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the only
magazine
at the
Debbie-Eddie
wedding**

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ON PAGE 36!)**

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SPECIALISTS IN EYE BEAUTY

modern screen

Jimmy Dean's appointment with death	49
THIS WAS MY FRIEND JIMMY DEAN.....by Mike Connolly	50

stories

FEMME FATALE (Anita Ekberg).....by Alice Finletter	27
*LONELY YOUNG MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE (Tony Curtis-Janet Leigh).....by Ruth Waterbury	30
THIS TIME I'LL KEEP MY MOUTH SHUT (Jeff Chandler).....by Bob Rowe	32
THEY ALL HATE HOLLYWOOD PARTIES.....by Ruth Rowland	34
OH, WHAT A WONDERFUL WEEK! (Debbie Reynolds-Eddie Fisher).....by Marilyn Reiss	36
DON'T LISTEN TO YOUR HEART (Kim Novak).....by Nate Edwards	38
ANYTHING BUT AN ACTOR (Elizabeth Taylor).....by Radie Harris	46
DON'T CALL HER CINDERELLA (Shirley Jones).....by Susan Wender	54
MITZI GAYNOR TELLS HOW NOT TO MEET A MOVIE STAR.....	80

special bonus section

HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNG BACHELORS	40
BEN COOPER	41
HUGH O'BRIAN	42
GEORGE NADER	43
RACE GENTRY	44
JEFF RICHARDS	45

departments

LOUELLA PARSONS IN HOLLYWOOD	9
THE INSIDE STORY	4
TV TALK	6
NEW MOVIES	18
MUSIC FROM HOLLYWOOD	22
MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS	60
FREE—1000 PRIZES FOR YOU	70

*On the Cover: Color portrait of Janet Leigh by John Engstead. Janet can soon be seen in Columbia Pictures' *Safari*. Other photographers' credits on page 60.

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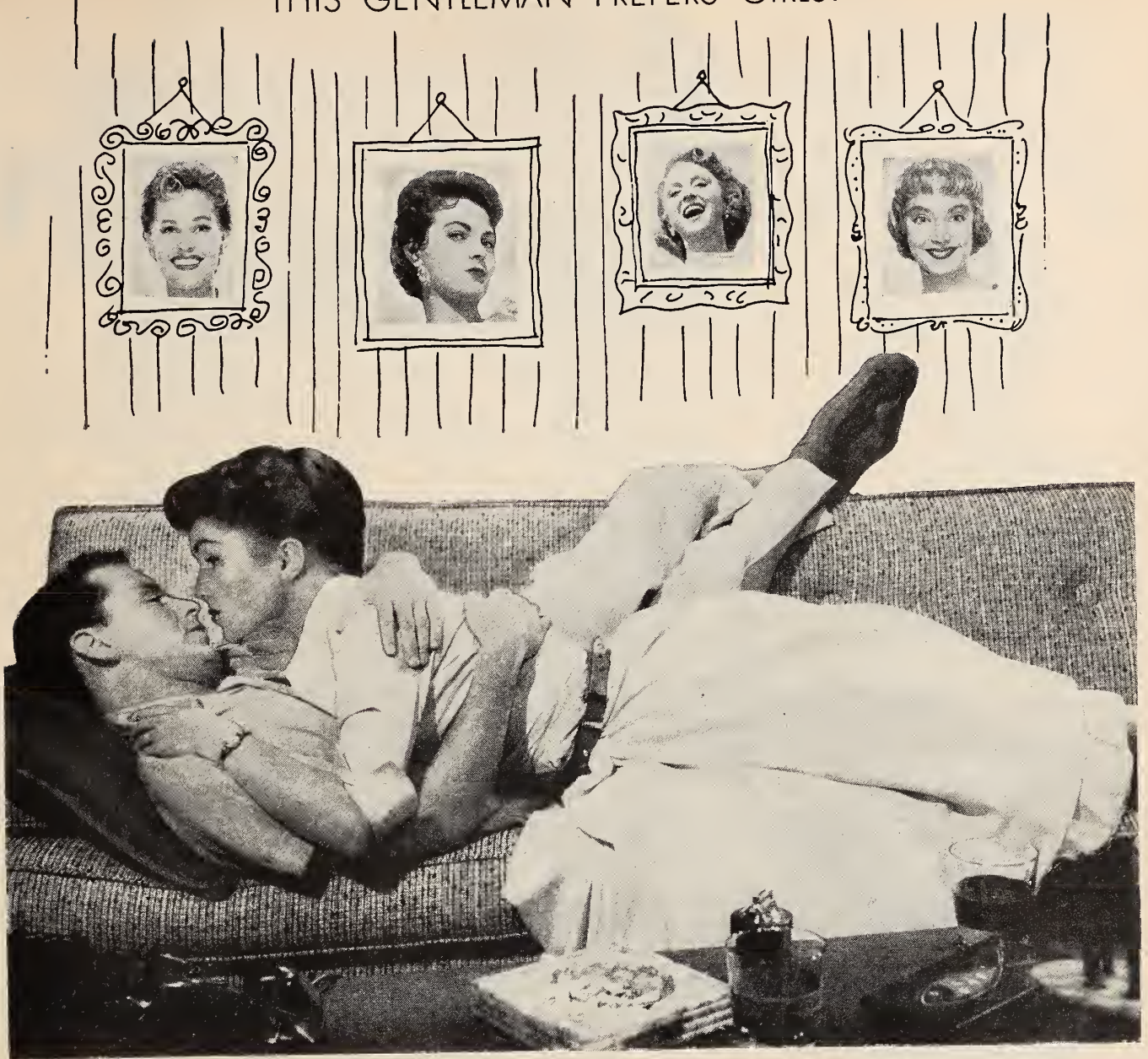
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Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Can you give me the name of the plastic surgeon who recently operated on Elizabeth Taylor?

—W.J., OLYMPIA, WASH.

A. No plastic surgeon has ever operated on Miss Taylor.

Q. Is it true that Marilyn Monroe has been living all these past months on \$30,000 borrowed from her agent, Charles Feldman?

—B.T., NEW YORK, N.Y.

A. Feldman is no longer Marilyn's agent; once loaned her \$30,000 as an advance against her Seven Year Itch salary which as yet she hasn't picked up.

Q. What is the relationship between Jane Wyman and producer Bill Perlberg?

—E.J., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. Old and good friends.

Q. Is it true that Janet Leigh will never again make another picture with Jack Webb, that they fought all through the filming of *Pete Kelly's Blues*?

—F.D., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A. Janet never fights with anyone; was slightly miffed about her lack of publicity in the picture promotion; says she will make another picture with Webb any time a good script comes along.

Q. I read somewhere that Rossano Brazzi, the wonderful lover in *Summer-time*, has a wife who weighs more than 200 pounds. Can you verify this?

—S.T., NEW YORK, N.Y.

A. Brazzi's charming wife, Lydia, is heavy, but not that heavy. She is close to 160.

Q. Why is it that Cecil B. DeMille refuses to call any of his players "extras"?

—G.F., RACINE, WIS.

A. DeMille says, "No matter how small their parts, all players are actors and actresses, and I expect good performances from them."

Q. Is Charlton Heston a stuffed shirt?

—V.R., DETROIT, MICH.

A. Not at all.

Q. Does Mamie Van Doren wear a wig?

—E.J.K., DENVER, COLO.

A. Occasionally, when posing.

Q. Is the rumor on the level that Cary Grant will earn \$700,000 from *To Catch A Thief*? What does he do with all his money?

—V.D., NEW YORK, N.Y.

A. The rumor is true; Grant invests surplus funds in gilt-edged securities.

Q. Is there any possibility of a divorce in the Dick Powell-June Allyson household?

—E.H., NEW YORK, N.Y.

A. Not in the foreseeable future.

Q. There is a tenor in Hollywood who supposedly sings much better than Mario Lanza. Who is he?

—C.M., TORONTO, CAN.

A. His full name is Oreste Kirkop. He comes from Malta. He made *The Vagabond King* for Paramount, will be publicized under the name Oreste, nothing more.

Q. Why does Marlon Brando insist upon riding around Hollywood in a broken-down jalopy?

—B.T., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

A. Brando's broken-down jalopy is a 1955 Thunderbird.

Q. Isn't Frank Sinatra's secret love a girl named Claire Kelly?

—T.R., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. Miss Kelly is a sometimes friend.

Q. Did Rita Hayworth walk out on Dick Haymes because he blackened her eye?

—L.F., SAN DIEGO, CAL.

A. Haymes has never struck any woman, claims the dispute was "a typical marriage squabble."

Q. Is it true that Sheree North had no intention of announcing her secret marriage to Bud Freeman until she was pregnant?

—S.J., MEMPHIS, TENN.

A. True.

Q. What are the chances of Ava Gardner becoming Mrs. Howard Hughes?

—K.G., SMITHFIELD, N.C.

A. Not very good.

Q. Will James Mason ever become an American citizen?

—J.G., LONDON, ENG.

A. Not likely.

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and New Year Treat
in Leading Theatres
Throughout the Country!*

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MODELS!
GLAMOR and
HI-JINKS!
GIRLS! and
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TV TALK

Eva Marie Saint rumors . . . Tallulah back in stride . . . Henry Morgan difficult

Frankly, we're getting sick and tired of all the insinuations that **Eva Marie Saint** has changed since she won her Academy Award and that she is no longer the sweet, unspoiled girl she was before she got an Oscar all her own. For some unfathomable reason a group of column-writing critics has sprung up who try to make it seem a sin for Eva Marie to accept good money for her acting. This is the way we figure it: If Eva Marie's agents think she's worth, say, \$20,000 to NBC for one show and NBC agrees to pay it, well, NBC must think she's worth it, too. What's Eva Marie supposed to do? Turn it down and say she likes acting so much that she wants only \$10,000? Or maybe her critics would be happy if she insisted on working for nothing! We suspect that the reason behind the sudden down-with-Saint campaign is twofold: 1) some columnists just got bored with reading and writing nice things about her, and 2) Eva Marie never has been one to cozy up to the press. She's much too busy being a wife, homemaker, cook, actress, and now mother, to spend her time accepting lunch dates with all the writers who want to meet her. She figures her acting is the important thing, and we say more power to her! And we can vouch for the fact that she *hasn't* changed. For instance, when she and her director-husband had to move to a larger apartment so they'd have room for the baby, they didn't head to any fancy place uptown in New York City. They looked for—and found—a slightly bigger place in the same neighborly part of Greenwich Village where they'd always lived . . . Speaking of Broadway, very few people know about it, but **Paddy (Marty) Chayefsky**, the most famous tv author in the country, has an office in the **Sid Caesar** headquarters. Word is that Paddy may be writing a play for Sid. Could be . . . **Tallulah Bankhead** looks pretty good on tv these days, doesn't she? It's for the usual reason. As soon as she was signed for the **Martha Raye** opening this season, she went into training—sensible hours, sensible food, unrowdy companions, and no drinking. It works every time. After a few weeks of "the cure," she looks fifteen years younger and is fifteen pounds slimmer. If you see her when she's leading her usual gay life, you find it hard to believe that she could ever change her habits—or that she could ever look so good. But Tallulah comes

through! She is, incidentally, selling her home in Connecticut where she's lived for so many years and looking for a town house in New York. Up until now, she's taken apartments or hotel suites when she's had to stay in the city. Now she's going to settle down (if you can use that phrase for Tallulah) in the city for good . . . Don't you agree with us that it's about time **Margaret O'Brien** talked about something else in her tv interviews besides being grown up now? It seems to us that we've been told about 100 times that she's no longer a baby . . . You simply wouldn't recognize **Melvyn Douglas** in *Inherit The Wind*, the play in which he replaced **Paul Muni** after the latter underwent an operation for the removal of his eye. His make-up—and his acting—make him seem at least sixty-five, and he's even changed his voice for the part. It's higher and cracks a little—a far cry from the firm clear tones he usually uses . . . They say that the reason **Henry Morgan** lost his part in *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* was that he was just too difficult to get along with. That's an old habit of Henry's. He can be hilarious, but he seems to have a big chip on his shoulder that makes him just too sarcastic for most people to take . . . All of their many friends couldn't be happier about the successful marriage of **Ernie Kovacs** and **Edith Adams**. After going together for years, they finally were able to get married, and Ernie has custody of his children by his first marriage . . . **Nancy Berg**, the model who's famous for the late-night tv show in New York where she crawls into a big bed in a filmy nightgown and kisses her dog good night, merely looks sweet and pretty on camera. Off camera and batting around town, she is the center of attraction wherever she goes because she wears really exotic make-up and quite bizarre clothes. She has one silver-sequined sheath that looks as though it belonged to her mother in the 1920's, it's that straight and unbecoming. It manages to hide Nancy's figure completely—a neat trick—but every head turns . . . **Frank Sinatra** does remember his old friends. He remembers to this day the first person who wrote a big story on him when he first got popular, and that writer still has access to him—any time. Sinatra may get annoyed with some members of the press, but that one can get any information he wants.



Advance reports on Steve Allen's emoting in "The Benny Goodman Story" are enthusiastic. Marnie von Doren thinks he's great, too.



Marjorie Morlowe caused a stir in recent nightclub appearances—brought on by husband Lorry Puck's continued attack on Arthur Godfrey.

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LOUELLA PARSONS

in hollywood



Eddie and Debbie: It was a beautiful wedding

IN THIS SECTION

Good News
Wedding pictures
Party of the Month
New love for Bob Wagner?
Listen to me, Keefe!



GOOD NEWS!

GOOD NEWS!

GOOD NEWS!

GOOD NEWS!



Debbie asked all the newsmen but one to wait outside during the ceremony. She's a favorite of theirs—and so they obliged.



Eddie kept an arm around Debbie every minute. Not just husbandly affection—Deb had collapsed from exhaustion before, and he was worried.



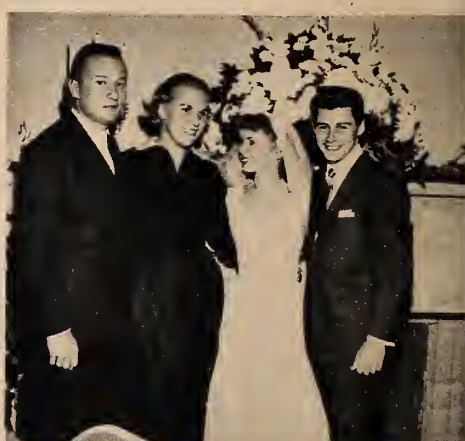
The cake was huge and delicious, filled with fruit and nuts. The wonderful Grossinger's chefs had worked 24 full hours to get it done.



Eddie's sister Janet (there's such a family resemblance there!) drove up from Philadelphia with his mother, Mrs. Stupp.



Mrs. Stupp cried—happily, of course—through the whole wedding—and part of the reception. She's already given Debbie Eddie's favorite recipes.



This is Dr. and Mrs. Ettis (she's Jennie Grossinger's daughter) in whose home the wedding was held. That floral piece was purple and gold.

I TALKED TO Eddie Fisher on his wedding day and he was as nervous as any conventional bridegroom. He said he hadn't seen his bride, Debbie Reynolds, all day because he heard it was bad luck to look at the bride before the ceremony.

This long delayed marriage, which had reams of publicity, took place September 26 at Grossinger's Hotel, the resort where Eddie Cantor first heard the boy with the wonderful voice and paved the way for him to fame.

Eddie and Debbie had their closest and

dearest friends with them. They were married at the end of Yom Kippur, the most holy day in the Jewish religion. The ceremony was performed by a County Judge, with all the arrangements being made by Mrs. Jennie Grossinger, who calls Eddie her boy—since it was at her place that he was discovered by Eddie Cantor.

I had the first story on the romance of Debbie and Eddie in *MODERN SCREEN*, because I knew, after a visit I made with them to Las Vegas, they were in love. At that time,

Eddie wondered if Debbie would ever really love him. She has loved him so much that even when the marriage postponements came she held her little head high and didn't mind what everybody said, because she knew he loved her and that they would marry as soon as Eddie's career would permit.

He felt that he didn't have any right to take Debbie away from her career until certain business arrangements were smoothed out.

Readers of *MODERN SCREEN* and fans all over the world hastened to wish Mr. and Mrs.



The "I-do's" heard 'round the world! Judge Cooke performed the much-delayed ceremony; Jeanette Johnson and Milt Blackstone "stood up."



Jennie Grossinger and Eddie's father never stopped beaming. Jennie was so proud; she loves Eddie and planned the whole wedding.



Everyone clustered around Willard Higgins, Eddie's valet and friend; such a warm, fine person. The handsome young man, right, is Joey Forman.



Afterward, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher (!) invited all the reporters in. Read the intimate story of the wedding on page 36.

Fisher every happiness in their marriage.

And in case you think I'm remiss, let me say that Debbie was a vision in her wedding gown of white lace, with her short, pretty veil. And Eddie was equally handsome in a gray suit. No cutaway for him!

I'VE BEEN ASKED just how serious Susan Hayward's romance is with Don "Red" Barry, who had a brief fling with Joan Crawford and who has popped up in the news every now and then.

Knowing Susie as well as I do, I refuse to believe this is more than a casual friendship. Susie has been a very lonely girl. Her tiffs in court with Jess Barker have made her almost afraid of life. But now great vistas open up for this redhead in her career with her great performance as Lillian Roth in *I'll Cry Tomorrow*. She's sure to be nominated for an Academy Award and she stands an excellent chance of winning.

Susan met Barry when both of them were in *I'll Cry Tomorrow*; he had just a bit.

His appeal to her was through their children. He has raised his eleven-year-old Michael by himself. He was granted custody of the child. Susan says he's wonderful with her twin boys, who are her very life. She says that Don Barry is a much finer man than is generally known and he, too, has had his troubles.

She's still married, unless by the time this is printed the appeal is taken off the court records. She was granted an interlocutory divorce decree, but Barker has appealed it.



Now listen to me, KEEFE BRASSELLE

■ I knew you when—back when your mother was working as a studio hairdresser and you were one of the nicest young boys growing up in Hollywood. I think I was almost as happy as your real mother when Ida Lupino discovered you, put you in a picture and you scored a big, big hit, not only because you had talent but because your personality was so warm, so outward-going, so unspoiled.

Last June in Istanbul when I encountered you for the first time in about a year, I practically shuddered. You are completely self-satisfied and smug. Everything about you has changed, including your acting ability. You put on the most terrible act one evening and you didn't even have dramatic sense enough left to know that it was falling flat.

Now comes the worst change of all. You've left your wonderful wife, Norma, and your child. You've dropped all your old friends. Even your agent, who helped you to fame, is snubbed by you now.

Keefe, come back to your senses. Boys like you and John Derek and Aldo Ray can expect little good to come from your making light of your marital ties. Remember this: Nobody gets so big that they can do without love—love of family, love of friends. If you keep on forgetting this you'll find out that the love of the public is the easiest of all loves to lose.



What's this I hear about Bob Wagner



They did Paris together, then flew back . . .

It always seemed ironical to me that Barker's lawyer should be given ten thousand dollars by Susan to fight her, and just when Barker was making a great plea of how misunderstood he was, Yvonne Doughty, whom he was seen out with practically every night, filed a paternity charge against him. Susan has steadfastly refused to comment on this, only to say she's very, very sorry for the girl.

I do believe Susan will grasp any straw now for happiness. That's why so much emphasis has been placed on her friendship with Barry, whom she describes as a friend and someone who's very nice to her children. The three boys, she says, play together.

LOVE REPORT. As we go to press, Cleo Moore is in love. She admits it to the world. His name is Charles Simonelli, and he's the lad who had Piper Laurie's heart in thrall

LA DIETRICH RIDES AGAIN! Aren't these pictures wonderful? They were taken at Frankie's opening at The Dunes in Las Vegas. He was a hit off stage as well as on—you can't beat my bad boy for charm—but from the moment Marlene came, was seen, and conquered everyone, Frankie himself had eyes for no one else. Even a glimpse of her can stop a show!

and cute Barbara Darrow in Europe?



to Switzerland, locationing for *The Mountain* . . . and practicing their love scenes off-camera. This time, Bob doesn't care who knows it, either!

some years ago. He's an executive with Universal-International and Piper's not the only girl to go for him in a big way.

Cleo has been rumored about to make the big step with this one and that one, but since Simonelli came into her life, this is it. A matter of religion must first be adjusted.

Mrs. Clark Gable has become so much the wife of *The King* that she is seeing few of the old friends who were so good to her in the dark days when life was pretty desperate for her.

It's understandable that a married woman must accept her husband's friends and make his pals hers, but there is one case where I think Kay is remiss—that of a certain actress who was very good to her during the days when other of her friends shied away from the then Mrs. Spreckels for fear of the publicity. Of course, I may be wrong and there

may be some reason of which I do not know.

But this whole attitude is so unlike Kay, who up until now has always been fun-loving, gay, generous and kind, that I'm wondering what's back of it.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST. I wish I had had some takers on my bet that Kathryn Grant would never marry the one and only Bing. She was quoted far and wide as saying they were engaged. Being a gentleman, the only quote Bing gave, after she let it be known that she had bought her wedding dress, was "I hope she gets a chance to wear it."

Now, months later, comes Kathryn saying she never told anybody she was going to marry Bing. Could at least four reporters all have printed such long typographical errors?

While it seems a shame that after all they had gone through together, Rita Hayworth

and Dick Haymes should separate, I must say that I think it may be the best thing that ever happened to Dick.

I talked to him while he was making his personal appearance at the Cocoanut Grove, and the word that best suits the way he was taking this personal tragedy is "manly." He was all man that evening, even though he was obviously heartbroken.

Rita never has returned to any of the men she has walked out on—not alone her four husbands, Ed Judson, Orson Welles, Aly Khan, and Dick—but also on such romantic figures in her life as Vic Mature, Tyrone Power and quite a few others.

No, I take that back. She did go back to Orson, though I for one will never understand why. And I've always had a personal hunch that she'd go back to Aly—if he'd give her the chance. That Aly is a real charmer. I re-



LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood



Jerry and Patti Lewis are ecstatic lately because Patti's "expecting" and because Dean and Jerry are getting along so much better than anyone (including Dean and Jerry) thought they would.



Before her tv Spectacular Judy Garland was a sick girl. She said it was "the usual pre-show laryngitis," but Red Skelton and other friends weren't sure she'd make it. She did, though, and wowed 'em for an hour and a half.



Gene Nelson brought Piper Laurie to the Sheriff's Charity Rodeo. Both of these two have had so many romances and I think they'd love to settle down. I kind of hope this is the real thing.



Seems to me I never see Diana Lynn without Ed Pauley, Jr. nowadays. He's the son of the famous oil magnate, and a very charming escort. They go night-clubbing together a good deal and see all of the shows.

member how Gene Tierney once described him to me as an "homme fatale," a phrase which she made up to mean the opposite of "femme fatale." In Gene's case this seems to be all too true. Her friends are really worrying about her continued depression since she left Aly—or vice versa.

Since she divorced Stuart Cramer, III, Jean Peters has gone back into her mystery act, refusing scripts from her studio and taking a

suspension, not answering phone calls, not seeing friends. This would be a bore, if it weren't so unfortunate. Jean is one of our better actresses. I can't figure what she thinks she is doing with her life.

THE PARTY OF THE MONTH. I'd call the party Judy Garland and Sid Luft gave at Romanoff's Penthouse after her first tv appearance on Ford Theatre Star Jubilee the

party of the month. For sheer talent, there's seldom been as many celebrated singers and entertainers in one room.

"I don't care if I have put on weight," Judy Garland told me when I interviewed her at the party. "I've had three children, and I don't expect to have the figure of a young girl."

With Judy's God-given voice, weight is secondary. She is so mad about her baby son.



This is the first photo of Fred Astaire's thirteen-year old daughter, Ava. Fred doesn't like to turn the spotlight on his family, but he made an exception to bring Ava to a preem. And look at that paternal smile!



Kathryn Grayson and Oreste Kirkop (just Oreste to you, says the studio) came to the Strategic Air Command premiere together. No romance here, but they're co-stars in The Vagabond King.



No one, from fans to studio heads, can talk June Haver into going back into pictures—and a lot of people have tried it, believe me. She's so happy staying home with Fred and the kids that she won't hear of it.



Marge and Gower Champion are walking (or dancing) on air over the success of the road company of Three For The Show, their Broadway and tv hit. Not all movie stars are such a smash on the stage.

She says he's going to be the greatest heart-breaker of the century.

"Those eyes and that cute nose," she laughed. "He's going to be my last baby. Three Caesarians is all my doctor advises." Well, Judy has quite a family already.

Frank Sinatra came with Marlene Dietrich and Michael Rennie. Marlene wore a tight-fitting brocade dress and, as usual, every other woman present wished that she had the

Dietrich chic and savoir faire.

David Wayne, who was such a competent co-star with Judy, said he never had seen a braver performer than Judy, who was so sick up to the very moment she went on that everyone worried about her.

Jennifer Jones said her baby is a real Selznick, and David and I agreed that was good if she favors her grandmother, Mrs. Florence Selznick, who was a beauty in her day. Don

Taylor, looking very handsome, told me he wants to be a director. He said he had not reconciled with his wife Phyllis Avery, and felt very sorry that there was no chance. George Burns and Gracie Allen were a part of the happy group gathered at the piano, with Johnny Green and Bunny, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ackerman. (He is head of CBS-TV talent.)

All in all it was a good party.



the letter box

SHARON JONES of WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK, who signs herself "a true fan of Preston Foster," while asking for more news of her hero moans, "It seems to me all I ever hear about is Marlon Brando. I admit he's a pretty fine actor but enough is enough. And I have long since heard enough of Mr. Brando."

You and Josianne Berenger, Sharon?

FRANCIS ROSS of PHILADELPHIA, PA. announcing she's "Barbara's Number One Fan" asks, "What's wrong with Hollywood producers? Barbara Stanwyck has been a top performer for twenty-five years and what kind of roles does she get—lousy! When she does get a role worthy of her great talent, she is not even nominated for an Oscar—e.g., *Titanic* and *Clash By Night*. By my count she should have two Oscars at least for *Double Indemnity* and *Stella Dallas*, not to mention *Sorry, Wrong Number*. Somebody goofed—and it wasn't Miss Stanwyck."

You goofed a bit yourself, Frances. Stanny has had Academy nominations—but I agree with you that she deserves top honors.

LYNN HUNTER asks me from TORONTO, ONTARIO, "Could you give me the latest information on Audrey Hepburn? Over the past few months I've heard of at least ten pictures that she would be in and at least a dozen times that she was or wasn't having a baby. I'm wondering just how much that I've 'heard' is true and I'm sure you can help me out."

All right, Lynn, I'll do what I can. It's not true, at this writing, that Audrey is having a baby, but it is true that she's lined up for three pictures immediately after she finishes *War And Peace*.

I'm sorry I haven't space for all the letters sent me but I want you to keep on writing, as I do appreciate all your views on pictures and players. They are refreshing and honest and very, very much worth hearing.



Maggie O'Brien is getting around! She was at the Harwyn with Dick Kallman, the Alberghetti spaghetti dinner with Don Robinson and the 881 Club with Rad Fulton—all in a couple of days!

IN THE MATTER OF gaiety and good fun the birthday party given for no less than four of Hollywood's most popular matrons, Mrs. Edgar Bergen, Mrs. Johnny Green, Mrs. Reginald Gardiner and Cobina Wright, Sr., ranks high in this month's festivities.

Cobina's charming house, high on a hill, was the scene of the party. Liberace was the star of the evening, wearing a shirt hand-embroidered with little pianos. Lee always thinks of something different sartorially and I suspect other men wish they had the courage to dress as distinctively as he does.

Pretty Joan Weldon, who is such a good actress, is rapidly becoming one of our favorite local singers. With Jimmy McHugh himself at the piano she sang all Jimmy's songs.

Arlene Dahl, so thin she must have lost ten pounds she can't afford, and Fernando Lamas were being very gay, although I suspect that Arlene doesn't feel too well. She says she's trying to gain weight. Sonny Whitney, one of New York's popular millionaires, and a gay coterie, including Lee Anderson, popular publicity woman, the Gene Markeys, Joan Fontaine, Van and Evie Johnson, Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow, the David Hearsts and Mrs. Charles Boyer, listened to the concert.

A SHOCKER. Hollywood, used to surprises and shocks, has had nothing in years that came as such a complete surprise as

Cameron Mitchell's announcement that his fifteen-year marriage was over. Cameron was considered the most devoted husband and father in Hollywood. The announcement of the break came from Cameron with a follow-up statement from his wife that she knew nothing about it.

A spokesman for 20th Century-Fox said that he wanted a trial separation and the story came so straight that reporters all used it—and it's true.

MRS. ALAN LADD said Alan's hardware store in Palm Springs is "a glorified actor's dream of such a store. We're going to have orange juice for the customers, music piped in and it's going to have all the old-time aspects of a country store, plus the last gasp of sophisticated Palm Springs," laughed Susie.

The Ladds seem very happy again, I'm glad to say. They have moved into a new house in Palm Springs and Sue is busier than a bee buying the carpets and drapes, while Alan's pet hobby is the hardware store, which he owns in partnership with a high school pal, Robert Higgins. Probably for the first time since *This Gun For Hire*, Alan doesn't have top billing. The sign on the store will read, "Higgins and Ladd," because while Alan is busy making money with pictures, Higgins will be in full charge.

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

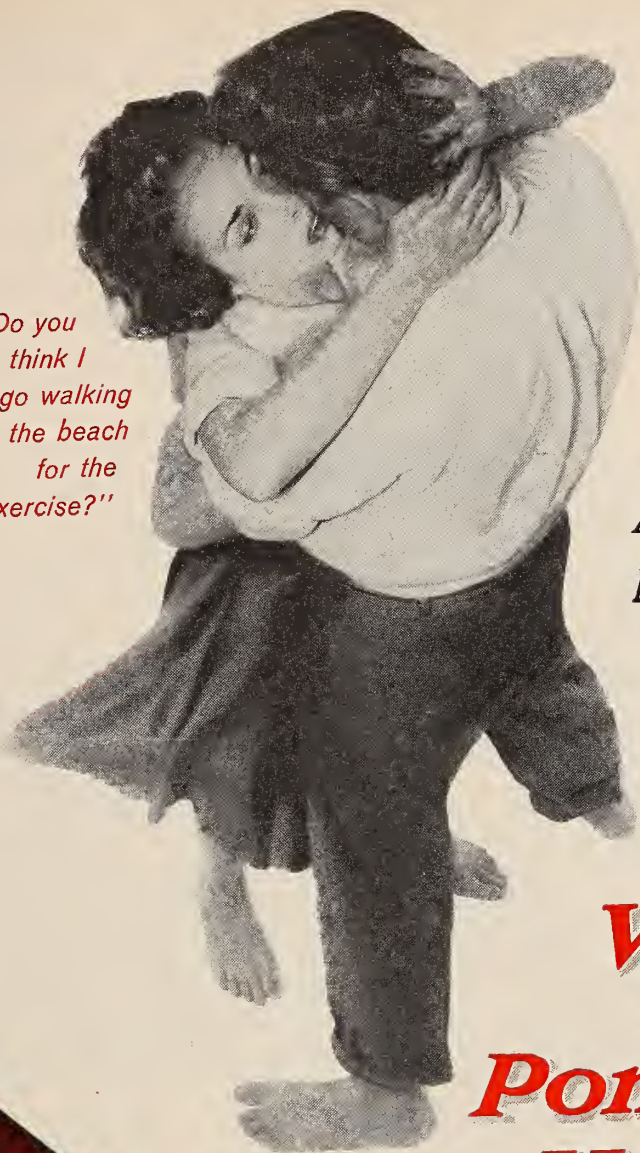


Jeff Donnell and Aldo Ray could have been so happy if Aldo had settled down instead of trying to remain a bachelor though married!



And it just breaks my heart to see the John Dereks splitting after all the troubles they've been through and managed to weather together.

*"Do you
think I
go walking
on the beach
for the
exercise?"*



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NEW MOVIES

by Florence Epstein

WORTH
SEEING
THIS
MONTH

FOR SHIVERS

The Desperate Hours
Blood Alley
I Died A Thousand Times
Teen-Age Crime Wave

FOR LAUGHS

The Second Greatest Sex
Gentlemen Marry Brunettes

FOR SPECTACLE

Tennessee's Partner

FOR LOVE

All That Heaven Allows
Three Stripes In The Sun
Queen Bee
The Deep Blue Sea



*PICTURE OF THE MONTH: *The Desperate Hours* is a chilling account of what happens when desperado Humphrey Bogart (left) invades Fredric March's suburban home.

THE DESPERATE HOURS

Suspense par excellence

■ *The Desperate Hours* was a big hit on Broadway, and ever since then movie companies have been grinding out their version of the thriller. But this movie—which is taken straight from the original—is far and away the champ. Fredric March and Martha Scott are a pleasant suburban couple with nice kids—a teen-age daughter (Mary Murphy) and a younger son (Richard Eyer). Violence is something they don't even like to read about. Needless to say, it is rather a shock when three escaped cons saunter up the front lawn and park their feet on the living-room sofa. Only Martha's home to greet them. Humphrey Bogart's the leader—he picked this town because he's gunning for its sheriff (Arthur Kennedy) who sent him up; and he picked the house because he noticed a bike on the lawn and decided that parents of a bike rider will not do anything rash. Dewey Martin is Bogart's younger brother and the third mug (Robert Middleton) is a thug of moronic I.Q. Bit by bit the family drifts home and when the door shuts for the night it looks like the only time it will open is when the undertaker comes. The terror is kept at a maximum pitch, but there's more to the movie than that. There's excellent acting, with each character emerging as a particular human being. And you'll be surprised at how much courage people who hate violence can display. VistaVision—Para.

ALL THAT HEAVEN ALLOWS

Soap-and-water drama

■ Jane Wyman is so rich and widowed and lonely, with a son in Princeton and a daughter in psychology and a house in Connecticut whose trees are clipped by Rock Hudson. Ah, here we go. Can a rich, lonely widow find happiness as the wife of a poor, proud tree-clipper? What will the fancy neighbors say,

what will old faithful suitor (Conrad Nagel) say, what will the boy in Princeton and the girl in etcetera say? I'll tell you—every last one of 'em is speechless with snobbery. Rock doesn't say much, either (poor and proud and silent, he). It's enough to pepper the whole county with migraine headaches. Steady, there, Jane—you and I and everyone know that love conquers all.—CinemaScope—U.I.

BLOOD ALLEY

Adventure in Red China

■ When John Wayne's sprung from a Chinese prison camp and paddled upstream in a sampan by Mike Mazurki, he figures there's something in the wind besides the scent of Lauren Bacall's perfume. There sure is—a whole village wants to disappear from Red China and they've picked Wayne to pilot them out in an old ferry boat (which he'll have to steal first). Wayne's going, too—soon as her doctor dad gets back from a surgical safari. Are you all crazy, Wayne asks the village elders? The waters are flooded with Commie ships. The elders smile at his wisdom. And danged if the whole village—several hundred men, women, children, goats, assorted household articles and one traitorous clan (sired by Berry Kroeger)—doesn't flock aboard for the ride. It's an exciting, colorful and completely entertaining adventure. CinemaScope—Warners

TENNESSEE'S PARTNER

They went that-a-way!

■ It's gold rush time in California, pardner, with liquor and gambling and wild, wild women. Let's take 'em one at a time. The liquored party (Chubby Johnson) claims he's struck gold, but who has faith enough to stake him? Tennessee (that's John Payne) has. He's a gambler so good he doesn't even have to cheat. The transaction occurs (Continued on page 20)

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movie previews (Continued from page 18)

at the Marriage Market—a house, or rather a home, for girls interested in matrimony and clever enough to turn a pass into a proposal. You'd think Rhonda Fleming, housemother, could do the trick with Payne! But no. Meanwhile Cowpoke (Ronald Reagan) breezes in for a marriage—his own to Coleen Gray. Well, Coleen disappears, old Chubby bites the dust and Payne stands accused on both counts. But you can count on him to walk off with all the winnings. Rhonda Fleming does all right for herself, too. Technicolor—RKO

QUEEN BEE

A vehicle for Joan Crawford

■ The south's the place for brooding passions, all right. Take Phillips House where the Phillips family plays. Oh, what an atmosphere—sick, sick to the core. With John Phillips (Barry Sullivan) succumbed to drink and Carol Lee Phillips (Betsy Palmer) succumbed to John Ireland (he runs the Phillips' mills) and John Ireland succumbed (in a moment of mad desire) to Eva Phillips (Joan Crawford) who is married to John. It's a vicious circle with everybody trying to break out, but Eva (Joan) keeps pulling 'em back with her charming smile and steel encrusted heart. Queen Bee—get it? Into it all walks Lucy Marlow just mad for all these cousins she's never seen. That southern comfort really gets her—so does John Phillips, but first there's a suicide and a couple of nasty other little nuisances.—Col.

TEEN-AGE CRIME WAVE

Juvenile delinquency plus

■ To reform the teen-agers in this movie would only take a hundred years. Every time lumber-jacketed Tommy Cook puts out his hand there's a gun in it. His girl Terry (Mollie McCart) is no bum shot, either. Her friend Jane (Sue England) is of the "What am I doing here?" variety. And well may she ask. Terry gets her a blind date and when next she opens her eyes little Jane's on her way to reform school. (That date didn't like bowling—mugging was his game.) The girls, en route to said school, are rescued by Tommy, who laughingly wipes out the police escort. The kids take over the farmhouse of a nice old couple who, between gasps for breath, try a quick rehabilitation job. Who wants a long life, Tommy sneers, the longer you live the more time you have to worry about dying. Now there's a thought. I'm sorry to say that Columbia's answer was muted by gunfire.—Col.

GENTLEMEN MARRY BRUNETTES

Russell and Crain on a fling

■ A couple of dolls (Jane Russell and Jeanne Crain) otherwise known as the Jones sisters blow the U.S.A. for Paris, France. Why? Because Russell has five fiancés and she's no Mormon. In France is Scott Brady who thinks he's an impresario, but doesn't have a client to prove it. He's all set to line up nightclub engagements for the Jones girls. The Jones girls?! cries Rudy Vallee, boulevardier. I know them from way back. He does not. It was their Mom and Auntie (femmes of the flaming twenties) whom Jane and Jeanne bring to life in flashbacks. I forgot to mention a shy millionaire (Alan Young) who's masquerading as Brady's valet. He goes for Crain and all his hidden assets come out in minks and Dior gowns for the Jones girls (now we're back to 1955). Where's the loot coming from, everyone wonders with a smirk. I tell you those dames are innocent. But I don't have to tell you—you'll see for yourself. CinemaScope—U.A.

THE DEEP BLUE SEA

A moving love triangle

■ Between the devil and—is where Vivien Leigh finds herself. For fifteen years she'd been wed to a Lord (Emlyn Williams) and thought she liked it. Until she met a louse (Kenneth More) and decided she loved him. And left the Lord. But that's too simple. The louse is really a very likable guy, an ex-RAF pilot, who attracts women like fleas but always gets itchy and pulls out. Vivien knows this with one part of her, but the other part is obsessed, and that kind of thing can lead to suicide. It very nearly does. But it happens that a bookie and ex-psychiatrist (Eric Portman) lives in Vivien's rooming house and knows how to retrieve sleeping pills that have been swallowed. He also knows how to snap Vivien back to a state of self-respect. When lover boy comes home she hands him his walking shoes. It's an adult, finely acted film that had me entranced.—20th-Fox

movie previews (Continued)

I DIED A THOUSAND TIMES

Crime still doesn't pay!

■ All through this movie people are telling Jack Palance how pale he looks, but he looks ruddier than a full-blooded Indian to me. And all through this movie he's Public Enemy number one. Hard, you understand, but soft as a baby underneath. One minute he's kicking Lee Marvin in the kneecap, next minute he's treating a "nice" girl (Lori Nelson) to an operation on her club foot. A cute little dog named Pard adopts him, and a confused ex-dance hall hostess (Shelley Winters) adores him. All three of them sit up front in the car as Palance drives toward the scene of a million-dollar jewel robbery (which he commits). He's tortured and disappointed in the "punks" he has to work with. Guess it's just as well he meets death in the High Sierras. As Shelley says, "Now he's free." CinemaScope—Warners

THREE STRIPES IN THE SUN

When east meets west

■ Among things left over from the Second World War is an abiding hatred which Aldo Ray nourishes for the Japanese. When he and Dick York are transferred to peacetime duty in Tokyo, Aldo's like to start another war. He's sidetracked by a visit to an orphanage outside of town where he re-encounters his childhood in the unhappy face of an unwanted, unmanageable orphan. Aldo impulsively becomes involved in feeding (with army rations) and re-housing (with buddies' donations) the whole flock of kids. He also falls in love with an interpreter (Mitsuko Kimura). This is one of the most sensitive movies I've ever seen on interracial love. Not only that—Aldo Ray's terrific as a typical hard-hearted guy who melts like butter once he sees the light. And the Japanese have an air of dignity and reality noticeably absent in other films.—Col.

THE SECOND GREATEST SEX

A very merry musical

■ There are three little towns in Kansas and each one wants to be the county seat. So the men of each town are forever chasing after a safe which is filled with important documents. Whichever town gets the safe gets the seat. The ladies only get bored. What good's a man if he isn't around, asks Liz (Jeanne Crain) whose groom (George Nader) is off safe-chasing two hours after their wedding. Finally, the girls barricade themselves inside an unused fort and swear off loving till the men agree to fight no more. It's a real happy movie with marvelous dancing by Tommy Rall (all the choreography is outstanding). There's the lovable comic Bert Lahr who'd steal the show if it weren't for Jimmy Boyd—a gawky kid whose voice is changing and who keeps asking everyone, "What are sex?"—CinemaScope—U.I.

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Coleen Gray, starring in Allied Artists' "Las Vegas Shakedown."

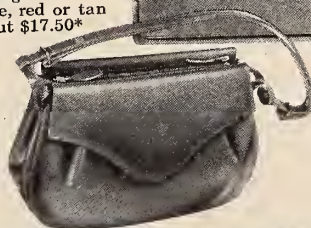
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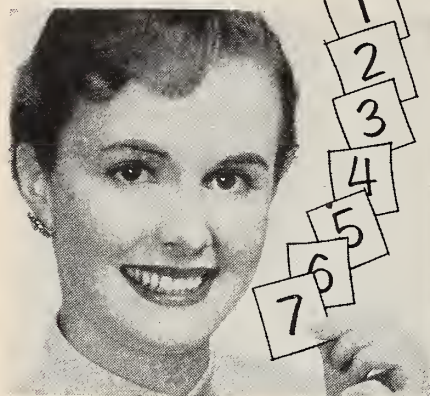


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music from hollywood

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

Here's another great singer going dramatic. Teen-aged Jimmy Boyd is now embarked on a new career as a motion picture actor, an endeavor that threatens to surpass his amazing musical accomplishments of the past. Just sixteen, Jimmy launched his dramatic career with a non-singing role in Universal's *The Second Greatest Sex*. Considering Jimmy's hit record status in the past, it's amazing that he wasn't given at least one song to sing in the picture. Remember his record of "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus?" At the last count it sold two million, six hundred thousand copies. His rendition of "Tell Me A Story" with Frankie Laine approached the million mark, not to forget his "Dennis The Menace" and "Little Josey" with Rosemary Clooney. Why doesn't Jimmy sing in this picture? Well, we heard that his voice was changing; and if you heard the same thing, here's the explanation right from Jimmy's own mouth. "Just because I don't sing in *The Second Greatest Sex* doesn't mean I can't. My voice has changed some, but I can sing just as good, only in a lower key." Jimmy's knowledge of twangy, folksy songs came from his hearing his mother and father sing during his childhood in McComb, Missouri. The producers of Frank Sinatra's program heard him sing and put him on two of Frankie's shows. Ed Sullivan had him as a guest on *Toast Of The Town*. After that everybody wanted him for programs—Bing Crosby, Jimmy Wakely, Doris Day among others. His greatest thrill was getting a snazzy new Ford Thunderbird in turquoise for his birthday.



Lauren Bacall says Warner Brothers' *Blood Alley* is the toughest picture of her film career. "I'm out-Humphreying Bogart," Miss Bacall said in discussing her starring role with John Wayne. "My husband is always telling me about *The African Queen*, in which he walked in water up to his neck, but now I can hold my own in that type of conversation." Lauren has one scene in which she runs through a "graveyard of ships" while Chinese communist gunboats fire on the area. She said, "I have to climb over all these hulks, and then I have a scene where I have to wade through deep water to help the villagers pull the ferry boat out of the mud. But I love it. This is a different type of picture for me, and the change of pace is most welcome." Two lilting Chinese melodies have been written for Joy Kim, last seen in *The High And The Mighty* and now in *Blood Alley*. Director William Wellman heard Joy singing on the set, found out that she graduated from Southern California's music school, so he ordered the songs.

Today we have all types of albums for the home. *Music For Dining*, *Music For Lovers*, *Music For A Rainy Afternoon*, etc. How about an album, *Music To Cry By!* Years ago Willis Goldbeck, then a youth just out of high school, came on a movie set when studio musicians were unable to supply the proper mood music to bring tears to the eyes of silent film star Alice Terry. Goldbeck was drafted to sit at the piano. His playing of "The Rosary" brought beautiful, pearly tears to the eyes of Miss Terry. Goldbeck, now producing *I Died A Thousand Times* for Warner Brothers, came on the set just as Stuart Heisler was experiencing some difficulty in getting Shelley Winters to cry convincingly for a scene with Jack Palance. A piano was moved near the camera. Goldbeck again played "The Rosary" just before Heisler was ready to shoot the sequence. Shelley sobbed and tears streamed down her cheeks. Goldbeck had not lost his touch.



Director Josh Logan was kidding William Holden, whose role in Columbia's *Picnic* opens with a bedraggled, unshaven, barefooted Holden bumming a ride on a freight train into Kansas, where the film was on location. "Just think," Logan quipped to the former Academy Award winner, "if you win another Oscar for this role, technically, it'll be for the 'Bum Actor of the Year.'" Holden's wardrobe is the most inexpensive outfit ever worn by a star in a multi-million-dollar production. One pair of khaki trousers which cost \$1.98. Two rayon sport shirts at \$2.49 each. One pair of shoes at \$10.00. One imitation silk tie at 39¢. This fancy outfit is worn by Holden throughout the picture. Contrast this with the outfit Kim Novak wears during her coronation as beauty queen of the picnic. Kim has on a blush-pink, silk organdy

dress with twenty yards of hand-embroidered material, fashioned by designer Jean Louis and topped by a red velvet cloak with a huge ermine collar, weighing thirty pounds. The cost? \$3,500.00. Arthur O'Connell marries Rosalind Russell in *Picnic*. This marks his 513th matrimonial venture. O'Connell was in the original Broadway version of *Picnic* for sixty-four weeks. There were eight performances a week, and the actor went through 512 marriages on the stage. In real life O'Connell is a bachelor! The old song favorite "Pennies From Heaven" has been given a completely new jazzed-up treatment and will be used during a jitterbug number in *Picnic*. The song was originally sung by Bing Crosby in *Pennies From Heaven*.

The View From Pompey's Head, a 20th Century-Fox film, in which you'll see Richard Egan, Dana Wynter, Cameron Mitchell, Sidney Blackmer, Marjorie Rambeau, is Richard Egan's 30th picture and his first without a day off. "No complaints," says Dick. "I can remember when I had too many days off." Dana Wynter got slapped around by Cameron Mitchell one day and bumped by a horse the next. "Good thing my father's a doctor," she says. Dana was thrilled when she received a gift she says she will treasure all her life. The brunette beauty a few days before had looked at rushes of her love scenes with Richard Egan and also present at the screening was Elmer Bernstein, the composer brought to Hollywood to write the theme music for the picture. The day following the showing a special messenger brought a huge box of yellow chrysanthemums from composer Bernstein; and included in the box was the ribbon-tied original copy of the music Elmer Bernstein was inspired to write after witnessing the love scenes. The sheet music was inscribed, "For Dana, whose gifts and talents made this gift possible—Elmer Bernstein." Nice thing about the gift was its timing. Dana had just come from the dentist where she had two impacted wisdom teeth extracted. "I couldn't have felt worse when I got home—or better when I received so wonderful a tribute and gift," she says.

Richard Drake, of Korean-descent, playing an ROK soldier in *Target Zero*, does a hilarious parody of Frank Sinatra's "They Tried To Tell Us We're Too Young." It's titled "They Tried To Sell Me Eggs Foo Yung." This picture stars Richard Conte and Peggie Castle. Peggie is really happy with her part in this picture, since this is the first time in three years she hasn't been killed before the picture ends. About getting killed Peggie says, "Holding my breath while the cameras grind is the hardest." In *Target Zero* Peggie finally gets her man—Richard Conte—in the final scene after surviving bombings, shellings, small arms fire, and an accident. David Buttolph, who has composed music for more than thirty Warner Brothers pictures has introduced the Japanese Samisan, a three-stringed guitar, which is played with a plastra or ivory shell, into the musical background of the film.

Gary Cooper, who has done right well as an actor without rhythm, has begun studying how to play the bongo drums to get some. Cooper explained, rather embarrassedly: "They tell me beating the bongo drums increases the awareness of rhythm. I guess I could use some of that." Gary certainly doesn't need any musical beat in his present role in Warner Brothers' *The Court-Martial Of Billy Mitchell*. As a top Army officer almost (Continued on next page)

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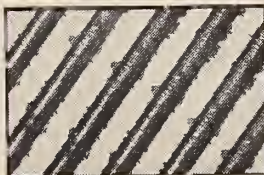


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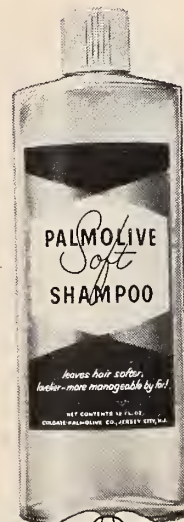
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GREYHOUND

(Continued from page 23) always in scenes with other top brass, he must walk with military precision. He took up bongo drums, now a full-blown fad in Hollywood, for relaxation. He's never appeared in a musical role or intended to; and his leisurely speech and long-legged cowboy stride can hardly be classed as rhythmic, but they haven't handicapped his career in the least. Gary became interested in the primitive drums when working in the South Seas in the picture *Return To Paradise* and brought some of the native instruments back to Hollywood. Now he owns a number of sets—enough, he says, "to clutter up the house."

Rhonda Fleming sings again! For the first time in six years Rhonda will sing in the new RKO film *Tennessee's Partner*. Her singing debut in films came in 1949 when Paramount was looking for a bright-eyed unknown to appear opposite Bing Crosby in *Connecticut Yankee*. Rhonda came, sang, was seen, and conquered all opposition. Her next film singing was in *The Great Lover* with Bob Hope. Since then her singing career was ignored, as she was cast in dramatic role after role. Rhonda says, "When Producer Benedict Bogeaus offered me the chance to sing 'Heart Of Gold' in *Tennessee's Partner*, I jumped at it. Maybe Hollywood will discover I can sing . . . again."

Month's Best Movie Albums

MOVIE POP PARADE. An MGM Extended Play 45 r.p.m. Album X323. Eight outstanding motion-picture tunes from movies released during 1955, using artists like Billy Eckstine, Kay Armen, Billy Fields. "Love Me Or Leave Me," "The Kentuckian," "Soldier Of Fortune," "You're Never Too Young," "Blackboard Jungle," "Marty," "The Seven Year Itch," "Lady And The Tramp."

LUSH THEMES FROM MOTION PICTURES by Leroy Holmes and his Orchestra. An MGM 33 1/3 single record album E3172. This is a fabulous collection of Lush Themes by Leroy Holmes, whose "The High And The Mighty" pop record was one of the outstanding discs this year. "Spellbound," "The High And The Mighty," "Rear Window Theme," "Tara's Theme," "The Bridges At Toko-Ri," "Unchained Melody," "Land Of The Pharaohs," "Samarra," "The World Is Mine," "Forbidden Love," "Jamie," "The President's Lady."

WEE SMALL HOURS by Frank Sinatra. A Capitol Hi-Fi release on LP 33 1/3 single album release W581. One of Sinatra's outstanding contributions in album form this year. A record feast for Sinatra's many fans. "In The Wee Small Hours Of The Morning," "Mood Indigo," "Glad To Be Unhappy," "I Get Along Without You Very Well," "Deep In A Dream," "I See Your Face Before Me," "Can't We Be Friends," "When Your Lover Has Gone," "What Is This Thing Called Love," "Last Night When We Were Young," "I'll Be Around," "Ill Wind," "It Never Entered My Mind," "Dancing On The Ceiling," "I'll Never Be The Same," "This Love Of Mine."

IT'S ALWAYS FAIR WEATHER. Selections from the sound track of the MGM film featuring Gene Kelly, Dan Dailey, Michael Kidd, Dolores Gray, Lou Lubin. An MGM Album 33 1/3 single record E3241. A musical package for the movie fans who were delighted with the film.

Disc Jockey Choices "My Favorite MUSIC FROM HOLLYWOOD"



**Bud Abbott—
WHAS—
Louisville, Ky.**

"My favorite Music From Hollywood is Paul Weston's recording of 'The Kentuckian Song,' which musically captures the romance and beauty of this great state where *The Kentuckian* was filmed."



**Arty Kay—
WVLK—
Lexington, Ky.**

"In my winner's circle with a wreath of roses is Gordon MacRae's recording of 'People Will Say We're In Love' by Rogers and Hammerstein. How could it be otherwise?"



**Jay Trompeter—
WIND—
Chicago, Ill.**

"My favorite is 'It's Bigger Than You And Me,' from *My Sister Eileen*. Light-hearted and well said. Sammy Davis's interpretation is perfect."



**Noel Ball—
WSIX-TV—
Nashville, Tenn.**

"The tune that casts a spell over me is 'That Old Black Magic' from the new picture *Bus Stop*. It's mood music with a wonderful beat and belongs right back at the top."



**Cal Milner—
WPEN—
Philadelphia, Pa.**

"I choose a rather unusual one! I've always been impressed by the majestic moods created in 'Conquest' from *Captain From Castile*."

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She may be known as
"the kiss girl" but she's
got other talents

CLEO'S SECRET



About a year ago a disc jockey who kissed Cleo Moore too long and too well in front of his TV audience got fired and Cleo was promptly publicized as a glamour doll whose beauty precipitated the incident. Some of the stories implied that girls like Cleo spend all their time looking beautiful and keeping that way.

"They couldn't mean me," says Cleo. "I haven't got time. Any woman likes to look her best—and a movie star is expected to—but we really spend far less time in beauty emporiums and lolling beside swimming pools than the stories about us lead the public to think."

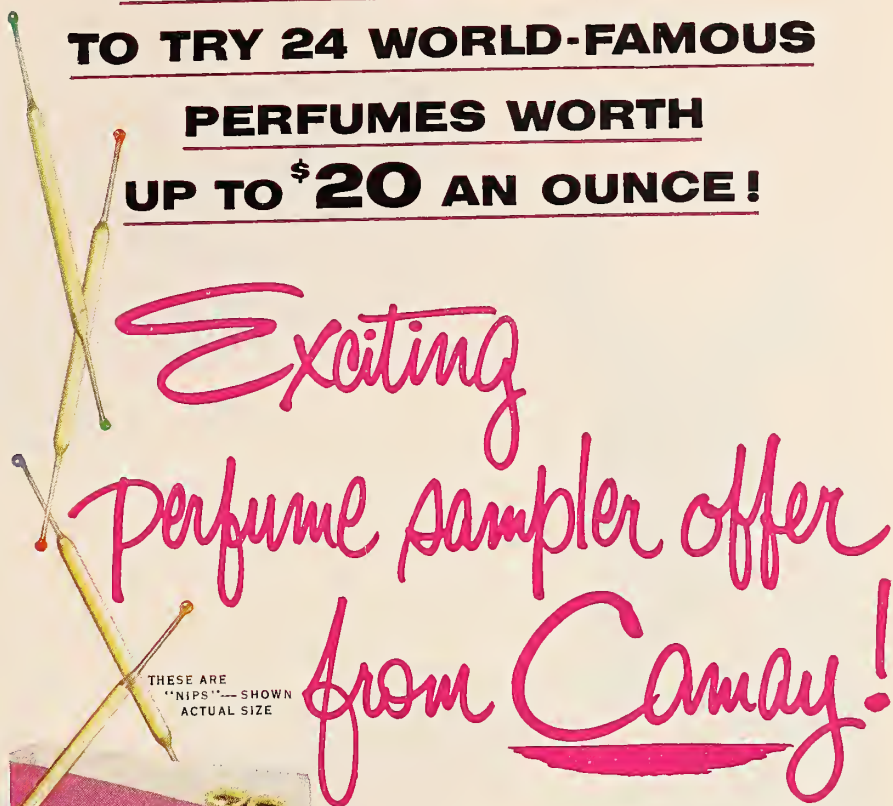
In association with her father, Cleo has built or rebuilt a dozen houses in Tarzana, selling them at a neat profit. She designed the landscaping for most of them and has never turned up her pretty nose at doing some of the work herself.

Cleo also turns out professional photographs, which she develops and retouches herself. She earned her living at this during her early days in Hollywood, an experience which has equipped her admirably for her role of a lady photographer in her latest picture, *Over Exposed*. She paints portraits, too—well enough to have had several exhibited in public galleries.

All this and time for dating!

But Cleo doesn't care a bit if the public thinks she's more decorative than useful, as long as bigger and better roles keep coming her way.

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Countess Maritza	SILENT NIGHT, WHITE MIST
Charbert	BREATHLESS
Bourjois	ROMAN HOLIDAY, EVENING IN PARIS
Harriet Hubbard Ayer	GOLDEN CHANCE
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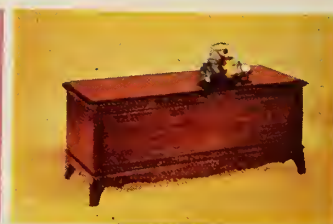
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Ekberg talks:

Confessions of a FEMME FATALE

■ What is there about this blue-eyed, honey-haired Scandinavian beauty that makes her such a temptress?

How come Gary Cooper ran into her on the Warner lot one afternoon and immediately asked her to dine?

How come she had Frank Sinatra, a veteran lover if ever there was one, doing flip-flops a few months ago?

How come Mario Lanza took one look at the long-stemmed lovely and began serenading in high C?

The obvious answer lies in Anita's obvious charms. She has more of everything than practically any other actress in Hollywood. She stands five feet ten in high heels. She boasts a forty-inch bust. Her limbs are beautifully shaped. Her lips are provocatively kissable. And her attitude toward men is enticingly inviting. Also Continental.

This is what Anita Ekberg says about the loves in her life—past, present and future.

"When I go out with a man," she explains, "I try to please him, to make him feel happy and proud of me. Never do I say, 'What can this man do for me?' I am not interested in that sort of career advancement. If I were I would be farther ahead than I am today. After all, I was once under contract to Universal. I could have played the game. But the game is not for me.

"If I am interested in a man I am interested in his personality, the way he walks, the things he says. I am not interested in his influence.

"To me the thing that counts most in life is love. At times when I have felt myself or thought myself in love I have risked everything. One time a studio executive said to me, 'Anita, you are just like a little girl. Each time you are sure this is going to be the big moment.'

"I cannot change the way I am. I would like to be a really good actress, sure. But I want most the love of a good man."

Has Anita been disappointed in men?

"It is a funny thing. Sometimes you meet a man. He has the reputation of being a great lover. You think he will sweep you off your feet, captivate you with his magic. It is not so.

"I remember when I first met Frank Sinatra. It was down at Palm Springs, Jimmy Van Heusen's house. We were introduced. Frank was charming. He can be the sweetest, kindest, most considerate gentleman in the world. Also the brightest. But he is no Romeo. No Don Juan. I don't know how he got that reputation.

"To be a great lover a person must give himself away completely. You cannot hold back. You cannot date a new person every night and call that love. It is a sign of unsureness, insecurity.

"I think maybe the Italians are the best lovers in the world. They always want to give, never to take. They want to bring enjoyment, to make a girl happy."

When Anita Ekberg arrived in Rome (Continued on next page)

Anita dated Frankie but remained unimpressed by his reputation as a great lover. Says she, "He can be the sweetest, kindest, most considerate gentleman in the world. Also the brightest. But he is no Romeo. No Don Juan."



(Continued from last page) recently for twelve weeks of work on *War And Peace*, the Italian gossips had a field day.

"She is 'the other woman' in the Tyrone Power divorce," they whispered. "She is the great love in Frank Sinatra's life . . . Anita is the tall Scandinavian beauty Gary Cooper finds so attractive. . . . This is the *femme fatale* of the present generation . . . If Linda Christian runs into Signorina Ekberg, sparks will fly."

Impervious to these rumors, Anita told local newsmen, "I am too busy to deny all those stupid stories that are being circulated about me. If one listens to gossip, then practically every actor in Hollywood has been in love with me. It is ridiculous. Why, only yesterday I read that I am having a big affair with Helmut Dantine. I don't even know Dantine."

The reporters nodded and said very little. Smugly they sat back and waited. In the words of one newsman, "We waited for Vesuvius to erupt on the second floor of the Grand Hotel. We knew one fact that Anita did not. Living in Room 227 just a few doors away from her was Linda Christian. What would happen when these two met? We asked many of the hotel employees to (Continued on page 60)

FEMME FATALE



Anita Ekberg disarms women, too —with her frank, honest





appraisal of herself

Ekberg influence puzzles Anita: "Why do people think I am all the time in love? I have been given credit for so many love affairs. You would think I am an old hag by now. I am only twenty-four and I have been in love very little. Three, maybe four times."





*lonely
young
man
on
the
Flying
Trapeze*



Tony's hardest, scariest job was learning to "fly" for Trapeze—and Janet wasn't there to pick up the pieces!

The Curtises had a dream of doing Paris together. Tony was there—and then all of a sudden Janet wasn't—and the dream turned into a nightmare



All week, every week, Tony lived for Friday, when he picked up Janet (with her Mom) at the airport.

by RUTH WATERBURY

■ The phone rang in my Paris apartment at 3 A.M. Thursday morning. Before I had the receiver to my ear Tony's voice came pouring in from the other end of the city. "Listen," he wailed, "I've got to talk to you. I've only been here a week but I think I'm going to blow this whole deal. I've been trying to get London on the wire for three hours but I can't speak enough French to get through to Janie. I'm dragging so low I think I'm going to blow my stack. I've got to get out of this apartment, I've got to get where I can talk to my wife."

"Huh?" I said, helpfully. "What?"

"Look," Tony said, "things haven't been going so good. But I don't usually act like this. I couldn't be this way if I knew all day I could go home and find her near me at night. All night in bed my hands keep reaching for her. I miss all those funny little smells of hers, you know, the cologne she uses and cold cream she smears on her face. Why, I've (Continued on page 68)



*Jeff and Marjorie Chandler
learned about their love the hard
way—by almost losing each
other. Now they're learning what it
takes to preserve a marriage on trial*
by BOB ROWE

Jeff Chandler:

"THIS TIME I'LL KEEP MY MOUTH SHUT!"

■ Jeff Chandler was on location shooting *Pillars Of The Sky* in La Grande, Oregon, on the day a national magazine came out with the story about his romance with Gloria DeHaven.

One of the crew showed him the magazine and said it was on sale in the town. Jeff was horrified. He had never talked about Gloria with his wife, Marjorie, and now that they had reconciled he wanted to tell her the story himself, not have her read about it.

That night when he got back to the Sacajawea Hotel in La Grande, where Marjorie and his two daughters were staying, Jeff rushed up to the room with the magazine tightly clutched in his hand.

He showed it to Marjorie and quietly told her the story: how he had been separated from her for almost a year when he began to date Gloria, who was separated from her husband.

Marjorie listened solemnly to all Jeff said, then squeezed his hand and said she understood. Gloria DeHaven's name has never again been mentioned in conversations between Jeff and Marjorie.

Telling a close friend about it later, Jeff said he knew that Marjorie would understand. He was only sorry for any embarrassment the story caused her—and Gloria.

"Speaking for myself," he said, "I don't see how such a story can hurt me. Movie stars are supposed to be lovers and the story made me look like a romantic figure. It's just too bad that it had to be printed."

Jeff added that his (Continued on page 62)



Never gad-about, the Chandlers have reduced their social circle to a very few close friends, spend most of their time walking and talking together, playing with the kids.

One of Hollywood's
most popular hostesses
tells why

they all hate Hollywood parties

by RUTH ROWLAND

wife of director Roy Rowland,
mother of actor Steve Rowland and sister
of producer Jack Cummings



Your Guided Tour Through A Typical Hollywood Party

Starting at lower left, we see usual combination of BLONDE-WITH-PRODUCERS; behind them, DYSPETIC YOUNG MAN on bicarb diet. Just north we find COUPLE WHO NEVER MISS FAVORITE TV SHOW, undismayed by chatter of STARLET MAKING IMPORTANT CALL—to New York—much to annoyance of THOUGHTFUL GUEST with eye on hostess' phone bill—and own call to make ABOUT A PART. At entrance, HOSTESS welcomes PHYLLIS KIRK, who always arrives bearing books, possibly to lend BROODING ACTOR in black T-shirt whose fascination has lured ERMINED BLONDE from group fighting for possession of LANCE FULLER HOLDING DOG. NEW ARRIVALS from Broadway (upper right) are debating social significance of gentleman just back from ROUGH DAY'S SHOOTING who has fallen asleep under couch; fact chivalrously ignored by VAN JOHNSON who can do So Much with box of candy. Finally, surrounded by AGENT who has finally got THE PRODUCER'S EAR, and STARLET who never stops arguing—a prized guest—we arrive at JANET LEIGH, DEBBIE REYNOLDS and the RICARDO MONTALBANs, who will do almost anything to MAKE A PARTY GO—even listen to records by other guests.

KUNZ



illustration by Edwin Kunz

ONCE I almost gave the Perfect Party—in my mind, at least. It was for a writer friend of ours who had written a best seller. Even though he was considered a celebrity, he was completely movie struck and was madly in love with Debbie Reynolds, Jane Powell, Margaret O'Brien, Phyllis Kirk, Ann Miller and Janet Leigh, none of whom he had ever met. He asked me if it were possible to invite them to the party I was giving in his honor, and I told him I would. I invited them all, and they all accepted. He was jubilant when I told him, and he could hardly wait for the evening of the party.

Since it was such a hot, balmy summer, I planned to give the party around the swimming pool with the guests seated at small tables. The decoration worked out beautifully . . . the magic lanterns flickered from the trees, the pool lit up with tiny flower candles that floated over its surface. There were bowls of gardenias on each table and Carmen Cavallero, the distinguished pianist who lives next door, said he'd love to play some of his South American music. It looked like everything

was going to be just perfect for my guest of honor, who was the first to arrive, anxious to See In Person his favorite movie stars. And then the unforeseen happened! A producer, the second guest to arrive, was so thrilled about meeting the author of the book he was thinking of buying that he asked him to go to some quiet place where they could talk a little about the story. Before I knew it, my guest of honor was driven off in the producer's car with the producer's promise that he would bring him back in twenty minutes. They returned at two o'clock in the morning when the party was over, and all the guests, including the pretty stars, had gone home. Both were terribly apologetic. The writer was completely despondent, and sent me seven dozen red roses the next day with this note: "I'm going back to New York and kill myself." To this day we always kid him about being the "man who didn't come to dinner."

Things like that happen all the time, of course, but they're fun and funny—and definitely not the reason why some Hollywood parties (Continued on page 65)



SEPTEMBER 1955

WED. 21	They finally dooed it!
THURS. 22	Call L.A. get that dress
FRI. 23	So where's the happy couple?
SAT. 24	Grossinger's
SUN. 25	Debbie passes out!
MON. 26	!!!!!!
TUES. 27	'Bye, kids...

I've been through a lot with Debbie. But those seven days before she got married —

OH, WHAT A WONDERFUL WEEK!

by MARILYN REISS

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20. This is the prologue, because it happened the day before *The Week* really began. Debbie had been in from California since Friday night, but this was my first chance to see her because she and Eddie had taken off for Grossinger's Saturday morning. They spent a long week end there, and as soon as she got back on Tuesday we met for lunch.

I've known Debbie for quite a few years and I can guarantee that on Tuesday she wasn't planning to get married on Monday. When Debbie doesn't want to tell me something (because she knows I work for a magazine and editors have thumbscrews and iron maidens and salary cuts and other tortures for getting information out of their employees), she just says she won't say. This time she said she had no plans and then she grinned and added that if she did, she wouldn't tell me anyhow, so that was that, and we talked about other things. For one thing, she told me about how ill she was when she got home from Korea. I won't go into it now because it happened a while back, and it's a sad story to stick right into the beginning of a happy one.

But anyway, she was thinking about it, and she was troubled. Also, it was strange, but several friends of hers, people really close to her, were getting divorced right then. Some of them she'd even bridesmaided for. "It worries me," she said. (Continued on page 81)



BORROWED VEIL

(from
Marion Weingar)

BLUE GARTER

(from
Jeanette Johnson;
you can't see it!)

NEW SHOES

(containing
OLD dime)

by NATE EDWARDS



Photos by Jacques Lowe

*They tell you stardom
has its price, Kim. They say
you have to wait for love,
wait until you've got it made.
They say you can't marry now.
You've listened to them, Kim,
and so you dine alone in
hotel rooms far from home,
waiting and wondering,
hiding out from love,
steeling yourself against
a woman's longing.
All because they said . . .*

DON'T LISTEN TO YOUR HEART

■ Kim Novak had sort of hoped that Mac Krim could join her in Salinas or some other town in Kansas, while she was shooting her latest picture. Failing that, the very least she could expect would be a flying visit while she was in New York.

That, too, had turned out to be a disappointment. Mac just couldn't make it. Even if he could, the studio wouldn't like it. People would be sure to see them together, and the next day it would be in all the columns, and the front office would blow its stack.

Ever since she'd started movie work, he'd been around, or at least close enough to meet and talk to for a few minutes. That was in Hollywood, of course.

Her mistake in the first place, of course, had been letting everybody in Hollywood—everybody in the world, for that matter—know about Mac. Going around leaving little notes saying "Kim and Krim were here," or "Mac and Novak were back." Appearing constantly together, so obviously in love, with all the tender little signs that broadcast endearing intimacy to knowing eyes. Now she was paying.

Now his extensive business affairs, plus the studio's tough new attitude, kept him from her. By the time she reached New York for a week of additional shots, recordings and interviews, she was as lonesome as she'd ever been in her life. And that was *some* lonesome. She'd been so sure that, anyway, they'd be able to fix it so they'd be able to have at least a day or two together.

Kim was a very mixed-up girl. It was hot in New York, and though everybody said it was the start of the Season, with so much to do in her free time, she couldn't seem to find the spirit for much of anything when she wasn't actually working.

Let's look in on her and see how a glamorous star spends an afternoon when she gets away from work early. Somebody'd mentioned that a photographer would be turning up at her suite in the St. Moritz to take a few photos, but she never thought of that as something to worry about. She always just did what she was told, turning her head a little, smiling, taking a deep breath—it was as simple as that. As simple as learning to cry for a scene, as she'd told that columnist the other evening. She'd never been able to turn on the tears until someone suggested she think of herself as dead. She'd tried that, and wept buckets.

This afternoon, Kim got out of her cab under the canopy of the St. Moritz, and paused a moment before she entered the revolving doors. To her right, people were sitting in the sidewalk café, sipping drinks, murmuring to one another.

Marlene Dietrich was in town, and she strolled out of the place, superb in a Dior suit, a wisp of a hat by Sally Victor, and by the grace of God, her hairdresser and a short veil, the most stunning woman on the street. Kim turned around. Across Central Park South some charming old carriages were lined up. The red-nosed old fellows on the boxes, wearing rusty top hats and touching whips they would never use, waited for fares through the Park.

Kim sighed. It would be fun, if only Mac were here. . . . (Continued on page 71)



hollywood's young bachelors

■ They are the select, the carefree, the Golden Boys. The envy of every male over the age of 21. They can (and do) have their pick of a town-full of gorgeous dates. They are sought after by hostesses, fawned over by starlets, drooled over by waitresses. Depending only on their moods (and shooting schedules) they could be on the town every night or stay-at-homes in self-imposed solitude. Hollywood is a wonderful town to be single in, and they're living it up, each to his own taste. Some are local boys, like Race Gentry, living at home with their parents. Some are out-of-towners like Ben Cooper, who shares an apartment with his sister Bunny. Most live alone. A few have such out-of-the-way retreats that even native guides have trouble locating them. But near or far, they all live in solid comfort. Every one of them can cook a breakfast and broil a steak. A few, like Hugh O'Brian, are real gourmets. They all have hobbies; some bucolic like George Nader's garden, some hectic like Jeff Richards' racing sloop. Race Gentry has a telescope. Almost all have a room full of records, books and sporting gear. Standard equipment for every garage is a Thunderbird or El Dorado. Generally speaking, they are pretty tidy individuals but downright lazy when it comes to washing dishes. Most have a place big enough for entertaining but unanimously they'd rather go to a party than give one. As a group they are coldly ambitious, as hardworking a collection of dreamboats as you'd ever hope to meet. To a man, they are looking forward to marriage—when the right girl comes along. Till then, it's fun to keep looking.

Bunny and Ben Cooper

Hugh O'Brian

George Nader

Race Gentry

Jeff Richards



Ben once developed a yen for Mom's chocolate sponge pie, sent home for the recipe and did so well that Mom now calls her baking "Pies like Sonny used to make!"



Ben Cooper lives the mad, bohemian life in a do-it-yourself flat with a built-in chaperone

■ A few months after displaced New Yorker Ben Cooper came west, sister Bunny, magazine cover girl, came out to visit him and got in an MGM picture. She promptly moved in with her brother. Ben was delighted. "It makes such a good impression on the parents of the girls I date."

The Coopers furnished their North Hollywood, near-the-studios apartment in true Greenwich Village fashion—which means on a shoestring. Bunny made the curtains, Ben the concrete-block bookcases. They threw a black cotton shag rug over the hideous couch. (Now it looks like a stuffed buffalo.) Ben does the cooking, Bunny the cleaning.



"I don't get enough exercise or fresh air," Hugh complains, chose his house partly because it's half a block above the Sunset Strip, within biking distance of everywhere. (No, his dates don't ride the handlebars!)

BACHELORS *continued*

Hugh O'Brian rented the whole second floor of a house that reminded him of home

■ Hugh O'Brian lives in the most unique of the bachelor apartments—he has the whole second floor of a remodeled frame house dating back to the early days of movies.

"The moment I saw it I knew it was for me," Hugh recalls. "I love the big old-fashioned rooms and the tremendous trees that surround the place. It reminds me of a house I knew back home in Chicago. Best of all, my landlady lets me keep Lady, my collie. And she takes care of Lady when I'm out of town."

Hugh spends a great many more hours in his upstairs haven. He's not dating much this season because he's working too hard starring in a western TV series, *The Life And Legends Of Wyatt Earp*. He shoots six days a week and studies lines at night. He also heads The Thaliens, an organization of young actors which raises funds for deserving causes.





"I'm a great believer in an old Chinese proverb," George says. "If you want to be happy for an hour, roast a pig. If you want to be happy for a year, marry. If you want to be happy for a lifetime, plant a garden."

George Nader has the perfect set-up—five rooms, a garden, a cleaning woman and a cat

■ George Nader occupies the ideal one-man house. It's a five-room, early-American ranchhouse hidden at the end of a little canyon ten minutes from Universal Studios, where George works. He lives there alone except for Sam, an aristocratic black cat.

George's house is perfect for a single guy. It's small, cozy and masculine-looking, with plank floors, beamed ceilings and enormous fireplaces.

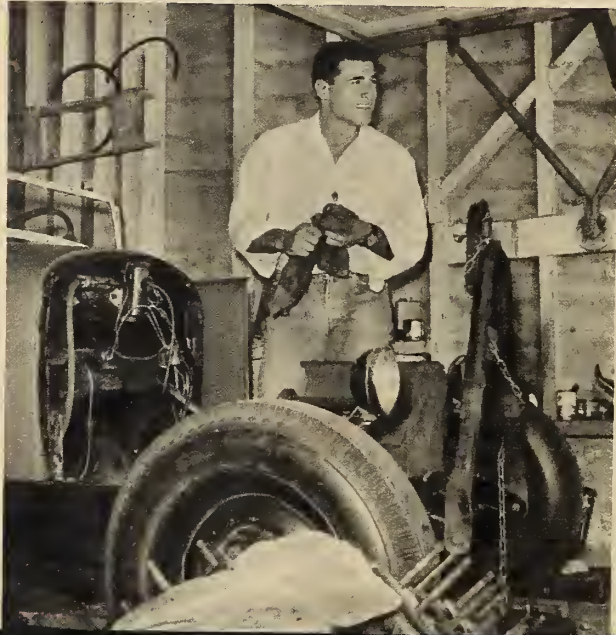
For parties George puts a stack of records on the automatic player and steaks on the grill. He stands in the kitchen where he can tend bar, watch the meat and keep his oar in the conversation.

Gradually he's doing the place over with things he's brought from remote corners of the world. In his living room are Swedish draperies, German porcelain, exotic temple carvings from India.

As a gardener he's casual but talented. In less than a year, he has turned a barren hillside into a green and flowering backyard.

BACHELORS *continued*

No one objects when Race's roadster turns the family garage into a greasepit. Besides, living home leaves more money for the things Race wants most—career, cars, boats and girls—in that order.



Race Gentry lives at home with the Papiros and as baby of the house he rules the roost

■ Race is the youngest of the three Papiro children, the only one not married and still living in the Westwood house his father and brother built before he was born.

Recently he took up astronomy and bought a \$300 telescope. He keeps the big, awkward instrument in the breakfast nook and trains it out the window at night. He uses the dining-room table to answer fan mail. If he invites an unemployed actor friend to bunk in with him, the boy can stay as long as he likes.

"Furthermore," adds Race, "my mom is the best cook in town."

Nor does living with his folks curtail Race's freedom. He goes out four or five nights a week. Mondays he attends a dramatics class. Other nights he plays poker or meets his pals at Sloppy Joe's, the local pizza house. He takes dates to the Hollywood Bowl or the Philharmonic.



Jeff spends most of his time alone, reads a lot, listens to music and his excellent shortwave radio. "I like to look out and see something besides houses and people," he said, choosing his lonely beach locale.

Jeff Richards has a house all to himself—in the loneliest place he could find

■ Given his choice, Jeff would live on a boat. He did live on a 25-foot sloop for months, until he couldn't get along without a telephone any longer. So he did the next best thing—got a beach cottage facing the ocean, and located practically in it. The cottage has a big bedroom and a modern kitchen, but Jeff cooks nothing but breakfast and sleeps outdoors on the porch in all weather but storms. There are rattan chairs, a rope rug, bamboo shades—all very practical and almost unused, since Jeff almost never goes indoors.

When the gang comes over to visit Hermit Richards they swim, go fishing, dive from the rocks, play volley ball and football on the beach. Nights they cook out around a bonfire and drag out a guitar for folk-singing. When the gang isn't there, Jeff does most of those things by himself—and loves it. The air at the beach is so clean that he hardly even needs to dust, but there's always an amiable date to straighten up the place or make a home-cooked meal when necessary.



by Radie Harris

- DOCTOR
- LAWYER
- INDIAN CHIEF —



"I don't want Chris and Mike to be at so many people's mercy the way we are. I'm glad they're too young to read now."

anything but an actor

■ That's what Liz Taylor, beautiful, successful, loving her career, is going to tell her sons!

I found out about it on one of the hottest days on record in Beverly Hills.

I had stopped by to cool off from this "unusual weather" at Elizabeth Taylor's and Michael Wilding's beautiful new "modern Elizabethan" dream house, with its inviting swimming pool overlooking the sweep of the twinkling city below. Mike poured me an iced drink while Liz went into her dressing room to strip into something comfortable. She had spent an exhausting day on a broiling back lot at Warner Brothers, shooting the final sequences of *Giant*.

Suddenly Liz appeared in the doorway, looking like a little girl playing grown-up. Her hair was still streaked with silver make-up for her aging heroine part, but she was in treader pants and open sport shirt. "I need your help," she called out. "My zipper is stuck," she giggled as I joined her in the bedroom with its wall-to-wall bed. As I tugged away at her pants I giggled, too, thinking, "What a shame this scene has to be wasted on me!"

The crisis over, Liz went calmly about changing. Her whole personality seemed more relaxed than in all the years I have known her and that dates back to her very first picture, *Lassie Come Home*, when she was twelve.

I remember how desperately Liz wanted to rush the years ahead to the ripe old age of sixteen, when she could wear lipstick and go out on dates unchaperoned by the ever-watchful eye of her mother.

I recall the winter they came to New York. It was right after Liz's tremendous success in *National Velvet*, and I accompanied them on a tour of the local Loew's theatres. Liz, a shy youngster, had to get up on the stage with a baby spotlight on her and ad lib with a different m.c. at each picture house. We didn't always arrive at the exact moment of her scheduled appearance so, flanked by bodyguards, we would be ushered into the theatre to watch the feature until it was time for Liz to go on. Invariably, right (Continued on next page)



anything but an actor

(Continued from last page) at the most exciting part, her mother would turn to her and say, "We must go now." Liz would plead, "Can't I just stay until this scene is over?" Sara would be firm. "No, darling, you won't have time to freshen your make-up." And, obediently, Liz would tear herself away, looking longingly back for one last glimpse of Joan Crawford.

Once, on the way home I asked her if she had wanted to be an actress. "No, I wanted to be a great ballerina or a violinist or a nurse," was her retort. I remember thinking at the time, "I bet when Liz has children of her own, she will do everything she can to dissuade them from following in her footsteps."

Now twelve years later, Liz had just peeped into the nursery to see six-months-old Christopher sleeping the untroubled sleep of a healthy, happy baby. His two-and-one-half-year-old brother, Mike, Jr., was allowed to stay up and visit with Mummy a while. Liz cuddled him on her lap and then turned to me as if reading my thoughts. "I will never do anything to prevent Mike or Chris from being actors," she remarked, "but I would prefer them to choose a more constructive profession—like engineering or medicine. Acting is the most fascinating and rewarding of all fields when it goes right for you, but it can be such heartache and disappointment when it doesn't. Then, too, it is the only business in the world where you are at the mercy of so many people—the public, the studio, the press. They can build you up but they can tear you down just as quickly. They can quote you and they can misquote you. Your private life is an open book and if you resent living in a goldfish bowl, everyone asks indignantly, 'Who does she think she is? Garbo?'"

"In England, everyone is protected by libel laws," added Mike. "The sewer type of magazines that victimize film stars with malicious lies and half-truths would be out of business after the first issue. The damage of this kind of yellow journalism that flourishes over here is irreparable, because people believe what they read, without bothering to realize how much of this slander is completely unfounded or based on vague hints. Unfortunately, the growing trend toward sensationalism doesn't cater only to the taste of adults. Even youngsters are avid readers these days. As long as people write malicious and untrue gossip, it's very hard to know how to keep a child entirely away from these unpleasant things. Fortunately, (Continued on page 64)

"Way back when we were still calling Mike, Jr., 'Britches' I wanted him to be a doctor—nothing else. I once wanted to be a nurse. Now, of course, I want him to make his own choice in his own time. That goes for Chris, too."

"Jane Powell's little girl is a doll and my children have a wonderful time with hers. But when they're with kids who'll be impressed that their folks are movie stars, we'll have to fight to give them a sane sense of values."

"I missed not having a crowd of kids to go to school with. Most of the time I had a private tutor and even the school on the Metro lot wasn't the same as a real, normal one, where the kids weren't actors."



*He lived his life as a
desperate search — and found his destiny
on the lonely road to Salinas*

APPOINTMENT WITH DEATH

■ Threading the twists and turns of the Grapevine Road south of Bakersfield, the speeding Porsche was a blur of white, a great jackrabbit dodging through the brown California hills. Over the engine's steady drone came the high and angry whine of a police siren. The Porsche braked to a stop, and the driver turned a look of impatience on the grim state patrolman who stalked over to write out the ticket. "This is a forty-five-mile zone," the cop said curtly. "You were doing sixty-five."

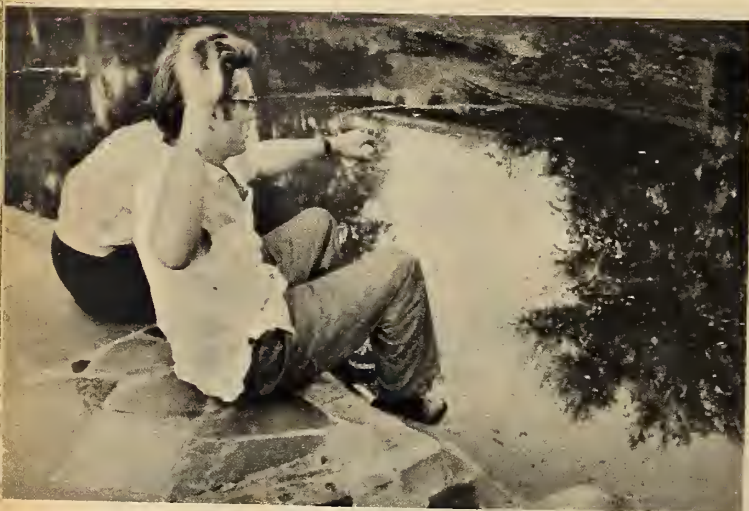
"I'm late," said James Byron Dean. "Got to get to Salinas. I'm expected. . . ." He stuffed the ticket in his shirt pocket, adjusted his goggles, and with a defiant spin of its rear wheels the Porsche spurted northward. Somehow his strange, fierce life had been directed to this appointment whether he knew it or not. For he was expected, but not at Salinas. His destination was a lonely intersection at dusk, just out of Paso Robles. He had averaged seventy-five miles an hour to be on time.

The Porsche flashed across the intersection, rammed another car head-on, and (Continued on page 58)

Only a few Hollywood people had time to really know him. I was proud to be one of the few

THIS WAS MY FRIEND JIMMY DEAN

by Mike Connolly



Jim had a lot of the kid left in him, even at twenty-four. He was an intellectual, sure, but he was easy enough to get to know—when he wanted you to.



■ I wrote this story to correct an impression—a bad impression that a lot of people had about a guy named Jimmy Dean, who was a friend of mine. Not a close friend, but I knew him and liked him, and I didn't like what people said about him. Not because it was uncomplimentary, but because it wasn't true—at least, it wasn't true of the Jim Dean I knew.

Now he's dead. There'll be a lot written about that, but not by me. And I suppose no one will have anything bad to say of him anymore. You don't speak ill of the dead. No one will call him rude and neurotic now; at worst they'll say he was a non-conformist. He was.

So I am glad I wrote this story while he was alive. I think it has more meaning that way. All it really is is the story of a day I spent with him, but now that there won't be any more days with Jim for anyone, it makes a good memory to hold.

I don't imagine many people had seen Jim at home recently. How could they? Jim had just moved into a new place and it was a hide-away if ever one existed. When I drove out there for the first time I missed the place entirely, got lost and had to go back several miles.

It was a nice area to drive through, but I hadn't wanted to be late.

The house, newly-rented, is in San Fernando valley. Jim had taken it on a (Please turn to page 52)



photo by Roy Schatt

In Hollywood, Jim had just began to make friends. But in New York, where this remarkable photo was taken, he had many good friends. The relationships formed during those days when Jim struggled for a foothold in theatre were the lasting ones, deeply felt by people who understood his melancholy, his brooding need to be alone.

In Texas for Giant Jim made no friends among the press but he got on fine with cast and crew



one-year lease. When I finally got there, half an hour late, I found the windows and doors all wide open. A hi-fi machine was blaring Bach's Toccata in F Major. I tripped over an iron doorstep. Jim turned the hi-fi down as I entered the living room, apologized for leaving the doorstep in the middle of the doorway and then, right off, asked, "Hey, how about coffee? I've got a pot brewing in the kitchen." I said fine and then made *my* apologies—for being late. Jim said it was okay because he had been up late himself the night before. He had worked with Liz Taylor and Rock Hudson in *Giant* at Warners from 8 a.m. to 8:30 p.m. and then, at home, had stayed up long past midnight reading and listening to records.

I had parked out on the quiet, suburban street and hadn't paid too much attention to the heavy shrubbery that veils the house from the street as I hurried up the long path to the door. Now I was beginning to notice things. I noticed that the living room takes up most of the house. It was one of the biggest living rooms I'd ever seen. The whole place reminded me of a ski lodge.

Then I noticed two strange-looking cellophane cones, each about seven feet long, hanging from loudspeakers hidden in the beamed ceiling. One cone hung from one end of the room, one hung from the other end. Jim, who was wearing a white Mexican (Continued on page 77)

A former counselor, Jim spent a lot of time with kids near the location. When he heard he was being called a hermit he muttered, "I'm not famous—I'm notorious!" brooded a while, then sneaked off for a badly-needed but unauthorized two-day vacation.





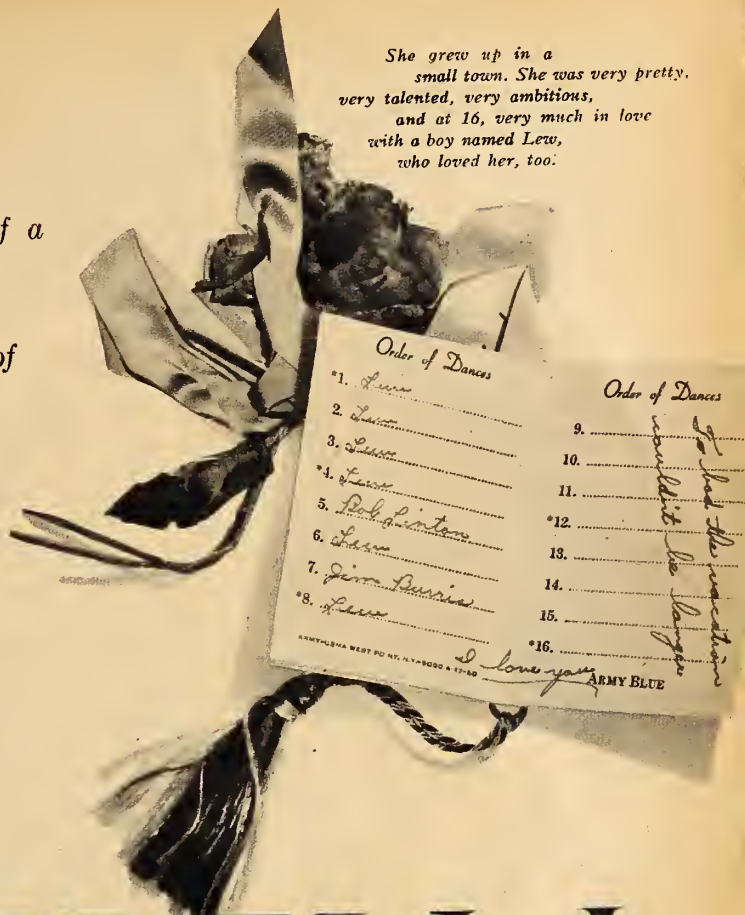
When he left home, Jim took his hobbies with him. Hobbies? For most people they'd have been full-time jobs. He had a tape recorder for studying his acting and recording music; he was an amateur photographer, a good shot (especially in penny arcades)—and more besides. But he did have his moods—wouldn't talk to newsmen who came all the way from New York for an interview.



She grew up in a small town. She was very pretty, very talented, very ambitious, and at 16, very much in love with a boy named Lew, who loved her, too.

This is the story of a girl who knew where she was going—from the age of three. Her name is Shirley Jones

by SUSAN WENDER



Don't call her

CINDERELLA



Every spare moment, she was with him at West Point. But there weren't many spare moments, because even in high school Shirley was a professional singer.

They've got Shirley Jones pegged as Miss Cinderella in person, the little girl from nowhere who never dreamed of becoming a star, who suddenly blossomed, by some miracle, into the lead of one of the biggest, most important movies ever made—*Oklahoma!*

Well, don't believe a word of it. It just ain't so.

There's a switch in the story of Shirley Jones. True, she's an amazing girl; true, Hollywood never heard of her before Rodgers and Hammerstein presented her as their protégée. And she certainly is, to coin a phrase, Sweet, Simple and Unspoiled By Success. But she is also possessed by a rock-solid, driving ambition to win herself a place in show business—an ambition which she has followed with great singleness of purpose since slightly before kindergarten! Nor was she always Sweet. "I was a terrible child, strong- (Continued on page 73)

more pictures on following page

SHIRLEY JONES: *These photos, exclusive to MODERN SCREEN, come from the scrapbooks Shirley's folks have kept all her life*



At 3. A doll to strangers - but a terror at home!



No time for howling now - she's saving her voice!



GERMAN TWP. HIGH
SENIOR PROM

A last date before going steady with Lew. Shirley's got her picture in print-as usual.



With chorine Sari Prince - her roomie and pal all over the world.



Lewis A. Molone

Smithton Boy Passes All Tests For West Point

SMITHTON - Lewis A. Molone, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Molone, received word recently from officials at the United States Military Academy at West Point, N.Y., that he has passed all the tests required for admission to the academy.

Mom and Pop follow her everywhere - New York, California - Lew gets left behind in Pittsburgh - just a memory in the Smithton scrapbook.



Miss Pittsburgh of 1952 - and only months out of high school! the bathing suit looks OK, but when she sings the contest is over, fast.



From grammar school on, she never says no to singing. Local bands, fashion shows, openings, closings-anything.



ng Standard

FINAL EDITION

19 Year-Old Beauty Queen Hopes To Be 'Laurie' In 'Oklahoma'; Appears In Broadway Productions

LOVELY SHIRLEY JONES OF SMITHTON TO BE GIVEN HOLLYWOOD FILM TEST

By Sam Brown
A beauty queen from Smithton and a star in the making, Shirley Jones, 19, is expected to be given a Hollywood film test. She is the winner of the 1952 Miss Pennsylvania contest and is expected to appear in Broadway productions.

Russian Plan For Austin Called 'Brutal'

By Sam Brown
A Russian plan to take over the world is called 'brutal' by many people. The plan is to take over the world by force and to rule it with an iron fist.

Boys Want Country Permanently Occupied And Negotiated

By Sam Brown
Boys want the country to be permanently occupied and negotiated. They want to see the country in a state of constant conflict and to see the country ruled by a few people.

Rogers and Hammerstein - they discover her, "adopt" her, hide her from the press - but the Pennsylvania papers keep up.

appointment with death

(Continued from page 49) almost before the shattering explosion of sound had died away, the life was gone out of James Dean. He had kept his appointment with Death.

The shocking news cast a pall over the sports car meet at Salinas, Dean's destination. (Ironically it was in the role of a moody Salinas youth, son of Raymond Massey, that he had rocketed to fame in *East Of Eden*.) Whether he had intended to enter the races or merely watch them was his own secret. Studio executives, alarmed by his love of speed for speed's sake, had exacted a promise from him not to race while a picture was in production. One of his bosses had warned him: "One day you'll kill yourself in these souped-up races!" and Jimmy had obeyed. But only the week before, he had finished work on *Giant* for Warners, and he may have felt that the ban was lifted.

Coming so soon after the fatal crash that took Bob Francis' life, and the not-so-unexpected tragedy of Suzan Ball's death, the news from Paso Robles shocked Hollywood, too. It was broken to Elizabeth Taylor, his co-star in *Giant*, in a projection room where she was watching rushes from the picture. She stared incredulously a moment, then lowered her lovely face into cupped hands. "Oh, God," she sobbed. "I can't believe it. I can't believe it!" But she had to believe it, and she wept. A reporter told Ursula Andress, the starlet Jimmy had dated until recently, and she wept, too: "We broke off weeks ago . . . I tried to understand him, I really did. But he was a strange, so strange young man. Only a few days ago he drove up and showed me his new car. Maybe if I had said something . . ." They broke the news to Jimmy's father and stepmother, Mr. and Mrs. Winton Dean, and the father said sadly, "One day he was with us, and now, the next, he's gone—for good. Wherever he is I hope my boy finds peace. But I only wish we'd been closer."

And then, for these people who knew him as well as any, and for many others who did not know him at all, came a period of wondering: in the deeper sense was James Dean's death really accidental—or inevitable? Was his appointment with Death a casual rendezvous, a brutal quirk of fate, or had it been made a long time ago? Perhaps it was the destiny of this strange, much-misunderstood youth to meet Death at only twenty-four.

As a matter of fact he had met it before, and the whole of his short, intense life had been altered by the encounter. The Deans had moved to California from Marion, Indiana, when James was a small child. A few years later his mother, the former Mildred Wilson, became ill with cancer.

"She was only twenty-nine," Winton Dean told MODERN SCREEN last summer. "The doctors told me it was hopeless. How do you tell an eight-year-old boy his mother's going to die? I tried, but I just couldn't make it. Jim and I—we've never had that closeness. And my Jim is a tough boy to understand."

And how can an eight-year-old tell his father how much he mourns his mother? The grieving Jimmy couldn't even try. He shut up his grief inside his heart, and when he was sent back to Fairmont, Indiana, to be cared for by his uncle Mark and Aunt Ortense Winslow, no one ever knew. Time healed the tragedy of Mildred Dean's death for the grownups of the family, but not for Jimmy. On the surface he was fine: he starred in debate and drama, was a pole-vaulter on the high school track team and played a good



Jim was obsessed with cars and speed, started with motorcycles, turned to supercharged racers.

game of basketball. He even came to call his aunt "Mom." Back on the Coast to take pre-law at U.C.L.A., he was friendly enough with his father and stepmother. But deep down, he was a boy who had been intimate with Death. It was this, along with the strange talent that smoldered inside him, struggling to break into flame, that set him apart from people and made him, even for his own father, tough to understand. Some saw the talent, perhaps a few unconsciously sensed the tragedy locked inside him, but almost none could know him or communicate with him.

For his own part, Dean found communication terribly difficult. In all his human

contacts, he was unconsciously seeking something he had lost back in the years beyond remembering. Have you ever seen a mother's searching eyes, urgently looking through a crowd for a child who has strayed? There was something of that in James Dean's eyes when he met new people. The eyes might light up for a fraction of a second, as if in recognition, but more often they would be veiled in swift rejection, then turn away to search again.

Thus with most people, having seen at a glance that his pursuit was not over, Dean was reticent or ill at ease or downright ill-mannered. They had nothing to give him; they would get nothing from him. The fact that they might want something from him was of supreme unimportance. A very, very few seemed almost to satisfy his wordless longing. One of these was Pier Angeli, with whom he was much in love even after losing her. She perhaps reminded him of someone lost. . . . A few more could at least give him comfort and help him pass the time during his search, and to these he was grateful. They included non-predatory actresses who put up with his unpredictability, and mechanics who met him at the crankcase level, and even perfect strangers, if they dug bongo rhythms or bullfighting or Bartok.

Somehow, when he was acting, the pressure of his quest found release. All the locked-up emotion came out, pure and true, uninhibited but full of sensitivity. Now the seeker was on display, hoping to be found by the one he sought. People who saw him act—who experienced the hot flame of his talent as it suddenly enveloped sound stage or theatre—came away strangely shaken, as if they had looked straight into his soul and seen something nameless but beautiful and frightening. And Dean, when the cameras stopped turning, simply faded like a face on a screen, turning back, inward, to himself as he resumed his old, unending quest.

His passion for sports-car racing was both a part of his search and apart from it. Behind the wheel, white helmet clamped down on his head, goggles tied tight over his eyes, with the scent of gas and burning rubber in his nose and the protesting screech of tires in his ears and the pure feel of headlong speed like rushing eternity in his soul—there he was free. Free from the world's distractions, free for the faster and faster pursuit of what he would never find in this world. Unless it lay around the next curve. . . . Which is where James Dean finally did find it, triumphantly, at dusk one day on the road to Salinas.

END

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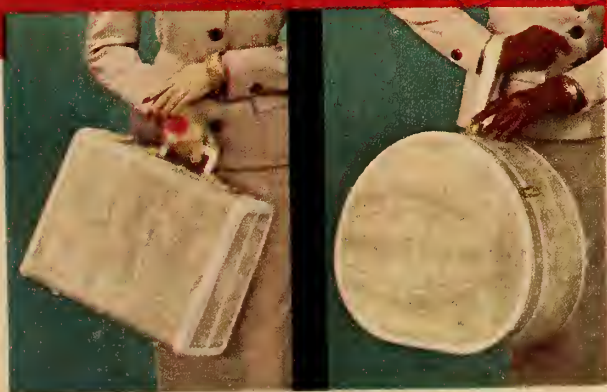


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femme fatale

(Continued from page 28) keep their eyes and ears open. We expected the worst." Why?

Let's go back a few years for the answer. At that time Tyrone Power was starring in *Mississippi Gambler*. And Anita Ekberg was a starlet on the same Universal-International lot. Power was miserable then, largely because his wife Linda Christian was giving him a bad time.

One afternoon he met Anita Ekberg, a blonde with a quick wit and striking figure. They became friends, nothing more.

After *Mississippi Gambler*, Ty checked off the lot and signed to tour the country with *John Brown's Body*. Not being particularly fond of bus trips and one-night stands, Linda could not or would not accompany her husband on this cross-country junket. She finally caught up with him in New York. Then she discovered that Anita had been writing letters to her husband. She blew her top.

Ty, in turn, asked for a divorce as he had done so many times in the past. He pointed out that their marriage wasn't happy. Why not dissolve it? Linda refused. Linda thought that Ty was determined to obtain his freedom for the sole purpose of marrying Anita Ekberg, a conclusion later proven false. You can understand, however, why the Italian newspapermen expected the fur to fly when the two beauties met in Rome.

Well, meet they did. In the lobby of the Grand Hotel one evening. What happened? Absolutely nothing. Linda, in the process of touring Europe with Edmund Purdom, looked through Anita. And Anita, escorted by her newest admirer, suave Mario Bandini, looked through Linda. You could have cut the atmosphere with an ice pick. But both girls behaved like perfect ladies. Both had loved the same man, Tyrone Power, and both had lost.

"So many love affairs"

Is it true that Anita has fallen in love with Mario Bandini, an Italian man-about-Rome? Is it true that she left *War And Peace* to go to Capri with Bandini?

"I went to Capri with Mario just for a visit. But I was not working at the time. He is a good friend of Mel Ferrer and Audrey Hepburn. Very charming. But we are not in love. Why do people think I am all the time in love? I have been given credit for so many love affairs. You would think I am an old hag by now. I am only twenty-four and I have been in love very little. Three, maybe four times."

Anita Ekberg was born in Malmo, Sweden, on September 29, 1931, the sixth of eight children. As a child she was tall and precocious and always hated school. When she was fifteen she quit and promptly fell in love with George Johanson, son of the local police chief.

"It was a very wonderful affair," Anita recalls. "So blissful, so young, so innocent. He never touched me. Really, he never touched me. No more than a kiss, a hug. No more than that. We used to take long

walks in the woods. He was only eighteen. We used to talk about married life, what it would be like for us. Then George joined the cavalry and I grew up and the love became memory."

After George there was Bjorn. "He was ten years older than I was. We went together for two years. Then I won the Miss Sweden Contest and was sent to Atlantic City. When I came back to Stockholm, it was all over between Bjorn and me. I returned to America and Hollywood. They taught me English and diction and things like that. I dated lots of men. That's what a girl is supposed to do, isn't she? But I didn't fall in love with any of them."

How about Tyrone Power? Wasn't he the great love of her life?

"All I will say about Ty is that he is one of the most wonderful persons I have known. I thought after his divorce from Linda that maybe he would ask me to marry him. He did not. I am very sorry about that. I am sorry that we do not see each other. I read he is going with Eva Gabor. I wish them every happiness. Perhaps she has something I have not."

What about Bob Wagner?

"You say Bob Wagner? He is only a boy, a nice, good-looking boy. We had a date, maybe two, several years ago."

Is it true that Anita plans to meet Gary Cooper in Europe after *War And Peace* is finished?

"I met Cooper at a party in Romanoff's. I think it was for Marilyn Monroe. Then I didn't see him for a long time until I came to Warners. I was working on *Casablanca*, the TV show. He was working at the same time on *The Courtmartial of Billy Mitchell*. You know how it is when people are working together on the same lot. They run into each other. It was that way with us. He asked me for lunch. I said it was an honor. That's all there has been to it. He is very charming. I wish I had met him years ago when he was single. At least I am honest about it. But there is nothing between us. The gossips are making it a big thing. Just like they did with Frank Sinatra."

"With Frank there was some truth. At least we were dating pretty steady. I stopped going with him after that Sammy Davis party at Ciro's. I do not like being one out of many. But with Cooper we have had lunch. That is all. Then came the wire from Rome offering me *War And Peace*."

What was the true status of her friendship with wealthy realtor Cy Feldman?

"Cy is a nice man. But it is finished between us. Why? Well, when you go with a man, you count on him, you rely on him. He is your friend and you think he will help you in the hour of need. It came to me while I was going with Cy. I asked for some help. It wasn't very important. But I asked, and he said no. After that it was never the same again. It is always a little sad to lose a friend. Each time I die a little."

Was it true that Marilyn Monroe and Anita weren't on speaking terms, that they were jealous of each other?

"Certainly I am not jealous of Marilyn. When I was in New York several months ago I was staying at the Waldorf. I was queen of the Beaux Arts Ball. I ran into Marilyn. 'Call me,' she said. But she never told me where, so I could not call her. Many people compare me to Marilyn. But I do not think we are alike. She is American and I am Swedish, and they say we have the same kind of appeal, physical and animalistic and things like that. But I do not believe it. I am just as interested in things of the mind as I am in men."

"As a matter of fact I have just finished *War And Peace*, the book. How many girls do you know have read *War And Peace*? No matter what they write about me, I am not a femme fatale and I am not all body. I have a brain and I use it."

END

hollywood approves your Xmas gifts

■ Santa, Vic Damone and a bevy of MGM's famous—Liz Taylor, Jane Powell, Cyd Charisse, Debbie Reynolds and Ann Blyth were on our 1955 MODERN SCREEN Xmas Board. These selected lovely gifts to give and to own are the perfect answer to a merry, merry Christmas. See these stars in the current MGM films listed on page 63.

1. Stow-a-way, tan kip calf handbag, Meeker, \$21*. Washable Laundry-Leather gloves, Superb, \$6.50. Satin scarf, Glentex, \$2. Pearl jewelry, Duchess: earrings, \$1*; bib, \$2*. Perfume and cologne, Bourjois' Evening In Paris: gift-wrapped perfume, \$4*; cologne, \$1*; jewelled purse flacon, \$1.50.
2. Fashion Fit, Rain Dears, plastic rainboots to protect high and Cuban heel shoe styles, Lucky. Smoke or clear. About \$2. Pointer, shoes of clear vinyl with black patent or suede trim, Debtowners, about \$9.95. Pearls, Volupté, two-strand necklace, \$15*; set, \$6*. The Première sheer nylon stretch hosiery for evening, Ballet, \$1.95.
3. Ultralite, magnesium train case covered in pilot tan vinyl and lined in gold acetate taffeta, Samsonite, \$22.50*. Bur-Mil Cameo nylon stretch hosiery, \$1.95. Ambush, new scent in spray cologne and bath powder, Dana; cologne, \$3*; powder, \$1.50*. Pearls, Duchess: earrings, \$1* a pr.; bib, \$2. Slippers, Honeybugs, \$3.99 a pr.
4. Brush Stroke, a two-color jacquard cardigan of 100% Zephyr wool, Catalina, \$12.95. Intricately designed Indian collar, Glentex, \$3. Simulated pearl necklace, Volupté, \$15*. Famous fragrance, Tabu, cologne and perfume, Dana: cologne, \$3.75*; perfume, \$10*. Satin cowhide wallet, Meeker, \$6*.
5. Practical and handsome—this modern cedar-lined console chest, Cedar Lane. Its overall design is ideal for the living room, dining room or foyer. Finished in blond Oak, it features a beautifully sculptured, Swedish modern base, Tambour-type doors, brass handles and sliding shelf. About \$89.95.
6. A luxurious and precious gift—sterling silverware by Towle. Patterns: (a) French Provincial, \$35; (b) Silver Spray, \$35; (c) Contour, \$39.75. Each price includes one place setting and tax. Towle Sterling is sold at selected stores best qualified to serve you.

If there is any merchandise in this fashion section that is not carried by your favorite stores, write Fashion, MODERN SCREEN, 261 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 16, N.Y., for information. *Plus tax

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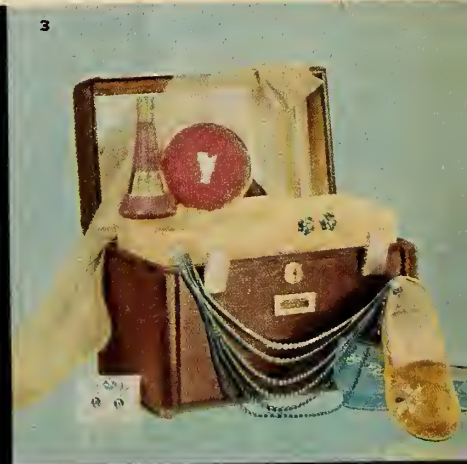
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Modern Screen Christmas Gifts

More fashions on page 63



jeff chandler

(Continued from page 33) happiness had never been so complete as it was during the ten days he and Marjorie and their two daughters, Jamie, eight, and Dana, five, spent on location in La Grande.

The family was not allowed to go with Jeff on the shooting site because there was the danger of rattlesnakes. Nights after work and week ends Jeff spent with his girls, picnicking at Wallowa Lake in the mountains over Joseph, Oregon.

They spent happy hours fishing, swimming and boating and getting to know each other again, and at night he and Marjorie would visit friends in La Grande, play bridge, and on the long walks back to the hotel, talk things out.

The children were foremost in their discussions, but Jeff is quick to admit that the bachelor life was not great.

In the eleven months he and Marjorie had been waiting for their final divorce decree Jeff had done a lot of thinking, as well as a lot of dating.

The parting of the ways

It was shortly after Christmas in 1954 that the Chandlers realized they had come to a "parting of the ways."

"Neither of us is at fault," Jeff said at the time, "but we just have too many dividing lines. We tried to compromise them, but they didn't work."

He got an apartment in secrecy, but the day he left by air for the east to begin personal appearance tours the secret was out. Jeff denied to the press that there was trouble between him and Marjorie. A few days later Marjorie announced that she and Jeff were through.

The studio tried to suppress the announcement from her and made an announcement in Jeff's name, saying that everything was all right. When he returned, Jeff was furious at the studio. However, he was still trying to hold on to his marriage, despite Marjorie's determination to end it.

Marjorie's announcement came at the peak of Jeff's popularity. It also came at the same time her own career as an actress was beginning to pick up again.

Jeff denied that Marjorie's decision to return to acting complicated their marriage. Actually, she decided to return at about the time she felt their marriage was failing. She wanted to have a career to fall back on if she needed to support herself and her daughters.

Marjorie told friends she was certain Jeff's new success had hurt their marriage. She felt that Jeff had become a spoiled child.

The divorce was granted by default on March 15, 1954. Before the case came up in court Jeff and Marjorie worked out their settlement and agreed the charge would be as gentle as possible.

Marjorie testified that Jeff suffered from "chronic fatigue and always fell asleep" no matter where they were. She attributed the breakup of their nine-year marriage to Jeff's "intense and complete absorption in his career."

"He told me he was fond of me but he found it impossible to live with me," she said in court.

The judge approved an agreement giving Marjorie custody of Jamie and Dana and ordered Jeff to pay \$500 a month support for the children and \$1,166 monthly alimony, plus \$12,000, over the following twelve months.

Immediately after his divorce was granted, Jeff moved out of the bachelor apartment in Hollywood and rented a house in Apple Valley, California. On week ends, when he was not using the place,

Marjorie and the girls would come up to use the pool and sun themselves.

Jeff would then stay in the house in town.

All during the period Jeff was moving possessions out of their home, he and Marjorie would meet at the house and attempt to have a cup of coffee "like civilized people who were once in love." These "talks" always ended in harsh words and recriminations. The possibility of reconciliation got slimmer each time they met. The press was continually after Jeff for the "real story," and in lieu of direct statements many fictional stories were printed.

Jeff said recently that these fictional stories often caused more discord between him and Marjorie, and delayed chances of reconciliation. "I don't blame her for being angry. I used to call every night to talk with the children, and one night when I called I could tell by the way she answered the telephone that things were strained.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Oh nothing."

"Come on," I insisted. "What's wrong. I know you well enough. Does something bother you?"

"I'd better let you talk to the kids," she said, "before I blow my top."

"Finally she told me what she was angry about. It was a magazine article that made it sound as if our marriage had been just a cheap affair. I told her I hadn't given out any interview like that, and didn't know anything about it, but she wasn't convinced.

"When I hung up I went right out to get the magazine, but I forgot to ask her which one it was, so I had to buy eight of them. When I finally found the right

Tom Curtice, the Paris film critic, heard of the race between Mike Todd and Ponte-de Laurentis to produce War And Peace. Curtice offered this solution: "Cut the story in half. Let the Italians make Peace and Todd make War."

*Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post*

one, I understood just how she felt. I was as angry as she was."

Another magazine made a big story of his "romance" with Susan Hayward. The writer also referred to Jeff as a philanderer.

He was furious. The story intimated that he had been keeping an apartment on the side for extra-marital activities, during the period he was reconciling with Marjorie.

The story went on to say that Susan and Jeff had been in love since childhood.

"The fact is," Jeff told me, "I knew Susan as a kid back in Brooklyn. We both went to Public School 181 and we lived only three blocks apart. But I certainly wasn't in love with her then or later."

Susan Hayward and Gloria DeHaven were just two of many girls Jeff dated during the year he was waiting for his divorce to become final, but it was Betty Abbott, a script girl on the Universal-International lot, and Rock Hudson's girl friend, whom Jeff was most serious about.

Ironically, Jeff and Rock had been friends during the making of *Iron Men*, one of Rock's first pictures. In it he played Jeff's close pal. Later Rock played Jeff's son in *Son Of Cochise*. Their friendship became strained, however, when Jeff started to pick Betty up after work and take more and more of her time.

Friends believe that Jeff and Betty broke up only when Rock ordered her to take her choice between the two men. By then Betty had an intimation that Jeff's

heart was still with Marjorie and his children, and she chose Rock, only to lose him later to Phyllis Gates.

Reconciliation

Three weeks after Jeff and Betty broke up, Jeff announced he and Marjorie had reconciled.

Actually Jeff and Marjorie's first real reconciliation took place some weeks later on the train to New York, where Jeff was to embark for the Virgin Islands and *Away All Boats*. They often referred to the three days and two nights spent on the train and the five days in New York as their second honeymoon.

For the three weeks Jeff was in the Virgin Islands working, Marjorie waited in New York. Then they went back to Hollywood together.

After the reconciliation Jeff surrounded his marriage with an iron curtain of secrecy. His attitude was explained by one of his best friends: "Jeff believes he has arrived as an actor of stature and dignity. Publicity helped him get where he is, and he thinks that the only thing he needs to stay at the top is good pictures. He's willing to talk about anything but his private life. He's absolutely determined to keep that—private."

The only time Jeff has discussed his reconciliation was in Chicago when he and Marjorie went through en route to New York.

Newsmen met their railroad train and Jeff realized it was inevitable that he face them. He said simply, "I thought it over and realized how much I love my wife and children. I had a year to think things over, as did Marjorie, and we believe we are doing the best thing for all of those concerned to make our marriage work."

Marriage on trial

He refused to amplify his statements and later in New York he told the Universal-International press agent that he did not want to talk with the newspapers again. He had given his story to them once and didn't want any further publicity.

Since the reconciliation the Chandlers have limited their social life and associate only with their old friends, who for the most part are also in show business.

They moved into a new home in West Los Angeles where they take turns driving the girls to school, going shopping together; have friends over for cards, movies, conversation.

Sometimes they spend hours before a roaring fire in the den, going over Jeff's shooting scripts for the next day, with Marjorie reading the leading lady's lines.

Both Jeff and Marjorie make a ritual out of putting the girls to bed. Jeff usually gets down on his hands and knees and plays house with the girls, letting them be the mother. Sometimes they play "Medic" and he is the doctor. Other times Marjorie and Jeff play the children's children. Everybody has a big laugh over the nighttime frolics, which end with Jeff giving Marjorie's hand a reassuring squeeze.

Since the reconciliation there have been a few occasions when both Marjorie and Jeff have been compelled to restrain their emotions in favor of a peaceful solution to a problem. So far nothing serious has come up, but they live with the constant knowledge that things are still in a "trial" stage.

Jeff's friends believe this "trial" atmosphere is good for him. They argue that he never really believed Marjorie would leave him, and when she did it affected him much more than he believed it would.

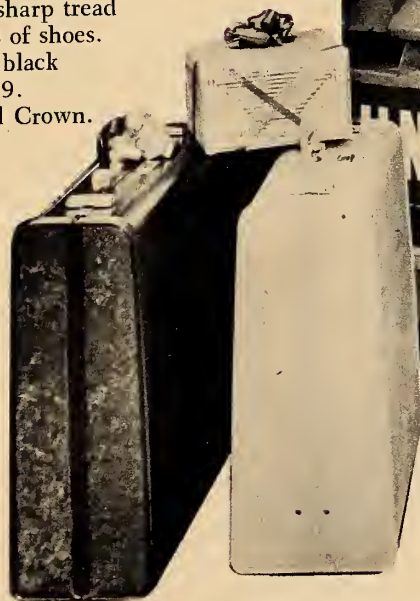
Now he is aware that the impossible is a possibility and he realizes how precious his wife and children are. It seems likely that Jeff will do everything possible to make his "second" marriage a success. Including keeping his own counsel. **END**

Modern Screen Christmas Gifts

■ Barbara Brent, Goldwyn Girl in MGM's *Guys And Dolls*, suggesting gifts: *Ultralite* luggage, Samsonite. Ladies O'Nite case lined in quilted taffeta for "Mom" or "her." Vapor white, airline grey, pilot tan or flight blue. Above \$25*. Men's two-suit lined in rayon gabardine for "Dad" or "him." Rocket brown, pilot tan or jet grey. About \$35*. Both of magnesium—covered in scuff-free vinyl. Gifts below: 1. Handbag of hand-colored steerhide with hand-tooled design, Meeker. Two zipper pockets and roomy compartments. Adjustable shoulder strap. About \$18*. Wool shawl, Glentex, \$4. Pearls, Duchess. \$1* each. 2. Universal Fit, *Rain Dears*, Lucky. 100% molded plastic rainboots with deep, sharp tread bottoms to insure safety. Fit all types of shoes. Clear or smoke. About \$2. *Huskies'* black suede sweater pumps, Hussco. \$4.99. 3. Pin, a *Natural Creation*, Imperial Crown. Real leaves penetrated and coated with 24 Karat gold. \$6 incl. fed. tax. *Launder Leather* gloves, Daniel Hays. \$10.

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See our MODERN SCREEN Board Members on page 61 in the following MGM films: Liz Taylor in *Mary Anne*; Jane Powell in *Robin Hood*; Cyd Charisse in *Meet Me In Las Vegas*; Debbie Reynolds in *Tender Trap*; Ann Blyth and Vic Damone in *Kismet*.

More fashions on page 69



anything but an actor

(Continued from page 48) our children are too young to read now but, as they grow older, we can only hope that they will have more faith in their parents than in idle chatter. It will be up to us to keep their relationships as normal as possible with everybody."

Serious, blue-eyed Mike, Jr., who is an amazing combination of both his mother and father, listened as if he understood every word we were saying. When it was his bedtime, he left obediently without a murmur of protest. Liz excused herself to tuck him in for the night. When she got back, she suddenly remembered it was Van Johnson's birthday and called to congratulate him. We could hear her telling the maid that "Elizabeth Wilding" was on the phone.

Returning to our conversation when she was through, she continued, "Another great hurdle for children of well-known parents, particularly those wanting the same career, is that they have two strikes against them from the beginning. If they don't inherit your talent, there is always the inevitable comparison, and if they're good, they always have to face the usual condescension that they got there through pull."

"Where's the swimming pool?"

"Isn't it also very difficult for children of famous parents to behave normally when other children put them in a special category?" was my next question.

"Yes, it is," both Liz and Mike agreed. Mike continued, "But they should be taught a sane sense of values in their homes. An actor friend of ours was telling us the other day about a birthday party he gave his seven-year-old youngster. One of the guests was the six-year-old son of a well-known director. No sooner had he come into the room when he demanded, 'Where's the swimming pool?' When the actor confessed that he didn't have one, the six-year-old was so disgusted he said, 'Gee, what a crummy house!' That sort of false evaluation of material wealth in one so young is obviously the fault of his parents. As you know, we have a swimming pool, because, fortunately, it came with the house, but if the time comes when we can't afford one, we want Mike and Chris cooling off in a shower—and liking it!"

"Outside influences can never hurt a child if there is a stabilizing influence at home," it was Liz talking this time. "When I was thirteen, right after the success of *National Velvet*, I was made much of and fussed over at the studio and everywhere I went. But when I came home, I was cut down to size. To my brother Howard and his friends, I wasn't a movie star; I was 'small fry.' It certainly helped me retain my equilibrium when I could have been just an obnoxious and spoiled brat."

"If Mike wants the boys to go to the same public school in England as he did, would you allow your career to keep you in Hollywood, separated from them during their growing years?" I asked. (It was my \$64,000 question.)

Her reply was just what I expected, "The children's education will always come first and, when the time comes for us to face it, we'll try and work out what's best for them. However, that's a bridge we won't have to cross for a couple more years."

"Looking back at your own childhood as a star, what would you say you missed most by having a career so young?"

Liz reflected for a moment and then replied, "I think it was missing the companionship of classmates my own age when I had to study with a private tutor on the Metro lot. I also hated having to combine

school and work. Imagine the indignity to my seventeen-year-old pride when I played my first real grown-up part as Robert Taylor's wife in *Conspirator*, and then as soon as I wasn't needed in a take, along would come my tutor to snatch me back to school to learn to say 'amo, amas, amat' in Latin! Now I think that was what made me play so hard in my brief fling with the younger Hollywood set—and rushed me into marriage, when I was just eighteen and Nicky Hilton, twenty-three."

As Liz made this confession, like a flashback in a movie, the scene before me receded and the calendar turned back four years. Now the scene was London, where Liz was filming *Ivanhoe* at the MGM Studios at Shepherd's Bush. I was in England that summer, too, and Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon had invited me to their home in Bayswater, along with Liz, who is a great friend of their daughter Barbara.

I was shocked to see how pale and drawn Liz looked. Her broken marriage had obviously taken its toll of her health. She was suffering from ulcers and was on a bland milk diet. All during lunch she sat spiritless, oblivious to her surroundings, finding it difficult to talk even to close friends. At that moment I honestly believe she would have gladly changed places with anyone else in the world. But, Liz, basically an introvert and very shy, isn't normally a creature of dark moods and youth is very resilient. About two weeks later, I was dining at one of Mayfair's most exclusive clubs, Les Ambassadeurs, with Vivian Leigh and Laurence Olivier. I remember Vivien was wearing a green print dress that made her eyes look like deep pools of Mediterranean green. I couldn't help but wonder what it must feel like to get up every morning, peer in the mirror—and see that reflection shining back at you. Suddenly Vivien exclaimed, "Look at that table directly across the room. Have you ever seen a more divinely beautiful creature in all your life?" I looked and the "divinely beautiful creature" was Liz Taylor! Gone was the haggard, listless Liz of two weeks ago and in her place was a radiant

More than 150 John Golden productions were presented—or offered—on Broadway. He never had difficulty in casting the leading ladies. "We can get any star for a play," he'd tell his authors. "Just add three long speeches for her—and, before her entrance, write in the description, 'The most exquisite creature in the world floats in.' Then every star from little Margaret O'Brien to Marjorie Main will think it fits only her."

*Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post*

and blithe spirit. My eyes turned to her dinner companion and then I understood everything. His name was Mike Wilding.

Eighteen-year-old Elizabeth Taylor and thirty-seven-year-old Michael Wilding! An amazing combination, was everyone's first snap conclusion. But, aside from the wide gap in their ages, the truth is that they are exceptionally well-mated. Consider their backgrounds: They are both English, London-born. Liz's mother was an actress. So was Mike's. Her father was an art dealer—Mike's an Army man. Neither family was rich, but they were well off enough to enjoy gracious living. Mike went to public school (in England a public school is private!)—the famed Blue Coat at Horsesham, open only to sons of Army personnel or ecclesiastics. Liz, until she was seven, also got her first schooling in public school in Eng-

land at Bryon House. Later, as a son of an Army man, Mike lived in Paris, Brussels, and even Russia. Liz and her older brother Howard spent their summers traveling to America to visit their grandparents or vacationing in the rolling hills of Kent on the Sixteenth Century estate of Liz's god-father, Colonel Victor Cazalet. As a child, Liz studied ballet with the celebrated Vaccani, dancing tutor to the royal family for two generations. Mike showed an aptitude for drawing and enrolled at St. Martin's Art School. Both started to act by accident.

Mike in his early stage days met an attractive Revue artist named Kay Young. They were married and three days later, Mike got his big chance—to go to Australia on tour with British star Fay Compton. Kay persuaded him that it was too big a part to turn down and the honeymooners were separated when the honeymoon had hardly begun. A few years later, their separation was permanent. Their divorce was on the friendliest of terms. Kay is now married to an American actor she met in London—Douglass Montgomery. When they came back to the States to live in Doug's home in Pasadena, Mike and Liz invited Kay and Doug to dinner. Liz has no bitter words for Nicky Hilton either, even though their divorce was a shattering blow. For out of that misery came happiness.

Love and marriage

When she caught up with Mike in London, Liz was ready for the sympathetic understanding of an older man. Mike, who had just closed a chapter of his romance with the ultimate in sophistication, Marlene Dietrich, was equally ripe for the sweet, refreshing youth of Elizabeth Taylor. Mike was the most popular male star on the British screen, so Liz could never suspect him of hitching his wagon to her star. He had a mad, off-beat sense of humor and taught her to share his laughter with him. He was extremely well-read and informed on so many subjects that Liz hadn't had time to learn as yet. In her, he found an apt and willing pupil. Mike has the unruffled calm of the typical Englishman and, with him Liz learned to relax and unwind. He introduced her to his friends Jean Simmons and Stewart (Jimmy) Granger, Susan and Bobby Douglas, and they quickly became her friends as well.

Ever since his divorce from Kay, Mike had been a carefree bachelor, playing the field. Now he wanted the roots of family life with children while he was still young enough to be a pal to them. Liz, having broken away from her mother's apron strings when she married Nicky, knew she could never go back to living at home again. Yet if she lived alone every wolf in Hollywood would be knocking at her door. The prospect was not inviting.

So Mike was the answer to Liz's prayer and Liz to Mike's.

But although all the world loves a "happily forever after" ending, it is a paradox of human frailty that people seem to resent other's happiness. Already, Hollywood gossipers are spreading vicious rumors and blind items, hinting that all is not well on the Wilding domestic front. Needless to say, these rumors are all via that anonymous grapevine known as "they." No one bothers to check with Mike and Liz themselves, or with their small circle of friends. But it doesn't matter. Liz and Mike have learned through past experience that time, rather than denial, will prove the truth.

Long after the rumors have died and other couples are the new victims, Liz and Mike will still be Mr. and Mrs.—or I'll throw my crystal ball in the Pacific! **END**

they hate hollywood parties

(Continued from page 35) are so disliked.

You see, there are two kinds of parties given in Hollywood: those given just for fun and the other kind, given strictly for political and business reasons to get the "top" names together in a lavish and glamorous background in order to "make a deal." This is the type of party no one really enjoys, but everyone wants to be invited because it's flattering to be considered important enough to be on the guest list.

These latter parties are given not only in Hollywood, but in Washington, New York, and small towns everywhere. Many people have built their whole careers upon the people they've met at these gatherings.

I find them cold, lonely gatherings, and nerve-wracking. But years ago, when I first came to California, I was made aware of their importance. An agent friend of mine built the most colossal house in Beverly Hills, just to entertain, as he called it, "the Big Shots in the Business." He proudly took me through all the fabulous rooms, stopping to display the *pièce de résistance*, the dining room, with the longest dining table I had ever seen. "This table," he announced grandly, "will seat only Producers!"

She wouldn't stop fighting

Personally, I like to give parties for the people I enjoy, and although I am definitely not the "hostess with the mostest," over the many years that I have lived in Hollywood and been part of the Industry, I have given my share. Some of them have been entertaining. Others have been complete flops, though the same time and effort went into them. As I look back over the many parties I gave, I come to the conclusion that people with the same interests and a warm feeling for friendship make a good party. Yet, on the other hand, the most stimulating party I ever had was one involving a young actress who didn't get along with anyone. I didn't learn that about her until she was a guest in my home. She was very decorative, but very argumentative and she argued until four o'clock in the morning. We all sat around on the living-room floor, and everyone was so furious with the actress that I thought there was going to be a scene any moment. I remember how nervous I was as the voices rose and the barbs came thick and fast. But I seemed to be the only one who wasn't having any fun at all. Since she was a guest in my home, I felt I ought to take her side or at least bring the argument to a close. I called my producer-husband, Roy Rowland, aside. "This is terrible," I said. "No one will ever speak to her again. Why does she keep on arguing?"

He laughed. "She likes it, that's why! And if you ask me, this has been one of your most successful parties!"

"Successful?" I threw at him. "Why, from the moment she came, everyone has been on the war path. I thought a successful party was one where people get along with each other."

He was vastly amused. "It's four o'clock in the morning and no one has left. She's great to have at a party. She's stimulating, gives it excitement. Why, we've argued about everything from Freud to planting tulips. We ought to have her again."

I never did, because as a hostess, I don't think I could have taken the strain. But I discovered that she was invited to every party I went to, still arguing, still belligerent. I noticed, too, that all these parties were interesting, never a dull moment. In fact she was the hit of the season. Everyone missed her when she left shortly

thereafter for Italy to make a picture.

Unexpected things happen at a party. Sometimes an evening that started out as a purely social engagement turns out to be more of a shot in the arm for a career than a gathering that was planned with that in mind.

For instance, Anne Francis got her contract at Metro through an invitation to a party at my home. Anne is always an addition to any party. She is so charmingly natural, and invariably slips off her shoes the moment she enters your front door. On this particular evening, Anne, after one glass of champagne, was feeling very bubbly inside, laughing very mischievously every time she felt her head in a whirl, and pushing back her luxurious blonde hair, which kept falling over her

Who's Allergic to What?

Ernie Kovacs is the No. 1 cigar smoker in show business. He's the one who, before his marriage to Edith Adams, refused to forego his cigars when a doctor erroneously suggested to Miss Adams that her rosh was due to an allergy to cigars . . . Now, when they go out, Kovacs won't permit his bride to use perfume. "Otherwise," he says, "I couldn't smell my cigar."

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post

forehead. A month later, when my husband was planning to direct *Rogue Cop*, he thought of Anne for the character of the "beautiful, golden-haired Nancy" who had something of a "lovely child" about her. It took some convincing to get Anne the part, since many girls wanted to play it. But Roy insisted that Anne be given a test along with three other girls who were already being considered for the role. Anne not only won the role in *Rogue Cop*, but a long-term contract at Metro as a result of her work in that picture. Those who have seen that movie will remember that the character Nancy, like Anne herself, always kicked off her dainty slippers. It was part of that "child-like" quality my husband had seen in Anne—a bit of business that enriched the character of Nancy. Had Anne not been at the party, she might never have been considered for the role.

But not every performer had that kind of luck at my parties. For instance, Harry Belafonte. My brother-in-law, Sol Fielding, had produced the all-Negro dramatic picture, *Bright Road*, which starred Dorothy Dandridge and Mr. Belafonte. At Sol's home we had heard Mr. Belafonte sing his ballads and were completely enthralled by his artistry. However, at this time in his career, he was finding it difficult to interest the right people. He couldn't even get them to listen to him sing. I told Mr. Belafonte's manager that I was going to give a party and I would invite a producer who had the reputation for making great musicals. If Mr. Belafonte cared to sing, I thought it might be an opportunity to audition in a casual way. He was very pleased and the singer and his guitarist, one of the finest I have ever heard, came to my party. We arranged between us that I would urge Mr. Belafonte to sing, and then steer the guests to the living room which seemed to us to have the best acoustics and the best background for his songs. It also had a long white mantel against which the singer could lean when he felt a little nervous. Belafonte was magnificent that evening as he sang one song after another, as magnificent as he is today. Everyone at the party was thrilled by his exciting talent, and lavish in prais-

ing it. So was the producer. But he didn't do anything about it. Not long after, Belafonte went back to New York and suddenly things began to happen in his career. Almost overnight he zoomed to the top, becoming one of the real greats in show business.

The unpleasant happens, too

At another time, a young actor lost the biggest part of his career by drinking far too much at one of my parties. I hadn't known he drank at all when I invited him. But the director of the picture was one of my guests, too, and he canceled him out the next day. We were all terribly sorry but as the director explained, "I can't take a chance on him. We're going on a rugged location. Maybe he was nervous, I don't know—all I know is, location trips are difficult and I must have an actor I can depend on at all times!"

A Hollywood hostess must always have a sense of humor—that is, if she intends to give a lot of parties. It has always amused me a great deal when I'm asked, "Who are you going to have at your party?" Which means, of course, that the asker will come, if there is someone important enough on the guest list to warrant his presence. I am thinking particularly of a young actor who was invited to a cocktail party at my home. I told him the party was being given for a girl just breaking into pictures, and I thought it would be helpful for her to meet a lot of the young players in the industry. She happened, too, to be a friend of my son Steve and we knew her family very well. The young actor was very charming, but on the day of the party I received a note from him telling me that he had a cold and couldn't come. I really didn't expect him, and had crossed his name off the list directly after I spoke to him on the phone. If I had told him that a studio photographer was going to be there for magazine coverage, he would have been the first to arrive—but I was just mean enough not to tell him. I might add that most of the young players, many far more important than he, accepted graciously. When I bumped into him one day in Romanoff's I took great delight in telling him "Who was there" and "What wonderful pictures were taken." I'm sure he never forgave me.

"Telephonitis"

I dislike, too, guests who have "telephonitis," the ones who just happen to remember that they have to make a very important telephone call. This happened to me on one occasion when a magazine asked to use my garden and swimming pool for a picture layout. Since I knew most of the young players who were to be photographed, I agreed. However, at the last moment one of the girls could not come and another actress was substituted, a girl I had never met or seen in a picture. She arrived late and immediately started making demands. "Where was the dressing room?" We showed her. "Did we have any extra bathing caps?" We gave her one. "Could she have some hot coffee?" We made her some. All this before even getting ready for the pictures. She was quite oblivious to me as the hostess. She was equally oblivious to the fact that she had kept other players waiting around for her to get ready. This was Her Day and she was going to make the most of it. She played the role of what she considered the big, important star to the hilt. She told the photographer how to take the pictures. She told the players how to pose. Then came the attack of "telephonitis." She tied up the phone for hours, rushing into the den after each shot to "phone someone terribly im-



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portant about a part." I was furious, particularly since she had not even asked my permission to use the phone in the first place. I remember her long, haughty stare when I finally asked her not to use the phone as I was expecting calls, too. She flounced out, very annoyed, and I haven't seen her since. She has never, to my knowledge, appeared in any movie. But I had reason to remember her when the "someone important she had to telephone about a part" turned out to be living in New York and I paid the bill! My sense of humor couldn't hold up under that one!

The wonderful guests

But there have been charming and wonderful guests to balance the few unpleasant experiences. Ricardo Montalban and his beautiful wife Georgiana always bring some exciting Spanish records they want everyone to hear. Debbie Reynolds, whose wit keeps everyone in stitches, wins every ping-pong game, every time, no matter who is her opponent. Jane Powell, who is so enthusiastic about everything she makes you feel your party is the best one she's ever been to. Van Johnson, who always brings a box of candy and offers it with all the gallantry of a knight on horseback. Phyllis Kirk, who invariably brings a book she has just finished reading and wants you to have it. Terry Moore, who is so friendly to everyone and loves parties, and doesn't have that harassed look, trying to figure out who is the most important person at the party. She isn't interested in devoting her entire evening to "making a contact." And Lance Fuller, the tall, dark and handsome actor who makes every feminine heart flutter, but who is so shy, really, that he feels more comfortable sitting in a corner and talking to me about his dog.

Dinner is served

I have always believed that one of the most important things in having a successful party is the menu one serves. This is no small headache since almost every actress is on a diet, many directors and producers have ulcers, and others are just plain allergic to a dozen things. A very close friend of ours, Marjorie Stoll, wife of George Stoll, the famed musician and conductor of such musicals as *Hit The Deck*, *Love Me Or Leave Me*, and *Meet Me In Las Vegas*, is violently allergic to any kind of dish that has eggs in it. If I'm having a turkey, I must be sure it's a tom turkey and not a hen turkey. Generally I'm so afraid that the he turkey might turn out to be a she turkey, that I have a steak for Mrs. G. just in case. I always plan to have a complete extra menu for her, sans eggs. Of course, I enjoy planning the kind of special dishes that special people enjoy. For instance, if my party is on Friday evening, many fish dishes are included for guests like Vic Damone, Pier Angeli and Margaret O'Brien, and for Mr. and Mrs. Richard Durney (she's the writer of such hits as *Seven Brides For Seven Brothers*). If Jane Powell is coming, I generally have a Spanish dish of some kind since she loves it so much, and extra coffee if Roberta Haynes is coming, a very rich cake dessert ordered for Van Johnson, a blueberry ring in jello for Janet Leigh, a sweet potato and marshmallow dish for Gig Young and Robert Horton, who don't have to count their calories, and always a box of baking soda for a young producer I know who asks for it before my dinner—not after it, else I should be completely shattered.

Sometimes you have a guest who is so egocentric that he will hold forth incessantly about himself. This can be a terrible

prices plus tax

bore. I shall always be grateful to Barbara Ruick who so charmingly put a certain young actor in his place. He had just come out from New York and didn't have a good word to say about Hollywood. He didn't like his agent. He didn't like his director. He didn't like his studio or the parts they were giving him. Barbara was sitting in the group, listening but very quiet. In fact, she was the only one who hadn't said a word. I didn't want her to be left out of the conversation completely, so I asked her, "Well, Barbara, and what about you? What's happening in your career?" She smiled a kind of Mona Lisa inscrutable smile as she replied very sweetly, "Oh, I'm not very interesting, I guess—because I haven't any complaints at all. I love my agent. I love my director. I love my studio! But most of all I love Hollywood!" I think everyone got her message, particularly the young actor.

At another time, Barbara and Debbie entertained everyone with songs from a picture in which they were both appearing and helped make a party very gay and entertaining. They are guests who feel a responsibility to make a party successful.

Which one is Debbie?

That reminds me of another party at my home when a Canadian friend of ours, a young man in the lumber business, was seated at the table with Debbie Reynolds and Terry Moore and didn't know who they were! I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't heard him tell them how thrilled he was to be invited to "Hollywood party" and add, "I guess almost everyone here has something to do with motion pictures. Would you mind telling me your names again and what you do?"

They very graciously told him that they were part of the motion picture business, too—the acting part of it.

He blushed a deep maroon, explained that he hadn't seen any pictures in a long time and hoped he hadn't offended them. They assured him that he hadn't. Valiantly he repeated their names again: "Terry Moore, Debbie Reynolds," he said. "I'll always remember those names."

And of course he did. But he couldn't remember which name went with which girl and he kept calling Debbie "Terry" all evening and Terry, "Debbie." The two young stars were vastly amused and wonderful sports.

I think I was aware of the first rumblings in the Jeff Hunter-Barbara Rush marriage when I invited them both over one evening. Jeff came alone, explaining that Barbara was ill. It surprised me, since I had had no inkling that she wouldn't attend with him. I don't know why I should have had this foreboding, since it is not unusual for people in the picture business to come to parties alone on occasions. There is always that early morning call when one is working on a film and I am aware, too, that even movie stars do catch the flu. But, still, I had that strange feeling. When I mentioned to my husband that perhaps the Hunter marriage wasn't as happy as everyone thought, he assured me that it was pure fantasy on my part. "Why, we just saw both of them at the Coconut Grove only the other evening," he reminded me, "and they were having such a good time. Besides she's so beautiful, and he's so handsome—they were meant for each other. Don't you always say that?" I admitted I had always felt that they were ideally suited and hoped my woman's intuition was wrong. But not long after that evening in my home when Jeff seemed to have that faraway look in his eyes, the announcement of their separation came.

The big secret

A hostess must be very discreet about

the things that have been confided in her, and never reveal the bits of gossip she overhears at her own parties. Everything in Hollywood is Top Secret—the part for which some actor is being considered, the picture a director hopes to land, the script for which a writer is going to be signed—and one word breathed about it might in some way tip the scale against its success. Besides the field is so highly competitive that a word in the wrong place might lose the part for someone—and pave the way for someone else. Being completely female, it is sometimes very difficult for me to resist telling the Big Secret, but once I give a promise I try never to go back on it. I remember for instance the time an old friend of ours, Bill Liebling, a New York play agent, came to one of my parties. He and his wife Audrey Wood were, and still are, the agents for the distinguished playwright Tennessee Williams. Mr. Liebling was in Hollywood at that time to make a deal with John Garfield to play the leading role for the Broadway show, *A Streetcar Named Desire*. He asked me not to reveal this bit of news to anyone, since nothing had been definitely set at this time. "And you know how it is," he said to me, "until we get his signature on paper, it's not a deal." During his business trip, Mr. Liebling made many of his telephone calls to John Garfield from my home, and kept me posted on every development. As it turned out, Mr. Garfield could not play the lead due to conflicting commitments and the deal was off. Mr. Liebling was very much disappointed since the play was written with Garfield in mind. He discussed the qualifications of other important actors in Hollywood for the leading role, but there was no one in his mind who could play it like Garfield and who had the same exciting, rugged quality. So he returned to New York. The next time he came to Hollywood, we gave a dinner party for him, and he arrived carrying the biggest box of candy and wearing the most enormous smile.

"You've found a leading man for the play!" I offered, still vastly interested.

"Yes," he answered brightly. "But don't breathe a word. He's a young actor I saw in a play once—and he's great. His name is Marlon Brando!"

"Marlon Brando?" I asked, amazed, remembering all the important names Mr. Liebling had discarded. "Who in the world is Marlon Brando?"

"You're probably the first person in Hollywood to hear his name. But remember! After *Streetcar Named Desire* opens in New York no one will ever forget it!"

Since the arrival of TV, every dinner party is interrupted by some performer who must catch his show, and so he is served

in the den in front of the TV set, while the rest of us eat in the dining room. And there's always someone else who wants to see the fights, or some special show which comes on at the same time just to plague the hostess, I'm sure. These guests generally eat their dinner in my bedroom, where I have installed another TV set. Over the years, I have learned to cope with all these hectic things, but I don't always remain smooth as cream.

"When we're not invited"

In spite of all these incidents, some amusing, some exasperating, I still love parties—"fun parties" with the people I like, who are my friends. I have enjoyed, on occasions, attending the glamorous, lavish "political" party, only because it is interesting to me to watch how each player makes his move in this game of clever maneuver. That's what it is, a game where some are lucky enough to come out with high stakes. This kind of party is only enjoyed as a means to an end to further a career, whether it is in Hollywood, Washington, or any place else. When you're in the chips and your name means something, you're invited. Otherwise, you're not. Everyone knows that, and yet I learned how devastating it can be to one's happiness in Hollywood, when the invitations once received aren't sent anymore. I had met a friend of mine at the Brown Derby. She was the wife of a producer who had made good pictures but, as sometimes happens in this unpredictable business, had been out of work for five months or so. I asked her how things were going. I hardly expected her to answer as she did. "Well, we're not invited to any important parties," she said with an undertone of bitterness.

"But you don't take that very seriously," I answered. "You know the score."

"Of course I do—but I get hurt just the same. When my husband was under contract, we were invited to every important party. Since then no one has called."

"But to build your whole life and your happiness on an invitation to a party—you've lost your sense of values, your perspective. Now, if your friends let you down, that's different," I said.

"I know," she answered quietly. "You're right. Personally I've always hated those big political parties. No one relaxes. Everyone's on guard. I've never really had fun at any one of them."

"You're right. It isn't as if I didn't know it myself." And then, after a moment, she said angrily, "Oh, who am I kidding? It doesn't make any difference what we say—we all hate Hollywood parties—when we're not invited!" **END**

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(Continued from page 31) even groused about that cold cream and yapped about the clip for her pin curls digging me in the shoulder. So you know what I've been doing all night? I've been prowling all over this blasted apartment hoping I could find one of those hair clips she might have dropped somewhere. Only I should have known she's too neat for that—and it's probably just as well. If I found one I'd probably break down crying."

Poor Tony, I thought. He's having some fine Paris-in-the-Spring. "Tell Mamma all about it," I said soothingly.

Little by little Tony poured out the whole horrible tale.

The dreamers

He and Janet had started dreaming of this trip on their fourth wedding anniversary, the fourth of last June, when they found out that Janet would be in London for *Safari* just when Tony went to Paris for *Trapeze*. Never were two people so thrilled or so full of plans.

"You'll have to stay in Paris," Janet said, "because they shoot French films from noon till seven-thirty at night. But the English pictures give you those long week ends off—you know, Friday night till Monday morning—so I'll be able to fly to Paris every week end. It's only two hours. We'll have Friday night and Saturday and Sunday—all the way till Monday morning to ourselves. We can explore the whole city, we can see everything. . . ."

Tony dreamed even bigger. "Let's not stay in a hotel, huh?" he said. "None of that American tourist stuff. We'll go native, we'll get ourselves one of those fancy apartments on a main boulevard, really live it up."

"Honey, we could. We could get a real French cook and one of those butlers who presses clothes to be your valet!"

"And we'll get him a chauffeur uniform and go breezing down the Champs Elysee in a Mercedes Benz, and eat in the what the heck is it?—the Boite."

"The Bois," said Janet, who had had two years of high school French. "I'll die of excitement before we get there."

It all came true. They got the apartment, the butler, the Bois, the works. Through a friend of a friend they had rented, sight-unseen, Borrah Minovitch's apartment on the very fashionable and beautiful Avenue Foch. They flew the Atlantic together, paused in London just long enough for Janet to check in and deposit her mother, who came along for company in England. Then they headed for Paris and their first week end abroad.

The apartment turned out to be a treasure house. Full of antiques, beauty and space it also boasted a French cook able to destroy the most iron will power and carefully-preserved figure. The butler poured wine as though he were offering libation to the gods and pressed not only Tony's clothes but Janet's. The weather was perfect. Janet, excited out of her usual unerring efficiency, had brought an English-Spanish dictionary by accident and discovered almost immediately that two years of French were not quite enough for explaining how she wanted the potatoes mashed, but these were details. The week end went by like the dream it was supposed to be.

When it came time to take Janet to the airport and say goodbye for a week, Tony felt a little queasy in the stomach region. Which was ridiculous, of course. They had been separated before—briefly. They'd both be busy on new pictures, they'd be too tired to miss each other—practically.

And it was only three days till Friday if you didn't count Monday. Besides, the cook and butler were a riot. They were both madly in love with their new employers and insisted on coming to the airport to say "Au 'voir" to Madame. At the plane they stepped back politely as Tony kissed Janet. "Till Friday, darling," she said. "Till Friday, doll," said Tony, grinning bravely. As Janet turned the French voices rose. "Bye-bye," said the cook, who had been practicing all day. "Bye-bye," said the butler, who had never spoken English before. It broke the Curtises up. They roared.

The next day, Tony started work. Sir Carol Reed, the famous English director was doing the film; it was an honor to be asked to work with him. Monday noon Tony bounced onto the set, his famous charm in full sail, ready for any sort of histrionics. "Good morning," said Sir Carol, never more British. "We are just photographing your back in this shot, but I wish to see how you stand."

Tony gulped and felt slightly deflated. Eventually Sir Carol wanted him again. He did another scene, still with his back to the camera, supposedly hollering up to Lancaster on a trapeze above. Reed shot it six times before he was satisfied. Then he said, "Very nice, Mr. Curtis."

What was left of Tony went poof like a punctured balloon. No one had called him Mr. Curtis since he stopped being Bernie Schwartz.

How high the platform?

Then a voice rose from the circus ring out of camera range. It was an American voice and the accent was familiar, but what it was saying was not fit for a discouraged actor to hear. "Say, Tony," suggested Burt Lancaster, co-star and coproducer of the film, "why don't you climb up the rope ladder between these scenes so you'll get used to standing on that platform above the net?"

He took a look up at the platform. He had to do a backbend to see it. To Burt, who had once been a professional circus performer, it was a platform. To Tony it was one level short of heaven.

He climbed, his mouth set, the blood drained from his face. The platform turned out to be sixty-three feet above the net. If you happen to step off it in an abstracted moment you will fall into the net, and probably not be killed. Of course, until you learn to fall properly, you most definitely will bounce too high and break all your arms and legs. "Oh, how Inceded Janet. And where was she? In London."

Finally the day was over, and half the evening with it. Burt, only a casual acquaintance in Hollywood, and one of the most self-sufficient gentlemen anywhere, disappeared to his chateau outside of Paris where his large family awaited the return of Papa. Gina Lollabrigida said a friendly good night and hurried home to the small, quiet hotel where she lived with her handsome husband. A warm and friendly person, she had conducted herself like a real pro, but she's on a set to work and nothing more. The rest of the cast and crew went back to their hotel. Tony went outside to his Mercedes Benz, which had been thrown in as part payment for his services, and drove home alone. At the door the butler greeted him with a big grin. "Bye-bye," he said.

It went on like that for days. Tony got lower and lower. Director Reed had made him cut those famous falling locks into a crewcut, and Tony didn't give a darn that everyone said it made him look even younger and handsomer—he didn't recognize himself in the mirror. Nor did

he recognize his own voice stuttering daily through unfamiliar French phrases. Of course he had gotten used to the platform and was beginning to work out on the trapeze in a harness, and everyone said it was always hard for a beginner—but gee, the way Lancaster flipped around up there as if he were on a swing in a playground, it was enough to discourage a guy permanently.

By Wednesday Tony was totally miserable. If he'd known the French for "bridge" he'd have found one and jumped off. That was when he started hunting for hair clips and thinking about smelly cold cream. When he couldn't locate either, he decided to phone his girl.

It's hard enough for Parisians to get a long-distance call placed. For Tony there were three ghastly hours of: "Madame Curtis, please. Well, try Mademoiselle Leigh. . . . London. . . . That's in England. I mean Angleterre. I think." When he finally gave up he had an obvious choice between getting drunk as a lord or calling a friend. That's when he called me.

When he had talked himself out I told him to get some sleep and I'd meet him the next afternoon on the set. I got there early and found him looking pretty good for a guy who hadn't gotten any sleep—which he hadn't.

"Last night," he told me, "after I'd talked to you, and climbed out of that panic I was in, I just lay there thinking what a hell of a dame my girl is. And I knew what kids we've been—having fights, making them up, hunting laughs. I'd been the kid, that is. Last night I began to comprehend what Janet did for me. Not things like picking up my clothes or any of that jazz. I learned to be neat in the Navy, even though I hate to hang up things the instant I take them off, the way Janet does."

"One thing that was snowing me last night was that I couldn't 'see' where my girl was. Here I was, in the luxurious French flat we'd dreamed about—and it was nothing, because she wasn't there. When we've had to be separated before this, by locations, or personal appearance tours, I always knew her whereabouts. Mostly it's been in our home and I could 'see' her in our bedroom, or living room. I could telephone her whenever I wanted. Sometimes we've called one another as many as four times in one day when we've been separated. In effect, we've never really been separated before. Now there's a sea between us, and a language I don't dig at all, and I know nothing about the hotel suite she's living in. Always before, I've been able to say to myself 'Tomorrow she'll be here'—but now . . ."

"Cheer up," I said. "It's only two days till Janet will be back here again."

"Now I know what I got"

Tony grinned, suddenly, that wonderful smile of his. "By that time I'll have all my sins reviewed," he said. "That's what I started doing last night. While I was prowling around that apartment, waiting for that damned dawn, I realized when I first met Janet, she was somebody I wanted very much. But so did a lot of other guys want her, and it was like an auction. I put up the most attention, I guess, and the most things that appealed to her, and I won her."

"But now through this loneliness, I know what I got. Now I know it for sure. I lay there last night and I hated myself for actually having quarreled with Janet when she wanted me to do something as trivial as putting my car into the garage at night—and I refused. I knew what a bum I'd been when sometimes when she'd planned on (Continued on page 70)

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Please check the space to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

- 1. I LIKE ANITA EKBERG:**
☐ more than any other female star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
 I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part
☐ none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

- 2. I LIKE TONY CURTIS:**
☐ more than any other male star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
 I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part
☐ none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

- 3. I LIKE JEFF CHANDLER:**
☐ more than any other male star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
 I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part
☐ none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

- 4. I LIKE READING ABOUT HOLLYWOOD PARTIES:**
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
 I READ: ☐ all of the story ☐ part
☐ none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

- 5. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:**
☐ more than any other female star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all

- 6. I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:**
☐ more than any other male star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
 I READ: ☐ all of their wedding story
☐ part ☐ none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

- 7. I LIKE KIM NOVAK:**
☐ more than any other female star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all

- I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part
☐ none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

- 8. I LIKE HUGH O'BRIAN:**
☐ more than any other male star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all

- I LIKE GEORGE NADER:**
☐ more than any other male star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all

- I LIKE BEN COOPER:**
☐ more than any other male star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all

- I LIKE RACE GENTRY:**
☐ more than any other male star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all

- I LIKE JEFF RICHARDS:**
☐ more than any other male star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
 I READ: ☐ all of HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNG BACHELORS ☐ part ☐ none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

- 9. I LIKE ELIZABETH TAYLOR:**
☐ more than any other female star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
 I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part
☐ none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

- 10. I LIKE SHIRLEY JONES:**
☐ more than any other female star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
 I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part
☐ none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

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

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

12. To which movie magazines do you subscribe? _____

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(Continued from page 68) us going to a party, I'd refuse at the last minute, on the excuse that I was tired and thought the party would be a bore. I remembered how many times I've spent too much money and Janet with her good sense pointed it out to me, and I blew my cork. How selfish and dumb can a guy be?"

"Mr. Curtis, please," someone called, and Tony shrugged ("Why can't they call me Tony?") and got up to go into a scene. The next time I saw him, two days later at the Cirque, I could tell even from a distance that things had changed for the better. There was only one thing that could bring the lift back into Tony, and I knew Janet must be there. I spotted her sitting in the upper gallery so that she'd be on his eye level when he stood on the trapeze platform.

"I'm moving Tony"

I climbed up to sit beside her and informed her that her husband was in desperate straights. "I know," she said in her quick, sweet voice. "My goodness, I'm moving Tony right out of that apartment. We're going into the hotel where Mr. Hecht lives and some of the other people from the company, so Tony will have people to talk to, and where all the phone operators speak English, so we can always call each other. And you know what we're going to do tonight?" I said I didn't.

"Tony's taking me to a wonderful restaurant he heard about called Chez Anna, and tomorrow we're going to take that boat ride up the Seine and then end up at a Left Bank Place. And then, you know, this coming Monday is a French holiday, so Tony will come back to London with me, while I have to work. That way he'll be able to see my hotel and all." She stopped, her eyes suddenly pleading. "Do you know when they are going to do those flying scenes?"

"Flying" meant that moment when the man on the trapeze loosens his hold, somersaults in space, and is caught by his wrists by another man on a trapeze opposite him. Tony had it coming up. At the moment he was practicing it carefully with a stout belt around his waist and guy ropes on either side of him to lower him to and raise him from the net.

"They tell me Tony can't possibly master it for another ten days at least," I said reassuringly. "They say nobody learns it faster than that."

Tony did. He got it in five days more, which made it in the middle of the week again, when Janet was back in London. By now he was living in the hotel, eating lunch with a bunch of guys from the crew and getting called Tony. On the fifth day he sneaked off the trapeze for a minute—he and Burt practiced their stunts after the day's shooting was over—and phoned me for dinner. "I warn you it may be eleven o'clock," he said, "because I'll fly tonight if I die for it."

It did get to be around ten before he told the professional trapeze men he was getting out of the harness. They took it off and dropped the guy ropes. Tony was pale, but he stood very straight as he reached out for the trapeze and then flipped off the board and swung out. He was too busy to notice that below him Burt Lancaster moved to one end of the net and nodded to three other acrobats to cover the other corners. If Tony bounced too high they could try to catch him. Then Burt called up, softly, "Don't try to somersault, Tony, the first time. Just swing, and when you think you can, drop."

He swung, back and forth, back and forth, and there was no other sound except the faint creaking of the rigging.

Then he called out, "Yi" and dropped absolutely perfectly, as an acrobat should, with his feet crossed at the ankles and his hands crossed at the wrists.

The entire circus broke into applause. It was something to be proud of, because these were professional circus people themselves. Burt Lancaster relaxed and slipped over to me. Tony just lay in the net, trying to get his breath back.

"You watch," Burt whispered. "He'll go straight back up again and repeat that. He'll repeat it about four times, or I miss my guess, and then he won't have energy enough left to walk across a street."

He was right—except that Tony didn't seem to know that he was supposed to be tired when he was done.

"Come on," he cried to me, "let's get back to that hotel and call Janet and tell her I did it! I actually did it."

Up in his suite as we waited for the call to come through, Tony ordered champagne "to celebrate." We had a couple of glasses before London came through. Then I slipped out to the terrace—tactfully—while he talked. I had to stay there for half an hour. Just when I was getting tired of the famous Parisian roof tops, he hung up.

"Come back in here," he called. "We'll finish this wine and then we'll eat." He poured it out.

"To Janet," I said.

"To Janet forever," Tony said. He gulped down one more glass. "To my wonderful girl," he said. "I love her, I love her, I love her." He put down the empty glass, and his arms suddenly relaxed. Then his eyes fell, and in an instant he was sound asleep.

Which was the way it should be—since all his crises were past.

END

don't listen to your heart

(Continued from page 38) Then, quietly, she went through the door. To her right, now, was the famous curved bar. Somewhere, way up there on her new level, was the suite of Walter Winchell. A half dozen night-club entertainers drifted past her, staring. Once she would have stared at them.

She dropped by the desk, on her left, for phone pickups. She needn't have bothered. The messages were already in the suite Columbia had reserved for her. And was paying for.

She remembered that. A girl who, two years ago, couldn't have afforded a sandwich could not fail to remember what her suite was costing.

Upstairs, she'd hardly slipped out of her clothes, walked through a shower, and put on the first cool outfit she could find, when the phone rang and the publicity man from the studio said he was in the lobby. She sighed. This was one of the new things, since she'd become so important. Once she'd have packed her hatbox and gone to the photographer's studio, for heaven's sake! Alone. And waited maybe for an hour or two.

But the unit man was a nice guy, wise in the ways of Hollywood and of this strange new world she'd entered into, and she liked him. She asked him to wait a minute before he came up. She wanted to put in a call to Mac Krim in Hollywood.

As she'd anticipated, Mac was out. He'd be playing tennis, or polo, or working out a business deal, or something, this time of day. When the unit man rang the bell of her suite, she was ready for him.

It had turned into a nice afternoon, after all, the heat falling off and a breeze springing up from the Hudson. Kim's suite had a terrace with French doors.

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The unit man, fiftyish and tired from a series of tough assignments, stood there and let the breeze ruffle his thinning hair, grateful for the break in his schedule.

Kim saw the fatigue on his face, in the slope of his shoulders, and felt a sudden kinship with him. She was tired, too, in her way—not physically but emotionally. Something was happening to her that she didn't understand, something she wasn't sure how to deal with. She said, "Want to hear some music, hey? I've got a hi-fi and some albums."

The photographer wouldn't be here for at least an hour, and Jim said he'd like very much to hear some music. So, together, for the next sixty minutes, these two products and victims of the fascinating system called Hollywood sat quietly and listened to bop. Kim Novak was thinking about Mac. Remembering.

The special light

No one who has ever been deeply, steadfastly in love could watch a couple like Kim and Mac for five minutes without knowing how they felt. The way she might pick a thread from his jacket sleeve, her fingers lingering for a split second. The special, shining light in their eyes when, across a crowded room, they flashed "hello" to one another. The way they touched hands when a favorite melody was played. The comfortable, simultaneous chuckle over a private joke.

There was no reason, then when she first fell in love why she should have hidden her feeling. On the contrary. Two years ago, when they first started going together, she was just a model and Mac was one of the two things that had suddenly turned her previously drab life into a heaven on earth.

Within a period of less than a week, she had passed a screen test and been given a contract by Columbia; and a man who was young, good-looking, rich and glamorous had given her his heart, tied up in a proposal of marriage. All this for Marilyn Pauline Novak, who for so many years had been that tall, scrawny frump of a girl from the wrong side of the tracks in Chicago—who couldn't get boys to take her out, who goofed through school, who was too shy to win many friends.

So of course she wore her heart on her sleeve, and Mac Krim wore her on his arm. The studio geniuses weren't loaded with foresight, either. Anyone, any reporter or columnist or press representative, could talk to Kim for the asking.

Mac-talk

Naturally, she talked about Mac. "I like him better than anyone, anything or anyhow," she said, and she told how they'd met, and how he'd stand in the crowd when she had to appear on stage, and how he'd make little signs that would tell her she'd forgotten to spit out her gum, or her lipstick was smeared or her slip was showing.

Mac said, "She's a genuinely sweet girl. And she's honest. I've never gone with a girl this long before, but Kim is just different." He made no secret of his desire to marry her.

Kim talked on and on, as honestly and as naively as the simple young woman she was. She told the story of her life, of her miserable childhood.

She told how Mac, whom she had met first at a tennis match and later when she went next door to borrow something, had been the only person in Hollywood she could call on the night she learned she had been given a picture contract. She even let people know that when the studio fixed her up with a date with someone else for publicity purposes—Kerwin Mat-

hews, for one—she went out with him obediently, but got away as soon as she could so she could call Mac. And how Mac would say, "I understand. This is part of the routine. Dinner tomorrow?"

It happens

Then, almost overnight, It Happened. Rita Hayworth, one of the greatest of Columbia's properties, married Dick Haymes and stopped making movies. Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio got a divorce and she feuded with Twentieth, and, at least for a time, ceased to be Hollywood's reigning queen of sex. And the front office boys at Columbia, chewing their cigars and twisting the star sapphires on their little fingers, watched the rushes of Kim Novak's newest picture.

They called her in. They offered her a new contract, more money. She would have the lead opposite Bill Holden in *Picnic*, and the feminine lead in *The Eddy Duchin Story*. A fabulous publicity campaign. In fact, The Works.

Did she realize what this meant? Security, fortune, fame, her name in lights, her clothes torn to ribbons by fans at airports, her face as familiar to every American as that of Monroe or Eisenhower or Name Anybody?

Her head was spinning. This was too good to be true—and it was.

Because there was the question of Mac. Marriage didn't fit into the plans for Kim's fast buildup to stardom, not the kind of stardom she was headed for. A few ro-

Lilli Palmer says, "Talent is the most important asset. You can't keep a talented person down. They'll manage to come up. Maybe it will take time, but they do come up. As for publicity, it doesn't make a star. Yes, I know about Marilyn Monroe. We know she wiggles her fanny and she gets publicity. But where will she be in five years—unless she becomes a real actress? Yes, I know about Jean Harlow. She was different. She knew how to wiggle, too, but she had a distinct personality and she knew how to act!" —Paul Denis

mances, preferably with well-known and handsome young actors, would be more than acceptable. But marriage to a man of thirty-five, an accomplished businessman who owned a chain of theatres in the east, who was planning land developments, who would never submit to being "Mr. Novak?" Not a chance.

The choice was hers. Nobody could blame the studio. To the studio heads, Kim Novak's curves were strictly in the form of dollar signs. She was a dollars-and-cents proposition.

Could she go on seeing Mac? Well, even a studio couldn't completely control the private life of a young woman with a mind and heart of her own.

They could stop her talking about him, because they could make sure she didn't get to the press, and vice versa, if necessary. And they could advise.

But why go on? Actually, she'd had it out with Mac. She wanted this career more than anything—well, more than almost anything. She'd told them there in the front office that she wasn't secretly married to Mac, and that she was too aware of the studio's wishes to spoil everything by eloping with him. If it wasn't a promise, it was the nearest thing to one. And now she was feeling the pain of that promise.

In the suite at the St. Moritz, the music of Stan Kenton came through the fine speaker. Pearl Bailey and Kay Starr

made their classic laments. Kim thought of that unanswered phone call to Mac in Hollywood.

Only a little while ago, she'd been so incredibly happy. She'd had everything—a good job and Mac and the hope of marriage. From nothing, but nothing, she'd been given more than she'd ever dreamed of having. As she told the unit man that afternoon, sadly, she just hadn't been prepared for such good fortune, just didn't know how to take it or work it out.

Maybe it was the music, or her loneliness—anyway, she had to talk to somebody, and Mac wasn't there.

How could she have known, ever, that this kind of thing would happen to her? How was she equipped to make the kind of decisions that had been thrown at her so suddenly? What else could she do, in New York, except sit at home and play her records? She not only didn't know anybody—she'd be scared to death of the people she might meet if she went out. Oh, not of the waitresses and the bus drivers and the other people, but of the crowd that would be introduced to Kim Novak, movie star. Intellectuals, artists, writers, people like that.

What would she say to them? How would she know how to act with them? They'd be nice to her, sure. Extra nice. But she'd know all the time it was an act, that they really thought she was out of her class. Now if Mac could be with her, with his assurance, his background, his arm at her elbow and his eyes, full of love, ready when she needed to look up for courage.

The photographer arrived, finally, stayed a while, was charmed with Kim's expert reaction to his directions, and left. Kim said to the unit man, "Would you like something to eat? I'm starved."

He brightened. He'd had to miss lunch, and this was the best idea yet. Kim went to the phone and with a hand probably worth, along with her life and her movie potential, at least twenty million bucks, dialed room service and ordered up hot dogs and pop.

Lovers and losers

Later, in his own rooms at the Sherry Netherland, just up the street from the St. Moritz, the unit man stirred himself a bicarbonate of soda (he hadn't eaten a hot-dog or sipped a grape soda for over fifty years, and his ulcer was hollering) and ruminated upon the afternoon.

He'd spent a lot of time with Kim Novak these past few days, and more time before that in Kansas. He'd seen her give a surprisingly fine performance in her role, and had been pleased and happy, along with everyone else in the company, with her natural manner, her sweetness of disposition, her willingness to learn. He'd known all along about the situation with Mac, of course, just as everyone knew and he had his orders and he followed them faithfully.

But all the same, it seemed a pity. As he got ready for bed, he remembered so many stars he had known through the years—the Harlows, the Crawfords, the Bergmans, all of them—and how in their stormy, shrewd, tormented minds they had fought out the bitter battle between career and love, marriage and stardom. Fought and lost, most of them, with far more experience and know-how than Kim.

It's a great business, he thought, as he lay in bed waiting patiently for the bicarb to work. You can't beat it, one way or another.

But some can take it, and some can't. I wonder what she'll do?

He turned restlessly, and closed his eyes. Poor kid, he thought. And went to sleep.

END

don't call her cinderella

(Continued from page 55) willed, and wanted my own way constantly," she says. "When I was a baby they took me to a doctor and he said, 'There isn't a thing you can do, she's just a natural-born cranky baby.' Poor Mother, she had an awful time with me."

Shirley was born on March 31, 1934 in a town called Charleroi, Pennsylvania. Twenty years later her home-town paper printed her life story and remarked, aptly enough, that the doctors and nurses at the birth of a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jones little wotted what a smash the infant would be. Three years later, on a trip to Niagara Falls, her parents began to wot indeed.

Like many other parents, the Jones had enrolled their offspring in a tap class in the hopes that she would gain poise and agility thereby. Shirley took to it like a duck to water. But she bided her time before revealing the extent of her addiction to the world of entertainment. At three, the time was ripe. With everyone in Niagara in a holiday mood, she lifted her diminutive skirts and, before the eyes of her astonished parents as well as a rapidly-collected crowd, broke into dance one afternoon on the sidewalks of the park bordering the falls. The response was tremendous. Before she could take a bow, however, her parents swept her literally off her feet and carried her to a nearby restaurant. Undaunted, Shirley did her encore there.

That summer a photographer sold her picture to a parents' magazine, for the cover, no less. The Joneses, wotting, began to keep a scrapbook. Over the years the scrapbooks increased to five. (Most of the pictures for this story come from them.)

In 1939 the family moved to Smithton. Grandpa Jones had built a brewery there, and upon his death it passed on to Grandma. Like two of his brothers, Shirley's father became one of the makers of Ston-ey's Beer. They moved into half of Grandma's house, a huge, sixteen-room shingled affair, converted to a duplex.

"Mother is a rock"

If she could have, Grandma would have spoiled Shirley. She couldn't. Not that Shirley wasn't amenable to the idea: she was, and she had Dad on her side. But Mama wasn't having any. "If it hadn't been for Mother, I guess I'd have been just unbearable. I can't take advantage of her—she's the rock I come up against. I can always get around Daddy with tears, but not Mother."

In any event, Shirley entered grammar school and learned to read fast, the better to peruse her movie magazines. She and her best friend, Charlotte, (known as "Red") spent hours pouring over them, cutting out pictures, imagining themselves as stars. Mama Jones was not quite so optimistic. "Sometimes," she told Shirley years after, "when you were little I was afraid of what you'd be like when you grew up!" Shirley was in the process of racking up eight years of perfect attendance at the Methodist Sunday School, but that didn't seem to affect her conscience. "From six to nine years," she recalls, "I guess I had a spanking every day or some other sort of deprivation, but it didn't break me down. Other people thought I was the sweetest thing they ever saw—and then when I got home!" "You cried so much," her mother adds dryly, "that it's no wonder you have a strong voice!"

It was probably the discovery of her voice that saved Shirley from becoming Smithton's outstanding respectable juvenile delinquent. She joined the chorus in



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and all of a sudden, they were asking her to solo. She sang children's songs and hymns and instead of whisking her off, her parents let her stay around for the applause. Shirley gave up tap without a second thought. This was for her. She began to save her voice for better things than screaming. She sang around the house and hummed to herself in class. In Atlantic City one summer she dragged her parents to a recording booth and cut her first wax, singing "It Had To Be You."

All the tremendous drive that had been making her a pint-sized rebel poured into her singing. At twelve she went away to camp and sang "Indian Love Call" in the end-of-summer show. One of her counselors was so impressed that she wrote to Mama and Papa Jones, insisting that Shirley be given vocal lessons. Shirley thought it was the most wonderful idea she'd ever heard. Papa had to drive her miles twice a week to a good teacher, but Shirley serenaded him all the way.

By the time she entered high school Shirley had a name for herself. She was the only non-parent, non-teacher, non-graduate present, year after year at the grammar school graduation; they kept asking her back to sing "The Lord's Prayer."

In high school she was merely a cheerleader, drum majorette, class secretary, free-lance model and singer, honor student, leading lady in the class play, soloist with the huge All-State Chorus, Queen Of The May—twice—and victim to a succession of crushes on football heroes. To top it all, when she was sixteen, she fell in love.

The boy

The boy's name was Lewis Mologne. He had high school letters in four different sports and was both "King" and president of his graduating class. When he passed the examination for West Point, Shirley cut his picture out of the paper and added it to her jammed scrapbooks.

For three years they went together. Shirley made trips to the Point for dances and exercises, football games and just to see Lew. At the Christmas Hop he wrote his name next to more dances than was polite and added, "I love you" at the bottom of the card.

But when Shirley was nineteen, it ended. Perhaps because her life had suddenly taken an unexpected turn, more in line with her tremendous ambition. Perhaps because the romance had started too young, and because first love, however sweet, so very seldom lasts a lifetime. Lew lives in Pittsburgh now; he and Shirley write and consider themselves "good friends"—but no romance.

Unlike most parents of stage-struck daughters, the Joneses neither pushed Shirley nor tried to hold her back. The latter they couldn't have, the former they didn't need to. Swept along on the wave of Shirley's amazing energy and optimism, they accompanied her to singing engagements and portrait studios, saw that she was well-fed and well-chaperoned, beamed and applauded, and generally made Shirley and career feel loved and wanted.

By the time she graduated, a pretty blonde with an amazing soprano voice and a willingness to sing any time, any where, any song that people would listen to, Shirley had been included in *Who's Who In High Schools* and had started Saturday classes in acting at the famous Pittsburgh Playhouse where she won her first title—"Queen of the Children's Theatre." She knew, of course, that she was going on the stage some day—there hadn't been much question about that since she was three—but she planned on college first. She picked a small New Jersey school with a good choral department. But before she got her trunks half packed, a Nash dealer nomi-

nated her for Miss Pittsburgh of 1952.

It was only the second-biggest break of her life, but Shirley didn't know that then. It felt to her as though the doors had suddenly opened. If she made it—and then Miss Pennsylvania—and then Miss America—she'd have a huge scholarship, personal appearances, a chance at the movies.

"It was a close contest until the talent part," a judge reported. "Once Shirley started to sing it was no contest at all." On August 4, 1952, they put the crown on her head. Newspapers announced variously that the eighteen-year-old was "Miss Pittsburgh," "Miss New Pittsburgh" and "Miss Greater Pittsburgh." Shirley beamed, posed in her crown, had her picture taken depositing money in her bank ("Miss Pittsburgh banks here!"), buying railroad tickets and, of course, holding cans of Old Stoney. Several editorials were written on the subject of Why It Is All Right For A Girl From Smithton To Be "Miss Pittsburgh." Letters and cards and telegrams and calls poured in from her home town. A friend named Dot enclosed a clipping from a Charleroi newspaper which called Shirley a "former Charleroi girl." "Everyone will try to claim you now," Dot wrote. She was absolutely right.

The happiest claim was filed a few hours before Shirley won the title. The Pittsburgh Playhouse informed her formally that they would like to present her with a full-time scholarship.

Shirley thought it over, but not for long. College could wait. If necessary, college could be forgotten. She accepted joyfully. Her parents let her make up her own mind. Not that it would have done much

Rumor says a studio chief stomped through the commissary and fired four visitors!

Mike Connolly in
The Hollywood Reporter

good to argue. Shirley had sweetened up and calmed down and was an altogether lovable, untroublesome daughter, but though she now had her stubborn will under control, it was still strong—and very much present. Besides, she was so happy in Pittsburgh. Besides—she might make Miss America!

Everything went her way. The Pittsburgh Optimist Club named her "Miss Optimist Of The Year," presented her with a copy of The Optimist's Creed and planned a parade around her. Bookings swamped her. Then she took off for Philadelphia and the "Miss Pennsylvania" eliminations. Her photograph became practically a daily feature in the Pittsburgh papers.

But at Philadelphia, she came in second. "The contest was run fairly all the way through," Shirley said. "Miriam and I were tied until the intelligence and that's where I lost." It wasn't quite as insulting as all that. To break the tie, the judges had asked two questions. "Do you belong to any clubs and civic organizations?"

"I told them I belonged to clubs in high school but that my town was too small to support activities such as they meant."

Then they asked her, "What do you think American women today can do to better the world?" She had an answer, but Miriam, a college graduate, had a better one, the judges figured. "She quoted from a lot of books and went into a great amount of detail," Shirley said without ire. At first she was heartbroken; later she decided it was all for the best. And even at the time, there were compensations. "Hundreds of people called from Pittsburgh to congratulate me after it was over, even though I didn't win."

After all, her life was hardly shattered. More accurate to say it was just beginning.

The title was gone, but Shirley was not forgotten. The roto section of the Pittsburgh Press ran an article called, "What Happens To A Beauty Queen?" and took pictures of Shirley on her daily rounds.

At the time, Shirley was living on the Pitt campus at the Alpha Delta Phi sorority house. Weekdays she built sets at the Playhouse, painted them, and acted in front of them. She got "Good" and "Very Good" on her Playhouse report cards—and "Excellent" in performance. She acquired an additional voice coach, Kenny Welch. She played featured and then leading roles in Playhouse musicals. Once, when she was singing the lead in *Best Foot Forward*, Smithton turned out, practically en masse, to see her. The papers called it "Shirley Jones Night at the Playhouse." They might have called it that again at another performance when she reached for a high one and burst her belt, reducing both herself and the audience to hysterics. All the time, she sang and modeled and entered beauty contests, still operating on the theory that if you do enough—in fact, do everything—something is bound to click.

Shirley turns chicken

The next summer, though, she decided to leave it all behind for once and take a vacation. Her folks were going to New York, and she needed a rest.

But neither the Fates nor Ken Welch would hear of such nonsense. "If you're going to New York," Ken said, "why waste time? I know people there. You can audition. I'll get you an audition with Gus Schirmer." This was the moment she had been working for; they don't come much bigger than Schirmer. For the first time Shirley turned chicken. "I'm not ready yet," she told Ken. "Wait a while."

"Wait, nothing," Ken said. "Furthermore, I'm coming with you."

In New York he hustled her to Schirmer's agency offices and accompanied her songs himself. Schirmer was impressed. He got her name on a dotted line. He was her agent. "Thank you very much," Shirley said. "I'll be back in a year."

"You'll stay right here, now," said Schirmer.

Every week, year in, year out, the Rodgers and Hammerstein offices hold open auditions for aspiring young singers. Anyone can come. Everyone usually does come—with the exception of Rodgers and Hammerstein. They never come.

That week, Gus Schirmer took Shirley over. John Fearnley, the R&H casting director, listened to her, looked at the fresh, open face, and had a visible brainstorm. "Don't leave," he told Shirley, and dashed across the street. By a convenient miracle, Dick Rodgers was in the opposite building, rehearsing an orchestra for a road company show. Five minutes later, John was back. He took Shirley across the street, said, "Sing for Mr. Rodgers, honey," and sat down. Rodgers listened and started whispering frantically. "Are you in a hurry?" he asked Shirley. "Can you wait a little while till Mr. Hammerstein gets here?" For Oscar was in town, too. The Fates did nothing by halves for Miss Jones.

Shirley said she could wait, and sat down, because her knees were shaking. A few minutes later Hammerstein walked in. He spoke to Rodgers, gazed intently at Shirley and said, "Know any of the songs from *Oklahoma!*?" Of course she did. Who didn't? "All right," Oscar said. "Start with 'People Will Say We're In Love.'" And, accompanied by the entire obliging orchestra, Shirley sang. It was all very mysterious.

When she had run through the whole show, the plot thickened. The partners drew her aside. "Listen," she was told, in the best Hitchcock manner, "we have plans for you,

big plans, but we can't tell you a thing about it now. We'd like to put you under personal contract for the next seven years. In the meantime, would you consider a part in the chorus of *South Pacific*? Just to keep you busy for a while?"

Her parents took her over to the Barbizon Hotel for Women, watched her register, kissed her goodbye, and got back into their car for the long drive home to Smithton. Half a block from the Barbizon, Jones pulled up. "Let's go back and get her," he said to his wife. "We can't leave Shir all alone in this city; she doesn't know anyone."

"She'll make friends," Mrs. Jones said. They went home.

A few nights later, Shirley was a nurse on the *South Pacific* stage. Soon she had a tiny speaking part, a line or two to herself. Her salary went up from about eighty a week to about ninety. She wrote proudly that she had reduced!

When *South Pacific* finally closed, Rodgers and Hammerstein moved her to the *Me And Juliet* company. When that took to the road, Shirley was playing Juliet, the second female lead, and understudying Isabel Bigley, the star. In the chorus of the troupe was a bright, pretty brunette, Sari Price, who became Shirley's roommate and closest friend. With Sari, Shirley explored Chicago, sent home photos of the two of them in the zoo, at parties. When Isabel got sick for a week Shirley took over the lead. The reviews were good.

The mystery is solved

The show over, Rodgers and Hammerstein called her back to New York. The veil of mystery was lifted. There was a movie of *Oklahoma!* being planned—the biggest movie ever made, to hear people talk. It was going to be made in something called Todd AO which was wider and brighter and more efficient than any other process. Everyone in Hollywood was being auditioned for Curly and Will and Ado Annie—and Laurie. Only Dick and Oscar thought they had their Laurie, and her name was Shirley Jones.

When she had caught her breath—which was a matter of days—Shirley started auditioning. She sang for Fred Zinnemann, the director. He thought she was good, sure, but an amateur compared to Ann Blyth and Debbie Reynolds and the other Hollywood candidates. After all, the picture would cost a fortune, it would be dangerous trying out a new girl who didn't know a camera from a boom. If Oscar and Dick wanted it, he'd fly her out for a screen test, but...

So out went Shirley to Hollywood and tested. Her partners in the test were one Gordon MacRae and one Charlotte Greenwood, who wanted the roles of Curly and Aunt Eller, respectively. It must have been quite a test. All three were cast from it.

Oklahoma! went into rehearsal in Hollywood. At first Shirley found herself lonely. Always before she had been surrounded by youngsters, show kids like herself or friends from home. Most of the members of the *Oklahoma!* troupe were older. Sari came out to room with her and job hunt, but life wasn't complete. Finally she decided to do something about it. She spoke to Shirley Vaughn of MGM's casting department. "I sit home night after night in that apartment, even on Saturdays," she mourned. "Could you get me some dates?"

"Name the man!" Miss Vaughn said blithely.

"All right," said Shirley. "Guy Madison!" Unfortunately, Guy was engaged at the time to a small brunette named Sheila Connolly. Shirley settled cheerfully for some of the boys at MGM. She went out with Bob Dix, Richard Dix's son, and half



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a dozen young actors. It wasn't until her return from Nogales that she met someone "of interest"—Johnny Anderson—but in the meantime, the Jones Glow returned.

Once started, Shirley and Sari needed no further help. Their small apartment was always full of kids, their parties began early and lasted late. Shirley's folks arrived to visit; they brought their camera and took pictures of Shirley dressed like a movie star, Shirley dressed like Shirley, Shirley with a can of Old Stoney's in hand. No sooner had they left than Dad wanted to come back again. Shirley laughed and teased them out of it. "I suppose my parents do worry about me, being away so much," she said tenderly. "Daddy broods when I'm away too long. Mother and I kid him about it and she tells him he's got to get used to it. He laughs and says he's going on my honeymoon. You should see him inspect the boys I go out with, he's so particular."

He would have had a field day at Nogales. The *Oklahoma!* troupe was encamped there, mostly because Arizona looks more like Oklahoma than Oklahoma does. Shirley Vaughn reported, "When we were shooting at Nogales, they had a dance every Saturday night at the El Rancho Grande Hotel. And every Saturday night Shirley danced every dance with a different man. Young, old, cast, crew, it didn't make any difference, she never turned anybody down. She was tagged all evening, the most popular girl there."

"Shirley's a happy girl, always singing to herself. Frankly, I don't like sopranos, but her voice is so clear and mellow; she's the first girl I've liked to hear sing. And luckily for us—the whole 350 of us down at Nogales—Shirley doesn't mind being asked to sing." Which was possibly the understatement of the year.

Another big secret

All this time, Rodgers and Hammerstein guarded Shirley as jealously as they had once kept the secret of their forthcoming film. The press knew Shirley's name, but nothing else. Some said that R & H didn't want Shirley's head turned by fame; Laurie had to radiate untarnished charm. If so, they needn't have worried. If Pittsburgh hadn't done it, nothing would.

When the picture was over, the lid was removed. Nick Matsoukas, in charge of exploitation, announced to newsmen that Miss Jones was available for interviews, pictures, social chit-chats—provided they could find her. She was, it seemed, in rehearsal for the overseas troupe of *Oklahoma!* scheduled to bring the show to Paris for the State Department. Almost as soon as the word went out, it was too late. The troupe had left.

One or two reporters did manage to get through. Shirley told them happily that she loved to sing, that she was thrilled at making movies, that she was dying to go to Europe. She added, "I want to get married some day. I want a career, too, but I don't think it's a way of life. Marriage and children and a home are the important things. If I can merge a career with marriage I will, but if my husband objects, I'll give up the career immediately."

Nick beamed when he read the results. "I leave her alone with interviewers," he said proudly, "because I know she can fend for herself. I won't even bother to send a press agent to Europe with her. And anyway, I know all the interviewers will love her."

They did. So did everyone else in Hollywood. Even discounting the percentage of exaggeration that goes along with reports on a new star, Shirley was a tremendously popular girl. Gordon MacRae announced,

"Shirley's the kind of girl you like right away. Sheila felt the same way about her that I did—we even gave a party for her. She meets people with great ease."

"I wouldn't say she's ambitious. Perhaps she is, but she gave no sign of it. There is none of that sense of pressure about Shirley. Maybe it's because she has security in the position of her family. We didn't even know her father owned the brewery—she never mentioned it—until one day in Nogales a whole crate of Stoney's beer arrived from Pennsylvania. Shirley told everyone to come and get it."

Romance and rumors

Johnny Anderson raved, "If there were one—just one—like Shirley at every studio, it would do a lot for Hollywood."

"I met her through an assistant director here at Columbia who was dating Sari Price. First Mrs. Jones was here, and then Sari for a month or so, and then Shirley was alone after Sari went back to work. When I saw Sari one night she said she wanted me to meet her roommate who was coming back from Nogales the following week. A few days later Sari called me up and I went over and met Shirley and had coffee with the girls. I didn't need much pushing. The next night I took Shirley to a football game, and as luck would have it Pittsburgh was playing UCLA that night. Shirley knew a lot of guys on the Pitt team and got a big kick out of the game. So did I, because Shirley understands football and I didn't have to spend the evening explaining it to her."

"She went back home in December after finishing the picture, to get a rest. I flew back to spend New Year's Eve with Shirley and her family, and I don't think it was much of a rest for her. She has nine thousand relatives all over the place, next door, around the corner and down the street. The phone was ringing even off the hook. One night an uncle gave a big party for her, and the next there was a church affair, and the next the relatives in West Newton gave a wingding for her."

"Her parents are great people, real folks. They've brought her up beautifully. I think her father was quite a gadabout in his single days and he's probably taught her the score. She knows how to say no, and she's much more self sufficient than most girls around this town."

Reports leaking back from Paris a few months later indicated that Shirley had done equally well overseas. Aly Khan's younger brother, according to one source, was following Miss Jones around like "a love-sick calf." However, no such report came from Shirley. Sari had joined the company's chorus, so they roomed together all over Europe, and even wangled three days off between Paris and Rome to spend in the sun at an Italian beach, celebrating the news that Shirley was going to do Julie in *Carousel* when she got home. After two weeks in Rome, Shirley left the troupe and flew back to the States. In New York she had three hours between planes, and spent the time "convincing" her father that he should join her and Mom in Hollywood, at least for a visit. She won. They're there now, in a Westwood apartment.

She has only one complaint in the world. When she went home to Smithton, they said to her, "My goodness, you haven't changed a bit!" "If they knew me at all," she complained to her mother, "they wouldn't have expected me to change! Now I'll have to work hard just to make people feel at ease!"

Which will be just one more job for Cinderella Jones. But for any girl who has worked this hard to earn her glass slipper and her night at the ball—a little thing like handling fame gracefully shouldn't be hard to manage at all! **END**

my friend jimmy dean

(Continued from page 53) jeon shirt, blue jeans and sneakers, saw me looking at the cones. He grabbed my arm and said, "Come here," then led me to the center of the room, under an old-fashioned wheel lamp. I found myself facing a tremendous stone fireplace. Perched dead-center over the fireplace was the wickedest-looking pair of silver-tipped antlers in the world. Looking down, I saw that I was standing on a white bearskin rug. Jim was like a child, keyed-up, enjoying every second.

"Hold that pose"

He left me standing there—"Just hold that pose!" he said—walked over to the hi-fi and turned it up. The music swirled around me, on all sides. It was like the stereophonic sound you hear in theatres. Jim's eyes danced with excitement as he explained that the music zoomed down from the two ceiling speakers—"And how do you like this—those speakers are only eight inches in diameter and yet they have such tremendous volume!"—through the cellophane cones, out into the room. The cones did something to the music that increased the volume pleasantly yet permitted the tone to remain mellow.

"Quite a gadget," I said.
"Wait'll you hear this one." Jim flipped the Bach record off and put on another. "This one's African music, from Kenya. The record is all beat up. That's because I've played it so many times. But listen and you'll notice that it's delicate, sort of Oriental, music—rather than what you usually think of as African—you know, tom-toms and all that."

He spun the record and there were drums, all right, but they were merely incidental to the singer, a man who sounded like he was chanting, "Hallo, Hallo, Jimmy Rodgers!" Jim explained that that was exactly what the man, an African native, was singing. I had never heard of Jimmy Rodgers. Jim elucidated.

"Jimmy Rodgers was one of our greatest cowboy and hillbilly singers. He died in the early thirties. But folk singers today still worship at his shrine. And these African natives, way off there in Kenya, somehow got hold of some of Rodgers' old-time cowboy records and made up their own songs based on his songs. Listen to the man yodel!" Sure enough, the African was yodeling.

Jim then played one of Rodgers' old yodeling records, dug up in a second-hand record shop, to show the similarities.

The native chant droned on and on. Jim Dean seemed hypnotized by it. I noticed a bar there in the living room, obviously installed by the original owner. Jim wasn't using it as such. It was loaded with books and bundles. He had moved in only the week before.

I noticed the shelves were already crowded with books—fiction, philosophy, Aztec culture, the theatre, history, art, music. There were more record albums, too—hundreds, seemingly. Also bullfight posters and ropes, crash helmets and racing car trophies, stacks of photos, not professional photographs but snapshots.

Back upstairs we went. "Is this the whole house?" I asked. Jim said, "This is it." I asked, "No bedrooms?" Said he, "Nope. Just a little old kitchen and dining room and a big, big living room. Who needs more than that?" I asked where he sleeps. He pointed up to a balcony hanging over the high-ceilinged living room and demonstrated how he got to his bed up there by crawling up a flight of steps built over the fireplace—most ingenious and certainly most unusual!

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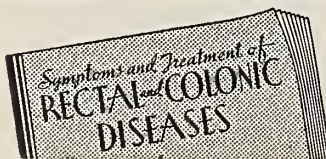
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like this?" I asked. "And how could they ever expect to rent it or sell it again?"

"Well, you're looking at the guy who rented it," Jim said. Then he explained that the house belongs to a friend, Nick Romanos. Nick was once a ballet star with Diaghilev's Ballet de Monte Carlo. This was many years ago. The great Ni- jinsky had also danced for Diaghilev. Nick's wife had a heart ailment and her doctor suggested that Nick take her to live as close to the ocean as possible. "So now they're living in a trailer down at the beach and I'm here," said Jim.

"How did you meet Nick?"

"He manages the Villa Capri for Patsy D'Amore, Frank Sinatra's friend. Marlon Brando eats there a lot, too. So do I. One night I went in and asked Nick, 'What's good on the menu tonight?' He said, 'How should I know? I hate Italian food! Go down the street to Don the Beachcomber's if you want a good meal! I've been very fond of Nick ever since.'"

Now I noticed a hangman's rope hang- ing from one of the living-room beams. A sign—"We Also Remove Bodies"—hung next to the rope. Jim said the rope was part of his knot-tying studies—"After all, roping and bullfighting." And the sign? "Oh, I guess you can chalk that up to my macabre sense of humor."

More records, all stacked around the hi-fi, spilled all over that end of the room. "What kind of music do you like best?" I asked. "Just about everything," Jim said. "I collect everything from Twelfth and Thirteenth Century music to Wanda Land- owski's harpsichord recordings of Bach's *Well-Tempered Clavichord* to the extreme moderns—you know, Schoenberg, Berg, Bartok, Stravinsky. I also like Sinatra's *Songs For Young Lovers* album."

He picked up a record. "See if you can recognize this. I feel the same way about this one that the teenagers feel about Sinatra and Eddie Fisher." He spun the disc. Through the cellophane cones poured the magnificent strains of Puccini's "One Fine Day" aria from *Madame Butter- fly*. Jim was delighted when I identified the singer first as the late Claudia Muzio. But his face fell when I immediately cor- rected myself and said it was Renata Te- baldi of Milan's La Scala opera company. I thought to myself, "Jim must think he has an exclusive on Tebaldi!"

But then he was raving over the rec- ord. "Listen to this woman's modulation," he rhapsodized. "And such expression! Wonderful taste, too, and a truly great sense of proportion. Over-trained opera singers usually go overboard—haven't you noticed how they hit a good note and then drive the listener nuts holding onto it? They don't want to let go of it, it's so good. But not Tebaldi. She is a great artist—greatest we've ever had." I gave him an argument, claiming Muzio as greatest. Jim shrugged.

I noticed Eugene Ormandy's *Ports Of Call* in the pile of records. Jim said, apolo- getically, "A friend left that. It's not quite my cup of tea. Too chapter-headingish, too twelve-stringish—you dig me? But pleasant, if you're in the mood."

"Tchaikovsky?"

Jim dismissed Tchaikovsky and the other romantics as he had dismissed my favorite opera singer—with a shrug.

Now he was putting Bela Bartok's *Suite From The Miraculous Mandarin* on the hi-fi. While we listened to the wild, sensu- ous music he said, "Some day I would like to direct a movie short of the ballet Bartok wrote this for. It's about a girl of the streets who is forced by two hoodlums to lure men. She's the come-on. The hood- lums beat up the men and rob them. Fi- nally the girl lures a rich mandarin. The men beat him, rob him and try to kill

him. But he won't die, because he has fallen in love with the girl, even though she's evil. His love is stronger than their murdering hands. The men finally plunge a sword into his heart. Then they hang him from a chandelier! But his eyes re- main wide open, glued on the girl he loves! And then she suddenly realizes that this is the only good man who has ever loved her and that she loves him, too! She throws her arms around him. It is only then, when he knows his love has been returned, that he gives in and lets death take him. Beautiful story, isn't it?"

I agreed. I also wondered to myself which of the big studios would be inter- ested in letting Jim direct it for them. I could think of none.

"Hey, the coffee!" he exclaimed suddenly remembering, jumping up. The Bartok continued to swell from the cones as he went to the kitchen, pattered around, re- turning finally with a tray holding a coffee pot, cups and saucers, cream and sugar, raisin-and-honey bread and a plate of cream cheese. Meanwhile, Jim had gotten off on another subject: the trees in his front and back yards. He reeled them off for me: peach, plum, lemon, lime, orange and apple. He did all the gardening.

"You asked me"

I sat on the floor, leaning against his tv set, as he talked. The tv set was flanked by his bongo drums. I said, "I don't under- stand how you find time for all this. Acting, collecting hi-fi records—and play- ing them, too!—roping, bullfighting, car- pentry, photography, reading, racing, drumming, gardening, cooking. You play the piano and guitar, too, I've heard."

"Yep. I also study singing and dancing. Some day I want to make a musical. I also sail, play tennis, fence, do gymnastics and also a little boxing. I'm a farmer, too. I know how to milk cows and I'm a great hand at feeding the chickens. I also study body movement and foreign languages and I like to work on sport cars, in addi- tion to racing them. I ride, too. When I first came to California I bought a Palomino named Cisco."

"But don't make me sound like I'm bragging about all this, because I'm not. You asked me and I'm telling you. I keep busy because I think that's part of being an actor. I think actors should spend their lives investigating things, learning what makes things tick. They should try to know every facet of living. Walt Disney's Jim- iny Cricket said it in *Pinocchio*, remem- ber, when he sang, 'Hi diddle dee dee, an actor's life for me!' It's a great life."

"But an actor would be selfish if he didn't try to learn everything life has to offer. He should seek the truth—he should try to learn what is valid in life and what isn't. It takes time, time when he could be goofing off, but it's worth it, when and if he finds it."

"How old are you, Jim?"

"I was born February 8, 1931."

"For a twenty-four-year-old, you know a great deal about life."

"I don't know anywhere near what I should know, but some day maybe I will." He looked around at his books, his rec- ords, tv set, bongo drums. He smiled.

Two young girls stuck their heads in the front door. One of them said, "We just wanted to say hello to our new neighbor and see what he's been doing to Nick's house." She was the "cool" type. The other, younger, girl said, somewhat breath- lessly, "Oh, and we heard the music, too—we're just on our way back from market—and we thought you were having a jam session and we thought we'd see what it was all about!" The words gushed out. Neither girl mentioned his name, although it was obvious they knew very well who

Jim was. The first girl was eighteen or so, the other about twelve.

Jim smiled and said, "Come on in and look around." They needed no further invitation. They came in and looked around. Jim said to me, "It's really too much house for me, when you stop to think of it." I said, "I should think so—the gardening and all. Why don't you have someone come in and help?" He said, "I guess I'll have to. If I ever get around to phoning an employment agency!"

A little neighbor boy came in, followed by another. They were about nine and seven. They had apparently followed the girls. Jim was just as considerate with them. He told them to have a look around, too. "Make yourself at home." Then, to me: "It's a mess because Nick had to move so quickly and I moved in in a hurry and haven't had time to fix it up. But I will."

The girls came in from the back yard. The older girl said, "That's a beautiful peach tree you have out there. Are you going to eat the peaches or give them away?" Jim said, "Both. You can have some." She said, "Gee, thanks, that'll be wonderful!" She beamed at the younger girl, who beamed right back. "That Jimmy Dean is *real* dreamy," I could imagine them telling their other girl friends later. "He practically invited us to come back and load up with his peaches whenever we want to!"

The girls started looking through the records. The boys were out in the back yard, looking things over.

Neighbors

I had heard that Natalie Wood, the starlet whose name has been linked romantically with Jim's, is a neighbor of his. I asked him about it. He said, "No, I don't think so." That was all.

He added, "But I do know one of my neighbors and I suppose you know him, too. He's George Gobel." I said yes, indeed, I knew George well—George and I both hail from Chicago and I had been visiting the set of his first movie, *The Birds And The Bees*, at Paramount, the day before. George had been doing a love scene with Mitzi Gaynor. "Nice guy, isn't he?" Jim asked. "The nicest," I said.

One of the little boys sauntered in from the yard, swinging a branch he had picked up. He asked Jim, "Hey, do you still have those snakes Nick had? They were sure cute, those snakes."

I had never heard of "cute" snakes. Jim explained to me that they were imitation snakes that Nick had bought in a tricks-and-magic store in Hollywood. To the boy he explained, "Nick took the snakes when he moved to the beach."

Girls

The older girl, somewhat resentful of the boy's intrusion of her session with Jim (I was interviewing Jim for MODERN SCREEN but I obviously didn't count!) said, "I think I'll enroll at UCLA this year." Jim said, "I went there. I took pre-law. It's a good school." The girl asked, "Why did you leave?" Jim replied, "The school decided I should leave." The girls and the boy giggled.

The younger girl commented on the clarity of Jim's hi-fi set (it was playing an old Chaliapin record now)—"It's real cool!" she said—and Jim started explaining how the cones worked. The other little neighbor boy returned from the yard, unbidden. Jim and I still had some bread and cheese left on our plates. The four youngsters started whispering about something among themselves so I whispered to Jim, "Don't you find it strange to have so many people walking in and out of the house?" He smiled and whispered right back, "Why not—the door's open."

Then I remembered a sign I had seen at the gate: "Beware of Dogs." I asked Jim about it. He said, "That's left over from Nick. Nobody pays any attention to it."

And this, I thought, is the James Dean they've been calling a hermit!

The older girl was talking to Jim again. She was a very pretty girl. She wore pedal pushers and a plain white blouse and ballet slippers. She said she liked Tchaikowsky and Victor Herbert. Jim said, "It's my opinion that Victor Herbert was a musical impostor. I like creative artists, the ones who don't borrow from others."

She asked, "Do you like Sauter-Finegan? They play modern jazz."

Jim said, "Well, if you're going to listen to atonal music don't you think it's better to listen to something good, like Bartok? The Sauter-Finegan orchestra copies Bartok. They also copy Berg and the other moderns." She said she would listen to Bartok and the others.

One of the boys asked, "Do you like real fast music?" (Not one of the youngsters had called Jim by his name yet.)

Jim said, "Fast or slow, if it's good."

Surprises

I went out in the kitchen to get more coffee. Dirty dishes were stacked all over the place. Typical bachelor, I thought. Jim left his inquisitors and came out after me. "I cooked some steaks night before last," he apologized, "and had to get up early yesterday, as I told you, and I worked late last night, as you know, so I haven't had time to clean up."

Then Jim pulled one right out of the air and popped it at me: "Would you like to know a good recipe for onions? Well, you put some onions in a pan with butter, let them roll around in that awhile, then put some sugar and cinnamon on them and cook them some more—fabulous!"

We went back to the kids. They were getting ready to leave. He didn't dismiss them. They bade him affectionate good-byes as they left. The youngest boy said, "Goodbye, Jimmy." The rest of the youngsters picked it up and called him Jimmy, too. Then they were gone.

I complimented him. He said, "I was a counselor at a boys' camp in Glendora, California, for a year, just before I started at UCLA in 1949. So I know a little about getting along with youngsters."

I said, "That was a pretty girl." "Yeah, real collegiate. You keep getting onto that subject, don't you? You trying to pump me about girls?" He grinned. "Well—"

"Three gossip columnists had me out with three different girls one night—and all the time I was sitting in the Villa Capri with my insurance agent!"

"That older girl seemed very interested in you."

"A lot of them are, at first."

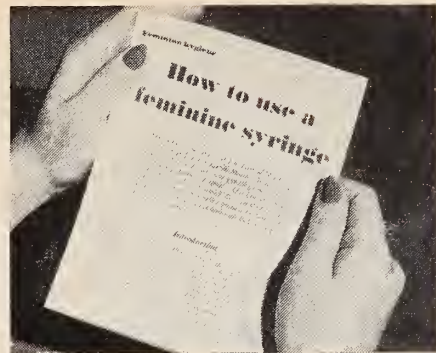
"And?"

"They're curious. But the percentage of lasting relationships between fellows and girls based on curiosity is limited. There have been a number of these, not only where I'm concerned but where other actors are concerned, and the more of these there are the more one's discretion is taxed. You know what I mean? So where does an actor who wants to be serious with a girl go from there?"

"Oh well, I guess that's the position we put ourselves in when we go into this business!"

"How do you find being famous, Jim? Have you lost anything that you had before *East Of Eden* made you a star?"

"It's hard to say. I fought it for a long time. I didn't think I was famous—I thought I was more infamous! But after a while I think I started learning what so



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MITZI GAYNOR

tells "how not to meet a movie star!"

■ There are ways *not* to meet movie stars. Mitzi Gaynor admits she knows them all, because they all happened to her. The three men she wanted most to meet in Hollywood were Cary Grant, Bing Crosby and Donald O'Connor. She met them, all right, but not quite in the way she had dreamed about it. "If you want it to be a nightmare instead of a dream," grins Mitzi, "do just what I did."

Like the time a few years back when Mitzi was doing the musical, *Jollyanna* on a Los Angeles stage. In the audience was the biggest object of her hero worship, Cary Grant. She managed to keep her knees from sounding like a pair of maracas, but collapsed in a heap from the reaction in her dressing room after the performance. When she heard a knock she took for granted it was her dresser and yelled, "Come in, come in, whoever you are."

At the door stood the impeccable Cary, arrived to congratulate her. Mitzi's hair looked like the night before a permanent; her face was deep in cold cream. She wore a faded old robe, and about all she could manage in intelligent conversation was, "Gaaaaa."

Now, with Donald O'Connor it was different. Mitzi was svelte, the introduction was impeccably social—at a party. Don immediately asked her to dance, but as they whirled away he began to sneeze violently. Between *kachooos* he pointed at her glinting hair and demanded, "Whadaya got on, anyway?" A crestfallen Mitzi explained that what was tickling his proboscis was the sparkle dust she'd sprinkled on her hair.

In Bing's case, she was doubly elated being teamed with him and Don O'Connor in *Anything Goes*. Mitzi was planning a real socko intro. So—she had just finished a strenuous rehearsal number and lay sprawled in her Paramount dressing room, face bathed in honest perspiration, when Bing stuck his head in the door. "Mitzi Gaynor. I presume?" chortled the Groaner. "Glad you're with us!" And with that, he was gone. "This," murmured Mitzi sadly, "is where I came in—with Cary Grant!"

Not that any of this has taken the fizz out of our effervescent Mitzi. Lunching in the studio commissary with some dancers from the picture, one of them suddenly said, "Don't look now, but Gary Cooper just sat down at the table in back of you." Mitzi turned, looked square into Coop's candid, kind blue gaze—and promptly knocked over the tall glass of tomato juice.

But Mitzi has had her chances to turn the tables. Once she was being interviewed on the informal *Tex and Jinx* show in New York when Ginger Rogers flashed in. This time, Mitzi was ready. "There are so many things you've done that have been important to me," she said, Ginger, thinking she was getting the standard Hollywood schmaltz, raised an eyebrow and inquired shrewdly, "Such as?"

Mitzi promptly quoted, verbatim, a few lines from *Kitty Foyle*. Ginger gulped and begged, "Would you mind repeating that? I barely remember those lines myself!"

It's true that while Hollywood is a small place, you can still work in it for many a snowfall without meeting your favorite star.

But Mitzi, of the sparklingest eyes in Hollywood, says, "It's really very simple to meet your idol. Just put on your scarecrow outfit and a pair of ski shoes. It may not be the way you *want* to meet a movie star—but, if you're anything like me, that's when you will!"



many actors have learned—about that certain communicative power we have that so few people are privileged to have. We find that we can reach, through the medium of motion pictures and television, not only the people with whom we work on the soundstages here in Hollywood but people all over the world! And then we start thinking, 'I'm famous, all right, and I guess this is what I wanted, so now how do I face it?'

"And then the responsibilities come. And you have to fight against becoming egotistical. It's tough, here in Hollywood. You have reached so many people, and you think they are interested in you personally and that you must have answered some need of theirs, in some small way. There's a great satisfaction in this, you know—to have answered a need in another person.

"You know what I think? I think the prime reason for existence, for living in this world, is discovery! It's part of knowing your Maker and loving Him. Look around you, at children and animals. They're always looking for and discovering new things. That's what I like to do.

"On the other hand, I know there are many people in the world who give up the search. They quit because they're afraid of failing, of being rejected, when they near their goal. This world we live in is dominated, I think, by an idyllic interpretation of success. This, in turn, manufactures fantasy. People become involved with the fantasy and stop looking for their own success. They find it, instead, in the success of movie stars and other celebrities. They live in a dream world.

"People have too much time here. I think it's because of the vastness of the place and the distances. When you drive all the way from Warners' to 20th Century-Fox you have too much time to think. You think, think, think, all the way. If the people in Hollywood kept busier at their arts and crafts they would be more productive and not so destructive. I'm talking about the gossipmongers now."

"A masterful woman"

I thought this would be a good time to interrupt him: "When are you going to get married?"

"When I find the right companion."

"Are you looking?"

"Every man looks. But looking in itself is superficial. Looking can be an inward thing. It can have nothing to do with actual physical and emotional involvements. Oh sure, I'm looking.

"But—oh, I don't know. I think it would take a masterful kind of woman to tolerate my shenanigans!"

"Maybe," I said, "you could compromise, if the right girl came along."

"It would be a very delicate setup—marriage I mean," Jim said. "I have a lot to learn. I fall short in the 'human' department. I expect too much of people. Tolerance, somebody said, comes with maturity, and I guess I'm sort of a baby where women are concerned.

"Besides, there's no rush. I think thirty is a good age to get married, don't you? So—I've got five more years to look!"

That's what he thought then.

I had heard about his dates with Ursula Andress, a lovely young German actress signed by Paramount. I asked about Ursula. Jim said, affectionately, "She's a nice girl, a wonderful girl. And she has a great deal of talent, acting talent, that is. It may not be fully realized yet, but she's growing in stature." He laughed, remembering something. "I'm talking in circles. Do you really want to know about Ursula and me? Well, we fight like cats and dogs! No, on second thought—like two monsters! But then we make up, and it's fun.

Ursula doesn't take any baloney from me and I don't take any from her. I guess it's because we're both so egotistical.

"Did I tell you about the foreign language I'm studying? German. I want to travel. I've never been to Europe. Ursula has stimulated this yen. I want to see France, Italy, Spain, Germany, Switzerland, the Scandinavian countries, England, Ireland. Sandy Roth, our still photographer on *Giant*, keeps egging me on, too. He keeps telling me how wonderful it is over there."

He walked over to his bongo drums and gave them a loving pat-pat-pat or two.

I said, "Jim, this has been one of the best interviews I've ever had with an actor. Thanks."

"I'm glad."

"But one thing bothers me."

"What's that?"

"Well, I've learned so much about you I'm not sure which angle I'll take when I sit down to write the story. Maybe I should just write about it from the beginning—you know, my arriving late and all that. It might be tough writing it any other way, because it has a million angles."

Jim laughed and said, "That's me, too—a million angles!"

END

oh, what a wonderful week!

(Continued from page 37) "I mean, they're wonderful people, all of them, and they couldn't make a go of it. How do I know I can?" After lunch we walked over to a recording studio where our good friend Peggy King was cutting records and watched a while. After half an hour or so, Debbie and I left. "I've got to meet Eddie," she said. The minute she said his name, she looked happier.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21. This is the day it began. Deb and Eddie went to the Marciano-Moore fight in the evening. It had been scheduled for Tuesday night, but everyone thought that elusive hurricane—whichever one it was—was going to hit New York, and the fight was postponed. Debbie had never gone in big for boxing, but Eddie is a terrific fan and they had watched Marciano train at Grossinger's. So they really had a personal stake in the fight and seeing Marciano win felt like a private victory for them. They sat down front and yelled and had a wonderful time, and when they left the Garden they were still way up in the air. "I want to call home," Debbie said. "I feel so good. I can't keep it to myself."

They raced to a phone and made a call to Burbank. "Mom," Debbie said, "I can't leave Eddie. When we're together everything is so great—and the minute we're apart everything goes to pieces. I can't take much more of that."

"What are you going to do about it?" said her mother.

"Well," Debbie said, "I guess I'll stay on a few more days."

"All right," said Mrs. Reynolds. "Have fun." But she told me later that when she put down the phone she knew that staying a few extra days wasn't what Debbie needed. Deb doesn't make idle statements, and if she said she couldn't take much more, she meant it. There was only one way for them to be together, and Mrs. R. figured that Debbie had made up her mind to say so. She had a feeling this was a case of now-or-never.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22. At eleven o'clock Thursday night—California time—which was three in the morning in New York, Debbie called again. She sounded about five years old, and about to burst. "Come right out," she said. "Call Jeanette and tell her to bring her maid-of-honor dress. And get me something to wear. Mom, I don't have anything here to wear. Get something from Metro and bring me some white shoes and my veil and don't tell anyone. Nobody, not even the studio. Can you be here tomorrow? We're going to get married."

"I gathered," said Mrs. Reynolds. "And how am I going to get a dress from the studio without telling them, and what if Jeanette can't make it and we can't get reservations on the plane?"

"Details," said Debbie. "You fix it, Mom. Don't forget the veil. I'll get you rooms at

the Plaza. Oh, we're going to have the ceremony at Eddie's apartment on Sunday. Don't forget the prayer book; I want Grandfather's little prayer book. I'll see you tomorrow. Hurry. Oh, Mom," she said, "I'm so happy I could die."

In Burbank Mrs. Reynolds hung up. She's one of the most wonderful, sensible and efficient women I ever met in my life, but for once she was flustered. It was 11:30 at night and she started making phone calls. Jeanette Johnson teaches gym and can't just disappear from classes like that—but she said she would. Mr. Reynolds found the veil. Debbie borrowed it months ago from a friend for that June wedding that didn't go through. Mr. Reynolds phoned Debbie's brother Bill and told him to be ready to leave Friday morning. "Great," Bill said. "Let me talk to Mom."

"You can't talk to her," Mr. Reynolds said. "She's out stealing a dress!"

She was, too. Mrs. R. drove all the way to the Metro lot, thirty miles away hunched over the wheel. The guard at the gate knew her, and they're used to crazy hours there, so they let her in. She parked the car a block away from the wardrobe building—she sees a lot of Hitchcock movies—and sneaked in. She usually works herself on Debbie's wardrobe, so she knows her way around that part of the place. She found Debbie's locker and opened it. It might have been a miracle, but there was a white dress in there—white lace with a scalloped hem and cap sleeves and a white velvet trim, street length. Deb had worn it in *The Tender Trap*. Mrs. Reynolds looked (furtively) around the mysterious, darkened room, snatched the dress, wrapped it in a piece of cloth, and sneaked out the back way. She expected to hear sirens after her all the way home, but she made it, with the loot.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 23. Noon, the Reynolds caught a plane. They hadn't been to bed at all, what with the packing. Jeanette made the plane, too. She had spent the morning explaining that she had to have a sudden leave-of-absence from school. She said she wasn't sure if she had her dress with her, but she had a blue garter for Debbie. So everyone settled down on the plane and went to sleep.

They got to New York that night and found Eddie's limousine at the airport, and Eddie's valet and friend, Willard Higgins, waiting to drive them to the city. Eddie and Debbie weren't there and the Reynolds figured they were probably decorating Eddie's place. They checked in at the Plaza and phoned Debbie. No answer. They phoned Eddie. No answer. "Probably out celebrating," said Mr. R.

"If they eloped," said Mrs. Reynolds, "without that dress. . . ."

But they couldn't think of anything to do about it, so they went to sleep.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24. Everyone slept late and hadn't even gotten up yet when Debbie called. She and Eddie had gone up to Grossinger's again, meaning to



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stay just a couple of days. Only Friday night Jennie Grossinger, who is a very close friend of Eddie's, asked if they wouldn't like to have the wedding up there.

"We decided to stay up here for it, Mom," Debbie explained. "It's so pretty and everyone is wonderful to us. The hotel cooks said they'd make the cake and Jennie's daughter, her name is Elaine Etess, asked us to use her house for the ceremony and it'll be lovely. Also, we can't get married Sunday after all, because Sunday night Yom Kippur starts and Eddie wants to observe the holiday and go to temple. So if you come up here now, you can spend Monday keeping me company and we'll get married Monday night."

At the same time, Eddie was on the phone talking to his mother in Philadelphia. She didn't need any more warning than the Reynolds did. Eddie said, "Mom, could you come up to Grossinger's right after Yom Kippur?" and Mrs. Stupp burst into tears and said, "I've been waiting so long for this! I'll call the family."

So Saturday afternoon the Reynolds loaded all their stuff back into the limousine and Willard drove them up to Grossinger's. It takes about two hours. When they got there they found Debbie and Eddie waiting outside the main building, both looking a little worn. "There's been so much excitement," Eddie said. "We don't know if we're coming or going. And keeping it a secret, too... everyone keeps saying, 'What are you so up-in-the-air about?'"

"You look as if you could use a nap," Mrs. Reynolds said to Debbie. "You're supposed to be blushing, not flushing."

"Later," Debbie said. "Let me show you around first." So she took them all over the grounds and introduced them to everyone and the only time she sat down at all was for girl-talk with Jeanette, which lasted practically all night.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 25. Lunchtime the Reynolds got to their table and found Eddie there, with a mob of people around him.

Mrs. Reynolds said, "Where's Debbie?" "Isn't she here?" said Eddie. "She said she'd be right down; she's resting in her room, I guess."

He led everyone to Debbie's room and knocked on the door. Nobody answered, so Mrs. Reynolds opened it and walked in. Debbie was lying flat on the floor, face down, next to the bed.

Everybody started screaming except Mrs. Reynolds; as I said, practically nothing fazes her. She splashed water in Debbie's face and by the time Debbie had opened her eyes and said she felt fine and how nice to see everybody, Eddie had gotten hold of Dr. Etess, Jennie's son-in-law.

Anyway, it turned out that she had simply passed out from excitement, and maybe not enough sleep, so they moved Debbie to the Etess' home and put her to bed for a rest.

In the middle of the afternoon Debbie woke up and announced that she hadn't brought any clothes to go anywhere for the honeymoon, because she had thought she was going back to the city to be married. So someone called the hotel and asked them to pack for her, and have the clothes ready to be flown up to Grossinger's in the plane that would come up to take the bride and groom to Washington Tuesday. Eddie spent half the afternoon watching Debbie doze and the other half making phone calls, inviting people up. They had very few people, partly because they wanted a small wedding, and partly for the sake of secrecy. Eddie spoke on the phone to one of his best friends, Bernie Rich, in California, and didn't even tell him, though he felt very odd about it. At sundown he went to the temple on the resort grounds to hear Kol Nidre.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 26. Well, this was the day. Eddie was in services most of the day, and Debbie was in bed. No one else sat down for a minute. Jennie had ordered flowers from the florist in the village, but she hadn't wanted to tell them what they were for, so the resort staff had to do the decorating themselves. They set up a buffet in the dining room with a huge centerpiece of purple daisies and yellow roses with candles inside. The living room was filled with flowers, and they spread a white cloth as an aisle from the stairs to the living room where the ceremony was held. They set up a table for the cake, a huge five-tiered affair that the cooks had been working on for twenty-four hours. The wedding was planned for eight o'clock, so around four they got Debbie up to try on her dress. It fit just beautifully and she looked wonderful. The only trouble was that in the confusion of packing, Mrs. Reynolds had taken two left shoes.

You never heard such a commotion. It was too late in the season for anyone to have white shoes around, and besides, Debbie wears a size four. And there wasn't a store open for miles around, because of Yom Kippur. So they started canvassing the countryside. Finally Elaine discovered a little store that hadn't closed and the owner, after rummaging through discontinued styles for ages, came up with a pair of white shoes, embroidered, no less, in Debbie's size.

At quarter-to-eight Jeanette had the bride all dressed. Debbie had Jeanette's blue garter, the new shoes with an old dime in one of them—and the borrowed veil. At five of eight someone told Debbie to sit down—carefully, of course—because Mrs. Stupp had just phoned from somewhere on the road; she was caught in traffic and she and Eddie's family would be late. At eight-fifteen she phoned again. More traffic. Debbie broke out into a cold sweat and Eddie began to mutter under his breath to Milton Blackstone, his best man. At eight-thirty it was a question whether Eddie would break down the first time before Debbie collapsed for the second. At ten of nine Mrs. Stupp arrived and Judge Cook, who was officiating, nodded to the trio to play "Moonlight And Roses" while the parents walked down the aisle. They started and stopped again, because the candles hadn't been lit along the aisle. Someone ran down with a match and then the music started again. When the parents were seated Jeanette came to the head of the stairs and started down. The trio played the wedding march from *Lohengrin*. The newspapers said there was a mistake and they played "Moonlight" as Debbie appeared, but that just isn't true. She walked down the aisle to "Here Comes The Bride," and she looked like a dream. She and Eddie smiled at each other all the way through the ceremony, except when they repeated the vows. Debbie promised to "comfort" Eddie and he promised to "keep" her, and neither said anything about "obey," which is left out pretty often these days. They exchanged rings—they had meant to have a single ring ceremony, but they changed their minds at the last minute and someone pulled a ring for Eddie out of the air. Debbie's was a plain platinum band Eddie has been walking around with for months, just in case. Then they kissed and the papers were right about one thing; Debbie sighed so that the whole room could hear her.

You can't really blame the papers for getting things wrong, in this case. There had been a slight leak, of course, you can't ever get by without one, and so there were a hundred reporters and photographers clustered around before the ceremony. Eddie and Debbie didn't know what to do at first. They hate to offend reporters, and they're usually awfully nice about

pictures, but this time they had to put their collective foot down. Debbie said, "We can't have you all in there. We didn't even invite a hundred of our friends, you know. If you want to pick one person to take pictures and someone to take notes they can come in, but no pictures during the wedding. We'll pose for you after, as much as you want. Only please let us have this to ourselves."

Most newsmen are pretty nice, so they said yes, and stuck to it. The only other photographer who got in at all was David Workman, who waited till the reception was almost over and then sneaked in. Eddie spotted him hiding his camera in a closet, grinned and said, "All right, take what you can before you get chased out." (His pictures are on pages 9, 10 and 11 in Louella Parsons' gossip extra.)

The reception was lovely. Mrs. Stupp stood at the door crying for the photographer, and Eddie came over and said, "Smile, Mom, smile." Mrs. Stupp sniffed and said, "Look, I was happy and I was enjoying myself—so I was crying."

Mrs. Reynolds hadn't cried, but she never cries. Eddie joined Debbie and they stood and beamed at each other. George Bennett, Eddie's press representative said, "How do you feel?" and Eddie said, "I couldn't feel happier." Debbie came out of her trance and said, "I couldn't feel happier." Eddie said, "Since the two of us are now one, we couldn't feel happier." Then they went back to grinning at each other.

After a while Mrs. Stupp stopped crying and took Debbie aside. She said to her, "Just a word, as a mother with a life of experience. It's up to you. Just give a little and take a little and your life will be a happy one." Debbie said, "I will, Mom," and kissed her and then Eddie pulled her away and the two of them disappeared. There wasn't any bouquet to throw, because Debbie had carried her grandfather's prayer book, with a white orchid, and there was no rice thrown because no one saw them leave, except Milton Blackstone, who had just been hugged by the bride.

The party went on for hours. Everyone went back to the main building at Grossinger's, except for the Reynolds, who were exhausted, and went to sleep and Jeanette, who caught a plane back to California that night. Mrs. Stupp danced the first dance of the party, which is traditional for Jewish mothers, and chose Willard for her partner. (Eddie's parents are divorced, you know and his stepfather had not been able to come up.) She and Eddie's sister and brothers and Debbie's brother Bill didn't go to sleep till after three.

No one knew exactly where Debbie and Eddie had gone for the night and no one still does. A friend of Jennie's had put her home at their disposal, leaving a butler and a maid, both of whom tactfully disappeared.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27 At one in the afternoon there was a knock at the door of the Reynolds' room. "Who's there?" said Mr. R. "The bellhop," said a voice, so they opened the door, and there were Debbie and Eddie.

"We got lonesome," Debbie said.

"Actually," Eddie said, "we came back to pack."

Tuesday afternoon they caught a plane for Washington where Eddie had a business appointment they couldn't get out of. Just before they left I sidled up to Debbie and said, "Any plans?"

"Sure," she said. "Got nothing to hide. We're going to Washington, and then back to New York for the World Series and then I might have to go to Las Vegas, for a night-club act, but I'm trying to get out of it. After that, we're going to live happily ever after." As I said, I always believe Debbie. She's never lied to me yet.

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