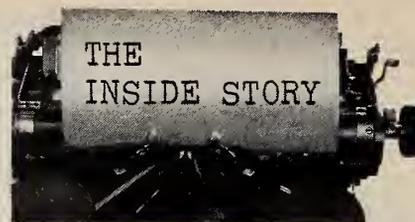
She may be a living razor at repartee, but in *clothes savvy* she's got her lines mixed. Example: that short flared coat calls for a stem-slim skirt, *not* the full-skirted style she's wearing. Bone up on what fashion lines combine best. Just as you've learned that (at calendar time) *Kotex* and those *flat pressed ends* are your best insurance against revealing lines. And with Kotex, no "wrong side" mix-up! You can wear *this* napkin on either side, safely.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

Hazy about what happens and why—at "that" time? Read "Very Personally Yours"—the fascinating, *free* booklet filled with easy-to-understand facts, plus lively illustrations. Hints on diet, exercise, grooming . . . do's and don'ts a girl should *know*. For your free copy, address P. O. Box 3434, Dept. 10115, Chicago 54, Ill.



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



(Continued from page 4)

Q: How come George Gobel received no salary for making *The Birds And The Bees* at Paramount?
—E.G., URBANA, ILL.

A: He preferred to take fifty per cent. of the film's net profit.

Q: Is it true that Dean Martin prevented a possible divorce in the Jerry Lewis household last year by talking sense to Jerry and Patti?
—F.F., SAN DIEGO, CAL.

A: Yes.

Q: Who is considered the best-dressed actor in Hollywood?
—N.R., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

A: It's a toss-up between Clifton Webb and Cary Grant.

Q: I read somewhere that while Victor Mature was in Europe he dated over 300 girls. Is that particular story true?
—V.H., LONDON, ENG.

A: Mature denies it.

Q: Does Terry Moore live at home with her parents? Is it true there is a feud between Terry and Liz Taylor on account of Nicky Hilton?
—G.E., DENVER, COLO.

A: Terry has recently moved into her own apartment, has never feuded with Elizabeth Taylor.

Q: Will Susan Hayward ever marry again?
—C.H., WASHINGTON, D. C.

A: She says she hopes so.

Q: How come Bing Crosby's twin sons were drafted into the service and his oldest son, Gary, was not?
—C.F., PALO ALTO, CAL.

A: Gary has a bad back, result of an old football injury.

Q: I've read that Red Skelton is broke and living on borrowed money. Any truth to that rumor?
—L.H., N. ADAMS, MASS.

A: None whatever. Skelton's weekly TV salary is \$8,500.

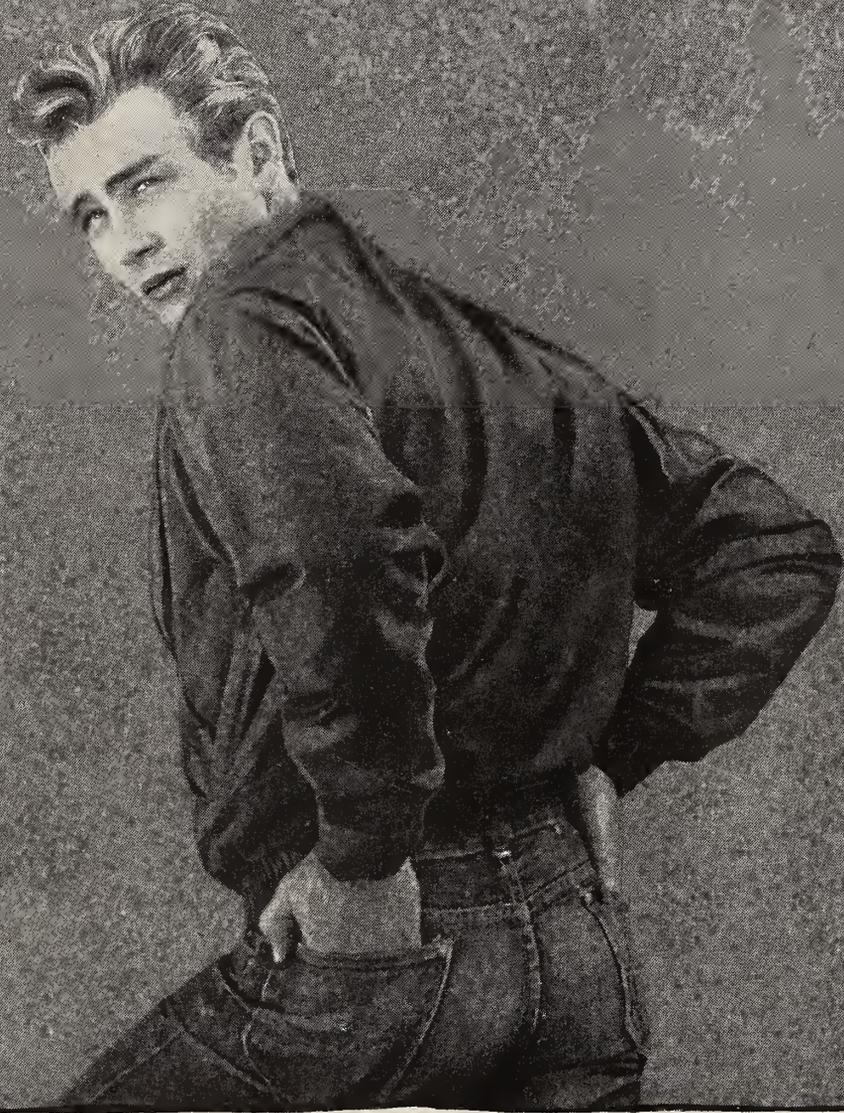
Q: Can you give me a rough idea of how much all the Martin and Lewis comedies have made to date?
—C.L., NEW YORK, N.Y.

A: Twelve released comedies have grossed \$60,000,000.

Q: Now that Olivia De Havilland has married Pierre Galante, will she ever live in Hollywood again?
—S.S., NEWARK, N.J.

A: Olivia will make her home in France, do one picture a year in Hollywood.

*Jim Stark—17 years old in the year 1955—
what makes him tick...like a bomb?*



**WARNER BROS. PUT ALL THE FORCE OF THE SCREEN INTO A CHALLENGING DRAMA
OF TODAY'S TEENAGERS!**

JAMES DEAN

*The overnight sensation of 'East of Eden'
becomes the star of the year in*

"REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE"

WARNERCOLOR • **CINEMASCOPE** • STEREOPHONIC SOUND

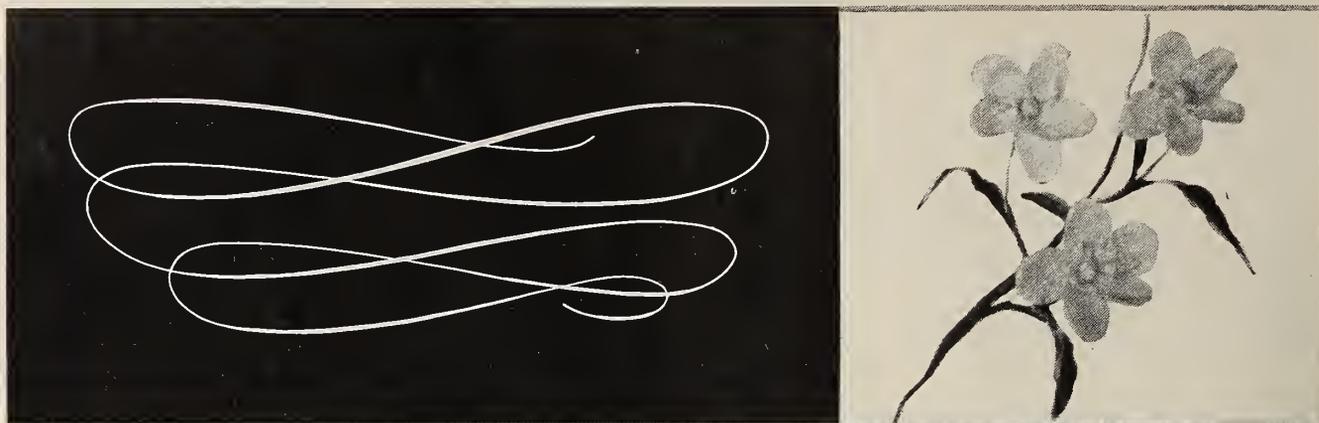
*... and
they
both
come
from
'good'
families!*



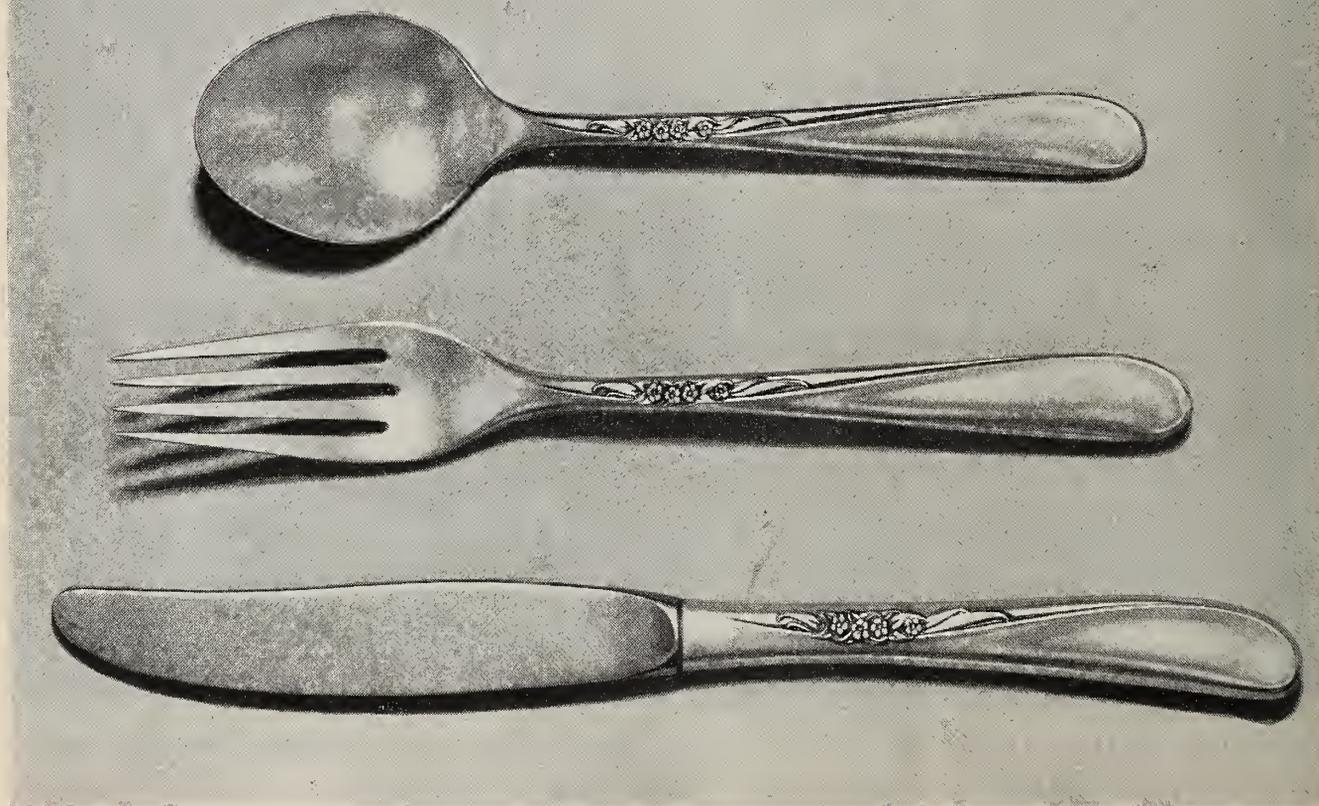
ALSO STARRING **NATALIE WOOD** WITH SAL MINEO AND JIM BACKUS • ANN DORAN • COREY ALLEN • WILLIAM HOPPER • STEWART STERN • DAVID WEISBART • NICHOLAS RAY



From the sweeping grace of the "curve of beauty"... the charm of a tiny bouquet



... a new pattern in Towle Sterling—Silver Spray



In concept and execution Silver Spray embodies in every detail the superb artistry, the painstaking craftsmanship that are the hallmark of The Towle Touch in sterling.

SILVER SPRAY captures in glowing, living sterling the classic "curve of beauty"—the flowing \swarrow curve considered by generations of artists to be the most pleasing form in art or nature. Towle designers have added to the pure, sweeping sculptured lines of the curve of beauty a simple spray of flowerettes that, in addition to their delightful decorative effect, give each piece a focus of functional balance.

SILVER SPRAY you will feel—invites the hand—and more—it is that rarity in tableware, a pattern that looks beautiful *in* the hand. And on your table you will enjoy yet another virtually unique characteristic of Silver Spray—each place setting piece has been

designed to be in complete harmony with the other.

SILVER SPRAY embodies many useful Towle Touches, of course. Among them the practical "place size" for knife, fork, and spoon—that happy in-between luncheon and dinner size that Towle was first to introduce. But see Silver Spray in *all* its enchanting beauty and learn first hand of its many features. Any of the fine stores that carry Towle will be happy to show you Silver Spray. And also discuss with you convenient plans that will make Silver Spray yours to enjoy at once. Six piece place setting... \$35.00.

The Towle Silversmiths, Newburyport, Massachusetts.

modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood



Cleo Moore and Gary Crosby: what a month
it's been for new twosomes (see page 10)

IN THIS SECTION

Good News
Audience Awards nominations
Personal to Marla English
Party of the month
Rendezvous in Rome

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



New couples are blossoming out all over our town—and some of



Tab Hunter has a new girl, Lee Remick, but isn't going steady.



Ben Cooper, who's taking Norma LaRoche all over town, has sprouted a mustache, of all things!



Donald O'Connor is going steady—and so happy about it—with Gloria Noble, the pretty tv actress.

louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

POOR SHEREE! Blonde, wisecracking Sheree North kept her marriage to "Bud" Freeman, recording company executive, a secret from February to August. And it still might not have come out except—"I just couldn't stand the appearance of 'living in sin' any longer!" the gal says.

"I'll never understand how anyone could want to defy the conventions," sighs Sheree. "It's so much trouble. After we were married, sometimes Bud would forget and answer the phone in the middle of the night. You could cut the sarcasm with a knife when the party on the other end of the line would say, 'Excuse me!'—and hang up.

"Or, the milkman or the cleaner would hand Bud a bill made out to 'Miss North' and you could almost slap the smirks off their faces.

"We tried to remember to always put his car in the garage at night, but on the few occasions we forgot, you could almost hear the ripple of curtains being pulled back as the neighbors peeked.

"I just couldn't take that, so I finally broke down and told my immediate neighbors, who are so good and kind, particularly to my little girl Dawn, that Bud and I were secretly married. After that, they got a big kick out of helping us.

"But even with their help, we couldn't keep down the gossip. Bud and I could have stood it, I guess, but when it started to hurt my little girl—that was too much.

"When Dawn came home one day and said, 'The kids want to know who that man is who lives with us,' that did it! I told Bud I was going to tell the world—and it was all right with him."

I asked Sheree, "Why did you try to keep your marriage a secret? There's no law against it."

She laughed. "That's true. But at the time, you remember, I was getting started in my first starring role replacing Marilyn Monroe in *How To Be Very, Very Popular*. There had been a lot of trouble getting the picture started. I had been in and out of the cast twice.

"With all that commotion going on, it seemed best if I just kept my private life as private as possible, or so I thought. Whether I did right or wrong, I want to say that Bud was an angel any way I wanted to play it. "Come to think of it," smiled Sheree, "Bud is an angel—period."

WELCOME, STRANGER! Vic Damone and Pier Angeli had been in their new Bel Air home just twenty-four hours before the Stork came a'callin', with an eight-pound, thirteen-ounce boy, who was delivered at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital.

Great was the rejoicing among the happy Italians on both sides of the family clan. The Pierangelis and the Farinolas (Vic's name) had reason for deep concern for, as you recall, Pier had fallen and suffered a fractured pelvic bone aboard an airplane enroute to Palm Springs early in her pregnancy.

Vic rushed his green-eyed Italian wife to the hospital at 3 a.m. on the morning of August 22. Twelve hours later their son was delivered by Caesarian section.

All Vic could say, and he kept saying it over and over, "Thank God my dear wife is all right."

When he could think about anything else,

he gleefully remembered that this was also the birth date of his father, Rocco Farinola.

Mrs. Pierangeli, Pier's mother, and her twin, Marisa Pavan, were beside themselves with joy.

There had been whispers that Vic and his mother-in-law were not exactly seeing eye-to-eye in the weeks before the baby came, but this happy event has dimmed every emotion but joy with all these emotional Italians.

THEY SAY the most terrifying scene ever filmed in a movie is in *The Ten Commandments* showing 300 huge frogs crawling over the bed of The Queen of Egypt—Anne Baxter to you.

"Of course, the frogs are made of rubber," laughed Anne, "and to be frank, the whole thing felt like a giant massage to me—but on the screen it looks horrible! But, it's just one of seven plagues Mr. De Mille has in the movie!"

WHO CAN BLAME poor Janet Leigh if she feels a bit put-upon and sorry for herself?

"Here I am headed for the Mau Mau country in Africa with all those wild animals and snakes and bugs while Vic Mature and I film *Safari*," Janet sighed to a reporter before leaving London, "and where is Tony? I'll tell you," Janet sniffed. "He's in Paris—if you please—Paris, mind you—with an apartment on the Left Bank, and a valet to look after him, and Gina Lollobrigida for a leading lady—and all those beautiful girls working in tights in Trapeze!"

(As though Tony ever looks at another woman—but any wife knows how Janet feels.)

From the moment Janet was cast in the

the old ones look pretty rosy, too!



Hugh O'Brian is international—taking French Simon Auger to a Mexican tequila party!



I was so pleased to see Grace Kelly and Jean-Pierre Aumont together. He flew in from France to see Grace; took her to the opening of A Day By The Sea at Huntington Hartford's theatre.



New star Shirley Jones (of Oklahoma!) got her first look at Ciro's with Johnny Anderson.



Perry Lopez and Marisa Pavan are a new twosome, but I hear his favorite girl is still cute Karen Sharpe.



Dick Contino, Piper Laurie's ex-beau, is seeing blonde Leigh Snowden these days.

Public rendezvous in Rome

Edmund Purdom and Linda Christian kept pretty much to themselves overseas, but in Rome they gave up hiding from the American cameramen and the crowds who followed them every time they went shopping or walking together. So it looks as if this much-talked-about romance isn't over yet.



LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



Nominations for the first National Audience Awards were made fans and moviegoers are going to choose the best picture and the



Mr. and Mrs. Dick Powell announced the most promising young men. Dick Egan was one—and did you ever see such a grin in your life?



George Nader, who has had two big pictures already this year, was another. And Junie is up for the best actress award for Woman's World.

Some of the girls nominated were Anne Francis, Cleo Moore, Rita Moreno, Lori Nelson and Barbara Rush. You'd better start deciding now.



at a Hollywood luncheon—but you best performances yourselves.



But I bet—though I shouldn't—Junie's secretly rooting for her new co-star, Jack Lemmon.

African picture she's made no bones about being "scairt." "I guess I'm just not the adventurous type," she says.

EXACTLY ONE WEEK to the day that Dick Haymes stood in the spotlight at the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles and brought tears to Rita Hayworth's eyes singing "Come Rain Or Come Shine" right to her, she announced their separation. There were rumors all over town that Dick and Rita had such a battle royal that he blackened one of her green eyes. Rita hid behind dark glasses when she spent all day in her lawyer's office, but Dick swears he never hit her. Their few intimates believe that Rita just couldn't take Dick's possessing of her life and career any more. Remember I told you in this column of how Dick wouldn't let Rita out of his sight and even went with her to a business conference at Jerry Wald's house which he was invited to leave and didn't. It seems strange to me that after these two went through so much trouble when Dick was out of work and about to be deported, they couldn't solve their marriage when the going got good.

NOT EVEN their close friends, Frances and Edgar Bergen, were invited to be with June Allyson and Dick Powell when they celebrated their tenth anniversary.

Dick and June got away from everything and everybody by chartering a yacht for three days and sailing off to Catalina Harbor.

"Junie and I just want to be by ourselves," Dick said to friends before they went away. "Sometime during the evening of August 19th we'll open a bottle of champagne and drink a toast to those ten years of the past—and to the next ten years, and more, of the future."

Let the gossips take that and that!

Personal to MARLA ENGLISH:

■ Do you know, girl, I'm kind of proud of you. Oh, I know Paramount suspended you for turning down the lead opposite Spencer Tracy in *The Mountain* because you're too deeply in love with Bud Pennell to leave him for the three months it will take to shoot the picture in France.

A lot of girls think you are crazy. Most young actresses would jump out a window if it meant the opportunity to work with the one and only Spence.

But, with you, love came first. And I can't see what's so awful about that.

To me (maybe I'm an incurable romantic), it makes you warm and human and very womanly to give up something big in your career because of the man in your life.

Ofttimes I look at the faces of these young girls in Hollywood who give up everything for their careers and I find something very unpleasant written there. Too much ambition, too much deliberation, too much hardness for youth.

Before you turned down the Tracy picture, I know you worked very hard to get the romantic lead in the movie for Bud, official name, Larry Pennell. When that part went to Bob Wagner, you bowed out, too.

To me, it's rather nice to hear that Cupid has won out over *Ambition*, for a change. If Paramount is listening, it may even make a better actress of you.

I just hope, too, that Bud appreciates what you have done and that he loves you as much as you love him.

Cupid, take a bow!



LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



THE PARTY OF THE MONTH:

Many of the society reporters called it "The most brilliant party ever given in Beverly Hills." I refer to the glittering Victory Ball for the St. John's Hospital Fund which was the opening event of the beautiful new Beverly Hilton Hotel. The affair was very close to my heart because Irene Dunne and I are chair-women of this charity and it was gratifying indeed that all the hard work put into the affair should materialize so brilliantly.

The Bali Room of the hotel was a veritable paradise of flowers, lighting and decoration and the gowns the women wore were beautiful beyond description.

Irene's gown was a Fontana (I was with her when she bought it in Rome), lovely with its huge skirt and embroidered bodice.

Dorothy Kirsten thrilled all with her singing and particularly intrigued the women present with an evening gown that was not only beautiful, but "workable." The blue-green lace sheath had an overskirt and train of tulle, very effective when she was on the stage.

But when Dorothy returned to her table, much to the amusement and admiration of all, she unsnapped the overskirt, threw it over the back of her chair, and sat in sheer comfort in the sheath—no yards and yards of material around her feet.

Mrs. Jack Lemmon's gown was a simple, white jersey creation and she looked so pretty Jack's eyes sparkled every time he glanced at her.

Jack Benny was the witty master of ceremonies—and I guess I could go on and on about this party, which was certainly "tops" for this month or any other.

Co-hostess Irene Dunne met Conrad Hilton.



Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable came. Clark made a fine choice—Kay's a lovely, witty girl.

I was so pleased at the way everyone in town turned



Since her about-to-be-husband Ray Anthony was out of town, Mamie Van Doren came with friend Bill Miller—and a stunning blonde, her mother!

SPEAKS FOR ITSELF department:

Next to the names of Marilyn Monroe and Jean Peters on the new "contract players" issued to producers at 20th Century-Fox is the telling comment: "ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS UNKNOWN."

IT'S BEEN A MONTH of plenty of bad luck and casualties for some of our nicest people. Black cats have been crossing paths all over Hollywood, seems everybody walked under a ladder or broke a mirror. The hex was on:

Lana Turner, who slipped in her bathtub in Acapulco and brought on a brain concussion which delayed the start of her new picture, *Rains Of Ranchipur*, by weeks.

Arlene Dahl, who was packed and ready to leave for Rome and her role in *War And Peace* when she suffered a facial neuralgia due to secondary anemia and her doctor sent her to the hospital instead. Anita Ekberg was rushed into her part.

Anne Bancroft, who was half finished with *The Last Hunt* as Bob Taylor's leading lady when she was thrown from her horse and had such a serious sacroiliac injury that she had to be replaced by Debra Paget.

Liz Taylor, whose bad leg kicked up on *Giant* to the extent that she was hospitalized for three days and after that spent every moment she was not actually in front of the cameras in a wheel chair.

Bing's son, Phillip Crosby, who fell asleep at the wheel of his car returning to his Army camp, and had an accident, fracturing his back in three places. The boy may be in a cast for over a year, but Bing is too happy that he is alive to be anything but grateful.

Gordon Scott, the new Tarzan, who slipped and broke his foot during scenes being made in Africa, and had serious infection set in as he was being flown home for treatment.

In a word, just about everybody's "had it!"



I HOPE FRANKIE'S NOT starting to cut up again. Lately he's been so charming, escorting his daughter Nancy (the cute brunette above) to premières, being so friendly and amenable. But now that he's walked out of Carousel—on a very flimsy excuse—people are saying he's gone back to his "bad-boy" days and he's making enemies again.

out for the Victory Ball. Besides being a wonderful party, it was a very successful charity benefit



Terry Moore and Nicky Hilton didn't come together (trouble there) but they met—briefly.



Jack Lemmon and Cynthia beamed, excited over Jack's role in *It Happened One Night*.



Anita Ekberg, probably our most popular girl, came with Hal Hayes, one of her many beaux.



the letter box

From New Orleans, APRIL AL-LAIN (quite a flowery name) writes: "Grace Kelly is the love-liest of all stars and those who pan her are jealous. But what in the world does everyone see in Rock Hudson?" *Come now, April. Those who like Rock will say the same things about you that you say about Grace's detractors.*

JOYCE MILES, ELBERFIELD, IND., wants Frank Sinatra to know that her grandmother loves him. "She never mentions his name that she doesn't add, 'Bless his little heart,'" says Joyce. *Frankie will appreciate those kind words.*



"I have just seen *Love Me Or Leave Me* and will you tell me where they've been keeping that wonderful Cameron Mitchell? He's tops," is the opinion of MARY NASON, MONTEREY, CALIF. *Don't worry about Cam, Mary. He's doing all right.*

Got a laugh and a kick out of MEREDITH INGRAM's comment about Jack Webb's visit to HOUSTON, TEXAS, plugging Pete Kelly's Blues: "He obeyed every traffic rule, his whole party stopping for red lights, stop signs, etc. He certainly set a good example to the hometowners!" *Can you imagine Sergeant Friday not obeying traffic rules?*

VIRGINIA KEITH, of SEATTLE, OREGON, asks: "Is Rory Calhoun blue over the stories printed about his juvenile delinquent record?" *Far from it. He hopes his mistakes will be a lesson for other boys who might be tempted to take the wrong road.*

Thank you all for your comments. It isn't possible for me to use all the letters you write. But keep telling me your opinions. I find them very interesting.

SEE HERE, HOLLYWOOD producers:

Don't forget Richard Long, the devoted and loving husband of Suzan Ball, when you're casting your new pictures.

Time after time I heard many of you say, during Suzan's long and heartbreaking losing fight against cancer, "I wish I could do something."

The greatest thing you can do in Suzan's memory is to give jobs to the man she loved.

WHEN FRANK SINATRA gives a party, believe me—he gives a party!

When the Crown Prince of song decided to fete his old pal, Patsy D'Amore, owner of the Villa Capri cafe, as a farewell before he took off for Europe, Frank ordered a \$4000 unit of air conditioning put in the Capri just so his guests would be comfortable!

Then he invited such guests as Nat "King" Cole, Sammy Davis, Jr., Milton Berle and musical comedy star Pat Stanley (of *The Pajama Game*) to put on the show.

Far into the night, Frank sang, "King" Cole sang and played the piano, Sammy, Jr. danced and played the drums and Uncle Miltie told stories.

Sitting around perfectly entranced as they listened and ate hot Mexican food were, Lauren Bacall, Betty Furness, Dean Martin and his wife Jean, George Raft and about sixty other lucky ones, that being about full capacity for the cafe.

P.S. Frankie had no date.

JANE POWELL is a discouraged girl about the way her career is going. MGM has no new musical scheduled for her and as this is written she and Pat Nerney are planning a leisurely trip to the Orient.

"I don't know what's the matter," Jamie says. "My pictures have always made money and I like to work." She shrugged. "Maybe they're just looking for something different for me. I hope so."

SOMETIMES I WONDER if all the dieting the glamour girls—and the rest of us, for that matter—go through, is worth all the trouble and starvation.

What brought this thought on, is—I've never seen a man more in love with his wife than that wonderful Italian actor, Rossano Brazzi (I hope you saw him in *Three Coins In The Fountain* and with Katharine Hepburn in *Summertime*). And to say that Mrs. Brazzi is very plump is the height of understatement.

I met her while I was in Rome and I must say that she is one of the most charming, delightful and witty women I have ever met despite all the poundage she carries around.

Rossano is mad for her and even when he's called away from Rome for only a day's shooting on a picture or for some other business reason, he's constantly on the telephone—or sending her flowers—or love letters.

I can think of some skinny wives who would just love this kind of attention from their handsome husbands!

EVERYTIME I READ about the way the present day crop of young actors invest their money so wisely (for instance, Marlon Brando in his father's farm and other business activities, Keefe Brasselle in an office building in Beverly Hills, and so on) I can't help remembering the good old days.

When I first came to Hollywood, most young actors spent every nickel earned for pink automobiles, blue swimming pools, homes ten times too big for them—and they ate high on the caviar.

Now I hear that Farley Granger, another boy close with a buck, has bought a part interest in a summer stock company theatre in Fayetteville, New York. Recently he appeared here in *The Rainmaker*.

Says Farley, "Makes it particularly nice to count the house when you know you own the seats!"

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



Kirk Douglas went to the polio benefit at Monte Carlo and found Martine Carol (the Monroe of France!!) on his right, and on his left Gina Lollobrigida with her husband, Miklo Skofic.

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For **more** control... Playtex High Style Girdle with the new non-roll top... \$5.95
For **most** control... Playtex Magic-Controller! with hidden "finger" panels \$7.95

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in the SLIM tube.

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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.

Frank Sinatra will play a thirty-five year old actors' agent and highly eligible New York bachelor in MGM's *The Tender Trap*. Also starred will be Debbie Reynolds, David Wayne, and Celeste Holm. Although the comedy film is a non-musical, MGM is making certain that all the Reynolds and Sinatra fans will not be disappointed. A special song is being written for them to sing in a comedy sequence and will be released shortly on records. Sinatra's opening scene called for him to wear a pair of red woolen socks. Van Johnson heard about this and immediately sent Sinatra a half-dozen of his own as a gift. For many years now Van has been famous for wearing red wool socks, even with his evening clothes. Things are always lively when Sinatra is on the set. He heard that Celeste Holm was on a diet and yelled across to her, "Hi, ya, Skinny!" Celeste sighed, "That's the nicest thing anybody ever said to me, especially coming from Mr. Slim himself."



Burt Lancaster gives forth with snatches of operatic arias in a bath scene as well as when he waltzes with Anna Magnani in Paramount's *The Rose Tattoo*. Marisa Pavan, Pier Angeli's twin sister in real life, sings an Italian folk song, "Come Le Rose," as she picks out the tune on the piano. Also starred in the film is Ben Cooper, a former Broadway child prodigy, who scored in films like *Johnny Guitar* and *The Admiral Haskins Story*. Now twenty-two years old, Ben has appeared in more than 3000 radio shows and has been in television for seven years. Composer Alex North, who scored *Streetcar Named Desire*, has created a haunting musical background for *The Rose Tattoo* by using mandolins and guitars. Perry Como has already recorded the title tune, "The Rose Tattoo," for Victor, and Johnny Mercer is creating the lyrics to a love theme from the picture.

Believe it or not, Humphrey Bogart and Gene Tierney will sing in their latest picture, 20th Century-Fox's *The Left Hand Of God*. Furthermore, the cast and crew think they have a song of Hit Parade stature. In the film, Bogart is a soldier-adventurer masquerading as a Catholic priest. Miss Tierney is a nurse. Together they are entertaining a score of Chinese children in a mission in China. Then, in a light mood, they sing a little ballad titled "The Loaf Of Bread." It's sweet, it's simple and it brings down the house. Ken Darby, composer and vocal coach at the studio, is responsible for the song. Ken asked Bogart and Miss Tierney if they would like to sing the song with their own voices and not have other voices dubbed in. They both chorused, "Sure." Bogart then said, "This is for Dan Dailey." Many actors collect flubs (uncalled-for happenings during the filming of a scene). There was a corker in *The Left Hand Of God*. Bogart had some tight dialogue with Carl Benton Reid and Don Forbes, in the roles of priests investigating his activities. The two priests had just arrived from the Chinese coast by mule-train, and the mules felt mighty good about having their heavy packs unloaded in the sunshine. Cameras were rolling, everything was mouse-quiet, and Humphrey Bogart was just starting to say a key line when one of the mules brayed. Then pandemonium broke loose when all twenty mules brayed an answer. "Cut!" yelled director Edward Dmytryk, and another flub was born.



Danny Kaye is learning to master the horn for his roll as jazz trumpeter in Paramount's *The Court Jester*. His efforts are still pretty feeble, but this doesn't daunt Kaye. He continues to puff away, to the agony of all within hearing. Danny claims the story of his life is contained in "The Court Jester's Lament," a spectacular musical number that runs for nine minutes and thirty seconds, the longest since the lobby number from *Up In Arms*. In the song, written by Danny's wife Sylvia Fine, Kaye sings of how he happened to become jester. He relates how many people tried to teach him how to be a fool, but he concludes sadly, "I made a fool of myself." It's terrific! This film is perhaps the most lavishly-produced comedy in the history of motion pictures. While staggering production figures no longer cause much excitement (Continued on page 20)



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the lovely
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*a happy new blend
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If you shy away from the rigidly modern, but still prefer contemporary design, Aloha* is for you. Its lines are simple, functional. Its only adornment is the traditional beauty of a single hibiscus blossom. Yours for a lifetime of service, beautiful Aloha has Stegor's exclusive XP-125 extra heavy plating; substantially more pure silver than the accepted standard for the finest silverplated flatware—not just at the points of greatest wear, but over the entire piece, including tips of tines and edges of bowls. Open stock; and in services for 8 and 12 from \$69.95, including anti-tarnish chest. Made and guaranteed by Stegor Division, The Gorham Company, Providence 7, R. I.

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Gentles your hair as it cleans and sheens!
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You may never have seen the true beauty of your hair until you try new Palmolive *Soft* Shampoo. For this new 100% non-alkaline shampoo *gentles* your hair. *Sheens* it to its natural loveliness. *Softens* it so curls set easier . . . and stay set longer.

New Palmolive *Soft* Shampoo contains no harsh, drying, devitalizing chemicals . . . no sticky oils . . . no dulling alkali. And its exclusive 100% non-alkaline formula agrees with the natural, healthy, non-alkaline condition of your scalp and hair.

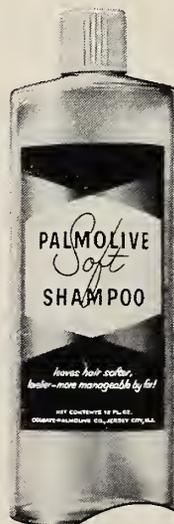
So remove alkaline film that clouds hair beauty with new—and oh, so gentle—Palmolive *Soft* Shampoo.



Scientific photomicrograph shows how a film of alkaline dust, dirt, smog can coat each hair . . . dull the luster and color . . . make hair limp so curls just won't stay set.



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PALMOLIVE *Soft* SHAMPOO

Lets Hair Behave and Hold a Wave

music from hollywood

(Continued from page 18) in Hollywood, due to the current concentration on "big" movies, the revelation that Danny's Dena Productions spent \$4,000,000 in producing the film raised a number of eyebrows. Raised highest of all were the prehensile eyebrows of Kaye himself. Danny said, "I tossed off that four million figure once in answer to a question on what the movie would cost, but when I found out I was entirely accurate in my guess, I was stunned." Kaye's fun-making is seen against a huge tapestry background of medieval England, complete with gallant knights in clanking armor, a touch of light romance, singing, clowning and swordplay. Danny said, "I rehearsed twenty years to play this role."

● Liberace fans will love his first movie, *Sincerely Yours*, a Warner picture, co-starring Joanne Dru, Dorothy Malone and Alex Nicol. Plenty of music with Ray Heindorf conducting the eighty-piece orchestra backing Liberace. The title song, *Sincerely Yours*, was composed by Liberace, with Paul Francis Webster doing the lyrics. Liberace has two good luck items that almost amount to a superstition. First, he never gives a performance unless a member of the family is in the audience. Second, he never plays unless he is wearing a particular ring. It's all gold with a piano outlined in diamonds. William Demarest's brother, pianist Rubin Demarest, said to Liberace, "There are only two pianists in the world that use the foot pedal like the great Paderewski—you and I."

● Edward G. Robinson, who has fired as many guns as any man in the movies, admitted while on the set of *Illegal*, Warner Brothers' courtroom drama, in which he stars with Nina Foch and Hugh Marlowe, that "I hate guns, and besides I'm a lousy marksman. Why, I could never kill a man with a gun. I couldn't even hit him at ten paces." Jayne Mansfield will sing two songs in this picture, her film debut. The songs, just recorded, are "I Got A Right To Sing The Blues" and "Too Marvelous For Words."

Month's Best Movie Albums

Paul Gregory presents Charles Laughton in a reading of *The Night Of The Hunter* by Davis Grubb. Music by Walter Schuman. RCA Victor LPM-1136. This album is a narration of the actual story of the United Artists Pictures release *The Night Of The Hunter*, starring Robert Mitchum and Shelley Winters. Charles Laughton is perhaps the greatest story-teller of our time. Certainly the job he does on this record album will make it a classic for all time to come.

OKLAHOMA!—from the sound track of the motion picture *Oklahoma!*, starring Gordon MacRae, Gloria Grahame, Gene Nelson, Charlotte Greenwood, Shirley Jones and others. The complete score exactly as it's performed on the screen, with its warm, robust, lyrical enchantment. A Capitol Record Album LP-SAO-595. "Overture," "Oh, What A Beautiful Morning," "The Surrey With The Fringe On Top," "Kansas City," "I Cain't Say No," "Many A New Day," "People Will Say We're In Love," "Poor Jud is Dead," "The Farmer And The Cowman," "All Er Nother," "Oklahoma!"

PETE KELLY'S BLUES—(Continued on page 22)



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That dream you've been waiting to see in a Maidenform advertisement . . .
 it may win you \$10,000 in cash!—or any one of 239 other cash prizes!
 So send in your dream ideas immediately—you may be one of the lucky winners!
NOTHING TO BUY! EVERYONE CAN TRY! SEND IN AS MANY ENTRIES AS YOU WISH!

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Put on your thinking cap. Dream up a dream like "I dreamed I played Cleopatra in my Maidenform bra". Remember? Or—"I dreamed I was a Toreador"—"I dreamed I was a social butterfly". What's your prize-winning dream?

FIRST PRIZE \$10,000 cash! SECOND PRIZE \$3,000 cash! THIRD PRIZE \$1,000 cash!
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Rules for the Maidenform Dream Contest

1. Nothing to buy—no box tops to send in, just 'dream up' as many suggestions as you wish. However, each entry must be submitted with an official entry blank. Additional entry blanks may be picked up at any Maidenform dealer. Each entry must also be accompanied by a different statement of twenty-five words or less which completes this sentence: "I prefer Maidenform, world's most popular bra, because . . .".
2. All entries will be judged by The Reuben H. Donnelly Corporation on the basis of originality, aptness and general interest of the dream suggestion and statement which accompanies it. Fancy entries won't count extra. Judges' decisions will be final. All entries become the exclusive property of the sponsor, and all rights are given by the contestant without compensation, for use of all or any part of his entry in the sponsor's advertising. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. The entry must be the original work of the contestant.
3. Any person, residing in the United States, its possessions and Canada, may enter the contest, except employees, or members of their immediate families, of the sponsor and its advertising agencies. All members of a family may enter, but only one prize will be awarded to a family. Contest is subject to government regulations.
4. Send all entries to: Maidenform Dream Contest, P. O. Box 57A, Mt. Vernon, New York. Entries must be postmarked no later than November 30th, 1955 to be eligible.
5. All winners will be notified by mail within four weeks of closing date. Winners' list will be sent to all who request it with a self addressed, stamped envelope.

Official Entry Blank | MAIDENFORM DREAM CONTEST
 P.O. Box 57A, Dept. 125B
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Complete this sentence in 25 words or less: I prefer Maidenform, world's most popular bra, because _____

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music from hollywood

(Continued from page 20) with a narrative by Jack Webb. RCA Victor LPM 1126. Eleven great songs from small-band jazz of the roaring twenties by Pete Kelly and His Big Seven, with the exception of title theme "Pete Kelly's Blues," written especially for the picture by Sammy Cahn and Ray Heindorf. "Smiles," "I'm Gonna Meet My Sweetie Now," "What Can I Say After I Say I'm Sorry," "Breezin' Along With The Breeze," "Oh, Didn't He Ramble," "Sugar," "I Never Knew," "Somebody Loves Me," "Hard-Hearted Hannah," "Bye, Bye Blackbird." This is the same group which did the small-band scoring in the motion picture. Dick Cathcart is on cornet; the front line has Matty Matlock on clarinet, Eddie Miller on tenor, Elmer "Moe" Schneider on trombone. Backing them up: Nick Fatool, drums; George Van Eps, guitar; Ray Sherman, piano and Jud DeNaut, bass.

OKLAHOMA! with Robert Ashley conducting the MGM Orchestra. MGM Record Album EP-X1147.

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



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"The Song From Moulin Rouge' is my all-time winner. Its typical sincerity and lovely melody are a timeless gift from Hollywood to the world."



**Bill Harrington—
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"Songs like 'I'll Never Stop Loving You' and 'Pete Kelly's Blues' make my programming a cinch. I'll take music from Hollywood every time."



**Jon Farmer—
WAGA—Atlanta,
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"My favorite music from Hollywood is 'Something's Gotta Give.' It's Peachtree Street's favorite platter, sho' nuff! Seems that where the number one spot is concerned, something's gotta give."



**Ted Chapeau—
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"I choose 'Pete Kelly's Blues.' Good blues are few, but 'Pete Kelly's Blues' has a haunting strain that bids fair to stay around a while."

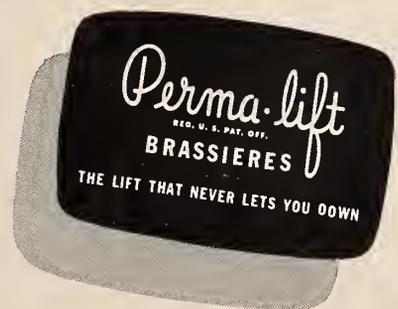
You look so enchanting - feel so glamorous



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Deep down in your heart, and every woman's heart, is the burning desire to be fashionable, to look enchanting—to feel glamorous. Beauty from within begins with the new rounded look, and only a "Perma-lift"* Bra can give you the soft natural lines you want. The Magic Insets are the answer—you're gently lifted and molded without the slightest strain on your shoulder straps. Here is uplift guaranteed forever. Smart women everywhere are turning to "Perma-lift" for figure beauty. Try one at your favorite store today—modestly priced from \$1.50* to \$12.50, in thrilling new styles and fabrics.



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TV TALK

Everybody moves . . . Don't pity Buff . . . Murrow's mournful

It's hard to tell, this season, whether tv is moving to Hollywood or whether Hollywood is moving into tv. From where we sit, both are true. After all, **Steve Allen** moved his *Tonight* to the West Coast (so he could make *The Benny Goodman Story*) and **Milton Berle**, forsaking *Lindy's*, is basing his color operations from there this year. Also, NBC is originating its fancy, in-color, hour-long *Martinee* every afternoon in Hollywood. But the big news is what the big movie studios are doing in tv this year. Mainly what they've done is all admit, for the first time, that tv is here to stay and that they'd better get with it and in it. They have also learned—via **Walt Disney's Disneyland**—that television shows can publicize movies and make home viewers get up and go out to a theatre. (TV viewers saw huge segments of *20,000 Leagues Under The Sea* on their sets, and promptly went to their nearest theatre to see all of it.) You will profit by these decisions. One result is *My Friend Flicka*, a weekly half-hour film made by Twentieth Century-Fox, another *The Twentieth Century-Fox Hour*, which is an every-other-week filmed hour show. Some of the stars Fox is using: **Robert Wagner** and **Cameron Mitchell** (in *The Ox Bow Incident*), **Linda Darnell**, **Joan Bennett** and **George Sanders**. Warner Brothers, banking more on titles than on stars, is making three thirteen-week series based on three of their big hits; *Casablanca*, *King's Row*, and *Cheyenne*. MGM, on the other hand, is not filming any new series but is, on *The MGM Parade*, merely re-running lots of its old shorts (including the **Robert Benchley** classics). Emcee **George Murphy** is also going to introduce segments of old feature films, show scenes from upcoming MGM movies, and conduct interviews with MGM stars. What may turn out to be the most fun are the behind-the-scenes visits to the movie lot that are planned. These could be as fascinating as an in-person trip to a studio. Here's hoping! And here's hoping that the movie companies get what they want—ratings for their tv shows and promotion for their movies—at the same time the home viewer gets a good television show. . . . Expect to see a lot more tv programs traveling around the country, maybe right to your home town. **Horace Heidt's** willingness to move around was his stock-in-trade for years, you know. Why? Well, because (1) when he did a show from a new town, his sponsor's sales zoomed in that town and (2) his rating went up and stayed up in that area. These are the two main reasons why **Eddie Fisher** is moving around this year—plus the fact that new and different backgrounds often make for a better show. Once again—just as in the movie companies' blanket decision to enter tv—these decisions have economic reasons behind them. But they also sometimes end up giving you better entertainment. . . . Don't feel sorry for **Buff Cobb** because her ex, **Mike Wallace**, upped and got married. Buffie hasn't been spending many nights all alone by the telephone since the divorce. Among her many suitors are a top tv columnist and one of Hollywood's biggest leading men. Both, unfortunately, are married, but they are real 24 rivals for Buff's affections. . . . You'd be sur-

prised if you knew what top tv newsman has to have a script in front of him—or the Teleprompter rolling—the entire time he's on camera. He's almost incapable of an ad-lib, and can't even describe something that's going on before his very eyes. Here's a hint: He's the very one you'd think it wouldn't be because he rattles his news items off with an urbane rapidity that is most deceiving. Needless to say, it's not **John Daly**, who can—and has—ad-libbed for phenomenal lengths of time. And it's not **Doug Edwards**, who feels just as easy as he looks. . . . Here's some more proof of the care **Danny Kaye** puts into his work (one of the reasons he snoots television, for he claims there isn't time to be perfect on tv). He recently spent forty minutes rehearsing one music cue! . . . Danny and his wife, **Sylvia Fine**, are avid collectors of paintings, incidentally. They don't own a collection to rank with **Edward G. Robinson's**, of course, but they—and **Gregory Peck** and **Bing Crosby**—keep on the lookout for pictures for their home. . . . Poor **Edward R. Murrow**. The public and sponsors may prefer *Person To Person*, but his first tv love is *See It Now*, to which he devoted gobs of time and thought (*Person To Person* gets hardly any). Now it's off—except for occasional one-hour showings—and Ed's discouraged. Speaking of Murrow's preferences, he has definite views on women's clothes, too. If you ever want to impress him, don't wear much jewelry, don't wear high-fashion outfits, don't even vaguely resemble a clothes horse. Ed prefers British-looking clothes—tweed suits, relatively sensible shoes and, for dressier occasions, simple black dresses. He himself is most conservative in his own clothes, and likes women that are, too. . . . It's been a long time since **Sloan Simpson** worked in the dress business—it was back before she married New York mayor **Bill O'Dwyer**—but she still gets most of her clothes wholesale from the outfits she used to do business with. She still has lots of friends in the garment district, and they

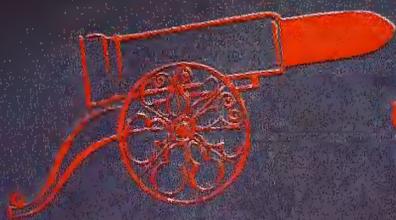
save her lots of money. Wholesale prices, you know, are just a little over half what the stores charge. Incidentally, Sloan's interest in clothes was one reason she agreed to act in *The Fifth Season* in stock this past summer. (The main reason was her salary.) The play presents dress manufacturers in a favorable light, and Sloan was tired of seeing her friends made fun of in other plays and movies. . . . Some insiders are amazed that **Ed Sullivan** hired **Pearl Bailey** for so many of his shows this season. One time last year when she was booked to appear on *Toast*, no one on the show could find her to get her to rehearse—and that happened the day before the program! Some producers would blow their stacks and never speak to the performer again, let alone hire them, under those circumstances. But Sullivan is smart. He knows that it's the show that's important. And Pearl appeared and wowed 'em. That's why Ed got her signature on lots of dotted lines. . . . It's really ironic that **Lou Cowan** is suddenly a famous man because his creation, *The \$64,000 Question*, has become a household word all over the world, and it's even more ironic that CBS suddenly hired him to create shows for them. Everybody in the broadcasting business has known Cowan for years; after all, he thought up *The Quiz Kids* and *Stop The Music* years ago; his ability didn't need *The \$64,000 Question* to prove it. . . . It looks as though **Pat Weaver**, NBC's dashing president, is going to be as famous an on-camera performer as any of the stars who work for him. Hardly a week goes by but what Pat puts in an appearance on one of his shows. This, you know, is something new: Most network presidents are merely names, if that, to the public. But Pat's sincerity, his informality and his big ears are combining to make him a tv star, too. In fact, sometimes when he is being interviewed by an NBC personality, he emerges as the better actor, and the interviewer, who is paid to be charming on camera, is left with egg on his face! . . . Don't believe for a minute all the reports that **Robert Q. Lewis** is mad at CBS because he doesn't like the format of his show. He's just unhappy sitting around in **Arthur Godfrey's** shadow. It's as simple as that. . . . As we get it, it was **Mrs. Toots Shor** who was really upset when **Sherman Billingsley** made that famous crack about her husband and landed himself in the law courts.



Liberace sang (!) and Jo Stafford played (!) and Connie Haines turned her back to the cameras at Frankie Laine's fifth anniversary party!



Lovely Elena ("Millie") Verdugo, who's now divorcing writer Charles Marion, danced with \$64,000 Question emcee Hal March, at Ciro's.



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Yes, Debbie Reynolds uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

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Hollywood's favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Never Dries—
it Beautifies!



Debbie Reynolds co-starring in M-G-M's THE TENDER TRAP
In CinemaScope and Color.



A new starlet learns
an old trick!

"LOVE YOUR ENEMIES"

by Margia Dean

■ They tell you everyone should "love your enemies" and "turn the other cheek." Every child is familiar with the words, but putting them into practice is something for idealists or at least a person who doesn't have to cope with a real bread-and-butter crisis. That's what I thought, I guess. I really never thought about it at all until I was faced with one of the biggest crises of my career.

It was one of my first roles. I wanted it real bad. And I needed the money. I didn't find out until I met the director that I had run smack into a hornet's nest. He had been pushing his girl friend for this particular part. He had nothing against me personally, but I was the one they signed and he was loaded for bear.

For the first few days it was murder. But I choked back the angry words and smiled back at every blast. And then this wonderful thing happened. We had finished a scene—the fifth take—and I was just about ready to crack. As I walked off the set the director put his arm around me and said: "You know—you're a good kid." It was like coming to the surface in the sunlight after being trapped underwater. From that moment on, everything was fine.

It's not so much that somebody who didn't like me changed his mind. That happens to a lot of people and it doesn't prove a thing. What was important to me is that I had tried to "love my enemies" and it worked. Not only on the director—it rubbed off on me, too. And it suddenly occurred to me that if everybody made the effort, no matter how much of an act it is at first, it would get results. Big results.



Space-Saver. Ample storage space plus arresting beauty. Seafoam Mahogany, #3208. Also Pearl Mahogany, #3209, Walnut, #3210.

What does **stardust** have to do with **storage?**

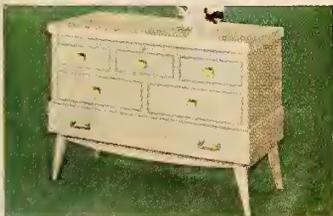
Of course you know the answer—because you're a woman. You know that the care with which you plan your home can help keep the excitement of romance alive in your daily living.

Smart women know how wonderfully a Lane Cedar Chest protects blankets, linens, woolens and off-season clothing.

Each Lane is a proud decorative unit—because the new Lane styles are designed to grace any room of any home.

If your home is still in the dream stage—start making those dreams come true. Let your Lane start gathering stardust, dreams, and your prettiest possessions—right now! At your dealer's, today.

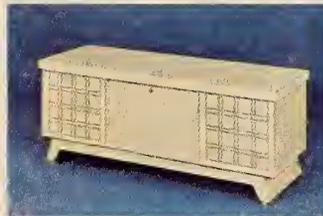
Lane is the ONLY pressure-tested, aroma-tight cedar chest. Made of 3/4 inch red cedar in accordance with U. S. Government recommendations, with a free moth protection guarantee underwritten by one of the world's largest insurance companies, issued upon proper application. Helpful hints for storing are in each chest. The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. P, Altavista, Va. In Canada: Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ont.



Blond Oak Lowboy. Opens from top; base drawer #2920. In Seafoam Mahogany, #2929; in Charcoal Mahogany, #3247.



Colonial design in mellow Maple. Two doors open from front; sliding shelf, deep tray in base. Handsomely louvered, #C-174.



Smart modern blond oak Lane Cedar Chest; chair-height, with self-lifting tray, #3212. Also in rich American Walnut, #3234.



18th Century style in satin-finished Mahogany. Full-length drawer, simulated drawers above, #2221. Also in Casual Mahogany, #3173.

LANE Cedar Chests start at \$49⁹⁵ Easy Terms
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Jergens most effective of all lotions tested



In a remarkable test:

Hands soaked in detergents, but without Jergens care, looked rough, red. Some were even cracked and bleeding.

In the same test:

Hands treated with Jergens Lotion after soaking were soft, smooth, lovely. No detergent damage.

Unretouched photo of Mrs. Beth Anderson's hands after soaking in detergents. Only *one* hand received Jergens Lotion.

PROOF: JERGENS LOTION STOPS "DETERGENT HANDS"

The test: 447 women soaked both hands in a common household detergent 3 times a day. After each soaking, Jergens Lotion was applied only to one hand. In 3 or 4 days the hands untreated by Jergens Lotion showed ugly detergent damage. But the hands treated with Jergens Lotion were soft, smooth, glamorous.

What to do? It's easy to keep your hands smooth and lovely. Use luxurious Jergens Lotion every day to combat punishment of wind, weather, suds and sun. Jergens Lotion is never sticky, never greasy. Takes only a few seconds to apply. Gives you the thrilling reward of glamorous-looking hands. Still only 10¢ to \$1.00, plus tax.

Notice to doctors and dermatologists . . . for a summary of this report, write The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati 14, Ohio.



People have begun to whisper about Roy Rogers' "secret past"; the kind of whispers that lead to wild distortion and the deliberately sensational smear stories that Hollywood has come to resent so bitterly.

Knowing, as does the entire motion picture industry, that no star has been a greater inspiration to his fellow workers or, with the help of his lovely wife Dale, contributed more to the public welfare, the editors of MODERN SCREEN investigated. They discovered that there was an untold story, one full of romance and warmth about two fine young people who met and fell in love long before fate chose one for stardom.

What you are about to read, told by Roy Rogers in his own words, should stop malicious gossipmongers in their tracks.

It is the truth, the whole truth, published herewith for the first time and, we hope, for the last time.



THE TRUTH ABOUT MY FIRST WIFE by Roy Rogers

■ Not long ago someone asked me if my first marriage were being kept a secret. Of course not. It was a long time ago, a time when things were tough for me and I seldom think about it any more. But I would like the story to be known. Here's the way I told it to Dale . . .

Yes, I was married when I was twenty-one. It isn't generally known, but I never intended it to be a secret, then or now. It happened two years after I came out to California from the family farm at Duck Run, Ohio, long before anyone ever heard of Roy Rogers. No one was interested then in the private life of an unknown singing cowboy named Leonard Slye. By the time the public took an interest in my career, the marriage was over.

Today, it still seems a little un- (Continued on page 83)



by ALICE HOFFMAN



"Pat is more tolerant than I. I learn from him."



"I'll never leave Pat to do a show. I couldn't do that to our marriage!"

*For Jane Powell life
is complete. As wife to Pat,
mother to Jay, Sissy and
Monie, she's making . . .*

HAPPY TALK



"I don't want to send my kids to nursery school. Not yet, at any rate. You have your children only while they're little."

■ Fresh and dainty as a Dresden figure, Jane sat in the curve of a circular beige couch against beige and turquoise cushions—Pat's favorite colors. Her blouse was red silk, her treader pants white linen. A tortoise-shell band set off the shining fair hair. She had never looked more beautiful.

Just after announcing her engagement to Pat Nerney last year, she'd told MODERN SCREEN of their hopes and plans and everything came off on schedule. The wedding at Ojai on November 8, anniversary of their first date. The honeymoon in Europe—and home again for Christmas with the children. Night-club engagements at Las Vegas and Tahoe for Jane, since MGM had no picture ready for her. Work at the Ford agency for Pat. These were the tangible, objective things.

Looking back Jane mused, "They say the first year's the hardest. I wouldn't know. For me it's been wonderful. As far as adjustments go, there haven't been any. We went together for a year before we married. We took the time and pains to get really acquainted. We met every day under all circumstances, some of them pretty trying—when Pat was sick, when I was sick, when both of us were dead tired with work—and yet we never got on each other's nerves. We (Continued on page 90)

LAUGHING ON THE OUTSIDE

Dean and Jerry have shaken hands — but

(still pouting on the inside)



With long-time friend and producer Hal Wallis the boys pose to show everything's fine—but the grins look phony and no one's fooled.



Trouble started while the boys were doing publicity for Living It Up. They quarreled over lines, who sang which songs, got which gags.

■ After a year of tension and a summer of outright brawling, the Dean Martin-Jerry Lewis feud is supposedly over. But it is going to be hard for the boys, once the best friends in the entertainment world, to get back the feel that made them famous—the charm of two good pals, kidding around more for the kicks than the cash. Because the reconciliation was not an inside job, but the result of pressure from above.

A few months ago, Paramount Pictures decided that enough was enough. "A Feud is a Feud is a Feud," they said, "but a Contract is Legal." Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis were summoned to a meeting in the office of vice president Frank 'Freeman. The object was reconciliation.

Dean arrived first. At about 10:30 that morning he walked onto the Paramount lot, alone, and went straight to his dressing room. Jerry arrived a few minutes later. He is never alone. On the way to his dressing room he clowning with a couple of friends. Once inside, however, the famous grin left his face. He sat listlessly, reading newspapers, not smiling at all.

Five minutes before the scheduled meeting, the dressing room door opened and Dean Martin stuck his head in. It was the first time he and Jerry had looked squarely at each other in three months. Dean put out his hand. "Shake, Jerr?" he said.

Jerry shook. It was a good try, but when it was over, neither seemed to have anything to say. They walked to the meeting together. On the way they met their agent, Herman Citron, and their attorney, Joseph Ross. When they got to Freeman's office, a spacious yellow room with wood-paneled walls, tiled fireplace and huge windows, the cheer of the surroundings didn't even come close to lifting the gloom. The atmosphere might have been that of a marriage counselor's office, Dean and Jerry the embittered couple, persuaded for the last time to try to save their marriage.

Freeman shook hands with the boys and sat down at the head of the table. A white-haired, stocky, dignified man with a slight southern accent, he had racked up twenty-five years in the industry. He had had star trouble before. His concern with Martin and Lewis was purely professional. Paramount had more than

(Continued on page 75)

they haven't taken their reconciliation to heart. Here's what really happened — and why / by LOU LARKIN





by LOUIS POLLOCK

■ Richard Egan, "The man with the sexy rumble in his voice," according to one movie fan's report on a sneak preview card, just doesn't seem able to please Hollywood's sophisticates. They keep complaining peevishly that a star who has reached his thirties and happens to be unmarried ought to establish himself in smart bachelor quarters rather than continue to live in his parents' home.

But Richard, who at thirty-two is a very solid fellow, not only physically, but socially and emotionally, apparently, refuses to move out on his family.

"The average male," he pointed out, "doesn't leave home until he gets himself a wife to take charge of setting up a new one for him. I think this makes sense. I just can't see myself worrying about whether my living-room walls ought to be cocoa brown or slate blue. As if I'd take time off to care!"

Of course, the main reason why so many of Hollywood's people live alone, even though they have folks in town, is to gain a certain degree of independence. That's the way they always put it. And,

RICHARD EGAN: "my mother keeps introducing me to girls"

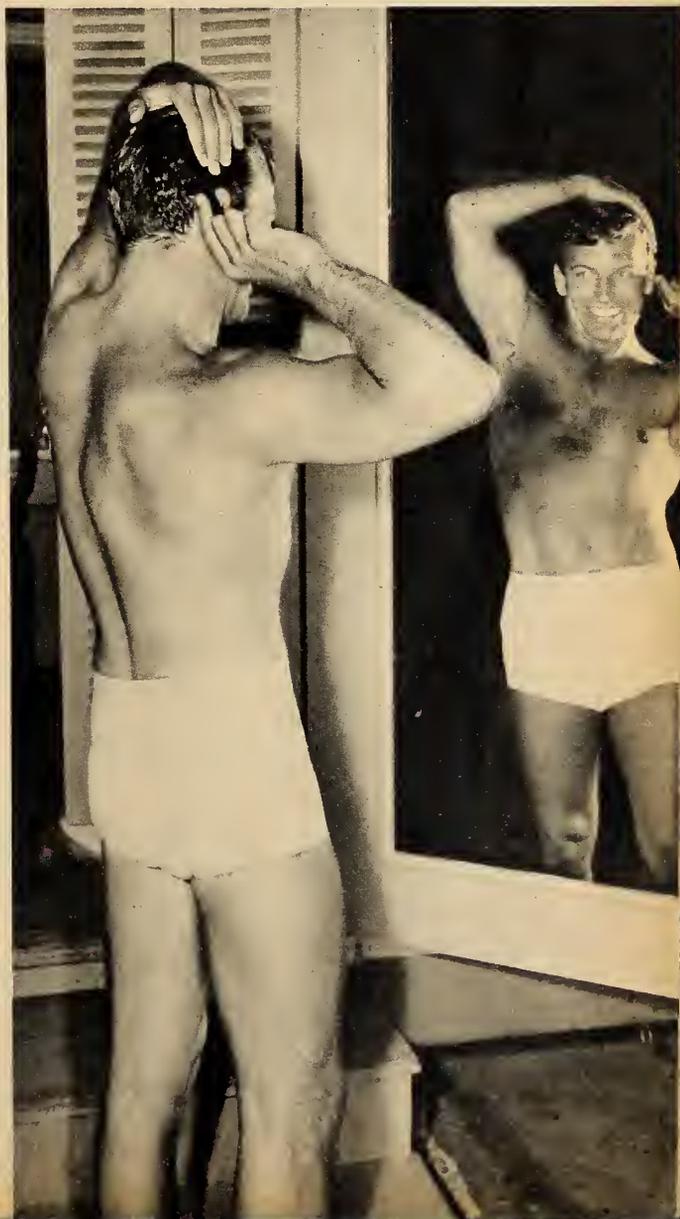


Marisa Pavan and Dana Wynter are two girls Dick has taken home to dinner.

according to many a psychologist, such an attitude may indicate a certain emotional immaturity. Egan, as his good friends all know, has no need to bolster his ego in this way.

"Why should I run away from the people who love me?" he asked. "My people, and the fact that I live with them, neither hinder nor inhibit me in any way. And also, I happen to be one of those men—and there are lots of us around—who hate the loneliness of a home that isn't used until you get there. Until I have a wife waiting for me, I'll have a mother. If I'm lucky. And a father. Both supplying me with that combination of love and good sense that you can only get from your very own."

That's the way Dick sees it. He's home to dinner every night—except when he takes his mother and father out to dine—and sits down to a meal cooked by hands that know his taste well. Of course, some nights when he comes home (*Continued on page 72*)





forever is a long

Color photo by John Engstead



Deserted Spanish beaches, small villages, offer Ava her privacy. Overseas, too, are most of her friends, people like the Ernest Hemingways, inhabitants of a special world of wit and high ideals.

Goodbye to Hollywood,
says Ava. Goodbye to
bitter memories and pain.
Maybe you will find freedom
and privacy and love in Spain,
Ava. But remember,
you can't run away from
problems. Besides . . .

time

by STEVE CRONIN

■ Ava Gardner, her face incredibly beautiful without the slightest trace of makeup, moved her voluptuous, thirty-two-year-old body into an easy chair in her London apartment.

Curling her shapely legs beneath her, she said in that forthright manner of hers, "I'm saying goodbye to Hollywood. I've had it there. From now on I intend to live in Spain."

Ava had just finished *Bhowani Junction*, "a picture I really like." She was feeling tired but satisfied. There was no bitterness or disillusion in her voice. And as she spoke one felt that her decision was based on careful thought rather than the impetuous emotion of which she is so capable.

"I was never really happy in Hollywood," she said, "so why stay there? After thirteen years they won't miss me, I can assure you.

"The small house I had in Hollywood" (it was a two-bedroom stucco job located in Nichols Canyon, and if only that house could talk what a tale of tempestuous love it would tell. Frank Sinatra used to drive there in his Cadillac convertible and when he couldn't come he would send gifts—the spinet piano, the Spanish (Continued on page 86)



FERRERS achieved closeness during this last year of self-imposed exile. Theirs is a marriage built on mutual tenderness and respect. And the essence of what they feel for each other has been captured in these photographs taken by Philippe Halsman at the villa near Rome where Audrey and Mel have learned to know each other during their private honeymoon year.

AUDREY'S attraction for animals kept her busy handling the farmhouse menagerie. (Seven cats followed her on walks.) Halsman was unable to get a shot of a rabbit that adored Audrey but feared the camera. In fact, Halsman had to shoot fast to capture Audrey, too. "Her face has such facets, such change of expression, you're always afraid you'll be too late. She keeps escaping the camera."



A QUIET PLACE TO LOVE EACH OTHER

Audrey Hepburn has always led a charmed life but friends wondered if she were pushing her luck too far when she married the moody, mercurial Mel Ferrer. Those who visited the newlyweds in their romantic pink Italian villa, just twenty miles from Rome, came away persuaded that Audrey had known exactly what she was doing. Skeptics who couldn't make the trip to Rome to see for themselves should be convinced by these radiant photographs made by Philippe Halsman after he spent many idyllic hours with the Ferrers. Says Halsman, who has photographed Audrey before, "Why shouldn't she be happy? She lives in the most beautiful house, gardens drowning in flowers, the horizon limited by a chain of hills on which are ancient monasteries and castles. And when they wish they can go to Rome and dip into the most cosmopolitan city in the world. And she is making what will possibly be one of the greatest movies ever made—*War And Peace*." Discreetly enough, Halsman omitted the greatest single reason for Audrey's radiance—Mel. Her love for him has added a new dimension to otherwise formidable talents. Visitors to the villa come away impressed by Audrey, the wife. She searches the countryside for just the right bread, the perfect cheese, the correct wine. She supervises the servants. She tiptoes around Ferrer when he is in one of his moods. She is trying so hard to be a good wife because Audrey the perfectionist is content with herself only when functioning at top form. She hasn't lost her essential gaiety, her wit, her



"THE INNER LIFE, spark, gracefulness of this girl make her one of my most exciting subjects," says Halsman, who has photographed most of the world's great beauties. "There are so many girls with absolutely perfect features and that's all you get. But with her the entire girl is as if she were illuminated from the inside. Some girls are always acting and look phony. But she uses herself as a virtuoso uses an instrument. She knows what she is doing."

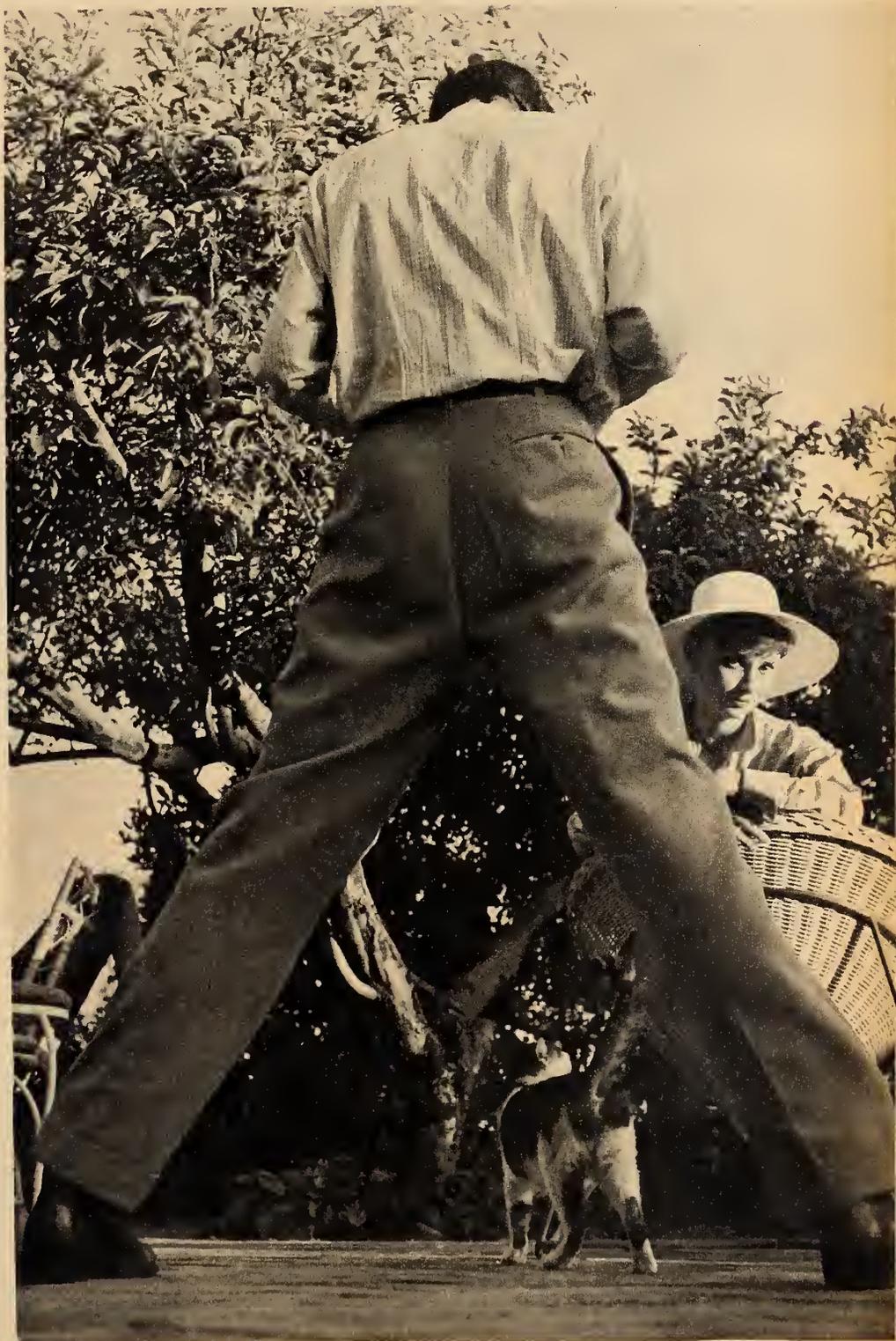
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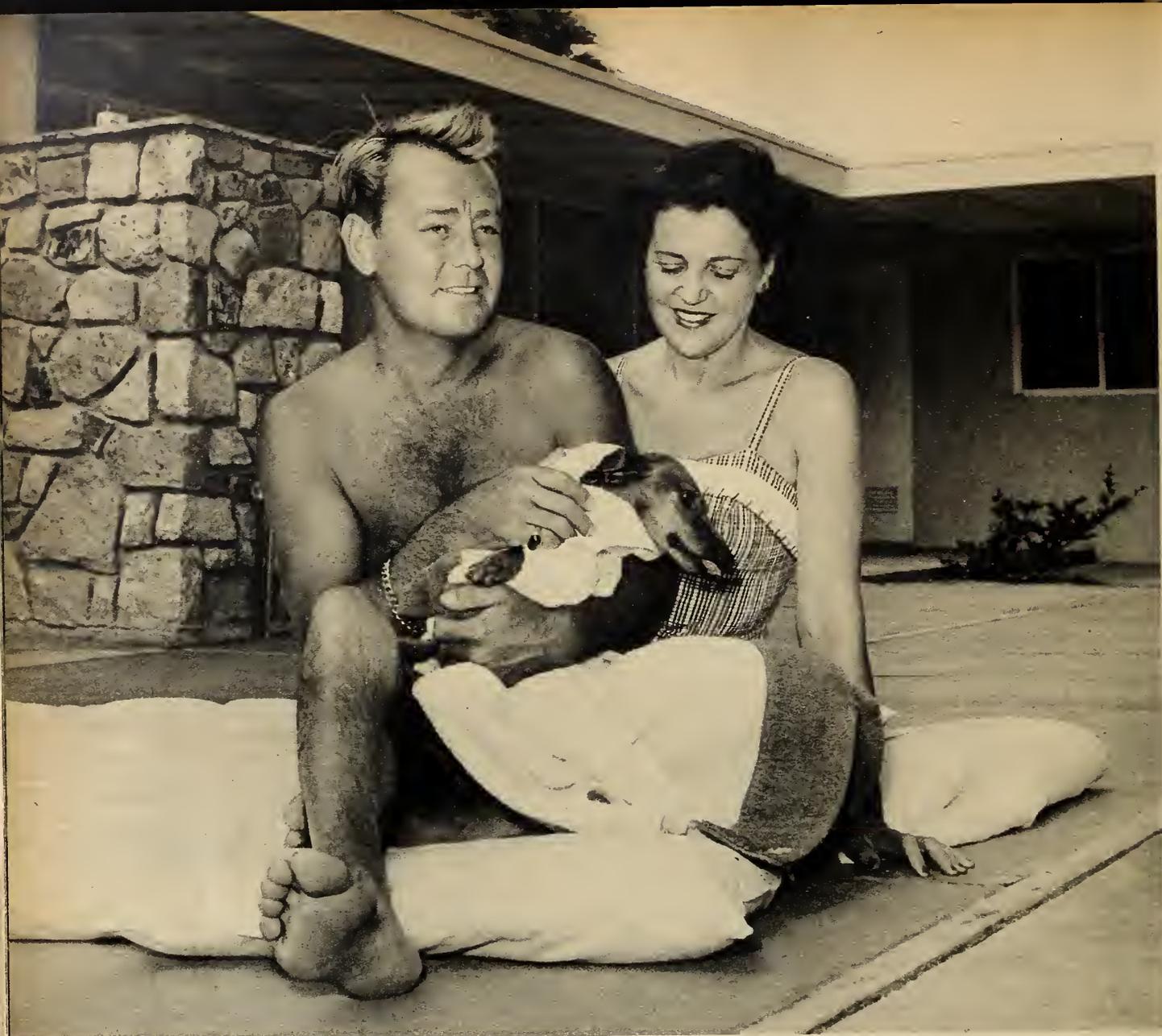
Looking over the brilliance of Rome, and the future, Audrey says, "I've never been so happy"

beauty. She and Mel play ping-pong together, walk together, laugh together. "They are absolutely giddy," reports one visitor to their villa. And another suggests that Audrey has been good for Mel. If she chose him because he was older and experienced, he most certainly must have responded to her air of eternal youth. Unquestionably, part of the powerful attraction he held for her was professional respect. A dedicated artist, Audrey learned to know Mel under the most demanding conditions as his co-star on Broadway in New York in *Ondine*. And now the two will be directed by King Vidor in the ambitious Paramount production of *War And Peace*.

Filmed in Rome, this four-hour movie was budgeted at \$5,000,000 and its producers hope it will challenge the fantastic records set by *Gone With The Wind*. Another precedent smashed by this epochal production—Audrey's salary which makes her one of the highest-paid actresses in the world today. She will get \$350,000 for three months work, a substantial raise over the \$12,500 she received for *Roman Holiday* and the \$15,000 for *Sabrina*. So substantial that Audrey cried, "I'm not worth it," when her agent delivered the contract. Italian producer Dino de Laurentiis thought otherwise. And so Audrey began an intensive three-month, six-day-a-week shooting schedule in August, ending her romantic year of retirement from the limelight, but certainly not ending her romantic marriage to Mel Ferrer. For Audrey, the working wife, will commute with her husband from her pink farmhouse and somehow find time to keep up with the household chores she rejoiced in during her honeymoon idyl.



MEL FERRER, an enthusiastic cameraman, shoots his enchanting subject daily.



Sue and Alan bought their new Palm Springs home on impulse—Sue because she liked its looks, Alan because he'd camped there as a Boy Scout.

For the first time in his life Alan Ladd has a place to play and a time for fun. It may be not everyone's

HAVING WONDERFUL TIME!

■ Every time a big star's marriage hits stormy weather, Hollywood cynics wait for the crash. Once there's a separation, they say, the divorce can't be far off. Unhappily, the rule has been proved true in most cases. That's why, in some quarters, it became a foregone conclusion that following that forty-eight hour separation earlier this year, the Alan Ladds would soon call it quits for good.

The editors of MODERN SCREEN have known Alan and Sue for a long time. We believed two such wonderful, sensible people who have respected and loved each other for thirteen years of warm partnership are head and shoulders above Hollywood averages. But we decided to investigate and report the truth, whatever the truth might be. This then is how it is with (Continued on page 81)



Alan and Beret, the dachshund, swim daily in the pool. "It's so big you can hardly see across it!"



He plays juke boxes with Alana in local cafes . . . discusses plans with the landscape gardener . . . takes Sue on long walks through the countryside.

idea of heaven—but Alan and Sue are lapping it up like a couple of kids!

by RICHARD MOORE

Determined to make this home really their own, Alan and Sue adjust pool machinery themselves, decide on décor, even do their own painting!





Recently gossip has suggested that a romantic interest between Rock Hudson and Liz Taylor had formed during the production of *Giant*. This frequently happens when two big stars play opposite each other, but in this case friends of Liz and Rock are justifiably furious. To clear the air, *MODERN SCREEN* presents the real story of their friendship

■ A few months ago I was invited to a press-and-industry luncheon at Warner Brothers Studio. I knew it had been arranged to give Jack Warner and George Stevens an opportunity to announce the decision to film Edna Ferber's *Giant*, for which I had been lucky enough to be selected as a co-star with Elizabeth Taylor and James Dean.

All I had to do was sit with other members of the cast, listen to some speeches and leave. That was all that was expected of me by the studio but it happened that I expected a lot more of myself. I knew that for the five months it would take for the production of the picture all of us in it would be like a tightly-knit family, but that there was one member of this group I must get to know well. Her name was Elizabeth Taylor. I had never met her.

Stretching ahead for both of us were hundreds of occasions in which we would have to talk together about script problems, rehearse together and act together. And I knew from experience that the quality of the magic we were supposed to create on the screen would depend a great deal on the happiness of our friendship in real life.

Did Elizabeth Taylor feel as I did? Was she perhaps wondering if I would be pleasant to work with (Continued on page 88)



As experts "age" Liz for *Giant*, Rock quips, "We're going to grow old together." Said Liz, "I knew the minute I saw you it would age me."



Rock says he and Liz spent "most of our leisure together," on location.

Those LOVE SCENES WITH LIZ

by Rock Hudson

Everyone knew it before Dick.

*When all their big troubles seemed
ended, suddenly the victory
vanished before his eyes*

“PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME”



Until the sudden, unexpected break, Rita and Dick lived casually, outwardly very happy in their Malibu home. "I've always been a homebody," Rita told friends.

■ When the story first hit the papers no one, including Dick Haymes, believed it. When he came off-stage at the Cocoanut Grove, someone told him Rita had left him, taking the children. "I don't believe it!" he said. "What did I do?" Then he drove home to Malibu.

But their house in Malibu was dark and empty. And from some hide-away Rita issued a statement: "I have separated from Dick because I believe that in the best interests of my children, Dick and myself, it is necessary that both of us have time to think things out. I don't know at this time whether the separation will be final." Dick refused to accept it. "She didn't issue that statement."

But Rita had. During the long night while Dick paced the floor at Malibu, literally barricading himself against reporters outside, admitting one friend only—through a window—Rita was in conference with her lawyer. Haymes gave out conflicting statements: "She's right here with me. There's nothing to the rumor." "She isn't here, but I know where she is. She's conferring with her lawyer about the trouble with Columbia. Then she'll be home." "I must have done something to upset her, but I don't know what." "We had a fight Wednesday but I don't even remember what it was about, that's how unimportant it was!" Rita told friends that the crooner had hit her, that she had had all she could take.

But the question was, all she could take of what? Everything seemed to be going so well. The case against Dick had been dropped by the Immigration Authorities and Dick had applied for United States citizenship. The club date at the Cocoanut Grove was only one of many such coming his way; his record sales were zooming, the movies were making overtures. Rita's career had been at a standstill for some time, but what did that matter? She had always preferred her home and her children to her work, and Dick could now support her. The children adored Dick and he returned their affection with such interest that his ex-wife, Joanne Dru, had once complained that he cared more for Rita's babies than his own.

Their life together had seemed idyllic. Rita, the ex-princess, accustomed for years to immense wealth, the ultimate of splendor, had lived with Dick in a rustic cottage in Nevada when funds were low, doing without most of the conveniences of the average housewife. At one point she and Dick moved to a modest, rented, two-bedroom apartment.

And far from destroying it, adversity seemed to strengthen their love. If Dick were deported, Rita had said, she would go with him. If they quarreled, no one knew it. They seldom went out, seldom entertained, but neighbors saw them walking along the beaches evenings, arms entwined, talking softly. They looked like newlyweds.

Now Dick sat in the beach house, weeping like a little boy. Beside him was a stack of unwashed dishes, before him a newspaper photo of his wife.

From a practical point of view, the separation could mean great delay in Dick's becoming a citizen, difficulty for Rita's suit against Columbia, for Dick is her star witness. Friends say that factors like these may bring Rita home. But to Dick, none of this counts. All he knows is that he's lost his girl. He doesn't know what he did wrong, he doesn't believe she'd say he hit her—"It's not true; I never touched her!"—but whatever it is, he'll apologize.

"Everyone knows where she is but me," Dick said. "I just want her to come home."



*Betsy Blair spiraled
to stardom as "the Marty girl" but
she's still Mrs. Gene Kelly at home.*

*When a friend pointedly remarked to
husband Gene, "Now there'll be some competition
in the family," Betsy shot back,
"Oh, no there won't. I'm only
going to play girls' parts!"*



by NATE EDWARDS



Wife Betsy, in turn, has always hero-worshipped Gene.

*Proud of his wife's success,
Gene Kelly boasts . . .*

"I am the husband of Betsy Blair"

■ Suppose you'd been married to Gene Kelly for fourteen years. Ever since you were seventeen you'd been the wife of a famous man. Exciting, glamorous? Of course. But it can get frustrating, living in the shadow of a great man. Especially if you're talented, too. Wouldn't you like to be known as Betsy Blair as well as Mrs. Gene Kelly?

This is the good and golden time for Betsy Blair. The dream-come-true year. The beginning of fame and fulfillment. No longer is Betsy just a wife (of Gene Kelly) and mother (of twelve-year-old daughter Kerry). Today, thanks to *Marty*, Betsy is a rising star. And her cup of happiness runneth over.

"Things will never be the same," she recently confided, bubbling over with excitement. "Honestly, I don't think they ever will. I'm getting more offers for work than I've ever had before. Can you imagine? Me? Plain Betsy!"

There is a tone of incredulity in Betsy's voice. Her manner, modest and becoming, is touched with disbelief. Like a man lost and thirsty on the hot desert who once having given up hope, suddenly finds himself in sight of an oasis. Betsy's oasis was *Marty*, the unforgettable drama of pleasure and pain in which she played a lonely school teacher. In the picture Betsy falls in love with Ernest Borgnine who portrays a simple Bronx butcher.

Listen to Betsy run on about the touchstone of her career: "*Marty*," she proudly says to anyone who'll listen, "was awarded the Golden Palm at the Cannes International Film Festival. First time an American (Continued on page 60)"



Betsy gets a bang out of the raft of fan mail she's received since *Marty*. But her biggest thrill came when Gene and daughter Kerry were present to see her win Cannes award. The Kellys are a tight, affectionate threesome.





The whole family had an island fling—Brenda, West, Scott, Virginia—when Bill went on location

with Holden- everything goes



BRENDA romanced with Bill on the Proud And Profane location, swam by day and danced by night at the Virgin Isle Hotel. WEST and SCOTT went fishing with their dad between shooting dates, caught big ones. VIRGINIA brought along school chum Marilyn Locke (with stepfather Bill's consent), so she'd have someone her own age to talk to.

by IMOGENE COLLINS

■ For the past two or three years, since Hollywood began shooting pictures about Rome in Rome, instead of building Rome in the back lot, a good many apparently sound marriages have died a pitiful death thanks to spiteful gossip. Sometimes the gossip was true, but the fact remains that with one partner legging it off to Spain or Africa for several months while the other languished at home, something was bound to pop. Human nature being what it is.

Bill Holden is one of the stars whose commitments have taken him half around the globe, to Hong Kong for *Bridges At Toko-Ri* and *Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing*, thence to a Kansas small town (which to Hollywood dwellers is just as remote as Hong Kong any day) for *Picnic* and on to the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico for *The Proud And Profane*. But despite what some amateur know-all (Continued on page 52)

may tell you to the contrary, there is not now, nor is there likely to be, a rift in the Holdens' solid fourteen-year-old marriage. Because Bill takes his family.

No little dirty birdie is going to whisper into Brenda Holden's ear that those hot love scenes between Bill and Kim Novak were so accomplished because they'd been rehearsed in private. Any such rehearsal would have to be done, of necessity, in front of Mrs. Holden herself, because *She Was There*. Similarly, anyone who hinted that Bill and Deborah Kerr spent considerable time together while off camera in the Virgin Islands would receive a sweet smile from Bill's wife.

"Certainly, they've (*Continued on page 64*)



Working a heavy schedule, melted by heat, Bill and Deborah Kerr regained their composure daily at leisurely lunches with Brenda.



Bill openly expresses devotion to Brenda, refuses to go on location unless she and the kids can come along. Their rare separations proved to him how much she meant.



Deborah mourned that she didn't have the time for shopping that Brenda had. To make up for it, Mrs. Holden regaled her nightly with tales of "the wonderful shops" and "all those amazing bargains!"

LEFT: Bongo-drummer Holden soothed guests at the Virgin Isle Hotel when hurricane Connie raged. Rhythm girl with back to camera is Nancy Sinatra, who has a featured role in the film.

to the
memory of
Suzan Ball
and
Robert Francis

*This has been a tragic summer for Hollywood.
Two wonderful, talented, young people are gone.
They were both dearly loved, and greatly mourned.
Although one was a boy living without a thought
of death, and the other a bride who lived, and
knew she lived, within its shadow, they had this in
common: both lived joyously, both lived lovingly,
both will be remembered not for their deaths,
but for their lives . . . It is to that memory
that we dedicate the pages which follow . . .*

This is the same title we gave Suzan's wedding story. We feel it is



the keynote of her brave, beautiful life. This is her legacy of hope

No time for TEARS

by IDA ZEITLIN

■ Not too many years ago a child skipped along a Buffalo street, wine in her veins, quicksilver at her heels, so charged with the glory of being alive that she lifted her face to the wind and sky, exulting: "I'll never be sick; I'll never die. I'm never even going to grow old. Not me." She didn't grow old. On August 5 Suzan died of cancer, six months after reaching her twenty-first birthday. No one could have loved life more intensely nor looked more bravely into the face of death. At eighteen, death is something unreal that happens to old people. She was eighteen when she fell and hurt her knee. To spare her, they called it a tumor at first. But truth was a deep-rooted need of Suzan's nature. "Is it cancer?" she asked the doctor, and from then on would have no further truck with evasions. She knew as well as Dick on their wedding (*Continued on page 79*)



Her last winter was her happiest. Free of pain, she toured the country with Dick, planning for the future.

We knew Bob Francis as a strong young man, filled with life

Bob Francis' last interview

by ALICE FINLETTER

■ Because I was the last person to interview Bob Francis, MODERN SCREEN has asked me to tell what happened during our interview, what we talked about, how I remember him. It may well be the toughest assignment I shall ever have.

During the last week of July I lunched with Bob, and on the last day of July he was dead.

The following morning I was still unaware of the tragedy, and working on the story that had evolved from our interview.

Then the telephone rang. It was MODERN SCREEN's office, calling to tell me of the plane crash that had taken Bob's life.

It was stunning news. It is difficult to grasp the fact of sudden death, and when a boy like Robert Francis is the victim it is a searing, sickening shock.

From the phone conversation, I learned that Bob had been flying all that fateful Sunday, in a borrowed plane with two friends. Having refueled at the Lockheed airport in Burbank, they took off once more but this time, at about 150 feet, motor trouble developed. Such low altitude gives little chance or choice to a pilot, and it was typical of Bob that (Continued on page 59)



April's MODERN SCREEN ran a story on Bob with a tragically prophetic title.

and talent and promise. Hollywood called him "The Golden Boy"



“The thrill” was Bob’s one weakness. Everything had to be fast—



“The avalanche” held no terrors for Bob. Since his debut on skis at 11, he had dedicated himself to making the Olympic team some day. At 17 he was a top amateur skier. The Army interrupted his ski career, and when he came out at 23, he was “too old to be chasing snow.”



“No one,” Bob once said, “can survive without faith in himself. But there’s a line dividing confidence from conceit. Its name is modesty.”



Six feet, three inches tall, blond and blue-eyed, Bob tried every sport, dreamed of owning a sports store. (He and his brother once ran three.)

too fast. He met his death learning to fly.



"I like people," he once said, "but I think things out better alone. Some talk a problem over. For me, it's a long walk till I make up my mind."



"Nothing ever happened to me," he'd tell reporters. "I should wrap my car around a pole so I'd have something to be interviewed about."

(Continued from page 56) in those last few minutes he turned the plane to avoid crashing into the crowds attending services at a cemetery directly below. In a matter of seconds the tiny ship crashed into a parking lot and burst into flames. Authorities said that the three occupants had, mercifully, died instantly. I put the receiver back on the telephone cradle and turned to my desk, littered with shorthand notes that had taken down his words such a short time ago. I arranged them into a neat pile and filed them away, and the finality of the act gave me a strange feeling. And now MODERN SCREEN wants to know about this last interview. The notes are once again spread over my desk, and although a week has passed, I do not feel any less strange.

I do not intend a eulogy. It isn't my place; I didn't know him that well. I had spent perhaps six hours with him during various interviews, but while six hours is little time to come to know a person, in the case of Bob it was sufficient to grow enormously fond of him. I can only say what I feel, and that is that Bob was the kindest, most sincere, clean-cut young man I had known.

There was nothing unusual about the interview. It was set for noon at a restaurant noted for its quiet charm, the kind of place Bob Francis would appreciate. We were to talk about his recent sojourn in Colorado. He had gone there to make a Western with Spencer Tracy, and after three weeks Tracy had become ill and gone back to Hollywood. The company stayed on in the wilds of Colorado, awaiting the studio's decision about Tracy's replacement. After a week of waiting they had all been recalled to Hollywood, and given a month of freedom until August 19, when they were to return. About Bob's stay there, I already knew he had met a girl under unusual circumstances, that on his return he had been amusing about the quiet life they had all been forced to lead. And I knew that the month ahead of (Continued on page 67)



One Hollywood date was Mutiny co-star May Wynn. They went to the Beach with Kim Novak, Scott Brady.



Even as a star, Bob continued acting lessons with Botomi Schneider, considered her a second mother.



"We always let Bob make his own decisions," his parents said. "That's the way you make a boy a man."



In 1954 MODERN SCREEN readers named Bob most popular new star George Delacorte presented award.

Betsy Blair Sheds Marty in Summer Stock



Advised not to get typed as Clara, the Marty girl, Betsy Blair starred in Sabrina and The Rainmaker on the road. Byron Sanders, her handsome leading man (above and right) in Sabrina, bore little resemblance to homely Marty. Sabrina meant other changes for Betsy who had muted her natural gaiety in Marty. She played the role with the relish of a wallflower turned belle.



Stagestruck since childhood Betsy reveled in the casual summer-theatre life but introduced the custom of hot tea before every performance. At Newport, R.I., the theatre is housed in the historic Casino and a star's dressing room is apt to be shabby. But the group spirit, the eager college apprentices and, most important, the recognition audiences gave her performances, compensated.

betsy blair

(Continued from page 49) film has won that honor. And I was there, in on everything.

"I went to every function, every picture. I attended all the luncheons, all the suppers, all the receptions. The newspapers said I was doing it out of politeness and courtesy. 'Don't you believe it,' I told the reporters. 'I'm having the time of my life. I'm enjoying every minute of it.'

"I just can't find words to tell you what it meant to me. There was that afternoon when Gene gave a press conference. I thought I'd cry. That's how happy I was. You know how he started it off? 'I am the husband of Betsy Blair,' he announced. Everyone smiled and the tears came to my eyes and I thought I'd just pass out with happiness.

"And then after the Festival when we were going back on the plane, I suddenly became aware of what it means to be noticed. 'Are you comfortable, Miss Blair? Would you like a seat facing the window, Miss Blair?' Then when there was a delay, 'Would you care to go by limousine to Paris, Miss Blair?' All these attentions.

"What a difference, what a change from just a few years ago. Sure, it's had an effect on me. But I'm not sure exactly what sort of effect. I remember in London and in Cannes and in other places. I happened to remark on how nice everyone was being to me.

"It's just because you've met with success,' I was told. 'The whole world loves a winner.' I keep asking myself if this is true. Why should success make someone skeptical about people? It's not going to change me." And it's not going to change the Kelly marriage either. When a friend pointedly remarked to Gene in Betsy's presence, "Now there'll be some competition in the family," Betsy shot back, "Oh, no, there won't. I'm only going to play girls' parts!"

Betsy has always loved people, all kinds of people. The Kellys keep perpetual open house on Rodeo Drive.

Dancers, writers, young actors, chorus girls, everyone in show business seems to know this. Drop in on the Gene Kelly household of a Sunday and you'll find a game of volleyball progressing in the backyard, Gene and dance director Stanley Donen discussing some new routine in the den, Betsy and daughter Kerry practicing French in the living room.

Paddy's sleeper

In 1948 Betsy was given a bit role in *A Double Life*, a film starring Ronald Colman. Also playing a bit in the same picture was a young actor named Paddy Chayefsky. As an actor he was no great shakes, but, as she does with pretty nearly everyone, Betsy struck up a friendship with Chayefsky.

Years later when Chayefsky became a noted television writer and *Marty* was bought for the screen, he insisted that Betsy was perfect for the role of Clara.

Betsy had broken her leg in a skiing accident and was hobbling around on a cast, depressed and discouraged.

"When I received the script," she remembers, "I perked up at once. I knew right away it was wonderful. Before we made the picture we rehearsed for two weeks, ironed out all the kinks. Everyone said to me, 'Betsy, this is a sleeper, a real sleeper.' And I kept answering, 'No, a sleeper is when you don't expect anything good. We know we have something good.'"

Marty emerged a critical and financial success and Betsy Blair became a star because (1) she has the talent and (2)

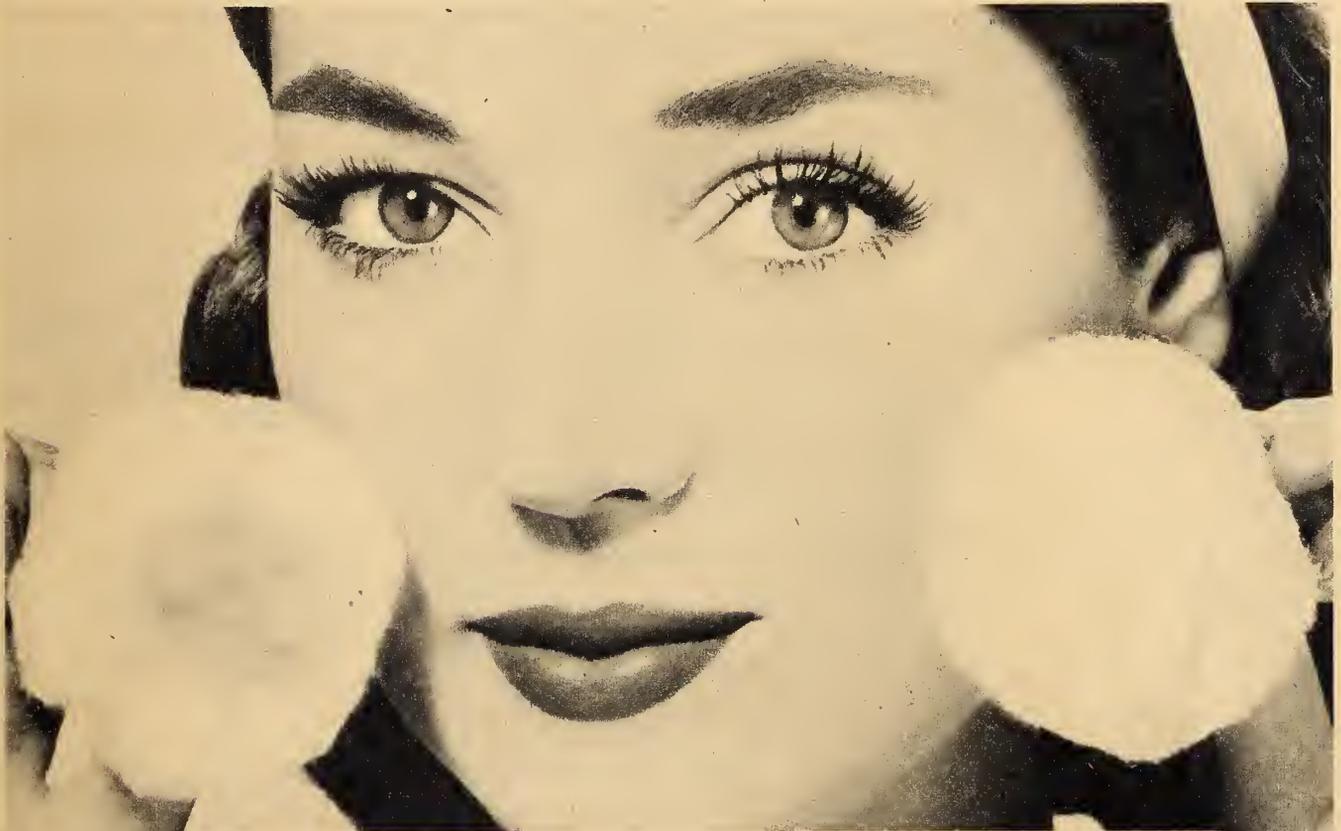


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PALMOLIVE BEAUTY CARE CLEANS CLEANER, CLEANS DEEPER, WITHOUT IRRITATION!

Doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care can give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin deep-down clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Here's the easy method: Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember . . . only a soap that is truly mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. That's why Palmolive's mildness is so important to you. Try mild Palmolive Soap today for new complexion beauty!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!



Mild and Gentle

she got the chance to exercise that talent because Chayefsky remembered her as a warm, intelligent, unaffected person.

There is a tendency in Hollywood for the girl who marries a movie star to put on the dog. Betsy Kelly has never "gone Hollywood." She has always believed in the even keel, the human approach, in speaking her piece, in living comfortably.

She has always liked simple blouses and full skirts and ballet-type slippers. She lets her chestnut-colored hair hang loose, keeps her face clean and scrubbed and devoid of make-up.

Because of this she has been severely criticized for years.

The town's dress designers, for example, say, "Why doesn't she dress like the wife of a famous movie star? She owes it to the community."

Betsy believes in dressing for herself, not for other people, with the exception, of course, of husband Gene. Only Gene himself wears a baseball cap, a polo shirt, slacks, white socks and moccasins. On Sunday he dresses in a blue suit to take Kerry to church. But otherwise when he's out with Betsy they both look like a pair of kids fresh from a college campus.

Basically, the Kellys are interested in their work and not the trappings of success. And it is this concentrated interest in work that caused Betsy so much frustration until *Marty* came along.

Stagestruck

Betsy was scarcely seventeen when she married Gene Kelly in 1941. They met in Billy Rose's night club, the Diamond Horseshoe, where Betsy was a chorus girl and Gene an up-and-coming dance director. Betsy hero-worshiped Gene—she still does, probably the result of their thirteen-year age difference. When they arrived in Hollywood, they rented a small house in Laurel Canyon. Gene taught his child bride how to cook.

In his very first picture, *For Me And My Gal*, with Judy Garland, Gene was an outstanding success. A year later, Kerry was born, the Kellys moved into a new house in Beverly Hills and Betsy had neither time nor thoughts of a career.

When Gene went into the Navy, however, Betsy returned to her family in Cliffside, New Jersey. Here, close to New York where she had worked as a child, first as a photographer's model, then as a chorus girl, the desire for a career began to assert itself again.

"I don't know," she once explained. "I've always liked to be active, to do things. Ever since I was a kid I've been in show business or on the fringes. I used to sing over WNEW on Sunday mornings and then when I was a teen-ager I was in stage shows. And my family wanted me to go to college—my two brothers went, you know, one to Northwestern and the other to Pennsylvania—and for a while I thought I'd go to Sarah Lawrence, but coming into New York on a train one day I saw an advertisement in the paper for chorus girls, and I answered it. I got the job. I married Gene. Show business has always been in my blood. And as Kerry grew up and needed me less, I found that I needed things to occupy my time and utilize my energy."

When Gene came out of the service, Betsy, in an unobtrusive way, began looking for acting jobs under the name of Betsy Blair. "I had given myself that name because I had a boy friend who was going to a prep school, Blair Academy. I was only a kid back then, and I guess I should've remained with my own name." (Betsy is the daughter of Willett and Frederica Boger, an insurance broker and a schoolteacher.)

First she did stage work at the Actors Lab in Hollywood. Then word spread around town that the girl was genuinely talented. She got work in *Another Part Of The Forest*, *The Snake Pit*, *Kind Lady*, *Mystery Street*. She took part in plays put on by Eugenie Leontovich and the Laguna Beach Playhouse. "If there's a theatre group I'm in it."

Stories to the effect that Gene Kelly felt his wife belonged at home in this period are not true. "Betsy is a fine actress," Kelly's always maintained. "I just wish she'd get one good break."

Gene gave Betsy—in fact has always given her—every moral support. And in all fairness to Betsy, it must be said that she never neglected any of her domestic duties. It is no secret, for example, that she has always wanted more than one child. And still says, "Who can tell? We may still hit the jackpot."

The one thing Gene Kelly would not do was to cast Betsy in any of his own pictures. Betsy is a crack dancer, and Gene might have succumbed to the temptation of nepotism—after all, hiring relatives is a recognized custom in every industry—but he felt it would not be fair.

Other casting directors felt similarly. "Sure, she's a good actress," one execu-

paring to go abroad with Gene and Kerry for two years.

"Maybe," she said, "I'll get a whole new start in Europe. Kerry and I are taking French down at the Berlitz School. And it should help, don't you think?"

It helped in the Place Dauphine in Paris where the Kellys subleased a five-room flat in an apartment house. But it didn't help Betsy get any acting work. Gene was up to his neck in *Crest Of The Wave* and *Invitation To The Dance*. But the best Mrs. Kelly could do was to audition for a part in *Letter From Paris*, and she had to go to London for that.

She studied and rehearsed her lines, and on the day of the audition she was superb. "You've got the part," she was told. Betsy beamed. But her happiness was short-lived. The Labor Ministry refused to give her a work permit.

Her frustration increased. "There I was," she recalls, "with Kerry in school, plenty of time on my hands, and an opportunity I couldn't take advantage of because of red tape."

Finally director Anatole Litvak—he had cast Betsy in *Snake Pit*—offered Betsy a job as dialogue director of *Act Of Love*, a film he was shooting in France and Italy.

Eagerly Betsy accepted and left Kerry in the care of Gene and his secretary, Lois McLelland. Each week, however, Betsy made it a point to fly back to her family. But somehow the inevitable divorce and separation rumors started. European gossips hinted that Betsy and Sidney Chaplin, working together on the same film, were an item.

Gene, of course, knew better. To him rumors coupling Betsy with Chaplin or Tola Litvak were big jokes.

Betsy, however, was mildly annoyed. "I don't know how these things get started," she confided, "but they sure are stupid. We're really a very devoted family."

When *Act Of Love* was finished the Kellys proved that. Gene hired a car and drove Betsy and Kerry all around Spain.

The only acting Betsy managed to do abroad was done in North Africa when Orson Welles hired her to play Desdemona. Only Orson hired two other Desdemonas, Lea Padovani and Suzanne Cloutier, and then ran out of money. So once again Betsy Blair returned to Paris without a European screen credit to her name.

Too wholesome

In 1953 the three Kellys came home. This time there was television for Betsy to get her teeth into. She worked on *Ford Theatre*, *Philco*, *Kraft*, *U.S. Steel*, all the top shows. But the motion picture industry offered her little. The same old reason: She didn't need the money.

Last year when she broke her leg skiing she had to cut down on her television work. But as usual she read widely, kept abreast of every development in show business. Simultaneously the legion of friends she had made over the years began recommending her for more and more roles. Alain Bernheim, an agent friend tried to sell her to a director one afternoon in Frascati's, a Belgian restaurant on Wilshire Boulevard.

"Just think of it," Alain urged the director. "You can get her to play the lead for \$10,000. Who else can you get at that price?"

The director grinned. "She just doesn't have enough sex appeal," he volunteered. "She's too fresh, too wholesome for the part. We need someone sultry like Yvonne De Carlo."

Betsy refused to give up hope. She did more and more little theatre work. "Some day," she told me, "there'll be a good part for me. I only hope I live that long."

Little did she realize that a week later Paddy Chayefsky and director Delbert

lovely **janet leigh**
in a holiday mood
will be
modern screen's
charming cover star
on the
december issue
at your newsstands
november 8

utive agreed, "but let's face it. Her husband is earning 3,000 bucks a week. Why not give the job to a girl who has to make her own living?"

This is the attitude that handicapped Betsy Blair for years. The studios felt that she didn't need the work, didn't need the money. They were only half right. Betsy needed work as an outlet for her energy and talent.

When work wasn't forthcoming she grew moody and frustrated. Kerry was in school. The house was clean. Kids would come around all the time, talking about new productions, new castings. To have been in show business, to live with its atmosphere around you all the time, to be so near and yet so far—you can imagine how Betsy felt day after day.

At one time she threw herself into charity work, went out to the Veterans Hospital and entertained the wounded. And always she read omnivorously. But try as she might she could not lose the desire to act.

She was ecstatically happy in 1952, pre-

Mann would be discussing her in New York for the dream role of Clara in *Marty*.

Mann felt that Betsy might be too young for the part. Chayefsky insisted she was a natural, although he admitted he hadn't seen her in six years. When Mann heard Betsy read, with restraint and emotional perception, he knew immediately that Chayefsky was right. Betsy was signed for the role, and with Ernest Borgnine she captivated the movie-going public.

Once *Marty* became a money-maker and an award-winner Betsy found, after ten years of trying, that quite suddenly she was in demand.

Success, however, didn't go to her head. From husband Gene she learned that success must be accepted with graciousness and balance. Rather than snap up the first movie offered to her, Betsy decided to do summer stock at Newport, R. I. where she starred in *The Rainmaker* and *Sabrina Fair*.

She discussed her decision with Gene, and he agreed it was the right one. "I'll take Kerry to Europe with me on vacation," he offered, "and you follow when you're finished at Newport."

That's exactly what happened. The three Kellys cavorted over France and Switzerland this past August, then re-

Oscar Levont's lost concert in Washington won him the finest notices he's ever received there. Levont was asked if it's true that Aaron Copeland discovered him as a composer. "Yes," he replied, "but when Copeland discovered me—he was an unknown, too." . . . Levont's wife and three young daughters were in Washington with him. The youngsters were taken on a hectic tour of the capital and then come to New York. They arrived in weary state. "They had a good time," Levont said of their trip. "although they don't know it."

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post

turned to Beverly Hills in time to get Kerry back in school.

This November Betsy plans to return to southern France to star with Jean Gabin in a film to be called *At The Green Devil*. She will be part of a production quartette that includes director Noel Coward, art director Alex Trauner, and writer Jacques Prevert, well known for his *Les Enfants Du Paradis*. These three men are old friends of Betsy's. She knew them when; and they in turn knew her as a charming, ambitious, young wife who welcomed them into her house, pointed to the kitchen and said, "Help yourselves."

Gene and Betsy have worked out a most wonderful operations program involving daughter Kerry. When Betsy works, Gene is in charge of the girl and vice versa; so that over the years Kerry has gotten to know each parent exceedingly well. In most households the father is relatively unknown to his offspring but Kerry considers Gene and Betsy her closest friends. Career or no career they have never neglected the child and have always insisted that she be in the company of at least one parent.

No matter where the Kellys make pictures in the future this *modus operandi* will continue.

Betsy and Gene are completely sensible people. And although both of them are flying high at the moment—Gene's latest films being *It's Always Fair Weather*, *Invitation To The Dance*—they always keep both feet on the ground.

In Hollywood few acting couples can manage this trick. END

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(Continued from page 52) been together during their free hours, swimming and dining in charming little out-of-the-way places. Also in the party were Miss Kerr's husband Tony Bartley and their two daughters Melanie and Frankie, our two boys West and Scott, our daughter Virginia and—oh yes, me."

But Bill's formula for beating the long separation problem—"If you can't stay with 'em, take 'em with you"—isn't as simple as it sounds. When I talked with Bill in New York not long ago, he had just arrived at the Sherry Netherland after an all-day plane trip. He kicked his shoes off, stretched out in a big chair and sighed.

"I've just finished the toughest location I can remember, I've been cramped in a plane for hours, I'm taking off at eight in the morning, and I've got my whole family with me," he said. "I'm exhausted."

"It's all right now"

When you consider that West is eleven and Scott is only nine, those ages of restless curiosity and insatiable vigor, you will understand that it was not necessarily the picture nor the plane trip that had him so beat. Bill takes the duties and pleasures of being a father seriously.

I remember once, at the Columbia Ranch in Hollywood, seeing Brenda bring the boys up to the gate of a restricted area where Bill was shooting a difficult night scene. He'd promised the boys they could watch. Brenda kept saying, "Now take it easy, don't touch anything. Remember, no horsing around." Then, when they reached the gate, she stepped back, smiling, while Bill took both their hands and the three Holden men walked on toward the set. Her smile seemed to say, "It's all right now."

That's the way Bill takes over when they are traveling, catching planes, changing at airfields, checking in-and-out of hotels, transferring luggage.

In the end it is worth it, however, not only for Bill himself but for Brenda and the boys. Let's take the location on St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, for example.

It could have been, as Bill points out, one of the stinkers of all time. The Virgin Islands, in late July and early August, lie green and lush and steaming in an emerald sea, under skies loaded with boiling white clouds. When it rains, it does so in earnest, and all the water stays right where it lands, adding to the humidity. Into this jungle, where the islanders naturally do as little work as possible, rushed the *Proud And Profane* company on a tight shooting schedule, determined to use the good weather.

In heat so oppressive it made many of the crew sick, Bill was hurried from one assignment to another, and most of the time he worked all night as well. Without his family there, on the occasional evening and two or three days when he was actually free, there would have been nothing for him to do but stare at the walls, knock around with the gang, or just possibly stir up a little mischief.

As it was, Brenda and the kids made it seem almost like a holiday. Bill would come home to the Virgin Isle Hotel in St. Thomas, completely worn out, to find Brenda looking fresh and beautiful after a day of shopping. She slipped him a martini and by the time he'd bathed and climbed into fresh clothes, he was a human being again, ready for the evening.

After fourteen days Dewey Martin, an expert at skin diving, finally persuaded Bill to put on fins and a mask and go spear-fishing. After just missing a fine grouper and brushing a barracuda im-

patiently out of his way before Dewey could signal him to stop that, Bill emerged with an ecstatic grin on his face. "Where have I been all my life?"

Whereupon, with two days free, he chartered a boat and with Dewey and West, went snorkel-swimming and spear-fishing around Water Island.

Then along came hurricane Connie on her way to the Carolinas, whipping her mighty tail over the Islands as she passed. A hurricane can be one of the most depressing as well as nerve-wracking things in the world to sit out, particularly if you don't know what it's going to do next. Crowded into the hotel, the company milled around nervously, checking weather reports and listening to the gusts of slashing rain buffet the windows until they rattled like castanets.

In the midst of all this racket and confusion, Bill appeared with a set of six Haitian bongo drums and, deadpan, began playing them expertly. He'd bought them earlier and had spent hours between takes learning how to beat the things, with Ross Bagdasarian, the actor-composer who wrote "Come On-a My House," as his teacher.

The whole performance was so outlandish, so out of character for Bill, that it broke the tension, raised everybody's spirits, and a party developed that outlasted Connie.

Having his family close by, no matter where he is working and despite the extra cost and trouble, is not only necessary to Bill's happiness and peace of mind, but essential to his career. He has come, through the years, to depend a great deal on Brenda's cagey professional advice. A superb actress in her own right before she retired, she is a truly intelligent woman who not only knows the picture business upside down, but the way her husband ticks from any direction. Thus,

At Lum Fong's an actor reported he and his ex-wife were dating again: "It was one of those divorces that just didn't work out."

*Earl Wilson in
The New York Post*

when he asks her to, she spends many days on the set, seemingly knitting or reading. Later, in private, she is ready with advice.

Without Brenda on location, too, Bill isn't as sure of himself. He leans on her for counsel, emotional comfort and a certain amount of inspiration. If you don't believe that the even-tempered Mr. Holden can have the jitters you ought to have seen him on those rare occasions when he didn't take the family along. Those who observed Bill on the *Picnic* set were amazed at his disposition.

He arrived in Salinas, Kansas, for the first location in a towering bad mood. The air was full of tension, of tornadoes getting ready to strike. (If it occurs to you that the progress of Bill Holden around and about the world is accompanied by more than a few explosives, with even the elements getting into the act, then you are close to the proper picture.) Brenda was busy in Hollywood and couldn't join him for a week or two. This tied it, as far as he was concerned.

When he was first cast as the half-good, half-bad drifter in *Picnic*, Bill didn't agree with Director Josh Logan's interpretation of the character.

"I can't play this guy," he kept saying. "I don't know him. I don't even like him. There's nobody in my experience who remotely resembles the way this guy behaves."

To all outward appearances this was true. Bill had grown up in Pasadena as the most typical of clean-cut California

boys, the son of a thoroughly nice middle-class family. He got his break in pictures while he was still in school, found his girl and married her when he was very young. He raised his family, served his four war years and laboriously worked his way to the top of his profession.

And now they wanted him to play, with conviction, a bum, an emotional slob! Josh Logan was determined that he would play it that way, and Bill was just as determined that the interpretation be changed to fit what he considered to be his own limitations. His unhappiness infected cast and crew and even the weather. The usually cooperative Holden started off by having a hassle with the publicity unit man over whether or not he would pose with a cherry pie and the girl who baked it. Then, two nights later, while the crew were setting up cameras and lights, all hell broke loose.

A wall of wind hit, snatching away the cup of coffee Bill was drinking. The two black funnel-shaped clouds that had been wandering around in the distance, flashing with lightning, now merged and began walking toward them across the prairie. Instinctively everyone ran for cover. Bill dived for the nearest lone car, slammed the door after him, and peered into the now deserted darkness.

Tornado inside

"Then it really hit us," he says. "Hail, big as golf balls, bounced across the lawns, hammered the car with the sound of a loco machine gun. It rained as if someone had turned an ocean upside down. Wind slammed the side of the car.

"I lit a cigarette to keep calm. Someone's hat was on the seat beside me. In a kind of futile gesture I put it on, to protect my head in case the car overturned—or lifted up. My arms were ready to shield my face in case glass shattered. Being alone was no help. For over an hour this went on. Then it passed."

But not the tornado within William Holden. That one raged on for several days, until one morning he appeared on the set smiling, his antagonism gone, ready to play it Logan's way.

What had happened? Even at long distance, Brenda had found the key to his problem. He had written her how he felt, and she had written back with a deeply understanding message.

"Reach back into your own adolescence, Bill," she said, "and somewhere you'll find a memory that will tell you how a man acts who is emotionally immature."

He had spent the night remembering, reaching back. And he'd found it, all right. Some things he'd felt and thought and done long ago, things he'd wanted to forget and so, in his efficient way, had forgotten. It wasn't easy to look them over and admit it was young Bill Holden who belonged to them. But suddenly he understood the role of Hal Carter in *Picnic*.

And when, a week or two later, Brenda finally arrived (alone, because the boys were in public school in Beverly Hills), she found him dribbling egg on his chin, swinging aboard freight cars and teetering atop them, scorning a double, taking direction and Being Competent, as Holden should. The production was going like a breeze instead of a tornado.

Brenda smiled. She was remembering another time when Bill, on location in Arizona, hadn't been able to stand it any longer without her. Way back in July, 1941 that was. So she'd caught a plane and flown to him and they'd been married the next day. Ever since Brenda has always had her bags packed ready to take off. Most of the time she doesn't have to rush. Most of the time she's already there, on location with Bill.

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THE NATURAL LOOK

■ Winter fashions with their new and young silhouettes cry out for undergarments that have the same independence—the natural look as seen in Perma·lift's newborn bra and girdles! *Magic Insets* that mould and gently lift the bosom distinguish the cotton embroidered bra that has an elastic cut-out front and lowered back to give snug fit and avoid shoulder binding. The pantie and regular girdles in power net both feature back and front rayon satin panels. The pantie girdle features the *Magic Oval* crotch (fits snugly—won't ride up—easy to wash). Bra, \$2.50; pantie, \$5.95; girdle, \$5.00. Hair styles by Colesant of New York; pearls by Duchess; slippers by Honeybugs. Perma·lift bras and girdles are available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

(Continued from page 59) him was to be his first real vacation since beginning work as Willie Keith in *The Caine Mutiny*.

He came into the restaurant, tall and bronzed, and slid into the booth beside me. His hair was long, curling around his ears and over his collar and I thought how becoming it was. But that was a reaction purely feminine. Aloud I said, "They've got you into the longhair department, eh?"

He made a face. "It's the only thing I don't like about doing a Western. The rest of it's great, but having to go around in public with this mop is awful."

I remember, now, how impressed I was by Bob, impressed because every time I saw him I liked him better. He was the kind of a person who wears well. Serious, almost intense, with a quiet humor that bubbled up at times when he seemed to forget to be so grave and earnest. He was a completely honest boy, unimpressed by his own success, except in that he was made happy by it. Happy because he had found his slot in life and felt that, for him, acting was the answer. His career in movies was merging nicely with his old love, sports. In picture work he got a great deal of exercise, and in between pictures he could ski on snow or on water, his favorite pastimes. I remember, too, that he once told me he wanted eventually to have a ski shop of his own. A good one, the best in Los Angeles. How he was looking forward to the time when he would earn his living, and that of the family he wanted, by means of the two things he loved best, acting and skiing.

A place of his own

I asked him first about his apartment. Having a place to hang his hat had been important to Bob because since his start in pictures he had spent every free day between films on junkets of one kind or another. After *Caine Mutiny* he was sent on three personal appearance tours, on another after *The Road West*, another after *The Long Gray Line*, and still another after *The Bamboo Prison*. In one year he made four pictures and spent six months on the road, and in all that time he was living in far-off Pasadena with his parents, fighting traffic every morning and night, and hoping for a place of his own near the studio. His last tour had been to Washington for the premiere of *The Long Gray Line*, followed by the film's opening in New York, and then weeks in Florida to help publicize the picture. On the way home he stopped in Detroit and bought a brand new convertible, the pride of his life, and drove it back to Hollywood.

That was when he got his apartment. It was a one-bedroom affair, replete with maid service and pool. "If I'd rented one before," he said, "I knew I'd no sooner get moved in than I'd be asked to leave town again. This time, I was sure I'd be free to enjoy it for a while. Columbia had nothing for me to do, and so I rented it and moved in, and the same day I was still putting my socks and shirts into drawers, Columbia called to tell me that I was to make this Western on loan-out to Metro, and leave for Colorado in a few days." He grinned. "Now it looks as though I've won after all. I'm back, and I have a whole month to myself until they decide on somebody for Tracy's part—and I have an apartment to boot. I'm going to do nothing but have fun—days on the beach and as much water skiing as I can."

The idea of a Western had pleased Bob. He was an outdoor type of guy and he looked forward to the open spaces and the smogless air—maybe even a beard. He would rather have stayed at home of course, but if he had to be some place



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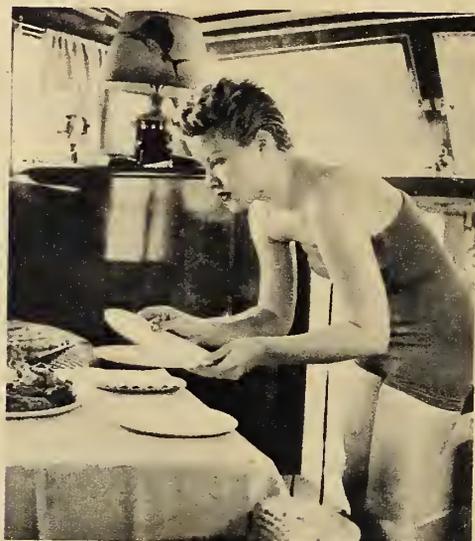
PATTI PAGE'S RAGE



Jack Rael, who is Patti's manager and partner, captains the thirty-five foot yacht. Patti has dubbed herself first mate, takes duties seriously.



She's also chef, specializing in elaborate beef stew and an astounding variety of very fancy egg dishes.



The Rage has been Patti's for three years now. It is docked in Port Washington, Long Island, a short ride from New York City where Patti works.



Usually Patti brings aboard show-business guests, who sun, swim, fish—but never forget to talk shop!



In a pinch—or even in a storm—Patti could handle The Rage alone. Her only complaint is that (so far) she can't do her recordings from the boat.

else, nothing pleased him better than the thought of Colorado.

He felt no sense of disappointment when he stepped out of the plane at Montrose, Col., with a population of 1200 spread generously over ranches in the entire county. He was a mile above sea level, and exhilarated by the surrounding mountains, snow-capped and sparkling in the warm sun. My kingdom for a horse, he thought, and flexed his muscles. He was assigned to a motel with the flavorsome name of The Lazy I G and the wide west address of "Highway 99, near Montrose." The company had dinner at one of the quaint local cafes, and Bob went to bed early and dreamed of the Northwest Passage, Daniel Boone and Conestoga wagons.

"In another week," he said, "I was dreaming of Chasen's restaurant, girls, perfume and girls." The quaintness of the cafes wore off quickly when the same menu confronted him three times a day, and he was not sure he would have given a plugged nickel to ride a horse. The point was that he rode a horse every day, for eight hours, and had a lot of it ahead of him. He liked it, of course; he had spent many hours on horseback throughout his life, but this time he was doing it the hard way. Girls, now, that was something else again. Irene Pappas was the only girl in the picture, and she was married. Montrose contained an assortment of females either married or too young or too old. "And that was that."

One more week, and boredom set in. Each morning meant out of bed at 5:30 to be ready at 6:30 for the long drive to the set, a spot in the mountain wilderness where a complete ranch had been built for the movie. This entailed forty miles on the main highway, then a dirt road for six tumbling, jerking miles which took twenty minutes to maneuver. Fun at first, but tiring when it happened twice a day.

The town offered little. The one theatre lifted the hopes of the company, but Bob came off on the short end. To compliment him, the manager had booked all Bob's movies, a nice gesture which Bob appreciated, but, as he said, "I wasn't going to sit through them all again."

The malt shop was a favorite stop. Crazy about ice cream, Bob astounded the rest of the company by downing two and three concoctions (with improbable names like The Purple Cow) in one visit. Every Wednesday night there were the jalopy races held by the town's younger set, and on Sundays they could drive the thirty miles to Ouray and swim in the fabulous pool on a mountain top, or drive through the torturous roads of Gunnison Canyon. But for the most part, Bob was in bed by 9:30 each night.

No Place to Go

"It was beautiful country—wait until you see it in the picture. They don't talk about acres up there—they measure the land by the valleys they own. The woman who leased her property for the movie owns several valleys, has 8000 head of sheep and they say she's worth twenty million dollars. She's about sixty, I guess, and yet she takes care of the place herself—herding and everything. The people there are wonderful. But there still wasn't much for us to do."

So they depended on each other for amusement. Bob stuck mostly with character actor Chubby Johnson and publicist Jim Merrick, an Englishman. And when the town kids asked for autographs Bob would point to Merrick standing on the sidelines. "Why don't you get his autograph?" he'd say.

"Who's he?" the kids wanted to know. "Why," said Bob, "he's Noel Coward." And Merrick obligingly signed Coward's name in sundry autograph books.

One morning Bob rode over a mountain top and saw below him the stagecoach used in the movie, traveling along a valley road. Pulling his kerchief over the lower part of his face, he rode pellmell down the mountainside to stage a mock holdup. The men on the coach immediately got into the spirit, whipping up the horses and yelling bang-bang.

"Just like a bunch of kids," Bob laughed. "And one guy—a stunt man—even took a fall off the stagecoach, pretending he'd been hit. They get \$600 for that for a movie, and this guy did it just for fun."

He told me, too, about the biggest laugh of the whole trip. The stunt men were in the local bar one evening, chewing the fat and recounting their experiences. One of them was explaining a fall he once refused to take. It seems a director wanted him to roll off a bar and land flat on his face on a cement floor. "Why, that woulda killed me," he said. And the others, poker-faced, pretended they didn't understand his description of the fall. Exasperated, the stunt man finally said, "Like this, look," and proceeded to take the fall. Bob laughed so hard he had to go outside to gulp some fresh air.

The high point of his stay was the day he met June Mihelcich. "This one morning I had a scene where I had to ride across a meadow. There were a lot of other men with me and I was leading and when I came over the rise I looked down into the valley, and there, right in the middle of nowhere, was a girl. A real girl. She was wearing a white blouse and pink pedal pushers and a white cowgirl hat, and I didn't need any encouragement. I tore down the mountain, with the other guys right behind me, and lo and behold when I got down there she turned out to be a really pretty brunette. The poor kid was swamped—there must have been a dozen guys all standing around, just looking at her."

It turned out that June's father is a rancher, owning three in Colorado, and June was minding her own business, looking over some cattle, when she was stampeded by the Hollywood posse.

Said Bob, "She spent the day there watching us work and somehow, despite 150 other guys, I wangled a dinner date with her that night. You should have seen the eyebrows go up in the Chipita cafe that night when I walked in with June. She's a stewardess for the Frontier Airlines and after that, whenever she had a stop anywhere near our setup, she'd visit Montrose. How did I rate? Simple—I just met her plane and lassoed her when she stepped out.

"She's coming to L.A. soon, and I'm going to show her the town."

"Could you call this a romance?" I asked. "Maybe a summer romance?"

He grinned at me. "Uh-uh. Don't call it anything. She's just a nice girl and I like her. She skis, too—instructs at Aspen during the winter."

"Lots in common," I remarked. "Sure there's no romance?"

"How've you been lately?" he countered. I remember, now, that June was expected to arrive the following Monday. I wonder if she ever did.

I was without an automobile that day, and Bob drove me to my home. All the way he talked about his new car, and showed me its special gadgets, and I thought how nice it was for a boy like Bob to be able to have things like that, to be able to have fun while he was young. He dropped me off in front of my house and zoomed off up the street, one hand waving out the window.

That's the way I'll remember him, laughing and happy, a very wonderful young man with everything to live for. And I'll try to forget that he did not live. **END**



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NEW MOVIES

by Florence Epstein



PICTURE OF THE MONTH: Michael Kidd, Dan Dailey and Gene Kelly meet after ten years of separation, but the only one who's happy about it is Cyd Charisse—a woman of many plots!

IT'S ALWAYS FAIR WEATHER

Sophisticated, smash musical

■ *It's Always Fair Weather* is one of the most delightfully clever musicals I've ever seen. Its story centers around three G.I.'s (Gene Kelly, Dan Dailey, Michael Kidd) who, having parted with the Army, part with each other in a Third Avenue bar. They vow to meet again in ten years at the same place, but ten years sure change a fellow Kelly, when he isn't being a ladies' man is managing a fighter up at Stillman's Gym; Dan develops a mustache and severe dyspepsia as an extremely successful artist, doing TV commercials; Michael goes the way of more usual flesh—he gets married, has a flock of kids and runs a nice little eatery. After ten years they faithfully keep the vow to meet, but it's easy to see they can't stand each other. What happens next is skillfully maneuvered by career woman Cyd Charisse. Secretly, she arranges to have them all meet again on a TV show that specializes in sentiment and tears. Dolores Gray emcees the show with gusto. The songs she sings are terrific—but so are all the songs, they're witty, fast and satiric. That and the choreography (by Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen) make for the kind of sophisticated charm you expect to find on Broadway but are rarely fortunate enough to see in a movie fresh out of Hollywood. CinemaScope—MGM

HELEN OF TROY

Rossana Podesta—The face that launched a thousand ships

■ Here's spectacle to end all spectacles—about the Trojan War and Helen (Rossana Podesta) who allegedly started it—and it beats me where Warners'

WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH

FOR SHIVERS

The Naked Street
Simba
Target Zero
The Big Knife

FOR LAUGHS

It's Always Fair Weather
The Bar Sinister

FOR SPECTACLE

Helen Of Troy
Lady Godiva
The African Lion

FOR A GLOW

The Left Hand Of God
Count Three And Pray

sees fit. In the course of events he shoots a game of craps with Lee J. Cobb to settle the fate of a village. Sensitive performances and beautiful scenery add much to a precarious subject matter that never falls from good taste. CinemaScope—20th-Fox

THE BIG KNIFE

Melodrama of a movie idol

■ Behind the big-box office name in Hollywood often lurks a man you wouldn't recognize. Take Charlie Castle (Jack Palance) who seems to have everything, but is on the verge of nervous collapse. Why? Because his wife (Ida Lupino) has left him. She feels he's sold his soul for a Cadillac and she can't respect him that way. He can't respect himself, either, but somehow the magnetic power of movie mogul Stanley Hoff (Rod Steiger) keeps him signing on the dotted line whenever a long-term contract is offered. Castle's so anxious to win back his wife (and some self-respect) that he's willing to promise he'll never make another movie again, but Hoff won't have that. He wants Castle, and one way to keep him is through blackmail involving starlet Shelley Winters. The plot's interesting but what holds you is the telling dialogue, the dynamic character portrayals and the sense of being behind the scenes of the world's most fascinating industry. With Wendell Corey. From the play by Clifford Odets.—U.A.

THE NAKED STREET

Crime still doesn't pay

■ Anthony Quinn is one of those king-pin racketeers out of Brooklyn who keeps going back every Sunday for a hot dinner cooked by Mom. At one of those dinners he discovers that his sister (Anne Bancroft) is not only pregnant but her boyfriend (Farley Granger) is about to sit on the electric chair, for murder. Quinn finagles a new trial, frees Granger and is best man at the wedding. Granger's grateful, but not so grateful his weak character doesn't get the best of him. Meanwhile, a young newspaper reporter (Peter Graves) is busy writing columns in a feeble attempt to expose Quinn. Peter gets invited to dinner, and while there becomes friendly with Anne—fortunately for her. She needs a friend by the time her no-good husband is framed by her no-good brother and the whole family falls apart.—U.A.

THE BAR SINISTER

Presenting a dog's life

■ If you've ever wondered what goes on in a dog's head, see *The Bar Sinister*, the tale of an English Bull Terrier (Wildfire), told, naturally, by himself. He's just an old waterfront dog till a bowery character (Jeff Richards) picks him up and makes a fighter of him. He fights other dogs for money but Richards never lets him keep the change. When Wildfire loses his biggest fight, fond master nearly kills him. And that would be that if Edmund Gwenn didn't find and take Wildfire to a beautiful estate in the country. Dean Jagger, estate owner, thinks Wildfire's just a toughie who deserves to be shot (Jagger's partial to the St. Bernards he raises). But danged if Wildfire doesn't turn out to be the finest of his breed—with blue ribbons to prove it. CinemaScope—MGM

SIMBA

Blood and violence in Africa

■ Simba is Swahili for "lion" and nowadays in Kenya, Africa, "lion" means sudden, horrible death. This movie is based on more or less true incidents concerning the Mau Maus (native terrorist groups) and their victims. Dirk Bogarde arrives in Kenya to find his brother murdered and "Simba" written in blood on the door. Virginia McKenna, who lives with her family in Kenya, loves Dirk, but sympathizes with the Africans and feels they can all live in peace together. Dirk distrusts all natives and suspects Earl Cameron, an African doctor, of being the terrorist leader. Dirk's own conflicts are resolved in a head-on clash with a Mau Mau massacre party. It's a graphic film, made more impressive by the fact that the Mau Mau do exist and carry on in exactly the way shown here. Eastman Color—Lippert Pictures

COUNT THREE AND PRAY

An original bit of folklore

■ Bad enough when a southerner fights for the north in the Civil War, but when he comes back home and sets himself up as a preacher it's not likely anyone'll come to church. That's not all of Van Heflin's problem. First, he has to build a church (the original one is a war ruin) then he has to commandeer the broken down parish house next door which a ragged waif (Joanne Woodward) is defending with a rifle. The townspeople's hatred for Heflin turns to sheer amazement.

amassed that magnificent collection of ancient battle armor. The scene opens in 1100 B.C. in peace-loving Troy, where Paris (Jack Sernas) has convinced his father, the king, to send him to Sparta on a mission of peace. Sister Cassandra prophesies disaster but no one listens. So off Paris goes to be shipwrecked and saved by Helen, Queen of Sparta (in-cognito). She knows that her husband Menelaus is planning to attack Troy with a lot of other Greek leaders, including Ulysses (Torin Thatcher) but she's just a pawn of Fate herself, and can't warn Paris. Menelaus makes him prisoner but he escapes and with Helen flees to Troy. So the war begins—a thousand Greek ships set sail for Troy, and the war goes on for years. Finally it appears that the Trojans have won, for the Greeks sail away. But they leave a sacred gift behind—a huge wooden horse which, unbeknownst to the Trojans, is chock-full of armed Greeks. It's a mammoth production done with mammoth skill. CinemaScope—Warners

THE LEFT HAND OF GOD

An unusual story of the spirit

■ During the second world war Humphrey Bogart, a pilot shot out of the sky in a remote part of China, found himself in the service of a corrupt warlord (Lee J. Cobb). His only way to escape was to pose as a priest. It is a difficult masquerade, but in the Chinese Mission where he is known as Father O'Shea all come to love him—including nurse Gene Tierney who is deeply shocked by her attraction to a priest. This is an adventure story with a spiritual quality and neither one lessens the effect of the other. In posing as a priest, Bogart gains spiritually to the point where he not only turns himself in but is willing to accept whatever punishment the church

ment when they discover that this fast-living, hard-drinking varmint has reformed to the point of preaching. The movie's warm and original—CinemaScope—Columbia

LADY GODIVA

A redhead in early England

■ When Lord Leofric (George Nader) married Godiva (Maureen O'Hara), a lusty Saxon maid, he didn't know what he was getting. Beauty, yes, but also a brain big enough to start a revolution. Leofric was having enough trouble with Lord Torin Thatcher over which of them ruled what land in England. Then along came new king Eduard Franz and old Norman traitor Leslie Bradley at his side. One-two-three and Thatcher's in exile, Leofric and Godiva are fighting like cat and dog—over politics yet. There's more to this movie than meets the eye, and it's all too complicated to tell. If you like handsome folk, medieval heroics daring intrigue and of course the famous nude ride, don't miss it. Technicolor—U.I.

THE AFRICAN LION

Walt Disney brings 'em back alive

■ It took three years for Walt Disney to film this True Life Adventure—all about lions and the other great beasts of Africa who've always captured the imagination. And once again, Disney captures these animals at their most natural—if not best behavior. Elephants, giraffes, jungle cats, baboons, hippos and those robbers of the veldt—jackals, vultures and hyenas all mingle and maul each other when hunger strikes. As usual, Disney presents a well-rounded film following these animals through the seasons of heat, rain and drought. Fascinating shots are a swarm of locusts devastating the grazing lands and a cheetah racing eighty miles an hour for its supper. Here's brute passion at the source! Technicolor—Buena Vista Films

TARGET ZERO

The nightmare of war

■ Sometimes war is a long, slow trek—a kind of tired nightmare that has nothing to do with heroes and victory to the G.I.'s involved—although they are certainly heroic. *Target Zero* achieves a sense of that nightmare. You get the feeling that this is a true picture of war. Korea, 1952: A ferocious Red Drive leaves a British tank crew and remnants of an American patrol (headed by Richard Conte) in its wake. The British pick up an American biochemist (Peggie Castle) who worked with a UN relief center, and then they meet Conte's crew. What follows is a hazardous, exhausting march to "Sullivan's Muscle"—a ridge where Conte expects to find the rest of his company. Real people caught in a wasteland show real feeling that lifts *Target Zero* way above the average war film.—Warners

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

PETE KELLY'S BLUES (Warners): Jack Webb is Pete Kelly, jazz band leader of the roaring twenties. Also around, for music and gun-play, are Janet Leigh, Ella Fitzgerald, Peggy Lee and Edmond O'Brien. CinemaScope.

THE KENTUCKIAN (U.A.): This is the story of Burt Lancaster, a rugged spirit whose craving for new frontiers brings him into contact with Diana Lynn, John McIntyre, Dianne Foster. With Donald MacDonald, Walter Matthau. CinemaScope.

TRIAL (MGM): A really fine and exciting film, this one deals with a young Mexican boy accused of murder. Race prejudice and Communism enter into the trial, with Glenn Ford, Arthur Kennedy, Dorothy McGuire and Rapael Campos as the principals involved.

TO CATCH A THIEF (Para.): Hitchcock's latest is the tale of Cary Grant, a reformed jewel thief who sets out to catch a robber who has stolen his methods—and gets Grace Kelly along the way. Jesse Royce Landis delivers a delightful supporting performance. VistaVision.

THE VIRGIN QUEEN (20th-Fox): Bette Davis is great as the first Queen Elizabeth, much enamoured of Sir Walter Raleigh (Richard Todd), whose first loves are Joan Collins and the sea. Herbert Marshall, Dan O'Herlihy, CinemaScope and history.

REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE (Warners): An excellent movie about the juvenile delinquents who come from "good" homes. James Dean is splendid as the confused youngster. With Natalie Wood.

THE MCCONNELL STORY (Warners): Alan Ladd and June Allyson in the true story of the Air Force's most famous jet ace and his wife. CinemaScope.

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richard egan

(Continued from page 35) he finds that the hands which have cooked his dinner have also set a place for a guest.

"Richard," his mother will say, "I want you to meet . . ." and she will introduce a young lady, the daughter of a friend usually. On another evening there may be another girl. And from time to time this scene is repeated.

"Now, there's a lovely girl!"

At thirty-two, Dick, as far as his mother is concerned, should be married. He knows it, too, and there isn't any doubt but that within a reasonable time he'll find the right girl and head for the altar, even if left to his own devices. But his mother, like most mothers of sons, thinks it's her prerogative to take an active part in this project, and it's quite all right with him.

He even likes the way she always inquires, following the departure of the latest girl, "Now, there's a lovely girl, don't you think, Richard?"

One of these days he hopes to be able to reply, "Yes, Mother. I'm going to see her again." But his friends bet that the future Mrs. Richard Egan will turn out to be a girl he has found for himself. He happens to be quite an active looker. He has been going out quite often with a beautiful brunette whose face most of the country knows well, even if her name is not yet a quickly recognizable one.

Pat Hardy—that's she—has done a lot of tv work, in New York as well as Hollywood. Dick met her in front of the tv camera. They have both worked on the same programs; Schlitz Playhouse, Ford Theatre and other tv drama series. He likes to be with Pat. Pat likes to be with him. In Hollywood, where people are not always sure with whom they wish to be, this could be foundation for romance.

Maybe it is significant that the young lady guest at the Egan home who has dined there more often than any other young lady is Pat. And quite often she accompanies them when Dick has his folks out for dinner. His parents, who lived for sixty years in San Francisco, have found Hollywood an exciting city, and even after several years in the film capital have still got the tourists' urge to visit famous places and see famous faces. Dick takes them often to the more popular restaurants in town, and they are frequently seen together at the Brown Derby in Beverly Hills near where they live.

"Can you ride a horse?"

When Dick got to Hollywood in 1949, after graduating with a B.A. in speech and drama from the University of San Francisco and an M.A. in the same course from Stanford University, the first question he was asked by a producer was whether he could ride a horse.

"No," replied Dick, and thereupon launched a policy of truth telling around the studios which experts predicted would throttle his career before it was really born. But his star has gone on rising—to the point where his studio 20th Century-Fox today figures his is going to be among the biggest names on its roster.

That first "No," of Dick's not only cost him a role in the producer's picture, but it was six months before he got another role offered to him. This time the part was a top one in Warner Brothers' *Storm Warning*. All that this producer wanted to know was whether Dick felt he could achieve the proper emotional pitch necessary in a number of tense scenes involved, which scenes the producer then began describing so graphically that both men started to cry.

With tears in his eyes, Dick answered no again. He felt he was a little too new to the business to undertake that much scenery chewing. The part went to Steve Cochran and considerably enhanced that gentleman's prestige, not to mention his bank account. Dick felt quite bad about the money he missed. He was sending home for funds from time to time.

Yet he still went around saying no if that was what he felt like saying, and he still does. "He's the most persistently 'himself' kind of a guy I have ever met," a friend said of him once. "I think the reason he won't lie or pretend he can do what he can't is that he is too big a fellow physically ever to have had to lie about anything."

Dick is a big boy; a blue-eyed giant of an Irishman, six feet, one-and-a-half-inches tall, and weighing 190 pounds. With that size come muscles, too. He started flexing these in his youth and while in high school (St. Ignatius in San Francisco) was a champion oarsman, a member of a cutter crew which beat every rival in the bay area.

He is still flexing his muscles, working out daily in a gym and occasionally accepting an invitation from his friend, Leo Durocher, to practice with the New York Giants during their spring training periods.

During the last war Dick was trained in Judo and later taught it at Camp Davis in North Carolina. A few months ago, while working in Guadalajara, Mexico, in *Seven Cities Of Gold*, co-starring with Michael Rennie, Anthony Quinn, Jeffrey Hunter and Rita Moreno, he chanced to be walking down a dark street one night when a thief made the mistake of slipping his hand into his pocket. The next moment the crook had been flung against a building wall so hard that he lay stunned until police arrived. Dick refused to prosecute; and his pals are sure it was because he felt that the moaning Mexican was perhaps the more aggrieved party. This only makes sense to people who have seen Dick and gotten a personal appraisal of what the crook was up against physically.

"Take off your shirt!"

He has appeared in about twenty-six pictures, including *Underwater*, *Violent Saturday* and *Untamed*, but he still recalls with a grin his role as the chief gladiator in *Demetrius And The Gladiators*. This was a part which the director, Delmar Daves, wouldn't give Dick until he had seen him with his shirt off.

"I know you look big in your street clothes, but you have scenes with Victor Mature in this picture," said Daves. "You've really got to have muscles."

Dick took off his shirt. Then he put it back on again. The test was over. He was hired. Daves said he felt like warning Dick not to run too fast or one of these days he'd take off and become air-borne.

Dick, born in San Francisco, was an apartment-raised child, and idolized his brother Willis, who is less than two years older. Willis is now a Jesuit priest, teaching in North Oregon. Dick modeled his life on his, in every way short of entering the priesthood. He might have done that, too, but felt he had no special calling for it. He was a good student in school and an excellent speaker, his voice unusually deep and resonant.

At seventeen Dick entered an oratorical contest sponsored by the California Crusaders, a statewide business men's organization. Some 15,000 kids competed and after a series of elimination sessions Dick was one of ten finalists slated to speak at the War Memorial Building across from San Francisco's city hall. While waiting for his turn he could

remember only his prayers, not a word of his prepared talk. But when he stepped on the stage it all came back to him and he won first prize—a twenty-day trip to Hawaii, on which he was also able to take his mother.

As early as his grade-school days, Dick was making appearances in school plays. At St. Ignatius he continued his drama courses and by the time he entered the University of San Francisco he was pretty sure he was going to be either a lawyer or an actor. To help make up his mind he would go to a show one day then attend an important trial in the county courts the next. This didn't help much.

He still hadn't made up his mind when he graduated, but Uncle Sam had. Dick decided to enlist in the Army.

Four years later, after rising to the rank of captain and serving a year in the Philippines, he found himself back in San Francisco with an honorable discharge and still not sure whether to face audiences as an actor, or take to law and limit his listeners to twelve men in a jury.

The long way around

The man whose judgment he valued the most was about to be ordained as a priest—his brother Willis. It was to Willis Dick went for advice, and it was Willis who thought Dick should go on the stage. His reasons? Dick was a fine-looking man, had a great voice, and could work hard. In fact, he thought, if Dick was willing to take the long way around, he was almost certain he would be successful.

The "long way around" as Willis saw it, was for Dick to further enhance his education, not only in the subjects which an actor would need, but generally. Dick, who likes solid thinking to this day, agreed. He enrolled at Stanford University and went there for three more years of university study. While there, and to finance himself, he got a job at his old college, the University of San Francisco, teaching public speaking. At the same time he worked at Stanford in drama with such nationally known actors as Aline MacMahon, Whitford Kane and Clarence Derwent.

While Dick was at Stanford he was seen

Half of a Siamese Twins vaudeville act fell in love with a theatre owner. Twins made the complete swing of the theatre circuit and returned to the loved one's theatre. Dragging her sister along, the lovelorn one walked up to the object of her affection and said, "You may not remember me, but—"

Mike Connolly in
The Hollywood Reporter

in several plays by Solly Biano, Warner Brothers' casting director, and eventually summoned to Hollywood for a screen test. But while waiting for this test he looked so good to an MGM talent scout that he was given a test at that studio first. And right after the Warners test he got another at Universal-International Studios and still a fourth at his present studio, 20th Century-Fox. Probably no new acting candidate had ever gotten such a rush from the studios in so short a time and that made it all the more sickening when all four companies sent word that they were not impressed. Dick remembers that he was the only man in Hollywood who saw snow fall that day, and felt the thermometer sink to sixty below. Life loomed cold and cheerless ahead. Seven years of college, nearly twelve years of drama training, had been wiped out by the way he looked and sounded as an image on a strip of perforated celluloid.

He sat down and wrote his folks a letter which contained a family joke as its last line: "The game is good, send more dough."



The danger in waiting for your child to outgrow pimples

by MARCELLA HOLMES
NOTED BEAUTY AUTHORITY

(former beauty editor of "Glamour" magazine)

Of all the mail that reaches a beauty editor's desk, there is none so urgent as letters from adolescent girls with pimples. That's why I want to alert mothers to the double dangers of this problem. Psychologists tell us that pimples undermine poise and self-confidence, can cause permanent damage to a child's personality. Skin specialists warn that acne-type pimples, if neglected, can leave permanent scars on the skin.

Is there a way you can help your child? Yes, thanks to CLEARASIL, a mod-

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But it was no joke at home. They wrote back that they would. That if he wanted to stay in Hollywood and keep trying they would help him sustain himself.

Just about this time Solly Biano at Warners' again looked at Dick's test, again didn't like it, but decided to cast him for a small role in *The Return Of The Frontiersman*. Dick looked good enough in this one to be cast in more films, *The Good Humor Man*, *Highway 301*, and as Joan Crawford's husband in *The Damned Don't Cry*.

This, in effect, was a demonstration by Warner Brothers that one of the smartest things to do about a screen test is to ignore it. Universal-International got the idea right away. By ignoring their test of Dick they were able to cast him as the blind Sergeant Masterson in *Bright Victory*. He did so well in this that the studio heads signed him to a term contract and used him wholesale. In a remarkably short time he had appeared in a half dozen more pictures including *Undercover Girl*, *Up Front*, *The Golden Horde* and *The Flame Of Araby*.

Naturally, on the basis of this system—make a lousy test and get lots of work—Dick was a cinch to work for MGM and 20th Century-Fox. For the former

company he went to Germany to appear with Gene Kelly in *The Devil Makes Three*. By this time his folks had decided to leave San Francisco and join him in Hollywood, and ere long he was in *Demetrius And The Gladiators* at 20th Century-Fox and signed to a long-term contract there. In between he has managed to act in a lot of pictures for independent producers. These last gentlemen never bothered to make tests of him; the way he flopped in his tests for the major studios was good enough for them.

Dick's next picture for 20th Century-Fox will be *The View From Pompey's Head*. He was not tested before being assigned.

A full family

Dick first thought of marriage when he was twenty and headed for the Army. He had the girl and he had the inclination. But the future, as he saw it, gave him no encouragement. All this is changed now, of course. He has a fine future and maybe, some day, the gal, too. But there will be no scampering off to Las Vegas or Reno if he decides to wed. It will be an event arranged with calm and deliberation and due regard for the sensibilities of everyone concerned.

His father Willis J. Egan is very close to Dick's career, aiding him greatly in the business side and revealing a fine taste when it comes to judging scripts and the roles in them. One of the first things Dick's mother did after coming to Hollywood was to join the local branch of the Jesuit Mothers, an organization of women who have sons who have entered into this order of Catholic priesthood. The Egans, in other words, have established themselves as a family in Hollywood, and any wedding to be held will be a wedding celebrated in the family tradition.

Egans may come to the wedding from as far away as Limerick County, Ireland. There are some distant cousins there who are beginning to realize that the American branch of the family, now in its fourth generation on California soil, doesn't plan to come back to Old Erin. "I understand," wrote one of these Limerick relatives in a letter, the other day, "that the young Egan boys are doing fairly well in their adopted country."

Well, you get the idea; the Egans stick together, cousins to cousins even after a hundred years apart, husbands to wives, and, of course, sons to their folks until the spell of the old home is broken by the spell of a new homemaker!

END

HALLOWEEN IN HOLLYWOOD



■ What could be more fun than getting a gang together to make the rounds of movie stars' homes on Halloween night? Our first stop was in the Pacific Palisades at the home of Esther and Ben Gage. Esther opened the door and reacted with a look of alarm. I guess she thought we were rather old for this type of thing. Nevertheless, she came back with a large plate of home-made cookies which her mother had baked. We heard Ben from the other room—"Don't give them all of those cookies. I haven't had any yet."

Gracious Joan Crawford was alerted next by our shouts of "trick or treat!" She was very amused and talked to us for a long while, asking where we lived and where we had visited.

Before we left Joan asked, "Won't you come back and sing carols for us at Christmas time?" And, after a pause, she added, "We shall be very disappointed if you don't."

June Allyson and Dick Powell were just going to bed when we arrived at their Bel Air home. June stuck her head out of the upstairs window and hollered "Hi!" while her husband answered the door. Dick asked us if we were

U.C.L.A. students because the college is a short distance from their home. We told him that each of us was from a different school. He wanted to know who thought of the excursion, but no one would take credit for the crazy idea.

It was a steep climb to reach Mala Powers' house. We were greeted by barking dogs. Mala appeared on the porch before we reached the top and asked what all the commotion was about.

After we gave her the details she invited us in for Cokes and introduced us to her mother, the family dog and the cat. Mrs. Powers asked if we'd like to see some pictures of Mala.

Mala came in with the Cokes and said, "Oh, I've got another photo I must show

you!" She brought a small hand-tinted photograph of herself which her fan club photographer had given to Mrs. Powers as a gift.

Mala was very eager to answer our questions about her career. She spent an hour with us talking about Hollywood and motion pictures. And Mala thanked us for stopping by.

Lana Turner was evidently expecting guests when we arrived at her state-ly residence. From her expression it was also evident that we weren't the guests she was expecting! Miss Turner hurried back with a plate of candies and fruits, asking us to help ourselves. These treats were just too pretty to toss in the shopping bags. So we ate them on her porch. What could be more fun?

Googie's Restaurant on the Sunset Strip seemed a likely place to create some midnight excitement. We made a march on the famous eatery and found ourselves sitting in a booth next to William Campbell. He asked if we were coming back from a party. "No," we told him. "We're coming back from a ball. A real ball." —by Nancy Streebeck



laughing on the outside

(Continued from page 32) twenty million dollars invested in the quarreling team, and it was his job to protect it.

"All right, gentlemen," he said. "Before we begin, let me make it clear that my chief concern is the status of you, Jerry, and you, Dean, as a professional comedy team. Your personal differences are none of my business. You've signed a contract, as a team, with Paramount, and it has six more years to run. You're expected to live up to it." Then he sat back and eyed the two before him, waiting for an answer.

Martin and Lewis are an instant and interesting study in contrast. Dean, wearing a conservative gray suit with a white shirt and black silk tie, sat silently, a hint of a smile on his face. He seemed embarrassed. He is an easy man to comprehend and he is pleased that his make-up needs no explanation. Five minutes with him and you know that he is a mature, self-made, casual guy with a special kind of warmth for the people he likes, a special kind of ice for those he doesn't. Despite the smile, despite the earlier handshake, for Jerry there was only ice.

Jerry had no smile. Stiff and serious, he wore an old, sandy-colored suede jacket, a red slipover, raw-silk slacks. It's hard to know, ever, what he is feeling.

A longing to be understood

Yet it is a rare man who can go through twenty-nine years of life, without leaving some clues to his true identity. Jerry will do his best to help you out. He is a man with a great longing to be understood.

"I was left alone a lot when I was a kid," he said once. "When I was eight years old I was able to take care of myself. My mother and father were out working.

"I can get depressed right now just thinking about how I felt then.

"I think about those damned mornings. Alone. So damned alone.

"When I am a kid making breakfast in that apartment one morning, standing over that frying pan. I'm scared being alone at the time, I'm just so sad, I'm feeling so sorry for myself, at the time I didn't know I was feeling sorry for myself, I was just crying. I'm alone.

"Bob, who lives across the hall is going on a picnic with his parents. My buddy Herb isn't home. My friend Stan is in the movies. Well, damn! Everything I think about makes it worse, you know what I mean?"

"So I'm looking at those eggs and I'm ready to have my heart break and I thought I was going to die for being so sad.

"I always used to flip the eggs. I gave 'em a flip and they hit the ceiling, the ceiling wasn't too high, and the eggs stuck. So I get hysterical. Only today do I realize why those eggs stayed there.

"Because had they come down, I probably would have eaten my guts out. I laughed all day about that.

"I don't know if it makes much sense, but I believe it. It snapped me out of it. It had to happen. Life got back in balance for me."

These are the words of a man using his mind to remember with his heart.

They are words that explain Jerry's need for companionship, why he not only craves but desperately needs people around him constantly. They are the words of a man who was once too much alone, who needs constant reassurance that he is not going to be deserted again.

Dean Martin exhibits no such need. By himself, he is perfectly content. His security comes from within.

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they talk about Lewis. Until recently, they never used it in connection with Martin.

Jerry Lewis is ambitious. He always has been. And he has a two-way attitude toward money. He's willing to talk about that, too. Money with Jerry started "sixteen years ago."

"I was working at the Princess Ann Hat Box factory, packin' hats and taking shipping orders. I am a little over thirteen years old. The place was on 37th Street, in New York. Anyhow, you got a shipping order, six of No. 22, four of No. 24, three of No. 23. So one day I am shipping this guy, supposedly twelve hats and I got already thirty-seven hats in the box and it's bulging a bit.

"And the boss says 'What are you packing in the box? Let me see your shipping order.'

"He looks at the sheet and starts counting. He said, 'What are you trying to do, put us out of business? Get the hell out of my place!'

"Now I was really hoping something like this would happen 'cause I actually wanted to be in show business like my mom and pop.

"So I left. Left! I got thrown out on my ear!

"And I go to see an agent who has an office under a table. We sat under it; no sitting at the table, that's how small the office was.

"The agent's name was Buddy Fryer and he got me a job at the West End Casino, in West End, N. Y. I get five dollars for three shows Saturday night. It was the first money I ever earned on my own as an entertainer. I had to pay Buddy ten per cent. He made fifty cents. I made four-fifty.

"Well, on this act, I was thirteen, and I emceed. You know what I looked like when I was thirteen? I had a mop of hair seven inches high, I was only five foot, five and very skinny. But I had a great three-minute specialty. I would sing 'White Christmas' twice.

Litter cases

"And you should have seen the audience I had. I would start 'Ladies and Gentlemen—' Ladies and gentlemen!? They were a houseful of hoodlums! What bums! And I'm a baby! So at the midnight show I'd sing 'I'm dreeeeeeming of a whiiiiite Krisssssmus—' and my audience would be so drunk, screaming and staggering and fighting with each other.

"You know what was left at the 2:30 A.M. show? Litter cases! Only people too drunk to walk. By the time I got home to where I live in Brighton Beach I was almost a mental case myself.

"You'd think I'd hate to remember that, wouldn't you? Well, I've got news for you. It wouldn't be difficult for me to play that date again. For the same money, too.

"They can take all this glamour baloney and dump it. Just give me an audience. Just let me perform. That's all I want.

"With that four-fifty I bought my mom a dress, groceries, took a girl out and had change.

"People in this town think that when you get to be a success the important things are a nice house, two Cadillacs and money in the bank. I don't think that way.

"The important things, whether you're rich or poor, are principles.

"We have two children and one on the way. You know what we call our house? The house that love built. We started out with forty cents, Patti and I. We have six dogs that spread nothing but love. They are not just animals, just pets, so you can own them. We live, really live, with them. We feed them. We coddle them. We take them to doctors. We grow vegetables out there in the garden. Not because we

need them to eat. But we like to see life begin. We think we think right."

It's always been that way with Jerry. Until recently Dean exhibited none of Jerry's intense drive for success. But Dean Martin's attitude has undergone a tremendous change. A close friend explains it pretty clearly. This is the way the change came about—and the feud!

"In the beginning Dean was glad to have Jerry manage the act, take care of the finances and handle the details.

"For Dean that meant more time for golf or just goofing around with the guys. So long as Dean didn't care, it was okay.

"But in the last two years Dean began to care.

"It might have started when we used to bet on the autographs. One of the bunch that used to hang around Jerry and Dean thought it would be a good idea to have fun during their personal appearances, by betting on how many people would ask for Jerry's autograph and how many would ask for Dean's. Well, that little game didn't last long after we found that a bet on Jerry was a sure thing. I think Dean got wind of it. And if I were in Dean's suede shoes it would have started me thinking.

"Well, not long after that, Dean began to show up more at rehearsals, script conferences. Before that he'd skip as many as he could.

The little quarrels came

"Then the little quarrels came. You know, maybe a line in a script, how many songs each of them would sing during an act, and after a while you could notice a tension between them."

Martin began to wonder just how good he was as an entertainer without Lewis.

One very close acquaintance of the team was an eyewitness to an incident which could have changed Martin's outlook.

It happened in Phoenix during the filming of *Three Ring Circus*. The company had been down there for days. Jerry had been present from the beginning ("I almost co-direct the pictures we make").

Dean had been sunning it up in Los Angeles and Palm Springs. There was little for him to do, and as the eyewitness states it: "Dean could have telephoned his part for that picture."

But finally, Dean's presence was needed. And when he arrived he got his jolt.

The "circus audience" was composed of townspeople who, on invitation from Paramount, came to watch the film-making. A heckler shouted a razz at Dean.

"Glad to see you, Dean! You must have a big part. Where you been?"

Dean went white under his tan. He stopped cold and facing the heckler mumbled some retort that no one understood.

The incident so shook Martin that he began to think harder.

Could he go it alone?

Another who knows Dean well says:

"At thirty-seven Dean finally began asking himself questions. What about the photographers, always pointing their cameras at Jerry? What about the autograph hounds, flocking around Lewis as if he was Santa Claus? What's been going on at all those rehearsals he didn't attend? Those script conferences? And then Dean asked the \$20,000,000 question.

"Could he go it alone? How good was he? His record sales were brisk, but he had never had a smash. Did the people come to see Jerry? This was a challenge to Dean Martin's individuality, a point of his character which he does not take lightly.

"And as the months went by Dean became aware of other cold facts. He knew nothing of the business side of the act.

One morning Martin woke up for real. Jerry was boss. He was master of the whole sh-boom, lock, stock and laughter.

Then came the last straw.

Early this year, with *You're Never Too Young* ready for a big show across the country, Paramount was arranging openings in various cities.

Now it is well known that Jerry Lewis first attracted attention as a young comedian by playing the summer hotels that stud the Catskill Mountains.

Jerry, for all his shenanigans, is a confirmed sentimentalist. The early days as a struggling screwball on the floors of the Catskill "Borscht Circuit" are a loud, but tenderly remembered part of his life.

Consequently, in a move they thought would be a happy natural, members of the Paramount publicity office talked to a Catskill hotel owner and arranged for Martin and Lewis to make a highly bally-hooed return to the scene—with the new picture, of course.

But, and it turned out to be the biggest "but" of the Martin and Lewis career, Dean suddenly revealed that he had no love whatsoever for the Borscht Circuit.

As a matter of fact, Dean detested the Catskill cabarets and, allegedly, termed them, "A noisy, raucous bunch of independently owned hotels swamped in the summer with loud-mouthed, fun-seeking middle-aged married couples and over-perfumed secretaries on two-weeks vacation yearning for hot-weather romances and rich husbands." The answer was no!

Still feeling that Martin's attitude was no more than a matter of mood, the publicist asked Jerry. He jumped for joy.

Then he was informed that Dean had refused to participate. Jerry poo-pooed it. "You let me handle him, fellows, he'll go." Without realizing it Jerry had asserted himself as the boss.

A few days later Jerry assured the studio that Dean had agreed to go.

One of the publicists, in a surge of gratitude, called Martin and said, "Dean, you're certainly being a good guy about this. I know how much you don't want to go—"

Dean: "—and I haven't changed my mind. I'm still not going!" It was no mood. It was Jerry's show and Dean simply wasn't going to play second fiddle again.

Martin's sword, in this case, was double-edged. First, he had challenged Jerry's habitual authority in such matters.

Second, and this is believed to be the root of the matter, Martin had blasphemed a cherished Lewis memory.

"With or without!"

Then Lewis got angry. He began to enumerate Dean's shortcomings. He pointed out that he had, on occasions, saved the act when Dean would have let it go to pot. He talked a lot, too much. It got back to Dean. Then Dean talked too much. Accused Jerry of being mercenary.

It went back and forth like that for days.

Finally, in a fit of schoolboy churlishness, Jerry announced that he was going to the Catskills, "with or without Dean." Martin, now fully aroused, refused to budge.

"I'll go anywhere to promote a picture," said Dean. "Canada, Russia, South Africa or Turkey. You name it. I'll be there. But I won't cater to the Catskills. That, gentlemen, is that."

Jerry tried to explain. He made no secret of the fact that he was due for the lion's share of the film's box office. But it wasn't just the money he cared about. It was the principle of the thing.

"I have never in the past nine years said, when do we get our money? Where is my check? I don't think I have seen a check in seven or eight years. It goes to my office. But let's (Continued on page 78)

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CARY GRANT TALKS ABOUT GRACE KELLY

Q: You recently made a picture, *To Catch A Thief*, with Grace Kelly. Right?

GRANT: Right!

Q: They say you fell in love with Grace Kelly. Right?

GRANT: Not right. I'm a happily-married man in love with my wife, who, incidentally, was along with us when we filmed the picture in France. What I did develop was a tremendous fondness for Grace and a great admiration and respect for her work.

Q: That's what I meant.

GRANT: In the pig's eye that's what you meant.

Q: In your career, Cary, you've played opposite most of the top-flight actresses. Where do you rank Grace Kelly?

GRANT: In my opinion she's the best young actress in the business today, at least among those I've worked with. This girl has complete and utter concentration. She does everything easily, no pressure, no temperament. She radiates an assurance that bespeaks inner security. In a young person that's rather unusual.

Q: How do you account for Grace's being so hot right now?

GRANT: Many people consider Grace Kelly a beginner in the business. That's laughable. Before Grace came to Hollywood, she played in stock, in legitimate theatre; she did sixty-five television shows.

Q: Is there anything special about her technique?

GRANT: When she's playing opposite someone, she's actually listening. Many actresses never do. They just keep wondering about their looks. I have a little trick I use from time to time. I interrupt myself in the middle of a rehearsal line and I say to the actress playing the scene with me, 'What was I saying?' Most of them can't tell me. They weren't listening. Not Grace. She knew what I was saying every minute. Her concentration is astonishing. For example, we had a scene together in which I held her tightly by the wrist. It was physically painful for the girl. After the rehearsal I saw Grace go off to one side and rub her wrist. Tears came to her eyes, but she never once complained.

Q: Who would you like to have as your co-star in your next picture?

GRANT: That's the same question they used to ask when I was playing with Bergman. After we got finished I used to say, 'Any hope of getting Ingrid Bergman again?' Now, just substitute the name of Grace Kelly.

Q: What do you like most about Grace?

GRANT: The fact that she's talented and she makes the work so easy and pleasant. That's what all her leading men have said, and I agree. I've never known Grace to be flurried or rattled. A man likes that.

(Continued from page 77) get one thing straight. Money is very important to have. I use it because you gotta have it. A doctor is not interested in your pain until he knows he's going to get paid. So I carry money.

"I don't always wear rings. I don't always have to have pants on. But money I must always have. So I put it in my money clip. I must live by money."

But the battle raged on.

"It's not my fault Paramount picked Brown's," Jerry told friends. "Why should Dean make such an issue of it?"

"If Jerry is for hitting the road," said Dean, "I won't stand in his way. But he'll have to go it alone. I don't want to go on the road. Jerry's always worked too hard. I'd rather enjoy life."

"It isn't that, Dean," Jerry said furiously. "You're just lazy!"

They sounded like battling children. "I am not!" said Dean. "When there's work to be done, I will do it." And to others he elaborated, "Jerry knows I want to sing more. I'm not the type to complain. I don't scream. I never will. But if I had a TV show of my own, I'd be happy. I don't get to sing much with Jerry."

So Jerry went to the Catskills without him. To Dean it was a test of his own mettle. To Jerry it was a split that he was fully prepared to cope with. It might be rough for a while, but Jerry was sure he could make it.

Formal truce

But in Frank Freeman's office at Paramount, he realized that he wasn't going to have a chance to find out. He had said, "You two must stay together. Try to separate and I'll slap a suit on you."

"On that basis," Jerry said, "There's nothing else we can do."

Dean put as much warmth as he could muster into his voice. "As far as I'm concerned, I never felt any other way."

The meeting broke up and the marriage was saved. Officially at any rate. Unofficially, neither had much to say.

A few days before the agreement Lewis had made things very clear.

"My problem with Dean is personal. No professional agreement will settle that.

"We are attempting to get this thing started again. And the best way to do that is to keep my mouth shut."

The day after he was asked if his personal differences with Dean had been settled with the new agreement, after all.

"Well, let's just say that that is the way I wanted it to be settled. Dean and I have an amicable agreement that there is to be no talk about our personal disagreements. That is in the past. Dead. If there's any chance of our going forward again and doing fine and keeping everything peaceful, that's the way we want it."

One friend of the pair points out:

"They are not going to fall into one another's arms. But I think it's now a matter of personal pride. Each waiting for the other to ask forgiveness. I don't think that will ever come to pass.

"What we've got to worry about, now that they've shaken hands, is that they don't come out fighting."

So it stands. Laughing on the outside, pouting on the inside.

They're not going to find out, now, whether they can go it alone. A better question is whether they can go it together—on the basis they now have. For half their charm has been the fact that Dean and Jerry always enjoyed themselves as much as the audience, that their humor was spontaneous, born of affection for each other, good spirits, real gaiety. Without that, it remains to be seen whether Martin and Lewis are still funny. For in comedy, as in all things, "You gotta have heart!"

END



no time for tears

(Continued from page 55) day that the sacrifice of her leg guaranteed nothing. The disease might recur. Their hearts were simply high with hope that it wouldn't.

As early as while she was making *Chief Crazy Horse*, ominous symptoms showed up. The doctors told Dick, and advised against telling Suzan. Which was how he wanted it. His single thought was to mask the dark knowledge that accompanied him, to meet her good cheer with his own, to guard her happiness as long as he could. Loved as it's granted few women to be loved, last winter was probably the happiest of Suzan's life, free of pain or fear for the future. Buoyancy was another law of her nature. "Given the choice between brooding or not," she said once, "I don't. It changes nothing. I'd rather escape into laughter than into gloom."

Abetted by Dick, she went ahead with gay plans for the husband-and-wife act which they played in Tucson, Palm Springs and her home town of Buffalo. On her birthday in February Dick darkened the living room, lighted the cake, hid presents all over the place and invited some close friends in for champagne. For Suzan it was a day of delight. Short weeks later the pain struck. They took her to the hospital for observation, still camouflaging the truth. If questions rose in her mind, she left them unasked. By April, camouflage was no longer possible. They had to tell her.

Whatever her anguish, she wrestled with it alone, as she'd wrestled alone one gray January day against the doctor's verdict of amputation. Nobody heard her utter a word of complaint nor saw a shadow of self-pity cloud her face. Asked how she felt, she invariably answered, "Fine." When friends came in, she didn't mention her illness, unless questioned pointblank. Then, "No," she'd reply, "the X-rays were no better today," and move to a brighter theme. "Well, what's new at the studio?" And she really listened, she really wanted to hear. This was no attempt at self-deception—no feeling that silence would make her condition go away. Her thought was for others. The fact that she was a very sick girl didn't give her the right to add her burden to the burden of those already grief-stricken for her.

There's little point in probing the sources of moral fibre or spiritual strength. Not given to discussing her religious views, she said last year, "I have a good relationship with God." She believed He was present everywhere, giving us the chance to add our small share of weal or woe to the sum of human experience. Suzan was warm, compassionate, generous-minded. Throughout her short life she added nothing but joy.

In July they took her to the City of Hope Medical Center. Dick was making a picture at Columbia. Every evening he drove the thirty miles to Duarte, took Suzan riding in her wheel chair, watched tv with her—mostly baseball, at her request. Under his guidance, she'd become a seasoned fan. City of Hope commands the most modern methods for rooting out or delaying the progress of cancer. For Suzan, it was too late. The disease had spread to her lungs. In an effort to keep her from knowing the worst, they issued bulletins that spoke of therapy and improvement, which probably didn't delude her. For, feeling herself grow weaker, she asked to go home.

To ensure complete privacy, her studio rented an apartment in Beverly Hills.

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There Kay Webber—her nurse, her friend, the only attendant at her wedding—watched over her. There the end came at 4:35, six days after she left the hospital. Unable to reach Dick on near-by location, Kay called U-I. "Suzan died," she said briefly, and hung up. Marshall Thompson raced out to Columbia's ranch, lest his brother-in-law hear the news from the lips of a stranger.

The following Tuesday her body lay in the Church of the Reconciliation at Forest Lawn. Dick's orchids covered the foot of the powder-blue bier. Throngs streamed by. Seeing her in her rose-point wedding gown, the betrothal and wedding bands on her finger, hearts must have been stabbed by the memory of another picture—Suzan in all her radiance, walking down the aisle of another church, aglow with life and happiness and pride that, instead of hobbling on crutches, she could be walking toward her love who'd never seen her walk. Though Suzan lay dead, that soaring triumph of faith and courage lived on.

Organist Bert Barton played the songs he'd played at her wedding, which had

been her favorites—"Birth Of The Blues," "The Man I Love," "Tenderly," "One Fine Day." The music faded and, after a hush, rose again in the lovely note of "Abide With Me." The minister was Dr. Louis Evans, father of a friend of Dick's. He spoke such true and beautiful words as were Suzan's due. "God can trust some with pain. She taught us what it was to wear a body like a loose garment. It never constricted her soul nor strangled her spirit."

They buried her on a hillside, overlooking the lights of town.

Death is no respecter of the young, nor of those who can't well be spared. It took Keats at twenty-five and Schubert at thirty-one. Suzan would have laughed to see her name linked with these. She left no treasure of music or poetry, but something equally eternal. Those whose lives she touched will be better for having known her. What she gave them, they will give to the future. She left wisdom, too, for all who have ears to listen. "Know you're alive. Be glad every minute you're alive. Be kind to each other. Nothing else matters much."

END

A THOUSAND PRIZES FOR YOU

We want to know which stars you want to read about, what you like and don't like in MODERN SCREEN. We want to know all about you, because your opinions are carefully tabulated to direct all our future plans. Just to make it more exciting, if yours is among the first 1000 questionnaires received, you will be sent one of the prizes listed below. Please check the gift you would like:

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|----------|------|----------|--------|
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THE THREE FEATURES I LIKED BEST IN THIS ISSUE ARE: (place a check (✓) in the box next to your favorites)

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Louella Parsons in Hollywood | <input type="checkbox"/> "Please Don't Leave Me" (Rita Hayworth, Dick Haymes) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Truth About My First Wife (Roy Rogers) | <input type="checkbox"/> I Am the Husband of Betsy Blair (Gene Kelly) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Happy Talk (Jane Powell) | <input type="checkbox"/> With Holden—Everything Goes (William Holden) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Laughing on the Outside (Martin & Lewis) | <input type="checkbox"/> No Time For Tears (Suzan Ball) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> My Mother Keeps Introducing Me to Girls (Richard Egan) | <input type="checkbox"/> Bob Francis' Last Interview |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Forever Is a Long Time (Ava Gardner) | <input type="checkbox"/> The Inside Story |
| <input type="checkbox"/> A Quiet Place to Love Each Other (Audrey Hepburn, Mel Ferrer) | <input type="checkbox"/> TV Talk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Having Wonderful Time! (Alan Ladd) | <input type="checkbox"/> New Movies |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Those Love Scenes With Liz (Rock Hudson, Liz Taylor) | <input type="checkbox"/> Music From Hollywood |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Cory Grant Talks About Grace Kelly |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Love Your Enemies (Margia Deon) |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Patti Page's Rage |
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having wonderful time!

(Continued from page 42) Alan and Sue Ladd:

The nightmarish headlines which reported the brief matrimonial crisis cannot be denied. The crisis was real, and nobody says it wasn't. Do you know any couple who never had a fight? There was a first time for Alan and Sue. If the Ladds had been less mature and patient with each other, one or the other might have stepped off the deep end and into the divorce courts. The crisis happens early in some marriages, but for Sue and Alan it came late. And it's over. Today, they are as much in love as ever—not in the same super-charged way as when they were still in their twenties, but with the mellowness, devotion and understanding that comes from a long and successful marriage—yes, and from a serious crisis.

Alan has just given Sue a turquoise blue Ford Thunderbird which he likes so much that she wonders when she'll ever get a chance to drive it. Alan Ladd, Jr., who has abandoned the long standing nickname of Laddie, graduated from University High School, matriculates this fall to the University of Southern California and probably will pledge Sigma Chi just like his old man. Carol Lee Ladd, still on her honeymoon with actor Dick Anderson, has gone to work as an agent to help pay for the new home they are building on a big lot just over the hill from her family's Holmby Hills mansion. Little David, now not so little, is a sharp cadet at Black Fox Military Academy, and thirteen-year-old Lonnie, the braces about to come off her teeth, is cute as a bug. She may soon be known as the prettiest of all Alan Ladd's women, which is quite a score considering that the women include Carol Lee and Sue.

"A young couple"

For a further confirmation of the present private life status of Mr. and Mrs. Ladd, herewith a report from the man who sold them their new home in Palm Springs earlier this year. This worthy individual, a realtor, has a somewhat calloused attitude toward the majority of his clients.

"I'd gone into the market snack bar for a cup of coffee," this realtor says, "and while I was sitting there thinking about how lousy business was, a young couple came in and sat down alongside me.

"Alice, my favorite waitress, brought them a pair of hamburgers 'with everything' and I got the vague idea that I'd seen them somewhere before.

"Pretty soon I hear the fellow ask Alice if she knows where he can find a good real estate agent, and my ear pops out a foot. Well, Alice, who is kind to dumb animals and opportunists like me, said to him, 'The best man for that in Palm Springs is sitting right next to you.' Then she introduced us.

"Right off, I figured this was going to be one of my bad days. Not that I don't like actors. It's just that most of them can't call their lives their own. They aren't too tough to deal with, and they know what they want. But once they find what they want, man, you have to tangle with a couple of eagle-eyed business managers who look at you as though their next question is going to be, 'When did you get out of Alcatraz?' After that some relative comes around to queer the deal because he doesn't like the shape of the swimming pool. Believe it or not, a famous musician once decided not to buy a perfectly good house because there wasn't enough room in the back to build a pool in the shape of a trombone!

"With the Ladds, I was in for a pleasant

surprise. I showed them three homes in forty-five minutes. I almost apologized for the last one because it was a sleek modern job with four bedrooms and a large, family-sized swimming pool. Mrs. Ladd said it was just fine with her and not too big at all. Her family had been shrinking a little with the children growing up and getting ready to leave home, but now that Carol Lee had a husband, and the children so many friends, they'd be loaded with guests. Mr. Ladd just walked around and said nothing until he spotted the house number 323.

"How about that, Sue?" he says. 'Our number at home is 323, and at the ranch 313.'

"So he pulls out his checkbook and writes several nice, round numbers. And that was it. A deal!"

"The memories came back"

Later investigation proved that Alan didn't buy that house just because he thought the number a lucky one. There were a lot of things he liked about it, including the fact that he recalled camping on almost this exact spot when he was a kid.

"I must have been twelve or thirteen at the time," he explained later. "A group of us Boy Scouts from North Hollywood used to come down to the Springs with our Scoutmaster, a great guy named Bogart. (No relation to Humphrey.) We'd prowl around the Indian reservation, pitch our tents at night in places we liked. I remember how we used to dream about the future and I have a fond memory that one night, while we were sitting around the campfire telling tall tales about what big men we were going to be, I bragged to the other kids about how I was going to make my fortune, come back down to Palm Springs and get myself an elegant winter home.

"Might as well tell you, I believe in Boy Scouts and in fate. The minute I saw that place the memories came flooding back, so now I've got it all wrapped up."

It is very seldom that a man can look back on his life and realize with sudden astonishment that his boyhood dream has come true. Life doesn't usually work that way. In Alan's case, the small miracle came largely as a result of his own hard work, plus the managerial genius of his wife Sue and the loyalty of his friends and fans. Many an actor has swooned over his first fan letter, but as the years passed by has found personal contact with the public an annoyance rather than an asset. Not so with Alan, who after thirteen lucky years as a star still spends long hours personally answering fan mail. Nor has he forgotten his friends. Numbered among the closest are studio grips and several dozen reporters, one of whom predicted for years that he'd be a flash in the pan.

"I don't go along with actors who can't stand journalists," Alan has said. "Sure, they sometimes go through your private life like over-ambitious private eyes. But that's their job. I know, because I tried it myself. For a couple of years before the acting bug bit me for keeps I tried to be a reporter. I know how tough it is. Once, while I was with this small newspaper I had a managing editor who was one of the really great journalists, and was he a hard taskmaster! He had a temper that blew up like an atom blast. One day, when I handed in an interview with a cowboy star, he really let go. I thought my story was O.K. He told me otherwise with such fury that he gave me a hard slap across the mouth as a sort of exclamation mark. To make a good story, I suppose I should add that I wiped the floor with him and walked out. I didn't. I took it, because I knew he was right."

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Ever since, Alan has appreciated the problems of reporters. His fondness for them, in fact, is exceeded only by his love for dogs. He thinks that both have a lot to put up with from the world at large. "If I ever had to be a reporter again," he once remarked, "I think I'd rather be a dog!"

The remark is facetious. Alan Ladd has never let stardom go to his head. He appreciates and understands the problems of others as few men do. He is equally quick to defend actors from unfair attacks, and simply because he has amassed a small fortune he will go to considerable lengths to insist that he be given the same treatment as anyone else.

After purchasing his Palm Springs home, he began to look around for an investment with which to occupy his spare time. "I want to live a little," he said. "I want to play a lot of golf and have fun generally, but I can't see just completely relaxing between pictures. I like to dabble in business." He found a tract of land on which to build a few homes for sale and began to dicker for its purchase. His partner in this enterprise is Bob Higgins, a classmate from North Hollywood High.

Together they looked into various angles of the deal, including the law of supply and demand for building materials. Alan, who knows costs (he's built his own home and the ranch), detected a considerable price variance. He knew that Palm Springs, mushrooming off the beaten path, would be high-priced but he didn't expect it to have such limited facilities for the hardware and building materials he wanted.

Net result: Less than six weeks after he bought his Palm Springs house, ground was cleared for a brand-new hardware and building supply store. He doesn't expect to be a personal proprietor, handing out autographs with each sale, but he does plan to get his fair share of business in the future, and he figures that the competition will be a healthy thing all around.

Not as a star

Meantime, Sue was busy, too, selecting wallpaper and planning furniture, some of which will be specially designed for their desert retreat. "Because we bought the place just as the summer season began," Sue reported, "we decided not to put in rugs and draperies right away. As long as we wouldn't be around in the hot months, we knew that the wind would blow sand in. You know how a closed house is. Things just seem to deteriorate. So we borrowed a spring mattress and slept on the living-room floor while we were getting the house in shape. Then I brought down a few pots and pans from town and we camped out."

It was a new experience for the workmen, seeing a movie star and his wife living like so, and they warmed to the Ladds immediately. Rudy, the gardener, never had so much fun in his life. He's not the plain or garden-variety gardener, but a landscape expert. If things work out he'll probably be in charge of that department for Alan's new store. He can't quite figure out why, because on the day he first went over to get things going, Sue and Alan pitched in, did a full two-thirds of the work.

Late in the afternoon, they all went swimming to cool off, including Beret, Alan's favorite dachshund. Beret is a natural-born swimmer, just like his master. The sight of him diving into the pool and paddling smoothly through the water like a surfaced submarine is enough to break up any photographer and it exhausted MODERN SCREEN's lensman, who finally handed Sue his camera. "It's too hot," he said. "You shoot the pictures." So

she did, and deserves credit for at least a couple of photos of her husband in this issue.

Among the Ladds' first guests was producer Frank Tuttle, a friend since the days of *This Gun For Hire*.

Over coffee and a huge dish of Sue's strawberry shortcake, the genial Mr. Tuttle reminisced about that star-making film. "The truth is that I didn't want to hire Alan for the part. I remember the first time he came to see me. I was living in a house in the Hollywoodland section and the only way you could get to the door was by a long flight of steps going straight up about a half block from the road. I saw this young, blond-haired fellow climbing up for his interview and I wanted to call down and tell him he was wasting his time, but I thought after all that effort the least I could do would be to offer him a drink. Once we were introduced I decided I might as well tell him without wasting any time that he couldn't play the part. He looked me right in the eye and said, 'You've got to let me read for you.'

"After that it didn't take me thirty seconds to tell him he was the man I wanted. He had two days of studio tests, and then he was okayed. After he became a hit, Alan played so many of the same type roles that he didn't look right without an automatic in his hand."

At the moment Frank Tuttle and Alan are up to their ears in scripts from which they hope to select one for another picture together. They want it to have every bit as much impact as their initial effort together, and at the moment the most likely candidate is a powerful drama called *Santiago*, which probably will be done for the Ladds' Jaguar Productions, and released through Warner Brothers. Production probably won't start until the end of the year, but in the meantime Alan won't be off the screen. *The McConnell Story*, with June Allyson, is just going into general release, and *The Darkest Hour*, in which he co-stars with Joanne Dru, is set for spring release.

Alan has renewed his interest in breeding fine saddle and race horses at his ranch. For the sake of MODERN SCREEN readers who might want to place a two-dollar wager on one of his horses some day, Alan was asked about his winners. He grinned. "It's not good form for a breeder to give tips. There was Alsolad who won a few, and I had high hopes for Alana Dave but somehow he didn't do so good. At least up to now. We brought him over from Ireland, and like Sue says, he

roy rogers

(Continued from page 29) real, like something that never happened. But it did.

You see, I feel there's a reason for the things that cross our lives. I used to think it was Fate, but now I know it's something more. Call it whatever you like, in looking back it seems everything that's happened to me has been for a purpose—and always for the best.

But I'm getting ahead of this early chapter in my life. Let's go way back to the beginning.

Those who can remember the early thirties aren't likely to have forgotten that the whole country was in an economic slump. Depression, with a capital D. Many families had their life savings wiped out in the stock-market crash. Wages were low. Jobs were scarce or non-existent. I know, for I was one of the millions looking for any kind of a job.

Out around Lawndale, where my parents and I came in 1931 to live with my

must have backed into the plane because he runs like he's going backwards!"

"I was dead"

To sum up: Alan Ladd likes his profession. He has no complaints about life. No disillusionments. He's all upbeat. Didn't he at least have a painful memory of at least one really tough experience?

"Yes, come to think of it," Alan responded, "there is one I've never told before. It happened just after I got out of service. As you probably know, Bill Demarest (by the way, one of the best actors in Hollywood—worked with me in *Darkest Hour*) is a real good friend of mine. Well, Bill talked me into doing a benefit with him and a group of his friends in Kansas City. They were all specialists—you know—comedians and ex-vaudevillians like Bill. As for me, I was an actor, and I didn't have a routine.

"But I agreed to go along, because Bill promised we'd have the time of our lives. We walked into a packed theatre, me with a bad case of stage fright. Bill said not to worry. He'd warm up the audience with his gang. They sure did. Bill ran up and down the aisles, stealing people's hats, sitting in ladies' laps, and kissing pretty girls. When he had the whole auditorium laughing, he ran up on the stage and shouted, 'Now, ladies and gentlemen, Alan Ladd!' The spotlight went to the wings and I stepped out to a wonderful welcome. The house went quiet and then a fog-horn voice yelled down from the balcony. 'Hey, Hollywood actor, do something!'"

"Do something! I was paralyzed. I wanted the stage to open up and swallow me. The voice came again, and I completely forgot my lines. 'What's the matter, sonny, you scared? I said do something!' I was completely dead. But not Bill Demarest. He walked over, put his arm around my shoulder and said in that gravel pit voice which carries a city block, 'You know, Alan, this is a great town. My daddy came through here with me many years ago. We were just a couple of poor vaudeville hams, driving a twenty-mule team. Well, the people were wonderful to us. We spent a couple of days seeing the sights. Then we drove out of town, and just when we got to the city limits I happened to count that mule team. Would you believe it, there was only nineteen of them mules. And until this very day, when I heard that bum in the balcony bray at you, I never knew what became of that other jackass!'"

sister Mary and her husband, I drove a gravel truck and did a lot of odd jobs that first summer. I helped build the state highway from Newhall to Castaic. Once, my cousin Russ Scott and I joined up with some migratory farm workers and picked peaches in the orchards around Tulare. Just getting by was a struggle.

But in my spare time I was forever working on a guitar I had brought out from Ohio, thinking somehow, somewhere there might be money, as well as fun, in playing and singing. As it turned out, there soon was. Two dollars!

That's what the old Arrow Theatre on Main Street in Los Angeles paid Russ and me nightly as a musical team for a week. Then after the last show we would strap the guitars on the handlebars of a motorcycle that carried us back home to look for odd jobs the next day.

Young people always meet and go together, even in depression times. I was no different. But I hadn't met the girl who was to become my wife when I heard about an amateur radio show in Inglewood.

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In 1932, radio was booming the way television is today, and every Saturday night this particular station held an audition called The Midnight Frolic. Anybody could get on, and did. No money, but it was a chance to be heard by a big audience. I went on playing the mandolin, banjo and guitar and sang.

You'd hardly call me a show-stopper, but several days later it did bring a call from an agent. He needed a singer-guitarist for a hillbilly group called the Rocky Mountaineers and he wanted me.

I sometimes wonder what would have happened if he hadn't just happened to be tuned in on that particular station that particular night. I think it was the first time I started believing in fate.

A fruit-picker one day, a radio entertainer the next was pretty heady medicine for a young cowboy with only a guitar and a pair of boots to his name. But just ahead were even more surprises.

A dark-haired girl

I don't remember the first time I saw Lucile. She told me later that she and a girl-friend, Opal, used to spend their lunch hour at Long Beach radio station KGER, watching the Rocky Mountaineers.

All I remember is that one day in the middle of a number I looked out into the audience and there was this attractive, dark-haired girl with flashing brown eyes. They seemed to be smiling at me, and I smiled back while I finished my song.

After that, I used to look for her in the audience and sing straight to her. Weeks passed before I went down into the audience to get acquainted. It was even longer before she told me who she was.

I still didn't know her name when one day I saw her on the street with an older woman. I smiled and spoke. The woman was her mother and after I left she asked who I was. Lucile could never explain what prompted her answer that day. But she told her mother, "That's the fellow I'm going to marry—some day."

Lucile Ascolese was the only daughter of a respectable American family of Italian descent in Wilmington, a harbor town near Long Beach. She was eighteen when we met and was going to two schools at once—high school and the Chicago College of Beauty in Long Beach. Our flirtation across the footlights continued, but I still hadn't taken her out.

I couldn't afford to go out with girls. It soon became evident that the Mountaineers got paid more in experience than money. I moved in with the banjo player and two other musicians in South Los

Angeles, and we slept crowded together on a cot and a couch we shoved together.

We managed to keep solvent with the extra money we picked up playing for dances in that area, but there was never much left over for anything else. Lucile liked to dance, so on our first date I took her dancing. The only trouble was, I didn't get to dance with her. I was too busy supplying the music. It was the first of many evenings she was to spend with me at dances I worked.

Going steady

That's how it began. As the weeks passed, I met her parents and our dates became more and more regular. Despite the Depression, courting a pretty girl was much the same then as it's always been. Expensive dinners and clubs were out, but she understood. We found our fun in being together, going to shows and the beach, often just driving around in a 1929 Ford I was buying on installments. Before long, we were going steady.

Like all young people, we had our share of rows. Twice we broke off completely, but we always got back together after we cooled off. About a year after we met I asked her to marry me.

Times were still tough, especially for entertainers. After six months on the Long Beach station, the Mountaineers disbanded when one member decided that caddyding held a brighter future. Another left to become a truck driver.

Four of us still had faith, and we joined up with a Mexican and a Hawaiian to become the International Cowboys. There were always changes. Some of the married members found they couldn't live on our radio earnings plus an occasional dance booking. We were always long on prospects, but short on cash.

In time, the International Cowboys gave way to the five O-Bar-O Cowboys. The next two years saw a lot more changes before we emerged as the Sons Of The Pioneers and got our first foothold in Hollywood. Meanwhile, Lucile had finished high school and beauty college.

My folks had met Lucile and liked her. It was spring. Then one day we got an unexpected string of bookings to play theatres throughout Arizona, New Mexico and Texas. It sounded like a great opportunity, and we grabbed it without checking the contract. But it meant, too, that I wouldn't see Lucile for months, perhaps longer. At twenty-one, it seemed a long time and a grim prospect. That day I made up my mind to propose.

I actually popped the question over the



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Occupation: Entertainer

Full Name: Lucile Ascolese
Address: 4022 Robinson Ave., Lodi, Calif.
Race: White
Age: 19
Occupation: Beauty Operator

Parents of Groom: Andrew E. Slye, Lodi, Calif.
Parents of Bride: Mattie M. Womack, Kentucky

Married at: Lodi, California
Date: 1932

Signature of Groom: Leonard F. Slye
Signature of Bride: Lucile Ascolese
Signature of Minister: [Illegible]

Roy (back when he was unknown Leonard Slye) and his wife, Lucile Ascolese, posed for their first picture together. The photostatic copy of their marriage license gives tangible evidence of their youth at time of wedding.

radio. I called her from the station and told her to be sure and listen in, that I was dedicating a song to her. Then I went on the air singing "Hady Brown." To everyone else listening it was just another song, but the last line was just for her. It went, "Won't you be my wife?"

We were married that May by a justice of the peace, with William Nichols, one of the O-Bar-O Cowboys, and his mother standing up with us. I couldn't afford an engagement ring. I was wondering how I was going to swing the wedding ring. Lucile's mother solved the problem by giving us a plain gold band as a wedding present.

We never had a honeymoon. After the ceremony we had a sudden call from our agent and the group set out that night on a tour of the Southwest. It was six weeks before I saw my wife again.

The tour was a nightmare, I remember. It started off bad and then it got worse. We thought our take was 50 per cent of the box-office. Instead, we had been booked for half of what was left after the theatres' average nightly take came out. It seldom paid for our meals and gasoline.

We traveled in an old Pontiac belonging to the fiddle player, five of us and the instruments packed in like sardines. The day we arrived in Yuma, the first stop, it was 112. We put on two shows, but after the house's take, there was nothing left. Miami, Arizona, a ghost town, was the next stop and the same story. Then we hit Stanford, one of our better bookings. We each made four dollars.

The five O-Bar-O Cowboys who started out dwindled to four. At Wilcox, Arizona, his home town, one of the boys left us. No one could blame him. We were broke and discouraged but still not ready to give up. But four weeks later, after fighting the blistering roads and bookings without pay through Arizona, New Mexico and Texas, we'd had it, too. At Lubbock, Texas, we called a halt and headed home, flat broke.

Our first home

Lucile had taken a job temporarily and continued living with her parents while I was away. Now we moved into our first home, a \$30-a-month furnished apartment on 88th Street in Los Angeles. From wedding showers we had linens, silver, a toaster, kitchen wares, everything we needed to get started. There was only one hitch. Lucile couldn't cook. But she pitched in and learned from Tim Spencer, one of the Cowboys. About the only thing she could never master was a great Italian dish her mother used to make for me.

A musician's life is not like that of the average husband. And at first it didn't seem to matter that we didn't live like other people. We took everything in our stride. I've always loved to ride. Lucile was afraid of horses and still is, to this day. She liked tennis. I could never see it. But we used to go fishing together, to the movies when the budget would allow, have friends in to play bridge. There were many good times. Yet, more often our home life meant hours on end of rehearsing songs all day and into the night. It was more than practicing and working out arrangements. We had to memorize every note, as well as the words. We were musicians, but none of us could read music!

The O-Bar-O Cowboys had disbanded after the tour. Tim Spencer, one of the original Mountaineers, and I were the only two left, and we still believed we could click with the right combination.

We were still looking, working with new recruits, always rehearsing, when Tim and I talked ourselves into a daytime job on KFWB in Hollywood with the Texas Outlaws. At night I teamed with another

musician, Curly Hoag, and played cafe dates for a dollar a night plus the kitty. It was usually good for another fifty cents. At home, things weren't going too well.

It grew monotonous for Lucile coming along nights I played cafes, and sitting home became just as monotonous. When I played late, I usually slept late and then she was alone mornings, too. Afternoons meant the endless rehearsals, working over arrangements, trying to form a new group, always searching for that lucky combination of notes and voices. It wasn't a very satisfying life for a young wife.

I don't remember the first quarrel we had. There were the usual number the first year, no more and no less, always patched up and forgotten. We moved into a Hollywood apartment to be near the station, but the same old routine cut deeper and deeper into our home life. It wasn't a healthy situation, but jobs were still scarce—any kind of work—and we were getting by. Somehow, too, I felt we were getting nearer and nearer that lucky combination. And we were.

When Bob Nolan joined Tim Spencer and me to form the Pioneer Trio, we were nearer than we knew. For weeks we kept rehearsing at home, eight and nine hours at a stretch. Then we auditioned for the bigwigs at KFWB. I'll never forget that day. When we finished, we were signed on as staff members of the station at a weekly salary of \$35—each! Later, we added Carl and Hugh Farr to form the Sons Of The Pioneers, the group that's still going strong today.

The end of the marriage

It is ironic that just as things were beginning to look up financially for the first time, our marriage should end. But Lucile was not happy leading the life of an entertainer's wife. If our home life had seemed erratic before, it promised to become more so with the new breaks. When she looked at the marriages of girl friends whose husbands' work permitted a regular home pattern, I guess ours suffered by comparison.

Once we separated briefly and decided to try again. But patience is seldom a virtue of youth. Another day, fifteen months after we were married, we talked our problems all out again, calmly and rationally, and came to a mutual decision. We were still friends. Yet, as I drove her to her mother's we both knew that there wouldn't be another reconciliation. I came back and moved into a Hollywood boarding house to wait for the divorce.

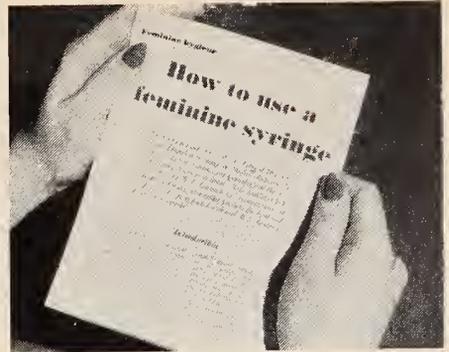
It was twenty years before I saw Lucile again.

A man learns a lot of things in twenty years. Patience and understanding come with maturity. Buckling down to the task I had set for myself, I found that the pattern of my life and the way it was meant to be began to take shape.

The Sons Of The Pioneers caught on. After the divorce, we were busier than ever doing two daily radio shows and dubbing an occasional western movie. We left the station, played the Texas Centennial and came back to Hollywood to look for a job.

Then it happened. On a tip I overheard in a Glendale hat store, I hurried out to Republic Studios where singing cowboys were to be tested. When I couldn't get past the guard, I waited until noon and slipped in with the extras breaking for lunch. My guitar was in the car, but when Sol Siegel, the producer, said he'd hear me, I ran back after it so fast I was too out of breath to sing. But I got the test and the contract that led to stardom as Roy Rogers.

That day I still called it Fate. Now I know another power must have guided



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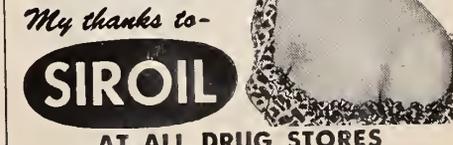
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me there. Just as it's guided everything else in my life.

Perhaps I was being guided once more when I headed for the Los Angeles harbor area with a bunch of fellows one day not long ago. We were going on a fishing trip and stopped in Wilmington to buy our groceries. "Hey, Roy," someone hailed me in the market. "Haven't seen you in these parts since you used to bring Lucile down to see her mother. Going by to see her while you're here?"

It was the first time I had heard of Lucile in all the years since we parted. She was living at the old home place, I learned, and I drove over with the fellows. At first, we couldn't find the house. You forget a lot of things in twenty-years, and with many changes it just didn't look the same.

Lucile wasn't home, but her mother was and I had a good visit with her while the fellows waited in the car. She laughed and asked me if I still liked Italian cooking. Since our boat wasn't leaving until the next day, I asked if Lucile could call me at the dock. Later, she telephoned and I invited her down.

A lot of years rolled back when I saw her. We had parted friends and it was good to meet again as friends, without bitterness, only genuine interest in what the years had brought each other. She still had dark hair and flashing eyes. From

a pretty girl she had become an attractive woman. And she looked happy.

I was sorry the family wasn't there to meet her, but I showed Lucile some family pictures in my wallet and told her about them.

Lucile, too, I learned, has found her real happiness with another, and I was glad. Everything had happened for the best—for both of us.

When I got back from the boat I told Dale about seeing Lucile again. I knew what she would say even before she spoke. "Why, that's wonderful," Dale smiled up at me. "Did you invite her to come and see us?" I said that I had.

In our profession, when you're under contract to a motion picture studio, there are some who rule from fear—not from faith. In their eyes, a man's life—once signed—no longer belongs to himself. No part of it. Including his youth. When I filled out my first studio biography and told them in all honesty that I had been married before, they were afraid.

Today, our lives are our own.

It was many years ago that I told Dale the story of my first marriage, just as I've told it here. She has always believed—as I know now—there are reasons our lives take a particular turn.

Call it fate or call it faith. We believe He has a plan for us. And we are following it today with all our hearts. **END**

forever is a long time

(Continued from page 37) language recordings, the painting of New York) "it's been sold, and I'm not sorry one bit.

"My piano, my silver, my linen, the other stuff I really like—all of it's being shipped to Europe. I'm worried about the piano because we can't find a company to insure it," (by "we" Ava meant Ben Cole, her business manager and herself) "and I guess by the time it gets to Spain, it'll be in a hundred pieces.

"I'm giving Bappie," (her sister Beatrice) "all the other things, and I'm heading for Spain.

"Right now I don't know if I'll buy a house or build or rent one. But I'm going to make Spain my home."

"Why Spain?" Ava grew meditative and searched for the right words.

"I guess because I'm happiest there. I've been all over the world, you know. I don't know how many countries I've seen. But outside Madrid—in the suburbs—that's where I like it best.

"The people. So nice, so proud, so informal. If I don't find a house I want I'll rent one, then build a place of my own. One thing I'm not going to do. Rush. I rushed the place I had in Hollywood and didn't get any happiness out of it at all. I'm not going to do that again.

"I never miss Hollywood"

"According to my new contract," she confided, "I have to make only two films a year. One may be good and one may be not so good. And if they shoot both of them in Hollywood, that's okay with me. But once the picture's finished, I'm heading back to Spain.

"I've got lots of friends in Hollywood and it's a wonderful place for some people. But not for me. Too many pressures. I've been away for most of four years, and I never miss it, and I don't guess the town misses me.

"The place I really liked best, anyway, was Palm Springs. I felt I had a home down there."

The home to which Ava referred was a modern, one-story structure Frank Sina-

tra built halfway between the Palm Springs Airport and the main street, Palm Drive.

Ava liked nothing better than to whiz down to the desert in her blue Cadillac convertible, climb into her blue jeans and white sport shirt and give the house a thorough cleaning. Then at the end of the day she'd dive into the swimming pool, swim two lengths, hop out, fix a drink for Frank and herself and sit around the patio just listening to recordings.

Those were the days when she used to send Frank into town to do the marketing and Frank would return loaded down with steaks and chops and rare delicacies. For a girl on the thin side, Ava has always loved to eat.

One time when Ava and Frank had Paul Clemens, the well-known portrait painter, in for dinner, Clemens remarked on Ava's appetite.

Sinatra broke into a wide grin. "She eats," he stated, "as if she were going to the electric chair."

Love and memories

Ava's fondness for the California desert can best be illustrated by a particularly touching incident. Last year when she returned to Hollywood for a fast few weeks and the premiere of *The Barefoot Contessa*, she took off for Palm Springs as soon as the ballyhoo was over.

She rented a small, unpretentious cottage not too far from the Sinatra house. But practically every day she would drive along the sand-rutted road on which Frank's house is located. She would stop her car, get out and peek over the fence into the courtyard.

"This is the place," she once remarked to a friend, "where I used to run around with Rags." (A Welsh corgy given to her by Sinatra.) And as she explained the layout of the house, her voice choked up, and she muttered, "Let's get away from here." A favorite Gardner self-appraisal is, "I've always been a sucker for love." Also memories.

As Ava talks it is surprising how many times the word "happiness" creeps into her conversation. Why has it escaped her except for rare moments?

Until *The Barefoot Contessa* and *Bhowani Junction* she felt she was being cast in a series of B pictures. She fought with her studio endlessly. She found no satisfaction in her work. Rather than play the lead that Doris Day later took over in *Love Me Or Leave Me*, Ava accepted a suspension, went off salary.

"I just want to be happy"

In the days when L. B. Mayer ran MGM she was considered a wayward, flighty girl who was throwing herself away on Frank Sinatra. One evening Mayer called Ava into his office and pleaded with her to give up Sinatra. "We have plans," he confided, "plans to make you another Greta Garbo."

"I don't want to be another Greta Garbo," Ava answered. "I just want to be happy."

She wasn't happy in her acting, she explained. Perhaps she would be happy in her marriage.

Happiness is her target in life. Of late she has found a modicum of contentment in her career, a bit of pride in her work.

"I never went to drama school," she quickly admits, "and I never had any stage training and I can't do the things they teach you in drama class, act like a tree or a lampshade or a milkman. But in *Bhowani* I honestly feel I've accomplished something. I've depicted a character. Honestly. I've never felt that before. Maybe in one other picture. But in this one I think I've made the character come alive."

"That's why, even though I got home dog-tired at the end of each day's shooting, I felt pretty good inside. I'd done a good day's work, accomplished something. Matter of fact I felt so swell I even stopped going on windings around this town."

Not that Ava has become intensely serious or completely dedicated to work, sacrificing men and romance. But she is determined to be regarded as a competent actress.

Live like a queen

Ava's new MGM contract calls for her to receive \$200,000 a year for the next four years. She will then be paid \$50,000 a year for an additional four years. After that she will be eligible for retirement at approximately \$1,750 a month.

In Spain with this many *pesetas* Ava will live like a queen and, living the life of a queen, perhaps she can avoid the troubles and embarrassments, the sorrows and scandals that have dogged her on this side of the Atlantic.

That is the real reason she is moving to Spain. She wants to live her private life in private, to stay out of the headlines.

Like Marilyn Monroe, Ava has practically no close women friends. Her sister Bippie is one. Doreen Grant of Madrid is another. Lana Turner is a third. But to none of these has Ava ever confided the hurt she felt about the Sammy Davis, Jr. scandal or the Rio de Janeiro fracas or the Dominguin and Howard Hughes and Walter Chiari and Ram Gopal and William Ofner and Lord Granville rumors.

On romance Ava keeps her own counsel. During the filming of *Barefoot Contessa*, for example, she refused to identify the tall, dark-haired Spaniard who used to visit her on the set and take her home to her *palazzo* each evening. This same gentleman was also seen with Ava in San Remo, Monte Carlo and finally in Florence where he was identified as Luis Miguel Gonzalez, better known to the bull-fighting world as the great matador Dominguin.

Even after the affinity of Dominguin for Ava became well known, the actress still refused to discuss it. I once questioned her about the affair and all she would say was, "He's been a good friend. When I

was sick in Madrid with kidney trouble he took a room in the hospital next to me. Saw that I had the best medical treatment, everything I wanted."

Of Sammy Davis, Jr., Ava will say absolutely nothing. Davis is a Negro, one of the most talented entertainers of this generation and also a good friend. Last year Ava did him a favor. She appeared on the stage of a Harlem theatre with him in New York. It was a tribute from one artist to another.

There have been subsequent tributes to Sammy Davis, Jr. by a flock of other celebrities including Frank Sinatra, Martin and Lewis, Jeff Chandler, Marilyn Monroe. But none of these have been condemned.

Pictures of her with Sammy have been circulated throughout the South in various election campaigns. There have been snide remarks and the furtive whisperings of bigots.

"A very unkind thing"

The truth, and these are the words of Sammy, is that: "A very unkind thing has been done. Ava and I are good friends. But that's all. She's been thoughtful and considerate and I've known her for years, ever since she and Frank started going together. I don't have to tell you what Sinatra has done for me. He's been the greatest friend I've had in show business. He's helped me with my hoofing, my phrasing, with everything. You couldn't find a nicer guy anywhere in the world. Naturally he would introduce me to his wife."

"I remember not so long ago when I was playing *Ciro's*, Ava and I and six other friends were there. And most of the time all of us were trying to talk her into reconciling with Frank."

"When she was kind enough to appear with me for a few minutes at the Apollo, some pictures of us were taken. But they forgot to print that Ava's date that night was disc jockey Bill Williams. And when she kindly offered her apartment for a photo layout and they took some photos of us, Jeff Chandler was along."

In Spain, Ava feels, no such scandal would have been started.

The principle of the thing

At the moment she is anticipating the arrival of a Mercedes Benz from Germany—MGM advanced the money for this—and the presence in Madrid of business manager Ben Cole.

It is expected that Ben will bring news of Frank Sinatra and the \$8,000.

Supposedly, here again neither Ava nor Frank will supply the details, \$8,000 is all that stands in the way of Ava's picking up her divorce decree.

Having fulfilled the Nevada residence requirements last year—six weeks in Tahoe—Ava can pick up her decree in one day if she so desires by going down to the Washoe County Court House in Reno.

Reportedly she has no intention of doing this until Sinatra settles \$8,000 on her. She feels strongly that this amount is owing to her. Frank, who spent a small fortune on Ava in 1952 when he was rapidly going broke, supposedly feels the opposite. This standoff will not be easily concluded since both participants are notoriously stubborn people. Moreover, both feel that an important principle is involved.

There is much undercover talk at this point that Ava's next husband will be Howard Hughes. Certainly, it is no secret that these two have been seeing each other on and off for many years, that is, in her periods of freedom. Hardly anyone in Spain would recognize Howard Hughes.

About Hughes, however, Ava will say nothing.

Ever since she was a child Ava has gone

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her own way, playing the lone wolf, and accepting the consequences.

"Cute as she was"

Ava is the youngest of six Gardner children, five girls and a boy, all of whom were fully grown when Ava came along. Two of her sisters, Mrs. D. L. Creech and Mrs. John Grimes, still live in her birthplace, Smithfield, North Carolina, as does her brother Jack.

Said Mrs. Creech: "Somehow Ava was always gettin' into trouble, cute as she was. Take the time she was just a baby. She got hold of a can of lye, spilled some of the stuff into her mouth. Lucky for her, mama came along, made her swallow the

white of an egg. Saved her life. Later on when she was goin' to school she left her books home one day. She came back and climbed through a window and cut a deep gash in her leg. Said nothin' about it. Independent little cuss she was."

Recalls Mrs. John Grimes: "Ava was always self-reliant. There was a good age difference between her and the rest of us, and I guess that built self-reliance in her. The boys around here always found her attractive, and sometimes when they came to call on her she'd beg us to tell them she wasn't at home."

"A good sport"

Hugh Talton, a store manager in Smithfield, who dated the screen siren when she was a young girl living in a big white frame house on the 200-acre tobacco and cotton farm her father used to sharecrop, says: "Ava was a fine girl to date, good sport, never complained. Once we went out and it started to rain and the top of my convertible got stuck and wouldn't go up, but Ava—she just took it in stride. We got soaked but she just laughed."

In school Ava was shy, insecure, "and pretty much the lone wolf," according to one fellow student, "because her folks didn't have much money and she didn't have pretty clothes like the other girls. She never joined in school activities. One day, however, they let her play on the basketball team. And she was really very good, shot one basket after another, except that she was shooting the ball into the wrong basket. I'll never forget how we howled. She was embarrassed to tears. After that, she went her own way more than ever."

Today, sixteen years later, Ava Gardner is still determined to go her own way—this time to Spain, some 6,000 miles away from Hollywood and all the men who have brought her at one time or another, pleasure and pain.

END

those love scenes with liz

(Continued from page 45) . . . understanding, co-operative?

The first thing I did when I entered the dining room that day was to look for Elizabeth, walk over to her and introduce myself. I could have had someone else, who knew us both, make the introduction, but that might have been just an introduction and I wanted it to be more than that.

Mutuality of interest

I wanted Elizabeth to know that I thought the moment an important one, that she was on my mind as I walked in and that I couldn't wait to talk to her. I can't remember what I said exactly. I can't remember what she said. All I do remember is that we both knew in our first look at each other that we recognized the mutuality of our interest.

This sort of, shall we say, emotional preparation for an acting role, may sound a little extreme to some people. And I know that there are actors—and actresses—whose interest in their parts and in the people with whom they are cast is completely impersonal. But I can't work that way. Not as well as when I have a genuine regard and liking for my partner.

I remember trying to do romantic scenes with a leading lady who was a complete stranger to me from the day we started to shoot the picture until the day we finished the production. It was as if she came equipped with invisible buttons and had only to press the right one to come up with any sort of emotion the di-

rector called for. The only trouble was that I had no such buttons; if I couldn't feel the part I had an awful time playing it. How can you make love in front of the camera to a stranger?

How can you get real warmth and feeling in your voice when you know that the reaction of the girl is going to be a matter of mechanical pose with her, not heart; in which she will turn on so much throb to her voice, so much intensity in her eyes, so much of a curve to her smile?

One of the first actresses I ever worked with was Diana Lynn. We had practically no contact at all save in front of the cameras, but the fault here was largely mine, I believe. I was pretty shy, too shy to establish some sort of satisfactory working relationship between us, even too shy, probably, to recognize opportunities which she probably gave me to respond and thus achieve some state of sociability.

A little something

One day, when we had a love scene which I sensed could have gone much better if Diana and I would had more confidence in each other as friends as well as actor and actress, I decided that never again would I work with anyone without trying to establish some sort of pleasant bond between us first.

And I know I am not alone in regarding this as an important part of acting. Stars like Liz, like Jane Wyman, Arlene Dahl, Barbara Stanwyck, Cornell Borchers, Piper Laurie, Barbara Rush and Julia Adams have all revealed that they feel the same about it.

I remember my first rehearsal with Arlene Dahl when we worked together in

Bengal Brigade. I was wondering what I might say to create a little "something" between us, when Arlene did the job for me.

When it came time for her to make her first speech in front of the camera, Arlene, who is Norwegian, broke forth into the thickest Scandinavian accent I had ever heard. We all of us went into howls, of course, and whatever tension had been built up, as it will build up when people work together for the first time, simply evaporated.

Arlene had me well under control from that moment on. Any time I threatened to get edgy, she only had to let the faintest trace of an accent creep into her voice and I'd fall apart, forgetting what the heck I'd been stewing about.

I remember once reading something that Piper Laurie said about me. "Whenever I get as much as a suspicion of a frown on my face Rock will kid me out of it," she reported. "It was a pleasure working together."

Those words have stayed with me ever

MICHAEL WILDING

A man with no gripes is an unhappy guy. Here, then, is happy Mike W. giving vent to a few choice pros and cons.



| | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Being married to my wife | Myself |
| Scotch and soda | Unpunctuality |
| Skiing | Mathematics |
| Paintings | Unnecessary work |
| My children | Intellectual snobs |
| Nurses | Snobs of any kind |
| Food | Dressing up at night |
| Women | Acting |
| Sports cars | Staying too long in one place |
| Swimming | Liz's animals spoiling the carpet |
| Travel | Myself |
| Our home | |
| Easy living | |

since, and I think it's as fine a compliment as I have ever had, because to make your fellow cast member feel at ease is to take considerable pressure off yourself. Almost every top actor or actress I meet seems to have the knack of thus creating a good "atmosphere" on the set. And it has been invaluable.

Too big, too green

Nobody in Hollywood was any more nervous than I was back a few years ago when I was handed the co-starring spot opposite Jane Wyman in *Magnificent Obsession*. I wanted the role like nothing else I had ever wanted in my life. And I was pretty sure I wouldn't get it. Word had come that I was too big for the part, too green, too this and too that. On top of these objections I had to go and break my shoulder diving into the ocean surf at Laguna Beach. Yet in the end I got it and then almost fell apart wondering if I could handle the part. At that critical

time I got a call—from Jane Wyman.

She introduced herself and then asked if I'd like to join a theatre party she was organizing to see the Ice Capades that evening. Of course I accepted. I knew it was Jane's way of saying that it would be a good idea to get to know each other if we were going to work together, and get to know each other we did. When the day came to walk on the studio set and begin our first scene we both cashed in on a fine dividend as a result of Jane's first call; we were friends who were getting used to each other, not two people who would have to contend with the strangeness between them as well as the difficulties of fitting themselves to new picture roles.

Liz walked in

That's what I had in mind, of course, when I introduced myself to Liz Taylor. And Liz, incidentally, didn't let me take the initiative all the time. That very first day, in fact, I was sitting in the make-up department an hour or so after the luncheon was over, when Liz walked in. We talked for nearly a half hour, getting better and better acquainted, while the make-up experts tried out various techniques to "age" me for the closing sequences in *Giant* in which I achieve a ripe old age.

"Just think, we're going to grow old together," I kidded—for, of course, Liz, too, as my wife, reaches the mellow years in the picture.

"I know, I know," she replied. "I knew the minute I saw you it would age me quick."

I had always been a fan of Liz' (I told her so, too, the first time we talked), and after working with her I am more of a fan than ever.

We were on location with *Giant* for five weeks in and around the small community of Maefa, Texas. In that time all of us, not only Liz and I, but Jimmy Dean and a dozen other members of the company, were continually together, eating, working, spending most of our leisure together, and achieving an honesty in personal relationships not unlike that between members of the same family.

Liz knew that I would rather listen to music than read, and that I am always intrigued by the backgrounds of people—what makes them as they are? I knew that Liz loved fun but had a distaste for shallow excitement, and was never without consciousness of her babies somewhere in her mind.

We enjoyed rehearsing together and trusted each other's judgment about intonation and delivery of our lines. You can speak a line with much greater confidence if you know it has already won approval of others in the cast.

My leading ladies

When you can't enjoy an honest, smooth working relationship with the people you are working with then, brother, you are really in trouble! I know one romantic team who so hate each other that they cut the time they have to spend in each other's company down to an irreducible minimum! It's hard to believe but they refuse to rehearse in the same room. They do it over the telephone, even cutting in the dialogue director over a third connection to listen to them and suggest necessary corrections!

My leading ladies have all been just wonderful. Why, when we got home from Texas on *Giant*, to finish shooting in the studio, Liz invited me to her home to dine with her and her husband, Michael Wilding. This was high generosity on her part because after our weeks in Texas together she was well acquainted with my appetite, which used to amaze even the great eaters of Texas!



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happy talk

(Continued from page 31) talked over every problem that might come up and found that our basic viewpoints were the same, and that we only differed on trivial matters. What first attracted me to Pat was his warmth and kindness, his love for people. Since he's been my husband, I appreciate those qualities still more. He's a very understanding man, he has insight and generosity of spirit, and on the whole he's more tolerant than I am. I feel I can learn from him as a human being."

A friend commented: "They're solid because they live like two average people in any community." Although their income tops the average, it's true of the Nerneys, whose interests center in home and family and work. Their house is lovely but, by Hollywood standards, modest. They couldn't care less about keeping up with the Joneses. As Jane remarked when she turned in her Cadillac for a Ford: "They used to tell me you had to own a Cadillac to prove something. I don't have a thing to prove."

Pat gave her one of the first Thunderbirds on the market—a black beauty with all the trimmings, including her name in gold. She regards it with pride but you're more likely to find her driving the station wagon. She goes marketing and (unless they're napping) she takes the children with her. There's a new white Thunderbird coming up from Pat. But the station wagon will still get most of her business.

Except for the children's nurse, she runs a servantless household with a woman in once a week for the heavy cleaning and another for the ironing. That's a minor point on which she and Pat differed. He said: "When we're married, you're getting a fulltime maid." She said: "I'll have nobody shoving me out of my kitchen," and convinced him at last that she'd be truly happier as boss of the range. Much has been written of Jane's culinary skill. "Too much," growls Publicity. "Talk about something glamorous."

It looks like magic

In any case, such protests don't bother Jane, who goes merrily on collecting recipes and exchanging them with Jinny, her sister-in-law. With Jane, cooking's an art. Besides giving her imagination scope, it provides an outlet. Men work their problems out in do-it-yourself projects; she works hers out over a gleaming stove.

Jane's so well organized that she gets things done without fuss and flurry. To the uninitiated, it looks like magic. With Jane, it's know-how. Recently she spent the afternoon posing. The final picture was shot in a cocktail dress. The hour was 6:15. "So now," she said calmly, "I'll go out and make hors d'oeuvres."

"What do you mean?" asked the MGM publicist.

"Pat's bringing Bill Ford and his wife for cocktails, then we're going to dinner."

"Bill Ford! Henry's brother? Why didn't you say so?" wailed the other.

"We'd have tried to hurry it."

"What for? I've had my shower, my make-up's on and I'm all dressed."

"But how can you start with the food now?"

"Easy. I filled the ice trays with colored water this morning and I cleaned the shrimps. We'll have shrimp over colored cubes and there's plenty of time to fix a couple of hot hors d'oeuvres before 6:45."

With that kind of ease and authority, it's little wonder she enjoys feeding her man. "Especially now," says Jane. "Not being on a picture, I don't know what I'd do with myself if I couldn't cook."

Which leads to the single flaw in their

way of life. Two or three times a week Pat doesn't get in till 10:30 or 11. He and his brother John have a Ford dealership with their father. One of them has to be on at night, so they alternate.

On his late nights, with the children asleep by 7:30, the evenings seem endless. She watches tv and used to starve, waiting to eat with Pat. "But I got so hungry, I couldn't keep that routine up. Besides, with my own dinner out of the way, I can really sit down and keep Pat company. And we have dessert together. I'm forever saving my calories for dessert."

To reach the office by 8, Pat's up at 6:30. All he takes at that hour of the morning is coffee. Jane's up to brew it for him. He protests. "If I wanted breakfast, it might be different. But coffee I can fix myself and I'd rather you slept."

"It's not the coffee, it's that I won't see you all day. I can always go back to bed after you've gone."

In her thoughtfulness for him, she created what she calls "my own monster," name of said monster being Golf. It started with calories. Till he met Jane, calories meant nothing to Pat. She introduced them. Such was their impact that, gaining three pounds, he'd lunch on cottage cheese and pineapple. "That's not enough for a man," declared his wife. "Maybe it's exercise you need. You belong to the Golf Club, why not use it?"

"I'd rather be with you. Golf, my love, isn't a game like a couple of sets of tennis and then you quit. It takes all day, it worms itself into your life."

"But it might be good for you."

Jane thinks she may learn to play, too, and hesitates only because it would give her that much less time with the children. As it is, all four lunch together at the Club on Pat's day off. Mention of his day off brings a glint to Jane's eye. "It's awful," she'll tell you gravely. "We go shopping, we spend too much money—and always on me. I'm reticent about buying things for Pat. He has perfect taste, he knows exactly what he wants and, if it's not right, he'll say so. He buys things for me that I wouldn't buy. I look at the price first, he just looks at the object. And he's usually right. If it's more expensive, I get more wear out of it."

Besides being perfect, his taste is original. He has a genuine flair for color and line—hence his love for art. One day he appeared before his wife in an ensemble of beige suit, pink shirt, brown tie. Her eyes flew wide. "I'd no more dream of putting those colors together, and yet it looks great." In England he bought three pairs of black velvet shoes, monogrammed in silver. Friends rib him but always wind up asking where he got them. Never does Jane have to coax him into evening togs. "I've got to wear a shirt and tie anyway," reasons goodhumored Pat. "What's harder about climbing into a tux?"

Then there was the night Helen Rose, MGM's head designer, threw a big party. Jane arrayed herself in black taffeta, added a necklace and earrings to match. "What do you think?" she asked Pat.

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"I think it's cute. Why don't you wear it?"

Though there was plenty of competition, people kept complimenting Jane on her gown—full skirted, pinch-waisted, with a heart-shaped neckline and narrow shoulder straps. Thank you, she said demurely, and thank you again.

But Pat couldn't keep the joke to himself. "In case you don't know it, my wife's wearing her slip." She was, too, the lace dress to go over it having worn out.

On the whole, their social life is quiet. Night clubs rarely see them. Jane dislikes cocktail parties. "Between trying to say hello to everybody and shunning nobody, you never get to finish a conversation. Show me a cocktail party and I'll show you a frenzy." Pat's evenings off are so few that they kind of hoard 'em. They like dining with friends, they like asking friends to dinner—such intimates as the Marshall Thompsons, the Spike Joneses, Eleanor Parker and Paul Clemens.

The same old sheriff

If they're alone, they may take in a movie. Pat's a rabid fan. As long as it's a picture, he's willing to see it. Jane's choosier—especially about Westerns. Like most males, Pat swallows Westerns whole. Sometimes Jane trots along like a good girl. Sometimes she'll flinch at the prospect of the same old sheriff, the same old chase, the same old gunplay. "I'll find you something just as bad on tv," she'll promise. Or else dinner gets to be rather late and by the time it's over, so is the movie. One night they wanted to see *Marty* but stayed home instead. "Because we just didn't feel like crying," says Jane. This is the girl who meets real-life problems with the kind of control which wins universal admiration. Yet everything in the movies makes her cry, including the ancient sorrows of *Land Of The Pharaohs*. And there was one occasion during her last singing engagement at Tahoe when she startled both herself and the audience. It was the final show. Jay and Sissy had been allowed to sit up for the performance. The sight of them proved too much for their mother. She broke down completely, fumbled for a handkerchief, and had to start her song over three times. "Don't ask me why," she says now. "Pure silliness." If so, the silliness touched hearts that night.

Her days—when she's not at work—are given to the children. The clue to their charm lies in Jane's way with them. For misbehavior, the top punishment is no Disneyland, which provokes piteous tears and pleas. "Of course," says Jane, "it would be easier to give in. But that seems to me self-indulgence at their expense. Unless you're consistent, unless they're sure you mean what you say, they're bound to grow confused and lose their sense of security. So Pat and I are consistent even if it kills us."

The children call Pat "Poppy." Monie, Pat's daughter and fifth member of the family, calls Jane "Moms." She spends every other week end with them and last summer they had her for two and a half months while big Mona made a picture abroad. At seven and a half she plays mother to the little ones. Indeed, it's sometimes more than play. To please her, Lammy will pretend to be busy, so Monie can put them to bed and get them up in the morning, and a very efficient job she does. Seven and a half also carries special privileges, unshared by the small fry. "I think I'll give you a permanent," says Jane. Or she'll dream up some jaunt that's "just for you and me because the others are too young."

Jay and Sissy adore her. She's an integral part of their lives. On Jane's last birthday, Pat gave her a pin in the shape

of a golden tree with two small jeweled birds perched in the branches. "They're Jaybird and Sissybird," he told the kids. "Where's Moniebird?" Sis demanded.

"She's hiding in the tree," Jane improvised, "watching over you two."

Long before they were married, Jane discovered Pat's generosity. "It's obvious that money burns a hole in your pocket. I'll have to deal with that." But how can you deal with a man who takes such joy in giving? Thank your stars and be grateful, she decided sensibly. Mother's Day was marked by a Hi-fi set. "I'd never have thought of buying one," squealed Janie. "That's why I bought it."

"Darling, you spoil me"

In Pat's book, you don't have to wait for birthdays or Christmas. Any occasion warrants a gift to his wife. For her opening at the Desert Inn last May he designed an exquisite pin of diamonds and pearls. It wasn't ready when his plane took off at 5:30, so his father-in-law waited for it and he waited at the Vegas airport for his father-in-law. Meantime in her dressing room Jane wondered and worried. At length he walked in.

"Pat!"

"I know, honey. Here's a surprise."

The pin was a dream and left her sort of speechless. She turned it over. "Love you, Patrick," it said on the back, followed by the date. Her eyes misted as she went into his arms. "Darling, you spoil me."

"I can't, but if for the sake of argument I could, who has a better right?"

Material things can be pleasant. The heart means more. It meant more to Jane that during her month at Las Vegas Pat came up seventeen times, never mind that he had to catch a 6 o'clock plane next morning. While she played Tahoe, he commuted every third day. "Isn't it too much of a strain?" she'd ask anxiously.

"Not seeing you would be more of a strain," he said.

As to Jane's career, they reached a clear understanding before their marriage. "I don't want to give it up, Pat."

"I'd never expect you to. Any more than you'd expect me to quit selling Fords."

"I might even want to do a Broadway show. That would mean separation."

"Look, Janie, I won't pretend I'd like the idea. To be frank, I'd hate it. But if you felt you must, then you must, and I wouldn't squawk. You'll have to take my word for that."

Yet, when the big chance came, Jane walked away from it. Dick Rodgers, in Hollywood to cast a musical, complained, "Can't seem to find the right girl."

"What about Jane Powell?"

"I wanted Jane but I couldn't get her."

"You mean she said no?"

"That's exactly what she said."

His luncheon companion, a close friend of Jane's, sat slightly aghast. Who in her right mind turns down a Rodgers and Hammerstein show? "Would you like me to speak to Jane?" she asked.

"By all means, if you think it would do any good."

It didn't. Jane had weighed the pros and cons and reached her decision. For the greater prize is a man's complete devotion, which Jane knows how to treasure and return. It's the happiness both draw from being close. It's the fulfillment of all their hopes and plans of a year ago.

All except one. That redheaded baby Jane wants is dragging his feet. Since she's still bent on having six, she wishes he'd hurry.

And while she tells about the lovely life she leads her eyes travel to her three-year-old, fitting across the lawn outside like a blue-clad butterfly. "It's time," smiles Jane, "that we had a new baby 'round here. Sissy's getting very old." END

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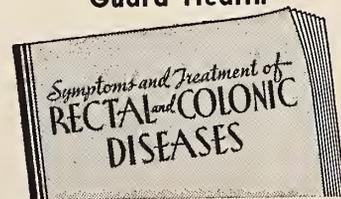
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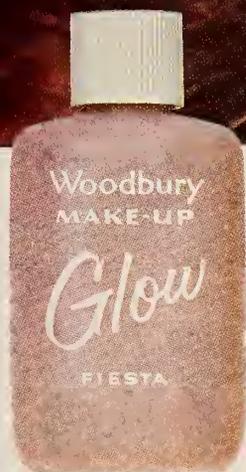
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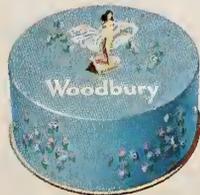
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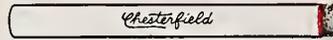


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