

APR 16 1956

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ON LOAN OF
CONGRESS
SERIALS SECTION

APR 25 1956

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**GRACE
and the
PRINCE**
by
**ELSA
MAXWELL**
↖

**WHY
PECK
MARRIED**
told only
in
ms

AT LAST! **A LIQUID SHAMPOO**
THAT'S **EXTRA RICH!**



JUST POUR IT...

and you'll see the glorious difference!

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



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FOR *'Radiantly Alive' Hair*

Exciting surprise for you—magical new Liquid Prell! It's extra rich—that's why Liquid Prell leaves your hair looking 'Radiantly Alive'! And how you'll love its unique *extra-rich* formula. Bursts instantly into richer, more *effective* lather—rinses in a twinkle—leaving your hair easier to set. Shouldn't you try Extra-Rich Liquid Prell today? There's radiant beauty in every drop!

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APR 16 1956

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The
Sin-Street
Bombshell
who kept
getting
married...



A
story of
people...

picked by
fate out

of a city's
millions

to be touched

and changed

by a chance

meeting that

starts with a

kiss in the

rain...

The
spinster
who lived
with dusty
dreams...



The
honky-tonk
piano player
who went
from
blues
to booze...



The
office-
manager
who loved
his wife,
but...



"You
don't
know
much
about
men,
do you
Ruth?"

SEVENTEEN
selects it March
"Picture of the Month!"

The lonely girl and the soldier —
a street-corner pick-up that became
a miracle of love!

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

JANE WYMAN AND VAN JOHNSON "Miracle in the Rain"

WITH PEGGIE CASTLE · FRED CLARK · EILEEN HECKART · JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON · ALAN KING

NOVEL AND SCREEN PLAY BY BEN HECHT · PRODUCED BY FRANK P. ROSENBERG · DIRECTED BY RUDOLPH MATÉ · MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY FRANZ WAXMAN



modern screen



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 handbox 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

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* On the Cover: Color portrait of Grace Kelly by Howell Conant of Topix Photos. Grace can soon be seen in MGM's *The Swan* and *High Society*. Other photographers' credits on page 88.

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POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form No. 3579 to 263 Ninth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

MODERN SCREEN, Vol. 50, No. 4, April, 1956. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Dell Subscription Service: 10 West 33rd St., New York 1, N. Y. Chicago advertising office, 221 No. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. Los Angeles advertising and editorial offices: 8701 West 3rd Street, Los Angeles 48, California. George T. Delocorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-Pres.; Albert P. Delocorte, Vice-Pres. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the Protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price 20c in U. S. A. and Possessions, and Canada. Subscriptions in U. S. A. and Canada \$2.00 one year; \$3.50 two years; \$5.00 three years; Foreign, \$3.00 a year. Entered as second class matter September 18, 1930, at the post office of Dunellen, N. J., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1956 by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Trademark No. 301778.

AMAZING!



In the year 2200, a space cruiser reaches the remote planet Altair-4... and a fabulous, forbidden world opens up to the earth men.



Here are chartreuse skies, two moons, secret chasms... a garden of Eden ruled by a scientist-genius and his golden-haired daughter.



They control a giant robot that can think, speak 187 languages, create uranium or diamonds or a modish evening gown—and wreck an entire city on command.



But there is a menace in this eerie land—unseen, unknown, unconquerable—a power that can shatter the universe. And it brings this adventure of outer space to its fascinating climax...!

M-G-M

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CINEMASCOPE

(MORE THAN A YEAR IN PRODUCTION!)

FORBIDDEN PLANET

STARRING

WALTER PIDGEON

ANNE FRANCIS

LESLIE NIELSEN

WITH WARREN STEVENS

AND INTRODUCING

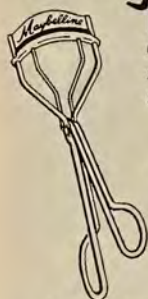
ROBBY, THE ROBOT

SCREEN PLAY BY CYRIL HUME • PHOTOGRAPHED IN EASTMAN COLOR • DIRECTED BY FRED McLEOD WILCOX • PRODUCED BY NICHOLAS NAYFACK
Based on a Story by Irving Block and Allen Adler • AN M-G-M PICTURE

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EYELASH CURLER

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EYEBROW PENCIL

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or slant edge... 29¢

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MASCARA

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lashes—Solid Form in
gorgeous gold-plated
vanity case—or Cream
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SPECIALISTS IN EYE BEAUTY

THE INSIDE STORY

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

Q. Is it true that Gary Crosby is too big for his britches?—E.E., PALO ALTO, CAL.

A. *He's pretty self-confident.*

Q. Does Van Johnson consult Marlene Dietrich for all the major decisions in his career?—C.L.D., AKRON, OHIO

A. *Dietrich is an amateur astrologist whom Johnson consults for career advice on an astrological basis.*

Q. I understand that Bob Mitchum was involved in a gunfight in Mexico but that it was hushed up. Is this true?—D.L., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *Mitchum was a passenger in a car involved in a minor accident, nothing more.*

Q. Is Audrey Hepburn about to make a picture for MGM?—D.H., N.Y.C.

A. *Yes, negotiations are quietly underway.*

Q. Before she married Gregory Peck, wasn't Veronique Passani an old flame of Trevor Howard's?

—V.G., PARIS, FRANCE

A. *Just an acquaintance.*

Q. Recently I heard this statement: "The only director who has ever directed Burt Lancaster is Carol Reed." What does it mean?

—H.T., TORONTO, CAN.

A. *Iron-willed Burt Lancaster has long had the reputation of directing himself in every picture.*

Q. Can you tell me why Vic Damone and Pier Angeli named their son Perry?—S.K., BROOKLYN, N.Y.

A. *For crooner Perry Como whom Damone has long admired.*

Q. Is it true that Jeff Chandler has gone Hollywood?—F.B., BOSTON, MASS.

A. *He is not as cooperative any more.*

Q. Esther Williams' last picture at MGM, *Jupiter's Darling*, cost \$3,000,000 and will return less than half that amount. Is that why Esther is no longer at MGM?—V.C., CORNWALL, N.Y.

A. *A contributory reason.*

Q. Can you tell me why Kim Novak is being rushed into one movie after another?—S.R., SYRACUSE, N.Y.

A. *The studio thinks she has a wonderful future.*

Q. Why is it we never see any pictures of Robert Taylor and his family?

—T.G., ST. LOUIS, MO.

A. *Taylor will not pose with them.*

Q. Is it true about Frank Sinatra and Vic Mature's ex-wife, Dorothy?

—G.D., PASADENA, CAL.

A. *They're friends.*

Q. Everyone says Kim Novak is great in *Picnic*, but isn't it true no one wanted her for the part to begin with?

—C.L., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. *Doubts were raised in many quarters as to her dramatic ability.*

Q. I've been told that in real life Dean Martin is much funnier than Jerry Lewis. What is the truth?

—S.A., NEWARK, N.J.

A. *Martin comes up with funnier lines, Lewis with funnier faces.*

Q. Jennifer Jones recently won an audience popularity contest. I haven't read anything about her and her family in years. What goes?

—C.E.R., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

A. *Miss Jones scrupulously avoids home-life publicity.*

Q. Is Dick Egan girl-crazy?

—F.T., HONOLULU, HAWAII

A. *He enjoys playing the field.*

Q. I read that Ingrid Bergman is coming back to Hollywood to make a picture. When will this happen?

—E.H., GENEVA, N.Y.

A. *Miss Bergman will make a picture, Anastasia, in Europe for 20th Century-Fox this Spring.*

Q. Can you tell me what happened to Bobby Driscoll, the child star of *Treasure Island*?—K.G., SEA GIRT, N.J.

A. *Reputedly working in a parking lot in Hollywood. (Continued on page 10)*



BING DONALD
CROSBY · O'CONNOR
JEANMAIRE
 MITZI **GAYNOR**
 PHIL **HARRIS**

SONGS!
 I GET A KICK
 OUT OF YOU
 ANYTHING GOES
 YA GOTTA GIVE
 THE PEOPLE HOKE
 YOU'RE THE TOP
 ALL THRU THE NIGHT
 IT'S DE-LOVELY
 A SECOND HAND TURBAN
 AND A CRYSTAL BALL
 BLOW, GABRIEL, BLOW
 YOU CAN BOUNCE
 RIGHT BACK



When these shining
 stars sing and dance to
Cole Porter's
 wonderful melodies...

ANYTHING GOES

COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR

VISTA/VISION
MODERN PICTURE HIGH FIDELITY

Music and Lyrics by **COLE PORTER**
 Produced by **ROBERT EMMETT DOLAN**
 Directed by **ROBERT LEWIS**
 Musical Numbers Staged by Nick Castle • Jeanmaire ballet and
 "I Get A Kick Out Of You", Staged by Roland Petit



Screen Story and Screen Play by
SIDNEY SHELDON
 From the Play by Guy Bolton and P.G. Wodehouse
 (Revised by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse)
 New Songs by Sammy Cahn and James Van Heusen
 A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

An

important

message

to

young women

Tampax rests its case on the opinion of doctors, parents and others in a good position to advise.

Tampax was invented by a doctor for the welfare of all women. In the past 20 years, Tampax has been used by millions of women.

There is no mystery about the product. It consists of highly absorbent, pure surgical cotton in disposable applicators. It prevents odor from forming. Prevents chafing and irritation—the user can't even feel it. When used by active women, it enables them to do everything from swimming to horse-back riding—without paying any attention to differences in days of the month.

Many women speak of “graduating” to Tampax—implying strongly that it is the most desirable form of sanitary protection available today. Tampax has always felt that when a girl is ready for this product, she will use it—and be happier for it. In the meantime, knowledge of this product is important for every woman. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

TONY CURTIS: sweater boy in paris

Tony has discovered a new design for living!

■ Clark Gable made the turtleneck sweater famous; now Tony Curtis, sometimes referred to as the Teenager's Clark Gable, has gone him one better. One day *he* had the inspiration of having a turtleneck sweater made of suede.

Now, around the studio when he's not in costume, Tony is a real casual cat, in a comfortable pair of clean denims or jeans. But for the right occasion, nobody gets more sartorial than Tony—who goes in a big way for things like ruffled evening shirts.

So Tony descended with his inspiration for a suede turtleneck on the little Universal City tailor who has his shop about two blocks from Universal-International Studio. The tailor, surprised, shrugged his shoulders, said, “Okay,” and made two.

After that, Tony tossed the sweater jobs into the back of a closet. Deep in the back. He couldn't face what he'd have to go through with certain cronies, and gagsters, around the studio like, say, Jeff Chandler, Rock Hudson and producer Aaron Rosenberg.

But packing for Paris to make *Trapeze*, with Burt Lancaster, Tony came upon the sweaters. He thought, “Well—it's Paris. Why not?” So one morning he put on one of the suedes and sashayed into the Cirque d'Hiver, the famous Winter Circus, for the day's shooting. He didn't shrink self-consciously; he walked as if making quite certain that chip stayed on his shoulder.

Sure enough, the first thing that happened was big, grinning Burt Lancaster demanding, “Where'd you get the threads?”

“What,” demanded Tony, “is it to you?” making clear he wanted no levity.

“Why,” said Burt to him meekly, “I think it's the most. I want one just like it.”

Instead of ribs, Tony kept getting pleas—to divulge the source. A Paris photog snapped a picture of Tony in the sweater. The Paris men's shops began to get requests from customers who, picture in hand, wanted to look like Tony Curtis. One tailoring outfit contacted Tony about manufacturing the item. Tony said, “*Porquoi non?*” meaning “What have I got to lose?”—and the firm was in business.

But Tony is not an ungrateful type guy. To supervise the operation, he arranged for the French concern to bring over the little tailor from Universal City.

So, as things stand now, pretty soon there'll be suede turtleneck sweaters, for men, emanating from Paris—not from that usual font of men's fashions, London.

Well, if Janet Leigh can go in the dress business, Tony can go in the clothes business, too. Tony's wife really goes—but he manages to keep up with her. When it comes to panicking Paris with a turtleneck, he's even a step ahead of her.

And as he said to the man, *Porquoi non?*

—by Helen Gould



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you're glamorous!

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*Elastic Magic Midriff "magics" inches away for the long, lean look!

*Exclusive elastic bias-cut panels and all-elastic back.

*The Monroe isn't
chic . . . Arthur and his
ocelot . . . Bankhead
versus Brando*

TV TALK



The long-awaited wedding of Hal March and Candy Toxton took place in Las Vegas.

Audrey Hepburn may have lost weight, but it isn't because she's worried or sick or unhappy. The reason's simple: She's back taking dancing lessons again. She started her career as a dancer, you know, and she's once more working very hard at it—a lesson a day, in fact . . . You'd expect the very sophisticated Noel Coward to live in a grand hotel when visiting New York—or perhaps stay with old friends in their chic apartments. Not at all. He checks into a big commercial hotel—the same one Jimmy Durante makes his New York headquarters—right smack in the middle of noisy Times Square. He has always stayed there, and has become great friends with some of the help over the years. He doesn't even get a good-looking suite. He takes an old, small, dark two-room suite, and often doesn't let the chambermaid tidy up the bedroom or make the bed because he wants things where he left them . . . The Jackie Coopers and the Jeffrey Haydens (Eva Marie Saint) are great friends . . . Famous producer Fred Coe will probably join the ever-increasing list of TV workers who are switching to moving picture work . . . As you know, Marilyn Monroe does not doll herself up except when she's making a public appearance. She often greets people at her apartment dressed in old slacks, no shoes, and—the biggest surprise of all—a big shapeless sweater that's about as flattering as a T-shirt. Her apartment, by the way, is rather small. It's in a big building on New York's fancy Sutton Place, and it contains a living room, dining room, bedroom and kitchen. It still has a sparsely-furnished air about it as though she'd just moved in. The living room is particularly small, with only one window. You walk down three steps to enter it, and the first thing to catch your eye is a pair of very large wood lamps that are gilded in a dull gold tone; they have huge shades, and are so big that they don't need tables to perch on. They sit on the floor. The color scheme is beige, brown and rust. The rug and some of the chairs are beige, and the rust is used in silk curtains that completely cover one entire wall. She's used a mixture of styles: Some chairs are French provincial while her wood pieces—tables and a chest—are shiny, blond and very modern. The couch is dark brown. On either side of the fireplace are bookshelves—and the books look as though they'd been read, all of them . . . Remember the colored nylons that were the rage about ten years ago? Nancy Berg is one of the few women to wear them now. Her black hose are almost as dark as her black dresses. Some of her earrings are so long that they almost hit her shoulders . . . You've heard about how hard some performers work, but we think maybe Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong heats them all. He's been known to show up for a dental appointment and, while

waiting for the dentist to call him, go to the men's room. There he falls sound asleep! His dentist learned long ago where to find him, and calmly goes out and wakes him up. We figure that any man who can conk out just before facing a drill is tired . . . Arthur Kennedy lives in Connecticut with his wife and two children—and two huge cats, one dog, two sheep and an ocelot. The ocelot is not exactly tame—in fact, he's a pretty mean ocelot—but so far he hasn't snapped at anyone seriously, so the Kennedys keep him in the television room and just hope he doesn't escape again. He did once, and the whole family crept around the countryside whispering "Kitty, here, kitty." They were afraid to tell anyone it was an ocelot for fear of scaring them to death. It turned out the big cat was more afraid than the people would have been. He found his way back home by himself and dashed back to his TV room, where he's stayed happily ever since . . . Tallulah Bankhead told her friends that she was more excited about appearing in *A Streetcar Named Desire* than she ever had been about any play in her whole career. She was not sorry that Marlon Brando was not playing opposite her, however. La Bankhead does not have the high opinion of Brando's acting technique that many people do . . . Orson Welles has certainly been charming on television since his return to this country from his long sojourn in Europe. He's acted like a man full of nothing but sweetness and light and equanimity toward all. But don't think for one instant that he has changed his mind about granting interviews to people he doesn't like. Mr. Welles is a man who can hold a grudge. If a magazine or newspaper made him mad fifteen years ago by something they printed about him, he is still mad. And he absolutely refuses to see any representative—no matter how big the publication or how big and nice a story it wants to do on him now . . . Gene Tierney not only has a definite flair for interior decoration—a flair that has made her Con-

necticut home one of the show places of the state—but also designs fabrics for furniture and clothes. On top of that, she recently took up painting, mainly canvases of flowers, and is already much better than most amateurs . . . Sonja Henie's life is still punctuated with those explosions she's so famous for. In one week she managed to fan two flare-ups, one when she insisted on inviting only her friends to her party for the press and another when she failed to show up for a benefit performance she'd promised to attend. She may have had her good reasons, of course, but both actions sure added to her reputation for being "difficult." . . . Linda Darnell was very upset when her marriage to brewing tycoon Philip Liebmann broke up. She went into complete hiding for several days, staying where no one would have dreamed of finding her, with some old friends who would have protected her if anyone had tracked her down. . . . Betty Furness is looking so pretty these days, it's enough to make you think she's falling in love. She may look attractive and efficient when she's spieling for Westinghouse appliances on *Studio One*, but when she's gadding around town in the evenings, she looks all fluffy pink and white—absolutely starry-eyed . . . We bet we know one reason it's been announced that Mary Martin is not going to do *Peter Pan* again. We bet Mary wants to let her hair grow. First it was short for all that time she was playing Nellie Forbush in *South Pacific*, and no sooner had she started to let it grow than she had to clip it off again to play Peter. . . . Lots of people have been jealous of photographer Milton Greene ever since he took over managing Marilyn Monroe's career. Others have just been plain mad at him for something else. Now that he's such an extra-important photographer, he can request his models to come to his Connecticut studio to pose. There are stars who would rather have their pictures snapped by a non-manager photographer in New York City instead of having to trek back and forth to the country.



Peggy King's marital problems haven't gotten her down yet—the gal's trying to remain cheerful. Her latest success was at the Mocambo.



TV's loveliest saleslady, Betty Furness, and Hollywood's eligible bachelor, Cesar Romero, have fun at New York's popular Harwyn Club.



Gentleness means so much

GENTLE moments come as a welcome pause in the hurry of modern living. And a gentle smoke brings needed solace, too. That's why this new Philip Morris, made gentle for modern taste, has such special appeal for our younger smokers. Enjoy the gentle pleasure—the *fresh unfiltered flavor*—of today's new Philip Morris. Ask for it in the smart new package.



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or
Regular
Snap-open
Pack

New Philip Morris...gentle for modern taste

HALO leaves hair Cleaner Softer Brighter



—than any oily, greasy, soapy shampoo

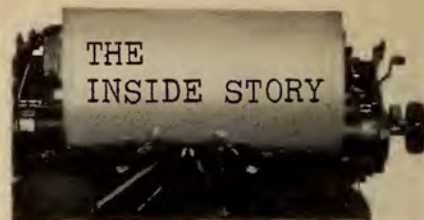


Halo—unlike most shampoos—contains no greasy oils or soap to leave dulling, dirt-catching film!

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!



(Continued from page 4)

Q. Can you reveal Richard Widmark's salary in two pictures: *Backlash* and *Run For The Sun*?

—J.G., URBANA, ILL.

A. In *Backlash*, Widmark gets 50% of the profits; in *Run For The Sun* \$200,000 and 20% of the profits.

Q. Hasn't Ava Gardner been visiting Dominguin, the bull-fighter, in quiet, out-of-the-way places near Madrid?

—D.C., BARCELONA, SPAIN

A. Dominguin has been bull-fighting in South America, is now happily married.

Q. Will Red Skelton ever make movies again?

—S.A., VINCENNES, IND.

A. He hopes to make one this year.

Q. Was Dick Haymes really responsible for keeping Orson Welles from co-starring with his ex-wife Rita Hayworth?

—D.F., MIAMI, FLA.

A. Haymes told Columbia Studio officials that Rita would not approve of Welles, for *Joseph And His Brethren*.

Q. Is Anita Ekberg well liked in Sweden?

—A.V., DULUTH, MINN.

A. No.

Q. Is the feud between Marilyn Monroe and Darryl Zanuck over?

—M.R., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. There was never a personal feud between these two, just contractual difficulties.

Q. Does Hedda Hopper really hate José Ferrer? I've heard this in Hollywood a thousand times.

—V.C., HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

A. She is not one of his ardent admirers.

Q. Is it on the level that Eddie Fisher has been fighting with his RKO bosses?

—C.S., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A. Eddie does not like the title, *Every Mother Should Be Married*, the picture he is scheduled to make with wife Debbie Reynolds.

Q. Has Frank Sinatra been quietly dating his first wife? Does second wife Ava Gardner keep a picture of Frank in her dressing room?

—F.K., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. Yes on both counts.

Q. How much does it cost Mickey Rooney in alimony, child support and unsuccessful marriages?

—H.H., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A. Approximately \$1,500 a month.

modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS **in hollywood**



Bob & Rosemarie:
Another bachelor
is gone, girls!

IN THIS SECTION

Good News
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louella parsons' GOOD NEWS



You don't usually see Gene Autry with the Roy Rogers—but that's him congratulating them on their Spelvin Award for doing 4,000 benefits!



Ava Gardner (very sedately dressed, I must say!) met Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh in London. That's British star Jack Hawkins the Duke is talking to, and to Ava's right, Diana Dors and Steve Cochran. Ava looks happy; life in Spain agrees with her!



On her first day on High Society what do you think Grace's present was? A can of nuts each for her and Frankie—and they passed them around.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE MONTH: Bob Stack and Rosemarie Bowe

Girls, now we've lost Robert Stack, practically the last of the eligible bachelors and certainly the most ardent hold-out. Many people thought Bob would never marry. But on January 24, he married his sweetheart of the past two years, Rosemarie Bowe.

Although the wedding took place in the Lutheran Church with flowers and lighted candles and Rosemarie wearing the traditional veil, only the families were in attendance. Bob's brother, Jim Stack, was best man, and Mrs. Jim (Wanda Hendrix) was matron of honor.

From the church, the happy pair dashed to the airport and a plane to Honolulu.

The marriage came as a particular surprise because just a few weeks previous, Bob and Rosemarie had had a quarrel. During the time they were parted, 'tis said that Mortimer Hall (Ruth Roman's ex) fell for Rosemarie like a ton of bricks. They dated many times.

Maybe it was this "danger" from the outside that made Bob realize that he better speak up fast. Anyway, on his birthday they celebrated their "kiss and make-up" dinner at Ciro's—and ten days later they were married on the second anniversary of their first date.

With Stack now a Benedict—we're losing our bachelor supply rapidly. Rock Hudson married Phyllis Gates, Eddie Fisher made Debbie Reynolds his Missus, writer Bill Morrow and cafe socialite Johnny Meyer went out of circulation, and soon we're losing Donald O'Connor to Gloria Noble and George Nader to Dani Crayne.



Rosemarie wore white satin brocade.



Terry Moore's date, Eugene McGrath, told me Terry was only kidding for Gary Crosby—but I say she's trying to out-do Jerry Lewis!



My girl Judy has put on weight again, but the fans don't care. They cheered the marquee down when she arrived at the Golden Arm première.



Poor Pier and Vic! All that trouble when Pier was pregnant and now she's broken her ankle just before she was to start her new pic.

THE GOSSIP OF THE MONTH

is that if it weren't for the easy-going, good-humored disposition of her fiancé, Prince Rainier III, there would have been a serious break between Grace Kelly and her whole family.

Grace, who loathes personalities, was aghast when distant relatives from Ireland predicted (in near headlines) that she should have many children as she comes from a "fertile" clan.

Her famous uncle, playwright George Kelly, was on record as being no more interested in her engagement to the Prince of Monaco than he was in her winning an Academy award, adding, "She hasn't half the talent of her older sister, anyway."

Even Mama Kelly wasn't exactly a Kelly blushing unseen, or unheard.

Only Papa, the publicized former bricklayer—now a millionaire, seemed to have kept his mouth closed.

3000 miles away in Hollywood, getting ready to start *High Society* with Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra, Her Grace was beginning to seethe! That's putting it mildly!

And who comes along to pour oil on the troubled waters? No one but her Prince, who was in Florida at the time, fulfilling engagements he had made previous to his engagement to Grace.

My private spy reports that the Prince put in long distance calls to Princess Kelly daily (and nightly), laughing her out of her pique and telling her it didn't matter in the least as far as he is concerned. His whole attitude was an amused shrug of the shoulders.

The more I hear about this very nice young man the better I like him. He's turning out to be a Prince in more than a title. And my bet is that Grace is finding this out, too!

Of course, Bing and Frankie are having the time of their lives with their about-to-be-royal co-star. The first day Grace drove up to the rehearsal stage in her old Chevy, Bing—arrayed in livery (which he'd borrowed from the MGM wardrobe department) stepped out, took her car and parked it—all deadpan.

Frank drops a curtsy every time she walks past him. When he and Bing discuss her they always refer to Grace in the third person. "The Princess is very light on her hoofs this

morning," quoth Frankie, following a dance rehearsal.

"Verily," replied Bing, "and her pipes were very fine in our song."

RAMBLING AROUND PALM

Springs: The Jack Bennys' New Year's eve party had more stars in attendance than there were in the skies twinkling over the popular desert resort. The night was so mild and there was such a profusion of flowers inside the gay living room and a-bloom in the patio, you'd never have guessed it was mid-winter.

New Year's is always a sentimental holiday for the Bennys and Gracie Allen and George Burns. For twenty-five consecutive years these four fast friends have been together as the old year rings out and the new year rings in. Of course, there are always many wise-cracks—particularly between Jack and George about who is the "youngest"—but there's always a feeling of deep sentiment and affection between the Bennys and the Burnses that, unfortunately, is too rare in this business called show business.



Rev. Attwood held the double-ring ceremony.



Bob's mother wore a black suit, mink cape.



Wandra Hendrix wore her own wedding gown.



Personal to LAUREN BACALL and others of the "Holmby Hills Rat Pack"

■ Perhaps it was because your interview about how you and Bogey and Frank Sinatra, Judy Garland and Sid Luft and several others have banded together in a "cute" little group called THE HOLMBY HILLS RAT PACK, broke on an unfortunate day that the whole thing seems so unamusing to me.

The very newspaper edition that carried your quotes, Baby, on your gang and how you are all having sweaters made up with rats on the back, was filled with a tragic story about a juvenile gang war in Los Angeles. Several teen-age boys were stabbed. Eleven of them were arrested and turned over to juvenile authorities.

So I am sure you can see my point, that it was a little shocking to turn over a few pages and read your facetious comments about your "adult delinquent" gang—even if it is all in fun.

I am fully aware that you and your good pals meet only for social events or gay week-end expeditions to Sinatra's house in Palm Springs or to Las Vegas. It would all be very funny if it weren't for that fact that so many teen agers take everything done by movie stars with dead seriousness.

And, believe me, there is *nothing funny* about juvenile gangs!

If you and the other Rat Packers want to keep on with your harmless gag, it's all right. But I wouldn't give out any more publicity on it as something "cute" or "funny."

You and Bogey and Frank and Judy and Sid are big kids now for such nonsense.



My escort, Jimmy McHugh, and I arrived a bit on the late side as we had been to another party with popular singer Patti Page and Charlie O'Curran (soooooo in love, these two). Charlie, who is Betty Hutton's ex, will be Patti's next husband, or a lot of people miss their guess.

But to get back to the Bennys. We arrived in time to see Danny Kaye at the piano in great form, Frank Sinatra, the William Goetzes, Claudette Colbert, Lucille Ball, Lauren Bacall, Humphrey Bogart and others.

All in all, Palm Springs is having a big season.

Cutest sight around the Tamarisk Golf Course is Doris Day, in black sweater and tight pink pants, taking golf lessons with a tall, freckled-faced young fella of thirteen, named Terry—who just happens to be her son. Marty Melcher, who knows how to play golf, just heckles 'em.

It might be a fashion tip to you girls that pink is the favored color of the glamour girls this season. Patti Page's entire desert wardrobe was in pink, everything from shorts to chiffon cocktail gowns to pink-and-white striped sports dresses and shirts.

Some other sights I saw around the Springs: Irene Hervey looking sad and pensive after Allan Jones' second unexpected walk-out. As Irene puts it, "We seem to be perfectly happy, at least I am. And then he suddenly just says he's leaving—and that's it!"

And then there's Frank Sinatra, arrayed in Mexican apron and sombrero (with a green feather stuck out of the top for no reason at all) grilling blueberry flapjacks in his patio for 2 p.m. "breakfast" for the David Nivens, Humphrey Bogarts and William Goetzes.

Hopalong Cassidy (otherwise known as Bill Boyd) attracting not a whit more attention in his all-white Western get-up than any other cowboy in this town of cowboys.

Cute "Mousey" Powell (Mrs. William) driving round in a big new car equipped with a record player (the car, not Mousey).

And, surrounding everything—there is the unchanging majesty of the purple and gold mountains which completely rim this favored playground of constantly changing celebrities.

1956 GOT OFF TO SUCH a slam-bang start with Hollywood news stories breaking right and left every day (all headline events, too) that it practically made a basket-case out of your girl reporter—that's me.

Within the first fifteen days of January the following earth-shaking events took place:

Grace Kelly became engaged to His Serene Highness, Prince Rainier III of Monaco, the biggest and most publicized Hollywood love story since her un-Serene ex-Highness Rita Hayworth became engaged to and married Prince Aly Khan.

The betting now is that before Grace marries her Prince their story will have even wider coverage than that of Rita and Aly, because they are having an even longer engagement and there's even more time for reams and reams of material to be written.

Then, Marilyn Monroe made up her long standing feud with 20th Century-Fox at least to the point of signing with them to star in *Bus Stop*, plus four more pictures in the next four years, *plus* the right to make movies for herself on the outside, *plus* her tv rights, *plus* stage rights, *plus*, *plus*, *plus*.



When Ah makes a Western movie, Ah lives mah part. Ah looks it, walks it, Ah even aches it—drat mah saddle sores!



An' no lily-livered gun-slinger gets the draw on Killer Lewis. Ah does a fast twirl with mah trusty Colt, and—oops!



But Ah'm so good with mah guns it ain't hardly fair. So Ah takes 'em with fists and a li'l judo. Then Ah shoots 'em!



JERRY LEWIS HAS certainly gone Western for *Pardners*, his new movie with Dean Martin. It's so good to see these two in high spirits again—as these riotous pictures of Jerry clowning off screen show. They've been having so much fun together that there hasn't been a bit of tension between them at any time during the filming, to everyone's great joy—and relief!

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood



We had to go all the way to Palm Springs for the Golden Nugget Ball—but it was worth it just for the costumes!



Jimmy McHugh and I (I came as a Grande Dame!) had fun with Dana Wynter and Greg Bautzer.



Eva Gabor wore part of her fabulous jewelry collection—and glittered!



And Rhonda Fleming danced with her Dr. Lew all night at the affair in the Tennis Club.

The Golden Nugget Ball for the Jimmy McHugh Charities was the gayest night of the Palm Springs' season. I might say it was a gala week end, for the festivities started on Friday and went through Sunday.

First, there was the Marusia Fashion Show at the beautiful Tennis Club, during which we all got a fascinating peek at the summer fashions. In the same room Saturday night, high style was forgotten as everyone got dolled up in costume.

Rhonda Fleming, her titian-red hair in braids, won the first prize for the "most beautiful" costume. She was an Indian maid (with the shortest skirt an Indian belle ever saw), feathers in her hair and a large gold nugget worn around her neck.

Eva Gabor was another beauty attracting much attention although she wore no costume. Her evening gown was a lovely creation.

Dana Wynter came as a cute cowgirl and, of course, she danced every dance with pop-

ular legal light Greg Bautzer. The big brown-eyed Dana makes no secret of being very much in love with this attractive gentleman.

Bonita Granville (Mrs. Jack Wrather) looked so pretty with a big ten-gallon hat on her head.

Mostly there were socialites in attendance from both Los Angeles and Palm Springs—and there was an unusual amount of enthusiasm for this event because all proceeds went to the Desert Hospital, the only hospital in Palm Springs.

When Dodo Day and June Allyson got together to give a barbecue you'd have thought



"Just what I need on a warm day," said Dodo—"a cold barbecue!" "Hands off," ordered June. "We're serving hot dogs—not lady fingers!"



"I am a girl of many talents," Doris said. "If asked to entertain, I'm ready." "Very good," June said, "but I didn't know you'd act for peanuts!"

Just previous to all of the above doings, Gregory Peck slipped away and quietly married his French newspaperwoman sweetheart, Veronique Passani, on New Year's eve.

Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger take this busy time to tell the world they're expecting their first baby in the summer. Ditto Yvonne De Carlo and Robert Morgan. Ditto Rosemary Clooney and José Ferrer, who expect their second during the summer months.

Not to be left out of things, Donald O'Connor admitted to me via telephone from Las Vegas that he's marrying Gloria Noble.

Business-wise, Rita Hayworth and Columbia Studio failed to come to terms and la Rita took off for Paris, where she is expected to marry Ramond Hakim, the new man in her life, who (like all the other men in her life) influences every move she makes.

Henry Fonda and his wife of five years, Susan Blanchard, came to a parting of the ways, which is sad because of their child.

Farley Granger and Janice Rule ended their engagement of three months with no word of explanation. Speaking of these two, whatever it was that parted them, it left both very bitter. Farl is quoted as saying he hopes he never sees Janice again. (I didn't print this statement; it appeared in a New York column. But it certainly doesn't sound like Farley, who is always a gentleman, to me.) Anyway, Janice seems just as bitter. I doubt if we'll ever know the truth.

As I look back on these early milestones of 1956, remembering all the reams and reams of "copy" I have written about each event, plus the fact that at this writing there are eleven months more to go in the year, I

wonder why some of you kids write me about how to become a columnist.

My advice is to take up something easy—like digging sixteen tons!

THE PARTY OF THE MONTH:

It was like the good old days of informal Hollywood parties, when the guests furnished most of the entertainment, at the hilltop home of composer Jimmy Van Heusen, the night Dorothy and John Haskell "borrowed" the house for a cocktail-buffet.

Not that I stayed this long, but the singing and dancing was going on until 6 a.m. the following morning!

The first guests to arrive were Bing Crosby and his steady, Kathy Grant. Kathy was very conservatively dressed (the way Bing prefers) in a simple black dress with a single-strand pearl necklace and earrings.

It's been a long time since anyone has heard Bing sing at a public gathering, but he got such a kick out of Morty Jacobs' hot trio, really jivin' it up in the playroom, that he joined in with a few ditties early in the evening.

The honeymooning Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher dropped in briefly on their way to Marge and Gower Champion's opening the same night at the Coconut Grove. Debbie was wearing that shirred fur coat of violent red which is her favorite wrap. I get a kick out of these two famous kids. When they saw Bing, they were as enthusiastic as a couple of fans.

But things didn't really start jumping until after dinner when Nat "King" Cole and his Maria, Patti Page and Charlie O'Curran, and

of all people—Barbara Stanwyck, who so seldom goes out socially, started a floor show.

First, we all listened to Nat's perfectly wonderful recording of Jimmy McHugh's newest songs (written for the Broadway show, *Strip For Action*), sung as only the King can sing, "Too Young To Go Steady," "Love Me As Though There Were No Tomorrow," "Dance Crazy" and "I Found Out About Love And I Like It."

Listening to himself sing may have given Nat the idea to turn loose in person, because he took over at the piano and played and sang for hours.

Soon he was joined by Patti Page who perched herself on the piano stool with Nat as they sang duet after duet. And Merle Oberon sighed, "Oh, if only someone had a tape-recorder here." It was a session for the swing addicts to swoon over!

Then, with Patti and Nat still singing, Barbara Stanwyck and Charlie O'Curran (the choreographer and ex-husband of Betty Hutton) took over as a dance team. You expect Charlie to do some high stepping—but Barbara was a sensation as his partner.

When I asked her how she learned to dance like that, she laughed, "Are you kidding, or have you forgotten that I used to be a chorus girl?"

Susan Hayward couldn't get over Barbara's dancing. "If I can sing in pictures," she said referring to her warbling in *I'll Cry Tomorrow*, "Barbara certainly should dance—and let her fans see another side of her talent."

Susan's gown attracted much attention. Most of the girls wore cocktail dresses, but

they were a couple of giggly teen agers—and you should have seen the men stare!



"Time to get dressed," June advised. "All I'm putting on," Doris said, "is a catcher's mask. I've heard about your husband's tossed salads!"



"You ever seen those two before?" asked Dick Powell. "Never," said Marty Melcher, clutching his drink. "And I trust I never will again!"



the letter box

"I would like to know why you write so much about Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher? Your type-writer seems stuck in the rut of their names, always Debbie this—or Eddie that. Come on, Louella, let's hear something about George Nader, Jane Powell, Rock Hudson, that wonderful Rossano Brazzi and/or George Gobel," blasts CONSTANCE MILES, CLEVELAND. Wow, Connie. Debbie and Eddie are in the news because they are popular young stars just married. I have written much about the other stars you mention whenever they are in the news.

The mail is really explosive this month. RAMONA LARASO, STATEN ISLAND, has this tender message: "Tell Sharon Jones of White Plains—to dry up! Marlon Brando is the greatest actor in the world and she is the only person in the world tired of reading about him!" Girls, girls!

VERA ROSENSTEIN, BROOKLYN, writes: "What's behind the very short engagement of Janice Rule and Farley Granger?" I don't know, Vera. I hear Janice is really bitter about it. But she won't discuss her troubles with Farley. I can't agree with you, however, that it was a publicity stunt. Neither Janice nor Farley would go for that.

LORETTA HOMALY, TRENTON, N. J., says, "Eva Marie Saint is the loveliest of the new stars. She doesn't have to depend on cheese-cake poses to put her over. I predict right now that her career will be as long and as dignified and as important as Irene Dunne's, that other 'true lady' before her."

A/2C HAROLD "RUSTY" WALTERS, DOVER, DELAWARE, wants to say how much he and many of his fellow airmen enjoyed MODERN SCREEN's anniversary issue and the "Good News" department of that issue. "What a kick it was to see those wonderful old pictures of Jean Harlow, Garbo, Clara Bow. I'm only twenty-two years old—but your comments brought back many happy memories."



This is a picture I like: the real Lillian Roth and the screen Lillian—Susan Hayward, of course—together at the I'll Cry premiere.



More separations for Liz and Mike now that he's doing so many English films. Whenever she can leave the kids, Liz joins him overseas.



Now, here's a nose-pair! That "blonde" (it's a wig!) is Lauren Bacall made up as a ghost and trying to scare Rock Hudson. (She didn't.)



And this nose-pair, who weren't trying to scare anyone, are Natalie Wood and Perry Lopez together at the Anything Goes preem.

Susan was in a long, flowing beige chiffon gown, very décolleté. She looked every inch the movie star, even in the way she held her hand out for the many admiring males to kiss.

As John Bentley, the handsome young leading man from England, now under contract to U-I put it, "This reminds me of the Hollywood parties I used to read about years ago—before Hollywood stars began to remember they had to get up at six o'clock in the morning." So he remained until six!

DEBORAH KERR AND STEWART Granger (both English, by the way) could put on a whale of a debate on the topic, "Should Married People Be Separated?"

Stewart is really burning over the way movie assignments are keeping him and Jean Simmons apart. "It's a terrible thing for a man to be 7000 miles away when he learns that he and his wife are expecting their first baby," he shouts. "I fly home as soon as I can get to Hollywood from London—and what happens? I arrive Sunday night and the following Monday morning, Jean flies out to

Reno, Nevada, on location for Hilda Crane. If we didn't love one another so much, this would be a dangerous strain on our marriage."

On the other hand, Deborah told me when I interviewed her for a Sunday feature in my home, "No two people have been separated more often during a marriage than Tony (Bartley) and I. A great part of Tony's work in television keeps him in England much of the time. For the past two years my time has been divided between Broadway, where I appeared on the stage in *Tea And Sympathy*, and Hollywood where I've made two films, *The Proud And Profane* and *The King And I*.

"But, in our case, absence has really made our hearts grow fonder. We both look forward with such eagerness to the times when we will be reunited. Far from believing that separations in distance—not in heart—are bad for a marriage, we believe they are a good thing. When married people are frequently apart—that ancient enemy of matrimony, boredom, can never creep in."

There you have two points of view. Whose side are you on?

EDITOR'S NOTE: Congratulations, Louella, on the wonderful tribute paid you on the March 8 *Climax* show (CBS TV) when they dramatized your autobiography *The Louella Parsons Story*!

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COOP'S NO COWPOKE

He may wear jeans but he rides the Bel-Air range in a Mercedes-Benz

■ Gary Cooper lit his cigarette, then touched the match to his tongue, a fire prevention trick he learned as a cowboy in Montana. Some people watching him unconsciously nodded their approval. It was "just what Gary Cooper would do." But when he pulled out a silver-plated cigarette holder, their jaws dropped.

They just weren't prepared for the fact that there's as much sophistication as sagebrush about Coop, because they mixed up his movie parts with his off-screen personality. They've pictured him as a citizen who prefers a ceiling of open sky to the spinning chandelier of a night club, a saddle to a lounge chair.

It's true Coop loves horses, but he doesn't own one. He does his "riding" in a \$12,000 Mercedes-Benz. His vocabulary is much more extensive than "yup" and "nope"; he can order a meal in English, French and German without once consulting a language guide. One of his closest friends is Ernest Hemingway. They've hunted, worked and laughed together. A master at the spoken and printed word, Hemingway once described Cooper as a spellbinding story-teller. It's true that Gary loves the outdoors, even owns and operates a tractor. Still, that's no ranch he's plowing, only an acre of backyard in swank Bel-Air.

The other day when a sightseeing bus made its daily tour past the Coopers' ultra-modern, one-story home, there was a disappointed rumble as the tourists tried to peer through the massive foliage that fences the property. Just as it passed the driveway, the bus listed to the right. All the passengers crowded to the windows, for there was Gary, complete with blue jeans, inspecting the eight rows of corn growing east of his driveway.

He might have stepped right out of his latest Allied Artists film, *The Friendly Persuasion*, he looked so Western. But you'd search his house in vain before you found a ten-gallon hat or a guitar in the place. Coop's house boasts sliding glass walls, a tree growing in the front room and a rock garden with its own private waterfall. His wardrobe closet is filled with Alpine hats, Hawaiian sports shirts and thonged saddles. Plus blue jeans which fit big Coop like paper on the wall.

The fact is, Coop's as much cosmopolitan as cowpoke. He's a pro on the dance floor, a pioneer sports car enthusiast and has been a bongo drummer for years. The latter is his favorite form of relaxation. When he starts slapping one of his eight drums, it may be a prairie tune, but you can bet he's jazzed it up in a rock-and-roll rhythm.—by Reba and Bonnie Churchill



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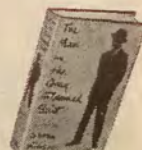
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BY LYLE KENYON ENGEL

music from hollywood

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

It Happened One Night, Columbia's new musical co-starring June Allyson and Jack Lemmon, is perhaps one of the most hilariously funny chases ever to happen in a motion picture. The distance covered is from Coronado, California to Houston, Texas: and you'll see June and Jack in a Greyhound bus, a jalopy, motels, bus depots, trudging on foot, across farmlands, creeks and highways. Someone on the set quipped that the title should be changed to *Around The Southwest In 80 Days*. June is supposed to be stung by a bee when Jack totes her across a stream. A real bumble bee secured for the part would not react on cue, but insisted on really stinging June when let loose. Special effects solved the problem by creating a bee out of lead and celluloid, then covering it with cotton. Who supplied the bee's buzz? None other than director-producer Dick Powell, a former famous crooner. For people who save flubs: During a scene with Jack Lemmon, whose screen name is Peter, June suddenly started calling him Richard. The cameras were rolling, and when everybody broke out laughing, June was the most puzzled girl in the world. No one laughed harder than director Richard Powell, June's husband. "Remember, darling?" he said. "Peter's the guy you're in love with here. I'm only the guy you love at home." Jack Lemmon insists his baby son Christopher, seventeen months old and just learning to talk, speaks Finnish! He thinks the kid must have picked it up from the nursemaid who is a Finn. June says, "For a girl playing an heiress to cattle and oil millions, I certainly have a skimpy wardrobe. Half of the picture I'm in one suit, and this winds up in a mess when Jack drops me in a stream. Most of the other half I'm in a pair of Jack's pajamas, which are about five sizes too big for me and have to be rolled up at the sleeves and pants legs. Why I even have to wear a scarecrow suit while I wait for my other suit to dry out. Only once do I really get glamorous. It's the final wedding scene, and I'm wearing a breathtaking creation by world famous designer Jean Louis." Pride Harmon is Hollywood's latest eccentric. Dick Powell signed him for a part in the picture. He's a nature food addict, eating daily a twelve-pound mixture of oats, molasses and sugar beet pulp. You might think that his size (he weighs 1500 pounds), is a lot of bull. If you did, you'd be right. Pride is an Angus bull. Edgar Bergen, visiting the set, saw June wear her raggedy scarecrow costume, and wisecracked, "Pictures ain't payin' what they used to!" There are six song numbers in the film. All were written by the famed composing team of Johnny Mercer and Gene de Paul. Numbers include the theme song, "It Happened One Night," "Howdy," "Thumbin' A Ride," "Temporarily Mine," "Whatchamacallit," and "Old Reporters Never Die." This last is sung by the Mello-men as their in-person debut in motion pictures; ironically enough, they had to sing off-key and off-beat, so they would sound like a group of roistering reporters, rather than professional singers. Tony Martinez, a rumba band leader, who just concluded an orchestra engagement in Las Vegas, will lay down his baton long enough to play a gas station attendant in this film. He's the boy Jack trades his hat to for some fuel to keep his jalopy going.



Meet Me In Las Vegas promises to out-musical all other musicals. MGM producer Joe Pasternak, not content with just signing Dan Dailey. Cyd Charisse, Liliane Montevecchi (Parisian ballerina seen in *The Glass Slipper* and *Moonfleet*), Agnes Moorehead, Jim Backus (the cartoon voice of Mr. Magoo as well as radio, tv, etc.) and Paul Henreid, also signed Marc Wilder, who danced for eighteen months with *Kismet*, as Cyd's dancing partner for the "Sleeping Beauty Ballet" number. You'd think by this time there was enough talent for a musical. Well, Joe then signed up Jerry Colonna, Jimmy Durante, Marlene Dietrich, Pier Angeli, Sammy Davis, Jr., Lena Horne, Frankie Laine, Vic Damone, Tony Martin, Peter Lorre, Debbie Reynolds, Frank Sinatra, Mitsuko Sawamura, and the Slate Brothers for guest appearances. This should be enough, you'd think by now, but Joe also secured two of Europe's top stage and musical comedy stars, Oscar Karlweis and Lili Darvas, as well as Cara Williams, Betty Lynn, and George Chakiris. The least this musical can do is to win the Academy Award as the film with more outstanding musical-personalities than any other in 1956. Only the Bank of America can hold a note longer than Jerry Colonna. Jerry amazed Dan and Cyd when he held a high note for seventy-two seconds. Time yourself and see the difference. (Continued on page 24)



Actual photo of Barbara Brown, Forest Hills, N. Y. Left side washed with Woodbury; right with another popular shampoo. See the difference!

A famous laboratory proves:

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music from hollywood

(Continued from page 22) Cyd Charisse and principals in the "Sleeping Beauty Ballet" will, for the first time, wear modern dress—the men in everything from evening clothes to Bermuda shorts. I'm thinking that all it would take to make it really modern would be to write a special song for the production called "Rock Around Tchaikowsky." Did you know that girls who dance professionally are not the best of ballroom partners? Authority for this surprise statement comes from Cyd Charisse. After the first few takes with Dan Dailey, they were dancing together for the first time, Cyd apologized, saying, "I've noticed that any girl who is accustomed to dancing alone has the tendency to lead when dancing with a man. And that's not good. The man should do the leading." Dailey agreed, adding that he has danced socially with many of Hollywood's top feminine dancers. "They all move right in," chuckled Dailey, "and lead me around!" Sammy Davis, Jr. will sing "Frankie And Johnny" (new lyrics by Sammy Cahn). Frankie Laine will vocalize "Hell Hath No Fury." Lena Horne will sing "If You Can Dream" and "You Got Looks." Dan Dailey and Cyd Charisse will make with "The Gal With The Yaller Shoes," "My Lucky Charm" and "It's Fun To Be In Love." Cara Williams sings "I Refuse To Rock And Roll." Mitsuko Sawamura, sensational teen-age Japanese discovery, makes her Hollywood bow with the Japanese tune "Hitori Botchi Jaya Touma-Kanai," also teaming with Dailey for "My Lucky Charm."

Mario Lanza, on the set with Joan Fontaine (they're making *Serenade* for Warner Brothers, co-starring Sarita Montiel and Vincent Price) explained his current feelings. "I've got a lot of lost time to make up for. Now that I'm back at work again, I don't want to relax. I hate to take time out to sleep. I don't sit down because I want to be part of everything that is going on around me. I've been away from this all too long. Now I want to enjoy every minute of picture making." Of the complex litigations and other involvements that affected his picture career, Lanza says, "That's all water over the dam. Let the lawyers and accountants figure out what happened. That's their business. As for me, I just want to sing." Mario really sings in this one. Sixteen numbers from operas and two new songs that may well develop into pop tunes. They're called "My Destiny" and "Serenade." Orchestra leader Ray Sinatra, cousin of Frank, has been working with Lanza at rehearsals. Says Ray, "I worked with Lanza for years, and he never has been in better voice or in better physical condition. I've seen Mario and his trainer Terry Robinson go through a rough program of exercises, boxing, and road-work which have paid off. Mario will blast the chandeliers right off the ceiling." Ray Sinatra has been heard on the Old Gold, Lucky Strike and Coca-Cola shows. He met Lanza for the first time on the Coke show, and they have been great friends since. Joan Fontaine tells a cute one about herself and her first motion picture. It was RKO's *The Man Who Found Himself*. She was home one night in Hollywood when a friend phoned to report that a theatre in nearby Glendale was displaying her name in lights on its marquee. Joan hopped into a car with her mother and Olivia De Havilland, her sister, and the three of them made the trip to the Los Angeles suburb in almost nothing flat. As they bore down on the movie house, they read this sign: JOHN PAYNE AND JUNE FOUN-

TAIN in THE MAN WHO FOUND HIMSELF.

The telephone bell is a musical instrument. So says Billy Kantor, property master and chief telephone-bell-ringer on Columbia's *Over-Exposed*, starring Cleo Moore. Says Billy, "For more than twenty years I've set the pitch for various on-the-set telephones and because of this I'm constantly being consulted by directors. In terms of harmonics a telephone bell produces a musical note which can be varied so as to have hundreds of different effects upon the auditory nerves and which can immeasurably help the dramatic strength of the sequence being filmed. There's an 'impatient' ring! A series of short high-pitched notes which reflect an irritable impatience on the part of the one who is making the call. There's a 'telegram' ring, a 'suspense' ring, and a 'musical' ring which I always use when a girl is waiting for a phone call from her loved one. I have the most fun, though, with the ring that stops a second before the party picks up the phone. I call this one the 'disappointed' ring." . . . In order to be a "flatfoot," you can't really have them. When Robert Bice's flat feet failed his test for the police force in Detroit, he went West. Now in Hollywood, Robert, who plays a "flatfoot" in *Over-Exposed*, always gets the call whenever producers need an actor to portray a policeman. Cleo Moore revealed a startling piece of information. She's looking for a light-heavyweight boxer to manage. Says Cleo, "I'll always have a warm spot for boxing, since I was discovered by a talent scout while attending boxing matches at the Hollywood Legion Stadium." We asked Cleo what she will wear in this film. Said Cleo, "I have four luscious evening gowns, eight street dresses, a couple of cocktail suits, and best of all, four nightgowns that will make all women throw away their pajamas. I have one evening gown that is black lace on nude-colored fabric as well as a blue-and-green sequined form-fitting gown, extremely revealing. I also have a 22-carat gold jersey bathing suit." Now we all know where *Over-Exposed* really got its name.

MGM's *Tribute To A Bad Man* stars James Cagney and introduces Irene Papas, a Greek actress of stage and screen. This is Irene's debut in a Hollywood-produced movie, the first under her long-term contract with MGM. It took the studio just three days after her screen test to sign her up real tight. The Greek star will use her low contralto voice professionally for the first time in this film, when she sings a traditional Greek tune, "Paodre Voun." The James Cagney String Quartet is providing entertainment for the company on location near Montrose, Colorado. Cagney, Don Dubbins, James Griffith and assistant cameraman Ted Voightlander, all guitar players, have been staging nightly musical sessions. In the film Cagney sings "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen" and "Rough Wrangler." A pair of silver spurs, engraved with the sentiments of the citizens of Montrose, were presented by the Board of Commerce just minutes before the train left for the Coast. I'd like to tell a little-known story about James Cagney. Just twenty-six years ago Jimmy lined up with thirty other young hopefuls in the office of a playwright to audition for a role in a Broadway play. No one was given a chance to read—Cagney was called into the playwright's office and given the part. How did he get it? Cagney had been standing in view of the playwright through the semi-open door. After the play began the run, in which Cagney was spotted for pictures, the playwright told him, "You looked (Continued on page 26)

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music from hollywood

(Continued from page 24) and acted like the fresh mutt we needed." The play was *Maggie The Magnificent*, and the playwright was the famous George Kelly, uncle of Grace Kelly.

When Allison Hayes strolled onto the set of Warners' *The Steel Jungle*, starring Perry Lopez, Beverly Garland and Walter Abel, production almost came to a halt. She wore a black and pink pair of Bikini pedal pushers and a sweater. In the film Allison attempts to lure Lopez away from his wife, and she nearly succeeds, via flashing eyebrows and neat hip-flips. The title she won in an Eastern beauty contest. "Miss Forget-Me-Not," will not be forgotten. A studio visitor on the set, seeing Beverly Garland, who plays an expectant mother in the film, get a liberal slugging, tapped director Walter Doniger on the shoulder and asked, "Aren't you afraid that you'll hurt the young lady in the condition she's in?" Doniger, playing it straight, answered, "That's okay, sir. We have permission from the union." Allison Hayes was told by the director, "Now when you're being interrogated at the police station, you sit in this chair. Don't look at the chair—just sit down into it. If you miss the chair, we can always shoot the scene again." And you think it's easy to be an actress!

When Rory Calhoun first met his wife Lita Baron in 1948 she had her own orchestra at the Mocambo. Lita had never in her life ridden a horse or fired a shotgun. "Now," says Rory proudly, "we own one ranch in California and are about to buy another in Nevada, and you'd think Lita was born to the saddle. She rides, shoots and roughs it." As a matter of fact, Rory admits, his wife has become such an expert with a bow and arrow that she came close to outdoing him on their last hunting trip in Arizona. "The hunting party consisted of Howard Hill, the country's top professional archer; Guy Madison, who is a top amateur, Lita and me," Rory relates, "and I'll give you three guesses as to who bagged the first deer. My little wife." Lita is currently appearing in her first film opposite her husband in Universal-International's *Red Sundown*, in which Rory co-stars with Martha Hyer and Dean Jagger. Terry Gilkyson, noted folk singer, composed and recorded the title song for the picture.

What screen writer could match the dramatic elements in the true life story of Renate Mannhardt? Renate will play the part of Leah in Warners' *The River Changes*. A few years ago Renate Mannhardt was scrubbing floors for a living and glad to get the work. Today, she is known as the Marilyn Monroe of Germany. Back when she was a teen ager, Renate was a member of the German Olympic Skiing Team. Her fame as an athlete and her beauty then won her important roles in films. She was happily sitting on the top of the world. Then World War II broke out, and the demise of the German film industry suddenly changed her fortunes. Miss Mannhardt's husband was killed, and she struggled for herself and her baby. At the time the Americans occupied Germany, she was almost starving to death in a tiny room in Munich. She applied for work with the American Military Government, and not having any Nazi affiliations, clearance was granted. The job she gratefully accepted was washing dishes and scrubbing floors in a mess hall. Later she was promoted to supervisor of maids and scrub-women. When activity resumed in German mo-

tion pictures, Renate was able to put mops and pails aside and become a top star renowned for her portrayal of voluptuous women. In this film she plays a hard-working farmer's wife.

MUSIC FROM HOLLYWOOD Month's Best Movie Albums

SUSAN HAYWARD singing songs from *I'll Cry Tomorrow*. A terrific album of Susan's first efforts at commercial singing. Recorded directly from the sound track of MGM's film presenting the life of Lillian Roth. Susan sings as though she has been recording for years. Songs in the album are standards that Lillian Roth made famous. You'll like it. MGM Album X1180.

KISMET. Recorded directly from the sound track of MGM's film adaptation of the successful Broadway play. Featuring the following voices: Howard Keel in the plum role of Haaj, the philosophical poet-heggar. Ann Blyth as Marsinah, mercurial daughter of Haaj. Dolores Gray as the lusty harem beauty LaLume. Vic Damone as the handsome Caliph who starts things popping in old Mesopotamia by romancing Ann Blyth. MGM Album 3281.

MOTION PICTURE THEMES by DAVID ROSE. David Rose and his orchestra, great as always, deliver Dave's top arrangements of Hollywood movie themes. Four songs from the following films: *Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing*, *Summer-time*, *The Glass Slipper*, *LaStrada*. MGM Album X1204.

Disc Jockey Choices: "My Favorite MUSIC FROM HOLLYWOOD"

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Conn.

"My favorite 'Music From Hollywood' is Sinatra doing 'The Tender Trap.' This movie title tune has a fine beat, smart lyrics—and how can you beat Sinatra?"



Chuck Wilson—
WBVP—Beaver Falls,
Pa.

"My favorite is 'The Trouble With Harry.' The infectious excitement of the Jack Pleis arrangement flips me."



Bill Cullen—
"PULSE"—WRCA—
New York, N. Y.

"My choice is Marlon Brando and Jean Simmons' recording of 'A Woman In Love,' from the sound track of *Guys And Dolls*. The singing voices of these talented personalities were a pleasure to hear."



John Woods—
WTAG—Worcester,
Mass.

"I pick 'Rose Tattoo' from the film of the same name. Alex North's music goes beyond being a background. It has a distinct personality that is agreeable and inviting."



Doctor develops home treatment that rinses away blackheads in 15 minutes

by Claire Hoffman

A leading New York dermatologist has developed a simple medicated home treatment that rinses away blackheads and whiteheads in a matter of minutes.

I saw it demonstrated recently on five women and two teenage boys. The results were almost breath-taking. Blackheads really rinsed away. In fact, many could be seen on the cleansing tissues that finished each treatment.

But this wasn't all! I saw enlarged pores reduced, and rough, muddy complexions made cleaner, clearer and smoother-looking. In the case of two older women, I saw flabby, sagging skin tighten and wrinkles flatten and fade. . . . After seeing these results, I can well understand why so many beauticians are now acclaiming this doctor's treatment one of the most important beauty discoveries of the century.

Anyone Can Use It

The treatment starts with a thorough skin cleansing. A special laboratory-developed *whipped* cleansing cream is used that takes off not only surface dirt, but also softens and loosens pore-caked grime with its emollient action. It liquefies as soon as it is applied and literally floats the dirt right off your face.

After this is tissue off, a delightful mint-scented cream is applied. Within 2 or 3 minutes an absorbing agent called *Argilla* dries and turns this specially medicated cream into a plastic-like masque. As it firms and hardens, its suction action draws on waste matter in the pores. . . . In 8 or 10 minutes you simply rinse the masque away with lukewarm water which dissolves it immediately. When you wipe your face, you can see blackheads and other pore "filler" actually come off on your tissue. And your skin feels clean—really clean—and refreshed and smooth, like velvet!

Pore Sponging and Closing

The third step in the treatment is an exhilarating application of a unique antiseptic astringent—a facial "mint julep" that sponges and tightens emptied pores, that leaves a protective invisible film that helps guard your skin against dust, dirt and bacteria for hours and hours.

Nothing Else Like It

Even after a single treatment, women who have been troubled by blackheads for years see a marked improvement. Many find it hard to believe their eyes. Some blackheads and whiteheads just rinse away. Others are softened and made ready to be drawn out by future treatments. Enlarged pores appear to be smaller. The skin looks smoother and firmer—feels fresher and more *alive*!

In short, after a single treatment taking only 15 minutes, you can expect to see results that normally you would not dare hope for even after many weeks. . . . but don't expect everything at once. Damage done by years of neglect can't be undone in a day. Yet with 3 or 4 treatments a week, you may confidently look forward to startling complexion improvements within 30 days. Then one treatment a week—or every second week—will probably be all your skin will need to keep it clear, lovely and healthy looking.

The medically developed products used in this treatment are manufactured and quality-controlled by QUEEN HELENE. They are *Queen Helene Whipped Cleansing Cream*, *Queen Helen Medicated Masque* and *Queen Helene Penetrating Astringent*. The three items are sold as complete skin and beauty kit for 3.98 plus tax. Quite a bargain when you think of what it will do for a person's good looks—and self-esteem!

See Blackheads "Wipe Off" After a Single Queen Helene Skin and Beauty Treatment



Look! See them come off on your cleansing tissue—and without squeezing or digging!

- 1 First apply *Queen Helene Whipped Cleansing Cream*. This liquefies instantly on your skin and softens pore-caked dirt with its rapid emollient action. You tissue off all but a thin film which prepares your face for the masque.
- 2 Now smooth on the *Queen Helene Medicated Masque*. As the absorbing agent, *Argilla*, in this plastic-like cream makes it harden into a masque, its powerful drawing action gently pulls out blackheads and other pore impurities.
- 3 After about 8 or 10 minutes, rinse off the masque with lukewarm water. It dissolves in seconds. Then apply *Queen Helene Mint Julep Astringent*—a special penetrating antiseptic that helps close emptied pores, tones up your complexion, and gives protection against dirt and bacteria for hours.

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Examine your face before and after treatment. You should see a startling difference. Some of the blackheads should be gone and others loosened for removal by future treatments. These results are guaranteed or your money will be refunded.

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NEW MOVIES

by Florence Epstein



***PICTURE OF THE MONTH:** The Conqueror (John Wayne) had half the world in arms and the other half in flames—while he battled alone for the one woman (Susan Hayward) he couldn't have!

* THE CONQUEROR Mongols vs. Tartars

■ They say that behind every great man stands a woman, but never was there one so wild and fiery as Bortai (Susan Hayward). This was a girl of elemental passion, but then, we are back in the days when men were Mongols (unless they were so unfortunate as to be Tartars) and the mightiest Mongol of them all was Tremujin (John Wayne), later and better known as Genghis Khan, empire ruler. Well, when he was just a little lad on the Gobi Desert, his dad was demolished by Susan's dad, Tartar king Kumblek. And now here's a pretty fix. Tremujin wants Bortai for his wife. This does not sit well among the Mongols, or among the Tartars, for that matter. It does not even sit well on Bortai who is a proud fore-runner of those feminists who'll look any man in the eye—and possibly spit. She hates the arrogant Tremujin who has swooped down and stolen her right out of a Mongol camp, but tell me who can resist such daring in the end? But before the end there is plenty of blood spilling and crafty shamans are predicting total war and there's quite a bit of double dealing among those jackals and rabbits. All because Tremujin was smitten by the smouldering eyes of Bortai. You'll love that scenery and spectacle of an uninhibited age reproduced in all its savage glory. With Pedro Armendariz, Agnes Moorehead. CinemaScope—RKO.

WORLD IN MY CORNER a fighter and a femme

■ Audie Murphy, boy of the slums, would like the whole world in his corner so he can punch it in the jaw. Retired fight manager John McIntire recognizes this as the drive that makes for champions and takes Audie in hand. McIntire works on the huge

**WORTH
SEEING
THIS
MONTH**

FOR LOVE
Come Next Spring
Red Sundown

FOR SPECTACLE
The Conqueror
Richard III
The Sea Shall Not Have Them

FOR LAUGHS
Cash On Delivery
The Lieutenant Wore Skirts
Anything Goes
Forever Darling

FOR DRAMA
World In My Corner

Long Island estate of millionaire Jeff Morrow and his idealistic daughter Barbara Rush. Barbara falls for Audie, but warns him that if he stays around Pop's house much longer Pop will corrupt him. (Morrow's already turned his wife into an alcoholic and treats Barbara like a possession: she wants to be independent and a writer.) I weep for you, says Audie to Barbara, but I should only have a swimming pool in which to drown my sorrows. Audie's grateful when Morrow accepts him as his daughter's suitor, but Barbara knows better. In no time Morrow has persuaded Audie to turn in his principles for cash. It's those principles that made Barbara love him in the first place. It's a nice little story.—U.I.

ANYTHING GOES a million-dollar musical

■ Remember "I Get A Kick Out Of You," "You're The Tops," "Blow, Gabriel, Blow"? They're Cole Porter tunes that were introduced on Broadway a long time ago. Here are those (and other) songs again, sung by Bing Crosby, Donald O'Connor, Mitzi Gaynor and Jeanmaire, who do not stop at singing in this polished and delightful musical. Crosby's a big Broadway name ending a successful run and looking for a girl to introduce in a new revue. He's just found a co-star—Donald O'Connor, tv's latest rage. The boys head for a vacation in Europe. Bing finds Mitzi Gaynor in a London club and signs her. O'Connor discovers Jeanmaire in a French cabaret and signs her. Simultaneously. All four of them and Mitzi's Pop (a furtive but jovial character played by Phil Harris) head for home on a luxury liner. Now, one of those girls has to go! Which one? "Jeanmaire," says Bing, until he falls for her. "Mitzi," says O'Connor, until he strolls her once around the deck. It's a problem, but not (Continued on page 30)

Adjustable, Life-Size Dress Form Made to Fit Your Figure

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Try the Ann Baldwin Dress Form in your own home without a penny's risk or obligation... simply mail no-risk coupon below. When dress form arrives, pay postman only \$3.98 plus postage. Use the Ann Baldwin Dress Form for the next 30 days. If not 100% satisfied—if your Ann Baldwin Dress Form doesn't pay for itself on the very first alteration you make—return for full refund. Rush NO-RISK coupon at right complete with your measurements—bust, waist and hips to:
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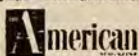
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Flair uplift #2821, all sheer nylon elastic, has exclusive contour straps, embroidered nylon marquisette top decor. White. A, B, C cups. \$3.95

movie previews (Continued from page 28)

too worldshaking. The mood's romantic and so are most of the songs (more by Cole Porter and a couple by Sammy Cahn and James Van Heusen). There's some wonderful dancing, too. VistaVision—Para.



COME NEXT SPRING homespun and heartwarming

■ You hardly see pictures like this any more. It's a kind of folktale that recalls a whole era in American history and reaffirms the importance of human dignity, neighborliness, hard work and family solidarity. After eight years of bumming around Steve Cochran comes back to the farm country of Arkansas to look up his wife (Ann Sheridan). She does not leap for joy at the sight of him. He deserted her, his mute daughter (Sherry Jackson) and the son (Richard Eyer) he hadn't even known was born. Ann runs the farm with a self-sufficiency that does not quite mask her bitterness and Cochran knows it'll take a while to prove he's given up drinking and deserting. Not only Ann, but the whole town is skeptical—including bully Sonny Tufts who's been wooing Ann. Cochran's redemption is slow but sure—such crises as a tornado and his daughter's disappearance into dangerous hill country add drama and a heartwarming climax to this completely satisfying film. With Walter Brennan, Rad Fulton, Harry Shannon. Trucolor—Republic.



THE LIEUTENANT WORE SKIRTS the "Itch" man returns

■ With his years and his waistline adding up, tv writer Tom Ewell wonders how he ever managed to keep his beautiful young wife (Sheree North) so obviously blissful. Once he was a hero (in World War II) but when a later-day hero (Rick Jason) hovers into sight, Ewell feels old, ugly and jealous. To prove her undying love Sheree joins the WAF's. (Ewell is about to be recalled into the Air Force and she wants an assignment on his staff.) But hubby doesn't pass his physical. Instead he follows Sheree (and Jason) to Hawaii and sets up house-keeping on the base. The rest of this farce is a madly concerted effort on Ewell's part to get Sheree out of the service by proving she's nuts—hears bugles in her sleep, stores whiskey in perfume bottles, carries polka dot eggs in her handbag, etc.

Needless to say, he only casts doubt on his own sanity and nearly wrecks his marriage. Sometimes he is hilarious. With Rita Moreno, Les Tremayne. CinemaScope—20th-Fox.



THE SEA SHALL NOT HAVE THEM
a tribute to heroes

■ If the suffering and the heroism of our last big war has faded in your memory here's a British film that ought to shake you up a little. It's a tribute to the Air/Sea Rescue launches that patrolled the sea in the 1940's looking for survivors shot out of planes. Four such men are bobbing in the North Sea shortly after this movie opens. One of them (Michael Redgrave) is a VIP carrying a briefcase that is even more important than his life. With him are flyers Dirk Bogarde, Jack Watling and Bonar Colleano. The action shifts from them to the rescue launch skippered by Anthony Steel, his sergeant, Nigel Patrick, and a crew who have problems of their own. Meanwhile the four survivors float helplessly in a small rubber dinghy, freezing, despairing and drawing even closer to Occupied territory. It's an absorbing drama despite its slight sense of impersonality. You'll like it.—U.A.



RICHARD III
brilliant spectacle

■ Shakespeare's spectacular melodrama is brought to nearly impeccable life in this movie produced and directed by Laurence Olivier who also plays the title role. After the coronation of Edward IV (Cedric Hardwicke) peace threatens to settle over England. Edward's brother Richard—deformed, bitter, clever and evil—decides that life will be pretty boring unless he stirs up some action. Without much ado he starts scheming for the throne. There are, of course, a few people he had to get out of the way, i.e., the king (who obligingly dies in bed), brother Clarence, the late King's two young sons, Hastings (Alec Clunes) whom Richard finds unreasonably loyal to Edward and his heirs; he must also ruin the Queen's reputation, liquidate her favored relatives (or at least disarm them) and otherwise tidy up his path to the throne. In an amazingly short time Richard, with the aid of loyal Buckingham (Ralph Richardson)—whom he later executes, accomplishes every murder he's planned and must only be "persuaded" by the people to accept the crown. However, his bloody ways impel Henry Tudor (Stanley Baker) to gather forces in Brittany for an invasion after which he hopes to become king. Tudor's decision is supported by many other powerful nobles who rally their armies. Richard meets them all at the Battle of Bosworth Field. This is a brilliant, colorful, action-packed, beautifully performed film. Among the cast are Claire Bloom (Richard's unhappy, short-lived bride); John Gielgud (Clarence). VistaVision. Technicolor—Lopert Films. (Continued on next page)

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movie previews (Continued)

FOREVER DARLING

Lucy and Desi face life

■ When the spark goes out of marriage, who's to blame? Never mind that. The problem is to start another fire, and for this purpose there is James Mason. Unfortunately, he is not in the flesh; he comes floating in and out of Lucille Ball's life like a vision from another world, which he is. He is her guardian angel, and a walking marriage manual. Lucille begins to take a vital interest in husband Desi's work—he invents pest killers—and goes on a field trip with him. Do you know all the things that can go wrong on a field trip? Well, a barrelful, and it's a long time before Lucille gets to the bottom of that barrel. With Louis Calhern. MGM.

RED SUNDOWN

west with Rory Calhoun

■ It's 1880 in Texas and, mister, that is dangerous, for law-and-order is just an idle dream of Sheriff Dean Jagger. But along comes Rory Calhoun, a gunfighter who is determined to go straight. Says you, says Martha Hyer (Jagger's daughter), in no time rutless Robert Middleton will buy you off so that he can string up his fences all over Texas. Well, Martha Hyer is wrong. Middleton can't buy him, and the gunfighter Middleton hires (played by Grant Williams) can't kill him. However Williams is quite capable of killing other people and there is a great deal of trouble for Calhoun before he disappears into the sundown once more. Technicolor—U.I.

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Des Moines, Iowa
EVELYN M. WEBSTER
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MARY LDU SYVERSON
Minneapolis, Minn.
MARY ANN SALVATORE
Irvington, N. J.
HELEN GRABUSH
Baltimore 5, Md.
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CAROL HALL
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LOUIS GIORDANO
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JOANNE LAWSON
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GLORIA MDNIE
New Orleans 24, La.
AUDREY GUPTILL
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CURTIS WRIGHT
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BARBARA HOLY
Dallas 27, Texas
ANNETTE RICHARDSON
New Castle, Texas
SHIRLEY J. MAZUR
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CECILE BERKHAN
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ROBERT C. SOLTMAN, JR.
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PATTI JO ATKINSON
Detroit 13, Mich.
MARGARET HALL
Boonville, Ind.
JUSTINE VENEZIA
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RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

THE BENNY GOODMAN STORY (U.I.): Steve Allen plays the King of Swing in this pleasant, terrifically musical biography. Donna Reed is the girl in Goodman's love-life; Harry James, Gene Krupa, Lionel Hampton contribute in person.

THE COURT-MARTIAL OF BILLY MITCHELL (Warners): The true, stirring story of the General who fought for an Air Force. Gary Cooper, Rod Steiger—and exciting courtroom scenes.

THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ARM (U.A.): Frank Sinatra, Kim Novak, Eleanor Parker star in the terrifying story of a drug addict.

GUYS AND DOLLS (MGM): Marlon Brando, Frank Sinatra, Jean Simmons and Vivian Blaine in the Technicolor version of the famous Broadway musical based on Damon Runyon stories.

PICNIC (Col.): Another prize-winning Broadway play translated into a fine movie. Kim Novak as the pretty sister, Susan Strasberg as the smart sister, Bill Holden as the untamed, lonely boy who loves Kim, are splendid, and as the unmarried school-teacher making her last desperate attempt at love, Rosalind Russell is Oscar material.

THE COURT JESTER (Para.): This one has Danny Kaye in CinemaScope and if you want to know more, there's also a zany, riotous plot involving an effort to restore a baby prince to the throne.

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TDBY CARDAMON
Des Moines, Iowa
KATHY THEISEN
St. Paul, Minn.
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Minneapolis, Minn.
BARBARA TAUSCH
Walker, Minn.
KATHY ROLLER
Ventnor, N. J.
KATHLEEN NOLAN
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San Pablo, Calif.
DONNA PERRY
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BETTY MARCHANT
San Diego, Calif.
JANE LAUPER
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Kim says: "ALWAYS LOOK AT THE OTHER PERSON"



■ Kim Novak entered the banquet room, and it was as though someone had yelled, "Fire!" Every head swiveled to the doorway.

Seemingly oblivious to the stares, she stood poised and assured. Then she carefully picked her way among the crowded tables to her seat. Her iridescent green dress shimmered as she walked. The stares continued. Although the gown was chin high in front, it was slashed to the waist in the back. It looked as if she had it on backwards and fit as if glued in place. Kim took a short breath, and then slipped into her chair.

Her entrance not only commanded attention, but won her the dubbing of "No-back Novak."

It's evident Kim believes first impressions are lasting, so what's wrong in draping that initial gander with a bit of glamour? Sure, she'd gather a crowd in corduroys and sneakers, but fortunately for important occasions, she prefers clinging jersey and hugtight designs to the "little boy" look.

Her arrivals are usually attention-getters, like the first time she walked into agent Louis Shurr's office. She looked like a slice of hazy blue spotlight. Lavender is her lucky color, and she wasn't taking any chances on this initial interview. She walked in bathed in the color from toe to head, lavender shoes, dress, gloves and scarf. "I even pinned a bunch of violets to my purse," she recalled. Her hair, which had been rinsed with a little laundry bluing in the water, completed the misty picture.

Thanks to her dramatic training, Kim has learned that first impressions depend as much on what you're thinking as what you're wearing.

A few years ago, Kim would look at a roomful of people and disappear faster than sugar in hot tea. It was drama coach Benno Schneider who provided the cure to self-consciousness.

He advised: "Look at the other person, don't let him look at you. When you walk into an executive's office, be busy studying him and you won't be thinking so much about yourself."

On an important interview, Schneider told Kim to put this into practice. "I'll ask questions later," he smiled. It wasn't a joke, for the next day he inquired, "What color suit did the director have on, were his shoes shined, did he need a haircut?"

Now Kim can walk into a crowded room with the poise of royalty: She just picks out someone or something to center her gaze on, and is oblivious to the chorus of stares.

"When I'm at an important event or actually doing a dramatic scene like in *The Eddy Duchin Story*, I'm seldom nervous. It's usually after it's all over that I begin to worry. Then, I get so tense, I can't sleep."

At times like these Kim has another remedy. She skips rope until she's relaxed. "Of course, I have to be careful not to disturb the person who lives downstairs," she assured, "so I skip on tiptoe."

Seems Kim hasn't met her new neighbor yet, and why take chances? After all, that first impression is the most lasting.

by Reba and Bonnie Churchill



So beautiful it sets you
completely apart...
this thin, sheer essence
of petals and pearls

Sheer Velvet Film

In seconds, Sheer Velvet liquid foundation gives your complexion exquisite all-day color. Just dot a few precious drops at forehead, chin, and cheeks...blend over entire face...and you're a flawless beauty! Though light as mist, Sheer Velvet Film vanishes tiny lines completely, discreetly...never changes color...leaves skin softer, dewy-fresh, with or without powder. In 5 perfect shades, \$1.25.

Sheer Velvet Face Powder, \$1.00.
Sheer Velvet Compact (powder-plus-foundation) for instant, velvety flattery, \$1.25.



For beauty the modern way...

Dorothy Gray

Which Baby is Miss America?

PICK HER PICTURE IN CAMAY'S \$65,000 CONTEST

65 BIG PRIZES!
YOU CAN WIN
\$20,000 FIRST PRIZE
2nd PRIZE \$5,000
3rd PRIZE \$2,000
22 4th PRIZES . . . \$1,000
PLUS 40 PHILCO MISS AMERICA 24" TV SETS
Console Model
Top-Touch Tuning
Worth \$400

"WHICH OF THESE FOUR IS MY BABY PICTURE?"
asks Sharon Kay Ritchie of Colorado, Miss America 1956

A I'm pert and pretty
From the Windy City.

B I'm a bright-eyed pixie
From the land of Dixie.

C From farther West
I passed the test.

D My state starts with "O"
It's the name of a show.

Here's all you do!

1. On the Official Entry Blank, just identify the baby above who became Miss America 1956. (The other 3 pictures are of runners-up in the Miss America Pageant. The hints refer to the state or city each one represented.)
2. Then, simply complete this sentence in 25 additional words or less: "Like Miss America, I use Camay because . . ."

It's easy to win \$20,000

because you'll discover so many nice things to say about cold cream Camay! You'll love its luxurious lather, exclusive perfume, satiny-smooth feel. And once you've used Camay for your complexion care and beauty bath, you'll find even more compliments for Camay's skin-pampering mildness! Then in your own words, finish the contest sentence.



FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES:

1. Check which of the above 4 pictures you think is Miss America as a baby.
2. In 25 additional words or less, complete this sentence: "Like Miss America, I use Camay because . . ." Use the Official Entry Blank in this advertisement or write on one side of a sheet of plain paper. Print your name and address plainly.
3. Mail to: Camay, Dept. C, Box 75, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be accompanied by 3 Camay wrappers (or facsimiles), any size. Entries must be postmarked before midnight, April 27 and received by midnight, May 11, 1956.
4. Any resident of the Continental United States (including Alaska) and Hawaii may enter, except employees of Procter & Gamble, its advertising agencies, and their families. Contest subject to all Federal and state regulations.

5. Entries will be judged on correct identification of Miss America's baby picture, and on the originality, sincerity and aptness of thought in completing the contest sentence. Judges' decisions final. Except for incidental help from families and friends, entries must be wholly the work of the person in whose name the entry is submitted, and will be disqualified for outside, professional or compensated help. Only one prize to a person. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. No entries returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein belong, unqualifiedly, to Procter & Gamble.

6. Prizes will be:
1st Prize \$20,000
2nd Prize \$5,000
3rd Prize \$2,000
22 4th Prizes . . . \$1,000 each
Next 40 Prizes Philco
Miss America 24" TV sets

7. All prize winners will be notified by mail. List of winners available on request—approximately 2 months after close of contest.

USE THIS OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK TODAY!

Check the letter here which refers to Miss America's baby picture above: ☐ A ☐ B ☐ C ☐ D
Complete this sentence in 25 additional words or less: "Like Miss America, I use Camay because . . ."

MAIL TO: Camay, Dept. C, Box 75,
Cincinnati 1, Ohio

Name _____
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)
Address _____
City _____
Zone _____ State _____

With each entry enclose 3 wrappers
from any size Camay



Enter
Today
CONTEST CLOSES
April 27, 1956





AN OPEN LETTER TO GRACE KELLY

Dear Grace:

There have been some harsh words between you and MODERN SCREEN in the last few months. Without dredging up the unpleasant past, we'd like to say very simply—we were wrong. Totally wrong. We thought you were headed for disaster; and that we might suggest a detour. Instead we find that without making a single compromise, you've found your happiness in a fairy-tale love that we'd never believe—if it had happened to anyone else.

But it happened to you, Grace—and if it seems to be too beautiful to be real—well, that's only because you, our lovely, serene lady, are the one for whom dreams are made. And if it seems to have happened so fast—a summer meeting, a smile and then a love—well, isn't that the way it always happens in the books about Princes in shining armor and Princesses with shining, golden hair? We are not past the age of romance.

We have a little wedding gift for you, Grace. On the following pages we have collected a special portfolio—the stories of your storybook romance in pictures and eye-witness reports.

The first is the story of the beginning, by your very good friend, Elsa Maxwell, who was there. After that there's a report that might amuse you—it certainly did us—of what was going on on the *other* side of that closed door the day you and your Prince followed each other in and out of that apartment. "Reporter X" was there, too, though you didn't know him. And the last article is by a charming lady you will meet very soon, the Comtesse de Morelos. Like you, she is an American woman who married into the French-Monogasque peerage, and she has consented to tell us—and you—what lies ahead when you marry.

We hope that you will find these stories and the pictures amusing, informative—perhaps a collection to treasure. They come to you with our best wishes, Princess Grace—with our love and our prayers for your continued happiness.

Charles D. Saxon
Editor

Grace Kelly and the Prince



Grace's long-time friend Elsa had a hunch that Grace had found the right man.

Elsa Maxwell says I SAW IT COMING!

■ Last New Year's Day, vacationing in Florida and seeking to make amends for the fact that although I was on the committee of The Monte Carlo Ball, I wouldn't be there, I wired Mrs. Lytle Hull, the ball's president, to this effect: *Invite Miss Grace Kelly, 988 Fifth Avenue, to be your guest with Prince Rainier. Very important. Elsa.*

Four days later the Palace of Monaco and the Kellys of Philadelphia announced the Grace Kelly-Prince Rainier engagement. And everywhere people cried, "I don't believe it!" "They will never marry!" In the first case they have been proved wrong. I believe they also will be proved wrong in the second case.

You saw the pictures of Grace and Prince Rainier at the ball, in the royal box, hung with Monaco's Royal Standard and looped with great curtains. Behind these curtains, more than once, Grace and her Prince, their hands clasped, forgot the world in each others' eyes.

Grace looked more like a Princess and acted more like a Princess than most European Princesses.

"Always," Mrs. Lytle Hull told me, "I shall remember the instinctive way in which she took a place slightly deferential to him, never losing one whit of dignity thereby, attaining greater dignity in fact."

When Grace and Prince Rainier were leaving the Waldorf that night they said to Mrs. Hull, "Let us know when the next ball is to be. We'll come, wherever we are."

Then, unwilling to be separated although the hour was late, they went off to a little supper club where they danced the rest of the night away.

Nobody had any advance information on the announcement, not even Grace's best friends. But I can say I saw it coming. I had a hunch. And my hunch, like most hunches, I suspect, was born of a combination of facts and observations.

And now, incidentally, another hunch. I think Grace will marry Prince Rainier in Monaco. With her sense of fitness I do not think she would ask him to be married elsewhere than in his principality. I know that she will be a wonderful princess in more than appearance, learn to be equal to the Prince's family and diplomatic problems and prove herself one of the most effective ambassadors we ever have had in Europe.

Why do I say I had a hunch about the couple's interest in each other? Here are the facts that (Continued on page 90)

Elsa Maxwell introduced Grace to Jean-Pierre Aumont who accompanied her last summer to Monaco for her private audience with Prince Rainier. Kelly-Aumont romance accounted for Grace's delayed reaction to the Prince, although she confessed to Elsa at the time that the Prince had a marvelous way with tigers: They loved to embrace him!







Focus of Friday engagement party was Grace's diamond-and-ruby ring (Monaco's colors). Kellys announced Grace would bring no dowry.



Quoted as saying, "Here I am, a bricklayer's wife—and my daughter's marrying a Prince," Mrs. Kelly looked like a proper Philadelphia matron as she charmed press, posed for traditional mother-looks-at-ring news picture.



Prince and in-laws gathered for picture on the big announcement day. Front row, left to right: Prince, Grace, her parents, older sister. Back row: sister-in-law, brother-in-law, brother Jack, brother-in-law; younger sister.



Father Tucker, who arranged for Grace and the Prince to meet again in the U.S. and who advised the Kellys of the Prince's intentions, congratulated his royal communicant.



Reporters and photographers (among them "Reporter X") descended on Kellys' Philadelphia mansion to scoop each other on the biggest star story of this or any other year.



"Reporter X" confides: MY THREE FRANTIC DAYS WITH GRACE

■ Covering a royal romance is strictly not my dish of tea. But when my editor got the word on Grace and her Prince he roared, "Follow that girl!" and I did. For three days—in New York, Philadelphia and back to New York—Kelly was my beat. It got so I could even spell Monagasque backwards. I filed thousands of words on January 6th, 7th, 8th—those three days that shook the world and Hollywood. Just for the record, here's what really happened, from one who never left Grace's side during the most important days of her life. Here it is exactly as I logged it in my notebook on the most glamorous assignment of my life. (I must confess I cribbed the first entry from Jack O'Brian, who scooped us all.)

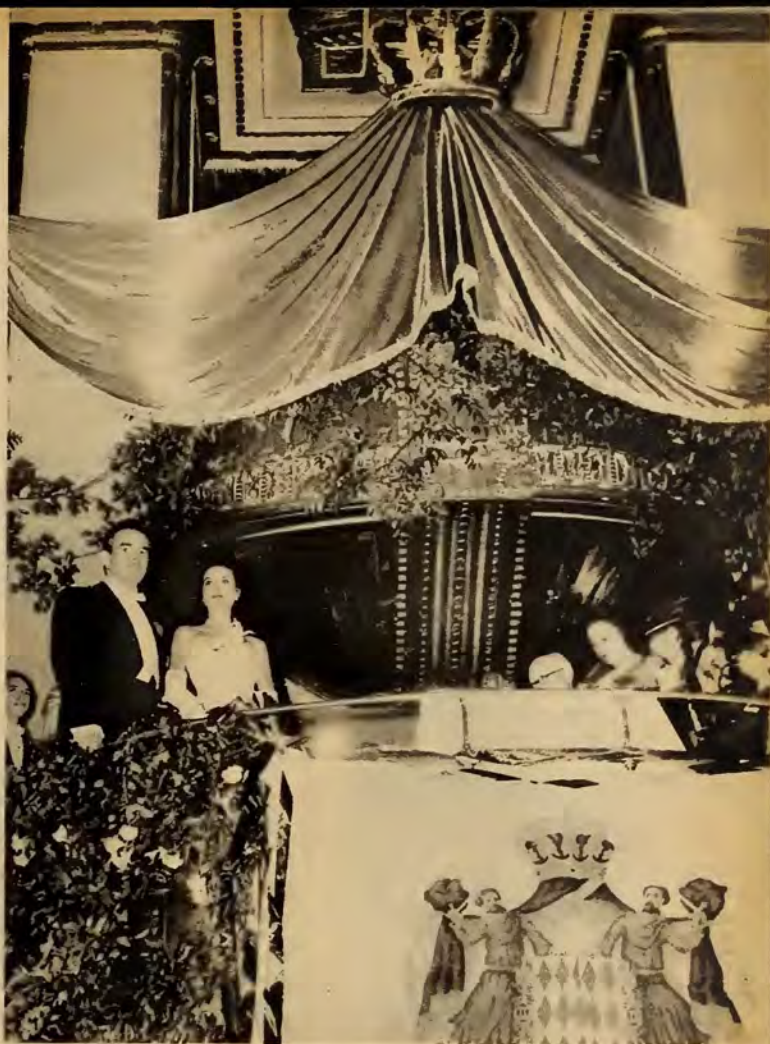
JANUARY 6th—FRIDAY

2:30 A.M. New York *Journal American* columnist Jack O'Brian is sitting in the Cub Room at the Stork Club when he spots Grace and His Serene Highness in a gay gathering of six at a comfy corner table. Jack, a crackerjack columnist and reporter, remembers Grace's visit to the Prince's palace last year and he knows the Prince has come to America to seek a wife. Putting one and one together, columnist O'Brian comes up with a story. All he needs is confirmation.

Jack knows Grace from her television acting days in New York before she went on to Hollywood triumphs and the Academy Award for 1954. Had Grace and the Prince been without the others, the columnist would have gone over to their table and popped the question. But with the others present, Jack decides to send a note. He writes: "Dear Grace, I understand you will announce your engagement on Thursday or Friday." At the bottom of the paper O'Brian puts two little boxes labeled "Yes" and "No," and adds the request, "Answer one, please."

(Continued on page 99)

"REPORTER X" who followed Grace during her first week end as an engaged girl works for a leading New York daily paper and must remain strictly anonymous.



Saturday's society ball brought out New York's 400 to gape at Grace and Prince, who opened the affair, nibbled candied violets in the privacy of their box and on the stroke of midnight drew winners for the door prizes. As they left the ball an unidentified woman bussed the Prince and Grace snapped, "Wipe that lipstick off your face." Next day all was forgiven as the royal couple strolled happily down Fifth Avenue on their way to lunch.





Brenda Helser, the Comt  sse de Morelos tells WHAT IT WILL BE LIKE TO BE "LA PRINCESSE GRACIA PATRIZIA"

■ Grace Kelly is the first American girl to become consort of a ruler of anything more important than a coconut isle. Many coconut islands are larger, by far, than the Principaut   de Monaco, but no other country can claim so much civilization per square inch. Of Monaco's 20,000 residents, most of whom would like to be, only 2,200 are princely subjects. Becoming Monagasque is harder than becoming American, for which birth in The United States is sufficient qualification. A child born in Monaco of foreign parents can become Monagasque only if he spends at least ten years in the Principality. Already Grace's future nationality has caused one squabble. My husband, the Comte de Morelos, host of a recent Paris dinner party, remarked casually, "Of course, she'll be giving up her American citizenship." "She'll probably be forced to," I said sadly, "but no one will really blame her." "Blame her!" echoed Vicomte Mantout. "You Americans are truly amazing!" Mantout may be prejudiced, for he was abruptly divorced in Nevada last month by his American wife. "And you exaggerate," said the host exchanging looks with his countrymen. "The girl is marrying a reigning prince and you quibble!" Neither of the (Continued on page 68)



Grace tried Monaco's palace on for size last summer when she visited the Prince for Paris Match story.



Prince showed Grace his glamorous kingdom, less than half the size of New York's Central Park.



Palace contains 200 rooms, commands a spectacular view of the Mediterranean (where rides the royal yacht) and Monte Carlo which produces royal revenue. The palace is staffed with 100 servants for Grace to direct and a 69-man "army" to guard her.



When Prince Rainier announced his engagement Monaco's store windows displayed Grace's picture.





Animals I was always crazy for.
Met that deer on a camping trip.
Then at fourteen I was an actor.
Played a poet who got drowned
in the third act. Almost did, too.



"I know why," Venetia told him. "You're saying goodbye to your boyhood — and taking a wife!"



Pretty, huh? (The girl, Smartie, not me!)
No, I won't tell you her name. The lady
on the right is your Mom-in-law;
I was a sailor for a bit part in a movie.





Jean Simmons is expecting—but she's not getting sentimental. Why, she didn't even tell a soul—hardly!

"IT'S JUST OUR SECRET"

by LOUIS POLLOCK

■ Expectant motherhood is bringing Jean Simmons new ideas; she won't be running off to live the rest of her life in foreign places, she has a yearning to try her hand as a cook at last, and she may give up driving.

It was only a matter of days after she learned that she was going to have a baby that she realized there were going to be some changes (no pun intended) in the life of the Grangers. Someone asked her about the buy-a-house-in-Spain idea long talked about by Jimmy (her husband, Stewart Granger).

"Spain!" she cried, as if in disbelief. "Oh, we've changed our minds, Jimmy and I, about that. We were going once, yes. And we were going to buy a farm in Kenya, South Africa. And then there was Switzerland—so centrally located in Europe, Jimmy pointed out, between the movie studios in England and Italy. And not long ago we were talking about getting a home in Connecticut. But that's all over with, now that the baby is on the way. We realize, as imminent parents—and don't spell that eminent, please!—that we are terribly happy right here in California!"

"Right here," specifically, no longer means their old home atop a Beverly Hills mountain, but a new house, a bigger place with tiled swimming pool, set against the wooded, rolling slopes of Bel Air. And "we" not only includes Jean and Jimmy, but his two children by a former marriage, Jamie, who is eleven, and Lindsay, who is ten; both now living with their father permanently.

Jean looks happy these days, and talks happy. In fact she can hardly stop talking about what's going to happen to her, even though she entreats all visitors not to. "Please, let's not get sentimental and sickening about it!" is her usual request. Yet it turns out that, like all newly expectant mothers, she can't talk about much else. One of the typical stories told about her (*Continued on page 72*)



(yours
and 85
other
people)

SIDNEY SKOLSKY'S OSCAR PREDICTIONS



I'm sitting at my typewriter, long before the Oscar returns are in, picking my winners. It's a game you'll have fun playing, too, so why not match your choices against mine. It won't be long before we know.

BEST ACTRESS: ANNA MAGNANI

I think the temper of the times and the trend in Hollywood toward imported stars favors Magnani. Of course it'll be a two-filly race between Magnani and Hayward.



BEST ACTOR: JAMES CAGNEY

He should get it for *Love Me Or Leave Me* but Ernest Borgnine will give him competition and so will James Dean. The Academy might just announce that their choice is Dean.



Sidney Skolsky tells some surprising tales about Hollywood's

THE TRUTH ABOUT OSCAR



■ Oscar is the most important man in Hollywood. Some 2,600 people will fill the Pantages Theatre one evening this March, and over 50,000,000 people across the country will tune in their tv sets, to see him. I'm a push-over for Oscar, I must admit, because I named him. This statement of fact always produces denials from two otherwise charming ladies.

Bette Davis explained in print recently how *she* came to name the Academy Award statuette "Oscar." She had just won him for *Dangerous* in 1935, and as Bette writes, "About the same time I finally wheedled out of my husband, Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., the tenaciously guarded secret of his middle name. It was 'Oscar.' To tease him, I began to call my statuette

BEST PICTURE: MARTY

This is the big one. And yet I don't think a big-screen picture will win. I think that, for the third year in a row, a standard size, black-and-white film will win. I pick *Marty*.



Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing



Reprinted, courtesy Miller Music Corp.

BEST SONG: LOVE IS A MANY-SPLENDORED THING

No doubt about it in my mind, Oscar will be singing this lovely ballad. Of course Jennifer Jones and Bill Holden did much to push this one to the top but it deserves to win.

BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR: JACK LEMMON

I think this boy has had many good workouts and is due to cop the title.

His job in *Mister Roberts* was clocked fast by the boys who know. And I say that he's the one who should have it.



BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS: JO VAN FLEET

She's new but I don't think her supporting performances in *I'll Cry Tomorrow* or *East Of Eden* can be ignored. My money's on Jo Van Fleet, a gal who can really act.



leading citizen, and he has every right to. After all, Sidney's the guy who named him Oscar!

'Oscar.' Soon, 'Oscar' was adopted by the industry—and that's how the Academy Award statuettes got their name."

The other lovely lady is Margaret Herrick, executive director of the Academy. Margaret says she named it after her uncle, Oscar Pierce, "A Texas wheat farmer of dignity, austerity and commanding authority."

Margaret is vague on the date when gold statuette and uncle merged into Oscar.

I feel awkward disputing the conflicting statements of two ladies, but I remember clearly that I named Oscar. I swear on a stack of Oscars my story is true. I had been transferred by the *New York Daily News* to Hollywood. Covering my first Acad-

emy Awards banquet and still regarding myself as a Broadwayite, I thought Hollywood was taking their awards too seriously. In particular, I couldn't tolerate speaker after speaker referring to the Award as "the gold statuette." It continued for hours: "The gold statuette for the best performance by an actress to Katharine Hepburn for *Morning* (Continued on page 80)"

Where did she
find that picture?
I thought I'd
burned it!

Brother



Ben

My sister wrote this story - she meant well - but please read my notes

Who says she's in
her right mind ???

And how
old are you, sis?

WHAT?

True!

Draining!

What a sweet doll

That's what
you call
"Life with Sister"



■ Nobody in their right mind would admit such a thing, but I must confess the first time I saw my brother, when he and mother came home from the hospital, I dashed upstairs to the bathroom and devoted the next half hour to losing my breakfast. It wasn't revulsion, you understand (or so I keep telling myself)—it was only that my two-year-old nerves couldn't stand the excitement.

My nerves are now twenty-four-years old, and in the interim they have been alternately frazzled and calmed by brother Ben. First in Hartford, then on Long Island, and right now the two of us are sharing an apartment near Hollywood. Or perhaps I should say that Ben has invited me to stay with him while I am on the west coast.

This arrangement has its advantages (besides being brother and sister, we're friends—we like each other), but it has its drawbacks, too. You might say that Ben is not the world's neatest housekeeper. When he met me at the airport last March he told me about the chocolate sponge pie he'd baked for me. From Mother's recipe, and my favorite dessert. "And I've got the apartment neat as a pin for you," he bragged.

Isn't that sweet of him, I thought, but the door wasn't all the way open before I could see a mountain of papers on top of the cupboard near the entrance. And the glasses on the sink, among other things. It was a Sunday, and that afternoon when I asked if we could have a Sunday paper, you know what he said? "Oh, no, a Sunday paper would get the place all messed up."

Ben's birth rounded out the Cooper family, and there were no more additions. I've often thought it a lucky fact for my parents, as he and I were quite enough for any two strong, normal people to have crashing about the house. There was the trench dug in the garden for war games, the dog, nine cats, the skunk and the horse, and even when we were asleep we didn't let up. We both talked in our sleep, often socked each other, and sometimes I added to the fray by strolling around the property completely asleep, guided only by Providence. One night when Mother and Ben returned home after a performance of *Life With Father*, Ben spotted me hanging over the banister at the top of the stairs, just like Raggedy Ann. He was ten at the time, and I must say my brother had considerable presence of mind, even then. Instead of yelling and waking me and giving Mother a heart attack, he just ran quietly up the stairs and took my hand and led me off to my room.

But then Ben always was a little older, and had more sense, than people gave him credit for. On Hallowee'n when I was twelve I had a party, and inasmuch as I was at the post-office age, we played post office. The kids went into the hall closet to kiss, and after about an hour I found out that Ben had been hiding behind the coats to see what he could see. I called Dad

Nothing as I look back



This is Ben talking: According to my sister I'm hard to wake up and I mess up the bathroom! Nonsense! She's just over-sensitive.

That's better! Neatly stacked!

Well!

Good!

Gettoman Bone?

and me by Bunny Cooper

or you'll get everything fouled up—BunC.

for help, and he hauled Ben off to his room. But being Dad, he wasn't really teed off.

"Well, did you learn anything?" he asked Ben.

"Oh heck," said Ben, "you're born knowing about that stuff."

Anyway, we grew up, and it's a wonder. Ben had to add to the natural chaos by becoming an actor when he was eight, and that in itself is enough for parents to handle. Nobody in our family had ever been in any form of show business, and Dad was a designing engineer and hoping Ben would like to be one, too, and then a friend of the family's told Mother they were auditioning for the part of the youngest son in *Life With Father*. And Mother, who had been a nurse, and whose only connection with curtains had been those between the beds in wards, decided it would be a lark to take Ben into New York and see what an audition was like. There was such a mob backstage that she would have left, but her dander was ruffled by the other mothers there, who thought it was pretty funny that a woman had a boy in tow who'd never been in a play before. When somebody announced later that Master Ben Cooper was to play Harlan, Mother almost flipped, she was that surprised.

And then Ben was such a success, and liked it so well, Mother and Dad went along with it. They've always been like that. As long as something was right for us, if we wanted to do it, that was all right with them. Just the same, it must have been a worry, having a youngster on Broadway. I remember when Ben left the play after three years, he was playing baseball one day outside the house. He connected with a ball and sent it through a neighbor's window, and Dad gave him a proper bawling out—but later that evening he grinned at Mother and said, "Wasn't that great?" I guess he felt no son was a real boy until he'd poked out somebody's window with a baseball, and Ben hadn't had much time for that sort of thing.

After the play Ben was swamped with radio and tv work, which made him a real show business pro at an early age. I can honestly say that our parents did a wonderful job in keeping Ben's head down to normal size. Dad used to tell him: "People expect you to be fresh and stuck-up just because you're an actor. So be yourself, but be careful." Ben didn't get any special privileges either. He got twenty-five cents a week for spending money, the same as the other kids. And even though he attended school at St. Luke's Parochial only in the afternoons (because he slept late after being a junior night owl), he always came out with grades among the highest in the class.

As I said, he had a lot of horse sense, maybe from working with older people so much. When he was about twelve we were having one of our evening talks with our parents before we went to bed, and Ben said something about feeling sorry for the neighborhood kids.

(Continued on page 97)



This is Bunny talking. Ben's a gem around the house—always ready to help with the dishes—by distracting my attention from the nasty job!



This is both of us: We're at our best at parties. Each of us is always ready to disappear if the other meets someone interesting!

For me too!

SHE'S surprised!!

Good thing

What else?

You kidding?

WHAT A TITLE!

BIG DEAL!

they did real well too!

I would have too!

I had to open my BIG mouth

CHECK✓

Only three?

He never told ME that!

A Princely sum!

You remember everything!

"Pier has the spark; I don't," Marisa used to say. "For me everything comes slowly—the hard way." But that was when she lived in Pier's house, dated Pier's cast-offs—before glory touched Marisa Pavan

by KIRTLEY BASKETTE

THE DARK ONE, THE QUIET ONE...

■ It was no wonder that Marisa was the one who stayed home with the baby. Pier was a swan—no mistake—but Marisa was an ugly duckling. Pier's hair curled in delightful ringlets around her oval face. Marisa's was straight as piano wires, squared off around her bonier features with bangs and a Dutch bob. Her complexion was an ordinary olive, not the alabaster tint which Italians prize so highly, the kind Pier had. Pier was graceful and daintily sculptured; Marisa was chubby. Pier prattled with a musical lilt; her own voice was low and husky. Nobody ever called her "Bambola," which means "doll," as they did Pier. They said Marisa was a tomboy.

Marisa was never her daddy's pet, as Pier was. She couldn't bring herself to cuddle coquettishly up on his lap and tease him into whatever she wanted. She sensed his masculine disappointment that she wasn't a charmer. Her mother tried to make up for the lost affection. "Annarella"—little Annie—was Luigi Pierangeli's favorite. Marisa (a quick way to say Maria Luisa) became Mama's girl.

But if their difference posed this subtle family division, the twins themselves were cemented by a strong bond in the face of every rivalry their strange lives have given them. Perhaps the fact that they were not alike in any respect and didn't pretend to be, warded off clashes of real rivalry. As Pier puts it, "Marisa's all inside—I'm all outside." Understanding that, they (Continued on page 70)



MAMA GOES A-HUNTING



Photo by London Express

"If Vic had his way,"
 Pier sighs, "the poor baby
 would wear only a
 diaper. He thinks it is manly
 for Perry's chest to show!"
 If Pier had her way,
 though, her son would wear
 frills ("They are so pretty!"),
 so the Damones have
 compromised on simple
 knitted baby clothes—with
 tops and bottoms.





Unlike sister Marisa, Pier Angeli doesn't travel alone.

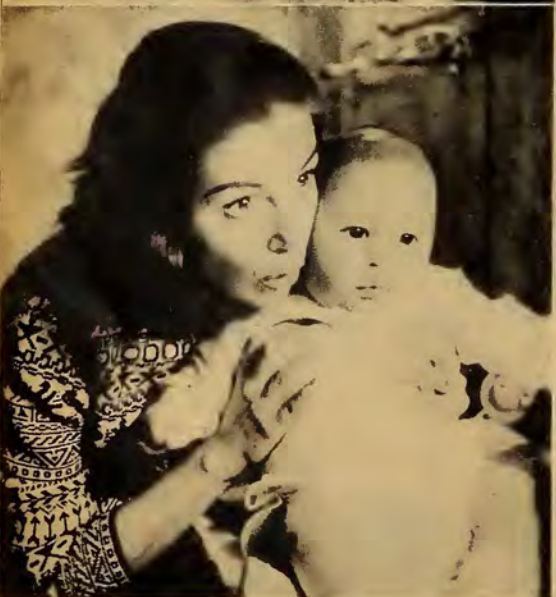
When she went to London to make a movie she took her husband and son along

■ Cats go to London to look at the queen. Movie stars, on the other hand, go to London to look at a cat. Possibly that's a slight exaggeration, but for a while, it seemed that way, at least within a hundred feet of Pier Angeli. For Pier was out a-hunting, her eyes sparkling, her hair (grown back to its usual below-the-shoulder length) streaming, her quick hands reaching eagerly for anything and everything that might possibly delight her small son with the large name, Perry Rocco Luigi Damone. In her wake traveled a haggard friend, rescuing music boxes, replacing boxing gloves on the shelf, keeping up a constant uneasy mutter of, "No, Pier, he already has six . . . No, Pier, he's five years too young for that . . . No, Pier, he'll only smash it!" To all of which Pier's indignant treble would retort, "But he is very clever for his age. Very careful. Very—mature! And," the voice would grow soft amidst the bustle of the London stores, "so very lonely for his mama when I am working."

"Now, Pier. Vic's there. The nurse is there. And for that matter, *you're* there. Why, the way you dash home from the studio you'd think the poor kid was breathing his last!"

"Bite your tongue to say such a thing!" Pier ordered. Then her eyelids lowered. "But, I will tell you, it is not safe in that apartment. I do not sleep easy ever since we were robbed. Those thieves, in December they stole all my jewelry. That was awful, but jewelry one can live without. But suppose they come back when my baby is there?" (Continued on next page)





When she can be torn away from Perry, Pier works hard on Port Afrique, which has a highly international flavor. Pier, an Italian, plays a Spanish singer in the American movie—being filmed in England!

"Now, Pier, they're not coming back. The police . . ."

But Pier wasn't listening. Now those dark eyes were peering toward the back of the store, the white brow was creased in thought, and suddenly the tiny figure was dashing between counters, snatching at a furry body and returning breathless. What a cat!

"Look," cried Pier. "A watch-cat. A friend for Perry. Is he sweet?"

The cat squirmed wildly. "Yes," the friend said. "Very sweet, Pier. But they won't let you keep a cat in the apartment. And Perry will love him so much he'll pull his tail off. If the cat doesn't scratch his eyes out first."

"My Perry? My cat? Never. They will play like brothers. They will love each other—quietly, without pulling."

"Dear Pier, I never heard that Vic was mad about cats."

The long lashes drooped. "That is true," said Pier. Slowly she walked back to the pet department. Then the sparkle returned. When she got back to her friend, she had traded the cat in for another of his breed—but this one was stuffed, and created of a highly improbable orange fur.

"The resemblance is very close," said Pier. "And he will not object if Perry should, sometime, pull his tail a little—or even his ears." She drew herself up proudly. "Such a vigorous baby he is," said Pier Angeli.

END



Jimmy Stewart: I ALWAYS MISS THE KIDS

*Shooting movies
on a round-the-world
schedule leaves
family man Jim little
time for anything
but memories*

by STEVE CRONIN

■ Jimmy Stewart, his long legs dangling over the arm of an easy chair, sat in Room 144 of the conservative Ritz Hotel in Paris. He ran his hand through his blond hair, hair that's been dyed for his latest picture, *The Spirit Of St. Louis*, and sighed, "I sure miss the kids."

Wife Gloria bent over and kissed Jim on the forehead.

"You should," she cracked.

"You've hardly seen them all year."

Jim reached up and pulled Gloria down on his lap. "When this picture's finished," he suggested, "let's stay home for a while."

Gloria Stewart shook her lovely head in the gesture of a mother goodnaturedly reproving a wayward child. "Okay," she agreed. "We'll stay a long time . . . three minutes, anyway."

Later she described "the fantastic travel kick we've been on."

Gloria explained how travel had transformed "Jim and me, a couple of homebodies, into a pair of globe-trotters. We get home from Africa or Japan (Continued on page 74)

LORI NELSON'S PROBLEM: always a date — never a best girl



by JANE WILKIE

■ There is a dear old lady living in North Hollywood, and once a year she belts around the country visiting her many relatives. On these annual jaunts she enjoys the train and bus rides as much as the actual visits, for these give her opportunity to spread the word about her granddaughter, who is a movie star in Hollywood. Often the people who sit next to her have heard of Lori Nelson, a circumstance which warms the old lady's heart, but if not, they are given a dissertation, replete with life history and movies made, and sometimes even receive photographs.

Her grandmother is Lori's pride and despair; pride because Lori is so fond of the old dear, and her despair because every time Lori responds to Grandma Thompson's request for photographs (assertedly to be put into a scrapbook), she knows quite well they will be passed out to strangers on the next (Continued on page 87)





Tab Hunter, Lori's most frequent and constant date since she's been in movies, announces frequently that she's his "ideal girl," but so far he's made no move to settle down, dates almost every starlet in town. Dick Clayton, right, is Lori's agent and Tab's best friend—when he takes Lori out, as he does frequently, they talk business, not romance, go to photographer-filled night spots or premières.



Far left. Frequently out with a crowd, Lori and Tab chauffeur Adele August, Bud Pennell, Jeanette Müller. Bob Kenaston, left, admires Lori's excellent taste in clothes, the poise that makes her a perfect date for a sophisticated night-club evening; Hugh O'Brian (the taller clown on the right) goes for the sense of humor that takes Lori from the sublime to the ridiculous without missing a beat, baggy pants, paint and all—but is too concerned with his career to think of love.

Bob Wagner, opposite, is just a good friend; Lori got to know him when he dated her close pal Debbie Reynolds. Wayne Mallory, right, is Guy Madison's brother and an up-and-coming star, but in no position to marry; Laurence Harvey, far right, divides his time between the U. S. and England so Lori sees him only sporadically, continues her succession of dates—but no romances.





■ "Veronica and I married tonight in Lompoc, California. Love to you and Happy New Year. Greg."

It was typical of Greg Peck's thoughtfulness to have wired me this happy news before it was released to the general press. It was also typical of his "colossal dignity" (as John Huston so aptly described Greg's basic quality after working with him in *Moby Dick*) that no press or photographers were present at the ceremony. There was none of the Hollywood hoop-la customary when such a famous and popular movie hero takes a bride—even if it isn't his first. Not even Greg's personal press agent was tipped off as to when and where the wedding

would take place! Before Greg and Veronique quietly slipped away to Channing Peake's ranch in the Santa Inez Valley, forty-five miles north of Santa Barbara, where Greg has leased a flourishing cattle ranch, he handed his super press agent Arthur Jacobs a sealed envelope. "Please don't open this until you hear from me," Greg instructed.

After the ceremony, performed by Judge Arden Jensen of Santa Barbara, had taken place in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Peake, their four children and Greg's mother and stepfather, Greg called Arthur, who wasted no time ripping open the envelope. Greg had written him all the vital

information about the wedding, and enclosed a few pictures of himself and Veronique taken three days previous, so that the press could be serviced even though no photographers covered the actual ceremony.

Because Greg was still filming *The Man In The Gray Flannel Suit*, there was only time for a three-day honeymoon over the New Year holiday, which they spent at the ranch they both love. Even their closest friends weren't let in on the secret. Dorothy and Ray Massey, who had expected to spend New Year's with them, received a wire from Greg, saying that for good and personal reasons, he was going away for the week end, but he

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 25 CENTRAL PARK WEST=
 VERONIQUE AND I MARRIED TONIGHT IN LOMPOC CALIFORNIA
 LOVE TO YOU AND HAPPY NEW YEAR=
 GREG=

... AND A HAPPY NEW LIFE TO YOU, VERONIQUE AND GREG

*"If you keep our secret until the marriage,
 I promise you the first story." That's
 what Greg told his good friend Radie, and
 this was the telegram that gave us the go-ahead*

by Radie Harris

would see them as soon as he got back. Needless to say, Dorothy and Ray weren't too surprised when three nights later, they dined with Mr. and Mrs. Greg Peck!

Unfortunately, being 3,000 miles away, I couldn't join in the celebration, so I phoned to congratulate them and also to ask them some questions of my own. Naturally, the first one the female in me wanted to know was what Veronique had worn as her bridal gown. She came to the phone and told me—"A Balenciaga dark blue ensemble of Italian silk and a white tulle hat with a perky white flower in front." From Greg, I wanted to know whether they were staying on in the Pacific Pali-

sades home he had occupied as a bachelor this past year, or whether they were buying a larger house? "We are not going to buy yet," was Greg's answer. "But Veronique is out every day looking for a house to rent—nothing grand, but comfortable and large enough for us and the three boys, who will spend their summers with us. No, we are not planning a belated honeymoon. We are happy just to have our roots here in California. Remember, I was away from home for three years, and it is good to be back again. Veronique has fallen in love with my native California, too. As soon as I finish *The Man In The Gray Flannel Suit*, I hope to start another

picture right away for my own company Melville Productions—that is, if I can find the right script. I am still looking. So is Veronique. She has the advantage of being able to read several languages, so if I don't find something in English, we are hoping she may run across a foreign play or novel that might lend itself to translation."

Veronique has other advantages that make her qualify as an ideal wife for Greg, the most important being her wonderful relationship with his sons. To help establish this relationship Veronique came to Hollywood last May. Greg wanted Jonathan, Steven and Carey Paul to get to know Veronique as a (Continued on page 92)



Bewildered French sailors found Jane, in a bright red wig, reading the Bible. 30 seconds later she was dancing like mad and passing refreshments!



Husband Robert Waterfield, big and quiet, is the only person Jane doesn't order around—or use her extensive vocabulary of four-letter words on, either.



Ma had no trouble when Jane was a tot. But in her teens Jane ran with "a bunch of hellions" and Ma had to adopt them all to get Daughter home!

■ Jane Russell was quoting the Bible—as usual. This time she was doing so in the course of a speech for the benefit of WAIF. It was quite an extensive quote and it wound the talk up nicely. "That's from Deuteronomy," Jane said, smiling. "Any questions?"

A hand went up in the front row and a woman rose. "This isn't exactly a question," she said. "It's a correction. That quote was from Judges."

"No," Jane said firmly, "it was from Deuteronomy." "Judges."

"Deuteronomy," said Jane. The smile grew set, slightly ominous.

"Judges, Miss Russell. I've taught Sunday School for twenty years and I—"

"I don't give a d--- what you've been doing," boomed the saintly Miss Russell. "That's Deuteronomy and that's that!"

She was right, too.

Afterwards, repenting backstage, she muttered, "Well, that's Old Jane for you—biggest mouth in town." Then she brightened. "At least," she said, "now maybe they'll stop calling me a female Billy Graham!"

Ever since it got out—with a bang—that Jane, offstage, lives it up in chapel more than anywhere else, misunderstood Miss Russell has found herself billed as the holy, homey, wholesome, housebroken type, spreading sweetness, light, Bibles and charity with a gentle hand. That wasn't enough—she had to go and adopt an English baby, then organize a red-tape-cutting society for women who wished to go and do likewise. "Ever since," she mourns, "they don't call (Continued on page 95)

Jane Russell: I WASN'T MEANT TO BE A SAINT

*First they called
her a sexpot and now
they call her holier-
than-anyone! But if
this story doesn't
end that legend—
nothing ever will!*

by SUSAN WENDER



Chuck fought fatherhood for ten

HESTON & SON

■ Outside and far below them the tugs whistled dolefully in New York's ice-clogged East River. The Charlton Hestons were at breakfast in their Tudor City apartment; as they plowed into their scrambled eggs they could look out on a terrace studded with crisp brown privet and boxed plants huddling against winter.

"But I don't like it," Chuck said. "You know what we agreed—that after Fray was born we wouldn't be separated."

"All right," Lydia told him, "but that's the way it has to be."

Chuck reared his six-foot-four, lanky frame up from the table and, carrying his coffee cup, moved toward



photos by Jacques Loue



"I don't want to be one of those fathers who hides behind the newspapers," says Chuck. "I want my share of responsibility." This from a guy who'd never diapered a baby until he took a course in the care and feeding of infants. Being Heston he got an "A!"

the window. His breath frosted the glass as he argued against the move.

Lydia was mild but firm. "The baby shouldn't spend the next two weeks changing climates four times. You know what the doctor said. He's crashingly healthy and that's the way he's going to stay. Right?"

"Right. But a whole week in Florida, away from the two of you . . ."

"We'll join you in New Orleans the day your Circus show is over," Lydia said. "For Pete's sake, darling, during ten years of marriage I was never able to pin you down for more than a few weeks at a time. Now you blow your stack about a week's separation. What's come over you?"

He turned from the window, grinning sheepishly. "I guess I'm making like a father. Okay, I'll see you and Fray in New Orleans in a week. I'll phone you every evening—"

"Oh, brother!" said Lydia, but her eyes were a little misty and she was smiling. "That'll be the day. Not that I'm not enchanted with the whole idea. But give me a little time to get used to it. It's like—like finding a new husband."

"Humph," snorted Chuck indignantly, and took her in his arms and bussed her soundly. "Recognize the old husband?"

I had not seen Chuck in over a year when I drove from Miami to Sarasota

for a chat with him. We'd talked on the long distance phone, and he invited me over so cordially that I threw a suitcase into the luggage compartment, gassed up, and took off. I wanted to see for myself what Chuck meant when he said his baby had changed his life. I had confessed that the Hestons, especially Chuck had always puzzled me.

Chuck had never made any bones about the fact that he didn't want children just yet. There was too much to do, too many places to go. A child would mean having to settle down in one place, maybe give up good opportunities. They'd talked it all out, and although (Continued on page 74)



grace kelly: by the countess

(Continued from page 43) Frenchmen understood that to an American, losing American citizenship is an utterly horrifying thought even when compensation runs as high as it will to Grace Kelly. But as an American she seems doomed, for Americans aren't permitted to accept titles, much less be crowned. Grace will have to submit to a coronation immediately or soon after her wedding. Uncrowned, Monaco cannot use her; crowned, America will not want her. It would seem that every silver sky has a cloudy lining.

The Comte Jean de Lagausie and his brother, the Marquis de Pontejac, were also at the table. Having been born in their father's summer chateau in France both are French, but their mother is Monagasque and they are Monagasque at heart. According to them, Monaco feels itself extremely lucky to be getting Grace, as though she were honoring them, instead of the other way around. They say she's proved herself more fit to be consort and eventually Princess-Mother than any previously suggested born-to-it princess. Just the same, they seem to feel that Prince Rainier had her right where he wanted her from the very beginning. Outside Monaco, the contrary is implied.

Probably Grace Patricia Kelly will become soon *Altesse Sérénissime la Princesse Gracia Patrizia*. Otherwise, "Princess Grace" pronounced in French and translated from it, sounds incongruously like "Fat Princess." As Princess of Monaco she will need a coat of arms. These will be affixed to the windows of shops honored with her regular trade and her official princely warrant. There will be stamps issued bearing her profile, an angle hitherto unseen on movie magazine covers. Almost certainly the long-planned, new boulevard along Monaco's harbor will be named in her honor. Her linen, leather and silver will be embroidered and marked with closed crowns. Last and definitely least, her subsequent pictures ought to include the credit line: "Grace Kelly by courtesy of Rainier III."

Call her "Madame"

Serene Highnesses are not entitled to be addressed "Monseigneur," as are Royal Highnesses. According to the book, an S.A.S. must settle for the address "Prince." However, loyal Monagasques are shocked at the very idea. To them Prince Rainier is "Monseigneur," the feminine equivalent of which is "Madame," or "Ma'am," in English. While calling Grace "Madame" will do her the greatest honor, she may also be properly addressed as "Princesse," "Altesse," or "Highness" in English.

Grace herself will have to study European protocol as well as languages. On many questions European etiquette books are diametrically opposed to American. The better one's manners in America, the bigger one's errors in Europe. For instance: An American gentleman sees an American lady to her door; he must not leave her at the curb. Insisting to be seen to one's door in Europe is to issue an invitation one is sure to regret five minutes later. Furthermore, Emily Post says: "A lady never takes off her glove to shake hands." Over here the offered hand must never be covered! This originates in the fact that a married lady expects her hand to be kissed and no man should be asked to kiss a glove. Because unmarried, non-royal ladies do not have their hands kissed, it would be surprising to see Prince Rainier kiss Grace's hand in public until after he has married her (or someone else does.)

Of course, as first lady of the land,

whatever Grace does will have to be accepted by her husband's subjects—and followed. But Grace will want to know the proper etiquette to save misunderstandings on both sides. Should she be guided by Emily Post she risks being horrified at every turn and equally distressing the good people of Monaco. When Emily Post, by the by, was asked for an explanation of the differences, she replied: "I wrote my book for Americans. My advice is to follow that old saying 'When in Rome do as the Romans do.'"

Obviously, the Romans wouldn't wish the wedding to be held in Philadelphia. Rainier would never heartlessly deprive his people of the moment for which they've prayed in their churches. A more irrevocable fact is that regal weddings are always held in the country of the one who sits or shall sit on the throne. For example: A few years ago Princess Josephine-Charlotte, sister of King Baudouin of The Belgians, traveled to smaller Luxembourg to be married to Prince Jean who will, of course, reign there one day as Grand Duke.

Furthermore, such a necessarily *fabulous* affair would place an impossible burden on the Kellys who, for all their ease, have never been really social and who are not organized to handle great pomp. As leading Democrats in Republican Philadelphia they've allowed themselves to be snubbed by The Social Register, that incredible

many common interests The Prince and his sculling champion in-laws will be close friends most certainly.

The Shah was discouraged

The first time Mr. Kelly showed something less than awed respect for a crown was when he sent his sweaty rowing cap to King George V to show him how he felt about being tossed out of the Henley Regatta "because he works with his hands." The next time was when he discouraged The Shah of Persia's attentions to Grace. That was before she was a star and before The Shah found Soroya. It is believed he would have liked to court the Kelly's middle daughter but his religion, among other things, was against him. You can be sure that Big Jack Kelly was not impressed by Monaco's little crown and took a good look at what is under it. When displeased his handsome face freezes to stone—a trait his son and his future son-in-law very definitely share with him. It's a frightening experience, but one Grace must be used to by now.

For all the similarities it may be some time before Grace realizes she's run full circle. Daily, until after the christening of her first son, her life's excitement will increase and then, suddenly, her duty done, matters will settle down to standard Monaco pace. That's a calm she can't possibly imagine at this point. Perhaps she'll be disappointed, annoyed, or only surprised but, ultimately, as the wife of the sort of man she understands best, Grace is bound to be a happy, contented and relaxed princess. But after Monaco has its princess the place will surely not be dull. Comte de Lagausie has always maintained, "As a bachelor The Prince must live quietly but after his marriage there will be gaiety in The Palace again."

Of the four Kelly children, Grace is most like her father. She has his temperament, fine slim bones, and supreme elegance. Most definitely Mr. Kelly is not "rough and tough," as reported by Lord Beaverbrook's London Daily Express. Rather, he is so "comme il faut" he seems an actor cast in the role of a royal father-in-law. Nor could Mrs. Kelly have spoken this quote from the same paper, "Just imagine, here I am the wife of a former bricklayer, and my daughter's going to marry a prince." After two generations of one honor after another the Kellys, one and all, are pretty blasé about them. Grace's sister-in-law, the former Mary Freeman of Washington, looks very like her in appearance, but is sweet and gentle, while Grace is lofty and icy. There isn't a member of the house of Kelly who will not add lustre to the bride's side of the church (except that, in Europe, wedding guests aren't split down the aisle, groom's on one side, bride's on the other). Without this fine family, Grace could never have become a star. Although they were never "keen" about her career, the Kellys were always behind her, giving her the confidence and background that are her trademark. Above all, Prince Rainier III would never have asked for Grace's hand had her family not been all they are. The home life of the Prince has not been all he would like, and he looks to his bride to make up for it. Rainier's choice of Grace and Princess Margaret's rejection of Townsend brings new glory to high places and final extinction to the old view that titles are somehow unwholesome. First news of the engagement was banner-headlined across the front pages of *France-Soir* in Paris. Down at the lower left hand corner, in a box about an inch square, was a story about the probability of Prince Aly Khan's announcing his engagement to the mannequin Bettina. It's a nice comment on today's relative values.

END



give



institution with its incomprehensible criterion for inclusion. However, over here it is thought that Grace is frightfully posh. The morning the engagement news reached Paris a friend telephoned and wailed, "This is awful! When Rainier has a wife as elegant as Grace Kelly we'll never again be able to ask him to our little flat." Rainier has many friends who live as unostentatiously as do Grace's family. She and her own retinue are considerably more chic, however. Oddly enough, this marriage, instead of transporting her farther from her family, will carry her right back to the nest. Hitherto she seemed to prefer playboys and their world.

Portrait of the Prince

The Prince is more her family's style. He's a man's man; the sort other men like. The things the Kellys will like more and more about him having nothing to do with his being a prince. Actually, and on at least two occasions, Grace's father has displayed utter contempt for thrones. Rainier is a plain man; like the Kelly men, he has simple tastes. Perhaps he will be stern but he will be a devoted husband. Like the two Jack Kellys, Rainier feels unwell unless his lungs are bursting with fresh air. With

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(Continued from page 54) loved each other dearly and still do. Then as now, however, they were militant individualists. And the term "twin" drew fire from Marisa's eyes.

If the differences between them were distressing, fancied similarities were worse.

The one thing Marisa is still quick to correct today is the impression that she and Pier are biological peas from a pod. "We are not identical twins, only fraternal twins," Marisa points out. "We are sisters, but two completely separate persons."

Nevertheless, from their birth (in Cagliari on the Island of Sardinia twenty-four years ago come June 19, appropriately under the sign of Gemini, the Heavenly twins), until they were eleven, the illusion was outwardly fostered, even enforced by the Pierangeli parents. Enrica dressed her daughters exactly alike. They shared the same room, received identical gifts on birthdays and from *Babbo Natale*, the Italian Santa.

By the time both turned thirteen, though, and began adolescence, the deception was abandoned. "Strangers never even took us for sisters," remembers Marisa, "let alone twins."

Marisa herself figured they were of two different worlds, she and her fairy-sister. Even when they sneaked off, guiltily, to an adult Hollywood movie (knowing they'd be punished when their father found out) it was always Pier whom Marisa could picture as the heroine of the film. She, Marisa, the dark one, the quiet one, was not for such glory.

She became something of a bookworm. Pier had already abandoned academic education—after struggles and poor marks, even with Marisa helping on the homework. Already she had switched to art school, taking singing lessons and dancing. Marisa herself was buried in Latin, Greek, Science and mathematics, busily preparing for entrance to the University of Rome.

The bad joke

Marisa doesn't remember the slightest twinge of jealousy when Pier suddenly became the Cinderella girl of Italian movies. "I was happy for Pier," she says without resentment. "It seemed perfectly right for her—she was so sparkling and beautiful. But when people said, 'How about you, too?' I was aghast. For me such suggestions were only bad jokes."

Once the bad joke came perilously close to a nightmare. On that afternoon in Italy, Marisa, a sixteen-year-old girl, with rebellious brown eyes and streaming black wusses, fled for dear life around and around a wishing well at Ostia, near Rome. At her heels pounded a movie producer, his director and assorted assistants.

As her pursuers closed the gap on the midjet racetrack she screamed, "No! No! I tell you I don't want to!" When they caught up with her and literally pushed her up before a camera she made the most frightful faces she could manage, crossed her eyes, stuck out her tongue—and ruined the film. Only then did her amazed though well-wishing captors believe that Maria Luisa Pierangeli meant what she said: She didn't want to be an actress.

So when Pier and her mother flew to Hollywood to finish *Teresa*, it seemed perfectly natural for Marisa to stay home and take care of her baby sister, Patrizia. When Patrizia's nursemaid didn't work out, Marisa, on her own initiative, fired her and hired another. She was still only sixteen and her father had died shortly before. There was no one to help her in that serious responsibility except for Uncle Peppino.

When they returned, Enrica asked, "Didn't you miss us?"

"No," Marisa replied frankly. "For once I have had the chance to manage my own affairs." Her mother burst into tears.

Pier came back to Rome with an MGM contract. That meant transplanting the Pierangeli to Hollywood at once. Pier couldn't wait and her mother, too, was impatient for opportunity in the New World. But for Marisa the move meant total wreckage of all her hopes and plans.

She was yanked out of school at mid-term in January. All the work she had put in for her University exam and the next summer went for nothing. She left her girl friends in Rome—and there was a boy, too, named Franco.

In New York's Plaza Hotel, on the way, Marisa stared forlornly out the window at the first snow she had ever seen. For two weeks, while Pier whirled gaily about Manhattan, Marisa practically refused to leave her room.

"All I could think of was, 'What am I doing here? Where am I headed?'" recalls Marisa. "Everything in my future seemed obscured in a fog."

Then seventeen, Marisa was simply a satellite to Pier's rising star. "I felt," Marisa says, "like a useless bump on a log."

For a long time her most important function was to accompany Pier on dates. It wasn't proper—in Enrica Pierangeli's upper class Italian code—for her teen-age daughters to go out unchaperoned.

Almost every boy Marisa has teamed up with went out with Pier first at one time or another—Richard Egan, Arthur Loew,

On the set of *The Square Jungle*, Tony Curtis, Ernest Borgnine, Paul Kelly and other members of the cast have invented a new game which they now play between scenes. It consists of thinking up "famous last words" that history doesn't record, such as Gen. Custer's.

Curtis supplied this one: Gen. Custer to his lieutenant, "Did you ever see so darned many Indians?"

*Sidney Skolsky in
The New York Post*

Jr. and Vic Damone, who's Pier's husband today, among others. As one suitor put it, "Dating the Pierangeli girls was a grab bag. You never knew which one you'd draw—but actually you didn't care."

Because Marisa was never the mouse she figured herself. In her more sultry way she was quite as attractive as Pier was. And to her mother's credit, she saw to it that whenever Pier got a new dress or bauble, Marisa got one, too. But it was still Pier's earnings that bought them. It had to be. The Pierangeli were well off in Italy. But the money was frozen there.

Yet, as frustratingly tied as she was to Pier's Hollywood life, Marisa stubbornly nursed a blind spot to the obvious way out of her dilemma. The complex stemmed straight back to her anti-twin fixation. If Pier was a Hollywood star, obviously that gilded fate wasn't for Marisa.

It's a minor miracle that such a complex individualist ever let her guard down to Hollywood opportunity.

The miracle man in the case was a family acquaintance of Italian descent named Cubby Broccoli, an agent then. Sometimes, dropping by the house on his rounds, he'd take lonesome Marisa along for a spin and a look at the other studios. Usually she had nothing better to do. One day they dropped by the office of Sol Siegel, a Fox producer, who was preparing *What Price Glory*. He asked Marisa what she did and she told him, "Nothing."

"Oh, come," Siegel prodded. "Everyone can do something. Can you sing?" Only

some little French songs she had learned in Italy, said Marisa. Well then, how about singing one? Marisa likes to sing. She sang "Je Suis Seule Ce Soir." ("I'm Alone Tonight.") She had no idea she was being considered for a part in a movie. When she finished there was an awful silence. "I've done something wrong?"

He shook his head and assured her she had done something surprisingly right—and that he knew director John Ford would like to hire her for the part of a French girl. Mister Ford would be right in. When he came he silenced the protests that were already pouring out of Marisa in halting English. John Ford is a wise and persuasive man.

"So I did it," says Marisa simply. "And I discovered I liked it. I had been wrong, you see, but I had to find that out for myself." But before long Marisa was more mixed up than ever.

After that bit she signed a contract at Fox and took the name Pavan, which means "sad song." It was appropriate. She didn't work again for over a year; then she was dropped. "I almost lost all faith in myself."

The man who tried to give it back to her was the same John Ford. Marisa tracked him down one day and confronted him desperately. "I have no one else to come to," she began. "You say I am a sensitive girl and might someday be a good actress. But do you really believe this? Please—tell me as a father would his daughter: Should I go on or stop right now?"

"Don't let anybody stop you," said Ford. "Not even yourself."

Her lowest spot arrived during that frustrating idleness. By the end of the year Marisa was so upset and nervous that her mother feared for her health. The best therapy seemed to be a vacation in Rome to break Marisa away from Pier's orbit.

For a while Marisa thought she never wanted to see Hollywood again. Rome was beautiful, her old friends were real. She even went out with a boy alone for the first time in her life. But disenchantment set in the minute she brushed up against what she had come home to forget. Joe Mankiewicz, in Rome preparing *The Barefoot Contessa*, talked to her tentatively about the title role. He finally gave it to Ava Gardner, of course, but he gave Marisa something more valuable.

"I have great faith in you," he said. "But you must have faith in yourself. You are the kind who can do only things you believe in. Never try anything second-rate." That was something Marisa could understand.

Back in Hollywood she tackled her goal with the bulldog drive that had brought her "A's" in algebra: A college course in English to iron out the accent that still lingered. Dramatic lessons. Dancing instruction. Singing. And endless dissections of plays. One was Tennessee Williams' *The Rose Tattoo*. On screen she tried herself out with a blind girl role in *Down Three Dark Streets*, gained confidence as an Indian girl with Alan Ladd in *Drumbeat*. A year ago last summer Marisa was ready.

"I can't believe you're a Pierangeli"

The minute she heard that Hal Wallis had bought *The Rose Tattoo* Marisa called her agent, Paul Kohner. "You have to do something about this," she told him. "I want to play Rosa." It was the first time she had ever asked for anything.

"So does every other girl in Hollywood," he replied realistically, "including your sister—and they're interested in her." But this time Marisa didn't scare.

She starved off ten pounds, twisted her straight hair into braids and strapped her chest flat. She slipped into a drab, short-skirted dress over bare feet, wiped off all



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EPIC
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in lime green
and apricot

...of make-up. When director Danny Mann finished the test for the sixteen-year-old Italian gamine he wanted, he said, "I can't believe you're twenty-two—or that your real name's Pierangeli."

But scoring the Oscar-caliber hit that she did in *The Rose Tattoo* wasn't any breeze for Marisa. Nothing she does is a breeze. Acting for her is still no lark, as it is for Pier. It's hard slugging, complicated by painful self-criticism and a shy reserve that's a hangover from girlhood.

It was during this crucial job and *Diane*, only two months later, that Pier married Vic Damone, became pregnant and suffered the plane accident that broke her pelvis. Working or not, for eight weeks Marisa flew back and forth to Pier's side at the Palm Springs hospital. After that Pier moved back home with Vic to await the precarious arrival of Baby Perry. For five months more Marisa came home nights to a household that was crowded, anxious and tense. She may have gone through an added emotional strain, as some think, having the boy she was once undeniably fond of, living under the same roof with her, but married to her sister.

But if anything disturbed Marisa, she certainly didn't show it. Throughout the

...acted like what she had become—a star.

Sharks and dignity

When Marisa arrived in Key West on location she arrived with her own maid. Caught several times in the middle of hassles between Magnani and Virginia Grey as handy interpreter, Marisa kept her dignity and poise. She not only refused to pose for cheesecake but turned down riding on a Pasadena Rose Parade float pinning a rose tattoo on Burt Lancaster's chest. "It is not dignified," said Marisa icily. And when she went to the premières the fans who asked her for autographs got a challenge, "Do you know who I am?" If they said, "Marisa Pavan," they got one. But if they said, "Pier Angeli's sister," they didn't.

None of this is any indication that Marisa is taking her sudden success big—just seriously. Nor does it mean that she has drifted away from her family. Marisa still lives with her mother and Patrizia, although not in the same house. That has been sold and Marisa has bought one of her own, up above Sunset Strip. She goes out and stays out as long as she likes, sips a Martini and puffs a cigarette when she

...Healy sports car wherever she pleases—often over to Pier and Vic's Bel-Air house, where she's Perry Rocco's godmother as well as his proud aunt. It's her own life now.

Right now that life is almost ninety-nine per cent career, and according to Marisa it will be for some time to come. "One thing at a time," she says. "Of course I want to marry, but first I will have to fall in love. Yes, I have been in love twice—once in Italy and once over here." But you get a Mona Lisa smile when you ask her who.

The man Marisa sees most often is twenty-four-year-old actor Perry Lopez, whom she calls "my very close friend," next to him Producer Alan Pakula and sometimes Tom Tryon, of the Hal Wallis stable. But none are steadies.

Meanwhile Marisa rubs a tiny Oriental god on the tummy each morning to keep her luck, if you can call it that. He's the god of Happiness, which is apropos.

Because no one really needs to tell Marisa Pavan something she must have figured out for herself by now: At long last the Pierangeli family has two Heavenly Twins. But if you should happen to say that word—maybe you'd better smile. **END**

it's just our secret

(Continued from page 49) in Hollywood evolves about this. It seems the whole town knew Jean was to be a mother as soon as she did practically, and Jean was astonished.

"However was it found out?" she kept asking. "I can't understand it!"

Then one morning at 20th Century-Fox Studios, sitting about on the set of *Hilda Crane* (her latest picture, in which she stars opposite Jean-Pierre Aumont and Guy Madison), an assistant director volunteered to do some deductive reasoning to find out how the secret became public information.

"Now, to begin with," he asked, "did you tell anyone about it yourself after you found out?"

"Yes," was her reply.

"Now we're getting somewhere," he said. "Can you remember exactly who you told?"

Whereupon Jean named no less than twenty people whom she had managed to tell by the end of the very first day she knew!

Included among these were Jamie and Lindsay (who screamed with delight and promptly knocked her down and jumped on her, she reported), Elizabeth Taylor, Cary Grant and his wife Betsy Drake, Bert Allenberg (who is Jean's agent) and his wife Mildred, and Charles LeMaire, costume head at the studio.

As it turned out, just about the only people Jean didn't tell about the baby were the columnists. One writer asked her why she didn't let her know and thus give her a scoop.

"It just didn't occur to me that it was the kind of news item anyone might be interested in," replied Jean. And the columnist groaned and gave up.

Amazingly, Jean wasn't pretending—she is like that. Lots of people still remember that when she first came to Hollywood to work in pictures she brought along her autograph book, hoping she might get signatures from a few of the stars!

"I'll go mad!"

Jean learned of her impending motherhood during a hectic period when she and Jimmy's children were between houses, so to speak. Having already moved out of

their old place because the new owners were due to arrive, they decided to take hotel rooms in Palm Springs until their new place was ready. But quarters were necessary for only Jean and the two children—Jimmy was summoned to England for retakes in *Bhowani Junction*, his co-starring picture with Ava Gardner.

Jean was enjoying the sunshine at Palm Springs (Hollywood was smoggy almost every day) when she was notified to report to 20th for *Hilda Crane*. Since she didn't want to leave the children alone, and since Palm Springs is 165 miles from Beverly Hills, this meant she would have to commute 330 miles a day if she wanted to stay in the desert. With a difficult part to learn there was no choice but to move back to town.

One morning Jean told her secretary-companion, Vivian Walker, that if one more thing happened she would go mad. That afternoon it happened. She went to her doctor and discovered she was going to be a mother. She didn't go mad at all. According to all reports, she went supremely content.

In fact, when Vivian teased her, "Not annoyed?" Jean had to laugh. "I'm delighted," she came back. "You can't say things are dull with the Grangers."

She promptly sent a cable to Jimmy in London. Just how she worded the message was something she couldn't remember even on the very next day. "Something about 'You are on your way to become a father, sir!'" An hour later Jimmy was on the trans-Atlantic telephone.

They had an exciting conversation, and about this Jean can remember everything but will tell nothing.

"I don't care whether it's a boy or a girl, just so it's healthy and happy," she keeps replying when asked if she has done any thinking about the baby. Her own state of health, generally good, has continued that way, and the prognosis for a happy and undisturbed pregnancy seems fine.

Come out of the kitchen

Beginning with their residence in their new Bel Air home there was a new cook in the Granger household. Jimmy, who has always done it before because it is one of his hobbies and he is good at it, is retiring from the kitchen now that meals are needed not only for Jean and himself,

but for the children as well, who must be fed and in bed by the time he would ordinarily get around to starting dinner.

So a cook has been hired. But the news is that she won't be alone in the kitchen, for Jean has decided to begin working over a hot range. "I'll begin with preparing the baby's Pablum and work up from that. Perhaps in a year or so I'll be able to serve a heated egg to someone!"

A great deal of animal life, past and present, was part and parcel of the Granger belongings when everything was moved to the new place. Very much alive are Jean's three dogs, Old Beau and Young Bess, who are both French poodles, and Shih-Tu, who is a Tibetan spaniel. They are going to get houseroom in the new place all right, but at the last report there was a good chance that Jimmy's hunting gallery—a collection of trophies, elegant tusks, rhino horns and the like, picked up on his African safaris—might not.

"It just doesn't seem to go with the new house," was Jean's verdict a week or so before moving in. But Jimmy may get his collection on the walls yet; Jean admitted that a formal meeting on the subject would probably take place before a definite decision was made.

She's too absentminded

Jean is planning to give up driving a car because she thinks she is too absentminded at times to be good at it. She was driving home from the studio late at night some months ago when she stopped for a red light. As she sat there she suddenly realized that she had no recollection at all of how she had reached the point where she was waiting for the light; what route she had taken or how she had driven it. Everything she had done had been done without mental recall or consciousness of deed. She decided it might be a good idea to turn over driving to someone who does it totally awake.

Of all the rest of the changes in order for Jean and her Jimmy one is most strongly indicated.

Up till now both have remained British subjects. But since the baby will be an American ("He'll be born right in Beverly Hills," says Mother-to-be) the chances are good that his parents will now take steps to become citizens as well. **END**

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IT COSTS SO LITTLE TO LOOK LOVABLE



(Continued from page 67) Lydia disagreed with Chuck about a lot of things—his normally sloppy dress in public, for instance, and his monumental intolerance of people who did not live up to his measure—but she went along with him in this case.

Chuck, big and lanky and furiously intent about his future, fought shy of family ties. Although he and Lydia were clearly very deeply in love, their marriage operated almost as a business deal. Lydia, apparently, was content to have it so. At least, she didn't complain.

Chuck himself confessed to me once, "We don't see much of each other." As success came to him, they were together even less. Chuck was headed for the top, and nothing was going to stop him. If marriage stood in his way, then his marriage would just have to suffer.

The time eventually came when Lydia had to evaluate her love and need for this sensitive, often moody, always vital man. I don't think she ever hesitated for long. If she had to stand on her own two feet, spend months of loneliness, share him with the work that obsessed him, then that she could do—with humor and without complaint.

But Lydia knew surely that a time would come, someday, and she could wait. When it came it would be wonderful. Chuck had always said he believed that a man should work at being a father. And she did wait, with incredible patience, for ten years.

Meanwhile they rented the big apartment in Tudor City, and bought the 1,388-acre place in St. Helen, Michigan, and finally, as Chuck's Hollywood commitments multiplied, they added the modern apartment in the La Brea Towers on the Coast. They saw less of each other than ever. Lydia was doing *The Seven Year Itch* and Chuck was here, there, everywhere, doing TV shows, rehearsing, making personal appearances, going clear to Egypt for months on the location for DeMille's *The Ten Commandments*.

How will he take it?

Last year Lydia took stock of things. Chuck was thirty-one, now, and a full-fledged star, one of the brightest in both

movies and television. The money was pouring in. His goal was reached.

And so one day she phoned him in Hollywood from her New York dressing room and told him that she'd been to her doctor and had some tests made, and, well—this was it. She tried to keep her voice light and casual, perhaps not quite certain how he would take the news. His roar of delighted pleasure almost knocked the phone from her hand, and from then on she knew things would be all right.

A Daddy-type man

I registered at the Sarasota Terrace, because that was where Chuck was staying. Families of tourists just love it, frequently bring along three or four children and stay a week or two. These lovable little tykes have a habit of waking at dawn and occupying the time until breakfast with games in the hallways.

Later that evening, when I caught Chuck at dinner in the roof restaurant of the hotel, I asked him about the kids. He laughed. "As a matter of fact, the first day we were here the agency fellows, five of them, took one look at the set-up, went into a huddle, and rented a house down on the beach—a big house with a pool. Naturally they thought I was in on the deal, too, and they flipped when I said I'd keep my room here."

"I admit I'm surprised myself," I said. "But why should I move? I don't want to roust around half the night. I'm an old married man with a family. And I don't mind the kids in the hallways, or their coming around at breakfast for autographs. I like kids. Besides, I've had almost a year of listening to Fray bellowing—the lungs on that boy!"

When Chuck had told me, earlier, that Fray had changed his life, he really meant it! And the change started even before Fray was born.

He was buying cribs and layettes and catchers' mitts (he was sure it would be a boy) while Lydia was still reading her sophisticated lines in *Seven Year Itch*. Rooms in the Hollywood and New York apartments were being redecorated as nurseries while Lydia was still getting used to morning sickness. And while she was just beginning to read Dr. Spock, Chuck was taking a Red Cross course on the care and feeding of babies!

Lydia almost fell on her perch when I told her I'd passed the course with an A." Chuck grinned. "Why not? A good actor learns how to do what he's told to do. She said she thought we could afford a nurse, and I asked what would happen if the nurse should get sick or break her leg, and Lydia wanted to know what the heck I thought she'd be doing then."

"It's kind of hard to explain, but I wanted to help feed and change and bathe the kid from the beginning. I don't want to be one of those fathers who comes in from work, says 'Hi' to his boy, and then takes off for the golf course or hides behind the evening paper. I want my share of the responsibility."

He finished the last of a monstrous steak—he eats like a field hand—and went on.

By the time he finished I knew as much about Fraser Clarke Heston, aged one year, as I would if I'd lived with him since his birth: How he first learned to crawl, what makes him cry and what makes him laugh, his feeding habits—the works.

Child actor

I know all about how well he played his part as the infant Moses in the DeMille epic, how he wailed on cue; and I have a complete description of his favorite toys. I know a lot more about Chuck and Lydia Heston, too.

"This word 'responsibility,'" Chuck said. "That's the important thing. Parents aren't just people who are there to provide a home and necessities for a child. They represent a kid's whole world, and if they don't realize that, they're sunk. That's why Lydia is taking at least two or three years off to do nothing but care for him, why I'm rearranging my schedules and plans, and why we're going to raise Fray out in the country, on the St. Helen place."

"There, at least, he'll spend the first few years of his life free of restrictions and danger. As a child he'll be close to trees and animals and water and snow and good clean dirt. None of those New York sidewalk walks for him. There'll be time enough later on to introduce him to the ugliness of life, when he's better able to adjust to it."

The last thing he said before I left was, "I've got me a fine son. I only hope that some day he can use the adjective about his old man."

END

I always miss the kids

(Continued from page 59) one day," she pointed out. "You know, unpack, get the clothes in the closets, play with the children. Then a day later wandering Jim barges in from the studio. 'Get some things packed. We're leaving for Paris.'"

"I don't argue. Let's face it, if a husband wants to take you with him on location, you'd be a goon not to go. Suppose Jim were like other actors. Leave the wife at home. Then I'd worry. This way I'm having a ball."

"Only the other evening I was trying to figure out where Jim and I have been these past twelve months, months in which he's worked like a dog. He'll never stop working, you know. I don't know anyone who loves the picture business more."

"We've been so many places . . . let me see. Last year we started out in France with the Kirk Johnsons; they're a wonderful couple. Jim said we'd better hire a car. So we did and took the grand tour. Rome, Florence, Milan, Lake Como, all those places, places none of us had ever been before. We had a wonderful time, but every now and again that faraway look would come into Jim's eyes, and I

knew he was wondering about the kids."

The Stewarts were married in 1949 when Jim was forty-one. They have four children. The two boys are from Gloria's previous marriage—Mike is nine and Ronnie is eleven—but the twin girls, Judy and Kelly, four, are Jim's and Gloria's. Gloria admits proudly: "The way he carries on with them, you'd think that he was the world's only father of twins. He takes them to Sunday School, tells them stories, horse-plays. Jim is a perfect father."

"Ronnie and Mike are in the Davy Crockett stage right now, and Jim's joined them in building a fort in the backyard. They go through that whole shooting-up routine."

"For a while, the boys thought Randolph Scott was the greatest guy in movies. But slowly they're veering toward Jim, and I must say his approach with them is absolutely perfect. He establishes the perfect level. He'll sit with them hour after hour working on a ship or plane model, having the finest time. That's why he misses them so much."

"I remember early this year when we took off for the Far East to promote *Rear Window*. Wherever we landed, Manila, Hong Kong, Tokyo, there was always one thought in Jim's mind, 'What can we bring

back for the kids?' Finally, I said to him, 'Don't worry, they'll be happy with pretty nearly anything. That is, if you've got any room left in your bag.'"

Jimmy Stewart is a well-known camera bug. He owns one of practically every camera in existence, and in the Far East he bought dozens of camera lenses. It took a lot of persuading but Gloria talked him into having a couple of suits made in Hong Kong.

Stewart rarely buys new clothes. "I have a sports jacket" or "I already have a suit" is his stock protest. "But this time," he recalls, "I listened to Gloria and wandered into this shop and had a couple of suits made. White linen. When they came I showed 'em to Gloria and told her I thought they were the cat's whiskers. Know her answer? 'They were, when that particular expression was popular.'"

On the way home from the Orient, Jimmy and Gloria stopped in Honolulu and rented a house for three weeks. Then back to Hollywood where Jim did *Man From Laramie*. This called for location work in Texas!

When *Laramie* was finished, *The Man Who Knew Too Much* was ready to start. Director Alfred Hitchcock insisted upon shooting many of the scenes in Morocco

took off for Marrakesh in the North African desert, and while it was exciting and picturesque, Gloria got so homesick eventually that she flew back to the children without Jimmy.

"Poor Jim, he had to continue to London for additional shooting."

In London he, too, was homesick. On a rare day off he would stroll through the London zoo, feed the animals, and comment on how much fun "the kids would have over here." He spoke about Marrakesh and how "one night Gloria and I went to some Arab's house and sat on the floor and ate with our fingers."

Jim returned to Hollywood in July for more shooting on *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, and he spent every evening at home with the children. But these weren't many. Because he was talked into returning to Texas to promote *Laramie* and a day after he got back, Gloria took the children up to a ranch in Elco, Nevada.

Not many people know this but three years ago Jimmy, in partnership with the Johnsons, bought a tremendous cattle ranch not too far from Bing Crosby's ranch.

Jim runs 3,000 head of cattle and more than anything else he likes the quiet, peaceful life of the range. But to date he's had no time for this.

Gloria steps in

Gloria, in fact, has been making a home for him in hotels throughout the world. And were it not for this tall, pleasant, absolutely selfless girl, Jim would find the going lonely and difficult.

With Gloria at his side, however, he seems much younger than his forty-six. She has the faculty of making him smile, turning him into an outgoing person.

In Paris, for example, Jim was dead tired during the shooting of *The Spirit Of St. Louis*. He had been given no time off between pictures, no time in which to catch his breath. The scene in which Lindbergh lands at Le Bourget was a tough one to shoot. It was shot at night, and when it was finished, Stewart ached all over.

The following day a series of interviews was arranged. To relieve some of the pressure, Gloria agreed to sit in for Jimmy. The French described her as "très charmante."

"Actually," she says, "I was suffering from dysentery, but in a kind of frantic way I told them all I knew about Jim."

This is how Gloria might have summed up her husband. Jim is a modest, retiring, hard-worker who is regarded in America as "the ideal husband." He makes a top living, at least \$350,000 a year. He attends church. He has never been involved in any scandal. He is devoted to his wife, children, work and parents. He is homespun and speaks in a flat Pennsylvania drawl. He lives in a thirty-eight-year-old house covered with ivy. He nurses old hats, wears old suits, plays golf but usually loses to his wife. He doesn't throw money around. When the twins were small he never minded wheeling them in their carriage.

As Gloria explained these simple, salient facts to the French newsmen, one of them said, "Pardon me, Madame, but isn't that sort of life a little dull?"

Gloria smiled tolerantly.

"I know," she admitted, "that many people think Jim is unromantic. But to me he is the most romantic man in the world. I also think, if I may say this, that he is one of the best-loved actors in America."

"All I will add is that just living with Jim makes me a better person."

A Frenchman whistled. "Your Jimmy must be a very great lover."

Gloria Stewart lowered her eyes. "Just a very good man," she said simply. "And a very good man is hard to find." **END**

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Lingerie photographs, Roger Prigent



1. Corselette of black nylon lace over pink by Hollywood-Maxwell—a must in every bride's undie wardrobe for dress-up, \$12.50. Nylon peignoir by Eye-ful.

2. Left: Dainty pink and green embroidery on nylon sheer. The pantie girdle has power net sides, satin elastic back. About \$11. Bias cup bra. About \$4. Ruffled slippers—Gustave. Right: Nylon Alençon-type lace bra, bias cup—\$3.95. Power net girdle, dip-front waistband, elastic front panel—\$5.95. Wedgies, Honeybugs; Duchess pearls; nylon stockings, Cameo; lush petticoat, Movie Star Slips. And wonderful surprise for every bridesmaid—*Bright Secret*—the new perfume and companion cologne by Tussy.

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They said "I do" in '55



Olivia DeHavilland



Sheroe North



Julie Adams



By Playtex

Trousseau Treasures

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Planning to be married
Hope to be married
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Debbie Reynolds



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Trousseau Treasures



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3. A bride's summer trousseau—complete with Stardust's cotton lingerie. Swing-strap, fagot-stitched cotton bra, \$1. No-iron cotton petticoat with contrast trim, \$1.98. Both, white only.

4. Beautiful and dainty—Lovable's *Ringlet*, stitched cotton and *dacron* bra. White. \$1.50. Henryson's ruffled parasol, gay for bridesmaids.

5. Hollywood-Maxwell's shining satin and lace *Renoir* set—just lush for every gal. Bra, \$6.95. Figure-controlling garter belt, \$5. The nylon *tricot* bouffant petticoat by Eye-ful.

Pearl earrings by Duchess



Lingerie photographs, Roger Prigent



Kim Novak



Debra Paget



Lori Nelson

the truth about oscar

(Continued from page 51) *Glory*. The gold statuette for the best performance by an actor to Charles Laughton for *Henry VIII*. The gold statuette for the best motion picture to *Cavalcade*."

After the Awards, I rushed to Western Union to file my story. I decided to give the readers as little of "gold statuette" as possible. I tried to think of a comedy name, in a hurry. A name that would remove some of the pompousness from the entire affair. I remembered a pit orchestra leader named Oscar. The vaudevillians got laughs when they'd call him Oscar. I'd do it. But I better be a little careful; poking fun at Hollywood's most important event my first time at bat. I covered myself by writing that "to the profession these statues are called Oscars." They weren't going to catch me with my gold statuette down.

The date on this byline story is March 16, 1934. Bette got her Award for her performance in 1935, but didn't receive it until the banquet held in March, 1936.

If anyone can produce a clipping in which the gold statuette is called Oscar before the year 1934, I'll deliver Marlon Brando to her personally.

Everyone in our town, even the kiddies, knows when it's Academy Award time. Jack Palance, two-time Oscar nominee, was conversing with his four-year-old daughter Holly, who wanted to know if her father had ever won an Oscar. Palance replied, "No." The youngster looked at him sternly and said, "You'd better get one Daddy. Every other kid's pop in school has one."

During the Oscar voting period you'd think a national political campaign was taking place. Studios apply all the pressure they can gracefully. But every performer, from starlet to star, knows that Oscar can't be bought for love or money.

This adds considerably to Oscar's prestige. Hollywood is accustomed to believing everything has a price tag. The studios buy special campaign advertisements in the trade papers to push their stars. Most contestants, from actors to songwriters, hire press agents for a special get-me-the-Oscar campaign. There is the word-of-mouth campaign, never halting and often vicious enough to dissolve friendships of long standing. Last year during the heat of battle, Brando was shocked. He told me, "Everyone talks like you'll go to jail if you don't win."

Oscar doubles his cost

Oscar was designed on a tablecloth at an early meeting of the Academy when Cedric Gibbons, MGM art director, sketched a knight standing on a reel of film and holding a two-edged sword. A Los Angeles sculptor, George Stanley, later fashioned Oscar from Gibbons' original sketch, to stand ten inches and weigh

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

1. I LIKE GRACE KELLY:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say

I READ: ☐ all of the *Open Letter*

☐ part ☐ none

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

I READ: ☐ all of the *Elsa Maxwell* story
☐ part ☐ none

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

I READ: ☐ all of the *Countess* story
☐ part ☐ none

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

I READ: ☐ all of the *Reporter X* story
☐ part ☐ none

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

2. I LIKE RUSS TAMBLYN:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say

I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none

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

3. I LIKE JEAN SIMMONS:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say

I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none

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

4. I READ:

☐ all of the *Oscar* story ☐ part ☐ none

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

5. I LIKE BEN COOPER:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say

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 MARISA PAVAN:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say

I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none

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

7. I LIKE PIER ANGELI:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say

I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none

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

8. I LIKE JAMES STEWART:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say

I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none

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

9. I LIKE LORI NELSON:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say

I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none

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

10. I LIKE GREGORY PECK:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say

I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none

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

11. I LIKE JANE RUSSELL:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say

I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none

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

12. I LIKE CHARLTON HESTON:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say

I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none

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

13. Which male and female stars do you want to read about? Please indicate your preference at right by writing your first choice next to (1), your second choice next to (2) and your third choice next to (3).

(1) _____	MALE	(1) _____	FEMALE
(2) _____	MALE	(2) _____	FEMALE
(3) _____	MALE	(3) _____	FEMALE

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seven pounds. The only change has been a minor streamlining of the base. Another change: The original Oscar cost \$30, and he now costs \$60 to manufacture.

The first person to win an Academy Award was Janet Gaynor. Toward the end of a long evening banquet at the Hollywood-Roosevelt Hotel, on May 16, 1929, the President of the Academy, Douglas Fairbanks, called tiny Janet Gaynor to the speaker's table and bestowed upon her the award for her performance in *Seventh Heaven*. Other winners that eventful evening included Emil Jennings, voted best actor and two directors, Frank Borzage and Lewis Milestone. The best movie of the year was *Wings*. Thirteen awards were distributed in all. Janet Gaynor began her acceptance speech, "I am deeply honored..." She established a style, distinguished by surprise and tears, adopted by winners for many years.

Don't be surprised, but this first Academy Awards dinner was a flop. Hollywood gave it little attention. The local newspapers gave it polite coverage. Now the Oscar Derby is covered by five newsreels, seventy-five photographers, and more than 500 correspondents with detailed accounts going to countries throughout the world. At the first Academy Awards banquet, a special Oscar was given to Charles Chaplin for his "versatility and genius in writing, acting, directing and producing *The Circus*." I am told this Oscar is with Charlie Chaplin in Switzerland.

Most Hollywood historians believe that the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, began with this 1929 banquet. The truth is that the Academy was created two years previous—and chiefly for political and economic reasons.

Neither art nor science

From an unexpected source, I learned that one night in January, 1927, a group of important movie people dined at the Santa Monica beach house of the very important Louis B. Mayer. Nothing much happened until Mayer started to speak. All the ills of the world, Mayer told them, were the result of misunderstanding. L. B. hadn't done anything about correcting Hollywood's misunderstanding because everyone would say, "Aha! I wonder what Mayer has up his sleeve now?" After a dramatic pause, L. B. disclosed his idea—the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. There was no mention of the Awards of Merit. These were to be inadvertently invented two years later. Mayer's Academy was planned to solve Hollywood's immediate troubles—chiefly—labor unions.

And so, the Academy, which today presents the industry's own awards to the industry's most deserving, was born to keep unions out of the movies.

The Academy flourished, and for a while even its anti-union plan worked. Being an Academy member meant you were a success, that you belonged to the top social set. Your membership (by invitation) cost \$100. Today, membership costs you \$36, and technically, it's still by invitation. Two members recommend you. Now there are approximately 1,600 members.

In its early years, the Academy tried to prove it wasn't "company owned and controlled." Routine committees were appointed to appease skeptics. One was appointed to consider giving some sort of annual Awards of Merit. Two years later this committee, finally had to do something about it. The committee asked Cedric Gibbons to design an appropriate trophy. And Oscar was born.

Surprise?

The first year's winners had been announced on a back page of the Academy Bulletin three months before the banquet.



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But Janet Gaynor and others accepted their Oscars, pretending they didn't know until their names were announced.

Academy Award banquets were supposed to start at 8 p.m. but contestants would arrive an hour later, having read the results of the Oscar Derby in early editions of the Los Angeles morning newspapers. Traditionally, the results were announced from the dais after ten o'clock and we were supposed to pretend we didn't know the results.

This absurdity was eliminated when the Academy went out of its way to make the results honest, and announced balloting would continue until 8 p.m. of the banquet evening. You could come to the banquet and cast your vote. The Shirley Temple Award (1935) was supposed to be a surprise and I remember watching Shirley, sitting at her table from eight on, waiting to be surprised. She kept saying: "When are they going to surprise me?" Finally, half asleep, she went home with her Oscar, and put it in her doll collection.

The customary procedure for many years was to have a dummy banquet table set up in another room of the hotel. The prominent winners were escorted to this fake banquet table while they posed with the Oscars for the newsreels, photographers and press. In March of 1936, Bette Davis and Victor McLaglen posed at the fake table with their Oscars for the best performances of 1935, McLaglen for *The Informer* and Davis for *Dangerous*. I asked Bette if she wanted to make any comment. She replied: "Say anything you want. Say anything that sounds like a girl too damn excited to talk."

Bette's award is known in the trade as the "Hangover Oscar." She should have received it the year before for her performance in *Of Human Bondage*. The Academy voters tried to make it up to Bette and other performers at the next opportunity. I'd list Ingrid Bergman and Jimmy Stewart also as "Hangover Oscar" winners.

The awards sometimes seem contradictory because there are honest mistakes in judgment. Take the year Victor McLaglen won for his performance in *The Informer*, Max Steiner, Dudley Nichols and John Ford won for best scoring, writing and direction of this movie. However, the Oscar for the best motion picture went to *Mutiny On The Bounty*. "I guess," remarked Tom Jenk, "they liked everything about *The Informer* but the picture."

Hit and misses

On a memorable Academy night in March, 1940, Producer David Selznick commuted between his chair and the platform accepting awards for *Gone With The Wind*. Part-time master of ceremonies, Bob Hope, called the Academy Dinner "a benefit for David Selznick." Hattie McDaniel won her Oscar in the best supporting actress category. It was the first time a colored actress had won an Oscar and also the first time a colored performer had attended an Academy Awards dinner. I never heard any performer receive the applause Hattie McDaniel did when she approached to accept her award.

Y. Frank Freeman who presented the Irving Thalberg Award to David Selznick, said: "I never saw so many soldiers as were used in *Gone With The Wind*, and if the Confederate Army had had that many men we would have licked you damn Yankees."

Gone With The Wind swept the boards in the Oscar Derby. It won ten of the seventeen awards. However, not once during the entire evening was Margaret Mitchell mentioned. After all, she only wrote the book. There was much criticism.

At the 1943 banquet, James Cagney ac-

cepted the award for his portrayal of George M. Cohan in *Yankee Doodle Dandy*. "An actor," said Cagney, "is only as good as people think he is and as bad as people think he is. I am glad so many people thought I was good." Then Jimmy quickly added: "And it was a good part."

This was followed by the speech which contributed to changing the format of the presentations of the Oscars. Joan Fontaine summoned Greer Garson to the platform to receive the award for her performance in *Mrs. Miniver*. Miss Garson made the longest acceptance speech in the history of the Academy. It's said to have lasted

HOW THEY PICK OSCAR

■ The first step is The Nomination. The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences mails 13,438 nomination ballots to members of the film industry. These include the actual 1,600 Academy members; 9,757 Screen Actors Guild members; 455 Screen Directors Guild members; 734 Screen Writers Guild members; and 892 representatives of various technical crafts. The nominating in each category is done by the specialist guilds.

Price, Waterhouse, an accounting firm hired by the Academy, counts the votes secretly. On a designated day the five best in each category are announced with much fanfare on a special tv show. The next step is another vote to determine which of the nominated in every division is the best, and will be announced at the Pantages Theatre and on the big Oscar tv show.

Who do you think votes in these finals for Hollywood's greatest awards? The members of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. I repeat, only the Academy members vote in the finals. Sixteen hundred people (membership usually rises 100 a year now) decide and control the Motion Picture Industry awards.

The Academy, through its Board of Governors, say even they don't know the winners until the sealed envelopes are opened.

I've been told by an Academy official they not only don't know, but don't want to know the winners in advance. After the ballots have been mailed to Price, Waterhouse, they are entrusted to a William Miller. Mr. Miller, on the Oscar night, hands a sealed envelope to a chosen celebrity, who opens the envelope, takes out a slip of paper, and announces the winner. It's quite a show.

These final ballots, I've been informed by the same Academy official, are never seen by the Academy. The ballots are destroyed or put back into the vault for a specified length of time. The Academy never checks on the count, and what's more doesn't know who finished second or third.

Too bad because there's plenty of glory in finishing second in the Academy Awards.

thirty minutes. Someone commented, "Greer's speech was longer than her part in *Mrs. Miniver*."

Only two Oscar winners kidded the thanking-everyone routine. Fredric March accepting the Oscar for his performance in *Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde*, shouted to Wally Westmore, make-up man: "Hey, Wally—come and get it." Another event: Donald Ogden Stewart listened to how everyone but the winner was responsible. When Stewart was summoned to accept the Oscar for the best screenplay, *The Philadelphia Story*, his speech was brief and pointed: "There has been so much niceness here tonight that I am

The "Emergency Oscar"

About Fredric March, I should inform you the make-up man didn't claim it. But an odd thing happened. It was the only year (1932) there was ever a tie vote. I can't explain how it happened, but March and Wallace Berry got the same number of votes for male honors. A messenger rushed an "emergency Oscar" to the banquet room in time. March, in his acceptance speech, told that by coincidence his family and the Beery family each had adopted a child. "Which makes it seem a little odd," said March exuberantly, "that Beery and I were given awards for the best male performances of the year."

During the 1943 ceremonies, Irving Berlin was asked to present the Oscar for the best song. Mr. Miller handed Berlin the sealed envelope. Irving opened it and announced: "Winner—Irving Berlin for 'White Christmas'!" Then he did a double take.

There are other thrills I'll never forget: Gary Cooper winning for his portrayal of Sergeant York, hero of World War I, and having the Oscar presented to him by Lieutenant Jimmy Stewart, in the uniform of World War II. Grand man Walter Huston receiving the Oscar for his performance in *The Treasure Of The Sierra Madre*, soon after son John Huston had received Oscars for directing and writing it. Walter stood on the stage of the Academy Award Theatre and said: "Many, many years ago I raised a son. I said to him, if you ever become a writer or director, please find a good part for your old man."

Joan Crawford used to keep Oscar on the coffee table in the bar of her house "because that's where most people congregate."

Marlon Brando keeps his Oscar on the mantelpiece beneath a portrait in oils of his late mother.

William Holden keeps his Oscar in his dressing room at the studio. "It belongs here," said Bill, "where I do my business and won it."

The Oscar jinx

Every year a number of people write an article called "Is Winning The Oscar A Jinx?" They always mention Luise Rainer. Luise won it two years in a row; then couldn't get job. There are other performers in this category: Katina Paxinou, Paul Lukas and even Mercedes McCambridge.

Walt Disney who won his first statuette in 1932 for creating Mickey Mouse, could slaughter the legend of the Oscar jinx. You and I should do as well as Walt has done since then. Disney owns more Oscars than any individual; in fact, he has more Oscars than the total number won by some major studios.

Oscar touches and affects all who have contact with him, regardless of how wise and hardboiled they might be. Humphrey Bogart wrote an article, "The Oscar Myth," in which he panned the Academy and Oscar. Bogey claimed no one could pick the best actor of the year. The only way it could be done, insisted Bogey, would be for every actor to play the same scene for the same director.

About a year later, Bogart found himself on the stage of the Pantages Theatre, accepting the Award for his gin-soaked bum in *African Queen*. Many in the audience were anxious about his acceptance speech. Bogart fondled Oscar and then said: "I want to pay a slight—a big tribute to John Huston and Katharine Hepburn. They helped me to be where I am. Now, thank you very much." Oscar makes everyone dignified—even Bogart.

END

(Continued from page 45) was silent as they caught their breaths. Together they looked down on the wide sweep of the city stretched below.

It was a good day. The sun was high and warm. Off in the distant sky a company of clouds had gotten together in whipped-cream formation.

"What's the very first thing you remember?" Venetia asked.

Russ thought for a moment, his face screwed up, as his mind reached back.

"I think the first thing I can recall is running away from day nursery school. Yeah, that's it. Running away."

Russ settled back against a tree trunk and looked at the sky again.

"I must have been about five. My parents were having it tough, financially. Dad was tending a hot dog stand and Mom was playing piano in a small restaurant.

"For lunch at the nursery we got liver every day. I hated it. I can remember stuffing it down a hole in the school dining room where we ate. One day the teacher caught me in the act and scolded me.

"I was hurt. No one had ever talked sharply to me before. I had the idea that my father could help me so I set out to find him, through a hole in the yard fence. It seemed to me at the time that Dad worked only a block from the school. Actually, it was miles.

"Well, my feet got tired and I sat down on a curbstone and took my old cowboy hat off. I loved that hat. The next thing I know I see these big black shoes with feet in them on the sidewalk next to me.

"I looked at the shoes and then looked up the legs to a policeman. From that angle I thought he was a giant. I got scared and began to cry for my mother. The cop picked me up. The next thing I remember is being in the police station stuffing myself with an ice-cream cone. Then the teacher from the school came to take me back. She was so happy to find me she started to cry herself. Then I started to cry again and dropped the ice cream on her dress.

Yankee Doole Tamblin

"When I was in fifth grade, during the war, I was nine. The school wanted to put on a show to encourage the sale of government bonds and my class was picked. The teacher asked for volunteers to sing and dance. I wasn't the shy type, so I took one step forward. They dressed me in an Uncle Sam's costume. Well, as each kid came out to perform I could hardly wait for my turn.

"Then the curtains closed and people started to leave. Heck, the ham in me couldn't take that. I ran up on the stage and began bellowing 'I'm a Yankee Doole Dannnnnnndeeeee!' and danced!"

Russ was laughing. "But a lot of people applauded. I don't know why, I didn't know what I was doing.

"I'm not sure but I think I was doing it to show off in front of a girl. I had a heart-shaking crush on her. To me she was the most beautiful thing on earth. Blonde curls, bright eyes, blue they were. She was in my room from third grade and I worshiped her from afar, eating my heart out until one day in the sixth grade.

"She handed me a note and then ran. I trembled as I unfolded the piece of paper. On it was written, 'I love you.' Until that moment there wasn't anyone more love-sick than I was. But then a strange thing happened. As soon as I read her note I didn't like her any more. I don't even remember her name, but I'll always remember the awful chimes of unrequited love that went off in my head every time I



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"I guess I wasn't very much of a gentleman. I didn't answer the note. In fact I didn't know what a gentleman was.

"The insurance man came to our house about that time and I remember listening to him talk about policies and premiums. Well, as he was leaving, my mother said, 'Rusty, say goodbye to the gentleman.' I looked up and said, 'Mom, he's not a gentleman, he's an insurance man.'"

Russ ran his fingers through his hair. "Gee, mothers put up with a lot, don't they? I know mine did."

Venetia laughed and took Russ' hand. "I'll remember that," she said.

"There was my older brother 'Warren,'" Russ continued, "and when I was nine, Larry was born. Warren and I were real buddies.

"In the old days there was a big, grassy field just outside of Inglewood where we lived. It's an oil field now, but then it was a favorite roaming place for Warren and me.

"One afternoon we found a snake up there. Warren got an old box and we took it home.

"I went in the garage and hid it in the trunk of the family car. Then I asked my mother how she'd like to have a nice, long snake for a pet. A horrified look came over her face and she put her hand to her throat, not daring to move or turn around. She said, 'Rusty Tamblin, where is it?'

"I said, 'Oh, don't worry, Mom, it's out in the car.' My mother shrieked, she can't stand snakes, grabbed me by the arm and called for Warren. We went to the car. Mother ordered us to take it back to the field.

"Well, we looked all over the car and couldn't find the snake. He had gotten out of the box. We never did find him.

"But for days my mother refused to get into the car. Even after she did, if anything touched her foot she'd jump up out of the seat and cry, 'The snake, Rusty, the snake!' She never did feel comfortable in that car again.

Sink—and swim

"And then there was the time my father took us on the fishing trip.

"Dad loves to fish. But in those days we had very little money. For two years he saved to take us on a vacation up at Big Bear lake. He went without tobacco, lunches, lots of little things.

"Finally Dad said we had enough saved to go up for a week. Well, he bought fishing tackle for himself and Warren and me. All the hooks and the lines and the poles and the reels. We had everything. Dad was very happy when we got to Big Bear. He didn't know that horrible things were about to happen.

"We rented a boat. Mother stayed at the little cabin. Dad showed us how to row and after a while we got out to the middle of the lake. Dad had a big rock on a rope for an anchor. He dropped that over and got out his tackle, baited his hook and cast his line out. Warren did the same. I just sat there for a while. Then I said, 'I wanna fish, too, Dad!'

"Dad said, 'Well, go ahead, son, throw your line out.' So I very carefully gathered up all the tackle and threw it in the lake. 'Oh, no!' my father hollered, as he watched the pole, the line and the reel sink into the water. He made a desperate grab and almost overturned the boat. He sat down and glared at me. He was very angry. He said, 'Now you sit there and keep quiet, pointing to the other end of the boat.

"I sat for a while. Then I got bored. Warren and Dad were like two statues and Tuffy, our chow dog, was snapping at flies.

"My eye spotted the anchor rope and o

impulse I pulled it in. Well, I'm standing there holding this big heavy rock when Dad turns around and sees me. He said 'Rusty! Drop that anchor!' I got frightened and dropped it and it just about went through the bottom of the boat.

"The water came in like little fountains through the holes and the bottom began to fill. Dad jumped up and tried to stop the flow. Warren tried to help him. I couldn't swim. Well, Dad was yelling at me and Warren was angry, too."

Venetia was laughing heartily now.

"Well, the next experience I had with water was even worse.

"It happened during the first night of my first play. I had joined a children's Little Theatre group and Lloyd Bridges, a wonderful actor himself, was on the faculty. He cast me as a boy-poet in a play called *The Stone Jungle*. The action takes place in a rock quarry where there's supposed to be a deep pool. We just had a pail of water in the background and the stage lights reflecting on it gave the audience the feeling a real pool was there. The villain, a tough boy, is supposed to push my head under water to annoy me.

"But when the time came he was so wrapped up in his lines he held my head in the pail of water too long. I thought he'd never let me up. Finally he did. I was supposed to say something but I didn't know what I was doing.

"The water was pouring out of my ears, my eyes, my nose, my mouth and I couldn't see anything. I was choking for breath. A fellow actor, who came over to cue me, whispered loudly, 'You're overdoing it, Rusty!' After that I was almost ready to quit acting.

"It was funny, but that play got me my first part in a movie. Mr. Bridges recommended me for a part in *The Boy With The Green Hair*."

My brother and I

Russ, sometimes too modest, didn't mention to Venetia that the moviemakers for the next few years kept him busy in eight pictures.

"I guess, for a kid, I was successful," Russ continued. "When people came to our house they were always interested in pictures I was making.

"When I was sixteen I thought I was sitting on top of the world. I was doing all right in school and working hard on my career and I had just started to date.

"But all this time something was happening right under my nose and I didn't realize it. Warren and I were growing apart.

"One night it hit me and I learned a lesson in living.

"Mom and Dad had invited a number of friends over on a Sunday evening. And the first thing the visitors did was to shake hands with me, pay me a lot of compliments on what a good actor I was and then tell my parents, 'Gosh, you must be terribly proud of Russ.' One after another. No one said a word about Warren.

"I don't know why, but I looked over in the corner of the room and saw him standing there as though he had been elbowed out of the house. He was trying to smile and be happy, but I knew him too well. Inside he was so miserable I thought I could hear his heart cracking.

"In a split second everything became clear to me. I understood what my success was doing to us. I didn't know what to say, so I kept quiet.

"Then I saw Warren go up the stairs to his room.

"And I felt so bad I wanted to bawl.

"I followed him up. When he saw me come into the room his face lit up. Somehow, because that's the kind of a guy he is, he knew just why I was there. He didn't let me say anything. Instead, he just put



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his hand on my shoulder and said: 'Russ, there's no one in the world who wants success for you more than I do. But I was afraid we couldn't be brothers anymore. That's what hurt. Now I can see that isn't going to happen. Let's go back downstairs together.'

"That was the last we ever said about it."

Venetia squeezed Russ' hand and her face showed that she had understood.

"It was a good thing for you to do, Russ," she said.

Russ gazed out at the blue sky. "Mom and Dad knew what was happening, but, as always, they let us work it out for ourselves."

Warren is now a missionary for the Mormon Church in Germany.

Russ shook his head slowly, and sighed a young man's sigh. He turned to Venetia.

"And I almost made another mistake the first time I saw you. I said to myself, now there is a beautiful girl, but not my type."

"You were so quiet. I was strictly the laugh-it-up character. I was strictly for fun and you looked too serious for me. I must have been blind. Then I found myself thinking about you when I was alone. It was the first time in my life that I had actually *thought* about a girl."

"And the more I thought about you the more I discovered that I liked you, even if you weren't the life of the party. Not to mention discoveries I made about myself."

"It took time but I've finally learned that you don't have to be loud to be happy. And I began to think about the future and all the things that man must do. And without even being aware of it I calmed down. I guess, in spite of all the noise, honey, the old Russ was a lonely Russ."

Venetia didn't say anything. She just sat there and poked at the ground with a little twig.

Waddles, the wicked

"Say, I forgot to tell you about Waddles, my diving duck," said Russ.

"I won him as a prize, at an Easter raffle. I fussed so much over that fowl you'd of thought I'd hatched him. And I trained him to jump off a board into a large pud-

dle. Only had one big trouble with him. For some reason he didn't like my grandmother who was living with us then. And she loved him."

"She'd go out to feed him in the morning and for no reason at all Waddles would attack her and peck at her legs. But Grandma never gave up trying to make friends with him."

"And you've never seen anything so funny as Grandma out there in the backyard with a big board fighting off Waddles while she tried to feed him. Too bad, too; Grandma was the nicest old lady a duck could ever meet."

"What ever happened to Waddles?" Venetia asked.

Russ smiled. "Oh, he just got to be four years old and died. We buried him in the backyard and Grandma cried a little. She still loved that duck."

"Well, with Waddles gone I got interested in magic. I spent all my money at a trick shop and most of my time practicing."

"I used to put on shows for the neighborhood. I charged admission at first but when the show was free I got a bigger audience."

"The last show I gave I demonstrated my newest trick. When performed properly, the audience thought you had cut completely through the finger of the victim."

"It was called the finger guillotine. It had a fake blade, which wasn't sharp, really, and I figured I knew how to do the trick pretty well."

"I called one of the kids out of the audience and told him to put his finger in the gadget. He was very willing. Poor guy; if he only knew what was going to happen."

"So I make a big show of how I'm going to pass the blade through his finger without his feeling it."

"Then with complete confidence I give the little guillotine a solid whopping."

"The kid jumps straight up in the air, shrieking in pain. I had goofed somehow. But instead of stopping, I said, 'That's okay, that's okay, put your hand down.' Then I hit the guillotine again thinking it would work this time. It didn't."

"Well, this time the kid started hollering for his mother and frankly I didn't

that old-married couple

debbie and eddie

will be

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blame him. We finally got the thing off his finger. It had swollen to twice its size and he kept it bandaged for a week after."

"I tried to regain my lost prestige as a young Houdini with the golf ball trick."

"This one gave the audience the illusion that I was putting a golf ball into my ear and making it come out of my mouth. I did it very well, too. So well, that I said to the kids, 'Does anyone here know how I do that trick?'"

"Sure enough one guy in the front row hollers out, 'Of course, ya got a hole in your head!'"

"That show ended my career as a magician."

Venetia was laughing again. "It isn't fair. Boys always have more fun as boys, than girls do as girls."

Russ chuckled. "Man, it wasn't fun then. I figured I was a complete failure at twelve. Then I got into acting and well—you know the rest, honey."

Venetia made more marks in the soft earth with the twig. Russ stared out at the big, sprawling city of Los Angeles.

"You know, honey, remembering like that made me feel happy and sad at the same time. I wonder why."

Venetia was resting her head on drawn-up knees.

"I think I know why, Russ," she said. "When you're older the memories of your childhood are always kind of nostalgic. There are moments you'll remember, with love, all the rest of your life."

Russ put his arm around Venetia's shoulders and gave her a quick hug.

"Okay, Miss Know-It-All," he grinned, "now tell me why I felt happy, too."

Venetia gave him a big smile. "That's easy. You're happy because all the good things are going to continue. That is, if I can make them."

Russ shook his head in admiration at his bride-to-be's insight. "Women sure know all about men, don't they?"

"No," answered Venetia, "but I think every woman knows all about the man she loves."

Russ kissed her lightly on the ear and stood up. "Okay, Smartie, we have to get back. Mom's having an early dinner for us and there's a letter at home from Warren. We'll have to walk fast."

The sun had lowered off to the west and the company of clouds had dispersed to re-form for another look at the world somewhere beyond the horizon.

Russ helped Venetia to her feet. As he did he saw what she had marked with the twig.

"Venetia Loves Russ."

"And that's why I'm happy," said Venetia. Then the two of them walked down the hill.

NATALIE'S PICK UP

Soup on the Rocks keeps her feeling fit



■ This brand-new fashion in an "Old Fashioned" glass is just the sort of pick up pretty Natalie Wood would pick. It's Soup on the Rocks, which means chilled bouillon poured over ice cubes, with or without a twist of lemon peel.

"I discovered Soup on the Rocks when we were filming *The Searchers*," says Natalie. "It was like finding an oasis in the desert—so refreshing and stimulating. And, *knock on wood*," she says, patting her nice, flat tummy, "no calories."

Natalie says she was born lucky because most of the foods she likes are the ones that are good for her. "Take this," she said. "I work under hot lights all the time and I need to replace lost salt. Soup on the Rocks does that for me, too. Besides it's such a pretty substitute for the usual Old Fashioned. I serve it at parties, now, and more of my guests reach for it."

(Continued from page 60) trip to Oklahoma or Texas.

Lori is not one to blow her own horn, and if her grandmother has been doing it for her, so much the better. For Lori's career has needed some touting. If people riding the Sante Fe have asked, "Who is Lori Nelson?" so have people in Hollywood.

Everybody in town has heard or read her name, for Lori is everybody's friend. Friend to the late Suzan Ball, friend to Ann Blyth, and the confidante of Debbie Reynolds. Furthermore, there is hardly a bachelor or ex-bachelor among the younger set who has not dated Lori. Rock Hudson, Tab Hunter, Dick Long, Bob Wagner, Jimmy Dean, Hugh O'Brian, Bob Francis, Race Gentry, all of them have happily squired Lori at one time or another. Whenever there has been a gala affair in Hollywood, a premiere or a party, Lori has been there. She has led, for five years, the glamorous kind of life for which most girls her age would sacrifice their happy homes, jobs and boy friends.

It all sounds like an enviable position, and it is, except for one thing. Lori is an actress in her own right, and in becoming known as Hollywood's sweetheart she has almost been swallowed up as such. At twenty-two she has fifteen years of hard work behind her, including sixteen pictures in the last five years, yet even citizens of Hollywood have asked who is Lori? Hollywood wouldn't know, because Hollywood doesn't usually see the kind of movies in which Lori has been featured or starred. They have been, with few exceptions, the kind of low-budget movies which play mostly to small towns, and Hollywood moviegoers confine their interest almost solely to big, super-colossal, expensive ones.

Conversely, it is this fact which is helping Lori emerge from the anonymity of B movies. Louella Parsons reported in the January issue of MODERN SCREEN her astonishment at the fact that in her own mail, it was not Marilyn Monroe or Debbie Reynolds who was most often mentioned, but Lori Nelson. And Lori herself has been surprised at the gradual recognition. She can walk through the streets of Beverly Hills without being recognized, yet last summer when she drove with her parents in their jeep through the Southwest on vacation, comfortable in blue jeans and no make-up, she went into a small store in Douglas, Arizona (pop. 9000) and was hailed as a celebrity. They knew her in Douglas because they had seen her in a Ma and Pa Kettle picture, or a Francis-the-mule epic, but unless the town books bigger pictures in the future they are going to miss her in Douglas, for Lori's career has at long last taken an upturn swing.

In the fall of 1954 she had the courage to leave Universal-International, where she had been under contract for four years. The studio was the place where she broke ground for her career but at twenty-two she struck out for herself, to free lance in the viciously competitive world of Hollywood.

The first six months brought only two tv shows and Lori worried, thinking she might have been premature in her jump from the protection of a studio contract, but in the six months following she was cast in five pictures—*The Day The World Ended*, *I Died A Thousand Times*, *Mohawk*, *Sincerely Yours*, and her most recent, *Pardners* with Martin and Lewis.

Babe in braces

The struggle wasn't easy. When she was signed at U-I, she was sixteen, the youngest on the studio roster. She worked with the other young people under con-

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tract, Piper Laurie, Barbara Rush, Rock Hudson, Dick Long, Peggy Dow, Joyce Holden. They were all young, but not as young as Lori, and to them she was a kid sister. Rock Hudson still teases her about the braces she wore on her teeth when she first went with the studio. She kept saying to herself, "What am I doing here?"

What she was doing, aside from improving her abilities, was charming everybody head over heels. While she kept her high school friends from nearby Encino, she gradually became popular with the young Hollywood crowd. She went out with Hudson and Hunter and Dean and stepped quietly aside when they were rushed by fans.

"It's hard to explain," she says. "It isn't that I wanted all that for myself. It would be pleasing to the ego and very nice, I suppose, but if the day ever comes when I have to pull a hat over my eyes to go out of the house, I'll regret the whole thing. It's just that—well, I like to be treated as a human being, to be accorded the dignity which one person owes another. And sometimes it's been a little difficult not to resent being trampled in the crowd."

"Who's your friend?"

As an example, there was the time she was asked to go to Florida and plug RKO's picture *Underwater*, in which Lori appeared with Jane Russell. She was to spend a few days in Miami and appear there on Steve Allen's tv show. Lori thought she might take in New York while she was east, and inasmuch as Debbie Reynolds had been suggesting they should see New York together some time, Lori asked Debbie to go with her. No actress with a thought in the world for her career would ask Debbie Reynolds to accompany her on a tour that was intended to further her own popularity. Everybody knew Debbie and only a handful ever heard of Lori. But Lori is not that kind of career-minded girl, and she asked Debbie out of friendship.

The inevitable happened. Wherever they appeared Debbie was mobbed and had a hard time trying to pull her friend into the spotlight with her. Plans for the tv show got mangled back and forth, canceled and reset so many times that by the time the girls arrived at the scene, no one on the show remembered that Lori was supposed to be the guest that day. Word got around that Debbie was there, and somebody grabbed Miss Reynolds and pulled her toward Steve Allen. Debbie in turn grabbed Lori's hand, and so they went through the crush to the cameras. Steve Allen had announced that Debbie would appear, and as the two girls hove into view he said, "I see we have another lovely young lady with us. Who's your friend, Debbie?"

There it was again. "Who is your friend?" It was difficult to take; it was Lori's picture and it was to have been Lori's tv show, and she had been so completely ignored that she wished she were some place else, anywhere where she wouldn't have to bear the flush she felt mounting in her cheeks.

Lori was born in Santa Fe, New Mexico, the only child of Loree and Robert Nelson, and named Dixie Kay. When she was five

they moved to California and because of her father's work as a camera technician, moved to a succession of new localities, depending on which studio supplied their income. Eventually they landed in the San Fernando Valley, where Robert Nelson went to work at Republic Studio. (He is now head of their camera machine shop.) Even such a short time ago, the Valley was real country as compared with Hollywood, and Lori took every advantage of the fact. She was a born tomboy, and played with girls only when no boys were available. Today her appearance belies this violent childhood.

It gets Lori's goat, too. Within the last year she has tested for two tomboy roles and both times was turned down. "It's ridiculous—you're not the type. You wouldn't be believable."

If they followed her around, they'd know better. Her role in *Underwater* didn't call for any fish-type athletics, yet after the day's shooting was over Lori would corral the swimmers in the picture and get them to teach her the technique of diving and swimming with aqualung equipment. When she made *Revenge Of The Creature* on location in Florida she did something that would have given strokes to her parents had they known it. There is a tank

A promoter at Roseland told of catching an octopus and trying to teach it to talk. "Listen, you," he said to the octopus, "if you learn to talk, you can make money hand over fist over hand over fist over hand over fist, etc., etc."

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post

there in Marineland filled with the deadliest of poisonous fish—Moray eels, sting rays, barracudas, that sort of enchanting creature. And one fine day, after doing her own aqualunging for the picture, Lori decided it would be fun to go into the tank with these monsters—and did.

"It wasn't dangerous," she smiles. "They feed them every hour."

She never tells her parents about things like this until she's already done them, and if she did, there wouldn't be much they could do to stop her. Mr. and Mrs. Nelson never went overboard about the idea of Lori in show business in the first place. It started when she was seven and got involved in a community playhouse kind of thing, and was given a role in a play titled, appropriately, *Hollywood Fever*. A scout saw Lori's performance and wanted her for the role of Cassandra as a child in *Kings Row*. The small Dixie Kay was in a spin of delight, and her parents were still backing and filling about the definite offer from the studio when the child developed a strep throat. Eventually the germ entered her blood stream and she nearly died. Afterward she developed rheumatic fever, and *Kings Row* went by the board.

Once recovered, Lori hitched her wagon to a star again. She took dancing lessons, and taught swimming to the children in a nursery school in order to earn money for dramatic lessons. Nothing happened in the way of work, however, for Lori was at an age that fills few roles. In Canoga Park High School she took dramatics, appeared in school plays, and on the side began doing photographic modeling. In this way she came to the attention of agent Milo Frank, who wanted to sign her as a client. Mr. and Mrs. Nelson refused. "We want her to finish high school, and besides, she's modeling now, and that's enough."

Finally one day he called to say there was a specific part for Lori in a Columbia picture and he had an appointment the next day to introduce her. Between the pleading of the agent and the actress the

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parents finally gave their consent, but the next morning Frank called to say that his contact had landed in the hospital during the night with an emergency appendectomy.

"But," he said, unwilling to wait until the Nelsons' minds had set again, "please let me take her over to Universal today and introduce her to the casting director."

Rufus LeMayer at U-I was impressed, took Lori to the studio's drama coach Sophie Rosenstein. Sophie was even more impressed, and Lori began working after school and on Saturdays with other young hopefuls. Then came the day when the studio brass visited the talent department to hold auditions. That night Sophie phoned Lori, sotto voce. "I shouldn't do this," she said, "but I thought you'd like to know that I'm sure you're in." And the next day they signed Lori to a contract, and changed her name to Dorothy. Every time thereafter that someone called Dorothy, Miss Nelson didn't turn around. When it finally sank in she was horrified. "I'm not a Dorothy," she announced, and submitted some family names. From her mother's name, Loree, and her grandmother's name, Laura, the studio coined Lori.

Each year after that, at option time, she fretted for fear she would be dropped from the roster, and her co-workers, smiling at the kid in braces, tried to console her. The option was always picked up, and at the end of the third year she was given a solid seven-year contract.

And suddenly, when she was about nineteen, the pendulum swung the other way. She had grown up enough to be accepted as something other than a little sister, and she became the most popular member of the younger set. Soon the press was calling her for information about her friends. What did she think of Rock Hudson as a

date? How about Ann Blyth? Was it true that Eddie Fisher showed her the engagement ring before he sprang it on Debbie? Did she and Tab Hunter have anything in common other than their interest in horses? Lori was happy to help, and it occurred only to her subconscious that it would be kind of nice if somebody called up to find out about her.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson understood her position and gave her confidence through their pride. "Lori," Robert Nelson once said, "could be the best actress in town—if they'd let her." And his daughter flustered, "Oh, Daddy, please! I'm still learning!"

In this past year her career has begun to snowball and her future seems set. By now, she can enjoy without reservations the glamorous life she leads. She and her parents live in a new house in North Hollywood, the kind of house they always wanted, Early American with ceiling beams and pegged floors and warm, comfortable furnishings. She pays room and board and her own expenses and packs the rest away. And when people ask why she doesn't strike out for herself and get her own apartment, she looks surprised and says, "I'm fine at home. I'm happy there. Why should I leave?"

Always a bridesmaid

As her agent she has the bright young Dick Clayton, whom she also dates. "He's my best friend—like a big brother." She keeps as her friends all the gang she started with—Julie Adams and Barbara Rush, besides Ann and Debbie, and continues to date the town's most eligible bachelors. She admits she's married off a few—Rock and Bob Preble and Dick Long, who married her close friend Suzan Ball, as well as a few lesser known lights. And, tragically, within six months, death took

four of her closest friends. First, Bob Francis, whom she had dated quite consistently, then Suzan, and a few months later Jimmy Dean. And on Christmas day, a boy to whom she had been engaged in school and who was still very dear to both Lori and her parents, was killed in an automobile accident.

On the brighter side, Lori makes new friends wherever she goes, and her travels to date have taken her to five studios. The latest, at Paramount, with Martin and Lewis, is naturally hilarious. The boys have uncovered Dixie Kay, and for Christmas gave her a gold cigarette case on which her real name is engraved. Name-conscious, Jerry won't let her live down Dixie Kay, or the fact she has dated Tab, Rock and Race, the kind of names that have become Hollywood's latest fun fad.

One day a note from Jerry was delivered to her dressing room. It read: "You, Dixie Kay, are a fine, smart girl. Why is it you insist on going out with men who have names like Tab, Lab, Gab, Lard, Gard, Pard and Marvin?"

You might say that Lori is having a ball. It is important to her, this business of acting, and she has no thought of getting married in the next few years. "I hope that when the time comes that I do want to marry, I'll have sense enough to treat my marriage as the career, and my career as a hobby. If that is impossible and I have to give up my work, I don't think it will kill me."

Proud as they are of her talent, her parents will be delighted if Lori ever puts a stop to her career. They think she works too hard and are perpetually concerned that the strain will be too much for her. They ask periodically if she would like to quit, but the question falls on deaf ears. Lori Nelson is Somebody now. **END**



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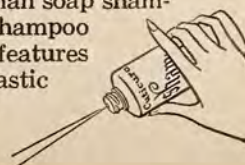
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I saw it coming!

(Continued from page 39) made up my mind for me.

In Florida, where I dined with Prince Rainier's father, the Count Pierre de Polignac, I learned that the Prince, a house guest of friends of the Kellys, was spending much time with Grace.

I had talked with the Prince the day after he arrived in this country with his friend and royal chaplain, the Very Reverend J. Francis Tucker—a man to be reckoned with, as you will see.

Ostensibly His Serene Highness was here for a medical check-up at Johns Hopkins. But ignoring this usual official camouflage, I asked about his plans.

"Christmas week," he said, "I'm planning to spend in Hollywood."

Mrs. Millicent Hearst, who was with us, told him, "You must go to San Simeon. I'll telephone my son David to look you up. We have a private zoo there such as you have at the Palace. You'd like to see it."

The Prince, as always, was charming. "That would be wonderful, wonderful."

"What a pity," I was going to say, but didn't, "that Grace Kelly, whom you met briefly last spring, will not be there." For I had just had a wire from Grace saying she planned to fly home in time for the holidays.

"Tell me," I said instead, "are you looking for a wife?"

He smiled, with the extraordinary shyness that is part of his charm. That and his great humor. "No, not necessarily. You think I should marry?"

"For your principality you should," I said. "No doubt about it!"

Her secret Grace

All of us are two people; that person the world sees and that secret self who, remembering all the emotions that have patterned our lifetime, dictates how we will think, act and react.

I've always felt that Grace's secret self required her to compensate for whatever social importance the healthy, happy, self-made Kelly clan lacked with Philadelphia's Main Line. Today, of course, any prejudice a mossback society might entertain about first-generation money wouldn't disturb Grace in the least. She would even be quietly amused by it. But it's when we're young, supersensitive and vulnerable that we acquire our emotional scars. And when anyone applies herself to getting ahead, as Grace has done, she's compensating for something even if she's not conscious of it.

In an incredibly short time Grace has found Hollywood stardom and won an Oscar. To the envy of the more obvious femme fatales she has captured the romantic fancy of the world's most eligible men and, in the end, held their devoted friendship. She has, contrary to movie custom, established her home in New York where she can enjoy a wider choice of friends and society. The most famous couturiers ache to dress her, because—more than anyone else on the contemporary scene, she exemplifies a beautifully simple and correct look; her spic and span white gloves having come to be so much a part of her that you almost picture her arriving in this world wearing a tiny pair.

And now she's going to marry one of the two royal bachelors left in this world—the other being a Belgian Prince (who has just announced his engagement, too). And she's going to enjoy the highest social position.

I keep remembering Grace last spring when we were in southern France together. She was chaperoned by the Countess de Seggonsac. You don't catch this

young lady traveling alone, leaving herself open to gossip and column items. Among many of her other pleasant qualities she is smart.

I asked her to a small dinner party I gave at the Carlton, which was her hotel. I still can see her arriving, breathtakingly beautiful in her short, simple black satin dress. Her only adornment was a little string of seed pearls and a narrow, black, elephant-hair ring. No other jewels. I placed her next to Jean-Pierre Aumont at the table. Need I go on?

"Elsa," he said, "she's the loveliest thing I've ever seen!" For the first time since the death of his wife, Maria Montez, four years ago, he was smitten.

She meets the Prince

The day following my dinner Pierre Galant, an editor of *Paris-Match* and the husband of Olivia De Havilland, drove Grace to Monaco to meet Prince Rainier, go through the Palace, and be photographed for a picture layout.

They both told me about their visit with the Prince a few days later at my farm at Auribeau, high in the ancient hills behind Nice. Among others at luncheon that day were Gene Kelly and his wife Betsy Blair and Marcel Pagnol, author of the stories upon which the musical *Fanny* is based.

I can still see Grace getting out of Jean-Pierre's car, wearing a tweed skirt and a crisp white shirt, her usually smooth gold hair flying. I like it better that way.

Before lunch Grace and I went on a tour of my farm. There's nothing more endearing, of course, than for someone to love a place you love. And Grace adored the farm.

"Chickens and pigs," she exclaimed. "A huge vegetable garden! Fruit trees! I envy you, Elsa."

She need envy me no more, for I'm certain she will turn the palace farm and gardens into a modern Eden.

She stopped for a long time at a wonderful old tree that bears the most beautiful white roses, a rarity in France. White roses, I learned, are her favorites. And if my old rose tree can be transplanted she will have it for a wedding present, to grow beneath her palace window.

We lunched that day in the garden. Grace was not at my table but I saw her helped twice to the lamb curry, in spite of all the calories lurking in the sauce and rice, pineapple, coconut and chutney.

"French food," she said to me. "It's so divinely wonderful."

"And French beaux?"

She laughed. "The same."

She was referring at the moment only to Jean-Pierre Aumont. Had he not begun his siege to her heart and had she not been responsive it could well be that her romance with Prince Rainier would have begun then, seven months earlier. That her image remained with the Prince there seems no doubt. And Father "Tuck" I think, sensed this.

Just this last week when Grace and I were laughing about her earlier meeting with the Prince she said, "I hadn't the slightest idea then what was going to happen. Not the slightest!"

However, she brought one vivid impression away from her Monacan visit—the way Prince Rainier's tiger embraced him. For she mentioned it several times.

At my table at lunch that day we began to gossip and laugh. Grace, I noticed, kept leaning further and further in our direction. At last, frankly unable to endure her curiosity another minute, she demanded, "What are you all laughing and talking about?"

"We're being naughty, quite naughty," I admitted.

"Can't I come over and be naughty with

you?" she asked. "I love to hear stories about all the exciting people you all know."

In her quiet way, you see, she's very honest and direct.

"Your future father-in-law"

Since, following her engagement, I had not returned to New York in time to see her I telephoned her in California. "I saw your future father-in-law in Florida," I told her. "And tomorrow he is coming to tea with me."

"What is he like?" she wanted to know. "Tell me all about him. What does he think of all this?"

"He's very pleased! Very! I gave you a great boost, darling. I told him of all the wonderful, refreshing qualities you'll bring to the ancient house of Grimaldi."

"You'll like your father-in-law," I went on. "He's a man of great culture."

"I can't wait to meet him."

"You know, of course," I told her, "that you're the envy of several Princesses—whose names I won't mention—who would have been only too happy to marry Prince Rainier. You're going to have quite a job to do."

As I said that I was thinking of many things. Of all the royal and diplomatic circles, some tinged with envy, in which she will have to make her way. Of Monaco's gloomy 200-room palace of yellow stone with its castellated walls, its cobbled courtyards with guarded sentry boxes and a walled road leading up to it. For too long—ever since 1930 when Prince Rainier's mother, Princess Charlotte, went to Italy where later she was divorced from Count de Polignac by her father's royal decree and where she renounced her rights to the throne in favor of her son—there has been no Princess to look after things.

I do not doubt Grace will turn the old palace into a thing of beauty, and institute a social calendar, something Prince Rainier, beset by the scandals of his family and lacking a Princess, never has worried about. Actually the Prince is a very simple and democratic young man, far more like a young businessman or executive than anything else—quite as democratic, in fact, as the Kellys themselves.

Cupid Number Two

Everywhere, the romance of Grace and Prince Rainier is being compared to "Cinderella." Unjustly, I think. It's so much more fascinating. Among other things it's a love story with two Cupids. Pierre Gallant of *Match* must be accredited Cupid Number One. I name Father "Tuck" Cupid Number Two.

It is five years ago now that Father "Tuck," sixty-seven years old, originally from Delaware, who has become a good friend as well as royal chaplain to Prince Rainier, arrived in Monaco, appointed by the Vatican. Things there have changed since he came. His church, St. Charles, no longer has privileged pews with brass name plates on them. "All the pews in my church are for whoever wishes to pray," he long ago announced. Long ago, too, he abolished first, second and third class weddings and funerals. There's now one service for everyone who marries and one service for everyone who dies. The Palace chapel is again in use. And the Prince's six-year romance with French actress Gisele Pascal was finally ended. Gisele, it was generally understood, could not bear children.

As the story goes Father "Tuck" after meeting Gisele said, "She is lovely, lovely! I could go for her myself!"

"But you are a Priest!" Prince Rainier protested.

"And you," said Father "Tuck" looking at his Serene Highness coldly in the eye, "are a Prince!"



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This much is certain. There's always a place set for Father "Tuck" at the Palace table. And at official dinners he's seated with Monaco's Ministers of State.

Father "Tuck," I think, encouraged Prince Rainier to visit the Kellys' friends in Philadelphia. For here he would be sure to see Grace again. From the good Father's point of view, of course, a more perfect wife than Grace Kelly could not be found. She's the daughter of a vital Irish father and German mother. She was devoutly reared by the nuns at Ravenhill Academy. She's beautiful, with a golden income. (Not that Prince Rainier is any impoverished young man. His income of \$125,000 a year is tax free.) Moreover, Grace is quite capable of holding her own in court circles and leading the Prince to such diplomatic and social triumphs as he has lately neglected in his interests—after his official duties—of wild animal hunting, jazz and deep sea diving.

Father "Tuck" knew, I'm sure, that there was a spark as far as the Prince was concerned. And if in his devotion to his Prince he did not see how Grace ever could resist him he's to be excused—especially in the light of what's happened.

Hand-holders

There isn't the slightest doubt in the minds of those who've seen Grace and the Prince together that they are quite mad about each other. Their hands are rarely unclasped and they gaze at each other endlessly. But I wanted Grace to tell me how she felt.

Over the phone when I said, "... and you adore your young Prince, do you?" Grace laughed softly. "To tell about it sounds so unbelievable," she said. "I know there will be problems. But I want to

marry him very much. And I'm going to try to be equal to all that I undertake."

"It's a real historic role you're to play, my girl!" I told her. "But I'm satisfied you will do it well, that you'll be a great credit to this country. For you take your Prince and his people many wonderful qualities."

"He has so much to give, too, Elsa, so very much!" she interrupted.

Under the calm aegis of Her Serene Highness Princess Grace, it may well be that the Grimaldi dynasty, founded back in the middle ages, will flourish anew.

Always the Grimaldis have been colorful people.

It was in 1297 that Monaco, held by the Ghibellines, an Italian political party, was captured by the daring ruse of Frances Grimaldi, an enemy Guelph. He approached the fortress in the guise of a monk and, failing to notice he wore shoes, which non-fighting monks did not, they let him enter. Drawing a sword from beneath his robe he slew the guards and called to his followers hiding in the underbrush. They took the fortress. And Francis became the first of the long line of Monaco princes.

Later the Grimaldis, who were famous seamen, played an important role in French history. However they did not only fight France's enemies. They also attacked any ships which promised a rich prize.

Always in the beginning—whether it's the beginning of a royal house like the Grimaldis or an American fortune established by first generation Irish-Americans like the Kellys—you find individuals of force, imagination and vitality.

It will be fascinating to see what will happen now that the Kellys and the Grimaldis are getting together. Plenty will happen. Including the most fabulous wedding ever given anywhere. **END**

gregory peck

(Continued from page 63) gay companion and friend so that when she became his wife, there wouldn't be the sudden shock of a stranger in their house, whom they might suspect of taking their Daddy away from them. As a result of this wise parental foresight, Veronique is not a new stepmother now, but a grownup playmate they know and love.

I met Veronique for the first time on her first day in New York on her first visit to America. I have always felt that Greg was a close, personal friend of mine, but I was never so aware of it as the morning he called me and said, "I want you to meet Veronique." For to know Greg is to know that he shares his private life with no one, except those nearest and dearest to him, and he finds it difficult to discuss anything of a personal nature, even with them.

"Veronique must be someone very significant in Greg's life!" I reflected, as I waited for them in a secluded corner of the Cafe Pierre. It was Greg's first visit back to the States in three years, but not my first glimpse of him in all that time. I had had a delightful reunion with him in London, during the Coronation, and two summers ago I had caught up with him again in Ireland, where I spent three weeks on location with the *Moby Dick* unit. I had heard rumors about a new romance in Greg's life—a young French girl, whom he met when she came to interview him in Paris, but Greg had made no mention of her to me, so I asked him no questions.

No gestures or words were needed to sense the rapport between them. Instinctively, I knew that in this twenty-four-year-old (mature far beyond her years)

half-French, half-Russian doll, with the tawny hair and violet eyes, Greg had found the perfect wife for him and the perfect companion for the three people who matter most in the world to him—his sons, eleven-year-old Jonathan, nine-year-old Stephen, and seven-year-old Carey Paul. But there was no mention of marriage that day, nor was there during any of our subsequent meetings a few weeks later in Hollywood—until one night, when we had had a family dinner in Greg's Pacific Palisades home.

When you marry

Greg had barbecued the steaks, which we all attacked as enthusiastically as Carey Paul, who exclaimed, "Gee, Daddy, these are okey-dokey!" Veronique had made the salad, topped by her own very special French dressing and the boys' contribution was the dessert—ice cream right out of the deep freeze. Then, we collapsed comfortably in front of an open fire, while Greg hauled out a projector and ran a few Walt Disney cartoons for the children. An hour later, when they had scampered off to bed, with none of the usual fuss put up by most youngsters, and Greg had tucked them in and listened to their prayers, we settled down to a quiet night cap. It was then, that I turned to Greg and asked, "Will you please let me write the first story when you and Veronique marry?"

Greg squirmed uncomfortably as he always does at the slightest mention of anything personal, but he grinned back, "I'll let you write the first story after we're married. I can't tell you when that will be but I promise to wire you on our wedding day."

It began back in 1952 when Greg stopped off in Paris on his way to Rome, for his *Roman Holiday* with Audrey Hepburn.

Veronique, a reporter in the entertainment department of *Paris Presse*, the leading newspaper in France, had been assigned to interview Greg. A few months before, the mere thought of any personal contact with this famous star would have frozen her fingers to her typewriter keys. During her fledgling days as a cub reporter, her first assignment was to interview Sam Goldwyn. It was her first interview in English, and she was so panic-stricken that as she walked down the corridor to his hotel suite, she felt as if she were walking to the guillotine. Fortunately, Mrs. Goldwyn was present at the interview, and she speaks French fluently. Recognizing Veronique as a beginner who was handicapped by hesitant English, Frances took over.

"She saved my life!" Veronique confessed, as she recounted this incident to me over lunch one day. "By the time I got around to interviewing Greg, I had had a backlog of experience and with all the confidence of my twenty-one years I no longer considered myself an amateur. I met Greg for dinner, accompanied by the head of Paramount's Paris office, who had arranged the interview. I didn't ask him many questions, but I remember making a mental note that here was one of the handsomest men I had ever seen, and one of the most unassuming, for an actor of world renown. But there was no question of love at first sight. I knew he was a married man, and the father of three children. And that was that. I never thought our paths would cross again, except under the same circumstances—a famous American motion picture star granting an interview to the foreign press."

"Had you ever been a fan of Greg's before you met him?" I wanted to know.

"No, for the simple reason that I had never seen any of his pictures." In answer to my startled look, Veronique quickly explained, "You see, all during the German occupation of France, we saw no American movies. After the war, we only got the very old ones. I can still remember the first American film my father took me to see. It was *Scarface*, and it seemed very old-fashioned to me. I was still loyal to French films, and the same idols on whom all my classmates at Marymount Convent had childhood crushes, especially Danielle Darrieux and Jean Marais. But even more than French movies, I loved the ballet, the opera and the Comedie Francaise. I thought Louis Jouvet the greatest actor in the world and hoped some day I would meet him. I had that great privilege shortly before he died. But getting back to Greg—and a very nice man to get back to!—the next time our paths crossed was in Rome. I had been invited on a press junket to cover a French film being made on location there. It was my first visit to Italy, although part of my roots are there. My great-grandmother was born in Italy. I'm not all French, as most people assume, because I was born in Paris. Actually, I'm a hybrid. My mother was Russian, my father, French. My grandfather, Corsican. His mother, Italian. And I learned to speak English at Marymount from two nuns—one American, one Irish!"

"Quite a contrast to Greg, who is as American as the Fourth of July for generations back!" I reflected out loud. To myself, I thought, "But Greg had an affinity for foreign places and people. His first wife, Greta, was Finnish."

Lucky in love

"I stayed in Rome two weeks and loved every minute of it," Veronique continued. "You've traveled so much, Radie, so you know the exhilaration of new sights and sounds to a writer. I felt that I had turned



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in my best copy on this trip—even though it didn't include another interview with Greg. I saw him a few times at the studio, but never ran into him socially. He was living with his family in a villa outside of Rome—the same villa that Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer occupied during the filming of *War And Peace*. When Greg came back to Paris I didn't see him at all. It wasn't until the following year, after he and Greta had decided to end their marriage, and she returned to Hollywood with the children, that he called to invite me to the races at Auteuil. Unlucky at gambling. Lucky in love. We lost every race, but we found each other!"

"Had you ever been in love before?" I asked.

"No, incredible as it seems, Gregory Peck was the first man I ever dated. You see, in France young girls of respectable families never date boys, because they are never allowed out unchaperoned. I was tremendously shy as a teen ager—perhaps because I worshiped my mother. She was a journalist, and our home was always filled with gay, amusing people, with my mother always the gayest. One year, when I was fourteen, we went to Switzerland for the winter sports. It was Christmas Eve and I was invited to a dance. I had never danced before, and I was so scared, I hid behind a curtain, praying that no one would see me. When my partner, who was all of eighteen, but seemed like an 'old man' to me, came to claim me, Mother gave me a gentle kick, and I knew there was no escape. Suddenly, I was on the ballroom floor—and then a miraculous thing happened. I was no longer shy. I'll never be the extrovert my mother is, but I've outgrown the timidity of my teen-age years."

"Greg is still tremendously shy, isn't he?" I observed.

"Yes, and I think it is one of his most endearing qualities. He's so very rich inside that he can well afford to be an introvert. He doesn't have to rely on other people to entertain him. His travels abroad have developed his interest in art, music, literature and languages. He loves his ranch at Santa Inez, where he breeds cattle and farms acres of beautiful land, and where we spent our honeymoon. Jonathan, his eldest son, worked on the ranch all summer, and loves it as much as Greg, who tries to spend every week end there. We both love outdoor sports—horseback riding (in which all the boys are expert, too) and golf, but we also love to visit art galleries, go to concerts and films. But best of all, we prefer to stay home, listening to Greg's record collection, running movies, poring over scripts, discussing them far into the night. We never seem to run out of things to say to each other, and to me, this is such an important relationship between two people."

Lord and lady

Veronique's adult understanding of the responsibilities of marriage is typically European. In France, a husband is the lord and master, and his wife builds her whole world around him and their children. Veronique has no other interests except to make Greg happy. Her own promising career as a journalist means nothing to her. She has no wish to compete with him on any level, but like Maggie Shand in *What Every Woman Knows*, in her own quiet, unobtrusive way, she is the pillar of strength behind him. She doesn't want to compete with Hollywood glamour girls, either, and it isn't because she's not beautiful according to Hollywood's standards. She uses little make-up, except on her eyes, which are like deep pools of violet. Her hair, worn long and loose, is a lovely tawny shade, and her figure is the answer

to a modern maiden's prayer. She dresses with the exquisitely simple taste of the real French woman, who doesn't patronize Dior and Desses, and all the popular couturiers "only for Americans." She knows the inexpensive little French dressmaker, who once worked at all these famous establishments, and can copy the same dress at half the price.

Greg's small fry call her Veronique, and treat her as one of the gang. Veronique has a nine-year-old brother of her own in Paris, so she knows how to handle little boys. Greg's whole family loves her, too. His mother, divorced from his father, and now remarried and living in San Francisco, had Veronique as her house guest when she visited San Francisco for the first time a few months ago.

I first met Greg's young and attractive mother when she was lunching with Veronique in Hollywood, and it was obvious then how much she approved of her future new daughter-in-law. I met Greg's delightful father and motherly stepmother in La Jolla on a theatre party.

I had a chance to really observe Veronique on that trip to La Jolla, because we were together for sixteen consecutive hours—from the time she and Greg called for me at the Beverly Hills Hotel at 10:30 A.M., until they dropped me back home at 2:30 A.M. the following morning! It had been a crowded day and night—the flight to San Diego—the drive to Del Mar for lunch at the Turf Club—the races in the afternoon—the drive back to La Jolla and a tour of this lovely town, so that Veronique could see where Greg was born and spent all his childhood and boyhood years—afterward, a quick dinner at the Hotel Valencia, with Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz and other friends—then off to the Playhouse for the evening's performance—and finally, the drive back to San Diego for the flight home to L.A. Throughout this busy schedule, there was a sense of calm and repose about Veronique that harmonizes with Greg's quiet, unruffled personality. Neither of them is the demonstrative type, so there was never any outward display of affection, but you knew it was there in the way their eyes caressed each other.

Because they are so sufficient to each other, and because Greg's divorce from Greta wasn't final until the end of December, they kept very much to themselves. Veronique had nothing whatsoever to do with the break-up of Greg and Greta's twelve-year-old marriage, so there was no feeling of resentment against her as a *femme fatale*, among Greg's friends. Being people of taste and dignity, until the divorce was final, neither Veronique nor Greg ever did anything to embarrass Greta by flaunting their romance in public. They had steadfastly refused to pose for any pictures together, and the only time they were finally snapped was at the Rocky Marciano-Archie Moore fight.

It was on this trip East that I stopped by to have cocktails with Greg in his suite at the Sherry Netherland. His good friend Sy Bartlett, vice-president and executive producer of Greg's new independent company, Melville Productions (named in honor of Herman Melville, author of *Moby Dick*), Tony Bartley, Deborah Kerr's husband, and Arthur Jacobs were already there. Veronique, who was staying at the Hotel Plaza across the street, hadn't as yet arrived. Soon after, when she slipped in quietly, I noticed that the first thing she did was to turn on the lamps and empty the ash trays. Then, just as unobtrusively, she helped pour the drinks and arrange for dinner before theatre. It was just another indication of what a joy she must be to have around the house. A wife who doesn't make a noise like a wife! **END**

jane russell

(Continued from page 64) me Billy Graham any more. Now I'm Mother Machree!"

Not that either title is so bad. It's just that they're not accurate. "Print anything you want to about me," Jane has begged. "Just make it true!" But the legend, no longer sex pot but saint, persists despite her pleas.

But for once, in the interests of accuracy and Jane, let it be said that Jane's religion—in fact her whole attitude toward living—is a downright odd one, and nothing like a saint's.

Jane and her brothers do their praying at Sunday morning services that sound more like a weenie-roast than a prayer-meeting. Most Sundays a visiting minister from almost any church, anywhere, conducts, and when they have no guest, Ma Russell officiates herself. (Jane goes for those sessions big—at any point she's likely to stand up and argue a point with Ma—and possibly even win.)

The chapel itself is pretty off-beat. The Russell kids built it with their own hands on their own property, and it's light, airy, modern and totally unaccustomed to gloom and doom. Prominently posted in the front is what the Russells call a prayer board. On this is stuck a list of people to be prayed for regularly. First on the list is "All Men Everywhere." Next comes "All Men In Authority." After that come the names of people who want help, and those Jane thinks need help whether they want it or not. An actor who worked with her in *The Tall Men* was recently asked by a friend: "How are you doing?" "I must be doing great," the actor said. "I've been off Jane's prayer board for a week!"

Bibles and blackmail

It is true that most of the Bibles owned by Jane's friends were given to them by Jane. If they don't read them, that's not Miss Russell's fault. She'll do her darnedest to talk, smack or blackmail them into it. Knowing Jane, it is not unlikely that she will remove a best-seller from a friend's hands and substitute the Good Book without even losing the place. But if this sounds like a saint, militant type, take another look. She'll do the same in every other phase of living that comes to her attention. She will—and has—cut their hair, switched their doctors, rearranged their love lives and, when necessary, wiped their noses, with a blithe indifference to the rules of privacy that leaves them gasping. Yet they love her. "That's Old Jane," they say weakly, toddling off down the paths she has prescribed. And they will be the first to admit that the paths turn out to be pretty rosy.

The little mother of all the world, Jane's not. "I'm not the type to pat kids on the head when I meet them on the street," she protests. "And I didn't want to adopt every child I saw in Europe. I didn't even want to take Tommy at first, seeing that I'd met his mother. I was just going to bring him back for someone else to adopt. But by the time we had taken care of all the red tape we'd had him for eight months and neither Bob nor I could dream of giving him up!"

And besides, Tommy had picked them for his own. Ever since his blood mother had pressed him into Jane's arms in England, urging her to "Do more for him than we can!" Tommy had developed the amiable, but disconcerting habit of pointing at any picture of a woman that came to view and crowing, "Mama!" One day Jane, due for a sitting, brought him into the still department of the studio—then gasped with horror, looking around, for

them, framed on the walls, were pictures of every star from glamour puss to character actresses—all, to Tommy, potential "Mamas!" She needn't have worried. Tommy stood in the middle of the room, rotated slowly, and then, with unerring accuracy, pointed to the picture of the most scantily clad dame of them all—Jane Russell. "Mama!" he said happily.

"Hmph," Jane said. "At least it wasn't Marjorie Main!" But she knew she'd been chosen.

Beggars and bulldozers

So they took Tommy, and there was Jane, battling the British parliament (who said indignantly, "We can take care of our own"), the do-gooders (telling her that anyone who adopted a child whose parents knew its whereabouts was not only crazy but criminal; in no time they'd be demanding the child back) and the Immigration Service, which seemed to be bent on making the adoption as difficult as possible. Anyone else would have taken Tommy and fled to Tahiti; Jane signed papers, stormed at the reporters, won her baby and then, having conquered all her immediate adversaries, took on Congress and made them change the quota rulings for adoptable children. WAIF, Women's Adoption-International-Fund, was her next project; she organized it to find babies for American families and get them here with a minimum of discomfort. Ten per cent of her salary has always gone to charity, but more money was needed. Jane set about raising it. Many of the saints were beggars, but few were bulldozers. Jane qualified as the latter. She has been known to take a tin can with a slot on the top and canvass, door-to-door. Her method is simply to ignore all obstacles. Once she rang a doorbell and the woman who came to the door took one look at the can, pointed to a sign that said, "No soliciting," and sniffed, "Can't you read?"

"Sure, I can read," Jane said amiably, one shapely foot well in the house. Being bigger than the woman, she got the rest of herself in as well. When she came out, she had a sizable donation.

When collections still proved insufficient—it costs at least \$500 to bring only one child over—Jane went to New York to raise big money. This she planned to do via a series of cocktail parties and talks. Guests arrived at the first carefully set-up cocktail party and found themselves, mad as hatters, drinking tea. It seemed it was a voting day in New York, and that means temporary prohibition. The only one who wasn't bothered was Jane. She's a teetotaler, and just as happy to have temptation out of her way.

But time was when Jane was not one to fly from temptation. She used to run at it headlong with arms wide open. For her religion is odd, and her habits odd—you should know how she got there. That was really wild!

Ma and the Lord

As kids, neither Jane nor her brothers thought much of the Lord, and they weren't exactly fond of the fact that their mother seemed to be His chief emissary. As far as Jane was concerned the Lord was all right but when He interfered with her social life, like making her go to Church on Sunday for hour after hour while this gorgeous quarterback, Bob Waterfield, was parked outside waiting for her—that was a different story. Besides, the church was dark, the services dull, and she didn't figure she'd committed any of the sins the minister ranted on about. So why should she suffer? One Sunday she turned to her mother and said flatly, "How long must I continue this farce?"

Her mother, sitting next to her in the

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pew, surveyed her discontented teen age and answered, "You don't have to continue it. I will never ask you to come to church again if you think it is a farce."

And Jane got up and walked out right in the middle of the sermon. She didn't give up the Lord or the Bible—she'd been brought up with both and she loved and needed them. She did give up church, but she never even came close to doing without organized prayer. In her mother's home, that was just plain impossible.

The kids Jane ran with then were either leaders or rebels, depending on your point of view. Ma Russell didn't know how the other mothers were handling the problem, but her notion was to see that whatever her daughter did, she did at home. When she realized that without her pals Jane wouldn't stay home, she had a brief, confidential tussle with God. "Lord," she demanded, "do I have to take that whole awful gang? All I want to do is save my own little pigeon." And a voice, stern as if she'd been stealing watermelons, answered, "All or none!" So she took them all. Before they knew what they were doing, they were down on their knees beside her. For sure, they were the first kids in town to pray together! Jane, too!

Jane's ideas on bringing up kids came from her mother, too. The same forbearance that Ma Russell showed when Jane left the church was applied when she left home. That happened some time later. Jane was tired of community life, not sure where she was going or what she would do with herself. So she moved out, took an apartment all by herself and set about finding out. What she did mostly was stare out the window and ruminate upon life and death and suffering and why. She couldn't seem to come to any decisions, though. Ma Russell knew where she was, but she didn't say a word or try to persuade Jane to come home. She let her ruminate. All Ma Russell did was pray. That was quite enough. In as unexpected a way as usual, the Lord answered her. He did it via a germ; Jane got sick. When the Russells get sick, they want Mama. Ma Russell came home one day and there was Daughter, back in her own bed, wan and weak, but very happy. Until she married Bob, Jane never left home again.

Robert don't take no guff

Robert Waterfield, by the way, was always the one person Jane couldn't boss. In front of him she turned tongue-tied and meek. From their first date—which she'd been waiting for, breathless with hope, for years (they went to school together) he was lord and master to his humble girl friend. On the whole, his rule was, and is, that of a benevolent despot. When Jane wants to do something Robert couldn't enjoy, he doesn't say, "Don't," he just says, "Goodbye," and goes his own sweet way till she's done. Then they're back together again, happy as clams. The one time he put his foot down before their marriage was when Jane tried out for an Earl Carroll chorus. She made it through endless eliminations, but just before the finals, Robert said, "No." He'd come calling for her and didn't like the looks of the stage door Johnnies. So Jane never went back. "Besides," she said, cheerfully accepting orders, "I didn't like the sound of the talk backstage!" Which, for a four-letter-word girl, was quite a statement! Since their marriage, Bob lets Jane run her own life with the exception of her finances. On that he's firm. He even took Jane's checkbooks away from her when he discovered that she was writing out checks for as much as \$100 to anyone who wrote and asked for help. And she let him!

But one acquiescence doesn't make a

saint. And for anyone but Robert, Old Jane is totally unpredictable—and usually unfathomable. The latest to testify to this is a French sailor who met her while she was making *Mamie Stover* in Honolulu.

Lo, the poor Frenchman!

He was serving on a cruiser, the *Jeanne d'Arc*, when word came that the ship would dock in Honolulu and liberty was available to the crew. That was fine. But when scuttle butt reported—reliably—that Jane Russell was only a few miles off, making a movie which seemed set to out-horrorify the censors who had gasped at *The French Line* (and muttered piously, "She is wearing nothing but the body God gave her—God forgive her!"), pandemonium broke loose. Those who could begged, borrowed or stole a camera. The rest polished shoes and dusted red-pommed hats with more attention than a visiting general ever warranted. Then, in groups of six and eight, they descended upon the Halekulani Hotel, where shooting was taking place—our sailor in the lead.

They arrived between takes and clustered around the set. There, seated in a canvas-back chair, enjoying her leisure moment, was the red-wigged Mamie Stover, girl-of-few-morals, reading. Off to one side a record player contributed some music to the scene, but Mamie-Jane was oblivious.

The French sailors buzzed anxiously. A quick poll determined that our sailor was the only one with a reasonable English vocabulary. Clutching his camera, he found himself propelled from the rear toward Jane. He raised his camera to his eye, then suddenly froze. Jane glanced up, returned to her book.

The sailor lowered the camera and retreated to his comrades. "That is not Jane Russell," he whispered. "That is some girl reading a Bible."

"Ask her!"

"In the middle of her devotions? That is not nice. She is perhaps the hair dresser."

"Ask her!"

The sailor walked gingerly back to Jane and coughed. "Pardon," he said, "you are not Jane Russell?"

"No," Jane said quietly, "I am Jane Russell."

The sailor had an inspiration. "We see you read the Bible. It is for the picture, yes?"

"No," Jane said, still unperturbed. "I read it all the time. Always carry it with me."

There are few movie magazines in France. The sailor knew nothing of Jane but what he had seen in the movies. The shock was quite something. Along with his poise, his English fled. He couldn't remember a word. But obviously something was required. Jane, her missionary zeal aroused, was smiling at him, waiting for him to speak. And he spoke the only English words he could remember—the very first he had learned. If he had been an American speaking to a French star under those circumstances, he probably would have said, "Where is the pen of my aunt?" Being French, he had learned a different sentence. "Miss Russell," he heard himself gasp, to his horror, "will you dance with me?"

But to his everlasting relief, the skies did not descend. "Sure," said Jane Russell heartily, putting down her Bible, getting to her feet, and holding out her arms. And so they danced to the music from the record player, Jane in her red wig, the sailor in his glory, to the whistles and shouts of the French Navy, who had no idea that they were helping to destroy, once and for all, the legend of Jane the sanctified and untouchable!

END

brother ben and me

(Continued from page 53) "Why?" Dad wanted to know.

"Well, I know what I want to do for the rest of my life, and the other kids don't know. Maybe they'll never know."

But with all his sense, it never stopped him from being a boy. And I mean Boy. Before he was a year old he pulled a pan of boiling water off the stove and it went all over his face. I remember Mother asked me to comfort him while she made tea for medication. When he was three he got in a fight and another boy threw a rock that cut the corner of his eye, and I led him home by the hand, crying harder than he was.

Ben says: *Bunny was always a little-mother type. One day she was home with a cold and I was at P.S. No. 30 when I developed an awful stomach ache. Somebody finally drove me home from school—Mother and Dad were up in Boston on business—and Bunny, age nine, waved the maid aside and put me to bed. Then she called the doctor and told him I had appendicitis. Doc's back stiffened and he told her he'd do the diagnosing. You know what was the matter with me? I had acute appendicitis! Bunny called our parents in Boston and they left immediately for home, and a neighbor drove me to the hospital. All the way there Bunny was tucking a blanket around me, and crying buckets. "You'll be all right," she kept saying between sobs. "You'll be just fine." What a bedside manner she had! Every time she blew her nose I was more certain I was on my way to the Kingdom.*

When he was four he finished off Dad's pre-dinner glass of beer, and was high as a kite all evening. A few years later he brought home a skunk, named Firfinella Isabella, and it bit every member of the family.

As he grew older, it got worse. One night during the war, when we had those blackout shades that were black on the inside, I had a girl friend stay overnight with me. I'd just gone off to sleep when Cathy was tugging at me frantically.

"There's a man at the window," she whispered.

"Go to sleep," I grumbled.

"But there's a face," insisted Cathy.

I couldn't see a thing with my eyes half shut, but I finally got out of bed and approached the window, covered with white curtains. With a grand gesture, because after all I was junior mistress of this house and Cathy was being very silly, I threw back the curtains. And I almost died on the spot. On the black shade, in luminous paint, Ben had drawn a devil's face. I screamed so loud that Mother and Dad came racing down the hall to us.

Ben says: *And I slept through the whole thing. Didn't even wake up to enjoy hearing them scream.*

By the time I was fourteen our house was usually filled with kids. It was always open house at the Coopers, and our parents were known to our friends as Mom and Pop. We used to move the dining-room furniture and roll back the rug and hitch up the chandelier and have our own ball room. It was ideal for a teen-age girl, except that I had a kid brother. The boys would begin to disappear and when the last one had sneaked off I always knew where to find them—with Ben, playing with the gun collection in his room.

Those guns. Ben always had them—all kinds of guns—and although I shared his enthusiasm about horses and swimming and many other things, the guns always made me shudder a little. Once he dreamed up a skit for our parents' benefit. He was to 'shoot' me with a starter pistol and had

some ketchup all ready for me to slap on my shoulder, but I begged off. I figured Mother and Dad had had enough of us.

Ben's being on Broadway didn't have the slightest effect on our home life. Once the novelty wore off I almost forgot about it, but I can remember when I first learned he'd gotten the role of Harlan, I ran up and down the block yelling, "My brother's going to be on Broadway!" For the opening night I got my first evening gown, and I think I was more nervous than Ben.

Ben had his hair dyed bright red for the part, of course, and that hair acted like a red flag in school. Most of the kids were pretty understanding, but several of them tried to pick on him. When Ben gets annoyed or angry he grows very quiet, and it's almost ominous. I imagine he stayed out of a lot of fights because of it.

But he has a temper. The panel of the door in his apartment is cracked from a time when he put his fist through it. He always had that temper. I remember when he wasn't quite six years old the family was in Washington D. C. on vacation. It was at the time Wendell Willkie was running for president, and Ben and I were all for him—because our parents were. We visited the Senate, and although children under six aren't allowed, Mother promised that Ben would be kept quiet. Luckily we got seats in the first row of the balcony, and Ben watched the proceedings like a silent angel. Then Senator Pepper stood up and began lambasting Willkie, and suddenly I saw this small red face leaning forward. You never saw a redder one. Ben had one leg over the balcony rail when Mother grabbed him by the seat of his pants and hauled him back.

When we were little, Mother and Dad used to call us The Lawyers. Every time I was in line to be punished for something Ben would come to my rescue—and vice versa.

"Now, do you know what happened before that? Do you understand why she did it? There's a good reason, you know."

He'd lay out a whole case, or I would for him if he was on the trial docket. Nine times out of ten we got each other off with a light sentence. But we weren't always arm in arm, not by a long shot. Listed among the times when I could have clobbered him are the occasions when he'd upstage me with Mother. She'd ask me to do something for her, and maybe I was in the middle of something important like dressing a doll and I'd pretend I didn't hear her. Dear Ben would then go to Mother, his face wreathed in smiles. "I'll do it for you, Mother. I love you."

He had the most annoying way of skirting dishwashing. He was a boy, and you wouldn't expect him to do that sort of thing very often, but I can't remember him washing so much as a single spoon.

Ben says: *I did so! I can distinctly recall washing dishes twice, before I bought Mom that automatic dishwasher.*

When he was ten and I was twelve, he decided that because of my advanced age I should learn to smoke. Not him, of course—he stayed safely away from tobacco, but he directed the whole production with me. We got down behind the couch in the living room (a fine hideout, what with the smoke billowing up in plain view of anybody who came in the room), and he told me how to do it. "Not little puffs like that, Bunny—suck it way down in your stomach." Well, like a dope I did what he told me, and I turned pea green and bolted for the bathroom. Again.

Our house was always pleasantly batty. During one period there had been rumors of prowlers in the neighborhood and we were all a little jumpy. Mother was cleaning grapes one afternoon at the kitchen sink when Daddy came home and walked up behind her. He didn't mean to frighten

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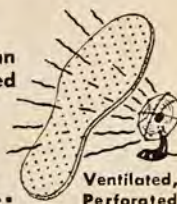


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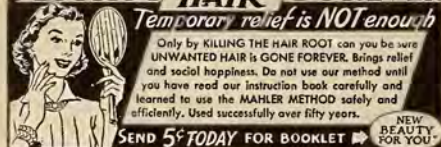
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her, but as it happened she didn't hear him come in. Then suddenly she had the feeling someone was standing behind her, and she swung around and belted him right in the face with the grapes—all two pounds of them. Ben and I nearly split our sides laughing.

All of us ribbed Ben about his crushes. Dad used to inquire about the health of various small girls, using such endearing pet names as Monkey Face or Little Pig Eyes, and Ben would get so mad his toes would curl. Once a little southern girl visited a family in our block and Ben went head over heels. He was eight and she was even younger, and her name was Adeline. We had her for dinner one night and Ben didn't eat a thing—just sat there and listened to her accent. We teased him for weeks. "Y'all heard from Ah-de-ly-an?"

Ben says: She should talk. One day we were driving through town and Dad suddenly said, "Look at that car full of boys!" Bunny yelled "WHERE?" and wrenched her back trying to locate such a welcome sight.

You could never dampen Ben's spirit, though, and small as he was, he had the courage of a lion. When he was about ten he had a kayak, and one day he and a friend were paddling around in Long Island Sound when the wake of a big boat overturned the kayak. Ben hadn't known until then that his friend couldn't swim, and although the boy thrashed around in panic, Ben managed to calm him down and then hauled both the boy and the kayak to shore.

The example of his courage that I admired most, however, was his constant devotion to the men in the Veteran's Hospital. When Ben was sixteen he spent every Monday night at the hospital, after a full day's work on radio or TV. He worked with the men in the TB ward, the amputee ward and the psychiatric ward, putting together little shows that were taped and later piped to every ward in the hospital. It was therapy work of great value, but seeing those men used to break him up and every Monday night he'd come home white and washed out and unable to sleep. Ben has a deep side to him which most people don't fathom at all.

He was awfully busy during those years, averaging ten shows a week on radio and TV, but he loved the work. His career never seemed to spoil him, and a great deal of credit was due, as I've said, to our parents. Mother had a horror of being the proverbial stage mother, and while she would take him to a studio and pick him up when he was through, she never went inside.

When he left for Hollywood, it was as though we'd all lost our right arms. And to make it worse, Ben would rather eat a bushel of carrots than write a letter. We'd haunt the mailbox for weeks on end, but never a written word. He did get a few sparse notes off to Mother, but I never got one word from him. (That is a lie. I wrote her two years ago about a party I'd gone to.) One day after I'd come to Hollywood I found a sign that said, "Have you written home to Mother?" I tacked it up in the kitchen but he never saw it. Or maybe he did, because he phoned home next day. He'll phone any time—his bill is enormous.

I picked the kitchen to place that sign because that's where Ben usually is. He's a great cook, so good that I let him get away with bragging about it. You can't see the kitchen for pans afterward, but his chicken especially is worth it.

He sleeps like a stone and if left alone doesn't wake up again until the sun goes down. Once in the middle of the night he answered the phone, and one of his crazier friends said, "This is Amelia Earhart—where is everybody?" and then hung up. Ben took the call while deep in the arms

of Morpheus, and didn't remember it until the next afternoon, when he doubled with laughter.

Ben hangs his towels on the floor, mainly I suppose because we haven't any towel racks. He has mumbled something about them having disappeared, but I don't suppose there's any use in my suggesting that he get a couple of new ones.

Then there's his peculiar habit of talcuming while he's still in the shower—heaven alone knows why. This results in my stepping into an inch of talcum powder every time I get into the shower.

Ben says: I have a perfectly logical reason. If I step out on a bath mat, the talcum messes up the whole bath mat. This girl has no sense about housekeeping. Furthermore, the only time I put a towel on the floor is when I can't find the bathmat—and then my feet turn maroon. Why? Bunny got domestic once and dyed all the towels.

Aside from having to be called twenty times and having water dumped over him to waken him, Ben will make a good husband, I think. I should think he ought to wait about five years, but when he does marry, some girl is going to get a gem. Talcum on the shower floor and all that, really a very nice guy.

Ben says: Bunny will have to pass on the girl, too. Not that I'd pay any attention if she lowered the boom, but it would be nice to have the old girl's approval. I'd like a girl just like Bunny, only sane.

We have a lot of fun with this brother-sister business. People don't believe us. Ben will introduce me at parties, or even in elevators, as his sister, and he gets a knowing nod and a raised eyebrow. One day my hairdresser told me he had driven by the première of a picture and had seen me in front of the mike. "Who was that playboy you were with?" he asked.

"My brother," I said, and he clucked his tongue in disbelief.

Ben says: Fun, yeah. I've told her not to answer the phone at home, but when it rings she makes a dash for it and says a real low, sexy hello into the receiver. This girl is making a reputation for me, or if not that, she's sure to break up a dozen romances before she's through.

Speaking of premières, three years ago when I first visited Hollywood Ben and I were driving along and passed a theatre ablaze with searchlights and celebrities. I said to him then that some day he would be the star of an affair like that.

And just last December my dream came true. Two days before we went home for Christmas, Ben and I went together to the première of *The Rose Tattoo*, a picture that gives Ben star billing. I can't tell you how thrilled I was when we got out of the car and the fans in the bleachers began to yell when they recognized Ben. Fourteen years of hard work, sometimes triumphant, sometimes heartbreaking, and through it all I had been Ben's confidante when he needed someone to talk to. And now it was here, his big night, and he was acclaimed by the crowd. I was so proud I thought I'd burst.

Ben says: She doesn't mention that the fans yelled at me, "Where's Bunny?" My sister's no slouch, you know. She modeled in New York and did TV commercials, and now she's on her way to a movie career, starting out as Lana's lady-in-waiting in *Diane*.

But whenever I get carried away about this boy I remind myself of the times when I could have cheerfully stabbed him. Like the cake frosting. I used to save it until last and whenever I got to that point he would distract my attention and swipe my plate. If I had a dollar for every time he snatched my cake frosting I'd be rich. I'd settle for a dollar for every time he's made me lose my cookies. But he's really very sweet and I love him. Honest I do. **END**

grace kelly by reporter x

(Continued from page 41) He signs his name and sends the message through a waiter. Grace smiles as she reads the note, then hands it to the Prince who seems amused, too.

Then the party gets up and heads toward Jack, with Grace leading the way.

As she reaches Jack's table, the columnist stands and Grace says, "Hello, Jack, good to see you."

"Hello, Grace," returns Jack, "are congratulations in order?"

Grace grins, "I'm sorry, I can't possibly answer your note tonight, Jack."

"Can you answer it on Friday?" the reporter inquires.

Taking a moment to think, Grace gives her reply in a soft but assuring voice, "Yes, Friday."

Jack breaks it in his first edition and scoops the town.

10:00 A.M. My city editor yanks me from behind my typewriter and puts me on the story.

10:20 A.M. I enter Grace's apartment house and am greeted by the doorman. I tell him I'm a reporter and want to see Miss Kelly.

"I cannot ring her," he apologizes. "The house phone is out of order. But I will go upstairs and announce you."

10:30 A.M. He's back, followed by a tall, slender blonde girl who at first glance looks like Grace. But it's her secretary, Miss Nadia Woods.

"Miss Kelly is reading the story and she has asked me to tell you that she will make a statement shortly," Miss Woods says. "Meanwhile, I must ask you to wait here."

10:31 A.M. I wait, joined by other reporters, all after the same story.

10:45 A.M. The elevator doors open. Out steps Miss Kelly, accompanied by her secretary and a representative for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

I grope my way past several reporters and ask:

"Miss Kelly, can you tell us when you are going to make the formal announcement of your engagement?"

"No," Grace replied, "I can't tell you now. We have an appointment and we are late."

11:05 A.M. I succeed in reaching Mr. Kelly's Philadelphia contracting firm.

A spokesman says that the family is "just this minute" making an announcement to the press and if I hold on she'll read it to me. I hold on and the voice comes back:

"This is the statement by Mr. and Mrs. John B. Kelly and I quote, 'We are happy to announce the betrothal of our daughter, Grace, to His Serene Highness, Prince Rainier III of Monaco.' That is the end of the statement."

My source continues, "Mrs. Kelly has also announced that a luncheon will be held today at one o'clock for the newly engaged couple, but it will be for relatives and close friends of the family. A press conference with Miss Kelly and the Prince has been arranged for later today at the family home."

11:15 A.M. I hang up after a polite "thank you," then quickly dial the office.

"I want you to take the next train to Philly and be at the press conference," my city editor orders.

2:30 P.M. I'm cooling my heels with twenty other reporters and photographers at the Kellys'. Cooling them in the "cellar!" That's what Franz the German butler calls a fairly fancy rumpus room. As the press arrives he orders us down cellar and we perch on white wrought-iron furniture and line up to use the one phone which

is upstairs. The Kellys haven't gotten back from the announcement luncheon at the Country Club yet.

3:00 P.M. I've worked my way upstairs to the head of the phone queue.

3:55 P.M. Grace and the Prince arrive in a station wagon. Bedlam breaks loose. Reporters swarm up the cellar stairs. Photographers punch each other as they snap pictures and shout orders at the royal couple. I hear myself yell, "Hey, Prince, give us a statement."

4:10 P.M. Grace's sisters and sister-in-law arrive with the Very Rev. Francis Tucker, the Prince's friend and matchmaker. More flashbulbs.

4:15 P.M. Mr. and Mrs. Kelly arrive. By this time photographers and reporters are all over the royal couple. Mrs. Kelly puts us in our place, "Now, not too familiar with the Prince." She leads Grace and the Prince upstairs.

4:30 P.M. Grace and the Prince emerge from dressing rooms upstairs.

The MGM press agent decides we must get pictures of the happy pair on the upstairs hall balcony. So everybody moves to the center hall. I make a beeline for Mrs. Kelly who's telling the reporters to go interview the servants. Only trouble is the servants speak German, only German, and no English. Most of the reporters are back in the kitchen finding this out.

4:37 P.M. I am the only one left in the kitchen because I am the only reporter who speaks German. Franz and his wife are astonished but I give them the old mother tongue and they talk. They tell me Pa Kelly calls the Prince "lad" and when Grace brought him home for Christmas he greeted him with, "Glad to meet you, lad." After the Prince hung around for awhile Pa Kelly grumbled, "I thought he was just coming for Christmas dinner."

Franz and frau say Pa Kelly gave his consent enthusiastically when the Prince popped the question. And now the lad's a member of the family.

4:45 P.M. I get back to the front of the house and the flashbulbs are still popping. I overhear the Prince mutter to his chaplain the Very Rev. Francis Tucker, "After all, I don't belong to MGM." The butler appears with a tray and the Prince helps himself to a glass of New York State champagne and a jigger of bourbon.

4:55 P.M. The MGM press agents plant Grace and the Prince and her mother and father in the living room and the questions continue. One brave guy asks the \$64,000 question—"How many children are you going to have?" Grace blushes and her mother answers, "If they're like we were, they're going to have lots of children." The Prince looks relieved.

5:00 P.M. I break into the closed circle around Mr. Kelly just in time to hear him explain, "Grace met him when she was on the French Riviera. She went there to make a picture called *To Catch A Thief*—and look what she came back with."

The Prince looks harried and Grace looks tired. But they smile when one reporter suggests, "Hey, Prince, kiss her." He does.

5:35 P.M. The MGM man announces "That's all, boys" and the Prince smiles happily. Mr. Kelly booms, "Drinks all round for anybody who wants one." Photographers and reporters head for the bar and the Kellys make for the cellar and the TV cameras. The phone line queues up. Wonder who'll pay that bill!

6:25 P.M. I file my story over the phone and my editor tells me to be at Grace's apartment bright and early next day.

January 7th—Saturday

9:00 A.M. Back to the "stake-out" at Grace's Fifth Avenue apartment.

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CUT OUT AND MAIL

10:00 A.M. Grace gives us reporters a polite "good morning" as she hurries out of the elevator to a limousine outside.

12:15 P.M. I try phoning the apartment, but a sweet-voiced operator tells me, "The number is temporarily disconnected."

1 P.M. Here comes the Prince, but he leaves when he sees us.

1:10 P.M. Grace's secretary, Miss Woods, comes down to the lobby and pleads with us to leave. "If you don't go," she threatens, "I'm afraid we'll have to call the police."

1:15 P.M. Miss Woods comes back. "I've called the police," she announces.

1:18 P.M. Rainier is back.

1:20 P.M. Miss Woods then confides in us. "I must tell you," she says with Kelly-like diction, "the Prince will enter the building through the service entrance, just as Miss Kelly did when she returned home two hours ago."

1:21 P.M. Twenty-one reporters and photographers bite. As soon as the last one rushes out of the building, an employee locks the door. The four who remain draw a stare from Miss Woods.

"Well," she asks, "aren't you going to see the Prince?"

Just then two patrolmen arrive.

"I want you to put these reporters out," Miss Woods says.

"Wanna press a complaint?" asks one of the cops. "That's the only way we can put them out."

Miss Woods mulls over the question, then decides.

"No, but you've got to get them out of here or the salmon soufflé will be ruined!"

However, we give in gracefully. As we start out the door, one newsman cracks, "We're doing this for the sake of the soufflé."

1:25 P.M. The Prince comes back. With a police force to run interference, the Prince braves the perilous trek to the foyer and up to his princess' apartment—and what must have been a sunken soufflé.

1:30 P.M. I call the office with the story. The City Editor tells me I'm to cover the ball at the Waldorf, along with five other reporters. "I'm counting on you to come up with some color," he says.

8:00 P.M. I arrive at the Waldorf-Astoria, the grand ballroom is jammed with at least 1,000 bejewelled and black-tied celebrities who have each donated \$35 for fun, frivolity, and a plate of guinea hen. When they bought their tickets weeks before, they had no idea they would be treated to such a *pièce de résistance* as young international love.

8:30 P.M. Grace arrives. She's alone. And radiant. Looks every inch a princess. Wearing a white faille off-the-shoulder Dior gown, white orchids, white mink cape and white gloves. Her blonde hair is drawn back into a chignon. Costly pearls shimmer at her neck and ears.

8:35 P.M. Prince Rainier reaches the hotel. His charcoal gray dress coat is bedecked with military medals and ribbons. He presents the perfect portrait of a prince.

9:05 P.M. The couple enters their royal box which overlooks the entire grand ballroom. The box is decorated with enormous crowns and festooned with evergreens. It bears the red and white crest of the Monarch's family. Two of Rainier's security guards—wearing tails—close the rust-colored drapes behind the box.

9:20 P.M. Rainier and his bride-to-be look like fairytale monarchs when they stand at attention as the orchestra strikes up the Monagasque and American national anthems. All eyes are on them. When the music stops, Grace and the Prince sit down and you can't see them.

The guards mean business when they say "stand back." I decide to talk to the red-jacketed waiters who are delivering

the pink champagne and guinea hen to the royal box.

I corner one just down the hall and plead with him for the lowdown.

"Please don't use my name," he says, "or I'll be fired for telling you this. While I was serving the dessert course, *vacherin glacé* Monte Carlo with crystallized violets, Miss Kelly kissed the Prince's nose."

10:00 P.M. The house lights dim and the after-dinner entertainment goes on.

11:00 P.M. The show ends. Grace, her mother and a Mrs. Phipps brave the throng of reporters and photographers to go to the ladies' room.

(One of the women reporters confides to me later that Miss Kelly "hiked up her bodice and pulled down her crinolines.")

11:15 P.M. The party emerges from the powder room. Mrs. Kelly looks at the crowd in the hall and shakes her head.

"Well," she says, "this is the ultimate—waiting here like this for us."

Grace leads the way back to the box, but stops briefly en route to pose for pictures. Then she enters the box and the drapes are again drawn.

11:20 P.M. Mrs. Kelly is penned in by the photographers before she reaches the box, and she admonishes us jovially:

"Now listen, boys, you've got to give Mama some room. I thought I saw enough of you boys yesterday at my house."

She starts again for the box, but a photographer extends his camera to her and says:

"Mrs. Kelly, take it with you and get a shot of the Prince and Grace. Just press the button. You'll be given a credit line."

Mrs. Kelly laughs and disappears behind the drapes.

11:30 P.M. The crowd downstairs—including such notables as Gary Cooper and the Archduchess of Austria—begins to fidget. Not once did Grace and her Prince stray from their box to dance.

12:00 P.M. Master-of-ceremonies Ben Grauer proposes a toast in French to Grace and Rainier. The couple walks to the front of the royal box and accepts the toast. Grace smiles with the deference of a born princess and Rainier scratches his ear with an air of embarrassment. Then they come to the stage and draw the door prizes.

January 8th—Sunday

1:00 A.M. Grace and the Prince leave the stage. As they pass through the wings, a pretty, dark-haired woman, swathed in a stiff, black net stole, brushes two guards aside, rushes up to the Prince, and plants a great big kiss right on his royal cheek.

A reporter asks Grace who she is. "He knows her," Grace replies. Her name is Castillo.

1:25 A.M. Miss Castillo tells me, "I kissed the Prince merely to congratulate him—nothing else. What is wrong with that? I know the Prince from Europe."

Miss Castillo says she met the Prince at the Cannes Film Festival.

1:30 A.M. Meanwhile back in the royal box the Prince and Miss Kelly occupy their cozy little corner. From where I stand just outside the hall, I can see them holding hands and nuzzling a little, just as if nobody was watching.

1:45 A.M. They decide to leave. As the group starts out, a photographer urges, "Kiss her." The Prince declines with a wave of the hand and smilingly cracks to the cameraman, "I will kiss you instead."

This makes Grace blush, but she seems to enjoy the Prince's jocularities.

Flashbulbs snap and I say to Grace, "This must seem like the end of a fairy tale for you."

"No," she returns sweetly, "I hope it is just the beginning."

2:00 A.M. The royal pair enter a dark green Chrysler Imperial with Rainier's

royal coat of arms on the door—a \$6,500 engagement present from his Serene Highness to his future Princess—and speed off to the Harwyn Club at 112 E. 52nd Street.

2:10 A.M. For the first time, in this hectic evening, Grace and Rainier dance.

2:15 A.M. The Prince asks the piano player to play "A Woman in Love." But the man at the keyboard doesn't know the tune and a cab is sent to pick up the sheet music.

2:45 A.M. The cabbie returns and the piano player begins the tune which brings Grace and Rainier together cheek to cheek.

4:00 A.M. The party leaves and heads for Miss Kelly's Fifth Avenue apartment. I don't follow them, being somewhat exhausted myself from this all-day whirl. I still have to write my story.

11:00 A.M. I'm back in the lobby of 988 Fifth Avenue.

"No sign of her yet," the friendly doorman advises me. "Guess it's too early." The lobby is filled with reporters, by now old friends.

I call City Editor. "You didn't do too badly last night," he cheers. "But how about getting a statement from her today?"

"Anything special you want me to ask her?" I query.

"Yeah," the boss barks, "you can find out a little thing like when the wedding's gonna be. Goodbye."

12:15 P.M. The green Chrysler Imperial pulls up in front of the apartment and the Prince—wearing no overcoat despite below-freezing weather—steps briskly from the limousine and dashes for the elevator. He brushes by the reporters without saying a word.

12:30 P.M. The elevator comes down and the Prince and Grace exit. She is wearing a mouton coat, a scarf over her head, and dark glasses. He is still without a coat. Despite no sleep, Grace looks like a fresh tea rose.

Taking his bride-to-be by the arm, the Prince escorts Grace out the door where several photographers are waiting. They pose briefly for pictures, then started walking up Fifth Avenue.

"Out for a stroll?" I ask.

"We're going to the Stanhope for lunch-eon," the Prince replies.

Another reporter, who must have been briefed by his boss, too, beats me to the question.

"When is the wedding?"

Miss Kelly smiles and looks at the Prince.

"We haven't decided," he responds.

12:35 P.M. The movie queen and her Prince Charming conduct themselves like a married couple out for a Sunday stroll, but the public isn't fooled. Passersby recognize them instantly, stop to offer congratulations.

12:40 P.M. An elderly man bows low as they pass and the Prince returns the bow. Cab drivers parked at the curb good naturedly whistle at the couple and bus drivers slow down to let passengers peer from the windows.

12:42 P.M. They disappear into the Hotel Stanhope, at 999 Fifth Avenue, just a block north of Miss Kelly's apartment building.

12:55 P.M. Grace and the Prince toast each other—she with vodka on the rocks and he with a sidecar. (Later there is wine.) I report to the office.

2:15 P.M. They leave, using a side door on 81st Street, walk to Madison Avenue, then west on 80th Street to Grace's apartment.

2:25 P.M. They enter the building together.

2:35 P.M. The Prince drives away.

5:30 P.M. Grace leaves town for Hollywood.

6:06 P.M. I call in my story.

6:15 P.M. I sleep—at last.

END

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