

MY CHRISTMAS STORY by Bing Crosby

JAN.
15c

modern screen

DEC 13 1950
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THE LY
OSCAR
REEL
DEC 20 1950
COPY

read
how I feel about love
by Shirley Temple



PN 1993
M 334

Capture the look of New Loveliness

WITH YOUR

First Cake of Camay!



MRS. WILLIAM FIELD DE NEERGAARD
the former Cicely Davenport of Chevy Chase, D. C.
Bridal portrait by *Harriet*

How thankful you feel—when Someone New wins your heart—if your skin's at its glorious best! And your skin *will* be softer—clearer, too—with your *first cake* of Camay. Change to regular care—use Camay alone. Marvel at the difference your *first cake* of Camay makes!

Camay—All That A Beauty Soap Should Be!

A finer beauty soap than Camay does not exist! It's so mild—so quick with its creamy lather. And no other soap has ever quite captured Camay's flattering fragrance. When Camay's your complexion care, the *first cake* can bring new beauty!

THE ROAD TO A ROMANCE

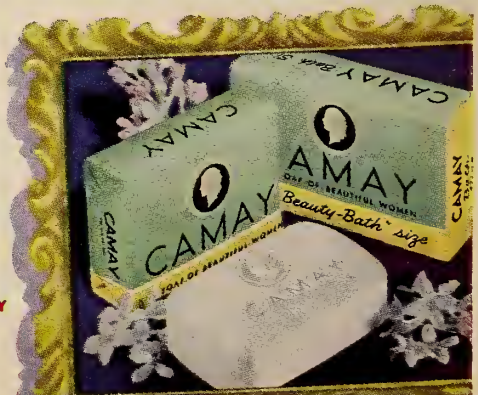


It began with a blind date at a Syracuse sorority. But how could Bill be blind to Cicely's complexion? It's so clear—so fresh-looking—soft as a camellia petal. Cicely found there is complexion magic in Camay's creamy lather!



It led to a flying honeymoon! And Cicely brought-home a British sixpence for a charm. But her *special* charm is her complexion. Cicely says: "Your *first cake* of Camay can bring a smoother skin. See for yourself!"

TRY THE BIG, ECONOMICAL BATH-SIZE CAMAY



Camay

 The Soap of Beautiful Women

Are you in the know?



Can you remedy cold, red hands with —

- Open-air workouts
- Mittens
- Lotion

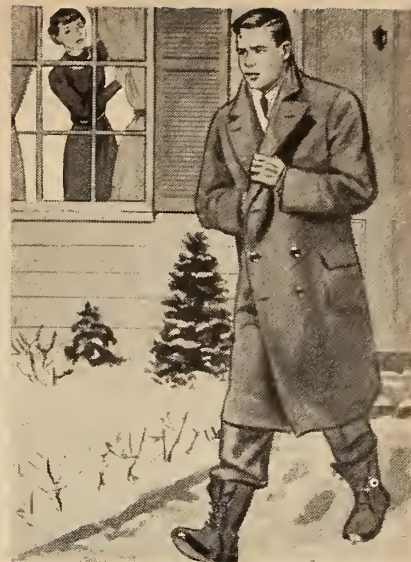
If Winter turns your mitts to icy "lobster claws" — chances are, your circulation needs recharging. Get more, outdoor exercise. Swap tight gloves for warm, wool mittens that give your fingers wiggle-room. And use hand lotion, faithfully. (Did you guess all 3 answers were right?) On certain days, you don't have to guess which Kotex absorbency's right for you. Try *all 3*: Regular, Junior, Super — (different sizes, for different days). See which answers *your* needs!



For some gals, which style demands special grooming?

- Horseshoe neckline
- Batwing sleeves
- Pleated skirts

Squires soon tire of gals who perspire and don't *do* something about it! Use underarm deodorants; dress shields. And with batwing sleeves, you can wear a bra with *built-in* shields: special precaution to save your dress, your daintiness. At "calendar" time, smooth grooming's no problem — when you let Kotex banish revealing outlines. With those special, *flat pressed ends* no telltale outlines show. You can flaunt *any* smart new fashion — minus a single secret qualm!



How to straighten out a feud you started?

- Make the first move
- Wait for him to coll
- Try the weeping technique

You blow your top. And you're sorry — even before you hear the door slam. Well, *tell* him so, in a little note. Or ask the crowd over and include your bitter half. If that doesn't fetch him, why knock yourself out? 'Taint worth it . . . any more than it is to fret over trying days' woes. You needn't, for Kotex gives you the *extra* protection of an exclusive *safety center*. A Kotex feature that guards against accidents; spares you "those" nagging cares.



If you're conversation-shy in a crowd, what helps overcome it?

- Take a public-speaking course
- Avoid gong gatherings
- Ga in for sports

Your sound track fails you in "parlor" chatter? Join a sports group. Go skating. Bowling . . . (who can be a dumb belle when she scores a strike?) Hop on a snow train . . . and look who's talking! *You*, leading the yacketty-yak about ski lessons, boots, waxes.

And once in the sports whirl don't be a quitter. On difficult days, choose Kotex for comfort . . . downy softness that *holds its shape* because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. (Comfort and confidence are team-mates!)



How to prepare for "certain" days?

- Circle your calendar
- Perk up your wardrobe
- Buy a new belt

Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers above can help. But to assure *extra comfort*, buy a new Kotex sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic — this strong, lightweight Kotex belt's non-twisting . . . non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. *Dries* pronto! So don't wait till the last minute: buy a new Kotex belt *now*. (Why not buy two — for a *change*?)

Have you tried Delsey?

Delsey* is the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex . . . a tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.* (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

More women choose **KOTEX**[®] than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



You Can't Spell Romance Without a Man!



THE ONLY PLACE I FIND ROMANCE IS IN THE DICTIONARY! I JUST HAVEN'T GOT WHAT IT TAKES FOR A ROMANCE OF MY OWN!

SUE, YOU'VE GOT EVERYTHING IT TAKES... IF YOU'D JUST GET YOUR DENTIST TO GIVE YOU THE FACTS ON... ON BAD BREATH!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH AND THE COLGATE WAY OF BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!

READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! Better than any other home method of oral hygiene! Yes, and 2 years' research showed the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice, ammoniated or not, has proof of such results!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

WHEN I GAVE COLGATE CARE A CHANCE I PUT THE "MAN" INTO ROMANCE!

Use Colgate Dental Cream To Clean Your Breath While You Clean Your Teeth—And Help Stop Tooth Decay!

***YOU SHOULD KNOW!** While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

modern screen

The Most Unusual Contest Ever Offered!

BRING A STAR TO YOUR HOME.....see page 38

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- | | |
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Silvered with stars, spangled
with song, and wrapped up
in romance...

M.G.M. says "Happy New Year"
with the tops in Technicolor
musicals!

It's a lulu of a
hula-happy musical
actually filmed on a
tropic island paradise.

M-G-M presents
"PAGAN LOVE SONG"

starring
ESTHER WILLIAMS
wooded with songs by

HOWARD KEEL
that "Annie Get Your Gun" guy!

COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR

HEAR THE FAMED
"PAGAN LOVE SONG"
and others:

"Sea Of The Moon"
"House Of Singing Bamboo"
"Why Is Love So Crazy"
"Singing In The Sun"
"Tahiti"

SUNG BY THE STARS IN
THE M-G-M RECORDS ALBUM

Screen Play by ROBERT NATHAN
and JERRY DAVIS • Based on the Book
"TAHITI LANDFALL" by WILLIAM S. STONE

Music by HARRY WARREN • Lyrics by ARTHUR FREED

Directed by ROBERT ALTON • Produced by ARTHUR FREED

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Have You Heard?



JOAN LANSING

'T WAS A COUPLE OF NIGHTS BEFORE CHRISTMAS AND ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE not a creature was stirring . . . they were all absorbed in listening to ABC's fabulous Friday night programs.

Yes, ma'am, here's one handsomely wrapped "package" that'll give you plenty of excitement all season long.

The Santa Claus samaritan of the hills rides into thrilling action at 7:30 PM (EST). Yes, it's THE LONE RANGER offering the special brand of "good will toward men" that makes tingling listening. (Season's greetings and "cheerios" from General Mills.)

THE FAT MAN jovially sets the pace at 8 PM (EST). The portly crime-chaser is a refreshing bracer on a Friday night . . . and at this time of year, appropriately enough, is carried by Camels (Cigarettes, that is!).

What else keeps folks by the fire-side on Friday nights? THIS IS YOUR F.B.I. on your local ABC station is one big factor! This great public service Jerry Devine dramatization, with cases taken from actual F.B.I. files, is an 8:30 PM (EST) high-light. The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States sponsors this dynamic documentary.

Another Friday night special "flip" comes along at 9 PM (EST) when THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE AND HARRIET gladden your local ABC station's airwaves. OZZIE, HARRIET, DAVID and RICKY continue to whip up family fun that's bright as sunshine. (To quote a "snack" note from the wizard-of-OZZIE: "At noon, at night, at other times . . . warm up with soups by H. J. HEINZ!")

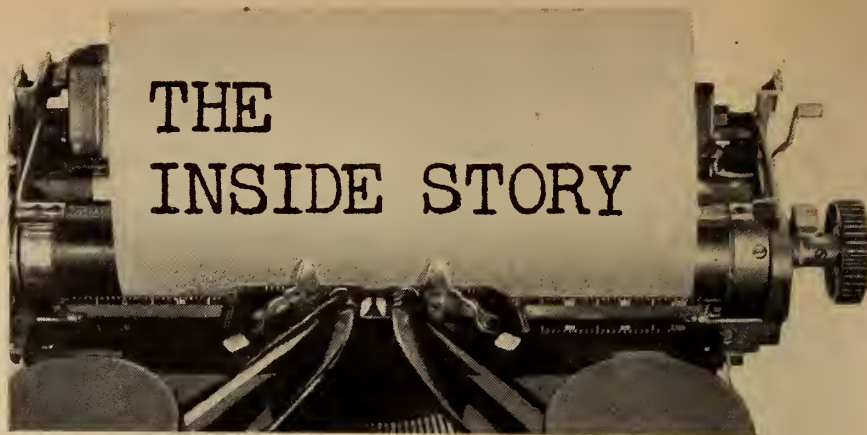
Stay in the saddle, sister, because THE SHERIFF is riding into your home at 9:30 PM (EST). The fearless Friday night enforcer of law and order is a most welcome guest as he tells the tales of the west that everyone likes best. The Pacific Coast Borax Company keeps THE SHERIFF's shiny star well polished.

HARRY WISMER "sparks" the CHAMPION ROLL CALL to sports at 9:55 PM (EST) for Champion Spark Plugs . . . and at 10 PM (EST) you'll thrill to the action of THE FIGHTS . . . punch-ful of Friday night entertainment. Gillette keenly sponsors the series.

That's it for your Friday night pleasure on your local ABC station . . . a prize "package" of variety and spice all season long.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Joan Lansing



WHAT HAPPENED TO LANA?

■ When she came out of the anesthetic and they told her she had lost the baby, Lana Turner cried.

"We wanted that baby more than anything else on earth," she said.

She looked at the nurse and then her eyes traversed the room at St. John's Hospital, and they seemed to say, "Why should this happen to me? What have I done to deserve this?"

The irony of it all was that Lana had gone through a strenuous schedule in the making of *Mr. Imperium* with Ezio Pinza. She had taken the location trips in stride, the long hours, the lengthy rehearsals, the hot, hard hours under the burning lights. She had been especially careful of her every step. No unnecessary chances for her. No repetition of the miscarriage she had suffered in New York in January 1949.

Bob and Lana wanted a little playmate for eight-year-old Cheryl and it looked very much as if their wish were well on the road to fulfillment—well on the way until that perverse fate, which has doggedly followed Lana's every footstep, caught up with her.

It was Monday night, October 23rd. Lana was at home with her husband in the new Holmby Hills residence they had recently purchased. Lana stepped from her den to a porch which had been freshly waxed and, when she started to slip, she called out "Bob."

Topping came running from the den. He picked Lana up in his arms, rushed her into his car, and raced down to St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica.

Dr. Leslie Spicer took over, but it was too late. Lana had suffered a miscarriage. There was no need to give her a low spinal to protect the baby. Since the baby, in its sixth month of development, was dead.

Physically Lana had a relatively easy time in her ordeal, but mentally she suffered poignantly—for if ever a child was wanted, this was it.

Two years ago when Lana suffered her first miscarriage, the RH blood factor was involved, but this time the doctors declared that the negative RH factor had nothing to do with the miscarriage.

Last spring when Lana discovered that she was an expectant mother she told everyone. "Bob and I couldn't possibly be happier. Both of us have always wanted and planned for a large family."

Fortunately, Lana may still have other babies. In fact there is nothing that would more quickly drive the sadness out of her heart than the knowledge that she is again expecting.

(*"The Sorrows of Lana Turner"* will appear in February's MODERN SCREEN.)

Q. Is it true that Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan are on the verge of a divorce?

—J. H., PAWTUCKET, R. I.

A. There has been no divorce talk, but newspapermen on the Continent predict that Rita's marriage to Aly will not be her last. Of late, Rita and her husband have not been seen together very much in public. Rita has dated no individual man, but from time to time, she has surrounded herself with single men and couples. Rita has been told that unless she makes a motion picture early in 1951 there is a very great danger that the

American public will forget her completely.

Q. I've been told that during the making of *Red Badge of Courage* Audie Murphy and Bill Mauldin refused to talk to each other and in fact, engaged in several fist fights. Is that true?

—T. Y., AUSTIN, TEXAS

A. There were absolutely no fist fights between Mauldin and Murphy on the set of the picture in question.

(Continued on page 23)

Mr. Music

Mr. Music makes
it the happiest
holiday of all!

It's Mr. Music, Himself . . . In
The Musical Story Packed with
All The Fun and Songs
and Dancing and Spectacle
Anyone Could Ask For!

Starring
BING CROSBY
NANCY OLSON
CHARLES COBURN
RUTH HUSSEY
with
ROBERT STACK
Tom Ewell, Charles Kemper
and **MARGE & GOWER CHAMPION**

Songs!

- "LIFE IS SO PECULIAR"
- "ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN"
- "HIGH ON THE LIST"
- "AND YOU'LL BE HOME"
- "WOULDN'T IT BE FUNNY"
- "WASN'T I THERE"
- "MILADY"
- "ONCE MORE THE BLUE
AND WHITE"
- "MISTER MUSIC"

Guest Stars!



GROUCHO MARX



DOROTHY KIRSTEN



PEGGY LEE



THE MERRY MACS

Produced by **ROBERT L. WELCH**
Suggested by a Play by Samson Raphaelson
Lyrics by Johnny Burke

Directed by **RICHARD HAYDN**
Written for the Screen by Arthur Sheekman
Music by James Van Heusen • A Paramount Picture





LOUELLA PARSONS'

Good news



"Come as your suppressed desire . . ." the invitation read. So Jane Powell borrowed the corset she wears in MGM's *Two Weeks With Love* and her husband, Geary, wore a costume from *Nancy Goes to Rio* at the Press Photographers' Ball.

EVERYBODY CLICKED AT THE PHOTOGRAPHERS' BALL . . . ONLY HARVEY MISSED HIS PREMIÈRE . . . SCHIAPARELLI'S

FOR fun, gaiety, and glamorous costumes the Hollywood Press Photographers' Ball doesn't have to take a back seat to any Mardi Gras. This year the camera boys asked the stars to come as their suppressed desires, and the effect was hilarious.

For a while Bob Cummings stole the show as a Petty girl done up in a blond wig and a pink and blue bathing suit. His wife was dressed up as his manager.

Both Shelley Winters and Dorothy Parker showed up as angels! Very worldly angels, to be sure.

Anne Baxter, in full Santa Claus costume, complete with white whiskers, said she picked that because St. Nick only has to work one day a year. John Hodiak went Anne one better in a beachcomber's outfit—because they never have to work.

The most startling personality switch was made by super dignified Jean Hersholt. No

one recognized him as a decrepit, red nosed tramp.

In a lovely ballerina costume, Liz Taylor looked like she would pirouette any minute, while Nicky Hilton was an old fashioned Southern gambler. Next to me sat Paul Brinkman as a sultan with a harem of one: Jeanne Crain, of course.

Van Johnson was a minister, but that wasn't his suppressed desire. He had waited until the last minute, and that was the quickest costume he could get from the studio wardrobe department. Evie was a princess.

Ann Blyth was Sadie Thompson and her date, Scott Brady, came as a lamppost for her to lean against.

One of the most exciting costumes of the evening was Steve Cochran's. He was an eagle, and the costume was so real that he couldn't open his mouth, so he couldn't be fed. Steve was with Yvonne DeCarlo, whose sup-

pressed desire was to be an opera singer.

Dressed as Marlene Dietrich, beautiful Arlene Dahl looked like it was her ambition to show her legs, but Lex Barker apparently wanted to get away from those drafty Tarzan outfits. His Russian Hussar outfit made him the most completely covered man there. That pair has that "we'll get married soon" look.

John Derek was a soldier with a dove of peace on his shoulder, while Patti was the Goddess of War. Gene Tierney made a charming French doll, and Art Linkletter was dressed in nothing but money!—a popular suppressed desire!

Roddy McDowall, as Charlie Chaplin, was with Betty Lynn, as Clara Bow. But a pair of show stoppers came as themselves: Cesar Romero and Anne Sheridan did a Charleston that had the crowd howling for more.

Almost too disguised were Larry Parks, Bet-



Piper Laurie and friend arrive with costume Rock Hudson. (For a story of Piper and news of MODERN SCREEN'S contest see page 55)



Shelley Winters is the one with the halo. Sodie Thompson Blyth—it's Ann under that blonde wig—cocks on ear for some heavenly music.



Hobo King Red Skelton is a port-time camera fiend. He was beside himself when Arlene Dohl (in Dietrich's *Kismet* costume) offered to pose.



Like the courtly Southern gentleman he portrays, Nick Hilton offers assistance to beautiful Liz Taylor, who desired to be a ballet dancer.



Jonet Leigh come as Juliet, with Tony Curtis as her Romeo. Jonet could have had her choice of Romeos that night, but stayed with Tony.



These two were just a couple of clowns on their way to a brawl, and had everyone guessing. Gentleman is Betty Gorrett and lady, Lorry.

COLLECTION OPENED OUR EYES . . . JUNE ALLYSON HAD THE BABY SHOWER SHE'S WANTED FOR SO LONG.

ty Garrett and Ruth Roman. They were clowns, and no one recognized them.

The entertainment—as if the party wasn't entertainment enough—was headlined by Red Skelton, who was dressed in rags and tatters underneath a regal ermine robe, Danny Kaye (he played it straight), and Bill Bendix (a railroad engineer). Bob Mitchum as Brigham Young, the man of many wives, sang a duet with Jane Russell, done up as one of the wives.

The party went on until the wee, small hours.

SHIRLEY Temple is now free to marry Charles Black, the man whom the whole world knows Shirley loves and who loves Shirley. Her California divorce from John Agar became final December 6.

But whether or not Shirley and the San Francisco socialite, who took an advertising

job in Los Angeles just to be near his beloved, are married by the time you read this depends on whether or not young Black is in the Navy.

Black came out of World War II a Lieutenant Commander with a wonderful record. He had done heroic intelligence missions behind the Jap lines in the Dutch East Indies.

Many reserves have already been called for the war in Korea and when I asked Shirley if there were any barriers to their marriage, she said in a serious and sober voice, "The only thing that would stop us is world affairs. Who can say what will happen?"

I am willing to say that if they aren't married by the time you read this, they will be soon, war or no war. (For Shirley's article, *How I Feel About Love*, please turn to page 35)

June Allyson's adoring husband, Dick Powell told me:

"She's the happiest pregnant woman I've ever seen."

One look at Junie and you're bound to agree.

The girls who gathered at Helen Rose's shower for Junie know that what Dick said was true. With every gift June let out a squeal of joy. The presents were all lovely, and she was so happy that at last she had a baby shower. She had wanted one for so long.

Lana Turner, Frances Bergen, Liz Taylor, Mrs. Van Johnson, and all of June's girlfriends at MGM brought fetching presents for June's baby.

One of the gifts that received a lot of attention was made by Mrs. Ricardo Montalban (Georgianna Young, Loretta's sister). It was a tree to hang baby clothes on, and the top was made like a baby's head, with felt eye-lashes. On the stand was a yellow organdy

"We'll remember him as long as there is music . . ."

■ Al Jolson, the greatest showman of our age, died as he lived—with a smile in his eyes and a joke on his lips. With millions of others throughout the world I share the loss of a great American, a great man, and a great friend. For Al was a friend to everyone who listened to him, and made them feel it. My own loss is a particularly personal one for Al had been a close friend of mine for more than thirty-five years, and I'll never forget that he last talked to all of us on my radio program in a speech from far off Korea that won the thanks not only of the fighting boys out there, but from their anxious parents here at home as well. (A recent picture of Jolson and his wife, Erle, is at right.)

Al was close to seventy—he never wanted to reveal his true age—when he went to Korea as the first entertainer from home to visit the battlefield. Just as he had been the first entertainer to go overseas in World War II. At that age it spelled extra hardship for him, but he felt the kids who were



risking their lives and going through untold suffering needed help, and he was going to see that they got it in whatever measure he could give. The greatest happiness in the closing years of his life was that *The Jolson Story* and *Jolson Sings Again* brought him the same solid popularity with this generation that he had enjoyed years ago. He was so

proud when he told me his recent records had exceeded Crosby, Como, Sinatra, and other crooners in sales. "Gosh," he said, "I never dreamed the modern kids would like the way I sing, but the teen-agers, bless them, are the best customers for my records."

It was Bing Crosby who had Al on a radio program for the first time after the tremendous success of *The Jolson Story*, and, by one of those quirks of fate, it was for another program of Bing's that Al, tired as he was from the exhausting Korean trip, journeyed to San Francisco, where he died. Al loved to sing, any time, any place, and for any audience, large or small. It was the secret of his success and his popularity, for his listeners sensed that love of singing in him, and responded to it with joy and enthusiasm.

Yes, Al is gone, but his songs will ring forever in our hearts. And the memory of him never can grow dim as long as there is music in the world.

LOUELLA O. PARSONS

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

dress, a bath robe, a bonnet and baby shoes, so that all together it looked just like a life size baby doll.

June says she hopes her baby doesn't arrive on Christmas Day because Pamela, her adopted daughter, would be so disappointed if June wasn't home for Christmas.

LET'S take a look at those rumors that the Elizabeth Taylor-Nicky Hilton marriage won't last a year.

They had barely gotten to the altar when some of the cynics started knifing away. The reason? Elizabeth was just too beautiful, and Nicky was just too wealthy.

It's certainly true that Elizabeth was one of the most gorgeous brides Hollywood has ever seen. As for Nicky, not only is he heir to one of the nation's biggest hotel chains, but he has controlling interest in the swank Bel Air Hotel.

But is that enough reason for the sour grapes?

To know Elizabeth, is to recognize that she is mature beyond her years. As I watched them dance at the Hollywood Photographers' Ball, I thought:

"You're beautiful, all right. Beautiful like a fox and twice as smart."

They know the rumors. And they are learning first hand about the adjustments to married life in Hollywood or any other town. They also know it's more than worth the effort.

I THINK this next year will tell whether or not Janet Leigh becomes Hollywood's latest femme fatale. She is certainly pretty enough to be a heart breaker.

I can just see you shaking your head and saying, "Oh, no. She's too sweet."

You're absolutely right. She's one of the sweetest young girls in our town. But don't forget that many a-glamour gal has left a trail of broken hearts when she didn't think

she was any more dangerous than the kid sister of the boy who lived next door.

Janet wasn't any older than someone's kid sister when she married the first time. She was 15. Before she was out of her teens, she tried matrimony again—with disastrous effects.

Last year, Janet was again that close to wedding bells with Arthur Loew, Jr. She had even picked Liz Taylor as her matron of honor.

This year, Janet is being seen everywhere with Tony Curtis, and the glamour is beginning to show.

Next year, who knows? It'll be interesting to watch. (Interesting to read is, *If This Isn't Love*, on page 16.—Ed.)

The zoo that Errol Flynn has at his hilltop "Mulholland Farm" above Hollywood may soon be just another memory like Pola Negri's leopards.

Latest resident of the private zoo to leave is Chico, Errol's pet ape. The neighbors complained about Chico, and I can hardly say I blame them. I'll wager his bride wouldn't have cared for this kind of pet either.

Having an ape live across the street would be enough to make me nervous, but Chico developed a very disturbing habit. He began getting up early, and his shrieking got on the neighbors' nerves. The few neighbors who weren't nervous already, that is.

THE one Hollywood affair that brought out white ties and tails was the very ultra ultra Sadler's Wells Ballet followed by a supper party at Romanoff's

MODERN SCREEN magazine and all the other camera boys had a field day. Can you imagine Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable, Sir Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman, Cifton Webb, and Mrs. Darryl Zanuck—all sitting at the same table?

Nearby, I sat with the Gregory Pecks, Rosalind Russell and Freddie Brisson and Bentley Ryan, attractive young Hollywood lawyer.

We were all in a daze after the ballet. It

was so wonderful. Margot Fonteyn, who is grace and perfect precision personified, was the subject of our conversation. She is certainly the top ballerina of the world today. Very late, she and her partner, Robert Helpmann, joined the Colman party.

I saw Greer Garson at the theater, and she has put on just a speck of weight, which is very becoming.

Mary Lee Fairbanks (Mrs. Douglas) told me young Doug was still in London. She was sitting with Richard Greene and Patricia Medina. Incidentally, it was their second appearance together in a week, and that started up the question again of whether or not they will reconcile. They won't.

Seems it was a night for husbands to bring their estranged wives. Ida Lupino was there with none other than Collier Young.

JEAN Simmons and Stewart Granger certainly prove that it's love that makes the world go 'round.

I've never seen two young people more radiantly happy or more in love than Jean and Stewart when the three of us dined together at Romanoff's the night they announced their engagement.

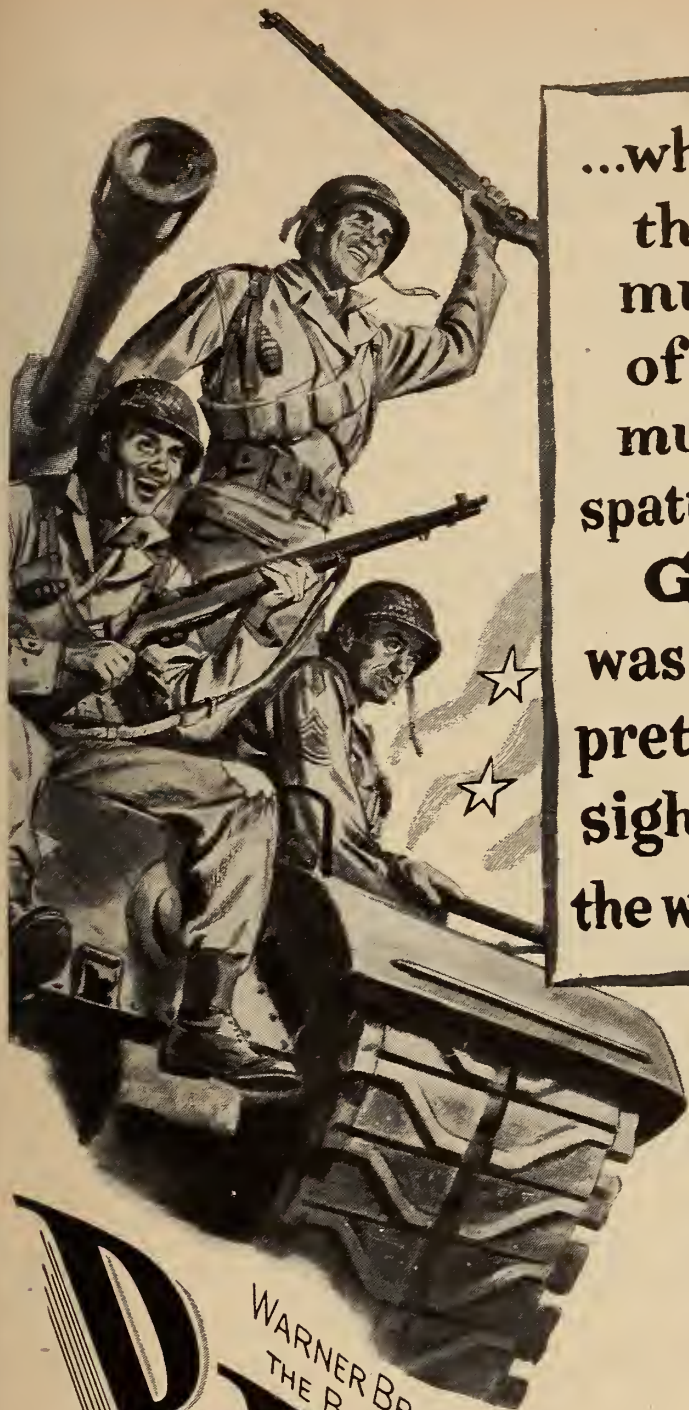
They told me they hoped to marry sometime during the first of the year with Cary Grant and Betsy Drake as their best man and matron of honor. But I wouldn't be surprised if they are Mr. and Mrs. by the time you read this—even if it means going against the wishes of Jean's British boss, J. Arthur Rank.

Confidentially, I hope they do, because it's over three years since they first fell in love. Rank persuaded them to part then, because Jean was only 17.

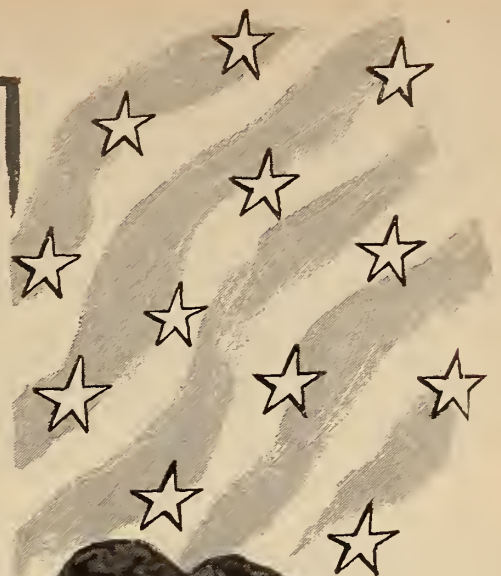
"And now?" I asked.

"Now I'm 21, and my own boss of the heart department," Jean said. "And my heart still belongs to Granger!"

THE fashion news of the year was Madame Schiaparelli's invasion of Hollywood. Quite a switch when you consider that American fashion experts (Continued on page 10)




...when
 the
 mug
 of a
 mud-
 spattered
G.I.
 was the
 prettiest
 sight in
 the world!



To
 Johnny
 she
 wasn't
 just
 another
 'over-
 there'
 girl...
 she was
 the real,
 real thing!

WARNER BROS. MADE-FOR-YOUR-HEART STORY OF
 THE BATTLE OF BOZOS OF COMPANY 'B'-FOR-BRUISER!

BREAKTHROUGH

STARRING **DAVID BRIAN JOHN AGAR FRANK LOVEJOY SUZANNE** and beautiful 
 DIRECTED BY **LEWIS SEILER** Screen Play by **BERNARD GIRARD** and **TED SHERDEMAN** From a Story by **Joseph I. Breen, Jr.** PRODUCED BY **BRYAN FOY**



Straight out of the Arabian Nights, via Beverly Hills. Paul Brinkman and Jeanne are gorgeous as a Sultan and his one and only harem girl.



It's easy to see why John Lindsay should want to photograph his wife. Diana Lynn is as dazzling with raven hair as she is when blonde.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

travel to France twice a year to see the famous Paris collections.

Her showing at the Beverly Hills hotel was given as a benefit for the John Tracy Clinic, started for deaf children by Mrs. Spencer Tracy to help children afflicted like her son John.

Keynote of Schiap's collection was light colors. The gowns were white, yellow, orange and flame.

So you can imagine my surprise when she turned up at dinner in a smart silk dress—but black!

Don't think our designers didn't perk up and take notes on her newest styles. But one said: "Bringing color to California is like bringing coals to Newcastle!"

Meow!

WHO would have thought looking at Greer Garson a year ago that marriage would have had such a profound effect on her?

She was so urban and sophisticated as she moved through the most elite drawing rooms of Beverly Hills and Bel Air that no one could dream that in just a short year she would be winning blue ribbons for prize cattle at a county fair in New Mexico.

But when Greer does something, she does it all the way, and that's the attitude she had when she married Buddy Fogelson over a

year and a half ago.

First she became an American citizen. Then while Buddy was in the hospital she began shipping prize cattle to his ranch in New Mexico. When he got out of the hospital she took him to Palm Springs to nurse him back to health.

You have to take your hat off to Greer for the way she has fit herself in to her husband's way of life.

THE plush premiere of *Harvey* at the Cathay Circle Theater was like old times, with all the glitter and glamour, the parade of beautifully gowned and bejeweled stars, and the welcoming shrieks of the fans in the bleachers, all adding to the excitement of the evening.

Number one spotlight-getter was Shelley Winters, who arrived on the arm of Dan Dailey. Mighty fetching she looked, too, all done up in shimmering cloth of gold which matched her shiny golden hair.

"This is one time they can't accuse me of breaking up a home," Shelley laughed. "Dan and his wife were separated before I ever met him!"

Shelley and Farley Granger have not resumed their steady romancing, now that he's back from Europe. And it doesn't look as if they'll ever be thataway again. Of course, they're still good friends—or are they?

What a gala night it was! I can't remember actually when I have been so neck-deep in stars, which was ginger-peachy for me, because I was broadcasting the event to 90,000,000 people via my own radio show and a special recording for the Armed Forces Radio Service.

Yvonne DeCarlo, who was there with Steve Cochran, had on enough mink to last a lifetime in Labrador.

Deborah Paget, who had never attended a premiere before, was there when the doors opened. She was that excited.

A cute couple, too, were Donald O'Connor and his wife. Don was sporting one of those dinner jackets in midnight blue. And speaking of dress clothes, Bill "Hopalong" Boyd always looks so-o-o handsome in his. There's something about the contrast of black and that silvery hair of his that never fails to set the gals' hearts a-pumping extra fast. Judging from the cheers he received, Bill has as many ardent fans among the grown-ups as he numbers among his kids.

There was lots of applause, too, for Judy Canova and her new bridegroom, Phillip Rivero. It was his first "preem" and he took it big. But no bigger than Judy, who was decked to the teeth in a dazzling white fox and orchids.

Howard Duff was with Piper (flower eating) Laurie. Evelyn Keyes with Freddie DeCordova, the Jack Bennys, the Ezio Pinzas, the Pat O'Briens, Ruth Hussey—etc., etc.

Well, everybody was there except Harvey—and after the premiere there was a table marked "Reserved for Harvey" at the Coconut Grove but he didn't show up there either.

I love the card that went with a bouquet of flowers a young actor sent to Evelyn Keyes. It said:

"May you rise with the cost of living."

I DON'T like to snitch on anyone, and maybe this word of warning will be sufficient for a pretty and very popular young married star:

She's being very indiscreet in her frequent meetings with another popular star, now separated from his wife.

Even if those meetings are quite public, and she takes her girl friend with her, people are beginning to talk. And it's not nice talk, either.

If it's just a passing infatuation, as I suspect, she's a silly girl to jeopardize her home, her children, and the love of her adoring husband. She's asking for trouble, too, because he's the jealous type—as he has already proved once. If it is a serious romance, then make the break a clean one.

IT'S wonderful to see the public's response to Alan Ladd's "Adopt a G.I. Pen Pal" campaign which is snowballing to huge proportions.

Like all of us, Alan was heartsick when he saw so many of our wounded American boys—just kids—on his recent visits to Farfield hospital near San Francisco. He was also distressed to learn that 30 percent of the men there and in Korea have no family ties at all and, therefore, receive no mail of any kind.

Right away he got busy, and with the help of Sue and their daughter Carol, he started enlisting friends to "adopt" a soldier, sailor, or marine by writing personal letters to them. The idea caught on like wildfire, and already Alan has received over 1200 thank-you letters from the boys, telling him how much the mail from their new "families" encourages them to keep on doing their bitter duty so magnificently.

It's not too late for you to help either. Just call the Armed Forces Information Service in your own city—it's listed in your telephone book—and ask for the names of the chaplains on duty. They will help you to "adopt" your own G. I. pen pal. So don't forget to call.

AND speaking of letters, according to my mail, the thing that impressed you most about Hollywood during the past months was the response of the motion picture industry to the war in Korea.

When Bob Hope took a whole troupe to Korea, Hollywood was really in the swing with junkets of stars traveling wherever our soldiers, sailors, and marines are stationed, and Jack Benny decided to play Santa Claus to the lonesome boys in Korea.

Usually my letters about Ruth Roman are from young men who want to date her. This time one came from a Washington, D. C. orchestra leader who had heard about her visits to the wounded vets. Ruth said that what the vets wanted more than anything was money enough to telephone their wives and mothers. The orchestra leader asked permission to turn over his tips to her for that fund.

The mail has certainly disproved the belief that all bobbie-soxers are silly. Here's a typical letter I got from a teen-ager in Chicago:

"Ann Blyth is my idea of the perfect American girl. A lovely, sincere and warm person, it shows on the screen. What pleases me is that she's deeply religious. Believe me, this world of ours could do with some faith in God. Otherwise we wouldn't have these wars, one after another."

It makes you feel warm inside to know that the younger generation is thinking like that. For when the cards are down, how can a nation with this real kind of faith ever lose?

Keep the letters coming, because I certainly want to know what you think of the stars and who you want to hear about.



UGLY. "Scrubbing my hands constantly, in order to keep them 'hospital clean,' could easily make them look red and ugly," says Jean Crow, Registered Nurse of Baltimore, Maryland.

LOVELY. "But my hands never show the harsh treatment they undergo," she continues. "I use Noxzema throughout the day to help keep my hands looking soft and smooth."

Hands Look Lovelier in 24 Hours*... or your money back!

Noxzema Hand Care Helps Soften, Whiten, Heal Red, Rough "Working Hands"—Chapped Hands!

● **Doctors' tests prove it!** If your hands are red, rough and chapped... they can look lovelier in 24 hours! *In tests, the hands of 9 out of 10 women showed improvement—often within 24 hours—with Noxzema. Read what it can do for you:

1. Help red, rough "Working Hands" look softer, smoother, whiter and so much lovelier!
2. Bring soothing relief to raw, chapped skin!
3. Help heal those tiny surface cuts and cracks!
4. Supply a protective film of oil-and-moisture to skin!
5. And—it's a snow-white, dainty greaseless cream!



Helps Soothe, Heal Those Sore Chapped Hands! Chapped hands are cut hands. And they need more than just a "perfumed prettifier." Medicated Noxzema helps heal those tiny surface cuts and cracks—quickly—helps chapped hands feel better, look lovelier!

Helps "Housework Hands" Regain Natural Beauty! When daily chores leave your hands red and rough—let gentle, soothing Noxzema come to their rescue. It helps unsightly "Working Hands" look softer, smoother, whiter—often overnight! And it's greaseless—never leaves your hands feeling "sticky"!



Mrs. J. I. Ransome, Dallas housewife, says: "Housework left my hands looking rough and dry—until I discovered Noxzema! Now my hands always look soft, smooth and lovely."

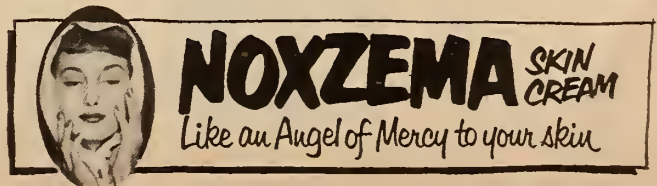


Winona McClure, Denver school teacher, says: "I first started using Noxzema for chapped hands. It was so effective that it's been my regular hand cream ever since!"



Betty Jane Hokenstrom, Minneapolis secretary, says: "Office work can be hard on hands. But I use Noxzema every day to help keep my hands looking their loveliest!"

Money-Back Offer! No matter what hand care you use now—try soothing, medicated Noxzema tonight. If you don't see definite improvement in 24 hours—simply return your jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money cheerfully refunded. But you will be delighted with results! Get greaseless, medicated Noxzema Skin Cream today—40¢, 60¢ and \$1.00, plus tax, at any drug or cosmetic counter.





Bette Davis befriends stoge-struck Anne Baxter.



Anne persuades director Gory Merrill to stor her.



Gory tries to comfort jeolous, oging Bette.



Anne becomes fomous, but Bette finds reel hoppiness os Gory's wife.

Picture
of the
Month

ALL ABOUT EVE

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane



■ *All About Eve* runs over two hours, and is vastly entertaining. Some of it seems to me pretty unrealistic—for instance, the idea of a girl's telling her life story while a bunch of other people sit silently by, neither quivering, interrupting, nor even blowing their noses, is a little dated by now, but maybe I'm carping. Bette Davis hasn't acted so much or so good in years—she's cast as an aging stage star who's in love with a younger man, and frightened. Anne Baxter, as the evil young girl who moves into Bette's life and dressing-room (that's where she relates her lying saga to the rapt audience of which I spoke), and who later tries to take over Bette's career and her man, seemed a bit hammy, and something less than convincing to me. So I guess I'll have to sit there blushing when they go and hand her the Academy Award. Also suavely unbelievable is George Sanders as a wicked columnist who wields a vitriolic pen. I liked Gary Merrill (Bette's fiance). Celeste Holm and Hugh Marlowe made a very nice playwright and wife, and plenty of the dialogue is fresh and exciting. I don't know if it's a good satire on stage people, but it's certainly not a boring one, for which 20th Century-Fox should be justly proud.



TO PLEASE A LADY

Here are some big famous popular stars in a lousy picture, so if you're a Gable or Stanwyck fan, you'll just have to take your chances. Clark's a racing car driver, Barbara's a newspaper columnist. She can make or break people, and she's positively intolerant of evil-doers. She thinks Clark's ruthless, runs over folks at the race track on purpose, so she villifies him in her many columns until the poor slob is practically forced into a bread line. Then an embezzler she's also been attacking in her column kills himself. "Gosh," Barbara cries, heartbrokenly, "I see you can be responsible for killing someone even when you got no such an intention. And here I went and rooned Clark Gable." So they get married. Honest, it goes something like that.

Cast: Clark Gable, Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou.—MGM.



THE MINIVER STORY

The Minivers are back, and you can have 'em. Mrs. M. (Greer) is loaded with charm, but the story is so full of maudlin situations, it's nearly unbearable. There's poor John Hodiak, the brave chins-up American soldier who's fallen in love with Mrs. M. yet resolves to go back to his own most fortunate wife. While you're reeling from the tragedy, the Miniver daughter announces that she's in love with a general who's too old and decadent for any good reason. (He understands classical music, and he's been married.) Then Mrs. M. springs some personal news on poor graying Walter Pidgeon Miniver, newly returned from the war. She has only a little while to live herself. Besides that, the little boy Miniver keeps talking about the way he prefers America (where he'd been boarded out for the duration). I remember liking the original Mrs. Miniver picture very much, so I guess I'm simply getting old and sour.

Cast: Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon, John Hodiak, Leo Genn, Cathy O'Donnell.—MGM.

Wonderful Deodorant News for You!

New finer Mum more effective longer!



**NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW
INGREDIENT M-3—THAT PROTECTS
AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA**

New Protection! Let the magic of new Mum protect you—*better, longer*. For today's Mum, with wonder-working M-3, safely protects against bacteria that *cause* underarm perspiration odor. Mum never merely "masks" odor—simply doesn't give it a chance to start.

New Creaminess! Mum is softer, creamier than ever. As gentle as a beauty cream. Smooths on easily, doesn't cake. And Mum is non-irritating to skin because it contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

New Fragrance! Even Mum's new perfume is special—a delicate flower fragrance created for Mum alone. This delightful cream deodorant contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Economical—no shrinkage, no waste.



Mum's protection grows and **GROWS!** Thanks to its new ingredient, M-3, Mum not only stops growth of odor-causing bacteria—but keeps down *future* bacteria growth. You actually *build up* protection with regular exclusive use of new Mum!
Now at your cosmetic counter!

New **MUM**
cream deodorant

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

MAD WEDNESDAY

Mad Wednesday starts off with a scene from Harold Lloyd's old masterpiece, *The Freshman*, and goes on from there. You watch the years turn the fiery young football hero into a pathetic aging bookkeeper who finally loses his job. On the day he loses his job, he becomes acquainted with strong drink, and horse-racing, and that's the beginning. He buys a circus, he wears a plaid suit, he escorts a lion through the streets as he goes calling on bankers. (Most of the bankers faint dead away, but there's one little guy who's nearly stone blind, and he sits right there and talks back. "You got no call to bring a dawg in here," he sniffs. "He don't smell good. Go on, Rover, get outa here.")

There is no moral to this picture except maybe the one about all work and no play, because the minute Harold embarks on a career of gambling, women and song, he flourishes, and so will you, watching him. He even ends up with a beautiful young girl (Frances Ramsden) as his wife. He's been in love with her six older sisters (one at a time), hopelessly, fatally, in love, but never had nerve or money enough to tell any of them his story, and now the seventh falls into his lap, and she's the prize of the pack. "Your sisters kept getting better and better," he tells her at one point, and she says, "Well, Mother'd had more practice." *Mad Wednesday* is a prize of a picture. Go see it.

Cast: Harold Lloyd, Raymond Walburn, Jimmy Conlin, Frances Ramsden.—RKO.



TWO WEEKS WITH LOVE

A delightful period piece (*Life With Father* era) about a family's vacation at a place called Kissamee-in-the-Catskills. Jane Powell is the older daughter whose cross is that she doesn't yet wear corsets. (A man won't look at a girl who doesn't wear corsets.) Jane desperately admires Ricardo Montalban, but there she is without a you-know-what, and a 19-year-old lady menace (Phyllis Kirk) on the loose. Louis Calhern plays the father who inadvertently blows up his sons, and the younger daughter is acted by Debbie Reynolds, who sings, dances, has a beautiful flair for comedy, and is darn cute to look at. Carleton (*Lost Boundaries*, *Summer Stock*) Carpenter gangles through this too, and what I'm curious about is, does he really walk like that?

Cast: Jane Powell, Ricardo Montalban, Louis Calhern.—MGM.



THE JACKPOT

A very funny picture about an average American family and what happens when they win an average American \$24,000 jackpot. Jimmy Stewart's the man of the house who's been bewailing his dull life. Not that he doesn't love his wife and kids, just that it's suddenly hit him all of a heap that he'll never get to the North Pole with Admiral Byrd. Radio prize changes that. Jimmy and wife Barbara Hale don't get cash. They get oil paintings, grand pianos, an interior decorator who comes to live with them, and the news that the income tax on all this largesse will amount to \$7000. They have \$400 in the bank, so their happy home nearly breaks up, and their small daughter's constant demanding to know if they're planning a divorce (she's very modern) doesn't help any. But it's all good clean fun, and I heartily recommend it.

Cast: James Stewart, Barbara Hale, James Gleason.—20th Century-Fox.

easy money!

Christmas shopping taken your last cent? Need a little extra money to start off the new year brightly? Earning a dollar bill is just as easy as answering this questionnaire. Yes, that's all. Simply answer the questions below, and then mail them to us—quickly! A crisp, new dollar bill will come your way if you are among the first one hundred people to send the filled questionnaire to us. Don't lose a minute!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in the January issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, 3, AT THE LEFT of your first, second, and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- The Inside Story
- Louella Parsons' Good News
- If This Isn't Love (Curtis, Leigh)
- Christopher Kane's Movie Reviews
- He Might Have Been My Son (John Derek)
- My Predictions for 1951 by Hedda Hopper
- Life With Loretta (Loretta Young)
- Season in the Sun (Alan Ladd)
- How I Feel About Love by Shirley Temple
- Moriko's Miracle
- What Now, Frankie Boy? (Frank Sinatra, Ava Gardner)
- Homemade for Happiness (Richard Widmark)
- The Girl Who Tamed Don Juan (Errol Flynn)
- What Price Glamour? (Betty Grable)
- He Gets Away With Murder (Burt Lancaster)
- Reunion In Italy (Robert Taylor, Borboro Stanwyck)
- My Christmas Story by Bing Crosby
- It's a Good Life (Piper Laurie)
- No Sad Songs For Ronnie (Ronold Reagan)
- Modern Screen Fashions
- Tell It To Joon (Joon Evans)

Which of the stories did you like LEAST?

.....

.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

.....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

.....

.....

What MALE star do you like least?

.....

What FEMALE star do you like least?

.....

My name is.....

.....

My address is.....

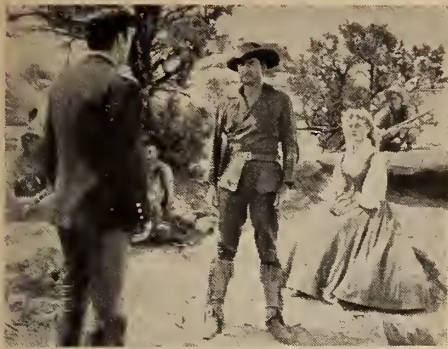
.....

City..... Zone.....

State..... I am yrs. old

ADDRESS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Which of these pictures have you seen in 1950: Borricode , Cinderella , Dear Wife , Devil's Doorway , Fother of the Bride , Key to the City , Mon on the Eiffel Tower , My Friend Irma Goes West , Noncy Goes to Rio , No Sad Songs For Me , Our Very Own , Slottery's Hurricane , So Young So Bad , Stage Fright , Sword in the Desert , The Big Lift , The Black Rose , The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady , The Happy Years , The Men , The Petty Girl , The Sleeping City , Wogonmaster , Winchester 73 .



ROCKY MOUNTAIN

Errol Flynn and eight trusty Confederate soldiers are supposed to meet an outlaw leader in the mountains of California. Outlaw leader's going to furnish some men, help the Confederacy take the West. Errol gets mixed up with injuns, helps rescue a beautiful Yankee girl on her way to meet her Union fiance, gets in trouble with the Union fiance, and then the outlaw leader is killed by Indians, and the Union fiance goes for the Union Army, and Errol and his band are doomed. They die gallantly, protecting a lady (injuns get 'em, but they've sent the lady off in a different direction) and when the Union soldiers arrive, they erect a rebel flag on the spot. Noblesse oblige. Patrice Wymore plays the Yankee girl, and she's the one Errol married in real life, as you probably know.

Cast: Errol Flynn, Patrice Wymore, Scott Forbes, Guinn Williams.—Warners.



MRS. O'MALLEY AND MR. MALONE

There has hardly ever been a more enjoyable mystery picture than this one, even if it's not very mysterious. The partners-in-detection involved are Marjorie Main, a farm lady who's going to New York to pick up a passel of money she won from a radio contest, and James Whitmore, a lawyer who's going to New York to track down a guy who owes him ten thousand dollars. He and Marjorie race through a New York bound train finding corpses galore, and getting into hilarious trouble. The picture's dialogue is fast and funny. When somebody asks Whitmore, "Will you take the case?" he says, "No. I drink it by the bottle," and a lady who's been slapping his face stops long enough to tell him, "You'd be a nice man for a girl who could like a man like you."

Cast: Marjorie Main, James Whitmore, Ann Dvorak.—MGM.



TRIPOLI

In 1805, the Marines (seven of them) went traipsing across the Libyan desert to fight a bunch of Tripoli pirates who "had challenged America's right to use the sea." With the seven Marines was an unusual army, built around some followers of a dethroned Pasha, a bunch of Greek mercenaries (headed by Howard Da Silva, whose Greek sounds strictly from Brooklyn), and a few other weird men and true. The plots and counterplots beat me. Maureen O'Hara (with a French maid named Henriette, also from Flatbush) tries to wed the rich, dethroned Pasha for his money, until she discovers he's not an honorable man. Then she settles for John Payne, the pride of the Marines. Any upright money-loving girl would have done the same. I liked them nice sandstorm-in-the-desert scenes, though. Cast: Maureen O'Hara, John Payne, Howard Da Silva.—Paramount.

YOU Can Have A Lovelier Complexion in 14 Days with Palmolive Soap, Doctors Prove!

**NOT JUST A PROMISE...
but actual proof from 36 leading
skin specialists that Palmolive Soap
facials can bring new complexion
beauty to 2 out of 3 women**

Never before these tests have there been such sensational beauty results! Yes, scientific tests on 1285 women—supervised by 36 leading skin specialists—proved conclusively that *in 14 days* regular facials with Palmolive Soap—using nothing but Palmolive—bring lovelier complexions to 2 out of 3 women.

Here's the easy method:

1. Wash your face three times daily with Palmolive Soap—each time massaging its beautifying lather onto your skin for sixty seconds.
2. Now rinse and dry—that's all.

Remarkable results were proved on women of all ages, with all types of skin. Proof that Palmolive facials really work to bring you a lovelier complexion! Start your Palmolive facials tonight.



**Look for these
Complexion
Improvements
in 14 days!**

- Fresher, Brighter Complexions!
 - Less oiliness!
 - Added softness, smoothness—even for dry skin!
 - Complexions clearer, more radiant!
- Fewer tiny blemishes—incipient blackheads!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

For Tub
or Shower
Get Big
Bath Size Palmolive!



Since her surprise romance with Tony Curtis started, Janet has stopped dating Arthur Loew, Jr., whom friends had thought she would marry.

If this isn't love...

Why does Tony Curtis say, "I've never felt like this before"? Why is he wearing his heart in his eyes . . . if this isn't love?

BY CONSUELO ANDERSON

■ They met at a party three years ago.

A publicity man ushered Tony Curtis over to Janet Leigh's table and said, "Tony Curtis, this is Janet Leigh." Tony smiled and said, "How do you do?" Janet smiled back. That's how Hollywood's most tempestuous love affair began.

Tony says he can't explain it. "I just stood there," he recalls, "looking at her—I guess I was staring—and feeling kind of silly, but my heart started to beat in double time, and I said to myself, 'Gee, Bernie! This Janet Leigh is really something,' and then I went over and asked someone about her, and he said, 'Lay off, kid—that girl's married.' When I heard that, it was kind of like a bullet in my heart. No kidding. I was only twenty-one at the time, and you know how it is when you're twenty-one. You start dreaming awfully fast, and then suddenly—Poof! The whole thing goes up in smoke."

Janet, who by nature is much more calm and contained, (Continued on opposite page)

than Tony, says, "To be perfectly honest, when I first met Tony it was at that big party, and all the faces were blurred. I remember meeting him, but that's all."

Janet, of course, was married to Stanley Reames at the time.

"I just couldn't seem to forget her," Tony says. "And then one day, I picked up the paper and read that Janet had gotten a divorce. I was sorry that her marriage had broken up, but at the same time, I was glad that she was free. Then she started going around with Arthur Loew, Jr."

ARTHUR LOEW, JR. and Tony Curtis come from two different worlds. Tony's father was a tailor on New York's East Side. Arthur Loew, Jr., is a rich man's son.

Tony realized this when he thought of them together making the rounds of all the night spots he couldn't afford.

He used to walk around the lot at Universal, day-dreaming. The gaffers and prop men who love him dearly, would stop him and say, "What you thinkin' about, kid?" And Tony, honest and unaffected, would say "I'm thinking of that Janet Leigh."

Then it happened. One of the prop men out at Universal thought it would be a great practical joke. One night, he picked up his phone and dialed Tony's home.

"Curtis," he said. "I understand that you made a pass at my girl some time ago. And I don't like it."

"Who is this?" Tony demanded.

"This is Arthur Loew, Jr.," the prop man lied, "and next time I see you with her, I'm gonna beat your brains in."

Tony blew his top. "Listen, you jerk," he shouted, "if you think you can, come out to my house right now."

The prop man almost died laughing.

As for Tony, he was so angry that he phoned a friend of his over at Metro and said, "Look, I'd like to get Janet Leigh's phone number." The friend gave it to him: Tony rang up Janet and made a date.

Poor Loew, of course, didn't have the slightest idea of what was going on.

Anyway, Tony and Janet started seeing each other, Arthur Loew, Jr. dropped out of the picture.

Hollywood had expected a marriage between Arthur and Janet, and no one realized that Tony Curtis had swept Janet off her feet in a whirlwind courtship.

They said that Janet was madly in love with a New Yorker named Bob Quarrie.

Apparently, Janet was not, because after a few days in New York last October, she flew back to Hollywood to start work on *Two Tickets to Broadway*, and she flew directly into Tony's arms.

Tony had a day off from *The Prince Who Was A Thief* and he and Janet spent it at her new little house in Brentwood.

They pored over Janet's scrapbooks; they confided in each other; they were obviously in love. They still are.

"Yeah," he says, "it's true. I'm really stuck on Janet. She's the first girl I've ever been in love with, and I've got it bad."

"Maybe I'm acting like a kid about her, but she's the first woman I've ever really known. I mean a mature, grown-up woman. She knows what it's all about."

"We're both in the same business. She realizes the problems I have. Everything I've gone through, she's gone through herself. A lot of people say we're opposites, that she's a small-town girl, and I'm a guy from the big city."

"It's not like that at all. She comes from a small town. She never had much dough. She helps her folks out. So do I. I'm making \$300 a week now, but I started for peanuts and so did Janet."

"She's a plain, simple girl, and I'm a plain simple guy. Maybe she's had more experience because she's been married, and I haven't, (Continued on page 69)

Timely Tips by Little Lulu

HOW DO YOU SCORE ON THESE HELPFUL WAYS TO SAVE?



When fastening stockings, what helps prevent runs?

- Lady, be seated Round garters

Don't let garter-pull strain your nylons. Fasten them while in a sitting position to avoid future hosiery strain, runs, when seated. Another neat trick is to cover garter clasps with Kleenex. Saves stocking wear and tear, saves money.



When you need a tissue, do you—

- Find one handy Fumble with many

Next to your bed, you'll like Kleenex best—to check a sneeze or sniffle! Keep a box on the night stand. No fumbling; no need to turn on the light to find a Kleenex tissue. Only Kleenex serves one at a time—not a handful!—and another pops up, ready to use. Saves tender noses!



How to save your glamour after peeling onions?

- Try salt Use Kleenex

Both answers are right. Rid hands of onion odor by rubbing with dry salt... soothe "weepy" eyes with Kleenex! To save your complexion—after cold creaming, let soft, absorbent Kleenex gulp up the grease. (A special process keeps this sturdy tissue extra soft.)



FREE! Instructions for making this attractive Kleenex box cover!

Turn scraps of fabric—your man's old ties, for instance—into a handsome box cover for Kleenex tissues. (As shown above.) Easy to make! Convenient to use! Free instructions by Mary Brooks Picken, famous sewing authority. Get your Patch-Patch design by writing to Educational Director, Dept. PP-71, International Cellucotton Products Co., Chicago 11, Illinois.

Kleenex* ends waste - saves money...

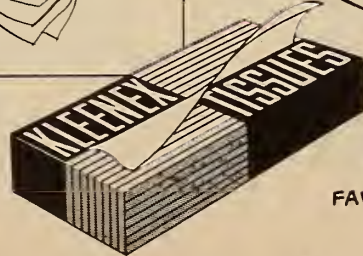
1. INSTEAD OF MANY...



2. YOU GET JUST ONE...



3. AND SAVE WITH KLEENEX



AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

© INTERNATIONAL CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO.

"I rode 150 miles on a roller coaster!"

says ANN SHERIDAN, co-starring in "WOMAN ON THE RUN"
A Fidelity Picture From Universal-International.



"Retaking this scene for 'Woman on the Run' kept me on a roller coaster hour after hour. I rubbed my hands raw, gripping the rail.



And hanging from this skylight nearly tore my fingers.



But I smoothed my hands with Jergens Lotion...



For romantic close-ups with Dennis O'Keefe!"



Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS FILM TEST?

To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by upper layers of skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion. It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients that doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat the skin with oily film.

Prove it with this simple test described above...



You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret.

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world

STILL 10¢ TO \$1.00 (PLUS TAX)

a
special
service
for
Modern
Screen
readers

hollywood
goes
shopping
for you!

■ A Hollywood lady on a shopping tour is more than a star—she's a woman on the hunt—for a bargain. She's looking for style, glamour, quality, and beauty—at the right price. She'll shop from one coast to the other for just the thing she wants. Her final purchases for herself are just what every woman would want, *and* could afford!

In this exclusive MODERN SCREEN feature, a different star each month will report on her prize buys. To get any item, write to the store mentioned, enclose a check or money order (and gift card if you like) and they will rush your selection to you or another address. Prices include postage and tax. Delivery guaranteed. Monogrammed merchandise cannot be returned. Money will be refunded on items returned within 10 days after delivery.



ann blyth your hollywood shopper

for january

Ann Blyth's latest movie is Universal-International's *Katie Did It*, co-starring Mark Stevens.



■ Would you believe it! I've just been on the longest shopping trip in history and still feel chipper.

When Aunt Cissy and I go hunting for odds and ends, things for my new home in the Valley, or something special for Uncle Pat, we're usually exhausted just looking at our lists. But this was the most sensational, refreshing trip a girl could want. Shopping on a grand scale is any gal's dream, and it's such fun being able to share my finds with you.

Hunting for a bargain is second nature to me, anyway. First I combed the state of California for unusual buys and when I was in New York recently I turned that town upside down looking for more rare treats. These, plus a few special finds rushed to me by my friends in other parts of the country, add up to a pretty out-of-this-world collection, if I say so myself. There are things for the home, personal items, and gift suggestions which I hope you will want to use just as I have used them for myself.

All you have to do is write directly to the store mentioned for anything that strikes your fancy.

Hope you enjoy the things you select, and the happiest New Year to you all.



SMALL WONDER THEY GO TOGETHER! *It's an adorable lipstick-compact. The compact is in the middle, topped with simulated leather that encircles the two cases. The bottom of the perfume holder pulls out and has a spill-proof glass vial. The lower half of the lipstick holder, taking any regular lipstick, comes out, too. Top in red, green, navy, tan. Goldtone finish. \$2.07. Lord & Taylor, Dept. 18, Fifth Avenue and 38th Street, New York 18.*



HAVE YOU GOT ANY TIES? *Well, here's one that will add zip to any outfit. Made like a small cravat, of gaily colored plaid taffeta, criss-crossed, it snaps on in a jiffy and is set for the day. Stunning with suits, sweaters or blouses. It sports a handsome antiqued gilt medallion pin that is charming on, or can be taken off to lead a handsome life of its own. \$2.00. (Add 12c ppd. out of New York) Stern Bros., 42nd Street, New York.*



THIS DARLING DOUBLE-DUTY DRUM *is a most versatile companion. Unzip one end for a, moire taffeta case outfitted for mending with thimble, thread, needles and pins. Unzip the other, it's a velvet-lined case for your own jewels! I love to take it across the country or tuck it in my dresser. In navy, dark green, ice blue, peach, contrasting lining. 2 1/2" x 2 1/2". Give 2nd choice. \$2.95. Bren Linda, Dept. M. S., 545 Fifth Avenue, New York 17.*

ann blyth your hollywood shopper

for january



I turned California upside down and New York inside out, looking for these wonderful bargains that I know you'll love.



THIS I SIMPLY MUST HAVE! It's a delectable décolleté blouse of frill cotton bouclé guaranteed to steal any important scene. Knitted firmly so it can't stretch or snag. Wide-banded baby ribbing around the neck, sleeves and waist for a soft flattering look. Smart boat neck and cap sleeves. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38. White, black, flame and gold. Give your second choice. \$4.23. Famous Fashion Shops, 419 Madison Avenue, New York 17.



GET THE HANG OF IT and you'll rave about these "sur-grip" trouser hangers the way Uncle Pat does. Of light-weight chrome-plated steel with wire springs, they're really unique. Squeeze the horseshoe to slip rubber prongs inside inner cuffs, then release to hold trousers firm. Crease stays in, bagginess stays out, trousers stay on the hanger. \$1.00, (min. order 2 hangers) add 16c postage. James McCreery & Co., Fifth Avenue at 34th Street, New York 1.



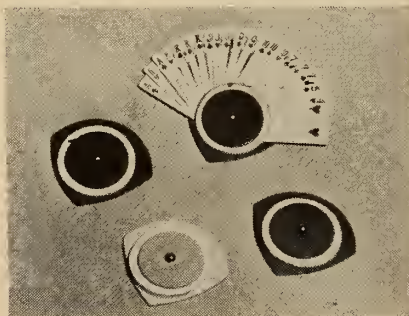
THESE ARE MY BEST FRIENDS! I just love this sparkling simulated rhinestone pin and earring set and it's all the rage this season. A cluster of individually set oval stones forms the beautiful round pin, with a safety catch, adding simple elegance to anything it touches. Its match-mate is a pair of dramatic earrings made of one diamond-shaped stone from which dangles a larger diamond-shaped group. \$4.99. Gimbel's, Broadway & 33rd Street, New York 1.



A TWIST OF THE WRIST and this automatic tooth brush shoots just enough of your favorite paste onto the bristles. No more lost caps or mutilated tubes, because a built-in compartment holds the paste in readiness. An aerated cap protects the brush head. Perfect for traveling. Red, blue, green, amber. \$1.00. Extra brush heads, nylon (or) bristle, 25c ea. Tuth-Pak Co. 375 W. 54th St., Los Angeles 43, California, Dept. g-16.



NO DISH JUGGLING FOR ME! I'm thrilled with this practical folding table. Perfect for a buffet, it's tall enough (24 inches high) to fit over your knees and doesn't wobble. Serve one to a guest or let two share it. It can hold a radio or books, too. The top is a decorative tray 13" x 17½", with garden bouquet design. Choice of white or black legs. \$2.95 (plus 12c tax in Calif.). Fortner & Perrin (Dept. D) Glendale 3, California.



YOU NEVER TIP YOUR HAND with one of these novel fan-hand card holders. Made especially for canasta, but good for any card game, it holds as many cards as you're lucky enough to pick up. Tricorn-shaped board with a rotating circle and piece of foam rubber, it keeps the cards neatly in place. Set of four holders in red, blue, green and yellow. \$2.50. The Salt and Pepper Shop, 445 East 86 Street, New York 28.



YOU'LL GET A BOOT out of these cozy foot-warmers. Quilted percale cotton in gaily colored assorted designs, the cuffs turn down to show a matching solid hue, which runs down the center to the toe. Or wear the cuff up for extra warmth. Wonderful with any sit-by-the-fire outfit. Durable ply-suede soles. Easily washable. Red, green or blue cuffs. Small, medium, large. \$2.95. Grenada, 18 East 41 Street, New York 17.



THEIR LIFE SPAN IS UNLIMITED. There's nothing like this pot of "Gay Deceiver" geraniums to brighten up a kitchen window sill or any dark corner on a bleak winter's day. Delicately crafted in wax, they look so fresh and real it's hard to tell they're not nature's own. No fuss or bother with sun or water. Three blossoms in red, white or pink with deep green leaves in 4½" white pot. \$3.50, Constance Spry, Inc., 322M Park Avenue, New York 22.



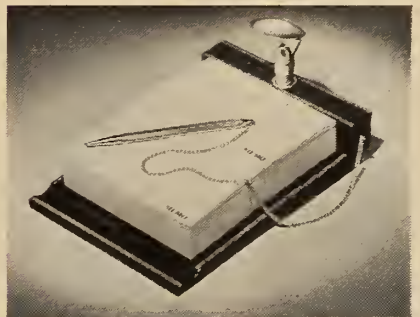
THE YOUNG FRY WILL VIE over this wonderful magnetic harbor. A playboard on four removable steel legs forms the ocean blue harbor on which land-strips, lighthouse, buoy, boathouse, docks and a fleet of three ships are put in place. Move the small magnetic block beneath the playboard under any of the ships and they steam along, responding to the magnet's every move. \$3.25. The Crow's Nest, 59 Park Avenue, New York 16.



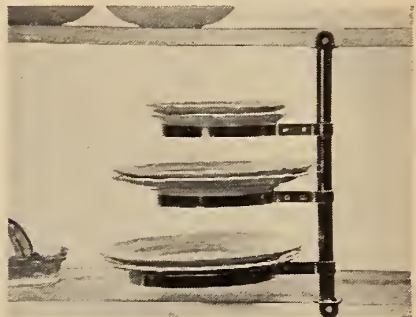
YOU'LL THINK YOU'RE IN FRANCE when you sip coffee from this individual coffee filter. Made just the way it's done in Parisian cafés, it turns out a delicious brew. Place your coffee in the top compartment, pour boiling water over it and voila, it's done. Perfect for a single cup for a bachelor girl like me. It's such fun to drink from that soda-like glass and holder. Aluminum with glass. \$2.25. Bazar Français, 666 Sixth Avenue, New York 10.



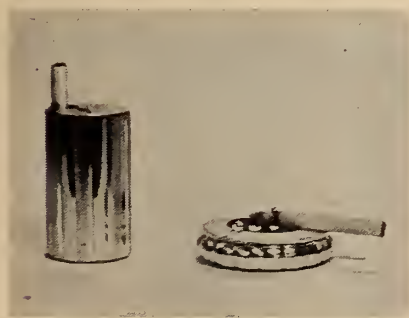
THIS GUITAR PLAYS FOR YOU! Strumming on this cowboy guitar is great fun for the kiddies (and for grown-ups, too). A real instrument made of bright plastic with steel strings and neck cord, its face is decorated with a cowboy, six-shooters, bucking bronco and steer head. *(Play it a while, then turn the crank and let it play you a lusty western tune). \$1.98. C & W Products Co., Dept. W-12, 202 Grand Street, Brooklyn 11, New York.



LIGHT UP YOUR DARKEST THOUGHTS with this fascinating bed-side secretary. Jot down a middle-of-the-night inspiration without groping for a light switch. Just press down to write, and presto—your light. Batteries and paper replaceable. Red, green, wine, brown, navy, ivory, light blue, pink, gold-tooled leather with gold-plated automatic pencil. Specify first and second color choice. \$6.50. Abbott Gifts, 22 W. 21 Street, New York 11.



MAKE ROOM FOR YOUR PLATES with this unusual new chrome kitchen device. It attaches to any cabinet, has holders for three different size plates, and swings out in a jiffy. A fine space-saver, plates can be stacked high, yet are readily available. Adaptable as a swing out flower pot bracket, too. It easily fastens onto any wall or post and takes a pot in each of its holders. \$3.95, Morris Products, 92 Liberty Street, New York 6.



YOU'LL SURELY BE INVITED AGAIN if you send your hostess this unusual cigarette case and ash tray set. In fact you'll want one for yourself! Made to look like a pepper mill with a slide-back top, the cylindrical cigarette case stands 3" high and holds a full pack. The ash tray carries three cigarettes and has a spill-proof top that lifts up like a compact for dumping the ashes. Silver or gold-tone finish. \$3.25. Miller & Rhodes, Richmond, Virginia.



LICKITY-SPLIT IT'S DONE! This handy new jiffy mailer dispenses stamps, performs the thankless task of licking them moist, and keeps a supply on hand. Your thumb helps do the trick. Made of plastic with a felt moisture device, it holds a roll of 1's, 2's, 3's, 4's, 5's, 10's and air mails, available at any U.S. Post Office. It helps me answer my fan mail. \$1.95. The Hollywood Bazaar, Dept. 12, 17151 Ventura Blvd., Encino, California.



THE SQUIRRELS DON'T STAND A CHANCE when Cousin Kevin's let loose near this peanut-vender bank. In bright yellow, it's modeled after the Planter's peanut man, monocle and all. His transparent top hat comes full of peanuts . . . ½ pound, in fact. His face holds oodles of coins. Push a coin in the slot and a handful of nuts rush out. It's no trouble teaching the children to save. \$2.75. Novelty Mart, 59 East 8 Street, New York 3.

ann blyth your hollywood shopper



GUESS I'M BEING RATHER CLANNISH, but I'm just mad about this authentic "McDonald" plaid vest. Bright red stripes on a soft green and navy background, it makes a perfect foil for your best blouse or skirt. Wear it under a suit or with a dark velvet skirt depending on the hour. It is beautifully tailored in fine virgin wool, lined with rayon satin and has pearl buttons. \$5.98. The Ettingers, 360 First Avenue, New York 10.



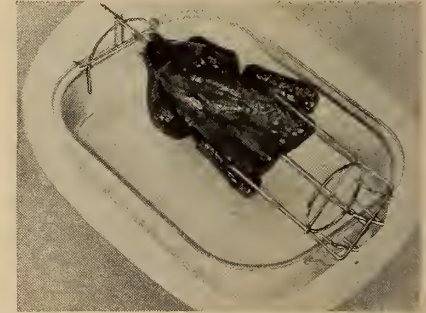
HERE'S A REAL DUTCH TREAT. This charming miniature all-metal stove that holds salt and pepper shakers, will warm your heart on a cold winter's day. The gaily painted Pennsylvania-Dutch design, done by hand, is a perfect decoration in the kitchen or dining room. You can hang it on the wall, too. Without the shakers use it as an ashtray or as a cute base for your favorite plant. \$4.00. Hazel Jasper, 142 E. 45 Street, New York 17.



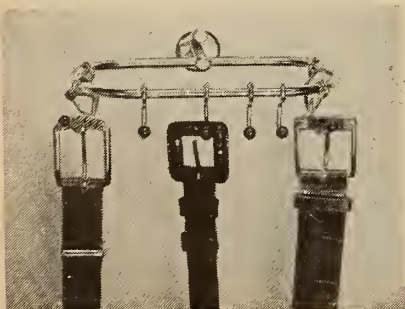
"BURNING CANDLES AT BOTH ENDS" is *passé*. The newest and most exciting thing in illuminators is a pair of these fat long-lasting candles. High (5½"), wide (3") and handsome, they're decorative and ever so useful any place they're put. Use them as they come or set them in a dish. In a variety of colors with initials in contrasting shades. Candles burn down inside so monogram lasts the life of the candle. \$3.95. Klepa Arts, 8413 W. 3rd St., Hollywood 48, Calif.



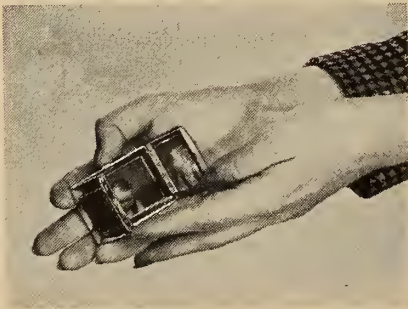
THEY'LL WIN ANY SAFETY AWARD! These glow-gloves lead a double life. By day an attractive grey (weather-proof and water-proof), but at night, under lights they shine with brilliance that can be seen more than two blocks away because of Scotchlite, a reflective. Wonderful idea for auto drivers and pedestrians. Inner palm tan pigskin. Sizes 6-8½. \$2.95. King Sales Company, 101 W. 42 Street, New York 18.



YOU CAN'T GET FOWLED UP with this versatile indoor-outdoor skewer roaster-broiler. Aunt Cissy thinks it's grand. Of sturdy steel, it snaps on to both oval or square roasting pans and adjusts to size. A flick of the handle turns a chicken, duck or turkey, up to fifteen pounds, and oven heat circulates evenly. Small lugs in the handle lock under the pan so the fowl can't turn itself. \$1.75. R. H. Macy & Company, Herald Square, New York 1.



SAVE YOURSELF SOME "WAIST" SPACE with this marvelous gimmick for taking care of a gal's whole belt wardrobe. Made of chrome finished steel, and only 6½" long, it has eight handy hooks with red plastic guards which hold several belts each. No need to mislay the belt to your best dress; it has its own hook. Comes with screws to attach to a closet door or wall. \$2.50. Nu Novelty Company, Dept. M, 317 West 45 Street, New York 19.



MY FAMILY'S ALWAYS WITH ME in this tiny portable picture frame. Three separate sections give me room for snaps of Aunt Cissy and Uncle Pat (in the double section) and two extras. The center frame holds a picture 1½" x 2", the two side ones are 1" x 1½" with a metal edge. Closed it looks like a cigarette lighter. A side button pops it open. Fits in a purse. Goldtone finish. \$2.20. Richter's, 585 Fifth Ave., New York 17.



BRIGHT AS A NEW PENNY is this cunning copper pot filled with your favorite all-year-round plant. I use it in our breakfast nook. The bucket really swings to and fro. A perfect size for any corner shelf, centerpiece or end-table decoration, it stands 6½ inches high. Lacquered to prevent tarnish or discoloration. It comes without the plant, which is inexpensive at any florist's shop. \$2.00. The Copper Shop, 9 W. 42 Street, New York 18.

To buy any of the items on these pages, write direct to shops mentioned, enclosing check or money order. Merchandise is sold on a money back guarantee within 10 days, except where monogrammed.

the inside story

(Continued from page 4)

Q. I understand that Nancy Olson who starred in *Sunset Boulevard* has been seeing a lot of Montgomery Clift on the sly. Will you verify that?

—V. V., PARIS, KY.

A. Pure nonsense. Clift and Olson have never been out together. Nancy is married to Alan Lerner, the playwright. Both of them recently bought Paulette Goddard's house in New York.

Q. Can you tell me if Bob Hope goes over all his movie scripts inserting funny lines wherever possible?

—D. S., TROY, N. Y.

A. Hope has a separate fund for the purpose. Whenever a screenplay for him is finished, he hands it over to his radio and TV writers. They "punch it up," in return for which Bob pays them extra money.

Q. Recently I read that Harry James and Betty Grable were straining at the leash and that Betty would get a divorce and marry Dan Dailey who is getting a divorce from his wife. True or false?

—G. F., ATLANTA, GA.

A. False. The James family has just moved into a new home. Betty and Harry seem happily-married and well adjusted. The rumor of Dailey being in love with Betty Grable has been circulated for years. It has no foundation in truth. Dailey plans to concentrate on his career.

Q. Is Judy Garland completely recovered from her mental and physical illness of a few months ago?

—R. E., DOBBS FERRY, N. Y.

A. Not yet.

Q. Once and for all, is Farley Granger sweet on Shelley Winters or was it just good publicity?

—R. Y., BOSTON, MASS.

A. Good publicity.

Q. Why does everyone say that Elizabeth Taylor's marriage won't last six months or a year? Doesn't that sort of gossip drive Liz crazy? Why don't the gossip columnists give the marriage a chance to last?

—T. V., CHEYENNE, WYOMING

A. The pessimistic outlook on the Taylor-Hilton marriage is founded on these facts and assumptions: both Liz and Nicky are strong-willed and slightly spoiled; both are relatively young and inexperienced; marriages in which the wife's career over-shadows the husband's usually end disastrously. Liz doesn't mind the gossip, but according to her "It's a new experience to Nicky and he can't understand it. He gets mad and wants to know why people make up those lies." Liz is determined to make her marriage work, and she has never yet failed at anything she has set her heart on.

Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.



SUDDEN CHILL?

Sudden changes of temperature, like wet feet, cold feet, and drafts, may reduce body resistance so that germs in the throat can make trouble.



YOU START SNEEZING...

That sneeze or cough is usually a hint that a cold may be on its way, and that you'd better do something about it.



Among the SECONDARY INVADERS are the following: 1. Bacillus influenzae, 2. Pneumococcus Type III, 3. Streptococcus hemolyticus, 4. Friedlander's bacillus, 5. Staphylococcus aureus, 6. Streptococcus viridans, 7. Micrococcus catarrhalis, 8. Pneumococcus Type IV.

THESE "BUGS" MAY INVADE THROAT

These "bugs" in throat go into action... They are called Secondary Invaders... can attack tissue and cause much of the misery associated with colds, say numerous authorities.



Gargle

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—QUICK!

—for Colds and Sore Throat

a safe, direct way with no dangerous side-effects

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC, gargled early and often, may entirely head off a cold, or sore throat due to a cold—or lessen its severity, once started.

Careful tests, made over a twelve-year period, showed that there were fewer colds and sore throats, and generally milder ones, for those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day than for those who did not gargle. That is understandable!

Kills Secondary Invaders

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill germs by millions—

attacks them before they attack you... halts a mass invasion.

Tests showed germ reductions ranging up to 96.7% even fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after.

So, whatever else you do, at the first sign of a snuffle, or cough, or a scratchy throat, start with the Listerine Antiseptic gargle. You may spare yourself an unpleasant siege of trouble.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

That Belvedere Man



whose phenomenal wit
(SITTING PRETTY)

and phenomenal genius
(BELVEDERE GOES TO COLLEGE)



and phenomenal prowess
(CHEAPER BY THE DOZEN)

stunned a nation . . . now
moves heaven and earth
. . . with laughter!



for Heaven's Sake

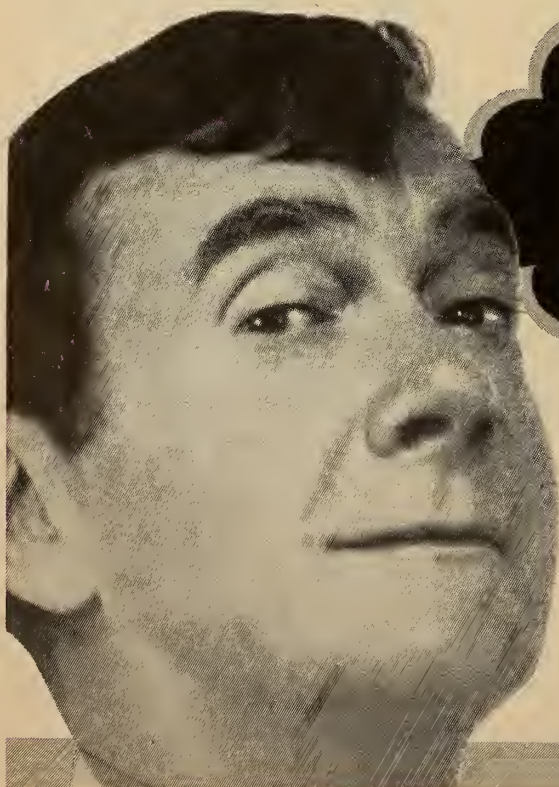
20th
CENTURY-FOX

CLIFTON JOAN ROBERT EDMUND
WEBB · BENNETT · CUMMINGS · GWENN

JOAN BLONDELL · GIGI PERREAU JACK LA RUE HARRY
VON ZELL · TOMMY RETTIG

Directed by **GEORGE SEATON** · Produced by **WILLIAM PERLBERG**

Written for the screen by **GEORGE SEATON** · From a play by **HARRY SEGALL**



MEN WOMEN

- | | | |
|------------------|----|------------------|
| ALAN LADD | 1 | JUNE ALLYSON |
| CLARK GABLE | 2 | LANA TURNER |
| JOHN WAYNE | 3 | SHIRLEY TEMPLE |
| BING CROSBY | 4 | BETTY GRABLE |
| FARLEY GRANGER | 5 | BARBARA STANWYCK |
| GLENN FORD | 6 | JANE POWELL |
| RONALD REAGAN | 7 | JUNE HAVER |
| MONTGOMERY CLIFT | 8 | LIZ TAYLOR |
| ROBERT TAYLOR | 9 | ESTHER WILLIAMS |
| VAN JOHNSON | 10 | JANE WYMAN |



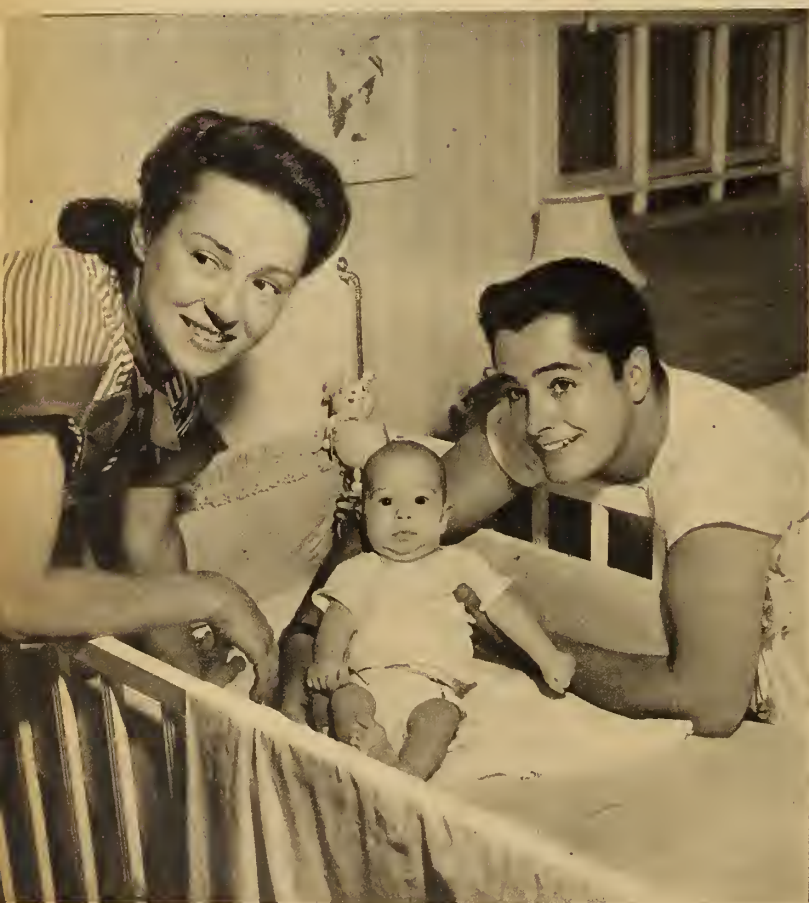
Your
FAVORITES
for 1950

■ The stars that shine in Hollywood do so because of you, and the stars who are most aware of this never fade. Alan Ladd, for example, is first on MODERN SCREEN's popularity poll for the third consecutive year. (The ten top male and female stars of 1950 are in the lists above.) The Hollywood Reporter has explained Ladd's appeal (and indirectly the appeal of all those mentioned) in perhaps the best way. "Ladd," it said, "has always understood his responsibility to the industry and to the people who put him where he is." That's why he remains top moneymaker at Paramount, and topman to our more than 4,500,000 readers.

Clark Gable and Bing Crosby, second and fourth on the poll, are familiar names to everyone; their popularity has never been in question . . . But now, at last, John Wayne has come into his own as third on your star parade. His career has been long and enviable, but in 1950 the applause reached a new crescendo . . . Farley Granger's career so far has been short but exceedingly sweet. His boyish appeal combined with his very serious approach to acting went right to the spot—number five among the favored few. June Allyson, now at the peak of her personal happiness, and with many endearing screen performances behind her, soared from third to first place in 1950 . . . Lana Turner, Shirley Temple, Betty Grable—their names are synonymous with Hollywood. You've followed the paths of their personal and professional lives for many years. As stars and as women, they've proved their mettle, which is why you'll always find them near the top of any popularity poll . . . This year you've put Barbara Stanwyck high in fifth place. She's a screen oldtimer, but young enough to grow in depth and wise enough to achieve personal contentment . . . Most of your choices have appeared on the poll before, some like Glenn Ford and Montgomery Clift, have slipped a little in 1950, others have remained stationary. Ronald Reagan's new at the top, but now firmly established in seventh place. And Jane Wyman, who had hovered below the ten mark, moved up to take her place with a record of magnificent performances behind her. . . . All favorites, all different types, these twenty stars have two things in common: they are outstanding citizens, and they are sincerely pleased by your recognition.

he might have been my son

by Russell Harlan *John Derek's cameraman and oldest friend*



Patti, John, and the head of the household, my godson, Russell.

■ Just about fryin' size, he stood there. So quiet—a city kid staring at all the animals on our Lasky Ranch location. Back then we were shooting *Fighting Caravan*—with Gary Cooper. He was a good-looking, six-year-old kid. Not good-looking the way fans see him now. Good-looking the way all kids are—broken-nosed, freckled, snub-nosed, or whatever.

"Hi, you all," I said. Shyly he stared up at my face. He didn't answer. Obviously this was no child actor with a mom who'd prompted him to speak up. Turned out his mother was an actress, name of Dolores Johnson. The woman supposed to take care of him while Dolores worked hadn't shown up that morning. Pictures being as informal as they were 16 years ago, Dolores had just brought her little boy along to work with her. His name was Derek Harris.

Being a fellow who likes kids, I tried to break the ice. "Want to ride a horse?" I asked him. He managed a big smile. Borrowing the double for Coop's horse, we had ourselves a ride. I found myself telling him about my folks' ranch down near Vista, California, where there were horses to ride any time. And somehow I found myself promising to take him down—maybe the next (*Continued on page 71*)

He was six when I met him, just a shy little kid wanting love...



Some use a
crystal ball. Others
turn to tea leaves.
But Hedda studies the
stars to give Modern
Screen a Hopper's eye-
view of the future.

my predictions for 1951

by hedda hopper

■ Maybe I ought to have my headlines examined—but if you'll kindly hold on to your hats—here I go again!

It's that time of year when I heave a scribbled old calendar marked "1950" into my wastebasket and prop a clean, new 1951 job on my desk, and that changeover always does something to me. It brings on a rash of Hollywood predictions. Yep, every time.

Here's a year gone by—and what a year!—with a hundred stories started—but the endings still dangling. Comedies and tragedies. Romances, rifts, courtships, carryings-on. There are new marriages to prove, old ones to steady, or end.

What's the new 1951 heart of the matter? Here are three hundred and sixty-five bright new days on deck to make or mar hearts and homes, lives and livings. Who'll be the new stars? Who'll capture 1950's prized Oscar? What will be the big, unforgettable pictures of 1951? Can they match or top *Sunset Boulevard*, dig deeper than *No Way Out*, touch your heart and funny bone more than *Mister 880*? What dark clouds hang heavy over the stars' heads as the moving finger writes Hollywood history in 1951, A.D.?

Well, here's how it looks from where I sit—and it's a hot seat, too, believe me. Playing prophetess. I can be oh, so wrong, but there's a kind of delicious dare about New Year's that tingles my spine. So the neck end of it's sticking out a mile and maybe not so rashly as it seems. Coming events cast their shadows before, don't they? Let's flip forward that new calendar a few pages. Let's look first at Hollywood's underdealt hand of hearts—but let's be sure to call a spade a spade. I predict that—

Elizabeth Taylor and Nick Hilton will make a happy go of their young and too-publicized marriage. (Continued on page 66)



THEIR OWN BABY will bring June Allyson and Dick Powell more happiness than ever before, in 1951.



RESTED, SURE OF HERSELF and of her talent, Judy Garland will be back knocking 'em dead once more.



HAPPINESS TOGETHER in spite of rumors is in store for beautiful Liz and Nicky Hilton in the new year.

cigarettes
around
will be K



A SOLID FUTURE together is assured for Clark Gable and his wife Sylvia, who is surprisingly happy living simply on their Encino ranch.



NO WEDDING BELLS for Farley Granger and Shelley Winters. He's too busy seeing the world, and she's not the marrying type, anyway.



MARRIAGE WITH IRENE Wrightsman seems certain for busy Kirk Douglas who knows his mind. They'll wed when his decree is final.



NO MORE RIFTS in Betty Hutton's marriage to Ted Briskin. Their long-distance arrangement (between Hollywood and Chicago) suits them.



PARTING OF THE WAYS is sad but definite in the Dailey household. Don will enlarge his successful career, and find new friends.



THEY'LL NEED EACH OTHER more than ever, now that Lana Turner and Bob Topping have had the misfortune to lose their baby.



by Tom Lewis

Life with Loretta

. . . is always new, always gay. She taught me to see Hollywood through her eyes.

■ Ten years ago, when Gretchen and I had been married but a few months, I was suddenly called to New York on business, and because my wife was then involved in production, I had to make the trip by myself. I remember that I apologized for leaving her alone as we said goodbye.

"Nonsense, darling," she told me, breezily (a little too breezily, I thought at the time). "Have a good trip. I won't be lonely."

I knew perfectly what she meant, but it was not until several days later that I was able to really understand it. On my very first evening in New York, I was invited to a cocktail party on upper Park Avenue. I had been there perhaps thirty minutes, when our hostess asked me if I would care to meet Greta Garbo. I had noticed Miss Garbo earlier, sitting quietly in a corner with several intimate friends, and had hoped that I might have the opportunity of meeting her.

When we were introduced, she gave me a cordial but concise greeting that seemed to end it right there. But then our hostess rushed in to fill the void with, "Mr. Lewis' wife is also in the cinema."

"Who is she?" asked Miss Garbo, with a trace of curiosity.

"Loretta Young," I supplied. (Continued on page 74)



Tom Lewis is producer, wife Loretta stor of *Cause for Alarm*.

Season in the Sun

Sue's learning golf to avoid becoming a "golf widow." She plays with Alan at Tahoe.



The Ladds struck gold in California, but not the sort you mine . . . Only the gold of brilliant sands, of the sun shining down on Lake Tahoe . . .



Although the Ladds had been to Tahoe before, this was the children's first visit. Alan wanted to show them the California scenery, including Carmel and Yosemite.



The Ladd children were sold on Arizona (they went there on location with Alan), but that was before they'd seen June Lake.



Captain Bud Scott takes the family on a breathtakingly beautiful speedboat ride around Lake Tahoe. David, conspicuous by his absence, doesn't particularly like such large bodies of water, although he loves to swim at home.

■ A while back, the Ladd family journeyed to Arizona to watch Alan become Technicolor in *Branded*, his latest Paramount movie. Arizona made quite an impression on the Ladd children. They wouldn't talk about anything else for weeks afterward. This bothered Alan. After all, Arizona may have been beautiful, but what was wrong with California? It was loaded with scenic wonders. There was Yosemite, June Lake, Carmel, Lake Tahoe—everything. "Let's not leap to conclusions," he told his kids. "Let's see California first." They were willing. They'd tag along with him anytime. So Alan and Sue packed the valises again, polished up two sets of golf clubs and the children, piled them all into the convertible and set out. It was quite a trip—as you can see on these pages—the sky couldn't have been bluer, the days couldn't have been longer. They rode, boated, golfed, picnicked and just admired the many wonders around them. (Continued on next page)

Season in the Sun cont'd

David and Alana saw most of Tahoe from the saddle. Both of them are old hands at riding—picked up their information back home at Alsulad ranch. But no matter how the rest of the family pleaded, they couldn't get David near the water. At first, he just shook his head when they offered him a speed-boat ride. Then he burst into tears, so he was left on shore while the others zipped around Lake Tahoe. Alana, feeling slightly superior, turned her face toward the sun and let the wind lift her hair. Aside from that incident, though, David was really in there pitching. And now he hardly talks about Arizona at all.



On their way to Tahoe, Alan, Alana, and David stop to explore the rocky countryside near June Lake, while chief cook, Sue, prepares a picnic lunch for her hungry ones.



David doesn't mind the water, as long as he's on a horse. Both he and Alana are seasoned riders. Here a guide takes them on a rambling tour of the country around Lake Tahoe.



Complete in cowboy outfits, the children are off on another jaunt through the wide open spaces of Tahoe. Alan prefers golf to riding. He plays it whenever he's free.



Dressed up in a lifebelt almost as big as he is, David's prepared for any emergency. He took a good, firm hold on dry land when his family urged him to come boating.



Piled high among the suitcases, David waves goodbye to a wonderful vacation. Yosemite, June Lake, Carmel, Lake Tahoe—it was all just perfect to the littlest Ladd.

How I feel about Love

by Shirley Temple

■ I was flying through the air with the greatest of ease, headed for Hawaii at the rate of about 200 miles an hour, when I made the decision that changed my whole life.

"This is wonderful," I thought, looking down at the blue Pacific ocean 17,000 feet below, "but I might as well make up my mind. I'm a home-girl and I'm going to stay that way."

Linda Susan, snuggled against my shoulder, stirred in her sleep. She half opened her eyes, looked up at me and smiled, then dropped off again. I felt secure and happy for the first time in months, mostly because I had decided *not* to do something that might have meant a great deal to my future.

I had decided to discard a great opportunity which was simply this—David Selznick, who is famous for performing miracles in the acting profession, had given me the chance of a lifetime. He wanted me to go to Europe and study for six months with a famous director who had never seen me in a movie. This man was to train me as he had others, and then I was to be launched in an entirely new type of picture.

The actress part of me realized that this might mean many years of added life before the cameras and perhaps proof positive to everyone that I had grown up to become what is known as a "great talent."

The woman and mother side of me simply said, "You can't do it. You can't drag Susan around Europe. Stay home and see what life will bring you."

I won't live to regret that decision. As a matter of fact it was only a few hours afterwards that I began to meet new (Continued on page 80)



Charles Black and Shirley attend the opening of *Little Boy Blue*. They have seen each other constantly since they met in Hawaii last winter. He's a television executive at KTTV, in Los Angeles.

Shirley discusses her past, present, and future . . . a frank and revealing article.

Hollywood's loveliest Christmas Story

MARIKA'S MIRACLE



■ It was a pretty ordinary miracle, except to Marika. To her, it was just as though a door had opened in one of the pages of her favorite book of fairy tales, and she had been permitted to walk in and meet the wonderful people she had read about so often. It was proof that Alice really went through the looking-glass—and proof, too, as her father told her, that the world is full of good people.

Because it was Christmas Eve, an enchanted day, and this is a fantasy, let us say it all began in the street outside the magnificently ornate gate of Splendid Studio, in Hollywood.

It was rather late in the afternoon, and chilly. A slight rain filled the air with tiny drops of moisture that clung to clothing and wet the feet through shoes that were thin at the soles. Marika was eight. And on this day, filled with the adventure of the season in a strange land, she had wandered from her home and had been beckoned by the glittering sign, atop the gate, that spelled S-P-L-E-N-D-I-D in the murky sky.

She stood for a long time watching the word flicker on and off in red and green and dazzling white. The rain was forgotten and the chill almost forgotten, and pretty (Continued on page 81)



what now, Frankie boy?



Ava Gardner was not solely responsible for Frank's separation from his wife (below with their children). Much of their trouble has been due to diverging interests.

If Ava and Frank
consider marriage he'll
have to sing,
"I can't give you any-
thing but love,
baby." Will that
be enough?

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES





MGM released Frank so he could do television. He's working hard, but feels the separation from Ava keenly, and misses Hollywood.

■ The year 1950 will go down in the records as the year of the open season on Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra.

In 1950 everything was thrown at these two but the kitchen sink, and only the plumbers' union prevented them from getting that.

Frankie was typed as the kind of guy who'd steal cod liver oil from babies and virtue from any amount of innocent girls. Ava was labelled home-wrecker, siren, thoughtless pleasure-seeker.

During this time, neither of them could have been more understanding, considerate, or sweeter to get along with. For they were in love—they still are—in a way that few couples could hope to be.

Now that Frank is in New York, working on his television show, and Ava is in Hollywood working in *Show Boat*, their love has grown.

During October and November, it was love by telephone, love via airmail, love by Western Union, and the substitution of Ava's voice for her heart.

Like doctors, hotel telephone operators are pledged to

silence, but if you could see Frank Sinatra's telephone bill for long distance calls from New York to Ava Gardner in Hollywood—you wouldn't believe your eyes.

"A guy like Sinatra," one of his friends recently explained, "cares absolutely nothing about money when he's fallen for a girl. My guess is that he's spent over a thousand bucks in the last three months on long distance calls to Ava.

"All she has to do is to say she wants anything, and in a minute she's got it. When she came back from Spain, she was on a Spanish kick, wanted to learn pure Castilian. She happened to mention that to Frank. Fifteen minutes later, a messenger boy drove up to her house with a complete set of Spanish language records.

"Fortunately for Frank, Ava doesn't especially like jewelry. Usually she wears only a good luck medallion he gave her, and earrings for which she recently had her ears pierced. Frank gave her a nifty piece of ice when she was in Spain, but the papers got it all wrong. One paper said they were emeralds valued at \$10,000; another called them diamonds, costing \$50,000, and a (*Continued on page 70*)

HOMEMADE FOR



The dining room (*above*) opens into a gabled living room whose big stone hearth and solid furniture achieve informality.

■ Everything was picture-postcard-perfect. Sun-tanned couples were speeding up and down the canyon road in their convertibles. The horsey set was cantering along the bridle paths. Beside their backyard swimming pools, the sophisticates were sipping cocktails and munching canapes. But in front of Richard Widmark's house, a gaunt-looking young man was clipping a boxwood hedge. Dressed in dungarees, his face covered with a week's growth of beard, he looked amazingly like a hobo.

Abruptly, a station wagon screeched to a halt beside the hedge. A proper, matronly sort of woman leaned out from behind the wheel. "Young man," she called.

The young man turned off his electric clippers, and sauntered over to the car.

"Tell me," asked the woman, imperiously, "what do you get for clipping hedges?"

"Well," said Richard Widmark, "the lady who lives here lets me live with her."

The matron drove off in a cloud of dust. (*Cont'd on page 42*)



HAPPINESS

by Maria Peterson



Like the rest of the rooms, the library is square and lofty. Dick papered the ceiling, and lined the walls with shelves to give coziness without cutting down space. He also built, papered, and painted a closet bar. Decorating the kitchen was another weekend project.



The spacious master bedroom is so cheery and comfortable it's a second living room. Dick made the book shelves and Jean whipped up drapes and lamp shades. The furniture, along with other handsome pieces in the house, comes from Jean's girlhood home in Chicago.



The grounds were once a botanical garden.



The house is one-story, unpretentious.

Give him a lawn,
he'll mow it down; give
him a table, he'll
finish it off.

Widmark's a tough guy
to beat when he's making
his house beautiful.

HOUSE OF THE MONTH



Dick gathered the twiddle-bits, an English expression for bric-a-brac, on many trips abroad. The chairs are hangovers from his bachelor apartment in New York.

Dick laughed so long and hard it brought his wife and five-year-old daughter, Ann, out of the house.

"What's so funny?" Jean Widmark asked.

Dick told her, and she smiled. "Why don't you do some work in the backyard?" she said. "Or maybe you'd better come into the house for awhile."

Widmark gave her one of those long-suffering, husbandly looks and continued his hedge-clipping. He wasn't going to let his beard (which he'd grown especially for *Halls of Montezuma*) keep him off the streets. Not while there was work to be done, anyway.

His home projects take the form of wall-papering the kitchen, simonizing his 1935 Ford, or painting the half-mile of white fence that surrounds his property.

Apparently, Widmark has always been this hyper-active. Soon after he and Jean were married and living in New York, he began to feel cramped in a city apartment so they moved into a succession of rented suburban homes in Bronxville and White Plains. The fact that the houses were rented didn't stop Dick from working on them. He cheerfully plunged (*Continued on page 58*)

HOMEMADE FOR HAPPINESS



Jean, Dick and Ann are a close-knit family. The threesome prefer being home together to anything else in the world.



the girl who tamed don juan

SHE WAS ERROL'S LEADING LADY AND SHE LIKED THE ROLE ENOUGH TO MAKE IT REAL. *by Steve Cronin*

■ Almost as soon as his second wife, Nora, left him to marry Dick Haymes, Errol Flynn was out looking for a bride. He had a little trouble—as all great lovers do—there wasn't a girl for miles who, when asked, would say no.

But there wasn't a girl for miles who struck him the way Patrice Wymore did. She was 22, red-headed, corn-fed, and almost as tall as he was. When she looked him in the eye he saw his future.

They were married on October 23, 1950, in Monte Carlo. Mayor Charles Palmaro, decorated in a red and white sash, conducted the civil ceremony in French. The couple took it sitting down in big armchairs. When it was over, the Mayor handed them a medal bearing Monaco's coat of arms.

Six hundred people gathered outside the Town Hall, their pockets stuffed with rice, and as the newlyweds dashed to their black Rolls Royce the rice flew and the air was filled with romance.

The bride wore an off-white street length gown with a stole lined in blue satin (to match the sapphire) (Continued on page 86)



Married Oct. 23, the Flynns toast their new life.

Betty knows that the wearer, not the price, makes a gown attractive. She paid \$8.95 for this dress, flattering as an original.

Part of a three piece suit is Betty's gabardine skirt (\$12.95). An Eisenhower jacket and slacks complete the serviceable, smart outfit.



What price
GLAMOUR?

This sleek, and always stylish sunning outfit is only \$11.95 in most stores. The white sharkskin shorts have a polka dot trim matching the halter.



Another gabardine favorite, both for its beauty and its price, (\$69.95) is this slack suit with matching skirt. Incidentally, Harry's shirt set him back \$3.95.



Bargains can be beautiful! Betty's lightweight slack suit and the red heart print dress were inexpensive purchases at a small, Beverly Hills shop.



One of Betty's extravagances is the Allardyce race track blouse which cost \$29.95. Usually, she wears cashmere or angora sweaters.

Deceivably low-priced but obviously good looking are this jersey blouse and cotton twill shorts whose total cost was \$8.00.

A Paris gown will flatten your wallet but it won't always flatter your figure. Ask Betty who can look like a million for only \$8.95.

BY LESLIE SNYDER

■ The petite blonde took a dress from the rack of brightly colored frocks before her. "This is awfully cute." She tipped her head, gathered the green and white polka dot dress into her tiny waist and held the hanger just under her chin to get the effect. "It's very becoming," the sales girl agreed. "Particularly on . . ." she stopped suddenly, recognizing the blonde with the luscious, much publicized figure. "S-a-a-a-y. You're BETTY GRABLE!" The excitement in her voice made Betty start. "Yes, I am," she smiled, "and I like this dress." She turned back to the mirror. "Let's take it into a dressing room and try it on." She started toward the nearest curtained alcove. "But, Miss Grable!" The girl hurried after her. "We have some much *nicer* things. That dress is only \$8.95." "Doesn't make any difference," Betty said firmly. "I like it, and if it fits me I'll take it."

(Continued on page 84)



HE GETS AWAY

by Mickell Novak

Lancaster
can main you with
a glance, and
kill you with
a word. He often does.
And he's the only
man in Holly-
wood who doesn't
have to apologize.

THE DIRECTOR yelled "Cut!" and the actors began moving off the set. The muscular young star put a restraining hand on a character actor near him and said, "You know, I think you're missing the characterization in this scene. Why don't you try a different inflection in your lines—something like *this* —," and he proceeded to reinterpret the older man's reading.

An hour later in the studio commissary, the character man confided to a friend, "Why I was an established leading man on Broadway when he was still chinning himself on his crib!" He pondered a moment, then shrugged it off. "But who can say Burt Lancaster is wrong? I'm here on a \$55.00 call, but Burt is loaned out for \$150,000 a picture!"

In a later film, Lancaster and his top-rung feminine co-star prepared to do a scene. "Just a moment," said the high-salaried lady, turning to the director. "Shall I play the scene the way *you* directed it, or the way Burt directed it?"

The question of whether Burt Lancaster is right or wrong—whether he gets away with murder or justifiable homicide—is a problem that has been debated in the drawing rooms of Hollywood for four years without ever having been resolved.

There are those who maintain that Lancaster is just the same stubble-chinned, uncombed fugitive from a flea-bitten circus that he was when he first hit town five years ago; that he has always been forthright, outspoken, blunt, and devastatingly logical.

There are others who agree that while Burt is still stubble-chinned and uncombed, he is also opinionated, rude, and monomaniacally egocentric; that by the time he had made his second picture, *Desert Fury*, he had reached the point where he considered himself a muscular version of Orson Welles, with a dictatorial finger in almost every phase of the whole production pie.

In all fairness to Lancaster, his side of some celebrated "incidents" should be given a hearing.

Incident #1: A high-flown female writer publicly squawked that Burt was "rude" and had walked out on her in the middle of an interview.

Burt's version: "The dame was too condescending. She tolerated me, and I will not be tolerated!"

Incident #2: A New York night club photographer complained that when he attempted to take a picture of Burt, the star had stubbornly refused and had pushed him around.

Burt's version: "The guy was persistent and abusive, even after I asked him, courteously, not to take my picture that night. He got in my way as I tried to leave the club, so I shoved him aside."

Incident #3: A writer complained to everyone within hearing distance that Burt, without just cause, had refused to give him an interview.

Burt's version: "I had plenty of cause. I cancelled out on that interview after I heard the guy pop off at a party about what an egotistical, no-good ham I was."

Few Hollywood stars would dare such basic honesty in their (Continued on page 83)

WITH MURDER



REUNION *in* ITALY

“Hello, Doll,” said Bob Taylor. “H

■ Of course we were early at the airport. From Los Angeles to Bob Taylor in Rome—and back—Missy was early everywhere.

Our first stop was Tucson, Arizona, and the world premiere of Hal Wallis' production of *The Furies*, much of which had been filmed near Tucson. Stanwyck went because they'd asked her to dedicate the Walter Huston Memorial Scholarship at the University of Arizona. She loved Walter Huston—as trouper and as a person. She'd



Barbara couldn't believe that she was really in Italy. When she visited St. Mark's Cathedral with her good friend and publicist, Helen Ferguson, she said, "I've so often worked against this background, I'm sure I'm on stage 12."



Bob commissioned the famous Roman sculptor, Manucci, to do a head of Barbara. He worked mostly from photos, but she sat in person for the final job. Bob's secretary, Tullia, was along



Whenever Bob had a day off from work, he and Barbara went shopping in Rome. They each had a pair of Roman sandals made by Michele Ceglia, creator of custom shoes. Barbara believes in comfort, and wore hers a lot.



Exotic Venice was almost too hot to appreciate. The Taylors rested from sight-seeing at the Piazza cafe in St. Mark's square. They sat in the sun though the shady side was more popular.

miled Barbara, and then they kissed while half of Rome stood by and cheered. *by Helen Ferguson*

no idea the citizenry of Tucson would be at the airport, almost en masse, to greet her. But there they were, all wearing western regalia. From the Mayor, to the cowboys who'd worked on the picture.

She was half an hour early for the dedication ceremonies at the University. She didn't get through her speech without breaking. Her effort to do so was valiant—but it failed. Her audience wept with her. There was no applause when she finished. The communion between her and her listen-

ers and the tears they shared were the heart's applause for Walter Huston. In that quiet, too, she unveiled his portrait. Standing beneath it, head tilted to look upon him, painted in his role for *The Furies*, screen star Barbara Stanwyck, for all her silver hair, seemed like a bereft little girl.

Within the hour Barbara had showered, changed, was on her way to Davis-Monthan Air Base to christen and autograph a new bomber. After waiting 15 minutes in the broiling desert sun for the ceremonies to

start, she scrawled her name with a flourish, smashed the champagne bottle against the nose of the plane with strength and competence, and with equal competence kissed every one of its 14-man crew quite thoroughly as she presented each of them with a key ring bearing the bomber's insignia—dice numbered 7-11.

Two broadcasts and one cocktail party later she again showered and changed, and at the premiere, again paid tribute to Huston. She meant (*Continued on next page*)

REUNION *in* ITALY cont'd

every word of it, "Ladies and gentlemen. You are about to see the Hal Wallis production of *The Furies* in which, unfortunately for our industry, Walter Huston plays his final role. It is Walter's picture. Mr. Wendell Corey, Mr. Gilbert Roland, Miss Judith Anderson and myself are in the supporting cast. For me, this is the greatest honor I have ever had."

After the premiere, in the teeming rain, she went again to the Air Base. First to the Enlisted Men's Club where she danced till 12:30, then to the Officers' Club where she danced till two.

Next morning, next lap of the "Road to Rome." The Governor's car took us to the airport. American Airlines to Dallas. To New York.

They held the connecting plane ten minutes at Dallas because we came in right on deadline. Sprint to make it? Brother, you think Stanwyck hurries to be on time? She's jet-propelled.

New York, LaGuardia Field at midnight after the sweetest, smoothest landing! Barbara wanted to write a fan letter to the pilot, but the photographers were waiting. Because it was midnight and Saturday she got lost in her agitation because she knew that the poor guys were having their date night ruined.

"Why didn't you walk out on me?" she demanded. "Why hang around to photograph some gray haired dame like me, when you could have been dancing with a doll?"

Her adroit switch to the vernacular, her apologies, sent them into a spin. "Don't go calling yourself no dame, Barbara," one of them said. And she couldn't have been more flattered.

Gil Cote, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and Herb Steinberg, Paramount, were there to meet her. Each with a limousine. Tactful doll, she herded them both into one car with her. The other followed, luggage filled. Sandwiches and black coffee at the hotel, unpacking, and chatter. We turned in at three o'clock in the morning.

Gil Cote had told Barbara about Danny's Hideaway. "Wonderful steaks," he'd said, knowing Barbara. We went there on our first night in New York. "Wonderful steaks" plus. Plus meaning the friendships that grew from Danny's delighted hospitality which refused to allow Barbara to pay for a dinner. We dined no place else in the city. "Danny's Hideaway—my New York 'home,'" Stanwyck said. As is customary (*Continued on page 76*)



Barbara never tired of wandering through the



Admirers followed "our love couple" everywhere to applaud and take pictures.



Even the natives get lost in Rome, but Bob's unconvincing sense of direction piloted them perfectly on their tours.



On the set of *Quo Vadis*, Emperor Nero, Peter Usinov, omuses the Taylors and Mervyn LeRoy.



many beautiful churches in Rome. Here she admires St. Paul's Cathedral. The climax of her visit in the Holy City was an audience with the Pope.



Barbara, a push-over for a zoo, visits every one of the con. In Rome she met George, the chimp.



"Romeo" rarely rises to the occasion in such an elaborate manner but he did it for Stonwyck.



The Taylors and Mervyn LeRoy sat next to Jean Simmons, at the Venice Film Festival.

The meaning
of Christmas itself
is the greatest
gift of all. It's the
light and hope
of the world.
God grant it may be
with us always.



my christmas



"I'm proud of the fine way the boys handled their songs."





story by bing crosby

■ This year, the spirit of Christmas descended on the Crosby clan a couple of months ahead of schedule. The four sprouts and I had just finished up a heavy haying season on the ranch at Elko, Nevada, and were loafing around at Hayden Lake for a few weeks before we were due to check in at school and CBS, respectively. We'd been doing some fishing, riding, and throwing the football around a bit, and Christmas was absolutely the last thing on our minds.

Then, one sizzling afternoon when the thermometer was flirting with the idea of blowing its top, I got a call from Hollywood. It was Johnny Burke, a lyric writer of considerable repute. He was plainly excited.

"Hey, Bing, listen to this!" he said, with a gasp.

There was a moment's pause, broken up by the shuffling background noise of Jimmy Van Heusen sliding into place behind the piano. Then Johnny, in his fractured tenor voice, began to sing.

I must pause to mention that Johnny Burke is not my favorite singer. Personally, I like Sinatra better, or the Andrews sisters, or even, for that matter, a certain weary baritone of my acquaintance. But while Johnny's voice isn't much to boast about, his material is always bright and new. He had a Christmas song . . . a heart-warming little ditty about a snowman who melted away, and as his voice came over (*Continued on page 82*)

IT'S A GOOD LIFE



She'd rather act
 than eat—but Hollywood
 would rather see
 her star than starve.
 So they've worked
 out a deal. Piper
 Laurie can act anytime
 —and Hollywood will feed
 her on caviar.

BY TOM CARLILE



Now eighteen and a high school graduate, Piper is ready to concentrate on her career which already has reached star proportions.



Piper has lots of beaux, but hasn't settled on any one. Besides Mom's cooking's still too good to leave.

■ Universal's had her for less than a year. She was 17 and a high school student when they offered her a salary, which she refused. "It would have been like stealing," she says, especially since she would have been willing to pay *them* for a chance to act. Almost as soon as she got her high school diploma she was cast in *Louisa*, and after that, in *The Milkman*. She felt a little easier then about taking the money. Now she's 18, lovely owner of a term contract, and star in *The Prince Who Was A Thief*. That's not bad, and Piper Laurie knows it.

Her big break came about half a year ago. Piper was carrying a basket of fruit to the mayor of Chicago. (The fruit was a present from Ann Blyth, the mayor of Toluca Lake.) She was standing in City Hall, waiting for an elevator, when Ben Katz, head of Universal-International's Chicago office, rushed up to her. He was red-faced and excited.

"Just got a wire from Hollywood," he told Piper. "Don't tell anyone, but they're going to star you in a two million dollar Technicolor production. Congratulations!"

"You're kidding," said Piper, calmly.

"No. Honest," said Mr. Katz.

Piper smiled knowingly as she stepped into the elevator. But three floors up she turned white. "He *must* be kidding," she thought, but she realized then that he wasn't.

Half an hour later in her hotel room the phone rang. It was a long distance call from her agent in Hollywood.

"Don't say anything, kid," he said, "but U-I is giving you the starring role in a big Technicolor picture. Isn't that terrific?"

"Terrific!" said Piper, dazedly.

The next phone call was from her mother in Beverly Hills. "Don't say anything, baby," her mother said, "but Universal is starring you in a big picture. I'm so proud of you."

By that time, Piper couldn't have said (*Continued on page 85*)



bring a movie star to your home

How would you like to have Piper Laurie visit you in person? Would you like to meet Tony Curtis, too? How about seeing a brilliant premiere of their new picture, *The Prince Who Was A Thief*, in your home town theater? All this plus a prize of a \$1000 Government Bond will happen to the winner of MODERN SCREEN's exciting contest. Turn to page 88 for the easy rules.

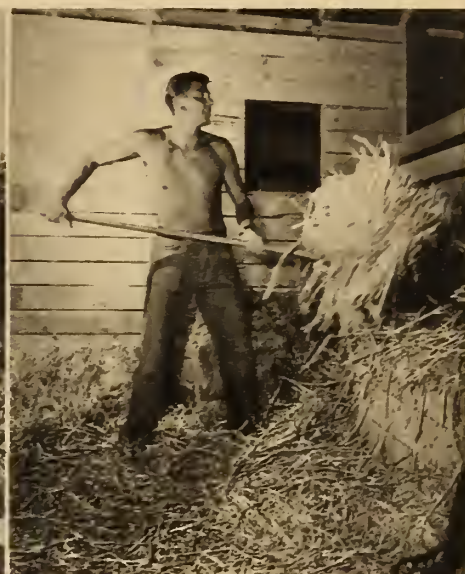
over \$6500 in prizes

Reagan's in tune
with the world now.

He has his work,
his ranch, and
above all,
his children
to keep his life
in harmony.

BY JACK WADE





His eight acre horse breeding ranch in San Fernando Valley keeps Ronnie busy. On weekends the children join him in farm chores and riding.

No sad songs for Ronnie

■ In an exuberant moment last month, Ronald Reagan bought two new suits, several shirts, a handful of neckties, and immediately outgrew his apartment.

"When I came in that afternoon and couldn't find an empty chair to put down my packages," Ronnie later told friends, "I glumly surveyed the place I've called home for two years and decided it was time for a little chat with the landlord."

The landlord wouldn't hear of his moving.

"Come with me," he told Ronnie, mysteriously.

Ronnie came with him out into the courtyard and upstairs into another wing of the building. He stood patiently while the landlord rattled the key in the lock of a door and then ushered him into a pleasant, airy living room. Just outside, Ronnie noticed, was a spacious sundeck overlooking the Mocambo across the street.

Ronnie signed up on the spot, and by the following noon all of his belongings were moved in. It was as simple as that.

As a rule, bachelors have a bad time living alone. They can't find their socks. The laundry loses their shirt buttons. They forget to eat the right vitamins, and become indifferent about appointments.

But it hasn't been that way with Ronald Reagan. No frayed shirts. No dirty dishes in the sink. Hardly any troubles at (*Continued on page 87*)

(Continued from page 42) into such ambitious projects as bookcase building, re-setting the bathroom tile, and staining the woodwork.

"Sometimes, I couldn't see much sense in putting all that work into someone else's property," his wife recalls, "but so long as it made Dick happy I worked along as his bungling assistant. I can see now that it was a good apprenticeship for the work we're doing in our own house. At least, we know a little more about home decorating than we did during those first years of our marriage."

The Widmarks bought their present house after trying out three others. Their first California rental was a caretaker's adobe cottage which they refer to in retrospect as "Snake-haven."

"We didn't mind the coyotes howling at night," Dick says, "but when I had to kill a rattlesnake, Jean said we'd better fly the coop. Fly we did."

The next Widmark home was in a crowded (crowded for Widmark, that is) section of Santa Monica. Dick, who loves privacy to the point of isolation, was under the impression that people were breathing down his neck, so he took his wife and child and moved into Claude Rains' house in Brentwood. Very nice, very stylized, very formal—but not exactly Widmark.

"We were just like a lot of couples are," Jean says. "We couldn't put our feeling about a home into words. We felt that when we saw what we wanted, it would hit us all of a sudden. I'd look at the house, Dick would look at it. We'd look at each other and we'd know at once that this was it. The real estate agents were very anxious to make a sale and they kept showing us house after house, but in the end we found the house ourselves."

WHEN Harry Carey, the veteran Western star, passed away several years ago, his wife, Ollie, decided to sell their roomy, rambling California ranch house in Mandeville Canyon. Before Ollie could put it on the market, Dick and Jean rushed to make her an offer. She accepted it. Mrs. Carey says, "I was glad to turn the house over to people who really loved it and appreciated its charm."

The house is twenty years old—a one-story frame job that spreads out in the middle of an acre. The acre was once a botanical garden, and ginger plants, a rare Chinese tree, and half a dozen experimental fruit-bearers still remain from those days. A good deal of shrubbery which is too unique and valuable to be cleared out almost obscures the house which has no particular style. Neither is it impressive to look at. Its fundamental beauty lies in its spacious, uncomplicated floor plan. All the rooms, including the baths, are large, square, and high-ceilinged. The living room seems even larger than it is, because it has a gabled ceiling and one wall of windows that overlooks the rose garden. The dining room is spacious enough to seat twelve or fifteen guests, and the master bedroom, with its great stone fireplace, is practically a second living room.

Only the library is small enough to be considered cozy. But even here, Dick and Jean have cleverly lined the walls with book cases and magazine racks to provide plenty of shelf storage without taking up floor space.

Throughout the entire house there's ample evidence of Dick's weekend projects. There's the closet-bar which he built, papered, and painted. There's the early

American antique table which he cut down to coffee table height. The bedroom bookcases are a tribute to his carpentry. In the big old-fashioned kitchen, though, there's a trace of handiwork he'd rather you wouldn't mention. Seems he started fixing the room by painting it blue. Then, in a fit of inspiration, he decided to paper one wall. He ran short of paper, and when he went back to get a second roll, he discovered that the paper was out of stock, which was why he'd gotten a good bargain in the first place.

IF THE fresh paint and unique papering are indicative of the Widmark week-ends, the furnishings are a chronicle of the Widmark travels.

Take the twin easy chairs beside the living room fireplace. They represent Dick's earliest venture into the field of home furnishings. He bought them, with Jean's help; for his first bachelor apartment in New York. They weren't married at the time, but together, they stumbled onto a smart trick of economy buying. They learned that chairs bought in the boudoir section of a department store are often less expensive than similar chairs in the regular furniture department. Then all they had to do was get them upholstered in an appropriate fabric.

The Widmark bedroom set is the one Jean had when she was Miss Jean Hazelwood of Chicago. A good many other furniture pieces also come from the Hazelwood homestead. After Jean's mother died, her father sold the family home and stored the furnishings in a Chicago warehouse. He urged Jean and Dick to look things over and select what they liked best. "Poking through the Loop warehouse," Dick says, "got to be our favorite in-between-trains diversion whenever we were traveling from coast to coast."

The Chippendale mirror, Queen Anne chest, and Victorian seat in the living room are mute evidences of the number of trans-continental stop-offs.

The oil painting over the fireplace was bought by Dick a year ago. He had a few days off from filming *Night and The City* in England so he and Jean flew to Paris. As soon as he saw the painting of the Seine after dark in a little Montmartre art gallery, he knew it was for him. But he acted casual about it, because he'd been told not to get enthusiastic about anything he really wanted to buy in France. It almost killed him, but he didn't buy the painting that first night. They returned the next morning and bought it on the spot. The oil is by a young artist named Kilakoff, who paints only at night.

While Dick worked in England, Jean and little Ann used to roam the Sussex countryside in search of antiques. On the weekends, they'd lead Dick to their discoveries, and he'd say yes or no. Their most impressive British find is a heavy monk's table and six chairs which they use in the dining room. The table also acts as a base for Dick's movie projector when he wants to show home movies.

Two cricket tables, three milking stools, and a wing-back chair are also remembrances of the English trip as well as a collection of twiddley-bits, the British equivalent of bric-a-brac.

Dick and Jean have lived in their canyon home for almost a year now and still friends rave over its individuality and homey quality. Only the other day, one of them asked Mrs. Widmark to disclose the name of her interior decorator. "I really mean it, dear," she gushed. "Your decorator has captured your personalities."

It wasn't very Hollywood-like, but Jean told the truth. "We decorated it ourselves." And the Widmark house looks it—solid, intelligent, in good taste. In short, almost pure Widmark. THE END

beverly tyler at the rainbow room

■ You will soon be seeing Beverly Tyler in *The Fireball*, a picture to be released by 20th Century-Fox. Now you see her on a visit to New York (at the Rainbow Room in Rockefeller Center) wearing a strictly tailored suit—inspired by men's practical fashions. Women borrow everything from the males. Now we invade his closet for another steal, a suit with two skirts, the jacket copied from the one he keeps for smoking. More male thefts: fabric, vest, and link fastenings. The sum total is a wardrobe-in-one.

To mix, one ensemble pairs the menswear checked jacket with the solids—skirt and vest of rayon gabardine. Another time play it lightly and match skirt and vest with top. In navy and gray checks with navy, black and white with black, and brown and tan with brown. 10-18. \$24.99.

By Zimco.



This suit may be purchased at Jonas Shoppes in Akron, Columbus or Cleveland, Ohio; Detroit, Michigan; Richmond, Virginia. To order by mail, write Jonas Shoppes, 62 West 14th Street. N.Y.C.

**modern
screen
fashions**





around the clock around the town

seeing skyscrapers

For an early start on your sightseeing trek, simplicity and comfort in attire are preferred. Here, a dress of checked menswear combines a strip of rolled collar, raglan sleeve ending high and a string of buttons closing down center. The full skirt meets at the waist in soft pleats. Navy or brown checks. Sizes 9-15. \$14.95. By Jonathan Logan.

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*Photographed at the
Seventh-floor Roof-top Garden
of the Palazzo D'Italia,
Rockefeller Center*





Hat by Stetson

clock watching

A traditional meeting place, under the clock at the Biltmore, in a traditional suit. Cut sharply with uncluttered lines, the jacket is broken with triple folds outlined with stitching. The skirt—slim—with a narrow fold down center front. Gray or brown checked sharkskin. Sizes 10-18. \$25.

By Henry Rosenfeld.

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*Slouch Hat by Stetson
Scarf by Glentex*

dinner at the stork club

Wonderful construction and iridescent Venetian doeskin, make an admirable all season suit in the usual Rosenblum manner. A pale felt hat and a light scarf keep the monotone theme. Suit in beige, brown, gold, blue, green. Sizes 10-20. \$35.

By Rosenblum of California

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around the clock around the town

late arrivals at el morocco

Make an entrance in tissue faille. Silky petals, each are tipped with a pearl, at shoulder and pocket. Sleeves of three-quarter length meet the sophisticated longer gloves. Green, navy, coral, caramel. Sizes 10-18, for 5'5" and under. \$12.95.
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*Gloves by Crescendoe
Velvet stole by Glentex*



step softly



1. Cozy bootie in embossed leather, lined with shearling for double warmth. Black, brown, red, blue, pink, green, black and yellow, brown and tan.

2. A soft-as-a-bunny scuff in shearling. Two cross bands over the toes give minimum coverage, maximum wear insured by leather soles. In 13 jewel-toned colors. All sizes.

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4. Another softie slipper with one horizontal band, one curving around the instep, and sling back. In shearling. In all sizes. Leather soles.

5. For variance, try the twice banded scuff with the perky tongue. Rolled sling and leather soles. All colors and sizes.

6. Hardy souls will appreciate this tailored bedroom slipper, in soft leather with elastic gussets at each side. All slippers have foam cushioned inner sole. Eight colors.

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*close
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you*

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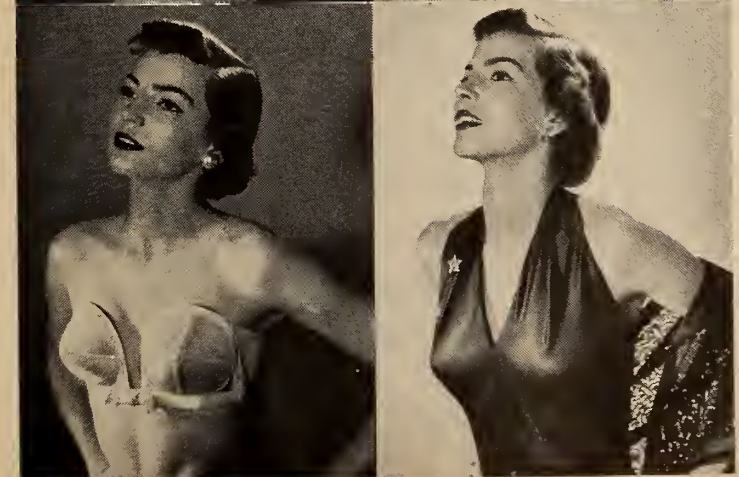
B

B For sweaters: Nylon taffeta bra lined with net. Circular stitching for proper, rounded look, elastic band gives added side control. White only. \$3.95. Sweater by Jantzen.



C

C For active sports: Nicely curved bra of cotton broadcloth and alternate sections of delicate net. White only. \$2.50. Golf dress by Serbin.



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D For wide necklines: One bra answer to all bare top dresses. Stitched rayon satin undercup, the top half is net—slashed and wired way down. Batiste lastex back. White or black. \$5.00 Dress by Henry Rosenfeld.

All bras by Hollywood-Maxwell.

BUY THESE BRAS IN PERSON OR BY MAIL FROM JORDAN MARSH, BOSTON, MASS.

my predictions for 1951

(Continued from page 28) Shirley Temple will change her name to Mrs. Charles Black and gradually give up her Hollywood career.

Kirk Douglas and Irene Wrightsman will find a way to make a match.

Bob Walker will find a wife and found a home for himself and his boys.

Doris Day will be Mrs. Martin Melcher (if she already isn't by the time this prints).

Ava Gardner will discover a new lover boy, but Nancy won't take Frankie back again.

Farley Granger will live alone and like it for another year, anyway, and so will his old sweetie, Shelley Winters.

Janet Leigh won't love Tony Curtis half as much as her brilliant new picture breaks. So she'll keep saying, "No."

The Dan Daileys will sign their bill of divorce and Dan will play the field.

Errol Flynn will stay put and pacified with Patrice Wymore at least through '51. So will Bette Davis with Gary Merrill.

Clark Gable and his lady fair will grow cozier and cozier out on the farm.

The Crosby clan will allow no more marriage break rumors, with their family life put back in good order.

Betty Hutton will risk no more marriage rifts with Ted Briskin.

June Allyson will be one of the happiest girls in the world for the greatest reason in the world—a new baby. And Dick Powell will be a foolish father and first class family man.

That will do for a starter on the question-marks. So let's get down to some whys:

I SUPPOSE it sounds foolish to forecast wedded bliss for Liz and Nick Hilton in the face of all the wild rumors still rattling around. But those rumors, don't forget, flew out of their biggest marriage mistake and greatest newlywed ordeal—that injudicious, three-months long European honeymoon. It's over now and two people are mighty glad—Elizabeth and Nick.

It's rough enough adjusting to a husband or wife, besides taking on a three-ring circus at the same time, and neither Nick nor Elizabeth ever cleared the sawdust out of their eyes the whole confusing trip. Every ambitious hostess, titled count and no-account used and abused them for their own benefit. They were never alone, never got the chance to know each other—until they came home to America. Nick heard nothing but, "Miss Taylor this, and Miss Taylor that," dead to a groom's manly pride. He got fed up and he acted up. But that's over, thank goodness.

I know Elizabeth is madly in love with Nick Hilton. She tells me so in exactly those words every time I talk to her. I also know Nick worships the ground she walks on. They've both come down to earth by now. Nick's busy running his Bel-Air Hotel, Liz is back before the cameras. They've moved into their newly decorated suite, they're looking for a house, Liz has even learned to cook, they've got reality roped. They have arguments—sure they always will—and who doesn't? But they're starting off right at home after their wrong beginnings abroad. The Hiltons don't step around; they stick to their family and friends. There's no baby started as I write—yep, I checked that—but Nick wants one soon as possible. Mrs. Hilton would like to wait, but Heaven will handle that. Put this down for Elizabeth next year: A new hold on happiness—and maybe that baby.

The same kind of bliss lines up for Shirley Temple in my book because, first,

Shirley, too, is in love, so in love, so in love. She's kept a mum marathon throughout 1950 but she can't fool me or anyone else. The dark, handsome, and close mouthed San Franciscan who snared her heart with a flowered lei almost a year ago in Honolulu has never let it go, not for a minute. He's not courting Shirley for her glamour or her gold. He's proven he wants no share of her fame. But he does want Shirley. There have been visits I know that stayed secret, constant calls and rendezvous discreetly masked. There still are. Charles Black has a career and a life of his own in a world well apart from Hollywood, and that leads me right to my second Temple prediction.

AFTER she marries, Shirley will soon retire from the screen. She may even leave the home of her childhood for keeps and the world of her golden girl memories—Hollywood. She has had that world rise up and slap her down, hard. She's got her values back now and they're less Hollywood than ever before. All Shirley's actions this past year have pointed to that—her quiet life, her nursing, her earnest attention to Linda Susan. She's after a home and a new life—and if it's to be found in San Francisco or Honolulu—that's where she'll go. And I think the world's blessing will go with her. Mine certainly will.

Now wedding bells can be catching, and I think they can be catching Kirk Douglas in 1951, too. Kirk will be doing more than humming "Good night Irene"—I've a hunch he'll be saying it to Irene Wrights-

From where I'm sitting, tolerance is just a big word for peace. War can't get going where there's sympathetic understanding of nation for nation, man for man, and creed for creed.—Bing Crosby as quoted by Irving Hoffman in The Hollywood Reporter.

man very regularly. Only the other night, at my house, I asked him, "Have you proposed to Irene yet?" and Kirk replied innocently, "Proposed? Why, I didn't think they did that anymore except in novels!" But he's not fooling me. He's a cocky, confident chap who's out after the best and right now, like a lot of boys from across the tracks who've fought their way up, Kirk has a lady complex. There's something fatally fascinating about society girls to slugger-uppers who've made the grade. I believe the Champ will make Irene Wrightsman his bride, because Kirk gets what he wants, and he wants a society girl, which Irene definitely is. She's also sweet and smart and she's been around for all the sophistication she needs. She's seen enough of playboys and she wants a real man. Beside, who wouldn't fall for Douglas? I'm scheduling that match just as soon as Kirk's decree is final.

BUT what about some other hot and heavies of this mid-century year? Take Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra—and then take them out of the picture before too many moons wax and wane. Because the present Mrs. S. has no intentions of giving her wandering troubadour a divorce. And where does that leave Ava—emotionally tied forever and a day to a man she can never marry? I don't think so. Watch that headlined pair next year and watch for the breakup of a torrid romance. It can happen any day.

Last year about this time I was pretty certain that Farley Granger and Shelley Winters would make a team. Now, I'm sure they won't. In fact, I'll go further out on a limb and say that Farley hasn't one

thought of marriage roosting under his curly mop. Farley has learned a lot in 1950. Primarily, he's learned that there's a great, wide, interesting world outside of Hollywood. He made this Chris Columbus discovery on trips to Mexico, Europe, and several times, to New York. He found art, music, new things and new thoughts. He met interesting people. Farley is just starting on a hungry bachelorhood dedicated to life experience, yes, experience in romance, too.

Certainly Shelley Winters was one of the first of those and one of the best for Farley. There's not a gal in town who's more fun, or was better equipped to snap serious Granger out of his boyish shyness. When they first started sighing and swooning, a catty character around Hollywood asked Shelley pointedly, "But what do you see in such a nice boy as Farley Granger?" Shot back Shelley, "He's even nicer at night!"

Me, I wish there were a dozen Shelley Winters around town. They brighten up Hollywood like a dancing bonfire. I adore her—and in his way, Farley Granger still does. But the golden moment for that pair is gone. I don't expect either one to marry—not for a long time. In completely different ways, neither one's the marrying type—not now.

THE other evening I had a gorgeous girl over to my house and asked her a rather personal question. I asked Janet Leigh, "Are you engaged?" and she answered, "Yes I am. I'm engaged to my career." That should banish a flock of rumors because truer words were never spoken, although they're sad ones, I know, for Tony Curtis, Arthur Loew, Jr., Bob Quarrie—or any one of the smitten Romeos beaueing Janet hopefully around. But I know she means them and you can bet your best hat that Janet won't say "Yes" or even "Maybe" to anyone until she's secure in her very great ambitions—which will take all of 1951 to realize. I can predict Janet's single blessedness in '51 as safely as—say—I can bank on the stag standing of those cautious customers Montgomery Clift and Marlon Brando—until they, too, have hit a higher top. Or, as I can confidently forecast Peter Lawford's bachelorhood until he finds a girl with the right social standing, title, or wealth that he considers worthy of his highly esteemed self. And I might as well polish off the other Hollywood "I do" chances while I'm at it, briefly, and like this:

Sally Forrest and Milo Frank—yes, and soon. Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger—very definitely for sure: they're officially engaged, aren't they? Ida Lupino and Howard Duff? No, indeed. Lupino's still married to Collier Young and there are no divorce papers filed. Arlene Dahl and Lex Barker—also No—Lex has too roving an eye. Ruth Roman and Bill Walsh—same as a year ago; Ruth's still too wrapped up in her work to take on marriage. Jane Wyman and Greg Bautzer—now, wait a minute—look at Greg's fickle record with almost everyone in town—Lana Turner, Joan Crawford, Ginger Rogers. Jane may be "the one," but I doubt it.

I'll tell you who I bet will get married, and that's Robert Walker, because Bob desperately needs a home for his boys. They're his whole life and his balance. He's made a marvelous comeback from despair and he wants to anchor it. Maybe not with Nancy Davis—but he'll find someone to love and marry, because he must.

NOW how about the Hollywood homes that hit the front pages in 1950? I wouldn't predict divorces even if I knew some were brewing, because I don't believe in widening any domestic cracks as

long as there's an outside chance. Luckily, I don't have to. If you're worrying about the Clark Gables, for instance, you can stop. Clark and Sylvia knew what they wanted and now they've got it. The other day Clark was gushing like a groom to me over the virtues of the pampered Lady everyone said would never, never measure up to the rugged King. Well, Clark took her on location to Montana with him for *Across the Wide Missouri*. "I didn't think she could take it, Hedda," the King marvelled. "Rough stuff. No comforts, no fun, camp cookin', in bed at eight, up at five. But you know what—she had a wonderful time!" I'm sure she did and I'm sure the Gables do, every minute, making like country squires at Encino.

I said when Lana married Bob Topping four years ago—and right in *MODERN SCREEN*—that they meant their vows and I've said it since in the same pages. I'll say it again for 1951. The same goes for Dick Powell and June Allyson who long ago straightened out any difficulties that pespered them. Dick looks younger than springtime these days, June never cuter. I can see nothing but sunshine ahead for them both. And for Bette Davis and Gary Merrill too, for another reason.

Bette is in the full flush of a major comeback right now—and it's hooked right on to the man she married. Gary Merrill was her leading man in *All About Eve*—the greatest acting job of her life. Right after that great performance she married Gary. When Bette's career is rosy, so is her home life. When it's not, she isn't fit to live with. Nothing can stop her—or Gary, for that matter—in the year to come. They'll be happy as clams. So will the Bing Crosbys.

The other night there was a family clam-bake over at Everett and Florence Crosby's house. Everett, of course, is Bing's brother and manager. Twenty-five Crosbys

were gathered, including a wonderful old lady, Bing's mom. The four Crosby boys were there and the whole shebang sang and celebrated for the first time in twenty-odd years. The Crosbys are happy again. When the dinner was through, Bing and Dixie packed up Mama Crosby's things and sped her off to Pebble Beach for a stay with them.

What people forget about the Crosbys is that—spats or no spats, and even with Bing's sometimes selfish gallavantings off alone between pictures for golf—there's a strong family tie that never wavers. The death of Bing's beloved dad brought the clan close again and now Mrs. Crosby is a staunch character who is keeping it there. And there's a woman for you!—Until her husband's death she cooked all his meals, mended his clothes, looked to his comforts in person. She once told me, "The reason my children sometimes find unhappiness is because they have too much." She could say that again—and for all Hollywood. As long as Mama Crosby is around, don't you worry about her banjo-eyed son and his wonderful wife, Dixie.

THERE are two more headlined homes I can figure for Fifty-One—one yes and one no—and like this: Betty Hutton and Ted Briskin have found the solution to their on-again-off-again marriage. Ted's back in the family business in Chicago; Betty's working in Hollywood. When they fly to each other for week or month ends, they're dying to see each other. Meanwhile, both skip the irritations of two high tension careers. It's a long-distance love life, but for the Briskins it's logical. But nothing will bring the Dan Daileys back together again. The minute their property settlement's worked out, they'll get a divorce. I have Elizabeth's word for that, too, and it's an old story:

"We are simply two temperamentally different people," she told me. "And we'll never match up. Dan tried. I tried. It didn't work. I like horses, the outdoors, and home life. Dan likes the bright lights, boogie-woogie, a twenty-four hour studio day. That's wonderful for his career, and it's his career he's really married to—not me. We must end it as soon as possible so we can keep on being friends." That's sensible, but sad, so on that note let's have Cupid corralled with his smiles and sorrows for the New Year and pass on to careers.

Nothing affects the stars' private lives more than their public ones—and there are some changes to be made, as you'll see for yourself in 1951, right in your neighborhood theater.

They say "old soldiers never die—they simply fade away." It's that way with old stars, too. Dozens of them are still around but their candlepower grows dimmer all the time. Who are the new comets certain to cross the Hollywood heavens and crowd out some stars in 1951. Here's my pick:

Marlon Brando. They come along once in a blue moon like that brilliant brat. Selfish, unmannered, a screwball, if you please—but glowing with greatness, that's Brando. *The Men* may win brash Bud Brando an Academy Award for his first picture. *A Streetcar Named Desire* may do it next year if he misses this trip. He's head and shoulders above all the new star bets. For Marlon I predict success unlimited. He could be the Barrymore of this era.

Next comes David Wayne. He's brilliant. He's versatile. After knocking them dead with comedy in *The Reformer and the Redhead* and *Adam's Rib*, Davey Wayne switched to play a child murderer in *M*. He's smooth, Broadway seasoned, and *Up Front*, the Bill Mauldin movie, will make him a rave star for sure. They can't type David Wayne and they can't tie him down.

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Detaches and Removes Germ-Harboring Film from Mouth and Throat

Before Business and Social Engagements { IT TASTES GOOD—IT'S GOOD TASTE!

Howard Keel. *Annie Get Your Gun*, Howard's first picture, was sensational. *Pagan Love Song* and *Three Guys Named Mike*, prove him no morning glory freak. 1951 is Howard's big year. He's got the prize role in *Showboat*—to send him right off to glory. Big, virile, and good looking, a guy who can act like a million and sing like two. How can he miss?

Barry Sullivan. Last year MGM let Barry go three times for a vacation—each time they had to call him back. He has four unreleased hits as I write, including *Inside Straight* and *Grounds For Marriage*. *A Life of Her Own* was a bad picture for Lana Turner but good for Barry. He has the spark of sex, and women love him. Enough said.

To those four of a kind add Keefe Bras-selle, fiery Lloyd Bridges (*The Sound of Fury*) and nimble footed Gene Nelson. And don't forget Frank Lovejoy of *Home of the Brave*, and *Goodbye My Fancy* or Richard Basehart, a great young actor getting his break at last in *Fourteen Hours*. Those nine youths will make nine old men move over. And that's as it should be. I'd pick Audie Murphy, too, after *The Red Badge of Courage* but the irony there is that Captain Murphy will undoubtedly join his Texas regiment just as Hollywood makes that hero, at long last, a major star.

THERE is no wonder girl to match Marlon Brando; in fact, 1951's women are weaker (natch) than the men. But not too weak to snatch some picture plums from their senior sisters.

Patricia Neal with *The Breaking Point* and *Three Secrets* both starring her, heads my list of Favored Fillies for Fifty-One. Jerry Wald, a producer whose judgment I respect, told me, "If that girl ever gets a dramatic part worthy of her talent—watch out!" I agree. What's more, I think just that will happen to Pat this coming year.

Janet Leigh is set to cash in in '51. That's when Howard Hughes' pet project *Jet Pilot* comes out at last starring Janet, and that's when Janet's first musical *Two Tickets to Broadway* also breaks. Watch her shoot to the skies.

Sally Forrest, a fine little actress and dancer too, will follow *Mystery Street* and *Excuse My Dust* with important pictures at MGM to match her zooming popularity. If Judy Holliday—who doesn't like Hollywood—can make herself a star with one picture a year, she will. *Born Yesterday* has the whole town talking about Judy. Jan Sterling of *Caged* will have her '51 Ace in the Hole with Kirk Douglas in the picture of the same name, and I think she'll take the jackpot. *The Philippines* should do as much to boost Michelline Prella as it does to bring back Ty Power. Marge Champion and brother Gower—will be the new Fred and Adele Astaire of the dance after *Showboat*. They're terrific. Mala Powers, Peggy Dow, Barbara Bates and Nancy Olson have their lucky numbers up, too—but they won't be Academy winners or anything like that—not for a good many years. And let me get that prediction off my chest right now—and with it a bow to the old timers who feel these hot young breaths down their necks:

Bette Davis' smashing comeback will win her third Oscar for *All About Eve*. If it doesn't, the award is a mockery. Bette's searching study of an actress in that great picture (which could win the production Oscar, too) is not only the masterpiece of her career, but one of the great Hollywood performances of all time. Oscars are won on scenes, and the scene where Bette realizes what she really is beneath her artificial fame is beyond technique; it breaks your heart. She has no rival—al-

though look for Anne Baxter (in the same picture) Barbara Stanwyck (*The Furies*) Gertrude Lawrence and Jane Wyman (*The Glass Menagerie*) and Gloria Swanson (*Sunset Boulevard*) to win nominations. If Gloria wins, sentiment will play a part.

Jimmy Stewart is my choice for the best actor of the year. Jimmy's screen job of the lovable lush and his rabbit in *Harvey* matched Frank Fay's on Broadway. However, he'll be closely pressed by Marlon Brando for *The Men*—the only young performance of Academy calibre. And don't forget Edmund Gwenn for *Mister 880*—that's worth it, too. I don't believe Hollywood will bow to the late Walter Huston for his work in *The Furies*, although sentiment could work that, too, and it was masterly. But I'm still picking Jimmy to earn his second gold paperweight.

Now what about the pictures that may turn out to be Academy winners for next year? In these tragic times Hollywood must reach the human heart, lift up and entertain, get back to grass roots for its stories, drama and emotions—and it will because that's what the public wants. Already Liz Taylor and Spencer Tracy are making *Father's Little Dividend* to follow *Father of the Bride*, which cleaned up. *Born Yesterday*, a fun fest, will be a big picture of 1951. So will *The Mudlark*—a ragged urchin and a queen—which made Darryl Zanuck weep every time he saw it. Gene Kelly in *An American in Paris* with

WAS MY FACE RED!

The only rival Red Skelton has to his children's affection is his Buick station wagon. One day Red took the kids to a studio showing of "The Yellow Cab Man." Proudly, he watched them laugh in the right places. After two thirds of the way through the picture, there was a scene where cars of all kinds converge in a hilariously confused scene. When that ended, his daughter stood up, saying, "Let's go, the cars are over."

—Kolma Flake

ballot to Gershwin's music. The glorious tunes and Southern glamor of *Showboat*. Cecil B. DeMille's circus epic, *The Greatest Show On Earth*. *Quo Vadis*—a spectacle which I hope is beautiful and not a big bore. And there'll be Technicolor musicals as long as stars sing and dance, as long as Betty Grable and girls with legs like hers hold out.

There'll be serious, searching pictures too, but tied to the real warp and woof of life. *Sister Carrie* with Sir Laurence Olivier and Jennifer Jones. *A Place in the Sun* with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift. *A Streetcar Named Desire* with wonderful Vivien Leigh back again and Marlon Brando. The epic westerns will keep roaring—they're timeless—and they always win. You'll see more science adventure on film like the Buck Rogers hits of '51—*Rocketship X* and *Destination Moon*. The most hush-hush picture shooting in Hollywood right now is Howard Hawks' mysterious *The Thing*.

YOU'LL pay more to see these pictures—inflation and the defense boom. But the same shot in the arm will help cure Hollywood's box-office miseries. Stars will troop back from abroad—the frozen money there is about used up. Stars will move out of big houses into little ones—if they can find them. They're not afraid of atom bombs, but they are of taxes. Stars will seek the comforting old fads and fashions, try to bring back the good old days. As they brought back square dancing and then the

Charleston in '50, I predict waltzes may be the rage in '51. Stars will hug their hearths more and they'll go to church: Stars will be like everyone else in this America of ours, sobered, scared, and—if they've got the sense I think they have—determined to get their liberties and independence back again.

One movieland bugaboo has faded and another flared. Television is no longer a scary, veiled threat for Hollywood stars. It's familiar—and a future opportunity for every star. When things are right, Hollywood, where the talent and producing knowhow lies, will step in and take over that booming baby of show business. But that's not yet, Nanette—for three good reasons. One, there's no coaxial cable to California, and won't be in 1951 so the audience is still too small for screen stars to play for. Therefore, two, there's not enough money in it for them. And three, no foolproof way has been found for you—the audience—to pay to see them play in your own front room. I can easily predict that you won't be seeing the big ones there—not next year.

But war is something else. It can happen overnight and it can strip Hollywood overnight of the young talent it so badly needs. Tony Curtis, Farley Granger, John Agar—almost every promising young actor you can name will see service if full-dress war occurs, and maybe, if it doesn't. Some older veterans of the last scrap will see service, too—like Glenn Ford, Ty Power, Gene Kelly, and a hundred more. War can change the lives of every star in town.

That war is in the laps of the gods—but there's another war, a private, personal, and important battle that rests in the lap of one particular Hollywood star. In 1951 she will win it, or lose it forever. To me, in a way, it's the most important single star question to be answered next year. Because, to me, Judy Garland is not only one of the greatest talents ever developed by Hollywood, but her tragic 1950 struggle symbolizes the tortured soul of Hollywood. She incarnates its burning ambition—and the bitter price—which are Hollywood's Heaven and Hell.

Hollywood alone made Judy Garland great and Hollywood has almost destroyed her. She has been cast adrift by the studio which fathered her career and there are no adoption offers. Right now the future of that career and of her very life teeters in the balance. She is by no means well—as her doctors say she is. She needs loving care, understanding, encouragement, and loyal friends—a large order.

I know that if Judy gets the right encouragement she can come through. Ethel Barrymore caught her hurrying away from an MGM stage like a frightened deer one day last year. "Why, Judy," she said, "what's the matter? Why aren't you going in there to work?"

"I can't," she answered. "I'm afraid to." Ethel took her shoulder and lifted her chin. "You—afraid?" she asked, as only a Barrymore can ask it. "Why, you're the greatest performer Hollywood has ever produced. You're Judy Garland! Now, I want you to go back in there and knock 'em dead!"

And Judy went back. And Judy did. I'd like to say that myself to Judy Garland as this crucial year dawns for her. "Go back in there—knock 'em dead." And I'd like every friend she has in this wide world to say the same. I don't care, myself, if every New Year's prediction I've made bounces back and blacks my eyes—if only this one will come true: If only Judy Garland can come back to work, rested, refreshed and in firm control of her magnificent talent. It's a fifty-fifty chance. It's touch and go. But I'm saying that in 1951 she will. THE END

if this isn't love

(Continued from page 17) but maybe that's why I've fallen for her like a ton of bricks.

"Want to know what we do on dates? We go down to the beach and lie on the sand, and there's none of that baloney about trying to impress each other.

"Every time I look at Janet, I see her with my heart. On the level. For me right now, she's the only one."

Tony can talk about her for hours. The only thing that stops him is mention of marriage. When you ask him if he and Janet plan marriage, a glazed look comes over his eyes. He says that he has \$1200 in the bank, that marriage is a big step, that he hasn't known Janet long. He's sensible enough to realize that his emotions might subside.

"About marriage," he says, "that's too early. Who knows how I'll make out in Hollywood. If I'm no good, maybe they'll give me back to the Indians.

"Janet, on the other hand—she's an established star. I don't know how many pictures she's been in—twelve or fifteen or or twenty. But she's a star. You know what happens when a husband has to play second fiddle to a wife. Usually winds up in a divorce. None of that for me.

"Of course, I'm sure right now. But I'm young and Janet's young. Things change, we have to see what happens in the future.

"All I can say is that I'm in love with Janet Leigh. At least, I think it's love, because I've never felt this way before."

Each time Tony dates Janet, he brings her a gift—a nosegay, a charm bracelet, a little vase—nothing very expensive, because he doesn't have much money. But he never shows up at her house empty-handed. "I just want her to know that I'm thinking of her."

By now Janet knows that Tony has placed his heart on a platter. But whether or not she will accept it, she doesn't say.

DESPITE her girlish appearance Janet Leigh is a woman of the world. Twice married before she was twenty-one, she knows men well. Essentially, however, she is sweet, kind and thoughtful, unembittered by two marital failures, and sure in her heart that her third will be a success.

She made a mistake in tactics when she began going steadily with Arthur Loew, Jr. The assumption was that these two were engaged, and when a betrothal did not materialize, Janet was out in the cold. For a few fast weeks she had no male escorts at all. All the eligible bachelors had been convinced that Janet was Arthur Loew property.

Janet is determined not to make the same error with Tony. Should this friendship fail to materialize into something fruitful, she wants to make certain that she will still have a coterie of male admirers.

She isn't exactly playing Tony Curtis of Hollywood off against Bob Quarrie of New York, but at the same time she is not coming right out as Tony has and saying, "Yes, Tony is the boy for me."

She will not deny that she is extremely fond of him, but when it comes to a confession of love, she is keeping that a secret.

Whether or not the flame of his love will burn long and lastingly, whether this is real and not the wild infatuation of a boy who has never known love before—no man knows.

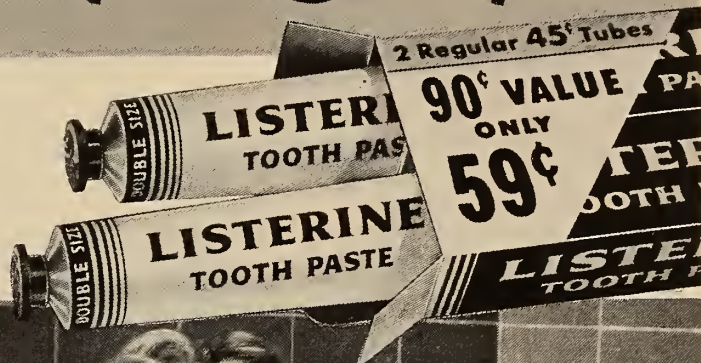
At this point in Hollywood, however, everyone recognizes the attraction between Tony and Janet as the town's sweetest, nicest, most youthful love affair.

It's the kind of boy-meets-girl friendship that makes every man and woman over the age of thirty wish they were young again.

THE END

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what now, frankie boy?

(Continued from page 39) third said they were \$50,000 worth of pearls that came from the estate of some dead chorus girl. A lot of bunk! Frank gave her a diamond necklace. I don't know exactly, but I think it cost seven and a half thousand dollars.

"But as I said, money means nothing to Frank when he's in love. He's a guy who started with nothing. Used to pick up and cash in empty bottles for the deposit dough in Hoboken. He doesn't want money. He wants happiness.

"When he's with Ava, he's happy. It's as simple as that."

FRANK and Ava have both loved before and lost. Both of them have worked long and hard for the success they've achieved. But success, until they met, brought them little happiness.

The sad truth about Frank's marriage to Nancy is that it was a failure years before he ever met Ava Gardner. Ava had absolutely nothing to do with the Sinatra marital discord.

What happened between Nancy and Frank happens to couples everywhere.

Nancy realized last year that their interests lay farther and farther apart. She tried to enroll at the University of California for some extension courses in art and music appreciation. But by then it was too late. Frank had fallen out of love with her. They seemed to have nothing in common but the past, and somehow, memories aren't enough to hold a marriage together. Only faith in the future can do that.

When Nancy learned that Frank was determined to have his freedom, that further reconciliations were impossible, she agreed to a legal separation.

Whether she did this because divorce is forbidden by her religion or because she thought Frank would one day return to her, only Nancy knows.

"When no one wants him any more," she once said, "I'll take him back."

Frank hasn't been having much fun lately.

He's been working like a dog on his television show—television is much more strenuous for an actor than movies—and he's unhappy because Ava's in Hollywood.

He misses his children, and he also misses Hollywood. He isn't saying so—as a matter of fact, he won't even publicly acknowledge that there is anything at all between him and Ava—but in his heart, Frank would like to return to Hollywood and make motion pictures.

He feels that his potential was never fully realized on the screen. He enjoyed his feature roles and comedy parts, but

wishes he'd had a chance to exhibit his talent for serious acting in roles of wider range.

The official reason Frank left MGM, is that he wanted his television rights. When the studio wouldn't grant them, he applied for his release. MGM agreed to let him go.

Recently, Red Skelton, when his MGM contract came up for renewal, made the same demands. Skelton was given the right to perform on TV.

You can't get anyone to talk about it officially, but unofficially it is well-known that the MGM front office was more than a little ruffled about Frank's attachment to Ava Gardner and vice versa.

It is no secret, for example, that Ava was put on the carpet by studio officials who told her that she was making herself unpopular by continuing to see Frank. It was strongly suggested to Ava that she stop seeing him.

It is characteristic of Ava that she immediately made her stand definite and her intentions plain.

"Frank Sinatra," she said, "is a man who is legally separated. In the eyes of the law, in the eyes of the State, and what is most important to me, in the eyes of God, he is free and unattached.

"Because he is legally separated, does that mean that for the rest of his natural life he can never again go out with any woman? Because he is legally free, does that mean I can't see him?"

Hollywood is the only place in the world where they put beautiful frames in pictures.—Kirk Douglas as quoted by Irving Hoffman in *The Hollywood Reporter*.

"Who am I harming by seeing Frank? Do I harm him? Do I harm myself? Do I harm the public? I refuse to believe that the American public will penalize me because I like Frank Sinatra's company.

"Is this the first time in the history of the world that an actor has been divorced or legally separated? I had nothing to do with the separation. I've been married twice myself. I would sooner cut off my right arm than interfere in any marriage, because I've had interference in marriages of my own, and I know what that can do to a wife.

"I like Frank, and I value his friendship, and I don't intend to give it up. All of us are entitled to a little happiness in life, especially if we do no harm. Tell me, what's wrong with my thinking?"

The stocky, little grey-haired man to whom Ava had been talking, this very

powerful motion picture magnate rose from his seat.

"There is nothing wrong with your thinking," he explained. "I want you to have all the happiness in the world, Ava. I just don't want you to have its hurt."

Ava, of course, knows what hurt is. Mickey Rooney hurt her. Artie Shaw hurt her. What now will be the end result of her friendship with Sinatra?

The love affair under the present circumstances cannot possibly end in marriage. Because Nancy Sinatra will not, at this time anyway, grant Frank a divorce.

Sinatra is paying Nancy one-third of his income, approximately \$18,000 a month for the support of his children. In addition, she owns outright their Holmby Hills residence and a new Cadillac.

Needless to say, she lacks nothing materially under this setup. She is sought after as a guest, friend, and social acquaintance. "I think," a friend of hers recently pointed out, "that she's really one of the luckiest women in the world. Marriage to Frank has never been a bowl of cherries. He was always her biggest worry. And now, she's gotten rid of him. She'll never lack for friends. She's always been one of the most popular women in Hollywood among men and women."

As for Ava, few men in Hollywood will dare ask her for a date. They know how she feels about Frank, and they know how Frank feels about her. As a result, she dines with her sister, Bappie, or goes out with her business manager, Benton Cole.

"Where will it end?" That's the question everyone asks of Ava. "What now, little chick? If this Sinatra guy can't marry you, aren't you wasting your time? Isn't this whole affair destined to fade into nothingness?"

Ava strolls about her living room, and there over the sofa hangs the painting of New York, a picture painted by Sinatra himself. Looking at it, she, too, may wonder what will become of it all.

A reporter who asked her if she ever intended to marry Frank, was startled when she said, "No, I don't think so. Eventually, I think I'll wind up marrying some man who isn't in show business, and having five or six kids. That's what I really want. I've married two men in show business, and I can tell you they don't make very good husbands."

Ava knows the score all right. She knows exactly what her chances of happiness with Frank are. But somehow, Ava cannot resist love.

Ever since she flowered into maturity, a beautiful and provocative woman, she has let her heart rule her head. In her sense of values, love comes first.

THE END

he might have been my son

(Continued from page 26) Sunday. Well, I had me a pal then. We were "Dare" and "Russ." He tagged after me and my movie camera until it came time to quit for the day. Then he solemnly reminded me of my promise to take him out to the ranch, so I asked his mother about it. She said she'd be grateful because he'd missed the companionship of men since she and his father had been divorced a year before.

So the next Sunday he was making a big hit with my folks. With me, too. Seeing the treasures of ranch life through his young eyes was really fine. But when I dropped him off at his home back in Hollywood that evening I didn't dream I'd be taking him on hunting and camping trips, that I'd come close to killing him some day, and that someday he'd be John Derek, the movie star.

For a time I almost lost track of him. Being a cameraman I was pretty busy getting a reputation. And being a bachelor I guess I was more interested in the big girls than in little boys.

Two things conspired to change that. My mother kept asking me about him and I kept promising I'd look him up again. And suddenly my hunting and camping pals began bringing their sons along on trips.

All in all, a couple of years had passed by that time and he was in military school, but he hadn't forgotten me. His welcome made me a little ashamed I'd not come around sooner. He was exceptionally handsome. He looked like the idealized young military school student in an advertisement. Too perfect. When he changed into levis, he looked a little more natural to me.

Down at the ranch, I handed him a 22 rifle and jokingly suggested he hit a fly-

ing crow, knowing that's difficult for anyone, and almost impossible for a novice. But that eight-year-old kid blasted my grown-up smugness and the crow. Brought them down on the first shot! At the moment I thought it was pure luck. His other shots proved me wrong. Modestly he explained they were pretty good at school about teaching them to shoot. Inwardly I began to chuckle, thinking how I could whittle down some of the bragging fathers I knew. Well, that was the real start of our long friendship.

Before the day was over, I realized my little friend was a kid who had to be tough because he was mighty handsome and because he didn't have his dad around to help him be tough enough.

There was the business about the fellows who called him a sissy. I remembered my own impression that he looked just too perfect. He'd been in a few fights already and he hadn't won every time. I

decided to set about teaching him what fine points I knew about fighting. I went overboard to the point where the teacher at his school advised me to teach him something else because he was piling into anyone who so much as looked cross-eyed at him. Well, I had to say a good piece to him. Thinking it over awhile I finally came up with, "Now you've proved you can fight, be sure any fight's worthwhile. Never turn a joke into a fight. If there's the slightest chance the other fellow's kidding, just take it that way. If he's serious, still give him a break. Warn him you're a trained fighter. If he still asks for it, then let him have it and fight to win. You're a kid who can't afford to lose."

He didn't lose his belligerence about his looks as I found out one day when I acquired a fine new Graflex camera. I was eager to get the picture of the boy who looked like the ideal military school student. I wouldn't let him change into other clothes in the car as he'd gotten into the habit of doing. I finally found the perfect background for the shot—a wonderful old stone wall. He got out and stood by the wall obediently for just a moment, but before I could get my shot he started crying and backing away. Said it was a sissy picture. I had to give him a spank across the britches and tell him not to be so sensitive, before he'd let me take it. It didn't turn out to be the picture I'd hoped for. He was glowering at me. Anyway, that's the last time I saw him cry.

It wasn't long after that when he saw a picture of a really good skating act. He set out to be a good skater. He reached the point where he was practicing rolling even over rough, vacant lots. One day I'd just driven up when he tried that, fell and cut himself clear across the bottom of his knee so deeply you could see the cartilage. I rushed him to an emergency hospital, the blood streaming. It took twelve stitches to sew his leg up. Finally, with relief in his soft voice, he said, "I hurt myself but I didn't cry."

Nor did he cry the time I almost killed him. But I almost cried then. He was about twelve and he was beginning to handle a 20 gauge shotgun pretty well, so I decided to take him along on a duck hunt down at the Salton Sea. We were in a boat in a shallow part of the sea when I brought down two ducks in two lucky shots. My birds fell onto a slough beside us. I knew I was too heavy to try to walk over the crust, but I was sure Dare was light enough. Just as he got to where they lay, he suddenly sank into the mud and slime clear up to his shoulders. I don't remember how I managed to drag him out. I remember only the horror of seeing him sinking faster and faster with the ducks in his arms. Back in the boat, both of us coated in mud from head to foot, he started laughing, saying it was fun! Before long I realized he hadn't been frightened because he thought I could do anything.

Luckily, anything he called on me to do I managed to do although I had some close shaves. Like the time someone gave him a tall, mean, jug-headed pinto and he took four or five kids down to the corral to see it. It was one of those horses it takes about three days to catch even in a corral. By the time I happened to drive up, he'd knocked himself out trying to catch his horse. I stopped and watched a few moments before he spotted me. My knees got a little weak as I heard him shout to the other kids that I'd show him how to catch the horse right away. With no real assurance, I took his lariat and tied a huge loop into it. Then I gave it back telling him to get the horse going around the corral, and (Continued on page 74)

THAT PICTURE WAS GOOD,
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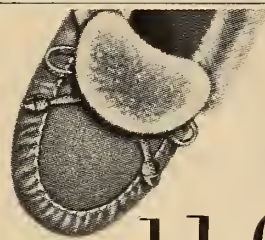


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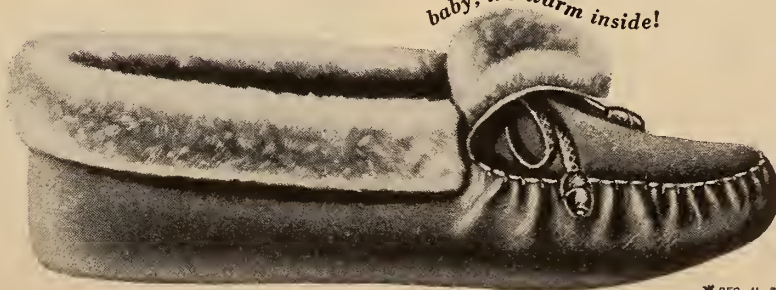
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tell it to joan

by joan evans



There's magic in good manners . . .
for winning dates and influencing parents.

THE older I get—and I'm now at the ripe old age of sixteen—the more I believe that having just plain old fashioned good manners is better than being popular with boys or being beautiful or having lots of money. All of those things are nice but, honestly, it seems to me that manners are more important.

Before I go on to tell you how I feel, I have to confess that I've forgotten my manners many times. And when I say "manners" I don't mean just remembering to say "please" and "thank you" and writing a nice note when someone sends you a present. So to the hundreds of kids who have written this month to ask, "Shouldn't your date walk you to the door?" or "Should you always ask your boy friend to meet your parents?" or "I get confused when I introduce people"—to these kids I want to say that although these things are important, it's bigger than that. Let me give you myself as the horrible example.

It was a Sunday. I had gone out with a bunch of kids to a swimming party followed by an early buffet supper. My mother and father had gone to a friend's house and my date was to drop me at their friends and they would bring me home.

Well, my party was a mess. It was just one of those times when nothing jelled. I work so darned hard six days a week that when a Sunday goes wrong I feel that I've been cheated out of recreation I should have. So, angry and cross, I came into the room where I found my parents and their friends, and I began to tell all about the bad time I had had. My father tried to shift the conversation back to where it was before I came in. But I wasn't interested. I didn't even stop to think that I had interrupted their conversation.

When we left my father said, "Joan, if you ever pull a trick like that again, I'm

not going to wait until we get in the car to tell you how rude you were. I'm going to say it in front of everybody, and it will be embarrassing to the others and to you and to me."

Then my mother said, "There is something you should always remember when you're with people. Before you open your mouth you should ask yourself, 'Is what I'm about to say going to be interesting to others?'"

I'll never forget that—I hope. Unless what you say will interest, entertain or amuse—then why say it? The exception, of course, is when you're talking to an intimate friend and ask for advice or help.

I LEARNED, the hard way, that the basis of all good manners is consideration of other people.

You can even break rules if following the rule makes people uncomfortable. One of the rules everyone learns when he's a kid is that he should not walk between two people who are facing each other. That's fine, and all etiquette is made for a purpose. The purpose of this rule is not to make the two people talking bob their heads around as you pass. But if you have to practically climb over the backs of chairs and disarrange a room in order to avoid crossing between people then this is more annoying than a quick cross.

Another example. We all know that a boy is supposed to hold a door open for a girl and that any young person holds a door open for an older person. But suppose you have opened it and the darn thing slips out of your hands. It is much easier—saves time and trouble—if you dash ahead and hold it open from the other side.

Also it's the rule that you rise when an older person enters the room. But if you're wedged in a corner and if, by standing, you

have to move a piece of furniture or run the risk of knocking something over—then it is much better to stay seated.

In other words, you don't need to memorize Emily Post to have good manners. All you have to do is to ask yourself, "Am I making others uncomfortable? Am I boring others?" If the answer is "Yes" then you'd better change your ways. I know I'll never forget the bawling out my parents gave me about just this. And I'm glad I won't.

I HAVE another reason, besides all the questions I've had on the subject, for writing about teen-age manners this month. I was on a personal appearance tour all summer and into the fall. For the most part the kids were swell. When I'd come out of the theater there they'd be with their autograph books and their cameras. It was a great big thrill for me. I like people. I like to talk to people and I like to have my picture taken. And, besides, I'm so new at being in the movies, that it tickles me pink to think that anybody really wants my autograph. So, unless I had to dash off to do a radio or television show or, as happened in Portland, Oregon, do four different theaters in one night, I liked to hang around the theater and talk to the kids.

We were all about the same age, and I sincerely wanted to know how they enjoyed *Our Very Own* and *Edge of Doom*—the pictures I was publicizing. I wanted to know what they thought about a lot of things. I felt like one of a gang and I loved it.

But then something happened in Denver that made me sick all over. Farley Granger and I worked on the stage together for the first time, to do our little ad lib act. When we came on, Farley had his arm around my shoulders. Well, the kids in the audience began to scream, "Don't put your arm around her. Put your arms around me." And when the act was over and we got outside they climbed up on the car trying to get to Farley. They smashed in the top. They tried to tear his ring off and his wrist watch. I was knocked down in the rush.

When I got back to the hotel with my teacher I was shaking, not only because I was frightened but because I was so mad that this hysteria—and there's no other word for it—could make perfectly nice kids behave so badly. I don't think anybody—actors or not—should have to go through what Farley and I did. Those kids were just rude!

If you remember that "politeness is to do and to say the kindest thing in the kindest way" and if you remember that all rules can be broken IF it makes the other person more comfortable—here are some rules you should try to follow.

WHEN a boy and girl are going into a restaurant together, the boy holds the door open and the girl follows the waiter, going first into the place. Same goes for a theater. The girl follows the usher. A boy opens the car door for a girl while standing on the outside and then goes around to the driver's seat. In giving an order in a restaurant it used to be that the girl told the boy what she wanted, and he told the waiter. This seems silly now and most people don't obey this rule. A girl

can tell the waiter directly.

It's rude for a girl not to be ready when the boy calls for her on a date. She should have her coat out when he arrives. If he's a new boy she should introduce him to her parents and then say, "Well, I think we should go now." And then she should ask her parents, "What time should we be home?"

It is just as rude for the boy to keep a girl waiting. Being late isn't smart and it makes the other person uncomfortable. In fact, everything about good manners goes back to plain decency and consideration.

Here are some letters on different subjects:

"Dear Joan: Do you think a twenty-year-old sister or your mother should open a fifteen-year-old girl's mail?—R. I., Chester, Pa."

If there's one thing in the world that everybody needs, it is a little privacy. Nobody has a right to open another person's mail, no matter how close the relationship or what the age difference. With one exception! If your parents think you're receiving letters that you should not be receiving, the only way they can protect you is to see what's in them. But that's the only exception.

"Dear Joan: During the summer I met a girl whom I liked very much, only she lives in Long Island. What is the best way I can get to know her when I only see her in the summer?—A. B., Cambridge, Mass."

You can certainly write her during the winter. This is a swell way to get to know a person. I know a boy who lives in New York whom I hadn't seen for two years, until recently. And honestly, carrying on a correspondence with him for those two years let me know him much better than if I could have seen him all the time. When you and this girl meet again this summer you'll have so much to talk about.

"Dear Joan: A boy I liked got fresh with me and made me cry. I said I didn't want to see him but our parents are acquainted, belong to the same church. If I don't speak to him they will suspect something. Please advise me.—A. H., Buffalo, N. Y."

Can't you talk to the boy and tell him how awkward the whole situation is for you? Has he, by the way, apologized? If he has and if he seems really sorry perhaps you would feel like giving him another chance, putting him sort of on probation until he proves that he won't get fresh again. If you don't want to do this then you should explain the situation to your mother. You know how I feel—that there's almost nothing that can't be settled by the people involved sitting down together and talking the problem over.

"Dear Joan: Your skin always looks so clear and smooth. How about tipping us poor gals on how you do it?—E. S. Detroit, Mich."

Well, thanks, for the nice compliment. I have to work hard, particularly in California where

the climate is so dry, to keep my skin fairly smooth. What I do is to scrub my face with soap and water and a complexion brush night and morning. At night I plaster my face with baby oil. And whenever I have any free time or am doing homework I keep baby oil on it. The important thing for us teen-agers is to keep our faces super clean. Oil makes skin smooth.

"Dear Miss Evans: I am fourteen and have a terrible disposition. My mother says this and so do my aunt and my cousin. I try to be nice but I can't. My mother gives me any old question to answer and I can't seem to give a decent answer. Can you tell me how I can be nicer to everybody?—S. B., Chicago, Ill."

It is simply wonderful that you admit you have a bad disposition and want to do better. That's the biggest step in solving your problem. You know that line from Shakespeare, "Assume a virtue if you have it not?" Pretend you have a good disposition. Act the part and all of a sudden you'll find you're not pretending any longer.

I had a very high temper which I had to conquer, and I did a couple of old, seemingly corny things that were helpful. When your mother asks you "any old question," don't answer immediately. Count off five in your mind and think out what you're going to say, giving a nice answer instead of a sharp one. Then keep a note book and every time you show your bad disposition give yourself an X and when you're nice make a check mark. The fact that you have to put down the X's is good. When you see the checks outnumbering them you'll know you're on your way to conquering a big personality problem.

And that winds up another page. I'd like to tell you that I'm so grateful to you for writing and I wish to goodness I could answer every letter personally but it just isn't humanly possible. I try to pick the most interesting and most typical letters every month.

Bye now. See you next month. And Happy New Year.

Editor's note: Do you have a teenager problem? If so, tell it to Joan. Write to Joan Evans, 1416 Queens Road, West Hollywood, California.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I sat at the side of the pool in Banff National Park, Alberta, and watched some people doing fancy strokes and dives. One of them came over and sat beside me. When he asked me if I could swim, I said no, so he showed me the crawl stroke. I tried it and practiced a while. Later the desk clerk asked me if I knew who'd been instructing me. I didn't. So he told me—Errol Flynn.

Annie Nohorchka
Calgary, Alberta, Canada



Don't be HALF-SAFE

by VALDA SHERMAN



Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you mature. Now, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a new type of perspiration containing milky substances which will — if they reach your dress — cause ugly stains and clinging odor.

You'll face this problem throughout womanhood. It's not enough merely to stop the odor of this perspiration. You must now use a deodorant that stops the perspiration itself before it reaches — and ruins — your clothes.

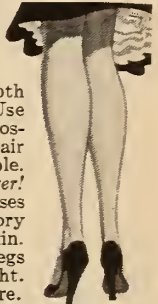
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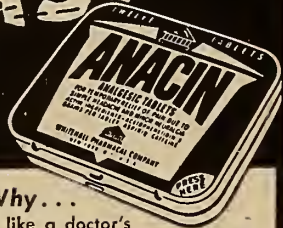
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he might have been my son

(Continued from page 71) drop the loop in front of it so it'd run into the noose.

"Why, of course. Why didn't I think of that," he shouted and rushed off. Dog-goned if it didn't work and save my reputation. It was about that time I wakened to the fact he was turning into an excellent horseman.

By the time he was 17, when talent scouts began to notice him, he was painting very well and had his heart set on being a cameraman. When D. O. Selznick offered him that first contract he wasn't as enthusiastic as most fellows would have been. Selznick had nothing specific in mind for him, promising simply to groom and pay him. Dare felt it was a waste of time. I didn't. I told him I thought it was fine because Selznick had a reputation of really teaching his young players something and of developing them. After he thought it over, he accepted the offer.

Of course before he could be cast in a picture, he was drafted. The day he came to see me about that I could tell he had something special on his mind.

On his mind was the fact the army wasn't using him in the infantry but had given him an opportunity to select a specialized field for training.

Quickly I said, "Get into aviation."

"No," he said quietly but firmly. "Takes too long to get overseas that way. Quickest way's with the paratroopers."

He listened respectfully to my arguments but he got overseas the quickest way. Into the fight in the Philippines. Into the occupation of Japan.

When he came back, he was definitely grown up. He knew more about what he wanted from life. When 20th Century-Fox offered him a contract, he buckled down and worked. He found good friends among the other players—particularly one named Patti Behrs.

He didn't ask my advice about her. Long before when he had come to me for advice about girls I'd balked. I'd told him, "This one you have to figure out for yourself. You're the one who's there, not me. I can't operate the way you do nor you the way I do when it comes to girls."

So he figured Patti out all by himself. And as soon as he moved over to Columbia where he got his big break in *Knock On Any Door*, he married her.

I heartily approve except for one small item. Patti's a mean woman. She won't give me the recipe for those thin, thin flannel pancakes she tosses off so easily. She says if she did I'd just settle down on my new ranch to make and eat them instead of coming around to get them. She

needn't worry about that. Not when she can whip up those French dishes.

Nor as long as she and Dare insist on retaining custody of my godson, Russell Andre Derek. When I left for Alaska on location for Howard Hawks' *The Big Sky*, I was pretty worried. As everyone probably knows, the baby had a tough start in life. A start which nearly had Dare crying again after all these years.

But when I came back and dropped in on them, it was quite different. I called out, "Hi, you all," as usual.

"Hi, hurry closer," Dare called. "Baby's talking already!"

As I came closer, the baby gurgled. "Oh, he didn't say anything," I snorted disapprovingly.

"He certainly did. He asked, 'How was Alaska, Godpop?'" Dare interpreted.

"Rugged and..." Their laughter stopped me. I'd swallowed the bait.

I joined their laughter. Under Dare's gaiety was a deeper and stronger toughness than I'd ever heard before. A good, solid kind. And I thought to myself, "Why not? He's contributed new life to the world. He's part of a real family at last."

MODERN SCREEN's editors tell me John Derek says that I'm responsible for most of the right attitudes he has.

I COULDN'T help remembering a day not long ago when I sat proudly in the audience while my eldest daughter, 12-year-old Diane, was awarded the Sportsmanship Medal for the year at her school. While she is, I believe, Olympic Championship swimming material, the medal was for attitude as well as performance. As I applauded proudly there came to my mind the face of that teacher who said angrily, "Why don't you teach him something besides fighting?" And goaded me into a saner philosophy—that of sportsmanship.

That's only one of the ways in which Dare's faith in me made me stop to figure things out more carefully.

But don't tell him I said that just yet. You see my wife, my three daughters and I have just moved into a ranch of our own. There's a lot of help I need. As soon as John Derek finishes *The Hero* at Columbia—quite a rugged picture by the way—I aim to get him down to our ranch to show me how to set tile for the swimming pool I'm building myself. Then I fancy having some Mexican murals by John Derek on the thick adobe walls of our house. Then...

Well, he may have been fryin' size when I first met him, but he's too tough to fry now. When he gives me advice—like how to feed the Angus cattle I'm getting—I don't try to fry him. I listen with respect.

THE END

life with loretta

(Continued from page 31) "Oh, yes," said Miss Garbo, warming. "Where do you live in Hollywood?"

"In Beverly Hills," I said. "On one of the streets with palm trees."

"Oh dear, how do you ever have any privacy there?" Miss Garbo asked. "How does your wife go out without being bothered?"

"I don't believe the thought ever occurred to her," I said, matter-of-factly. "You see, Loretta has lived in Hollywood since she was a little girl, and to her, it is the most delightful and natural place in the world. It's her home town, and she loves everything about it, including the bother. Why, her older sister lives on the same street two blocks away, and her

younger sister just three blocks east. I don't believe she could ever feel intruded upon, unhappy, or lonely in Hollywood: The town is too deeply intermingled with her whole life."

I FOUND that I had put into words the feeling that I had understood but vaguely when I said goodbye to Gretchen three days before. Many times since then, I have experienced innumerable fresh awakenings to the deep and personal meaning which Hollywood has for my wife. To the majority of the people who work and live in this city, it is a transient place, a brief stop-over in a career for some, a goal achieved for others. To Gretchen, it has been a way of life... an experience spanning almost all of her years.

When we were first married I, who came to Hollywood with a typical eastern

attitude, used to be surprised at many things which Gretchen would say and think and do. But that was before I even vaguely understood what it means to be the product of a movie environment. It is one thing to read, as I did, the statement in my wife's biography that she began working in motion pictures when she was six years old. And it is quite another thing to attempt to share and understand what those experiences really meant in her life. That process has been going on in our household for a number of years now, and the end is not in sight. Sometimes, it is quite a shock.

Not long ago, for instance, we borrowed an old print of *Laugh, Clown, Laugh*, which Gretchen made with Lon Chaney when she was just 13 years old. It was her first important role, and as we sat watching that jumpy, old print, it told me more than anything that Gretchen has ever said how desperately she wanted to be a movie actress when she was a little girl. The image on the screen bore very little resemblance to the woman beside me. I had to laugh a couple of times at her sheer earnestness. She had absolutely no humor about her role. Sometimes she looked serious, sometimes scared. She had a body like a boy and was made up to look like an imitation of the movie sirens of the era. But she acted the daylights out of her part.

That picture also gave me a new insight into something that columnist Dorothy Manners once told me. "When Gretchen and her sisters were just starting in pictures," she said, "everyone knew that Sally and Polly Ann would be beautiful women. But no one could guess whether Gretchen would turn into a swan or an ugly duckling. It was too soon to know."

If I had been asked to cast my vote in those days, it would have been "duckling." Gretchen looked like a starved waif in her mother's high-heeled shoes after an irre-

sponsible session with a lipstick. But I am told that the change came quickly, and when it did, there was no further doubt about her beauty.

I HAVE often marveled at the genuinely warm-hearted regard which Gretchen feels for the movie industry. To be sure, it has been good to her, given her an exciting career, money, the affection of countless moviegoers who like her work on the screen. But it has taken years for me to understand how good, how abundantly good, Hollywood has been to her, even when she was a naive, impulsive, and ambitious child trying to speed to stardom.

I learned a great deal about how good on the night that we stood in the lobby of Cathay Circle, after a preview, looking at a window exhibit of stills from old movies, including some of Gretchen's own.

"Hollywood must have been wonderful in the old days," I said.

"It was," she told me. "I can remember when I came to my first premiere. It was here, at Cathay Circle, and I was feeling very proud because I had just signed my very first contract. I dressed up elegantly, and was on top of the world. When I saw the picture, *Seventh Heaven*, I could hardly wait until the next day because I knew so definitely the kind of role I wanted to play. I sat in my producer's reception room an hour, waiting to see him and tell him that I wanted to do a picture just like the one I'd seen Janet Gaynor do.

"He didn't laugh at me. Instead, he led me out of his office, holding my hand, and said, 'Gretchen, we'll do our best to find you a story like *Seventh Heaven*.'"

"It wasn't until months later that I knew that every studio in town was looking for a story property like *Seventh Heaven*. Today, I never see that man without thinking about the tender way he let me down from my enthusiasm. He could have crushed me

with one cynical word. But he didn't, and I'll always remember him for it."

Some people are attracted to the movie capital because of its glamour and unreality. To Gretchen, Hollywood has always meant work. Her mother has told me that she did not realize that stars were supposed to be glamorous until she read it in a movie magazine, long after she was an established star. Then she became glamorous because she realized it was her duty.

Gretchen's concentration on work—on acting, that is—has given her a very clear-cut idea about the difference between laziness and energy conservation. Early in our marriage, I couldn't understand why she never exercised . . . played tennis or golf, or rode horseback. She is so opposed to exercise that I am convinced she would not walk across the living room if she could get a ride. Yet she will work very hard at ballet if she is to dance in a picture, and she would ride a horse headlong down a cliff to get an exciting scene on film. But exercise, just to be exercising—no! It has no purpose, and things must have a purpose to play an important role in her life.

Frequently, as a joke, she will ask me, "Tom, why did you go to college?"

"To get an education," I reply.

"A waste of time," she will say. "People should go to school to learn something to help them earn a living. Now our children are going to school . . . the best school . . . to learn something useful. But not to your school."

I will never win that argument. Nor did I do so well the day I mentioned to Gretchen that an actress I had met always made out the menus for her household, wrote out a daily list of chores for the maid, and supervised all her purchases.

"You know, I did a picture with her once," Gretchen replied, with a twinkle. "She was always forgetting her lines and

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it tied up the whole cast while she learned them. Now really, why should I write out a menu for the cook when she knows how to cook a hundred times better than I do? It's simply silly."

For the same reason, Gretchen could never be a successful club-woman, or even an unsuccessful club-woman, for that matter. I think she would run like an antelope from Robert's Rules of Parliamentary Procedure. Yet I have always been amused that she became the sponsor and first president of St. Anne's Foundation without once realizing the responsibility she was assuming. It sort of sneaked up on her. But once Gretchen became aware of the plight of the unmarried mothers whom the Foundation cares for, she became a demon of efficiency.

"If we can improve the situation for the girls at St. Anne's," she told me, "surely it will help the world a little bit."

WHENEVER Gretchen decides that a cause is valid and purposeful, she acts directly, and even bluntly. I discovered this myself on the day we first met. While I was still associated with Young and Rubicam, I was given the job of producing a series of half-hour dramatic shows which hinged on obtaining the free services of the top stars as their contribution to the Motion Picture Relief Fund Home. One of the first stars the committee took me to see was Loretta Young. I remember that she sat very quietly while I outlined the weekly format of the show, proclaiming that I knew it would be the best dramatic program on the air.

"You can count on me and most of the people in Hollywood to help the Motion Picture Home, Mr. Lewis," she said. "But we actors certainly can't guarantee that the shows will be successful. That will depend entirely on the quality of the scripts. And now that that's settled, would you like some tea?"

To a large degree, it is her directness that gives Gretchen much of her appeal to our friends outside of the movie industry, for she approaches everything with a freshness and basic honesty that is rarely seen in sophisticated actresses. At first, I had some doubts that Gretchen would like my friends from New York, and that they would like her. But I remember the first night that we had dinner with my college friends, George Gallup and his wife, Ophelia. I thought that George, a college professor and statistician, would be the last

I SAW IT HAPPEN



How embarrassed we were to discover that the friendly man was Gene Autry, himself.

*Mrs. L. G. Frederick
Willow Run, Michigan*

Gene Autry's horse was making a personal appearance at a Toledo store. While we were looking on, a man standing next to us tried to start a conversation with us. Annoyed, I turned abruptly to him.

person on earth to appeal to Gretchen. But it was just like putting a hungry child in a candy shop. She spent the entire evening learning everything she could about George's work. I hardly had a chance to get a word in edgewise. Today, we both regard them as our closest friends.

Most of Gretchen's friendships are deep and enduring, and usually based upon an experience which is warmly shared. For example, Gretchen and Irene Dunne became good friends during our engagement, and it was rather revealing, I feel, how their friendship began. It was during a lavish party which Elsa Maxwell had given for a group of the reigning Hollywood beauties. During dinner, Irene leaned across the table to say, "I've just heard about you and Tom, and I wanted to tell you that I think it will be an ideal marriage." Later in the evening, while applauding an extemporaneous speech by Elsa, Irene tipped over backwards in her chair and did a complete somersault. Although she landed beautifully on her feet, it embarrassed Irene terribly, and she was quiet the rest of the evening.

Before Gretchen left the party, she made a point of talking to Irene again. "I wanted to thank you for your very sincere congratulations on our marriage," she said. "And I want to compliment you on your acrobatics. There wasn't another woman at the table, myself included, who could have done what you did without losing her dignity."

They have been fast friends ever since.

FOR more than ten years, Gretchen and I have carefully avoided the usual hazards of Hollywood marriages by keeping our personal lives and our careers clearly distinguished. This spring, when Dore Schary arranged for Gretchen to appear in the film, *Cause for Alarm*, which I produced for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, we made it clear to one another that we would not bring our work home . . . that it would end as soon as we stepped through the front door.

"Otherwise, once we start working on this picture," I told her, "we won't have any fun. If you have any problems about the picture, take them up with me at the studio over lunch."

I am happy to say that we were able to hold to that plan, with only occasional lapses. One evening, when Gretchen came home tired, she started to say that she just couldn't do a scene the way it was written. I simply put my fingers in my ears, and she understood immediately. *Cause for Alarm* rolled along with surprisingly few complications. We completed it in just 14 days, principally because we rehearsed extensively before we shot a foot of film.

"You have me at a disadvantage about one thing," Gretchen joked. "You'll always know when I'm late to the studio because you have to drive me there."

All during the course of shooting I frequently would come back to my office to find a note from Loretta Young lying on the top of my desk. I forgot to mention her notes. They have been one of the greatest delights of my life with Gretchen. She leaves them all over the house for me, under my hairbrush, in the ashtray, or propped against a lamp. "I came by to sho u my nu hairdoo. I will see u tonite. Luv," she will write, with perfect phonetic spelling. She always signs them, "Me."

We are frequently asked if we intend to continue working together as a husband-and-wife team. The answer to that is no, unless circumstances just happen to bring us together in our work. We both feel that husband-and-wife teams are unnatural and tend to place an undue stress upon career and the details of your work. Gretchen loves Hollywood and her work, and I certainly enjoy mine, but we are also very fond of our family, our personal life, and one another. After ten years of happy marriage, we are convinced that we are right about this.

THE END

reunion in italy

(Continued from page 50) with her, she meant what she said. Neither Danny, nor Captain Pete, waiter Tony, nor Amando expected her to remember her quick "I sure will," when they said, "If you see the Pope in Rome, have him bless a rosary for us." They hadn't known her very long. . . .

The T.W.A. flight to Gander was smooth and uneventful. Barbara was preoccupied with her secret process for stilling her fear of her first ocean flight and finding reassurance in the fact that Mrs. Charles Lindbergh was aboard, Paris-bound to meet her husband.

After we left Gander and its sharp, exhilarating cold, everyone settled down patiently and uncomfortably for the night.

Hours later, the monotonous hours that are part and parcel of long flights, we looked down on England. It was a neat little patchwork quilt, spread firmly on the sea. Tight and sturdy and serviceable. Then we were over France with its larger farms and more widely separated villages.

The monotony of the trip was over. We swooped down to Orly Field outside Paris. We were two hours ahead of schedule!

Members of the press and half-a-dozen photographers greeted Barbara with enthusiasm and courteously refrained from photographing Mrs. Lindbergh who quietly indicated she did not wish to be photographed. Colonel Lindbergh was waiting inside the airport and the excitement over Stanwyck provided a complete diverting of attention from the Lindberghs' meeting.

It was on the flight from Paris to Rome that Missy found her wings. We were flying over the Alps. The captain on this part of the flight was a fugitive from a sight-seeing bus, I'm sure. His steady announcements, via the plane's loud speaker, identified practically every majestic, glacier-draped peak. He gave instructions, suggestions and exposure advice to the camera-happy passengers who were clicking shutters absorbedly. Barbara was at the porthole, looking down, leaning her head against the glass. Suddenly she turned, a look of bewilderment darkening her eyes. "Get me," she commanded, "I'm looking down! I'm not afraid!" She grinned. She looked smug.

And why not? Losing a fear, a gal has a right to be pleased with herself.

OUR sight-seeing pilot circled Rome. Not once, but twice. It made a magnificent panorama, the ancient, rambling Holy City. But we were nearing a long journey's end; Bob Taylor, Missy knew, was waiting at Ciampino Airport. And Bob, more than Rome, was Missy's destination.

We landed at Ciampino—on the steel-stripped runway with which the Americans temporarily repaired the damaged airport during the war, and which has not yet been replaced by the Italians.

"Bob's thin," Barbara said sharply. How she'd seen him so quickly I'll never know. She was right. Bob was thin. Fifteen pounds thinner. His role of Marcus in *Quo Vadis* was rugged—and working day after day, month after month, in the hottest weather Rome has had in 50 years was rugged, too. But leave it to Taylor to look sensational, anyway, in a seersucker Eisenhower he had designed himself and a pair of linen slacks. His grin was one of those ear-to-ear things, and it crinkled his eyes to slits. It had been nearly four months since the Taylors had seen each other.

"Hello, Doll," he said. "Hi, Bob," she said. Then they kissed as the scores of smiling Italians applauded like mad. Flowers were thrust upon Stanwyck, great cellophane-covered bouquets, and the crowd opened a path for the Tay-lores to walk through.

Driving to the apartment Bob had taken in anticipation of her visit, Barbara became conscious of persistently tooted horns and looking back, discovered the parade. A dozen cars were trailing Bob's and in each there were two or three photographers. All grinning delightedly. At a stop-signal they drew up beside and around Bob's car, cameras levelled toward Bob and Barbara. "Keess!" they commanded. And Bob and Barbara did as they were told. Again, at the apartment entrance, the Tay-lores were surrounded, flash bulbs popped, and, "Keess, keess," they were commanded. The Taylors keessed, keessed, then the photographers were gone. Barbara was with Bob in Rome.

Bob's apartment was in one of the new buildings in the modern Monte Parioli section which has been developed since the war. These modern apartment houses huddle together with the haphazard proximity which marks all of Rome. My admiration for Bob's abnormal sense of direction was instant, constant, and oft expressed. Getting lost in Rome is normal, even for Romans, I learned. But Taylor never gets lost—not in Rome—nor when he's flying—in whatever soupy weather—anywhere over the United States.

Bob's housekeeping set-up was evidence of his perfectionist planning. Parici, the cook, sixty-five and militarily erect, erstwhile chef for the late King Victor Emanuel; Renato, the houseman, young and rigidly devoted to his duties. Paola, maid and laundress, pretty, tiny (height 4' 10"), efficient—and determined to learn English.

"Hi," said Barbara as Signora Tay-lore was presented to the smiling trio, and swung her arm in an arc as she said it. This gesture was to more than make up for her lack of Italian. It became the Stanwyck "signature" wherever she went, and it delighted the Italians who intuitively replied in kind to its informality.

After Bob had briefed us earnestly on the apartment's temperament (the uncertainty of the water supply, the capriciousness of the electricity, the control of its window shutters), after he warned us to answer the telephone with "pronto" instead of "hello," we unpacked and settled down. We were ready to find out for ourselves just what "when in Rome, do as the Romans do," really meant.

We quickly discovered we'd started off contrary to what the "Romans do." For, during the month of August, Rome is deserted. It's the hottest month of the year, and no one who can leave Rome, even for a few days, stays in town. It's not quite a ghost city but it's a skeleton populace that remains at work or in residence. The majority of shops are closed. The traffic of its small cars is reduced to a minimum. This Holy Year it was somewhat different because Rome is the destination for thousands and thousands of pilgrims from every country. The sight of these groups, the priests, the nuns and the peasants in their native costumes, never palled.

The day we went to St. Peter's was no exception.

The pilgrims moved in and out, chanting, or knelt and prayed in unison. We took the elevator to the roof of St. Peter's, then walked part way up the steep stone steps of the dome. We watched little old peasant women from northern Italy, their wrinkled, leathery faces lighted with glowing eyes, climb the seven flights of steps to the roof, and run happily toward the dome to take the long steep steps to the top! Theirs was the deep joy and energy of the dedicated pilgrim.

Barbara never tired of watching them. One late afternoon we sat and watched for hours on the wide shallow steps in front of St. Peter's.

We saw all the sights of Rome; the ancient ruins, the Vatican, the Sistine Chapel, the monuments, the statues. We went to St. Paoll's, to St. Giovanni's, to Ste. Maria's, to St. Peter's. Except on Saturday nights, dinner was at home because Bob was working. And, the heat of Rome being a 24-hour debilitating process, we learned to sit quietly after dinner, hoping, sometimes even praying, for a breeze.

Paola's language lessons proceeded under the largely pantomimic tutelage of the Taylors. Dinner over, Bob and Barbara would sit on the floor in the living room, each in possession of an English-Italian dictionary and the language lessons were on. Somehow, in the confusion, Paola learned English. Barbara, no linguist, learned to say "buon giorno" (good morning), "buona sera" (good evening). She learned to say "multo bella" (very pretty), and "multo buono" (very good). She learned to say "grazie" (thank you) and "arivederci" (until we meet again) and with her smile and her "Hi" she didn't need any other words.

Rome's one concession to punctuality is that all shops close at 1:00 p.m. It is the law. Fines are levied if a shop is caught open at 1:05. They reopen at 4:00 or at 4:15. Or maybe they don't reopen at all. The Romans lunch from 1:00 to 2:00—and sleep for two hours afterward. This Roman daily custom put Missy in a daily state of suspended enthusiasm. Eventually, she'd nibble a bit of lunch when the Romans did, although her indifference to food was a great cross for Parici to bear. After lunch, she'd sit in disciplined patience, waiting for the shops to open.

Except, of course, on the days she visited Cinecitta to watch Bob at work, or to pose for Manucci, the sculptor Bob had commissioned to do a bust of her. Going to the studio to watch Bob work was a great innovation in Missy's scheme of things. In the 11 years of their marriage she has never visited Bob when he was working. She doesn't believe a wife's place is on her husband's job. However, in Rome, Bob's sincere desire for her to visit the set broke down her "principles." And the magnitude of *Quo Vadis* made set-visiting more than visiting Bob. *Quo Vadis* had been a decade in the planning. It had taken two years of concentrated work to complete



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ The name of Gloria Swanson came up. One of the minor mysteries of Hollywood was that Gloria wasn't "doing anything in pictures." Why perhaps, we told each other, Swanson couldn't carry a picture today as the star, but she certainly would have considerable pulling power at the box office if someone could talk her into playing a strong secondary lead.—January, 1939—*Modern Screen*.

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the arrangements for its filming in Rome—to repair the bomb damaged Cinecitta, Rome's only motion picture studio, to transport the necessary modern equipment from Hollywood, to locate and secure the lions and other animals, to design and make the thousands of costumes, to build the enormous sets, including the gigantic reproduction of the Circus Maximus, etc., etc., etc! No wonder Missy broke her unbreakable rule and took a "postman's holiday" by watching Bob and Deborah Kerr, Leo Genn, and Peter Ustinov at work.

THEY weren't doing a very spectacular scene the first of her visiting days. Only shooting a section of the Circus Maximus. The principals and only 3,000 extras were working that day. It was hot. Rome-hot. The day before 132 people had fainted. On this day only three had to be revived. How Bob stood it, wearing pounds of metal armor; how Peter Ustinov, playing Nero, survived the long hours in the sun wearing the heavy velvet, ermine-bound robes becoming an Emperor, I'll never know. But Mervyn LeRoy, Bob and Peter had been working every day since May and, obviously, aside from the loss of weight and a good solid "bushed" tiredness at the day's end they seemed to be bearing up nobly.

Noble is the word for everything about *Quo Vadis*. From Bob's noble Roman mien to the proportions of the entire spectacular production. *Quo Vadis* will not be ready for release for a long time but when this magnificent Technicolor presentation of the story of the early Christians is released it will take its high place among the enduring classics of the screen.

BUT whether Barbara went to Cinecitta or shopping, 5:30 was Rosati-time.

Rome's sidewalk cafes are always crowded. Donati's is the mecca for tourists intent upon watching each other and upon watching the Romans pass by. Rosati's is more relaxed—it is where the Romans go to sip tea or consume the giant dishes of ice cream, topped with gobs of syrupy fruit, which they seem to relish.

Barbara went to Rosati's every day wearing her customary spotless white blouse, dark skirt and Roman sandals. The Romans did not stare at her while she sat there. Not until Bob joined her on one of the few days he finished working early enough to do so. Barbara exaggerates when she says she never is recognized unless she is with Bob, but there certainly is a different kind of recognition when they are together. This day when Bob joined us there was instant excitement. The tea-sippers stared frankly, the passing pedestrians stopped, stared and talked excitedly to each other. Clerks and customers popped out of adjacent shops, passing cars stopped. Everyone was smiling and bowing and chattering about the "love couple" as the Taylors were called in Italy.

It was at the Lido in Venice that I first heard them called that. When Bob got a weekend off, with Tullia Picella, his Italian secretary (a Wellesley graduate) as interpreter, we flew to Venice on a Friday morning. Venice is gorgeous from the air—Venice is gorgeous period. Venice is the proof that travel folders don't lie.

The Venetians must have primitive telegraphic powers. As Bob and Barbara's gondola moved through the Grand Canal every bridge across the Canal was lined with applauding fans. They applauded as the Tay-lores' gondola approached the bridge, then moved across the bridge to applaud as the gondola came under the bridge.

Around St. Mark's Square Bob and Barbara did a window-shopping tour. A happy 78 crowd of about a thousand fans followed

them for a full hour. Venetians, like Romans, are avid photographers. Several such asked if they might take pictures, but none asked for autographs, none shot a picture without asking permission. Courtesy is the best Italian tradition.

The unforgettable greeting was at the Lido. Our speedboat docked at the Hotel Excelsior landing in front of the long, red-carpeted corridor under the bridge, which leads up to the hotel lobby.

As Bob stepped from the boat the Saturday night crowd, lined across the bridge, recognized him and applauded. He turned to help Barbara from the boat and the cheering started. Full and strong, "Viva Bob and Barbara!" they cried, "Viva Bob and Barbara!" and something else in Italian. Tullia translated quickly. "They say 'our love couple,'" she said. And had to shout to be heard above the noise of the crowd.

By the time Bob and Barbara reached the lobby the crowd on the bridge had increased and moved against the lobby windows. Inside the lobby all the guests had gathered to welcome them too. The applause crackled, growing in volume and "Bravo, Bob and Barbara" was called out

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over and over. This greeting from exquisitely gowned and bejewelled women and formally dressed men, was more restrained but quite as sincere and spontaneous as that of the crowd outside. With enthusiasm and frankly evident admiration the guests followed Bob and Barbara to the terrace. That terrace was a fairyland, its trees drenched with multi-colored lights, shell-pink tableclothes, gold-backed chairs, a golden throne outlined against the dark, moon-bearing sky. The throne was there because tonight was the Cinderella Gala. As Bob and Barbara stepped onto the terrace the orchestra recognizing them played "You Are My Lucky Star."

IT was an evening of enchantment. Barbara's eyes glowed, Bob's smile flashed. On our return to Venice, as our speedboat neared the Gritti Palace, from a half-dozen lantern-lighted gondolas moving abreast of each other, came the music of violins and accordions in accompaniment for some unknown baritone and soprano. I was sure it wasn't real. I was just dreaming myself into a Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy operetta.

It was hard to leave Venice. Bob and Barbara went again to the Lido for the opening of the Venice Film Festival with Mervyn LeRoy, Jean Simmons, Maria

Montez, et al. Their enthusiastic reception was even greater than it had been the night before. Yes, it was very hard to leave Venice. The only way you can leave is by promising yourself that, somehow, someday, some day—you will return.

Of course Barbara insists she still doesn't believe it. "I've spent so much time in 'Venice' on process stages that I never stopped expecting someone to yell 'cut' and the grips to move one of the side walls away. I'm sure I was only on Paramount's Stage 12."

Barbara's great accomplishment in Rome was—resignation. The Romans are calmly superior to the stress and strain of punctuality. It's taken them centuries to achieve their civilization and what the centuries have done clocks and schedules can't undo. After a while you stop expecting them to be on time and, if an appointment made for three on Tuesday materializes that same week you really think you're getting places. So a giant and gentle resignation cast an aura of calm about Miss S. Except for the day she wanted to go to the zoo and some American newspapermen were an hour and a half late for an 11 o'clock appointment.

"You're late," said Barbara, and the gentle resignation wasn't evident.

"This is Rome," the spokesman for the group thus capsuled apologies and explanations.

"But we're Americans," said Missy. That gave the lady the last word. Subsequent appointments with our countrymen were kept with solemn punctuality, as though on some lonely outpost, we were faithful to a distant tradition.

Inevitably, in every city, Barbara visits the zoo. If, of course, there is one. Her zoo visiting started years ago, when David Belasco said to her, "Any woman who wants to know how to walk will go to the zoo, watch the animals walk. Watch the panthers walk. Watch and watch until she can walk as they do." It's a long time now that Stanwyck has known how to walk. But she still goes to zoos.

At the zoo in Rome Barbara made friends with George, the brilliantly trained chimpanzee and his infinitely gentle, feminine and appealing mate, Catherine. Catherine is quite a personality. We were all enamored and put up no resistance to her affectionate demonstrativeness. Even though we knew there was more valor than discretion in permitting her embraces. Afterward, as we itched and scratched, we wondered if she really was as adorable as we had thought she was.

FONTANA, the Rome Couturier, sent word through Bob's secretary, Tullia, that she'd like to arrange a private showing of her collection for Signora Tay-lore. The Signora was not impressed—no foreign-made wardrobe for her, she said. But, the third time she received the gentle suggestion she capitulated. Bob got off early that day and went along. Fontana's gowns are lovely. She uses superb materials, exquisite embroidery. Her formal gowns are breathtakingly feminine. We all oh'd and ah'd over every model, unanimously decided each one should be worn by Loretta Young. Fontana has yet not succumbed to high price-tag fever prevalent among top designers in America and France. 175,000 (lira) for a formal evening gown sounds like a lot of money, but \$280.00, which is a lot of money, is a comparatively modest price. The Paris ateliers blandly put 90,000 francs, or \$260.00 on their tags for just a simple daytime street dress.

Even respecting Fontana's sane prices, we just oh'd and ah'd, wished Loretta could see Fontana's collection, and drifted away from there. Next day Barbara had Tullia phone to order one street dress.

Day after that Barbara had Tullia phone to order a cocktail dress. Next day at the fittings, Fontana brought in one of her fabulous evening gowns. Started to fit it on Barbara. "Signora Tay-lore liked it so much," she said appealingly. That's when Barbara discovered Bob was gifting her with the trio of gowns.

By now Barbara was possessed with her "mission." She was determined not to return to New York without rosaries blessed by the Pope for the boys and Danny. Tullia had placed Barbara's request for an audience with His Holiness before the Monsignor, and received an appointment for Barbara to appear in person at the Vatican before the request was considered. Missy went rosary-shopping. I always thought a rosary was a rosary. Missy thought these rosaries had to be something special. They had to be "masculine" she said. The rosary hunt took us in and out of a pretty good percentage of the hundreds of shops all over Rome where rosaries are sold. She bought the sixth rosary late on a Saturday afternoon. At the apartment she found her notice that her private audience had been granted for the next day at Castel Gondolfo, the Pope's summer palace.

Next day, Barbara started to dress at noon. She wore, as instructed, a black suit, covered her hair with a fine black

WAS MY FACE RED!

When John Hodiak displayed some tensions before the camera in one of his first pictures, *Lifeboat*, Alfred Hitchcock tried to soothe him by saying, "What's there to worry about, John? Remember, this is just another picture." Then paused dramatically before adding, "On which your whole future depends."

—Kolma Flake

net veil. She wore white gloves, and carried, looped over her left arm, the six heavy rosaries; carnelian, jade, amber and topaz-quartz respectively. Bob, with other members of the *Quo Vadis* company had had his audience with His Holiness at the Vatican just before filming the production started, and shared Barbara's excitement. Her appointment was for 5:15 "precisely." Castel Gondolfo is about 40 minutes (as Julio drives) from Rome. Barbara was dressed and waiting for Julio at three o'clock.

Arriving at the Castel gates at 4:30 she wandered with Bob in the milling crowd before the gates until 5:15 precisely, then was passed through the gates, ushered through one room after another, and at last, clutching her rosaries, awaited His Holiness in one of the smaller reception rooms, where she received his blessing. Barbara was deeply moved, as she had been moved by the sight of the pilgrims' devotion at St. Peter's. For herself she would never have sought the audience. For what the rosaries, blessed by His Holiness, would mean to Danny and Pete, to Amando and Tony—"my waiters"—she had sought and secured it. Wordless, as she is in moments of personal emotion, she was intensely quiet on the drive back to Rome. Bob held her hand tightly, and she smiled softly to herself all the way.

"Mission accomplished" was now descriptive of Barbara's visit. The rosaries were blessed and Bob's schedule required weeks of day and night work to finish *Quo Vadis*.

There were almost as many farewell

flowers in the apartment for Missy during the next three days as there had been to welcome her upon her arrival. There were tuberose from Ceglia, the bootmaker, tuberose from the glovemaker and great red dahlias from Bob's tailor. In all this fragrance, Tullia and Paola, Parici, Julio and Renato moved about their work, their smiles conspicuously and touchingly absent.

"Paola dolora," said Paola over and over. "Paola very sad," she elucidated, in her clear, unaccented, third-person English, "and she speaks for everyone."

Bob was working and couldn't see us off at the airport on Friday, but Tullia, Paola and Julio were there and said their good-byes with frankly tear-filled eyes. Missy, though touched by their caring, said her goodbyes abruptly and strode to the plane—without a backward glance. Looking back after a goodbye is her one superstition about flying.

The motors were warmed. Our plane was airborne. Our visit to Rome was committed to memory.

The road back spread out before us. We flew to Paris whose incredible beauty was misted in rain. We wandered eagerly through the streets, dined at Maxim's, heard the sweet music of violins at Monseigneur's . . . The next few days were a kaleidoscope of interviews, press conferences, sight-seeing, perfume-buying. And then, one morning, we boarded the Queen Elizabeth at Cherbourg. Cables and flowers from Bob were awaiting each of us in our cabins.

The crossing was rough, but Barbara and I paced the deck for hours, discovered the remote, hypnotic beauty of the moon at sea, stood on the top deck with the wind slapping our faces. Then Barbara sent a cable to Bob. "Will meet you in New York whenever you finish!"

New York. Our penthouse suite at the Sherry was like a garden. Loveliest of all the flowers were the two huge baskets, Barbara's and mine, from Bob. Each bearing hand-written note from Signore Tay-lore.

Our official homecoming was our dinner that night at Danny's Hideaway. What a welcome it was! Danny's eyes were dancing as he took us to "the Royal Booth." The table was beautifully decorated with red roses and gardenias and green tapers.

Danny handed Barbara an envelope. She read it in the candlelight, and was surprised, and pleased and touched. It was from Bob. We were his dinner guests. He just wanted to be "with us" on our first night home. He'd thought of everything, ordered the dinner and the flowers from Rome.

Halfway through dinner and in her most offhand manner, Stanwyck presented the rosaries one at a time to Danny and the boys . . .

Our "few days" in New York stretched into weeks of concentrated appointments—interviews, radio appearances, photographs—all in connection with Barbara's picture for MGM, *To Please A Lady*, co-starring Clark Gable.

We flew to Indianapolis for the premiere of *To Please A Lady*. Indianapolis loved Missy. The newspapers headlined her arrival; the Governor greeted her; she danced with the soldiers of the 28th Infantry Division. It was an exciting and gratifying stopover, but then we were on our way again. This time headed for Los Angeles. Home.

We made the Eastern Airlines hop to Chicago, and then via TWA went West. All in all we'd covered 18,000 miles by the time we'd reached our doorstep. Every single mile of that, we'd been up in the clouds.

THE END

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how I feel about love

(Continued from page 35) people who lead interesting lives far removed from acting. They seemed to confirm my conclusion—that home and family would always be the most important factors in my life.

WHEN the editors of MODERN SCREEN asked me to write this article for them I agreed, but I said that anything I thought about life, love, philosophy and faith would be, as in a movie "with no reference to any real persons, living or dead." It would be impertinent of me, I think, to refer to people in my private life by name, because we all have a right of privacy in our hearts.

To really begin about the way I feel, I'll confess that events leading up to my important decision were the very things that should have caused me to decide to leave Hollywood for awhile and start, so to speak, writing my life in an entirely new book.

Frankly, I had reached the stage of being very close to a cynic. But I discovered that you can look at things in a highly realistic manner without being bitter. You can fail at love or love can fail you. This doesn't mean that you need to go around announcing you've discovered there is no such thing. If you do, you mark yourself as someone who isn't equipped for genuine living.

Do I sound like a wise old lady? I'm not. You know, I am aware that many people have said that a girl named Shirley Temple would be a lot better off if she moved to the other side of town, away from her family and the home she has known almost all her life. It would help her to grow up and "broaden" herself.

Believe me, I have grown up, and believe me, I don't want to be "broadened." (In the hips or anywhere else.) I've known people who were in a tearing hurry to "get away from home." Usually they wound up years later in some distant place saying, "It was all so foolish. I didn't gain anything. Now I'm homesick and want to go back." Usually they can't, though. The roots have been torn up. The home they had was a part of them. When they left they destroyed it.

I like the home I live in. I love being close to my mother and father. It has meant a great deal to all of us and to Linda Susan, and never has there been discord which would prevent the chances of any of us for happiness.

ABOUT a year ago I went through a severe personal experience. I guess everyone knows what it was and I am personally in favor of not repeating the circumstances. I will say, though, that the event marked my abrupt "growing up." With the door firmly closed on a certain chapter in my life I began to make new plans. I think that my training as an actress since childhood helped me to avoid any deep suffering.

Frankly, I think it is high time someone took the podium and explained that those in the acting profession are not really the emotionally unstable people they have been painted for lo! these many years.

It is because their business is "play acting" that the legend has grown up about their not knowing the difference between a script and their own lives. The truth is that actors, with the exception of a few whose troubles are broadcast out of all proportion to actual importance, are generally happier people than the average.

I believe that all of us are actors in a sense. Those who never have known acting as a business are more likely to delude themselves with pretending in their own lives than the individual who is constantly aware of the abrupt change between the

characters he must pretend to be, and what he actually is.

For instance, I know a girl who wants to marry a boy who is rapidly becoming a success in business. She is constantly acting by pretending what isn't true—that she is socially his superior and therefore her "contacts" will help him; that she is going to inherit quite a bit of money; that she is somehow "better" than other people he knows.

I am afraid that if he marries her they are headed for a great deal of unhappiness. He will discover that she is merely socially ambitious. He probably won't mind if she doesn't inherit any money, but what will bother him is that she will spend their dollars as though they had more than enough. As for being "better," the poor lad is going to some day be a bad audience for her constant "acting."

ON the other hand, I know a young actress who's planning to wed a doctor. People say, "what a mistake he's making! She'll never stop playing Mrs. Kildaire." Actually, he is making no mistake at all. This girl, because of her own work, will be able to understand the irregularity of the hours he must work. When he gets up at five o'clock in the morning for early hour operations she won't be sleeping blissfully. The chances are, she'll be up at the same time, getting ready for her own call to the set.

This is a girl who knows how much hard work her man went through to get going in his profession. Seven years of severe concentration. She herself went through the disciplined work of modeling, three years of stage acting, and another two years of indoctrination into picture work. The result is that she has consideration of others, tremendous energy, and a happy spirit that comes with being able to survive a tough school of experience. She has met people in many different lines of work and therefore will not be ill at ease with her husband's associates.

I could cite a dozen other different ways in which the actress' chances for successful marriage are so much greater than my first illustration about the girl who is really acting every waking moment.

A friend of mine once told me—if you want to get at the truth in human relationship all you have to do is take a good look at any given situation, say to yourself, "What I see may be right, but perhaps the real answer is just the opposite." I, myself, had to pretend for a time that "everything was all right" in my life when it wasn't. That will never happen to me again. And that is why I have consistently refused to let my name be "linked" with anyone's. If I did, with the result that a romance was "dreamed up," I'd soon get the name for being fickle.

HERE again I want to speak up for the girls of my profession. You may read

I SAW IT HAPPEN



quietly laughing at me.
Hattie Fay Moody
Nesson, Ark.

At the opening of the Shamrock Hotel in Houston, I happened to pick up a piece of stationery. I heard someone say, "Let us have no stealing here." I looked around, and to my embarrassment, I saw Howard Duff

hundreds of words about their many romances, but the genuine actress is ninety-nine times out of one hundred a girl who is planning for a home and a family of her own. Just as in any town some "get off the beam" for awhile, but the stories that circulate usually are about girls whose connection with movie-making is really very slight.

Now, to be a little more personal about myself. I know that there have been many, many books and articles written on the subject of how to be happy. Happy as a bachelor girl. Happy as a wife. Happy in love. Happy when out of love. Life has been more thoroughly studied by experts through the years than any other subject, from law to atom bombs. Yet the one thing we are still trying to learn to do is to get along with each other.

I don't want to seem matter of fact, but by looking at those around me—particularly my family—I see that those who have achieved happiness are those who concentrate on the things so taken for granted by most people that they may even seem unimportant.

A reporter friend of mine dropped in to see me the other day. I was knee deep in a pile of old scripts and papers.

"I should think you'd have a secretary do that," he said.

"It's a temptation," I admitted, "but part of woman's business is house cleaning. I may squawk about it, but all of these things at one time or another have been an important part of my life, and I don't see why I should ask anyone else to take care of them."

I'm not trying to say that I do all my own work, or to paint a picture of myself as a brave girl getting on in the world. I know that I am very well off and I want to avoid false impressions. Not long ago, I was very embarrassed to read that I planned to support myself by training to be a nurse. Actually, I had only been doing volunteer work in orthopedic training.

This twisted report got into the newspapers and I was horrified. In the first place, it was obvious that I don't need any other type of work as a profession other than the one I have. In the second place, it takes four years of training to be accepted. I wondered what the army of girls working so hard to enter a great profession might think of my supposedly casual entrance on the scene.

THE truth is that I have been giving about three or four days a week to hospital visits and other allied things. I have always been interested and I hope I always will be. It seems to me that every young woman has an obligation to do some sort of volunteer work. If she's lonely, she'll find that other people have far worse problems. As for finding love, it's right there. Perhaps she won't meet a man as a result, but if she tries to bring love to people she'll find that it will come back to her many times over. If she is too busy to be concerned about the problems of others, they'll be too busy to think about her.

To put it simply, I think we young women make the gravest mistake of all in thinking about love in the terms of "man" alone.

For all of us love is ninety-nine per cent of life and the secret of finding the happiness we want seems to be in being prepared to receive it. And how to do that? Well, the foundation is there for all to see in those who are happy. They are those who have religion and practice it, those who hold qualities of good citizenship above the gay, free social life, and those who place the needs of their homes and families above their own.

I'm not sure how close I come to membership in that select group, but I'm going to try.

THE END

marika's miracle

(Continued from page 37) soon her eyes grew tired but she continued to watch.

A policeman sat in a warm cubicle beside the gate and observed the little girl. Presently he put down his pipe and went out and spoke to her.

"Aren't you cold?" he asked.

"No, sir," said Marika.

"It's getting late," said the policeman. "Hadn't you better be getting on home? It's Christmas Eve, you know."

"There is no hurry, sir," said Marika. "My father is away looking for work. We are new here, and we have agreed not to have Christmas this year like the Americans. Maybe next year, if things are better."

The policeman didn't have an answer ready. He just chewed hard on his pipe for a moment, then went over and took Marika by the hand and led her inside his office.

"Wait here a moment," he said. "That's nonsense. It's Christmas Eve all over the world—for everybody." And he hurried away to do something about this emergency.

MARIKA sat on the big chair and thought about that. So it was Christmas Eve all over the world, for everybody. She



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ Rosalind Russell and Jimmie Stewart, incidentally, are making their love scenes so convincing on this program that it sounds like the real stuff. And those on the inside say that since Rosalind's return from England, Jimmie Stewart has had an option on all her spare time.—February, 1939—Modern Screen.

couldn't quite believe that. She had been other places on other Christmas Eves and it hadn't been Christmas Eve at all. The gentleman was mistaken.

Her eyes were heavy, and for some reason she didn't want to sit there and think about it any longer. She left the cubicle and stepped into the studio street. It seemed barren, with long rows of tall structures that looked like warehouses on either side, and very few people about. Marika walked down between the buildings.

It seemed as though she had walked for a long time, and she was quite tired when she saw a white door partly opened in one of the buildings. She went inside.

It was dark in there, but off in the distance a small light showed and Marika went toward it. She could hardly believe her eyes, for there before her was a stable, almost, she thought, like a stable on a farm she remembered in a distant past. There was the floor littered with straw, horse trappings hanging from the stall posts, dusty windows, a cow munching from a broken bale, the smell of sweet hay, and many familiar sights, sounds and

scents. There was even a donkey gazing at her in lazy speculation. Marika lay down on the straw and in a moment she was weeping for something she thought she had forgotten. Soon she fell asleep.

It was there the policeman and his hastily-recruited group of studio workers found her. There was a hurried, whispered consultation; members of the party were dispatched on urgent errands, and the policeman gently picked Marika up, still asleep, and carried her like a rag doll from the building.

When Marika opened her eyes, she was frightened for a moment, but only for a short moment. She was seated in a very big chair in a room that was larger than any she had ever seen. It looked like the main salon of a prince's palace. The lights were very bright and everywhere she looked there were people with happy, smiling faces.

There was the policeman, hovering close. There were men in overalls, girls in short skirts and ballet shoes. There was a Bishop in magnificent robes, men and women in evening dress, a man in a dark suit and a hat pulled down over a badly scarred face. There were men who looked like business leaders and men who looked like beggars. It seemed as though a sampling of people from every walk of life had been gathered and placed in the big room. And over in a corner, behind a huge Christmas tree that was the most magnificent sight Marika had ever seen, there were musicians softly playing songs of happiness.

The policeman raised his hand and called for everyone to be quiet, and then, on a signal from a jolly accordionist dressed as a Swiss mountaineer, everyone began to sing and move about with merry gestures.

Marika was tongue-tied and wide-eyed with the wonder of it all. And she pinched herself, as she had heard people do, to make sure she was awake.

SUDDENLY a wide door opened and snow flew into the room, whipped by a strong wind that scattered the flakes over everyone. Eight champing reindeer pranced inside, drawing a sled on which the round, fat figure of Santa Claus himself sat, chuckling and waving at Marika. While willing hands held his beasts, Santa got down off his sled, carrying a bag almost as big as he was. He placed it before the tree and walked to where Marika sat. He bowed deeply and reached for her hand.

"Come, little one," he said. "It is Christmas Eve all over the world today and I am in a great hurry. Come and see what Santa has brought you."

Trembling with excitement, Marika took Santa's hand and permitted him to lead her to the tree. The big red bag was opened and, to the squeals of delight of everyone, packages wrapped gaily in all colors were placed at Marika's feet. Everyone gathered then about the tree to help the child open her presents, while Santa sat on a strong chair and chuckled as only Santa does.

There was a doll, almost as large as Marika, and a good deal plumper, that said "Mama." There was a white dress of lace, a blue dress of organdie, and a pink dress of wool. There was a dark coat, with brass buttons, and a hat to match. There were shoes, it seemed, without number, books uncountable, each with a title that spelled magic adventure. There were roller skates and games, mittens and rubbers, candy and fruit. Some of the gifts were expensively wrapped, others were simple things, like maybe an orange, a banana and a few nuts wrapped in white tissue. But there were more presents that Marika had ever known existed.

The room became warm with giving and the lights multiplied in the corners of



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Marika's eyes as moisture reflected them, and soon she couldn't see at all, could just feel Christmas everywhere.

IN the office of the head of Splendid Studio, the boss sat at his desk and pushed a button. His secretary answered. "What's going on around here?" the boss asked. "I feel something strange in the air."

"It's Christmas Eve, sir," the secretary said.

"I know," said the boss. "But where is everybody? I don't hear a soul on the streets."

"They're on Stage Ten," said the secretary. "There's a Christmas party going on over there."

A few minutes later the boss opened the door of stage ten and his eyes grew large. All the noise on the stage stopped, and people appeared uncomfortable. All except Marika. She merely looked up at him

and smiled.

"Come in, sir," she said. "It's Christmas Eve. It's Christmas Eve for everyone—everywhere—today."

"Merry Christmas," said the boss, and he came in.

The stars were out when the policeman carried Marika, now half asleep from the excitement of it all, into the street and placed her in the long limousine. He put the packages in with her and covered her with a lap robe. The boss got in beside her and ordered the driver to start. Marika nestled against his shoulder and looked through weary eyelids up at the twinkling lights in the sky. "They must be real, too," she thought. "Today, even the stars are real."

Marika's father was standing hatless in the street when the car drove up, and he shook with fear and uncertainty as the chauffeur opened the door and began lifting out Marika's presents. The boss emerged

in a moment, carrying the sleeping child. He put her in her father's arms, then pressed a pad of bills and a small white card in his hands.

"It's an advance," he said. "Come and see me Monday."

"I thought she was lost," Marika's father mumbled.

"No," said the boss. "We were lost. She found us."

The big car drove away, and still Marika slept in her father's arms. And he looked up into the sky, too, and his cheeks were wet although it was not raining.

It's just a fable, maybe, but it has happened, or something like it. It was Marika's miracle, and it proved that on Christmas Eve it is Christmas Eve everywhere, even in Hollywood. And that for one magic day, make-believe joins with the goodness of man and becomes reality and moves closer to God. THE END

my christmas story

(Continued from page 53) that distant Hollywood-to-Hayden-Lake hookup, I began to get a feeling for the song. Before he hung up, Johnny said that he and Jimmy had a couple of other fine Yuletide tunes, too.

"Deck them out with boughs of holly," I said. "The boys and I will be down next week and see what kind of family harmony we can work up."

"Don't worry, Pop," said Linny. "We'll kill 'em."

The next week, when we started rehearsing at Decca's recording studios, it seemed like the most natural thing in the world to record the songs as a family Christmas album. So that's what we did. The twins, Denny and Phil, chose the snowman number. Linny took over a bright little song called "I Hitched a Ride with Santa Claus." Gary and the old man drew the end-piece, a straightforward song entitled "That Christmas Feeling," which comes mighty close, I think, to expressing the real spirit of Christmas:

*"I love that Christmas feeling,
It does my heart so much good.
Strangers I meet all seem like friends
And the world's just a neighborhood.
So here's to the joy of Christmas;
Here's to the ones I hold dear,
May you have that merry Christmas
feeling
All through a happy new year."**

Even if I do say so, our little Christmas album turned out to be a fair country set of sides . . . pretty good, that is, for five farmers just in from the range. And I am not without a touch of pride whenever I think of the fine way the boys handled their numbers. If they keep coming along in this fashion, I'll have something to fall back on in my old age.

Of course, it's perfectly natural that our first family offering should be a selection of Christmas songs. The Irishers and I have been singing together at Yuletide for lo! these many years, and it would be a break in a long tradition if this year, too, we don't spend a large part of Christmas day out in the crisp winter air caroling our neighbors, friends, and the other members of the Crosby family. Last year, we covered about 30 houses . . . starting out in Holmby Hills and playing the circuit all the way out to old Ski-snoot's place in North Hollywood.

The boys like to end up their caroling at the Hope house. He always puts at least \$5 in the kitty they collect for charity. So do Johnny Burke and the others who seem to like our version of "Silent Night." But at brother Everett's house, they don't even bother to pass the hat. He always gives them a dime apiece.

THIS year, I hope Christmas will be pretty much the way it has always been at our house since the boys have been old enough to enjoy it. Especially in these troubled times, Christmas should be a time for kids to enjoy themselves, and a time for us old folks to pause and count our blessings.

I know that this year when the boys come home from Bellarmine Prep up north where Gary is a senior, Dennis and Phil sophomores, and Linny a freshman, the air will be full of talk of football. For this year, Gary is playing fullback on the school team and I know I'll have to watch while the whole season is replayed on the living room rug. And we'll probably take in all of the football games that are being played within two hundred miles of Los Angeles during the holidays.

Like as not, the kids will bring home some of their friends from school. Each year when they do, I am reminded of our big house in Spokane, a block away from Gonzaga, which was always a human swarm on Christmas Day. To this day I don't know how Dad managed to hold up under the job of carving the turkey for all those kids. Most of us were back for seconds before he could sit down. Yet as soon as he spotted an empty plate down the table, he would yell, "Back up your cart, son!" and reload it with turkey. Everett and Ted always got stuck with the

dishes.

As always, our Christmas this year will begin with early mass at our neighborhood church, the Good Shepherd. For many years, it has been my humble privilege to sing "Adeste Fidelis" at this early mass. Perhaps this year I can talk Monseigneur Concannon into allowing the sprouts to backstop me on the chorus.

After church, we will rush home and start tearing away at the packages piled under our big tree. We'll miss Dad, who passed away this fall, when we open our presents. He always liked to come over early on Christmas Day and sit by the tree with Mom while the boys clawed at their packages.

And we'll all miss Dad at the dinner table, too. His Christmas Day was never complete without a huge Yuletide dinner . . . a full scale affair with turkey, dressing, and all the fixings . . . and although he hadn't been able for years to eat heartily, he never lost any of his old dexterity with a carving knife. I'll miss hearing him tell my boys, "Back up your carts, boys. Don't be shy." It was one of his greatest pleasures to watch a bunch of hungry, bug-eyed boys tackling heaping plates of turkey. And my boys always managed to do full justice to his carving.

After dinner, we'll probably gather around the tree for some talk and a few songs. I'm sure we'll have a monstrous tree again this year . . . a tall spreading affair that looks like it should be outdoors. A few years back, we had a big tree that caught fire and burned down the house, but we still wouldn't have any other kind. It wouldn't seem like Christmas.

In the afternoon, open house prevails at the Crosby manor, and we welcome the random wanderers who stop by to quaff a bit of eggnog or to pass the time of day. It will be the surprise of my life if I'm not called away right at the height of the jollity. For some strange reason, I always seem to have a radio program scheduled sometime during Christmas Day. I'm hoping, for once, that I can just sit down with my feet up comfortably and let that turkey settle for a change.

This year, with strife again making its ugly self felt in the lives of millions of Americans, I believe that Christmas will have a renewed meaning to us all. And with the fundamental values of Christmas being threatened as never before, we must be staunch in our faith that they will live forever. The secure peace of family life, the glowing kindness of man to fellow man, the power of simple personal prayer—these things, as they are embodied in our celebration of Christmas Day, are the light of the world. May yours be merry!

THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When Ava Gardner visited Smithfield about a year ago, some of my friends and myself went to see her during our school lunch period. Because we had pictures taken with Miss Gardner, it was after lunch

period that we returned to class. We were excused, however, thanks to the thoughtfulness of Miss Gardner, who had written notes for us to our teachers.

Mary Smithwick
Smithfield, North Carolina

he gets away with murder

(Continued from page 47) press relations for fear of being blacklisted. Lancaster frankly doesn't give a hoot about journalistic thumbs-down. He doesn't seek publicity. He accepts it because it is part of his job to accept it. He knows that if his stellar position warrants attention, newspapermen will have to give it to him whether they want to or not.

There are those who hold that Lancaster would rather argue than eat. They may be right. Certainly his producers and directors concur. The man who directed one of his first pictures is widely quoted. "I'd direct Burt Lancaster in another picture if I had to," he said, "but frankly, it's one chore I'd like to side-step. Two directors on one picture is one too many."

NOT all of his directorial encounters, of course, wind up alike. Just recently Burt and his *Jim Thorpe, All-American* mentor, Mike Curtiz, came to grips. A few moments after a particularly vitriolic verbal battle, Curtiz walked off the sound stage and into the office of a friendly executive, where he struck a dramatically tragic pose.

"Look at me," he intoned pitifully. "I am an old man, alone in the world. I have no one but my boy, Burt, whom I love like a son. But my boy has turned on me. Me! I am the man who fights with actors—they do not fight with me!"

He allowed the tears to roll down his cheeks. "This son whom I love, you know what he has just done?—In front of the whole company my boy Burt called me a lousy bum!"

Curtiz's "boy," Lancaster, just an hour later sent the director two dozen roses with an apologetic card which began, "Dear Lousy Bum."

How Lancaster gets away with his murderous tussles with authority is something few of his colleagues can understand. But today Burt, in the jargon of the industry, is one of the hottest stars in town, currently ranking number six as a box-office draw.

His sometimes-strange behavior rarely follows the same pattern twice. There was the time, not too long ago, when he guested on a San Francisco air show conducted by a harried female commentator. Burt wasn't too happy about being there, and made little attempt to disguise his boredom. The fact that it was a network show with a good Hooper rating didn't stimulate his interest at all. The ad lib interview began:

Q. "Glad to have you with us, Burt. You've been in several pictures now and you've made an enviable name for yourself. By this time you must have formed some opinions about your profession. Do you enjoy being an actor?"

A. "Nah."

Q. "Well, what is it, then, that strikes your fancy? Do you want to be a director?"

A. "Nah."

Q. "I'll bet I know what it is—you've levelled your sights on the top spot—you'd like to be a producer!"

A. "Nah."

Q. "Well, for goodness' sake, Mr. Lancaster, what do you want to be?"

A. "President of the United States."

MORE recently Burt was a guest on a round-table broadcast from Hollywood. A member of the panel managed to pop just one question before the actor took over. Burt's answer devoured the allotted thirty-minute air time and continued on for another quarter-hour after the show signed off.

Lancaster's outspoken opinions frequent-

ly land him in hot water, although vocally he gets away with murder. For instance, a few months ago he was taken to task by his studio for okaying a magazine story which was later printed under the cover blurb, "The Amazing Rebellion of Burt Lancaster" in which he revealed a to-Hell-with-Hollywood attitude. Burt openly and loudly resented any attempt to put a curb on his frank statement.

"I object to the sanctimonious, holier-than-thou attitude in this business, it's a lot of hooey," he said. "Why don't we just let down our hair and admit that we're not always the artistic masters we pretend to be? Some of us are in this business to make good entertainment—and through that entertainment, some dough!"

"There's too much bull and baloney connected with picture-making. Listen, Hollywood's been around a long time. It's old enough now to be able to take some honest criticism, and to admit it makes mistakes, too."

"A man who sets out to make a buck—say in the steel industry—doesn't have to profess belief that everything connected with steel is on the highest cultural, spiritual, or moral plane. He'll even admit that his plant turns out a lousy batch of steel once in a while—and it doesn't shake the public's faith in that product at all."

To some who know him, Burt is completely self-centered and vain. To his friends, the "vanity" is simply complete confidence in his own abilities, intensified by his absolute refusal to hide his light under a bushel of ill-becoming bashfulness.

As far back as the release of his first picture, *The Killers*, Burt's self-assurance

Before marriage a woman knows all the answers; afterwards she knows all the questions.—Betty Hutton as quoted by Irving Hoffman in *The Hollywood Reporter*.

was evident. A close friend brought him the reviews of the picture after its press preview and stood back, awaiting Burt's excited reaction. Burt merely scanned the pieces and grunted his approval.

"For heaven's sake," yapped the friend, "they're terrific reviews."

Burt looked at him calmly. "Of course they're good," he said. "What did you expect?—It's a good picture."

His self-confidence extends beyond what he's proved he can do and do as well. When an acquaintance recently asked if the rumor were true that he'd like to dance in a future picture, Burt replied, "Sure. Why not?" The other man looked his surprise. "You think you could?" Lancaster's answer was typical: "I have two legs, haven't I?"

He later elaborated on this theme when he said, "I can do other things on the screen—sing, dance, clown. So far nobody in Hollywood wants to gamble a million or so on my idea that fans will like me as much as a comic, a hooper, or a singer as they do when I play a mug with a gun in my mitt or an acrobatic adventurer."

LANCASTER has never doubted himself for a moment. His confidence in his own judgment and production acumen remained unshaken even after the lukewarm critical and box-office reception accorded his initial production venture, *The Unafraid*. He charged immediately into plans for *The Flame and the Arrow*, which he and Harold Hecht produced under the Norma banner, and in which Burt starred. He was not at all surprised when it turned out to be one of the year's top money-makers.

But his pride in his physical accomplishments is a facet of the Lancaster

character that nobody criticizes. That he is a superb athlete is an acknowledged and unchallengeable fact. Colleagues whose muscles shriek at the eighteenth hole are unanimous in their praise of his agility and coordination.

Already lean and fit as a fiddle string before production, he nonetheless dropped ten pounds during his heavy pre-production decathlon workouts for *Jim Thorpe, All-American*. One of the set crew, soft of belly and shank, remarked, "That guy's so trim you can't tell if he's coming or going."

Lancaster's unshakable determination to stand by his own code of ethics has increased his unpopularity with a lot of people. But there are many who are quick to admit that they highly admire his sense of integrity.

From the beginning, Burt refused to allow "an invasion of privacy" by the press. He once said, "I keep my home apart from this movie rat-race. My home is a symbol to me. Once I let photographers or writers in, it'll mean I've given in." At this writing, Mr. Lancaster has budgeted not a whit, even going so far as to ask photographers on the set not to photograph his wife and their oldest boy, Jimmy, who were there to watch him cavort on the horizontal bars for *Flame*.

(Jimmy's comment, it might be noted, after watching a particularly breath-taking feat, was: "Heck, Dad does a lot better in the back yard.")

ON personal appearance tours he is natural prey to the hordes of teen-agers who greet his arrival on stage with the usual cacophony of screams, squeals, and sighs. In disgust one day, Burt stepped to the footlights and publicly spanked them all; particularly risky type of bluntness in which to indulge.

"Your behavior is somewhat appalling," Lancaster told the kids. "If all your energy could be channeled, it would make some sense."

He got away with more murder in the public prints. "I'm personally against the bobby-sox type of hero-worship," he was quoted as saying. "Kids who idolize movie stars worship something that is manufactured, for stars are often the product of the studio mill."

Surprisingly enough, Burt was acquitted on this charge, for the kids continue to adore him.

There is one Lancasterism that has driven clothes-conscious Hollywood to despair. "Why," one actress demanded recently, "does he have to go around looking like a panhandler? It's embarrassing to have to say 'hello' to him on the street."

Hollywood can speak its mind freely about his personal appearance; whatever it says, it is justified in saying it. Burt's hair generally seems to be combed by a Waring blender. His face sports five o'clock shadow at noon. His dark, monotone sports shirts and slacks look as though they'd been used for pajamas. His moccasined feet are often sockless.

It has been said that Burt's slovenly attire is a form of defiance illustrating his attitude, "If people don't like the way I dress, the devil with them!"

Burt says quite frankly, "I don't care about my appearance. People tell me it will hurt my career. But that's ridiculous. If my bad pictures haven't hurt me, nothing I do will hurt me!"

He was just as self-assured the day he stood before the late Mark Hellinger, during production of *The Killers*, and vowed, "Hollywood will never get me!"

Whether it has or not is, in Hollywood's opinion, a very moot point. Until it is decided (and perhaps not even then) Lancaster will undoubtedly continue getting away with murder.

what price glamour?

(Continued from page 45) This wasn't at Sak's Fifth Avenue, or Adrian's or I. Mag-nin's. Betty had been ambling down the street, window shopping like any other housewife. The smartness of the display in the window of a small, unobtrusive Beverly Hills shop had caught her eye and she'd wandered in to see what they had to offer.

The Grable philosophy concerning things to wear is simply, "It ain't what you wear, it's the way that you wear it!"

Knowing what becomes you is a matter of personal analysis. "Fashion" is for you only if it is suited to your style. And "style" is not always what happens to be the current fad. Betty discovered this early and wisely adhered to it.

WHEN the "new look" hit the country with considerable force and struck most of the feminine population; when skirts sagged perilously close to the ankles and women billowed about looking like a Ringling Bros. tent in search of a circus, Betty didn't join the crowd. She lengthened her skirts, to be sure, but only as far as was flattering. It suited her and she stood nicely apart from the fad-conscious mob.

During this extremely "long" period, Betty went to the Santa Anita Race Track in one of her "nearly new look" gowns. A self-consciously smart young matron approached her and cooed acidly:

"Darling, that's a terribly smart dress, but," she simpered, "really, they're wearing them longer now."

Betty smiled good naturedly. "Maybe they have something to hide," she replied. "I haven't . . . and anyway, I like this length."

Betty loves beautiful lingerie with a passion, and would buy stacks of it, if her conscience would let her. She has a number of filmy, expensive creations. However, there's a small shop on Hollywood Boulevard, which carries a modest line of lingerie at an amazingly low price. Betty shops there regularly, and these simple garments far outnumber the lacy ones. Betty's reluctance to pay high prices for unmentionables is well known to all her friends. Not long ago, at one of the swank Beverly Hills stores, a salesgirl was about to sell a dozen pair of silk panties for the impressive sum of \$12.95 per pair, when her customer was suddenly snatched away from her. Betty, passing by, had recognized the customer as her friend, and just wouldn't allow her to spend all that money on mere panties.

"Come with me," Betty whispered. "Where to?" the friend asked, mystified. "Woolworth's," Betty replied. "Their panties may not be as pretty, but they wear well and they're only fifty-five cents a pair."

During the period when Betty wasn't the adored darling she is today, she had a budget. On budgets, one may look longingly into Sak's windows—but that's all. You learn to spend wisely and you never outgrow the habit. And often you learn how to do your own beauty chores with professional skill.

Take the mundane matter of hair. Betty puts hers up in bobby pins personally. She goes to the beauty parlor, yes. Long ago she discovered "Cassie's" on Rodeo Drive; and found that Norma could perform the necessary magic to keep her locks as beautifully blonde as technicolor pictures demand. She has been going there regularly once a week. Norma applies her lotions, but Betty brings along a small box of bobby pins. Not that she doesn't have implicit faith in Norma's skill, but she knows that she alone has

the "know-how" as far as the Grable hair style is concerned, so she sets it herself, with no apologies to anyone.

If there is one place where Betty may fall down in the economy department, it's with her fancy for chi-chi shoes. She has dozens of pairs, most of them full cut D'orsay pumps and all rather "buttons-and-bowsey." Along with her overwhelming interest in shoes, goes her habit of wearing the sheerest of nylons. Here again Betty is hardly what you could call economical. She won't wear them if they have even so much as a small snag. Incongruous, when you realize that she won't pay over \$2.95 for a pair of white cotton gloves. Incidentally, she is very meticulous about gloves. She doesn't consider herself well dressed unless she carries a pair. She loves accessories, too, like matching bags and belts. The bags generally cost from fifteen to thirty dollars and the belts are under fifteen dollars.

BETTY is more partial to suits than any other articles of clothing in her wardrobe. She shies away from the gussied formal evening wear, and feels much more at ease in tailored things.

One night she arrived at a Ciro's opening in a stunning evening outfit. Nine out of ten of the women who peacock about the room sported décolletés that would make Earl Wilson's eyes bulge, but Betty's ensemble of ice blue satin embroidered with silver bugle beads was built along the lines of her favorite suit. Betty just doesn't like extreme formals. She generally ducks gatherings where such gowns are expected because of this distaste for showy evening things. She is casual by nature and gravitates rapidly away from any functions where she must "dress."

Like most Southern California women, hats are not a "must" with Betty Grable. Although she wears them occasionally they're generally little frou-frous that match her ensembles, and John Fred-ericks and Lily Dache can hardly count Betty among their best customers.

The same informal note, so characteristic of Betty, prevails in her makeup. With that flawless blonde complexion of hers which tans so beautifully, she has very little need of pancake or powder bases. However, she's a stickler when it comes to lipstick. The famous Grable mouth is never seen without bright orange lip rouge which she applies religiously and is always licking off. Among toilet waters she prefers "White Shoulders," "Shalimar," "Platine," and likes to surround herself with a cloud of fragrance.

For a girl who is unanimously conceded to be one of Hollywood's top glamour stars, Betty is remarkably unconcerned about appearing in public in slacks, shorts, or even levis. With these, she wears sweaters—angora or cashmeres—which are soft enough not to irritate her skin. Other stars would never think of leaving the house without their best bibs and tuckers, Betty has no such qualms. She once shocked a whole floorful of people in Los Angeles' biggest department store when she walked in wearing a very obvious maternity gown, sat down at the fountain and calmly ordered a soda.

ALTHOUGH Betty has very beautiful jewelry, she never flaunts it. In contrast to her rather flamboyant preference in shoes, her taste in jewelry is surprisingly conservative, running to a few finely executed pieces. She rarely wears earrings. The reason is simple. "They always pinch me," she complains.

She has been known to make exceptions in the matter of startling jewelry. An extremely different and becoming dress made especially for her by the fashionable Allar-

dale's dress shop is trimmed with jewels. The dress is the first of its kind and was a fashion experiment which happily was a tremendous success. It is a burnt orange tweed, with matching suede inserts and an intricate pattern worked in jewels on the collar and yoke. The outfit, which cost \$235.00, is completed by a top coat and perky peaked cap of the same burnt orange suede. This is one of Betty's few really expensive purchases, but the money is well invested for the dress sets her blonde beauty off to perfection, and the simple cut reveals the lines of her figure at their best.

Speaking of Betty's fabulous shape, it is often shown in pin-up pictures encased in a form-fitting swim suit. These pictures, however, are products of studio publicity departments. When vacationing at Del Mar, Betty prefers the two-piece cotton sun suit for which she usually pays a fast \$5.75, to the more confining, skin tight bathing suit. In fact, she doesn't even own such a suit, and has to borrow one from the studio wardrobe department when she poses for the pictures.

Betty, by the way, takes very good care of her health and her figure. Every night after she finishes at the studio she has a steam bath and massage. When she isn't working, she's prone to take on weight, and this she corrects immediately. (Betty's weight is pretty constant right now—thanks to exhausting routines for her new picture, *Call Me Mister*.)

At a luncheon recently, Betty was asked how she managed to stay so nice and slender. She explained that it was very simple. All she does is avoid all starches and sweets, such as potatoes, bread, pies and desserts. At this point the waitress arrived to take their order. Betty looked up and said:

"Make mine a hot fudge sundae with whipped cream." Then she smilingly turned to her friend and remarked:

"I'm so glad you told me I look thin. I've had a craving for a hot fudge sundae for weeks."

Because Betty is an individualist and refuses to go along with fashion fads and fancies, she has never been mentioned among the best dressed women of America. Chances are she never will, because she refuses to devote that much time to being a "clothes horse." However, she still looks better in her clothes than most women do in their wildest dreams. The Grable figure is far more effective than Christian Dior's most expensive creation.

So when you think of glamour, remember Grable—and remember, it isn't money that sharpens your appearance, but your own good taste. THE END

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue.

6-7—Bert Parry and Bob Beerman, 8—Wide World, 10—Bert Parry and Bob Beerman, 16—International News, 26—Bert Parry, 27—Columbia, 28—T. Bob Beerman, Cen. World Wide, Bot. Bert Parry, 29—T. Lt., T. Cen. Globe Photos, Bot. Lt. 20th Century-Fox, T. R., Bert Parry, Cen. Rt. Stork Club, Bot. Rt. M.G.M., 30—20th Century-Fox, 31—Walt Davis, 32-34—Paramount, 35—Modern Screen staff, 38—T. Bob Beerman, Bot. Bert Parry, 39—Bert Parry, 40-42—Bob Beerman and Bert Parry, 43—T. International News Service, Bot. Bert Parry and Walt Davis, 44—20th Century-Fox, 46—Universal, 48-51—Helen Ferguson, 52—World Wide Photo, 54—Bob Beerman, 55—T. Bob Beerman, Bot. Bert Parry, 56-57—Floyd McCarty, 59-65—Jacques Simpson of Pagano Studios, 74—M.G.M., 88—Bert Parry.

Abbreviations: Bot., Bottom; Cen., Center; Exc., Except; Lt., Left; Rt., Right; T., Top.

(Continued from page 55) anything if she'd wanted. It was all too perfect, and she had to get used to the idea.

The next day, the script of *The Prince Who Was A Thief* arrived by airmail. It was brought to Piper while she was having a press interview in Chicago's Pump Room, and dying of curiosity, she had to sit on it all the way through lunch. As a matter of fact, because she was doing seven or eight TV and radio shows each day to publicize *Louisa*, she didn't get a chance to read the script until she got to Des Moines. That is, she started it in Des Moines, and finally finished the rest of it in Nebraska.

Almost as exciting as the script was the letter which came with it. It was sent by Rufus Le Maire, head of Universal's casting department.

"Congratulations, Piper, and good luck," it read. "This is a grand opportunity and I'm sure that you will do well. Perhaps now you will know why I asked you to come over to my office and let me measure your height. We had to have someone tiny, and I was worried that you were too tall for the part."

Piper remembered the day that Mr. Le Maire had kept staring at her all during luncheon in the commissary, then finally had come over to her table with a quizzical look on his face.

"How tall are you, Piper?" he'd asked.

"Five feet five inches," she'd said.

"I don't think you are," Mr. Le Maire had said, emphatically. "Come over to my office after lunch, and bring a ruler."

In his office, Piper measured 5 feet 4½ inches tall. "Ha!" said Mr. Le Maire, "Just as I thought."

"What difference does it make, anyway?" asked Piper.

"No difference," said Mr. Le Maire, suddenly becoming mysterious. "I just wanted to know."

"And to think," Piper told her mother later, "of all the times I've gone around wishing that I could be taller!"

WHEN Piper got back to Hollywood, after three frantic weeks on the road, she was understandably tired. But not too tired to rush over to the studio and find out all about the picture. When the executives explained that they'd been following her career and were happy to give her and Tony Curtis a real chance, she almost floated on air.

Then she drifted over to the wardrobe department to look at the sketches of her costumes. The dresses were not only beautiful, but every one of the figures had been sketched with her face on it. It was almost too much for Piper Laurie to endure.

For the next five weeks she and Tony worked on the script, rehearsing each scene until they had it letter perfect. Finally, the director felt they were ready to do the big Technicolor test which was the last check and doublecheck before the actual shooting began. The afternoon the tests were screened, Piper was treated like Princess Elizabeth by all who saw her in the studio commissary.

First, dialogue director Lee Shollem stopped by to shake her hand.

"I just saw the tests this morning," he said. "You were beautiful, Piper."

Casting director Robert Palmer came over and said, "Simply wonderful, honey. Simply wonderful."

Writer A. McKenzie was next. "Piper," he said, "you have no idea how many people like you. I have to rewrite the whole screenplay just to enlarge your part."

Then Tony Curtis strolled in, wearing blue jeans and a western shirt.

"I understand they showed the tests this morning," Tony said. "They told me that I'd better start looking for another job, but that you were great."

Tony, of course, was kidding, but he was getting too much pleasure out of Piper's tremendous enthusiasm to let his own run wild.

"This girl," he will tell you, with flourishing gesture, "is wonderful."

How wonderful was a secret until a few months ago.

At that time drama coach Sophie Rosenstein presented an evening of theater on the lot, starring her young students. Piper appeared in a Tennessee Williams one-act entitled, *This Property Is Condemned*, and the applause she got was deafening. It was a role with range. She was wistful, sexy, fiery . . . but most of all, she was a challenging, extraordinary actress. It was a triumphant evening for Piper, and for her mother and father, who were sitting in the audience.

THE commanding ability which Piper demonstrated on the stage that evening was a long time arriving. Unlike most young actresses, she was never precocious. Her first attempt at drama, at the age of two, was an utter flop in Detroit, where Piper was born. Her mother

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Because my roommate and I are in a tubercular hospital, we were unable to see the celebrities that had come to Indianapolis for the Five Hundred Mile Race. A friend of ours wrote to Barbara Stanwyck

that we would especially like to see her. Not only did she visit in our room for over twenty minutes, but she went around to each of the other ninety patients, signing her name and chatting with everyone.

Virginia Smith
Flower Mission Hospital
Indianapolis, Indiana

had taught her a short poem to deliver at a children's recital. Piper learned it well, but when her turn came she was too frightened to open her mouth. She just stood, facing the terrifying audience, until all the lines had run quietly through her mind and then she bolted straight for her seat.

Six years later, after Piper and her family had moved to Los Angeles, she had more or less made up her mind that she wanted to be an actress. But she was too ashamed to tell anyone about it.

"I remember one morning when my mother was taking my sister, Sherrye, and me for a walk, she asked us each what we wanted to be when we grew up. Sis said, 'I want to be a cook' (which she is, today . . . an excellent one). Then I said that I wanted to be a manicurist. I knew it was a lie, but I also thought that being an actress was so far from reality that there was no use mentioning it."

As a child, Piper was such a shy little thing that her mother frequently worried about her. When people came to the house, she'd just sit and stare, or walk around with her head down.

"I didn't say much," Piper recalls, "but

I thought a lot."

She thought a great deal about ways to even the score with her sister, Sherrye, who was two-and-a-half years older. Piper's biggest resentment was caused by being put to bed a half hour earlier than Sherrye, and she satisfied her anger by daily putting the hairbrush, the alarm clock, or cracker crumbs in Sherrye's bed.

"Sherrye and I had our share of sisterly spats due to the difference in our ages. I always wanted what she had. I remember one Valentine's Day when a boy brought her a box of candy. I nearly died with envy. I thought that her beau was the most handsome boy I had ever seen. But a year later, when Sis outgrew him, I went out with him and didn't like him at all."

At John Burroughs Junior High School, Piper, who was then known as Rosetta Jacobs, began to take on the nicknames that dogged her adolescence. She was "Carrot-top," "Rosie," and of course, "Red." She was still shy, but not too shy to play an active part on the yearbook art staff, and eventually to deliver the valedictory address on graduation day.

At 15, Piper enrolled in Los Angeles High School. During her junior year she announced to her family that she wanted to study acting. Her father thought the idea was unreal and silly. But Piper's mother somehow managed to get together the money for her to begin taking dramatic lessons.

PIPER undertook her study of drama with mature seriousness. She enrolled in a small rehearsal group headed by Mrs. Betomi Schneider. The group included a number of established professionals whose experience was extremely valuable to her. They met twice weekly in a rented studio in Hollywood, and in order to be admitted Piper lied about her age. Although she was only 16, the deception was not too difficult to maintain. She had a creamy, enviable complexion, and her figure was already generously endowed.

"I never was 16," Piper confesses, today, "but I've been 18 for two years, which ought to make up for it. I was really thrilled when I finally was 18, so I could start telling the truth about my age."

It was during a classroom production of *Our Town* that Universal first noticed Piper, and even before a single studio evidenced an interest, the Sam Jaffe office offered to represent her in motion pictures. Finally, they got together and wrote up a term contract for Piper, who surprised everyone by refusing to sign it until she was 18 and a high school graduate, ready for full-time acting.

Piper is still attending the little red schoolhouse on the Universal lot, taking college extension courses in Psychology, French, and Art under Mrs. Gladys Hoene, the studio schoolmarm.

"I don't want to grow up to be a dope," she says.

So you can see that at 18 (a real 18 this time), Piper's head is firmly connected to her shoulders. For instance, there's very little of that usual nonsense about them-must-wait-for-my-career from Piper. When she meets the man that matters, she'll be willing to fall like a rock. In the meantime, she's playing the field, dating Vic Damone, Jerry Paris, and other young Hollywood actors.

"I'm constantly looking for fellows who are really honest," Piper says. "They're pretty hard to find."

Until she finds one, the right one, Piper will continue to live with her parents in Beverly Hills, study hard, and follow through with the wonderful plans which her studio has in store for her.

That is a pretty good life, now, isn't it?

THE END

the girl who tamed don juan

(Continued from page 43) ring Flynn had given her). Flynn wore a business suit. He looked much gayer than 39, and the prospect of going through another ceremony in a French Lutheran church at Nice didn't seem to faze him. After that ceremony the couple took the Zaca (Errol's yacht) for a moonlight sail.

In the annals of love history this romance will go down as one of the most memorable. For while Patrice was falling in love, another woman, name of Princess Irene Ghica, was planning to marry Flynn.

Patrice and Errol were on location together in Gallup, New Mexico. The Princess, thinking that Errol might be lonely out there on the sandswept wasteland, flew there to cheer him up.

When the 20-year-old Princess (Errol likes 'em young) arrived in Gallup, she soon discovered that he was far from lonely. In fact, Errol couldn't see her at all. He was too busy gazing at Patrice.

In addition, gossip was being hushed all over town to the effect that Flynn was madly in love with her. Patrice, that is.

THE PRINCESS, who had traveled all over Europe with Flynn last year, who had flown all the way from Paris to spend some time with him in Hollywood, who had allegedly expected to marry him sometime this fall, learned that it was all for naught.

Whether she told Errol off—she has the quality of dynamite when aroused—or placidly accepted her defeat, only Errol knows, and he won't talk.

In any event, the Princess hadn't been in Gallup very long before she packed her luggage, flew back to Hollywood, and then winged to Paris.

"Flynn?" she said, between planes. "I knew such a person once. I think he's become a cowboy."

In Gallup, Errol, ever the gentleman, referred his questioners to Emily Post. "It's up to the lady," Flynn explained, "to announce a broken engagement."

The Princess announced nothing, but two days later, Patrice's mother, Mrs. James A. Wymore of Salina, Kansas, announced that her daughter, Patrice, originally from Miltonville, Kansas, would marry Mr. Errol Flynn in a quiet church ceremony within three months.

The impact of this announcement upon Hollywood was atomic, and for several reasons, too.

Number one was that only a few days previously, Flynn, supported by his old friend and trusted legal adviser, Jerry Giesler, had marched into court. Both of them had beseeched Superior Court Judge Elmer Doyle to reduce the amount of alimony Errol pays his first wife, Lili Damita.

Errol admitted that he received \$200,000 from Warner Brothers for making one picture a year, but his expenses were very high, he pointed out, and he also had to support two children by his second wife.

There was a long legal tussle in which Lili said the alimony shouldn't be reduced, because \$25,000 a year was really very little to get along on. And the upshot of the whole affair was that Judge Doyle decided to take the case under advisement.

When the Judge, a few days later, read that Errol was to marry for the third time, he was a little taken back. After all, Flynn had just told him that he couldn't support his two previous wives and the commitments therefrom. Why now was he taking a third?

86 **IT LOOKS** to me like he's in enough trouble already," said the Judge.

"Sooner or later, you know, you've got to support these women."

When told that Patrice's parents owned quite a few farms and oil wells in Kansas, that, in fact, she was a fairly wealthy girl who might inherit a pretty penny one day, the Judge said, "That's fine. Maybe she can help him out."

He then went on to say that "these marriages where you don't know the girl a considerable length of time usually break up on the rocks. Seems to me these people are not taking marriage as seriously as they should. My idea is that you love a girl, marry her and stay with her the rest of her life."

Actually, Errol knew Patrice Wymore about seven weeks before he popped the question. He met her by accident when he happened to walk through the wrong door of the wardrobe department at Warner Brothers. He ambled into the women's section, where Patrice, scantily clad, was patting some cold cream into her face. When she saw Flynn, she quickly grabbed for a robe and called out in surprise.

Errol beat a hasty retreat after apologizing. Over the transom, he was then introduced to his leading lady.

When the cast took off for Gallup on location, Errol and Patrice hit it right off from the very first. Patrice hasn't made many full-length films, just *Rocky Mountain* and *Tea for Two*, but she's been dancing and entertaining ever since the age of six, and she knows her way around.

She's played all the large night clubs in New York, Chicago, and Miami; she's starred in several Broadway musical comedies, and as a result, she's not easily im-

HOW TIME FLIES!

■ Annabella's is the latest name to be linked with Ty's. This time will he marry?—*March, 1939—Modern Screen.*

pressed by a handsome, masculine face.

In short, she wasn't awe-struck by Flynn the way many girls have been.

A member of the *Rocky Mountain* crew who knows all about the courtship of Patrice Wymore, says, "It actually took about six weeks for Patrice and Flynn to fall in love.

"It came as a big surprise to me, because like everyone else, I've always thought that Flynn went in for Continental babes. You know, he's a world traveler; he's got a yacht in Jamaica; he's always taking off for some port, and naturally, it figures that he'll want one of those Riviera dames to go through life with him.

"I mean you'd never think he'd pick on a corn-fed dame from Kansas. At least, I didn't. After a while, however, all of us used to go down to the Elk's Cafe—it's run by a wonderful woman named Mrs. Wingfield—and Errol and Patrice would talk and listen to the juke box and smile at each other across the table.

"Then, when they'd do a scene together next day, it began to look like the real McCoy. Next thing we knew, Patrice's mother and brother were in Gallup, and things were cooking a little.

"I don't actually know when Errol proposed, but towards the end of the shooting, we used to go out towards the hills and cook some steaks and have some barbecues—Patrice is a wonderful cook, and one evening just after she'd given him a good steak, she was taken aside by Flynn. He asked her to marry him and she said yes and then she told her mother, and that's the way it happened.

"They make a very wonderful couple. She's tall. I think she almost hits five ten with her heels on. She's very athletic and

so, of course, is he, and I really think she's the dame who can keep Flynn in line."

HE'S ALMOST twice her age, but she knows the score, and I don't think she'll take any foolishness from him. Matter of fact, I think Flynn has got most of the foolishness out of his system. He's ready to settle down, and Patrice is the girl who can help him."

After the announcement by Pat's mother, Errol flew to Salina, Kansas, to meet some of Pat's friends. Unfortunately, Errol has a way of lousing up public relations. He says things he really doesn't mean, and sometimes these sophisticated barbs hurt the local citizenry.

Here's what the Garden City Telegram of Kansas had to say about Errol's visit to Salina: "... When Flynn finally climbed out from between the sheets at 11:30 A. M., he lost no time in demonstrating that he hasn't lost his technique of how 'not to win friends nor influence people.'

"Yep, Errol said he was surprised to find the country-side so green; he had expected only dust. He said he didn't know where Kansas was until Pat pointed it out to him on the map. He was just as surprised to find that Kansas produced oil... Every time Flynn opened his mouth in Salina yesterday, Errol stuffed his foot into it."

THIS SEEMS more than a little unfair to Flynn, because regardless of his escapades, and these have been numerous, he is always polite and diplomatic. He has never wilfully intended to hurt anyone or anything, and he certainly would never cast a slur on Kansas or Salina. As a matter of fact, he made a film *Dodge City* in Kansas many years ago, and has always had a soft spot in his heart for the land and the community.

He just happens to be a misunderstood boy. He gets involved in deals which have the most incredible ramifications. Take his love affair with Patrice. He no sooner announced his intentions than word was forthcoming from New York that some television producer was under the impression that he was scheduled to marry Patrice, that he had, in fact, gone out, bought furniture, and furnished an apartment for that very purpose. Flynn was indirectly accused of being a love pirate.

He was absolutely guiltless. All he knew was that Patrice had starred in Mike Todd's *Up in Central Park*, that she was a dancer and a singer, that she had acted in *Tea for Two* at Warner Brothers, had appeared on TV in N. Y., that she had been his leading lady in *Rocky Mountain*, and that he had fallen in love with her, proposed, and had been accepted.

The repercussions were unexpected. Errol may have been happy when he left the U. S. for a little while last August to make a film in Nice entitled *The Bargain*. He left Patrice and her mother in New York where they set about buying a trousseau.

In Nice, Errol expected a little quiet and relaxation. But what happened? First off, Bill Marshall, who was co-producing the film with Errol, ran into government trouble, reportedly starting the picture without a permit from the proper French officials. Then Warners announced that unless *The Bargain* was released through a major studio, Flynn would have violated his contract.

It just seems that wherever he goes, Errol Flynn just has to make headlines.

"Maybe," a friend of his recently said, "Patrice Wymore can act as a sedative and keep him in check. If she does, she'll be the first girl who ever has."

In Salina, Kansas, they're saying that Pat can do it hands down. **THE END**

no sad songs for ronnie

(Continued from page 57) all. In fact, Ronnie manages to make his bachelor way of life look so relaxed and effortless that even his most happily married friends sometimes frankly envy him.

Just what does the future hold in store for this handsome, broad-shouldered young actor? Will he remarry? Or will he remain single, preferring the uncomplicated life of a bachelor?

Not long ago, I was talking about Ronnie with one of his closest friends, a man who has known him since he was a sports announcer many years ago. "I don't think Ronnie is anxious to make any radical changes in his present way of life," he said to me. "He has always been a stable, dignified guy who could take anything in his stride. He is far too mature to make a career out of being single. He's got the ground under him."

Except on the screen, and occasionally at previews, I had not seen much of Ronnie since the war, when he was a dashing captain of the Army Air Forces. But since then, a lot has happened which could have changed Ronnie's cordial, easy-going personality. So I was looking forward to the interview which was scheduled for a lazy Saturday morning at his new apartment.

I was almost startled when he opened the door wearing spotless riding pants and high-topped cavalry boots. Minus the red coat, he looked as if he were dressed for riding to the hounds, which, as it turned out, was just about the case. He grinned at my surprise, as he threw a long, boot-encased leg over the arm of his chair and settled into comfort.

"Oh, I'm taking the kids riding this afternoon," he said, by way of explaining his costume. "I try to take them out to the ranch every Saturday."

The ranch, incidentally, is the eight-acre breeding farm in the San Fernando Valley which Ronnie bought two years ago. It has been occupying a great deal of his time. He personally has set all of the fence posts on the whole ranch, and with his partner, Nino Pepitone, has developed the place into an up-and-coming breeding farm. They aren't in the L. B. Mayer class yet, but this fall, they will place their first three colts on sale, and if they don't bring at least \$10,000 each, Ronnie is no judge of racing horse-flesh. One in particular, the great-grandson of Man o' War and the son of Stagehand, should be showing his heels to the nation's fleetest horses during the next few years.

WHEN Maureen and Michael, who are now 10 and 6 respectively, go out to the ranch with Ronnie, they have the very special job of cooling down the horses after their father has given them a brisk workout. The kids get to ride them around the exercise ring maybe 20 or 30 times every Saturday, and if the young Reagans don't end up saddle-wise it won't be because they didn't have a wonderful chance to learn.

Fathers don't come much better than Ronnie, and it is a great contribution to his children's start in life that they are able to experience his genial intelligence in surroundings like those at the ranch. Children can profit immeasurably from their first contacts with nature when it is interpreted to them by a wise and imaginative parent. Ronnie is all of that. While he's working around the ranch, Maureen and Michael are constantly at his side with questions. Not long ago, a gentle-hearted Maureen was near to tears when her father started to put out poison for

the gophers which burrow long tunnels underneath the training ring. Ronnie had to kneel down patiently beside her and explain why he must do what he had to do.

"Look, honey," he told her. "Suppose Mrs. Simpson were running very fast and stepped on the spot where all the gophers had their main cross-roads. The ground would cave in, and she might break her leg. You wouldn't want anything like that to happen, would you, just because we didn't do the very thing that would prevent it from happening?"

Maureen shook her head, and ever since, has been as enthusiastic as Ronnie that gophers get all of the poisoned bran they can hold. Mrs. Simpson is Maureen's favorite horse, and she doesn't want anything to happen to her.

RANCHO Reagan has provided Ronnie with an excellent outlet for his own vital energy. He hasn't gone about ranching like a country squire, either, and as he sat in his apartment telling me about the place, his deep leathery tan and muscular arms were proof of it.

"I've come to agree with E. B. White," he laughed, "that farming is 10% agriculture and 90% fixing something that got broke."

The ranch has had one disastrous consequence—the horsey flavor which has crept into Ronnie's conversation of late. His friends, he claims, are beginning to object to his unbecoming habit of describing things as "fourteen hands high" or "a furlong away." So far, though, he doesn't call an attractive woman a "cute little filly." Girls are still girls to him and he hasn't lost his appreciation of their particular kind of beauty.

Romance, however, doesn't occupy a cardinal place in Ronnie's life at the moment. During the past year, he's dated more than a dozen of Hollywood's most beautiful women. On the occasions when Ronnie has escorted Jane Wyman to a quiet restaurant for dinner, the gossips have invariably shrilled the news that a reconciliation was in the offing. But not even this glaring spotlight has been able to impair the bond of their friendship and the many things which they still share—their children, mutual friends, and a common profession. There should be no mystery about their friendship. It exists because Ronnie and Jane are mature, warm-hearted people. It would be a mystery if they weren't friends.

RONNIE'S bachelor existence has only begun to develop a characteristic pattern during the past year. The year before, he spent the greater part of his time traveling, working on *The Hasty Heart* in Eng-

land, and lying in a hospital bed with his broken leg in traction. But now that he has moved into larger quarters, which are decorated with the familiar, masculine things he likes, Ronnie plans to do a moderate amount of entertaining. Nothing lavish. Just some quiet little dinners for the married folks to whom he owes a meal.

Ronnie is a chef of no mean ability, with a flair for savory dishes which is excelled, perhaps, only by that of his close friend and fellow gourmet, William Holden. Ronnie is not addicted to funny hats to cook in, nor is he the sort of pot-sniffer who works by blind luck. He knows a number of tasty recipes and the proper use of aromatic spices. Currently he's planning a menu around a brace of pheasants that should make Holden drool. Rivalry at the board between Ronnie and Bill has been going on for years. When Ronnie was laid up, Bill brought him a brightly wrapped present consisting of two bottles of wine. Nurses passing by Ronnie's room were treated to the spectacle of two grown men growing madly ecstatic as they sampled the rare liquid.

Even without their mutual interest in good food, it's only natural that Ronnie and Bill Holden would have become good friends. They both have been active in the Screen Actors' Guild since its inception, and today hold the offices of President and Vice-President respectively. As President of the SAG, Ronnie's the principal spokesman for the acting profession in Hollywood, a job which he has accepted with complete seriousness. When he's talking about the problems confronting the movie industry, Ronnie can be as pontifical as a traffic court judge dealing with a drunken driver. This responsibility, at times, gives him a dignity which actually is a contradiction of his appearance and his years. The SAG, however, thought enough of his efforts to reelect him as president for a second term.

It's not surprising for an actor to pay close attention to his fans and their letters. But it's a little out of the ordinary when an actor displays an interest in general audience reaction to motion pictures. In Hollywood, Ronnie goes to the movies as regularly as any fan. And last winter, the manager of a little theater in downtown Chicago was quite surprised when an usher came hurrying down to tell him that Ronald Reagan was sitting up in the balcony. He was even more surprised when Ronnie stopped by the box-office on his way out to talk about the recent motion pictures he had shown. Ronnie, killing time between trains, learned a great deal about audience reaction and the exhibitors' problems out of that visit.

"I wish that everyone involved in making motion pictures would spend more time in the theaters with the people who pay to get in," he says. "They really know what they like, and no one is going to convince them differently with exaggerated advertising and misleading titles. The people who go to movies go to be entertained, and if they aren't, you know it when you're in the theater with them."

Outspoken comments of this sort are a habit with Ronald Reagan, but they have in no way affected his employment in Hollywood. This year, Ronnie signed a new five-year contract with Universal-International which calls for a minimum of one picture a year. This supplements his previous contract with Warner Brothers, also for one picture a year. You will soon be seeing the results of this happy arrangement—a melodrama named *Storm Warning* for Warners and *Louisa*, for U-I.

In a professional sense, his year's work is done. But as Hollywood's most eligible bachelor, Ronnie's activities have only just started.



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ And still the romance rumors of Bette Davis and George Brent persist. Although each denies that there's "anything to it," the pair are inseparable as ham and eggs.—September, 1939—*Modern Screen*.

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Tony Curtis

entry blank fill out and mail to:

contest editor, modern screen
box 125, murray hill station, n. y. 16, n. y.
attached is my letter explaining why I would like a visit from
tony curtis and piper laurie

name _____

address _____

city _____ state _____

neighborhood theater _____

address _____

here are the rules

1. Write a letter in 200 words or less (length is not important) explaining why you would like to have a visit from Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie.
2. Address your letter to Contest Editor, Modern Screen, Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y., attaching the entry blank at left, or a reasonable facsimile, to each letter. Send as many entries as you like. Additional entry blanks in Pepsi-Cola cartons at your dealers everywhere. Type or write each entry clearly.
3. All entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, December 16, 1950. Any entry received after that date will not be accepted.
4. Entries will be judged by Leonard Goldstein, producer of *The Prince Who Was A Thief*, and the editors of Modern Screen. Decisions will be based on originality and simplicity. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Judges' decisions are final.
5. Anyone may enter except employees of Dell Publishing Co., Inc., and Universal-International or their families. All entries become the property of Dell Publishing Co., Inc., and none will be acknowledged or returned.



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