

THE TWO WAYS LIZ TAYLOR RUINED HER MARRIAGE

NOV 19 1956

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marilyn
enters a
Jewish
family

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**LISTERINE
ANTISEPTIC**



... stops bad breath

4 times better than any tooth paste

modern screen

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*Color portrait of Marilyn Monroe on the cover by Jacques Lowe.
Marilyn can currently be seen in the 20th Century-Fox film
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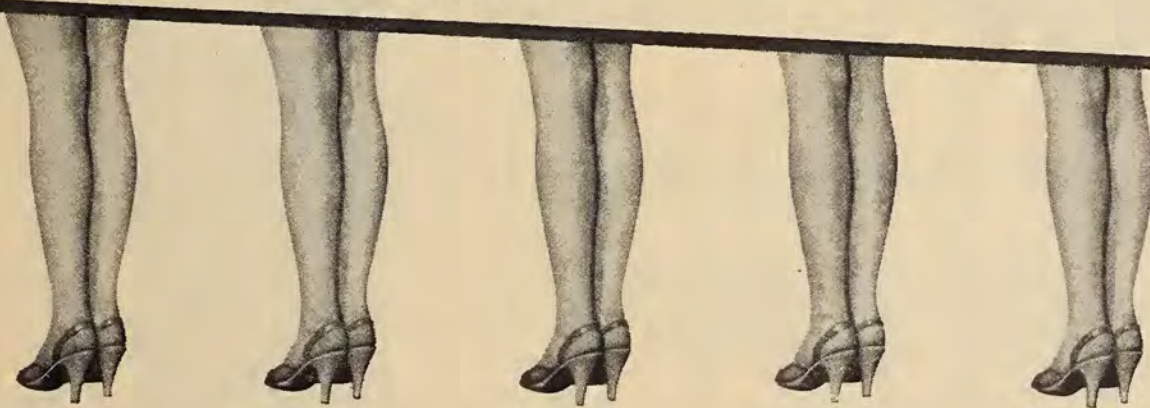
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THE INSIDE STORY

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

Q. Is it true that MGM plans to remake *Anna Christie*, the great Greta Garbo starrer, into a musical entitled *A Saint I Ain't*?
—K. F., N. Y. C.

A. Yes, that is the tentative working title. Doris Day is penciled in for the lead.

Q. Can you reveal the maiden name of Diana Dors?
—J.N., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. Diana Fluck.

Q. Doesn't Elvis Presley have a girl friend hidden away at Stephens College in Columbia, Mo.?
—V.B., ST. LOUIS, MO.

A. Yes! Her name is Carola Joseph.

Q. Is it true that her subjects in Monaco consider Princess Grace Kelly a snob?
—E.H., TROY, N.Y.

A. No, they are merely disappointed. They expected a great flood of Americans to visit Monaco and patronize Monte Carlo this year. Attendance at the gaming tables has been surprisingly slim.

Q. Did Howard Hughes ever give Debra Paget a five-carat diamond ring? If so, why doesn't she wear it?
—N.Y., NEWARK, N.J.

A. Debra has returned the ring to Mr. Hughes.

Q. Is Tony Perkins, the new Paramount star, going steady with Elaine Aiken?
—B.T., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. They are close friends.

Q. How much does Sal Mineo earn per week?
—S.T., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A. \$1000.

Q. Is Dean Martin's wife pregnant again? Incidentally, who is Jerry Lewis' new partner?
—F.B., MIAMI, FLA.

A. Mrs. Martin is again pregnant; Jerry's new partner is Darren McGavin, a talented actor from Spokane. They will be seen together for the first time in *The Delinquent*.

Q. What ever happened to Peter Lawford and Elaine Stewart?
—B.T., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. Lawford is working in night clubs; Stewart has gone to U-I for *The Tattered Dress*.

Q. Is Mario Lanza broke?
—C.V., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A. Just about.

Q. Hasn't Natalie Wood secretly been going with director Nick Ray, who secretly has been going with Shelley Winters?
—A.N., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. Natalie and Nick are new friends; Nick and Shelley are old friends.

Q. Recently I saw some nude pictures of Anita Ekberg in a magazine. Isn't there a rule in Hollywood that players can't pose in the nude?
—H.F., CHEYENNE, WYO.

A. They cannot appear nude in motion pictures. There are no rules concerning still photographs in magazines.

Q. I've been told that Audrey Hepburn can't have any children—true?
—M.D., LONDON, ENG.

A. No.

Q. Isn't Elizabeth Taylor secretly in love with Montgomery Clift? Isn't that the real reason for her separation from Mike Wilding?
—V. N., NEWTON, MASS.

A. Liz says no.

Q. Does Jeff Chandler dye his hair iron-grey?
—S.L., BOSTON, MASS.

A. No; he is prematurely grey.

Q. In the picture *Trapeze*, did Tony Curtis really do the triple somersault?
—H.G., HYANNIS, MASS.

A. No.

Q. Is the Ava Gardner-Walter Chiari affair serious?
—O.B., FT. WORTH, TEX.

A. Not to Ava.

Q. Has Jane Powell left MGM for good after fourteen years?
—K.L., SEATTLE, WASH.

A. Jane must do three pictures in three years for MGM; is no longer under exclusive contract there.

Somewhere at
 a secluded U.S.
 Air Force Base
 lives a picked
 handful of
 very special
 men—the
 rocket pilots
 of outer
 space....

THIS IS THE
 STORY OF
 A ROCKET
 PILOT, U.S.A.
 —AS PLAYED BY
 WILLIAM HOLDEN



*"So they call
 you a coward
 — and pure yellow!
 So you're going to
 show the world—
 by flying right
 out of it!"*

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

WILLIAM HOLDEN

IN

"TOWARD THE UNKNOWN"

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CO-STARRING

LLOYD NOLAN
VIRGINIA LEITH
CHARLES MCGRAW

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 PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY **MERVYN LEROY**

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 WARNER BROS.



LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

I'm back from abroad
to catch up with all the latest
doings of my Hollywood
friends—and what a month
this has been!

A SPLASH I DIDN'T LIKE! I don't know the "inside" on the **Diana Dors-Dennis Hamilton** party debacle. And I don't want to.

The "outgo" of it all was just a lot of bad publicity for Hollywood.

It's been hinted that it was a "publicity stunt." This, I refuse to believe. Hollywood hasn't needed to resort to such deplorable publicity tactics in years.

There's nothing funny about four people, Diana, her husband Dennis, stylist Howard Shoup and agent Louis Shurr, being pushed into the shallow end of a swimming pool where any of them might have struck a head against the tile steps or rim.

I'm a newspaper woman and I know newspaper men and photographers. I've seen them covering many parties in my time and I don't believe one of them would resort to such practices to get a good "shot."

They are now blaming a mysterious man, possibly a gate crasher "in a blue suit," who may be responsible for the cruelly mischievous stunt of pushing four people into a pool.

But the man who got the blame for it and who took a bad beating at the hands of Dennis Hamilton, plus a few kicks from Diana, is a well-known and respected cameraman.

It's shocking that such a brawl took place.

FLOWER-GIRL AUDREY. It's always interesting to hear one story told by two people.

Robert Helpman said that when he was with the Sadler Wells Ballet in Arnheim, Holland, he was told to get the troupe out in a hurry because the Germans were marching into Holland. He said a small girl—and he was getting ready to throttle her—presented an armful of roses to the directress of the ballet, and that small girl, said Bob, was **Audrey Hepburn**. When I told Audrey about it, she laughed and said the directress powdered her nose, combed her hair, came out and appeared in no hurry. "I was just ten years old, and that night the Germans marched into Holland and we all went out on a British battleship."

JUNE ALLYSON and DICK POWELL invited me to attend their 11th anniversary party when I was in Paris. It was a delightful and intimate dinner at *Maxim's*.

Dick's gift to June was a beautiful diamond pin. "And I'm not going to pin it on a Peter Pan collar," June laughed. "Girls who get diamonds don't wear Peter Pans."

JULIE ADAMS and RAY DANTON were told that it may be twins. "Won't it be wonderful to have co-stars?" cracked Ray.



All of us are upset about the brawl that occurred at the party given for Diana Dors.



And this is Russ and Venetia at the same USO affair—and not only I, but the servicemen thought Venetia made the best impression!

IF SPANKING YOUNG LADIES hadn't gone out of style—or is it against the law?—I'd like to take a good old-fashioned paddle for that dress she wore to the USO benefit premiere of *Hold Back The Night* for the Marines at Camp Pendleton. Somewhere in this department is a picture of the dress (or lack of it). I hope other starlets or near-stars will take a good look and know what not to wear when appearing at an armed forces base.

If I selected this dress to wear on such an occasion, she's guilty of very bad taste. If she was told to wear it under the mistaken idea that the near-nudity is "glamorous," she was very badly advised and should listen to somebody else instead.

I got a big kick out of hearing that the girl who received the most attention at this event, despite the fact that she was with her brand new husband, **Russ Tamblyn**, was **Venetia Stevenson**. The Marines thought she was the prettiest girl at the party held after the picture.

And, just to show you what I mean, there's also a picture of Venetia printed here showing her with Russ and one of her Marine hosts—and also showing what the well-dressed starlet should wear when meeting Uncle Sam's servicemen. Don't you agree it's nicer?



I heard a delightful story about Audrey Hepburn when she was just a little girl in Holland. (What a doll she is in War And Peace, too.)



I helped June Allyson and Dick Powell celebrate their 11th wedding anniversary while I was in Paris. So many movie stars are overseas.



This is the dress I was talking about. Heaven knows we see low-cut clothes in Hollywood—but there's a time and place for everything!



This picture of Betsy Blair was taken a while back when Kerry was a little girl and Gene and Betsy were still happy—even though Betsy longed to act.

FOUR MARRIAGES END. The breakup of the sixteen-year marriage of **Gene Kelly** and **Betsy Blair** and the seventeen-year marriage of the **Bob Crosbys** were real shockers, even in Hollywood. Of course the Kellys and the Crosbys had marital arguments. All couples do. But these marriages were believed to be really solid. I hope it's true that friends of both couples believe that there's a good chance for reconciliation between Gene and Betsy and Bob and June.

It's sad to say that it's been rough going for marriages of long duration in Movietown. The **Edward G. Robinsons** parted after twenty-nine years and the **Frank** (songwriter of *Guys And Dolls* and *Most Happy Fella*) **Loessers** after twenty.

GARY COOPER PAID ME A VISIT in Paris and told me he had just spent the weekend in London. I was at the *Les Ambassadeurs* and saw Sharman Douglas having dinner with her father, former Ambassador Lewis Douglas—this time without Jack Lemmon (You'll see what I mean on page 10.) I was just about to throw a piece of bread at her when she pointed and I turned around. There sitting next to me was Princess Margaret. I don't know who she was with but I do know I gulped down the bread I was about to toss. It gave me a real kick to see her.



... But now that they're separated, people are blaming Betsy's career. I still think the Kelly union should be strong enough to weather Betsy's success without splitting up!

MORE ➤

One in a series of ads on
"WRITTEN ON THE WIND"



ROCK HUDSON

...as Mitch

... the woman

in his arms was
now the wife of
the man he called
his best friend!

UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL
PRESENTS

*Written on
the WIND*

PRINT BY TECHNICOLOR

LOUELLA PARSONS in Hollywood *continued*



1

**Frank Sinatra &
Peggy Connolly**

Piper Laurie

Don Murray

Natalie Wood

Bob Mitchum



2

1 PERSONAL OPINIONS: By the time you read this, my bet is that the big **Frank Sinatra-Peggy Connolly** romance, about which so much has been written, will be in the deep, deep freeze. . . .

2 Laugh, I had to hold my sides. After all that derisive fuss stirred up about **Piper Laurie's** "publicity stunt" of eating flowers, a national magazine comes out with an article, "Cooking With Flowers," and reveals that **President Eisenhower** likes nasturtium stems in certain soups and **Steve Allen** goes for orchid-petal sandwiches! . . .



3

3 **Don Murray** (the bombastic cowboy opposite Marilyn Monroe in *Bus Stop*) is the least blasé actor in town. Sat in front of him at the "sneak" preview of *Bus Stop* and he nearly knocked himself out of his seat chortling over his antics on the screen. And when things got particularly exciting he'd let out a loud "Ha!" or two. I say—go ahead and enjoy yourself, Don, before the old ennui sets in. . . .



4

4 **Natalie Wood** has the cutest haircut in town—just "points" all around her alive little face. . . .

5 **Bob Mitchum's** amusing crack after witnessing a row between two disorderly gents in a London night club. "I enjoyed it immensely—particularly not being in the thick of it for the first time!"



5

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WHILE IT GUARDS · GUARDS · GUARDS YOUR TEETH

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Because
No Other Leading Toothpaste
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PROTECTION AGAINST BOTH
BAD BREATH AND TOOTH DECAY
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to Use in All Water Areas!

MAKES TEETH WHITER — CANNOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!



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FOR SODIUM N-LAURYL SARCOSINATE.

*THE TOP THREE BRANDS
AFTER COLGATE'S.



Cleans Your Breath While It **Guards Your Teeth**



**OUR LITTLE CHICK
WENT TO MARKET**
(The stock market, that is)



OUR LITTLE CHICK STAYED HOME
(Remember, we didn't say
whose home!)



**OUR LITTLE CHICK
HAD ROAST BEEF**
(at the Stork Club, yet!)



THIS LITTLE CHICK HAD NONE
(this isn't our chick. Don't
know why she's in the ad at all)



**BUT OUR LITTLE CHICK WENT
WHEE! WHEE! WHEE!**
ALL THE WAY HOME IN

**THE SOLID GOLD
CADILLAC**

A COLUMBIA PICTURE starring

JUDY HOLLIDAY · PAUL DOUGLAS

with FRED CLARK · JOHN WILLIAMS · HIRAM SHERMAN
NEVA PATTERSON · RAY COLLINS · ARTHUR O'CONNELL

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From the play by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN & HOWARD TEICHMANN

Produced on the stage by MAX GORDON

Produced by FRED KOHLMAR · Directed by RICHARD QUINE

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood *continued*



Liz and Montgomery Clift are really raising a storm of gossip about themselves—and so soon after Liz's "trial separation" from husband Mike Wilding began. There is a story on page 28.

Liz & Monty romance?

**Jack Lemmon &
Sharman Douglas: sensation**

Yul Brynner: comedian

Rita Hayworth: a dream

LIZ AND MONTY: About those romance rumors involving Elizabeth Taylor and Monty Clift making Raintree County in Danville, Kentucky—a friend of mine, who was with the troupe, reports:

"Yes, they looked like they were warming up an old and good friendship into something more romantic. Or Liz did. The studio rented beautiful old Southern homes for them right across the street from one another.

"Much to the annoyance of local hostesses who would have liked to lionize them, Liz and Monty declined and spent most of their time dining alone.

"But if you want to know what I think, even if it is a short romantic fling, it won't last. Monty is a very close friend of Mike Wilding's as well as Liz's. When she became ill in Natchez and had to go to the hospital from a bad attack of bursitis in her right shoulder and exhaustion from the heat, it was natural that Clift should spend a lot of time with her. By the way, he doesn't look or feel too well himself since that accident.

"As for Elizabeth—this beautiful creature is just plain in love with love. Monty is sympathetic and sweet—and well, I'm sure that both in their hearts know it's nothing more serious than that. But the glow around them fooled some of the natives, and maybe Liz for the moment."

THE COUPLE OF THE MONTH

is Jack Lemmon and Sharman Douglas, daughter of former Ambassador Douglas, who made their first public appearance at what is to me The Party Of The Month.

I don't want to sound boastful in saying it was in my honor, but being far away from home and loved ones on a birthday, as I was in England, I was deeply touched by

how many of my Hollywood friends turned out for the charming party hosted in my honor by John Haskell at the Savoy Hotel.

But, to get back to **Jack** and **Sharman**—I must say they really created a sensation when they arrived, obviously much taken with one another. I didn't see them dancing with other partners throughout the evening. (I might add that this was far from their last appearance as a romantic duo. For the rest of my stay in England the possible budding friendship between these two was much whispered, and as a serious thing.)

Getting back to the doings of the party, **Yul Brynner** and lovable old **Charlie Coburn** almost stole the show with a comedy routine they put on appearing on the bandstand. You'd never guess what a terrific sense of fun Yul has until you see him in action. He tells wonderful stories in all sorts of dialects and if he ever wanted to be an m.c. he could give Bob Hope and Jack Benny competition.

Yul is in London making *Anastasia* with Ingrid Bergman and he seldom goes out when he's working. But he flatteringly told me he wouldn't have missed my birthday party for anything, and he proved it by being one of the last to leave.

Bob Mitchum has certainly become a figure of sartorial splendor from his old sweat shirt days. Monsieur Mitchum was the last gasp in what the well dressed man will wear in a dinner suit of Italian silk.

Rita Hayworth looked like a dream walking, wearing a long bouffant white ball gown and an emerald necklace and bracelet. With her hair red again, she looked like a magazine cover.

She and I stole a moment for a chat and I asked her, "Rita, when are you coming home?"

"I don't know," she said. "When I finish *Fire Down Below*, I'm joining the children in Paris (they've been with Prince Aly Khan, father of Yasmine) and I plan to do absolutely nothing until I've had a rest."

I could take up much space listing many others who came to wish me a happy birthday—but I'm afraid it would take up the rest of our space.

MORE >

"What have you done to your hair?
It's Lovely!"



"I discovered
New Palmolive Soft Shampoo"

The difference is almost startling—

because Palmolive Soft Shampoo is 100%
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healthy condition of hair and scalp.

Removes alkaline film that makes
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Get Acquainted Special
Price **59¢**
ON GIANT 12-OZ. SIZE



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You're a smart young miss if you know all the answers. Even smarter if you realize that they add up to the daily use of Arrid—the most effective deodorant you can buy!

Arrid now is fortified with the magic new ingredient, Perstop.* That's why Arrid is 1½ times as effective as all leading deodorants tested, and the most popular deodorant, too!

1. Be sweet and approachable any hour, day or night. Just rub Arrid in—you rub perspiration and odor out. When the cream vanishes, you're safe.

2. It's never too hot for comfort with Arrid. It protects you against all kinds of unexpected perspiration. Keeps you dry and comfortable even in

a crisis when your glands tend to gush perspiration.

3. Protect your clothes with Arrid. Perspiration *rots* fabric, *bleaches* color out. Even expert dry-cleaners can't remove these stains. Arrid controls moisture so effectively that your dresses stay sweet as new.

4. A second bath isn't necessary with Arrid. One a day will do. Just towel yourself dry, rub in Arrid, and you'll stay soap-and-water fragrant up to 24 hours. You can count on it!



Don't be half safe.
Be completely safe.
Use Arrid . . .
to be sure.

.43¢ plus tax.

* Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.

LOUELLA PARSONS in Hollywood *continued*



Elvis: first film

Merle Oberon: misquoted

YOU-NEVER-KNOW-YOUR-LUCK.

When Hal Wallis couldn't find a story for his torso-tossin' film debut, **Elvis Presley** was growing impatient. The singing-geetar player would have received \$20,000 from Hal.

So, while Hal's still looking, 20th Century-Fox comes up with *The Reno Brothers* co-starring Elvis and Dick Egan—and for this little stint Presley gets a hot \$100,000.

No, sir, he doesn't have to give a nickle of it to Hal. The contract Elvis has with him is "non-exclusive" and allows Presley outside pictures.

MERLE OBERON WAS IN A STATE

and wrote me a long letter saying she had been wildly misquoted when she said "Hollywood is finished" and she had no intention of going back. "I own my own home in Bel Air," Merle said in her letter, "and why should I ever say anything against Hollywood? That's ridiculous."

I noticed the British press is very prone to pick up every little thing against Hollywood and write at great length on how many more people there are making pictures in London than in California. It just happens that at this moment there are more big name stars because so many of the pictures have an English background.

UNTIL YOU LET "TEAZY-WEAZY"

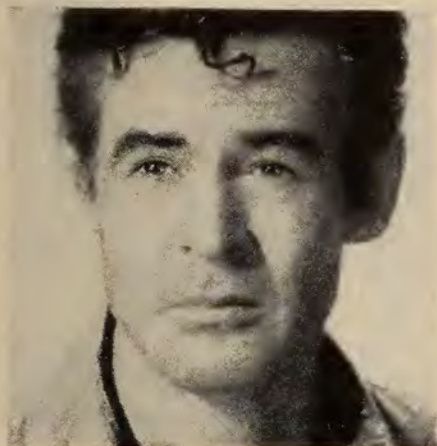
do your hair, you haven't lived. I must say I never had more laughs. His real name is Raymond and he's a very wealthy man, owns race horses and any number of beauty shops. He came in from the country on a Bank Holiday to do my hair because it happened to be my birthday. He told me he was coming out to Hollywood and bringing with him all kinds of wigs for Diana Dors. "Women should wear wigs," he said. "Then they wouldn't have to sit under a dryer."

He forgot to bring his shampoo with him and couldn't get any on a Bank Holiday so he took an Alka Seltzer and mixed it with some of my soap. Nobody would believe me when I told them that Teazy-Weazy came in from the country to do my hair on a holiday. Next to being summoned by the King and Queen, this appeared to be the most important event that could happen to anyone.

MORE ➤



**ONLY 5 COULD COME BACK
HE'D DECIDE BECAUSE
HE HELD THE GUN—
...who would you pick?**



BILL—even the threat of the Jivaro headhunters couldn't touch him ... was it too late for him to care?



RENA—a drifter, with many men in her past ... but since the plane crashed she wanted something more.



LOUISE—a money-hungry girl who found that everyone was equal in 2 million square miles of jungle.



JOE—on the surface he had high ideals and big ideas ... would he crack as the drums grew louder?



MARTHA and HENRY—all the good years they'd had together gave them strength to face the worst.



ELLIS—he had more money than morals but it did him no good when only courage counted.

RKO Radio Pictures presents

ROBERT RYAN • ANITA EKBERG • ROD STEIGER
BACK FROM ETERNITY

Co-starring **PHYLLIS KIRK • KEITH ANDES • GENE BARRY** with **FRED CLARK • BEULAH BONDI • JESSE WHITE**

Produced and Directed by **JOHN FARROW** • Screen Play by **JONATHAN LATIMER** • Music by **FRANZ WAXMAN**



He may not talk about
your age over coffee—
but he sees it!



Tiny dry lines etch in around your eyes—make you look older!

is Dry Skin

"middle-aging" your face?

Smooth away these "getting-older" signs
with extra-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream!



Smooth out dry frown crinkles—stroke Pond's Dry Skin Cream up from between eyes, out over brows. It's extra rich in lanolin, homogenized so it penetrates faster, deeper.



Soften away dry crow's feet—lightly pat Pond's Dry Skin Cream around eyes. Its special emulsifier restores vital moisture to parched skin. Crepe-y dryness disappears!



Firm up a tired chin line—"pinch" the cream along the entire jaw. This stimulates circulation, tones up your skin. Unlike thin, runny liquids—Pond's Dry Skin Cream is rich-textured. A big jar—less than a dollar.

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

Extra Rich in
HOMOGENIZED LANOLIN
for deeper, faster softening



LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood *continued*

THE LETTER BOX

I am so impressed with the following letter from CAMMIE MATTHEWS of FORT WORTH, TEXAS, that I'm giving it most of the space in this department this month. Cammie writes as follows:

"I am just back from my first trip to Hollywood. And I am appalled at the lack of attention, interest and sometimes common courtesy that the capital of the motion picture world pays to the tourist.

"To be brief there is no organization in Hollywood whose business it is to see that the tourist to Movietown is exposed to anything that will whet his (or her) enthusiasm about motion pictures.

"If we go to Washington, D. C., there are guides to take us through our legislative and executive buildings and to visit our historic sites.

"Why can't Hollywood realize that the same treatment to one tourist could result in perhaps twenty friends back home being stimulated about the new movies in production—and even more important, opening their pocketbooks to buy tickets to pictures currently showing?

"Why can't a committee be formed with representatives from each actively producing company in Hollywood to hold meetings with groups of fans (and there are hundreds of them all the time) to tell them about the important pictures—and later, conduct them through every department of a studio—including a brief visit on a set.

"The time spent in this manner would more than pay itself off in dividends of real public enthusiasm—with each fan so treated turning into an enthusiastic press agent beating the brand of tom-toms Hollywood can't buy with its press agents!"

I have condensed Cammie's letter—but I believe she has a big point and I am turning it over in its entirety to the Johnston Office.

GRACE COLLINS, DETROIT, enthuses: "John Wayne—look out. Your greatest competition is that wonderful, good looking son of yours, Pat Wayne." Duke tells me he's lookin' out, Grace.

MRS. BETTY CURTY, ATHENS, GA., is ringing the gong for Mitzi Gaynor, "the most sparkling, alive, refreshing new girl on the screen today. And, she has the most perfect figure of them all."

Several of you Southern fans have sent me clippings of a Natchez, Miss., newspaper write-up accusing Elizabeth Taylor of insolence in standing on the platform of a plane and calling to the crowd gathered to see her off to Danville, Kentucky, "Goodbye, you-all." I wasn't there and I didn't witness the incident. But, knowing Liz, I'm sure she meant to be amusing—not insolent.

That's all for now. See you next month.

DON'T MISS

the warm, friendly story of

WHAT JIMMY DEAN WAS LIKE IN HIS TEENS

in the

**December issue of
MODERN SCREEN**

NATIONAL BOOK CLUB'S

\$40,000

**FORTUNE
IN CASH!**

**CASH
PRIZES**

**HOURS
OF FUN!**

"NAME OF FAME" CONTEST!

Do you enjoy the fun, excitement and thrills of solving picture puzzles? Sure you do... everybody does... especially when your skill can bring you as much as \$25,000 in cold cash. And *right now* is your chance to share in the action, the challenge, and... yes... the cash awards, too... of one of the greatest puzzle contests ever run in the United States! It's the sensational new National Contest Book Club Puzzle Contest, just getting under way... with 200 great cash prizes totaling \$40,000!

Just think what you could do with prize money like

that... all yours in a lump sum! It could buy you a beautiful new home... free and clear! A stunning new car, a boat, a luxury vacation cruise around the world! It could pay for a college education for your youngsters, or make your own retirement easier. It could give you a start in your own business. It could bring you the wonderful security that comes with a big, solid bank account! Enter now, and you may be a prize winner of any of 200 big cash prizes that must be paid. Enter now and make yourself eligible to win a fabulous \$2,500.00 promptness bonus along with first prize of \$22,500.00—a grand total of \$25,000.00.



1st PRIZE

AS MUCH AS

\$25,000.00

PLUS 200 BIG CASH
AWARDS, SUCH AS:

2nd Prize.....\$5,000.00
3rd Prize..... 2,500.00
4th Prize..... 1,500.00
5th Prize..... 1,000.00
6th thru 10th ea. 200.00

Plus 190 additional
Cash Prizes

Grand Total \$40,000.00

THIS SAMPLE PUZZLE IS ALL WORKED OUT FOR YOU SEE HOW MUCH FUN IT IS TO SOLVE!

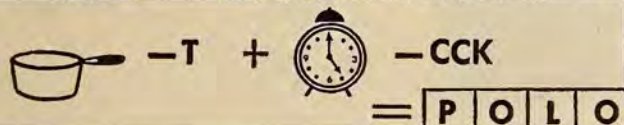


This sample puzzle, as all our puzzles, has 3 clues to help you reach the answer. First, study the cartoon. Here it shows one man saying MARK, and the other mentions the word POLE. The letter "O" is shown twice. What else can the answer be but MARCO POLO? Below the cartoon, 4 names are listed as your second clue. Among them is MARCO POLO so you know your answer is right. For the third clue, look at the bottom portion of the puzzle. You will see that various objects and letters of the alphabet are portrayed. Identify each of the objects and add or subtract the letters as indicated. First there is a POT. You are told to subtract the letter T, then you add the word CLOCK which is the next pictured object. Then, you subtract the letters C C K. By correctly adding and subtracting you are left with the letters POLO. This spells the correct LAST NAME.

SAMPLE PUZZLE

The Correct Answer Is ONE Of These Names of Fame!

☐ Marco Polo ☐ Betsy Ross ☐ Genghis Khan ☐ Frank Buck



HERE IS YOUR FIRST PUZZLE!

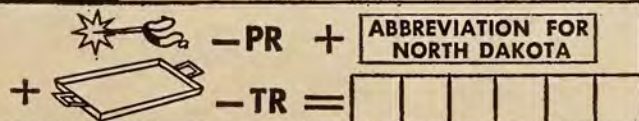
Write Your Answer In Coupon Below (at right) Mail It NOW!



PUZZLE NO. ONE

The Correct Answer Is ONE Of These Names of Fame!

☐ Billy Sunday ☐ Robert Fulton ☐ Cotton Mather ☐ Ira Remsen



NATIONAL CONTEST BOOK CLUB, INC.

509 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 148

New York City 17, N. Y.

PRIZES PAID PROMPTLY IN 2 YEARS \$133,000.00 AWARDED FROM NATIONAL PUZZLE CONTESTS

National Puzzle Contests have offered \$133,000.00 in prizes within the short space of 2 years! That's a whale of a lot of money! But now the National Contest Book Club... with prizes of an additional \$40,000... will raise that grand total to \$173,000.00! If you are 18 years of age or older and live in the U. S., Canada or a U. S. Possession, you are eligible to enter this fabulous contest. It is sponsored by the National Contest Book Club, Inc. All judging will be conducted in an impartial, impersonal manner to assure absolute equality of opportunity to all. All contestants will receive exact information on the outcome of the contest... including names of all winners, plus correct puzzle solutions. All prizes will be paid promptly, in full. All cash prizes are held in escrow at the BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, N. Y.

To All Puzzle Entrants

The Puzzle Encyclopedia

Everyone who enters the National Contest Book Club Puzzle Contest receives this fascinating Puzzle Encyclopedia. Contains hundreds of quizzes, riddles, puzzles. Will give you many, many enjoyable hours.



**FREE
GIFT!**

Write Your Answer In Coupon Below.

We Send Complete Contest Details Immediately.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Give Yourself A Chance To Win
\$2,500.00 PROMPTNESS AWARD

National Contest Book Club, Inc.
509 Fifth Ave., Dept. 148, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

My Answer to Puzzle No. 1 is:

(PLEASE PRINT)

I want full particulars about The National Contest Book Club's \$40,000 "Name of Fame" Contest. Please mail me FREE the Official Entry Forms, Rules and First Series of Puzzles.

Name

Address

City Zone State

the
pretty
teacher...



...and
the
boy who
couldn't
wait to
be a man!

...now—after school—
in the deserted halls,
they faced each other!



Universal-International presents

ESTHER WILLIAMS
GEORGE NADER

THE UNGUARDED MOMENT

PRINT BY
TECHNICOLOR



Co-starring the exciting new personality **JOHN SAXON**

with **EDWARD ANDREWS · LES TREMAYNE**

Directed by **HARRY KELLER** · Screenplay by **HERB MEADOW and LARRY MARCUS** · Produced by **GORDON KAY**



THE DRESSING ROOM THAT JUNE BUILT

■ When Dick Powell and June Allyson sell a house, there is always one feature that intrigues the buyer's wife. No woman could ask for more beautifully designed dressing rooms than those June leaves behind. To date the Powells have lived in three houses, and into each has gone custom built wardrobes, shelves and storage space. June designs them herself, then Dick and an architect huddle over her detailed drawings.

The first requirement is space, and lots of it. June's dresses must hang (on upholstered hangers) with at least four inches of daylight in between. Nothing annoys her more than mussed collars or crushed skirts, and servants know better than to hang up anything in her closets. Gowns and suits returned from the dry cleaner are hung on a clotheshorse, and June herself places them in her closet.

To anyone with a three-foot closet and one chest-of-drawers, June's dressing room would be a paradise. There are not only the wardrobe closets—yards and yards of them—but the shelving is planned to delight any female. Shoe racks are built on the inside of closet doors so that each pair has its place in a dust-free area. There is a shelf for each sweater, kept in a transparent, moth-proof bag. There is also a shelf for each handbag. Mere slivers of drawers are assigned for gloves. Blouses hang well apart on the customary pole, but beneath this space is a framework of poles designed for slacks. Each pair hangs on a pole two inches in diameter, thus avoiding creases of any kind. There are special racks for belts, special compartments for neatly folded scarves.

The dressing table drawers are models of neatness; lipsticks in one cubicle, combs in another, and even June's hair ribbons are washed and pressed after each wearing, then coiled neatly into a suitable box.

The entire room spells neatness, and while it takes time, June enjoys it, for to her neatness runs neck-and-neck with cleanliness.

A MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY



Doris and her mother

■ My adopted "Mom" is the mother of Doris Day.

It all started when I joined the Doris Day Fan Club. I started exchanging letters with Doris' mom, who is her personal secretary. At first, I was interested only in the news I could obtain about my favorite star. Then, I discovered that the same qualities and traits I had admired in Doris Day were in the personality of her mother.

When I received my first letter from Mom Day, I felt as if I were floating. She's down-to-earth, she makes no pretense in her correspondence and she speaks from the heart.

When Doris was ill after completing *Calamity Jane*, I wanted to do something in connection with the Cleveland chapter of the fan club to make her feel better. Doris' mom worked with me on a scheme titled "Day for Recovery" and was on hand when Doris received our lengthy get-well scroll. Mom said, "Doris was so thrilled and she had tears in her eyes. She said, 'Do I really have that many fans in Cleveland?'" Later, when it was necessary for me to go to the hospital, Doris and her mom sent me wishes for a speedy recovery. It wasn't because of the interest I had channeled in their direction, but rather it was the family's love for others.

Doris and her mother have gone through a lot together. Whatever concerned Doris, concerned her mom. Today, the Melchers are a happily-married couple. Paul, Doris' brother, is a well-known disc-jockey, and he, too, is content with his home life. All this makes Mom Day happy. She has three grandsons (Paul has two boys, Doris one). She loves them so much and feels very close to her own children.

Mom Day is happy because her family is happy, because she plays such a prominent role in the lives of her children and because the relationship with Doris is not just as mother to daughter but friend to friend.

That's why I'm proud that this wonderful family is my adopted family.

Arlene Rae Blank

DEBORAH KERR co-starring in M-G-M's "TEA AND SYMPATHY" in CinemaScope and Metrocolor



the Deborah Kerr look! Yours with...

Woodbury Dream Stuff

powder-and-foundation in compact form

Puff on this complete make-up in a split minute and get compliments all day. Woodbury Dream Stuff gives your complexion the radiance of living color . . . the smoothness of flawless skin like Deborah Kerr's! Flatters like a powder . . . clings because of its fabulous built-in foundation ingredient. And never, never dries skin. Five dreamy new shades that *stay* color-true. Neat, too — no loose powder to spill!



In enchanting blue-and-gold box, sweet for your dressing table, only 49c.

In elegant ivory-and-gold mirrored case — to take with you in your purse, \$1. (Prices plus tax)

Greatest Movie Season Ever



PIER ANGELI, co-starring in M-G-M's "Somebody Up There Likes Me"



VIVIAN BLAINE, co-starring in "Public Pigeon Number One" An RKO-Radio Picture. Color by Technicolor.



CYD CHARISSE, co-starring in M-G-M's "Silk Stockings"



JEANNE CRAIN, co-starring in M-G-M's "The Fastest Gun Alive"



DORIS DAY, co-starring in "Julie"—An Arwin Production for M-G-M Release.

Name your favorite-and you may win
Lustre-Creme \$35,000

No skill required! Nothing to buy! No jingles! No sentences to complete!



ANN MILLER, co-starring in M-G-M's "The Opposite Sex" In CinemaScope and Metrocolor.



SHEREE NORTH, starring in "The Best Things In Life Are Free" A 20th Century-Fox Production. In CinemaScope. Color by DeLuxe.



MAUREEN O'HARA, starring in "Everything But The Truth" A Universal-International Picture In Eastman Color.



DEBRA PAGET, co-starring in Cecil B. DeMille's Production of "The Ten Commandments". A Paramount Picture in VistaVision. Color by Technicolor.



ELEANOR PARKER, co-starring in M-G-M's "The Painted Veil"



JANE POWELL, starring in "The Girl Most Likely" An RKO-Radio Picture. Print by Technicolor.



DEBBIE REYNOLDS, starring in "Tammy" A Universal-International Picture. Print by Technicolor in CinemaScope.



GINGER ROGERS, starring in "The First Traveling Saleslady"—An RKO-Radio Picture. Print by Technicolor



JANE RUSSELL, starring in "The Revolt of Mamie Stover" A 20th Century-Fox Production in CinemaScope. Color by DeLuxe.



ELIZABETH TAYLOR, co-starring in M-G-M's "Raintree County" Filmed in M-G-M Camera 65 and Color.



NATALIE WOOD, co-starring in "A Cry in The Night". A Jaguar Production presented by Warner Bros.



DANA WYNTER, starring in "The Sixth of June" A 20th Century-Fox Production. In CinemaScope. Color by DeLuxe.



If your favorite is a star not pictured, send in her name on entry form.

*What are the ANNUAL FAME POLLS?

The FAME POLL was originated 25 years ago by the Quigley Publishing Company, a leading publisher of newspapers and magazines relating to the motion picture world.

Each year, FAME magazine conducts a poll among theatre owners and managers from coast-to-coast to determine the top Hollywood box office stars.

Last year Grace Kelly was Top Screen Actress of the Year in the Fame Poll. Who will get the honor this year? Will it be the star whose name you send in on the entry form on the next page? If so, you may win \$20,000. See details on opposite page.

Presents Many Top Stars!



ANITA EKBERG, co-starring in
"Back from Eternity"
An RKO Radio Picture.



RHONDA FLEMING, co-starring in
HAL WALLIS' "Gunfight At The
O.K. Corral". A Paramount Picture in
VistaVision. Color by Technicolor.



GRACE KELLY, co-starring in
"High Society"—A Sol C. Siegel
Production. An M-G-M Release in
VistaVision. Color by Technicolor.



DEBORAH KERR, co-starring in
M-G-M's "Tea and Sympathy"
In CinemaScope and Metrocolor.



VIRGINIA MAYO, co-starring in
"Buffalo Grass". A Jaguar Production.
Presented by Warner Bros.

a Great Big Cash Prize in the Movie-Star Sweepstakes!

Here's all you do to enter: Study the faces of the Lustre-Creme Girls pictured here. Decide which one of these stars (or another of your own choice) you would like to see win the Twenty-Fifth Annual FAME POLL*

☆☆☆☆

Send in her name on the entry form at lower right.

Choose the actress you would like to see win the 25th Annual FAME Poll as the "Top Screen Actress of the Year." Simply write the star's name, and your name and address, on the Sweepstakes Entry Blank in the lower right hand corner. Nothing to buy... nothing to pay for... and you may win the first prize of \$20,000—or one of the many other cash prizes.

Send in as many entries as you want—but use a different entry blank every time. (Ask for extra entry blanks wherever you buy Lustre-Creme, or

send in your entry on a postcard, or use a plain piece of paper—mailing each entry form separately.)

Each of the stars shown here uses Lustre-Creme, Hollywood's favorite shampoo. And there's a good reason why 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars prefer it. Because Lustre-Creme never dries—it beautifies. It's blessed with lanolin—always leaves your hair star-bright, satin-soft, a joy to manage. Use it once—and Hollywood's favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo will be your favorite, too!

**Hollywood's Favorite
Lustre-Creme Shampoo**

*Never dries
it Beautifies!*



Cream
or Lotion

FIRST PRIZE \$20,000
SECOND PRIZE 5,000
5 THIRD PRIZES OF 1,000 each
500 FOURTH PRIZES OF 10 each

Here's all you do:—

1. **PRINT** on the entry form (or on plain paper or postcard) your name and address plus name of movie star whom you would like to see named "Top Screen Actress of the Year" in the 25th Annual FAME Poll.
2. **MAIL YOUR ENTRY TO** Lustre-Creme Sweepstakes, P. O. Box 9, New York 46, New York.
3. **SEND AS MANY ENTRIES AS YOU WANT**—but mail each one separately.
4. **ENTRIES MUST BE POSTMARKED** on or before November 10, 1956, and received not later than November 17, 1956.

If your entry carries the name of the star who is designated "Top Screen Actress of the Year" by FAME Magazine, your entry will be eligible for the Sweepstakes Drawing.

All prize-winners will be selected by blindfold drawing by executives of Advertising Distributors of America. Only one prize to a winner. Judges' decisions final.

Top winner will be announced on Colgate-Palmolive TV program, "Strike It Rich," December 14. (See local TV listings for time and station.)

This sweepstakes is open to all residents of the continental United States, Hawaii and Alaska, except employees and their immediate families of Colgate-Palmolive Co., its advertising agencies and the Quigley Publishing Co. Void in the State of New Jersey. Subject to all other Federal and State regulations.

(Note: If FAME's "Top Screen Actress of the Year" is named by fewer persons than there are prizes, all entries will be eligible to participate in the Lustre-Creme Sweepstakes.)

USE THIS HANDY ENTRY FORM
(Additional forms at your Lustre-Creme dealer.)
LUSTRE-CREME \$35,000 MOVIE-STAR SWEEPSTAKES
Mail to: LUSTRE-CREME SWEEPSTAKES D
P. O. Box 9, New York 46, N. Y.
I would like to see Movie Star

(print in star's name clearly)
named as the "Top Screen Actress of the Year" in the 25th Annual FAME Poll.
My Name _____
Address _____
City _____ P.O. Zone _____ State _____

Ooooo,
what a line!



Ooooo... so smooth! Only
Cutex has such a beautiful line
of fashion colors: feminine
pinks, soft corals, radiant reds!
All in the nail polish that
sparkles so brilliantly, lasts so
much longer, costs you less!
At your favorite Cutex counter.



WHY PAY MORE? Cutex with Enamelon outwears nail polishes that cost over twice the price! Gives your nails a lasting lustre... defies chipping and peeling! In the safe, Spillpruf bottle, 29¢ and 15¢.

Make a date to use
**CUTEX SHEER LANOLIN
LIPSTICK, 59¢ and 29¢**
So smooth and creamy, so lasting.

CUTEX
WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING MANICURE AIDS

BURT AND THE FIERY GINA

■ Burt Lancaster considers himself the Hollywood authority on fiery Latin flareups that belong to intriguing Italian actresses.

First, he worked with Anna Magnani in *The Rose Tattoo*. And as soon as he finished that, he went into *Trapeze* with Gina Lollobrigida.

According to Burt you can expect, with the Italian variety of actress, as good a performance off-camera as in front of it. For instance, take an incident that occurred during *Trapeze*, an incident that was a typical part of the day's shooting.

Gina's aerial acrobatics had, up to a point, been handled by a professional double. But there came the time when director Carol Reed decided that Gina had to take over in that rigging seventy-five feet above the ground.

"We expected a pretty dramatic reaction," grins Burt, "and Gina certainly didn't disappoint us. First, came a wail that brought everybody on the set on the run. It put an air raid siren to shame. Then, came a definite refusal, nothing uncertain about it. Also, Gina suggested that we should, maybe, go back and read the fine print in her contract.


"She called on a long list of patron saints, and having exhausted them, went on to an even longer list of ancestors, beseeching and entreating them for protection. After that, came a heart-rending speech, in flowing Italian, in which Gina willed all her earthly goods and possessions to her co-workers. During the whole thing, her tears were flowing liberally. And she wound up right on schedule—just as the cameras were set for the scene.

"Then, she walked calmly over to the rigging and climbed up."

Burt isn't beating his brains about coping with those volatile Italian actresses. Not even when it's his own company's money. "The temperament," he grins, "is figured in the budget."

And anyway, he likes it.





*"Entreat me
not to leave thee
and to return
from following
after thee;
for whither thou
goest, I will go;
and where thou
lodgest I will
lodge; thy people
shall be my
people; and thy
God my God..."*

Ruth 1: 16-17.

At the end of June, 1956, Marilyn Monroe, in the presence of Arthur Miller and his family, and of Rabbi Robert Goldberg, affirmed her acceptance of these age-old Biblical words. On the following pages, MODERN SCREEN takes great pride in presenting the warm and beautiful story of how Marilyn, the orphan girl without roots, has found peace and security in the Faith of the man she loves.

BY SUSAN WENDER

Marilyn



enters a Jewish family



■ It was a cloudy day, but the little chapel of the synagogue was lit with the soft, subdued, radiance of a pale summer sun filtered through stained glass. Inside, a girl named Marilyn Monroe sat quietly in a center pew, looking down at her white-gloved hands. Her golden hair, brushed back and smoothed, curled out at the ends beneath a tiny veiled hat. Her dress was demure and simple, her face scrubbed beneath the dusting of powder and the light lipstick.

On her left sat her mother-in-law and her father-in-law. From time to time the elder Mrs. Miller raised a hand to pat at her hair. Her husband fingered the prayer book in the rack before him, drawing it out from time to time to turn the pages and linger over old, familiar prayers.

On Marilyn's right a tall, thin man consulted his watch, glanced at his bride, then reached out a large hand to cover her small one. She turned to him and smiled. There was no fear in her smile, not even a trace of nervousness. It was one of the most important moments of her life, this short time of waiting until the Rabbi would enter and begin the ancient conversion ceremony that would make her a Jew for the rest of her life. As important as the civil ceremony shortly before that had made her Arthur Miller's wife. On that day she had looked a woman, with a woman's joy. But today in her eyes was the glow of a little girl, waiting for something very wonderful to happen.

It was, she thought, looking steadily now at the sacred ark in which reposed the holy scrolls of Jewish faith, something for which she had waited all her life.

When she was a little girl, she had no family, she had no home. Her mother was—away. Her father was a man she never knew. Her home was a foundling home sometimes, or else it was a house in which a family lived, and she, the boarder, the ward of charity, stayed. Sometimes they were good to her, sometimes they were not. It didn't matter much, for they were strangers all.

In the foundling home, she was taught to say prayers. Supposedly she said them to God, but as far as she knew, she said them to the matron who came to listen and look cross if a word were left out. They didn't make much sense to her anyhow. She asked for blessings and to be good. With or without the prayer, she was good. With or without it, there was no blessing. What did it matter if a word was left out? This God, whoever He was—He was a stranger, too.

In one of the houses where she was put to live for a while there was a man to whom God was no stranger. At least that was what he said. She guessed it must be so, because the man talked about Him all the time. He made her talk about Him, too, and think about Him. All day and all night. It seemed that (Continued on page 66)



Janet Leigh:

How I felt while giving birth to my baby



as told to MAURINE MYERS REMENIH

■ A few nights before the baby came, Janet and Tony had been to a party with about thirty couples, all good friends. Of course the Curtises managed to swing the conversation around to the subject which interested them most—D-day, or delivery day. Everyone insisted that they call them the moment they were ready to leave for the hospital. After thinking about it for a while they all decided that that was pretty impractical—babies aren't apt to wait around to get born until a list of thirty phone calls is finished. So they worked out an elaborate chain-reaction arrangement. Tony was to make one call, and the friend he called would phone another friend, on down the line, until all thirty couples had had the glad word.

That's the way they had it planned, that's not quite the way it happened. First off, Janet began to realize that Things Were Happening late Saturday night. They'd been to a movie, and Tony had gone straight off to bed as soon as they got home. Janet stayed up for a while, creaming her face, putting up her hair—woman stuff. When it dawned on her what was happening, she went in, roused Tony, and told him she thought their big scene was coming up.

Always before, when they had had the false alarms, he'd been awake immediately, all solicitous and fussing over Janet. This time he rolled over, opened one sleepy eye, mumbled something about "Really-honey-well-wake-me-up-again-if-it-gets-any-worse." And went back to sleep. Wake him up again, indeed! He hadn't even waked up that time!

Janet tossed and turned for a while, but wasn't able to get to sleep. It was no use calling Tony, she figured, so finally she called her doctor. The doctor didn't seem very excited either—told her to take a sleeping pill, and call again in the morning. Janet took the pill, which generally knocks her out in minutes. Nothing happened.

"So about 6 o'clock in the morning, I called the doctor again. She still wasn't excited, but said maybe I'd better go on over to the hospital. Suddenly I was panic stricken for fear this *wasn't* The Time yet, and they'd only send me home once I got to the hospital. So I asked her please, would she come over and go to the hospital with us? She's a doll, and she said sure she would.

"Now I go in and wake Tony again—he's had a good night's rest, and I feel no guilt about getting him up. 'This is it, honey,' I tell him as he comes out of it. He stretches, yawns, and comes up with the brilliant suggestion, 'Maybe you'd better call the doctor, hmm?' Whereupon I inform him that I have already done this, and she'll be over in half an hour to ride with us to the hospital. And hadn't he better get up and put his pants on?" All of a sudden the mists cleared, and Tony realized what was happening. He leapt out of bed.

Tony dressed in considerably less time than he ordinarily takes. By the time he was (Continued on page 74)



Sal's starting to bring girls
home for dinner...

Pa looks to see if they're
pretty like Ma...

Ma wonders—is she the girl
I'd like my Sal to marry?

by
Mrs.
Josephine
Mineo

■ I have three sons, Victor, Mike and Sal, and a daughter, Sarina. For a couple of years now my two oldest boys, Victor and Mike, have come to me pretty often to say, "Ma, can I bring a girl up to the house tomorrow night?" And I always say, "Sure." I never ask who she is, or about her background, or even her name (they tell me *that!*). I just say "Sure." So they bring her up. I cook dinner—Italian or American, I alternate—and then we sit around in the living room and talk, and sing. If it's Victor's girl, sometimes he takes out his saxophone and plays it—he likes to make a splash, and he's very good. Then my son will take his girl home. When he comes back he looks at me, and he says, "You liked her."

"I didn't say that," I say.

"No," he says, "you never say one way or the other. But I can see it in your face. You liked her."

And he's right. Never yet have I wanted to say, "Where did you find *her*?" about any girl my sons have brought home. They've never brought a girl into the house who annoyed me or disgusted me. Never yet have they brought home a friend I didn't like. My sons have taste—good taste. I always know I can expect a nice person.

But it is only very recently that my youngest son Sal said to me, "Mom, I want to bring a girl home to dinner." Till now he never has. Maybe because he is very young in years, only eighteen. Maybe because he is very busy and does not always have a whole evening to spend with a girl and his family—and he likes to be just with us, when he does have time. But all of a sudden—"Ma, I'm bringing home a girl."

It turned out to be Gigi Perreau, the movie actress, and she came with her mother. I had a wonderful time. Her mother and I have things in common, because both of us have a child who is in the movies. And Gigi was lovely. Pretty and nice, and she laughed a lot, which I like. After they left I did the dishes in the kitchen and I said to myself, "So now it is Sal's turn. I wonder who the next one will be."

And I started to think then about Sal getting married. He says he (Continued on page 69)

**THE
TWO
WAYS
LIZ TAYLOR
RUINED
HER
MARRIAGE—**





by Edith Glass

■ Liz went to the airport to see Michael off to Sweden on his new venture—a film called, ironically enough, *Long Live The King*. They posed under protest. Of course they might have said their goodbys at home, in which case they needn't have posed at all. But this was a friendly parting. Why shouldn't Liz drive friend Mike to the airport?

So they posed under protest, and the protest showed. His hand rested tentatively on her shoulder. He forced a mirthless smile. Liz didn't even try to smile. Arms crossed as though in defiance, she stared back at him, marble-faced. It was a tense and awkward picture, melancholy with overtones. Melancholy with memories of the same face, five years ago come February, softly luminous then in the joy of a great love that would never die. (Continued on page 31)

NATIONAL VELVET

Liz Taylor was just a chubby little girl with very black hair and very big eyes when she made her first picture—did it start her on the merry-go-round she's riding now?



JOHNNY SANDS



GLEN DAVIS



BILL PAWLEY, JR.



VIC DAMONE

Liz Taylor: is she too beautiful for



1ST MARRIAGE

The chubby little girl grew up—into beauty that was too captivating to be foot-loose for long. Nicky Hilton was the young knight who captured her fancy. But it was only a fairy-tale, after all, that ended one day when Elizabeth Taylor sat in a court-room to hear a judge pronounce that she was no longer joined in holy matrimony.



ON THE LOOSE

Director Stanley Donen began squiring Liz to premiéres and night spots, and it looked like a 'thing'—but MGM sent Liz to England, and to Mike Wilding.



RALPH KINER

THE BOY FRIENDS

Johnny Sands was Liz's big moment—around Christmas, 1948. By March, 1949, football's Glenn Davis was punting home but Bill Pawley, Jr. took over the hand-holding in June. It was only November, still 1949, when Liz switched to music and Vic Damone . . . until December, '49 when she met home-run king Ralph Kiner. And then came Nicky.

one man alone?

(Continued from page 29) Despite bitter denials, the love's been dying for a long time. Formally on July 18th when the Wildings announced a legal separation. No immediate divorce. "Much careful thought has been given to the step we are taking. It is being done so that we will have an opportunity to thoroughly work out our personal situation. We are in complete accord in making this amicable decision."

The truth was that it was Liz who cried quits. Mike must have hoped against faltering hope to the end. Just a week earlier he'd been offered the Rex Harrison role in the road company of *My Fair Lady*—a plum to make any actor drool. But Michael said no. He was unwilling to leave his wife and sons. Now he's left them for good. He's had to. Why? Well, here's reason number one, the first way Liz ruined her marriage. Liz gave it out herself just a little while before the split, though she didn't know it.

"It's garbage," declared Elizabeth, "to say we don't fight. Until a year ago we didn't." And went on to describe what happened in one of their quarrels. It seemed Mike pulled his seniority on her and she wasn't having any. "If you tell me black is red, I won't believe you, regardless of your age. I'm not your daughter, I'm your wife," she shouted.

And Michael, describing the same stormy scene to a friend, shook his head in bewilderment. "I thought I'd guide this trembling little creature along life's stony path. Not at all. Lately, I'm simply told to shut up."

How did two intelligent people, once lovers, still supposedly friends, reach such a point? Simple. Liz pushed them there.

When she met Mike he was the sophisticated, (Continued on page 54)



SECOND MARRIAGE

. . . and so they were married and lived happily ever after—for too few years. Liz and Mike—who thought he was not the type at all—had wooed and won each other, learned to like each other's friends, worried together over their children's sniffles—but it wasn't enough to hold them together.



FUTURE — OTHER MEN

Liz and Montgomery Clift were co-starred in a movie—and he became a close friend of the Wilding family. Is he the reason Liz and Mike aren't a family any more?



Marisa Pavan:

“I needed to marry an older man”

■ When Marisa Pavan chose to marry a man twenty years older than she was, the people who did not know her or her husband said many things.

They said that she was foolish and her husband selfish. They said that her husband was separated from her by that most unspanable word—a generation.

They said that Jean-Pierre Aumont was grasping at her youth to replace his own lost youth. They reminded her that in 1944, when she was a twelve-year-old schoolgirl watching the American Army march into Rome, he was one of those war-scarred men who had fought their way north mile by mile and battle by battle for nearly a year. When she was twelve, he was a thirty-two-year-old married man—who was to become her husband eleven and a half years later.

“In reminding me that my husband is separated from me by incalculable joys and timeless winters of the heart,” Marisa says softly, “they were attempting to shame us, I think, because we had done something that they considered unusual. But I will not be shamed.

“In Jean-Pierre I came unexpectedly upon all the richness and fullness that I did not have. In Jean-Pierre I found a complete man—not just the jagged edges and nervous energy and bits and pieces slapped together into the shapes of younger men I had known.” For the first time in her life Marisa saw a man at peace with himself and his life. She hungered to have this richness, this fullness, this joy near her.

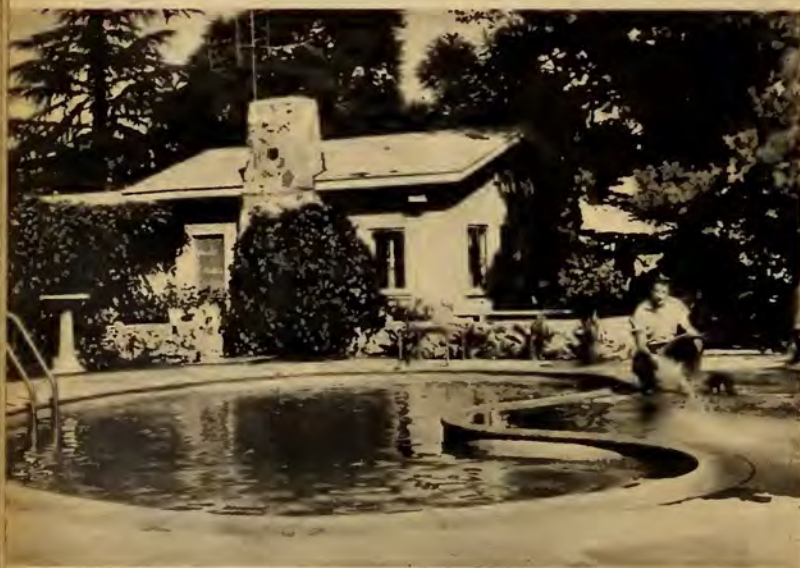
Her friends frowned disapprovingly and said she was foolish. They frowned disapprovingly and said Jean-Pierre was selfish. “Selfish!” Marisa flashes. “How *much* youth is overvalued in our world! If either of us was foolish, it was Jean-Pierre. He spread his richness over me like a boundless spring of flowers. What did he receive in return?”

In return, Marisa feels, he received a wife still feverishly caught in the grip of the raging impatience, confusion, uncertainty, and solemnness that is worshipped under the name of youth. “I think that Frenchmen are known to have made better bargains than this one,” she laughs. Then her face becomes quiet as she presents her philosophy, “I cannot speak for you walking (*Continued on page 80*)



George Nader, part-time bachelor hermit, is ready to settle down

Wanted: One Good-lookin' Country Girl



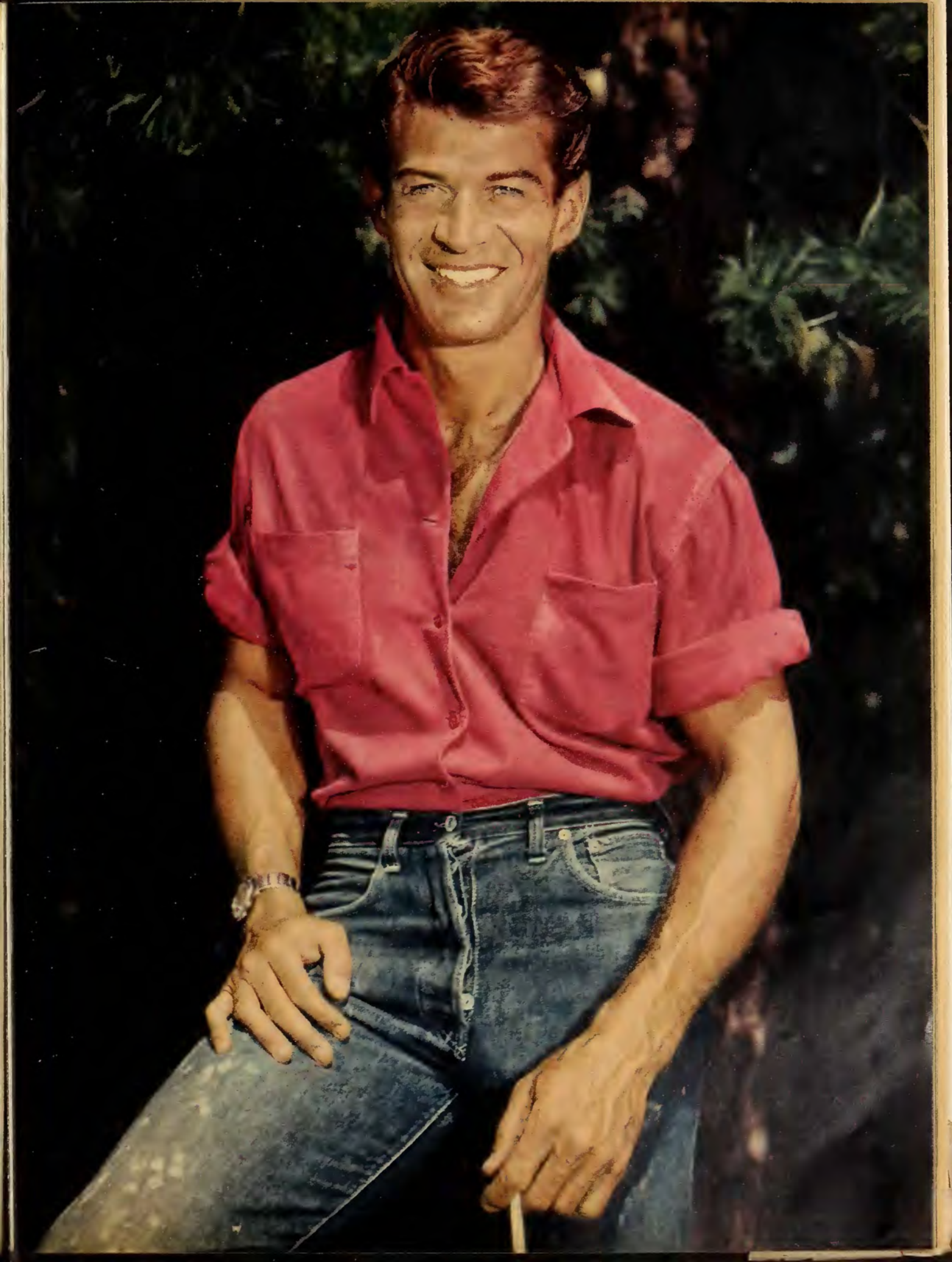
The future Mrs. Nader will live in this quiet, peaceful home atop a hill overlooking the San Fernando Valley—but she'll have to be able to commute to the bright, glittering crowds of Hollywood and get along with stars as well as nature.

by BEVERLY LINET

■ Rubbing his eyes, yawning, stretching, blinking in the early morning sun, out of the old white house came a young giant. He stood well over 6'1, clad in ancient jeans and comfortable t-shirt. In one hand he carried a hoe, in the other a spade. The hands holding them were well-calloused.

With a practiced eye he surveyed his domain. Around him trees stood tall, flowers turned their petals to the sun, weeds—weeds were non-existent. George Nader lifted the spade and the hoe to his shoulders and sighed. It was all his; he had done it all. And here was another day, warm with a sun that would eventually peel the shirt off his back, perfect for gardening, for finishing the path that led round the house, for repairing the hose—for spending the twilight at the piano without a neighbor in sight to be disturbed. How tremendous to have a couple of weeks ahead all to himself. How marvelous not to have to struggle into a shirt and tie and go somewhere. He thought he'd never in his life been as happy as he was today, yesterday, tomorrow.

Only—what was wrong today? He sighed, he felt restless and uneasy, he wanted—something. The greenery gave him little pleasure. Something—and then he remembered. Suddenly the simple, uncomplicated, outdoorsy young farmer was galvanized into action. Of course he knew what he wanted—he wanted to be at the studio. What on earth was he doing perched on a hill miles away from Hollywood? Why wasn't he down there, acting up a storm? How had he avoided being bored to death (Continued on page 83)



Now, seven years later, Louella Parsons talks to the

INGRID



With Dr. Lindstrom, before split



With Pia, whom she left



With Rossellini, when they met



With Roberto and the twins

■ I met Ingrid Bergman in London for the first time since she left Hollywood to make *Stromboli* for Roberto Rossellini and never came back.

A much thinner Ingrid but a completely fascinating cosmopolite discussed with me the news that rocked the world seven years ago when I revealed for the first time that the Swedish actress was expecting a child by Rossellini, her Italian director.

I feared she might hold against me the fact that I had broken the news, but she seemed genuinely glad to see me and embraced me when I walked into the room to greet her.

She adores her children, her sturdy six-year-old Roberto who was born in Rome before she was divorced from Dr. Peter Lindstrom, and her winsome twin daughters. Dr. Lindstrom fought the divorce tooth and nail and refused to let her marry Rossellini although mutual friends pleaded with the Swedish doctor to free her.

Ingrid made a point of letting me know that she is very happy, despite the troubles that so grievously beset her when she left everything for the man she loved and apparently still loves.

"My three children are such a blessing," she said. "They have been living at our country place outside of Rome and recently they have had a wonderful vacation at the seashore in Cannes. All three are having expert care with Roberto's sister and his first wife to look after them. You see Roberto's little boy by his first marriage is with my children and they get along beautifully."

At that she excused herself for a moment and brought in photographs of her own three children.

"The twins are so different," she said. "Isabel has straight dark hair, while Ingrid is more blonde and has curly hair. Aren't they sweet?" she asked me proudly. "They are indeed," I told her, "and little Roberto is very handsome."

If there is any bitterness in her soul she doesn't show it. She talks about Rossellini and her babies with real affection and pride. She told me that the children are being brought up as Catholics, in Rossellini's religion. "I think it is such a wonderful thing for them to have the faith which Catholicism teaches," she said.

"And what about Pia?" I dared to ask her. "I'll show you her picture," she said. "She is seventeen and such a young lady—and I think very attractive." Pia, or Jenny as she calls herself in America, is not estranged from Ingrid and writes to her mother regularly in spite of reports to the contrary. Time has obviously softened the blow that at one time threatened to completely estrange Ingrid and her young daughter by Dr. Peter Lindstrom.

"Then you are in communication with Pia?" I asked her. "But of course," she said. "She writes me and I write to her." At the time Ingrid left the United States there were many reports that the unhappy Pia had put her mother (Continued on page 79)

BERGMAN!

woman who risked everything for love





Rory & Lita Calhoun:

our mid-summer

*Twice we lost our babies
before they were born . . . then,
minutes before we were to
take home a son, we learned we
couldn't adopt him. Now,
again, we're waiting—and
praying—for our own baby!*

by LOUIS POLLOCK

■ Last April Rory Calhoun and his wife, Lita Baron, set out for a foundling home in a southwestern state. There, awaiting them, was a baby boy, only two years old, who had already captured their hearts, although they had seen him only once before. In the eight years of their marriage they had been wonderfully happy except for a void that only a child could fill, and although twice it had seemed they were to be blessed by one of their own, both times their hopes had come to sadness. Now here was a little fellow who was to be theirs. They were adopting him.

They had seen him for the first time only a few months before—or rather a photograph of him. Lita had caught her breath. The baby not only had black hair and blue eyes with long lashes like Rory's, but he also had a widow's peak, like Rory, and high cheekbones and general shape of face like hers.

"It's unbelievable!" she had cried—and she couldn't help weeping. "People will insist it could only be Rory's and mine! I want to go see him right away."

Shortly after, they made the first trip. Monsignor Don J. Kanaly, Rory's old friend and mentor, had brought the photograph to them. He met them, went along to the home, and the baby was brought out. Lita could hardly restrain herself from picking him up and taking him right then and there. The picture had not even done him justice. Her eyes swam and she knew from the way Rory's grip on her arm tightened that he was as deeply touched as she.

Arrangements had had to be made; legalities entered into, commitments rendered. All these were begun. They were told only that the baby had been abandoned by an unmarried mother. Then they went back to Hollywood to wait—each day a forever by itself, it had seemed to Lita. But, finally, by April, word had been sent out they could come for the boy. Now, for the second time, they were here.

Neither Lita nor Rory paid any attention to a car parked across from the foundling home when they pulled up at the entrance. But as Rory helped his wife out, a girl got out of that car and walked over towards them—a very attractive girl, Lita noted, with black hair and blue eyes, and a nervous manner.

Was she a movie fan who had recognized Rory, Lita wondered. Yes, her actions indicated this. She was looking at Rory intently and when she came close, she spoke to him. "You're Rory Calhoun, aren't you?" she asked.

Rory nodded but he was puzzled. And Lita knew why. This wasn't the place for this sort of thing. Something was wrong. Then the girl was talking to both of them.

"I understand you are going to adopt my little boy," she began.

Then the girl's eyes swung to Lita and Lita felt her whole body go hollow—except for her heart which began pounding loud and ominously. Rory was licking (Continued on page 71)



Miracle

We asked 150 stars to reveal 150 intimate facts about themselves. Here are two typical replies to the questions no magazine dared to ask the stars before.

☒ Male
☐ Female

MALE

In what year did you make your first picture 1943
How many films have you been in 29
What was your gross income last year (round figures) \$159,000
Your total taxes \$5,860 Net income \$160,706.20
Height 6 Weight 176 Color hair brn Eyes blue
Do you like your steaks rare medium well done ✓
Do you like your coffee plain with sugar ✓
Cream ✓ cups per day 5
Do you live in an apartment House How many rooms 4
Rent per month (unless you own) ✓
How many bathrooms 4 How many servants 3
If you own your home, price paid \$5,000
Were you an only child No If not, how many children in family 5
How old were you when you made your first film 25
Do you own a toupee not yet
Average number of books read per month 2
Do you read best sellers ✓ Mysteries ✓ Paper backs ✓
Poetry No Classics No Your favorite author Hemingway
What is your favorite comic strip Lil Abner
What one book would you take to a desert island Bible
Shakespeare
Are you a native of New England Atlantic
Seaboard ✓ Midwest ✓ West coast ✓ Southwest ✓
Foreign country ✓ If so, are you an American citizen ✓
Do you belong to a church ✓ If so, which Methodist
If not, what have you been ✓ Are you an atheist ✓
Agnostic ✓ Keeper of personal faith ✓
Average number of times you attended church in 1954 20
(not counting weddings, christenings, funerals)
How many weeks do you work per year 37 Hours per day 9
What do you spend annually for clothes \$1,500
What pets do you own 2 dogs
What is your published age 35 Your real age 40
Do you lie about your age to friends No
To the press No To everybody No
What is your favorite charity Cancer
Do you like music Yes
Who is your favorite composer Beethoven
Who is your favorite pops singer, male Perry Como
Female Ella Fitzgerald
Is your screen name your real name Yes

What was your profession before movies Alfred Newman
Do you smoke cigarettes Yes Pipe sometimes when I'm in
How many a day 22 What is your favorite drink Straight Scotch
Average liquor consumption per week at least 1 drink a day
How much cash have you in savings \$25,000
In stocks, insurance, real estate \$70,000
How fast do you drive Very Ever get a ticket Yes
What make car do you drive Spate car
How many radios are there in your home 3 TV sets 2
Cars in the garage 2
Do you play a musical instrument sometimes Which Banjo
Do you sing badly Dance No
Do you remember anniversaries No Names No Faces if they're pretty
How old were you at the time of your first kiss 12
First date 12 First marriage 25
Do you own more than one home No How many ✓
Do you live in Beverly Hills ✓ Brentwood ✓
Valley Yes Hollywood ✓ Or, where ✓
How much acreage do you own 3
Have you a tennis court No Pool Yes Horses No A boat No
How many hours of sleep do you need 7
How many do you get 7 1/2
How many colds annually 1
What is your favorite Hollywood restaurant Peacock
New York restaurant Sandis
What was your worst subject in school Math
Best History Did you like school No
What is your chief gripe about your publicity don't get the facts straight
Do you find your publicity boring ✓ Fascinating and how
Mostly true Mostly Mostly phony ✓
Do you get too much publicity Not enough
Do you like night clubs Not much
How many magazines do you subscribe to 7
How many do you read monthly 5 Read the trades No
Do you always read the stories about yourself Yes
Do you keep a scrapbook my wife does
What year in school did you finish - 8 9 10 11 12 graduated
Did you go to college Yes Which college Columbia
What have you learned through movie roles: Fencing Yes
Skiing No Riding Yes Swimming No Tennis No Shooting Yes
Languages No Other skills handy fixations

Since your movie career began have you consciously brushed up on etiquette No The arts Yes
What are your hobbies, if any do-it-yourself projects
Do you garden No Putter No Do-it-yourself Yes
Are you proud of Hollywood okay
What is the worst thing about being a star I feel like I'm in a fishbowl and I love old friends
The best meet interesting people
Who is your favorite actor Holden, Brando
Actress Katherine Hepburn
Do you diet off and on
How many real friends have you 7
In the industry Mostly Non-professional Some
If single, why so I'm married but my bachelor friends say they're not ready to settle down
Want to marry some day Why
If divorced, how many times have you been married ✓
Want to try again Why
If married, is this your first marriage Yes Other ✓
Is your husband (wife) an actor No In business housewife
What is the difference in your ages I'm 6 yrs older
Are you happy with him (her) Yes
Have you been faithful to him (her) Yes
How many children have you 2 By how many husbands (wives) 1 How many adopted None
Do your children have a full-time nurse No
Do you wish you (your wife) could take charge she does
Do you sleep in the raw Yes Nightgown ✓ Pajamas ✓
Just tops ✓ Just bottoms ✓
Is it easy to "go Hollywood" Yes Have you briefly
What is your worst fault Hoody, self-centered
Do you mind signing autographs Not at all
Are you fussy about food Yes Favorite food Meat + more
Do you prefer tub Shower Yes
Do you worry about what people think depends on who
What is your greatest extravagance Clothes + car
Economy household overhead
Have you ever been hungry for lack of money horribly
If you weren't a star, what profession would you prefer anything in the film industry like director
producer

☐ Male
☒ Female


In what year did you make your first picture 1941
How many films have you been in 34 that I remember
What was your gross income last year (round figures) \$108,000
Your total taxes \$58,320 Net income \$41,234.40
Height 5'3 1/2" Weight 113 Color hair black Eyes blue
Do you like your steaks rare medium well done
Do you like your coffee plain with sugar ☒
Cream ☒ cups per day 6
Do you live in an apartment House How many rooms 10
Rent per month (unless you own) _____
How many bathrooms 4 How many servants 4
If you own your home, price paid \$67,300
Were you an only child No If not, how many children in family 7
How old were you when you made your first film 17
Do you own a toupee One you're hiding?
Average number of books read per month 4
Do you read best sellers Mysteries Paper backs No
Poetry Classics Your favorite author Wolfe, G.B. Shaw
What is your favorite comic strip Peanuts
What one book would you take to a desert island The Bible and The Prophet
Are you a native of New England Atlantic
Seaboard Midwest West coast _____ Southwest _____
Foreign country _____ If so, are you an American citizen _____
Do you belong to a church No If so, which _____
If not, what have you been nothing Are you an atheist _____
Agnostic _____ Keeper of personal faith yes
Average number of times you attended church in 1954 once, at Christmas
(not counting weddings, christenings, funerals) _____
How many weeks do you work per year 34 Hours per day 10 1/2
What do you spend annually for clothes \$2000
What pets do you own 1 dog and 1 cat
What is your published age 25 Your real age 32
Do you lie about your age to friends yes
To the press and how To everybody definitely
What is your favorite charity Mental Health
Do you like music yes
Who is your favorite composer Chopin
Who is your favorite pops singer, male Sinatra
Female Rosemary Clooney
Is your screen name your real name no

FEMALE

What was your profession before movies model
Do you smoke cigarettes yes Pipe _____ Cigars _____
How many a day 26 What is your favorite drink Vodka
Average liquor consumption per week Too much
How much cash have you in savings \$100,000
In stocks, insurance, real estate \$141,000
How fast do you drive fast Ever get a ticket I try to talk them out of it
What make car do you drive Cadillac
How many radios are there in your home 4 TV sets 3
Cars in the garage 3
Do you play a musical instrument yes Which piano
Do you sing yes Dance I love to
Do you remember anniversaries yes Names No Faces People I like
How old were you at the time of your first kiss 14
First date 14 First marriage 21
Do you own more than one home no How many _____
Do you live in Beverly Hills _____ Brentwood _____
Valley _____ Hollywood yes Or, where _____
How much acreage do you own 1
Have you a tennis court No Pool yes Horses No A boat No
How many hours of sleep do you need 7 1/2, if I can get it
How many do you get 7 1/2 if I'm lucky
How many colds annually 3 - and they're bad ones
What is your favorite Hollywood restaurant Chasers
New York restaurant 21
What was your worst subject in school mathematics
Best English Did you like school very much
What is your chief gripe about your publicity takes too much of my time
Do you find your publicity boring _____ Fascinating yes
Mostly true yes Mostly phony _____
Do you get too much publicity they bore me Not enough yes
Do you like night clubs _____ Favorite _____
How many magazines do you subscribe to 5
How many do you read monthly 3 Read the trades yes
Do you always read the stories about yourself always
Do you keep a scrapbook yes - I have seven
What year in school did you finish - 8 9 10 11 12
Did you go to college No Which college _____
What have you learned through movie roles: Fencing No
Skiing No Riding yes Swimming No Tennis No Shooting No
Languages yes Other skills tap dancing

Since your movie career began have you consciously brushed up on etiquette yes The arts very much
What are your hobbies, if any painting
Do you garden No Putter no Do-it-yourself Some
Are you proud of Hollywood yes and no
What is the worst thing about being a star having to wear too much heavy make-up; disrupts family life
The best financial security
Who is your favorite actor Brando, Holden
Actress Ingrid Bergman
Do you diet constantly
How many real friends have you 5
In the industry none Non-professional all
If single, why so _____
Want to marry some day _____ Why _____
If divorced, how many times have you been married _____
Want to try again _____ Why _____
If married, is this your first marriage no Other 2nd
Is your husband (wife) an actor yes In business _____
What is the difference in your ages his 8 years older
Are you happy with him (her) very much
Have you been faithful to him (her) always
How many children have you 3 By how many husbands (wives) _____
How many adopted none
Do your children have a full-time nurse yes
Do you wish you (your wife) could take charge yes, when not working
Do you sleep in the raw _____ Nightgown yes Pajamas _____
Just tops _____ Just bottoms _____
Is it easy to "go Hollywood" yes Have you no
What is your worst fault I put things off till tomorrow
Do you mind signing autographs I love it
Are you fussy about food yes Favorite food Pasta
Do you prefer tub _____ Shower _____
Do you worry about what people think constantly
What is your greatest extravagance clothes + jewelry
Economy shopping for food
Have you ever been hungry for lack of money not yet
If you weren't a star, what profession would you prefer a housewife (with love and security, of course.)



For zany answers to our serious questions, please turn the page and read what Natalie Wood and Nick Adams have to say 

Tape-recorded confessions of Natalie Wood



Q: Natalie, do you have a swimming pool?

Nat: Yes, but I haven't been swimming in it yet . . .

Nick: I have . . .



Q: Nick, what book would you take to a desert island?

Nick: Natalie's diary.



Q: Why are you still single?

Nat: If I waited for Nick to propose I'd be an old maid.



Q: What's your worst fault?

Nick: Natalie trusts people to be nice and gets hurt.

and Nick Adams—



Q: How old were you when you had your first kiss?

Nat: Five. I talked this little boy into kissing me. Then I slapped him in the face. I don't do that anymore.



Q: What's your favorite food?

Nick: Fried baloney sandwiches with cheese on top.

Nat: He wants to die young!

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Leading Lady Natalie Wood
 Leading Man Nick Adams
 Persistent questioner Carl Schroeder
 (MODERN SCREEN'S West Coast editor)
 Demon photographer Bob Beerman
 (MODERN SCREEN'S staff photographer)

LOCATION

MODERN SCREEN Hollywood office

PROPS

Tape recorder, easy chairs, soft drinks, lots of cigarettes

ACTION

Natalie Wood and Nick Adams, having heard of MODERN SCREEN'S questionnaire, drop by to answer some questions in person. They get comfortable and the action begins

DIALOGUE

QUES: *When did you make your first picture?*

NICK: 1954. Mr. Roberts.

NATALIE: *I've got ten years on you. My first one was in 1944. It was called Happy-land. I've been in twenty-six pictures since.*

NICK: *I've been in nine.*

QUES: *What was your gross income last year?*

NICK: \$12,000.

NATALIE: *I don't know what mine was.*

NICK: *Well, figure.*

NATALIE: *Oh, off hand, a couple of million. No, seriously, I think I'll skip that one.*

QUES: *What were your total taxes?*

NICK: *I got a thousand bucks back.*

NATALIE: *My father takes care of mine. I never pay any attention. I don't worry about it. I don't think an actress, at least one my age, should start worrying about being a \$10,000 or a \$50,000 actress, or whether she's going to wind up in the poor house. According to law, a certain percentage of my income is put away until I'm twenty-one. I know I've answered that question like a female, not straight out like Nick.*

NICK: *You sure did. She's afraid of fortune hunters. When she's twenty-one she'll come into about \$100,000. Then I'm gonna marry her and get all the dough.*

QUES: *How many bathrooms do you have in your home, Nick?*

(Continued on page 84)

■ One night last fall the Glendale High School sports stadium was the scene of an unusual activity. The lights were on and an inter-high school football game was in progress. The players were striplings, but big, and were giving a passable account of themselves on the field. Under the lights they swung out of the huddles and into the line for the pass or the crushing charge for yardage with the precision and intensity of big-timers. The score was close enough for suspense—and the rivalry was earnest. But nobody was watching the field.

Half-way up in the stands on the fifty-yard line a big man sat hunched over in a hat and light top-coat munching peanuts. Beside him sat a petite, dark-haired woman in a mink coat. They had their eyes on the field, but everyone in the stadium had their eyes on them; and with disturbing regularity young and old fans alike shoved their way to the big man's side and presented slips of paper to be signed. The man wasn't hard to identify. He was John Wayne, a former graduate of Glendale High and now America's number one movie star. The small woman was his wife.

Half-way through the second quarter, an Athletic Director who saw that the game was developing into a dismal flop because of audience distraction, struggled through the rows to Wayne's side.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Wayne," he said, "I know the fans must be bothering you. Would you like to sit some place else?"

"They're not really bothering me," Wayne said. "I love it. But I would like to see my kid play (Continued on page 87)"



That's the dilemma John Wayne's son Pat must face at the crossroad of his

should I be an **ACTOR** or a **PRIEST?**



life. And not even his father can answer it for him / by JIM HENAGHAN

I was having fun on the Andrea Doria—a pleasant voyage with gay traveling companions, the joy of coming home with my little boy, Dickie. And then suddenly—a crash in the night—and Dickie and I were in the very middle of the worst sea tragedy of our time. . .

by RUTH ROMAN

■ I clung to the Jacob's ladder dangling down from the *Andrea Doria*, half way between the deck and the water, and watched the lifeboat with my son in it pull away from me, into the fog. The last I saw of his little face, he wasn't crying. He had climbed into the lap of an Italian woman I had met on board the ship, and he was holding tight to his red balloon. Then the boat disappeared, and there was nothing for me to do but hang on, and pray.

It had begun as such a nice evening. It was terribly foggy out, but no one cared. We were only one day away from New York, and there was a dance being given. Dickie—he's three and a half—was asleep in the cabin, with his nurse. At 11:30 my friend Janet Stewart and I were up on the top deck, in the Belvedere Lounge. Everyone was singing—it was very gay. All of a sudden—the crash came. For a second I was stunned. I've been in an avalanche, I've been in accidents. Always at first there's the moment of complete shock, when nothing happens. Then suddenly you snap out of it. The *Andrea* rolled terribly and began to settle at a terrific list. I thought, "We've been torpedoed!" All of a sudden I started moving. Deep inside myself I was numb, I was praying. On the outside, I was doing the things I had to do. Don't ask me how. That's a question no one can answer.

I kicked off my shoes. "Don't get excited," I called to Janet. "I'm going for Dickie." Without shoes it was possible to walk on that (Continued on page 76)

THE LONGEST NIGHT OF MY LIFE







KIM NOVAK'S DO-IT- YOURSELF BEAUTY HINTS

Many Hollywood actresses stay glamorous with the help of professional make-up artists. But experiment is Kim's byword. She puts make-up on only in daylight, uses a light eyebrow pencil and a non-glaring lipstick to assure herself of a natural look at night. She cuts her own hair (says it's easy). She uses all colors in powders, lipsticks and mascara, even mixes them. This way, she finds the right one for her.



by RUTH WATERBURY

■ At fourteen, like most teen-agers, Kim Novak hated her own looks. Her baby-fine, white-blond hair she regarded as the end in nothing, her lashes were even more so, and her skin looked to her like skimmed-milk.

On impulse, she decided to get herself turned into a red-head. She really couldn't afford either the time or the money, for she was working and poor, but she took both. She headed for the nearest beauty parlor in her home city of Chicago, selected a color from a chart and turned herself over to the professional ministrations of the operator.

"They shampooed me, they dyed me, and they set me," Kim says, "and an hour and a half later, as I came out from under the dryer, I dashed to the mirror, looking to see myself turned into a dream. What I saw was a fireman's nightmare. The color on my hair was wild and the wave was set to my skull like plaster. My pale skin, contrasted with this beet red hairdo, looked like a ghost's and I didn't seem to have any eyes at all.

"I just sat down and cried and cried. They told me I'd love it when I got used to it, but I knew better and as soon as I could get hold of myself and had paid my bill, I went out and headed for the nearest swimming pool. At least, I thought, I could wash that wave right out of my hair.

"Of course it was a public swimming pool, which meant there was almost as much chlorine as water in it. So while the wave certainly did come out of my hair—most of my hair came with it. And what was left, as it dried, turned green. I nearly died of embarrassment. I slunk to the nearest department store, bought one of those stocking caps, pulled it down so you couldn't see one speck of my hair, and in that, I sneaked home. I couldn't go to school for a week. I snipped off my hair, day after day, concocted turbans and scarfs to wear over my head when I went out—and learned my lesson the hard way."

Kim has never dyed her hair since. For *Picnic* she used a red rinse, but in private life and in all her other pictures she uses a light lavender rinse over her naturally white-gold hair.

She puts this on after her shampoos, of course. When she is not in a picture, she shampoos her hair twice a week with a shampoo oil good for naturally dry hair. When filming, she washes it every day. Because her hair is so baby-fine, she uses the lightest permanent solution, puts the curls in very loosely, doing a fresh permanent about every two months. She sets her hair in (Continued on page 89)

photos by Peter Basch

Bob AND DOROTHY MITCHUM: OUR FAVORITE MEMORIES OF

PARIS





● They grabbed a tramp steamer to Genoa, drove through Spain, and took a train to France. ● The first thing they did when they hit Paris was get lost, so they headed for the nearest policeman. Between his pidgin English and Dorothy's pidgin French, they were on their way again. ● Shooting on Foreign Intrigue started in a couple of days, so Bob was rarin' to go tourist-ing: dawn found him ready for the streets of Paris. Dorothy swore her other eye would be open in a matter of minutes and sent him out, to wait in solitary grandeur until there was a waiter awake to start him on his way with une café. Une café—that's French for coffee that's strong enough to stand up, sneer at you, and pour itself down your throat if you're too sleepy to lift the cup. ● His wife sleep-walked toward him, and they headed towards the Champs Elysees: Dorothy looked at the shop windows while Bob signed a few autographs; Dorothy assured a Parisienne Bob couldn't have scared her donkey—he hadn't had that mean look on his face that's reserved for the cameras; Dorothy bought the things she had 'window-shopped' while Bob waited for a cab at the taxi stand.



PARIS

Continued



Photos by Russ Melcher



● There was a night of shooting on the picture that ended just as dawn began to light the sky. ● For a while Bob watched the sanitation trucks go by—instead of the taxi he was looking for. No people, no cars—just sanitation trucks cleaning the streets of Paris for a new day. Bob started walking in the general direction of his hotel—and again got that special feeling and that special whiff and that special aura of quietness that spells Paris to him. ● When he passed the Seine, he stopped and caught a fish. Well, he didn't really catch it, but he worked as hard as the solitary fisherman at being motionless until the quiver at the end of the line told him it was time to bring in—a wiggle no longer than his finger. ● And he'll remember Paris for its fantastic markets, Les Halles, and for the restaurant where he had the specialty of the house—onion soup, and for the centuries of romance that Dorothy and Bob felt as they wandered through the gardens of Paris' Tuileries.



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A WONDERFUL DAY FOR A WEDDING

■ It's always so nice to be in on a love story from almost the very beginning . . . to its happy, happy, ending. And MODERN SCREEN has followed the progress of Shirley Jones' romance with singer Jack Cassidy from the time she returned home from the State Department's production of *Oklahoma* (where she met and fell in love with Jack) up until the moment she stood in front of Reverend Edge Dickson at the simple altar of The New Church of Jerusalem in Cambridge, Mass., and promised to "love, honor and cherish" the man standing solemnly at her side till "death do us part."

Shirley's romance, as those who followed her story in MODERN SCREEN remember, was not one of "moonlight and sweet songs." There were many long torturous months of heart-break and pretense. Waiting and wondering whether Jack's wife (from whom he had been separated many months before he met Shirley) would ever consent to the divorce now that she knew his heart belonged to another. Pretending she wasn't in love; that she and Jack were "just friends."

Then two days before it was officially released to the newspapers, MODERN SCREEN broke the good news to the world. Evelyn Ward Cassidy had flown to Mexico for a divorce and Jack and Shirley were planning to marry in the fall.

However, having waited so long, Jack and Shirley could wait no longer. Instead, they decided to wed in Cambridge in August, when the two were to appear together in the Musical Festival's production of *Beggars' Opera*.

But they wanted no rushed frantic elopement. Having had to keep their love secret for so long, they wanted to share their happiness over the marriage with everyone: their friends, the family, the world.

In the three weeks they had in Cambridge before August 5th, they still found time to do the thousand and one things necessary for a formal wedding: Choosing clothes for themselves and the wedding party, buying the rings, selecting flowers, arranging for the reception, and most important of all, selecting the *right* church. The latter they just stumbled on one evening en route to rehearsals, directly across the street from the Sanders Theatre where they were playing. It turned out to be the kind of simple, beautiful little church Shirley always dreamed of being married in. A church just like the one she would have been married in back home in Smithton, Pennsylvania.

Since Shirley could not come to Smithton—Smithton, in a manner of speaking, came to her. The week before the wedding, aunts, uncles, nieces, cousins, and childhood friends poured into the little town of Cambridge. By plane, train and auto they came to see their favorite little girl get married. Charlotte Lynn—Shirley's first "best friend" was matron of honor, and Sari Price—who was with Shirley and Jack when they were doing *Oklahoma* in Paris and who seemed to know "even before we did" that they were in love, was her only bridesmaid. Shirley wanted Barbara Ruick to be one too, but Barbara was also doing summer musical theater—five states away, and didn't know until the day before the wedding that she would be free to attend.

It was a beautiful wedding. And Shirley was the most beautiful of brides; a vision in a billowing white *peau de soir* gown, embroidered with hundreds of tiny iridescent sequins, and a shoulder-length veil.

And the reception took place in a tiny little restaurant in the center of town. The managers tried to give it a "Hollywood touch," but succeeded instead in making it even less pretentious. For on the menu they featured Roast Beef *a-là-Jack*, creamed Lobster *a-là-Shirley*, the words to "Oh What A Beautiful Morning" and the balcony scene from *Romeo And Juliet*.

Shirley and Jack left the reception early—as all married couples do. But instead of rushing to some secluded honeymoon spot, they rushed straight to the theatre—for the evening performance—which try as they might they could not get cancelled. During the curtain calls the audience and cast showered them with rice, and later there was a backstage party. Then they were off for one short day.

But even the brevity of 'their honeymoon' couldn't dim their happiness. For on that sunny August day a precious, nearly forbidden dream came true. And they have the rest of their lives in which to "honeymoon."

how liz ruined her marriage

(Continued from page 31) experienced, worldly-wise, ex-boy friend of that perennial charmer, Dietrich. She was little Liz Taylor, international beauty with an internationally broken heart. She'd been married to Nick Hilton and he had mistreated her. She was miserable, a divorcee before she was twenty-one. All her life she'd been the center of a little world that revolved around her. She was incredibly beautiful, she was talented, she was bright and gay and affectionate and sweet. She met Nicky and he was handsome and charming and he knew just how she felt about everything because he too had been the center of a group of admiring friends for a good deal of his life. Obviously they were meant for each other. The only trouble was, they hadn't decided in advance who was going to be the pivot of the new little world known as married life.

And they hurt each other badly, left each other bewildered, almost stunned. Neither wanted to play adoring parent to the precocious darling child. Miserably lonesome, Liz went to London to make *The Conspirator*. It was a good chance to grow up, to live on her own, take care of herself, do without a retinue. If she hadn't renewed acquaintance with Mike Wilding, whom she had idolized three years before, she might have taken it. But Mike was there. And he fell in love with Liz.

Someone to watch over her

Only what Liz wanted wasn't really love. She wanted protection, care, a loving, indulgent somebody to look after her.

Never get the idea that it didn't scare Mike. It did. He weighed his qualms carefully, pondered over their chances of success. More than their twenty-year age difference, the different way they looked at love frightened him. But Liz wasn't scared. Mike was exactly what she wanted. Finally she did the proposing.

"You're too young," he protested. "You'll change your mind."

"I won't."

"Let's wait and see."

Liz refused to wait. Hardly was the ink dry on her decree from Hilton before she sprang the news of her engagement to Wilding. A move that caught him off-guard. He said so—to a British reporter. "It came as a surprise to me. My idea was to give it time." He was sure of his love. He wanted to make sure of hers. He might have been firmer. He might have put his foot down. He might have insisted that they learn to know each other better. Yes, and he might have been a man of iron. Being flesh and blood, he caved in. He even sounded cheerful about it. "She wants to be married to someone who'll love and protect her. That someone, by heaven-sent luck, turns out to be me. I won't let her down."

It was the only way he could have Elizabeth and he took it.

If she's happy, he's happy

As for Liz, she was perfectly honest. She believed in her love. She always does. She's always convinced that no girl before her ever felt so real an emotion, nor ever will again. Three years before that, even while making eyes at Michael, she wrote wistfully: "I don't know what I'd do without Glenn's letters." Of Pawley she breathed: "What a year! It brought me Bill!" Of Hilton she said: "Your heart knows when you meet the right man. There's no doubt in my mind that Nicky's the one I want to spend my life with." And of Wilding in triumphant

crescendo: "I don't care if I never work again. All I want is to be Mike's wife and have a baby right away."

Mike, enchanted, capitulated entirely. What Nicky couldn't give, Michael gave in abundance. It was his pleasure to indulge this beguiling creature. Not that he blinded himself. "She's a seething mass of feminine wiles," he sighed—and surrendered to them. Nothing was worth a battle. Michael hates to fight. Especially over minor irritations. Liz was wildly untidy—dropped her clothes on the floor and housebroke her animals on the new rug. She spent money like a whole fleetful of sailors. She never got anywhere on time. At most, he'd offer mild protest. "To keep people waiting is a form of discourtesy." The answer was easy. She'd bat those double-fringed violet eyes at him and he'd throw in the towel. And Elizabeth would be happy again. If she was happy, he was happy. He literally threw his career away by coming to Hollywood, which just couldn't be bothered making proper use of one of the best light comedians in the business. But he had Elizabeth. They had not one baby but two, and if his child-bride burst into tears every time the kiddies did—well, they could afford a nurse who wouldn't. If Liz was happy—

Liz asserts herself

And then came the blow. Some say it came out of the blue, at a party. There was a crowd, and Liz got separated from Mike. Hunting for him, she bumped into a friend. "Where's Michael?" she asked. The friend took her arm. "Let me talk to you, kid," he said. "It's damned stupid of you to keep following your husband around. Assert yourself. Be something in your own right. Stop being a shadow!"

He was only telling her what everyone knew and most people approved—that Liz was dependent on Mike. What wasn't true was that anyone who looked like Liz Taylor and sparkled like her could be anyone's shadow. But maybe Liz had never heard anything like it before. Maybe it scared her. She stopped suddenly in her tracks. She didn't finish looking for Michael.

Whether such an incident could be a major turning point in a life—or in two lives—is anybody's guess. But one thing is certain—whether it was sudden or had been coming for a long time, things were very different after that night. It wasn't long before Liz was telling people, "When I married Michael, I couldn't detach myself from his apron strings. I'd follow him from group to group like a puppy dog." The implication was that she wasn't, any more. She seemed to find it very amusing. But it was only a short step from that to: "Don't tell me what to do! I'm your wife, not your daughter!" Only a short step to Michael, bewildered, wondering what suddenly went wrong.

Liz had handed out the roles, told Mike how she wanted it played. Now she had changed her mind. She didn't like the parts. Mark it down—the first way Liz destroyed her marriage.

The second way was equally tragic.

In love with love

The other thing Mike hadn't counted on was that Elizabeth was and is in love with love. The thing that terrifies her more than anything else, and the thing that comes most easily to a girl who has been surrounded too long by too much of everything, is boredom. "I only feel alive when I'm in love," she told friends. And after five years of marriage and two babies, some of the first delirious enchantment has of



Jan Sterling (Mrs. Paul Douglas) co-star in Columbia Pictures' "The Harder They Fall" tucks her little son safely in for the night.

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necessity gone out of love. That is something it takes a good solid marriage with its companionship, trust and understanding, to replace. When the foundations of the Wilding marriage turned out to be sand, the lack of thrill became a big thing.

Late in the Wilding marriage, when Liz decided she didn't want a father after all, she began to look for that long-lost thrill. A year ago while she and Rock Hudson were making *Giant* down in Marfa, Texas, there were rumors. On any set, and especially on location, comradeship flourishes. But bystanders reported that the warmth between Liz and Rock flourished beyond the call of comradeship. From all parties a smoke-screen of denials rolled up. Rock, maintained Liz, was merely her second-best friend, the first being Mont-

gomery Clift. Nevertheless, Mike hied himself to Texas. Maybe to show a united front with his wife, maybe to find out what all the shootin' was for.

Monty, Jimmy, Kevin. Where's Mike?

There was talk about Elizabeth and Jimmy Dean, and when the news of his death hospitalized her, the rumors burst out louder and louder. There was talk of Liz and Monty, her first-best friend, and that didn't die down when she held his head, weeping, all the way to the hospital when he was in the auto accident.

Home from England where Michael was making a picture, she didn't seem to care much what anybody thought. Blithely
(Continued on page 57)

PIN THE NOSE ON THE MOVIE STAR

and other Hollywood Party Games

It's nearly Hallowe'en and when that particular holiday comes around, Hollywood greets it with full force. Costume parties become the favorite social activity in, filmland and the favorite pastime at these parties are party games, which naturally are all about movies. Here are a few games and how they're played. Try them at your own Hallowe'en apple-dunking.

GHOSTS: Before the party begins the hostess makes a list of about 200 questions about show business. Like: Who starred in *The Saracen Blade*? The guests sit in a circle, and the questions are started to the left of the hostess. Each person is asked one question at a time. The first time a contestant misses a question he becomes a "G". The second time he misses he becomes "G-H". When he becomes "GHOST" (missing five questions) he is disqualified and the game continues until only one is left. It's great when only two or three champs are left.

CHARADES: Hollywood style it means that you act out movie titles. The guests are divided into two teams which compete against each other. They use good, hard titles including *Demetrius And The Gladiators*, *Away All Boats*.

PIN THE NOSE ON THE MOVIE STAR: This game is the same as Pin The Tail On The Donkey, only the hostess uses a life-size poster of a movie star and cuts weird noses from construction paper.

GUESS THE MOVIE: Before the party, the hostess selects old movie stills from the studio files or goes through old movie magazines clipping scenes from past films. The scenes are then mounted on cardboards and the guest identifying the most movies wins.

NAME A TUNE: Mounted pictures from any magazines are used and for each picture the guests make a list of song titles the pictures suggest. For instance, a picture of a baby (taken from a baby-food ad) might suggest "Baby, It's Cold Outside," "Don't Cry, Joe," or "Too Young." A picture of a clock suggests "High Noon." The person with the longest list wins.

SCAVENGER HUNT: This is the highlight of any party. Teams of six people are sent all over town in automobiles. It means waking up relatives in the middle of the night, tracking down friends at other parties, and begging studio guards to open studio gates. Here's a list of items that a recent winning team brought back after a two-hour search. A *Dragnet* badge from Jack Webb, a cigar from Edward G. Robinson, a violin string from Jack Benny, a Peter Pan collar from June Allyson, a toothbrush from Liberace, an autographed picture of Tab Hunter from Natalie Wood, and a sweater from Cleo Moore. The prize was a membership in the national Elvis Presley fan club.

No wonder Hollywood stars look forward to October 31st—and no wonder they need a year in between to recuperate!



At a costume party, Debbie Reynolds appeared as a clown. The knight in shining armor is Tony Curtis with his fair maiden, Janet Leigh. Frank Sinatra came as a Mississippi gambler and astrologer, Carroll Righter, Aria Allen and Rick Jason are circus performers. Pistol packin' Peggy Lee held a gun and Joan Crawford (below) came as an exotic dancing girl.



(Continued from page 55)

she went dancing at the Mocambo with Kevin McClory, John Huston's assistant. The management tried to cover up for her. "What you saw," they asserted, "was a couple of other girls." It was nice of them but they needn't have bothered. At a race track Nick Hilton gave her a flock of winning tickets. Squealing, she flung her arms around him. "Honestly, Nicky, you're insane. I guess that's why I married you in the first place." It was a harmless impulse. Only, thousands were watching and misinterpreting. In a wife and mother of two, impulse is excusable but dignity's more becoming.

And then, with one of those about-faces that makes her charming, that makes you see why Mike loved her enough to risk what he risked, she did show dignity at a trying time. A smear magazine sank its fangs into Mike. While Liz was away, Mike's supposed to have carted a couple of strip-teasers home to entertain himself and a nameless pal. Let Liz tell how it hit them. "By the time the magazine came out, I was back home in Hollywood. Neither Michael nor I knew about the article until it had been on the newsstands for three days. Then a columnist phoned poor Mike at home to know how I'd acted about it. Horrified, he rushed out and bought the magazine. Then he called me on the set. He was aghast and his voice was so pale gray that I couldn't help giggling." The giggles over, she made a sober statement. "Whether it's true or not, you can't let an article like that break up your marriage." Spoken like a wise woman.

She was right in another sense, too. Whether or not it was true about Mike, it wasn't going to break up the marriage. That had already been done.

The death of a marriage

Meantime, two little boys pay a price for what they never bought. The tall smiling father who scooped them to safety on his shoulders after a tumble won't be around. He'll see them, of course. There's no drop of malice in Liz. She's not the kind to erect any wall between Mike and his sons. But he's no longer a part of their everyday background. Right now he's oceans away while Liz works in *Raintree County* with best-friend Clift. She loves her kids dearly but, between work and play, she can't have much time to give them companionship. From the set, sift tales of her tantrums. Happy, she's easy to get along with. Unhappy, she's not. Maybe she's going through the same kind of turmoil that followed her break with Hilton. Monty must be a comfort. "I've told him everything," she said once. "Even things I'm ashamed of."

The wayward wind is a restless wind that yearns to wander. It's been suggested that Liz will now create more headlines than Turner or Hayworth—that beauty like hers wasn't meant for domesticity but for the excitement of changing romance. They used to call her the girl who has everything. Everything is just what you can't have. You can't have variety and a steadfast love. Turner found that out the hard way and seems to have reached safe harbor at last. Hayworth's still learning the hard, lonely way. Ditto Ava Gardner. Ditto Elizabeth Taylor? It's anyone's guess.

In this whole sorry business, there's just one thing for sure. So far as her heart's concerned, King Michael is dead. And one hope. Long live the next king.

END

Liz Taylor will soon be seen in George Stevens production of *Giant* to be released by Warner Bros. and in MGM's *Raintree County*.



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(X = glamour plus comfort)



LEFT, A beautiful, beautiful bra fashioned of nylon lace with an open-work criss-cross detail insert on the bra cups. This bra looks like a dream and, of course, washes and wears like one, too. It is dainty—but practical with assurance of figure beauty. It is available in white only. About \$3.50. By Exquisite Form.

BELOW, a cotton bra with a handsome embroidered detail on the cup tops. The center features a gored band for cup separation. The bra cups are lined with flannel re-inforcement for added contour and uplift. This bra comes in white only. About \$2.00. Also by Exquisite Form.

Get a lift
with a
new bra





Lush long torso bra that gives perfect underlook for new clothes—Lovable's front-zip cotton combination bra, waist-cincher and garter belt. This exciting new garment called, Dancetime, features Lovable's patented T-strap—straps that can be worn 12 different ways. You can buy it in black or white. About \$5.95.



Hollywood-Maxwell's very feminine nylon alençon lace bra with lace edging. The back is lined with firm nylon sheer. The straps are made of imported Velvouré with Parva buckles for comfort and easy adjustment. It is available in black or white—as well as in the new fall colors! About \$5.95.

Full of grace and fair of face—

radiant skin accents Cyd Charisse's great beauty

BEAUTY is also skin deep



■ Complete beauty can be your good fortune and not a hidden yearning. Through the ages we have been told that true beauty is of the spirit reflected in mind and deed. The marvels of today's beauty preparations have enlarged the scope of the accepted definition of beauty to include physical beauty. The magic of make-up bases and powders can give your skin added color and glow and cover little blemishes, others can give depth and intrigue to your eyes, still others vibrant color and accent to your lips. But you cannot cover up an uncared-for skin any more than you can an ungracious thought or careless manner if your goal is complete beauty such as the movie stars have. Complete beauty includes a clean skin. Stars must cleanse their skins at least twice a day to thoroughly remove the heavy make-up that is necessary before the cameras. They can't become lazy and go on to dates with screen make-up on—or a make-up that they have worn all day. Frequent cleansing—the very using of soaps and creams and lotions—not only thoroughly cleanses the pores of the skin but also creates circulation that stimulates constant pore action. Circulation also causes the impurities of the skin to be thrown off. Tiny particles of dead, dry skin are likewise removed by frequent cleansing. After thorough cleansing the skin is more able to respond to the lubricating preparations that help to make it soft and smooth and moist. If you would have a glowing, radiant skin such as the movie stars are famous for, start today with regular skin cleansing periods just as the stars do. Morning and night—and yet another period after the busy day—so you will be glamorous for your evening date. This is the “must” program for keeping your skin clean, young and radiant. You will be amazed at how your make-up base and powder will go on a smooth, clean skin. Even your lipstick will have a more luscious and clearly defined outline as the skin tissue around the mouth has become softer and smoother. The stars use various kinds of skin cleansers, lubricating creams and lotions. You will have almost as much thrill trying the several types to see just which ones are most pleasing to you and your skin as you will at the almost immediate improvement that you will recognize in your skin and—looks. The preparations and soaps today are dreamy in their texture and scent—the beauty of the products themselves literally takes you into another world while you are using them. Always use upward and outward strokes when applying your selected preparations—never downward. Use only soft, gentle, smooth strokes. Hard strokes will harm the tissues. Around the eyes the movement should be outward from the bridge of the nose over the lids to the temple, circling around under the eyes, (Continued on page 75)



DISCOVERED

a new, down-deep-in-the-skin clean feeling

This is a new, never-before kind of feeling. It could come only from a new, never-before kind of cleanser. Not from any soap . . . too drying. Not from any cream . . . too thick and slow and greasy. Not likely even from other *liquid* cleansers.

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And because every single cleansing ingredient in Jergens Deep Cleanser is also a recognized skin softener, it leaves your face softer, smoother, clearer. Agree . . . or *double your money back*. Just **39c** and **69c** plus tax.



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Head of Make-Up,
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NEW MOVIES

by Florence Epstein

WORTH
SEEING
THIS
MONTH

FOR SPECTACLE

War And Peace

FOR LAUGHS

Bus Stop

FOR MUSIC AND DANCE

The Best Things In Life Are Free

FOR DRAMA

Tea And Sympathy

Attack!

FOR SUSPENSE

Port Afrique

The Last Wagon

FOR SHIVERS

The Unguarded Moment

Beyond A Reasonable Doubt



★ **PICTURE OF THE MONTH:** At a magnificent New Year's Eve ball in Moscow, Prince Andrey (Mel Ferrer) is about to take Natasha (Audrey Hepburn) into his arms for the first time. This is one of the many breathtaking scenes taken from Leo Tolstoy's great novel, *War And Peace*.

★ WAR AND PEACE

a masterpiece becomes a film classic

■ Generally acclaimed one of the greatest novels ever written, Tolstoy's *War And Peace* has been brought to the screen in a three-and-a-half-hour adaptation that is spectacular, panoramic and often exciting. Here, it is a story of the nobility in old Russia and of how their lives were changed by Napoleon, whose mammoth ambition to rule the entire continents of Europe and Asia led to his invasion of Moscow. The scenes of the French and Russian armies marching against each other in the field, and of the French retreat from Moscow in winter are magnificent; the re-creation of Moscow as it looked in the early 19th century, the interiors of the great houses, the hall-rooms and cafes, the sweeping vistas of the countryside in spring, and the moody setting of a duel in moonlit snow, the costumes (not only of the women but of the Russian officers) are incredibly beautiful. In the midst of all this are presented the sagas of several families—the family of the merry Count Rostov (Barry Jones) is dominated by the vivacity of his daughter Natasha (Audrey Hepburn); the family of the plutocratic Prince Bolkonsky (Wilfred

Lawson) is dominated by his sense of pride and duty as exemplified by his son Andrey (Mel Ferrer). The great estates and wealth of a Russian landowner inherited by his illegitimate son Pierre (Henry Fonda) brings the fortune-hunting Kuragines (brother Vittorio Gassman, sister Anita Ekberg) into play. All of them together project a sense of the vast variety of types and the limitless resources of a sprawling country—Mother Russia—whose destiny is inextricably wound with theirs. The love story of Hepburn and Ferrer is only part of the huge canvas, as is the search by Fonda for the meaning and purpose of life, as is the far-flung ambition of Napoleon (Herbert Lom) and the indomitable defense of his country by General Kutuzov (Oscar Homolka) who trusts the land and the nature of Russia herself to help win him his battles. Scene by scene unfolds with a sense of history behind it and with the eternal question of man's destiny looming over it. Don't miss this movie; you won't be bored for a minute of its three-and-a-half hours. Prominent among the cast are John Mills, Helmut Dantine, Anna Maria Ferrero, Milly Vitale, Jeremy Brett. Directed by King Vidor. A Ponti-De-Laurentiis Production. Vista-Vision—Para.

(Continued on page 64)



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of **BEAUTY** and practical
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Mona Freeman

co-starring with Barry
Sullivan, Dennis O'Keefe
and Katy Jurado, in
Allied Artists' picture
in CinemaScope and color
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Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

movie previews (Continued from page 62)

BUS STOP

—MM and the rodeo

■ Marilyn Monroe is absolutely delightful in *Bus Stop*. As a naive but hardly inexperienced "chantoosie" from the Ozarks she is comic, touching and vibrant. The whole movie (based on the hit play and directed by Joshua Logan) is highly entertaining. Bo Decker (Don Murray) is a 21-year-old cowboy fresh off the ranch. His contact with people has been limited to Arthur O'Connell, who taught him everything he knew—which excluded anything about women. O'Connell and Murray arrive in Phoenix where Murray plans to win all the prizes at the rodeo, and also to find a girl who is an angel (because O'Connell told him he's old enough for girls). When Murray walks into the seedy *Blue Dragon* cafe he finds Marilyn rendering a pathetic version of "That Old Black Magic" and he's bowled over. Marilyn is not exactly sure what life has in store but she has a vague idea about being discovered by Hollywood, and absolutely no intention of settling for Murray. But she is kindhearted and completely bewildered and about half an hour after meeting Murray she's engaged to him. The rest of this movie deals with her feeble but frantic efforts to escape the boy who refuses to be refused, and goes after her with the same tactics he uses on wild horses. Colorful scenes of the rodeo (in addition to Marilyn) enhance the visual aspects of the film. With Betty Field, Eileen Heckart, Robert Bray. CinemaScope—20th-Fox.

ATTACK!

brilliant war movie

■ This is one of the best movies about war I've ever seen. Most war pictures are a tremendous amount of noise signifying nothing, and the soldiers in them are stereotypes of people no one has ever known. This movie, which takes place in Europe, 1944, strikes you with terror, admiration and pain. The characterizations in it are excellent. Eddie Albert is the Captain of "Fox" company. He is incompetent, arrogant and cowardly in the pinches, but his boyhood friend, Lieutenant-Colonel Lee Marvin, intends to get him a citation because Albert's father is an important judge back home. Writhing under this injustice is Lieutenant Jack Palance, a courageous, strong fighter whose only concern is his men and their survival. Another Lieutenant (William Smithers) is equally concerned, but he has a certain polish about him that makes him less the noble savage and more the man willing to compromise than Palance. On the fierce stage of action that taking the German-held village of La Nelle presents, the characters of these four men reach their final expression. It is a real and human drama; it is also a vivid picture of war as it must truly be.—U.A.

TEA AND SYMPATHY

drama of a troubled adolescent

■ Deborah Kerr's most recent triumph on Broadway is faithfully restaged in this movie version of a schoolmaster's wife who over-extends herself for a troubled young adolescent. The boy (John Kerr), who commits the unpardonable sins of liking good music and poetry, disliking crewcuts, knowing how to sew buttons on shirts, walking gracefully and playing a good game of tennis (as opposed to a good game of football), is scorned and ridiculed by his classmates who cruelly label him effeminate. Instead of laughing this off, Deborah's husband (athletic coach Leif Erickson) and John's father (alumnus Edward Andrews) join in the mockery. Only Deborah (who once had a brief, happy marriage with just such a youth and who feels alienated from her all-American spouse) can understand, accept and sympathize with him. She goes even further to prove that he, indeed, is a Man, and this costs her her marriage which, all things considered, is worth the price. CinemaScope—MGM.

THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE it happens on Broadway

■ First there was Brown (Ernest Borgnine) and De Sylva (Gordon MacRae). Then Henderson (Dan Dailey) wandered into a rehearsal of the new George White Scandals written by them, and a famous songwriting trio was born. For seven years they lorded it over Broadway, and this is their story. What it lacks in authenticity it makes up for in charm, especially in the charm of Ernest Borgnine whose versatility and warmth nearly steal the picture. He's the big-eating, quick-tempered, blunt-speaking realist of the trio who still has a few boyhood friends (notably racketeer Murvyn Vye) hanging around him. MacRae is an ambitious, suave lady-killer (showgirl Sheree North is smitten) and Dailey is an ex-music teacher, family man and brother-in-law to Sheree. As the boys roll to fame and fortune together, De Sylva's head and ambitions get bigger—leading to Hollywood, temporary grief on Sheree's part and a splitting up of the team. But all ends well in this summing up of an era

in Broadway history, and you'll see a lot of once popular songs (including the title one) sometimes lavishly staged. CinemaScope—20th-Fox.

THE LAST WAGON

Widmark as Comanche Todd

■ It's 1875 in the Canyon of Death—which at the moment is quite lively, what with an emigrant train pushing its way through, and Comanche Todd (Richard Widmark) being dragged right into their path by a sadistic sheriff who has him on the end of a lariat. Seems that Widmark, aside from being Indian bred, is also a murderer. The sheriff joins the wagon train, warning them of Apaches, and the Apaches shortly wipe out the wagon train. Only Widmark and a handful of hysterical teen-agers survive. Among them are proud and spiteful Stephanie Griffin, her half-Indian half-sister Susan Kohner, spunky Felicia Farr and her little brother Tommy Rettig and two adolescent boys—sensitive Ray Stricklyn, swaggering Nick Adams. They have little choice but to put themselves into the guilty hands of Comanche Todd who thereafter conducts a brief, do-it-yourself course on survival—this covers hunting, trapping, whittling, hand-to-hand combat with Apaches, first aid for rattlesnake bites and making the most (with Felicia Farr) of the moon over Arizona. With Widmark as professor it is a pleasant experience. CinemaScope—20th-Fox.

PORT AFRIQUE

a marital problem in North Africa

■ When ex-flyer Phil Carey comes home to Morocco he's shy about notifying his wife—he's got a leg wound and she always loathed that kind of thing. His best friend, police chief Eugene Deckers, braces him with cognac. At a local cafe Pier Angeli soothes him with a sultry song, and by the time Carey gets home his wife is dead. Must be suicide everybody says, knowing better. Turns out nearly everyone in Morocco has a motive—Pier Angeli (girl without a passport); Dennis Price (Carey's weak business partner); Rachel Gurney (Price's strong wife); James Hayter (ex-beachcomber and present shady owner of the cafe), and, from the look of things, the police chief, himself, who goes about wiping out clues with one hand and carrying on a long-distance chess game with the other. Technicolor—Col.

BEYOND A REASONABLE DOUBT

frame-up for murder

■ There's this rich publisher (Sidney Blackmer) who has a positive hatred of capital punishment, envisioning hundreds of innocent men frying in the electric chair. With almost no difficulty he persuades his future son-in-law (Dana Andrews) to frame himself as the murderer of a chorus girl who has fortunately just been murdered. While Andrews gaily plants his fingerprints here, there and on the soft shoulders of Barbara Nichols (friend of the deceased) Blackmer protects him by recording all with a polaroid camera. Joan Fontaine is somewhat put out to find her fiancé on trial for murder (nobody told her anything) and breaks the engagement. But by the time this movie's over that's the least of Dana's worries.—RKO.

TEEN AGE REBEL

child of divorce

■ It's been eight years since Ginger Rogers laid eyes on her daughter, because eight years ago Ginger left her husband for Michael Rennie and their union was blessed by a cute, adenoidal seven-year-old named Rusty Swope. It was a change for the better, but try telling that to Betty Lou Keim, who's now 15 and visiting Ginger because her father's getting re-married and doesn't want her around. (Betty doesn't know he's getting married; she thinks the visit's a legal duty.) Well, Betty comes to that sunny, suburban home and proceeds to cast it in shade with her snobbish, aloof and distinctly unfriendly manner. Rennie pays the kids next door (Warren Berlinger and Diane Jergens who, if anything, err on the side of normality) to be nice to Betty Lou, but the be-nice-to-Betty movement meets terrible opposition by the girl herself until love (by Warren) absolutely melts her. She freezes up again after a romantic crisis and from then on it's touch and go.—20th-Fox.

THE UNGUARDED MOMENT

terror in a high school

■ A special form of juvenile delinquency gets the once over lightly in this film, with Esther Williams playing a high school teacher on the receiving end of mash notes from the school's football hero (John Saxon). John's not so bad, though; it's his father (Edward Andrews) who is an overgrown delinquent, somewhat on the psychopathic side. He hates women. Pop manages to convince everyone (except detective George Nader) that Esther's a latter-day Circe, luring young men into locker rooms after dark. Only thing he can't pin on her is responsibility for a rape wave that's about to sweep Ogden High's campus. Technicolor—U-I.

WRITTEN ON THE WIND

the money that flows in Texas

■ Robert Stack and his sister Dorothy Malone have nothing hut money, all of which was made by their father, oil tycoon Robert Keith. Wait a minute. Robert Stack has a friend, too. Rock Hudson—boy who grew up with him and who now flies all over the world with him (in a private plane). Not that Hudson likes to fly, he's all the time wishing Bob would be good and come home. But Bob just won't. On an afternoon in New York Bob and Rock fall in love with Lauren Bacall, secretary in the family's branch office. That evening they're all in Florida and Lauren is being ushered into a hotel suite which contains a wardrobe (clothes spun of pure gold) that Bob ordered made up for her in fifteen minutes. She doesn't fall for *that* line, but she falls for Bob, dissolute drinker that he is, and marries him. Meanwhile, back in the mansion, Dorothy is eating her heart out for Rock and drinking, and carrying on with ordinary workers. You see, she can't have Rock, so she plots the downfall of her brother's marriage. It kills her father, kills her brother, too. Technicolor—U-I.

BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HELL

World War II revisited

■ War, as they say, does many things to men. Aside from giving Robert Wagner a terrible case of the shivers it makes a better cotton mill owner out of him. Before the war he was one of those rich Southerners who never heard that Lincoln freed the slaves, and the way he treated his sharecroppers sickened the Mrs. (Terry Moore). A few months in the South Pacific and Wagner was splitting a case of beer (swiped) with three buddies of the lower classes who had performed some heroic action with him. When his former next-door neighbor (now his commanding officer) kills those men by accident, Wagner is understandably enraged and tries killing him. Instead of a court martial he's sent to a Jap-infested area in the hills where a disreputable company is tyrannized by a half-crazy captain (Broderick Crawford). Between the captain and the Japanese a man could lose his mind, but an ex-sharecropper named Buddy Ebsen, who shares a foxhole with Wagner, steadies him with progressive thoughts of home. CinemaScope—20th-Fox.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

THE KING AND I (20th-Fox): An enchanting musical starring Deborah Kerr, Yul Brynner, Rita Moreno and some of the best songs Rodgers and Hammerstein ever wrote. The sets, costumes, music, singing, dancing and people make it a must on everyone's movie list.

THE SOLID GOLD CADILLAC (Col.): Concerns Judy Holliday, an unemployed actress who likes to attend stockholders' meetings since she just inherited ten shares of a vast Projects Corporation. Judy makes trouble for everyone. The dialogue is sparkling and the romance between Paul Douglas and Judy is tender and funny.

THE BURNING HILLS (Warners): Stars Natalie Wood (a fiery Anglo-Mexican whose dad has been shot) and Tab Hunter (whose brother has been shot). Tab's out for revenge and, with a gang of men out to kill him, he finds Natalie who feeds, bides, and takes care of him.

PARDNERS (Para.): Although Jerry becomes a rancher and a sheriff under the name of Killer Jones, he still remains himself—friendly, innocent and incompetent—in this funny film starring Dean Martin, Agnes Moorehead and Lori Nelson.

TRAPEZE (U.A.): Great circus atmosphere and wonderful trapeze shots are shown in this exciting movie that stars Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis and Gina Lollobrigida.

UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS (U.A.) A documentary film based on reports and official investigations of "flying saucers." A most interesting and informative film.

THE GREAT LOCOMOTIVE CHASE (Disney): Fess Parker, who looks and acts like a Southerner, is really a Northern spy attempting to dismantle the Southern railway system during the Civil War. Jeffrey Hunter, a motorman, suspects it and the chase is on.

LUST FOR LIFE (MGM): Here is the life story of the great artist, Vincent Van Gogh, whose need to paint was exceeded only by his need for love. Kirk Douglas gives a vivid portrayal of an eccentric, tortured personality, supported by Anthony Quinn and Pamela Brown.



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TUSSY Medicare

marilyn enters a jewish family

(Continued from page 23) God made a lot of rules that she hadn't known about before. Things she must do, and must not do, especially on Sundays. According to the man, in the sight of God she was even less than she had always thought she was—and that was pretty little. She was a sinner, who thought wicked thoughts, and planned wicked deeds. The man didn't know what they were, and she didn't know either, but God knew, and He would punish her. If she thought her life was bad now, she should just wait till God caught up to her; then she'd see. Nights she lay trembling beneath the blanket, under the all-seeing, never-sleeping eye of God, waiting to catch her in wickedness.

Time passed, and the authorities in charge of her life took her away from that home and put her into another, and another, and back to the founding home, and then out again. The memory of the man and his God faded and became a blur of prayer and fear. Sometimes one or another of the families she lived with took her to church, and she heard about God again. Sometimes He was the God of the man, terrifying and awesome. Sometimes he was a gentle God, loving and kind, helping instead of punishing. At first

she tried to make sense out of it, but she couldn't. No one else seemed to have trouble knowing who God was, only she. She asked no one; she was unaccustomed to asking questions. People preferred that she do as she was told and be quiet. She never stayed long enough in one place to go to Sunday School, to meet a minister. In the end, she decided that God was as the rest of the world—a friend to others, a stranger forever to her.

When she was sixteen she married a boy, and thought she was going to have what she had never had—a family of her own, a warmth all round her. But it turned out that he was just a boy, not a father and mother and a whole world. Just a boy, with not too much to give, at that. Or maybe she asked too much of love, having starved for it for so long. Eventually, his was one of the homes she left.

Nine years later her name was Marilyn Monroe, and under that name, she married again. This time she married a man, not a boy. His name was Joe DiMaggio, and as far as Marilyn knew, he was the first person in the world who ever needed her.

Like her, he was lonely. Like her, he was famous, and surrounded by people who offered their time, presence, laughter—but seldom their love. They would open, she thought, as she had thought before, the whole world to each other.

And again, she was wrong. Her new husband was a quiet, moody man to whom real warmth was foreign. Before they were married, he introduced Marilyn to his family, his sister, the San Francisco house in which he had lived. She thought they were to be her relatives, with all the meaning that word had for her. People who would make her part of their world, people she could call daily, have secrets with, defend. But San Francisco is a long way from Hollywood, and Joe preferred to stay home in Los Angeles. He was fond of his family. But he felt no clinging need to know them intimately as Marilyn did. She suffered at the loss.

They were married in a civil ceremony. They could not have a religious one; Joe, a Catholic, had incurred the displeasure of his Church by divorcing his first wife. By marrying Marilyn, he cut himself off from his religion entirely. His new wife's searching mind looked, as ever, for the answer to her childhood questions. Who is God? How is He worshipped? Cut off from the Church, Joe tried to forget it. He had no answers for her. God to whom she had hoped to find a path, seemed to retreat.

It was a marriage that could not last. When it was over, she went to New York. She needed to learn to live. A long time ago she had been nobody, and needed

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

1. I LIKE MARILYN MONROE:

☐ 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

2. I LIKE JANET LEIGH:

☐ 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 SAL MINED:

☐ 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

4. 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

5. I LIKE MARISA PAVAN:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. 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

7. I LIKE INGRID BERGMAN:

☐ 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

8. I LIKE RORY CALHOUN:

☐ 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 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 LIKE NICK ADAMS:

☐ 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 JOHN WAYNE:

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

I LIKE PAT WAYNE

☐ 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 their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE RUTH ROMAN:

☐ 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 KIM NOVAK:

☐ 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 ROBERT MITCHUM:

☐ 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

14. I READ:

☐ all of Louella Parsons in 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. 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) _____	(1) _____
MALE	FEMALE
(2) _____	(2) _____
MALE	FEMALE
(3) _____	(3) _____
MALE	FEMALE

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only to survive. Then, too quickly, she was Somebody, and she lived as Marilyn Monroe was expected to live—in a way that never touched her soul. Now she would find herself.

For a long time she had been reading. Poets, great novelists, books of philosophy, books on art and music. She had grown accustomed to the laughter and wise-cracks that came when she told anyone; she didn't mind too much. It was good for her career, she supposed. Even if it weren't, she'd go on reading. Somewhere in the books were the answers she sought.

While she was looking for herself, she found Arthur Miller.

Five years before, she had met him at a Hollywood cocktail party. They had talked for a while—at least, he had talked, and she had listened. What he thought of her she did not know, but to her he was a giant, a man of mind, a man who knew the answers to questions, a man she could worship. But only from afar. She was still the little nobody, hiding behind her publicity, wondering who she was. He could never have been interested in her. And even if by some miracle he had been—he was married. There was an end to it.

Yet, she put a snapshot of him—she never told where she got it—on the wall over her bed, next to the one of Eleanor Duse, the great actress. Everyone recognized the picture of Duse (and laughed at her, of course), but few recognized Arthur Miller in blurred focus. She was content.

When she came to New York to recover from the blow her marriage had been to her, she met him again. He was separated from his wife. And she—she was the unexpectedly bright Miss Monroe, the only person in a roomful who knew what she was talking about when, amid giggles, *The Brothers Karamazov* was mentioned.

"It's very strange," he told her, "that you should be so interested in Dostoevsky. As a matter of fact, he's one of my favorites..."

Marilyn smiled at him. "Not so strange," she said. "You told me that back in 1951."

That wasn't all she remembered. He was interested in social welfare, so was she. He loved bike-riding—she had always wanted to learn. He liked parties that were more talk than dancing—and at those parties Marilyn turned up, holding a vodka-and-orange-juice, scarcely sipping it, listening, always listening. One evening he drew her away from a group. "You never say anything," he accused.

Her large eyes turned on him honestly. "I'm afraid," she said. "There are so many of them, and they know so much..."

So he took her away from the crowds and together they discovered who she was—a shy, beautiful girl with a lot to say, when she could find the courage to say it. Time after time she sent him into peals of helpless laughter with a well-timed crack. "Why don't you talk like that at your press conferences?" he'd gasp.

"Oh, they'd just say my agent wrote it."

He took her bike-riding, and when she fell on the famous behind, she rose up again, giggling. He met her for lunch in Manhattan, and found her hidden behind a scrubbed face and loose blouse, chatting with drugstore waitresses and newsdealers. He came to depend more and more on seeing her, on hearing her comments on his work, getting her opinions of his friends. To her it was incredible. Arthur Miller wanted to see her, to talk to her, actually to listen to her. Gradually a little of her shyness left her. If Arthur Miller thought she was worth while, maybe a few others might, too. For the first time in her life, she felt—liked.

But it was when he took her home that they fell in love.

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Home, to Arthur, was a frame house in Flatbush, Brooklyn. Not much of a place to look at he told Marilyn. His mother told her more about it while Marilyn sat on a kitchen chair and watched the busy, capable fingers preparing dinner. Once the Millers had been wealthy, and lived in a lovely place in Manhattan. Then came the Depression. Everything went. They were barely able to manage the move to Flatbush. Arthur was a good boy. Always wanting to help. He delivered bagels before school to earn some money. Bagels—"Here, I'll show you," Mrs. Miller exclaimed, producing one from a bag in the oven. A hard, round, roll-like affair with a hole in the middle. Had Marilyn ever had one? With cream cheese and lox?

Marilyn said yes, she had. Lots of her show-business acquaintances were Jewish; she had eaten lox and bagels with them.

Oh, well, then, she knew about Jewish foods and things. Not that the Millers kept a Kosher home, with no pork or rump steak or shrimp allowed in it; not that they didn't have cream in their coffee when they had it with meat. But still, they were not completely unreligious. For years her old father had lived with them, and for his sake they had kept the dietary laws. It did no one any harm, and in many ways it was good. It reminded them that they were Jews. It was good to know who you were. And being Jewish—well, when people like you were in trouble, or when something good happened, you could share a little of it with them, you could feel at one with them. Did Marilyn understand?

Yes, she understood.

At dinner Mrs. Miller and the quiet man who was Arthur's father reminisced... the time Arthur fell off his bike into the snowdrift and all the bagels got soggy. What a catastrophe—soggy bagels. Never mind the bagels—the catastrophe was Artie had to pay for them! Remember the time Artie couldn't get into college because his high school grades were so low? The Millers turned, seriously, to Marilyn. You see, they told her, in a Jewish family, the education is the most important thing. More than money or position. To a Jewish family the thought that the son will be a doctor or a lawyer or a teacher or a writer—that is what makes you hang on through bad times, gives you courage to live. So when Artie suddenly wanted to be a writer—well, they were pretty shocked, because he was always the one playing ball or tinkering with a motor, while Kermit, the older one, God bless him (he left after two years of college to help his father when the crash came), was the one they had always thought was artistic. But if Artie wanted to study—more power to him, he should have every penny they could scrape together. So two years after he got out of high school Artie had both the money and the guts at the same time; he went up to Michigan University and talked them into letting him in. Then he won every prize for creative writing they had to give. Proud? Were they proud? They beamed on him all over again. Marilyn, listening, watching as they told her the story, knew that nothing would ever make them as proud again.

Dinner over, they carried the dishes into the kitchen. "Let me help," Marilyn begged, and Mrs. Miller handed her a towel. Drying the dishes, listening to the chatter, she was supremely content. The arm her hostess put around her when they went back to the living room, the smile Artie's father turned in her direction when she wandered over to the bookcase to look at the titles,—they all seemed natural, homey, right. "You never wanted to move?" she asked.

"No, we thought of it once or twice. We could afford it now; Artie makes a good living, my husband does all right. But you know—you get close to your neighbors,

you see the same people for twenty years, your children grow up in these rooms, you belong to the temple—why should you leave? For a fancier neighborhood with fancy strangers? You understand?"

"Oh, yes," Marilyn said. She understood.

When they said goodnight finally and walked down the block to Arthur's car, she held his arm, looking about her. Down the block she could see the outline of a temple. Here and there a porch light gleamed faintly on a mezzuzah nailed to a door jamb—a sign, put up by the residents, that they were Jews, obeying the commandment to keep the word of God nailed to the entrance of their homes that they might remember it always. Inside the mezzuzah, Artie's mother had said, was a tiny scroll beginning with, "Thou shalt love the Lord..."

"It all comes back," she said slowly, "to being Jewish, doesn't it?"

Arthur took his pipe out, "All what?"

"Knowing who you are. Being content. Everything."

He grinned. "Well, a lot of people who aren't Jewish know who they are and they seem pretty happy."

"I suppose." She was silent for a while. "But your family—they say they aren't religious, really. But still—it's always there, being Jewish—a sort of constant beauty in the background."

He looked at her. "Being Jewish is not always a beautiful thing. It can be one of the roughest things in the world. People—"

"I know. But even suffering can be a good thing, if you don't do it alone, if you share it with people who believe in the same things, who understand..." Her voice drifted off into the night. Holding hands, he drove her back to the city.

They never knew who proposed to whom, and finally they gave up trying to figure it out. "Let's just say we both talked at once," Arthur said. Marilyn got in the last word on the subject. "You could say it was simultaneous—but I guess he sort of initiated it!" They told that to reporters outside Marilyn's Sutton Place apartment before Arthur swept her into his car and made a mad dash for his place in the country. With them were his two children and his mother. Waiting for them, his father. Waiting also were a troupe of reporters and cameramen who literally laid siege to the house. Sometimes they braved the storm. More often they stay in, Arthur reading and smoking, Marilyn in the kitchen.

"Teach me to cook," she begged his mother.

"You can cook. You made a very good steak and a nice salad."

"Oh, that," Marilyn waved her hand. "I mean—the kind of things you make. What Arthur likes."

"Well, I don't know where to start."

Marilyn thought. "Gefülte fish?"

"Oh, no. Much too difficult. I tell you what—we'll try some stuffed cabbage. That looks hard, but it isn't. And it's all written down in the Settlement Cook Book, so you can look it up. Get me—"

And Marilyn, delighted, flew about the kitchen, producing failures and successes, most of which were devoured, indiscriminately, by Art's kids.

Over one such dinner they discussed the wedding. Should they try to elude the reporters—or invite them? Who should witness the ceremony? Who should perform it, a judge or a j. p.? Arthur and his father debated. Marilyn sat silently.

Arthur turned to her. "What do you say, honey?"

She blushed. "I think I'd like to have a Rabbi."

"A Rabbi? You mean you want a religious wedding?"

"Yes, I thought it would be—nice. I
(Continued on page 82)

a gal for my sal

(Continued from page 27) won't till he is twenty-five or more, even, but I don't know. I see nothing wrong in early marriages—I was married when I was nineteen—providing the two people are mature in their characters. And Sal—he's my son, but I say it anyway—he's very, very grown-up for his years.

So this girl that he will marry—soon or someday—what will she be like? I don't know the answer to that. Whatever she is like, even if she is a million miles from the sort of girl I think would be the best for my boy, I will be happy for them. It will be their choice. Even when my sons were little I let them make up their own minds, and I think it was good for them. I never regret it.

But out of the whole world of nice girls, which one would I personally like the best for my son? Well, I will tell you—this is what she would be like.

Sal's girl

She would be educated. That is the first thing. First of all, because Sal is planning to go to college—and so I think she should have gone further than high school, too. Sal will probably take business administration, like Victor, and get his degree. But I don't mean that his girl must have a college degree. In some ways I wouldn't want her to, because if she got her degree it would mean probably that she was prepared to have a career. I would not think a career girl was the best for Sal; I want him to have a girl who would rather be home with her babies and her husband than out earning a living and becoming famous and successful. If she did have a degree I would think it was marvelous to have it in home economics. Sal is not a

fussy eater like his brother Mike. He just eats anything you put down in front of him, and he likes it all. So I think his wife should know how to plan meals scientifically, with all the vitamins—because Sal certainly won't know a thing about it. Of course she can learn that, and how to run a house, without going to college—but the college is there to teach it, so why not take advantage?

No matter how successful Sal is, he will need home-guidance. He has a mind of his own, but in show business there are always so many people to tell him, "Do this, do that, see him, go here." So he comes home for advice when he wants to get his ideas straight. Now he comes to me. When he is married he will come to his wife. She has to be sympathetic—but also she has to know what he is talking about, and be able to help. Most important, she has to know the right way to help.

I mean, indirectly. That is one of my favorite words—indirectly. She shouldn't say to Sal, "You're doing it wrong—this is the way to do it!" Sal never heard me speak like that to his father! That's no way to help a man. But he will bring her his troubles and when they are finished talking together, she should have given him her ideas and her advice, even if he hardly realizes she did it. I'd like the girl Sal marries to have studied psychology.

I myself barely made it through the eighth grade. For years later I had thoughts I couldn't use because I couldn't express them. To help my husband and my sons I had to teach myself. Then they would come to me and nobody else for help. A man will never turn his back on a girl like that. Sal will have many temptations in the life of an actor. But if his wife gives him this sort of help, she should never have to worry.

She doesn't have to be beautiful

In looks, this girl of Sal's should be average. I would not prefer a terribly homely girl, but she does not have to be beautiful for my boy to love her. A nice, normal-looking girl is what he should have. Not glamorous; he doesn't like that. He came home from the Coast one time and found his little sister Sarina, who is fourteen, wearing some make-up. "Take it off," he told her. "A drop of lipstick and maybe a little powder is all you should be wearing!"

"What about all those movie actresses?" my daughter said. "They wear make-up!"

And to my surprise, Sal said, "Yes, and you know what? I get sick of them! I get tired of looking at them, with no natural beauty."

That's what she should have—natural beauty.

She should be independent. I'm a mother, and I know how a mother loves her children, and wants to help them all the time. And I want my sons to ask me when they need something. But I hope Sal's wife will not be a girl to be swayed by what other people tell her—no, not even what her own mother tells her, if it is something that would make her husband unhappy. Her husband comes first! If she has to, she should move far enough away from her relatives so they can't run into her house every five minutes to tell her she's doing this wrong, or that. If she's educated, and she loves her home and her family, she'll do the right thing without being told. If she wants help she should ask for it. But she should stand on her own, and not let people run her life. Otherwise she will be miserable, and my boy will be, too.

She shouldn't be too quiet. A sparkling girl—that's what Sal should have. He loves

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fun, and to be with people. He loves to play the piano and have us all sing together, or to go to the movies with a crowd of kids. If his girl wants to sit quietly sometimes and read or listen to music, that's fine—Sal will do that. But mostly, she should enjoy being with people. Also, she should be a girl who has dated other boys, not too shy. I don't mean she should be forward, but she should have confidence in herself, and not expect Sal to lead her by the hand.

For example, Sal likes helping Sarina with her homework, and teaching her things—but that is because she loves it. And she is younger than him—his little sister, so it is right. But his wife is not his little sister. She should not expect him to show her how to do everything, or play teacher to her all his life. She should know what she is doing, and be a companion and a help to him.

She should be neat. Sal is. He takes good care of his clothes and his room and his things, and he hates clutter. A girl who leaves things all over the place, so that you feel you are living in a clothes-heap or something, would drive him crazy. But she won't have to pick up after him, either.

Her husband and home are first

She should be a girl who loves her home and her children and husband more than anything else in the world. That is the way I feel, and although I have never told my children that in just those words, I think they know it. Because a woman has to make sacrifices. Sometimes when I was first married it was hard. We were young, and we wanted to go dancing together. Or maybe I wanted just to be by myself for a while, just to think of myself for a time. But there were young children in the house, and I couldn't leave them. With my husband and me, it was because we were poor—there was no one to leave the children with, ever. With Sal and his wife it won't be that—if they want to leave the babies for an evening, that will all be taken care of. But they will have a different problem. The time will come when a studio will send Sal to some place like Europe for a few months to make a movie. And his wife will want to go along, to see new places and to be with her husband. But when the babies are little, she will have to make a sacrifice and not go! Later, yes. When the children are thirteen, fourteen—her time will be more her own. But I hope Sal's wife will be a girl who will be able to give up some pleasures for her children—because her family will be her greatest joy, then, too. In the end she won't lose anything; she will gain a lot.

I wouldn't mind if she wants to have a cook, and a nurse, and a maid. Sal will be able to pay for that. But always, no matter how many servants she has—it must be her house, and her children. She must be the mother, giving her family the love they need all the time. And whatever she does do in the house, let her do it well. She should really care for the house, because Sal will love the place he lives in.

The boys wanted a house

You see, we worked night and day, my husband and I, to give the children a house with a room of their own for each of them. That was what I always wanted for them—a house with a place they could play, three good meals a day, a good place to come home to. That way you know your children and your husband will always come home. And a child is never too young to appreciate his home. When the boys were still little children, we asked them, "Should we buy this house? It's big and it will take a lot of money. Should we get a mortgage?" They said "Yes." That way they were part of it.

Then we moved in, and it needed a lot of work. So I would say to them, "If we paint the rooms this weekend, I will save a hundred dollars." And we'd all paint. Or I would say, "If we fix the roof ourselves, we will be able to buy two chairs now." And they would want to help, young as they were. You know how much they loved their home? Each of them got an allowance. It wasn't very big. But they saved from it. And after a long time, the three of them brought me a hundred dollars. A hundred dollars! "Ma," they said, "take it. Buy something for the house." And to show them how proud I was of them, I did take it. I asked them, "What should I get?" They decided, "A carpet." I bought a carpet. The day it came, they all stared at it, almost crying. I don't think anything in the world ever made my sons so proud as to do that for their home.

So Sal's wife should care about her house—it's not just four walls and some furniture. It's the place you belong to and love.

Tell him he's wonderful

She should be a sincere girl, and she should never boast about the things she does, but let Sal know when she is proud of him. A man doesn't tell his wife as often as a woman tells her husband how wonderful he is, but she will know it because he will want to be with her all the time. The way it is with my husband and me. That's the greatest thing that can happen to a woman. I'm forty-three and I'm married twenty-four years. I've had a hard life, with hard work. But I've been happy, because we have love in our family. And just a couple weeks ago, I met a man who had interviewed Sal out in California. And he said to me, "I never met a boy who was so proud of his mother, Mrs. Mineo, as your son is of you. He told me, 'You should meet my mother! She understands everything. She's so bright!'" Well, I was amazed. Because a woman never knows for sure, and she wonders, "Am I doing the right things? Am I interfering even when I think I'm not?" And then something like that happens, and you are so happy. You know you're doing it right.

So this girl should take her joy in that. Well, that is the kind of girl I want for my son. I don't care if she is rich or poor; I don't mind if she is not of Italian descent. Just let her be a good, wise girl, and love Sal the way he loves her, and give him the kind of home he loves, too.

The funny thing is—I know girls like that. Yes, I know a couple, girls I could name to you. But I won't. And I'll never say to Sal, "That's a nice girl, take her out." Or be disappointed if he chooses another kind of girl. Because the most important thing a woman has to do is trust her men. That way she keeps their love. I want my husband's love and my children's, all my life. And I will say this to the girl Sal chooses, whoever she is. "You are getting a good boy. You will have a good husband. Because a man who loves his mother, loves his wife." That's old, but true. It is a good thing to remember. **END**

Sal Mineo can soon be seen in *George Stevens Production of Giant* to be released by Warner Bros.

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our mid-summer miracle

(Continued from page 39) his lips and Lita knew he couldn't think of what to say. She forced herself to speak. "If she knows, it's silly to deny it," she told Rory.

The girl knew all right. She was ready with her next words.

"I couldn't have prayed for a better home for my child," she said. "But could I ask for one favor?"

"Could I go along," she asked, "and be your housekeeper?"

This was it. Lita felt as she had felt when she had lost her first two babies. The little boy with the black hair and the widow's peak was not to be hers. Rory knew it too. He was reaching to open the car door and Lita realized there was no use even going into the foundling home. When she was seated she saw Rory turn his head for a moment to nod and smile, a somewhat strange sort of smile, in farewell to the girl, and then they drove off wordlessly.

They didn't need to speak. They were practically in a state of shock. This was final, there was no altering it. They could never have the baby. A mother who knew where her baby was, even a movie-struck mother, as Lita suspected this good-looking Southern girl was, would sooner or later claim her child for her own again. Taking him would never work out—never.

The Monsignor was astounded when he heard about it. Nothing like this had ever happened before in the whole history of the home. All adoptions were confidential, with actual mother and adopted mother never meeting, never knowing who the other was. But when he investigated he learned that this time there had been a leak; one of the younger staff members had carelessly mentioned Rory's name on the outside and had described the baby chosen.

It wasn't easy to forget

When they got back to their home in Beverly Hills Lita thought it had never seemed so quiet before. Then she realized it was because she wasn't hearing what she had so many times anticipated hearing—the cries of a baby, calling her. Rory wasn't enjoying the house either. He wanted both of them to forget about what had happened. He turned down two picture offers, had her pack a suitcase, and drive down to Newport Beach with him. There he rented a bungalow and said they ought to get a boat. They did—a 54-foot clipper-bowed schooner called the *Quisette*.

James (Mad) Mont, New York interior decorator, tells of the time Lana Turner commissioned him to dream up a bedroom that would be "satiny and sexy." Mont thundered: "I'll attend to the satin . . . period!" and stalked out.

Paul Denis

Lita knew he was trying to give her new things to think about. And she was willing. But it wasn't easy forgetting the little boy—and the times before him too.

She remembered that it had been only two years after her marriage when she had learned for the first time that she was an expectant mother. At the time she was preparing a new act with Billy Daniel. They were booked to open at the Mapes Hotel in Reno and it never entered her mind for a moment that this might jeopardize her pregnancy. She was told that lots of exercise was helpful.

She was thrilled and proud of what was happening to her. She told the girls she worked with around the hotel about it. One lady, a guest at the hotel, bought her a little yellow knitted sweater for the baby. Even the waitresses gave her presents of baby things. And then—tragedy.

Was it the fact that she had worked? Had she been too active? Nobody knew for sure; the only thing she had been sure of back then was that it was best to keep busy afterwards and not dwell on it.

Two years later, in January of 1953, after a three-months tour playing Las Vegas, Ciro, and then The Mocambo, the most inexplicable of all things had happened. She became ill and learned for the first time that for the past four months she had been pregnant without knowing it. There had been none of the usual indications. She had been pregnant—again she was not to be a mother.

They talk of adoption

This was when Rory and she had finally begun to think of adoption, and talk about it to Monsignor Kanaly. They wanted a baby. They didn't want any more heart-break. The Monsignor had told them he would keep checking the foundling homes in his area. But by perverse luck from this point on, whenever he heard of a likely baby and came to see them about it, Rory had picture engagements which kept him traveling to distant locations—once to Hong Kong, several times to Mexico. By the time he was free to accompany Lita to the home the child had already been adopted.

And finally—this last failure.

It was just last May when Rory and Lita went to Newport Beach and bought the *Quisette*. The boat was in good condition but there were little things which needed attention and they both pitched in. Lita

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took charge of some topside painting—the pin-rails, rope blocks, deck railings. At night they drove around the twinkling lights and dancing water that was Balboa Bay and looked for little hideaways to dine in. And they always went to bed early and slept late. Rory had made sure of this because he thought they could both afford to go on a "health kick," as he put it. He had selected a bungalow that had no telephone, no immediate neighbors, and was not near anything that could conceivably make any noise louder than that of wavelets lapping up on the beach.

The weekends at Newport

In June they went back to Beverly Hills because Rory, whose last picture had been *Raw Edge* for Universal-International, was to start working on *Utah Blaine* at Columbia. But all through June they kept coming back to Newport for weekends, and it seemed to Lita that they were closer than they had ever been before. She had developed a theory about the loss of her babies. She knew she was ordinarily a bundle of nervous energy, always on the move, never still. Perhaps if she could relax, slow down her tempo, she could achieve a better state for motherhood, emotionally as well as physically.

It made sense to Rory, too. That was why he was glad they had bought the boat. Sailing was restful. That was why they kept up the weekends. Then one day they were notified of another baby for adoption—a baby they could see soon. The tension drained out of Lita, replaced by a joyous excitement. She felt once more happy and relaxed. And maybe that was why one day towards the middle of July—July 11th, exactly—Lita heard something from her doctor that made her blink tears—but this time tears of joy. A mid-summer miracle was happening. She was pregnant again.

When she told Rory, she thought for a moment that he was going to keel over, but the next moment he had caught himself and was waving a careless hand as if he had never doubted for a moment that this would happen. The moment after, he was insisting that she lie down and rest.

Anticipation

Rest, wonder, anticipation and solicitude for her. This has now become Lita's life. When Rory is home his eye is on her like a hawk's to make sure she doesn't want for anything that requires her going and getting it, and that she eats what she is supposed to. "I'll get it," is his refrain. "Match box? Oop! Don't reach for it. I'll get it! ... Your glass of milk? It's on the other side of the table. Hold it! I'll get it. ... What's this, all white milk? Where's the egg that should be in it? ... Lita, are you sitting in a draft? That's bad. Let me close the window behind you. ... Oop! ... Whoa there! ... Ah, easy now ... That-a-girl ... !"

As early as last August, when Lita had not yet even felt any quickening of life within her, Rory was already addressing remarks to the baby.

"He talks to it," she told friends. "He talks to it about hunting, baseball, camping trips. He describes our pool. He explains how you use a bow and arrow!"

It seems that Rory is convinced he is going to be the father of a boy. It seems that he kidded Guy Madison about not having any boys (Guy has two little girls) and now he may be using auto-suggestion on the baby to make sure it will be a male.

And Lita, who hates eggs, eats them now. And the lunches she never used to have time for, because she was too busy being her energetic self—she makes time for now. And her bed-time, which used to be any old time before, is a definite time, a time to respect now. And it comes early. Sometimes she can't remember

whether she is an expectant mother or an invalid—but she doesn't mind.

Only once a scare

Only once so far in this pregnancy has there been a scare—a bad one for a split second. It happened on the night they gave their annual birthdays-wedding-anniversary party covering Rory's birthday, August 8th, her birthday, August 11th, and the eighth anniversary of their marriage on August 29, 1948.

They decorated the garden and the pool area, engaged an orchestra and invited a half-hundred good friends, including Anne and Kirk Douglas, Debbie and Eddie Fisher, Lana Turner and husband Lex Barker, and Yvonne de Carlo.

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The party was in full swing and Lita felt that she was having the time of her life. Every once in a while when she happened to pass Rory he would signal a warning to slow down and take it easy. Yet, inconsistently, he caught her around the waist a little later and whirled her into a rumba and a samba.

A few minutes later, Lita was standing near the orchestra. Someone threw a Mexican hat onto the middle of the floor. The orchestra broke into the music of "The Mexican Hat Dance," and voices dared her to dance it. Before she knew it she was on the floor and her feet were flying. But suddenly she stopped and walked off. She was laughing—but inside she was terribly frightened.

She had felt a needle-like stab of pain. She saw an empty chair and sat down quietly. Rory was around, but she didn't call him. She didn't dare tell him. Minutes passed but the pain wasn't repeated. She drew a long breath. Maybe she would be all right, she thought, and in fact no harm had been done.

The next morning there was a birthday present from Kirk Douglas and his wife, Anne. It was a beautiful silver shell for *hors d'oeuvres* service and a card: "Happy Birthday to the two and a quarter of you."

She and Rory laughed. But she remembered her fright of the night before and a shiver went through her. Rory noticed it. "Anything wrong?" he asked.

"No, not a thing," she told him.

But she told herself something too. She told herself that she was going to be very, very careful from then on. And she is. **END**

Rory Calhoun can currently be seen in U.A.'s film *Flight to Hong Kong* and will soon be seen in Columbia's *Utah Blaine*.



Scott Brady
**"WHO SAYS
 I'M ROUGH
 ON GIRLS?"**

■ The charges against Scott Brady are clear and numerous.

"He cracks girls' hearts like peanuts," says one Hollywood beauty.

"He loved me and left me," says another. "It wouldn't be so bad, but there's only one Scott Brady."

"He's rough on girls," sighs a third, "but I loved every minute of it."

Scott Brady won't deny it either, but cock an ear to his revealing defense:

"I admit it. Of course I'm rough on girls. I have to be. I live in Hollywood, not Waukesha, Indiana. In a small town the girls like a square dance, a picnic lunch or a good movie on a date. They're pretty and unaffected. They're ready to fall in love at eighteen, marry at nineteen, have children at twenty and spend the rest of their lives making their men happy.

"In Hollywood the girl situation is a nightmare for a man. They're all beautiful, lovely, glamorous and desirable—until you look a little bit further than their figures. Suddenly you realize that Hollywood girls are the razzle-dazzle renegades of womanhood. Suddenly you find that the girl with a body full of curves has a brain full of angles. She either wants to be a 'great' actress, marry a rich man or play the field. She falls in and out of love four times a week. She's on a culture kick, a diet kick, or maybe trying to master Yogi.

"I'm male and human. I'm looking for a girl who is *female* and human. Nature planned it that way. I like plain food, plain clothes, plain fun and women ready to accept the fact that a man, for all his faults, is boss.

"This kind of woman is difficult to find in Hollywood.

"Yes, I did want to marry Dottie Malone at one time. We didn't make it. And the reason we failed may sound goofy, but it's true. Dottie is too generous, too damn good for me. She spends every spare minute entertaining vets in hospitals, appearing at benefits or helping and worrying about some friend who's in a jam. She is a beautiful girl and a wonderful actress and my life is better for having known her. But I'd have been the wrong kind of husband for her.

"The woman who becomes Mrs. Scott Brady is going to have to be just that, 100%, nothing else.

"And you know, as the girls go, I'm accused of being neglectful, impolite and fickle.

"That kind of 'rough' spoken about me isn't true.

"I was charged with the first two by a lady columnist who took me to task for walking ahead of my date on the way from a parking lot to a night-club.

"And I *did* walk ahead of the girl. But such were my instructions. The girl I was with asked me to precede her. She wanted to go to a table with a little extra room around it. Her gown was so full from the waist down she wanted to be sure it wouldn't get trampled on while she was seated. Okay, Okay. She shouldn't have worn that kind of gown to a night club.

"But I can't say that. If I do I'm labeled as a guy who will tell his date how to dress. Can I win?

"Others claim I'm the 'date 'em once and forget 'em' type. Maybe I am, but they omit one little fact. I do it to avoid complications. Too many dates with a nice girl and a guy is apt to think he's in love.

"I've stopped dating a few girls because they hypnotized me, just being' around. I was loaded on loveliness. And that is an extremely dangerous situation for a man. He's liable to want to marry the charmer and repent at leisure—his leisure. I've got too many things to do first.

"And about being rough on girls, I'll tell you it's not like that at all. Frankly, I think girls are rough on me. But I'm not complaining. I'm just the kind of guy who likes it that way."



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how I felt while giving birth

(Continued from page 25) done, his head was whirling. He dashed downstairs while Janet finished packing her bag and puttered about in the bedroom. She heard him on the phone, and figured he was making that initial call to set off the series.

It wasn't until several days later that she found out he'd called all thirty! And he hadn't stopped then! Ecstatically, he'd kept on calling, any name that popped into his head, until Janet, finally came downstairs to answer the doorbell when the doctor arrived.

For instance, he'd called Dean Martin. Dean didn't happen to be on that "list" they'd made up. So he wasn't exactly lying awake waiting for Tony's call. The phone awakened him at 6:30 in the morning, and he heard an unidentified voice on the other end pronounce dramatically, "We're on our way!" and hang up.

Dean did what any sensible man would have done. He went back to sleep.

Late that afternoon, playing golf, he suddenly remembered that phone call. When he got home, he remarked to Jean, his wife, "D'ya know, I think Tony Curtis called early this morning. I believe he said Janet was having the baby." Jean flipped!

Kelly makes an appearance

Janet checked into the hospital about 8 a.m., and Kelly made her appearance early that afternoon. Janet was given spinal anaesthesia, so that she was fully conscious, and able to see Kelly seconds after her birth. It was a thrill like none other.

"I was conscious all during the delivery, of course," Janet recalls, "but the doctors had given me some sort of medication which gave me a deliciously float-y feeling. Couple that with the fact that I was practically delirious with happiness over Kelly's safe arrival, and with relief that the whole tiresome nine months was over, and you'll see I was in a fine state.

"I swear I don't remember any of it, but they tell me that when they wheeled me from the delivery room to my room, the hallway was lined with our friends who had come down to help Tony sweat out the waiting time. And I called gay greetings like a hostess at a party, gestured gracefully like a queen waving to her subjects, even expressed grave concern over a friend limping along on a cane. He'd been using it for weeks, but I acted like it was Big News! I really put on a performance!

"Of course the whole gang poured into the room after me, and it must have been quite a kaffee klatsch until the doctor arrived, and shooed them all out.

"But next day they started arriving, individually and in small groups, and I held court the whole week I was in the hospital. The doctor took a fairly dim view of my having so many visitors, but since I was recovering with such disgusting speed, she was good natured about it.

"Even the hospital staff made regular visits to my room—to see my flowers. It looked more like a high class flower shop than it did like a hospital room. There were seventy-five bouquets. There were bouquets with trapezes in them, for Tony's picture which had just been released. There were teddy bears holding bouquets, baby shoe vases with bouquets—All the cute gimmicks."

So doggoned happy

"And when I wasn't having visitors I was on the phone. It sounds like it would have been awfully tiring, when I tell about it. But I was so doggoned happy, and besides I'm a pretty gregarious individual, and I just thrived on it.

"Tony was working that week, so he couldn't spend all day with me. But he'd

come over every morning about 6:30, before he went to the studio. And then he'd come straight from work, have dinner at the hospital, and spend the evening with me. It meant a lot of driving—from our home in Beverly Hills to the hospital in Santa Monica, then clear back across Hollywood to the Universal-International studios in Universal City, where he was working on *Cory*. And the whole thing reversed in the evening.

"One of the nicest evenings we had while I was at the hospital was our candlelight dinner. Chasen's restaurant is one of our favorite hangouts, and while I was in the hospital they sent over a complete dinner for the two of us one evening. They even sent along Tommy, the *maitre de*, to serve it—wine, candlelight, the works."

When young Miss Kelly's eyes began to focus, she had an endless variety of animated music boxes to gaze upon—music boxes with fluttering butterflies, whirling ballerinas, gamboling lambs. Because she was a "Sunday's child," there were ever so many gifts adorned with that image, including a silver spoon from her godparents, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Gershwin, and several pieces of jewelry. There were car seats, and a Kiddie Koop crib, and a feeding table, and a "clothes horse" for her pretty dresses—which arrived by the dozen.

"And the presents from the fans! It will take me months, but I shall write a note to every one, eventually. There were sweaters and toys from England, a tiny kimono from Japan, several silver and gold crosses from South America, and gifts from all over the United States."

A major crisis

A few days later, with Kelly wrapped in her arms, and Tony hovering anxiously around, Janet went home. At the hospital door she turned to wave goodbye, grinning.

"Why didn't somebody tell me?" she demanded. "Why didn't someone let me know it could be so easy?" And with that, Janet and Tony walked smack into their first Major Crisis.

"I figured," she recalls ruefully, "that I'd met most of the emergencies before they arose—I hired a baby nurse. I even arranged that she would come about the middle of June. That would give her three weeks, before I was due to go to the hospital, to get acquainted with us and the house, learn our routine, and brief us on things we ought to know. But I had forgotten the customary Curtis luck.

"She arrived on Friday morning, and on Sunday morning I was on my way to the hospital! A fast two days we had together. The briefest briefing in history!

"Even that didn't disturb me. But I was due to come home from the hospital the following Saturday afternoon, and on Saturday morning the nurse was rushed to the hospital for an emergency operation. We practically shook hands in the corridor—me checking out as she was checking in."

The happiest time of our lives

"You don't find a baby nurse, poof, just like that, on a Saturday afternoon. So Tony looked at me, and I looked at Tony, and we decided that we two great big grown-up people ought to be able to handle one absolutely minute human being, all by ourselves, without help. Besides, Tony had been to prep school for expectant fathers, and I'd watched the diapering demonstration at the hospital.

"Looking back at it now, I doubt if there will ever be another time in our lives when we will enjoy ourselves as completely as we did those first two days we had Kelly at home. Here was the thing we'd been wanting so long, and we had her absolutely all to ourselves, to care for and play with just as we wanted.

"Baby nurses are wonderful creatures, and of course, working as I do, I couldn't possibly get along without one. But those first two days, getting acquainted with Kelly, it was heavenly not to have to give her up to anyone else for a single minute.

"I guess we probably didn't get much sleep—but we didn't miss it. When Kelly was sleeping, we found excuses to be in the room, just watching her—'checking' much more than was necessary, of course.

"It turned out I was pretty clumsy at the diapering bit at first, so Tony took over, and showed me how they'd taught him to do it at school. And the first night, Tony even did the floor walking routine. I'm convinced it wasn't necessary, but he figured it was in his New Father role."

A blonde Tony Curtis?

"Neither of us was the least bit timid about handling the baby. We'd heard other couples go on at great length about how they were afraid to pick up their first born—how the baby looked so small and fragile, as if it might break at a touch.

"Now I'd never been near a new baby before. But Tony was fifteen when his brother Bobby was born, and he'd helped take care of Bobby a lot. So new babies were no terror to him—and I guess his calm was contagious. Besides, even if Kelly was tiny, she seemed so strong and husky it never occurred to us to think of her as fragile. Otherwise I guess we're pretty typical. We spend whole hours figuring out who she looks like. You know, Tony steps back a few paces, like an artist, stares at her, and says, 'Well, I guess she sort of looks like you, honey.'

"I know what's expected of me, so I say, 'Oh, no, dear, I think she definitely has your mouth and chin.' My husband's chest swells about five inches. He blushes. He says, 'No-o-o-o,' and then he gives up. 'You really think so?' he says.

"Oh, definitely, honey,' I tell him. He beams, he picks her up, he holds her out at arm's length. Then he shudders. 'A blonde Tony Curtis?' he says. 'Poor baby!' 'But personally, I hope she is!' **END**

Janet will soon be seen in RKO's Jet Pilot. Watch for Tony Curtis in U.A.'s The Sweet Smell Of Success and U-I's Cory.

beauty is also skin deep

(Continued from page 60) and back toward the nose. Use the lightest of strokes around the eyes—the tissue is finer and more sensitive in that area. Remember to tie back your hair so that the preparations do not blend into the hair line. Remove your cleansing preparation—give the pores a chance to breathe. Pat on an especially prepared soothing lotion to close the pores. Thorough cleansing is not enough for complete skin care. You must also use preparations that are especially made to help nourish and soften your skin. Apply after your skin has been cleansed. Our mothers used to have to use these creams at night but they have been perfected so that you may use them even during the day without any greasy look—or feel. Some have been blended right into make-up foundations, others have been combined in complete make-up base-powder preparations. Read the labels of the preparations carefully—they will tell you what is in them and how to use them. True—you must have all of the accepted attributes of grace. But today—you must add physical beauty to the age-old beauty adage if you wish to realize your dream of complete beauty such as the stars enjoy. Follow their skin care advice and routine—the beauty spotlight will soon be on you, too!

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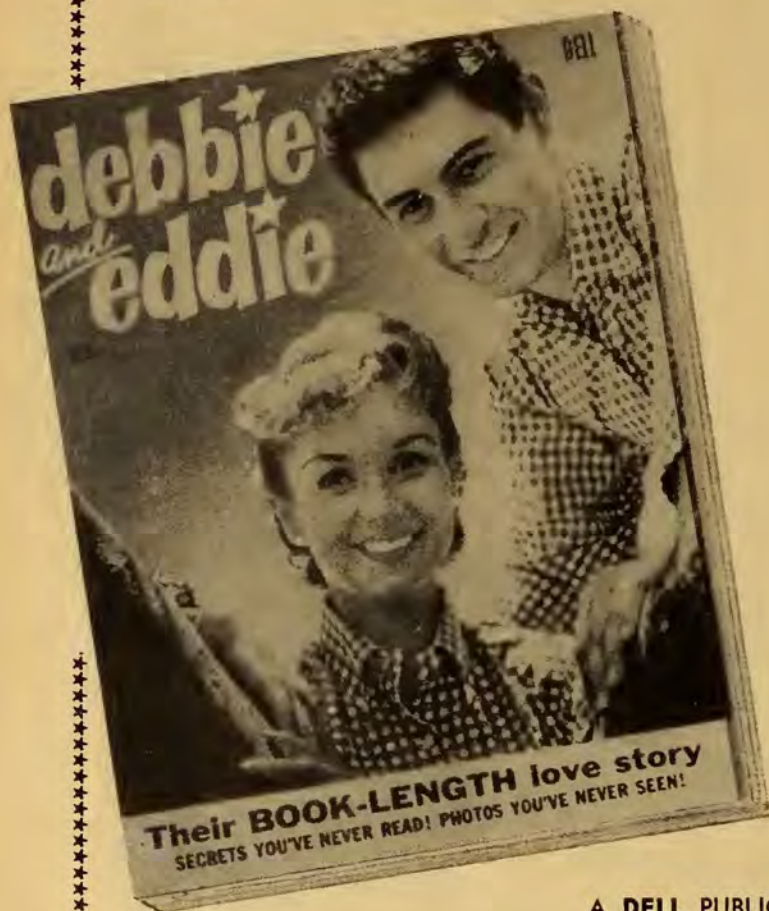
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longest night of my life

(Continued from page 46) tilted sliding-board of a deck. With shoes, I'd have had to crawl. I made it downstairs to the cabin in about three seconds. I threw open the door. Without turning on the lights I could see Miss Els, the nurse. Her lip was cut and bleeding; she'd been thrown against something. She still wasn't fully awake. Dickie was groggy with sleep. I plunged into the room and grabbed life preservers and blankets. "Get Dickie, let's go!" I shouted to Miss Els. Then I turned to my baby. "We're going on a picnic," I said.

I led the way out to the boat deck. We were on the starboard side. When I was a little girl I took ballet lessons. Somehow the mind goes back through a life and picks out what it needs. I remembered what I had learned in one of those lessons. If you lie down and put your arms above your head, and try to relax your body, you will relax. I made Miss Els and Dickie lie down and I lay alongside them. Dickie was excited at being up so late, all the people around him. I call him "My Mouse," but he isn't a shy little boy. He loves people. When they were all right I got up again, to go further out on the deck and look for lights. All around me people were sitting, sliding. Most of them seemed still numb. Up ahead a lady had fallen overboard and a sailor had jumped into the sea after her. I remember thinking, "What a brave man." There were no lights. Some one told me we had crashed into the Swedish liner, the *Stockholm*.

The ship was listing but I wasn't frightened. Isn't that strange? I think it was because I had nothing to be frightened about. I had all my things with me on the ship—jewelry, furs, everything I owned. I never thought of them once until days later. For myself, I wasn't afraid. I love boats; my former husband and I had our own, and the sea is not foreign to me. But mostly I was not afraid because, for the moment at least, Dickie was all right. Dickie is my first baby, my only one. I never had him in danger before. I don't think that at such a time any mother in the world ever thought of herself. And right now, Dickie was all right. I turned and hurried back to him.

A red balloon

On the way back, clinging to rails, watching my footing every inch, I saw a red balloon lying on the deck, deflated. I picked it up and blew it up. I brought it to Dickie, put it into his delighted hands, and lay down beside him. I put my arms up and tried to relax. I thought, "If anything happens suddenly, I'll need every bit of strength."

All around me people were helping each other. When it was all over I heard the stories about panic, complaints about the crew. But in our little space on that fog-bound deck, I saw no panic, nothing but kindness and heroism. Under the blanket, wrapped in his life preserver, Dickie was warm and cosy; he had his balloon to play with. But he wasn't used to being up at that hour; he was hungry. From out of nowhere Bruno, our steward, appeared with milk for him. How he got it, or where, I'll never know. An old gentleman stretched out beside us. "The best thing to do is relax," he said. Across from me I could see the leader of the little orchestra on the ship scurrying around, working his way from person to person, helping with lifebelts, making people comfortable. He couldn't do enough for people.

For an hour we lay there. What went

on in my mind then? When I was a little girl I was taught to pray every night. I don't do that so regularly any more. I don't attend religious services. But whenever I see someone disabled, someone in need of help, inside I pray. Without prayer I'd be lost; it's like eating or drinking to me—that natural. Prayer is the way I preserve myself in times of trouble; it is what keeps my feet on the ground. Underneath the part of my mind that was planning for what might happen, I prayed.

Because of the terrible angle of the ship, all the boats on one side were useless: it was impossible to lower them. On the other side of the deck, they had some. Somebody told me there were other boats coming for us; no one knew which, or where they were exactly. The list was getting worse. I thought, "We'd better get to the boats now."

I was wearing a sheath dress. I ripped it up the back, and sat Dickie down between my legs. Then I pushed us off and we slid down the deck to the boats. Now I think it must have been an amusing sight, the two of us, Miss Els, dozens of others in

evening clothes and pajamas, scooting across the deck as if we were sliding down a chute at some gigantic playground. But at the time we didn't think how funny we looked. It was the only thing to do.

We got to the boats and stood up and got in line. A sailor took Dickie from me and tied him to himself. Underneath us I could see a lifeboat, almost filled with people, watching us, their faces upturned. The sailor swung over the side with my baby, and clambered down the ladder. I didn't know I was supposed to wait to be roped to someone, too. I started down after him. When I was halfway down, the boat pulled away; it was full. I didn't know where it was going. Mrs. Fantana the nice Italian lady I'd met a few days before and her little girl were on it. I saw her reach for Dickie and take him on her lap. Even at that moment I thought, "Thank God. She'll take care of him."

Five minutes later another lifeboat rowed towards us out of the fog and stopped beneath me. I climbed down into it. Miss Els, Janet, and some other people from the Doria followed me down; as soon



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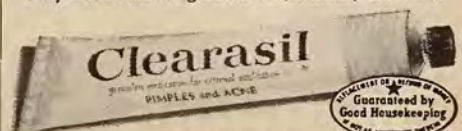
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THE FOUR BACHELOR LADS

■ The Four Lads, who have received two gold records for their million-selling discs "Moments To Remember" and "No, Not Much," had just finished recording the background music for the film *Bus Stop*. Someone brought up the subject of their last hit recording, "Standing On The Corner (Watching All The Girls Go By)" and so the talk switched to girls.

Since the Four Lads are eligible bachelors (they're young, ranging from twenty-three to twenty-six, successful and good-looking) their conversation on girls was worth noting.

They don't like girls who know more about their business than they do.

They're not too keen on sophisticated girls. (They prefer the outdoor type.)

They say if a girl wants a career it's fine with them. Every girl has a right to a career. They just don't want anything to do with a career girl.

They don't like women who talk too much.

They all have trouble dodging enthusiastic girl friends.

The way to their hearts is home-cooked meals.

That's a lot in common for four young men who aren't even from the same family—they met as choirboys at Toronto's St. Michael's Cathedral Choir School.

They launched their career as the Four Lads; got their first real break when members of the Golden Gate Quartet heard them and introduced them to New York manager Mike Stewart. Stewart said "Come to New York," booked them in a night club for a tryout which lasted as a thirty-week engagement. They became famous and sang background for vocalists. Given an option to pick the singer they wanted to back, they chose an unknown—Johnnie Ray.

Who are these boys individually?

Frank Busseri, the smallest of the "Lads," is the baritone, keeps the boys hopping with his pranks.

Jimmie Arnold, the high tenor, has the chore of keeping accounts for the group.

Corrado (Connie) Coderini sings bass and is the super-charged dynamo of the group. He's settled and serious only when he sings. Sinatra is his favorite.

Bernie Toorish, the group's arranger and lead tenor, plays the guitar, loves Segovia and is a talented "pop" song composer in his spare time.

They've been travelling together professionally for about seven years and because of this they've added a very practical side to their eligibility. For those interested, they save their money. Because they have no extravagant hobbies and because they travel constantly, they don't invest in fancy apartments, sports cars, boats or planes. And at this point, they're standing on the corner, waiting for the right girls to come their way.

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as we were full we pulled away. Dickie's boat was nowhere to be seen.

The rescue boats came slowly, lost in the fog, hunting for us. The water around us was alive with men. Sailors who had been burned. We pulled as many as we could on board and tried to help them. They were in dreadful pain. Miss Els, sitting next to me, leaned on the side of the boat. Another lifeboat swung beside us, crushing her arm. It was torn and bleeding badly, but she never said a word. It was like a nightmare.

And then, suddenly, a miracle happened. The fog lifted. Above us, where there had been nothing before, the moon shone out—huge and golden. And ahead of us, before our eyes, the most beautiful sight I have ever seen—a huge ship, blazing with light, every window a glowing, glorious, blazing light. Spelled out on her side in tremendous shining lights was written: *Ile de France*.

Blankets and soup to warm us

She took us in like a mother welcoming her children home. Arms reached out to help us onto the deck. Almost before we had both feet off the ladder we were wrapped in blankets with cups of steaming bouillon in our hands. Before we could take a sip, the boat that had brought us to safety had turned and gone back to the dying *Doria*.

Someone bandaged poor Miss Els's arm, and she, Janet and I, started looking for Dickie. We went from deck to deck, asking for him. "Have you seen a little boy with a red balloon?" Nobody had seen him. Nobody had seen Mrs. Fantana or her daughter. Every now and then we went back to the deck where, all through that night, the *Ile* had coffee and food and soup for the survivors. But no one had seen Dickie.

At first I couldn't believe it. He had to be there, somewhere, on the ship. Then they told me there were eight rescue ships at the *Doria*. The boat he was taken on could have belonged to any of them. A very kind man who I later learned was Eddie Hand, was on the *Ile*. He took us to his stateroom. "Dickie's not on the ship," he told me, "but he's on one of the others. He's O.K."

"I have to know which one," I said. "Can we radio?"

Eddie went to find out. "No," he said when he came back. "They might have to radio all eight to find out. In this confusion, no one would know. And the radios are all tied up. He's all right, Ruth. You saw him in the lifeboat."

I knew he was right. I knew he was safe. I knew Mrs. Fantana would take good care of him. But—

"Will he be frightened?" Eddie asked. I thought of Dickie, his wide eyes glowing with friendliness, his interest in everything going on around him. "No," I said. "I don't think so."

Eddie gives us clothes

I felt much better. Eddie was wonderful. He gave us his clothes, shirts, socks, pants, and disappeared while we got dressed. I pulled my ripped sheath off. I put on a soft t-shirt. Eddie's pants came practically up to my chest. I rolled up the bottoms and tied the top around my waist with a piece of cord. His heavy thick socks were warm on my feet. I flapped around in that outfit until the *Ile de France*, which had turned back from its route to Europe to bring us home, pulled into New York. Photographers took pictures of me looking like a scarecrow. I didn't care.

We walked down the gangplank and there were friends, and people's relatives waiting, looking for the people they loved. Mary Kelly, a wonderful girl who works

for NBC, was there. And other friends. I asked everyone, "Has anyone heard about Dickie?" No one had. I told reporters, "I believe he is safe." I meant it. I did believe it. But I wanted to know.

Mary swept me into a taxi and took me to the Warwick. NBC had made a reservation for me. They had clothes for me. They were wonderful. I asked Mary, "After all this—can you make contact with the *Stockholm*? Somebody said he might be on the *Stockholm*."

"We can even do that," Mary said. She put in a shore to ship phone call to the Coast Guard Cutter that was bringing the limping *Stockholm* into port. In half an hour I knew. Dickie was on it.

The last danger

On July 27, one day after the *Ile* brought me back, the *Stockholm* was due in at Pier 97 on the Hudson River. There was a crowd of people waiting, as I was waiting. I stood at the far end of the dock. The *Stockholm* pulled into sight; her bow was completely destroyed by the collision. It was a fearful sight. All night I had known the danger wasn't over yet, listening to the radio. The *Stockholm* was on shaky legs. We had heard it was possible that she might also sink. She came into view and all of us on the dock gasped, watching. Surely she couldn't make another mile, surely she would go down and it would all begin again.

But she made it into port. I didn't know it but I guess I had been crying. I looked and looked but I couldn't see Dickie. Then on the lower deck at the rails I saw some people I knew from the *Doria*—Italian people, but not Mrs. Fantana. I shouted to them and they saw me. I called, "Mia bambino."

They pointed up. "Supra!" they shouted. I looked up, up, to the top deck. I saw Dickie.

Mrs. Fantana was holding him. I jumped up and down and waved. There were tears pouring down my face. "Dickie, Dickie, Dickie," I called.

He saw me. He hollered, "Mommy!" Then he called, "How is Elsie?"

I was having a conversation with my son. "She's fine," I shouted. Then I called out, "Dickie, where's your red balloon?"

"It popped!" he shrieked. I began to laugh. My son was coming home to me. We had been shipwrecked at sea, separated, —and I was asking him about balloons. I went on laughing and I went on crying.

I hold my Mouse again

Mrs. Fantana carried him off the ship, leading her little girl by the hand. She came down the gangplank and we couldn't get to each other. There were crowds and there was a long wooden barrier. On one side of the barrier, she walked towards the opening. On the other side I ran. I waited for them with my arms stretched out. And then I held Dickie again.

I tried to thank Mrs. Fantana. She wouldn't let me. "He was fine," she told me. "He kept asking for you, but I said we would see you in a little while, and he was good."

I looked at my baby. He had on a pair of blue shorts I had never seen before. He was wearing somebody's little white shirt, with lace on it. He looked like Little Lord Fauntleroy.

"How are you," I kept asking him. "I'm fine," he said. "I had a wonderful trip." He looked at me gravely. "Mommy," he said, "You know the *Andrea Doria* went down with all my cars on it?"

"I know, Mouse," I said. "I'll get you some more." And my baby and I started for home.

END

Ruth Roman can currently be seen in *RKO's Great Day In The Morning*

ingrid bergman's ordeal

(Continued from page 36) right out of her life. Since that time Dr. Lindstrom has remarried and is reconciled to losing the glamorous actress who did so much to finance his education as a brain surgeon.

When Ingrid was in Hollywood, the most popular actress of the day, I wouldn't have dared to be as frank with her as I was the day I talked with her in London. In some subtle way she has changed and is much less reserved than she was when she was the toast of the world as an actress.

"Are you happy?" I asked her again. "Very," she said. "I only hope Dr. Lindstrom is as happy with his new wife as I am with my husband and my new family. I hold no bitterness against Dr. Lindstrom and wish him only the best of everything."

"You will see Pia when you come to the United States," I said to her.

"But I'm not going to the United States," she replied. "All those rumors that I am traveling to New York are false. I have no intention of doing a live-television show for Ed Sullivan. He will film some scenes of me in *Anastasia* and that's as far as I expect to go."

"When I finish *Anastasia* here in London I'll leave at once for Paris to prepare for my stage play, *Tea And Sympathy*. I study every chance I get—every free moment when I am not before the cameras. My French is fair but it's not grammatically perfect enough to speak in a dramatic play."

"It's true I spoke four languages when I appeared in *Joan Of Arc*," went on Ingrid. "French, Italian, English and Swedish. But I had music back of every word I spoke!" At this she laughed and said, "I can't have the French critics panning my bad French in *Tea And Sympathy*."

Still a beautiful woman

The day I visited Ingrid she was dressed in black slacks which accentuated her slimness. The round girlish face is gone but the schoolgirl complexion remains. Her cheeks are pink and she uses no rouge or makeup. She is still a very beautiful woman, so animated and so fresh looking. Neither has she lost that well-scrubbed appearance.

With us all the time we talked in her suite at the Savoy was Rossellini's niece Fiorella, a dark-eyed Italian girl who finds being with her aunt by marriage a very exciting experience.

"Fiorella is Roberto's sister's daughter," Ingrid explained when she introduced us. "She is staying with me while I am in London and keeping me company."

"Where is your husband?" I asked her. "He was due in today but he telephoned me that he was delayed in Rome so I expect him tomorrow," she replied. "We talk every day and he misses me as I miss him when we are of necessity separated."

"I saw your indignant denial in the American newspapers that you and your husband are divorcing," I said to her.

"It's too ridiculous to discuss!" she replied. "It started in a Swedish newspaper written by one writer who has always taken delight in writing unkind things about me. Other newspapers copied the story. I can't blame columnists if they read such an article and repeat it again in their newspapers, but I do blame the Swedish journalist who started it without verifying the truth of such a malicious story about my private life. I know from bitter experience it does no good to demand a retraction, which I could very well have done."

This was the only time any tinge of an-



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noyance crept into Bergman's voice. And she quickly laughed that off and changed the subject.

"I do want you to see the motion picture I made in Paris," she said. "It's called *Elena And The Men*. At least, that's what they call it in France. It reminds me of *Saratoga Trunk* which was always one of my favorite pictures."

Ingrid's children

"Have you any plans ever to return to America?" I asked.

"No, I have no immediate plans," she said. "I expect to be in Paris a long time—I mean I hope to be and I shall have my children there with me while I am in *Tea And Sympathy*. I expect to take a house when we move there in October."

She took me into her bedroom and showed me other photographs of her three little ones, such healthy children.

"I suppose they speak only Italian," I said. "No, they speak a little English and Swedish," Ingrid replied. "I want them to be accomplished linguists. Today that's an important part of everyone's education."

Ingrid had never met Helen Hayes until they were brought together at Elstree Studios, where Helen is playing the Grand Duchess in *Anastasia*, and Ingrid is portraying her niece—supposedly the Czar's daughter. "I was so glad to meet her. Like all actresses I had a profound admiration for Helen Hayes' ability as an actress and now I like her tremendously as a warm, sweet human being."

"She sent me these," said Ingrid pointing to a bowl of roses on top of which was a painted egg with the Russian crest of the Czars.

Her fame again is climbing

I always liked Ingrid, from the moment I met her when she came to our ranch and saw her first orange growing on a tree, and was like a child. She sent the orange to Pia in Sweden and when it arrived it was as black as tar.

She was so carefree that day, so lovely and so delighted with the contract David Selznick had given her after she made such a favorable impression in *Interlude* that I was completely captivated by her charm.

Her rise was so rapid and she stood for the greatest and best in artistry as well as the highest in womanhood.

This last year, after a bad time in her acting career, she has again regained a certain amount of her fame and is again climbing high.

And, in my opinion she will never let anything break up her marriage. Rossellini, an impassioned, ardent Italian, gave her what Dr. Lindstrom (cold and not as responsive) failed to do.

Not that my conscience will allow me to say she did right, but Ingrid had much on her side and in her favor that has never been printed.

I have no intention of moralizing on Ingrid's flight into the arms of Rossellini.

Fundamentally I believe Ingrid to have the right instincts and I know she has suffered at the scandal that has been associated with her name since she defied society and its conventions. I believe that she has paid dearly for her impulsive elopement.

END

Ingrid Bergman will soon be seen in the 20th Century-Fox film Anastasia and Warners' The Night Does Strange Things.

I needed to marry an older man

(Continued from page 32) in the darkness with your young love; or you, growing up together day by day, year by year as though some closeness has been bred into you by all the classes in which you have sat together and all the summers you have shared; or you, meeting in the spring of your last collegiate year and falling in love in those two incredible months. I cannot speak for you, but, for myself, I could not have married any of your tanned and self-confident young men. I needed to marry an older man."

She needed a gentleness and patience and understanding and sympathy that a young man could not have given her. She has always been drawn to men and women older than herself. She's always felt that young people are too involved with themselves to be able to give of themselves easily to others. They try to change each other, to possess each other. And she doesn't believe that any person can possess another person, even in intimacy. They can only give to each other freely.

To Marisa—and Jean-Pierre—marriage can be, must be, a perfect communion of two people who understand each other. Perfect communion of mind and body and spirit is not easily won. It must be worked at. It will not fall from the sky.

"My marriage is not yet perfect," Marisa rushes on to explain. "There are things I do not yet know about Jean-Pierre and things he does not yet understand about me. But already we share a closeness that I do not think I could have achieved with a boy."

For Marisa, he's right

To Marisa the essence and joy of marriage is sharing this closeness. It is knowing that someone needs you and that you need someone and not being too proud or too afraid to say this to each other. It is

love and tenderness and understanding.

"What is true for me and for my marriage will not be true for others and for their marriages. I can only speak for myself. I can only say what is right for me."

And for her, Jean-Pierre is right. She needs a husband who is also a friend, a companion, and a teacher. She needs a husband who is strong and who can teach her how to be strong, too.

Jean-Pierre is strong. He is satisfied with life. He has tasted even its bitterest moments, and yet he still finds life good. He has learned to enjoy life.

In the Sanskrit 'Salutation To The Dawn'—a poem in which the ancient people of India spoke their praise to each new day—is this line: *Today well lived makes every yesterday a dream of happiness, and every tomorrow a vision of joy.* Marisa speaks the words, adding, "I do not know if Jean-Pierre knows this poem, but its words are almost a key to his enjoyment of life. He makes every minute of every day of his life important. He lives each day well."

To enjoy life—to spend no time in regret or fear—is a difficult thing to learn. Marisa makes things difficult when they are not. She is bruised by words, she is a little afraid of people.

Before Jean-Pierre she stood a while on the sidelines of life, in the far corner where the bright lights and the music and the circle of the dancers did not quite reach. The young men she knew plunged into the circle without waiting for her, and she could not follow them. Then Jean-Pierre came along and held out his hands to her and began to teach her how to enjoy life and how to enjoy people.

A new world

She has always chosen to stay home, rather than to go to a party filled with

people she had never met. But all people seem good and beautiful to Jean-Pierre. He does not label them *good* or *bad* or *dull* or *stupid*. "He has led me also into his wonderful world of people and shown me how each person has worthiness in some way, and how I do not need to be afraid," Marisa explains, and for a moment her eyes mirror the bright new world Jean-Pierre has opened for her.

Jean-Pierre understands people, with the kind of understanding that comes from the sorrows and from the winters through which a person has lived, that comes only when a person is mature.

"Because I am not yet completely mature, I am glad to have this maturity by my side to help me grow," Marisa freely admits. "When I am sad or hurt, he will say, 'It is not right to be sad. Give each thing only the importance it deserves. Never look at anything as seriously as it appears.' And because he is too light-hearted to be serious for long, in a moment he will be laughing at something and I will be laughing with him."

Jean-Pierre has taught her many other things. He has taught her the meaning of love—and the meaning of loneliness. She never knew that she could be as lonely as she was when she left him in Paris a month ago and came to make her present picture, *The Eyes Of Father Tomasino*.

She would never be happy married to a younger man. "I think perhaps I would be too old for a man of my own age," she laughs. "I have usually been bored by young men and uninterested in the things that they can find to talk about and in the things that interest them."

No difference in age

When she is with Jean-Pierre there seems to be no difference in their ages. Because he is older he has known many experiences and many sensations that she has not known, but he shares these with her and makes them as tangible for her as dozens of colored balls. And in everything else—the things they laugh at, the way they think, the pleasures they enjoy—they are of the same age.

"Or perhaps I am a little older than my husband," muses Marisa. "At times I am sure that I am. I am always the serious one. I am the one who must lock the suitcases and put out the cat and wind the alarm clock or they would never be done."

On the first day of their honeymoon they were waiting in the San Francisco Airport for the plane that would take them to Hawaii.

"Come," Jean-Pierre said.

"Where?"

"We'll hire a car and I'll show you San Francisco."

"But the plane . . . do we have time?"

He laughed and took her hand. "If we wait at the airport we'll just be wasting time."

"Okay."

They hired a car and drove through the hills and threaded their way down the narrow streets of Chinatown . . . and stopped the car and stood on the shore . . . and threw a pebble into the bay. They drove over the bridges and back again, and watched the ocean glisten below them in the sun.

She looked at her watch.

"Is it time?" Jean-Pierre asked.

"Yes."

He drove up one hill and down another. He ran his hand through his hair and started up another hill. Fifteen minutes later he gave up.

"I think," he said, "that we're lost."

They were. It took them another half hour to find their way, and they got back to the airport just in time to watch their suitcases take off for Honolulu.

Absent-minded Pierre

That was not the last time they missed a plane. And they almost missed their wedding in the first place. They were stepping into the elevator on their way up to the judge who was to marry them. Someone shouted, "Jean-Pierre! Marisa!" And ran towards them with a piece of paper in his hand. It was their marriage license. Jean-Pierre had kept it "to make sure it will be safe," he had said. And he had left it in his bedroom when he picked his bride up to take her to her wedding!

Jean-Pierre is impulsive and absent-minded and undisciplined. Once in Paris he decided that he wanted to go to London. He didn't give Marisa any time to tell the cook or pack a suitcase. And the only thing that kept them from being in London that evening was the fact that he forgot their passports.

The next time they took a trip he very shyly handed the passports to her before they left.

Jean-Pierre is impulsive and undisciplined. But his wife does not like disciplined people. They are too cold. They do not have warmth and fire. And his impulsiveness is part of the joy with which he meets each new day. Even his absent-mindedness is part of his enjoyment of life. He cannot remember to catch a plane if there is something else to enjoy.

The two of us . . .

This enjoyment of life—this richness, this contentment that her husband has—Marisa hopes to acquire in time. "I have been married only six months," Mrs. Aumont smiles, "and yet already there is a certain purpose to living that I did not know before. With Jean-Pierre I find a certain security—not a financial, but an emotional security—that I did not have six months ago. Life has suddenly more meaning and in everything I do, in my thoughts, and in my feelings, there are always the two of us involved."

Marisa Pavan never asked Jean-Pierre his age. His age didn't matter. Once some of her friends said, "Oh, you're going out with such an old man!"

"Oh yes?" Marisa answered, "how old is he?"

"I remember their answers," Marisa smiled. "One of them said, 'He is forty-two.' Another said, 'He's forty-seven.' Another said, 'At least thirty-four.' Another said, 'I'm sure he's almost fifty!'"

"'Oh?' I said and shrugged. 'It doesn't matter.'"

Then one evening Jean-Pierre said, "I'm worried, Marisa. You don't know what age I am."

"It doesn't matter, Jean-Pierre."

For a moment he was very serious. "It does. It hurts me. I can't tell you. I'll give you the passport and you can add."

He reached into his pocket and handed her his passport. Then he turned away and stared out the window. "I am so bad at figures," Marisa remembers, "I looked at the date and the year. Then I tried to subtract that year from 1956. But I didn't have a pencil and the figures got all jumbled up. Finally I threw the passport on the couch."

"Jean-Pierre!"

"He turned back to me."

"It's too much, Jean-Pierre. I can't count. The figures won't come out right. And I don't care! I don't care!"

And she doesn't care. He is twenty years older than she, but—"It is Jean Pierre who knows how to entertain me when I am sad, knows how to make me happy, how to handle me, when to compliment me and when to be silent, when to protect me and when to hold me in his arms." Nothing else matters to Marisa Pavan—Mrs. Jean-Pierre Aumont.

END

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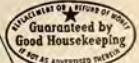
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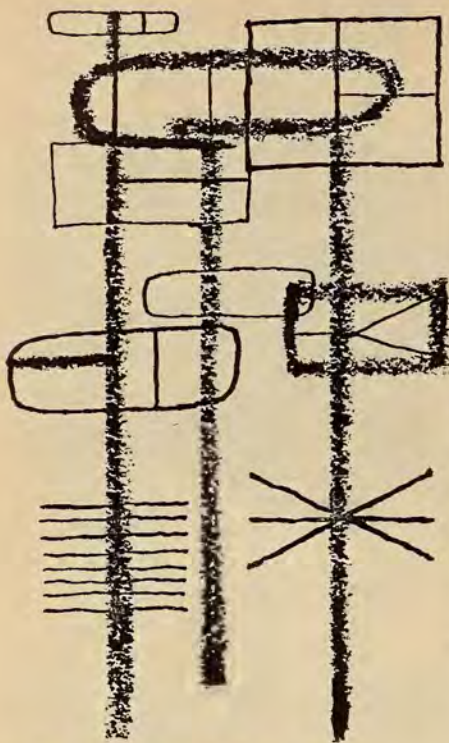
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marilyn enters a jewish family

(Continued from page 68) wanted—a blessing on the marriage.”

Arthur was uncomfortable. “Well, I thought of it of course, and the folks would love it—but the thing is—a Rabbi can’t marry us because you aren’t Jewish.” He paused. “Of course, if you were Jewish—”

There was a long pause. Then a voice, “Do you—would they—is there any way I could become a Jew?”

“Well, if you want to, there is.”

“Want to,” she said, “want to! I’ve been wanting to talk to you about it for so long! I thought after we were married I could—but I didn’t know if anyone could just—become. I thought it was—closed.”

“Closed,” he said, laughing. “Nope, not at all. We have to call a Rabbi, that’s all, and give you instruction. Then there is a ceremony and they ask you questions and—that’s it. If you’re sure. You know you don’t have to. Our marriage will be perfectly legal without it, and it doesn’t matter to me. You have to be sure. You have to have thought about it.”

She looked at him. “I haven’t thought about anything else,” she said. “With the possible exception of you.”

They phoned a Rabbi, Dr. Robert Goldburg of New Haven. Yes, he would give the instructions and perform the conversion ceremony. No, no trouble at all.

In her room that night, Marilyn lay awake. Her mother-to-be had kissed her and cried. Her father-to-be had folded her in his arms. The warmth around her was to be hers, not by right only of marriage, but by right of faith. Whatever was to come, she would share with them, and they with her. Never had she felt so much that she was coming home.

The next day tragedy struck. They went for a drive, briefly. On the way home a reporter followed them, driving wildly to catch up to the car far ahead. Looking out the window as Arthur’s car climbed the winding road, Marilyn saw the car below crash and spin. They got help and went home. “It’s got to stop,” Marilyn said.

“How do we stop it?”

She sighed. “Give them what they want. Get married.”

They made arrangements quickly for a brief civil ceremony. When it was over, Arthur took her aside. “Honey, you know we are married now, even in the eyes of my religion. If you don’t want to go through with the conversion, you don’t have to.”

“I want to be a Jew,” she said, “as soon as possible. I want it now, before we go to England. I want to be married again, in temple. This doesn’t change anything. I only want it more.”

The Rabbi came to the house. All that day and all that evening he told Marilyn what it meant to be a Jew. Her husband was a “Reform” Jew, so she needn’t keep Kosher, nor sit apart from him at services, as she would if they were Orthodox. She would light candles on Friday night to welcome the Sabbath, which lasted until sundown Saturday, but need not refrain from touching money or riding on that day. She would be, he told her, as Jewish as she wanted to be. He gave her the *Old Testament* to read. At the end of the evening, he took Arthur aside. Usually, he said, the conversion ceremony followed a much longer period of instruction. He knew there was no time for that, since they were due to leave for England. He understood Mrs. Miller’s desire to be married again in the religious ceremony. She could return for more instruction when they came back. He would make an exception—the conversion would take place the next day and the second marriage promptly thereafter.

Arthur came back to Marilyn, who was waiting anxiously. “You’ll do,” he said.

* * *

And so, on that pale morning, Marilyn sat in the chapel, remembering.

A door opened and the Rabbi came in. “Marilyn,” he said gently.

She rose and stood before him. Quietly the service began.

“Is it of your own free will that you seek admittance into the Jewish fold?”

“Yes.”

“Do you renounce your former faith?”

She had had none; she renounced her lack of faith. “Yes.”

“Do you pledge your loyalty to Judaism?”

Do you promise to cast in your lot with the people of Israel amid all circumstances?”

It is good, she remembered, to suffer—if you share it with others. . . . “Yes.”

“Do you promise to lead a Jewish life?”

She thought of her new family, holding each other close in a bond of love. “Yes.”

“Should you be blessed with children do you agree to rear your children according to the Jewish faith?”

Her children, who would forever know who they were, who would have an answer to their questions. “Oh, yes,” she said.

The Rabbi smiled at her. “Repeat after me” he said, and together they spoke the ancient words of the convert:

“I do herewith declare in the presence of God and the witnesses here assembled that I . . . seek the fellowship of Israel.

“I believe that God is one, Almighty, Allwise, Most Holy. . . .

“I believe that man is created in the image of God; that it is his duty to imitate the holiness of God . . . that he is destined to everlasting life. . . .

And then one of the oldest prayers the world has ever known.

“Hear O Israel: the Lord our God, the Lord is One.

“Praised be His name whose glorious kingdom is forever and ever.”

Marilyn’s voice stopped. The Rabbi said, “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy might. And these words which I command thee this day, shall be upon thy heart. Thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt speak of them when thou sittest in thy house, when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down and when thou risest up. . . .”

He read her the words of Ruth. Behind her she could hear the rustle as her family rose in their places and began to read aloud, “Let us adore the ever-living God and render praise unto Him who spread out the heavens and established the earth. . . .” They were praying—praying for her!

The Rabbi took her hand and gave her solemnly a name chosen from the Bible—a name she keeps entirely to herself. “With this name as token you are now a member of the household of Israel and have assumed all its rights, privileges and responsibilities.” His hand was on her head. “May He from whom all come, send His light and truth to guide you.

“May the Lord bless thee and keep thee;

“May the Lord let His face shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee;

“May the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace. Amen.”

It had been a long road, a hard road. But with shining eyes and a blessing upon her, Marilyn had come home. **END**

The editors of MODERN SCREEN are grateful to the Union of American Hebrew Congregations (parent body of the Western Hemisphere’s 534 Reform Temples), and to its director of press information, Rabbi Samuel M. Silver, for the assistance given to us in preparing this story.

Marilyn is in the 20th-Fox film Bus Stop.

wanted: a country gal

(Continued from page 34) here, without the hum of a movie lot, the smell of make-up and machinery, the thrill of knowing that his big scene was to start in a minute, that he, George Nader, would be before a camera, taking direction, moving into position—acting! What madness was this?

He dropped the spade and the hoe. Twenty minutes later, in the doorway where the young farmer and amiable putterer had stood, there appeared a movie star. Then he was driving his car down the winding roads back to civilization, crowds, people, the studio, the work he loved—the other life that gratified him, supported him, and was just as necessary to him as the garden he made.

Lonesome

But the closer he got to the city, the more nervous he became. Upon the hill he was safe and happy. Down there—the only trouble was, he got hurt sometimes.

For instance—there was the little matter of being lonely. A man may like his house and his garden and the world in general—but the nicer things are, the more he'd like someone to share them with. He often thought about his girl. He knew pretty much what she'd be like.

She'd have a sense of humor like his, consisting partly of a wry enjoyment of the confounded way things can go wrong, and partly of a quiet happy chuckle at something that tickles her fancy. If she wanted to play practical jokes or dance barefoot on tables, she'd have to find herself another partner; that wasn't for George. Secondly, she'd be bright; thirdly she'd be neat and sweet to look at, not necessarily beautiful and definitely not gaudy—and lastly, she'd have a deep, abiding love for one George Nader and a desire to settle down and raise a family.

But in the world of a movie star, the trouble was—finding her. Once he thought he had. She was Dani Crayne, and she liked him, too. So what happened?

Dani got lost

Never were there two young people who got more lost under an avalanche of publicity. It started out as fun—not exactly friendship, but certainly not great love—just a nice, healthy, dating relationship. By the time they had been out three times the columnists were complaining that they didn't know what Nader was stalling about—why didn't they get married? He and Dani found out more about each other in print than in person—including that they were going steady, engaged, broken-up, seeing others on the sly, and every now and then, that they were secretly married. By the time it was all over, a bewildered George was saying, "Everyone keeps asking me if it was love. How should I know? We never got a chance to find out."

Now, as his car hummed powerfully along, he suddenly realized he wasn't even looking forward to love. A pretty sad thing to think, considering he was thirty-five years old, earning a good living, and working in a town that probably had more cute girls than the rest of the world put together. Never mind, he told himself. Eventually, I'll find her—here, somewhere else—who knows? And when I do, and I fall in love with her, and people say to me, "Well, George?" I'll have an answer ready in advance to keep the hounds off the trail. Something like—"Oh, it's just publicity. I need it badly." He grinned to himself. At the door of the church, with the minister waiting, he'd tell the crowd, "Oh, it's just publicity." Ha!

He chuckled quietly to himself the rest

of the way to town, parked the car and looked around for a place to grab a bite. Halfway down the block he spotted a guy he hadn't seen in maybe three years, and waved. The guy paused, peered, then grinned from ear to ear and started leaping fire hydrants and dodging trucks in his mad dash to George, who stood petrified watching the advance. It was as bad as he feared. A wallop of tremendous power hit him on the back and a voice screamed in his ear, "Hey, George—hear you're a great big movie star now!"

"Now, where the blazes," George muttered to himself, "is the conversation supposed to go after that?" Aloud he said, "Uh, no. Well, yes. I mean—I got a date, I'm late," and dashed off, leaving his friend to tell the old gang, no doubt, that Nader had gone Hollywood.

Friendship?

Well, it wasn't always like that, he reflected bitterly. For instance, George had one set of friends, a married couple, to whom he felt free to fly in times of stress and strain. There was always a racket going on in their house, a bunch of pals sitting around chewing the rag, a good loud babble from friendly people, each trying to sneak a word into the conversation and accepting cheerfully the impossibility of making themselves heard. Happily, George would head for this refuge, to be one of the gang. It worked great until one day he opened his mouth to make one of those vain attempts to be heard, and found that he could be. In fact, the minute he parted his lips, a dead silence fell on the room. With one accord, in all corners, conversation ceased and ears were lent to the words of Mr. Nader, the movie star. The sudden silence positively deafened him; in the middle of a sentence he sat with his mouth open, having forgotten what he planned to say. Finally he came out of it and went on. Five minutes later he tried again. The same thing happened. It wasn't a gag. "George," said his hostess encouragingly, "do go on." "Yes," voices chimed in, "what is it, George? Don't stop." George recovered his wits. "What the blazes is going on here?" he demanded. "Listen, I don't mind if you want to be polite, but what is this—I'm getting idolized? Here?" His accusing gaze swept the room. "Look, I knew you all when we used to borrow money from each other—when I—" But no one interrupted, no one said a word, sitting there fascinated. "Oh, what's the use," muttered George, and sat there, lonelier than ever.

A fair exchange

Still remembering, George turned into a luncheonette and sat down at the counter. Quit this, he told himself sharply. The way you're going on there'll be nothing left to do but crawl into a hole and pull it in after you. Now figure—how many friends have you actually, honestly lost in this business? All? Good God, no. Half? Nowhere near. A third? A quarter? Well—maybe four or five. And how many new ones have you made? He counted. Two, three good ones, guys he could talk shop with and really learn something. Altogether, a pretty fair exchange.

His appetite restored, he reached for a menu and discovered that someone else had got it first, and was offering it back to him, with a pencil. "Autograph, Mr. Nader?" George roared with laughter.

"Did I say something?" the kid asked. "No, not a thing," George chortled, signing cheerfully. "I was just remembering the last time I got asked. . ."

It had happened a few weeks before



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by Dorothy Davis Smith

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when he was in the east.

George had been lying on his back, letting the waves tickle his ears. He was floating, not only on the cool Atlantic ocean, but in his mind as well. It was a swell day. Soaking up the sun on the beach with an old friend, a hot dog for lunch, no place to go, nothing to do. He opened his eyes, blinked at the sun, and peered towards shore. There, a comfortable distance away, was a scattering of people who didn't know who he was and didn't care. No one had stared at him, whispered about him, asked him to autograph an album—who'd have an album at the beach? George sighed, blissfully content. Then, something tapped him on the shoulder.

May I have your autograph?

It was so unexpected that he jumped. His feet went down and his head went after. Gasping and sputtering, he came up for air, shook the water out of his eyes and stared. There, treading water like mad, was a little girl, way out of her depths. In her eyes was a rapt expression, in her hand was clenched a soggy popsicle wrapper. She gazed at him adoringly. "Please, Mr. Nader," she panted, her short legs flailing the water, "will you autograph this?"

Now, chewing his lunch, he said to himself that that was the kind of thing that made it all worth while. Sure, he missed his privacy but, after all, how many men—even great men of history, say—had had their fans—or whatever they called them—risk drowning just for a signature? What, for that matter, had George Nader done to deserve such undampened ardor? Nothing. It was the

business that did it. So don't knock it.

Nader versus Nader

All in all, it was a good world. This afternoon he would astonish the still-photo department by showing up of his own free will and suggesting that they take those portrait shots they'd been yapping about for months. Then he'd go over and have a chat with the director who had that new action picture coming up and wanted to talk to him. Maybe he'd drop over to one of the shooting stages and watch a while. And this evening—well, tonight would be all right. He'd pick up Gia Scalla—what a doll that kid was—and he'd take her to the premiere. Maybe afterwards they'd go over to the Palladium and close it, dancing up a storm, the way they had a couple of weeks ago.

And when they got to the preme, he could see it all in his mind's eye. At the door there'd be a man with a notebook, wanting to talk to him. "Hey, George," he'd say, "I hear it's quite a thing with you and Miss Scalla, here—and I can't say I blame you. What say I put it in tomorrow's column as a new romance, hey?"

But it wouldn't faze him, not for a minute. "Oh, I wouldn't," he'd say casually. "Matter of fact it's just publicity." He'd lean over conspiratorially. He'd whisper, "I need it badly!" And then he and Gia would see a good movie, for free, no less. And if things didn't go right—the day after he'd be ready for the country again—and it would be there—waiting for him. END

George Nader will soon be seen in U-I's Four Girls In Town and Joe Butterfly.

nick's and natalie's zany answers

(Continued from page 43)

NICK: Two. One inside and one out.

QUES: That bathroom of yours looks like the inside of Ciro's restaurant.

NATALIE: Or sort of a super movie magazine, with all those pictures plastered up.

QUES: How about your bathrooms, Natalie?

NATALIE: I have two. One for me. One for my sister.

NICK: What's the matter? Don't your mother and father need one?

NATALIE: You have to love a nut like you, Nick.

QUES: How many servants do you have?

NICK: Servants, what's that?

NATALIE: I don't either.

NICK: Oh, yes, she does. I'm her only servant.

QUES: Well, who washes the dishes?

NATALIE: My mother, except now and then when there's company. Then a maid comes in.

QUES: Nick, you own your own home, don't you? How much did you pay for it?

NICK: \$12,000. I could sell it for \$18,000.

QUES: Natalie, how long have you lived where you live?

NATALIE: In Sherman Oaks for about three years now.

QUES: The poor man's Sherman Oaks or the rich man's?

NATALIE: Kind of medium—oh, I know what you mean. If you live north of Ventura, that's the poor man's. If you live south—that's the rich man's. So call me rich.

NICK: That's a big lie.

QUES: Natalie, do you have a swimming pool?

NATALIE: Yes, we had one put in about a year ago, but I haven't been swimming in it yet. . . .

NICK: I have. . . .

NATALIE: . . . the reason is, I'm always going over to friends' pools.

NICK: Her folks use it, though.

NATALIE: And Lana, my little sister.

QUES: What about your brothers and sisters?

NICK: I got a brother.

NATALIE: I have two sisters. My older sister is married. They have two children. Two little boys. Sometimes I baby-sit. My little sister Lana Lisa is in a play now, and she's a very good actress. She's ten. She was in The Searchers, you know. She played me as a little girl.

QUES: When did you make your first picture?

NATALIE: When I was four. Then I was out of work for a year.

NICK: . . . and at that age it's terrible to be out of work.

NATALIE: Oh, shut up. I started again when I was six.

QUES: Here's a beauty for you. Do you own a toupee?

NATALIE: Sure, I own some falls. You know, when you need extra hair for certain roles.

NICK: I don't have a toupee, but I got no worries. Dick Widmark said that whenever I needed a hair piece I could have his old one. He has a receding hair-line on one side, so he has to have one little piece sometimes. Just a little gismo.

QUES: How many books do you read a month?

NATALIE: I read a lot. Nick, here is an illiterate.

NICK: I am not. I read a book once. Seriously, Natalie reads about ten. I read a couple.

QUES: What do you read?

NATALIE: We read Thomas Wolfe together. My favorite book is The Little Prince.

NICK: I like the Young Lions by Irwin Shaw.

NATALIE: I like that too. I read a good book, The Young Lovers.

QUES: Did you ever read Bonjour, Tristesse?

NATALIE: Sure. I wasn't too impressed, personally.

QUES: Strike that answer, it was a Dell Book.

NATALIE: So is Young Lovers. That was great, I thought. Isn't this an honest questionnaire? Won't you print my real opinion?

QUES: What's your favorite newspaper comic strip?

NATALIE: Lil' Abner. I understand that all the intellectuals read Abner.

QUES: How about you, Nick?

NICK: Lil' Abner. All the intellectuals read Lil' Abner.

QUES: Nick, what book would you take to a desert island?

NICK: Natalie Wood's diary. What a question!

NATALIE: Oh, brother.

NICK: Confidential.

NATALIE: That's a dead question. If you had to go to a desert island who wants a book?

NICK: I wouldn't take a book. I'd take Natalie.

QUES: Seriously—what book?

NATALIE: Seriously? MODERN SCREEN. Fool around with that answer.

QUES: What part of the country do you come from?

NATALIE: I'm from San Francisco.

NICK: I come from Pennsylvania, but I lived in Jersey City from five to eighteen.

NATALIE: Which was tough on Jersey City. QUES: Do you belong to a church?

ANS: (By both) Catholic.

QUES: When you go where do you go?

NATALIE: Usually to the Blessed Sacrament in Hollywood.

NICK: I go to early Mass up around where I live in La Canada.

QUES: How many days a year do you work?

NATALIE: Ho, we work every day. Some people have the idea that you only work when you're in front of the camera.

NICK: Myself as an actor about twenty-six weeks out of the year at the studio, but an actor works more than that. You can't figure. He dreams his work at night. They even have a little mike they put under your pillow now. Learn your lines while you sleep.

NATALIE: Yes, then there's publicity.

QUES: Do you have a budget?

NATALIE: No. Now that I'm eighteen, though, I have a small checking account and some charge accounts. I'm not very extravagant on clothes. Shoes are something else. I have a dress designer and he makes most of my clothes. More inexpensive that way. It's a little difficult for an actress. I'll find a dress I'd like to wear several times a week, but that's difficult when you are photographed so often.

QUES: Nick, where do you buy your clothes?

NICK: You mean my one suit? I get all the throw-aways from Nat's dad.

NATALIE: That's true. Nick has one of his best neckties. He wants it back.

QUES: Does either one of you have any pets, outside of each other?

NATALIE: We have a Weimeraner. That's a dog. Two parakeets. We just got a little tiny French poodle. Half poodle and half something else.

NICK: She runs a zoo.

NATALIE: I'm going to get an ocelot to go with my stuffed tigers.

NICK: I always wanted a dog, but I never had one. Maybe I should break down and have a good cry.

NATALIE: Don't do it. Sounds terrible on a tape recorder.

QUES: How old are you?

NATALIE: Eighteen. What else?

NICK: I'm twenty-five. I'm going to be twenty-five for the next five years.

NATALIE: I used to say I was older than I was, but now I'm going to stick to my real age.

NICK: Sure, until you get to be thirty. I know one actress in this town who's anyway forty. If she doesn't stop dropping a year of her age every year she'll be younger than her own daughter.

QUES: What's your favorite charity?

NICK: Natalie Wood.

NATALIE: I think Nick and I agree that charity is a personal matter.

QUES: Do you like music?

NATALIE: Love it.

NICK: Semi-classical. Classical. All the motion picture scores. There's your great modern music.

QUES: What about Elvis Presley?

NICK: I don't like Rock n' Roll but I like Presley.

QUES: That's a switch.

NICK: Really. John Derek saw Presley do his test at Hal Wallis and says he's just great. Wonderful guy, too.

NATALIE: Too many people have put a knock in against him. I like someone a lot of people are against. My favorite male singer is Sinatra.

QUES: How about female singers?

NATALIE: Peggy Lee.

NICK: Peggy King.

QUES: Your screen names are your real names, aren't they?

NATALIE: He is Nicholas Aloysius Adamshock.

NICK: And hers is Natasha Stepanovana.

NATALIE: See why they change names for movies? How would you like to be a theatre-owner and put my real name on the marquee?

NICK: You'd need two marquees and a teleprompter.

QUES: There's a question about smoking here. Natalie, do you smoke a pipe?

NATALIE: On occasion. Hope nobody takes this answer seriously.

QUES: What's your favorite drink?

NATALIE: I like beer and milk, mixed together. My doctor recommended it.

QUES: Do you play the stock market?

NICK: I do. I have some Warners stock, some Associated Laundry. I had some uranium stock I bought for \$3.50 a share. Sold it for 50c.

QUES: You both drive cars. Ever get a ticket?

NATALIE: Oh, brother!

NICK: I don't get any tickets. I'm a fairly fast driver when conditions permit. It must have been fun to grow up where there were wide open spaces. Out here it's like driving in New York. You have to be sharp.

NATALIE: I only have about two tickets. I was sorry about them. One was making a turn where I shouldn't. I think the other was overtime parking. I've had minor accidents.

QUES: Do you have radio and TV sets?

NICK: I have a radio and a Hi-Fi gismo. No TV yet. I'm only just started in the business, really. There's a million things I want but I'm not nut enough to go way out on the time-payment limb.

NATALIE: I have a TV set. It's no longer heresy for a movie actress to admit she likes TV but I could do without some of the terrible corn.

QUES: Do you play musical instruments?

NATALIE: The piano.

NICK: I used to play the banjo. My ambition is to do a picture with Presley where we both play the guitar.

QUES: How old were you when you had your first kiss?

NATALIE: Three.

NICK: For Pete's sake, who can you kiss when you're three?

NATALIE: That was play stuff. My first real kiss was when I was five. I used to go to the movies all the time. And it seemed that every time a man kissed a

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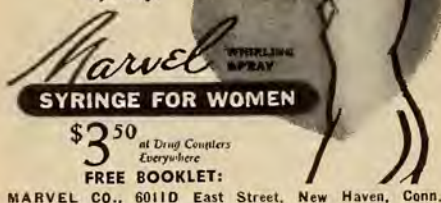
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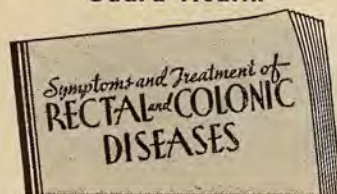
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girl, she'd lean back, look angry and slap him right across the face. So this intrigued me. So I got a whole bunch of my girl friends together and I talked this little boy into kissing me. When he did I slapped him in the face. I DON'T DO THAT ANY MORE.

NICK: The poor kid probably is grown up now and so confused he goes to a psychiatrist.

NATALIE: That's right. And when he finds out what's wrong after spending \$5,000 remembering, he'll look me up and sock me.

QUES: How about you, Nick?

NICK: It took me until twelve or thirteen to get nerve enough to kiss a girl. My mother had told me the facts of life, but another kid's mother told her son that if he kissed a girl she'd get pregnant and have a baby. I didn't want to get married so early.

NATALIE: That's funny. But sometimes it isn't so funny. Parents tell their children scare stories—not the truth. It gets them all mixed up.

QUES: You, for instance?

NATALIE: No, not me. Others I've talked to.

QUES: What's your favorite Hollywood restaurant?

NATALIE: A lot of us used to go to the Villa Capri. Where do we go now?

NICK: We used to go to the China Trader a lot. Any place that fancy strikes us.

QUES: What is there about publicity you are asked to do that you don't like?

NATALIE: Well, I don't like to do things that are phony. In other words, to pose for things. I'd rather do a layout than work in a gallery. Anything that is spontaneous is good. Posing with the turkeys and the firecrackers, I suppose it's necessary, but I don't care for it.

QUES: Where did you two meet?

NATALIE: We were both on an interview for Rebel Without A Cause. We met in the casting office. Both got the parts, too.

NICK: Out at Warners. She got a good one.

QUES: Do you go to night clubs?

NICK: Hate them.

NATALIE: Me too, except when somebody good is appearing.

NICK: Generally everybody goes there to be seen and not to have fun. You have to spend \$60-\$70. What for? We have more fun going to cheap movies—these thirty-cent re-runs. So-called glamour is a pain in the rear to most real people in Hollywood.

QUES: Now, about magazine reading, I suppose what you do is come into offices like this and steal them. I saw Natalie scooping up a couple of Dell Books, a copy of Little Lulu and Tom and Jerry. What do you read in magazines?

NICK: MODERN SCREEN, just MODERN SCREEN.

NATALIE: Seriously, there's an honesty about MODERN SCREEN I like. Sometimes I don't like, maybe, a few words they say about me, but I feel that they are trying to honestly interpret the lives of people in Hollywood. By the way, how's business?

QUES: Business? Fine. Sold out the last issue.

NICK: I know. My picture was in it, in Louella Parsons' column. I sent copies to nine million relatives.

NATALIE: We read a magazine called Wisdom. Ever hear of it?

NICK: Hear of it? I've got stock in it.

QUES: Do you read what's said about you in magazines?

NICK: You kidding? It doesn't make a damn bit of difference what they say about me as long as they say it.

NATALIE: You'll get over that.

QUESTION: Either one of you ever go to college?

NICK: I had a year.

NATALIE: I'm going to start UCLA this fall.

Psychology and literature, things like that. Quite a few people in Hollywood do that during their time off, in the evenings. I don't understand why people think that the minute a girl has a contract waved in her face by a studio that she thinks she knows everything and doesn't have to learn.

NICK: That's right. Take Marilyn Monroe. Everybody figured her for dumb. It's terrible the way they razed her for wanting to study, become a better person and a better actress.

QUES: Nick, I suppose you're going to UCLA too—to study Natalie Wood?

NICK: I already got my Ph.D. in that. Seriously, I have my G.I. Bill coming to me. I want to take evening courses in art—how to paint.

NATALIE: Take me along.

QUES: What about sports—swimming, riding, skiing, killing people?

NATALIE: I like boxing.

NICK: I like tennis.

NATALIE: I like bull fighting.

NICK: I like girls.

NATALIE: I like boys.

QUES: Nick, what are your hobbies, and don't give me Natalie Wood again.

NICK: Sex and fruit juices. Seriously, I like to build cars.

NATALIE: I like clay modeling. I like to paint water colors, knit. Fool around with ceramics.

QUES: What's the worst thing about being a movie star, if there is a worst thing?

NICK: The hard work. You know, you somehow figure that when you get to be a movie star you get a lot of time off. It isn't true. A ditch digger has regular hours. I'm not squawking, but on my last picture we worked to 10 and 11 o'clock at night.

NATALIE: That's true, but you also get to meet a lot of fine people. People who have had rich experiences. I think it's a great thing. Everyone you come in touch with enriches your life, like from a prop man to a Senator.

QUES: ... like famous and important people—Einstein, Bob Beerman.

NICK: Some day I'd like to do the life of Bob Beerman for the screen.

BEERMAN: (putting down his camera) It would be too sensational, too great. Nothing would ever approach it.

QUES: How many real friends did you pick up in the movies?

NATALIE: Two.

NICK: One.

QUES: Why are you still single?

NICK: You have no time to devote to romance. Natalie is the only one in the business that I'd marry.

NATALIE: If I waited for Nick to propose I'd be an old maid.

QUES: All right, why don't you two get married?

NATALIE: Because, we ... we ... well ...

NICK: I don't know. We will some day.

NATALIE: Let's be real corny and say we're not going to—we owe it to our fans not to get married.

NICK: That's right. We're not going to get married, we're just going to have a big affair all the time.

NATALIE: No, we're not even going to do that.

NICK: Coward!

NATALIE: I think people have to decide whether they want to have a career or get married.

NICK: One or the other.

NATALIE: To get un-serious again, they say you have to be unhappy to be an actress. If you get married you're liable to be happy and that would ruin everything—you'd never win an Oscar.

QUES: At night, do you sleep in pajamas or a nightgown?

NICK: In the raw.

NATALIE: In the pajama tops.

QUES: Is it easy to "go Hollywood"?

NATALIE: Where did you pick up that old term? What you mean is "playing the whole role." "Playing the bit."

NICK: Like you're doing somebody a favor when you talk to them and you don't talk to anybody unless they can help you. Then when they help you, a couple of years after, you don't talk to them. With some older stars I know it's like a law.

NATALIE: Or playing the glamour bit. Like wanting a car eight blocks long with your initials on it in gold.

QUES: What's your worst fault?

NICK: Natalie trusts too many people. She's not gullible, but she's good-natured. Trusts people to be nice and gets hurt.

NATALIE: Nick's the same way.

NICK: We're exactly alike.

NATALIE: Except that I'm a little more talented. Be sure to print that.

QUES: Do you like to sign autographs?

NATALIE: I love to.

NICK: I'm sort of flattered.

QUES: What's your favorite food?

NICK: Fried baloney sandwiches with cheese on top.

NATALIE: He wants to die young.

NICK: Hers is snails. Escargots, she calls 'em.

QUES: Do you prefer a tub or shower?

NATALIE: Depends on whatever mood I'm in.

NICK: I like to take a bath in a pool.

QUES: Do you worry about what people think?

NATALIE: No.

NICK: I did at one time.

QUES: What's your greatest extravagance?

NICK: Spending money. Natalie's is buying gifts for all her friends. She got me a typewriter once. There was a note on it, said, "I looked high and low for something to buy you. With this gift you will be able to spell love, friendship, sincerity and all the things you mean to me." She handed me the note first and I was wondering what it was,

then she brought in the typewriter.

NATALIE: And then somebody stole it.

NICK: Yeah, now the louse is writing all those sentiments to his girl.

QUES: How do you save your money?

NICK: What money?

NATALIE: They save it for me.

NICK: Seriously, I put all my money into my house.

QUES: If you weren't a star, what would you be?

NATALIE: I'd be dead.

NICK: I'd be in a grave next to her. That's our wish you know. To be buried together—cheaper that way.

NATALIE: Tab Hunter made out his will, you know.

NICK: Sure, after he saw The Burning Hills.

QUES: Have you made out a will?

NATALIE: What a depressing thought.

NICK: I've got nothing to leave yet. I may leave Beerman a few things. I don't know what. Maybe my old scrap book.

BEERMAN: I'll leave you all the pictures I ever took of Natalie Wood.

NICK: So I'll be rich.

QUES: What would you really like to do in pictures? Nobody ever asks an actor that. Outside of Marilyn Monroe. They asked her. She told them and she's been razed ever since.

NICK: I know that Natalie would like to do something, some day, like Vivien Leigh did in Gone With The Wind.

NATALIE: Oh sure, something merely great.

NICK: Like a fool-proof script. So do I. I'd like to do Ghunga Din, the Cary Grant part.

NATALIE: I'd like to do Band Of Angels.

NICK: I've got a question.

QUES: What?

NATALIE: I know. Can we stop now? . . .

ANSWER: Okay. Fade out. **END**

Natalie will soon be seen in Warner Bros. The Girl He Left Behind. Nick Adams can currently be seen in the 20th Century-Fox film The Last Wagon.

pat wayne: actor or priest?

(Continued from page 44) football." "Why don't you come down and sit on the bench?" the A. D. said. "You'll have a chance there."

Wayne looked speculatively at his wife. The Athletic Director grinned.

"I never heard of a woman sitting on a bench at a football game before," he said, "but this situation calls for a precedent. She can come, too."

Wayne got to his feet, then halted. "I just thought of something," he said. "I'm a Glendale grad—and my boy's playing for Loyola. Which bench?"

"Take your pick," smiled the A. D.

Wayne looked out on the field. The Loyola squad had taken a time-out and some of the lads were sitting on the ground while others were pacing about keeping limber. One of them stood about a head above the others. His name was Pat Wayne, and he was John's sixteen-year-old son. He moved about slowly with the grace of a dancer. His shoulders were wide and his chest deep. He looked formidable.

"I'll probably never be allowed in Glendale again," Wayne said, "but I guess we'll take Loyola."

On the bench Duke and Pilar Wayne had rooting room, and the fans in the stands had no distractions, so the game went along as had been planned from that point on. But while the rest of the spectators followed the plays and the scores, John Wayne kept his eyes on his son. It wasn't hard, because the boy stood out like an apple on a stalk of bananas. There

was no waste in his movements, precision in his playing and courage.

The Loyola coach leaned over to Wayne. "The lad's got it," he said. "He'll do well. What's he going to do when he leaves school?"

"I don't know," said Wayne. "He's got a mind of his own. But between us we'll work it out."

When the game was over, the kids stormed the field and Duke and his son signed autographs for about fifteen minutes. Then Wayne put his coat about Pat's shoulders and they walked to the car. It had been a big night in Glendale—and a big night in the relationship between John Wayne and his son Pat.

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Every man likes to have a son in his own image. John Wayne has four children, two sons and two daughters, and he has no inclination to favor one over the other. Michael, his eldest, has just finished college and wants to make his career the business end of motion pictures. Consequently, he is working for his dad's company. He started at the top. The top of the list, that is, of fellows to call when the dirty work is to be done. Although he has been around movies all his life and knows the business pretty well, his father is determined that Mike will advance by the slow route—so he runs the mimeo machine and takes out the mail and runs the errands. He'll get along, but the hard way.

Duke's daughter Toni is married to a young graduate law student and Melinda, the baby of the family, is too busy growing up to be much of a problem. It is Pat, the

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one who resembles his dad most, and the one on the edge of a decision, who requires the care right now, and he's getting it for that reason alone. His father makes no pretense about wanting his son to follow in his footsteps, but most of the decisions to date have been the boy's.

When John Wayne and his first wife, Josephine, divorced more than ten years ago, because of a mutual incompatibility, it was a well-ordered separation, carefully arranged by two people who faced up to their responsibilities to their four children. It was agreed that the kids would live with their mother. That, accordingly to a pre-nuptial vow made by Wayne, they would be raised in the Catholic faith. And that in day-to-day living their mother would be their guide—but in major matters Wayne would take his proper place as head of the family. That is the way it has been.

Pat starts—at thirteen

Pat Wayne's entry into motion pictures was quite a natural turn of events. His dad was a star and his Godfather was John Ford, the director. Whenever Wayne goes on a long vacation he tries to take at least one of the kids along—and when he goes on a distant location he either has the kids come for a visit or, if it is rugged, he has one or both of the boys come along and stay the full period. When he went to Ireland to make *The Quiet Man* it was Pat's turn.

They were on the set one day when John Ford nudged Wayne. "I've been looking for a kid for the stuff we're going to shoot tomorrow," he said. "What do you think of that one over there?"

Wayne looked. Pat, tall for his thirteen years, was standing on a small hummock at the edge of the set dressed in blue jeans and etched against a blue, cloud-dotted sky. It was a fetching sight. He moved and it appeared that he was strung together loosely with wires. He kicked at a clod and there was a rhythm of grace as his foot went out and his blond wavy hair flew.

"I don't know," said Wayne. "It might get him into bad habits."

"What's the matter," said Ford, "don't you like this business?"

"Sure," said Wayne, "but—"

"But what?"

"How do you know he can act?"

"Is that what you used to call what you were doing when I first met you?" Ford said.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Wayne.

Ford beckoned to Pat. "Come here, lad," he said. Pat strolled over. "Go over to the wardrobe tent and get yourself fixed up with something to wear tomorrow."

"What for?" Pat said.

"You're just like your father," Ford snorted. "Always asking silly questions. Now get moving."

And that is how Pat Wayne started acting in the movies. It wasn't much of a part, to be sure, but by the next day's end John Ford looked at the boy in a different light. Something like the way he had looked at his father twenty-five years before.

Spending money

Maybe it is true that you can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink. But in the case of a young boy you can lead him anywhere and make him do anything if you pay him for it. The next summer vacation Pat Wayne began cozying up to John Ford like a cat after a milkman. Actors' salaries are regulated by a union and it pays considerably better than mowing lawns. Ford found something for him, of course, and he did the same the following year. At first Duke Wayne took it in stride. This was just a way for the kid to pick up spending money. And then

one day he looked more closely at the rushes. The boy had grown to a stalwart six feet. He had filled out and when he walked into the scene like a veteran. Duke leaned over to Ford in the dark.

"The kid's pretty good," he whispered. "And he can act!"

"It just goes to prove," Ford muttered, "that talent isn't hereditary."

But acting in the movies was just fun and a pocket money business until one day in 1953 when John Ford dropped by Wayne's house one evening, ostensibly just to say hello. He finally, however, got around to the real reason for his visit.

"What," he asked, "is Pat going to do for a career?"

"Well," said Duke, "maybe because he's not quite fifteen years old yet I haven't discussed it much with him. Why, is there a hurry?"

"Could be," said Ford. "I'm going east next month to make *The Long Grey Line* and there's a good part in it for the boy. You said once you didn't want him to get any bad habits. If he does this it might be the turning point. From then on he might be an actor. You tell me what to do. We can quit now—or go ahead."

Wayne got up and strolled around the room thoughtfully. "I don't know, Coach," he said. "This business has been good to me. It's a good life. But it's up to the boy. Why don't you talk to him. Tell him what you told me—and whatever the two of you decide is all right with me."

Later that night Ford telephoned. "Maybe you'd better retire right now without a struggle. The boy's going east with me."

The months went by and *The Long Grey Line* was released, and one day John Wayne walked into his office and stumbled over a carton of mail.

Pat appeal

"The mail must be awfully heavy this week," he said to his secretary. "I haven't had that much in a long time."

"It's not yours," the girl said. "It's for your son Pat."

"Hmmm," said Wayne.

Although there is a rare rapport between John Wayne and Pat Wayne a boy seldom ever tells his father everything that is in his mind. Consequently, aside from casual advice, there was never much discussion of movie-making between the two. Pat was interested in school most of the time and when they got together that was what they talked about. Then Duke went to Honolulu to make a picture for Warner Brothers. He got a telephone call from Ford before he left.

"I'm going to the Islands, too," said Ford, "to make *Mister Roberts*. There's a part in it for Pat. Okay?"

"It's okay with me," said Duke, "if it's okay with him."

And so father and son found themselves that summer both working in the Hawaiian Islands. Pat was on the Island of Oahu, while Duke was working on the fringe of the jungle on Hawaii, 170 miles south.

It was a Sunday afternoon. Duke was sprawled in a wicker chair on the lawn of the house he had rented watching the surf spray over the black lava rocks of the nearby shore when a car pulled into the driveway a hundred yards away. A fellow in a T-shirt, navy trousers and a pea cap got out, lugging a duffel bag and started toward the house. He looked familiar.

"Pat!" said Duke. "What are you doing here?"

"I just thought I'd come by for a visit," the boy said as they hugged. "I got a couple of days off."

"Well, kick off your shoes and sit down," said Duke. "I don't work tomorrow either."

And they sat by the sea and talked and laughed until it was time for dinner.

The future

Later on, with the moon shining as bright as an arc light through the waving palms, they lay on the grass and felt their full stomachs and listened silently to the pound of the waves as they hit the beaches with a rush that had started in China. After a while Pat leaned up on his elbows. "I want to talk to you about something, Dad," he said.

"Go ahead," said Duke. "I figured you did."

"Well," said Pat, "It's about this movie-acting."

Duke just waited. "You want me to be an actor, don't you?" said Pat.

"I won't lie to you son," said Duke. "I think maybe I would. I've done all right—and I want you to do all right after I'm gone. But most of all I want you to be happy."

"That's just it," said Pat. "I'm not sure I would be happy being an actor."

"Have you got something else in mind?" Duke said.

Pat waited a long time before answering. "I'm not sure," he said, "but I think I have."

"Shoot," said Duke. "Well," said Pat, "I've thought about it a lot—and I think maybe I'd like to be a priest."

It was Duke's turn to pause and he did, a long pause. Pat finally broke the silence. "You wouldn't like that, would you, Dad?" he said.

"Again I won't lie to you, son," said Duke. "I'm not a Catholic, and I didn't have any idea you thought that way. But I never met an unhappy priest, or a priest that wasn't a fine man, so I can't knock it. I suppose that's something a man has to work out all by himself."

"I wanted to tell you before I told anyone else," said Pat. "You wouldn't try to stop me, would you?"

"No, son, I wouldn't do that," said Duke. "But I would want you to be very sure. It's a one-way road, you know."

"Thanks, Dad," said Pat. "I've still got to go to college and I'll have four years to think it out. I just wanted you to know how I felt now."

"Do you want to quit acting now?" Duke said.

Pat sat up. "Heck, no!" he said. "At these prices?"

They both chuckled at that—and haven't brought the subject up since. But in the heart and mind of the boy there is the breath of a call. And in the heart of the man there is a prayer that the boy makes the right decision.

The mail since that day in Hawaii has been piling up for Pat Wayne until it's almost on a par with his dad's. And there is seldom a week goes by that some producer or another doesn't call John Wayne asking if Pat's services are available for a picture. Only C. V. Whitney and Meriam Cooper got anywhere, though. John Wayne himself acted as his son's agent.

"We have great plans for the boy," said Cooper. "When you sign this contract Pat will be a star."

"Oh, no he won't," said Duke. "I want a clause stating that he doesn't get solo star billing."

"Why?" said Cooper. "Every kid wants to be a movie star."

"I have my reasons," said Duke. "And another thing. This contract will only run for four years—until he finishes college."

"Why?" said Cooper.

"That's the way it has to be," said Duke. "And the pictures will have to be made during the summer, so it won't interfere with his studies."

"We can tutor him," said Cooper, "on any subject he picks."

"I doubt that," said Wayne. "And at the end of the four years, Pat is a free agent. He can work for anyone else he chooses."

Cooper's mouth hung open just a little. "Say," he said, "has he got another deal lined up for then?"

Wayne walked over and looked out at the blue sky. "It could be," he said. "Anyway, he's going to be free to do what he has to do when the time comes. I want him to be happy."

And that is the way it is today. Pat Wayne's star is high now. There is no question about it. Within the next four years he will be famous. He'll make money and be the envy of every boy at Loyola Jesuit College. And then, when he graduates, he can go ahead and follow in the footsteps of his dad—or he can turn the other way and follow in the footsteps of his father. The choice will be his alone.

END

John Wayne will soon be seen in MGM's The Wings of Eagles

kim novak's beauty hints

(Continued from page 49) standing pin curls across the top of her head every night just after she's had her long, lazy tub bath. They do not bother her while sleeping since she never sets the back of her hair. In the morning, she doesn't comb or "part" it. She brushes the curls out, so that her hair has its soft, lustrous, and apparently "tousled" look. It is, as you can tell by this, nothing of the sort. It is part of Kim's art of grooming to conceal art.

Kim cuts her own hair, too, and it is beyond her why more girls don't follow her example. "All you need," Kim says, "are scissors, practice and two mirrors in a very good light, one to see the front of your head, the other to check the back and sides. Jean Simmons trims her hair with manicure scissors, but personally I like to use regular barber's trimming shears. You can order these from any beauty supply house. If you've never cut your hair before but want to wear it in any style except up in a braid or a chignon, I advise your taking off just a little at a time, a snip here, a snip there until you get accustomed to the shape of

your head and the shape of your face. If you go at it carefully, you just about can't do yourself harm as you find a cut best for you. It's like taking a splinter out of your finger. If somebody else does it, they go too far and hurt you, but you soon know just how far you can go. With haircutting, even if you get a bit too much off front, back or sides, here or there, it can't hurt much. It will soon grow in again."

She uses lavender mascara on her eyes for day time, changing it to black mascara for evening, applying the mascara to both her upper and lower eyelashes. Notice that "for daytime" and "for evening." Right here is another of Kim's glamour-beauty secrets.

"I advise all girls when they possibly can to make up in daylight, and out in the sun, too, if that's possible," Kim says. "The object of make-up, at least if you want to attract men, is to look as though you didn't know it existed. Of course, all modern boys know about lipstick and eyebrow pencil and all the rest of it, but if you can get them to think you are the wonderful exception who uses none of these, you are really the for-sure card in their date books. Therefore, if you put on your make-up in the sunshine and it

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doesn't glare off your face, if powder doesn't show or isn't too light, or your lipstick too red or your mascara and eyebrow pencil too obvious, you can be sure you'll look completely natural in a night light."

Kim laughed, suddenly, in the midst of this beauty talk. "I have a very good reason for being almost gone on the subject of make-up looking natural," she said. "This also goes back to my teens in Chicago."

"I doll myself up"

"The object of my silent adoration was the brother of my girl friend, and he was a sergeant with all the appeal of a uniform. So one night when I knew he was going to be home on leave, I dolled myself all up. I set my hair in a very special do, way up on top of my head. I poured on cold cream, scrubbed it off, put on about a ton of lipstick, eye shadow, mascara, rouge, everything and anything I could think of, including about a quart of perfume. Then in the tighest dress I owned, and wearing the highest heels, I went over to my girl friend's house.

"I saw right away that the sergeant was noticing me, and just a little later, I realized with absolutely delirious happiness that he thought me quite old—all of seventeen. My girl friend, thinking to help me out with her crush, asked me to stay the night with her. Delightedly I accepted, and it wasn't until I went to share her room with her, around midnight, that I realized the corner I'd got myself in. For I knew that if that boy saw me without my make-up, he'd know how young I was. So because I was as dopey as you can only be at that age, I went to bed without touching my hair or taking off any make-up. The next morning I looked horrible. The boy just laughed at the sight of me and never looked at me again."

Her skin is naturally very dry, and California makes it more so. For this reason, while she lathers her body with soap in her bath she doesn't use it on her face but creams her face at night, after removing her make-up with skin freshener. To keep from getting too greasy from this, she uses a mild astringent in the morning. On her body, she rubs in bath oil or a body cream, though for the sheer luxury of it her favorite bath is a fluffy milk bath rinse, in which she sometimes lolls for hours. She follows that up with a bath oil rub when she gets out. She never bathes in the morning, but bounds out of bed and does exercises.

Fingernail care

Each morning, after her exercises, Kim checks the state of her manicure and pedicure. She finds that giving herself a complete pedicure once every two weeks is sufficient—but every day or so, nonetheless, she touches up her toenails with a quick flick of filing and makes their outline neat by the use of a few drops of cuticle remover applied with cotton wrapped around an orange-wood stick. For polish, she uses the brightest red she can obtain.

Her manicure, however, is different. Because she has nervous hands, and even in a scene will restlessly pick at her fingers and chip the polish, she prefers to use colorless nail polish. This doesn't show, fortunately, with colorless polish. But because of this habit, Kim gives herself a complete manicure once a week at least, with frequent "touch-ups" in between if she's really snagged her nails.

When it comes to the actual process of making up, Kim uses cream or oil to clean her skin and make it glisten, and a light touch of eyebrow pencil on her brows. She sees to it that she tweezes

out any stray eyebrow hairs that may come too close to her nose on either side, but otherwise she lets her brows alone as they are naturally well-shaped and slender. While she uses lavender mascara, she thinks girls should experiment, use blue or green or brown mascara if that is best for their own eye shade. Also Kim believes that you should match your make up to the color of the dress you are wearing. She advises you to don the dress for a "sunshine trial" too, when making up, even if you are wearing the dress later in evening light. "I have a friend with hazel eyes," she says. "Sometimes they are green, sometimes they look brown, sometimes black. It depends upon the color of the dress she is wearing and it is twice as effective if she uses mascara to go with the dress shade."

When it comes to face powder and lipstick, Kim is very, very special. "On me," she says, "indelible lipsticks always turn blue in shade, after an hour or so on, no matter how true-red or pink they looked when I first applied them. I like real reds, or true pinks, and I've found for me the best thing is to mix my own. I don't put it in a tube or lipstick case or anything like that. I find lipstick colors I like with the sunlight trial. Then I mix them with a little white greasepaint."

She doesn't use cheek rouge, because she likes to have only her lips and her eyes emphasized. But she is very particular about face powders.

"The shade and texture of your powder can make you look younger or older," Kim declares. "Just as no popular girl would go around wearing, let's say, orange all the time, so I think she shouldn't always use the same powder shade. Different dress colors cast different highlights. If a girl has to be careful of money, I'm here to tell her she can do more with the right shade of powder and an old dress than she can with a new dress and wrong powder."

One perfume

But again, very individually, and contrary to most girls, Kim does not believe in lots of perfumes. "Perfume stirs up memories, especially for men, since their sense of smell is subtler than ours is. I think you should be associated in a man's mind with only one fragrance. I use *Ma Griffe*, which to me seems neither too heavy nor too insipid. It's nice to have a man come into a room, sniff, and say, "My girl must be here somewhere."

Neither does Kim wear jewelry, particularly such touches as earrings or necklaces. "I want people to look at me," she grins, explaining that one.

When she goes out, her clothes see to it that people do look at her—but at home she goes way to the other extreme and trots about in slacks and shirts with the tails worn outside. "In clothes," declares Kim, "I don't believe in being 'just under' very well dressed. I want to be all or nothing at all, either very, very chic in something Jean Louis or another great designer has done for me—or just completely casual in sloppy stuff. Yet the rules for looking great in your clothes are almost entirely those I think are wisest for make up. Try on your dresses a dozen times by yourself alone. Walk around in them, sit down and stand up in them until you know exactly what they will do for you. Then when you go into a room, look as though you weren't even remotely aware of the effect of them." Kim laughs.

"See how simple this all is?" she asks.

And the funny thing is—it is pretty simple. **END**

Kim Novak will soon be seen in Columbia's *Pal Joey* and *The Jeanne Eagels Story*.

TV TALK

Desi Arnaz surprises pals... A. A. complains of too much publicity from Lillian Roth... Fess Parker too nice?... The facts about Webb.

Julius LaRosa is so happily married to his bride that he's a joy to see when he talks about her. He just grins and bumbles away: "I got the prize of the world," he beams; "I sound moon-struck, I know; I'm sorry, but I mean it. She's sensational!" Proof of Julie's affection came when he made such a hit subbing for **Perry Como** this past summer (he got a rating almost as high as **Jackie Gleason's**). He rushed out and bought his new wife a cute little black and white poodle with a big red ribbon around its neck. A lot of performers would have rushed out and bought themselves a new car or a cashmere coat or two... Every single word you read about how smart a businessman **Desi Arnaz** is, is true. Everybody knows what a big filming outfit Desilu is—one of the biggest tv filming operations in Hollywood—but lots of people find it hard to believe that old band-leading, Cuban-talking Desi is really the brains behind the business. He is. He has himself two assistants who are just as smart, moneywise, as they come; and these two swear that Desi beats them when it comes to financial savvy. **Lucille Ball**, incidentally, couldn't care less. She grimaces at the mere thought, waves a languid hand, and leaves it to Desi. She's an actress, period. She's proud of him, of course, and she knows—better than anyone—what a boon his thriving business is to Desi's ego. He was getting tired of being Mr. Lucille Ball. Now, as **Liberace** says about himself, he can laugh all the way to the bank. By the way, Lucy, as you know, is one of the most outspoken women in Hollywood, and she proves it all the time. Most tv stars, at the end of an interview, will ask the interviewer over again "sometime" or at least pretend that they enjoyed the question-and-answer session. But about the nicest thing Lucy can say to a newspaperman is "It wasn't too painful." That, from her, is praise indeed. As far as we're concerned, a "not-too-painful" statement from Lucy is worth a lot more than the insincere gush you get elsewhere... Another oft-repeated statement can be verified. **Jack Webb** is the hardest-working man in the world, or the tv world anyway. He lives for his career, and will spend any amount of time and trouble on the smallest detail. Believe us, when he has action take place in a smoke-filled room, he sees to it that people have filled that room with real smoke. But one thing you keep reading about Jack that is not the truth is that he decided to keep on making *Dragnet* films for five years. Not at all. He was dying to quit, but the sponsor insisted. Way back when the sponsor took a look at the very first *Dragnet* and bought the series, the contract read that Webb would have to continue it for five years if the sponsor wanted him to. At that early stage of the game, Webb was broke—a beginner who'd done some radio shows and a little movie acting. He had to be Sgt. Friday for five years. Now, however, he's through; and he's a happy man. His new show, *Noah's Ark*, fulfills his ambitions (for the moment anyway) because he can produce and direct and he doesn't have to act. Jack Webb has no desire to continue acting... It was no surprise when **Jimmy Cagney** made his tv debut on **Robert Montgomery's** show. They're old friends from way back, and Cagney recently bought a farm in New York State practically next

door to Montgomery's. It's Cagney's second farm; his other one is on Martha's Vineyard, where he raises fancy cattle. His house is a very unpretentious wooden farmhouse, with a small pond in the front yard, set way back from the road in the middle of the island. He loves it there (more than Mrs. Cagney does; she's a little lonely), but he may have to give it up. Even though he's had it for years, he's still considered a newcomer by the natives, who are very clannish people, and they have no compunction about helping themselves to the stones in his walls if they need them for some building project! They figure the island is theirs, and that includes Cagney's rocks. If this keeps up, he may have to devote all his farming time to his New York place... Montgomery, too, has another establishment besides his New York farm (and his city apartment), but his is an enormous, elegant pink house sitting under scores of green trees. It's way out on Long Island, with a large pond in the back yard and the Atlantic Ocean on the front doorstep... The late **Jimmy Dean** once auditioned for a part in *Mama*... We've told you how hospitable **Fess Parker** is and how he gets his friends interviews with vice-presidents they could never see otherwise. Fess carries this be-kind-to-your-friends routine so far that he even offers other people's homes to them. One business acquaintance of Fess's was quite startled one day when a young man appeared on his doorstep, baggage in hand, and announced that Fess had said he could stay there!... Many members of Alcoholics Anonymous are not at all happy about **Lillian Roth's** publicity. They claim that one of the main points of the organization is that its members are anonymous, and they disapprove violently of her appearance on *This Is Your Life*, of her book, and of the movie *I'll Cry Tomorrow*... **Janet Blair** sounds more and more like **Mary Martin**. Close your eyes and hear those liquid Martin tones when Janet talks. It's really amazing.



The "brains" behind the Desilu filming outfit is Desi Arnaz, shown here with wife Lucille Ball, celebrating another happy anniversary.

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