

WHY THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT LIZ TAYLOR

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May, 1956

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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*On the Cover: Color portrait of Debbie and Eddie by Wallace Seawell of Paul Hesse Studios. Debbie can soon be seen in MGM's *The Catered Affair*. Other photographers' credits on page 98.

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A rancher and a dancer fall
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... the sizzling, sensational
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"If You Can Dream" ... "My Lucky
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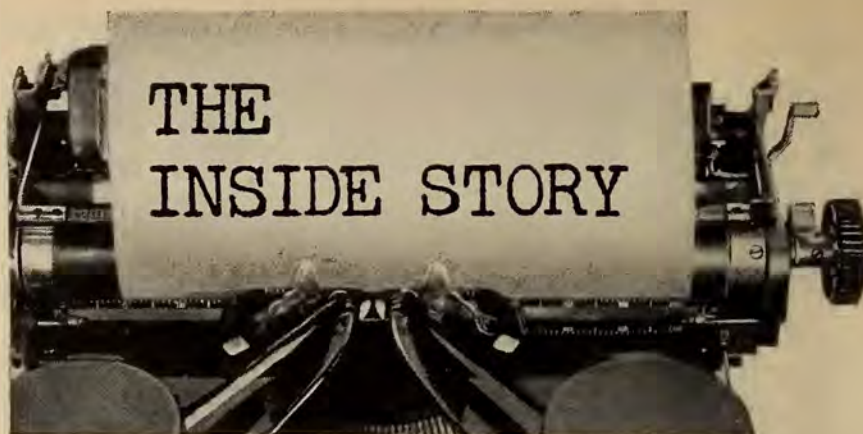
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Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Despite all the build-up publicity I understand that Mario Lanza still requires the care of a male and female nurse every day. Is this true?
—V.J., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A. True.

Q. A pianist named Walter Busterkeys used to play in night clubs throughout the midwest. Today he's a Hollywood star. Can you reveal his name?
—A.L., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

A. Liberace.

Q. Isn't *Bundle Of Joy*, the Debbie Reynolds-Eddie Fisher picture at RKO, a re-make of *Bachelor Mother*?
—V.L., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. Yes.

Q. Whatever happened to Betty Grable and Harry James? —G.R., MIAMI, FLA.

A. Recently played *Las Vegas*, are thinking of taking their act on the road.

Q. Aren't the Gene Kellys separating?
—C.G., CLEVELAND, OHIO

A. No, Mrs. Kelly (Betsy Blair) happens to be in Spain making a film. Gene remained home.

Q. Will Dana Wynter marry Greg Bautzer?
—M.F., N.Y.C.

A. Having been married twice previously, Bautzer is now notoriously marriage-wary.

Q. Is it true that Frank Sinatra asked producer Stanley Kramer not to cast Ava Gardner in *The Pride And The Passion*? —R.H., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

A. No.

Q. Can you tell me if the title *Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing* derives from the Holy Bible?
—A.R., WASHINGTON, D.C.

A. Comes from a poem, *The Kingdom Of God*, by Francis Thompson.

Q. Haven't the Danny Kayes decided to go their separate ways? Isn't that the reason Sylvia Kaye has taken a job writing special material for Maurice Chevalier? —G.L., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. Sylvia Kaye is writing special material for Chevalier, is getting along just fine with her husband.

Q. Is it on the level that John Wayne refuses to travel anywhere unless accompanied by make-up man Web Overlander?
—D.L., ROME, ITALY

A. Whenever he makes professional appearances, Wayne likes to have Overlander on hand to take care of his hair.

Q. Can you tell me Rossano Brazzi's age? The picture he is scheduled to make with Jane Wyman, wasn't that once made with Charles Boyer and Irene Dunne and entitled *When Tomorrow Comes*? —S.T., HARTFORD, CONN.

A. Brazzi says he is 38. The picture you have reference to, currently entitled *Unguarded Hours*, was originally made by Boyer and Dunne.

Q. All those rumors about the breakup of Joan Crawford and Al Steele never came to pass. How come?
—E.B., PORTLAND, MAINE

A. Crawford was not kidding when she said she intended to devote her time to her husband.

Q. Elaine Stewart and Grace Kelly broke into Hollywood at the same time. I understand Elaine is now washed up. True?
—Y.L., PLAINFIELD, N. J.

A. All she needs is one good picture.

Q. Is it true that Tab Hunter and his agent Henry Willson have called it quits?
—C.S., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. Yes, but Willson will still continue to collect commissions on Hunter's earnings until 1962.

Q. I noticed in the winter Olympic Games a British skier named Noel Harrison. I was told he was Rex Harrison's son. Is this true?
—G.J., AMES, IOWA

A. Noel Harrison, 22, crack skier and brilliant guitar player, is Rex Harrison's son through his first marriage. The first Mrs. Harrison currently runs a ski shop at Klosters, Switzerland.

Q. Ava Gardner, John Agar, Tony Curtis, Judy Garland, Marlon Brando, Oscar Levant—are they all under the care of psychiatrists?
—F.H., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A. From time (Continued on page 6)

NOT-SO-LONESOME GEORGE SAYS -

"you don't hardly get
movies like this no more..."



"I'm right in the
middle of a great big
movie, romancin' that
'Anything Goes gal'
Mitzi Gaynor...
and there's singin'
and dancin' and
there you are..."



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MITZI GAYNOR
DAVID NIVEN

in

the birds and the bees

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FRED CLARK

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SIDNEY SHELDON and **PRESTON STURGES**
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(The Same Thing Happens With)
THE BIRDS AND THE BEES
LA PARISIENNE • **EACH TIME I DREAM**



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Sometimes as early as 19—a woman's skin can start to dry out—look older! You see it around your eyes—tiny crow's feet, feathery crinkles, crepe-y dryness.

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more women use it than
any other dry skin care*

Extra Rich in
**HOMOGENIZED
LANOLIN**
for faster, deeper softening



THE INSIDE STORY

(Continued from page 4)

to time each has consulted a psychiatrist.

Q. The fights between Sid Luft and Judy Garland: don't they result from Luft's uncontrollable urge to bet on horse races? —E.K., SAN DIEGO, CAL.

A. *Judy knew Sid was a betting man when she married him. Both are high-strung, sensitive people.*

Q. Was Anna Magnani ever married to Roberto Rossellini? Is the Ingrid Bergman-Rossellini marriage finished? —T.E., BOSTON, MASS.

A. *Magnani and Rossellini were great and good friends until Rossellini married Bergman. Ingrid says that despite all the rumors, she is very happy with Rossellini.*

Q. I've been told that Jennifer Jones is reporter-shy. Why? —S.J., SALT LAKE CITY

A. *Newspapermen make her nervous.*

Q. Is it possible for you to tell the name of the "movie magnate's daughter" recently involved in a blackmail affair? —H.G., LONDON, ENG.

A. *Barbara Warner, daughter of film tycoon Jack Warner, recently described as "cheap blackmail" a British playboy's reputed threat to produce letters she wrote him before her recent marriage.*

Q. Which one of these four is the bustiest: Ekberg, Loren, Monroe, Lollobrigida? —N.D., N.Y.C.

A. *Ekberg.*

Q. How much money will Audie Murphy make from *To Hell And Back*? Has he really gone Hollywood, buying a yacht and all of that? —E.L., DALLAS, TEXAS

A. *Murphy's profit share is reckoned at \$500,000. He has bought a yacht but has not gone Hollywood.*

Q. Is Marlon Brando's father working for Marlon? —E.L.G., NASHVILLE, TENN.

A. *Marlon Brando, Sr., is an executive of Pennebaker Productions, a company organized by his son.*

Q. Has the Kim Novak-Mac Krim romance gone phfft? —B.L., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *Just about.*

Q. Why has John Wayne dissolved his movie company? —T.E., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. *Expenses high, profits low.*

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his voice! The
thrill of a great
story! The thrill
of a new
motion picture
triumph!

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before!
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"MY DESTINY"
and many
more!

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HENRY BLANKE

DIRECTED BY ANTHONY MANN

SCREEN PLAY BY IVAN GOFF & BEN ROBERTS AND JOHN TWIST



Johnny Carson is one of the funniest guys on TV—but seven years ago his wife found out that he sure wasn't kidding when he said:

Would some pretty young lady volunteer...

by RICHARD BARBOUR

■ Seven years ago at the University of Nebraska 1,300 coeds broke with tradition and invited a male student to be master of ceremonies at their annual stage show which had always been an all-girl affair. The Adonis they couldn't resist was a pug-nosed, black-haired, green-eyed ex-Navy ensign who was almost six feet tall and had almost 150 pounds in weight. What most attracted the coeds were two qualities: He was casual and he was witty.

How casual? How witty? Well, millions of Americans know all about it by this time because he makes an easy-going entrance into their living room every Thursday night as the star of his own nationally televised program over CBS—*The Johnny Carson Show*.

Johnny's success is of the meteoric type all right. Besides heading his own show he has taken over at times for such tv top men as Robert Q. Lewis and Jack Paar, and has been guest comedian for such stars as Jack Benny ("You're so young!" complained Jack) and Ed Sullivan ("You're going to be big, really big!" predicted Sullivan).

Johnny's informality is exactly what the gals at Nebraska found most interesting, in fact. And he gave them a demonstration of it that day on the show—the moment he stepped on the stage. He announced he was going to perform a few feats of prestidigitation and would like someone from the audience to volunteer to assist him. Sitting in the third row was a girl he had seen around the campus and liked very much, but had never met. He invited her to be a volunteer and finally got her on the stage next to him. For his first trick of the evening he made a date with her right in front of the entire audience. It got the biggest hand of the night from the coeds.

The girl, whose name was Jody Walcott, and who came from North Platte, Nebraska, thought Johnny was kidding. Never was a maiden more mistaken. Less than a year later, on October 1, 1949, she was his wife. Today she's the mother of his three sons and mistress of a fine home in the San Fernando Valley, with lots of extra room in case a few more boys come along.

Being married seems not to have tumbled Johnny from high regard in any way as far as the coed and high school set is concerned; not around CBS Television City in Hollywood, at any rate. The front rows at his broadcast are almost always filled with bubbling teenagers who insist on talking to him as he



It was rough for a while, but now Johnny and his wife Jody and their three sons find the livin' just great!

is talking to his tv audience. On one of his pre-Christmas programs he happened to walk onstage wearing a pair of spectacular socks; pink, red and black Argyles. It was too much for the girls. Their screeches sent the studio engineers grabbing for their volume control dials—and their heads.

Naturally, anyone with this sort of talent for young lady-killing is going to attract the attention of the movie moguls as well.

Up to two years ago he merely held down announcing jobs, beginning in Lincoln, Nebraska, while he attended Nebraska there, going on to Omaha, and then in Hollywood where he arrived in 1950. Then CBS gave him his own local show, *Carson's Cellar*, and in the summer of 1954 made him m.c. of the network's quiz show, *Earn Your Vacation*.

But while working on these programs he was also writing comedy, including monologues for Red Skelton. Last year, when Red was knocked out by a break-away prop which failed to break, and couldn't make his show, someone thought of Jack as a substitute.

Skelton himself got the biggest kick out of the show, when a card from Johnny was delivered to his bedside. "It was a 'Stay Sick Quick' card," reported Red.

About some things Johnny is quite serious, including why he got the idea, at the age of twelve, of doing magic tricks and taking up humor. It had nothing to do with going on the stage; not at first, anyway. Johnny was simply seeking a way to speed up the process of making friends—as the son of a telephone linesman with nomadic habits he was always having to leave his old ones.

Born in Corning, Nebraska, he had lived in four other Nebraska towns, Shennandoah, Clarendo, Red Oak and Avoca, by the time he was half way through grade school. His family didn't stay in Avoca but moved soon to Norfolk, Nebraska (not for too long), and is today settled in Columbus, Nebraska, where his father is operations manager of the Consumer Public Power District there. But wherever they moved Johnny had but to give one of his little magic shows and tell some of his little magic jokes to find himself some new friends. And it wasn't until he was almost through high school that he found out something else. People paid for entertainment. You could make a living making them laugh!

Of course, you could also not make a living, a full living, that is. Johnny has had his share of that as well. After all he and Jody made (Continued on page 22)



Gentleness makes friends

NEW friendships are often born of gentleness. That's why today's new Philip Morris, made gentle for modern taste, is being welcomed by younger smokers everywhere. Enjoy the gentle pleasure — the fresh unfiltered flavor — of new Philip Morris. Ask for it in the smart new package.



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Regular
Snap-open
Pack

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Halo Glorifies Your Hair—Naturally!

*Being a ladies'
man has its disad-
vantages, but
Vic loves to be called . . .*

MATURE, THE MAGNIFICENT

■ For the past eight months all over Europe and Africa, Victor Mature, forty-two, has been having a ball. In London at the Savoy the girls mobbed him. In Nairobi where he made *Safari* with Janet Leigh, colonial officials treated him with respect and admiration. In Spanish Morocco, filming *Zarak Khan*, he was the fortunate victim of six young beauties who stole into his tent and refused to leave. In Tangier, walking through the Casbah, he was accosted by three women who snuggled up to his well-muscled body, called him Samson and invited him to their homes.

Despite such international and varied exhibitions of friendship, Mature insists that he's sad. Notoriously tight with a buck, Mature confided to reporters recently, "My divorce from Dorothy cost me \$600,000. That's enough to make anybody sad."

As evidence of his *tristesse*, the actor revealed that when he was in London from where he's just returned, he frequently went on dancing jags for endless periods of time.

"Ordinarily," Vic explained, "I don't like to dance, but I had this apartment in Grosvenor Square, and I'd start dancing at six in the morning and keep going for three days. It made me feel better. Whom did I dance with? Girls of course."

Was it true, Mr. Beefcake was asked, that his well-publicized trip to New York a few months ago to take a bath was nothing more than a publicity stunt?

"It sure was," Mature confessed. "I wanted to go to New York to see this babe. I mean, to take care of this important matter. I knew the studio wouldn't go for it, so I put on this phony act. I screamed bloody murder, accused someone of booking me into a hotel that had no baths. It was an out and out phony gag. But it



ELIZABETH TAYLOR co-starring in M.G.M.'s "RAINTREE COUNTY"

worked beautifully. Even Warwick Films, the outfit I was working for, admits I got tons of publicity."

Other questions and revealing answers:

Q: How much do you earn when you make a picture overseas?

MATURE: You won't believe this, but I get \$200,000 a picture plus 25% of the profits.

Q: After this latest disaster, are you through with marriage?

MATURE: I should say not. Show me the right girl and I'll get married in a minute. Make that two minutes.

Q: There's a story around that all your clothes come from studio wardrobes. Is that on the level?

MATURE: Certainly is. When a picture is finished I hang on to the clothes. They always seem to fit. Lots of times the studio sends bills. I pay them no mind.

Q: Do you fight very much with your leading ladies?

MATURE: Only one I ever had a fight with was Lucille Ball. I once took a swipe at Joan Bennett, but that was in a rehearsal. My aim was sure lousy. Instead of slapping her face I hit her head and her wig came off.

Q: What do you think of yourself as an actor?

MATURE: I'm sure you heard about the time I applied for membership in a ritzy Hollywood club. I was told that no actors were allowed. "That's okay," I answered. "I'm no actor, and what's more I've got reviews to prove it." Seriously though, there's only one person in America who thinks I'm a good actor. That's my mother.

Mature's next picture, the reason for his return to Hollywood, is *The Shark Fighter*. With *Safari* and *Zarak Khan* already under his belt, this one should bring his yearly gross to \$600,000, which is exactly what he claims his third marriage cost.



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New Fresh Stick gets underarms dry, really dry, in seconds . . . ends all danger of perspiration and odor. And still it's safe for normal skin. In addition, it's the only one that goes on dry, invisibly, without any greasy or runny messiness.

In New Fresh Stick you use this highly effective formula full strength. It's so gentle you can shave your underarms first and use it immediately. Something every other anti-perspirant cautions you against. In fact, New Fresh Stick helps guard against after-shave infection. It's actually antiseptic.

Ever hear of anything like it? It's the newest—and greatest for daylong protection.

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modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS

in hollywood



PICTURE OF THE MONTH

This simply unforgettable picture was taken when Marlon Brando gave a group of children who were hospitalized with polio an unforgettable morning—reading them nursery stories.

IN THIS SECTION

Good news
Look here, Jennifer
Parties, parties, parties
The letter box



Romance is the big news in town . . . everyone's expecting

louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

JANET LEIGH'S QUICK TRIP to the hospital with a kidney infection reminded me of how sick poor Janet had been at Rosemary Clooney and José Ferrer's cocktail party.

"Do I have morning sickness?" she laughed. "I have morning, mid-morning, noon, mid-afternoon, evening and middle of the night sickness!"

And then, as though the mere mention of it upset her, she became deathly pale and made a dash for the powder room.

"My poor baby," Tony Curtis kept saying over and over as he paced back and forth outside the door. Then the typical male came out in him. "I don't know if I can stand five more months of this!"

Maybe you think the girls within earshot of his remark didn't laugh!

Rosemary, who is expecting a baby also (it will be number two for her and José), told me that she had promised Janet all her maternity clothes. "And then I found out I had to wear them myself," chuckled the blonde singer.

It was the first party of any size the Ferrers had hosted in their big white Spanish home in Beverly Hills. Singers were all over.

Bing Crosby and Nat "King" Cole arrived about the same time and departed at the same time—which proved to be unfortunate. In backing his foreign-made sports car out of Rosie's driveway, Bing smashed smack into Nat's big car as it was pulling away from the curb.

Judy Holliday, in a brown satin cocktail dress, was also at the Ferrer's. Maybe I'm wrong, but Judy doesn't look happy these days to me.

ALACK AND ALAS, still another bachelor out of the running. Young Russ Tamblyn, selected by many polls as the year's most promising male newcomer, married pretty blonde actress-dancer Venetia Stevenson on Valentine's Day.

Russ is just twenty-one and his bride a snappy eighteen. "But we're in love—so what are we waiting for?" Russ laughed. "We want to enjoy our youth together. Also our old age."

A serious accident to Russ' kid brother all but delayed the nuptials. Thirteen-year-old Larry Tamblyn was accidentally hit in the eye with BB shot the evening before the wedding and Russ and Venetia spent seven hours with him at the hospital until the doctors assured them the boy would not lose his eyesight.

Larry was a heartbroken kid about losing out on the wedding. He felt so bad that Russ and Venetia flew in the face of superstition and met at his bedside just three hours before they were to be married.

Or didn't you know that it's considered bad luck for the bride and groom-to-be to see each other before they meet in the church?

"Cheering Larry up meant more to both of us than any old superstition," Russ put it.

MEET THE new KIM NOVAK!

No longer the bashful girl in slacks spending her evenings with the girls at the Studio Club watching tv, Kim is now taking her place among the top movie stars, living like one, dressing like one and looking like one.

I got a preview of Kim's intentions while she was still on tour with Picnic. In fact, she was



This is quite the romance—little Marisa Pavan (but doesn't she look adult?) and Jean-Pierre Aumont. But I don't believe it will last.



This is a friendship—Liberace and Margaret Lindsay. Lee's planning to make another movie, though Sincerely Yours didn't do well.

Out of 20,000 girls
who wrote to Screen Album,
17-year-old Jo-Ann Cox
of St. Louis won first prize:

A DATE WITH TAB HUNTER



Screen Album flew Jo-Ann and her Mom to Hollywood where she met Larry Pennell and Marla English.

the stork . . . the younger set takes over . . . Kim's change of heart . . . I cause a squabble



This is an old friendship renewed—Linda Christian and Mario Cantiflas. Linda and Ed Purdom say their romance is completely over.



This is a new twosome—Martha Hyer and John Bentley. They came to the Audience Awards party together—and have dated since.



This is a triangle—Jeff Donnell and her two husbands—George Gobel (on tv) and Aldo Ray (in real life). And very happy these days.



This is a relief—to see my tempestuous friend, Susan Hayward, enjoying quiet, unheadlined dates with Eaton Chalkley of Washington.



This is the happiest pair in town, Patti and Jerry Lewis, just before their baby boy was born. (Though Jer did plan on a girl!)



This is a proud husband and a beaming wife—everyone's been telling Tony Martin how great Cyd Charisse is in Meet Me In Las Vegas



Alan Ladd, Hugh O'Brian, Nick Adams, Dennis Hopper and Natalie Wood, night-clubbed and toured MGM on her wonderful date with Tab.

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood



I nominate for stardom: SAL MINEO

■ I NOMINATE FOR STARDOM—that wonderful young actor Sal Mineo, who clicked big as James Dean's pal in *Rebel Without A Cause* and who is now under contract to MGM. They have big, big plans for him.

Just seventeen years old, all Sal has to put him over is just good old-fashioned talent, talent, talent.

Ask Sal if he hails from a theatrical family, and this kid from the Bronx cracks: "Are you kiddin'? My dad is a casket maker. He still says I can go to work for him if this crazy acting business runs out on me." He thought for a minute, "I can't say the thought of building caskets is my idea of a joyful career. But don't think for a minute I'm not proud of my dad."

Born in the Bronx on January 10th, 1939, Sal started in show business at the age of eleven when he was spotted by a talent scout while attending dancing school. The scout arranged an audition for Sal with the producers of the stage production of *The Rose Tattoo*. He got the part of Salvatore, the brother.

"I've been goin' ever since then," he says, mildly surprised himself. "I was the Crown Prince in *The King And I*—and then I got lured to Hollywood where I've been in *Six Bridges To Cross*, *Private War Of Major Benson*, *Rebel*, *Giant*—and I'm acting now in the Rocky Graziano story, *Somebody Up There Likes Me*."

In addition to acting, his hobbies are painting and photography—"Just like the other movie actors," he grins.

in Canada plugging her picture when I happened to run into one of her closest friends who was the first to tell me about Kim's new plans.

First, her romance with Mac Krim is completely out the window. They both admit it now. So she's romantically free for the first time in two years.

The second big change, according to this man whom Kim trusts so much, is—"She's beginning to live, think, dress and behave like a successful star. Don't get me wrong. I don't mean it's going to her head. But Kim is beginning to realize that her position as a successful actress deserves its appropriate setting.

"She has asked me to look for a new apartment for her to move into when she comes home. This means that she's moving out of the Studio Club where she's lived for so many years. I say, it's high time.

"Kim's salary has jumped from \$250 per week at Columbia to \$1000 weekly. She's earned it and she deserves it. She is a smart girl and she will always save some of her money. But she now knows she must invest part of it in herself and her career.

"When she was in New York, she bought some lovely clothes for herself as well as those the studio purchased for her tour. She's becoming conscious of the right lines and fabrics and the importance of dressing herself off-screen as well as on.

"Another thing she told me is that she is going to take driving lessons and then she will buy a big car. I asked her, 'What make?'

"Kim laughed, 'I think maybe a Solid Gold Cadillac.' That's a joke, of course, a plug for one of our pictures, but you can see the girl is catching on!"

All our lost lambs are coming



The Look All-American football team "escorted" Kim Novak back from her p.a. tour—since Mac Krim won't be around anymore.



back to Hollywood! Welcome home again, girls



My girl Marilyn came home, and even though she's wearing high-necked suits and making a movie with Olivier, I don't think she's basically changed. She's still cute and sweet—yes, and shy—and I like her that way!



Don Hartman of Paramount and Mel Ferrer brought Audrey Hepburn back in triumph—and she has changed. Audrey always looked poised—but I sensed nervousness underneath. Now I think marriage and living abroad have matured her.



It was the party-est month of the year in Hollywood.

PARTIES, PARTIES, PARTIES—

there have been so many of them it's hard to pick one as the party of the month. But certainly the most beautiful was the Valentine Ball hosted by his Imperial Highness Prince Mike Romanoff and his "morganatic" wife at Romanoff's cafe.

The invitations had requested that all the ladies wear red, white or pink gowns. The gentlemen were sent bright red satin ribbons to wear across their dinner shirts.

Guests entering the Crown Room were greeted by a breathtaking sight. Cupid urns held beautiful clusters of spring flowers in the pink, white and red colors. The tables were covered with pink cloths, and the long tapering pink candles flickered above the centerpieces of gardenias and pink and red roses.

With the ladies all in red and white and a few in pink—you can imagine how lovely the effect was.

Judy Garland wore a red cape over a white gown and a tiny white hat topped her chic hair-do. Judy proudly showed me the weight she's lost in preparation for her wonderful new tv series.

Rosalind Russell is the only other belle who

wore a tiny hat—white—which was made of the same material as her sparkling Dior gown. Dana Wynter was a beauty in a long white satin gown and, of course, this girl has stars in her eyes, she's so much in love with handsome attorney Greg Bautzer.

It was far and away the best dressed party of many seasons and among others who helped make it so were Mrs. Gary Cooper, Joan Bennett, Joan Fontaine and many others.

The wildest, craziest and loudest party was the surprise affair his girl friend Marge Little hosted for cute old Jimmy Durante at Chasen's.

You never heard so much piano-breaking up, lusty voices raised in quartet singing and so much general roughhouse fun in your whole life.

In the thick of everything was Liberace, beating on the piano almost as loud as Durante.

Even Debbie and Eddie got in the spirit of the noisy occasion and Eddie sang "Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing" as though he were going to burst a blood vessel.

The most fun party was given by Anne and Kirk Douglas in the Penthouse room at Romanoff's. The gay affair was given in honor

of Anne's former boss when she was a publicity woman in Paris, Fabre Le Bret, who was here to contact stars about appearing at the Cannes Film Festival.

Anne is such a darling and such a charming hostess all her guests caught her enthusiasm and a wonderful time was had by all. I got a big kick out of Linda Christian trying to tell me there was nothing ever but friendship between her and Edmund Purdom. Linda—really!

Sonja Henie, très gay, was all over the place, very happy to be back in Hollywood after a long absence in Europe. Ginger Rogers looked very pretty and she and her husband Jacques Bergerac continue to act like a couple of honeymooners.

Marlene Dietrich looked stunning, as usual, on the arm of Mike Todd. I saw Mary and Jack Benny sitting at a table with Ann Sothorn and her constant companion Bill Andrew.

Dana Wynter continues to be one of the loveliest looking girls in town—and do I need to add that she was with Greg Bautzer.

I HEAR I'M THE INNOCENT cause of the first quarrel between those love birds,

In New York NBC toasted Martha Raye at Danny's Hideaway—and all the comedians



Johnnie Ray and Buddy Hackett (you'll be hearing about this plump little man—he's so funny!) came over to congratulate Martha and kiss her—in their own special lopsided way!



Even the "cry-boy" cracked a joke in her ear.



But the funniest moment of the evening was when Martha "censored" Denise Darcel's décolletage!

No one stays home nowadays

George Nader and Dani Crayne. It happened that in looking for an escort for a charming visitor from London, I thought of George and asked if he would join us at a dinner.

He very honestly told me, "I'd love to but I'm dating no one but Dani."

"Well, George," I said, scenting a scoop, "does this mean marriage?"

He laughed and said, "It's a little early to talk about that. But I'll let you know first."

So, I merely printed that George was dating no one but Dani and let it go at that.

But another reporter getting the tip from my item called George and asked him the same question. It must have nettled George, because he is quoted as saying:

"There's no question of marriage between myself and Miss Crayne. We find each other good company—and that's all!"

Wow! Did pretty Dani hit the ceiling when she read that! She called George and told him just exactly what she thought of his remarks. In fact, she boiled over to the point where she started dating other attractive men right away.

Poor George, he had a rough ten days before he could convince his girl friend that he hadn't intended to be as ungallant as his re-

showed up for laughs—and gags



Cute Jack Carter said, "I've always wanted to rub noses with the great!"—and he did it, too.



I'M ON MY SOAP BOX—to say a few pointed words to Jennifer Jones—a very fine actress I grant you, but one (or so it seems to me) who is taking the honors being heaped on her head recently, a little too casually.

The paying public, or those casting ballots in the Audience Awards, voted Jennifer the "favorite actress" award for her performance in *Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing*. A national magazine conducted a poll and discovered its readers felt the same way.

But I can't find anyone in Hollywood who would cast a tin vote for Jennifer as a cooperative person. When her name was called at the Audience Awards, she didn't want to get up, whispering to her husband David Selznick, "You accept for me." If he hadn't insisted she would have remained seated at her table.

When she was supposed to appear for her magazine trophy, she told the hosts she was leaving for Europe before the date of the party and couldn't be present. Deborah Kerr, who is a doll, very graciously agreed to accept for her both on a television show and later at the dinner.

When Miss Jones (still very much in town) heard this—she called up and said she would accept at the dinner, but not on the tv show. She was told it was no longer necessary for her to accept at all. All hands were delighted with the appearance of Miss Kerr.

I suppose Jennifer's excuse is that she is shy and frightened of people. Which has always seemed a lot of nonsense to me. Self-assurance should be part of a successful actress' stock in trade. (Garbo, excepted, of course.)



the letter box

"What in the world has happened to Anne Baxter?" asks MRS. MARY PHILLIPS, CHICAGO, ILL. "A few years ago a serious young actress, today her idea of acting seems to be to take off all the clothes the law (or the censors) will allow. I couldn't be more disappointed in her." Anne seems to believe her career was in a slump until she went sexy, Mary.

TODD TAYLOR, DETROIT, thinks Sheree North is "The most. Every time I read anything about this little doll she seems to be suffering from an inferiority complex about not being a good actress. Tell her to just keep on being as cute and attractive as she was in *The Lieutenant Wore Skirts*—and that's all she needs." Take a bow, Sheree.

You fans continue to show your deep devotion to James Dean. I received sixty-five letters addressed to this department on Jimmy this month. It is not possible, of course, to print them individually—but one thing I know, the great young artist who lived too short a time, would have been humble and yet proud if he could have seen your messages.

LUCILLE MONTILEON, REDWOOD CITY, CALIFORNIA, makes the flat statement: "No other actor on the screen can hold a candle to the fascinating, dynamic Rossano Brazzi." So there.



JANIE WEIR, BROOKLYN, is hurt: "I read your department month after month and never once have you mentioned Rita Moreno. She's just the cutest thing to come along in ages." Thanks, Janie. I'll do something on Rita soon.

"How do I go about buying a dress I saw Jennifer Jones wear in *Good Morning, Miss Dove*?" writes CHARLOTTE RUSCH, DUBOIR, PA. You don't go about buying it, Charlotte. Most of the clothes in pictures belong to the studio wardrobe.



Maggie O'Brien came to the Helen Of Troy preem with Rad Fulton—but I hear she's serious about college boy Don Robertson.

marks sounded. At the moment, everything is again love and kisses between George and Dani. Sorry, kids, for the blow-up.

WITH THE YOUNGER SET: Of all the embarrassing things, after Margaret O'Brien accepted Rad Fulton's invitation to the glittering Carousel premiere and had bought herself a beautiful white bouffant dress to wear, she came down with the mumps!

Gloria Noble should be Mrs. Donald O'Connor by the time you read this. Don says he fell in love with her when she did him the subtle flattery of not putting on low heel shoes when she started dating him. "Now, there's a girl of character who can stand on her own high heels," he laughs.

Tab Hunter says no vacations for him this year. "I want to make three or four pictures in a row," says this boy, whose bosses (Warners) have a new respect for him ever since he was voted by Audience Awards voters as "most promising young actor." "I got a stomach full of vacationing when I felt the studio had forgotten about me."

Marisa Pavan (I hear she and Jean-Pierre Aumont are really in love) is certainly experimenting with her hair. At Ciro's, on a date with the Frenchman, she wore pearls entwined in her braids, and on another date at Chasen's, she had a large red bow atop her head. All I can say is she is pretty enough to get away with such styles.



Nick Adams, Natalie Wood and their crowd clowning up a storm. He wrote a wonderful story about her—it's on page 42.

Charlton Heston likes his pretty young wife to wear hats. "They are becoming to her, they are chic—and besides I can always find her even in the most crowded room because so few women wear hats in this town."

Sheila and Guy Madison expect their second baby. When I ran into them at a cocktail party they both cautioned me, "Don't you dare print that we're expecting a Little Wild Bill Hiccup!"

HUMPHREY BOGART has the reputation of being not a fast guy with a dollar. But he is a fast friend to those he likes and admires.

Everyone knows that Bogey and Frank Sinatra have become great pals in the past two years. But few realized how close the friendship was until Bogart's recent trip to New York.

He was offered a fabulous amount of money—\$20,000—for a very short appearance on the program of a well-known television star.

"Hell, no," snorted Bogey, "this guy insulted my friend Frankie in public. I wouldn't go on his show if it was the only tv program in the world and he offered me \$100,000."

Bogey thought for a minute, "Well," he decided, "I might have to think about the hundred grand a minute—but I'd turn it down in a little while!"

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



But the youngest-in-heart in town is darling Shirley MacLaine, who can never keep from kidding around even though she and Steve Parker are expecting a baby next September.

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Cleans Your Breath
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can give the 12-hour protection
against decay you get with
Colgate's with just one brushing!**

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The lady isn't puzzled-



about which sanitary protection to use

Like so many of today's smart moderns, she long ago decided on Tampax. Internal sanitary protection offers so many benefits that its millions of devotees can scarcely understand anyone tolerating another kind.

Why, then, have you deferred the Tampax decision? Perhaps the answer is *that you haven't tried it*. You can read over and over again how comfortable and convenient it is—how it prevents odor—how easy it is to dispose of, applicator and all. But these are only words—the true test of Tampax is to *try it!* Only by trying it can you share in the wonderful sense of freedom Tampax gives you. Only by trying it can you discover the delightful differences that have made Tampax so accepted.

So please try Tampax. Find out once and for all what it's like to be without the confining belt-pin-pad harness at "those times." Choice of three absorbency sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) at drug or notion counters. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

(Continued from page 8) the classical mistake of falling in love in college and then rushing into marriage.

What Johnny wanted Jody to do when he called her onto the stage that first time, technically anyway, was to hold a parasol for him while he made with the disappearing bowl of goldfish. Jody kept assisting him at other shows and by the time they earned their degrees the following June—Bachelor of Arts for both—the act was a pretty well established double and they could think of no rosier future than to spend the rest of their lives together. However, as intelligent young persons should, they agreed that it would be foolhardy to be unrealistic about the facts of marriage; for one thing they came to the decision that there would be no wedding until he could make enough money as either a magician or a radio announcer to support a wife and probable family.

Since magicians were swarming around at that particular time to a point where they were all falling over their own wands, Johnny left to get a start as an announcer in Omaha, and Jody went back home to North Platte, Nebraska, to wait for him. The suffering started right then, and it was cruel. In letters which they exchanged daily they began revising the financial requirements they had set up as their goal. The revision was downward.

At the end of three months they had reduced the amount of income needed (the minimum they thought they needed to get married, that is) from \$100 a week to \$52.50 a week. This amount of \$52.50 a week, by no coincidence whatsoever, was exactly what Johnny was getting paid at WOW in Omaha for coming on the air between important programs and identifying the station.

The honeymoon cottage to which Johnny brought his bride was no cottage, it was a third floor walk-up; a one room apartment with wall bed, turret-topped refrigerator and high-legged gas range. It was painted a shocking pink, a color they both got rid of the second day of their honeymoon by overpainting it with what Johnny recalls as a "neutral shade of nothing, as a contrast." The rent was \$72 and the location was close enough to Johnny's job to permit him to walk to work in twenty minutes. Sometimes they didn't have the rent. Sometimes Johnny took a half hour to make the walk so as not to build up a bigger appetite than he had lunch money to pay for.

Two years later they were the parents of a fine baby boy, Johnny was making \$84 a week and Jody, wearing long, black silk stockings and a short maid's skirt, was still his assistant at occasional magic show engagements that he obtained. Two years after this he got a job at KNX in Los Angeles making the same salary and there was no extra income from his magic work because there were now two sons and Jody couldn't take time off to assist him. A year later—only two winters ago, in fact—things changed, they went broke altogether, running out of food, money and house rent at the same moment practically. Johnny sent a wire; his father sent \$500 by return air mail with the check came a new burst of kick and the rest you know.

Comedy and cogitation

Johnny had to take three years off from school to go into uniform during World War Two, earning an ensign's rank at Columbia University in New York and

a lot of experience as a damage control officer on the U.S.S. Pennsylvania in far Pacific waters. He knows exactly what to do aboard a battleship that has been hit by shellfire or a bomb, he says.

Out of his three years in the Navy Johnny emerged with a personal philosophy which he expresses roughly, as not expecting any more from other people than he expects from himself. "It's wonderful how fine your friends will appear if you overlook any faults which you have yourself," he declares. "I used to be too quick to resent people who didn't come to what I thought were my standards. Only they weren't my standards—they were my goals and I rarely reached them. In fact I finally realized that the things about other people which made me most angry were some of the same deeds I could well be guilty of myself."

Ed Sullivan calling

"For instance I remember when I first got started that someone came to me after the show was over one night and told me that Ed Sullivan was phoning me from New York. I got burned up because I thought they were kidding me. Eventually I agreed to answer and to my surprise it was Sullivan. He was calling to compliment me on the impersonation I had done of him on the show. After we talked I asked myself why I had gotten angry and could come only to the conclusion that if I were Ed Sullivan I might not have been nice enough to have telephoned across the country to compliment a young and not too well-known comedian."

There are three people in Johnny's life whom he remembers gratefully for the advice they have and/or are giving him. One is his wife, and the advice amounts to one word, "Relax." Johnny, though he is seemingly the picture of ease onstage, is actually a nerve-worker, constantly keyed up to react to the unforeseen happenings which so often threaten to throw a "live" tv show out of routine.

The second person is the famous clown of the stage, Ed Wynn, and his advice totaled three words: "Save your money." Johnny runs to bursts of extravagance, and it matters not always whether he has the money he suddenly wants to spend. Jody recalls that he came home one evening when she knew they were in desperate straits and announced he was going to take her to dinner. She phoned for a baby-sitter and went along, figuring that he had had a great break and would tell her about it at the table. He took her to Dalton's famous grill in Beverly Hills, ordered the best in the house and urged her to eat. When the meal was over (it ran to more than ten dollars what with a cocktail or two) Jody leaned back and begged for the good news.

"You got a job, eh?" she asked. "What's the name of the program?"

Johnny stared at her. "No job," he said. "I just thought it was time we went out and had a good time. So I borrowed twenty dollars from a friend. Wasn't that a good idea?"

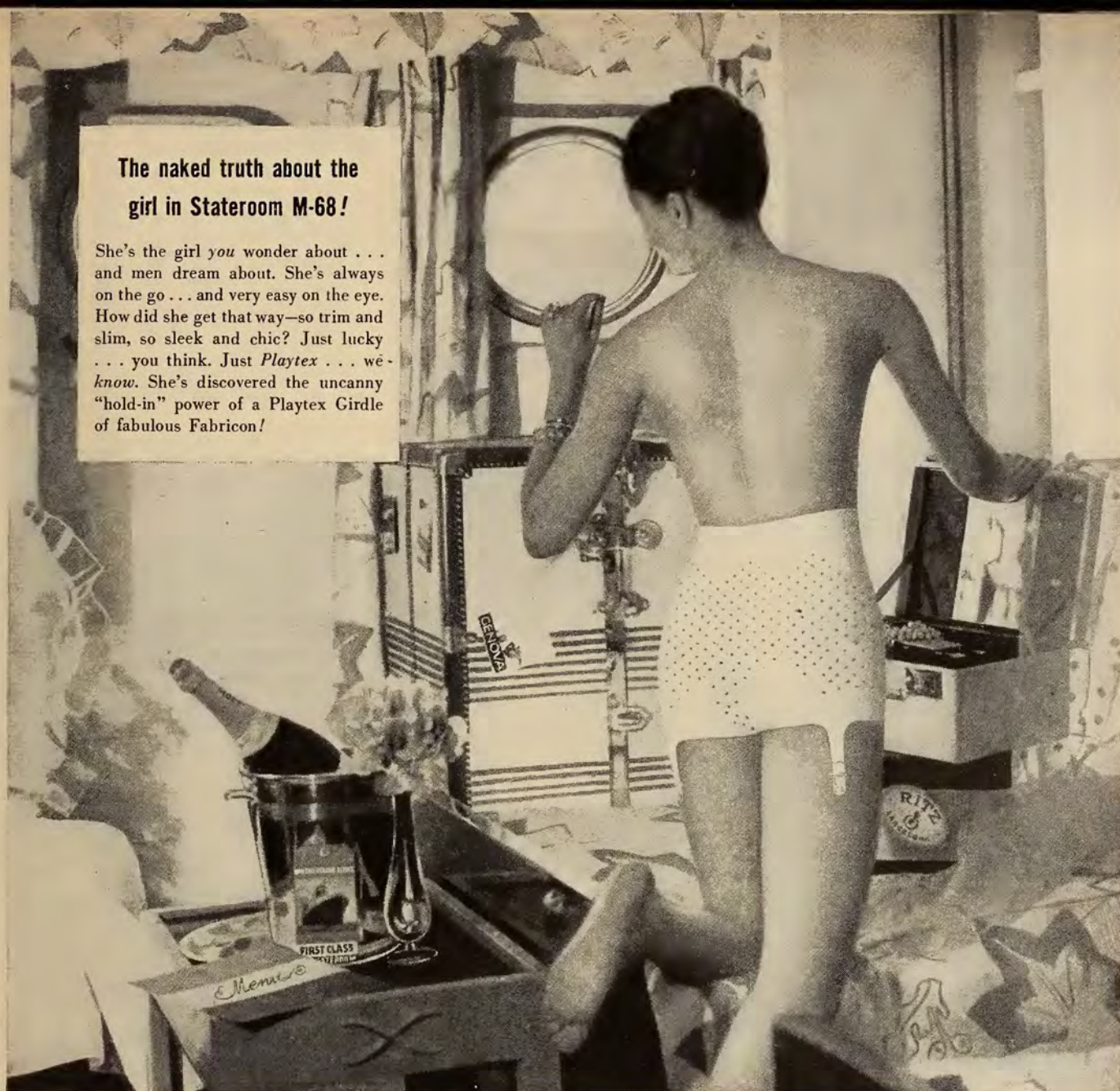
Jody says she agreed it was, once she got over the shock of it. She can't remember enjoying a meal any more than she did that night.

The third and last person to advise Johnny never said a word to him. He was a sailor and he knocked Johnny out when they were both fighting for the lightweight championship of the boat. Johnny had wanted to be a prize-fighter. He knows now he was joking. And he is going to keep joking for the rest of his life, if he can.

END

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TV TALK

No fears for Fess . . . Actors' Studio criticized . . . Monroe vs. Mansfield

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24 CHERAMY PERFUMER

Some people have worried about **Fess Parker's** career now that the Davy Crockett craze has come and gone the way crazes do. Forget it. There is no need to worry about Fess' future pay checks. The main reason, of course, is that **Walt Disney** has him under personal contract—the only actor he has a contract with—and Walt Disney's many enterprises have never flourished so lucratively. Another reason—and this is essential to an actor—is that Fess' public does *not* identify him too closely with his famous role. Much to his relief, most of the children who ask for his autograph ask him to sign his real name, not "Davy Crockett." Parents who see him on the street and rush up for an autograph to take home to their children ask for "Davy Crockett," little knowing that the kids will be disappointed when they get the slip of paper. They just like Fess Parker! . . . Here is the word on **Marilyn Monroe's** highly publicized acting lessons at Actors' Studio: She has *not* been a regularly enrolled pupil. Only recently did she act out scenes in front of boss **Lee Strasberg** and the assembled students and then receive everyone's criticism. That is the regular routine—and just as tough as it sounds. But—and this comes as a surprise to many—Marilyn is very well liked by everyone at the Studio. They may not have the greatest admiration in the world for her acting talents, but they think she is a very nice girl . . . Speaking of Actors' Studio—which can list **Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, Marlon Brando, Lois Smith** and everybody else among its students—there is another school in New York that specializes in *curing* actors of the things they've learned at Actors' Studio—and it's making a mint! Why does the most famous acting school in the country need counteracting? Here's why: Strasberg teaches that actors must completely understand the characters they are playing. They must know why they do what they do, why they say what they say. They must *become* the character. That's the reason Actors' Studio people often seem to forget their lines—or do forget their lines: They're so busy *being* the character that they forget what the author wrote (though A. S. people *can* ad lib). But many television authors create characters that are mere cardboard figures or bits of fluff; when Actors' Studio folk start playing them, they nearly lose their minds. They sit around and try to figure out all the whys and wherefores, only to find that there *aren't* any whys and wherefores; the characters are unimportant people in unimportant half-hour TV shows—people not worth studying. But the actors, full of Strasberg's teachings, find themselves incapable of merely mouthing the writer's words. So they go to school—to learn how to forget. After all, they need the money they get from those thirty-minute shows. **Nina Foch** is one girl who went to both schools, and she now feels that she can do two things: 1) act, à la Actors' Studio, in important dramas, and 2) do a creditable job on a minor show without having a nervous breakdown. The whole set-up's ironic, but necessary . . . Another couple of bits of irony on the TV scene: **Bob** and **Ray** have

been known for years as two very funny guys—but very hard to find a sponsor for. They are now, of course, doing the voices on the Piel's beer commercials—just the funniest, most talked-about commercials to come along in seasons! There's something wrong somewhere when a couple of "non-commercial" comics turn out the best commercials. And students of the NBC *Comedy Hour* wonder how come the Bendix spiel—the one with the woman singing "Sixteen Tons"—is better than the show itself. If things keep on going along these lines, viewers will start looking at the commercials and turning their sets off when the shows come on . . . Folks who Knew Her When think of **Kathy Grant** not as **Bing Crosby's** current favorite but as one of the smartest young students that ever took courses in the drama department at the University of Texas. She entered college when she was only fifteen, and made all A's once she got there. To top it off, her professor, who had directed **Helen Hayes** in *Dear Brutus* years and years ago, thought Kathy was much better in the part! . . . And people who knew **Jayne Mansfield** Way Back When in college remember her as a young mother who performed in modern dance exhibitions and who earned extra money by posing for art students (a job that created friction between Jayne and her husband and that was one of causes of the divorce). Today, Jayne's almost-white hair and skin-tight clothes do remind you of **Marilyn Monroe**, but Marilyn has it all over Jayne when it comes to facial beauty . . . **Elaine Stritch**, whose living room is painted French blue and furnished with French antiques, has just added a Kelly green carpet. It's occasioned all sorts of cracks from her friends—like "Where's the 18th hole?" . . . No one who has acted with him is at all surprised to see **Jack Lemmon** do a good job in a serious role. Many of them consider him not only a talented comedian but a great actor. . . . **Tom Poston's** friends wonder how he's going to adjust to being a married man—which he recently became—and a father—which he's slated to become. Tom is a guy who simply has no home-making instincts in him. He violently objects to accumulating any possessions, cares not a hoot about having a permanent home. He is happiest when moving from hotel room to hotel room . . . **Susan Strasberg** is so tiny that people lose her at parties; you just can't see her if she leaves your side! . . . You can believe every word you read about **Will Rogers, Jr.** taking an interest in the plight of the American Indians. One of his adopted sons is an Indian, and Will, Jr. gives heavily of his time and energy and money to help the impoverished race . . . **Pat Hingle** is very fond of music. He fools around with a guitar, mainly to amuse his young daughter, and he also spends some time writing music and lyrics . . . When **Gloria Vanderbilt** gains weight—an easy thing for her to do; she has to fight it relentlessly—she gets fat . . . **Mrs. Ben Grauer** is one of the best-dressed women in New York City. She goes in for simple but elegant outfits—richly brocaded tailored suits with little collar and cuffs of mink.

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NEW MOVIES

by Florence Epstein



* **PICTURE OF THE MONTH:** In its transition from the stage to the silver screen *Carousel* loses none of its beauty and warmth. Shirley Jones, Gordon MacRae and Barbara Ruick are superb!

* **CAROUSEL** classical musical

■ Here is CinemaScope 55, a new process of photography which, to put it simply, is clearer, lighter, sharper. In outdoor scenes there is a heightened naturalness of color that is luminous and beautiful. From that point of view alone *Carousel* is wonderful to see. But there's more—a book of Rodgers and Hammerstein and choreography by Rod Alexander (one ballet was derived from the original B'way production by Agnes DeMille) that takes advantage of the free, wide screen and sets off the vitality implicit on the New England coast. The story opens with Billy Bigelow (Gordon MacRae) polishing stars in Heaven. Though he was not the most selfless, responsible creature on earth he got up there by virtue, I suppose, of a good heart. Unfortunately, it was ruled by a thick head. Anyway, now he has a chance to go back home for one day and try to set things straight. His fifteen-year-old daughter Louise (Susan Luckey) is having a hard time living down his reputation as thief and general no-good. When Billy was alive, and generally kicking, he had a job as barker on a carousel. Then he met Julie (Shirley Jones), helped her lose her job (she did the same for him) and they were married and lived ever after on Shirley's cousin (Claramae Turner) who owned a restaurant. While everyone was off on a clambake Billy and a sailor friend (Cameron Mitchell) staged a holdup. Billy didn't mean any harm. He was just worried about becoming a father. You'll hear familiar, well-loved songs including, "If I Loved You," "June Is Bustin' Out All Over," "When I Marry Mr. Snow," "Soliloquy." They're lavishly staged and sung, of course, by the principals, among whom are

WORTH
SEEING
THIS
MONTH

FOR LOVE
Carousel
Hot Blood

FOR SPECTACLE
The Last Hunt
Meet Me In Las Vegas

FOR DRAMA
Patterns
The Searchers
While The City Sleeps
The Steel Jungle

FOR SUSPENSE
The Man Who Never Was
Jubal
Backlash
Battle Stations

Barbara Ruick (Shirley's best friend), Robert Rounseville (Mr. Snow). The cast also includes Gene Lockhart, Jacques D'Amboise.—20th-Fox.

HOT BLOOD love among the gypsies

■ That's gypsy blood, man, coursing through the veins of Jane Russell, Cornel Wilde, Luther Adler and a mob of relatives. Jane and her dad (Joseph Calleia) have a roving racket. He keeps offering her as a bride in various cities, pockets the marriage settlement and runs. But with Cornel, it's different *He* runs. Cornel's tired of being a gypsy, he wants to be a dancing teacher and date blondes. Luther Adler, his big brother, wants him to settle down as head of the tribe. Well, tempestuous is hardly the word for this film. Tedious is more like it. Unless you're making a study of Gypsy customs which are here in—I presume authentic—abundance.—Col.

BACKLASH they went that-a-way

■ A six man party has been massacred by Apaches in Arizona, and that would be that if one man hadn't gotten away with sixty thousand dollars in gold. Richard Widmark doesn't care about the gold—he's looking for his Pop. Donna Reed doesn't care about the gold—she's looking for her husband. But they both think the other one cares about the gold and the atmosphere is full of tension and Welker brothers. There were four Welkers to begin with. One died with the party, one died due to having shot at Widmark and missed, the other two are bent on revenge. Well, Donna sticks to Widmark like glue and they finally reach Texas where a man (Continued on page 30)



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way to
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cleanliness...



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Soft as a petal, quick as lightning... new Sheer Velvet Cleanser is today's answer to beauty-in-a-hurry. Its frothy pinkness hurries deep, deep down. Exclusive double-action formula swishes away every last speck of the day's make-up and grime... leaves your skin like silk... smoother, clearer than you've ever known! \$1.00.

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#1828 cotton uplift with exclusive contour straps, elastic front band. Embroidered cotton topcups. White. A, B, C. \$2.50

movie previews (Continued from page 28)

named Bonniwell (John McIntire) has lately arrived with sixty thousand bucks and a desire to rule the range. Question: Is Bonniwell Donna's husband or Widmark's father, or both? Technicolor—U-I.



PATTERNS drama of big business

■ When Van Heflin reports for his new job in the vast Ramsey Corporation his expert knowledge and enthusiasms aren't enough to keep him from being somewhat overwhelmed. His office has been luxuriously appointed in a style he mentioned liking; his wife (Beatrice Straight) is even now acclimating herself to a home selected and furnished (in perfect taste) by Ramsey's secretary (Joanna Roos); and his arrival has created a stir among the secretaries and officers in the executive corridor. In a short time Heflin realizes that he's been hired to replace vice-president Ed Begley, supposedly his superior, who's been with the firm forty years. Begley represents the old, humanistic executive who considers people nearly as important as profit. Mr. Ramsey (Everett Sloane) is a ruthless, brilliant operator who won't let sentiment of any kind interfere with business expansion. He wages malicious psychological warfare on Begley in an attempt to force his resignation and succeeds in completely breaking his spirit. Heflin, caught in the middle, is faced with the meaning of his own ambition and the problem of what lengths he will go, or allow himself to be led, to achieve it. It's an engrossing, frightening drama. Heflin's decision is an emotional assertion of his self-respect but the specter of industry with its bloodless efficiency looms in the background, too powerful and huge to be easily reshaped in his spirit.—U.A.



THE LAST HUNT drama in buffalo country

■ Before buffalo hunting became illegal (due to the buffalo becoming extinct) there were men whose lives were ruled, changed and sometimes destroyed by the hunt. Among such men was Robert Taylor, who lived to kill. He got good money for it, but he got more than that—a sense of power, a release from the driving tensions in him. Stewart Granger turned to the hunt for purely financial reasons (although in the past he had killed more buffalo than anyone). He and Taylor become partners; they hire a buffalo skinner (Lloyd Nolan) who is a rumpled old drunk with one leg and plenty of wisdom in the ways of men. Also in the party is a half-breed (Russ Tamblyn) who is the butt of Taylor's prejudice. What the killing of buffalo means to white men and to Indians

(as personified by Dehra Paget); to twisted men and to men of good will is all graphically revealed. There are excellent, if harrowing scenes of buffalo dropping by the herd in their tracks, and the film reminded me a little of Jack London in its lusty sense of romance in the great outdoors.—MGM.



WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS
life on a big city newspaper

■ While the city etc., John Barrymore, Jr. hludgeons a girl to death and leaves a message on the wall. "Ask mother," it says. Fact is, mother wouldn't know since she thinks her hoy is a doll. Anyway, Vincent Price suddenly inherits the newspaper his father owned and decides that whichever one of his underlings cracks the case will become big man in his publishing empire. Avid to lie big men are Thomas Mitchell, managing editor, George Sanders, news service chief, James Craig, photo service chief. Dana Andrews, having won a Pulitzer prize, is heyond such petty ambitions, hut he pitches in for the sport. Just to show what a sport he is he sets up his girl (Sally Forrest) as a come-on for the killer. There are other girls—Rhonda Fleming, Vincent Price's wife who is dallying with James Craig; Ida Lupino, girl reporter who dotes on Sanders but dallies with Dana. It gets pretty complicated and somewhere in there Barrymore kills again (turns out to be one of his hobbies). It's lots of fun.—RKO.



THE SEARCHERS
director John Ford out west

■ When Comanche Chief Scar (Harry Brandon) makes off with John Wayne's two nieces (after first burning his ranch to the ground) Wayne joins a posse to rescue them. The scene is Texas, 1868, and the scenery is vast, breathtaking and unmarred by oil wells. Realizing that the search may take forever, Wayne sends the others home. Besides, he's the lone wolf kind—tall and taciturn in the saddle. But Jeffrey Hunter and Harry Carey, Jr., who was in love with one of the nieces, insist on going with him. Wayne finds that niece brutally murdered. Five or six years pass before he and Hunter find the other one (Natalie Wood). As they make tracks through snow, mountains, prairie and Indian camps, Jeff's girl (Vera Miles) gets tired of waiting and promises to marry someone else. John Ford directed this Western (in which you also find Ward Bond, a stove-pipe hatted preacher and Army captain). Ford's touches give humor and individuality to the characters. In VistaVision. Technicolor—Warners.

(Continued on page 32)

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movie previews (Continued from page 31)



MEET ME IN LAS VEGAS

Dailey and Charisse break the bank

■ Rancher Dan Dailey is the unluckiest gambler in the world until the day he clutches the hand of Cyd Charisse who just happens to be passing by a roulette wheel. That's the golden touch, all right. When they hold hands, banks break all over Las Vegas, and out at his ranch hens lay eggs, oil wells gush and love blossoms in no time. But Cyd is a ballerina devoted to her art and dominated by her crafty manager Paul Henreid—so will we have wedding bells, and will that luck turn? The choreography (especially in the Frankie and Johnny ballet) is tops. Lili Darvas (as Cyd's worldly lady-in-waiting) and Oscar Karlewski (a blackjack dealer) add warmth and humor to this delightful musical. CinemaScope—MGM.



JUBAL

passion on a ranch

■ Glenn Ford (Jubal) is caught in a blizzard in the Rockies and Ernest Borgnine rescues him. Borgnine is a hearty, good natured rancher, loathed by his young wife (Valerie French). She'd been playing around with Pinky (Rod Steiger), an arrogant, unpleasant ranchhand, but one look at Jubal and she's gone. But Jubal is an honorable man; he's indebted to Borgnine who's made him foreman. Besides, he meets Felicia Farr, daughter of a religious leader who's camped his followers on Borgnine's land, and falls in love with her. But Steiger and Borgnine's wife, both seething with jealousy for different reasons, manage to turn Borgnine against Jubal and tragedy follows. CinemaScope—Col.

THE STEEL JUNGLE

nightmare in prison

■ Trouble with being a bookie for a Combination is you wind up in jail right next to the boss. Perry Lopez (bookie) thinks he's lucky because the boss (Ted De Corsia) will get him out. Perry sure has a lot to learn. First lesson is how to be beaten to a pulp (by the boss' henchman Leo Gordon). One thing no one can teach Perry—not his wife Beverly Garland or Warden Walter Abel or psychiatrist Ken Tobey—is how to be smart. But then, he's in a predicament. If he squeals about the beating and a murder he witnessed, his wife's in danger; if he keeps quiet, the warden's likely to kill him in sheer frustration. Perry comes out of the jungle safe and sound, although how that happened is beyond me.—Warners.



BATTLE STATIONS saga of a ship

■ This is the story of a huge aircraft carrier in the Pacific during 1945. The Japs believed they had destroyed the ship and Captain Richard Boone knows they won't be able to contain themselves when they see it afloat. So he orders drills night and day and everybody gets sore. Sorest of all is Keefe Brasselle who didn't get the promotion he wanted. Chaplain John Lund thinks he can rehabilitate Keefe, but Bosun William Bendix has about given up. There are at least a thousand men on this ship and they all have problems. Anyway, their biggest problem is to stay alive when the ship takes two direct hits. Fires are blazing, the ship is listing and Bendix and some men are trapped in the mess hall. Naturally, Keefe saves them.—Col.

THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS high-level espionage

■ It's 1943 and the Axis is awaiting the invasion of Europe through Sicily. Commander Ewen Montagu (Clifton Webb) of British Naval Intelligence is assigned a job that taxes even his brilliant, polished mind. He comes up with a fantastic plan: to dress a corpse in officer's uniform, load it with faked secret documents, launch it off the coast of Spain and let it drift into the hands of spies. The Germans, examining the corpse's briefcase, will be convinced that the Allies expect to invade Greece. Webb, his assistant Robert Flemying and everyone up to the Prime Minister know that the Nazis are not dummies and this plan must be initiated with incredible skill. And so it is, with the help of librarian Gloria Grahame whose romance with an RAF pilot lends grim authenticity to the lovelife of "the man who never was." It's a highly exciting, extremely slick drama. (With Josephine Griffin, Stephen Boyd). CinemaScope—20th-Fox.

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.

THE CONQUEROR (RKO): A spectacle to end all spectacles! John Wayne and Susan Hayward spend most of their time fighting one another in a film loaded with action and thrills. You'll love the scenery and spectacle of an uninhibited age reproduced in all its savage glory.

THE LIEUTENANT WORE SKIRTS (20th-Fox). This sometimes-hilarious pic depicts what can happen to a middle-aged man married to a beautiful girl who also happens to be in the WAF's Tom Ewell and Sheree North add their own special talents together with Rita Moreno in one of the funniest impersonations of Marilyn Monroe we've ever seen. We think you'll enjoy it.

RICHARD III (Lopert Films): 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. Claire Bloom, Sir Cedric Hardwicke and John Gielgud also star.

COME NEXT SPRING (Rep.): 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. With Steve Cochran and Ann Sheridan.



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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

Hollywood's princess-to-be Grace Kelly stars in MGM's *The Swan* with a cast of notables, including Alec Guinness, Louis Jourdan, Brian Aherne and Agnes Moorehead. Quite a bit has been written about "Ice-Cold Kelly," and for this reason her fans everywhere are anxious to see her performance in this picture. Why? You see, some years ago Ferenc Molnar, one of the world's foremost playwrights, wrote a romantic comedy about a princess who falls in love and becomes a woman. He titled it *The Swan* . . . Grace received two unusual gifts from admirers. One a beautiful swan from her fan club in Eugene, Oregon, to commemorate the picture and the other a crate of celery from a mid-western celery magnate who had read that Grace ate at least one stalk a day as a health aid. When I first heard about it, I thought, "That's going too far, acting in *The Swan* and eating storks." . . . During one important scene in the picture, a sketch of a castle was needed. Grace persuaded director Charles Vidor to let her supply it, since she has been painting for years as a hobby. Charles said that he would like to see several samples first, so Grace spent practically her whole vacation in New York City, prior to shooting the picture, sketching castles. . . . Alec Guinness has selected this to be his first acting assignment in a motion picture in America. His part will be to portray the romantic-comedy role of Prince Albert, the most sought-after eligible bachelor in Europe. . . . On the set just before Charles Vidor commanded the filming to begin, Guinness held up his hand and asked for a moment's delay. Then he stepped up to the camera and planted a kiss which he swept from one side of the lens to the other. "An old superstition with me," he told Vidor and the remainder of the crew. "I always kiss the camera lens before the first scene on each of my pictures." "Yes, but why did you kiss completely across the entire lens surface?" asked Vidor. With a straight face Alec said, "This is in CinemaScope—wide screen, you know." . . . On the set where Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Brian Aherne and Estelle Winwood were rehearsing a scene in which they are expecting Alec Guinness to arrive for dinner, as part of the scene, Miss Landis rises expectantly at a knock at the door and opens it to find not Guinness but Louis Jourdan. In the story this is a major disappointment to her, and she is supposed to show it in her manner. The actors have rehearsed the scene several times and are ready at last for the cameras to start turning. Since Jessie has already set her mood for keen disappointment when she opens the door and sees Louis Jourdan in the doorway, Charles Vidor calls for action! The knock on the door occurs, and Jessie proceeds to open it. But there, waiting for her, instead of Jourdan is Guinness. The British star had walked onto the set as the scene was being rehearsed and without anyone seeing him had stepped behind the door. . . . Alec Guinness has become so fascinated with the bass viol (bull fiddle) which he had to learn to play for a comedy sequence for *The Swan* that he is continuing lessons with the instrument even after the film is completed. Alec, who says he studied the violin when he was a child, claims he never realized the bass viol was such a beautiful instrument. With a twinkle in his eye, he said, "If I could only tuck it under my chin!"



John Ford, who tops all other directors with six Academy Awards, has his own way of making things come off just right. In *The Searchers*, new Warner release starring John Wayne, Jeffrey Hunter, Vera Miles, Ward Bond and Natalie Wood, John Ford had the cameras rolling during a scene where Vera Miles greets her lover after an absence of several years. Vera was the most surprised girl in the world for as she embraced Jeffrey Hunter, lovely music welled up on the set. Vera said, "It put me exactly in the mood." Then she asked what the song was. Danny Borzage, who has worked for Ford for more than three decades as set musician, volunteered the information. The song was "The Searchers" and was written by Stan Jones, who wrote "Riders In The Sky." "The Yellow Rose Of Texas" will be heard in the film, as well as "Skip A Lou," the song that's over one hundred years old. Ken Curtis, who formerly was a featured vocalist with the Sons of the Pioneers, will sing "Skip A Lou." . . . Henry Brandon, well-known stage actor, who's playing Scar, villainous Comanche Indian Chief, greeted a Navajo Indian at the Monument Valley location with the salutation "Ugh!" The brave replied "I don't dig you (Continued on page 36)"



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music from hollywood

(Continued from page 34) with that square talk, alligator!" So all the members in the film's cast are "Ughing" Brandon to death.

George Gobel, who stars with Mitzi Gaynor and David Niven in Paramount's *The Birds And The Bees*, is famous for his Gobelisms. We asked George to tell us where he got some of them and he replied: "You can't hardly get them kind no more" goes back to my air cadet days in Frederick, Oklahoma, back in 1942 when most products made of vital war materials were hard to get. I remember a buddy of mine arriving on the base one day in a good used car he had just purchased. He called a group of us over to the lot where the car was parked, beamed like a kid with a new toy, and boasted, 'You can't hardly get them kind no more.' This expression must have lodged itself in the back of my mind, for I didn't use it until two or three years later when I started to do comedy material for an audience. 'I'll be a dirty bird' stems from my early days as a hillbilly singer with the Barn Dance Review program on radio station WLS in Chicago. It was originally used by a hillbilly musician in the troupe as part of a longer saying. I shortened it and added it as a 'pay off line' to one of my stories. The expressions 'sure you are' and 'sure you do' were used by a slightly absent-minded musical director who handled the floor shows at one of the hotels which used my alleged act. He would sit down at a table in the dining room with me for conversation, and at the same time try to observe if anyone important was in the room, whether the dance music was right, among many other little details. Now and then he would turn to me, cut off my conversation with an assuring 'sure you will,' or 'sure you are,' especially when I would tell a story during the act that was left hanging. The topper 'so there you are' would get a big laugh so I left it in. For our television show I went a little further, and the happy result was 'so there you are and here I am and here's the show.' 'Believe thee me' is an adaptation of an old expression 'you can bet me,' which I've been using since my teen-age days. . . . George's nickname, "Lonesome George," was self-imposed during his early teens. George explained that it was customary for every entertainer to precede his first name with some catch word such as "Texas Jack," "Tennessee Ernie," etc. "I picked 'Lonesome,' and it didn't have anything to do with my 'rating' on the air." . . . George admitted that he was bugs about the number 13. He was married on the thirteenth of December, and his wedding guests were limited to thirteen. So, when Cy Devore, who designed his clothes for the picture, wanted George to have fourteen jackets, George said, "No, make it thirteen." I wonder if George will fight with Paramount if they offer him more than \$13.00 to do the picture. . . . George just signed a five-year contract with RCA Victor. John Scott Trotter, musical director on Gobel's tv shows, will handle the same chore during the recording sessions at Victor. His first major commercial record will be "The Birds And The Bees." . . . Mitzi Gaynor, Gobel's co-star, tells us: "American women are too fat. And I was one of them. I hated myself for weighing 145 lbs., but that was not enough. I had to do something about it. And when I did, it changed my entire life —for the better. My career was going in re-

verse a couple of years ago, and I was very unhappy. It seemed the whole world was against me, and I looked to the refrigerator for moral support. I was always taste-hungry no matter how much food I stuffed into my stomach. That naturally didn't solve my problem. I was still unhappy—and fat as well. The picture of myself in the mirror told a sad tale. But what made me do something about it were the sincere criticisms leveled at me by my friends. At first I resented them but soon realized that it was meant for my good. It wasn't easy at first. The habit of moving away from the dinner table with appetizing dishes still to be served was torture. Suddenly I began to feel better—mentally and physically. I approached my future with new optimism and new fight. Everything around me looked better. It was a wonderful feeling. I trimmed down to 114 lbs. in a matter of months. Better film parts followed (*There's No Business Like Show Business*, *Anything Goes*, and my first straight leading lady role opposite Gobel). My social circle is an extremely happy one. My experience, I feel, is that of the average American girl who is overweight. Common sense mixed with enough willpower will do the trick. This combination hit the jackpot for me." Anyone who has seen Mitzi's simply divine figure in *Anything Goes* should take courage from Mitzi's words. A piece of good advice: "Count your calories; don't eat them." . . . Incidentally, George Gobel gives a few sage words of advice. He said, "If you have a naughty child, give it a good spanking. It may not do the child any good, but you'll feel a lot better."

Richard Widmark saved the sound track of Universal's film *Backlash* from a fate worse than jazz. How did it happen? Lights! Camera! Action! On set we see a close-up of a redman beating the war drums to whip up excitement among several hundred braves preparing for an attack. The Indian thumped the drum heads with feverish rhythm, the beat slowly increasing in tempo and the gyrations of the redskins matching the compelling pace of the staccato reports. Widmark's ears perked up at several points in the drumming. He thought he heard refinements completely foreign to a war rhythm. He consulted with the man at the sticks, Ken Lightning Bolt. The drummer said he had once been a professional musician, specializing in hot jazz. And he had, indeed, dressed up the ancient war ritual. "All it really needs," appraised Lightning Bolt, "to make it a solid sender is what I was trying to add—a touch of hop." A bopless sound track was made on the next take.

MUSIC FROM HOLLYWOOD Month's Best Movie Albums

Max Steiner's "GREAT LOVE THEMES FROM MOTION PICTURES" RCA Victor #LPM-1170. . . . For more than twenty years Max Steiner has contributed brilliant music for top motion pictures. A three-time winner of Hollywood's coveted Academy Award for his music, Max Steiner selected twelve of his original film songs for this album. Featuring songs from pictures starring such top movie stars as Katharine Hepburn, Janet Gaynor, Fredric March, Paul Muni, Alan Ladd, Sterling Hayden, among others, Steiner has indeed issued a beautiful album of emotional moods of love. Danny Kaye's "THE COURT JESTER" . . . Sound-track album from motion picture. Decca #DL8212. . . . If you like the fun-magic of

Danny, then this album was designed for you. It's all the captivating hilarity from the Paramount production. My favorite is "The Mal-adjusted Jester" number. Here Danny sings about the years he spent in becoming a jester, but he just turned out to be a fool. Also, his derring-do attitude in "Outfox The Fox." "CAROUSEL" Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, Cameron Mitchell, etc. . . . Sound-track album from 20th Century's new movie. Capitol W694. . . . All the songs from one of the most beautiful musical shows ever to hit the gay white way re-sung by current movie favorites.

"B.G. IN HI-FI" Capitol W565. . . . An authentic Benny Goodman album with the old songs that made him a favorite with pop music fans. Since the release of the motion picture *The Benny Goodman Story*, several companies have been planning Benny Goodman albums. Benny has always been available for recording session, but there's quite a bit of his material around. For the hi-fi fan, let it be noted that this session was recorded at the Riverside Studios in New York. November 1954, with a single condenser mike pickup and a little extra rhythm boost.

"STARLIGHT CONCERT" HOLLYWOOD BOWL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Carmen Dragon conducting. Capitol P8276. . . . A superb collection of favorite classical pieces recorded under the stars in Hollywood's famed "Bowl." Every visitor to Hollywood eventually winds up here and never forgets the moment of captured musical gossamer always present during these concerts.

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**Lou Barile—
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New York**

"My favorite is the score from *The Benny Goodman Story*. My listeners share this enthusiasm as well. Since every day I receive mail and phone calls asking for old and new B. G. favorites."



**Ed Penney—
WTAO—Cambridge,
Mass.**

"Mine is the song 'I'll Cry Tomorrow' from the picture of the same name. Johnny Desmond sings the title song great, and it's a typical fine Johnny Mercer lyric."



**Pete Johnson—
WKBR—Manchester,
New Hampshire**

"My choice is any song sung by Doris Day. Hollywood has always given great music hits to the American public, and I believe Doris Day has been responsible for singing many of them to fame."



**George Lemont—
KGO—San Francisco,
Calif.**

"I select the music composed by Max Steiner. He's won three Academy Awards to date and scored the music for many of Hollywood's top pictures."





Modern lowboy with base drawer, sparkling brass pulls. Lovely Blond Oak finish. Also in Cherry Cordovan, Seafoam Mahogany, or Pearl Gray Mahogany. #6126.

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That's a **very**, very important decision—selecting the guardian for your future. That's what a Lane does for you. Each one designed for *lasting* beauty, to add graciousness to any room in your home.

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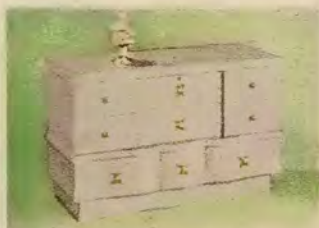
ens are safe as dreams in a Lane. A Lane keeps step with you as you go through life. Before marriage, it makes a private treasure trove for your personal things. It collects trousseau loveliness. And it's exquisite furniture for your dream home.

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Distinguished chair-height Lane Chest with roomy base tray. Hand-rubbed satin Mahogany finish. Handy self-lifting tray. #6202.



Serpentine front on base drawer. Pearl Gray Mahogany finish. Also in Seafoam Mahogany, Cordovan or Charcoal Mahogany. #6164.



Front-opening console, tambour-effect doors, sliding shelf. Softone Walnut. Also Blond Oak, Seafoam or Pearl Gray Mahogany. #6045.



Swedish base, self-lifting tray. Parquetry panel; Seafoam Mahogany. Also Blond Oak, Pearl Gray Mahogany, Softone Walnut. #6071.

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The only all-lanolized
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Never before a home permanent like DuBarry! Curls lanolin-softness right into your hair at every step! For only DuBarry is lanolized *all ways*. Curls are softer, silkier, shinier—yet so strong and *lasting* you can't lose them unless you cut them off!

Simplest wave ever! Just wind, wave, neutralize! No test curls or drip-drying. No eye-stinging ammonia fumes. You're done in *minutes*... set for months with curls that look *born beautiful!*



Perfect Home Permanent
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Each \$1.75 plus tax in
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WHY THEY'RE ALL TALKING ABOUT LIZ...



because we don't shut them up!

*And "we" definitely includes you!
Here for the first time is the Big Lie about
Liz and the Bigger Truth. Here's exactly what
we, together, can do about it!*

Charles D. Saxon

EDITOR

■ I got a "story suggestion" this morning from a writer who makes his living off a peeping-Tom magazine of the "pssst" or "uncensored" stripe. If I call it *Smear* you'll get the idea.

"I can deliver you an exposé on Liz Taylor and Mike Wilding that will knock your socks off!" he wrote. "Including the lowdown on what's marked His and Hers, meaning girl friends and boy friends, and how each of these cats plays around when the other cat is away. Oh, they might sue as a gesture, but they'd never want to let it go to trial."

I think of myself as a quiet guy. But I'm rather proud of the way I hauled off and let this creep have it. Forgive me for bragging but I want to quote my reply to him. Here's what I wrote:

"I have spent ten minutes (Continued on page 90)

Grace Kelly, our princess-to-be, confides her wedding plans—for trousseau,



attendants, guests and reception—to Hollywood's reigning queen

■ "You have the eyes of a woman in love," were the first words I said to Grace Kelly after she came forward to greet me and I kissed her and wished her a world of good wishes on her engagement to Prince Rainier.

She laughed and said, "Strange you should say that, because 'The Eyes Of A Woman In Love' is the Prince's favorite American song and he plays it again and again on his record machine."

Even in the beige slacks she was wearing for a scene in *High Society*—her picture with Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra—she looked every inch a Princess-to-be as she lead me to two chairs on the sidelines of the MGM set where we could talk uninterruptedly.

I had been told that Grace had become very cold and aloof and indifferent to her old friends since her Graustarkian romance had become front page copy. Some of her would-be friends were whispering that her about-to-be Serene Highness, Princess Grace of Monaco, Duchess of Valentinois, Princess of Chateau Porcien, Countess of Belfort and Baroness of St Lo (to give it *all* her titles) had completely changed.

Nothing is further from the truth. The girl who sat beside me was gay and warm and she chatted away about her coming royal nuptials like any other prospective bride.

She kept shining her twelve-karat square-cut diamond engagement ring with her handkerchief, flashing it to catch the light, laughing at herself (*Continued on page 80*)

IT WILL BE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WEDDING

by Louella Parsons



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IT WILL BE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WEDDING

by Louella Parsons



THE GIRL WHO GREW UP TOO FAST

*This is the best story
of the Rebel Years we've ever
read. It's Natalie
Wood's story—but it
could just as well be yours*

by NICK ADAMS, *Natalie's closest pal*

■ It was five o'clock in the morning in Central Park, and Natalie Wood was sleeping in my arms.

Shivering a little in her sleep, she burrowed her head against my chest. I shifted my arms so she would be more comfortable.

She woke up.

"Nicky?"

"Yes?"

"Are you still there?"

"Yes."

"Good."

I kissed the bridge of her nose. "Go back to sleep."

She rolled herself into a ball. "I can't. I'm cold. Very . . . col . . ." But in a minute she was asleep again, curled like a porcupine on the back seat of a hansom cab.

I unbuttoned my coat and spread it over her, tucking the edges under her chin.

"Hey, Mac," the driver said, looking down at us. "What do you want I should do now?"

I looked at Natalie. We had both come to New York for television shows. It was her first night in New York, and she had wanted to stay up all night.

"It means I'm grown-up," she had said that afternoon. "Really grown-up," and she had been so happy she had spun around in a circle until she was too dizzy to stand.

"Look at you now," I said to her, laughing. "Really grown-up?" She was still asleep. A strand of hair had fallen into her eyes, and I pushed it away. The night wasn't over yet.

"Okay," I said, tucking my coat a little tighter around her ankles. "We'll stay up all night." I reached into my pocket for my wallet, and Natalie's studio chaperon, sitting up front, groaned.

"Once more around Central Park," I said to the driver.

"Okay, Mac." He flicked his horse with his whip. The cab lurched a little, and I folded my arms around Natalie's waist to keep her from falling. I wondered what she was dreaming about. Probably she was dreaming about being the greatest actress and the most really grown-up person in the world.

I had a funny thought then. I thought that maybe I was holding greatness in my arms. Someday Natalie will be (Continued on page 96)





by RUTH WATERBURY

■ The big, hand-lettered sign on the set read, "In this scene Robert Wagner will *positively* appear without Spencer Tracy." The set in which the sign was hung was, supposedly, part of an Alpine house and in a moment or two Bob Wagner was due to go heavily dramatic there.

The actual time of day was eight o'clock in the morning. The real place where the set had been put up was Chamonix, France, the small skiing village at the base of fabulous Mont Blanc, the Alp which was giving the film its title, *The Mountain*.

Richard Arlen, first to reach the set that morning, gave a loud guffaw as he read the sign. Claire Trevor and director Edward Dmytryk, coming in right after Dick, exchanged grins. Then the various technicians, electricians, prop men and the like, reporting for work, chuckled.

Here was another clowning declaration of war between the co-stars of *The Mountain*. Here, again, for the cast and the crew, would be the fun of watching the twenty-five-year-old R.J. Wagner pit himself against the fifty-and-then-some Spencer Tracy. It was the rising star trying to equal "The Pro," the star who knew every trick in the book so well he'd long since thrown the book away.

It was only to the great man's face that R.J. was deliberately not respectful, an attitude which

Meet the craziest, battlingest pair since Martin and Lewis: R.J. Wagner vs. S. Tracy!

"ANYTHING YOU CAN DO I CAN DO BETTER"

Tracy returned. Spence knew Bob knew that he had, without precedent, abdicated his right to sole stardom in his pictures, had his contract re-written to permit Bob to be his co-star in *The Mountain*.

Even this was a subject of kidding between them. Let Bob blow a line on a take and Spence would say to Dymtryk, "Good thing I haven't signed that contract waiver yet. We may have to replace this boy." But behind his back, Spence said, "Why, this kid's potential as an actor hasn't been touched. Give him real training, let him see what acting really is and I'll stack him against any of the younger crowd, Brando, Clift or any of the rest of them."

In Chamonix, on the particular morning that "that sign" went up, Spence let them all wait for a good fifteen minutes before he arrived on the set, apparently just visiting. For a moment he even seemed not to notice the sign, though the whole company knew perfectly well he never misses a thing. When he finally read the bravely lettered words, he registered a double-take that would have done credit to the most terrible ham actor.

"You're positively appearing without me?" he asked Bob. "You mean you don't need me in the scene?"

"No, indeed."

"Maybe you don't need me in the" (Continued on page 76)



To date, the Old Pro (Spence) and the Damned Young Fool (Bob) have ribbed each other through two movies, across two continents and up and down an ice-covered mountain, leaving a drastic change in Bob's appearance and a twinkle in Tracy's eye.



To most young girls, love comes a blessing. But for Shirley Jones and the boy she loves, love is a troubled thing. Of all the pretty, popular young girls in Hollywood, Shirley is one of the youngest, the most sweetly naive, the least able to cope with heart-break, if it comes. Here for the first time, is the story of her secret romance. We hope that reading it will help her to come to a wise, mature decision / by SUSAN WENDER



Jack Cassidy, Shirley's only love since she was 16, may never be able to marry her.

■ It was the happiest and the saddest day of Shirley Jones' life. It was the première of *Carousel* and she was all dressed up like a movie star, the crowds were pushing for a glimpse of her and everyone in the world was there. Everyone—except the one person she cared about, the man with whom she was in love. He couldn't come because they couldn't be seen together.

The newsreel man beckoned to Shirley. The tv cameraman pointed the camera at her and she tried to smile because maybe he—her boyfriend, her fiancé, her—where was the word to describe what Jack Cassidy was to her?—might be watching her at home. They asked her to say a few words and she stood quietly for a moment, and then she recited the lyrics of one of the songs from *Carousel*: "What's the use of wondrin' if the endin' will be sad . . ." and her voice broke before she finished. And then, turning to enter the lobby, she looked into the eyes of Jack Cassidy, standing there in the crowd and watching her.

For Shirley, the crowds, the bright lights, the cameras, faded away. There was no one there but herself and Jack. Jack, who loved her so much that he would stand on the sidelines to see her go by. Jack, who couldn't share her hour of glory, but who had to be there to tell her, if only (Continued on page 86)


PEOPLE
WILL
SAY
WE'RE
IN
LOVE



Blessed with the ability to be happy "all the way through," Dani thinks George is "a living riot," laughs at him till he laughs at himself.



To her despair, Dani (a former dance instructor) can't help trying to lead when she dances with George. "Shall we change hands?" he teases



Calm, Cautious Nader is

Cool, Crazy-gone George now

MEET THE GIRL WHO DONE IT!

by JACK WADE

■ As George Nader recalls, it was a particularly vulnerable day for a bachelor. He was just back from the Virgin Islands where for four steamy weeks he'd been cooped up on a ship shooting *Away All Boats* with an all-male cast.

Now he was boxed in on Stage Twelve at Universal-International, winding up the job with the same whiskered bunch—and the masculine scenery was getting darned monotonous. Even if the actors were guys he liked—Jeff Chandler, Lex Barker, Dick Boone and the rest—well, frankly he was sick of them all. He'd heard all their jokes and they'd heard all his. It was one of those tag-end movie making times when every man there, including Nader, cordially hoped everyone else would drop dead.

That's when this violet-eyed, platinum-topped vision literally bounced onto the set wearing a snug sweater and, looking like Lana Turner did a dozen years ago, beamed breathlessly right at him.

George Nader has a habit of talking to himself in such crises. This time he addressed himself thus: "George, you'd better be nimble and you'd better be quick. Move in, boy. This (Continued on page 68)



her, reducing her to helpless giggles.

*The hand that rocks
the cradle rules the
world—and Sheila has
her hands full on the . . .*



Left to right: Heather, 8; Gar, 7; Sheila; Brucie, 2; Gordon; Meredith, 11.

MACRAE MERRY-GO-ROUND



Brucie, as adventurous as his father, would try anything once—if Sheila would let him.

■ Most Hollywood wives have an easy time of it. They have one or two children, with nurses to match, a well-staffed house to stay home in, and a husband who, in the Hollywood tradition, smiles modestly as he brings home five-pound boxes of money and says, "I owe it all to the Little Woman." Sheila MacRae, on the other hand, has four children, and it's Sheila who feeds them, dresses them and wipes their noses. She also has a very nice home, complete with swimming pool, but the only time she ever sees the latter is when a photographer dumps her in it for a picture spread. The rest of the time she's packing up the children to follow Daddy around the world for one or another of his pictures because, to be perfectly honest, it's not quite safe to leave Daddy alone too long—he does the strangest things. Leave him alone with the telephone and he's on it all day, offering to do a role he wants for *free*—honest! Leave him alone with Meredith and in half an hour he's given permission for her to do a bit in *Carousel*, blithely unaware that Sheila had been saying No for two weeks. And leave him alone with the family car and it ceases to be a joke; in the space of three months he cracks it up twice, injuring no one, but involving himself in law suits and legal fines to the tune of \$300 a throw. Leave him alone with an interviewer—heaven forbid—and he announces that when he does something *right* for a change, no one gets the credit but Gordon. Not the Little Woman. Not his fans. Just Gordon MacRae, who doesn't have a modest smile in his repertoire. Sounds terrible, but it's not. Other Hollywood wives get other things, too. Neuroses. Ulcers. Divorces. Sheila doesn't get them—she gets Gordon and the merry-go-round instead. And she figures it's worth it. **END**



Married 14 years, the MacRaes take the kids along even on Gordon's night-club tours. Sheila has to go—she writes Gordon's material and even acts. She also plans to have 3 more children to finish off the family and will no doubt manage Meredith's career should her daughter con Gordon into letting her get started in earnest.



RUSTY TAKES A WIFE

*The bride is seventeen,
the groom is twenty-one.
The wedding was a beauty
and the honeymoon—*

*"Man," says Russ Tamblyn,
grinning from ear to ear, "It
was a ball!"*

by ALICE FINLETTER



Married in a double-ring ceremony in a beautiful church often called "the candle of God," both Rusty and Venetia say they will never remove their rings, even if they have to wear Band-Aids over them when making movies. (Venetia has a brand-new contract at RKO.) The bride wore a blue peau-de-soie gown and a waist-length veil, dyed to match . . . and cried through the ceremony.





■ A more relaxed bridegroom than Russ Tamblyn you couldn't hope to find. He knew all the jokes about young bachelors and how they go to pieces at the last moment, so when the best man, Lorin (Speed) Copp, called a couple of hours before the ceremony and asked, "Are you all right?" Russ laughed heartily.

"All right? Are you kidding?"

"I'm not kidding," Speed retorted. "Remember me? I was a bridegroom a year ago, and it took you six months to calm me down. You got the ring?"

"Cut!" Russ said. "I've got both rings, and I'm not going to leave them in another suit. I got a system. Everything's timed. You just get on over here. It'll take an hour and eight minutes to drive to the church at the most, counting six minutes to change a flat, if we get one."

A few minutes later, Russ climbed (Continued on page 92)



After the wedding, Venetia changed into a pink suit and Rusty into a tweed jacket, brown pants and tweed overcoat. They took two suitcases, had three others shipped to them in New York. The wedding breakfast (top) consisted of coffee and doughnuts on the way to the airport at the crack of dawn the next morning. In the photo at the right you can see Venetia's wedding present to Russ: a star sapphire pinky ring. He gave her a charm bracelet, dangling a heart engraved "A Day To Remember."





Dana won Pompey role after Hollywood's most expensive test.

How
**DANA'S
 DREAM
 CAME
 TRUE** *or How Hollywood Makes a Star*





Between test and stardom Dana got The Hollywood Treatment.

The test cost \$22,500, involved 28 experts (including head designer Charles LeMaire, above), took two days and made Dana a hot property. Dana'd flopped in a previous Hollywood try but Fox casting director Billy Gordon (left) was sure her talent would come through if given every assist. His gamble paid off when writer-producer-director Philip Dunne (below) picked Dana for Pompey's Head.



by MARVA PETERSON

■ Today Dana Wynter is a bright, fresh, new movie star. Her romance with Greg Bautzer, her trips, her every move make news.

Two years ago, however, Dana Wynter was an unknown who had failed to make the grade.

What magic, what chemistry, what combination of luck and circumstance have made Dana's dream of stardom come true?

In Hollywood the answer to that question will get you an argument all the way from Universal to MGM, from Disney to DeMille because it involves the larger and broader question: Are movie stars born or studio-made? Was Dana Wynter destined for movie fame? Or could success have come to any other girl who was given the kind of test which won Dana her part in *Pompey's Head*.

Michael Curtiz, one of Hollywood's foremost directors, says, "Give me a face, a camera and a script, and I'll give you a star."

Mervyn Le Roy, on the other hand, equally famous as a director, says, "The girl must have personality. I don't care if she has talent or not. (Pictures and story continued on following page)



Dana's day began under the dryer. She sacrificed her beloved long hair for a shorter, more youthful cut, lost weight to emphasize the interesting hollows in her patrician face.



Dana's classic beauty was polished—and photographed to perfection—by studio experts

Acting talent is not the necessary ingredient for stardom. All a girl needs is a personality. Give me a girl with that and with a little build-up, I'll make her a star."

Now, let's see step-by-step what happened in the case of Dana (real name Dagmar) Wynter.

Last May when Al Rockett, an agent with Famous Artists, Inc., brought Dana Wynter to the 20th Century-Fox lot, not one of the studio big-wigs knew much about her. Dana had appeared in a handful of minor British theatricals and had acted in a few New York TV shows. Her work was completely unknown. Worse yet, discreet inquiry produced the information that Universal Studios had previously tested the girl and had rejected her.

There was more than one strike against Dana Wynter when Al Rockett tried to sell her to Fox.

Fortunately for (Continued on page 58)



Dana's profile achieved perfection under the skillful hands of Ben Nye, head make-up man. Ex-model Wynter posed like a pro for to Fox still photographer Frank Powolny after Make-Up had finished.



Dana tested again for Philip Dunne, who wanted to see her play opposite Richard Egan before giving her the Pompey part. He had some doubts about

Dana's ability to master a southern accent but she proved herself a disciplined actress and won the role.

Much of the credit for Dana's performance goes to Dunne, who worked long hours to help her master technical and artistic problems. "He was a joy and a love," says Dana. "Dick Egan, too. During the picture I found out Dick once taught dramatics, so I got his help on technical problems."



Now a star, Dana isn't quite sure who deserves the credit—herself or “those sweet people”

Dana, and this might be the key to her success, there was something compelling, something appealing, something refined and Grace Kelly-like in her dark beauty. Billy Gordon, 20th Century-Fox casting director, says, “She seemed to me to have the poise and reserve of the English aristocracy. I also felt that underneath she had the scrapper instinct of a Susan Hayward. I decided to gamble and give her one screen test.”

Billy Gordon's okay is the “open sesame” to 20th Century-Fox. Every newcomer must go through his office to get an acting job, and Billy always keeps his door open. He's one of the kindest men in Hollywood. He makes appointments early, late, Saturdays, any time. Occasionally (Continued on page 81)



Dana sneaked into the projection room after the film was cut and scored to watch it. Her heart beat madly for ninety minutes but she liked what she saw and, more important, so did the Fox executives who had made a star.



Maureen O'Hara tells

WHAT IT TAKES TO LOOK LIKE A STAR



Make-up follows a thorough scrubbing and creaming. Lipstick and mascara take minutes but Maureen carefully brushes out pin curls.

*A spectacular
wardrobe of jewelry
and furs; a strict
diet plus ten
hours sleep and no gadding,
add up to that shining
"O'Hara Look"*

■ I worked desperately hard to get my first break but not nearly as hard as I did after I arrived in Hollywood. What I learned in that first year would make your head spin. I was competing with real stars! An Irish girl, eighteen years old and a little fat in the middle! I thought I knew everything. After all I was from the Abbey Theatre, an actress! I soon learned there were girls who could act better than I, they were prettier and knew more of the tricks of real stardom. The make-up people and their dressers, God bless them, began to teach me some of their tricks. The hairdressers taught me to set my too curly hair so it wasn't kinky. (I can do this myself today.) The make-up men taught me how to look natural. I'd been loading myself with powder and lipstick. The dress designer, Edward Stevenson, gave me a lecture about my figure I think of everytime I reach for a fancy dessert. The lecture? Pretty simple and to the point. If I, with my new-found contract and money, wanted to spend it all on food, I would soon be without the contract. He advised me to spruce up my appearance off the screen, guided me in my first buying of American clothes. We didn't buy expensive dresses, but they did enhance my figure. My first fur coat was a white pony skin. I felt mighty luxurious in it. I still have the coat twelve years later. It has been done over three times and is now lined with bright plaid taffeta and I wear it over sports clothes. It hangs proudly in my closet alongside of my two mink coats, two mink stoles, silver fox cape, ermine stole and my beaver coat. Sounds (Continued on page 84)



Maureen's jewelry collection combines fake and real stones. The two-strand pearls cost \$1.95; the rubies are genuine. She says she gives them all equal care and wear, swears nobody knows the difference when she shows off her fake emeralds. One favorite accessory, a gold leaf necklace, is as phony as a \$3 bill. Maureen calls herself "a furbearing animal," proudly dates her march to stardom by the white pony skin she holds below. Of course, by now she's mink poor!

Even a classic beauty like Maureen O'Hara must keep improving herself. Conscious of her star status, Maureen never shows herself in public unless she's groomed and dressed to the nines.



WHY TERRY KEPT IT



A SECRET !

*This time Terry
didn't want to make headlines
(she said) so she went
junketing off with the one
guy who knew just how
to land her on page one!*

by PHILIP CHAPMAN

■ Of course, Terry is secure now. She need no longer worry about bad publicity nor, for that matter, about publicity at all.

She's Mrs. Eugene C. McGrath! Her husband is rich, one of the financial and social pillars of Panama.

But perhaps she remembers Gene's advice to her. That she should hire a good press agent, not to *get* her publicity but to keep her *out* of the papers. "A suppress agent, Gene calls it," Terry remarked to a reporter during the weeks she traveled openly with McGrath—but not as his wife.

Eugene C. McGrath looks and behaves like a young man whose father has left him a lot of money. Actually, Gene made it all himself. When John Wayne introduced him to Terry Moore in the Beverly Hills Hotel last December, she saw before her a good looking man of thirty-three, dark, quietly dressed, clear-eyed and soft-spoken.

To a girl with a talent for bad publicity, who was actually afraid to talk to the press or be photographed for fear it would all come out wrong—to her, Gene must have seemed as steady as a rock, and as safe.

As they grew to know one another better, Terry began to love the quiet authority of this man. He danced well, he had exquisite manners, he was athletic enough, and, while not exactly a Rock Hudson or a Tab Hunter, he had the kind of sex appeal that was exactly what a rather subdued Terry Moore wanted and needed.

He conducted his courtship in anything but a Hollywood manner, too. When he invited her to visit him at his home in Panama he invited Mrs. Lemar Koford, Terry's mother, as well. Then, when he came to Hollywood to visit her again a week before Christmas, he stayed with her and her parents as a prospective bridegroom and son-in-law should.

And then one night he told her that he loved her and wanted to marry her, and she asked When?—and he replied that they might as well start the New Year right. What about New Year's Day?

Terry shuddered. "I want to marry you," she said, "but that means starting all the hoopla again. Photographers, reporters—and I can't ever tell what they'll say about me any more."

"Why do they (Continued on page 91)



*Passport picture
gave the game away for
Terry and husband
Gene McGrath. She'd given
press the slip in Miami
and when she applied for
a Panama passport at the
last minute had to
scissor a cheesecake shot
for the required snap. An
observant reporter found
the remains (above) and put
body and head together.*



HOUSEWARMING at the FISHERS



In a great big house, two little people are learning a lot about marriage. Deb's losing sleep in the process and Eddie almost let the house burn down—but they're the happiest, homiest, most-married kids in town / by LOUIS POLLOCK

■ Home, to the Eddie Fishers, is a warm, sprawling place of brick and shingles, set on a six-acre Pacific Palisades estate which is itself part of a square half-mile of untouched wooded land running from highway to ocean cliffside. Home has a swimming pool, extra buildings around it and a living room with a walk-in fireplace before which Eddie and his wife like to lie or sit and watch the leaping flames. Home is where Debbie wanted to be so badly after they rented it last December 13th that she could hardly wait to finish her latest picture, MGM's *The Catered Affair*, so she could spend her days, as well as nights, in it.

She would sit in her dressing room in the studio and think of Eddie alone in the house, and start to miss him so much she'd eventually have to go to the telephone and call him up. "Eddie, are you all right?" she would ask. "Did you find everything when you got up? Do you want to know where something is?" Turning away from the telephone she would complain to whomever happened to be visiting her, "Really . . . a wife's place is at home!"

Home is where Debbie has come into her own, arranging the course of her life in her own way and in her own place. Home is where Eddie keeps telling his friends, "It's nice to have a woman around," and home, finally, is where both of them have learned that their long engagement before marriage was not without its compensations.

As Debbie puts it, "One of the reasons we went together so long was to get to know each other and adjust to things which might trip us up. We got so we got along simply and beautifully before our marriage and it's been the same since. What are our big problems? I can truthfully say we haven't any."

And it is true—as a glance at either of their faces is enough to reveal. Eddie loves to talk about home and Debbie. She rarely can get her mind on any other
(Continued on next page)



Outside, they're fine, but inside they still need landmarks to find their way around. When tv's Person To Person visited them, Debbie got lost trying to locate the dining room!





Eddie's beloved boxer Junior drools all over the furniture, but so far Debbie's not fussy enough to mind. In fact, she added a boxer pup and a poodle almost as soon as they moved in. "The only other thing we'd like around the house—to make the menagerie complete—is a baby!"



Photos by Don Ornitz

subjects but house and husband.

A month after their marriage someone asked Eddie if he couldn't recall one dispute anyway with Debbie and after considerable thought he admitted there had been one difference of opinion. It seems that one night when they decided to go to the movies they each wanted to see a different picture. Solution? They saw them both.

"Yeah, but whose picture did you see first?" persisted the friend, teasingly.

Eddie laughed. "Debbie's, of course."

They have had their excitement and they have had their fun . . . even the process of adapting themselves to each other as any two people living together for the first time must. Debbie, at first, never thought she would be able to change her waking-sleeping hours to Eddie's. She is a girl who always needed an absolute minimum of eight hours sleep a day, nine or ten hours were better, and, as Debbie herself once admitted, "Twelve hours, even thirteen—and I really purred."

But Eddie, born and bred in a big city, developed as a singer in clubs and over evening radio and TV performances, has spent a minimum of his time (Continued on page 88)

Because of Eddie's crazy schedule, their evenings at home sometimes start at midnight—but otherwise, they're just perfectly normal.



Chess is their favorite game ("because it slows us down"). Both read a good deal, but most of their evenings are spent dreaming over records (sometimes Eddie's, sometimes not) and in front of their wonderful, slightly dangerous fire.

the girl who done it!

(Continued from page 49) isn't for the commoners. This is for you!"

So he hustled up and announced brashly, "My name's George—what's yours?"

For Miss Dani Crayne—who was the eye-filling U-I starlet so boldly accosted—it was already a beautiful, beautiful day. Most days are, really, for Dani, who gets a profound kick out of merely drawing her breath. But what made this one red-letter was the fact that she'd just passed a crucial personality test at the studio Talent Development School with flying colors. She had to tell somebody about it, so she tripped over to let her friend and rooter, Jeff Chandler, know. Only, suddenly she forgot all about Jeff.

As Dani remembers, the magic moment made her talk to herself, too, like this: "Oh—he's handsome! But most actors are handsome. Only, here's a live one, and all man. Look—he has this situation right in hand!"

So she gasped out the answer, "Mine's Dani."

"Danny? Danny's a boy's name."

"But I'm not a boy," she assured him. "I'm a girl!"

"Obviously," noted George Nader with his most winning smile. "But are you busy tonight?" And they took it from there. That was one day—and one enchanted evening—last August.

The taming of the stag

Since that time, Dani has brought out a George Nader that only a few intimates ever suspected existed. Not the calm and philosophical George. But an impulsive, whimsical, crazy bone Nader who surprises himself these days. And the surprise is invariably a pleasant one.

Since their first date that night George Nader hasn't glanced at another girl, and for a confirmed stag previously dedicated to playing the field, that's strictly a new departure. It's the same with pretty Dani Crayne, who, before that first enchanted evening, likewise got around. For almost eight months now, Dani and George have missed mighty few days and dates together—in places where they could be seen, and in others where they could not. He's introduced her to his family—who loved her—and she's introduced him to hers, who were equally charmed. For Dani's twenty-first birthday George gave her his own, October 19, to celebrate, because hers comes on Christmas Day and gets lost in the jingle bells. For George's natal day Dani baked a chocolate cake with initialed cuff links inside, for him to discover in sweet-toothed surprise. Last Christmas he came through with a romantic perfume called *My Sin* and Dani gave him some sport shirts. He's taught her to swim and she's taught him to mambo. George has even sawed out a picture window in his new hillside house because Dani discovered a view. And she's sewing some draperies to brighten up the living room—also knitting George some socks. He calls her "Honey" and she calls him "Doll."

A bowl of cherries

Dani Crayne is one of those grown-up cherubs who grabbed an armful of sunshine as she came down to this earth. Life for Dani, whatever her luck, is a bowl of cherries with whipped cream on top, which she's eternally yearning to pass around. She'll be twenty-two next Christmas—excuse, October 19—and if you like statistics, she's five-foot-four, 116 pounds and hour-glassed delectably at 36-22-36.

The "Dani" springs from her real tag, Darlyne Danielle Goldman, and by ancestry she's half Swede and half Syrian,

from Minneapolis, Minnesota. Dani has camped in every state of the Union, save one, and sampled some fourteen different schools, as her traveling salesman parents lugged her around. Some of that time she spent on a farm with her grandma, who taught her to keep house like a Dutch frau, sew like a dressmaker (she makes all her own) and cook like a chef. In her young life she's also toiled happily as a shipping clerk, forklift operator, waitress, optometrist's helper, saleslady, usherette and mambo instructress. She still holds a card in the Teamsters' union. That she's wound up as a Hollywood actress strikes Dani as a crazy caprice of fate. Signed at U-I strictly on her looks, Dani's working hard and getting experience (with bits in *Ain't Misbehavin'*, *The Shrike*, *Written On The Wind* and others). But the girl's as relaxed as a puppy about a career. What Dani likes best is just living. Her favorite expression is, "What a wonderful day!"

That the impact of Dani Crayne's upbeat personality on George Nader was instantly devastating is something of a

TONY CURTIS

You name it—Tony's done it, seen it or heard about it somewhere. And being a strong-minded type, he's got it on his list!



Janet	Formal parties
Trees	Organ music
Fruit	Bad teeth
Music	Flowers in the hair
Girls	Flat tires
Movies	Bad paintings
Birds	Musty, smelly furniture
Janet	Wet socks
Working out	People with nose jobs
Paris	Green
Wine	Cigarette machines
Airplane models	Hamburger stands on the beach

surprise. Dani has what it takes to excite a wooden Indian. But that their whirl has lasted so long, stayed so fresh and waxed so solid should be proof enough that George has recovered fully from the three devastating experiences in his past which had threatened to throw George off love forever.

Three loves had he

Two of these disillusioning traumas reached way back to George's college days. One was a girl who graduated before he did and then taught a class at the school. George was in her class. The teacher-pupil thing wrecked that. Next he fell for a doll with religious leaning, just when he realized he wanted above all to be an actor. She thought that was sinful and he could see things would never work out, so it was finis again. The last and most shattering affair smote him right before he joined the Navy. He got engaged to a luscious brunette whose tender promises kept him from joining the Gooney birds

on bleak Johnston Island in the Pacific, where for three years Lieutenant Nader sweated out hostilities. But just as he was finally set to sail for home and wedding bells George got his "Dear John" epistle—and it really rocked him. He carried a torch bright enough for the Statue of Liberty for a long time afterwards.

From these slap-downs Nader about concluded, even before he got to Hollywood that romantically speaking, nothing much was ever going to happen to George. It had always seemed to work out that way. On that same lonely hunk of coral, for instance, when the first live doll seen in eight long months stepped off a plane, George rushed hungrily up with the mob to greet Betty Hutton. Betty held out her arms—and swept right past Lieut. Nader to plant a smacker on the sailor behind him. "You hear about such things," recalls George. "But this actually happened—that guy didn't wash his face for a couple of weeks. At that point I wouldn't have either!"

In fact, when George finally got home with \$1500 saved from his Navy pay he was so starved for women that he blew the works roaming around Hollywood's fanciest night clubs just to feast his eyes on the pretty girls. Only then could he settle down to the serious business of carving out his acting career. And until Dani, it looked serious.

"Some people find it hard to understand why I live alone like I do," he ponders. "Maybe it was my lonesome war duty that gave me a taste for reading, thinking, hobbing by myself and not being afraid of being alone. There are still times when I like to get away from everyone. But I hope nobody gets me wrong—women, I love 'em! Life isn't any fun for me without 'em. That's what Dani and I are after now—fun. I might add we're having it."

They certainly are. Because, from their very first date, Dani Crayne has tickled the hidden, king-size funnybone in George Nader—and vice-versa.

Giggles and kicks

They went to a première on one of their first dates, but—to show you how fast things got rolling—neither George nor Dani can remember what the picture was. For one thing, Dani lost her shoes under the seats, so they bobbed up and down like gophers most of the performance trying to find them. Then some pins she'd used to re-do her dress for the occasion started jabbing her. When George gallantly tried to take care of that the zipper came loose and he had to pull her together again before an interested audience. Afterwards, in the lobby a gushing Hollywood dowager invited them to a showy post-première party. But even as she recited the list of distinguished movie stars they'd meet there, George muttered to Dani, "Wonder if she'd like to join us at Wil Wright's for a fudge sundae?"

"Right then," sighs Dani, "I knew that it was going to be crazy all the way. Well, it has." In practically every news shot of Dani and George together, Dani's mouth has been wide open. "For a long time I couldn't understand this," she says. "But it's dawned. I've been laughing."

Take the time when, after munching tacos at El Tony's, a tiny Mexican cantina in the Valley, George steered his red-and-white Mercury to the ocean highway out Malibu way. It was one of their early dates and Dani hadn't learned yet quite what to expect. Suddenly George blurted, "Did you ever happen to be sitting somewhere, look up and see a picture hanging out of whack on the wall—and just have to get up and straighten it?"

Dani agreed that there'd been such

times. "Well," announced Nader, "that's how I feel right now." Whereupon he jammed down the brake pedal, opened the car door and bowed Dani out into the moonlight. "Shall we dance?" invited George.

"It was sort of crazy but yet not crazy at all," puzzles Dani. "We ran up and down by the waves, then we laughed, got back in the car and drove on. And this man says, 'Gee—I wonder what would have happened if you'd said No?' What a character! But that's George."

Crazy? Maybe—but there's another word for it. Dani Crayne knows the word and so does George. But a guy like Nader takes a long time to break down.

House-kibitzing

Dani gets her mail in a Hollywood apartment where she bachelor-girls it with a boxer pup named "Duke" to protect her, because her parents live in Florida these days. As you may know, George moved last fall to a house in the Sherman Oak Hills. By now there's practically a rut in the road between those two places. But for a while George wouldn't show Dani the spectacular dream spot he discovered, although he obviously wasn't kidding when he said he was about to buy it. This drove Dani wild.

After all, by then she felt she had a slight right to kibitz on Nader's private projects. If any girl was going steady with a man, in short, Dani was with George. She even had a certain item of jewelry he'd given her to prove it—although not (she swears) a ring on a string around her neck.

Just the same, whenever Dani would beg, "When can I see your new house, George?" he'd say, "You can't. Nobody can until I'm all moved in." Then came the day they had a date to go bathing. Before breakfast George called with a sad story about having to work—and it was all off. That wasn't like George.

It took Dani till almost noon to figure it out. She checked at the studio—Nader had no work call. She buzzed his number again and again. It was either busy or it rang and rang. The light finally dawned on Dani, and when eventually she got his "Hello," she accused, "George Nader—you're moving, that's what. And," she stated, "I'm coming right over to help!"

But when she got there the place was empty and the door locked. Dani went home, chewed her nails and burned.

He took pity on her the next morning. But when he drove her up the hill at last it was just as he said it would be. He was all moved in. "Pictures on the wall, books in the shelves, dishes in the cupboard, fire in the fireplace, cats snoozing on the rug. He'd worked all night," marvels Dani.

When Dani first spied George's spectacular hideout in the morning mists she gasped, "Brigadoon!"—and that's as good a name for it as any. It could be in the Highlands, on Bali H'ai or at Shangri-La for that matter. Once you've negotiated a sixty-degree approach that would terrify a goat and wound through a forest that would have wowed Robin Hood, you're away from about everything. George's lodge-type house perches on a shelf chipped out of three acres of mountainside with canyons yawning on all sides. Varmints prowl the thickets, deer browse in his flower beds and owls peep bass notes from the trees. But it's peaceful, beautiful and, inside the rock-shimneyed house, it's mighty cozy. George loves it—and by now so does Dani.

Whether Dani and George will ever set up housekeeping there, of course, is something else again. But already the talismanic influence is pervasive. Besides the



WHAT MAKES A FAN CLUB RUN?



Charlton Heston (left)
and the teenager's newest
dreamboat Rick Jason
keep their fan clubs active.

■ All of us have read about fan clubs, but few of us really know what makes these clubs function.

Official fan clubs are international clubs run with the co-operation of the stars they honor. A star usually allows only one such club to be organized in his name. The club president rounds up members from all over the world and the club issues bulletins about the star's activities. Every three or four months these clubs issue a club journal, a mimeographed booklet containing news and letters from the star, plus other stories written by the members themselves. Informal, exclusive photos of the star sometimes accompany the articles.

The average club numbers from 50 to 500, and consists of men and women ranging from their teens to their sixties. A club's main purpose is to help boost its favorite to success by writing letters to studios, movie magazines, casting directors, radio programs and television shows. Fan club presidents see that these letters are directed to the people who can help the star most (depending upon the star's current working schedule).

Most clubs are organized for newcomers and they prove vital to an actor's career during his early years. Joan Vohs, a lovely leading lady, has had a fan club behind her since her walk-on days. The club has actually brought her better roles.

In the case of handsome Rick Jason fans sent stacks of letters to the various magazines asking that he be featured. Through the publicity Rick obtained a co-starring role in a Hollywood film. Of course the fan club alone didn't get him the role, but it certainly contributed to it! Other clubs are doing the same for newcomers Peter Hanson, Keith Larson, Bill Campbell, John Smith and Lori Nelson.

Fan clubs are non-profit organizations. Membership dues (between \$1.00 and \$2.00 per year) could not possibly cover total operating costs. Few stars help out with the expenses. It is usually up to the president to manage the club financially. Members think of payment as the appreciation of the star they honor. Fan-clubbing means a lot of fun and personal satisfaction.

Some top stars, particularly recording artists, have clubs organized by their agents or managers. These usually charge twenty-five cents or half a dollar for a lifetime membership for which you receive a card and occasional bulletins. The membership is quite large and there is little, if any, personal contact with the star. You seldom receive the personally autographed photos or handwritten notes which are a usual part of the official groups.

To find out if your favorite has a fan club you might write directly to him and ask if he has an official club. If he is interested in its activities he will be glad to tell you where to write for further information.—Nancy Streebeck.

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO DEANNA DURBIN?



Deanna Durbin, shown shopping with her husband Charles and son Peter (top) is now living in a small town in France, where Monday is marketing day. Farmers from the region bring their products to the open-air market, where everything is sold in stalls. Deanna, now Mrs. Charles David, comes just like all the villagers to shop.

■ Who doesn't remember Deanna Durbin, the sweet-faced, golden-voiced child star, whose films pulled a major studio out of a financial jam and brought her a cool \$150,000 a picture? Deanna doesn't.

Deanna is trying to forget her past, and the movie success which, she says, robbed her of a normal childhood. Married (for the third time) since 1949 to retired movie director, Charles David, and mother of two children, Deanna lives in a converted farmhouse in a tiny French village, thirty miles from a Paris she rarely goes to.

The villagers of Neauphle-le-Chateau (population 1250) know who Deanna Durbin is, but they don't know that the Madame David who does her own marketing with a string shopping bag is the former child star.

Deanna still receives offers from all over the world, but she rejects them all. She will see no one except intimate friends and her singing teacher (she still practices about two hours a day). Her life is built around her gray-haired husband, many years her senior, her two children, Jessica, eight, daughter of her second husband, and Peter, four, son of her present husband. She only has a part-time maid to help her with the housework.

Hollywood is filled with thousands of youngsters who fight and struggle for a success few of them will ever achieve, while in far-away France a star, who with one word could again have the world at her feet, lives a simple country life in her search for oblivion.

Who says life isn't stranger than fiction!

view window and the curtain project, Dani's already added touches here and there—a Japanese sake set she bought at Ginza House to add to souvenirs George collected while making pictures all over the world. A lampshade copied from one she found for \$1.98. A painting she did and end tables she picked out. Also a raft in the swimming pool to keep her from drowning if she falls in. Because Dani stopped George's winter swimming lessons after she asked him how much it cost to heat the pool.

"About thirty-two dollars," he said. "We'll just wait until summer," said Dani. She also vetoed the corsages George kept popping up with on dates. "They're sweet, but a waste of money," she said. "I know you like me." She also suggested a pact: Neither talks shop. "When we leave the lot we draw a curtain," says Dani. "George isn't going to have a Trilby on his hands if I have anything to say about it."

There isn't much danger of that, even if they are both on the same studio payroll. Usually, Dani and George work on different ends of the U-I lot. He never visits her acting classes, and she tries to keep off his sets. They seldom lunch together. The closest they've come to career contact was on the last picture George made, *The Gentle Web*. Dani had a small part in it, too—but George wasn't in her scene. At the start of that she did let the bars down enough to plan flowers for George's opening day. "Only I forgot when it started," confesses Dani, "until I happened to see 'George Nader' on the work sheet. By then it was too late." She told George how sorry she was.

"I'm deeply hurt," he told her, "but time will heal the wound." When Dani got back to her apartment she bumped into a dozen red roses with the card, "Happy picture—George."

Off studio, however, Dani and George don't deny they're almost always a *deux*. Outside of occasional get togethers with couples like Rock and Phyllis Hudson they don't like even small crowds, so they usually hold hands at hidden cafes, or in neighborhood movies, with impulsive all-day trips to the mountains, desert or beach as the moment and the mood strike them.

"We never plan things," says Dani. "They just happen. That's why George is so exciting. You start fresh with him every day—like ripping a page off a calendar." However, passing the time is no problem whatever to George Nader and Dani Crayne—not the way things are now. Will they stay that way or get better—and if they do, then what?

Love and marriage

On the general subject of love and marriage George's feelings haven't changed, or so he'll tell you. "I like the song," he grins, "but I don't agree with it. Love and marriage don't necessarily have to go together. I'm looking forward to getting married and having a family some day. That's what we're here for, isn't it? I also like things to come in proper order. If you want a career certain things have to come first. I'm fairly new at this acting business and soon I want security. That means a period of digging in and waiting. I'll tell you this," he states, "I'll never do anything impulsively."

Dani echoes this, but her words are the words of a woman in love. "I keep reading where we're secretly engaged. I just wish I could believe it. But we're not. We may never be. My career? I'd quit tomorrow to marry the right man. Is it George? I don't know. He doesn't know. Maybe some day we'll find out. Right now," she says happily, "every day is a beautiful day. That's enough for me."

END

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makes your hair obey... Makes it instantly
easy to manage...because Pamper
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SO MUCH THICKER...
YOU CAN FEEL
THE DIFFERENCE



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Ideal figure-slimmer under the popular slim silhouettes. A marvel girdle that holds its shape and yours—the new *Living* light-weight *DeLuxe* girdle by Playtex (weighs about 6 ozs.). Fashioned of split-resistant *Fabricon* it features a non-roll top (minus bones or stays) that cinches the waist at a low, lean line. Washes clean in a second and dries with the pat of a towel. Small, medium or large. \$5.95; extra-large size, \$6.95.

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Tissue-light—elastic net pantie girdle, with elastic front panel—dainty flower trim. It is the original pantie that legs can't feel. S.M.L. White or pink, \$7.95. Black \$8.95. Mix or match it with a satin and embroidered nylon sheer bra—elastic crossover front band. White or pink. \$3. By Gossard.

Daintiest and sheerest of all—Gossard's fabulously new nylon sheer marquisette bra. Cool, comfortable and beautiful. Petal design nylon taffeta cup reinforcements insure gentle uplift. Comes in white only and is priced at \$3.95.



All photographs, Roger Prigent

TWO WEEK DIET FOR CAREER GIRLS

Working girls (including stars) have trouble counting calories at lunch-break because they're tempted to eat what looks good. To keep you away from sodas and malteds we've asked Pauline Kessinger, Manager of Paramount's Studio Commissary and for many years food adviser to top stars, to plan two weeks of noon menus. Stick to grapefruit and black coffee for breakfast and follow our dinner plan (next page) at night and you'll feel the difference.

MONDAY

Chopped beef patty
Broccoli with lemon
Pickled beets
Dish of Jello
Glass of non-fat milk

TUESDAY

Broiled halibut with lemon
Sliced tomatoes and watercress salad
Dish of applesauce
Black coffee

WEDNESDAY

Cup of vegetable soup
Cottage cheese with stewed fruit
Slice of rye toast
glass of skim milk

THURSDAY

One broiled lamb chop or chopped beef
Baked potato with two tablespoons cottage cheese
Sliced pineapple
Black coffee

FRIDAY

Cole slaw
Grilled swordfish steak
Spinach
Raw apple
Black coffee

GETTING IN SHAPE FOR SUMMER *continued*

MONDAY

Cup of clear boullion
One poached egg on
plain spinach
Two peach halves
Cup of tea

TUESDAY

Broiled chicken
Stewed tomatoes
Half grapefruit
Black coffee

WEDNESDAY

Slice of roast beef
Mixed green salad
Garden peas
Stewed apricots
Black coffee

THURSDAY

Cup of consomme
Two scrambled eggs
Sliced tomatoes
Dish of applesauce
Black coffee

FRIDAY

Glass of tomato juice
Small steak or
chopped beef
Green beans
Black coffee

Eat delicious dinners
restricted to lean meat,
green vegetables, fruit,
skim milk and you'll
keep off the weight you
lost at lunch. Beware of
week end snacking; keep
busy planning next week's
lunch menus instead! P.S.
a pocket calorie counter
will help. You'll lose on
1200 calories a day.



Wear it as a halter . . .



Wear it strapless . . .



Wear it criss-cross.



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(Continued from page 45) picture at all." "That could be true, too."

Spence waited with that wonderful timing of his. Then he spoke, "You needed me in *Prince Valiant*," he said.

Actually that was almost too true to be funny and nobody knows this better than R.J. After *Prince Valiant* his career was in real doldrums. Up until then, he'd been 20th Century-Fox's dream boy, from the day in 1951, when wearing his own Marine Corps uniform, he'd done his first bit under contract to them in *The Halls Of Montezuma*. With his second picture, *The Frogmen*, the fan mail began pouring in on him. *Song In My Heart* proved he could really act—and the rest, including the "romance" publicity, was almost too easy until *Prince Valiant* came along and flopped cold.

A box-office failure was bad enough, but then Bob did what is unpardonable from any studio's point of view. He turned down a picture. All actors do this at times, and at such times all studios moan and groan about "ingratitude" and "the chances they have given" the player and such. It

means the actor goes off salary, and Bob did this, and took the studio's displeasure, rather than be in the picture, which had originally been written for Gregory Peck. When Peck turned it down it was submitted to Guy Madison. When Guy turned it down it was submitted to Robert Stack. Stack turned it down. Then Bob Wagner.

R.J., a fellow who likes people, and likes them to like him, was very low in his mind at that time. As he said in Chamonix, "There has never been any time in my life that I didn't want to be an actor. So to have a flop and then be on the outs with the studio was a sad deal to me. I knew I had to get out of playing Happy Jack Squirrel, that damn dull boy next door. But to be off salary and no script in sight seemed doing it the hard way."

Sheer chance presented him with the small social event that changed everything. He went to the Foreign Correspondents' Dinner and for the first time met Spencer Tracy. Bob now says, "It taught me there's something that guides you along. Or maybe it's somebody. At any rate, that night proved the turning point not only of my career but maybe of my whole life."

No actor stays at the top of his profession for some thirty years without being shrewd as well as talented. Tracy's no exception, so nobody's going to trap him into saying who he thinks are the best actors or the worst. But it isn't telling any tales out of school to reveal that he thinks Edmund Purdom has handled himself with incredible stupidity; that of his own acting group, he nominates Jimmy Cagney as the most; that he thinks nobody can convey two moods simultaneously as clearly as can Laurence Olivier and that when it comes to the new girls on screen, he especially salutes the work of such very different performers as Jean Simmons, Jean Peters and—hold everything—Marilyn Monroe. As for the Johnny-Come-Latelies who flash out big in one film and disappear the next, he has more pity than scorn.

A few weeks after the Foreign Press Association dinner (at which incidentally Spence received their top honors) he went over to 20th Century-Fox to see a test on one of these Johnny-Come-Latelies who might play opposite him in *Broken Lance*. In a reel, he disposed of the first candidate. The studio quickly brought in some footage on another. Spence rejected

1000 FREE SUPER CHARTS

We have been receiving so many requests each month for MODERN SCREEN's famous SUPER-STAR INFORMATION CHART that we have prepared a brand-new, completely up-to-date 1956 edition, to be sent as a gift to the first 1000 readers who fill out and mail to us the questionnaire below. This amazing encyclopedia of information is a complete booklet in chart form giving you the ages, love lives, hobbies, vital statistics—all the information you want—of over 500 stars. So hurry! The first 1000 win!

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

1. I READ: ☐ all of the Johnny Carson story ☐ part ☐ none

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

2. I LIKE ELIZABETH TAYLOR:

☐ 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: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. 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 her story ☐ part ☐ none

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

4. I LIKE NATALIE WOOD:

☐ 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: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE ROBERT WAGNER:

☐ 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: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE SHIRLEY JONES:

☐ 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: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE GEORGE NADER:

☐ 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: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE GORDON MACRAE:

☐ 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: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE RUSS TAMBLIN:

☐ 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: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE DANA WYNTER:

☐ 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: ☐ completely

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE MAUREEN D'HARA:

☐ 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: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE TERRY MOORE:

☐ 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: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:

☐ 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: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

14. I READ:

☐ all of Music From Hollywood

☐ part ☐ none

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

15. I READ:

☐ all of TV Talk ☐ part ☐ none

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

16. I READ:

☐ all of Louella Parsons In Hollywood

☐ part ☐ none

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

17. Which male and female stars do you want to read about? Please indicate your preference at the 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

18. To which movie magazines do you subscribe?

AGE.....NAME.....ADDRESS.....

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

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I dreamed I was Twins in my maidenform bra*

I'm beside myself with joy! For when I walk down the street, everyone I meet looks twice at my glamorous Maidenform lines! The duet of dream bras: On the left, Pre-Lude* Six-Way; on the right, the same bra in a slimming long-line version. And each can be worn six-ways: strapless, with straps any way you like, for every neckline in your wardrobe! And whichever way you wear them—you'll agree they're the most comfortable, the most curve-snugging bras you've ever worn! Bandeau, 3.00. Bandeau, lightly lined, 3.95. Long-Line, 5.95.

him, and another, and the fifth and sixth. Then he remembered the boy at the banquet.

"What about that kid Bob Wagner you have under contract over here? Why can't I see some footage on him?" he asked.

People rushed out to locate a film.

By the end of the first Wagner reel, Spence was telephoning Dymtryk to come over and take a look, too. By the end of half a dozen reels, the star and the director knew they had their boy for *Broken Lance*. By late afternoon the word had reached Bob—who could hardly believe it.

Bob's boo-boo

He went into what is known as ecstasy. "I was so grateful I nearly collapsed and then, the very first day in the very first scene, I nearly boomed it all."

The scene was one between him and Spence and it had horses in the background. Just as Bob spoke one of his lines, a horse moved and Tracy flubbed his reply. The cameras stopped. Tracy said to Wagner, "I'm sorry but I couldn't hear you. Why couldn't I hear you?"

"I was underplaying you," said Bob, quite proudly. Tracy, as you undoubtedly know, has a reputation for underplaying.

In Chamonix, Bob said, "I've heard it told since that Tracy bawled me out, right then and there, before the company, but that's not true. He's too much of a gent to do a thing like that."

"No, what Spence did was simply to tell me to speak louder. I did. We did the scene a couple of more times and wrapped it up and it wasn't until we were through the day's shooting that he called me into his dressing room. But there he really let me have it. 'Why, you poor damned fool,' he said, 'talking about underplaying. What the hell do you mean, underplaying? An actor doesn't underplay or overplay. Not a real actor. That's for tricksters. What a real actor does is figure out what the line he has to speak means, in terms of character. When you are thinking of the meaning of the lines, your voice will rise or fall as the meaning demands. That's what being natural in acting terms means. It's really being honest.'"

With the conclusion of *Broken Lance*, which, incidentally, was a smash hit, R.J. knew definitely that "somebody or something" had helped his career. The somebody was distinctly Spencer Tracy. Because of his endorsement R.J. got another real acting opportunity in *Kiss Before Dying*. "Playing my first heavy," he says.

At that moment a small event happened to take the edge off Bob's joy. A Hollywood column came out and said "Bob Wagner is on Shirley Jones' Carousel."

"That burned me," said Bob. "I suppose Shirley Jones is a great girl, but I don't know because I've never met her. But by using the name of Shirley's picture in that item I knew it was a publicity press agent's work—and I think I've had enough of such publicity. Don't misunderstand me. I regard publicity as part of my job. Any curiosity the public has about me I regard as flattering and I'm glad to answer letters or do any of those things just as far as I possibly can. But stunts like this with Shirley, all that foolish coupling I'd had of my name with Terry Moore's began to wear on me. I'd lost a really wonderful friendship with a woman I admire very much—Barbara Stanwyck—because people got the notion that it was 'romantic.' And I may be wrong but I feel that when you endorse false romances and false publicity by keeping silent about them you get false yourself. I haven't fallen in love yet. I'm not yet ready to marry. When I do, I'll be only too happy to tell the world, but I sent out the word to the studio—no more of that fake love stuff. Then Tracy handed me the big package—the offer to co-star

with him in Paramount's *The Mountain*." Actually, Tracy's co-stardom offer was not all altruism. Co-stardom was the only term on which 20th would agree to let Bob go to work for Paramount. Twentieth got \$100,000 for the loan-out, of which Bob gets much less than half—but it showed how his value had risen.

The wrath of Spence

Bob's role in *The Mountain*, is one of pure villainy, far and away the heaviest heavy he's ever played. He was excited by that and equally excited by the prospect of the location in Chamonix in the French Alps, a mere couple of hundred miles from Paris, only an hour's drive from Switzerland, less than a six-hour flight to Rome.

Little did he know. His first taste of Tracy's genuine wrath came in Paris, where R.J. was supposed to have a week's vacation before reporting to Chamonix. R.J. had been there, sightseeing on his first trip to this fabulous capital when Spence arrived. It was a Saturday night. Spence told R.J. he'd see him at six the next morning for mass at Notre Dame Cathedral. Like a stern professor, or a strict father, he told R.J. to take advantage of the 2000-year-old city's cultural advantages.

Bob kept the date, but when he appeared, it was obvious that the night before he'd taken advantage of some of Paris' other cultural events, like the Follies Bergère and several bistros.

Spence really blew his stack. He thundered at Bob that as a young actor, he was

Brynne Foy wants me to inform agent Henry Willson who named a group of actors (Rock, Tab and Race to mention a few), that he has a few names which came to him while he had a fever, and he's willing to donate these names to agent Willson if he has a few clients around waiting for screen monickers. Brynne's names are: Clay Pidgeon, Cliff Hanger, Lap Landers, Rip Tide, Rick O'Shea, Trip Hammer and Strep Throat.

*Sidney Skolsky in
The New York Post*

more of a fool. He snorted that he could never become an important performer if he passed up a chance to observe real people in a serious moment rather than mixing with the artificial people who inhabit night clubs.

"But, look, Spence," Bob stammered, "I was at Fouquets. You know, Fouquets. I've heard of that all my life. And I was with Marlene Dietrich. I've never seen anybody so chic and beautiful. Maybe it was the lighting. Maybe it was my Happy Jack Squirrel tourist mood. Maybe it's just because it's Paris."

Tracy stopped the eulogy by retorting that they were getting out of Paris that day, within the hour. They would fly to Chamonix where Bob would keep his mind on his work. Whether or not R.J. was ready to go to Chamonix had nothing to do with it.

By noon, in Chamonix, a very subdued R.J. was saying, "I'm sorry, sir."

It was the "sir" that did it. "Okay, kid," said Tracy. "I could be wrong, and you could be right. Dietrich or a cathedral—both are beautiful."

Up—up—and down!

By the end of the week they were shooting. Bulky in skiing clothes and shoes, R.J. and Spence would roll out of the Hotel des Alpes at 3:30 a.m. In the bitter cold and pitch darkness, they had to crawl and slip and slide and pant their way up the glacier which covers the slopes of Mont Blanc to the spot which was their outdoor

location. It always took three hours of alternate griping and sweating and praying to make it. By the time the cameras were set up and the sound trucks ready, the sun would just be showing over the Alps.

The descent was equally tedious and even more dangerous for they had personal fatigue as well as gravity to combat, coming down the icy, treacherous slides. They were lucky if they could make it back to the hotel by six-thirty.

But R.J. learned stamina from Spence, plowing along up the mountain, or back down in the darkness. Spence never complained, so Bob couldn't. Somehow, instead, they generated laughter.

Their companionship was just great until the night owl in R.J. asserted itself again. The nightlife of Chamonix isn't much, but that much Bob found, along with scads of pretty young French girls eager and willing to bat their big brown eye at handsome Mr. Wagner.

Bob would eat dinner at the Hotel des Alpes, then go over to the little night club, staying at first till 9 p.m., then till 10, then 11 and finally one night till 3.

The Hotel des Alpes is too tiny to boast such a thing as telephones in the rooms. Tracy would check the desk in the lobby to see if Bob had come in. The night he stayed out till 3, Bob slipped into the hotel like a scared kid, slid up to his room, rushed into his skiing clothes and was on the door step again at 3:30 to meet Spence for the location climb. Spence gave him a level look. "Terrible how it reddens your eyes to study script all night long," he said. "But it's great to be that conscientious, thinking about your work all the time, giving up everything for it."

He gave it to Bob that way all day long. Mr. Wagner didn't stay out all night any other night thereafter.

It was eight weeks before they could leave *The Mountain*, Mont Blanc itself, and Chamonix. They were homesick by then for sunshine, warmth and California and they flew straight through, over Paris, over London, straight out to Hollywood. There they discovered how much they had changed.

Bob Wagner wasn't wearing the loud clothes and colors he had affected when he'd left. Too many times, he'd heard a mocking voice beside him saying, "I'm blind, lost in a forest of woolen checks. I'm deafened by noisy tailored slacks."

Spence had come back to Hollywood with a pleased glint in his eye. Nobody has ever heard him say how much it might have meant to him, if his son John had been able to follow him in his profession. He is very proud of the way John has mastered the terrible handicap of having been born deaf and graduated from college with the highest honors. But to have had a young man around with whom he could discuss the theory of acting, while he bossed him about what he wore, and how he ate, and when he retired—that was a kick, too. A kick like Bob's saying to people in Hollywood on their return, "You know Spencer Tracy, the one-man drama school?"

Weeks later, on the day Paramount was to preview *The Mountain*, Bob called Spence and asked if he could have the privilege of driving him to see it. "Sure," said The Pro.

When he came out, to keep the date, there was Bob in a brand-new Cadillac before the house.

"What on earth's this?" snorted Spence. "I'm broke for two years," said Bob, "but I couldn't drive the likes of you in anything less, now could I?"

Tracy gave his big laugh. "Here I thought I turned you into an actor," he said, "but you are as big a ham as I am."

"What's wrong with that?" said R.J. And quite right, too.

END



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(Continued from page 40) in her delight.

"Isn't it a beauty?" she said. "The strange thing is that the imitation engagement ring I wear in *High Society* is exactly the same size. After the Prince had his mother buy this ring in France for me and slipped it on my finger, I was delighted because they said I can wear the real thing in the picture."

The first ring the Prince gave Grace, an heirloom of diamonds and rubies, she wears on her right hand when she isn't working.

"Is it true that you fell in love with the Prince when you visited Monaco while you were filming *To Catch A Thief*?" I asked her.

Grace shook her head. "No," she said, "I didn't know I was in love with him until he came to this country and we spent the Christmas and New Year's holidays together and had time to get to really know each other."

Father Tucker, the Prince's spiritual advisor, who is closer to His Serene Highness than anyone outside of his own family, told some friends that Grace would make no more pictures because she couldn't be both a Princess and an actress—and later, the Prince was quoted as saying the same thing.

"Are you really coming back to Hollywood on June first to make *Designing Woman*?" I asked her.

An evasive little smile crossed her face. But Grace is not an evasive person. She said, "I'm sure *Designing Woman* won't be ready to go June first. For one thing, Jimmy Stewart is nowhere near finished with *The Spirit Of St. Louis*."

"To tell you the truth," she said seriously, "I'm not sure what I'll do—but I feel I have plenty of time to decide. I was to have taken a year's leave of absence from MGM to do a stage play after I finished *Designing Woman*. Now of course I won't want to go on the stage."

In other words, Grace is living from day to day. I sincerely believe her when she says she doesn't know her own plans beyond her marriage to the handsome Prince.

She is so very much in love with him—and believe me, you can take my word for this—that I am sure she will do nothing to displease him. But this love affair works both ways. Even if the Prince now believes his mind is made up against her continuing her career, what's to say that he cannot be made to change it later on?

Right now, in both their lives—and in the rosy glow in which they are existing—it is not too pressing a problem.

Wishful hoping

I wish I could say that MGM shares their happy nonchalance. It doesn't. But there is plenty of wishful (I almost said wistful) hoping going on.

Later on the day I talked with Grace, both Sol Seigel her producer and Chuck Walters her director told me they could not believe that Grace, who loves her profession, would never make another picture. Me? I wouldn't bet on it.

My strong feeling is that, first—Grace will place the happiness of her husband above all else. If they are blessed with a family, this will take precedence above everything else in the world.

But she is young—and a few happy years away from her career will not dim its glow.

These developments, of course, are in the lap of the gods. Meanwhile, there is the glowing, exciting and romantic future at hand—and what topic can be more exciting than an approaching wedding?

I said, "Grace, who among your Hollywood friends will be invited to your wed-

ding?" I had heard that already both Bing and Frank, her co-stars, and Betsy and Cary Grant, her close friends, had been invited to Monaco in April.

She said quickly, "I cannot invite anyone until I know what delegates, and how many of them, will be there from foreign countries. Each country with which Monaco maintains diplomatic relations will send a representative. Our wedding will be a State affair—but we are already remembering how small the Cathedral is, the place where the religious ceremony will be performed, with the Bishop of Monaco officiating."

Official problems

"There will be just a handful of people at the civil ceremony, so you can understand the official problems."

What problems there are weren't worrying Grace. "In Monaco," she went on enthusiastically, "it is the custom of the townspeople to come to the Palace and drink champagne when there is a wedding or any big official celebration. The Palace grounds were opened last to the public at the Prince's coronation."

"At the civil ceremony on April 18th, the Palace gates will again be thrown open and after a luncheon which will be given for our guests, we will serve champagne

new mother
jane powell
will be
modern screen's
charming cover star
on the
june issue
at your newsstands
may 8

to all the Prince's subjects. And on the day of the religious service, April 19th, they will issue stamps with my pictures on them." Grace could no longer contain the feeling of happiness welling inside her. She pressed my arm, "Don't you think it's all thrilling?"

Chuck Walters called her back before the cameras for a moment. The scene they rehearsed is the one where the heroine views all the wedding presents she receives as the very rich girl she plays in *High Society*.

There were long tables of candelabra, silver platters, urns, crystal and china ware. "You're getting a preview of your own gifts," I called to Grace.

"There are some here I wouldn't select," she laughed.

At this moment producer Sol Seigel walked up and told me of a little secret and a wonderful surprise he has for Grace. I knew even before she did that Grace will be given all the gorgeous clothes she wears in *High Society* for her personal wardrobe.

When she returned to my side I asked her about her trousseau. "The only dresses I have had time to select are my two wedding gowns," she said. "Helen Rose (MGM's top designer) brought some

beautiful rosepoint lace, over 125 years old, from Brussels for my wedding gown at the religious ceremony. I'll wear a short beige lace dress with a tea rose foundation for the civil ceremony." In fact, Helen Rose was trying to match the beige lace with accessories the day I visited Grace.

"And, don't forget," Grace went on happily, "I'll have three weeks in New York and Philadelphia, before sailing for Monaco on the S.S. Constitution April fourth. I can shop then for my trousseau. I'll need a lot of clothes to take me through the four days of celebration before the wedding, the official luncheons, dinners, teas and so on."

I asked Grace if she would stay at the Palace before the wedding. "Of course," she answered. "My whole family will stay there. As you have already printed—my younger sister, Lizanne, has her baby in May, and my sister-in-law, Mrs. John Kelly, will have her baby in June—so they are out of the wedding party. I'd planned to have only my own family in attendance at first, but the stork has changed things," she laughed. (Editor's Note: As we go to press, Grace has so far chosen several bridesmaids: actress Rita Gam and Mrs. Jay Kantor whose husband is Grace's agent and Mrs. Arvid A. Pamp of Philadelphia.)

I asked her, "How does the Prince like Hollywood?"

"He didn't think he was going to like it at all at first," she smiled. "It rained for two solid days after his arrival and he couldn't get out to play tennis, swim or anything he'd planned. But after the sun came out, he liked it very much. We've had such nice times together, very quietly. I took him to the Beachcombers where they have that wonderful Tahitian food the other night, and he loved it. He said, 'We have nothing like this in Europe.'"

Grace is taking her chores as a future reigning Princess very seriously. She is studying French, trying to perfect herself in the language spoken in Monaco and which is the diplomatic tongue of the world. "Saturday is the only day I have to study," she told me seriously, "but I'm really applying myself and hoping to carry on at least a half way creditable conversation by the time I arrive in Monaco."

So far, Grace and her charming Prince converse entirely in English. He speaks our tongue flawlessly, having been educated in England.

Charming Prince Charming

On several occasions while Prince Rainier has been cooling his heels in Hollywood waiting for the woman he loves to complete her film, I have seen him in public. He is always accompanied by his bodyguard, and after the arrival of Father Tucker in Hollywood, by his close friend and priest.

There had been a report that day slipped by, with Grace working at the studio, when he didn't see her at all.

"Don't you believe that," Grace laughed. "In fact, I'm expecting him to slip in the back way and say 'hello' any minute."

I'm too much of a sentimentalist not to take this as a good exit cue. And I am glad to say that I am not one of the cynics who spout that this marriage between a lovely American girl and a Prince of royal blood cannot be a success.

I believe that Grace Kelly of Hollywood will be every inch a lovely Princess of Monaco.

I thought, as I looked at her as I said goodbye—where in the world could Prince have gone to find a more beautiful wife and one who will fulfill her royal duties as perfectly, as the lovely woman Rainier has chosen to be his bride? EN

Dana's dream came true

(Continued from page 59) his kindness takes the form of frankness. He will say to a newcomer, "I may be wrong but I don't think the movie business is for you."

Once Billy's intuition tells him, however, that a person possesses that indefinable quality that makes for movie success, then he goes all-out in using his influence.

The screen test

The first and most important hurdle for any would-be star is the screen test. This relatively small footage of film—usually one scene from a movie that's already been made—is enough to show producers and directors how a player photographs, how her voice records and whether or not she can act. It's the casting director's job to pick out the scene the player will do and to assign director, cameraman and other actors to the test.

After talking to Dana and studying her for a week, Billy Gordon chose three scenes from *The Snows Of Kilimanjaro*, scenes of varying emotional intensity that would test the girl's dramatic range as well as her photogenic qualities. He then assigned Gird Oswald, an assistant director with European training, to coach Dana for her test. He asked Jeffrey Hunter if he would be willing to play the Gregory Peck role opposite Dana, and Jeff said he'd be delighted. Leon Shamroy, four-time Academy Award winner, was assigned to photograph in color.

The test cost \$22,500 and involved the direct services of twenty-eight people. It took two days, one day for rehearsal and one day for actual shooting. If Dana felt nervous, she certainly kept her emotions in control. Throughout the entire test she was calm, collected and very professional. "She knew what she was doing every moment," says Shamroy. "Conducted herself like a real trouper. You could tell she was experienced."

The test finished, it was shown to the various studio heads including Darryl Zanuck. To a man they were immediately impressed. "Sign this girl," Zanuck ordered. Al Rickett was phoned and told, "You've got a deal on Dana Wynter. Come on over."

Soon word spread through the top Hollywood echelon that in Dana Wynter the studio had a find. Her name got around more dinner parties than Dana did. If his girl hadn't yet arrived, she was only a few weeks away.

On the strength of this high-level gossip, Walter Wanger heard about Dana and asked to see her test. It impressed him, too. He had a picture ready to go called *The Body Snatchers*, and he asked if he could borrow Dana for the lead. This small-budget film gave Dana valuable experience. The studio also made money on the loan-out, getting back exactly what had spent on her screen test.

Once *Body Snatchers* was finished, Dana returned to 20th, where she was assigned dressing room in cottage #5 and a parking spot of her own. Then the big build-up got underway.

The big build-up

"I began to see what they meant by the Hollywood treatment," Dana recalls. "I was interviewed, photographed, fitted for clothes, made-up and re-styled. I'd never been so busy in my life, and I wasn't even making a picture."

Accustomed to British studios where they do very little promotion, where there is scant emphasis on publicity, the mechanics of the build-up so amazed and confused Dana that her agent had to explain to her the facts of Hollywood life.



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He pointed out that the minute Dana signed her contract she had become, legally speaking, studio property to exploit and promote as 20th thought best.

This promotional procedure consists of departmental experts each contributing their individual skills and talents to the job at hand—in this case re-making Dana Wynter.

First came Sonya Wolfson of the publicity department.

Sonya Wolfson was so inspired by Dana's biographical material that she raced back to her office, typed up three feature stories, strode down the hall, gave ten different items to "planter" Julian Myers, who planted them with the various Hollywood columnists. Today, whenever the studio publicity department is looking for good copy, a call goes to Dana.

"I'm not really that exciting," the young actress protests. "It's just that I do try to think of funny quotes—like my once thinking that 'commute' was a dirty word. I avoided it for ages before a friend set me straight. Sometimes I fall back on things my parents say in letters. A while back I sent my family a picture of my new blue Chrysler convertible. Mother wrote and asked if it could make ice cubes, too."

Hold that pose!

To go with Dana Wynter's biography, the studio needed still photographs. The man for this job was crack portrait photographer Frank Powolny. Frank has been around Fox for years. He knows that once a newcomer gets cast in a production she has very little time for stills. "Get 'em before they start to work is my motto." With Dana this was easy, but the actual portrait biography was difficult because Powolny had first to relax Dana before shooting her. Frank served her tea. Simultaneously he studied her from all angles, deciding to concentrate on her touch of regality or what he calls "her Gene Tierney quality." This calls for a concentration of head shots, accent on the face, not too much accent on the figure. Frank shot a full catalog of stills ranging all the way from "wholesome outdoor stuff to glamour shots."

In the course of these sittings Dana confided that previously her best photographs had always consisted of serious portraits plus hat fashion art, which confirmed Powolny's original estimate that her face was her outstanding photogenic virtue.

Following her portrait sitting, Dana was about to fly home to visit her parents in South Africa when she got a call to come to Philip Dunne's office. Dunne, a rare combination of writer-director-producer had been studying Dana's screen test.

"I think," he said to her, "you're the most convincing young actress I've seen in ages. I'd like very much to use you as the love interest in *The View From Pompey's Head*. My only reservation is that the girl has to speak with a southern accent, southern United States, that is, not southern Africa. Billy Gordon tells me he thinks you can handle it. Do you?"

Dana loves a challenge. That's how she learned to fly, to play polo, to get her first job. "I'm sure I can do it," she snapped quickly. "I know I can do it." For the next three weeks, the most crucial in her life, Dana studied and studied. Day after day she rehearsed her lines with a tape recorder. At the end of three weeks Dunne asked for test scenes, scenes to be photographed from *Pompey's Head*. He wanted definite assurance that Dana was right for the part. He wanted to see her in the actual environment. Shamroy again was brought in for the photography. When Dunne was shown these additional scenes, he smiled. "She's the girl," he said. "Now I'm sure."

Definitely cast for the picture, Dana, in addition to her speech lessons, had now to find time for clothes fittings, make-up and hair styling as well.

Dress me up!

Of all these necessary preparations she liked wardrobe the most. She drooled over the lovely sketches Charles LeMaire drew for her clothes, and LeMaire in turn, drooled over her 35-21-35, height 5-6.

While her clothes were being made Dana got in the habit of dropping by the big workroom where LeMaire could be found. She also began talking to the many seamstresses who were working there. One of the fitters, Zoya, gave her a few tips.

"I follow her advice to the letter," Dana says, "because Zoya has watched stars come and go, and she really knows about girdles and bras and such things."

When it came to the make-up department, Dana needed relatively little help. Ben Nye, studio make-up chief, found few problems as he studied her features. Dana boasts a classic face with large, lustrous eyes. Ben used a minimum of make-up on her. His recommendations: "Don't expose your skin to the sun too much. You tan too darkly and it won't photograph well . . . Lose some weight, six or eight pounds. It'll give a sharper outline to your face. More planes and hollows." Then he proceeded to smooth some mustache wax on Dana's unruly eyebrows. "That's it," he announced.

In hair-styling, Dana prefers long hair wound in a classic bun at her neck. The studio felt strongly, however, that long hair made her look older than her twenty-four years, so it was cut. But off-screen she pins a switch on. The interesting patch of gray hair near her hairpart has been left strictly alone.

The magic carpet

The actual filming of *Pompey's Head* was pure delight. Phil Dunne is a director who works quickly. Dana says, "He was a joy and a love. Dick Egan, too."

When the film was cut and scored, Dana sneaked into a projection room one afternoon and fearfully watched it. Her heart beat madly for the next ninety minutes. She liked what she saw, and more important, so did Darryl Zanuck. In fact Zanuck was so pleased that he ordered the picture premiered in New York as well as in Hollywood. Dana was told that as one of the key celebrities, she would be flown east.

"When I got to New York," she says, "and I saw my name on the marquee for the first time, I had the funniest sensation. It was so unreal that I felt I was under an anesthetic. After the opening I went on a round of parties, interviews, and public appearances. One thing merged into another. It was like flying on a magic carpet. I didn't come to earth until I returned to California."

"When I did there was a letter waiting from Hamilton Basso, the author of the book. He said I was the Dinah in his story, and it made me feel great."

"Being in a successful movie is wonderful. Being called a star is even more so. The only thing is that it's a responsibility. I mean it's not just me who's involved. There are so many sweet people who've helped that I worry for fear I'll let them down in the next picture."

At Fox where there has been much talk of casting Dana in *Jane Eyre*, *Katherine*, and *The Circle*, after she completes *The Sixth Of June*, none of these "sweet" people is worried one little bit. They're sure that Dana Wynter is endowed with the magic of stardom. How long she will remain up there in the constellation is of course a question that only the public can answer. And in time it will.

END

*Ingrid's new films
don't mean a marital
break-up but rather*

BERGMAN'S comeback



■ Bergman's back, and Renoir's got her!

Ingrid Bergman has emerged from the somber darkness of Italian realistic pictures, into which husband Roberto Rossellini thrust her, to play her first frivolous role, and with a director other than Rossellini.

As Princess Ellena Sovroska in Jean Renoir's Paris-produced, *Ellena*, the Swedish star flirts, and dances, and juggles men's hearts with careless ease.

Ellena is the fulfillment of a mutual promise made by Bergman and Renoir at their first meeting in Hollywood fifteen years ago, to one day make a picture together. Twice the French director had Ingrid's approval on a script, but there was always some hitch, usually an objection from Ingrid's studio.

Rossellini made her happy as a wife and mother, but he almost ruined her career. Ingrid Bergman hasn't made a worthwhile picture since she left Hollywood. Renoir, who had kept up his friendship with the actress through correspondence and visits to Italy, brooded about this. Here was the most spectacular actress of our generation going to pot in the breast-beating exaggerated Italian school of acting. That was all right for Magnani, she had the face for it, but not for Bergman.



So Renoir wrote a scenario, based a little on history, but mostly fantasy, about a madly gay, beautiful, eccentric princess who came to Paris from Poland in the early part of the century and conquered all the men's hearts. He went to Italy, showed Ingrid and Roberto the script and put it to them straight. Their professional partnership had been anything but a hit, why not go their separate ways, career-wise?

Surprisingly enough, they both agreed. Renoir surrounded Ingrid with top actors. In the role of the man who loves her, needs her and almost wrecks his military career because of her, is Jean

Marais, France's ace romantic star. The man who woos and wins her is none other than Mel Ferrer.

The Rossellinis, in true Italian fashion, moved the whole family to Paris, and installed themselves, the children, and their nurses in apartment number 108 at the Raphael Hotel. Their neighbors, good friends and frequent dinner companions were the Ferrers, Audrey and Mel, who lived a few floors above them.

When Rossellini left for India to make a series of documentaries, all the old rumors cropped up again, that they were unhappy and planning a divorce, that Ingrid was determined never to make another picture with her husband, etc.

As a matter of fact, they are still very happy together. The nearest to a marital crisis—and that, only in the imagination of the gossip-mongers—came when Anna Magnani, Rossellini's ex-girl friend, passed through Paris and checked into the same hotel. Everyone—except the three most concerned—held his breath, waiting for the outburst. But Magnani and the Rossellini's never even met in the lobby.

After Renoir did the groundwork, it wasn't too difficult for Twentieth Century-Fox to sign Ingrid up for *Anastasia*, which she'll make in Europe.

But are these steps, careful and cautious though they may be, the first toward a reconciliation with America?

(Continued from page 60) luxurious, doesn't it? It is but I have to dress like a star. Stars of a certain standing have to look glamorous and be glamorous every time we leave our houses. This is our business. My dark mink coat is ten years old and in perfect condition, for I care for it myself. I don't sit on it any more than I have to, I brush it before it is returned to the closet. My furrier says it is more valuable than the day I bought it. I paid plenty for it and worked hard for it, and intend it shall last my lifetime. It is vital to my star wardrobe. The other glamorous pieces I have acquired from time to time. One or two of them are extravaganzas, but they are all part of star trappings.

Add-a-diamond

I have a wonderful jewelry collection, some real and some costume. Every piece was considered in terms of showmanship. How would it photograph? I remember when I finally saved enough to buy the lovely diamond necklace. I thought and still think it is the most beautiful for me. I know lots of stars who have wonderful jewelry, but upon my purchase of this ultra-luxurious item I thought, "Congratulations, Maureen FitzSimons, you are buying a diamond necklace." That fall I was in New York on a personal appearance for a picture. I wanted to buy some cuff links for the director I had just worked with and went to a very chic and well-known jeweler. Upon completing my purchase the salesman said he would like to show me their newest diamond necklace. Drawing my mink around me I informed the gentleman that I had a diamond necklace. He assured me he was sure I had, but he still wanted me to see their prize piece. He did! I never saw such a blaze of light, it was enormous. Since that day I call mine my "add-a-diamond necklace." (I remember when I couldn't have even bought an add-a-pearl necklace.)

Stars create a personality that pleases the public. This is our "uniform," our trademark, and our fortune. I'm never out of uniform, even at home. On a working day I am up at five-thirty, have fruit and coffee from a thermos by my bed, for no one else in the household is up at this time. I wash my face, brush teeth and get into a simple dress and am off to the studio. This isn't just any old dress, it is a carefully purchased dress of simple lines, easy to get into but mighty becoming. Arriving at 6:30 at the studio, I fall into the hands of Fae Smith, my hairdresser, and Jimmy Barker, my make-up man. They are there and have had coffee prepared by Blanche Williams, my personal studio maid. My dressing room becomes my factory and my hair is washed, make-up applied, costume arranged and on the set. I've learned my lines by nine o'clock. We work until 12 or 12:30, then back to the dressing room for lunch of chops, vegetable and salad, as prepared by Blanche. Usually luncheon is an interview, with my agent, or business manager, or a friend I otherwise wouldn't see. I seldom go to the studio commissary for my lunch unless I have an out-of-town guest who would enjoy it. I can't take a full hour. First I have to get out of my costume so the wardrobe girl can take it away to press and refresh it. This takes a few minutes, then twenty minutes before the hour is up my hairdresser and make-up man return to re-fix me for the afternoon shooting. Back to the set and work until 6. I then return to my dressing room and have a complete bath to wash off my make-up, back into my dress and coat and drive home. Dinner with my family at 7:15,

bed by 8:30 or 9, study lines until 10 and then off to sleep. It is a long, hard working day.

Between pictures I rise about 8:30 to say goodbye to my daughter before school. I breakfast with my brothers, who live with me, and then start over the household tasks I can't do when I'm on a picture. Checking menus, seeing that the linen closet is in order, the usual things any working woman does on week ends. We have friends for dinner over the week ends and I do some of the shopping and lunch with friends. If I am going to an opening or party I must save time to do my hair properly, for I do it myself.

These are two typical days in my life, not much different than that of other stars. The time, effort and money we spend to maintain our standards are enormous, and mount as the years go on. It would be foolish of me to say they are tiresome, for they are exciting, and now second nature. We do it because our face and figures, now magnified on the new wide screens, are our fortune. We can't afford a skin blemish, cannot tolerate an extra pound of weight, cannot have a hair out of place.

Do-it-yourself beauty

Most of us have learned to arrange our hair ourselves, having learned from our expert studio hairdressers, so between pictures I, at least, do it myself. This means three times a week I must set aside three hours a day to do this chore. I wash my hair thoroughly and roll it up in the fashion I desire and try to let it dry as much by itself as possible. I spend about a half hour under my hair dryer, but about two wandering around letting the sun and

Gary Cooper has only praise for Richard Eyer, the ten-year-old actor, who plays his son in *Mr. Birdwell Goes To Battle*. And you can't blame Cooper.

When director William Wyler asked Eyer how he liked having Gary Cooper for a dad, the child replied: "Swell, sir, but isn't he too young to be my dad?"

*Sidney Skolsky in
The New York Post*

air dry it. My make-up between pictures is minimum, unless I am going to an opening. Thus to apply my mascara, eyeliner and lipstick takes only a few minutes, but to be sure my face is clean takes about a half hour morning and night, when I thoroughly cream my face and then wash it with mild soap and rinse it in tepid water. My creams are simple, but good and expensive and I use a lot of them in my cleansing process. My daily bath is a hot water ritual. I scrub all over with a rough cloth, pay particular attention to the elbows and knees. I towel thoroughly to keep the circulation up after my rinse bath. I exercise after my bath, it is for figure control and suppleness. The old-fashioned bends, rolls and stretches are my ritual, you read about them in the papers every day. I do them. After working on a picture for a number of weeks and being cooped up on a sound stage I start walking, or hiking. This I love for it seems to straighten out all the kinks in my body and gives me a time to think.

My diet, and I will bet you that of other stars, too, is lean meat, leafy vegetables, very little starch and lots of fruit juice. Average day, year in and year out I eat the following: breakfast, a boiled egg, strip of bacon, slice of toast and tea or coffee. The toast is buttered, but not too much. For lunch at home, or at a restaurant, lean broiled meat, vegetable and fruit for between pictures, usually a salad or

dessert. For dinner usually clear soup, salad, meat and vegetables and a light dessert. I love good food as much as anybody, but eat in moderation and splurge only on occasion. I avoid heavy sauces, cream soups, hot breads and mile-high desserts. My eating habits are pretty well set. There is an unwritten law in Hollywood, and it is governed solely by the camera, not morals, "movie stars do not drink." I have yet to see a successful star who does, or can do it. I used to think I held a record in Hollywood for holding one glass throughout a cocktail party. I now know almost everyone else does. I do like a glass of sherry occasionally. I do like wine with my dinner on special occasions, but one glass and that is that. I am not a prude, I am a business woman intent on protecting my career. I can have a good time sitting around with people who drink and I don't object to their doing it. I only know I cannot.

Cost of dressing

My average yearly wardrobe is well over four figures, but it is a business investment. I travel a lot to make pictures, this means I must be well dressed for all climates and eventualities. I am photographed getting on and off planes, in foreign countries I am seen and reported on by the press. I must look well there as well as in America. I go to Don Loper and have my clothes made and my closet is a delight to me. About twenty lovely evening gowns, ranging in price from about four hundred dollars to a thousand. My dresses to wear under my furs cost about three or four hundred dollars apiece. I will tell you a secret. Don designs my clothes so they can be changed from season to season and I have some of his clothes in my closet that are six years old and I still wear them, and happily, too. Suits are custom made and softly tailored with slightly full skirts, for movie stars don't look too good sitting down with a tight skirt running up over their knees. My shoes come from I. Miller and I have lots of them. My bags are handsome, expensive and well kept. Gloves are a hobby with me and I pick them up in every country I visit. They cover my home-manicured hands, for I do my nails myself. When I travel I care for my clothes myself as I won't trust any hotel to press my hemlines. This I have learned after many years of practice. My summer clothes come from Loper, just a few, for he will not allow me to buy such expensive cottons. He sends me into the stores to buy the pretty mass-manufactured dresses he would have to charge me a mint for. Thus alongside of my hundred dollar frocks hang some fifteen and twenty dollar cottons which are smart and effective. Good accessories dress these up enormously and I wear them everywhere in hot weather. I love color and go wild in it each summer. My wardrobe is selected not for chic but for becomingness and photogenic qualities. I let the non-professionals be the chic ones, I just want to be looked at for myself. That is what I am selling, and to blazes with high fashion. I leave the A-look to Mr. Dior. I just want the "O'Hara Look."

My tastes have changed in the twelve years that I have reached stardom, it would be silly to say they haven't. I am not the same girl as before. I earn a good salary, have business and social obligations I did not have before and travel in a circle of people of equal incomes. I still love the toilet water scents I used to buy, but do adore the *Arpege*, *Mitushko* and other expensive perfumes I can now afford. These are only simple comparisons, but they mean twelve years of hard work and lots of fun and I'm still loving it. **END**

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shirley jones

(Continued from page 47) with his eyes, that he loved her and was proud of her. The man who was Shirley's official escort touched her elbow. She didn't notice. Her eyes were blurred with tears as they answered Jack's. Then the crowd moved forward and she lost him. "Shirley," her escort said, "wake up, honey. Time to go in." Shirley Jones nodded. The police made an aisle for her as she walked to her seat.

Jack Cassidy

It was the theatre that brought Shirley Jones and Jack Cassidy together, even making sure that they saw each other many times before they met. For the stage door of the Majestic Theatre, where Shirley had a part in *Me And Juliet* two years ago, faced the stage door of the Imperial, where Jack Cassidy sang the lead in *Wish You Were Here*. Next door to the Imperial was a little theatrical hang-out where the kids from both casts snatched a beer and sandwich before heading home after the show. Shirley went there often, sometimes with a bunch of friends, sometimes with her best friend Sari Price, who was also in the cast. Occasionally they joined the crowd from the Imperial. And sometimes, not often, Jack Cassidy was there.

When he was, Shirley noticed him. All the girls noticed him.

As leading men go, he's not the best-looking nor the best dressed. But Jack Cassidy has charm, the kind of charm that makes an audience wake up when he walks onto a stage—and makes a girl turn her head in a restaurant and ask, "Who's that boy in the corner?"

There were plenty of people to tell Shirley who Jack Cassidy was. Not only because he was playing a lead, but because Jack and his private life were the favorite topics of backstage gossip around *Wish You Were Here*. You see, Jack Cassidy was, and is, a married man.

But it was the most precarious marriage anyone backstage had ever seen—and for theatre people, that's saying a lot. "I used to be afraid to ask Jack how Eleanor was," one of his friends confided, "because I never knew if they were on or off that week." Jack himself didn't talk about it. The only indication anyone had of his status was whether or not Jack mentioned his home life. When he did, it was to say something good, and that meant something good must have happened. Christmas time in '54 he was ecstatic over their new house in Rutherford and the wonderful neighbors and what a great time his kid had had. He beamed when he talked about David, three-and-a-half years old then. So the kids said, "Wonderful!" and scurried back to the dressing rooms to report that Jack and Ellie were doing ok now—maybe it would really jell. Or if not this time, next time. . . .

But a week later Jack would be backstage, the sparkle gone, slouched silently into a chair. On such occasions he would even take one of the chorus girls over to Patsy's for a beer, and the next night she would report, "Jack's low." Then the murmurs would start: What a shame it was that they should find things so rough now, just when Jack finally had it made—and after knocking around the chorus for nearly ten years before getting a break. How Ellie couldn't really be blamed either—remember how she used to work when Jack couldn't get a job? And little David—such a cute kid. What a shame. . . .

In January, 1955, it was all over. Jack and Eleanor separated legally and talked about getting a divorce. Eleanor was against it; her religion forbade divorce. But by the end of the month she capitulated.

"We'll make arrangements when you get back," she told Jack when she brought little David to say goodbye. For Jack had just received word that he was to play the lead in *Oklahoma!* when the State Department sent the show to Europe.

Shirley

At the same time, Shirley Jones was packing up to leave Hollywood and join the *Oklahoma!* troupe. She did so without any particular regret. Making the movie version of *Oklahoma!* had been wonderful and exciting and the break she'd worked for all her young life—but there was nothing to keep her in Hollywood. She'd had a nice apartment there, but except for the times when her mother or Sari had shared it with her, it had been a lonely place. She'd dated a lot and the columnists had made a big fuss about a "romance" with Johnny Anderson, but if no one else knew, Shirley and Johnny knew it was just for laughs. A nice boy, Johnny, sweet, always willing to go places and do things—but love? Uh-uh.

Shirley didn't mind that. A long time ago—way back five years before, when she was sixteen, she'd been in love. In puppy-love, if you like. The publicity people made a fuss about it, but they didn't know the whole story. How she'd gone with the boy for a year, worshipping him for his athletic letters, his good looks, his quick wit—and then discovered that she had given her heart, not to a young man, but to a little boy, childishly irresponsible, wanting to be mothered and protected from a host of imaginary misadventures and misunderstandings. "I wanted everything at once," she told a friend, saddened after her disillusionment. "It's strange, isn't it, that I made a mistake like that about one of the most important things that could ever happen to me? But one thing I know—never will it happen again."

So now, if love wanted to wait a while, Shirley was willing. Pleased, even. Life was good, her career taking shape beyond even her most ambitious dreams. It was a confident, happy girl who walked into the first day of rehearsals for the overseas *Oklahoma!* troupe and said, "Pleased to meet you," to Jack Cassidy.

How love happens

Does anyone have to explain how love happens? It can come any time. It can come under the hot lights of a rehearsal hall to two people singing a duet: "Don't throw bouquets at me, don't please my folks too much . . ." It can come over a cup of coffee, gulped down in a cafeteria during a ten-minute break. It can come to a pair of exhausted performers whose nerves are at the breaking point, snapping crossly at each other and then suddenly—smiling.

Still, love can be a dangerous thing. Neither of them wanted to admit it. Not to others, not to themselves. "I'm eight years older than she is," Jack told himself. "I'm married. I'm a father."

"I feel this way," Shirley informed her perpetually smiling reflection, "because I'm young and I'm an actress, and I'm going to Europe." When they had coffee together, Shirley dragged Sari along. When Jack took her to her hotel after rehearsals he dropped her in the lobby, shook her gloved hand and ran for the door, refusing to feel that anything was missing. And yet, by the time they boarded their plane for France, the rest of the cast knew all about it. Their hearts were showing.

"We knew before they did. You know their duet?" one of the chorines remarked. "It goes: 'Don't sigh and gaze at me, Your sighs are so like mine; Your eyes mustn't glow like mine, People will say we're in love.' If they wanted to play it cool they

should have taken some of that advice."

But it was too late for advice. If love can grow in a Broadway theatre, what chance is there to kill it in Paris? Shirley and Jack gave up trying.

The rest of the cast got together after the show to explore, but Shirley and Jack never joined them. Somehow they managed to see Napoleon's tomb and the Tuilleries, but no one in the troupe knew when, for they saw them by themselves. The Sadra Khan, Aly's younger brother, saw the show and bombarded Shirley with phone calls. Finally, for the sake of good diplomatic relations, she consented to go to the Parisien Ball with him. For weeks thereafter her dressing room was smothered in his flowers, his messages piled up on her desk, but she never saw him again. Not one of the other international young men got even one date. Shirley was taken.

But the irony was that the happier her times with Jack became, the more wonderfully close they felt, the more anguish their love brought them. Letters from Eleanor told Jack that she had reconsidered giving him a divorce, that she didn't think she could do it. How, after loving so, could they ever part? How, under the circumstances, could they ever be together?

We have to give it up

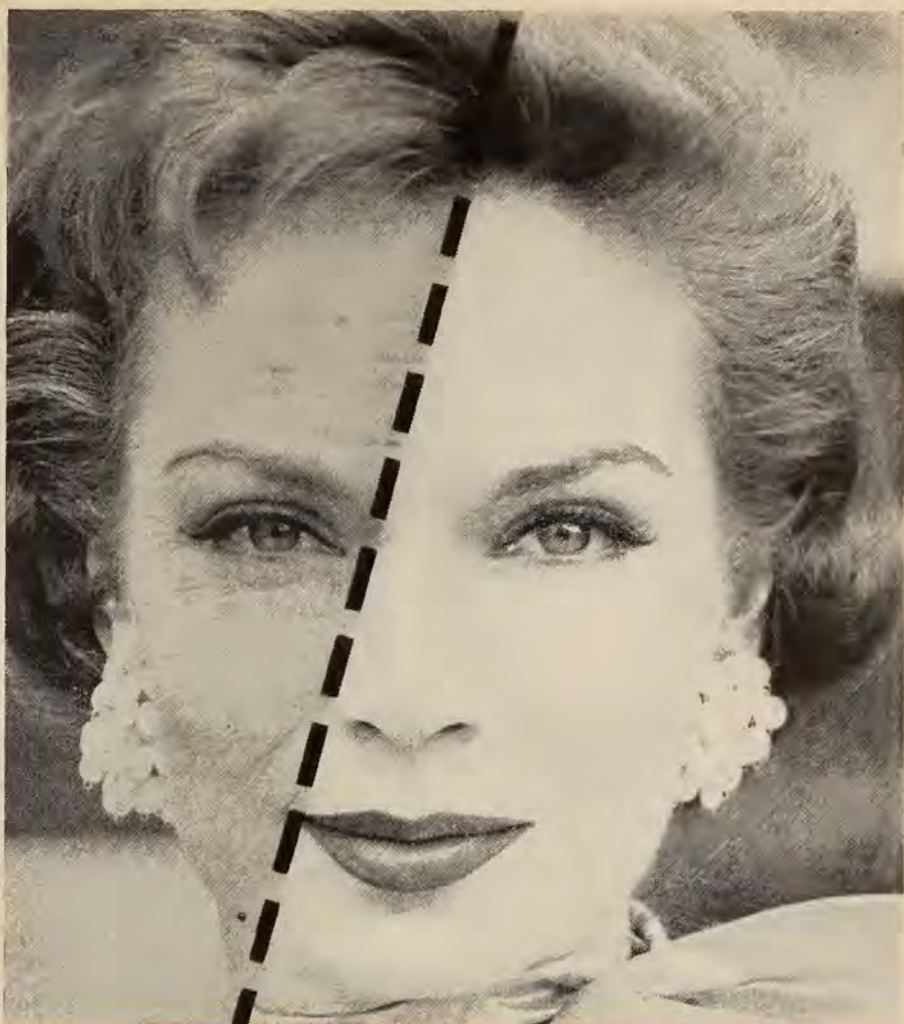
It preyed upon Shirley until the misery became greater than the joy. Finally, physically ill, she left the cast with a promise to rejoin them on their next stop, in Rome. There were three days when there would be no show; she and Sari took off for the Italian riviera. Jack disappeared as well. No one in the cast ever knew if he joined the girls at the beach because when they got to Rome there was no time to ask. Shirley received a telegram saying that she was to play the lead in *Carousel*—and to come home right away. This time she packed with a burdened heart. To have *Carousel* before *Oklahoma!* even opened—surely that proved she was no one-shot, that she had done a good job. But to leave Jack in Europe—that was hard. Not only because she would miss him, but because she knew, as he did, that this time apart should be used—*must* be used—to try to forget each other. It wasn't that Shirley would have to wait for Jack. It was that their future simply didn't exist.

With that to think about, she came home. Her apartment was lonelier than ever. She and Jack had promised to try to forget—yet she waited for his letters with a longing that frightened her. And she couldn't talk about it to anyone. Not to anyone.

So Shirley found herself living a lie. She went out with Johnny again. And again. She dated others. She told columnists, for the first time evading their questions, "Love, real love, is very nice, I'm sure. But it will take me a long time to fall in love again. A long, long time." And went on to say that when she married, of course she would give up her career if she had to. And all the time her heart said, "I'd give up anything, everything—but how can we ever marry?"

And to the biggest night she'd ever had, the *Oklahoma!* première, she took not a date, not even faithful Johnny, but her new roommate, Barbara Ruick. And she waited for Jack to come home.

On August 13 *Carousel* went on location in Boothbay, Maine. On August 13 Shirley arrived in the east and there Jack met her as soon as his troupe returned. Supposedly, they only met to say goodbye. But Jack couldn't stay away and Shirley couldn't tell him to. When they knew for sure that it was impossible to separate, they talked themselves into believing that things might work out if only they waited a little. Eleanor might change her mind again. A miracle might happen. "What's the use of wonderin'" Shirley



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sang in this picture, "If the endin' will be sad? . . . You're his girl and he's your fella—that's all there is to that!"

And they tried to believe it was true.

The end of make-believe

If they could no longer pretend to themselves that they were not in love, at least they could try to keep it from the rest of the world. If Jack's wife knew that he was thinking of remarrying, it might make it even more difficult for him to get a divorce. The studio, learning that Shirley was dating a married man, was horrified. And her friends lectured her constantly. "You're so young, honey. You haven't been around, the way Jack has. He's used to real Broadway-type people. You're home-folks."

"We get along. We're in love."

"You'll never be able to marry. There's no future for you. You can't go on this way forever. And if you did marry, do you realize you'd have a step-child and all the problems that means? You have to think of everything."

But the thinking was too much. No matter how she looked at it, it was bad. She couldn't have Jack, she couldn't bring herself to give him up. There was only one thing to do if she was to have peace of mind. Shirley shut her eyes to everything except to Jack. She saw nothing else.

As soon as *Carousel* was completed, Shirley gave up her Hollywood apartment and rented one in New York's West 60's, a quiet, unfashionable residential area. She and Jack went to shows, walked in the park. No one recognized them. "I came east to be near my parents," she told people. "And to study voice."

Oklahoma! settled down to a steady run in Manhattan. Daily, more and more people found out who Shirley Jones was. Occasionally a kid stopped Shirley for an

autograph and she would drop Jack's hand to sign the book. Then people began to stare after her in the street. Photographers snapped her picture. They recognized Jack as well. They began to be mentioned in the gossip columns.

People put two and two together. "Her parents are in Pennsylvania. So why is she in New York if she's supposed to be near them?" "What's the matter with the voice coaches in Hollywood?" "Who did you say she was with yesterday?"

So they were careful. When Jack opened at the Versailles Shirley showed up nightly to hear him—but she brought Barbara Ruick along. Night after night the two sat together, listening. After the last show, Jack took them both home. He tried to look as though he were equally interested in both girls. He talked more to Barbara than he did to Shirley. But when his eyes met Shirley's, a five-year-old would have guessed. Their hearts were showing again. He and Barbara recorded an album of duets, and it was with Barbara that Shirley showed up to listen to the sessions—but the pathetic deception fooled no one. When he sang the love lyrics, it wasn't Barbara at whom Jack looked.

And that is why, before *Carousel* opened, Shirley told a friend, "I want so much to have Jack with me that night. It would make me—truly happy. But we don't know what to do . . ." And that is why she attended on the arm of a studio-appointed escort, a nice young man whose job it is to take the stars around—and wept on her happiest night.

Heartbreak is a terrible thing, especially for the very young. Shirley and Jack can not be blamed for postponing it as long as possible. Yet these two, still praying for their miracle, know that the time will come when the decision must be made—and kept. May they make it wisely. **END**

debbie and eddie

(Continued from page 66) in sleep and a maximum awake—a night-life schedule.

Well, Debbie isn't even getting her eight hours nowadays. She is matching Eddie now. And, amazing to her, her capacity to do more with less sleep has increased within weeks to the point where she can keep up with him without any fatigue.

A week after their marriage they were in Kansas City where Eddie gave a benefit performance. At 1 a.m. they were entertaining some of his friends in his hotel suite, knowing that they would have to stay up until 3 a.m. to catch a train to Los Angeles. At ten minutes after one Debbie got up and had to make her excuses to those present. "I love you all," she said, "but I am falling asleep on my feet." And she went to bed in the adjoining bedroom. When next she awakened she was in Los Angeles. She had slept through all the business of being pulled to her feet, driven to the airport, and the flight.

Yet not long afterwards she went through a twenty-four-hour day practically without a yawn. At six o'clock in the morning she was up for an early studio call. At six in the evening she was having dinner with Eddie at home. At eight-forty that night they were watching the theatre debut of an old dancing friend of Debbie's, Leon Tyler, at the Huntington Hartford Theatre, and between then and early morning they had caught the performances of Marge and Gower Champion at the Cocoanut Grove, and Peggy King at the Mocambo.

On the problem of sleep, one of the ways Debbie is making up for the lack of it is by developing the power to doze off any time—and practically instantly. She was telling Eddie about it only the

other evening and insisted she could fall asleep in ten seconds time.

He was skeptical and they decided to have a test. Eddie checked his watch, gave her the "Go" signal, and Debbie, who was sitting in an armchair, leaned her head back and closed her eyes. At the tenth second her head slid a bit to one side and Eddie was sure she was acting. He shook her gently and after a bit she opened her eyes and the look of sleep in them was unmistakable, he swears.

"Oh, life with Eddie is hectic all right," Debbie says. "But it's exciting and we have lots of time to slow down in the years to come. I'll manage to live through it, and I sure love it."

Incidentally, on the big night out they didn't go alone but were part of a group of sixteen people, all the rest of them old friends of Debbie's whom Eddie had insisted she invite because she hadn't had a chance to see them since their wedding.

Debbie uses her head

If Eddie is thoughtful Debbie is not only understanding but uses her head with the prescience all wives must when it comes to handling both the marriage and the family situations coming from it. When Eddie's mother was due to make a trip west to see them Debbie did some thinking and planning about arranging the exact date. She consulted her studio schedule to make sure she would be free not only to attend her duties as a hostess, but to be able to arrange events and jaunts for the visitors and accompany them.

Eddie was talking about her acting with some associates of his television program one day and suddenly interrupted himself to interject, "But the real secret of Debbie's acting is that she is interesting when she isn't acting!"

Incidentally, when Debbie appeared on Eddie's tv program, her contribution was such that he uttered a new version of his "It's nice to have a woman around the house" line. That night it was, "It's sure nice to have a woman around a television station."

Though Debbie was born in a border town in Texas, El Paso, and Eddie was a child of the brick and concrete fastness of Philadelphia, their views on many aspects of life are surprisingly the same. As Eddie once pointed out, the parents of neither of them was rich and one of the things they have in common is a long list of advantages neither of them enjoyed as children.

This may be why it tickles Eddie to see Debbie with luxuries that, as he very well knows, she could only yearn for when she was a youngster. And that may be why it pleases Debbie to dish up "extras" of anything she can for him. When Debbie first located their house for instance and phoned Eddie in New York to describe it she felt he would have a perfect right to stall off a decision to rent it until he came west to see it. But all Eddie said was if she liked it he would. And he did.

On the other hand, if anything Debbie wants is okay with Eddie, anything Eddie wants is not only okay with her—she insists on getting it for him. When Eddie, home after a night broadcast, starts refrigerator-wards to get himself a sandwich Debbie won't have it. She has to cook up a midnight snack . . . and that's the custom now. The menu is usually mid-geet hamburgers, salad with French dressing and, of course, cokes. Up to a month after they rented the house these midnight snacks were all the cooking Debbie had a chance to do for Eddie. But she was busting to do more and by the end of January had dished up more than one dinner, giving their cook a night off.

From getting used to Coca-Cola for breakfast, to not being overwhelmed by Junior, Eddie's big boxer, who always jumps all over her in his glee when she comes home, Debbie is thinking in terms of "We" all the time. In fact, that she is one half of a partnership is soon evident when one listens to her talk. Always a rapid, articulate talker, Debbie has slowed down enough to permit consideration for the fact that she is "talking for two."

Eddie and Debbie will never forget one of the first nights they had a chance to relax and enjoy their home together. They sat at first before the enormous fireplace in the living room and threw logs on the flames; first Eddie, then Debbie, in between toasting themselves and listening to the crackling. But after a while Eddie got up and studied the fire in a puzzled manner. There seemed to be more crackling than flames. Then he walked about the room uneasily, eventually stepping outside through the French windows. Immediately he yelled back at Debbie: "The house is on fire!"

It was on the roof. Vines growing too close to the chimney were ablaze. Eddie kept yelling and pointing up to the fire for the benefit of anyone close who might want to do something about it. The closest person was Debbie herself. In something like seven seconds flat she was protecting her beloved home, even if it was just rented! She had found a fire extinguisher, upended it, and was spraying the flames, holding it much like a machine-gunner firing from the hip. Eddie, in his excitement, kept coaching her and pointing out burning areas he thought needed dousing. He even climbed the side of the house to check results. In minutes the fire was out.

Well, the Fishers still sit before their fireplace. And they are going to continue sitting. But no more overbig fires that can get out of control. A nice steady blaze is the best, they have decided. **END**



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liz taylor

(Continued from page 39) giving your 'suggestion' the careful consideration it deserves. It is my considered opinion that all you're asking is that we print a pack of lies. Now, I assume you offered this to Smear before sending it to me. Was it too filthy even for them, or not filthy enough? Either way, I find it insulting that you thought for a moment that MODERN SCREEN would be interested. Your suggestion is rejected, and I sincerely hope it continues to be rejected wherever you try to sell it."

I signed it Charles D. Saxon. I could have signed it simply *Modern Screen*, because to all of us who put it out each month this magazine is a person, too. And the whole bunch of us happen to have a great deal of respect and love for the stars we work so closely with and write about. And especially Liz and Mike. They mean a lot to us because, besides being nice, friendly people, they represent a way of living that is decent and good.

So I did what I could. But, I feel strongly that what you can do, you the readers, is much more important and effective.

First of all you can learn to know a lie when you see one.

Suppose you read that on the Zarak Khan location at Tetuan, Spanish Morocco, Mike spent a lot of his time with Anita Ekberg, and that Victor Mature thereupon spent a lot of his time consoling Liz. Now just suppose you even believed Liz and Mike were that kind of people. Put yourself in the same goldfish bowl that they live in. Would you go tent-hopping in Tetuan under the eyes of the whole company? Not if you had all your marbles, you wouldn't. You put the story down as a lie.

Want the truth? In Spanish Morocco, on the Zarak Khan location it rained nearly the whole three weeks that Liz was visiting there. The natives in Tetuan sensed at once that Mike and Liz were man and wife. As one of them later explained, "Mr. and Mrs. Wilding make love all the time with their eyes."

"A funny thing about Mr. Wilding," explained the hotel clerk. "He insisted that Mrs. Wilding stay in the hotel and rest. I mean sleep all during the day and then at night, though he had worked, they would go through the Casbah. A most solicitous husband."

Or you read that Liz came home for the Christmas holidays leaving Mike behind in London—and that this meant the crack-up was at hand. But if you were Liz, and your man had to work to do, wouldn't you come home to help your kids trim the tree and be with them at Christmas? You bet your life you would. You put this one down as another lie.

Or you read that Liz entered St. John's Hospital—and that this must mean she'd grieved herself sick over the death of Jimmy Dean, her co-star in *Giant*. How much did he mean to her?

Certainly he meant something to her. When she learned of his death Liz broke down and wept. She wept decent, great-hearted tears for the sensitive, talented boy, the respected friend, who had been cut down in the morning of his prime. Well, didn't you ever have a friend of the opposite sex who was just a friend . . . no more? Would you have wept for him? So, you recognize another lie that the filth-peddlers twisted out of a fine truth.

Or you read a sneering report that it was really Mike's misbehavior that landed Liz, sick with jealousy, in the hospital. Think before you believe. These people aren't monsters; they're human beings like you and me. Liz has been dogged, as you know, by hepatitis, a broken leg, sci-

atica and migraine headaches. Not by jealousy.

The fact is that Dr. John Davis put Liz in St. John's for X-rays and other tests and found a ruptured disc in her neck, probably the result of a water-skiing injury several years ago.

And Mike? While the gossips claimed he was bringing chorus girls home(!) Mike was actually spending every spare hour in the hospital with Liz. He saw to it that she got everything she wanted, every care she needed. The day after the doctors shot her neck with cortisone, he waited breathlessly to find out if cortisone were the answer. "I just can't stand for Liz to be in pain," he said. "And I won't phone or disturb her before she phones me. I want her to get all the rest she can." "I've never seen such a devoted husband," Liz' doctor said. "This guy makes it bad for the rest of us!"

One more lie will nail down my point. At Santa Anita race track Liz ran into her ex-husband Nicky Hilton. Furthermore, she saw the races with him—and she kissed him! Damning, huh? Next day the gossips had her leaving Mike to re-marry Hilton! But what really happened was this:

Mike Wilding was in London finishing Zarak Khan and worrying about and talking to Liz on the trans-Atlantic phone. She said she wasn't feeling too well, and Mike suggested that she try and get out and have a little fun until he returned, which would be as soon as possible.

A few days later in Hollywood, Bob Wagner phoned Liz Taylor. Bob is an old family friend.

"How's about driving out to Santa Anita with me and the Thunderbird?" Bob asked Liz. "I'll bet it's been a long time since you've been at the track."

The idea appealed to Liz, so she and Wagner drove to the Turf Club. And there in the dining room whom should Liz run into? Nicky Hilton.

At least 10,000 persons saw Liz Taylor and Nicky Hilton together at Santa Anita. Ever the charming, boyish, appealing inveterate gambler, Nicky was in rare form that Saturday. He gave Liz a winning ticket in one race, bought her a \$100 ticket in another, bought two \$10 tickets for her children in a third. "Honestly, Nicky!" Liz exclaimed at these outbursts of extravagance. "You're insane! Really mad! I guess that's why I married you in the first place . . . and could never stay married to you." And with that she threw her arms around smiling Nicky and pecked him on the cheek.

So that's how you learn to know a lie when you see one. Once you learn to spot the lie-monger at work, what else can you do? You can avoid him altogether. Don't even expose yourself to the filth he's trying to spread! Don't buy his trash. Stay clean away. There's no other way to shut him up!

If I sound mad, well and good. Because I am mad. I'm mad because Liz and her man are our friends. Because they're good, decent people. Because I value too much the goodness and decency that they stand for, and live by, to see it spattered with mud—as long as you and I are around to do something about it!

Sincerely,
CHARLES D. SAXON
Editor

P.S. Something else you can do. If you're on our side—won't you write Liz today? If any friend ever did, she needs your moral support and will be grateful for it. Address your note to her at *Modern Screen*, 261 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. I'll forward it to her—as a present of real value for Mother's Day, 1956.—C.S. **END**

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why terry kept it a secret!

(Continued from page 63) have to know? We'll slip away to Las Vegas and be married secretly. I know a Judge Henderson down there who'll do it and say nothing to anyone."

"But what about afterwards? I don't want to have to sneak around, seeing you on the sly. You don't know what it's like in Hollywood—"

"But I do know what it's like in my part of the world. Just leave it up to me."

"I've got a couple of months between pictures," Terry said thoughtfully...

And so they were married.

Then began the curious modern Odyssey of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene C. McGrath, during which, traveling together but under separate names (she was sometimes Helen Koford, sometimes Helen Luella Davis), they went to Panama City, to New York, to Venezuela, to Havana, to Miami and points in between.

The suppressed story

It looked like Gene had set out to prove to Terry that you can do just about as you like, live your life on your own terms, if you're smart enough and, perhaps, rich enough. Certainly he covered their tracks well. Even considering the monumental tolerance of a worldly-wise press, which in such matters, when decently asked, is inclined to let people have their bit of fun, it must have cost him a lot.

The fact that the American press did not come right out and item the fact that actress Terry Moore was trotting around the western hemisphere in the company of Eugene McGrath, sharing his suites and every moment of his time, was not because the press was unaware. The reports came seeping in to Hollywood, New York, Miami—sometimes a day or two late, to be sure, but all adding up to the same story.

A few columnists, whose business it is to hint, hinted like mad. But to the credit of one and all, Terry got the break of her life. "Let her alone," was the consensus. "Give her a chance. Maybe it's love..."

It's hard to guess just how long Terry and Gene would have gone on their merry way, leaving a trail of raised eyebrows over half the world, had they not decided to relax for a few days in Miami's Isle de Capri, a plush hotel on the raucous 79th Street Causeway that ties Miami to Miami Beach. True to form, McGrath contacted the manager, an amiable gent named Daly, and requested that during their stay he call off his press agent and protect them from local reporters.

Then for three or four days they night-clubbed, swam, went water skiing and even horseback riding.

The case of the headless body

Now read closely, kiddies, and I will tell you how such an operation as the McGraths' secret marriage becomes, overnight, public property. Because of a picture, the body was dropped; because of the body, a writer said, "Hey, isn't—doesn't that belong to Terry Moore?"

And there you are.

It went like this:

Terry and Gene drove out to Miami's International Airport to catch a plane one late afternoon in mid-February. A reporter for the Miami Daily News, Herb Kelly, was on hand. He recognized Terry, sitting alone behind a pair of dark glasses, at a table. Went up to talk to her.

Of course Herb knew that Terry and Gene had been staying at the Isle de Capri for four or five days. He and other local reporters had respected their privacy. But Terry was en route now, and fair game.

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One day, Terry did give an interview—her first in six months—to a fourteen-year-old Miami Beach High School journalism student named Margie Battles. Margie, sunning in a nearby cabana at the hotel, had recognized Terry and asked Daly to arrange an interview for her school paper.

"Sure," Terry told Daly—and Daly's hastily summoned publicity agent, Ed Jaffe. "I'll talk to the kid. But how do I explain McGrath?"

"If she asks, say he's trying to sell you an insurance policy."

"Great!" Terry said. But Gene, a short while later, killed the idea.

"It's terrible," he said. "Say I'm 'handling business ventures of yours in South America.' It sounds better."

Terry met her match in Mr. Kelly. This veteran reporter was not a high school freshman goggle-eyed over a teen-age delight. He said simply, "My dear Miss Moore, I'm old enough to be your father. Now, then . . ."

For the next hour and a half Terry (later joined by Gene, once he'd returned from a business talk with the president of Guest Airlines) worked out what they felt would be a sensible release for the local Miami press. Terry said that she was vexed at reports that she had a heavy romance going on and that she and Gene had been hiding out in Havana, Panama City, Miami and other points.

She refuted the Turkish publicity, even doing a pose in the same position to prove that her skirts had been modestly arranged. She denied that there'd ever been anything serious between her and Dick Fincher (Gloria DeHaven's fiancé), Johnnie Ray, Robert Wagner, Larry Burns, Nick Savano, Bing Crosby or Robert Taylor.

As for McGrath: "He is my financial advisor." Any chance she would marry him? "I won't say that. If we ever did marry, you would say I was a liar and Terry is not a liar."

She then said she was leaving for New York. Kelly went back to the office and wrote his story accordingly.

A few moments later a clerk for Pan American Airlines told Terry that in order to be readmitted into Panama she must provide a photo or two for the customs clearance slip. She fished a photograph out of her purse and gave it to him. He razored the head out of the picture and dropped what was left in a waste basket, from which a writer with a large bump of curiosity shortly rescued it.

Instead of flying to New York, Terry flew to Panama with her husband that evening. Oddly enough, although she had always managed to get by with her maiden name, Helen Koford, this time she wrote herself in as Helen Luella Davis, using the name of her ex-husband.

Well, bear with us. We are nearly at the end of this fantastic tale and of the puzzle it presents.

It was on February 6th that Terry, Gene and the newspaper reporter sat together at the airport. The next day his story appeared.

That afternoon the inquisitive writer, holding in his hand a photo from which a face had been razored, said casually, "But she flew to Panama with him. No, not New York, Panama."

A famous New York columnist was in Miami that day, on his way to Cuba. By evening his story had hit the special wires. And the next afternoon, Terry's mother announced the marriage. She had to.

All over the Hemisphere, from Panama to Caracas to Havana to Miami to New York to Las Vegas, hotel managers and publicity men and reporters breathed a sigh of relief and vowed, "Never again."

If ever you need proof, Terry, that those of us who write about and photograph you are on your side, this story is it.

We waited as long as we could. And Honey—we knew all the time. **END**

rusty takes a wife

(Continued from page 53) into Speed's car. "Ask me," he challenged, "if I've forgotten anything."

"Not me. I'm convinced." Speed stepped on the gas. "I'm one best man who doesn't have anything to do but deliver the body." He slid his car into the stream of traffic on Sunset Boulevard, headed oceanward, whistling the wedding march.

"Yipes!" Russ yelled.

Speed jammed on the brakes. "What's the matter?"

"The rings—the rings," Russ bellowed. "I had 'em right here."

"Sure, sure you did," Speed assured him. "But tell Papa, when's the last time you remember seeing them?"

"Well," Russ puzzled, scratching his well-combed hair furiously, "I was standing in front of the mirror, tying my tie. I remembered that I'd put the rings in my handkerchief pocket."

"So naturally, that being a safe place, you took them out."

"Yeah. I figured I might pull out the handkerchief and they might fall out—roll under the bed maybe. That's it! That's it!"

"Under the bed?"

"No, you dope. I put them on top of the bed, so when I put my coat on. . . ."

"Okay." Speed turned his car around. "So we go back."

"You sure that'll give us enough time?"

"Naturally. You allowed six minutes to change a flat tire. We'll use up the six minutes on the rings and we won't have a flat."

Meantime, at the home of director Robert Stevenson, the day's leading lady, bride-to-be Venetia, was making a brave attempt at being calm. The wedding gown, which had been so carefully planned so there'd be plenty of time, had turned plans into a last minute rush. Venetia was trying it on for the last time now, carefully arranging the bows at its high straight neckline. The dress was of pure silk *peau de soie*, French blue in color, the material having been sent especially from New York to the shop of Chris, on the Sunset Strip, arriving so late that Venetia had to spend two hours the day before the wedding on a final fitting. Material for the gloves, of the same fabric and color as the dress, had been missing. They were finished just in the nick of time, and then only because Chris and his staff had worked from midnight until dawn.

Now Venetia put on her little hat with its brim of forget-me-nots in blue and violet shades. Then came the veil of nylon net, which was waist length and dyed to match her gown. She picked up her wedding bouquet of small orchids and lily-of-the-valley, stepped back and viewed herself critically in the full-length mirror behind the door in her bedroom. Venetia is one of those fortunate creatures who, if she were any more beautiful, would be unbelievable. Yet, she frowned at the bride-to-be staring back at her, said, half to herself, "Well, it's the best I can do." Then she called out to her dad, "I'm ready!"

Outside the Stevenson home there waited a long, sleek, black Cadillac limousine. The driver was Ernest T. (Lymie)

Scarcliff, a twenty-year veteran of the MGM transportation department. He'd met Rusty during the shooting of *Seven Brides For Seven Brothers*, later driven for him on location in South Dakota for *The Last Hunt*. Long before the press and public awakened to the fact that Russ Tamblyn was a certain star bet, Lymie had boosted his stock with every producer on the lot until their ears rang. And Lymie had insisted that his wedding present from him would be his personal services on their wedding day. As Venetia climbed into the car, Lymie, holding the door, growled, his voice husky with sentiment, "You are the most beautiful bride I've seen since the day I was married."

Then, with Mr. and Mrs. Bob Stevenson as added passengers, Lymie headed the car toward Portuguese Bend. (Venetia's own mother, her parents having been divorced, had gone on ahead. But the bride's mother and father have remained good friends.)

As the big limousine glided through the rolling hills of Palos Verdes, Venetia said happily, "Just one more mile—ten minutes more and I'll be a married woman."

"Shucks, girl," her dad chided, "you needn't be so darned happy about leaving home."

Venetia gave him a kiss on the cheek. "Quiet, young man," she exclaimed, "don't be a bad loser." Then, as the car turned into the parking lot of the striking Cliffside church, she cried out, "There's Russ getting out of his car. He mustn't see me!"

She didn't have to worry. Russ saw the familiar limousine, turned and hurried toward the church entrance to avoid the bad luck of seeing his bride in her wedding gown before the ceremony.

"It's too bad," Venetia's father remarked "that it had to be so foggy today. I was hoping there'd be a lot of sunshine."

"Oh, don't worry," Venetia replied, "the sun will shine. You'll see."

It did, too, for the sky began to brighten just as the organ began to murmur the lovely refrain of Schubert's "Ave Maria." Then, the rays of sunlight began to filter through the sky, illuminating the church in the way that has caused boatmen offshore in the Pacific to refer to it as "the candle of God."

Here comes the bride

At this moment the wedding march began. And the eyes of the few invited guests, all but one or two being members of the immediate families (Debbie and Eddie Fisher were the only two invited star guests, but they had to be in San Francisco), turned to watch the bride's entrance. A moment later, Russ and Venetia stood before the Reverend Kenneth William Knox, a minister of the Church of the New Jerusalem. His resonant, distinct voice began: "Dearly beloved . . ."

Venetia's head was bowed. Russ' eyes were riveted on her face. He saw one big tear course down her cheek. Gently, he placed a finger under her chin and raised her head so that their eyes met. Reverend Knox continued the marriage ceremony instructions. "... to enjoy the blessedness of this estate, it is necessary that those who enter into it should be delivered from self love, and become established in supreme love to the Lord and in mutual love to each other. . . . Russ Tamblyn, wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after the ordinance of the Lord in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor and keep her in sickness and in health; and keep thee only unto her, so long as ye shall both live?"

"I will," Russ responded with quiet emphasis. In less than five minutes the double ring ceremony with its inspiring prayer at conclusion was over. The bride and groom hurried down the aisle to face the

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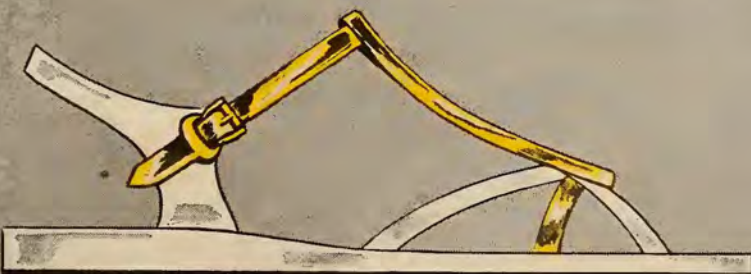
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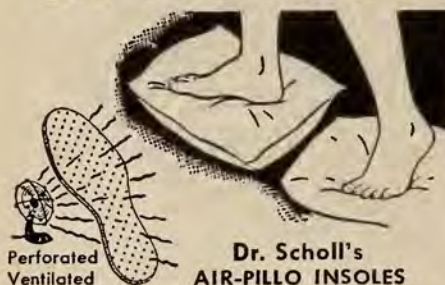
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cameramen waiting outside. Russ dutifully and joyfully kissed his bride six times for the benefit of the press until one of them said, "That's all, kids."

"The heck it is," Russ retorted. "I've kissed her enough for you—now I'm going to kiss her for myself!" He did, thoroughly.

Only a select few attended the champagne-pouring at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson. There were Venetia's lovely mother, former actress Anna Lee, who is now Mrs. George Stafford of San Francisco; the bride's brother, Hugh, eleven, and sister Caroline, fourteen; the popular actors' agents, Milton Garfield, and Dick Clayton. Russ' guests included his two ushers and longtime friends, Fred Fraley and Bob Six, with whom he went to school in North Hollywood. (His brother, Warren, a missionary in Germany, couldn't be present, but he'd sent them their first wedding present, a striking, intricately carved cuckoo clock.) Then there were Russ' mom and dad, his Grandma and Grandpa Triplett, his Aunt Ruth and Uncle Irving. Also present at the cutting of the wedding cake, but without benefit of champagne, was his cousin, Karen, age thirteen.

The high spot of the reception came when Dick Clayton proposed a toast to the bridegroom, and announced that he had a special wedding present for the bride. "Ladies and gentlemen" he said, "here's to the bride—may she be the brightest star at RKO!" Everyone whooped at the news, for ten days before, after long discussions between Russ and Venetia, it was decided that she should give in to the pressure and have a career of her own. "I guess I'm largely responsible," Dick explained, "because I know how terrifically busy Russ is now that his work demands so much of his time. Venetia would be spending many long hours alone in their apartment, because she isn't a gadabout. Because Russ has to be here, there and everywhere, they couldn't set up normal housekeeping. They are devoted to each other, and both being clean cut kids with their feet on the ground, a career for Venetia is going to add to their mutual interests, rather than detract."

"You're the boss!"

At times like this the family can reminisce for hours, but the bride and groom want to look forward, not backward, so early in the afternoon Russ whispered to Lymie, "Do you think anyone would mind if we sort of sneaked out?"

"Of course not, lad," Lymie responded. "Besides, you're the complete boss, now."

So Lymie loaded them into the limousine and they went for a long ride around Hollywood, through the hills. Venetia and Russ began to build their own memories. "Remember that day last week," Russ said, "when we were being interviewed about our plans. How I sat at one table and you sat at another against the same wall, with your back toward me. The poor interviewers. They thought we'd had a fight!"

Venetia remembered, too. "Better not forget to leave the key for Speed to get into our apartment so things can be delivered."

"Gee, yes, I almost forgot. You know, I don't think anyone believed me when I said all the furniture we had was that king-sized bed of yours, our do-it-yourself coffee table, the television set and the MODERN SCREEN Silver Cup."

"Oh, we have more than that," Venetia chided. "How could you forget about the wall-to-wall carpets?"

The rest of their conversation is privileged talk of the sort that takes place between two people just married and deeply in love, except for that priceless moment when Russ called out to Lymie, who was trying to drive with his ears closed.

"Hey, pop, we've got to go past my apartment. I've forgotten my overcoat!"

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Dutifully, Lymie headed for Russ' former abode. Once there they discovered that Russ had also forgotten his keys. They went to look for the landlord and never found him. Finally a friendly neighbor volunteered to let them call for a locksmith, who arrived an hour later to pick the lock and let Russ in for his coat. He emerged, grinning. "Remind me, sweetheart, never to forget anything again."

She promised, but Russ no longer had a mental appetite for the trivial things of life. Lymie drove them to the Bel-Air Hotel where the studio had reserved the bridal suite as a wedding present.

Next morning at 5:30 a.m., the telephone rang softly several times before Russ, deep in sleep, clutched at it. "Good morning, Mr. Tamblin," a charming feminine voice said, "you left a call for five-thirty."

"I did?" Russ asked.

"Yes, Mr. Tamblin. Shall I call you again in ten minutes?"

"No thanks," Russ was half awake now, and so was Venetia. They both looked at the warmth of the still faintly glowing fireplace and Venetia gazed with a bride's adoration at her new husband. She smiled gently as he rumbled his hair; scratching his head in a half stupor.

"My darling husband," she murmured, "there's something I want to tell you."

"Yeah, honey?"

"There's no business like show business—let's get up."

Honeymoon

At Clover Field airport in Santa Monica the temperature was forty-two degrees when Mr. and Mrs. Tamblin arrived, again in the sleek black limousine with Lymie at the wheel. Ralph Couser, long time friend of Bob Taylor's, had pulled the twin engine Beechcraft out of its hangar before dawn and had checked it thoroughly. He opened the door to the Cadillac to greet the huddled newlyweds.

"Congratulations and good morning," he said. "How about a little breakfast?"

"Wonderful," Venetia exclaimed. "You know, I always wondered what sort of a wedding breakfast I'd have. Whether it would be on the beach in Honolulu or on a tray at the Waldorf-Astoria. But now I know, and it couldn't be nicer."

Russ eased himself to the floor of the back seat, as Ralph brought the breakfast—a thermos of coffee and two doughnuts.

Stewart Granger showed up in a taxicab, looking a little grim. "I expect," he announced, "that my disposition will rise from lousy to grouchy by the time we're somewhere over New Mexico."

"How about a shot with the bride and groom?" photographer Beerman asked. "Maybe you'd better give her a kiss."

"Nothing doing," Granger retorted. "This junket is all for these two wonderful kids. I'm not a scene stealer—I'm just along for the ride."

Moments later, Granger and Mr. and Mrs. T. were aboard the plane. Pilot Couser consulted the map of the route to Sioux City, where they were to attend the premiere of *The Last Hunt*.

"Clammy and cold down here, but upstairs nothing but sunlight."

The honeymoon air special roared down the runway. As its wheels lifted from the pavement an unusual phenomenon occurred. Just for a few seconds, as had happened a day before in the Wayfarers' church, a shaft of sunlight broke through the overcast, lighting up the silver winged plane with a soft glow, as though a special sort of blessing had been sent from above for the honeymooners.

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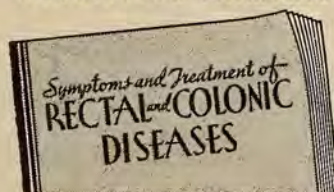
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airport to the premiere ("They tromped us, but they were nice," said Venetia) and someone filled their hotel room with roses and champagne. The flowers gave Venetia hay fever, but the champagne gave them a thrill, so they were even. The next day they toured hospitals all morning and took a plane for The Twin Cities at noon. "We hope we didn't rush you around too much," everyone apologized as they left. "We know it's your honeymoon."

Minnesota sent up more roses, more champagne and put them on tv. With Venetia sniffing from the bouquets and Russ beaming into the cameras, the m.c. asked them, "Hope we haven't invaded your privacy too much." "Not at all," said Russ. "Well," said their host, "we'll try to leave you a little time to yourselves. What'll you do with it?" Russ stared at him. "Mister," he said, "are you kidding?"

natalie wood

(Continued from page 42) a great actress, but I wasn't thinking about that. I was thinking that the beautiful, wild-eyed, determined, rebellious, turbulent girl in my arms might someday become a very fine woman.

She needs to learn to control the sparks that shoot off from her like they do from a firecracker on the fourth of July, and she needs to stop racing through life like a locomotive with the throttle open. She needs the seasoning that a few more years will give her, and a good healthy kick in the pants occasionally won't do her any harm, but she is still only seventeen, and she is already generous, independent, loyal, kind, and as finely tempered as a piece of steel.

When we were half-way around the park, she woke up again.

"Nicky?"

"Yes?"

"Nicky?"

"Are you warm enough?"

"Uh-huh. Nicky, am I a nice person?"

I teased her. "No."

"Why?" She sat up.

"You're inconsiderate, rude, conceited, spoiled and impatient."

"Oh." She paused for a moment. "I suppose I am."

"Don't worry about a thing," I said. "You'll grow up." I smiled at her. "Look! The sun's out, and your chaperon is probably freezing to death up there with the driver. Come on, let's have breakfast."

"I think growing up," she said wistfully, "is the hardest thing in the world to do."

She's right, of course. But Natalie has done it. It's taken her the whole year and a half since I first met her and even the few months since that New York trip, but I think her growing pains are almost over.

Some things about her haven't changed. They will never change. She will never lose the excitement that makes everybody in the room turn toward her, and she will always seem to glitter when she walks as though the sun is focusing all of its rays toward her head. But she is no longer the little rebel that I met in the casting office at Warner Brothers on the ninth day of December, 1954.

Sour Sixteen

She was sixteen years old, and she was the only person in the casting office when I came in. I was twenty-three years old. I was wearing a pea jacket and a pair of Navy boots. I had been out of the Navy for three weeks, and I didn't have quite enough money to buy myself a civilian coat. I was at Warner Brothers to test for *Rebel Without A Cause*. Solly Baiano,

Saturday night they arrived in New York and had all day Sunday to themselves. They unpacked their five suitcases, took a quick walk through the park and spent the rest of the day making lists of the things they'd do if they got another day off.

The hotel sent up roses and champagne.

Reporters and cameramen arrived by the score. "You poor kids," they said. "No privacy on your honeymoon."

Russ and Venetia grinned at each other and she reached up to whisper in his ear—something she does so well that no one, however close, can hear. Russ nodded. "Look," he said, "everyone's been worrying so much about our honeymoon. You send up flowers, you send up champagne, we get great rooms—and you leave us alone at night. Why, mister, stop worrying. We're having a ball!" **END**

the casting director, liked to go fishing, and so did I. We had had some good arguments over fishing while I was making *Mister Roberts*, and he had asked me back to test for *Rebel*.

Natalie was looking out the window.

"Hi, Beautiful," I said, as I always say to all pretty girls.

She turned around and glared at me—at least it seemed that way at the time. It didn't take me very long to find out that this was a different kind of girl than I had ever known. The next most cloistered life—after growing up within convent walls—is growing up on a studio lot. The Board of Education bends over backwards to protect kids working in pictures from any kind of bad influence. Even today, although Natalie is almost eighteen, the state law requires that a chaperon and welfare worker be with her on every movie set, and on every kind of activity that stems out of her being a movie star.

I never knew anyone who had a chaperon before. And Natalie—well, I guess Natalie never knew anybody who said "Hi, Beautiful" to strange girls.

I'll never forget how she looked at that first meeting. Natalie—as I found out later—was going through a stage when she was trying to shed adolescent roles and step into the big time, grown-up stuff. She thought that the way to impress producers and casting executives with her experience was to dress like a woman of thirty. But the severe black dress, the veiled hat, the sheer hose and opera pumps, in combination with her imp's face, only made her look like a kid dressed up in her mother's clothes.

"Do you work here?" I asked. (I recognized her, of course. In the middle of the Pacific Ocean I had watched several old movies in which Natalie was cuddled in the laps of bewhiskered gentlemen. But I pretended that I had never seen her before.)

"I'm testing for *Rebel Without A Cause* for Mr. Nick Ray," she answered haughtily.

"Really? What's your name?"

"Natalie Wood."

"Natalie Wood. Wood . . . Wood. I'm afraid I don't place it," I said apologetically. "Have you done much acting?"

"A little," she said coldly. "I'm sixteen now, but of course I didn't get started until I was four."

I winced. She was very pretty. And sort of cute. But, even so, I wasn't sure that I wanted to know Natalie Wood any better. She had been a movie star almost from the day she learned to walk, and I had a hunch that people had been babying her and catering to her for an awfully long time. I didn't feel like joining the throng.

"Well—I hope you get the role," I told her. And backed away.

The silent treatment

She did get the role, of course.

Before the picture started Natalie, Jimmy Dean, Dennis Hopper and a few others were called in to make tests.

After lunch Dennis Hopper and I sprawled on the set waiting for the tests to resume. We were discussing our favorite topic—the various theories of acting, and Natalie stood by, looking as though this might be a favorite topic with her, too.

We gave her the Silent Treatment.

The Silent Treatment continued all day—until Natalie herself broke it, late that afternoon as we were leaving. It had started to rain, and we ran for the car. Natalie trotted a few feet behind us.

"Look," she said, "even criminals get a second chance. Can I help it because I was a Child Star? I'm really not bad, through and through."

She looked terribly forlorn, standing there with drops of rain rolling down her face and all of the sophistication washed away.

"Better get in the car," I said. "You don't want to catch a cold."

"Please, then, will you give me a lift?"

I smiled at her. "Sure," I said. "Can we buy you a hamburger and a malt?"

She smiled back. She was beautiful when she smiled. "Delighted," she said.

Laughter in Hollywood

Friendship is a strange thing. Nobody can say just how or why it gets started, but ours started at that moment. I had boxed her ears, and she never tried to pull an act or impress me again. She wanted to have the world on a leash, trailing along behind her whenever she whistled, but her faults didn't matter too much because she was more fun to be with than any other girl I had ever met. She had a trick of laughing so that you had to join her and the gift of expressing happiness more completely than anyone else in the world.

We had fun those first few months. There was the afternoon that Kim Novak called me from New York and asked me to take a girl friend of hers to an important party that night. Natalie and Dennis were there when Kim called. I hung up the phone and looked at them. My good suit was at the cleaners; my car had broken something the day before and all it did was sit and smoke; and I wasn't even sure I had enough money to pay all the taxi fares for the evening.

"Sorry," Natalie said. "But it's your problem. Come on, Dennis, we've got to go." And she dragged Dennis out.

Two hours later she was back. She had borrowed a tuxedo from one of Dennis' friends. She had brought her Thunderbird for me to use, and she had even brought along Tony Ray—son of director Nick Ray—to act as my chauffeur. He was dressed in a chauffeur's jacket and cap that she had borrowed somewhere else. She waved goodbye to me. "See you tomorrow," she said.

But I saw her much sooner than that. When my date and I arrived at the party, Natalie, Dennis and five or six of their friends were hanging around the entrance with autograph books in their hands. They rushed up to me screaming, "There's Nick Adams." "Oh, I swoon for him." "Isn't he wonderful?"

Twenty or twenty-five real autograph hunters trailed after them, thinking that I must be someone really important. When I was surrounded with real autograph books, Natalie and Dennis stood on the edge of the crowd cheering me on.

And there was my birthday. When I

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went to my car that day, I found a new typewriter in the back seat. It was tied with a red ribbon, and she had written this note:

"With this you can type out love, sincerity, loyalty and all the other things that you mean to me."

In a way we did love each other, but we were not in love. It is just that at certain times in a person's life he needs another person to whom he can tell everything, a person of whom he can ask questions that he can ask no one else, a person who will understand.

And Natalie was facing a difficult challenge. She wanted desperately to be grown-up, but she didn't know what being grown-up meant. She didn't want to follow any rules or obey any regulations. She thought that being grown-up meant being free of the rules that said she had to be chaperoned on the set and that she had to go to school a certain number of hours a day and that she had to be home by twelve o'clock and that she couldn't do this and must do that. For a few months she spent most of her time rebelling against everything and everybody.

Climax

The climax came one evening when *Rebel* was finished. I picked her up at her house and found myself in the middle of a four-cornered argument.

"I'm not going to do it . . ." Natalie was saying.

"You are," said her folks.

"I'm not." She bit her lip and slammed the door behind her.

"I hate being young," she said when we were outside. "The day that I'm eighteen I'm going to get my own apartment."

That was only the beginning of that evening. We were invited to Dennis' house for a small party. There were six or seven other people there, and Natalie wanted to prove how really grown-up she was.

"I want a cigarette," she said.

She has never smoked and she didn't smoke that evening. But she found a cigarette and lit it. Then she sat on the couch with it, trying to look sophisticated and flicking the ashes aside. A few minutes later flames spurted up from the couch.

"Hey. Look out," Dennis said, pushing her aside and smothering the flames with a towel. He put the fire out, but there was a large hole in the cushion.

"Look what you did," Dennis said.

"I'm sorry," Natalie said vaguely.

"You ought to be sorry."

"Well, it isn't really my fault. I was just sitting there and all of a—"

Somebody turned on the phonograph and I swung Natalie into my arms. While we were dancing I said, "It was your fault, Natalie. You're too careless and—"

She broke in. "I don't want to hear about it."

"You won't listen to anything a person says lately. Someday you're going to get into trouble, leaping into things without listening."

A friend of Dennis came in with two bullfighter posters, a book about bullfighters, and a glass of tequila.

"What's that?" Natalie asked.

"Lemonade," the boy said. "Have some."

"Natalie," I said. "He's just—"

But she wasn't listening again. Before I could warn her, she had impatiently picked up the "lemonade" and swallowed it. Tears trickled down her eyelashes and she stood choking and coughing in the middle of the room. I handed her a glass of water.

"Now will you start listening and stop doing things so quickly?"

She didn't thank me for the advice.

"Come on," I said. "We'd better be 98 leaving."

We drove without talking to each other. I was pretty angry at her, and she was—well, three miles from Dennis' house, she said. "Stop the car, Nicky."

"Huh?"

"Nicky, stop the car. I'm going to be sick."

I pulled on the brake, and she slid out the car door and wobbled across the sidewalk. When she came back, she was paler than I had ever seen her.

"How do you feel?"

"Awful."

I put my arms around her. "You are inconsiderate, rude, spoiled and too dog-gone impatient."

"I know it," she moaned. "Nicky, I want some water. Please get me some water."

"Where?"

"There's a Ladies' Room over there." She pointed weakly.

I saw the sign. "But, Natalie. . ."

"Please."

I headed hesitantly to the Ladies' Room. A car passed and I stood outside the door whistling and looking blankly at the stars. Then I ducked inside. I got her a cup of water and a couple of wet paper towels for her head. I brought them back to her.

She drank the water too quickly. For a moment I thought she was going to be sick again. I held one of the paper towels against her forehead.

"Why am I so impatient?" she asked. "Why do I want to break away from other people's advice and why do I do everything so quickly as though there isn't a second to spare?"

"You're trying to grow up," I said. "And you don't understand what it means. It's not being free and under no rules. It means being responsible for yourself."

We talked for a long time that night. I can't tell you most of the things we said. They were told to me in confidence, and they are too private to write. But Natalie cried and had to use the soggy paper towels to dry her eyes, and she listened, too.

Domesticated Natalie

In two months now, she will be eighteen. But she will not be leaving home.

"Who would take my messages and help me keep my things straight and tell me the things I still need to know?" she asks. "I'm not ready to leave home yet."

She is interested in listening to people and talking to them and learning everything that she can. Dennis is bunking at my house and sometimes the three of us sit around the fireplace there, reading aloud from Thomas Wolfe or Hemingway and discussing what we have read. She is considerate of other people's opinions now and their feelings. She tries hard to be fair to people. For instance, if I have an early call in the morning, she will drive herself to my house instead of demanding that I pick her up and take her home.

When I first met her, she didn't even know how to turn on the stove. Last week I came over to her house with a bag full of groceries.

"I'll make dinner," she said.

And she did. It was a good dinner—

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hamburgers, salad and corn on the cob—and we ate every bit of it. Then we went into the living room and started to read.

When Natalie does something, she does it with a flourish. There were two clean dishes left when she was through making dinner and I shuddered at the idea of cleaning the kitchen. But while Natalie's mother and I talked, Natalie washed the dishes herself and put everything away.

She has not changed completely. She is still imperious and impatient. But I would not want her to change completely. She might lose that air of excitement that hangs around her like a cloak and makes her completely different from anyone I have ever met. Even when she burns you up, she does it with style.

Two weeks ago, I was asked to perform at a benefit. I was to be a guest at supper, so I picked Natalie up at the studio when shooting was over for the day on her picture, *A Cry In The Night*. We arrived at the hotel at seven, found our table and had our dinner served. At 7:30 the speeches began. At 10:30 the speeches were still going.

"Let's go," Natalie said, tugging at my sleeve.

"I can't," I whispered. "I've got to perform."

"I don't see why."

"Natalie!"

"Oh, all right."

At one o'clock the m.c. finally smiled at me. "And now we're going to have a little entertainment," he said.

Everybody was too sleepy to want to be entertained, so I made my act short.

"Fine," the m.c. said. "And now a little more entertainment."

"Oh, no," Natalie groaned.

The "little more entertainment" was someone with a harp and a large repertory of songs. Natalie yawned across the table at me for another five minutes.

Then she rested her chin on her hands, sighed mournfully, and sang—in tune with the harp—"Let us go."

"It's not polite."

"I don't care," she trilled lightly. "My seat . . . is . . . getting . . . sore . . ."

She took her hands away from her chin and stood up. "I . . . am . . . going . . . now," she sang. Unfortunately the harp player had paused for breath. Everybody in the room turned to look at us, and I followed her as quickly as I could. At the door the headwaiter stopped us.

"You owe twenty dollars," he said. "For the dinner."

"I am supposed to be a guest," I said.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said. "But you know . . ."

I reached into my pocket for my wallet. Natalie grabbed the wallet out of my hands and faced the headwaiter. She was very angry.

"That's not fair," she said. "They told him he was a guest."

She pulled the check away from the headwaiter. With a grand flourish she shredded it to bits and let the pieces drift to the floor. Then she floated imperially toward the exit.

I loved her very much at that minute. She is exasperating, aggravating and maddening, but she is also the most exciting person I have ever known. She is as fascinating as a fancy dress ball and as indescribable as a Roman candle.

And I suppose that she has got the world on her leash at that. I followed the trail of paper to the door where she was waiting for me. I hugged her and, laughing wildly, we ran to the car.

END

(Natalie Wood can be seen in Warner Brothers' *The Searchers*. Nick Adams can currently be seen in Columbia's *Picnic* and Warner Brothers' *Our Miss Brooks*.)

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