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5 PAGES OF EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS

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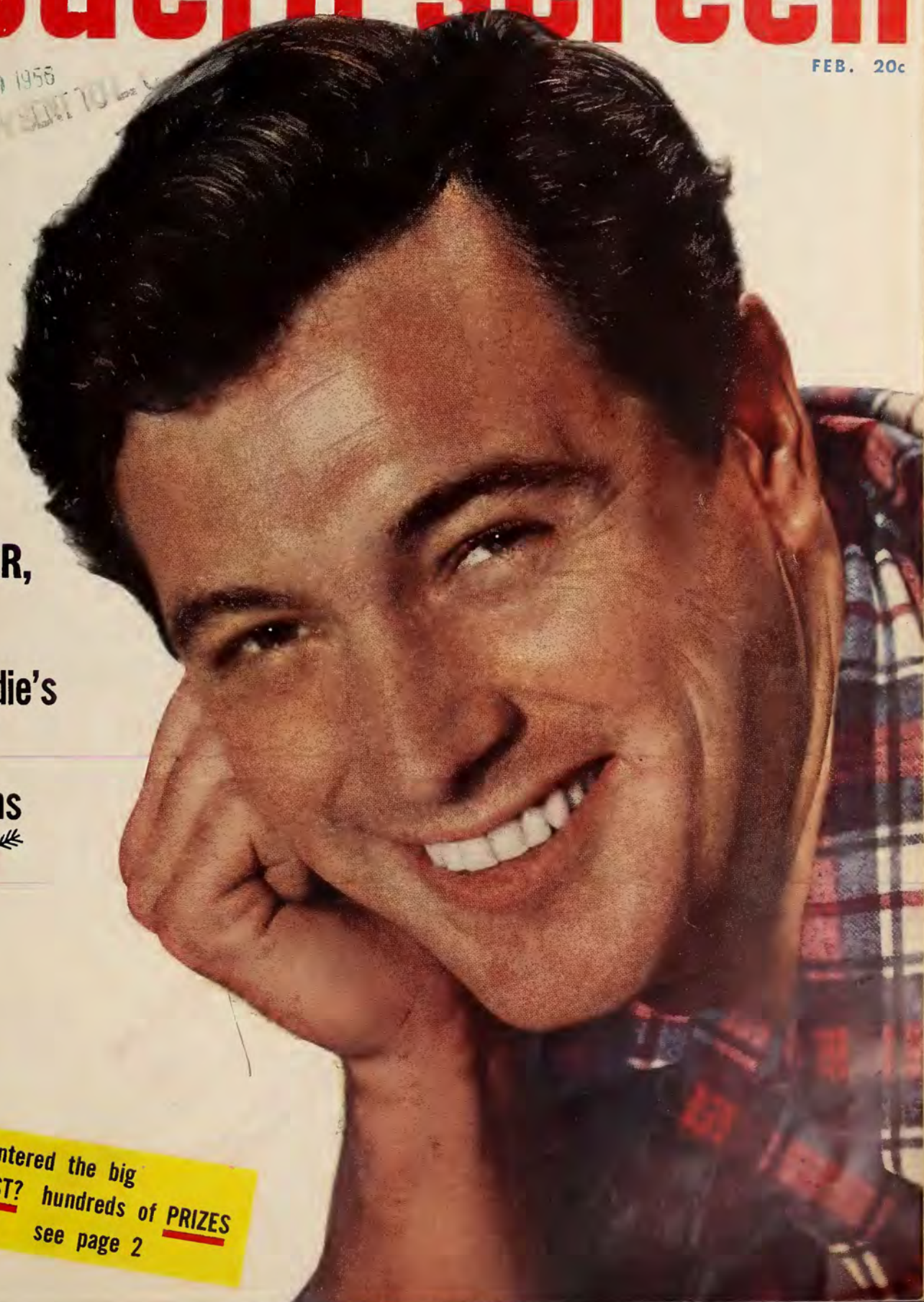
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so easy to win see page 2



LOVELY MISS AMERICA 1956 SAYS: YOUR SKIN WILL LOVE

Camay's Caressing Care!



THERE'S FINE
COLD

CREAM

IN
CAMAY

Her radiant complexion is a glowing tribute to Camay!

It's easy to see why beautiful Sharon Kay Ritchie of Colorado is Miss America 1956! And—one of the loveliest things about her is her exquisite complexion. She's guarded its petal-soft beauty for years with mild, gentle Camay. "Cold cream Camay is just wonderful," says Sharon . . . "really caresses your skin." Try Miss America's beauty soap, the only leading soap with cold cream. Discover the skin-pampering mildness, luxurious lather, and exclusive fragrance that are yours with Camay's Caressing Care!



No other Beauty Soap pampers your skin like Camay!

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



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STOPS BAD BREATH 4 TIMES BETTER THAN ANY TOOTH PASTE

Germs are the major cause of bad breath—
and no tooth paste kills germs like Listerine
... instantly, by millions

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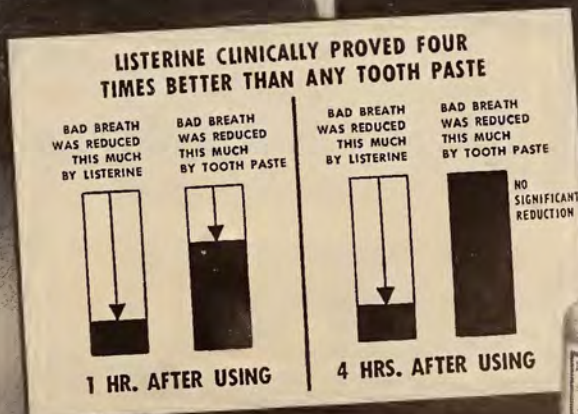
**Listerine Antiseptic kills germs
by millions!**

Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions on contact . . . instantly halts the fermentation which they cause. Fifteen minutes after gargling with Listerine, tests showed that germs on tooth, mouth and throat surfaces were reduced up to 96.7%; one hour afterward as much as 80%. That explains why in clinical tests Listerine averaged four times better in stopping bad breath than the tooth pastes it was tested against.

**Listerine Antiseptic
acts on many surfaces**

You see, tooth paste depends largely on mechanical and masking methods of removing unpleasant mouth odors. But Listerine acts antiseptically on many surfaces . . . the teeth, mouth, throat. It kills disease-producing germs as well as many types of odor-producing germs. No tooth paste offers proof like this of killing germs that cause bad breath.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC . . . THE MOST WIDELY USED ANTISEPTIC IN THE WORLD



modern screen

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*On the Cover: Color portrait of Rock Hudson by John Engstead, Rock can currently be seen in Universal-International's *Never Say Goodbye*. Other photographers' credits on page 68.

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NEW MUM. CREAM

The doctor's
deodorant discovery
that now safely stops
odor 24 hours a day

You're serene. You're sure of yourself. You're bandbox perfect from the skin out. And you stay that way night and day with New Mum Cream.

Because New Mum now contains M-3 (hexachlorophene) which clings to your skin—keeps on stopping perspiration odor 24 hours a day. So safe you can use it daily—won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics.



Underarm comparison tests made by doctors proved a deodorant *without* M-3 stopped odor only a few hours—while New Mum *with* M-3 stopped odor a full 24 hours!


ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

When that phone rings...

The call will be a "contact"
from a kidnapper. A cold,
ruthless voice demanding
money. Half a million.

And the father must face
an irrevocable decision.
Shall he listen to the pleas
of his wife, and pay in
the hope of getting his boy
back. Or try to keep such
things from ever happen-
ing to other parents by
refusing to deal with a
child-stealer. If it
happened to *you*—would
you pay or not pay

"RANSOM!"



M-G-M presents
GLENN FORD · DONNA REED in **"RANSOM!"**

with **LESLIE NIELSEN · JUANO HERNANDEZ · ROBERT KEITH**
Written by **CYRIL HUME and RICHARD MAIBAUM** • Directed by **ALEX SEGAL**
Produced by **NICHOLAS NAYFACK** • An M-G-M Picture

WHAT'S THE

S E C R E T

MILLIONS OF WOMEN SHARE?

It's the secret of perfect poise any day of the month! These women use Tampax*—and if you don't, you'll be amazed at the difference internal sanitary protection makes. Instead of being continually reminded of "time-of-the-month" by a hampering pad, a confining belt, you can't even *feel* you're wearing Tampax! No wonder Tampax is so popular!

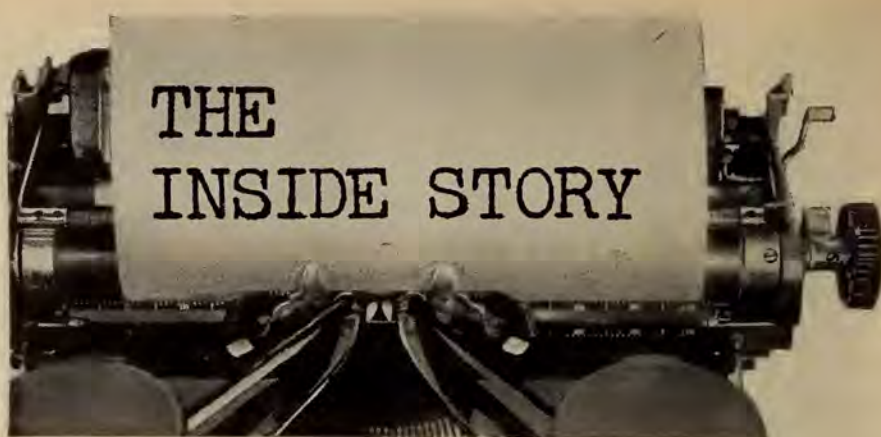
Actually, women in more than 75 countries use Tampax. From the way it prevents odor from forming to its ease of disposability (applicator and all), there just isn't another kind of protection in the world that's *nearly* as satisfactory! Remember! Tampax was designed by a doctor, created by a doctor, to fit the needs of *all* women!

Buy one of the inconspicuous little packages of Tampax at any drug or notion counter. (Choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior.) See how easily Tampax tucks away in your purse. Then go home and try it. You're bound to like it—millions do! (Economy size gives average 4-months' supply.) Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women



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. Judy Garland— isn't she in the hospital with another nervous breakdown? Doesn't she plan to divorce Sid Luft?
—V.L., RACINE, WIS.

A. *Judy is in the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital as of this writing, plans no divorce*

Q. Whatever happened to Abbott and Costello? —S.E., CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA

A. *They plan to make a picture entitled Dance With Me Henry this month*

Q. How old is Piper Laurie, and why did Universal let her go?
—L.Y., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. *Piper is twenty-three; she feels she will do better freelancing.*

Q. Any chance of marriage between Dana Wynter and Charles Feldman?
—S.F., MARION, IND.

A. *Not in the immediate future.*

Q. Is it true that after James Dean died his house was robbed?
—H.Y., ERIE, PA.

A. *Several of the possessions he most valued, particularly bongo drums and recording machines, disappeared.*

Q. Is there any chance that Gary Cooper will divorce his wife and marry Anita Ekberg?
—W.S., WASHINGTON, D.C.

A. *Not much.*

Q. Can you reveal Mario Lanza's weight during the shooting of *Serenade*?
—B.L., NEWARK, N.J.

A. *Approximately 205.*

Q. Has Leslie Caron really abandoned dancing or is that a rumor?
—D.L., DENVER, COL.

A. *Miss Caron has not abandoned ballet; just plans to concentrate on acting.*

Q. What is the true story involving Vic Damone and Sid Ascher? Do you dare tell it?
—E.H., BROOKLYN, N.Y.

A. *Ascher is a press agent who helped Vic Damone when Damone was earn-*

ing \$25 a week singing at WHN, N. Y. Ascher no longer represents Vic.

Q. How many times has Victor Mature been married? —E.F., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A. *Three times.*

Q. Can you tell me how much money Doris Day earns in a year?
—H.Y., HYANNIS, MASS.

A. *Approximately \$600,000.*

Q. Was Estelita the fourth or fifth wife of Grant Withers?
—B.Y., BROOKLYN, N.Y.

A. *Fifth.*

Q. June Allyson and Dick Powell— what is their religious affiliation?
—C.L., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. *Episcopalian.*

Q. I read somewhere that George Gobel wears pink golf shoes and that his picture *The Birds And The Bees* is very good. True or false?
—S.W., HARTFORD, CONN.

A. *True on both counts.*

Q. Joan Collins is going with Arthur Loew, Jr. Is he the same Arthur Loew, Jr. who was once engaged to Eartha Kitt? —T.L., Sr. LOUIS, MO.

A. *Loew was never engaged to Miss Kitt, just a good friend.*

Q. Is Jane Wyman afraid of growing old? Is that why she dyes her gray hair brown?
—G.J., ST. JOE, MO.

A. *No, it simply photographs better in brown.*

Q. What caused the rupture between Esther Williams and MGM?
—A.K., FRESNO, CAL.

A. *Story properties for Esther were hard to come by. Esther wanted a fling at TV.*

Q. Who was the third man who broke up the impending marriage between Leigh Snowden and Dick Contino?
—S.A.F., PUEBLO, COL.

A. *No third man; Miss Snowden's previous marriage and Contino's religious faith presented a conflict.*



"Here's proof he
was my lover...
his rose tattooed
on my chest!"

**The boldest
story of love
you've ever
been permitted
to see!**

Paramount presents

BURT LANCASTER · ANNA MAGNANI in

"You are wild and hard
to hold — but if you were
tame — would I want you?"

VISTAVISION
MOTION PICTURE HIGH FIDELITY

Hal Wallis'
production of

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS'

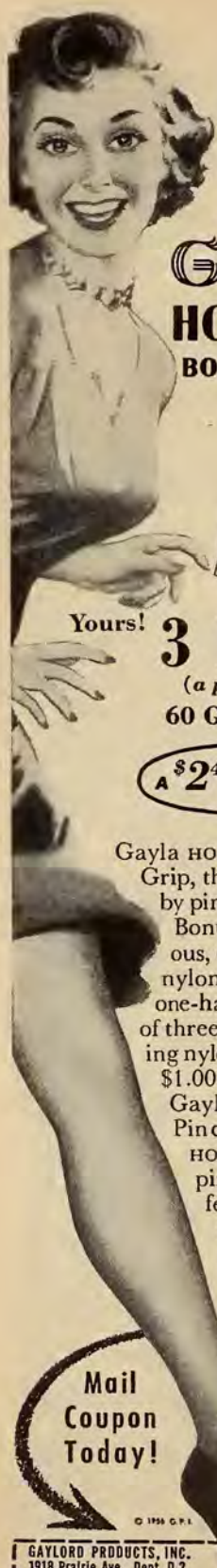
THE ROSE TATTOO

also starring **MARISA PAVAN · BEN COOPER** · with Virginia Grey · Jo Van Fleet · Sandro Giglio
Directed by **DANIEL MANN** · Screenplay by **TENNESSEE WILLIAMS** · Adaptation by **HAL KANTER**
Based on the Play, "THE ROSE TATTOO" by Tennessee Williams



BURT LANCASTER
An Amazing Emotional Triumph!

ANNA MAGNANI
"Her performance may be 1955's best!"
—Woman's Home Companion



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**Gayla®
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BOBBY PIN CARD**



Yours! **3 Nylons**
(a pair and a spare)

60 Gauge 15 Denier

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Coupon
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Color: ☐ Morning Mist ☐ Desert Sand ☐ French Rose
(Grayish Taupe) (Brownish Beige) (Rosy Hue)
Size: ☐ 8½ ☐ 9 ☐ 9½ ☐ 10 ☐ 10½ ☐ 11
☐ Short ☐ Medium ☐ Long ☐ Self Seam ☐ Dark Seam

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This offer good only in continental United States, Hawaii and Alaska. Offers subject to State and Local requirements and may be withdrawn without notice.

TV TALK

Shelley wows 'em . . . Cyril Ritchard overruled . . . Marie's forgetful . . . Betsy behaving

Judy Holliday is more appreciative of compliments than any actress you could name. She just croons when she's told she's good—no matter who tells her. As you know, many actresses believe compliments—if they come from a hanger-on or from someone else who is famous. But Judy honestly beams at a kind word from the man in the street . . . Poor Faye Emerson. Her Broadway play, *The Heavenly Twins*, got terrible notices, and her acting in it didn't fare any better. The truth is that Faye just wouldn't take any suggestions from the director, Cyril Ritchard, even though he's a much more experienced stage performer (he played Captain Hook to Mary Martin's Peter Pan). She was determined to do the part her way, and it did not pan out . . . It was no surprise to Mary Martin that everyone made a great fuss over her gorgeous gowns when she starred with Noel Coward on tv. Mary planned it that way. She sets great store by being beautifully garbed. In fact, sometimes, listening to Mary, you get the impression that she cares as much about her clothes as she does about her performance. That's not true, of course—what Mary does, Mary works at—but she does love pretty clothes! You get her on the subject, and she'll go on for hours about colors, materials, skirt lengths, hats—anything about her Mainbocher gowns. Incidentally, Mary is very receptive to criticism if it comes from someone she respects. She wants to be told if a line should be read another way or if she should turn to the left instead of to the right. In fact, for such a big star, she is essentially rather unsure of herself. Mary needs reassurance . . . Some people are worried about Will Success Spoil Susie Miller? The petite gamine with the offbeat manner adds a needed filip to the Steve Allen show when she explains odd facts and odder artifacts. But she's mighty young for such sudden success. Some friends say they saw a change in her after only two or three weeks on the show. One thing: Susie may have changed, but she's still living in a walk-up, cold-water flat over a factory in one of New York's worst slum districts . . . We can't understand why anyone on Broadway was surprised to see Shelley Winters turn in an excellent job acting in *A Hatful Of Rain*, but some of them were. Her role, incidentally, is very reminiscent of her part in *A Place In The Sun*—a bewildered, tongue-tied girl . . . Ben Gazzara, who plays Shelley's unhappy husband in *Rain*, is not having too happy a home-life off-stage either . . . Rafael Campos may play adolescent parts on screen—a near-delinquent in *Blackboard Jungle* and the puzzled Mexican boy in *Trial*—but off screen he's a very self-assured, well-dressed young man who makes a first-rate adult impression on all who meet him and talk to him . . . Noel Coward is another star who looks years younger in person than he does on television. . . . Van Heflin has always been serious about his acting, from way back when he appeared in student productions at the University of Oklahoma. His old classmates still remember his dedication . . . Walter Cronkite and his lovely redheaded wife, Betsy, are very sentimental people for sophisticates. They still haven't gotten over the death of their cocker spaniel Judy. Judy was their wedding present to each other years ago, and Walter and

Betsy for a year nursed her through old-age illness after old-age illness until finally the doctor said that she had to be put to sleep. Betsy held Judy in her arms during the ordeal, and they can't even think of getting another dog . . . Don't let all of Marie Wilson's publicity fool you for a minute. There is no connection between Marie and *My Friend Irma*—or any other wacky part she might play. She is, when you get to know her, Just Plain Nice. She is sweet, thoughtful, untemperamental—all the things stars sometimes aren't. People who know Marie and her husband Boh Fallon intimately say that their only fault is that they insist on picking up the check! Marie can also, by the way, play lots of different parts besides the Irma type she's been essaying for years. She is a good little actress—with only one little Irma-like fault. She does have a habit of suddenly forgetting her lines every now and then. Her co-actors—who love her dearly—say that she starts thinking about something else in the middle of a scene and they just have to keep throwing her cues until she comes out of her day-dream . . . There's been a lot of talk about Betsy von Furstenburg showing off around town with her new "Alice In Wonderland" hair-do. She's not showing off, for once; it's the way she has to wear her hair for her teen-age part in the Broadway hit, *The Chalk Garden*. Betsy's not even showing off on stage these days. The members of the cast were all primed for some of her old tricks—a Mickey Finn in the middle of a scene, say—but Betsy has behaved in an exemplary fashion. About the only thing she does to earn any enmity these days is her habit of using other actresses' make-up instead of her own. That—while mighty annoying to the other actresses—is minor compared to Betsy's old high jinks . . . Paddy Chayefsky was really crushed when he found out that Eva Marie Saint wouldn't do the lead in his play, *The Middle Of The Night* (the part she had played on television). After receiving the word that Eva Marie preferred staying with her husband in Hollywood, Paddy learned the meaning of the phrase, "casting difficulties."



Did you know Pat Breslin played opposite Jackie Cooper, *The People's Choice*, in a cast?

THE FACE
THAT LAUNCHED
A THOUSAND SHIPS!

"Helen of Troy"

The tumultuous
events that brought
the Age of Titans
to its raging climax!

The spectacular
Spartan siege set off
by Helen and Paris,
history's most famous
runaway lovers!

In
CINEMASCOPE
AND
WARNERCOLOR

3 years in the making
at a cost of \$6,000,000!



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WARNER BROS' UNPRECEDENTED
★ ★ ★
GLOBAL PREMIERE

"HELEN OF TROY" will have its premiere simultaneously in
over 50 countries — the first time in entertainment history
that a motion picture has been honored in this way!

FROM THE FAMED 'ILIAD' OF HOMER — STARRING

ROSSANA PODESTA AS HELEN • **JACK SERNAS** AS PARIS • **SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE**

STANLEY BAKER • NIALl MacGINNIS • ROBERT DOUGLAS • TORIN THATCHER • SCREEN PLAY BY JOHN TWIST AND HUGH GRAY • DIRECTED BY ROBERT WISE



MUSIC BY
MAX STEINER

Doctors Prove a One-Minute Massage with

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

GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!



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

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

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

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

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

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!



Mild and Gentle



modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS

in hollywood



Farley and Janice meet love and marriage

IN THIS SECTION

Good News

Premières of the month

Jane Russell says, "I'm sorry"

The letter box

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood

Farley Granger goes domestic... Party of the month: All the married



Three sophisticates met at the Guys And Dolls party in New York. Lauren Bacall and Clifton Webb you can spot but I bet you didn't recognize Audrey Hepburn, who stopped off on her way back to Europe.



I'm so sorry Jack Webb and Dorothy have split. After one of their many recent spats they told me they still loved each other and would try again. Maybe Jack is too busy a man for marriage.



Rita Moreno and Jeff Hunter (does every movie have to flood the town with bearded men?) are seeing a lot of each other. She brought Jeff to a party at the Studio Club where she lives and they seem so happy together.



Pier Angeli and Vic Damone went to the Make-Up Artists' Ball before she started work on Port Afrique. Pier was so anxious to get back to work she even accepted that location in Morocco.

louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

WHEN I REACHED Farley Granger in New York to congratulate him on his upcoming marriage to Janice Rule, I asked, "What kind of an engagement ring did you give her, Farley?"

"Engagement ring?"—you could hear his gasp and gulp 3000 miles away. "Good heavens, I forgot all about that little detail! Don't tell anybody, will you?"

"Only the readers of MODERN SCREEN," I laughed. "Come on now and give me some intimate details the whole world doesn't already know about your romance."

There was a silence for a minute. Then Farley's voice came clear and strong. "I'm really in love, Louella—so much so that it's hard to discuss the way I feel like this over

the telephone." (I understood what he meant!)

"I'm just the luckiest man in the world. It all happened in a way I never thought it would. I was sure that when I fell in love it would all build up over a period of time. Instead, I met Janice on the rehearsal stage for *The Carefree Tree*, the show we did together in New York, and powie—there went the strings of my heart. I was in love with her from the start."

"That usually means an attraction of opposites as the good old psychiatrists would put it," I said—but before I could elaborate on the idea, Farley interrupted:

"Not in our case. I think the important thing that has brought us together is that we are so much alike. She's just as serious about

couples sat together and loved it!



Bing Crosby and Kathryn Grant are still dating, though for a time Kathryn was seeing others. Bing didn't want photos of the two of them at his trailer camp's opening, but MS got one.



George Nader is seeing a lot of pretty starlet Dani (pronounced Donny) Crayne, but I don't think it's a romance. Doesn't Dani look a lot like Lana Turner? There's quite a resemblance.



I thought every foreign car in the world was right here in Hollywood—but leave it to Tony Curtis to find a new one. It's called a Messerschmidt and he bought it for Janet—who says it'll make quite a sensation on Hollywood Boulevard.

her work as I am about mine, and that's plenty serious as you know.

"Of course I want her to continue with her career after we're married. She has a lot of fresh, wonderful talent. I'd be a selfish guy to ask her to give up what she's worked so hard to achieve. We both feel we're still students in our craft. For this reason, we'll both continue to study between jobs, whether in New York or in Hollywood."

"What about honeymoon plans?" I asked.

"Right now, we're planning to motor back to California after we're married here around Christmas time," he answered. "That's subject to change without notice, however."

"One reason we want to come to the Coast is to give Janice a chance to look over my

Hollywood home and see what she wants shipped back to the studio apartment we'll live in in New York. I have some pretty good paintings Janice may like. My business manager has already shipped a few of them East so we can sort of get the place fixed up—you know what I mean, the way the girls like to."

"Farley I can hardly believe I'm talking to you—all this domesticity and everything," I laughed.

"Louella," he breathed, "I can hardly believe it's me talking!"

I DON'T KNOW whether the hosts, the Abe Lastfogels and the George Sidneys are just good old-fashioned sentimentalists or

whether they just decided to do something daringly different (for movietown parties). But at the gay soiree they gave at Romanoff's in honor of MGM executive Benny Thau and his bride, they seated all the married couples together—and what's more they all seemed to love it.

June Allyson and Dick Powell kept in the spirit of the occasion by dancing almost every dance together. When I chatted on the dance floor with June and Dick, she told me that their pals, the Edgar Bergens, had sent them a gift of gagged-up chairs for the set while shooting *It Happened One Night*.

"My chair is trimmed in mink tails," June laughed, "and lots of little velvet Peter Pan collars, because I wear them so much. Hang-

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood



Mike Todd sat with Marlene Dietrich at the Oklahoma! premiere. Not even Marlene—very chic in a turban!—could steal the show from this picture.



Gene Kelly gave his sweet daughter Kerry a thrill by lifting her into the Surrey With The Fringe On Top, parked—of all places—in the theatre lobby!



Jeff Chandler and his wife were interviewed at the theatre. Now that their home is so happy, he gets such a kick out of hearing Marge talk about it.

This winter's premières were the biggest, brightest, most formal



The main attractions were Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones, the stars of the movie. Shirley was all dressed up in a fox stole and really looked like a movie star—which, of course, she is. Everyone loves her, and Gordon and his wife have practically adopted her!



Jerry and Patti Lewis—looking desperatel—came to the Desperate Hours premiere. "We saw it already at that crazy, mixed-up preview when the sound track wouldn't work," Jerry told me, "but we couldn't stay away. We're both mad about being scared to death."

turn-outs ever seen in Hollywood



On studio orders, Kim Novak is being seen with *Other Men*; Frankie took her to *Desperate Hours*, but she's in love with Mac.



Now that Rock Hudson's married I guess Dick Egan is our most eligible man (Not a bad substitute!) He brought Pat Hardy.



Perry Lopez was Marisa Pavan's date. Marisa always looks so young to me, but she's really a very mature, bright little lady.



I never saw anyone so moved as Jane Russell when Mr. and Mrs. Ginsberg of B'nai Brith presented her with an award for her work for WAIF. Jane started the agency to help women adopt babies from other countries after she adopted her little English boy and brought him here.

ing over one arm of the chair was a little white umbrella (because I never have one when I need it).

"Dick's chair had big pockets lined with bottles of aspirin and stomach settlers and pairs and pairs of dime store eye glasses—he can never find his when he needs them."

I never saw Jimmy Stewart dance so much as he did with his stunning wife Gloria. "Gloria is the only one who can follow me," Jimmy drawled. "I'm a little off-beat with my feet."

Ann Blyth, expecting her second baby in February, and looking sooo beautiful and happy, wasn't doing any dancing—but she and Dr. Jim McNulty held hands sitting out the numbers.

Other couples happily "tied up" for the gay evening were Rosemary and Danny Thomas, the L. B. Mayers and Jennifer Jones and David Selznick.

PERSONAL TO JANE RUSSELL:

Well, girl, I'll say you never give up until you've "squared" what a friend might think was a wrong—and for this I admire you.

I ought to know how persistent you are because recently I've been exposed to this strong characteristic in your make-up. Let's face it; I was very hurt and surprised (and, yes—even miffed) over what I considered your brusqueness and rude abruptness at a recent benefit affair given in Hollywood for a charity in which you are interested. True, you were busy and rushed and had much on your mind and you were scheduled to plane out of town later that same evening to keep a p.a. engagement.

But to me—and several others—you seemed preoccupied and curt doing your "chairman" chores.

When you heard rumors of the way I felt, you called me on the telephone repeatedly—and then, one fine morning, you rang the door-

bell and announced downstairs, "I'm staying here until Miss Parsons sees me."

I had a million things to do—it was the time I get out my column, I had important calls from New York, the newspaper syndicate was waiting for my Sunday material.

But you, Missy Russell, parked yourself in the playroom and remained there until I came down to see you. "I'm going to get this thing straightened out," you told me with a suspicion of a quiver around your chin. "If I'm wrong—I want to say I'm sorry."

That did it. I'll admit I may be a softie and give in easy when someone says he or she is sorry—and the first thing you know—we were back on our old friendly footing. Which is the way it should be.

The reason I'm telling this in such detail, Jane, is that not every star would go to so much trouble to keep an old friend. You did—and somehow I feel we are better friends than ever.

CONFIDENTIALLY SPEAKING:

This month's biggest chuckle is the big box office success of a tender love story starring a top woman and male star who so cordially dislike each other they barely spoke between scenes. But what came out on the screen was glowing passion!

What a change in Lana Turner's personality since her near brush with serious illness. No one knows what Lana went through, worried and distressed, until an operation revealed a small tumor was not malignant. You can imagine her grateful relief. Since then she's been very quiet and subdued and shuns the night clubs and parties she used to enjoy so much.

Grace Kelly is quietly taking two singing lessons a week and if too much fanfare and publicity doesn't get out, she'll surprise you, and you and you very soon with her nice, cool soprano voice—just like Grace.

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood



Some months I'm very proud of my warm-hearted Hollywood

And it was a big, happy month for parents and children, too



Danny Kaye and Sylvia found their 8-year-old Dena waiting at the airport when they got back from touring Europe for the UN.



Frankie Laine and Nan sent their kids (and dog) home to LA to start school after a New York stay, followed them a few days later.



Van Heflin's wife Frances flew to New York with their 3 daughters to stay with Van for the run of his show, View From The Bridge.



Kirk Douglas and Anne attended the City of Hope dinner just before son Peter was born.



Loretta Young chatted with Bill Campbell at the dinner for Christophers and their friends.



Doris Day and Marty Melcher came (and contributed, too) to the big WAIF's Whisper Ball.



Ruth Hussey and Maggie O'Brien have worked on Father Keller's Christopher TV shows often.

The Dan Daileys may battle, but let something go wrong and they're right in each other's corners. Gwen's wifely love showed brightly at the time Dan was thrown by a horse and sprained his neck. "If he wasn't the most wonderful horseman in the world he'd have broken his neck!"

As heartbroken and disappointed as he was over the loss of the expected baby, it gives you something of an idea of what kind of a man Clark Gable is when he said, immediately being told the sad news, "Thank God my Kay is all right."

Everyone is hoping and hoping that the stork will keep another date with the Gables, for never was a baby more eagerly and happily awaited. The plans for a nursery were already in the hands of an architect Clark had selected.

The experience of the Gables sent Mamie Van Doren Anthony quickly into the hospital when her doctor told her she was run down and exhausted and badly needed some good rest if she was to save the baby she and Ray Anthony expected next spring and were so terribly happy about.

With all of her wisecracking and frequent zany actions, Mamie very much wants to be a mother and have a family and her friends are so happy that she is still on the stork's calling list.

TALK ABOUT YOUR backhanded compliments, French bathing-suit expert Fernand Lofite, picks our foremost American film beauties with the following comments:

"Audrey Hepburn: One of the loveliest and most classical faces in the world.

"Elizabeth Taylor: She sometimes looks like a potato, but when she's thin she's a dream.

"Ava Gardner: Has just enough of everything except for some flesh on her chest bones.

"Marilyn Monroe: Figure wise, she needs more help than you might imagine."

Of the beautiful Italian Lollobrigida, he says: "She too frequently looks like an over-ripe melon."

"I WISH I'D taken your advice and never dated Don 'Red' Barry," Susan Hayward told me bitterly the day after the headlines broke that Susan and a girl named Jil Jarmyn had been in a battle royal in Don Barry's home, both girls explaining to reporters that they had "dropped in for a cup of coffee."

Let me quickly explain that I haven't anything in particular against Barry. Unless he's dating someone I'm fond of. And despite her high-jinks, Susan has been my friend and I hers, for many years. I think my redheaded friend is her own worst enemy.

She's impulsive and thoughtless. But she

when the stars shine for charity



And I met Grace Kelly looking casual but beautiful (how else?) at the City of Hope affair.



The Mitchums sat with the Kirk Douglasses at the City of Hope. Bob's in Foreign Intrigue.



MY FAVORITE CLOWNS: The minute after Sammy Davis, Jr., saw The Tender Trap he went dashing all over town to find Frankie and present him with six real-live guns! "Don't let it happen to you, Frankie," he begged. "Use these—they'll keep you out of any trap!" And the way the girls are after Frankie these days—he needs them!

isn't a mean and petty and phony person.

Susan has a talent beyond that which she displays in front of a camera. (And she is a fine actress—wait until you see her in *I'll Cry Tomorrow*.) This other talent I speak of is a veritable gift for hurting herself.

When I heard she was dating Barry, a good looking Irishman who has a gift of his own (for attracting women, too many women), I had a hunch it wouldn't be good for Susan. They met when Don was cast in *I'll Cry Tomorrow* with her and he started driving her home from the studio.

Well, they say almost every debacle has it's humorous side—and this one came at the sneak preview of *I'll Cry Tomorrow*, during a very dramatic scene wherein Barry, trying to help the alcoholic heroine get off the bottle, says to Susan: "Will you have a cup of coffee with me?"

The preview audience actually howled with laughter!

ATTENTION YOU GIRLS who don't have too many dates: Listen carefully to the words of Gig Young, a most eligible bachelor, who says the unmarried glamour girls of Hollywood make a serious mistake by advertising the fact that men are hard to get.

"No fellow likes to date a girl who persists in telling the world that she isn't asked

out much," says Gig. "And, yet—many unmarried stars persist in giving out interviews about how they sit home nights by the telephone waiting to be asked out. I don't have to be ungallant enough to mention names. I'm sure you've read their plaints and complaints about the shortage of manpower in movie town.

"One well-known belle even went on record as saying that she is the one who does the inviting and that the single men only show up if she's playing hostess. Wow! Is this the wrong approach!

"Nothing pleases us—all right, say vain males, more than to feel we are out dining and dancing with a popular girl. Maybe the facts don't substantiate that. But why let us in on the secret?

"I believe this applies to girls who aren't famous as well as the celebrity type. The girl who jumps at a date the first time she's asked just isn't as attractive as the girl who is polite and cordial—but who sets a later time to date you, even if it's just twenty-four hours. It isn't being deceitful. Just smart—and popular.

"No male wants to be a one-man Rescue Squad to a wallflower."

Anybody want to answer Gig on this topic? This department is open to other points of view—if any.

WILL SOMEBODY TELL me what all these goings-on between Liberace and Dorothy Malone are about?

When the gleaming-toothed pianist has a dinner date with Dorothy, who is one of his leading ladies in *Sincerely Yours*, he drives his car out to some out-of-the-way cafe in the valley, or farther. Then, a little while later, Dorothy drives up in her car.

They always take the most secluded booth in the darkest corner—although no one yet has caught them even holding hands.

As neither is married, and there's no good reason under the sun (or the moon, either) why they shouldn't be out together if they want to, let me repeat—why all these mysterious shenanigans?

THE SEVEN-MONTHS-OLD daughter of Guy Madison and Sheila Connolly, making her first social appearance at the party recently hosted by her proud parents, made a slight social blunder—which brought on the following poem from Andy Devine (pardner and cohort of Guy on the *Wild Bill Hickok* shows):

When little Wee Belle made her social debut on the arm of Wild Bill Hickok
She took one look at the guests and gave
with a real wild hiccup!

Now there's a Western lyric for you!



the letter box

"Why does Rock Hudson hate actresses?" MRS. DE WITT MEYERS, KANSAS CITY, wants to know. "He was engaged to Betty Abbott, a script girl, for two years and he married Phyllis Gates, former secretary to his agent." Does this prove he hates actresses, ma'am? On second thought, you'd better ask Rock about this.

From HOLLAND, FREDIE KRUYER (who states in excellent written English that she is a sixteen-year-old girl despite her name) writes: "Please know that the young drama students of far away Bloemendaal, Holland, are taking up funds to establish a dramatic scholarship in the name of your late, great young actor, James Dean. No American actor in years has impressed us as deeply as this boy in *East Of Eden*."

A/2C JIM MARKOWSKI, 49TH COMMAND, S2DN, APO 919, SAN FRANCISCO, has a few words to say anent my advising Kim Novak to take her happiness and marry Mac Krim with or without the permission of her studio: "Let her take her time. She is my favorite actress and I'd hate to see her get caught in the divorce mill which has caused so much tragedy to other Hollywood actresses. I admire her for her dedication to her career." Methinks you have a crush of your own on the lady, Jim.

CHIC ANN GARLOUSKY, NORWICH, NEW YORK, says I haven't the nerve to print her comment: "Edmund Purdom is the best actor in Hollywood." I'll print it as your opinion, not mine, Chic Ann. (Where did you get that odd name?)

Summing up my mail this month, many beautiful letters came about the great loss of James Dean; most fans are happy about Rock Hudson's marriage to Phyllis Gates and wish the newlyweds much happiness; but Susan Hayward takes a few good spankings from even some of her most devoted followers, who wish she would stay out of the headlines.

FRANK SINATRA was the most surprised person in the world when Gloria Vanderbilt packed up and flew out of Hollywood—also out of his independent picture, *Johnny Concho* without a word of explanation!

I still say the brunette actress was miffed because Frank had remained in Palm Springs for the entire week she was in movietown and because he hadn't met her plane when she arrived after divorcing Leopold Stokowski in Mexico.

Frank's side of the story is: "I was absolutely exhausted from my role of a dope addict in *Man With The Golden Arm*. My director, Otto Preminger, had put me through a terrific pace.

"The minute the picture was finished, I headed immediately for my house in Palm Springs to rest and catch my breath. My

friend, Jack Entratter, and I kept bachelor house and even cooked our own meals. I was in bed every night by eleven o'clock—and well, that's the story."

Evidently Frankie hadn't figured that Gloria is a young lady who is used to having the young men with whom she is romantically interested (and she was romantically interested in Frankie when he was giving her the big rush in New York) dancing attendance on her.

So ends another chapter in the topsy-turvy love life of Frankie Boy, who seems to be having a "No Girls Week." Just before Gloria took a powder, Frankie informed Stanley Kramer that he wouldn't make *The Pride And The Passion* for him in Spain next spring if he (Kramer) insisted on signing Sinatra's estranged wife Ava Gardner as his co-star!

Alan and Sue Ladd move into their Palm Springs home

Anyone who doesn't think Alan Ladd is as tough as he acts in the movies should have seen the way he and Sue were roughing it in the Palm Springs house they bought a few months ago, after their second honeymoon. They had no furniture at all in most of the house, and the one room they did use had camp beds and no chairs! They say they didn't mind a bit, felt like kids again, camping out, eating all their meals outside, with Sue doing all the cleaning and cooking. But you can't tell me they weren't relieved to get it all fixed up with rugs and drapes and furniture in all the rooms—especially since they are planning to live there six months out of every year, so Alan can keep an eye on the hardware store he and a friend bought. Alan's a shrewd businessman and doesn't want to be just a "silent" partner.



Sue and Alan picked the materials and furniture themselves, without help from a decorator.



Carol Lee came down to help—and offer advice, now that she's a one-year-old housekeeper.



Strong-man Alan agreed to let the movers help with the TV ("Only because it's breakable").



But Sue got first chance to relax in the new patio chairs once the house was in order.

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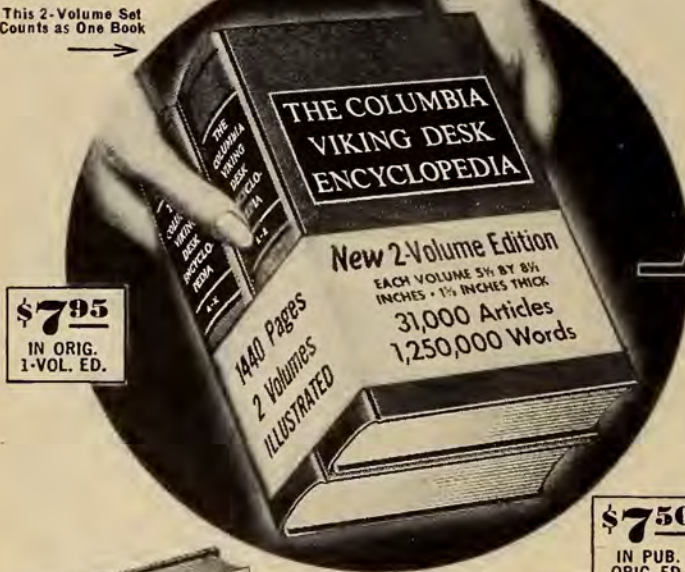
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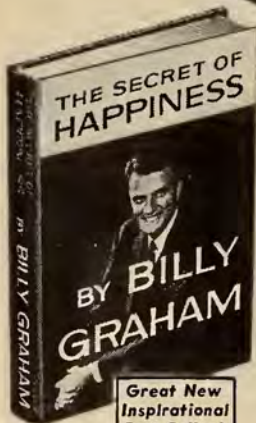
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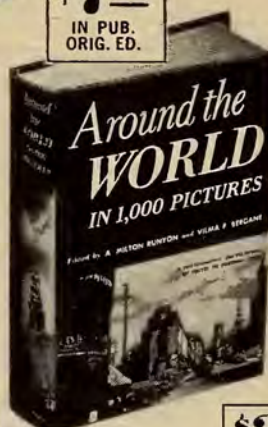
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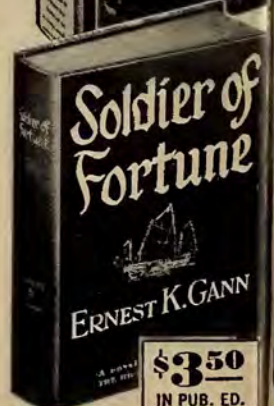
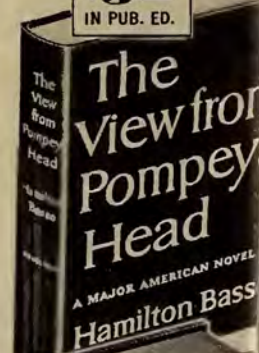
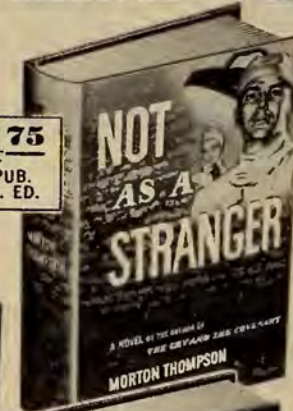
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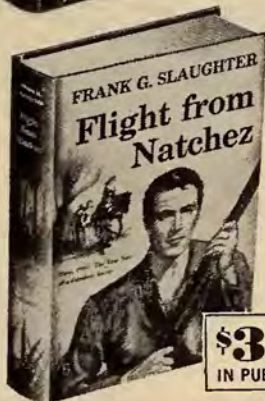
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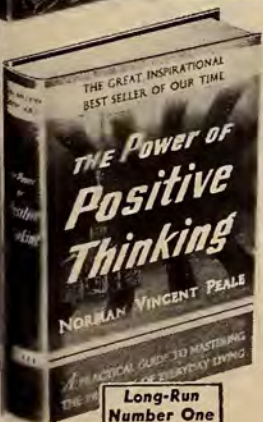
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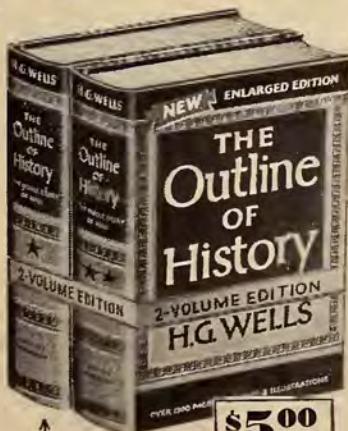
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***PICTURE OF THE MONTH:** *Guys And Dolls* presents Jean Simmons and Marlon Brando in roles completely different from any they've ever played on the screen. They're delightful!

*GUYS AND DOLLS

Big, bold and brassy

■ Here's the movie you've been waiting for and you can't say anything's missing from the Broadway hit unless you're going to be picky about lyrics. And of course, added to the original are the charms of Marlon Brando (as Sky Masterson) Frank Sinatra (as Nathan Detroit) and Jean Simmons (as Sarah Brown of the Salvation Army). Of the three Jean is the biggest surprise, singing and dancing with skill and abandon. Brando sings and dances, too, but his voice doesn't match his delivery, which is delightful. Sam Goldwyn paid a million dollars for the motion picture rights and saw no reason to stint on this CinemaScope production, which is in blazing color with magnificent sets. The story, more or less, is this: Sinatra has a running crap game going, when he is not running from police officer Brannigan (Robert Keith) and can scrape up enough money to bribe a friend to let him have a room. Right now he is out of money with potentially the biggest turnout a floating crap game ever had. Sinatra's girl Adelaide (Vivian Blaine) has been waiting to marry him for fourteen years but he's cautious and content as is. She isn't. She gets colds and is tired of lying to her mother and sings some of the best numbers in the movie about her troubles. Brando's a gambler, but out of Sinatra's class. He's smooth and smart. However he gets himself involved in betting Sinatra that he can lure Jean to Havana for dinner. Jean is prudery itself and a zealous missionary. Furthermore, if Brando can land her in Havana, Sinatra will be out a thousand bucks and also out of business. It's fun—and funny, although the flavor of Damon Runyon is a little overshadowed by the personality of the stars. Michael Kidd did the choreography; Joe Mankiewicz directed.—MGM.

INSIDE DETROIT

Racketeers at work and play

■ Inside Detroit is Pat O'Brien who before that was inside the state pen where he should have stood. Because as soon as he comes outside there is trouble sure. He is a big operator, former head of a local union (the kind of head he was, led to his stay at the pen). Now Dennis O'Keefe is head, and a more balanced, honorable one you never saw on shoulders. In fact, because of him, O'Brien went "up" and now that he's "down" O'Keefe's aching to send him "up" again. This looks like a terrible, nasty habit to O'Brien's children—Margaret Field, Mark Damon. They think Pop's swell and refined. Pop had nothing to do with the explosion in the union hall that killed four, injured twenty-two; nothing to do with the murder of the plant's hiring boss; nothing to do with the betting and gambling now rife. They think Pop had nothing to do at all but play golf. They are such stubborn children O'Keefe practically has to beat the truth into them. But right's right and wrong is Pat O'Brien who, luckily, is sent up again, since he had ideas of working his way to the White House.—Col.

TARANTULA

Science fiction with shudders

■ I tell you—stay out of Desert Rock, Arizona or any such big places that have plenty of room for a man to expand. Because not only men, but insects grow big out there. There is this professor (Leo G. Carroll) busy, busy in his lab injecting live things with a nutrient based on atomic energy. Two of those live things (his assistants) developed acromeglia and died in no time. Everyone, including doctor John Agar,

knows that acromegha is a chronic disease and takes years to kill anyone. But forget about that. What about the hordes of horses and cows and people that were healthy one day and nothing but bones the next? Picked clean as a spring chicken. Well, tell you about that. That was due to a little tarantula that got away and grew as big as the Empire State Building. Quite a to-do out in Desert Rock about that. With Mara Corday—U.I.



PICNIC

■ This prize winning Broadway play by William Inge is beautifully recreated on the screen under the direction of Joshua Logan. It's set in a small town of Kansas on Labor Day and even the bit players look remarkably authentic. Bill Holden, an ex-football player who flunked out of college and is spending the better part of his life finding himself, hops off a freight into the lazy morning, and proceeds to leave ineradicable marks on the lives of whomever he encounters. There's Kim Novak (the prettiest girl in town) whose mother Betty Field (deserted by her husband) is about to satisfy a desperate ambition, i.e., to marry her off to the richest boy in town (Cliff Robertson). There's Kim's sister Susan Strasberg, brainy tomboy who finds herself jolted into womanhood, and there's Rosalind Russell, old maid school-teacher who would have remained bitterly resigned if not for the impact of this sensitive savage—Holden. At the Labor Day picnic (whose small town mood and nerriment are magnificently caught) drink and the electric stimulation of Holden loosen the pent up passions of all the aforementioned females and their lives are changed forever after. It's a movie you won't want to miss. Everything, including the acting, is tops. With Arthur O'Connell, Verna Felton.—Cinema-Scope—Col.



SINCERELY YOURS

Soap and soft music

If you are a Liberace lover, you will love *Sincerely Yours*, otherwise you may not. Liberace plays the part of a famous pianist whose secretary (Joanne Bru) adores him, but he adores Dorothy Malone, a piano student. Okay—but what happens when the pianist grows stone cold deaf in both ears? Dorothy Malone would stick by him, but he's noticed (through his glasses and a nifty course in lip reading) that she really loves another. Anyway, he's morose. Even his manager, William Demarest, who smokes cigars in the bathtub, can't cheer him up. Finally Liberace de-

What's New in Colgate Dental Cream

that's MISSING- MISSING-MISSING in every other leading toothpaste?

*It's GARDOL—To Give Up To
7 Times Longer Protection
Against Tooth Decay
...With Just One Brushing!*

GARDOL Makes This Amazing Difference!

MINUTES AFTER
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DECAY-CAUSING
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12 HOURS AFTER
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STILL FIGHTING
THE BACTERIA THAT
CAUSE DECAY!



No other leading toothpaste can give the 12-hour protection against tooth decay you get with Colgate's with just one brushing!

Any toothpaste can destroy decay- and odor-causing bacteria. But new bacteria return in minutes, to form the acids that cause tooth decay. Colgate Dental Cream, unlike any other leading toothpaste,* keeps on fighting decay for 12 hours or more!

So, morning brushings with Colgate Dental Cream help protect all day; evening

brushings all night. Gardol in Colgate Dental Cream forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that lasts for 12 hours with just one brushing. Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. Encourage your children to brush after meals. And at all times, get Gardol protection in Colgate Dental Cream!

*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth

TO A MILLION CHEERING FANS
**HE WAS A KILLER
 IN THE RING...**



but to the woman in his
 arms he was all that
 love could give!



UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL Presents

**TONY
 CURTIS
 PAT
 CROWLEY
 ERNEST "MARTY"
 BORGNINE**

THE

SQUARE

JUNGLE



with **PAUL KELLY • JIM BACKUS • LEIGH SNOWDEN • JOHN DAY • DAVID JANSSEN**

Directed by **JERRY HOPPER** • Story and Screenplay by **GEORGE ZUCKERMAN** • Produced by **ALBERT ZUGSMITH**

movie previews (Continued from page 21)

cides he might as well do good as mope around the penthouse. So he helps all kinds of people (he spots them in Central Park through his spy glasses and that nifty course in lip reading). For instance, he unites a mother with her snobbish daughter (Lori Nelson) and sees that a little crippled boy is operated on and cured. Well, the idea takes hold that Liberace can be operated on, too. And he is. He hears good as new, discovers who his true love is (you guess) and does a huck-and-wing on the stage of Carnegie Hall. —CinemaScope—Warners.



ARTISTS AND MODELS

Martin & Lewis at large

■ Dean's an artist out of work. Jerry's a model of retarded development. They can't pay the rent in Greenwich Village, but Jerry has a rich dream life. All day he reads comic books, all night he has nightmares about Vincent the Vulture. This would get them nowhere if Jerry didn't knock at Dorothy Malone's door and if the Bat Lady (Shirley MacLaine) didn't open it. Dorothy makes money drawing comic books; Shirley is secretary to the publisher (Eddie Mayehoff) and her model. One two-three Dean gets a job with Mayehoff and starts picking Jerry's active subconscious for story material. In that maze of a mind is a secret formula which certain foreign agents desperately want—and they send Eva Gabor to seduce it out of him. Martin and Lewis are as crazy as ever, and if you're looking for something new there's Anita Ekberg in the build that's making her famous. —Vista-Vision—Para.



THE COURT JESTER

Superb satire

■ If you've ever laughed when you shouldn't have at some of those movies about early England, you can feel free to roll in the aisles at this one—and probably will. A conniver has taken over the throne by the simple expedient of rubbing out the royal family, but the baby prince was saved. (To prove he's legal there's a birthmark on his rear end in the shape of a pimpernel—scarlet.) Among the band of the Black Fox which is bent on restoring that baby to the throne is Danny Kaye. He gets into the palace by assuming the guise of a famous jester. From that point on all

is hilarity. Arch fiend Basil Rathbone assumes that Kaye has come to murder the king and several others—he arranged this plot by mail with the original jester. Mildred Natwick, lady-in-waiting to princess Angela Lansbury, figures he'll make Angela a splendid lover and hypnotizes him with a snap of her fingers. Under her spell Kaye becomes bold and magnificent like Superman, but he reacts to any finger-snapping and keeps returning to his former humbling state with complete amnesia for the heroic feats he's performed. The dialogue's a riot, so's the plot and Kaye is always at the top of his form. With Glynis Johns, Robert Middleton.—CinemaScope—Para.

POSTMARK FOR DANGER

Suspense made in England

■ Who is Alison, what is she, that her portrait in the studio of artist Robert Beatty should be nearly destroyed and the dress he used as a model he found on another model lying dead in the extra bedroom? And what is the meaning of a postcard inscribed with a hottle of Chianti and a woman's hand? This postcard was sent by Beatty's brother (a newspaper correspondent killed in an auto crash) to a person unknown in London. And what is this movie all about anyway? These are questions I shall not attempt to answer since it would spoil the artful plot which has to do with diamond smuggling. Well, I'll answer a few questions. Alison is Terry Moore, a young actress who supposedly died with Beatty's brother in the crash. Her father gave Beatty a photo and the dress so that he could paint her portrait. The model who died in Beatty's bedroom was going to leave him, anyway, to marry a rich man (Terence Alexander). And Beatty has another brother (William Sylvester) who comes and goes. More I cannot say, except that the suspense is fine, and leave it to Geoffrey Keen of Scotland Yard to put an end to it.—RKO.

THE CROOKED WEB

Adventure in murder

■ You wouldn't think a girl could hate her brother as much as Mari Blanchard hates Richard Denning, but the answer to that is easy. He isn't her brother, he's her sweetheart. And you'd think Mari could do better than waste herself as a carhop at Frank Lovejoy's drive-in, and the answer to that is easy. She isn't. That is, she's really not a carhop in love with her boss, but some kind of private eye—like her sweetheart Denning. Together, they lure Lovejoy to Germany in search of buried treasure (illegal) which Denning buried during the war. Oh, he didn't actually. It's just a lure, as I said. Because during the war Lovejoy murdered a friend of his. Not really a friend, but the son of a wealthy man who hired Denning and Blanchard to lure Frank to Germany. To get a confession. In Germany—of murder. Called *The Crooked Web*, and if you wish to tangle, do so.—Col.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

THE BIG KNIFE (U.A.): A behind-the-scenes story of the world's most fascinating industry. Stars Jack Palance, Ida Lupino, Wendell Corey, Rod Steiger and Shelley Winters add their talents to this explosive film.

IT'S ALWAYS FAIR WEATHER (MGM): One of the most delightfully clever musicals ever put on film. Gene Kelly, Cyd Charisse, Dan Dailey, Dolores Gray, and Michael Kidd. The story of three GIs reunited after ten years causes no end of complications together with laughs galore and great dancing. You'll enjoy this one.—CinemaScope.

THE DESPERATE HOURS (Para.): A fast-moving, frightening film concerned with the horror that envelops a family when their home is invaded and taken over by three escaped convicts. Humphrey Bogart, Fredric March and Martha Scott are superb. —VistaVision.

ALL THAT HEAVEN ALLOWS (U.I.): Love conquers all in this film starring Jane Wyman and Rock Hudson. There are numerous difficulties, however, before the pic reaches its happy conclusion.—CinemaScope.

THE SHEEP HAS FIVE LEGS (U.M.P.): A delightful French comedy starring the riotous Fernandel.

I DIED A THOUSAND TIMES (Warners): Jack Palance as Public Enemy Number One and Shelley Winters as a confused dance-hall hostess who adores him make this film one of the best of its kind. It's taut melodrama. With Lori Nelson and Perry Lopez.—CinemaScope.

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



Again she lied to the boy she liked best, “Sorry, I’m busy tonight”

She'd been listening for the phone since dinner. Yet, when it rang, she wished she were a million miles away. It was *he*, of course—the one boy in all the world she'd wanted to ask her. And now she heard herself tell him, in a voice she tried to keep gay, “Sorry, I’m busy tonight.”

“Well I’ll try again next time,” he said but she knew in her heart that he wouldn’t. This was the third time she’d turned him down—and always for the same reason.

Pimples. She had what people called a *slight* case of pimples. Not serious, they said, just be patient. (But how can you be patient when the dance is a week away?)

They’ll go away, they said, give them time. (But how much time have you got?)

If Her Problem Is Yours...

There is now a *proven* medication for pimples—CLEARASIL! As the result of inten-

sive scientific research CLEARASIL was developed specifically to combat this condition. *In skin specialists’ tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up, or definitely improved, while using Clearasil.* And this new-type scientific medication for pimples has already brought positive relief to many millions.

Greaseless, stainless, fast-drying, anti-septic, CLEARASIL ‘starves’ pimples because it helps remove the oils pimples “feed” on. Ends embarrassment immediately because CLEARASIL is skin-colored to hide pimples as it works. Pleasant to leave on day and night for uninterrupted medication. Guaranteed to work for you as it did in doctor’s tests or money back . . . Only 69¢ and 98¢ at all druggists.

SPECIAL OFFER: Send 15¢ in coin or stamps for generous two-week trial size to Eastco, Inc., Box 12GN, White Plains, N. Y. Expires Feb. 29, 1956.

**EASY TO ENTER—EASY TO WIN!
MUSIC FROM HOLLYWOOD CONTEST**

DISC JOCKEY DERBY

PICK YOUR FAVORITES—TO WIN!
THREE SEPARATE CONTESTS

420 BIG PRIZES!

**RCA-VICTOR HI-FI PHONOGRAPHS,
RECORD PLAYERS, RECORD ALBUMS**

By Perry Como, Jaye P. Morgan and Eddie Fisher

In this issue and the following issue of Modern Screen you can again enter our disc jockey contests, the prizes listed here to be given away each month to lucky contestants.

SECOND CONTEST: All you have to do is arrange the twelve male singers from the movies listed on the coupon in the order that you rate them. The one you like best is marked "1", the next "2", and so forth up to 12.

PRIZES will be awarded to the listings that come closest to the final rankings tabulated from the total votes.

RULES: Mail your completed coupon to any one of the disc jockeys listed on page 80 who is closest to your home. If there is a choice, send it to either one. Don't worry; all entries received by all the disc jockeys will count, just so they arrive on or before January 30, 1956. Winners will be notified by mail and announcement of winners' names will be made in Modern Screen and on the air by disc jockeys in the winner's area.

**MY ENTRY FOR: MODERN SCREEN'S DISC JOCKEY DERBY
SECOND CONTEST: MALE SINGERS FROM THE MOVIES**

To the left of each singer, listed below alphabetically, place the numbers 1-12 in the order in which you like them:

.... Nat "King" Cole Frankie Laine
.... Perry Como Gordon MacRae
.... Bing Crosby Dean Martin
.... Vic Damone Tony Martin
.... Howard Keel Donald O'Connor
.... Gene Kelly Frank Sinatra

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

Mail this entry to disc jockey (listed on page 80) nearest your home.

24 NAME OF DISC JOCKEY.....STATION.....

3 FIRST PRIZES



RCA-VICTOR'S NEW HI-FI PHONOGRAPHS

You can win an RCA-Victor Mark VI Orthophonic High Fidelity "Victrola" phonograph featuring the exclusive triple Panoramic Loudspeaker System for wide-angle sound, in a beautiful high-fashion furniture cabinet.

117 SECOND PRIZES



NEW SLIDE-O-MATIC PLAYERS

This is RCA-Victor's 6JM1 "Victrola," a revolutionary new idea in phonograph design. Attaches easily to any radio or TV set, plays instantly! No tone arm to move—slide a record into the slot and presto! your record plays like magic!

300 THIRD PRIZES



**100 NEW
PERRY COMO
ALBUMS**



**100 NEW
JAYE P. MORGAN
ALBUMS**



**100 NEW
EDDIE FISHER
ALBUMS**

*suddenly...you're
glamorous!*



You can be Free! Lithe! And Glamorous...with Heavenly Comfort.

PLAYTEX
T.M.

Living **BRA***

Battling with a bulge? Here's new magic for mid-riffs plus the high, round look you will adore in all Playtex Living Bras! Long-line in lovely nylon and elastic, gently smooths away inches for long-torso fashions! Buy it! Try it for heavenly comfort. In white to fit all sizes and in-between sizes: 32A to 40C, \$5.95. D-Cups, slightly higher.

Other Playtex Living Bras, white or black, from \$3.95. High Style Bra in cotton, \$2.95. In the Playtex gift package at your favorite store.



NEW . . . LONG-LINE BRA WITH MAGIC MIDRIFF

*Elastic with nylon cups...it "magics" inches away!
Heavenly Comfort in Bandeau and Long-Line Styles!*



*Exclusive! Criss-cross elastic front dips low... divides divinely.

*Exclusive! Elastic Magic Midriff assures a long smooth line.

*Exclusive! Elastic bias-cut side panels and all-elastic back.

There's a Playtex[®] Girdle, too, for your figure.



Light-Weight... for wonderful control . . . \$4.95
High Style... for more control . . . \$5.95
Magic-Controller... for most control . . . \$7.95

Hollywood's favorite
**Lustre-Creme
 Shampoo...**



Cream or Lotion

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

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

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

Never Dries— it Beautifies!



Jeanne Crain
 starring in

"THE SECOND GREATEST SEX"

A Universal-International Picture
 Print by Technicolor. In CinemaScope.

ROCK HUDSON'S SECRET HONEYMOON !



Rock and Phyllis registered as Mr. and Mrs. Charles Roy at Miami's swank Saxony Hotel. But our reporter knew who they were.

Another MODERN SCREEN Scoop! First look at the most carefully hidden honeymoon hideaway in recent Hollywood history. It's a picture story to treasure—along with your MODERN SCREEN album of the Debbie-Eddie wedding. We scooped everybody else on that one and we've done it again. It wasn't easy and we're awfully proud of the pictures and stories on the following pages. Honeymoons should be magically private, a time for a man and woman to savor the joy of just being together. And so you can't blame Rock for giving everyone (but us) the slip. All the other magazines were looking for the Hudsons in Mexico and Palm Springs). We wouldn't have intruded on the newlyweds for the world. But when Rock, playing the proud bridegroom, felt like showing his Phyllis off, MODERN SCREEN was there because we knew Rock would want you to share his memories of this important milestone. (Yes, we sent him our exclusive pictures to keep forever.) Of course, there had to be a wedding before there could be a honeymoon, so let's start at the beginning—with our exclusive elopement story told by all the nice people who were there . . .



ROCK HUDSON'S
SECRET HONEYMOON:
PART I —
THE ELOPEMENT



Close friends, who tell all below, watched Hudsons cut the cake.

by HENRY WILLSON

agent of Rock Hudson, ex-boss of Phyllis Gates

■ Of course I knew. I knew they were serious ever since—well, ever since they were serious. I think he first proposed to her last March or April, but he couldn't get time off for a honeymoon.

All during the filming of *Giant* it was understood that once the picture was finished, Rock would ask for time off and the wedding would take place. He was so tired there for a while that he was dreaming of something like an eight-month vacation. And here he is now with two weeks, but he's lucky to get it. He has to be back the 28th to start work in *Written On The Wind*.

Anyway, *Giant* finished, and he was up to his ears in post activities on that one, and preparations for the next one. Then he got the word he'd have two weeks, beginning at noon on Wednesday, November 9th. So Monday night I went to his house and talked to them and suggested Ventura for the license. This was because the L.A. newspapers wouldn't get the records so quickly, particularly if they got to the courthouse just before it closed for the day. Then I suggested Santa Barbara for (Continued on page 58)

This color portrait was shot just before the elopement. Rock never looked more handsome and confident.



After elopement to Santa Barbara Rock and Phyllis took off for Miami and the plush Saxony Hotel. They did the town that night and next day flew off to Jamaica where they found privacy and an island paradise made for honeymooners.



More pictures on following page

ROCK HUDSON'S SECRET HONEYMOON: PART II—THE WEDDING TRIP



Grinning groom and blushing bride take turns snapping each other on the beach in Jamaica. The Hudsons spent most of their days spearfishing, skin diving and shell collecting. High point of stay at the Half Moon Hotel was a surprise birthday party for Rock—complete with cake.



by ALICE HOFFMAN

■ The driver whose cab they hailed at Miami's International Airport assumed they were tourists. They looked it—the tired, sober-faced, rather tousled two-some—the girl in a simple dress with a sweater thrown over her shoulders, the big, dark, vaguely-familiar-looking man in a rumpled suit.

When they asked him to drive to the Saxony the cabby hesitated.

"That's the expensive one," he told them. "It isn't as big or new as the Fontainebleau, but there's a bottlers' convention in town and the rates are tops."

"I think we can manage," Rock said.

Roger, the desk clerk on duty at the Saxony that afternoon, had checked in a few celebrities in his time, among them the Shah of Iran and his queen. Roger keeps up with the columns, and when a tired gent who looked like Rock Hudson, the movie star, marched in with a girl on his arm and asked for a room, he knew what to do. Even though the man registered as Charles Roy.

The hotel was over-booked, but there was a three-room suite being held for an executive of a cola company.

As of that moment, the cola executive's suite became a two-room deal, a maid was dispatched to lock the door of the extra bedroom, and the Rock Hudsons were assigned to their honeymoon room, number 809.

Roger thereupon made three telephone calls, two of them within the hotel itself.

The first was to Irma Koff, an assistant publicity girl for the hotel. She was giving a small dinner party in her Miami Beach home, and when Roger called her she was irritated. She said, "I've got a party on here. Lay off."

"But Rock Hudson and his bride just checked in for the first night of their honeymoon."

"This is no time for gags," said Miss Koff crisply. And she hung up.

Roger then called an executive vice-president of the hotel, a lordly figure who had a passion for amateur photography. "I tell you, it's Rock Hudson!" Roger insisted. William Stone believed him. He was already dressed. He grabbed his best camera and commandeered the first elevator to the lobby. He was barely in time to catch and photograph the Hudsons as they registered.

Sweating gently all over his good-looking brow and within his Madison Avenue charcoal gray suit, Roger then rang Dorothy Van, the Saxony's Social Director. She is a cute little dame with hair like a chic red mop. She knows everybody, and everything about them. She is gay and charming. Magazines with a circulation of ten million have run admiring (Continued on page 74)



Rock and Phyl share a love of the casual life and their honeymoon album proves it. They loafed in the sun, went barefoot and revelled in the beachcomber's existence. Rock had no worries, no studio, no cameramen to dodge—just a loving wife armed with a Kodak.



photos by Jerome Yulsman

In New York, Bud spends much of his time at his sister's. He hates to have their privacy "invaded," but these exclusive photos of them together reveal him at his ease. To his niece (above) he is the most understanding grownup she knows, able to share her moods. To sisters Frank (below) and Jocelyn (not shown) he's "my kid brother—who needs a scolding sometimes."



■ It is one a.m. The intense young man slouches deep in an easy chair and puts down his book. He cocks his ear to the noisy chirp of a night bird boldly interrupting the post-midnight silence of Laurel Hills.

The young man takes off his glasses, rubs his eyes, looks around the large comfortable room. His glance rests on the phone. He thinks for a moment, then lifts his body from the chair, moves to the phone and dials a number.

His number buzzes for long seconds. Finally the sleepy voice of a girl answers, "Hello?"

The young man half smiles. "Hi. This is Bud."

"Hi, Bud," says the girl.

"Sorry to call so late. Were you asleep?"

The girl's voice is more awake now. "Yes, Bud. But that's all right. I had to get up to answer the phone anyway."

They both laugh heartily at the joke.

An expression of seriousness smooths the laughter from the young man's face.

"Say, remember the other day, we were trying to break down the reasons why people refuse to face spiritual realities?"

The girl: "Yes, I do."

Bud: "Well, I got a book by a guy who really knows the answers. Can I come over and we'll yak about it for a while?"

"Of course, Bud," says the girl.

"See you in a few minutes," says Bud.

Marlon Brando puts on a well-worn leather jacket and picks up a bunch of keys from a table. A few minutes later a black car winds its way down from the hills and Bud Brando is off on another intellectual rendezvous with a girl. (Later, the girl (Continued on page 88))

the private world of Bud Brando

*In this exclusive
family album, in the
stories told by the girls
he dates, there's a
Brando hard to know,
very easy to love*

by DON STEWART



Closest members of Marlon's circle are his family. Sister Fran's husband, Richard Loving, was Wally Cox's partner when Wally was Bud's roommate. Now a jewelry manufacturer and an artist, Richard has done several sketches of his brother-in-law, is one of his closest friends. The family closeness dates back to Bud's adored mother, who told her children, "Brothers and sisters must help each other."



MARLON BRANDO: *The serious game of chess relaxes him, leaves him grinning*





But the bongos are no laughing matter for Bud, George Auerbach, Sam Gillman (of U-I's Away All Boats) and musician pal Mel Mills. Nor to Brando's beloved cat, who disappears when the drums come out. Brando's New York apartment (shown on these pages) is rarely photographed. In it, Marlon lives amid a friendly, informal clutter of modern furniture and murals.



triumphantly at opponent



The busier she gets — tending husband, four kids, a career — the more beautiful



becomes the redhead / by NATE EDWARDS

THE MIRACLE OF JEANNE CRAIN



Sons keep Jeanne stepping; she has three.



Daughter keeps her deliciously feminine.



Husband Paul helps her keep level-headed.

Here is a true phenomenon. When I first met this woman, she was cute and rather giddy and very pretty. That was almost a decade ago, and other girls whom I met at the same time, under the same conditions, are now dull and matronly. This girl has stayed married to the same man, has had four children, has worked like a dog at her career and at making a home. Yet she breathes the air of youth, she walks along the street and even women turn to stare at her. The people of Paris and Rome have adopted her as a perfect symbol of beauty. She is glamour personified. She is utterly desirable in every move she makes, in the way she turns her head, or lifts her hand, or smiles. Even in the way, on occasion, she refuses to smile. How is this? How has she accomplished this miracle?

■ Paul and Jeanne Brinkman invited me to spend the afternoon with them in New York the other day and this story is no more than an invitation to you to listen in on a reunion of old friends. And learn, as I did, how Jeanne stays young, desirable and beautiful.

I found myself distracted by this Jeanne Crain of 1956. The girl I'd interviewed when she made her first picture at 20th all those years ago was gone. This stunning creature at my side wore a simple Dior suit in off-brown, with tan stockings and shoes that clung to her exquisite feet by some species of magic. They had four-inch spikes on them, giving her the height she needed. She carried herself with grace and serenity. She was superb.

In a hotel suite designed by Cecil Beaton Jeanne had to pose for a photographer in a gown by Ceil Chapman. In one of those typical mixups, the gown had been shipped to Chicago and Jeanne now had to try to fit herself into one of three others that had been rushed to the hotel. While she did this in the bedroom, Paul pointed out the new electronic flashbulb on its standard, which would automatically light her from the side when the photographer tripped his camera.

"Biggest boon to husbands of movie stars ever invented," Paul said. "Lord, the man-hours I've spent holding flashbulbs up at arm's length for Jeanne while photographers dropped plates and scrambled for angles." When Paul mentioned man-hours, he wasn't talking about peanuts. He is a very high-powered business executive, and such a labor of love cost him a great deal of money. But it did not cost him prestige. I made a mental note: he loves her just as much as ever, and he is not embarrassed to stooge for her when she needs it. He is too big to even consider the task beneath him.

A moment later, Jeanne came out of the bedroom in the Chapman gown, looking enchanting. Diamonds—sprays of little diamonds— (Continued on page 69)

Martha wanted to do-it-herself—but everyone else kept trying to do it for Martha!

Hollywood Housewarming!

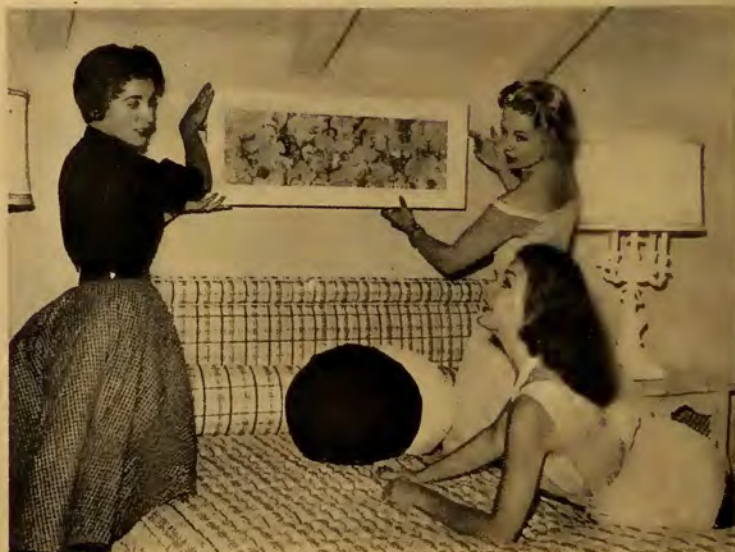


Bill and Molly Sinclair happened to have a sign or two.



Tommy brought purple asters—perfect with Martha's gray walls.

■ When Martha Hyer decided to decorate her new apartment, she was determined to do the entire place all by her lonesome. It was all her friends could do to talk her into letting the moving men place the heavy furniture. Then, single-minded and single-handed, Martha created Hyer's Heaven and moved in. Then she sent out housewarming invitations to half-a-dozen choice friends. Her date, Tommy Rall, phoned to say, "We accept. We're delighted. We'll all help you paint!" "Paint!" Martha gasped, "I've painted already." "All right," Tommy agreed cheerfully, "we'll scrub floors. Or scrape the windows." "Now, look here," Martha announced, "don't you touch this place. This isn't a work-party, it's a party-party." "We'll find something!" Tommy told her. And so they did.



Mara Corday insisted Martha's prints were all hung too low.



Tommy: "Kindly have your floor rubberized—quick!"



Martha: "Voilà! A Hawaiian dinner from a Dutch oven!"

Supper turned out to be a Luau—shrimp, barbecued chicken, thin slices of cold roast pork, cold salad, fresh fruit and iced punch. Martha set it out buffet style ("Authentic Honolulu floor service" she called it) and provided chopsticks. And when it was over she announced: "Now you can help me! Dishes, anyone?"



At twenty Russ has gone steady several times, dated Cindy Robbins, Margaret O'Brien, feels very sure of his love for eighteen-year-old Venetia.

■ Do you think Hollywood couples are flighty, haven't the proper regard for their marriages? Dig this couple:

They didn't see each other after their first date (a blind date) for a year.

When they met again it was only to exchange vague hellos.

They have made it their business to know exactly why each likes the other.

They were apart for months and used the separations as tests of their love.

She moved into his apartment while he was away on

location—to see if she could handle his business and professional affairs.

They both feel that young love is hard enough to go through, and happiness difficult enough to attain, without having the whole world looking over your shoulder. So that even if he is a young-star-to-be who can really use publicity, they are not going to get it via cashing in on their romance.

The boy is Russ Tamblyn, the happiest-go-lucky hep-cat in town, you'd think. And you're right. But there is nothing careless about the way he is establishing a solid basis for his

*When Tamblyn
tumbled he fell hard. And
as for Venetia—not even
a trip to Europe could
make her forget that
hiccuping boy at home!*
by NATE EDWARDS

Look, Pa— We're Engaged!



Russ and look-alike Ben Cooper double-date. With Ben, Marcia Henderson

future happiness. The girl is Venetia Stevenson, daughter of the noted director Robert Stevenson, and a sensationally beautiful blonde who could have been in pictures long ago if she weren't more wife-minded than movie-minded.

Also bride-minded. She wants the wedding, to be held this Valentine's Day in a Beverly Hills Church, really romantic; a few relatives present, their closest friends, but mostly just *the two of them and the event*.

Afterward there'll be a reception for everyone, real open house. They're not hermits; it's just that they both abhor the thought of having their (Continued on page 72)



I knew Kim when she was fourteen — and modeling the sexiest evening



You wouldn't think such a little girl could get away with slinky black gowns—but Kim did!

■ I first met Kim (Marilyn Ann Novak to us at that time) at a teen-age Christmas party. Kim, then only eleven, was a guest of one of the teen members. Now Kim is twenty-two; during these years, we have been close friends.

Knowing Kim as I do, I'm a bit confused when I read again and again that Kim Novak became an actress overnight, that she arrived in Hollywood without a bit of acting experience. National magazine articles, fan magazine stories, newspaper columns, state that Kim has had no acting experience. I disagree. Kim isn't the inexperienced actress that you are led to believe!

No, she hasn't played Broadway under an assumed name; she doesn't have a long list of summer stock

appearances or tv dramatic shows to her credit; but she has had her acting experience where it counts.

Perhaps it began when Kim was a very little girl. But to my knowledge, it all began back in Chicago, Kim's home town, at the annual Fairteen Christmas party. At that time, I was director of the Fairteen Club, a teen merchandising promotion of The Fair department store. We provided a huge auditorium for our activities plus a clubhouse where teens could meet and have fun together. Being a part of something that the teens could call their own was the club's great attraction—plus the excitement of working on their own radio show (and later a television show); the thrill of learning modeling and

Oook! What we know about



Now that she's grown up, Kim has switched to sweaters and the far from glamorous life of a star!

I know Kim 'cause I live with her, comfort her when Mac's away, and play

■ I met Kim Novak over a laundry basin at the Hollywood Studio Club, a residence for girls in the theatrical field. It was just a little over a year ago and I was home on a Saturday night because I had just come to Hollywood and I didn't know a soul—but—*why* was Kim Novak home doing her laundry on a Saturday night?

So, I asked her: And I found out that Kim often does her own laundry. If she has been busy at the studio during the days and rehearsing nights, Saturday night is the only time she has to do all the things girls must to keep nice and neat.

From our girl-talk over the laundry basin, our friendship has grown.

Kim's roommate Bernedette Whitehead and I became well ac-

quainted, mainly because we were both from Texas (which I claim as well as Arkansas and Louisiana) and soon the three of us were getting together in our spare time. One thing that drew us closer together was religion. Kim and Bernedette are Catholic and they regularly asked me to go to church with them. Most of the time we went to Blessed Sacrament on Sunset Boulevard and then afterward we went to lunch—or breakfast, depending on whether we had gotten up in time for breakfast at the Studio Club.

Usually we went to Du-Par's where there is such a wonderful variety of food from which to choose (especially pastries). We would each order something different and then all of us would taste everything.

participating in the club's fashion shows; the fun of meeting movie stars and other celebrities.

More than anything, Kim, too, wanted to be a part of something—to belong—to be needed. When I knew her better I realized that the club gave her this, plus satisfying her great desire to give something of herself. If you share Kim's dreams and longings, and hope to do something worthwhile, then you will understand how she felt as a teen.

Kim's ability as an actress became apparent to me at this first party, in spite of the fact that to all outward appearances she was very timid and shy. At first wide-eyed, wondering Kim didn't seem to know how to enter (*Cont'd on page 85*)

Kim!!!

Sinatra for her / by Gloria Dearing

One Sunday morning I didn't have any collection money (as singers sometimes don't) and Kim gave me enough for the collection. That Sunday the church was very crowded and we had to stand with many others along the side aisles. The collection basket was passed the first time and the man missed me. Then he missed me on the second collection, too, and just as everything got very quiet, Kim's whisper rang out over the church: "Glori-bee! Why didn't you put that money I gave you in the collection?" To this day, I am still trying to convince Kim that I wasn't filching the collection money for the next day's lunch.

Mac Krim, Kim's steady boy friend, gave me the name Glori-bee. Mac has a hard time remembering (*Continued on page 87*)



THE VIEW FROM DANA'S HEAD

by RICHARD MOORE



The future looks rosy for Dana Wynter, Hollywood's latest British import, who's been called a cross between Ava Gardner and Grace Kelly. Dana herself modestly hopes "to make good without wearing white gloves." Whether she gives up white gloves or not Dana will surely cling to her trademark—extravagantly chic chapeaux. She has closets full of hats and always has had even when she was stony broke.

■ Only two years ago Dana Wynter hit New York, too broke to buy a new hat and too proud to accept one as a present. With echoes of applause from her native England still ringing reassuringly in her ears, Dana was crisply confident about her looks and her talent. And quite sure the Big Town would meet her half way at least.

Today, after *The View From Pompey's Head*, they're calling her "the most exciting new personality since Grace Kelly" but Dana can't relax on her new throne. The two years of struggle are too recent. In New York she found out what it feels like to be hungry.

A New York writer, who recalls Dana's street-pounding period with pleasure, remembers how hard she worked to get noticed—on her terms. "She got around a lot, looking like two million dollars. People used to fall on their faces. She was so marvelously turned out. I remember one outfit that was made of mattress ticking. It was sort of shocking and you figured she'd made it herself, but you weren't quite sure. Maybe it cost a fortune. Anyway, she looked great. She couldn't have had a big wardrobe because she didn't have money for cabs and I was always cashing three dollar checks for her. But one time they were photographing her for a fashion layout and she looked so terrific in the hats that the photographer wanted to buy her one. No dice. This girl was frighteningly well bred." (Continued on page 75)



by IDA ZEITLIN

*This is the love story of
the Lemmons, who met at a
try-out, fainted when
they kissed, supported their
dog on filet of sole—
and discovered that when
it's too deep for words,
too joyous for tears . . .*

LOVE IS A LAUGHING MATTER

■ It began with a girl from Peoria and a boy from Boston whose paths crossed in New York. Purely, of course, against their better judgments.

At the time they were two drops in that torrent of stagestruck kids who batter endlessly at agents' doors to find or lose a dream. Cynthia had some radio shows under her belt. She also modeled at Saks from nine to five. Jack's sole source of income trickled from a crummy night club where he played the piano. When starvation loomed, he'd borrow ten bucks from his dad who stood ready, willing and anxious to finance him. But Jack's stubborn Scots soul held to the notion that he'd make it or flop on his own. One point he conceded, graciously agreeing to move into his father's apartment when business brought the elder Lemmon to New York. Since this maneuver put nobody out of pocket, Junior figured it didn't count. Senior just figured it was nice to have the boy around.

Technically, Cynthia shared an apartment with two roommates. Actually, the community spirit prevailed and cots blossomed all over the place for pals down on their luck. The world was young and any minute (Continued on page 81)





*Calmer than a lake, cooler
than a cucumber, Jane Powell
planned her home to keep her from
becoming Hollywood's most
hurried, harried girl!*

by MARVA PETERSON

MODEL HOUSE FOR A **BUSY BUSY BUSY** WIFE



Jane keeps living room (right) clean by using den (above, below) for all but formal entertaining. The kids eat there, watch TV—but can't reach Pat's books on high shelf. Living room "expands" when Jane turns cushions (under coffee table) into seats





Dining room was planned in simple, quiet tones as a background to Pat's oil paintings, Jane's wedding silver. Candles and the lights above the paintings provide the only light.



Long, narrow kitchen is perfect for Jane, who makes dinner nightly, bakes every week. Everything is within easy reach, but there's room for a breakfast table, array of time-saving gadgets.





Master bedroom was planned so "when the kids grow up and take over the living room, Pat and I can retire with comfort," boasts TV, radio, reading lights. Pat chose blue and purple for cool, restful atmosphere—and to show off more of Jane's precious silver.



Sissie's nursery (above, left) is bright, sunny, has shelf space easy to keep clean and neat. Jay's room, identical in layout, is more tailored in natural woods. Both rooms are planned to keep the kids content when they can't play outside on the perfect-for-children lawns—where Jane feels they are safe from accidents and traffic hazards, even when she and Pat leave home for a few hours with their friends.



JANE POWELL, *continued*

■ The merchants in the Brentwood Country Mart are well accustomed to celebrities. On any ordinary day they may wait on Gregory Peck, Esther Williams, June Allyson and Jerry Lewis. None of these famous faces will cause a ripple of excitement at this unique shopping center. In fact, a kind of reverse snobbishness exists. The clerks and grocers lean over backwards not to be impressed. Their manner is courteous but cool. Actors are just customers to them. But let Jane Powell come in and the place falls apart.

From the moment Janie parks her Ford station wagon behind the barn-like, red and white shops the smiles begin. They start with Mr. Carnahan at the newsstand and spread like an epidemic of good cheer.

"Hello, Miss Powell," booms Mr. Carnahan, his ruddy face creased by a wide grin. "You're on the cover of three new movie books. I've put a few copies aside for you."

"Thanks a million," calls Jane. "I'll pick them up on my way out."

She moves briskly on, closely followed by four-year old Jay and little Sissie. Sandy's Bakery is their first port of call. Mrs. Mueller, the wife of the owner, sees them coming and has two sugar cookies and a big smile waiting for them.

"Honest to goodness, Mrs. Nerney," exclaims the apple-cheeked proprietress, "those children get bigger every week."

"I know it, isn't it awful?" jokes Janie. "And so will I if I let myself be tempted by your pastries. Please, just give me six loaves of protein bread for the freezer and we'll get out of here."

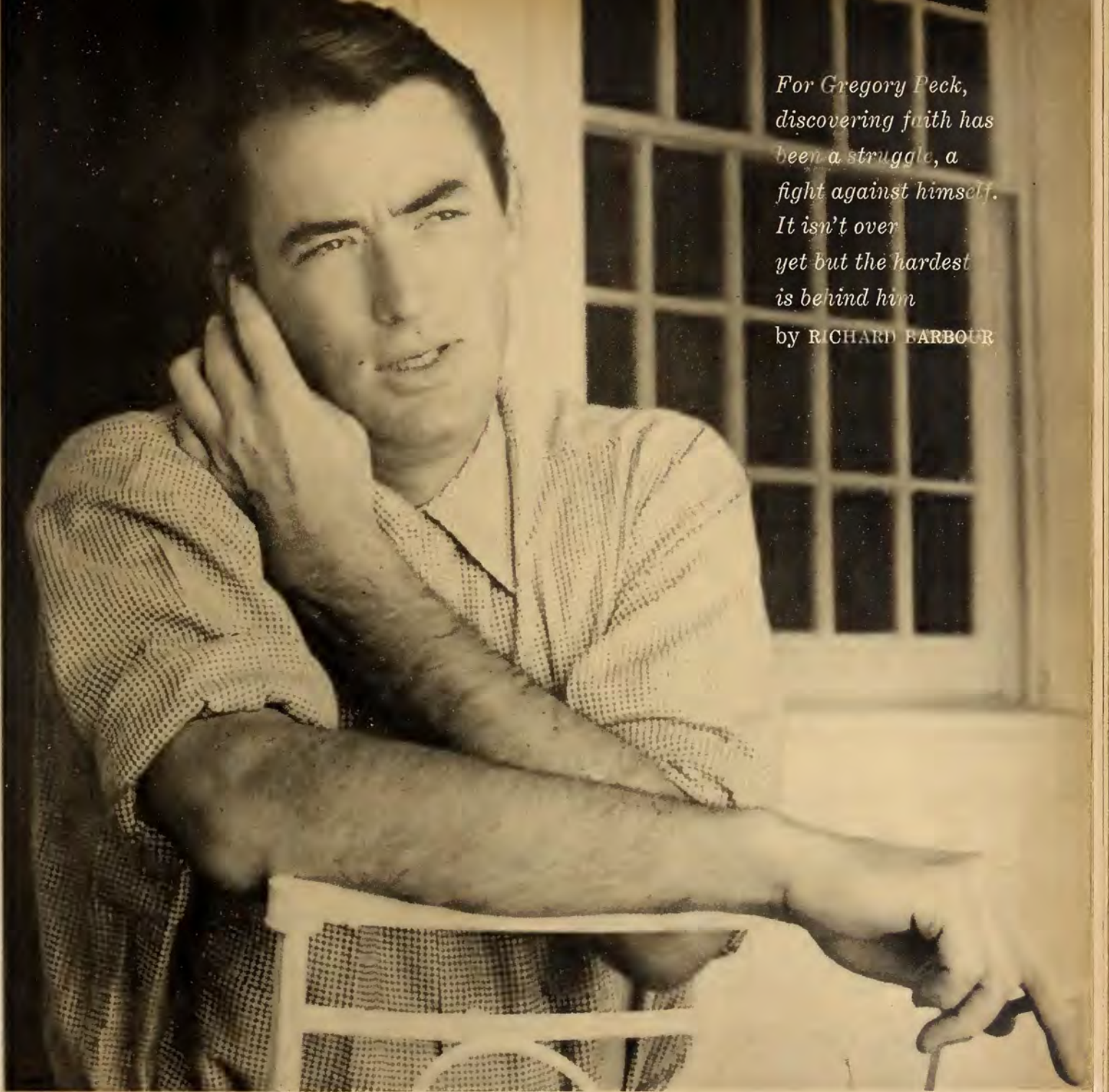
"Now, now, don't be in such a rush," the woman urges, but Janie is off, with her tow-headed youngsters bounding along beside her like two carefree puppies.

As the trio moves from vegetable stand to cheese counter to flower stall, Jane's eye is caught by a "week-end special" on prawns. Husband Pat loves seafood, so she steers her kiddies and the grocery cart toward the fish market. There she confers earnestly with Mr. de Rosa on how to cook his beautiful shrimp so they'll stay sweet and flavorful. The elderly gentleman is flattered to have her ask his advice. And in a few minutes, she's on her way again.

"Isn't she a doll?" sighs the cashier in de Rosa's Fish Market. "She's so unspoiled, and so honestly interested in her home and her family."

"She's a lovely little lady," agrees Mr. de Rosa thoughtfully.

Just about everybody who's ever had any contact with (Continued on page 77)



*For Gregory Peck,
discovering faith has
been a struggle, a
fight against himself.
It isn't over
yet but the hardest
is behind him*

by RICHARD FARBOUR

Gregory Peck:

HE KNEW SOMETHING WAS MISSING

■ Gregory Peck's earliest, and, he is afraid, only intimate recollection of religion is the feeling of happy awe that filled him as a very small boy when he was dressed and shined up special every week end for church and Sunday School down in San Diego. It seems to him that, without being aware of it, he has spent the rest of his life trying to recapture this feeling—but not in an active way. Rather, it has been a blind sort of thrusting out to combat a sense of loss he never took time to define. He says he is taking time out now.

Somewhere in his youth the church and he parted steady company. He has a (Continued on page 87)

*No bride ever had a
rougner shakedown cruise than
Debbie but she
weathered those first months
in New York just by
being the kind of wife Eddie'd
been dreaming of*
by IMOGENE COLLINS

MRS. FISHER-TO YOU!



Eddie's TV rehearsals claimed most of his (and Debbie's) time. Together they sat through the endless waits, grabbed a bite of lunch during breaks. Debbie had hoped to write thank-you notes, catch up on her shopping, see old friends in New York. She did. But only when Eddie didn't need her by his side.

photos by Jacques Lowe





photos by Jacques Lowe

■ About a month and a half after Eddie Fisher took a bride the phone rang in his dressing room during a hectic rehearsal conference. "Answer it, will you, Nina?" Eddie called to his make-up girl. "It's from California, Eddie, a Mrs. Fisher," Nina reported. "Mrs. Fisher?" Eddie said. "But I don't . . ." Then the light dawned. "Mrs. Fisher! Give me that phone." And in a masterful, yet tender, voice Mr. Fisher told Mrs. Fisher to go ahead and rent that Hollywood house she liked but thought they couldn't afford.

If Eddie is still somewhat confused about Debbie's new title, you can be sure Debbie isn't. She's Mrs. Fisher to all concerned and determined to play only one role off the screen. (Eddie introduces her as "my wife.")

Mastering this, the most important role of her life, didn't come easily to Debbie. Because she had to start married life in New York, a city alien to her and one she doesn't particularly like. ("It's so dirty and crowded.") Because she had to fit into Eddie's complicated schedule and his enormous

circle of business friends and old pals. Because she's always been a career girl who lived at home and had a mother who cooked and sewed and organized things for her. Because—and possibly this is the most important reason—Debbie is a perfectionist. No burned biscuits for this little bride.

Lucky Debbie is blessed with a husband who doesn't care what he eats—as long as it's hamburger—so she can work up to crepes suzettes gradually. By the time the Fishers moved to the Coast last November Debbie had made friends with several sympathetic New York butchers strategically located between the Century Theatre (where Eddie's show was televised) and the Essex House (a swank apartment hotel where the Fishers set up housekeeping). Loaded down with Eddie's extra jackets and new records, Debbie shopped every night on her way home from Mr. Fisher's rehearsal. "What vegetable goes with hamburger?" she'd ask the (More text and pictures on following page)

MRS. FISHER'S *bridal buying binge in New York included silver, glass china, stationery—plus new shoes and a soda to comfort the weary wife*

butcher. And then, as confiding as any new bride, "My husband eats hamburger eighty-seven different ways—loves it."

A visitor to the Fishers' Essex House suite remarked that it looked just like Eddie's bachelor quarters there had looked. With two important exceptions. Eddie had traded his one-bedroom suite for a two-bedroom apartment. And there were stacks of shiny new pots and pans in the kitchenette. It seems that Eddie used to have his hamburger sent in.

Debbie tried branching out, culinarily speaking, with her mother's recipes for enchilladas and tortillas. Eddie and the columnists were impressed by her ambition. But one cynic commented, when he heard the menu, "That explosion you hear is Deb blowing up the Essex House." Debbie took such kidding like a trouper but the set of her jaw revealed a determination to master "The Joy of Cooking."

No bride ever had a rougher shakedown cruise. Not even a more-than-hectic romance had prepared Debbie for life with Eddie. A one-day honeymoon, (*Continued on page 90*)



Debbie had a ball choosing her silver and glass at Tiffany's, says she "can't wait to have a real house in California where I can entertain. Neither Eddie nor I has ever had a home of our own." Bewildered by New York stores and their glittering displays, Debbie took friend Camille Mosconi (below, left) to help her say "no."



Next stop, stationery. To stock up for the thank-you notes every bride must write. (Not many have to write thousands though!) A soda break helps Debbie through the long pull. That and some new shoes to add to her brimming shoe closets.



Debbie loved it all—learning to be a wife and fitting into his life. But Mrs. Fisher had her low moments, too, and then only Eddie's strong arm could comfort her

by STEVE CRONIN

SITTING ON TOP OF THE WORLD

Francis Albert Sinatra sat in a yellow, canvas-backed folding chair, his bony, blue-eyed face creased in a warm, wide smile.

Once he looked up at the catwalks above him from which the studio electricians hang their lights, spotted Kim Novak, waved.

Dressed in red slacks and white sweater,

Kim lay on her stomach on a catwalk, looking down at Frank. She seemed to be

studying the thin, little man. If not

precisely hero-worship, at least a generous dose of admiration shone in her eyes.

Presently, Otto Preminger, a broad-shouldered, bald director with a double chin on the back of his neck, walked over to Frank.

"Shall we try it?"

Frank nodded and shuffled into a scene of *Man With The Golden Arm*, in which

he plays a dope addict recently returned from a federal narcotics hospital.

As Frank rehearsed his lines, gradually working his way into the mood of a sleazy, underprivileged, small-time Chicago hoodlum, a friend crawled up beside Kim.

"How come you're on the set today?" he whispered. "You're not scheduled until Wednesday."

Kim smiled. "I just like to watch him work."

She leaned her blonde head toward Frank. "He plays a part with such naturalness."

"Sure your interest is strictly professional?" the friend inquired.

"Sure I'm sure," Kim Novak said.

Next evening, dressed luxuriously in a white formal that clung snugly to her well-turned

body, Kim attended the premiere of *Desperate Hours* in Beverly Hills with

Frank Sinatra.

As the couple entered the theatre followed by Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper, the fans

sitting in the bleacher seats outside screamed and cheered.

Shouted one to Kim, "Whatever happened to Mac Krim?" Mac (Continued on page 63)



He's got more girls



and parts than he can count. From the *Bad Boy With The Voice*, Frank's now the *Man With Everything*



During the hectic years with Ava, Frankie was the most violently camera-shy guy Hollywood had ever seen, was known to break Kodaks over lensmen's heads from time to time. Today he poses happily, talks about his kids, seems to enjoy his sessions with the press.



rock hudson's secret honeymoon: part I—the elopement

(Continued from page 29) the wedding, for two reasons. First, it too is in another county, and secondly, it's such a nice, quiet town. People there don't always recognize movie personalities, and if they do, they're polite enough not to make any fuss.

The next day, Tuesday, Rock was busy taping and doing portrait stuff at the studio, but he squeezed off some time to go with Phyllis to Dr. Brandsma, who gave them their blood tests right in his lab, so no one would see them. There was no worry there—we could trust the doctor. Wednesday morning Rock went to the studio for wardrobe fittings, then came home and packed and by three he was ready to leave with the rest of the gang.

Tuesday night I drove up to Santa Barbara and reserved a bungalow at the Biltmore, and Wednesday morning I began looking up Lutheran ministers, because Phyllis had requested a Lutheran service. I saw Reverend Thorpe first and he seemed perfect, so I asked him to be at the bungalow about six-thirty.

While still in Hollywood on Tuesday I ordered the cake from a bakery I always patronize for clients, and then made reservations for the honeymoon trip. I reserved two seats on a plane leaving Los Angeles for Miami at 1:10 a.m. Thursday and plane reservations for Jamaica on Friday. All reservations were made in the name of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Roy, and when the Jamaica trip was being arranged the clerk asked for a first name for Mrs. Roy. "If she's leaving the country, we have to have a full name," she said. So I said Pearl, just to say something, and I've been calling them Charlie and Pearl ever since.

In Santa Barbara I ordered flowers, long stemmed things to be stuck into those wicker baskets, and a bouquet for Phyllis of white carnations, white sweetheart roses and gardenias.

At noon I called Pat Devlin down in L.A.—I called Pat because by this time she was the only one with a head on her shoulders—and asked her to tell the gang to meet me in Ventura at a small hotel a half block from the courthouse so that I could go in with them to get the license. I drove down to Ventura and waited for them—they were forty-five minutes late getting there and I was in a turmoil for fear they'd be too late. At four-forty-five they rolled up and we went in for the license.

The clerk didn't seem to recognize Rock, but as we left a boy and girl came tearing in for a license of their own, and Rock said to me, "Turn around and see if they're looking—they might have recognized us." I think they did, because the news tip eventually came from the AP man at Ventura, perhaps through the license clerk. But we couldn't stop to worry about it. I'd said something about Monterey in front of the clerk, hoping to throw her off, and I guess it did, because I heard later that columnists were checking up at Monterey that evening.

While we were in Ventura I asked Rock about pictures of the wedding and he said he didn't want any. He's had so many thousands of pictures taken that he's almost allergic to cameras, and I suppose even wedding pictures seemed to him to taint the marriage. But I pointed out to him that Phyllis would probably like to have some—and really should have them—so he agreed. So from Ventura I phoned the hotel in Santa Barbara and asked them to arrange for a photographer to be there.

Anyway, we got to the bungalow at five minutes before six. Jim and Rock and Pat and Phyllis had to change clothes, and

while they were off in other rooms I had a waiter bring hors d'oeuvres and glasses to go with the champagne I'd brought for an after-ceremony toast.

Then the pastor arrived and I called the desk and asked the operator not to ring us for any reason, and the ceremony took place soon after six-thirty. I watched them closely during the ceremony, and Rock had the most wonderful expression on his face. Every time the pastor said something that hit home, it was as if Rock was thinking, "You're right, this is what it means to me." And when something he said touched Phyllis, there was a glint of tears in her eyes. Rock looked just the way I'd always thought he'd look at his wedding. It's important to him—Rock intends to get married only once.

After the ceremony the photographer arrived; we had our cake and champagne, and Rock and Phyllis phoned their friends and families. By eight it was all over and we picked up our assorted luggage and the flowers, and went out to our cars. It was dark by then, but we threw rice just the same. We had dinner at the Talk Of The Town restaurant, and by then we were all pretty tired and subdued. I remember that Rock said to Phyllis during dinner, "Gee, I never could have gone through a big church wedding, could you?" And Phyllis agreed. Even with a quiet wedding, with only four friends present, it had been quite a day.

They left for Hollywood after that, and I stayed on to wait for the photographer's film, so didn't see them again until I got to the airport in L.A. We still had strength left to throw more rice there, but by that time, at one in the morning, if we'd have been asked to throw anything heavier, we couldn't have made it.

A Universal-International Official:

We didn't know anything about it until it was over. Seems he took out the license in Ventura County under his own name, Roy Fitzgerald, and kept it quiet that way. Somebody here knew, though—probably Ed Muhl—because Rock was set to do a lot of radio tapes, and a trailer for *All That Heaven Allows*, and all of that work was cancelled for him. I don't know how he managed it, but he certainly planned the whole thing quietly.

Saleswoman At I. Magnin, Beverly Hills:

Tuesday afternoon a girl came in and said she was to be the attendant at a wedding the next day, and that the bride would be in soon to choose her dress. We pulled a selection and when the bride finally arrived they both settled on a Paris brown peau de soie, with a full skirt and portrait neck. She looked charming in it, and I was writing out the sales slip when I heard one of them say something about the dress being nearly the color Rock had suggested.

Now, I have a teen-age daughter, and as far as I know there's only one man in America named Rock, so I said, "Are you marrying Rock Hudson?"

They both looked sort of surprised and then the bride said, "Me? Marry Rock Hudson?" and the maid of honor said, "No, I didn't say Rock—I said Bach. He's—he's a friend of ours. . . ." and then she began to giggle. And the bride said something about Bach being a dress designer, and then they both went off into hysterics.

I didn't think anything of it because all prospective brides and maids of honor are slightly hysterical. But I found out the next night when I heard the news of the wedding on television.

Mrs. Martha Dennison, County Clerk, Ventura County:

When they came in, just before closing time on Wednesday, I thought he looked familiar, but didn't think twice about it. They were very nice and cooperative, and quite calm. When people are older they are seldom nervous like the youngsters who apply for a license. These two seemed quite confident that their lives were well planned.

They asked me if the license would be good in any county and said something about going to Monterey. They gave the impression that time was short.

After they left, some teen-age girls working on microfilm in the back room came rushing in and asked me if that hadn't been Rock Hudson.

"No," I said. "His name is Fitzgerald—Roy Fitzgerald."

But they insisted that they'd know Rock Hudson anywhere.

Mrs. Kay Olson, Rock's Mother:

Rock phoned me Wednesday morning and told me they were to be married that day. I was so excited I almost got hysterical. Now I have a daughter, too!

We went to their house that evening and were there when they got back from the wedding. I've never seen such a tired and happy bunch!

Now I'll have grandchildren to look forward to. I hope they do have youngsters—Rock has wanted them for such a long time. And I think he'll make a wonderful father.

Jim Matteoni, Evanston, Ill.:

I have been Rock's old friend from kindergarten through high school. It was sudden, which is putting it mildly. He called me Monday and asked if Gloria and I could come out for the wedding. Our problem was finding someone to take care of the kids, and I had to call him back Tuesday morning. Luckily, both our parents live in the neighborhood, so we solved that part of it, and I'm a music teacher and it was fairly easy to get the necessary time off. We arrived in Los Angeles Tuesday evening, and Rock and Phyllis met us at the airport. We had often talked to her over the telephone, but this was our first meeting. They were both terribly excited—I've never seen Rock so up in the air.

We stayed with him at his home that night and on Wednesday morning after Gloria made breakfast for us, I went to the studio with Rock. He finished there around noon, and back at the house he tried to pack. I say tried, because he didn't know what he was doing. I finally took over for him. "What do you want to take?" I asked him.

"Oh, some pants," he said.

"Look," I said, "you'll be gone two weeks. Think, now. What about shirts?"

"Shirts?" he said. He was really glassy-eyed. "Sure, I'll need shirts. Put some shirts in."

It went on like that for an hour, and I hope he was well dressed in Jamaica.

We were late getting started—everything was well planned but complicated just the same, with five of us in one car and changes of clothes and a pile of suitcases. We threw all the luggage in the trunk, right on top of the cake, which was in a heck of a shape when we got to Santa Barbara.

All the way up Rock kept asking me if I had the ring. He'd given it to me in the morning and asked me a hundred times since if I still had it. In Ventura I grabbed the wedding license and hung on to that, too, and he kept asking after that about both the ring and the license.

By the time the ceremony began both he and Phyllis were very, very quiet. The

minister gave a beautiful little sermon. It affected everyone there. In the first place, that kind of thing, well, you're susceptible to it, and secondly, it was an unusually fine ceremony. And there was no distraction. But I know he was nervous. They were standing in front of the fireplace, and once a log popped and everyone jumped a little bit, Rock in particular. I had the feeling I was up in a balcony watching all this go on, and not a part of it myself at all. I noticed that when the minister said, "I now pronounce you man and wife," both Rock and Phyllis stiffened perceptibly.

It all went off very smoothly. It was an incredible job of planning. Henry had even remembered to bring rice. And Santa Barbara is such a lovely town, a wonderful place to be married. Even the minister was perfect. He looked just like a minister you would want to perform your ceremony.

We saw them off at the airport and went back to the house and spread the wedding flowers around in vases. And the next day we flew back to Chicago and our kids. I hope Phyllis and Rock have children. I know he loves them. He just dotes on ours, and it's time he had some of his own.

Mr. Pettingell, of the Santa Barbara Biltmore:

A Mr. Willson telephoned me to reserve a bungalow for Wednesday afternoon. He wanted one that was fairly well removed from the hotel proper, and he finally told me it was to be used for a wedding. But he wouldn't give me any names. Later that day he phoned again and asked that we have a photographer available between six and seven o'clock.

We didn't know who they were until they left, about eight that evening. They certainly did the whole thing beautifully, with a minimum of fuss.

Rev. Nordahl B. Thorpe, Pastor of the Trinity Lutheran Church, Santa Barbara:

Mr. Willson came to see me on Wednesday morning and asked if I would officiate at a wedding in a Biltmore bungalow early that evening, for a Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald. When I arrived at six-thirty Mr. Willson told me that the young man was a movie star known as Rock Hudson.

They were a fine young couple. I talked to them alone for fifteen minutes, explaining the ceremony, and they chose to answer "I will" rather than to repeat each phrase after me. They were both very serious during the whole ceremony. They were really intent and listening, and kept their eyes on mine.

The kiss? Yes, it was—well, Mr. Fitzgerald did a good job of it.

Incidentally, in talking afterward with Mrs. Fitzgerald, I asked her where she came from and she said, "A little town in Minnesota that you've never heard of—Montevideo." And I told her I knew it well, that I had lived in nearby Willmar and knew the pastor who has christened most of her family. The connection seemed to make her quite happy.

Hal Boucher, Photographer, Santa Barbara:

I've got to mention, first off, what a really wonderful wedding this couple had. I was impressed by it because I've covered so many Hollywood weddings, and some of them are ghastly. That's the only word I can think of that's strong enough. If you're at all sentimental about a wedding, it's bad enough to have a ceremony without music and all the things that should go with a wedding, but with Hollywood celebrities it often gets worse. There are fifteen photographers elbowing each other for vantage points and shouting instructions, and sometimes a press agent re-staging the ceremony—things that should be private and personal. I think this guy Hudson did a fantastic job of getting himself and his

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To let us know who you want to read about in your magazine, fill in the form below as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away because (just to make it more interesting) a crisp new one-dollar bill will go to each of the first hundred people we hear from.

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

1. I LIKE ROCK HUDSON:

☐ more than any other male star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all

I READ: ☐ all of his honeymoon story, part one: "The Elopement" ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I READ: ☐ all of his honeymoon story, part two: "The Wedding Trip" ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE MARLON BRANDO:

☐ 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 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

5. I LIKE JACK LEMMON:

☐ 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

6. I LIKE JANE POWELL:

☐ 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

7. For each of the stars listed below, place a check in the box under the one phrase which describes how much you like her.

	I LIKE HER				
	More Than Any Other Female Star	A Lot	Fairly Well	Very Little	Not at All
Joan Collins					
Grace Kelly					
Elizabeth Taylor					
June Allyson					
Doris Day					
Pier Angeli					
Janet Leigh					
Marilyn Monroe					
Ann Blyth					
Jane Russell					
Jean Simmons					
Esther Williams					
Mitzi Gaynor					
Debbie Reynolds					

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

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

9. To which movie magazines do you subscribe?

AGE..... NAME.....

ADDRESS

Street

City & State

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

bride married in a ceremony that they can remember as something wonderful.

I didn't know who he was at first. I was asked to arrive at seven o'clock and when I did I was introduced to six people, plus the minister. The bride and groom were named Fitzgerald, and I thought to myself that he was a nice-looking fellow, obviously an up-and-coming actor. I figured he was an actor, you see, because the hotel had told me they were keeping quiet about identity. And I felt like a fool because I didn't know who he was. Once, when he was off phoning in one room and his bride in another, I asked Pat Devlin if Mrs. Fitzgerald was an actress. She laughed and said, "No, she's just a housewife—now!" And then the name Rock slipped out in somebody's conversation, and I knew. I felt so dopey about it—I'd read lots of stories about him and seen his picture on *Life's* cover—and I never recognized him.

Anyway, I kept shooting pictures, which wasn't easy because the bride and groom were phoning their families and friends, and Mrs. Fitzgerald, or maybe I should say Mrs. Hudson, was so excited talking to her family back east. And the ring, too, she nearly died over that ring. She's a pretty girl, sort of halfway between what you'd expect a starlet to look like, and a home town girl.

They poured the champagne themselves—obviously didn't want to let even a waiter in on the news. I had trouble photographing the cake. Somebody must have sat on it—it looked like the leaning tower of Pisa, and we had to keep propping it up.

One funny thing happened. Some columnist called the hotel and asked if Rock Hudson was there, and the hotel people told the columnist they'd never heard of Rock Hudson. He found out about it just as he was putting a piece of wedding cake into his mouth, and he laughed so much I thought he was going to choke.

There's something else, too, something they don't know about. Walter Tissen is security officer for the hotel here, and he used to live across the street in Winnetka from Jim Matteoni's boyhood home. Rock and Jim used to play at his house all the time, he tells me, and Rock used to go over there to play the piano. Tissen was sorry to have missed seeing the fellows, but he didn't know they'd been there—not until they left. Nobody knew but me, I guess.

The last I saw of them, they were straggling out of the bungalow, carrying suitcases and clothes, and long-stemmed flowers that were still dripping water.

All I can say is that it was a pleasure to cover.

Pat Devlin, Maid Of Honor:

I should preface the story of the wedding with the fact that I've known Phyllis for two years, ever since she came to California. At the time I was working for Henry Willson and he told me one day he had hired another girl whom he thought I'd like very much. I did. It was Phyllis. She was new to California then, and didn't know a soul out here, so you might say I was her first friend in town.

At any rate, I've known for a long time that she and Rock would be married. It was just a question of his getting time off—he works unbelievably hard, and so steadily there isn't time to breathe. They dated for more than a year and for a long time Phyl didn't take him seriously. She wasn't sure about her own feelings, nor about his, and she took time to be sure. Phyl isn't one to jump into things—she's an extremely sensible girl. He used to kid her a lot. He'd say, "Phyl, will you marry me?" and she'd yawn and say, "Oh, I don't know. . . ." I'm not sure when he proposed seriously, but by the end of October he was beginning to see daylight through his

schedule and it looked as though he would have two weeks off before starting *Written On The Wind*.

The Monday before the wedding he called me at the office where I work now, an advertising agency.

"What're you doing Wednesday?" he inquired politely.

"I'm working Wednesday, you lunatic," I said.

And then he told me about the plans. Phyllis came on the phone and was so excited she didn't make sense. They asked if I'd come to his house that evening, said Henry Willson would be there, and we'd talk over all the problems connected with the wedding. They emphasized that I wasn't to tell anyone, but they didn't have to remind me about the need for secrecy. If the news had leaked, their wedding would have been a shambles, not at all the way they wanted it.

So I went up there that evening, and both Rock and Phyllis were absolutely useless, so Henry took over completely, thank goodness.

The next day Rock had to work, but he did get enough time off for the blood test. Phyllis was running around like a headless hen, among other things buying a gift for Rock—a lovely gold St. Christopher medal. We planned to meet each other at I. Magnin at three to pick out our dresses, but then Phyl called and said she'd be late—she had to get her hair done, because the Matteonis were due in at seven and she and Rock were going to meet them.

So I got there at three and had practically everything in the store out on display by the time Phyl arrived at four. She had asked Rock what color he'd like her to wear and he'd said yellow, and we both nearly died because yellow is not for Miss Gates. I suggested beige—she looks wonderful in beige—and then Rock said something about cocoa brown. So that's what we tried for, and got Paris brown, the nearest thing to it. I let something slip about Rock and the saleslady got suspicious and we tried to cover it up with something silly. I don't think she believed us.

I ought to mention somewhere along in here that Rock didn't want a big wedding—most men don't, I guess. And anything that's fine with him is fine with Phyllis. In fact, he didn't want anybody there but himself and Phyl, another normal male attitude, they tell me—but Phyl wanted to have me around and so Rock said okay, then he'd have Jim Matteoni and his wife.

Wednesday Phyllis picked up their health certificate, had her hair combed out again by the hairdresser, and picked up her dress—the hem had had to be shortened overnight. For my part, I picked up the cake and took it to Rock's house. Then I went to pick up her ring and have it sized (it's platinum set with baguette diamonds, and very beautiful), and got my clothes and returned to the house at twenty. I had told them we had to leave by two-thirty, knowing if we left by three we'd just about make it, and I also told them the courthouse in Ventura closed at four-forty-five, just to hurry things up. You have to do that with Rock, he's always late, and Phyl didn't even know what time it was, she was that rattled.

When I got to the house it was bedlam. Everybody was running around bumping into each other and I don't know how we ever got off on time. We didn't, of course. It was three straight up and I was a nervous wreck. We piled the clothes and the cake and ourselves inside the car. I sat in front with Phyl and Rock, and Jim and Gloria were in back. It was a good thing Rock drove—it kept his wandering mind on something. All he talked about all the way up was the whereabouts of the ring and the health certificate. But all

HOLLYWOOD STAR, LORI NELSON

co-starring in **"MOHAWK"** An Edward Alperson Production, National Pictures Corporation

Lori wears Rite-Fit Dress of the Month

Rite-Fit's STAR OF THE MONTH SELECTIONS



Lori's afternoon print in silky, textured Riviera. There's a big, feminine swish of bow-tie, a skirt that's flared very gently. Rhinestone-row buttons. Silken acetate and royon in Blue, Brown, Grey. 14½ to 22½. About \$9.



Lori picks Rite-Fit's Pat-o-Crepe sheath for sleek elegance. Delicate white braiding and a splash of rhinestones surround the neckline, repeat at both pockets. Luxurious osetate and royon crepe in Black or Navy. 14½ to 22½. About \$9.

For the *d.o.m.* store nearest you, write: MAX WIESEN, 463 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.

sitting on top of the world

(Continued from page 57) is Kim's steady beau.) Shouted another, "Sinatra gets everything."

Certainly, as he approaches forty, Frank Sinatra gives the impression of a man sitting on top of the world, bearing no ill will toward anyone. For Frank this is indeed a change.

Take his behavior a few weeks ago at Palm Springs. Frank was resting in his new desert hideaway with Nancy, his fifteen-year-old daughter. Came a phone call that Bing Crosby was opening his new Blue Skies Trailer Village. Would Frank show?

Although tired and wanting privacy, Frank said, "I'll show." And show he did. Cooperative, easy-going, he posed for as many pictures as the photographers requested. Crosby, however, on hand with Kathryn Grant, waved the camera boys away. "No pictures," he barked.

One of the photographers approached Sinatra. "Frank," he asked, "would you mind posing with Crosby?"

"Not at all," Sinatra said. "Just let me ask him if he's willing."

Sinatra walked over to Bing, spoke to him a few minutes, then returned. "No soap," he announced.

(An M.S. photographer got one anyway for Good News.)

For Frank Sinatra to intervene on behalf of the press he once so vehemently denounced and fought is the best reflection of his present behavior and attitude.

Some people remember the coarse, blistering words Frank used to use for his underlings. "Bobby, you no good, stupid blankety-blank," he would bark. "Why can't you follow out a simple order, you jerk, you moron?" To those people Frank's conduct today is seemingly incredible.

"Don," he'll say to Don McGuire, currently in charge of *Johnny Concho*, the Western he's making, "when you've got a spare minute, I'd like to go over this spot in the script with you."

All you have to do is watch Papa Sinatra in a restaurant with daughter Nancy, beaming proudly, attentive to her every word, and you know he's a changed, considerate human being. Where once Nancy's dates with Lindsay, Bing's youngest boy, served as the butt for jokes, kidding, Frank now treats them with friendly dignity.

Where once—and this was during the period when Ava was giving him a real bad time—Frank had relatively little time for his three children, now that he's busier than ever, he finds hours and hours to spend with Nancy, Frank and Christina. As soon as he finishes a recording session, for example, he makes a beeline for his Cadillac convertible, speeds out to Holmby Hills, picks up one of the children, and is off to a ball game or the desert or a restaurant.

And when Frank has custody of his children, he spends every minute with them. There is no palming them off on friends or baby-sitters. His love for them is very real, very consistent.

What's brought about this change for the better in Frank? His comeback?

Mention the word "comeback" to Sinatra, and he says, "What comeback? I wasn't away anywhere."

The time, a few years ago when *Meet Danny Wilson* was a flop, when his records weren't selling, when MGM called it quits, when his television show was a failure, when he was so aggravated over Ava that his voice cracked and his singing fell below par—all this he regards as a slump he battled, one of the downward trends in

(Continued on page 67)

HALO leaves hair Cleaner Softer Brighter



—than any oily, greasy, soapy shampoo



**Halo—unlike most shampoos—
contains no greasy oils or soap to leave
dulling, dirt-catching film!**

Clear, liquid Halo bursts into rain-soft lather in any kind of water. Cleans thoroughly, quickly, then rinses completely, carrying away dirt and dusty-looking dandruff. Brings out all of your hair's bright, shining beauty with each shampoo.

Get safe, gentle Halo today!



Halo Glorifies Your Hair—Naturally!

Hits of the spring season—*Rite-Fit* Star

Selected dresses by Max Wiesen modeled here by lovely Debra Paget, star of MGM's *The Last Hunt*.

Below: SCOOP OF THE SEASON . . . Big coin dot buttons give a dash of excitement to the elegantly tailored coat dress, so easy to slip into. The picot-edged collar and cuffs in white add a sharp contrast touch. Textured-design print 100 denier rayon in black, navy or brown.

Below right: THE BELLE . . . Tiny, dainty buttons make a tight bodice deceptively demure and double the charm of this print dress. The gored skirt swishes with provocative prettiness and a square neckline bordered with a flat self-cuff and big bow make a low neckline sweetly enchanting in brown, blue or grey abstract floral print of acetate and rayon *Riviera*.

FASHION FLASHES

BOTH DRESSES BY MAX WIESEN—
ABOUT \$9 EACH, HALF SIZES ONLY.

*These dresses are at fine stores everywhere.
some stores are listed on page 89
Photography, Embree*



'N SPLASHES

Running between studio sets on her job Pat Crowley, starring in U-I's *Square Jungle*, takes inclement weather in her stride—protects her dainty shoes and stockings with transparent feather-light Rain Dears Deluxe by Lucky. All glamour girls are on the go—and in utter safety with these molded plastic rainboots that have triple-thick, non-slip tread. Rain Dears have easy-on-and-off bow-tie tape and snap fastenings for quick on-and-off changes. *Universal Fit* for all heel heights—*Fashion Fit* for high and cuban heels. Smoke or clear, \$2, including plastic carrying pouch. Sheath skirt, Evans-Picone; pearls, Duchess; sweater set of new *Tycora* fiebre, Exmoor.

Photography, John Engstead
Rain Dears by Lucky at Notion, Shoe and Rain Wear Counters Everywhere

More fashions on following page



modern
screen
fashions



Roger Prigent

Newest interpretation of the famous Playtex girdle—without bones or stays—features dainty all over blossom pattern, scalloped, molded non-roll waistline and replaceable garters.

The 1956 Magic Controller (with curved, tapered fingers) is made of split-resistant wonder material, *Fabricon*.

Garter Girdle, \$7.95. Extra-large, \$8.95; Panty Girdle with the new replaceable garters, \$7.95.

Now for the first time Playtex introduces the fabulous fit of their famous *Living* bandeau bra into a long-length model that rounds the bosom and streamlines the midriff—promises high fashion, custom fit, eighteen hour comfort. The new long-line *Living* bra highlights a magic midriff (mostly elastic), V-plunge neckline, non-slip nylon straps. Fashioned of one-third nylon, two-thirds batiste elastic front insets and cup of embroidered nylon sheer (cotton-backed). \$5.95. \$6.95 for D cup.



DEBUT

(Continued from page 63) the course of every show business career.

"I never quit," he maintains. And he's right. He never did.

"The turning point," he asserts, "was *From Here To Eternity* (a picture he did for \$8,000). After that the ball started to roll; *Guys And Dolls*, *The Tender Trap*, *The Man With the Golden Arm*—they came one after another, all wonderful roles.

"Lucky for me I'm in demand, so I can pretty well call the shots. I've got five pictures planned ahead including two for my own company. There's also the recording deal, and I still want to play clubs and do a couple of special things on television, maybe three or four a year.

"In this *Johnny Concho*, the first picture I'm making for myself, the script comes from a TV play on *Studio One*, very good. I play Concho, and it's a kind of unusual Western, involves a protection racket and guys who would hire out as gunslingers to protect a town."

Gloria walked out

Frank was asked about Gloria Vanderbilt. (Who has since walked out of *Johnny Concho* saying, "I want to be treated as an actress, not an heiress!")

Attempts to link Sinatra and Gloria in a romance are currently in vogue. But were Frank serious about the Vanderbilt heiress, he undoubtedly would have met her when she arrived in Hollywood.

He had motored to town from Palm Springs the day before to take part in the Friars Club tribute to his good friend, Sammy Davis, Jr. As a matter of fact it was Frank who made the closing speech. "Behind Sammy's great talent," he averred, "lies a nicety that radiates. He'll make it. He's bound to make it. If he doesn't, he can always go to Japan as an American gardener."

When Frank finished his Friars' speech, midnight was approaching. The actor knew that Gloria Vanderbilt was scheduled to arrive in a matter of ten hours. He could have easily spent the night in his Wilshire Boulevard apartment and picked up Gloria in the morning.

Instead he drove back to the desert that same evening, and when Gloria came down in Los Angeles she hid herself over to the Beverly Hills Hotel.

So numerous people decided he was stuck on Kim Novak instead.

The new Frank Sinatra is cooperative—but when it comes to his love life he suddenly becomes as mute as of old.

Kim says forthrightly, "I've been talking to Frank quite a lot. But I'm sure Mac Krim is the man for me. Right now I think Mac and I will be married before the year is out.

"We plan to go to Chicago and meet all the relatives. Mac's already met my mother, and she thinks he's a darling. After Chicago, we'll go to Detroit. That's where Mac's family lives. Then we'll make our plans for the future.

"Mac and I have been going together for two years, and I don't think that's too long to keep company. I wanted to be absolutely sure that we were in love, that we were right for each other.

"Not too long ago," Kim continued, "I met Frank Sinatra. He's one of the most charming men a girl can meet. If I'd been married when that happened I would've felt guilty. This way I could compare him to Mac, and well, Mac's for me."

It so happens that Frank is immensely fond of Kim's fiancé, Mac Krim, and that his feelings for Kim have always been platonic. He's taken her out a few times, but only to highly public places.

Sinatra, however, offers no explanations about Kim, Ava, Lana Turner, Judy Gar-

Lines on your husband's face
give him "character"—

but on you they spell "middle-age"!

Perhaps you've noticed—with each passing year, with each new crease and furrow, a man's face becomes more interesting, *more distinguished!* But, these same lines on a woman are her bitterest enemies. Because while they add "importance" to his face—they just add years to yours!



*Don't let
Drying Skin make you look older!*

It's not unusual at 19—to see the first warnings of dry skin. Because even then, the skin's natural softening oils may start to *dry out*.

Soon, little dry crinkles creep in around your eyes, tiny dry patterns groove your forehead, and flaky, rough skin begins to show. By 40, the skin can lose up to 20% of its own oil.

To prevent the "middle-aging" effects of dry skin—you must replace natural skin oils every day!

**You can't expect a thin liquid
to do the work of a rich cream**

Parched, dry skin needs more than surface oiling with a thin liquid. It needs the deep-softening benefits of a quick-penetrating, *rich cream*.

Really rich and quick-penetrating, Pond's Dry Skin Cream is today's

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1. **It's extra rich in lanolin**, the oil most like your own natural skin softeners.
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Tonight—see how quickly Pond's Dry Skin Cream smooths out dry crow's feet and little lines, really deep-softens crepe-y, dry skin.

Get a *large jar* of Pond's Dry Skin Cream—a whole season's supply for less than one dollar!



*So effective—
more women use it
than any other
dry skin care*

*Extra rich
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New booklet tells how to use a feminine syringe

A SCIENTIFIC article on feminine hygiene is now being packed with every B. F. Goodrich gravity-flow syringe.

The author, a specialist in obstetrics and gynecology, tells how to douche, when, how often, and explains why, where to do it, exactly how to operate your syringe, etc. He also says it's best to use a gravity-flow type of syringe because its gentle action will not irritate delicate tissues.

Modern B. F. Goodrich gravity-flow syringes—in three different styles—are sold at most drug stores. If your druggist does not have the B. F. Goodrich syringe you want with this informative article packed in it, he'll be glad to get it for you. To get this free booklet, just ask for a B. F. Goodrich gravity-flow syringe.

B. F. Goodrich Gravity-Flow Syringes



*She still needs
YOUR HELP*

Join the
MARCH OF DIMES
January 3 to 31

land, Marlene Dietrich, Gloria Rhodes, Claire Kelly, Lili Kardell, Anita Ekberg, Hedi Marlane, any of the dozens of beauties correctly or incorrectly linked with him.

"I think," says a friend of his, "that Frank picked up this refusal to share his private life with the public from Montgomery Clift. Monty is a very shy and brainy guy, and Frank admires his outlook. When they made *Eternity* they began going around together, and Monty pointed out that what an actor owes the public is the best performance he's capable of, not a run-down on the dames he's been going with."

Carousel go round

When Frank was asked to give the low-down on his fight with 20th Century-Fox—the studio is suing him for a cool million because he walked out of *Carousel*—the dapper singer, considering the subject part of his career, opened up.

"They're saying," he pointed out, "that I left the picture because 20th wouldn't pay me \$200,000. That's not true."

"I always wanted to play the part of Billy Bigelow. I used to bother the hell out of Rodgers and Hammerstein. 'When are you gonna make the picture?' I'd ask. When 20th finally went ahead on the deal I was so anxious, I took the part without a contract. Then I heard that it was being photographed in two processes, Cinema-Scope and 55mm. I felt that they were shooting two pictures and that one of them was not going to be as good as the other."

"I hung around Boothbay Harbor in Maine for three or four days even though my lawyers and my agent said to get back to the Coast. Then I hung around New York for a week hoping everything would get straightened out. Finally I came back to the Coast. They replaced me with Gordon MacRae, and a week later dropped one of the processes, decided to shoot the picture in only one version."

Frank, contrary to popular opinion, doesn't like to fight for a fight's sake, but when he feels he's in the right, no battle is too dangerous, no odds too great.

One of the reasons he's formed his own company is that he cherishes independence. "An actor may have some pretty good ideas," he says, "but once he's under contract to a major studio, he's got no say-so." Which is why Frank is turning down all studio term deals. After *Johnny Concho* he reports to MGM for a musical adaptation of *Philadelphia Story* to be called *High Society*.

That finished, he takes off for Spain to star in *The Pride And The Passion*. In this one he'll play a Spanish guerrilla. From Spain he returns to Hollywood, where he will check in at Paramount studios for *The Joker Is Wild*, the autobiography of comic Joe E. Lewis.

He also has commitments at The Sands in Las Vegas where he owns two per cent of the casino, plus his Capitol recording dates. So 1956 shapes up as a busy-busy year for the hero of Hoboken.

Busy or not, however, Frank will find time enough for female companionship. No matter how much he changes, Frank has never relished solitude.

The girls he goes for may mean relatively little to him—Gloria Vanderbilt, for example, is really gone on tv director Sidney Lumet—but Frank enjoys their company. Conversational by nature, he loves to amble into a club, an attractive girl on his arm. The best in food, the best in drink, the best table, and Frank is living. He talks rapidly, warmly, the talk punctuated with jive terms, "Man, what a kick he was on . . . Real cool, that one. . . ."

One of his favorite restaurants is the

Villa Capri, located on an obscure Hollywood side street. Frank manages to drop in at least once a week for his pizza and antipasto, usually accompanied by a dazzling female, and hardly ever does the identity of the girl leak out. Owner Patsy D'Amore is a discreet proprietor who takes such good care of Frank that a few months ago the singer generously gifted him with an all-expenses-paid vacation to his native Italy.

Sinatra has always been a fast man with a dollar. Today he's even faster than he was in the 1940's, when at that time he averaged \$32,500 a year for Christmas presents.

Frank's income for 1955 must easily have topped a million. He not only gets \$200,000 a picture and \$25,000 a week at Las Vegas but saw three of his recent albums become top sellers of 1955. In addition Frank owns a piece of the race track at Monmouth, N. J. Add to this his royalties from five music publishing companies and his television fees, and it becomes apparent that his earning capacity is astronomical.

Big spender

Sinatra believes in sharing the wealth. His largesse these days is admirable. When Judy Garland opened up her road tour at Long Beach, Frank hired the largest bus he could get, loaded it with all of his and Judy's friends, ordered Romanoff's to cater the whole junket, and took off.

Later, he commandeered the Romanoff penthouse for a private shindig to which practically everyone was invited. "It was the least a pal could do for Judy."

When Judy was ill in Boston some years ago, Frank chartered a plane, jammed it with her friends, sent them off to visit Judy in the hospital.

Recently when an orphanage outside of Palm Springs reported that its kitchen equipment had broken down, Frank casually sent over a new stove.

The hospital bills he has paid for friends and employees come to a sizable figure, but of these he refuses to speak.

He is not now and never has been a simple man to analyze or understand. But of late he has succeeded in keeping his fiery Latin temperament under control. He will not, for example, slug a waiter who refuses to serve a Negro, as he once did. Rather, he will stand up and give him a piece of his mind. But headline-making fisticuffs are out for Frank. He seems to have calmed down.

An apartment in West Los Angeles with closets large enough for the most extensive wardrobe in movieland, a sleek new Cadillac, a modern office in the William Morris Building in Beverly Hills, visits with his children, an occasional dinner with ex-wife Nancy, plenty of hard work, plenty of attractive girls, and best of all, a new, jaunty, friendly attitude toward press and people—and that's the position Francis Albert Sinatra finds himself in at the age of forty.

In the words of Jerry Lewis, a fellow Jerseyite and one of Frank's staunchest admirers, "This guy has got it made." END

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the miracle of jeanne crain

(Continued from page 37) dripped from her ears. The gown was a twist of silver lamé and genius. Her sandals were wisps of silver. She carried a stole of white mink. "Shall I carry it, or drag it?" she asked the photographer.

Paul looked up briefly. "It's a beautiful gown, isn't it?" he said. It had been a quick glance on his part, and he obviously hadn't seen what happened when Jeanne took a step. That gown was split in the middle, and had a tendency to fall away at the shoulders.

While she posed, expertly, and looking like something from a dream sequence in an MGM finale, he made a telephone call. I sensed that he was deliberately absenting himself from the problem, because she was supposed to look the quintessence of sex, and perhaps his watching would inhibit her. When he came back he sat with his back to her.

After the photographer had left and the three of us were all alone, Jeanne excused herself to go back into the bedroom and get something more comfortable. She returned in a Kelly green sheath, fitted to her figure, devoid of jewels.

Paul grinned at her. He was wearing a sports shirt, slacks and loafers.

"Okay, honey?"

"Okay." She drew an easy breath. "I'd hate to have to sit down in that dress."

College girl with baby

It was fun to yak around with the Brinkmans again. In truth, we'd all been practically kids during our first meeting:

I'd been crowding twenty-one—a writer just out of college. Jeanne had just been discovered as the sweetest and prettiest girl at 20th Century-Fox and she'd just married a boy named Paul Brinkman, who had something to do with a Pasadena company and radio tubes.

They had a cute house down at the beach in Santa Monica, and furthermore they were going to have a baby. Whether 20th liked it or not.

This was news, and I went to see them.

Paul was beaming all over the place. Jeanne, in a maternity dress, amplified the story. "I know I'm playing college girl parts," she said, "and I know it would be best from a career standpoint if I stayed single and just went around with studio guys. So much for the career standpoint."

Even then, I realized how completely Jeanne and Paul differed from other Hollywood couples. They were so young and fresh and wrapped up in their marriage. She was a lovely girl, not yet beautiful, because real beauty takes mellowing, but she was as pretty as any girl her age could possibly be. Paul was blithe and tall and then, as now, a very handsome gent. He looked like Errol Flynn.

That interview had been an event for all of us, because we had in common not only youth and ambition; we were all new to Hollywood, and enchanted by it, and wary of it. I left the Brinkmans liking them better than I'd imagined I could like any couple connected with show business, and the story I wrote about them reflected this attitude—just as, no doubt, the story you are now reading reflects a different attitude from the one you'd expected.

And now here were the three of us again, remembering. And I said, "The next time was when you started to build The House. Remember the house? Way up on top of that hill—you had another baby on the way, and you had just adopted a lion cub, and you'd planted sixty trees along the drive. Who bought the house from you?"

Jeanne and Paul looked at one another

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and grinned, and he caught her hand. "You should see those trees now," Jeanne said. "We're still in the same old house. New wing, because of the children. And of course the lion got too big and went to the zoo. Otherwise, nothing's changed."

It was my cue to look astonished, and I did. "You haven't moved? But that house was a masterpiece of simplicity. All redwood and glass and flagstone. It looked as if it had grown out of the hilltop by itself." And I glanced around at the hotel suite, decorated by Cecil Beaton.

Now a Beaton-decorated suite is a joy and a wonder but there is nothing simple about it, ever. It is the penultimate of chichi, wherever you encounter it. You are not supposed to stay in it very long, but while you are there you are supposed to get a large charge out of it.

The whole thing was crazy and charming, and it would have been ideal for Jeanne alone, in her current role of sophisticated and blasé beauty—but the instant Paul entered the picture, it went all to pieces. Beaton's little conceits became ridiculous. Paul is a man's man, as well as Jeanne's, and he wears last year's clothes casually and well, and his big voice booms through the house so that sometimes Jeanne has to flash him a warning look and go "Shhh." What he needs is a big leather chair.

I recalled their house, with plenty of big chairs, the great windows looking out over a view broad and expansive. The clean, simple lines, the solid, earthy materials, the honesty of that house.

Of course they hadn't sold it. It had mirrored the essential characters of Jeanne and Paul eight years before, and it still did. The Beaton suite was a phase, a fun thing—but in relation to them, it was a fake.

Young and desirable

It was about then I guess, with the memories of the house and all getting very strong, that we got into the business of how people stay young—young and desirable. It began when I said, shamelessly, that Jeanne had become beautiful. Not just pretty, any more, but truly beautiful. She blushed. Paul didn't. By now he was used to the remark. Then I came right out and asked her.

Jeanne came up with the answer to my question in the straightforward way she had always replied to questions.

"All right," she said, "I think I can say what's happened." She shrugged, and the emerald sheath made a motion as if it were about to slip over one shoulder, but didn't. "There's a time when any woman blossoms. I've reached that time. I was just a baby the last time we talked together. Now it's different. I've lived a lot. I've had four children. But after almost ten years, I have a husband who loves me dearly. The children love me. My career is at its pinnacle. I'm still in my twenties. I'm no longer a child. I know clothes and food and houses. I've been on an African Safari, and I've gone into the Brazilian jungle. I've had bugs crawling over me, and I've flown in little planes when I've been scared to death. I've sat in on the top-notch fashion previews of Paris—at Dior and Fath and Balenciaga. I've been in Rome and Venice and heard the water playing in the fountains and canals. And I've had my children with me at Christmas in London town. Watched them while the people outside sang carols. Watched them get their presents."

Paul nodded. "That's right. I brought the kids over for a Christmas in London. That's what Jeanne wanted."

"It was the most beautiful Christmas in the world," she said. "It even snowed. The carolers were everywhere—it was right out

of Dickens. And all the kids had to have bicycles. So we got them bicycles, and had to ship them home. Can you imagine what that did to the budget? Paul came over to see me three times, and then with the children—and having the bikes packed and shipped back—it was a financial disaster."

Paul didn't laugh. "Keep this up," he said lugubriously, "and who'll put them through college?"

"Indeed," said Jeanne, "and who also shipped over a Mercedes Benz?"

Somehow, the discussion of that car led into the description of a trip they'd taken on the way back to Paris from Monte Carlo. It is the fanciest of sport cars, with a top that lifts up so you can slide into the seats, and it is Paul's pet. The cost of those four transatlantic trips be damned—he wanted that car, and he bought it. Both of them were talking a blue streak by now, and my head was switching back and forth as if I were at a tennis tournament, but that's usual with the Brinkmans.

Bread and wine

Anyway, Jeanne said: "I was looking at the map, and the thing that got me was that everything was so close together. Why, if we drove forty miles out of our way we could have lunch in Geneva!"

"So we went and had lunch in Geneva," Paul said, "just so when she got back to Paris Jeanne could polish her nails on her lapel and say, 'Oh, yes, we dropped in on Switzerland for lunch.'"

"You bet," Jeanne said enthusiastically. "I spread it all over. Too blasé about it. But listen—the most exciting thing."

"You know that old gag about bread and cheese and wine?"

"So we saw this shepherd . . ."

"Well, actually he saw us. The motor started to tick, and I stopped by the roadside . . ."

"But this divine little flock of sheep, with this boy tending them . . ."

"It was only a sparkplug . . ."

"And we'd bought the bread and cheese and wine in Geneva, just in case there wouldn't be an inn when we got hungry."

"I had it fixed in two minutes."

"So we asked him if he'd like to share some lunch with us, and he said sure, and we spread a rug and got out the stuff . . ."

"And we had lunch with a shepherd."

"With wine and cheese," Jeanne added. "In the nougat county."

"It's called that because they grow the nuts there, the kind you use in nougat candy," Paul supplied.

I have included this seemingly silly bit of trivia in this story because it struck me as an important part of the portrait I'm trying to give you of Jeanne. She was excited about sharing lunch with the shepherd boy not because she was a woman of the world, an internationally known star, amusing herself being incognito with a simple country fellow. Not on your life. This episode was the essence of romance to her, because as a child she'd read descriptions of such scenes in Grimms and kid books, and at last it was really happening to her. She still walks with dreams. In a kind of way she is still a child at heart. And so is Paul.

That's part of their secret of youth. It may be the most important part, after all.

Well, we had a few minutes left before Jeanne was due at a TV studio up on Madison Avenue. They were both still gabbing away a mile a minute, interrupting and contradicting one another in that friendly, comfy way which seems to be natural only with people long-married and in love. They told me about the hunting, and Jeanne's problem about planes.

"Oh, I know it's silly," she said, "but as the children began coming along I started

thinking about Paul's flying so much, and maybe a crash that would take both of us."

"And she was in that British Comet, too," Paul said. "From London to Africa. Four hours later it blew up. That makes you pause for a minute or two."

"So I got scared of flying," Jeanne went on. "But then we went to Brazil a few weeks ago. Paul was going out shooting some kind of horrible beast called a Tigre. Low-flying stuff. I couldn't stay home. I'd have been bored stiff."

"So we flew together," Paul said. "And landed and crawled through the jungle and swatted flies and got what we went after. Jeanne with a camera, me with a gun as big as I was."

It's that kind of life, Jeanne insisted, that keeps them both on their toes, and young. I made the obvious remark that not everybody can barge around the world, not blowing up in Comets and flying over the jungles of Brazil in pursuit of Tigres, and they answered—also obviously—that living a full life doesn't necessarily involve all that. They did it because they were in a position to, but there were hundreds of other ways to keep busy and happy and blow off steam.

"Ah," I said, "but what about those four children? You can afford to have proper help and supervision for them while you're away, but what about people without dough? They're stuck at home, with meals to make and clothes to wash, and well you know it."

"I took my second baby to the studio every day in a basket," Jeanne said indignantly, "because I couldn't get anyone I trusted. And I'd dash over to the basket between scenes and feed the little thing, for heaven's sake!"

"But how do you manage?" I asked.

"We've got our folks, and besides . . ."

"Besides," said Jeanne, "this wonderful guy here is home when I can't be. We've talked about the trips because they were exciting and different. But we're a family, we have a house that is a true home, and life is just as exciting there as it is in Paris or Rome or Brazil."

Old school pals

"And your friends?" We were walking across the intersection of Park Avenue, now, with the nice people of New York trying not to stare at Jeanne and almost succeeding; I needed one more piece of information to make the Crain puzzle work out. I had to know about the people they saw all the time and loved or hated.

"Why, they're all like us," Jeanne said.

Paul laughed. "Yes," he said. "I guess friends grow along with you like everything else. You know, we went to a party in Pasadena not long ago, and saw a lot of the people we'd grown up with, gone to school with. People our own age. It was pretty scary."

"The men," said Jeanne, "were all sort of settled down in their clothes, if you know what I mean. They couldn't help being bald or paunchy, I guess, but they didn't seem to care."

"The women," Paul said. He started to go on, but chivalry and good taste made him close his mouth again.

"We didn't go back," he said instead.

"No," Jeanne said, "you can't ever go back."

We had come to CBS and we made a laughing goodbye on the sidewalk, with a promise to get together soon. No eight years in between, this time. I watched them barge into the studio: the parents of four children, the busy executive with time to understand his wife, and the gorgeous woman who personified sex and glamour to millions of people.

And I walked away feeling reassured and absurdly cheerful.

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(Continued from page 41) wedding turn into a Hollywood spectacle. As a matter of fact, they have permitted very little intrusion into their courtship.

"I don't want to offend," a writer once told them, "but stories of young romance need some cute touches. You know, the first kiss... stuff like that."

Russ and Venetia looked at each other and it was plain they didn't see it that way at all. "I don't think there was anything cute about our first kiss," Russ declared finally. "It meant more than that to us. We weren't posing for a photograph or meaning to look gay or appealing—we were serious. I think the trouble with too many Hollywood love stories is that there's more Hollywood than love. We don't want anything like that. We know love is no easy thing to come by. And it is too easy gone."

Well, before they ever got to the kissing part Russ and Venetia met on a blind date at her home and didn't exchange a dozen words. Bob Six, son of Warner Brothers' photographer Burt Six, had had his girl friend phone Venetia. (Russ and his old flame Cindy Robbins were just breaking up and Russ was looking for new ways to spend time.) When they got to the Stevenson home Russ talked mostly to Venetia's father, Venetia talked to Melinda Hawkins who was Bob's date, and Bob mostly stood around and listened. Russ and Venetia said goodbye without a word about seeing each other again, and they didn't until Eddie Cantor threw his Beverly Hills Hotel party to announce Debbie Reynolds' engagement. At the party Venetia nodded her hello and Russ spoke his. Venetia was there with Donald O'Connor. Russ keeps remembering different girls he might have been there with—he says he can't remember exactly.

Fate takes a hand

And that would have been the end of that if one of the darndest coincidences hadn't happened the very next night. At about nine o'clock two cars pulled into Stan's Drive-In on Sunset Boulevard simultaneously, the driver in each coming to a stop at the same second and then looking across at the other car. Russ and Venetia, naturally. They ordered. They started talking car to car across their trays. And they finally made a date—for four nights off. But this time something had registered; Russ couldn't wait. On the third night he called and Venetia was somehow waiting for him. It was cold, but they put the top down on his car. Neither had had dinner but they drove around and just talked until nearly midnight before they ate. And for some reason they talked about everything that first night except each other. They discussed reincarnation, insects and what's-the-line of different people they passed. "We should have been bored to death but we weren't," Venetia recalls. "We liked it so much that we dated every night for the next fortnight without missing once."

But during that fortnight the talking did get around to taking in each other. Whom did each know? Why? What did they seek out of life? Why? And gradually they unfolded thoughts, desires, ambitions, so that they met each other again and again on a thousand entrancing levels.

Along about the time they were pretty sure they were in love, they began to show it. A man who was going to play the villain in their affair for a while, Venetia's father, was the first to notice it.

"I heard rumors that she had visited the kitchen with an expressed view of learn-

ing how to cook," Mr. Stevenson remembers. "Later I spied her through an open door practicing how to make a bed. I knew then that something had happened to my little girl, as it must to most girls, and I had best do something about it if I didn't want to lose her to the wrong party. "Of course I had no way of knowing that Russ was the wrong party, but, you know how fathers of beautiful daughters are—who can possibly deserve the angels?"

This was why early last spring Mr. Stevenson approached Venetia and told her of a wonderful surprise; he was going to take her on a two months' trip to Europe. "Naturally I flipped," Venetia says. "But then I reflippped when I realized this meant leaving Russ."

Mr. Stevenson's strategy was age-old in form of course, and he admits it. "I figured that if the affair was just a casual one the least I could do for Venetia was take her away from her suitor until she realized it. A few weeks and I was sure she would come to her senses," he explains.

But Mr. Stevenson was wrong, as he now realizes. "An expensive mistake," he sighs. "I spent thousands of dollars to show her the Old World, and every time I thought she was getting a bit interested, along would come a fifteen-cent airmail letter from Russ and I'd lose her again!"

Actually the only reason Venetia decided to go at all was that Russ was ready to leave for South Dakota for location shooting on *The Last Hunt*, with Robert Taylor, Stewart Granger and Lloyd Nolan. Rather than wait in Hollywood alone, with neither her father nor Russ around, she thought she might just as well make the overseas trip. But as it turned out, the South Dakota scenes were delayed and weeks after Venetia sailed she got letters from Russ—still in Hollywood.

She and her father sailed from New York on the French Line's *Ile De France* in April. Mr. Stevenson remembers that he didn't see much of Venetia during the voyage; she kept to her stateroom a great deal of the time.

"When we got to England I was notified there was some air mail awaiting us—all of it letters for Venetia from Russ. And then she handed me the letter she had written to him, but I couldn't send it air mail as she requested. The port Postal Office refused to accept the envelope as air mail. It was too heavy. It went air freight."

Forget-me-not

For six weeks Venetia stuck with the tour. But it was heavy going. When they looked at the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris and her father turned to her for comment she had a reflective stare in her eyes. "I wonder," she murmured, "if he is still hiccuping?"

Her first night out of Los Angeles, the train made a stop in Las Vegas. Russ had arrived there earlier for a personal appearance and learned that her train would be sidetracked in the station for twenty minutes. He was waiting for it when it pulled in, jumped aboard and went hunting for her. Venetia was asleep in her compartment, but Russ got the Pullman conductor to open the door and he woke her up with a kiss. They talked until the train began to move and he had to take a running jump off. In the excitement he developed hiccups. The last she saw of him, Russ was miserably in the middle of a seizure.

When they drove toward Rome on the famous Appian Way one afternoon, and her father spoke brilliantly of the significance and the beauty of the historical countryside, Venetia listened absently, then realized with a shock that her only interest in Rome was knowing there

would be letters from Russ when they got there. She turned to her father and told him.

"You've been wonderful, Dad," she said. "But the trip is just wasted on me. I can't think of anything but Russ."

Mr. Stevenson, who was saying something at the moment about the genius of the Roman engineers of two thousand years before, knew he was licked. But he straightened out Venetia on one point without delay.

"Nothing has been wasted, dear," he said. "If Russ persists in your heart, despite all these wonders before your eyes, then you know, and I know, he's the right one for you."

Once she knew she was returning, Venetia couldn't make it fast enough. She flew back, leaving her father to complete the tour alone. But before she left, he drove her six hundred miles to a small German town where Russ's idolized older brother, Warren, ran a small Mormon Mission. Her purpose? Just to meet Warren and pose with him in a snapshot which she could bring back to Russ.

Gone tomorrow

Oddly enough she and Russ had only about ten days together before he had to leave. The minute she arrived, the often-delayed jaunt to South Dakota was put back on schedule. That's when Venetia decided to move into his place, and give herself a trial run at the business of managing a home and being a practical help to a husband. Russ, Venetia figured, being an actor, could function much more successfully if relieved of all the business and professional details related to it. Russ still gapes with wonder at her many accomplishments.

"She paid more bills than I ever was able to pay in such a length of time," he reports, "and yet was able to save more money than I have ever been able to save. Boy, all that loveliness in one girl, and so practical, too. I'll never get over being impressed."

Russ has other reasons, however, for loving Venetia, and as much as he talks about not talking on this subject, he hasn't been able to keep them entirely to himself. He likes the idea that Venetia, despite her beauty, has never been over-possessed by her career and can take an objective view of herself and the life she wants to lead. She has been a model and would like to play a movie role if she thought it interesting enough to make into something worthwhile. At the same time, she has turned down a number of professional offers, including pictures, because they would teach her nothing and mean nothing creatively.

"I'd like to act," she has said, "but it's not a striving, driving thing with me. I'd much rather get married and have a home and children."

Venetia is not a Mormon like Russ, but an Episcopalian. They will be married in a non-denominational ceremony. For the rest they are not without plans. They were on the point of buying a lot when this was being written only weeks ago. Since Venetia likes colonial architecture, and Russ modern, the house they plan to build will be a modern colonial. Friends have suggested that there ain't no such thing. Russ and Venetia have replied simply that there is gonna be now.

They mean business. They aren't kidding about their marriage; it's going to be a heart-in-heart, not just a hand-in-hand, they say. They mean that just as they haven't let anyone else decide the kind of love they should have for each other, no architect or designer is going to stand between them and the house they want to live their love in!

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AVA'S CAT WALK



■ When Ava Gardner came to Hollywood from North Carolina, she had a beautiful face and a lovely body, but studio experts shook their hands over the fact that she was clumsy. She walked like a cement mixer coming home from a hard day's work. Gradually, she began to improve, but she didn't begin to develop into the graceful beauty she is today until she learned an important lesson at Birmingham Hospital in the San Fernando Valley, where she spent many hours talking to wounded servicemen.

One day she said to a young doctor there. "I love making these visits, but to tell the truth it wears me to a frazzle. My feet ache after walking up and down the long halls. When I go to the studio for work I'm dead tired. Maybe I'd better start taking vitamins."

"Nothing of the sort," the young doctor replied. "You're simply not walking right."

In essence, what he told her was this: "Nine out of ten people walk too heavily on their feet. Every step sends a jarring wave up to the brain. To walk correctly, shift your weight directly over the foot that's being placed on the ground. Imagine that you're walking like a cat, with the feeling that you are 'toeing in' just a bit. Don't try to copy the way models walk. That is artificial. You must try for rhythm in your walk. Don't throw the shoulders back. Instead, hold your head up high. It's that simple. By all means, go barefoot, wiggle your toes, stretch. When you've been sitting awhile, give your feet a little warm-up exercise before putting them to work. Another thing: try rhythmic walking with deep breathing. It's simple. Take five steps inhaling a long breath, then five steps exhaling."

Ava Gardner listened. Not long after Hollywood gossips reported that she had reverted back to her "country ways," she was seen hiking barefoot in the mountains in the early morning hours. She wiggled her toes whether sitting in a night club or standing around waiting barefoot for a scene to begin. She even walked on the slim supports of the picket fence around her home. Before long, she became known as the star with the loveliest posture in Hollywood, and she could go, go, go

74 without ever tiring.

rock's honeymoon—the wedding trip

(Continued from page 30) profiles of her. But when Roger called her, she was in her bath. She answered the phone from the tub, casually. She knew that Ed Sullivan was in the hotel, and that Eddie and Debbie Fisher were to arrive the next day. Life was a breeze, and she had a sharp date for the evening.

"Oh, Roger, for Pete's sake!" she said. "It's Rock Hudson," said Roger. "It's their honeymoon night."

"You're sure?"

"Have I ever missed?"

"Oh, Gawd!" cried Miss Van, and sprang from the tub. Spraying water in every direction, she flew into action. The rug of her suite will never be the same, but Miss Van arranged for a bucket of ice, complete with a bottle of superb champagne, to be sent to room 809. She herself tied the great satin bow upon the bottle.

A moment later Irma Koff arrived at the front desk. "I did a double-take," she told Roger. "Left twelve guests in my living room. If you were kidding—"

And so the stage was set. The Saxony was in action, on ten minutes notice.

The first thing Rock did upon his arrival was to phone for one of those rental cars. Miss Van, dressed by now, saw them off. They had a Cadillac convertible, and something long in a white cloth napkin to keep them company. (According to the Saxony's housekeeper, there was nothing left the next morning except a bucket of melting ice, once occupied by a bottle of Moët et Chandon '49. Most people save only the cork for a keepsake.)

The weariness of the long, cross-country plane trip shaken off, Rock and Phyllis were gay, smiling and ready for anything. The Miami weather might have been ordered for them, and as Rock wheeled the big open car along glittering Collins Avenue, Phyl snuggled close to him and laughed.

An hour later they were back at the hotel. Happy now, too excited to worry about their early call for tomorrow morning, they disappeared into the Bamboo-la lounge to dance lazily, cheek-to-cheek. Later they had supper—and more dancing in the Pagoda room, unnoticed among a horde of sophisticated guests in dinner dress. After a while they drifted out of the hotel, hand-in-hand past the pool to the sea-wall, leaning on it for awhile.

They went upstairs around midnight. In the lobby, Irma Koff and Dorothea Van met for a moment. "I've got to get back to my party," Irma said. "He's magnificent, hey? What do you think of her?"

"I'd say she's the kind of a gal a man would want to bring home," Dorothea said. "Wholesome, All-American."

"I'll buy that. Nobody bothered them, you noticed."

"Just two youngsters for autographs."

"They didn't mind. They just grinned and signed."

"Nice people, thank heaven," said Miss Van. "Hope they have fun."

It was only a little after seven the next morning when Kay, the waitress whose turn it was to take the early shift and open the Noshery—the coffee shop—sleepily brewed the first pots of coffee against the room's eight o'clock rush customers. When, at seven-thirty, the phone by the cash register rang, she was unprepared for the masculine voice asking if he and his wife could come right down.

"We're not open till eight," Kay said.

"We've got to catch a plane at nine-thirty," the voice said, "and we could sure use some coffee."

"Who is this?"

"Rock Hudson, in 809." (Charles Roy had been forgotten.)

"Aw," said Kay, who had been home last night and like everyone else thought the newlywed Hudsons were still in California, "who're you kidding? But okay. If you have to catch a plane come on down. I'll unlock the door."

Five minutes later she stood frozen behind her counter as Rock and Phyllis slid onto stools before her. She is a movie fan, and there could be no mistake. But as she poured their coffee, Rock said, "Hi. Thanks for letting us in."

"Hi," said Kay, "glad to." And, with the ice broken, the three people chatted.

When they left, Kay would rather Rock hadn't left the sizeable tip. The pleasure had been all hers.

At the airport the Pan American man was there with a photographer, and the Hudsons posed for him with good enough humor—but then, as the big plane roared off across Biscayne Bay and over the Caribbean, bright in the early morning, they felt that at last they had found the privacy, the sense of getting-away, that not even Miami Beach and the courteous hotel staff could afford them.

There weren't many people on the plane. They stopped in Cuba briefly for refueling, and then were off again into that kind of lost, out-of-time mood you get in a long flight over the Spanish Main.

They landed at Montego Bay late in the afternoon, and strolled into another climate, and yet another mood.

Then began the kind of honeymoon week most people can only dream about. Using their cottage at the Half Moon as a base, their privacy protected by the all-powerful Tourist Board of Jamaica, they set out to explore. In a little, noisy English self-drive car, they skittered about the North Coast. From Montego Bay they drove to Ocho Rios. They dined and danced at the Towel Isle Hotel, they did a repeat at the Jamaica Inn. They ate lunch on the terrace at Shaw Park, sampling what the waiters assured them were native dishes with varying degrees of pleasure. Rock, who had spent half his European trip a year or so earlier discovering the delights of eating, terrified Phyllis by demanding recipes right and left and assuring his bride that she would learn to prepare them in nothing flat.

One afternoon they dropped by the beautiful island home of Mr. and Mrs. Tony Marsella, old friends of the honeymooners. They ended up spending the week end. When they got back they found that the hotel had missed them. "We've made you a little surprise," the social director told the Hudsons. "We understand that tomorrow is Mr. Hudson's birthday, and so—we've prepared a little party. Tomorrow night at eight, on the patio. Dinner. Casual dress."

Rock and Phyllis managed smiles, thanked the gentleman kindly and said they couldn't be more surprised and delighted. The former was true, the latter was in way of being a white lie.

"I'm sorry, honey," Rock said when the social director had bowed himself out. "I wanted it just with you."

"It's all right," Phyl said. "We've had more privacy than we thought we'd ever get. Who do you think will be there?"

"I don't know," her husband said gloomily, "but I suppose there'll be lots of them."

"Forget it," Phyl advised. "We'll have the afternoon just to ourselves."

And they did. On Rock's thirtieth birthday as on every other day, they headed for the beach after breakfast. Rock is very

athletic; he swims, skin-dives, high-dives, builds sand castles. Phyl, stunning in a bathing suit, cheered him on, paddled after him bravely. Lunchtime, since there was no sightseeing for the day, they sipped coconut drinks, ate lightly at the hotel. In the afternoon they dragged out their movie camera. Phyl photographed Rock, he, having had his picture taken before, snatched the camera away repeatedly to snap his blushing ("Rock, you know I don't take a decent photo—oh, honey, I was squinting—now, stop that!") bride, then dragged her over to talk to others on the beach, and, incidentally, ask them to "Take us together, would you? Thanks." Long before sunset, though, they went back to their room to shower and dress.

At eight, they arrived on the terrace among a scattering of other diners.

"Our party's not here yet," Rock muttered. "Come on, quick, we'll make a getaway."

"Honey, we can't, after they've been so nice to us and all." They wandered about a little, looking at the moon, finally sat down disconsolately at a table set for two. "Maybe we've got the wrong night," Phyllis suggested.

"Maybe they have," Rock said. "I've got the right night—it's my birthday."

Out of nowhere, a waiter appeared. "A sherry for Madame?" he inquired.

"Thanks," Phyl said. "We'll wait for the others."

"Others?" asked the waiter. "There will be no others to dine with you, Madame. This is *your* party!"

Beaming, they dined on Cornish game hen stuffed with wild rice, white wine, sweetmeats, a huge birthday cake. The new moon outdid itself. A Calypso band whispered rhythms in the background. They thought it was the most romantic evening they'd ever spent.

On Friday, November 18, Rock Hudson and bride caught their airplane and headed back to Hollywood. The groom, a tall, handsome man now just-that-side of thirty, had a deep tan and a rested look. The bride, a cute brunette with an equally effective tan, clung to his arm, talking, laughing. Ahead of him lay a new picture, an award from MODERN SCREEN. Before her was the fun of doing their apartment. The honeymoon wasn't really over. **END**

view from dana's head

(Continued from page 44) The writer stopped talking suddenly and a dreamy look passed over his face. "I heard she was in town the other day, for the preview of *Pompey's Head*. I meant to call her up. She's a nice girl." Then he sighed, "I always like to see how fame has treated these youngsters."

Fame has treated Dana just fine. As anyone knows who reads the columns. "Marlon Brando didn't look happier when he won his Oscar than he did dining with lovely Dana Wynter at the Moon-gate" . . . "Darryl Zanuck was so impressed with Dana Wynter's talent and beauty when he saw the rough cut of *The View From Pompey's Head*, he ordered her role fattened" . . . "Dana Wynter and Richard Egan look like they're serious" . . . "Dana Wynter and Oleg Cassini have dates five nights in a row."

Being on top hasn't changed Dana much. Her taste in hats remains extravagantly chic. But her taste in men has changed. One disgruntled admirer remarked recently, "She used to be fun and she loved to get out on the town. Now she likes old men."

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By "old men" he meant Oleg Cassini who's long been a threat to Hollywood's young bloods. Grace Kelly (not to mention Gene Tierney, the ex-Mrs. Cassini) has found Oleg fascinating. He's smooth and civilized and he has remarkable taste in women. To be escorted by a man who knows just how a woman should dress and walk and talk is a very subtle compliment. And the women who dote on Cassini are practiced in the art of femininity.

Dana first attracted Cassini's eye on Fifth Avenue one day when she was out for a stroll. He thought she was a model and introduced himself by saying he'd like to talk to her about a modeling job. Dana brushed right past him without even taking his card. Six months later they met at a party and, having been introduced properly, Dana accepted Mr. Cassini's invitation. She has become his model, not in his showroom of course, but in movie and social circles. Oleg loves to see his dresses on Dana and designs most of her clothes.

Dana's flawless figure

Wardrobe fitters have dubbed Dana "the girl with the flawless figure." She is five feet, six and a half inches tall and measures, in the usual order, thirty-five, twenty-two, thirty-five. No wonder she's been described as "Audrey Hepburn with curves." Dana has more than a figure to set clothes off, she has style. A style more international than British and no wonder.

Dana's stamp of individuality was placed on her the day she was born in London, England the only child of a renowned British surgeon Peter Wynter and Frederique Spencer-Marcus Wynter. Her parents named her Dagmar. Her father, who had traveled all over Europe in the pursuit of his practice, had spent a good deal of time in Scandinavia and had grown attached to the name, which is as common there as Nancy and Barbara here. The British were amused but not amazed at the name and it was not until Dana was eighteen did she discover that she had a challenger for Dagmar in America. Hollywood director Lewis Milestone, who was a friend of the family, told her about the busty beauty whose name was being bantered about at the time and suggested Dana as more suitable for her less-explosive beauty. (She pronounces it "Donna" because it sounds more feminine.)

Growing up, Dana moved with her family around the Continent and even lived for awhile in Tangiers. When war broke out the Wynters moved back to England. Says Dana now, "I find playing young parts difficult because during the war years I somehow skipped youth."

After the war her father was called to Southern Rhodesia in the central part of Africa to perform a special operation, and fell in love with the country. By nature flexible and footloose, the Wynters soon found themselves the owners of a 4,000 acre estate at Marandellas, a small town fifty miles from Salisbury, the capital of Southern Rhodesia. Dana was immediately fascinated by the life—arising at four-thirty in the morning to take a canter with her father before he left for the hospital, helping supervise the raising of tobacco and Arabian horses.

Men and Mau Mau's

Interviews beginning "What do you think of American men?" usually end in disaster for the interviewer and he discovers when he leaves that all he has are a few notes about the Mau Mau situation.

Soon after she arrived in Africa, Dana applied for entrance at Rhodes University in order to take a pre-med course. Her great ambition was to be a doctor like her father. "I admired my father's work," she says, "but let's face it—I got the chance to

be the only girl among one hundred and fifty boys in the med school."

It was during these first two years at the University that Dana's interest in medicine got sidetracked. She was persuaded to join a drama group which wrote and produced its own plays. "Everybody kept telling me," she recalls now, "I'd never convince a patient that I was a doctor." Her first dramatic role was that of a blind girl in a gloomy little drama called *Through A Glass Darkly*. ("I was perfectly awful but the play was voted the best production of the year.")

At the end of two years at Rhodes, drama had won out and Dana went to London to try her luck as an actress. She applied and was accepted at the Old Vic Academy, a British version of the Actor's Studio in New York.

Her first stage appearance in London ("I was paid in experience") was in a small acting group called "Under 30," and she played two roles, the King's daughter and the goddess Diana in Shakespeare's little-known *Pericles*.

Dana got the thrill of her life when she received the best notices in the show. She was also named one of London's three best-dressed young actresses. "The other two were established actresses with wealthy husbands," she says. "I had one elegant dress made, but I varied it for two seasons without anyone ever recognizing it as the same dress." She laughingly adds, "Perhaps, because nobody looked at anything but my crazy hats."

The results of her "one dress" fashion showing were both bad and good. The London papers couldn't take their cameras off Dana and as a result everybody in the British capital became aware of her. "Friends reported that the word was going around I was being 'kept,'" she adds ruefully. "I never bothered to tell them that I would have starved if my parents hadn't added a few bob to my bank account once in awhile. And after many gala receptions following theatre openings I soaked up champagne with fish and chips from a corner stall on my way home."

Dana did lots of tv plays, including one series now being shown in this country called *Fabian Of The Yard* produced by Anthony Beauchamp, Sara Churchill's husband.

All this time she had been storming the offices of the movie companies.

Miffed by the silent treatment she was getting from the movie boys in England Dana toyed with the idea of trying her luck in New York. Hollywood still seemed a long, long way off. She had met several Americans in London, among them Al Rockett of Famous Artists' agency of Beverly Hills, who finally persuaded her to make the break, and in November, 1953 she landed in Gotham with a very modest scrapbook of her achievements but with lots of nerve and ambition. Asked by her agent what kind of a tv show she wanted to be on, Dana mentioned the only program she knew: "Oh, something like the Robert Montgomery Show."

She was the most surprised young actress in New York when a few days later Norman Felton, the director of the Bob Montgomery show, gave her an audition and she appeared as the lead in something called *The Soprano And The Piccolo*. She played the soprano.

tv brought Dana to the attention of the Hollywood producers.

She got an offer to make a test for Universal-International. It was a monstrous failure from everybody's standpoint. Dana is reluctant to even discuss it at any great length. "The test was dreary and dull," she says flatly. "I had a feeling that between the time I came and the time I made the test that they'd decided that they

didn't want an English actress in the first place."

On her way back to New York she began to wonder whether leaving England had been such a smart move in the first place. Arriving in New York, her agent informed her that Columbia, MGM, Paramount and 20th Century-Fox all wanted to test her.

Fox had her in mind for *The Egyptian*. But a test meant waiting for Darryl Zanuck to return from abroad and she had a full schedule of tv work in New York. "I didn't feel like staying, but I liked the enthusiasm at Fox so I signed an option and promised not to test for any other studio first. I was so busy in New York that I never got around to testing for two years."

Dana had a whirl in New York for those two years even though she was broke. She had friends everywhere, tv shows kept her busy and she had the time of her life acting on Broadway, even though the show, *Black-Eyed Susan*, didn't remain active for long. "In staid old Boston," Dana says, "where we opened, everybody loved the play. While some of the lines were mildly racy not a word of criticism was leveled at us on that score. But in New York the critics blasted us."

Meanwhile, Dana was loaned out by Fox to producer Walter Wanger for the lead in *The Body Snatchers* and as soon as that was finished she turned up at Fox for that long-delayed test.

"Such impact and spirit"

Philip Dunne, who was producer-director-scenarist for *The View From Pompey's Head* says that the first day he saw Dana he knew that this was "Dinah" of the film. "She had such impact and spirit."

It's been taken for granted that her work in *Pompey* would lead to even bigger and better roles. She has the female lead in *Sixth Of June*, Karl Shapiro's great novel of the D-Day landings on Normandy.

And of course it's been taken for granted that Dana will be seen and be seen with Hollywood's eligible men. Richard Egan for one. He was accused of househunting after dating Dana. No more communicative than Grace Kelly on the subject of romance, Dana calls Egan, "a terrifyingly good actor, a man with great charm, who has a marvelous gift for telling wildly funny Irish stories." She refers to him as "Mr. Muscles" because of the shower scene in *Pompey's Head*. But adds, "he's got active muscles in his head, too. He'll make a fine director some day." She will not confirm nor deny the recurring rumor that she's secretly engaged to a London physician. Her only comment: "Doctors find publicity unethical and unsuitable to their calling." She's very coy about the huge square-cut diamond she wears on her engagement finger—"it's comfy there."

"She's housed in a hatbox," is the way one friend describes Dana's Hollywood quarters, a small, furnished one-bedroom house near the back entrance of the Fox lot. English, Irish, Italian, French and American hats are stacked everywhere and only Dana's comparative restraint in dresses makes it possible to move about.

White and powder blue are her favorite colors and she drives a powder-blue Chrysler convertible which helps her pursue her favorite hobby: Touring the homes of famous movie stars. Her own dream house is one that she's told is no longer fashionable in Hollywood—the Spanish hacienda. ("I still think it's the most beautiful architecture for Southern California, which, next to Rhodesia, is my favorite place to live.") "Where in the world," she asks earnestly, "do you find people who are so interested in a newcomer, so willing to help a stranger? I could scarcely believe it in New York. I'm still amazed at it in Hollywood."

END

model house for a busy wife

(Continued from page 50) Jane Powell agrees that she's a real doll. What they don't always realize, however, is that she's a terribly busy doll. People seem to think that because she's in movies and can command a five figure salary in Las Vegas, her life's a breeze. Janie herself contributes to this impression by making everything she does appear effortless. She never seems rushed or hurried—but she is. If she's not working in a picture, she's rehearsing for a night-club or concert tour. Right now she's busy in still another department. She's expecting her third baby in early spring. It's little wonder then, that in order to have a career and yet to see something of her children, be a companion to her husband and run a good home, Jane has to cut corners and combine jobs.

Over the past few years she's perfected some dandy shortcuts—like baking cookies while memorizing song lyrics. She answers fan mail while sitting under the hair dryer. She often gives home interviews before or after having a party because the extra flowers around the house look so nice for pictures.

Home is a short-cut

But one of her best all-time short-cuts has proved to be the eight-room, modern California ranchhouse she bought soon after her divorce from Geary Steffen. When she first spotted this charming timber and fieldstone home, Janie wanted a comfortable size house with very little land. Living alone with a nurse and two children she didn't want to be away off in the hills, neither did she want a swimming pool and expensive grounds to care for.

With these needs uppermost in her mind, she drove along Sunset Boulevard one day and noticed a sign offering "Gracious Contemporary Living." Off to the left were a group of new homes in the process of being built. Next to them stood a new school, on what used to be a fashionable polo field.

"I made such a sharp turn I caused motorists going in both directions to yell at me," recalls Janie, "but I hadn't known about this new development going up in Brentwood and I wanted to take a closer look. I went to the sales office and the agent showed me a map of the area and floor plans for various size houses."

In less time than it takes to tell, Janie decided to buy one of the large model homes. She chose one with three bedrooms, three baths, a kitchen, dining room, den, living room and maid's quarters. When she actually drove around and saw the house in its completed stage, she was even more satisfied—because it had so many big closets.

"You see, what I really wanted," jokes Janie, "was a lot of closets with a house around them."

After Jane and Pat were married they considered moving to a larger place. They looked, but couldn't find anything that suited them half as well at twice the price. Happily, they decided to stay put. They made only one minor addition to accommodate the man of the house: they blocked off a sliding glass door in the bedroom and made the space leading to the patio into a wardrobe closet large enough to hold all of Pat's clothes.

This was the minor change. The major changes were made in furniture and re-decorating, and they've taken the better part of a year to complete.

"I wanted everything to be new," explains Jane with a small romantic smile. "I wanted to start afresh. Pat and I auctioned off all my old things and started from scratch. I wanted our home to show

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our tastes—his and mine. It's taken months of selecting, hunting, ordering and reordering but now I can truly say the house reflects its owners."

Just as Jane tries to combine all of the various facets of her life, so she and Pat have tried to make every room in the house serve several needs. In furnishing the living room, for instance, they set out to create an informal, homey atmosphere for all the times when just the family is gathered around the piano or sprawled in front of the fireplace. So they had an oatmeal colored couch built to hug one wall and on it they've scattered turquoise and scarlet cushions. The cushions can be shifted to any spot on the long couch to fit the people sitting on it, and a four-part, sectional coffee table can also be shifted about to suit their convenience and make serving easy.

Two easy chairs beside the fireplace and a low, marble-topped bench in front of the glass wall overlooking the garden complete the living-room furniture for normal usage. When they give a party for ten or more the room changes character.

Janie had thick cushions made so that when she and Pat have friends in for a buffet supper some of the gang can sit comfortably on the floor. She keeps six of these bright red cushions stacked under the travertine and teak coffee tables. The marble bench also has two pull-out stools at either end. These inconspicuous party seats make all the difference between being able to give a big affair once in awhile or always having to entertain in small groups. In the summer especially, the Nerneys like to have barbecues for twenty or more.

For these parties Janie prepares the salad, vegetable, and dessert in advance. Pat grills the meat after the guests have had a round of drinks. Generally speaking, this makes for effortless entertaining but Janie shudders whenever she thinks of their first big barbecue.

She'd finished arranging her part of the buffet on the dining room table and she decided to check on Pat. To her horror, she found him deep in conversation on his favorite subject—art collecting. She tried to catch his eye but he ignored her signals. It got later and later. When she finally managed to interrupt, he'd completely forgotten that he was supposed to cook the main dish. He thought that she was just trying to get him to be the first to eat.

"I could have cheerfully strangled him with my bare hands," says Janie vehemently. "After all the hours of preparation I'd put into making it a spectacular dinner."

Like most couples who've celebrated their first anniversary, Jane and Pat look back and laugh over this night as one of the milestones in their First Year.

Two-job room

Making a room do two jobs isn't usually easy, but the orange, beige and black den serves several purposes. It is probably the most versatile room in the house, boasting a fireplace, bar, tv set, two day beds, a coffee table that lifts to card-table height and lots of books. Before the dining room had furniture Jane and Pat ate all their evening meals here. Now just Jay and Sissie use it for a dining room. They sit on their own small rattan chairs to watch television and eat at the low table, feeling very grown-up and private.

Occasionally the den doubles as a guest room, but it's used mostly as a cozy place to curl up with a good book. Janie often lies down there in the afternoon to rest and read, since she can still keep an eye on Jay and Sissie, invariably playing in the back yard.

The den is also the library. The books in this room are kept on an unusually high shelf. This was Pat's idea. When he first got the carpenters to put up this sky-high shelf, Janie thought he'd taken leave of his senses but she wisely held her tongue. Now she can see the merits of this unconventional way to store books. The shelves don't take needed space away from a small room, and Pat's art books are safely out of reach of the children's grubby fingers.

The dining room was the last part of the house to be redecorated. Neither Jane nor Pat liked its original green wallpaper but since they couldn't settle on a new color they had no choice but to leave the room alone. In their anxiety to get the rest of the house finished, they practically forgot about it. Then Pat bought several

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small oils, as he's apt to do in a weak moment. The rest of the walls were taken, so that brought them back to the dining room. It was obvious that the paintings needed a neutral background so their problem was solved for them; they decided to use grass cloth on the walls. Next, Jane ordered a simple teakwood table and chairs that wouldn't compete with the fine art. In this severely plain setting she uses a lot of her wedding silver and among the flowers in the center of the dining table she keeps a lovely little head by Degas.

The kitchen is one of the features that originally sold Jane on the house. It's long and narrow and a nimble cook can work fast there with a minimum of movement—yet there's plenty of room for a breakfast table, telephone desk, and even Pat's butcher's chopping block. There are bleached ash cabinets that don't show fingerprints, a door leads directly to and from the children's play yard, and everything about the room is bright and gay and spotless.

Lastly, the bedrooms in this well-planned house are at the opposite end from the kitchen and service porch where, by the way, the laundromat plays "How Dry I Am" when the clothes are finished.

Their master bedroom is a quiet blue

room with purple accents and silver accessories. Pat selected this color scheme and Janie hesitantly agreed. Now that she's actually lived with the colors she thinks they are the most restful combination in the world. Pat also suggested that they have the frame of their headboard lacquered silver to harmonize with all Jane's sterling pieces. He also had a television set put in and hi-fi piped in through speakers in their bedside tables.

Jay and Sissie

"If we should live here until the children grow up and want to take over the living room for their parties, Pat and I can always retire comfortably to our own room," predicts Jane.

But for the time being, at least, Jay and Sissie are perfectly content to keep their social activities in their own rooms. They have identical bedrooms with an adjoining bath. Sissie's room is painted a delicate blue and white, and a doll collection fills the shelves of her room.

Jay's woodwork is natural pine and he keeps all sorts of boyish treasures on his shelves. He loves records and crayoning, and not too long ago went so far as to color the back of the den door. Jane didn't spank him or make him clean off the marks, she merely told him quite seriously that he should know better than to crayon on a wall. Then everytime she had guests and someone mentioned the marks Jane would comment that it was a foolish place for Jay to color. After a few such discussions he was sufficiently chastened and begged his mother to clean it off. They've had no more such errors in judgment from Jay.

So much has been written about Jane's talents as a cook that she now tends to belittle her skill—saying that she just follows the recipes in the books. It's true she does own an impressive number of cookbooks from Fanny Farmer to Countess Morphy's *Encyclopedia Of Cooking*, but her greatest housekeeping accomplishment is just being able to do so much without showing signs of strain. When pinned down about her secrets, Jane insists she doesn't have any. She says she just goes ahead and does things. If she's going to straighten up a room, she starts and doesn't stop until it's finished. If she has letters to write, she sits down and writes them at once. And she's well-organized enough to do all her Christmas shopping in two days because she's thought it over ahead of time.

"Somehow it seems that the busier I am the more I can do," muses Janie, "if you can figure that out. I believe it's because when I'm working and pressed for time I don't procrastinate."

Janie has also found some housekeeping worksavers. She wraps polished silver in Saran Wrap, for example, to keep it from tarnishing. She uses a Broil-Quick rather than the stove broiler. She keeps a first aid kit in the kitchen in case of burns and cuts. And she has one "big-order" shopping day a week. On her weekly trip to the Country Mart Jane takes a shopping list a block long and she tries to buy all her food, books, gadgets and gifts at one time. Anything she overlooks or forgets she orders by telephone later in the week. It's her belief that too many wives waste time and energy running to the store for every little item. With Janie time is more precious than money—but she's adept at saving both.

With the approach of spring and the new baby due any day, excitement runs high in the Nerney household. Only Janie seems serene. She's busier than ever but unruffled.

"Yes, a baby will bless our house," she says with a radiant smile, "and make our happiness complete."

END

music from hollywood

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

I'll never forget my first meeting with Steve Allen. It was February or March, 1949, in sunny California. I had just planed in from New York to secure some music rights for a major film. In the course of my visiting various music personalities I heard the name Steve Allen mentioned several times in relation to a disc jockey-pianist who had a really different style. Always on the lookout for something new in music, I walked over to the CBS Studios. Here I found a studio, a bespectacled pianist playing, and about half a hundred people sitting in folding chairs. Steve Allen, at the piano, was keeping up a running conversation with the audience while he played to a microphone. There were no CBS pages or guards to keep order. People came in and people went out. I sat down, watched, and listened. Steve would read some of his fan mail, query the audience about it, play the piano; and believe me, it was good. Steve kept a certain order in the program, and yet there really wasn't any order. Confusion reigned, and yet it was controlled. After the program went off the air, I went up to Steve, introduced myself, and asked him if he would do a monthly feature for a music magazine in New York. Steve said sure, if he could put anything in the column he wanted. I said O.K. Three weeks later in New York I received the first column, and I'd like to quote a part of it for you. It was called *Allen Callin'* and ran like this: "I was coming into the CBS studios the other night, and a listener stopped me with this question, 'Are you Steve Allen?' When I told her I was, she said, 'I want you to know you're number one on my Hit Parade.' Then she hit me. Say, Joan Davis gave me a money-saving hint the other day. Don't throw away old, hard doughnuts. With a little green cellophane they make a very attractive pair of sunglasses. Bing Crosby had a flat on Sunset and Vine and he had no jack. Imagine that! Bing Crosby without any jack!" The column was very successful. It ran for more than a year. Then Steve's other duties became so pressing that he had to give it up. This is why *The Benny Goodman Story*, now being produced by Universal Pictures and starring Steve Allen, is of personal interest to me. Also, Benny Goodman, the chief of the licorice stick, who highlighted the exciting era of American jazz, was known personally to me and my typewriter. This is one picture no jazz fan will miss. You'll hear Harry James, Gene Krupa, Lionel Hampton and Teddy Wilson playing twenty-eight great numbers, among which are "Don't Be That Way" (Goodman's theme song), "Let's Dance," "And the Angels Sing," "Shine," "One O'Clock Jump," and "No Name Blues." I can just see Steve on the set in his dressing room when the cameras aren't turning. He's either listening to jazz, composing, working on a series of readings, writing on one of his new books, or thinking about his *Tonight* NBC video assignments. He takes this all in his stride, and that's what makes him tick. If you don't believe me, ask him.



That song with the strange title "Lead Her Like A Pigeon" may wind up with the distinction of being the only top hit song ever written in ten minutes. This isn't a joke: both the words and music were done in just about that period of time. Seems that William Wyler was directing *Friendly Persuasion*, an Allied Artists production, when a sudden decision to change a scene created an opportunity for Gary Cooper to sing a song, for once. Dimitri Tiomkin, who composed and conducted the musical score, was on the set at the time and he phoned Jessamyn West, who authored the screenplay. She immediately dictated the lyrics. Tiomkin scribbled the tune on an old piece of cardboard. Cooper was taken over to the music department, a pianist ran through the score a couple of times for him, and he had it. Which certainly must be a record. So, move over everybody in the Singing Actors' League. Here comes Cooper. Incidentally, when Dimitri Tiomkin appeared on Groucho Marx's show, Groucho asked: "How come that a man like you, born in Russia, was able to write a real American cowboy song like 'Do Not Forsake Me, Oh My Darling' for *High Noon*? Were you ever a cowboy?" "No," answered Dimitri, "but then Strauss wrote 'The Blue Danube' and couldn't swim a stroke."

Strains from the *William Tell* overture and the mighty sound of hoofbeats will be heard throughout the nation's movie theatres. *The Lone Ranger*, Warners' picture starring Clayton Moore, (Continued on page 80)



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music from hollywood

(Continued from page 79) will soon be seen. Although he's never been photographed without his mask, Clayton enjoys a unique distinction all his own. "Most folks don't know me from Adam," laughs Moore, "until I speak. Then they take a second look and invariably say, 'Well, now, I sure know that voice, but I just can't place the face.'" The make-up department had a king-sized problem with Silver, the magnificent silver-white stallion. After chases and runs over the prairies, Silver began to turn into a spotted roan—the result of the fine powdered brown dust which clings to his hair. So, before every closeup the make-up department had to swab down the big horse from head to foot, so he'll show up on the screen in natural color.

Currently among the most sought-after actors of stage and screen, José Ferrer was born in Puerto Rico, January 8, 1912, and named José Vincente Ferrer Otero y Cintron. Always a perfectionist, José has just completed *Survivors Two* for Columbia release. It's the true life story of a Commando Force of Royal British Marines led by Col. H. G. Hasler in a series of daring exploits against Nazi shipping. A stickler for realism, José would have none of the usual spraying with hoses and the use of artificial mud when brand-new uniforms were issued to the cast. After donning the uniform, José leaped into the chilly water of the River Tagus and rolled up to the neck in mud. "Come on boys," he shouted, "you'd have to pay good money for this kind of beauty treatment at home." Soon the entire cast were having a wonderful time throwing mud at each other, to the amazement of the Portuguese onlookers who obviously now had proof that all English and Americans are quite mad. Yana, a twenty-two-year-old cabaret singer with fair hair and blue eyes, has been signed to portray a British Wren (British Wave) in the film and will sing a wartime number, "The London I Love." Yana was awarded a five-year film contract as a result of the fame she won in singing at the Pigalle night club in London. John Addison created the music score, and the London Philharmonic Orchestra will record it. Incidentally, José gave up the career of a concert pianist when he entered Princeton's School of Architecture in 1930, although he continued with his six-piece band until 1932. His studies made it imperative to give up one or the other.

Rossana Podesta, who plays Helen in Warners' *Helen Of Troy*, has been promised the statue of the goddess Aphrodite, sculpted in

her likeness for the picture, when the film is completed. Rossana is enchanted. Now all she has to do is find an apartment to fit the statue—it's eighteen feet high. During the shooting of the picture, a flood of correspondence was received from songwriters, amateur and otherwise, suggesting song ideas and titles for the picture. Among those received were "Trojan Rock," "The Trojan Wars Mambo," "The Golden Apple Lullaby," "Come To Me My Charioteer," "Achilles, Look Out, There's An Arrow For Your Heel." Max Steiner has been signed to score the music from the picture. Sir Cedric Hardwicke discovered that he always gets first attention from the Italian waiters in the Cinecitta Studios restaurant. Sir Cedric says, "They serve you not according to the importance of your role but the extravagance of your costume."

One thousand fans watched Lucille Ball fall into the Merced River! Their gasp of amazement echoed from Bridal Veil Falls to El Capitan when they realized it was their favorite redhead and not a reasonable facsimile of same. The dunking, in water forty-seven degrees cold, took place at Yosemite for outdoor scenes in *Forever, Darling*, a romantic comedy starring Miss Ball, Desi Arnaz and James Mason. Lucy and Desi are in a rubber raft when Lucy inadvertently rips the side of the raft with a knife. Out wafts the air and down go the stars—into the water. For the first time in a picture since she was a Goldwyn Girl, the fourteen-carrot-topped Ball goes blonde. Watch for the scene in which she wears a bright red scarf. This would have been taboo with her strawberry hair. In this picture you'll see James Mason emceeding a party and leading a conga line. Quite different for the "black-browed" star. Johnny Green conducts the MGM Orchestra for the background music, and the Ames Brothers have recorded the title song from the picture to be released on RCA Victor. Desi Arnaz will record the same tune for release on MGM's label.

A most hearty welcome to the new major record label started by Paramount Theatres and the American Broadcasting Company. It's called A.B.C.-Paramount; and if the first releases are any indication of the type of records we can expect, then look for many bits on this label. Their first release is Eydie Gorme's "Sincerely Yours" from the *Liberace* picture, and it's backed with "Come Home." Eydie is Steve Allen's vocalist on the *Tonight* show and a gal with a future. Wait till you hear Annette Warren's "Tame Me," and "Circle" on the flip side. Annette's been heard in most of the top night spots, and she supplied the voice for

Ava Gardner's singing in the movie "Show Boat." Remember the name John Leslie, and remember that you read it for the first time in this column. John's first release will be in January, and he swore me to secrecy after playing me an acetate of his work. However, I'll say this: John Leslie has the same quality of voice timbre and phrasing that made great names like Nat "King" Cole.

Diane, costume-wise, is MGM's most lavish historical production since *GWTW*. It's the story of a beautiful woman and a romance that survives political intrigue, conflict of nations, and the hatred of the world's most feared woman, Catherine de Medici, during the glittering era of the early 16th Century French Renaissance. Lana Turner, Pedro Armendariz, Roger Moore, Marisa Pavan, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke are cast in this production. Lana Turner is the heroine Diane and has my vote for this year's heroine in real life. During an eight day filming period on the set Lana made twenty-eight costume changes of period-designed velvets, brocades, silks, satins and laces, weighing a total of twelve hundred pounds. Lana fenced, loved, danced, and while riding horseback manipulated a riding habit of thirty pounds of trailing velvet. She lost eight pounds during this period, and is down to the beautiful measurements of 35" bust, 31" hips, and 22" waist. Roger Moore, who plays Lana's royal lover, has quite a busy time being immersed in cold water, trapped in swampy mire, lost in a forest, and gored by a wild boar. But I guess it's worth it since he winds up in Lana's arms. Sean McClory, playing the sidekick of Roger Moore, goes through the same feats as Roger, but he winds up only in the Palace Guards. Lana refused the offer of a fencing teacher from MGM since hubby Lex Barker taught her how. Lex is acknowledged as one of the top fencers in Hollywood today. According to historical researchers at MGM, Catherine de Medici invented the side saddle, not to facilitate riding, but to show off her legs! Dan Dailey, not in this picture, is the President of the Westhills Hunt Club. Hearing the studio needed a pack of hounds for a scene, Dan allowed twenty-one of the club's specially-trained foxhounds to participate. Musically, the film promises many interesting developments. Roger Moore is also a songwriter. He wrote a London hit song, "White Wings," with wife Dorothy Squires. Roger wrote an original composition which he hopes Director David Miller will use as the theme for the picture. The Robert Mitchell Boys Choir, consisting of eight boy sopranos, will be seen and heard singing a mass. Miklos Rozsa, of Academy Award fame, will do the music score for the production.

These are the disc jockeys participating in the big Music From Hollywood contest (on page 24). Send your entry to the one closest to your home. He will announce your name over the air if you are a winner in the

DISC JOCKEY DERBY

Bill Anson, WAIT
Chicago, Illinois

Hal Bakke, KGKO
Dallas, Texas

Louis A. Barile, WKAL
Rome, New York

Don Bell, KRNT
Des Moines, Iowa

Bob Bradley, WLOL
Minneapolis, Minn.

Paul Brenner, WAAT
Newark, N. J.

Lee Case, WAYE
Baltimore, Md.

Pat Chambers, WFLA
Tampa, Florida

Jack Denton, WISN
Milwaukee, Wisc.

Johnny Fairchild, WORZ
Orlando, Florida

Jon Farmer, WAGA
Atlanta, Georgia

Larry Gentile, WXYZ
Detroit, Michigan

Norman Hall, WBNI
Boonville, Indiana

Irwin A. Johnson, WBNS
Columbus, Ohio

Pete Johnson, WKBR
Manchester, New Hampshire

Bob Jones, KFAB
Omaha, Nebraska

Arty Kay, WVLC
Lexington, Kentucky

Jack McCoy, WHLN
Harlan, Kentucky

Ed Meath, WHEC
Rochester, New York

Jerry Nesler, KCBQ
San Diego, California

Harry Nigocia, WJBW
New Orleans, Louisiana

Ed Penney, WTAO
Cambridge, Mass.

Ray Perkins, KIMN
Denver, Colorado

Bill Previtti, KDEP
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Bill Randle, WERE
Cleveland, Ohio

Ray Schreiner, WRNL
Richmond, Virginia

Chuck Thompson, WALA
Mobile, Alabama

Frank Ward "GUY KING," WWOL
Buffalo, New York

Gene Whitaker, WNCA
Siler City, N. C.

Mike Woloson, WNOR
Norfolk, Virginia

love is a laughing matter

(Continued from page 46) something wonderful might happen. Something wonderful meant a chance to prove you could act. Men had their place. Cynthia was even sort of semi-engaged to a certain law student who came down for week ends. But marriage swam far off in the comfortable distance, offering no charms right then to compete with a career. These sentiments would have been loudly applauded by John Uhler Lemmon, III. Girls had their place. He knew better, however, than to squire the same girl for more than two weeks. That way involvement lay.

Uta Hagen brought them together. Jack tried out for her off-Broadway production of Tolstoy's *Powers Of Darkness*. Among the feminine contenders he spotted a blonde—for which he claims no credit, since you couldn't miss her—tall, slender and lovely, simply dressed and well-groomed, the fair hair shining, laughter in the green-flecked hazel eyes. Sleuthing, he discovered her name to be Cynthia Stone, and felt that luck was a lady twice when Miss Hagen picked them both.

Having done its part, fate withdrew and left the game to love, which encountered a couple of stumbling blocks. After all, Cynthia had another beau, so she turned down Jack's dinner invitation. After all, he wasn't looking for a girl of his own. None of these considerations prevented him from seeing her home. At the end of two weeks he said sort of casually, "Well—good night, Cynthia," reached to kiss her, tripped on the four-inch step and fell flat on his puss. She considered this comical. Its humor escaped him. However, from his viewpoint, the second attempt proved a dilly. Rehearsing till midnight, gabbing over coffee till three, due on her Saks job at nine, Cynthia was getting plenty of no-sleep. From sheer exhaustion she fainted in the gentleman's arms and hadn't the heart to tell him why. He sauntered off, feeling he'd been pretty terrific.

"Wonderful girl. Where is she?"

As her interest mounted, Cynthia grew troubled. If an actor attracts you, it's hardly honest to stay even semi-engaged to a law student. Being a straightforward person, she resolved to take action. On opening night the cast arranged for a post-curtain celebration (or wake) at Paddy Clark's, the famous Third Avenue bar. Cynthia alone seemed hesitant. "Will you be there?" Jack persisted. "I'm bringing some friends I went to college with. I'd like them to meet you."

"I've got a date but I'll try to make it later."

To cut the agony short, she never showed. The cast dispersed, the friends departed on a note of cheerful irony. "Wonderful girl, Jack. Where is she?"

He paced Third Avenue. He paced the street in front of her apartment. At 2 a.m. he phoned. "Where were you?"

She sounded constrained. "I'll have to meet your friends another time."

Why he should have been furious Jack didn't pause to analyze. Next day he was still furious. "I'm sorry," she said, "but I had to talk to someone."

"Smells fishy," he growled.

"Then that's how it's got to smell."

Not till much later did he learn that while he watched the door at Paddy's she'd been breaking off with the other guy.

The play ran for five nights and no stars were born. Only what Jack thought of as a beautiful friendship. This friendship called for seeing Cynthia daily. They began making the rounds together. He said, "I love the piano." She said, "We have a piano at our place." He said, "Ha!" She

introduced him to the apartment and its bevy of dreamboats. In the chips, he'd take her to dinner. Out, which happened more often, he'd co-op with the girls. To Jack's music, they'd pull drying sweaters out of the oven and somebody'd cook—mostly filet of sole because it was cheap. Say piano to Jack nowadays, and the vision it conjures up is filet of sole. In all his life he never ate so much fish.

And in all his life he'd never squired a girl for more than two weeks. It was Jack's turn to review the situation. Another straightforward type, he also took action. "Cynthia, look, we shouldn't be seeing each other every day."

"You're right," she agreed promptly.

Feeling unaccountably flattened, he forced a weak grin. "Well—I'll give you a ring in a couple of days."

So she dated another boy for Saturday night. Which news, when it reached his ears, turned Lemmon livid. Determined to put up with no more nonsense, he'd nail her down each Sunday for the following Saturday. That summer he joined a Pennsylvania stock company. She came down for week ends, and the weeks between seemed endless. Sage friends proffered counsel. "Why don't you break down and marry the girl?"

"I don't want to get married. Moreover, I have no money and no job. So what do I marry on?"

Therein, by now, lay the crux of the matter. True, his plans had all been tied up with establishing himself as an actor, not as a husband. They hadn't included falling in love till later. Cynthia just happened. And Cynthia was too rare a happening to lose. The self-imposed blinders dropped. By now he knew she was his girl if she'd have him. On the other hand, Jack's a responsible citizen. As he saw it, you don't ask a girl to marry you till you can offer her sustenance of sorts, be it only filet of sole. He couldn't—not regularly.

Next season brought changes. Cynthia taught him some radio technique.

Flunking his first four tryouts, he passed the fifth and copped a running part in soap opera at \$100 a week—more dough than he'd ever heard of. Topping even that, he landed his first tv job, the lead in an hour-long *Kraft Theatre* show. Script in hand, he went screaming down the street to Cynthia. Somewhere in between she'd met his folks, and he'd met hers when they visited Gotham briefly.

In contract form

Still he hadn't popped the question in so many words—and never did. Cruising along in a taxi one day, they mulled over the problem of a tv set for Cynthia's apartment. "We could buy it on time together," mused Jack, "and after we're married, use it in our own place."

Followed a long and pregnant silence. Only then did Jack realize that he'd stepped foot over the Rubicon. This filled him with such awe that the silence remained unbroken till Cynthia broke it. "Are we going to be married?"

"Well, sure—of course—some time," responded her gallant.

A week later, over frosted chocolates in a drugstore, she handed him a napkin. "Put it in contract form," she ordered.

"What?"

"That you, Jack, take me, Cynthia. And vice versa. For life. With no options."

They bought the ring from a friend who ran an antique shop—the antique shop because they wanted something old—the friend because he sold it to them cheap. The contract was further sealed by Duffy, a wire-hair and their first unofficial engagement gift. To Jack's father, an apartment wasn't for dogs. To Cynthia, any place was for dogs. Duffy moved in with

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"Those poor devils are dying"

BULKY and calm, Jack Philip stood on the bridge of the U.S.S. *Texas*, watching his gunners pour fire into the Spanish men-of-war fleeing Santiago harbor.

Only a few days before, another American ship had accidentally fired at the *Texas*. Philip had responded by signalling: "Thanks, good line, but a little over."

Now enemy shells whistled over his head from vessels doomed to destruction. As the *Texas* raced past the flaming, riddled hulk of the *Vizcaya*, that Spanish battleship exploded.

Instantly, a great victorious shout sprang up. But Philip quickly silenced it: "Don't cheer, men; those poor devils are dying."

A hold captain who ran a happy ship, Jack Philip was already something of a friendly hero to his men. But this one sentence made him a hero of the Spanish-American War to millions of Americans.

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the girls. Owning a pup and a tv set in common, all the young lovers needed was a spot of upkeep.

Cynthia's an only daughter, whose mother died when she was sixteen and whose stepmother's a doll. Jack's a blend of modern and traditional. Both wanted her family to announce their formal engagement. Fortune cleared the way with a series called *That Wonderful Guy*, giving them a princely joint income of \$225 a week. At Christmastime they headed for Peoria, where Jack spent a nervous day or two, alternately trailing and eluding Cynthia's father. A problem hacked him. Unlike Ensign Pulver, he's a worry-wort with some oldfashioned notions. How do you go about asking a man for the hand of his cherished child? At what point do you close the den doors behind you and croak out, "Well, sir."

Pop's a compassionate man. He took the fiancé-elect for a drive. Between this and that he tossed in a remark. "By the way, if you want to marry my daughter, it's all right with me." From the shock of relief, Jack all but fell out of the car. And from that day forward, Bud Stone could do no wrong in the sight of Lemmon.

There was a beautiful party, everyone loved everyone and the kids left for New York. Even the sponsors loved them, signing their show for another thirteen weeks and giving Jack a \$25 raise. They set the wedding date for May 7 and hunted frantically for a place to live. The only available apartment rented at \$200. With qualms they took it—partly because budget charts said it was sensible to pay twenty-five per cent of your income in rent—mostly because trees bloomed in the backyard and a fireplace in each of the two rooms. As irony would have it, no sooner had they signed the lease when notice came that the series was being dropped, and who'd pay the rent now? In a remote way Arthur Godfrey paid it. Jack got the nod as his summer replacement at an unbelievable \$500 per.

And so to wed

The wedding took place on a cloudy day in the family home at Peoria. His father was Jack's best man, with the net result that four Lemmon knees quaked instead of two. Preceded by her maid of honor, Cynthia came downstairs on her dad's arm. As she moved through the archway into the living room, the clouds broke, the sun hit her and she lit up like a Christmas angel. People went ooh! So did the bridegroom's heart. And that's the sole sentimental detail you get.

Ludicrous items, sure, as many as you like. How his father had to catch the same train as the newlyweds but, absorbed in hurling rice, just stood there hurling. How, with his beautiful bride beside him, Jack leaned from the car, shrieking, "My father, my father!"—which sounded rather odd. How their room at the Drake was done up in leopard spots. How the management sent them champagne for breakfast. How, on top of the spots, this act of courtesy so dizzied them that they sneaked the stuff down the drain. How, in Miami, Jack contracted a case of sunburn that kept him soaking in vinegar through half of their ten-day honeymoon—a situation whose humor failed to come clear till later.

Back in New York, they took possession of the charming apartment, charmingly furnished with pieces left to Cynthia by her mother. The summer proved divine. Of Jack's \$500 they saved a goodly portion, which was farsighted of them, because suddenly the market for Lemmons took a nosedive. At first he worked spasmodically and for peanuts. Then even peanuts grew scarce. Nor was Cynthia doing much better. The wolf sniffed, the wolf howled.

On food you can always retrench, so they ate beans and hash and again filet of sole. But a lease is a lease and rent-day kept rolling around. From his father Jack borrowed the depressingly large sum of \$200.

This state of affairs worsened for a year or more. One morning Jack woke with the sun shining on his face, though not on his mood. While Cynthia slept, he lay there for half an hour, feeling horrible, seeing no out but to go to his father again. Cynthia woke up. The sun was still shining. "Nice day," she said.

"Great," he grunted, turning his face to the wall.

She went to the bathroom to dress for the day's rounds. The phone rang. It was Ward Byron, producer. He wanted Cynthia and Jack for a fifteen minute segment on an hour show with Frances Langford and Don Ameche. "Gee, I hope you're both free," said Byron anxiously. "It pays a thousand a week."

Jack's knuckles whitened on the phone. He pushed his voice past the sudden blockage in his throat. "Yes, we're both free," he said hoarsely.

"Good! Can you meet me here at ten? I'll expect you then."

Cynthia walked in, brushing her hair. "Who was that?"

"Ward Byron. He wants to know if we'd like to do a show for a thousand a week."

She looked to see if this was a bad joke. She saw it wasn't. Her lips parted but nothing came out. Like a sleepwalker she moved back to the bathroom, still brushing her hair.

That ended their professional low. The show ran seven months. They paid off all their bills. To hail that glad day, Jack bought Cinny an antique jewelled cosmetic case and a sapphire guard for her wedding ring. For the rest, they were provident, saving two-thirds of their salary. In the fall of '52 they formed their own corporation and sold their own series. As a series, it turned out fair. As performers, their prestige mounted. Jobs poured in. Movie producers offered regulation contracts—you tie yourselves up to us for seven years, we can drop you at the end of any given six months. It didn't appeal. Toward Hollywood they had what Jack now describes as a slight attitude. Movies? That was for curlyheaded boys. The stage was their meat.

Jack made it in a revival of *Room Service*. On opening night Cynthia gave him a pair of plain gold cufflinks, one side inscribed with the name and date of the play, the other three left blank for whatever might happen. They're still blank—but the future is long.

It should happen

Though *Room Service* died on the vine, he reaped golden notices and Columbia waved a multiple-deal contract. A multiple-deal allows for outside pictures and time off for plays. This sounded better. But what caused Jack's eyes to bug out eight feet and water was the dazzling combination of such names as Cukor, Kanin and Judy Holliday for his first film, *It Should Happen To You*. Such names you don't look down your nose at, but take off your hat to. Cynthia was in Peoria on a week's visit. Having consulted with her by phone, he flew out and made the test. On their third anniversary three thousand miles lay between them. He wired her roses. She sent him a telegram. "Will call tonight. Congratulations on getting the part." Alone in his hotel room, he wondered if Hollywood the wacky was already rubbing off on his beloved wife.

"What do you mean, getting the part?" he asked when she called. "I haven't even heard yet."

"Didn't you know that Louella always

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sumed an air of false cheer. On the way back he went crazy. Something had to be wrong. What were they keeping from him? What torments was she suffering? How long would they let this go on?

As if in answer, the doctor appeared and spoke first to the anguished plea in Jack's eyes. "She's all right. Nothing to worry about. X-rays show room for a normal birth. But I think she's taken enough. I'm going to deliver the baby by Caesarean."

They wheeled Cynthia out. Spent though she was, she propped herself on an elbow. "Dear," she said, "I'm going to have a Caesarean."

Her gallantry all but undid him. Keeping rein on himself, he managed a smile. "I know. The doctor says you're a heck of a good patient. I'm proud of you." His lips touched her cheek. "I love you very much, Cinny."

He sweated the Caesarean out by himself, telling his co-watchers only that the baby was expected shortly. Shortly stretched to eternity. And then a nurse opened the doors. "I don't know whether it's a boy or a girl, but your wife has the biggest, healthiest baby. Don't worry, she's fine. All through the operation she kept telling the doctor to bet on a horse named Copasetic."

He was at her side, holding the doors open. "It's a boy," he heard. "Nine pounds seven," he heard. "What a whopper!" he heard. Then the nurse steered him away. "Relax," she said quietly. "She won't be out for a while yet."

Down again, where he found Bud and Dotty stretched on a pair of couches. "Hey, you're grandparents!" Up again, before he could miss anything. At four-twenty-two out rolled Cynthia, dopey but smiling. "Have you seen my great big beautiful boy?" Out rolled the great big beautiful boy on his own cart and Pop stood petrified. The head of his son and heir came to a point! He looked wildly around. Nobody else seemed to notice. He rubbed his eyes. It still came to a point.

Guarding the secret well, he made twenty-eight phone calls, seventeen of them long distance. Then he caved in, weary face in his hands. "Oh God," he prayed, "don't let anything be wrong with that head."

By next afternoon when he arrived with a ruby guard to match Cynthia's sapphires, their child's head was properly flattened. At eighteen months, he's gorgeous. In a baby beauty contest, it's widely conceded, Christopher Lemmon's the kid you'd have to beat. He takes kindly to his father's rough-housing. So does Cynthia—up to a liberal point. The point was reached when she found Jack hanging the baby upside down. "Excellent for the circulation," he explained. They held a long discussion over that.

Family life

Both want at least a two-child family. Meanwhile Cynthia plans to return to tv. She still loves acting. But never again will her career loom as important as it once did. Never again will it place anywhere but third to husband and son. The same holds true of Jack. Serious, hardworking, ambitious though he is, should the day ever come when Cynthia asks, "Don't make that picture, take me to Europe instead," he'll take her.

Both were born to backgrounds that bred an inner security. Both developed sound character and steadfast values, whether applied in large ways or small. For over a year in their new house, they used a makeshift table, waiting till they could afford the one of their choice rather than compromise on something-just-as-good that wasn't. Though their tastes mesh

for the most part, both are individualists with strongly held opinions. This leads to disagreement. They disagree without flying off the handle. Says Cynthia, a friendly person, with grace and warmth of manner: "If it's a big difference, which happens rarely, we discuss it like reasonable humans. But we never make anything big out of something that isn't."

Jack puts it another way. "When two people live together, each is bound to do something sooner or later that's going to ruffle the other. Aside from love, humor can well turn out to be the most important contribution to a marriage. If I get mad, Cynthia starts a dry line of ribbing. You can't stay mad when you're laughing your fool head off."

Each considers the other easy to live with. According to Cynthia, nothing upsets Jack except paying bills. He scowls, mutters, waves a large item from Saks and launches into a soliloquy about saving money. She digs up the payment due on his new fishing-rod. He grins and subsides. When he's working, she pays the bills, which makes for a nice peaceful first-of-the-month. As long as he doesn't see them, they don't bother him.

According to Jack, Cynthia's the more equitable of the two. Under his working habits, many a good wife would snap. Through his first weeks on a picture, he inhabits a world of his own. Talk to him and he's elsewhere. "Hm?" he says. This used to irritate her till it struck her funny. Now she writes him notes. Or says sweetly, "Better listen, dear. You never know what you're going to miss." Which low appeal jolts him out of his coma.

Come May, the Lemmons will celebrate their sixth anniversary. Since claiming his bride, Jack is a man transformed in two details. Used to be that his clothes lay where they fell. Cynthia introduced him to such marvels as hangers and shoe-trees. Used to be that his eating range was fairly restricted. For the ideal midnight snack, one can of corn dumped into one can of beans and the whole doused in catsup. For more formal meals, hamburgers well done with eight plates of French fries. Anything beyond those limits he considered exotic.

Cynthia's a cook of parts and no slouch in the field of common sense psychology. Waiting till her husband was famished one night, she served lobster and a salad. He eyed both with disfavor. "Why do I have to eat what I don't like?"

"That's a fair question. Now you answer me one. Have you ever tasted a lobster?"

"Come to think of it, no."

"Then try. Maybe your palate's still young enough to be coaxed. If not, I'll fix you some hamburgers."

He now eats food in variety as well as quantity, and with equal pleasure. These minor changes apart, he's the same guy she married, which is how she likes him. And the other way round.

Their major current difference concerns the menagerie, comprising Duffy and two cats. Jack likes animals but holds that they don't have to be multiple, especially when it comes to walking them. He hints darkly then about getting rid of all three. Cynthia, on the other hand, contemplates an addition. With Duffy nearing eight, it's time for a new pup. She'll know how to manage. Some day the pup will just be there, tumbling with Chris who, like his mother, goes for anything fourfooted. This will make an effective tableau, none the less fetching for being pre-arranged. And Cinny will lift her laughing, green-flecked eyes. "You couldn't be so cruel as to take it away from him?"

He couldn't. Neither from Chris nor from the girl to whom he pledged himself on a drugstore napkin. For life. With no options. And with all his heart.

END

kim—I knew her then

(Continued from page 43) into the fun. When our guest star, Carmen Cavallaro, walked onto the stage, the girls started screaming madly. Everyone rushed wildly for the stage. Startled, unaggressive Kim was left alone at the fringe of this hysteria. Then it happened. This uncertain little girl seemed to become someone else. It was as if she had stepped upon a stage and had started acting a part. Kim was suddenly vivacious, exuberant! Frantically swooning, screaming with delight, she became the most typical "typical teen" in the crowd.

Right in the midst of Kim's intense play-acting she noticed her friends edging to the back of the ballroom. And as if a curtain had come down on her performance, it was over. Kim was again the unsure little girl.

The "miracle"

Later on, Kim came down to the clubhouse with her friends to attend the preliminary modeling tryouts held to select the girls who would compete in our big modeling contest and fashion show. Kim's friends were signing up for the event, but she sat apart from the gay bustle of activity. She was surprised and pleased when I suggested she try out, too. After much hesitation on her part, and further persuasion on mine, she finally entered. As she left her friends to be judged, she seemed terrified and I began to be sorry that I had put her in such a spot. But when she stepped on the stage, I knew what an amazing person she was. It was as though she had completely forgotten that any of us existed. The judges were captivated by her stage charm, and selected Kim as one of the models to compete in our big show.

I couldn't figure it out, this great change in Kim when she was on the runway, until a few days later when she dropped into the office to chat. I was complimenting her on her fine stage presence, in spite of the fact that she had no training or experience.

Kim said, "That wasn't me that walked across the stage. I would have been scared to death. That was a good model who knew exactly how to walk and what to do. I was just pretending that I was that model. Goodness knows, I couldn't have done it!"

Suddenly I remembered that first time I saw Kim at the Christmas party. And I realized that there she was just "pretending" because she wanted so very much to be like all the other kids.

Kim and I soon became fast friends. She helped in my office during all her spare time, after school and on Saturdays, and loved learning about the behind-scenes operations of a big department store. She thoroughly enjoyed helping me with the unglamorous part of preparing for a fashion show or radio show, delighted to be a part of the mad rush, with a definite job to do.

One day when I was telling her how much I appreciated all her help, Kim flashed me a warm smile and said, "Here, helping you, I feel needed. Before, I have always been on the outside looking in. It's wonderful to be on the inside looking out."

Soon it was time for our largest and most publicized activity of the year, the big modeling contest and fashion show. Kim, as well as the other teens selected in the preliminary tryout, was practicing and getting ready for this event, since the big prizes were a four-hundred-dollar complete professional scholarship from The Patricia Stevens Modeling School, plus a coordinated wardrobe.

Just before the show, when all the other entrants were wearing themselves out re-doing their make-up, fussing about their own personal appearance, Kim was busy helping me with last minute details: check-

ing final line-up for the show; clothes, accessories. Finally, I had to remind her to comb her hair, put on her lipstick (special for the show: she wasn't allowed to wear it any other time) and get ready.

A few minutes before the big event, a newspaperman wanted to meet some of the likely contenders. I introduced him to a couple of the older girls, then asked Kim to come out from backstage. Kim was still unsure of herself, meeting people and making conversation. The reporter was fascinated by her nonetheless, but after she left he said something like this, "Beautiful little girl, lovely figure, but she'll never win! She seems nervous, awkward, ill at ease. Did you notice she admitted to me her insecurity and fear of this big show? Doesn't she know that other people tend to agree with your own opinion of yourself?"

"Wait until you see Kim on the stage," I suggested.

It was Kim's turn to compete in the modeling contest. I was at the mike doing a brief commentary on each of the contestants. My heart sank as Kim tripped as she was coming toward the stage. But as she started across the stage to the runway, I relaxed. She had become a different person, poised, radiant, walking with brisk, confident strides. She was acting the part of the loveliest model in the show. And that she was, by the unanimous decision of the judges! In spite of the fact that Kim was only twelve, and the other girls were older and more experienced, she won the contest and the scholarship!

"Cross your fingers"

Perhaps sometimes you've felt like Kim. She wanted so very much to be included in a group, any group, but especially by these older high school models. Before the show, Kim had said to me, "The girls have been so good to include me in their grown-up plans after rehearsals. Cross your fingers and hope they don't find out I'm still in grammar school." When the decision was announced and our winner Kim was asked to come on the stage, her great desire to be one of the gang presented a problem. A gathering of very young friends of hers, twenty or thirty sitting together near the front, just about raised the roof, they were so happy for Kim. It was very evident that her rooters were all from the grammar school crowd. I could see Kim's embarrassment as she glanced at the other models. Don't misunderstand, Kim wasn't ashamed of her own school crowd, but they had never included her before, never made her feel that she was part of the gang. The older girls, on the other hand, had accepted Kim as one of them. That, she had liked! Suddenly, she realized that now she was one of her own school group, and that was even better. She smiled and laughed at their enthusiasm, loving every minute of it. After the show, Kim said to me, "Wasn't it great? Those kids came all the way down to the Loop, just to root for me—for me, Norma. I still can't believe it. I never thought they knew I existed. I feel wonderful, simply wonderful!" And I think Kim was actually more thrilled about that than about winning the contest. What her prize-winning modeling course would do for her never entered her dreams.

My newspaper friend stayed after the show, to take pictures of our young celebrity. He said, "I've never seen such a change in a person. When she walked on that stage, things happened! She's the most terrific young model I've seen in a long, long time. She didn't give with that fake, sweet smile that seems so typically 'model,' but looked at us in her lovable, sincere way, and won us without trying at all. I have a feeling that gal is going places!" (Wonder if that reporter remem-

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bered the Fairteen Contest when he first read of Kim's success in Hollywood?)

I'm sure I was just as thrilled and happy as Kim. It was exciting to see this bewildered, imaginative girl, growing into a confident teenager. Winning something special, making Kim important to herself and to others, was just what she needed.

The TV show

Kim took advantage of every opportunity to learn something new and each experience seemed to bring out her true self and personality. Like our first television show together. They tell me that one important requisite of a good actress is the ability to memorize quickly. Today, when Kim says she has to learn a script in one night, I know that she can do just that, because she has always been a whiz at memorization. Her ability to memorize quickly helped us all out at our first Fairteen television show. Our radio sponsor asked us to replace an adult show for one evening. We found ourselves with only a few hours to work out a presentation. Those were the days when television was still in an experimental stage, with only four or five hundred sets in the entire city.

The other day when Kim and I were talking about this first show, she laughed and said, "Remember how all of us got hysterical just as we were supposed to go on the air, when we saw each other made up with that horrible orange pancake make-up and black lipstick? Or maybe it was because of those hot, miserable lights or the cameras peering down at us, just waiting for the seconds to click off—or that final blow when WKBW revised our complete show and gave us just one hour to memorize a whole new script. But I know I never felt such a terrible urge to giggle as when they told us we had just thirty seconds until air time—and everyone was hysterical, giggling like crazy. Everyone was disgusted with 'those silly teenagers.' What a hectic, thrilling night!"

Seems strange now when seconds matter so much in television, but since there were only two evening shows scheduled at that time, they delayed our show until our cast got themselves under control. When the show finally got underway, actress Kim came through for all of us. She was the only one who had a quick enough memory to have learned our revised script in the hour given us. So when someone forgot, she assumed the responsibility of saying her lines, or asking a leading question, and generally kept the show going.

Soon after this, Kim was doing professional modeling for other stores, manufacturers and photographers. Big shows, like the War Bond Fashion Show at the Chicago Coliseum. Really, she should have received some sort of an award for her acting performance at that show.

She tells it like this: "When I left home the morning of the show, complete with hatbox, I had never felt more like a professional model. Neither Grandmother nor Mother approved of the teen fashions, but since this was such a special day for me, Mother let me wear my pink sloppy sweater, my short plaid skirt, sloppy moccasins, and heavy thick white anklets. I want you to know how I looked when I left home, because there were some changes made! At that time I was wearing my hair in a very long smooth bob, like every other teenager in Chicago.

"Well, Norma, I realized from the first that they thought I was older than I really was. Thank goodness they never asked, because you know I never could handle a fib. When it was my turn with the hairdresser, he swooped my hair on top of my head, and did lots of 'interesting' curls, and then sprayed it with a heavy lacquer. After that, my complexion changed abruptly, under his

expert hands, into a nice deep tone that they all insisted made me look very 'alluring and sexy.' When he finished with my false eyelashes, and then completely changed the arch of my eyebrows with pencil and the shape of my mouth with lipstick, I didn't even recognize myself. I was really somebody else! My imagination took over where they left off, and right away I was pretending to be a very grown-up, sophisticated model. Perhaps I was carrying the thing too far, but I didn't walk into the fitting room, I 'slinked' in. No wonder the people in charge put me in low-cut, strapless evening gowns! You know the type, pencil slim, very slinky and tight, one black satin, the other royal blue covered with sequins.

"And then the night of the big show, the most thrilling thing happened as I was leaving the runway to go back for my change. A group of teens asked for my autograph—come to think of it, my first autograph! They were really awed by this 'glamorous woman,' who, I fear, was slightly younger than they were. I didn't want to let them down, so I continued to play my part. Then, just the right spice was added. During my autographing, a couple of fellows walked by and whistled at me. Then an older man actually asked me if he could meet me after the show. What sophistication! I was so pleased.

"When the show was over, my worried mother came backstage to find me, since she thought I hadn't been in the show.

Stewart Granger and his wife Jean Simmons are selling their mountain-top home in Hollywood. It's an isolated spot, reached only after a steep climb, and it seemed ideal for them when they first bought it. "I'm not saying it's located too high on a mountaintop," said Granger, "but the only person who's come a-calling is Tenzing's partner, Hillary!"

Leonard Lyons
in the New York Post

I was only a couple of feet from her, and she still didn't recognize me! When I spoke to her, she was pretty upset to see her fourteen-year-old daughter looking and acting like a woman of thirty!"

Personally, I think the follow-up story of that memorable night is even funnier. I remember when Kim was telling me about it: "One of the models asked me to come over and spend the night with her after the show. Since she was nineteen, I knew she would have flipped if she had known I was only fourteen. Of course, she had never seen me in my 'original state,' so not wanting to lose my camouflage, I insisted on leaving my stage make-up on after the fashion show. When we arrived at her home, I met her older brother of twenty-two. He was wonderful to me, treated me like his equal. It was the first time a service man had ever paid any attention to me, and I was really 'gone.' When it was time to go to bed, my model friend suggested that I use her cream to remove the thick make-up, but I insisted that I was much too tired and wanted to go right to sleep—I didn't dare touch my lacquered hair! I would gladly have sat up all night, to preserve my sophistication.

"It had been a long day, so in spite of myself and my thoughts of her handsome brother, I went to sleep quickly. But words can't describe how I felt when her mother woke us up the next morning. All my beautiful complexion and glamour had rubbed off on the sheet; the heavy lac-

quer had made my hair 'bend' in every direction. I looked just like a little girl trying to play grown-up model; I was much too miserable to cry. How can anyone play the part of a grown-up model if she's lost all her props and costume? I managed to live through breakfast, even with that handsome brother of hers across the table. The night before, conversation was so easy, when I was pretending to be someone else; but that morning, I was just me and couldn't say a thing!"

So you see, Kim isn't an inexperienced actress as everyone insists! Kim's kind of acting experience made it possible for her to do a fine job in her first picture, *Pushover*, filmed only a few months after she arrived in Hollywood, with no further dramatic training. She portrayed a part as remote from her own personality as possible. I remember when she was in the middle of filming *Pushover* she said to me, "I don't dare think about what's happening to me. Here I am in Hollywood making a picture with Fred MacMurray! If I stop to think that this is me—all these exciting things are happening to me—I couldn't possibly get through the picture."

The other day when I was at the Studio Club with Kim right after her return from location in Kansas, we were talking about her new picture, *Picnic*, starring Kim and William Holden. Kim described her role, and as she was giving me a word picture, she was actually becoming Madge. She didn't need descriptive words. She could have said, "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers," and I would have known exactly what Madge was like. She was Madge from the top of her new red coiffure (special for *Picnic*) to her warm voice.

Since we are such close friends, I felt that I could ask Kim how she is able to accept all this new acclaim so graciously, and be the same as always. I couldn't help but remember how Kim used to shy away from photographers, applause of any sort.

Thoughtfully, Kim said, "You know, even now, I still get those same pangs that remind me so much of growing up, the funny feeling I always got after the big event was over, the emptiness in the pit of my stomach, the goose-pimples when I thought people were staring at me or when I was the center of attention after having won a contest—and then that dizzy, excited feeling I always got when we planned something big for a long time, and this was the day.

"And then the other day when you were helping me clip all those wonderful articles about me, I became all weak inside when I suddenly realized that all this has been written about me. And then it happened again the other night right after I had accepted an award at a dinner and they kept saying so many nice things about me. Aren't things strange, reading fan mail makes me so happy, but at the same time I get that sinking feeling when I realize that all these people have faith in me!

"Norma, you've always kidded me about my 'let's pretend' game, but it comes in mighty handy when all this notoriety is whirling too fast. My only way out is to take stock of the situation, and try to look at myself as if I am an outsider. Just as you say I've always done, I act the part. Now, of the lucky girl that so many people have been mighty wonderful to, since she has been in Hollywood."

Every time Kim found herself in a tight spot that was difficult for her to cope with, or when she was striving so hard to be what she wanted—a typical teen, or the best professional model (or perhaps now, a successful, confident Hollywood star), she "acted it out," playing her game. It always gives her the confidence she needs.

And they say that Kim has never acted! Why, before she ever came to Hollywood, Kim Novak already had many good performances to her credit!

END

Kim—I know her now

(Continued from page 43) names and it is always easier to remember a nickname—so Glori-bee I've been ever since. Kim never calls me anything else.

When Kim went on location for *Picnic*, she asked me, as a little joke, to call Mac and say, "This is the Glori-bee Detective Agency. Are you being true to Kim?"

Now every time Kim goes on location, I play the great sleuth and remind him that Kim has someone looking out for her interest here in California.

Besides playing detective, I've also played Cupid for them. (I hope that Mac doesn't read this.) Kim came home from the *Picnic* location in Kansas very tired. They were trying to complete the picture here days and she was rehearsing for *The Eddy Duchin* Story nights, as that picture was to begin immediately. Mac, who's very thoughtful, tried not to take too much of Kim's time. He wanted her to use the few free hours she had to get as much rest as possible. But Kim, because she was under so much pressure, took it the wrong way and thought he was losing interest in her—thus causing a little friction. It seemed very big to her. So, we devised a scheme whereby I called Mac and told him that something was wrong with Kim, and maybe he would know what it was so I could help her because I didn't like to see my friend so upset. I had no sooner put down the telephone than he called and everything was rosy again in Room 214 of the Studio Club.

Some girls in the entertainment world are not always too eager about giving another girl a little boost up the well-known ladder, but not Kim. She is always ready and willing to help someone along the way, whether it is sitting in the first row on opening night, arranging a little plug in the papers, or just giving advice. But I have wondered about the time Kim cut my hair just as I was dressed and leaving for an audition. She kept "evening-up" the back until it was "evened-up" past my ears!

Many things we've done together started out as work turned promptly into fun. For instance, I helped Kim work on her lines for *The Eddy Duchin* Story. We read the lines, using a tape recorder so she could go back later to see which needed the most work. I read Tyrone Power's part. If only he had heard his lines in my southern accent—which sounds just ghastly on a tape recorder! We were hysterical with laughter!

Mom Novak

At the time of this writing, Kim's mother is here from Chicago. She is staying at the Studio Club in the guest room just across the hall from Kim. With her warm personality and wonderful sense of humor, she has become the friend of many girls living there. Several have remarked, "I was so homesick—and now I feel just like

I've had a visit from home, too." We take turns showing her the town while Kim is working.

The first night Mrs. Novak was here we went for a drive after dinner and decided to show her around the recently-opened Beverly Hilton Hotel. We happened to go into a handbag shop there, which also carries costume jewelry. Kim wanted to buy her mother everything she saw but we had a hard time persuading Mrs. Novak to let Kim buy her even an inexpensive pearl pin for her coat. Kim's mother kept repeating, "But, honey, I don't want you spending your money on me."

Afterward we stopped at our favorite ice cream parlor (the one with the twenty-one different flavors)—and as usual, ended up sampling each other's cones.

Kim is really going all-out to show her mother the best time possible. She and Mac planned to take Mrs. Novak to the premiere of *The Tall Men*. Kim wanted to buy her mother the loveliest dress she could find for her first premiere. She called one of Beverly Hill's finest dress shops and had them send over some dresses so her mother could try them on when Kim came home from the studio and could help her decide. Mrs. Novak kept insisting they were much too expensive for her but we found the perfect dress and over much protest made her keep it. When we had the other dresses back in the box, ready to return, Kim's mother took another box from the closet. She had "slipped off" from Kim earlier and had taken the bus all the way to downtown Los Angeles to get a bargain. And what a bargain! She found a beautiful dress for only \$17.00! But she wore the lovely dress Kim and I had chosen for her to the premiere.

Kim secretly decided to rent a fur stole for her mother for the evening and after her mother was dressed and waiting, Kim tip-toed up behind her and slipped the beautiful sapphire mink stole around her shoulders. Oh, did she look elegant, and Kim was so proud.

As they walked down the hall, all the girls came out to see how pretty she looked. Then, when they commented about the lovely stole, she laughed and said, "Oh, it's just borrowed!"

Mac was waiting in the lobby with a white orchid for Mrs. Novak (this was her night) and when we walked into the lobby, Mac told her that she looked exquisite. She replied, "I ought to—this dress cost \$125.00!"—and we all love her for being that way.

She will be leaving soon and I know I will miss her in the same sort of way that I miss my mother. I know how Kim feels, wanting to do everything for her mother to show how proud she is of her. I hope to have the same opportunity as Kim, but instead of movie premieres, maybe it will be an opening night of a singing engagement. But I must end this story. Kim is in her room working on her lines for *The Man With The Golden Arm*—and I have to go be Frank Sinatra! **END**

he knew something was missing

(Continued from page 51) vague memory of a pastor who preached too vehemently about hell-fire, and this may be the reason, or perhaps things just turned out that way, he says. He still felt vaguely bound to God through the church he was born in, but he didn't give it much thought. When, occasionally, he attended services, he found it easy to forgive himself for not showing up more often. A man falls into a pattern of life easily, he points out—and out of it with much greater difficulty.

He carried it even further, figuring (until lately) that if a man practices fair play and a policy of live and let live (which in practice probably meant not poking around for fear he might get a chance to be helpful to his neighbor) he was observing an adequate ethical code.

He might have gone on like that forever but for one thing: the inconsequential in life, the trivia, began to irritate him. A late meal, a favorite necktie that refused to knot neatly, an overfull closet dropping its clutter at his feet, an odd look from

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someone that caused him to spend hours going over a hundred improbable reasons for it—these miserable bits of minutia began to ruin whole days at a time.

Slowly at first, then with a rush, he became increasingly sick of the whole thing—not so much of the annoyances themselves, but of being a slave to them. It struck him as somehow shameful that in a world where there is beauty to be found everywhere, wonders to occupy the mind, he could find nothing better to do than stew over personal mishaps and trifles.

Then one day he heard a story that rang a bell for him. Dr. Napoleao Laureano, the famous Brazilian cancer specialist, found himself the victim of an incurable form of cancer. When he came to New York several years ago for confirmation of the diagnosis and learned he had only a month or so to live, he listened quietly and seemed less perturbed than many men are when they lose ten dollars.

He acted like none of the heroes in the popular novels when they are presented with such a fate. His next wish was not to see the world before the end came, or to "live it up" for his last few days. In fact, it wasn't a spectacular wish in any way. He simply said, "A man ought to die at home," and flew back to Brazil—but not just to wait for death. He spent his remaining time in a fund-raising crusade to improve cancer diagnosis.

Peck was greatly impressed not only by his courage, but by his evaluation of what was worthwhile in his life—the little he had left to live. It could best be lived, in Dr. Laureano's estimation, by being of service to others. He quoted no Biblical passages when he made his declaration, and the story didn't say whether or not he was a religious man in the common sense of the word. But his words covered him with a spiritual glory that comes to few people, and no one can doubt that he was a man secure forever with his God.

Thinking about it, Greg suddenly realized that he knew an even closer example of the larger life. When Franklin D. Roosevelt fell victim to polio he realized that he could never rise above it in an existence circumscribed by his own desires and emotions. He moved into a wider picture, shifted his thoughts to embrace the world and its people, and against this he, the man, grew and developed—while his infirmity became less and less significant.

Changes to be made

But where did that leave him, Gregory Peck? He did not lay claim to the capability of such faith as these men showed. But he could develop a faith that would be satisfactory for him, and he could move toward it with integrity. Right off, he decided that some changes must be made.

For one thing, the fact that he had

always acted as if he had faith, yet did nothing about it, didn't set well with his conscience. By what right, for instance, had he dared to pray whenever he was faced by an emergency? He says he prayed on his opening night in the theatre. He prayed each of his sons into the world.

To have prayed like this and then to feel that he perhaps had no right to pray, that he was, in fact, just presuming rather than praying, was something of a shock. And he felt it was time to set himself aright. He started at once, and hasn't stopped. The changes were many.

As a youth, the most important thing in his life was to get somewhere. It still is—but the "somewhere" is in a different place. His goal is now less the material than the spiritual gain.

He can think of two men he knows well who are far apart by practical standards, yet strangely close as far as human virtues are concerned. Henry King, the director, is one of them and his father, Gregory Peck, Sr., is the other. Henry King knows the wide world he lives in, knows the men to be found in every corner of it, and adds to this knowledge a special talent he has to dramatize life on the screen as a form of service to his fellow men. Peck's father, who has spent thirty-five years as a pharmacist, runs a drug store the same way. He knows just one corner of the world, the corner he lives in, but he knows the people in it well, and he adds a special talent of his own, a warm friendliness, as his form of service to them. Peck says he knows his father is a happy man who feels he is utilizing his life for the general good, and he's pretty sure Mr. King feels the same way. As far as Peck is concerned, he'd like to join these two. So far he doesn't think he's made it. It seems to him that with all his effort, there is still a quality, an attachment to life, which is lacking in him.

Some years ago he went to New York in the heat of late summer to shoot scenes for *Gentleman's Agreement*. The weather turned bad and for almost two weeks he had nothing to do. He was a lost soul. For a few days he saw some shows, did some visiting, and then holed up in his room in a fit of loneliness.

It was a little odd, because it was a repeat performance of lonely New York nights he had spent long ago, before he got started in the theatre. Then he was living practically hand to mouth in a furnished room. He had nothing but bare walls, a bed, and some loose change in his pocket. This time, in the luxurious Plaza, he was an established figure in the film world, his prospects were excellent. But the way he felt, he might just as well have had nothing.

What was missing? It was obvious that nothing coming from without could help

him; he would have to develop it from within.

Actually, he had known that for some time. Five and six years ago his life was largely taken up with surface activities, parties, social gadabouting. He went to places he didn't particularly want to be, did things that in the end had no special meaning, and saw people there was no good reason he should see—and all with a disturbing feeling that he was using up valuable time on worthless activity. He began to cut down.

Father O'Hara

Back when he was working in *The Keys Of The Kingdom*, made from A. J. Cronin's great novel, the technical advisor on the set was a Jesuit priest, Father O'Hara, who had spent eight years in the Chinese missionary field and was back in this country for a Ph.D. in sociology. As Peck walked by him one afternoon, attired as the priest-hero in the picture, Father O'Hara remarked, "Gregory, you would make a very good Catholic."

Peck was startled for a moment. He had been raised as one.

He said, "I am a Catholic, Father."

Somehow the priest sensed Peck's thoughts, for he asked, "Have you been thinking much of the church?"

"No," Peck replied.

"Will you?" he asked, simply.

Peck stood mute a while, and that was all then. He went on to other things. But the two met and talked again and began a correspondence.

Now, involved in his spiritual dilemma, Greg noticed a strange thing. Their letters had not dealt with that first conversation, and Greg didn't write to the Father for help at this time. Yet, as if the priest sensed that something was going on inside him, the letters Greg received suddenly seemed to contain indirect clarifications of so many of the things troubling him. This has been a great help.

Peck knows he no longer rates as a new face on the way up in pictures, a boy to be helped by those who are naturally drawn to cultivate young talent. Now he is a man in his career, able to take care of himself and expected to do so. He figures he classifies as a "young old-timer." Which is exactly what he wants. His role in *Moby Dick*, for instance, off-beat and difficult, represents the newest development of his relationship to acting. But his career is not to get all the thinking and planning in his life. The actor will get along; it is the man he wants to provide for. The man, Peck thinks, however far he has come, is still way off spiritually from where he should be. But he has set his feet upon the road and headed in the right direction. He has made the hardest step of all—the first. END

private life of bud brando

(Continued from page 34) commented, "If it were anyone else, I'd just say 'you nuts?' and hang up. But Bud's so hard to refuse and," she smiled, "sometimes I believe he's lonely.")

Marlon Brando thinks no more of calling a friend at midnight than he would at noon. His friends expect it and enjoy it. They know they are free to call or visit him at equally unconventional hours.

Sleep, to Brando, is only a necessary evil. It is time lost from living.

And in the private world of Bud Brando, living, making every moment vital, is the only thing that counts. Most people would find this a reasonable, if unusual, ambition. It's just the way Bud goes about achieving it that confuses them—and, incidentally,

gives Brando his series of odd reputations.

Before he became a star Bud tried to explain himself. "When I was nineteen," he said, "I faced the decision all men must face at some point in their lives. I had to make up my mind. Should I live as I please and make myself happy, I asked, or should I form my life to fit the laws of convention and make society happy. I chose to live as I pleased. The hell with society! But I also promised myself I'd never deliberately hurt anyone in attaining that end."

If he has failed once, that would be in his relationship with Josanne Berenger, who started out as his fiancée but lately doesn't even seem to be on his list of dates. And even here, though he may have hurt Josanne, and badly, no one seems to think Marlon did it on purpose. One of his unnamed friends, a woman, says:

"One of the least immediate events in Bud's life is marriage. And, oh, what a husband and father he would make!

"I know how much Bud hates rules, having to do things he doesn't want to do. Yet if you want to be a girl-friend of Bud's you have to follow a few rules of his making.

"He likes girls slightly slender. Not skinny, but not big-bosomed either. He likes short hair-dos, very little make-up, doe-shaped eyes, delicate jewelry and plain, but feminine, dress. Conversationally she must not only listen and be interested in what he has to say about life, but she'd better be able to discuss it."

But Brando's girls are an assorted lot.

Recently, during the rehearsals of a television spectacular, the show's producer noted the repeated and irritating tardiness of one attractive chorus girl. Each

time she was late a stagehand was sent to her dressing room to get her.

Finally, the producer's curiosity got the better of him. Just before a dress rehearsal he went to the dressing room and opened the door without knocking.

He found the pretty blonde standing in the center of the room, fully costumed. She was humming to herself and kicking a balled piece of paper against the wall.

The producer shook her out.

"I wonder," the producer said to an assistant, "what kind of a guy goes for a dame like that?"

After the show the pretty girl hurried to a waiting black Thunderbird outside. The driver, her date, was Brando.

Yet, on the other hand, one of the most touching boy-and-girl relationships in Hollywood occurred recently when Brando discovered that Charlotte Austin, daughter of singer Gene Austin, was seriously ill.

Brando knew her only as a hard-working starlet in *Desirée*. For months during her illness, Bud visited her, and read her poetry and prose. Friends of Charlotte say Brando was as much responsible for her recovery as the physician.

Many of the best stories about Brando are told by his dates themselves.

One pretty, dark-haired actress recalls: "We were sitting in the front room listening to classical music. When the music had ended Bud said, 'I think Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt has one of the cleanest-cut, most completely organized minds of any woman in the country.'"

"I giggled, the remark was so sudden. He looked at me and shook his head and gave me that expression of hopelessness. I knew I had done the wrong thing. He was never the same with me after that."

Yet his friends, men and women, go right on loving him. He has more real, "I'll-stake-my-life-on-him" buddies than any other star in motion pictures. Some of them have not seen him in months, even years. But their loyalty is unshaken.

"I hadn't heard from Bud in more than a year," says one intimate. "Two weeks ago at 10 p.m. the phone rang. It was Bud. He talked as though we'd never drifted apart. He said if I could stand playing with a novice would I come over and give him a few games of chess. I went. He beat me two out of three and I'm better than average."

Frank Sinatra has this to say: "It's ridiculous to call Brando a non-con-

formist. The people who knock him are only envious of his imagination. He refuses to be dull because he wants to live his own life and find a little happiness. We all do that. Brando wants what we all want. To be left alone."

To get that wish, Marlon will go to almost any length. Unlike Greta Garbo, he doesn't wear dark glasses in public—but he insists on his friends wearing muzzles. When one breaks down and talks to the press, Brando's private circle gets smaller by one. It doesn't matter much if the friend has knifed him or praised him to the skies—he or she—is out. That's why none of the women Marlon has dated will allow her name to be used when she tells the story. That's why friend Sam Gillman says, "I just won't say a word about Bud to anyone. He doesn't want it. I can understand why people want to know more about his personal life, but if he doesn't want friends to talk, I won't. Get Bud's permission and I'll talk to you for hours."

And that's also why musician-actor Carlo Fiore, once one of Bud's closest pals, no longer hears from him. Carlo, in a weak moment, gave too long an interview.

Why does Brando insist upon his privacy to such an extreme?

One friend (anonymous, of course) says, "Bud is a sort of lost body, looking for a personality to call his own. Everytime he gets a good part he dislocates his own character and gets it mixed up with the role he's playing. He can't defend himself when he's called this or that, since he's never quite certain whether he is or not!"

Once in a while, of course, Marlon's reputation as a tormented young man has come in handy. This is usually the case when one of his escapades involves people who are not members of the inner circle.

At a recent party, for example, Bud started into a long, noisy bash on a set of bongo drums. His pals knew it was 2 a.m. but they didn't interfere: the boy was "gone"—and besides, Bud on the bongos is a treat to hear. Only thing was, the neighbors considered it more of a treatment. They called the police. Before the law arrived, however, the complainers discovered that the noise-maker was Brando, and withdrew the charge.

"I read all the time about how confused and tormented he is," one explained, "and I figure beating those drums may help his confusion." Then he sighed wearily. "But I'm the one who's tormented," he added. "I can't get back to sleep."

But the most penetrating observations of Brando, as a man in a world of his own, were made by a young Hollywood actress who is not pretty, but who promises to plug the gap by becoming a real actress. For the usual reasons she wishes to remain anonymous.

"To me Bud was everything in the world a woman could want in a man. Intelligent, tender, considerate and above all, sensitive. I mean an incredible sensitivity for other people. And because of it I knew that he realized I was afraid my plainness of face would hold me back as an actress. Without ever mentioning it he gave me courage to minimize my handicap and go on in spite of it. Now, because of him, I'll never give up."

"He does not date me anymore. It's better that way. He stopped as soon as he knew I was in love with him. He terminated our friendship cleanly, without hurting my heart or my ambitions."

"Of course, I still love him. Oh, not that sexy, passionate way. And not like a brother, either. I don't think there are words to describe that particular kind of love a woman can have for a man."

"But maybe, if you try hard, you'll understand when I tell you that, to a woman, he's sort of beautiful." **END**

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mrs. fisher—to you

(Continued from page 54) then off to the Coke convention, the World Series, Eddie's TV rehearsals and the gala preview of *The Tender Trap*. That's how it began and the pace got hotter. A close friend of the Fishers does a flashback on the Fishers' Essex House life with relish and something approximating awe. "Debbie's in the kitchen doing dishes. Eddie's in the living room holding a script conference for the new show. Debbie drops olive jar which breaks. Eddie hears crash and comes running to see what happened. Debbie barefooted. Eddie runs into bedroom for her slippers. 'Here, baby, you'll cut your foot, wear these.' While all this is going on the phones (and there are dozens of them around the apartment) keep ringing. Debbie answers all calls. Most of them for Eddie's pals. Every now and then Eddie wanders past the kitchen and gives Debbie a little kiss. Eddie wearing bathrobe and slippers. Debbie wearing black slacks with straps over shoulder, yellow sweater, hair messed up, no make-up but lipstick."

At the studio during the rehearsals it was no different. Debbie sailed through crises minor and major with a calm that astounded Eddie's associates. Eddie's dressing room is a madhouse, a small madhouse. And Eddie's staff is closeted, literally speaking, for hours daily. The pressure and the split-second decisions are meat and drink to Eddie who sails through his day with a deceptively casual air. Mrs. Fisher took it like a trouper and if her head was swimming she didn't let on.

By now the Fishers have sort of relaxed—in the very comfortable California house they leased for their first year. Although it was once owned by Norma Talmadge, the house is not pretentious by star standards. No swimming pool, for example. Who needs it when the address is Pacific Palisades, right on the ocean? Such elegance is a change for Mrs. Fisher.

Ever since she arrived in Hollywood Debbie has lived in Burbank, a charming San Fernando Valley town, with her family. Burbank could be Wichita or Springfield or Maryville or Hometown Anywhere. Everybody knows everybody; people drive Chevies instead of Thunderbirds; go to church on Sunday and play touch football in the backyard. No wonder Debbie is a small-town girl at heart. No wonder Eddie got just what he wanted in a wife. He used to say, "Someday I'll be walking down a street in Wisconsin and I'll see an apple-cheeked girl and that'll be for me." It didn't happen quite that way—in Wisconsin that is—but the girl was apple cheeked and wanted the same kind of life he did.

Right now Debbie's a working wife. She's got to be on the job on the set every morning and she's got to be on the job at home every morning, noon and night. But, being Debbie, she's juggling both jobs.

Of course Debbie has people to help her. But she's setting up housekeeping her way. And she's getting a big kick out of adding to the precious store of housekeeping treasures her Texas grandmother has collected in a hope chest marked "Debbie." Eddie's prouder than ever of his wife's good sense and taste even though he's still a little baffled by all the things it takes to make a house a home. Way back last June before that scheduled big wedding Eddie presented Mrs. Reynolds with a huge deep freeze he'd acquired as his first claim on domesticity. "Mama, you keep it for us and use it." When the little wedding finally took place Mrs. Reynolds sighed, "I suppose I'll have to give up the freezer now." She didn't. Big hearted Eddie bought another. And filled it full of—you guessed it—hamburger.

END

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